THE BUGLE

NINETEEN
FOURTEEN

Volume Twenty

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE CORPS OF CADETS OF THE
VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA
To
Lingan Strother Randolph, M. E.
whose precepts are a constant inspiration,
his friendship a genuine loyalty and
his counsel unsailing when
necessity calls, we
dedicate the
Twentieth Volume
of
The Bugle
PROFESSOR RANDOLPH was born at Martinsburg, W. Va., May 13, 1859. His father, James Lingan Randolph, was chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and his mother, Emily Strother Randolph, was a daughter of John Strother and a sister of General David Hunter Strother. (Porte Crayon.)

As a boy Mr. Randolph was an idealist and at the same time very practical, as the later development of his life and character indicates. He received his early training at private and public schools of Martinsburg, W. Va. He entered the Shenandoah Valley Academy at Winchester, Va., in the fall of 1873. In the fall of 1876 he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., where he remained two sessions. With this mental training and discipline, Mr. Randolph became a machinist apprentice in the shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Grafton, W. Va., entering upon this work in the fall of 1878; one year later he was transferred to the Mt. Clare shops at Baltimore, where he remained until the spring of 1881. During this period, in addition to the general work of the shops, he had valuable experience on an engineering corps as transit man and on construction work as general utility man.

In the fall of 1881 young Randolph entered the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J., and graduated in 1883 with the degree of Mechanical Engineer. Before completing his course at Stevens Institute Mr. Randolph was offered the responsible position of establishing a testing laboratory for the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, now the Erie Railway, at Susquehanna, Pa. The wisdom of his choice, to finish his course of study, was evidenced by the fact that the company held the position open and secured his services for the work after his graduation. During two and one-half years as Engineer of Tests and Chief Chemist he built up the department to such proportions as to require three chemists and one engineer. The results obtained through experiments and inspection were recognized as a distinct contribution to railway efficiency, and some of the work was published.

In the fall of 1885 Mr. Randolph accepted the position of Superintendent of Motive Power with the Florida Railway and Navigation Company. The Railroad was in bad physical condition and thoroughly disorganized. Much work had
to be done under the direction and supervision of young Randolph and he was brought in contact with practical administrative problems. This work proved a heavy strain on the young engineer. At that time living in the swamps of Florida was not conducive to good health, and soon it was necessary that he should seek a change of climate to restore his health. In the spring of 1887 he accepted the position of Superintendent of Motive Power for the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railway, with headquarters at Mt. Savage, Md. The position consisted of routine executive, the reorganization of the time keeping and shop accounting system, and the design and construction of a new 55-ton consolidation locomotive. The complete work from the preliminary designs to the final turning out of the locomotive was carried on under his direction. A crane car for wrecking, an electric lighting plant, a new baggage car and a mogul type of passenger locomotive were designed.

In January, 1890, Mr. Randolph accepted the position of Engineer of Tests in charge of the chemical laboratory with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. On October 15 of the same year Mr. Randolph was married at Cumberland, Md., to Miss Fannie Robbins. In the summer of 1892 he accepted the position of Electrical Engineer with the Baltimore Electric Refining Company. While thus engaged, in 1893, he was offered and accepted the position of Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. On taking charge of his duties Professor Randolph was confronted with new problems which demanded care, wisdom, judgment, and tact in their proper solution. The spirit of industrial development had just begun to find a fertile soil in the South. Dr. J. M. McBryde had been president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute just two years when Mr. Randolph assumed his duties. The engineering, in common with the other departments, was poorly equipped to meet the pressing needs of students who came to college for mechanical engineering.

A new era opened for the Virginia Polytechnic Institute when the General Assembly of Virginia began to appreciate the opportunities and needs of the college, and from session to session made appropriations for buildings and equipment. Much constructive work devolved upon Professor Randolph and he gave himself courageously to the duties of developing his department, bringing it to its present high standard of efficiency. In recognition of his long and faithful services the Board of Visitors, in March, 1913, made him Dean of the Engineering Department.

During the winter of 1893-94 Professor Randolph was asked to take charge of a student Bible class in the Y. M. C. A. Thus identifying himself with the
spiritual life of the students, he has been from that time a recognized leader in the work of the Association, and is an enthusiastic exponent of the principles for which it stands at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute to-day. He has always been deeply interested in the welfare of the young men who have come immediately under his instruction, and his wise counsel and broad sympathy have created that sort of good will between professor and students that tends to mutual fellowship and friendship. He has given his time and means to promote the interests of the students and has entered cheerfully and gladly into close relationship with them and their problems. He is a close and careful student of young men and maintains that the college does not consist merely of its buildings, equipment, and grounds, but in the young men whom it instructs and sends out as citizens of the State, prepared for the broadest type of social service.
Prefatory

The tide of time rolls back incessantly
The waves of ages to the distant past,
And each succeeding year seems to be
A repetition of the fading last.

And we, lingering on this year's swelling crest,
Emerge, like chrysalides, from student life,
And on new wings, towards the goal Success;
We start our flight, prepared for any strife.

Like veterans, we longingly review
The days which have passed beyond our ken;
Then to our Alma Mater bid adieu,
And hopefully to the future turn again.

But lest our memory, as the years roll by,
Some phase of college life fail to recall,
We here record our four-year stay at V. P. I.
And lay our past before the eyes of all.

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J. Thompson Brown, Rector
R. F. D., Evington, Bedford County
(Term expires July 1, 1916)

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(Term expires July 1, 1916)

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B. F. Kirkpatrick
(Lynchburg, Campbell County
(Term expires July 1, 1914)

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J. B. Watkins
J. A. Turner
P. F. St. Clair

J. D. Eccleston, President of the Institute, ex officio

* Died, August 2, 1913.
J. D. EGGLESTON, A. M.
President

T. P. CAMPBELL, A. M.
Dean of Faculty
Department of Military Science and Tactics

COLONEL J. F. WARE
Commandant
(First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry)

MAJOR G. B. BRIGHT
Assistant Commandant

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Assistant Commandant

MAJOR H. H. BATES
Assistant Commandant

Graduate Department

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Departments of Agriculture, Horticulture and Agricultural Engineering

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INSTRUCTOR G. C. STARCHER,
B. Agr.

DEAN PRICE

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Dean of Engineering Department

PROFESSOR RANDOLPH
Department of Applied Chemistry and Chemical Engineering

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Department of Modern Languages

DEAN T. P. CAMPBELL, A. M.

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PROFESSOR J. D. DAVIS, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR L. P. SMITHEY, A. M.

Department of Mathematics

E. W. WILLIAMS, M. A., Ph. D.

PROFESSOR W. M. BRODIE, M. E.
ASSISTANT J. F. WARE
ASSISTANT L. N. KEESLING, E. E.
ASSISTANT L. P. SMITHEY, A. M.
Department of Physics

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PROFESSOR F. L. ROBESON, A. M.
ASSISTANT J. B. LUCAS, M. S.
ASSISTANT E. H. KNOX
ASSISTANT R. W. CATLIN

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PROFESSOR W. G. CONNER, M. E.
PROFESSOR J. M. JOHNSON
ASSISTANT W. J. BARBOUR
Department of Graphics

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PROFESSOR H. GUDHEIM, M. E.
ASSISTANT F. A. HEACOCK

Department of Experimental Engineering

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Department of History and Economics

PROFESSOR A. W. DRINKARD, M. S.

Professor Drinkard

Department of Mycology and Bacteriology

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Assistant H. L. THOMPSON, A. B.

Doctor Reed
Department of Agronomy

PROFESSOR L. CARRIER, B. S.
ASSISTANT E. T. HATTEM, B. S.

Department of Animal and Dairy Husbandry

PROFESSOR W. K. BRAINERD, B. S.
PROFESSOR C. W. HOLDAWAY, B. S.
*PROFESSOR L. S. SUMMERS, B. S.
+PROFESSOR R. E. HART, B. S.

*Resigned December, 1913.
+Elected December, 1913.
W. T. SCHOENE, B. S.
State Entomologist and Lecturer on Economic Entomology

S. W. FLETCHER, M. S., Ph. D.
Director of the Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station

PROFESSOR SCHOENE

W. F. HENDERSON, M. D.
Surgeon

C. L. WADE
Treasurer
Other Officers

B. Ellison
Steward of Dining Hall

Anna G. Hannas
Superintendent of Infirmary

John H. Kelsey
Superintendent of Tailoring Department

J. P. Harvey
Musical Director

Cora J. Crawford
Secretary to the President

Virginia M. Patton
Clerk to Commandant

Laura L. Sawyer
Secretary to Dean

Revs. D. J. Woods, R. B. Nelson, J. P. Essex,
D. M. Brown and H. A. Blake
Chaplains
The Bugle

To the memory of
Hugh Nicholas Faulkner
An honored and respected member of
The corps of instructors of the
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Died
December 25, 1912
# The Bugle

## The Prof Directory

Being a Partial List of

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE PROPS</th>
<th>THEIR ALIASES</th>
<th>THEIR FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Robeson</td>
<td>Scribe</td>
<td>Rolling a baby carriage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td>Doc</td>
<td>Selling life insurance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed</td>
<td>Pop</td>
<td>Growing bacteria.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smyth</td>
<td>Dean</td>
<td>Catching bugs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brainard</td>
<td>Blub Blub</td>
<td>Lecturing on dairy cows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee</td>
<td>Claudius</td>
<td>Explaining &quot;perfectly obvious&quot; facts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>Snake</td>
<td>Mixing explosives.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>&quot;Gummin.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman</td>
<td>Froggy</td>
<td>Underworking Sophs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson</td>
<td>J. S. A.</td>
<td>Planning work for Jrs. and Srs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vawter</td>
<td>Charlie</td>
<td>Lecturing on athletics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pritchard</td>
<td>Sammy</td>
<td>Sitting still.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucas</td>
<td>Burley</td>
<td>None in &quot;general.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold</td>
<td>Benedict</td>
<td>Biting fingernails.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell</td>
<td>Chauncey</td>
<td>Signing &quot;Two-thirds Shipped&quot; documents.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutheim</td>
<td>* Godie</td>
<td>Preparing Rats to meet Boscoe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randolph</td>
<td>Glass Eye</td>
<td>Cutting class.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson</td>
<td>Dates</td>
<td>Rhapsodizing on nature.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price</td>
<td>Harvey</td>
<td>Combing his hair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parroti</td>
<td>Polly</td>
<td>&quot;Roll Call!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis</td>
<td>Dopey</td>
<td>Smoking and racking.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Sally</td>
<td>Promoting athletics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drinkard</td>
<td>Grandpa</td>
<td>Expounding economic theories.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ware</td>
<td>The Knob</td>
<td>--- is not removed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conner</td>
<td>Lone John</td>
<td>&quot;You have thirty more hours, sir.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McBryde</td>
<td>Bolton</td>
<td>Pouring water on the floor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright</td>
<td>Skinny</td>
<td>Chewing tobacco and bulling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holden</td>
<td>Roy Jay</td>
<td>Making excursions into the wilds of Virginia's mountains.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—M. F. P., '15.

28
THE BUGLE

Corps Organization

MISS WYSOR
Sponsor for the Corps of Cadets

OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. G. WYSOR</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. L. JONES, JR.</td>
<td>First Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. W. BRUCE</td>
<td>Second Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. COGBILL</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. POWELL</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. W. BAILEY</td>
<td>Prosecuting Attorney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. A. HEACOCK</td>
<td>Defending Attorney</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Member</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Member</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Member</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Member</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>J. M. McCue</td>
<td>1915</td>
<td>C. W. Hefflin</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>J. W. Kavanaugh</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>J. M. Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. R. Budwell</td>
<td></td>
<td>E. M. Lewis</td>
<td></td>
<td>T. F. Clemmer</td>
<td></td>
<td>W. V. Gregory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. L. Jones</td>
<td></td>
<td>F. L. Hill</td>
<td></td>
<td>A. T. M. Rust</td>
<td></td>
<td>C. V. Wingfield</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Corps Officers
Constitution of the Corps of Cadets
(Adopted June 8, 1908)

PREAMBLE
The purposes of this organization are:
1. To draw the members of the corps into a more organized body.
2. To remedy existing evils.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

Section 1. In order to attain this end, we, individually and collectively, bind ourselves into an organization to be known as The Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Sec. 2. Furthermore, we hereby adopt this Constitution and pledge ourselves to support it.

ARTICLE II—OBJECTS
1. The promotion of college spirit.
2. The promotion of a more brotherly feeling for each other, and a greater love for the Alma Mater.
3. The settlement of all affairs which concern the best interests of the student body.
4. The attaining of those things which will go to make the institution greater in every way.

ARTICLE III—OFFICERS

Section 1. The officers of this body shall be:
1. A President and a First Vice-President, to be chosen from the Senior Class.
2. A Second Vice-President and a Secretary, to be chosen from the Junior Class.
3. A Treasurer and a Sergeant-at-Arms, to be chosen from the Sophomore Class.
4. A Prosecuting Attorney, selected from the Corps at large.
5. A Defending Attorney, selected from the Corps at large.
6. An Executive Committee, composed of twelve men, three to be from, and elected by, each class. The members from the Freshman Class to be elected as soon as possible after organizing the class.

Sec. 2. No man holding office in the Corps, with the exception of the two attorneys, can be on probation.

Sec. 3. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Attorneys shall be nominated by the retiring Executive Committee, and elected by the Corps assembled in a body. The Executive Committee shall nominate not less than two nor more than five candidates for each office. These nominations shall be read out to the assembled Corps, and then additional nominations for each office are in order.

Sec. 4. The term of office shall be the college year.

Sec. 5. There shall be two elections, a primary and a final election. There shall be only two candidates, determined by the primary, for each office at the final election. The date of the regular elections shall be between the fifteenth and thirtieth of May.

Sec. 6. A vacancy occurring in any office of the Corps shall be filled according to Article III, Section 5.

Sec. 7. Installation of new officers shall be at end of session. Oath of office shall be some regular form.

ARTICLE IV—DUTIES OF OFFICERS

Section 1. President: 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Corps.
2. At the request of the Executive Committee he shall call a Corps meeting.
3. It shall be the duty of the President to publish a notice of a Corps meeting twenty-four hours in advance, except in cases of emergency.
4. Whenever the President deems it necessary, he may call a Corps meeting.
5. He shall be chairman, ex officio, of the Executive Committee, and shall take no part
in a division except to defend his position in voting in case of a tie.
6. He shall impanel the jury, assisted by the two attorneys.
Sec. 2. First Vice-President. In the absence of the President, all the duties of that
office shall devolve upon the First Vice-President.
Sec. 3. Second Vice-President. In the absence of the President and the First Vice-
President, all the duties of the President shall devolve upon the Second Vice-President.
Sec. 4. Secretary. The Secretary shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the
Corps meetings. He shall keep a box containing the names of all cadets, on separate cards,
and when necessary he shall take these cards out, one by one, and hand them to the President
for the purpose of impaneling the jury.
Sec. 5. Treasurer. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect and account for all
Corps money. He shall pay out no money, except by a written order from the President.
Sec. 6. Sergeant-at-Arms. It shall be the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to keep the
door, and maintain order during the Corps meetings.
Sec. 7. Prosecuting Attorney. It shall be the duty of the Prosecuting Attorney to
preside over all cases brought before the Corps, to the best of his ability.
Sec. 8. Defending Attorney. It shall be the duty of the Defending Attorney to defend
the accused to the best of his ability. If the accused desires, he may select anyone in the
Corps to defend him in lieu of the Defending Attorney.
Sec. 9. Duties of the Executive Committee. 1. It shall be the duty of the Executive
Committee to act upon any question concerning the honor and welfare of the Corps.
2. To investigate and decide whether the question presented is of sufficient importance
to be brought before the Corps.
3. To make nominations for officers as called for in Article III, Section 3.
4. They shall count the ballots in all elections in the Corps. They shall be vested with
the power of deciding by what method the votes may be cast in elections in the Corps.
Sec. 10. This Constitution does not concern or affect the Athletic Association in any
way whatever.

ARTICLE V

Section 1. The Jury shall be composed of twelve men, to be selected and impaneled as
stated in Article IV, Section 1, Paragraph 3 and Section 4.
Sec. 2. The action of the Jury shall be final in all cases, also unanimous.
Sec. 3. The Jury shall fix the penalty of the accused.
Sec. 4. In case a dispute should arise between the two attorneys over the impaneling
of a juror, the President shall act as the referee.

AMENDMENTS

All amendments to this Constitution shall be submitted to the Executive Committee for
examination. If approved by the Executive Committee, it shall become an amendment to
this Constitution by two-thirds vote of the Corps.

BY-LAWS

All meetings of the Corps shall be conducted according to the By-Laws in Roberts’
Rules of Order.
This Constitution shall be read before the Corps.
It shall be published in book form.

AMENDMENTS

ARTICLE I.
(Passed in 1909)

Section 1. Hazing, bucking, fagging, or otherwise maltreating or intimidating first-year
men is absolutely prohibited, except on the night of the Sophomore banquet and one day
of school, to be appointed by the Sophomore Class within two weeks after the beginning
of school.
Sec. 2. The Sophomore court shall consist of twelve men from the Sophomore Class,
to be elected by said class. This court is empowered to deal with first-year men who by
their conduct make themselves obnoxious to a large number of old students.
“FALL IN!”

Abernethy, Harvey Durward
Adams, John
Andrews, Thomas Jefferson
Aragon, Guillermo
Arrest, Richard Turbeville
Ardsheal, Elmo Mead
Austin, Joseph Hubert
Ball, William Lee
Barbour, Kohn Samuel
Barber, Carey Bramlette
Barker, Hendricks Hale
Barksdale, Seth Dudley
Beacham, James Douthit
Beal, Frank Stuart
Bennett, Charles Arthur
Berry, Richard Elvy
Billmyer, Carroll Davis
Bintz, Walter Chris
Boduslay, Samuel Walton
Bohiken, James Doxety
Bouck, William Kenyon
Brookspire, Lewis Pendleton
Bradsaw, Bernard Osborne
Brown, George Henry
Buckley, Floyd Fields
Budwell, Leigh Ragland
Bunlop, George Washington
Caldwell, William Forkes
Callahan, Charles Aubrey
Callaway, George Carrington
Camp, Khiner Lunsford
Canas, Alberto Rafael
Carrington, Alfred Randolph
Cash, Sloss Whitehead
Collier, Charles Mitchell
Collins, Albert Bernard
Cooper, William Moss
Core, Bovee Dudo
Corb, Lunt Pack
Cowdill, Carl Leslie
Cowherd, Bernard Taylor

Cox, John Cunningham
Cox, John Hamilton
Cox, Clarence Edward
Cravens, William May
Cumberley, Warner Irvin
Culpeper, Owen Hall
Cutchens, Clifford Armstrong
Darnall, Thomas Mauer
Dawley, William Samuel
Dickinson, Hallowell
Doggett, Benjamin Adsonham
Drummond, Frank Camm
Dudley, Frank Alexandre
Duffey, Paul Raymond
Eingesser, William Franklin
Ellis, Francis Marion
Evans, James Moore
Everett, Alvett Lee
Fitzgerald, Hugh John
Flora, Charles Curtis
Forby, Edmund
Gannaway, Richard Winston
Gardner, William Lee
Gibbs, Maynard Osborne
Griffin, Rufus William
Guir, Louis Christian
Hall, Arthur Reuben
Hall, William Thomas
Hankins, Emory Oliver
*Hardwick, John Cecil
Harrison, William Byrd
Harman, Edward Houston
Haughton, Thomas Hill
Hicks, Ernest Martin
Hilbrand, David Acton
Hill, John William
Hubbard, William Jackson
Howard, John Lamar
Huntie, Leo Joseph
Humphrey, William Lodge

*Died.
*Dropped back from previous class.
Hunt, Russell Chastain
Hunt, James Robert
Hutchinson, Walker Courtley
Irvine, William Harris
Jenkins, Walter Irvine
Jennings, John Julian
Jessup, Ralph Slocombe
Jones, Albert Lamartine
Jones, Edward Stratton
Jones, Ralph Robert
Kincard, John Franklin
King, Paul
Kinsey, Edward Lee
Kirkpatrick, Howard Albert
Koontz, Clyde
Kyle, Freeman Jones
Lambert, Courtney Brooks
Lee, Robert Fitzhugh
Lewis, Thomas Waring
Llewellyn, Raseburn Hood
Love, Oscar Mahlon
Love, Samuel Ashton
Lucy, Howard Augustus
McCue, John Moffett
McKee, James Elbert
Mackreth, Herbert Colin
Mann, Earl Lawrence
Mason, Asbury Martin
Mellen, Selby Winolin
Metcalf, Cline, Jr.
Miller, George Napoleon
Miller, John James
Miller, Llewellyn Bank
Moore, Allen Jocelyn
Moore, Arthur Penicle
Moore, John Rucker
Montague, James Lewis
Morecock, Roscoe Sidney
Morris, James Winston
Murry, James Walker
Myers, Shirley Houston
Nottingham, Richard Hampden
Palmer, Howard Hansford
Parker, Thomas Parker
Pendleton, Robert Worden
Pettingrew, Richard Ward
Petits, Charles Semple
Philpotts, Alvin Thornton
Piggott, Shirley Thomas
Powers, Philip H., Jr.
Pulley, Myron Worthington
Randolph, Orlando Robbin's
Rear, Granville Moxman

Richter, Otto Franz
Rives, Thomas McDowell
Roberts, Harry Washington
Robertson, Walter Holmes
Rollins, Nathaniel Elkins
Rowe, Charles Spurgeon
Rover, John Whittier
Rust, George Lee
Sanderson, John Melville
Schalrie, Otto John
Scott, Frank Richardson
Seay, Benjamin Franklin
Shankland, Archie Dagleish
Sherburne, Alvin Carlisle
Sibley, Arthur Pleasant
Simmons, Frank Nicholas
Simpson, Thomas Hervey
Skinner, Robert Emmet
Snyder, John Arner, Jr.
Somerville, Henry Martin
Snows, Raymond Sengphysic
Stephens, Paul Jenkins
Sutton, Lee Edward, Jr.
Tamb, Thomas Howard
Taylor, Stuart Baldwin
Tillman, Henry Overton
Trower, Preston Elziah, Jr.
Turner, Charles Green
Tyler, Henry Magruder, Jr.
Van Swum, Leopold Charles
Vaughan, William Friend

*Vivar, Roberry
Wade, William Hamilton
Walton, William Robert
Walter, Alvin Jocelyn
Ware, James Vernon
Warfield, Gomer Armstrong
Warwick, William Gordon
Watson, John Thomas
Way, John Clarence
Weaver, Jack Henderson
White, John Loyd
Whitman, Thomas, Jr.
Wilson, John Led
Willis, Peter Archer
Wiltshire, Thomas Butord
Wilson, James McCown
Winborne, Robert Warren
Wolfe, Thomas Kennedy
Wood, Raymond Sandberlin
Wright, Charles Pemam
Wright, James Edward
Wygall, Walter Alexandria
Wyser, William Geoffrey

* Died.
“FALL OUT!”

Henry, Richard Ellys
Billmyer, Carroll Davis
Bohiken, James DeWitte
Bonnurant, Samuel Walton
Bouhoun, William Kenna
Bransford, Lewis Penbelen, Jr.
Budwell, Leigh Riegel
Carrington, Alfred Randolph
Cox, Clarence Edward
Culpepper, Owen Hall
Effinger, William Franklin
Evans, James Moore
Fitzgerald, Hugh John
Hall, William Thomas
Harrison, William Byrd, Jr.
Haworth, Thomas Hill, Jr.
Hill, John William
Huxtel, Leo Joseph
Hunt, Russell Chastain
Irven, William Harris, Jr.
Jennings, Harry Judson
Jesup, Ralph Slocumb
Jones, Albert Lamartine, Jr.
Lee, Robert Fitzhugh
Mason, Asbury Marvin
McCue, John Moffett
Metcalf, Clive, Jr.
Miller, George Napoleon
Murry, James Walker
Philpotts, Alvin Thornton
Powers, Philip Henry, Jr.
Randolph, Orlando Robbins
Rives, Thomas McDowell
Sanderson, John Melville
Scott, Frank Richardson
Shankland, Archie Dalziesh
Simcox, Arthur Pleasant
Somerville, Henry Martin
Sutton, Lee Edwadds
Tyler, Henry Mackuder, Jr.
Vivar, Roderick Sebastian
Wake, William Hamilton, Jr.
Warfield, Gilmer Anthony
Warwick, William Westmore Good
Watson, John Thomas
Weaver, Jack Henderson
White, John Lloyd
Wolfe, Thomas Kennerly
Wood, Raymond Sandelin
Wybor, William Geoffrey
HENRY MARTIN SOMERVILLE................President
JOHN MOFFETT MCCUE....................Vice-President
WILLIAM BYRD HARRISON, JR...........Secretary
LEO JOSEPH HUETTEL....................Treasurer
WILLIAM THOMAS HALL................Sergeant-at-Arms
TO THE MEMORY OF
Waller Criss Binford
BELOVED MEMBER OF THE
CLASS OF 1914
DIED
MARCH 18, 1911
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN CECIL HARDWICKE
BELOVED MEMBER OF THE
CLASS OF 1914
DIED
AUGUST 1912
Although "Doc" experienced little trouble in absorbing Electrical Engineering, he seemed rather inclined to devote his time to everything else except electricity. Sometimes he would drop entirely out of the limelight, leaving no clue as to his whereabouts. Later he would be found in his "office" in the midst of a heap of waste paper busily absorbed in prolonged calculations concerning—what not? Many of us believe that he will devote his life to astronomy, the fourth dimension, or metaphysics. There are others who think he will lead a literary life, for his fondness for writing is equal to his devotion to mathematics. Strangely enough he seems to have a "little sister" somewhere in North Carolina, but his explanations are open to serious doubt, for one rarely reads his sister's letters more than once; then again, he lives in Norfolk.
CARROLL DAVIS BILLMYER
SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Band
"Bill"

1911-12—Private, Company D.
1912-13—Private, Band; Vice-President, Shenandoah Valley Club.
1913-14—Private, Band; President, Shenandoah Valley Club; Secretary-Treasurer, Mechanical Engineering Club; "K. B. K."

Early on one September morn, A. D. 1911, there appeared over the brow of Huckleberry Hill an unknown youth of bright and smiling countenance, who later became known as "Bill." At the outset of his career at V. P. I. he distinguished himself by his ability as an artist. It was not long before he decided that he was needed in the band, so he threw down his gun and made a bee-line for the band division, which became his place of residence during the remainder of his college career. He assimilates knowledge with remarkable aptitude, and is considered an authority on all things mechanical. Never were his dreams haunted by the fear that the coveted "dip" would not be forthcoming on the longed-for day.
JAMES DEWITTE BOHLKEN
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Civil Engineering

“BOCKENS”
1911-12—Private, Company B.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.
1913-14—Private, Company B; President, Portsmouth Club; President, Civil Engineering Club; Associate Editor, Bugle; “K. II. K.”

Distinguished representative from Portsmouth, who amused himself by mastering Civil Engineering in three years. If duty calls him to the west, may fortune protect him against the attacks of Romance. But he is just as likely to be heard from trying to construct a bridge across the Atlantic for the convenience of pedestrians, or building a railroad in northern Greenland. A reporter for the staff brings in the information that “Representative Bohlken is not responsible for any eccentricities of behavior that he may exhibit so long as his thoughts are constantly reverting to—some one he had to leave behind in his native city.” We wish him the greatest success in his work—also Dan Cupid.
SAMUEL WALTON BONDURANT
RICH., VA.

Agriculture

PRIVATE, COMPANY A
"SAM"

1910-11—Private, Company A.
1911-12—Private, Company A; Secretary and Treasurer, Southside Virginia Club.
1912-13—Musician, Company A; Class Football Team; Cotillion Club.
1913-14—Private, Company A; Y. M. C. A. Committee; President, Southside Virginia Club; "K. B. K."

"Sam" entered V. P. I. with the firm determination to circumvent drill. But it was not till his Junior year that he became a bugler. However, he could not always find someone to blow his calls for him, and sometimes cadets were thrown into consternation by the summons to drill at Taps. Therefore, in his Senior year, "Sam" found himself again carrying a gun during drill period and on guard duty. It is related that at one time he was offered a bottle of water, of which he generously partook, exclaiming, "Good liquor." No one has ever become intimately acquainted with his studious habits. If he has any, perhaps he is keeping them concealed in his clothes-press to wear after graduation.
WILLIAM KENNON BOULDN
ROANOKE, VA.,

Electrical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company A

"Pete"

1910-11—Private, Company A.
1911-12—Corporal, Company D; Treasurer, Roanoke Club.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; M
Vice-President, Cotillion Club;
Vice-President, Tennis Club;
Class Historian and Prophet.

"Pete" is a phenomenon. It is of rare occurrence that engineering and literary ability are found together in the make-up of one mortal man—but perhaps this one is destined to become immortal. We expect him to create a sensation in the electrical world, and to become an illustrious writer. He conscientiously performs his duty, even if it necessitates wrecking a power-plant occasionally—unavoidably. He is universally liked by the students, and the same could be said if this institution were "vo-ed," to judge from the reports that sometimes mysteriously get into circulation concerning—the truth. The fact is no one can withstand the miserable blissful effect of Cupid's old-fashioned artillery—can he, "Pete"?
LEWIS PENDLETON BRANSFORD, JR.
BLACKSBURG, VA.

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY F
"BRANDY"

1911-12—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team.
1912-13—Private, Company F; Class Football Team; Class Basketball Team; Class Baseball Team.
1913-14—Private, Company F; Tennis Club; Manager, Class Basketball Team; Y. M. C. A. Committee; "K. B. K."

As a Sophomore "rat," "Brandy" lived down town and never had much chance to trouble the "old boys." He is good natured and has a natural inclination to talk. It is a mystery how he refrains from talking in church, or in his sleep. Whistling is the infallible herald of his approach. He was invariably late for class, but always showed up whistling and unconcerned to chat the remainder of the period out with his neighbor. However, he displayed the wisdom of a Solomon in attacking the intricate problems of "Thermo" and "E and M," and rarely could a problem in "A. C." slip by him without getting solved for its temerity in confronting him. His love for action lured him into taking a prominent part in all branches of class athletics.
LEIGH RAGLAND BUDWELL
ROANOKE, VA.

Mechanical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company A
"Buddy"

1910-11—Private, Company A; Treasurer, Class.

1911-12—Corporal, Company A.

1912-13—Quartermaster Sergeant, Company A; Class Football Team; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class; Vice-Chairman, M. E. Club; Secretary, Roanoke Club.

1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; Executive Committee, Corps; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President, Cotillion Club; President, Roanoke Club; Class Football Team; Asst. Business Manager, Bugle.

Here is a combination of the practical and the theoretical man. "Buddy" experienced the practical side of a technical training before he set sail from Roanoke on his way to V. P. I. As the result, he was always looked upon by less fortunate strugglers after knowledge as one capable of giving advice, and he did not fail to measure up to the height of our expectations. Knowing what to expect after graduation, he was neither a spendthrift of time nor of opportunity, but a diligent searcher after mechanical truth. It is but natural to infer, therefore, that before long his name will be resounding throughout the land as one of the great mechanical engineers of the day. His success will be due largely to his own fitness and efforts.
ALFRED RANDOLPH CARRINGTON  
LYNCHBURG, VA.  

Electrical Engineering  

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"CARRIE"  

1910-11—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team; Lynchburg Club.  

1911-12—Private, Company F; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Secretary, Sophomore; Privates; Sophomore Court.  

1912-13—Private, Company F; Class Basketball Team; Class Baseball Team; Track Squad; President, Junior-Senior German.  

1913-14—Private, Company F; President, German Club; Leader, Senior Prom. "K. B. K."  

No one who is favored by his acquaintance doubts that "Carrie" will occupy a foremost place in future scientific circles. It is thought that he believes present text-books could be revised and made more interesting. At times his thoughts seem to wander from his work to—but perhaps that is a secret. It is doubtful whether he really did connect a voltmeter to the water pipe in the laboratory, but it is certain that he was one of Professor Wavter's experiment on "The Calorific Value of Gas," and ended by testing his lung capacity with the gas meter. However, when he once decides to do a thing, his efficiency is one hundred per cent. His scientific nature is delightfully tempered by his love for music, sketching and poetry, and no one more keenly appreciates the humorous side of life than this born optimist.
CLARENCE EDWARD COX
Amherst, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Musician, Company F

1909-10—Private, Company F.
1910-11—Private, Company F.
1912-13—Musician, Company F.
1913-14—Musician, Company F; "K. B. K."

He is an insanityeologically jealous mechanical engineer. Anything that encroaches upon or competes with his beloved branch of engineering he hates with the deathless hate of the theatrical villain. At the mere mention of mechanism or hydraulic motors he goes into raptures and his ecstasy knows no bounds. He is not content with the simple derivation of results, but they must be worked over and checked, and thus proved beyond the shadow of a doubt to be correct in the minutest detail. Occasionally he was brought to a standstill in the performance of an experiment by some difficult point not clear to him, and he would spend an hour over it to settle it in his mind before he would proceed. Many others would have rushed through to the end, turning aside to avoid the obstacles—but not Cox.
OWEN HALL CULPEPER
Portsmouth, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant
"LORD" CULLE
1910-11—Private, Company B.
1911-12—Corporal, Company E.
1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company C; Vice-President, Portsmouth Club.
1913-14—First Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant; Class Football Team; Omicron Club; Chairman, Mechanical Engineering Club; Associate Editor, Va. Tech.

"Lord" Culpeper, brusque, pointed, and with a voice like the soul-stirring booming of fourteen-inch guns in time of war, fulfilled his duties as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Staff of the Battalion at V. P. I. so effectively that he will always be remembered as one of the greatest military characters in the annals of the Institute. Just the glimpse of his bearing, so dignified and stately, and his chevrons so expansive and becoming, was enough to inspire one with the thrills of patriotism. Save? Much of "Lord" Culpeper's attention was bestowed on the Mechanical Engineering course here, but nothing very difficult to him was ever unearthed. It is said that when weary of life's monotonous curriculum, he finds recreation and solace in reading a few chapters of Descriptive Geometry. Of course, it must not be omitted that he is a pronounced success with Earth's fairest creatures, and we hope that little Dan will soon have his work completed.
We are not as well acquainted with "Eff" as we would like to be, since he was not in military and hence not so readily accessible as most of the other members of the class. All of us, however, in the early days of the class could not help but notice a mysterious character, mighty of height and with a chest that would put a prize fighter to shame and discourage a Marathon runner. In answer to our queries we were told that the physical marvel was a student in Agriculture at the institute and not the shade of some Grecian hero of the Olympic games returned to earth. He matriculated in 1909, but was at V. P. I. no longer than the rest of us, since he had the misfortune to miss an entire session. He proved to be a football player as well as a notable student. It does not require the aid of an astrologer for us to prophesy that he will scale the ladder of success to the last round and even gain access to the moon if he so wills.
JAMES MOORE EVANS
RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering

"PROFESSOR"

1912-13—Private, Company F; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Chaplain, Lee Literary Society, third term.

1913-14—Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Cotillion Club: "K. B. K."

"Professor" enlisted in the class as a Junior "rat." In this respect he is unique. It was not long before it was seen that he possessed more than his share of precocity, and ever after he was assailed with such questions as, "What answer did you get for this problem?" and, "Will you lend me your notes?" But he took it all good-naturedly, as he does everything, and our admiration was heightened. It is generally conceded that he understands everything that he studied at college, and about nine-ninths of everything else. He is equally conversant upon the fourth dimension and politics, astronomy and bookkeeping, literature and railroads. He has specialized in electricity, and may invent a new aeroplane or discover a new comet. On the other hand, he may revolutionize electrical science. What a thing is versatility!
Hugh John Fitzgerald, Jr.
Newport News, Va.

Applied Chemistry

Lieutenant, Company A
"Jack"

1911-12—Private, Company A.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company A; Associate Editor, Tech; Vice-President, Junior-Senior-German; Class Baseball Team.
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; Secretary-Treasurer, German Club; Class Football Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Monogram Club.

"Jack" landed at V. P. I. as a "Soph," and it was seen at once that good material had been acquired by the class. As becomes the modesty of worthy youths, he stated that he could not even play basketball. This statement has never been credited. He—well he was mistaken. He is a walking chemistry reference book, and will disappoint the class if he does not solve the problem of "the transmutation of metals," and find the "elixir of life." Secret or no secret, here goes: he is a raging success with the ladies. It is reported that way back in his high school days he was decidedly timid. He passed through many trials and tribulations in military, but finished with a "lieu."
WILLIAM THOMAS HALL
Christiansburg, Va.

Civil Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY B
"Willie"

1910-11—PRIVATE, COMPANY B
1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY B
1912-13—PRIVATE, COMPANY B
1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY B; Vice-President, "K. B. K.; President, Montgomery County Club; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class; Executive Committee, Cotillion Club.

The eighth folly of science is the effort to discover why he did not wind up as ranking captain of the battalion. The problem is as impossible of solution as that of perpetual motion. Soldierly till the end, he saluted Failure with the exactitude of a true cadet, right-shouldered his heavy disappointment, and to the slow cadence of his anguished heart, marched with it to the cemetery of shattered hopes, where it was laid to rest with all proper military honors. But perhaps a great "stake driver" can be of as much service to humanity as Major-General W. T. Hall. A valiant and chivalrous modern knight, he has been severely smitten by the charms of the fair, but he need not fear having a second set of disappointed hopes to trouble him.
WILLIAM BYRD HARRISON, JR
Appomattox, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Musician, Company E

“Byrd”

1911-12—Private, Company E.
1912-13—Musician, Company E.
1913-14—Musician, Company E; Photographic Editor, Bugle; Secretary, Class; “K. B. K.”; Vice-President, Senior Prom.

It is a difficult task to try to uncover his particular merits and favorite lines of thought, for he impresses everyone as an all-round good fellow, and he is thoroughly efficient in everything that he undertakes. His knowledge is broad, but he is one of those fortunates who “drink deep of the Pierian Spring.” Rarely can a book of any kind be mentioned that he has not read. The memory of him taking pictures on the Campus with his inseparable kosal will never grow dim to his classmates. When he makes his fortune in Electrical Engineering, he may prove to be a second Carnegie, for libraries seem to exercise a strange fascination over him. One of his particular merits is his constant good nature. It is a mystery how he preserves it even in times of trial.
THOMAS HILL HAUGHTON, JR.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mechanical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY D
"HIVE"
1910-11—PRIVATE, COMPANY D.
1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY D.
1912-13—PRIVATE, COMPANY D.
1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY D; "K.
R. K."

The microscope reveals no fault in him, chemical analysis is just as ineffective, and so it is strongly suspected that he is genuine. The most delicate analytical methods will ever fail to detect anything to the contrary. He is modest—he who is not, has nothing to be modest over; he is amiable—this characteristic can scarcely be regarded as a defect; he is practical rather than theoretical—air castles are built in theory; he abhors hypocrisy—would that more would do the same. One may enumerate his merits till weary, but those remaining would fill a great volume. If true worth and honest purpose count for aught in this world, he will ascend to the very eminence of success in whatever work he undertakes.
JOHN WILLIAM HILL
Newport News, Va.,
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Electrical Engineering
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PRIVATE, COMPANY D
"Joker"
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1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY D; CLASS
Baseball Team.
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1912-13—PRIVATE, COMPANY D; CLASS
Baseball Team; Vice-President, Hampton Roads Club.
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1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY D; CLASS
Football Team; Class Basketball Team; President, Hampton
Roads Club; Treasurer, Electrical Engineering Club;
"K. R. K."

In the fall of '11, we became aware of the
presence of a rather aristocratic-looking charac-
ter on the campus. Before he arrayed himself
in uniform, he was regarded as a new professor;
then, after his debut as a cadet, it was whispered
that he was some millionaire's son from Pitts-
burg. When it became known that he was
just a sociable being of the Old Dominion, our
awe disappeared, but our admiration did not
diminish. Once he was given a "sers," but, sud-
denly realizing that he was invested with the
power to "stick" his fellow-students, his noble
nature rebelled, and he resigned his office after
a single day of military glory. He frequently
sneaks down to the train to mail a letter "home."
Perhaps such letters will reach home soon.
With all his variety of action and complexity of character, "Trudel" was a remarkable person. He was a man of many facets, and his life seemed to be a never-ending stream of adventures and challenges. His greatest passion was music, and he often found solace in playing the trumpet. It is as if his life were a symphony, with each day bringing new melodies and harmonies. His contributions to the school and beyond cannot be overstated. He was a true leader, respected by all who knew him. It is a great loss for our community to lose someone as extraordinary as "Trudel."
RUSSELL CHASTAIN HUNT
Chatham, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Musician, Company C

“RUSSELL”
1910-11—Private, Company C.
1911-12—Musician, Company C.
1912-13—Musician, Company C.
1913-14—Musician, Company C; Cotillion Club; “K. B. K.”; President, Senior Prom.

Although one of the foremost of the class, he was quiet and worked diligently without desiring to attract too much unprofitable attention, as so many are prone to do. Possessing a practical mind, he early familiarized himself with the intricate mechanism of a bugle, and, as the result, was troubled no more with such notices as “drill period; bayonet exercises.” Electrical Engineering seems to be perfectly logical to him, and he resigned the destruction of laboratory instruments to his less fortunate fellow-students. All who have drawn upon his knowledge, and accepted his advice upon various matters—and, indeed, everyone else—knows that he will not have a difficult task seeking early success.
WILLIAM HARRIS IRVINE, JR.
GRENVILLE, S. C.

Mechanical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company D
"lieutenant"

1910-11—Private, Company E.
1911-12—Corporal, Company E
1912-13—Sergeant, Company D.
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company D; Cotillion Club.

The military authorities had no trouble in discovering his official abilities and military bearing, and never hesitated in "coming across" with his "corp," "serg.," and "lieu." However, he could never quite get it out of his head that it was not a breach of etiquette to attend all classes every day. But in some manner he always managed to escape the wrath of the Dean, and as a result, won our profoundest admiration. He intends to specialize in Spanish. Perhaps he has a desire to visit Spain and to make himself as agreeable to the Senoritas as he is to the Misses on this side of the "pond." However, this is merely an idle conjecture. He leaves with our best wishes.
HARRY JUDSON JENNINGS
Kelly's Ford, Va.

Applied Chemistry

1910-11—Private, Company F.
1911-12—Corporal, Company F; Class Baseball.
1912-13—Private, Company F.
1913-14—Private, Company F; "K. R. K."

Lured from the jungles of Culpeper by the charms of Chemistry, he wandered about till he came under the influence of V. P. I, and was attracted to it by the force of chemical affinity to form a compound with the institution for four years. Qualitatively speaking, his formula has not yet been completely determined, but he is generally thought to be made up of certain rare and valuable elements, probably radio-active, for the accompanying diagram shows the effect produced upon a sensitive photographic plate upon exposure to the mysterious compound. Quantitatively speaking, on the other hand, the rare and valuable elements are combined in about equal proportions. The final product of disintegration will in all probability be a chemist. If it is true that a rich vein of the ore containing the mysterious compound runs through Culpeper, we would like to hear more of it at V. P. I. It is certain, however, that a more perfect sample of the ore will never wander to the campus than did four years ago.
Ralph Slocomb Jessup
Baskerville, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company F

"Silent"

1910-11—Private, Company A
1911-12—Corporal, Company C
1912-13—Sergeant, Company A
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company F

His predominant characteristic is his remarkable tranquility. Never has he been known to permit his emotions to exhibit themselves in excess. It would be absurd to imagine him indulging in hilarious laughter, being overcome with anger, or finding solace in weeping. It may be said that his emotions are always kept in equilibrium. The Bugle election returns show him to be the most bashful of cadets, and the biggest lady-hater, but a bashful lady-hater is an unknown quantity. Can it exist? He has never been known to ask a question, but he has never failed to answer one. He left a trail of "stars" in his wake, but rarely was he found studying, reading being his favorite pastime.
ALBERT LAMARTINE JONES, JR.  
QUANTICO, VA.  
Electrical Engineering  
Lieutenant, Company F  
"Lengthy"  
1910-11—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team.  
1911-12—Corporal, Company F; Varsity Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Eastern Shore Club.  
1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company F; Assistant Business Manager, Va. Tech; M. Vice-President, Corps; Varsity Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Junior-Senior German.  
1913-14—1st. Lieutenant, Company F; 1st Vice-President, Corps; Athletic Council; Executive Committee, Corps; President, Electrical Engineering Club; Captain, Varsity Baseball Team; Business Manager, Va. Tech; Monogram Club; Cottilion Club.  

The origin of his nickname is self-evident. "Lengthy" won great distinction during his Sophomore year as a baseball player. He is a famous hitter, not only in the athletic sense of the word, but with the fairer sex as well. He was captain of the '14 baseball team, but in regard to that other matter he has not been honored as yet. Good-natured and thoughtful of others, he always looked down before walking, and never trod a fellow-student upon the pavement. He won a desirable place in the Busaz election for the best all-round cadet. In class and military activities he appeared in all his glorious splendor of mind and figure, and won second place in the election for the best Senior officer.
ROBERT FITZHUGH LEE  
MIDLAND, VA.  
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Agriculture  
---  
"Growley"  
1910-11--Private, Company C; Class Baseball Team.  
1911-12--Corporal, Company D; Secretary, Lee Literary Society.  
1912-13--Out of military.  
1913-14--Out of military.  

Four years ago his dreams became sorely troubled with the fear that there might be a second Civil War, and he straightway resolved to come to V. P. I. to gain a knowledge of Military Science in order to duplicate the deeds of the immortal Southern hero when the crisis should come. Lo and behold! in his Sophomore year he realized with loyal pride that he was a corporal. So readily did he absorb things military, he became saturated by the end of the year, and the authorities at the Administration Building considered it unnecessary to give him an office for the following year. "Growley" actually severed all military connections with the institution at the beginning of his Junior year. While vainly awaiting the call to arms, he occupied himself with the study of Agriculture, and compressed the infinity of the science into the narrow limits of the mind. He has hopes of crossing a lemon with a cucumber and starting a pickle plantation to acquire funds for his expected campaigns.
ASBURY MARVIN MASON
ACCOMAC, VA.

Electrical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company E
"Eagle-eye" "Scoop"
1910-11—Private, Company F.
1911-12—Private, Company F.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company E.
1913-14—2d Lieutenant, Company E;
Class Football Team; "P. G."

"Eagle-Eye" was the nickname attached to this illustrious character early in his career at V. P. I., so that now everyone is intimately acquainted with "Eagle-Eye," but scarcely anyone knows Mason from his "ratfholo" days. "Eagle" was a busy man, seldom guilty of "loafing on the job." The fact that he required only four years to take two degrees is ample proof of the above statement. The bright spot in his career rose over the horizon in his Junior year when he underwent a remarkable metamorphosis which transformed him into a sergeant from the original state of a private. At once his eagle eye spied a pair of lieutenant chevrons in the distance, and after a delightful atmospheric journey, he dropped out of the sky and "scooped" them up. "Eagle's" fame reached its climax when he hung out his shingle as a picture-frame manufacturer. However, we will not go into details.
JOHN MOFFETT McCUE
BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Company B
"Mac" "Bunny"

1910-11—Private, Company B.
1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Executive Committee, Corps.
1912-13—First Sergeant, Company B; Vice-President, Class; Secretary, Corps; Assistant Manager, Baseball Team; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
1913-14—Captain, Company B; Business Manager, Bugle; Manager, Baseball Team; Member, Executive Committee; Vice-President, Class; President, West Virginia Club; Class Basketball Team; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; German Club.

There are some who entered college with us in our Freshman class in whom we foresaw great possibilities and a bright future. "Mac" was one of these who early gave evidence of latent powers. He was aggressive both in studies and in other class work, and showed no inclination to lag in any phase of college work. He created opportunities, and then took advantage of them. Not only did he take an active part in class work, but he gave considerable attention to corps work in general as well. He was a pronounced success in military in that he was highly esteemed by the students as well as by the military authorities. His interest in athletics is shown by the fact that he became manager of the baseball team. "Mac" is a typical grease-wiper when he dons his overalls and appears in the mechanical "lab," and the ease with which he goes about his work betokens success.
CLIVE METCALFE, JR.
GREENVILLE, MISS.

MINING ENGINEERING

MUSICIAN, COMPANY D
"MET" "STEEF"

1910-11—Private, Company D; Class Football; Class Baseball.
1911-12—Private, Company D.
1912-13—Musician, Company D; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
1913-14—Musician, Company D; Class Football; "K. B. K."

One of those who spend the greater part of their lives asking questions. At any one moment it can never be guessed what he will be asking at the next. Asking and answering questions is an effective way of disseminating knowledge, however. But it is astonishing how much he can accomplish during the intervals that he is not chattering. Be it known that he is something of an athlete, for he played an important part in class athletics, and is a boxer of no mean ability. He is as much at home with a bugle as Uncle Neil was with his fiddle. Class work could not conquer him, however good the defense it put up. Darkness and sunshine will each be met with the same philosophic smile from "Steeer."
GEORGE NAPOLEON MILLER
Forest Depot, Va.

Civil Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY F
"Sour"

1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY F.
1912-13—PRIVATE, COMPANY F; CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM.
1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY F; CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM; EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE; COURTILLON CLUB; PRESIDENT, RANDOLPH-MACON CLUB; SECRETARY, LEE LITERARY SOCIETY; "K. B. K."

Made his appearance on the Polytechnic stage in 1911, and took a leading part in Civil Engineering. Unaccommodating in the extreme sense of the word, he always ignored the encore, and refused to repeat any of his performances. That is why he is retiring from the Polytechnic stage. Perhaps his lack of accommodation was due to his fear of the generosity of the Agriculturists in presenting the results of their tariff not in the form of bouquets and eggnog. When off the stage, Mr. Miller cannot be distinguished from an ordinary mortal, so pleasantly and easily does he mingle with the throng. It is only when performing his role at the footlights that he attracts attention by the determination and vigor with which he drives stakes. "He is a veritable pile-driver," is the famous expression of his biographer, the Duke of Utopia. May the bridges he washed away that he may build better ones!
JAMES WALKER MURRY
Portsmouth, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Company B
“Bill” “Mickey”

1911-12—Private, Company B.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.
1913-14—Private, Company B; First Vice-President, Electrical Engineering Club; “K. B. K.”

Ladies and Gentlemen—This way, please. One of the wisest and most practical specimens of the graduating class. Captured in the wilds of Portsmouth, and confined for three years at V. P. I., he will now be liberated to roam at large in the dangerous jungles of the electrical world, where he will be surrounded by his natural environment. “Mickey” is perfectly docile only in the presence of his fair conqueror, and woe be unto others who dare to invade his territorial domains. To him, her most trivial wish is the gravest command; and there is no doubt that he would be more than content to become her protector for life—or die for her. But, notwithstanding these little faults, “Mickey” is a perfect marvel of wonder and awe.
ALVIN THORNTON PHILPOTTS
NORFOLK, VA.

Mechanical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company C

"Phil"

1909-10—Private, Company C; Agricultural Apprentice.
1910-11—Private, Company C.
1911-12—Corporal, Company C.
1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company D; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Curtiss Club.
1913-14—Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Basketball.

"Phil" spent five years at V. P. L., entering the Apprentice Class. He proved to be quiet, yet energetic; willing to avoid trouble, yet ready to meet it; unassuming, yet universally known and respected. If he could not be located in his room or at the shops, he could always be found in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. He never experienced any particular difficulty with his studies during the entire course, but would never confess that he expected to get a pass on any of them—he was always going to "flunk" something. He took military in a matter-of-fact way, and always held an office after his Freshman year. There can be but the most brilliant future before him.
PHILIP HENRY POWERS, JR.
BERRYVILLE, VA.

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Company C
"Philip"

1910-11—Private, Company E; Y. M.
C. A. Committee.
1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Y. M.
C. A. Committee.
1912-13—First Sergeant, Company C;
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary-
Treasurer, L. F. C. Club;
Class Football Team.
1913-14—Captain, Company C; Presi-
dent, Y. M. C. A.; Editor-in-
Chief, Bugle; President, Cotil-
lion Club; Y. M. C. A. Ad-
visory Committee; President,
L. F. C. Club; "P. G."

His very name is suggestive of energy and
restless forces. It is a singular fact that his first
two initials, from right to left, are the abbrevia-
tions for Horse Power, the practical unit for the
rate of expending energy. As an example of the
havoc wrought by the eternally insatiable fires
of his unsatisfied nature, he burned and pillaged
a straight course to the Citadel of Degrees, and
in a brief four years after matriculation was in
possession of a B. S. and an E. E. During his
last year he was an instructor in the Electrical
"Lab.," teaching his former comrades practical
electricity. In military circles he was a prominent
figure. It may be said that he has a talent for
the Martian science. Of course, he appeared
several times in the returns for the Bugle elec-
tion, and we were reminded, among other things,
that he is good-looking and very much in love.
Could the astrologers of old return to Earth,
they would doubtless presage his departure from
the world with a whirlwind of stars and a train
of comets. He formed a perfect galaxy of stars
in his class work.
ORLANDO ROBBINS RANDOLPH
BLACKSBURG, VA.

Mechanical Engineering

"Bob"

1909-10—Private, Company A; Agricultural Apprentice.
1910-11—Private, Company A.
1911-12—Private, Company A; Secretary-Treasurer, Tennis Club.
1912-13—Private, Company A; Varsity Basketball Squad; Secretary-Treasurer, Tennis Club; Vice-President, Montgomery County Club.
1913-14—Class Basketball Team; President, Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; "K. B. K."

"Bob" is a happy-go-lucky mechanical engineer. All other courses fade into insignificance when compared with Mechanical Engineering (so "Bob" says). Mechanical Engineering has lifted man out of barbarism, and will produce an undreamed-of high state of civilization for the future (so "Bob" says again). His desire for working in the laboratory was insatiable. How he refrained from working around steam and gas engines on Sunday has never been satisfactorily explained. Military agreed with him so well that he was not in it at all during his entire Senior year. It was a source of great delight to him to see his former comrades walk guard duty and drill in overcoats, and he was especially careful to let them know it. He took such a delight in military! But he is forgiven.
THOMAS MCDOWELL RIVES
NORFOLK, VA.

Agriculture

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B
"Tom"

1911-12—Private, Company C.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company C; Scrub Football Team.
1913-14—Second Lieutenant, Company B; Varsity Football Team; Monogram Club; V. M. C. A. Committee; German Club.

A hopeless case. The Bugle election confers upon him the honor of being the biggest rakester, and figures have never shown the slightest inclination to prevaricate. Steady, little fish? The nets are treacherous to-day. But usually he seems possessed of reasoning ability of which anyone would be proud. And his genial nature is exhilarating—it is positively devoid of all that is depressing. It is a pleasure to enter into conversation with him. He made his appearance in the second scene of the play—a Sophomore "rat"—and it did not take him long to "get on" to things at V. P. I. Before long he was a sergeant, and was also making a name for himself in Varsity athletics. Happily, he ended his Senior year as a lieutenant.
JOHN MELVILLE SANDERSON  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  

Civil Engineering  

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"JISHA"  
1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY F.  
1912-13—SERGEANT, COMPANY F.  
1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY F.; VICE-PRESDENT, L. E. C. CLUB; MANAGER, BASKETBALL, 1914; ATHLETIC COUNCIL; OMECROT CLUB; "K. B. K."

One far removed from the so-called hot-air artists, endowed with keen reasoning ability, he expended his energies in worthier channels, and in three short years sailed the course of Civil Engineering to the journey's end. He would never torment his friends with a recital of his triumphs and troubles, but was always a patient listener to those who so imposed upon him, rejoicing with them in their joy, or sorrowing with them in their sorrow. As the result, it was inevitable that he should make many friends and lose none. All through his Junior year he wore the sergeant's chevrons, but owing to the whims and fancies of Fortune, his last year was spent in the ranks of the Senior privates.
FRANK RICHARDSON SCOTT
BRISTOL, TENN.

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Electrical Engineering
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Captain, Company F

"Army"

1910-11—Private, Company B; Class Football.
1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
1912-13—First Sergeant, Company F; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary and Treasurer, Southwest Virginia Club.
1913-14—Captain, Company F; Manager, Varsity Football Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Cotillion Club; Member, V. M. C. A. Advisory Committee; Advertising Editor, BUGLE.

No more will the spotlight be turned upon the "Army" as he strides across the campus with the dignified bearing of a Washington. He will be illumined and rendered visible to the world at large by the lurid glare from the flames of popularity and fame. It is difficult to conceive the "Army" and the "rat" shoe agent are one and the same individual. Nothing, however apparently inexplicable, disturbs his remarkable self-possession. Had the barracks one day soared off into the sky, he would have taken his quill and calmly written an essay, "On the Reversibility of the Attraction of Universal Gravitation." He is greatly admired by the fair sex, and we advise him to discard his chevronsed uniform as soon as possible, lest complications of the heart set in, for he would surely be taken for some high ranking army officer. But perhaps this precaution would be of no avail. If he holds down a job as well as he did that of football manager, many laurels will come his way.
ARCHIE DALGLIESH SHANKLAND
Newport News, Va.

Applied Chemistry

PRIVATE, COMPANY A

“Archie”

1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY A.
1912-13—SERGEANT, COMPANY A.
1913-14—LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A; PRIVATE, COMPANY A; SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM; “R. R. R.”

“Archie” entered the ranks of our class as a Sophomore “rat,” and labored industriously for quite a while to convince us that he did not know anything. However, his “convincing” arguments were faulty—in fact, they can not be considered arguments at all. He never impaired his health by study, yet strange to say, he always kept abreast of all other contestants in the race for a diploma. Scottish blood will tell. He was a great favorite in military circles, and made a model “O. D.,” but alas! the Commandant suddenly realized what a good-looking private he would make. He has a mysterious way of winning friends. In the field of Chemistry, he is in his natural element, and it would not be economical to wager that he will fail in his chosen work.
A lover of ideals who has the courage to defend all that is worthy and elevating, and to combat all that tends to lower his standards. He early turned his attention to the literary societies, and also took an interest in the Y. M. C. A. Since he also rose steadily to the rank of captain in the battalion, it is possible that he cherishes the idea of introducing the literary society and the Y. M. C. A. into heathen countries at the point of the sword. It is known that he possesses a vast knowledge of agriculture, but he denies it most emphatically. There is another thing that he would like to deny, but truth does not always wait to find outward expression in words, and The Bugle "sees all, knows all." Arthur Pleasant Sibold, you are a slave to the dark, languid serenity of those bottomless lakes and those glorious, lowering clouds of night!
HENRY MARTIN SOMERVILLE
Mitchell, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Company E
"Elder"

1910-11—Private, Company E.
1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Sophomore, Court; Executive Committee, Corps; Treasurer, Lee Literary Society.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company E; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. E. Club.
1913-14—Private, Company E; Athletic Council; Recording Secretary, Y. M. C. A.; Art Editor, Bugle; Editor-in-Chief, The Virginia Tech; President, Senior Class; Secretary-Treasurer, Final Ball; German Club; "K. B. K."

Every inch a Mechanical Engineer, he showed great affinity for his chosen profession from the moment that he first set foot upon the Campus. However, that is not all; as an orator, he often caused us to sit up and take notice, and will doubtless cause others to do the same now that he has left the Alma Mater. He would have been equally successful as a lawyer had he chosen that difficult profession. He must be congratulated on the great work he did in the corps in general and on his class work. In military, however, he was not so successful. The Commandant saw fit to have him spend his Senior year among the fallen angels, but he found so high a degree of civilization, intelligence, and friendship among the numbers of his new companions that he soon ceased to regret the change of environment. Always just to others, we now commend him to the justice of Fortune.
LEE EDWARDS SUTTON, JR.
PETERSBURG, VA.

Applied Biology (r)

PRIVATE, COMPANY E
"SCTY"

1910-11—Private, Company A.
1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Class Football Team.
1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company E; Member, Executive Committee; Assistant Manager, Baseball Team; Vice-President, German Club; Leader, Junior-Senior German.
1913-14—Private, Company E; Class Football Team; Leader, German Club; "K. B. K."

Vertily, the pen writes with remarkable ease in recording his character, deeds, and thoughts, so that instead of its being forced on to duty as were the ancient Persian warriors, a certain measure of braking action must be constantly applied to counteract the tendency toward acceleration and the consequent train of ink which would doubtless reach from the earth to the moon. Possessing a mind which permits of a deep insight into the nature of things and a sweep in every direction like a monitor’s turrets, it is not strange that he has never been accused of narrow-mindedness, egotism, and similar faults. In fact, he proves to be very congenial and agreeable in every way. Completing a technical course did not seem to him a task, but rather a pleasure. Apart from the grave college duties, he distinguished himself as a great German leader. One of his calibers should feel no doubts for the future.
HENRY MAGRUDER TYLER, JR.
Ashland, Va.

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY A
"Henry"

1910-11—Private, Company A.
1911-12—Corporal, Company C.
1912-13—Private, Company A; Junior Football Squad.
1913-14—Private, Company A; Omicron Club; "K. B. K."

His craft arrived in the harbor of Blacksburg in September, 1910. The good ship safely anchored, he disembarked on a shore leave. He wandered far inland into strange electrical lands, encountering terrible short circuits and blinding flashes from superheated fuses. These dangers and many others he escaped, owing to his superior wisdom and courage. Once he was made a corporal in the army of the Polytechs. After a year of faithful service, he continued his journey into the land of the Privates, a tribe of the Polytechs, where he remained for three years. Finally, he found a diploma, and shortly after succeeded in again locating his craft. The vessel was laden with the valuable "dip," and put under way for parts unknown. But where courage and wisdom are coupled with "dips," ships are never calmed in lifeless seas.
RODERICK SEBASTIAN VIVAR
Jipijapa, Ecuador, South America

Mechanical Engineering

Musician, Company E

"Woo"

1910-11—Private, Company D.
1911-12—Private, Company D; Class Football Team.
1912-13—Musician, Company D; Class Football Team.
1913-14—Musician, Company E; Class Football Team; Class Basketball Team; "K. B. K."

Stop! Look! Listen! Roderick was imported into the United States from far-away Ecuador before he had reached his "teens." When he matriculated at the institute he was already Americanized both in speech and manner as the result of contact with New York. While in South America, he would walk the equator every morning before breakfast as we would a tightrope to acquire an appetite (so he tells us). He entered the apprentice class, and the following year embarked upon the Mechanical Engineering course, and had a peaceful voyage to the end. One summer a delightful idea gleamed through his mind, and with it the hitherto ever-present nightmare of companies drilling on the parade ground vanished to torture him no more. He would become a bugler. His dream was realized, and the last two laps of his Mechanical voyage were enlivened with such light bugle selections as "Taps," "Tattoo," and the "Sick Call." Where Chance sees fit to take him, he will surely create a sensation and collar Success.
WILLIAM HAMILTON WADE, JR.
BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

Electrical Engineering

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

"Poss"

1911-12—Private, Company D; Class Football Team.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company D; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Class Football Team; Class Basketball.
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company C; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Football Team; Art Editor, BUGLE; Cotillion Club.

It is a mystery where his nickname, "Poss," originated, but it must have been somewhere in West Virginia, for "Poss" and Wade got off the train together at Blacksburg his "rat" year. He entered college as a Sophomore with a phonograph and records under his arm, and his room became the haven of the musical high-brows of the Corps. Later he interred the remains of the machine and became widely known by his infinite knowledge of electricity. He receives a trunk full of letters every year, and it is suspected that he is too far gone to listen to the advice of bachelors—or married men. But he does not neglect his work, and if he steers clear of "short circuits," he will live to go into partnership with Edison.
GILMER ANTHONY WARFIELD
Richmond, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Lieutenant, Company B

"GILMER"
1910-11—Private, Company B.
1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Class Football Team.
1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company B; Vice-President, Maury Literary Society; Cotillion Club.
1913-14—Lieutenant, Company B; Class Football Team.

To see him in civilian attire, one would instantly suspect that he was a theatrical star—such is his bearing and manner of speech. He is an illustration of the fact that gracefulness of motion and conversation, intermingling wit, nonsense, quotations, and occasionally a poetic gem, can exist apart from the stage. To see him in his official uniform, one would feel almost certain that he could trace his ancestry back to the Cæsars, and to hear his commands at drill would dispel any remaining doubt. He is fascinated by the metaphysical, and delights in the extraordinary. Nevertheless, so varied is his nature, he is an entertainer of the first water. This statement could be corroborated by some of the fairest of Richmond.
WILLIAM WESTMORE
GORDON WARWICK
RICHMOND, VA.

Mining Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY B
"Weary" "Happy"

1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY B: Sergeant-at-Arms, Richmond Club.

1912-13—PRIVATE, COMPANY B: Class Football; Class Baseball; Omicron Club; Leader, Cotillion Club.

1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY B: Captain, Class Football Team; Leader, Cotillion Club; Vice-President, Omicron Club; President, "K. B. K."

He had not been here long before such nicknames as "Happy" and "Weary" suggested themselves. The latter is applicable even though he did get out in time for breakfast roll call twice every week. Once or twice during his three years here, a light was noticed burning in his room after the midnight hour—he was probably studying or writing a letter. In his Junior year he decided to expend a little energy, and, as the result, played class football. "Wonders will never cease," for he proved to be one of the best German figure leaders in college. He delights in taking a prominent part in all social functions, contrary to the import of his nicknames. He was so enthusiastic over drill that the Commandant could never find the heart to take him out of ranks.
JOHN THOMAS WATSON
WELCH, W. VA.

Mining Engineering

PRIVATE, BAND
"Bull," "Wesby"

1910-11—Private, Company E.
1911-12—Corporal, Company D.
1912-13—Private, Company D; Class Football.
1913-14—Private, Band; Class Football; Treasurer, W. Va. Club; "K. H. K."

"Bull Watson" is one of the foremost "coal diggers" of the class. What he does not know about mining has yet to be discovered. He was never so happy as when he had entangled some poor unfortunate in his room, and was discussing the different geological ages, or discussing exhaustively upon railroad curves. He became a character of great importance when he put on his "corps" chevrons at the beginning of his Sophomore year. The next year Fortune decreed that he should be a private again. Then he got to work energetically on an old alto, and his last year was spent in the band division. He is of pleasing personality, appreciative of the humorous, and always vainly trying to convince someone that he is not fatally injured by the drugged arrows of the little god of Love—"Ain't you a fine one, John?"
JACK HENDERSON WEAVER
THERMAL CITY, N. C.

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY C
"yat" "jack"

1910-11—PRIVATE, COMPANY D.
1911-12—PRIVATE, COMPANY D.
1912-13—SERGEANT, COMPANY E; VICE-PRESIDENT, CAROLINA CLUB; CLASS FOOTBALL.
1913-14—PRIVATE, COMPANY C; CLASS FOOTBALL; SECRETARY-TREASURER, "K. B. K."

"yat" hails from down in dear old Carolina. Two-thirds of his time he appears with a good-natured grin on his face, and the other third of the time he is asleep. He moves along slowly but surely with his work, and has never shown an inclination to distinguish himself as a "scribe." However, he never looked forward to Graduation Day with trepidation, but always regarded his "trip" as a surety. One day it dawned upon his mind that he had been given a "serg.," and for a whole year—oh, joy!—he was invested with the authority to guide a company, or to march in the file closes. Then his "lieut." in some way got misplaced down at the Administration Building, but he did not mind a little thing like shouldering a gun, and going on guard duty occasionally.
JOHN LLOYD WHITE
Keezletown, Va.

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE
"Noody"

1910-11—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Sergeant-at-Arms, Shenandoah Valley Club.

1911-12—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Relay Team; Treasurer, Sophomore Privates; Sophomore Court.

1912-13—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Class Basketball Team.

1913-14—Private, Company F; Track Squad; "K. K. K."

"Noody," of somewhat distinguished bearing, and a remarkable aptitude for originating and perpetrating jokes and pranks, rose to prominence immediately after enlisting in the class. It is well to advise everyone that it is imperative to keep his wits about him when in the presence of His Majesty, "Noody," or be will be completely undone in any remarkable proceedings that might transpire. The possessor of a most enviable disposition, he is held in high esteem by all who know him. In things electrical, it would seem that he is in league with the fuse and ammeter industry. But he maintains that he always understands the principles according to which the articles are wrecked, which is truly a redeeming feature. Unfortunately, he has a well-defined taste for music.
THOMAS KENNERLY WOLFE
Elkton, Va.

Agriculture

First Lieutenant, Company D
"T. K."

1910-11—Private, Company E.
1911-12—Corporal, Company E.
1912-13—Sergeant, Company D.
1913-14—First Lieutenant, Company D.

"T. K." was the hardest student at V. P. I., as shown by the returns of the Bugle election. He availed himself of his every opportunity. Seeking more than a passing grade on all his work, the "stars" fairly twinkled throughout his entire college career. Sturdily fighting his way onward, he accomplished remarkable results. He is one of the very few mortals concerning whom Doctor Hudnall never entertained the hope of detaining in his English Literature for a second year. Somehow military routine failed to disagree with him, and if he did not keenly relish it, he may be trusted to keep a secret. Of course, he held a military office till the end, and was never in fear of losing it. If he takes hold of things after leaving college as he did here, he need not fear ever being in dire need of a legacy.
RAYMOND SANDERLIN WOOD
NORFOLK, VA.

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Electrical Engineering

Capt. Company E.
“Raymond”

1910-11—Private, Company E; Sergeant-at-Arms, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.

1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Executive Committee, Corps; Class Football Team; Manager, Class Track Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.

1912-13—First Sergeant, Company E; Assistant Manager, Varsity Track Team; Vice-President, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.

1913-14—Captain, Company E; Manager, Varsity Track Team; Advertising Editor, The Bruin, 1914; President, Norfolk Club; Athletic Council; Class Football Team; Cotillion Club.

It is probable that he would have been the “scribe” of the class if he had tried, for he is always energetic and resourceful, but occasionally visitors found him as far removed from dry text-books as the confines of his room would permit. However, with ordinary effort, he managed to hold his own against those who persisted in sleeping on their books when not using them. He always seemed astonished when he received a military promotion, but the astonishment was all his. He modestly claims that his knowledge of “juice pushing” is finite—but the limits are certainly not narrow. Fortunately, unlike many others, he was never electrocuted at the switchboard in the “lab.” Probably this was because “Wood” is a poor electrical conductor.
WILLIAM GEOFFREY WYSOR
Pulaski, Va.

Agriculture

CAPTAIN, COMPANY A
"Bud"

1910-11—Private, Company A; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pulaski County Club.

1911-12—Corporal, Company A; Vice-President, Class; Treasurer, Pulaski County Club; Class Football Team.

1912-13—First Sergeant, Company A; Executive Committee, Corps; Treasurer, Class; Y. M. C. A. Committee.

1913-14—Captain, Company A; President, Corps; President, Athletic Association; President, Planters' Club; President, Pulaski County Club; Secretary, Bugle; Athletic Council; Chairman, Executive Committee, Corps; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary-Treasurer, Senior Prom; Cotillion Club.

Just one wee glance at the honors that were conferred upon "Bud" during his four-year sojourn at V. P. I. is sufficient evidence of his immense popularity. Any one who can be ranking captain of the battalion and at the same time one of the most popular students in the corps is a phenomenon. "Bud's" idea of justice is one of his most admirable characteristics. With men of his type no school would have cause to fear for the safety of its honor system. In this direction he has done much for V. P. I., and we feel that the benefit will be permanent. It would be absurd to infer that "Bud" does not know how to appreciate a good time, but it is true that he has never run the car over the precipice. Of course, being of such an agreeable disposition, and having such a military bearing, "Bud" stands in as high with the ladies as he does with his other acquaintances, and we cannot imagine a bachelor's tax ever being levied upon him.
THE BUGLE

Senior Class History

FRESHMAN

In the fall of the year of our Lord, 1910, word was passed about through Techland that a new tribe of Cadetites were about to advance on that country. And great was the joy of the tribes already assembled there, for had they not conquered other tribes of adventurous youths? And would not this new tribe also feel the might of their wrath, even as the others? Yea, surely they wold—for the gods of battle are with the strong.

And it came to pass that on a morning in September the vanguards of the new tribe, which in the language of Techland was called the tribe of the Rattites, made their appearance in Techland. And through all the length and breadth of the land there arose a mighty cloud of dust made by the feet of the advancing horde. But lo, those who dwelt in Techland were not afraid of that vast multitude; verily they stood their grounds like gates of brass and adamantine. And behold a mighty terror smote the hearts of all the Rattites and they fell down and would fain have worshipped the feet of the Polytechnites. Yea, they did bite the dust and besought mercy of their conquerors.

But the conquerors granted them not their peace; rather did they impose upon them all manner of tasks, even as the master upon his slaves. And lo, the Rattites were afraid to walk abroad in the land, and knew not where to turn.

Now about this time the Lord High Muckety Muck of the land sent and called unto him all those who dwelt in the land of the Polytechnites. And it came to pass that even the Rattites went in unto his presence, yea, even into the sanctuary of the mighty Dash. And in his presence they did quake and tremble, for they were sore afraid. And he did judge them according to their stature and attainments. Yea, even to the least one he did judge and dispose of them and, so great was his power, no man dared dispute his word.

And now the Polytechnites were compelled to visit the Lord High Exchequer—and him they hated with all their might, for did he not levy upon each man a tax according to his wealth? Did he not appropriate all their gold and silver and even their horses and camels? Yea, verily he did and the mighty Dash stood behind him in all his deeds.

And in those days, having fulfilled all the commandments of Dash and the High Exchequer and the Faculty, it came to pass that all the tribes of the Polytechnites set themselves diligently to learn all that was contained in the Books of Knowledge. And the young men worked faithfully, but after work there must come play. And so word was sent through all the length and breadth of Techland for all big and brawny men of good repute to report on Miles' Field for football practice. And the leader of the Rattites went through his tribe and designated those men whose physique was adapted to that game. And lo, the Rattites put forth a goodly band upon the field, which brought much glory to their tribe.

And now there came one crying, "Behold there dwelleth in the land of the Lexingtonians' a tribe of Universities, the same being called Washington and Lee. And they be much stronger than ye. Choose ye, therefore, eleven of the strongest of the Polytechnites, that
they may do battle with us, so that we may prove our prowess to the world. And the
eleven were chosen and went forth to the land of the Roanokers to do battle. And there
were gathered together all the Polytechnites and their followers, and they arose and went
unto that city which is called the Magic City that they might witness the battle. Now the
Lexingtonians fought like demons, yea verily, they fought with the fury of desperation, but
when the battle was over the score stood twenty-three to nothing, in the favor of the
Polytechnites. And great was the joy of all those who wore the Orange and Maroon—those
colors being the emblem of the Polytechnites.

And the fame of the Polytechnites spread through all the land—from Washington to
Carolina did their fame spread. And lo, the Universities from the land of the North Caro-
linians battled with the Cadetites from Techland; in the city of the law makers of the land
of Virginia did they battle. But the gods of battle are with the strong and the Polytechnites
carried off the palm. Now the Universities from George Washington challenged the
Polytechnites to meet their forces on the field of battle in the City of Hills, so the Poly-
technites arose and went unto that city, and there they did defeat their challengers. And
so great was the joy of all those who dwelt in Techland that they offered up a burnt offering
to Bovine, the god of football. There was gathered together a huge pile of wood; from all
over Techland it was gathered, and the wood was anointed with forty measures of oil and
was lighted with the sacred fire. And while the wood was being consumed the Cadetites
marched around the fire and lifted up their voices in joyful praise of Bovine and of their

And behold there came one from the Agriculturists of the land of the Tar-Heels crying,
"Come forth and battle with us." And the Polytechnites and all the tribes of the Cadetites
arose and went unto the City by the Sea. And the armies seemed evenly matched; neither
stronger nor weaker than the other. But at last the Agriculturists put forth a mighty
effort and won—the score being 3 to 5. The battle was fought during the Thanksgiving
season, but the Cadetites were sorely smitten with dismay and would not be comforted.
And they returned to their homes in the mountains of Techland, determined to hoard their
strength and skill for another battle with these Agriculturists.

Now the season of football being over, the Chief of the Faculty sent and called unto
him all his officers, and he saith unto them: "Behold the young men have been wasting their
time and energy and have been singing songs and playing games; and they be in sad plight
for examinations. Go ye, therefore, unto them with such examinations as your best skill
can devise, that I may see in whom I can place reliance." And the officers went unto the
young men with their examinations. And many of the young men passed the examinations,
but lo, there were those who passed not, yea, there were those among the faddities who fell—and
great was their fall. Then there came a season of resolutions—verily they would not
fall again. And the Chief of the Faculty laughed at these resolutions, for he knew how
easily he could overthrow them all.

And it came to pass that the young men worked diligently, for their goal was the two
stars that the Faculty sometimes bestows upon the worthiest. But after a season their zeal
began to wane and they cared not so much for two stars as they did for amusement. There-
fore, all the tribes of the Polytechnites were gathered together and they said among them-
tselves: "Verily we are becoming weary with much studying and our muscles are waxing
stiff. We will, therefore, organize a basketball team that shall uphold the honor and glory
won by our football team.” And this team was put forth and it brought much glory to
techland; for it lost not any games, and by its brilliant playing and continual winning of
games, it won the championship of the land of Virginia.

Now there came that which the Rattites had been dreading since their advent into
Techland. The snow lay heavily upon the ground, and the older tribes liked not to see the Rattites upon
the face of the earth when there was snow. And behold the Chief of the Cadettes com-
manded all the Rattites to gather themselves into two bands and to fight each other with
snow for the amusement of their elders who dwelt in Techland. And lo, the annual Snow
Battle was fought; and the Rattites returned to their dwellings—happy in the knowledge
that there would be no more snow battle for them.

Now, when the snow battle was over, the Chief of the Faculty again called his officers
unto him, and he sent them yet the second time unto the young men with examinations. And
it came to pass that the resolutions which the young men had made had long been forgot and
they were not better prepared for these examinations than they had been before. And
verily the Chief of the Faculty wrapped himself about with his merriment, for he saith:
“Did I not prophesy these results?

And it came to pass that the young men made no more resolutions, but rather did they
bend all their time and energy into channels of amusements. Therefore, they put forth a
baseball team that was the joy of all those who dwelt in Techland. While winter still held
the land in his frozen grip did this team fare forth to Miles’ Field to prepare for the battles
of the spring. And lo, when the spring was come the Polytechnites proved the stuff where-
of they were made, for few and far between were the battles that went to opposing teams.
Yea, even the Cadettes from the land of the Lexingtonians bowed down into the dust before
the mighty Polytechnites.

And now the call went round for the fleet of foot, and men of brawny arms to hurl the
discus and hammer, and men of strong legs to jump and hurdle. And in those days there
was gathered together a goodly band of young men clad in the scanty garments of their past-
time. For the love and honor of Techland did they strain every nerve and muscle. But
when they matched their speed and skill against the Universities in the land of the North
Carolinians they tasted the bitterness of defeat. And the taste pleased them not, and they
returned home determined to do their uttermost in defeating the Universities from Lex-
ington. And behold when these Universities were come unto Techland the gods of victory
were with the Polytechnites. Verily did they romp on the Lexingtonians with much vigor.

Now, when these things were come to an end, the rulers of the Cadettes were gathered
together and the Chief Ruler spoke in this wise: “Verily with the coming of Summer the
young men are waxing restless; they study not, but they weave day-dreams around their
lady-loves. Therefore, send ye the Faculty yet a third time unto them with examinations,
and when these are over they shall depart out of the land.” Now the young men rejoiced to
hear these things, and they put forth a mighty effort and crammed their heads with things
they should have learned before. And behold many of them passed the examinations—by
the grace of the gods and by the skin of their teeth did they pass.

Now there came the season of Finals, with its myriad joys and pleasures. And in those
days the Seniorites and Juniorites called their best girls unto them saying: “If ye love me
And it came to pass that after a space of three months the young men were again the pioneers of their homes and set out to the lands of the West. And when they came to the land which had been wrestled for and won at the Battle of the Polytchnes, they found the same old war that they had fought before. And the Polytechnes met the Agriculturalists from the land of the Far East, and the result was that the two teams made up the most magnificent battle that ever fought in the history of the world, and the score was a draw.

And when the Polytechnes met the Polytechnes, they found the same old war that they had fought before. And the Polytechnes met the Polytechnes from North Carolina and those from the land of the South, and the result was that the two teams made up the most magnificent battle that ever fought in the history of the world, and the score was a draw.

And the Polytechnes met the Polytechnes from the land of the West, and the result was that the two teams made up the most magnificent battle that ever fought in the history of the world, and the score was a draw.

And the Polytechnes met the Polytechnes from the land of the East, and the result was that the two teams made up the most magnificent battle that ever fought in the history of the world, and the score was a draw.

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THE BUGLE

After the Christmas season was passed the Cadetites immediately became interested in the basketball and track teams. But the fickle gods of victory had forsaken their shrines in Techland, for the basketball team was defeated in several important games. And so, the Universities from North Carolina and from Lexington won the track meets.

Now in those days two things of peculiar importance happened to the Cadetites. For one morning when the Cadetites appeared, lo, each man was shorn of the hair upon the top of his head. Even like unto the Knob was each man shorn.

And it came to pass that when the Army Inspector was come unto Techland, the rifles belonging to the Cadetites were nowhere to be found. Yea, even the vigilance of the lynx-eyed Colonel Holmes brought them not to light. And the Inspector inspected a gunless battalion and it pleased him not. And as a mark of his displeasure he drilled the Cadetites nigh unto death. Verily I say unto you that they had not been drilled as that day they were drilled. No, not in Techland.

And now the Final season came again with its laughing girls and loving youths, but there dwelt those among the Cadetites whose hearts were filled with bitterness for the Sophomoreites. Yea, the Rattites had nothing but bitterness in their hearts for the Sophomoreites. And it happened in this wise: The Sophomoreites prepared for themselves a feast, and while they were feasting, the Rattites took unto themselves that part of the feast which had been reserved for the last. And when they attempted to break into the banquet hall the Sophomoreites opposed the way, and there ensued the greatest civil war that had ever arisen within the borders of Techland. And it came to pass that the Rattites received the just punishment for their presumptuous deeds.

And a second time came Commencement Day, and the Sophomoreites rejoiced to hear the President proclaim them to be Juniorites. And so endeth the record of events that befell the '14 Class during the second year of its sojourn in Techland.

JUNIORITES

And the seasons continued their relentless progress, and it came to pass that the third September found the Cadetites journeying again unto Techland. And they came in hordes, some joyfully singing praise unto the gods of Learning, but others came with souls laden with the curse of Military. But lo, the gods of football heard not one dissenting voice; with one accord did the Cadetites joyfully lift their voices in praise of their team.

And in those days the mighty Boscock coached the team of the Polytechnites, and Billy Burrus—he who bore the scars of sundry hard-fought fields—yea, he was the captain. But the team behind these great warriors was light, yea, like unto a feather was the weight of this team. But when they matched their strength against the North Carolinians they were not found wanting. Verily did they smite these Tar Heelers a mighty blow, and they returned to their home in the sand hills to nurse their wounds.

And it came to pass that the Universities from Western Maryland and those from West Virginia shared a fate similar to that borne by the North Carolinians. Yea, the Polytechnites took unto themselves two score and more points from each of these teams, and withal allowed them not to score. But the warriors from Washington and Lee, by their superior weight, carried the ball hither and yon about the field. And lo, they won their first battle from the Polytechnites.
And now it seemed that the god Bovine knew not the Polytechnites. Yea, verily he had forsaken his shrine in Techland. And all the tribes of the Cadettees arose and went unto that city which is the capital of this nation. And in the shadow of that gray pile of stone on the Potomac river, the Polytechnites battled with the Georgetown Universities. But they were fashion'd not to withstand the repeated onsloughts of such great weight. And lo, the Polytechnites were called upon to show how bravely they could take a defeat. And it came to pass that, except from the daily press, the world knew not that they had been defeated.

Yea, verily the old order changeth, likewise the buildings of ancient origin. Dwells there a man in Techland who remembereth not the old shack that was the Huckleberry station? Or the old turnstile gate that led to the home of the Cadettees? Surely there dwells not one whose memory is so abbreviated. But I call ye to gaze upon the structures that stand where these structures once remained an eye-sore unto all who passed them by. Saw ye ever such a magnificent station? And walked ye ever into Paradise through another gate like unto the Alumni Gate? Yea, surely ye have done neither of these things.

And now the Christmas holidays were welcomed with open hearts, and the Cadettees journeyed unto their homes and took unto themselves a good time. Verily it is the unexpected that always happens; therefore, I say unto you that they had a good time.

And when the young men had returned unto Techland they offered up themselves as a willing sacrifice unto the gods of basketball. And verily I say unto you that they worshipped not in vain, for this team was one to fill the hearts of all beholders with pride. And it came to pass that the baseball team waged fiercely a contest which drifted first one way and then another. But when the end of the season drew nigh, lo, the Polytechnites were far in advance of their enemies. And now the track team fared forth to shew their prowess. And it came to pass that the team from Washington and Lee journeyed to Techland, and in those days they banked their all upon the mighty Carter Glass. And he was good, yea, verily he was great, but run he ever so swiftly there was one among the Polytechnites who ran more swiftly. Yea, though he strained a leg in the effort yet did it profit him naught. And lo, the Polytechnites, with "Doc" Hughes in the lead, easily won the meet.

And now one morning all Techland was shaken by the astounding news. Was it true? Could it be possible? Yea, not a possibility but a fact in all reality. A new dancing club had been organized and the Juniorites were those who had accomplished the impossible. Verily I say unto you, it was no easy thing. Yea, the opposition was mighty and continuous, but the Cotillion Club remained unto this day.

Then came that for which the Juniorites awaited with souls filled to overflowing with happiness and anxiety—the season of Finals. And it came to pass that the Junior-Senior German which was that year given had never been surpassed. No, not in the land of the Cadettees. And I say unto you that the Juniorites and Seniorites had unto themselves a time—yea, they swear that never was there a German like unto that German.

But lo, before the last strains of music had died away, a mighty fire broke out from the shop buildings. And the young men hastily delivered their maidens into the hands of the chaperons, that they might fight the fire. And verily they fought it bravely, yea, daringly, but the devouring flames were abated not a whit. Verily this was the most disastrous fire that ever occurred within the bounds of Techland.
And so Commencement Day was hailed with gladness and with sadness, but only happiness remained when the President declared the session to be at an end, and the Juniorites at last came into their own, for they were now Seniorites. And so endeth the history of the third year of the life of the Class of 1914.

SENIOR

Verily, I say unto you, there was great rejoicing among the Seniorites when the ninth month of the year of our Lord, 1913, was come. For this was the beginning of the end, and they knew that after a space of nine months they would dwell not in the land of the Cadetites. And they were glad, for lo, they longed for the thickest of the battles of the world. Yea, they yearned to clash their swords with those who had gone before.

Now it came to pass that the Seniorites had grown in stature and in mind and in favor with the Lord, and they returned to Techland and took up the reins of government; for lo, they were the leaders in all of the affairs of the Cadetites. And they handled their affairs with the dignity and wisdom that is characteristic of those who dwell in the high places. But withal they failed not to enjoy the distinction that was theirs. Harken unto my words and ye shall know that the Seniorites purchased the coveted Capes. And likewise they obtained tickets to the Lyric, which they used when their less fortunate brethren had been called unto their quarters. In like manner they took all the privileges accorded the Seniorites, and in no wise did they fail to take advantage of a single privilege that was theirs.

Now while the Cadetites were still in their far distant homes, President Barringer resigned the duties of his office and arose and went out of the land of the Cadetites and took up his abode in Charlottesville. And Mr. J. D. Eggleston was elected to fill the vacancy. And the returning Cadetites failed not to notice a new atmosphere throughout all Techland. A new enthusiasm laid hold upon all those who dwelt within the borders of the land, and events moved with a snap and vim that was unknown in the days of old.

Now these things being settled, the Cadetites once more set their faces toward Miles' Field, where the football team of the Polytechnites was assembled under the leadership of Coach Bocock and Captain Pick. And verily I say unto you this team was a wonder. Yea, not since they were Rattites had the Seniorites seen such a team on this field. The teams from Roanoke College and from Hampden-Sidney departed from this land declaring that the Polytechnites were invincible, for they scored not upon the team of the Cadetites.

And it came to pass that once again the Universitites from the land of the North Carolinians offered battle unto the Polytechnites. But lo, the result was the same as in former years. For the Universitites were again smitten with defeat. And the team from the land of the Mississippians did not so well as the North Carolinians. Yea, the Polytechnites romped on these young men with much vigor, and the score was mighty to behold. Then there came unto the Polytechnites a defeat that was bitter in the extreme. Yea, verily I say unto you, gall and wormwood were as drops of honey compared with this defeat. For it came to pass that a second time the Lexington Universitites did deal unto the Polytechnites a mighty blow. Yea, it seemed that there would be no recovery, but the Cadetites wisely shook their heads and said one unto another, "Wait until another time."

And in those days arrangements were made for the Polytechnites to battle with the Cadetites from the land of the Lexingtonians. So when the season of Thanksgiving was come, all the tribes of the Cadetites from Techland arose and went unto the Magic City
to witness the battle. Yes, that was a battle among battles, and long will it be remembered
in the land where it was fought. But the teams seemed to be of equal strength, and through
they fought bravely and well, yet could neither surpass the other. Yes, the score was a
9-6 game, as Cadets were only able to score three in the last frame. And the opposition was
still too strong for the Seniorites, who were only able to score three in the last frame.

But, yes, football was quickly forgotten, for they had barely enough time to atomize their
energy, and the Seniorites were left with only a memory of the battle.

Yes, the Seniorites, at least, remembered not the days of gridiron battles; for their thoughts
were not on the playing field. But something was going on that Sherwood knew to be
important. And to this day, the Seniorites work diligently to add to their record. And yes,
the Seniorites were determined to leave the game of football unscarred.

Now, the holidays were coming on, and their thoughts turned to the games. With band
marching through the streets, and the Seniorites looking forward to a New Year, they could
not fail to remember the exciting battles that were fought in the past.

And, to those who ask, I say: yes, yes, yes, the Seniorites were determined to leave the
game of football unscarred.
In athletics the 1914 teams did not distinguish themselves by the winning of Championships, although they put out teams during the four years which will average as well as any other class. In every branch of sports, teams representing this class have been worthy contenders for the class Championships.

In the Freshman year the football team made a strong bid for the Championship, but finally lost out to the Seniors. In baseball the team also made a strong showing and proved to be a stumbling block for the other class teams.

The opening of the Sophomore year found the '14 class represented by the strongest football team in its history, and the supporters of the team expected their favorites to carry off the Championship. They had defeated the Freshmen decisively in two games, had held the Juniors to a tie in two games, but lost the crucial game to the Seniors on a fluke, thereby losing the Championship. During the baseball season the '14 class with their usual aggressiveness put a first-class baseball team on the field, but were unable to defeat the Freshmen.

In the Junior year the football team was as usual well represented, losing only to the Sophomores. However, in baseball the team covered itself with glory, not suffering a single defeat, thereby winning the Championship.

Taken as a whole, the Class of 1914 has been smaller than any other class in years, but, notwithstanding, it has been well represented on the "Varsity" teams. Throughout all class athletics, teams representing this class have always put up spirited fights and more than once have caused the Championship honors to be in doubt.
THE FUTURE OF THE 1914 CLASS
Outside, the thermometer registered thirty degrees below zero.

The bugle sounded, and even my own room was cold, in spite of the fact that a bright fire burned on the hearth. I sat there, feeling the chill of the winter air. Suddenly, a knock on the door. It was my dear friend, Mr. Hartley. He came in, his breath visible in the cold.

“Good evening, my dear,” he said, his warm presence a welcome contrast to the cold room. "I brought you some letters, as promised."

I opened them, reading aloud the words that had been written by my loved ones.

"Darling," one letter read, "I have found a place of my own in this great world from which I was completely estranged before."

Another letter was from a far-away friend, expressing his love and support. "I understand the loneliness you might feel, but know that you are loved and missed."

As I read, memories flooded back. Times spent together, laughter, the simple moments that made life worth living.

I closed the door to the cold, curling the letters in my hands. A small smile formed on my lips, but it soon vanished as I realized the distance that separated us.

I must face the uncertainty and anxiety as soon as possible. I determined to write back, to tell them how much I missed them and longed for a return to the life we shared.

"My dearest," I began, my fingers dancing across the paper. "I miss you more than words can express."

The bugle sounded again, a reminder of the world outside. But in that moment, I felt a sense of belonging, of connection, in the small, dimly lit room.

The night was cold, but my heart was warm.
ulation to impress upon the natives the futility of living without a thorough knowledge of odonetics and graphical statics of mechanisms. His words evidently fell upon ears that needed not, for I saw comical grins on the black faces around him. We moved around the group to get a view of the face of the speaker, and found that he was none other than Milford Owen Hall Culpepper. My friend touched me on the arm and said: "Let us go hence, he is incurable."—and sadly we turned away.

I never before saw such a queer garden. The plants and shrubs were scattered around most promiscuously. And such plants as they were! The veriest freaks of nature it had ever been my pleasure to behold. My friend pointed to a man who was evidently the owner of the place. I knew him at once as my old friend "Bud" Wyso, but he was now so dignified and solemn we felt constrained to address him as Mr. Wyso. He seemed really glad to see us and gave us a lengthy description of each plant. The plants were indeed very interesting. We saw tomatoes growing on corn stalks and cranberries on cabbage plants. His favorite plant, which he called Selena tricolors Polyosilicofolium, was a combination of the eggplant, the vanilla bean, and the milkweed. Mr. Wyso wore a very painted expression when I asked him why he made this combination, but he condescended to inform one so ignorant that he was raising Vanilla Custard.

It looked as though the Master Hand had got tired of creating and just jumbled the rocks and mountains together. While I was wondering if it were possible for mortal man to find an existence in such desolate surroundings, we came upon an old prospector. He was small of stature, withered and gray-haired, and his clothing was almost negligible. When we saw him he was leaning on his pick and gazing down the gulch with wistful eyes. Altogether his appearance suggested the last few hours of an unsuccessful life. We had some difficulty in recognizing Clive Metcalfe, for this man bore absolutely no resemblance to the dapper little mining engineer we had known. He cheerfully shared his cornbread and bacon with us, but grew taciturn when we asked him what he was trying to find in this country. At last he broke forth in a wild tirade about geological structure, preglacial periods, etc., and ended by saying that he knew there was a mine of pure iridosmine in this section and that he was going to find it. We questioned him no further, but beat a hasty retreat to more pleasing surroundings.

"Bless my soul," I cried, "What's this?" "A country fair, as sure as I live," answered my friend. "And would you believe it, it's in the coal fields of West Virginia." In a very bewildered frame of mind we roamed over the place, casting a critical eye about us. In every-day American language we couldn't give it much; it seemed to be dull and lifeless. Over on the left, however, things seemed to be very much alive. A crowd of miners, mostly "Dagoes" and "Hunks," were certainly making the welkin ring with their shouts of ecstasy. We moved over in that direction to see what was causing all this commotion. Finally we reached the centre of attraction, and saw a man who had one of these drop-in-a-nickel-and-get-your-picture machines. "Why, that's Byrd Harrison," my friend said. I was sure he was mistaken until I saw the gentleman rub his palms together in the old familiar gesture and heard his suave voice inviting every one to have his picture made. He guaranteed his pictures to be as good as science, ingenuity, and the personal appearance of his patrons would permit. We went up and shook hands with him and he insisted on taking our picture, "on the house,"—recon he wanted to use them as advertisements.
"By the seven holy crocodiles," shouted my friend, "I wish you would look." But there was no need for him to call my attention to that interesting billboard. Across the never-ending stream of commerce on Broad Street, I saw it. "Gilmer A. Warfield and his charming partner Miss Cherry Maloney, in the greatest success ever accomplished by vaudeville actors." That was enough for us—we secured tickets to the Lyric and entered the theater just in the time to see Gilmer make his appearance on the stage. He pulled off some bom poetry and some bummer jokes, but Cherry was on the job to relieve the situation. After this act we went behind the scenes and arrived just in time to interrupt a discussion between Cherry and Gilmer as to which one had scored the biggest hit. My friend decided in favor of the lady, who immediately threw her arms around his neck and told him what a dear he was. She had a very loving disposition, had Cherry—she could even get along with Gilmer—most of the time.

The air became murky with sulphurous smoke, and the lowering clouds glowed red as from a fearful conflagration. A feeling of depression settled upon me. "Is this the fourth of July?" I inquired anxiously of my friend. "We are in Hades," he replied, consolingly, and added: "You roll the river Acheron." "But that suspension bridge," I exclaimed. "Yes, that is a prosaic innovation. A civil engineer from the Earth built it with the intention of lessening Charon's labours in getting the increased number of tourists across the river. Let us cross." Scarcely had we set foot on the structure when it began to sway in an alarming manner. Soon we looked back to hear someone shouting: "One of you get off that bridge. It will not carry more than one at a time. What do you take it for anyway?" We gladly retraced our steps, and I was glad to meet my old friend, James Bohlen, the Hadean Pontifex Maximus. Then we decided to avail ourselves of the services of Charon, the ferryman, who assured us that the bridge did not affect his occupation at all.

The ocean liner steamed into the harbor of the most delightful little port I had ever visited. I was not surprised at the great number of tourists who disembarked at this enchanting haven. My friend informed me that it was the most popular health resort in the world. The baimy breezes wafting seaward were wonderfully invigorating to my overworked nerves, and the tropical scenes presented on shore would have delighted a veteran globetrotter. It was a heaven of palms and ferns. Sleeping crocodiles guarded the shore as far as the eye could reach. We landed and registered at the bamboo hotel. In the afternoon we secured a native guide and went on an elephant hunt. I was continually stumbling over great hot pipes running in every direction, but concealed by the dense jungle growth. "Who conceived the idea of laying steam pipes in the jungles of Africa?" I asked my friend. "They are hot-water pipes," was the reply. "Moreover, this is not Africa. We are in Greenland." "Greenland?" I exclaimed. "Yes, and haven't you noticed that the sun hasn't moved since we have been here?" "Now you mention it, I see it has me. How do you account for that?" "Well, you see, it's this way: Several years ago a mechanical and an electrical engineer came to Greenland with the determination to convert it into a Garden of Eden. The mechanical engineer installed a hot water system to heat the whole of the great island, deriving the water from the natural hot springs and geysers. The electrical engineer devised a gigantic artificial electric sun which he suspended in space at a distance of one thousand miles from the earth, it being kept in equilibrium by electrical attraction and repulsion. Giant cables connect it with a tremendous power plant, which derives its energy from the
internal heat of the earth, a colossal boiler being introduced into the center of a volcano. The twenty-billion-candlepower sun is allowed to burn only during the long Arctic nights. But here are McCue and Evans now? Perhaps they will join us in the hunt.”

“That cabin over yonder on the ridge shelters three of the craziest fellows I ever knew to outwit the asylum,” remarked our Rocky Mountain guide. “They do nothing except discuss the fourth dimension.” I suggested that we go over and see the gentlemen, and we crossed a small creek and ascended the ridge. When we came in sight of the open door I saw my old friend Carrington jump upon the table and heard him proclaim to all the world that the riddle of the fourth dimension had been solved. Berry was industriously covering a pad with figures, while ‘Noody’ White executed a clog dance in the corner. Everybody became quiet when Berry solemnly arose and announced that Mars was, according to the rules of the fourth dimension, only twenty-seven miles, four hundred feet, six and three-tenths inches distant from that place. Simultaneously they decided that Mars offered splendid opportunity for more extensive research into the mysteries of the fourth dimension. Without another word, “Carrie” cranked up the aeroplane and “Noody” White stuck a half-dozen collars, a pair of gum boots, and a dozen tooth picks into a suit case, and boarded the machine. Berry followed with about a ton of books and apparatus. The gentlemen seemed to be so completely engrossed with their work that we did not interrupt them, but stood watching while the aeroplane dizzily swung upward and out of sight.

“Weary Warwick, why are you destroying that field of corn?” “Go ‘way man, don’t worry me. There is a thirty-seven foot vein of coal along this creek, and I am digging it out. You see, old sport, I inherited several hundred thousand, and I thought I had better add a few simoleans to it, ‘cause my wife is very extravagant.” “Well, but where is the coal?” I asked. “Oh, the shaft is only twelve hundred feet deep, so, of course, we haven’t reached the coal yet. I have sent for another thousand miners, and we will soon have things humming in this old valley.” I felt like telling him that he would find it more profitable to raise potatoes and corn than to try to raise coal that was not there. But, like Mr. Micawber, he seemed very confident that “something would turn up soon,” so I talked of other things for a while and went away—taking my departure along with me.

“Yes, sir,” said the old farmer, “this is the best farm in the county. But the man who owns it is too lazy to breathe; I’ll bet a plug he is over yonder in that hammock.” When he told us that the owner was Mr. Artie P. Sibold, we went over to see him. And sure enough there he was, dressed in a light suit for morning wear, and reading a volume of Robert Browning’s poems. This was not surprising, for we knew “Si,” but that farm! Will I ever forget the endless labor-saving devices that would never pay for themselves? Or the high priced machinery that neither “Si” nor any of his men could run? Oh, but that farm was the tail end of the limit. Arthur Pleasant finally admitted that it had not earned a dollar so far, but said that he had just that morning ordered some new implements, and that next year he would clear a hundred per cent. profit.

Upon the banks of the James River there was a magnificent water-power electrical plant. The apparatus was designed according to the best modern practice, and the whole plant was excellently arranged. We went through the plant and found nothing amiss until we came to the transformer room. This room was so dark that we could not read the danger signs. “Brantford, where are the lights?” growled the owner of the plant. “Can’t you keep an electric lamp burning?” “Mr. Murry, I have been over the entire circuit and
I can't find the trouble." All the other lights were burning, but Bransford insisted that the generators were not working. "Did you examine the fuses?" "No, sir, I was just fixing to do that when you came in," answered "Brandy." Bill returned to his office, grunting maledictions upon all college graduates. When we were admitted to his office a few minutes later, Bill was industriously pulling on his old briarwood and swearing by all that's holy that Steinmetz's theory in regard to the energy dissipated by hysteresis was absolutely wrong. He attempted to prove that his own theory was correct, but we were too tired to let him start on any such subject as that.

Carrying out my friend's suggestion, we secured a launch and started out to explore the beauties of a summer morning on the Elizabeth River. A delightful breeze was blowing, and we had no thought other than the uttermost enjoyment of the morning. "Yonder is a peculiar-looking boat," remarked my friend. "I wonder what she is?" We darted over in that direction and upon nearer view the craft was still more fantastical. She was long and narrow and apparently built for speed, but her deck carried a motley assortment of gasoline engines, direct current generators, circuit breakers, relays, and electromagnets too numerous to mention. Th master's compartment in the stern was fitted out with lounge, a morris chair, a reading table, and a beautiful controlling board for the various electric circuits. A perfect network of copper wires was strung overhead, as everything was controlled by electricity. A number of fishing lines were cast out, and they were very cleverly connected to lifting magnets which worked automatically as soon as the weight of the fish closed the circuit. As the fish was deposited in the refrigerator, an instrument registered its number and weight. Just as a huge fish was being swung on board, a circuit breaker flew out, giving a very creditable imitation of an electric storm and we hastily departed for safer channels—leaving Raymond Wood to the solitary enjoyment of his automatic fishing craft.

"It seems quite natural to be riding the Huckleberry again," I remarked, "but the country seems to be more thickly settled than it was when I knew it so well. Here is Crumpecker's Crossing now, and it seems to be quite a village. We stop here for lunch, so let's hurry." On the way to the hotel we passed a long rambling sort of building which was badly in need of a coat of paint, but the yard of this place was filled with such peculiar plants and vines that we stopped to examine them. Bent on the satisfaction of our own curiosity, we invaded the premises and even the front porch of the house. We peeped through the open door and saw an old man adjusting a microscope. Even allowing for his premature old age, it was easy to recognize my old classmate, T. K. Wolfe. Without further ceremony we entered the room, and the greeting we got would have frozen an iceberg. I am sure he did not recognize us, for when he became aware of our presence he shouted: "Get out; leave my premises. How can a man work if he is to be interrupted every week? You have spoiled this experiment. These bacteria are affected by the slightest sound, and you have frightened them to death." He shoved us toward the door, and we hastened to the station, arriving just in time to catch our train.

"Can that large, voluble gentleman be the dignified F. R. Scott whom we knew at college?" I asked. "He is the man," answered my friend, "than whom there is no better salesman on the road. Let's listen to his line." We joined the group of prospective buyers that surrounded the gentleman in question, and I listened to him with open-eyed amaze-
ment. I honestly believe he could sell a moving-picture machine to a blind man for his own enjoyment. However, he was not selling picture machines, he was booking orders for his recently patented motor-transformer. This machine, so Frank said, would operate at full load on any circuit. All the attendant was required to do was to set the dial to the desired operating voltage. He guaranteed this motor to have at least fifteen per cent. hysteresis loss—ten per cent. more than was claimed for any other motor on the market—and he had to write quickly in order to book the orders as fast as they were given to him.

It was in Paris that my friend pointed out to me two well-dressed persons who were leisurely smoking fragrant cigars in front of one of the most famous of the Parisian hotels. Something in their air struck me as being very familiar, and I was gratified to recognize two other members of the '11 class, Messrs. Hunt and Tyler. When they noticed us they sprang at me like famished tigers at their prey, such was the fury of their cordial greetings. When I was disengaged, they forced cigars between our teeth, flashed their automatic constant current electric arc cigar lighters in our faces, slapped us soundly on the back to start us puffing, and dragged us up the street while they talked of the old but never-to-be-forgotten times. It was with great pleasure that I learned that they were successful electrical engineers. "Our method of power generation is rather unique," said Hunt. "After years of experiment we became discouraged with the use of coal as a source of energy on account of the enormous degradation of energy in the transformation from heat to electricity. It is a well known fact that radium and other radioactive elements derive their remarkable properties from the constant expenditure of a portion of the enormous store of the imprisoned kinetic intra-atomic energy. Now, we have found that by the expenditure of infinitesimal quantities of electrical energy lead can be forced to yield an electric current of appreciable magnitude from its atoms. The ratio of primary to secondary power is one to a million, approximately. When the currents are once started, part of the secondary is shunted to the primary and the input then cut off. "It is very evident," put in Tyler, "that we have hit upon the most important economical discovery of all ages—past, present, or future. Our names go down to posterity as the cognomens of the world's greatest benefactors, and——" here he choked, and we telephoned for an ambulance. Then we parted from these two great engineers.

When we again found ourselves in Africa we mounted camels and set out for the Sahara. The big dromedaries carried us quickly, but somewhat roughly, into the heart of the sand country. The end of the second day's journey brought us to the wonderful sun power plant that had just been completed by Messrs. Billmyer and Somerville. These brilliant engineers had, after many years of study and experimental work, designed and built an engine whose only source of energy was the light of the sun. The rotor of this machine was somewhat similar to that of a steam turbine, except that the blades of the turbine were replaced by concave mirrors. "You see," said my friend, "the rays of light come from the sun and are concentrated by these outside reflectors and, by them, diverted and sent into the machine through these opaque pipes. The mirrors on the rotor transform the rectilinear velocity of the sun's rays into angular velocity, and this machine can attain a very high speed, as a glance at that vibration tachometer readily proves. It is all quite simple—just an application of the well known law of the mechanical pressure of light."

"But," I asked, "why was the machine built?" "Oh, that's easily answered. These engineers know that desert travel is much more pleasant at night, so they have coupled their engine to this seventy-five thousand kilowatt generator. The entire output of the generator is used to supply current to arc lamps, which light the desert trails. As soon as it is dark you will see miles of brilliant lights stretching east and west across the desert."

On the return journey that night Billmyer perched himself on the hump of a camel and escorted
us to the nearest sub-station, which was also used as the office of the "Sahara Daily Chronicle." H. M. Somerville, editor-in-chief; C. D. Billmyer, chief cartoonist.

We were alone, so we thought, upon the top of the mountain, and drenched to the skin. It seemed that the floodgates of heaven had been opened, for the rain poured down in torrents. Peal after peal of thunder shook the trimnent, while vivid flashes of lightning pierced the encircling darkness and crashed into the unresisting earth. My friend clutched my arm, and, with a voice vibrating with awe, shouted, "What is that mournful noise?" We listened with ears alert to catch the faintest sound. Our efforts were not in vain, for, during a lull in the wind, we heard someone singing at the top of his voice: "She loves me, she loves me, I know it. Did you see her eyes last night?" (presumably speaking to the trees and rocks). "No, poor things, of course not, you were not there." With the next flash of lightning we recognized that great left fielder, A. L. Jones. And the recognition gave us much pain. It was sad to see this man in such a pitiful condition.

"This is a very rough road," remarked my friend, who was driving the big Packard "Six." "I am afraid that the carbrurator will give us trouble before long." Scarcely had the words left his lips when the big car seemed to sink to the ground, and a heart-breaking, splintering crash reached our ears. The front axle was broken. Disgustedly I climbed out of the machine and, seating myself upon a log, mournfully contemplated our predicament. But my friend took the matter more philosophically. Taking a paper from his pocket, he began to read. Presently he asked for my "Traveler's Guide," and when he had glanced at it, he said, "According to this paper, Jessup and Philpotts operate a modern machine shop at Kearns-town, and this 'Guide' says that Kearns-town is a quarter of a mile away. Let's walk over and have them replace that axle." I assented, and soon we reached what would have been a town if people had formed the habit of living there—but no one did. But there was an old blacksmith shop which was ornamented with the sign: 'Jessup and Philpotts, Mechanics.' We bent our steps hitherward. A boy, the only person in the shop, informed us that Philpotts had gone to put a couple of shoes on Seth Fulton's bay horse. "Where is Jessup?" I asked. "He done took that ole mule uv his'n an' gone to plow Jim Burnewather's peach orchard," answered the boy. "Well," calmly remarked my friend, "the nearest railroad station is fifteen miles distant, and here is the road." So we were forced to finish that journey on foot, leaving our car behind.

My friend and I were seated in front of a bright fire—presumably reading. He handed me his paper, and pointed to a certain advertisement, asking me if I remembered "Scoop" Mason. "How could I ever forget old 'Eagle Eye' and his picture frames?" I asked. "Well, evidently he is still in the business." I read the advertisement: "Mason and Sanderson, Architects and Designers, picture frames a specialty." We seized our coats and hats and caught the first car bound in the direction of their place of business. An office boy ushered us into the office of the senior member of the firm, who proved to be J. M. Sanderson. This gentleman also did all the drafting for the firm, and he was at this moment putting the finishing lines on a drawing of a very elaborate picture frame. "Why," I asked, "did you employ box-car letters when you put 'Front' and 'Back' on these two drawings?" "That was done," he explained, "because I am going to send these drawings to 'Scoop,' who is in charge of the manufacturing end of the business." He then conducted us to the work shop, and there was old "Eagle Eye" busily engaged on a band saw with a blue print on the table beside him.

"Where are we now?" I asked. "I think we are in the western part of Montgomery County," answered my friend. I had a nightmare vision of passing through Blacksburg, but I bravely told him to press forward, and soon we came to a cross-road store. It did
not look very inviting, but we entered and purchased sardines and crackers. The storekeeper looked rather familiar, but I had some difficulty in recognizing that gridiron hero, W. F. Effinger. "Why, Eff," I cried, "what in the world are you doing here?" "Oh, the Madam and I and little Eff are running this department store." Here I looked around and saw the usual array of canned goods, meat, flour, and tobacco, but I made no comment. But my attention was attracted by two old farmers who were playing checkers on a cracker box. As I looked, one of the players relieved his jaws of about half a pound of "Honest Scrap" and moved his man. Then he reared back and complacently watched his opponent. "Who is the man on the right?" I asked. "Don't you know him? (in astonishment). That is the most successful farmer on Brush Mountain." I looked again and recognized "Growley" Lee. About this time he glanced up and recognized us, but he was busy with his opponent, who was about to corner his last king, so we did not interrupt the game. We finished our limited repast and set our faces toward the railroad.

"I see that the lumber companies in this part of Michigan have abandoned the hopeless idea of floating their logs to the mills and are installing steam railroads to accomplish that result," I remarked. "Yes, so they have," answered my friend, "but look at those wooden rails. I should not think that they would be very satisfactory as—" Here we were startled to hear the old familiar notes of Reveille break upon the quiet air. Notes, did I say? I should have said shrieks. I had never heard such an unearthly sound. Then, as a locomotive crawled around the bend, I recognized Sam Bondurant leaning from the fireman's window, lustily pulling on the whistle cord and sending the mournful sound of Taps down the track. The locomotive was that old hump-backed affair that had in prehistoric times pulled the Blacksburg Limited. "Look at that fellow affectionately embracing the smokestack," cried my friend. "But for goodness sake what does he want with a wireless outfit on that engine?" I told him that it was Powers, P. H., Jr., and that we would soon know all about it. The mile-an-hour train came to a stop at the water tank, and we were completely taken back with amazement when the engineer, Leigh Budwell, climbed out on the running board and dumped a scuttle of coal down the smokestack. We climbed on board the engine and were warmly greeted by the crew, each of whom immediately began to elucidate upon the extraordinary efficiency of this most wonderful engine. Leigh explained that he had found that back firing was the only way to fire an engine of this type, while Philip insisted that it was absolutely essential to the welfare of pedestrians to have the wireless outfit on the train and a receiving station at each railroad crossing. Sam was strongly in favor of placing the tender in front of the engine, but Leigh objected to this as being unmanly. We rode with the crew as far as the first depot, and were glad when we were once more on solid ground and traveling faster than a snail.

We found ourselves peering into a dark tunnel running at an angle into the earth. "Do you catch the significance of that?" asked my friend. "It looks as though an elephant had been burrowing into the ground," I said. "But perhaps it is Beelzebub's secret passage to the earth." "No," said my friend, "that is the work of a miner." He is in search of an ancient Ecuadorian treasure, which he believes to have been buried here thousands of years ago. He is urged on by one of his old college friends, a native of Ecuador, who declares that his country nourished a prehistoric civilization, to whom the Incas could not hold a candle. There was a clang of a bell and a supernatural rumble in the tunnel, and the headlight of some form of locomotive appeared in the sombre distance. Soon the queerest contrivance that I have ever beheld came out into the light of common day. Roderick Vivar stood at the helm of this strange locomotive, which was equipped with a marvelous conglomeration of cogs wheels, escapement devices, speed indicators, cranks (no reference to
the crew), and so on, ad infinitum. J. T. Watson was seated on a load of red clay with his "cornshovel" at full draft. His headlight vied with that of the locomotive in its intensity. The two scientific grubbers were exceedingly glad to see us. Watson told me that he had not reached the treasure as yet, but that since he had tunneled only three thousand feet, there was no need for discouragement. Then Vivar proceeded to introduce me to the wonderful mechanism of his locomotive. I learned that it was operated by clockwork, and that it was cranked in one direction for traveling up the incline and in the other for motion down the plane, the latter cranking supplying the braking action. The load of red clay was run out on a trestle and dumped into the river which flowed nearly. Vivar then dismounted and cranked his diabolical vehicle. "Jump into the clay-jack," invited Watson, "and take a trip to the underworld." But we decided to move on.

It was a terrible night. The wind dashed huge columns of water into spray over the sides of the vessel, and every portable object on deck was swept overboard. The lightning flashed with awful frequency and intensity, and the deafening peals of thunder shook the ocean's depths. Then the crash came. The vessel quivered from stem to stern, and careened steadily to the port. Her human freight took to the boats and trusted themselves to the raging deep. There was another crash and I felt myself floundering in the water amid a mass of kindling wood. Then it was morning. I found myself lying on a sandy beach looking up at the sun. My friend appeared, bearing an armful of tropical fruits. He informed me that we were the sole survivors of the wreck. Before we had finished our conversation, there was a savage yell, and we were surrounded by half a dozen eigen-faced natives and made captives. Soon we were ushered into the presence of His Majesty, the King, who proved to be no other than Willie Hall. It was a happy reunion. He told us that he had reached the height of his ambition as king of the Island of Tahiti in the South Pacific, and commander-in-chief of the Tahitian army, the best drilled body of men in the entire world. We were interested to learn of his recent overwhelming victory over the warlike Fiyudos, his nearest island neighbors. He was loud in his praise of his star corporal, Irvine, who distinguished himself by his reckless bravery in the late war; and of the remarkable efficiency of his civil engineering "core," George Napoleon Miller. At this point, the corporal and the engineering "core" burst into the palace, and great was the rejoicing within that Olivia stack. In honor of our presence, Willie gave a full undress parade in the afternoon, and in the evening we played cards on the throne—an Ivory Soap box. The next day my friend and I left the island in a canoe.

Quietly, stealthily, the schoolmaster peered around the corner of the log building. Seeing no one in the little yard, he entered his school and built a fire, and with fear and trembling, composed himself to await the arrival of his pupils—at least a half hour. The little man's movements had immediately called to mind a scene long since forgotten. I saw him cautiously peeping around the corner of the Academic Building to see if the coast to the shops was clear. So I was not surprised when, a little later, a group of farmer lads passed and I heard one of them say: "Oi! Timid shore was riled las' night when he set on that tack. "Done him a lot of good," grunted another lad. "He can't hurt nobody." Fearing that we might interrupt the stern business of the morning, we went our way—leaving Haughton to the mercy of his pupils.

We were strolling along a village street, when who should we meet but my old friends, Randolph and Cox, who seized upon us and dragged us out to their combination home and laboratory. On the way I was informed that the latter had solved a great problem in steam boilers, namely, that of simplifying apparatus. It came about in this wise: One rainy day he watched the water spouting out of a gutter-pipe. A bright idea dawned upon his mind. Why not locate a furnace and boiler below the level of the ground and thus dispense with the injector and pump for forcing water up into the boiler? That was the
whole story in a nut shell. We had now arrived at our friend's place of abode, and were escorted through a labyrinth of passages, where we encountered numerous doors which opened only with the expenditure of much physical energy. Finally, we reached a room in which were several glass cases, all containing various pieces of mechanical apparatus, so arranged that I was reminded of a taxidermist's collection. "Those cases," said Cox, "contain the results of Bob's ornithological operations. He has combined his mechanical and natural history instincts, and so you see an exhibition of stuffed indicators, oil cans, and so forth. Very instructive," he grinned. "But why does this chair rock so reluctantly?"

I asked. "Well, you see," said Bob complacently, "every time you rock you pump a gallon of water into the tank in the back yard, and every time a door is opened ten gallons of the fluid is forced into the reservoir." "Thanks," I said, rising to take my departure. "No hurry," said Bob. Randolph and Cox simultaneously. When we at length reached the last door I calculated that I had pumped one hundred gallons of Nature's natural liquid into that infernal tank. As my friend shut the front gate, Cox grinned, "Twenty more gallons."

I was smoking in the lobby of the Hotel Tranquile when my friend drew my attention to an article in The Twilight Glow, the evening paper, to the effect that Professor Shankland had made the interesting discovery that the hydrocarbons when heated to a certain temperature are subject to combustion. I was astonished to learn that Archie had discovered that wood, oil, and coal tar will burn. We decided to visit my old schoolmate, and had no difficulty in locating him. At the door Archie and "Jenny"—yes, Dr. Jennings was there too—rushed into my arms. The latter drew me aside and whispered confidentially in my ear that he had, after years of fruitless effort, at length prepared a solution that would permanently blacken gold throughout its entire structure. When I asked him who would wear a crepe-colored watch except to a funeral, he became very indignant and lectured me on my inability to appreciate the beauty and sublimity of such a preparation. Then Archie entered upon me and related stories before he succeeded in finding a preparation that would remove warts and moles.

"It is very effective," he added, "but the scar left is permanent. However, as it cannot be detected except at distances less than ten feet, this can hardly be regarded as a defect in my preparation." "You just must come into the laboratory and see me fire up some of my chemical experiments, seizing me by the collar and attempting to drag me along a dark passage. I succeeded in breaking away, and dashed out into the street, followed by my friend. However, my experience with fanatical chemists was not at an end. Scarcely had I breathed the free air of the outside world, when I was attacked from the rear. I turned to encounter my unknown assailant, who proved to be no other than Jack FitzGerald. "Thunderation!" cried he, "I'm awfully glad to see you, old chap." And he swung on to my limp hand like a gymnast exercising on the swinging rings. "Come on up to the house and have a bite with me while I tell you a few things in chemistry that you never dreamed of." "I'm very sorry," I hastened to say, "but my train leaves—" "Oh, hang the train! You really must come with me to see the Madam," proudly. I ceased my struggles, and resigned myself to the inevitable, which had suddenly presented itself in a more pleasing light. Seated at the table for the evening repast, my friend engaged Jack in conversation along chemical channels, while I allowed my attention to center upon Mrs. FitzGerald. I chivalrously sought to compliment her on her cooking, but she proudly informed me that everything laid before us was "made in the laboratory by Jack." How I lived through the remainder of the ordeal has always been a mystery to me. However, I distinctly remember entering a drug store shortly after and purchasing antidotes for every poison under the sun, and that I breathed more freely after they were all taken.

"What are all those people running?" I asked of my friend. "Is there a fire?" "We will investigate," he said, and we broke into a run and followed the crowd. Turning a corner, we saw a vast throng gathered in the street, all shouting and elbowing toward a common center with their necks craned to get a better view of what was transpiring. Several ladies and children were weeping, and some were almost hysterical, while not a
few had fainted and were being carried away to a nearby drug store. "There has been a wreck," I said, noting over the heads of the crowd two trolley cars, each with one end smashed to kindling wood, and both with windows minus the glass panes. "Good guess," said my friend, patting me on the back in evident admiration. I modestly acknowledged his congratulation, and drew my foot from under that of a corpulent old gentleman, who was staring helplessly about in the prevailing excitement. "Anybody hurt?" asked the old gentleman, focusing his wandering eyes on me. "Oh, no!" I exclaimed, limping painfully through the crowd to get a nearer view of the accident. Then it was that I saw two men in heated argument. "You know very well, Little Mountain," that you caused the accident," said one, hotly. "Why in thunder didn't you throw on those electro-magnetic brakes when I gave the signal, you hopeless blunderer?" "I did, you blooming idiot, but why in the devil didn't you cut out one circuit of that differential magnet winding and give us a little magnetism on the side, 'Puss'?" So I had at length run upon my friends, Hill and Waite. It developed that they had invented an electro-magnetic traction car brake, and had prevailed upon the electric light and railway company to permit them to test the device on one of their cars. However, they were not discouraged at this termination of their experiment.

As Fortune would have it, I met my old friend "Yat" Weaver, who had for years been lost to my view. It came about in this way. My friend and I were walking through the residential section of Schenectady one evening at about eight o'clock when we noticed a suspicious looking character peering through a window of one of the houses. He turned when he became aware that we were observing him, and by the light coming through the window I recognized Yat. We shook hands heartily, and then he told me that he was an hour late in getting home, and that he feared his wife was "laying for him." However, our presence simplified matters, and he escorted us inside, and was soon relating the story of his success. It developed that he was working with the General Electric Company at twenty cents an hour. "I attribute my success," said he, "to my total abstinence from the use of alcohol and narcotics. To this is due the fact that I have never been fired." "Yes," chimed in Mrs. Weaver, "and there is a heater in this room that also has never been fired. Suppose you do it now." We left.

We were in the arid lands of Arizona, footsore with travel, and weary with the monotony of the lifeless scenery. "Hurrah!" shouted my friend. "At last we have sighted a haven of rest." Sure enough, in the distance there appeared a house nestling among the inviting trees, and surrounded by green fields. What a pleasing spectacle to weary eyes! We earnestly prayed that the beautiful picture would not prove to be that despair-producing illusion—the mirage—but would soon materialize into comforting reality. Our prayers were not in vain, and soon we were climbing over barbed wire fences, and making for a couple of firemen, who were busily engaged in irrigating a cactus field with a fire-engine. One of the firemen was managing the hose while the other was energetically shoveling tobacco into the furnace of the engine. The engine was pumping water from a nearby artesian well. Both men were attired in the regulation fireman's costume. Could I believe my eyes? Here I had unconsciously run across my old friends, Tom Rives and Lee Sutton. It was one of the pleasantest surprises of my life. They greeted me cordially, and Rives generously offered to let me hold the hose a while. I begged off, and then he proceeded to tell me how he had reclaimed a desert spot and converted it into this earthly Paradise. "But why on earth are you raising those worthless cacti?" I asked. "Why," replied Rives, "when they get ripe we run them several times through a coffee grinder and turn out the most nourishing breakfast food of modern times." "And why are you using tobacco in that furnace? I asked of Sutton. "Because," said he, "I have found that the weed is as good a fuel in fire-engines as it is for narcotic fiends." And I marveled at the display of wisdom I had just witnessed.

Well, Bob, that was some letter, but I must confess that I could ill afford this wasted night. If your letters ever start me off on another such trip, you and I are going to have some trouble. But what a time I have had! I wonder if the '74 boys really are doing all those queer things. Oh, well! I'm sleepy.
(1) HIGH HURDLES  (2) 2-MILE  (3) 100-YARD

TAKEN BY POLICEMAN AT CAROLINA MEET.
Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

E, THE SENIOR CLASS, being of sound mind and body and knowing that, by Almighty decree, all things must come to an end, do make and declare this our last will and testament.

Be it known to all men by these presents, that we do give, bequeath, or otherwise dispose of, the Beaten Path, which lies in front of No. 1 Barracks, to all privates now in college and to those to arrive in the future. We do this with the sincere hope that the said parties will derive as much pleasure from the above-mentioned path as we have done, but with the understanding that no one will be allowed the privilege of walking on this path for more than two consecutive hours.

The Guard Room, where we have spent many sleepy hours, shall be divided equally among all corporals, for these officers are the only cadets who really appreciate the honor vested in a Corporal of the Guard. We would advise each of the above-named officers to wear his most dillberry uniform when he takes possession of this most sacred sanctuary, and in all ways to so conduct himself as to merit the honor vested in him.

Our most cherished possession, the Alumni Gate, is under no consideration to be divided. We will that this Gate, together with all past debts and those to come, be left to the Alumni of this Institution. The annual dividends accruing from tickets to the Sham Battle and Fair, shall be turned over to the Committee on Maintenance, and shall be used to restore the old-age color to the roof.

That portion of the V. P. I. Campus which lies between the Infirmary and the Dutch Barn, and extends from Lover's Lane to the road, is very dear to our hearts. During Final week it is the scene of much love-making; in fact, it was designed for that very purpose. Knowing that the Juniors are better equipped to appreciate the honor vested in a Corporal of the Guard. We would advise the said portion of the aforesaid Campus to the racking members of the Junior Class. But we would advise the aforesaid Juniors to take warning from those who know whereof they speak—never make love to more than one girl during the same Finals; this practice is sure to lead to disaster.
THE BUGLE

It is our desire to part with this life at peace with all men, therefore, we cannot be so cruel as to impose the Mess Hall, better known as the Growley Shop, upon any one. We will that this building be consigned to the uttermost depths of the Bottomless Pit. We are firm in the belief that this is where the above-mentioned building really belongs. But we hope that the Fiends in Torment will suffer no additional damnation by this act of ours—one pain, to some extent, counteracts another.

To all future cadets of the V. P. I. we fondly bequeath the five Barracks that now adorn that famous square known as the Quadrangle. It is understood, of course, that all rifles, bayonets, chevrons, and other military equipment, belong with, and are part of, the said Barracks. We do this with our blessing—may you live through it.

The Faculty, Academic Buildings, the Science and Aggie Halls, shall belong to the studious cadets—as a means of acquiring an education. All other cadets shall use the said Faculty and buildings as a means of enjoying themselves, either sleeping or playing. But the periods of enjoyment shall continue to be of fifty minutes duration.

Since the holiday on Arbor Day was secured only by the untiring efforts of the English Department, that day shall be held sacred to Dr. Richard Hudnall—the head of the aforesaid department. And we strictly enjoin each cadet to fill that day with the planting of trees, with the studying of nature, and with the reading of Paradise Lost. All other holidays shall be spent in the usual manner—in the service of Bacchus and with the usual number of decks and "bones."

Given under my hand and seal, this seventeenth day of June, 1914.

—W. K. B.
CLASS 1915

MISS GODSEY
Sponsor

ERNEST KING BIBB .................................. President
FRANCIS WILLIAM BAILEY .......................... Vice-President
ARMSTRONG CHINN ............................... Secretary
WILLIAM EDWARD NELSON .................. Treasurer
PLATT ASHLEY PEAVERSALL .................. Sergeant-at-Arms

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**Junior Class Roll**

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THE BUGLE

NAME

Tyree, Nathan Louis ............................................ College Park, Campbell
Uby, Isaac ............................................................ Graham, Tazewell
Uehling, Edward .................................................. Passaic, New Jersey
Watson, Howard Fielding .................................... Saltville, Smyth
Weinfield, Ben ..................................................... Norfolk, Norfolk
Williams, Frank Camp ......................................... Franklin, Southampton

(A Reporter Home)

"THREE OF US AND A TV"
1915 Class Athletics

In athletics, the Class of 1915 has taken the lead. From the Freshman year up to the Junior year, there has been an increased interest in all branches of sport, both on the varsity and the class teams. Not a few have made their monograms, while a very large number may always be found on the lists of the tryouts.

During the Freshman year the 1915 class turned out an excellent football team, but it unfortunately did not win the championship. This team, however, was considered the hardest of all the class teams to defeat. The championship was wrested from them on a technicality after they had been tied twice and defeated once.

As the "rat" year wore on, the tide of athletics turned towards baseball. It was in this department that the 1915 class meted out sweet revenge. The following year several of these baseball men made the varsity.

In the Sophomore year, a brand new football team was organized by the 1915 class. It was composed mostly of individual players and consequently had little trouble in winning the championship. No defeats were registered against this team.

A fairly good baseball team was organized during the late spring, which turned out to be the storm center of the class championship race. Later in the
spring, the practice for the track teams started, and at the close of the season several representatives of the class were awarded monograms.

During the present year, the Class of 1915 has so far distinguished itself in all branches of athletics. They opened the fall session by turning out an invincible football team, and later when a basketball league was formed, they utterly routed each of the other teams in its turn.

With the Senior year just one year distant, the 1915 class appears to be able to equal if not surpass all past achievements. Aside from the mere winning of honors, this class has never failed to have an unusually large number of tryouts in all branches of sports, and all records point toward the fact that this is one of the most athletic classes that V. P. I. has seen in years.
CLASS 1916

MISS WYATT

Sponsor

JOSEPH ROBERT WYATT ............ President
HENRY HERBERT CRAFTON .......... Vice-President
RICHARD MOTLEY HUTCHINSON .... Secretary
WILLIAM LOUIS COGBILL ......... Treasurer
HENRY JOE BOPP ................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Sophomore Class

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THE BUGLE

NAME

Furnival, George Mason
Furr, Guy Littleton
Gibbs, John Willard
Goodloe, John Allen
Gouldman, Henry Yeatman
Graham, Robert MacDonald
Graves, Turner Ashby
Gray, Robert Somerville, Jr.
Grum, Allen
Haller, John Andrew
Harman, Samuel Carr
Harris, Frederick Bonsack
Heuser, Paul Dayton
Hill, Thomas Lushawick
Huntt, Albert Frederick, Jr.
Hutchinson, Richard Motley
Ironmonger, James Willard
Ivey, William Maitland
Jackson, Thomas Josiah
Jackson, Moses Avraham
Johnson, Gordon East
Jones, Garland Irving
Kabrich, William Camillus
Kavanaugh, James Giboney
Kavanaugh, John William, Jr.
Kirby, Fred Robert
Lawson, Charles Tell
Lewis, Hauison Sheekey
Light, Robert Cornelius
Lillard, Amiss Franklin
Lindsay, Harvey Lee
Magoun, James Leslie
MacCormick, Henry King
MacGinnis, Thomas Dix
MacNair, Stuart Hatcher
Meyns, Lawrence James
Miles, Gilbert Frazier
Miller, Stephen Alexander
Moosaw, Joseph Frank
Moore, Cecil Bay
Moore, Isaac Newton
Moses, Noah Preston
Murphy, James Raymond

POST OFFICE AND COUNTY

Rapidan, Culpeper
Bluemont, Loudoun
Howardsville, Albemarle
Big Stone Gap, Wise
Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania
Graham, Tazewell
Syria, Madison
Richmond, Henrico
Phoeus, Elizabeth City
Norfolk, Norfolk
Staunton, Augusta
Roanoke, Roanoke
Wytheville, Wythe
Blacksburg, Montgomery
Richmond, Henrico
Indian Neck, King and Queen
Norfolk, Norfolk
Lynchburg, Campbell
Drakes Branch, Charlotte
Portsmouth, Norfolk
Roanoke, Roanoke
Driver, Nansmond
Blacksburg, Montgomery
Roanoke, Roanoke
Roanoke, Roanoke
Baywood, Grayson
White Stone, Lancaster
Linwood, Rockingham
Evington, Campbell
Middleburg, Loudoun
Portsmouth, Norfolk
Blackstone, Nottoway
Big Stone Gap, Wise
Merry Point, Lancaster
Natural Bridge, Rockbridge
Richmond, Henrico
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Charlotte, North Carolina
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Harrisonburg, Rockingham
Vinton, Roanoke
Lexington, Rockbridge
Washington, District of Columbia
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THE BUGLE

Wilson, Jesse Thomas ...................................................... Hampton, Elizabeth City
Wine, Roger O. .............................................................. Harrisonburg, Rockingham
Wise, Benjamin Colonno .................................................. Craddockville, Accomac
Wood, George Warwick .................................................... Roanoke, Roanoke
Wyatt, John Albert .......................................................... Hampton, Elizabeth City
Wyatt, John Mitchell, Jr. ..................................................... Richmond, Henrico
Wyatt, Joseph Robert ....................................................... Buchanan, Botetourt

A Full... Sophomore.
1916 Class Athletics

The '16 Classmen have taken a great interest in all the departments of athletics, since their entrance at the V. P. I. This interest is clearly manifested by the results of the class teams and the number of '16 men on the different Varsity squads. The 1913 Varsity football team drew five of its men from the Sophomore class, besides a large number of scrubs. This class has had no men on the basketball teams up to the present, although several men have made the squad. Last year Dave Parrish made the baseball team and proved to be one of the best catchers of the season. In appreciation of his athletic services he was chosen captain of the 1914 team, but resigned his position because he did not return to V. P. I. after the Christmas holidays. The Sophomore class had one man to make the track team last year,—Graves, who put the shot a few feet further than Manager Bowler, winning his track monogram (and the reputation of having "hossaled" Bowler). Our teams have been very prominent in class athletics since "our Rat year." Our first year we had one of the pluckiest class football teams of the season, but our pluck was not...
equal to the weight and experience of the Junior and Sophomore teams, who beat us by close scores. We won third place in class standing by whipping the Seniors. The basketball record was a repetition of our football record. We were beaten in hard-fought games by the Sophomores and Juniors, while we again defeated the Seniors. Last fall our football team tied the Juniors for the class championship by a score of 0 to 0. Class basketball was played this year for the first time at V. P. I. The Sophomore team beat the Seniors, while they were beaten by the Juniors and Freshmen.
CLASS 1917

MISS BARCOCK
Sponsor

JOHN STAUB CAFFEE .................. President
FRANK ALLISON ENGLEY .............. Vice-President
JOHN CALVIN SHOCKLEY, Jr. ........ Secretary
JAMES EDWARD GREGORY ............. Treasurer
WILLIAM ROLLIN ROBINSON .......... Sergeant-at-Arms

F. HEACOCK ’96

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## Freshman Class

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# THE BUGLE

**NAME** | **POST OFFICE AND COUNTY**
---|---
Walker, Mathew Page | Norfolk, Norfolk
White, Samuel Mullien | Shawsville, Montgomery
Williams, Norman Hill, Jr. | Chase City, Mecklenburg
Wills, Thos. Lafayette, Jr. | Reusens, Campbell
Wood, James Malcolm | Norfolk, Norfolk
Wood, Henry McAlexander, Jr. | Christiansburg, Montgomery
Wright, Nicholas Cortes | Mulberry Island, Warwick
Wyatt, William Henry | Portsmouth, Norfolk

## TWO-YEAR MEN

Alden, John Craig | Draper, Pulaski
Anderson, Kent | Marion, Smyth
Armstrong, John | Union Mills, Fluvanna
Barger, Herbert Markson | Blacksburg, Montgomery
Bear, Robert Hutcherson | Churchville, Augusta
Bennett, Walter Watts | Blacksburg, Montgomery
Borden, James Paul | Riverton, Warren
Bowman, George Lee | Poones Mill, Franklin
Bronshe, Halmar Harold | Opportunity, Washington State
Bry, William Portlock | Berkeley, Norfolk
Carrico, Harvard Paul | Dayton, Rockingham
Daly, Michael Joseph | New York City, New York
Dasher, Thomas Ashby | Smithfield, Isle of Wight
DeMaine, Charles Winters | Washington, District of Columbia
Dixon, Edgar Russell | Ringgold, Pittsylvania
Easley, John Bailey | South Boston, Halifax
Fitzgerald, Edmund Boxley | Gretna, Pittsylvania
Goode, Herbert Hill | Moseley Junction, Chesterfield
Harman, Charles William, Jr. | Dublin, Pulaski
Harman, David King | Dublin, Pulaski
Harrell, William Stiles | Norfolk, Norfolk
Hines, Elmer | Reeks, Lunenburg
Hope, Charles Peter | Wataga, Washington
Houchins, Guy Maurice | Lynnwood, Rockingham
Houchins, James Robert | Nokesville, Prince William
Judd, Preston Hubbard | Petersburg, R. F. D., Chesterfield
Keith, Leslie Clinton | Amsterdam, Botetourt
Kersey, James Marvin | Maiden, Goochland
Khan, Mozaffar ed Din | Washington, District of Columbia
Liesfeld, John Jacob | Richmond, Henrico
Lucas, Charles Black | Rines, Montgomery
Lucas, Ford Kwood | East Radford, Montgomery
Maloney, Robert Hill | Homer, Charlotte
McGuire, George Orson | Tazewell, Tazewell
McGuire, Lindsay Thompson | Tazewell, Tazewell
Orlins, Thomas Flusher | Staunton, Augusta
THE BUGLE

NAME

Oliver, Robert Billups
Paris, Estaban Ranson
Pebbles, Julian Hughlelt
Porter, William Frederick
Potts, Thurston James
Price, Charles Barford, Jr.
Pryor, Norman Carey
Purcell, Philip Sutton
Ralph, Ernest Hodgell
Ralph, Edwin Price
Ramsay, Reuben Earle
Robertson, Ralph
Rogerson, Park Herbert
Ruffin, John Austin
Sibon, Sidney Clay
Sullivan, William Polly, Jr.
Tinsley, Charles Randolph
Trower, George Scherer
Van Der Venter, Albert Lee
Watkins, Joseph Seger
Weber, Kenneth Randolph
West, Edward Lawrence
Willis, Lyman Eason
Wynne, Abyle
Wingfield, Charles Vest
Woods, George Payne

POST OFFICE AND COUNTY

Crewe, Nottoway
Mariambo, Venezuela, S. A.
Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Charleston, West Virginia
Round Hill, Loudoun
Roanoke, Roanoke
Chestnut, Amherst
Schuyler, Nelson
Dayton, Rockingham
Dayton, Rockingham
Gretna, Pittsylvania
Delaplane, Fauquier
Richmond, Henrico
Roxbury, Charles City
McDowell, Highland
South Boston, Halifax
Rapidan, Culpeper
Eastville, Northampton
Leesburg, Loudoun
Troutville, Botetourt
Newcastle, Craig
Lynchburg, Campbell
Cape Charles, Northampton
Winneke, Illinois
Charlottesville, Albemarle
Baldwin Sta. Botetourt
1917 Class Athletics

In looking over the athletic record of the Class of '17, we see much to be justly proud of. First, in football we were well represented. Not only did we have a number of men on the varsity squad, but two who were continually in the foreground, playing star ball during the entire season. Then the backbone of the basketball team is composed of Freshmen, three of the regulars being new men. We also have some promising candidates for the track team who bid fair to make the V. P. men hustle in order to hold their position. And finally, for the approaching baseball season, the eyes of the whole school are centered on the new pitchers and catchers. Of these, we have a pair of each who show signs of something strongly resembling "class," besides several of about average ability. The showing made by our class football team, too, was unusually good. The two preceding Rat football teams were both overcome by the superior age and experience of their opponents, losing all three of
the class games. But, by defeating the Seniors 12 to 0, our team broke this apparent hoodoo and won the first class football game that has been won by a Freshman team since 1916. And, altho our class basketball team was not a great success, we are looking forward to baseball with anticipations of a championship nine.
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Bugle Election

Most Popular Professor:
Professor Vawter, Professor Miles, and Dr. Williams, are voted the most popular, in the order named.

Handsomest Professor:
Professor Rasche still holds down first place in the department, with Professor McCown second and Dr. Chrisman third.

Wittiest Professor:
Professors Gudheim and Rasche uphold their records of previous years by taking first and second places respectively. Dr. Newman gets a large number of votes.

Best Teacher:
Here, as in many other elections, the vote is very widely scattered. This is the order of teaching ability: Dr. Williams, Col. Brodie, and Professor Holden.

What Was the Biggest Day of the Year?
February 14—V. P. I., 21; W. & L., 19!!

This was the most enjoyable day of the year in Techland. Many of the fellows had a good time in Roanoke Thanksgiving, and all the Seniors look forward to June 17th as the greatest day of their Cadethood.
Most Popular Cadet:
This was a close race between "Bud" Wysor and "Jimmy" Powell until "A" Company's votes were counted, then Wysor took the lead and won by a good majority. There were no others in the race.

Brainiest Cadet:
The brilliancy of the stars was in the following order: First and most brilliant, Heacock; second, C. R. Moore; third, Wysor. Some other twinklers: McKesson, Powers, and Somerville.

Best All-round Cadet:
The most popular cadets are also the best all-round cadets, but here the order is reversed and Powell leads, with Wysor a close second. Somerville and Jones tie for third place.

Handsomest Cadet:
Powers and Scott (F. R.) carry off all the honors in the good-looks department, each getting the same number of votes. Carrington takes third place with a few votes.

Who Thinks He Is:
"Lord" Culpeper has the votes, if not the good looks. Scott, who ranks high in good looks, gets second place, with G. P. Patteson third.

Hardest Student:
Wolfe studies harder this year than he did last, and of course wins first place with ease. Heacock is second, and Swenson gets a few votes.

Laziest Cadet:
In three months, "Sleepy" Goodwin makes a reputation for himself which wins him first place. "Owl" Moore gets second. Was it because "Owl" showed more energy throwing snowballs than "Sleepy" did in running from them? Motley and Dawson are also lazy.

Most Dignified Cadet:
The order of the count was as follows: Scott, first; Heacock, second, and Collings, third.

Biggest Racketeer:
Rives seems to spend the most time at this delightful pursuit. Goodloe and Culpeper cut a wide swathe in society, taking second and third place, respectively.
Who Tries to Be:
The man with the good looks (per se), “Lord” Culpeper, tries hardest to win the affections of the calics. Patteson tries hard, but only gets second place. Sibold relaxes his efforts of last year and wins third place.

Cadet Most in Love:
A great many who would like to have voted for themselves voted for their roommates. Cope, who has given up Literary Society work to write love letters, gets first place. Powers is second, with Andrews and Shankland tying for third place.

Biggest Lady Hater:
Thinking there would be no candidates, we came near omitting this question; however, we find that there is one of these abnormal creatures left—R. S. Jessup.

Biggest Hot-Air Artist:
If a thimble full of hot air represented all the other votes, Bowler’s would fill the tank.

Wittiest Cadet:
MacGregor, of “C” Company fame, easily takes first place, with St. Clair and Shannon following in the order named.

Most Bashful Cadet:
Perhaps, after all, our greatest lady hater is only timid, for Jessup wins first place here. “Timid” Haughton is also very bashful, and Uhling has many blushes.

Best Figure:
“Army” Scott, of military fame, takes first place, with Powers a close second. Wyser and Powell tie for third place.

Best-Natured Liar:
“Funk” Warren’s fancy, flowery, frivolous fabrications freely force him forward to first place. Bowler and Mosby are second with an equal number of votes, and “Ciff” Johnson third.

Greatest Bore:
“Growley” Tebbs’ hull seems to be the most tiresome, for he receives a large majority of the votes. H. P. Davis, however, is a good contestant, with “C” Company supporting Chaves.

Freshest Rat:
The votes were widely distributed. The following are the freshest: Grum, Ponton, Houchens, Moore (“Irish”), and Todd.
**Best All-Round Athlete:**

The only cadet who received many votes was Jimmy Powell. Although his cadet days are over, Winnie Legge’s fame as an athlete wins him a tie with Powell for first place. The votes show Pick and Engleby to be good athletes.

**Most Military Private:**


**Most Unmilitary Private:**

The awkward squad for these! “First Sergeant, take charge of Mr. Doggett, Mr. Grum, and Mr. Rust (G. L.), and instruct them in military science and tactics.”

**Most Conceited Cadet:**

A race between “Lord” Culpeper and Frank Scott, resulting in a tie. “Pickle” Patteson barely beats “Peanuts” Collings in the contest for second place.

**Best Senior Officer:**

Our ranking Captain, Wyssor, who has been voted best Corporal and best First Sergeant in previous elections, is now voted for first place here. Lengthy Jones is a good second, and McCue and Powers are supported by their own companies.

**Best First Sergeant:**

Nearly all the companies strongly support their own first sergeants, but the addition of a number of votes from “E” Company gives Billy Burn first place. Hefflin and Jones follow in the order named.

**Best Sergeant:**

The “right hand men” of “D,” “B,” and “A” Companies have nearly all the votes. The order of the result—Fuqua and France, first, and “Red” Nelson, second.

**Best Corporal:**

The combination of being star center on the football team and ex-cadet of V. M. I., easily wins first place for “Tom” Clemmer. “Bibbie” Coghill and “Rex” Whitehurst are second and third, respectively.
A Retired Captain

To The Rear !!!

Inspection

The Call To Arms

MILITARY TERMS

Fall In !!!
The Colors

COLOR SERGEANTS

Heacock, F. A.  Powell, J. F.

COLOR GUARD

Bowler, R. T. E.  Pick, L. A.
Miss Cook
Sponsor

Battalion Staff

C. F. Johnson
Capt. and Adjt.

O. H. Culpeper
First Lieut. and Asst. Adjt.

F. A. Heacock
Sergt.-Major
Company A

W. G. WYSOR  
Captain

L. R. BUDWELL  
Lieutenant

W. K. BOULDIN  
Lieutenant

H. J. FITZ GERALD  
Lieutenant

MRS. COHDEY  
Secretary
MISS PEDRO
Sponsor

Company B

J. M. McCUE
Captain

G. A. WARFIELD
Lieutenant

T. McD. RIVES
Lieutenant
Company C

P. H. Powers, Jr.  
Captain

A. T. Philpotts  
Lieutenant

W. H. Wade, Jr.  
Lieutenant
Company D

A. P. Sibold
Captain

T. K. Wolfe
Lieutenant

W. H. Irvine
Lieutenant
MISS LEWIS
Sponsor

Company E

R. S. WOOD
Captain

L. J. HUETTEL
Lieutenant

A. M. MASON
Lieutenant
MISS SCOTT
Rymanor

Company F

F. R. SCOTT  Captain
A. L. JONES, Jr  Lieutenant
R. S. JESSUP  Lieutenant
L. A. PICK  Lieutenant
Company A, 1913-1914

Captain
WYNG, W. G.

Lieutenants
BUDWILL, J. R.
BOYD, W. K.
Fitzgerald, H. J.

First Sergeant
HARRIS, T. L.

Quartermaster-Sergeant
NELSON, W. E.

Line Sergeants
KEEGAN, J. B.
BRACH, M. O.
MCKENZIE, E. R.

Corporals
HUTCHINSON, F. M.
NIXON, G. H.
DAVIS, S. W.
BOYD, H. J.
EIFFER, K. N.
STEUTFELDER, J. K.

Musicians
DAVIS, H. P.
NIXON, G. P.

Privates
ARCHER, J. S.
ANDREWS, H. S.
BOYD, A. J.
BUTTERWORTH, A. S.
BUTTERWORTH, J. M.
BONDRAKE, S. W.
CAIFFER, J. L.
CLARK, W. I.
CLEMANTS, C. L.
COLEMAN, A. N.
COOK, R. I.
COWLING, L. R.
DICK, C. D.
DIXON, E. S.
Dawson, J. R.
ELLIS, W. R.
GARY, R. A.
HARMAR, C. D.
HARMAN, D. K.
HUBBARD, T. M.
FULTON, F. C.
HOPP, C. P.
HUBBARD, C. W.
HUNT, C. T.
JACOBSON, M. A.
JESSUP, J. C.
JOHNSTON, L. M.
KEEFER, J. M.
LEFUR, R. N.
MCGUIRE, G. O.
MCKELWAY, B. N.
MILLER, S. A.
MOSES, N. P.
MOTLEY, J. L.
OAKLEY, P. D.
PARRISH, E. S.
PARRISH, D. W.
PATTENSON, J. M.
RALSEN, E. H.
RASTON, E. P.
REILLY, C. W.
SHANKLAND, A. D.
STEVENSON, J. W. G.
STYKE, L. E.
STUTTER, G. G.
TAYLOR, H. M.
WEISER, A.
WILLIAMSON, N. H.
WILCOX, L. B.
Company B, 1913-1914

Captain
McCue, J. M.

Lieutenants
Watkins, G. A.
Rives, T. M.

First Sergeant
Hefflin, C. W.

Quartermaster-Sergeant
France, J. W.

Line Sergeants
Chinn, A.
Tomlin, H. E.
Garvin, C. C.

Corporals
Clemmer, T. F.
Jackson, T. J.
Pierce, T. B.
Tesch, W. B.
Terre, J. A.
Fox, H. T.

Musicians
Lambert, J. H.
Shelton, E. C.

Privates
Barber, H. M.
Baker, O. C.
Beverly, J. H. C.
Bixler, E. K.
Blanton, B. B.
Bosley, J. D.
Brown, B. B.
Butt, W. P.
Cann, C. G.
Chinn, C.
Cousins, W. E.
Corr, A. L.
Crafford, H. H.
Epps, W. R.
Ferguson, W. C.
Flannagan, F. H.
Gibbs, M. O.
Glenn, J. S.
Goddewin, R. F.
Gray, R. S.
Greer, A. F.
Hall, W. T.
Henderson, J. D.
Houchens, G. M.
Hunt, A. P.
Johnston, A. L.
Kemp, A. W.

Keaton, W. H.
Lewis, H. S.
McNair, S. H.
McNerney, E. T.
Meeks, G. F.
Minor, G. F.
Morse, C. R.
Monsier, W. C.
Monsier, S. B.
Murphy, J. R.
Murry, W. H.
Patterson, G. P.
Pearsall, P. A.
Perfessor, T. M.
Rigdon, P. H.
Rowe, F. W.
Rowe, M. R.
Rowe, T. J.
Shannon, C. D.
Snapp, O. C.
Thompson, R. C.
Walker, M. P.
Warren, C. L.
Warwick, W. G.
White, S. M.
Word, H. M.
Winston, C. V.
Wyatt, J. A.
Company C, 1913-1914

Captain
POWERS, P. H.

Lieutenants
PHILPOTT, A. T.
WADE, W. H.

First Sergeant
BYRNE, W. H.

Quartermaster-Sergeant
PRESTON, S. T.

Sergeants
BOB, H. C.
CRAYES, G.
JAMES, W. R.

Corporals
McGINNIS, T. D.
LAWSON, C. T.
COBILL, W. L.
RUST, A. T. M.
WALL, R. R.
BARGER, H. T.
NORWELL, F. H.

Musicians
HUNT, R. C.

Privates
ARMSTRONG, J.
ARNOTT, T. M.
ARThur, J. F.
BEAR, R. H.
BENNETT, W. W.
BODEN, J. P.
BOWMAN, G. L.
BURWELL, E. B.
CAMPBELL, P. S.
CARR, H. P.
CARPER, A. L.
CORDER, G. K.
COOK, R. H.
CROWDER, J. C.
DIEFENBACH, S. C.
DRAIN, C. H.
DUNHAM, T. C.
EAST, J. H.
FISHER, C. K.
FLETCHER, L. S.
FURST, G. M.
GOODE, J. A.
GRAYES, T. A.
HAGY, B. E.
HARRIS, H. M.
JAMES, W. E.

KEARFOOT, H. S.
KEMP, A. W.
KOONTZ, C. H.
LASSITER, J. R.
LEWIS, E. M.
LILLARD, A. F.
LYON, H. Y.
MACGREGOR, R. J.
MACK, J. H.
MOORE, J. T.
OLIVER, W. F.
PEARCE, M. F.
PIERCE, W. H.
POTT, J. J.
PRICE, W. H.
PYOR, H. S.
ROBINSON, W.
RUST, G. L.
SANDERS, H. W.
SMITH, W. L.
STEPHENS, E. L.
TAYLOR, G. H.
TOWNSEND, G. L.
UMLEAF, L. B.
WATKINS, J.
WEATHER, J. H.
WRIGHT, N. C.
Jones, First Sergeant

Company D, 1913-1914

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<th>Captain</th>
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183
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<td>Wyatt, W. H.</td>
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Company F, 1913-1914

Captain
Smyt, F. R.

Lieutenants
Jones, A. L.
Jessup, R. S.
Puck, L. A.

First Sergeant
Burwell, J. A.

Quartermaster-Sergeant
Upham, E.

Line Sergeants
Krause, C. E.
Snitzer, C. K.
Hill, F. L.

Corporals
Schweickart, G. E.
Swenson, H. O.
Wyatt, J. M.
Connolly, R. R.
Torr, G. H.

Musicians
Cox, C. E.
St. Clair, G.

Privates
Brittain, S. L.
Bowler, R. T. E.
Brow, S. M.
Bowditch, C. R.
Brauns, L. R.
Bruce, F. W.
Cocke, G. W.
Carrington, A. R.
DeMoss, C. W.
Epstein, L.
Effinger, W. F.
Gibbs, J. W.
Goode, H. H.
Gregory, J. E.
Graham, L.
Haller, J. A.
Henderson, T. C.
Ivy, W. M.
James, R. B.
Jennings, H. J.
Keifer, W. E.
King, R.
Latham, G. H.
Lesueur, M. E.
Leisfield, J. J.
Little, J. A.

Lucas, C. B.
Maloney, R. H.
Marks, R.
Mason, J. B.
Montague, J. L.
Morrison, D. P.
Morrison, J. V.
Moody, J. E.
Munsey, M.
Miller, G. N.
Owens, G. R.
Painter, J. C.
Parish, E. C.
Pond, J. W.
Purcell, W. O.
Sharp, C. B.
Shockey, J. E.
Sunderland, J. M.
Taylor, S. M.
Tinsley, G. E.
Vaughn, C. K.
Walt, E. R.
White, J. L.
Williams, B. P.
Wiley, D. V.
Wise, B. C.
BAND ROLL

BECNELL, M. C.    EARNST, C. R.    MANSER, J. L.    WATSON, J. T.    WISE, R. O.
BILLMYRE, C. I.    HARMON, J. C.    PRITCHARD, J. H.    WATSON, L. N. F.

J. P. HARTY, Director
R. C. BRAUNER, First Sergeant
Our New President

HE new President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute entered upon his duties at Blacksburg on July 1, 1913. A sketch of his life, and particularly of his educational career, we are sure will prove of interest to the readers of the Bugle.

Joseph Dupuy Eggleston was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, on November 13, 1867. He received his earlier education at Prince Edward Academy, and later attended Hampden-Sidney College, from which he was graduated in 1886 and holds now both the A. B. and A. M. degrees. He married Miss Julia Johnson, of Farmville; two children, Joseph and Elizabeth, brighten their home. From 1886 to 1889, Mr. Eggleston was a teacher in public schools in Virginia, Georgia, and North Carolina; from 1891 to 1893, teacher in the high school of Asheville, North Carolina, and superintendent of schools there from 1893 to 1900. In 1902 he was appointed editor and secretary of the Bureau of Information and Publicity of the Southern Education Board at the University of Tennessee. He was superintendent of public schools of Prince Edward County, Virginia, from 1903 to 1905, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction from 1906 to 1913. He was Chief of Division of Rural Education, United States Bureau of Education from January 1, 1913, to July 1, 1913. It was while serving in this capacity that the Board of Visitors elected him, in March, President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

From this brief biographical sketch it will be seen that President Eggleston has been engaged in educational work practically all his life. Early experience on his father’s farm, where he first became interested in agricultural subjects, added to that in the various positions of honor he has held, has given him valuable preparation for the new duties recently assumed. As college student and later as teacher and superintendent, he made a study of the classics, modern languages, history and economics, natural sciences, psychology, moral philosophy, agriculture, nature-study, and education. Early in his professional career he read widely on educational subjects, busying himself chiefly with Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Spencer; also with Quirk’s “Educational Reformers,” and the works of William James and others.

After five years of teaching, Mr. Eggleston was made superintendent of the schools in Asheville, North Carolina, a position he held for seven years. Upon his
election there he went at once to Chicago to take a summer course at the Cook County Normal School, then probably the most noted normal school in America. He attended also other summer normals in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. A special subject of study at these schools was education, its theory and practice, its principles and methods. Returning to his native state from Asheville, he became editor for the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, in Richmond. A larger field of usefulness, however, awaited him at the University of Tennessee as editor and secretary of the Bureau of Publicity and Information in connection with the Southern Education Board—a board organized by representative educators of the North and South for the purpose of arousing greater interest in public education in the South. The work of the Bureau afforded opportunity for a comprehensive study of educational conditions: the task of gathering data, editing, and distributing it throughout the states, fell upon Mr. Eggleston, who was ably assisted by Professor P. P. Claxton, now United States Commissioner of Education. While studying a rural school problem in connection with this work, Mr. Eggleston played an important role in the founding of the Admiral Farragut School in Tennessee—the first agricultural school established in the South, and regarded to-day as one of the best of the kind in America.

Mr. Eggleston was superintendent of schools in Prince Edward County, Virginia, for two years, and Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State for seven years—from 1906 to 1913. What he accomplished, especially in the latter capacity, is familiar to educators of the State. It should be remembered that in 1905 there was no real system of high schools in the State of Virginia. Mr. Eggleston set himself earnestly to work to improve conditions. Through his instrumentality many important laws were passed by the General Assembly affecting the growth and development of our school system. With a view to increasing efficiency in the Virginia schools, he visited several of the states in the East and Middle West and studied conditions as they obtained there. The school situation at the present time offers a marked contrast to that of 1905. Cities and rural districts all over the State are now dotted with high schools; in nearly every section there are better school buildings, more efficient teachers, longer terms, increased salaries, more school libraries. Problems of administration and supervision have been carefully worked out, consolidation of schools and transportation of pupils have been effected, summer sessions of state institutions inaugurated, manual training fostered, domestic science encouraged, agricultural schools established, and Knapp demonstration work advanced; in fact, every phase of the school problem has claimed attention, and a more thoroughly developed school system is the result.

Mr. Eggleston's official duties have brought him prominently before the peo-
ple on the rostrum. To speak in teachers' meetings, at commencement exercises, farmers' institutes, county and state fairs, was for a long time a part of his business program. In Asheville he delivered lectures before the Paidology Club, of which he was a member—a club organized for the purpose of child-study. As Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia he has addressed audiences in nearly every county and city in the State on various educational, economic, and social questions. He has spoken annually before the Virginia Educational Conference, and has addressed the Conference for Education in the South and the Southern Commercial Congress. He has been in demand in other states than his own, speaking before college and university students, state teachers' associations, and summer normal schools, and lecturing in Memphis, Toronto, New York, and other large cities.

As a writer his contributions have been largely on educational topics for the newspapers and school journals. While editor for the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company in Richmond he examined manuscripts and edited textbooks on grammar, language, history, reading, and other subjects. The work in connection with the Southern Education Board, with headquarters in Knoxville, Tennessee, consisted largely in preparing circulars, pamphlets, and bulletins dealing with educational conditions in the South, publishing them in attractive form, and giving them the widest possible circulation—a task calling for discriminating judgment and hard labor. In collaboration with Robert W. Brucé, a writer chiefly on sociological subjects, Mr. Eggleston has prepared a book entitled The Work of the Rural School, which has just been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York. The work discusses the theory of the function of public education and aims to show how the rural school can be made to serve this purpose.

Teacher in the country school, in the city high school, superintendent of city schools, then of county schools, then State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Chief of Division of Rural Education in the United States, President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute—these are successive steps in the ladder of an active educational career covering a period of about twenty-seven years. Each position held has brought its duties and responsibilities. President Eggleston brings now to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute an extensive knowledge of educational matters and a practical experience of many years. He is a man who thoroughly appreciates educational values. While heartily in sympathy with technical education, he believes also in a broad literary and general cultural training. His ideal is the well-trained all-around educated citizen rather than the narrow specialist. According to his views, knowledge should be obtained, not for learning's sake, but for
THE BUGLE

use in the service of humanity. "The object in public education," he declares, "is the production of efficient citizens." Chapter XI on "The Teacher Who is the Citizen-Maker" is one of the choice chapters of his book mentioned above.

With a grasp upon the situation, Mr. Eggleston has entered seriously upon his new duties as president of a great technical college. Though practically unknown personally to the faculty when he came to Blacksburg, he has won the respect and confidence of all by his cordial manner, liberal views, enthusiasm, progressiveness, business-like methods, interest in college and community life, and sincere devotion to the great task immediately in hand—the advancement of the highest interests of the V. P. I. He has already identified himself with the work of the Presbyterian Church, of which he is a member, and with all college activities: the Y. M. C. A., literary societies, publications, athletics, etc.

President Eggleston is to be congratulated on the auspicious beginning of his first session. The future of the college is now largely in his hands. Unaided in his efforts, the best results cannot be obtained; but with the earnest support and cooperation of all concerned—board of visitors, faculty, students, alumni, patrons and friends of the college scattered far and wide—we predict success for his administration and an enlarged career of usefulness for the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
Important Dates in the History of V. P. I.

1872—School opened as the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Virginia, with Dr. C. L. C. Minor as President.
1881—John L. Buchanan became President.
1882—Thomas N. Conrad, M. A. took President's chair.
1874—Academic buildings, one and two, begun.
1885—Gen. L. L. Lomax became President.
1888—Establishment of Experiment Station in connection with the College. Barracks No. 1 erected.
1891—Dr. J. M. McHenry elected President of College. Inauguration of movement to abolish hazing.
1892—First football team organized. In the very first game, October 21, St. Albans was beaten 14 to 10.
1894—May 30, Corps went to Richmond for unveiling of Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. September 26, second new barracks opened.
1895—June 17, Corps went to Roanoke for celebration of tenth anniversary of the charter of that city.
1896—The words Polytechnic Institute added to the title Agricultural and Mechanical College of Virginia.
1901—Corps went as a body to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.
1902—In June the Corps went to the Charleston Exposition.
1903—We beat the Navy 11 to 0 in football.
1904—Corps went to St. Louis Exposition in spring. "Huckleberry" Railroad put in operation.
1905—Champions of the South in football. We beat the Army this year; also the Universities of North Carolina and Virginia.
1907—Dr. P. B. Barringer took up duties as President of V. P. I.
1908—Athletic Association organized.
1909—hazing abolished by action of student body. Champions of South in football.
1911—After declaring intention of severing athletic relations with A. & M. of N. C. after one more game had been played, we beat them 3 to 0 on Thanksgiving Day.
1912—On first day of finals the old shops were burned down. This was a great loss; but it meant larger and better equipped shops, which was something we had long felt the need of.

ALUMNI

OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, 1913-1914

C. B. MILES .......................................................... President
G. L. FENTRESS ..................................................... Vice-President
W. M. BRODIE ......................................................... Second Vice-President
J. S. A. JOHNSON ..................................................... Secretary
H. L. PRICE ............................................................ Treasurer

OFFICERS OF THE BLACKSBURG CHAPTER

W. H. RASCHE ......................................................... President
R. B. H. BEGG ........................................................ Vice-President
W. M. BRODIE ........................................................ Secretary-Treasurer

Some interesting facts relating to the Alumni.

(1) Local chapters of the Alumni Association are organized at Blacksburg, Baltimore, Chicago, Lynn, New York, Richmond, Roanoke, Schenectady, Tidewater-Virginia, Washington, and Western Pennsylvania.

(2) During the period from 1875 to 1913, 983 men have graduated from the V. P. I., of which 62 are deceased and 921 are living.
(3) Graduates from the various courses are distributed as follows:

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<td>Agriculture</td>
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<td>General Science</td>
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<td>Mining Engineering</td>
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<td>Preparatory Medicine</td>
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<td>Applied Geology</td>
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<td>Metallurgy and Metalligraphy</td>
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(4) At present V. P. I. graduates are located in 43 states of the Union, in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, China, Cuba, Japan, Panama, Phillipine Islands, South Africa, and Spain.

(5) Virginia has furnished by far the largest number of graduates, South Carolina comes next, followed by North Carolina, Maryland, West Virginia, and New York, in the order named.

(6) Graduates from some of the counties in Virginia are as follows: (Having more than 20).

- Montgomery: 84
- Henrico: 63
- Norfolk: 54
- Campbell: 43
- Augusta: 34
- Pittsylvania: 33
- Wythe: 30
- Albemarle: 24
- Roanoke: 22
Glossary

Sir

FIN OUT

FAT II

THE BUGLE
THE BUGLE
Boss: The desirable part of our midday meal. Used for betting on ball games.

Cow Juice: $H_2O$ diluted with milk.

Racking: Rambling with the calics.

S. M. L.: Saturday Morning Inquisition.

Dillberry: The epitome of exactness.

C. R. C.: Church Roll Call.

Green Memorial: A substitute for Church. A green spot in the woods where weary skidets can worship, unmolested, at Nature's shrine.

Taps: Noise made by shoes hitting the floor in the room above.

Tattoo: A peculiar noise made on the radiator pipes to signal the approach of the O. D.

Ragged Rangers: "C" Company, the pride of the military department.

Stake Driver: A student in Civil Engineering,—not always connected with a circus.

Juice Pusher: A student in Electrical Engineering,—not a hypodermic needle.

Grease Wiper: A student in Mechanical Engineering,—not always a handful of waste.

Rock Crusher: A student in Geology,—not always a convict.

Coal Digger: A student in Mining Engineering,—not always a "Hunk."

S. S.: A student in Agriculture, who usually has a soft snap.

Burnt Out: To become thoroughly disgusted with.

Brush: Barber-shop language—usually precedes "Call back."

Dills: Love tokens from the Colonel. A Dillberry's highest ambition.

Huckleberry: The connecting link between civilization and h———, via Blacksburg Junction.

---S. T. P., '15.
---M. F. P., '15.
Biography of Our “Uncle Bill, That’s All”

OME clean, boys!” is the phrase to be seen often on the bulletin board in front of room 102 in barracks number one. Such a striking exhortation causes the boys, one and all, to stop and see what is the matter.

“Jack Weaver has lost a fountain pen. Just bring it to Uncle Bill, that’s all.”

Tacked up in a corner of the board is the rhyme:

Uncle Bill is here,
And he wants to stay
Right with the boys,
And would hate to go away.

Below this is the notice of the next Lyceum show, and other things of interest to the students are placed together over the board.

On starting in to see who and what this “Uncle Bill, that’s all,” is, we are passed by a group of cadets who chorus out, “Uncle Bill, got a stamp?” “Say, Uncle Bill, take my book down to the bank. Here it is. Thanks.” “Got any more of those valence tables, Uncle Bill?”

We then hear, “Yes, yes, ha! ha! One or two cent ones? Put your book on my desk, son! A-ah. Who is it wants these valence tables? Ah! Yes the old man is not feeling so good.”

By now we can see a partially paralyzed old man, fifty-four years old, with a closely shaved head, slowly moving over to his desk. As he takes his seat, he sees us and calls out, “Come in! Come right in! Visitors always welcome! And what is your name? Just sign right here on my visitors’ dope sheet.”

As we are putting our names in his book the boys keep coming in, and we hear a continual string of questions and answers.

“Any express for me, Uncle Bill?”

“No, none for you, but some for J. M. McCue and F. R. Scott and France. I think Scott has a pair of pants.”

“How about some stamps, Uncle Bill?”

“Got ‘em.”

“Will you get this check cashed?”

“Sure I will.”

“Will you get my bank book, Uncle Bill?”

“Sure Mike.”

“Uncle Bill, please mail this package for me.”

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"All right, me hearty."

"Uncle Bill, can I call Miss Peaches and Cream over your telephone?"

"No, boy! Nothing doing in the Jane line over that 'phone."

We find that his real name is not Uncle Bill, but Will Gitt,—and he did. He went to the present Virginia Polytechnic Institute when it was called the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. After this we find him in Connecticut, and then railroading in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, as brakeman, fireman, conductor, and all the other jobs. While in West Virginia, he did the hero stunt. He jumped into New River and saved a little negro boy who was past the point of saving himself. This, however, is not the only thing worth while that he did in West Virginia. One day two sports wanted to pass into the glade of eternal forgetfulness, and asked Uncle Bill to get a big dose of morphine for them. Now, as Uncle Bill is very accommodating and at the same time discreet, he went to the drug store, bought quinine, and had it marked "morphine." The dead game sports took it all and bade Uncle Bill a fond farewell,—but they did not journey far.

We next hear of him in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in charge of an ice-cream parlor at Seaside Park; then in Massachusetts, and while there he began to think pretty well of a little Irish girl, but, as we have seen, the imperative of his name, Will Gitt, drove him on. This time he goes to England with the great Barnum and Bailey circus and pulls off rube stunts before the crowned heads. He was six weeks in London, but as usual he got tired, got full, and got fired, only to bob up in Chicago, making use of the chance to show what kind of a bottom he had. A little boy became mixed up with the horses, hacks, drays, and street cars, but "Uncle Bill, that's all," landed the little fellow at considerable risk. After this Uncle Bill drifted back to West Virginia and railroaded a little while, but as he had a sunstroke, he quit, appearing successively in a home for incurables, saloons, and hotels, until in quite bad shape. He says, "Booze and rum will put you on the bum; I know it will, for it did your Uncle Bill. But from now on I want to make good, to come clean, that's all."

He shows that he wants to make good, for since October, 1907, he has made Blacksburg his headquarters. At first he had a little "ventilated store" which he placed on street corners. The next thing we see of Uncle Bill, he is a changed man, fighting back to manhood against the curse of a wasted life. The good people of Blacksburg have shown a better path and he is following it.

He has started up a stock company, selling shares of himself to the boys in barracks—
"I agree to sell myself to the V. P. I. boys. What time I have on earth, I will be willing for the V. P. I. cadets to own me. Any lady that wants to marry me, will have to see the boys first. I am 52 years old, and can sell myself if I want to, and it's no one's business but my own.

Uncle Bill, that's all,

May 1st, 1912."

—and has consecrated his life to keep the fellows fighting for the right, now they are away from the home influence. Below are some of his posters:

"Young Man, don't try to learn to gamble."

"Don't fool with the three B's—Booze, Beer, and Bad women."

"Don't think you know it all at twenty-one or twenty-two; you don't."

"Remember the Lord, don't wait until you are ready to die to call on Him, He may not hear you."

"Don't give your Mother trouble; try and make her happy and you will be happy."

"Boys, remember your Mother."

This is what he calls a "spasm." It was posted in January, 1914—

"Weather is kinder mild,
The ground is getting juicy,
Gee, I wish I had
A nice little Lucy.

"What is this life?
It's only a shade,
Unless you have got
A nice little maid.

"A good little wife,
One that is true,
I would be happy
And never get blue."

As you can see, Uncle Bill is not exactly a "drawing-room influence," but he is just the right influence, coming out for manliness in physical and moral characteristics, as his oft repeated, "Hey! Son, straighten up," and this closing rhyme will show—

"Now, dear boys, study
And see what you can do
To make a man of yourself;
It's up to you."

Your

UNCLE BILL,
Room 102, 4th Division, Barracks No. 1,
V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.

Dr. J. D. Eggleston, Pres.
Blacksburg, Virginia.

My Very Dear Sir:

Referring to our conversation of yesterday, subject: Black Orchard, I beg to make this my formal plea for the preservation of this valuable orchard and your donation of same to my department. I say "valuable" because, to us, it would be valuable, yea, very VALUABLE. Apples—apples of any kind or size—are always in demand with us, and your goodness in complying with our request would HELP us to retrieve the losses this department sustains annually under the growing high cost of living; and the low rate of board charged the cadets.

Yours most respectfully,

[Signature]

"Ah-ha-a, yes, ah-ha-ah-ha-a, yes, ah-h-h-ha!"

—Uriah Heep.
THE BUGLE

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION - V.P.I.

General Athletic Association

OFFICERS

W. G. WYSOR ........................................... President
M. F. PEAKE ........................................... Vice-President
T. F. CLEMMER ........................................ Secretary
PROF. E. R. HODGSON ................................. Treasurer
PROF. C. P. MILES .................................... Graduate Manager
MR. BRANCH BOCOCK .................................. Coach

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Prof. C. P. Miles .................................... Chairman
Prof. C. E. Vawter
Dr. C. M. Newman
W. G. Wysor
M. F. Peake
T. F. Clemmer

E. R. Hodgson
F. R. Scott
J. M. Sanderson
R. S. Wood
H. M. Somerville

A. L. Jones

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THE BUGLE

Football

L. A. PICK .................................................. Captain
F. R. SCOTT .................................................. Manager

TEAM
D. W. Parrish .............................................. Right Halfback
W. H. Sanders ............................................. Fullback
W. R. Legoe .................................................. Left Halfback
M. F. Peake, V. Dixon .................................. Quarterback
T. M. Rivers, A. B. Moore ............................ Right End
J. C. Coffey .................................................. Right Tackle
T. Whitehead ............................................... Right Guard
T. F. Clemmer, W. F. Effinger ....................... Center
W. A. Harris, T. A. Graves .......................... Left Guard
L. A. Pick (Captain) ..................................... Left Tackle
F. M. Taylor ............................................... Left End

SUBSTITUTES
W. J. Bright .............................................. R. L. Davis
H. C. Macbeth ............................................

RECORD FOR 1914
V. P. I. 25; Roanoke College, 0.
V. P. I. 14; Hampden-Sydney, 0.
V. P. I. 34; University of Mississippi, 13.
V. P. I. 29; V. P. Stars, 12.
V. P. I. 14; University of North Carolina, 7.
V. P. I. 0; Washington and Lee, 21.
V. P. I. 47; Marshall College, 0.
V. P. I. 14; Morris-Harvey, 0.
V. P. I. 6; Virginia Military Institute, 6.

SCHUBS
E. M. LEWIS .................................................. Captain
S. L. Beitman .............................................. L. Epstein
W. L. Clarke .............................................. G. W. Gibbs
G. W. Cope .................................................. F. L. Hill
R. Cottrell .................................................. H. R. Kirkacoff
H. P. Davis .............................................. W. F. Oliver
T. J. Rowe .................................................. F. S. Scott
J. A. Terrs .................................................. N. L. Tybee
J. R. Wyatt ..............................................

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A NXIETY is a mild word, perhaps, with which to express the uncertainty which we felt in September as we began to talk football and consider the prospects for a successful season. Nor was the feeling without foundation, for the material at hand seemed scarce and light, while a comparatively heavy schedule loomed up before us. Although no northern teams were included in the list, it contained our keenest southern rivals, and all of them were reported to have fast and heavy teams.

Coach Bocock was on the job, however, and before we had been here a week, he had a team prepared to meet Roanoke College. We defeated them 26 to 0, a score which did not approach those we have piled up on them in former years, but one which served just as good or an even better purpose. Practically all the candidates for the team were seen in action, and the form which they displayed was gratifying.

Captain Pick, Caffee, and Whitehead made the line look like a rock wall, and noticing that they were backed by Graves, Clemmer, Effinger, Rives, Moore, Taylor, and Harris, we began to watch our backfield. Here again anxiety gave way to optimism, for Winnie Legge, Parrish, Dixon, Peake, and Sanders were rounding into shape, and the team as a whole began to work together like machinery.

Hampden-Sidney came up on October 4th, confident of victory, for they had been in training longer, and, furthermore, had a strong, heavy team, well coached in forward passing and other open field plays. They jumped into us with vigor, but had to back out again, and we crossed their goal line twice, Legge and Peake carrying the ball.

Another week of hard practice, working out new plays and perfecting the old, diving at old John Dummy and rolling on the ball, put the team in pretty good condition for the contest with Mississippi. This was the heaviest team the
Techs had had to tackle for a long time, and when the big team trotted out on the field, there were not a few long drawn out Oh's heard from the grandstand, but when the Techs put in their appearance the old Hokie pierced the air and throughout the game there was rooting such as has been rarely heard on Miles' Field. Outweighed twenty pounds to a man, the Techs fought for victory, and won the game 34 to 13, and that night the University of Mississippi ruled supreme in the hospital, for it takes more than beef to win a football game like the one that was played that day.

The result of this game was wafted to all parts of the State, and former Tech football stars began to talk among themselves and decided that they would come back and show the boys a thing or two about how football ought to be played. So "Bubbles" Hodgson, "Piker" Hughes, Ben Davis, "Bill" Harris,

"Ole Hoss" Hodgson, Gordon Lefelvre, Hart Gravely, Pryor Campbell, "Billy" Burress, and Berry Hodgson, assembled, and after signing up Coach Bocock as a quarterback, started on the trail of the Techs. The scrubs started the game but couldn't score, while the Old Stars crossed the goal line twice. Then the Varsity replaced the scrubs and soon ran the breath out of the "has beens," but it took hard work to do it, and only three touchdowns were made.

We had now reached the most difficult part of our schedule, for the University of North Carolina and Washington and Lee stood ready to take our measure, with but a week between the two contests. We were beginning, however, to feel confident, for the team was running in fine order and had plenty of good plays, which they executed with characteristic Tech snap and ginger.
We marched to the train and saw the Techs off for Winston-Salem, yelling till the "Huckleberry" had carried them out of sight and then went back to barracks, hardly knowing what to expect or hope for. Then, Saturday evening, after supper, we hung about Uncle Bill's window waiting for the message which would make of the corps a shouting bedlam, or a serious, thoughtful student body. Well, to make the story short, there was pandemonium in Techland that night. The cause: V. P. I., 14; U. N. C., 7. We had turned the trick in the "Old North State," but could we do it in Virginia? That was the question which hung on everybody's lip the following week, and so intense became the excitement that books were laid aside and we sat in class rooms with a vacant stare in our eyes, ate but little and drilled like wooden automatons, then rushed to the athletic field and eagerly watched the team working like fiends to get in trim for the greatest game of the year.

Then the day arrived, and, five hundred strong, we journeyed to Roanoke. Determination to do or die stamped each face as the corps marched to the fair grounds led by the band, and no sooner were all seated in the grandstand than a conflict of cheering started between the student bodies of W. & L. and V. P. I. Each had their own band, appropriate songs and yells, and the friendly rivalry was a revelation to the crowds assembled. When the referee blew his whistle as a signal for the game to start, there was a momentary hush, for all realized the meaning of the coming struggle, and were awed in consequence.

We were outplayed and outweighed, and the Blue and White triumphed over the Orange and Maroon for the
second time since 1895, when the two schools entered into athletic relations.

Blacksburg and military duties soon erased the bitterest part of our disappointment and we began to plan for revenge. Unaware of our dire intentions, Marshall College from West Virginia took the field against us on November the 8th, and although the field was wet and spongy we walked away with them, 47 to 0. It was an exciting game, for the Huntingtonians had trick plays galore and needed watching all the time.

Then came that game from which we hoped to get some idea of V. M. I.'s strength. The cadets had just played a tie game with them and we were to lock horns with V. M. I. on Turkey Day—Morris-Harvey was the welcome means for making a comparison. As usual they sprung a surprise, but were
The game was on, and a football epic, which will linger in the minds of those who witnessed it for many years, resulted in a tie score. Time and time again each side had brilliant plays, intercepted by wonderful defensive work, and neither could gain consistently. V. M. I. scored first, and then came a period when V. P. I. struggled fiercely to score. Having rushed the ball to the 40-yard line, Coach Bo sent Dave Parrish in, and the tense faces of every V. P. I. man seemed to ask the question, "Can he last long enough to do it?" For they knew that one severe jar would put him out, but they also knew that if he could stay long enough there would be a goal made. So we watched, and after plunge after plunge, saw him rise from the tangled mass and take his place unassisted. For forty yards he twisted and drilled his way through the opposing line, and then Winnie Legge rushed through for a touchdown. The game was a tie, but if Winnie could only kick goal it would be ours. Breathlessly we watched the ball being placed, then gasped as it sailed straight for the goal post and bounced back on the field—and the score was still tied.

This ended the season, and we were proud of the team's record, proud of each man and his efforts. We have but one regret, and that is that Winnie Legge and Captain Pick will not be with us next year, but we will always remember the services they have rendered in all branches of athletics. On the other hand, we have two hopes, i.e., to beat W. & L. and V. M. I. in 1914, and if determined effort will do it we have their scalps already.
THE BUGLE

Basketball

M. C. BECKNER ................................................. Captain
J. M. SANDERSON ............................................. Manager
MR. BRANCH BOCOCK ......................................... Coach

TEAM
F. H. INGLERY ................................................. Left Forward
W. F. SANDERS ................................................. Right Forward
J. H. FITZGERALD ............................................ Center
G. W. COCKE .................................................. Left Guard
J. F. POWELL ................................................ Right Guard

SUBSTITUTES
J. C. CAFFEE J. F. WILSON R. H. BRUCE F. L. HILL

RECORD FOR 1914
V. P. L. 28; Beaver High School, 14.
V. P. L. 30; Roanoke College, 41.
V. P. L. 37; Maryville, 20.
V. P. L. 15; Navy, 51.
V. P. L. 16; St. John's College, 15.
V. P. L. 26; Mt. St. Joseph, 17.
V. P. L. 28; Catholic University, 54.
V. P. L. 46; Episcopal High School, 16.
V. P. L. 17; Washington and Lee, 46.
V. P. L. 36; Elon College, 20.
V. P. L. 16; Guilford College, 15.
First Game
V. P. L. 32; Guilford College, 11.
Second Game
V. P. L. 48; Emory and Henry, 25.
V. P. L. 41; Randolph-Macon, 9.
V. P. L. 21; Washington and Lee, 19.
V. P. L. 58; King College, 14.
V. P. L. 29; Wake Forest, 24.
V. P. L. 27; V. M. L., 16.
V. P. L. 15; Roanoke College, 26.
The Basketball Season

We started the season feeling sorely the loss of Legge and Keesling, but as time wore on the calibre of some of the Freshman tryouts became evident and we began to take notice.

With only a few days' practice after the holidays, Beaver High School was defeated 28 to 14 in Bluefield, but Roanoke College, the week following, took our measure to the tune of 41 to 30. They were in better training and had had longer practice, and this, combined with poor passing on our part, spelled defeat. Team work, however, came with practice, and Maryville College had the first taste of it, returning to Tennessee with a defeat to its credit. Score, V. P. I., 37; Maryville, 20.

Then came that grueling northern tour with such teams as the Navy, Catholic University, St. John's, Mount St. Joseph, and W. & L. to be played. We broke even on this trip by defeating St. John's, Mount St. Joseph’s, and the Episcopal High School, but the Navy, Catholic University, and W. & L. were too much for us, especially in team work, but the results as a whole were gratifying to the corps, and we settled down with the determination to finish the season without another defeat. This required a great confidence in our team, for there remained on our schedule a formidable array of giants such as W. & L., V. M. I., Elon, Wake Forest, and Guilford, but after watching them defeat Elon once and Guilford twice in three of the prettiest games ever seen in the Dutch Barn, we grew boastful, and with good reason. Emory and Henry next added to our list of victories, the score being 48 to 25, and since this team in years gone by has often pushed us hard, our elation continued to increase. Next in order came Randolph-Macon College, but their team was not up to their standard, and we piled up a score of 41 to 9 on them. Somewhat doubtful, but still hoping, we awaited our second contest with W. & L. In the pink of condition and just starting on a northern trip which included practically the same teams which we had encountered on our schedule, they came confident of victory, but much to their chagrin and our delight we nosed out as the winner, by a score
of 21 to 19. This game was one of the prettiest of the season, and neither team dared to claim the victory until the final whistle, for at no stage were the scores more than three points apart and both teams were playing spectacular ball. King College proved an easy victim, the score being 58 to 14, but Wake Forest was a more worthy opponent, duly defending her basket and throwing goals with great accuracy. Our speed overcame this apparent advantage and the team which had moved nearly every other team in the State to the utmost for supremacy fell a victim to the Orange and Maroon. Score, V. P. I., 29, W. F., 24.

Next in importance to the W. & L. game was the V. M. I. struggle, for we have become great rivals since that 6 to 6 score. Comparative scores indicated equal strength, and the results of the game bore this fact out. We outplayed them in nearly every stage of the game, and Lynchburg, the scene of the conflict, saw the Techs come out victorious, 27 to 16.

We were now prepared to take the measure of Roanoke College in the final game of the season, and there was apparently no doubt but that we would get sweet revenge for the drubbing which they administered early in the season. But the unexpected always happens, and it was a surprised corps which read the telegram on the last day of February: "V. P. I., 16; Roanoke College, 25."

Thus ended the season, the results of which, as a whole, are very gratifying. Curious to say, the first and last games of the seasons were lost to the same team, and that one which we always considered our inferior. Winning fourteen out of nineteen games, or a percentage of .737, we believe we have as good or even better record than most of the teams we played, and they were the strongest in this section of the country, too. So we stand behind it as an indication of the successfulness of the basketball season of 1914.
Baseball

THE SQUAD

CATCHERS
Gaines
Williams

PITCHERS
Rike

First Base
Blanton
Dixon

Second Base
Legge
Peeples

Third Base
St. Clair
Gouldman
Barney

Shortstop
Powell

FIELDERS
Jones
Bruck
Pick
Apperson
Harman

t
Cobbill
Mathews
Campbell
Tinsley

Manager McCue
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March 31</td>
<td>Virginia Christian College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 4</td>
<td>Washington and Lee</td>
<td>Lexington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 6</td>
<td>Emory and Henry</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 7</td>
<td>Emory and Henry</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 10</td>
<td>St. John's College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 11</td>
<td>Randolph-Macon College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 13</td>
<td>Virginia Military Institute</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 14</td>
<td>Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>Hampden-Sidney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 15</td>
<td>Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>Farmville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 16</td>
<td>William and Mary</td>
<td>Williamsburg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 17</td>
<td>Randolph-Macon College</td>
<td>Ashland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 18</td>
<td>Roanoke College</td>
<td>Salem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 20</td>
<td>A. and M. of N. C.</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 24</td>
<td>Guilford College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 25</td>
<td>Guilford College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 28</td>
<td>Elon College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 29</td>
<td>Elon College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 2</td>
<td>Roanoke College</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 4</td>
<td>Bingham Military Academy</td>
<td>Home</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Track
The Squad

One-Mile—Davenport, Todd, Lewis, Owens.
One-half-Mile—Todd, Taylor, Pogue, Arnest, Ross.
One-fourth-Mile—Porter, Lillard, Keaton.
Two-Hundred-and-Twenty-Yard—Coffrell, Tubb, Fuqua, Arnold, Lyon, Davis.
One-Hundred-Yard—Fuqua, Tubb, Arnold, Davis, Lyon.
Pole Vault—France, Parker, Crable.
Discus—Gibbs, Whitehead, Pick.
Shot Put—Bowler, Graef, Effinger, Keyser.
High Jump—Legge, White, Furr, Kirby, Tyrer, Parker, Pierce, Heffin.
Broad Jump—Legge, White, Parrish, Tyrer.
Our Flag

W. K. B.

Away above old Number One,
Proudly waving all alone,
Floats the flag for which we'd die—
The Stars and Stripes, o'er V. P. I.

I see it now in winter snows,
I feel again the wind that blows
Its tattered fragments to the sky—
OUR flag that floats o'er V. P. I.

Not this the flag whose silken folds
Were wont to wave where Beauty holds
Her undisputed sway. But this
The flag that waves thru storm and mist.

But we are proud of this old rag—
This piece of hunting that was a flag;
Its life-long service seems to say,
"Do your duty the best you may.

Be thou faithful, just, and true
To the school that fitted you
For the battles of the world.
For V. P. I. YOUR flag n'er furl."
THE BUGLE

Yells and Songs

TUNE: Everybody's Doin' It

V. P. I. is winning it, winning it, winning it.
V. P. I. is winning it; winning what? CHAMPIONSHIP.
See old Ablee go through the line.
With old Winnie close on behind;
See our fellows hitting the line.
It look fine, it is fine, it's our tune,
    OH.
V. P. I. is winning it, winning it, winning it.
V. P. I. is winning it; winning what? CHAMPIONSHIP
See old Parrish go through the line.
We are surely playing it fine.
With our backfield and our line.
V. P. I. is winning it, V. P. I. is winning it,
V. P. I. is winning it.
NOW.

TUNE: In My Harem

On the gridiron, the gridiron,
The V. P. I. gridiron.
The plays Coach Bocock shows us,
You hardly would believe us,
Forward passes, long end runs,
We have them guessing all the time.
There's plenty of grit and fight,
And it's hell when they combine.
On the gridiron, the gridiron.
The V. P. I. gridiron,
And the way we play,
Would make them wish that they
Had never seen old V. P. I.

TUNE: That Old Girl Of Mine

In the field the Poly-techs are bravely fighting,
This ball game they're going to win.
(V. M. I.'s) fondest hopes are blighted,
They haven't a look in.
Play ball and win this game,
For the sake of V. P. I.
And when night-time comes a'falling in old Blacksburg
Orange and Maroon will wave on high.
THE BUGLE

TUNE: ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

Oh, the Poly-technics of Virginia,
On the trail of the Championship;
On the hot gridiron our men are fine,
We keep our rivals far behind.
Oh, Tech, with your punts and your kicks,
You're the best
In the South Atlantic.
Oh, the Poly-technics of Virginia,
On the trail of the Championship.

TUNE: WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE

Watch them hitting the line,
Gee, but aren't they doing fine?
They've got the fight, that
They use with their might.
They hit him, they rip them, they split, they kill them,
OH, OH, OH,
See them tear through the line,
It would nearly kill your spine.
We are out here taking all the "victories,"
Which goes down in "hISTORY" for that much known
V. P. I.

TUNE: THE RAMBLER

He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled up, he rambled down,
He rambled over the football ground,
He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled till old V. P. cut him down.

TUNE: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

Hike, Blacksburg, your team's a daisy,
Yell like hell for every man,
With old Albey in the line,
And old Winnie just behind,
Never fear for dear old Blacksburg, never fear.

HULLABALOO

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

HOKIE

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

TUNE: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that old (W & L) was dead.
CHORUS—
I dreamed, I dreamed,
I dreamed that old (W & L) was dead, was dead,
I dreamed, I dreamed, I dreamed that old (W & L) was dead.

TUNE: Because I'm Married Now
Well, your team may be strong,
But ours is stronger;
If you play with us you'll have a team no longer.
Oh! you would if you could, but you can't.
WHY?
Because it's V. P. I.

TUNE: Grand Old Flag
You're a grand old team and in football a dream,
You're the best ever pointed a ball;
Making scores you're great, kicking goal's your fate,
Winning games to you's nothing at all.
You're the best beyond a doubt, and for you we will shout,
We will win, or I don't know why;
Should old acquaintance be forgot?
Keep your eyes on old V. P. I.

TUNE: I Was Never Introduced to You:
We're going to win this game and 'taint no lie;
'Taint no use for you to moan and sigh,
Our ends and our backs,
They'll down you in your tracks,
Oh! we're going to win this game and 'taint no lie.

We Buck That Line
We buck that line we do,
We buck that line we do,
If that line is weak
We buck very well,
If that line is strong
We buck like hell—
We buck that line we do,

With a Veevo
With a veevo, with a vivo,
With a veevo, vivo, vum,
It's just as plain as plain can be
That we've got (Roanoke) up a tree,
With a veevo, vivo, vum.
THE BUGLE

TUNE: FRIENDSHIP MARCH

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

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

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

One two, three, four,
Two, four, three, four;
Who in the hell are we for?
V. P. I.

ONE-A-ZIP

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

RAE, RI-I

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

TEXAS

Yip, yip, yi-i-i,
V. P. I, V. P. I.
Team, team, team.
THE
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We wish particularly to express our indebtedness to Mr. J. M. Dulaney for the care he has taken, interest he has shown, and many valuable suggestions he has made in the production of this annual.
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