The 1925
TIN HORN

ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF THE
CO-ED REGIMENT
OF THE
V · P · I

First and only volume
The spirit of rivalry led the Co-Eds of Virginia Polytechnic Institute to issue this volume, "The Tin Horn", which we hoped would equal, if not excel, the annual publication of our fellow students, the cadets of V.P.I. In all humbleness we present this small volume, leaving it to the reader to judge whether or not we have attained our end.
Dedication

TO THE SPIRIT OF FUN

Which conceived the idea of this work, and made the task of its execution a pleasure, this volume is gleefully

DEDICATED
Alumni Gateway (during a storm)

Library Tower

1st Academic Building

2nd Academic Building

X

Aggie Hall

(X marks site of Extension Building)

Dormitory for Women
Louise Jacobs
Chemistry

"Jaky"

Louise likes a car, and this is not surprising for she is a good deal of a sporting model herself. In the language of automobile advertising, we may say that in Louise we have a high power model that combines great endurance with speed of movement, beauty, and grace. Indeed, she has quite the qualities for taking almost any grade in high. By the side of a large touring car, (name a secret) we prophesy for her a flashy, successful, and happy journey thru life.

Assistant English Department
ΦΚΦ

Lucy Lee, Lancaster
Biology

"Lucy Lee"

All work and no play - well, Lucy will never be a dull boy like Jack for she jumbles work and play as thoroughly as the pepper and salt in the well known mixture. We are trying to think of a fresh ripe adjective to apply to Lucy which isn't over worked and will cover her points. Oh Yes! Here it is. Lucy is such a nice girl. This fact accounts for her popularity, you know, because one loves nice things. Well, we'll wager this woman - wonderfully winning, worldly wise - will work worthily and "winn" with winsome ways worlds of wooers: Wayward, witless, witty - wise.
"Carrie"

See in Carrie the only Co-Ed who can successfully hold down a group of V.F.I. rats. With her ringing cry of "Dumb-bell" she equals them to better conduct. But hush! What's this about her swearing at a well known member of the faculty? We hardly believe this of so good natured a being as Carrie, who wouldn't argue with you if you told her Turkey was a country, tho she would know perfectly well that it was a kind of fowl. This report may be gossip. Carrie is at present free, white, clean thru and unmarried. We feel sure that she will always be free and white, but - -

Assistant Athletic Asst.
Basket ball Team

"Terry" Terrett comes out on the floor prepared for action - Oh Zowie! Lamp that crowd on the side lines, and that group in the center of the floor. Then see Terry get into the athletic section for which she is well known. Again the floor, a crowd in pairs, dancing over the floor to the strains of a jazz orchestra, and Ruth is still in action. Judging from her admirers, we believe Ruth is as successful in romance as in athletics. Well, it takes slim young things like Terry to run in Life's races and come in first.

Ruth Louise Terrett
Civil Engineering

Chairman Woman Students
Basket ball Team
CLASS HISTORY

Stop! Bang! What jolly girls are they? On a beautiful fall day in September, four girls come from several directions to V. P. I. This great gathering was the birth of the female class of '25. Since that memorable day four years have passed by. The girls are now enjoying the last few days of their college career. Therefore it is only natural that we should look back thru the years spent at school and review the rainy and the sunny days. The girls of 1925 have every reason to be proud of the record they have made.

Their first year was very trying as it was the first year that girls were seen in classes at V. P. I. After "Rat" Terrett showed that she was determined to stick her would-be tormentors fled. Our Co-eds soon found themselves and showed the faculty and the male students that they had a certain something that was bound to spell "Success". During this first year the girls were so few in number that there was little entertainment.

At the beginning of the second year many new girls joined the band. The Sophomore girls began at once to organize and Mary Brumfield, then the first and only Senior, was elected Chairman of the organization. Billy Kibrish, then a member of the class, received the degree of MRS at the end of her second year.

Not until the fall of 1923 did we notice a little speck of light skipping about here and there on the campus, which proved to be no other than Louise Jacobs. She entered the class of '25, and kept up the number which was reduced by the loss of Billy. It was during this year that Ruth stirred up an enthusiasm for basketball. A team was speedily organized with Ruth as Captain and Louise Palmer as manager. Many enjoyable parties were given by different ones of the girls during this year, the most notable one being the luncheon given in our Co-ed room in the Library, to celebrate our victory in having won the room. A banquet at Green's Hotel fittingly closed the year.

This past year is still fresh in the minds of all of us. We remember the great Librarian who is Lucy; the great basketball games with Ruth and Carrie starring, and the wonderful parties held in honor of the Seniors. And since we all remember, an my paper is short, I'll stop writing about them.
CLASS PROPHESY

(Note — According to the Connecticut Yankee, it requires far greater power to foretell things that will happen one hundred, of one thousand years from now, than to tell what will happen in a few years or a week. The greater the distance to the future in question, the greater the power necessary to bring it into view. I agree with this view, and since I am only an humble prophet, I shall tell only what the class shall do on June 10, 1925.)

Early on the morning of June 10th, I met Louise Jacobs in the old Blacksburg Post-Office.

"Why," I said, "this is indeed a pleasure as well as a surprise! Louise, I thought you would be on your way to Niagara by this time."

"No," she replied, "we are only going to Merrimac, as Wade is going to establish a clam-digging factory here in Blacksburg, and can't be long away from his business. You know, in the clam-digging business he will have no competition here, and I can help him by analyzing the food for the clams, to see if they have the proper diet."

"And where are the rest of the class?" I asked. "It has been fully twenty-four hours since you discarried."

"Well, Lucy is in the Library. I went there a few minutes ago to get a book, but I couldn't get near the desk, the place was just run-over with boys telling her 'goodbye.'"

"And where is Ruth?"

"She just went into Plank and Hoge's to get a Coca Cola. She says we will get gray waiting here for the mail. You know the thought of having to part from her 'Structures' class is driving her to drink — Coca Cola. Why, Carrie is worse than Ruth. Right now she is over in the Chemistry Department trying to bribe Bob to let her run some more analyses."

"Poor Carrie" we sighed.

At that moment the window was opened, and we made a rush for mail. Louise, of course, was certain of a letter, and I merely hoped. From that day to this, the 25th of May, 1925, I have seen none of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five.)
Class Roll
Edith Adelaide Linkous
Ella Gertrude Russell

When They were Rats
Sophomores

Class Roll
Ada Caroline Grissom
Mary Josephine Hartwick
Martha Arabella Lancaster
Nellie Lee Pedigo
Clara Erister
Coralie Ann Slusser
Winnie Davis Slusser
Carrie Gudheim

Freshmen

Class Roll
Julia Crenshaw Brumfield
Mary Alma Frith
Elsie Vernon Linkous
Emma Sue Linkous
Mary Lee Winston

Sponsor Freshman Class
Postgraduates

Mary Ella Carr Brumfield

Specials

Class Roll
Louise Akers
Lucy Ellen Barlowe
Olivia Judson Brown
Mrs. D. M. Cloyd
Martha Dabney Dinwiddie
Sarah Elizabeth Dunbar
Allie Gregory
Josephine Kelly Groseclose
Martha Louise Hickerson
Mrs. J. H. Johnson
Claudine Kessler
Kathryn Durr Mays
Geola Beverley MacBurney
Mrs. M. S. Nobles
Eldona Olaver
Mary Elizabeth Stanger
Clara Montgomery Swoope
Dorothy Tuggle
Margaret Robinson Walker
Only A Turkey Hen

Only a turkey hen; thats all-
A brown little turkey hen; thats all.
Tan in color and brown of eye.
Why, little turkey hen, did you fly
To the dark manor of V.P.I.?

Only a turkey hen; thats all-
A brown little turkey hen; thats all.
Swift of foot and light of heart
Why, little turkey hen, did you not try
For entrance in some real castle of Butterfly?

Only a turkey hen; thats all-
A brown little turkey hen; thats all.
Now you've grown up and are ready to roam
You, little turkey hen, won't mind leaving home.

But even tho a turkey hen; 'ats all-
A brown little turkey hen; 'ats all.
You've earned your beautiful name
So now take your place in VP's Hall of Fame.
Athletics

The past season has been the most successful that the Co-eds at V.P.I. have ever experienced in basketball, winning three games out of the five they played. The Sextettes were second to none in their daring charges and flashy plays. The basketball season opened with an easy prize from the Blacksburg High, next came a game with Radford— but we won't mention such a small matter as that. They beat us by a small margin and many thought that we might have beaten if we only had a few minutes more play. Our laurels were returned to us when we played Concord Teacher's College, however, but this glow was won by the sweat of our brow. We were again overcome with defeat when the Y.W.C.A rambled up from Roanoke. Wishing to end the season with glory we scheduled another game with Blacksburg High carrying the banner of victory away with us for the last time.

We have folded our banner and packed it away in moth balls awaiting the day when a new Co-ed basketball squad goes dashing down the old V.P.I. Gym floor. So here's to the future V.P.I. Sextettes may they have a few more substitutes to fall in line when they say—forward march than their pioneer sisters did who Blazed The Trail.

Team
R.L. Terrett  
M.R. York  
A.C. Grissom  
M.J. Hartwick  
K.B. Mays  
J.K. Groseclose  
C.T. Sibold
THE LAST LEAF

For this small volume, we, the editors, make no apologies, believing that we have succeeded in using the maximum of words in expressing the minimum of thought. If the reader is displeased, finding the whole an unharmonious product, we ask him to lay the faults to the imperfections of our instrument, for only shrill and discordant tones can be produced by a

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