THE BUGLE

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS.

Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College.

1895.

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Address, The Bugle, Blacksburg, Va.
To
Professor John E. Christian,
this volume
is affectionately dedicated,
with regard for his ability as a professor,
appreciation of his labors in
the interest of the
College,
and
the esteem for
him as a man by all with
whom he came in
contact.
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To the readers of The Bugle, the editors and managers extend a most hearty greeting in presenting the first volume. We have labored hard to produce a book that would be of interest, and that would reflect credit on the college and Corps of Cadets it endeavors to represent. In consideration of the fact that it is the first volume and of the consequent lack of sufficient guide in compiling it, we ask that you be mild in your criticisms and make allowances for our frailties.

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## Calendar

**1894**

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H.S. GORMLEY, . . . . . Cartoonist
W.E. DODD, . . . . . Class Prophet
W.A. ERRΦ, . . . . . Historian
WOODSON P. WADDY, . . . Statistician

R.I. ROOP, Presentation Orator

Allons, la bas, marchons au pas
Avec cette allure guerriere,
Est-ce vraiment un regiment d’ heros
Qui composes la classe superieure
Bravo!!

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Introduction

IN this brief history of our class, fellow-members, space is not allowed me to give a full account of everything that has happened during the four years of our sojourn here. You all must remember that I do not pose as a historian and even if I were one, it would be impossible to give what should be given and omit what should be omitted when I have to write it all in such a short time with no data whatever at hand.

Perhaps some have not been made as prominent as they would like, and others more so than they wish. To the first class I would say that it is not my intention to withhold any noble deeds of theirs, but it is on account of my not knowing them that I do not give them a prominent place. Those, if any, who are too conspicuous, need not censure me; I record their acts and if they did not wish it, they should have been more careful. Nothing but the kindest spirit has impelled me in my feeble attempts to recall those incidents in which we have taken part in common. It has not been my intention to write of any particular cadet. Only such things that will be of equal interest to all have I sought out and recorded here.

I feel that there are many in the class who could have written a more interesting and elaborate history, but for some reason they were not disposed, and if they are not pleased with this I hope they will write another and send me a copy. Good will has characterized all our actions and may none be disposed to murder me after reading this short history.

Your affectionate fellow-classman,

R. I. ROOP.
“The Raving”

Once upon a midnight dreary, having passed my last "zam" weary I was building airy castles which into the clouds did soar;
While busy in this direction, there came a recollection That changed my thoughts’ direction to the fading days of yore, To the time, when as a rat, I passed within these college doors,
   In days of yore.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in a bright September, When every separate member of my body felt so sore,
For o'er miles of roadbed stony I had rode behind a pony Of our friend who keeps a tony livery just behind his store; Friend Grissom who still
   keeps livery just behind his store
   As of yore.

In my room each slight uncertain rustling of the window curtain, Thrilled me quite with terror as I looked toward the door,
For the fact was, some one told me that the old boys fast would hold me, And over a trunk would fold me and on me they would pour Blows with
   slab and shingle where my pants could stretch no more.-Say no more

Next day my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer, I "freshened" up a little which soon I did deplore,
For the old boys quite surprised. me, by the swiftness they capsized me, And not gently they chastised me in the manner said before; Head and
   heels held tightly in the manner said before,
   Ask no more.
In this comfortless condition, long I waited for remission, Yelling yells no mortal ever yet had yelled before;
But my captors were untiring, for with rythm quite inspiring On me they kept their firing, till they thought I’d need no more; And one may well imagine I did not ask for more

Nevermore

Back to my room returning, neath my coat-tails sorely burning, Ever wishing that to college thicker breeches I had wore
"Surely," said I, "that is something that to any rat is Rather hard, and he should satisfied be and need no more." But soon I found the mess had worse for me in store,

Not for once but for evermore.

For there I took some butter, when with many a spit and sputter I hastened for a gutter that I saw outside the door
Not a moment stopped or stayed I, not a single response made I To a little "corp" who said I should not leave before the corps ;-To the "corp" who said he’d stick me if I left before the corps

Any more.

New scenes were soon beguiling my sad soul into smiling, And now I fondly fancied that my troubles all were o’er;
But that night when all was silent, I was wakened by a violent Noise of voices, while went blows upon my chamber door, Noise of voices and loud blows upon my chamber door,

More and more.

I told myself, but vainly, that no danger was quite plainly, For the noise without meant mischief, meant devilry in store
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being, Except he had been spreeing, would knock upon a door; Yell and knock at twelve o’clock upon a chamber door,-Yell and knock and nothing more.
To the summons seemed no denying, to the portal I went flying; And I nearly came to dying when I saw before the door
An adjutant who with accents stern all, informed me that the colonel Ordered that a watch nocturnal I must keep before the door ;-Up and down, to
and fro before the barrack door
   I must pace o'er and o'er.

Angry at my slumber broken by command so rudely spoken, “Doubtless" thought I, " what he utters is a falsehood o'er and o'er,
But my feeling I will master lest unmerciful disaster Follow fast and follow faster than did it once before," And I wanted no experience as I had had before,-
   No, nevermore.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

But the time is near for parting, and soon I shall be starting Out on life's rough journey far from these college doors,
But memory will keep as token, a chain to be not soon broken, And those links with the hardest strokes on, and must amid the forges roar,
   Will last while others fail, binding the soul forevermore,-Aye, forevermore.

Thus I'm sitting, idly sitting, and memory is ever flitting To the petty pains and trials of my college days of yore ;-In the midst of my rosy
dreaming, amongst my castles upward gleaming,
   They come as a halo streaming from my college days of yore, Days of joy and pleasure that shall return no more,-Never, nevermore.
   NINETY-FIVE.

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