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THE opening of the session of '91-'92, on the 21st of September, 1891, was a very important epoch in the history of the Va. A. and M. College. It marked the beginning of a new era destined to be laden with rich fruits. In the summer of 1891 the college put off its old threadbare garments and donned new apparel.

A new president together with an almost entirely new corps of professors took charge of the institution with new methods and new ideas.

It was the good fortune of the class of '95 to enter college when this able faculty took charge. The opening day was one not soon to be forgotten by any of us. It was one of those good old Indian summer days which are not found so cheerful elsewhere as in Southwest Virginia.

At 8:30 A.M. we assembled in the college chapel for morning prayers, which were held by the Rev. G. T. Gray, senior chaplain of the college. We were all strongly and very favorably impressed with this venerable minister of the Gospel from the beginning. Since then we have learned to love him and are pleased to show him any courtesy whenever an opportunity shall present itself. Long after we quit the walls of the college will we cherish pleasant memories of him, and we feel assured that we shall not be soon forgotten by him. After prayer President McBryde stepped to the front of the rostrum to deliver his address and to welcome the new students. Until this moment some of us at least had felt like we would most as soon be at home as here, but now we felt entirely welcome, and had the assurance of the advice of a father whenever needed. The rest of the day was devoted to matriculation and assignment to classes. "Freddie" said he was going to take the mechanical course, but it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he had missed his calling. "Cliffie" Anderson was also enthusiastic over mechanics, but after he had hammered his hands all out of their original shape he considered himself fortunate to get an "honorable discharge" from the shops. After leaving the machine shop he goes to the Chemical Laboratory to try his skill there. After he had had a few weeks' experience testing for metals he explained very clearly to "Baby" that if he mixed the contents of two test tubes which he held in his hand he would get a bright yellow precipitate. "Baby" did not understand all the chemical reactions which "Cliffie" said
would take place, but he saw him mix the contents of the two test tubes and get his precipitate, but it was not the bright, orange yellow, but more the color of the ace of spades. Sam. Gunst, “Cat,” "Kitty" and "Jack" also began to take the mechanical course, but soon gave up in despair.

About 11 o’clock most of us were scared almost speechless by the unearthly yell of "Rats!" "Rats!!" "Rats!!!" from a hundred throats on the east end of the stoop. The hacks were just coming in sight, bringing the cadets from the station eight miles distant. Some were "rats," and some were old cadets. The old cadets received a very cordial handshaking, but the poor "rats" did not seem to be "in it," and consequently kept themselves at a safe distance. It was the good fortune of the writer to arrive a few days early and at an hour when there was very little activity around the Barracks, thereby escaping much humiliation, but suffering great mental agony all the while. The rest of the day was spent quietly in arranging our rooms, most of the cadets, however, practicing pitching and catching ball in rear of barracks.

About 4:30 P. M. the drummers struck up a lively note, which almost startled some of us, when the old cadets began to yell "long roll!" for that was something new to us. Many of us had not even heard a drum before. We now for the first time began to realize that we were at a military school. It was the signal for the cadets to assemble in chapel, where Colonel Harman would explain the existing rules and regulations to all of us. It was the first instruction we had ever received from a military standpoint, and many of us thought we would be shipped in less than a month, but happily such was not the case.

All during the day we could see groups of old cadets gether,, which seemed rather suspicious to us. After supper we found that our suspicion was well founded. The moment we broke ranks the old boys began to yell, "rats, to your holes ". Of course the "rats" almost broke their necks to get to their rooms, and some of them were even imprudent enough to lock their doors. Soon the hideous yells of the old cadets and rattle of bayonet scabbards was heard abroad in the barracks. No rat was neglected that night. There was no call to quarters and the old cadets were in their glory while we poor "rats" were suffering intense agony. Everyone had to make a speech, sing, dance, whistle, kiss his roommate, no matter how ugly he was, and do every other ridiculous thing imaginable. Some refused, but afterwards wished they had not. Others begged to be excused from dancing as it was against their religious principles, but religious principles did not excuse them. No rat was allowed to leave his room to see the "fun" going on in any other room. By accident "Charlie" Wheeler saw "Ciffie" Anderson and "Jack" Sample standing on a table with their noses touching and each whistling a different tune. Of course "Jack" had to stand on a stool. All of us were attended to in great shape and given a receipt for our "buckings." We thought that one "bucking" was all we were to receive, and were disagreeably surprised to learn that the worst had not yet come, that we were to receive two more, one for our uniform and one for a Christmas present. We were quite willing to take one "bucking," but when it was to be three we thought it was time to call a halt, so we resolved that we would take no more. The old cadets, especially the sophomores, hooted at the idea of a "rat's"
refusing to take what was due him. "Cat" and a few others had received their uniforms, and "Lord," who then counted himself as a sophomore, thought they should be attended to at once. We were told that our initiation was not to be compared with what we were now about to receive. Portlock, "Uncle Simon" and several more influential members of our class began to organize and prepare for resistance. We were assailed and succeeded in repelling our enemies, much to their chagrin and disgust. This barbarous principle died, and died hard, but died so dead that it will never again be resurrected at this place. Those who opposed its abolition now see their mistake and are glad it was abolished.

To the class of '95 is due the honor of inaugurating the movement to abolish "hazing." At no other college in the union has the abolition so quickly followed the first steps taken in that direction. Before this time there had been very little drilling except in the "setting up exercises," but now the "rats" got their guns and were all striving to become expert in the manual of arms. "Charlie" was yearning after military glory, and he was soon pronounced to be the best drilled "rat." "Joe" was another one of those who were aspiring for a "corp." and one could hear "Rat" Rosser drilling him during all his spare moments. Thomas Russell and "Wobbie" did not take so much interest in the military department and regretted it very much afterwards.

The college dismissed for Christmas holidays on the 22d of December, and nearly every one of us returned home to spend them with our parents and friends, but we were more anxious than anything else to display the brass buttons. For nineteen years had the "rats" departed on their journey home feeling quite sore from the effects of their third "bucking," but we departed from the general rule and left college without having this blessing administered to us.

After we returned from home we had something to go through which many of us dreaded almost as much as a "bucking." This was the Intermediate Examination. We had never gone through anything of the kind, and the very thought of it made some of us wish we had not returned after Christmas. However, we braved the storm and most of us pulled through with a few "stars" and got on the "Honor List." The next thing to be looked forward to was the spring promotions and appointments in the battalion. As yet no "rat" had received any office, although some of them thought they should have been appointed as a corporal even before Christmas. Everyone knows it is the height of a "rat's" ambition to receive a "corp.," and sure enough many of us reached that goal while others had to wait till no one knows when. The names of those who were fortunate enough to get "corps." were Steele, Wheeler, Ware, Roop, Stuart, Carper, Guignard, Anderson and Beverly. It was not long before we had an opportunity to display our military skill in drilling "awkward squads."

The college had a baseball team (?) in the field this spring, but luckily did not succeed in arranging any games with other colleges. However, they played the "Goose Creek" and Newport nines several games, winning all of them by heavy odds.
Our year's work was now drawing to a close, some of us had done good work and others had not done so well. We now had to undergo the much-dreaded final examinations. We went into these examinations somewhat reluctantly, but the result was about what it was at intermediate, "Jeb" leading the class on both occasions. On the evening of June 17th the corps departed for Roanoke to take part in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the chartering of that city. The trip was quite a pleasant one, and although our body was quite small yet we elicited very favorable comment on account of our gentlemanly conduct. Some of the "rat corps" took advantage of this occasion to display their military bearing, and truly they looked like Napoleons. We returned to college on the night of the 18th and our Baccalaureate sermon was preached on Sunday morning, the 19th. Many of us had never attended a college commencement before and we were very much delighted with the exercises. Notwithstanding all our joy on account of our year's work being ended there was a feeling of sorrow gathering over us. We had spent a very pleasant year together with few, if any, animosities among us, and now that we all were to separate, with the prospects of some not to return, it made many of us feel sad. At 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 22nd, the entire school, and the board of visitors, formed in front of the college buildings and made the final march to the commencement tent. Our class formed on the extreme rear of the column, but we did not feel any the less important on account of that as we had the satisfaction of knowing that we would not occupy this place next year, we would hold a little higher, if not more honorable position. The final exercises were held after we reached the tent, which consisted in the oration to the senior class, graduating essays, awarding of diplomas, farewell address by the president and the announcement of the close of the session. The sham battle was fought in the afternoon. It was a hard fought but bloodless conflict and the little "corps" thought they had been through a battle equal to Manassas. Our guns were now returned to the armory and we immediately began to depart for the station on the hacks which were waiting for us. Thus closed our first year at college. Our class numbered sixty, larger by far than it would be the next year. Our class ties were very strong, and we were almost as sad on departing as if we had been brothers. May the memory of this year live long in our breasts.

Sophomore Year

EVEN before the opening of the session of 92-93 the cadets began to arrive, and none were more prompt in returning than the sophomore class. We felt perfect ease in returning, for we would not be yelled at as "rats." If there is anything a cadet detests it is the name of "rat," and we could hardly realize that the name had forever passed from us. We were now not only old cadets, but what was more important, still, to us, was the fact that we are full fledged sophomores. The school opened with an increased attendance, though the sophomore class was not
quite half so large as the previous year. Many bright students failed to return, but we gained some strong members in the persons of J. C. Dabney, J. G. Heavener and C. J. Richardson. This year our class held its first class meeting and elected "C. J." president. In our freshman year, although the class ties were very strong, yet there was very little class spirit and no organization whatever. We had now made the first step in the right direction and we should let nothing turn us from our course.

This year saw the first football team in the history of the college. Under the management of Prof. W. E. Anderson, a graduate of the University of Virginia, a very fair team was organized and won its first game on the 21st of October (Columbus Day), St. Albans being the Opposing team. The game was exciting from the beginning, and the sophomore class was specially interested in the game, though we had but one of our class men on the team yet he was a "star player." Fifteen minutes before the game closed "Guinea" was retired on account of a sprained ankle. The sophomore class was now in a very anxious state of mind, but the end was so near that we won in spite of "Guinea's" accident. The score stood, St. Albans 10, V. A. M. C. 14. At the next and last game of the season our colors did not come out so victorious. The game was stopped before it was finished on account of some disputed point in the rules. Thus closed the first season of football.

In our freshman year there were but two companies, but this year, owing to the increase in the number of students, an additional company was formed. A large majority of the non-commissioned officers were taken from the sophomore class. The first sergeants of the three companies were Steele (C), Wheeler (B) and Roop (A). In addition to the third company a band of sixteen pieces, the first in the history of the college, was also organized. Under the efficient leadership of "Cliffle" Anderson, ably assisted by "Jack" Sample, the band was soon able to play many of the most difficult pieces. With a band and three companies in good trim there was much more interest taken in the military department by the cadets than ever before.

On the 27th of November the junior class suffered a severe blow in the death of its ablest member, Cadet First Lieutenant R. L. Wright. The sophomore class also felt his loss very keenly, for to know him was to love him, and he was a special favorite of ours. His genuine Christian example was well worthy of imitation and no one could but admire him. His remains were interred in the village cemetery with military honors. His pall bearers were selected from his own class and the coffin bearers from the sophomore class, and were Cadets Steele, Roop, Stuart, Guignard, Carper and Dodd. The burial ceremony was solemn and impressive, and we returned to college feeling that we had buried the one fellow student whom we could least afford to lose.

Just before the college dismissed for the Christmas holidays the two literary societies held their annual public debates. It is seldom that a sophomore is brought before the public on one of these occasions, but this time the old custom was broken and sophomores were in the majority. The members of our class who spoke on this occasion were cadets Portlock, Dodd, Richardson, Dabney, Kline and Roop, the first three representing the Lee
and the last three the Maury society. Every speaker did credit to himself and honor to his society, and the sophomores were in no respect inferior to the higher class men. The two societies never considered that they made any mistake in placing these men on their tickets, and only wished they would always have such to select.

After the Christmas holidays our class acquired a new member in the person of "General" Ousley. "General" said the board got too tough for him at the Davis School, so he decided to cast his lot with us. We were glad to have him in our midst as a member of our class, but if he came here with the expectation of getting better board he simply "jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

In our intermediate examinations, although a few of us "flunked" on French, the majority passed on everything, and again the "Honor List" was adorned with several members of the sophomore class.

The entire corps of cadets had been anticipating a trip to the World's Columbian Exposition in the spring, but it was learned early in March that we would not be able to attend. It was regretted by all, but by none more than the sophomore class. However, we were consoled to a great extent by the promise of a trip to Norfolk to witness the naval rendezvous in the harbor there during the latter part of April. For several weeks before the trip the companies were drilled several hours extra each day, and there was a picked company formed to enter the competitive drill on the 19th of April. Under the captaincy of A. T. Finch, with "Johnnie" Steele as first sergeant, this company was soon quite efficient both in the manual and field movements, and we were satisfied that it would do credit to itself and honor to the college in Norfolk. "Lord" was second lieutenant in this company and did good service. "General" was another conspicuous member of this company, but he was an "honorable private."

Our trip to Norfolk was a very pleasant one as the weather was superb, and we were very hospitably received by the good people of the beautiful city by the sea. In the street parade we received many cheers by the thronging multitudes lining the streets and smiling maidens crowding the windows. Our young band headed our column, and though it was on exhibition for the first time yet "Cliffie" and "Jack" acquitted themselves like old band masters. In the competitive drill "A" company walked off with the first prize, though it had some very strong opponents. "The smile on "Lord's" and "Johnnie's" faces did not fade away for many weeks afterwards. The memory of this trip will live long in our minds.

After our return to college we were worked very hard for six weeks, then came our much dreaded final examinations. Most of us again managed to get through on everything, though a few fell by the wayside on one or two studies. The commencement exercises were even more attractive this year than last as we had more conveniences. Our class had three representatives to speak at this commencement, one of whom, "C. J.," "downed" his opponent, a junior and carried off the best orator's medal.

The sham battle this year was also much better than last as we had more men and everything was carried out much better.
Our class parting this year was much more regretted than the year before, made so from the fact that we were to lose some of our best members. "Cliffie," "Johnnie" and "Shappy," three of our most highly honored classmates told us they would not return and we bade them an affectionate, but sad farewell. Our class this year was small in number as compared with our freshman year, but the ties of friendship and esteem for each other grew stronger. We had toiled side by side through the whole year, "each striving to outstrip the other in doing good and getting good," but there was very little if any unfairness resorted to in order to accomplish this end.

We parted "with good will towards all and malice towards none," trusting that all might spend a pleasant vacation at home and return ready for another year’s work in September. In after years it will be a pleasure to any of us to recall the many pleasant incidents in which we all participated in our sophomore year at the Va. A. and M. College.

Junior Year

Our third year at college opened on Thursday, September 21st, 1893. There was still an increased attendance at College this year, but the class was a few smaller than in the sophomore year. However much we regret losing some of our best members, yet we feel that what we lack in number we make up in name; we are juniors and must be respected as such! How strange does the name sound, yet how gladly do we throw aside our old name and welcome the new.

The sophomore class covets our position, but we are more charitable towards them. Study hard dear young friends and in just one year you will occupy our position, but we will not keep you company, we will have "gone up higher." "Sid" Fraser and "Herr" Surface joined our ranks this year and did much to heal the breach made by the loss of "Cliffie," "Johnnie" and "Shappy" Blackmore. We heartily welcomed them into our midst and wished them abundant success. It is sometimes the case that a "rat" enters the sophomore class, but seldom does one enter the junior.

The junior class missed one member of the faculty on returning this year. It was Prof. J. H. Fitts, who was killed in a railroad wreck at Welch, W. Va., on his way to the World’s Fair. He was loved by the whole junior class, especially those in the engineering department. The college sustained its heaviest loss in many years in the death of this able professor.

On the 18th of October the entire college was called upon to mourn the death of the senior member of the faculty, Professor J. E. Christian. He had been professor of Mathematics here for fourteen years, and no student ever came under his care who did not leave college with the highest regard and love for him. The junior
class especially, felt his loss very keenly. President Richardson called a meeting of the class and appointed a committee to draw up resolutions of esteem and respect. After the resolutions were drawn up and adopted, Messrs. Dabney, Guignard and Richardson were elected as members from our class to escort the remains to their final resting place in Chatham, Virginia.

During the latter part of the session of '92, '93, the war department furnished us with two 3 inch rifles and during the summer Col. Harman purchased two more in Washington, thus giving us four pieces of field artillery, enough to form a good sized battery. The officers of this battery were A. H. Apperson, '94, Captain; W. B. Ellett, '94, 1st Lt.; "Jeb" Stuart, '95, 2dLt.; J. C. Dabney, '95, 1st Sgt.; "General" Ousley, '95, "Monsieur" Kline, '95, Sgts. The battery was a great addition to the military department and everybody wanted to join it, but old cadets only need apply, "rats" were not eligible.

In the foot-ball games this fall our record was not one to be proud of. We had the material but not the trainer. Only two match games were played. One with Emory and Henry College, and the other with Randolph Macon Academy. In both of these games we were "licked" badly. "Sid" and "Guinea" did all in their power to uphold the dignity of the team and the class they represented, but the odds against them were so heavy that it was all in vain.

In the public debates this year which were held December 20th, 21st, our class again furnished the majority of the speakers. Those who represented the oratory of the class were Messrs. Dabney, Simpson, Surfade, Roop, Ousley, Richardson, and Spiller. The first four were the champions of the Maury Society and the last three appeared under the banner of the Lee. This was the largest number of speakers any class has ever furnished at a public celebration. Well may our class be proud of the large number of speakers it has produced.

After the debates most of the cadets returned home to spend the holidays. About half of the junior class remained in Blacksburg thinking they would have no end of sport. Those remaining were, "Charlie," "Cat," "Freddie," "Jack," "General," "Doctor," "Lord," "Herb," "Sid," and "Guinea." Judging from their looks when we returned, the rest of us did not consider that we missed much by not staying. "Joe," however, returned a few days before the holidays ended and spent some pleasant evenings with his dear-not cousin, in town, thus very considerably dividing time between his girl here and the one at home. "C. J." reported a great deer hunt when he returned. He said he succeeded in bringing down two, but as he did not bring any venison back to the junior class we hardly know what to believe. None of us doubted that he broke some little dear's heart which is what we thought he really meant.

At the intermediate examinations this year our class did better than ever before. Very few made condition, most all of us passing on everything and came out with flying colors, although we felt "all broken up" for many weeks after examinations were over.
There was no change in the fare at "Starvation Hotel on All Fools' Day," much to our surprise. One member of our class was more fortunate than the rest of us; his best girl invited him to tea that evening. He accepted the kind invitation, but did not take tea, much to the young lady's surprise (?).

Everything pointed to a successful season in base-ball this spring, but we were destined to be sadly disappointed. We could beat "Goose Creek" very easily, but when we met any other team we had to succumb in spite of "Sid's" great coaching. Randolph Macon Academy and Alleghany Institute "licked" us on our own grounds. Christiansburg did the same thing, but we got even with them on their grounds by winning the game by only one run.

Early in May it was definitely decided that we would visit Richmond to take part in the unveiling of the soldier's and sailor's monument on the 30th. We left here on the morning of the 29th, and arrived in Richmond at 5 o'clock the same evening. Our four companies were formed immediately after we got off the train and we proudly marched up Franklin Street, viewed by admiring hundreds lining this fashionable thoroughfare. After thirty minutes march we reached our tents, which had been previously pitched, where we immediately went into camp. In the parade the next day we acted as escort to Gov. O'Ferrall, which high and honorable position had been secured for us by our worthy commandant. The Governor expressed himself as highly pleased with our high standard of efficiency in military maneuvers. Our school did not have a very envious reputation in Richmond previous to this trip, but we came away with a name that few military schools could win in so short a time. Our stay was prolonged one day on account of our remarkably good conduct. We gave battalion parade in the Capitol Square on the last evening we were there. Several thousand had gathered here some time before we arrived, and when we entered the square we were greeted with tremendous cheering which made us step prouder than ever before. We felt that it was a high honor to be a cadet of the Va. A. and M. College, especially when we were under such a gallant leader as Col. John A. Harman. On Saturday morning, June 2d, we broke camp and marched down Franklin Street to the Union Depot where our special train was waiting to carry us back to college to resume our duties there. This trip was enjoyed by us even more than the one to Norfolk last year, made so from the fact that we had won for ourselves a name that will reflect honor upon us and credit upon the college.

Our collegiate work had been finished before we left for Richmond, and the first thing we had to face on our return was examinations. What a contrast! From extreme pleasure to the most horrid thing in one's college life. However, when duty's voice calls, the junior class is not one to shirk. Too much class pride and self respect exists among us for any of us to "sign up," and very few failed to get through. The "Honor List" at the finals was even larger than at the intermediates. "Scotchy" led the class on both occasions, but "Fred," "Jimmie," and "Herr," gave him a close race for first place.

On the day that examinations closed, the class held a meeting to adopt their uniform, shoulder straps, etc.,
for the senior year. The U. S. regulation fatigue uniform with silver letters, V. A. M. C. (old English style) on collar. There had been very little uniformity in the shoulder straps, so we decided to adopt the variegated fine gilt, black field U. S. regulation size. Before the meeting adjourned we elected 6fficers for the coming year. "Scotchy" was elected president; " Herb," vice-president; "Fred," secretary; "Lord," treasurer.

The commencement far exceeded any previous one held here. Everyone looked his best in the neat uniform which was the one object of interest to the many smiling maidens who always attend our commencements. This year an unusually large number attended and none of them seemed to regret it, at any rate we did not. May a still larger number attend this year. Hon. Meade Haskins of Richmond, Va., delivered the address before the two Literary Societies and we felt that a better choice could not have been made.

Our class placed five speakers before the public at this commencement. The names of those put forward were, Messrs. J. C. Dabney, C. J. Richardson, R. I. Roop, F. W. Simpson, and G. T. Surface. "C. J." was our lone representative in the Lee Society and he failed to receive the medal. In the Maury Society we had four representatives, and of course some of them were bound to carry off the glittering gold. The judges awarded the medals for best debate and best orator to Messrs. J. C. Dabney and G. T. Surface.

The sham battle this year also far exceeded last year’s, as we had more cadets and four cannon, which did their share in making noise. Bravely did we go into this battle, thus proving to the cheering thousands that we were not afraid of powder, provided no lead was mixed up in it.

While the graduating class were enjoying their reception given them by the president, where was the junior class? Ask "Fred," "Jack" or "Lord." We were not the kind that envy the good time the seniors were having. If one could have peeped into Hotel de la Ricks, he would have seen as jolly a set of fellows as ever assembled together under similar circumstances. It was the junior class banquet. The seniors may have been enjoying themselves better, but it is to be doubted very much. It was "Cats" last time to be with us and he made the best of it. "Fred" sat by baby and relieved him of his refreshments occasionally. "Charlie" was a little late coming, but he was not slow in getting down to business. "Lord" presided and he acquitted himself in grand style. "Herb" did not say much, but what he lacked in speech he made up in other ways. "C. J." did justice to the occasion in every respect. "Jeb" repeated, "We are the class of ’95" about forty-four hundred times. A few members of the class were conspicuous by their absence. One of them came to the door and said he would be back in a few minutes, but he was like "the letter that never came." At twelve o’clock we departed from the scene of our feast and after singing college songs for about an hour we all proceeded to "Baby’s" room. When we had remained with him two hours, we bid him good night and repaired to our respective rooms to enjoy the few hours that remained in quiet repose. Some of us remember that banquet to the present day, but with others, it is a question of serious doubts. There were some little incidents connected with it, which we regretted, but everybody was cheerful and good.
will prevailed. Next day was commencement day and some of us may have had "that tired feeling," but none of us looked any the worse from the effects of the night before.

After the diplomas were awarded, the graduating essays read and the president had delivered his farewell address to the class of '94, he declared the session of '93-'94 closed. Now comes the final ball and after that we bade each other an affectionate "good bye," every one saying: "on to '95." Truly our junior year was a glorious year and it will be long before it is forgotten by a single one of us. We separated for a few short weeks, when we were to resume our studies, not to be separated till we get our "sheepskins."

Senior Year

Owing to the new barracks not being ready for occupancy, the session did not open till September 26th. Long before that time, however, the "Rats" began to pour in and by the opening day the campus was lined with them, of all sorts and sizes. The senior class was the first to arrive, and although it is the largest in the history of the college, yet out of our freshman class of sixty only nine of us entered the senior year. The names of that famous "nine," are Carpei, Guignard, Kline, Perry, Roop, Sample, Smither, Stuart, and Wheeler. The other "nine." Dabney, Dodd, Fraser, Gormley, Heavener, Richardson, Simpson, Surface, and Waddy, have entered since then. Most of us had gotten our senior uniform before the opening of the session and those who had not were not long in ordering them, for what is it to be a senior without the uniform? He does not wish to be classed as a lower classman, and the uniform is his only safeguard under many circumstances. Our class had to furnish the officers for the five companies composed of three hundred cadets. Upon our shoulders fell many new responsibilities and we shall endeavor to acquit ourselves in the manner that has always characterized our actions. May it never be said that one of our members shirked a duty, no matter how distasteful it may appear. Our class is not composed of that sort of material.

In a very few days after the school opened, there seemed to be an unusual interest taken in athletics. Through the influence of Mr. Lovenstein, a graduate of '94, Mr. Jos. A. Massie, who had played on the team at the University of Va; for two years, was engaged as trainer of our foot-ball team. Mr. Massie was no stranger to us for he graduated here in '92, we then being freshmen. Under his energetic and efficient management, the team was soon in good trim and won its first game on our grounds against Emory and Henry College. The score being, V. A. M. C., 16; E. and H., 0. The next game was played here against Roanoke College, and proved very disastrous to them, the score being 36 to 0 in our favor. St. Albans came over here thinking they would "learn us a trick or two" but they went away a sadder but wiser set of fellows. In this game we reached the "high water
mark," piling up 42 to 0 in our favor. "Guinea" made the "star" play of this game; he broke through the line making an eighty yard run and touch
down in less than two minutes after the teams lined up at the beginning of the second half. The ovation he received was something grand. "Sid,"
did his part in this as well as in the other games. On the following saturday our team accompanied by about one hundred cadets, went to Radford
to play the return game. The day was rainy and disagreeable, but the game was played, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It was
impossible for either side to make any fair show of their prowess, but we won by a score of 12 to 6. After this game the team went into practice for
ten days, so as to be in trim for the thanksgiving game. On several occasions we had proven ourselves to be the equals of the Virginia Military
Institute cadets in drilling, and now we were to meet on the gridiron. Our team left here for Staunton on the morning of the 28th of November, and
that night two hundred more of us left on a special train, arriving there at at four o'clock, Thursday morning. The team was up and gave us a hearty
welcome at that early hour. The team from V. M. I. arrived in Staunton about eight o'clock that morning and immediately both elevens began to
prepare for war. Betting began to run high. It was even money and take your choice. The senior class was there in full force, wearing the black
and gray in grand style. The game was called at 10.30 A. M., and at the end of the first half the score stood 6-6. The second half opened up greatly
in our favor, and we would have won the game but for rank decisions from the referee, who gave the game to our opponents by a score of 10 to 6.
Thus ends the season; the most successful in the history of athletics at our college. "Sid" and "Guinea" played fine ball and all praise be theirs for
it. "Lord" did not play, but no one was more interested in the sport than he. We took our thanksgiving dinner at the Virginia Hotel and enjoyed it
highly, notwithstanding our defeat (?) At half past two o'clock we boarded our train and returned, not feeling the least humiliated over our defeat,
for we all vowed that a day of reckoning should come and that with a vengeance.

     Our class furnished seven speakers for the public debate this year, Messrs. Carper, Dodd, Kline, Richardson Roop, Simpson, and Surface,
all of whom acquitted themselves with credit.

     This year most of the senior class spent the holidays at home. "Fred," remarkable to relate, has spent every Christmas here since he has
been a student of the college, but he says he will never spend another one here. "Lord" and "Jack" also spent theirs here (?) this year. Now we
come to the intermediate examinations, which was a matter of "life or death" with us. "Scotchy" again leads the class, closely pushed by "Fred,"
"Jimmie," and "Herr George."

     When "Lord's" birthday arrived he was imprudent enough to tell it, thinking the senior class would vote him some very costly present
President Simpson called a meeting of the class and" Lord" unsuspectingly attended. Without a dissenting voice the class decided to give him a
present and each one proceeded to administer his share. "Lord" was ungrateful enough not to thank us for this kindness.
Early in the year it was decided that our class should publish a college annual, as one had never been published by any previous class. We also elected J. C. Dabney as valedictorian at commencement. "Monsieur" was unanimously elected as poet laureate for the class.

It seems out of place to mention the weather in this history, but this winter was such a remarkable one that it demands a place here. Until the Christmas holidays, the weather was exceptionally mild, but on the 26th of December it began to snow, and for eleven weeks the ground was mantled in white; and the weather was intensely cold. About the middle of February the heaviest snow of the season fell and it drifted so badly that we were in great danger of a coal famine, as the roads to the mines were blockaded and our supply was about exhausted. Dr. Sheib asked for volunteers to open the roads, and a hundred able bodied cadets immediately responded. Some might think the senior class too dignified to shovel snow, but in this they are much mistaken, for our class had more than one representative in the brigade. This was the first time in the history of the college that classes had to be suspended on account of the cold weather. It was impossible to heat the lecture rooms, and it was with difficulty that our own rooms were made at all comfortable with the steam radiators and grates combined. The cadets endured all this without murmuring, thus proving that they had the qualities of true soldiers.

A few more weeks of our college days are before us and may they be as pleasant as those of the past. One more examination and our work is over—did I say over? No, only begun. With the close of our college life we separate to fight life's battles alone. We have been together four years and now that we are about to separate, we are made to feel sad. May we all meet with unbounded success in whatever we may undertake. It is a sad thing to part, but it is gratifying to us all to know that we can part "with good will towards all and malice towards none." When we gather here to the reunion in 1900, may there not be a single face absent, but may all come back with a good report after having five years' service in the warfare of life's battles. We cannot restrain tears at the thought of our early parting, but if God spares us, what a happy meeting that will be in 1900.

We came here when it looked as if the college would go down under the burden which it then bore, but now it seems as if it has reached the noon-tide of its glory. However, we do not expect to see her remain where she now stands, but continue to rise in glory and usefulness till she will be the leading college in Technology in the South, and her graduates numbering thousands and filling the most responsible positions wherever they may be found.

Among the honored graduates of this institution, the class of '95 will be found in the foremost ranks. Fellow classmates, one and all, I bid you God speed in your future life. May it be as successful then as it has been pleasant here, and may honesty and uprightness ever abide with us. This is the parting wish of

Redmond Ira Roop, alias "BABY."
Four years of unremitting toil brings us to the end of our college life. For the class of '95 this work is almost finished. The last page in our college history is nearly completed. A turning point in our lives is about to be noted. Whatever the motives or incentives that have directed our work to the end of this period may have been, will not be questioned hereafter.

The success that came to us in our college work, will not make us exalted in the different battle that now presents itself. How well our work has been performed here, the world will seldom ask; from hence the battles with new elements and in different surroundings, will require different tactics. Judgments will be passed on what we do and not on what we did while at college. Here we have fought the mimic battles of life, in college hall and on campus, we now go into the field of real action, the world for our campus, all vocations with the experiences of the successful and unsuccessful on our side.

Practical problems involving interests of vastly more importance to us and in which we are vitally interested, will replace those presented in our text-books, and if we did not master all these, yet the most negligent of our number learned one thing—that only through close unremitting application comes the solution of difficult problems, and only through honest effort comes permanent success.

Our recommendation and release will soon be signed by our youthful benefactors and sealed by the ever cherished emblem of our Ahma Mater, a recommendation of which we may feel justly proud, and a release which to us means everything,—free and equipped to act a part in this Drama of life: Ponder its significance. What part shall we play? We must answer.
’96 Junior Class

CLAUDIUS LEE, V A., . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
C. M. HRISTIAN, D., M. . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
T. D. MARTIN, VA., . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sec’y. and Treasurer

COLORS:
OLD GOLD AND GARNET

MOTTO:
"NEVER LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG"

FAVORITE SONG:
"WE WON’T COME HOME TILL MORNING" (On the night of the Banquet)

FAVORITE STUDY:
GERMAN

YELL :-
Drei mal mein
Und drei mal dein!
Und drei mal noch'!!
Macht junger verein !!!

The Banquet takes place in the dim future.

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BEAUTIFUL as a dream, tinged with romance, consecrated by tradition, glorified by its historical events, rising, from the very wilds of the forests of many States of the union, stands our noble junior class, the class of 1896, who will in one short year wave the flag of victory (made of sheep’s skin) high above their heads and exit from the arched portals of their Alma Mater, to surprise and astound the whole civilized world with their genius and knowledge in the various branches of science, which the grand old V. A. M.C. has given unto them and imbedded into their fertile brains.

They are the type of culture, the amateur of all sciences and events. There is nothing they have no right to know; there is no weapon will the army they will not be able to take in hand. So thinks the junior.

But they are not so bad off, that they are not able to see their own vices, miscomings, and errors of the past. Therefore, we will, to the best of our knowledge, begin at our lowest endeavors and end at our highest achievements; that is, from the time we placed ourselves shoulder to shoulder in 1892 until 1895, when our shoulders became so heavily loaded with bars and decked with chevrons, that we became men enough to work individually for the class of ’96. We hate to recall those days of yore, but nevertheless it is necessary.

Freshman Year

THE first of a freshman’s life at college seems to be a blank; you may go to any cadet here and ask him to relate his first month’s experience, and you will not find three that can (?) tell you a single incident. Why this is, we do not know; but we are sure, for we speak from experience that a good many of us were very forcibly and lastingly impressed (with a paddle), by the actions of some of the old cadets.

Oh! Martin, don’t you remember the hunt you had on that beautiful moonlight night? You may not remember all of it, but the first part ought to be very forcibly impressed on your mind, for we can recall every incident of the last part. The old boys, a few senior classmen, had got it into their heads that shooting Bee Martins at night, would be fine sport. But you did not enjoy it. Why, I do not know. But I think you left in quite a rush before the best part of the sport began.

The old boys seemed to be very fond of dancing and singing. But we do not think they were very good judges of music. I have seen them listen for an hour at a time to some poor, miserable, new boy who sang in a cracked and scared voice, not even knowing himself.
what he sang. And then they wanted countersigns; everybody bad to have at least a bucket full. Show me the man here now, who has never gone down to the dynamo room, for a basket of electricity. All this and more too, is what the poor freshman had to contend with. At last we had (been) buckled down to work, and began to dream of an office in military, of being a Corp. and even counting the chances of getting a "Sarg." But still we were not free from our tormentors. They called us "Rats," a vulgar name, and made us feel mighty uneasy. Besides, there was a "Cat" and a "Kitten" in two of the higher classes which caused us considerable alarm. How we wished and prayed that the next session would come, and bring something that we could make dance and sing and call it "Rat." Christmas broke at last this terrible state of affairs, and we left Blacksburg, each swearing softly to himself, that he would bring a "Rat" back with him or die in the attempt. Many were the threats never to come back after the holidays, but few were carried into effect. It is true we lost a "Fish" (Turner), but we had two left-"Trout" and "Big Fish." We thought we had been treated terribly at college; but, when we got home and began to relate our experiences to an audience of friends and others, we did not realize until then, what a fine time we had had and all resolved not to miss a year at A. M. C. as long as it was in our power to continue. The holidays over, once more we (the class of '96) gathered on the college campus. This time under different circumstances than before. We were rats then; now we were, although still called so by the "Soph's" and higher classmen, no longer rats, but freshmen, and the class of '96. And the rats, they were here-those who arrived during the holidays and were still coming in every day, for the second term. "Revenge is sweet"-yes, to the avenger, but the avengees suffered terribly. These poor rats went through all the ordeals that we had gone through, after being improved and added too by the inventive brains of "Sweety," "Schakey Einstein," "Bridget," and others. It was about this time the class of '96 began first to make itself known. After being asleep, or, rather buried for three months, it was like a lion when awakened. "Sweety" got out his drum corps and beat reveille and long roll, making the poor rats roll out before time, only to be bucked and sent back to bed. "Fatty" got his "Schake" and gave exhibitions and lectures on this wonderful piece of mechanism. "Girly" had fallen in love with "Big Eye," a senior, and tickets were out for their marriage. Things seemed to be working admirably and everybody was enjoying it. But, alas as we strolled by the bulletin one afternoon there appeared posted:-

**INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS**
BEGIN JANUARY 21, 1893

As if by magic, everything became quiet, all doors were locked immediately after the officer of the day inspected, and on the outside you would find such notices published:-

**NOTICE**
MY ROOM-MATE HAS A VERY BASE CASE OF ITCH. DO NOT COME IN. OR

-N. B.-
VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO PUT ALL COMMUNICATIONS UNDER THE DOOR; THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL WILL FURNISH ALL YOU WANT TO BORROW.

Many such notices appeared; some of which we would blush to repeat. But think not hard of the authors, for they had heard of the *French Examinations*, and were driven to desperation. Examinations arrived and with them the times for cussing, scratching of heads,
and slinging of ink. It was then that the old saying became more plain to us than ever before, "A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." Examinations over. What a relief! It was a burden lifted from the shoulders of all; and all felt remarkably good for a few days, and then again the voice of the bulletin was heard; "and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth" among those that had "flunked," while those that received the honors, whistled and sang merry tunes to the wail of the miserable. "Big Fish," or just "Fish" as he is now called, led the class. "Old Lady," the "Bull," and many others followed, while "Girly," although badly in love, was by no means behind. To name all that received honors would take much time and space, but the world will know them before long, without our introduction.

Things went as well as could be expected during the cold weather that followed. Everything froze up and all had to keep moving in order to keep warm. It was a terribly cold winter. The thermometer pointed to zero for a month or more. We could not account for this unless it was a warning to the class of '95 for '96 had raised the average and I'm sure that no zeros were made (?) on their examinations. The cold weather broke at last; and spring reigned supreme in all her glory.

Everything was in a state of excitement over the proposed trip of the Battalion, to the World's Fair. We were going one day, but the next, something would turn up and knock all our schemes in the head. So we decided not to go to the Fair, but to the Norfolk Naval Rendezvous. Even this was a doubtful trip, and we were not sure of going until about ten days before we started. But through the untiring efforts of our Commandant, Lieut. J. A. Harman, the trip was arranged and everything put in order for the start. Thursday morning, April 17, reveille sounded one hour earlier than usual, and everything was in readiness by seven o'clock, at which time the battalion was formed in front of barracks and marched off through the City of Blacksburg, with colors flying and band playing, to the railroad station, Christianburg, eight miles distant. The march was a long one, but we all enjoyed it. We arrived at the station in about two hours, boarded the train and were soon spinning along towards Norfolk, at which place we were welcomed by a large crowd of citizens. It was about seven o'clock when we arrived at Norfolk, but everything had been prepared for us. We were marched to headquarters and soon had supper. It was shortly after supper, that a squad from the Fourth Virginia Regiment, marched up to headquarters with an invitation to attend the grand Military Fair. We proceeded at once to attend. The entrance fee cost us nothing, but for the exit, it was something enormous. We had hardly gotten inside before we were attacked by no less than two or three hundred of the other sex, who requested that each cadet should take a chance on each of the two hundred articles they had for raffle. If any of our readers will figure this up at twenty-five cents per chance, they will find, I think, it to be quite a neat little fortune. We managed to escape by a side door, and although we received several pressing invitations to come again, we did not afterwards go within three blocks of the building during our entire stay in Norfolk.

The next morning when we awoke, you may imagine our disappointment on finding a gentle rain falling; this was the great day appointed for the competitive drill, the day of all others for us, and we were not to be outdone by the rain. It stopped raining about nine o'clock and we thought we would have a clear day for the drill. Two companies were entered and came out victorious,-Company "A," Capt. A. T. Finch, '93, winning the first prize of $200.00. We had a few green cadets along, and many strange and comical things were said and done by them. "Bull," who is from Christianburg, after hearing of the Hampton Roads, asked if they were macadamized. A laugh arose among those present, and "Trout" laughed louder than any, then turning to "Bull," exclaimed, "Of course not; don't you know Hampton Roads is an island?" There is one told on Dr. Tatum. It is said, that he was in a restaurant and ordered fish; "what kind ob' fish will you hab Sor?" asked the waiter; "Water Fish!" cried "Doc," "What kind do y o u think, you black fool!" Now "Doc" is quite a sport and quite a number of tales are told about him while in Norfolk but we won't publish them "Doc." Don't be uneasy. A large volume could be written on the adventures and happenings of our cadets in Norfolk. Here we can only call to view a few incidents; the others will follow in the minds of all those that were present on that memorable trip. Our stay lasted three days. How they flew. It seemed as if we had just arrived and gotten goodly wet in the rains, when we were told that the hour of departure had