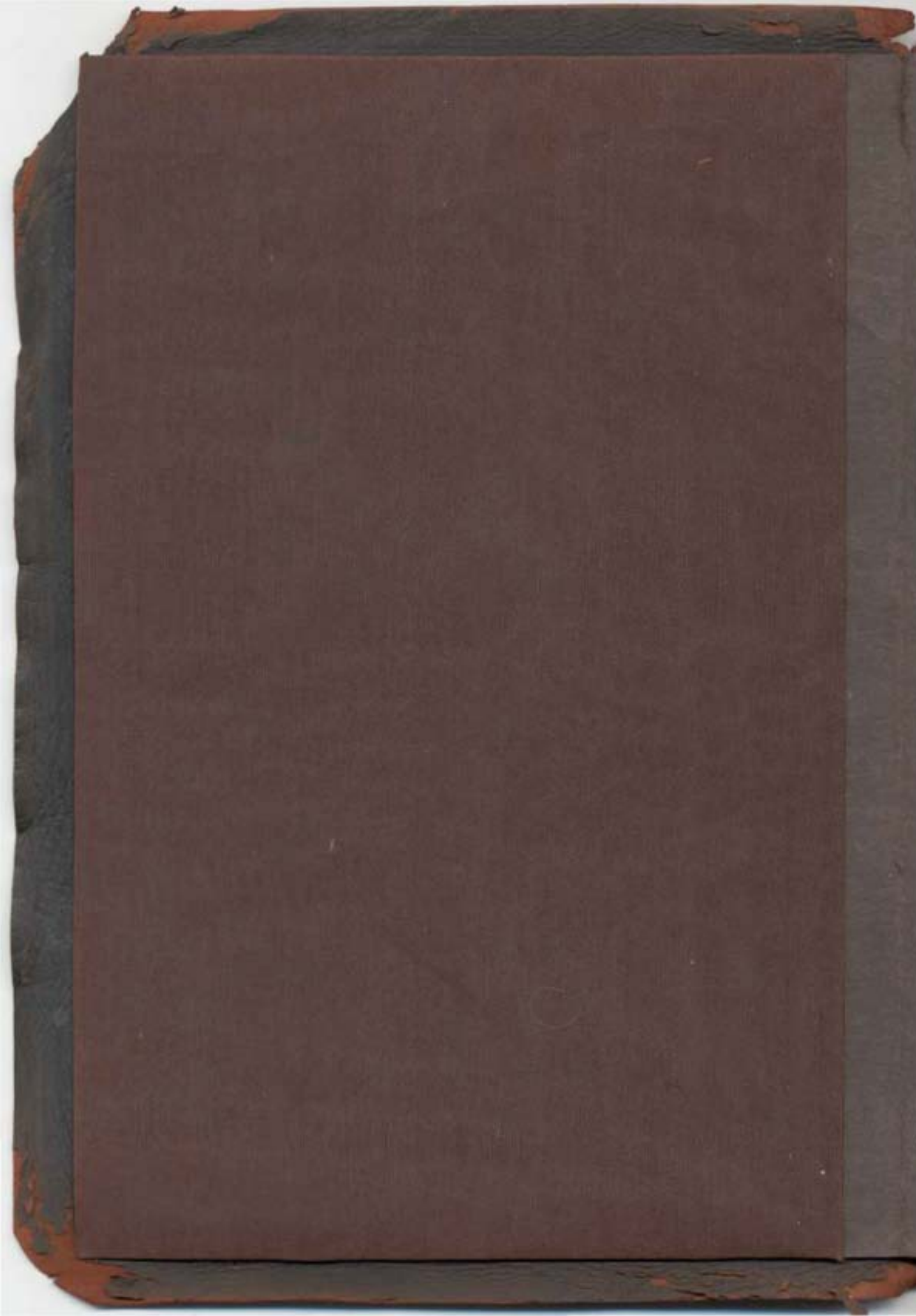
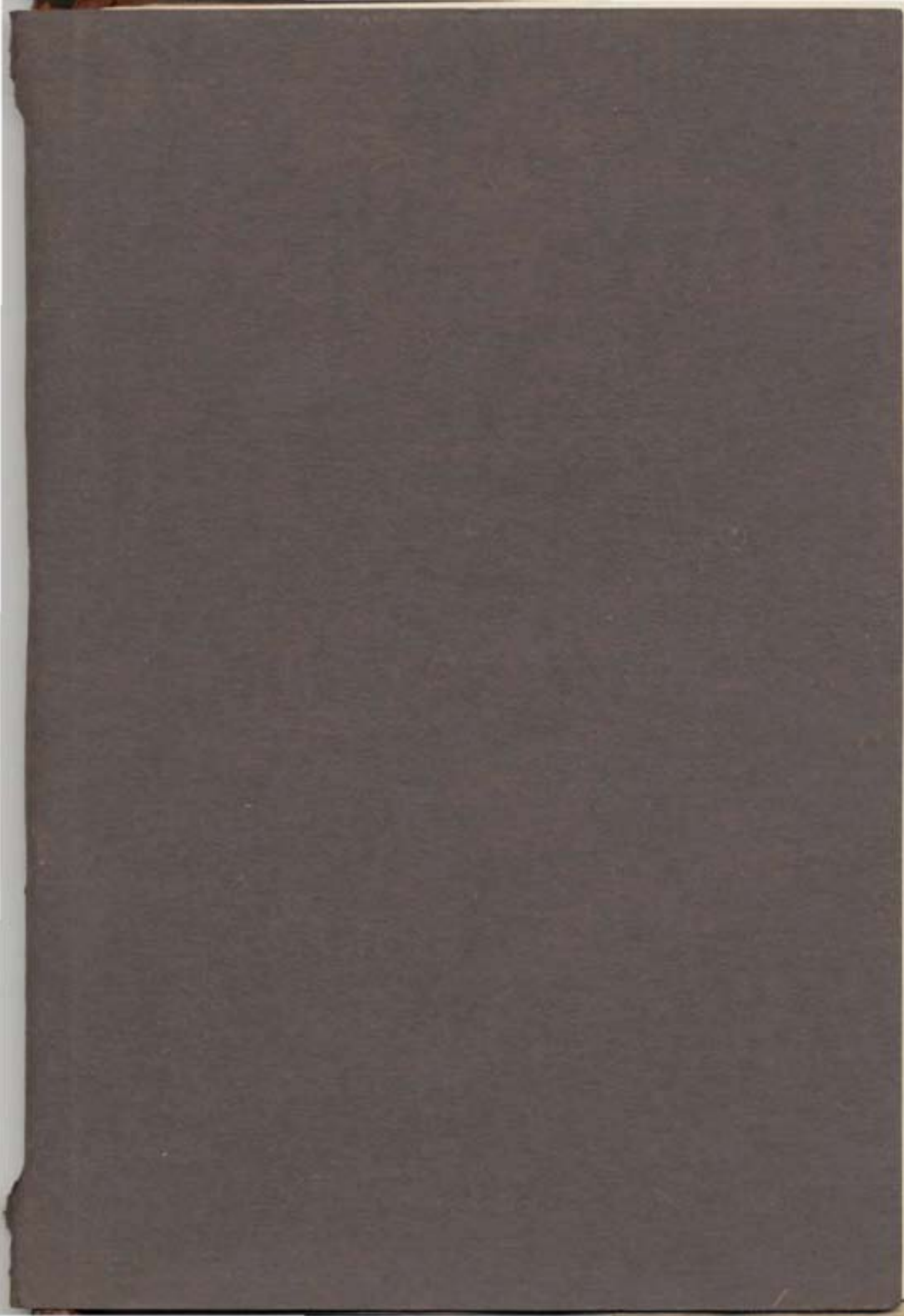


The Bugle

MCMLX





H. M. Robinson



VOLUME XV

NUMBER 1

The Bugle

MCMIX



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To

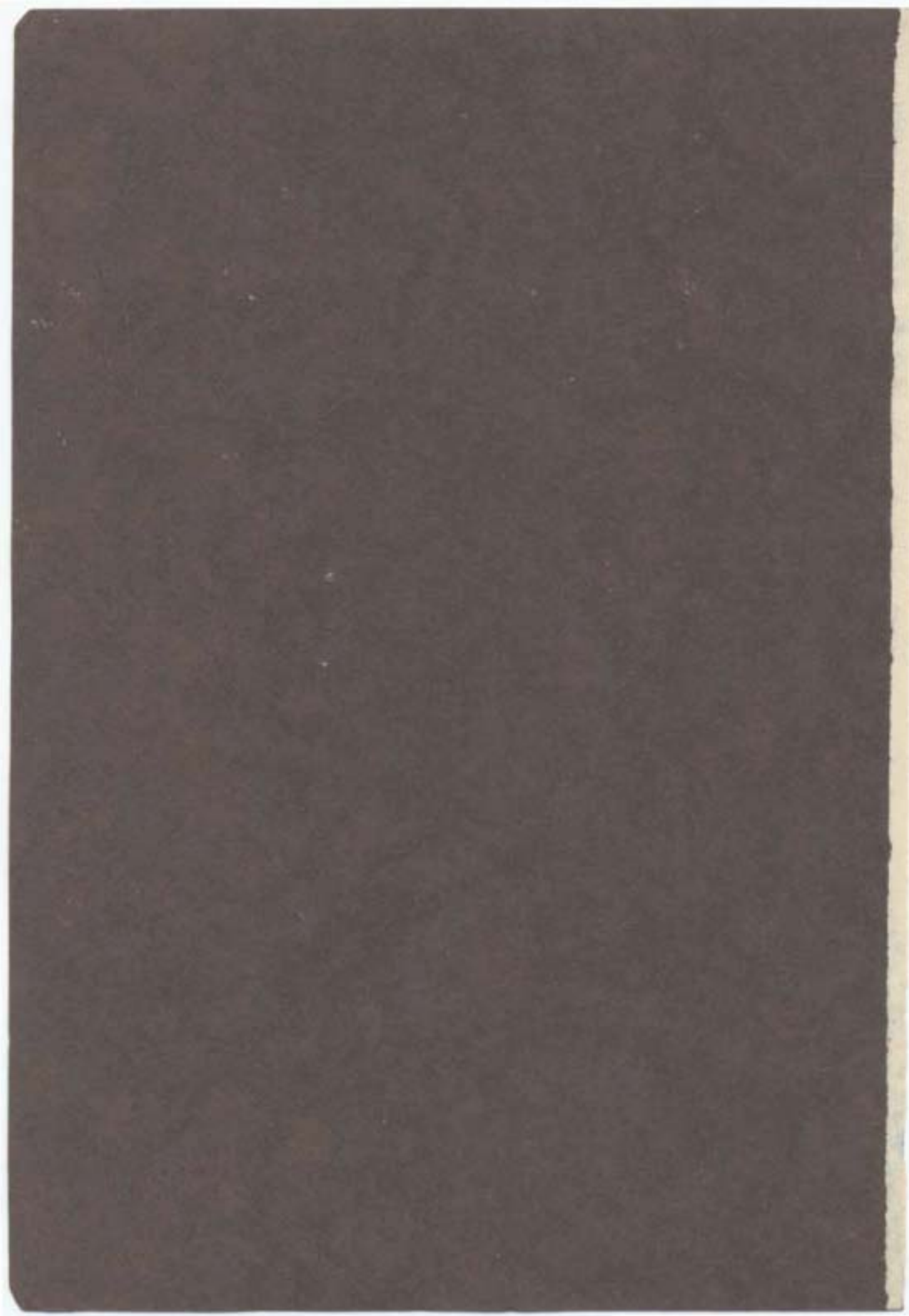
Dr. Francis D. Wilson, M. S., Ph. D.

as a tribute to the faithful service he has rendered
our Alma Mater

and as a token of our respect, gratitude and love,
we dedicate this the fifteenth volume of the
Bugle



Yours truly,
J. H. Wilson.



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Editor's Note

IT is customary, we believe, when a class of men have conceived, executed, and foisted upon a helpless though expectant student body the publication known as the *BUGLE*, to make what they consider suitable apologies for their daring in perpetrating such a deed. It is usual to point out that the volume just submitted contains nothing of any literary or artistic merit whatsoever, and that the sole excuse for its existence is that they have faithfully striven to present for you a true picture of our college life and to perpetuate with pen and brush the four cycles through which their class has passed.

But we refuse, O Reader, to make such apologies. Our appreciation of the work of those whose contributions have made this book, whose labors have added stones to this monument, forbid us. So we present the fruit of a year's struggle to you, O Critic, in simple faith, believing that it will appeal to you and please you. We pity you if it don't. It is not for us to understand the workings of those minds that cannot rise to an appreciation of the merits of this volume, but to them we will say, that in days to come, when fleeting years have cast a haze over the past, when time has mellowed their perception, they will awake to a realization of their blindness and pay the tribute they now refuse.

With a mingled feeling of regret and joy we now lay aside this work, a work that has held much of pleasure and much of pain for us, and present it for the consideration of the men for whom it has been wrought.

To all of those who have aided us so generously with contributions of various kinds, we wish to express our sincere appreciation and to assure them that this book is theirs, not ours. We have simply presented what they have created.

To many others who have helped us in numerous ways we are deeply indebted. We especially wish to acknowledge the kindnesses of Mr. Ellett, Mrs. Shultz, Misses Hannas and Garrison, and Mr. McBurney.

We regret that some excellent contributions had to be rejected, not on account of any lack of merit, but due to the late date at which they were handed in.

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In Memoriam
W. S. Martin
Died February 18, 1909

Rec. from Mrs. Sasic Menges



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Senior's Farewell

Good-bye to you fellows, we're leaving,
It's hard as the mischief to go,
And it makes a man feel just like crying
To leave all you fellows, you know.

Of a sudden we all have grown lonesome,
And something just gnaws at the heart,
When we know that our four years are over—
Oh, say, but it is hard to part.

We've heard there's a war in the distance,
And are off to get into the fight;
Come over next year and get with us,
You'll do for our comrades, all right.

Come over and give us a handshake;
We'll be watching out there 'mid the strife,
Come over and let us be comrades
For four years again—and for life.

P., '07.



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MISS KENTON
SPRING



EDWARD CONE AINSLIE

Richmond, Virginia

Private, Company C

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Variety is the very spice of life.

Athletic Editor Tech, '08; Editor-in-Chief Tech, '08-'09; Member Athletic Council, '08-'09.

JOSEPH MASON ANDERSON
Gaines Cross Roads, Virginia

Private, Company B

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*He who, secure within, can say,
"Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have
lived today."*





SIDNEY BLOCKSHIRE
Pulaski, Virginia

Private, Company E

*For he's a jolly good fellow, which
nobody can deny.*

Master of Ceremonies Pulaski County Club, '06-'07; Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '07-'08; President Pulaski County Club, '08-'09; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; All Class Team, '07-'08; Vice-President Kodak and Camera Club, '07-'08; Vice-President Kodak and Camera Club, '08-'09.

EDWARD WITHERS BOWEN
Durville, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company E

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*Smooth runs the water where the brook
is deep.*

Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '06-'07; Vice-President Pittsylvania Club, '07-'08; Manager Class Baseball Team, '08; President Pittsylvania Club, '08-'09.





RAYMOND ARTHUR CALVERT
Bloomfield, New York

Captain, Band

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

He passes the even tenor of his way.

Captain Class Football Team, '08-'09;
Advertising Editor BUCKLE.

THEODORICK PRYOR CAMPBELL, JR.
Blacksburg, Virginia

Private, Company A

METALLURGY

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

Tennis Team, '06-'07; Tennis Team,
'07-'08; Class Football Team, '06-'07;
Manager Tennis, '08-'09; President Ger-
man Club, '08-'09.





JERRY CARPENTER
Lynchburg, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company A

AGRICULTURE

*Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And my grin, so merry, draws one out.*

Class Football Team, '07-'08; President Lynchburg Club, '08-'09; President Agricultural Club, '08-'09; Manager Track Team, '08-'09; Treasurer Monte Carlo Club, '08-'09; Member Athletic Council, '08-'09.

JOHN WADDEY CARTER, JR.
Martinsville, Virginia

Second Lieutenant, Band

GENERAL SCIENCE

I will make thee famous by my pen.

Captain Y. M. C. A. Basket-ball Team, '05-'06; Class Football Team, '08-'09; All Class Team, '08-'09; President Henry and Franklin Counties Club, '08-'09.





JOHN WALKER CARTER CATLETT
Bridges, Virginia

Private, Company A

AGRICULTURE

*Pity me not, but lend thy curious
hearing*

To what I shall unfold.

Sergeant-at-Arms '09 Class, '06-'07;
Class Football Team, '06-'07; Business
Manager V. P. J. Agricultural Journal,
'07-'08; Vice-President McGuire's School
Club, '07-'08; Vice-President Lee Lit-
erary Society, '07-'08; Assistant Business
Manager *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08. Second
Half; President McGuire's School Club,
'08-'09; President Lee Literary Society,
'08-'09; Business Manager *Gray Jacket*,
'08-'09; Manager Class Baseball Team,
'08-'09.

THOMAS VERNON CHALKLEY
Richmond, Virginia

Private, Company C

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*The race is not to the swift nor the bat-
tle to the strong.*

Moose Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class
Baseball Team, '07-'08; Treasurer Maury
Literary Society, '07-'08.





FREDERICK OLOF CUDLIPT
Richmond, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company C

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*'Tis with our judgments as our watches;
none*

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

House Baseball Team, '04-'05; Secretary
BUNGLE Board.



RICHARD ADAMS DeVAL
Lynchburg, Virginia

Private, Company C

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*His looks do argue him replete with
modesty.*



ALEXANDER HARRIS
Alexandria, Virginia

Captain, Company B

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*He dares do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.*

Y. M. C. A. Editor *Gray Jacket*, '06-'07; Manager Class Track Team, '06-'07; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '07-'08; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Captain Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; Assistant Manager Varsity Track Team, '07-'08; President Maury Literary Society, '08-'09; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '08-'09; President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Business Manager *BUCK*.

EVELYN TURNER HEALY
Matthews, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company B

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*The man who by his labor gets
His bread in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom cuts,
Himself can fix or change his fate.*





THOMAS PARET HICKS
Montgomery, Virginia

Second Lieutenant, Company F

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Few things are impossible to diligence
and skill.*

Class Football Team, '06-'07; Class
Baseball Team, '06-'07; Secretary-Treasurer
Cosmopolitan Club, '07-'08; Varsity
Baseball Team, '07-'08; President Cos-
mopolitan Club, '08-'09; Varsity Foot-
ball Team, '08-'09; Class Treasurer, '08-
'09; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Asso-
ciation, '08-'09; President Episcopal
Club, '08-'09.

WILLIAM THOMAS WITHERS HOOFNAGLE
Ashland, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company F

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*On their own merits modest men are
dumb.*

Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class
Baseball Team, '07-'08; Secretary Maury
Literary Society, '07-'08; President Ash-
land Club, '07-'08; Class Football Team,
'08-'09; Assistant Business Manager
Gray Jacket, '08-'09; Vice-President
Ashland Club, '08-'09; President Maury
Literary Society, '08-'09.





THOMAS CLYDE HOWARD
Woodlawn, Virginia

Private, Company D

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*How happy is he born and taught,
That scorneth not another's will.*

PAUL PHILLIPPI HUFEARD
Wytheville, Virginia

Quartermaster Captain, Staff

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

*Love to one, friendship to a few, good
will to all.*

Class Football Team, '05-'06; Treasurer Wythe County Club, '05-'06; Varsity Track Team, '06-'07; Class Treasurer, '06-'07; Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; Vice-President Class, '07-'08; Vice-President Athletic Association, '07-'08; President Junior-Senior German, '07-'08; Captain Track Team, '07-'08; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; President Class, '08-'09; President Athletic Association, '08-'09; Vice-President Corps, '08-'09; Vice-President Wythe County Club; President Final Ball, '08-'09.





HENRY HOGE HUTCHINSON
Staunton, Virginia

Assistant Quartermaster, Staff

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

The tongue which never reveals.

Vice-President Augusta Club, '97-'98;
Secretary Kodak Club, '97-'98; Manager
Varsity Football Team, '98-'99; Sec-
retary and Treasurer German Club, '98-
'99; Secretary Senior Class, '98-'99;
President Shenandoah Valley Club, '98-
'99.



LOUIS CHARLES ISAAC
Norfolk, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company D

CIVIL ENGINEERING

He is a scholar and a soldier, too.

Vice-President Norfolk Club, '97-'98;
Art Editor BUGLE.



JOHN MOTLEY JEWETT

Ivanhoe, Virginia

Private, Company D

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Jay rises in me like a morning sun.

President Wythe County Club, '07-'08; Critic Lee Literary Society, '07-'08; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '07-'08; Defending Attorney Corps, '08-'09; President Lee Literary Society, '08-'09; Class Football, '08-'09; All Class Football Team, '08-'09.

REXUS MURRAY JOHNSTON

Charlotte, North Carolina

Second Lieutenant, Company A

AGRICULTURE

His bearing is as courtly delicate.

Secretary and Treasurer North Carolina Club, '07-'08; Secretary Agricultural Club, '07-'08; President North Carolina Club, '08-'09; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '08-'09.





JOHN PORTER JONES
Culpeper, Virginia

Private, Company B

*True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun.*

Class Baseball Team, '05-'06; Class
Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class Football
Team, '07-'08; Secretary-Treasurer Pre-
paratory Medicine Club, '06-'07; Vice-
President Preparatory Medicine Club,
'07-'08; President Culpeper Club, '07-
'08; Vice-President German Club, '07-
'08; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09;
Leader German Club, '08-'09; Leader
Final Ball, '09.

WESLEY TILLEY JONES
Berkeley, Virginia

Private, Company A

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*How hard it is to hide the sparks of
nature.*

Class Football Team, '07-'08; Presi-
dent Norfolk Club, '08-'09.





HENRY GRADY JORDAN
Greenville, South Carolina

Private, Band

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*Who mixed reason with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirth.*

JOHN WALTER KELSEY
Blacksburg, Virginia

Private, Company A

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*The world knows nothing of its gentlest
men.*

Class Baseball Team, '97-'98; Class
Football Team, '98-'99.





VICTOR VIVIAN KELSEY
Blacksburg, Virginia

Captain, Company A

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

I look upon the world with approval.

Class Football Team, '07-'08; Assistant Business Manager *The Tech*, '07-'08; Secretary Class, '07-'08; President Montgomery County Club, '08-'09.

ROBERT CRAIG KENT
Wytheville, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company F

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

*Where'er is thy learning? Hath thy will
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?*

Class Historian, '06-'07; Vice-President Wythe County Club, '06-'07; Y. M. C. A. Editor *Gray Jacket*, '06-'07; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '06-'07; Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08; Class Historian, '07-'08; President Lee Literary Society, '07-'08, First Term; Class Representative on Bixie Board, '07-'08; Literary Editor *Bixie*, '08-'09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; President Wythe County Club, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A. Editor *Gray Jacket*, First Half Session, '08-'09; President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, Second Half Session, '08-'09; Corps Prosecuting Attorney, '08-'09.





HERBERT MCGOWAN KING

Richmond, Virginia

Private, Company C

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Hail fellow, well met.

Secretary Lee Literary Society, '07-'08; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '07-'08, Second Term; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08; Critic Lee Literary Society, '08-'09, First Term; Society Editor *Teek*, '08-'09; Class Historian.



FRANK KLEPPER

Norfolk, Virginia

Private, Company D

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Stern was his look, and dignified.



BENJAMIN WATKINS LAPRADE
Moseley's Junction, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company B

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*I have learned, in whatever state
I am, therewith to be content.*

Class Baseball Team, '07; Manager
Class Football Team, '08; Class Football
Team, '08; Secretary Chesterfield and
Dinwiddie Club, '06-'07; Advertising
Editor BUZZE Board; Executive Com-
mittee of Corps, '08-'09; German Club.

ARTHUR LLOYD LESTOURGEON
Farmville, Virginia

Private, Company E

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Work is my recreation.





JOSEPH TALMAGE LUTTRELL
Falls Church, Virginia

Private, Company A

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength!*

Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; Captain Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; Vice-President Class, '08-'09; Manager Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Varsity Track Team, '06-'07; Varsity Track Team, '07-'08.

WILLIAM SHACKLEFORD McCRAID
Charleston, South Carolina

Private, Company B

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*When I said I should die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live till I was
married.*





WILLIAM SOMMERS MCGRAW
Richmond, Virginia

Second Lieutenant, Company E

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

They laugh that win.

Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class
Baseball Team, '07-'08; Treasurer Kodak
and Camera Club, '07-'08; President
Kodak and Camera Club, '08-'09.

DOUGLAS DICKENSON MARTIN
Gordonsville, Virginia

Adjutant Captain, Staff

SPECIAL

*The glass of fashion, the mold of form,
The observer of all observers.*

Treasurer Orange-Albemarle Club, '06-
'07; Vice-President Medical Club, '06-
'07; President Orange-Albemarle Club,
'07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08;
All Class Football Team '07-'08; Presi-
dent Medical Club, '07-'08; Exchange
Editor Teek, '08-'09; Assistant Treas-
urer Athletic Association, '08-'09; Asso-
ciate Editor Agricultural Journal, '07-
'08; Manager Class Football Team, '08-
'09.





WALTER BRAMBLLETTE MARTIN
Glade Springs, Virginia

Private, Company C

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Short of stature, long of head.

President Lee Literary Society, '06-'07, Third Term; Secretary Class, '06-'07; Assistant Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '06-'07, Second Half; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08, First Half; Editor-in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08, Second Half; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *Teek*, '07-'08; President Class, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Secretary Kiets Club, '08-'09; President Southwest Virginia Club, '08-'09; Associate Editor *Teek*, '08-'09; President Corps, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief *Beale*; Member German Club.



HOMERJAH MEADE
Amelia, Virginia

Private, Company B

CIVIL ENGINEERING

A man of few words, who spends half his time in minding his own business and the other half in letting other people's alone.



FREDERICK MILLER
Forest Depot, Virginia
Captain, Company F

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*Replete with modesty;
The wisest man is he who thinks himself
least so.*

German Club.



WILLIAM DALLAS MOSS
Huguenot, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company A

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep.*



JACOB LONG PALMER
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Captain, Company D

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

The laborer is worthy of his reward.

FLORENCE PETTY POOL
Nashua, Virginia

Second Lieutenant, Company D

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*Trust him, you'll find a heart of truth
within this rough outside.*





EDWARD POE ROGERS
Florence, South Carolina
Third Lieutenant, Company D

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

Secretary South Carolina Club, '06-'07; President South Carolina Club, '08-'09.

FRANK EDWARD SAUNDERS
Leesburg, Virginia

Assistant Adjutant, Staff

AGRICULTURE

He seemed

All perfect finished to the finger nails.

Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '07;
Assistant Editor *Agricultural Journal*,
'06-'07; Vice-President Class, '06-'07;
Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '07-'09;
President Agricultural Club, '07-'09;
Editor-in-Chief *Agricultural Journal*, '07-'08;
Treasurer Agricultural Club, '08-'09;
Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '08-'09; Assistant Business Manager *BEGLE*.





CHARLES LOCKE SINCLAIR
Tabb, Virginia

Private, Company A

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*Strong of his hands, and strong on his
legs, but still of his tongue.*

Class Football Team, '05-'06; Ser-
geant at Arms Class, '07-'08; Varsity
Football Team, '08-'09.



JOHN JACOB SNIDOW
Pembroke, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company C

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*He is short and round and somewhat fat,
But a man's a man for a' that.*

Class Football Team, '08-'09.



ATWELL SOMERVILLE, JR.
Mitchell, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company B

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning.*



CHARLES STEBBINS, JR.
Ashland, Virginia

Private, Company F

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Eternal sunshine settles on his head.



LANDON CUTLER STICKLEY
Woodstock, Virginia

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*He counts that day but whose has de-
scending sun.
Vows from his hand on worthy action
done.*

WILLIAM LYNCH TERRELL
Leesburg, Virginia

Private Company F

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Like a statue solid-set
And moulded in colossal calm.*





JAMES STEEDMAN THORP
Buckland, Virginia

Private, Band

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

*I have learned, in whatever state I am,
herewith to be content.*

Class Football Team, '08-'09; Vice-
President 1910 Class, '07-'08.

HUGH ALBERT TILLET
Peonian Springs, Virginia
Captain, Company E

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*Man's most precious asset is within—
his greatest legacy to posterity, a noble
character.*

Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '06-'07; Class
Football Team, '07-'08; Secretary and
Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '07-'08; Vice-
President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; President
L. F. C. Club, '08-'09.





HOWARD IRVING TUCK
Cluster Springs, Virginia

Private, Company D

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

The sunshine came along with him.

WALTER AUGUSTUS VAUGHT
Newport, Virginia

Private, Company D

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice.*





ALVAN GRASON WALKER
Montvale, Virginia

First Lieutenant, Company C

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*In every rank, great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.*

LOUIS ERNEST WALKER
Richmond, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company A

*I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody.*

Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club, '06-'07; Vice-President Richmond Club, '07-'08; President Richmond Club, '08-'09.





LOUIS WASHER, JR.
Richmond, Virginia

Private, Company D

CIVIL ENGINEERING

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

CLARENCE LUCKETT WATKINS
Alexandria, Virginia

Captain, Company C

CIVIL ENGINEERING

*Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
None the most bitter is a useless pest.*

Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08,
First Term; Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '07-'08, Second Term; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '08-'09,
First and Second Terms; President, '08-'09, Third Term; Literary Editor *Buck*;
Class Baseball, '08-'09.





OTTO HERMAN WEISS

Portsmouth, Virginia

Private Company C

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Connected with a flaming nerve.

Class Football Team, '08-'09; Presi-
dent Truckers Club, '08-'09.

ELLISON ADGER WILLIAMS
Charleston, South Carolina
Second Lieutenant, Company C

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

*Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere.*

Mouse Football Team, '05-'06; Mouse
Baseball Team, '05-'06; Mouse Football
Team, '06-'07; Mouse Baseball Team,
'06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08;
President South Carolina Club, '07-'08.





WILLIAM THOMAS WOOD

Norfolk, Virginia

Third Lieutenant, Company E

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

*Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenure of his way.*

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

The Journey of '09 Through V. P. I.

HANDLE that time-worn manuscript with care, my son. It is priceless in that it throws remarkable light upon a bit of history and the customs of the times many, many years ago. Upon my death you will be the thirty-seventh generation to which it has descended. At the time of "The Journey of Naught-Nine Through V. P. I.," your first ancestor, of whom we have even the remotest records, was a Mogul at that renowned institution. What has my encyclopedia here to say of the Moguls?

"The order of Moguls at the ancient institute of Veepeei was in a large measure the foundation for the radical change history has taken in the last thousand years. The fundamental principles advanced by these independent, chivalric, young adventurers—historians of the time speak of them as "Cadets"—are practically those that have given the great Jupiterist party the power it is wielding to-day. Historians claim that it was the very spirit of independence that first brought the Moguls into existence, and that their first rise against authority was when they attacked at midnight a stronghold of the Facultites, Fortress Creamery, and carried away eighty pounds of cheese as booty. It can be said that the Moguls lived in advance of their age, for while they were independent and democratic in spirit, the Facultites constituted the tail-end of the Inquisition.

"It is thought that in after years every Mogul but one, who at the last minute "picked a few dills" (the meaning of this phrase baffles all research), was banished to Jupiter on the World, Mars, Jupiter, Limited. Mars, first called Marr's Crossing, was perhaps named at this time from Colonel Marr, of Veepeei, who was the first to successfully span with plate girders the treacherous creek of ether from the World to Mars, though this is very uncertain, as all records concerning the W. M. J., Ltd., were long since burned. At any rate, Jupiterists claim the Moguls as their progenitors, and assert that history was merely repeating itself when they captured the Moon from the World, after it had been converted into cheese by the successful experiments carried on by the "Profs" of the Veepeei. An eminent scholar of to-day advances the theory that by "Profs" were meant Cheese-heads.

"All the World's records, with one or two exceptions, were destroyed in the World-Jupiter War, and what has been said regarding the Moguls and other references is mostly conjecture, built on an occasional fact."

"Now, my son, I have read you this that you can better understand this priceless history to follow. One of the few facts of

which we are certain is that the history of the 1909 Class of the ancient school, the Voepesi, was closely, very closely, interwoven with the history of the Moguls."

I



It was on September 20, 1905, in the fifth year of our Commandant, Colonel J. S. A. Johnson, that it came to pass that, throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Virginia and even in far-distant territories, young swains did pack their trunks, bid farewell to all that was dear and sacred to them, and journey far into the recesses of the mountains of Virginia to the unknown town of Blacksburg. In the said town be it known that then, as now, was located the renowned institution of learning—V. P. I.

Be it also known that in the said institute there were four classes of inhabitants differing as widely from each other as the four seasons of the year. First in importance and dignity, coolness and dignity, and yet some more dignity, were those known as Seniors. Second to Seniors only were the Juniors, frequently a very disturbing and peace-killing element. Next the Sophomores, and then the Rats!! Verily the paddles of the third and fourth generations of Sophs descended to chastise them in body and spirit. It was under these conditions that the Class of 1909 launched upon its brief career of four years' college life.

What a nightmare those first few weeks! Bleak barracks and white-washed walls—few friends and many Sophomores! But those weeks slowly passed, and, with each successive day, we grew tougher and more thoroughly drilled in the domestic requirements of rats.

With the aid of A. D. Williams, President of the Senior Class, we organized and elected J. C. Walker as our first president. Walker was a sub on the famous '05 team, the team that impressed upon the North as well as the South that V. P. I. was no longer playing "prep school" football. They were the warriors who scalped the Army and Virginia, and left them a bunch of "sore-

heads." The sum and total of that season was—V. P. L., 359; opponents, 24. In class football that year, the material began developing that was in a few years to give the Varsity so many '09 men.

Our first regular track team was organized soon after Christmas, and, at the meet in Richmond, we did remarkably well considering the short space of time in which the team was gotten together.

And verily it was about this time that the rodent inhabitants grew daily fresher, yea, freshashell. Old Sol arose one Sunday morn to disclose the sacrilege of a tempestuous night, and to drive the darkness of a wintry reveille into the souls of rats. Painted rat numerals blazed defiance at every turn. Black clouds rolling across Soph brows excluded the last ray of hope from "Les Misérables." The dull moan of the wind as the paddles descended was merely the echo of the dying spirits within the hapless. But we drop the curtain on this and similar reigns of terror. Several weeks after we rested occasionally by sitting down, and once again things moved in their usual rut.

The time for rooting at baseball games soon came—it was spring, and most of us found it necessary to rest from morning classes, evening work, and drill, and to patronize the sick call—just for that tired feeling.

Examinations came quickly, and many of us were forced to drown the sorrow of III's and IV's in the pleasures of Finals.

And then we were rats no longer!



II

SCENE: Desert Place (Quadrangle)
(Thunder and Lightning)

Enter Sophs:

"Rip! rah! ree!
Rip! rah! roar!
Who roar!
We roar!
Soph-o-more!"

"Rat!!" yelled the whole bunch.

"Who? Me?" squeaked the lean object of their wrath.

"Yes, you! Golly, rat, you're fresh. Wipe that smile off—that's right. Now yell 'Hog'."

"H—o—g," weakly.

"Louder, rat! Yell, Hog! Piggie-hog!"

"Piggie-hog," still not loud enough.

"Louder, ra-a-a-t!"

"Professor Abbot says I'm not to strain my voice. I'm going to be the Glee Club this year."

A chorus of "Good's" echo against the walls of old Number One. "Just the rodent we're looking for. Warble this laundry list to the tune of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Shake it up!"

"Shirts, collars, cuffs, pajam—" but the rat got no farther—there had been a stampede of Sophs in search of more promising game.

Yes, you have recognized us—those last year's rats you read about—and the above scene was merely one of those that hourly helped to idle away our Sophomore days.

But other things attracted our attention and occupied our time. When we were not engaged in "bearding Jamie in his office," that is, getting numerous "sticks removed," we were roosting chants to "Bovine," our football guardian spirit, who that year gave us another team to be proud of. A literal translation of "Jamie" would be Colonel Jamerson, but it would be entirely impossible to convey in mere words, the real depth of feeling connected with that magic name when lisped by cadets. Colonel Jamerson, Captain, 29th Infantry, U. S. A., was our new Commandant, and successor to Col. J. S. A. Johnson.

In October the corps went to Richmond to see the V. P. I. Carolina game, and, as a side issue, to give to assembled Richmonders and Carolinians a demonstration of real roosting. Well—"twas a tie, a no-score game," but that day the lusty "Hokies" and brass buttons made the capitol city a V. P. I. town.

It would take a volume to tell what we did and what we tried to do that year. Were we not the possessors of countless rat domestics, and did we not find that time was as hard as money was easy to spend? On rare occasions we studied, and, on rarer occasions, even went to reveille to break the monotony of "sleeping through."

Those days passed swiftly and we enjoyed them. First and second terms had slipped by unconsciously, and we soon found ourselves face to face with the third term examinations. These passed, both successfully and unsuccessfully, brought us to the

realization of the cherished ideal and the hallowed precedent of Sophomores. We ate, drank, and made merry, but the rats took to the woods and to the farmers' hay-stacks—it was the night of the Sophomore Banquet!

But Finals did not end our college year. As soon as they were over, the corps went into camp at Jamestown, and for ten days we took in the sights of the Exposition. Nor was that all—an hour each day we went on exhibition for the world to admire, and to number us among the numerous wonders it had seen.

On the evening of June 12, Virginia Day, the corps was disbanded there at camp, and, after many handshakes and farewells, each of us "hiked" it home for the summer.

III



GRAND MOGUL: "When shall we Moguls meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

MOGULS (*altogether*): "When their anger its course has run at our deeds that must be done."

GRAND MOGUL: "Where the place?"

MOGULS: "Where the shadows darkest lay,
Behind the Y. M. C. A."

On September 18, 1907, we entered upon what is considered the critical year in college life—the Junior year. And, as Juniors, we had the two elements, Senior dignity and Sophomore effusion, striving for supremacy. Quite naturally extremes both ways were frequent, but the vast majority of our class "stuck" at that blissful combination—the happy medium.

In the fall football dominated both thought and conversation, and it was with untold joy that we watched "Bob" Williams turn out a Varsity to be proud of. Only two games lost on a heavy schedule was their record. Perhaps the culmination of football enthusiasm was reached when the corps went to Roanoke on November 9 to the V. M. I. game. That was certainly a notable day! Not only did we put it all over V. M. I., but, as in Richmond the year before, we established the "Orange and Maroon" firmly in the affections of "Miss" Roanoke."

Well, if that day was memorable for victory and a "hail-fellow, well met" time, so was that night memorable for interrupted slumbers and ominous escape of steam and cuss words coming back on the "Huckleberry."

With a tremendous puff, the "Huckleberry," exhausted and panting after five trials and the loss of an hour's time, finally slipped over the hill at Christiansburg and slid down to Merrimac, where it rested fifteen or twenty minutes. Then again it pulled out on its mad race against time. What had been the engine became a hissing, shrieking monster, tearing over the rails. The reckless hilarity of the engineer traveled over the flying cinders and red-hot coals to mingle with the nasal intonations in the coaches, and, at a speed of four miles a week, dashed the "Huckleberry" on—on around the "forty-degree" curves.

There! The brakes—emergency brakes! And with the bumping and creaking of the cars was mingled the shriek of each of the snorers, who imagined that he had been tackled in the midst of a grand-stand play by the whole V. M. I. team. A red light was on the track! With infinite disgust the engineer climbed back to his seat—it had been a "put-up" job—a fake. And, alas! What scientific cussing when they had to back—back to get another start.

Around this curve again dashed the invincible "Huckleberry," and the hope of taking the long gradual rise ahead in one trial sprung high in the engineer's breast. But alas, again the engineer proposed, and Moguls disposed! The rails were greased! After wasting another hour, they finally rolled into that whitewashed box, the V. A. C. & Ry. Co. terminal, and the trip was over.

It can be said, whether truthfully or not, that our Junior year was more dramatic than the French Revolution, and all the students and the faculty at V. P. I. will certainly agree. Hardly had the greased rail episode become history before the minds of those fiends incarnate, the Moguls, were again busy. One thing was sure, and that was that there were not enough wild animals at V. P. I. Well, zebras were mighty pretty and attractive animals; why not get a zebra? "Good! Damphine idea!"

The outrage that occurred one dark night in late November is now legendary, but tradition has it thus: One fine morning cadet inhabitants awoke to have the joyous excitement ring in their ears that over night a wonderful transformation had taken place. Oh, wonderful miracle! The Colonel's horse had taken unto himself the aspect of a zebra, and great was the rejoicing thereat.

That day a kind of bluish atmosphere hung over the Administration Building, and whether this was taken by Cadets as an evil omen or not is not quite certain, but that day few ventured down to have "sticks" removed.

*"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!"*

In this manner the history of our class progressed. We will not dwell on all the incidents that make that period "romantic," but will hurry to that time when we ceased to be Juniors, donned the "toga," and became Seniors.

On Field Day we took eight first places, not counting the Consolation Race; eight second places, and carried off the championship honors of the day.

In baseball we were not so fortunate as to win the championship, but nevertheless had a good team, and showed up well in all of the games.

The third term flew by, and Finals, the most enjoyable to us so far, loomed up in all their glory. Instead of banqueting and chasing rats, as the preceding year, we "tripped the light fantastic toe," and "cooed"—it was the night of the Junior-Senior.

IV



In commencing the last chapter of the '09 history, it seems to me that, knowing the proverbial reputation of all Seniors, it might be wise to give one or two of the first great questions and perplexities that confronted us in our exalted state, and how we disposed of them.

Questions upon which depended the future welfare of the college could not be lightly passed, and while some of our guiding luminaries were taking from two to three weeks in pondering as to just what their attitude to under-classmen not favored by their personal attachment should be, others of us were taking from three weeks to a month, with daily trips to the tailor, to decide what color lining we should have in our capes, or whether we should get genuine or imitation pigskin puttees.

As usual, football soon came in for a "hog's" share of attention,

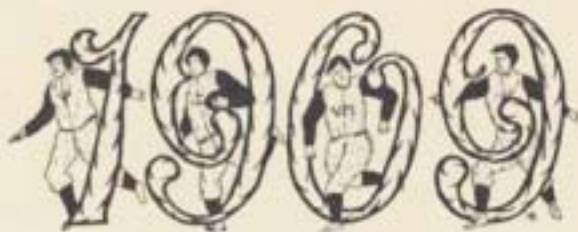
and left many vital questions to be taken up again at a later date. Coach "Gus" Brown, of Princeton, gathered together a bunch of braves, and soon had them whipped into such shape that on October 4th they gave Princeton the scare of its life—4 to 0 in V. P. L.'s favor at the end of the first half. But the Tigers came back with fresh material in the second half, and proved to be too much for us in the long run. On October 15th the corps went to Lynchburg to see the team do up Washington and Lee to the melody of 15 to 4. A bunch of loyal W. and L. rooters decorated a hearse with V. P. L. colors and brought it on the field just as our team made their first touch-down. This being too much for them, they turned in hasty retreat, but not before "Sally" had draped a W. and L. banner on the rear of the hearse.

After foot-ball, what? Usually exams, and then Xmas, but this time another question—the emancipation of rats! Not now, but in years to come, odes on this "bloodless revolution" by the descendants of "'12" rats will enrich literature. In one night the "big stick" of power was ruthlessly plucked from the unyielding grip of Sophs, and "Recollections on Rat-hood" added another volume to V. P. L.'s history. Then exams—then the holidays!

Following the same old routine of things after Xmas brings us up to the present time—the time of the *BROKE* going to press, and, not being prophet as well as historian, this is the point at which I must leave our '09 history incomplete.

Perhaps from our extreme fondness for our Alma Mater, or perhaps due to a dismal-looking IV here and there, some of us will not accept our diplomas in June, but will return again next year and live the life of an independent "Post (-poned) Graduate." Others will graduate and pass out into the world in pursuance of their various vocations, and these we soon hope to place in the list of our famous alumni.

Much more might be said of our exploits and experiences, but we believe, like Irvine, that the lapse of time will allow our memories to become just sufficiently indistinct for us to make ourselves the heroes of these various exploits, and, in years to come, we will laugh with you over the gilded tales of life at V. P. L.



The Ship

Over the sands at even,
Plunging across the bar,
A ship rides into its haven,
Laden with spoils from afar.

Silks of the fairest texture
With warp and woof of gold,
Pearls from bright orient rivers,
All safe within its hold.

What if just off Gibraltar
A storm came battling down
And wrestled for its treasure,
Making its cordage groan?

What if in narrow passes
Among the Arctic cliffs
The cruel ice-fangs whitened
From hungry, foam-drenched lips?

She recka not of the danger
Who with her white sails furled,
Sways now at anchor, laden
With the wealth of all the world.

Wherever gold was hidden
In the secret, distant mine,
Or the busy mart re-schoed,
Or on hillsides grew the vine.

She thrust her prow in harbor
And tarried at the port,
Filling her greedy coffers
With gems of every sort.

A Doge's robe from Venice,
A castle fair from Spain,
From Rome a crown of laurel
With a wine that deadens pain.

And stories of the Old World,
Of knight and damsel fair,
Of nightingales and roses
And moonlight calm and fair.

All gathered safe in her bosom,
All harbored deep in her breast,
While the ship sways now at anchor,
Her white sails furled "At Rest."



Farewell, Seniors?

Good-bye to you, Seniors, we'll miss you,
We've found you all decent-sized men;
We don't like this parting a little,
And some day we will see you again.

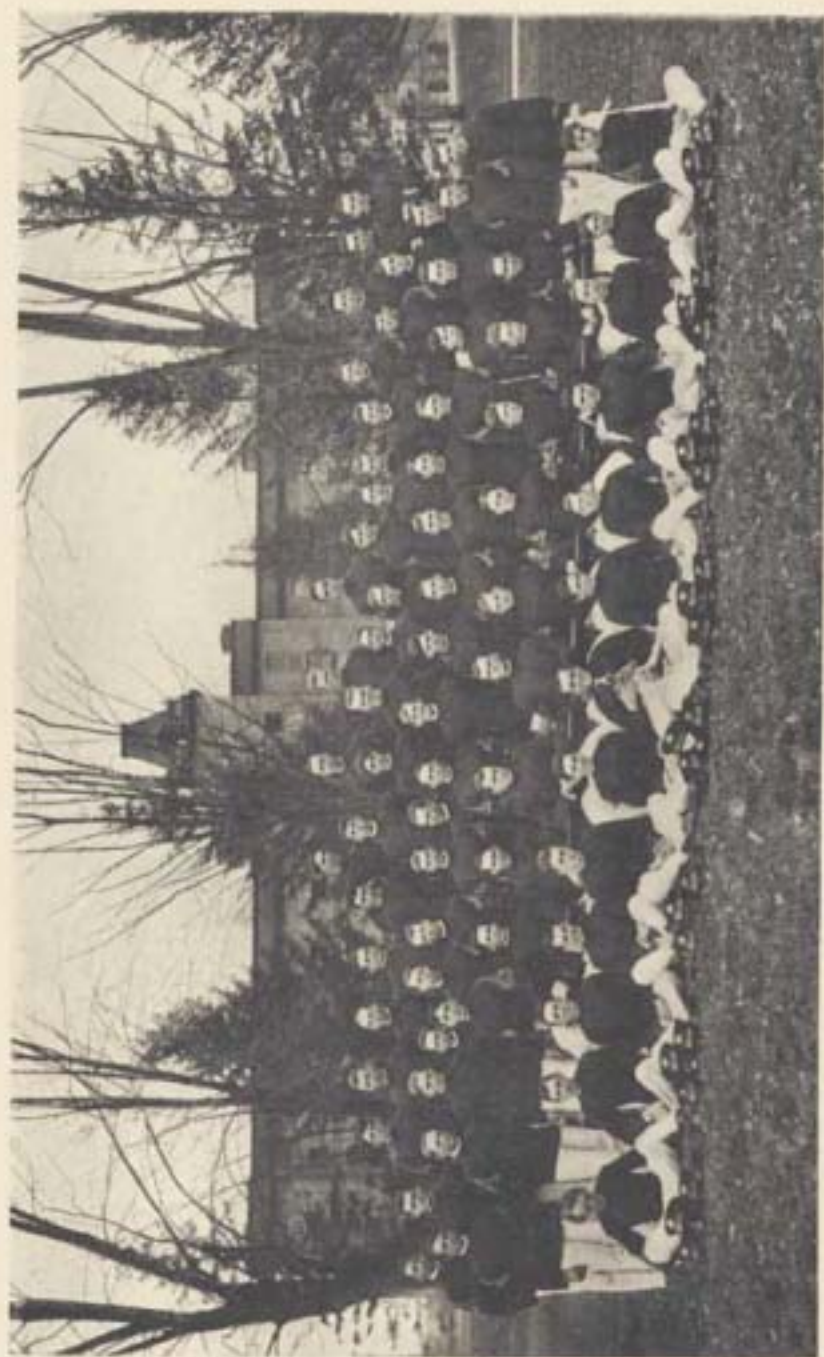
Out there at the front, where you're going
To mix in the battle of life,
We know you'll be busy as thunder
And up to your shoulders in strife.

But, say, don't forget us entirely,
Just drop us a line now and then,
We'll be glad to get news from you, fellows—
We like you—you're decent-sized men.

P. '97.







JUNIOR CLASS



MISS WEGHMAN
SPONSOR

Junior Class

F. C. STONEBURNER
PRESIDENT

A. D. AUSTIN
VICE-PRESIDENT

L. A. PORTER
SECRETARY

C. H. SLAYTON
TREASURER

E. R. HODGSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

C. T. ADAMS
HISTORIAN

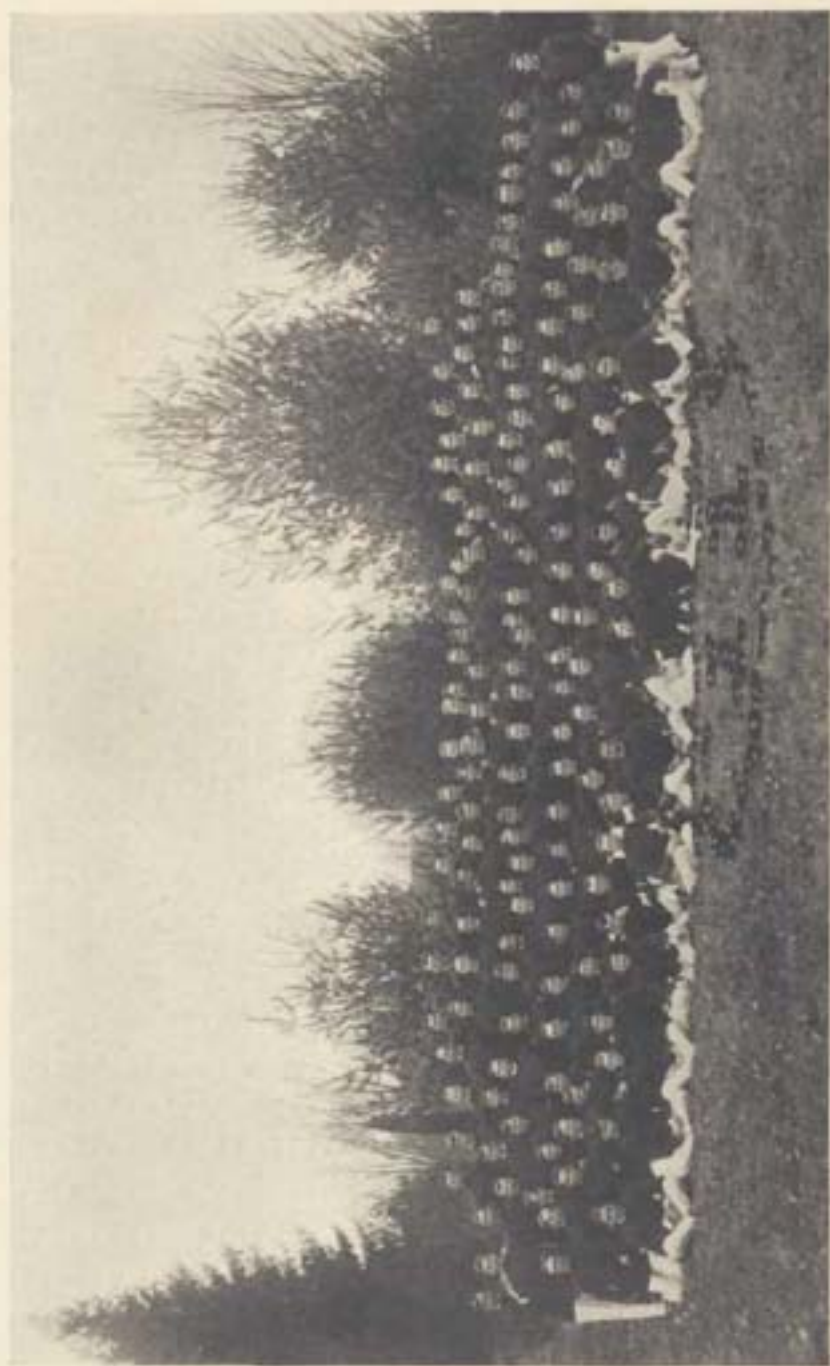
Junior Class Roll

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
ADAMS, CHARLES TAYLOR	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
AUSTIN, ARTHUR DONALD	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
AYRE, VIVIAN EASTWOOD	Waterford	Loudoun, Va.
BILLUPS, HARRY EVANS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BISHOP, OAKLEY MAURICE	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
BROOKING, GROVER CLEVELAND	Orange	Orange, Va.
BUXTON, JAMES ARNOLD	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
CLEMMER, DAVID PRESTON	Middlebrook	Augusta, Va.
COLEMAN, FREDERICK PAGE	South Boston	Halifax, Va.
COWART, WILLIAM SLATER	Cowart	Northumberland, Va.
CROWDER, CARL GILES	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
EDWARDS, JOHN W.	Aryonia	Buckingham, Va.
FRANKENFELD, MASON WAYNE	Pugeton	West Virginia
FRY, DAVID WARNER	Ashlah	Madison, Va.
GIBBS, AUBREY GRAVATT	Port Royal	Caroline, Va.
GRAYSON, JAMES MCNUTT	Bland	Bland, Va.
HAMILTON, JOHN DONALD	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
HARDWIE, NATHAN DAVID, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
HAWKINS, HERMAN BRUCE	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
HEATH, JOHN MURPHY	Saruna	Campbell, Va.
HOBBS, EMORY RIBBLING	East Falls Church	Alexandria, Va.
HOLMES, HENRY HART	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
HOLT, HENRY DANIEL	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HUGHES, JOHN LEYBURN	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
HULTMAN, EDGAR JOSEPH WALDEMAR	Sweet Hall	King William, Va.
JACKSON, WILLIAM HARRISON	Jetersville	Amelia, Va.
JINKINS, WILLIAM YANCEY, JR.	Ashland	Hanover, Va.
JOHNSON, INNES RANDOLPH	Bosedel	Powhatan, Va.
JONES, HARRY GUILFORD	Doe Hill	Highland, Va.
KERLIN, JACOB HARRY	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
KILIAN, LEO JULIUS	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
LAMB, FRANK BEVERLEY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
LEIGH, NATHANIEL MACON	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
LEWIN, EDWARD BATHURST	Howardsville	Albemarle, Va.
LUCAS, JAMES BURLEIGH	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
MACKALL, KENNETH WALKER	Baltimore	Maryland
MACKAN, CHAS. WOOLFOLK COLEMAN	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
MALM, CARL PAUL ALFRED	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
MASSEI, CAESAR PANTRATIUS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
MILNER, JAMES ADAIR	Saltville	Smyth, Va.
MONTGOMERY, WALLACE McVEIGH	Clats	Augusta, Va.
MUSSEK, HARRY PLAINE	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
NEBLETT, STERLINS RIVES	McKenney	Dinwiddie, Va.
PAINTER, HEATH CAMPBELL	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
PITTS, DAVID MARION	Elk Hill	Gooseland, Va.
PORTER, LAWRENCE ANSTON	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
QUANTZ, KARL EMIL EDWARD	Hildesheim	Germany
RAMEY, FREDERICK	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
RATHIEL, WARREN CARPENTER	Wye Mills	Maryland

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
ROBINSON, HEATH MONTGOMERY.....	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
ROBINSON, RUSSELL MOORE.....	Bowling Green.....	Caroline, Va.
ROGERS, MARK WILSON.....	Monterey	Mexico
SHACKLEFORD, RANDOLPH.....	Charleston	South Carolina
SHANKS, JAMES BERNARD.....	Crews	Nottoway, Va.
SHERILL, THOMAS COLE.....	Marion	Smyth, Va.
SHOCKEY, JOSEPH PORTER.....	Mannering	West Virginia
SKINNER, JAMES BENJAMIN.....	Halfway	Fauquier, Va.
SLAYTON, CLARENCE HARVEY.....	St. Joseph.....	Missouri
SPINDLE, DANIEL HOAG.....	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
STONEBURNER, FRANK CURTIS.....	Elinburg	Shenandoah, Va.
SUTTON, LOUIS VALVILLE.....	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
TRENOR, HENRY MILTON.....	Newport	Craig, Va.
VAUGHAN, HARRY BRIGGS.....	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
VAWTER, JAMES ELLIOTT.....	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
VIA, GILBERT GUY.....	Newport News.....	Warwick, Va.
WADE, ROBERT TRIGG MOSBY.....	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
WALKER, LUTHER SOMERS.....	Woodstock	Shenandoah, Va.
WARDEN, ARTHUR HILLS.....	Bristol	Washington, Va.
WOMACK, HENRY ARCHER.....	Amsterdam	Georgia
WRIGHT, WILLIAM LEVIN.....	Keezletown	Rockingham, Va.
WYBOR, DAVIDSON CHARLTON.....	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
YEATON, HAROLD CLARK.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.







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HISTORIAN

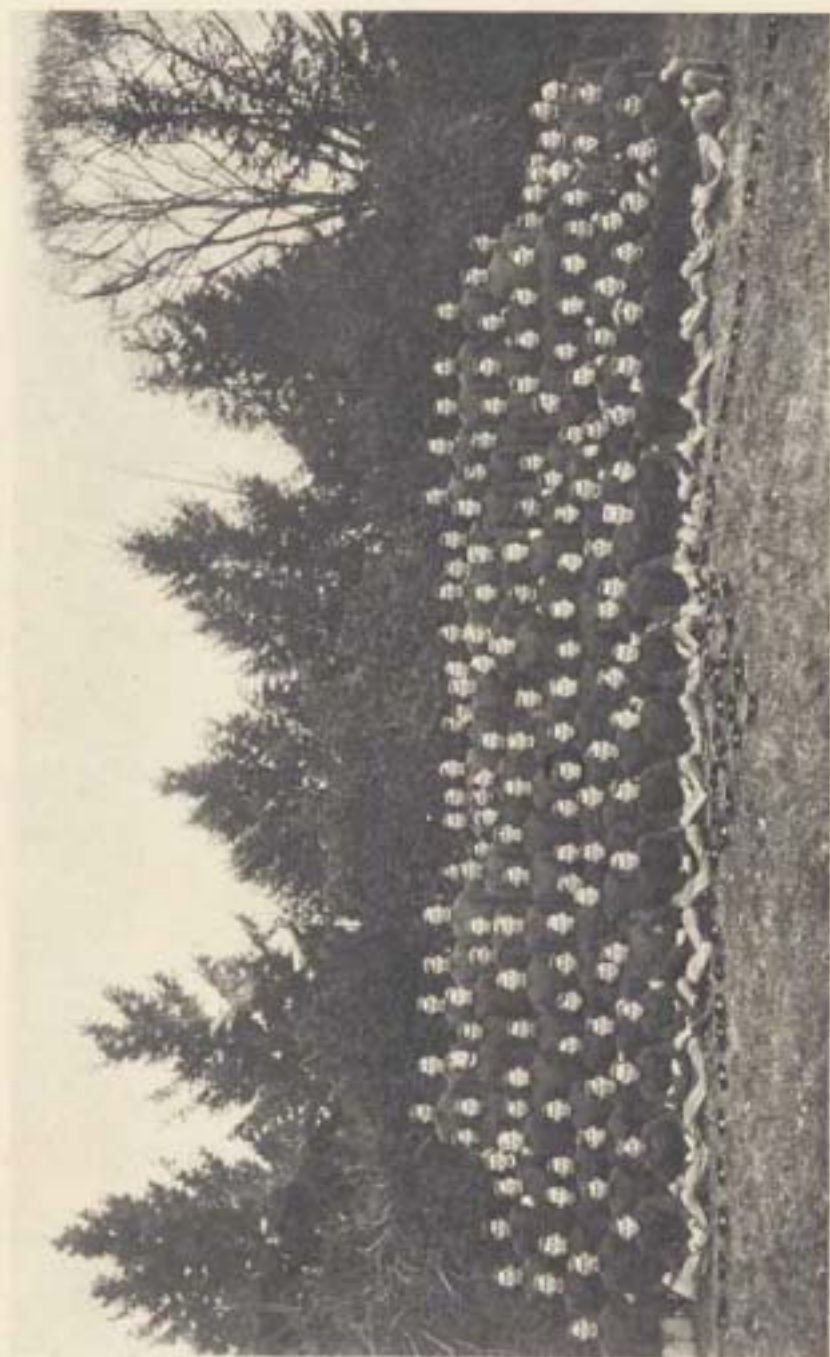
Sophomore Class Roll

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
AARON, JOHN HENRY	Bristol	Washington, Va.
ALEXANDER, JOSEPH MACK	Palaski	Palaski, Va.
AMBLER, PHILIP ST. GEORGE	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
ASHBY, BERNARD TURNER	Culpeper	Culpeper, Va.
AUSTIN, DENNIS URRAN	Fincastle	Botetourt, Va.
BARRINGER, VICTOR CLAY	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
BAUGHMAN, CYRUS HARRY	Rural Retreat	Wythe, Va.
BEARD, JOSEPH OWEN	Linville Depot	Rockingham, Va.
BELL, JAMES HARTLEE	Suffolk	Nampanomund, Va.
BENSON, FRANK ROBERT	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
BERKELEY, JOHN CAMPBELL	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
BERKELEY, GEORGE IVERSON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BLACK, JAMES LEBER	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BLACKBURN, JAMES MARCUS	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
BLANKINSHIP, RAY CARRINGTON	Natuna	Campbell, Va.
BOWLES, JOSEPH OTIS	Chester	Chesterfield, Va.
BOWMAN, JOHN JAY	Rochelle	Madison, Va.
BRAGG, RALPH LEWIS	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
BRIGGS, CHARLES NORDHINE	Emporia	Greensville, Va.
BRIGHT, GRAHAM BERNARD	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
BROWN, SAMUEL CARTER	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
BUNTING, LOUIS HARRY	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
BURGESS, HERBERT PENN	Ridgeway	Henry, Va.
CARTER, LOUIS GORDON	Martinsville	Henry, Va.
CHAMBERS, JOSEPH CHARLES	N. Bloomfield	New York
CHILTON, RALPH HENRY	Lancaster C. H.	Lancaster, Va.
CHURCH, GUY NORTHBOP	Falls Church	Fairfax, Va.
CLEATON, MARVIN LUTHER	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
COBB, HENRY ELKANAH	Seymour	Indiana
COLLIER, THOMAS REAR	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
CONNOLLY, FREDERICK WILLIAM	Scranton	Pennsylvania
COOPER, SAMUEL MARVIN	Prospect Dale	Giles, Va.
COUNINS, RUSSELL JOHN	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
COVINGTON, JOHN ANDERSON	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
CRABILL, CHARLES HARVEY	Galax	Carroll, Va.
CROWDER, FRANK THOMAS	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
CRUMMETT, RICHARD HARDING	Monterey	Highland, Va.
CRUMP, CHARLES WALLACE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, FRANK HENRY	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, BRANT ADAMS	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
DARNEY, JOHN COLLINS	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
DARNEY, WILLIAM TAYLOR	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
DAVIS, ADAM CLARKE, JR.	Goldsboro	North Carolina
DAVIS, MARVIN LEE	Chincoteague Island	Accomac, Va.
DAVIS, ROBERT BROWN	Martinsville	Henry, Va.
DAVIS, WINSTON BOREL	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
DUNDORF, GRATTAN	Weyer's Cave	Augusta, Va.
EARLY, HARRY EDWARD	Galax	Carroll, Va.
EFFERT, CHARLES HERBERT	Rural Retreat	Wythe, Va.
ENDERS, WILLIAM HENRY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ENGLAND, WILLIAM ROBERT	Washington	District of Columbia
EUBANK, JAMES NORVELL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
EVANS, ANDREW BROWNE	Laneview	Essex, Va.
FARTHING, FRED GARDNER	Lightfoot	James City, Va.
FLETCHER, ARTHUR AMOS	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania, Va.
FORBES, CHARLES WESLEY	Culpeper	Culpeper, Va.
FORTER, CLIFFORD SMITH	Ocean View	Norfolk, Va.
FRIEDLIN, THOMAS HENRY	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
FUNKSTON, WILLIAM PRATT	Port Royal	Caroline, Va.
FUQUA, RICHARD WILSON	New Canton	Buckingham, Va.
GILLESPIE, HERKLEY SHELBOURN	Denver	Colorado
GOODWIN, ERNEST GRAFTON	Bybee	Fluvanna, Va.
GOULDMAN, HAROLD MOORE	Wilketson's	Westmoreland, Va.
GRAVATT, GEORGE FLIPPO	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
GRAVELY, WILLIAM SEYMOUR	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
GRAVES, PAGE MCKINNEY	Holladay	Spottsylvania, Va.
GROVES, JAMES SUNDY, JR.	Virginia Beach	Princess Anne, Va.
GUTHRIE, WILLIAM CROCKETT	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
GUY, JAMES EMMETT, JR.	Marion	North Carolina
HALE, JURAL ANDERSON	Rocky Mount	Franklin, Va.
HALL, JOHN ROBERT	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
HAMILTON, PERCY CLAYTON	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
HANKINS, CYRUS	Williamsburg	James City, Va.
HARRIS, WALTER CAMPBELL	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
HARRIS, WILLIAM GIBSON	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
HARRISON, THOMAS RANDOLPH	Talleysville	New Kent, Va.
HART, JOEL CECIL	Meherrin	Lunenburg, Va.
HARVEY, WILLIAM THURMOND	Minden	West Virginia
HECKMAN, EDWARD	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
HENLEY, ERL KUNKEL	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HERRIN, WILLIAM MONROE	Zuni	Isle of Wight, Va.
HODGSON, ASHURY NATHANIEL	E. Falls Church	Alexandria, Va.
HODGSON, VIVIAN BURNETT	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HOWARD, WARREN WESTON	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
HUNTER, WILLIAM PERCY	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania, Va.
HURT, GEORGE WILLIAM	Pounding Mill	Tazewell, Va.
HUSTON, WILLIAM MACKIE	Washington	District of Columbia
JAMES, HARRY O'NEILL	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
JEFFERY, ALBION GEORGE	Suffolk	Nansensmond, Va.
JEFFRIES, MCCHESSNEY HILL	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
KESNER, ERNEST LINWOOD	Front Royal	Warren, Va.
KIRKBRIDGE, PAUL	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
KIRKWOOD, CHARLES MEHANE	Belping	Pulaski, Va.
LAND, GEORGE WILLIAM	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
LARREW, JOHN J.	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
LEECE, FREDERICK HUGHES	Washington	District of Columbia
LEHR, HARRY ENDERS	Lykens	Pennsylvania
LOCKHART, ANNE	Wadesboro	North Carolina
LUSBY, FRANK JEROME	Delaplane	Fauquier, Va.
MCCALL, WILLIAM EDWARD	Tazewell	Tazewell, Va.
MCCUTLEY, JOHN FRANCIS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
MCGAVOCK, CECIL BELLIPS	Max Meadows	Wythe, Va.
MALONEY, JOHN PAUL	Hosmer	Charlotte, Va.
MARCHANT, EARL LINWOOD	Crickert Hill	Mathews, Va.
MARSHALL, JAMES MARKHAM	Marshall	Fauquier, Va.
MEADE, RICHARD EGGLESTON	Amelia	Amelia, Va.
MERRY, ORA MCKUSICK	Stillwater	Minnesota
MINTON, HUGH CRAPMAN	Smithfield	Isle of Wight, Va.

NAME	POST OFFICE	COUNTY
MOOMAW, JOHN CLAYTON	Ben	Alleghany, Va.
MORRIS, JAMES MAURY	University of Virginia	Albemarle, Va.
MORTON, D'ARCY PAUL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
MURRAY, JOSEPH SIMMONS, JR.	Boykins	Southampton, Va.
NELSON, CHARLES GRADY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
NEWMILL, JOHN WILLIAMS	Center Cross	Essex, Va.
ONDERHILL, FLOYD ALAN	Maple Grove	Westmoreland, Va.
OVERMAN, WILLIAM JOSEPH	Portsmouth	Serfolk, Va.
PENDLETON, LEWIS SMITH	Cuckoo	Louisa, Va.
PURDY, EDWARD HENRY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
PORTER, STEPHEN LAWSON	Cripple Creek	Wythe, Va.
POTAGE, JOHN	News Ferry	Halifax, Va.
POTELL, MAYNARD ROBERT	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
PITCHARD, NEWELL DICKINSON	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.
PROSSER, FRED KELL	Ashland	Hanover, Va.
REAGAN, HARRY	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
REVILLA, CARLOS	Pachuca	Mexico
RICHESON, LANCELOT MINOR	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
RICHTER, JOHN PAUL	Earlham	Alleghany, Va.
RISON, WILLIAM, JR.	Chatham	Pittsylvania, Va.
ROBERTS, WILLIAM SAUNDERS	Rocky Mount	Franklin, Va.
ROBINS, BARTLETT TODD	Roanes	Gloucester, Va.
ROBINSON, LEPPER MOORE, JR.	Bowling Green	Caroline, Va.
ROGERS, FRANK MANDEVILLE	Florence	South Carolina
ROGERS, HOLCOMB	Lovington	Nelson, Va.
ROEDER, ERNEST	Aecumae	Aecumae, Va.
SATTERWHITE, JAMES HARRISON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SAUNDERS, RICHARD ERNEST	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
SAVAGE, WILLIAM WARREN	Mappsville	Aecumae, Va.
SCOTT, EVAN WILLIAM	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
SIERRA, RAMON Y DEL CALVO	Guanabacoa	Cuba
SILVSTER, WILLEN WILSON	Berkeley	Norfolk, Va.
SMITH, WILLIAM EDWIN	Kimball	West Virginia
SMITH, WILLIAM HENRY, JR.	Charlotte	Charlotte, Va.
SPANGLER, BYRON DEMENT	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
SPITLER, BERNARD HALL	Luray	Page, Va.
STAFFORD, EDWIN EARL	Eggleston	Giles, Va.
ST. CLAIR, LYNCH	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
STUART, QUIN WOOD	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
SUTTER, PHILIP JOHNSON	Granite Falls	North Carolina
TANNER, PAUL ALEXANDER	Brookneal	Campbell, Va.
TAYLOR, RUFERT GRAY	Stillwater	Minnesota
THOMPSON, PERCY HUTCHERSON	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.
WALDRUP, ALEXANDER ATKINSON	Clifton Forge	Alleghany, Va.
WATKINS, JOHN BENJAMIN, JR.	Midlothian	Chesterfield, Va.
WAUGH, DAN BLAIR	Galax	Grayson, Va.
WAUGH, WILLIAM SWIFT	Galax	Grayson, Va.
WEISGER, CARROLL	Ashland	Hanover, Va.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM VEALE HERBERT	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
WILLIAMSON, JAMES, JR.	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
WILSON, MONROE OSBORNE	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.
WINFIELD, RICHARD MARSHALL	Bramson	Rappahannock, Va.
WINSTON, JOHN ROBINSON	Hanover	Hanover, Va.
WOOD, DAVIS MILLER	Baldwin Station	Botetourt, Va.
WHEN, JOSEPH ROBERT	Chilhowie	Smyth, Va.
WRIGHT, ROYDSON EASTWOOD	Hodges Ferry	Norfolk, Va.
WYATT, FRED TATE	Buchanan	Botetourt, Va.
YANCEY, FREDERICK HOLMES	South Boston	Halifax, Va.





FREEMAN CLUB

July 21



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Freshman Class

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W. J. LIPFERT
TREASURER

E. R. NORRIS
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Freshman Class Roll

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
ANDERSON, EDWARD RANDOLPH	Blackstone	Nottoway, Va.
ANDERSON, FRANK MCDANIEL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ANDREWS, CHARLES WALKER	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
AYDELOTTE, CHARLES CAREY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BAENEY, HUGH SANDERS	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
BARTON, EDWARD THOMAS	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
BASS, JULIAN GORDON	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
BAUGHMAN, NELSON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
PEALE, WILLIAM HILL	Washington	District of Columbia
BELL, ORVILLE CLIFTON, JR.	Bedford	Bedford, Va.
BLANKENSHIP, CHARLES ANSTON, JR.	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
BOARD, JOHN ARNOLD	Lynch's	Campbell, Va.
BRINKLEY, GEORGE ERNEST	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
BROADBEN, MANLY, JR.	Newton	King and Queen, Va.
BROWER, CHARLES FORD, JR.	Guineville	Prince William, Va.
BURTON, AUGUSTUS ALLEN	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
CANTO, ROGELIO FERNANDEZ	Granabacon	Cuba
CARRINGTON, MAYO	Ashland	Hanover, Va.
CHAPPELLE, GEORGE WARREN, JR.	Delaplane	Fauquier, Va.
CHULTON, CYRUS HARDING	Lancaster	Lancaster, Va.
CLARK, ROY GRIFFITH	Yazoo City	Mississippi
COLEMAN, NATHANIEL RAMSDALE	South Boston	Hulifax, Va.
CUNNELLY, CHARLES WATTS	Gladys	Campbell, Va.
COOPER, FRANK CULLEN	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CYCLIFF, JEROME MOORE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
DAVIS, WILLIAM GRAY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
DEARL, HOLACE THEODORE	Berryville	Clarke, Va.
DERBY, CLAUDE PALMER	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
DICKINSON, WINSTON	Marion	Smyth, Va.
DICKSON, JAMES NEWTON	Organ Cave	West Virginia
DIXON, WALLACE CLARK	Saltville	Smyth, Va.
DRUMMOND, FRANK CAMER	Amherst	Amherst, Va.
DUNN, BENNETT RIVERS	Wilmington	North Carolina
ECHOLS, OLIVER PATTON	University of Virginia	Albemarle, Va.
ENSLAW, LEWIS HARRISON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
EPLER, WILLIAM LEVI, JR.	Baltimore	Maryland
FARTING, ERNEST POWER	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
FAULCONER, JOHN WALLER, JR.	Tappahannock	Essex, Va.
FERGUSON, JOHN THOMAS	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
FINKS, GARNETT HOLSTEIN	Saltville	Smyth, Va.
FLANARY, OLYNE LEE	Jonesville	Lee, Va.
GARNETT, WALTER RALEIGH	Buckingham	Buckingham, Va.
GARRISON, GEORGE GLENN	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
GIVENS, HARRY CLARENCE	Sinking Creek	Craig, Va.
GONE, WILLIAM MORGAN	Bristol	Washington, Va.
GREGORY, JAMES NORMAN	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
GROVE, MAURICE JEROME	Max Meadows	Wythe, Va.
GROVES, WALTER EDMON	Phabus	Elizabeth City, Va.
GUY, FRANK HENLEY	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
HARDY, ROBERT NELSON	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
HEARD, SANFORD KRISTE.....	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
HENDERSON, HENRY GRADY.....	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
HICKS, LOUIS WHITLER.....	Rockville	Maryland
HILL, MARVIN SMITH.....	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
HOLLADAY, LEWIS LITTLEPAGE, JR.....	Rapidan	Culpeper, Va.
HUGHES, JAMES CLARENCE.....	Delton	Pulaski, Va.
HOWE, DAN DUNRAK.....	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
JANUOLO, PETER UBALDO.....	Graham	Tazewell, Va.
JONES, JOHN RAVENSCROFT.....	Rawlings	Brunswick, Va.
JONES, THOMAS MERUER.....	Culpeper	Culpeper, Va.
KENNEDY, PETER FREEMAN.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
KILIAN, ALPHONSE J.....	Newport News	Elizabeth City, Va.
LANE, ROBERT PRESTON, JR.....	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
LAW, CLYDE ARDINE.....	York	Pennsylvania
LEIDERWOOD, GUY TEMPLETON.....	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
LIVERAY, EDWARD ALEXANDER.....	Fishersville	Augusta, Va.
LOGAN, ROBERT HENRY.....	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
LUKENS, BYRON LONG.....	Moyock	North Carolina
LUKENS, WILLIAM RAY.....	Moyock	North Carolina
LUPPERT, WILLIAM JOSEPH, JR.....	Winston-Salem	North Carolina
MCCLEUNG, MARSHALL WINSORRO.....	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
McFADEN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
McKNIGHT, CHARLES HERSCHEL.....	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
MANN, SAMUEL ALEXANDER.....	Fort Spring	West Virginia
MARTIN, JOHN DICKERSON.....	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
MASSE, CHARLES WILLIAM.....	Sandlidge	Amherst, Va.
MASSE, JAMES HARRIS.....	Sandlidge	Amherst, Va.
MENETTE, LEE MOTLEY.....	Rocky Mount	Franklin, Va.
MILLER, JOHN SCOTT.....	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
MINTZ, SILAS RESPEN.....	Leatherwood	Henry, Va.
MOCK FLOYD.....	Emmett	Tennessee
MOSES, NOVELL O'NEAL.....	Chatham	Pittsylvania, Va.
NEHLETT, JOHN GILLIAM.....	McKenney	Dinwiddie, Va.
NELSON, WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
NORRIS, EDWARD RAYMOND.....	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
NOTTINGHAM, SPENCER CLARK.....	Culpeper	Culpeper, Va.
OAKLEY, FRANK GRIFFIN.....	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
OLIVER, JAMES GUY.....	Crews	Nottingham, Va.
ORICO, ALBERTO CASTRO.....	San Jose	Costa Rica
PARKER, WILLIAM THOMAS.....	Littleton	Sussex, Va.
PAUL, RAYMOND WILLIAM.....	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
PEARCE, THOMAS TAYLOR.....	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
PEASELEY, GABRIEL BRADSTREET, JR.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
PELLEGRIN, BENJAMIN GRAY.....	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
PITZER, CHARLES LEWIS.....	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
PLEASANTS, WILLIAM GAYFORD, JR.....	Boydton	Mecklenburg, Va.
POE, FRANK WINSTON, JR.....	Greenville	S. C.
POLLARD, ROBERT WATKINS.....	Hot Springs	Arkansas
POPE, AMOS PERSON.....	Drewryville	Southampton, Va.
PERCILL, SIDNEY BRUN.....	Round Hill	Loudoun, Va.
QUINTERRO, JOHN CLEAR.....	Poughkeepsie	New York
RANDOLPH, JAMES ROBBINS.....	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
RICHARDSON, HAROLD.....	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
SCALES, WAUGHSTILL MOREHEAD	Byrdville	Pittsylvania, Va.
SCOTT, LEVI MITCHELL	Austell	Georgia
SEBON, BRUCE	St. Louis	Missouri
SHIELDS, ROBERT DOUGLAS	Welsh	West Virginia
SIMMONS, WILLIAMSON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
SLICER, HARRY THOMAS	Colona	Maryland
SMITH, ELWOOD LORENZO	Glen Wiltan	Botetourt, Va.
SMITH, F. AVERY	Poughkeepsie	N. Y.
SMITH, OTIS SPOTTSMOOD	Suffolk	Namessund, Va.
SOMERVILLE, WALTER GRAY	Mitchell's	Culpeper, Va.
SPELMAN, EDWARD MARTIN	Warrenton	Fauquier, Va.
STARLING, ROBERT ANDERSON	Byrdville	Pittsylvania, Va.
STEELE, REX ERIC	Pounding Mill	Tazewell, Va.
STEVENS, HENRY ROYALL	Forest	Campbell, Va.
STROHECKER, BREVARD DAVIDSON	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
TAYLOR, GEORGE	Washington	Kentucky
THOMAS, CHARLES HERBERT	Marion	Smyth, Va.
TOMPKINS, GEORGE PHILLIPS	Forest Hill	Chesterfield, Va.
TRIMBLE, JOSEPH MARSHALL	Savepe	Augusta, Va.
UPTON, RICHARD ROY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
WATCHTEL, HOWARD RAYMOND	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania, Va.
WALKER, JOHN CAMP	Shenandoah	Page, Va.
WALL, FRANK THOMAS, JR.	Graham	Tazewell, Va.
WALLACE, WILLIAMSON NEWELL	Charlotte	North Carolina
WARNER, PAUL AMBROSE	Purcellville	Loudoun, Va.
WEBB, EDWARD WILSON	Rockhill	South Carolina
WIENER, WILLIAM MITCHELL	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
WILLIAMS, ARCHIE NEAL	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
WILLIAMS, HARPER WARD	Hot Springs	Bath, Va.
WILSON, GEORGE HARRY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
WOOD, ROBERT FRANKLIN	Concord Depot	Campbell, Va.
YARBOROUGH, CHANNING HOLT, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
YOUNG, GLENN BAYLOR	Chilhowie	Smyth, Va.

Apprentices

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
ANDERSON, HEZE RUTLEDGE	Bonks	Pittsylvania, Va.
BARDICK, JOHN SAMUELSON	Bonks	Bonks, Va.
BENNER, PAUL	Burkeville	Nottoway, Va.
BENNETT, EARLE RIDDLE	Bowler's Wharf	Essex, Va.
BETZ, JAMES HAROLD	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
BOWMAN, ROBERT ALEXANDER	Calpeper	Calpeper, Va.
BROOKS, ROBERT STEERWOOD, JR.	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
BROWN, FRANK REPANS	Rural Retreat	Wythe, Va.
BURRUS, WILLIAM HENRY	Lynch Station	Campbell, Va.
CORN, RICHARD MARSHALL	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
COMMON, CHARLES MONTGOMERY	Rumford	King William, Va.
CRUMMETT, NILAS BEHLIN	Monterey	Highland, Va.
DASHIELL, JOHN J.	New York	New York
DAYTON, CHARLES MORTON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
ELLIS, GEORGE DANDRIDGE	Lloyds	Essex, Va.
FLEETWOOD, HOLY OVERBY	Waverly	Sussex, Va.
FOOTE, FREDERICK ELWORTH	Milton	North Carolina
GILLETTE, WILLIAM PERCY	Capron	Southampton, Va.
GOODEN, JOHN EDWARD	McGaheysville	Rockingham, Va.
GOODMAN, JOSEPH PESHELETON	Bonks	Bonks, Va.
GRAYSON, HERBERT RAYMOND	Vienma	Fairfax, Va.
GRAYSON, RALPH VANDORF	Vienma	Fairfax, Va.
GROVER, SHELTON	Virginia Beach	Princess Anne, Va.
GWATHREY, JOHN RYLAND	Beulahville	King William, Va.
HARMON, JOHN D.	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
HARMAN, WILLIAM ROBERT	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
HARRIS, RICHARD PUGHAM	Charlotte	North Carolina
HENSHICK, WILLIAM FUGA	Cumberland	Cumberland, Va.
HIX, ROBERT HARKNESS	Prospect	Prince Edward, Va.
HOBBS, WILLIAM NELSON	Bonks	Bonks, Va.
HUMSTON, EARL BENJAMIN	Middletown	Frederick, Va.
IVES, PAUL BLACKWELL	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
JONES, WARREN GIBSON	Paris	Fauquier, Va.
KEEL, IRA McVEIGH	Middlebrook	Augusta, Va.
KNOX, ELMER HIGGINOTHAM	Rio Vista	Henrico, Va.
LAND, GEORGE ROBERT	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.
LEWIS, LAWRENCE EUGENE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
LIPSCOMB, JAMES MENG	Bonks	Bonks, Va.
LONG, MICHAEL ALLEN	Luray	Page, Va.
MANNON, EDWIN BURNELL	Warfield	Brunswick, Va.
MAXWELL, ELMER ST. CLAIR	Woodstock	Maryland
MAYNARD, GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
MONTGOMERY, WILLIAM MAULE	Doerfield	Augusta, Va.
MOOMAW, BASIL JONES	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
MOON, HENRY IRA	Houston	Halifax, Va.
MCCUE, NEWTON DICKSON	Alton	Nelson, Va.
NICKOLN, CLYDE ELMO	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
OZLIN, HERBERT WARREN	Eanes Crossroads	Lancaster, Va.
PACK, JAMES ALEXANDER	Pounding Mill	Tazewell, Va.

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
PARCELL, CLAUDE THOMAS	Richmond	Henries, Va.
PARFITT, WELLER	Louisville	Kentucky
PARKER, THOMAS REGINALD	Palmyra	Fluvanna, Va.
PATRICK, HENRY	Rustburg	Campbell, Va.
PERRY, SAMUEL CECIL, JR.	Tazewell	Tazewell, Va.
PRITCHETT, ANTHONY BELLFIELD	Priddy's	Allemarie, Va.
PARCELL, MCDANIEL	Schuyler	Nelson, Va.
REYNOLDS, WILLIAM ARMISTEAD	Stuart	Patrick, Va.
RICHTER, SWEEPSON J.	Earlthurst	Alleghany, Va.
ROBERTSON, JULIAN CABELL	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
ROOP, GUY	Snowville	Montgomery, Va.
ROSS, GUY WILLIAM	Buffalo Ridge	Patrick, Va.
SANTOS, BONIFACIO LUIS	Bahia	Ecuador
SHARP, CHESTER JAMES	Washington	District of Columbia
STANLEY, CHESTER DREWRY	Martinsville	Henry, Va.
STEPHENS, FRID CHRISTMAN	Verdon	Texas
STOCKLEY, CLAUDE BAKER	Vanduse	Frederick, Va.
STENSON, WILLIAM LOUIS	Wingina	Nelson, Va.
TAYLOR, JOHN WILLIAM	Bentlahville	King William, Va.
TIDDALE, MABREY THOMAS	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.
TUTWILER, JAMES BRUCE, JR.	Blackshurg	Montgomery, Va.
VAUGHAN, WILLIAM FUQUA	Cumberland	Cumberland, Va.
VIVAR, RODRICK	Jipijapa	Ecuador
WALDRON, WILLIAM ROBERT	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
WARE, JAMES VERNON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
WESTON, SAMUEL CHARTERS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
WILLY, HUGH THOMAS	Crozet	Allemarie, Va.
WILLIAMS, BRUCE STOCKTON	Blackshurg	Montgomery, Va.
WILSON, GORDON BELVIN	Cheriton	Northampton, Va.
WILSON, SAMUEL BAXTER	New's Ferry	Halifax, Va.





John Simpkins

John Simpkins much ambition had,
But nothing else—and hence 'tis said,
That when he came to old V. P.,
To learn to be a great M. E.,
The Deans with quickness and with force
Thrust Johnnie in th' Apprentice Course,
Objected he—who wouldn't kick?
But art is long and heads are thick,
So Johnnie laid aside his ire,
And kindled fresh ambition's fire.
His ideal was an Engineer,
They taught him how to feed a steer,
His heart aspired to building bridges,
But Johnnie worked at studding ridges,
His mind would soar to big balloons,
His course was chiefly grafting prunes,
But soon a subtle change was wrought,
With pleasure John the ridges fought;
A wheat field filled his soul with glee,
He simple revelled in a tree;
Eftsoons his former thoughts forgot,
Became a scribe on Bitter Rot,
At last he passed his Senior Year,
A full-fledged Farming Engineer.

L'Envoi.

When thus from childhood's road you go,
Where you shall end you little know,
You hitch your wagon to a star,
You stomp your toe—and there you are.

C. T. A.



Otto C. Burkhardt

PROFESSOR OF MINING ENGINEERING

PROF. BURKHART was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1867. He was prepared for college at the Moravian Parochial School of his native town, and was graduated from Lehigh University in 1888, receiving the degree of B. S. in mining and metallurgy. The following year was spent in pursuing post-graduate work at the same institution, whence he received the degree of E. M. in 1889. After two years of practical work in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, he returned to Lehigh to work for his degree of Civil Engineer, which degree he received in 1892.

In the summer of 1892 he was appointed principal of the Correspondence School of Mines, then just organized, but which has since developed into the International Correspondence School. The work there consisted of writing text-books and formulating courses of study in mining, geology, assaying, blowpipe analysis, and surveying. In 1896, he went to New York City as associate editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*; in 1897, was made mining engineer and assistant superintendent for the Virginia Coal & Coke Company, at Gayton, Virginia. From Gayton, he went to Steelton, Pennsylvania, as superintendent of blast furnaces for the Pennsylvania Steel Company, and continued there for five years. In the spring of 1903, he accepted a position with the Suburban Gas Company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, a plant of Semet-Solvay by-product coke ovens. The following year, he was called to Lehigh University to the department of mineralogy and metallurgy, where he remained until elected to the chair of mining engineering at the V. P. I.

The department of Mining Engineering was established primarily for the purpose of equipping young men as engineers for the mines of Virginia, so that the vast mineral resources of the State might be more intelligently developed. The V. P. I. may, therefore, consider itself fortunate in securing, as the incumbent of the chair of mining engineering, a man who has been in touch with the mining industries in Virginia especially, and who has also had such broad experience elsewhere.



W. K. Brainerd

PROFESSOR OF DAIRYING

PROF. BRAINERD was born at Brady, Saginaw County, Michigan, in 1873. His boyhood days were spent on the farm. He was graduated from the Chesaning High and Preparatory School in June, 1894, and taught in the public schools of Michigan for two years; he then entered the Michigan Agricultural College in the fall of 1896; was graduated from the same, with the degree of B. S., in 1899. After three months of practical work in the college creamery, he accepted a position as manager of the Waldo Farms at Cross River, N. Y., remaining there for one year. He then established a retail milk dairy in the city of Wilmington, Delaware. In 1901, he accepted a position as instructor in Dairying and Director of Creamery in the Baron de Hirsh School at Woodbine, New Jersey; in 1902, was appointed professor of agriculture and mathematics in Leland University, New Orleans. He was appointed instructor in dairying at the West Virginia University in 1903.

While in West Virginia, he established the dairy department and organized the West Virginia State Dairy Association. He has been secretary-treasurer of this association since its organization, as well as secretary-treasurer of the Allied Agricultural Societies of West Virginia since their union in 1905. In addition to his regular college work, he has instructed from one to six weeks each year in the Farmers' Institutes of West Virginia, and has organized and conducted several short dairy schools in the State. During the year 1906, he was given six months' leave of absence, which time was spent abroad in studying agricultural conditions in Great Britain, the Channel Islands, and France. While abroad, he represented the *Ohio Farmer* as special writer, and contributed a series of valuable articles on European agriculture. He is a writer for numerous agricultural journals of this country.

Prof. Brainerd served his country in the Spanish-American War. He was a star football player while a student at the Michigan Agricultural College, and took a lively interest in student life generally.

The new dairying establishment, which is soon to be installed in the V. P. I. agricultural hall, will, under the direction and control of Prof. Brainerd, afford excellent opportunities to the agriculturists of Virginia.



Howard S. Reed

PLANT PATHOLOGIST AND PHYSIOLOGIST

DR. REED was born at North East, Pa., in 1876, and was graduated from the high school of his native village in 1895. After three years of teaching in the public schools, he entered the University of Michigan, in the fall of 1898. In 1899, he was appointed an assistant in botany in that institution, and held the position until 1903. During the summer of 1900, he had charge of the University Botanical Gardens, and during the summer of 1902 attended the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Mass. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1903 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The following year, he entered upon his duties as inspector in botany at the University of Missouri, where he remained until 1906. During the academic year 1905-06, he was acting professor of botany in the absence of Prof. B. M. Duggar. From June, 1906, until the present time, he has been a member of the laboratory force in the Bureau of Soils of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

While at the University of Missouri, Dr. Reed was engaged upon original research investigations on the nutrition and chemical physiology of plants. In the Bureau of Soils, he has been engaged in further researches along the same line, devoting especial attention to the effect of nutrient and toxic substances upon plants. In the course of this work he has published several papers.

He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Missouri in 1907. He is a member of The American Chemical Society; The American Association for the Advancement of Science; The American Microscopical Society; The Washington Botanical Society; and the Honorary Society of "Sigma Xi."

On account of the breadth of his training and the nature of his research work, Dr. Reed should prove a valuable addition to the already efficient staff of our Agricultural Experiment Station.





Destiny

We are as leaves that fall upon a stream,
That ever rush to join the distant river;
'Neath the sun's bright rays, the moon's faint beam,
Impelled by unseen hands, on forever.

No power to guide the course of onward flight,
We know not when the journey's end may be;
One moment yet to be enwrapped in night,
One moment past, 'tis but a memory.

We live, 'tis but the beating of the heart
That varies in its motion, slow or fast;
We breathe, and with each breath we start
An era new, that's served from the last.
We die, and so forever cease to be,
Like a song once sung, forgotten melody.

R. DULANY WHITING.

The Origin of the Races

IN the early infancy of the human species, and even before the primitive philosophers had begun to distinguish themselves from the aboriginal ape, the face, and also the entire human cuticle for that matter, was white. Not that pallid, corpse-like whiteness which characterizes people of a dropsical affection; but a delicate, clear, ethereal, swan-like color, such as manufacturers of the present day strive so hard to obtain in rouges; such a color as a lovesick youth imagines his sweetheart's toes to be—foolish youth. This delightful color was universal as applied to mankind. There was no negro problem, no yellow peril, no little brown Eskimo in the far North on whom our early ancestors might lavish their sympathy; no Booker Washington whom King Schuhsingoner (this king's name translated into our language would be Dinglebod), who ruled over all the earth, might invite to dine with him.

I said King Schuhsingoner, or King Dinglebod as we shall hereafter call him, ruled over all the earth. I should have added, under the supervision of his wife, Queen Unspellable. I should also have explained that it was during the reign of this monarch, that variety in the color of the human cuticle was first produced. But, as all this would necessarily have been placed in a single parenthesis, the average reader will excuse the oversight.

Now Queen Unspellable was on ordinary occasions, as you will naturally infer from the fact that she supervised her husband's reign, a very strong-minded individual. But even the strongest minded of her sex have never been immune to certain feminine weaknesses; and she, just as in the case of many others since her day, allowed her inquisitiveness and love of new fads and fancies to work her undoing, and also the undoing of her people.

King Dinglebod had, it seems from all available evidence, been upon the throne some five or six years up to the time our story opens, and had ruled perfectly satisfactorily to all the people except one, and that one was his wife, Unspellable. That the king did everything just as she directed, and that the people all followed her example in everything pertaining to dress and fashion, was not enough to satisfy her. She always felt more or less injured because the king did not have the sun stop each day when it reached her meridian and stand at "present arms," as it were, in

her honor. King Dinglebod had no such control over the mother of planets as was attributed to the illustrious Joshua, however; and be it said to his credit, that he never even coveted such power.

Notwithstanding the fact that it kept him very busy looking after the wants of his wife and gratifying her every gratifiable whim, King Dinglebod still felt a warm interest in the welfare of his people and devoted most of his spare time to studying their needs.

Agriculture was of course the main pursuit of this primitive people, and it was the king who, each spring, would send out his wise men and physicians and have them collect herbs and vegetables from all the swamps, hedges, and forests throughout his realm. These would first be fed to the swine and other animals, and those which produced no harmful effect would be recommended to the people for use as foods. In this way many new vegetables came into domestic use each year. Any school boy can tell you that it is King Dinglebod to whom we owe most of our vegetable foods of to-day. (For my own part, I have always felt more or less resentful toward this good king for not placing a ban on boarding-house beans.)

Now on one occasion, these physicians of the king brought in a very delicious-looking, sweet-smelling fruit, the like of which had not hitherto been seen. They reported that this fruit grew in abundance in a certain forest which they had lately explored, and proposed that it be tested at once, in order that the then existing crop might be gathered by the people, in case it proved as palatable as it looked. Accordingly, large quantities were fed to the swine, which they devoured with great relish. After repeating this experiment several times and noting that the grunters continued in perfect health, King Dinglebod proposed to issue a proclamation recommending that a few of the people try the fruit in small quantities and thereby put a final test upon it. But here a bright idea struck the Queen. She was always in search of excitement, and she believed that she saw here an opportunity to break the monotony—she broke it pretty effectually too, and left a long, long gap. She persuaded the king to abandon his first proposition, and issue, on the other hand, a proclamation commanding the people to abstain from eating any of the newly discovered fruit for thirty days, at the end of which time they were to gather into the capital town where the queen would have a feast prepared for them, made entirely of this luscious-looking, sweet-smelling fruit.

The thirty days passed very slowly, or at least it seemed so to the anxious populace, who were waiting for the promised feast. But at last the day came, and the bustle and confusion, which had been everywhere evident in the capital town while the preparations for the feast were going forward, was augmented by the hordes of people pouring in to do homage to the queen and partake of her bounty. All were there; not a man, woman, or child in the entire realm remained away.

The feast went forward with all the pomp and splendor usually incident upon such occasions. The fruit proved even more pleasing to the palate than it had to the other senses, and the people fell to devouring it, and the numerous dishes which had been prepared from it, with appetites that would do credit to the greatest "Growley Snatchers" of the present day. They continued to gourmandize throughout the entire day, and when evening came, being filled with food and contentment, they journeyed homeward, leaving the queen filled with pleasure at the success of her undertaking, and the king filled with uneasiness occasioned by over-eating.

Now picture to yourself, reader, the amazement and consternation everywhere prevalent when the king and all his people arose the following morning, and on coming into contact with each other discovered that they were all as black as tar. Picture also the anger and mortification experienced by Unspellable, when it was proven to her satisfaction that it was her feast which had caused it. She blamed the king, she blamed herself—and tried to tear her hair, but found that it too had changed and was now too kinky to be torn successfully. She next tried tears, but found that her nose had flattened and that such indulgence stifled her. At last she decided that the wise men and physicians were to be blamed for the whole business, and caused their heads to be summarily chopped off.

Weeks lengthened into months and months into years, and still the human race continued black. Black children were born, and the people realized that unless they found something to bring about another change in their physical appearance, it was permanently fixed. The wise men were as dead as door-nails—or coffin nails either, for that matter—however; and they had no one on whom to rely for a remedy, except Providence, and themselves.

Dinglebod offered a large reward to the person who would discover some remedy which would restore the human physiognomy to its normal condition, but it stood without a claimant for a number of years.

At last, after much search, an herb was discovered in the self-same forest from which the fruit that caused all the trouble had come, which, on being beaten up and boiled down to a viscous mud and applied vigorously to all parts of the body several times a day for several consecutive days, would effect the desired change. It would restore the hair, skin, and nose to their original condition without causing any physical uneasiness to the person undergoing the treatment except an uncomfortable sticky feeling such as any of you may experience by taking a bath in warm molasses.

Queen Unspellable was delighted when the news of this discovery reached her; and, not to be behind hand in helping to undo the mischief which she had done, she ordered every available particle of the herb gathered and had it stored in the capital town. She then caused the people to gather in, a neighborhood at a time, and take the prescribed treatment. The transformation began as soon as the first application was made and became more and more pronounced as the treatment went on; so that there were those there who were in every stage of restoration from a coal black, including those who were just ready to begin the treatment up to the original beautiful swan-like color, including those who had finished the treatment.

Now just at this point, when Unspellable and Dinglebod were putting themselves on the back, after they had gotten rid of the sticky feeling hereinbefore described, an unforeseen accident occurred—I believe all accidents are unforeseen, however. Lightning struck the building in which all this valuable remedy was stored, and it and all its contents were burned to ashes. (The hieroglyphic manuscript on which this history is based here calls attention to the fact that almost any inflammable substance will be burned to ashes when fire is allowed full sway).

It has already been explained, I believe, that all of this important vegetable in existence had been collected and stored here, so that after the fire there was none left for seed. The supply was exhausted, and the work hardly half done.

It is hardly necessary to add more here. A full description of any or all the races may be had by reference to any good work on economic geography; and the reader will naturally infer that no substitute for this marvelous anti-black herb has ever yet been discovered. There is a fortune in store for the person who discovers such a substitute; and in case you happen to be the lucky party, take a tip from me—*Don't tell your wife about it.*

"HOLY SMOKE."

Passing the Love of Women

WHEN JAMES BRAMBLETT lost his fortune and had to give up the fine eastern estate that had been in the family for generations, his friends admired the grit and courage he displayed in pushing west, and the optimism with which he began life anew. Useless sympathy was expended upon his young wife, who met the misfortune bravely, counting herself still rich in the love of her husband and son.

They settled in the western part of Virginia, and by hard labor and wonderful perseverance made for themselves a comfortable home.

The boy's undying ambition was to study medicine at the great University that was separated from him by the Blue Ridge Mountains. Once, when a mere child, he had gone there with his mother to see her young brother take his diploma. Then and there was born within him a love for the mighty Jefferson akin to idolatry, and an unquenchable desire to have his name on the roll of medical graduates of the famous institution. He knew his father could not give him the coveted education, but he came of a long line of ancestors with whom to will was to do, so no thought of despair ever entered his mind. With a feverish energy he read all he could find about Jefferson, acquainted himself with the history of the University, and at an early age began the study of elementary anatomy.

In the village school nearby, he was a general favorite—gentle and tender as a woman, but firm and determined when the occasion demanded; and when some of the boys furtively upset little Elizabeth Carter's sled and laughed at seeing her dumped into a big snow-drift, proved to be one of these occasions. Tenderly he bound up the bleeding wrist that was scraped on the crusty snow, then proceeded to thrash, separately and deliberately, the boys who were guilty of such an ungentlemanly act.

Elizabeth never forgot Walter's gallantry, and from that time on the tie of friendship between them grew and strengthened. They were near neighbors, though both lived in the country, and as Elizabeth's home was on the road to the village, Walter considered himself her escort and protector to and from school. Thus they passed their childhood—reading much together, planning,

dreaming. Long hours were spent in talking of the time when he should go to the University of Virginia and return a "really truly" doctor. Many times he traced his name in the sand or snow, prefixing the mystic letters "Dr.," which to his young mind meant the height of earthly joy. As he grew older, the suffix of "M. D." superseded the "Dr.," still his dream was the same.

The years, which seem so long to a child's mind, finally passed, and Walter finished the course in the village school. Following that memorable occasion, he was sent to an academy close at hand. Here he made the best of his time, for he realized his father could not afford to give him any more education. Still hope lived in his breast, but only Elizabeth shared the secret of his great ambition, when a manly fellow of eighteen, he proudly took his diploma at the academy.

She denied herself a college education, though her father was able to send her off. But she refused to leave him at her mother's death, even for the glamour of boarding school life, preferring instead to become mistress of her house, yet not content to let her mind go uncultivated. Consequently, she read and studied at home, determined to keep pace with Walter, even if he were a college boy.

As the evening train pulled into Baxter, a lone passenger descended from the platform of the rear car, and gazed about with a gloomy face. "Hang it all!" he muttered, "This is the limit. Hunt told me I'd find it a quiet, picturesque little village. Well, I will give him the credit of being truthful; but—" His musings were suddenly brought to an end by the approach of a negro porter, who insisted upon taking his luggage and escorting him to the hotel—if such the unpretentious boarding house could be called. Mechanically he followed the negro, realizing that it was too late for him to proceed further that day. At the village inn, his appearance attracted no little attention. He was dressed in the height of fashion, if a bit flashy, and had a decided "citified" air about him. All eyes were turned upon him as he registered, and many were the conjectures as to who and what he was—whence and why he had come.

Having eaten the best supper the simple inn afforded, and obtained the desired information from the clerk as to the location of the Porter farm, he went to bed from sheer lack of anything better to do, and was soon dreaming of bustling New York.

One by one, the different loungers about the dingy office took occasion to look into the register, whereupon they were confronted by the following name, written in a bold, flourishing hand: "J. P. Dent, G. A., Erie Mining Company, New York City."

"Well, well, we might 'a' knowed it," remarked Farmer Jackson, "he's the feller what's come to look at the Porter farm. You know, old Porter's been trying to sell it to a big Northern consarn. He thinks it's rich in iron. But I'll be dad burned if I know what 'G. A.' means; a polite abbreviation for a blamed Yankee doode," he concluded, shifting his quid of tobacco to the other cheek. So the conversation in the office turned upon the subject of mining in general, and the virtues of the Porter farm in particular, while young Dent slept peacefully on with the god of dreams carrying him first to New York, then to a dreary mountain village—back to the gay city, then deep into mines of rich iron ore.

Bright and early the next morning, dressed in a typical cowboy's outfit, J. P. Dent, Geological Agent for the Erie Mining Company, made his way to the Porter farm, for, as old Jackson had surmised, he had been sent by that "Northern consarn" to ascertain if the land in question contained minerals.

As he passed the Carter home, which was on the public road, he was struck dumb at the sight of a beautiful girl, standing at the gate, bidding an old gentleman, evidently her father, good-bye. She seemed so different from the girls he had chanced to see in the little town he had just left. With one hand resting upon the neck of the beautiful bay, the other clasped in that of her father, her golden hair tossed by the morning breeze, eyes dancing and cheeks aglow, she made a charming picture; but so intent was she upon some final instruction she seemed to be giving her father, that she did not notice the stare of the passing horseman. Mr. Carter—for he it was—bent down and kissed the fair brow of his daughter, gathered up his reins and cantered off, just as the stranger turned away his gaze.

Elizabeth's curiosity arose as she caught a glimpse of the handsome, devil-may-care face of the traveler, and noted the ease and grace of his manner and his becoming and unusual attire. Slowly she sauntered back to the house, while the picture of Walter's manly form, bent in study, replaced that of the stranger; and her cheeks were dyed a richer hue as she recalled Walter's visit the

night before he left for the University. Then it was she had stepped over the border line between girlhood and womanhood, into that wonderful and mysterious land of love.

She had grown up loving Walter Bramblett, and being feminine was not surprised when he, as man to woman, made his simple declaration of love. In fact, she would have been more surprised if he had not done it, for, since his first intervention in her behalf, back in childhood days, she had unconsciously considered him her particular property.

Just as Elizabeth was putting the finishing touches to the dinner table, she heard her father's step in the hall. "Pretty as a wild rose, by Jove," he thought to himself, stretching out his hand to pinch her cheek as she advanced to meet him.

"Don't love so hard, Daddy dear. You—by the way, who was that dandy looking fellow you rode off with this morning?"

"Another heart for you to break," her father answered mischievously. "You are your mother's own, Girtie," he added, while a shadow of sorrow momentarily rested upon his face. "Oh! I was about to forget. *That*, as you term the gentleman I met on the road, is Mr. Dent, Geological Agent for that big Northern syndicate that's investigating the mineral prospects on the Porter place. He seems to be a very decent sort of a chap—a bit Yankee, I admit, but I reckon that's his due, since he hails from New York. I chatted with him for some time, and that reminds me, I've a scheme on hand for you to make some pin money. He wants to know if he can take his mid-day meal here, so as not to waste so much time in going back and forth. I to'd him to come on. It never hurts folks to be accommodating, and I reckon you can manage two men as well as one, can't you, Miss Housekeeper?"

"Certainly, Father, and you know my love of pennies. In that respect I'm my daddie's own," she replied with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Besides, if he's as nice as he looks, I'd be mighty glad to have him. Things are dull, you know, when Walter's not at home."

Thus it came about that the dashing Mr. Dent met the fair Miss Carter—and meeting her, he soon toppled to her charms. He was handsome in a way, but had a very weak face. Having seen much of the world, and possessing the "gift of gab" to an astonishing degree, he slowly yet deliberately set about to ensnare the youthful heart of the charming Elizabeth. He talked much of city life, beautifully dressed women, society at fashionable

watering places; lavished books, flowers and bouquets on her—something she had known of only in novels—and incidentally, yet adroitly, led her to believe that he was wealthy.

That summer, his second out of college, Walter did not return to Baxter, but entered the office of his uncle, whom he had taken for his model on that day when he had seen him graduate, and whose generosity had made it possible for Walter to study medicine. An epidemic of fever had left Walter an orphan, soon after his graduation from the academy, and, though he had worked and saved, it would have been some years before he could have entered the University but for the timely assistance of his uncle. So, when the older man requested his nephew to spend the summer with him, a keen sense of gratitude, as well as a realization of his good fortune, caused Walter to accept the proposition.

Mr. Carter was a very peculiar and absent-minded man. Since his wife's death, he had given little thought to anything but business; and, while he loved his daughter devoutly in his way, he failed to give her the companionship that was her due. Books had been her chief source of enjoyment till Dent appeared on the scene. And when his dinner hours covered twice their usual length, and often his afternoons and evenings were spent with Elizabeth, her father took little heed of it, except, perhaps, to consider that his daughter was young and lonely and naturally enjoyed Dent's attentions; and, as the long summer days glided by, more and more of the young Northerner's time was spent at the Carter home.

To one person only, besides "Mamma Cindy"—who never could understand why "her purty chile wasted so much time on that good-for-nothin' Yankee"—did Dent's presence there cause any anxiety. Walter Bramblett noticed that Elizabeth's letters came less frequently and were not so frank and friendly as of old. At first she had written much of the attractive stranger, but now she rarely mentioned him. Still he felt he had no right to censure her, for he had two more years at the University, and why shouldn't Elizabeth enjoy the society of other men? Being broad of mind and generous of heart, he argued thus, and would not allow thoughts of disloyalty in her to linger long in his mind—besides, she was not bound to him. Because of her youth, he had exacted no promise of her yet, yet trusted her implicitly, while she in turn had given him unreservedly the virgin love of her warm, pure heart. Nevertheless, the fear grew that some one else might

win her, and the thought rankled in his soul, and time and time again he was forced to bend with renewed energy to his work lest feelings unworthy of himself and unfair to her should find lodgment in his heart.

Early in the fall, the whole town was shocked by the news of Elizabeth Carter's elopement with Mr. Dent. Mr. Carter's wrath knew no bounds, and he immediately disinherited his daughter except for the home place; but believing himself partly to blame, he allowed the young couple to take up their abode in his house, though never once did he speak to or seem to notice Dent. His one ambition had been to see his daughter married to Walter Bramblett, and after her elopement his interests in life seemed to wane. Crushed in spirit, he grew more feeble in body each day, and ere the winter was many weeks old, a spell of pneumonia released the weary soul from its earthly prison.

In justice to Elizabeth, be it said that she penned a hasty note to Walter the night before she ran away, telling him that she found that she really loved another, and that the affection she had always cherished for him was but friendship that she had mistaken for a deeper feeling.

Walter, in turn, while stunned, and heart-broken, wrote her a brief but apparently cheery reply, wishing her well. Instead of censuring Elizabeth, he blamed himself for having left her so long when she was only a child after all. Few knew the depths of his nature, and could not account for the unusual pallor of his face, and the unflagging interest with which he seemed absorbed in his profession. Only his uncle guessed the truth, but made no mention of the matter except to deal more tenderly with his nephew, whom he had grown to love as a son.

Finally Walter's two years at the University dragged to a close, and the long-looked-for day for graduation came. Yet he felt no pleasure in it, and the fact that he held first honors in his class, possessed the high esteem of his professors, and the love and admiration of his class-mates, did not compensate for the absence of a laughing, girlish face he had always pictured in the audience when time and time again he had painted in imagination the scenes of that eventful occasion. Back to his home in the country he went when it was all over, refusing a partnership with his uncle, determined to spend his days alone, but for his faithful servants, Aunt Cloe and Uncle Ben.

He and Elizabeth seldom met, and when they did few were the words that passed between them. Yet the pained, drawn look in her young face told him more clearly than words could have done how keenly she suffered. Some attributed the change in her to her father's death, but Walter knew a deeper sorrow was eating into her heart.

Beppo was Walter's only confidant. It helped sometimes to unburden his heart, and he felt that the dog could understand. "It wouldn't be so bad, old boy," he said as he took the Newfoundland's head between his knees, "if she loved him and were happy; but it's killing her inch by inch."

In reply, Beppo would wag his tail, gaze wistfully into his master's eyes, and lick his hands, which, after all, was the extent of his canine sympathy; but it seemed to comfort the suffering man.

Dent had been so successful in his undertakings for the Erie Mining Company that they gave him a permanent position after his marriage. But he did not hold it long. Being disappointed at not getting his clutches on his father-in-law's money, his infatuation for Elizabeth—for such a creature was not capable of love—ceased, and he went from bad to worse, spending much of his time at the saloon and gambling den.

So the years passed, and Walter, who should have been in his prime, had the air of an old man. One night, as he was returning from a very late call, he noticed a figure, which he knew by the walk to be Dent's, skulking in the shadow of his barn. Thinking he was returning from one of his usual carousals, Walter gave the matter little thought but to heave a sigh of pity in behalf of Elizabeth. Turning his horse into the yard, the weary doctor was soon in dreamland, fighting his little schoolmate's battles, happy with only her smile for a reward.

No sooner had he fallen asleep than he was aroused again, and this case took him many miles to the other side of home. When he returned about noon, he found no little excitement at his home. A group of men were eagerly talking in the yard, and to his surprise he noted the sheriff among them, who quickly informed Walter that it became his painful duty to arrest him for horse stealing. The horse belonged to old Farmer Jackson, and had been missed by him early that morning. Following the tracks which he knew by absence of the left hind shoe, and a disfigured hoof, he was surprised to find they led to Dr. Bramblett's stable, and was dumfounded upon further investigation to discover the

horse in the doctor's barn. Furthermore, it was known that the doctor had been to the Bennett house—which lay beyond old man Jackson's—that night, and that from there on the tracks of two horses could be traced till they reached the Bramblett barn, where the stolen horse's hoof-prints were found leading to the rear door of the building, while the other's went on to the yard.

Walter, with a dazed expression, listened to all they had to say, then laughing in their faces, asked to be allowed to go alone to the barn to examine the hoof-prints; for suddenly a ghastly truth had burst upon him. Hurriedly he made his way to the stable, and there found things just as the men had represented them. But his keen eyes took in something theirs had failed to note. Just under the window, several feet above the rear door of the building, he discovered two deep human footprints—evidently made by a body's dropping from the window above. In addition, he observed several impressions made by the same feet, on the ground between the window and the orchard, a distance of only a few yards. But in the deep orchard grass the tracks were lost to view.

Beppo had followed his master, and in the great moment of his trouble and sacrifice Walter turned to the faithful brute, speaking softly while he quickly and deftly obliterated the man's tracks. "It's hard, inexpressibly hard, old fellow, but for her sake, no one shall know. My time has come to serve her. God knows he ought to suffer, but she's had her share already, and must never dream of this. Nobody knows it but you and I, Beppo, and you've never told a secret yet, have you, my boy?" The dog realized some grave question was at stake, and fondly caressed his master's hand, as with bowed head and thoughtful mien he slowly retraced his steps to the house, where the group of villagers awaited him, and who became quiet as he approached.

"I am innocent, gentlemen, but evidence seems against me. Let the law take its course, and may God in heaven be my judge." And while his fellow-men marveled at his calmness, Dr. Bramblett extended his hands to the officer.

Disbelief and sympathy were evident upon the face of all the men but the sheriff, who, endeavoring to conceal a gleam of triumph and assume an air of importance, snapped the hand-cuffs on the wrists of the waiting man, assuring him all the time how distasteful the act was to him. Truth to tell, it was the happiest moment of the Sheriff Field's life, for he happened to have been the ring-leader in the crowd of boys who upset little Elizabeth's

sled and consequently the one who received the worst thrashing at the hands of the indignant Walter. Fields had never forgotten it, while with Walter it was a duty well performed, and quickly dismissed from mind.

The blow the town had received at the news of Elizabeth Carter's elopement with Dent was mild indeed when compared with the arrest of Dr. Bramblett. No one believed him guilty, but all evidence that could be gathered was against him. To none did the announcement bring such sorrow as to Elizabeth, but she got little sympathy from her husband, who refused to discuss the matter.

"I always thought he was kind o' crazy, anyhow," replied Dent, when eagerly questioned by his wife. Elizabeth said nothing, but thought she could account for the change in Walter. Her heart ached for him. Already she had caused him so much suffering that she longed to banish this present sorrow.

The case could not be tried till "Court Day," the first Monday in the month, and as that was several days off, Walter spent the intervening time in the county jail, refusing bail, and being the first of his family to know what the inside of a cell—except that of a war prison—looked like.

Often indignation would cry out within him, and when it did he had but to call to mind the moonlight night before his departure to the University, and the beautiful face of Elizabeth Carter afire with love, then contrast it with the sad, patient expression she wore when he last saw her, to give him the needed strength for his heroic and self-sacrificing act.

Finally the day of the trial came, and it was one of the saddest and most exciting that Baxter had ever known. Few there were, if any, who thought Bramblett guilty, but they believed in justice, and were determined to do their duty as they saw it. All eyes were turned upon him when to the judge's query he answered, "Not guilty"—the only words he spoke in his own defense,—and few eyes were dry when the judge pronounced the sentence that sent their beloved physician to the penitentiary for five years. Bravely he bore it, and not even the closest observer saw a twitch of his features or heard a murmur from his lips.

The birds were twittering gaily and the squirrels frisking about in the early morning sunshine, as the Governor's little daughter made her way across the lawn to a trusty who was engaged busily

in trimming the grass along the walks in Capitol Square at Richmond. She was a beautiful child, about eight years of age, with jet curls, deep blue eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes, and a skin soft, fair and rosy. Gentle and friendly in disposition, and the only child of the Governor, she was a general favorite with all classes. She had taken a great fancy to this particular trusty, as indeed did all who came in contact with him. Despite the grow-some, unbecoming clothes of the convict, the face was unquestionably that of Walter Bramblett. There was no mistaking the clear eye, firm chin, and gentle, sorrowful expression of his handsome face.

The child plied him with various questions, and suddenly turning her trustful blue eyes upon him, asked, "Why are you here? What have you done that's wrong? You're always good to me."

Prompted by an impulse that he was never afterwards able to analyze, and at the same time vaguely wondering why she had never asked the question before, he calmly answered, "For stealing a horse."

The blue eyes opened wide in horror: "Did *you* do that? Why did you do it?"

"Again he made answer before he thought. "No, my Little Lady, I did not steal the horse. Another man stole it, and before he got it home his courage failed him and he left the animal in my stable. The sheriff found it there. They proved me the thief, and sent me here."

"Do you know who did steal it?" continued the child, her serious face wearing a troubled look.

"Yes," he answered carelessly, his thoughts going over in rapid succession the events that led up to that horrible day. Then realizing that he had told what he meant that no mortal should ever know from him, he tried to change the subject and make the child forget.

"I reckon I'll tell papa about that, and make him let you go," she said very excitedly, and refusing to talk of other things she started towards the Governor's Mansion.

"Don't, don't," he pleaded. "Please come back." But the child was gone.

Conscience stricken, the prisoner bent to his task, murmuring as he did so, "O God! I've suffered three years for her; let me bear the other two in patience, and forbid that she shall ever know."

And again he saw the beautiful face of Elizabeth Carter in the moonlight, and lived over the happy hours that had followed that night on which she had promised her life to him.

Delighted at finding her father unoccupied, little —— climbed to his knee and with a serious, important air, told him of her conversation with the trusty. Similar stories had been recited to the Governor before, but this one interested him, for he recalled the fine face and gentlemanly manner of the prisoner; also the fact that he was an educated man, a doctor, in fact, and one not likely to steal a horse. But, as he was already in prison when Governor —— came into office, he had not given the matter much thought. His curiosity now, however, was fired, and he was not allowed to escape from his daughter till she had exacted a promise from him to go and see the trusty.

Having an hour of leisure before him, the Governor went straight to the man, who was evidently embarrassed at his Excellency's approach.

In his easy, genial manner, the Governor soon extracted the story from the prisoner, despite his reluctance, with the exception of the real thief's name, and the fact that he himself had blotted out his footprints about the barn. Only Beppo knew that, and inwardly Walter thanked God that so far he'd been allowed the privilege of saving from further sorrow and disgrace the woman he loved.

Still the Governor was not satisfied, and demanded of the trusty an explanation of his course, if he thought he knew the man who had committed the crime. Humbly requesting the Governor not to mention that part of the story, for he knew he was determined to investigate the case, Walter calmly and simply stated the following facts:

"I, your Excellency, was a bachelor, with no one dependent upon me. The man who I think stole the horse is married. He has a wife and five children, and is poor. She eloped with him, and was disinherited. She is without relatives, and though her husband is not much force, she had no one else to look to for support for herself and the children, and——" the prisoner hesitated, while unshed tears stood in his eyes.

"I see," said the Governor, who had been closely watching the man's face, and who was a shrewd judge of human nature. "You loved the woman," he added half to himself. "Forgive me, my man. God will reward such magnanimity," he said brokenly;

shaken by a violent tremor of emotion, Virginia's chief executive and the convict, shorn of head and wearing the stripes, clasped hands as man to man—all thought of their respective positions in life being for the moment forgotten.

Assuring the prisoner that he would at once look into the matter, and that his secret was safe in his keeping, the Governor turned and walked thoughtfully away, quoting under his breath as he did so, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

From that time on, Bramblett was allowed all the privileges a trusty was permitted to have, while the Governor diligently investigated the case. He found out the prisoner's family history, the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, and that he had been convicted upon circumstantial evidence alone. In his mind there was no doubt left as to the man's innocence nor the truth of his self-imposed suffering—more of which he had guessed than gotten from Bramblett. But he was honor bound not to disclose that part of the story. While sitting in his office one morning, wondering upon what grounds he could grant the pardon, his musings were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the mail.

Hastily glancing through the letters, his attention was caught by one addressed in a delicate feminine hand, and bearing the postmark of Baxter. His face brightened instantly while the blood surged in his veins, for he believed he had received a direct answer to his prayers. With bated breath he read the letter through, and found it to be from Mrs. Dent and containing a full confession of her husband's guilt in stealing the horse, for which act Walter Bramblett had already suffered three years' imprisonment. She finished by saying that Dent had started to recover the horse and confess all, but at the last moment his courage again failed him, and hiding himself in the orchard he had watched Bramblett destroy all signs of the footprints about the stable, then calmly surrender himself to Sheriff Field and march off to jail. Since that time his life had been one hideous nightmare, and drink had made him almost a brute. Having taken suddenly ill one night, and being told by the doctor that his hours were numbered, intermingled with curses and prayers he poured forth the story of his crime.

Tears stood in the Governor's eyes when he had finished the letter, and a mighty admiration swelled within his breast for

Bramblett, along with pity for the weakling, Dent, and his heroic wife.

In addition to Mrs. Dent's letter, he found one from the judge, who had sentenced Bramblett, corroborating her story, and imploring pardon for the innocent man.

Governor——lost no time in righting the wrong, and immediately upon his liberation Walter went to his uncle's home. There he remained a year, refreshing his mind upon the subject of medicine—longing, yet not daring, to go to Baxter for a while. He thought it best not to see Elizabeth at once, though he well knew the welcome he would receive from her.

Many were the lonely hours she spent that year, and during the winter she laid her two youngest children—victims of diphtheria—beside her father. Mammy Cindy was her only protector, and by her father's peculiar will, which gave his property to her in case of Dent's death, or to his first grandchild at the age of twenty-one, she was enabled to live comfortably; and though her heart suffered many a pang, the world knew naught of it. The waiting was long and painful, and again and again she took comfort from the words that she had grown to breathe as a daily prayer: "Yes, he will come. I know he will come. Dear God, grant that he may come soon!"

Awaking suddenly one morning, Elizabeth was aware of an unusual lightness of heart. When she fully regained consciousness she realized that she had been dreaming, but her elation did not leave her. Touching her lips to the curly head of the sleeping child beside her, she whispered to herself as she quietly arose: "Something tells me he's coming to-night, Baby dear, and Mother must be ready for him." She went about her morning duties with a buoyancy of spirit unknown to her for many years. Even Mammy Cindy paused in her work, and listened surprised as she heard the voice of her mistress lifted in rapturous song; for long since Elizabeth had ceased to sing except hum a lullaby, filled with tears and heartaches. The old servant shook her happy head, and murmured to herself, while a knowing smile crept over her wrinkled face, "I knowed it. I knowed it. De sign nebah fails."

Scarcely waiting to finish her housework, Elizabeth climbed the attic stairs, and opening a trunk that had long remained packed, delved into its depths and brought forth a soft, creamy dress, sweet with the scent of rose leaves. All day she worked with deft

fingers, remodelling the dress, and blushing and laughing like a schoolgirl; she marveled at the wonderful and sudden change in herself.

That evening, after the children were asleep, Elizabeth laid aside her black dress, and donning the clinging white stole quietly down to the rustic bench beneath the great oak in the front yard, just as the moon was topping the trees. Sitting there where Walter Bramblett had first declared his love for her, she lived over the intervening years, while tears of humiliation, sorrow, joy, and indignation fringed her long lashes, and various emotions stirred in her breast.

Suddenly the shrill whistle of the night express broke the silence, and the loud thumping of her heart startled her. The minutes dragged slowly by, yet her strained ears could catch no sound of approaching footsteps. Unable longer to endure the suspense, she walked to a small enclosure near the house, in one corner of which three mounds loomed up in the moonlight. Sinking to her knees by the grave of her father, she lifted her face heavenward, and prayed to Him who is Father to us all. She arose, comforted, but a shudder passed through her frame as her glance was drawn to a single, unmarked mound in the farther end of the lot.

Breathing another prayer, she quickly retraced her steps to the tree, and as she did so, heard a step on the gravel. She stood motionless, unable to move for a second, for coming toward her was Walter Bramblett. As their eyes met, neither needed words to tell them that their prayers had not gone unheeded. A half inarticulate cry escaped her lips, and quickly covering the space between them, Walter gently took her outstretched hands in his. The night birds sang on, the moon poured out its most mellow light, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves about them, as in an ecstasy of sympathetic joy, but only the infinite heart of the Father above knew the meaning of that hour to these two of his children.

M. K. G.

Easter Night

The stars shine bright on Easter night,
No cloud within the skies,
And through the trees the gentle breeze
Whispers and softly sighs.

From singing bird no sound is heard,
And silence reigns supreme;
Save where the brook in mossy nook
Laughs 'neath the bright moon's beam.

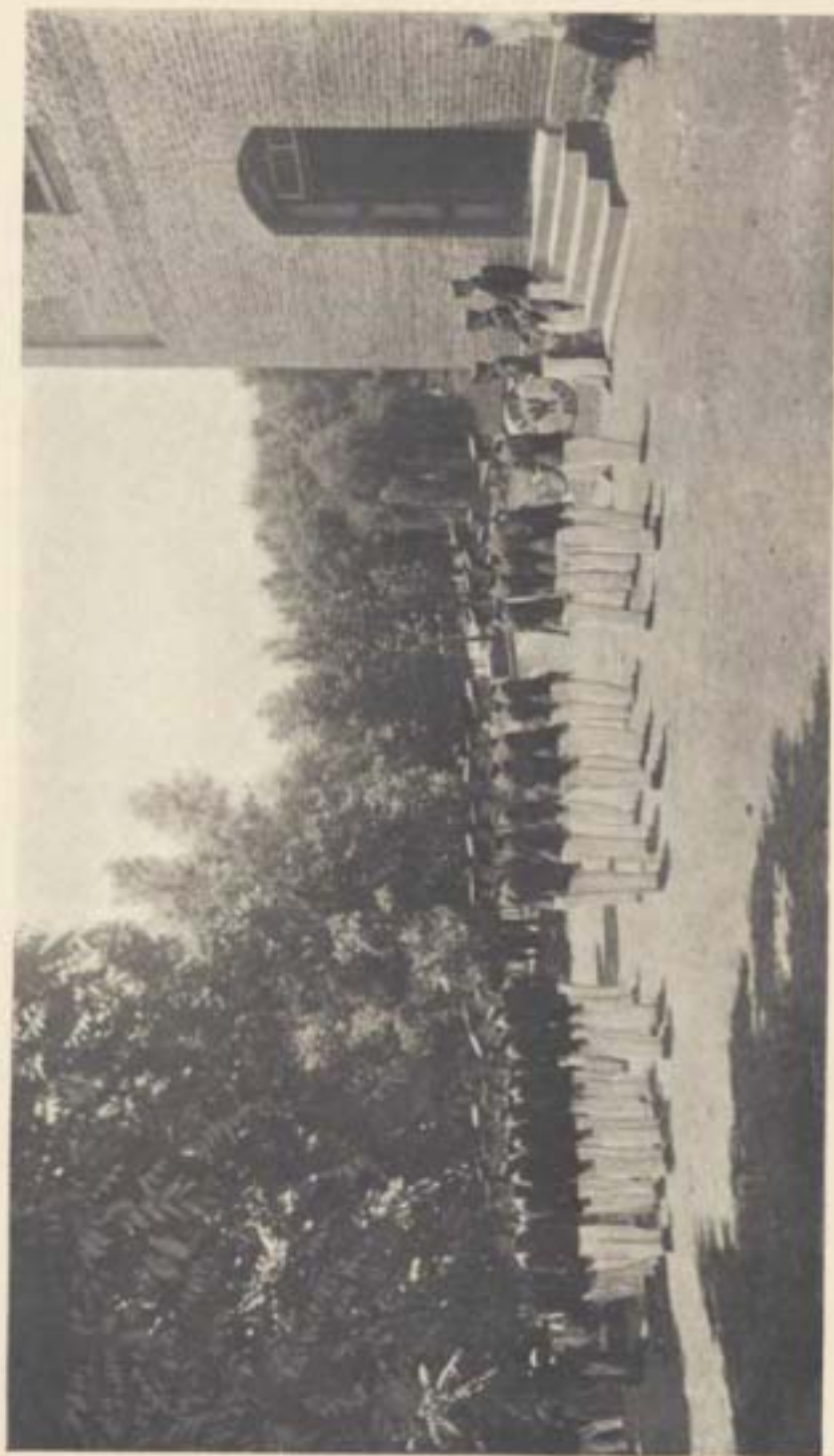
The lilies tall their heads let fall,
In tenderest devotion;
While violets blue, by darker hue,
Evince their deep emotion.

O'er every sense, a feeling tense,
Commingle hope and fear,
A silent dread, a joy unread,
Trembling 'twixt smile and tear.

Now in the air a silent prayer
Rises from far and near,
As when the deep calls unto deep;
We feel, but cannot hear.

What is this spell, that seems to dwell
Now o'er the earth and sky?
Our hearts aflame, with joy proclaim,
"Christ rules again on High."

EL. DELANEY WRITING.



BATTALION ENTERING MIDDY HALL



Love's Plaint

I know not what the winds whisper to the ocean,
Nor what the waves in answer make reply;
And yet they must be words of deep emotion,
That tongues to human hearts for ever deny.

I do not know the language of the flower,
Nor read the perfumed messages of love,
That float from Violet Juliet in her woodland bower,
To Daffodil Romeo on the hill above.

The slender vines the towering oaks caressing,
Their tendrils round the giant arms entwine;
Each in its way its quiet love confessing
Unknown to all, save to the oak and vine.

The Queen of Night, thro' the soft heavens gliding,
Basks in the light of her bright consort's smile,
Save to a stranger to their love's confiding
Comes in between and saddens her the while.

The nightingale upon the tree tops swinging,
Pours forth its heart, in ecstasy of love;
That music to the very heavens winging
Finds echo in the cooing of the dove.

Nature to all her creatures still hath given
Their love of each, the other to make known,
Save one, to me, whose very heart is riven,
The secret of that power hath never shown.

EL. DELANY WHITING.

How Solomon Beat the Band

LETITIA rustled into the parlor with a giggle, gave Solomon her hand with a giggle, and sank upon the sofa still giggling.

Then crossing her hands upon her lap, and her feet upon the floor, she let her gaze rest demurely upon the plump, brown fingers, and waited. A minute passed—two minutes. Letitia's long lashes flickered, and the two brilliant red bows, rampant on her kinky, black hair, seemed to assume an even more quizzical position. Another sixty seconds went by in silence; then, the strain of the situation becoming too great, she gave him a fleeting glance. Horrors! He was not even looking at her. Letitia's brown eyes opened wide, her bows stood erect. Here was she, in her most becoming red dress, and Solomon, the adoring Solomon, who asked no greater happiness than to sit and gaze upon her charms, was sitting opposite with his eyes fixed upon the wall above her head. Clearly something must be done.

"Mighty warm to-night," she observed tentatively.

But wonder of wonders! Solomon made no response. Why, he did not even change expression, nor shift his gaze from the chosen spot on the wall. Never, in all her pampered existence, had Letitia been treated in such a manner. Filled with righteous anger, she turned to annihilate the offender, when a sudden thought stopped the words on her lips. Solomon must be sick. All else forgotten in pity, she leaned forward.

"Solomon," she asked anxiously, "is anything ailin' yuh?"

"Naw," Solomon replied.

And still he did not move his eyes from the wall. What could it be? Ah! A thought struck her. Perhaps he had gone crazy. Another colored boy she knew had "gone out of his senses," and had acted just so. And that curious look on his face! Thoroughly alarmed, she grasped his arm and shook it.

"Solomon, honey, do your haid feel quare?" she asked.

"Naw. Ain't nuthin' the matter with me. What you ask sich fool questions foh?" he returned, looking at her for the first time, but more in anger than in love.

"Then," she flared up, her wrath returning with the conviction that his mind was uninjured, "what you mean by comin' and

settin' up in a lady's parlor like a gravy-image, not openin' your mouth, an' then insultin' of her when she tries to carry on a perlite conversation?"

"Nuthin'," he replied, apathetically.

"Nuthin'?" she returned, the thought of the new red dress and the wall above her head looming large in her mind. "Well, if I didn't have no more sense or no more manners 'n that, I'd stay at home till somebody larned me better."

"If them's your feelin's, I'll dispossess you of my comp'ny," responded Solomon stiffly, rising from his chair.

"Oh, suttinly!" in cool and distant tones from Letitia.

"Good-night, Miss Johnson," spoke Solomon, in the faint hope that she would "see him to the do'."

"Good-night, Mr. Thompson," quoth Letitia, resolutely standing her ground.

Solomon stalked to the door with determination in every step, opened it slowly, then shut it quickly and faced about.

"Tishy," he asked sorrowfully, "what makes you ac' so?"

"Me ac' so?" cried Letitia, with justifiable wrath. "Seems like to me t'aint me's actin' so."

"Oh, I don't mean to-night," explained the offending lover. "I mean all the time."

"Now, that's a nice question to ask!" exclaimed his lady. "Seems like to me it's mighty curious you keeps comp'ny with me, if you don't like the way I ac' all the time."

"Las' Monday night, at the dance," continued Solomon, paying not the slightest attention to her expostulations, "you promised me two dances, and then give them very dances to some of them hand niggers."

"They was orchestry gen'l'mun," Letitia corrected, with dignity.

"That don't make no kind of diffrunce," Solomon interrupted. "Why did yuh go an' give 'em the dance you'd done give to me?"

"It warn't 'cause I didn't want to dance with you, Solomon," cried Letitia eagerly. "It was 'cause I did wanter dance with them. Ef you'd asked for any dances what they didn't want, I'd shore saved 'em fer you."

This seemed to Solomon unanswerable, but unsatisfying.

"An' every time I come 'bout you," he resumed, "you was so busy talkin' to some of 'em that you couldn't so much as see me."

"Deed'n I did see you, Solomon," interrupted Letitia, "but we was engaged in such aspirin' conversationals that I jes' couldn't stop to speak."

Letitia's tactful remarks were not as oil on the troubled waters, and Solomon fairly snorted.

"What was the subjee' of the intrustin' remarks?"

"Oh, such upliftin' things," with a vague, upward movement of her hands. "My whole interleechal mind is natcherly drawned to theirs. They've got so much soul," breathed Letitia intensely, rolling up her eyes.

Solomon watched her gravely, his mind about evenly balanced between admiration and anger, but anger gained the day.

"I reckon I got as much soul as they is," he replied, stamping his foot.

"Deed'n you ain't, Solomon. They ain't no soul like a orchistry's soul. Music lif's you alof' to high places, where there can't nothin' else tech you," Letitia murmured with clasped hands and quivering bows.

Then hope stirred in Solomon's breast. "Does you like all of 'em jes' the same, Tishy?" he asked eagerly, remembering that there is safety in numbers.

"Naw 'n deed, I don't," replied Letitia, promptly stilling the new-born hope, "it's the gen'l'mun that plays the big fiddle what my soul 'sponds to."

"Humph! He ain't as big as his fiddle."

"Law, Solomon, the size of the body ain't got nothin' to do with the size of the soul. An' the man that plays the biggest' insterment, he natcherly has the mos' soulful feelin's."

Solomon arose. "Look a-here, Tishy," he said. "Soul or no soul, ain't I the bigges' man in town?"

"Yas," admitted Letitia.

"Can't I whup any nigger in town?"

"Yas," she admitted again.

"Don't I git the bigges' pay of any nigger in town?"

"Yas."

"Can't I down any nigger in town in a argyment?"

Letitia hesitated. "Law, Tishy, you sho' ain't forgot when me an' that city nigger debated on 'Which is beneficialest to Mankind, Art or Nature'?"

"I ain't forgot," admitted Letitia.

"When I asked that nigger, 'Suh, which would you rather have, a ile paintin' of a rooster or a real rooster off your neighbor's roost? Do you prefer to go adorned as nature sent you into this here world of mis'ry, or to wear that checkered suit of pants you bought from the second-handed dealer for this ereasion? what did he say to that?"

"Nuthin'," Letitia answered reluctantly.

"Well, don't that show I've got more int'lect than any man in town?"

"Yas."

"An' ain't my 'fection for you deeper'n any man's in the whole world?"

Tishy ducked her head, glanced up coyly, and murmured, "I 'spec' so."

"Then, why won't you marry me?" Solomon concluded ardently.

"'Cause you ain't got no music in your soul," murmured Letitia.

"Look a-here, Tishy, music ain't everything."

"It's everything to me."

"Well, blame it if I don't learn the darn thing!" Solomon exclaimed.

"That ain't it," Tishy explained. "Anybody can set down an' learn anything. What you gotter do is jest to pick up a fiddle and play a tune. That's what the orchestry done."

Solomon packed the floor, much as a lion, balked of his prey, paces his native jungle, with this difference: thought sat upon Solomon's brow, and in time the light of a noble purpose dawned in his eyes. He stopped before his would-be mate.

"Look a-here, Tishy, are you engaged to go to the op'ry house to-morrow night?"

"I've been engaged for a week," she answered proudly.

"Is the orchestry goin' to play?"

"Of course," answered Letitia.

"Well," Solomon continued. "I ain't never so much as tetched a fiddle. If I promise you on my word 'n' honor as a gen'tl'man not to tetch one befo' to-morrow night, an' then git up there with the orchestry and play a tune on the big fiddle, will you marry me?"

Tishy gasped. "Law, Solomon, you couldn't do it. You duune a tune when somebody plays it to you, much less play it yourself."

"Will you marry me if I do?" persisted Solomon.

"It's mighty unexpected," said Tishy. "But I promise, an' feel mighty safe in promisin'."

A great joy spread over Solomon's face. "I'm goin' to hol' you to that," he said, and was gone.

The opera house was crowded, but Letitia's escort had secured prominent seats that Letitia might see and be seen. But for once Letitia paid no heed to admiring glances, for Letitia eyes and Letitia's thoughts were fixed upon the portion of the orchestra to the far left occupied by a very small darky and a very large fiddle. All moved smoothly, if melodramatically, until the latter part of the last scene, when a large and dusky form made its way stealthily through the house to the orchestra. Having reached its destination unobserved, the figure stepped lightly over the curtained railing which separated the musicians from the audience, dropped down beside the violoncello, and clapped a mighty hand over the mouth of the unsuspecting owner. The hand was the hand of Solomon.

"Hush," he whispered to the already hushed musician. "If you holler, if you so much as say a word, I'll sho' strangle you." He stopped a moment to see the effect of the threat, and then removed his hand.

"I'm goin' to play this here fiddle when it plays nex'," he continued rapidly, "and don't know no more about it then a houn'-pup. So you gotter drop right down here on the flo' an' sho' me how. You get right by the fiddle, an' put your fingers on the strings I orter play, and you put 'em quick, and put 'em right, 'cause I'm gointer do this thing up in style. If you speak a word and show your haid, I'm sho' gointer break ev'ry bone in your body."

Solomon carried out his *marionnette* performance without a hitch, and at the end the audience gave generous applause. Solomon, big, black, and filled with the pride of a successful first appearance, took all the applause to himself. Stepping proudly to the front, he bowed and said:

"Ladies an' gen't'mun, I'm obligated to you for the depreciation you record me. Yas, suh, I sho' played the big fiddle, an' I played it with more uplif' of soulfulness than any little yaller nigger in this orchestra ever played 'er befo'. An' mo' then that, ladies an' gen't'mun, by so doin' I done won the lady of my effections, who I respec'fully asks to step forward."

And Letitia, blushing presumably, slipped from her seat, walked shyly to Solomon's side and coyly put her brown hand in his black one amid thunders of applause.

A. M. C.

Down on the Congo River

There's going to be a great time, down on the Congo River,
The lion'll quit a-roaring and the tiger 'gin to shiver,
The hyena no more will laugh, but sure will start a-running,
When Teddy takes his gun down, and starts to go a-gunning.

The elephant will pack his trunk, then stretch his legs to limber,
And with the wisdom of his breed will beat it for "Tall Timber";
The hippo, too, will hie away, if he hasn't lost his cunning,
When Teddy takes his gun down, and starts to go a-gunning.

There's mighty fear does now exist, down on the Congo River,
Of all the animals of that land none but does quake and quiver,
But there would be more cause for fear, to set the beasts a-running,
If Teddy were to take his "Long-Bow," when he goes a-gunning.

R. DULANT WRITING.

A Three-Cornered Affair

I TOOK in the situation at a glance. Helen had two fellows on the string. It was pretty hard to come two hundred miles to find that out—especially when, a month before, I had bid Helen good-bye at the station in town, and there was a look in her eyes—well, that seemed to be for me alone. It had given me a comfortable feeling all along, and especially as Helen's letters seemed to exhale a certain atmosphere of disconsolateness—just as if she really missed me.

Yet here was the solemn truth. I hadn't been in Alleghany Inn an hour before I knew it.

Of course she met me at the station. I took it afterward that she had to be ordinarily decent—especially as I had come two hundred miles to see her, and her alone. For Helen knew how I hated inns and all kinds of conventional resorts.

She greeted me quite cordially. She really seemed quite glad to see me. But then, Helen has a way of being pleasant to every one—I thought of this quite bitterly that night as I made up my mind to take the first train in the morning back to town. Of course I didn't go. For when the morning came I had determined to stick it out another day. Certainly I wasn't going to let those two chaps get the best of me so easily as that.

We came into the inn from the station on the buckboard. It was a two-mile drive. The road was the kind called corduroy—and we got some heavy jolts. Still I managed to take Helen's hand, and she didn't seem to mind. After all, at that moment it seemed quite worth while to have come all that distance. There was the first embarrassment that always comes to lovers long separated—but our eyes told volumes. I was glad also that we were surrounded by forests. There would be chances for me to have Helen all to myself in such a wilderness.

I had scarcely registered, however, before, as I turned around, I overheard a buzz of conversation. The two had come up. Helen introduced them rapidly.

"Mr. Ellison, Mr. Warren. Mr. Bell, Mr. Warren."

They nodded cheerfully. I could feel myself growing uneasy.

"Say, Miss Helen," said Mr. Ellison, "can I have the first dance to-night?"

"And," broke in Mr. Bell, "I claim the second."

These two chaps were immaculately dressed in white flannel suits. They were apparently cast in the same mould.

I didn't dance myself—I hated it. Her answer made me desperate.

"I suppose so," said Helen. She looked at me as if to get my sanction, or as if she had really done something of which she expected me to approve. At any rate, I didn't approve. I could feel myself growing warm with rage. To think that I had come two hundred miles only to find that the girl I counted on was as fickle as that.

"I must see about my room," I said, and broke away and went up the stairs.

When I came back they were all three sitting together. It was in the front hall. Helen got up.

"Shall we go for a walk?" she said. "I want to show you the surroundings."

"Let's," said Mr. Ellison.

"Let's," said Mr. Bell.

There was an old-fashioned, apparently genuine tomahawk over the mantel. I could have taken it down gladly and brained these two butt-ins on the spot. And to think, Helen had invited them to go with us!

But I controlled myself. At the first opportunity I would tell Helen what I thought of the whole affair—and especially what I thought of her—and that would end it. Then I would go back to town and begin life over again.

We walked in pairs—Mr. Ellison and Helen, Mr. Bell and myself. Bell talked incessantly. I answered in monosyllables.

It was not until just after dinner, however, and before the dancing began, that I had an opportunity to get Helen alone. I came face to face with her on the piazza.

"Oh," she said, "Jack, dear, I've been looking for you."

"And I for you," I said sternly; "what's the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" she inquired innocently.

"Why, of the two chaps following you around. Do you suppose I came up here to make love to them?"

"They are awfully nice."

"I am glad you think so. I've my humble opinion—they are two first-class chumps."

"Now, Jack—"

"I am going back to-morrow."

"You mustn't. They like you so much. Mr. Ellison said—"

"Hang what he said!" I exclaimed. "Don't you see they are in the way? Besides, you have treated me pretty badly. You've got to choose."

Helen put her hand on my arm. "Now, Jack," she said, "be nice to them, won't you? I have a particular reason for asking you. You know they are in reality very nice fellows—they come from splendid families. And have you noticed how well dressed they are, and how nicely they look together? Really, you would go a long way before you found any handsomer young men than Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bell."

I stared at her in utter amazement. Could this be the girl I loved—the girl I had always thought so genuine and true?

At this instant the music started up. A voice came out of the darkness. It was the dulcet voice of Ellison.

"My dance, please."

I strode away in the utmost disgust. What was to be done? I went down toward the lake to think it over. Here I had come all this distance, and at a time when business really almost made it necessary to stay at the office, to find that my whole opportunity of seeing Helen was being usurped by these chaps, whom I had come to detest. The worst of it was, I could not tell for the life of me which one she really cared for. That, however, did not really matter. That she cared for either of them was bad enough. Somehow it seemed to me in the nature of a disgrace.

Well, what was I to do? I thought it over for half an hour, sitting on the lonely boathouse that night, and then I made up my mind I would stick it out. As long as I was there I would make the most of it. I would go my own way and have the best time I could. It isn't my nature to mope, and I set my teeth together and swore that I wouldn't let the prettiest and sweetest girl I had ever known get the best of me for the sake of two human fashion-plates.

I got up the boatman and told him to get me a canoe. Just then I heard voices.

"O Jack!" exclaimed Helen. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going out on the lake," I replied doggedly.

"What! at night?"

"Yes."

"How jolly!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Ellison.

"Delightful!" cried Mr. Bell.

"Let's make up a party," said Helen. "Come, Jack; take us all. You row so splendidly."

They piled in, and, there being no help for it, I went along.

The next morning, however, I determined to circumvent them. As long as I couldn't have Helen alone, I would get along by myself. Besides, I was full of rage to think Helen would permit such things. Evidently it was all off between us, in spite of what she had given me to understand in the days gone by.

I arose early, and having fortunately brought along my pack-basket, determined to start out on a long tramp.

The cook of the inn provided me with a steak, potatoes, a broiling iron, and other accessories, and I had just packed them in a basket, put the straps over my shoulders, and was starting off, when I heard a cry from one of the upper windows.

"O Jack!"

It was Helen's voice. She had seen me from her room. "Wait a moment, and I'll be down."

Of course I had to wait. There was nothing else to do.

"Where are you going?" she demanded, as, almost breathless in the hurry of dressing, she came out from the porch.

"On a tramp—all day."

"I thought you came up here to see me."

"You are otherwise occupied."

"O Jack, now *please*!"

I readjusted the basket. "Good-bye!" I said, and started off.

"Jack, you don't understand. I—"

More voices. Ellison and Bell, dressed in golf clothes, suddenly appeared.

"Be nice to them, for my sake," whispered Helen.

Once more I dropped the basket.

"Off on a tramp?" asked Ellison.

I nodded.

"How jolly!" exclaimed Bell. "Were you going, Miss Helen?"

"I wasn't asked," said Helen, with a pout.

"You know," I said, "you could come along if you wanted to." Helen suddenly laughed and her face lighted up.

"Let's all go!" she exclaimed. "We'll make up a party. I'll get a chaperone. Come, Mr. Ellison; you help Mr. Warren repack his basket—for of course we'll need more things."

"Won't it be fun?" exclaimed Bell.

It was no particular fun for me to cook the dinner for two such chappies as these, but I got even with them by making them wash dishes, though I am bound to say they made no objection.

That night we were all tired and went to bed early. But I woke up at midnight, and, thinking it all over, and Helen's cruelty, I made up my mind to give the affair up. The next morning I made my arrangements to leave on the first train.

I took an early breakfast; then I started down to the lake for a last look. On the way back I came face to face with Helen. She betrayed anxiety.

"I've been looking for you everywhere!" she cried. "Surely this is not true—you are not going! The clerk told me."

"Yes, I am."

There was a rustic seat by the path, and we both sat down.

"You've been horrid to me," said Helen, "ever since you came. You haven't—"

"I haven't been any worse to you than you have been to me," I replied.

Helen began to cry softly.

"You told me once," she said, "that—that you loved me."

"I do," I replied. I was beginning to feel rather queer myself. "Of course I love you, Helen," I said. I had to put my arm around her then. It seemed the most natural thing to do. "Haven't I told you I loved you?" I went on; "haven't I said that you were the only girl I ever thought about? Didn't I come two hundred miles so I could be with you? And when I got here what did I find? That I couldn't even get near you."

Helen looked up and smiled through her tears.

"Don't you understand, Jack, dear?" she said. "I wanted to tell you before, but—" she blushed.

"No," I replied, bluntly; "I don't understand; what is it? Why do you tolerate those—those—"; words failed me.

"Why, because they are so smart-looking and have such perfect manners. Only, Jack, dear, from the way you have been treating me I was almost afraid that it really wasn't going to be necessary to cultivate them."

"Necessary!" I repeated. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Why, Jack," replied Helen, "have you, or can you have, the faintest, remotest idea of how hard it is to get good-looking ushers nowadays? Look at Marie Wortham's wedding—what awful-looking things she had. And don't you see, Jack, dear, why I want to keep on good terms with Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bell?"

Then I understood.



Thwarted

EVERYBODY on the house-party was bent on getting even with Walter Peters. There was not one of the young people who had not suffered in some way from the wit and ridicule of this young man, the brother of the hostess. Blanche, who was giving the party, was greatly distressed.

"Father," she begged, "we've tried everything, and we can't catch him. Please see what you can do. Find something that we can tease him about."

"Yes, do help her, Father," put in Mrs. Peters; "it isn't right for Walter to tease his sister's guests this way."

Thus urged, Mr. Peters set to work to find some joke on the merciless young scamp. He knew it would be a difficult task, for Walter was always careful to cover all his traces. But fortune was better to him than he had anticipated. It was only the second day after Blanche had sought his aid, that, as Mr. Peters was crossing the lower corner of the grove, he heard an indistinct murmuring. He stopped and listened. Yes, he was right; someone was talking aloud on the opposite side of the big oak, and the voice he heard was his son's. Now we must not accuse Mr. Peters of being an eavesdropper. He simply recognized his opportunity and seized it. He leaned close against his side of the tree and listened. Why, Walter was reading a letter—and a love-letter, too! Oh, glorious, to be able to spring that joke on the young gentleman before the whole party that night. But better still: he would not leave yet, but stay a while and learn a few of the most touching passages.

Walter seemed to be very well pleased with his love-letter, for he continued to mumble it out several times in succession, as if he too were trying to memorize the eloquent speeches, but Mr. Peters was not disturbed about that; it gave him all the better chance to pick his passages and learn them. Ten minutes later, Mr. Peters slipped noiselessly and unobserved from his place of hiding, with a broad grin on his face and a triumphant joy in his heart, as he went over his collection: "'It has long been a custom to claim the red roses as a symbol of love but, dear, to me not all the red roses in the world will match the soft color of your cheeks.' 'The beauties of spring are receiving the

praise of all about me, but I am unaffected, because *you* are not in the spring. There is no green thing in all the world so beautiful to me as your beaming eyes.'

"'Green, beaming eyes!'" he repeated. "And why *should* she be in the spring? What fool stuff these youngsters can get up when the notion takes them. I suppose it will suit the one it's intended for, though, and she will think it is *so nice* and *so pretty*. But Walter! I never would have believed that *my* son had so much sentimentality in him. Well, we'll see, we'll see. He'll have to pay dearly for all his pranks."

Mr. Peters was so happy over his secret that he could hardly keep from telling it. But cool judgment, on which he prided himself, told him to wait until he could get the whole party together to enjoy the discomfiture of their tormentor.

Tea was over and Mr. Peters and all the young people had gone out on the front veranda. Mrs. Peters alone was missing, and her husband waited impatiently for her to complete the group that was soon to be surprised by his discovery. There was another on the porch awaiting Mrs. Peters' coming, but Mr. Peters did not know it. The moment his wife reached the veranda, Mr. Peters began, determined to speak before the conversation should have time to take any other turn, or his son have another opportunity to belabor the party.

"I have some news for you, young people," he began in a loud, pompous tone. "I have only to-day discovered that we have in our midst a poet, or one with considerable poetic feeling. The writer has not cared for public fame: he has sought the praise of *one* alone. Had I not accidentally heard him crooning his love-melodies, his genius might have passed forever unrecognized. As it is, we may all do honor to the poet. Now, don't you respect the author of such beautiful expressions as these: 'The red rose has long been a token of love, but to me, dear, all the red roses in the world cannot equal the soft color—'?"

"Father, you seem to be getting things mixed."

"What's the matter with it?" growled Mr. Peters. "I don't claim to be able to say it in such a love-sick fashion as you, if that's what is troubling you." He did not like to be interrupted, and also noticed that instead of being embarrassed, his son's face was aglow with excitement.

"You say that the writer didn't care for the praise of but one. Then, why should he be trying to get other people to praise his work?"

Mr. Peters was nonplussed. He had not anticipated this turn.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You wrote all that yourself, and now you come quoting—My joke has turned out better than I expected." And Walter broke into a fit of laughing.

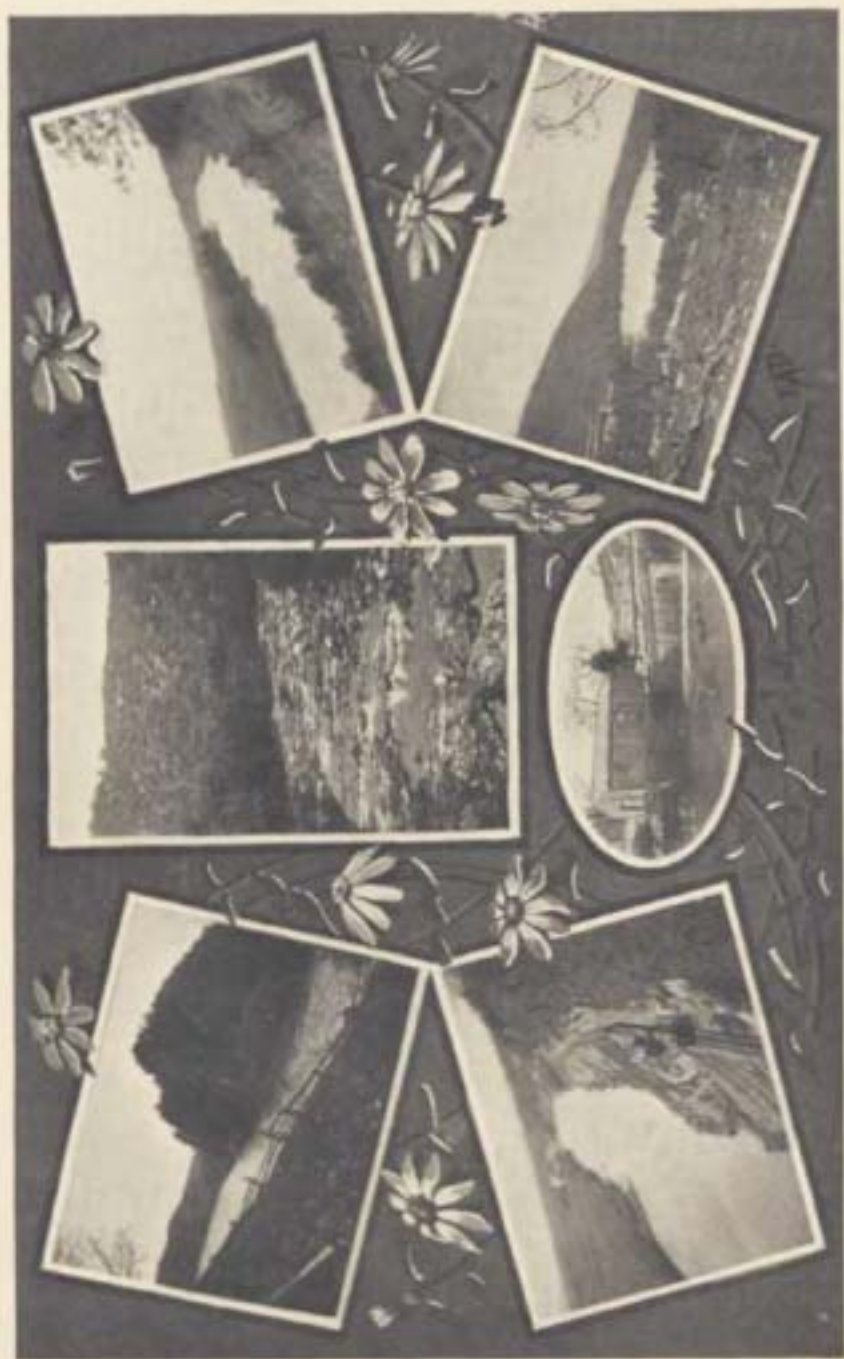
"Walter, I didn't think you would tell such a—"

"If you don't believe it, why don't you ask Mother. I shouldn't imagine she's forgotten about her green eyes. If anybody wants further proof, let him look at this," and he drew from his pocket a crumpled letter.

"I don't believe it!" Mr. Peters reiterated stoutly. But even at the moment, conviction was gripping his heart and something was whispering to him: "You might have suspected it from the way those lines stuck in your mind so easily."

Then as all rushed to the light to look at the crumpled letter that Walter held out, Mr. Peters nervously slipped across the porch to where his wife was seated. "Come on, Sallie, let's leave these young people to themselves; children will be children." And with that wise dictum, he took her arm and the two went out into the yard where the wind might blow upon Mr. Peters' burning brow.

MARY H. STONE.



To My Radiator

Ah, dear old Radiator mine!
How wropt my life has been with thee!
How many days of rain or shine
You've shared this little room with me!

Four years we've sat here side by side,
Just as the architect designed;
Long years you've been an iron bride
To one who has no other kind.

I've looked no look you didn't see;
I've thought no thought you didn't ken—
Could intimacy closer be
Than ours throughout these years has been?

And yet for all the years we've shared,
For all the good and all the ill,
For all I've whined and mused and cared,
I feel that we are strangers still.

Deep in your heart a secret lies
Which I have never touched yet;
Behind your odd metallic eyes
Is hid a truth I cannot get.

Dear Lady, tell me! When it's hot,
Why isn't you scorch me out with steam;
And when it's freezing 'round this spot,
Remain as cold as new ice-cream?

JOSEPH W. HALL, '09.



Emancipation Ode

In that horrible orgy of limestone and slate,
In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight,
The corps did assemble, and hist'ry was made,
The customs of years in their coffins were laid.
But long was the battle; and bloody withal,
Far down in the innermost bosoms of all
Lurked the burs of the buckster; the ninety degree,
And the almost resistless, "Say, Rat, gimme three!"
But Reason had conquered, and so, with a shout,
The practice of hazing was put down and out.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

From taps tonight, you have no right,
O hurly Soph, to beat,
Restrain your hand, the Freshman band
Like fellow classmen treat.
Tomorrow morn when sounds the horn
To rouse you from your beds,
Come forth, ye Rats, from off your slats
And proudly hold your heads.
Fear not the broom, ye have no room
Except your own to sweep.
Be freshashell, remember well,
None now can make you weep.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

Ah, that night! Who can forget it?
Who but rue it and regret it?
That last night of Hazing's reign.
There was falling blows like rain,
Shrieks of fear and cries of pain.
Locked and barred was every door,
Bands of rodents, sad and sore,
Congregated on each floor,

While the slowly moving clock
All their sorrows seemed to mock.
But the night drew to a close,
Like a sword the sun arose,
And his iridescent blaze
Seemed to say, "Thou shalt not haze!"
Hark! The strains of Reveille
Sing the psalm of the free,
Equal rights, fraternity,
Henceforth shall our motto be.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the hugh shrill and clear,
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

But though the rodents now could shirk
The buckster, broom, and menial work,
They found they had, much to their ire,
Jumped from the skillet to the fire,
Imagine, if you can, their rage
When upperclassmen, grave and sage,
Decided that a rat's a rat
For all o' that and all o' that.
Wherefore the Soph Committee met
To draw up rules full long a set,
Regarding cigarettes, and cits,
And fining out, and verdant mits,
A turned-up trouser, cap askew,
On rat received a harsh taboo.
The entrance gate was barred to him,
His townward path lay 'hind the gym.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the hugh shrill and clear,
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

"But hark ye, Rat. See to it that
The Decalogue you keep.
If you renig, you'd better dig,
Revenge is swift and cheap.
You helpless mutt, a grim haircut
Will grace your hapless head."
So spake the Soph. No Rat could scoff
At words so full of dread.
In gloves of green; with hunchy mien,
Sans cigarette he went.
He doffed his grin; he learned to fin,
So straight he backward bent.
But some there were whose shaggy fur
One fateful night was shorn.
They'd not obeyed, and though they prayed,
Came hairless forth at morn.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the bugle shrill and clear,
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

Thus the customs of years went out in a day,
And the babies in safety can gambol and play.
The fondest of mothers has no cause to regret
When she sends here her darling, his training to get.
The buckster, the boyonet, the broom-stick, the slat
Are laid on the shelf and not on the rat.
And only a few degenerate ones
Swear softly when cleaning the locks of their guns,
Or once in a while reminiscently sigh
For the fair days of hazing at old V. P. L.

C. Y. A.



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J. O. OLIVER	H. A. WOMACK
POLLARD	J. B. WATKINS



The Gray Jacket Staff

Local Ed.

Local Ed.



F.P. Coleman
10

Literary Ed.

Bus. Mgr.



A. Harris
09



J.W.C. Catlett
09



W.M. Bishop
10

Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Editors in Chief

Asst. Bus. Mgr.



W.T. Hoofnagle
09



L.J. Hillman
10



R.E. Kent
09



J.C. Beard
11

Literary Eds.

Y.M.C.A. Ed.

Athletic Ed.



J.B. Watkins
11



E.W. Mackan
10



H.A. Wemack
10



P.A. Tunner
11

Local

Editor



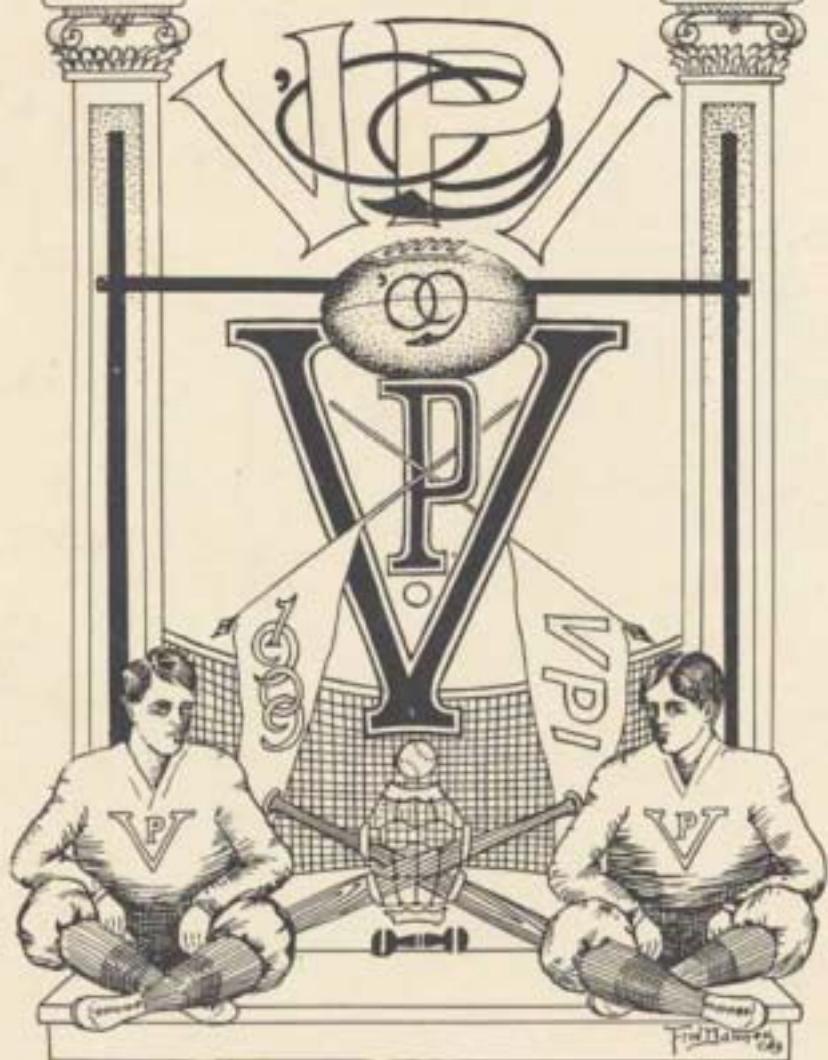
J.B. Lucas
10

H.A.W. 10

Bugle Election

The Brainiest Cadet.....	STEBBINS
The Hardest Student.....	WYSOR
The Most College Spirited.....	HARRIS
The Most Dignified Cadet.....	CUDLIPP
The Most Popular Cadet.....	HUFFARD
The Handsomest Cadet.....	HUFFARD
The Best Officer.....	MILLER
The Best First Sergeant.....	LEWIS
The Best Sergeant.....	STONEBURNER
The Best Corporal.....	BEARD
The Best Drilled Private.....	BEN DAVIS
Calico Sport.....	WEISS
The Greatest Lady Hater.....	WYSOR
The Heart Smasher.....	ISAAC
The Most Popular Professor.....	WILLIAMS
The Handsomest Professor.....	MILES
The Most Popular Young Lady.....	MISS PATHON
The Laziest Cadet.....	R. T. WADE
The Freshest Cadet.....	DUNN
The Best All-round Cadet.....	LUTTRELL
The Cadet Most in Love.....	THENOR
The Wittiest Cadet.....	PRICHARD
The Most Conceited Cadet.....	MACKELL
The Most Bashful Cadet.....	HIX
The Greatest Bore.....	ENGLAND
The Greatest Kicker.....	C. P. MASSIE
The Best Natured Liar.....	STUART

ATHLETICS



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H. L. PRICE	TREASURER
D. D. MARTIN, '09	ASSISTANT TREASURER

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

C. P. MILES, Graduate Manager	CHAIRMAN
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A. D. AUSTIN, '10
E. L. KENNER, '11

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F. C. STONEBURNER, '10		ASSISTANT MANAGER OF FOOTBALL TEAM
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N. D. HARGROVE, '10		ASSISTANT MANAGER OF BASKET-BALL TEAM
W. A. BOWLES, '09		MANAGER OF BASEBALL TEAM
E. R. BODGSON, '10		ASSISTANT MANAGER OF BASEBALL TEAM
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J. B. SKINNER, '10		ASSISTANT MANAGER OF TRACK TEAM
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E. C. AINSLIE, '09		TECH. REP.



MILLER



THOMAS



EVANS



RUSSELL



ROBERTS



THOMPSON



BROWN



THE SCRIMMAGE



THE TOUCHDOWN



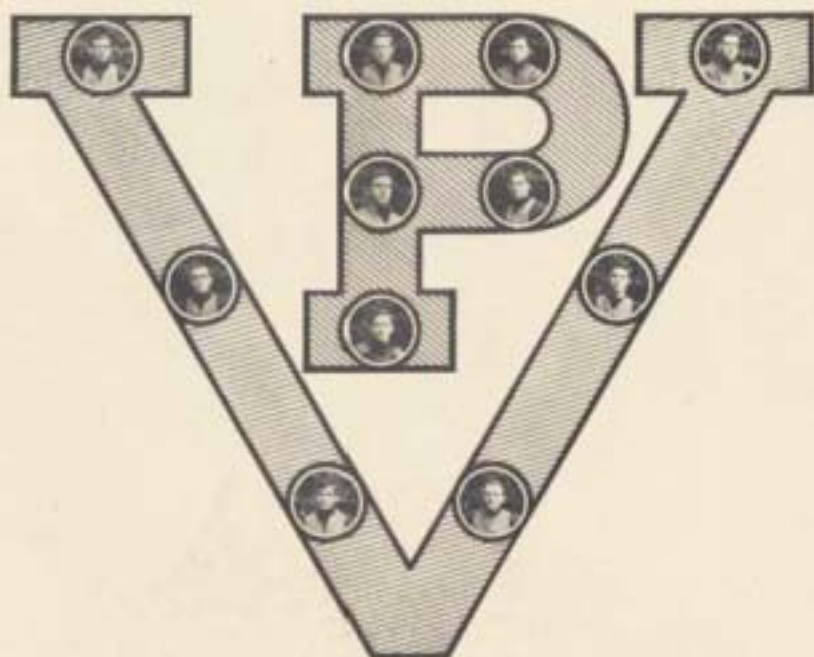
THE LINE UP



Football Department

OFFICERS

BROWS, R. M.	COACH
LUTTRELL, J. T.	CAPTAIN
HUCHINSON, H. H.	MANAGER
STONEBURNER, F. U.	ASSISTANT MANAGER



LINE UP

RUFFARD	LEFT END
JONES, H. G.	LEFT TACKLE
WALKER	LEFT GUARD
GIBBS	CENTER
HODSON, E. R.	RIGHT GUARD
JONES, J. P.	RIGHT TACKLE
HICKS	RIGHT END
CONNOLLY	QUARTERBACK
LUTTRELL, Captain	LEFT HALFBACK
BILLUPS	RIGHT HALFBACK
HODGSON, V. B.	FULLBACK

Scrubs

SYLVESTER, W. W.	LEFT END
WINGFIELD, R. M.	LEFT TACKLE
COBB, H. E.	LEFT GUARD
JEFFRIES, M. H.	CENTER
BURBOUGHS, W. H.	RIGHT GUARD
ECHOLS, O. P.	RIGHT TACKLE
HOLT, H. D.	RIGHT END
VAUGHN, H. B., Captain	QUARTERBACK
RICHTER, J. P.	LEFT HALFBACK
AMBLER, P. T.	RIGHT HALFBACK
ANDERSON, E. R.	FULLBACK





VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906



FOOTBALL, 1904-05



SENIOR CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



Junior Class Football Team



SENIOR CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



FRESHMAN CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM







BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball Department

OFFICERS

BROWN, R. M.	COACH
AUSTIN, A. D.	CAPTAIN
BOWLES, W. A.	MANAGER
HODGSON, E. B.	ASSISTANT MANAGER

LINE UP

AUSTIN, A. D.	CATCHER
HODGSON, A. N.	PITCHER
JONES, H. G.	PITCHER
HURT, G. W.	SHORTSTOP
IVES, W. M.	FIRST BASE
LEE, S. H.	SECOND BASE
KENNER, E. L.	THIRD BASE
HICKS, T. P.	LEFT FIELD
HOBBIE, W. N.	CENTER FIELD
FUGUA, R. W.	RIGHT FIELD



BASKET
BALL



1914



BASKETBALL TEAM

Basket-Ball Department

OFFICERS

BROWN, R. M.	COACH
HUGHES, J. L.	CAPTAIN
EVANS, G. S.	MANAGER
HARGROVE, N. D.	ASSISTANT MANAGER

LINE UP

HUGHES, J. L., Captain	CENTER
HARGROVE, N. D.	LEFT FIELD
LEGGE, P. H.	LEFT GUARD
HURT, G. W.	RIGHT FIELD
LANGFORD, E. P.	RIGHT GUARD
LIPSCOMB, E. R.	SUBSTITUTE







Track Squad

Crack Squad

(Season 1908-'09)

OFFICERS

BROWN, E. M.		COACH
LUTTRELL, J. T.		CAPTAIN
CARPENTER, J.		MANAGER
SKINNER, J. B.		ASSISTANT MANAGER

LUTTRELL, J. T.
HUFFARD, P. P.
HARGROVE, K. D.
SYFAN, R. C.
SHARP, C. J.
HUGHES, J. L.
RICHTER, J. P.
SILVESTER, W. W.
COOPER, F. C.

GIBBS, A. G.
DAVIS, W. B.
PROSSER, F. K.
STAFFORD, E. E.
HURRUS
VAUGHAN, H. B.
DeVAL, R. A.
MORTON, D. P.
HEARD, S. K.



Tennis

CAMPBELL, T. P. MANAGER

SCHEDULE FOR 1909

Roanoke College—5-7, 2-6, 4-6.
W. & L.—April 30 to May 1 at Lexington.
E. & H.—May 8 at Blacksburg.
E. & H.—May 16 at Emory.
R. M. A.—April 16 at Blacksburg.

SCORES FOR 1908

W. & L.—5-7, 6-4, 3-0.
V. P. I.—7-5, 4-6, 6-3.
Roanoke College—5-7, 2-6, 4-6.
V. P. I.—7-5, 6-2, 6-4.

TEAM

IVES, WM. CAMPBELL, T. P., JR.





The Fan

I did not dream your gift would make me sad;
How could this thing of lace and ivory
Entangle in its meshes any care,
Or thought of you that would bring grief to me?

When laughingly it fluttered out its folds,
With stars besprinkled like a butterfly,
It spoke of happy hours and lightsome words
Of summer and of summer's rhapsody.

But when tonight I held it as I heard
Heart-thrilling music, felt the rose's breath,
When lovely forms with faces fair upturned
Were round me; then, by stealth

There crept upon me all the old-time pain,
The longing for the playmate, brother, friend,
All we had heard together, and had seen
In summers that would never come again.

MILITARY



DEPARTMENT



BATTALION BAND



LIEUT COL. BRODIE



MAJ. HOLMES



COL. JAMERSON



MAJ. STONE



MAJ. DAY

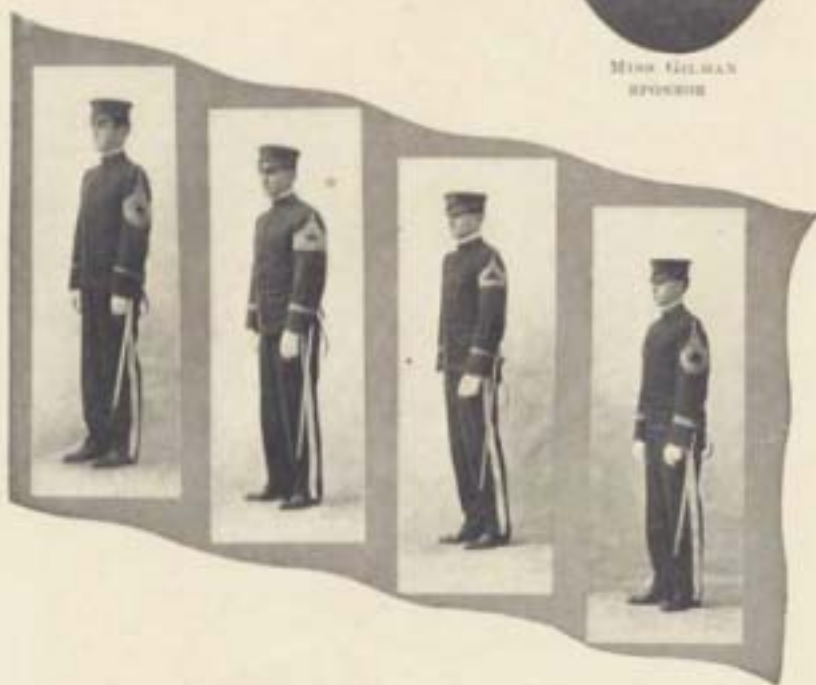


BATTALION OFFICERS

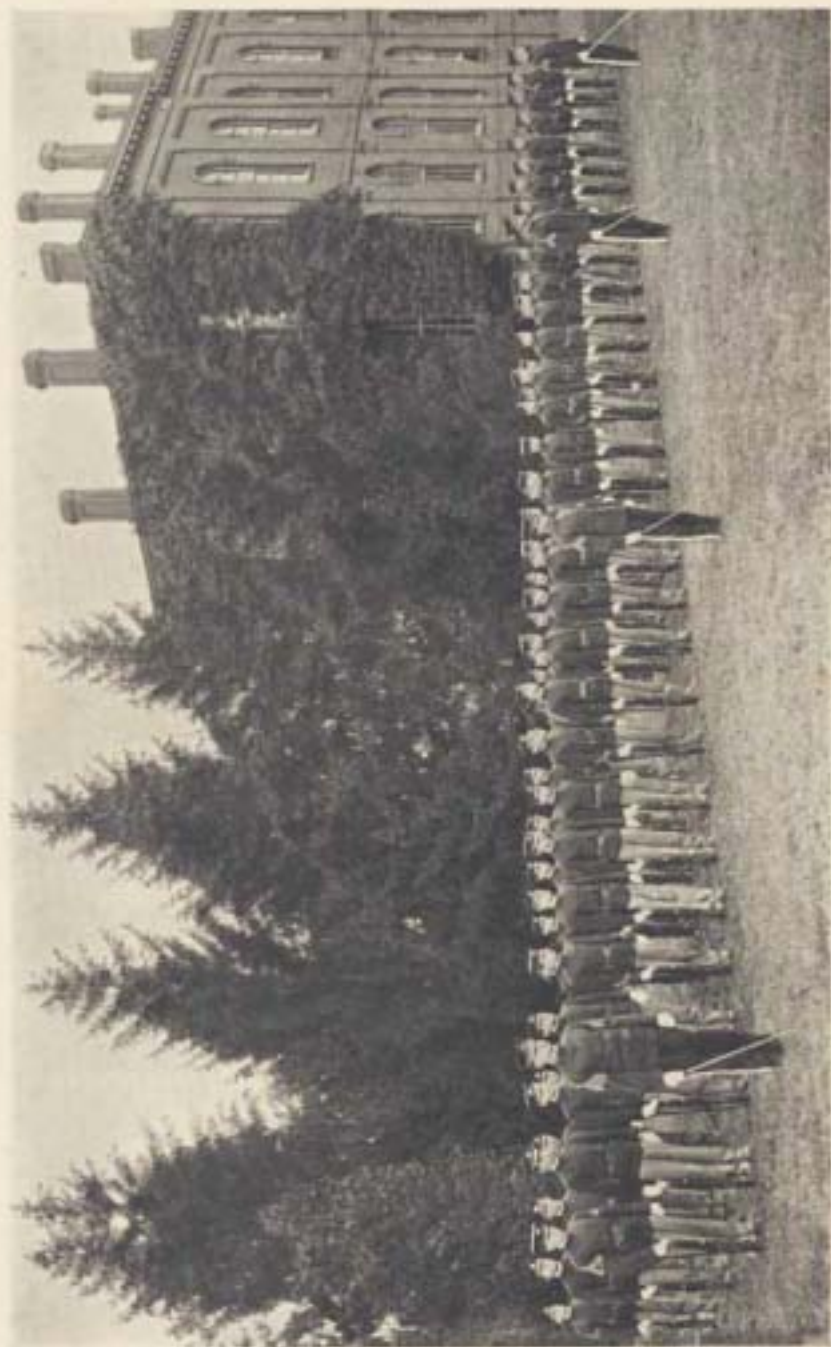
Staff



MISS HELMAN
SPOUSE



D. D. MARTIN	CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT
P. P. HUFFARD	CAPTAIN QUARTERMASTER
F. E. SAUNDERS	FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ASSISTANT ADJUTANT
H. H. HUTCHINSON	FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
H. H. HAWKINS	SERGEANT MAJOR
F. P. COLEMAN	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
H. A. WOMACK	COLOR SERGEANT
L. V. SUTTON	COLOR SERGEANT

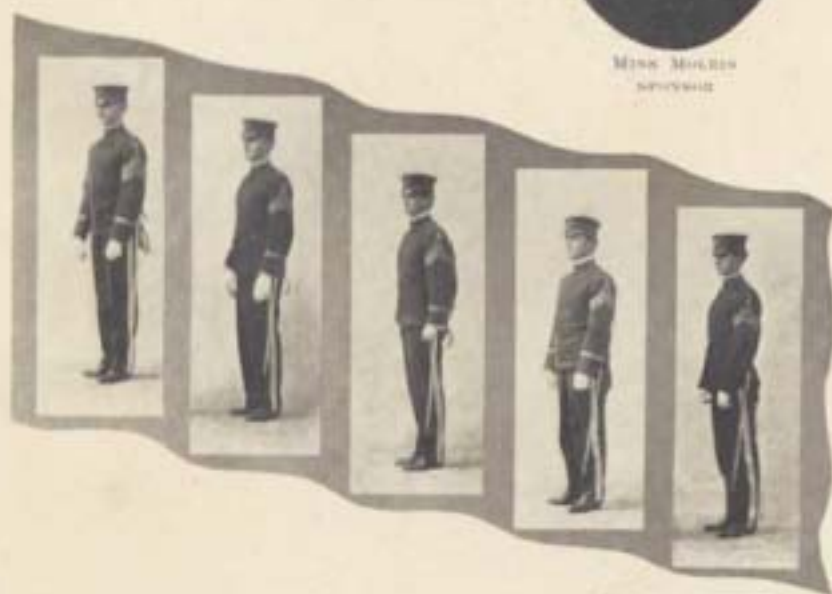


COMPANY A

Company A



MISS MORRIS
SPOTSWOLD



V. V. KELSEY	CAPTAIN
J. CARPENTER	FIRST LIEUTENANT
R. M. JOHNSTON	SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. D. MOSS	THIRD LIEUTENANT
L. E. WALKER	THIRD LIEUTENANT (Attached)
O. M. BISHOP	FIRST SERGEANT
C. H. SLAYTON	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
A. H. WARDEN	SERGEANT
G. C. BROOKING	SERGEANT
G. G. VIA	SERGEANT
J. A. HALE	CORPORAL
E. C. HECKMAN	CORPORAL
J. M. MORRIS	CORPORAL
W. G. HARRIS	CORPORAL
R. C. SYFAN	CORPORAL
E. L. KENNER	CORPORAL

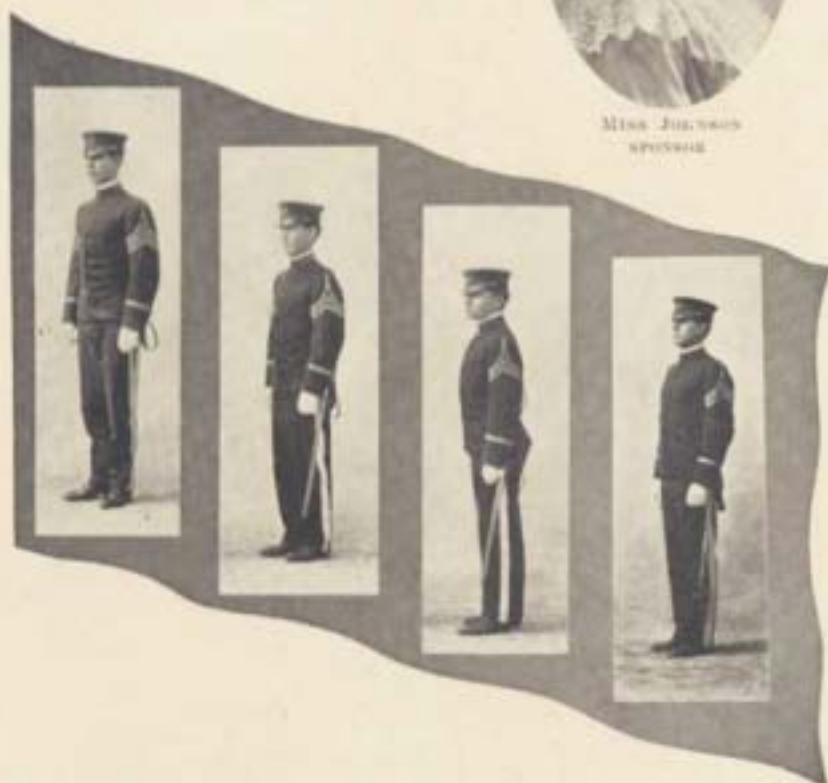


COMPANY II

Company B



MISS JOHNSON
SPONSOR



A. HARRIS	CAPTAIN
B. W. LAPRADE	FIRST LIEUTENANT
A. SOMERVILLE	THIRD LIEUTENANT
D. C. WYBOR	FIRST SERGEANT
F. C. STONEBURNER	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
J. M. HEATH	SERGEANT
D. W. FRY	SERGEANT
W. S. COWART	SERGEANT
L. J. KILIAN	SERGEANT
G. I. BERKLEY	CORPORAL
R. J. COUSINS	CORPORAL
J. J. LAKEW	CORPORAL
W. T. DABNEY	CORPORAL
P. H. THOMPSON	CORPORAL

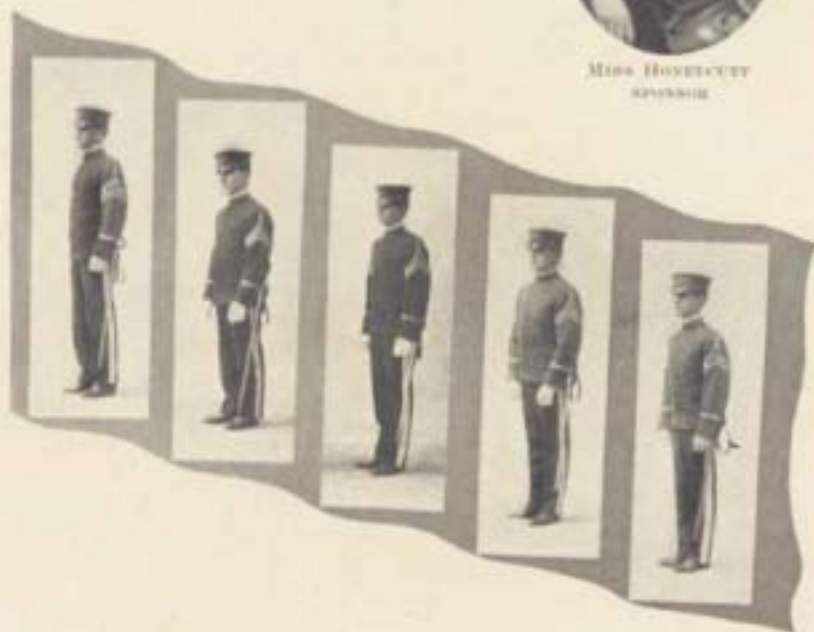


COMPANY C

Company C



MISS HOXELETT
SPONSOR



C. L. WATKINS.....	CAPTAIN
A. G. WALKER.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
E. A. WILLIAMS.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
F. O. CUDLIPP.....	THIRD LIEUTENANT (Attached)
J. J. SNIDOW.....	THIRD LIEUTENANT
H. M. THENOR.....	FIRST SERGEANT
L. A. PORTER.....	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
F. R. LAMB.....	SERGEANT
W. Y. JINKINS.....	SERGEANT
H. M. ROBINSON.....	SERGEANT
C. H. CRAIBILL.....	CORPORAL
W. J. OVERMAN.....	CORPORAL
A. A. FLETCHER.....	CORPORAL
J. B. WINSTON.....	CORPORAL
H. ROGERS.....	CORPORAL

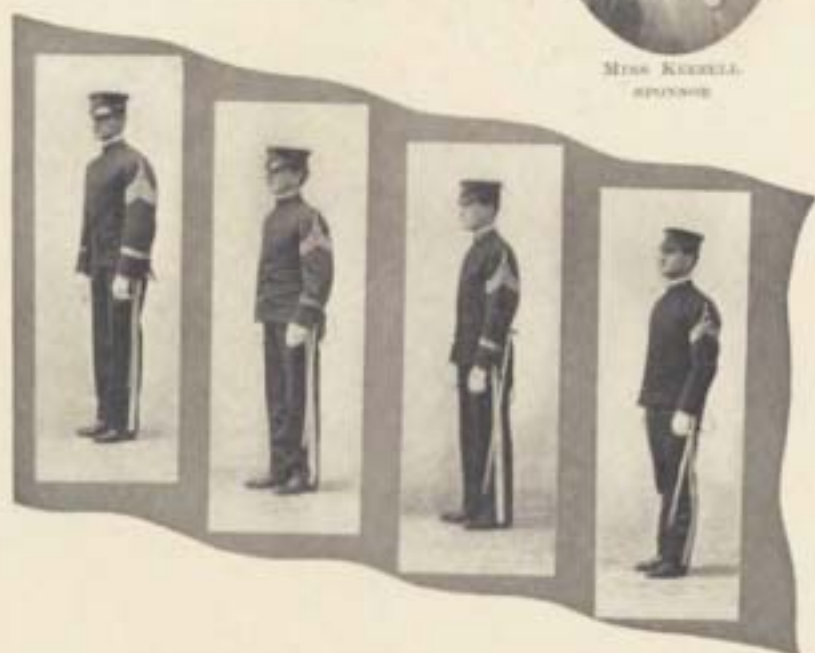


COMPANY B

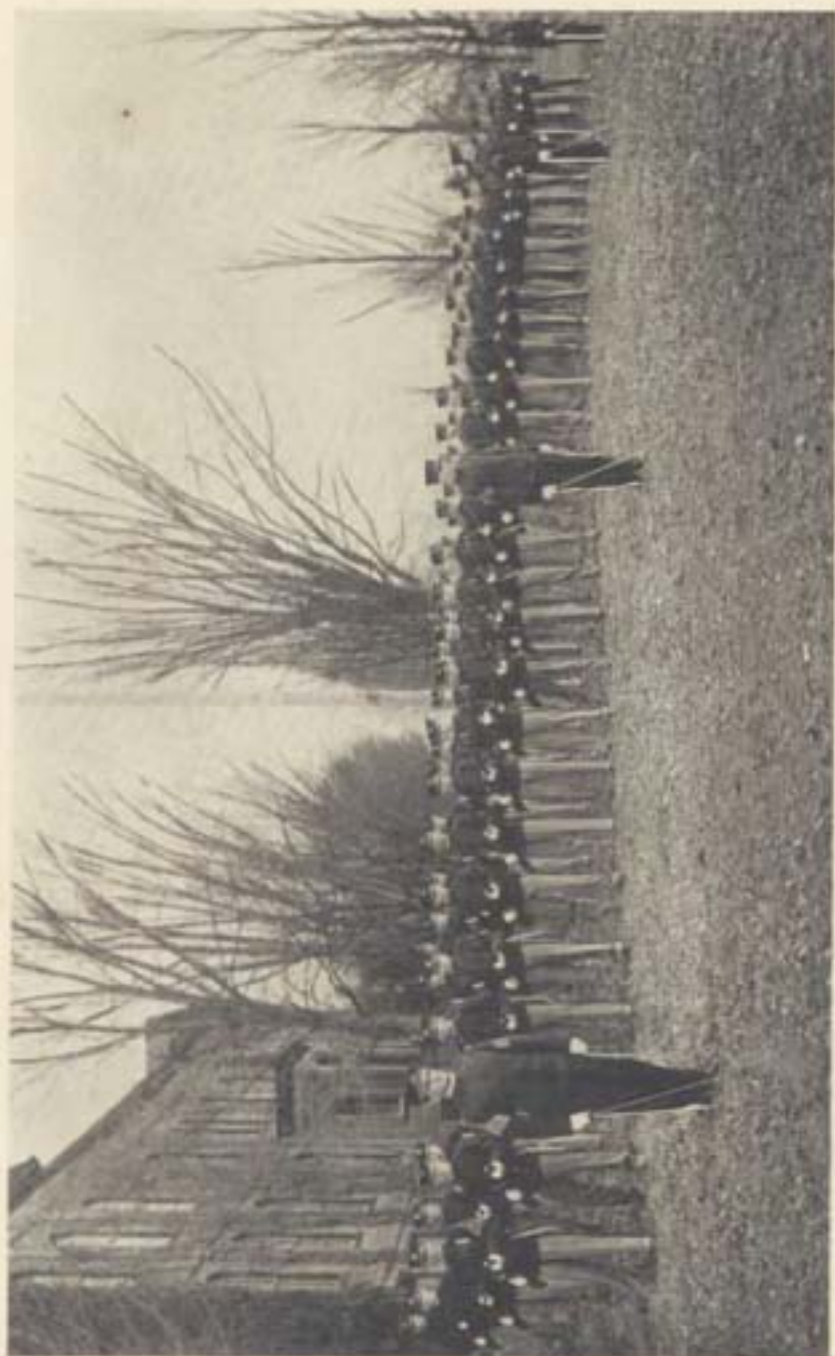
Company D



MISS KEREKE
REPRESENTATIVE



J. L. PALMER	CAPTAIN
L. C. ISAAC	FIRST LIEUTENANT
E. P. POOL	SECOND LIEUTENANT
E. P. ROGERS	THIRD LIEUTENANT
E. J. W. HULTMAN	FIRST SERGEANT
M. W. FRANKENFIELD	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
H. E. HILLIPS	SERGEANT
J. H. KEHLIN	SERGEANT
D. H. SPINDLE	SERGEANT
W. C. GUTHRIE	CORPORAL
J. B. WATKINS	CORPORAL
C. H. KIRKWOOD	CORPORAL
D. P. MORTON	CORPORAL
P. A. TANNER	CORPORAL

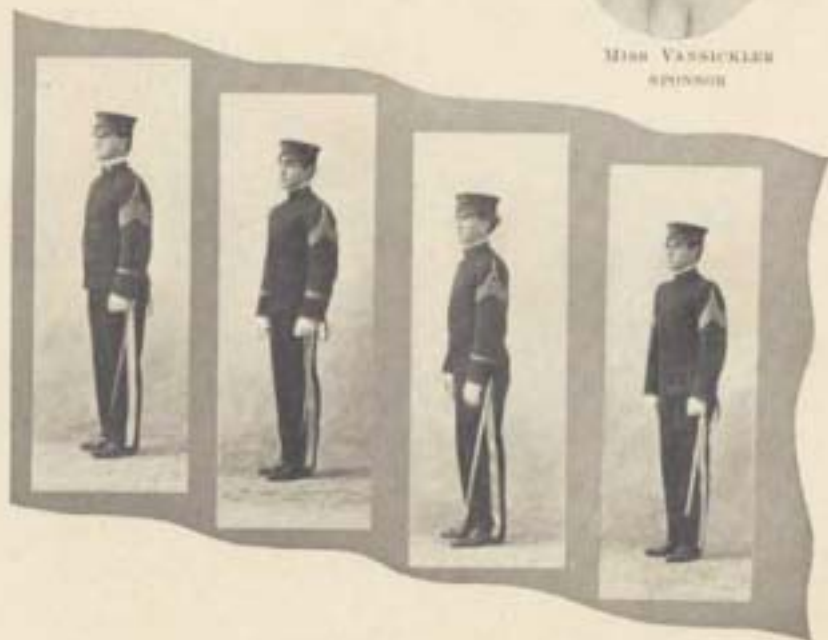


CAMPUS E.

Company E



MISS VASSIKLER
SPINSTER



H. A. TILLETTE	CAPTAIN
E. W. BOWEN	FIRST LIEUTENANT
W. S. MCGRAW	SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. T. WOOD	THIRD LIEUTENANT
C. P. MASSIE	FIRST SERGEANT
H. H. HOLMES	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
W. L. WRIGHT	SERGEANT
J. B. SKINNER	SERGEANT
W. H. JACKSON	SERGEANT
F. K. PROSSER	CORPORAL
A. G. JEFFERY	CORPORAL
G. B. BRIGHT	CORPORAL
E. G. FARTHING	CORPORAL
W. W. HOWARD	CORPORAL

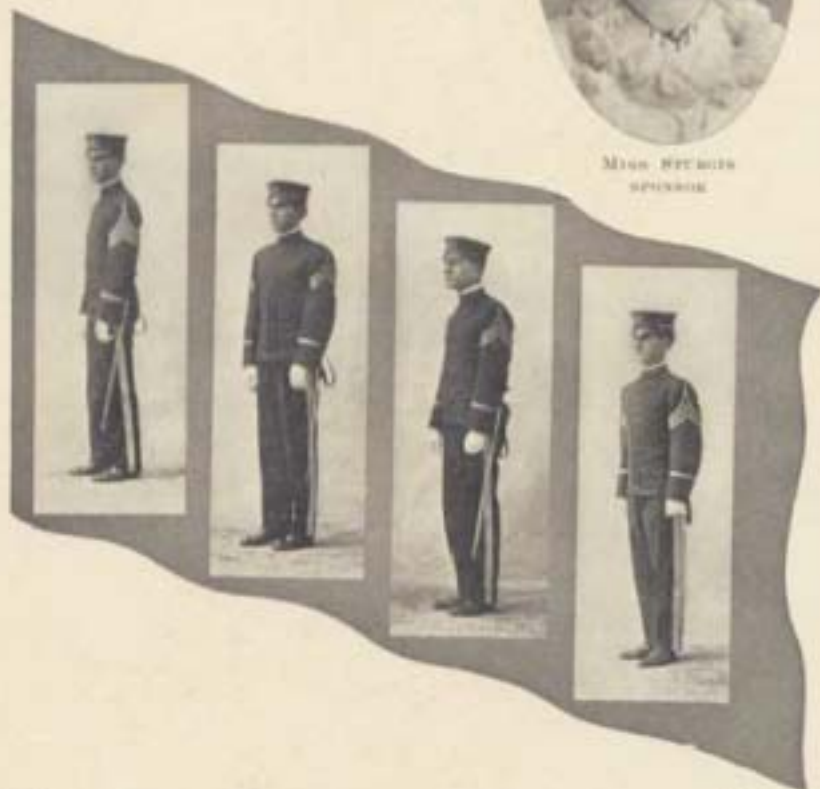


COMPANY F

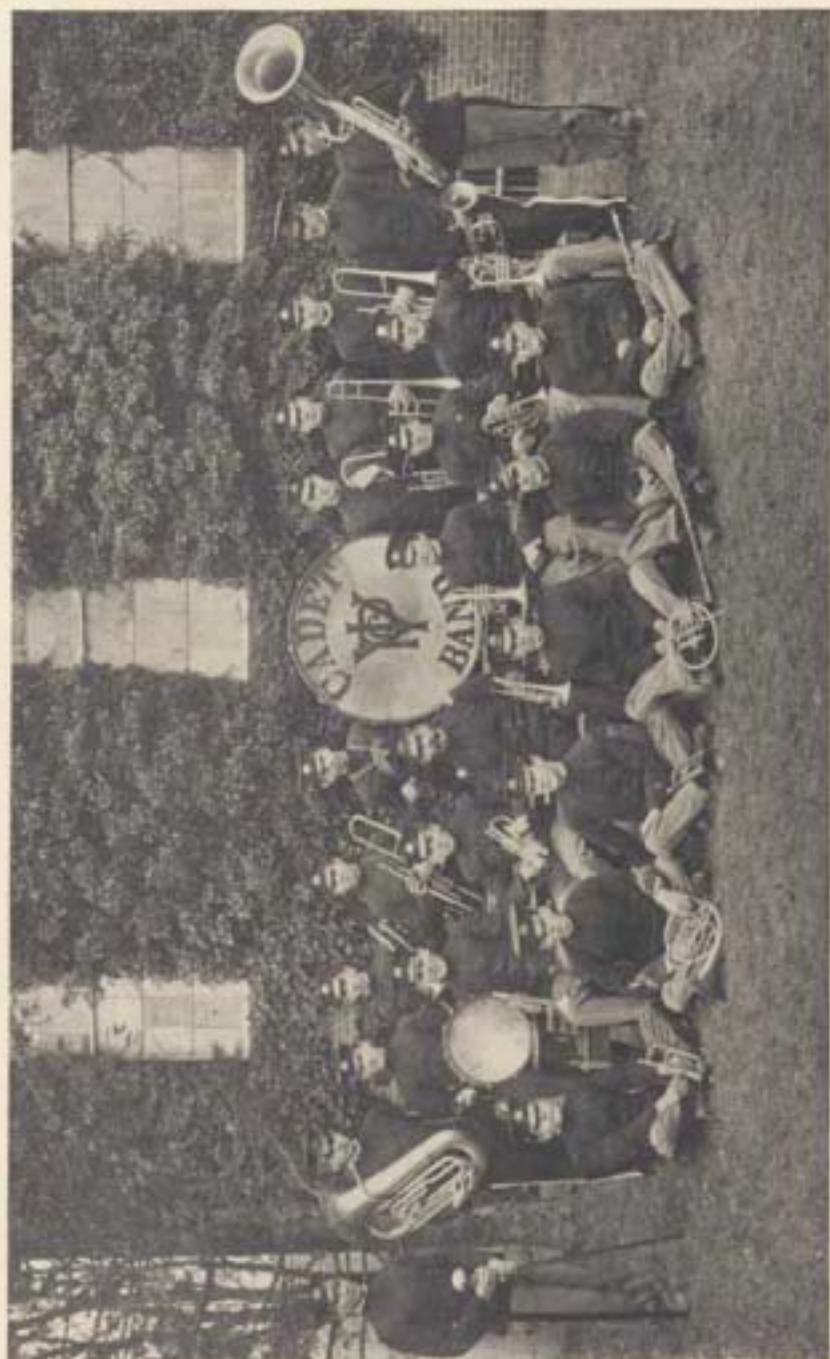
Company F



Miss Wyndham
Sponsor



F. MILLER	CAPTAIN
R. C. KENT	FIRST LIEUTENANT
T. P. HICKS	SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. T. HOOFNAGLE	THIRD LIEUTENANT
E. B. LEWIS	FIRST SERGEANT
R. M. ROBINSON	QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
J. B. LUCAS	SERGEANT
C. W. C. MACKAN	SERGEANT
J. L. HUGHES	SERGEANT
J. O. BEARD	CORPORAL
W. T. HARVEY	CORPORAL
G. W. LAND	CORPORAL
E. E. STAFFORD	CORPORAL
F. T. WYATT	CORPORAL
J. H. MASSIE	CORPORAL



BAND

Band



MISS FERGUSON
SPRING



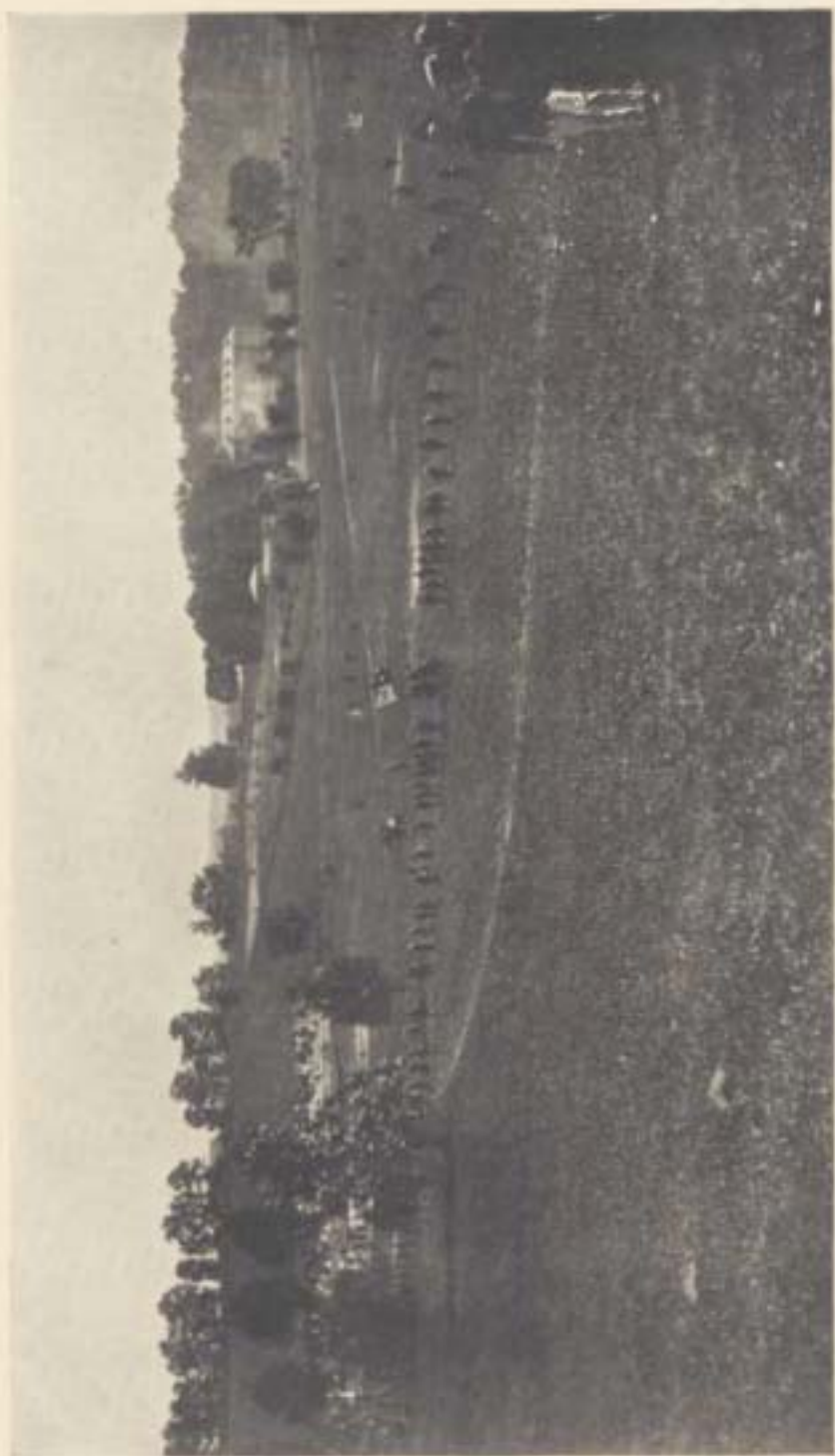
R. A. CALVERT.....	CAPTAIN
J. W. CARTER.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. P. HUNTER.....	FIRST SERGEANT
J. C. CHAMBERS.....	CORPORAL
W. H. SMITH.....	CORPORAL
E. H. CRUMMET.....	CORPORAL
A. A. WALDROP.....	CORPORAL



BATTALION—CROSS FORMATION



RIFLE TEAM



MIAMI HOSPITAL



PASSING OF THE BAR.

Immortality

Among the forest trees
The great winds sigh,
And hosts of fluttering leaves
Fall on the ground to die.

Above the gaudy leaves
A butterfly
Soars with its pale wings spread
Against the sky.

What if but here and there
A single soul
Shall from the earth-forms fair
Rise to the Goal?





German Club

OFFICERS

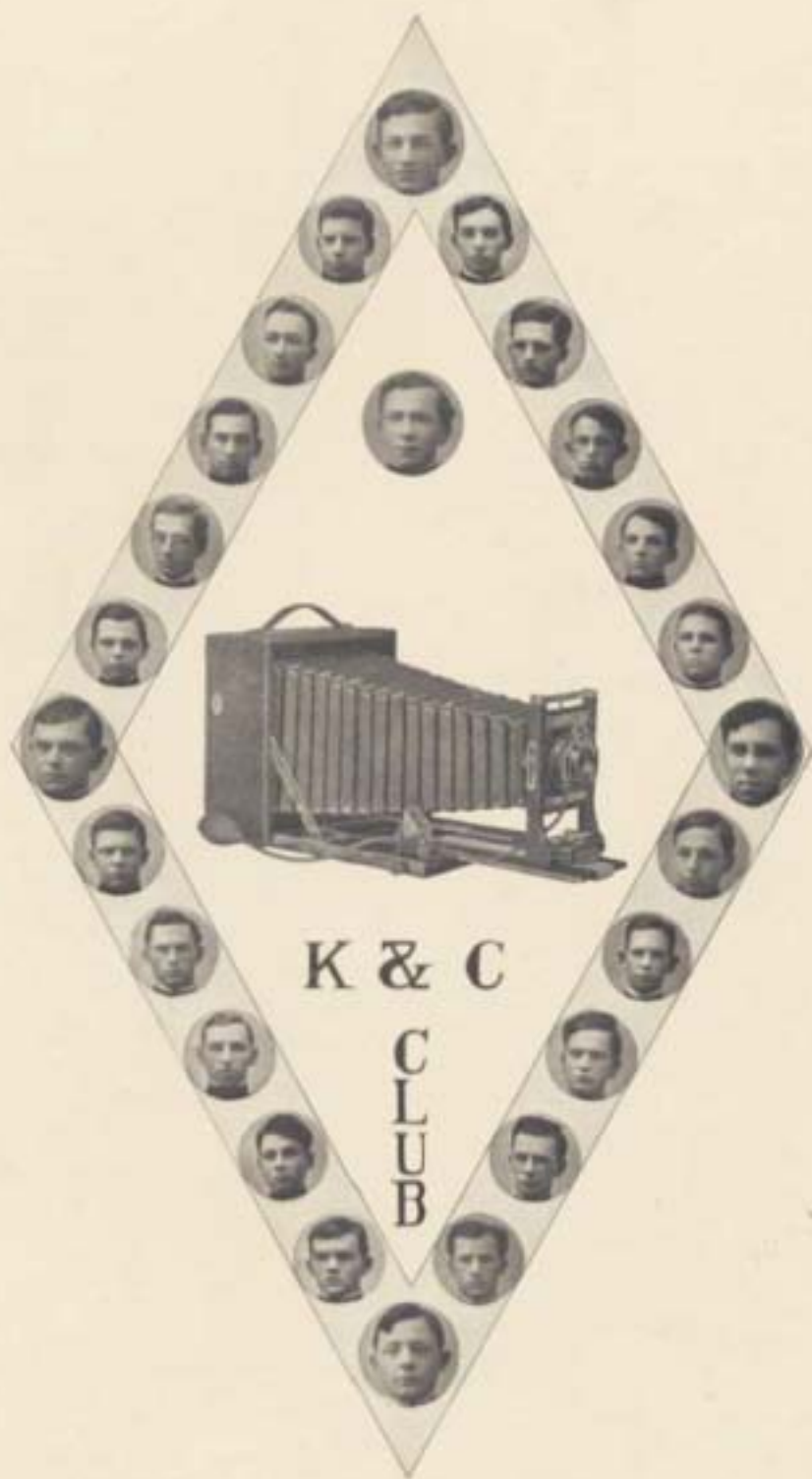
T. P. CAMPBELL, JR.	PRESIDENT
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H. H. HUTCHINSON	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. P. JONES	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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W. E. CORR	W. S. GRAVELEY
G. S. EVANS	J. H. HARVELL
J. R. HUTCHESON	M. H. JEFFERIES
T. R. HUTCHESON	J. E. VAWTER
H. H. HUTCHINSON	H. B. HAWKINS
P. P. HUFFARD	R. E. SAUNDERS
S. K. HEARD	R. W. LAPRADE
E. R. HODGSON	W. R. DAVIS
J. P. JONES	D. P. CLEMMER
W. B. MARTIN	D. H. SPINDLE
S. M. McMURRAN	G. W. HURT
W. C. RATHELL	E. A. WILLIAMS
F. W. POE	F. MILLER
F. E. SAUNDERS	W. A. BOWLES, JR.
J. B. SKINNER	C. L. SINCLAIR
L. V. SUTTON	C. W. C. MacKAN
	R. E. G. GOVER

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W. B. ELLETT	C. E. VAWTER
W. M. BRODIE	H. S. WORTHINGTON
R. M. BROWN	J. De LACOVA
F. H. ABBOT	A. M. GOODLOE
R. T. ELLETT	W. P. MONCURE
R. B. NELSON	H. G. McCORMICK
STOCKTON HEATH	J. J. DAVIS



Kodak and Camera Club

OFFICERS

W. S. McGRAW	PRESIDENT
<i>(Is a Ruby light a female?)</i>	
S. BLOCKSIDE	VICE-PRESIDENT
<i>(Why can't a tripod walk?)</i>	
F. J. LUSBY	SECRETARY
<i>(This negative is positive)</i>	
H. C. YEATON	TREASURER
<i>(I can't fader)</i>	
W. S. WAUGH	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
<i>(Shutter up)</i>	

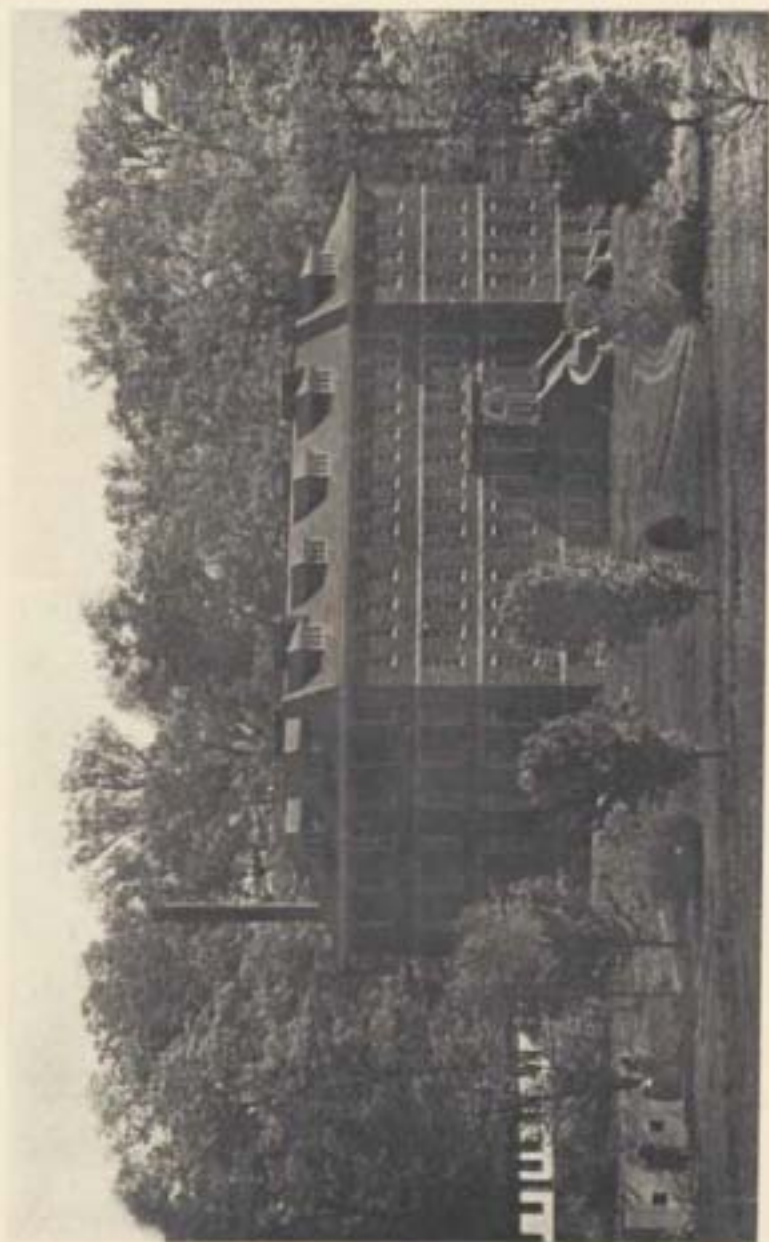
MEMBERS

HERGER, P.	<i>(Why is a dark-room dark?)</i>
BURTON, A. A.	<i>(My plate is empty)</i>
CLEMMER, D. P.	<i>(Do Air Bells ring?)</i>
HANKINS, C.	<i>(Do cartridges explode?)</i>
HEALEY, E. T.	<i>(Shadows are my fate)</i>
HOOFNAGLE, W. T.	<i>(Is a Brownie camera brown?)</i>
JACKSON, W. H.	<i>(He fixed himself in the Hypo bath)</i>
JENKINS, W. Y.	<i>(Is a Flexa Kodak flexible?)</i>
MOSS, W. D.	<i>(I will develop myself in the tank)</i>
NOTTINGHAM, S. C.	<i>(My favorite beverage is Orthol-Hydrochinon)</i>
RICHARDSON, H.	<i>(Is acetic acid vinegar?)</i>
RICHTER, J. P.	<i>(Does Solin come from the sun?)</i>
SMITH, F. A.	<i>(I was overdeveloped)</i>
STAFFORD, E. E.	<i>(Is squeezing the same as squeezing?)</i>
STEELE, R. E.	<i>(Is cold cream good for blisters?)</i>
STICKLEY, C. B.	<i>(He was dense because he was overdeveloped)</i>
WAUGH, D. B.	<i>(Do you think I am contrasty?)</i>
WEISS, O. H.	<i>(The graduate is broken)</i>
WILLIAMS, E. A.	<i>(Is a Folding Brownie a double-jointed being?)</i>
WILLIAMS, H. W.	<i>(Does a Hydrometer measure hydrogen?)</i>

FLASH-LIGHTS

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS E. L. GARRISON	MISS A. G. HANNAN
C. R. DEATON	



AGRICULTURAL HALL

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E. R. BISSEX	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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J. O. BEARD	J. J. LAREW
E. R. BISSEX	A. LOCKHART
J. H. BOTZ	J. H. MASSIE
R. A. BOWMAN	J. S. MILLER
F. R. BROWN	W. M. MONTGOMERY
J. CARPENTER	H. I. MOON
J. W. C. CATLETT	C. G. NELSON
C. H. CHILTON	H. M. OZLINE
J. A. COVINGTON	T. R. PARKER
C. H. CRABILL	H. PATRICK
R. H. CRUMMETT	D. M. PITTS
S. R. CRUMMETT	N. D. PRITCHARD
C. M. CUMMINGS	S. R. PURCELL
G. D. ELLIS	N. E. E. QUANTZ
F. E. FORTE	R. A. REYNOLDS
W. P. FUNSTEN	S. J. RICHTER
R. W. FUQUA	F. E. SAUNDERS
W. P. GILLET	W. M. SCALES
H. C. GIVENS	C. J. SHARP
G. T. GRAVATT	J. F. SHORTER
J. R. GWATHNEY	J. B. SKINNER
N. D. HARGROVE	R. H. SPITTLER
J. C. HART	S. C. STEPHENS
W. M. HERRIN	C. B. STICKLEY
W. S. HOBBS	B. D. STROHECKER
A. S. HODGSON	J. W. TAYLOR
K. R. HODGSON	M. O. WILSON
L. L. HOLLADAY	S. R. WILSON
J. C. HOMES	J. R. WINSTON
E. R. HUMSTON	R. F. WOOD



South Carolina Club

OFFICERS

E. P. ROGERS	PRESIDENT
W. S. McCLADY	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. A. WOMACK	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
R. SHACKELFORD	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

E. P. ROGERS
E. W. WEBB
E. A. WILLIAMS
H. A. WOMACK
H. G. JORDAN
W. S. McCLADY
F. W. FORK
R. SHACKELFORD



Cosmopolitan Club

OFFICERS

MISS CROWL	SPONSOR
T. P. HICKS	DEMOGOGUE
C. H. SLAYTON	ASSISTANT DEMAGOGUE
W. C. BATHILL	SCRIBE AND PHARISEE
W. P. FUNSTON	GUARDIAN ANGEL

REPUBLICANS

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 E. G. CLARK
 H. M. COBB
 W. L. EPLER
 W. M. HUSTON
 L. W. HICKS
 F. J. LUSBY
 E. H. LEDGE
 H. E. LEHR
 K. W. MACKAL
 E. M. MAXWELL



O. M. MERRY
 R. W. POLLARD
 J. C. QUINTERO
 F. A. SMITH
 B. SEDDON
 S. C. NOTTINGHAM
 C. J. SHARP
 R. SIENA
 R. G. TAYLOR
 M. B. THOMAS
 A. H. WORDEN



The Richmond Club

After the glorious Christmas tide of 1903, Mr. Woodson Wadley was inspired by the thought that since Richmond was the garden spot of "Old Virginia," she should be well represented at this institution.

This thought prompted him to call a meeting of Richmond boys; thus, on January 6, 1904, the present Richmond Club was inaugurated at V. P. I. At this triumphant gathering there were only twelve men present, and Mr. Woodson Pinkney Wadley was unanimously elected president.

From the beginning this organization has steadily increased in membership, until at present it has twenty-nine men on its roll.

Since its inauguration it has been customary to celebrate each anniversary by a banquet. These occasions are always looked forward to with much pleasure and anticipation.

February 27th marks the celebration of this event for the year of 1908-'09, and its pleasures will linger long in the minds of all who partook of the finest supper ever served on our Campus.

It is our aim to further the good work that was begun in 1904, and we hope that all who follow us will unite with us in the advancement of this organization, which is now the largest of its kind at V. P. I.



The Richmond Club

OFFICERS

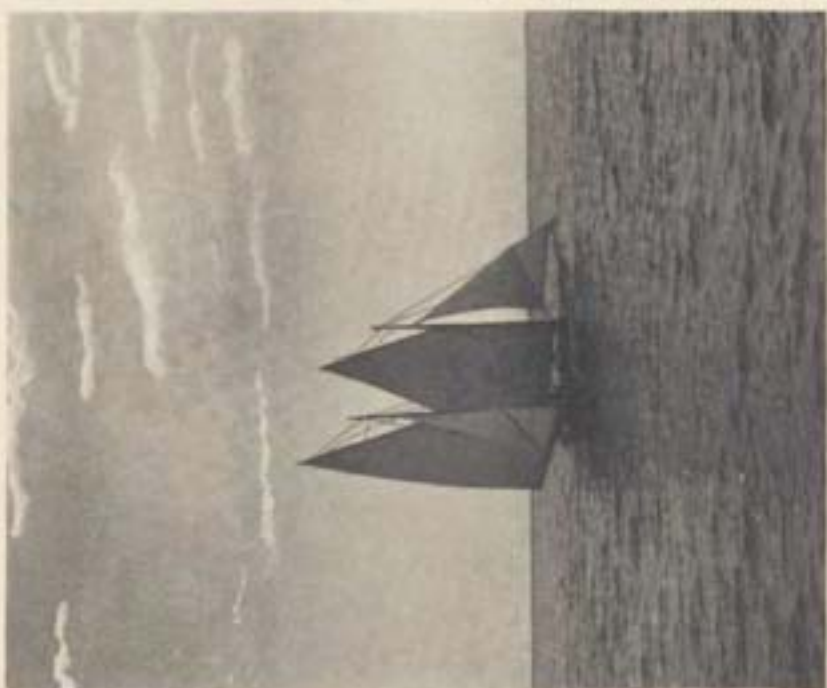
LOUIS E. WALKER	PRESIDENT
C. T. ADAMS	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. N. KURANK	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
W. G. DAVIS	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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G. I. BERKLEY	E. H. KNOX
C. A. BLANKENSHIP	W. S. MCGRAW
T. V. CHALKLEY	C. P. MASSIE
F. C. COOPER	D. P. MORTON
F. O. CUDLIPP	W. D. MOSS
J. M. CUDLIPP	C. E. NICKOLS
W. T. DARNEY	R. W. PAUL
W. G. DAVIS	G. B. PEASLEY
L. H. ENSLOW	J. H. SATTERWHITE
W. H. ENDERS	R. C. SYFAN
J. N. KURANK	G. P. TOMPKINS
E. A. ISHILL	L. E. WALKER
S. D. HARGROVE	L. WASHER
C. H. YARBOROUGH	

YELL: Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!
 Give us room;
 Ho! Hi! Huh!
 Ruh! Chuh!
 Richmond Club!

COLORED: Cherry and Pink
 MOTTO: "Do others or they'll do you"
 SONG: "In Old Sing Sing"
 FAVORITE PASTIME: Dreaming of "Her"



Norfolk Club

OFFICERS

W. T. JONES, '09	PRESIDENT
H. E. BILLUPS, '10	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. H. SILVESTER, '11	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
R. R. UPTON, '12	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

C. C. AYDELOTTE, '12	W. T. JONES, '09
H. E. BILLUPS, '10	F. KLEPPER, '09
C. W. CRUMP, '11	G. W. LAND, '11
C. M. DAVIDSON, '12	T. T. PEAKE, '12
C. S. FOSTER, '11	W. W. SILVESTER, '11
G. G. GARRISON, '12	W. SIMMONS, '12
E. K. HENLEY, '11	R. R. UPTON, '12
V. R. HODGSON, '11	H. B. VAUGHAN, '10
H. D. HOLT, '10	WARE, '12
L. C. ISAAC, '09	S. WESTON, '12
H. O. JAMES, '11	G. B. WILSON, '12
M. H. JEFFRIES, '10	W. T. WOOD, '09



Portsmouth Club

COLORS: Sea-Green and Navy-Blue

FAVORITE DRINK: Salt Sea Water

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Going Home

OFFICERS OF THE GOOD SHIP "PORTSMOUTH"

L. A. PORTER, '10.....	CAPTAIN
M. L. CLEATON, '11.....	MADE
W. J. OVERMAN, '11.....	PURSER
R. M. CODD, '12.....	CONSWAIN

CREW

F. R. BENSON, '11
T. H. FREIDLIN, '11
G. C. MAYNARD, '12
R. J. COUSINS, '11
P. B. IVES, '12
R. E. WRIGHT, '11
C. M. DAVIDSON, '12
C. W. C. MACKAN
W. V. H. WILLIAMS, '11

PASSENGERS

MISS E. R. BOWEN
WM. IVES



Roanoke Club

Colors: Black and Gold

Motto: Dare to do anybody

Favorite Dish: German Lunch

Favorite Beverage: Y. M. C. A. Cocktail

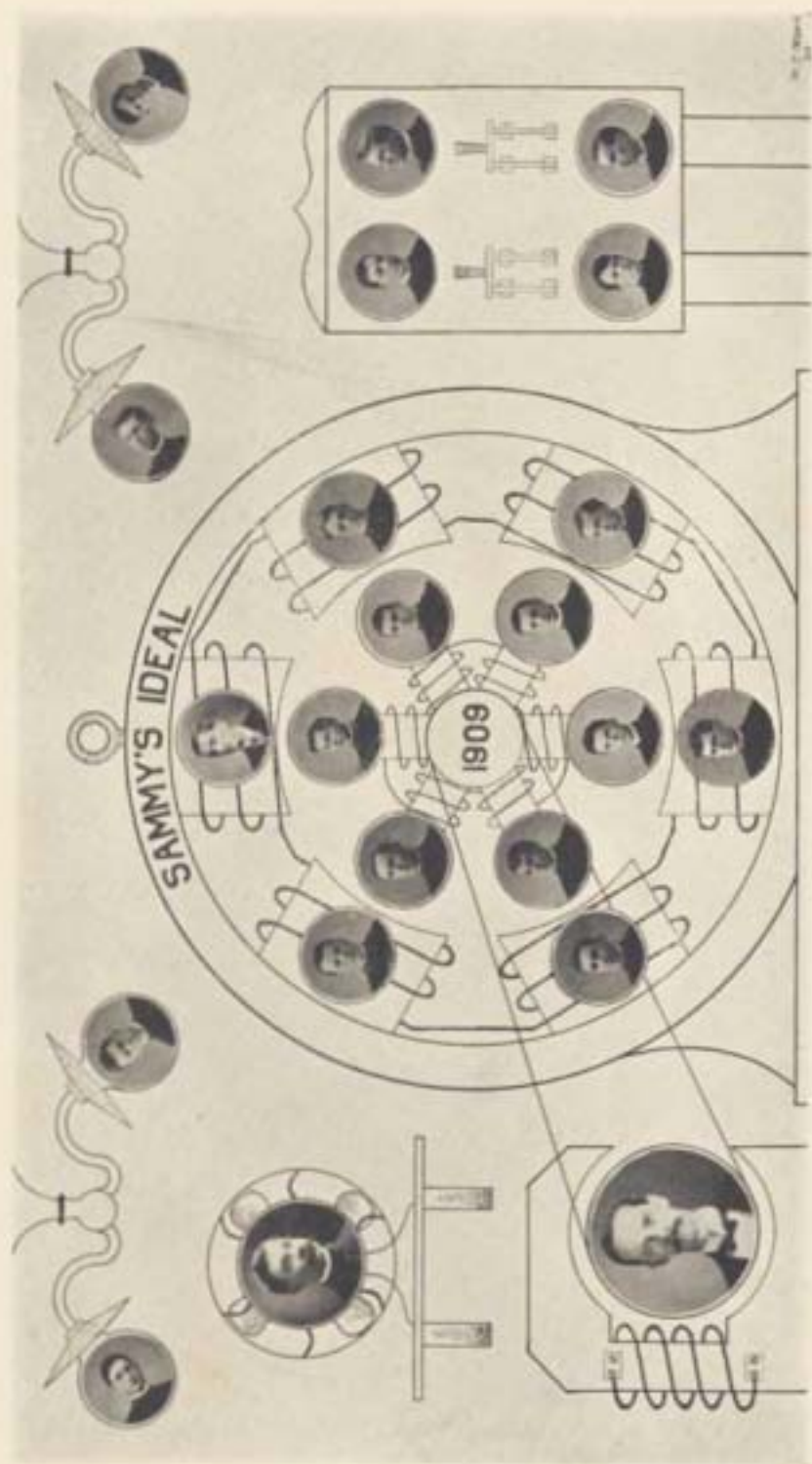
Occupation: "Hiding Sick Call" and Dreaming of Roanoke

OFFICERS

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E. C. HECKMAN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. H. CUNNINGHAM.....	SECRETARY
R. L. BRAGG.....	TREASURER
G. B. BRIGHT.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

A. D. AUSTIN, '19	L. B. ST. CLAIRE, '11
R. L. BRAGG, '12	G. N. GREGORY, '12
G. B. BRIGHT, '11	E. L. HECKMAN, '11
G. E. BRINKLEY, '12	W. N. HOBBS, '12
R. A. CUNNINGHAM, '11	P. KIRKBRIDE, '11
F. H. CUNNINGHAM, '11	J. M. LIPSCOMB, '12
J. P. GOODMAN, '12	C. L. PITZER, '12
F. GRAYATT, '11	G. C. ROBERTSON, '12
W. S. GRAVELY, '11	M. W. ROGERS, '10
E. W. SCOTT, '11	



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F. O. CUDLIFF	J. J. SNIDOW
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H. G. JORDAN	L. C. STICKLEY
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B. W. LAPRADE	H. I. TUCK
W. S. MCGRAW	L. E. WALKER
F. MILLER	J. G. WALKER
J. L. PALMER	W. T. WOOD



SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Shenandoah Valley Club

OFFICERS

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J. L. PALMER, '09	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. L. KENNER, '11	SECRETARY
F. C. STONEBURNER, '10	TREASURER
D. P. CLEMMER, '10	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

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J. M. BLACKBURN, '11	W. M. MONTGOMERY, '11
W. A. BOWLES, '09	W. Mc. MONTGOMERY, '10
D. P. CLEMMER, '10	J. L. PALMER, '09
R. G. DUNDORIE, '11	L. M. RICHARDSON, '11
J. E. GOODEN	R. D. SPANGLER, '11
E. B. HUMSTON, '12	R. H. SPITLER, '11
H. H. HUTCHINSON, '09	C. B. STICKLEY, '12
E. L. KENNER, '11	F. C. STONEBURNER, '10
J. S. KERR, '12	L. C. STICKLEY, '09
R. P. LANKFORD, '11	J. M. TRIMBLE, '12
J. J. LARREW, '11	W. M. WERNER, '12
E. A. LEVESEY, '12	W. L. WRIGHT, '10

HONORARY MEMBERS

H. G. McAMES
W. R. LEVESEY
W. S. MARTIN



Southwest Virginia Club

OFFICERS

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J. H. AARON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
B. S. GILLESPIE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
G. W. HURT.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

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W. C. DIXON, '12	J. A. MILNER, '10
W. W. DICKINSON, '12	R. E. STEELE, '12
H. E. EARLY, '10	J. R. WREN, '11
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G. H. FINKS, '12	D. B. WAUGH, '11
W. M. GOSSE, '12	T. C. SHERRILL, '10
B. S. GILLESPIE, '11	H. G. BONHAM
G. W. HURT, '11	C. H. DEATON



Randolph-Wacon Club

DEDICATED TO R. M. W. C.
COLORS: Lemon and Black

OFFICERS

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J. B. SHANKS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. STEBBINS.....	SECRETARY
J. S. MCGROVE.....	TREASURER
J. W. SEWHILL.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

W. G. JONES

C. F. BROWER

McGuire's University School Club



Colors: Black and Red
Motto: Perseverantia vincit omnia

Jno W. C. Catlett '09 Pres.	W. D. Mass. '09 V. Pres.
Rollins B. Sykes '11 Secy & Treas.	J. C. Cooper '12 Serg't of Arms
J. O. Cudlipp '09	D. P. Morton '11
J. M. Cudlipp '12	L. Washer Jr. '09
W. P. Fensler '11	Jno. R. Winston '11
D. Johnson '10 Honorary Members	
W. H. Gange	Robert B. Nelson



Wythe County Club

OFFICERS

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P. P. HUFFARD, '09	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. B. MCGAVOCK, '11	SECRETARY
S. L. PORTER, '11	TREASURER
F. R. BROWN, '12	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

J. M. JEWETT, '09
 C. H. BAUCHMANN, '11
 C. H. KIPPERT, '11
 M. J. GROVES, '12
 J. S. MILLER, '12
 A. N. WILLIAMS, '12



L. F. C. Club

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F. E. SAUNDERS, '09.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
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P. A. WARNER, '12.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

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H. T. DEARL, '12
G. W. CHAPPELOVE, '12
W. G. JONES, '12
J. V. MARSHALL, '11
S. B. PURCELL, '12
W. T. TERBS, '09

HONORARY MEMBERS

E. B. FRED	H. S. STAHL
------------	-------------

FRATERNITY
CLUB

ΑΤΩ
ΠΚΑ ΔΦΩ
ΘΔΧ
ΚΣ ΚΑ
ΦΔΘ

M^c CART, W. S. ALA
LORD, B. M. ILLA
LAND, W. R. OKA
CHURCH, B. M. ALA
HUNT, B. W. ALA

LUGAR, F. J. 1901
 STUBBINS, C. 1901
 LUGAR, F. J. 1901
 NEWBOLD, F. W. 1901
 MEADE, H. E. 1901

Home NAME, VICTIM, NAME
 NAME, C. NAME
 NAME, A.C. NAME
 NAME, NAME - NAME



Montgomery County Club

Motto: Grab or go hungry, "Suf. Sed"

OFFICERS

V. V. KELSEY.....	PRESIDENT
O. M. BISHOP.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
Q. W. STUART.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
R. G. PHILLYAR.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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B. G. HENDERSON	WILLIAMS
D. D. HOWE	G. BOOP
J. W. KELSEY	D. H. SPINDLE
G. T. LEDGERWOOD	J. R. TUTWILER
R. T. M. WADE	

HONORARY MEMBERS

H. L. PRICE	H. T. ELLETT
J. C. C. PRICE	W. B. ELLETT
R. STILES	A. M. MARYE
F. H. TROLLINGER	



Drange and Albemarle Club

MOTTO: Labet omnia vincit

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Going down Faculty Row

FAVORITE SAYING: Come on, June

OFFICERS

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E. R. LEWIS	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. W. FRY	SECRETARY
O. P. ECHOLS	TREASURER
P. M. GRAVES	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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J. E. VAWTER, '10	D. W. FRY, '10
J. J. BOWMAN, '11	O. P. ECHOLS, '12
J. M. MORRIS, '11	P. M. GRAVES, '11
E. G. GOODWIN, '11	V. C. BARRINGER, '11

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 DR. J. M. MCBRYDE
 PROF. C. E. VAWTER
 PROF. W. H. RASCHIE
 PROF. J. S. A. JOHNSON
 PROF. J. M. JOHNSON
 A. M. GOODLOE



Pulaski County Club

Motto: When in doubt—mind your own business

OFFICERS

S. BLOCKSIDE	PRESIDENT
H. C. PAINTER	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. H. HOLMES	SECRETARY
J. M. ALEXANDER	TREASURER
J. C. HOLMES	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

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E. T. BARTON	C. M. KIRKWOOD
S. BLOCKSIDE	H. C. PAINTER
W. C. GUTHRIE	H. M. ROBINSON
J. R. HALL	M. L. WORRELL
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HONORARY MEMBERS

MR. WIRT DUNLAP
 MAJ. F. S. HOLMES



THE SUTHERLIN HOME—THE LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY

Pittsylvania Club

(Organized 1893)

Colors: Dollar-bill Green and Currency Gold

Motto: Grasp opportunity by the forelock, for it is bald behind

OFFICERS

E. W. BOWEN, '09	HIGH ARCH FIEND
S. C. BROWN, '10	JUNIOR ARCH FIEND
J. C. COVINGTON, '11	RECORDING ANGEL
W. RISON, '11	JESUS, THE WATCHDOG OF THE TREASURY
H. BEGAN, '11	KEEPER OF H— GATE

DEVILS

H. R. ANDERSON	J. A. COVINGTON
E. W. BOWEN	J. T. FERGUSON
S. C. BROWN	H. BEGAN

W. RISON

IMPS

J. C. BERKLEY
J. G. BAIS
S. O. MOSES

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. F. D. WILSON
PROF. C. LEE
C. C. CAMPBELL

DEMONS

J. C. MITCHELL
G. C. STONE
C. B. WALKER



Henry and Franklin Counties Club

MOTTO: 'Tis better to smoke here than hereafter

FAVORITE DRINK: Old Henry

FAVORITE STUNT: Hiding Pumpkin Vine

THOUGHT: To friends who are always wide awake;

Who win all hearts mysteriously;

Who are wise, and sane, and do not take

The world—or us—too seriously.

OFFICERS

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R. B. DAVIS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. A. HALE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
S. R. MINTER.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

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L. G. CARTER	W. M. SCALES
L. M. MENEFEE	C. D. STANLEY
R. A. STARLING	

HONORARY MEMBERS

COL. G. H. JAMERSON	PROF. W. D. SAUNDERS
---------------------	----------------------

Y M C A

OFFICERS 1908-'10

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J. L. HUGHES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. B. SHANKS.....	TREASURER
J. O. BEARD.....	RECORDING SECRETARY
R. C. SYFAN.....	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
D. H. LUTTRELL.....	PHYSICAL DIRECTOR
ALBERT S. JOHNSTON.....	GENERAL SECRETARY





YELLS

HOKI:

Hoki, Hoki, Hoki, Hi,
Techs, Techs, V. P. I.
Solar Rex, Solar Rah,
Polytechs, Virgin-i-a.

TEXAS:

Yip, Yip, Yip-I-I,
V. P. I., V. P. I.,
Team, Team, Team.

One-a zip, Two-a Zip,
Zipp-a, Zipp-a Zam,
Blacksburg, Blacksburg,
Don't give a--Hoki, Hoki, etc.

Rae, R-I-I,
Rah, Rah-h,
V. P. I., V. P. I.,
Team, Team, Team.

Hullabaloo, Genuack, Genuack,
Hullabaloo, Genuack, Genuack,
Wah hee, Wah hee,
Look at the man, Look at the man,
Look at the Virginia Tech man.

Songs

TUNE: Everybody Works but Father.

Washington and Lee is bucking,
Watch her hit our line,
But there is nothing doing,
For it's awful fine;
Watch her try her fake plays,
But they are all in vain,
Lexington, 'tis the third down,
And ten to gain.
Your team is leading,
Start the ball a-rolling,
Bust it down the field,
V. P. L. advances, how those loafers yield,
First we hit her tackles,
Then go through her guards,
Then we skirt around her ends,
For fifty yards,
Our team is hiking.

TUNE: School Days.

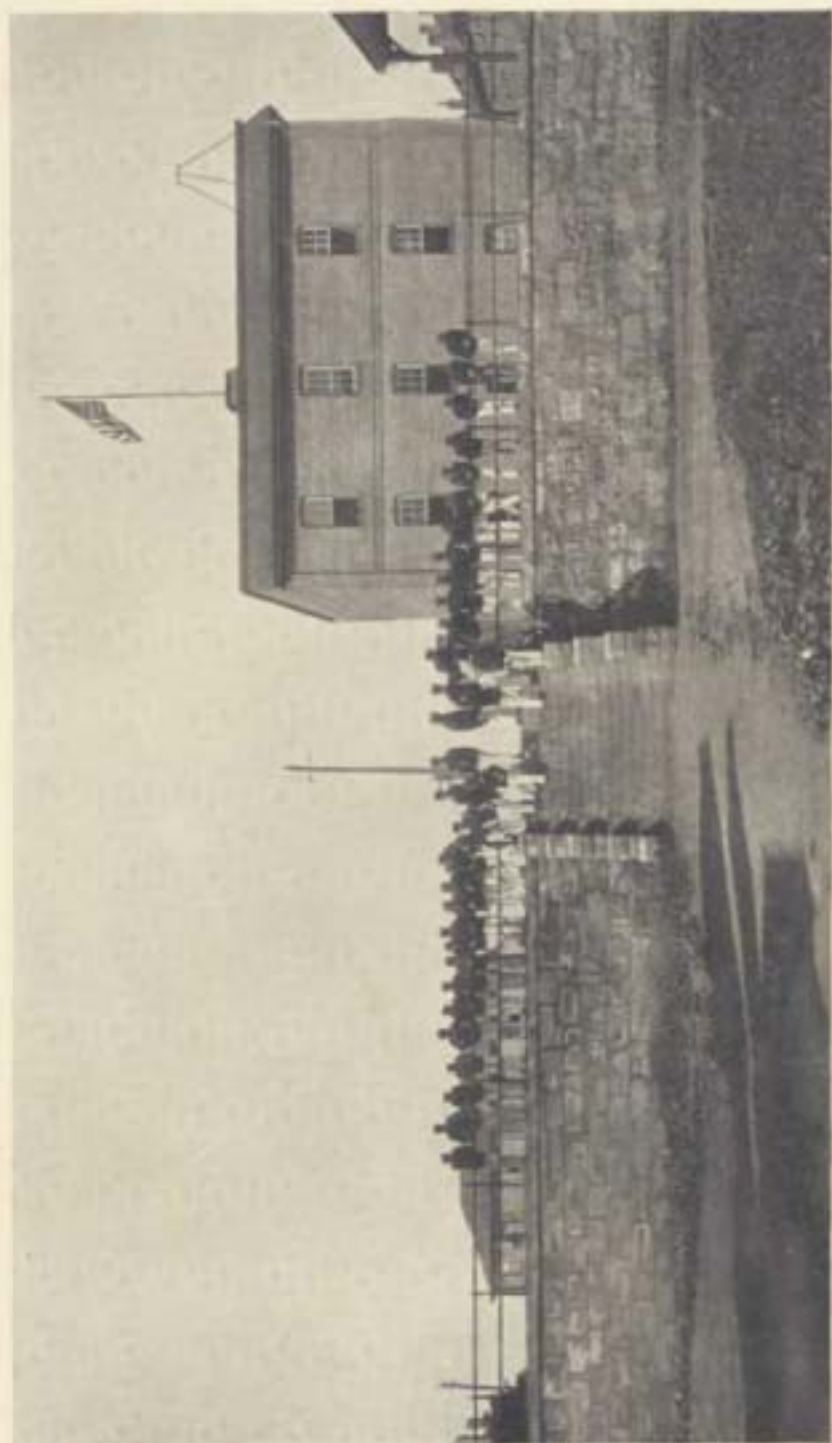
Hike 'em, Blacksburg;
Dear old Blacksburg, hike 'em;
Bucking and punting most all the time,
We'll carry the pigskin right over the line;
They cannot play football, we see,
We'll hand them lemons and twenty-three,
And they will be sore for evermore
For their rub with old V. P. L.

TUNE: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Take the ball down the field, boys,
V. P. L.'s in the crowd,
They are weak in line and backs,
It's a cinch to down them in their tracks;
For it's root, root for our own team,
To run up the score is our aim,
And it's rah, rah, rah, we will shout,
At this football game.

TUNE: Grand Old Flag.

You're a grand old team, and in football a dream,
You're the best ever punted 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 auld acquaintance be forgot?
Keep your eyes on old V. P. L.





JANET McSHERRY
ANNA M. BARRINGER
PEARLE GRUBB
CONSTANCE KNSLOW
F. A. DABNEY
CLAUDIA P. OLD
E. M. ISAAC
WISS McCLUNG
G. S. SHEPHERD
L. C. ISAAC

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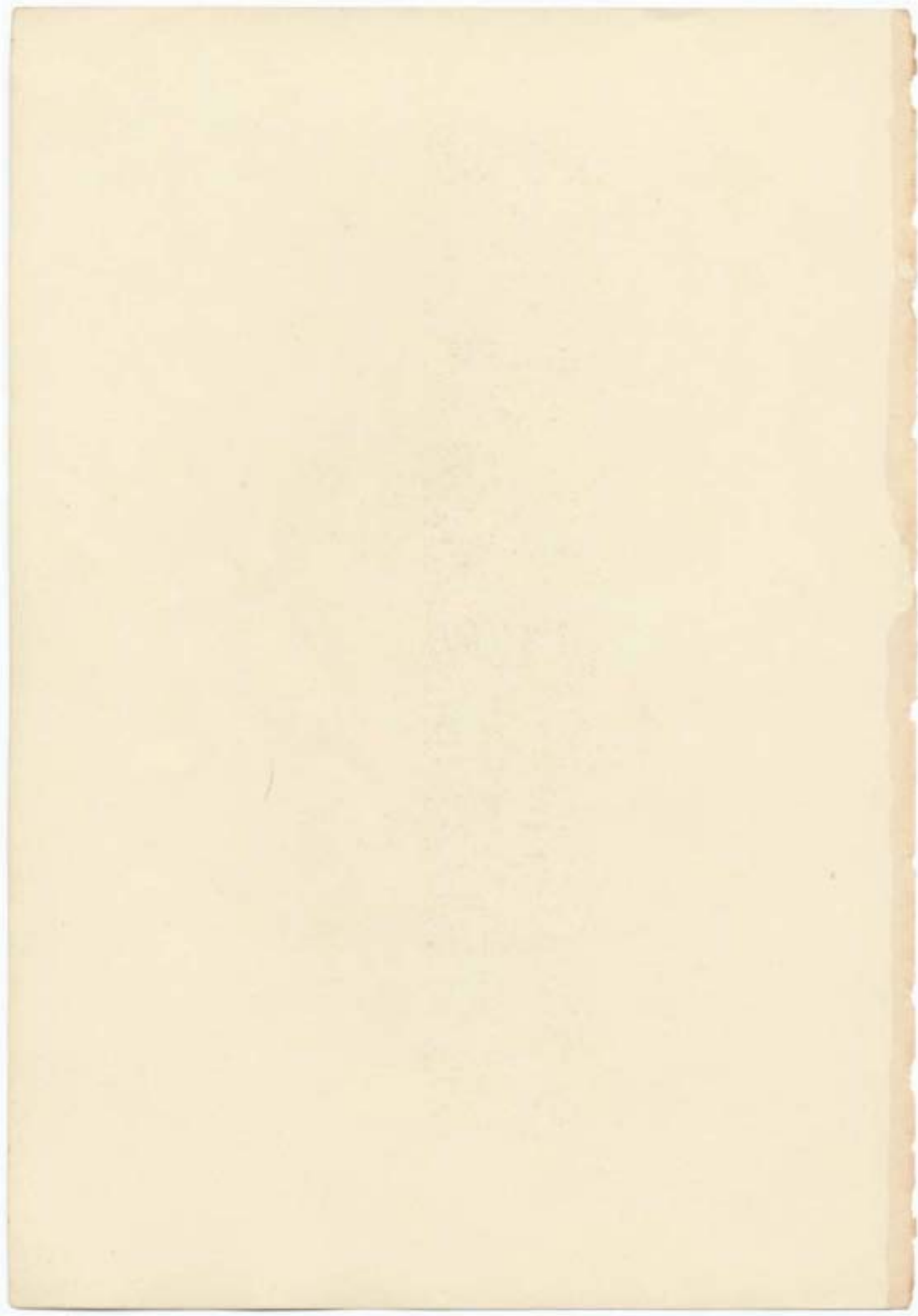
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