The Bugle

PUBLISHED ANNNUALLY BY THE CORPS OF CADETS OF THE VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE BLACKSBURG, VA.

1903
THE BUGLE, 1903.

To
The past, present, and future
winners of the

V
GREETINGS

THE BUGLE, 1903.

THE BUGLE CALL

"Blow, bugle, blow!
Set the wild echoes flying!"
And blow good cheer
To the far and the near,
And strength to the faint and the dying.
For youth that is fleet
Is joy that is sweet,
And promises fine it is giving,
So blow, bugle, blow!
And let the world know
That life is a thing worth the living.

"Blow, bugle, blow!
Set the wild echoes flying!"
And blow laugh and song
With our work all along,
And a courage and faith that's undying.
And blow a salute
That can never be mute
To the hearts that are bravest and strongest,
And to him who has tried,
Has failed and has died,
Give a blast that shall echo the longest.

"Blow, bugle! answer, echoes!"
May that answer bring good-will and pleasure,
For the notes that we blow,
Both the high and the low,
Come from hearts that beat love in the measure.
Then lend us your ear and give us your eye,
To our modest and well-meaning pages.
Which, if lacking in thought,
In humility brought,
We now lay at the feet of the sages.

M. H.
Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi!
Techs! Techs! V. P. L!
Sola-Rex! Sola-Rah!
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a!!
Rae! Ri! V. P. L!!!

One, two, three, four,
Two four, three four.
Who in the hell are we for?
V.1—P.111—I.111
THE BUGLE, 1903.

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Colors:
Navy-blue and White.

Motto:
Age Quod Agis.

Yell:
Chee! Chee! Chaw!
Chaw! Chaw! Chee!
Chucker, bucker rat!
Nineteen three!
Archer, Ralph Izard . . . . Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.

Signal Corps: Ku Klux Klan: Art Editor Bugle, '93.
Almost to all things could be turn his hand.
Thy head is as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat

Ball, Charles Lee . . . . . Leesburg
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff: President L. F. C. Club, '93-

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in
and the best of me is diligence.
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BLAIR, WILLIAM LEONARD...  Burwellsville
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company D; Salutatorian Football Team, '02-03; President Thespian Club, '02-03; President Pittsburg Club, '02-03; Assistant Business Manager Bugle, '03.

A workman that needeth not to be cumbered.

BOLLING, BARTLETT, JR...  Charlottesville
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Company E; Secretary and Treasurer St. Andrews Brotherhood, '02-02; Secretary and Treasurer Alumni Club, '02-02; President Alumni Club, '02-03.

Seek the Colonel; he will advance thee.
Buhrman, Graham McClung... Gala
Mechanical Engineering.
Captain, Company C; Vice-President Class, '99;
Secretary and Treasurer Batstown Club; Presi-
He is a scholar and a soldier also.

Campbell, Creighton Childs... Roanoke
Signal Corp; Football Team, '90-'91, '93-'94; Baseball
Team, '91-'92.
Do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve,
that I am an EU.
Chalkley, Guy Aubrey . . Big Stone Gap
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Battery E; Athletic Editor Gray Jacket,
'05-06; Secretary Law Library Society, '06-07,
'05-06; Manager Final Bell; Chairman Field-Day
Committee, '06; Captain; Championship Class
Baseball Team, '05-06; Member Class Football
Team, '06-07; Vice-President Class, '05-06; Treas-
urer Athletic Association, '05-06; Assistant Mana-
ger Football Team, '05-06; Associate Editor
Bugle, '05-06; President Athletic Association,
'05-06; President German Club, '05-06; President
Fencing Club, '05-06; President P. E. H. and C.
Club, '05-06; Manager Football Team, '05-05 and
1903; Editor-in-Chief, Bugle, '06.

On their own merits men are dumb.

Chowning, LeRoy Churchill . . Millenbeck
General Science.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Vice-President
Rappahannock Club, '05-06.
I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman.

20
COBB, JOHN JAMES ........ Callands
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Staff; Second Football Team, '02-'03; Recording Angel Pittsylvania Club, '02-'03; Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '03-'04.
For whom he felt his heart he set his hand,
To do the thing he will'd, and here it there.

COLE, ERNEST FREZIER ....... Flint
Horticulture.
Signal Corps; Secretary Agriculture Club, '02-'03.
Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

21
Counselman, John Saunders,  
Graham's Forge  
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company F; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class '02; Class Baseball Team, '00-02; Football Team, '00-01, '04-06; All-Southern Fallback, '02-03; President, Wythe County Club, '03-05.

For though his name is John, we call him Whale,  
For new-minted honors don't forget men's names.  
When in doubt, win the trick.

Chute, William Rowzie, Farmville  
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company F; President Class, '00-01; Substitute Football Team, '00-01; Treasurer Tennis Club, '00-01; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association, '00-01; Treasurer, C. F. H. Club, '00-01; Vice-President, Engineering Club, '00-01; Business Manager Blue & Gold.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clipper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
Gilmer, George Walker... Howardville
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, 90-91; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, 99-90; Vice-President Albemarle Club 99-90; Local Editor Grey Jacket, 99-90.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Goodloe, Henry Boynton... Afton
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Company B; Vice-President Class, 94-95; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, 94-95; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, 94-95; President Albemarle Club, 94-95; Critic Maury Literary Society, 94-95; Secretary and Treasurer Albemarle Club, 94-95; President Maury Literary Society, 94-95; Assistant Business Manager Grey Jacket, 94-95.

I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursues.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

Horson, Julius Lynne

Bristol

Applied Chemistry.

Band.

This is a traveler, sir, knows men and manners and has
ploughed up the sea so far, till both the poles have
knocked.

Kearfott, Clarence Baker

Martinsville

Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Signal Corps; Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '00-'01; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '02-'03; Y.
M. C. A. Editor "Gray Jacket," '02-'03; Literary
Editor "Gray Jacket," '00-'03; Critic Lee Literary
Society, '02-'03; President Y. M. C. A., '01-'02; Presi-
dent Lee Literary Society, '02-'03; Editor-in-Chief
"Gray Jacket," '02-'03; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '02-'03;
Historian Brook, '04.

A man stuffed with all honorable virtues.
Keister, Howard Rucker... Blacksburg
Applied Chemistry.

First Lieutenant, Band; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society; now; Associate Editor Hurrle, 
Some.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Lybrook, Raymond... Blacksburg
Applied Chemistry.

Second Lieutenant, Company B.
I warrant thee, this man's as true as steel.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

MICHE, HENRY CLAY, JR., Charlottesville Preparatory Medicine.
Captain, Band; Khi Khux Khan; Vice-President Alienmarks Club, '01-02; President Final Ball.
In every deed of mischief he had a head to contrive a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute.

NEELY, JOHN THOMPSON, Portsmouth Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Company C; Vice-President N. P. Club, '02-03; President Tennis Club, '02-03.
A man who could make so vile a put would not scruple to pick a pocket.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

NELSON, PHILLIP PROSSER . . . Richmond
Electrical Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Company F; Vice-President Maney
Library Society, ’99-00; President Richmond
Club, ’04-05; Secretary and Treasurer Class,
’01-03; Corresponding Secretary Maney Library
Society, ’04-06.
For he’s a jolly good fellow, which seldom can deny.

O'NIAUGHNESSY, LOUIS . . South Solon, Ohio
Civil Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Battery E; Class Historian, ’01-02;
Vice-President Engineering Club; Associate Edi-
tor BUGLE, ’03.
The mind is the standard of the man.
OSTERBIND, CARTER CLARKE... Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain Adjutant, Staff; Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '04-'05; Vice-President Class, '05-'06; Treasurer<br>Lee Literary Society, '05-'06; President Lee Literary<br>Society, '06-'07; Baseball Class Team, '98-'99;<br>'00-'01; Football Team, '00-'01; All-round Athlete,<br>'99-'00; Athletic Editor Grey Jacket, '00-'01;<br>Chairman Membership Committee V. M. C. A.,<br>'99-'00.

The sex is over to a soldier kind.<br>First in the fight and every graceful deed.

PALMER, JOHN PARIS... Greenville
Electrical Engineering.

Signal Corps; President Augusta Club.
A fellow of infinite lust, of most excellent fancy.
Price, William Jackson, Jr. — Price's Fork

Horticulture.

Signal Corps.

Why, what's the matter, that you have such a February face, so full of storm, of storm and cloudiness?

Pritchett, Albert Galitan — Byrdville

Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company D; Reciting Angel

Pittsburgh Club, 1903.

I shall see thee ere I die; look pale with love.
SALE, RITCHIE. 

Chance
Agriculture.

First Lieutenant, Company A; President Rappahan-
nock Valley Club, '02-'03; Director Brotherhood
St. Andrews, '99-'01; President V. P. I. Agricul-
tural Club.

His talk was of bullocks and of hogs.

STABLE, ROBINSON RYLAND, Baltimore, Md.
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Batter E; Class Baseball Team,
'00-'01; Class Baseball Team, '01-'02; Vice-President
Maryland Club, '01-'02.

Good at a fight, but better at play.
VAUGHN, W. EARLEY
Newport
General Science.
Second Lieutenant, Band; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '00-02; Critic Maury Literary Society '00-02; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '01-02; President Maury Literary Society, '00-02; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, '02-03.
I will a round, unsworn tale deliver.

WALSH, WILLIAM JOHN
Norfolk
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Sergeant-at-Arms, N. P. Club, '00-02; President N. P. Club, '01-02; Baseball Team, '00-01, '02-03; Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '00-02, '01-03, '02-03.
In all thy honors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
Werth, James Robert . . . . Richmond
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant; Company B; Adjutant Second Battalion; Critic Many Literary Society, '02-03; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '02-03; Historian Richmond Club, '02-03; Exchange Editor Gray Jacket, '02-03; President Many Literary Society, '02-03; Associate Editor Bugle, '03.

Hush, my dear, be still and shudder!
Holy angels guard thy bed!

Whinnant, Eugene Williams, Hamlet, N. C.
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company A; Treasurer Athletic Association, '02-03; Secretary and Treasurer N. P. Club, '02-03; Vice-President N. P. Club, '02-03; President North Carolina Club, '02-03; Class Historian, '02-03; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '01-02; Class President, '02-03; Advertising Editor Bugle, '03.

Many men are capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but few a generous thing.
Wilson, William
Cascade
Preparatory Medicine.
First Lieutenant, Company E; Secretary Pittsburgian Club, 19-03.
A man of few words, who spends half his time in attending to his own business and the other half in letting other people’s alone.

Wolfe, Maxwell Farrar
Gala
Applied Chemistry.
Signal Corps; President Bonnart Club, ’99-01; Kke Klax Klax; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, 02-03.
I seem a saint when must I play the devil.
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Wake, Joseph Fulton . . Fortress Monroe
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant Battery B; Football Team, '99-00,
'00-01; Baseball Team, '99-00, '99-02, and elected
Captain, '99-02; Vice-President Athletic Association,
'00-01; elected Assistant Business Manager ,
BUGLE, '01.

Davison, William Watson . . Middletown
General Science.
Historian Fra-Fri-Clu Club, '99-00; Vice-President
Mono Club, '00-01.
He is the very pick of courtesy.
WHEN the last hack had rolled up and emptied its seats upon the parade-ground in the fall of '90, there was left at the Institute a truly mixed crowd. To attempt to describe it minutely would be out of the question, for in it was the widest variety, from Rube, in his traditional "high-water," to the dandy from the city dressed in the latest fashion. All were one, however, being simply "Rats." The problem that faced the old boys of the V. P. I. was what to do with this crowd, for certain it was that the crowd did not know what to do with itself.

As a preliminary step to prevent such a force from getting together untamed, the old boys selected them each a likely-looking youngster and initiated him into the ways of the school. They provided him with uniform, outfit for his room, and other such necessary college accoutrements as cap, jerseys, sweaters, pennants; and never was an old boy known to take the least advantage of the Rat, always showing him the greatest deference and giving him the very best reduction in price on everything.

After it was deemed that the Rats had been tamed enough to bring them together, a couple of old cadets volunteered to do so. As long as memory shall last the scene of that first class-meeting will be fresh in our memories.

The kindly old boys, wishing to give us some friendly advice, the following dialogue took place (with apologies to the venerable William):

Old Cadet—"Friends, Freshmen, and all ye rollicking Rodents, ye know our purpose. We come not to fright you, but to unite you."

"Here met together, from all the region round, are men with a common aim."

"Come they from East or come they from West, their very presence convinces us that knowledge is their aim."

"But experience, that teacher of all men, hath taught us that many there be who come because they be sent, some who know not why they are come, and some—'t were better had they never come at all."

"Now the evil that men do comes with them, but the good is often left behind."

"And yet there be many virtuous lads amongst you, therefore 't is your plain duty to seek out such and to raise them to places of honor. Know ye, therefore, any virtuous man in whom ye may place your trust?"
"If so, speak now and we shall look to his faults and fitness. Whom, then, will ye have as your chief?"

Rat—"I nominate Wilcox!"

Score of others—"Second the motion!" "So do I!" "I 'm in—"

The rest is lost in a burst of applause. Finally, when peace is restored, it is by unanimous vote that Wilcox becomes president. The next nomination is Peter Hobbs, and of course he is elected, for it is an established rule in all Freshman Class meetings that the first man put up gets the votes. Then the old boys announce solemnly, "We proclaim the birth of the Class of '99."

And then the snow battle,

Charge of the "Rat Brigade."

"Forward, the Rat Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Who would the victors be?
All the Rats wondered.
Their's not to stop and cry,
Their's not to question why,
Their's to make the snowballs fly.
Into the battle of snow
Trod the two hundred.

II.
Knee-deep to right of them,
Knee-deep to left of them,
Knee-deep in front of them
Snow lay untrodden.
"Just right for packing well!
Make 'em, boys, hard as hell!
Into their foremost rank,
Right where they're sure to tell,
Pile them—six hundred."

III.
Flash'd all their arms in air,
Planting every snowball where
It made its victim fare
Much worse than thunder, while
All the school wondered,
Dashed in, though some did croak,
Right through the line they broke:
Seniors and Juniors
Dodged beneath the sheltering cloak,
Fouled and pummeled.
"Rats, to your holes," they cry;
"Vamoose, two hundred."

IV.
Snow yet to right of them,
Snow yet to left of them,
Snow still behind them,
Muddy and trampled.
Screamed at with hiss and yell,
They who had fought so well,
While classmates sprawling fell,
Panting and out of breath,
Turned and ran hot as h——
Chased by the old boys.
V.
When will their black eyes fade?
Oh, the bloody noses made!
All the school wondered,
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Rat Brigade——
Naught There's two hundred.

There was little worthy of note until June came and we got our Corps. Those of us who got them will never forget the experience, and those who didn't, missed the most joyful blessing that life, past, present, or to come, holds in store. If you want to really once feel how much dry goods there is in you, what a fine figure you have, and to find out what a 'noble voice' you have, just go to a military school and get a Corp! Then you have a pretext that is denied to none of admiring your own military bearing, trying your lovely voice, and best of all, you can gaze lovingly upon the bright bands of gold encircling your sleeve.

Would that life held another joy so great! Napoleon in all his glory did not feel himself a greater military genius than did the Corps of '03!

II.
(In which we assume the rôle of instructors and meet some new characters.)

Sophomores! Oh, the greatness of it all! At the beginning we could not help feeling ourselves under obligations to impart to the 'new cadets' some of the information and aid so kindly given us by the students during the preceding fall. But the greenness of those Rats! How they could wander loose without being
mistaken and bitten off by some hungry bovine is still a mystery to us. We can only attribute it to the previous experience of the bovines in question with feed of this kind. Yet our excellent tutorship soon made very respectable cadets of them. We trained them at drill, we taught them neatness in our rooms, we made them graceful by much exercise, and useful by much work. You would never have recognized in the neat, erect cadet of June the seedy-looking Rat, with green painted all over him, who rolled out of the hack in September.

Then when it was June again we had our Sophomore banquet. How we destroyed the dainties prepared in our famous Café de Schultz! Then the speeches and yells— Blacksburg certainly heard of the loyalty of old '03 before that night was over. But now it all draws to a close and we hasten to the Chapel for the final reckoning.

Now we no longer looked to our stripes as a far-away thing, but the question uppermost in our minds was, who would have the other ornament on them? Who would wear the diamond when the chevrons were inverted? It was all settled when we heard amid a breathless silence, "To be First Sergeants——", followed soon after by a process closely resembling the shampoo.

CHAPTER III.
(In which only a few appropriate scenes are introduced.)

SCENE I.

(Between Barracks Nos. 1 and 3, about an hour before Reveille, temperature 20° below zero, fine rain falling, wind blowing at about 60 miles a second, and other attributes of a pleasant Blacksburg morning. Major seen standing scantily clad, wrapped in a military cape, gazing aloft and apparently waiting for some one.)

Major: "Oh, ye shade of departed man! Little did ye think, roaming midst forest glades, that so early on this chill morning thy bare bones should swing so high, and thy grinning teeth chatter in the whistling gale. Hark! What means that ghostly strain floating out on the air? Again it comes: 'I'm out here freezin'.' Ah! 't is thy homeless spirit bewailing its cold fate. (Strains of "Ain't it a Shame?" coming from Fifth Division.)

"Oh, joyfully the playful gale sweeps through thy airy skeleton. How lovingly the icy blasts caress thy lockless brow! O ye gods! Would that the mischievous imps that put ye there hung in thy place. Would that this icy hurricane swung their empty carcasses, and laughed in their whitened faces."

(Enter Mateo, closely examining the ground and muttering.) "'Now look at that track; must be a No. 9—it is a No. 9. Now who wears No. 9's that I
know of? Why, certainly, I have it—it's Mr. Waltz. Didn't I hear him tell Mr. Neale to order him q's? Sure, and it's him! Yes, sir! And them pigeon-toed tracks—that's certain to be that man Archer! He is alwa—Why, good morning, Major! Found any clues yet?"

(They plan for a few minutes. Enter Willie Canode, Sporty, Uncle Wash, and other officials, bearing books, grabbs, and so on. Major takes a grab and makes a pass at the skeleton swinging on the electric wire.)

Mateo: "I go to the top of barracks." (Exit).

Major: "And shake you while I rake." (Makes another pass at skeleton, but can hardly hold the stick against the wind.)

Mateo (above): "Now watch, Major!" (Gives the wire a mighty wrench and the shivering skeleton crashes to the ground. Just then the Reveille drum beats.)

Major (triumphantly): "'Tis done! Eureka! Victory! Thou hast fallen thy last fall. Thou hast died thy last death! But hist! what's this?"

(A board falls at his feet from above, on which there is lettering.)

Major (reads): "Klu Klux Klan, Nineteen-Three."

Mateo (above): "I know every man; yes, sirree!" (All execut, bearing triumphantly the captured spoils. Curtain falls at Reveille.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verily, this has been a year of "stunts" for the Senior Class.

As chemists our men have become noted for the discovery of a new explosive compound. It was only by long and persevering work, and after conducting a series of thorough and exhaustive researches that several members of our class succeeded in successfully blowing up the Senior laboratory with the loss of only some fifteen or twenty dollars worth of apparatus. Their professor pronounces it a work of genius and says he is very well pleased with the result. For any further particulars, 'ask old Ray about it.' Then the electrical engineers, not willing to be outdone by the chemists, came out with a new method of unloading and placing heavy machinery. Their method certainly does save time, and with a little precaution there is no danger connected with it. As an example they had brought a good-sized Gainer Dynamo, weighing nearly three tons, from the shops on a wagon and wished to place it in the basement of Science Hall. After a lengthy conference of all their engineers it was decided that the best method was to prise the machine off the wagon and with the assistance of gravity to lower it gently to the ground, by letting it roll down the fifteen-foot bank. This they did, and in exactly two weeks they had dug her out of the earth and placed
her in the house. In another two weeks they were able to turn the armature after having cleaned out only ninety-three pounds of dirt and mud, straightened out a twisted shaft, and put in a new journal. There was no further damage besides these minor details, and in a very short time they were able to successfully run the machine, having repaired sixty-seven breaks in the insulation that they discovered later. The economy both in time and money of this method needs no mention, and the electrical class has been congratulated by numerous engineers upon the successful accomplishment of this great engineering feat.

The mechanical men, however, having the advantage of the others in their well-equipped laboratory, have been able to accomplish more than the students in any other course.

One of our bright young experimenters announces that oil has a remarkably characteristic taste when heated to five or six hundred degrees, and says this furnishes a valuable means of determining its lubricating quality. To ascertain this fact he heated a quantity of cylinder oil to nearly six hundred degrees, and by means of a rubber tube contrived to get a mouthful of the oil at this temperature without losing much heat. His results were so satisfactory that he continues to use this method in all his tests and is recommending it to others in the same class of work.

The scientific world is anxiously awaiting the tabulation of his results on which he is now working. He also confirmed the supposed high calorific power of the oil at this temperature by pouring a quantity of it on the floor and setting it on fire.

Another great stride, one which will be appreciated by all users of the gas engine, is the noiseless running which has been secured by our class. With the engine used in our laboratory the noise of the explosions has been so reduced that a person standing half a mile away will not be greatly inconvenienced in conversation, while at two miles it is almost inaudible.

We have also gotten the power required to start the engine down to one man per horse-power; so to start our eight-horse-power machine takes only eight men. This makes the engine almost self-starting in comparison to some others, where it takes a whole man to start one of only a half horse-power.

But it is in the art of strategy and military science that our class has made its crowning record. We defy history to produce an example of more silently and swiftly executed movements than the placing of the guns of Battery "E" on the night of March 1st.

Our far-seeing chief, seeing the dormant condition of the enemy and realizing the importance of the situation, passed along word for the attack. Silently we stole forth from our camp and gathered at the appointed spot.
then as silently went about the execution of our work. There was silence all along the line, not a command given, not a whisper uttered, simply the dumb execution of prearranged plans.

The horses’ hoofs were muffled, the axles freshly greased, all the chains were drawn taut to keep them from rattling, so that a darker shadow against a dark background would have been the only thing to attract the attention of the sleepy Sergeant of the Guard.

In the stillness of the night the work went on, placing a gun here, another there, until every vantage-ground of the enemy was covered by the frowning muzzles of these black-throated monsters. Quickly the charges were rammed home and noiselessly the soft earth was packed into the heart of the guns. The excitement of the situation was intense, lest the enemy should discover our movements. The breath of the men came in suppressed gasps, the gunners stood ready, nervous but unmoved, the corporal was impatiently fingering the lanyard.

Presently the chief hastened by, asking if all were ready, to be answered by a whispered “Aye, aye, sir.” A moment later and the clarion notes of a bugle sounded on the night air. There was a lurid flash of flame, followed by a crash that shook the neighboring mountains to their very foundations and reverberated long and loud in the deep ravines. Then all was still.

The surprise was so complete that the enemy dared not fire a shot; they did not stir. Satisfied that all danger from that quarter was then safely past, seeing such a signal victory won through our timely maneuver, we went leisurely back to our camp, crawled in our hay, and rested in peace.

Our Commandant and other military authorities are loud in their praises of our success and unanimously pronounce it one of the most successfully executed pieces of strategy in their knowledge or in history.

Having thus completed a year of such exceptional progress in all scientific lines, having discovered so many new principles of which engineers can take advantage, having proven ourselves equal to any task set before us, and having covered ourselves with all honor, we feel content to lay aside our overalls, test-tubes, and pitchforks for a while and rest.

Then we will again take up our work in wider fields, and if the work so well begun here is continued, we feel safe in saying that it will be only a few years before the men of ’03 will have turned the world wrong side outwards.

Until that time we must rest on our past laurels. But this is not the spirit of ’03; ours is one of straight, hard fighting for the places we are to hold in the world, and when the time comes for us to graduate in the great school where all men are taught, may we be able to look back on as many joys and friendships as we can in looking back over our four years as the “Class of Nineteen-Three.”
A Senior’s Soliloquy.

By Thomas Scott Cooper.

We came; life’s morning dream
With youthful ardor urged us on;
And grasped the aurore gleam
Of hopes deferred; ambition’s greed
Was curbed to meet our modest need.

Now, our course is finished:
As rip’ning years come on apace,
In fortune’s favors, shall we trace
Noble ends accomplished?
Or shall the garnered treasures waste
In slothfulness or reckless haste?

From thy ample treasure
With lavish hand thou hast fed us,
Our Alma Mater, thou hast fed us,
Without stint or measure,
To broad equipment, wide estates,
To all which life’s domain relates.

In future’s op’ning scroll
The fleet unsated years may bring
With hard-earned trophies, sorrow’s sting.
Though waves of trouble roll
O’er life’s pathway, the dateless years
Ought not to end in futile tears.

Soon, we’ll bid thee adieu,
Dear Alma Mater, we go hence
Delators to thy munificence.
And though we ne’er renew
Severed ties or fellowship with thee,
Still we’ll love our Academe.

Along the pebbly shores
Of babbling brooks we’ve often wandered,
Many a listless hour we’ve squandered
Imbibing nature’s stores;
But now we leave them all. The hills,
The sunny glades, the rippling rills,

Soon, these echoing halls
Back to our waiting ears will give
No sound, save where memories live.
We go where duty calls,
Perhaps on civic honors bent,
Or in life’s calm pursuits content.

Secured, lonely dell,
The mountain stream where cascade falls,
The campus and these stately halls—
To all of these, farewell!
The busy marts are open wide:
We launch upon the surging tide!
SCENE NEAR V. P. L.—YELLOW SULPHUR SPRINGS.
Class of 1904.

Colors:
Maroon and Blue.

Motto:
Upward, Onward.

Yell:
Lippa lappa, lippa lappa!
Lippa lappa lu!
We are the Class of Naught Four!
Who in the —— are you?

Officers.

F. M. Vost
G. W. Wade
C. F. Bauman
G. C. Willson
C. C. Heth

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Historian
Members Class 1904.

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LONGFELLOW'S lines seem to be the motto for the Junior Class of 1904. Quiet, steady progress, rather than convulsive effort, marks the gradual approach from Freshman to Sophomore, from Sophomore to Junior, and we hope from this last to Senior in 1904.

We do not claim for our class unusual intellectual ability; we will let others judge of that; but we do claim some things that are indeed rare, namely, general merit, good common sense, industry, and above everything else, a high sense of honor in the apparently insignificant, as well as in the more important occurrences of every-day life. And we have what is not always possessed by college classes, an *esprit de corps* which produces in us the desire to be in elbow touch with one another all through life in memory of sterling old V. P. I., and her fostering care of us from callow boyhood.

The class numbered one hundred and twenty-six as Sophomores, and such gay Sophomores they were too, but beneath this gayety a close observer could easily see a steadiness and perseverance of purpose that will make these same gay Sophomores good intelligent workers for our dear old Southland.

As is always the case, some members do not return the following year, but we are glad to note that most of us had either read or realized the wisdom of these lines—"Let him who has set his hand to the plow not turn backward." Those who returned did so with the full realization of the fact that now or never must they lay the foundation of that fort upon whose impregnability they must depend for their victories in the great battles of life; that now they were verging upon manhood where no one can lean upon another, where it depends upon each one himself whether he shall stand as an example of a successful man or pass into an early and unmitiably oblivion.

In our large class there are many who deserve especial mention for continued good work, but as modesty is not the least of their virtues, we forbear mentioning names. As a proof of the many vocations in life that will be followed by the Junior Class, every course of the college curriculum has its following, and from the very name of this institution (Polytechnic) it is seen to be many; and
we understand that the course in Forestry is receiving the careful attention of Eoff, Webb & Company, who have become experts in fruit gathering. The Junior Class has not been without recreations. We all enjoyed several stag hops, where the display of grace, when brawny Junior acts the part of dainty Miss, oft "brings down the house" (and his partner). On a Sunday afternoon Junior Heights, led by Hughes, presents a solemn aspect, though not in prayer. On both the football and baseball teams our class had representatives who were a credit to their respective teams.

Christmas brought a pleasant relief from the irksome work of the preceding months, and we came back after the holidays with the determination to work hard and pass intermediates.

After noting the qualities of studiousness and the results which come from it; after mentioning the part our class has played in athletics, it is but an act of justice to name those who have been so attentive to the fair sex of the town. Kelly and Cloyd seem to possess qualities which fit them to be members of the "Calico Club," while Yost has long been recognized as a shining light of that organization.

It is to be hoped that during the remaining few weeks of our college year there will still be manifested that noble feeling of love and affection that has been heretofore exhibited by our class.

As our Junior year draws to a close and we are almost ready to don the white stripe of the Senior, may we realize that we are standing at the very threshold of life with the great world stretched out before us, where we are expected to perform the part of men; and so may we put forth our highest and most earnest efforts to better ourselves mentally, morally, and physically in order that we may be a credit to old V. P. I. in after-life as we hope we may have been in the last three years.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

Class of 1905.

Colors:
Old Gold and Royal Purple.

Yell:
Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Hullabaloo! Howdy do?
We are well! How are you?
Long thrive, Naughty-five!

Officers.

J. E. Bell .......................... President
S. D. Scott .......................... Vice-President
W. P. Witheres ...................... Secretary
B. C. Watkins ....................... Treasurer
W. R. Galt .......................... Sergeant-at-Arms
W. A. Bowles ........................ Historian
# Members Class 1905

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THE BUGLE, 1903.
SEPTEMBER, the month when college doors reopen and public highways buzz with the presence of eager students, was drawing to a close. V. P. I. boys in greater numbers than ever were furnishing their quota of activity.

We, the Class of '03, in making our preparations for return, realized, with a thrill of exultation, that it would be not as rats, the persecuted and ridiculed, but as "old boys," a term endowing its possessor with rights and privileges comprehended only by the claimants to that title. When we arrived it was with a full sense of our duty towards our neighbors. The poor Freshmen were becoming homesick, so the golden rule was changed into "Do unto others as was done unto you"—and we did! When we had made life more endurable for them by bringing them into a proper state of subjection, we turned our attention to the class roll. Some of our best men were found missing; among them Purcell, our secretary and treasurer. At a meeting of the class, Withers and Lloyd were elected to fill these positions respectively.

Those of our number who were given the glory of a corporal's chevrons were promptly set to work to impart to the verdant rats that in which they themselves were so proficient (?)—a proper knowledge of military tactics.

Next in line came football. Our class furnished three able representatives on the gridiron: McCulloch, Robins, and Byrd added new luster to our already shining record. The flames that shot heavenward in our annual Thanksgiving bonfire feebly illustrated the appreciation of their work, as well as that of the whole team.

Another feature of Thanksgiving, and by no means an unimportant one to the well-fed (?) student, was the usual influx of boxes from home. "We may live without friends, we may live without books, but civilized man can not live without cooks"—even at Blacksburg. Only a boy who has been a Freshman and heard the cry of, "Rat got a box!" can realize what it is to be a Sophomore on this occasion.

After the bonfires and boxes came work, and work with a right good will; work which showed that our chase was not for sport alone, but for game. Thoughts of Christmas intervened between hours of study, however, and visions of bright-eyed maidens awaiting us danced over the pages of text-books. The day for home-going came quickly upon us and we were not unwilling to accept the reward of labor.
Two weeks at home, with Christmas festivities added, were a fit preparation for the arduous work preceding intermediate examinations. Our return to college brought us into intimate relations with "the midnight oil," and not even the violet-scented epistles from the fair ones left behind could divert our attention from the important work ahead. Despair filled our hearts for the time, but, while many papers were generously besprinkled, the red ink supply was not entirely exhausted upon us. In the end our class as usual was triumphant.

The regret of the season was that nature denied the rats the treat of a snow battle, the rarity and beauty of which is especially appreciated by the Sophomore.

With the advent of spring came thoughts of the diamond. On the first team, our representation was safe in the hands of Freeman and Sinclair. Our class team also earned well deserved praise.

Our history draws to a close. A few weeks more and finals will be here, the session of 1902-03 will be at an end, and we will leave the dear old college to return no more as Sophomores. The session has not been without its trials, but the joys have far outnumbered them, and in after years, we shall look back with a lasting tenderness to the year when we were Sophs. Historian.
HERES TO THE CLASS OF '06
Class of 1906.

Colors:
Maroon and White.

Yell:
Rackety, Rickety, hullabaloo!
Zip, boom, hip de-doo!
Can they beat us? Nixey nix!
We're the boys of Naughty-six!

Officers.
R. D. Hope, Jr. ...................... President
T. N. Davis ......................... Vice-President
Joaquin de la Cova .................. Secretary-Treasurer
W. W. C. Simpson .................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Members Class 1906.

ADAMSON, Arthur Vincent........ Bon Air, Virginia.
ALLEN, David Hume................ Summit Point, West Virginia.
ANDERSON, Bernard Guthrie........ Farns ville, Virginia.
ANTRIM, Burruss, Jr................ Charlottesville, Virginia.
ASHTON, Cecil Charles............. Chicago, Illinois.
BAACH, Louis....................... Pocahontas, Virginia.
BARNETTE, William Shields........ Richmond, Virginia.
BELTRAN, Albert................... Tampa, Florida.
BENNETT, Frank Gray.............. Arch Mills, Virginia.
BENTLEY, James Randaf, Jr........ Dublin, Virginia.
BERRY, Robert Buchanan........... Kerrs Creek, Virginia.
BERRY, Vernon Charleston......... V ivian, West Virginia.
BIRD, John Pendleton.............. Louisa, Virginia.

BIDGOOD, Sumner................... Churchland, Virginia.
BISHOP, Arthur Vaughan............ Riner, Virginia.
BLAKE, Curtis Wilson............. Harmony Village, Virginia.
BLEW, Jack......................... Pocahontas, Virginia.
BOONE, Edgar Lee.................. Troutville, Virginia.
BORDEN, Frank Hopwood............ Cambria, Virginia.
BOWMAN, William Selby............. Bowling Green, Virginia.
BOWMAN, Melel Edward.............. Roanoke, Virginia.
BRENT, Thomas Newton, Jr......... Fredericksburg, Virginia.
BREWERS, William Marchant...... Franklin, Virginia.
BRINE, Philip Edward Pusey....... Richmond, Virginia.

BROCK, James Herbert............. Blackburg, Virginia.
BROOME, Nat Wilson............... Point dexter, Virginia.
BROWN, John Willcox, Jr......... Brierfield, Virginia.
BUCHANAN, Thomas Harold......... Ellendale, Virginia.
BUCK, Jack Marcus................ Front Royal, Virginia.
BUMGARDNER, Alexander............ Greenville, Virginia.
BURGESS, S. L...................... Strasburg, Virginia.
BURROW, Fred Philip.............. Lynchburg, Virginia.
CARPENTER, James Clive, Jr........ Clifton Forge, Virginia.
CAPPERS, B. L........................ Pearis burg, Virginia.
CAVE, Alexander Hubert............ Madison, Virginia.
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LONG to be remembered was that eventful morning, on the first day of October, when after a long ride over the Cambria Hills, our eyes rested for the first time on the grounds and buildings of the V. P. I. Our first salute was that time-honored slogan, "r-r-r-a-t," which echoed from every side and which has welcomed the incoming class ever since the V. P. I. was founded.

We were immediately elected full-fledged members of the baggage-smashing union and were soon perambulating over the parade-ground, burdened with the trunk of some gentleman of the old school who had gotten his start in the same manner.

Thus began the history of the largest Freshman Class that ever matriculated at the V. P. I.

We were soon settled in our respective quarters and were very much gratified by the frequent calls of the various officers to see that we were all in.

Our first impressions were permanently fixed upon our minds, especially the sprinting matches indulged in just before breakfast every morning.

About two weeks after our arrival, the Y. M. C. A., with its well-known courtesy, gave us a reception which we all enjoyed and which went a long way toward making us feel more at home.

By this time we had become better acquainted with the place, and soon commenced our duties, both military and academic. As these duties occupied our minds, our timidity soon wore off. Then we realized the fact that we were beginning our college life and that we, who had come to the V. P. I. as green as the ink in which this is printed, would some day be the dignified Seniors of '06.

We were organized into a class and elected for our officers—R. D. Hope, president; T. N. Davis, vice-president; Joaquin de la Cova, secretary and treasurer; W. W. C. Simpson, sergeant-at-arms; Wm. C. Wilson, historian. After the election of officers it was decided to select our colors. A committee was appointed by the president to do this, and maroon and white were chosen as colors for the Class of '06.

The football season was now in full swing and our class was well represented on the field, trying for the various positions on the team.
On the twenty-sixth of October many of us went with the team to Roanoke to see the game with the University of North Carolina. The game was one of the best of the season, neither team being able to score.

We now began to look forward to the Christmas holidays which were soon upon us and passed all too quickly for a great many.

After returning from our Christmas frolicking we set to work for the intermediates, which soon came, and we were kept very busy in preparing for them.

Thus passed the first half of our Freshman year, which was filled with many exciting events too numerous to relate in this brief history. But there is one of especial note which will be long remembered by us all. It was early in February when the winds were howling outside and the thermometer was down to zero, that we were one by one awakened from our peaceful slumbers by a furious fusillade of pillows, which set us into that state of mind when only a multitude of stars can be seen; and then a rumbling sound came to our ears and we found ourselves under the beds, from whence we crawled as best we could; then came the housemaid act, viz., to make up our hay and roll in.

The baseball team commenced practise early in the season. Here we were also well represented. After the first team had been practising for a while, the class league was organized, and in this our class had a good standing.

On April 2d, Arbor Day was celebrated. Each class planted its tree, while the band rendered several lively airs. All duty was suspended for the day.

Next we began to look forward to our annual trip, after which our Freshman year must close.

As we look back over the past we can see the many mistakes we have made, but when we are Sophomores we hope that our success will be even better than it has been for the past session. So let us all come back next year with the determination to do our best—each man for himself, and all for the class.
A Pity 'Tis.

She struck me by the merest chance,
As by she floated in the dance—
She paused and gave me such a glance!
(For weeks we had not spoken.)
She apologized in much distress—
Her voice was soft—you'd never guess
That she could care so, so much less
For the heart she had lately broken!

M. H.
Literary.
Passing the Love of Women.

It was the last class banquet. That is to say, the last private meeting, the last heart-to-heart talk. To be sure, there were other functions for the Seniors during the finals, but to these many guests were invited. Now there were present just their own set, some twenty of the most popular Senior classmen, and each felt very tenderly toward the other. Honors had been lost and won. But all petty rivalries were now forgotten, and only hearty camaraderie existed.

The banquet was held in Hall's room. Hall had asked for this privilege, and just now each fellow felt like doing the generous thing. And this banquet was given by the express permission of the Commandant. It was Amiss, dear old Amiss, who insisted upon this.

The convivial were intended to last far into the wee sma' hours, and Amiss had held that it would never do for Seniors, after four years of military training, so audaciously to disobey orders. They would enjoy it the more if they had perfect freedom. Amiss was one man who did not appreciate the sweetness of stolen fruit.

They were all there except Sherrod. They could not think what was detaining him.

Sherrod was always the leader in such things. Indeed, Sherrod was a born leader. Handsome, brilliant, magnetic, he had naturally taken his place four years ago, as leader of the class in a social way. And he had no superior intellectually, save Amiss.

The fellows had given the place of ascendancy to Sherrod sooner than they had to Amiss. Sherrod was self-assertive, while Amiss was retiring and modest in the extreme.

Any one in the class would have retired from the field had Sherrod suggested himself a rival in love or war. The girls liked Sherrod; he was petted and favored by them all. The walls of his room were covered with photographs, and he had class pillows and waste-baskets galore.

Sherrod was the best dancer, the brightest talker, and the best athlete in school.
As for Amiss, at first he was given a place of honor because he was known to be the richest boy in school. But the personality of the young man rose majestically above all else.

Amiss had a lofty soul, a broad and well-balanced mind, a towering intellect, a fine, delicate nature, and with it all the gentleness and tenderness of a woman. The strangest thing was his deep humility, his quiet, modest manner.

Amiss gave evidence of high birth and good breeding. His manners, though quiet, were courtly, and he had the art of drawing out the best from all around him. His utter unselfishness, his interest in others, the help he gave others in a quiet way all went to make up his great popularity.

When Amiss first came to the V. P. I. he was called a "sissy," because he would not drink, smoke, play cards, or dance, and had no photographs in his room save one of his mother. But that was not for long; his greatness asserted itself.

Amiss was a fellow who understood. Whenever a boy got into trouble he knew where to go. Amiss never said, "I told you so!" or "You brought it on yourself." He knew how to appeal to the higher nature, and he always helped them out of a hole. The boys loved and reverenced him.

It was in another way that they admired Sherrod. They missed him now. He was their leader.

"Where can Sherrod be?" asked Hall.

"Oh, he said he was going to run over to Professor S——'s and say good night to his girl. She is here for the finals,"

"We will not wait for him," said Hall. "Now, fellows, for your 'affaires du cœur.' You know we have agreed to tell them."

With this, Hall sprang upon a chair, and fastening a great American beauty above the electric light, he added to the crowd:

"What we say here will be strictly under the rose, so don't be afraid to speak out."

And they suited the action to the word.

Each manly young fellow took his pipe from his lips, blew away the smoke and told of his success or failure with the fair sex. When there were failures, they were told with such mock sorrow and dramatic despair that they were applauded more than the successes.

At last they had all told their tales of woe except Amiss. He had heartily enjoyed the others, and now when they turned to him, a woman's, blush overspread his face.

"Boys," he said, "I'm an odd sort of fellow. I have always held this thing sacred. I never could speak idly about the woman for whom I care. But I look upon you all as my brothers, and as you have spoken, I will not be silent."
Amiss had a way of keeping his good qualities from being a reproach to others.

"Boys, you know I have never been a ladies' man. You know girls have never cared for me."

It was delicately put, since it was he who did not care for the girls. The richest boy in school had not escaped advances made by certain girls and scheming mammas.

"You have all remarked on my having no pictures in my room. You did not know that I carry one in my heart.

"For two years I have held it there, dearer than all else. I never spoke of it because that was not my way, you know; and then I had no hope.

"It was this way: She came to visit my sister two years ago. She was so beautiful, so lovely and sweet, I loved her before I knew it. She never gave me a thought. She looked upon me only as the brother of her hostess, and upon my attentions as her due from one who was responsible for her having a good time.

"I knew she was impossible. She was lovely enough for an emperor, and she had suitors without number. I was too unworthy to dream of her preference."

Amiss unworthy! The expression on the boys' faces showed the absurdity of the thought.

"As I said, I was hopeless from the first; and yet, somehow, it gave me a sweet, sad pleasure to keep her in my heart. It was an inspiration, a sweet, impossible something that adds the roseate hue to gray skies. It made me better. I refrained from the bad; I did the right thing, because I wanted to be worthy of her, although I could not have her."

He paused. His voice had a subdued sweetness and tenderness which they had never perceived before. And his face almost had a halo around it. The boys were held in a spell.

"Well, boys, the other night when we were in Walton's room and you were telling what girls were coming to the finals, among others you called her name. My heart stopped beating—almost; I was afraid you would see my agitation. I was in ecstacy. I took into consideration that she might not notice me, or if she did, it would be that casual friendliness that is death to a lover's hopes.

"But, oh, when I saw her she was so gracious and lovely! I think if I had met with defeat then, I would have lost my boasted strength and manliness.

"Well, you know the girls have been here for a week. She has been angelic to me. I know you have not noticed it, because I would not compromise her by showing my attentions publicly.

"Another thing, I had asked for a government appointment which pays quite handsomely. I received it yesterday.
"Last night she said she would sit out a dance with me and in a moment of
madness I asked her to be my wife. She gave me her promise.

"I would not have asked her if I had not received the appointment. Of
course my people have something, but a man who is worthy of her would not let
his father make a home for her.

"O boys, I have not deserved this happiness. How can it be that it should
come to me?"

The boys could not speak. Two of them grasped his hands, while a third
began whistling the Wedding March.

But they were interrupted by some one falling heavily against the door.
Then three short taps and two long, the countersign. Hall opened the door, and a
limp reeling figure fell into the room.

It was Sherrod. In contrast to the immaculate stylish dress, his linen was
soiled and crumpled, his hair disheveled, and his face flushed.

In that face was a look of bitterness and despair which was dreadful to
behold. Sherrod—the gay, smiling, debonair Sherrod—like this! Amiss was
the first to go to him.

It was always the policy of Amiss not to recognize certain misfortunes, for
no one likes to be pitied. He spoke gaily.

"Too bad you were late, old man. We have been telling our love stories.
Even I, the old maid of the class, have a love story; and now we are ready for
yours."

Sherrod laughed the laugh of a demon and glared at them.

"My love story! You shall have it. At any other time I would have died
and gone to eternal perdition before letting you fellows know that a girl had
turned me down. But now I am reckless enough for anything!"

The boys started back, awed, frightened. The dear old gay Sherrod was
no more; a tall man with tousled hair, soiled linen, flushed face, and angry brow,
stood before them. His voice was hard, bitter, and ironical.

"My love story! Ha, ha! I have had many girls on my list, but there
was one above the rest. Last summer she promised to marry me as soon as I
finished here and got a government appointment I have been trying for. I did
not tell this because she forbade me, for evident reasons.

"She came here to the finals and I was in a fool's paradise. Well, to be brief,
I had a note this morning to the effect that Uncle Sam did not need my valu-
able services. To-night my erstwhile fiancée sent for me, asking me to release her,
saying she loved me best, but some one else could give her more of this world's
goods. Ha, ha! There is my love story! Come, boys, a game of poker! I've
lost in hearts!"

He laughed again, the hard, jarring laugh, and flung himself into a chair.
The other boys sat down quickly and began to deal the cards to claim Sherrod's attention.

"Who was the girl?" whispered Hall to Walton.

"Lucile Dupont, of course," returned Walton, leaning across Amiss that his words might not be heard.

But Amiss heard. He sat there rigid and benumbed. For a moment he could not collect his senses.

"Merciful God! She?"

Then with an effort he rose and said, "I'm going, boys; I don't play, and there's an odd, anyway."

They were too intent upon Sherrod to remonstrate and the door closed behind Amiss.

As in a dream he walked out into the night. It was the same moon that looked down last night when taps were saying, "Love, good night." Taps were sounding now, but the low notes said, "Love, farewell!"

Even weak hearts are prepared for great sorrows, and Amiss was strong and grand.

He went first to the long-distance telephone. By some chance the message was put through without delay. He had found the secretary at his private home.

Then to the telegraph office. While he waited for the answer he went to the girl. He knew the boys would be playing until late in the night. He would be in time.

After the game began Sherrod had feigned a carelessness and it had continued. He drank heavily and his disappointment had been robbed of its keen edge.

The boys were uneasy and miserable. Each put forth his best effort to engage Sherrod. They had pressed wine upon him and now he seemed without a care. But the effect of the wine wore away. The bitter reaction came. He fell back in his chair with a groan.

Just then there was a tap at the door, and something was shoved under it. Hall bent and picked it up.

"A telegram and a letter for you, Sherrod."

Sherrod took them and read them. He sprang to his feet.

"Great Scot, boys! What a fool I have been, being so cut up over what is nothing at last!"

"What is it! Let's have it!" cried all.

"Listen to the telegram first:"
"Mr. Thomas P. Sherrod:—

"The President hereby notifies you of your appointment to the position in question, the other man having resigned in your favor.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.""

The boys yelled.

"Hold! wait!" cried Sherrod. "This is the dearest of all. It is from her. Bless her darling little heart. She says that after I left she found she could not make the sacrifice. That she loves and is mine forever."

A picture they made—Sherrod in the center with the boys slapping him and holding him in various fashions.

Only Hall stood apart from the others; for across the campus he could see a light in the window where he knew Amiss was keeping a vigil alone.

M. H.
The Charge of Company B.

By G. A. C.

GEORGE CHURCHILL ran lightly up the steps, and as he took the awaiting outstretched hand, bowed low over it, as a knight of old. "Glorious news, Mabel!" he cried, his handsome, reckless face smiling. "My regiment is ordered to the front immediately. I have come to tell you good-bye before the bugler blows the assembly."

She did not answer, but asked him to take a seat beside her on the railing.

"Oh! what a glorious day to die!" he exclaimed, as he looked down the hill, beneath the tall oaks, whose shadows were lengthening and reaching towards the large, round, white pillars of the porch, falling in their attempt like a caress over a bed of blue violets and playing among the gay colors of a peacock's tail. Death? No, that was not the thoughts of the two young gray squirrels as they chased each other from limb to limb, nor was it in the song of the birds that made the oaks merry with their praises to the God of life.

Even death was not in the thoughts of this gay young infantry captain. Battle carried no meaning of death to him; it meant only victory, honor, and praise. It would be the first time he would be in command under fire, and he was eager to come back victorious and receive praise from this beautiful being by his side.

Mabel too was confident that any side would be victorious which had for its champion this handsome boy in his new uniform and by whose side was buckled a bright sword. She did not answer in his gay mood as she softly said: "I know you will win. Don't you feel proud already? Come back soon, and tell me how you won." Then taking up his jesting mood, "Oh! but suppose you don't return: how dreadful it will be, to receive the news from some one else."

He imagined he saw her shudder as she uttered this remark. He could not withstand the temptation, quickly took her in his arms and kissed her blushing face.

Immediately she freed herself and, half-angry and half-laughing, cried, "I hope you will get killed."
He left her standing, a statue of white, except where the blush had rushed to
vye with the crimson ramblers that hung in clusters around her. Not a tear stole
down her cheeks as she watched him march off, his loose sword striking each step
behind him.

Statue of white, you will be sorry, and tears will steal down those now dry,
warm cheeks, if in days to come, you read his name among the dead; after hoping
he would get killed. You will then know that you loved him best when he stole
the kiss, and will be sorry that he did not turn, when you kissed your hand to him
as he went out of sight.

George marched off at the head of his company, proud of many things; and
his joy was not even dampened when his company was made to remain in the rear,
while an occasional report could be heard as a scout, or perhaps a sharpshooter,
tried to pick out a brightly dressed officer more conspicuous than his fellows.

These reports become more general. Now, way off in the distance on some
high hill, can be heard the dull roar of a cannon. To the right and nearer can be
heard the louder roar of an answering gun. Scouts begin to dart from tree to
tree; from behind fence-corners can be seen little puffs of smoke followed by a

Like distant thunder can be heard the roar of a battery opening up the
artillery duel. Then again with the crashing roar of a near answering battery, the
very earth trembles, the sky beginning to get hazy with smoke. Platoon opens
fire on answering platoon, then companies fire. By this time the artillery duel
has become deafening, and the blackened faces of the No. 1's and 2's can scarcely
be distinguished through the dense smoke. Now and then can be heard the
officers shouting commands.

The firing is now at will and the deafening thunder of artillery and infantry
becomes one ceaseless roar. The companies charge down the hills at double time,
halt at the bottom, load, and fire. Another rush toward the enemy and again they
halt. You can see them as they load and bring the guns to their shoulders, a flash,
and a large, white rolled-up cloud of smoke covers all. The companies near-by that
have remained until called on now come to attention and you see the faces brighten
up at the command, “Load.” You can hear the click of their triggers at “ready,”
they are so near; at “aim” the pieces are quickly brought to many shoulders,
another roar joins the ceaseless thunder. Strain your eyes through the smoke and
you will see the flash of a sword, as our young captain at the head of the color
company advances on the enemy. The attacking party has crossed the road and
gained the natural trenches, and at this close range the firing is more furious.

With a yell George’s company rushes up the hill, bearing the old Virginia
flag high in the air, until its conquered and conqueror on its silk folds are hidden
in the smoke. The battle now has become almost a hand-to-hand fight.
Presently the firing dies down, the battle is over, the victorious side floats "Sic Semper Tyrannis." But where is the captain of the company which bore so bravely the colors? He is not to be seen or his body found on the battle-field. He will be numbered among the missing, unless a happy girl in white reports him present, who is now saying to him laughingly, "Why, you did not get killed."

"No," he replied, "you know it was only a sham-battle."
The Revolt of the Slaves.

No more beautiful spot exists in all the fair uplands and lowlands of old Virginia, than the Blacksburg Valley, of Montgomery County. The Blue Ridge holds it tenderly against her bosom, and rocked upon that mighty breast, it lies in its peace and its beauty a veritable earthy Paradise in its verdure and loveliness.

Forty years ago the natural appearance of all that section was very much as it is to-day, but for the presence of the college, and its attendant improvements. The little village of Blacksburg numbered some three hundred souls, and contained a church or two, a few shops, and of necessity, a post-office. A broad, straight road led through the center of the peaceful little town, even as to-day—only, to-day, as the student returning to his Alma Mater mounts the brow of the hill, the college lies spread before him in all its beauty. Forty years ago, one turned to follow the windings of the country road, as it led, first to the home of the Blacks—first settlers, and for whom the town is named; a little lower down is "Solitude," one of the Preston homesteads; on still further, and we come to old "Smithfield," the cradle of the Preston race in Montgomery County. From the porch, one sees to the left, gleaming white among the trees, the monuments and tablets that mark the last resting-place of a vanished people—for here, where the Preston name once lived and flourished, it has passed away, "and the place thereof shall know it no more."

To the right, across the sweet, green fields, are faintly visible the walls of "White Thorn," while farther down, on what is known (in memory of Mexican war times) as the "Mater Moras" road, lies "Walnut Spring," the lovely home of the Oteys; Buchanan's Bottoms, the estate of Major James Kent, is some miles off, but is also in the county of Montgomery.

These plantations were all managed by their respective owners, assisted by an overseer, and each one possessed a large number of slaves. Many more are the beautiful homes of old Montgomery, but it is with this small cluster of estates that my story is connected.

The conditions in this portion of the country had been much more favorable for the preservation of peace and good order than was possible in other parts of
the State; here, the distance from the railroad, and the state of the roads, particularly in winter, prevented such frequent incursions of troops from either side, and while of course, from time to time a body of soldiers would pass through, and possibly demand food and drink, there were none of the tales of plunder and devastation, such as were too frequent and too true in other portions of our unhappy Southland. Consequently, there prevailed almost an ideal relation between master and man, upon all these fair country homes. The slaves were well housed, well clothed, well fed, and not overworked; while the magnificent climate in which they were bred made work almost a pleasure, so invigorating and health-giving was the atmosphere.

As the natural outgrowth of these conditions, the owners of the several estates dwelt in absolute peace and contentment, dreaming least of all of treachery within their midst. But the serpent found its way to Paradise, and it was even so in this little earthly Eden.

CHAPTER II.

The smoke curled languidly from the chimney of a rude cabin built high up on the mountains, overlooking miles and miles of land teeming with beauty and abundance. Laurel and rhododendron rioted in glorious and unappreciated profusion all about; the mocking-bird caroled his triumphant psalm, the like of which "ear hath not heard," unless it be from his twin-brother of the South, the nightingale.

A tall, gaunt mountaineer sat cross-legged on a stool, in front of the open doorway; his shock of dingy, yellow hair stood bristling about his face—plainly, it owned to no speaking acquaintance with brush or comb. His eyes, of a clear, keen blue, were long and narrow, with a shifty gleam in their depths; the cheekbones were high and bony, and very red; his nose had been broken in some past time, which gave him a sinister expression, aggravated by the grim, square jaw, straight, thin lips, unsoftened mustache and whiskers.

He was smoking a short "cob" pipe, which he moved restlessly from side to side as he spoke, thus disclosing the long, yellow teeth, better deserving the name of fangs. Altogether, as Mr. Enos Prince sat at the door of his cabin that May evening in the year of our Lord 1864, he looked quite fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoils"—a cruel, hard man, with just sufficient brains to make him dangerous.

Clustered about the door, in various attitudes, were about a dozen negroes, still bearing the implements with which they had performed the day's work. Obedient to a peremptory summons from Prince, they had come straight from the fields to his cabin, instead of repairing to their own.
"Waal," said Enos, removing his pipe for the purpose of expectoration, "you all kin jest keep moseyin' er long, till the first tind you know, you won't know nothin'. It's a plum sight how a lot o' big, strappin' men 'll set heer en see ther wives and chillun just sole like cattle. I tell you, fellers, I know! I been about a heap—I been a ploughin' over thar at Prestons en I been a plantin' over thar at Otey's, en they's all in it! They sees the end, just like I does. They knows the war's baout over, en you all, stid o' bein' dollars in ther pockets, you'll be free as they is—en putty nigh as well off [sniggering]. Case they wants the gold dollars ef they caint keep they niggers—whut do they keer fer flesh en blood? Ain't they been a-makin' money off'n you en yourn fer generatun 'pon generatun? Ef you don't wanter see yer wives and yer babies on board a 'nigger trader,' en ter make the same trip yerselves, it's time yer moving, en so I tell you."

A tall, stalwart darky, who had been leaning against a tree near-by listening with visible reluctance and disapproval, now sprang forward; passionately flinging down the hoe he held in his hand, he cried out:

"Boys! I don' trus' it! Don' you b'leeve a wud uv it! I tell you, marster ain't been good to us all dese years, to do us like dat now. Don' less mix in no sich biness—I tel you; Mars Jemies is good!"

"Oh, yes, he's good," sneered Enos, "but he likes th' almighty dollar's well's the next un. I'm darned ef ever I see sich men!" he added, fiercely.

"Here am I, tryin' ter save yer black skins, en puttin' my own neck in danger fer the likes o' you, en you all are balkin' en holdin' back like I had somethin' to gain. It don't put no dollars in my pocket, does it?"

A look of contemptuous surprise was on every face. Mr. Enos Prince posing for disinterested benevolence, was indeed a joke.

There came a pause, during which Prince appeared to be thinking deeply.

"I tell you whut, boys," said he, at length, "meet me Friday night 'bout one o'clock, at Otey's waste-house, en we kin kinder size things up. Ef I bin prove thet they's fixin' ter sell ye, will yer move then? Talk straight, now."

There was a murmur of sound among the negroes, as they talked together a few minutes, then, signifying their agreement to the proposed meeting, they melted into the woods like shadows.

Enos Prince sat long at his cabin door, maturing his evil plots. He had always been known as a sympathizer with the North, but this fact alone could not account for the distrust and dislike he inspired, among all classes. A bad man, full of avarice and all evil passions—a man whose god was money, and there were no lengths he would not go in its service. He was continually attempting to wring favors and gifts from the reluctant overseers, though plainly seeing their cordial dislike, and each rebuff filled his evil heart with greater bitterness.
For months past, he had been working upon the simple and credulous negro, subtly instilling doubts of their masters' good faith, and filling their minds with terror, at the thought of being sold. He had his story well laid out, and told a plausible tale. The slaves were now firmly convinced that their masters had determined to sell them into South America, fearing the close of the war and the possibility of their being set free. Only the influence of the women had kept them from sooner closing with Prince's nefarious schemes.

CHAPTER III.

A few days previous to that upon which the meeting at the cabin took place, Prince had betaken himself to Smithfield, and stood, lounging and chewing about the smoke-house, exasperating Mr. Linkous, the overseer, almost past endurance. Few people gauged Prince's character as correctly as did Mr. Linkous, and intuitively divining this, Enos hated him accordingly. This was no bar to asking a favor, however—not at all—so, walking up to Mr. Linkous with his most ingratiating (!) smile—

"Mister Linkis," said he, "is the Major about?"

"No, he ain't, and you knowed it," returned Mr. Linkous, gruffly.

"Well, Mister Linkis, if the Major was about, I know that he'd give me a couple o' them uppur heads"—insinuatingly.

"Well, he's not here, and you can't get 'em," was the emphatic rejoinder.

A hearty laugh went up at the man's discomfiture, but, as he shank away in the direction of the old mill, Bill, a negro lad, standing in the mill door, saw him pause and, shaking his fist in the direction of the house, utter some fierce imprecation.

"Golly!" soliloquized Bill, "old Prince look like he want to pizen the whole lot o' us."

But, naturally, Enos Prince's fit of ill-temper made no serious impression upon the careless boy, and five minutes later he had entirely forgotten the circumstance.

This slight incident of the "upper heads," trivial though it may seem, was the proverbial "last straw." From that time Enos Prince cast aside every restraining impulse, and planned and made ready for the dreadful crime he contemplated, with a cold-blooded skill and secrecy worthy of the Borgia. To root out and destroy—to mutilate and kill every member of the families within a certain radius, became a fixed design, which only awaited the suitable hour to bring about—and toward that hour he forged with a devilish determination. The meeting at the waste-house on the Otey property was for the purpose of completing all the details, and fixing the day and hour of the uprising.
CHAPTER IV.

Moonlight was flooding lawn and field, house and garden; old Solitude, bathed in its silvery radiance, put on new beauty. In the solemn quiet one could fancy ghostly voices—merry, cordial, happy, jovial voices—from out the past they seemed to come; the past, wherein—strange anomaly!—the name of "Solitude" was the synonym of hospitality; when gates and doors were open wide,

"When all who came were welcomed there,
And no one was denied."

Virginia has nowhere a home where hospitality in its broadest and most noble sense is so royally dispensed, and never will those who have known its gallant master, its saintly mistress, its lovely and gentle daughter, fail to give "Solitude" a hallowed spot in their memory.

But I am wandering; to return to my story: It was long past twelve o'clock, and profound quiet reigned over all; even "Sufra," the faithful watch-dog, was taking a tiny "cat-nap."

A man's form brushed through the dew-spangled grass, and passing the front of the house, paused under a window at the side.

"Miss Carol!" he called, softly; "aw Miss Carol!" No reply. Picking up a small gravel, he flicked it at the pane, and was rewarded by a soft but startled cry, within. "'Tain't nobody but ole Uncle Eph, honey; don't get skeered."

A tousled brown head appeared at the window, and a sleepy voice called out:

"What on earth's the matter, Uncle Eph? You scared me nearly to death."

"Deed and I'm sorry, honey, but I couldn't hep it nohow; Kate's been arfter me and jes won' let me res' till I bring you."

"But, what does Kate want, at this time of night?" demanded Carol, not unnaturally.

"Hit's little Kittie, Miss Carol," said the old man, in a trembling voice, "po' little Kittie—she's passin' to-night, sure, and Kate seem like she want you so bad, I jis come, late as 'twas."

"Do you mean to tell me little Kittie is dying?" asked the girl, in a shocked tone. "Why, how is that possible? She was over here as well as could be, this afternoon."

"Croup, honey," said Uncle Eph, sorrowfully, "croup—an she's goin' fas'."

A few minutes sufficed for Carol to make her simple preparations, and soon two figures mingled with the thickening mist, and disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

A log cabin, by the side of a little stream, whose musical tinkle penetrated the sick-room, and could be heard above the hoarse breathing of the dying child.
She lay across her mother's lap, her brow damp with the dews of death, one small hand clutching at the poor, laboring breast. Her mother lifted her eyes from her baby's face for just a moment as the girl entered, but she said nothing.

Carol gave a cry of pitying sorrow, and kneeling by the little form, laid her hand upon Kate's arm, with a look of divine pity in the beautiful eyes.

"My poor Kate," she said, softly, then gently smoothing the brow of the sick child, "Oh, Uncle Eph," she cried, "can we do nothing?"

"Not for her, Miss Carol; she's most past de ribber now—her feet done tetcht de odder side."

Kate gave one great cry of anguish. "Oh, my baby! O God! My little baby!" she moaned, bending over the little form, now still and quiet, while great tears dripped upon the small sufferer's face.

"Honey," said Eph, anxiously, "don' do dat! Don' yo' know dat de mudder's tears on de face ov de chile will hole de passin' soul? Wipe 'em away, Kate—an' let her go—in de name of de Lawd!"

The old man raised his hands in solemn benediction, as he uttered these words, and Kate, calm and composed once more, wiped her tears from the face of her dead child—then, in obedience to a sign from Carol, she placed the child in her arms, and left the room, to learn to bear her anguish as best she could. For underneath the black skins, my brothers, beat warm and tender hearts—hearts that beat with just the same passions as make or mar our own.

Carol took the little body, and sending Uncle Eph for what was necessary, she bathed and dressed the child for burial.

While thus engaged, the door was suddenly opened, and Kate's husband entered the room. He gazed about, in bewildered astonishment.

"Why, Miss Carol! what's de matter? And what—what is—that?" he added, hoarsely, pointing to the burden upon her lap, over which Carol had quickly drawn a sheet, upon his entrance.

"My poor Fax," she said, compassionately, "how can I tell you that your little Kittie—"

The girl faltered over her hard task. This poor laborer was known to love his child with a fervor bordering upon idolatry.

"Don' tell me little Kittie's dead, Miss Carol—I couldn't bear dat," he said, huskily.

"Look at her, Fax," said the girl, softly—"see how happy and peaceful she looks?—and no one can ever hurt or harm her, Fax; she is forever safe."

The negro gave Carol a startled glance, then, with one last intense gaze at his little child, he turned, and went out into the night.

And through the long hours Carol watched by the little bed, no sound within,
save now and then a heavy sob from the stricken mother; no sound without but
the voices of the night, whose peaceful harmonies soothed and strengthened the
girlish heart in the ordeal of her long vigil.

CHAPTER VI.

Friday night was a gloomy, threatening one, such as frequently breaks the
mildness of spring in Southwestern Virginia. A sharp breeze was blowing, scudding
clouds across a dark and angry sky.

Enos Prince gave a grunt of satisfaction as he neared the meeting-place.
"The very night fer it," said he; "ef I'd a made it myself, I couldn't er
done it better," chuckling. He kept a sharp lookout, however, and breathed a sigh
of relief, when a skulking shadow he had been narrowly observing, developed
into two of the slaves from Buchanan's Bottom.

Ere long every one of the surrounding plantations was represented, seeing
which, Prince began:
"Boys!" said he, "we ain't heer fer fun, ner yit fer dilly-dallyin'—still less
is we heer fer blowin'. Befo' we go one step futher, you got ter take a oath, ever'
mother's son o' ye, thot the man thot peaches on the rest—the man thot lets aout
one word o' the words en deeds o' this meetin'—he's to die on sight, jest one o'
us as gits to him; and the man et sees him en don't kill 'im—we'll cut his black
heart aout, and feed it to the crows. *Swar, boys!*

The oath duly administered, then began preparations for the awful deeds.
"Have enny ob ye got a suggistun ter offer? You, Wash, fer instance—
in ye give us enny idee how we kin git a holt of Dr. Otey?"

Much gratified at being thus called into counsil, Wash scratched his head
complacently.

"Waall, Mars Prince, Mars Jimmy cuts wood powerful often, right along
side o' me. What's to hinder me jist natchilly knockin' 'im in de hadie wid me
axe?"

"E-zactly," said Prince, politely—"a fine plan, I swar—knock 'im in the
head, then call in the han's and folks about, to see whut a good job you done.
You black fool," he said, contemptuously, "I feel like I order be blow'd, fer
mixin' with enny sich fools. Boys!" turning to the circle of black figures, anx-
iously waiting on his words, "I done thought the hull thing aout. You all must
git the cooks ter ' season ' the drinks fer supper ter-morror night. I'll appint a
boy fum each place ter see ter the doors bein' unlocked. We'll divide inter two
parts—one ter put away, and 't other ter take away," he said, with the look and
laugh of a fiend. "W'ile one part's helpin' the w'ite folks to Kingdom Come,
't other part 'll be bottlin' up the boodle. We got seven er more good places ter
work—that orter bring us plenty ter git us clean out o' beer. Waall—so long—ter-morner night, at ten—not a minute later—en bring the 'persuaders' with ye," he ended, with a wink.

* * * * * * *

What was that dark shadow, creeping stealthily from tree to tree, from bush to bush? The same mysterious shadow had lurked at a window of the old waste-house, during all that vile conspiracy and had moved only when the last sound of stealthy footsteps had died away in the forest. Slowly it goes on its secret way, when, suddenly the moon peeps from behind a jagged cloud, and its light falls full upon the face of Fax, the husband of Carol Preston's maid.

CHAPTER VII

Under cover of that "darkness just before dawn," Fax continued his course, until in sight of the Otey home, when he paused irresolutely, as if at a loss what to do next. Presently, to his intense relief, he heard the sound of a moving chain. Dr. Otey, always an early riser, was coming to salute the new day.

A few minutes sufficed to find Fax closeted with Dr. Otey, and soon the tale was told, in all its hideous cruelty.

"I jis had ter come to you, Mars Jimmy. Of cose, if marster hadn't er been away, I'd a gone to him; but I know'd thar wan't no time ter be losin', so I struck out for you."

"And you did quite right. But, how is it, Fax, that you have kept clear of this wretched business?" asked Dr. Otey, kindly.

A look of shame crossed the man's face; he hesitated, and looked down.

"I didn't keep clear of it, Mars Jimmy," he said, finally, with evident effort. "I was ez deep in de mud ez the res' is in de mire; it jis matchilly drov' me wild to think o' Kate and Kitty sole ter slavers—an' I was sic a fool, I nuvver once thought it might be all a lie got up by Prince—or ef I thought it, I kep' on all de same. But, de night o' de meetin', my little Kittie died"—huskily—"en I come straight fum plottin' and plannin' how ter mek 'way wid Miss Carol and her people, to fin' her settin' thar with my dead chile in her lap. Her eyes shine like two big stars, en she said, low like—'po' Fax!'—she's gone whar nothin' can't hurt or harm her.' En then I made up my min' to stop dis debble's wuk ef I die fer it."

"You won't die for it, Fax," said the doctor, "but unless I am badly out of my reckoning, somebody will swing for it." All next day secret messengers went quietly through the country, from house to house, while a request was sent to the nearest camp for a squad of troops. The
arrangements were made quietly, systematically, and thoroughly, so, when the band of murdering wretches came to do their awful work, they found themselves quickly overpowered and under arrest.

And so, the great uprising of the slaves terminated, without the firing of a single shot!

Enos Prince was placed in jail, and every one supposed would sooner or later have met the just reward of his deeds; but for some strange reason, he was never brought to trial, and was finally liberated.

The masters with one accord dealt leniently with their slaves. They had been influenced in their most vulnerable spot—the love of wife and children—so with words of kindly admonition they were sent back to their work, and soon forgot they had ever dreamed of discontent or rebellion.

* * * * *

And Carol Preston? If that fair and gentle spirit ever recalled the fact that her loving ministrations to the suffering, dying slave had served to avert a great calamity, there was no room for pride or vainglory in that pure soul. With a prayer of thankfulness in her heart, she would softly say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren."  

CARY B. PRESTON.
A Book "Pi."

By Elizabeth A. Hyde.

Every title in the following list is that of a real book and every personal name is that of a real author:

"Winning his way" by Smiles.
"A face illumined" by Lyte.
"Twenty thousand leagues under the sea" by Cable.
"Forever and ever" by Weeks.
"Great expectations" by Gardiner.
"Up the Nile and home again" by Foote.
"The minister's wooing" by Valentine.
"Wanted, a pedigree" by Pryde.
"Two bites at a cherry" by Robbins.
"Broken to harness" by Cupples.
"Light in dark places" by Bellows.
"Wreck of the Golden Mary" by Storm.
"Going to the bad" by Gunning.
"House of the seven gables" by Carpenter.
"Handicapped" by Billows.
"Driven back to Eden" by Defoe.
"Breaking a butterfly" by Hale.
"A message from the sea" by Pidgeon.
"Every inch a king" by George.
"Castles in the air" by Hope.
"Tour of the world in eighty days" by Burroughs.
"Only a fiddler" by Wright.
"The rise of Silas Lapham" by Bull.
"Many inventions" by Mann.
"Told after supper" by Butler.
"Benefits forgot" by Cozzens.
"Taken at the flood" by Fisher.
"Woold and married" by Lover.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

"The haunted hotel" by Knight.
"Barriers burned away" by Cole.
"Taking the Bastille" by Force.
"A prince of India" by Ranke.
"The man who laughs" by Graves.
"Within an inch of his life" by Coffin.
"Remorse" by Conscience.
"New waggings of old tales" by Lamb.
"Art of mural decoration" by Holley.
"A wheel of fire" by Sparks.
"Saved from the sea" by Mariner.
"The letter of credit" by Post.
"Left behind" by Train.
"The little lame prince" by Bunyan.
"Called back" by Sypher.
"Kidnapped" by Savage.
"A chance acquaintance" by Carr.
"Scouring of the White Horse" by Pears.
"The burial of the guns" by Friedman.
"Red and gold cloth" by Dyer.
"Fettered for life" by Ropes.
"Stepping Heavenward" by Church.
"It is never too late to mend" by Cotton.
"Buried alive" by Snow.
"Pilgrim's progress" by Hoppin.
"Thwarted" by Power.
"Tide on the moaning bar" by Nott.
"Out of town" by May.
"High-water mark" by Rayne.
"Etchers and etching" by Penn.
"Opening a chestnut bur" by Frost.
"Raising the 'Pearl!'" by Lever.
"Ministry of life" by Parsons.
"Interrupted" by Noyse.
"Mrs. Harry Harper's awakening" by Knox.
"Cast up by the sea" by Holland.
"Hedged in" by Hawthorne.
"Miss Ravenel's conversion" by Bishop.
"Bound together" by Love.
"The thorn in the nest" by Bird.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

“Barbara Heathcote’s trial” by Law.
“Misunderstood” by Both.
“The betrothed” by Ring.
“Ten thousand a year” by Dunning.
“As it was written” by Marks.
“Home as found” by Boyes.
“Mosses from an old manse” by Deforest.
“Not wooed—but won” by Bacheller.
“The coming race” by Miles.
“A dark night’s work” by Fox.
“The choir invisible” by Curtin.
“Put yourself in his place” by Depew.
“A lady of quality” by Ayres.
“The three Musketeers” by DeCamp.
“The making of an American” by Money.
FOR SAKE OF FAME.

Not while the constellations bright
   From east to west their cohorts swing;
Not while Diana gilds the night
   Or buds and birds invoke the spring,
Shall I forget thee, cherished one,
For dreams of deeds yet to be done.

Not though sweet music be no more
   Exhaled from out the golden harp,
And even not though winter hoar
   Should send the north wind cold and sharp
To blow the love-warmth from the heart,
Should I forget thee as thou art.

When time and tide for man abide,
   Eternity and time grow young,
Dame Nature is again a bride,
   And from grim death the secret’s wrung—
Thou then canst brand me with the shame
Of slighting thee for sake of fame.

L. C. RANDOLPH.
The Seniors.—Two-step.
Dedicated to the Class of 1903, V. P. I.

Composed by H. Clay Michie, Jr., '03, Captain V. P. I. Cadet Band.

Scenes—It was three o'clock in the morning of February 21, 1903; the stars were shining brightly, while the cold, quiet air conveyed the melody of cornets, playing the familiar air, "Commons Firing," to the ears of the sleepy officers; followed by the booming of a near-by gun, loaded to the muzzle and fired by '03's "Scribe." This, aided by a "Sally" of the fifth division pistols and a distant gun pulled by Alka-Lybrook, serves as an introduction "ad lib" to the third cannon, which is represented by the Grand Pause and yet to be heard.

After all—"who knows who?"
THE BUGLE, 1903.
THE BUGLE. 1903.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

 Officers.

G. A. Chalkley, '03 .................................................. President
J. F. Ware, '03 .................................................. Vice-President
C. C. Osterbind, '03 .................................................. Secretary
E. W. Whisnant, '03 .................................................. Treasurer

Executive Committee.

C. R. Vawter, Jr., from the Faculty .............................................. C. L. Proctor, from Postgraduates
W. R. Crute, from the Senior Class .............................................. G. C. Willson, from the Junior Class
J. E. Cleland, from the Sophomore Class

Chairmen of Committees.

C. E. Vawter, Jr., Football .................................................. C. L. Proctor, Baseball
W. R. Crute, Tennis .................................................. J. E. Cleland, Field-Day
G. C. Willson, Track

119
Thursday, May 7, 1903.

J. E. CLELAND, Chairman of Committee.

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THE BUGLE, 1903.

Football Department.

Officers.
C. H. Carpenter, '02 Captain
G. A. Chalkley, '03 Manager
F. M. Vost, '04 Assistant Manager
R. R. Brown, Dartmouth Coach

Team of 1902.

Counselman Full-back McCullock Right Guard
Carpenter Right Half-back Graber Left Guard
Byrd Left Half-back Mills Right Tackle
Wake Quarter-back Willson Left Tackle
Bear Quarter-back Campbell Right End
Styles Center Robins Left End
Miller

Substitutes.
Blair
Lewis
Crute

Games Played.

October 11. At Lynchburg V. P. I. 0 Washington and Lee U. 0
October 18. At Blacksburg V. P. I. 11 N. C. A. and M. College 6
October 25. At Roanoke V. P. I. 0 University of N. C. 0
November 8. At Blacksburg V. P. I. 28 Georgetown U. 0
November 15. At Charlottesville V. P. I. 0 University of Va. 6
November 27. At Norfolk V. P. I. 50 V. M. I. 5

Total 89 17
V. P. I. Men Who Have Made the All-Southern Team During the Last Four Years.

Jewell, End
Cox, Guard
Lewis, End

Sterle, Center
DeCamps, Quarter-back

Abbott, Guard
Ware, End

McCormick, Tackle
Miles, Tackle

Carpenter, Half-back and Full-back, Captain

Huffard, Half-back
Counselman, Full-back
History of Football at V. P. I.

In October, 1892, a football team was first put upon the field by our Institution, then known as the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. In the fall of 1891 an effort had been made to start interest in the game, but owing to the small number of students—the year closed with less than eighty men in the corps—their total ignorance of the game and its requirements, and the general chaotic condition of things, the effort came to nothing. Every afternoon during that fall, however, at the earnest solicitation of those interested, a number of the students would assemble on the undulating combination of hills and valleys that lay back of Barracks No. 1, now occupied by Science Hall, and Barracks No. 4, and which served as the athletic grounds, and pick sides for a game, Mr. J. W. Stull, of the Class of '93, acting as captain for one side, and Professor Smyth, who had some vague recollections of football as it had been played ten years before, playing quarter-back for the other side. Loud were the protests and mutual recriminations if the "good" men were not evenly distributed. It was not football, and yet we had some fun, and it was in this class of playing that Mr. J. A. Massie, afterwards one of University of Virginia's most famous guards, and the trainer for our own team in 1894, first made his acquaintance with the game.

When the fall of 1892 opened, Professor W. E. Anderson, who had played on the team at the University of Virginia; Mr. Henry B. Pratt, of the Class of '94; Mr. Stull, and Professor Smyth took counsel together, with the result that a team was organized with Professor Anderson as captain and Professor Smyth as "trainer" and business manager. Suits were ordered, footballs of various descriptions bought, and general enthusiasm prevailed; yet it was still necessary to go around every day and beg men to come out and play on the first team; the second team doing what it could—the men who played one evening being disgruntled because they were not immediately placed on the first team, and so a new second team had to be secured every evening, by threats, coaxing, promises
and appeals. There was no idea of team-play; whoever got the ball—by luck—ran with it; no one knew anything about interference, and tho' we had a system of signals, it was a question of luck how each play went. We had adopted the colors of black and steel-grey as our college colors and the team had caps and stockings of that combination; the boundaries of the field were marked off with a plough, as also the 25-yard lines. The field was not as smooth as the bed of the new Blacksburg railroad, but ran up and down hill, with interesting little hollows which hid the play from spectators on the other side of the field. Finally, a game was arranged with St. Albans, and on the 21st of October we played and won on our grounds our very first game of football. The game was a revelation, for St. Albans' captain was a Yale graduate, with modern ideas of the game, and though we won by a score of 14 to 10, it was strength, weight, and staying powers in the second half against skill and tactics on the other side. A second game in Radford on the 29th was called off at the end of the first half, with consent of the captains, on account of continued disputes and disagreements, the score then standing 10 to 0 in favor of St. Albans. An unsuccessful attempt to arrange a game with Roanoke College finished our first season.

The season of '93 opened with a determination to really learn the game. Mr. Lovenstein, '94, was elected captain, and Mr. Stull and Professor Smyth, getting all the books on the subject that they could find, settled down to train the team and teach them tactics. Every morning at six o'clock these two gentlemen, with such of the team as could be persuaded to come out, ran down through the wheat-field where Faculty Row now stands, to the Station Building and back by what is now the Agricultural Hall to the Barracks, where, in a room with a tin trough overhead, a few buckets of water were poured over our heads by way of a shower-bath. Through an accident to Mr. Lovenstein, Mr. B. H. Wills was elected captain, and a game arranged with Emory and Henry College, which we lost by a score of 6 to 0, the captain making the mistake of trying for a sensational field-goal when we were gaining ten and twenty yards at every down and were within a few yards of the goal. In this game Mr. H. A. Johnson, Mr. T. E. Dashiell, and Mr. N. R. Patrick, afterwards such brilliant players, first made their appearance. A second and last game with Randolph-Macon Academy was played on November 11, at Bedford, and was won by the Academy by a score of 34–6.

The season of '94 opened with some misgivings as to Athletics. Heretofore, save as above indicated, none of the Faculty took any special interest in football. All helped financially—to some extent—when called upon, but with the exceptions above noted, none took active interest. Dr. McBryde did all that he could to help matters along, and gave the boys the field now used for Athletics,
which was a part of the Horticultural grounds. This he had ploughed over, harrowed, and rolled, and the boys spent every minute in the pauses of the game in gathering stones off the field. But the great trouble lay in the lack of a suitable trainer, and the following extract from an editorial from the *Gray Jacket* of January, 1894, shows how matters were looked at:

"... So far as material for such sports (football, etc.) is concerned, we are able to cope with any institution. But it is not raw material alone which wins the football games or gains for us or any other college an athletic reputation. The paramount facts in which we are lacking are proper facilities for training, a competent trainer, or, in fact, any gymnastic apparatus; and sad to relate, we lack what is so essential to any college undertaking—confidence and the proper patriotism among the student-body. If as much encouragement is given to our teams in the future as discouragement has been in the past, we predict that defeat will be as uncommon as was victory this year."

And so, with feelings in accord with the above sentiments, when college opened in September, 1894, Captain Lovenstein, Mr. Pratt, the manager of the team; Mr. Stull, now a postgraduate, and playing his third year at center, and Professor Smyth, acting as a football committee, with many misgivings as to the financial side of the venture, appealed to Mr. Jos. A. Massie, now a graduate from the University of Virginia, to come to the help of his old Alma Mater and train our team for us; and nobly did Mr. Massie respond, receiving no pay but his expenses, and spent the season with us as a postgraduate, training the team and playing at quarter-back—a one-hundred-and-ninety-pound quarter-back!!! The scores below show the value of Mr. Massie's training:

October 20 . Blacksburg . Emory and Henry . V. A. M. C. 96
October 29 . Blacksburg . Roanoke College . V. A. M. C. 36
November 17 . Radford . St. Albans . V. A. M. C. 12
November 30 . Staunton . V. M. I. 10 . V. M. I. 6

This was our first game with V. M. I. It will be interesting to note in the appended table of games the steady gains that our teams have made with V. M. I., University of Virginia, and University of North Carolina.

But now football had come to stay. Everybody was taking more interest and there came forward then and put his shoulders to the wheel a member of the Faculty to whom more than to any one else is due the credit of having given that impetus to pure Athletics at our Institution which has ever since made it a power. Dr. Edward E. Sheib, lately of Tulane University, where he was the recognized leader in matters athletic, as well as in all else pertaining to the good of the students, has recently died; but he has left in the memory of those who were closely associated with him during the eight years that he was a member of the
Facultv of the V. P. I.; a sincere love for the man and deep regard for the zeal and earnestness with which he took largely the control of athletic matters, which he retained as long as he was connected with the Institution.

Largely through Dr. Sheib's influence, the team for 1895 came back ahead of time and were under the guidance of Dr. Arlie Jones, the famous half-back of the University of Virginia. Dr. Jones gave them the preliminary training needed and when college opened he was succeeded by Mr. Saunders Taylor, quarter-back on '94's University of Virginia team, who remained as head-coach for the season, assisted for a while by Mr. Jos. A. Massie, who again responded to his Alma Mater's call. It was this team which had behind the line that brilliant quartette of backs than whom none better have played in concert on any of our teams, namely, "Dug" Martin, the indomitable at quarter; "Nig" Ingles and "Bull" Eskridge, halves; and Dashiell, the pearl of backs, as full. This year we played our first games with University of Virginia and University of North Carolina, losing the first by 36—0 and the second by a score of 32—5. We beat St. Albans by a score of 12—0, in spite of their having the famous Izard, of Annapolis, as one of their halves, and wound up the season by defeating V. M. I. at Lynchburg by a score of 6—4. A word about the North Carolina game: It was scheduled to come shortly before the V. M. I. game and was considered very necessary to our men, to give them more practise against a big team, before meeting V. M. I. We were unknown to North Carolina and were well out of their class, and for reasons of convenience they found it necessary to cancel the game. In desperation and not bravado, our manager, Mr. Kline, telegraphed them: "Evidently you are afraid to meet us." That secured the game beyond question and also a crushing defeat, and heartily sick of that telegram were our men, for as their backs time after time charged through our line for touch-down after touch-down, the field would resound to the cries from their rooters: "Evidently we are afraid to meet them!". And yet at the end of the second half our men rallied, drove North Carolina down the field to their goal, where they lost and regained the ball three times on downs, within two yards of North Carolina's goal. It was then that Ingles made his fair catch and Watts kicked goal from the 45-yard line within three yards of the side-line.

The season of 1896 saw first the legend "V. P. I." borne upon the athletic field. No longer did the air ring to the old slogan of:

Rip! Rah! Ree!
Va. Va. Vee!
Virginia, Virginia!
A. M. C.!

But after many trials, the war-cry crystallized to the familiar

"Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi!!" etc.
After much consideration also the black and gray were replaced by our
now very familiar orange and maroon. These colors were first worn on
October 20th, 1896, in a game against Roanoke College. "Jumbo" Pelter was
a notable figure on this team as right guard. Over six feet tall, fifty-two
inches around the chest, weighing 225 when he started training and 241½ at the
last game of the season, Mr. Pelter was a tower of strength in the line and
surprisingly active for a man of his weight, and as strong as the proverbial
"Bull." By this time also "Big" Johnson had earned for himself the name
which his looks belied, of the strongest player on the team.

This team played the University of North Carolina to a standstill, but lost to
University of Virginia by the sad score of 44—0. They made it up, however,
by defeating V. M. I. at Roanoke, by a score of 24—0.

As year by year our teams increased in importance, so year by year the
expenses increased. Training tables, better equipment, experienced coaches,
longer and more expensive trips, all helped to swell the account, and so at the
end of each season a larger and larger deficit was reported. This was paid out of
the private purses of the two professors actively interested in the welfare of the
team; but finally it became so great that no longer did they feel able or justified
in making up the amount; the college was strained to the utmost and could not
help; and so finally in the spring of 1898 a memorial was drawn up, reciting the
history and growing importance of Athletics, and the inability of private help
to longer meet the growing expenses, and suggesting various plans whereby
the Board of Visitors of the college might relieve the situation. This was pre-
sented to the Board, but as no action was taken, these two gentlemen, feeling
unable to continue longer increasing their permanent investments in Athletics,
which yielded no yearly dividends, were reluctantly compelled to retire from
active interest in that in which they had taken so much pride and which they
looked upon as the child of their fostering care and protection.

Shortly afterwards Dr. Sheib resigned from college. This year saw also the
death of The Collee, a paper devoted to Athletics at the V. P. I., and published
two or three times a month. This paper was started on December 8th,
1897, under the editorship of Mr. S. H. Sheib, who devoted much of his time
and means to make it a success, but was reluctantly compelled to abandon it in
June, '98.

The season of '98 was a struggling one for football. Much credit is due to
Major J. W. Stull that any team at all was put in the field. Mr. Lewis
Ingles acted as coach, and five games were played, the important one being with
the University of North Carolina, which won by a score of 28 to 6.

In '99 Professor Vawter came forward and until the past season bore all alone
the brunt of financial responsibility; but things were slowly improving and ex-
penses were being met until, at the close of the season of 1902, we actually had a cash balance of over $400 to the credit of Athletics. A regular committee, consisting of Professors Vawter, Pritchard, and Smyth, has now been appointed from the Faculty, by the President; financial matters are in better shape, and it is confidently hoped that football and Athletics generally are at last on a safe financial basis. The Corps has come to a realization of the needs and importance of Athletics, and that, together with the increased attendance and larger subscriptions, seems to warrant our faith in the ability of the Association to sustain itself.

A tabulated list of games, scores, and players will best complete the story in a form that will strike the eye at once. The following lists are from records kept by the writer from the very inception of football at this college, with careful comparison with the Gray Jacket and the Bugle. Photographs of all of the earlier teams are also in his possession.

### List of V. A. M. C. and V. P. I. Teams and Games Played by Them.

#### Season of '01-92

No organized team and no regular games; football just beginning.

#### Season of '92-93

**Team of '92.**

E. H. Rowe, left half; C. G. Porcher, left end; W. H. Minor, left tackle; J. L. Preston, left guard; J. W. Still, center; T. P. Bowles and R. E. Chumbley, right guard; Prof. Anderson (Capt.), right tackle; C. T. Friend, right end; C. G. Guignard, right half; T. D. Martin, L. Lancaster, full-back; Courtland, quarter-back; Cowardin, Barnes, Slaughter, substitutes.

**Games**—October 21, Blacksburg: St. Albans, 10; V. A. M. C., 14. October 29, Radford: Game called off at end of first half, Albans leading 10 points to V. A. M. C., 0.
SEASON OF '93-04.

TEAM OF '93.

C. G. Porcher, left end; R. E. Wayland, H. A. Johnson, M. C. Bond, left tackle; J. W. Stull, left guard; N. R. Patrick, right guard; E. J. Kerfoot, R. E. Wayland, right tackle; T. E. Dashielh, C. G. Guignard, right end; J. W. Robinson, S. S. Fraser, quarter-back; U. Harvey, R. K. Slaughter, left half; C. T. Friend, C. G. Guignard, right half; T. D. Martin, full-back.

GAMES.

October 21 . . . Emory . . . Emory and Henry . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 6
November 11 . . . Bedford . . . Randolph-Macon Academy . . . 34 . . V. A. M. C. . . 6

SEASON OF '94-95.

TEAM OF '94.

C. G. Porcher, S. S. Fraser, left ends; H. A. Johnson, left tackle; M. T. Hart, W. L. James, left guard; J. W. Stull, center; N. R. Patrick, right guard; R. N. Watts, P. J. Norfleet, M. T. Hart, right tackle; T. E. Dashielh, right end; Jos. A. Massie, quarter; U. Harvey, left half; C. G. Guignard, right half; T. D. Martin, full-back; G. W. Staples, A. P. Eskridge, J. W. Sample, J. L. Palmer, W. W. Jerrell, substitutes; Mr. Massie, trainer; Mr. H. B. Pratt, manager.

GAMES.

October 20 . . . Blacksburg . . . Emory and Henry . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 16
October 26 . . . Blacksburg . . . Roanoke . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 36
November 10 . . . Blacksburg . . . St. Albans . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 42
November 17 . . . Radford . . . St. Albans . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 12
November 30 . . . Staunton . . . V. M. I. . . 10 . . V. A. M. C. . . 6

SEASON OF '95-96.

TEAM OF '95.


GAMES.

October 5 . . . Charlottesville . . . University of Virginia . . . 36 . . V. A. M. C. . . 9
October 26 . . . Lexington . . . Washington and Lee . . . 0 . . V. A. M. C. . . 30
November 9 . . . Roanoke . . . Roanoke, V. M. C. A. . . 2 . . V. A. M. C. . . 16
November 28 . . . Lynchburg . . . V. M. I. . . 4 . . V. A. M. C. . . 6

27
# Season of '96-97

**Team of '96.**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>October 10</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 20</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 24</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 31</td>
<td>Charlottesville</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 2</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 14</td>
<td>Knoxville</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 16</td>
<td>Knoxville</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 26</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. M. I.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

# Season of '97-98

**Team of '97.**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>October 19</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 20</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 6</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 13</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 15</td>
<td>Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 25</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

# Season of '98-99

**Team of '98.**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>November 3</td>
<td>Winston</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 5</td>
<td>Guilford</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 7</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 11</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 12</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## SEASON OF '09-00.
### Team of '99.
L. L. Jewell, H. B. Lewis, ends; W. F. Cox (Capt.), H. G. McCormick, tackles; R. W. Carper, Choice, guards; R. M. Montgomery, center; E. W. Hardaway, J. B. Huffard, W. F. Bell, half-backs; C. J. B. DeCamps, quarter-back; C. H. Carpenter, full-back; Dr. Morrison, (Univ. of Va.), trainer; G. W. Hutchinson, manager; Bean, Steele, Ashton, Moffett, Blair, Wootten, Iraley, McCulloch, substitutes.

### Games.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>St. Albans</th>
<th>0</th>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>24</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>University of Tennessee</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roanoke College</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington and Lee</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SEASON OF '00-01.
### Team of '00.
Moffett, Jewell, ends; Cox, McCormick, tackles; Abbott, Carper, guards; Steele, center; Huffard (Capt.), Hardaway, half-backs; DeCamps, quarter-back; Carpenter, full-back; F. Powell, manager; Dr. Davis (Univ. of Va.), trainer; Miles, Counselman, Beverly, Sayers, Stiles, Osterblind, Gill, substitutes.

### Games.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>October 6 Blackburg</th>
<th>St. Albans</th>
<th>0</th>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>21</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>October 20 Radford</td>
<td>St. Albans</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 25 Raleigh</td>
<td>N. C. A. &amp; M.</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 27 Chapel Hill</td>
<td>University of North Carolina</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 14 Charlotteville</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 24 Charlotte</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 25 Roanoke</td>
<td>V. M. I.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SEASON OF '01-02.
### Team of '01.
Ramey, Campbell, Ware, ends; Miles, McCormick, tackles; Willson, Abbott, guards; Steele, center; Carpenter, Huffard, half-backs; DeCamps (Capt.), quarter-back; Counselman, full-back; Jas. Bolton, manager; A. B. Morrison, Jr. (Cornell), coach; Davidson, Miller, Sayers, Turner, Willcox, substitutes.

### Games.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>September 28 Salem</th>
<th>Roanoke College</th>
<th>0</th>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>16</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>October 12 Blacksburg</td>
<td>Washington and Lee</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 19 Georgetown, D. C.</td>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 26 Blacksburg</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 31 Columbia, S. C.</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 16 Richmond</td>
<td>University of Maryland</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 28 Norfolk</td>
<td>V. M. I.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SEASON OF '02-'03.

TEAM OF '02.

Miller, Ware, Robins, Campbell, ends; Miles, Willson, Blair, tackles; Graber, McCullough, guards; Stiles, center; Carpenter (Capt.), Byrd, half-backs; Bear, Ware, quarter-backs; Counselman, full-back; Chalkley, manager; Mr. R. R. Brown (Dartmouth), trainer.

GAMES.

Washington and Lee .................. 0 .......................... V. P. I .................. 0
N. C. A. and M. .................. 6 .......................... V. P. I .................. 11
University of North Carolina .................. 0 .......................... V. P. I .................. 0
Georgetown .................. 0 .......................... V. P. I .................. 28
University of Virginia .................. 6 .......................... V. P. I .................. 0
V. M. I .................. 5 .......................... V. P. I .................. 30
Baseball Department.

Officers 1903.
C. P. Miles ........................................ Captain
C. L. Proctor ...................................... Manager
L. P. Bell and V. P. Paulett .................. Assistant Managers

Team of 1903.
Miles ............................................. First Base
Sinclair ........................................... Second Base
Shaffer ............................................ Third Base
Johnson ........................................... Pitcher
Carpenter ......................................... Short-stop
Poinexter .......................................... Left Field
Rose ................................................ Center Field
Tinsley ............................................. Pitcher and Right Field
Walsh .............................................. Catcher

Substitutes.
Palmer ........................................... Freeman
Neely ............................................. Phillips
Walsh .............................................. Butler

Record, 1903.
V. P. I. 13 ........................................ St. John’s College 6
V. P. I. 18 ........................................ Shoemaker College 10
V. P. I. 4 ........................................ Roanoke College 9
V. P. I. 4 ........................................ St. Albans 1
V. P. I. 2 ........................................ University of Virginia 14
V. P. I. 5 ........................................ Roanoke College 4
V. P. I. 5 ........................................ Washington and Lee University 8
V. P. I. 6 ........................................ Virginia Military Institute 4
V. P. I. 4 ........................................ University of Virginia 13
V. P. I. 9 ........................................ Miller School 8
V. P. I. 10 ......................................... St. Albans 3
V. P. I. 21 ......................................... Virginia Military Institute 7
Battalion Officers.

General Staff.

Colonel J. S. A. Johnson ........................................ Commandant
Major W. M. Brodie ........................................ First Assistant Commandant
Major T. Gilbert Wood ................................ Second Assistant Commandant
Major J. I. Palmore ................................ Third Assistant Commandant
Major J. P. Harvey ........................................ Musical Director
Major C. Lee .................................................. Quartermaster
Major J. H. Shulte ........................................ Commissary

Cadet Staff.

Captain Osterhink ........................................ Adjutant
First Lieutenant Gilmer, G. W. ......................... Quartermaster
First Lieutenant Ball .................................. Ordnance
Second Lieutenant J. J. Cobbs ......................... Ordnance
Cadet Thibodeaux ........................................ Sergeant Major

Artillery.

Captain Chalkley ........................................ First Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy
Second Lieutenant Stabler .......................... First Sergeant Tiffany

Sergeants.

Corell ........................................................ Hughes
White, J. T. ................................................. Gary, H. H.
Salley, G. E. ............................................. Yost
Goodloe, A. M. ........................................ Dean

Corporals.

Corporals.

Infantry.

Company "A" .............................................. First Lieutenant Sale

Captains.

Whisnant .................................................... First Sergeant Lindsay

Sergeants.

Haigman .................................................. Vass
Hearld .................................................... Guy
Barclay .................................................... Ligon, P. G.
Myers, W. G. ............................................. Bell, L. P.

Corporals.

Corporals.

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Cunningham

Stevens
## Company "B."

- **Captain Goodloe, H. B.**
- **Second Lieutenant Lybrook**
- **First Lieutenant Werth**
- **First Sergeant Cloyd**
- **Martín, F. L.**
- **Whitman**
- **Peale**
- **Lee, G. T.**
- **Corporals.**
- **Slater, R. H.**
- **Kunkle**
- **Coyner**
- **Withers**
- **Salley, N. E.**

## Company "C."

- **Captain Buhman**
- **Second Lieutenant Neely**
- **First Lieutenant Frost, W. S.**
- **First Sergeant Scott, G. H.**
- **Butler, F. R.**
- **Baxter**
- **Webb, L. W. (Color)**
- **Corporals.**
- **Hudgins**
- **Hobson, J. C.**
- **Thompson**
- **Bell, J. E.**

## Company "D."

- **Captain Blair, W. L.**
- **Second Lieutenant Chowning, L. C.**
- **First Lieutenant Pritchett**
- **First Sergeant Kelly**
- **Bauman, C. F.**
- **Hyde**
- **Corporals.**
- **Anderson, W. A.**
- **Wine**
- **Watskins, B. C.**
- **Robson**
- **Corporals.**
- **Smith, E. W.**
- **Scott, C. L.**
- **Sykes, G. H.**
Company "E."

Captain Bolling, B
First Lieutenant Wilson, W.
First Sergeant Wade

Sergeants.
Lyon, M. N.
Wright, D.

Johnston, J. A.
Williams, S. W.

Gibboney, F. L.

Corporals.
Johnson, M. R.
Brodie, J. M.

Beckett
Martin, C. L.

Company "F."

Captain Crute
Second Lieutenant Counselman
First Lieutenant Nelson, P. P.
First Sergeant Heth, C. C.

Sergeants.
Perrins
Walker, T. H.

Rohrson
Chilton

Corporals.
Royer, R. S.
Wood, W. W.
Hildebrand

Pattison
Courtney
Jerrill

Band.

Captain Michie
First Lieutenant Keister, H. R.
First Sergeant Ganttt (Drum Major)
Second Lieutenant Vaught

Sergeants.
Hill, H. H.

Gilkerson

Hardesty

Corporals.
Harrelson

Cleland

Signal Corps.
Captain Kearfott

Second Lieutenant Walsh

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DESPAIR.

When I suspect that I shall live forever,
And that that pale equestrian surnamed Death
Shall trample on my flesh, but spirit—never!
I curse the day that ever I drew breath,
And damn the Force which is too deeply clever
To give oblivion where it gives no wreath.

L. C. R.
The Worship of Bovine.

ES, SIR; this school of ours harbors many different kinds of lads and from various sections. Did I ever tell you of the "Worshipers of Bovine"? Did not? Well, listen to my story of their peculiarities, and in listening keep your thoughts on good things, so that you may not criticise their religion. The lads from the mountains and grazing countries have brought their characteristic religion with them. I, being a friend of several of these fellows, also coming from a country where the cloven hoof is not disliked, was invited to their temple and asked to become one of them if I should like their religion. The night before our Georgetown game, two of the disciples of Bovine took me into the Fifth Division, blindfolded me, turned me around several times, led me up-stairs and then down, and, after turning many corners, pushed me into a room. I was then lifted to the top deck of a double decker, and told to take the bandage off my eyes when I should hear the door shut. I heard my friends creep across the floor and then the door softly closed.

I removed the bandage, but it was the same; I could recognize nothing at first. At last, my eyes becoming used to the darkness, I looked around me and could discern, it seemed to me, arranged around the wall, skulls of animals with their horns still remaining, the one in the center larger than the others. Everything was quiet except a sound like the "crunch, crunch" of many animals chewing their cuds.

I sat there in the dark, and thought of the many mean things I had done, especially to cows, such as throwing rocks at them, or driving them out of corn when they seemed to be enjoying themselves so much; I also remembered the many times I had made them graze where the grass was not so green, because I wished to play ball with my companions. But I could remember nothing that made me deserve this creeping sensation up my spine that I was feeling now. It seemed to me that they always got the best of me by running through briars, thereby scratching my bare legs, or throwing me off their backs against stumps.
when going at a gait that could not be outdistanced, nor be equaled for the number of up and down vibrations per second. To have hold of the tail would be worse than on the back, when it would be madness to let go, and would take the stride of a giant to keep up.

Plainly, honors were even between myself and the cows; so why should I be treated thus? I began to think it was a trick of my friends who believed in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals but cared nothing for human beings.

The creeping sensation was about to make me cry out, when the door was quietly opened, but admitting no light. The swish of robes could be heard as they were dragged across the floor. The shutters to the windows were partly opened and a few streams of light stole in, falling over the upturned faces of the priest and his followers as they gazed with moving lips at the central skull.

The priest was very portly and as I knew of no such large Rat among my friends, I imagined he had a large pillow stuffed under his cardinal robe. He also wore a white stole flowing around his neck, while on his head rested a high pontiff hat.

The sober-faced worshipers were dressed in black cowls and were standing in a long row behind their priest.

Everything was now quiet except the noise made by the animals as they chewed their cuds. The ceremony was opened by the priest when he began to chant, in a very fast and loud voice, allowing his voice to drop into a long-drawn-out note only at the end of each sentence.

PRIEST: We—bow—ourselves—before—thee—this—night—O—thou—most—high—and—mighty—Bo-o-oviné.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-lăh!

At the word Selah the long line of worshipers like one man would bow nearly to the floor. This is acknowledged by the god Boviné by emitting two rays of piercing light straight into the eyes of his disciples. He also gives a prolonged B-a-a-ah, sounding like it came from the very depths. This is god Boviné’s way of showing recognition, pleasure, or answer to any prayer sent up to him.

PRIEST (intoning very rapidly): We—come—before—thee—this—night—to—ask—a—petition.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-lăh!

PRIEST: Thou—knowest—well—the—deeds—done—by—our—team—before; and—pray—to—thy—austere—countenance—for—a—continuance of the same.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-lăh!

GOD BOVINÉ (flashing eyes): B-a-a-ah!

PRIEST: We beseech thy most an—gust presence that we may win the game to-morrow.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
BOVINE (flashing eyes): B-a-a-a-ah!
PRIEST: We give thee most humble and hearty thanks.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
PRIEST: We beseech thee that the grass may grow long and cattle may get fat at our home.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
BOVINE: B-a-a-a-ah!
PRIEST: We give thee most humble and hearty thanks.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
PRIEST: O! most merciful Bovine, we pray thee let it rain at drill hour every day.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
BOVINE: B-a-a-a-ah!
PRIEST: We entreat thee that the hair-cutites may not visit us this year.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!
WORSHIPERS (song of praise):
Apasheedoosky ape, apasheedoosky ape,
Ratshdeoosky rat, ratshdeoosky rat,
Catsheedoosky cat, catsheedoosky cat.

PRIEST: We beseech that we may return unmolested to our Ostermoor Hay this night. O! thou most mighty and high Boviné. Lord High Chamberlain of the Realm. Apasheedoosky of the farm.
WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-láh!

After receiving no acknowledgment of their last petition, all withdrew, backing out before the god Bovine's presence. I was blindfolded and carried out as I was brought in.

Poor worshipers, I thought, since they were Rats and asked that the old boys might not molest them while asleep, their god did not promise protection. They went to their rooms trembling, knowing not what time during the night they might find themselves in the middle of the room with nothing between them and the cold, hard floor; but an iron bed between them and ceiling, a dark room, and the music of hurrying footsteps and slamming doors.

They had asked in such an humble way; Bovine had been severe until the last. He would not answer their prayer for protection, but promised them victory on the morrow.

Many other favors they asked, and many words I did not understand.

Was that the last of them? No, sir. Next night when a bonfire was blazing above the tops of the barracks, throwing its light upon a yelling, howling, long
circular chain of war-dancing cadets, everything was bright as day; the big placard bearing the score “28 to 0” could be seen a long ways off. The light also lit up the happy faces of our Board of Visitors who, with many ladies, had come to see “our boys” celebrate the victory; when lo! into the midst of this happy, rejoicing mass, came a torchlight procession, bearing at their head the god Bovine, followed by the priest and the worshipers. They stopped and looked with disgust at this unearthly revelry, knowing all the while that they alone were the cause of the victory. They took up their weird chant, the god Bovine stopping only once to give a slight nod of recognition to the large man who was in the Board of Visitors’ party. They passed on, keeping time by step and swaying of the bodies to their victorious hymn: “O Bovine! we done won this game!” repeating it over and over again.

After god Bovine was satisfied, they went back to their temple. No one knew except Bovine’s followers where this temple was. Some cadets, curious to know, tried to follow, but could not. The worshipers disappeared like magic; and since then the god Bovine has been heard nothing of and his form of religion has vanished from the earth.
Diary of Mechanical Laboratory.

January 19. Class organized. Test pieces brought from shop.
January 20. Test pieces moved and "George" finds "Friday."
January 21. After "George" finds "Friday" the test pieces are moved.
January 23. "Reddy," the oil fiend, swallows oil at 580° F.
January 26. Half an hour taken to attend to Neely, "the Goat," for attempting to get off bum joke, after which fifteen minutes are taken to laugh at the Electrical Engineers.
January 27. Day spent in unsuccessful attempt to run gas engine without battery.
January 28. As above without any gasoline.
January 29. Failing in both of these, the test pieces are again moved.
January 30. Class goes through gymnasium stunts on jack shaft, ending disastrously for "Ralph."
February 4. "Whis" appointed second assistant janitor, "Friday" being first.
February 5. Gilmer asks the difference between a chicken and cement. He says one hatches by setting, the other patches by setting. Fifteen minutes taken to settle with Gilmer.
February 6. "Redily" attempts to crenate class by pouring burning oil on the floor, and his efforts would have been successful, but for the heroic efforts of the Mechanical Engineers' Fire Department. George, Billy, and Colonel especially distinguish themselves.

February 9. Test pieces, being endangered by the recent conflagration, were moved.

February 10. "Colonel" and Professor C—— decide that the inside of the cylinder of the gas engine should be lighted at all times. They place a tin oil lamp in it, but find that it interferes somewhat with the working of the piston.

February 11 to March 2. This time taken up in removing particles of the tin lamp from the valves and cylinder of gas engine. Examinations are held and "Prony" is made by Bulman and "Peter."

March 2 to 5. Pantograph made and put on engine.

March 6. Indicator tried. "Ralph" comments: "Hookin' up indicator cord got fishin' skunt to death."

March 9. "George" and "Peter" attempt to start gas engine, which runs away—and so does "Peter."

March 10. Under direction of "Colonel," test of gas engine is made, in which it is desired to find the temperature which would be reached by the cylinder, if the engine is run for a half-hour on full load, with no water in the jacket. Very successful, but cylinder needs new coat of paint.

At this point the class had to be discontinued on account of "Ralph" and "Billy" taking up a special line of dentistry, drawing teeth. "George," "Peter," and "Whis" form a power development company which they style the "New River and Tom's Creek Power and Lighting Company." Capital stock, two fishing-lines, two pairs of leggings, one haversack, and thirty-nine cents with which to buy provisions at Prices Forks.

Osterbind and Gilmer form an "Adjutants' Union" in which they agree that neither will act adjutant of the second battalion.

Neely accepts a position as "Lord High Watch-dog of the Patch," so there being no one left but "Friday" and "Colonel," and since "Friday" says, "He won't do-o!" the Mechanical Laboratory goes out of business for the term.
My Summer Girl.

Comrades together in the warm summer weather,
Wandering together through the woodland ways,
Birds singing sweetly, hours bringing hortly.
We go hand in hand all the sweet, sweet days,
Happy together as the birds that fly—
My summer girl and I.

E. A. S.
The Maury Literary Society.

Officers.

First Term.  Second Term.  Third Term.
President   H. B. Goodloe  W. E. Vaught  J. R. Werth
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Cor. Secretary  A. P. Graybill  P. G. Ligon  E. T. Switzer
Sergeant-at-Arms  P. G. Ligon  J. C. Styles  A. H. Rosenfeld

Medal Winners, 1902.


Public Debate Ticket.

April 18, 1903.

Orator: G. W. Gilmour  Declaimer: E. T. Switzer

Debaters: A. H. Rosenfeld  J. R. Werth  J. E. Buck  W. H. Dean
Lee Literary Society.

Officers.

C. C. Osterbind .................................... President
L. C. Burton ........................................ Vice-President
G. M. Barclay ........................................ Critic
C. F. Bauman ......................................... Censor
R. E. Whittaker ...................................... Secretary
W. E. Gilkeson ....................................... Treasurer
R. H. Sclater ......................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
J. A. Wallace ........................................ Chaplain

Final Celebration, 1903.

President .............................................. C. C. Osterbind
Orator .................................................. C. B. Kearfott
Debaters .............................................. G. M. Barclay
Debaters .............................................. P. E. P. Brine
Debaters .............................................. W. E. Gilkeson
Debaters .............................................. C. C. Osterbind

A literary magazine published once every month by a joint board of editors selected from the Maury and Lee Literary Societies.

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R. H. SCLATER, '05  Y. M. C. A. Editor
Hans Blitzenjammer on the Gas Engine.

AT, didn't I haf tole you aboutt dot gas enhine alretty? Ven, van day I vas watchin' some young shentlemens runnin' mit dot gas enhine adt de Verchini Polytechnic Institute, und vas nearly bust meen sides mit de laffin, ven dose poys starlit de enhine. Dot gas enhine vas shooost like dot tam leedle donkey vot I vonce haf. Ven you vants him to go unt he vants to go nicht, den idt takes a sighdlt of shuffin' unt pullin' to gelt de peast starlted. Vell, as I vas zaying, alretty, dem poys was a starltin' dot gas enhine. Van young mon, he durns de gas on, van he durns de vater on, budt idt dakes ein whole punch to durn de veels on. Ain't idt?

Dem poys adt de veels dey durns unt durns, unt de enhine von'dt starlt. Den, de Colonel, he looks all de enhine ofer unt dakes off de pump, unt vorks mit idt vor a vile, and den dey drys do starlt vance more.

Dey durns unt durns, budt no enhine don'dt starlt. Den van poy he zays: "Dis iss van o' dem zelf-runnin' enchinaes. Ain't idt?" Dey zays: "How iss dot?" Den he zays: "You haf to run idt yourself." I zeeze de boint unt laffs all ower myself, budt dem poys dey yells, "Pum choke!" mit chumps on him, unt mit ein test-pees peats de zeat von his pandaloons on. Py dis dime de Colonel vas retty do starlt vance more, so dey durns unt durns unt no enhine don'dt starlt. All to vance, van poy he looks up unt zay: "Tamt! we ain'dt got no choos on alretty." Den dey all laffs unt de Colonel he gets red mit de face in, unt zays: "Vell, I don'dt harty relief dot id vould run mit dot current durned off, budt, shentlemens, I mean if id vould run mit de current durned off, of course idt wouldn't run, budt if it vould run mit de current off, idt vould pe somevot difficuld do starlt. You can imagchine how dot iss!"

Den dey iss all a pullin' and tuggin' adt dose veels, ven uf ein zudden, zomeding zay, "By! By!" unt dot enhine ledts owt runnin' like dot shakkass o' mein ven dot pumble-pee stung him.

Und den dem shodgums vat vas shootin' inzidt de enhine ledts up unt she stobs pefore long. Den dey hauls de enhine ower unt finds dot de gas pible vasn'dt coubled up.
“How tight!” says Van, “he wants do safe de gasoline.”

Ven dey haf got dot fixed dey drys do starlt Vance more unt vas all durnin dose veels veen van says: “Dis iss eim eightt-man power enchine, stedt uf ein eightt-horse power.” Ach, buhd dere vas some vitty fellows in dot punch unt dey was like do keep me laffin all der dume. Vell, dey haf nearly got do veel durned ofer almost, ven dot squealer says, “By,” unt dot tam enchine vas startd baekvardts mit a chump. Dose dree poys vot vas durnin’ de veels couldn’dt durn loose enough quick, pefore dot enchine haf durned dem, mit heels ofer head, a zommerzet packvardts. “Ach! you goadt,” says van. “Ach! you shackass, vot for did you kick me like dot alreetty?”

Vell, I shoot haf do laff ven dot enchine done dot, idt vas zo zimilar do de kick vat mein tam shackass gif me ven I wants do gedt on him mit ein umpreller. I vas shoot coming up do him from de behind, ven he, mit bis leidt hint foodt, a kick leds fly adt me. Dat kick dakes me in die stommick unt ven I come do mein zenses I vas shoot comin’ down audt der under zide uf a cloudt. I vas a hangin’ on do dot umpreller vich haf done obern like von uf dose barashoots vat dey comes down audt a paloom mit. Vell, I lightts on de top uf de parn unt dere vas dot tam shackass a lookin’ up adt me, like he vas gladt do zee me pack, Vance alreetty. I calls to Katrina do come und gedt me der parn off, mit ein ladder. Now dot gas enchine reminds me zomevat uf Katrina, unt I can zay idt mitoudt afraidx uf peing found oudt, pecaus she iss deedt yet. Katrina vas always mit ein hartheadt, unt ven I wanted her to zomeding for me do, den I must always pet unt coax mit her, like dose poys mit dot gas enchine, unt den I dinks I iss got her goin’ id’ts shoot as soon she iss goin’ der wrong yay as she iss der right.

Vell, to come pack to dem poys, dey pulls togedder Vance unt durns de enchine ofer. Ven dot squealer says “By!” dis dime id’ts “goot-py,” pecaus dot enchine lightds out and runs aboutd ten thousand resolutions in van zecound unt van uf dem poys he startds oudt uf dere unt zo dos Ich. Ven dey got her damed down to zomeding reconape dot pell rings unt der Colonel zays dey von’dt hartly haf dime to test eny dot efenin alreetty.

Vell, dot gas enchine iss ein vunterful ding, buhd idts van uf der dree dings I nefer vill understandt, vich are, a gas enchine, a shackass, und a woman.

HANS BITZENJAMMER.
DEAR GOVERNOR:

You and the old woman say that I never write except when I want some dough; so I will scribe you a few, and beg for the dough later. You don't know how tight I have to be, with the few rocks you send me, or you would loosen up and send me more.

My last report jarred you, did it? Just wait until you gaze on the next edition and you will see what a whale you have for a namesake. I made a square zero on Dutch to-day; a flunk on Elie-tricity, and cut evening work.

Military, Canine! A fellow can't turn around unless he gets stuck. Last night we were having a rough-house when the O. D. goated in, stuck me for gross disorder during C. Q., bowl not converted, disorder under washstand, bed not piled, and a few more. But, Bovine! my room was a goat's-nest. For all this I will have to cut grit and be demolished by the President. I thought I would tell you a few of my troubles so you and the old woman can take them in broken doses.

I never did see why you checked me off to a military school. It is simply terrible. Why the other night one of the first-floor rats was up on the third visiting, when the C. Q. bell rang. He was afraid he would get stuck, so he jumped out of the window; thought he could get down quicker than via the steps. The horned head came near kicking the bucket and has been in the hay ever since.

You were stuck on the grazing when you were over to finals. Well, just let me recite the feed for to-day. Growley, the kind that has made the mess famous; Murphys, odorized with onions—both should have been planted two years ago; light-bread, which had the wrong adjective before it; beans, that had walked away from Boston; the same old grass; strap; goat (the kind that comes in tubs); and a bottle of disinfectant. For boss we had a cubic inch of cake which I had to put sand on. I did not have to use the timber to find the remains of that dinner, but did break a tooth on a rock. You remember my showing you the growley machine which they use one day for grinding growley and the next for crushing rocks. To-day they forgot to get all the rocks out. Please send me enough to railroad it to the Hill City or so I can get the tooth patched.

Am I in society? Well, I reckon. The other night I went rowing and butted in just in time to get a hand-out. Judas Anthracite and Bill Ellett! but I had a
cinch of a time and got a meal ticket for next Sunday. I had 'em skunt until I told a bum joke, when they kicked me out. As it was nearly between two days and time to roll in the Ostermoor, I didn't mind.

It is dead easy to break off a letter here when you are writing to your honey-bug. Just say the lights have winked, some bell is ringing, time for drill, dress parade, or some other military to do, that they know nothing of. So I will say the lights have winked and cut all this slang out.

Now, don't you think it is up to you to send me two X's for this long epistle? Give my best to the whole shooting-match and write soon and don't forget to enclose the twenty.

Yours devotedly, awaiting the dough.

Jack.

P. S.—If you can't translate this, I will send a pony by the name of V.P.I'sh.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

Officers.
President................. E. F. Cole, '03
Vice-President........... B. C. Watkins, '03
Recording Secretary..... J. C. Stiles, '04

Corresponding Secretary A. A. Girault, '03
Treasurer................. A. H. Rosenfeld, '03
Sergeant at Arms........ C. Morehead, '04

Motto:
Practise with Science.

Members.
J. P. Brock, '06
E. F. Cole, '03
W. W. Chase, '04
C. L. Courtney, '05
W. D. Crockett, '06
W. H. Dean, '04
W. H. Dunn, '03
A. A. Girault, '03
W. E. Macauley, '03
C. Morehead, '04
W. J. Price, '03
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B. C. Watkins, '05

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Prof. W. B. Alwood

Honorary Vice President, ex officio
Prof. H. L. Price

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Prof. D. O. Nourse
Prof. H. L. Price
J. L. Phillips
W. J. Phillips

Prof. W. B. Alwood
Dr. John Spencer
Prof. W. D. Saunders
W. A. P. Moncure
Fencing Club.

Officers.
Guy A. Chalkley .......... President
R. I. Archer .......... Vice-President
W. H. Dean, Jr .......... Secretary and Treasurer
J. R. Werth, Jr .......... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
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G. A. Chalkley R. M. Strother
R. I. Archer W. H. Dean, Jr.
C. Williams J. R. Werth, Jr.
J. P. Palmer J. M. Gkrow
A. A. Girault
THE BUGLE. 1903.

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB

Officers.
R. E. Whitteker ............... President
W. P. Phillips ................ Vice-President
R. E. Noel ..................... Secretary and Treasurer
M. J. McChesney .............. Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
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W. Blue, '05
R. D. Heflin, '05
Landon
G. E. Mann, '06
M. J. McChesney, '06
R. E. Noel, '05
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R. E. Whitteker, '04
B. C. Berry, '06
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J. F. Litz, '06
H. A. McCue, '06
R. M. McCullock, '06
A. H. Osburne, '06
E. E. Rose, '06
J. W. Wilson, '04

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THE BUGLE, 1903.

Officers.

President
J. T. Neely
Vice-President
R. I. Archer
Secretary and Treasurer
W. R. Crute
Sergeant-at-Arms
G. C. Wilson

Members.

Archer
Bodley
Heuser
Hansborough
Heflin
Horson, C. M.
Lyon, C. L.
McCormick
Miles, C. P.
McChesney
Neely
Nichols
Oglesby
Tyler
Wilson, G. C.

Stern
Straus, P. J.
Shuey
Shaw
Tams, W. P.
Tyner
White, F. L.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

L. F. C. Club.

Officers.

C. L. Ball .................. President
J. N. Hyde .................. Vice-President
H. Tiffany .................. Secretary and Treasurer
R. L. Humphrey ............. Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

D. H. Allen  
W. Beverley  
R. D. Bridges  
C. L. Ball  
D. E. Wright  
F. D. Hardesty

J. N. Hyde  
R. L. Humphrey  
R. R. Page  
H. Tiffany  
R. S. Timberlake  
W. W. Davison  
R. J. Frost

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Roanoke Club.

Motto:
Never go home when you can go anywhere else.

Occupation: Going to Roanoke (?)
Favorite Dish: Tinker Creek Catfish.

Hangout: Massie's Pharmacy.
Favorite Drink: Vinton Water.

Officers.

D. K. Roper.............. President
H. H. Hill.............. Vice-President
R. S. Roper.............. Secretary and Treasurer
H. H. Darnall........... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

C. C. Campbell, '03
H. H. Hill, '04
D. R. Roper, '04
A. T. Kindred, '05

R. S. Roper, '05
G. A. Myers, '05
W. G. MacDowell, '05
K. C. Patterson, '05
H. H. Darnall, '06
H. C. Perry, '06
R. H. White, '06
W. P. Hancock, '06

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THE BUGLE, 1903.

Officers.

SALE, R. ........................................... President  BAUMAN, C. F. ........................................... Vice-President
WALLACE, W. A. .................................. Secretary and Treasurer  CRAIG, C. E. .................................. Recording Secretary
CLOYD, D. M. ....................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

Buchanan, W. R. ................................... Buchanan, T. H. ...................................... Choran, A.
Hutcherson, T. B. ................................. Harrison, H. B. ...................................... Humphrey, R. L.
McCulloogh, E. M. ................................. Marcellus, R. M. ...................................... Oglesby, W. B.
Osburn, A. H. ........................................ Rodgers, E. C. ........................................ Ruffin, G. C.
Winston, A. P. ........................................ Wood, E. P. ...........................................

Honorary Members.

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Prof. T. G. Wood .................................. Prof. Wm. B. Alwood ......................... Prof. W. D. Saunders
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Dr. E. P. Niles ...................................... W. L. Chrisman ................................. Dr. C. McCulloogh
Dr. M. Ferguson ................................. Vandyke ........................................... Spencer
L. T. Jacobs ........................................ Dr. J. G. Fernethough
THE BUGLE, 1903.

S. I. Club.

COLORS: Black and Yellow.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Making Hay.  Favorite Expression: "Come out of the Patch."

FAVORITE STUDY: "Ostermatics."  Favorite Drink: Milk (swiped from creamery).

YELL: Rip Rap!  Rip Rap!

Rip Rap Ree!

'04 S. I.'s

1903.

Members.

Transit.......................... H. TIFFANY
Solar Attachment for Same...... L. O. HINES
Sextant.......................... F. L. MARTIN
Precise Level.................... R. E. WHITTEKER
Y Level.......................... R. L. LINDSAY
Compass......................... W. A. DUNN
Geodetic Tower (100 feet high) J. M. VEST
Locke Level...................... R. R. PAGE
Clinometer....................... F. L. GIBBONEY

Gradilenter...................... S. W. WILLIAMS
Level Rod....................... L. P. BELL
Stadia Rod...................... J. B. PIERSON
Transit Rod...................... R. C. POINDexter
Chain............................ D. WRIGHT
Plumb Bob....................... E. C. GLASS
Steel Tape...................... J. W. HORTENSTINE
Pins............................ J. O. HORTENSTINE

"Lord High Surveyor of the Realm"

"Grand Adjuster of Cross-hairs"

Shaker of the "Precise Level"

Honorary Members.

- COLONEL PATTON
- L. O'SHAUGHNESSY
- J. S. COUNSELMAN
Nelson Club.

Colors:
Orange and Black.

Motto:
Get all you can and keep all you get.

Yell:
N—E—L—S—O—N
We are the chosen ones!
Three cheers for the Nel!
Four for the Son!
Hurrah for the Nelsonians!

Favorite Dish: Bull-frog Stew
Favorite Drink: Mountain Dew
Meets every Sunday to raise a rough house.

Officers.

P. G. Ligon .................. President
E. J. F. Wilson ................ Vice-President
W. F. Wilson .................. Secretary and Treasurer
S. E. Cabell .................. Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

S. E. Cabell
E. T. Conner
B. H. Kyle
G. C. Ligon
P. G. Ligon

W. E. Meeks
W. W. C. Simpson
E. F. Wilson
E. J. F. Wilson
W. F. Wilson
THE BUGLE, 1903.

C., F. and S. B. Club.

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G. A. Chalkley . . . . . President V. P. Paulett . . . . . Vice-President
W. R. Crute . . . . . . . . . Treasuer W. M. Priddy . . . . . Secretary
W. R. Galt . . . . . . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
G. A. Chalkley S. P. Daniel S. D. Morton
W. R. Galt J. C. Price R. E. Price
C. L. Proctor W. M. Priddy E. O. Whiteside
M. Whiteside G. H. Watkins L. S. Williams
T. B. Hutchinson V. P. Paulett W. R. Crute
R. L. Paulett F. L. Robson W. J. Easley
W. L. Easley T. O. Wilson J. A. Glenn
C. C. Owen W. L. Owen
THE BUGLE, 1903.

V. P. I. Cadet Band.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Major J. P. Harvey</td>
<td>Director</td>
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<tr>
<td>Major J. H. Shultz</td>
<td>Solo Trombone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Captain H. C. Michie</td>
<td>Solo Bb Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>First Lieutenant Keister</td>
<td>1st Trombone</td>
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<td>Second Lieutenant Vaught</td>
<td>2d Bb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Lieutenant Murrill</td>
<td>1st Alto</td>
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<tr>
<td>First Sergeant F. V. Ganttt</td>
<td>Drum Major</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeant H. H. Hill</td>
<td>Solo Bb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeant W. E. Gilkeson</td>
<td>Bugler</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeant Hardesty</td>
<td>Eb Tuba</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corporal Harrelson</td>
<td>1st Bb Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corporal J. E. Cleland</td>
<td>2d Bb Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private B. Antrim</td>
<td>3d Bb Clarinet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private Bentley</td>
<td>Eb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private W. A. Bowles</td>
<td>Snare Drum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private Cook</td>
<td>Eb Bass</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private J. R. Eoff</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
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<td>Private Flattten</td>
<td>3d Trombone</td>
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<td>Private E. S. Grube</td>
<td>Solo Bb Cornet</td>
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<td>Private Hale</td>
<td>2d Trombone</td>
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<td>Private Hooper</td>
<td>1st Bb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private J. L. Hobson</td>
<td>Solo Alto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private C. Morehead</td>
<td>(Librarian) Cymbals</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private McCullock</td>
<td>3d Bb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private V. P. Paulett</td>
<td>Trombone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private L. Payne</td>
<td>Bb Bass</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private G. E. Penn</td>
<td>1st Bb Cornet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private R. C. Poindecker</td>
<td>Eb Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private Routen</td>
<td>Piccolo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Private W. P. Sinclair</td>
<td>Bass Drum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private F. L. White</td>
<td>3d Alto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private Williams</td>
<td>Eb Clarinet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hampton Roads Club.

Motto:
Grasp opportunity by its long forelock, as it is bald-headed behind.

Colors:
Crab Green and Rusty Steel.

Favorite Dish:
Oysters on Half-shell.

Yell:
Lickety-Split! Lickety-Split!
Hampton Roads will make a hit!

Favorite Drink:
Buckroe Limeade.

Officers.
T. H. Walker, President
W. B. Melvin, Secretary and Treasurer
R. L. Davis, Jr., Vice-President
R. H. Sclater, Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
T. H. Walker, Eel
R. H. Sclater, Oyster
W. B. Melvin, Hog-fish
R. L. Davis, Jr., Lobster
R. D. Hope, Mullet
C. L. Garnett, Crab
W. W. Routten, Shrimp
R. G. Scgden, Clam
W. P. Hancock, Spot
W. A. Vandergrift, Toad
J. F. Ward, Whale
North Carolina Club.

E. W. Whisnant ... President
W. A. Dunn ... Vice-President
W. M. Watkins ... Secretary and Treasurer
R. A. Myers ... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

W. A. Eason
H. Hammon
R. A. Myers
T. W. M. Long

L. S. Williams
R. W. Whisnant
W. A. Dunn
W. M. Watkins
THE BUGLE, 1903.

Y. M. C. A.

Organized in 1873.

1902-03.

C. B. Keffert ........ President ........ R. L. Lindsay
J. L. Kable ........ Vice-President ........ R. S. Royer
R. S. Royer ........ Treasurer ........ C. L. Lyon
R. R. Page ........ Recording Secretary ........ W. B. Hopkins
A. P. Graybill ........ Corresponding Secretary ........ W. A. Anderson
A. F. Jackson ........ General Secretary ........ A. F. Jackson

Committees and Chairmen.

J. L. Kable .......... Bible Study .......... R. S. Royer
R. E. Whitteker .......... Missionary .......... R. R. Page
C. C. Osterbind .......... Membership .......... R. H. Sclater
R. S. Royer .......... Finance .......... C. L. Lyon
C. B. Keffert .......... Work for New Students .......... R. L. Lindsay

Object.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute is an organization of Christian students. Its purpose is to foster among the students of this college, so far as may be possible by honest, earnest, and faithful work, a spirit of reverence and respect for the teachings of Jesus Christ; to declare itself openly and unflinchingly the foe of every form of vice and dishonesty; and to do all in its power to cause a spirit of honor, purity, and morality to permeate the lives of all men in this Institution; and to convince men by precept and example of the ideal excellence of a manly life patterned after the life of the "Lowly Nazarene."

The Association is intensely practical in its aims. It is not an association of dream-led enthusiasts, nor is it composed chiefly of ministerial aspirants. Membership in the Association is open to all students of the college of good moral character. Under provisions of the Constitution, however, only members of evangelical churches are eligible for Active Membership, but the ranks of the Associate Membership are always open to men of upright character who desire to identify themselves with this manly endeavor.

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THE BUGLE, 1903.

V. P. I. German Club.

Officers.

Guy A. Chalkley .......................... President
Stephen T. Hughes ...................... Vice-President
Max F. Woltz ........................... Secretary and Treasurer
H. Clay Michie, Jr. ....................... Leader

Members.

Borum, D. M. ............................. Miles, C. P.
Bell, L. P. ................................. Nowlin, R. P.
Brown, D. T. ................................ Penn, G. E., Jr.
Ball, C. L. ................................ Proctor, C. L.
Carpinter, C. H. ........................ Palmer, J. P.
Carpenter, J. C. .......................... Poindexter, R. C.
Cleland, J. E. ............................. Robbins, W. N.
Counselman, J. S. ........................ Royer, D. R.
Campbell, C. C. ............................ Spiller, F. M.
Dunklee, C. M. ........................... Spiller, S. M.
Davis, T. N. ............................... Sale, R.
Dean, W. H. ................................. Sinclair, W. P.
Darnall, H. H. ............................ Tams, W. F.
Guy, H. I. ................................. Tams, W. P., Jr.
Gary, H. H. ................................. Vest, J. M.
Henning, D. A. ............................ Williams, S. W.
Hyde, J. N. ................................. Williams, C.
Heard, J. B. ................................ Werth, J. R.
Moncure, W. A. P. ........................ Vost, F. M.
Honorary Member, Professor C. E. Vawter, Jr.
The Norfolk and Portsmouth Club
Norfolk and Portsmouth Club.

Officers.

LEWIS W. WEBB, '04 ................................. President
JOHN T. NELKIN, '03 .............................. Vice-President
FRANK L. MARTIN, '04 .............................. Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

Norfolk.

WILLIAM J. WALSH, JR., '03
JOHN J. DAVIS, '04
LEWIS W. WEBB, '04
GEORGE M. BARCLAY, '05
EDWARD S. GRUBB, '05

FRANK C. WILSON, '05
WILLOUGHBY W. COLONNA, '06
JOHN N. GRANDY, '06
EDWARD H. ROBY, '06
RODNEY C. SMITH, '06

Portsmouth.

JOHN T. NELKIN, '03
CHARLES G. BARRETT, '05

FRANK L. MARTIN, '04
CHESTER L. MARTIN, '05
EDWIN B. MAYNARD, '06
South Carolina Club.

Officers.

Stephen T. Hughes, Jr. ............... President
Norman E. Salley .................... Vice-President
George E. Salley .................... Secretary and Treasurer
David A. Henning .................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

Broaddus Estes, '06
Thomas Gaddy, '06
S. T. Hughes, Jr., '04
E. C. Rogers, '06

Cleveland Evans, '05
G. E. Salley, '05
D. A. Henning, '05
S. J. Nicholas, '05
N. E. Salley, '05

Honorary Members.

J. M. McBryde
Frazier
E. A. Smyth
R. J. Davidson

S. R. Pritchard
ALLEGHANY CLUB
Motto: Anamus Montes
Favorite Dish: Mountain Trout
Colors: Heliotrope & Geranium
Pastime: Camping
Officers
President: J.W. Hurdley
Vice President: E. W. Butler
Sec. & Treas.: F. W. Melton
Members
J. C. Carpenter
L. A. Hope
E. B. Nettleman
Lynchburg Club.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Status</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bowhay, C. M.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burrow, F. H.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, J. R.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunker, B. P. W.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Davis, T. E.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, C. C.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Glass, E. C.</td>
<td>W</td>
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<td>Gurnow, W. W.</td>
<td>W</td>
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<td>Gurnow, J. R.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Beard, J. H.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Hardwick, J. W.</td>
<td>W</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Members.**

- Jackob, L. C., W.
- Mungo, J. H., W.
- Bowhay, F. H., W.
- Poindexter, B. C., W.
- Powell, D. L., W.
- Rogers, C. H., W.
- Statham, B. H., W.
- Spranger, M. E., W.
- Sprague, C. E., W.
- Thomas, R. A., W.
- Williams, J. T., W.

**Honorary Members.**

- Williams, C.
- Miller, G. C.
Albemarle Club.

Motto: No palms without labor.
Favorite Dish: Roast pig with apple sauce.
Favorite Drink: Monticello wine.

Colors: Old gold and blue.

OFFICERS

Bartlett Bolling, Jr. ....................... President
G. Walker Gilmer, Jr. .................... Vice-President
T. Walker Lewis .......................... Secretary and Treasurer
Morris R. Johnson ...................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

B. Bolling, Jr. .......................... R. B. Bolling
H. B. Goodloe .......................... G. W. Gilmer, Jr.
W. R. Harris ............................ M. R. Johnson
K. M. Marcellus ......................... F. B. Page
F. M. Sherry ............................ T. W. Lewis
E. P. Wood .............................. T. H. Wood
R. B. Watts ..............................

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. J. M. McBryde ....................... Prof. W. H. Rasche
Prof. R. C. Price ........................ Col. J. S. A. Johnson
Prof. J. M. Johnson ........................ Maj. T. G. Wood
Prof. C. E. Vawter, Jr................... Mr. S. B. Andrews

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Richmond Club.

Officers.

P. P. Nelson ........................................... President
G. C. Wilson .......................................... Vice-President
W. H. Dean ........................................... Secretary and Treasurer
H. C. Froehling ...................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

Archer, R. I.  
Barnett, W. S.  
Blair, H. L.  
Brine, P. E. P.  
Cameron, J. B.  
Cook, D. J.  
Childrey, C. E.  
Foster, W. R.  
Garrett, J. H.  
Gibson, E. H.  
Starrett, A. M.  
Strause, P. E.  
Whitehurst, H. C.  
Wilson, A. R.  
Gibson, J. B.  
Guigon, A. P.  
Harlan, M. V.  
Harvey, J. B.  
Latimer, P. H.  
Lyons, C. L.  
Miles, C. P.  
Montague, W. H.  
Moschetti, H. L.  
O'Ferrall, W. C.  
Straus, H. C.  
Wingo, W. W.  
Werth, J. R.  
Yarrington, A.  
O'Keefe, J. G.  
Pollard, E. C.  
Pretlow, R. W.  
Puller, E. S.  
Robins, W. N.  
Rose, J. E.  
Ruehr, W.  
Seiden, S. V.  
Stern, L.  
Sclater, I. H.  
Straus, P. J.  
Wallerstein, C. S.  
White, F. L  
Yeaton, A. F.
WONDER if there has been every year in the history of the club such an
interesting and exciting meeting for the old members, and one whose memory
was so well impressed on the new members as the first meeting of the club
during session '02-03. There has probably been but one exception to this, and that
was the first meeting, when all the members were new! Such a meeting is there-
fore interesting on this account, and also for the fact of its giving us a start in
tracing the history of the club.

The records show that this red-letter assemblage of Richmond representatives
at V. P. I. was held on Thursday evening, November 8th, 1894, and twelve men
were the nucleus of what was destined to become the strongest club at this college.

One of the first moves to be made—and, mind you, in the very first meeting—
was to have a banquet, and let us hope that our ravenous and worthy ancestors, if
they may be so called, were as full and as happy as was that aggregation that
assembled at the Calhoun Hotel, one night last year, in Charleston.

We have abided faithfully by the precept of those of '94 to "eat, drink, and
be merry," and Moschetti's toast at our last banquet, "Fellows, this is a fine thing:
let's do it again!" has been entered among the by-laws.

The Club of '97 and '98 frequently challenged Richmond baseball teams, and
the latter came to Blacksburg and played on our own grounds, so the chronicles
read, with what results, however, the recording scribe failed to note.

The "Richmond Rats" represented the club in football during last season,
the result of which we do not fail to record, for "their victories were many, their
defeats were none."

From the small number of twelve the membership of the club has increased
steadily until now its roll shows fifty-two members, and we hope its increase in
members in the coming years will be eclipsed by the corresponding increase of
all those qualities that tend to form a club whose merit is measured not by its
numbers.
THE BUGLE, 1903.

Bedford Club.

Officers.
H. I. Guy .......... President  G. T. Lee .......... Secretary and Treasurer
J. M. Vest .......... Vice-President  J. M. Brodie .......... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
G. C. Jordan
S. H. Lee
G. Claytor
H. I. Guy
W. S. Frost
J. O. Freeman
F. P. Nelson

Honorary Members.
Maj. W. M. Brodie  D. T. Brown
Amusements.
Lying, Sleeping, Smoking, and Eating.

Degrees.
First, Imps; second, Devils; third, Demons.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hunt</th>
<th>Day</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Imps</td>
<td>Devils</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. A. Clement</td>
<td>O. W. Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Corbs</td>
<td>L. B. Cox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. G. Pritchett</td>
<td>W. Wilson</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Demons.
C. Lee F. D. Wilson

Officers.
W. L. Blair High Arch Fiend
G. Lee Junior Arch Fiend
W. Wilson Recording Angel
J. J. Corbbs Judas, the Watch-dog of the Treasury
Maryland Club.

Favorite Dish: Oysters and Maryland Biscuits.
Colors: Orange and Black.
Favorite Drink: Old Maryland Rye.
Favorite Smoke: Maryland Club Tobacco.

President
J. W. Talbott, '04
Vice-President
M. N. Lyon, '04
Secretary and Treasurer
G. H. Sykes, '05
Sergeant-at-Arms
W. C. Hooper, '06

Members.
R. R. Stabler
J. W. Talbott
R. D. Rogers
M. N. Lyon
C. D. Rogers
J. N. Gaither
G. H. Sykes
J. G. Rogers
W. C. Hooper

Honorary Member.
H. L. Davidson
Mandolin and Glee Club.

Mandolin and Glee Club.

Michie ........................................... President and Manager
Paulett ............................................. Secretary and Treasurer
Poindexter ......................................... Musical Director

Members.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Mandolins</th>
<th>Second Mandolins</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cleland</td>
<td>Payne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grubb</td>
<td>Harrelson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Poindexter</td>
<td>Palmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paulett</td>
<td>Webb, L. W.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Viols.

Eoff
Hardesty, Bass Violin
McKenna

Guitars.

Sinclair
Scott
Tynes
Humphreys
Bell
Penn

Quartette.

Whitteker, First Tenor
Darnall, First Bass
Martin, Second Tenor
Dawson, Second Bass

Clarinet.

Michie
Staunton Club.

Officers.
F. M. Yost ........................................ President
L. P. Bell ........................................ Vice-President
W. E. Gilkeson ................................. Secretary and Treasurer
W. A. Bowles, Jr. .............................. Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.
D. M. Baxter ................................. W. E. Gilkeson .............................. J. Smeltzer
L. P. Bell ........................................ R. Grubert
F. M. Yost ........................................ J. L. Kable
W. A. Bowles, Jr. .............................. W. P. Tams, Jr.

Honorary Members.
W. F. Tams
Wythe County Club.

Motto: Root, Hog, or Die.

Favorite Dish: Cold Hog-Head and Corn Bread.

Colors: Pea Green and Yellow.

Our Drink: Hard Cider.

Favorite Occupation: "Helping David Allison."

Officers.

J. S. Counselman
S. W. Williams
C. A. Fisher
F. L. Gibboney

Members.

C. B. Thomas
A. C. Heuser
J. D. Crockett
W. D. Crockett
W. B. Oglesby
J. D. Crockett
C. N. Otey
E. G. Thorn

Postgraduates.

S. M. Spiller
C. A. Jackson
F. M. Spiller

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

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V. P. I. Engineering Club.

Officers.

Buhrman ..................................................... President
O'Shaughnessy .......................... First Vice-President
Tiffany ........................................... Second Vice-President
Lindsay ............................................ Treasurer
F. M. Yost ........................................ Secretary

Members.

Bell, L. P.  Hughes  Heath, M. Y.  Heth, C. C.
Ball, Charles  Heath, M. Y.  Johnston, J. A.
Blair, W. L.  Heth, C. C.  Kelley
Byrnes  Johnston, J. A.  Kearfott
Bolling, B.  Kelly  Kearfott
Chalkley  Kearfott  Lee, G. T.
Crowder  Lee, G. T.  Ligon, P. G.
Crute  Ligon, P. G.  Martin, F. L.
Corbis  Martin, F. L.  Osterrind
Cook, G. W.  Osterrind  Pierson
Chilton  Pierson  Perkins
Page, R. R.  Perkins  Dunn, W. A.
Peal  Dunn, W. A.  Fontaine
Royer, D. R.  Fontaine  Goodloe
Robeson  Goodloe  Gilmer, G. W.
Scott, G. H.  Gilmer, G. W.  Gibson, J. B.
Saunders, C. T.  Gibson, J. B.  Gary, H. H.
Thibodeaux  Gary, H. H.  Glass
Talbott  Glass  Guy
Tinsley, J. M.  Guy  Heard
Halslip  Heard  Hortenstine, J. L.
Hortenstine, J. L.  Hortenstine, J. W.  Whisnant
Wade  Whisnant  Wright, D.
Walker, T. H.  Wright, D.  Werth
Wilson, G. C.  Werth  Whittaker
White, J. T.  Whittaker  Werr, L. W.
Wine  Werr, L. W.  Williams, L. C.
Williams, S. W.  Williams, L. C.  Vest
THE BUGLE, 1903.

HANNOCK VALLEY CLUB

Officers.

SALE ....................................... President
CHOWNING .................................... Vice-President
BAUMAN .................................... Secretary and Treasurer
PARKER ................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
CHILTON .................................. Historian

Members.

BORUM
COURTNEY
HUNTER, M.
LATANE
PIERSON

BRENT
HUNTER, C. P.

CHOWNING, V. R.
EBRANT
JONES
NEALE
PRATT, F. C.

PRATT, R. T.
VANSANT
MOTTO: Go 'way back and eat.

COLORS: White and Purple.

FAVORITE DISH: Turkey and Pickle.

FAVORITE DRINK: Lithia Water.

Officers.

J. P. Palmer, '03 ................. President
C. K. Hildkebrand, '05 .......... Vice-President
R. M. Byers, '05 ............... Secretary and Treasurer
W. E. Wine, '04 ............... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

G. W. Cook, '04
A. Cohron, '06
J. A. Wallace, '06
E. N. Quarles, '05
D. G. Robson, '05
S. Bolling, '05
C. E. Coyner, '05
W. A. Wallace, '06
W. O. Peale, '04
R. S. Moffett, '05
ROCKBRIDGE CLUB
Rockbridge County Club.

Officers.

Anderson, W. A., '04  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
White, W. B., '05  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
Wilson, J. A., '05  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
Paxton, W. M., '06  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

Anderson, W. A., '04  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Berry, R. B., '06
Deacon, P. A., '06  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Engleman, W. L., '06
Irvine, W. H., '06  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Knick, S. H., '06
McClelland, J. W., '05  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Wilson, J. A., '05
Moore, W. F., '06  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Paxton, W. M., '06
Sanborn, J. L., '06  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Teaford, J. G., '06
White, W. B., '05  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . White, H. M., '06

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What commission the Colonel gets on Baby Elite Polish.
Where Chalkley goes on his midnight strolls.
Why Kelly locks his door when he goes out in society.
Why Major P. does not like to dine on Faculty Row.
Why Stephen had such polite table manners in Roanoke.
Why Stabler quit in the Easter basket-ball game.
Who said he was going to "say stober."
How Bunker is distinguished from other handsome men.
Why Werth does not like to talk over the 'phone.
Why Ritchie fell from society.
Why Pat is always out during C. Q.
Why Gene insisted on playing Luther.
Why Brent does not like to go to Radford.
Who can run faster, Robins or Willson.
How Goodloe made such a good temperance lecture.
My Winter Girl.

Comrades together in the cold winter weather,
Struggling together through the snowy ways,
Flakes pattering merrily, mirth ringing gladly.
We go hand in hand all the mad, glad days,
Care-free together as the flakes that fly—
My winter girl and I.
To V. P. I.

To V. P. I. we lift on high
Our glasses sparkling clear;
Of her we boast,
To her we toast
Our college, old and dear.

To V. P. I. we lift on high
Both morning, night, and noon;
All honor due
Be unto you,
Our Orange and Maroon.
Consulting the Oracle in Regard to the "Bugle" Election.

(Scene: At Delphi, in the spring of 1903. The Oracle, personifying the opinion of the V. P. I. corps, is seated on a rock busily engaged in doing nothing. On seeing a Cadet approaching, he hastily arises, and assumes a pose more befitting a sage.)

Cadet: Most reverend sir, I have at last arrived. You know you have consented once a year to speak your mind about my college mates. I have a list of titles, good and bad, upon this blank which I hold in my hand. If you will only give my titles names, I shall be much beholden unto you.

Oracle: Since thou art such a pleasant-mannered knave, I'll grant your boon. Read o'er your list to me and I will choose, and swear to you by sacred god Bovine (whose motto, as you know, is Aspieslocoosky), that by my choice you'll learn my inmost thoughts. Therefore proceed.

Cadet: Sir, "Most Popular Cadet" doth head the list.

Oracle: Among six hundred men I look for one whose conduct is such as to make for himself many friends and few enemies; one trusted and admired, who possesses both the confidence and favor of his fellows. Such a one is Chalkley, and after him I give you Osterbind.

Cadet: The most conceited. Tell me, what of him?
THE BUGLE, 1903.

ORACLE: It grieves me much to think that there are any such in our midst; but they are here, and I have sworn to choose rightly. My first choice is Copeland, one whose thoughts are of himself, therefore of nothing. After him I would name Hughes, whose conceit doth not diminish, for I have named him before. Read on.

CAdET: Yea, they are two peacocks. Sir, it now asks if we have a Paris amongst us.

ORACLE: Aye, the ones just named would wish to be named here, but my conscience would rather place them at the other extreme. Kelly hath the right to choose the Helen. Bowles and Nelson, P. P., are comely withal. Read.

CAdET: O Heavens, it reads, "Who is most unsightly?"

ORACLE: Aha! here is one with a face like a horse and buggy after a muddy ride. His name is Heard; but Hughes doth push him close.

CAdET: Ye gods! Either face would stop an eight-day clock but newly wound. But is there an unselfish man amongst us who gives both time and talents to his college?

ORACLE: There is; and Chalkley is his name—a fellow who to make us prosper would gladly work himself to skin and bone. What follows?

CAdET: Laziest cadet.

ORACLE: Bell, P. P., is one who is too lazy to get up in the morning, goes back to sleep in the hope that he may dream of a breakfast, so that he need not go. The old proverb applies not to him, for he would be too sluggish to go to the ant. I pray you, what comes next?

CAdET: Sir, biggest bore.

ORACLE: For one who comes but never goes, who talks and talks and says nothing, I would ask you to write down Heed with Hines, L. O., who is most admired for his absence.

CAdET: Yea, yea; I always lock my door when I hear them coming. Name the biggest liar.

ORACLE: "All men are liars," says the proverb. If I agreed with it my choice would be easy; but I will choose the one who lies for the lack of nothing better to do, who lies and believes it not; how can he expect others to believe? I choose Williams, P. P. Read on.

CAdET: Honored sir, would you not mention Garnett?

ORACLE: Yes, verily: he is a liar. Read.

CAdET: Greatest growler.

ORACLE: I look for a visage which hath been ill-treated by the world, so he may think, and is trying to get revenge on mortal man by telling him his troubles. For one to whom summer is too hot, winter too cold, session too long, lessons
too hard, professors too harsh, and who doth nothing but growl, I give you Walsh; and for his followers Blair, H., and Dunn. Knave, give me a better theme that I may remove this rainy-day taste from my mouth.

Cadet: Sir, I give you for a theme most studious cadet.
Oracle: Verily, verily, the theme is a good one, but the lads' thoughts run to play, not to study. My choice, which is not a hard one, falls on the deserving Robeson, and for his second, Smith, C. M.: Hurry on.

Cadet: If all were as easy to choose we would soon be through. Next on the scroll is most dignified cadet.
Oracle: I think as I thought this year ago, that Page doth carry his dignity well, so do not linger over him.

Cadet: Next I find "Biggest Bum."
Oracle: Verily, that is a modern word. If you mean the fellow who asks for a match, then paper, and of course at last, the tobacco; whose bucket is always dry, and whose pocket carries nothing but others' property, I give you Blair, H., and for his second Gant. Read on, knave.

Cadet: "Cheekiest Cadet." Sir, if I doth remember well, you have named Priddy before. Must I write him down?
Oracle: Thou sayest well; he owes it to his brother "Rip." Read. Hold, hold! Don't forget Heard, who counts this honor dear.

Cadet: Learned sir, I have on my mind one fellow who has bluffed all others.
Oracle: Speak his name, and see if we are of the same mind.

Cadet: Sir, if I may be so bold I would name Paulett.
Oracle: Ha, ha! we agree. Name on.

Cadet: I blush to read the next. It asks who shows greatest fondness for professors.

Oracle: Now, now, that is a merry theme and spirited. It reminds me of a race I saw once, in which all contestants swore they were winners. This run was close and the result doubtful; but Eoff, owing to his mastery of the "art," shows Kyle, Rover, R. S., and Whisman the way. Some may think the last should be first, but write it down in order named.

Cadet: Best all-round cadet, is next in order.
Oracle: At thy Institution, where merit alone doth bring forth expressions of regard and esteem, Osterbird should be proud of his title as best "all-round." Proceed.

Cadet: Sir, I find here "Greatest Growley-snatcher."
Oracle: Alack, sir, every table hath its snatcher; but there be some that hath mess-wide reputation. My conscience hurts me not to name Counselman, Gibson, J. A. R., and Smith, E. W.
CADET: Marry! the Whale hath "an unbounded stomach."

ORACLE: Even so. He will devour all that is placed before him, even unto lemon pies stuffed with red pepper, as Herr Schultz will testify; but read on and make no comments.

CADET (prawra): Most sleepy-headed.

ORACLE: Morpheus hath many followers among thy mates, who do nothing but sleep, and when awake seem to be asleep. I would name Pretlow as the drowsiest, while Bell, L. P., and White, F. L., are equal. Read more lively, boy, or you will be named in the list.

CADET: Master, chide me not, for their names are as good a potion for sleep as a drink of laudanum. "Most Intellectual" is here.

ORACLE: After O'Shaughnessy's name write two stars. I would write a higher mark, but have none. What follows?

CADET: Your Honor, I see something here not to my liking, "Freshest Rat."

ORACLE: Ah! Ah! I see now their fresh faces; they are always in evidence. Write Eppe, Froehling, Strauss, and Borum, on whom the old cure for such a disease should be used.

CADET: Ergo! give me the paddle that I may—

ORACLE: Hold! Restrain thy loose tongue, cease thy foolish prattle, or folks will think the custom is still used. Nay, stop thy grinning and wink not at me! You know that bucking ceased a year ago. What's next?

CADET: Greatest ladies' man.

ORACLE: Copeland, by one visit, hath made himself famous; but O'Shaughnessy by his many, is "best deserving a fair lady."

CADET: Ba-a! Ba-a-l! "Biggest Goat."

ORACLE: Prithy, boy, search again; I remember no such topic of yore.

CADET: "T is true, sir. It doth read "Biggest Goat."

ORACLE: Now, since you speak, I do recall them. Cloyd, Neely, and Heard are the goats. Oh! that they might be left together to butt it out. As it is, humanity suffers for nature's errors.

CADET: Sir, thy military scribes I see last on this scroll. Best officer, sergeant, corporal, and best-drilled private.

ORACLE: Verily, verily, I honor them, and may their duty to their country and State be as well performed as to their Alma Mater. Keep not their names in hugger-mugger, but write them in gold, that their honor may be the better noticed. For best officer write Buhman, with Whinsant and Crute worthy seconds. Best sergeant, write Lindsay, and not a great distance behind Heth, C. C., and Kelly. There are two excellent drill-masters, among the corporals, whose names are Royer and Myers. Chase and Fontaine are the best-drilled privates, with no worthy
third. Knave, I hope you are satisfied at my choice, for I am a blunt old man and doth speak my mind freely. If any are hurt let them mend their ways, ere you ask me again; and those who have been honored be not conceited, that they may deserve it the more some future day. Leave me now; I have work to do.

Cadet: Most wise sir, I am satisfied; by your wisdom, impartiality, and everseeing eye, you have chosen well. I am sorry to have bothered you. [Exit.]
THE BUGLE, 1903.

OUR ARTISTS

C. Allen Gilbert
C. D. Woodson
G. A. Chalkley
Miss Mary Townsend
Beverly Fleet
W. J. Biggs, Jr.
Miss Helen Stowe
J. T. Neely

Geo. Baker
Miss Daisy Grubb
R. I. Archer
Miss Carpenter
J. F. Straub
Miss B. B. Young
Miss Neely
Miss M. M. Rover

Miss Bullitt
Editorial.

We believed when we began to think of the 1903 BUGLE, after seeing many annuals from every section, that the things that went to make up the chief charms of any annual were the cover, drawings, and stories, and articles of local interest. We have endeavored to profit by these thoughts and ideas.

The cover on our BUGLE, which may not be the prettiest, is original and well represents the black, blue, and gray of our uniform.

We, also recognizing that athletics has become one of the great factors of our Institute, when any evening you will see hundreds of the boys watching the football, baseball, and other teams practising, when to deserve and receive a VP is as great an honor as to receive a degree, recognizing also that it is the power that makes us love our Alma Mater better, which joins hundreds of individuals into a proud, happy unit—can not like a Western university erect a monument of stone to the deserving warriors of the gridiron, but we can erect a monument made up of leaves, cemented together into a book, and dedicate it to the wearers of the VP. We know that this little monument is not worthy of such a great cause; we only hope that all may take it in the spirit that it is erected and looking upon this token of our esteem may be fired to worthier deeds.

The drawings are by our friends and we thank them, and can truly say that they have helped us more than we deserved. The articles of local interest we do not give for their high value to literature, but that those knowing their plot may appreciate them the more.

We hope that this little monument is not erected in vain; that when in after years larger and grander monuments are standing, when the wearer of the VP will be known over the entire world, some may say that its "drop" was felt.
To Our Alma Mater.

This is the parting. Bless us as we kneel.
Lay on thy hands as earnest of the weal
That mother-kind, in indiscriminate love,
Breathes forth to follow falcon son or cove.

The good abiding in us from thy store
Pervadeth us in measure, less or more,
As we have played the sloth or wisely striven.
And not as thou hast failed or freely given.

So when the world shall view us as thy sons,
No more 's thy blame if there be errant ones
Than Phidias' were had once the image shown
Imperfect from a flaw within the stone.

EDWIN LATHAM QUARLES.
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L. L. BEAN,  
Manager "Aurora."

May 14th, 1903.  
Books arrived last night and are thoroughly satisfactory. The books are very pretty and every one congratulates us on the fine style of printers' work. We thank you very much for the interest you have taken in the work.  
FRANCES MACDONALD,  

May 19th, 1903.  
The "Sword and Rifle" is a most satisfactory job, and the editors wish to thank you for making it what we consider to be one of the most attractive little Annuals ever published. Again thanking you for the beautiful work done, and assuring you that you may have the job next year if you wish it. 
W. F. BRYAN,  
Manager "Sword and Rifle."

May 28th, 1903.  
The "Howlers" were highly satisfactory.  
E. J. SHERWOOD,  

We are delighted with the Annuals. The book is beyond criticism so far as your work is concerned. The frontispiece is very much admired indeed.  
CATHERINE TORRANCE,  

May 29th, 1903.  
"Meh Lady." came to hand yesterday afternoon, and since looking it over I find that I am unable to express our satisfaction. It is perfectly done - well bound too, and I feel that we owe you our thanks for the excellent work you have done for us. Again thanking you for your kind attention and beautiful work.  
MABEL HISCOX,  

May 12th, 1903.  
The advance copy of "Corolla" received yesterday. Mr. Kyser and I are both highly pleased with the general appearance of the book, and think you have given us the "best you had in the shop." I am especially gratified with the panoramic view, as it shows up much better than I had ever imagined. The scarcity of errors is another likeable feature of the book. You may take it as coming from the editorial board that the book is altogether satisfactory. 
G. H. JONES,  
Editor-in-Chief "Corolla."

May 16th, 1903.  
Not many copies have been delivered, but the few which have are eliciting much praise and commendation.  
W. E. B. LEONARD,  
Bus. Mgr. "Ole Miss."

May 21st, 1903.  
I wish to thank you most sincerely for your kindness to us during the whole transaction. To me, so inexperienced in managing business affairs, you have been very considerate and patient. I am very much pleased with the Annual. I have been connected with the Annual for next year, and will use my influence in your behalf.  
MINNIE LOU KELLY,  
Manager "The Lotus."

TELEGRAM—May 28th, 1903.  

Could not have pleased us better if you had bound it in mother of pearl. The art reproductions certainly are all we could have hoped. Success for "Corks and Curls," 1903, assured.  
HAY, TINDOLPH, AND WILLIAMS.

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