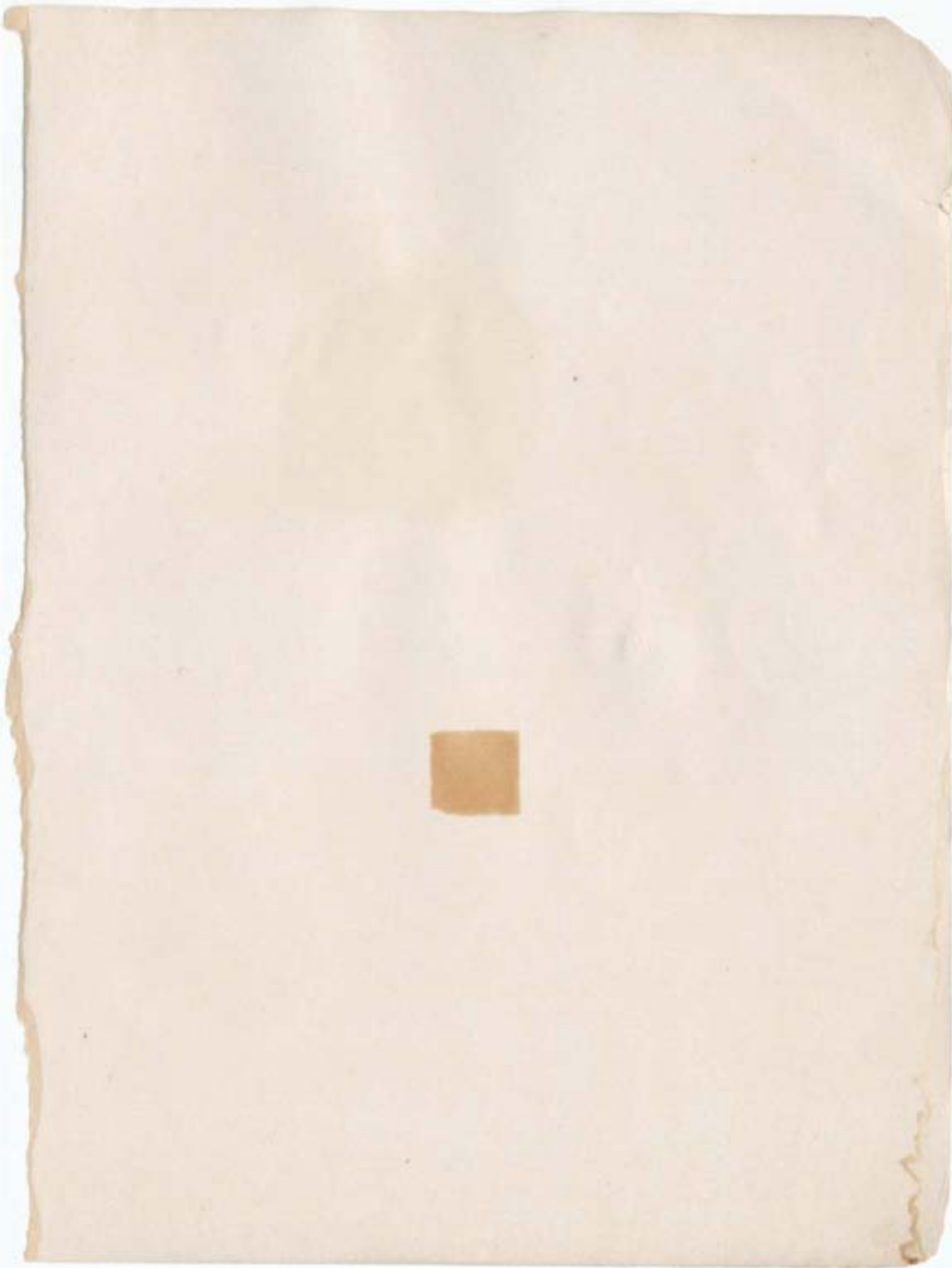
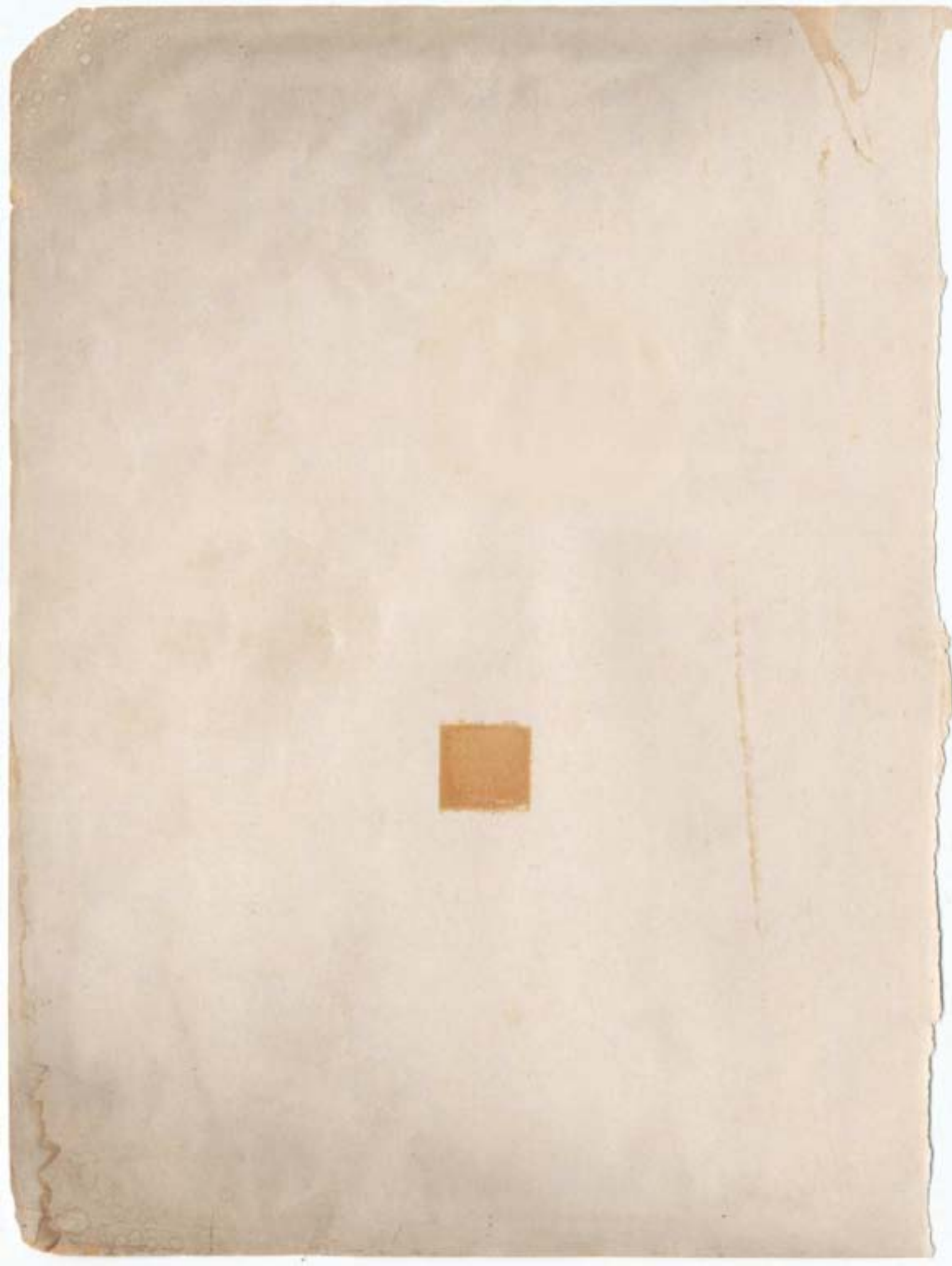


1903















THE
BUGLE

P. I.
NSAGITAT MOLT
1903

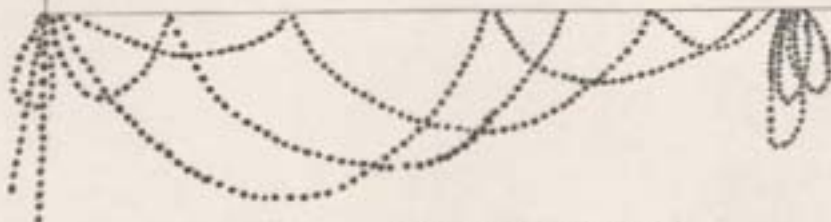
PUBLISHED
ANNUALLY
BY THE
CORPS
OF CADETS
OF THE
VIRGINIA
POLYTECHNIC
INSTITUTE
BLACKSBURG
VA.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

To
The past, present, and future
winners of the



GREETINGS



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.

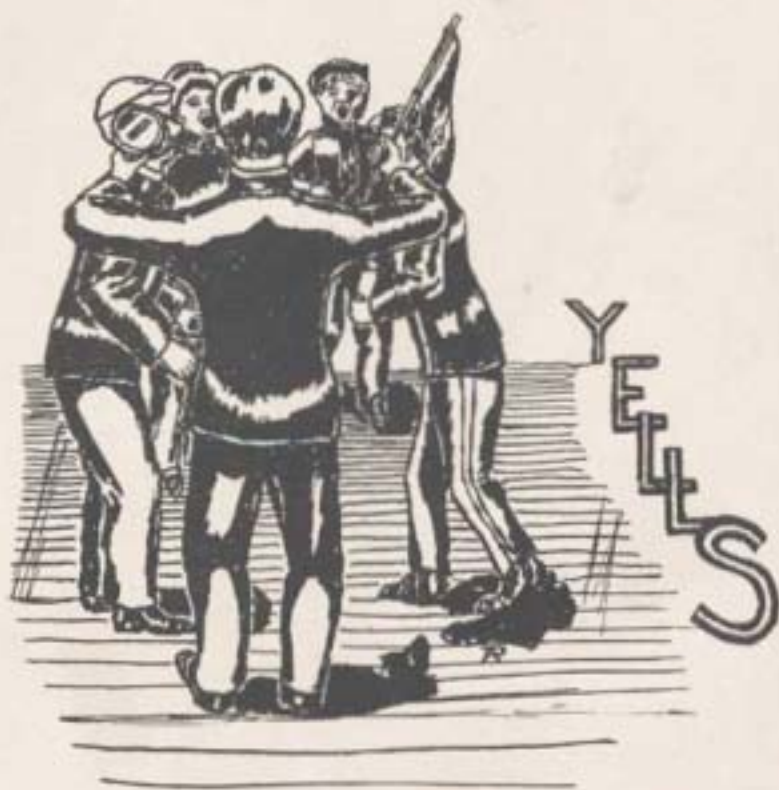
M. H.



DRAWN FOR THE BUGLE BY

DAISY GRUBB, VIRGINIA. 1903.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



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.!!—P.!!—L!!!

THE BUGLE, 1903.



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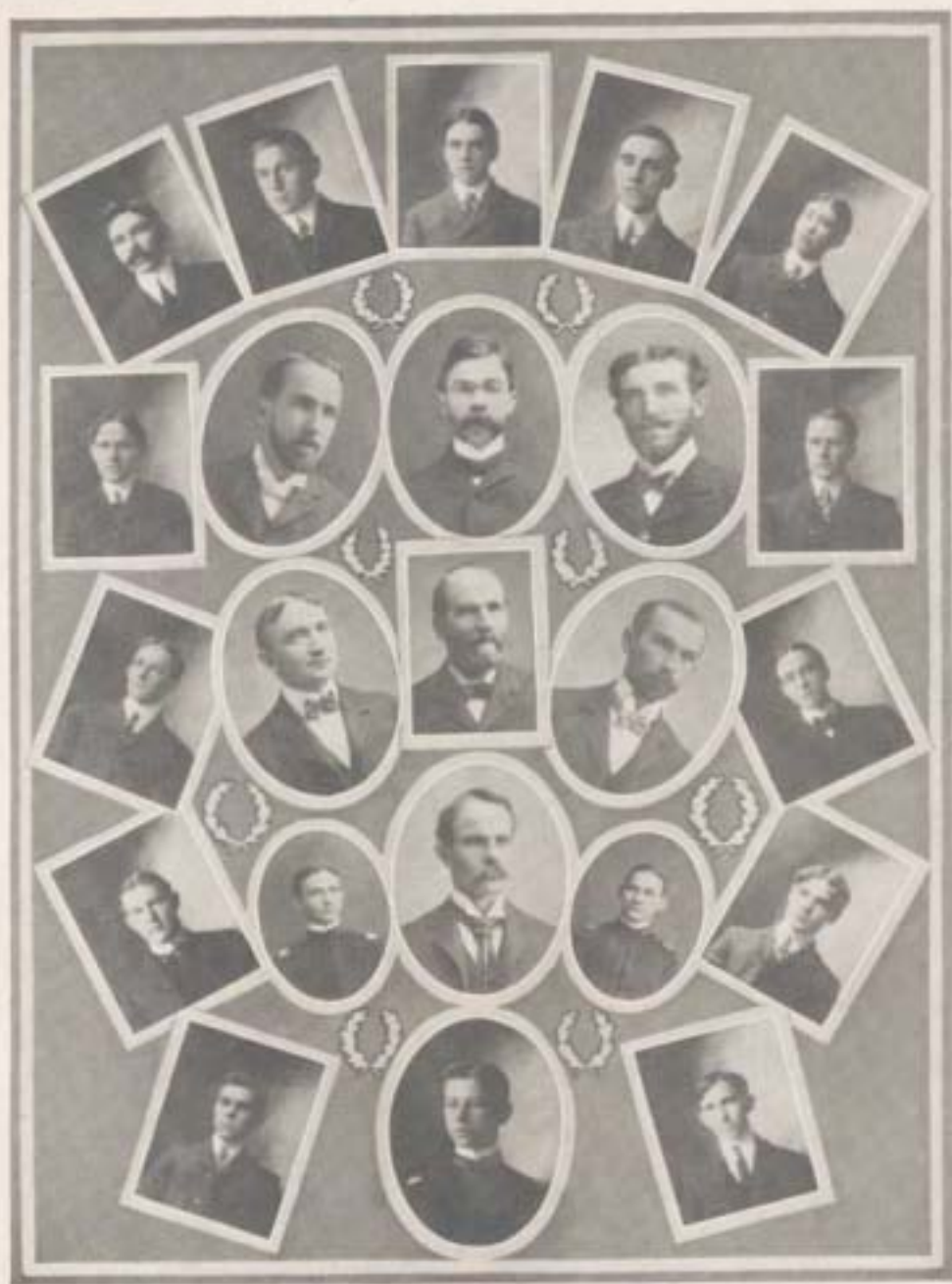
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JAMES M. JOHNSON,
Instructor in Forge and Foundry Work.

CLAUDIUS LEE, B. S.
*Instructor in Electrical Engineering and Superintendent of Electric
Light Plant.*

*Pictures omitted through error.



THE BUGLE, 1903.

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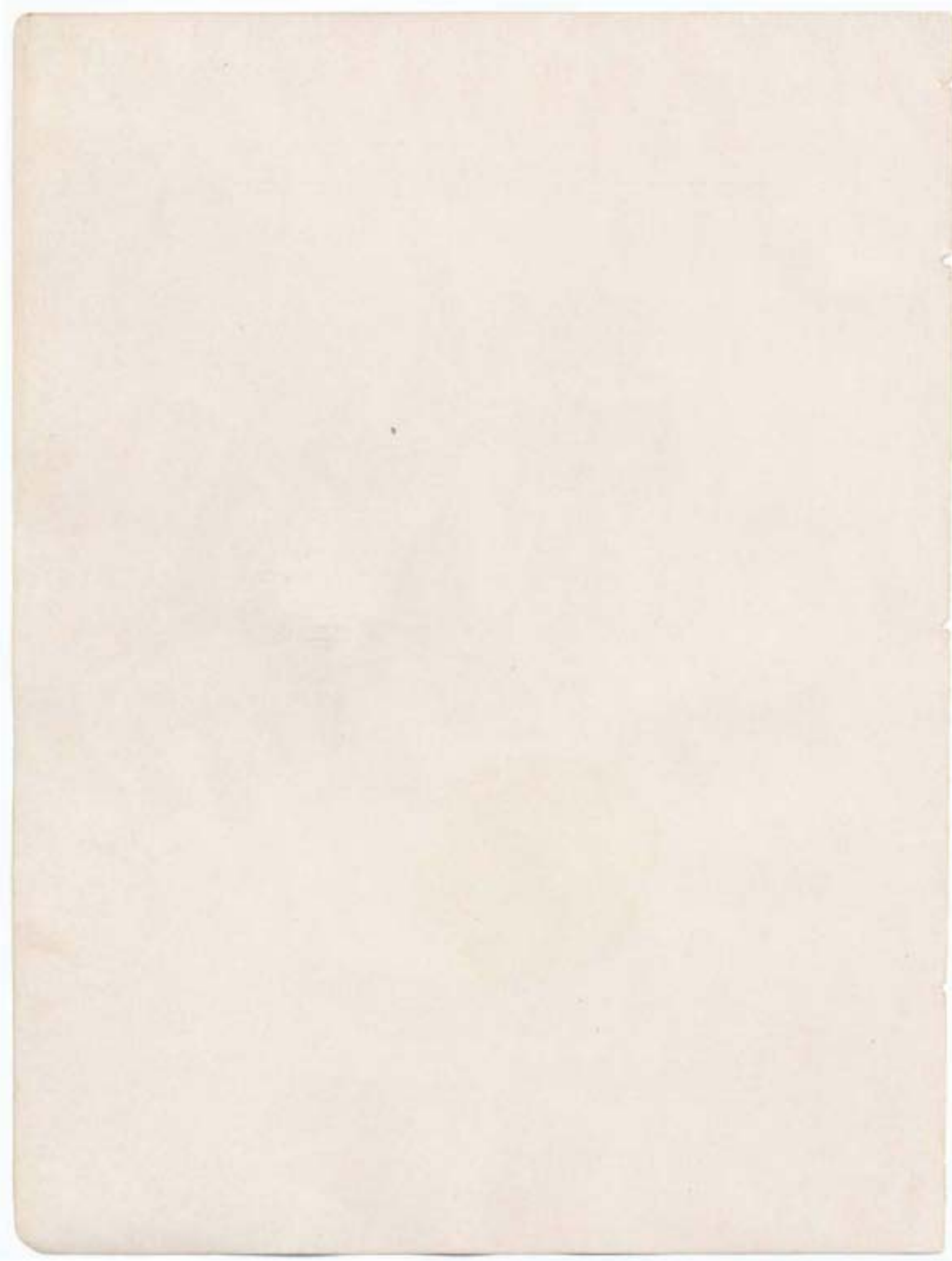
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COURTNEY WILLIAMS,
Assistant in Drawing.



"BEFORE."





THE BUGLE, 1903.

Class of 1903.

Officers.

E. W. WHISNANT	<i>President</i>
G. M. BEHRMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
P. P. NELSON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. S. COUNSELMAN	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
C. B. KEARFOTT	<i>Historian</i>

Colors:

Navy-blue and White.

Motto:

Age Quod Agis.

Yell:

Chee! Chee! Chaw!
Chaw! Chaw! Chee!
Chucker, bucker rat!
Nineteen three!

THE BUGLE, 1903.



ARCHER, RALPH IZARD Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.

Signal Corps; Klu Klux Klow; Art Editor *BUZZLE*, '95.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Thy head is as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat



HALL, CHARLES LEE Leesburg
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; President L. F. C. Club,
'92-'93.
That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in
and the best of me is diligence.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



BLAIR, WILLIAM LEONARD . . . Hurwellville
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company D; Substitute Football Team,
'99-00; Football Team '00-01; Treasurer Pitts-
burg Club, '00-01; President, Pittsburgh Club,
'00-01; Assistant Business Manager Review, '02.
A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.



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

Captain, Company E; Secretary and Treasurer St.
Andrews Brotherhood, '01-02; Secretary and Treas-
urer Albemarle Club, '01-02; President Albemarle
Club, '02-03.
Seek the Colonel; he will advance thee.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



BUHRMAN, GRAHAM MCCLUNG Gala
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company C; Vice-President Class, '02-'03;
Secretary and Treasurer Boatmen Club; Presi-
dent Engineering Club, '04.

He is a scholar and a soldier also.



CAMPBELL, CRICHTON CHILDS Roanoke
Signal Corps; Football Team, '01-'02, '02-'03; Baseball
Team, '01-'02.

Do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve,
that I am an ass.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



CHALKLEY, GUY AUBREY . . Big Stone Gap
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Battery E; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '99-00; Secretary *Law Literary Society*, '00-01, '01-02; Manager *Final Ball*; Chairman *Field-Day Committee*, '01; Captain *Championship Class Baseball Team*, '01-02; Member *Class Football Team*, '00-01; Vice-President *Class*, '01-02; Treasurer *Athletic Association*, '01-02; Assistant Manager *Football Team*, '01-02; Associate Editor *BUGLE*, '01-02; President *Athletic Association*, '02-03; President *German Club*, '02-03; President *Fencing Club*, '02-03; President *F. E. H. and C. Club*, '02-03; Manager *Football Team*, 1902 and 1903; Editor-in-Chief, *BUGLE*, '03.

On their own merits men are dumb.



CROWNING, LEROY CHURCHILL . . Millenbeck
General Science.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Vice-President
Rappahannock Club, '00-01.

I beseech you all, to better know to this gentleman.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



COBBS, JOHN JAMES Callands
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; Second Football Team,
'02-'03; Recording Angel Pittsylvanica Club, '00-'01;
Treasurer Pittsylvanica Club, '01-'02.

For whom he fixt his heart he set his hand,
To do the thing he wif'd, and learn it thro'.



COLE, ERNEST FRAZIER Flint
Horticulture.

Signal Corps; Secretary Agriculture Club, '00-'01.
Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



COUNSELLMAN, JOHN SAUNDERS,
Graham's Forge
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company F; Sergeant at Arms
Class, '92-93; Class Baseball Team, '92-93; Foot-
ball Team, '92-93, '93-94, '94-95; All-Southern Full-
back, '92-93, '93-94; President, Wylie County
Club, '92-93.

For though his name is John, we call him Whisk,
For new-made honors doth forget men's names.

When in doubt, win the trick.



CRUTE, WILLIAM ROWZE Farnville
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company F; President Class, '92-93; Sub-
stitute Football Team, '92-93; Treasurer Tennis
Club, '92-93; Member Executive Committee Ath-
letic Association, '92-93; Treasurer, C. F. H. Club,
'92-93; Vice-President Engineering Club, '92-93;
Business Manager DICK, '92.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the
clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



GILMER, GEORGE WALKER . . . Howardsville
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '91-92; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '92-93; Vice-President Albemarle Club '92-93; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, '92-93.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.



GOODLOE, HENRY BOYNTON Afton
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Company B; Vice-President Class, '91-92; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, '90-91; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '91-92; President Albemarle Club, '91-92; Civic Maury Literary Society, '91-92; Secretary and Treasurer Albemarle Club, '90-91; President Maury Literary Society, '92-93; Assistant Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '91-92.

I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursue.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



HOBSON, JULIUS-LYNNE Bristol
Applied Chemistry.

Band.

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

KEARFOY, CLARENCE BAKER . . Martinsville
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Signal Corps; Chaplain Law Literary Society, '00-01; Secretary Law Literary Society, '01-02; Y. M. C. A., Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-02; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-03; Critic Law Literary Society, '00-03; President Y. M. C. A., '01-02; President Law Literary Society, '02-03; Editor-in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, '02-03; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '02-03; Historian *BOOLE*, '03.

A man stuffed with all honorable virtues.



THE BUGLE, 1903.



KEISTER, HOWARD RUCKER . . . Blacksburg
Applied Chemistry.

First Lieutenant, Band; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Liter-
ary Society, '00-01; Associate Editor *THE*,
'00-01.

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; Klu Klux Klan; Vice-President
Allegheny 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 pun would not
scruple to pick a pocket.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



NELSON, PHILLIP PROSSER . . . Richmond
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company F; Vice-President Maury
Literary Society, '92-93; President Richmond
Club, '92-93; Secretary and Treasurer Class,
'92-93; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary
Society, '92-93.

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



O'SHAUGHNESSY, LOUIS . . . South Solon, Ohio
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Battery E; Class Historian, '91-92;
Vice-President Engineering Club; Associate Editor
BUGLE, '92.

The mind is the standard of the man.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



OSTERBINA, CARTER CLARKE . . . Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain Adjutant, Staff; Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '99-00; Vice-President Class, '00-01; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '00-01; President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Baseball Class Team, '00-01; Football Team, '01-02; All-round Athlete, '00-01; Athletic Editor *Grey Jacket*, '01-02; Chairman Membership Committee V. M. C. A., '01-02.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind,
First in the fight and every graceful deed.



PALMER, JOHN PARIS Greenville
Electrical Engineering.

Signal Corps; President Augusta Club.
A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



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 frost, of storm and cloudiness?



PRITCHETT, ALBERT GALITAN . . . Byrdsville
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company D; Recording Angel
Pittsburgh Club, '99-10.

I shall see thee ere I die look pale with love.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



SALE, RITCHIE Chance
Agriculture.

First Lieutenant, Company A; President Kaysdam-
nock Valley Club, '92-'93; Director Brotherhood
St. Andrews, '92-'93; President V. P. L. Agricul-
tural Club.

His talk was of bullocks and of be-goats.



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

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Class Baseball Team,
'91-'92; Class Baseball Team, '92-'93; Vice-President
Maryland Club, '91-'92.

Good at a fight, but better at play.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



VAUGHY, WARREN EARLEY Newport

General Science.

Second Lieutenant, Band; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '00-01; Critic Maury Literary Society '00-01; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '01-02; President Maury Literary Society, '02-03; Editor-in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, '02-03.

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver.



WALSH, WILLIAM JOHN Norfolk

Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Sergeant-at-Arms, N. P. Club, '00-01; President N. P. Club, '01-02; Baseball Team, '00-01, '01-02; Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '00-01, '01-02, '01-02.

In all thy humors, 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.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



WERTH, JAMES ROBERT Richmond
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company D; Adjutant Second Battalion; Critic *Mary Literary Society*, '02-'03; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02-'03; Historian Richmond Club, '02-'03; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02-'03; President *Mary Literary Society*, '02-'03; Associate Editor *BUGLE*, '03.

Hush, my dear, be still and slumber!
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, '01-'02; 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.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



WILSON, WILLIAM Cascade
Preparatory Medicine.

First Lieutenant, Company E; Secretary Pittsburg
Club, '02-'03.

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



WOLFE, MAXWELL FARRAR Gala
Applied Chemistry.

Signal Corps; President Boncourt Club, '02-'03; Klu
Klux Klan; Secretary and Treasurer German
Club, '02-'03.

I seem a saint when most I play the devil.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



WARE, JOSEPH FULTON . . Fortross Monroe
Electrical Engineering.

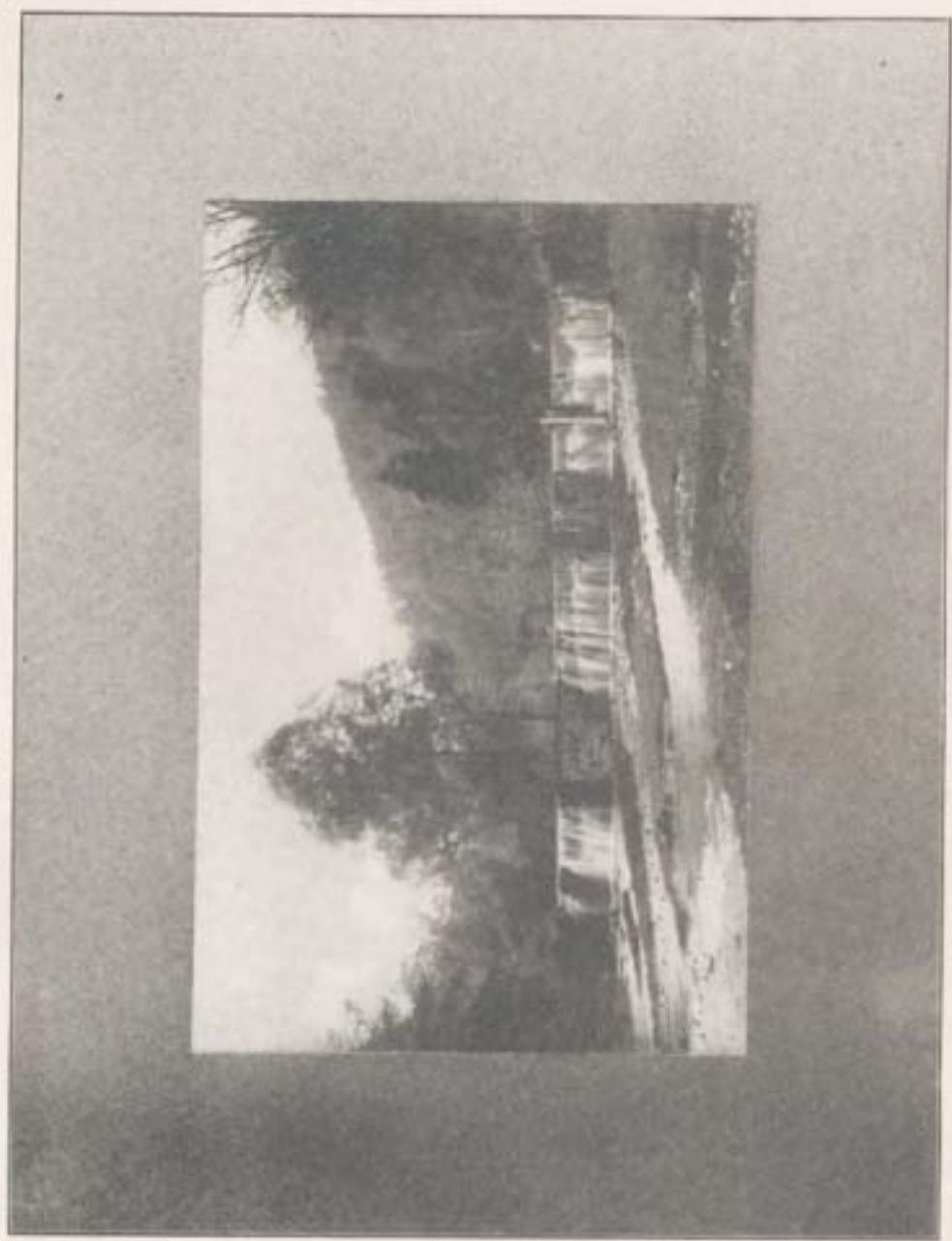
Second Lieutenant Battery E; Football Team, '01-02,
'02-03; Baseball Team, '00-01, '01-02, and elected
Captain, '02-03; Vice-President Athletic Associa-
tion, '02-03; elected Assistant Business Manager,
BUGLE, '02.

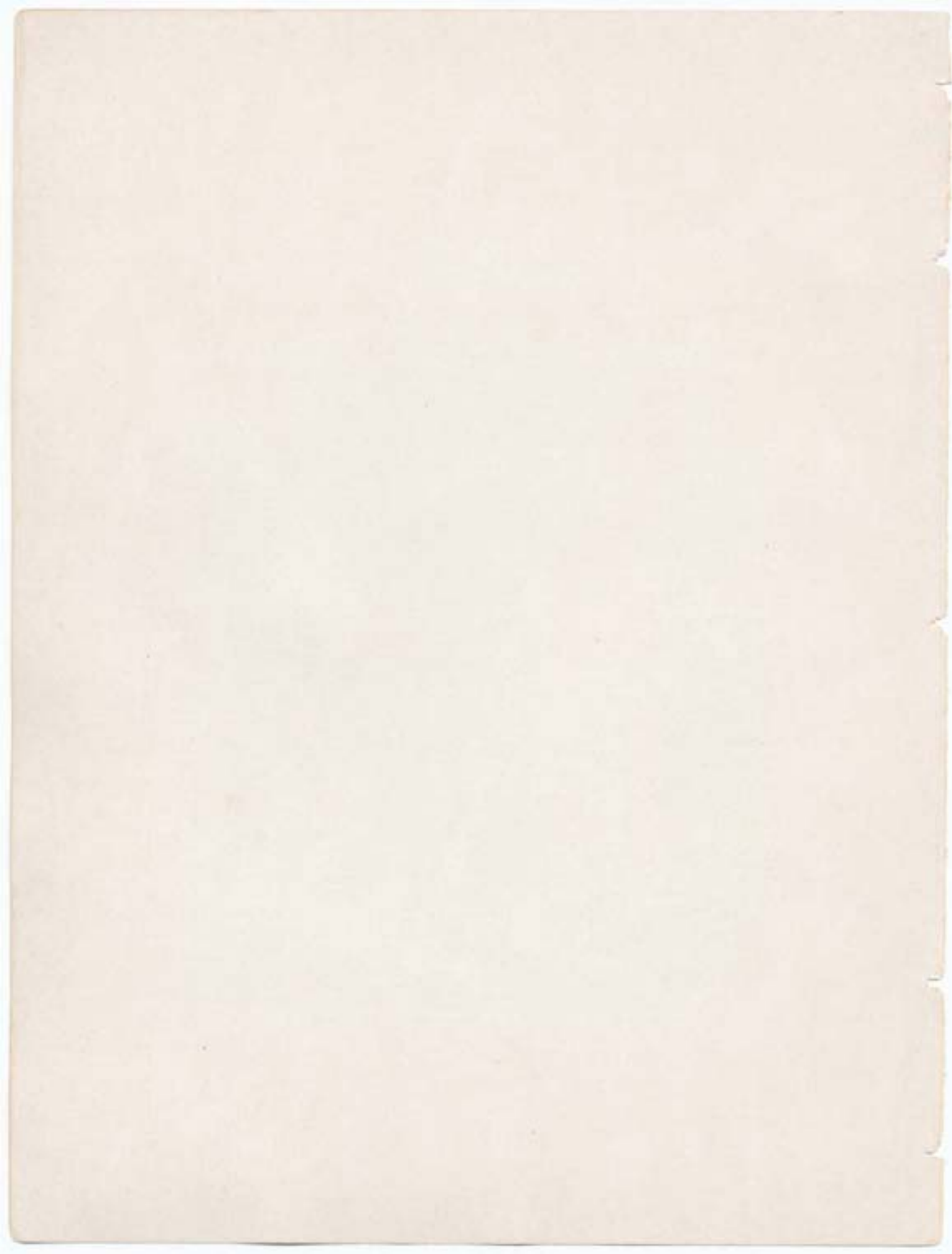


DAVISON, WILLIAM WATSON . . Middletown
General Science.

Hibernian Fin-Fin-Clu Club, '00-01; Vice-President
Moose Club, '01-02.

He is the very pink of courtesy.





SENIOR HISTORY



CHAPTER I.

WHEN the last hack had rolled up and emptied its seats upon the parade-ground in the fall of '96, 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-waters," 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 accouterments 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?"

THE BUGLE, 1903.

"If so, speak now and we shall look to his faults and fitness. Whom, then, will ye have as your chief?"

Rat—"I nominate Willcox!"

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 Willcox 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 1903."

The old chapel shook with the roar that followed and not even the wind howling around barracks could drown the prolonged yell that broke from the throats of the Rats 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;

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Seniors and Juniors
Dodged beneath the sheltering cloak,
Pounded 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,
Sneered 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-Three'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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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

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know of? Why, certainly, I have it—it 's Mr. Woltz. Didn't I hear him tell Mr. Neale to order him o'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 hooks, grabs, 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): "T is 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 exeunt, 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 prize 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

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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,

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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."

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A Senior's Soliloquy.

By THOMAS SCOTT COOPER.

We came; life's morning dream
With youthful ardor urged us on;
Arduous tasks we wrought upon,
And grasped the aureate gleam
Of hopes deferred; ambition's greed
Was curbed to meet our modest need.

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

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

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.

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?

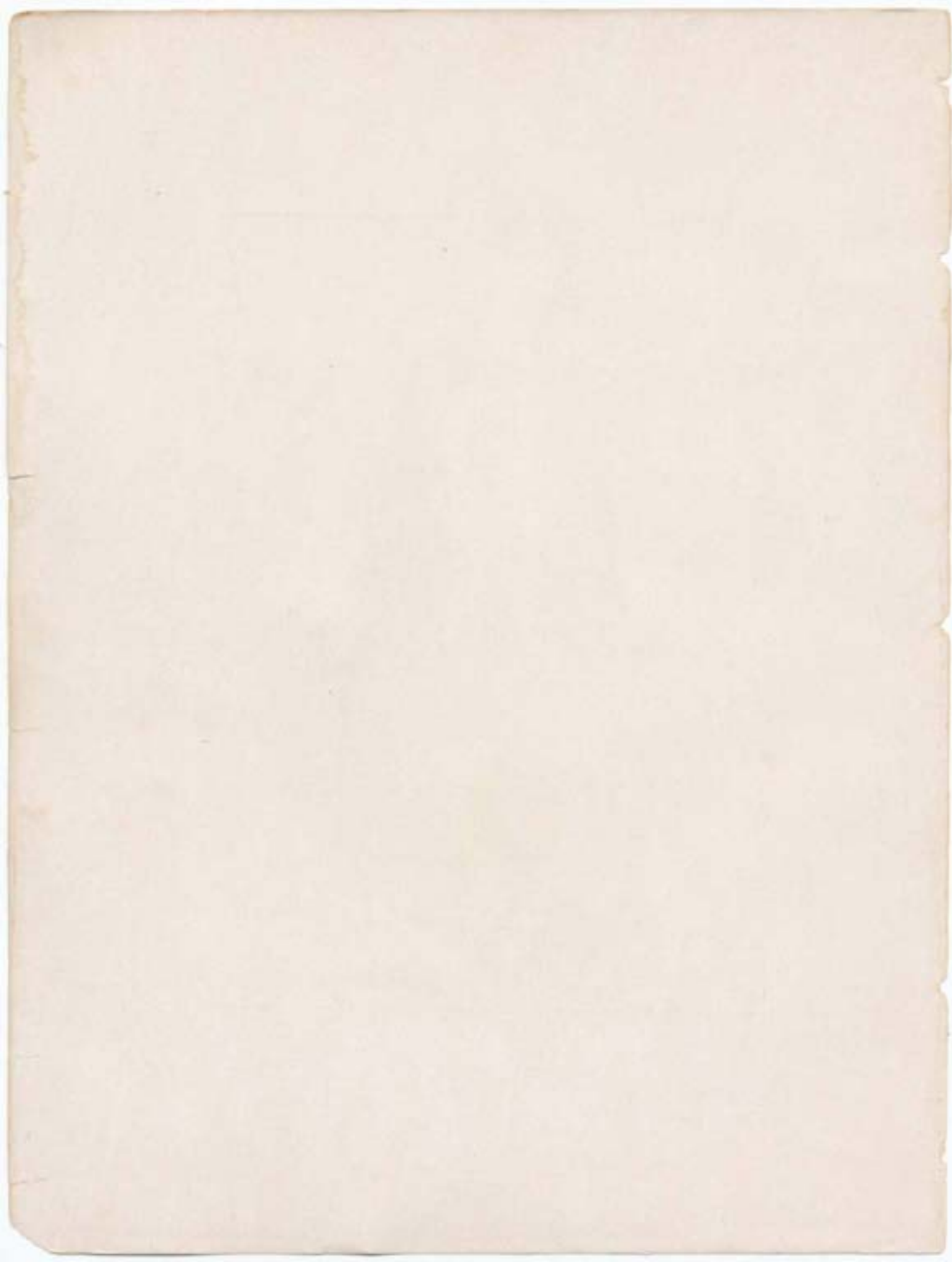
In future's op'ning scroll
The fleet unsandaled years may bring
With hard-earned trophies, sorrow's sting.
Though waves of trouble roll
O'er life's pathway, the dateless years
Ought not to end in futile tears.

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,

Secluded, 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!

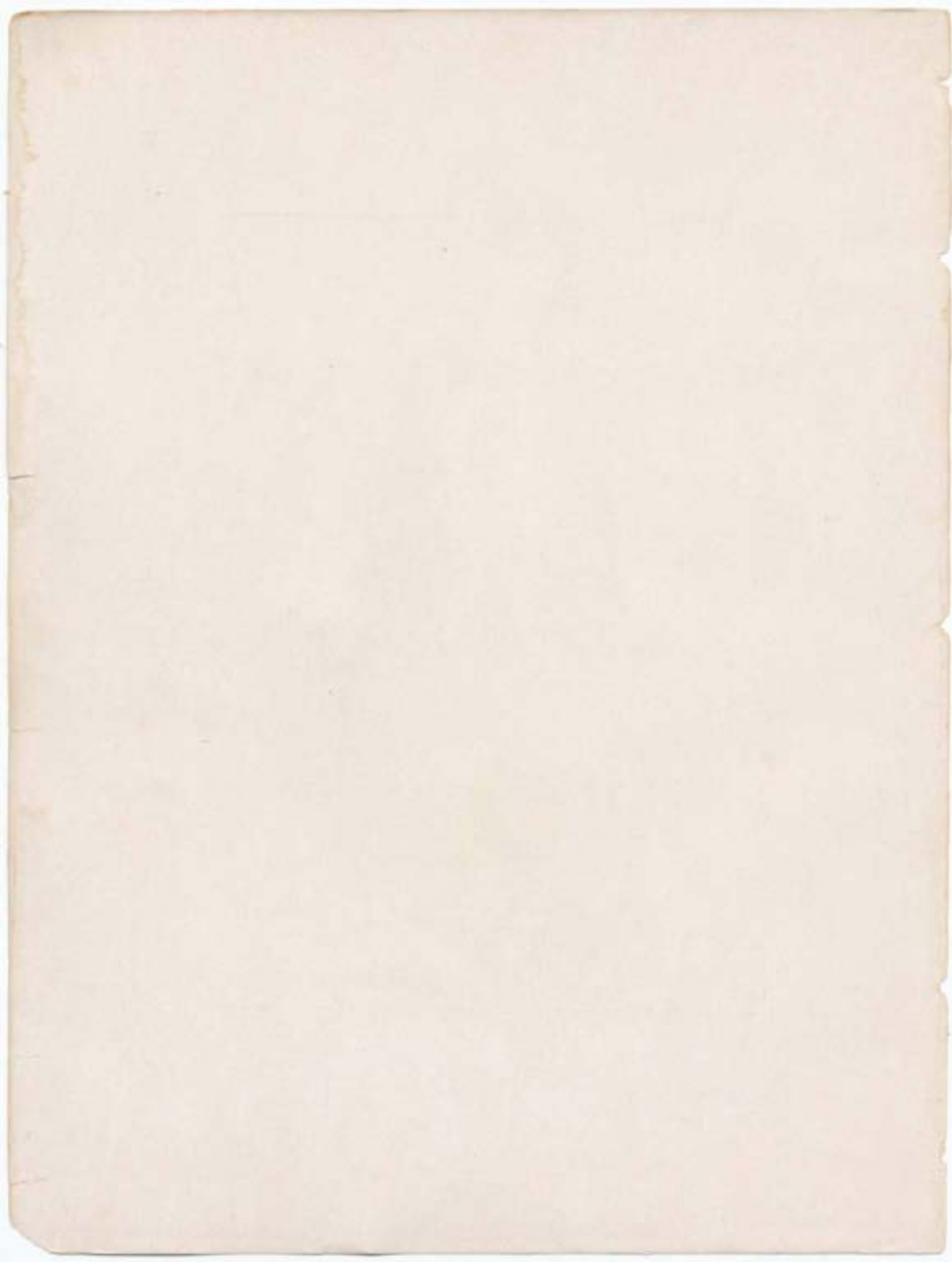


SCENE NEAR V. P. I.—WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.





SCENE NEAR V. P. I.—YELLOW SULPHUR SPRINGS.





The Senior

H. H. H. 1903

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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	<i>President</i>
G. W. WADE	<i>Vice-President</i>
C. F. BAUMAN	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
G. C. WILLSON	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
C. C. HETH	<i>Historian</i>

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Members Class 1904.

ANDERSON, WILLIAM ANDREW	Lexington, Virginia
BAUMAN, CHARLES FREDERICK	Fredericksburg, Virginia
BAXTER, DOUGLAS MITCHELL	Staunton, Virginia
BELL, LEWIS PORTERFIELD	Staunton, Virginia
BURTON, LESLIE CLYDE	The Falls, Virginia
BUTLER, EDWARD WALTER	Low Moor, Virginia
BUTLER, FRANK ROBERT	Low Moor, Virginia
BYRNES, JOSEPH WADE, JR.	Falls Church, Virginia
CHASE, WILLIAM WITHBROW	Waynesboro, Virginia
CHILTON, WILLIAM MERRIMON	Lancaster, Virginia
CLOYD, DAVID McNUTT, JR.	Dublin, Virginia
COOK, GEORGE WALTER	Mount Sidney, Virginia
CORBELL, HARRY LEE	Vinton, Virginia
COOK, PATRICK KEMPTON	Jonesville, Virginia
CROWDER, FRED FRAYSER	Ballsville, Virginia
DAVIS, JOHN JAMES	Norfolk, Virginia
DEAN, WILLIAM HARPER, JR.	Richmond, Virginia
DRINKARD, ROBERT URIEL	Diuguid, Virginia
DUNN, WALLACE ADAIR	Wilmington, North Carolina
EOPF, JOHN RAVENSCROFT, JR.	Christiansburg, Virginia
FERNEYHOUGH, ROBERT EDWARD	Washington, D. C.
FONTAINE, WILLIAM HALE	Martinsville, Virginia
GANTT, FREDERICK VOWLES	Washington, D. C.
GARY, HARTWELL HENRY	Franklin, Virginia
GIBBONEY, FRANK LINCOLN	Wytheville, Virginia
GIBSON, JAMES ANDERSON BEIRNE	Richmond, Virginia
GILKESON, WILLIAM ESKRIDGE	Muse, Virginia
GLASS, EDWARD CHRISTIAN, JR.	Lynchburg, Virginia
GUY, HENRY IRVINE	Bedford City, Virginia
HAINSLIP, RICHARD ALLEN	Staunton, Virginia
HARDESTY, FRANCIS DEGROTTÉ	Berryville, Virginia
HEARD, JOHN BRYANT	Lynchburg, Virginia
HEATH, MICHAEL YOUNGER	Naruna, Virginia
HETH, CLEMENT CRAIG	East Radford, Virginia
HILL, HENRY HARRIS	Roanoke, Virginia
HINES, LeROY OKESON	Rescue, Virginia
HORTENSTINE, JACOB LEONIDAS	Abingdon, Virginia
HORTENSTINE, JAMES WILSON	Abingdon, Virginia
HUGHES, STEPHEN TILLMAN, JR.	Trenton, South Carolina
HYDE, JOHN NEWTON	Winchester, Virginia
JOHNSTON, JAMES AMBLER	Salem, Virginia
KABLE, JOHN LOBBAN	Staunton, Virginia

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KELLY, LOOMIS LOOK	Glade Spring, Virginia
LATANE, WILLIAM CATESBY, JR.	Oak Grove, Virginia
LEE, GILMER THOMAS	Bedford Springs, Virginia
LIGON, PERCY GARLAND	Broadus, Virginia
LINDSAY, RICHARD LEE	Allisonia, Virginia
LYON, MONCURK NELSON	Baltimore, Maryland
MARTIN, FRANK LYSANDER	Portsmouth, Virginia
MORRIS, MARION McDONALD, JR.	Glade Spring, Virginia
MOSCHETTI, RICHARD LEWIS	Richmond, Virginia
NEWMAN, WILLIAM TRIGG	Wallace, Virginia
PAGE, RANDOLPH ROSEWELL	Boyce, Virginia
PAULETT, VERNON PICKETT	Farmville, Virginia
PEALE, WALTER ORVILLE	Hilo, Virginia
PERKINS, CHARLES JETER	Carysbrook, Virginia
PIERSON, JOHN BOLLING	Summit, Virginia
POINDEXTER, ROYAL CLYDE	Lynchburg, Virginia
PRATT, FRANK CUSHING	Monteithsville, Virginia
ROBISON, FRANK LEIGH	Farmville, Virginia
ROSENFELD, ARTHUR HINTON, JR.	Radford, Virginia
ROYER, DONALD ROSSITER	Roanoke, Virginia
SAUNDERS, CARTER TEMPLE	Evington, Virginia
SAUNDERS, WILLIE NEWELL	Kasey, Virginia
SCOTT, GEORGE HOBSON	Gordonsville, Virginia
SMITH, JAMES EDWIN, JR.	Clifton Forge, Virginia
STILES, JOSEPH CLAY	Elliston, Virginia
STRAUS, PERCY JULIUS	Richmond, Virginia
TALBOTT, JOHN WILSON	Ellicott City, Md.
TALCOTT, NATHAN EDMONDSON BERRY	Bon Air, Virginia
THIBODEAUX, ERNEST AUGUSTUS	Thibodeaux, Louisiana
TIFFANY, HUNTON	Landmark, Virginia
TINSLEY, JOSHUA MARVIN	Crooked Run, Virginia
TYNES, BUFORD	Tazewell, Virginia
VEST, JAMES MARSHALL	Bedford City, Virginia
WADE, GUY WALTER	Christiansburg, Virginia
WALKER, TERRILL HAMILTON	Newport News, Virginia
WATKINS, WARNER MERRICKLEATHER	Milton, North Carolina
WEBB, DAVID STUART	Staunton, Virginia
WEBB, LEWIS WARRINGTON	Norfolk, Virginia
WHITE, FRANK LESLIE	Richmond, Virginia
WHITE, JOHN THOMAS	Danville, Virginia
WHITMAN, EUGENE PIERCE	Pulaski, Virginia
WHITTEKER, ROBERT EOFF	Charleston, West Virginia
WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WHITLOCK	Wytheville, Virginia
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CLAYTON, JR.	Orange, Virginia
WILSON, GEORGE CRALLE	Elmont, Virginia
WILSON, JOHN WALTER	Lewisburg, West Virginia
WINE, WILLIAM EDWARD	Bridgewater, Virginia
WRIGHT, DANIEL	Rest, Virginia
* YOST, FRANK MARSHALL	Staunton, Virginia



SCENE NEAR V. P. 1.-WHITE SULPHUR



JUNIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS.



JUNIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.



JUNIOR CIVIL ENGINEERS.



JUNIOR CHEMISTS AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN.



JUNIOR HISTORY



"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

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. L. 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 untimely 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

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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 Lloyd 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 SOPHOMORE



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	<i>President</i>
S. D. SCOTT	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. P. WITHERS	<i>Secretary</i>
B. C. WATKINS	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. R. GALT	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
W. A. BOWLES	<i>Historian</i>

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Members Class 1905.

ALWOOD, HUBERT JACKSON	Blacksburg, Virginia
ANDERSON, OTEY WATT	Tomahawk, Virginia
ARNOLD, JAMES MADISON, JR.	Newport, Kentucky
BARCLAY, GEORGE MOORE	Saint Brides, Virginia
BARKER, VERNON CRUMLEY	Mendota, Virginia
BARNES, BENJAMIN CARSON	Chesconnessex, Virginia
BARRETT, CHARLES GODWIN	Portsmouth, Virginia
BECKETT, JOHN HARRY	Wilmington, Delaware
BELL, JOSEPH EDGAR	Wakefield, Virginia
BEVERLEY, WILLIAM, JR.	Winchester, Virginia
BIDAUX, SYLVAN RALPH	Sagertown, Pennsylvania
BLAIR, HARVIE MAYO	Richmond, Virginia
BLUE, WALTER STROTHER	Grafton, Virginia
BOLLING, ROBERT BURNER	Charlottesville, Va.
BOLLING, STEWART	Staunton, Virginia
BOWLES, WILLIAM ANDERSON, JR.	Staunton, Virginia
BOKUM, DOUGLAS MONROE	Strasburg, Virginia
BOWMAN, CLAYTON MANSON	Lynchburg, Virginia
BRIDGES, ROBERT DORSEY	Leesburg, Virginia
BRODIE, JOHN MOLLISON	Coleman's Falls, Virginia
BUCHANAN, W. R.	Ellendale, Virginia
BURNETT, HENRY PRINCEY	Willis, Virginia
BURTON, HODGES MANN	The Falls, Virginia
BYERS, ROBERT MCCLUNG	Fort Defiance, Virginia
BYRD, CLARENCE Q.	Williamsville, Virginia
CABELL, SOMERS EURANK	Variety Mills, Virginia
CAMERON, JAMES BLACKWOOD	Richmond, Virginia
CAVE, R. L.	Madison, Virginia
CASTRO, EDGAR	San Juan, South America
CROWNING, VIVIAN RANDOLPH	Millenbeck, Virginia
CLARK, JAMES ROBERT	Lynchburg, Virginia
CLELAND, J. E.	Lynchburg, Virginia
CLEMENT, SAMUEL AVERETT	Callands, Virginia
COOK, DOUGLAS JAMES	Richmond, Virginia
COPELAND, W. E.	Hampton, Virginia
COURTNEY, CHARLES FREDERICK	Kinsale, Virginia
COX, LEONARD BALLARD	Cascade, Virginia
COYNER, CHARLES ELLIOTT	Doons, Virginia
CUNNINGHAM, G. H.	Kelly's Ford, Virginia
DAWSON, ALBERT	Tarentum, Pennsylvania
DAY, HENRY FENTON	Danville, Virginia
DEACON, PERCY ALPHIN	Flumen, Virginia

THE BUGLE, 1903.

ELLETT, FRANCIS BEVERLEY	Christiansburg, Virginia
ENGLEMAN, W. L.	Kerr's Creek, Virginia
EVINS, CLEVELAND	Spartanburg, South Carolina
FIELD, WILLIAM MEADE	Petersburg, Virginia
FOSQUE, JOHN DRUMMOND	Onancock, Virginia
FREEMAN, J. O.	Bedford City, Virginia
FRENCH, HUGH POWERS	Sunssyside, Virginia
FROHLING, HENRY CHARLES	Richmond, Virginia
GALT, WILLIAM RICHARD	Norfolk, Virginia
GARNETT, CARROLL LIVINGSTON	Hampton, Virginia
GARY, CHARLES BERNARD	Franklin, Virginia
GATBRIGHT, ARTHUR BINFORD	Solomon, Virginia
GIBBONEY, HARRY SOMMERMAN	Wytheville, Virginia
GOODLOE, ALFRED MINOR	Gordonsville, Virginia
GRAYBILL, A. P.	Roanoke, Virginia
GRUBB, EDWARD STEWART	Norfolk, Virginia
HANSBROUGH, GARLAND MORTIMER	Winchester, Virginia
HARDBARGER, JOHN HUNTER	Waskey's Mill, Virginia
HARRISON, ALLEN MCKRAE	Richmond, Virginia
HARRIS, THOMAS JAMES, JR.	Wakefield, Virginia
HARRIS, WILLIAM ROGERS	North Garden, Va.
HARRISON, WATKINS LEIGH	Talleysville, Virginia
HARVIE, JOHN BROCKENBROUGH	Richmond, Virginia
HEFLIN, JOHN WALKER	Hinton, West Virginia
HEFLIN, ROBERT DUNLAP	Hinton, West Virginia
HENNING, DAVID ARNOLD, JR.	Columbia, South Carolina
HEUSER, AUGUSTUS CONRAD	Wytheville, Virginia
HILDEBRAND, CLARENCE KARNES	Hildebrand, Virginia
HOBSON, CHARLES MACON	Belona, Virginia
HOBSON, JOHN CALEB	Belona, Virginia
HUDGINS, JOHN DOUGLAS	Richmond, Virginia
HUMPHREY, R. L.	Paxson, Virginia
HUNDLEY, JOHN WALKER, JR.	Covington, Virginia
IRVING, FRANK HERSEY	Cartersville, Virginia
JACOBS, JAMES JULIAN	Ahala, Virginia
JEFFRIES, R. H.	Midlothian, Virginia
JERRELL, ROBERT SCOTT	Luavells, Virginia
JOHNSON, MORRIS RICHARD	Cismont, Virginia
JOHNSON, PERCY LUCIAN	Kenova, West Virginia
KENNEDY, DAVID TINSLEY	Tinkling, Virginia
KINDRED, ALEXANDER THREADGILL	Roanoke, Virginia
KUNDEL, RICHARD COOPER	Pulaski, Virginia
LANFORD, WALLACE BROWN	Carysbrook, Virginia
LEE, GEORGE ADRIAN	Danville, Virginia
LINKOUS, HOMER GENIS	Prices Fork, Virginia
LLOYD, LEWIS GALE	Covington, Virginia
LYON, CHARLES LUMSDEN	Richmond, Virginia
MARTIN, CHESTER LEE	Portsmouth, Virginia

THE BUGLE, 1903.

MATTHEWS, WILLIAM JAMES	MacFarlands, Virginia
MELTON, WILLIE WYATT	Marysville, Virginia
MINNIS, ROY BURNETTE	Del Rio, Tennessee
MOFFETT, ROBERT STRICKLER	Barter Brook, Virginia
MOREHEAD, CLYDE	Pulaski, Virginia
MORTON, SAMUEL DANIEL	Charlotte C. H., Virginia
MYERS, RICHARD AUSTIN	Charlotte, North Carolina
MYERS, GEORGE A.	Roanoke, Virginia
MYERS, WILLIAM GRAHAM	Ottobine, Virginia
MCCAULEY, JAMES EDWARD	Blacksburg, Virginia
MCCORKLE, CLAIBORNE ROSS	Big Stone Gap, Virginia
MCCULLOCH, MAT	Waskeys Mill, Virginia
MACDOWELL, WALTER GARDNER	Roanoke, Virginia
McKENNA, JOHN THOMAS, JR.	New Canton, Virginia
McKENNEY, PAUL WESLEY	Clifton Forge, Virginia
McNUTT, ROBERT HUGH	Effna, Virginia
NELSON, FRANK	Rustburg, Virginia
NETTLETON, GEORGE EDWARD	Covington, Virginia
NICHOLLS, SAMUEL JONES	Spartanburg, South Carolina
NOEL, ROBERT EDGAR, JR.	Hinton, West Virginia
OBENSHAIN, ARCHIE WOODS, JR.	Fincastle, Virginia
OBURN, ALPHEUS CABELL, JR.	North View, Virginia
OTY, CLAUDE NEWTON, JR.	Wytheville, Virginia
OWEN, CHARLES CRADDOCK	South Boston, Virginia
PARKER, NATHAN	Mount Landing, Virginia
PARSONS, HARRY ERVIN	Accomac, Virginia
PATTISON, ROBERT CUTLER	Roanoke, Virginia
PAULETT, RICHARD LAXDON	Farmville, Virginia
PAYNE, LEWIS	Covington, Virginia
PAYNE, JOHN LEROY	Martinsville, Virginia
PENN, GEORGE EDWARD, JR.	Abingdon, Virginia
PRETLOW, ROBERT WHITLOCK	Richmond, Virginia
PRICE, JAMES CLEVELAND	Charlotte C. H., Virginia
PRICE, ROBERT EDWIN TALMAGE	Charlotte C. H., Virginia
PRIDDY, WALTER MASON	Keysville, Virginia
QUARLES, EDWARD NELSON	Basic City, Virginia
ROBINS, WILMER NELSON	Richmond, Virginia
ROBSON, DAVID GRAHAM	Bridgewater, Virginia
ROHR, WILKIE CLAIBORNE	Harrisonburg, Virginia
ROGERS, CALEB DORSEY	Ellicott City, Maryland
ROGERS, E. C.	Society Hill, South Carolina
ROUTTEN, WILLIE WEST	Newport News, Virginia
ROYER, ROBERT STEWART	Roanoke, Virginia
RUCKER, LUCIAN BRUCE	Stuart, Virginia
RUSSELL, ROBERT ACHILLES	Lawyers, Virginia
SALLEY, GEORGE ELMORE	Orangeburg, South Carolina
SALLEY, NORMAN EDWIN	Orangeburg, South Carolina
SCHULTZ, THOMAS RAY	Buchanan, Virginia

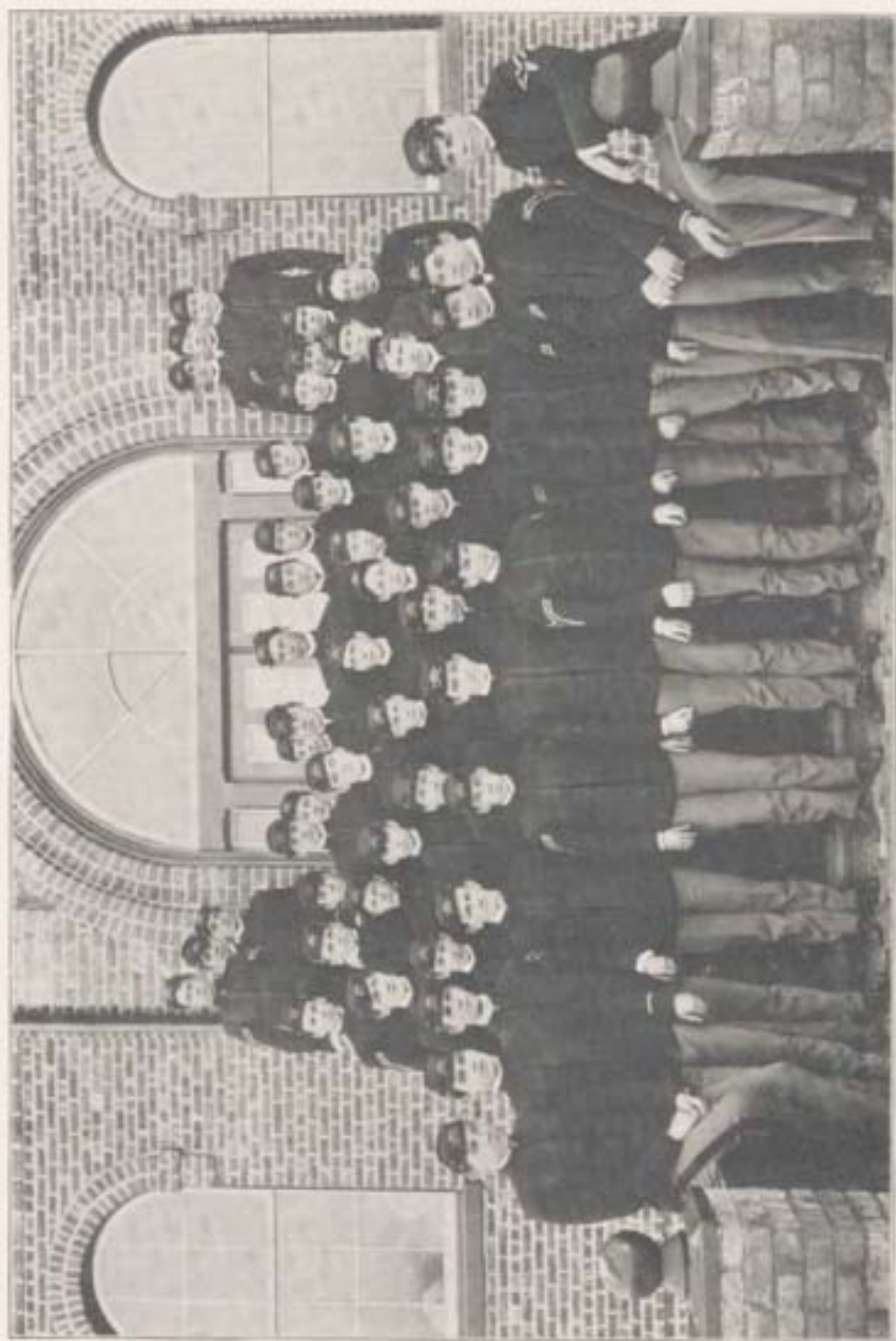
THE BUGLE, 1903.

SCLATER, IVANHOE HARRISON	Richmond, Virginia
SCLATER, ROBERT HOSKINS	Hampton, Virginia
SCOTT, CHARLES LONDON	Amherst, Virginia
SCOTT, JOHN WALTER	Gordonsville, Virginia
SCOTT, RICHARD SELLMAN	Bellford City, Virginia
SCOTT, SAMUEL	Howardsville, Virginia
SCOTT, SAMUEL DAVIS	Amherst, Virginia
SCOTT, H. K.	Petersburg, Virginia
SEDDON, SAMUEL VENABLE	Richmond, Virginia
SINCLAIR, WALTER PENDLETON	Charlottesville, Virginia
SHUEY, PHILIP MACGREGOR	Washington, D. C.
SMITH, ETHELBERG WALTON	Broadway, Virginia
SPENCER, A. P.	Brooklyn, Canada
SPILLER, DONALD DOUGLAS	Wytheville, Virginia
STEPHENS, RICHARD FRANTZ	Cambria, Virginia
STEPHENSON, W. C.	Southampton, Virginia
STERN, LAWRENCE	Richmond, Virginia
STINESPRING, JOHN WILLIAM	Cowan's Depot, Virginia
STRAUS, HENRY CULLEN	Richmond, Virginia
STRAVER, HARRY VENABLE	Harrisonburg, Virginia
STROTHER, ROBERT MITCHELL	Lynchburg, Virginia
SUTTON, GEORGE MC.	Lynchburg, Virginia
SYKES, GAITHER HUNTER	Ellicott City, Maryland
TAYLOR, CAREY GRAY	Salem, Virginia
TAYLOR, THOMAS FLINT, JR.	Geyserville, California
TERKILL, FRANK FRAZER	Labore, Virginia
THOMAS, CHARLES BENTON	Coveton, Virginia
THOMAS, RICHARD ALLEN	Lynchburg, Virginia
THOMPSON, FREDERICK CLEVELAND	Washington, D. C.
THORNE, EUGENE GRAHAM	Austinville, Virginia
TIPTON, H. H.	Eckle, Tennessee
TICE, CLIFFORD LENDRUM	Roanoke, Virginia
TIMBERLAKE, R. S.	Clear Brook, Virginia
TROWER, ROBERT SMITH, JR.	Eastville, Virginia
TYLER, EDWIN KEMP	New Haven, Connecticut
VANSANT, WILLIAM LAWRENCE	Kinsale, Virginia
WALKER, FRANK STRINGFELLOW	Orange, Virginia
WATKINS, BENJAMIN CORNELIUS	Hallsboro, Virginia
WATTS, ROBERT BURNLEY	Stony Point, Virginia
WHITE, WILLIAM BAXTER	Lexington, Virginia
WILLIAMS, JAMES TOMPKINS	Lynchburg, Virginia
WILLIS, WALTER NEALE	Willis, Virginia
WILSON, ALFRED RANDOLPH	Richmond, Virginia
WILSON, EDWARD FREWEN	Arrington, Virginia
WILSON, ERNEST JOHN FREWEN	Arrington, Virginia
WILSON, FRANK CORNEL	Great Bridge, Virginia
WILSON, JOHN ALEXANDER	Lexington, Virginia
WILSON, WALTER FREWEN	Arrington, Virginia

THE BUGLE, 1903.

WILSON, T. O.	South Boston, Virginia
WINFIELD, CORTLAND SCOTT	Sperryville, Virginia
WINSTON, A. P.	Marysville, Virginia
WITHERS, WALTER PIERCE	Abingdon, Virginia
WINGO, WILLIAM WYTHE	Richmond, Virginia
WOOD, EZRA PARKER	Priddy's, Virginia
WOOD, THEOPHILUS HUGH	Priddy's, Virginia
WOOD, WALTER WALLACE	Baldwin, Virginia
YARRINGTON, ALEXANDER	Richmond, Virginia
ZACHARY, ALFRED FLOURNOV	West Point, Georgia





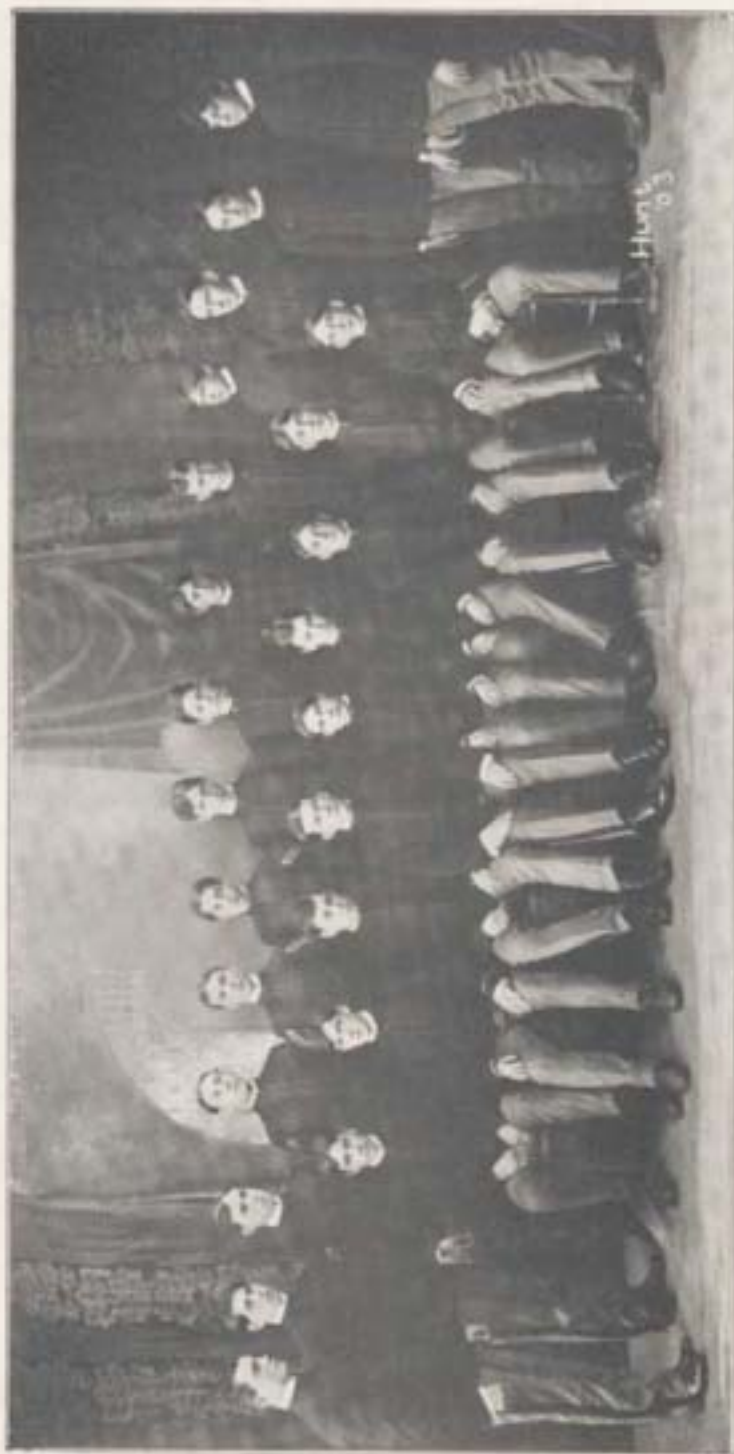
SOPHOMORE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS.



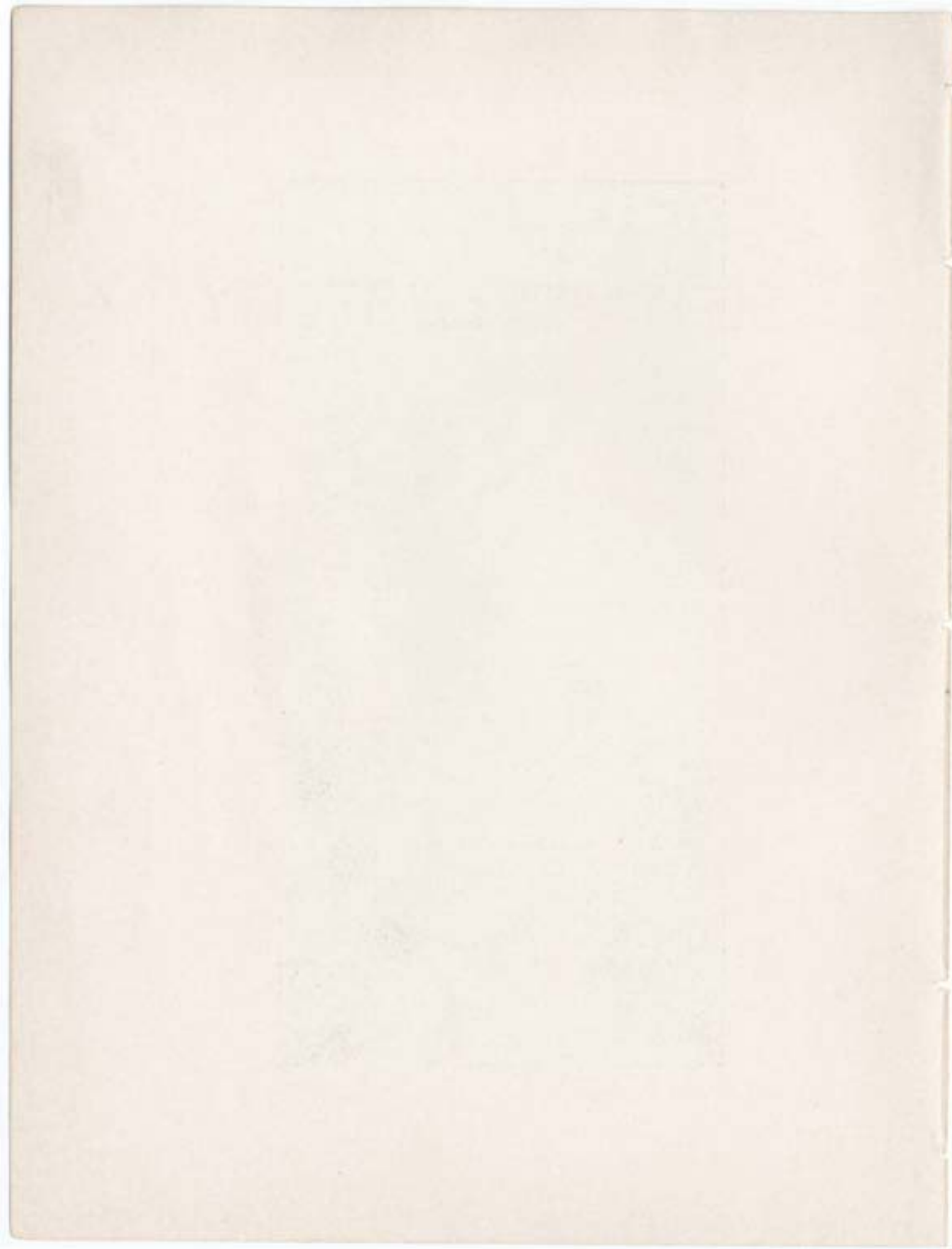
SOPHOMORE MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.



SOPHOMORE CIVIL ENGINEERS.



SOPHOMORE CHEMISTS AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN.



SOPHOMORE HISTORY



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 '05, 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.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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.





HERE'S
to the
CLASS
of
'06

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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*

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Members Class 1906.

ADAMSON, ARTHUR VINCENT	Bon Air, Virginia.
ALLEN, DAVID HUME	Summit Point, West Virginia.
ANDERSON, BERNARD GUTHRIE	Farmville, 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 GREY	Arch Mills, Virginia.
BENTLEY, JAMES RANDAL, JR.	Dublin, Virginia.
BERRY, ROBERT BUCHANAN	Kerra Creek, Virginia.
BERRY, VERNON CHARLESTON	Vivian, West Virginia.
BISS, JOHN PENDLETON	Louisa, Virginia.
BIDGOOD, SUMNER	Churchland, Virginia.
BIGGS, WALTER JOSEPH, JR.	Salem, Virginia.
BISHOP, ARTHUR VAUGHAN	Riner, Virginia.
BLAKE, CURTIS WILSON	Harmony Village, Virginia.
BLOCH, IRA	Pocahontas, Virginia.
BOONE, EDGAR LEE	Troutville, Virginia.
BORDEN, FRANK HOPWOOD	Cambria, Virginia.
BORUN, WILLIAM SELBY	Bowling Green, Virginia.
BOWIE, WILLIAM DUNAWAY	New London, Virginia.
BOWMAN, MERLE EDWARD	Roanoke, Virginia.
BRENT, THOMAS NEWTON, JR.	Fredericksburg, Virginia.
BREWER, WILLIAM MERCHANT	Franklin, Virginia.
BRINE, PHILIP EDWARD PUSEY	Richmond, Virginia.
BROCK, JAMES HERBERT	Blacksburg, Virginia.
BROOME, NAT WILSON	Pointexter, Virginia.
BROWN, JOHN WILCOX, JR.	Brier's Id, Virginia.
BUCHANAN, THOMAS HAROLD	Ellendale, Virginia.
BUCK, JACK MARCUS	Frost Royal, Virginia.
BUMGARDNER, ALEXANDER	Greenville, Virginia.
BURGESS, S. L.	Strasburg, Virginia.
BURROW, FRED PHILIP	Lynchburg, Virginia.
CARPENTER, JAMES CLIVE, JR.	Clifton Forge, Virginia.
CARPER, B. L.	Pearisburg, Virginia.
CAYE, ALEXANDER HUBERT	Madison, Virginia.
CHILDREY, C. E.	Henrico C. H., Virginia.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

CLARK, GEORGE WHARTON	Locust Dale, Virginia.
CLAYTON, GRAHAM, JR.	Bedford City, Virginia.
COCKE, RANDOLPH PRESTON	Bon Air, Virginia.
COHRON, A.	Stuarts Draft, Virginia.
COLONNA, WILLOUGHBY WARREN	Berkley, Virginia.
COOK, GLOVER NELSON	Bon Air, Virginia.
CONNER, EMMETT TRAYLOR	San Pedro, California.
COTMAN, JAMES HOWARD	Mountcastle, Virginia.
COULON, GASTON HENRY	Thibodeaux, Louisiana.
COYA, JOAQUIN DE LA	Havana, Cuba.
CRAFTON, JAMES EVERETT, JR.	Tinkling, Virginia.
CROCKETT, F. E.	Crockett, Montgomery Springs, Virginia.
CROCKETT, J. D.	Buddle, Virginia.
CROCKETT, WILLIAM DAVID	Buddle, Virginia.
DANIEL, S. P.	Charlotte C. H., Virginia.
DARNALL, HARRY HARRISON	Roanoke, Virginia.
DAVIS, RICHARD LEE, JR.	Newport News, Virginia.
DAVIS, THOMAS NEWMAN, JR.	Lynchburg, Virginia.
DICKERSON, ROBERT	Lynchburg, Virginia.
DRINKARD, ALFRED WASHINGTON, JR.	Appomattox, Virginia.
DURRETT, HENRY JEFFERSON	Scottsville, Virginia.
EASLEY, JOHN WATKINS, JR.	South Boston, Virginia.
EASLEY, W. L.	South Boston, Virginia.
EASON, MARION ALONZO	Speights Bridge, North Carolina.
EASTMAN, COWEN CHAPMAN	Keezletown, Virginia.
EHEART, HUNTER MONROE	Eheart, Virginia.
EPES, HENRY BURWELL	Blackstone, Virginia.
ESTES, BROADHUS	Spartanburg, South Carolina.
EURANK, RICHARD BOOTH	Dunnsville, Virginia.
FALWELL, J. W.	Lynchburg, Virginia.
FERGUSON, JAMES BOSWELL, JR.	Balham, Virginia.
FERRELL, HENRY HASKINS	Chase City, Virginia.
FISHER, CHESTER CLELLAND	Lynchburg, Virginia.
FISHER, C. L.	Wytheville, Virginia.
FOSTER, WILLIAM ROBERT	Richmond, Virginia.
FRENCH, RICHARD CLARENCE	Sunnyside, Virginia.
FROST, RALPH JEROME	Paris, Virginia.
GADDY, THOS.	Gaddy, South Carolina.
GAITHER, JAMES NORMAN	Ellicott City, Maryland.
GARCIN, FREDERICK RAYMOND	Trenton, New Jersey.
GARRETT, JOHN HENRY	Ellerson, Virginia.
GEROW, JAQUELIN MEREDITH	Lynchburg, Virginia.
GEROW, WILBUR WARREN	Lynchburg, Virginia.
GIBSON, EDWARD HANNON	Richmond, Virginia.
GILMER, JOHN HARMER	Howardsville, Virginia.
GOODMAN, HENRY GAINES	Waldrop, Virginia.
GOODWIN, HENRY CLAY	Avon, Virginia.
GRANDY, JOHN WALTON	Norfolk, Virginia.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

GRUBERT, REESE THOMPSON	Stanton, Virginia.
GUIGON, ALEXANDER BARCLAY, JR.	Richmond, Virginia.
HAMILL, WALTER JAY	Geyserville, California.
HAMMOND, HENRY	Bullock, North Carolina.
HANCOCK, JOHN WALKES	Lynchburg, Virginia.
HANCOCK, WILLIAM PAYNE	Roanoke, Virginia.
HARLAN, MURRAY VALENTINE	Barton Heights, Virginia.
HARRISON, HUGH THORNTON	Shirley, Virginia.
HENDERSON, E. M.	Kimballton, Virginia.
HESLEP, A. W.	Elliston, Virginia.
HIGGINS, ROBERT LINWOOD	Madison Mills, Virginia.
HIRSCHFELD, GEORGE CAVSCOW	Richmond, Virginia.
HOFFMAN, PAUL	Columbia Furnace, Virginia.
HOLLADAY, CHARLES LATROBE	Amsterdam, Virginia.
HOOPER, WALTER CARROLL	Baltimore, Maryland.
HOPE, LYTELL ANDERSON	Covington, Virginia.
HOPE, ROBERT DEVERE, JR.	Hampton, Virginia.
HOPKINS, W. B.	Patti, Virginia.
HOWE, THOMAS MCGAVOCK	Dublin, Virginia.
HUFFMAN, MICHAEL SILAS	Appold, Virginia.
HULL, ELBERT MANN	Marion, Virginia.
HUNT, J. P.	Chatham, Virginia.
HUNTER, CLAUDIUS CHRISTOPHER	Ruther Glen, Virginia.
HUNTER, MORRIS	Ruther Glen, Virginia.
HUTCHESON, CHARLES WILLIAM	Gala, Virginia.
HUTCHESON, THOMAS BARNSDALE	Charlotte C. H., Virginia.
IRVINE, WILLIAM HOUSTON	Brownsburg, Virginia.
JACKSON, CLYDE VERNON	Fentress, Virginia.
JACKSON, GEORGE PERCY, JR.	Fentress, Virginia.
JACKSON, HENRY EDMOND	Olga, Virginia.
JACKSON, LANDON	Lynchburg, Virginia.
JEWEL, WARWICK RINER	Christiansburg, Virginia.
JOHNSON, BENJAMIN	Richmond, Virginia.
JONES, WILLIAM HENRY CUNNINGHAM	Fredericksburg, Virginia.
JORDAN, G. C.	Bedford City, Virginia.
JORDAN, GEORGE HUNTER	Smithfield, Virginia.
KEAN, OTHO TECUMSER	Balham, Virginia.
KING, ARTHUR TRUGLAN, JR.	Washington, D. C.
KYLE, BERNARD HEWETT	Buffalo Station, Virginia.
KNICK, H.	Collierstown, Virginia.
LANGDON, CHARLES RICHARD	Myerstown, West Virginia.
LATHAM, JOHN WILBUR HART	Woolsey, Virginia.
LATIMER, PHILIP HAXALL	Richmond, Virginia.
LEATHERBURY, FRED WADDEY	Eastville, Virginia.
LEE, SAMUEL HUNT	Bedford Springs, Virginia.
LEWIS, THOMAS WALKER	Cismont, Virginia.
LIGGETT, SAMUEL COFFMAN	Harrisonburg, Virginia.
LIGON, GROVER CARLTON	Broadus, Virginia.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

LITZ, JOSEPH FRANK	Welch, West Virginia
LOCHER, EREN HUNTER	Glasgow, Virginia
LONG, THOMAS WILLIAMS MASON	Garysburg, North Carolina
LUCAS, FRANK MCKAY	Childress, Virginia
MANN, G. E.	Bluefield, West Virginia
MARCELLUS, ROSS NATHAN	Charlottesville, Virginia
MAYNARD, EDWIN BROOKS	Portsmouth, Virginia
MEERS, WILLIAM EDWARD	Massies Mill, Virginia
MELVIN, WILLIAM BISHOP	Newport News, Virginia
MILLER, THOMAS ARRINGTON	Washington, D. C.
MITCHELL, WILLIAM, JR.	Graham, Virginia
MONTAGUE, WILLIAM TRIPLETT	Richmond, Virginia
MOORE, WILLIAM FRANK	Raphine, Virginia
MOOREFIELD, CHARLES HENRY	Crystal Hill, Virginia
MORRIS, EDWARD ARMSTRONG	Lasley, Virginia
MORRIS, GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR.	Pointeexter, Virginia
MORRISON, JOHN JOSEPH	Lynchburg, Virginia
MCCHENNEY, MORTIMER JOHNSON	Charleston, West Virginia
MCCLELLAND, J. W.	Natural Bridge, Virginia
MCCLENS, LOUIS EDWARD	Clover Creek, Virginia
MCCUE, HOLCOLM ALEXANDER	Princeton, West Virginia
MCCULLOUGH, EDWARD MADISON	Bluefield, West Virginia
MACDONALD, H.	Richmond, Virginia
MCGEORGE, THOMAS CLAYBORN	Walkerton, Virginia
MCGUIRE, F. G.	Cedar Bluff, Virginia
MCINTURFF, HARRY CLARK	Strasburg, Virginia
MCLEOD, LECUS LAMAR	Richmond, Virginia
McMULLAN, HAYWOOD CLEVELAND	Standardsville, Virginia
NEALE, MILTON MERCER	Bowler's Wharf, Virginia
NELSON, FRANK PAGE	Perrowville, Virginia
NOWLIN, RICHARD PEYTON	Lynchburg, Virginia
O'FERRALL, WILLIAM CARTER	Richmond, Virginia
OGLENSY, WILLIAM BOWEN	Draper, Virginia
O'KEEFE, JAMES GARWOOD	Richmond, Virginia
OLD, HALLIE CARLYLE	Jacksondale, Virginia
OSBURN, ARNER HOWARD	Rippon, West Virginia
OWEN, WILLIAM LUDWELL	Turbeville, Virginia
PAGE, FRED BYRD	Clement, Virginia
PAGE, N. M.	Red Hill, Virginia
PAXTON, WILLIAM MORRIS	Glasgow, Virginia
PENDLETON, CHARLES EDWARD	Elliston, Virginia
PERRY, HUNTER CARLYLE	Roanoke, Virginia
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM PENNELL	Charlestown, West Virginia
POLLARD, ERNEST CLIFFORD	Richmond, Virginia
POWELL, DANIEL LANGHORNE	Lynchburg, Virginia
POYNTE, LEONIDAS	Roanoke, Virginia
PRATT, RICHARD TURNER	Port Royal, Virginia
PRICE, JESSE JACKSON	Blacksburg, Virginia

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PRINCE, WILLIAM BELTON	Newsoms, Virginia
PULLER, EDWARD THOMAS	Richmond, Virginia
ROBY, EDWARD HENRY	Norfolk, Virginia
ROGERS, JOHN GOUGH	Ellicott City, Maryland
ROGERS, REUBEN DORSEY	Ellicott City, Maryland
ROSE, EDWARD ERNEST	Hinton, West Virginia
ROSE, JOHN EDGAR, JR.	Richmond, Virginia
RUCKER, OTIS GRAY	Lynchburg, Virginia
RUTGER, WILLIAM, JR.	Richmond, Virginia
RUFFIN, GEORGE CHAMPION	Garysville, Virginia
SANDORN, JAMES	Buena Vista, Virginia
SAUNDERS, JOHN HENRY	Roanoke, Virginia
SAUNDERS, THOMAS WALKER	Rocky Mount, Virginia
SEMPLE, WILLIAM MACON	Louisville, Kentucky
SHAW, WILFRED SINCLAIR	Govanstown, Maryland
SIFORD, CHESTER LEWIS	Briggs Mill, Virginia
SIMPSON, WALTER WILLIAM CHARLES	Midway Mills, Virginia
SMELZER, JOHN	Staunton, Virginia
SMITH, CHARLES MARVIN	Alexandria, Virginia
SMITH, G. O.	Blacksburg, Virginia
SMITH, RODNEY CARLISLE	Norfolk, Virginia
SNEAD, CHARLES DARNET	Lynchburg, Virginia
SNIDOW, CLARENCE RAYMOND	Blacksburg, Virginia
STAPLES, ROBERT TYLER	Harrisonburg, Virginia
STARBITT, ANDREW MORRIS	Barton Heights, Virginia
STATHAM, BEAUMONT HOBSON	Lynchburg, Virginia
STEIGLEDER, FRANK NICHOLAS	Highland Springs, Virginia
STORY, J. M., JR.	Franklin, Virginia
STRAUSE, PHILIP EISFELD	Richmond, Virginia
SUGDEN, ROBERT GREENWOOD	Hampton, Virginia
SWITZER, EDWARD TIPPIN	Harrisonburg, Virginia
TEAFORD, JACOB GROVER	Denmark, Virginia
TENNYSON, WILLIAM EDWIN	Roanoke, Virginia
TINSLEY, ROBERT BRUCE	East Radford, Virginia
TUTON, WILLIAM FRANKLIN	Hillsville, Virginia
TRIPLETT, CLIFFORD EARLE	Rio, Virginia
TURNER, REID ARNOLD	Lynchburg, Virginia
VANDEGRIFT, WAYNE ABNA	Newport News, Virginia
WALLACE, JAMES ALEXANDER	Mint Spring, Virginia
WALLACE, WILLIAM ALLEN	Mint Spring, Virginia
WALLERSTEIN, CLARENCE SIDNEY	Richmond, Virginia
WAPLES, SAMUEL DRUMMOND	Onancock, Virginia
WATTS, HUBERT ASHLEY	Big Island, Virginia
WHITE, EARLY WRIGHT	Creed, Virginia
WHITE, HENRY MARTIN	Lexington, Virginia
WHITE, ROBERT HARVEY	Cave Spring, Virginia
WHITEHURST, HERRERT	Richmond, Virginia
WHITESIDE, EMERSON OWEN	Keysville, Virginia

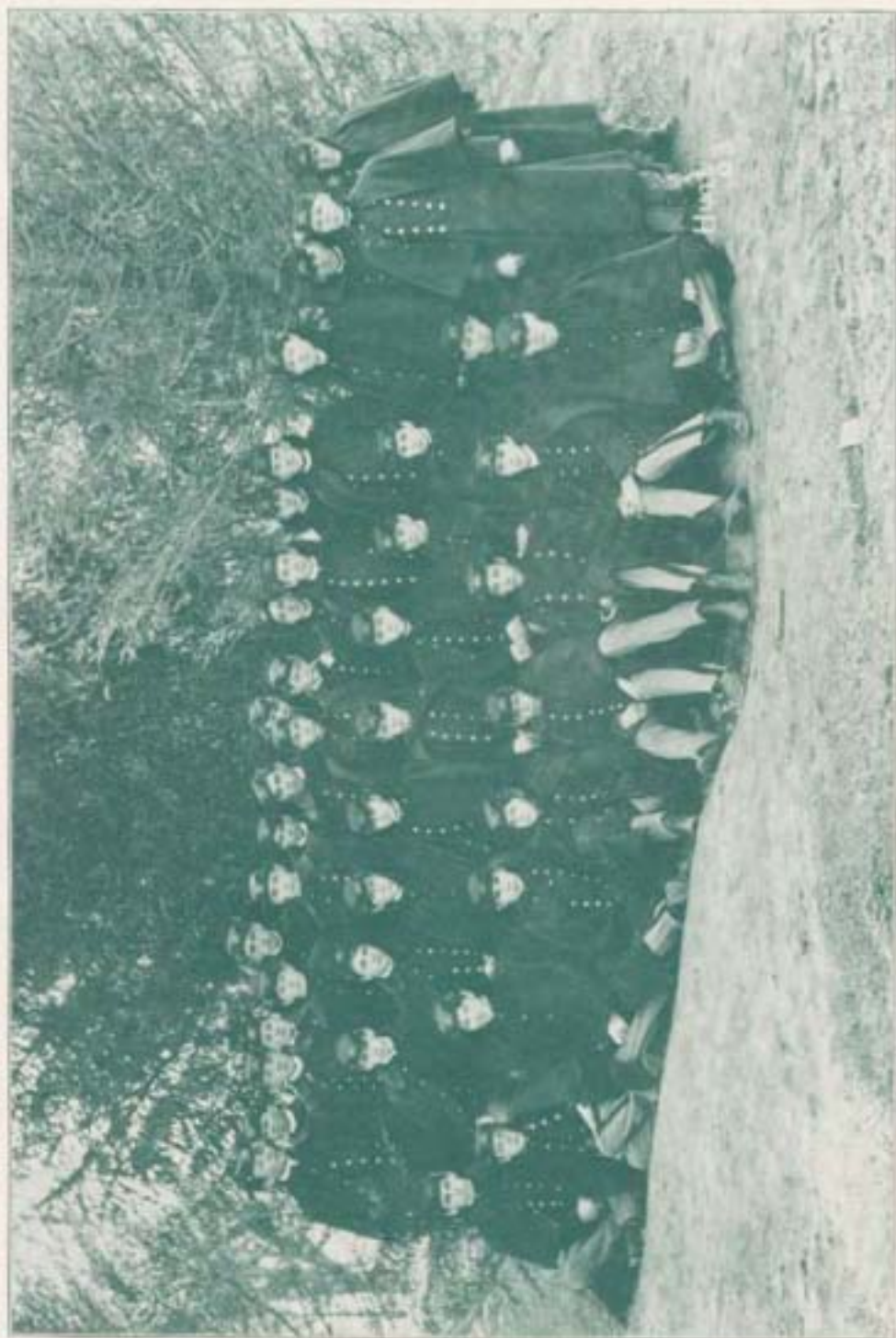
THE BUGLE, 1903.

WHITESIDE, HENRY	Keysville, Virginia
WILLIAMS, ALPHEUS DANIEL	Winston, Virginia
WILLIAMS, LESLIE SHAW	Drakes Branch, Virginia
WILLIS, L. B.	Orange, Virginia
WILLS, JAMES STAPLETON	Trevilians, Virginia
WILSON, WILLIAM CALVIN	Richmond, Virginia
WIMBISH, CLAIRBORNE	Phyllis, Virginia
WINFRIE, RIVES WESTWOOD, JR.	Drewry's Bluff, Virginia
WOOD, HORACE RIGHTER	Port Walthall, Virginia
WOOD, WALTER TURNER	Gordonsville, Virginia
WORTHINGTON, GEORGE YELLOTT, JR.	Washington, D. C.
WYSOR, RUFUS JOHNSTON	Dublin, Virginia
YANCEY, WILLIAM JAMES	Buffalo Junction, Virginia
YEATON, ALTON FORREST	Richmond, Virginia

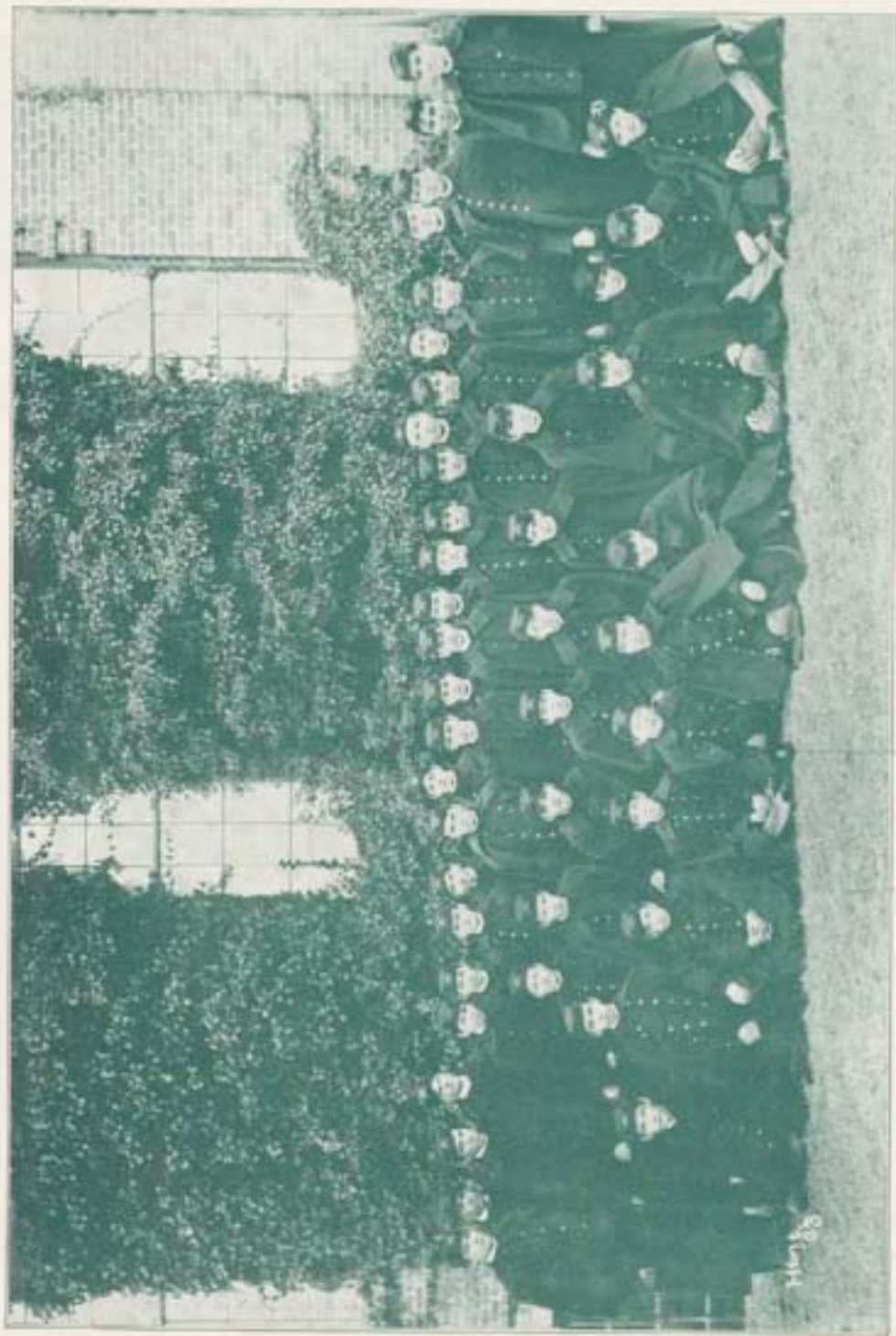




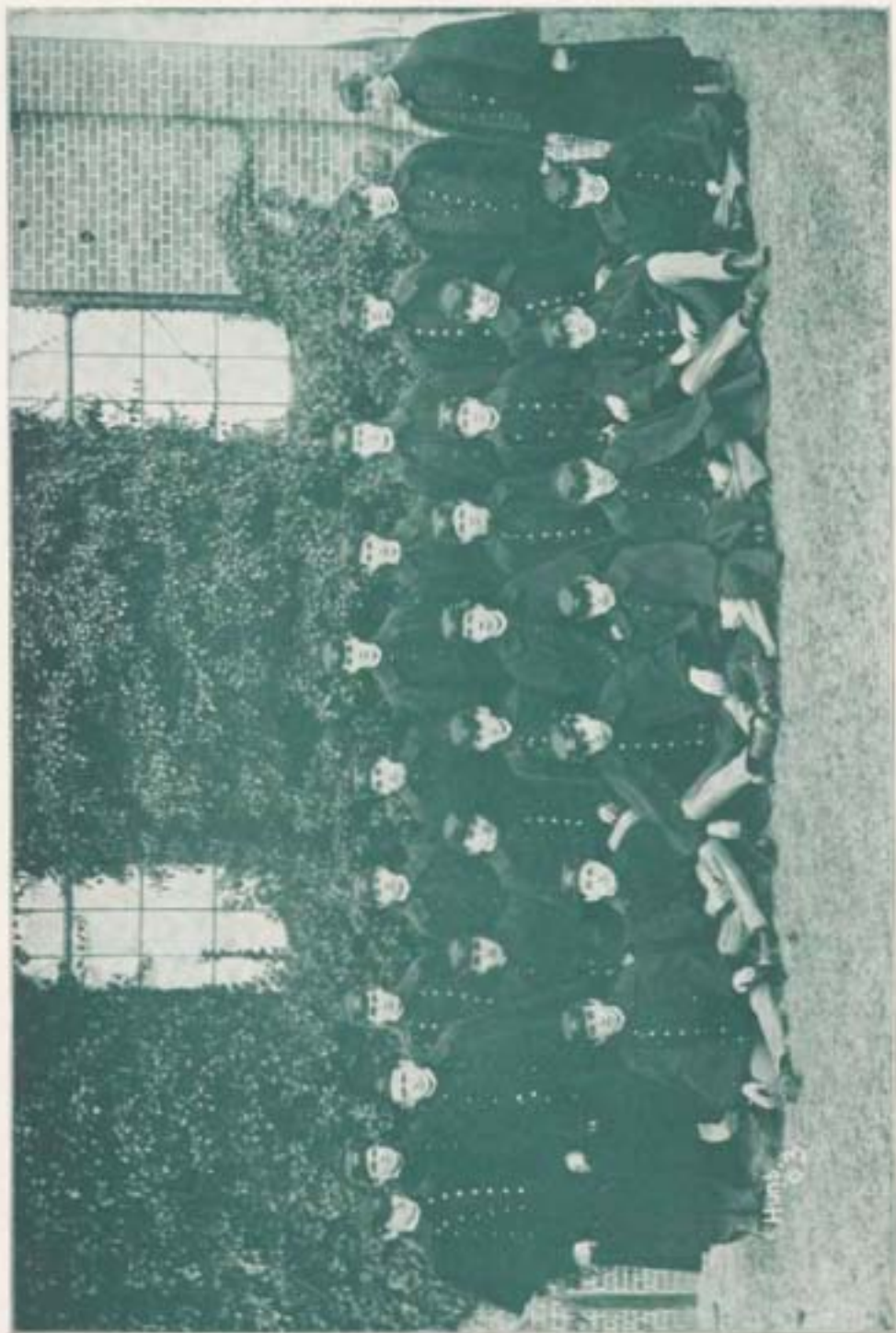
FRESHMAN GROUP, No. 1.



FRESHMAN GROUP, No. 2.

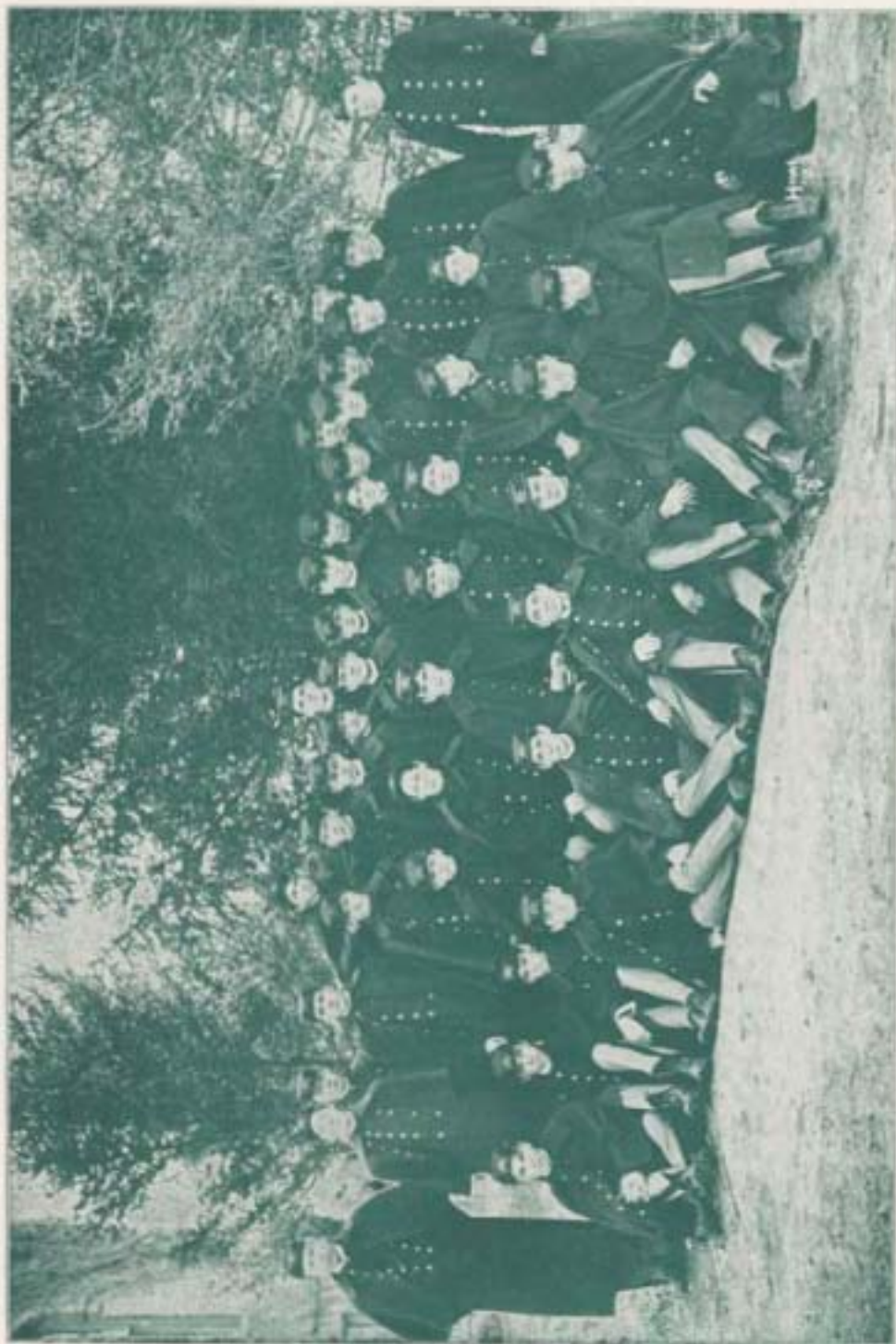


FRESHMAN GROUP, No. 3.



FRESHMAN GROUP No. 4.

Hunk
63



FRESHMAN GROUP, No. 5.

FRESHMAN HISTORY



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.

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On the twenty-sixth of October many of us went with the team to Rounoke 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.

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A Pity 'T is.

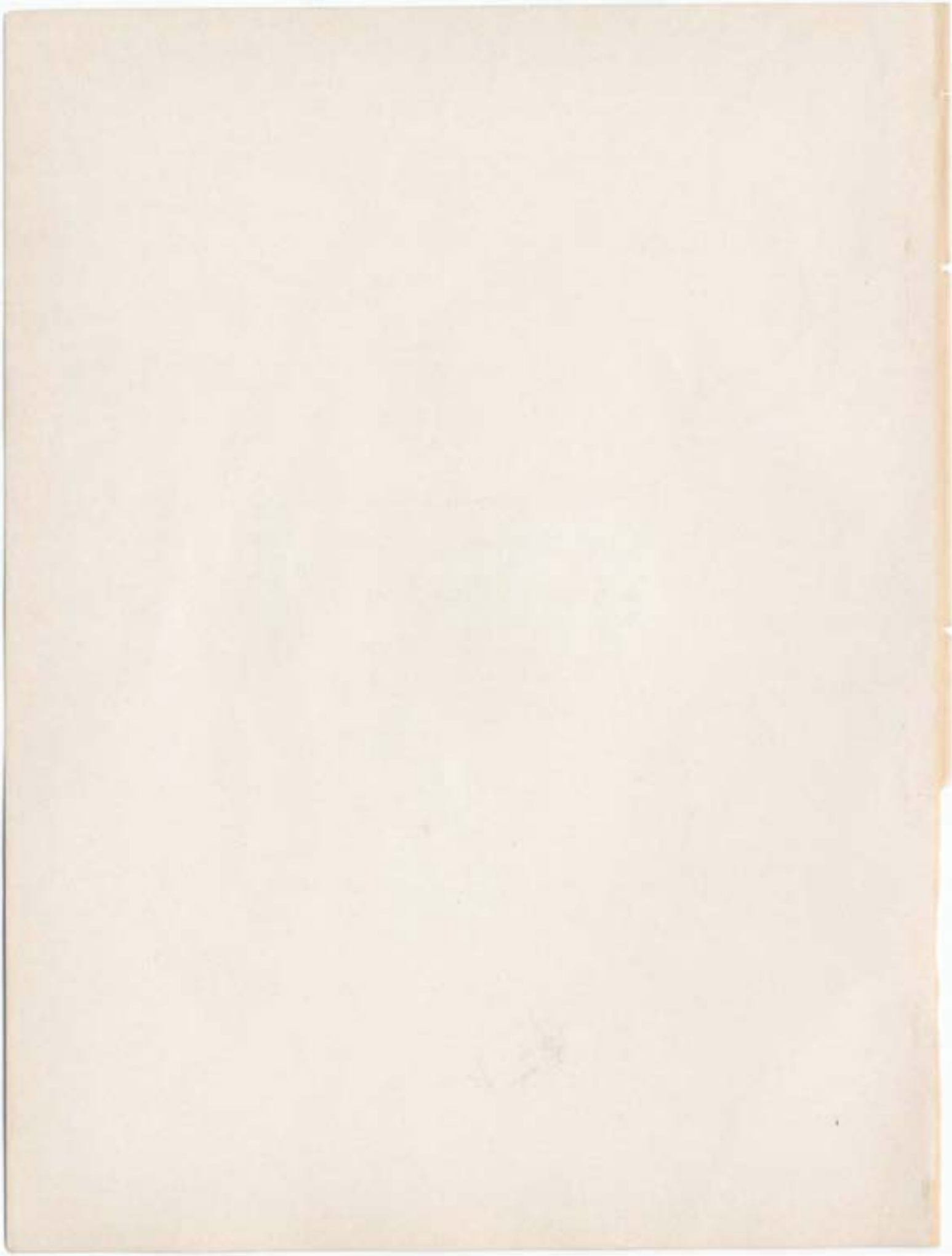
She struck me by the merest chance,
As by she floated in the dance—
She paused and gave me such a glance!
(For weeks we had not spoken.)
She apologized in much distress—
Her voice was soft — you 'd never guess
That she could care so, so much less
For the heart she had lately broken!

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 convivia 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.

Anyone 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.

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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 revered 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," said Walton.

"We will not wait for him," said Hall. "Now, fellows, for your 'affaires du coeur.' 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."

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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 ecstasy. 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.

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"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 valuable 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.

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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 long waiting. 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:

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"*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."

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He left her standing, a statue of white, except where the blush had rushed to vie 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 crack. 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.

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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 earthly 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; Buchannan'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

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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 paean, 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.

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"Waall," said Enos, removing his pipe for the purpose of expectoration, "you all kin jest keep moseyin' erlong, till the fust thing you know, you won't know nothin'. It 's a plum sight how a lot o' big, strappen 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 eend, just like I does. They knows the war 's haout 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]. *Cose* they wants the gole 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'leev 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 bisness—I tel you, Mars James 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 hed 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 kin prove* that they 's fixin' ter sell ye, *will yer move then?* Talk straight, now."

There was a murmuring 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.

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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 abaout?"

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

"Well, Mister Linkis, if the Major ~~was~~ abaout, 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 slunk 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.

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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. "'T ain'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 't was."

"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.

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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,

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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," chucking. 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, that the man thet peaches on the rest—the man thet lets aout one word o' the words en deeds o' this meetin'—he 's to die on sight, fust 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. *Swear*, 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—kin ye give us enny idee how we kin git a holt of Dr. Otey?"

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

"Waal, Mars Prince, Mars Jimmy cuts wood powerful often, right along side o' me. What 's to hinder me jist natchilly knockin' 'im in de hade 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 *orter* be blow'd, fer mixin' with enny sich fools. Boys!" turning to the circle of black figures, anxiously waiting on his words, "I done thought the hull thing aout. You all must git the cooks ter 'season' the drinks fer supper ter-morrer 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

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work—thet orter bring us plenty ter git us clean out o' beer. Waall—so long—ter-morrer 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 natchilly drov' me wild to think o' Kate and Kitty sole ter slavers—an' I was sich 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 dix 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

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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.

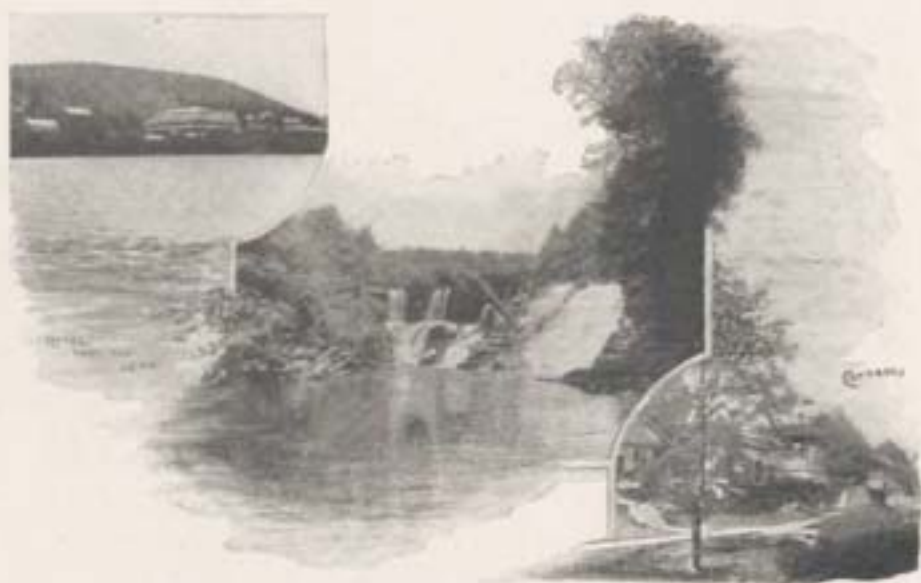
The masters with one accord dealt leniently with their slaves. They had been influenced in their most vulnerable spot—the love of wife and children—so with words of kindly admonition they were sent back to their work, and soon forgot they had ever dreamed of discontent or rebellion.

* * * * *

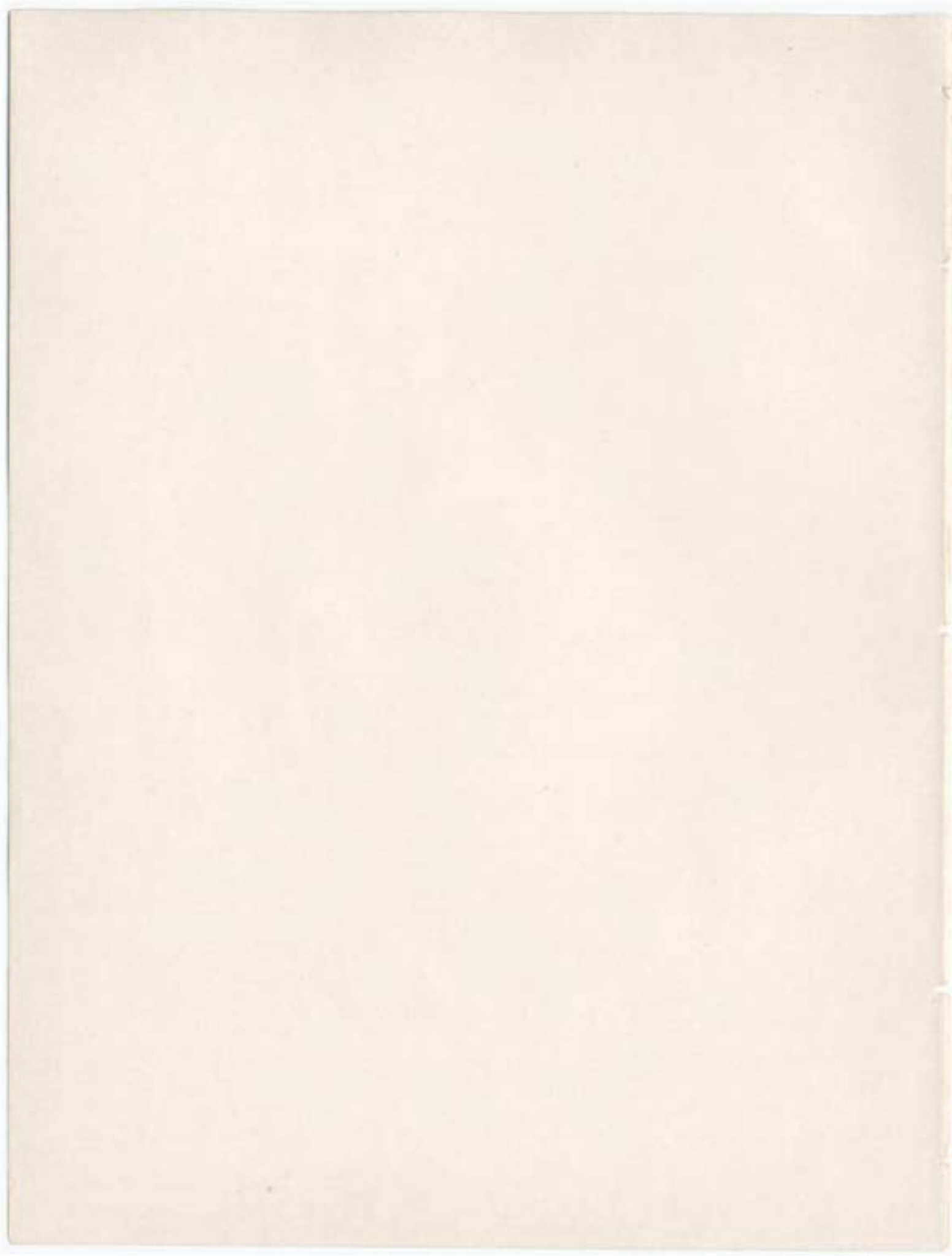
And Carol Preston? If that fair and gentle spirit ever recalled the fact that her loving ministrations to the suffering, dying slave had served to avert a great calamity, there was no room for pride or vainglory in that pure soul. With a prayer of thankfulness in her heart, she would softly say, "Inasmuch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

CARY B. PRESTON.





FIRST FALLS, LITTLE STONY CREEK.



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.
- "Wooded and married" by Lover.

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- "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.

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- "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.



THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 BUGLE, 1903.

The Seniors.--Two-step.

Dedicated to the Class of 1903, V. P. I.

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

SYNOPSIS—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, "Commence 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 canon, which is represented by the Grand Pause and yet to be heard.

After all— who knows who!

Vivace. *See Synopsis.*

FINE

THE BUGLE, 1903.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music begins with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff shows a melodic line with some slurs and accents. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with consistent rhythmic patterns.

The third system features a more complex melodic line in the upper staff, including sixteenth-note runs and slurs. A dynamic marking of *f* is present. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system shows a melodic line in the upper staff with slurs and accents. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The fifth system concludes the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. A dynamic marking of *p* is present. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the first few notes of the upper staff. The instruction *D. S. al Fine.* is written above the final few notes of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and features a melodic line with a *p* dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The word *Trio.* is written above the first few notes of the upper staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and features a series of chords, some grouped with parentheses, and a final flourish. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*. The word *SOLO* is written above the final measure of the lower staff, and *scelus ad lib.* is written below it.

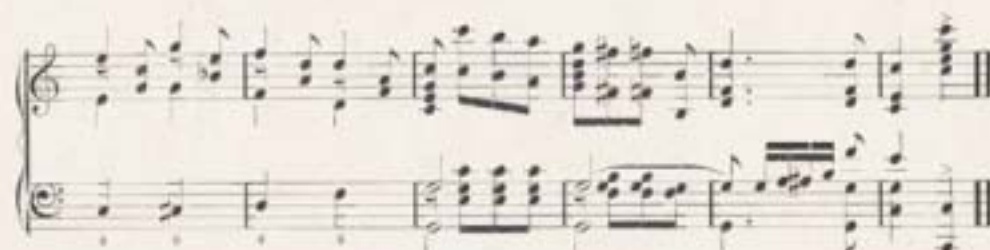
The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a melodic line with slurs.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and features a series of chords, some with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a melodic line with slurs.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *fff* and *SOLO*.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



THE BUGLE, 1903.



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. E. 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	



Thursday, May 7, 1903.

J. E. CLELAND, Chairman of Committee.



THE BUGLE, 1903.

Football Department.

Officers.

C. H. CARPENTER, '02	<i>Captain</i>
G. A. CHALKLEV, '03	<i>Manager</i>
F. M. VOST, '04	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
R. R. BROWN, Dartmouth	<i>Coach</i>

Team of 1902.

COUNSELLMAN	Full-back	McCULLOCK	Right Guard
CARPENTIER	Right Half-back	GRABER	Left Guard
BYRD	Left Half-back	MILES	Right Tackle
WARE	Quarter-back	WILLSON	Left Tackle
BEAR	Quarter-back	CAMPBELL	Right End
STYLES	Center	ROHNS	Left End
	MILLER		Left End

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



FOOTBALL TEAM.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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

JEWELL, End

LEWIS, End

COX, Guard

STRELE, Center

DECAMPS, Quarter-back

ABBOTT, Guard

WARR, 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

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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,

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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	0	V. A. M. C.	16
October 29 . . .	Blacksburg	Roanoke College	0	V. A. M. C.	36
November 10 . .	Blacksburg	St. Albans	0	V. A. M. C.	47
November 17 . .	Radford	St. Albans	0	V. A. M. C.	12
November 30 . .	Staunton	V. M. I.	10	V. A. M. C.	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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Faculty 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! Rab! Reel
Va! Va! Vee!
Virginia, Virginia!
A. M. C.!

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

"Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi!" etc.

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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 presented 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-

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 *BULL*. 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 '01-02.

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

SEASON OF '02-03.

TEAM OF '02.

E. H. Rowe, left half; C. G. Porcher, left end; W. H. Minor, left tackle; J. L. Preston, left guard; J. W. Stall, 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.

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SEASON OF '03-04.

TEAM OF '03.

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. Dashiell, 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 6 V. A. M. C. . . . 0
 November 11 . . Bedford Randolph-Macon Academy . . 34 V. A. M. C. . . . 6

SEASON OF '04-05.

TEAM OF '04.

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. Dashiell, 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. I. Palmer, L. 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 29 . . . 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 '05-06.

TEAM OF '05.

A. T. Eskridge, W. K. Davis, H. A. Johnson, R. N. Watts, ends; H. A. Johnson, M. T. Hart, W. L. James, tackles; S. J. Thomas, center; W. L. James, N. R. Patrick (Capt.), W. L. Mayer, guards; J. L. Ingles, A. P. Eskridge, half-backs; T. D. Martin, quarter-back; T. E. Dashiell, full-back; P. J. Norfleet, Woolwine, Wills, Herbert, Whitehurst, W. F. Cox, Cunningham, substitutes; A. C. Jones, J. A. Massie, Saunders Taylor, trainers; Leslie D. Kline, manager.

GAMES.

October 5 Charlottesville University of Virginia . . 36 V. A. M. C. . . . 0
 October 12 Blacksburg St. Albans 0 V. A. M. C. . . . 12
 October 26 Lexington Washington and Lee . . . 0 V. A. M. C. . . . 30
 November 9 Roanoke Roanoke Y. M. C. A. . . . 2 V. A. M. C. . . . 16
 November 16 . . Charlotte, N. C. . . University of N. C. . . . 32 V. A. M. C. . . . 5
 November 28 . . Lynchburg V. M. I. 4 V. A. M. C. . . . 6

THE BUGLE, 1903.

SEASON OF '06-'07.

TEAM OF '06.

B. L. Traynham, G. H. King, W. B. Treadwell, H. A. Johnson, ends; W. E. Starke, C. M. Wood, D. T. Poindexter, R. Herbert, tackles; R. A. Herbert, J. G. Pelter, W. L. Mayer, N. R. Patrick, guards; R. A. Herbert, S. J. Thomas, center; J. L. Ingles (Capt.), A. P. Eskridge, K. Harrison, half-backs; T. D. Martin, quarter-back, E. H. Herbert, full-back; W. F. Cox, Townes, Cochran, Langhorne, substitutes; C. E. Hardy, manager; Dr. Arlie Jones, coach.

GAMES.

October 10	Blacksburg	Alleghany Institute	0	V. P. I. . . .	20
October 20	Blacksburg	Roanoke College	0	V. P. I. . . .	12
October 24	Danville	University of North Carolina	0	V. P. I. . . .	0
October 31	Charlottesville	University of Virginia	42	V. P. I. . . .	0
November 2	Lynchburg	Hampden-Sidney	0	V. P. I. . . .	46
November 14	Knoxville	University of Tennessee	6	V. P. I. . . .	4
November 16	Knoxville	Maryville	0	V. P. I. . . .	52
November 26	Roanoke	V. M. I.	0	V. P. I. . . .	24

SEASON OF '07-'08.

TEAM OF '07.

H. A. Johnson (Capt.), H. B. Lewis, ends; R. A. Herbert, C. M. Wood, tackles; W. F. Cox, J. G. Pelter, guards; J. W. Stull, center; T. R. Barnette, C. W. Cochran, half-backs; W. F. Bell, quarter-back; O. F. Whitehurst, full-back; C. E. Hardy, manager; Chas. Firth (University of Chicago), coach; Rorebeck, Rucker, Painter, Saunders, Scott, E. C. Taylor, substitutes.

GAMES.

October 19	Blacksburg	King College	0	V. P. I. . . .	54
October 30	Danville	University of North Carolina	0	V. P. I. . . .	4
November 3	Blacksburg	Roanoke College	0	V. P. I. . . .	41
November 6	Norfolk	University of Maryland	18	V. P. I. . . .	4
November 13	Richmond	Richmond College	0	V. P. I. . . .	36
November 15	Hampden-Sidney	Hampden-Sidney	0	V. P. I. . . .	16
November 25	Roanoke	University of Tennessee	18	V. P. I. . . .	0

SEASON OF '08-'09.

TEAM OF '08.

L. L. Jewell, Hubbard, ends; C. M. Wood, S. J. Thomas, W. F. Cox, tackles; W. F. Cox, S. J. Thomas, R. Carper, guards; J. W. Stull, center; J. L. Ingles, C. E. Rorebeck, E. Hardaway, J. Huffard, half-backs; W. F. Bell, quarter-back; Painter, full-back; G. W. Hutchinson, manager; J. L. Ingles, coach; McGavock, McCracken, substitutes.

GAMES.

November 3	Winston	University of North Carolina	28	V. P. I. . . .	6
November 5	Guilford	Guilford College	0	V. P. I. . . .	17
November 7	Lynchburg	University of Maryland	25	V. P. I. . . .	0
November 11	Blacksburg	King College	0	V. P. I. . . .	58
November 12	Blacksburg	Bellevue	0	V. P. I. . . .	29

THE BUGLE, 1903.

SEASON OF '99-00.

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, Wooten, Braley, McCulloch, substitutes.

GAMES.

St. Albans	0	V. P. I.	24
University of Tennessee	0	V. P. I.	5
University of Virginia	25	V. P. I.	0
Roanoke College	0	V. P. I.	45
Washington and Lee	0	V. P. I.	35

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, Deverly, Sayers, Stiles, Osterbind, Gill, substitutes.

GAMES.

October 6	Blacksburg	St. Albans	0	V. P. I.	21
October 20	Radford	St. Albans	6	V. P. I.	16
October 25	Raleigh	N. C. A. & M.	0	V. P. I.	18
October 27	Chapel Hill	University of North Carolina	0	V. P. I.	0
November 14	Charlottessville	University of Virginia	17	V. P. I.	5
November 24	Charlotte	Clemson	12	V. P. I.	5
November 25	Roanoke	V. M. I.	5	V. P. I.	0

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, Wilcox, substitutes.

GAMES.

September 28	Salem	Roanoke College	0	V. P. I.	16
October 12	Blacksburg	Washington and Lee	0	V. P. I.	11
October 19	Georgetown, D. C.	Georgetown	6	V. P. I.	32
October 26	Blacksburg	University of Virginia	16	V. P. I.	0
October 31	Columbia, S. C.	Clemson	11	V. P. I.	17
November 16	Richmond	University of Maryland	0	V. P. I.	18
November 25	Norfolk	V. M. I.	0	V. P. I.	21

THE BUGLE, 1903.

SEASON OF '02-'03.

TEAM OF '02.

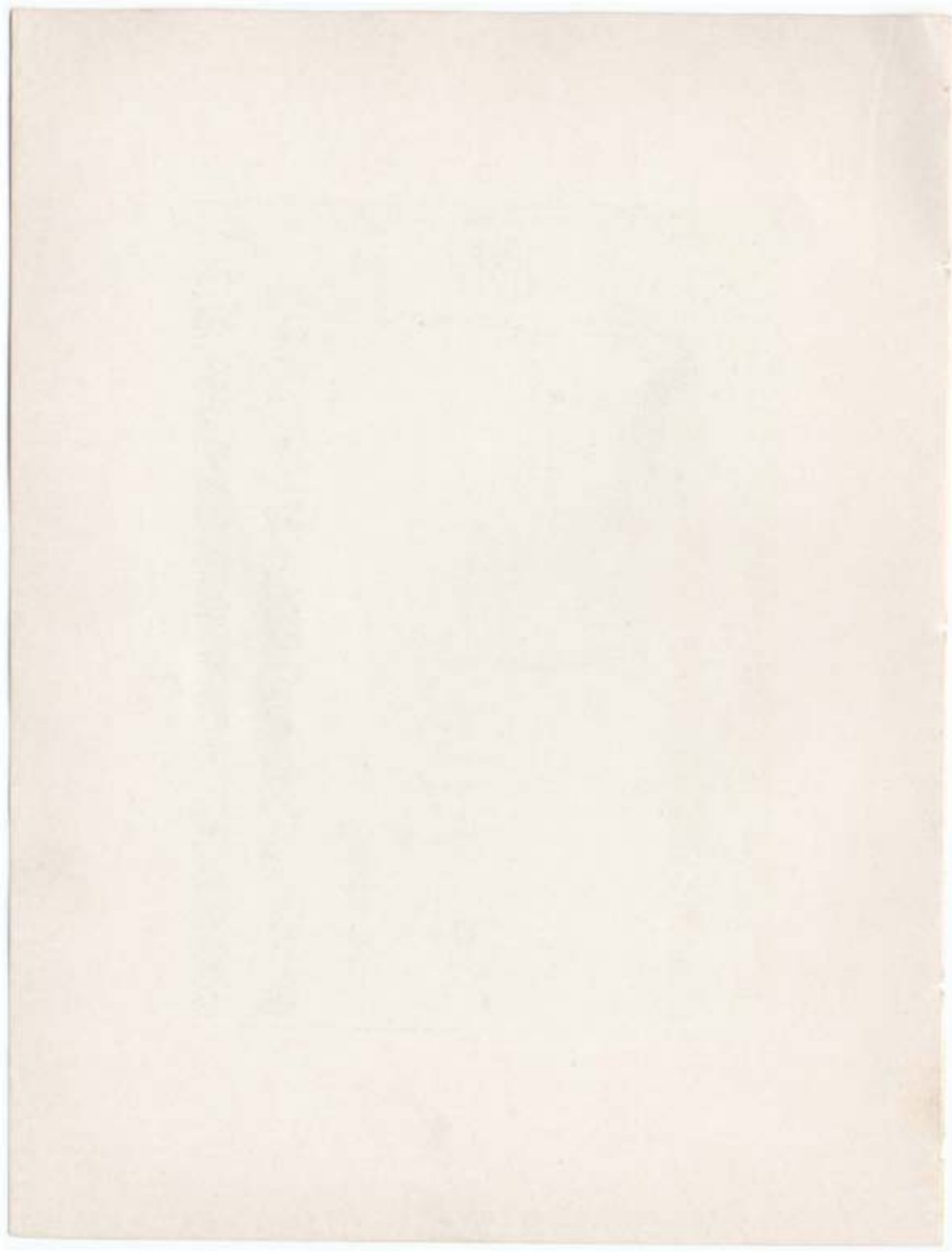
Miller, Ware, Robins, Campbell, ends; Miles, Willson, Blair, tackles; Graber, McCullough, guards; Stiles, center; Carpenter (Capt.), Byrd, half-backs; Bear, Ware, quarter-backs; Counselman, full-back; Chalkley, manager; Mr. R. R. Brown (Dartmouth), trainer.

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.	50









1875

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Baseball Department.

Officers 1903.

C. P. MILES	<i>Captain</i>
C. L. PROCTOR	<i>Manager</i>
L. P. BELL and V. P. PAULETT	<i>Assistant Managers</i>

Team of 1903.

MILES	<i>First Base</i>
SINCLAIR	<i>Second Base</i>
SHAPER	<i>Third Base</i>
JOHNSON	<i>Pitcher</i>
CARPENTER	<i>Short-stop</i>
POINDEXTER	<i>Left Field</i>
ROSE	<i>Center Field</i>
TINSLEY	<i>Pitcher and Right Field</i>
WALSH	<i>Catcher</i>

Substitutes.

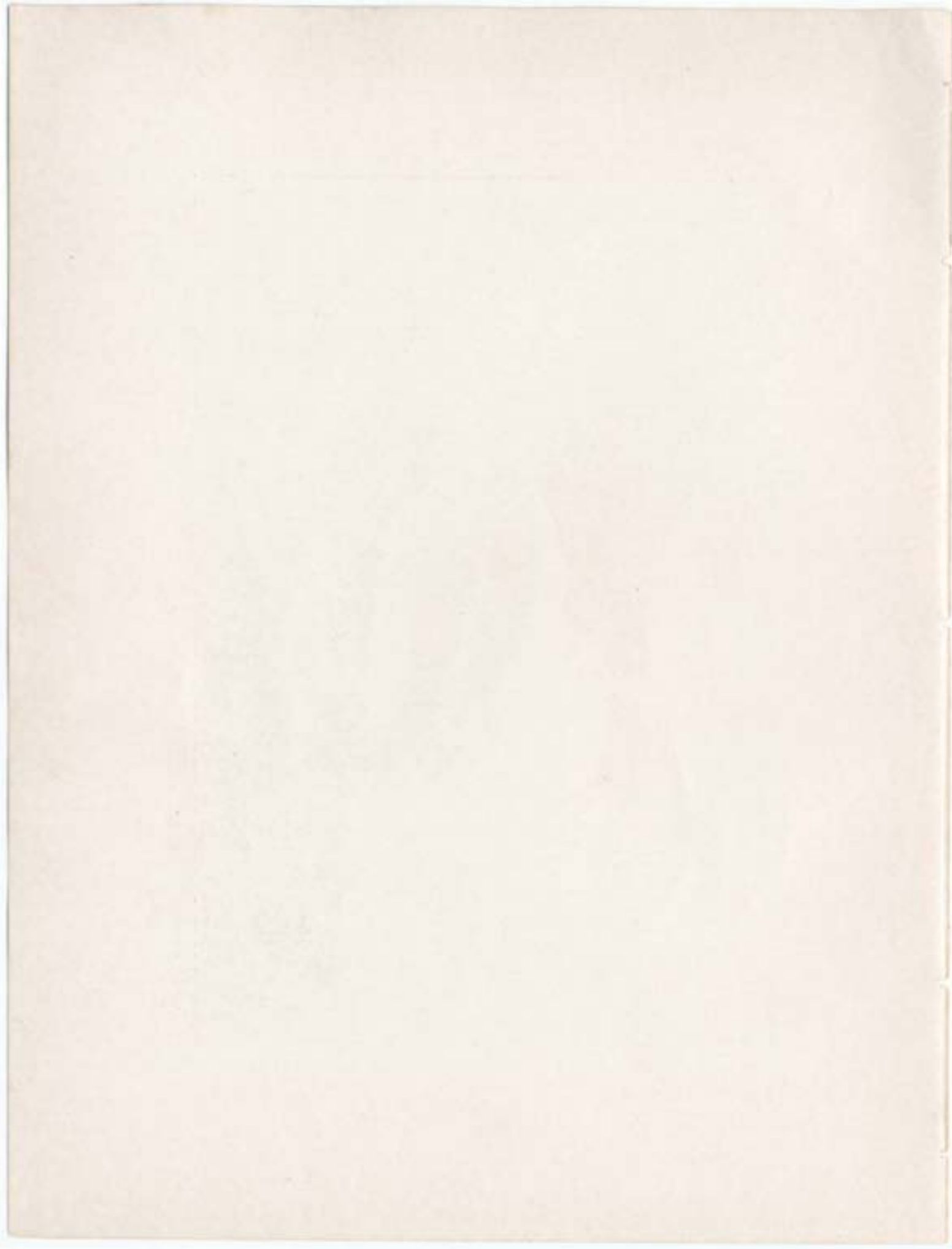
PALMER	NEELY	FREEMAN	PHILLIPS	BUTLER
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Record, 1903.

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



BASEBALL TEAM.





THE BUGLE, 1903.

Battalion Officers.

General Staff.

COLONEL J. S. A. JOHNSON	<i>Commandant</i>
MAJOR W. M. BRODIE	<i>First Assistant Commandant</i>
MAJOR T. GILBERT WOOD	<i>Second Assistant Commandant</i>
MAJOR J. I. PALMORE	<i>Third Assistant Commandant</i>
MAJOR J. P. HARVEY	<i>Musical Director</i>
MAJOR C. LEE	<i>Quartermaster</i>
MAJOR J. H. SHULTZ	<i>Commissary</i>

Cadet Staff.

CAPTAIN OSTERBIND	<i>Adjutant</i>
FIRST LIEUTENANT GILMER, G. W.	<i>Quartermaster</i>
FIRST LIEUTENANT BALL	<i>Ordnance</i>
SECOND LIEUTENANT J. J. COBBS	<i>Ordnance</i>
CADET THIBODEAUX	<i>Sergeant Major</i>

Artillery.

CAPTAIN CHALKLY	FIRST LIEUTENANT O'SHAUGHNESSY	
SECOND LIEUTENANT STABLER	FIRST SERGEANT TIFFANY	
Sergeants.		
CORELL	HUGHES	YOST
WHITE, J. T.	GARY, H. H.	DEAN
Corporals.		
SALLEY, G. E.	HENNING	CASTRO
GOODLOE, A. M.		BYERS

Infantry.

CAPTAIN WHISNANT		FIRST LIEUTENANT SALE	
FIRST SERGEANT LINDSAY			
Sergeants.			
HASLIP	HEARD	GUY	BELL, L. P.
Corporals.			
BARCLAY	FOSQUE	CUNNINGHAM	
MYERS, W. G.	SCOTT, S. D.	STEVENS	

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Company "E."

CAPTAIN BOLLING, B. FIRST LIEUTENANT WILSON, W.
FIRST SERGEANT WADE

Sergeants.

LYON, M. N. JOHNSTON, J. A.
WRIGHT, D. WILLIAMS, S. W.
GIBBONEY, F. L.

Corporals.

JOHNSON, M. R. BECKETT
BRODIE, J. M. MARTIN, C. L.
VANSANT

Company "F."

CAPTAIN CRUTE. FIRST LIEUTENANT NELSON, P. P.
SECOND LIEUTENANT COUNSELMAN FIRST SERGEANT HETH C. C.

Sergeants.

PERKINS ROBERSON
WALKER, T. H. CHILTON

Corporals.

ROYER, R. S. PATTISON
WOOD, W. W. COURTNEY
HILDEBRAND JERRELL

Band.

CAPTAIN MICHIE FIRST LIEUTENANT KEISTER, H. R.
FIRST SERGEANT GANTT (Drum Major) SECOND LIEUTENANT VAUGHT

Sergeants.

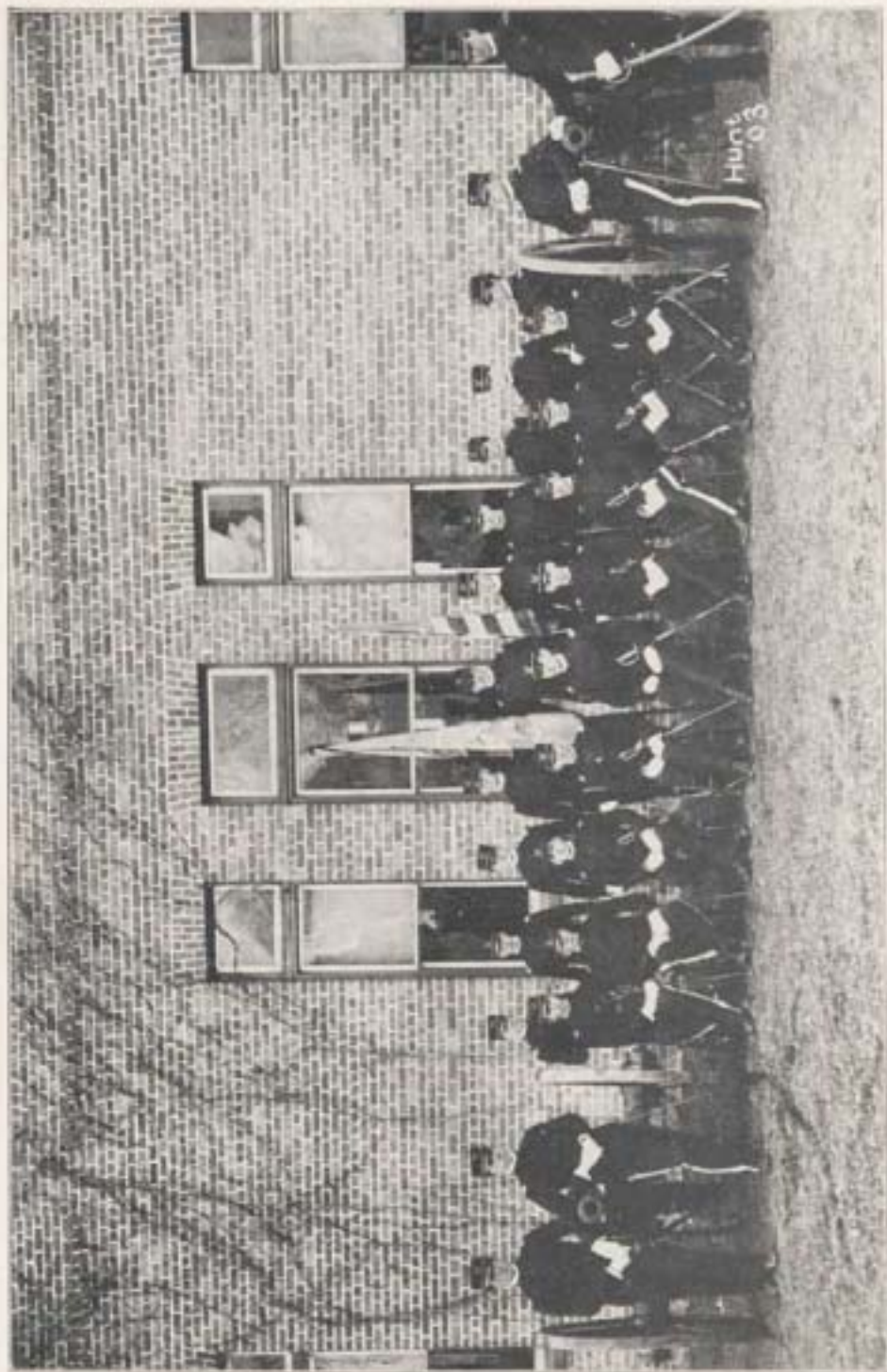
HILL, H. H. GILKERSON
HARDESTY

Corporals.

HARBELSON CLELAND

Signal Corps.

CAPTAIN KEARFOTT SECOND LIEUTENANT WALSH



BATTALION OFFICERS.



THE BATTERY.

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 "Worshippers 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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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-ovine.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

At the word Selah the long line of worshipers like one man would bow nearly to the floor. This is acknowledged by the god Bovine 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 Bovine'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-läh!

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-läh!

GOD BOVINE (*flashing eyes*): B-a-a-ah!

PRIEST: We beseech thy most august presence that we may win the game to-morrow.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

BOVINE (*flashing eyes*): B-a-a-a-ah!

PRIEST: We give thee most humble and hearty thanks.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

PRIEST: We beseech thee that the grass may grow long and cattle may get fat at our *homèz*.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

BOVINE: B-a-a-a-ah!

PRIEST: We give thee most humble and hearty thanks.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

PRIEST: O! most merciful Bovine, we pray thee let it rain at drill hour every dáy.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

BOVINE: B-a-a-a-ah!

PRIEST: We entreat thee that the hair-cutites may not visit us this year.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

WORSHIPERS (*song of praise*):

Apesheedoosky ape, apesheedoosky ape,
Ratsheedoosky rat, ratsheedoosky 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 Bovine. Lord High Chamberlain of the Realm. Apesheedoosky of the farm.

WORSHIPERS: Se-e-e-läh!

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

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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 22. Work assigned. "Reddy" to find *flash-light* of oil. "George" to find "Friday." Test pieces are moved.
- January 23. "Reddy," the oil fiend, swallows oil at 580° F.
- January 25. 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.

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February 6. "Reddy" attempts to cremate 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 Bulrman 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."

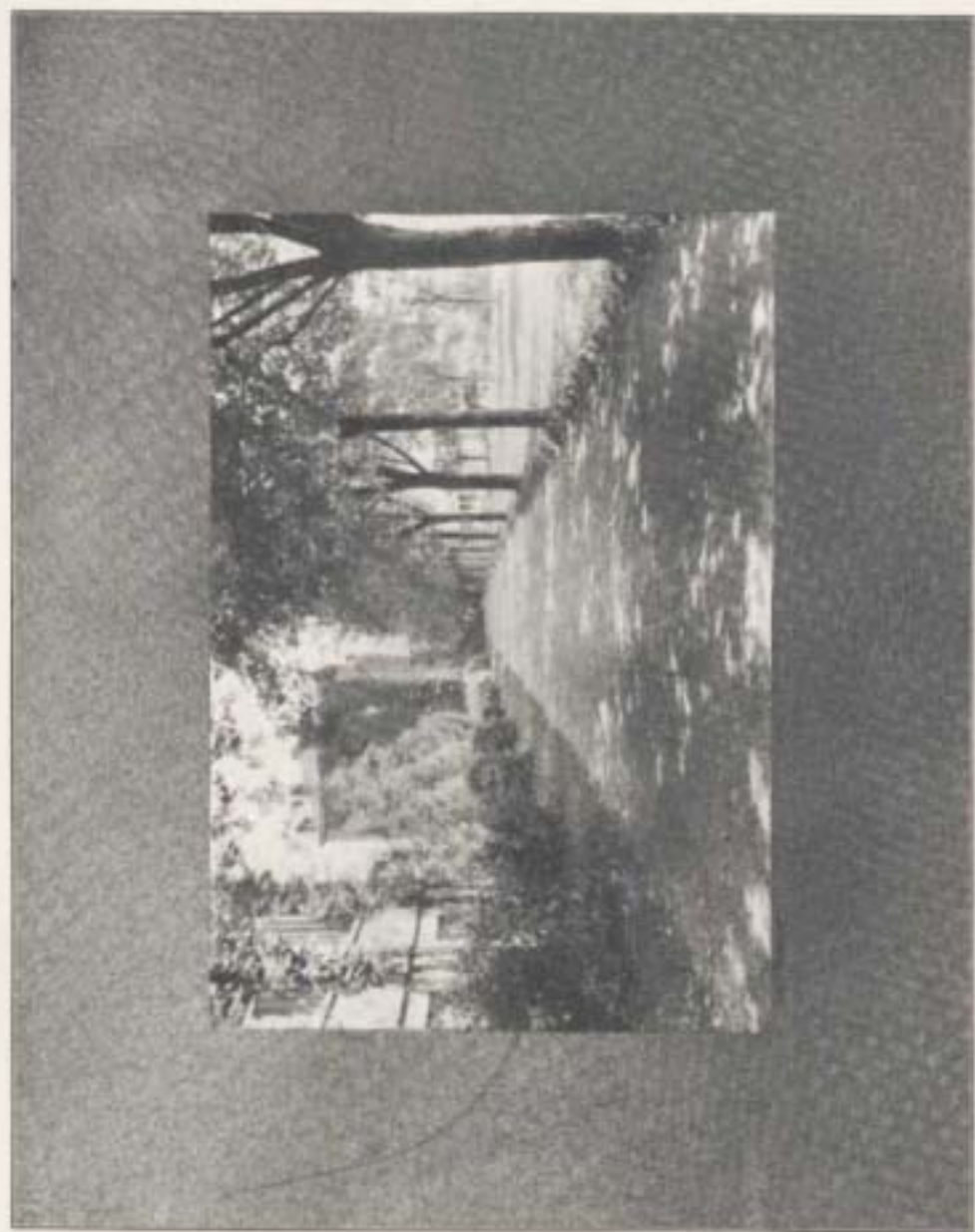
March 9. "George" and "Peter" attempt to start gas engine, which runs away—and so does "Peter."

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.





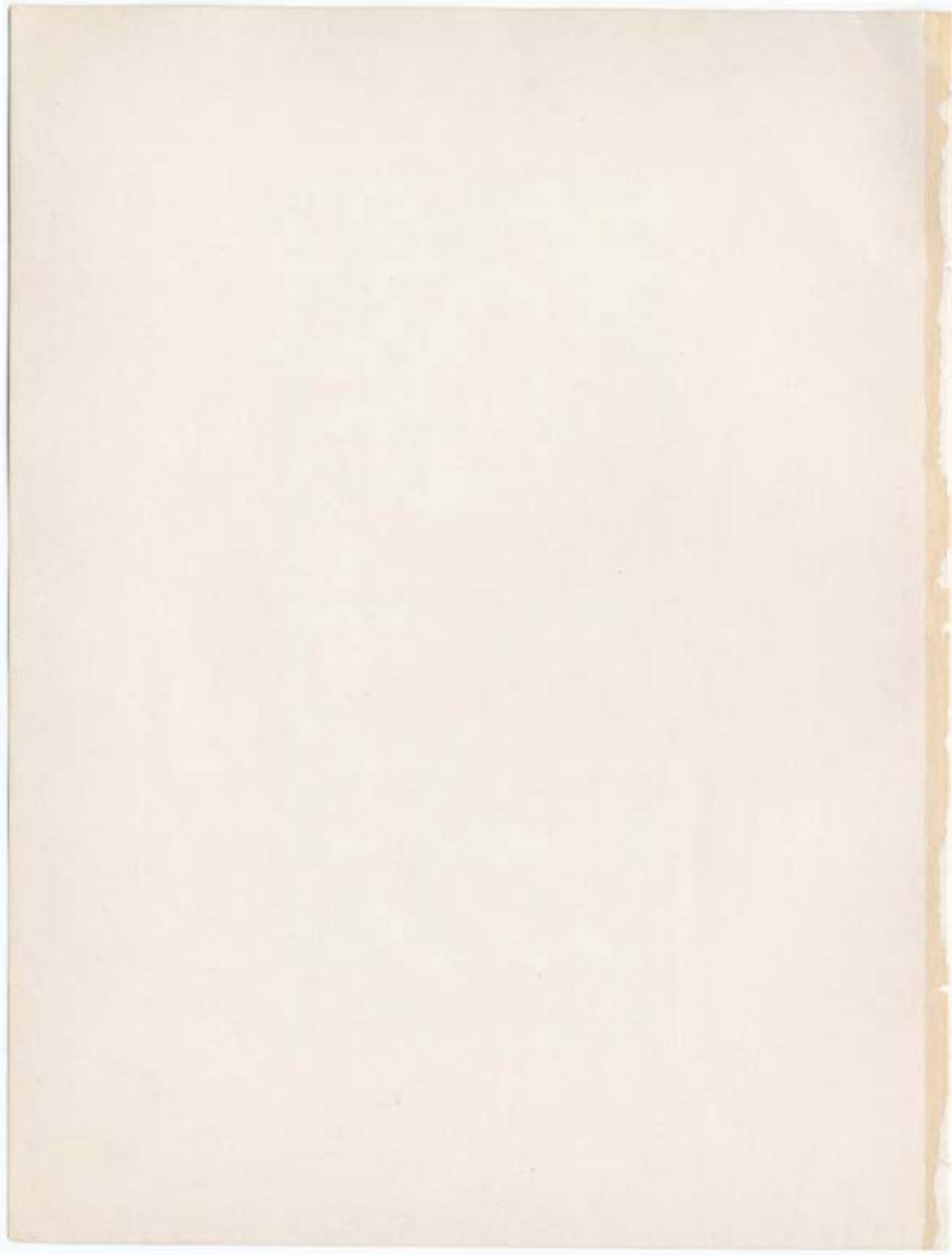
My Summer Girl.

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

E. A. S.



DRAWN BY MISS E. S. YOUNG.



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THE BUGLE, 1903.



APRIL 1903

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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Hans Blitzenjammer on the Gas Engine.



WAT, didn't I haf tole you aboutt dot gas enchine alretty? Vell, van day I vas watchin' some younk shentlemens runnin' mit dot gas enchine adt de Verchinia Polytechnic Institute, und vas nearly bust mein sides mit de laffin, ven dose poys starit de enchine. Dot gas enchine vas shoost like dot tam leedle donkey vot I vonce haf. Ven you wants him to go unt he wants to go nicht, den idt takes a sighdt of shuffin' unt pullin' to gedt de peast staritd. Vell, as I vas zaying, alretty, dem poys was a stardtin' dot gas enchine. Van younk mon, he durns de gas on, van he durns de vater on, buidt idt dakes ein whole punch to durn de veels on. Ain't idt?

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

Dey durns unt durns, buidt no enchine don'dt starit. Den van poy he zays: "Dis iss van o' dem zelf-runnin' enchines. Ain't idt?" Dey zays: "How iss dot?" Den he zays: "You haf to run idt yourzelf." I zesse de boint unt laffs all ofer myzelf, buidt dem poys dey yells, "Pum choke!" unt chumps on him, unt mit ein test-pees peats de zeat von his pandaloons on. Py dis dime de Colonel vas retty do starit vance more, so dey durns unt durns unt no enchine don'dt starit. All to vance, van poy he looks up unt zay: "Tam! 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 hartly pelief dot id vould run mit dot current durned off, buidt, shentlemen, I mean if id vould run mit de current durned off, of course idt *couldn't* run, buidt if it vould run mit de current off, idt vould pe zomevot difficuld do starit. You can imagchine how dot iss!"

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

Und den dem shoostguns vat vas shootin' inzidt de enchine ledts up unt she stobs pefore long. Den dey hauls de enchine ofer unt findts dot de gas pipe vasa'dt coubled up.

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"How tight!" zays van, "he wants do safe de gasoline."

Ven dey haf got dot fixed dey drys do startd vance more unt vas all durning dose veels ven van zays: "Dis iss ein eightd-man power enchine, stedt uf ein eightd-horse power." Ach, budt dere vas zome vitty fellows in dot punch unt dey was like do keep me laffin all der dime. Vell, dey haf nearly got de veel durned ofer almost, ven dot squealer zays, "By," unt dot tam enchine vas startd batkvardts mit a chump. Dose dree poys vot vas durnin' de veels couldn't durn loose enough quick, pefore dot enchine haf durned dem, mit heels ofer head, a zommerzet packvardts. "Ach! you goadt," zays van. "Ach! you shackass, vot for did you kick me like dot alretty?"

Vell, I shoost haf do laff ven dot enchine done dot, ilt vas zo zimilar do de kick vat mein tam shackass gif me ven I wants do gedt on him mit ein umpreller. I vas shoost coming up do him from de behindt, ven he, mit his lefht hint foodt, a kick ledts fly adt me. Dat kick dakes me in die stomnick unt ven I come do mein zenses I vas shoost comin' down atult der unter zide uf a cloudt. I vas a hangin' on do dot umpreller vich haf done obened like von uf dose barashoots vat dey comes down atult a palloon mit. Vell, I lightds 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 alretty. I calls to Katrina do come und gedt me der parn off, mit ein ladder. Now dot gas enchine remindts me zomevat uf Katrina, unt I can zay ilt mitoudt afraidt uf peing found oudt, pecaus she iss deadt yet. Katrina vas always mit ein hart-headt, 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 shoost as soon she iss goin' der wrong vay as she iss der right.

Vell, to come pack to dem poys, dey pulls togedder vance unt durns de enchine ofer. Ven dot squealer zays "By!" dis dime id'ts "goot-py," pecause dot enchine lightds out and runs aboutt ten dousand refolutions in van zeccond unt van uf dem poys he startds oudt uf dere unt zo dos Ich. Ven dey got her damed down to zomeding reasonaple dot pell rings unt der Colonel zays dey von'dt hartly haf dime to test eny dot efenin alretty.

Vell, dot gas enchine iss ein voverful ding, budt idts van uf der dree dings I nefer vill unterstandt, vich are, a gas enchine, a shackass, und a voman.

HANS BLITZENJAMMER.



A Letter Home.

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 Elic-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. gouted 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 horny-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; Murpheys, 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

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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.'sh.







BS
GJG



A. T. W. & Co. '03

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Motto:

Practise with Science.

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THE BUGLE, 1903.



Roanoke Club.

Motto:

Never go home when you can go anywhere else.

OCCUPATION: Going to Roanoke (?)

HANG-OUT: Massie's Pharmacy.

FAVORITE DISH: Tinker Creek Catfish.

FAVORITE DRINK: Vinton Water.

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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.

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Solar Attachment for Same L. O. HINES	Level Rod L. P. BELL
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THE BUGLE, 1903.



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.

OCCUPATION: Raising H—L

FAVORITE DRINK: Mountain Dew.

SONG: Old Dan Tucker.

Meets every Sunday to raise a rough house.

Officers.

P. G. LIGON	<i>President</i>
E. J. F. WILSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. F. WILSON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
S. E. CABELL	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members.

S. E. CABELL	W. R. MEEKS
E. T. CONNER	W. W. C. SIMPSON
B. H. KYLE	E. F. WILSON
G. C. LIGON	E. J. F. WILSON
P. G. LIGON	W. F. WILSON

THE BUGLE, 1903.



The Home of Edward Henry

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

Officers.

G. A. CHALKLEY *President* V. P. PAULETT *Vice-President*
W. R. CRUTE *Treasurer* 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. HUTCHESON	V. P. PAULETT	W. R. CRUTE
R. L. PAULETT	F. L. ROBBERSON	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.

MAJOR J. P. HARVY	Director
MAJOR J. H. SHULTZ	Solo Trombone
CAPTAIN H. C. MICHIE	Solo Bb Clarinet
FIRST LIEUTENANT KEISTER	1st Trombone
SECOND LIEUTENANT VAUGHT	2d Bb Cornet
THIRD LIEUTENANT MURKILL	1st Alto
FIRST SERGEANT F. V. GANTT	Drum Major
SERGEANT H. H. HILL	Solo Bb Cornet
SERGEANT W. E. GILKESON	Bugler
SERGEANT HARDESTY	Eb Tuba
CORPORAL HARRELSON	1st Bb Clarinet
CORPORAL J. E. CLELAND	2d Bb Clarinet
PRIVATE B. ANTRIM	3d Bb Clarinet
PRIVATE BENTLEY	Eb Cornet
PRIVATE W. A. BOWLES	Snare Drum
PRIVATE COOK	Eb Bass
PRIVATE J. R. EOFF	Baritone
PRIVATE FLATTEN	3d Trombone
PRIVATE E. S. GRUBE	Solo Bb Cornet
PRIVATE HALE	2d Trombone
PRIVATE HOOPER	1st Bb Cornet
PRIVATE J. L. HOBSON	Solo Alto
PRIVATE C. MOREHEAD	(Librarian) Cymbals
PRIVATE McCULLOCK	3d Bb Cornet
PRIVATE V. P. PAULETT	Trombone
PRIVATE L. PAYNE	Bb Bass
PRIVATE G. E. PENN	1st Bb Cornet
PRIVATE R. C. POINDEXTER	Eb Clarinet
PRIVATE ROUTEN	Piccolo
PRIVATE W. P. SINCLAIR	Bass Drum
PRIVATE F. L. WHITE	3d Alto
PRIVATE WILLIAMS	Eb Clarinet



THE BUGLE, 1903.



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:

Backroe Limeade.

Officers.

T. H. WALKER *President* R. H. SCLATER *Vice-President*
W. B. MELVIN . *Secretary and Treasurer* R. L. DAVIS, JR. *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Members.

T. H. WALKER, Eel C. L. GARNETT, Crab
R. H. SCLATER, Oyster W. W. ROUTTEN, Shrimp
W. B. MELVIN, Hog-fish R. G. SUGDEN, Clam
R. L. DAVIS, JR., Lobster W. P. HANCOCK, Spot
R. D. HOPE, Mullett W. A. VANDERGRIFT, Toad
J. F. WARE, Whale



THE BUGLE, 1903.



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	L. S. WILLIAMS
H. HAMMON	E. W. WHISNANT
R. A. MYERS	W. A. DUNN
T. W. M. LONG	W. M. WATKINS

THE BUGLE, 1903.

Y. M. C. A.

Organized in 1873.

Officers.

1902-03.		1903-04.
C. B. KEARFOTT	<i>President</i>	R. L. LINDSAY
J. L. KABLE	<i>Vice-President</i>	R. S. ROYER
R. S. ROYER	<i>Treasurer</i>	C. L. LYON
R. R. PAGE	<i>Recording Secretary</i>	W. B. HOPKINS
A. P. GRAYBILL	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	W. A. ANDERSON
A. F. JACKSON	<i>General Secretary</i>	A. F. JACKSON

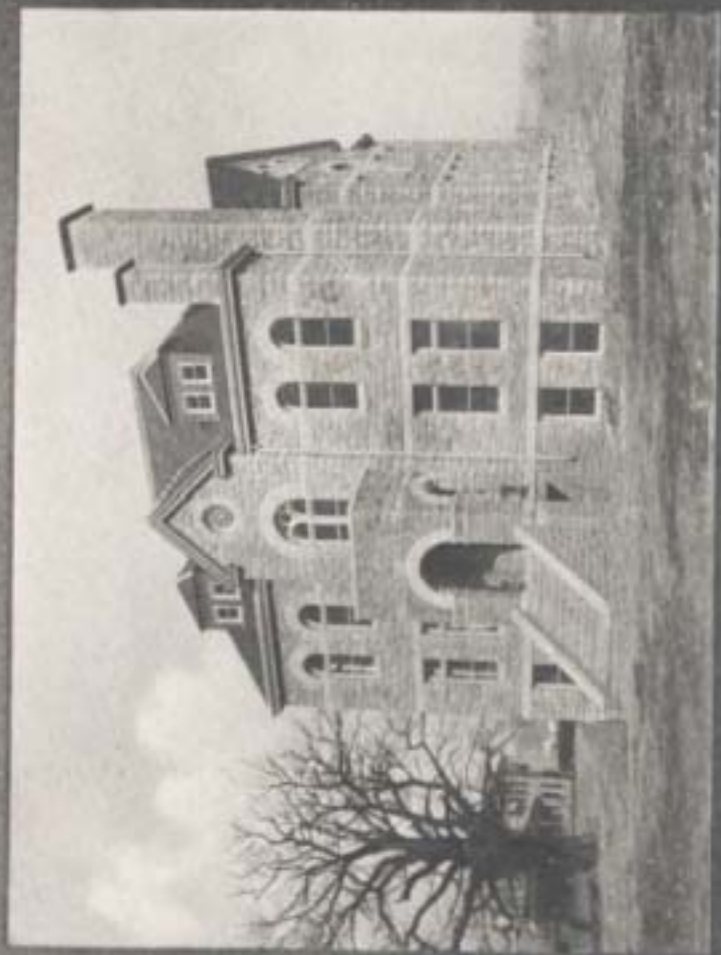
Committees and Chairmen.

A. P. GRAYBILL	<i>Religious Meetings</i>	C. B. KEARFOTT
J. L. KABLE	<i>Bible Study</i>	R. S. ROYER
R. E. WHITTEKER	<i>Missionary</i>	R. R. PAGE
C. C. OSTERBIND	<i>Membership</i>	R. H. SCLATER
R. S. ROYER	<i>Finance</i>	C. L. LYON
C. B. KEARFOTT	<i>Work for New Students</i>	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.





THE BUGLE, 1903.

V. P. I. German Club.

Officers.

GUY A. CHALKLEY	<i>President</i>
STEPHEN T. HUGHES	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAX F. WOLTZ	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
H. CLAY MICHIE, JR.	<i>Leader</i>

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.
CARPENTER, C. H.	PALMER, J. P.
CARPENTER, J. C.	POINDEXTER, R. C.
CLELAND, J. E.	ROBINS, W. N.
COUNSELMAN, J. S.	ROYER, D. R.
CAMPBELL, C. C.	SPILLER, F. M.
DUNKLER, C. M.	SPILLER, S. M.
DAVIS, T. N.	SALR, 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.	YOST, F. M.
Honorary Member, PROFESSOR C. E. VAWTER, JR.	

The NORFOLK No



PORTSMOUTH CLUB

MARY TRENDS - 1905

Norfolk and Portsmouth Club.

Officers.

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

Members.

Norfolk.

WILLIAM J. WALSH, JR., '03	FRANK C. WILSON, '05
JOHN J. DAVIS, '04	WILLOUGHBY W. COLONNA, '06
LEWIS W. WEBB, '04	JOHN N. GRANDY, '06
GEORGE M. BARCLAY, '05	EDWARD H. ROBY, '06
EDWARD S. GRUBB, '05	RODNEY C. SMITH, '06

Portsmouth.

JOHN T. NEELY, '03	FRANK L. MARTIN, '04
CHARLES G. BARRITT, '05	CHESTER L. MARTIN, '05
EDWIN B. MAYNARD, '06	

THE BUGLE, 1903.



South Carolina Club.

Officers.

STEPHEN T. HUGHES, JR.	<i>President</i>
NORMAN E. SALLEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
GEORGE E. SALLEY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
DAVID A. HENNING	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members.

BROADBUSH ESTES, '06		CLEVELAND EVANS, '05
THOMAS GAINY, '06	G. E. SALLEY, '05	D. A. HENNING, '05
S. T. HUGHES, JR., '04		S. J. NICHOLS, '05
E. C. ROGERS, '06	N. E. SALLEY, '05	

Honorary Members.

J. M. MCBRYDE	FRAZIER	S. R. PRITCHARD
E. A. SMYTH	R. J. DAVIDSON	



ALLEGHANY CLUB

Motto
Amamus Montes

Favorite Dish Colors
Mountain Trout *Heliotrope & Geranium*
Pastime Camping

Officers

J. E. Smith President
F. R. Butler Vice President
L. Payne Sec. & Treas.

Members

E. W. Butler *J. W. Hurdley*
J. C. Carpenter *F. M. Kenney*
L. A. Hope *W. W. Melfor*
G. B. Nefferson



THE BUGLE, 1903.

Lynchburg Club.

E. M. ALMOND, W President.
F. T. HAYES, W Vice-President.
J. E. CIGLAND, W Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

BOWMAN, C. M., W.	JACKSON, L. G., W.
BURROW, F. S., W.	MORRISON, J. J., W.
CLARK, J. R., W.	NEWLIN, F., W.
DICKSON, S. F. W., W.	POINDEXTER, E. C., W.
DAVIS, T. N., W.	POWER, D. L., W.
FISHER, C. C., W.	RICKEN, G. L., W.
GLASS, E. C., W.	SEATHAN, D. H., W.
GROVE, W. W., W.	SPENCER, M. E., W.
GROVE, J. H., W.	SWAN, C. H., W.
HEARD, J. H., W.	THOMAS, R. S., W.
HARDING, J. W., W.	WILLIAMS, J. T., W.

Honorary Members.

WILLIAMS, C.	MILLEN, G. C.
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THE BUGLE, 1903.



Albemarle Club.

MOTTO: No palms without labor.

COLORS: Old gold and blue.

FAVORITE DISH: Roast pig with apple sauce.

FAVORITE DRINK: Monticello wine.

Officers.

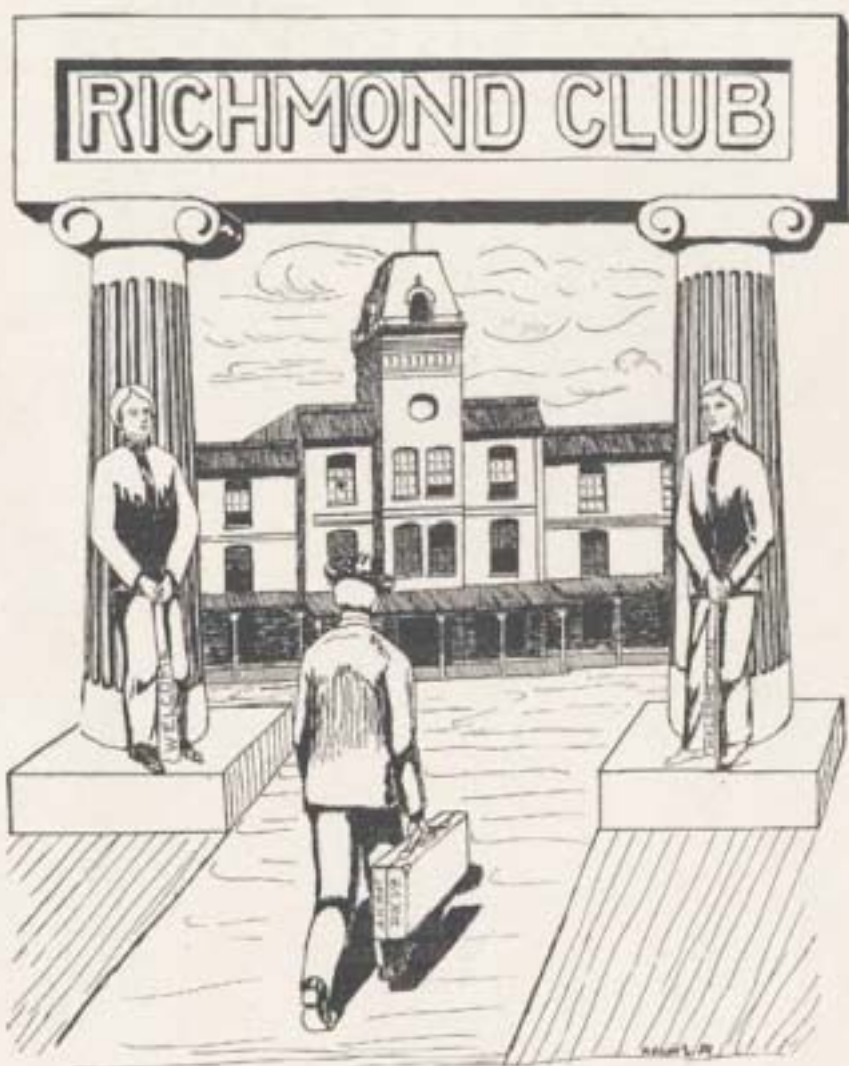
BARTLETT BOLLING, JR. *President*
G. WALKER GILMER, JR. *Vice-President*
T. WALKER LEWIS *Secretary and Treasurer*
MORRIS R. JOHNSON *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Members.

B. ANTRIM	B. BOLLING, JR.	R. B. BOLLING
H. J. DURRETT	H. B. GOODLOE	G. W. GILMER, JR.
J. H. GILMER	W. R. HARRIS	M. R. JOHNSON
H. C. MICHIE, JR.	R. M. MARCELLUS	F. B. PAGE
N. M. PAGE	P. M. SHUEY	T. W. LEWIS
W. P. SINCLAIR	E. P. WOOD	T. H. WOOD
	R. B. WATTS	

Honorary Members.

DR. J. M. MCBRYDE	PROF. R. C. PRICE	PROF. C. E. VAWTER, JR.
PROF. W. H. RASCHE	COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON	
PROF. J. M. JOHNSON	MAJ. T. G. WOOD	MR. S. B. ANDREWS



THE BUGLE, 1903.

Richmond Club.

Officers.

P. P. NELSON	<i>President</i>
G. C. WILLSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. H. DEAN	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
H. C. FROHLING	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members.

ARCHER, R. I.	GIBSON, J. B.	O'KEEFE, J. G.
BARNETT, W. S.	GUIGON, A. P.	POLLARD, E. C.
BLAIR, H. L.	HARLAN, M. V.	PRETLOW, R. W.
BRINE, P. E. P.	HARVEY, J. B.	PULLER, E. S.
CAMERON, J. B.	LATIMER, P. H.	ROBINS, W. N.
COOK, D. J.	LYONS, C. L.	ROSE, J. E.
CHILDREY, C. E.	MILES, C. P.	RUEGER, W.
FOSTER, W. R.	MONTAGUE, W. H.	SEDEN, S. V.
GARRETT, J. H.	MOSCHIETTI, H. L.	STERN, L.
GIBSON, E. H.	O'FERRALL, W. C.	SCLATER, I. H.
STARRETT, A. M.	STRAUS, H. C.	STRAUS, P. J.
STRAUSE, P. E.	WINGO, W. W.	WALLERSTEIN, C. S.
WHITEHURST, H. C.	WERTH, J. R.	WHITE, F. L.
WILSON, A. R.	YARRINGTON, A.	YEATON, A. F.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



I 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 therefore 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



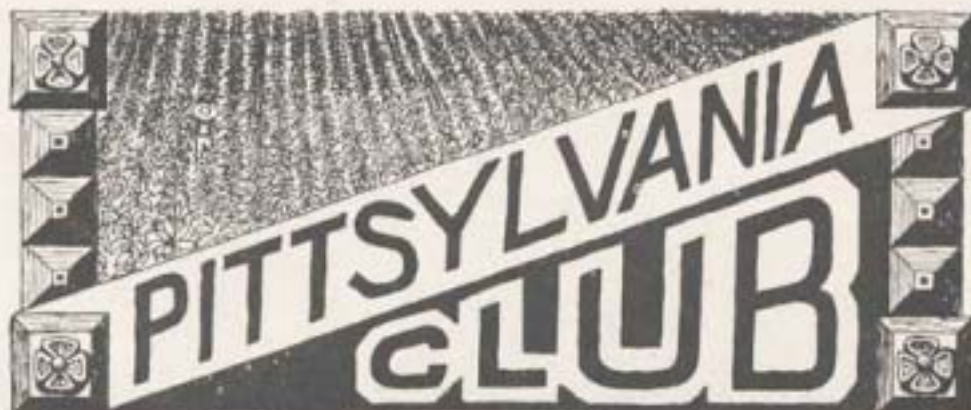
J. W. BROWN
J. M. BRODIE
G. T. LEE
H. H. WATTS
R. S. SCOTT
W. N. SANDERS
J. M. VEST

Honorary Members.

MAJ. W. M. BRODIE

D. T. BROWN

THE BUGLE, 1903.



MOTTO—Do Nothing.

CHARACTERISTIC QUESTION—Gin'me a chew?

Amusements.

Lying, Sleeping, Smoking, and Eating.

Degrees.

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

HUNT

Imps.

DAY

Devils.

L. A. CLEMENT

O. W. ANDERSON

W. L. BLAIR

J. J. CORRS

L. B. COX

G. LEE

A. G. PRITCHETT

W. WILSON

J. T. WHITE

Demons.

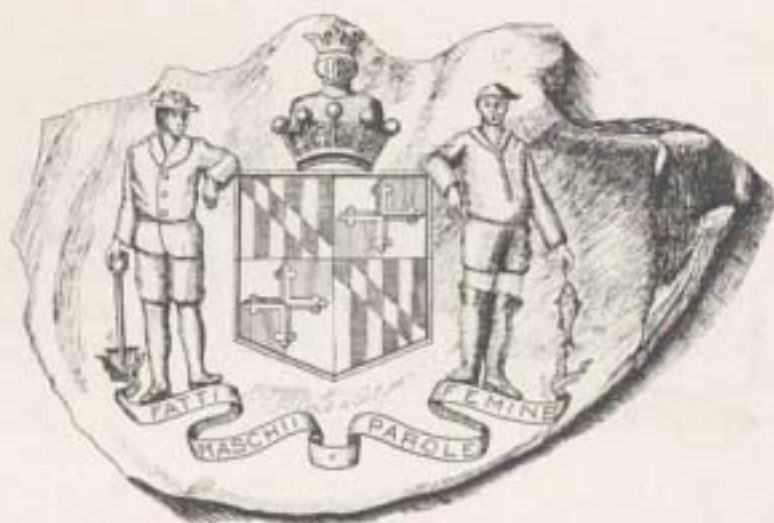
C. LEE

F. D. WILSON

Officers.

W. L. BLAIR *High Arch Fiend*
G. LEE *Junior Arch Fiend*
W. WILSON *Recording Angel*
J. J. CORRS *Judax, the Watch-dog of the Treasury*

THE BUGLE, 1903.



Maryland Club.

FAVORITE DISH : Oysters and Maryland Biscuits.

COLORS : Orange and Black.

FAVORITE DRINK : Old Maryland Rye.

FAVORITE SMOKE : Maryland Club Tobacco.

J. W. TALBOTT, '04 *President*

M. N. LYON, '04 *Vice-President*

G. H. SYKES, '05 *Secretary and Treasurer*

W. C. HOOPER, '06 *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Members.

R. R. STABLER

M. N. LYON

G. H. SYKES

J. W. TALBOTT

C. D. ROGERS

J. G. ROGERS

R. D. ROGERS

J. N. GAITHER

W. C. HOOPER

Honorary Member.

H. L. DAVIDSON

Mandolin and Glee Club.

MICHIE *President and Manager*
PAULETT *Secretary and Treasurer*
POINDENTER *Musical Director*

Members.

First Mandolins.

CLELAND
GRUBB
POINDENTER
PAULETT

Second Mandolins.

PAYNE
HARRISON
PALMER
WEBB, L. W.

Violins.

HOYT

McKENNA

HARDESTY, Bass Violin

Guitars.

SINCLAIR
SCOTT
TYNES

HUMPHREYS
BELL
PENN

Quartette.

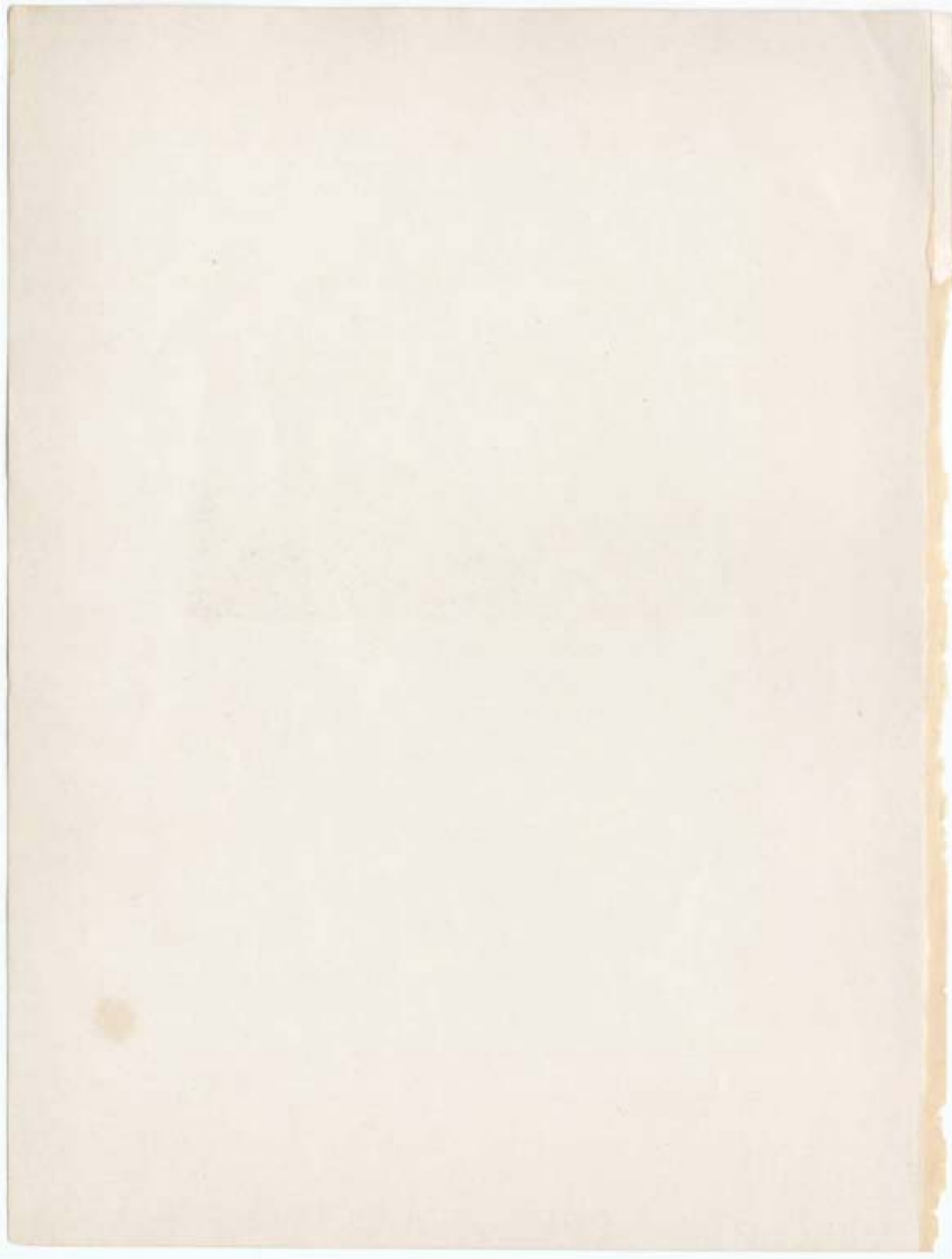
WHITEKER, First Tenor
DARNALL, First Bass

MARTIN, Second Tenor
DAWSON, Second Bass

Clarinet.

MICHIE





THE BUGLE, 1903.



Staunton Club.

Officers.

F. M. YOST	<i>President</i>
L. P. BELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. E. GILKESON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
W. A. BOWLES, JR.	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members.

D. M. BAXTER	W. E. GILKESON	J. SMELTZER
L. P. BELL		R. GROBERT
F. M. YOST	W. A. BOWLES, JR.	J. L. KABLE

Honorary Members.

W. P. TAMS	W. P. TAMS, JR.
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THE BUGLE, 1903.



WYTHE COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

Wythe County Club.

MOTTO:
Root, Hog, or Die.

COLORS:
Pea Green and Yellow.

FAVORITE DISH:
Cold Hog-Head and Corn Bread.

OUR DRINK:
Hard Cider.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:
"Helping David Allison."

Officers.

J. S. COUNSELLMAN	President
S. W. WILLIAMS	Vice-President
C. A. FISHER	Secretary and Treasurer
F. L. GIBBONEY	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

C. B. THOMAS	W. D. CROCKETT	D. D. SPILLER
A. C. HEUSER	W. B. OGLESBY	H. S. GIBBONEY
J. D. CROCKETT	C. N. OTEY	E. G. THORN

Postgraduates.

S. M. SPILLER	C. A. JACKSON	F. M. SPILLER
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THE BUGLE, 1903.

V. P. I. Engineering Club.

Officers.

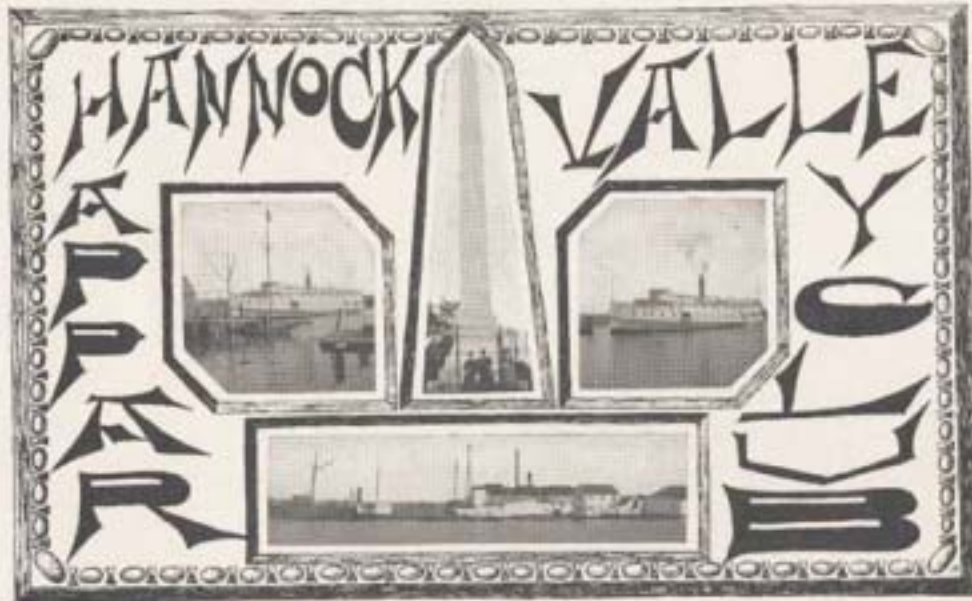
BUHRMAN	President
O'SHAUGHNESSY	First Vice-President
TIFFANY	Second Vice-President
LINDSAY	Treasurer
F. M. YOST	Secretary

Members.

BELL, L. P.	HUGHES
BALL, CHARLES	HEATH, M. Y.
BLAIR, W. L.	HETH, C. C.
BYRNES	JOHNSTON, J. A.
BOLLING, B.	KELLEY
CHALKLEY	KEARFOTT
CROWDER	LEE, G. T.
CRUTE	LIGON, P. G.
CORRS	MARTIN, F. L.
COOK, G. W.	OSTERBIND
CHILTON	PIERSON
PAGE, R. R.	PERKINS
PEAL	DUNN, W. A.
ROYER, D. R.	FONTAINE
ROBESON	GOODLOE
SCOTT, G. H.	GILMER, G. W.
SAUNDERS, C. T.	GIRSON, J. B.
TRIBODEAUX	GARY, H. H.
TALBOTT	GLASS
TINSLEY, J. M.	GUY
HAINSLIP	HEARD
HORTENSTINE, J. L.	HORTENSTINE, J. W.
WADE	WHISNANT
WALKER, T. H.	WRIGHT, D.
WILSON, G. C.	WERTH
WHITE, J. T.	WHITTEKER
WINE	WEBB, L. W.
WILLIAMS, S. W.	WILLIAMS, L. C.

VEST

THE BUGLE, 1903.



Officers.

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

Members.

BORUM	BRENT	CHOWNING, V. R.
COURTNEY	HUNTER, C. P.	EUBANK
HUNTER, M.		JONES
LAYANE	PRATT, R. T.	NEALE
PIERSON	VANSANT	PRATT, F. C.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



AUGUSTA CLUB

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. HILDEBRAND, '05	Vice-President
R. M. BYERS, '05	Secretary and Treasurer
W. E. WINE, '04	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members.

G. W. COOK, '04	S. BOLLING, '05
A. COHRON, '06	C. E. COYNER, '05
J. A. WALLACE, '06	W. A. WALLACE, '06
E. N. QUARLES, '05	W. O. PEALE, '04
D. G. ROBSON, '05	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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

WANTED TO KNOW

- What commission the Colonel gets on Baby Élite 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 pelting madly, 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.

THE BUGLE, 1903.



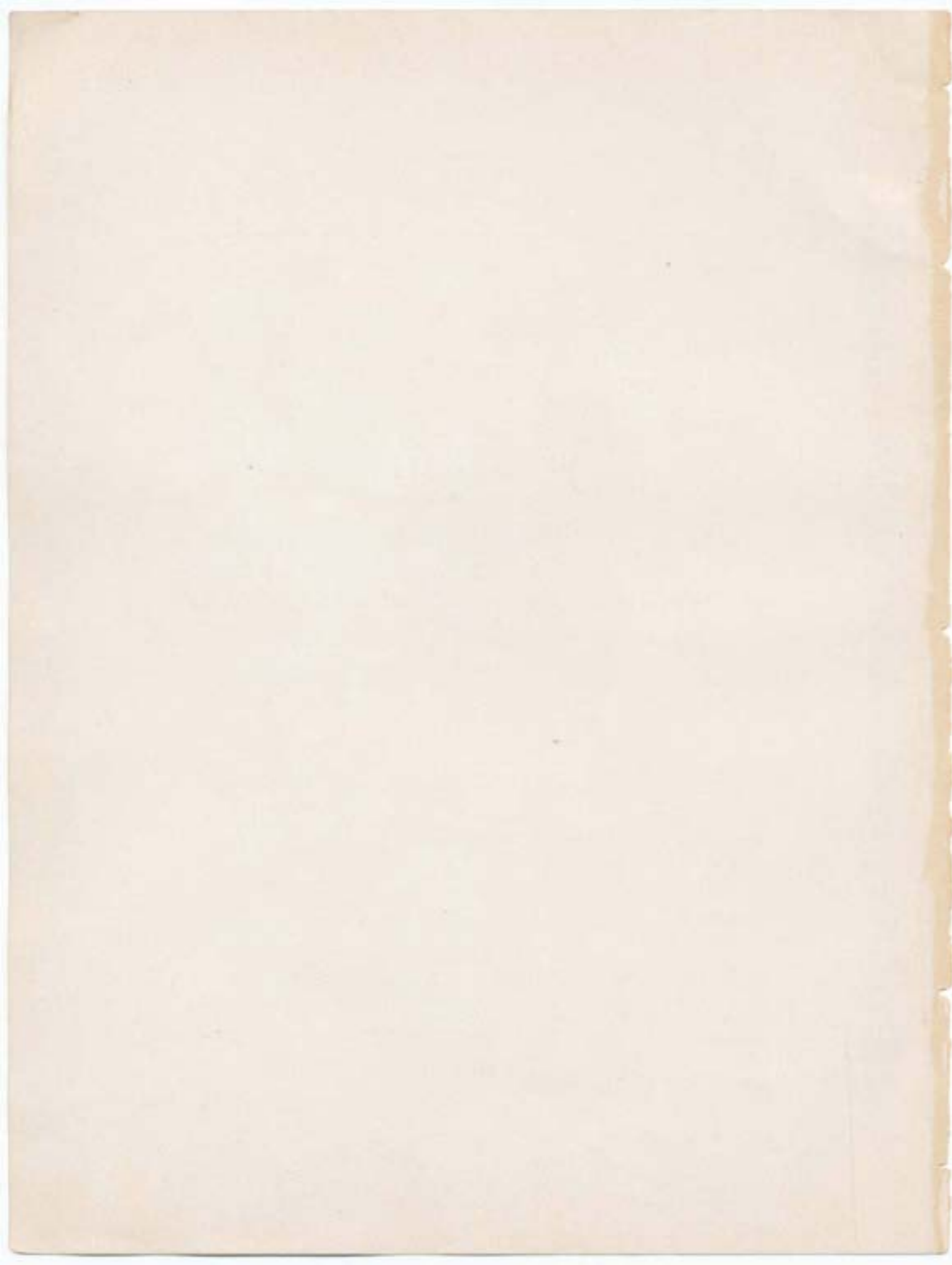
TO V. P. I.

*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.*



SCENE NEAR V. P. I.-SMITHFIELD.





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 Apeshecloosky), 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: Ah! 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, L. 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 Heard 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, F. 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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 Gantt. Read on, knave.

CADET: "Cheekiest Cadet." Sir, if I doth remember well, you have named Priddy before. Must I write him down?

ORACLE: Thou savest 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, Royer, R. S., and Whisnant 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, Osterbind 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. B., and Smith, E. W.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 (*yawns*): 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 Eppes, Froehling, Straus, 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 flogging 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: B-a-ah! Ba-a-h! "Biggest Goat."

ORACLE: Prithee, 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 higger-migger, but write them in gold, that their honor may be the better noticed. For best officer write Buhman, with Whisman 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

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 ever-seeing eye, you have chosen well. I am sorry to have bothered you. [EXIT.] ..



THE BUGLE, 1903.



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C. D. WOODSON	MISS DAISY GRUBB
G. A. CHALKLEY	R. I. ARCHER
MISS MARY TOWNSEND	MISS CARPENTER
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W. J. BIGGS, JR.	MISS B. B. YOUNG
MISS HELEN STOWE	MISS NEELY
J. T. NEELY	MISS BULLITT
	MISS M. M. ROVER

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.

THE BUGLE, 1903.

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 dove.

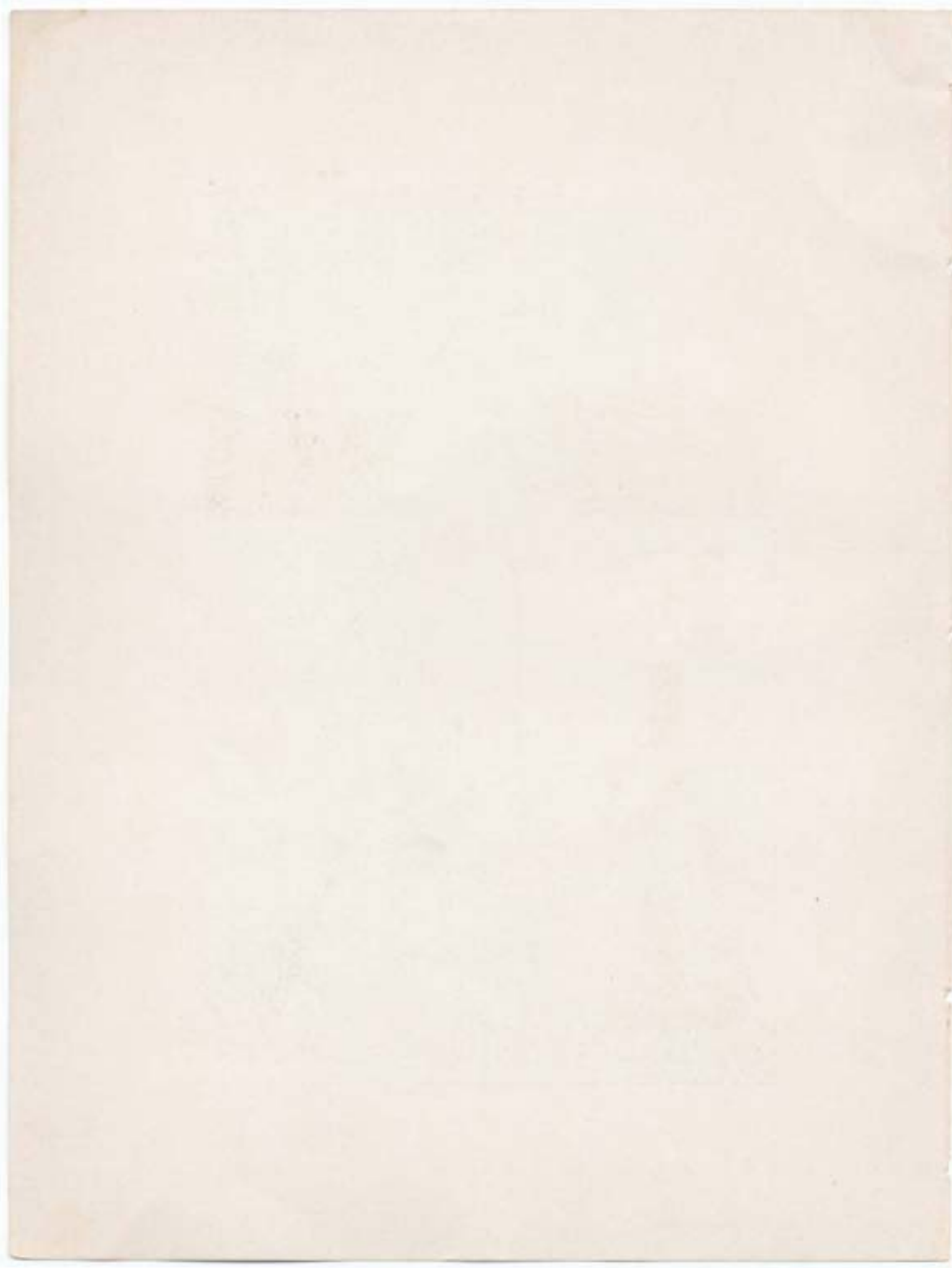
The good abiding in us from thy store
Pervadeth us in measure, less or more,
As we have played the sloth or wisely striven,
And not as thou hast failed or freely given.

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.



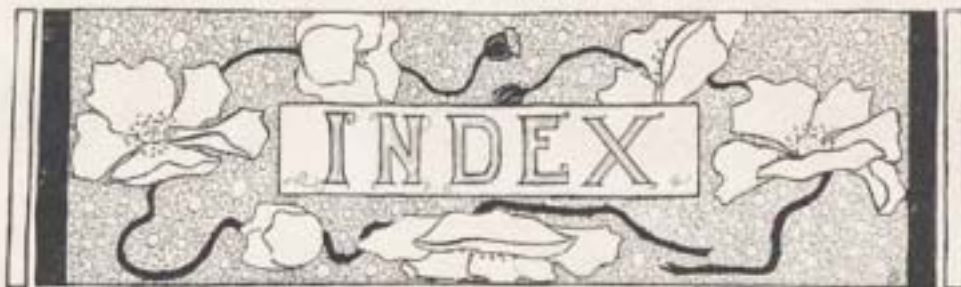
"AFTER."





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OUR ADS.

ARE



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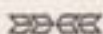
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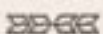
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Books received and they are perfectly satisfactory.

HERBERT A. CLAIBORNE,
Bus. Mgr. A. O. C. Annual.

May 16th, 1903.

Thanking you for the kind attention you have given in making our book a handsome and attractive one.

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,
Bus. Mgr. "Pleiades."

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 26th, 1903.

The "HOWLERS" were highly satisfactory.

E. J. SHERWOOD,
Bus. Mgr. "The Howler."

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,
Bus. Mgr. "Tadpole."

May 2d, 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 ex-

cellent work you have done for us. Again thanking you for your kind attention and beautiful work.

MABEL HISCOX,
Bus. Mgr. "Meh Lady."

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 19th, 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 all my influence in your behalf.

MINNIE LOU KELLY,
Manager "The Lotus."

TELEGRAM—May 28th, 1903.

*The Stone Printing and Mfg. Co.,
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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.

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