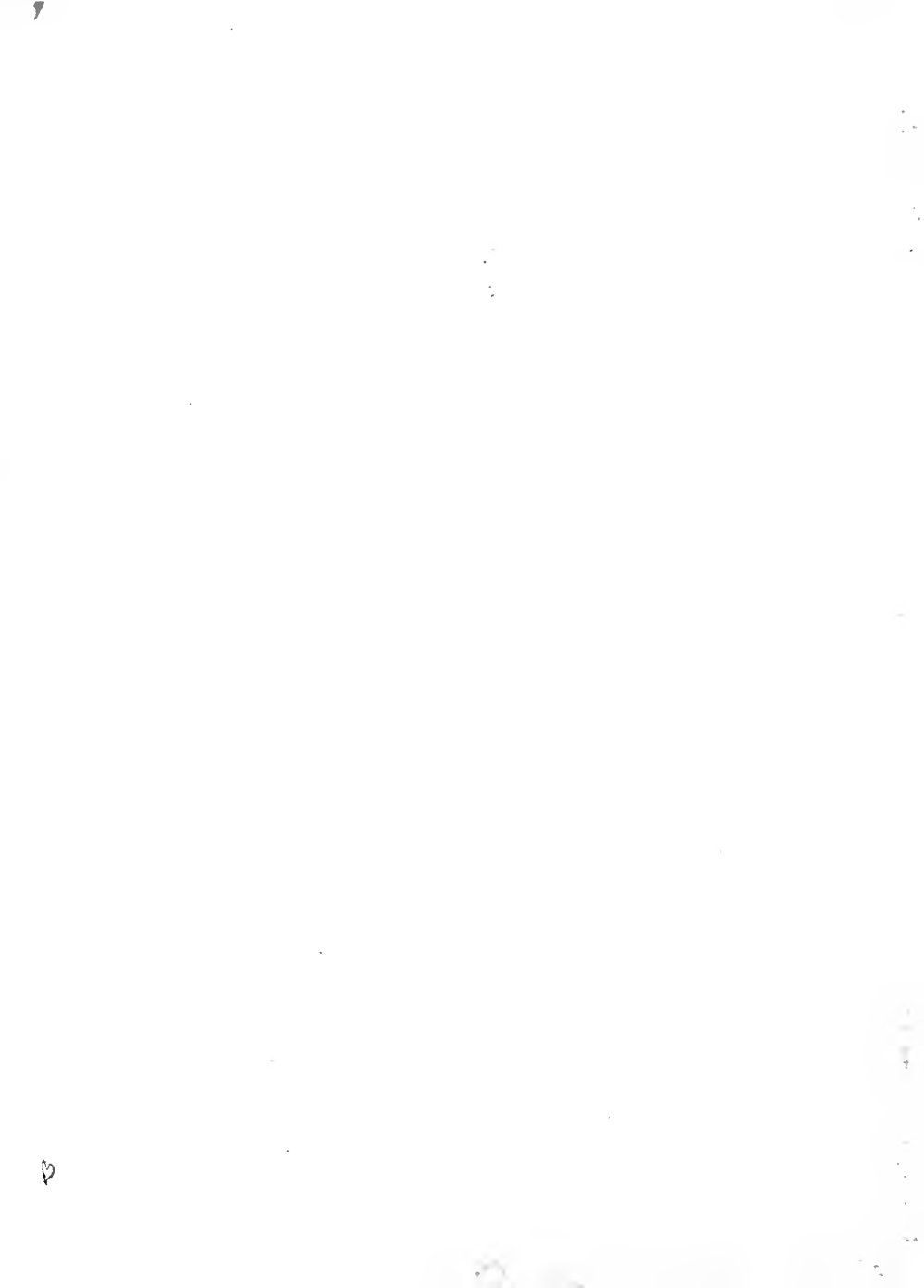
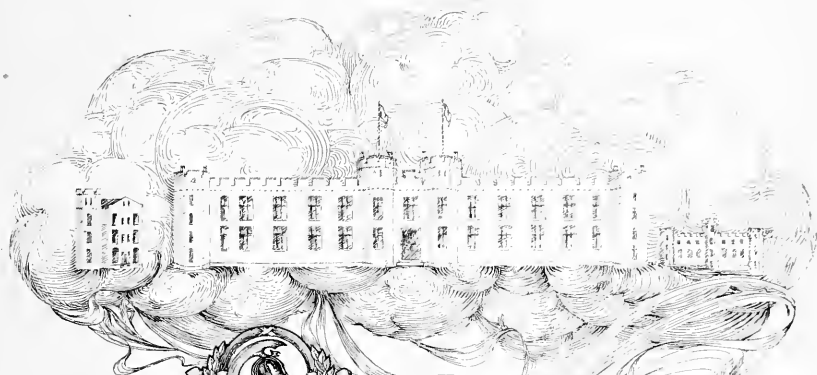


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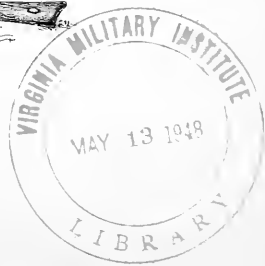
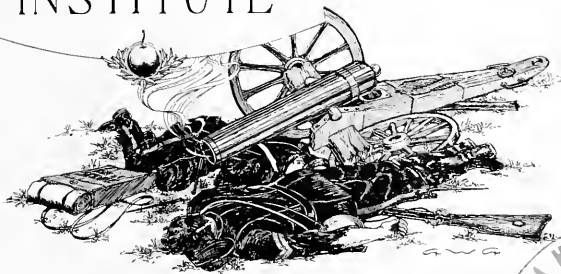
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THE BOMB
1914

VIRGINIA
MILITARY
INSTITUTE



Dedication

to

Colonel John Mercer Patton

the Professor of Modern Languages

for his interest and untiring efforts in all things

pertaining to the good of our Alma Mater

and his endeavors to instill within us

the principles of useful citizenship

this thirtieth volume of

The Bomb

is affectionately dedicated

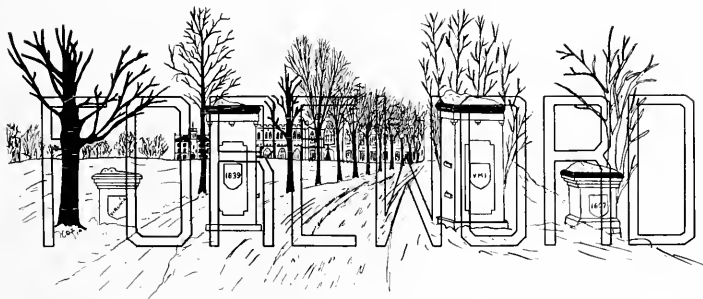
by the Class of

Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen





PHOTOGRAPH BY G. COLE, RED. © PAUL STRANG, NEW YORK



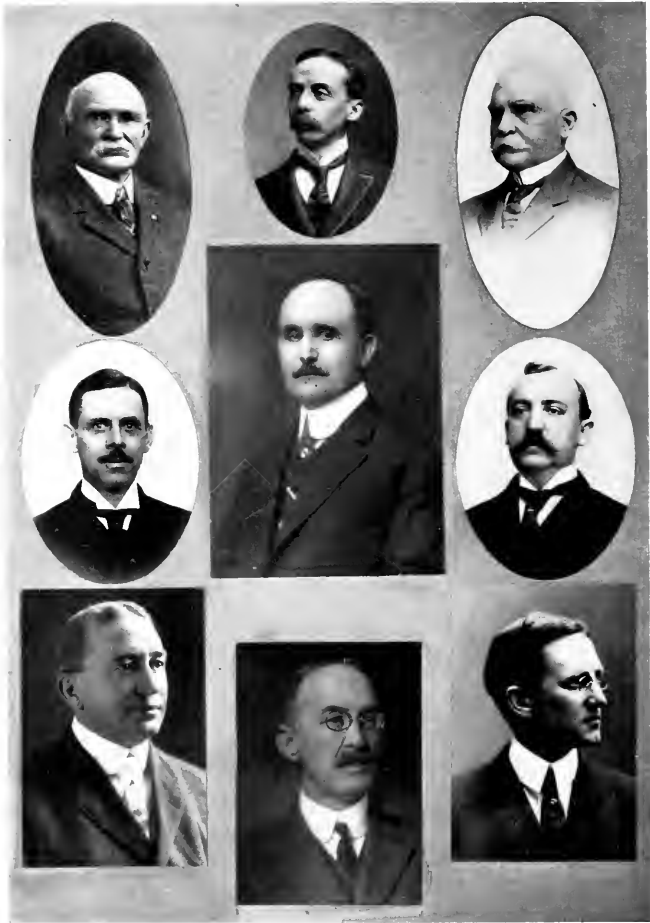
WHEN the conductor calls "East Lexington," don't get excited; just sit perfectly still. If you are asleep, do not wake; if you are reading, keep on reading. In fifteen or twenty minutes you will pass entirely through this suburb, which is over three hundred yards long. Then the train will execute "About Face," and, after three or four fruitless attempts, will finally shuffle up the hill and deposit you safely on the platform of Lexington itself.

Now just follow the crowd, and when he steps into the Lexington Livery Service go right in behind him: and "Siamese" will conduct you to our famous Alma Mater, where you will be more than repaid for your trip.

V. M. I. is the old headquarters of the New Market Battalion, the victim of Hunter's raid, for a long time the home of Stonewall Jackson, and the birthplace of THE BOMB.

In the glow of the beautiful sunset, you will hear the "Boom" of the Evening Gun, and the martial strains of the Institute Band. Along with this you will see the grim walls of Barracks, the lowering flags, and the shining breastplates of the Corps as it passes in review. You feel a thrill, and want to be something besides a mere onlooker.

Now the object of THE BOMB is to let you see more, to give you an idea of what takes place behind those walls, and to tell you about the men behind those breastplates. Kind reader, we have tried faithfully to carry out this object; and we earnestly hope that the 1914 BOMB, in spite of our many mistakes, will be read with interest by our civilian friends, and bring back fond memories to all those who have ever been connected with the dear old Institute.



BOARD OF VISITORS

THE BOMB



HIS EXCELLENCY, HENRY CARTER STUART,
GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

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(EXPIRATION OF TERMS, JULY 1, 1916)

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THE BOMB



GENERAL EDWARD WEST NICHOLS

Born in Petersburg, Virginia, June 27, 1858; student Hume and Cook's School, 1866-69; student McCabe's School, 1869-74; entered Virginia Military Institute in 1874, graduating in 1878 with fourth stand in class of twenty-four, and as a Cadet Lieutenant; studied law under tutors and at the University of West Virginia; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1878-81; practicing lawyer in Norfolk, Virginia, 1881; Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1890-1907; author of Nichols' Analytical Geometry and of Nichols' Differential and Integral Calculus; associated with the American Reporter International Railway Congress in scientific in-

vestigation since 1903; member of the Virginia Geological Society; member of the Society Promoting Engineering Education; member of the Committee of College Presidents on Summer Camps; Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute since 1907.



THE BOMB



GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP, LL. D.

Born in Fauquier County, Virginia, August 2, 1839; attended Warren Green Academy, Warrenton, Virginia, and Fulton College, Fulton, Missouri; member of engineering corps in Missouri, 1855-56; entered Virginia Military Institute, September, 1856, graduating in 1859 with fourth stand in class of twenty-nine, and as Captain of Company "D"; Assistant Professor of Mathematics Virginia Military Institute, 1859-60; Professor of Latin, 1860-61; Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain in the Provisional Army of Virginia and Major of the Twenty-First Virginia Volunteers, 1861; Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, September, 1861-90; in command of the battalion of cadets at the

Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864; graduated in Law at Washington and Lee University while commandant of cadets; Professor of Latin, 1876-90; Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, 1890-1907; LL. D. at Washington and Lee, 1891; member of the Board of Visitors of the United States Military Academy, 1890; president of the Board of Visitors of the United States Naval Academy, 1894; since 1907, Superintendent Emeritus of the Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON,
M. A., Ph. D.

Born in Fredericks Hall, Louisa County, Virginia, January 22, 1858; attended private school, Louisa Court House, Virginia; student Aspen Hill Academy, Louisa County, 1872-75; entered University, 1875; M. A., University of Virginia, 1881; Instructor, Pantops Academy, near Charlottesville, Virginia, 1881-82; student in Chemistry, University of Virginia, 1882-83; student University of Göttingen, Germany, in Chemistry and Mineralogy, 1883-86; Ph. D., University of Göttingen, 1886; Instructor in Chemistry, Tuft's College, Boston, Mass., 1887-89; Professor of Natural Science, Bethany College, West Virginia, 1889-90; Colonel and Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Military Institute, since July 30, 1890.



THE B O M B

COLONEL NATHANIEL B. TUCKER,
B. S., C. E.



Student Shenandoah Valley Academy; entered Virginia Military Institute, September, 1885; graduated Virginia Military Institute in 1888, with first stand in class of fifteen and as Cadet Quartermaster; First Jackson-Hope Medalist; C. E., Virginia Military Institute, 1888; Assistant Professor of Latin, 1888-89; B. S. in Chemistry, Virginia Military Institute, 1889; Assistant Professor of Chemistry, 1889-91; Adjunct Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, 1891-96; member of the State Board of Education, 1907-1911; since 1896, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy.



THE BOMB



COLONEL FRANCIS MALLORY, C. E.

Born August 15, 1868; graduated from Norfolk Academy, 1886; entered Virginia Military Institute, August, 1886; graduated as Second Jackson-Hope Medalist, July, 1889; C. E., Virginia Military Institute; Commandant and Professor of Mathematics, Fishburne Military Academy, 1889-91; Post Adjutant and Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1891-94; postgraduate student of physics, mathematics and astronomy, Johns Hopkins University, 1894-97; Adjunct Professor of Physics and Astronomy, Virginia Military Institute, 1897-99; since 1899, Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering at the Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, 1902-04; member of the State Board of Education; since 1904, Professor of Latin and History, Virginia Military Institute.

COLONEL HENRY CLINTON FORD,

B. S., Ph. D.

Born December 12, 1867, in Charlotte County, Virginia; attended private school in Charlotte County; student Agricultural and Mechanical College, Blacksburg, Virginia, 1884-85; entered the Virginia Military Institute 1886, graduating in 1889 with fourth stand in class and as Cadet Adjutant; B. S., Virginia Military Institute, 1889; Assistant Professor of Modern Languages and Tactics, Virginia Military Institute, 1889-90; Commandant of Cadets, Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri, 1890-93; student University of Virginia, 1893-95; Ph. D., University of Virginia, 1899; Adjunct Professor of Latin and English, Virginia Military Institute, 1899-1902;



THE BOMB

COLONEL JOHN MERCER PATTON, M. A.



Entered Virginia Military Institute, 1876; graduated in 1880 with first stand in class of twenty-four; First Jackson-Hope Medalist; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, French and Tactics, Virginia Military Institute, 1880-82; student at the University of Berlin, 1882-83; student in Paris, Madrid, and Seville, 1883-86; Associate Professor of Modern Languages, University of Indiana, January-June, 1886; M. A., University of Indiana, 1886; Instructor in Bellevue High School, Virginia, 1886-87; Principal of the St. Paul's School for Boys, California; Principal of the Visalia Normal School, California; law student 1890-92; Principal Assistant in Hoitt's School for Boys, California; Prin-

incipal of Literature, Grammar School; Principal of Union High School, No. 1, and Instructor in Modern Languages in the Oakland High School; Professor of Modern Languages and Commandant of Cadets, University of Arizona; Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Military Institute, 1905; since 1905, Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



COLONEL THOMAS ARCHER JONES.
B. S., C. E.

Student Norfolk Public Schools and Gatewood's School for Boys; entered the Virginia Military Institute 1895, graduating June, 1898, with first stand in class of twenty-two and as Second Lieutenant of Company "B"; with the Southern Paving and Construction Company, 1898-1900; with the Asheville Street Railway Company, 1900-03; with the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company, 1903-05; Adjunct Professor of Engineering, Virginia Military Institute, 1905-07; member of the State Highway Commission, 1906; Colonel and Professor of Civil Engineering, Virginia Military Institute, since 1907.

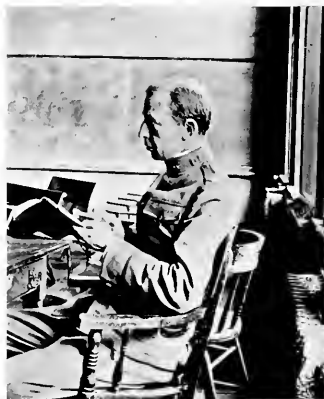


THE BOMB



COLONEL CHARLES WYATT WATTS,
C. E.

Student Norfolk Academy, 1887-89; entered the Virginia Military Institute 1899, graduating in June, 1893, with fifth stand in class of twenty-seven, and as Second Lieutenant of Company "A"; Instructor at the Danville Military Academy, 1893-96; C. E., Virginia Military Institute, 1893; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1896-99; Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1899-1908; Lieutenant-Colonel and Associate Professor of Mathematics, 1908; since 1909, Colonel and Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



Church of the Fathers," and "Theocritus in English Literature"; editor of Milton's Minor Poems in Johnson's English Classics; since 1910. Professor of English at the Virginia Military Institute.

COLONEL ROBERT THOMAS KERLIN,
M. A., PH. D.

Born Newcastle, Missouri, March 22, 1866; M. A., Central College, Missouri, 1890; Johns Hopkins University, 1889-90; University of Chicago and Harvard University: Ph. D., at Yale, 1906; Professor of English, Missouri Valley College, 1890-94; in active ministry of the M. E. Church, South, 1895-98; chaplain of the Third Missouri Volunteers, Spanish-American War; Professor of English, Missouri Valley College, 1901-02, Southwestern University, 1902-03, State Normal, Warrensburg, Missouri, 1903-06; Instructor in English, in Yale, 1906-07; Professor of Literature, State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, 1908-10; author of "Mainly for Myself," "Camp Life of the Third Regiment," "The



THE BOMB



1908-12; author of Wise's "Gunnery," "History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia," "V. M. I. Papers," "The Strong Arm of Lee," and of "Gloria Victis, or the Virginia Military Institute as a School of Arms"; First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, First N. Y. Infantry, 1905-07; Captain and Adjutant, First Battalion Field Artillery, Virginia Volunteers, 1909-12; member of the Raven Society, Eli Banana Society, and Phi Delta Phi Legal Fraternity, West Virginia; honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa; since 1912, Commandant of Cadets and Professor of Economics and Political Science, Virginia Military Institute.

COLONEL JENNINGS CROPPER WISE,
B. S., LL. B.

Born Richmond, Virginia, September 10, 1881; student Phillips Exeter Academy, 1896-98; entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1898; graduating in 1902 with fourth stand in class of thirty-nine; member of Virginia Military Institute football team, 1899-1901; Second Lieutenant, Ninth U. S. Infantry, 1902-05; Secretary of the Carthage Machine Company, Carthage, N. Y., 1905; with the St. Regis Paper Company, September, 1905, to November, 1906; President of the J. C. Wise and Co., and of the Kamargo Supply and Brokerage Company, 1906; University of Virginia Law School, September, 1907, to June, 1909; member of the Richmond Bar Association.



THE BOMB



COLONEL RUSSELL JAMES,
FIRST LIEUTENANT THIRD U. S. INFANTRY

Born in Danville, Virginia, April 24, 1882; eleven years in the Danville Public Schools; entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1901, graduating in 1905 with seventh stand in class of twenty, and as Cadet Captain of Company "A"; captain of the football team 1905; member of the gymnasium team and track team; Coach of the Hampden-Sidney football team, 1905; Army Appointment from the Virginia Military Institute; commissioned Second Lieutenant, February 12, 1907; promoted to First Lieutenant September 2, 1911; served in Philippine Islands, April 5, 1907, to May 10, 1908, and from April 5, 1910, to March 9, 1912; China Expedition, March 9, 1912.

to August 4, 1912; Recruiting Service, January 1, 1913, to August 4, 1913; since September, 1913. Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Virginia Military Institute.

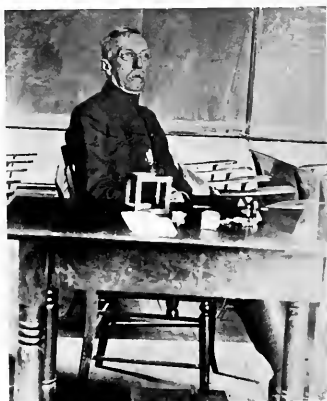


THE BOMB



COLONEL FRANCIS H. SMITH, JR.

Entered the Virginia Military Institute, 1864, graduating in 1869 with fourth stand in class of twenty-three; Post Adjutant, 1864-69; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1876-90; teacher Lynchburg High School, 1892-93 and 1900-02; Associate Principal of Ann Smith Academy, 1893-1900; Superintendent of the Staunton Public Schools, 1902-09; Associate Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1909-13; since 1913, Colonel and Professor of Secondary Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



LIEUT.-COL. ROBT. BARCLAY POAGUE,
B. S.

Born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, December 5, 1881; attended Lexington High School; entered the Virginia Military Institute 1897, graduating in 1900 with fourth stand in class of twenty-six; with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and with the Pennsylvania Railroad, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 1900; Commandant of Cadets Chamberlain-Hunt Academy, Port Gibson, Mississippi, 1902-03; with the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Company, Gulfport, Mississippi, 1903-04; Assistant Professor of Physics, 1904; Major and Adjunct Professor of Drawing, 1908-1913; in charge of Summer Coaching School, 1908-12; since 1913, Lieutenant-Colonel and Associate Professor of Engineering, Virginia Military Institute.



THE BOMB



MAJOR MURRAY F. EDWARDS, B. S.

Cadet Blee's Military Academy, Macon, Missouri, 1899-1902; entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1904, graduating in 1907 with second stand in class of thirty, and as Cadet First Lieutenant of Company "B"; Second Jackson-Hope Medalist; Commandant Rugby Academy, New Orleans, 1907-08; Assistant Professor, Virginia Military Institute, 1908-09; Lehramts-assistent in the Harburger Realgymnasium and Realschule, Harburg a. d. Elbe, Germany, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation, N. Y., 1909-10; Instructor in Latin and German, Kirkwood High School, Kirkwood, Missouri, 1910-11; Post Adjutant and Assistant Professor of German, Virginia Military Institute, 1911-13; post-

graduate student in German, University of Wisconsin, summer sessions of 1911 and 1912; since 1913, Major and Adjunct Professor of German, Virginia Military Institute.





List of Superintendents and Commandants

Superintendents

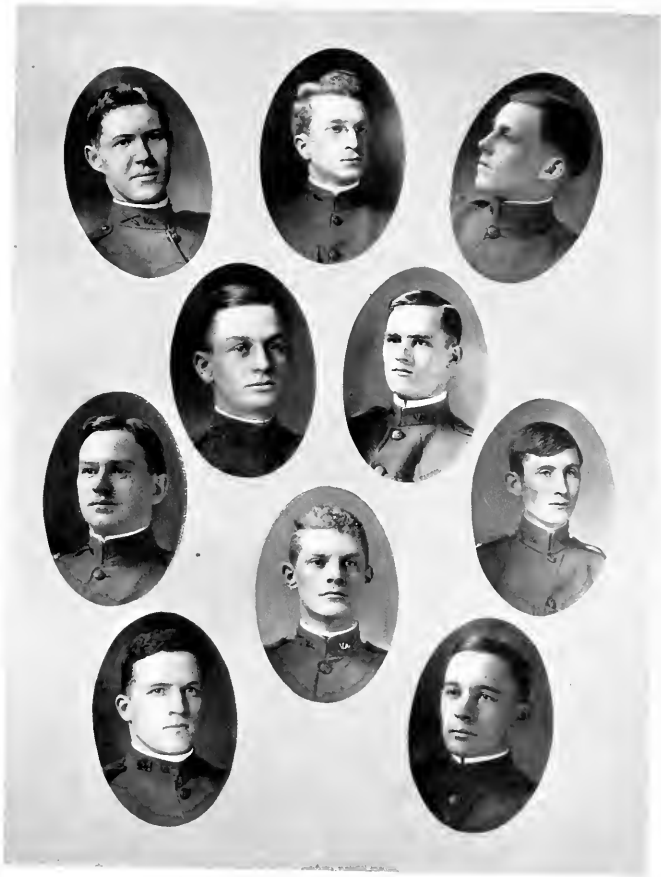
1. FRANCIS HENNEY SMITH, U. S. M. A., 1829, 1839-1889. Resigned Second Lieutenant U. S. Artillery, 1836. Major-General, Virginia Militia, C. S. A.
2. SCOTT SHIPP, V. M. I., 1859, 1889-1907. Brigadier-General Virginia Volunteers.
3. EDWARD WEST NICHOLS, V. M. I., 1878, 1907—, Brigadier-General Virginia Militia.

Commandants and Acting Commandants

1. FRANCIS HENNEY SMITH, U. S. M. A., 1829, 1839-1842. Colonel Virginia Volunteers.
2. THOMAS HOOMES WILLIAMSON, Ex-U. S. M. A., 1829, 1842-1846. Captain Virginia Volunteers.
3. WILLIAM GILHAM, U. S. M. A., 1836, 1846-1862. Resigned First Lieutenant U. S. Artillery, 1846. Colonel Virginia Volunteers. Colonel 21st Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.
4. SCOTT SHIPP, V. M. I., 1859, 1862, to Jan., 1890. Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. A. and Virginia Volunteers.
5. NATHANIEL BEVERLY TUCKER, V. M. I., 1888, Jan., 1890, to March, 1890. Major Virginia Volunteers.
6. ASA L. DUNCAN, V. M. I., 1883, March, 1890, to Sept., 1890. Major Virginia Volunteers.
7. THOMAS R. MARSHALL, V. M. I., 1879, Sept., 1890, to June, 1894. Colonel Virginia Volunteers.
8. SAMUEL DICKERSON ROCKENBACH, V. M. I., 1889, Sept., 1894, to June, 1895. First Lieutenant U. S. Cavalry.
9. DAVID PRICE, U. S. M. A., 1873, Sept., 1895, to May, 1898. First Lieutenant U. S. Artillery Corps.
10. BRANCH BEALE MORGAN, V. M. I., 1893, May, 1898, to June, 1900. Major Virginia Volunteers.
11. RICHARD COKE MARSHALL, V. M. I., 1898, June, 1900, to Feb., 1902. Captain U. S. V. Major Virginia Volunteers.
12. HENRY CLINTON FORD, V. M. I., 1889, Feb., 1902, to Sept., 1903. Major Virginia Volunteers.
13. LOUIS HABVEY STROTHER, V. M. I., 1877, Sept., 1903, to June, 1906. Major U. S. Infantry.
14. MORRELL MADISON MILLS, V. M. I., 1897, Sept., 1906, to June, 1909. First Lieutenant U. S. Artillery.
15. SAMUEL REID GLEAVES, Ex-V. M. I., 1898, U. S. M. A., 1900, Sept., 1909, to June, 1912. Captain U. S. Cavalry.
16. JENNINGS C. WISE, V. M. I., 1902, June, 1912—, Resigned Second Lieutenant U. S. Infantry, 1905. Colonel Virginia Volunteers.

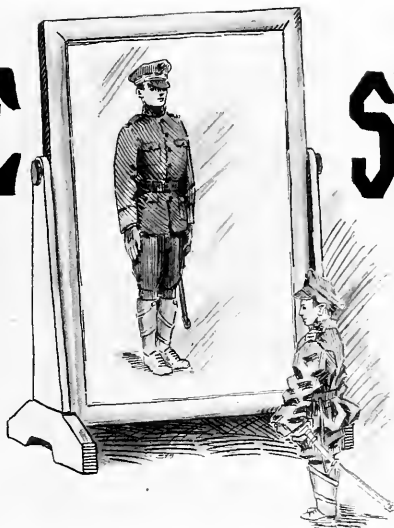
Professors of Military Science Without Tactical Duties

1. JOHN SPRYE PARKE, JR., U. S. M. A., 1875, Sept., 1891, to June, 1893. First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry.
2. EDMUND MOLYNEUX BLAKE, U. S. M. A., 1885, Sept., 1893, to June, 1895. Second Lieutenant 5th U. S. Artillery.
3. HENRY W. T. ELGIN, V. M. I., 1905, Sept. 1912, to June, 1913. First Lieutenant U. S. Coast Artillery Corps.
4. RUSSELL JAMES, V. M. I., 1905, Sept., 1913—, First Lieutenant 3d U. S. Infantry.



SUB-PROFESSORS

THE



SUBS

- CAPTAIN BRAXTON DAVIS MAYO, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Drawing, and Tactics
- CAPTAIN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CROWSON, B. S.
Assistant Professor of English, German, and Tactics
- CAPTAIN SAMUEL MOREHEAD MILLNER, B. S.
Assistant Professor of French, Latin, History, and Tactics
- CAPTAIN ROBERT CHAPMAN SNIDOW, B. S.
Assistant Professor of German and Tactics
- CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HALL ELLISON, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Engineering and Tactics
- CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOWARD EDWARDS, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Chemistry and English
- CAPTAIN CHARLES GIDEON MILLER, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Physics, Electricity, and Tactics
- CAPTAIN ABRAM FRANKLIN KIBLER, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Physics and Tactics
- CAPTAIN HENRY GRIGSLEY POAGUE
Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Athletic Director
- CAPTAIN KENNETH SINCLAIR PURDIE, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics



MILITARY STAFF



MILITARY ***STAFF***

CAPTAIN KENNETH SINCLAIR PURDIE
POST ADJUTANT

MAJOR HUNTER McCLUNG, M. D.
POST SURGEON

COLONEL W. T. POAGUE
TREASURER AND MILITARY STOREKEEPER

MAJOR ERNEST SALE
COMMISSARY AND QUARTERMASTER

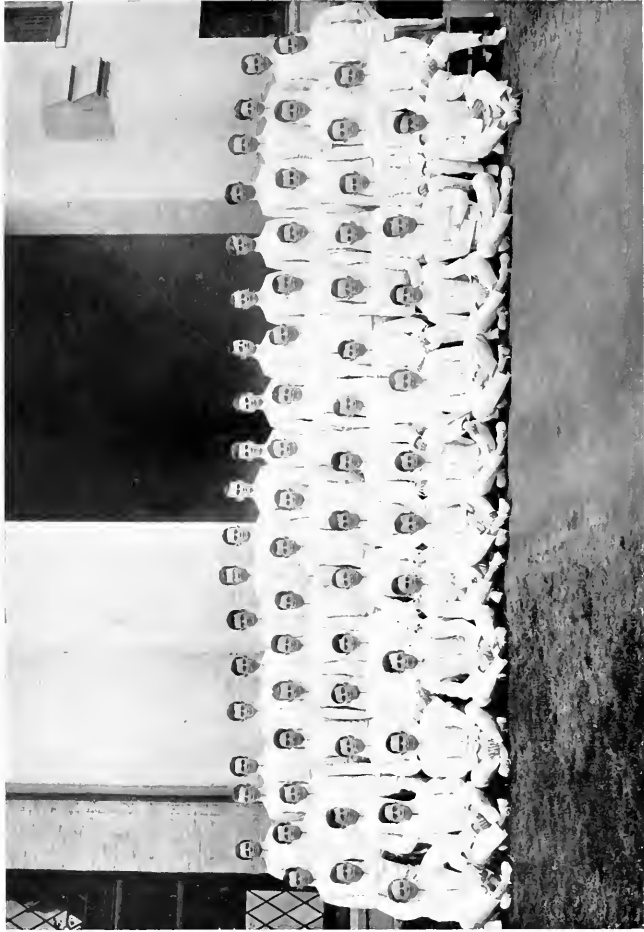
CAPTAIN J. W. GILLOCK
ASSISTANT MILITARY STOREKEEPER

CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. ANDERSON
HISTORIOGRAPHER

MISS NELLIE GIBBS
LIBRARIAN

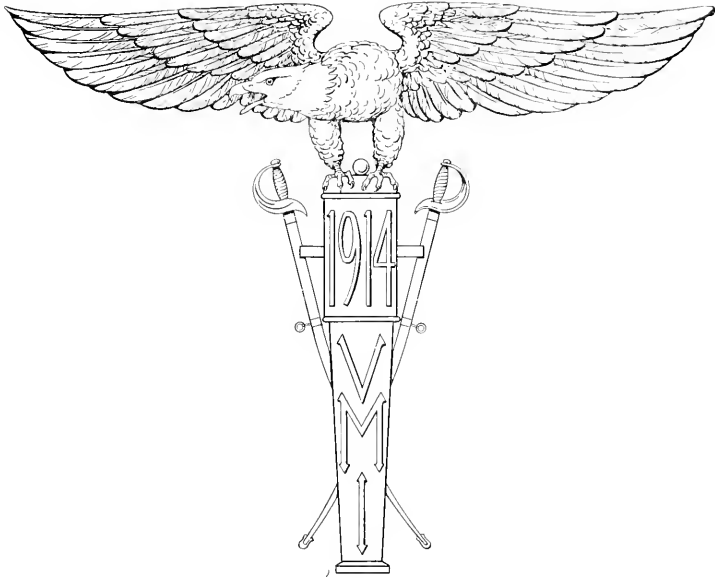






FIRST CLASS GROUP

THE BOMB



First Class Officers

BLANDY BENJAMIN CLARKSON.....	PRESIDENT
WILLIAM TARDY CLEMENT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
EDWIN PARKER CONQUEST.....	HISTORIAN

COLORS: *Maroon and Gray*



THOMAS STOKES ADAMS

RICHMOND, VA.

"Stokees"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "B"; Sergeant Co. "E"; Lieutenant Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Glee Club (2); Assistant Manager Basket-Ball (2); Manager Basket-Ball (1); Tute Bomb Staff (1); Class Football (2); Monogram Club (1).

If all the world loves a lover, then we need have no fear for the future of this Adams individual. Music is also one of his drawbacks. The minute he receives one of those pink envelopes from the Sapphire Country, it's: "Mister, go borrow me a guitar," and such ballads, melodies, and ditties you have never heard. "Monkey" says, "If that girl is as much in love as he is, I feel sorry for her roommates." "Stokees," besides having a strong affinity for peanuts, can make marvelous after-dinner speeches, and has a voice like Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. In after-life the biped here pictured intends to practice lumber in the state of North Carolina.

Ed. J. Adams, T. J.

WILLIAM DAVIS ARMSTRONG

PETERSBURG, VA.

"Billy" — "Kinnmont" — "Piedmont Willie"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Private Co. "C" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

Pause, gentle reader, and behold this intelligent brow. Be sure and let it sink in, for some day it will undoubtedly decorate the halls of fame. There was a time when "Kinnmont" looked upon a "cutie" with fear and trembling; but now his audacity among ladies is astounding. A lover of sleep is Willie; and when once he and his hay have made connection, the only way to arouse him is to say, "Let's go fishing." This hazardous sport pleases every fiber of his being, and the Nile affords him excellent opportunities for amusement. He insists that Petersburg is a nice building, and we just won't contradict him. His ambition is to run a peanut stand on Sycamore Street.



HENRY AVERILL

ORANGE, VA.

"Buzz"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3), (2); Military Secretary; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); *Cadet* Staff (2); Editor-in-Chief of *Cadet* (1); Class Valetorian; Class Basket-Ball (2), (1).

The "Buzz" flopping down into Lexington, attracted no doubt by the sight of so much carrion around barracks, has stayed with us to the very end. Beginning as a rat the "Buzard" has distinguished himself. As a third classman he vehemently, but perhaps wisely, refused promotion to the high office of corporal, and since has acquired from time to time excess of demerits. He may be found at any time, when not in the bay, sitting across a table, sometimes writing for the *Cadet*, which under his able leadership has turned out to be an unparalleled success. He was an aspirant in the line of basket-ball, until a post standing near almost put him out for good. We are now waiting to hear of "Buzz's" success in smashing baggage at the new station they some time will get at Orange. Distinguished by being, besides Chambliss, the only man able to listen to Root for five minutes at a time.

Henry Averill



HANCOCK BANNING, JR.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Hank" — "Jew"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "E" (3), (2), (1); *Cadet* Staff (2), (1); THE BOMB Staff (1); Mandolin Club (3), (2), (1).

When this South Sea Islander arrived, any one, judging from his complexion, would have taken him for an Ethiopian, but one glance at his beak would have been sufficient to dispel this illusion. "Hank" possesses baskets full of knowledge, which he expounds in his own peculiar language to any listener, willing or otherwise. He is the only heathen within our midst, for, as Colonel Kerlin says, "He ain't got no religion mos' heartily." The "Jew" is an accomplished photographer, and is continually worrying his roommates with his offensive liquors. Can be seen almost any night leaning out of the window of 92 about 1:30 A. M. Masters electricity without difficulty, and expects to be a "Frosh" at Cornell next year.

Hancock Banning, Jr.



LLOYD H. BERGMAN
 FORTH WORTH, TEXAS
 "Pedro"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F"; Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

Let not the above picture lead you astray or cause you to turn this page, but pause—read these lines about a man, who, having toured two states, can describe the North Pole better than Admiral Peary himself. He has the vague idea that he was made to become some great singer or perhaps a noted actor; but, alas, he has given up his attempts, and now starts his career as an amateur, playing the part of "Old Israel." He is famed in barracks as a Russian dancer, and on several occasions caused "Tim" to rush from his delinquencies in order to suppress the boisterous audience. V. M. I. has tempered this man from the wild plains of Texas into a soldier of repute, and now sends him on a mission assured that he will repay her for her toils.



SAMUEL S. BRADFORD, JR.
 FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

"Grandma"—"Picnic"—"Steamship"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (1).

This "pair of spectacles" reported to the O. D. in 1910. He holds the record of being the only human with a nicked anatomy. He received this blemish when a rat and somehow it has never worn off. As a third classman he was a model "keyhole"; but, lo, when a second classman he defied authority so grossly as to tell a "higher up" to "go to the —" for which episode he was afforded many opportunities for reflection and repentance. Yes, Friends, Cupid's darts have found his obdurate heart, and it lies bleeding on the banks of the Rappahannock. Whether "Grandma" chooses Electrical Engineering or Domestic Science for his vocation, we are sure success will follow him.

Sydney Bradford
 6/11/34

Sydney Bradford Jr



WILLARD COWLES BROWN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Willard"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "B"; Corporal Co. "C"; First Sergeant Co. "E"; Lieutenant Co. "F"; Rifle Team (4), (3); THE BOMB Staff (1); Cadet Staff (1).

"Brown, W., sir, Washington, D. C., sir." These words ushered into being as a cadet the cutest little tow-headedest rat ever seen. But as the days passed his stature increased as did also his gray matter. He is now a mental giant and his frame has broadened almost in proportion to his cranium. And his "dubs" make him the best-looking officer ever. "Bone" is his undying motto. The result is that "W. C. Brown, District of Columbia" falls from the lips of the adjutant at finals with the poetic rhythm of much practice, and Old Nick casts a loving eye on him whenever his strut carries him near that dignity. His ambition is to go to Boston Tech, and, with the knowledge there acquired, to get a job yelling "front" at some hotel.

W.C. Brown



WITHERS ALEXANDER BURRESS

RICHMOND, VA.

"Pinkey"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "D"; Lieutenant Co. "F"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Chairman Class Ring Committee (2); Marshal Final German (1); Business Manager of THE BOMB (1); President of Episcopal Church Club (1); Secretary Monogram Club (2); Class Football (3); Varsity Football (2), (1); Class Basket-Ball (1).

Put on your smoked glasses and take a long look at this headlight. The above picture is his fourth attempt; and it had to be taken with his cap on, the hair being put in afterwards... But far be it from us to throw off on "Pinkey's" personal appearance. Really, we think he is very fortunate in being illuminated as he is all the time. His favorite occupations are: first, infiltrating a cigarette butt (lighted at one end) and hiding in the "Klans on the fourth stoop O. C. M. N. I.; and, second, commanding some subordinate in sharp staccato to "report Chambliss for trifling." May "Pinkey" be as much of a shining light in after-life as he has been during his earthly.

W.A. Burress
 W.A. Burress



TURNER MASON CHAMBLISS
NORTH EMPORIA, VA.

"Empty-Head"—"Vacuum Dome"—
"Adjutant"—"Adjie"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "A"; Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Class Baseball (2), (1); Class Football (1); Marshal Final German (1); Class Banquet Committee (1).

O-o-h! Poor "Vaeicie's" so sick! What makes him so sick? Nobody knows. Some say it's lack of brains. Maybe so! At any rate it has been proved, not only by Newton's fourth law of motion, but by Right Reverend Colonel Alonk Mallory, that he is 99 per cent. vacuum under actual working conditions. Now, who'd believe that? Why, anybody! "Vaeicie" swears he isn't ignorant. He says he can prove Christopher Columbus didn't make an egg stand up by busting its end. He says he can prove it. How? By busting that egg dome he's got for a bean, and if anything'll stand up after that he'd like to see it. But he that as it may, our "Vaeicie" is all right; but brains he has nix.

T.M. Chambliss



CAMILLUS CHRISTIAN, JR.
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"Cummy"—"Guinea Pig"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "C"; Corporal Co. "C"; First Sergeant Co. "B"; Captain Co. "B"; Committeeman Final Ball (2); Chairman X-13 Class Ring Committee (2); Assistant Manager Baseball (2); Manager Baseball (1); Post Exchange Council (1); THE BOYS Staff (1); Monogram Club (1); Class Football (2); Varsity Football Squad (1).

Hair grows very fertile everywhere on this individual save upon that unimportant part of his anatomy—the dome. Verily the hairs of his head are numbered one. This may be accounted for, however, when one thinks of the vacuum inside. Hailing from the mountainous Lynchburg, "Guinea" has succeeded in developing his leg muscles to incredible magnitudes. In the summer time it has been said that he wears gummy sacks for pantaloons. We have already spoken of the vacuum, but his owner has done some excellent handwork in spite of this. His method of studying Chemistry by proxy should be recorded in the halls of fame. May "Cummy" always have as much success in maxing up life's work.



JOHN HAMILTON CHRISTIAN

LYNCHBURG, VA.

"John"—"Chris"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "E"; Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

This disciple of Bacchus, Adonis, and Whipple came in with us in September, 1910, at rather a tender age, and has been getting tenderer with age ever since. He has always been too much engrossed with writing letters to Lynchburg to go out for athletics, but he gets all the exercise he requires at the Hops. John hits the hay more than any civil man in barracks, and, as a result, his knowledge of "Bridge Design" is a subject for conjecture. John expects to locate as an engineer, and you may be sure that he will settle not far from the city of "The Seven Hills."



BLANDY BENJAMIN CLARKSON

MILLBORO, VA.

"Blinks"—"Liz"—"Parapet"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "B"; Corporal Co. "B"; First Sergeant Co. "F"; Captain Co. "F"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Vice-President of Class (3), (2); President of Class (1); Varsity Football, Baseball, Basket-Ball (4), (3), (2), (1); Captain Varsity Baseball (1); Monogram Club (2), (1).

"Blinks" is the cream of "what came from Roller's." He was an inmate there for some twelve years. Since coming here he has been actively engaged in athletics of every branch, and has been a veritable pillar of the institute. Never tires of boosting Millboro. For the readers' benefit, this town, or rather house, is situated about forty miles from Staunton, the nearest railroad station, and is not marked on any map yet published. Roughs the "dumb" occupants of 48 at regularly recurring intervals. He will not play any position but left field on the baseball team, as he is very fond of running up and down the parapet. His grin is enough to carry him through the world.

John Hamilton Christian
June 13, 1934



WILLIAM TARDY CLEMENT
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"John Henry"—"Bub"

Matriculated 1910; Private Co. "F"; Corporal Co. "F"; First Sergeant Co. "C"; Captain Co. "D"; Leader Final Ball (2); Leader Final German (1); Vice-President of Class (1); *Cadet* Staff (1); Chairman Class Banquet Committee (1); Class Football (3), (2), (1); Captain All-Class Football (1).

Think of a runner of no mean ability, a blaster of hearts, and captor of maids, and you have before you our "John Henry." His favorite occupation is prowling around at night on first class permit. His absent-mindedness caused him to wander aimlessly down to the O. D.'s house one night and announce that the corps might visit Lexington if it so desired. The next day the Commandant asked him please not to do so any more. "Bub" is trying to be an electrician, but we think he would be a great deal more interested in "Masonry." But his future is already mapped out, and it will certainly be a "big thing" when he puts his foot in the shoe business.

EDWARD JONES CLOPTON
WASHINGTON, VA.

"Buss"—"Cyclops"—"Aristotle"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

Aristotle in all his finery was never arrayed like this happy, harmless, homely, hallucination from the only mistake in God's universe—Washington, Va. Aspires only to work out through the principles advocated by "Tommy" the equation of his dome in a vain endeavor to purchase a headgear for said obstacle. Vague dreams of Her, that is wont to repose within the range of his optics, and expectations of reaching the Presidential Chair through the recess of "Schoolmaster," occupy his leisure moments. "Buss" can give you the address of every manufacturer of hats from Egypt to Bermuda. May his ashes rest and not be disturbed by seekers of antiquated relics. One of the "Nines."

Edward J. Clopton



BENJAMIN ALLISON COLONNA

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Billy"—"Possum"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "C"; Sergeant Co. "D"; Lieutenant Co. "D"; Cadet Staff (1); Mandolin Club (1); Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (2), (1); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1); Captain Class Football (2).

"Billy" floated into favor on a German vocabulary that was big enough to hold the entire class up to a 6 in that department. Wherefore, his cat life was one of ease and good will. And by simulating death whenever trouble did cross his post, he had the name of "Possum" attached to his comely person. "Billy," oh, joy, is a musical boy, and has an auxiliary rev of his own every morning just before last call. And then doesn't go to formation, much to the frenzied delight of "B. D." A happy soul is his. His worst trouble is keeping his hair parted. Law is the target of his capabilities, but he's so short he can't reach the bar.

B. Allison Colonna

B. Allison Colonna.
June 1st, 1917



EDWIN PARKER CONQUEST

RICHMOND, VA.

"Edwin"—"Parker"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "D"; Corporal "B"; First Sergeant Co. "D"; Captain Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Editor-in-Chief of THE BOMB (1); Hop Committee (1); Class Historian (4), (3), (2), (1); Vestryman Episcopal Church Club (4), (3), (2), (1); Gymnasium Team (3), (2), (1); Class Football (2); Assistant Manager Tennis (2); Manager Tennis (1); Monogram Club (1).

It is, indeed, a pity that the hands of Edwin are not shown in this picture, for they are sights to behold; oh, they are immense! He uses his glove for a clothes-bag every other week. There is another thing that may be considered as comparable with his hands; namely, his —; well, his poor messmates are very, very thin. Can be found any old time engaged in one of the following: eating, raising taxicab windows, making acquaintances on trains, or composing verses about "Monkey." Quite often he trades car tickets for kisses, and the kisses don't come out of a candy store either. It is his ambition to imitate a sub-professor of Civil, or to be a tree doctor. The former suits him better.



WM. FRANKLIN CUNNINGHAM

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Slip"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "E"; Color Guard; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Banquet Committee (1); Cheer Leader (1); Varsity Basket-Ball (2); Class Baseball (2); Class Football (1).

"Slip" is best described by one of the "calls" at the Hops. "Mr. Cunningham? Oh! he is just the cutest thing!" Furthermore he has been here so long that he calls all of the college widows by their first names, and is as much of a landmark to the animal as "Old John" or "Joe." He made his first claim to notoriety through his successful attempt at painting "Old George." Later he cornered the appellation of "Slip" by his utter disregard for all rules and regulations. His football ability remained undiscovered until his first class year when he burst forth as a star of the first magnitude, getting a "Charley Horse" and ridding the Glee for a month. "Here's luck to you, 'Slip'."

W. F. Cunningham



FRANK CUTCHINS

RICHMOND, VA.

*"Fatty"—"Cutchinheimer"—
"Boss Murphy"*

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "B" (4), (3); Private Co. "C" (2), (1); Color Guard (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Cheer Leader (1).

This catastrophe is a politician right, and he is a past master at "lecturing before class meetings. As to his cadet life, why, it's just one mad whirl of gaiety. He is a society man from his pompadour to his shoe shine, and a ten-second one at that. Every Saturday night he swirls his cape about his shoulders, and, with a coquettish salute to the O. D., leaves for parts unknown. Cutchins winks familiarly at all the college widows, and it is even rumored that there is one little piece of femininity who slings to him such ragtime as "I love your lips, your finger tips," etc. "Cutch" will end either as a dancing teacher or as a political boss.

Frank Cutchins



BYRON FAY DAWES
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
"B. F.—"Beeron"

Matriculated 1909; Private Co. "A";
Corporal Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "E";
Lieutenant Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball
(2); Marshal Final German (1); As-
sistant Manager Track Team (2);
Manager Track Team (1); Assistant
Business Manager THE BOMB (1).

One day, when Joe was a little boy, a young
man alighted here. He was dressed in the height
of fashion, wore a cigarette, cane, monocle, and
a bull pup. Strolling up to the Lexington Police
Force, in a very nonchalant manner, he said: "I
say, old top, can you direct me to the Lexington
Military Academy?" The officer looked at him
once and turned in a riot call. After the fracas,
he came on up to barracks, where his long and
eventful career as a "keylet" began. Since that
time, he has found it necessary, at intervals,
to take long vacations, but he has always come back,
and we think he will graduate this time.

B. F. Dawes.



WILLIAM RILEY DEEBLE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
"Sergeant"—"Lady"—"Riley"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "A";
Sergeant Co. "A"; Private Co. "F";
Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final
German (1); Class Football (2), (1);
Class Basket-Ball (1).

Captain John Smith is not in the game at all
when "Sergeant" goes upon the warpath with
his powder-puff. He is fond of giving marvelous
tales of "Gay Paree" by night, but is quiet upon
the subject that one of his many fair dames spoke
of when explaining how he could "faire tout de
voit." Born to command, as has been shown at
the institute, he has already selected his place of
voluntary exile—France—the land of Napoleon of
old. Favorite occupation: standing before the
mirror and exclaiming in a mellow (?) voice:
"Boys, how can they resist me?" One of the
"Nines."



EDWARD S. DILLEY
 PINE BLUFF, ARK.
"Little Ed Dill"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "D" (1), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Company Rifle Team (3), (2), (1).

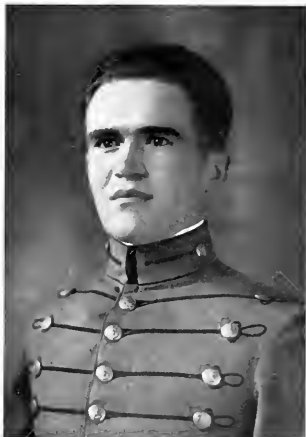
"Little Ed" was a Christmas present, having been born on December 25, 1893, but has differed from the usual run of such gifts in that he is useful as well as ornamental. He two-stepped into V. M. I. in the fall of 1910 and "D" Company caught him for good. His overwhelming distaste for anything requiring energy, as well as his smallness of stature, have kept him from shining among the athletes, but as a dancer and "all-round ladies' man" he has no superior. To watch him executing the hesitation or other kindred movements is to see the personification of grace. If Dilley, when he cuts loose from V. M. I., will just get along with the troubles of after-life as well as he has with the ladies and "keydets," heretofore, we need have no fear for his future.



CARY BRECKINRIDGE EASLEY
 RICHMOND, VA.
"C-a-a-ree"—"Limberlost"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "C"; Corporal Co. "C"; Private Co. "C"; Private Co. "B"; Winner Individual Rifle Cup (3); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

You have before you now the junior partner of the "Buck and Cary" firm. His chief aim in life is to bring up a debatable question, hint around until he finds out which view Buck will take, and then oppose him with dogged determination. Almost any time you walk by 61 you can hear cries of, "Buck, you're just a ——" but what is there in names? Although Cary's "corp" was short-lived, he is a most excellent drill master. His favorite branch of the service is the artillery, in which he handles the limbers with the highest proficiency. In spite of his love for word combats, Cary will undoubtedly hammer his way to the top rung of life's ladder.



Ernest C. Echols

ERNEST CARTER ECHOLS

GLASGOW, VA.

"Ernie"—"Hookworm"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3); Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Company Rifle Team (4); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

This cast-off clothes-line crawled in unbeknownst, one wet morning in 1910. At first he claimed to hail from Balcony Falls; but so many upper classmen had been forced to wait for trains in that metropolis, that "Ernie" wisely changed the title of his residence to Glasgow. During his rat year the above belonged to the "ruming" variety, but, see this, gentle reader, he has slackened his pace, and now spends his time walking (drills). It was last year that he contracted the fatal "Hookworm," and several times it has threatened the ruination of his chance for the elusive "dip." Somehow, though, he has escaped thus far. Let us hope that in after-life he will be even more successful.

6/13/39

ROBERT DANIEL EVANS

LYNCHBERG, VA.

"Monkey De Monk"—"Admiral"—"Bob"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "B" (4), (3); Private Co. "E" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

Four years ago this relic of prehistoric ages caught sight of the wireless station at V. M. I., and, realizing that this would afford him excellent opportunities for prehensile climbing, swung himself into barracks without further ado. He can't give the Hops a thing, but loves to hunt possums in the jungle near East Lexington. The "Admiral's" most prominent accomplishment is swinging himself from strop to strop without running a—late. If people would leave his company commander alone, he would run zero demerits. "Monkey" started using tobacco when about so high, but lately has developed a habit of "swearing off for good" every Sunday. Still, despite this monkey business, "Bob" is a good scout, and V. M. I. will miss him when he leaves.

R. C. Echols



MARSHALL PERRY FLETCHER

"Flu"—"Flicker"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "E"; Corporal Co. "E"; Sergeant Co. "B"; Lieutenant Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

When "Flicker" made his military debut, he carried a carpet-bag in one hand and a jug of Fluvanna County perstimon beer in the other, but now he has developed into—well, just feast your eyes on the above. Still you can not appreciate him by merely gazing at this unworthy likeness; no, kind reader, you have to hear him (try to) talk. It sounds like somebody "way down in the trunk room blowing bubbles in a chocolate milk shake. Nevertheless, "Flicker," as a soldier, is a phenomenon, having captured all the left-over offices for the past four years. When he leaves, it will be hard to find a man to fill his place as battalion commander at 1 R. C. on the holidays.

M. Fletcher ^{6/13} 1939
M. P. Fletcher



CHARLES CALL FRARY

EUSTIS, FLA.

"C. C."

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "A"; Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1); Track Team (2), (1).

This phenomenon appeared on the scene three years ago. He hails from the Florida jungles, and, to listen to him, you would think Enstis was on the county map. His thrilling stories of crocodiles and alligators keep the whole library awake after taps; and the sharks he has caught with a hook are as numerous as his lates. When not displaying his gift for narration his ambition seems to be to wrest the hitherto undisputed title from the famous Rip Van Winkle. Even though "C. C." is fleet of foot, this fact seldom prevents him from running his three lates a day. Well, anyway, here's hoping he will be on time when Gabriel blows his last note.



THOMPSON HART GETZEN

WEBSTER, FLA.

"Tender Heart"—"T. Hartie"—
"Little Joe"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D" (4), (3); Private Co. "E" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (1); Class Baseball (1).

This denizen of the Everglades arrived at the Virginia Military Institute with a 'zator in his pocket, the twang of the real old-time Florida "cracker," a bundle of celery, and a rattlesnake husband to top it off. The tales he tells are whale-killers, and they would win "The Dog" from Ananias at every trial. But he swears by his state and not by his tales, so we have forgiven him. "T. Hartie" is a model of virile young manhood and neither smokes, drinks, plays cards, nor studies. This "second edition" of Edison is going to follow the profession of begging substance from the soil. We hope that he will be able to grow oranges by electricity.



HOWARD FRANCIS GILL

PETERSBURG, VA.

"Gloomy Gus"—"Gloom Bird"—"Skinny"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F" (3), (2); Military Secretary; Marshal Final German; THE Bomb Staff (1).

"Gloomy," the chaplain of the third class rat addition, was, in the days of his youth, among those who ran. His captain caught him with creases and brushed hair at 7:01 one dark morning. "Tim's" advent caused him to leave electric irons in order to shove holes in a typewriter, whence rolls mile after mile of our Commanding officer's orders. He is the only thing Willard is afraid of. Sometimes he gets a 9.9, and then our "Bwown" has to be taken outside and revived. It's a pity this representation is not a movie film so you could see him walk. But that can be done when he becomes Brigadier-General "Gloomy Gus" Gill of the Goobertown Guards.



SANFORD POMEROY GRAVES

ATLANTA, GA.

"Pom"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A" (1), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Company Rifle Team (3).

Stop! Look! Listen! Above is the exact duplicate of the countenance of this good-natured lad from Georgia. Our "Pommes de Roy" has a strong sense of humor which often makes him laugh for an hour at a time, when no one else can find the joke. "Pom" has high aspirations of some day becoming a musical genius. He plucks on his little mandolin, until the O. D. threatens to bene him for creating gross noise in his room. After he has blinded "Timmy" into giving him a "dip" he intends to start work on the Southern Railroad (with a pick and shovel). We are all sure that he will soon rise to a position demanded by his talent. "And, departing, leave behind him, enormous footprints on the sands of time."

THOMAS TROY HANDY

EMORY, VA.

"Tom"—"Troy"—"Tomtit"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "B"; Lieutenant Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Manager Football (1).

"HANDY—Skillful in using the hand." Thus from the resources of "Webster's" we derive this equivalent to the above problem. "say, fellows (spat), did you ever (spat) hear this one?" Such is the beginning of a history of Southwest Virginia, or the story of "Rambling Robby Out West" in his endeavors to expostulate miraculous hairbreadth escapes to the awe-inspired "Nines." "Shipped" from his abode in the wilds, he arrived among us in a crate bearing the label: "To be opened when Handy." Immediately he began his career as third man around the table with "Apple" and "Romen." The horrors of the sweat-box of old have nothing on "Moon Face" when he is acting in the capacity of a torturer of hearts. One of the "Nines."

Resentment 6-12-31 1/2 2/3 2/4

Thos T Handy



HERBERT RADCLIFFE HORDERN

WARRENTON, VA.

"Count"—"Herbo"—"Scrouge"

Matriculated 1908. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "B"; Sergeant Co. "A"; Battalion Quartermaster; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Hop Committee (2), (1); Chairman Post Exchange Committee (1); Track Team (1); Gymnasium Team (2), (1).

All records of matriculation of this Stone Age representative have long since crumbled to dust; and it is only by careful examination of the hieroglyphics, recently excavated, that we can discover anything concerning him. He must have arrived when the O. D. carried a tomahawk, barracks was a cave, and fig leaves were worn to B. P. But in all this time his limbs have not grown a whit. Why, in cold weather it's a common sight to see "Count" riding the Commandant's horse with bayonet scabbards for puttees. His highest ambition is to be a dashing cavalry officer; and we earnestly hope that Uncle Sam, in his leniency, will examine his nether extremities through a magnifying glass and let him in.



SHIRLEY RANDOLPH HURT

BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Hurley Shirt"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "C"; Private Co. "E" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Ring Committee (2); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1); Class Football (2), (1); Track Team (2).

"A handsome face, but, oh, so sad." We knew not why until your young Narcissus, gazing upon one of East Lexington's fairest queens, heaved a despairing sigh and lamented, "Ah, had but I my specs on, that I might gaze on she; and had but I no specs on, that she might gaze on me." That same night "our hero" ("Shirt's" favorite designation for himself), after waking all of his roommates, looking for a match to see if the light was on, set out to climb up the switch cord for close investigation. A little later he ran an absent from class, while adjusting his glasses to look for that very article. "Sweet Shirt," how he loves his girl!



WILLIAM MORAGNÉ HUSSON
PALATKA, FLA.

"Steamboat"—"El Vapor"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "A" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Company Rifle Team (2); Class Baseball (2); Class Football (1).

"Steamboat" Bill Husson in the fall of 1909 became "Cadet Husson, W. M., Florida, sir." Shortly after this momentous event, missing the moccasins, mud cats, swamps, and tadpoles of his native state, he withdrew, and his career became a closed book. In 1911, however, the manly form of "Steamboat" once more darkened the arch. He was shortly made chairman of the Sabbath Sun Bath Committee, and was also an important figure at after-taps astronomy meetings on the first stoop. As for the "calle" however; well, his wardrobe shelves are a veritable Bluebeard's store-room of beauties. "Steamboat" intends to enter Boston Tech, deduce a formula for conversion of Everglade mud into gasoline and then settle down in peaceful retirement.

Wm. M. Husson
June 11th 1939.



REMBRANDT PEALE KEEZELL
KEEZLETOWN, VA.

"Long John"—"Baby Buzard"—

"Chippie H. Dipper"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3); Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1); Company Rifle Team (3), (2); Class Baseball (2).

This is our Rembrandt—noble, dignified, worthy. Rembrandt. Although we do not know the exact location of Keezletown, we are nevertheless highly honored by the presence of one of her native sons among us. As a rat, Rembrandt always seemed wanting to go somewhere in a hurry. Apparently he has never got there, for his expression is still the same. He burst into scholastic fame when he obtained a solid max in Descriptive Geometry for two recitations. For the past two years he has patiently endured the Buck and Cary nightly debates. As a member of Ernie Echols' Cotillon Club he has been the leader at several Hops. At present, Keezell has high political aspirations. Perhaps we shall some day hear of him as Boss Keezell of Rockingham County—who can tell?



FRITZ KRENTEL

PELOTAS, BRAZIL

"Dago"—"Fritz"—"Greaser"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "C" (4), (3); Private Co. "E"; Private Co. "B"; Class Football (1); All-Class Football (1); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1).

He comes from the southern extremity of Brazil, and is famous as being the only "Dago" that was ever permitted to stay among us. "Fritz" first came into prominence in his rat year by having a midnight entertainment, caused by dreaming of the little "Dagos" far, far away. He could speak all languages, with the exception of English, when he came, and, after four years here, he still has the same handicap. Once he was "Virtuous," "Modest" and "Innocent" (N. M. I.), but from his association with the occupants of 29 B he is so far on his downward path that we are afraid he will be unable to stop at Brazil when he returns home, but will be carried on to the South Pole.



FREDERICK WARREN LOOK

BROWN STATION, N. Y.

"Freddie"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D"; Private Co. "A"; Private Co. "E"; Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (2); Varsity Football Squad (1); Class Basket-Ball (1).

In the fall of 1909, a close observer might have noticed a nursemaid approach the institute, trundling a baby carriage, which contained no less a personage than our "Freddie." As a third classman his size was still lacking, but not so his ferociousness. When "Freddie" next appeared among us after the N-13 episode, he was as big as a house. He soon won fame as a class team star, and this year he became one of the varsity itself, playing in all of the opening games. Undoubtedly he would have received a monogram had he not been injured on the parade ground in mid-season. Frederick takes Civil and expects shortly to boss a section gang up at Brown Station.



SUMTER DE LEON LOWRY

TAMPA, FLA.

"Sump"—"Ponce"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F"; First Sergeant Co. "E"; Captain Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); President Monogram Club (1); Mandolin Club (3); Varsity Football (3), (2), (1); Varsity Basketball (3), (2); Captain Varsity Basketball (1).

An athlete of repute, a voice that resembles the cat on the back fence (that is, when he attempts to sing), a figure like an inverted isosceles triangle, and a face as shown above. This is an accurate description of "Sump." The above really is a flattering picture, although he insists that it doesn't do him justice. Near the end of his first class year he learned, much to his sorrow, how to report to an officer, although he said he didn't see why the Fourth Cadet Captain should be required to observe such formalities to a mere sub. He intends to become an insurance man, perhaps to found a new company. Judging from the way he gets along in Electricity, insurance certainly must be his calling.



CHARLES PEYTON McCABE

LEESBURG, VA.

"Mac"—"Charlie"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "F"; Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Cadet Staff (2), (1); THE BOMB Staff (1); Glee Club (2); Scrub Football (3), (2); Captain Scrub Football (1); Class Football (3), (2); Class Baseball (2).

"Charlie" has always been supernumerary to the list of officers. Chevrons come and go with him. He keeps a complete outfit of them in his shelf to provide for an emergency. A classmate "busted," and he pins on his stripes; a little gaudy like for old George and off they come again. The cadet grey has enveloped his manly form for some time, and it becomes him more every day. Even the ladies have fallen under the charm of his hair and his baritone, this fact being evinced by a regular (?) letter from Bryn Mawr. "Mac" can tuck a football under his arm and "hit that lyca" like a steam hammer. Watch life's obstacles scatter when he charges them.

Chas. P. McCabe



JAMES R. McCORMICK

RAPHINE, VA.

"Jim"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A" (4), (3); Sergeant Co. "A"; Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Baseball (1).

A question mark would probably be the most appropriate write-up we could give "Jim"—not because he is a questionable character, understand—but (?). When a new cadet "our hero" was spoken of as a quiet and dutiful rat, but that description would never fit "James, the First Classman," for now he has learned all the ways of the "keydet." His three hobbies are "calc," cigarettes, and electricity, and we believe he will have success with all of these. "Jim" has made many friends at V. M. I. whose good wishes will follow him in after-life. It is rumored that he has nearly completed a process for hatching eggs by electricity, an invention which would revolutionize the whole chicken industry.

JR McCormick



DAVID MEADE BERNARD MANN

PETERSBURG, VA.

"Dumbo"—"Gor"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "D"; Private Co. "B" (3), (2); Private Co. "E"; Company Rifle Team (4), (3), (2); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Class Football (1).

Here we see no common form of man—on the other hand, a very peculiar one; a man of many letters, which is evident from his name above. He is one of "Tommy's" (civil sharks, and will no doubt make a great engineer. In fact he is already considering a new form of railroad on which the engineer is relieved of the strain of steering his mount of steel around the curves. "Dumbo" shines most brilliantly when he is officer of the Guard. But some cruel cadet, who was jealous of his capacity as an officer, tied his sword in the scabbard one bright morning before Guard Morning. The complications brought about by this act completely upset his military aspirations, but Bernard just laughs at such things.

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SAMUEL MARSHALL, JR.
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

"Swede"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F" (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Scrub Football (3); Varsity Football (2), (1).

"Swede" is a very well-developed youth, this fact being noted by "Auld Nick," and the football coaches when first they laid eyes on him. His favorite performance is to go to parade without a bayonet. This happens four days out of five. When he leaves on furlough—my, but he is swell, the height of fashion in every respect! Our "Swede" is a regular attendant of the Dutch Inn. He always orders supper for four and then goes alone to partake of a light lunch as he calls it. His calling is extremely undecided, but with a casual glance at his capabilities we believe he would succeed best making car mufflers for the Connecticut Ice Company.

Samuel Marshall
6-11-39



WILLIAM MARSHALL, JR.
RICHMOND, VA.

"Bill"

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "D"; Private Co. "A"; Assistant Leader Final Ball (2); Assistant Leader Final German (1); Gymnasium Team (2), (1).

"Bill" has been here a long, long time, but, like wine, he improves with age. He has held numerous offices, his last one, as X. C. O., sadly ending when he entrusted the command of the first relief to itself while—anyhow, he was reduced. His next attempt was in the dignified position of Officer of the Guard, but the responsibilities of this office were not consistent with his demerit list so he was forced to resign. He is a close student of nature and is also taking a simplified course in the beauty of the moon. As a sideline "Bill" is profoundly interested in the Science of Gunnery, of which we expect will be of great use to him in the near future.



JOHN GAW MEEM

PELOTAS, BRAZIL

"Johnnie"—*"John G. the Fourth"*

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "C" (4), (3), (2); Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

This flaxen-haired young giant came into our midst from the wilds of Southern Brazil. When a new cadet he gave the whole corps a nightmare by madly vociferating the following about 12:00 midnight: "Corporal of the Guard, No. 60, Brother Rat Krentel has a fit." After this he settled down to a life of peace and quietude, finally becoming one of "Tommy's" disciples. But suddenly, and without warning, he broke loose and became an audacious heart-breaker, avowing that he had at least seven fair damselfs in various localities pining away for him. However, he intends to forsake all of them, and to make the South American jungles resound with the noise of the building of railways, bridges, and aqueducts. May some of his dreams come true.



FREDERICK R. METCALFE

GREENVILLE, MISS.

"Met"—*"Ball"*

Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "E"; Private Co. "D" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (3), (2).

We gained this diminutive combination of Napoleon and Beau Brummel by his being dropped on the wayside from the noted class of 1913. This master mind has since done much for his present class by wise counsel. An ardent admirer of women—from a distance; but fell once to the hands of a lovely one, who branded him a "little devil." Since then he has been under the constant care of 'S, and, now, when seen uptown on Saturdays, is always under the watchful eye of his more sophisticated roommates. As one of "Tommy's" slaves he has intentions of putting a Pratt truss across the "Nile" to make the walking easier for the frequenters. He has been known to go to the hay five times between class call and assembly for same. But we still love our little "Mettie."



JAMES ALEXANDER MILLER

RICHMOND, VA.

"Jim"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "C"; Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); President Y. M. C. A. (1); Gymnasium Team (3), (2); Captain Gymnasium Team (1); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1); Captain Class Basketball (2), (1).

Why he doesn't spell his name "G-Y-M" we do not know; for "Jim" and the Gym are inseparable, and neither is complete without the other. Honestly, he's a marvel, and whenever he is not chasing rats to Y. M. C. A. meetings, he is thinking up some new way to twist himself for public amusement. He can easily skin the cat, and has even been known to lie down on his stomach and turn over on his back with no assistance whatever. "Jim" has quiet ways and is seldom enticed into the word contests of his roommates. He doesn't care whether the cart pulls harder than the horse or not. May your walk through the future be as brilliant as your Giant Swing, "Jim."



RUSH FLOYD MILLER

RICHMOND, VA.

"Rush"—"Old Hyalf"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "C"; Sergeant Co. "E"; Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Varsity Baseball (3); Class Football (2).

The Bluebeard of the Ball! The heartless conqueror of the Amazons! "Oh, what a change is here." From the most demure, shy, and harmless chrysalis of rathood he has metamorphosed into the daring, adventurous, love-pirating butterfly of first-classmanship. Butterfly! Not much—a greedy honey bee, seeking the hearts of the fairest flowers of the rosebud garden of Hop girls. Oh, dear! Here's a dreamer for you, also. The result of sleeping *ad infinitum*; except when he's just lying still and blowing smoke against the ceiling. Rush maintains that the development of aircraft will make bridges and highways relics of barbarism. So why should he worry about honing roofs and bridges or roads and pavements?

Rush F. Miller.



GEORGE GILLIAM MUNCE

RICHMOND, VA.

"Rim"—"Fuzzy"—"Corpulent"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "E" (4), (3), (2); Private Co. "A"; THE BOMB Staff (1); Scrub Football (4), (3), (2).

No, gentle reader, this is not a picture of the V. M. I. Mess Hall, e'en though many constituents thereof find their way hither. For some mysterious reason, his table companions call him "Rubber"; but we are digressing. When not on a furlough, "Fuzzy" rooms in the hospital, visiting barracks occasionally, in order to walk a penalty drill or receive a box from home. His "Corpulence" went on guard once, but had to be relieved almost immediately because a drizzle came up, and they could not get him in the sentry box. He is evidently saving his energy for after-life, so look out for him a few years hence.

Geo. G. Munce



EDGAR NASH, JR.

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"Edgar"—"Nish"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F"; Sergeant-Major; Battalion Adjutant; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Monogram Club (1); Hop Committee (1); Class Banquet Committee (1); Manager Gymnasium Team (1).

"Nish" can play football (1), strut, smoke cigarettes, and break hearts. He is Tim's right-hand man, and can get any order he wants published without the least trouble. He is a walking dictionary (without meanness), being able to get more words wrong in thirty seconds than the ordinary man in an hour. Is never so happy as when, on the morning after a dance, with all the "callie" watching him, he struts around at Guard Mounting. Punches a meal ticket in Lexington every Saturday and Sunday, and says he can do anything except Calculus. In after-life he intends to stop breaking up laboratory apparatus and to illuminate the electrical world with his inventions.



EDWARD HUNTER NICHOLS

PETERSBURG, VA.

"Cosine"—*"Nick"*

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "B"; Corporal Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "F"; Lieutenant Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

"Clear the way! Clear the way! I be from Petersburg," came the cry in mid-session, and through the limit gate breezed handsome "Cosine. Being quiet, through righteous fear, only his ears were in prominence during his rat year. Yet how quickly can one rise to fame! It was a dark night when Corporal Nichols was making his inspection. A band of masked ruffians fell upon him. With his feet and "trusty weapon" he saved his life. But because of the commotion the General sent over a little note on the next morn stating that the young scamp was a "corp" no more. But you can't hold a working man down. Glance into "Cosine's" career. If he holds his upward course there will some day be a second Brigadier-General Nichols.



EVAN ISAAC OWEN

WEEMS, VA.

"Weems"—*"Ikey"*

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "C" (1), (3); Private Co. "D"; Private Co. "C"; (Class Ring Committee) (2).

No blast of trumpets ushered Evan into our midst, but the institute soon found that it had acquired a man of no mean mental ability. He has decided to become a chief engineer, but failing that will be content to keep a light house on Carter's Creek. According to "Ikey," Weems is the most wonderful place in the world; and if an attentive ear can be lent at the door of 39 B about 10:35 P. M. one may hear tales that rival the exploits of Sinbad the Sailor. A brilliant matrimonial career and stupendous success is prophesied for our "Weems," in spite of the speech of a certain young lady in Richmond.



JOHN CRUMP PARKER

FRANKLIN, VA.

"Margaret"—"Crump"—"Margie"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Committee-man Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); THE BOMB Staff (1); Cadet Librarian (1); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1); Class Football (1).

A pair of flashing brown eyes, a figure like a piece of unraveled string, an insatiable thirst for glory, a head like a carpet tack, this is our "Margaret." His athletic ambitions have been more or less hampered by the amorous propensities of his classmates, for how can one enter into the joy of battle when one's opponents continually insist on playing Romeo to an unwilling Juliet? But, despite all this, John "is a mental giant, anyhow" (we quote his own words). He has not decided whether art, music, engineering, or the law shall be illumined by his presence, but, whichever he selects, his unflinching good nature, and a multitude of other winning ways can not fail to assure his success.

John Crump Parker
June 14, 1939.



JOHN MERCER PATTON, JR.

PASADENA, CAL.

"Pope"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "B"; Sergeant Co. "C"; Private Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Hop Committee (1); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1); Class Football (3), (2), (1).

"E-E-E-AH!" This is the best we can do with it. It is neither a giggle, a gurgle, nor a snicker; it merely expresses his mirth, "Pope" being far too lazy to exert the energy required for a good, healthy laugh. Our hero spends most of his time beguiling the wearing hours with sleep. But just let him hear that "calle" are coming to town, and he'll sprain himself all over trying to get deck on meeting them. He once stumbled and fell into the sea of love, from whence he emerged, alas! with heart, girl, and class ring lost forever. Never mind, "Pope," don't be discouraged. When your cadet days are over you'll certainly make something of both life and love.



ALLAN CARLISLE PERKINSON
PETERSBURG, VA.

"Pete"—"Perk"—"Algonquin"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "E"; Private Co. "A"; Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

"Look out, girls! I be from Petersburg." After four years of careful guarding, "Pete" is to be hurled upon the unsuspecting public. He is a great baseball fan, and is ready at all times to expound freely the ability of that "Cooler-town Gang." "Perk" is also an automobile expert, a caller of high repute, an accomplished tango artist, and has a laugh like the Washington statue covered with snow. Sad to say, he requires the alum treatment each year during the summer months, and has to purchase two bottles of hair tonic each week in order to supply the excessive demand for souvenir locks. We are expecting great things from "Peter" in the future, and we confidentially believe that he will soon lead the world, as he now leads the O. G.'s association.



HARRY JAMES RICE
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

"Harry"—"Reece"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "F"; Color Sergeant Co. "A"; Lieutenant Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Scrub Football (4), (3); Football (3), (2); Captain Class Football (3); Class Baseball (3), (2), (1).

"No, that isn't General Nichols, it's only one of the cadets." "My, isn't he grand!" Yes, that's what all the "cadets" say when they see him on O. D. He gave great promise of being a football hero when a rat, but, owing to a bad accident that year, was obliged to give up and direct his energies along other lines. "Camping" is his specialty. This he likes to do winter and summer. Upon graduation he intends to enter the army; although Uncle Sam will gain a true soldier, we hate to see him leave, for what will B. P. be without "Harry," and who can take his place in the courtyard every eighteen days? "Pat, you just ought to be in love."



JAMES NEVILLE C. RICHARDS
RIVERTON, VA.

"Old Rich"—"Hunter"—"O. R. D."—
"Tanity"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "B" (3), (2), (1); Lieutenant Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Monogram Club (2), (1); Glee Club (2), (1); Football Squad (3); Baseball Squad (3), (2), (1); Varsity Football (2), (1).

Monsieur Richards, the star of the gridiron, the mighty Nimrod, the warbling song-bird, whose sweet strains burst forth at any and all times; the joy of all who hear him, the pride of his room-mates, who are at times moved, not to tears, but to the use of a blacking stool. "Rich" started his college life at William and Mary, but, on account of the proximity of the asylum, decided that the place was unsafe for him, and so wished himself on us. After three years of all his friends could do for him, he now has under consideration various propositions such as the building of the Alaskan Railroad, special attorney for the Carnegie Steel Works, M. E. H. Riverton Hunt Club, Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and head football coach at Yale. He would like the army, but red looks green and blue looks yellow to him, so he is barred. He'll "get there" just the same.



WENDELL WILSON ROHRBOUGH
BELINGTON, W. VA.

"Rollie"—"Runabout"

"Matriculated 1909. Private Co. "E" (4), (3); Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (3), (2), (1); All-Class Football (2), (1).

We couldn't help it; this was thrust upon us by the unlucky Class '13; but under our remaining influence he has become so you could scarcely tell that he comes out of a coal mine. His military career has been exceptionally brilliant; he now stands in the front rank. "Rollie's" solvent point is "calico"; he is a great admirer of the ultra-brunette type and all thereto pertaining. He seems to be carrying on extensive researches in East Lexington, from the amount of time spent there; for what purpose we can not tell, but, anyhow, poor is his progress. This Adonis can be seen every evening after B. P. on the parade ground, or on the Avenue any Saturday or Sunday night.

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KENNETH CREHORE ROOT

St. Louis, Mo.

"Jocko"—"Ophelia"—"Rootie"—"Eli"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "E" (4), (3); Private Co. "B" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Business Manager of *Cadet* (1); Cheer Leader (1).

DEES MISTER DEVL:

We'se got a gink down Here wot calls hiself "Eli", please take 'im away, we tink he's nuts an' we'se skeerd de squuruls 'll git 'im, he Runs around like a monk minus a keeper an' thinks he's a "celler" man, an' dresses up like a Dude all in blue close an' drags chickens to crawls, an' den agin he goes to Hombitz' dispensary o' dopes, an' biguns, an' gits sousedz often sich stuf, an' den he tink he's a gude Sumpel of sept. motn, an' tries to Enter our battal barricks dressed in a sock, a cap an' a shugger barrel, oh, no—he ain't crazy, we'se goin' to gif 'im a dip so es to git Rid o' 'im, wou'tcha take 'im please? Ain't nobody els wot wants 'im.

tank' youse mos' disrespectivly,

I. R. LOONEY.

[Handwritten signature]
6/11/39



WILLIAM LAWRENCE ROYALL

Richmond, Va.

"Buck"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A"; Corporal Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "D"; "Private Co. "F"; Scrub Football (4), (3), (2), (1); Gymnasium Team (4), (3), (2), (1); Varsity Basket-Ball Squad (1).

William, aged two, better known as "Buck," has made a brave effort to help out athletics in all its branches, having graced a gym suit for four years, and rolled on the gridiron for the same period. As a last trial he has applied his skill to basket-ball, but, alas, the ball is too big for the basket. "Buck's" idea of a man when he was a mighty third classman (also later) was one who walked penalty drills and broke confinements. He has since mended his ways and turned his great talents to asking instructive (to a baby) questions of the professors. He gained a valuable "Christmas present" for the Electricity men, for which they are extremely grateful.



JAMES BAILIE RUTHERFORD

SCRANTON, PA.

"Old Cac"—"Archibald"

Matriculated 1911; Private Co. "F"; Private Co. "B"; Private Co. "A"; Class Football (3), (1); Scrub Football (3), (1); Marshal Final German (1).

'Tis an ill wind that bloweth no one good. We can not say whence came the breeze that blew "Old Cac" amongst us, for he tells us thrilling tales of Pennsylvania, Tennessee, North Carolina, and the high seas. Be that as it may, the old C. & O. was proud to shove his face into Lexington. They grabbed him in the arch and aimed him for the Nile, but his vast form fell short of the sentry box. His fame reached its zenith when, upon the visit of the Corps of Cadets to Richmond, he pulled off a stunt never equaled by mortal man—the giant swing, ending with the head-stand in a finger-bowl. "Cac" has heard the call of the Wild. You'll find him in Canada henceforth.



WILLIAM VAL SANFORD

RIPLEY, TENN.

"Masco"—"Sa-a-anford"—"Poots"

Matriculated 1911; Private Co. "D" (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1).

Do not be misled on beholding this youthful and innocent countenance. In reality "Poots" is the meanest, boldest, and most reckless mascot the Chemistry section ever had. He has always longed to be a muscular giant, and we venture to state that if he keeps on the road he is now pursuing, Mightiness will soon greet him. As a wrestler he is already a terror! He doesn't claim to be a "caties" man, and apparently is rather indifferent towards them; but, now and then he darkly hints of some fair Ripley belle, so he can not be so entirely unimpressed by the ladies. Brains and not size make the man, and we hope that when the mascot is president he'll not forget '14 and V. M. I.

J. O. Rutherford
6-11-29



HAL EMERSON SCHENCK

LOWDALE, X. C.

"Janie"—"Bill"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "A" (4), (3); Private Co. "F" (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1); Class Football (2), (1).

From Lowdale town our hero came, with cheers from home and local fame; straw in his boots and in his hair, but, sad to say, his legs were bare. His whole appearance, as you can see, must have been green as green could be. But, now his name is Schenck, H. E., and he takes the course of Chemistry. He very often worries Tim, for sleep and dreams are life to him; and he has a very peculiar whim of always trying to ride the "Gin." But the chiefest thing against our Hal, is he's chosen Root to be his pal; and once this pair became so nery, they hustled around and caught the "scurvy." But when this corps has been disbanded, the world'll receive him open handed.

Hal E. Schenck 1939
 Hal E. Schenck



HOUSTON PRIDEMORE SEWELL

JONESVILLE, VA.

"Pete"—"Huse"—"H. P."

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "C"; First Sergeant Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "A"; Lieutenant Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Banquet Committee (1); Chairman Cup Committee (1); Individual Rifle Championship (4); Company Rifle Team (3), (2), (1); Varsity Baseball (4), (3), (2), (1); Class Basket-Ball (1).

Hailing from the land where baseball is taught next to religion, this "Hill Billy" from the unexplored Southwest makes his appearance before the followers of the sphere. He can tell you of numerous thrilling squeeze plays of which he has been a participant (some not in baseball), and also of times when the nation's game was played in Jonesville with boulders for balls and antique fence rails for the "big sticks." Not an ardent admirer of the fair sex, but in this connection made the only mistake of his young life; when upon permit uptown to meet friends at the station, he lazily sauntered into the express office instead. Chief High Muckety-muck of Ikey Veinberg's Movie Emporium, and staunch supporter of the "drop-a-dime-in-the-box" movement advocated for straying first classmen. One of the "Nines."



STEPHEN WHITE SIDDLE

YANCEYVILLE, N. C.

"Ducky"—"Sukey Diddle"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F" (4), (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Scrub Football (4); Class Football (3), (2).

Here is "Ducky" from the underbrush of the Old North State. Apparently the sun shines long and hot there, for the girth and ponderance of our friend are wonderful to behold. Indeed, his waddle can be distinguished as far off as the limit gate. Notwithstanding all this, the "Drake" has stuck with us, assisted greatly, however, by the Summer School of "Piggy" and "Pussy Foot." In football, "Ducky" has worked hard. As a second classman he would very probably have made the varsity had it not been for sickness. He did, however, succeed in attaining the heights of All-Class Team. And, now, his ambition is to acquire as much as possible with the least work: possibly to marry an heiress.

S. W. Siddle



EDWARD MARCUS SMITH

VALDOSTA, GA.

"Eph"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F" (3); Private Co. "A" (2), (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

"This" has had a varied career, extending over three eventful years, which, with the exception of his first class year, he passed as any model young man should. This year, however, being influenced and minutely instructed by Lowry in the fine points of social life, he has made quite a name for himself. In fact, such a shining light was he, while in Richmond, that the papers published daily "What Mr. Smith will do to-day." But no less brilliant is his military record. Although well fitted to command a squad of Boy Scouts, this accomplishment has not been properly recognized; yet, by special application to tactics, he has at last achieved his highest ambition—that of being advisor to the Professor of Military Science on the correct method of conducting classes.

E. M. Smith



PHILIP SMITH

OBERLIN, OHIO.

"Tony"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "F" (3), (2), (1); Marshal Final German (1); All-Class Football (2); Varsity Football Squad (1).

"Tony's" first stunt was to declaim from the broad stoops of our barracks the wonders of Oberlin. So his introduction to the course of instruction was early and impressive. It consisted of being "forcibly ejected from his cot," and invited to sing Spanish ditties for the entertainment of the marauders. Unintentionally on the part of his benefactors, he was deluded into firm belief of his ownership of a glorious voice, which delusion lasted until in his second class year the O. C. himself suppressed one of his regular Sunday morning recitals. "Thieep" is really mean when he throws away his glasses and gets his hands over a football. But he is well fitted for his desired vocation—the gathering of cream and honey.



SYDNEY CLEMENT SMITH

WHEELING, W. VA.

"Sid"—"Smitty"

Matriculated 1909; Private Co. "F"; Corporal Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "B"; Lieutenant Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

It was a long time before we would venture to write the cadet life of the above-named individual, owing to the necessity of crowding so long a man into so small a space. However, we must note his main characteristic—his craze for dancing. From morning until night, and then some, he prances around to any tune, even to that inspiring old song "Reveille." But no less proficient is he in his studies. He can take a "Hydraulics," spend about two minutes studying, and bluff out a max. We predict for him a successful future, and would not be surprised shortly to see him construction engineer of the proposed stupendous work of building a Pratt Truss over the East Lexington Mill Race.



GEORGE WILLIAM SPOTTS

DUBLIN, VA.

"Specks"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "E" (3), (2); Private Co. "B" (1); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Baseball (2), (1); Gymnasium Team (2), (1).

George William Spotts, better known as George Specker, and, for short, "Specks," was born July 12, 1894, in the clovered vales of Southwest Virginia. No sooner had this fair-spotted thing reached the age of rathood than there was a lofty desire to enter V. M. I. and assume the daily "juties" prescribed in the martial law of "Auld Nick." The deed of a David was done when this malingering with a sling-shot, hurled a missile through the Subs' quarters, grazing the beau of an occupant, which was mistaken for a flower pot. "Specks" loves his chicken dearly, so he says, but he certainly seems to choose odd hours in which to do his wooing. Get him to tell you about it.

G. W. Spotts



THOMAS HOWARD TARDY

LEXINGTON, VA.

"Jew"—"Hebrew"—"Tin Soldier"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "E" (4), (3); Private Co. "C" (2), (1).

From the wilds of Rockbridge County, no one knows just where, this prodigy, attracted from his jungle haunts by the glitter of brass buttons, descended upon us in the fall of 1910 to start the pursuit of that elusive "dip." "Jew" is so spoiled by the sweet, young "calle" that he tries to convince "Peter" that he is the most handsome man in 70 E. "Perk" with his captivating and winsome smile, and "Jew," with his beautiful locks, make the decision a difficult one. The "Tin Soldier" expects to join the Philippine Constabulary after his graduation, but, not being a fast runner, his success over there is by no means assured.



ROBERT JACOB TRINKLE

DUBLIN, VA.

"Jakie"—"Trink"—"Lacy"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "E"; Private Co. "D" (2); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1).

"Trink" was one of the innocent third class rats. But the departure of that stage changed him into a man of the world, so that his fierce appearance and overpowering air were a constant source of anxiety to the newly cadets. Before it went too far, however, "Grandma" grabbed him and took him into tender care. In turn, he has learned to look after his beloved "Vaccine," vociferously calls him home every night just before taps. "Jakie's" smile is sweet as the flowers of Dublin town. His voice is as the carol of his mountain birds. He is past master at digging telephone post holes, but they don't have them in Dublin, so look out for his new address.



WILLIAM DOAK WEAR

HILLSBORO, TEXAS

"Weary Doak"—"The Texican"

Matriculated 1908. Private Co. "D"; Corporal Co. "A"; Sergeant Co. "F"; Private Co. "F" (2); Marshal Final German (1).

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the man who carried water at the Battle of New Market, laid the cornerstone for the sentry box, and can remember when Joe Pentington applied for his job. In some year, A. D. or B. C. we are not sure which, this wild "Texican" arrived. Bad associations (Willard and Aloc) have ruined Doak, and already the "Gim" is preparing to examine him for traces of hookworm. There was a time when Doak was a military man. He once held down a corp for over two weeks, and was decorated the following year with sergeant's chevrons. But now he is a prominent member of the Peter Perk organization, and has no other ambition than to go on O. G. when there is a hard lesson in Spanish.

R. J. Trinkle
R. J. Trinkle
 11 19 20



THOMAS WILSON WILMER

RICHMOND, VA.

"Totsie"—"Rabbit"—"Imp"

Matriculated 1911. Private Co. "D"; Sergeant Co. "D"; Lieutenant Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Class Ring Committee (2); Class Basket-Ball (2), (1).

This is the little boy—the infant prodigy—of our institution; dark haired, smiling, innocent "Totsie." The "calic" think he is such a cute little one, and some have anxiously asked if his mother knew he was away from home. His military specialities are commanding "U" Company in a rain-cape at battalion drill, and helping "B. D." superintend reveille. He alone thinks that he can manipulate a banjo, and on divers occasions has tried to knock up "Down by the Old Mill Stream," but his fingering was absolutely atrocious. We can not agree with him in regard to his beauty, but we confidently expect his brains, winning ways, and disposition to carry him to the pinnacle of success.



RICE McNUTT YUELL

NORTON, VA.

"Jabo"—"Rouse"—"Meat"

Matriculated 1910. Private Co. "F"; Corporal Co. "A"; First Sergeant Co. "A"; Captain Co. "A"; President of Class (3), (2); Marshal Final Ball (2); Marshal Final German (1); Varsity Football (4), (3), (2); Captain Varsity Football (1); Class Basket-Ball (3).

We have our Corporals, our Sergeants, our Brigadier-Generals, but, behold! Rice Youell the Great! This military monarch came on one September morn from the metropolis of Norton. Only one "Jabo" can kick a football so high that the sporting editors first stand agape, and then compose such masterpieces as "The Story of a Toe," etc. McNutt is also known as "The Night Wind" by consumers of the nocturnal kerosene. Recently he was caught practicing the Hestiation on the window-sill about 2:00 A. M. His single effort at entering the social world was cut short when a fair damsel wrote him the one word "Impossible." He has finally overcome this blow, and now the one word that stands before him is—*success*.

J. W. Wilmer
 W. Wilmer

R. M. Youell
 R. M. Youell Jan 12 1911

In Memoriam

ALVEY BLUNDON

REIDSVILLE, VIRGINIA

DIED

NOVEMBER 29, 1910

HENRY NASON

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

DIED

AUGUST 17, 1911

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN



EX-CLASS MATES

ACKER, JOSEPH E.....	Edom, Va	DOUGLAS, HOWARD M.....	McIntosh, Ala.
ALLISON, JAMES A.....	Draper, Va.	DRAKE, FELIX H.....	Minden, La.
ALSTON, EDWIN S.....	Dallas, Texas.	EASLEY, RICHARD B.....	Richmond, Va.
AMORY, GEORGE S.....	Wilmington, Del.	ENGLEBOVE, OSCAR R.....	Richmond, Va.
AMORY, THOMAS D.....	Wilmington, Del.	ENGLERMAN, JAMES W.....	Lexington, Va.
ASHLEY, EUGENE A.....	Valdosta, Ga.	GALT, ALEX. JR.....	Annapolis, Md.
BAKER, CLARENCE J.....	Big Island, Va.	GEE, W. WEBB.....	Richmond, Va.
BARGER, GUY H.....	Moundsville, Va.	GIBERT, L. GUSTAVE.....	New Orleans, La.
BARRETT, LELAND K.....	Atlanta, Ga.	GIDDINGS, THOMAS M.....	Washington, D. C.
BARRETT, ROBERT W.....	Atlanta, Ga.	GODDIN, CHARLES W.....	Richmond, Va.
BENNETT, JOHN R.....	Charleston, S. C.	GOODYEAR, GEORGE A.....	Charlottesville, Va.
BLUNDON, ALVEY.....	Reidsville, Va.	GRADY, HENRY V.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
BRABSON, SAMUEL M.....	Greenville, Tenn.	GRAHAM, J. ORMONDE.....	Washington, D. C.
BRENNAN, RUDOLPH W.....	Washington, D. C.	GREGORY, WINFREY H.....	Alton, Ill.
BRIGGS, J. WALTER.....	Richmond, Va.	GROVE, J. PHILLIP.....	Charlottesville, Va.
BRIGGS, H. WILLIAM.....	Valdosta, Ga.	HAISELL, CARL G.....	Laurel, Miss.
BROOKS, REGINALD R.....	Missoula, Mont.	HARR, WORLEY.....	Johnson City, Tenn.
BURT, KENNETH N.....	Washington, D. C.	HART, J. BROWER.....	New Orleans, La.
BUSHNELL, GEORGE E.....	Los Angeles, Cal.	HARWOOD, SLAVENS.....	Baltimore, Md.
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM S.....	Lexington, Va.	HEATH, GEORGE C.....	Shell P. O., Va.
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM E.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.	HERRING, WILLIE B.....	Moss Point, Miss.
CAMPBELL, J. HARRY.....	Houston, Va.	HIGGS, WILSON B.....	Chayles Town, W. Va.
CHARBONNET, PIERRE N.....	New Orleans, La.	HOLLAND, ROBERT C.....	Brownsville, Texas.
CLARKE, BASIL.....	Birmingham, Ala.	HOWARD, RICHARD J.....	St. Louis, Mo.
COBURN, HUGH S.....	Meridian, Miss.	JAMES, R. WILSON.....	Danville, Va.
COLLIER, HENRY L., JR.....	Atlanta, Ga.	JARMAN, EMERSON W.....	Baltimore, Md.
CRITTENDEN, ORLANDA B.....	Greenville, Miss.	JEMISON, ELBERT S.....	Birmingham, Ala.
CRUMP, MALCOMB.....	Bowling Green, Ky.	JENNINGS, E. CECIL.....	Lynchburg, Va.
DICKENS, FRANK A.....	Fredericksburg, Va.	JENNINGS, J. DILLARD.....	Lynchburg, Va.
DICKSON, HORACE K.....	Norfolk, Va.	JOHNSON, WILTON R.....	Boscobel, Va.

THE BOMB

EX-CLASSMATES - Continued

JORDAN, S. H. POPE.....	Keyser, Va.	PRENTISS, W. PEARCE.....	Richmond, Va.
KARST, CHARLES, JR.....	New Orleans, La.	RAYNOR, CLARKE S.....	White Haven, Md.
FELLY, RUSSEL A.....	Cedar Hurst, N. J.	REGISTER, CHARLES E.....	Richmond, Va.
KIDD, WINFRED E.....	Livingston, Va.	REID, RICHARD J.....	Chatham, Va.
KING, FRANK.....	Albemarle, N. C.	RENTZ, JIM T.....	Ocala, Fla.
KNIGHT, ROY R.....	Franklin, Va.	RISER, G. SEAMAN.....	Birmingham, Ala.
LAXNER, GEORGE E.....	Phebis, Va.	SCHLESCK, JOHN F.....	Lawndale, N. C.
LANDAU, SIDNEY.....	St. Louis, Mo.	SCHUMACHER, LEO F.....	LaGrange, Texas.
LANE, W. RUTHERFORD.....	Orange, N. J.	SCOTT, K. DUVAL.....	Lynchburg, Va.
LEE, JAMES C.....	Birmingham, Ala.	SIMPSON, JOHN R.....	Fl. Gaines, Ga.
LOTH, MORITZ R.....	Waynesboro, Va.	SPRINGS, ELI B., JR.....	Charlotte, N. C.
LOTH, W. JEFFERSON.....	Waynesboro, Va.	STACY, J. GATHAM.....	Grenville, Miss.
MCCORMICK, O. LYLE.....	Raphine, Va.	STROH, JOEN W.....	Detroit, Mich.
MCLEAN, J. DOUGLAS.....	Alexandria, Va.	SUTHERLAND, NORMAN.....	St. Louis, Mo.
MCLEOD, FRANK H., JR.....	Florence, S. C.	SUTTON, A. HUNTER.....	Richmond, Va.
MARTIN, HOWARD G.....	Norfolk, Va.	TALLAFERRO, JOHN M.....	Rapidan, Va.
MAYS, DANITE H., JR.....	Monticello, Fla.	TATE, JOSEPH G.....	Draper, Va.
MERRY, HOWARD R.....	Baltimore, Md.	THOMPSON, ALBERT F.....	Baltimore, Md.
MILAM, CARTER.....	Nashville, Tenn.	THOMPSON, ERNEST O.....	Amarillo, Texas.
MILES, OSCAR G.....	Smith, Ark.	TRADER, GRAHAM.....	Meter, Va.
MILLER, WARD.....	Fort Thomas, Ky.	TURNER, E. WARDEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
MIXNEGERODE, JOHN.....	Baltimore, Md.	WALLER, J. MARK.....	Delmar, Del.
MOORE, WARNER.....	Richmond, Va.	WARNER, GEORGE O.....	St. Louis, Mo.
MUNDAY, BENTON F.....	Kansas City, Mo.	WHITWORTH, FENNETH B.,	New York, N. Y.
MUNGER, LENNIE P.....	Birmingham, Ala.	WRIGHT, JOSEPH D.....	Baltimore, Md.
NASON, HENRY.....	San Diego, Cal.	WILSON, JOHN R.....	Flowree, Miss.
NORTON, EDWARD B.....	Birmingham, Ala.	WILTSUHE, GEORGE D.....	Baltimore, Md.
PENDLETON, NATHANIEL G.,	New York, N. Y.	WOODS, LEGRAND J., JR.....	Sherman, Texas.
		WOOLLS, WILLIAM P., JR.....	Alexandria, Va.
PENNYBACKER, PERCY V.....	Austin, Texas.	WYSCR, J. DONALD.....	Dublin, Va.
PHILLIPS, JEFF C.....	Hampton, Va.	YANCEY, THOMAS M.....	Bedford City, Va.
POAGE, ROBERT H.....	Wytheville, Va.	YANCEY, WILLIAM B.....	Harrisonburg, Va.

El. B. Springs Charlotte NC ex 14 6-11-39

FIRST CLASS



BETWEEN the two phrases: "What's your name, Mister?" and "The First Class is hereby relieved from duty," four long years pass. I say "long years"; and when one thinks of all those mornings he has sprung wrathfully from his hay at 6:15 A. M., of all these tedious drills he has attended, and of all those wicked penalties he has served, they are long years indeed. But is it possible for a first classman at V. M. I. to think only of these? Does he not think rather of the men who have been his comrades

for so long, of the class whose honor he will champion, and of the good old Corps spirit that has warmed his blood so many times? These are the things that make a first classman sorry when the time comes for him to leave, and afterwards even make him wish he was back again in his grays and buttons.

When Fourteen came in, laziness was getting ready to go out and, to quote an eminent member of our faculty, it was going out "with its torch burning." That is to say, we were often required to serve as stopping material for a variety of magic wands, which received their momenta from the hands of our paternal upper classmen. But this served only to bind us closer together; and whatever may have been our feelings then, we certainly do not regret it now.

In spite of the many hardships we suffered, we came through our rat year with a splendid athletic record behind us, and imbued with a warm love for V. M. I.



O. D. QUESTIONING SENTINEL

THE BOMB

When next we backed into historic Lexington, it was for some of us to assume the duties of the most important officers in the corps, and for all of us to act as careful instructors of the latest matriculates. We found a most excellent bunch of third-class rats and "ipso factos" waiting to place their names on our rolls. It is needless to say that these men have done a great deal for the class, and we are fortunate indeed in having them with us.

The year was uneventful for Fourteen, save for the usual tinting of one Washington, G., and a few other offenses, for which some of our members "forthwith returned to their homes."



A CLOSE SHAVE

When Assembly again sounded in 1912, over ninety of us were there to answer to our names, thus making ours the largest second class in the history of the Institute. This session passed quickly. The victory over Virginia, our choice of courses, the Washington trip, the Final Ball, became things of the past, and we returned in September seventy-three strong to start the fourth lap of our race for daps.

Ever since the birth of our class, Fate has been trying to give it an air of distinction. Fourteen was the first class to sign a hazing pledge in the matriculation promise, the first rat class allowed to eat Christmas dinner at home, the first second class required to answer delinquencies, the first first class to have seventy-three members. But what hurt our feelings most—we were the first first class to be deprived of our privileges for getting over five demerits a week. That may sound like a little thing; but, gentle reader, when you have waited patiently for three years just to catch a glimpse of Lexington by moonlight,

THE BOMB

and when you have brushed your hair, donned your cape, and are just about to report "leaving," imagine your chagrin as you cast your eye on the bulletin board and see "Slipper, E— 6 demerits." But that is not all. Think of the hops! They come over a month apart. Well, suppose you had borrowed a stamp, sent a rat for some calic paper, and had asked Her up. When she arrives, you never saw her look so pretty in your life. You contemplate that Sunday night date, but alas, your weekly excess allows your roommate to cut you out entirely, and a few days later he reads you a paragraph from her letter saying she was "awfully sorry they made you stay in that night." Oh, no, that doesn't vex you at all; you could just bite dents in your bayonet.

Nevertheless, in spite of these abuses, Fourteen has never failed to come

to the front in times of need. As an upholder of the honor and traditions of old V. M. I. we have been staunch and faithful, and if you will glance down the list of monogram men given elsewhere in these pages, you will see what we have done for Athletics. As to Class Officers, we have had little trouble in making our selections. When the Faculty finished with poor Doc Jennings, Youell and Clarkson were appointed leaders, and only upon the resignation of Youell this year was a second choice necessary. Clarkson was unanimously made president and Clement vice-president.

In closing this most incomplete sketch of the life of our class, we will not bore you by tooting our own horn, but if you wish to find out what kind of a class Fourteen was and is, just ask any one who has watched us throughout our career. You may even question the Gen-

eral himself, if you will first make him forget that midnight gathering in the court-yard on New Year's Eve; but "why worry" him?

And now, as we are about to bring to an end the four years of which we are to be proudest in after life—

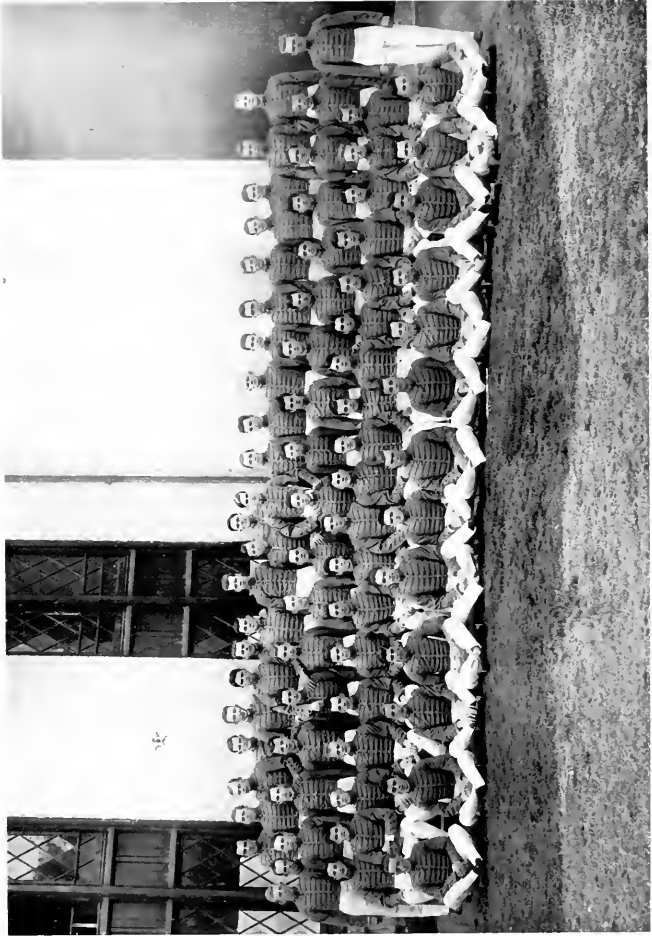
Let every man in Fourteen cry,
God bless our Class and V. M. I.





THE RISE AND FALL OF FORT JACKSON





SECOND CLASS GROUP



Class of 1915

Colors: *Blue and Old Gold*

Class Officers

CLAUDE RICHARD CAMMER.....	PRESIDENT
GORDON WATT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
CHARLES HAMILTON CARSON.....	HISTORIAN

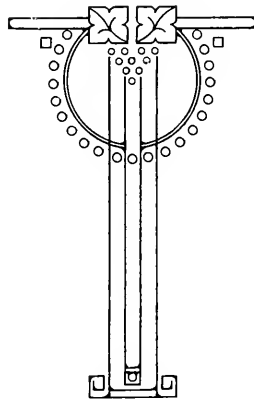
Class Roll

AMORY, T.....	New Jersey	HAGAN, W. C.....	Virginia
ALMOND, E. M.....	Virginia	HEPNER, J. F.....	Virginia
ARMS, T. S.....	Ohio	HITT, W. L.....	Virginia
BAIN, J. M.....	Virginia	HOCK, F. S.....	Virginia
BATTEN, R. M.....	Virginia	HOLDERBY, A. R.....	Virginia
BAUGHAM, W. E.....	North Carolina	HOLTZMAN, C. T.....	Virginia
BEASLEY, O. H.....	Virginia	HUMPHREYS, W. H.....	Virginia
BELL, F., JR.....	Virginia	JOHNS, C., JR.....	Texas
BORDEN, E. B.....	North Carolina	KIDD, W. E.....	Virginia
BOWERING, B.....	Virginia	KIMBERLY, C. O.....	Virginia
BOYKIN, R. S., JR.....	Virginia	LEWIS, S. O.....	Texas
BRANDT, J.....	Maryland	LEWIS, W. B.....	Louisiana
BROOKS, G. R.....	West Virginia	LOWERY, W. T.....	Virginia
CAMMER, C. R.....	Virginia	MCCORMICK, E. L.....	Virginia
CAMPBELL, A. G.....	Virginia	MARSHALL, R. J.....	Virginia
CARSON, C. H.....	Virginia	MASSIE, N. H.....	Kentucky
CHAPIN, C. C., JR.....	Virginia	MAXWELL, E. G.....	Virginia
CLARKSON, C. C.....	Illinois	MERRY, E. T.....	Maryland
CONWAY, C. B.....	Virginia	MUNDAY, B. J.....	Missouri
COUPLAND, R.....	Virginia	NORFLEET, J. B., JR.....	Virginia
CRAIG, W.....	Texas	PARKS, V., JR.....	Virginia
DAVIS, J. E.....	Virginia	PARSONS, W. P.....	Virginia
DAVIS, W. L.....	Virginia	PARSONS, X.....	Virginia
ECHOLS, F.....	Virginia	PETROSS, D.....	Arkansas
ELLYSON, R. W.....	Virginia	REMBERT, A.....	South Carolina
ETHERIDGE, C. A.....	Virginia	SMITH, G. R.....	Illinois
GARING, R. F.....	Virginia	SMITH, H. L.....	Virginia
GRIFFIN, R.....	Virginia	SOMERS, V. L.....	Virginia
HAGAN, J. A.....	Virginia	SPESSARD, R. H.....	Virginia

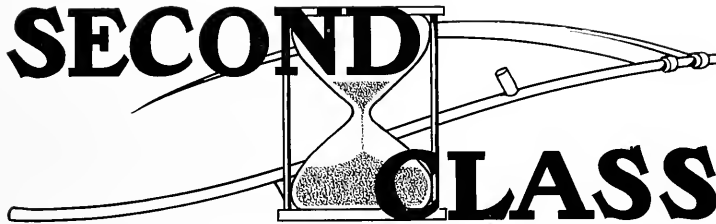
THE BOMB

SECOND CLASS ROLL—Continued

TYNES, W. F.....	Alabama	WELTON, R. F., Jr.....	Virginia
VAUGHAN, C. C., 3rd.....	Virginia	WILKINS, G. H., Jr.....	Virginia
WAGNER, R.....	Virginia	WILLIAMS, T. C.....	Virginia
WALLACE, L. A.....	Virginia	WILTSHIRE, G. D.....	Maryland
WATSON, H. E.....	Virginia	WISE, J. B.....	Virginia
WATT, G.....	North Carolina	WRIGHT, R. H.....	North Carolina
WELLFORD, A. L.....	Virginia	WYSOR, R. E.....	Virginia



SECOND CLASS



CABLEGRAM

THE WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAM COMPANY

25,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA

CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD

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PROSPECT ISLAND.

RECEIVED AT—Lexington, Va.

TO—The Alumni, Virginia Military Institute.

The brig "Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen," which has been lost at sea since the year 1911, has just been sighted off Prospect Island by Ensign Hope.

This brig began her voyage in the fall of 1911 for the Province of the Virginia Military Institute, city of "Diploma." Among her crew then there



THE TARGET BUTTS

THE BOMB



FIRST AID DRILL

were enlisted one hundred and forty able-bodied seamen, all expecting to weather the "Sea of Life." Since last heard of she has lost several of her original crew, now having on board only seventy-four men.

Messengers coming from the vessel state that her voyage in the past three years has been a rough one. The authorities found it necessary to drop several of her crew for such offenses as insubordination and neglect, while others, being more careless than their mates, fell overboard, to be taken up by other stray ships.

In her first years on the seas, being a new ship, she was the object of attack by three different vessels, all carrying the well-known emblems of a pirate ship, a bayonet and crossed broomsticks. The brigs "Fourth Class" and "Third Class" have been conquered, and the gains in experience were rich. The vessel "Second Class" was sighted several months ago, and "Nineteen-Fifteen" gave chase. At the arrival of "Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen" at this port, she reported that the "Second Class" had been chased away, and could be dimly seen disappearing over the horizon. She now has before her the ship "First Class." This vessel has a lead on the "Nineteen-Fifteen" of some ten months, but the entire crew feels confident that she will be run down and finally overtaken before the end of the voyage.

In her second year upon the seas, having a stiff wind behind her sails, she pushed rapidly forward, sticking her nose into everything, and in many

THE BOMB

eases escaping with broken masts and tattered sails. This, her third year away from home, she reports, has been a peaceful one, due to the fact that the crew, having had two years' experience, was more capable of handling the vessel. On embarking on the third lap of the journey, the following officers were elected: Claude Cammer, captain; Gordon Watt, first mate, and Charles Carson, second mate.

The brig "Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen" is expected to reach the city of "Diploma" about June, 1915. Immediately she will leave there with passports entitling her to admission within your harbor. The crew expresses the hope that the remainder of its voyage will be characterized by the same feeling of harmony that has prevailed in the past, and that it will reach its destination on schedule time and find a welcome in your ranks.

(Signed) "HISTORIAN,

"Keeper of the Light."



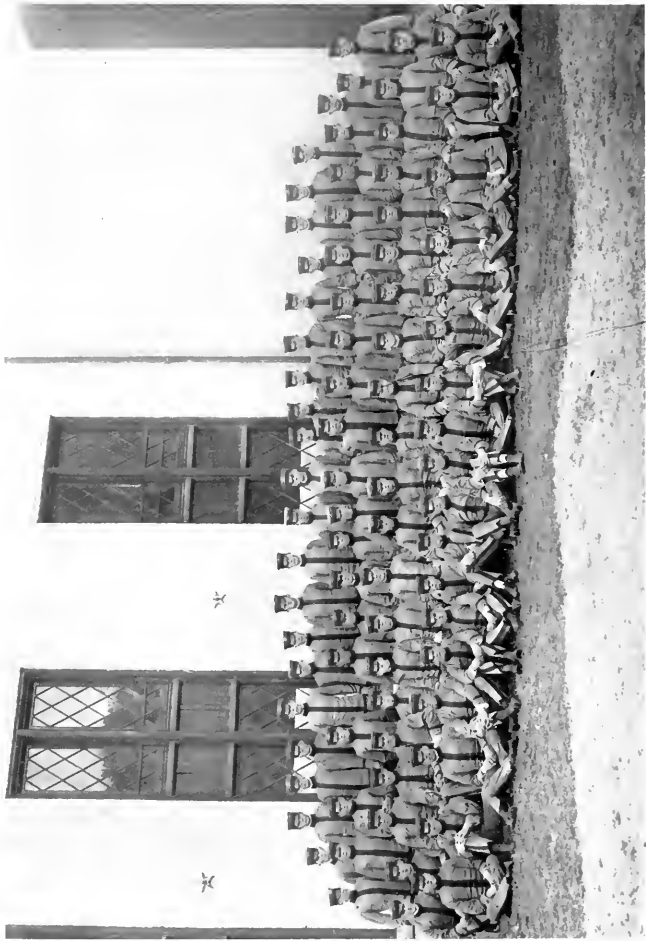
WINTER SPORTS



"SECURE ARMS"

CLASS of 1916





THIRD CLASS GROUP

THE BOMB

Class of 1916

Class Officers

EMMET PARKERSON, PRESIDENT New Orleans, La.
 J. LINDSAY PITTS, VICE-PRESIDENT..... Scotts-ville, Va.
 HORATIO M. READ, HISTORIAN..... Gulfport, Miss.

Class Roll

- ANDERSON, G. K. JR. ✓			
- ANDERSON, M. J. ✓			
- ANDERSON, W. R.			
- ARMISTEAD, M. W.	Williams, D. D.	Portsmouth, Va.	
- AYERS, B. D.		Accomac, Va.	
- BAKER, W. B.		Tallahassee, Fla.	
- BARNETT, J. E.		Utica, N. Y.	
- BROWN, C. H.		Nashville, Tenn.	
- BRYAN, E. D.		Tarboro, N. C.	
- BURACKER, S. L.		Luray, Va.	
- BURACKER, W. H. ✗		Baltimore, Md.	
- BURKS, J. J.		Compton Bridge, Va.	
- BERTON, B. A.		Richmond, Va.	
- CAMPER, J. S.		Chatham, Va.	
- COLLIER, W. H.		Lees Summit, Mo.	
- COLLINS, C. J.		Tampa, Fla.	
- COSTA, W. W.		Brandy Station, Va.	
- COSTEX, J. B. ✗		Patagonia, Ark.	
- COX, D. E.		Independence, Va.	
- CUMMINGS, S. C.		Hampton, Va.	
- DEBBERTS, H. A.		Delaplaine, Va.	
- DEGRAFF, D. A.		Kingston, N. Y.	
- DILLARD, J. A. B.		Fredericksburg, Va.	
- DREWRY, G. H. ✓		Lacrosse, Va.	
- DUNCAN, P. H.		Jonesville, Va.	
- EASLEY, R. E.		Richmond, Va.	
- EBERLE, E. G.		Suffolk, Va.	
- ELLY, C. E. G.		Suffolk, Va.	
- EWING, T. H.		New Orleans, La.	
- FECHHEIMER, J. H.		New York, N. Y.	
- FETTEROLF, C. M.		Montclair, N. J.	
- FIELD, E. A.	65	Middleport, Ohio.	
- FISHERNE, R. F.		Leesburg, Va.	
- FRARY, R. W.		Eustis, Fla.	
- FUSSELL, D. D. ✓			
- FRASER, D. D.		Stamton, Va.	
- FRIEDMAN, R. H.		Norfolk, Va.	
- FORD, C. E.		Richmond, Va.	
- FUGATE, J. H.		Reed Island, Va.	
- GAILLARD, F.		Greenville, Texas.	
- GAMMON, C. S. ✗		Phobus, Va.	
- GARVEY, W. A. ✗		Topeka, Kan.	GILLESPIE, V. A.
- GEYER, P. C.		Ancon, C. Z.	GILLET, J. M. D.
- GILLESPIE, V. R.		Tazewell, Va.	
- GOODMAN, J. E.		Norfolk, Va.	
- GROOVER, C.		Quitman, Ga.	
- GUSTAYSON, J. W. ✗		Norfolk, Va.	
- HARRIS, W. H.		Portsmouth, Va.	HAYES, R. H.
- HAWKINS, R. H.		Huntington, W. Va.	HARRISON, L. W.
- HAYES, R. H.		Leesburg, Va.	
- HAYES, R. H.		Norfolk, Va.	
- HULMES, H. B., JR.		Newport News, Va.	
- HYLAND, J. L.		Vicksburg, Miss.	
- HYLAND, J. L.		Savannah, Ga.	
- HYLAND, J. L.		Houston, Texas.	
- JONES, D.		Richmond, Va.	
- JONES, W. B.		Suffolk, Va.	
- JUDGE, M. B.		Plainfield, N. J.	
- LEWIS, W. B., JR.		Durham, N. C.	
- LOHMEYER, W.		Charleston, W. Va.	
- LOWRY, D. B.		Tampa, Fla.	
- LUMP, S. M.		Alexandria, Va.	
- LYNNE, R. G.		Orange, Va.	
- MCCLELLAN, J. M.		Richmond, Va.	MCCLELLAN, J. M.
- MCCLEOD, F. H., JR.		Florence, S. C.	

See 1915/1916, 1917, 1918

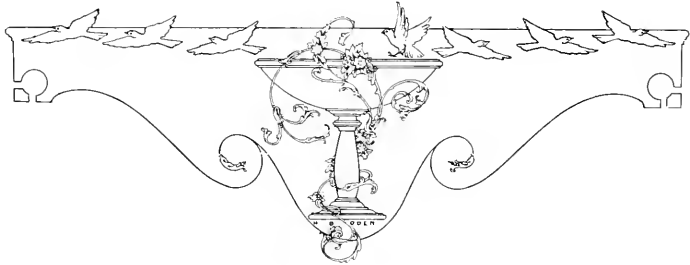
See 1915/1916, 1917, 1918

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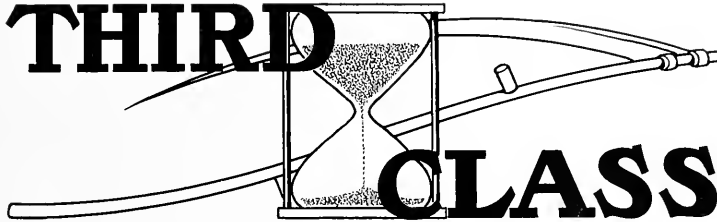
THE BOMB

THIRD CLASS ROLL—Continued

-McCORMICK, O. L.....	Raphine, Va.	-RICH, A. H.....	Lynchburg, Va.
-McKAY, L. H.....	Thomasville, Ga.	-SANSBERRY, J. C.....	Anderson, Ind.
-MAHOSE, T. W.....	Richmond, Va.	-SEAMAN, E. C.....	Hamburg, Pa.
-MEADE, R. H.....	Richmond, Va.	-SENEAD, G. M.....	Lynchburg, Va.
✓ MILLER, J. C.....	Huntington, W. Va.	-LABER, W. A.....	Montgomery, Ala.
-MILLNER, B. J.....	Danville, Va.	-THOMAS, H. B.....	Baltimore, Md.
-MITCHELL, S. P.....	Petersburg, Va.	-THOMPSON, R. L.....	Birmingham, Ala.
-MOORE, L. K.....	Cleveland, Ohio.	-TISHUR, W. M.....	Cheriton, Va.
-MOORE, R. C.....	Chesterfield, S. C.	-WALEY, W. H., 3rd.....	Norfolk, Va.
-MORRIS, W. S.....	St. Michaels, Md.	-WARREN, R. H.....	Albany, Ga.
† MURPHY, R. W.....	Greensboro, Ala.	-WHITLEY, G. W.....	Lexington, Va.
-OLD, N.....	Norfolk, Va.	-WHITTLE, W. M.....	Martinsville, Va.
-PALMER, C. B.....	Tallahassee, Fla.	-WILCOX, C. B.....	Norfolk, Va.
✓ PERRY, E. 3rd.....	Turkey Island, Va.	✓ WOOLFORD, A. W.....	Suffolk, Va.
-PITTS, J.....	Scottsville, Va.	-ZEX, F. E.....	Strasburg, Va.
-FRANKS, VICTOR, JR			
-PAUL J. G			



THIRD CLASS



IN the following humble recital of the events transpiring during that unenviable period known as the Third Class Year, when those unfortunate young men with increasing tendencies towards "meanness" are looked down upon by gods and men (to say nothing of Calic), I deeply regret that I must omit certain statements invariably exaggerated by preceding historians. These are, namely, that we were the most tormented and "maltreated" rat class in the history of the

Institute, and a description of our unbounded delight upon dropping our tails at Finals. I omit the former from an inherent love of the truth, and the latter because the power for such expression does not lie within me.

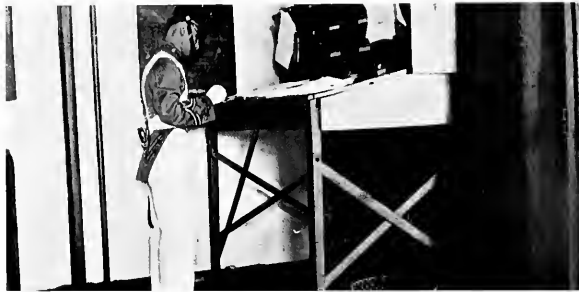
After this slight digression, I will proceed. We, the members of the Class of 1916, joyfully returned to barracks in order to undertake the "conscientious performance of our daily duty" after the brief but well-earned respite following our erstwhile rathood. We were greeted with paralyzing news. We learned with horror and surprise that it was now deemed "brootal" even to gaze severely upon a new cadet. This was the first shock to our delicate sensibilities. Others piled up thick and fast. After perusing General No. 1, we would sooner have wandered



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aimlessly into Tim's reception room with Piedmont in mouth and cap at rakish angle than have paid a purely social call on a "Mister." And perish the thought that we would have spoken otherwise than gently to an emerald-tinted rodent.

However, it must be admitted that after one of the football games, at which prompt attendance was sadly lacking, a surprise party was pulled off for the special benefit of the tardy ones. It was held in that room long renowned as the scene of such functions. Needless to say, the festivities were quite successful, and curbed many desires among the Fourth Class men to dream peacefully in the "hay" until the game started.



A little while before Christmas some "keydet" with a perverted sense of heroism attacked poor old George with a can of paint. His weapons were dauntless courage and a squirtgun. At Tattoo, after the desperate deed had been committed, it was observed that George wore a sardonic grin, due to the presence of what appeared to be a dab of cold cream, but upon minute scrutiny turned out to be the genuine article. He had also been spattered viciously on the collarbone. We bore the inevitable "horsing," but vowed revenge. Then, one bright morning in January, George appeared in a brand-new dyke. The "trifling young scamps" who perpetrated the outrage made up in quantity what they lacked in quality and technique.

Soon after the first session had begun, several budding Solomons proposed a set of regulations for the class. These were adopted, and have proved the ties that bind us together. While not in strict accordance with parliamentary procedure, they answer their purpose and serve as a pocket edition of Magna Charta. Before this time Emmet Parkerson, of New Orleans, La., and Lindsay Pitts, of Scottsville, Va., had been elected to steer the class through the many

THE BOMB

difficulties besetting its path, and not once have we regretted our choice. Our ship of state has not quite swelled to the dimensions of a Titanic, being as yet about the size of a one-hunged gasoline launch. Nevertheless I venture to assert this strikingly original maxim: "Where there's a will there's a way." And, like the Romans, we will have the will.

Sixteen is by no means insignificant in athletics. In football we gave "Little Lowry," "Pete" Hawkins, and "Mose" Goodman to the Varsity; while "Pat" Murphy, "Little Eva" Fields, McCormick, and Colbern did excellent work on the Scrubs. Though defeated by 1915 in the class game, we are still even with them on account of our last year's basket-ball score. This season Fetterwolf, Schwalb, and others showed up well on the first team. Baseball was our long suit last year, as the Pitts brothers, Gillespie, McCormick, L. Hudson, and Graham were invaluable. We are now represented by several long-legged sprinters on the track team, and a Sixteen man, "Rock" Gillespie, is captain of the tennis team.

Although I hate to give to my classmates such an incomplete record of their cadet days and deeds, yet circumstances compel me to leave off. Barely one hundred men entered this noble institution as rats in 1912, but the vacancies that were bound to occur have been ably filled by nearly thirty Third Class rats. We are justly proud of this addition to our number, and rest assured that they will aid us in "team work." At present we have our share of running "corps" and "slippery" privates; in some cases, vice versa. I fear, however, that some of them must part with us before we reach the goal, for various reasons, the main one being that of compulsory enlistment in the "Sons of Rest." Yet we wish then to remember that in spirit, at least, they will always be members of Old Sixteen.



THE BOMB



CLASS of 1917



1917



FOURTH CLASS GROUP



Class of 1917

Class Officers

OLIVER B. BUCHER.....	PRESIDENT
RALPH SPICER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FREDERICK R. LAFFERTY.....	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

ADAMS, J. B.....	Birmingham, Ala.	EARLY, R. N.....	Dawsonville, Va.
ADKINS, F. B.....	Richmond, Va.	ECHOLS, C. L.....	Glasgow, Va.
BALDY, C. T.....	New Orleans, La.	EMOND, R. A.....	Birmingham, Ala.
BARNES, A. D.....	Arlington, Texas.	ETHERIDGE, F. H.....	Macon, Ga.
BARRETT, W. S.....	Newport News, Va.	EWELL, J. R.....	Norfolk, Va.
BENNERS, A.....	Ambler, Pa.	FAISON, P. R.....	Goldsboro, N. C.
BERRY, W. T.....	Richmond, Va.	FIELD, W. A.....	San José, Costa Rica.
BRIGGS, A. K.....	Richmond, Va.	FRANKLIN, H. C.....	Richmond, Va.
BROWN, E. C.....	Nashville, Tenn.	GALLAGHER, J. C.....	Fort Defiance, Va.
BUCHER, O. B.....	Portsmouth, Va.	GATLING, P. F.....	Norfolk, Va.
BUCKLEY, E. A.....	New York, N. Y.	GAY, J. F.....	Montgomery, Ala.
BURRESS, J. W.....	Richmond, Va.	GLAZEBROOK, L. W., JR.....	Washington, D. C.
CAMPBELL, W. P.....	Augusta, Ga.	GRAY, F. C.....	Winchester, Pa.
CARROLL, A. M.....	Birmingham, Ala.	GREEN, A. A.....	Ocala, Fla.
CHAPIN, W. E.....	Richmond, Va.	HAMLIN, J. T., JR.....	New York, N. Y.
CHEWNING, J. C.....	Richmond, Va.	HARPER, P. N.....	Danville, Va.
CHITTUM, H. T.....	Timber Ridge, Va.	HAYES, R. H.....	Thomasville, Ga.
CLARKE, F. W.....	Savannah, Ga.	HITCH, R. C. W.....	Norfolk, Va.
COCHRAN, C. F.....	Madison, Ind.	HOLT, H. W.....	Staunton, Va.
COLE, J.....	Norfolk, Va.	HUGHES, J. B.....	Lynchburg, Va.
COLE, J. E.....	Norfolk, Va.	HULL, R. M.....	Savannah, Ga.
COLLIER, E. D.....	Newark, N. J.	HUTCHINSON, H.....	Fairmount, W. Va.
COREY, J. L.....	Argos, Ind.	IZARD, J.....	Roanoke, Va.
COREY, L. O.....	Argos, Ind.	JONES, C. H.....	New York, N. Y.
CRITTENDEN, G. B.....	Greenville, Miss.	KIMBERLY, J. B.....	Fort Monroe, Va.
DAVID, R. F.....	Newport News, Va.	LAFFERTY, F. R.....	San Francisco, Cal.
DAVIE, W. B.....	Richmond, Va.	LAWSON, J. S.....	South Boston, Va.
DILLARD, J. W.....	Chatham, Va.	LEE, V. C.....	Fuchow Kraug Si, China.
DIXON, W. H.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.	LINDNER, J. A.....	Carlisle, Pa.
DOVE, P. W.....	Baltimore, Md.	LOCKHART, G. B.....	Honaker, Va.
DUFUR, W. M.....	Baltimore, Md.	McANERNY, J.....	New York, N. Y.

THE BOMB

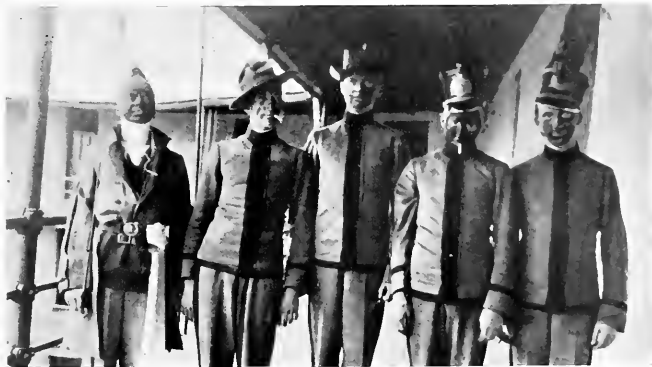
FOURTH CLASS ROLL—Continued

MCDAVID, J. R.....	Birmingham, Ala.	SAUNDERS, C. J.....	Richmond, Va.
MCGIFFERT, S. Y.....	Duluth, Minn.	SCHLEGEL, F. E.....	Norfolk, Va.
MARTIN, W. P.....	Claremore, Okla.	SCHOEN, E. C.....	Atlanta, Ga.
MASON, H. P.....	Hampton, Va.	SCOTT, T. B., JR.....	Richmond, Va.
MASSIE, H. W.....	Tyto, Va.	SCHWALE, A. N.....	Richmond, Va.
MASSIE, W. N.....	Pulaski, Va.	SCHADLE, H. B.....	Charleston, W. Va.
MICHEAUX, E. R.....	Goldsboro, N. C.	SHEPHERD, L.....	Norfolk, Va.
MORGAN, W. H.....	Riverton, Va.	SKINNER, C. M.....	Washington, D. C.
MERRISON, F. L.....	Fort Worth, Texas.	SMITH, J. K.....	North Adams, Mass.
MUNCE, M. G.....	Richmond, Va.	SPENCE, E. H.....	Richmond, Va.
NASH, C. P.....	Alderson, W. Va.	SPICER, R.....	Lexington, Mass.
NEALE, L., JR.....	Richmond, Va.	STALLING, G.....	Lynchburg, Va.
NELSON, J. C., JR.....	Norfolk, Va.	STEVENSON, M. H.....	Williamson, W. Va.
NOELL, S. W.....	Lynchburg, Va.	STURCKE, A.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
OAKES, L. L.....	Oklahoma City, Okla.	THORNTON, A. L.....	Fredericksburg, Va.
PATTERSON, A. S.....	Brownburg, Va.	TOMLINSON, J. B.....	Birmingham, Ala.
PATE, H. L.....	Joplin, Mo.	WARD, J. G.....	Portsmouth, Va.
PENDER, J. R.....	Tarboro, N. C.	WARRICK, H. C.....	Slate Forks, W. Va.
PENDLETON, R. S.....	Washington, D. C.	WHITE, B. H.....	Leesburg, Va.
PERKINSON, T. R.....	Danville, Va.	WHITING, L. S.....	Hampton, Va.
PORCHER, F. D.....	St. Louis, Mo.	WILLIAMS, L. M.....	Richmond, Va.
PORTER, E. C.....	Norfolk, Va.	WILSON, N.....	Southern Pines, N. C.
POTTS, P. M., JR.....	Natchitoches, La.	WOOD, J. W.....	Bristol, Tenn.
POTTS, T. R.....	Richmond, Va.	WOODWARD, F.....	Hampton, Va.
RILEY, D. E.....	Richmond, Va.	WOL, T. G.....	Norfolk, Va.
RING, J. K.....	Johnson City, Va.	YEATMAN, V. E.....	Norfolk, Va.
RUFFNER, D. L.....	Charleston, W. Va.		

FOURTH CLASS



WITH trepidation not unmixed with awe, from preparatory schools and citizen life, from north, south, east, and west, we gathered to enter upon our probation as cadets at Virginia's great military school, to become actual entities in a realm suffused with an atmosphere that spoke of illustrious graduates, of war-time memories, of heroic bravery and intense endeavor, of traditions, of pinnaled heights and world renown won by those whose careers have been so intimately bleuded with the Institute's activities.



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Whatever may have been our dreams of emulation and future glory or success, we were, upon reporting, suddenly brought back to earth and made to realize that the Institute's stamp was not placed upon dreams, but upon sincere and intense effort, and that we had to be made over from the foundation up, in order to even approximate the Institute's ideals. And, as a matter of fact, no time was lost in this making-over process. It began at once on all sides, and we learned something each day not contained in books. That "rats is rats" we were not allowed to forget for an instant; and the variety of angles from which this great truth was impressed upon us prevented any monotony from spoiling the charm of life for us. The mighty wrath simulated by upper classmen descended upon us, as it has descended from time immemorial upon "rats." We have been "braced" up and "bawled out," and two demerits have grown where ordinarily only one should grow, and we have at times seriously doubted that there was the making of a real cadet among us.

But, if for the time being, all hopes of ever making a creditable-appearing cadet from a military standpoint were crushed, we were able to compel some recognition along lines of athletic endeavor during the year. In football we had three of the backfield on the Varsity, and the scrub team showed a good representation. In baseball, track, basket-ball, and tennis we have been prominent, and in all these branches of sport have turned out class teams which have given good accounts of themselves.

With the trials incident to adjustment to new conditions, we have had our pleasures too. The day after the V. M. I. defeated A. & M. of N. C. on the gridiron we were given for a day the privileges of old cadets and glimpsed for a moment into the joys of upper-classdom. The joy of victory wiped out many sorrows. The Thanksgiving trip to Roanoke was another enjoyable event to break the monotony of barrack life, as was Christmas day, our first from home for many of us, and the four-day trip to Richmond, where we went to participate in the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of the Governor of the Commonwealth.

Following the traditional custom, the class met soon after Christmas and



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elected Oliver B. Bucher, of Portsmouth, Virginia, president, and Ralph Spicer, of Lexington, Massachusetts, as vice-president.

Semi-ans developed from a nightmare into a horrible reality, but all save a few weathered the storm, and we entered upon the final lap looking forward to that glorious day of freedom when as third classmen we should enter a new life and a new world, knowing that the high lights, the harsh ones, of our rat year would disappear under time's softening influence, leaving only the memory of friends made, of better understanding of what it has meant, how much it has meant and how necessary it has been toward our future success. We feel that we have started well, and whatever our future duties may be, great or small, we shall, with loyalty to the Institute, its Officers, and the Corps of Cadets, whole-heartedly perform them, and try to add a little to the luster and renown of the Institute and make history for the Class of 1917.

HISTORIAN, 1917.



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The Rats' Dream

Oh, how we crave that bright June day,
When all our grief shall pass away!
Oh, for that day we madly yearn,
When we'll quit work and homeward turn.

Oh, then no more we'll stilly brace,
But 'cross the courtyard madly race!
Nor will we cut the corners square,
And be afraid to breathe the air.

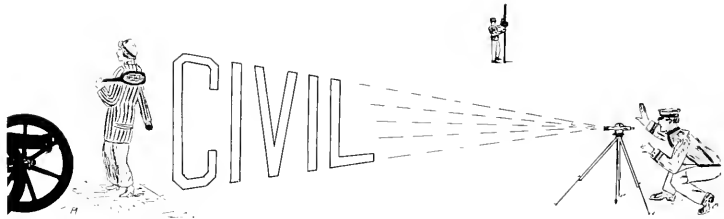
We'll have to "Fin out" then no more;
We'll stand with safety in the door;
We'll lay around and "hit the hay,"
For no one then will say us nay.

We'll walk no more in single file,
But swing along with merry smile,
Oh, all these things we'll do, you bet,
For each will be an *old cadet*.

L. C. W.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT





Instructors

COLONEL THOMAS ARCHER JONES
 LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT BARCLAY POAGUE, ASSOCIATE

Assistant Instructors

CAPTAIN BRANTON DAVIS MAYO
 CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HALL ELLISON

FIRST CLASS

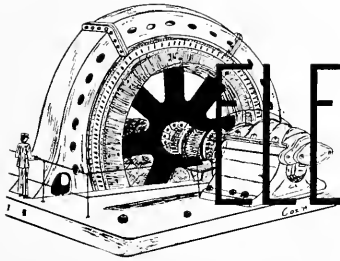
ARMSTRONG
 BURRESS
 CHRISTIAN, J.
 CLOPTON
 COLONNA
 CONQUEST
 DEEBLE
 FLETCHER
 GRAVES
 HANDY
 HURT
 HUSSON
 KEEZLL
 KRENTEL
 LOOK
 McCABE
 MARSHALL, S.

MARSHALL, W.
 MERM
 METCALFE
 MILLER, J.
 MILLER, R.
 MUNCE
 NICHOLS
 OWEN, E.
 PATTON
 PERKINSON
 RICHARDS, J.
 ROHBBOUGH
 RUTHERFORD
 SEWELL
 SMITH, S.
 WEAR

SECOND CLASS

ALLISON
 BEASLEY
 BOWERING
 BOYKIN
 CAMMER
 CAMPBELL, A.
 DAVIS, J.
 DAVIS, W.
 ECHOLS
 GRIFFIN
 HOCK
 HOLTZMAN

HUMPHREYS
 LEWIS, W.
 PARSON, W.
 PARSON, X.
 SMITH, G.
 SMITH, H.
 SOMERS
 SPESSARD
 WAGNER
 WALLACE
 WELTON
 WILTSHIRE



ELECTRICITY

Instructor

COLONEL FRANCIS MALLORY

Assistant Instructor

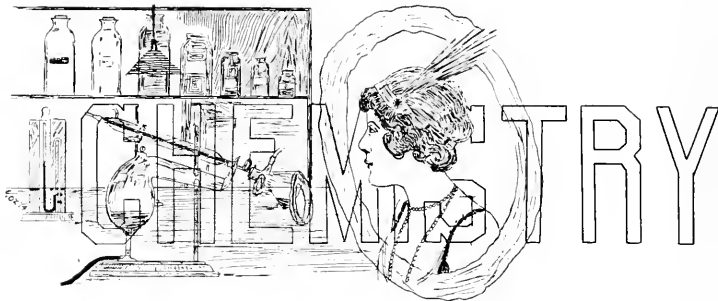
CAPTAIN CHARLES GIDEON MILLER

FIRST CLASS

ADAMS, T. S.	GILL
BANNING	HORDERN
BERGMAN	LOWRY, S.
BRADFORD, S.	MCCORMICK, J.
BROWN, W. C.	NASH
CHAMBLISS	PARKER
CLARKSON	RICE
CLEMENT	ROOT
CUNNINGHAM	ROYALL
CUTCHINS	SIDDLE
DILLEY	SMITH, P.
EASLEY	SPOTTS
ECHOLS	TARDY
FRARY	TRINKLE
GETZEN	WILMER

SECOND CLASS

ALMOND	KIMBERLY
BAIN	MARSHALL, R. LEWIS
BATTON	MASSIE, N.
BORDEN	MCCORMICK, E.
CILAPIN	PARKS
CLARKSON, C. C.	PETROSS
CONWAY	TYNES
COUPLAND	VAUGHAN
CRAIG	WATSON
ELLYSON	WATT
GARING	WELFORD
HAGAN, J.	WRIGHT
HAGAN, W.	WISE
HITT	WYSOR
HOLDERBY	YOUDER
KIDD	



Instructors

COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON
 COLONEL NATHANIEL BEVERLY TUCKER

Assistant Instructor

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOWARD EDWARDS

FIRST CLASS

AVERILL
 CHRISTIAN, C.
 DAWES
 EVANS

SANFORD
 SCHENCK
 SMITH, M.
 YOCCELL

SECOND CLASS

AMORY, A.
 ARMS
 BROOKS

MCLEAN
 REMEERT
 WILLIAMS



Instructors

COLONEL ROBERT THOMAS KERLIN

COLONEL JENNINGS CROPPER WISE

Assistant Instructors

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CROWSON

CAPTAIN SAMUEL MOREHEAD MILLNER

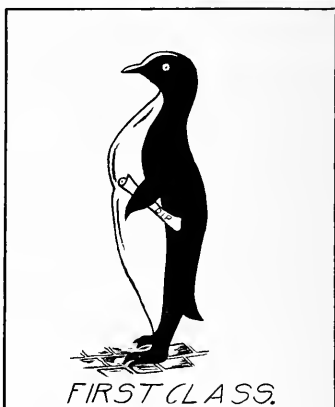
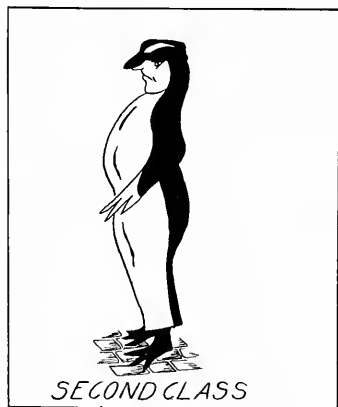
SECOND CLASS

CARSON
BAUGHAM
BELL
BRANDT
ETHERIDGE
HEPNER
JOHNS
LOWERY, T.
MAXWELL
MERRY
MUNDAY
NORFLEET
WILKINS

This course was adopted at the Virginia Military Institute in September, 1913, consequently the present Second Class was the first to receive its benefits.

Natural History

EVOLUTION OF A PENGUIN FROM RAT



What would happen if we "fined out" for four years.

SUMMER SCHOOL

COLORS: *Egg yellow and mournful blue.*

YELL: *Rah! Rah! Toot! Toot! InSTITUTE!*

MOTTO: *All work and no hay will help me get my dip some day.*



IN the "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia" is situated the Rock-bridge Alum Springs. There it was that Captain Anderson and his highly efficient faculty established that pleasure (?) resort known as "The V. M. I. Summer School" or "Pussy-foot Anderson's Retreat for the Mentally Feeble."

A long month did the "Sons of Rest" toil and sweat over their divers studies, and with never-failing courage did the most noble faculty (P. I. Gayle, etc) strive to hammer some brains into the ones considered brainless. It is with unbounded joy that I state the result: they were quite successful in their endeavors.

In spite of all the toil and trouble, most of the "Sons" not only found time for rest, but also time for pleasure. In the evening many used to visit the swimming pool or the tennis courts, while others ("Bo" Ward and Pete Perkinson) were often seen climbing the Alum Bank with Calie. On several occasions beautiful receptions were given to the "Retreat," over which presided the most charming hostesses. At night the ballroom attracted the majority of the inmates, but



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there were some who feared that the glare might hurt their eyes. These latter were wont to travel far into the woods and have marshmallow roasts. An atmosphere of mystery shrouds these gatherings, but from what "Rim" Munce and "Ikey" De Graff say, everything was "there" except the marshmallows.

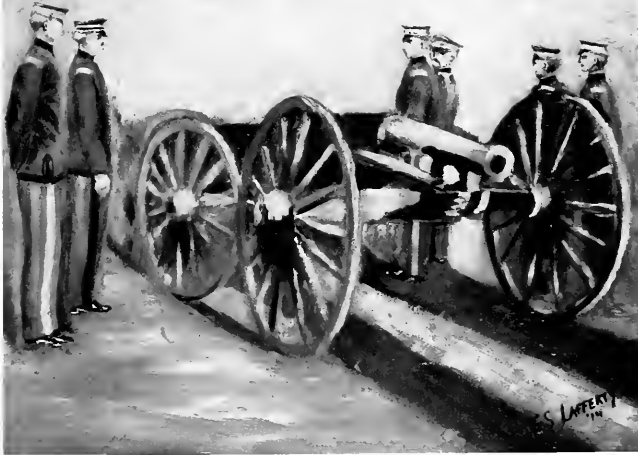
However, we did not let these digressions interfere with our Athletics. The annual game of baseball with the Allegheny Inn was a wonder. The whole student body rode to the scene of battle on that which a "Keydet" loves best—HAY. Our team, of course, came out victorious, defeating the Allegheny nine by a large score. With such men as "Liz" Clarkson in the box, "Willie Lee" L'pshur in the infield, and graceful Frank Cutchins on the sidelines, any team in the world would be successful.

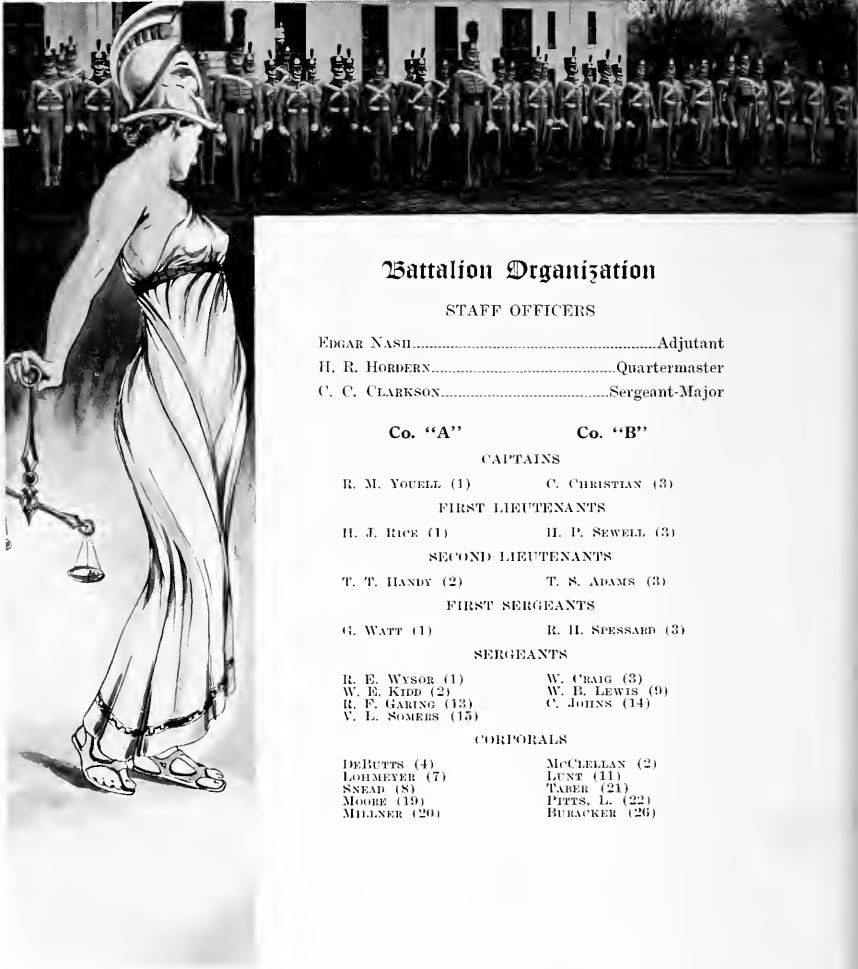
One of the largest social events of the season was the German given by the cadets in honor of the guests at the Alum. Calie came from near and far and Millboro, and never before had Summer School been favored with such a fair gathering. A feature of the evening was the beautiful figure, led by "Bill" Marshall and "Pope" Patton. An intermission was held at midnight, during which a most glorious supper was served. Then dancing continued to the wee sma' hours. The following Sunday you could see each "Son of Rest" driving over high mountains and broad valleys to the home of some girl that had caused his heart to flutter at the dance.

But all worldly things must end, Summer School being no exception. On the twenty-ninth of August "Recall" was sounded, and the mentally-strengthened Cadets took "the trail of the lonesome pines" back to Lexington. Great was their sorrow when they discovered that playtime was over and that "First Call" for real work was just about to go.



MILITARY DEPARTMENT





Battalion Organization

STAFF OFFICERS

EDGAR NASH.....Adjutant
 H. R. HORDERN.....Quartermaster
 C. C. CLARKSON.....Sergeant-Major

Co. "A"

Co. "B"

CAPTAINS

R. M. YOELL (1) C. CHRISTIAN (3)

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

H. J. RICK (1) H. P. SEWELL (3)

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

T. T. HANDY (2) T. S. ADAMS (3)

FIRST SERGEANTS

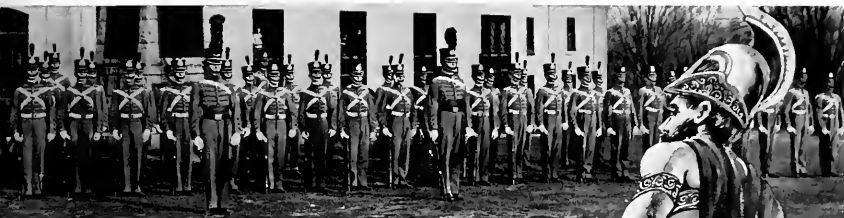
G. WATT (1) R. H. SPESARD (3)

SERGEANTS

R. E. WYSOR (1) W. CRAIG (3)
 W. E. KIDD (2) W. B. LEWIS (9)
 R. P. GARING (13) C. JOHNS (14)
 V. L. SOMERS (15)

CORPORALS

DEBUTTS (4) MCCLELLAN (2)
 LOHMEYER (7) LUNT (11)
 SNEAD (8) TABER (21)
 MOORE (19) PITTS, L. (22)
 MILLNER (20) BURACKER (26)



Co. "C"

CAPTAINS

E. P. CONQUEST (5) W. T. CLEMENT (6)

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

B. F. DAWES (5) B. A. COLONNA (6)

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

T. W. WILMER (4) M. P. FLETCHER (6)

FIRST SERGEANTS

W. L. HITT (5) J. E. DAVIS (6)

SERGEANTS

R. J. MARSHALL (5) C. B. CONWAY (6)
 C. T. HOLTZMAN (11) E. M. ALMOND (12)
 O. H. BEASLEY (17) A. L. WELLFORD (18)

CORPORALS

GOODMAN (3) READE (15)
 HAWKINS (10) WALES (18)
 HIX (14) PITTS, J. (23)
 BURNS (16) FITZHEIMER (24)
 BRYAN (30) CUMMINGS (29)

Co. "E"

CAPTAINS

S. L. LOWRY (4) B. B. CLARKSON (2)

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

S. C. SMITH (4) W. C. BROWN (2)

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

E. H. NICHOLS (1) W. A. BURRESS (5)

FIRST SERGEANTS

N. H. MASSIE (4) C. R. CAMMER (2)

SERGEANTS

A. R. HOLDERBY (4) B. BOWERING (2)
 R. COUPLAND (10) A. G. CAMPBELL (7)
 C. H. CARSON (16) W. H. HUMPHREYS (8)

CORPORALS

LEGGETT (5) HOLMES (1)
 BRADFORD (13) WHITTLE (6)
 PARKERSON (25) SANSEBERRY (9)
 ELEY (17) MURPHY (12)
 GEYER (28) GILLISPIE (27)

Co. "D"





TACTICAL OFFICERS

TACTICAL OFFICERS



COLONEL JENNINGS C. WISE
COMMANDANT OF CADETS

CAPTAIN KENNETH SINCLAIR PURDIE
POST-ADJUTANT AND PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT IN TACTICS

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. CROWSON
INSTRUCTOR IN FIELD ARTILLERY

CAPTAIN BRAXTON D. MAYO
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "A"

CAPTAIN SAMUEL M. MILLNER
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "F"

CAPTAIN ROBERT C. SNIDOW
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "B"

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER H. ELLISON
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "E"

CAPTAIN ABRAM F. KIBLER
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "C"

CAPTAIN CHARLES G. MILLER
INSTRUCTOR COMPANY "D"



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



R. M. YOUELL.....	CAPTAIN Co. "A"
B. B. CLARKSON.....	CAPTAIN Co. "F"
C. CHRISTIAN, JR.....	CAPTAIN Co. "B"
S. L. LOWRY.....	CAPTAIN Co. "E"
E. P. CONQUEST.....	CAPTAIN Co. "C"
W. T. CLEMENT.....	CAPTAIN Co. "D"
E. NASH.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
H. A. RICE.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "A"
W. C. BROWN.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "F"
H. P. SEWELL.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "B"
S. C. SMITH.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "E"
B. F. DAWES.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "C"
B. A. COLONNA.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "D"
H. R. HORDERN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
E. H. NICHOLS.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "E"
T. T. HANDY.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "A"
T. S. ADAMS.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "B"
T. W. WILMER.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "C"
W. A. BURRESS.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "F"
M. P. FLETCHER.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "D"



FORMATIONS FOR A DAY

THE BOMB

Battalion Staff



MISS CAROLINE NASH
SPONSOR



Staff Officers

EDGAR NASH
FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

H. R. HORDERN
SECOND LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER

C. C. CLARKSON
SERGEANT-MAJOR



COMPANY A

THE BOMB

Company A



MISS GLADYS KELLER
SPONSOR



R. M. YUELL.....	CAPTAIN
H. J. RICE.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
T. T. HANBY.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
G. WATT.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

WYSOR, R. E.	KIDD, W. E.	GARING, R. F.	SOMERS, V. L.
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CORPORALS

DEBUTTS	LOHMEYER	SNEAD	MOORE	MILLNER
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PRIVATEES

AMORY	COLLIER	GARVEY	LAFFERTY	RHECTAN
AYERS	DEGRAFF	GILL	LEWIS, W. B., JR.	RUTHERFORD
BENNSERS	DILLARD, W.	GRAVES	MARSHALL, W.	SCOTT
BERGMAN	DIXON	HAYES	MAXWELL	SHADLE
BREWSTER	EASLEY, R.	HOCK	MCCORMICK, J.	SKINNER
BROWN, E.	ECHOLS, E.	HISSON	MCLEOD	SMITH, M.
CARTER	FIELD, E.	KAROW	MILLER, C.	TOMLINSON
CHEWNING	FUGATE	KEEZELL	MUNCE, G.	WELTON
CHITUM	GALLAGHER	KNOX	PARKER	WILCOX
COLBERN				WILSON



COMPANY B.

THE BOMB

Company B



MISS DOROTHY HORDERN
SPONSOR



*C. CHRISTIAN, JR.	CAPTAIN
H. P. SEWELL	FIRST LIEUTENANT
T. S. ADAMS	SECOND LIEUTENANT
J. N. C. RICHARDS	SECOND LIEUTENANT
R. H. SPESSARD	FIRST SERGEANT

CRAIG, W.	SERGEANTS	LEWIS, W. B.	JOHNS, C. D.
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MCCLELLAN	LUNT	CORPORALS	PITTS, J.	BURACKER, S.
		TABER		

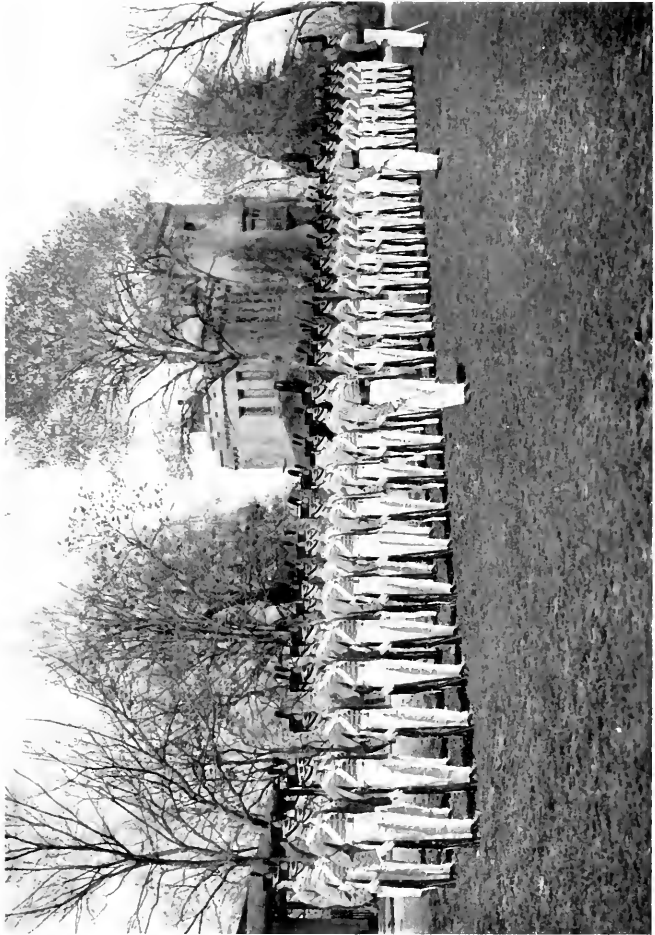
PRIVATES

ALLISON	EASLEY, C.	IZARD	PAUL	SPENCE
BERRY	ETHERIDGE, C.	KRENTEL	PATTERSON	SPOTTS
BOYKIN	EWELL	LEWIS, S.	PERKINSON, T.	SMITH, G.
BULKLEY	FORD	MASSIE, H.	PHILLIPS	SMITH, J.
BURRESS, J.	FRANKLIN	MCGIFFERT	REMBERT	FISHER
CAMPBELL, W.	GAYLING	MCLEAN	RICHARDS	WHITE, R.
CHAPEL, W.	GAY	MEEM	ROOT	WILKINS
CHRISTIAN, J.	GRAY	MILLER, R.	SAUNDERS	WILLIAMS, T.
COLLINS	GREEN	NEALE	SCHLEEGEL	WILTSHIRE
		PARKS		

*Upon resignation of Cadet Christian, C., Cadet Sewell was appointed Captain, and Cadet Richards, J., Second Lieutenant.



COMPANY C



COMPANY D

THE BOMB

Company D



MISS GRETCHEN EVANS CLEMENT
SPONSOR



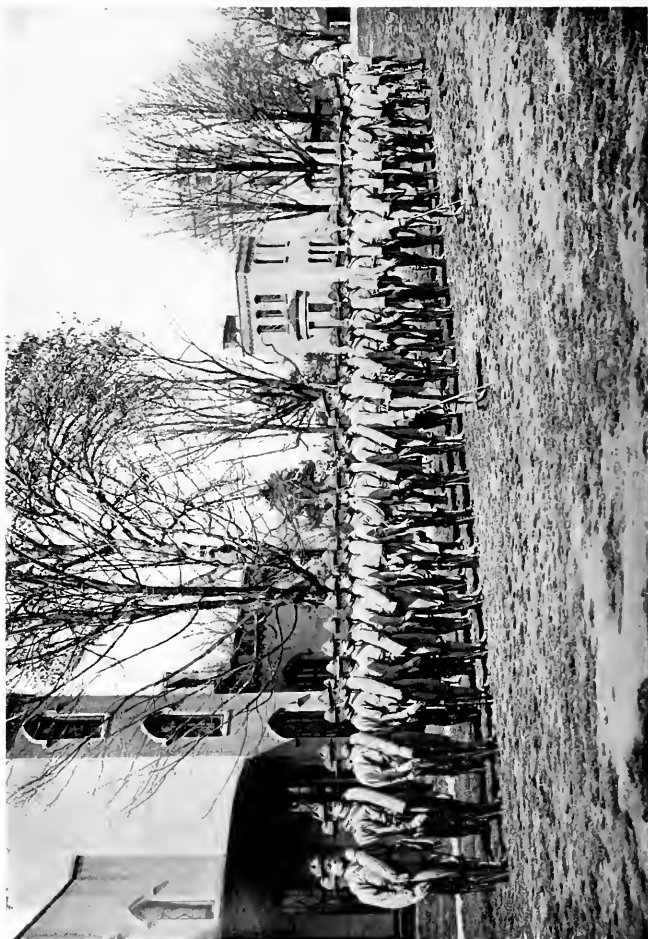
W. T. CLEMENT.....CAPTAIN
 B. A. COLONNA.....FIRST LIEUTENANT
 M. P. FLETCHER.....SECOND LIEUTENANT
 J. E. DAVIS.....FIRST SERGEANT

CONWAY, C. B. SERGEANTS ALMOND, E. M. WELLFORD, A. L.

READE WALES CORPORALS PITTS, L. FECHHEIMER CUMMING

PRIVATES

ARMISTEAD	DUFUR	LEE	MORGAN	SEAMAN
BAUGHAM	ETHERIDGE, F.	LOWRY, W.	MORRIS	THORNTON
BALLET	FIELD, W.	LYNE	MUSCE, W.	TRINKLE
BELL, F.	GAMMON	MARTIN	MUNDAY	VAUGHAN
BURTON	HAGAN, J.	MARSTE, W.	MCDAVID	WALLACE
CHAPIN, C.	HAGAN, W.	METCALFE	PATE	WARREN
CHRISTIAN, M.	HUGHES	MILLER, J.	PARSONS, W.	WARRICK
COSTEN	HUTCHINSON	MITCHELL	SANFORD	WHITING
DAVIS, W.	JONES, C.	MOORE, L.	SCHWALB	WOOD
DILLEY				WRIGHT, R.



COMPANY E

THE BOMB

Company E



MISS WILLIE LOWRY
SPONSOR



S. L. LOWRY CAPTAIN
 S. C. SMITH FIRST LIEUTENANT
 E. C. NICHOLS SECOND LIEUTENANT
 N. H. MASSIE FIRST SERGEANT

HOLDERBY, A. R.

SERGEANTS
 COUPLAND, R.

CARSON, C. H.

LEGGETT

BRADFORD, W.

CORPORALS
 ELEY

PARKERSON

GEYER

PRIVATEES

BANNING
 BORDERN
 BRANDT
 BRIGGS
 BULACKER, W.
 CLARKE
 COCHRAN
 COLE, E.
 COREY, L.

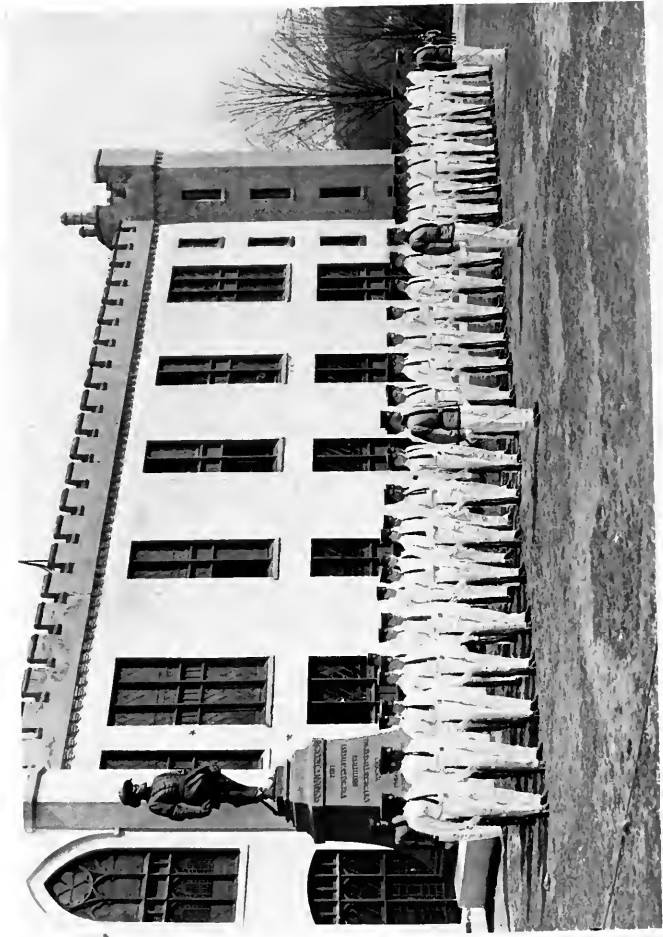
COREY, J.
 COSBY
 COX
 CUNNINGHAM
 DAVIE
 ECHOLS, F.
 ELLYSON
 EVANS

EWING
 FRARY, R.
 FRASER
 GALT
 GETZEN, T.
 GRIFFIN
 GROOVER
 HARPER

HURT
 HYLAND
 KIMBERLY, C.
 McANERNY
 MCCORMICK, L.
 MCKAY
 MAHONEY
 MANN

MASON
 MERRY
 MORRISON
 NASH, C.
 OLD
 PALMER
 PARSONS, X.
 PATTON

PENDLETON
 PICKETT
 PORTER
 POTTS, T.
 SCHON
 SMITH, H.
 SPICER
 STALLING
 WOOLFORD



COMPANY F

THE BOMB

Company F



MISS VIRGINIA ROBINSON
SPONSOR



B. B. CLARKSON.....CAPTAIN
 W. C. BROWN.....FIRST LIEUTENANT
 W. A. BURRESS.....SECOND LIEUTENANT
 C. R. CAMMER.....FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

BAIN, J. M. BOWERING, B. CAMPBELL, A. G. HUMPHREYS, W. H.

CORPORALS

HOLMES WHITTLE SANSBERRY MURPHY GILLESPIE

PRIVATEES

ARMS	CLOPTON	GUSTAVESON	MCCABE	RICH	SMITH, P.
AYERILL	DAVID	HAMLIN	MCCORMICK, E.	ROHRBROUGH	THOMPSON
BARRETT	DEEBLE	HITCH	NOELL	ROYALL	TYNES
BATTEN	EARLY	HOLT	NOBLETT	RIFNER	WATSON
BRADFORD, S.	FRARY, C.	LINDER	OAKES	SCHENCK	WAGNER
BROWN, C.	GAILLARD	LOCKHART	PENDER	SHEPHERD	WEAR
BUCHER	GLAZEBROOK	LOOK	PERKINSON, A.	SIDDLE	YEATMAN
CHAMBLISS		MARSHALL, S.	POTTS, P.		ZEA

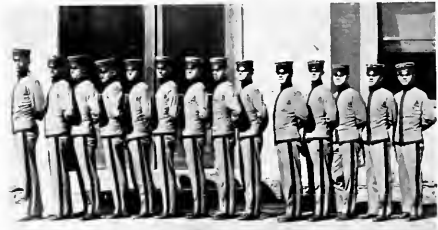
THE BOMB



BORDEN
CHITTUM
HAGAN, J.
McCABE
McCORMICK, J.

McCORMICK, L.
MILLER, R.
PATTEN
PAUL
WOOLFORD

FEICHEIMER





FAMILIAR FACES





Trooping of Jackson's Guns

HEADQUARTERS

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, May 9, 1913.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 134.

To-morrow, the 10th of May, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the death of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson from wounds received on the night of May 2nd, in the battle of Chancellorsville. The great Jackson's connection with this institution commenced March 1, 1851, when he was called from the military service of the United States to fill our chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. It ended only with his death and not until through the medium of this corps he had trained a host of soldiers whose names are almost as imperishable as his own. The names of Mahone, Rodes, Colston, Walker, Lane, Mumford, Crutchfield, Baldwin, Carter, Latimer, Chew, Thompson, and those of many of their companies are fitting to be inscribed on the tablet of history with that of "Stonewall" Jackson.

While on duty at the Virginia Military Institute, Major Jackson, besides being a professor, was instructor of artillery, and in that capacity, a calling most congenial to the retired artillery officer, whose service with the guns had already won him fame in Mexico, he trained the very backbone of the army of Northern Virginia, over five hundred of the officers of which were his former pupils in the art of war.

The artillery of that army, which in the words of many was the most distinguished arm of the Confederate service, owed its efficiency not only to Jackson, but to the cadet battery which you now salute. These guns were presented, in 1850, to the Institute by no less a personage than General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, as a testimonial of his admiration for the Corps of Cadets which served as his personal escort at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument in Richmond. Used by Jackson for purposes of instruction for a period of eleven years, they comprised the original armament of the Rockbridge Artillery, in 1861, in which our present Treasurer, Colonel William T. Poague, served first as lieutenant, then as its captain. It was one of these pieces that fired the first hostile confederate shot in the Valley of Virginia, at Haynesville, on June 8, 1861. It was this battery which crowned the ridge at Manassas upon which the comparatively obscure Jackson won the immortal epithet of "Stonewall." From the line two of its pieces are missing—one serves as our evening gun, a post of duty which it has held for near half a century, the other lies in the depth of the Potomac, where it was cast to prevent its capture on the retreat from Sharpsburg.

On June 10, 1864, almost three years to the day after this battery opened hostilities in Virginia, it was captured without our walls by Major General David H. Hunter, and taken to Washington, where, in 1866, it was handsomely refitted and remounted, and thence returned to the Institute by Secretary Stanton, at the instance of the then Superintendent, Major-General Francis H. Smith, and General Thomas T. Munford.

These guns are no longer suited to the progress of the modern era. Venerable with age and honorable service they, like their former commander has been, should be tenderly placed

THE BOMB

at rest. For sixty-three years they have never missed a day of duty. Now, let us retire them with befitting ceremony. But of them let one more duty be exacted. Let the caisson which bore Jackson's body to the grave now bear our floral tribute to his memory, and then let this battery, which has known so much of toil, like the sword of Jackson, rest, but not decay, in sacred idleness.

In accord with the foregoing it is ordered:

I. That the use of the old battery shall from this day be discontinued.

II. That the corps of cadets, under the immediate command of the Commandant of Cadets, with all tactical officers as a staff, march from their parade—the parade from which General Jackson led the corps on the 17th of April, 1861, to the Camp of Instruction, in Richmond—to the last resting place of their former commander and there reverently lay a floral tribute on his grave.

“Let the memory of the dead be an inspiration to the living.”

By Command of Brigadier-General Nichols,

(Signed)

M. F. EDWARDS,

Captain and Adjutant, V. M. I.





THE hiss of a pouring rain filled the ears of the first "keydet" who poked his head out of the hay at reveille on last May the ——. "Tbank Heaven; won't be any hike to-day," he murmured, and turned over to sleep till last call. That man was sadly wrong. "Alphabet" Eglin swung his left arm up to barracks to inform us that "a little water" is a good thing. And so presently the "little water" found us on the road that led from rest and hay.

That road was an ocean of ooze, a Red Sea; but there was no passing dryshod. As to stickiness, it had "Tanglefoot" beat by the length of a penalty drill. Instead of feet, we lifted balls of clay. Our only blessing was that the water running down our legs washed a little of it off. At every step we slid to the four points of the compass, and Kerr's Creek was gained only by dragging half the landscape with us.



THE BOMB



Dinner was diluted with rain water. But our joy in receiving it was pure and concentrated. Rain was by that time a much-to-be-expected article. We lived in it, felt it, smelled it, drank it. We dreamed about another day of being a mud plow.

Camp Chew broke almost with the Sunday morn. The winds and clouds had played kindly while we fitfully slumbered, and the short, familiar seven miles to the Alum were started by a far brighter and drier bunch than had crawled under the pup tents the night before. At the top of the mountain some of the summer-school tribe, catching an intoxicating whiff of old haunts, shouted, "Going home, boys," and we took the last three miles at almost a trot.

The Alum is a place of cold temperatures. The icy swimming pool seared some of the boys into total abstinence from outside application. But they went up on the mountain, just across the restraining county line, got warm on the



THE BOMB



inside, and came back in time to hold the liveliest dance that ever shook the foundations of that old hotel ballroom.

Twelve miles of nothing at all tells of the next day's march. Past only one inhabited house we went through the long dale for which our destination was called. A halt about one o'clock—woods as thick as brass buttons around a "chicken." "Camp in theyah," says Tim, waving at all the bushes in general. So Camp Latimer fell wherever there wasn't a tree and the brush was seraped away.

But just a half a mile beyond was civilization, the whole of it centered around an iron furnace and a store with lots of candy and cakes and chewing-gum and locked doors. The commandant and field staff, however, got their share of refreshments at the home of the owner of the city. The liquids not on Solomon's diet must have flowed like the brook outside the door, for forth into the night rode one of our artillery officers on his snow-white charger, and



THE BOMB



off the key of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," the notes of his trem-
bling tenor describing a cavorting curve through the whispering woods.

The insect universe had a hop that night. The skin of three hundred and
sixty-five men afforded an excellent floor, though crowded. A great many
energetic dancers were noted. Their dips were wonderfully low and lingering.
And after the ball, several thousands of bridal couples took a honeymoon tour
to Lexington.

But their conveyances almost expired on leaving that forest of Longdale.
"Five miles up and five miles down" was the tale they told us from the gate-
posts. Distances were evidently paced off in a vertical direction only in those
parts. For we climbed high as the heights of Tim in his glory, and so nearly
straight up that we could almost roll pebbles off the cliffs into the furnace towers
we had seen slowly recede from our feet. Over the top we poured, and shuffled



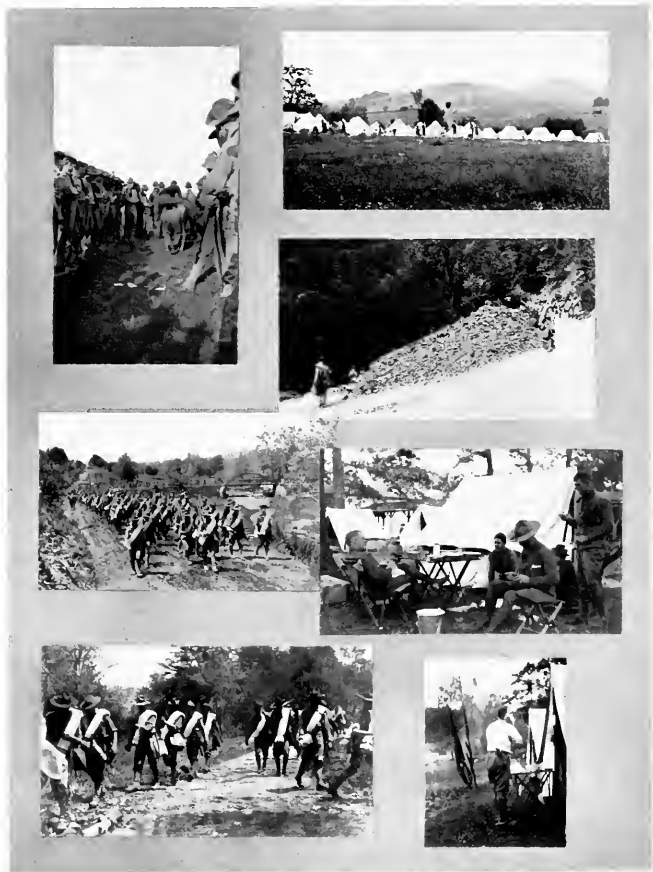
THE BOMB

back into Rockbridge County. Our descent was almost ball-bearing, the rocks in the path serving as the best of rolling-stones to help a fellow on his downward way. And so, between bruised substructures and dizzy superstructures, we hit one end of Collierstown. "Half a house wide and the gods only know how long" is the real meaning of that name. We pulled our poor frames further within the corporate limits of Collierstown than we did in the nation's capital when we went up to let Woodrow take a squint at us; and in doing so we passed one house and two inhabitants every half a mile, by actual calculation; then keeled over sideways into camp on a two by four (inch) bunch of grass, with a dozen wide meadows within range of our peepers.

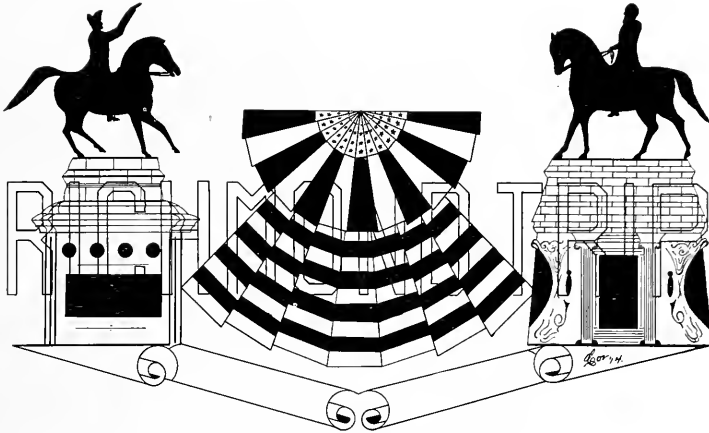
Ice cream was the complete menu that night. The Post Exchange sent out a whole wagon-load of "big ones" to meet us. And just across the way was as much as you could eat, served by the hands of the bewitching damsels of that vicinity for the small sum of ten centavos, which small sum few pockets contained. Then at supper, through the generosity of our guest, Major Wortham, each man got his big cup almost full of the frozen dainty. And still there was more. In the gathering twilight, the companies held a track meet to determine the proper division of what was left. "A" and "F" and the Staff won the cream, but there was enough to go all around, so everybody got their little after-the-show luncheon.

Past old House Mountain we trod next morning—on to Lexington. Up to the top of the ridge, and there, not so many miles away, shone barracks. Barracks looks mighty good to a "keydet" twice in his career—when he is "relieved from further duty" and when a hike is nearing its end. Out by Castle Hill we formed the battalion. Across the Nile, and through the town, with Homitz's aggregation of atmosphere compressors leading the way; through the arch, into a shower, down to the mess hall, back to the bay, and gone to the world—and our third and next to last hike was done.





HIKE SCENES



ONE of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the events of the past year was the Richmond trip. Soon after midyear examinations a rumor sprang up, as rumors will do around barracks, that the Corps of Cadets was to go to Richmond for the Inauguration of Governor Stuart. Contrary to all former custom, the talk came true. An order was received by General Nichols from the Adjutant-General for the corps to attend the parade on February second. From then on great excitement prevailed in barracks.

Trunks, to hold extra creased trousers and First Classmen's capes, were dragged from below, and Friday evening the men were busy packing and rolling packs.





THE BOMB

The next morning the battalion was marched to the station in overcoats, with packs slung. The train was a "special" provided by the courtesy of President Stevens of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. Owing to an unfortunate mistake, but five cars were provided for the six companies. By using part of the car provided for the staff, however, the entire corps was finally got aboard, and Lexington was cleared at 1 p. m. Then the ten-hour crawl over the James River Division began. At Lynchburg a brief stop was made, and many alumni, with not a few "calie," came alongside to give the already travel-weary "keydets" a word of greeting. After making the acquaintance of nearly every sidetrack south of Lynchburg, the train at last rattled over a long series of bridges and pulled into Richmond.

At the station the corps was met by a crowd of alumni, who heightened everybody's spirits by giving the "Old Yell." The corps at once marched to the armory of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues which, by the kindness of the Blues, had been turned over to the cadets. A track meet in progress at the armory somewhat delayed matters, but after a few minutes' wait the battalion was marched on the armory floor. There it was discovered that, instead of blankets and a hard floor, as on previous trips, there were *cots*, actually *cots*, certainly an undreamed-of luxury. After stacking arms and removing equipment, the corps was turned loose for sightseeing until midnight. Roll-call at that time found a scant half of the men present. Permits had been granted to spend the night with relatives, or friends, and many had availed themselves of this privilege. For those who were back at roll-call, a kind fate had provided numerous fire-escapes. As a result, somewhat later, gray figures might perhaps have been seen flitting from one lamp-post to another in the almost empty streets. Richmond held too many attractions for "keydets" after quiet Lexington. Also, sad to relate, Lexington is "dry."

Sunday morning the battalion was formed at the usual church hour. Services for the entire corps were held at the Church of the Holy Trinity. After church the cadets were dismissed until eleven that night.

The parade formation took place at 9 a. m. Monday morning. The corps formed in overcoats, with white belts, and was marched to the Capitol grounds. From there, formed in column of platoons and headed by the Fortress Monroe Band, the battalion paraded around various and many streets of the city. Returning to the Capitol, a brief halt was made, after which a review was held before Governor Stuart. Following the review, the corps was marched to the Masonic Temple for lunch, afterwards being dismissed at the armory.

THE BOMB

Monday night a dance was given by the Blues at the armory, in honor of the cadets. All of the Richmond "calic" were present, and the only cadets who did not attend were a few for whom the many theaters of Richmond held more attractions. Dancing could not begin until late, owing to the refusal of the Blues' band to play. More and better music, however, was soon provided, and the dance went on till the "wee sma' hours." It was a decided success.

Reveille the next morning brought forth a tired bunch of "keydets." At 9 o'clock the battalion was formed for the return to Lexington. Many friends and relatives ventured to arise early in order to see the departure of the corps. When the train finally drew out, it carried all of the "keydets," but many hearts had been left behind.

After a seemingly interminable ride, the train at last puffed up the hill towards Lexington, and visions of a hot supper at the Mess Hall made the atmosphere a bit more cheerful. The Richmond trip, long to be remembered and never to be entirely forgotten, was over.

CAPTAIN K——: Mr. R——, I see no π in your formula. What is the matter? Did you lose it on the recent football game?

CAPTAIN E——: Mr. F——, what do you mean by scratching up my desk like that? What would you say if I were to come into your parlor and start to whittle on a mahogany chair?

CADET F——: Well, Captain, to be frank with you, I think I'd be too well-mannered to mention it.

IN PHYSICAL LAB.

CADET U—— (approaching Captain Kibler with small piece of iron): Captain, will you kindly tell me what this is?

CAPTAIN KIBLER: Hydrophobia Salts! Don't bother me.

(Conclusion of "Willie Lee's" experiment): "Weight of 1 gram of Hydrophobia Salts is unknown."

1ST CADET: Been to see the GIM?

2ND CADET: Yep.

1ST CADET: Did you get Pills or Drills for your Ills?



Cups and Trophies for the Year

The Williamson Graham Cup

Presented by Mr. E. L. Graham, of Lexington, Va., in memory of his son, to the best all-round athlete of the year.

WINNERS OF THE CUP

1907	R. W. MASSIE.....	Virginia	1911	C. E. MOORE.....	Virginia
1908	J. E. DOYLE.....	Virginia	1912	A. A. OWEN.....	Virginia
1909	H. J. PORTER.....	Virginia	1913	L. L. LEECH.....	Virginia
1910	T. S. MOSELEY.....	Virginia			

Interclass Football Cup

Awarded to the champions of the Interclass football series, and won by the team representing

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FOURTEEN

The Company Rifle Cup

Awarded to the company whose team makes the highest score in the annual Rifle Competition, and won by the team from Company "A."

SERGEANT SEWELL
PRIVATE KEEZELL
PRIVATE HUSSON
PRIVATE WALKER

Individual Rifle Cup

Awarded to the cadet making the highest score in the annual Rifle Competition and won by CORPORAL RANDOLPH, Company "F."

THE BOMB

Sketch of a New Market Cadet and Pioneer Baseball Player



THE writer has not the privilege of calling himself a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, but, having spent a "rat year" in the old barracks overlooking the valley where the winding North River flows, has an élève's spirit of affection and tender regard for the old place. He wishes, therefore, in these pages to bring before all Institute men a glimpse of an interesting and lovable character, that of a man who did make the old school his home through four stormy years.

I speak of Hugh Walker Fry, of the Class of 1867, who in his First Class year was a lieutenant of Company B, and who has two things in his career, both as a cadet and a soldier in the great conflict, that should make him justly proud. However, because of his extreme modesty he has refrained always from making mention of them.

Mr. Fry was one of the little band forever immortalized on the field of New Market; and he has the distinction of having caught the first baseball ever thrown on the V. M. I. parade grounds. Because of his reticence in these matters, the writer here attempts to set down some of the facts which Mr. Fry has from time to time recited to him after much solicitation, and in conversation warmed by an intimate friendship.



VIRGINIA MOURNING HER DEAD

THE BOMB

Hugh Walker Fry is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Fry, of the First Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., and was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, November 14th, 1846. When but a few months old the father removed to Richmond, where he entered the firm of Hugh W. Fry & Sons, commission merchants, at that time one of the largest firms of its kind in the South. In April, 1861, Hugh, at the age of fifteen, enlisted in his father's command, the First Virginia, and there saw actual military service until May, 1862, when he entered the Virginia Military Institute.

"So much has been written," said Mr. Fry, when questioned on the subject, "about the battle of New Market, and especially in the splendid work of my fellow-cadet, the late John S. Wise, that I will not tell you much about New Market, except to lead up to what I think will interest you following that memorable little battle.

"It was at midnight of May the 10th, 1864, that we were awakened by drums furiously beating the 'long roll.' In five minutes we were assembled in front of barracks, eagerly listening to the orders being read by the cadet-adjutant, who, with the aid of a small lantern, threw his rich voice into the hearts of each cadet like music. We were told that the enemy were in the Valley. Breckinridge needed help; and we were ordered to march for Staunton at daybreak. A battalion of infantry and a section of artillery, with three days' rations, were detailed. A detail of sixteen cadets, consisting of the youngest and latest arrivals at the Institute, were left to guard the old walls. Forty-two cadets were detailed to manage and act as drivers of the battery, which consisted of two three-inch iron rifle pieces and two caissons, leaving 182 cadets in the four companies of infantry, commanded by Colonel Scott Shipp. Cadet-Captain C. H. Minge, of Mobile, Alabama, commanded the battery.

"After a sleepless night and a hasty breakfast by candle light we marched merrily on to Staunton, our artillery rumbling slowly in the rear. The rising sun found us six miles out of Lexington; and at noon on the 12th of May we marched into Staunton to the tune of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' Staunton then, as now, was filled with girls' schools, and we were very much occupied with the fair, sweet faces around us—and I would not be surprised if we did not attract their attention too. Here we were received by the veteran regiment of Wharton's and Echol's brigades, composing Breckinridge's army. They called us 'band-box soldiers,' and sang mother lullabies for our benefit. But our hearts were too full and merry to mind.

THE BOMB

"Evening found us bivouacked on the side of the road near Harrisonburg; and a portion of the night was spent near Laey's Springs, twelve miles south of New Market. Soon after midnight of the 14th we were awakened and ordered to march. The drums were not sounded, and each cadet was awakened by a shake of the shoulder by the guards on duty. About sunrise Breckinridge's army of 3,200 men was formed into two lines of battle. Echol's brigade and cavalry were on the right wing and the Sixty-second Virginia Infantry with the corps of cadets forming the second line of the left wing.

"Breckinridge had twelve pieces of artillery including the cadet battery, while it is reported that Sigel, of the opposing command, had 9,500 men and fifty-four pieces of artillery.

"I will not attempt to describe the battle or my own sensations in this memorable conflict. The battle of New Market, as is well known, resulted in a complete victory for the Confederate arms. The corps of cadets went into it with old, clumsy Belgian rifles, and came out with Enfield rifles and sword bayonets, captured from the Federals. I have to-day a bayonet which I got from a private in a Massachusetts company. While the official report gives a loss of seven killed and fifty-six wounded, I know of but one cadet in the four companies of infantry who was not more or less wounded, and that cadet had several bullet holes in his clothes and two in his cap.

"We had no battle flag, not even a State flag; but carried one of white silk with gilt fringe, and on it were painted figures representing art, science, and

literature. This flag was pierced by bullets and grape-shot twelve different times and badly torn by the fragment of a shell. Evans, the second sergeant of B Company, who carried it, was promoted for his bravery on the field and was made orderly-sergeant of D Company, taking the place of Cabell, who was killed. Four cadets who had been detailed to take charge of the wagons



REMS OF V. M. I. AFTER HUNTER'S RAID

A H I E B O M B

left them and joined the corps when it was ordered into action. Of these four one was killed and three badly wounded. Of the 182 cadets in the infantry battalion, but forty-six answered roll-call that night.

"The cadets after the battle returned to Staunton with orders to report to Camp Lee, Richmond. Many of us as we marched into Staunton were without shoes or sox, having lost them in the plowed fields of New Market, which were heavy with recent rains. As we journeyed to Richmond on top of a freight train we were given an ovation at each and every station through which we passed.

"On the third day after our arrival in Richmond we occupied an earthwork on the intermediate line of the fortifications that had been thrown up around the city for its defense near the Brook Turnpike. We remained here until June the 6th, when we received orders to return to Lexington. We reached there June the 8th. On June the 9th, General McCausland crossed the bridge over the North River at the head of some 600 cavalry, retreating from a force of 30,000 Federal troops under General Hunter. Burning the bridge after him, with the aid of the corps and cadets, and five pieces of artillery which we happened to have there, we held Hunter in check for thirty-six hours or until the morning of the 11th. It was then that some scouts reported that a large force of Federal cavalry under Generals Crook and Averill were fording the river about three miles above the town. Orders were given to retreat. Leaving Lexington the corps of cadets, with two three-inch rifles and two brass howitzers, proceeded to the point in the river where the town of Buena Vista now stands. McCausland followed the Natural Bridge to Buchanan, thence along the railroad to Lynchburg. Along the river the cadets marched down the banks of Balcony Falls. Here they took a position on the side of the mountain, placing in readiness four cannon prepared to defend the wooden bridge that spanned the North River at its mouth. We remained here until the 18th, when we received orders to make a forced march to Lynchburg. That evening found us marching up Main street in Lynchburg, and soon we were stationed at an earthwork on the Forest Road two miles west of town, near what was known as Blackwater Creek. In the meantime, during the day Early's corps of about 10,000 men had arrived from Lee's army and had formed a line of battle south and west of the city of Lynchburg. Hunter's forces had placed themselves in battle array on a line stretching from Clay's Crossing to the Campbell Court-House Road.

THE BOMB

"We slept on our arms that night, expecting an attack at any moment. Hunter, however, withdrew his troops in the night and began a retreat, followed by Early as far as Lewisburg, West Virginia. The cadets returned to Lynchburg and camped in the old Methodist graveyard near the head of Fifth street, where they remained until June the 25th. The march for Lexington was begun, and we reached the Institute the afternoon of June the 26th. Finding our old home in ruins we were quartered in the buildings of Washington College. The next day, without a home, we were ordered on an indefinite furlough, which meant that we were virtually disbanded.



MR. FRY, IN THE YEAR 1864

"By the latter part of October, school again was commenced with about 200 cadets. Early in November we were ordered to the outer line of fortifications below the city of Richmond, two miles north of the James River. We were well drilled, and were being continually trained and taught to handle heavy ordnance, until the 23rd of December, when we were relieved by a company of wounded and convalescent soldiers. We were then quartered in the Abus House, where we remained but ten days, spending some time at first one place and then another in the fortifications around the city. On the evening of the evacuation of Richmond we were told to disperse ourselves among Lee's army, and were given the privilege of joining whatever command we saw fit. It was then that some of the cadets became a part of that brave, ragged, and hungry remnant of Lee's army that surrendered at Appomattox.

"In October, 1865, I was one of four cadets that returned to the Institute. The other three were Marshall, Glazebrook, and Bennett. For two weeks we made up the entire corps of cadets. But in time old cadets returned and new cadets matriculated until we had a normal attendance again.

"In the fall of 1866 I was a First Classman, and lieutenant of B Company. I recall with great pleasure and pride that it was this year that the

THE BOMB

first game of baseball was played on the V. M. I. parade grounds and the first nine organized. Samuel Taylor, of Richmond, was my roommate. I have not heard of Sam for many years, and do not know where he is. He was a good friend and a fine fellow. I remember that fall that Sam had returned to the Institute from Richmond, where he had been spending his vacation. The day after his arrival he asked me to accompany him to the parade ground. Once there he instructed me to stand off from him about fifty feet. I did so. Sam twirled his arm around two or three times and let fly an object at me. Instinctively I was in the act of dodging, but Sam cried, 'Catch it, you clohopper!' So I caught it. Not knowing what the missile was, I asked Sam, 'What in tarnation is this thing?' Sam replied, 'You stupe, it's a baseball.' By that time a crowd of cadets gathered around, and we formed a circle. For some time we were carried away with the sport of passing the ball from one to the other.

"Sam Taylor had gotten a book of Spalding's Rules, and he had been playing ball in Richmond that summer. Garland Longstreet, another cadet from New Orleans, had played ball that summer too. It was not long before we organized the first baseball team at the Virginia Military Institute. That year we played twenty-three match games; won twenty, lost one, and tied two. The bats we used were like those in use now, but the ball had a rubber center, and although it was the same size as the one now in use it could be knocked further, which accounted for the many home runs and big scores in those days. We used no gloves, chest protectors, or masks. In recording the game we merely accounted for the runs, outs, flies caught, and flies missed. The pitcher threw a hard, straight ball, and in that day the curve was not known. The batsman had the privilege of calling for the kind of ball he preferred, either high or low. Strikes were counted when the batter struck at the ball and missed.

"I recall every man who composed the first nine we had. They were: Ely Burrell, Baltimore, pitch; Hugh Fry, Richmond, catch; Samuel Taylor, Richmond, short stop; J. H. Davis, Rockbridge County, first base; Mike Riley, St. Louis, second base; Garland Longstreet, New Orleans, son of General Longstreet, third base; Thomas E. Wilkenson, Bedford County, Va., left field; John B. Purcell, Richmond, center field, and Patrick Henry, Clarkesville, Tennessee, right field. Mike Riley was captain. In those days our military and academic duties could not be interfered with for baseball, and we had little practice. Most of our match games were played with Washington College.

THE BOMB

"Some of these men, I suppose are dead. The years have made many changes; some of my comrades have grown gray, while others have vanished into the shadows that the years bring, fading like flowers we have known and loved, which with their summer fragrance brighten our lives for a short time and pass at last into the forgotten annals of life. To me the old days at the Institute are the sweetest in my memory. And although it was in a stormy period of Virginia's history, and even though we did not have the pretty coatee and plumes during the war to be proud of—merely the homespun jacket and rough trousers with a forlorn-looking forage cap—in our hearts was the spirit which I believe lives only at V. M. I., that rare comradeship, that genuine love for the dear alma mater, lingering always in the breast of every cadet who has passed beneath its barrack arches, has heard the plaintive sound of taps in the night and the heart-stirring reveille in the dawn, even though they are gone into the four quarters of the earth."

Mr. Fry now is employed as secretary of the Dixie Specialty Company in Roanoke, manufacturers of boiler compounds and washing powders. A few years after his graduation from the V. M. I., he married Miss Fannie Langhorne, of Lynchburg. He is an ardent baseball fan, and keeps up with the game in the Virginia and American and National leagues, manifesting probably more interest than many younger men. Despite his sixty-seven years and snow-white hair he is a true sport, a lovable man, and always an attached alumnus of the Institute, who takes much pride in the fact that he is one of the two men between whom passed the first baseball ever thrown on the parade ground of the Virginia Military Institute.

WILLIAM J. ROBERTSON, '08.







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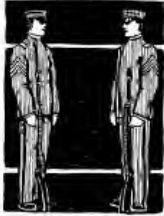
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“The Cadet”



THE constitution of the Virginia Military Institute Athletic Association provides that a weekly paper shall be published by the Corps of Cadets. This paper is to be known as “*The Cadet*.”

The year 1914 is the seventh of its publication, and already it has a circulation of 750 copies a year, with a subscription price of \$1.50.

Seven volumes have been published, a volume being composed of the separate editions of each school year.

The Cadet is the official organ of the Athletic Association, and serves two main purposes. First, it is the receiver into which the policy of the Association is dictated, and by its circulation this policy is communicated to those interested in the Institute. Secondly, its purpose is to make money for the Athletic Association.

The ideal of *The Cadet*, or more properly its ideal purpose, is to be a chronicle of the events of cadet life; to be a vivid history of the V. M. I. for the reference of the corps of ensuing generations, that they may perhaps profit by the ever-present defects in our environment, and so gradually approximate perfection.

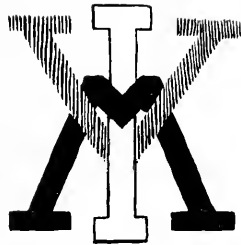
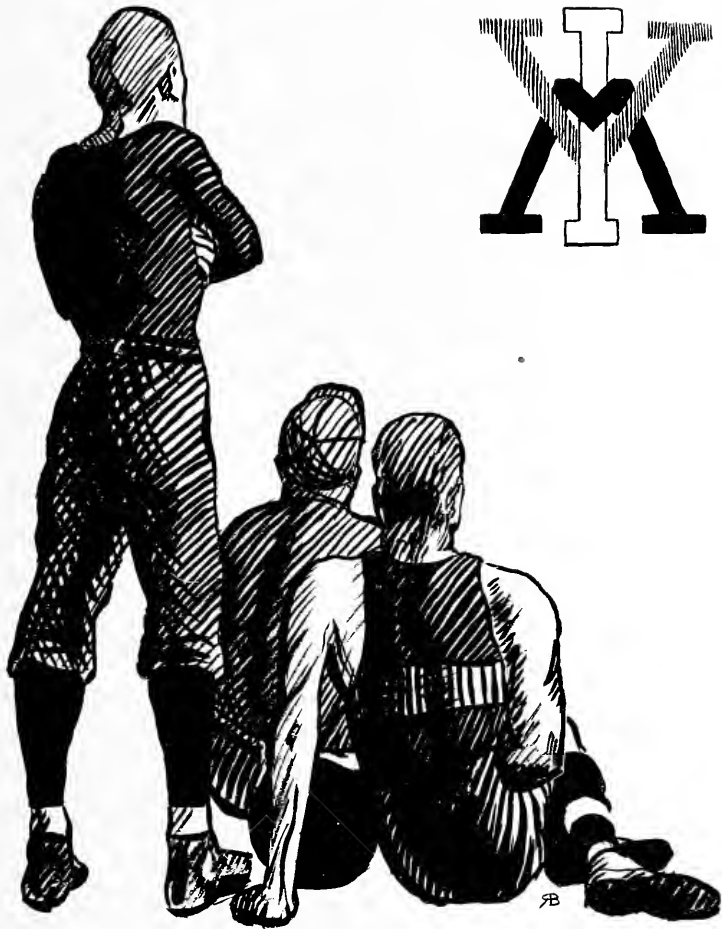
The editor-in-chief of *The Cadet* is a First Classman, elected by the members of his class before the close of the Second Class year, and is a general officer of the Athletic Association. He appoints his own editorial staff subject to the approval of the Athletic Council.

The office of the editor is potentially the most influential one a cadet can hold. Through editorials he can guide student opinion, give incentive to reform, and create an ideal to be lived up to by the individuals of the corps. He is the spokesman of the cadets in revealing to the authorities the attitude of the corps in regard to all innovations, events, and regulations that directly concern both parties. The selection of a competent and conscientious editor is therefore one of the most important duties of the Second Class.

In addition to the First Classmen, the editor-elect and his business manager are included in the personnel of the staff. *The Cadet* staff has not in the past been of much influence, but it is safe to predict that it will be in the future.

The Cadet is a very live and important feature of life in the Institute, and cannot but have a great influence in moulding the future of this school.

J. N. C. R.



7B



OUR COACHES





FOOTBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM



HE beginning of the football season of 1913-14 found a large and enthusiastic squad at work on the bill. True, we had lost three of the famous backfield of the year before, to say nothing of two first-class line men, but, with characteristic energy, the coaches set out to develop new material. Our first game with Hampden-Sidney, was hard fought, and the result—9 to 0 in our favor—gave little promise of what we would do later on.

The game with William and Mary, on October 4th, was easy, as the score—33 to 3—would indicate. We next tackled the heavy team from the University of Mississippi, and came off victors by the score of 14 to 0. The work of our line was excellent, and the backfield showed improved form. On October 18th the University of Virginia handed us our first and only defeat of the season. Virginia, smarting under her defeat of the year before, made special preparation for this game, and succeeded in defeating our crippled and inexperienced team 38 to 7. But, reports from Charlottesville to the contrary notwithstanding, it was a fight all the way through. Our line practically played Virginia to a standstill, and time and again her plays were stopped without gain. The large score was due to a few long runs that got past our backfield. Those of us that saw the game and knew that a few changes in our line-up and style of play would have made the game nearly even, received scant consideration from those wise ones who read the pink sheet in comfort by their fireside. The following Saturday, in a sea of mud, we won a featureless game from Baltimore City College by the score of 30 to 0.



CAPTAIN YOU'ELL

THE BOMB



CLARKSON

story. Then, on the Saturday before Thanksgiving we struck a tough proposition in Roanoke College, and we were compelled to extend ourselves to the limit to win, 17 to 0.

On Thanksgiving Day the entire corps journeyed to Roanoke for the final game with our old rivals, V. P. I. The two Cadet Corps and a large crowd of alumni and citizens of Roanoke were treated to one of the most thrilling exhibitions of the year. There were end runs, forward passes, long punts, shift plays, line plunges, and all the tactics to be found at the command of able field generals. And then there was strategy, without which the best tactics are often unavailing. V. P. I. started off with a rush and, aided by the wind, kept the ball in V. M. I. territory for the first few minutes of play.

On November 1st we played Morris-Harvey College to a tie score—0 to 0. The score, however, failed to show the relative ground-gaining abilities of the two teams, for V. M. I. gained three yards to her opponent's one, and the game ended with the ball in our possession within two inches of Morris-Harvey's goal. Morris-Harvey presented a strong team, with a backfield of unusual weight and power.

Our game with the strong team from the A. & M. College of North Carolina was one of the best of the season. This team of giants met their only defeat at the hands of V. M. I., vanquishing such teams as Georgetown and Washington and Lee. The whole team, led by that grand tackle and punter, Youell, played great football, and the Richmond alumni went wild over our 14 to 7 victory.

We next took a day off, and got sweet revenge on our old rivals from St. Johns—67 to 0 tells the



RICHARDS

THE BOMB



LOWRY, S.

ing Coach Poague were Colonel Wise, Colonel James, Mr. Randolph, Captain Purdie, and Mr. Gutierrez. The visiting coaches were Major Roller, Bob Conrad, Tom Poague, Hickman Beckner, Joe Dalton, and Foster Witt. All of these men except Mr. Randolph are V. M. I. alumni, and Mr. Randolph has so endeared himself to the corps and to the alumni that we feel as if he were one of us. All of these men gave their services without recompense other than the pleasure of helping the Institute, and we feel that they are largely responsible for making finished players out of a number of green men.

Another thing that stands forth clearly is the splendid spirit shown by the entire football squad. We all like to hear of the way things were done in the good old days, but the writer, who has followed

Just as things were beginning to look bad for us, Bain, that sterling halfback, advanced the ball forty yards around left end to midfield. V. M. I. took a brace, and had the better part of the contest until the fourth period. In the third quarter a series of line plunges and a forward pass took the ball to V. P. I.'s 18-yard line. Hutchinson carried it over by a beautiful run, in which he eluded several tacklers. V. M. I. failed at goal. In the fourth quarter V. P. I. sent in a number of substitutes and, mainly by the work of Parrish, their great halfback, took the ball to our 4-yard line. Here Legg went over for a touchdown, but failed at the try for goal. After the ball had see-sawed around midfield for a few minutes, time was called, and thus ended a great game between two well-matched teams.

In reviewing the season, the work of the alumni coaches stands out prominently. Constantly assist-



BURGESS

THE BOMB

football at V. M. I. since the present game began, confidently asserts that the present Cadet Corps has little to learn when it comes to real spirit. And just so long as this spirit prevails, so long will V. M. I. teams, with fair material at best, continue to surprise those who pin their faith on weight and speed alone and leave out consideration of the most important factor—morale.

Space does not permit a detailed review of the work of the individual members of the team, but we cannot leave the subject without a reference to men who will leave us this year. In Marshall, guard, we lose a good, con-



MARSHALL, S.



BAIN

sistent linesman. Powerful physically, he made up for his lack of experience by hard work, and his place will be hard to fill. Lowry and Richards were an unusual pair of ends. Fast in getting down the field, adepts in handling the forward pass, reliable tacklers, they filled all the requirements of first-class ends. Yonell and Clarkson, tackles, will be sorely missed. There may have been as good tackles as either of these men on former V. M. I. teams, but I have

THE BOMB

never seen a pair at V. M. I. who could equal them. Clarkson, rugged of build, hot-tempered, but generous to a fault, never cherishing a grudge, could always be relied upon to give all that he had to his team. Youell combined wonderful ability as a punter with equal ability as a tackle. Add to these his qualities of leadership and the influence of his high ideals upon the Cadet Corps, and we have a man—a man who meets the test of the best traditions of the Virginia Military Institute.



CAMMER



BEASLEY

Taking the season as a whole, it was a decided success. While we make no claims upon the South Atlantic Championship, we had the satisfaction of defeating a team which defeated two of the leading aspirants for the honor. At any rate, V. M. I. ranks high on the list of teams in our section. We have a strong schedule for next year, and with Bain as a leader we expect to continue the good work of this year.

THE BOMB



SOMERS



LOWRY, B.

THE BOMB



HUTCHINSON



OAKES



MANAGER HANDY



SORTUIS

THE BOMB

Football Chronicle

RICE M. YUELL..... CAPTAIN
 THOMAS T. HANDY..... MANAGER
 CHAS. H. CARSON..... ASSISTANT MANAGER
 CAPTAIN HENRY G. POAGUE..... COACH

Assistant Coaches

REV. OSCAR W. RANDOLPH COL. J. C. WISE COL. RUSSELL JAMES W. H. BECKNER
 MAJ. ROLLER V. GUTIERREZ FOSTER WITT

The Team

S. L. LOWRY.....	LEFT END	W. B. LOWRY.....	QUARTER-BACK
R. M. YUELL.....	LEFT TACKLE	J. GALLAGHER.....	QUARTER-BACK
C. R. CAMMER.....	LEFT GUARD	J. M. BAIN.....	LEFT HALF
O. H. BEASLEY.....	CENTER	W. A. BURRESS.....	LEFT HALF
S. MARSHALL.....	RIGHT GUARD	L. L. OAKS.....	RIGHT HALF
B. B. CLARKSON.....	RIGHT TACKLE	H. HUTCHINSON.....	FULLBACK
J. N. RICHARDS.....	RIGHT END		

Substitutes

HAWKINS McCABE MURPHY SOMERS WAGNER ROYALL

Schedule

Sep. 27.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	9:	Hampden-Sidney	0
Oct. 4.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	33:	William and Mary.....	3
Oct. 8.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	14:	University of Mississippi.....	0
Oct. 18.	At Charlottesville.....	V. M. I.	7:	Virginia	38
Oct. 25.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	30:	Baltimore City College.....	0
Nov. 1.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	0:	Morris-Harvey	0
Nov. 8.	At Richmond.....	V. M. I.	14:	A. & M. of N. C.....	7
Nov. 15.	At Lexington.....	V. M. I.	17:	Roanoke College.....	0
Nov. 27.	At Roanoke.....	V. M. I.	6:	V. P. I.....	6

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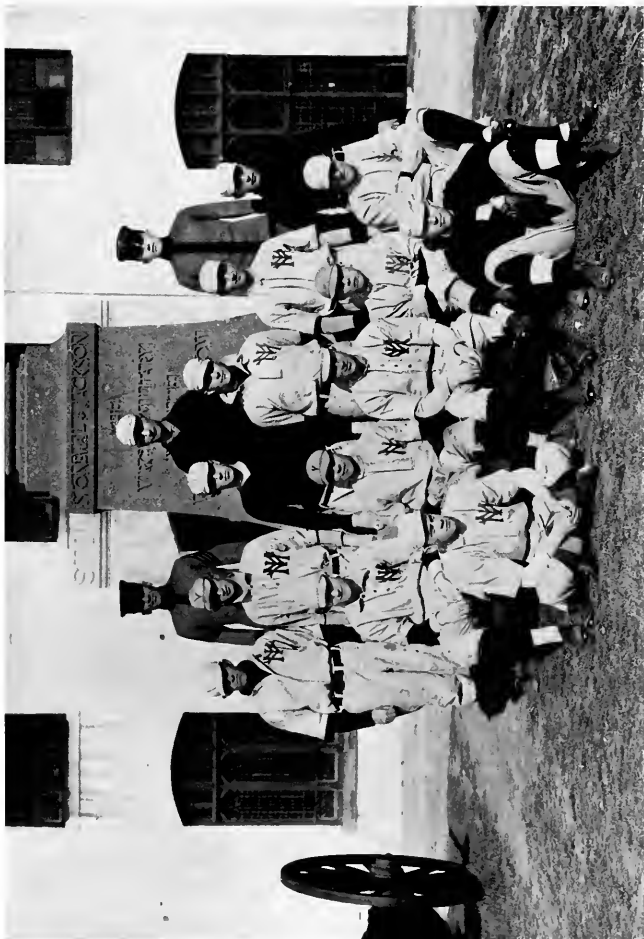
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FOOTBALL SCENES



W. E. Lawrence
Feb 1914



BASEBALL TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM



8



THE well-known saying of earlier century language that "you can fool part of the people all the time," etc., may well be amended in our twentieth-century baseball dialect to the effect that "we can beat all of the teams part of the time, part of the teams all of the time, but the slump is bound to come." Such could be our baseball résumé in a nutshell.

However, upon considering our limited time for practice, inefficiency of diamond, and slight injuries to several of the men during the latter part of the season, our résumé expands itself and mercifully bursts its shell.

"Henri" Bryan, a wearer of the V. M. I. for four consecutive seasons, held the reins of captaincy and guided his team to perfection. At the third sack he received with ability. At the initial, Stuart, a long, raw-boned Southwest Virginian, covered limitless area, and his slugging power in more than one game was a source of discontent to many a left-gardener. "Lyle" McCormick, on second, did spectacular work and coöperating with that Irish worshiper of the idol Baseball, Harry Cresswell, kept all the spheres within the diamond and runners totally at their mercy between stations. "Blinks" Clarkson in left field, and Sewell and Gillespie, two more Southwesterners, hailing from the land where baseball is taught next only to religion, winged many a good-by "parapeter" and "lowly line" driver by their ability always, under any conditions, to keep their head and feet. In pitchers, which has always been a weak point in material at the Institute, Gerow, Pitts



CAPTAIN CLARKSON

THE BOMB



J., Watt, Leech, and Cox showed up prominently. The honors were more evenly divided between Pitts and Leech. All, however, were given opportunity to prevail, and with Watt and Cox in their old-time form, pitchers will be a small matter in the make-up of the present year's nine. Receiving them were Hudson and Pitts, L. The "Pitts Brothers Battery" carried the team to light from many a dark encounter.

To-day we are casting aside recollections of the past and glancing forward to a pleasing to-morrow. With Clarkson as captain, Pitts, L., receiving, Watt and Cox pitching, McCormick, Clarkson, Sewell, and Gillespie back in their accustomed positions, and several new men from the "rat" class, Hutchinson, Bucher, and Spicer, showing up in exceptionally good early-season form, prospects for a winning team are bright, to say the least.

Manager Camillus Christian, ably assisted by Addison Hagan, has arranged a representative schedule composed of all of the leading colleges in the leading States.

In fact, everything essential to a winning team is present in this season's outlook. Of the men composing the regular varsity, four permanent-position men are again holding their respective corners and, with the past year's batteries, eight of the regular varsity are again to be seen upon the diamond this season. In substitutes, four are aspiring for positions, all having played exceptionally well the past year. In the schedule these men are hoping to carry to completion, we find one of the best, if not the heaviest, a Red, White, and Yellow team has ever undertaken, consisting of seventeen games in all, five of which are seen to be State universities.



THE BOMB

As a climax to baseball prospects the new athletic field, which has been the dream of four classes at the Institute, will have its initiation in the hands of baseball enthusiasts, with bleachers, skinned diamond, and other big-league characteristics in the make-up.

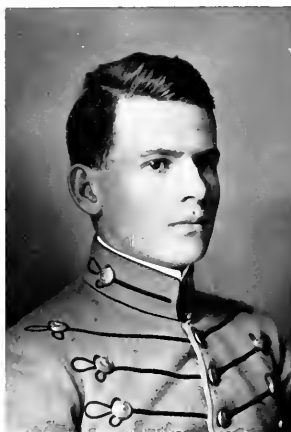
Now, our résumé, having expanded as was predicted far beyond its shell, swells its chest in pride as it awaits the result of its opponent, as determined by the "man behind the bat."

With an "Old Yell" for the team, "Nine Rahs" for the individual members, and the strains of "Red, White, and Yellow" carrying tidings of success, we await with pleasure, and with a heart overburdened with V. M. I. spirit, for the umpire's challenge to the word—"Play Ball."



THE BOMB

Baseball Chronicle



MANAGER CHRISTIAN, C.

W. C. RAFTERY.....COACH
 B. B. CLARKSON.....CAPTAIN
 C. CHRISTIAN.....MANAGER
 J. A. HAGAN.....ASSISTANT MANAGER

The Team

NASH, E., McCORMICK, J.....FIRST BASE
 McCORMICK, L.....SECOND BASE
 GALLAGHER.....SHORTSTOP
 GILLESPIE.....THIRD BASE
 PITTS, L.....CENTER
 CLARKSON, B.....LEFT FIELD
 SEWELL.....CENTER FIELD
 MASSIE, W., COREY, L.....RIGHT FIELD
 PITTS, J., WATT, BUCHER.....PITCHERS

Schedule

March 25.....Augusta Military Academy
 March 28.....Roanoke College
 April 1.....Richmond College
 April 4.....West Virginia Wesleyan
 April 9.....University of West Virginia
 April 11.....St. Johns
 April 13.....Virginia Polytechnic Institute
 April 17.....University of Virginia
 April 18.....Johns Hopkins
 April 23.....Guilford College
 April 25.....Trinity College
 April 27.....University of North Carolina
 April 29.....University of Georgia
 May 2.....University of South Carolina



W. J. LORRA
DRAUGHTSMAN



BASKET-BALL TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM.



HE Basket-Ball Team at the start of the season was greatly handicapped by the loss of nearly all the men of last year's Varsity, only Clarkson, Lowry, and Batten, one of the substitutes, returning. However, at the first call for candidates, over fifty men responded, and in the end the coach had quite a hard proposition in choosing from the squad the team of five.

The season opened with George Washington University, who made up for their last year's defeat by a victory of 22 to 14, but the corps was happy to see that Clarkson and Lowry had lost none of their old-time form.

The next game, and one of the slowest of the season, saw the University of South Carolina easily defeated, getting only 5 points to our 38.

Then came the Catholic University—fast and sure and cool. But we gave them a swift and furious fight, holding them to a 19 to 12 score in their favor.

The whole squad looked forward with interest to playing the University of Kentucky, because it was coached by Captain Brummage, our coach, for the past two years. And so they entered the game with the set purpose of winning, and came out with a score of 38 to 22.

And then they awaited V. P. I. But the trip to Richmond made it necessary to cancel that game, to the sorrow of every man in the corps.

On our return from Richmond, we met and easily defeated M. A. C.—44 to 3. The team, though tired, played and scored in old-time form.

Next we played Elon College of North Carolina, a stronger foe than we had expected. Though constantly on the defensive, they won a hard-fought victory by one point—16 to 15.

Against Emory and Henry the whole scrub team had a chance to show its worth. Put in towards the last of the game, they rolled up an already large score to the final count of 42 to 7.



CAPTAIN LOWRY, S.

THE BOMB

Now came the much-looked-forward-to trip to Lynchburg to meet the A. and M. of North Carolina. Hard was the play, but A. and M.'s heavy men more than offset our fierce attack. They beat our 20 by 9 more.

On the return from Lynchburg, we met Wake Forest in the most exciting game seen on the home floor. The visitors were far in the lead at the end of the first half. But, in the second period, the whole team, with Sumter Lowry leading, worked like a marvel, and we won in the last minutes by a 26 to 25 score.

The second trip was to Staunton. There, in our combat with Virginia, we were unsuccessful. Not for one moment did our five let up in their fight, but the height of the University men gave them the upper hand, and we lost the score of 51 to 15.

Then came another journey to Lynchburg, where we played V. P. L., missed earlier in the season. Due to our slowness in the first period "Techs" gained a lead we were unable to overcome. They captured the top side of the score.

The last game with North Carolina was a pretty ending for the schedule. Again Captain Lowry was the shining light. The passing and general team work of Clarkson and Schwalb was likewise some of the most spectacular put out during the whole year. The score was close throughout the game up to the last minutes, when by a combined rush we took a good lead and won with 37 points to 29.

Thus ended the season of 1914.

As to individuals, Clarkson played as we knew he would, and more cannot be said. He guarded our goal with an eagle eye, always steady and cool, and when he did go up the floor his speed and fight, figuratively and literally, swept our opponents off their feet. Batten at center played a good and steady game every minute he was on the floor. Fetterolf proved to be an excellent man, fast and always on the job, and the truest basket shot on the team. Schwalb was always in the midst of the fight, and established his worth at the very start. Cochran and Lowry, B., were two most worthy substitutes, and both of them will make invaluable men next year.

Too much cannot be said of Sumter Lowry as captain. Individually, he is one of the best men we have had. In a general mix-up he is a wonder; still better at dribbling the ball the length of the court; and his long shots for the netting have often won the day. But his greatest worth was in handling the team. As a leader, he cannot be surpassed.

We must give a word of praise to the scrubs, who toiled as hard as any one, and without whom the Varsity would have been helpless. Furthermore, a great part of the success and spirit with which we played is due to Raftery, who made for us an ideally efficient and likable coach. And to Stokes Adams is extended the grateful thanks of the corps for a season well planned and just as well managed.

THE BOMB

Basket-Ball Chronicle



MANAGER ADAMS

SUMTER DeLEON LOWRY.....CAPTAIN
 T. STOKES ADAMS.....MANAGER
 W. T. HITT.....ASSISTANT MANAGER
 W. C. RAFFERTY.....COACH

The Team

LOWRY, B., COCHRAN.....RIGHT FORWARDS
 FETTEROLF.....LEFT FORWARD
 BATTEN.....CENTER
 LOWRY, S., SCHWALB.....RIGHT GUARDS
 CLARKSON, B.....LEFT GUARD

Substitutes

PITTS, J. HOLDERBY BOWERING MILLER, J. C. ROYALL

Schedule

Jan. 10.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	14:	George Washington University.....	20
Jan. 17.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	38:	University of South Carolina.....	5
Jan. 25.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	12:	Catholic University.....	19
Jan. 24.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	38:	University of Kentucky.....	22
Jan. 31.	At Lexington—Canceled.....		V. P. I.	
Feb. 4.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	44:	Maryland Agricultural College.....	5
Feb. 7.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	15:	Elon College.....	16
Feb. 11.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	42:	Emery and Henry College.....	7
Feb. 14.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	20:	A. & M. or North Carolina.....	29
Feb. 18.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	26:	Wake Forest College.....	25
Feb. 20.	At Staunton—V. M. I.....	15:	University of Virginia.....	51
Feb. 25.	At Lynchburg—V. M. I.....	16:	V. P. I.....	27
Feb. 28.	At Lexington—V. M. I.....	37:	University of North Carolina.....	29
Total V. M. I.....		317	Opponents.....	235



TRACK TEAM



TRACK TEAM



NEW POLICY has been adopted in regard to track at the Institute this year. Formerly meets have been held here, but very few trips have been undertaken. This year, however, due to the kind help and interest of two members of the faculty, a meet was arranged in Richmond. It is to be an annual event for at least three years, and so far has occasioned a good bit of interest. In Richmond the team competed in a twelve-mile marathon race over the city streets and, with the small preparation

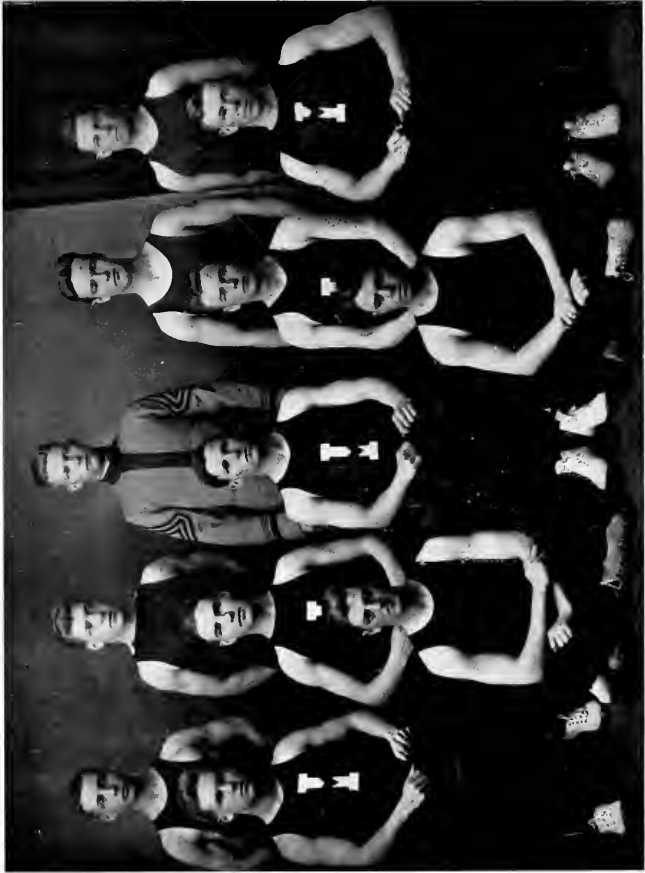
which they had made, did very well indeed. No other college team finished ahead of them, and but two other organization teams beat them out. The prizes won were a wooden plaque to the team and a medal to each member. Captain Wiltshire, Hordern, Frary, and Geyer represented the V. M. I. on the trip, and greatly exceeded our fondest expectations.

On account of our lack of training equipment, such as a suitable track, this type of work is practically the only kind in which the team can compete with any degree of fairness. However, we are hoping in the future to obtain better facilities and so enlarge the work of this branch of athletics.

The season ends this spring with the military field day on May 1st, including an intercompany meet and various other features of a like nature. A silver cup and other prizes are offered to the winners. Mr. Wiltshire won the cup last year, doing the hundred and the four-forty in very good time. We are expecting the meet this year to be better than usual, in view of the new policy in regard to trips which will probably go into effect with even more enthusiasm next year than has already been shown.



CAPTAIN WILTSHIRE



GYMNASIUM TEAM



GYM TEAM



WING to the fact that the Athletic Association had decided to award two full and several G. T. monograms, the number of gymnasium candidates was larger than ever before, and the result was probably the best team in the history of this branch of athletics. Every man was made to feel it his duty to spend all his spare time in the gymnasium, but even then the work was greatly handicapped. Notwithstanding this, the exhibition at the Army Inspection on the nineteenth of April was exceptionally

good, and those who had entertained fears as to the success of the team were well pleased and convinced that it would make a still better showing at Finals.

From this time on every spare moment was utilized, and neither work nor interest lagged: for each man seemed to feel that his last appearance before "calie" and homefolks must be the best ever.

FINALS! The first night! Every nerve tingled as the team, lead by Jennings and Conquest "diked" as clowns, trotted into the crowded gymnasium. The exhibit ran smoothly from start to finish, and the entire team did excellent work.

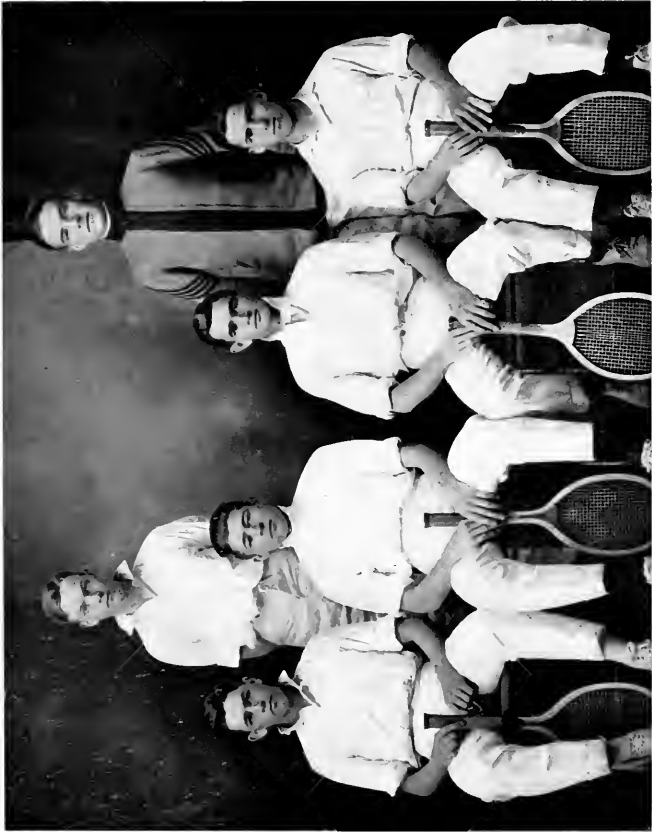
Those who deserve special mention are the lanky Jennings, with his contortion acts; Clarke and Hitt, on the mats; Jim Miller and his giant swing on the horizontal bar, Clarke and Allison, W., on the parallels, and Christian, M., on the rings.

Clarke and Jennings received full monograms, while Royall, Hitt, Conquest, Miller, J., Christian, M., were awarded G. T.'s.

Jim Miller was unanimously elected captain to succeed Jennings. It is certain that he will turn out a team equally as good as, if not better than, last year's.



CAPTAIN MILLER, J.



TENNIS TEAM



TENNIS TEAM



TENNIS is the latest sport to gain a foothold at V. M. I., but it bids fair to become one of the most popular. Last year the first team that ever represented the Institute went forth to do battle with the team of another college, and although the trip was somewhat barren of victories, the showing made by our men was highly creditable and augurs well for future expeditions against our rivals.

None of the team which upheld the honor of V. M. I. last year is back this year, but there is plenty of talent to make up for the loss. The Fall Tournament brought out some stellar players, and there can be no doubt but that we will be represented by a much stronger aggregation than last year. "Rock Gillespie has been chosen to lead the team, and under the guidance of this phenomenon from Southwest Virginia it is an assured fact that a good showing will be made against whatever opponent we may have. The schedule for this year has not been arranged as yet, but Manager Conquest promises that several strong teams will be met and that a trip will be taken that will surpass any heretofore attempted.

The progress made by tennis in the past two years is nothing short of marvelous, and in a few years it will undoubtedly be established as chief of our Minor Athletics.



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE



MONOGRAM CLUB



MONOGRAM CLUB

BURRESS, '14
CLARKSON, B., '14
LOWRY, S., '14
MARSHALL, S., '14
RICHARDS, '14

Football

YOUELL, '14, Capt.
BAIN, '15
BEASLEY, '15
CAMMER, '15

SOMERS, '15
LOWRY, B., '16
HUTCHINSON, '17
OAKES, '17
HANDY, '14, Mgr.

CLARKSON, B., '14, Capt.
MILLER, R., '14
SEWELL, '14

Baseball

GILLESPIE, '16
McCORMICK, L., '16

PITTS, J., '16
PITTS, L., '16
CHRISTIAN, C., '14, Mgr.

Basket-Ball

CLARKSON, B., '14
LOWRY, S., '14, Capt.

BATTEN, '15
ADAMS, T., '14, Mgr.

Track

WILTSHIRE, '15, Capt.
DAWES, '14, Mgr.

Gymnasium

FULL MONOGRAMS
MILLER, J. A., '14, Capt.
NASH, '14, Mgr.
CHRISTIAN, M., '16

"G. T." MONOGRAMS
CONQUEST, '14
HITT, '15
ROYALL, '14

Tennis

GILLESPIE, '16, Capt.
CONQUEST, '14, Mgr.

THE BOMB

The Monogram Club



THE MONOGRAM CLUB was founded after the football season of 1912 by the monogram men of the corps. It is the result of a feeling that had gradually arisen in the hearts of a number of cadets and alumni that there was need of greater social affiliation between the men chiefly responsible for the athletic success of the V. M. I.

This then was the original purpose of its formation—to create in the corps an association of men, drawn together by common interests, who should work harmoniously, both on the field and in barracks, for the athletic honor of the Institute.

When the club had been organized a short while, it began to realize its potentialities. A broader view was taken of its object. First it was decided to devote its dues to the purchase of monogram sweaters for the members of the different teams. Finding the club dues insufficient, various methods were invented to raise money, such as selling peanuts, fruit, and confections at the games; a moving-picture show was given every Saturday night in the Jackson Memorial Hall.

The money was collected and the sweaters were presented to the monogram men of the graduating class of 1913. This year sweaters have been given to the monogram men of each team. A resolution was adopted by which the club undertook to enter into correspondence with the most promising athletes of preparatory schools, the purpose of which was to show them the advantages of the Institute as a technical and military school, and to give them some idea of the social and athletic features of cadet life. To further the last-named object an arrangement was made with *The Cadet* (the student publication) to send to each preparatory school, to be placed in the reading-room or library, one copy of this weekly paper. The result was the matriculation of much splendid athletic material. The club will in the future continue this system, and hopes to double the benefits each succeeding year.

The club members get no return for their work. They are entirely disinterested, and receive only the benefits of prestige as members of the club.

The members of the Monogram Club are prompted in this only by their interest in and love for their alma mater.

J. N. C. R.

CLASS ATHLETICS





CLASS FOOTBALL



CLASS FOOTBALL, which is of no small importance to the "key-det," began this year with the Third Class arrayed against the Second. The football field being in use by the Varsity, the game was played on the baseball diamond. Certain articles were placed to establish the goal lines, one of these being "Cap." Kidd's head-piece, which during the game mysteriously moved back a couple of yards, so that on a long end run '16 claimed that the ball had been carried over for a touch-down, while '15 was sure that the pigskin had not been near the goal line. "Goot," who was refereeing, becoming excited, began to render decision after decision, first in favor of '16, then of '15. The result was cries, curses, and pandemonium. In despair "Goot" resigned, and Captain Purdie took his place. The question was compromised by the ball being put into play on '15's eleven-yard line. The game proceeded, and upon its termination at first call for parade the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the Second Class. Lewis, Captain Kidd, Hagan, and Massie were the stars on the winning side, while McCormick and Fetterolf did the best work for '16.

The following Saturday witnessed the new cadets bravely facing the First Classmen. The side lines were crowded with rooters, the balance of power resting with the "rats." Although the First Classmen were inferior in number, this deficiency was more than compensated by their marvelous vocal ability. The game was fast and full of interest. The end runs by Colonna and the work of Clement and Mann for '14.



FIRST CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM

THE BOMB



SECOND CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM

who scattered like chaff before the wind. Some of the unfortunates were trampled under foot by their fleeing comrades, while others strained themselves eluding the fierce onslaught of that mean little "Mettie." At last order was restored and the game continued. At the final whistle the score was 8 to 6 in favor of the Seniors. This score left the championship to be decided between the First and Second Classes.

The first Saturday in December this all-important game was played. It was a close fight from start to finish, and at no time did the action drag. The game was marred by a very unfortunate accident—the breaking of Mann's collar bone. His tackling and playing again and again brought forth praise from both sides. Hurt succeeded him and ably filled his place. In the line "Captain" Kidd and Rorlbough made the fur fly in all directions. Hagan and Lewis for '15 made many gains, while Massie at end showed his usual skill. But perhaps the best game was played by Clement, captain of the First Class team, who

together with the hard playing of Cole and Bucher for the "rats," were especial features. At the end of second quarter a snake dance was begun by the "rats." Their faces were full of enthusiasm and spirit as they fell into line. Alas, how soon did all this vanish! Under the leadership of Metcalfe and Galt, the First Classmen started towards the snake dancers,



THIRD CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM

THE BOMB

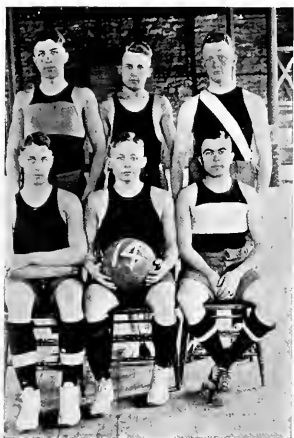
scored the winning points for '14. It is proper that he was chosen captain of the "All Class" by *The Cadet*. A majority of the positions on this team were filled by First Classmen, and few disagree with *The Cadet* in its choice. The '14-'15 game ended the series and made the former team "Champions." Besides being a source of great enjoyment and interest to the corps, the class games bring out the fact that there are many good men in barracks who can render V. M. I. excellent service if they will just go out for the Varsity.



FOURTH CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



CLASS _____ *BASKETBALL*



FIRST CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM

The first game found the Second and Third Classmen occupying the floor. Fifteen sent out a strong and determined quint, and bailed it from the first as the champion. And they played well to that standard, completely overrunning their struggling opponents in the first half. In the second period substitutions strengthened some of Sixteen's weaker points, and the upper classmen had a harder time taking care of the ball. But the final count found them winners by a big score—20 to 2. Amory and

From the first gathering in the gymnasium for practice to the last play of the final and decisive game, the Class Basket-Ball Series of 1914 was full of the highest interest and rivalry. The teams were fast and eager, if not experienced; the games were the true article, at all times hard, but lacking some of the football aspect that has characterized them heretofore: the spectators were many, and very energetic in the support of their classmates and favorites; the whole was one of the important events on the year's program.



SECOND CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM

THE BOMB



THIRD CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM

That left the two upper classes to compete for the championship. The match came off the last night of the Varsity season, between halves and after the game with North Carolina. The Second Classmen were sure that, by roughing or otherwise, the big end of the final count would be theirs. But they of the three stripes met opinion with opinion, pie with pie, and then proceeded to prove. All over the floor the ball traveled, under first one goal and then the other. But in the mix-up, from Miller and Colonna, it shot twice through the ring, and once again Sewell added a foul, totaling 5; while Fifteen, in spite of Amory's continued brilliance, was not able to tally a single time. The second half, cut short by tattoo, was scoreless. And so, the First Class had basket-ball to add to her list of championships.

Arms were the mainstay of the victors. The brilliant dribbling of the latter and the team work of the two together netted a large part of the winning points.

The second game, between the First Class and the "rats," was closer. Fourteen, with almost exactly the team of the year before, was predicted to start things with a rush. The "rats" were an unknown quantity, and their development gave the game a lively aspect right away. The first half ended in their favor, 8 to 4. Good floor work and Glazebrook's pretty shots won their points. But in the second half the First Class, with Colonna and Jim Miller leading, came back with a strength that turned the tide. Seventeen managed to get another basket. A couple of field goals and some mighty good foul shooting by Sewell advanced Fourteen's score 5 points and left them ahead—11 to 10.



FOURTH CLASS BASKET-BALL TEAM



CLASS BASEBALL



LAS, for the advancement of the sport, Class Baseball happens at that time of year when the "keydet's" fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sleep, Finals, calic, swimming, and how to get out of drill. The teams, therefore, have very little practice, but never would you suspect this from watching a game. Why, if you could only have see Rozier P. Hughes beseeching Captain Murrill to "put 'em in the beeg mit," and Rembrandt Keezell standing on first base, touching men out when they took a lead off second—if you could only have seen these things, you would surely have thought you were witnessing a World's Series game itself.

Last year the Class of Fifteen walked away with the championship, while Fourteen, Thirteen, and Sixteen finished in the order named. Those who showed up best for the champs were Dagan, J., Holtzman, Lewis, S., and Wysor. Of all the pitchers who participated in the contests, possibly Husson exhibited the most "steam," while Rozier Hughes stood preëminent among the backstops. Mister Crittenden showed up in good form on the "rat" team, and we are expecting him to do the same thing this year.

As yet, the 1914 teams have not been organized, and little can be predicted as to the final outcome of the class series. Fifteen is slightly overconfident, we believe, on account of the showing made last year, but she will have to work hard indeed if she hopes to win the rag again. Fourteen, with such men as Keezell, Cunningham, and Hurt to keep the sacks from blowing away, is expected to come strongly to the fore. With Mose Goodman, Bryan, and Fecheimer to dust the diamond for the Third Class, and taking into consideration the unknown ability of the new cadets, it would be folly even to make an attempt at picking the winning nine.



DON'T READ THESE

A SIMPLE EQUATION

If B.D. is O.C. it's E.Z. 2C' we'll have B.P.

VISITOR: How do they keep the grass so green in the court-yard?
O. D.: Well, you see there is always a heavy Du here at V. M. I.

MESS HALL MOTTO

"None but the brave can stand the fare."

CADET DAVIS, N. (addressing Sub.): Say, Cap'n, can Joek and me—

THE SUB.: Now, Mr. Davis, is it possible that you do not know how to address a sub-professor?

NIGGER: Naw, sir; how do you do that?

THE SUB. (impressively): Well, what do you say when you enter the Commandant's Office?

NIGGER: I say, "Sir, Cadet Davis reports to answer delinquencies."

Q.: Who was the most important noncommissioned officer busted in the past four years at V. M. I.?

A.: Corporal Punishment.

ALDE NITKE (to cadet applying for resignation): And upon what ground do you object to the drill?

CADET (demurely): The Parade Ground, sir.

CHEMISTRY

COLONEL TUCKER: Mr. R——, what would happen if you were to heat up Chili-salt-peter?

BUCK (thoughtfully): Well, it wouldn't stay chilly very long, Colonel.

JUST

From

FAWN





SEPTEMBER MORNING

THE BOMB

Sub Inferno

(With apologies to Dante, Milton, Mephistopheles, and other members of the sub-faculty.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—A sub is a subsidiary subaltern. Subs subsist sublimely in their sublimary subdivision in the suburbs of the third stoop. The subs try to subjugate their subordinates, but, sad to say, the subtle subordinates seldom submit to such subjection, so the subs subsequently subside.]

(Marginal Notes.)



The Author wanders into Dreamland.



The Reader must not confuse the "Old Nick" mentioned here, with our Superintendent.



The Author dreams of Barracks as it frequently appears about 11:00 p. m.

Referring to the neglect of the Subs in suppressing the "Old Yell for '14" given on New Year's night.

VERY ANONYMOUS

Sweetly I slept in my trusty lay,
A-dreaming merrily:
And my wandering mind betook its way
Where the wild and wicked spirits play,
Brim-stone smoke made a twilight gray:
Old V. M. L. had lived her day,
And at last she burned, the devil to pay,
A-gleaming merrily.

Then Old Nick appeared on the awesome scene,
Grimming full evilly:
(The original one, with the horns, I mean),
And he took my hands his claws between.
"Welcome," quoth he; "you're the last I've seen
Arrive from the class of old '14;
The others all here for some time have been,
For sinning full evilly."

And he snatched up a monstrous dipper there,
Scented most curiously,
And shoveled me into a clanging affair,
A wagon of some sort; and drawn by a pair
Of villainous asses, we drove by the glare
Of the windows of barracks, first empty and bare,
But suddenly crammed with cadets' heads, I'll swear,
Howling most furiously.

"Combining against law and order," shouts Nick,
Smacking his lips with glee.
I poked my head out, quite expecting a lick
From the dipper, but I was determined to kick.
And I asked, "Why, kind sir, aren't the subs in the thick
Of the fray? They're to blame for this outrageous trick!"
"That I must show you," quoth he.

THE BOMB



At the Devil's Ball.

B. D.'s hatred of women—

And his love of Battalion Parade.

Old saying, "It will be snowing in Hell when B. D. speaks to a lady."

His mathematical demonstrations.



Captain Crowson Acts as Personal Escort to Miss ———.

Alas, his mind wanders back to Artillery Drill.
Love's labor lost.

'Twas a wearisome ride,
But at last Old Nick cried,
"Climb out by my side."
—And the first thing I spied
was
B. DAVIS MAYO.

A great hall was filled with fair ladies galore,
Divans and rugs on the polished floor
Were crowded with beauties of days bygone,
From Helen of Troy to Hazel Dawn,
No door or window the Captain spies
To escape from the gaze of those brilliant eyes,
And, to crown the picture, if you please,
B. Davis wore only his B. V. D.'s.
Then a fair one came forth from the neighboring shade,
And diked Braxton up for Battalion Parade.
—B. D. spoke to the lady—and straight it befell—
(as has oft been foretold)—it was *snowing in hell*.
From the ladies rose laughter, and giggles, and squeals,
And the poor fellow blushed from his head to his heels,
Even Old Nick was touched by his unhappy plight,
And he said, "I've had thoughts of releasing this wight;
But he proved and he swore
Five was equal to four,
So he can just stay here for some eons more."

All at once our car jolted, and rumbled, and then
Turned into a C. & O. train,
And who was in there but Artillery Ben,
A-scratching away with a sputtering pen,
Writing to some lovely matron again,
And writhing in anguish and pain,
"Could I tell her my love, she'd be kinder by far,
I've come with her to 'Bueny' on this ——— car.
But I can write nothing since I've been in hell
Save 'this sight may be used for schrapnael and shail,
For shell and schrapnael—
For schrapnael and shell——"
Of a sudden he stopped, and appeared to rejoice,
From just outside the car floated in a sweet voice:

"Now, Captain, for the benefit of those too ignorant to understand otherwise, I will sa-y, that my right side is that on which my right hand hangs, and that the latter has already been given into the keeping of a Methodist minister."

THE BOMB

The moroseness of one Abraham.



Now, here we arrived at the banks of the Styx,
 And Old Nick remarked, "We'll be in a bad fix
 If 'H Penserose,' the ferryman grim,
 (It used to be Charon, but I've retired him,
 For he must put on a far gloomier face,
 When Lugubrious Abraham's setting the pace,
 And the latter of course got his job right away
 When the measles occasioned his death (Other day).
 If he's in Dutch again for importing four roses
 We must stay here or drown, just as Heaven disposes."
 I peered from the window, quite anxious to see
 The spirit whose coming meant so much to me,
 And to my great joy I perceived a huge barge,
 And the gloom of the steerman was certainly large.
 But Old Nick remarked, "He's quite merry to-day,
 So I guess that he's boned 32 on his way,
 But I'll let him transport you: by Jove, I'm no quibbler,
 Nine hoorahs for my ferryman, Abraham Kibler."

"This completes my exhibit," quoth Nick at my side,
 "If you'd look for the others, continue your ride,
 And this train will take you at very low rates,
 Right up to the steps of the Pearly Gates;
 Jump out when you get there, for Benjy must back,
 And ride again over this very same track."

I must leave out the sights that I saw on my way,
 —Doe Henty in tights in a pony ballet;
 The steward presenting a lovely view
 Afloat in a lake of Irish stew;
 And Dulaney preparing to chute the chute
 In a pair of pumps and a bathing suit.—

But just as we rounded a sudden turn
 Out I was dumped with scant concern,
 And I found myself, to my great surprise,
 Right at the entrance of Paradise.
 The golden wall was broad and high,
 And the towers seemed almost to reach the sky:
 Upon the topmost one of these
 A flag was flapping in the breeze,
 Some one was wigwagging a message there,
 And who but Sam Millner possessed that air,
 So jaunty, devil-may-care-I-don't,
 As who says, "I could be a Love Pirate, but won't."
 And the message he signalled to all of high heaven,
 Was, "Here Stands First Jackson Hope, Nineteen-Eleven."



THE BOMB



Nothing Personal is
intended Here.
The Author is still
dreaming.

fi. e., Save at First
Class Banquets.

The Heavenly Academic
Building.



Well, I knocked at the gate, bold as brass, if you please,
And straight they swung wide with a jangle of keys,
And whom should I see standing there in the yard,
But K. Jurdie, Judge Advocate, Corp. of the Guard;
And I found that this big, bad, bold, blushing, blonde beauty
Was acting for St. Peter (taking all duty).
He inquired, "Well, young man whom do you want to see?"
I replied, "Deah me, suh, was you speaking to me?"
I was told by Old Nick that some subs were in here,
Thought the fact, I'll admit, seems confoundedly queer;
And I'd like to see each of them, sir, if I might,
Enjoying his favorite Elysian delight."
—We were off, we were gone with the speed of a thought,
And I came face to face with the first one I sought:
'Mongst the mansions of glory was one which I beg
To state was shaped marvelous like a beer keg.
Inside was a room that I'll ne'er again see,
Unless by some chance Heaven's granted to me,
There were fountains of beer, there were cascades of booze,
They were running there free for the owner to use;
And in a gold basin, delicious and clear,
Was a pool of the coldest Red, White and Blue Beer.
Who but Smidow abode in that heavenly hall,
For being the whitest sub-prof. of them all?
Do likewise, all subs, of whatever degree,
And you shall be recompensed even as he.

We didn't stay long in that ravishing spot,
‡For my guide was a temperance man, and would not,
But conducted me round to the next corner, where
A quite well-known building arose in the air,
And out from the doorway there came such a clatter
I asked the Judge Advocate what was the matter,
We passed into the structure, as so oft before,
And into the section room facing the door;
And the rumpus was caused, as I soon found out, then,
By young Charlie Miller's Electrical men.
To myself I observed, "I see young Miller can
At least run his section by his own special plan,"
For the "keydets" were deaf and Charlie was mute,
And the whole arrangement was very cute;
For to every question, sweet Charlie was able
To reply by a sign, "Look it up in the table."

THE BOMB



* "jangling the keys," a habit with all Corporals.

Chicken=calic=fe-males, between 16 and 25 or more.

As my guide took me onward, I noticed in him
That he gave a wide berth to the golden-walled gym,
And I thought that I'd take one short look at the place,
In the hope of perceiving some former friend's face,
But as I approached it, I give you my word,
Such a-thumping, a-whacking I never have heard,
So, bearing in mind what R. B. James has said,
I began reconnoit'ring by poking my head
In a window near by, and from what I could see
It looked at first like a young cyclone to me,
But I saw why my Corp. was so anxious to pass them,
For 'twas Henry Poague romping on rats and third classmen,
Broken broomsticks and bayonets littered the ground,
And the groans of the dying produced a weird sound,
Henry'd hop on a dozen, lay them on the floor,
And then go to the doorway and holler for more,
You may judge that I thanked my young stars that I'd missed
Falling into the hands of that Oliver Twist.
—Now and then a short period of quiet prevails,
While he makes a light lunch of some ten-penny nails.
At the first breathing spell, I did take out and run,
Truly, that was no place for a minister's son.

When I rejoined the Corp., he was smoothing his hair,
°And practicing jangling the keys with an air.
I thought, "Chickens ahead," and I wasn't far wrong,
So I hitched up my breeches and followed along.

THIS STANZA TO BE READ BY LADIES ONLY

Now, fair ones, come with me, for 'tis in my mind
To leave the rude, masculine brutes far behind,
And to you, lovely readers, I'll tell of the place
Where all was sweet feminine beauty and grace.
'Twas a place remote from all worry and work,
Like the Seraglio of some fortunate Turk,
Man was kept from this spot by a magical spell
(How I found all this out, I'm forbidden to tell).
The girls trifle with sewing, embroidery, and such,
And at times take the air in the garden—not much,
For this is the heaven of all the Old Maids,
From spinsters of ninety to tots in long braids:
And from what I could catch of their gossip and talk
I found out that they feared to prolong their short walk,
For fear of the Tyrant that ruled over all,
In this dainty and decorous Old Ladies' Hall.

THE BOMB



Then by devious ways I arrived at a room,
 Where candle power only dispelled the girls' gloom,
 And there was a throne, with twelve stools round about,
 On the latter were maidens just wild to slip out,
 But each one was forced, at the Tyrant's behest,
 To keep on darnin' stockings, an unwilling guest,
 In that room I such feminine secrets did spy
 As have never been glimpsed by mortal man's eye,
 But there on the throne was a figure to see,
 Which quite obscured all other objects to me:
 Of all the dikes, ladies, that dowagers wear,
 Of all corsets and bustles, false teeth and false hair,
 That ever made masculine mind shrink, afraid,
 The most special of all decked that awful Old Maid,
 But at length, spite of bonnet, silk hose, rings and brooch,
 I perceived the redoubtable Tyrant was *Coch*.
 Then I leave you to judge of the terrific pace
 At which this helpless bachelor quitted the place.

The corporal also set out on a run,
 As he said he must soon fire the Evening Gun:
 For to-day, by command of the Great Greek God Tim,
 Were inspected the Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Forthwith we arrived at a huge level plane,
 Whose uttermost boundaries the eye sought in vain,
 And there the bright lines of the heavenly crew
 Were drawn up, prepared for the inspector's view.
 But what is that pageant that now draweth nigh,
 With an uproar that fills all the realms of the sky?
 First of all, there comes Homitch, with all of "der bunch,"
 In a night cap and rubicund nose, just like Punch,
 As an angel, I noticed that Goldman, the sharp,
 Had exchanged his cornet for his native Jews' harp,
 So the band flapped on by—this line, you see, brings
 Out the fact that, of course, they were each sporting wings.

Behind them were marching a rabble which then
 I marked to be former '14 Civil men:
 At every third step they did sahaam and shout,
 "Thus we bow to the One that did ball us all out."
 And, now—hold your breath—there approaches a cloud,
 And in it a voice that is chirping aloud,
 Such sweet satisfaction you never did hear
 As was shown in the squeals that then fell on my ear,
 While Goldman, and Homitch, and Wray with the drums,
 Played "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes."
 —Right here, by your leave, I must just change the meter,
 No line four feet long can describe a mus-keteer.

THE BOMB

*An S. E. I. report in Paradise.

†Meaning 'did bone in a nonchalant manner.'



As the mist
'Gan to twist
I found out
What the shout
Was about,
“Dust on wings”
For such things
Up Cherubim,
Up Seraphim,
‡The voice did ram it
Nor give a dammit.
In the heart,
Inmost part
Of the storm
Was a form,
'Bout as big
As a twig,
Was it tall?
Not at all,
'Bout as wide
As a fried
'Tater chip,
But for lip,
And huge voice
'Twas most choice,
But its dike
Most did strike
My keen eye,
I did spy
First a cap
Which mayhap
At first sight
Did stand upright
As there'd been
Naught within,
'Neath the face
There was space
In the blouse
For a house,
Breeches were
One inch per
Member long
'F I'm not wrong.

THE BOMB

Now, from this description you'll surely surmise
'Twas the spirit of Elly in Paradise.
And as though to remove every infinite jot
Of doubt, the voice asked, "This is what, is it not?"
And the band struck up then twice as loud as before



There were footsteps resounding beyond the door,
And the voice of my roommate growled out with a yawn,
"Get up, you blanked idiot. Last rev has gone!"

V. M. I. PRIMER



There is a cap. The cap moves. Why does the cap move? Is there a man under the cap? No, there is no man under the cap. Then why does the cap move? Lil Kootch is under the cap.

See the Arch. Is it cold in the Arch? No, it is not cold in the Arch. Then, is it warm in the Arch? How did you guess it? Why is it so warm in the Arch? Because orders are posted on the Bull-e-tin Board. But why does this make it warm? Hot air will make anything warm.

(For Advanced Pupils.)

Who is the man? I must not tell. Why does he hold his left hand in his right hand behind his back? Why does he step jer-ked-ly to and fro? Why is his face so storm-y? Why is he so up-set? Why does he call John so loud-ly? Look close-ly. I see nothing. Look very close-ly. I see. What do you see? I see a cig-a-rette butt which is not in the can.

What is a dip? It is a sign you have thrown sixes or bet-ter for four years. Is a dip hard to get? No, it is very sim-ple. How do you get a dip? By tak-ing Chem-is-try. What is Chem-is-try? It is a-noth-er name for slumb-er. What is E-lec-tri-ci-ty? When you trans-late it, it means peace-ful rest. What is Civ-il? We are not al-low-ed to print swear words.

The chick-en is at the ball. The cad-et is at the ball too. On his sleeve is a chev-ron. What is a chev-ron? It is what the cad-et runs after. Then the chev-ron is like the chick-en? No, the chev-ron is not like the chick-en, but the chick-en likes the chev-ron. Does the cad-et like to have his arms full of chev-rons? Yes, he does. Does he like to have his arms full of chick-en? Oh, stop! Then the chick-en must be like the chev-ron. No, we insist that the chick-en is not like the chev-ron. The chev-ron goes a-round the cad-et's arm. The cad-et's arm goes a-round the chick-en.

Look at the sub? What is a sub? A sub is one who plays cards, and smokes, and sleeps. Is that all a sub does? No, this is not all a sub does. What else does a sub do? He has bank-wets, and goes to hops. Then near-ly any-one could be a sub. Yes, read the list of subs. But the sub must do more than this. Yes, on some days the sub stands by the sta-tue at D. R. C. But are you sure you have told me all a sub does? Yes. Think deeply. Oh, there is one thing I for-got: The sub teaches slight-ly.

FOUNDERS CLUB



MOTTO: "There's many a slip twixt Rat and Dip"

COLORS: Cadet Grey and Black Crepe

MASCOT: *Burgin*

JANITOR OF CLUB ROOMS: *Bull Rat John*

Officers

"NIMROD" HORDERN.....	PRESIDENT
"JOCK" BRANDT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
"DICK" EASLEY.....	SECRETARY
"CAMEL" LINDNER.....	TREASURER
"DOAK" WEAR.....	HISTORIOGRAPHER
"BUCKET" GALT.....	PRESIDENT ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Members

ADAMS, T. S.
 ADAMS, J. B.
 AMORY, T.
 BANNING
 BRANDT
 CHRISTIAN, C.
 CHRISTIAN, M.
 CHITTUM
 COX
 CRITTENDEN
 CUMMINGS
 CUNNINGHAM
 DAWES
 DEGRAFF

EMOND
 EASLEY, R.
 FAISON
 FIELD
 GETZEN
 HAWKINS
 HORDERN
 LINDNER
 LOOK
 LUNT
 KIDD
 HAYES
 McANERNY

McCABE
 McLEAN
 MARSHALL, W.
 MASSIE, W.
 METCALFE
 MUNDAY
 MOORE, L.
 PATTERSON
 ROHRBOUGH
 SEAMAN
 SMITH, S.
 UPSHUR
 WILTSHIRE
 WARD



FOUNDER.....	JAMES NEVILLE COCKE RICHARDS
SPONSOR.....	Mrs. PETTIGREW
COLORS.....	POWDER BLACK AND BLOODY RED
FAVORITE GAME.....	SHITEPOKES, ANTELOPES, COYOTES, AND MOSQUITO HAWKS
FAVORITE FLOWER.....	FUZZY M'NCE
FRATER IN FACULTATE.....	B. D. MAYO
KEEPER OF SHAELL AND SCHRAPNAIL.....	B. F. CROWSON
OWNERS OF THE GOOT BAGS.....	Doc HENTY AND DULANEY, T.
RAMROD.....	KEEZELL
OFFICIAL TASTER.....	"MONKEY" EVANS
SPIRITUAL ADVISER.....	"WISDOM" BOYKIN
AIDE-DE-CAMP.....	"GENERAL" PICKETT
NON-RESIDENT MEMBER.....	ALPHA BRUMMAGE
HONEY GATHERER.....	"POMME DE TERRE" GRAVES
IMITATOR OF A FEW BIRDS.....	"KYAK" RUTHERFORD
HOUSEKEEPER.....	CAPTAIN EDWARDS
BRIAR TRIMMER.....	JOE PEXTINGTON
PALLBEARER FOR DECEASED SHITEPOKES.....	"OLD RICH"
INVENTOR OF 45 DEGREE GUN.....	JAMES RICHARDS
CAPTAIN OF SHITEPOKE SHARPSHOOTERS.....	NEVILLE C. RICHARDS
CATCHER OF COYOTES.....	J. N. COCKE RICHARDS
ANNIHILATOR OF ANTELOPES.....	J. N. C. RICHARDS
MOST MIGHTY OF MOSQUITO-HAWK HUNTERS.....	RICHARDS
WINNER OF MEDAL FOR LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE.....	RICHARDS, J.



Delinquencies, June 26, 1914

The following men have reports:

- ADAMS—Playing musical instrument in room after delivery of First Class mail, rep. off.
ARMSTRONG—Rooming with Perkinson.
AVERILL—Denting post in gymnasium with right eye.
BANNING—Almost losing a priceless possession in Richmond.
BERGMAN—Running Oriental Dance Hall without license.
BRADFORD—Being unable to sit down during Rat year.
BROWN, W.—Helping classmates study for exam thereby making only a 9.999.
BURRESS—Lights up after taps on account of neglecting to wear nightcap.
CHAMBLISS—Applying for position as driver of East Lexington Ambulance.
CHRISTIAN, C.—Attempting to pass on Chemistry in a social manner.
CHRISTIAN, J.—Ignorance of duties of a sentinel after four years of military service.
CLARKSON, B.—Gold tooth not shined, S. M. I.
CLEMENTY—Habitually wearing rain-cape in Commandant's office.
COLONNA—Having figure like brick structure.
CONQUEST—Having "the ham what am" next to his wrist.
CLOPTON—Excess dome, thereby requiring both doors of Academic building to be open at C. P.
CUNNINGHAM—Third classman attempting to improve looks of Institute by decorating Washington Statue.
CUTCHINS—Covering excess bench area in section room while seated.
DAWES—Having Welch's (grape juice) stains on fingers at tattoo.
DEEBLE—Unlady like appearance, S. M. I.
DILLEY—Tangoing across parade ground while passing in review.
EASLEY, C.—Loud arguing in room between taps and 4:00 A. M.
ECHOLS, E.—Organizing Cotillion Club out of limits.
EVANS, M.—Kink in tail S. E. I.
FLETCHER—O. D. having mouth full of mush while making official "turn out."
FRARY, C.—Getting in ranks on time at B. R. C.
GETZEN—Being "Willie Lee's" brother.
GILL—Trousers not creased at reveille one morning.
GRAVES—Publishing derivation of middle name on bulletin board.
HANDY—Gross neglect, not spitting but eleven times while cracking joke, 10:00 P. M.
HORDERN—Liking Georgia very much, but loving Virginia more.
HURT—Having legs like a pretzel.
HUSSON—Attempting to navigate through arch without blowing whistle.
KEZZELL—Standing in courtyard and tapping on clock dial with Class Ring.
KRENTLE—Dreaming in disorderly manner while new cadet, thereby throwing roommate into epileptics.
LOOK—Towel on radiator M. I. when new cadet, and reporting, "Couldn't reach it."

THE BOMB

- LOWRY, S.—Gambling on his beauty, thereby losing a dollar.
- MCCABE—Running in and about barracks, thereby being a Corporal three separate and distinct times.
- MCCORMICK, J.—Introducing new and original translations of the French language.
- MAXN—Making hollow sound when putting on cap.
- MARSHALL, S.—Neglect of duty as R. G., overlooking something on Dutch Inn bill of fare.
- MARSHALL, W.—Allowing cable to remove chevrons.
- MEEM—Improper use of instrument in Drawing Academy.
- METCALFE—Moving Academic Building without authority.
- MILLER, J.—Being first appropriate President of Y. M. C. A.
- MILLER, R.—Gross lunacy at all times.
- MUXCE, G.—Being only remaining representative of V. Shaw-Kennedy Club.
- NASH, E.—Hosiery shrieking at B. P.
- NICHOLS—Failing to go through arch sideways, thereby knocking panel off of Commandant's door with left ear.
- OWEN, E.—Having singular name (O-N-E).
- PARKER—Cot broken in excessively.
- PATTON—Requiring four years of Alum treatment.
- PERKINSON—Boisterous laughing in courtyard.
- RICE—Having a little camp all his own.
- RICHARDS, J.—Lobbying for presidency of Nile Hunt Club.
- ROHREBOUGH—Going down on East Lexington poultry.
- ROOT—Returning from P. E. with barrel on improperly.
- ROYALL—Asking inane and unnecessary questions in all classes.
- RUTHERFORD—"Imitating a few birds" in Richmond.
- SANFORD—Causing Youell to take All Duty after pugilistic combat.
- SCHENCK—Imitating fire engine in Lyric Theater.
- SEWELL—Loitering in express office while on permit.
- SIDDLE—Gross inefficiency as pawnbroker.
- SMITH, E.—Crying over spilt milk at Dutch Inn.
- SMITH, P.—Imitating noise of piccolo while carrying on conversation.
- SMITH, S.—Taking bath (in fountain pen) out of hours.
- SPOTTS—Calling on cable at odd hours.
- TARDY—Having appearance of tin soldier S. E. I.
- TRINKLE—Making midnight inspection of Broad Street in Richmond.
- WILMER—Using microscope while taking monthly shave.
- WEAR—Overstaying time at Institute by several years.
- YOUELL—Shooting out of hotel window, in Richmond, thereby causing panic below.



Letters of a Japanese Cadet

HON. FATHER:

DEAR PARENT: Of recently I impost myself at V. M. I. I not am entirely inclined into the arcade before Hon. tadpole Officer, baptized Gen. Elly, query my namesake and narrate me to salute. I never watch such elevation, and my words topple ungracefully when I dilate my unknowing how. He rage liberally and transport me to the Superincumbent. Hon. Nicholas enquire my prognosis and I retaliate elegantly. He sign me up for Hon. Tryout, and commend me to my whereabouts. I whiff Hon. cigarette twice or vice versa, when his sirness, the Commandment, clutch me by forearm restrictive.

"What trouble is matter?" I inquest, doubting perhapsly was it correct to puff vapor.

"I shall worry about smoky fumes," he slosh, "but donate the ashes in cans on the piazza."

Nextly he dab severely in referment to my obscuring a rain covering to retard water from wetting my person so soakly. I dribble 2.508 towards him and absorb the coating. It appear similar like partnership of Hon. Union Suit and Sentry Box.

My lessons checkmate me enovmous from sleep. Yet, pretty quick, I slumber restive in the embrasure of Hon. Liberal Artfullness.

Yestiddy A. M. I did not attendance my duties. The Commandment rimpled peevly and suggest I apply myself and my small arms gun to drillation.

I got to embark for bed at once or twice consequence I quit.

Hoping you are the same,

I am yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Apologies to Wallace Irwin.



Familiar Phrases of Famous Fellows

Ts, Ts, plock, plock! Go back to your barrack (ts, ts) you young scamp (ts-), and attend (plock, ts) to your (ts, ts) daily jutiesh.

I reach down and I get my Yiddiomity tube.

Now, gentlemen, can't you see that the center of the earth—? etc., *ad infinitum*.

Don't say Dartonyon, say Dartonyon. 'Smist.

Enh! Enh! Enh! Draw a figger.

All new cadets answer delinquencies right away.

Well, it looks to me like we're going to have trouble with Mexico.

How can you expect to get the problems right if you do not hold the pointer in the hand nearest the blackboard?

It seems to me that anybody with ordinary intelligence could see that.

Squads ri-ight, whoa! Steady, boy, stop grazing, hold your head up, steady now, Ma-ar-r-sh!

Two multiplied by three is what? Six. Is it not? Is that what? Plain to everybody? Is there anybody who doesn't see that?

Look it up in the Steam Tables.

I will repeat for the benefit of those too ignorant to understand otherwise.

Now you all will just have to stop some of this noise. That's all there is to it.

Mr. —, a circle of zero radius would more than cover your intelligence.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

September 5, 1913 to June 24, 1914.

ORDERS

No. 1171

(1) This office detests orders, but we are compelled to remind cadets that trash receptacles are now provided on the stoops, and again, and for the nth time, cadets are urged to use the cans.

(2) The grossly unmilitary practice of eating peanuts in the Lexington Theaters must cease. It not only reflects discredit upon the uniform, but the peanuts may cause the offender abdominal trouble.

(3) Owing to the enormous consumption of water last month cadets will hereafter be allowed but two quarts of water for each bath.

(4) Attention is again called to the new regulation waterproof. This coat costs but \$2.48 and will last a lifetime. It is observed that few officers have obtained these coats.

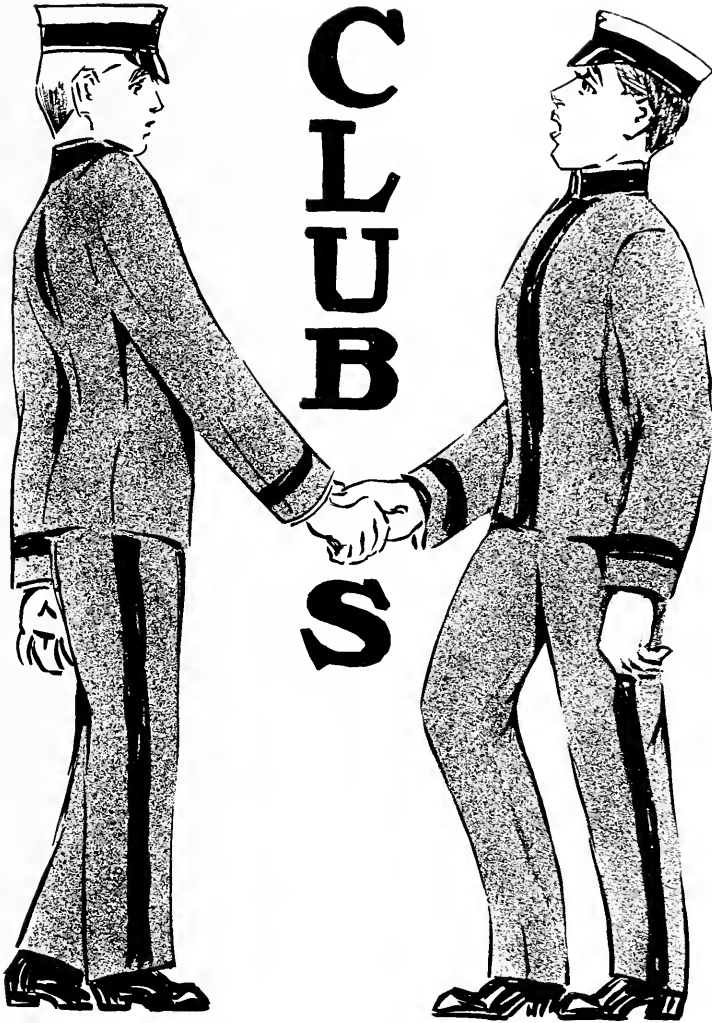
(5) Cadet Privates Smith and Brown, First Class, are charged with not securing the new regulation waterproof. Certain circumstances prompt leniency in their cases, therefore they will each perform fifty penalty drills and be reduced to the roster for Privates of the Guard until further orders.

(6) Men are again cautioned to answer delinquencies right away.

Etc., Etc.



GUARD MOUNTING



THE BOMB



The Episcopal Church Club

Officers

REV. OSCAR DEWOLF RANDOLPH.....	RECTOR
WITHERS A. BURRESS.....	PRESIDENT
JAMES M. BAIN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
EMMETT PARKERSON.....	SECRETARY
JAMES IZARD.....	TREASURER

Vestry

WITHERS A. BURRESS
 EDWIN P. CONQUEST
 SUMNER L. LOWRY
 JAMES M. BAIN

N. HARDIN MASSIE
 EMMETT PARKERSON
 WILLIAM M. WHITTLE
 JAMES IZARD

J. EDWARD COLE

YMCA



WITH the fall term the Association began what has proved to be the most successful year of its life at the Institute. Several talks by our Superintendent seemed to arouse the interest of the corps, which greatly benefited the work in barracks.

At the State Student Conference, which was held in Charlottesville, we not only received much valuable information in regard to Y. M. C. A. and Bible Study work, but also carried away an honor of which we are justly proud. Our president, Cadet J. A. Miller, was chosen president of the conference, and filled the chair like an old-timer. The conference was made a great success by the presence of such men as our Superintendent, the Governor of Virginia, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Dr. W. D. Weatherford, and other Y. M. C. A. workers from all parts of the country.

We feel very much indebted to both the University and the people of Charlottesville for their kind hospitality during our stay.

Instead of the former half-hearted gatherings, we have had this year regular meetings at which the pastors of the various churches in Lexington have presided. A vote of thanks is due Colonel Kerlin for his efforts in securing the many valuable lectures, which the cadets have so thoroughly enjoyed.

In finances we have been exceptionally fortunate. The large number of members this year has enabled us to improve the meetings greatly by the addition of a piano. Next year we will be able to make more improvements, and if we are fortunate enough to secure more officers who will be as good workers as our president, the Y. M. C. A. will become an important factor in the Institute instead of a mere name.

L. P.



TANGI MEHI CLUB



Tangi Meli Club

Officers

B. B. CLARKSON.....	PRESIDENT
G. WATT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
S. L. LOWRY.....	SECRETARY
E. NASH.....	TREASURER

Members

ADAMS, T. S.	HUTCHINSON
AMORY, T. D.	LOWRY, S. L.
BURRESS, W.	LOWRY, W. B.
BURRESS, J.	LUNT
CAMPBELL, A. G.	MARSHALL, S.
CLARKSON, B. B.	MCCORMICK, J.
COLLINS, C. J.	MCCORMICK, L.
CONQUEST, E. P.	MCLEAN
COTPLAND, R.	MASSIE, N.
CUNNINGHAM, F.	MUNCE, G.
CUTCHINS, F.	MURPHY
EVANS, R.	NASH, E.
FLETCHER, M. P.	PARKERSON
GILLESPIE	PITTS, L.
HAGAN, J.	RICE
HAGAN, W.	TOMLINSON
HIX	WATT



NUGGETERS



The Nuggeteer Club

Officers

CAMILLUS CHRISTIAN, JR.....	PRESIDENT
RICE McNUTT YOCELL.....	VICE PRESIDENT
HERBERT R. HORDERN.....	SECRETARY
CHARLES H. CARSON.....	TREASURER
WILLIAM T. CLEMENT.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Members

JAMES M. BAIN	WILLIAM T. CLEMENT
HANCOCK BANNING, JR.	CLIFFORD C. CLARKSON
CHAS. H. CARSON	DELANCEY A. DEGRAFF
CAMILLUS CHRISTIAN, JR.	THOMAS T. HANDY
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HERBERT R. HORDERN	
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THE MANDOLIN CLUB

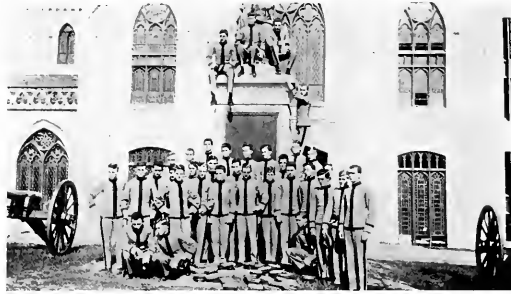


The Mandolin Club

HANCOCK BANNING, LEADER

GRAVES		MANDOLINS		BANNING
	COLONNA			BROWN, W. C.
	THOMAS	KAROW		WATSON
		GUITARS		
MARSHALL, W.		EASLEY, R.		WHITE, G.

THE BOMB



FALL 1911



SPRING 1914



Class of 'I X 3

"Not of an age, but for all time"

Officers

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H. R. HORDERN	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. P. McCABE	HISTORIAN

Members

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H. BANNING, JR.	T. H. GETZEN	F. R. METCALFE
J. BRANDT, JR.	H. R. HORDERN	W. W. ROHRBROUGH
C. CHRISTIAN, JR.	F. W. LOOK	S. C. SMITH
W. F. CUNNINGHAM	C. P. McCABE	G. D. WILTSHIRE

Absent Members

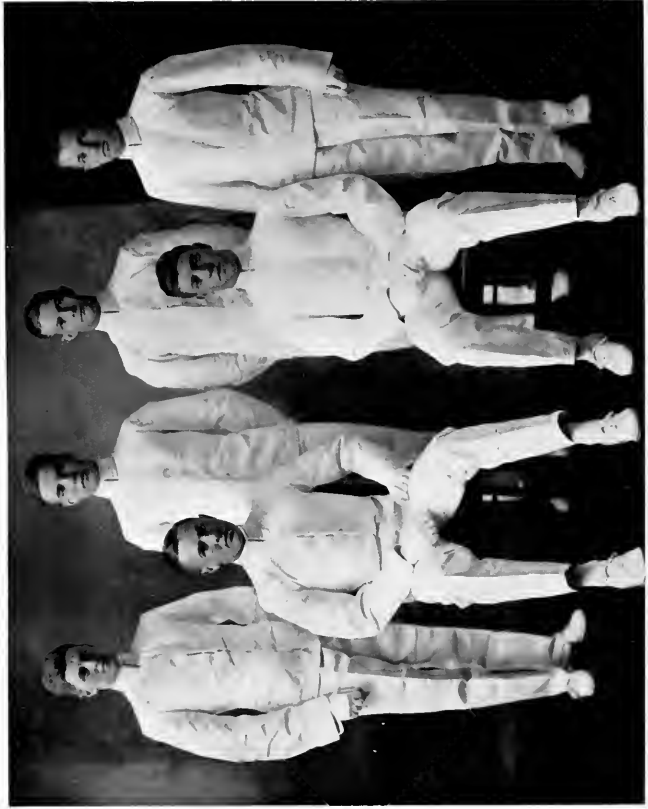
A. A. ADAMS	E. J. FRAZER	J. D. KIRKPATRICK	G. S. RISER
W. F. BALDWIN	A. GALT, JR.	M. R. LOTH	B. L. ROBERTSON
G. C. BELL	L. S. GEROW	W. J. LOTH	J. E. ROLLER, JR.
R. W. BOGCESS	H. V. GRADY	W. W. McCLEVY	P. S. ROUSE
W. F. BRAND	W. HARR	JAMES McMENAMIN	C. SATTERFIELD, JR.
R. BURTON, JR.	W. R. HAYNES	JOHN McMENAMIN	S. J. SCHILLIG
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H. K. DICKSON	W. KELLY	H. S. PECK	F. B. WEBSTER‡
WM. E. DILLARD	F. R. KIMBELL	G. D. PRICE	W. P. WOOLLS, JR.
C. H. DISHMAN, JR.	J. F. KING	H. P. QUENTIN	G. D. WILTSHIRE
H. M. DOUGLAS	M. H. KINGMAN*	J. L. RICHEY	T. WORTHINGTON, JR.§
C. FLANNAGAN			R. M. WILLIAMS

*Vice-President, '11, '12, '13.

†President, '11, '12, '13.

‡President, '10, '11.

§Vice-President, '10, '11.



HOP COMMITTEE



Cotillion Club

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 W. MARSHALL, JR..... VICE-PRESIDENT

Committees

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SECOND CLASS

CLARKSON, C. C. BAIN, J. M. HOLDERBY, A. R.

THIRD CLASS

DEGRAFF, D. A.

Members

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AVERILL	DAWES	HURT	MUNCE, G.	RICHARDS
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BRYAN	GALLAGHER	LYNE	NORFLEET	WALLACE
BUCHER	GARING	MAHONE	OAKES	WARREN
BURBESS, W.	GARVEY	MARSHALL, S.	OLD	WEAR
CHRISTIAN, J.	GETZEN, T.	MASSON	PARKER	WELTON
CHRISTIAN, M.	GLAZEBROOK	MASSIE, N.	PENDER, J.	WILKINS
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COLE, J.	HANDY	MILLER, J. A.	PICKITT	WILTSHIRE
COLONNA	HAWKINS	MILLER, J. C.	PITTS, J.	WOOLFORD
CUNNINGHAM	HITCH	MILLER, R.	POTTS, T.	

THE HOPS

Q. "Who're you having up?"

A. "Just the best-looking, sweetest little skirt that you ever glanced at—
one of those dreamy-eyed blondes ——."

Q. "Can she dance?"

A. "Can she dance?" (Executing a few steps of the "hesitation.")
"Why she has Madam Volinski backed clean off the board."

Q. "Gimme a dance—will you?"

The above is a typical example of the "dope" that is spilled in and about barracks just before every Hop. This year the description of the calie has been absolutely correct, save in some instances the statement with regard to the color of her hair. Moreover, it must be conceded by all cadets that the 1913-1914 Hops have been by far the best ever. Never has the quality or the quantity of the girls been lacking, and this alone is enough to make any dance successful. Add to this a good floor, fine music, and beautiful cards—what more could be desired?

But how the Hops have worked on our poor Commandant! The thoughtless "keydet" thinks little of the regulation against "Visiting" when he wishes to borrow a pair of socks Friday night. Nor does he think of that eight o'clock class when escorting his calie to Guard Mounting. The penalty he gets merely gives him a chance to think over what a good time he had—but the poor Commandant! How sore he gets when his demerit curve soars. Yet demerits, girls, and Hops have always been inseparable, and what Fate hath joined together let no man put asunder.

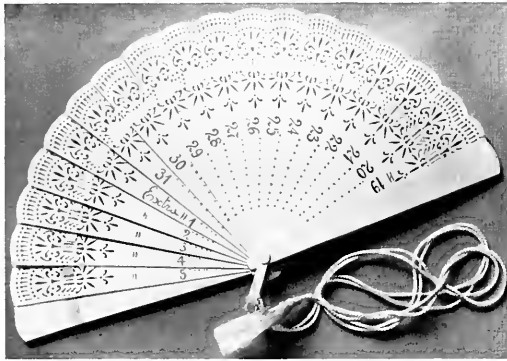
There was a time last year when we thought that never would any such dances as the "one-



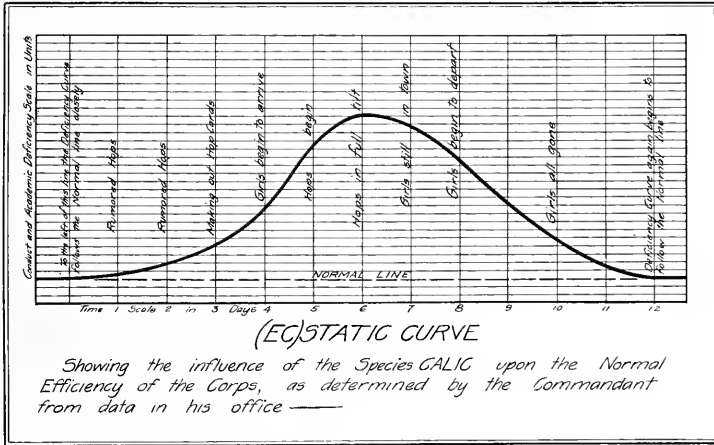
THE BOMB

step" or the "hesitation" be allowed on the gymnasium floor. But greatly to the surprise of every cadet, the new style of fantastic tripping was much in evidence at the opening Hops, and there is no doubt but that it will continue to be countenanced by the best of chaperons until a newer style is brought into action—probably to-morrow. We wonder what its title will be?

Here's to your Hops, V. M. I. May they always be as good as they have been, for they cannot be improved.



THE BOMB





Final German

WILLIAM T. CLEMENT.....LEADER
WILLIAM MARSHALL, JR.....ASSISTANT LEADER

Marshals

ADAMS, T. S.	FRARY, C. C.	NICHOLS, E. H.
ARMSTRONG, W. D.	GETZEN, T. H.	OWEN, E. I.
AVERILL, H.	GILL, H. F.	PARKER, J. C.
BANNING, H., JR.	GRAVES, S. P.	PATTON, J. M., JR.
BERGMAN, L. H.	HANDY, T. T.	PERKINSON, A. C.
BRADFORD, S. S.	HORBERN, H. R.	RICE, H. J.
BROWN, W. C.	HURT, S. R.	RICHARDS, J. N.
BURRESS, W. A.	HUSSON, W. M.	RODRIGOUGH, W. W.
CHAMBLISS, T. M.	KEEZELL, R. P.	ROOT, K. C.
CHRISTIAN, C. C.	KRETEL, F.	ROYALL, W. L., JR.
CHRISTIAN, J. H.	LOOK, F. W.	RUTHERFORD, J. B.
CLARKSON, B. B.	LOWRY, S. D.	SANFORD, W. S.
CLOPTON, E. J.	MCCABE, C. P.	SCHENCK, H. E.
COLONNA, B. J.	MCCORMICK, J. R.	SEWELL, H. P.
CONQUEST, E. P.	MANX, D. M. B.	SIDDLE, S. W.
CUNNINGHAM, W. F.	MARSHALL, S.	SMITH, P.
CUTCHINS, F.	MEEM, J. G., JR.	SMITH, E. M.
DAWES, B. F.	METCALFE, F. R.	SMITH, S. C.
DEEBLE, W. R.	MILLER, J. A.	SPOTTS, G. W.
DILLEY, E. S.	MILLER, R. F.	TARDY, T. H.
EASLEY, C. B.	MUNCE, G. G.	TRINKLE, R. J.
ECHOLS, E. C.	NASH, E., JR.	WEAR, K. D.
EVANS, R. D.		WILMER, T. W.
FLETCHER, M. P.		YOCCELL, R. M.



Final Ball

THURSDAY, JUNE 25TH, 10:00 P. M.

C. C. CLARKSON..... PRESIDENT
J. M. BAIN..... VICE-PRESIDENT

Marshals

ALLISON, A.	HOLTZMAN, C. T.
ALMOND, E. M.	JOHNS, C. D.
BATTEN, R. M.	KIMBERLY, C.
BAUGHAM, W. E.	LEWIS, S.
BEASLEY, O. H.	LEWIS, W.
BELL, F.	LUNT, S.
BORDEN, E. B.	McCORMICK, E.
BOWERING, B.	MARSHALL, R.
BOYKIN, R.	MASSIE, N.
BROOKS, G. R.	MERRY, E. T.
CAMMER, C. R.	NORFLEET
CAMPBELL, A. C.	REMBERT, A.
CARSON, C. H.	SMITH, H.
CHRISTIAN, M.	SOMERS, V. L.
CONWAY, C. B.	TYNES, F.
COUPLAND, R. C.	VAUGHAN, C. C.
DAVIS, J. E.	WALLACE, L. A.
ELLYSON, R.	WATSON, H. E.
ETHRIDGE, C.	WATT, G.
GARING, R.	WELFORD, A. L.
HAGAN, J.	WELTON, R. F.
HAGAN, W.	WILKINS, G. H.
HITT, W. L.	WILTSHIRE, G.
HOCK, F. S.	WYSOR, R.
HOLDERBY, A. R.	YODER



Cadet
Dreams





ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE BOMB Staff desires to express its sincere thanks and appreciation to the following persons for contributions:

For articles:

COL. J. C. WISE
LIEUT.-COL. R. B. POAGUE
MAJ. M. F. EDWARDS
MR. WILLIAM J. ROBERTSON
CAPT. B. F. CROWSON
CADET B. ALLISON COLONNA

For drawings:

MISS WILLIE LOWRY
MR. REGINALD BROOKS
MR. F. L. LAFFERTY
CADET S. Y. MCGIFFERT
CADET W. C. COSBY

MILEY & SON for their superior photographic work.
The J. P. BELL COMPANY for their care and personal interest in this book.



Articles in the Foregoing Pages and Their Authors

Dedication.....	CAPT. B. F. CROWSON
Foreword.....	THE EDITOR
The Faculty.....	MAJ. M. F. EDWARDS
List of Former Superintendents and Commandants.....	COL. J. C. WISE
First Class Biographies.....	NO TELLING WHO
First Class History.....	THE EDITOR
Second Class History.....	C. H. CARSON
Third Class History.....	H. M. READ
Fourth Class History.....	F. R. LAFFERTY
A Rat's Dream.....	L. M. WILLIAMS
Summer School.....	FRANK CUTCHINS
Trooping of Jackson Guns.....	OFFICIAL ORDER
The Hike.....	J. C. PARKER
The Richmond Trip.....	W. C. BROWN
Sketch of New Market Cadet.....	W. L. ROBERTSON
The Cadet.....	J. N. C. RICHARDS
Football.....	LIEUT.-COL. R. B. POAGUE
Baseball.....	C. H. CARSON
Track.....	B. F. DAVES
Gymnasium.....	W. L. HITT
Tennis.....	H. AVERILL
The Monogram Club.....	J. N. C. RICHARDS
Class Football.....	C. JOHNS, JR.
Class Basket Ball.....	J. C. PARKER
Class Baseball.....	THE EDITOR
Sub-Inferno.....	B. A. COLONNA
Founders' Club.....	G. G. MUNCE
Nile Hunt Club.....	THE EDITOR
First Class Delinquencies.....	THE EDITOR, BANNING, AND OTHERS
Letter of a Japanese Cadet.....	THE EDITOR
V. M. I. Primer.....	THE EDITOR
Familiar Phrases of Famous Fellows.....	THE EDITOR, J. C. PARKER
Y. M. C. A.....	H. B. HOLMES, JR.
The Hops.....	E. NASH, JR.



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76th YEAR

Virginia Military Institute

E. W. NICHOLS, Superintendent

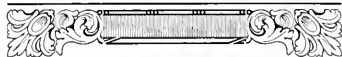
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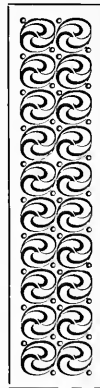
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Lexington, Virginia

We have endeavored to serve you during the past session so that we may have the pleasure of meeting you and your friends among the new men in our place when you return to Lexington next Fall. We hope we have succeeded. 🌸 🌸



May your vacation be a pleasant one, but may you miss us as much while you are away as we shall miss you. P. C. MILLS, Manager

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AND THEIR
PARENTS ALWAYS
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AT THE

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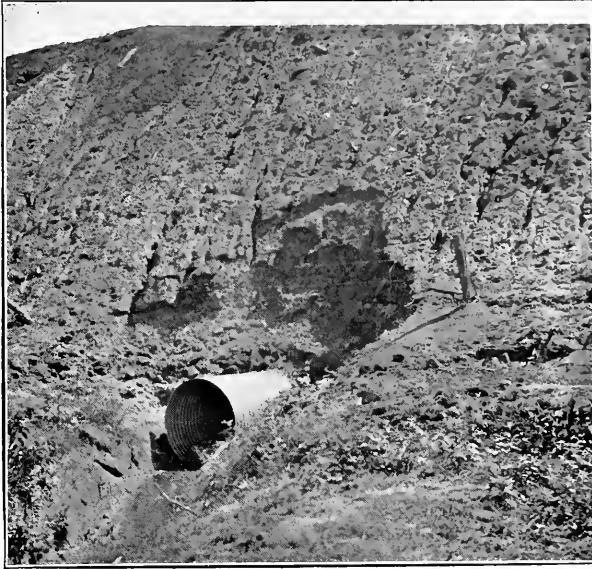


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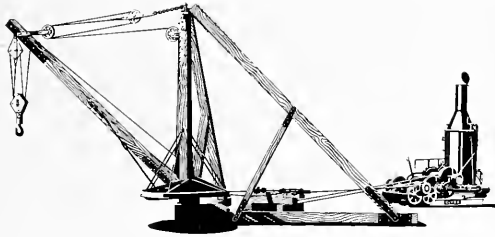
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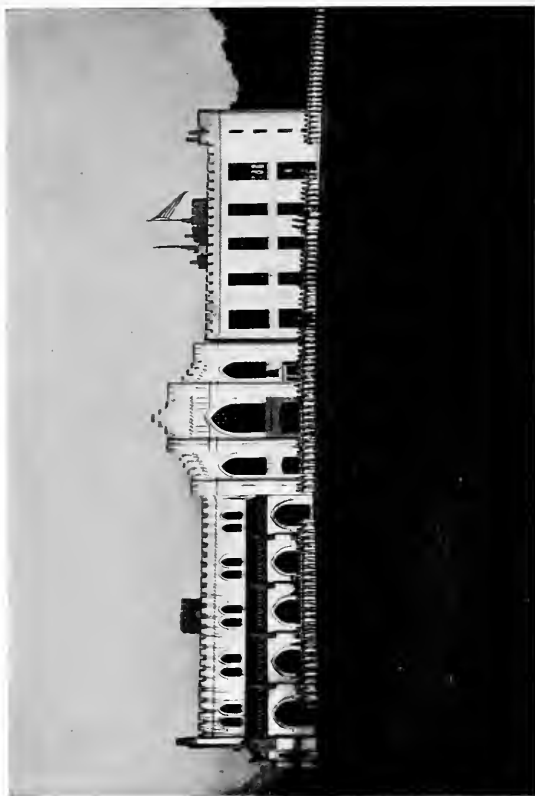
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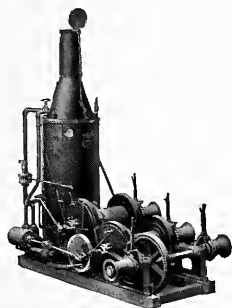
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