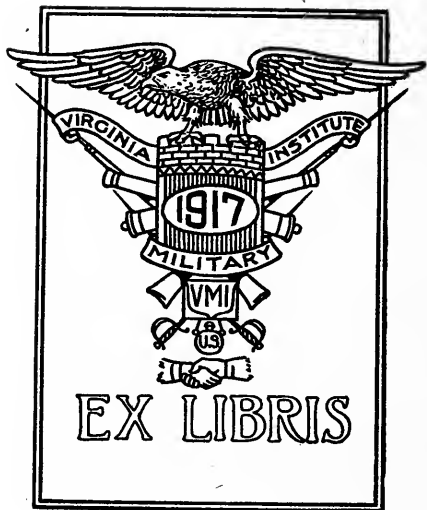
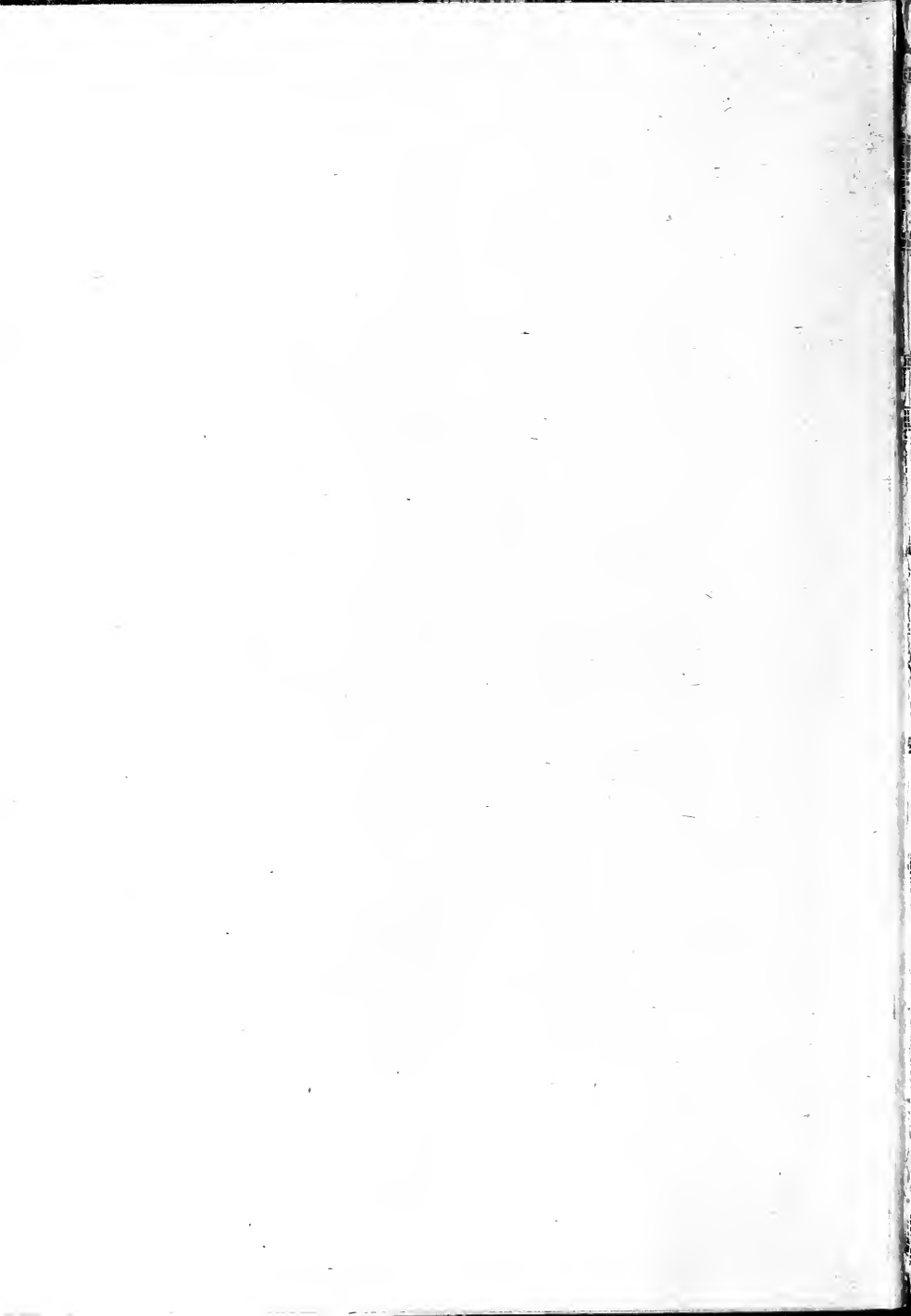


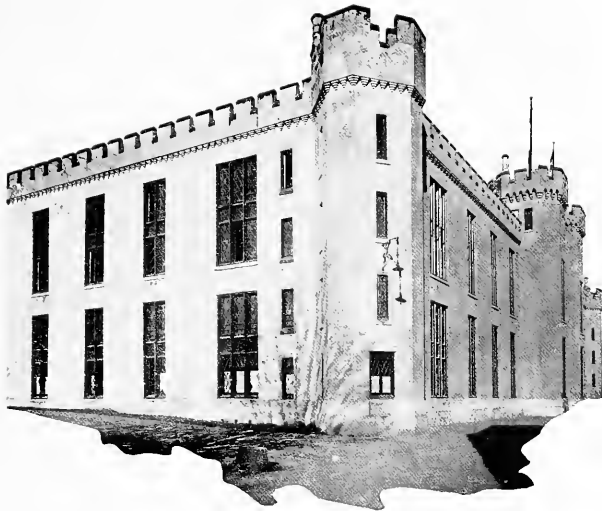


THE
BOMB
1917



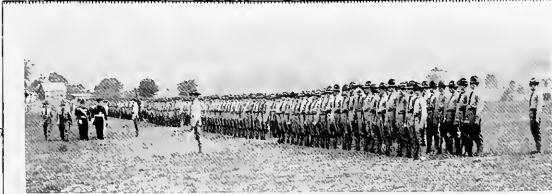


THE BOMB-1917





THE BOMB—1917



Review By Major General Commandant
Barnett, U.S.M.C

The
BOMB

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY
**THE FIRST CLASS
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
LEXINGTON
VIRGINIA**



THE BOMB—1917

Dedicated

to

Captain Montgomery B. Corse

Firm and forceful enough

To make some enemies;

True and loyal enough

To make many friends.

Honor is due him.

Devoted to V. M. I. in all interests,

His acts correspond to the words,

Duty, fidelity, efficiency, progress.







An Appreciation

THE interest which the alumni of the Institute take in their Alma Mater and the service which they render her differ as one star differeth from another in glory. After graduation the interest of a few is manifested only by attendance on a chance banquet or a football game, or by returning now and then for a class reunion. Others prove their devotion by keeping in closest touch with every phase of Institute life and activity. They subscribe regularly to the publications of the Institute; they give liberally of their means to every worthy cause; they follow jealously the development and the achievements of their Alma Mater in every phase of its life, whether athletic, military or academic, and, by an active and increasing advocacy of all progressive measures of reform, seek to uphold and foster the highest standards. To these men, composing, sad to say, a rather small percentage of our alumni, but, fortunately, making up in enthusiasm, loyalty and devotion, what they lack in numbers, the Institute will always point with pride just as that noble Roman matron of long ago pointed to her sons when asked to show her jewels.

Among this goodly number of her sons, whose waking thoughts are ever of their mother's weal, there stands forth one to whom, by force of circumstances, it seems most fitting that THE BOMB should this year be dedicated, a man to whom, on account of his splendid abilities, his unswerving devotion and loyalty to the Institute, his sterling personal character, it is a privilege on the part of the Corps of Cadets to bear this humble tribute.

Captain M. B. Corse has always been, heart and soul, a lover of the old gray coat. His father before him, General Montgomery B. Corse, served for many years as a member of the Board of Visitors. Captain Corse himself after graduating in the Class of 1885, and attending the University of Virginia, was several years a



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sub-professor in the Department of Chemistry. While still a tactical officer he married Miss Elise Semmes, daughter of Colonel Thomas M. Semmes, Professor of Modern Languages, and one of the members of the old "War Faculty."

In later years, although his official connection with the Institute had been severed, Captain Corse continued to interest himself in many matters connected with Institute affairs. From 1902 to 1911, as Graduate Manager of the Athletic Association, he devoted not only a great deal of time and energy, but much of his own personal means as well, to the development of athletics, and it is to his conscientious, loyal and efficient services in this capacity that the present prosperous condition of the Association is in large measure due.

In 1911 Governor Mann, appreciating the executive and business ability of Captain Corse, appointed him a member of the Board of Visitors, to serve out the unexpired term of the Hon. John F. Bransford, and it became in this way his proud privilege to serve on a body in which his father, years before had played such an important role. In 1912, as a mark of the esteem in which he held him, the Governor reappointed Captain Corse for a term of four years.

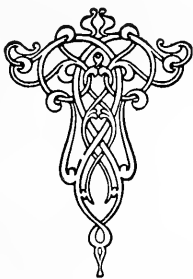
Having been appointed to the highest governing body of the Institute, at a time in the history of the Institute when the old order of things was changing, and when demands for much needed reforms were in the air, Captain Corse set about the many arduous tasks which fell to his lot with that same conscientious regard for duty and self-sacrificing interest which have crowned all his efforts with success, whether in municipal affairs, in private business or in Institute matters. Fortunately for him as well as for his Alma Mater, he found associated with him on the Board a group of men imbued, as he was, with a love for the Institute and a desire to see her grow and progress academically and materially. With this progressive body Captain Corse has, during the past five years, worked in the most harmonious accord towards the attainment of what, only a short while ago, seemed a fantastic dream — the Greater



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V. M. I. In the attainment of this dream, which we see just beginning to be realized, he has played a leading part. To the material progress of the Institute, by degrees manifesting itself in the new buildings which now adorn our grounds, and in the new parade he has ungrudgingly devoted his best thought and energy, and has contributed to the work his executive ability, as well as his thorough knowledge of business methods. In matters academic and military, as well as in the material development of the Institute, he has always been an active and ardent advocate of all reforms tending to improve standards of entrance and course of instruction.

It is always a pleasure to bear witness to the loyalty and devotion of our alumni. It is in this case a pleasant duty and a proud privilege to express to Captain Corse, by the dedication of THE BOMB OF 1917, the appreciation on the part of the alumni and of the Corps of Cadets of his invaluable service to the Institute. His works will live after him, and his example will always be an inspiration.



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JACKSON STATUE

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Foreword

*Friends, alumni, fellow-cadets, lend me your ears!
 We come to praise cadets, not to bury them.
 The evil that cadets do lives after them:
 The good is oft interred with their "dips":
 So let it be with this. The noble "Nick"
 Hath told you cadets are trifling;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously have cadets answered it.
 Here, under leave of "Nick" and the censor,
 For "Nick" is a truthful man;
 So are they both, both truthful men,—
 Come we to speak in cadets' behalf.
 They were our friends, faithful and just to us:
 But "Nick" says they are trifling;
 And "Nick" is a truthful man.
 They have brought many souls here to learn
 Whose money did the General's coffers fill:
 Did this in cadets seem trifling?
 When that the "rats" have cried, cadets have wept:
 Frivolity should be made of lighter stuff:
 Yet "Nick" says they are trifling:
 And "Nick" is a truthful man.
 We speak not to disprove what "Nick" spoke,
 But here we are, to speak what we do know.
 You all did love them once, — not without cause:
 What cause withholds you, then, to praise them now?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with us;
 Our hearts are in this book here with cadets,
 And we must pause so you can see yourself.*



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

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HIS EXCELLENCY, HENRY CARTER STUART
GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA
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(TERMS EXPIRE JULY 1, 1920)

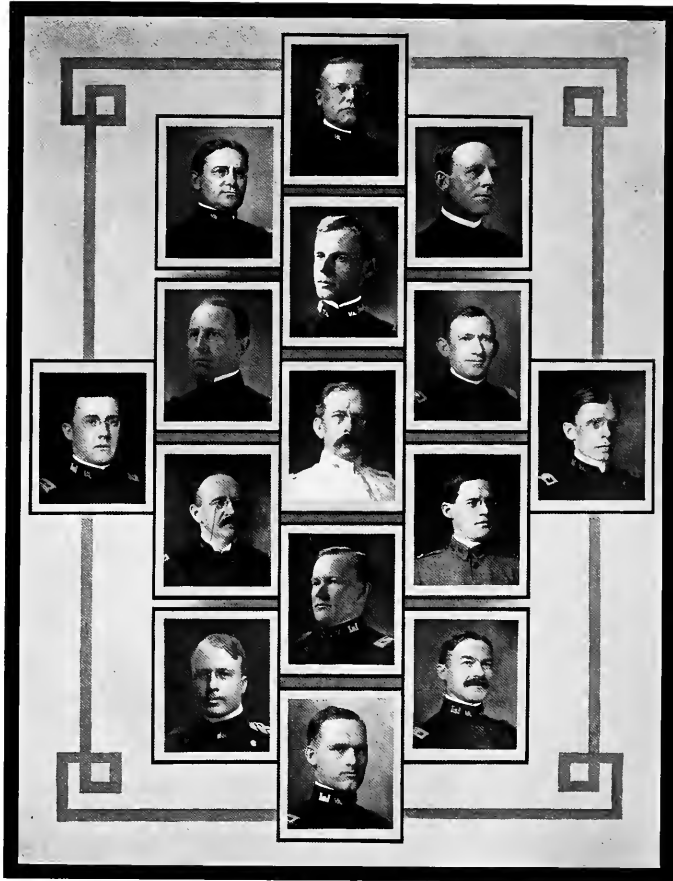
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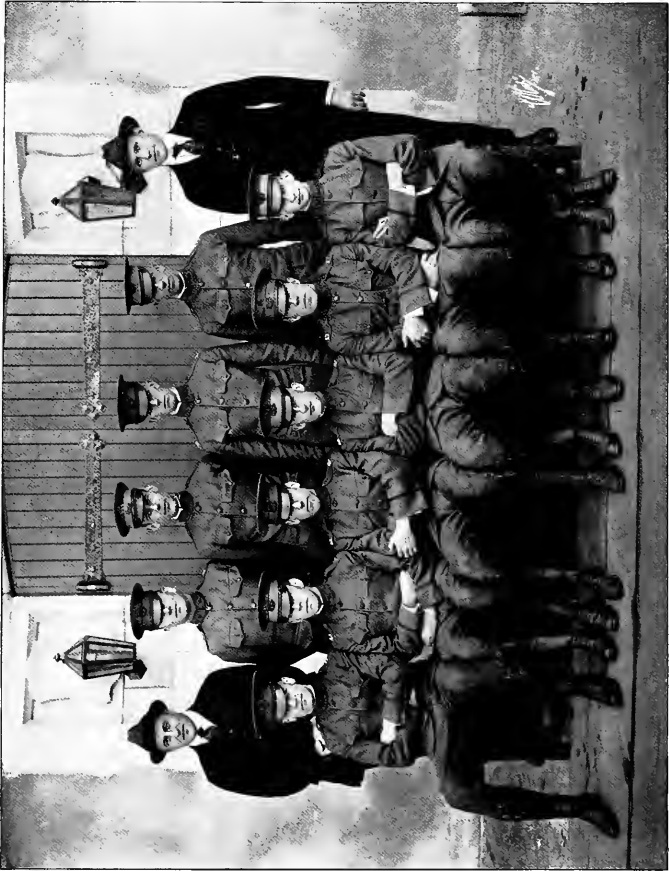
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SUB-FACULTY

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ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

CAPTAIN BRYAN CONRAD, B. S. †
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

* Assigned to duty at John Marshall High School, Richmond, Virginia.

† Assigned to duty at Alexandria High School, Alexandria, Virginia.



V. M. I. Spirit

*Oh, clear the way, V. M. I. is out to-day,
We're here to win this game;
Our team will win us fame;
In Alma Mater's name,
For though the odds be against us, we'll not care,
You'll see us fight the same;
Always the same old spirit and we'll triumph once again,
And though defeat seems certain, it's the same with V. M. I.;
Our battle cry is "Never, Never Die."*

CHORUS

*For when our line starts to weaken, our backs fail to gain,
Our ends are so crippled to win seems in vain,
Then the corps roots the loudest, we'll yet win the day,
The team it will rally and "Fight!" "Fight!" "Fight!" "Ray!"
We'll gain through the line and we'll circle the ends,
Old, Red, White and Yellow will triumph again;
The "Keydets" will fight 'em and never say die,
That's the spirit of V. M. I.*

*Just watch us go thru the line and 'round the ends,
Although we may be light,
It surely is a sight
To see the old team fight;
Just watch us come from behind when all seems lost,
We'll play the old game right.
The team will never once give up, they'll fight with all their might;
And though the luck's against us, you'll still hear the "Keydets" cry,
"We'll fight and win this game for V. M. I."*

Chorus

— B. Bowering, '15.



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BARRACKS

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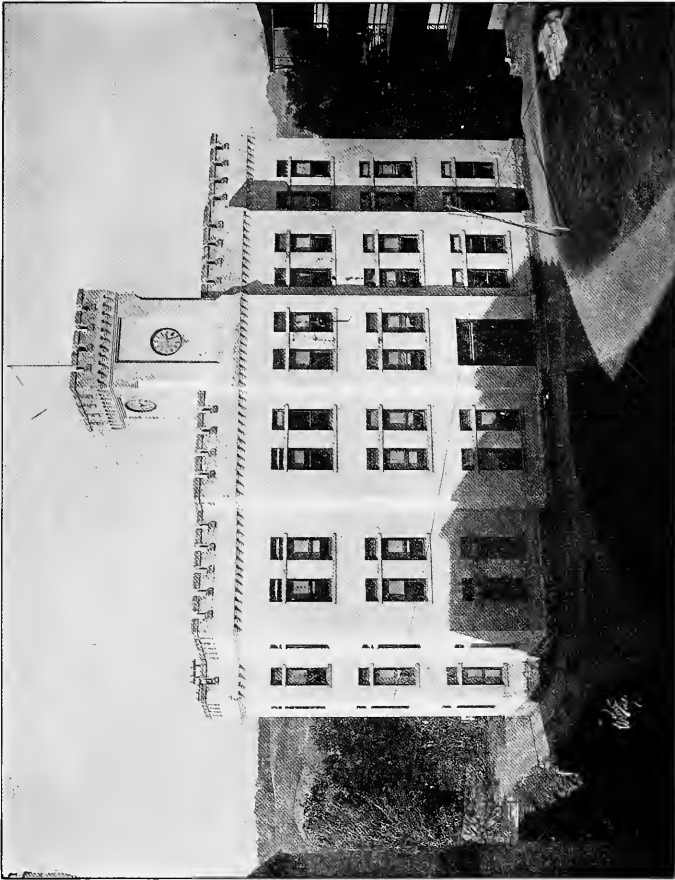


JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL

20



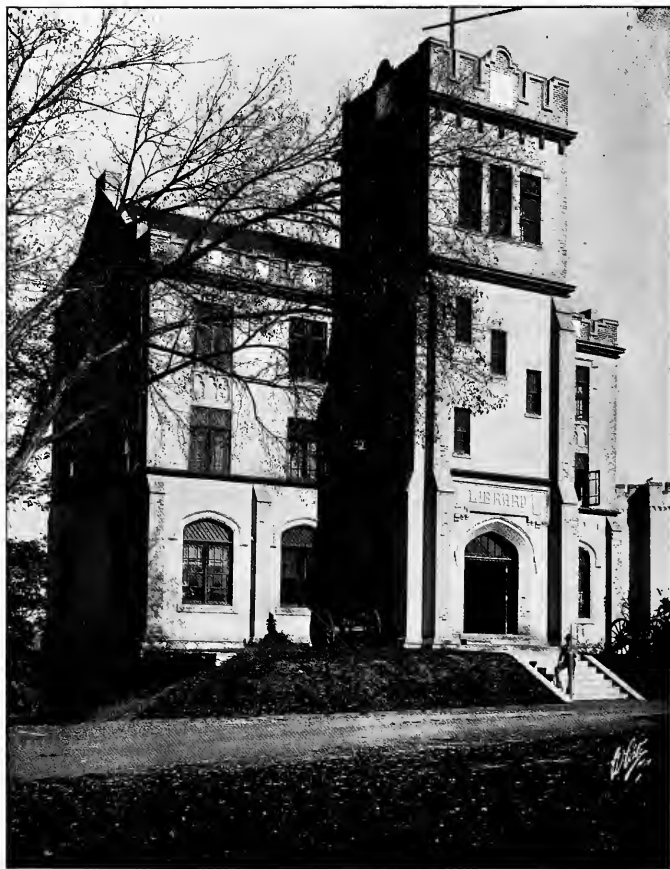
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SMITH MEMORIAL HALL



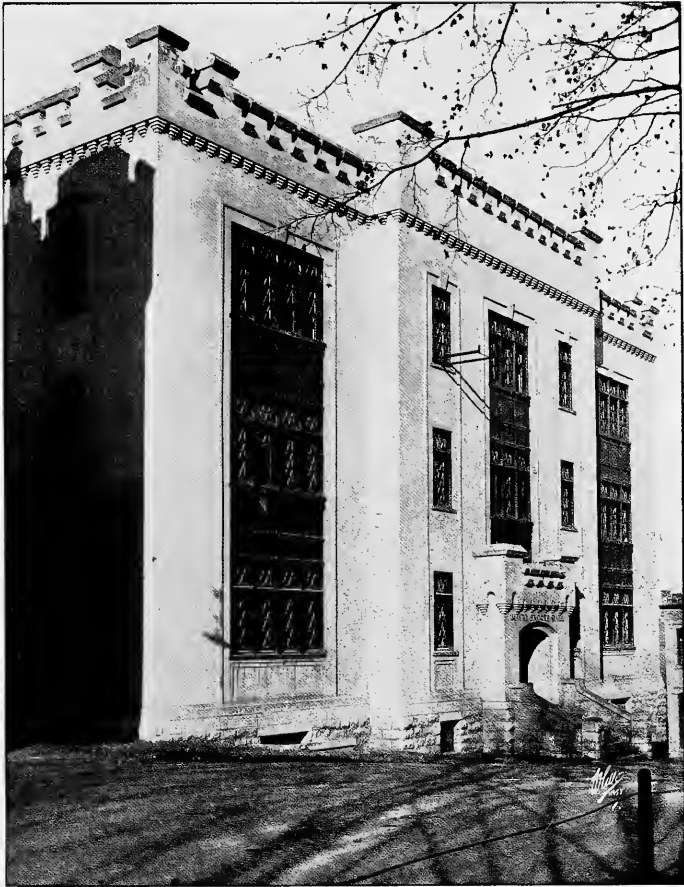
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LIBRARY



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MAURY-BROOKE HALL



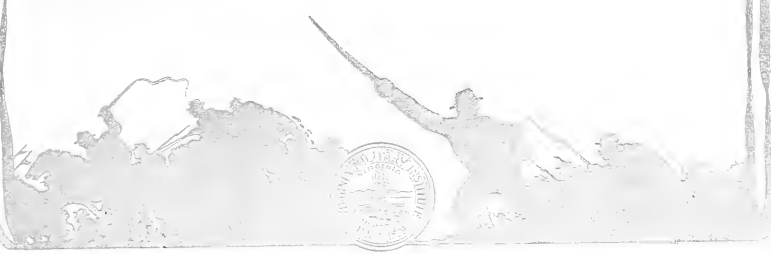
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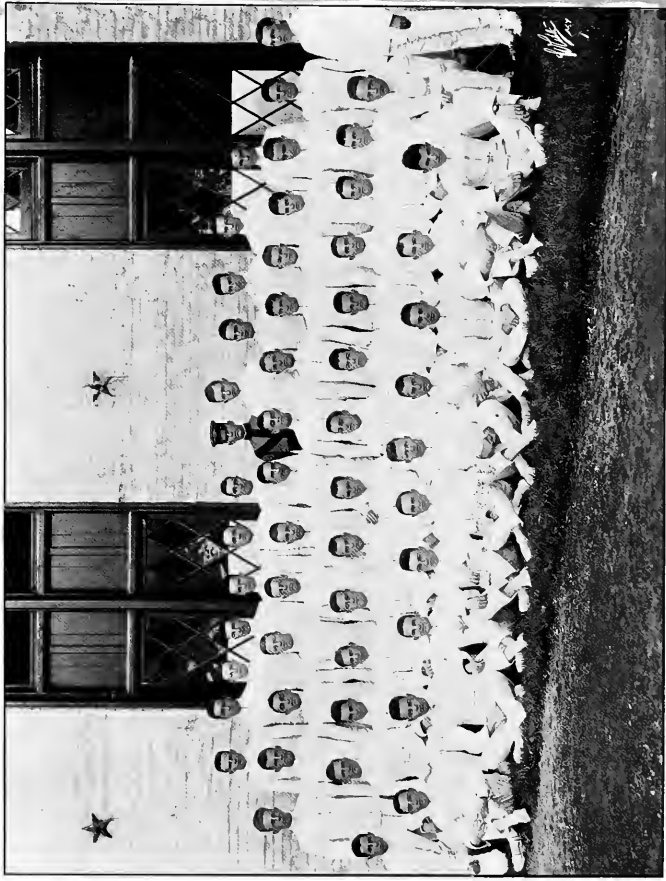
Mess Hall.



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FIRST CLASS GROUP





First Class Officers

COLORS: Maroon and Black

- O. B. BUCHER.....PRESIDENT
J. T. HAMLINVICE-PRESIDENT
E. C. BROWNHISTORIAN





JOHN TOWNSEND BANCROFT
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Matriculated 1914

"John"

*"Happy am I; from care am I free:
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A."

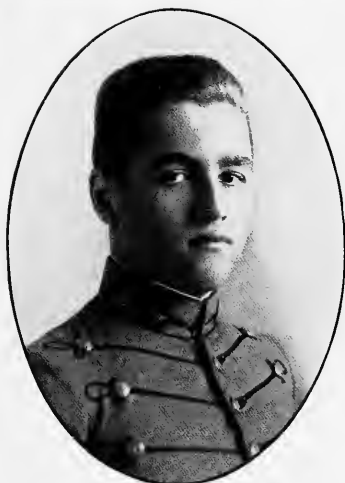
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E" Marshal Final German.

BEHOLD, gentle reader, a youth who hails from the metropolis. He matriculated in the fall of 1914 as a Third Class "Rat," and in that capacity popularity was his middle name. He is a little shy of the "calics," but he cannot suppress his admiration for them. John made his debut at the Hops during Finals, 1916. In the Final Ball figure he certainly did shine — equal to Apollo. Church receptions and dining in limits are among his social activities. He has the friendship of a Greek for those that know him well, and he and one of his friends are like Damon and Pythias. Good luck, John. Be a great man some day. We can depend on you to uphold the "V. M. I. Spirit."

*"In the North Sea lived a whale,
Big of bone and broad of tail."*





GEORGE WALLER BLOW
LA SALLE, ILL.

Matriculated 1914

"Uno," "Sergeant Major," "Ambrose"

"He was a man of unbounded stomach."
— Shakespeare.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS: Mandolin Club; Cadet Dialectic Society; Cadet Orchestra; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Mandolin Club; Cadet Dialectic Society; Cadet Orchestra; Marshal Final German.

THIS handsome lad with the smiling countenance made his debut amongst us in the "high brow" capacity of a Third Class "Rat." It didn't take him long to demonstrate his ability as a possessor of unlimited grey matter, for much to the surprise and chagrin of the mean Third Classmen, he speedily outdistanced them by taking first stand in his class. None can question his innocence after glancing at that "Sunny Jim" smile. His room-mates during his Second Class year very nearly ruined him in this respect, but fate speedily severed their ruinous influence, and "Uno" still sticks to the straight and narrow. "Amby" swears by all that's good and holy that he is immune from the sharpest dart from Cupid's bow. It must be because he can't find a "calic" who suits him, for we are sure no fair senorita could resist his wiles. If you want to see him blush, ask the origin of the word "Uno." Here's to you, Ambrose; none of us doubt your ability to make your mark in the "cold, cold world."



"Don't call me that."



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MAURY WOOD BOYKIN
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1912

"*Wisdom*," "*Boyking*"

"*Wisdom makes but a slow defense against trouble.*"
— Goldsmith.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshall Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshall Final German.

WAY back in the Dark Ages, when Lexington was young, and the Guard Tree was only a sapling, someone discovered "Wisdom" standing in the Arch. His protruding ears alone sufficed to support his hat, which was exceedingly large. This seemed very peculiar, until it was discovered that he always wore an extra size in order to permit of brain expansion. Strange to say, the hat is still too large, and his frown has not abated a bit. Boykin's life as an under-classman was more or less eventful, and somehow he managed to survive last year's hike. As a First Classman his activities have been unparalleled. Besides shining in Lexington society, he has done valuable work as an active member of the Virginia Audubon Society, in behalf of which he will receive you at any time. But "Wisdom" will become a great lawyer some day, and we look to see him in some judge's chair. Here's luck to you, Boykin! May your career be a flying triumph.



"*What do you mean?*"





CAMPBELL HUXLEY BROWN
NEW YORK CITY

Matriculated 1913

"Vulcher," "Skin," "Vult"

*"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much — such men are dangerous."
— Shakespeare.*

- FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."
- THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."
- SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball.
- FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final German; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Cadet.

LADIES and gentlemen, here we have a flattering representation of "Skin." He is an inhabitant of the rear room of No. 78, and may be found there at any time of the day or night, either hitting the hay, poring over "Tommy's Roots and Branches," or writing "G. G.'s" for the *Cadet*. From rev. till taps his thoughts are of that little old rickety cot — "Hay, more hay, and better hay," will be seen in his articles on the front page of the *Cadet*. He can take a sentence of three words, and draw it into an all-night yarn. The "Vulture" (that's what the "calic" call him) is a charter member of "Ye Ancient and Honorable Order of Ye Imperial Cudgel," and takes great delight in wielding this article in company with Doctor Frary and the "Ploughboy." But "Skin" is a good old ox. He put the boys through Spanish, and here's hoping him all the success due him.

"Boys, I think you'll be common as - - - if you don't let me sleep."





ERNEST CLAIBORNE BROWN
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Matriculated 1913

"Ernie," "Bruin," "Legs"

*"Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which she did send."
— Sir John Suckling.*

- FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."
- THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F"; Class Historian; Final Ball Committee.
- SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Major; Final German Committee; Leader Final Ball; Class Historian.
- FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "F"; Leader Final German; Cadet Staff; Dramatic Club; President Cotillion Club; Class Historian.

"**A** MASTERPIECE, I say, and maybe I ain't big dog." So goes the daily expression, about 10 A. M., of this builder of dreams before you. His standing with old man Cupid when he left Knoxville four years ago was high in regard to the "one girl," and it has gradually progressed in the time we have known him. All went well until the Kentucky Derby was run last fall, and the thoroughbred "Governor Stanley" won in a walk. Since then the vulture of doubt has haunted "Ernie." But he says he's young yet, and, besides, race horses can't run forever. So let's give him time. "Bruin's" athletic career never started on account of his excess of limb—vertically. Nevertheless his beauty lies in the length of his legs. His one ambition is to learn the shoe business; build that little cottage, and then—settle down. In closing these words, we all can say that he was a valuable asset to his class, a loyal friend, and a gentleman. So go to it, "Ernie," while we hope and wish for you in your life after leaving us.



"Oh, Colonel! Colonel!"



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OLIVER BOONE BUCHER
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Olie," "O. B.," "Bucherom"

"Ye gods! How he can eat!"
—(Unanimous.)

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class President; Class Football; Baseball Squad.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A"; Class President; Varsity Football; Varsity Baseball; Post Exchange Council.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "A"; Class President; Varsity Football; Varsity Baseball; Vice-President Athletic Association; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "A"; Class President; Marshal Final German; President Athletic Association; BOMB Staff; Monogram Club (3, 2, 1); Varsity Football; Captain Varsity Baseball.

THIS susceptible young man with the thoroughbred canine cast of countenance represents a case of Fulfilled Ambitions. He aspired to and copped the height of "keydet" glory — a First Captaincy. From the pinnacle of this glory you would not believe that he had an unfilled desire, or that there was a "rift" anywhere in his lute of life. Alas! there is a verified tradition that once it was a case of "Campbell In — Bucher Out," but we forbear. As a "rat" he started his sporting career by helping the "rats" to give Fourteen a run for its life. Since then he has played on both football and baseball teams, being chosen Captain of the latter his First Class year. Early in his "rat" year he so impressed his brother rodents as a safe and sensible fellow that he was chosen Class President, and every year since then has acquired the habit of succeeding himself. He it was that conducted the misguided footsteps of his third year brethren into righteous ways, and convinced them that raising H—— was not a necessary function of that period. He is a staunch friend, a pleasant companion, and keeps a ready smile. A man's man, but there are others.

"What d'you say?"





EDWARD ATKINSON BULKLEY
YONKERS, N. Y.

Matriculated 1913

"Willie," "Piedmont," "Tickle-Brain"
"Mr. Bonkley"

"Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin';
Follow me — follow me 'ome!"
— Kipling.

SOLDIER, gentleman, woman-hater, Piedmont-fiend, chronic b-acher, "Willie" came amongst us with a long mop of hair, a drum, and his Piedmont. Talk? Well, "Any time, any topic" is his motto. Feet on the table, hat on the side of his head, his fingers draped around one of those Pied-e-monts, mouth wide open and going strong — this is "Tickle-Brain's" favorite pose. His favorite topics are "Women" and "Dear Old V. M. I." Only once has "Willie" fallen, and then for four days he wandered aimlessly around, muttering, "Mac, Mac, where are my pink sheets?" His love for drill and reveille leads him into long and extended orations about what he'd been doing back home in Yonkers. This finished product is to grace Columbia next year, and with his numerous accomplishments he can't help but be a success. Here's how, "Tickle!" Your many friends are looking at you.

"How about a Pied-e-mont?"



THE BOMB—1917



HUGH ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, JR.
MULBERRY ISLAND, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Alex," "Country," "Andy"

*"How good is man's life — the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final German.

IN THE fall of 1914 this noble specimen came to us from "Somewhere in Virginia." Having had several years of "college life," he was "at ease" when he signed up at "Old Nick's." Then he entered the arch — behold! Some mean Third Classman snatched him from his pinnacle of self-esteem, and cast him down into the dust with the debris. But he experienced several instances of "college life" later — cold showers in the window of No. 119 about 3 P. X. in the morning, supervised by members of the Third Class, and so forth. While a "rat," "Alex" ran more near-lates than any twelve First Classmen in barracks, but he was always there on the "last note." "Country" decided to honor the Civil Section, but Mechanics proving his exception, he resorted to "Old Rat" for his dip. From the very first "Andy" has been a devil with the ladies, and always uses his First Class privileges to the limit. Here's hoping he will lose no time with his "cit's privileges," and have every success in the tides of after life.

"Boys, I swear she's been!"





WILLIAM EVANS CHAPIN
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Wee Willie!"

*"Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell."*

— Milton.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Class Basket-Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

THIS, everybody, this is "Willyum." One would never have thought, when he was a "rat," that he would ever become a "star," for his trifling room-mates and the "mean old cadets" kept him pretty well eclipsed. However, he proved the old adage that, grinding study always brings results, for going after the arts like a mad-man he established a record his Second Class year. In this he was aided materially by an alarm clock, which awoke him every morning to study and his room-mates to curse — this about 4 A. M. If you have ever seen him sparring with "Caruso," you will realize that he is a born pugilist, and that you had better keep your distance. He will probably become a noted lawyer some of these days, but we prefer to picture him as a foreign missionary, a country parson, or a deacon, for any of which he is aptly fitted by reason of previous training and a bright prospect of side-burns. "Bill" has few faults, except that he has an affinity for sun-rises, and becomes provoked if anyone goes down on his undershirt. When a true friend is wanted, look up "Wee Willie."



"Well, I swear!"





FRED WYLLY CLARKE
SAVANNAH, GA.

Matriculated 1913

"Bottle," "Champe"

*"But wot you wot? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing."*

— Sir John Suckling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Football
Squad; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "F"; Football
Squad; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "B"; Foot-
ball Squad; Class Baseball; Hop Commit-
tee; Marshal Final German.

THE Speaker of the House blew into Lexington in the fall of 1913. Although he left Cupid in Savannah, he is an awful love pirate, gets his masterpiece every day, and from all accounts seems to be a "big dog." "Bottle" is good at football, but, owing to the inefficiency of his chalk bones, he has been unable to play much here — only long enough to break a bone, simultaneously procuring a furlough to see ————. He has frequent attacks of insomnia, which we cannot explain. Fortunately, his unexcelled tenor enables him to pacify himself by singing "My Sweet Venetian Rose." He has a wonderful disposition, and if awakened any hour of the night will always show that characteristic smile. He is a good fellow all around, and a loyal friend. His highest ambition is to become an officer in the United States Army, and, with his good record here as an officer, combined with his efficiency, he is bound to make good. So here's hoping you all the luck in the world, "Champe." Show them up.



"A wicked send-off."



THE BOMB-1917



JAMES EDWARD COLE, JR.
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Ed"

*"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
A man's a man for a' that!"*

— Burns.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Football Squad.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "B"; Marshal Final Ball; Varsity Football.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "D"; Monogram Club (2, 1); Marshal Final German; Cadet Staff; Business Manager BOMB.

BEHOLD King Cole! This wharf rat slipped in with the tide in 1913. An eighty-yard run for a touchdown against the First Class brought him into immediate prominence, which he followed up by pulling down "First Corp." A relentless drill master, he later became Second Orderly Sergeant. The loss of these latter stripes is one of the mysteries of V. M. I. As "recs" came in from every source, everyone was expecting "Ed" to draw Second Captain at least. But "you can't keep a good man down," and he has arisen to the dignity of Bull Lieu. P. Foot gets the credit for his taking the "Alum Treatment." There it was that his "Royal Nibs" fell. At mention of her name he stops, looks and listens. Nothing materializing, he ceases to care, abandoning himself to pipe dreams, the odor of which drives the occupants of No. 18 to the courtyard. In spite of susceptibility and a fickle heart, "Ed" is a true friend, generous, staunch and clean, and is equipped for the highest point in climbing distance.



"Any money on the Bomb?"

38





SAMUEL CALVIN CUMMING
HAMPTON, VA.

Matriculated 1911

"Funk," "Increment"

"He'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drinks to poor damned souls."
— Kipling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Football Squad.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "C"; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "D"; President Y. M. C. A.; Tennis Team; Marshal Final German.

MANY, many years ago, before several classes which have come to this noble institution, — gone through all the sorrows and joys of its gray walls for four years, and battled with the cruel world for several years more, — had even thought of matriculating, an infinitesimally small body, which later developed to be "Increment," blew in under the crack of the Superintendent's door. (*Fish's Ancient History.*) Before long "Funk" found himself the object of interest to a number of Third Classmen, who, attracted by a large noise in a new cadet's room found him, the cause, behind the cots. From that time to this he has continued to make a big noise, and in spite of several set backs has attended nearly every class at least twice, and has held nearly every office in the battalion at least for a while. At present he is the proud possessor of three stripes on both the upper and lower portions of his sleeve. Though small in statue, "Increment" has a large heart and plenty of grit. We are sure he will make the U. S. M. C. one of its best, if not its very best, officers.



"Boys, I swear she's been!"



THE BOMB-1917



JOHN WILSON DILLARD
CHATHAM, VA.

Matriculated 1913

*"Rabbi," "John," "John Barleycorn,"
"Falstaff"*

*"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A."

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Marshal
Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "F"; Mar-
shal Final German.

LADIES and gentlemen, you now have before you a most desperate love-pirate, hailing from the unknown regions of Chatham, Va. "Falstaff" glories in the notoriety that he stands in with every "calic" in Lexington. The way he cuts the boys' biscuits at the Hops would make your heart ache. We find him a strong advocate of "walks." John has high ambitions in a military way, always shining his shoes and donning his best creases before attending rev. or tattoo. Too bad we already have a First Captain, John. In the near future, "Falstaff" will no doubt be Chief Engineer of the quiet city of Chatham, but whatever his vocation in life, we wish for him much success, as he well deserves.

"Hunt your holes to-day, boys; I am O. D."



THE BOMB—1917



MARVIN GARLAND DRISCOLL
ACCOMAC, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"*Dris.*" "*Corkleg*"

*"A broken wreck with a craze for 'hooch,'
and never a cent to my name."* — *Service.*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Baseball Squad; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Baseball; Marshal Final German.

"**C**ORKLEG" first came into prominence when he went in as a pinch-hitter in a Varsity game, and his attempt to beat out that throw to first earned his nickname for him. Being an ardent student in Major P. Foot's School for Ambitious Motormen, he installed a wireless set, a set of good looking "calic" pictures, and a power plant, which caused even "Monk" to open his eyes. To see him with his toys, you would think him six or seven years old. He is also quite a photographer, especially around hike time, when the gravy wagon is his headquarters. When it comes to "calic," "Dris" is as fickle as rain at drill time. After finishing his course in doubtful numbers, we expect to see "Dris" a telephone lineman or something of the sort. But no matter what he does, you will be very likely to see him doing it somewhat better than anyone else.

"You don't know a d— thing; I know it all."



THE BOMB—1917



CHARLES LITTLE ECHOLS
GLASGOW, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Hook III," "Eck," "Ernie"

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave."
— Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German.

THIS illustrious son of Glasgow cannot be held responsible for his presence, because he entered while laboring under great delusions. Their majesties, "Hook I" and "Hook II," had preceded him and acquired the fluency of tongue peculiar to those who maintain that truth is stronger than fiction. Their glowing pictures were constantly before him, and he longed for the day when he could don the brass buttons. Receiving his first long trousers, he renounced womankind and marbles, and came and conquered. He thrives upon hay and maxes, and keeps himself well supplied with both. Being a "highbrow," he could but become a follower of "Old Rat," and time has shown the wisdom of his choice. His one black mark is the fact that he once roomed with the Astringent. His greatest military ambition is to run a military post on O. G., and in this Fate has helped him by putting him on guard with "Steve."



"You're crazier 'an —."





FLETCHER HANSON ETHERIDGE
MACON, GA.

Matriculated 1913

"Handsome," "Fruit," "Mr. Fruiter"

*"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me."
— Shakespeare.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Ring Committee; Assistant Business Manager Cadet; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Business Manager Cadet; Marshal Final German; BOMB Staff.

I'M HARD. Look at me!" This from "Mr. Fruit," as he wanders around the stoop, blouse unbuttoned, and puffing on his ever-present Piedmont. He is from the central city of Georgia, and landed here only after looking into nearly every other school in the United States. His first two years were uneventful, except that he was dubbed "Nails," owing to his kind and tender attitude towards "rats." He blossomed out in his Second Class year, being finally persuaded to attend the Hops. Immediately he won the reputation of being a smooth and "placid" scotcher. "Fruit" is on the job all the time. He sticks to his Remington, regardless of Tommy's Structures or Willard's Steam. In spite of this, however, he is such a highbrow and has such a line that he is one of Tommy's favorites. (Question: Which Tommy?) "Fruit" says that he intends to become one of Uncle Sam's engineers, after the Institute has honored itself by donating him a B. S. At any rate, we feel confident that he will some day head the list, and make seventeen feel proud of him.



"I can't be bothered."



THE BOMB—1917



RODNEY WILLIAM FRARY
EUSTIS, FLA.

Matriculated 1912

"Doc," "Roddy"

"The women simply adored him; his lips were like Cupid's bow; But he never ventured to use them, and so they voted him slow."

— Service.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final German.

GO OUT into one of the pine woods adjacent to Eustis, Fla.; here you will find a black object. Strike it a sharp blow with a stick. If it moves, it a stump. If it remains still, it's the "Doc." Although of New England ancestry, this specimen possesses to a marked degree those characteristics of physical inertia attributed to the Florida Cracker. He sleeps with his eyes open — a phenomenon which may be easiest explained by saying that he is too lazy to shut them. He adorns the first squad of "B" Co. along with "Dris" and Bulkley, and takes great delight in listening to "Willie's" ravings — being the only human who can do so for sixty minutes. He has had much one-sided correspondence with a "calic" in "Bahston," but the "calic" doesn't seem to think much of it, judging from the lack of replies. "Doc" is a good fellow, and we hope that his chuckle and his awful line will make as many friends for him in the world as it has in barracks.

"Give us both feet there, brother."



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BEN A. GOODMAN
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1912

"Mose," "B. A.," "Goody"

"Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?"
— Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Football Squad; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "C"; Football Squad; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball; Mandolin Club.

SECOND CLASS: Quartermaster Sergeant Co. "E"; Varsity Football; Secretary Monogram Club; Chairman Ring Committee; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Lieutenant Co. "A"; President Monogram Club; Varsity Football; Mandolin Club; Class Basket-Ball; Class Baseball; Marshal Final German.

WHEN in 1912 a rotund object rolled up to the little brick house on the hill, everybody wondered "Why." There were theories that he thought he would be beautiful in uniform, or could star in football, or wanted to follow in the footsteps of his brother. He rolled in, and by the time the Third Classmen had trained him the glamour was effectually worn off. In business transactions for his class, in dramatics, in every such line, "Mose" has made good. He can squeeze money out of a moving picture show, and when he opened his Second Hand Clothing Emporium (in No. 119), the Monogram Club was given a big boost toward prosperity. After a pause of six months in his Second Class year, he was cordially welcomed by Seventeen, and made Chairman of the Ring Committee. In his new abode (No. 45) he again became one of the barrack's brilliant stars. May your popularity, "Mose," in the world be as it is at V. M. I.



"You tell them while I put my foot."





WEIR RANDOLPH GOODWIN, JR.
LOUISA, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Nat," "Goody"

"Drink! for you know not whence you came nor why.

Drink! for you know not why you go nor where."

— Omar Khayyam.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "B"; Assistant Manager Basket-Ball Team; Marshall Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "E"; Marshal Final German.

"GET the shovel, James; it's that story again." Twenty times a day this remark bursts forth in the quiet, studious atmosphere of No. 62. It means that "Nat" is telling another story of his conquests. He is a member of the high-brow fraternity and a wearer of the order of the star fellowship. His running blouse looks like a section of the American flag. In spite of this his understanding is by no means perfect. (For an explanation see full length picture.) His ambition is to get in the army, and if he is as successful in the future as he has been in the past, he will do more than carry out the wishes and expectations of his classmates.

"And that's o fact."





JAMES TURNER HAMLIN, JR.
DANVILLE, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Jimmy," "Tushhog"

*"To draw folk to hevenc by fairnesse,
By good ensomple, this was his bisynesse."
— Chaucer.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F"; Vice-President Class; Varsity Baseball; Class Basketball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "D"; Vice-President Class; Class Basketball; Assistant Manager Basketball; Marshal Final Ball; Varsity Baseball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "E"; Vice-President Class; Class Basketball; Manager Basketball; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Monogram Club (3, 2, 1); Marshall Final German; BOMB Staff; Varsity Baseball.

VERILY, verily, this doth be a chivalrous knighte of ye aulden tymes. At ye beck of ye Class of Nineteen, ten, and seven ye selfsame hero becometh Vice-President of ye angry mob, and remaineth so ye rest of ye days. He be fair of face and soft of harte, and opposeth noone. He draweth all womankind unto him, and falleth a victim to ye wyles of every one. He trieth to improve ye looks by ye wearing out of ye mirror, and becometh very perturbed that he doth not grow more prettie. He weareth ye laurels of ye fine baseball player, and loseth ye baseballs as all ye other things on every occasion. He be ye victim to ye nervousness, and when in such state useth loud oaths of protestation. Ye Beacon heareth hym once when he be administering verbal justyce to ye "rat" in hys company, and 'tis rumored, this cost him one strype. Albeit, ye lad hath manie virtues. He be ye fryende indeed. He be bound to succeed, and make ye name for hymselfe.



"Boys, I'm going to get down and study some."





JACK HART
WEATHERFORD, TEXAS

Matriculated 1914

"Jack," "Texas Hard Boy,"
"Full-Back"

"Here, take my heart: 'twill be safe in thy keeping."

— Thomas Moore.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Varsity Football; Monogram Club; Marshal Final German; Cadet Staff.

GIVING his favorite cow horse, "Pete," a farewell caress, and doffing his "Chaps" and Sombrero to don his "store clothes," "Jack" said goodbye to the land of the greaser and rattlesnakes, the land of bronchos and cowboys, to come East. He arrived a year late. A pretty boy "Jack" is not. A hard boy he is—hitting the line like a ton of brick, and one of the hardest tacklers that ever left his feet on a flying dive, so football men say. Jack's thoughts often wander back to the Lone Star State, and all indications are that he is a "Big Dog" somewhere, and cannot be bothered with the fair Virginia "calic." Be it as it may, this "little Brunette" helps him keep the mail carriers busy. Well, old man, when you walk down the line, and tell everyone goodbye, V. M. I. loses a man. Stick on the job like you did on those big backs you hit on the football field, and you will get there. We all wish you every success, and hope that '17 will not entirely lose you by graduation.



"Drive on, S. Noell! I see no stars on your collar."





A. RICHARD HORN
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Matriculated 1916 (Jan.)

"Dick," "Willie"

"What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!"
— Shakespeare.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F."

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final
German: Football Squad; Mandolin Club.

A SECOND Class "Rat" is one of the rarest of the species, and, believe me, this particular one was some queer rodent. When he first came, in January, 1916, his brother "rats" could only stand around with open mouths and wondrous eyes, and listen to the tales of the city of much "Bud." When he ran out of wind, he'd pick up a poor unoffending mandolin, and just naturally rip music out of it. No wonder all the "Mistahs" flocked around to his room. He had some military training before he came here; in fact he said he was a color-sergeant, so he was placed immediately in the rear rank with only a few misgivings. He takes electricity in big doses, and by the time "Monk" finishes with him, will probably know how to run lights without getting caught. He expects to settle down in his ideal city, Indianapolis, some day, and become a motorman on the street car of bliss. Good luck, "Dick!" You haven't been with the bunch long, but you're one of us, and your success is ours.



"I'm going to borrow a comb and brush when I graduate."



THE BOMB—1917



JOSEPH STEBBINS LAWSON
SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Shakey," "Steb," "Squegee"
"Stebbinus"

*"Is happy as a Lover; and atired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."
— Wordsworth.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball; Cadet Dialectic Society.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final German; Cadet Staff; BOMB Staff; Class Baseball.

IS THIS a derelict of the present war, or a horrible example of the result of child-labor in factories? At any rate he hails from South Boston, and this is enough to hold against any one man. To this charge "Shakey" pleads "Guilty," and defies anyone to prove that Halifax is not the best county in the State. But "Squegee" is diminutive, being readily able to hide behind his opened mouth. He is proud of the distinction of being leader of the slippery First Class Privates, a distinction he well deserves. His chief delight is to play "hard." "Steb" has caused the O. C.'s no little trouble in their midnight inspections. When he is covered up with his "downy," he does not even cause the latter's surface to ripple. Hence, it is impossible to determine whether he is in his cot or not, unless his mouth is showing. Society suits this biscuit-cutter to a "T." "Shakey" will some day rival his brother in becoming the leading citizen of South Boston, and, maybe, of Halifax. Luck to you, Stebbinus!



"I'm off to my Lily White!"

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THE BOMB—1917



WILLIAM BORROW LEGGETT
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Matriculated 1912

"Bill," "Rattle-Brain," "Flop"

*"Company, villianous company, hath been the
ruin of me."*

—Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Gym. Team.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Assistant
Manager Basket-Ball; Gym. Team.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "C"; Marshal
Final Ball; Gym. Team; Tennis Team.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "B"; Gym. Team;
Tennis Team; Marshal Final German.

I AM a good boy. I don't curse, drink or smoke, Sir," said "Bill" on his appearance at the arch. How little "Bill" really knew of life at V. M. I. However, he soon became a "keydet," and falling into all the habits of a "keydet," did well until he received that bump in the gym. From that time on you could mention any disease or ailment, and "Bill" would swear he had it. Invariably, at every Hop, he falls in love with "another calic," and plans his future. "Flop" seems to want to buy out the Post Exchange, and almost does it. In spite of his nickname, "Rattle-Brain" is bright, and swears he will some day discover perpetual motion. So beware, folks, and prepare to receive among you Sir William, who will revolutionize, or cause a revolution.

"Great guns!"



51





GEORGE BARTLEY LOCKHART
HONAKER, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"George," "G. B.," "Bus-Head"

*"Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hath thou more of pain or pleasure?"*

Yet who would live, and live without thee!
— Addison.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Debating Team; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Cadet Staff; Secretary-Treasurer Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshall Final German.

THIS would-be disciple of the "Monk" arrived at the arch direct from the wilds of Southwest Virginia, riding one of those famous long-winded bulls, for which that section is noted. Said animal has been well cared for ever since, and during the last year has been rampant in No. 31 at all times. This "Worryless Wonder" can be perfectly happy either reading light literature, eating, sleeping, playing cards, or writing to one of his numerous ———; and George is always doing one or the other, for studying bores him exceedingly. These tendencies, together with the bull, have often been disastrous to his room-mates. "G. B." shines in his ability to master any of the "Dago" languages without seeming effort. His ambition is a variable quantity. One day, it is to be married; the next, to enter the army, and so on down the list. Money, to him, means only stamps for his letters, and biguns, and dopes for himself and his menagerie. In after life may he reach his heaven — the world wherein work is unknown.

"How I do hate to drill!"





CLARENCE AMES MARTIN
ACCOMAC, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Plough-boy," "Martini," "Jinks"

"Time was
When he enjoyed his enemy, like his beefsteak,
the better for the beating."

— Sir Thomas More.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Quartermaster Sergeant Co. "C"; Class Baseball; Class Football.

FIRST CLASS: Battalion Quartermaster; Class Football; Class Baseball; Varsity Track; BOMB Staff; Marshal Final German.

THIS landed in the arch wearing a hickory shirt and a pair of overalls, and carrying a baseball bat. Since his arrival, many attempts have been made to civilize him, and these seem successful, although few would believe it after seeing him in blood-thirsty pursuit of some Third Classman or other of low degree, for, in such moments, he is relentless, remorseless, terrible. Although a highbrow of the first order, he has his moments of dumbness, being unable at one time to tell whether he was on guard or in the hay, to the amazement of B. D. Mayo. He has been right there with the mit to help '17 win two championships in baseball, and broke his face on a "Mistah" in last year's football series. Being an all-round good scout, we can predict for him only one sort of future, but, just to make it safe, here's wishing him all the success in the world. May he manage to register as many maxes on the world as he has on "Tommy."

"Skin, the Jay is not lost!"



THE BOMB—1917



HARRY MILLARD MASON
BLACKSTONE, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Monk," "Pete," "Hap"

"He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."
— Omar Khayyam.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Football;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Football;
Marshal Final German.

HOW this ever found its way into these portals has ever been mystical. However, be it said, that "Monk's" appearance here has been a source of no little gratification and aid to the local genealogists, for from close observation of him they have reached the conclusion that Darwin's Theory of Evolution should be established as a universal law. "Pete" ventured one night into the mysteries of Lexington society. Suddenly, not long after he had left barracks, his room-mates heard a mighty panting and howling just outside of 10-A. They rushed to the window! As soon as it was cracked, in hopped "Monk." All he could say was, "That big brother! That big brother!" But granting the above, we must admit that not a day comes but what also comes to this most-likable and good-natured youth letters galore. We are banking on you, "Monk," and wish you the greatest success."

"Whad'ye say, k-i-dd?"



54





MORGAN REAGAN MILLS
RICHMOND, VA.

"Mike," "Local Boy"

*"My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of his rest."
— Thomas Lodge.*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football;
Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "E"; Captain Class
Football; Class Basket-Ball; Class Baseball;
Marshal Final Ball.

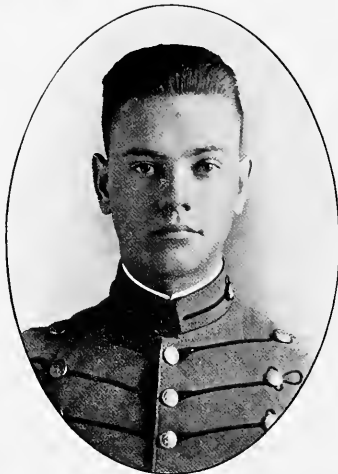
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E" Football Squad;
Marshal Final German.

WHEN this prototype of the devil dropped into Lexington, he began his career by ornamenting the whole place with countless numbers of stickers, advertising Peconut Crisp. It is needless to say that he became crisp a week later. In his wild career as a Third Class "rat" he won everlasting fame as leader of the Dirty Dozen, whose sole purpose it was to disregard old cadets, and make it warm for their "Brother Rats." However, he has met his Waterloo in Ellipses Saunders. As a Second Classman he surprised everyone by receiving Bull Sergeant at Make-Overs, only to shed many salty tears at Finals. Now he has joined the ranks of the First Class Privates, and he actually celebrated it by crossing the court-yard with a towel under his arm. Soon "Mike" will go out into the cold, cold world, but if his head stays as scarlet, and his never failing cheek does not fail him, he cannot miss his target. Here's hoping!

"Kiss fer ye!"



THE BOMB—1917



FRANK LOUIS MORRISON
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Matriculated 1913

"Frank"

*"Come what, come may—time and tide run
through the roughest day."*

— Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final
Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final
German.

THIS noble young man is a fair representative from the wilds of Texas. He is a true patriot of his State, for, from morning 'til night, he boasts of the great possibilities of this section of the country. He is confident that Liberal Arts is the best course here. He is doomed to be a great statesman some day. Frank is a great reader, and as soon as the O. D. inspects, down goes his hay, a book in one hand and something good to eat in the other. He was largely instrumental in arranging the kitchen for 10 B, session 1916-1917, and when anyone was hungry, he knew whom to call upon. At tennis he has suddenly become a shark. He is, as his name signifies, a frank creature, and we are confident that he will make good.

"Let's run lights."



THE BOMB—1917



MARSHALL GILLIAM MUNCE
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Goat," "G. G.," "Rim," "Fuzzy,"
"Milke"

*"I've measured it from side to side —
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide."*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Cadet Dia-
lectic Society; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "C"; Cadet Dia-
lectic Society; Football Squad.

SECOND CLASS: Color Sergeant Co. "F"; Cadet
Dialectic Society; Debating Team; Football
Squad; Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Man-
ager Baseball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "C"; Man-
ager Baseball; Cadet Dialectic Society;
Editor-in-Chief BOMB; Cadet Staff; Marshal
Final German; Football Squad.

"FUZZY" is a great advocate of Woman Suffrage, and has one grave weakness, which every cadet craves — "Gim Riding." Did you say furlough? Well, here is the guy that put the "fur" in "furlough." Every time a certain young lady is going to be in Richmond for a day or so, he always uses this matchless art of riding—to Richmond. Although he is a living example of John Bancroft's Whale, he can do more for "HIS BOMB" in less time than St. Vitus could begin to do. He even has "His Photographer" to take pictures for "HIS BOMB" while he is drudging away on the gridiron. "How many 'calics' is 'Mike' having up to his house party?" (This is a familiar question asked around Hop times, and shows that he has a winning way with the ladies.) 'Tis needless to wish "Great" success in after life, for he is large enough to become "Big Dog" in any thing he undertakes.

"My Photographer is here, boys!"





JAMES McDOWELL, JR.
FINCASTLE, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Mac," "MacDoodle," MacDouglas"

*"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."
— Coleridge.*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Basketball; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final German.

THREE short years ago the great metropolis of Fincastle sent forth this young hope to represent her at V. M. I., although with his departure she gave up one-third of her population. Nor was Fincastle disappointed, for immediately "MacDouglas" distinguished himself by making one hundred straight maxes in Cots and Covers. During his keydetship "Mac" has shown marked athletic abilities, especially in baseball, because whenever he hits the ball, everyone stops to gaze at the graceful (?) curves of his lower extremities when in action, and forgets the ball. He is also quite a favorite with the fair sex, perhaps because of his wonderful dancing. However, taking all in all, we can safely predict a successful future for "Mac." If he continues at his present pace, he'll surely be Mayor of Fincastle some day.

"Go on! Go on! Go on!"





STEPHEN YATES MCGIFFERT
DULUTH, MINN.

Matriculated 1913

"Maggie Fert," "Maggie," "T. D.,"
"Lindy"

*"In military rules he was the mark and glass,
copy and book, that fashioned others."*

— Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "F"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "B"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German; Cadet Staff; BOMB Staff.

WHEN you catch a glimpse of this Chinese puzzle picture, you can readily understand why it is impossible to do justice to the original. Therefore, we can but try. When a "rat," "Maggie" roomed with "Steve" and the "Chinaman," who frequently used him as a doormat. As a Third and Second Classman he divided his time between chasing chevrons and learning "bad habits." Needless to say, he obtained a good supply of both. At Finals he obligingly brought up "calics" for his room-mates. He had to give up either his habits or his chevrons, so he went to Plattsburg and lost the habits. One day "Maggie" asked "Steve" what the inside of a bath-house resembled. McGiffert, however, is a budding military genius, an artist of repute, and, above all, the only original "Maggie." Here's hoping he will get a sweet little "calic" some day.

"Any mail for me?"



THE BOMB-1917



CHARLES PATTERSON NASH
ALDERSON, W. VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Charlie," "Chick"

*"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."
—Nash.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Basket-Ball.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Captain Class Basket-Ball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "F"; Captain Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Manager Football.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "C"; Marshal Final German; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Advertising Manager Cadet; Assistant Business Manager BOMB.

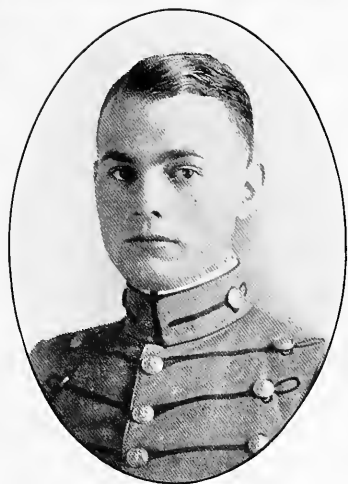
APINK-CHEEKED, auburn-haired youth with an "I-wish-I-was-back home" expression came into the main arch in 1913. Now, behold him! That sweet, innocent expression has departed, and you see instead the set determined face of the pompous, dignified, hard-hearted Captain of Company "C." The last man everywhere he goes; he gets boned for "Cot down and asleep in same" during the day and "Lights up and out of hay" at night, all in the same twenty-four hours; can't live an hour without saying "Wait a minute" five times. The "call of the calic" came to "Chic" when he was a Second Classman. He showed that he was a "calic" man, too, and ere the dawn of day at the Final Ball, he had cast in his lot with the "Big Dogs." Though you do waste lots of time, "Charlie," and put things off, you are generally there at Roll Call. With your personality and judgment you're bound to come out at the big end of the horn.



"Wait a minute!"



THE BOMB—1917



LLEWELLYN NEALE, JR.
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Willie," "Ellen"

*"Well, then, take a good heart and counterfeit
to be a man."*

—Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final
Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final
German.

A SMALL boy with a big name entered the V. M. I. in 1913, and soon found his cognomen shortened to "Willie." Since then he has grown up to Co. "C," but is still known as "Willie," in spite of the fact that he is now a famous Love-Pirate. The postman has asked for another route because of "Willie's" excess mail, and because he says he is particular about odors and cannot bear a mixture of perfumes. "Willie's" pink envelopes always smell of heliotrope, and the lilac of patchouli. He knows about automobiles, and can spot a Ford way out on the Staunton road, the other side of the bridge, simply by the sound, and he knows a Twin-Six Packard from a Cadillac just as soon as it begins to breathe hard to start. He has chosen Electrical, and we may hear more about "Willie" by wireless. Ta-ta, "Willie!" May your days be peaceful, and your future all you want it to be.

"Ah! You're crazy as Hades!"



61





JAMES ARCHIE NELMS
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Archie," "Arch"

"His limbs are bowed, but not with toil."
— Caleridge.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Varsity Football; Varsity Basket-Ball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "E"; Varsity Football; Final Ball Committee; Hop Committee.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "E"; Varsity Football; Varsity Basket-Ball; Varsity Track; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German; Monogram Club (3, 2, 1).

THIS disciple of the old alchemists hails from Newport News, where his favorite pastime is to drift slowly across Hampton Roads on a stormy day in his little birch canoe, lazily listening to the sad sea waves. Owing, however, to his aversion for anything effeminate, he cannot be classed as a sentimentalist. Probably he was disappointed in love. We only know he goes to sleep every night by the soft strains of "Yearning for You," and awakens every morning with a smile, as though he had dreamed of pleasant, by-gone days. "Archie's" rare smile wins him many friends wherever he goes. He is to be an instructor in Chemistry, and some day he may be a big fat colonel. We wish you luck, "Arch," and if you hit the obstacles of life with all the force you use in football, we know that success is yours.



"I'm off to my beautiful hay. Turn on the Victrola, Saunders!"





SHIRLEY WATTS NOELL
LYNCHBURG, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"S. Noell," "South West" "Keydet"

*"My spirits grow dull and fain I would
Beguile the tedious day with sleep."
— Shakespeare.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS: Quartermaster Sergeant Co. "D";
Chairman Final Ball Committee; Assistant
Advertising Manager *The Cadet*; Debating
Team; Parliamentarian Cadet Dialectic
Society.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Editor-in-Chief
The Cadet; BOMB Staff; Chairman Hop
Committee; Chairman Final German Com-
mittee; Cadet Dialectic Society; Valedic-
torian.

A MORE perfect type of Liberal Artist than the "Keydet" has never been produced. Last year he received training under Groover and Christian, and he has developed into the premier of the "hay-mongers." "S. Noell" has the distinction of being the only man who can go to sleep under any circumstances, so if ever you find him with his head resting on a coil of barbed wire, don't be alarmed, for he will merely be taking a little snooze. Until recently he has been noted for his good luck, but he is now more prominent as a confirmed woman-hater, and is said to be on the trail of the "man who done him wrong." However, he loves the ladies too well to stay away from them long, and we feel sure he will be getting pink letters again in a short time. But "Keydet" is also a "smart gen'man," and we predict for S. Noell, the driver of the Canyon Ball, much success.

"Wake me up for drill, Miss Rheutz."



THE BOMB-1917



JOHN ROBERT PENDER, JR.
TARBORO, N. C.

Matriculated 1913

"Johnny," "Buzz"

"We shall rest, and in faith we shall need it."
— Kipling.

- FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball.
- THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F"; Class Baseball.
- SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "F"; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.
- FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball; Cadet Staff; Marshal Final German; Cadet Dialectic Society.

THIS long, loose, double-jointed specimen from the wilds of Tarboro drifted into our midst four long years ago. During all this time no one has caught him with his mouth closed. Even when not arguing with someone, he still keeps it open. John has had quite a career — "Bull Corp" and then rising to the dignity of "Bull Sergeant" — preparation for his slippery First Class year. In days gone by he was an adept at hoisting flags, and had the honor to raise Seventeen to the breeze one eventful night. Since he turned his attention to Chemistry, "Hippy's" hair has gradually turned gray, and he has never looked the same since he nearly went up with the gun-cotton our bird made one day. Nevertheless, he is a good scout, and if his adventurous spirit doesn't prove his downfall, he is bound for success. Here's how, "Johnny!"

"Now, it's like this!"





ROBERT STEVENSON PENDLETON
FINE CREEK MILLS, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Rat," "Kill-Joy," "Sot"

*"And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Long Synel!"*

— Burns.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Foot-
ball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B"; Class Foot-
ball.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Foot-
ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Football;
Marshal Final German.

SLOW in action, but mighty in muscle, this young Sampson entered these sacred walls in the fall of 1913, and ere many days had passed, it was apparent that he was destined to become the first honored as tug of war. These honors were due to the fact that he achieved a brilliant success in piloting a *Titanic* in Norfolk harbor for fourteen dances, with intervals only for mopping the perspiration from his noble brow. Although a member of Tommy's crew he neglects his Roofs and Bridges for his Cots and Covers, and his favorite expression after each class is, "Boys, I had a bad day!" "Rat" now performs his guard duty elsewhere than barracks, and on several occasions was late being relieved, thereby running absents to Tattoo. "Sot" is a firm believer in the fact that "calic" and wines will not mix, so he never lets the former interfere with his "spirits." Regardless of his pessimism and other failings, we expect to see him accomplishing great things as a civil engineer, and we wish him the very best of luck.



"Had a bad day to-day, boys!"





FRANCIS DAVIS PORCHER
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Matriculated 1913

"Weary"

*"All things I thought I knew, but now confess:
The more I know I know, I know the less."*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A."
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A."

LADIES and gentlemen, when this object blew in from his western wigwam in 1913, no bugologist was able to classify the insect. In his "rat" year he tried most of the rooms on the third and fourth stoops, but couldn't find one with a large enough radiator to hold the weekly washing which he involuntarily took in for old cadets. Climbing House Mountain with a lunch of Dold's "canned dogs" to stay his fainting stomach, and swimming the old North River, in season and out of season, have been his favorite stunts. He adopts an indifferent pose towards "calics," and but for the boxes of crystallized orange blossoms that arrive from the Far South we might believe he means it. He takes Civil, and hopes to become a full-fledged ditch-digger by going to Mass. Tech, where Tourists are not, and there is no Rev.; neither Tattoo nor Taps. So long, "Weary," may your ditches be good ones, and your bridges carry you over to success.



"Safety First!"





ERNEST CARROLL PORTER
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"E. Z.," "Easy," "E. C."

*"What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?"
— Robert Underwood Johnson.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "C"; Secretary-Treasurer Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Vice-President Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "A"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German; Advertising Manager BOMB.

PORTER is indeed a martyr to his name, and is never more happy than when acting in this capacity — especially when the "calics" are around. We all know that he has a way with the ladies, and that they simply can't resist him, although one fair damsel was known to daringly remark to this humble autocrat that she thought he might use some hair tonic to a good advantage. Perhaps you have been down in the Bath House when he used the hair tonic (?), and will back my statement that it is called Sheep Dip everywhere else, and that it smells just like Mess Hall on Sunday mornings when we have fresh (?) eggs for breakfast. But "E. C." fairly eats work, and is not satisfied unless busy over something. In this we envy him, and know that through it he will some day make a name for himself.

"Well now I'll tell you."



THE BOMB-1917



DONALD EVERETT RHEUTAN
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Rheutsy," "Miss Rheutsy"

"So sweet a face, such angel grace."
— Tennyson.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A."

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Marshal
Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final
German; Cadet Staff; BOMB Staff.

YES, our "Miss Rheutsy" is quite a social belle. You can always tell when Hops are coming, as he then gets well enough to leave the hospital and return to barracks till they are over, and, incidentally, let us tell you, he is a regular V. Castle in form as well as in the terpsychorean art. By his gross amount of b-aching, one would think he was always just 'fore passing out, but his room-mates claim he has only the imagination and the Piedmont habit. So now we pay no more attention to his ailments. Nevertheless, he knows the art of "gim riding" well enough to get down to Richmond once in a while, and by the amount of mail he receives after these trips, we judge they were not in vain. But with all his troubles Donald is always ready to lend a helping hand to all. The best wishes of his many friends at V. M. I. will always follow him in after life.

"Wake up, Noell!"



THE BOMB-1917



JAMES KIRK RING
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Matriculated 1913

"J. K." "Crook," "Diamond"

*"Thou, whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow."
— Whittier.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball.

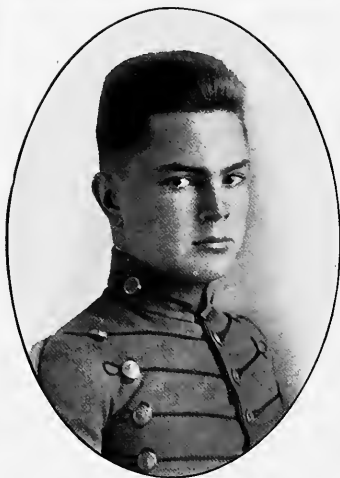
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final German.

AFTER two weeks of "Prep.," in the summer of thirteen, Kirk inhabited the fourth stoop library during his "rat" year. From the beginning of his career "J. K." was always a most ardent lover of hay, more hay, and, this being the case, he took Chappy's Arts. Believe me, he is some artist. Note his vivid descriptions of the wonderful metropolis of Johnson City, Tenn., U. S. A. This "Hard Boy" from the Tennessee jungles goes so far as to read Cosmos, Snappy Stories, tries to inhale cigarettes, runs absents from Tattoo, and wonders why he bulls out. We fear James has missed his vocation in not taking Law, because he is certainly strong on disputation, and can be heard arguing with "Rat" far into the night, almost any time, on any subject, from the Blue Book to the Solar System. With all your delinquencies, we assure you success in life, Kirk, if you will pursue it as strenuously as you pursue your hay.

"Boys, please cut out the b—aching. I bulled out again last week in Domestic Science."



THE BOMB—1917



FIELDING SLAUGHTER ROBINSON
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Fee," "Blick," "Mike"

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigarette is a smoke."

— Kipling.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Mandolin Club.

SECOND CLASS: Quartermaster Sergeant Co. "B";
Class Football Assistant Manager Football;
Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Cadet Adjutant; Manager Football;
Class Football; Marshal Final German;
BOMB Staff.

GAZE upon him, ladies; he is invincible! Whole souled, and heart free! Outside of entering as a Third Class "rat," we admit that "Mike" is all there, and regret that he did not join us in Thirteen, when Seventeen started its career at the Institute. He makes nightly pilgrimages to No. 108, where, with the help of "Baboon" Taylor, he attempts to produce the real article in the harmony line. When the big four get together, there is no sleep for occupants below. He has decided to follow the trail of "Old Rat," which we attribute for his affinity for Ethyl, although he is the personification of temperance. His greatest weakness, and which is also a source of much annoyance, to his room-mates, is his practicing of serenading the moon with the aid of a guitar. Turning on the Victrola does not feaze him, and his horrible sounds go on. It is hard to predict success in these times of overflowing professions, but we hope that the weaver of destinies has something in store for him.

"Lem, open the windows, and put out the lights!"





DAVID LEWIS RUFFNER
CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Ruff-nec," "Bottle"

"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."
—Byron.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball; Varsity Track.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final German; Class Football; Monogram Club (2, 1); Captain and Manager Track.

ONE day in September four years ago, a long, slim, drink of water, with coal dust still clinging to him, made his first appearance in the great metropolis of Lexington. He soon arrived at the arch, where he informed the O. D. that he was a coal digger from West Virginia, and that he wished to become a follower of Tommy. This noble specimen has worn chevrons off and on, but evidently does not like to wear them all the time. Now and then he studies and writes to "calic," or better, he writes to his "calic" now and studies then. He has already gotten parcel post rates on mail matter to some town in the wilds of West Virginia. "Ruff-nec's" ambitions are to be a civil engineer, so he can go back to the coal fields, and dig coal with a transit. With his tireless energy we feel sure that he will some day dig clear through that mountain. Here's luck to him, anyway.

"She's as sweet as ——."





CARLTON JACKSON SAUNDERS
RICHMOND, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Hippy," "Egg-Head"

"Oh, beautiful night, thou wert not made for sleep!"
—Byron.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Hop Committee.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Hop Committee.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; Assistant Leader Final Ball.

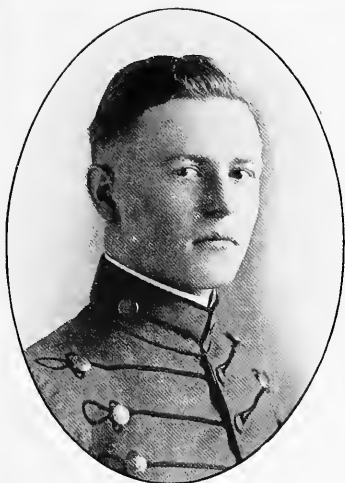
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Vice-President Cotillion Club; Assistant Cheer Leader; Captain Class Football; Assistant Leader Final German.

THIS specimen arrived from Richmond with a reputation as a "Lady Killer," and has lived up to it. We have been unable to find out if the extraordinary shape of his dome, or the attractive parabolic curve of his back, has been the chief attraction. When a Third Classman he joined the ranks of the Worthless Club, and rapidly rose to the leadership, his activities in this line being the talk of the barracks. We have to thank this young man, who, with E. Bruin, have made our Hops this year the most enjoyable in the history of the Institute. He is a Chemist by inclination, and if he is as successful in mixing the elements as he is in manipulating his many love affairs, his success is assured. Well, here's luck to you, "Hippy." We expect to see you rise at an early day to the top of your chosen profession, and we feel confident that you will not disappoint us.

"I hope little ducks!"



THE BOMB—1917



FRANK EAST SCHLEGEL
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Rusty," "Iron Filings"

*"He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness."* — Milton.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B"; Class Football.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

"RUSTY HARDBOY," official bouncer of 100-B, and uncontested leader of the scrap iron gang. A monstrous dog, I should say. Take a squint at his countenance, and see if you don't think his titles are appropriate. I am sure you would think so if you ever saw the original, and heard the harsh tones in which he speaks to the intruders of the "roof garden." It has been said that three times a day doth he call for nails with which to appease his hunger. When an all important corporal he created quite a sensation by putting the flags up upside down. MORAL: He who putteth the flags up upside down shall surely wear a clean sleeve. "Rusty" has two ambitions, one to find something that will remove rust, and the other to be a demon in the electrical world. But with all his hardness and rust, he has some fine qualities, and he leaves these yellow walls with best wishes for a prosperous future.



"Man, what you talkin' about?"





LEMUEL CORNICK SHEPHERD, JR.
NORFOLK, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Lem," "Shep," "Shem Lepherd"

"Thou ort the man to rule her."
— Tenyson.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Class Football.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; Varsity Track; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Football; Varsity Track; Marshal Final German.

"SHEM LEPHERD," "Dig Bog," smiter of hearts, otherwise known as "Lem." But do not judge too harshly, for this susceptible surveyor has raved wildly about three "Janes" in as many months. On passing No. 18 any night in "the wee small hours" he may be seen peacefully toiling on one of Tommy's structures, while he hums soft love ditties. Other times he can be found on top of the bed rolls sleeping peacefully. Occasionally he studies, and in honor of the occasion assumes remarkable poses to keep awake, such as kneeling on the table, or draping himself around the chair. His chief asset is his wonderful ability to express himself in such phrases as "A heap sight more better." This drinker of alum water resembles John Alden, the difference being that he needed no messenger boy to carry the news to Priscilla. We can safely say that his energy and kindness will help attain his highest ambitions.

"Suits me."





JOHN WALTER SQUIRE
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"Honka," "Judge"

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."
— Shakespeare.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

LADIES and gentlemen, behold! The only living specimen in captivity, brought here from the wilds of Port Norfolk. He is not wild — no, far from it. But his appearance? About as broad as he is long and shaped like a sack of flour tied in the middle. "Honka" chose to follow "Monk" in his electrical researches, and has followed faithfully ever since. His favorite pastime is to write and receive letters from Nashville. He had a fairly decent rep. before rooming with "Pig" and "Ruff-nec," but since — well, he's not responsible. He claims that he is going to put Thomas A. Edison out of sight, and in this he has our best wishes for a great success. Make a noise, "Honka."

"Hang around that like Grant hung around Richmond."





MATTHEW WEAVER STEELE
GREENWOOD, MISS.

Matriculated 1914

"Matt," "June," *Hard Boy*"

*"'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends,"*
— Wordsworth.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football;
Class Basket-Ball.

SECOND CLASS: Quartermaster Sergeant Co.
"F"; Class Basket-Ball; Varsity Football;
Marshal Final Ball.

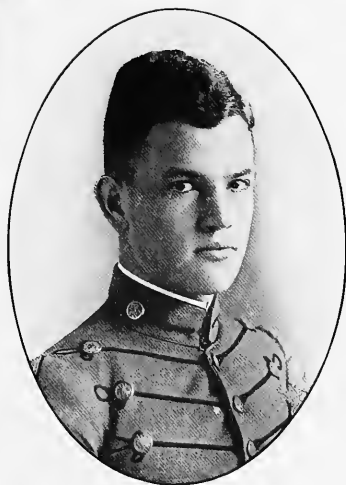
FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "F"; Varsity Foot-
ball; BOMB Staff; Class Basket-Ball; Mar-
shal Final German; Monogram Club (2, 1).

PULLING the cotton from his clothes, "June" came to us from a plantation near that one-horse town of Greenwood, Miss. He entered as a Third Class "rat," and at an early date took a prominent position in his class. "Matt" made a name for himself in football by fighting like a mad man from whistle to whistle. Although a countryman he takes great delight in all forms of society. Loudly does he call for his *Weekly Disappointment* on the day it is due to arrive, and eagerly doth he devour every line about the cotton market, or about the activities or crimes of his many home-town friends. But this is not all: every day he nearly worries the life out of his room-mates and Dulaney until they supply him with that bit of paper from Linger-Longer-Suite, Ward-Belmont. "Hard Boy" has never been known to fail at anything he has undertaken. May he be as successful in life as he has been in his V. M. I. career.

"How about somebody getting the mail!"



THE BOMB—1917



MERILE HARRIS STEVENSON
WILLIAMSON, W. VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Steve," "S. I. A. A.," "Bob"

*"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."* — Gray.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Cadet Dialectic Society.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "E"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Class Football; Debating Team; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "C"; Cadet Librarian; President Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German; Cadet Staff.

THIS specimen, as his face indicates, is an unadulterated product of the West Virginia coal fields. Arriving at barracks, he successfully ran the gauntlet of Third Classmen to his room, only to be confronted by "Maggie" and the "Chinaman." Undismayed, he doffed his short trousers, and entered into the struggle with the Yellow Peril, from which he emerged triumphant. This stage of development found him a mean Third Classman. He threw one bomb for which received ten drills, ten demerits, and corporal's chevrons at make-overs. This diplomatic stroke of the General routed the dare-devil bug from his head; the military bug took possession, and he deserted the first stoop annex. The year following he became a disciple of "Old Rat." Of his First Class year much can be said in a few words. The military bug has reigned supreme, and he has been a terror to both the running and the slippery. When he dons the red sash of authority, the exterior aspect of barracks would make the Deserted Village look like the Great White Way.

"Tuff as ——, ain't it, Maggie?"



THE BOMB-1917



GEORGE CALVIN TINSLEY
GLOUCESTER, VA.

Matriculated 1914

"George," "Cow"

*"The eternal feminine doth draw us on."
— Goethe-Faust.*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football;
Cadet Dialectic Society.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football;
Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ger-
man.

JUST as the year 1895 was about to go out and make room for its successor, there was an addition to this little world of ours in the form of our subject, "George." From this time on he grew and waxed strong in mind and body, until, as a stalwart country lad of nineteen summers, he turned his countenance towards Rockbridge County. As the East Lexington Special was backing painfully up from the trestle, some bold Third Classman spouted the usual quizz of "Where're you from. Mistah?" to our hero, who replied with the startlingly fresh retort of "I'm from Gloucester; where're you from?" Of course, he had to learn, but able hands were waiting anxiously to teach him. Tinsley has got the background for success in him, and all his friends feel that he will not stop short of something big, but we must warn him against the fair sex.

"I'll be John Browne!"





RICHARD WALKER, JR.
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Matriculated 1914
"Madam," "Dick"

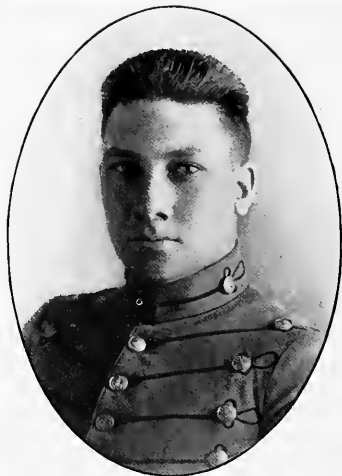
*"Not one returns to tell of the road,
Which to discover, we must travel, too."
— Omar Khayyam.*

- THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
- SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball.
- FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final German.

THIS beautiful boy is the original heart-breaker. He comes from that part of the continent where they say, "Aye, aye, Sir!" and is a regular sailor lad. However, we cannot account for a peculiar motion he has in walking, which reminds one of that well-known dance which is executed neither with the head or the feet. "Dick" loves to smoke his Sweet Briar pipe, and dream of girls with bobbed hair. He bravely upheld the traditions of the Guard Tree, and kept the occupants of No. 62 awake half the night, telling them of his discovery of a new sensation. With all her feminine faults, we wish our "Madam" the same success in life which she experienced under the old Guard Tree.

"This is a cruel world!"





JOSEPH GUTHRIE WARD
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Matriculated 1912

"Piggy," "B-Pig"

"Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk!"
— Nathaniel Lee.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Gym. Team.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C."

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

BACK in the dark ages when Lexington was reached only by a canal boat, this little "Pig," having strayed from its home in "Portsmouth, Va., Sir," came squealing into the arch. After two attempts he finally jumped the sty into the Third Class, and became a disciple of "Old Rat" a year later. "Pig" early had aspirations to be a gymnast, but finding that Mother Nature had not cast him in that mold, he assumed the part of a clown, for which he was better fitted. His activity in other branches of athletics was confined to "rooting" on the side line. "Pig" is a frequenter of the "Alyum," dividing his time between there and barracks. The highest office he has ever held was "Official Bouncer" at the Hops, and anyone who has ever seen him dance will testify that he is the man for the job. If "this bit of pork" has the capacity for work that he has for consuming food, his success in after life is assured.

"See???" "You know it???"



THE BOMB-1917



BENJAMIN HEATH WHITE
LEESBURG, VA.

Matriculated 1913

"Caruso," "Carus"

*"Sure it's fun to be a soldier!
Oh, it's fun! fun! fun!"*

— Kipling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A."

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Marshal Final German.

STOP, and look at this young man, gentle reader. How so many things can be encompassed by one noble brow is quite beyond "keydet" comprehension. This is the guy who "crew so" at one of the numerous "rat" sheenies that he came into the highest repute as a dirge singer. His songs, starting with the "Laundry List" and ending with "Evelyn Nesbit Thaw," became the greatest attraction at their formal receptions. However, when the greatest metropolis of Loudon County — Leesburg — sent this gentleman to represent her, she not only sent one who had been used to leading the church choir, but also one of remarkable athletic abilities. He is a shark when it comes to tennis, but as this was too narrow a field for him, he went out for football. He is now putting on weight to whip McDougal. As he took the French Medal away from "George Whistling" Blow, we can expect him to take care of himself.

"How about something to eat?"



THE BOMB—1917



WILLIAM MURRAY WHITTLE
MARTINSVILLE, VA.

Matriculated 1912

"Booze," "Gobble"

*"Of all the words of tongue and pen,
The soddest ore these, I've bulled again."
— Apologies to Whittier.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F"; Class Basket-
Ball; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "B"; Foot-
ball Squad; Final German Committee; Hop
Committee.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "D"; Varsity Foot-
ball; Monogram Club; Treasurer Y. M. C.
A.; Hop Committee.

"WHERE are you from, Mr. Whittle?" "Whittle's Depot, Sir!" This on one morning early in September, 1912. William Murray was christened "Booze" by "Old Nick" at a Christmas Dinner in 1912, when "Booze" first showed signs of being a "R. C." Because "Booze" unwillingly captivates the "calic" at every Hop, we are forced to deduce that he is handsome. His popularity was almost instantaneous, and he has always been one of the most popular men in the corps. To know him is to love him; to know him well is to laugh. He can convince any minister or Y. M. C. A. leader that he is a saint. "Booze" has the guilelessness of a baby, the politeness of a courtier, and the head of a judge. Go forth, old "Gobble," and make it hot for those in your path. We feel certain you'll make your mark, and wish you success.

"I'll be — if I know!"



THE BOMB-1917



EX-SEVENTEEN



Ex-Class Mates

Delinquencies—June 20, 1917

ADAMS, J. B.	Absent Final Formation	GAY, J. F., JR.	Absent Final Formation
BALDY, C. T.	Same	GLAZEBROOK, L. W. JR.	Same
BARNES, A. D.	Same	GRAY, F. C.	Same
BARRETT, W. S.	Same	GREEN, A. A.	Same
BENNETT, A.	Same	HARPER, R. N.	Same
BERRY, W. T.	Same	HAYES, R.	Same
BRIGGS, A. K.	Same	HITCH, R. C. W.	Same
BRONSON, F. P.	Same	HOLT, H. W.	Same
BRONSON, T. C.	Same	HUGHES, J. B.	Same
BURGIN, S. E.	Same	HULL, R. M.	Same
BURRUSS, J. W.	Same	HUTCHINSON, H.	Same
CAMPBELL, W. P.	Same	IZARD, J. J.	Same
CARROLL, A. M.	Same	JONES, C. H.	Same
CHEWNING, J. C.	Same	KENNARD, H. J.	Same
CHITUM, H. T.	Same	KIMBERLY, J. B.	Same
COCHRAN, C. F.	Same	LAFFERTY, F. R.	Same
COLE, J.	Same	LA ROWE, H. E.	Same
COLLIER, E. D.	Same	LINDNER, J. A.	Same
CORY, J. L.	Same	MCANERNEY, J., II	Same
CORY, L. O.	Same	MCDAVID, J. R. S.	Same
CRITTENDEN, G. D.	Same	MARSH, W. R.	Same
DAVID, R. F.	Same	MARTIN, R. J.	Same
DAVIE, W. B.	Same	MARTIN, W. P.	Same
DIXON, W. H.	Same	MASON, H. P.	Same
DOVE, P. W.	Same	MASSIE, H. W.	Same
DUFUR, W. M.	Same	MASSIE, W. N.	Same
EARLEY, R. N.	Same	MICHAUX, E. R.	Same
EMOND, R. A.	Same	MORGAN, W. H.	Same
EWELL, J. R.	Same	NELSON, J. C.	Same
FAISON, P. K.	Same	OAKES, L. L.	Same
FIELDS, W. A.	Same	PATE, H. L.	Same
FRANKLIN, H. C.	Same	PATTERSON, A. S.	Same
GALLAGHER, J. C.	Same	PERKINSON, T. R.	Same
GATLING, P. F. P.	Same	POTTS, P. M.	Same



THE BOMB—1917

POTTS, T. R.	Absent Final Formation	STURKE, A. F.	Absent Final Formation
RAGLAND, J. P.	Same	SULLIVAN, M. E.	Same
RYALL, G. D.	Same	THORNTON, A. L.	Same
SCHOEN, E. C.	Same	TOMLINSON, J. B.	Same
SCHWALB, J. H.	Same	WARWICK, H. C.	Same
SCOTT, T. B.	Same	WHITING, T. S.	Same
SHADLE, H. B.	Same	WILLIAMS, L. M.	Same
SKINNER, C. M.	Same	WILSON, N. F.	Same
SMITH, J. K.	Same	WOOD, J. W.	Same
SNYDER, R. Q. S.	Same	WOODWARD, F. D.	Same
SPENCE, E. H.	Same	WOOL, T. J.	Same
SPICER, R.	Same	WRIGHT, J. M.	Same
STALLINGS, G. A.	Same	YEATMAN, J. C.	Same



Class Poem, 1917

*Our duty called; our answer came;
And we set out for Lexington.
Of naught we knew when we left home,
Except the grey to don.*

*But we were not so slow to learn
How "rats" should act, "fin" out,"
and drill;
And soon a "rep" Seventeen did earn
For working with a will.*

*Then corporals came, and corporals
went,
Because they loved to shoot a bomb;
Some took the train, some walked night-
tours —
"Old Nick" sure made things hum.*

*When Second Classmen we became,
We left behind our childish ways;
Grave dignity soon o'er us stole,
And we did count our days.*

*And then we donned the First Class
cape:
Class privileges next we claimed:
We set the pace; we honor did
To Alma Mater's name.*

*For four long years we've tried and
dared;
We've done the work; we've stood
the whip;
And what we've worked for these four
years,
We've got at last — our dip.*

*And now again our duty calls,
In different paths from heretofore,
For some will never see again
Their classmates — friends of yore.*

*And now again our answer comes —
To follow duty, do the right,
Still by our Alma Mater's name
To stick with all our might.*





FIRST CLASS 1917

A History



FOR four long years we have tasted the bitterness of reveille, drills, penalty tours, mess hall growley, restricted limits, and the thousand other discomforts of the "virile life of a cadet." From this point of view they were "long" years — long indeed, and we might appropriately overstep the laws of rhetoric and spell it with a capital "L." Yet there is another point of view — the parting of the best of friends, proven true by the four years of comradeship, and the standing by each other in all hardships. We are now on the point of leaving our Alma Mater, within whose walls are wrapped the fondest memories. Too swiftly has old Father Time rolled his four years along, and great will be our sorrow when we shall part with the scenes of the years of our cadetship. Soon we shall hear for the last time the sad sweet notes of taps, whose dying echoes faintly resound from the neighboring hills. Then will our thoughts go back over the four short years, and we shall be glad we entered here.

Entering the Fourth Class one hundred and forty strong, it looked as though Seventeen was destined to break all records for a large class. But our ranks have been thinned by resignations, failures, and involuntary departures, until now only fifty-nine remain. Yet with every decrease in her numbers old Seventeen has assumed heavier responsibilities, and as a First Class is the first to uphold the plan of treatment of new cadets, initiated by the Class of '16. We have Class Distinction more marked, and in every way we have fought for the best interests of V. M. I. all



FIRING SALUTE



THE BOMB—1917



THE PITS

through our cadetship. The Class has ever stood as a unit, and has borne well the responsibilities placed upon it. In athletics we have furnished a large percentage of the monogram men on all teams, whose loss will be greatly felt in the next few years. For four years O. B. Bucher, as President, has guided the Class with a master

hand, always standing for the best interests of the Class and the Institute.

For four years we have been together, and now we are to step abruptly into the great battle of life. Let us do so with the training we have received here always in mind, and all the while remembering that "We may be whatsoever we resolve to be." The Historian realizes only too well his inability to do justice to the Class in words. We pass from the Institute to what is to come with a brave heart, and although our course in life necessitates separation, the love for our Class and the Institute will always be the tie that binds us as one. To each member of the Class every other member extends his honest wish for success, and to the Institute the entire Class extends its honest wish for a perpetuation of the honor and fame she has already won.

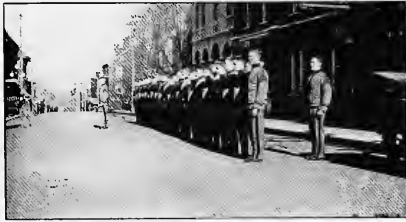
HISTORIAN.



Circus



THE BOMB—1917



FIRST CLASS



A GAME



THE BOMB-1917



H. P. MASON, Jr.
HAMPTON, VA.

SEVENTEEN ON



G. W. WHITE
LEXINGTON, VA.





T. S. WHITING
HAMPTON, VA.



THE BORDER

E. R. MICHAUX
GOLDSBORO, N. C.





Y. C. LEE

“CHINAMEN”



V. T. MAW



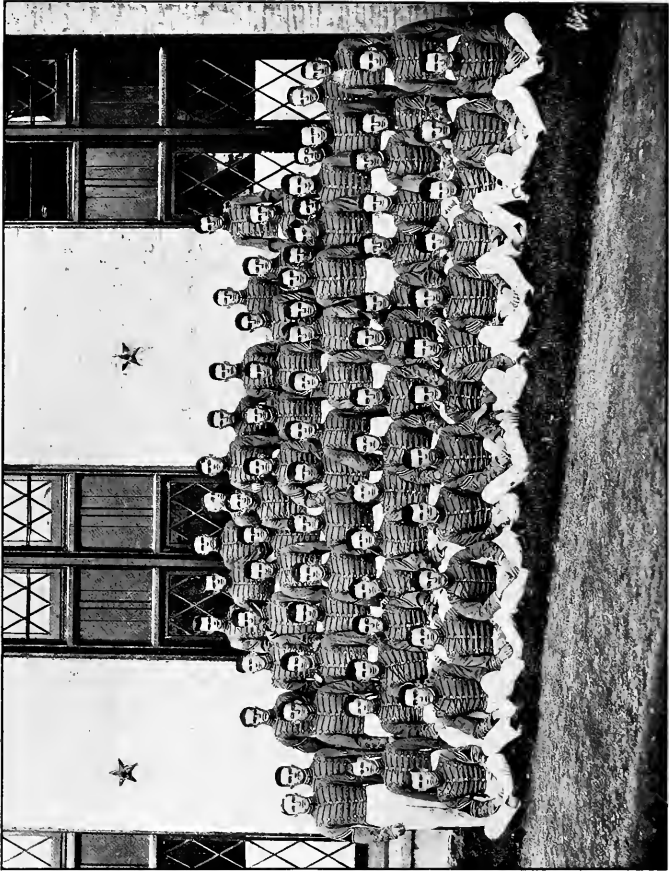
THE BOMB—1917



SECOND CLASS



THE BOMB-1917



SECOND CLASS GROUP



Class of 1918

COLORS: Black and Orange

CLASS OFFICERS

H. PERCY GRAY	PRESIDENT
P. W. ROOT	VICE-PRESIDENT
S. B. WITT	HISTORIAN

CLASS ROLL

ADKINS, F.	Richmond, Va.	JENKINS, J.	Newport News, Va.
ALVERSON, H. L.	Danville, Va.	JONES, F. B.	Gloucester, Va.
ARMISTEAD, F. V.	Richmond, Va.	KEITH, J. W.	Beaumont, Tex.
BANCROFT, T. O.	Orange, Tex.	KYLE, G.	Lynchburg, Va.
BELLEZZA, R. G.	Virginia Beach, Va.	LAFFERTY, E. R., JR.	Richmond, Va.
BERTSCHEY, S. L.	Phoebus, Va.	LAMB, E. B.	Richmond, Va.
BLAIR, A. H.	Max Meadows, Va.	MARSHALL, P. J.	Winchester, Va.
BRADFORD, J. R.	New York, N. Y.	MARR, R. A., JR.	Norfolk, Va.
BUTLER, P. S.	Norfolk, Va.	MELCALFE, H., JR.	Wilczinski, Miss.
CALDWELL, F. Y.	East Radford, Va.	METCALFE, W. R.	Greenville, Miss.
CAMPBELL, A. H.	Cleveland, Ohio.	METTENHEIMER, J. M.	Bastrop, Tex.
CANTRELL, C. C.	Greenville, Tex.	MICHIE, H. N.	Durham, N. C.
CARNEAL, C. W.	Richmond, Va.	MILLER, C. B., JR.	Goldsboro, N. C.
CARY, T. A. JR.	Richmond, Va.	MCCAULEY, J. W.	San Antonio, Tex.
CHURCH, J. F.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	MCGILL, W. M.	Petersburg, Va.
COLE, S. H.	Norfolk, Va.	NELSON, J. C., JR.	Norfolk, Va.
CULVER, J. I.	St. Louis, Mo.	NEUBURGER, B. J.	Joplin, Mo.
CURTIS, D. C.	Lee Hall, Va.	PARKER, A. W.	Franklin, Va.
DEW, T. R.	Lynchburg, Va.	PATTERSON, R. K. M.	Petersburg, Va.
ECHOLS, J.	Glasgow, Va.	PEEBLES, C. W.	Lawrenceville, Va.
EDWARDS, A. D.	Terrell, Tex.	PEELER, R. McC.	Huntsville, Ala.
FOY, F. H.	Eufaula, Ala.	PERKINSON, R.	Danville, Va.
FOY, L. W.	Eufaula, Ala.	POTTS, T. R.	Richmond, Va.
GAMBLE, J. G.	Tallahassee, Fla.	REILLEY, M. E.	Charlotte, N. C.
GATEWOOD, A. R.	Newport News, Va.	RIPLEY, E. H.	Taylor, Tex.
GILLET, J. N. D.	Newport News, Va.	ROBERTSON, R. G., JR.	Lynchburg, Va.
GOODMAN, W. G.	Champaign, Ill.	ROOT, P. W.	St. Louis, Mo.
GOULD, W. T., JR.	Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.	SEMMEES, B. W. L.	Newport News, Va.
GRAY, H. P.	Richmond, Va.	SULLIVAN, J. J.	Lynchburg, Va.
GUEST, J. L.	Richmond, Va.	TAYLOR, J. M.	Richmond, Va.
HALEY, W. A., JR.	Clifton Forge, Va.	TAYLOR, J.	Milburn, N. J.
HARRISON, W., JR.	Duluth, Minn.	THOMAS, J. A.	Scranton, Pa.
HARRISON, L. A.	Appomattox, Va.	THORNTON, A. L.	Fredericksburg, Va.
HAWKINS, C. T.	Charleston, W. Va.	THROCKMORTON, R. W.	Muskogee, Okla.
HERMAN, S. S.	Danville, Va.	TOWERS, R. S.	Jacksonville, Fla.
HICKS, H. P.	Axton, Va.	TRUSLOW, H. B.	Falmouth, Va.
HOCK, C.	Roanoke, Va.	VAN DYKE, W. J.	Baltimore, Md.
HUNTT, S. H.	Richmond, Va.	WARE, J. H.	Richmond, Va.
HUGHES, G. W.	Lynchburg, Va.	WATSON, T. M.	Dallas, Tex.
INGRAM, S. L.	Richmond, Va.	WEST, R. G.	Austin, Tex.
JAMES, R. P.	Richmond, Va.	WILLIAMS, J. W.	Richmond, Va.
JEFFRIES, F. C.	Norfolk, Va.	WITT, S. B.	Richmond, Va.





SECOND CLASS 1918

A History

JUNE 24TH — SEPTEMBER 7TH. It couldn't be! Why it was only yesterday that the "cheeky mister," who had stepped all over your heels during the year, straightened out your dike at S. E. I., lifted both guns at Butts Manual, and had acted always as a "rat" should act, disregarding all threats of death, and other horrible forms of torture, had proceeded to place his number tens (in terms of football phraseology) squarely between the bars. The result was most disconcerting and embarrassing. Funny was the way she described it that night, but you failed to see the joke; and wasn't he "cute"? (Oh! Yes! Wasn't he?) That last night with all its anticipatory pleasures of your summer furlough was past, and now again history was repeating itself — September 7th, and ten months more. (Oh, Lord, how long!)

Of course, the first person you saw was that "cheeky mister," perched upon a trunk in the arch, like some hideous old gargoyle, with a grin from ear to ear. (Dern that mister's soul! I'm going to run him out for football this year.) Then Tom with his "agony whistle" appears; and finally the best fellows in the world — your Classmates. And such tales! Bear Hunts, Camps, Round Ups, Yacht Trips, and — er — "Well, is she keen?" Violet eyes, golden hair, and dance —

"Say, how about a date?"

Civil, Electrical, Chemical or Liberal Arts — ay, there's the rub"; "to be or not to be." Whether it was nobler to become an adherent of "Tommy," a votary of "Monk," a disciple of "Old Rat," or a devotee of "Chappie," was the question. Naturally, "what would father



SHAVED HEADS





CONVICT

say" carried with it a great deal of weight, or else an elaborate explanation later.

"No further seek their merits to disclose,

Or draw their frailties from their dread abode,"

for "this is sacred ground," and "the way of the transgressor is hard."

After this momentous decision came two more of far greater importance to Eighteen — the election of Class Officers, and Leader and Assistant Leader of the Final Ball. H. P. Gray, of Richmond, Va., was again chosen President and P. W. Root, of St. Louis, Mo., Vice-President. They have guided the destiny of Eighteen through the mad revels of the Third Class, and in their re-election the Class expresses the utmost confidence that they will carry them through this year with as much success. The choice for Leader of the Final Ball fell upon P. J. Marshall, of Winchester, Va., while L. W. Foy, of Eufaula, Ala., was elected Assistant.

Both are experienced men and ably fitted for their positions, and Eighteen looks forward to Finals in anticipation of the "Best Yet" in way of figures.

Our Class has every reason to feel proud of her record in athletics. Root, Gray, Marshall, P., Bertschey and Hawkins, C., fought for the old Institute with that spirit so characteristic of his "dip," and were rewarded with monograms. Bertschey was elected Captain for next year. In basket-ball Marshall, P. (Captain), Hock and Bertschey bid fair to land positions on the quint. We are as ably represented in track and baseball. Taylor, J., Thornton and Root showed up well in the former, while Marshall, P., won a monogram in baseball. On the scrubs we had many who made a fairly creditable showing.

There is one thing toward which every cadet looks forward with as much eagerness and longing as he does to his "dip." That is his Class-Ring. It is the one event in his Second Class year, and stands for all that is dear to him, his school and



THE BOMB—1917

his Class. To every cadet in the Class of 1918 his ring is the consummation of all the ties of loyalty, honor and love which bind him to his Alma Mater, and the Adamantine chain of friendship, which his cadet life has forged and linked to those of his classmates. Eighteen, now bound by every tie that binds Classmate to Class, and Class to School, looks forward to the pleasures and privileges of the First Class year with anticipation not unmixed with regret that within the short space of a year our "Keydet" days will be over forever.

HISTORIAN.



TENT PITCHING DRILL



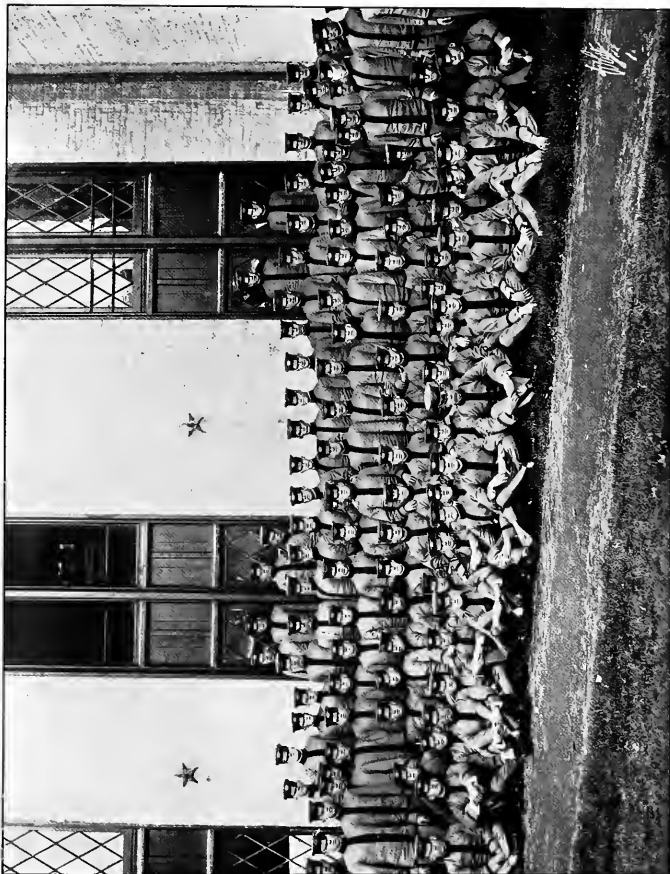
THE BOMB-1917



THE 1000
CLASS



THE BOMB-1917



THIRD CLASS GROUP

Class of 1919

OFFICERS

W. G. WILLS, JR.....	PRESIDENT
J. J. SULLIVAN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. L. ROBERDEAU.....	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

ADDISON, W. M.....	Richmond, Va.	HARRISON, W., JR.....	Duluth, Minn.
ANDERSON, B. N.....	Norfolk, Va.	HEARNE, J. G.....	St. Louis, Mo.
BANCROFT, T. O.....	Orange, Texas	HIGGINS, J. D.....	McKenzie, Tenn.
BAUSERMAN, E. VAN H.....	Woodstock, Va.	HUGHES, C. E.....	Danville, Va.
BADHAM, J. T.....	Birmingham, Ala.	HUGHES, S. E., JR.....	Danville, Va.
BARRETT, F. S.....	Newport News, Va.	HUNTER, C. K.....	Appomattox, Va.
BATTLE, H.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.	HURT, H. A., JR.....	Fort Worth, Tex.
BENNERS, A.....	Ambler, Pa.	IMBOON, W. D.....	Rusk, Tex.
BOND, R. N., JR.....	Brownsville, Tenn.	JACKSON, C. R.....	Petersburg, Va.
BRANCH, A.....	Wilson, N. C.	JENNINGS, W. L.....	Newport News, Va.
BROWN, P.....	Lexington, Va.	JERNIGIN, R. C.....	Commerce, Tex.
BUCK, H. M.....	New York, N. Y.	JONES, C. A., JR.....	Boyce, Va.
BURGER, H. I.....	Natural Bridge, Va.	JONES, T. D.....	Petersburg, Va.
BUTLER, E. L.....	St. Francisville, La.	JONES, W. G.....	Norfolk, Va.
CARR, D. C.....	Portsmouth, Va.	KEEZELL, N. H.....	Keezletown, Va.
CARROLL, A. M.....	Burlington, N. C.	KELLOGG, K. L.....	Richmond, Va.
CARTER, J. P.....	Lynchburg, Va.	KERLIN, E. G.....	Roanoke, Va.
CASEY, B. W.....	Lynchburg, Va.	KING, S. W.....	Alexandria, Va.
CASEY, W. M.....	Lynchburg, Va.	KNAPP, F. D.....	Richmond, Va.
CASTLEMAN, L.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	LAKE, C. H.....	Memphis, Tenn.
CHEYNE, W. E.....	Hampton, Va.	LEWIS, Y., JR.....	Dallas, Tex.
CLAPP, R. V.....	Cleveland, Ohio.	LOWRY, L. B.....	Tampa, Fla.
COLE, S. H.....	Norfolk, Va.	MARCHANT, B. W.....	Mathews, Va.
CONWAY, E. R., JR.....	Henderson, Ky.	MARSHALL, A. J.....	Mingo, W. Va.
COX, R. O., JR.....	Rome, Ga.	MARSHALL, J. P.....	Simeon Post Office, Va.
CROCKETT, G. S., JR.....	Accomac, Va.	MARTIN, F. K.....	Norton, Va.
DANCE, P. R.....	Richmond, Va.	MASSIE, W. W.....	Tyro, Va.
DASHIELL, D. F.....	Smithfield, Va.	MELTON, W. F.....	Glen Allen, Va.
DEW, T. R.....	Lynchburg, Va.	MERTZ, O. L.....	San Benito, Tex.
DILLON, E., JR.....	Lexington, Va.	MONCURE, J. A., JR.....	Richmond, Va.
DOWNING, L. B.....	Fairport, Va.	MONTJOY, L.....	Greenwood, Miss.
DRENNAN, C. W.....	Birmingham, Ala.	MOORE, W. B.....	Chesterfield, S. C.
ECHOLS, M. P.....	University, Va.	MORTON, T. F.....	Fort Worth, Tex.
ENGLEBY, G. B.....	Roanoke, Va.	MUNSON, H. H.....	Richmond, Va.
FRANKLIN, J. R.....	Lynchburg, Va.	MCCELVEY, G. E.....	Temple, Tex.
GARY, B. R.....	Newport News, Va.	MCCABE, J. B.....	Leesburg, Va.
GIBSON, H. D.....	Fredericksburg, Va.	MCEACHIN, T. C., JR.....	Jacksonville, Fla.
GILL, E. H.....	Petersburg, Va.	MCFALL, J. C., JR.....	Danville, Va.



THE BOMB-1917

McGILL, W. M.	Petersburg, Va.	SULLIVAN, J. J.	Lynchburg, Va.
OWENS, S. W.	Richmond, Va.	TAYLOR, F. M.	Kinston, N. C.
OWENS, W. I.	Richmond, Va.	TAYLOR, J. H.	Norfolk, Va.
PARKHURST, R. B.	Charleston, W. Va.	THOMAS, C. R.	Guinea Mills, Va.
PAYNE, H. P. M.	Nashville, Tenn.	THOMPSON, J. M.	Fort Worth, Texas
PFEIFLER, J. H.	Edmore, Mich.	THOMSON, E. W.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
QUIGLEY, E. M.	Alton, Ill.	TUCKER, I. D.	Blackstone, Va.
RADFORD, L., JR.	Forest Depot, Va.	VAN WAGENEN, F.	Danville, Va.
RAWLINGS, W. P.	Lawrenceville, Va.	WALEIS, S. T.	Washington, D. C.
RHODY, J. T., JR.	Galax, Va.	WEBB, H. H., JR.	New York, N. Y.
ROANE, T. W.	Fredericksburg, Va.	WILKINS, I. C.	Suffolk, Va.
ROBERDEAU, H. L.	Austin, Tex.	WILKINSON, W. H., JR.	Bedford, Va.
ROTHERT, J. M.	Richmond, Va.	WILLIAMS, G.	Chase City, Va.
ROUNTREE, L. C.	Sherman, Tex.	WILLIAMS, J. W.	Richmond, Va.
RUDDOLPH, C. C.	Jacksonville, Fla.	WILLIAMSON, R. B.	Graham, Va.
RUFFIN, T. E.	Danville, Va.	WILLIAMSON, T. S., JR.	Danville, Va.
SALE, E. A.	Lexington, Va.	WILLS, W. G., JR.	Lynchburg, Va.
SCOTT, F. R.	Richmond, Va.	WIMBERLY, B. B.	Rocky Mount, N. C.
SHACKELFORD, W. C., JR.	Birmingham, Ala.	WITHERS, N. R.	Suffolk, Va.
SMITH, D. V.	Leesville, Va.	WOODWARD, C. D.	College Park, Ga.
SMITH, R. M.	Chicago, Ill.	YANCEY, H. A.	Waynesboro, Va.
STUART, A. R.	Newport News, Va.	YOUNG, H. D. W.	Blackstone, Va.
STUBBLEFIELD, J. S.	Pine Bluff, Ark.	YOUNG, R. B., JR.	Fort Worth, Tex.





THIRD CLASS

1919

A History



HERE are three great epochs in the cadet's life: First, when he becomes an "old" cadet, and is allowed the privilege of walking on the inside of the stoop, slouching whenever an opportunity permits, and doing numerous other things that distinguish the "mean Third Classman"; second, the receipt of his class ring, and third, the capture of the elusive "dip."

And lo! we have come unto the first epoch.

Each year during the first week of September, every incoming train brings back the Third Classmen; each one nonchalantly looks at the Institute, as it looms into view, and remarks, "Well, it looks about the same as usual," or "Back to prison for nine long months."

One week later — The Third Classman has been having new sensations. The upper classmen treat him as if he were almost human and he has almost gotten into the habit of leaving his room before buttoning his blouse. He visits occasionally, and has acquired the act of looking bored when he is caught. The height of his ambition is to be the President of the Z. D. C's., and he proudly displays his one service stripe to the gaze of the envious world. The Corporals, prouder than peacocks, strut about with an indifference, equal to that of a Fifth Avenue clubman, taking great pains to make sure that their chevrons are noticeable from every point of view.



CALISTHENICS



THE BOMB—1917

A new cadet passes and the Third Classman looks upon him contemptuously, and exclaims, "Isn't he the dumbest looking animal you ever saw?" And he was. But, then, a "rat" will ever be dumb looking, and the difference is only a matter of degree.

Football season appeared, and not to be outdone, 1919 sent Sullivan, Engleby, Knapp and Thomas out after monograms and they brought the "bacon" home.

In basket-ball Nineteen furnished three men: Wills, Sullivan and Engleby, and needless to say they did credit to their institution and to their class.

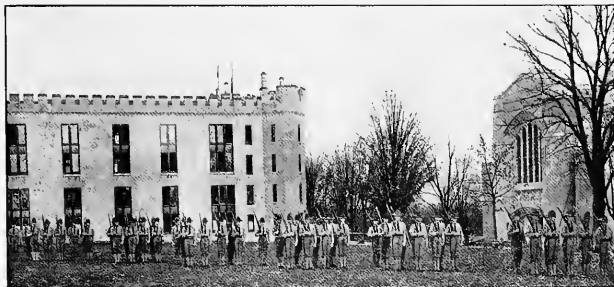
Mid-year exams found us struggling with our studies, and after a three weeks' argument with these producers of wracked nerves and a craving for sleep and more sleep, most of us found that we had crossed over the line of danger. But in the encounter we lost six of our classmates, and our sympathy goes out to them. Even though they are now with another class or have departed into the world of life, they are still our classmates, and 1919 will never forget them.

Turning to the second term we find Hops, the Inaugural Parade, Finals, and visions of two service stripes, and that treasure whose worth is measured in the love of the "old gray coat" and of friends true as steel.

Claiming the distinction of being the first non-hell-raising Third Class, '19 is going to stay together, and make a record that will shine as a beacon to future classes that will pass through these walls. And in the years to come may time strengthen the friendships that have grown up pure as flowers and cast their fragrance over our declining years.



THE BOMB—1917



COMPANY DRILL



S. E. I.



Red, White, and Yellow



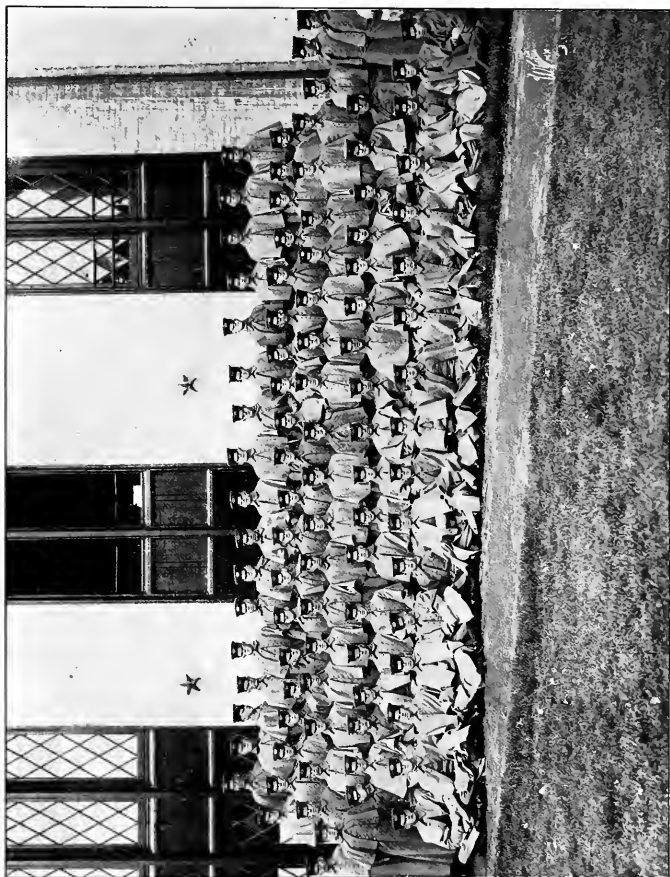
“Red, White and Yellow floats
on high,
The Institute shall never die;
So now Keydets, with one
voice cry,
God bless our team and V. M. I.”



THE GOMB-1917



THE BOMB-1917



FOURTH CLASS GROUP



Class of 1920

OFFICERS

R. E. BARNES	PRESIDENT
E. S. JEFFRIES	VICE-PRESIDENT
S. L. AUSTIN	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

ADDISON, G. D.	Richmond, Va.	GROOVER, P.	Quitman, Ga.
ADELSTEIN, K. M.	Smithfield, Va.	HAGAN, J. C., JR.	Richmond, Va.
ADKINS, E. M.	Lynchburg, Va.	HAIRSTON, R.	Reidsville, N. C.
ALLISON, P. R.	Douglas, Ariz.	HAMILTON, F. W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
ALVIS, R.	Fishersville, Va.	HANCOCK, B. L.	Lynchburg, Va.
ARMSTRONG, H.	Syracuse, N. Y.	HARPER, R. F.	Pinners Point, Va.
ARRINGTON, W. A.	Arrington, Va.	HARDY, W. H., JR.	Fort Worth, Tex.
AUSTIN, S. L.	Chicago, Ill.	HARRIS, R. B.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
BACHARACH, B.	Atlantic City, N. J.	HARTLEY, K.	Fairmont, W. Va.
BARKER, C. C.	Axton, Va.	HASKELL, J. C.	Mineral, Va.
BARLEY, L. C.	Alexandria, Va.	HAWKINS, S. A., JR.	Charleston, W. Va.
BARNES, R. E.	Bluefield, W. Va.	HERROLD, V. W.	Newport, Ky.
BENNETTS, T. H., JR.	Birmingham, Ala.	HERRING, F. L.	Moss Point, Miss.
BERRY, F. W.	Luray, Va.	HICKS, J. W.	Graham, Va.
BLACK, W. M., JR.	Washington, D. C.	HIGE, C. E., JR.	Frankfort, Ky.
BLY, M. C.	Leesburg, Va.	HOOD, C. R.	Hood's Post Office, Miss.
BLETCHER, F. O.	Winnipeg, Can.	HOYT, A. N.	Duluth, Minn.
BOWLES, J. C.	Columbia, Va.	IREYS, H. T.	Frankfort, Ky.
BUNDY, R. J.	Cleveland, Ohio	JACKSON, M. C., JR.	Petersburg, Va.
BURCH, E. F.	Leesburg, Va.	JEFFERIES, E. S.	New York, N. Y.
BUTLER, C. N.	Philadelphia, Pa.	JOHNSTON, H. S.	Fredericksburg, Va.
CANNON, E. R., JR.	Charlotte, N. C.	JONES, T. M., JR.	Decatur, Ala.
CATES, MacF. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.	JORDAN, J. C., JR.	Danville, Va.
CATO, R. E., JR.	Americus, Ga.	KEERANS, C. L.	New York, N. Y.
CHAPMAN, F. J.	Salem, Va.	KIMLEY, R. B.	Oklmulgee, Okla.
CHISHOLM, W. S.	Charlottesville, Va.	KIRVEN, C.	Corsicana, Tex.
CHUNG, DE SENN.	Oakland, Cal.	KIRWAN, J. McG.	Baltimore, Md.
CLAY, R. M.	Catlettsburg, Ky.	KYSER, C. M.	Fort Worth, Tex.
COHEN, H.	Norton, Va.	LACY, S. C.	Winchester, Va.
COMEGYS, E. F.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	LEECH, J. C.	Lexington, Va.
CRAIGHILL, D. H.	Lynchburg, Va.	LANGE, L. G.	New Orleans, La.
CROCKETT, W. S.	Admore, Okla.	LeMASTER, E. B.	Memphis, Tenn.
CUTCHINS, S.	Richmond, Va.	LITTON, W. B.	Dryden, Va.
DANCE, D. R.	Corinth, Miss.	LOTH, F. R.	Waynesboro, Va.
DAVIS, N. B.	Palatka, Fla.	LUPTON, C. P.	Lynchburg, Va.
DERRYBERRY, M. E.	Nashville, Tenn.	LYONS, M. H.	Mobile, Ala.
DRAPER, H. D.	Santa Barbara, Cal.	MANN, J. C.	Greenwood, Miss.
DUDLEY, H. E.	Danville, Va.	MASSIE, W. H., JR.	Washington, Va.
EVA, V. F.	Duluth, Minn.	MASIA, J.	Chang Chun, China
FAIRLAMB, W. F.	Richmond, Va.	MILLER, J. P.	Crockett, Va.
FINLEY, H. P.	Williamsburg, Ky.	MILTON, W. H., JR.	Wilmington, N. C.
FORD, W. K.	Clifton Forge, Va.	MONROE, E. R., JR.	Brookneal, Va.
FREEMAN, H. G.	Richmond, Va.	MONTCOMERY, W., JR.	Spartanburg, S. C.
GAILLARD, C. C.	Greenville, Tex.	MONTGOMERY, Z. D.	Frankfort, Ky.
GEHEGAN, W. M.	Chase City, Va.	MOORE, T. O.	New Bern, N. C.
GLENN, W. R.	Asheville, N. C.	MORRISON, H. T.	Richmond, Va.
GRAHAM, A. H.	Harrisonburg, Va.	NEWELL, J. R.	Richmond, Va.
GREEN, F. K.	Middleburg, Va.	NEWELL, W. M.	Stephens City, Va.



THE BOMB-1917

NORVELL, L. JR.	Beaumont, Tex.	SIMMONS, M.	Norfolk, Va.
NURNEY, J. W.	Suffolk, Va.	SIRMAN, W. C.	Port Norfolk, Va.
O'HAIR, R. H.	Greencastle, Ind.	SLACK, T. A.	Fort Worth, Tex.
PARKER, J. W.	Yazoo City, Miss.	SMITH, A. C.	Ladysmith, Wis.
PARKS, T. E.	Union City, Tenn.	SMITH, E. A., JR.	Rhodiss, N. C.
PARROTT, J. C.	Roanoke, Va.	SMITH, W. N. H.	Raleigh, N. C.
PAXTON, W. C.	Danville, Va.	SMITH, J. A.	New Orleans, La.
PITTMAN, D. B.	Luray, Va.	STRAWN, B. L.	Strawn, Tex.
POLK, I. H.	Monrovia, Cal.	SWAIN, L. N.	Danville, Va.
POTTS, J. D., JR.	Richmond, Va.	SWIFT, C. G.	West View, Va.
PRITCHETT, J. I.	Lynchburg, Va.	TURMAN, S. B.	Tampa, Fla.
REID, J. K.	The Plains, Va.	TURNER, H. McC.	Zanoni, Va.
RIPLEY, F. E., JR.	Taylor, Tex.	WALLACE, C.	Fredericksburg, Va.
ROBERTS, W. T. S.	Lexington, Va.	WALLER, E. Y.	Bonham, Tex.
ROBERTSON, H. H.	Blackstone, Va.	WATERS, W. S.	Los Angeles, Cal.
ROBERTSON, J. C.	Salem, Va.	WEISEL, S. R.	Norfolk, Va.
ROBINSON, J. K. E.	Lexington, Va.	WELSH, C. T.	Lexington, Va.
RUSSELL, W. E.	Lancaster, Va.	WHITFIELD, G. D.	Newsums, Va.
RUSSELL, E. R., JR.	Asheville, N. C.	WILLIAMS, E. B.	Memphis, Tenn.
SAFFOLD, P. W.	Montgomery, Ala.	WILLIAMS, E. J.	Jackson, Ga.
SCHWARTZ, B. W.	Wyomissing, Pa.	WINSTON, W. A.	Kingston, N. Y.
SEELYE, T. T., JR.	New York, N. Y.	WOODSON, J. S.	Oakman, Ala.
SEWARD, L. C.	Petersburg, Va.	YANCEY, J. G.	Collins, Ga.
SILVERSTEIN, J. L.	Charleston, W. Va.		





FOURTH CLASS 1920

PICTURE — if you can — a vine-covered summer house resting on a smooth, green lawn, which slopes gently down to a blue and white sea, scintillating from the rays of a summer-resort sun. You recognize it, don't you? On a summer estate, of course!

Now listen! What's that? No, not that tinkling laugh, but that steady — Oh! It's the creak of a porch swing. Well, that sounds interesting — let's go around in front. I knew it, didn't you? The Summer Girl with the Summer Boy, swinging with all the care-free happiness, that is "characteristic of the species." They have a book in their laps which they are looking at — *some* of the time. It looks like a - - - - Yep! It's a BOMB. Let's go nearer; curiosity never killed a man, you know.

Hm-m-m-m, keep still a minute; we may hear something. Look, he's pointing. What is it, a "keydet" lieutenant in full dike? Listen!

" . . . and you'll see me just like that. You see, I know quite a little about that stuff."

He's turned the page. Now what?

"Just a snap of a 'keydet' leaning out of his window, talking to a 'calic.' Yes, I'll try to get a lower room, so when you come up, I can do like that!"

What are you laughing at? Now you've spoiled the picture.

Picture again — no need to describe this; the old barracks doesn't change much with time. Speaking of time, it's 6:20 now. Let's go up and watch the boys come back from supper. Get in the arch — we won't be in the way. Here they come! Yes, those are the "rats" in that line down the middle. What? Did you ask



LEXINGTON SPECIAL



THE BOMB—1917



DETRAINING

All of which pans down to the sad yet eventful time when on the evening of September 6, 1916, the Class of 1920, one hundred and twenty-two strong, straggled through the arch in much the same manner as our hero. Those were the "times which tried men's souls," and many a poor "rat" looked longingly out of his window and wondered whether after all it was worth while.

But before we realized it, came football days, and days when we were less "gross." Most of us stood on the sidelines and rooted for a team we were proud of, and to which we supplied three very good men — Leech and Silverstein in the back-field, and Hawkins, S., in the line.

On top of this came our first trip — to Roanoke, followed by the unexpected joy of Norfolk, and things began to look up. While we were still writing "calic" of that trip Christmas was upon us, and we blossomed forth as old cadets for an all too-short day.

The Christmas Hops diverted us for a minute, and we awoke to find ourselves on the perilous voyage through the rapids of exams. With a few additions and subtractions we steered through these — the while our pride was lifted by having Leech and Bacharach make basket-ball, with Barnes, Jennings, Silverstein and Gary, good scrubs.

Following custom, on the 22nd of December, the first snow, the "rats" of "A," "B" and "C" Companies endeavored to annihilate those of "D," "E" and "F," and would have succeeded, so they say, had it not been for some merciful Upper Classmen.



THE CARRIERS



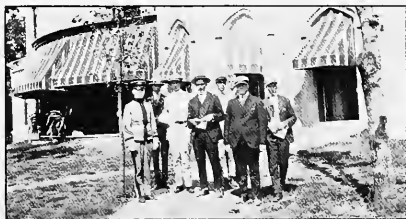
THE BOMB—1917

About a week after this striking event the Class met for the first time to elect officers. R. E. Barnes was elected President, and E. S. Jeffries Vice-President. With two such men to lead us, we may feel sure that our trip through the valley of death will end with a certain rainbow.

HISTORIAN.



RAT DRILL



LEAVING THE SUPERINTENDENTS



THE BOMB—1917



SNOW FIGHT



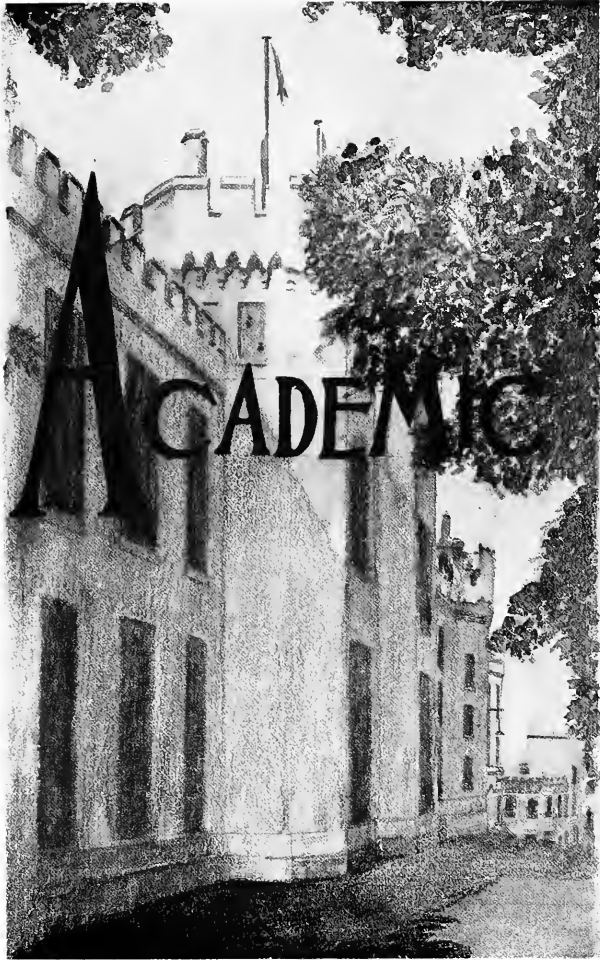
BARRACKS



RAT CO. DRILL



THE BOMB—1917



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THE BOMB—1917



FIELD WORK

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CIVIL ENGINEERING

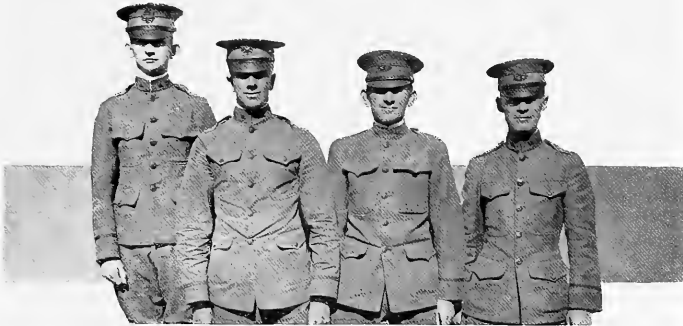
INSTRUCTORS

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

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. BARCLAY POAGUE, B. S.

CAPTAIN HENLEY P. BOYKIN, B. S.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN BOWERING, B. S.



ROLL

BANCROFT
BROWN, C. H.
BUCHER
CLARKE
CUMMING
DILLARD
ETHERIDGE
HAMLIN

MARTIN
NASH
PENDLETON
PORCHER
RUFFNER
SHEPHERD
WHITE
WHITTLE



THE BOMB-1917



ELECTRICAL LABORATORY



THE BOMB-1917



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

INSTRUCTORS

COLONEL FRANCIS MALLORY, C. E.

MAJOR STEWART W. ANDERSON, M. S.

CAPTAIN WILLARD C. BROWN, B. S.



ROLL

BULKLEY
COLE, E.
DRISCOLL
FRARY
GOODMAN, B.
HORN
LEGETT
LOCKHART

MASON, H. M.
MILLS
MCGIFFERT
NEALE
PORTER
RHEUTAN
SCHLEGEL
SQUIRE

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THE BOMB-1917



CHEMICAL LABORATORY



THE BOMB—1917



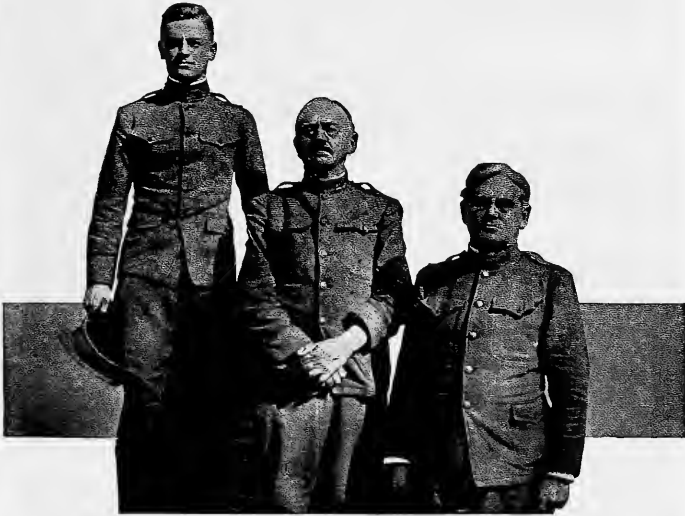
CHEMISTRY

INSTRUCTORS

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

COLONEL N. BEVERLY TUCKER, C. E., B. S.

CAPTAIN L. K. McKAY, B. S.



ROLL

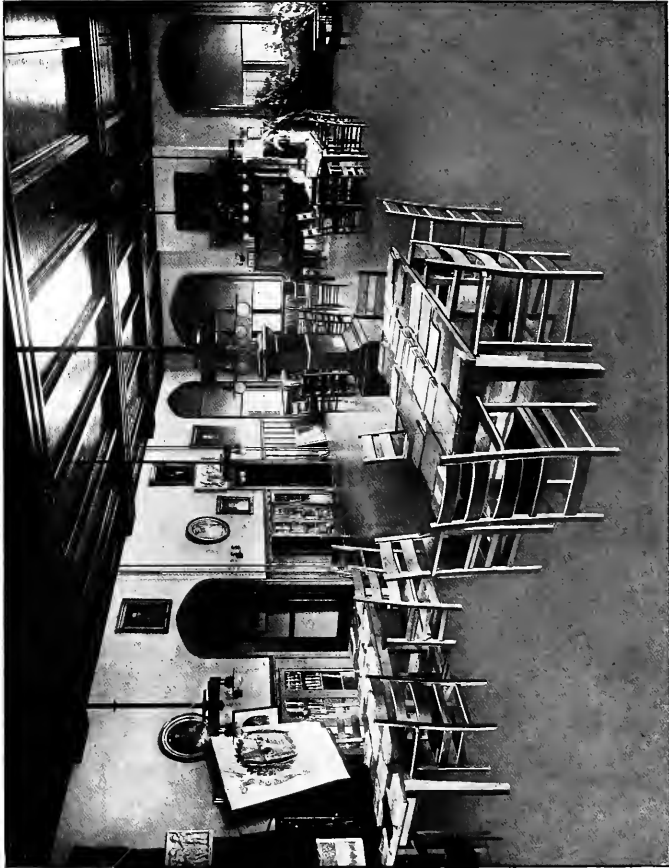
BLOW
CAMPBELL
ECHOLS
GOODWIN
NELMS
PENDER

ROBINSON
SAUNDERS
STEVENSON
WALKER
WARD

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THE BOMB—1917



LIBRARY



LIBERAL ARTS

INSTRUCTORS

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

COLONEL HENRY C. FORD, B. S., Ph. D.

COLONEL WILLIAM M. HUNLEY, B. A.



ROLL

BOYKIN
BROWN, E. C.
CHAPIN
HART
LAWSON
McDOWELL

MORRISON
MUNCE
NOELL
RING
STEELE
TINSLEY



THE BOMB—1917



DRAWING ACADEMY





SUMMER SCHOOL

Confessions of an Alum Titanic

“VERY well, girls, you can say what you please, but I think all ‘Keydets’ are horrid, especially the ones that were at their old Summer School last summer. I don’t know why I should tell you about it, because Heaven knows that I had a gummy enough time. Why the very night I got there (after the wildest ride in a Ford, mind you), ‘Billy Possum’ Colonna (the one they say has a figure like a brick house) and ‘Son’ Read — you know he’s a Sub now, but he was a nice child then, and maybe when he leaves V. M. I. he can change his name and live it down — anyway, they went troubadouring to serenade their ‘calic’ (I hate that word, don’t you? Why couldn’t it have been taken from crepe de chine or Georgette?) and those ‘Keydets’ came right out of the St. Regis in their — guess what? — PAJAMAS!! and kept step with the music. I was mortified to death, girls, and I put my hands over my eyes —. What? — Oh, you Cat! — Well, then I did peep a tiny bit through my fingers, and do you know Peter Geyer’s were silk! — You hush up now, Mary Ann. I can go into the horrible details if I want to. I’m not! You’re the one that’s evil-minded. You know Byron says, ‘Onnyswatkeemalleeponts.’

“Anyway, I started meeting the people the next day at the pool (I didn’t dare to wear my ‘Annette’; it was so cold, and besides — well, I’m telling you as fast as I can, am I not?), and they were rather nice to me then, particularly Major Pussy Foot, who is a darling. He told me how he had galloped around the night before, and had finally succeeded in putting his little lambs in the hay again, incidentally donating a little certified study. (That’s the only reason they ever pass their examinations.) But, oh, at Mrs. Corse’s German! You know yourself, Mary Ann, and so do you, Ida Belle, that when you’re learning to dance, you can’t help stepping on people’s feet sometimes. Goodness knows, they loiter on my instep enough. Well, they



GETTING READY





THE KLYDETS

had a rule that the 'Keydets' (Beasts!) could leave the girls on the balcony after each dance and drive on. They must have had a code of signals, because I got stuck with 'Love and Kisses' McKay (that's so appropriate, and he giggles adorably), and he must have been scared, for he fidgeted around as if there was a tack in his chair. Then 'Small Richard' Patterson came up, saying something about being 'played in the fog' (what does that mean?) and 'Love and Kisses' vanished. He must have changed his collar, because he looked very cheerful the rest of the evening.

"Small Richard was expounding the doctrine of the Liberal Artists as we walked up and down on the 'Second Stoop,' when we heard the dreadfulest noise above us. I screamed and grabbed 'Dick'—that's none of your business—I had to grab somebody—and we found out later that it was 'Ed.' Cole (the Cave Man, you know) and a 'calic.' It seems that something collapsed, but I never did understand about it. But what was much worse was the time the Massies were reconnoitering the bowling



A BUNCH





A FAMILIAR SIGHT

alley, and 'Jim' Welton made a strategic attack with a 'calic' on each arm. It was dark, and the Queen of Beauty and Growly said, 'Oh, look! Shame on you!'

"Listen! Let me tell you something! I hadn't been there long before I was wild about 'Lem' Shepherd, but he had already had a fall, it seems. I don't care — sour grapes, nothing! I don't run after people, Miss Ida Belle Smith, and that is more than some people I know can say. Anyhow, he just gazed off into space, and looked mildly annoyed when anyone sang to him. The song went thus:

'Lem" is Big Dog, "Lem" is Large Pup.
Oh you monstrous canine!
"Lem" is Massive Hound, "Lem" is Gigantic Poodle,
Oh you Colossal Dachshund!

And there was more blank verse about gold bricks and things. Those awful 'keydets' sang lots of la-la songs — we called them that because they'd just go la-la-la at the interesting parts, like this:

'His face was calm and placid,
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
With fuming nitric acid.'

There's no sense in that, is there? Or in 'Lulu was a Lady,' or 'The Bashful King of England,' or the one about eagles flying in New Orleans, or somewhere. I don't think Major P. Foot liked these songs — maybe because they don't compare favorably with the lumberman's ditty he carols in a rich soprano voice.

"At different times 'Peter' Geyer, 'Son' Read, and Mr. 'Tom' Moore dressed up like girls. (They had on everything, too. How do I know?) 'Tom' was too sweet for words, but 'Son' looked like the heroine of the tragedy, 'Did she slip or was she pushed?' 'Peter danced the Coon Can, or some peculiar dance like that, and it was horrible, but fascinating.

"There were several marshmallow roasts on the Alum Bank, but I had a rotten time because everybody began by singing around the fire, and ended by pairing off along the bank. I tried to



PROPOSING



waylay 'Bennie' Bowering and 'Charlie' Nash, but they pretended they didn't hear me. All men are liars anyway. Some of them slid down the bank and came limping back with set, pained expressions, and I was glad of it.

"They said the fire was the biggest social event. Some of them sat up late one night playing bridge (so they said, but I think it was what that cute Captain B. Davis Mayo calls a 'little porker'), when all the fire alarms went off with the most terrible racket. The 'keydets' rushed up to the hotel, yelling 'Fire!' and we girls ran out shrieking in diaphanous nighties. I was scared to death, but I remembered to put on a boudoir cap, because my hair was in curling papers. Those awful things ('Keydets,' I mean) said they couldn't have learned as much about feminine after-taps dikes by studying *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* a lifetime. Of course, it was a false alarm, and those unscrupulous story-tellers blamed it on some drunken mountaineers.

"I really did have a nice time at the Final Ball. 'Ed' Cole and 'Charlie' Nash led it, and the figure and decorations and all were perfectly lovely. We had a wonderful supper, too. I wore my white chiffon — [Time out for description, complimentary and otherwise, of every costume on the floor.] The 'keydets' said the punch would make a jack rabbit spit in a bull dog's face, but I drank three glasses, and never felt as happy in my life.

"Oh, you are, are you? All right for you — I'll be sleepy, too, the next time you want to talk to *me*. Anyhow, now that I've taken dancing lessons and put my hair up, I'm going to the Alum next summer and be just as snippy to those 'keydets' as I please. So there!"

The Reason



MILITARY



THE BOMB-1917



TACTICAL OFFICERS





TACTICAL OFFICERS

COLONEL H. L. HODGES

(Captain U. S. Cavalry)

Commandant of Cadets

PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

MAJOR S. W. ANDERSON

INSTRUCTOR IN MILITARY HYGIENE AND FIRST AID

CAPTAIN B. D. MAYO

INSTRUCTOR IN TYPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHING

CAPTAIN F. A. GROVE

INSTRUCTOR IN MILITARY CALISTHENICS, GYMNASTICS AND SWIMMING
SUPERVISING COMPANY "D"

CAPTAIN H. P. BOYKIN

FOURTH CLASS MILITARY SCIENCE AND ASSISTANT TO COMMANDANT
INSTRUCTOR IN FIELD ENGINEERING

CAPTAIN B. BOWERING

SUPERVISING COMPANY "C"

CAPTAIN W. C. BROWN

INSTRUCTOR IN SIGNALLING
SUPERVISING COMPANY "B"

CAPTAIN J. F. HEPNER

INSTRUCTOR IN ARTILLERY
SUPERVISING COMPANY "A"

CAPTAIN L. K. McKAY

SUPERVISING COMPANY "F"

CAPTAIN F. BELL

SUPERVISING COMPANY "E"

CAPTAIN H. M. READ

SECOND AND THIRD CLASS MILITARY SCIENCE
ASSISTANT TO COMMANDANT

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Assistants to the Instructor in Military Science and Tactics

SERGEANT DeWOLF

(UNASSIGNED ARTILLERY)

SERGEANT ELLIS

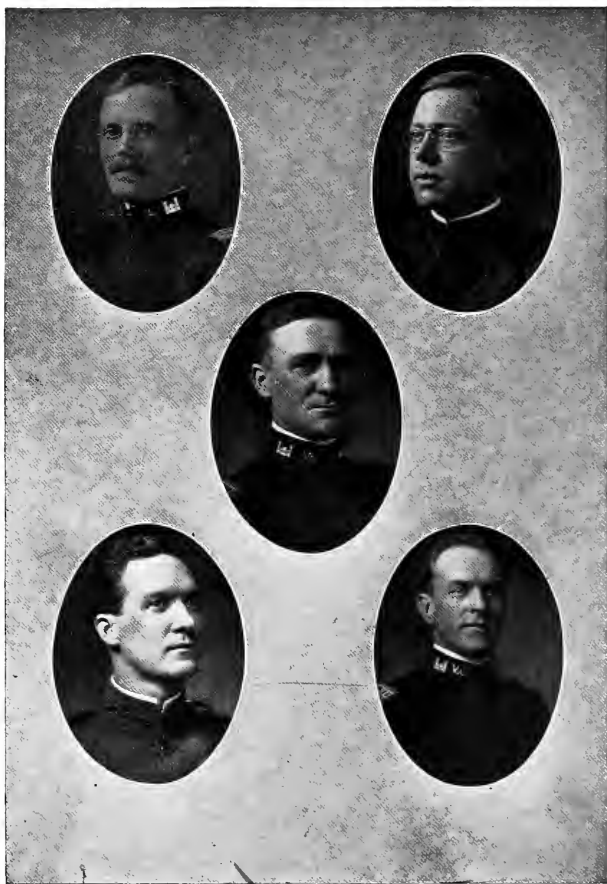
(UNASSIGNED CAVALRY)

SERGEANT HUSTON

(UNASSIGNED INFANTRY)



THE BOMB-1917



MILITARY STAFF





MILITARY STAFF

MAJOR O. HUNTER McCLUNG
SURGEON

MAJOR ERNEST A. SALE
QUARTERMASTER AND COMMISSARY AND MILITARY STOREKEEPER

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. DERBYSHIRE
Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army, Retired
ADJUTANT

CAPTAIN LEWIS E. STEELE
ASSISTANT MILITARY STOREKEEPER

MAJOR J. W. McCLUNG
TREASURER

OTHER OFFICERS

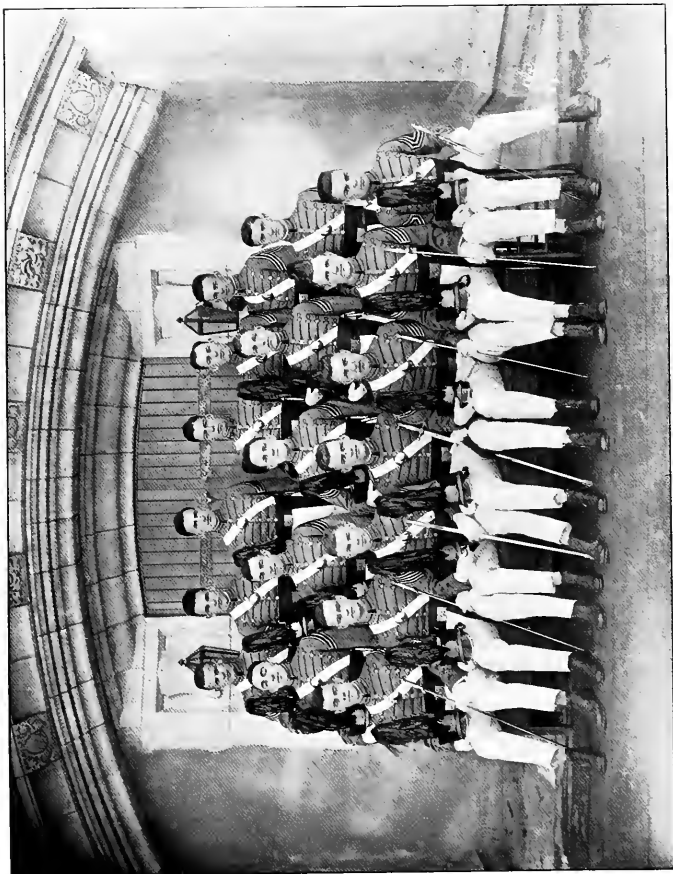
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON
HISTORIOGRAPHER

MISS NELLIE TRACY GIBBS
LIBRARIAN

WALTER E. DURHAM
Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY



THE BOMB-1917



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS





COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

O. B. BUCHER.....	CAPTAIN Co. "A"
W. B. LEGGETT.....	CAPTAIN Co. "B"
C. P. NASH.....	CAPTAIN Co. "C"
M. W. WHITTLE.....	CAPTAIN Co. "D"
J. A. NELMS.....	CAPTAIN Co. "E"
M. W. STEELE.....	CAPTAIN Co. "F"
F. S. ROBINSON.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
B. A. GOODMAN.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "A"
S. Y. MCGIFFERT.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "B"
M. G. MUNCE.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "C"
J. T. HAMLIN.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "E"
J. W. DILLARD.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "F"
S. C. CUMMING.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT Co. "D"
C. A. MARTIN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
E. C. PORTER.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "A"
F. W. CLARKE.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "B"
M. H. STEVENSON.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "C"
W. R. GOODWIN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "E"
E. C. BROWN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "F"
J. E. COLE, JR.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT Co. "D"



THE BOMB-1917



MISS ANNE TALIAFERRO
Sponsor



C. A. MARTIN
Quartermaster

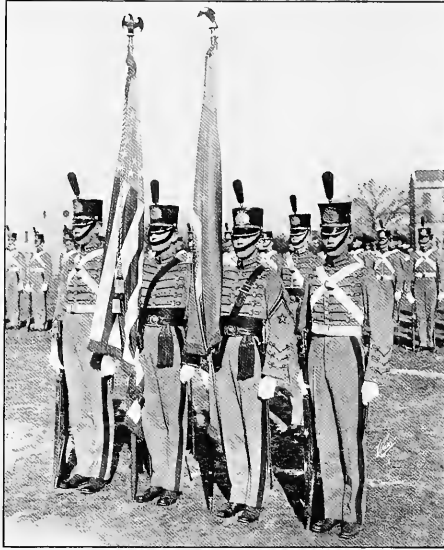


T. R. PERKINSON
Sergeant Major



F. S. ROBINSON
Adjutant





THE COLORS

Staff

F. S. ROBINSON.....FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
C. A. MARTIN.....SECOND LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
T. R. PERKINSON.....SERGEANT MAJOR
J. H. WARE.....COLOR SERGEANT
A. L. THORNTON.....COLOR SERGEANT



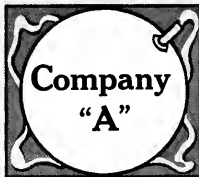
THE BOMB-1917



Miss ELIZABETH KELLY
Sponsor



B. A. GOODMAN
First Lieutenant

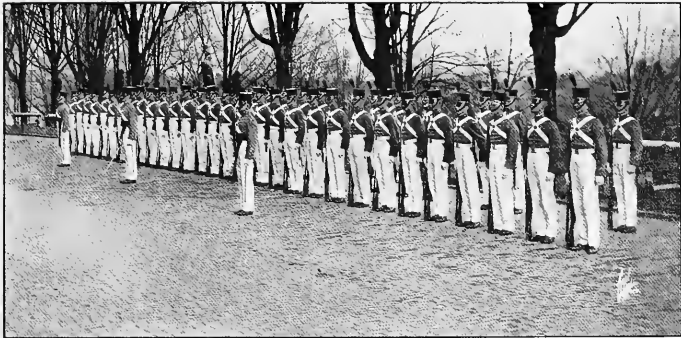


E. C. PORTER
Second Lieutenant



O. B. BUCHER
Captain





Company "A"

OFFICERS

O. B. BUCHER.....	CAPTAIN
B. A. GOODMAN.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
E. C. PORTER.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
P. J. MARSHALL.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

Foy, L.
Root

VAN DYKE
CANTRELL

CORPORALS

MARTIN, F.
YANCEY, H.
JERNIGIN

THOMAS, R.
IMBODEN
HUNTER

PRIVATEs

ADKINS, F.
ALVERSON
BARLEY
BARRETT
BENNERS
BLACK
BLETCHER
BLOW
BROWN, C.
CONWAY
COX
CULVER
DRAPER
FAIRLAMB
FREEMAN
GRAHAM

GLENN
HAGAN
HASKELL
HURT
JENKINS, J.
JENNINGS
JEFFRIES, F. C.
KEITH
KIRVEN
KEEZELL
KERRANS
LEWIS, Y.
MORRISON, F.
MORRISON, H.
NEWELL, J.
QUIGLEY
POTTS, T.

PORCHER
ROBERTSON, C.
RHEUTAN
RUFFNER
SCHWARTZ
SMITH, H.
SMITH, J.
STEVENSON
STRAWN
STUBBLEFIELD
SWIFT
THROCKMORTON
WALLIS
WINSTON
WOODWARD
YANCEY, J.



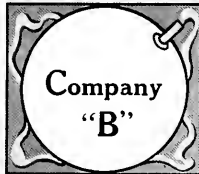
THE BOMB-1917



Miss IDA GOODMAN
Sponsor



S. Y. MCGIFFERT
First Lieutenant

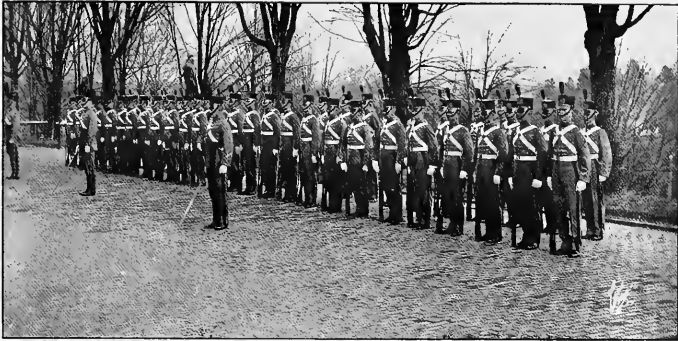


F. W. CLARKE
Second Lieutenant



W. B. LEGGETT
Captain





Company "B"

OFFICERS

W. B. LEGGETT.....	CAPTAIN
S. Y. MCGIFFERT.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
F. W. CLARKE.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
A. H. CAMPBELL.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

METTENHEIMER
LAFFERTY

HICKS
CALDWELL

CORPORALS

MONCURE
ROBERDEAU
SULLIVAN

MCGILL
ENGLEBY
MUNSON

PRIVATES

ALLISON
ARRINGTON
BARKER
BOND
BULKLEY
BROWN, P.
BURCH
CAMPBELL, A.
CARY
CATES
COMEGYS
DERRYBERRY
DRISCOLL
ECHOLS, J.

FRARY
HARRIS
HARRISON, W.
HARPER
HARTLEY
HOCK
HUGHES, S.
JACKSON, C.
JONES, C.
LITTON
MANN
MARR
MARSHALL, A.
MASON

McFALL
MERTZ
MUNROE
PARROTT
PEEBLES
PENDLETON
POTTS, J.
SEWARD
SMITH, D.
SMITH, E.
THOMSON, E.
TUCKER, I.
WALLER
WELSH
WILLIAMS, E.



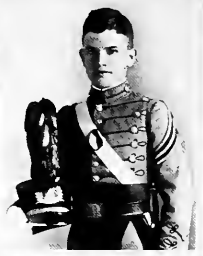
THE BOMB—1917



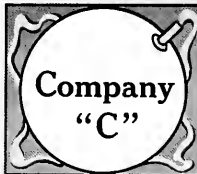
MISS LYDIA TAYLOR
Sponsor



M. G. MUNCE
First Lieutenant



M. H. STEVENSON
Second Lieutenant



C. P. NASH
Captain





Company "C"

OFFICERS

C. P. NASH.....	CAPTAIN
M. G. MUNCE.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
M. H. STEVENSON.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
H. P. GRAY.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

MILLER
HUNTT

JAMES
BELLEZZA

CORPORALS

WILLS
DRENNEN
DILLON

THOMPSON, J.
MONTJOY
BUTLER

PRIVATEES

ANDERSON
ADELSTEIN
ADKINS, E.
ARMSTEAD
BLY
BOYKIN
BUNDY
CATD
CRAIGHILL
ECHOLS, C.
ETHERIDGE
DAVIS
DEW
DUDLEY
GAMBLE

GARY
GROOVER
HOOD
HUGHES
JONES, F.
JONES, T.
JORDAN
KIRWAN
LOWRY
LUPTON
MASSIE, H.
MASSIE, W.
METCALFE, H.
METCALFE, W.

MILTON
NEALE
RADFORD
REILLEY
RIPLEY
ROBERTS
SILVERSTEIN
SHEPHERD
TOWERS
THURMAN
WALKER
WALLACE
WHITFIELD
WILLIAMSON, T.
YOUNG, R.

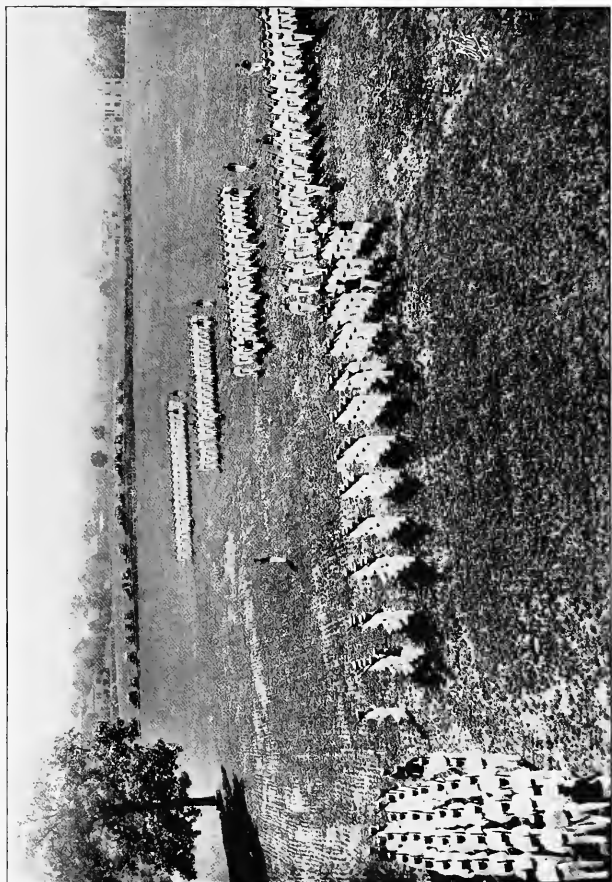


THE BOMB—1917



BUTT'S MANUAL





BATTALION DRILL



THE BOMB-1917



MISS ELIZABETH WHITTLE
JOHNSON
Sponsor



C. CUMMING
First Lieutenant



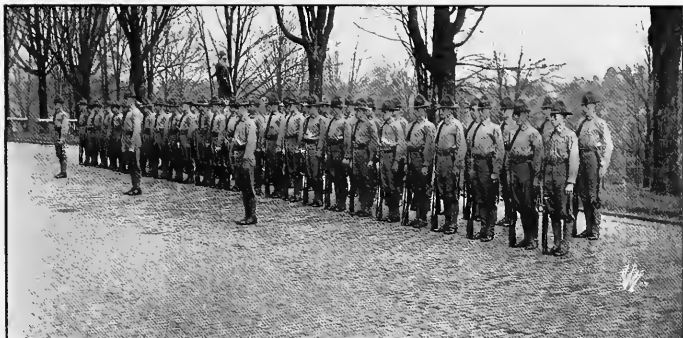
J. E. COLE, JR.
Second Lieutenant



M. W. WHITTLE
Captain



THE BOMB-1917



Company "D"

OFFICERS

M. W. WHITTLE.....	CAPTAIN
S. C. CUMMINGS.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
J. E. COLE, Jr.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
S. B. WITT.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

BLAIR
KYLE

THOMAS, J.
ROBERTSON, H.

CORPORALS

WILLAMSON, R.
TAYLOR, F.
BANCROFT, O.

GILL
WIMBERLY
MARCHANT

PRIVATEs

AUSTIN
BADHAM
BAUSERMAN
BOWLES
BUTLER, P.
CHEYNE
CHUNG
COLBOURN
CROCKETT, G.
CROCKETT, W.
FRANKLIN
HAIRSTON
HALEY
HARDY
HANCOCK

HERRING
INGRAM
JACKSON, M.
LAWSON
LEE
LEECH
McDOWELL
MAW
MASIA
MICHE
MILLER, J.
MONTGOMERY, W.
MORTON
NELSON
NEWELL, W.

NURNEY
PAXTON
RAWLINGS
RHODY
ROBERTSON, H.
ROBINSON, J.
RUFFIN
SHACKLEFORD
SLACK
SMITH, M.
SQUIRE
WARD
WATSON
WEISEL
WILLIAMS, B.
WITHERS



THE BOMB-1917

Miss ELSIE CURTIS
Sponsor

Company
"E"

J. T. HAMLIN
First Lieutenant

W. R. GOODWIN
Second Lieutenant

J. A. NELMS
Captain





Company "E"

OFFICERS

J. A. NELMS.....	CAPTAIN
J. T. HAMLIN.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
W. R. GOODWIN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
S. L. BERTSCHEY.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

THORNTON
CURTIS

HARRISON, A.
HALEY, W.

CORPORALS

SCOTT
CARTER
SALE

WILLIAMS, G.
OWENS, I.
CARROLL

PRIVATEES

BRADFORD
BRANCH
CARNEAL
CASEY, B.
CHAPMAN
CLAPP
CHURCH
COLE, H.
DANCE, D.
EDWARDS
FINLEY
FORD
GATEWOOD

GDULD
GREEN
HICKS, J.
HOGE
IREYS
JOHNSTON
KIMBERLY
LACY
LANGE
LEMASTER
LOTH
MCCELVEY
MCEACHIN

MOORE, T.
NORVELL
PARKER
PATTERSON
PEELER
PITTMAN
RUDOLPH
TAYLOR, H.
SRMAN
SWAIN
WEST
WILKINS
YOUNG, H.



THE BOMB—1917



Miss ELIZABETH STEELE
Sponsor



J. W. DILLARD
First Lieutenant



Company
"F"

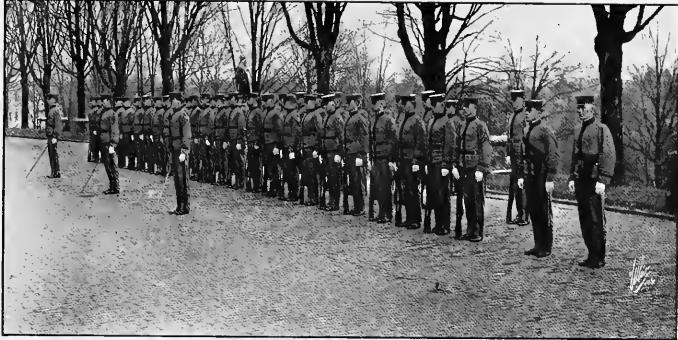


E. C. BROWN
Second Lieutenant



M. W. STEELE
Captain





Company "F"

OFFICERS

M. W. STEELE.....	CAPTAIN
J. W. DILLARD.....	FIRST LIEUTENANT
E. C. BROWN.....	SECOND LIEUTENANT
J. TAYLOR.....	FIRST SERGEANT

SERGEANTS

TRUSLOW
HAWKINS, C.

GILLET
TAYLOR, M.

CORPORALS

JONES, G.
ADDISON, W.
WILKINSON

MOORE, W.
KNAPP
KELLOGG

PRIVATEES

ADDISON
ALVIS
ARMSTRONG
BACHARACH
BARNES
BERRY
BERGER
BUTLER, C.
CANNON
CUTCHINS
DOWNING
ECHOLS, M.
EVA
FOY, F.
GAILLARD
GIBSON

GOODMAN, W.
GUEST
HAWKINS, S.
HEARNE
HIGGINS
HORN
JEFFRIES, E.
JONES, M.
KERLIN
LAMB
LOCKHART
LYONS
MCCAULEY
MONTGOMERY, Z.
NEWBERGER

NOELL, S.
PARKER, A.
PARKHURST
PENDER
PEIFLER
POLK
REID
ROANE
ROTHERT
RUSSELL
SEMMS
SIMMONS
TINSLEY
TURNER
VAN WAGENEN
WHITE, B.

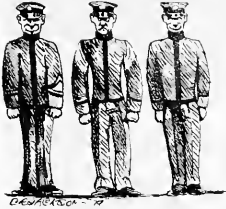


THE BOMB-1917



BUSTED MEN





BUSTED!

CAMPBELL, A.
COLE, H.
COLE, E.
POTTS, T.
SEMMES
TAYLOR, M.
NOELL
ROTHERT
CARNEAL
MORRISON
HOCK
RUFFNER
PENDER
SCHLEGEL
SAUNDERS
ETHERIDGE
SHEPHERD
BUTLER, P.
TAYLOR, H.
DRENNEN
DASHIELD
BRADFORD





THE HIKE



IN ACCORDANCE with the Great Mogul's Decree, at 7:00 A. M., May 15th, in heavy marching order — shelter half, blanket, haversack, canteen, and so forth — the corps set out on its annual hike, with Buena Vista as its first objective. The man that first joined that far-famed metropolis with the cosmopolitan borough of East Lexington evidently did not believe that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, or else he was trying to play snake, in which case the imitation was a roaring success. We went around everything, that is, all except that which it was a physical impossibility to ascend.

Of course, the night before there had been many predictions and boasts as to which could stand the pace better, a runt or a "keydet" modelled after the Eiffel Tower. For weeks previous the runts had been faithful disciples of "Swoboda," hoping to be able to walk the legs off their rivals. But after about three miles of long hills, steep hills, rocky hills, and nothing but hills, old King Piedmont began to reach up and pull them down.

"What's the matter, big boy? You ain't dragging this soon, are you? After all that bragging and boasting about how you were going to walk our tongues out? Get on my back, and I'll give you a ride."

"Aw, shut up, you little 'arion.' My shoes are too tight, and I've got a dern blister. But don't you get smart with me."

"Say, Felix, don't get grouchy. You haven't got but ten miles more."



FIRING SALUTE



THE BOMB—1917



CAMP

going to ———. Say, for heaven's sake, what's the hurry. Hold it up at front. You 'rats' stay closed up. What's that? A quarter of a mile more? Come on, runt, let's go!"

Then, amidst the screams of guineas, squealing of pigs, braying of asses, pop of the "sody" at the general store, and showers of kisses from Southern Seminary, we entered Buena Vista, and encamped in a pasture, or level lot, in the suburbs. At supper the entire population, including dogs and pigs, turned out to see the animals feed, and they were not disappointed.

Promptly at ten, Gus blew in rich, clear notes the "Artists' " national anthem, "Come unto me you weary, and I will give you rest," and, needless to say, we wanted no second invitation.



FEEDING



ON THE MARCH

Early next morning the march was resumed. More heat, more dust, more hills, more blisters, was the schedule for the day. About two miles outside of Glasgow we struck a second Sahara Desert—no trees, and sand up to your ankles. It lasted all the way into this thriving town, and it



THE BOMB-1917



MAKING CAMP

two reels of "How Glue Was Made" and three of "Scenes along the Rhine," the Corps returned to the downy couch of Morpheus in a very ill humor.

Oh, how it did rain that night!

The next morning we hiked about ten miles up to Snowden Pass, straight up the mountain. We commanded a beautiful view from there of the surrounding country, with its rivers and mountain passes, but the grandeur of the scene was completely wasted on the 'keydets' after those of the night before.



GUARD MOUNT

Natural Bridge was our next objective. We spent the day there, and returned to camp at Glasgow that night.



"D" COMPANY

The following day we set out from Glasgow for Zolliman's Farm, our last camp before returning to Lexington. The Corps had become somewhat hardened to the vigors of the march by this time, and the hike into barracks the succeeding day was made in great speed.



THE BOMB—1917



THE KITCHEN

and "Tom" Dulaney in full regalia. To the harmonious strains of "Tom's" baritone and "Jake's" slide-trombone the Corps marched through the streets of Lexington to their home on the hill.

"Gee, but it's good to get back. Say, 'Runt,' what did you say?"

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"



AROUND CAMP FIRE



"C" COMPANY



THE BOMB-1917



SHAVING



FROM SNOWDEN PASS



HEADQUARTERS' TENT



THE BOMB—1917



HOME AGAIN



Roanoke Trip

TIME at V. M. I. is probably measured differently from anywhere else in the world. Where else in this universe, for instance, is the time it takes a clock to strike several times considered for a moment? And yet the time consumed by a clock in striking only a few times is sufficient for a cadet to get from his room in barracks to his place in ranks in front of barracks, and this time is, therefore, always taken into consideration by a cadet.

Another oddity is the way a cadet reckons days. The academic year at V. M. I. is divided into two terms, but the "Keydet's" year is divided into six parts, or split by six eventful occasions. The latter are so important to him, that he reckons his days as so many to one of these occasions.

Thanksgiving, or the trip to Roanoke for the annual football clash against V. P. I., is probably the crowning event of the year, and this year was no exception. Leaving Lexington on a special train early Thanksgiving morning, the Corps arrived in Roanoke early in the day, and a few minutes later had invaded every hole and corner in that prosperous city. But Roanoke was ready for us.

Every shop window bedecked with pennants, every person on the street wearing loyal streamers, and every front door unlocked to the cadets, the city wore an attitude of welcome, which it could not have exceeded, had it been welcoming back her long lost sons. Everyone was worked up over the game, the one event of the day.

As usual both of the Corps of Cadets paraded the streets in groups of twos and threes, and the red lining of their capes against the blue in one case, and the grey in the other, added luster and warmth to the scene. This passing to and fro along the streets continued until an hour or so after midday. Then the two battalions formed in line, and marched out to the field, giving a few exhibition movements upon arriving on the spot.

Both Corps were seated in the grandstand, and the roof of the latter was raised an inch



THE BAND



THE BOMB—1917



V. P. I.

then the other victory leaned, and no one was able to say for certain who would win. But in spite of the fact that our team fought like wild men, the superior weight of our opponents told on us in the end, and when the final whistle blew, V. P. I. was ahead.

But we knew how to take defeat, and the Corps, to a man, conducted themselves in such a manner that even the press took note of it. Theatres, dining-rooms and Virginia College fell victims to cadets after the game, and it was with deep regret that the Corps entrained again at nine-thirty for Lexington.



IN ROANOKE



THE BOMB—1917



THE BOMB—1917

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR City of Norfolk, Virginia

December 18, 1916.

O. B. BUCHER, WM. B. LEGGETT, C. P. NASH, W. M. WHITTLE, J. A. NELMS,
M. W. STEELE, *Cadet Captains*,
Virginia Military Institute,
Lexington, Virginia.

GENTLEMEN:—

I am just in receipt of your very kind letter of December 16, 1916, in which you are good enough to express hearty appreciation of your visit to Norfolk on the occasion of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Southern Commercial Congress here.

Let me, as the Mayor of the City, express her high appreciation and deep obligation to the Virginia Military Institute Cadet Corps for their visit to us, which was most helpful indeed in carrying out our supreme desire to make every one who was with us on that occasion happy. For quite a number of years — more than half a century — it has been the privilege of the Mayor of Norfolk to have known, with a degree of intimacy, the Virginia Military Institute, and he bears testimony that no institution in our State has ever, at any time and always, reflected greater credit upon the State than has this Corps. This has been the case both in times of peace and times of war, wherever the Virginia Military Institute Cadet Corps has been called upon to display itself, whether at home or abroad, and it has done so in that way which excited the pride of the citizens of Virginia at large. The Corps of to-day differs in no sense from the Corps of the past; this was fully demonstrated in the splendid manner in which the young men of Virginia, and from other States which may contribute to its membership, deported themselves in Norfolk on the occasion of your recent visit, both as gentlemen and as trained soldiers.

The honor came to me to stand upon the Reviewing Stand with the Governor of Virginia, the Commanding Officer of Fortress Monroe,



OUR TRAIN

163



THE BOMB-1917



PARADE IN NORFOLK



THE BOMB—1917



LEAVING BOAT

with the higher officers of the National Guard, not only from Virginia, but other States, and other distinguished visitors, not the least of whom by any means was your own splendid Superintendent, General Nichols. The consensus of opinion of all present there was that the Virginia Military Institute Corps presented the most soldierly appearance in the whole parade. This is not to disparage either the Army, the Navy, or the National Guard who participated, but is to say that in the high order of excellence the Cadet Corps was A-1. Even the torrential rain could not dampen the ardor nor tarnish the brilliancy of our Cadet Corps.

Please be assured that the City of Norfolk, in her corporate capacity, and her citizens who were immediately responsible for the success of the Convention of the Southern Commercial Congress, feel under deep obligations to the Virginia Military Institute Cadet Corps which, in its personnel, exemplifies the highest character of Virginia's young manhood.

With assurances of the City of Norfolk's highest and affectionate esteem, I beg to remain, Gentlemen,

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

(Signed) WYNDHAM R. MAYO,

Mayor.



THE BOMB—1917



NEWPORT NEWS



ENTRAINING



Washington Trip

"GEE, but it's getting cold, standing here. We've been waiting over two hours now, and that wind cuts like a knife." This was heard as frequently as rain drops on a tin roof during a summer shower, while the Corps waited patiently, or rather impatiently, to take their place in the Inaugural Parade. And certainly it was discouraging, for it looked as if our turn would never come, company after company passing by ahead of us in rapid succession.

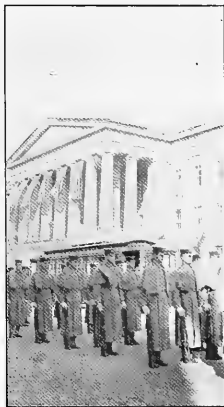
Leaving Lexington the previous morning, the battalion had arrived in Washington the same night, and had taken up its quarters in the old Masonic Hall at Ninth and F Streets. The trip up had been more or less eventful. Everybody was planning how they would spend the few, precious, spare hours in the big city, and building up great expectations. When the train stopped at Lynchburg, the "hill-climbers" in the Corps were greeted by many fathers, mothers, sisters and "calics," loaded down with greetings, wishes of good luck, and, best of all, large boxes containing many good things to eat for the fortunate few.

At Gordonsville the fried chicken trays were completely taken over, and many hungry cadets tasted of Virginia's best.

But Washington was reached at last, and the old Masonic Hall soon became alive with four hundred cadets. Leaving the armory after dismissal, these four hundred scattered to the four winds, only to assemble again for the midnight show at the Gayety. Taps went at two-thirty.

Our turn came at last, and we started out on the eventful march, that we had looked forward to for so long. Through the Capital Grounds, down Capital Hill at double time, into Pennsylvania Avenue, with the wind blowing a hurricane, we passed swiftly, and entered into the main part of the parade. Wind, sand, — nothing could have prevented old V. M. I. from doing its best that day, and proving to the thousands of spectators along the route that nothing in the parade was better.

Cap after cap went sailing as we turned along the Treasury, and into the home stretch — the Court



THE BOMB—1917



How soon it was all over! How soon, when we looked back on it, were we in the army again with our dikes removed. But, my, how hungry we were! Again we dispersed to restaurants, hotels, and private homes. Some even dared "Peacock Alley," where a delegation from the Old North State gave them such a warm welcome that "Jimmy" and "June" were completely captivated.

"Reveille at six-thirty" sounded awful early to the boys, when they crawled in at twelve-fifteen, but, early or no early, it went at that time, and the Corps entrained a few hours later for Lexington.



of Honor. But they were all regained, and to the tune of V. M. I. Spirit, we passed in review before the President.

"Eyes Left!"

What impression we made on the President I do not know, but I cannot help but think that he must have been impressed with our perfect lines and general appearance.

Morpheus reigned throughout the train nearly all of the way back, with now and then an occasional break, such as Peter Wray getting left at Gordonsville, and some more eats at Lynchburg. The Corps detrained at East Lexington, and pulled the hill to barracks. Everyone spoke of the good time they'd had, but everyone was mighty glad to get back to their grey home on the hill.





Why some of 'em went there



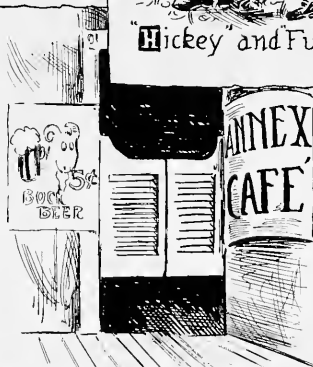
"Hickey" and "Funk."



"Artillery Maggie" only had a Sergeant!



"Musical Gus" Karow—think of it—had a Lieutenant!



Their Headquarters. (Special mention—the Savoy Hotel)

Plattsburg Sketches

CR. HICKSON - 17



THE BOMB—1917



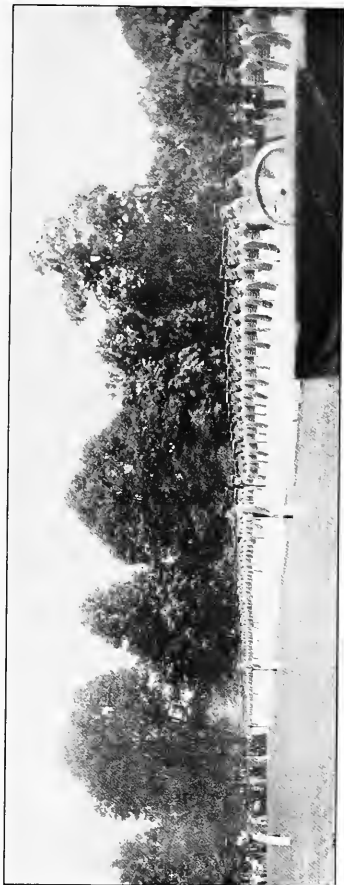
BATTALION
PARADE



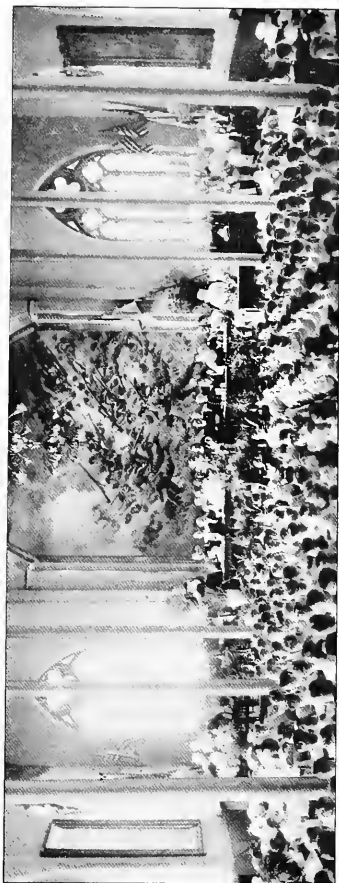
BATTALION
DRILL



THE BOMB—1917



FINAL
FORMATION



FINAL
EXERCISES



The Sportsman Spirit

*Don't play just for the victory —
'Tis only a part of the game;
But, lose or win, just wear a grin,
And the good will be the same.*

*Someone always is vanquished
In order the other may win;
So if you meet with a bitter defeat,
Remember to lose is no sin.*

*The worst are not always conquered,
The best must lose some day;
So fight like a fiend, let your playing be clean,
And you'll get the good from your play.*

*Just say, "We'll beat you next time,"
And believe just what you say;
Let your battle cry be, "Never die,"
That's the sportman spirit in play.*

*Don't play just for the victory,
Don't play just for glory or fame;
And do not give in and play to win,
But play for the love of the game.*

— J. H. Taylor, '19.



THE BOMB-1917

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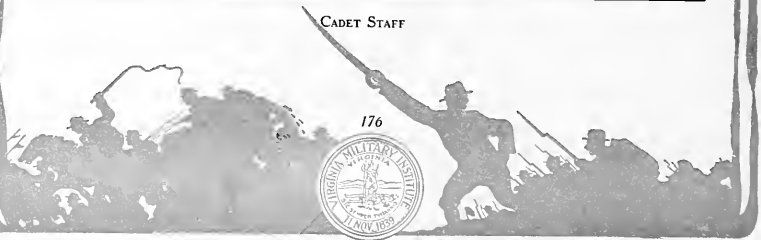


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Official Publication of the General Athletic Association



The Christmas Supplement

Resurgam

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH "THE CADET"

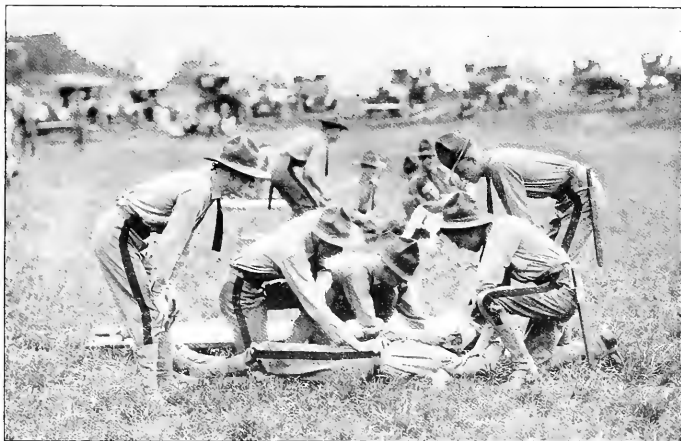
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A little booklet of cadets, by cadets, and for cadets, done into print for Holly Day reading.

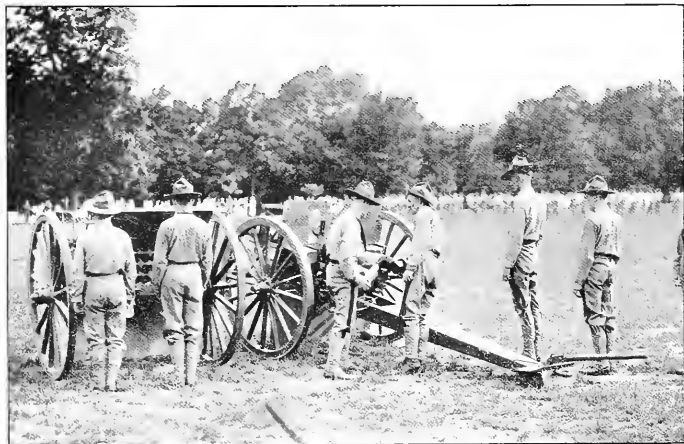
SALUTATIONS

THE editors of this, the second volume of THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT, have endeavored to carry out the policy inaugurated by *The Cadet* of last year. The purpose of the SUPPLEMENT is to afford a medium through which the Institute can express any literary ability that barracks may shelter. In the past this literary ability has never been brought to light, for although a weekly publication is issued, this paper, known as *The Cadet*, does not accept stories, and poems are not actually encouraged. THE SUPPLEMENT, therefore, should occupy an important place in the history of the Institute, and it is hoped that in the future the Corps will take more interest in the yearly short story contest.





FIRST AID DRILL



LOADING



024-10-1 '17

THE ETERNAL "DU"

"Tom"



180



Regarding the Subs

ONCE a Doting Parent Showed Up at an Institution to whose Tender Mercies he had Handed over his Wayward Offspring the fall before. It was not only a Cold Storage for Regular Knowledge, but also Handed Out helpful Hints on how to conduct oneself as a Brigadier General, in spite of the fact that most of the Gawks couldn't Hold Down a job as an A. D. T. boy for a week. On looking the Joint over, he decided that while it wasn't furnished with Louis Quinze Outfits and Persian Rugs, its atmosphere was fairly Surcharged with Work, and he Had a Hunch that Labor was exactly what the Pride of the Family stood most in need of. So he Patted Himself on the Back, and Ambled over to the Statue of the Father of Our Country, to hold a B-ache with a uniformed Gen'man who was afflicted with a too generous Bay Window — Postmaster General and Custodian of the Misery Whistle, none other. As the Fond Father had been busy Grabbing the Graft on Commissary Consignments for the Army, he hadn't kept up with the Preparedness Movement, and things Military. In fact he didn't know the difference between a Stable Sergeant and a Major General, and would have sized up a Machine Gun as a Moving Picture Outfit. Nevertheless, he took a Shot, and Hailing the Person as Colonel, asked to be Put Next to the Dope on the Place.

After acquiring considerable Information, concerning the Heroes of the Battle of New Market, he wanted to know if there wasn't Somebody of Consequence still Hanging Around the Hallowed Walls. His Informer Registered Surprise, and assured him when it came to Big Dogs in every Phase of Life, the Subs were without Parallel.

Just then a Long Drink of Water came Loping through the Arch, his Mug Decorated with the expression that Sleep-walkers commonly Get Credit for. The Doting Parent wanted to know if this was the Doctor Kerlin in Military Uniform with the Rank of Colonel, of whom he had heard so much, — the Exponent of the Higher Thought.

His Informer was stricken nearly dumb.

—No! That's Pussy Foot Anderson. His Record is an enviable one. His lectures arouse so much enthusiasm that the Mean Third Classmen invariably give



him a Hand and Call for an Encore. He is an Indispensable Commodity at the Hops, being a Pilot of good Staying Qualities on whom any Luckless Keydet may wish a Titanic of the First Water in case he gets Tied Up for several Rounds. Furthermore, he is an enthusiastic Boy Scout and hopes to soon be the Recipient of a First Aid Badge.

— Here comes Tooth Pick Boykin and Li'l Percy Bell. Boykie has but two Failings — Vanity and the Piedmont Habit, — and is the Sport of the Sub's Kitchen. Now when it Comes to Love Pirates, Percy is Right There. If there was a Penalty for Causing Gross Disorder in the Calics' Hearts, he would Run Excess.

— What! The tender Gen'man with the Wee Urchin Toting his Pasture Pool Implements? The Big Boy is Pigmy, the Coach. He's going out to watch B. D., the little Feller Tear Up the Sod for a while. B. D. can Dope out by Calculus just why his Drives don't go where he directs them. Since he Took Up the Game, the Villagers have gotten in the habit of Picking Up Their Knitting and Beating it out to the Links every afternoon to hear him Address the Pill. They say it is most Unique.

— That Hard Boy is Shady Grove. He is noted for his ability to pack his Picnic Twist to the Hops with him, and Get Away With it, thus combining Business and Pleasure. He scorns the Fair Sex — but here comes the Woman-Hater now.

— Yes, Willard Brown. He thinks in terms of Amps and Volts, Shocking, don't you know, and his favorite Plaything is the Slide Rule. He's never been Periscoped within Effective Range of a Calic, and seems to Play old Safety First as the One Best Bet. He Can't Be Bothered.

— There goes Rosebud Hepner. He's the Artillery Shark. With his Blinkers on the Drill Regs. and his Auditory Organs within speaking distance of the Serg. he can Hand Out a Line, which proves highly diverting to the Trifling Element, but would make an Expert Pass Out Cold.

— Here's the Georgia Peach. He spends all his Spare Time trying to take out his Lazy Man's Velocipede without having to be Towed In. He's pretty Dumb — only found out last week that when it Came To deciding at what hour Rev. would be held, the Musician of the Guard is the whole works. The expression on his Map is the result of Sniffing for Odor of Tobacco Smoke in Kitchens on the First Stoop.



THE BOMB—1917

— No, that's not the Bean, but Son Read, the Newly Keydet of the Sub's Kitchen. His Strut is only a Bluff he Runs, but he can't Put that Stuff Over around this Joint. He and B. Bowering are the Monstrous Canines of the Crew, and can be located at any time during the Hops without sending out a Special Detail. He gets more mail than a Newly Keydet, and was caught in Weinberg's not long ago looking at Furniture. So he's a Foregone Conclusion.

— A German Spy? Where? Why that's only Skid Snidow, the Power Behind the Throne at the Post Exchange. In spite of the fact that he Steps Off for about five miles every afternoon, he still retains his Girlish Figure, as does Warren, who Chaperones these Hikes.

— That Cit is Bull Durham, one of the Renowned Local Boys. He claims that the Barbarians are Food For the Missionary, not for the Y. M. C. A., but is Sticking With them just the same. He has done some mighty good Mission Work among the Titanics at the Hops, being as a rule the Last to Leave the Sinking Ship. A mighty Fine Bunch of Boys, I ain't Kidding you a Pound, and —

Here the Walking Guidebook Executed About Face and stood transfixed. The Intent Listener, who had been Deployed behind him had Felt Need Of Stimulant after what he had just heard and had Unlimbered his Pocket Edition and was Throwing Down a Bunch of Four Roses in an attempt to get Fire Superiority. As he had voted the Prohibition Ticket the First Aid to Dumb Corporals retired to the Guard Room, leaving the Victim to recover as best he could.



THE BOMB-1917

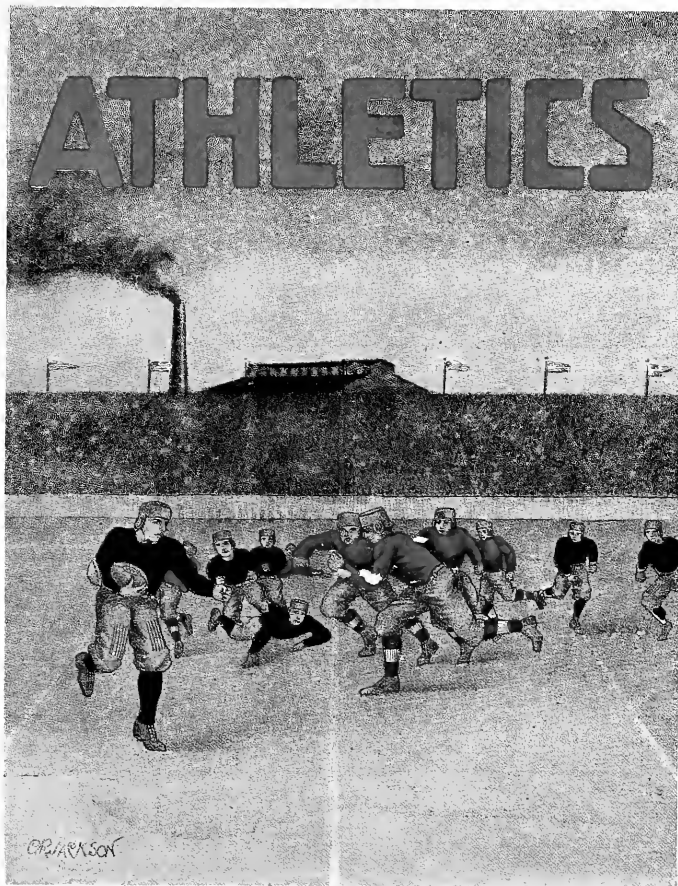


BARRACKS



THE BOMB—1917

ATHLETICS



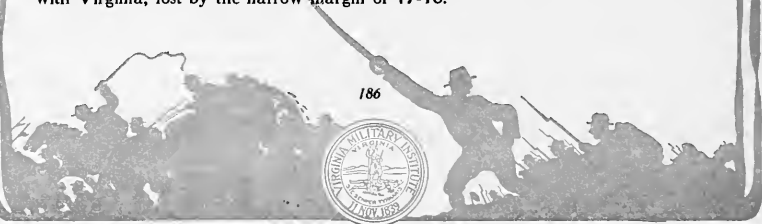
V. M. I. Athletics—Past and Present.

OF THE several branches of Athletics, Football is, as elsewhere, the premier sport at V. M. I. Football was introduced at the V. M. I. in the autumn of 1891 largely through the efforts of Walter Taylor, of the Class of 1892, who was Captain of the first team.

Through all the years that have followed, the keynote to V. M. I. football may be found in the fact that nobody has ever seen a V. M. I. football team "quit." V. M. I. has won its share of successes, often doing the apparently impossible in winning out of its class; and it has had its defeats, sometimes pretty bad ones. But, win or lose, V. M. I. has always put forth its best efforts until the final blow of the referee's whistle. And, win or lose, it's our team; they have gone the limit for us and we'll go the limit for them. A stranger at the depot when a V. M. I. team comes home would always conclude that V. M. I. had won, for a losing team receives the same welcome as a winning one.

The team of 1907 affords a striking illustration of V. M. I. spirit. While all V. M. I. monograms are equal in value, there is a peculiar significance attached to a certain two which were awarded this year. The one was given to "Bob" Massie and the other to R. B. Dunbar. Massie was a born football player; he really won his monogram in his first game, a hard-fought contest with the Naval Academy, when he was still but an unassuming Fourth Classman. Yet he never relaxed his efforts for a single moment during the entire four years which followed. He was always in the thick of the fight, giving V. M. I. his very best.

The other monogram was awarded to R. B. Dunbar. Dunbar came to the V. M. I. a big, fat, awkward, overgrown boy. For four years he tried for the team, but, while personally popular, his efforts at football were not taken seriously. A little Gadfly from Texas nicknamed him "Bedelia," and produced many a laugh at his expense by calling to him from the side-lines. But the Gadfly passed out of the picture, and Dunbar kept right on trying, year after year, giving V. M. I. the best he had, and all the time improving. In his first class year he loomed large in the Virginia game as a star — he was one of the Stonewall Center, which the sporting writers praised so liberally in their accounts of that game, a nip and tuck affair with Virginia, lost by the narrow margin of 17-18.



And that's why V. M. I. almost invariably wins in her own class and scores many successes in the class above, where she does not contend on anything like even terms. Until one has been on the inside and has traveled and lived with the squad, he can hardly appreciate the difficulties under which football is played at V. M. I. A scant hour for practice, the player comes out in a hurry, right from class, and leaves on the run to make a lightning change for drill, from which none are excused. The system at the V. M. I. makes it impossible to have it otherwise, yet the contrast to the opportunities enjoyed by football at other institutions, where the player receives all the attention and consideration usually bestowed upon the favored few, is indeed striking. What the others accomplish with ample opportunity for practice, and large numbers from which to draw, including a wealth of trained material, the V. M. I. must accomplish with limited and green material, intensive training and V. M. I. spirit — to use a vulgar expression, borrowed from Kipling, but one which is universally used in the athletic world — "by having the guts."

Perhaps the greatest handicap under which V. M. I. labors is the loss of football material by wastage. The star football player must stand the gaff in the Military Department, as well as in the Academic Department; he also must retain his sense of proportion; "big head" is usually fatal. He must live up to the corps' unwritten laws and standards; and many good football players fall by the wayside. In the present year the wastage has been unusually heavy — four stars were lost to the team.

Still another handicap to V. M. I. is in having no regular athletic field. There are many disadvantages, both to Athletics and to the Parade Ground, in using the one field for both purposes. However, it is the hope of all that before very long this situation may be relieved by the construction of an athletic field, to be used solely for athletic purposes. There is an excellent site available, and in light of what has been accomplished in the recent past, there is reason to regard this as more than a dream of the distant future.

Besides its spirit and its loyalty to the team, V. M. I. has one other proud possession. No question is ever raised concerning the eligibility of a V. M. I. player. In the athletic world this is so well recognized that it goes as a matter of course. V. M. I. takes what normally comes to her and makes the best of it. When she wins with such a team there is nothing to mar the joy of the victory. And when she loses it is the whole family which grieves, for V. M. I. is no easy loser — in fact, it nearly breaks her heart to lose.



THE BOMB—1917

Of the twenty-six teams V. M. I. has had, the writer has seen them all pass across the stage except two, and he has seen most of the players of those two in action on subsequent teams. The first five teams —

- '91 W. H. Taylor, Captain
- '92 Spencer Carter, Captain
- '93 H. A. Wise, Captain
- '94 F. A. Hickman, Captain
- '95 C. C. Dickinson, Captain

— were unusually successful. During that entire period only two games were lost; one to Virginia in '93, and one to V. P. I., by a score of 4-6, in '95. Victories were scored against St. Johns, Washington and Lee, Wake Forest, Trinity, Kentucky State, University of North Carolina, V. P. I., and A. and M. of N. C.

In this period the most notable game from the writer's viewpoint was the game won from North Carolina in '93 by score of 10 to 6. Carolina came to us a promising contender for the championship of the South. Her record was marred by no defeat. The game was a battle royal, and a grand exhibition of V. M. I. pluck. Right here V. M. I. began its long record of upsetting the dope. No team is ever quite sure of beating V. M. I.

In '96 there came a slump, as comes to every college; the team of this season lost the majority of its games.

The years '97, '98 and '99 showed a gradual return to V. M. I.'s best form, each team getting better results than the preceding one. The climax was reached again with the team of 1900.

1900, captained by C. S. Roller, was one of the most conspicuously successful in the history of the Institution, losing only to Georgetown by the close score of 11 to 16, holding Virginia to a tie, and defeating V. P. I. Every alumnus looks back with pride upon the record of Roller's team.

- 1901 I. B. Johnson, Captain
- 1902 G. S. Dewey, Captain
- 1903 E. H. Johnson, Captain
- 1904 R. James, Captain
- 1905 M. W. Caffee, Captain
- 1906 H. Beckner, Captain

— all maintained the reputation of V. M. I. for clean, hard playing, taking a good share of victories.



THE BOMB—1917

1907, R. W. Massie, Captain, was one of the best. Its game with Virginia, which went 18 to 17 in Virginia's favor, was a thrilling contest, which contributed greatly to V. M. I.'s reputation on the football field.

1908, T. Poague, Captain, 1909, H. G. Poague, Captain, and 1910, H. G. Dashiell, Captain, all played excellent football. Another climax was reached with the teams of 1911, 1912, and 1913, all of which played in tip-top form and brought many laurels to V. M. I.

1911, Red Moore, Captain, was conspicuously successful, losing only to Virginia, and including in its victories Davidson College, N. C. A. and M., Richmond, Randolph-Macon, St. Johns and Catholic.

1912, C. E. Moore, again Captain, bettered the record of 1911, losing only one game, and including in its victories University of Virginia, 19-0, and Kentucky State, 3-2.

1913, R. M. Youell, Captain, brings us into recent history. This team was perhaps the best in the history of the institution, losing only to Virginia. Its great victory, over A. and M. of N. C. in Richmond, was one of the star performances in V. M. I. football. The exhausting effect of a hard game on the Saturday preceding Thanksgiving was the cause of its getting only a tie with V. P. I. in the Thanksgiving game.

1914, J. M. Bain, Captain, suffered much by contrast with the strong aggregations of the three preceding years. It also suffered greatly through loss of experienced players. However, it was a hard fighting lot and acquitted itself very creditably, the playing in the Clemson and V. P. I. games being of a high order.

1915, A. Nelms, Captain, had an excellent record, defeating Clemson, playing North Carolina to a tie, and losing only to Virginia and V. P. I.

1916, A. Nelms, Captain, started out with good prospects, though there was a disheartening loss of old players. As usual it overwhelmed the teams in its own class. It smothered Clemson by a score of 37 to 7. In every case it played the teams out of its class to a stand-still, yielding to great superiority of weight only during the closing minutes of the final period, and furnishing the usual classic in the game with V. P. I. Thanksgiving.



THE BOMB—1917

The following complete list of coaches will be interesting :

FOOTBALL COACHES

GEORGE W. BRYANT.....	Princeton	1895-1896
GEORGE W. BRYANT.....	Princeton	1896-1897
ROBERT N. GRONER	University of Virginia.....	1897-1898
S. A. BOYLE	University of Pennsylvania.....	1898-1899
A. K. DICKINSON.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	
S. A. BOYLE.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	1899-1900
S. WALKER.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	
S. WALKER.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	1900-1901
DR. B. GARNETT.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	1901-1902
S. WALKER.....	University of Pennsylvania.....	1902-1903
W. W. ROPER	Princeton	1903-1904
W. W. ROPER	Princeton	1904-1905
J. B. JOHNSON.....	V. M. I. and Virginia.....	1905-1906
R. JAMES, <i>Asst.</i>	V. M. I.	
J. B. JOHNSON.....	V. M. I. and Virginia.....	1906-1907
G. E. PYLE, <i>Asst.</i>	University of Kansas.....	
C. S. ROLLER	V. M. I.	1907-1908
C. S. ROLLER	V. M. I.	1908-1909
W. C. GLOTH	University of Virginia.....	1909-1910
W. C. GLOTH	University of Virginia.....	1910-1911
A. BRUMMAGE.....	University of Kansas.....	1911-1912
A. BRUMMAGE.....	University of Kansas.....	1912-1913
B. B. HAGER, <i>Asst.</i>	V. M. I. and Vanderbilt.....	
H. G. POAGUE.....	V. M. I.	1913-1914
DR. OSCAR RANDOLPH.....	University of Virginia.....	
COL. J. C. WISE.....	V. M. I.	
COL. R. JAMES	V. M. I.	
F. H. GORTON.....		1914-1915
F. H. GORTON.....		1915-1916
F. H. GORTON.....		1916-1917
F. C. ABELL, <i>Asst.</i>	Colgate.....	



Baseball

THE first record of organized Baseball dates back to 1884-1885. W. L. Hopkins, a picturesque and interesting character of '85, was Captain of this team. It is certain that baseball was played prior to that time, but we have no record of the teams. In baseball V. M. I. has not been very successful. V. M. I. spirit cannot make a baseball team. Baseball is a highly specialized sport in which mechanical ability can only be attained and maintained by constant practice. A pitcher is a necessary part of a baseball team, and for some reason not many pitchers come to the V. M. I., or, if they come, fail to develop in such unfavorable environment.

There was one period for nine years during which V. M. I. continuously had a pitcher, and during those nine years she had good ball teams. Carneal lasted four years, 1899-'03, inclusive. Devault succeeded him with the intermission of one year, and lasted from 1904-'07, inclusive. They were both good college pitchers, and pitched V. M. I. into many a victory. There were also many other good players in the game during their time, notably T. B. Goodloe, of home-run fame. Since this period V. M. I. has had an occasional good pitcher, but he has never lasted long. Under our system it is difficult to see how V. M. I. can produce good baseball teams with any consistency. Baseball comes in the busiest time of the year, and the opportunities for developing a team are absolutely inadequate.

Basketball

BASKET-BALL, which was introduced in 1908, H. J. Porter, Jr., Captain, seemed to catch the fancy of the Corps from the very beginning. It comes at a period when things are usually flat, and it fills a big gap in the life of the cadet. In basket-ball you see the cadet, both on the team and on the side-lines, at his very best. The player in the game is putting forth his utmost effort; the corps on the side-lines is literally surcharging the atmosphere with encouragement. The staccato cries of the individual and the formal yells of the corps follow each other in endless succession, occasionally subsiding at a tense moment, as on the trying for a goal, and again rising to a regular pandemonium of noise when play is fast and furious. A more tense situation than a close game on the V. M. I. basket-ball floor, with the rooters going at top speed, is difficult to imagine. The scene is truly inspiring.

V. M. I. has been very successful in basket-ball, and its growing popularity is assured with the new gymnasium as its setting.



THE BOMB-1917



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Coach Gorton

FOR the last three years the man who has always been on the job in everything pertaining to V. M. I. athletics was Coach Gorton. He came to us as Head Coach. He was unversed in the nature of our methods and in the character of our system, and the fact that he readily adapted himself to the conditions so new to him is part evidence of his real ability.

We were all more or less familiar with the numerous and various problems facing Coach Gorton when he began his work here. Some of them were of great importance to V. M. I. athletics, and they presented difficulties which, to be handled properly, required qualities of determination, hard work, clear thinking and devotion to duty.

We have admired the spirit in which the Coach went at the task before him, and we believe the results attained are a striking testimonial to his worth.

Although we have fallen before V. P. I. in the annual football clash for the last three years, we have come out on top in many a highly creditable football game. So in baseball: we have won, and we have lost. We think we can safely say that Coach Gorton has been largely responsible for the games we have won rather than for those we have lost. Probably his greatest success has been in basket-ball and track. In both of these branches he turned out teams to be proud of.

Coach Gorton leaves the Institute at a time when many good results of his labors are apparent. He leaves behind many warm friends and admirers, and he carries with him our good wishes and esteem. We appreciate his earnest efforts, and what he has actually accomplished for V. M. I. We are not informed as to his plans for the future, but wherever he goes and whatever he does, we sincerely wish for him the success we are confident he will deserve.



THE BOMB-1917



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Coach Abell

WHAT cadet but did not look admiringly at "Abe's" picture, when it was first announced last spring that he was to assist in coaching football the following season? What cadet but did not look still more admiringly when "Abe" appeared in person in September? Nor did their admiration decrease with days. On the contrary it increased, and the more they saw of him, the more they liked him.

Abell's influence at V. M. I. has been felt in more ways than one. In football he did wonders. It is not enough to say that the reputation that last season's team won for itself was due in a large measure to his efforts, and that our team was proclaimed the best-coached team in the South. This is from the point of view of an outsider. Ask any member of the team or squad, what the team thought of "Abe," or how he was on the field. The reply will be something like this: He could get more work out of a man that anyone ever seen before on a football field. Instead of causing the men to hate him, he became their idol, and there was not a one who would not have expended his last ounce of strength at his word.

But this isn't all. Anyone who thought that a certain amount of swearing was necessary on a football field was soon converted to the contrary, for "Abe's" motto was: "No Swearing — No Betting," and he put it into effect. Any cadet might follow his example to profit.

What wonder, then, that every cadet rejoiced when it was announced that this man is to return next year. And we are confident that those who rejoiced shall not be disappointed. Abell has already accomplished much, and we have every reason to believe that he will accomplish still more.





DR. RANDOLPH



MR. DURHAM

Assistant Coaches



CAPTAIN LEECH



W. F. NELSON



THE BOMB—1917



R. Feilheim



THE BOMB-1917



THE TEAM



FOOTBALL

September 30:	Hampden-Sidney College.....	0:	V. M. I.....	19
October 7:	William and Mary College.....	0:	V. M. I.....	66
October 14:	Gallaudet College.....	0:	V. M. I.....	54
October 21:	Maryland State College.....	15:	V. M. I.....	9
October 28:	University of North Carolina.....	38:	V. M. I.....	13
November 4:	Catholic University.....	16:	V. M. I.....	14
November 11:	Clemson College.....	7:	V. M. I.....	37
November 18:	University of Virginia.....	20:	V. M. I.....	7
November 30:	Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....	23:	V. M. I.....	14

THIS schedule was one of the hardest that we have ever undertaken, and our chances of success were much lessened when four of last year's monogram wearers failed to return. We had counted on these men in making our schedule, and their loss was severely felt.

With a light team, not averaging over 155 pounds, we met the above teams, most of which outweighed us decidedly, and we feel that the results were distinctly creditable, both to the team and to the coaches. Several critics have pronounced V. M. I. the best coached team in this section. This is accounted for when we consider the array of coaching talent that handled our team.

Head Coach Gorton was assisted by Abell, of Colgate, Walter Camp's first selection of All-American tackle in 1915; Rev. Oscar Randolph, Virginia's great quarter of former years; Capt. Leech, one of our own stars; and Mr. Durham, one of the best all-round athletes of Richmond College.

Of the team we can only say that they played fast aggressive football and upheld the best traditions of V. M. I. It was not their fault that they did not weigh fifteen or twenty pounds more per man, so as to meet their opponents on more even terms. They did all that the coaches could expect, and more.

In the Thanksgiving game, especially, did they show the finest kind of spirit and football of a high grade. Outweighed twenty pounds to the man, and picked by many critics to lose by a big score, they rose to the occasion, and, for a great part of the game, played one of the best teams in the South to a standstill.



CAPTAIN NELMS



THE BOMB—1917



STEELE

This is said in no effort to detract from our worthy opponents of V. P. I., who know how to win football games and how to conduct themselves in victory.

We regret to announce the resignation of Head Coach Gorton. During his three years at V. M. I. he has done a great deal for football. Handicapped as he has been by an unusual lack of weight, he has kept V. M. I. on the football map, and deserves the thanks of the alumni for his services.



GOODMAN, B.

Capt. Leech, who has been invaluable to us for several years, has resigned, to enter the U. S. Marine Corps, and his loss will be keenly felt.



BUCHER

Prospects for 1917, however, are far from discouraging. We are fortunate in securing Abell as Head Coach, who, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the game, has a wonderful gift of inspiring enthusiasm and getting his men to work. It is no exaggeration to say that Abell is loved by every man in barracks.



WHITTLE

Bertschey, Captain-elect for next year, should prove a good



THE BOMB-1917

leader, his work at half back caused his selection for the all South Atlantic team by several prominent judges.

With these men as leaders, and with a good squad of old men to draw from, we feel that V. M. I. is in a fair way to win new prestige on the grid-iron.



HART



MARSHALL, P.



GRAY



THOMAS, R.



BERTSCHEY



CALENCH 70



THE BOMB-1917



HAWKINS, S.



HAWKINS, C.



Root



KNAPP



THE BOMB-1917



LEECH



SILVERSTEIN



SULLIVAN



ENGLEY



Chronicle



MANAGER ROBINSON

FRANK H. GORTON.....COACH
 E. C. ABELL.....ASSISTANT COACH
 J. A. NELMS.....CAPTAIN
 F. S. ROBINSON.....MANAGER
 L. W. FOY.....ASSISTANT MANAGER

THE TEAM

Ends

GOODMAN, B.
 BUCHER
 MARSHALL, P.

Guards

WHITTLE
 HAWKINS, C.
 ROOT

Tackles

STEELE
 THOMAS, R.
 HAWKINS, S.

Centers

NELMS
 KNAPP

Halves

BERTSCHEY
 LEECH
 SULLIVAN
 ENGLEBY

Fulls

HART
 SILVERSTEIN

Quarters

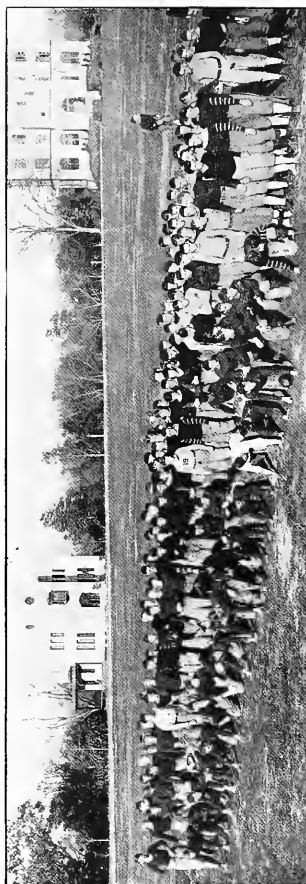
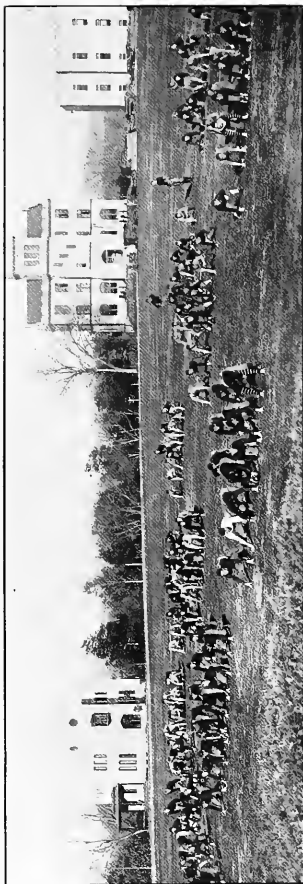
GRAY

SCHEDULE FOR 1917

September 29:	Hampden-Sidney College	Lexington, Va.
October 6:	William and Mary College	Lexington, Va.
October 13:	University of Virginia	Charlottesville, Va.
October 20:	Maryland State College	Lexington, Va.
October 27:	Davidson College	Danville, Va.
November 3:	Roanoke College	Lexington, Va.
November 10:	A. and M. of North Carolina	Richmond, Va.
November 17:	University of North Carolina	Chapel Hill, N. C.
November 29:	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	Roanoke, Va.



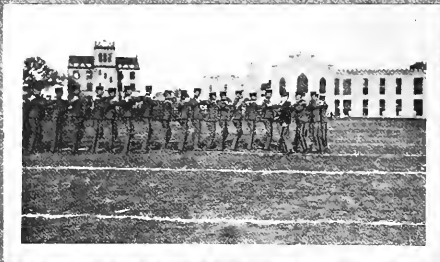
THE BOMB-1917



The Squad



THE BOMB-1917



THE BOMB—1917



THE BOMB—1917



JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL — EAST VIEW



THE BOMB-1917



R. Fehlein



THE BOMB—1917



THE SQUAD

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BASEBALL

SOMEONE has suggested that the best representation of the V. M. I. baseball season of 1916 would be a picture of a door with the words, "V. M. I. Baseball Season 1916," written across it, and the knob of the door draped liberally with crepe. This would certainly save time and space, but would hardly be fair to the men who worked so hard and gave so freely of the limited time they had to make a team, so we refuse to consider the above suggestion.

The season was not a successful one from the standpoint of games won, but when we consider the time given for practice, the rawness of most of the material, and the difficulties under which the coaches and men labored, we may safely say that everyone was satisfied with the showing that the team made.

As anyone who has had any experience in baseball knows, it is next to impossible to take material that is even above the average, and make a team out of it when the average time for practice is only an hour per day, and the playing season only two months long.

The larger portion of material that V. M. I. has to develop a team from is of the rawest kind. We occasionally get a man who has had some prep school experience, but on account of the short practice period and short season it is hard for them to develop into expert players.

The old men who came out last season were the Pitts Brothers, battery; Bucher and Driscoll, pitchers; Gillespie, Captain; Millner, Hamlin and Hagan, infielders; Paul and Marshall, outfielders. These men always gave the best they had, and considering the small amount of practice they were able to get, put up a good game. Of these men all are lost by graduation except Bucher, Captain for this season, Hamlin and Marshall, and it will be hard to find others to fill their places.

The new men who showed up best were Massie, Brown and Jernigan, pitchers; Sale, Fairlamb and Carter, catchers;



CAPTAIN BUCHER



THE BOMB—1917



AT THE BAT

The playing field, which last year was used for drill and consequently was always rough, will probably be left entirely for baseball this year, and if so it will be possible to keep it in better condition. The new gym should permit men to get in some early work, a thing that has been impossible heretofore, the old gym not being adapted to that kind of work.

The coaching staff will be increased by the services of "Big Abe," who made his letter at Colgate, playing third base, and who has already won the confidence of the corps by helping to turn out a good football team.

On the whole the outlook for the coming season is brighter than it has been for several years, so let us remember the past only as an incentive to greater efforts, and work for a team that will wipe out all memory of past defeats.



WINDING UP



THE BOMB-1917



ON THE FIELD





MANAGER MUNCE

Chronicle

E. C. ABELL..... COACH
 O. B. BUCHER..... CAPTAIN
 M. G. MUNCE..... MANAGER

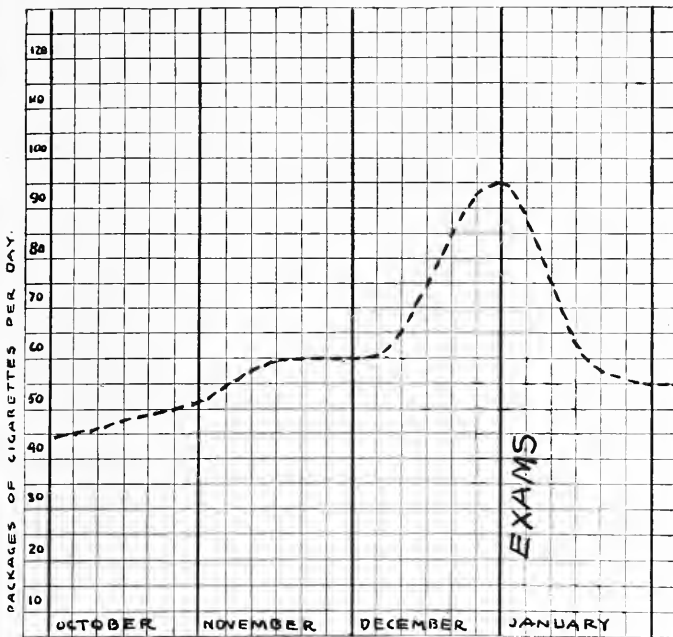
SCHEDULE

1. Saturday	March 24	Virginia Christian College.....	Lexington
2. Saturday	March 31	Amherst College.....	Lexington
3. Tuesday	April 3	William and Mary.....	Lexington
4. Friday	April 6	Richmond College.....	Lexington
5. Saturday	April 7	Randolph-Macon.....	Lexington
6. Monday	April 9	Syracuse University.....	Lexington
7. Thursday	April 12	Trinity College (Conn.).....	Lexington
8. Friday	April 13	Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....	Blacksburg
9. Saturday	April 14	Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....	Blacksburg
10. Saturday	April 21	Hampden-Sidney.....	Lexington
11. Tuesday	April 24	Davidson.....	Lexington
12. Thursday	April 26	Hampden-Sidney.....	Hampden-Sidney
13. Friday	April 27	Randolph-Macon.....	Richmond
14. Saturday	April 28	Trinity College (N. C.).....	Danville
15. Saturday	May 5	Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....	Lexington



Curve Showing Rate of Cigarette Smoking in Barracks Per Day for a Period of Four Months

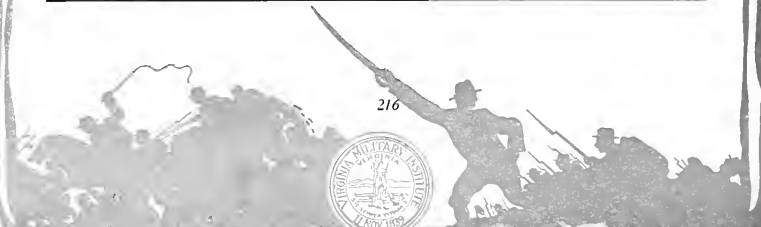
(Note rise in curve in January during Exams)



THE BOMB-1917



THE TEAM





BASKETBALL

WITH only one letter man of last year's squad back at the Institute, prospects looked anything but bright for a winning team. The loss of Lewis at center, Fetterolf at forward, and two such guards as Pitts and Rogers, was a severe blow to basket-ball activities at V. M. I.; but from the large squad that responded to Coach Gorton's call there was found a team that will go down as one of the best and hardest fighting quints that ever wore the red and white jersey.

In the opening game of the season Virginia Christian College was swamped by the decisive score of 79 to 12; then William and Mary, Richmond College, Randolph-Macon, and the University of West Virginia were met and disposed of in the order named.

In our next game, with the University of Virginia, our old rival was forced to succumb to the fast and fierce attack of our lighter team and, when the final whistle blew, the score-board read, "V. M. I., 30; Va., 19."

The following week we met our first defeat, falling before the excellent team-work of Trinity, by the narrow margin of two points. The team in this game did not play up to its usual form, but, in the next game, with A. and M. of North Carolina, came back strong by giving the tar-heels one of the worst drubbings on their Northern invasion.

All of our away-from-home games were lost, but only after a hard and bitter fight in each case, small courts and strange rules proving too much of a handicap for the cadets. North Carolina, Trinity and A. and M. were our conquerors in the order named, but a few days later the former of this trio was defeated on our own floor by the decisive score of 47 to 34.

In the last game of the season after a hard fight, the team was finally forced to bow in defeat to the superior team work of our old rivals, V. P. I., by the score of 37 to 22.



CAPTAIN MARSHALL



THE BOMB—1917

And now for the team. Bacharach, at center, outjumped almost every center he went up against during the season. Nelms and Hock, at guard, played a hard and consistent game throughout the year. "Archie's" playing was always characterized by that old fighting spirit, and what "Freddie" lacked in weight, he more than made up for by the fierceness of his attack and his ability to shoot goals. Captain Marshall and Leech are, as forwards, a pair hard to beat. The former's playing throughout the season was of that steady, consistent sort that always wins in the end. Leech, a new man, and a brother of the famous "Lloyd," developed, as the season progressed, into one of the best shots ever seen on the Institute floor, and the crowd was frequently brought to its feet by his sensational tosses from difficult angles. In addition to this he is fast and aggressive. Sullivan, Wills and Woodward, whenever called upon, always "came across with the goods," and these men will give someone a hard run for a regular place on next year's team. The former was in almost every game played.

The loss of Coach Gorton, who leaves us in June, will be keenly felt by all athletics at the Institute, particularly basket-ball, for it is due to his untiring efforts that V. M. I. has turned out in the last few years teams that she has been proud of.

And now, "Keydets," "Old Yell for the Team! Make 'em Loud!" You've seen them win, you've seen them lose, but whether winning or losing, it was always the same. It was fight, fight, fight, from the first blow of the referee's whistle till the last, and always in evidence was that which we are all so justly proud of — "The Old V. M. I. Spirit."





MANAGER HAMLIN

Chronicle

F. H. GORTON.....COACH
 P. J. MARSHALL.....CAPTAIN
 J. T. HAMLIN, JR.....MANAGER

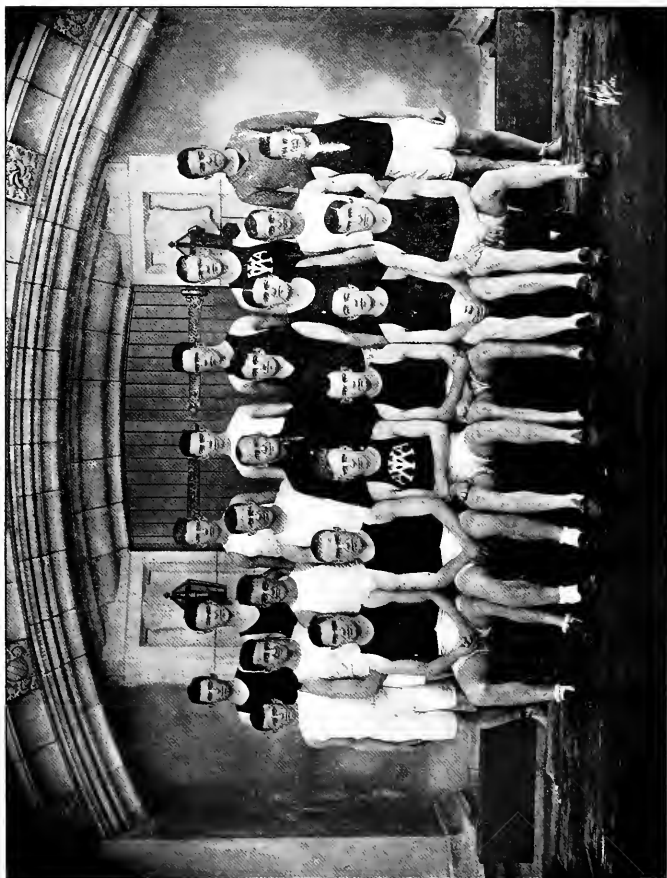
THE TEAM

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Center</i>	<i>Guards</i>
MARSHALL, P.	BACHARACH	NELMS
LEECH		HOCK
SULLIVAN		

SCHEDULE

January 13	Lexington	V. M. I. 79;	Virginia Christian College..... 12
January 18	Lexington	V. M. I. 20;	Hampden-Sidney 14
January 20	Lexington	V. M. I. 42;	William and Mary..... 20
January 27	Lexington	V. M. I. 32;	Richmond College 23
January 30	Lexington	V. M. I. 30;	Randolph-Macon 16
February 7	Lexington	V. M. I. 32;	University of West Virginia..... 29
February 10	Lexington	V. M. I. 30;	University of Virginia..... 19
February 13	Lexington	V. M. I. 29;	Trinity College 30
February 15	Lexington	V. M. I. 34;	A. and M. College of North Carolina.... 10
February 22	Chapel Hill, N. C.	V. M. I. 22;	University of North Carolina..... 33
February 23	Durham, N. C.	V. M. I. 24;	Trinity College 42
February 24	Raleigh, N. C.	V. M. I. 22;	A. and M. College of North Carolina.... 29
February 27	Lexington	V. M. I. 47;	University of North Carolina..... 34
March 3	Lexington	V. M. I. 22;	V. P. I. 37



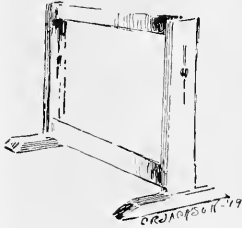


TRACK SQUAD





TRACK



WHEN track practice was first started last spring, there were many who looked upon it as a farce. Later, when it was rumored that the track team was to have a real, honest-to-goodness trip, and had prospects of another, much interest was aroused. This news brought out some new recruits, and in a short time this infant of sports at V. M. I. developed into quite a husky

youngster. If ever a youngster had a hard time, it was this one. There was practically no track, a jumping pit which was poor in its best days, and a bunch of obstacles which seemed at the time insurmountable, but which were removed as time went on.

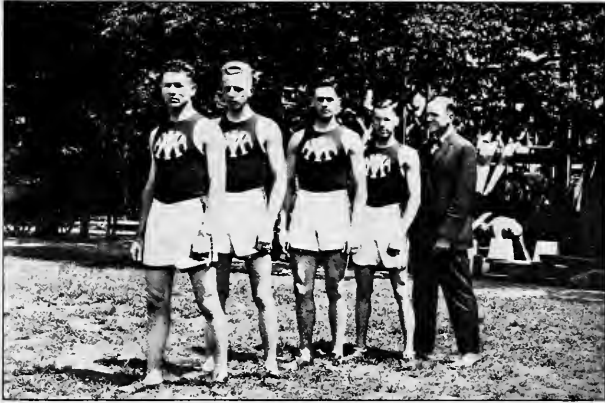
So with everybody working hard, and Coach Gorton and Manager Massie on the job from start to finish, we managed to get up a good team, considering, and sent them off to Blacksburg to compete against V. P. I. and the University of North Carolina. Both of the latter had strong teams, and teams which had had all the advantages of training, which we due to our limited time and facilities lacked. Although we were out-pointed in this meet, it would hardly be fair to say that we were outclassed, for we won one first place, Knapp in the high jump, several seconds and several thirds.

On the return of the team from Blacksburg it was generally thought that the track season was ended so far as we were concerned. But not so. Coach Gorton and Massie (we really think it was mostly the Coach, but he wouldn't let us say it outright) by much effort secured us an entry in the Relay Carnival held during the month of April under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. Although most of them had broken training to some extent,



CAPTAIN RUFFNER





RELAY TEAM

a relay team, consisting of Ayres, Captain, Massie, Read and Ruffner, was sent to Philadelphia. There they astonished everyone, including themselves, so they say, by winning third place out of nine entries in their class, the best part of which was that all the other eight entries represented colleges all larger than V. M. I.

But all this is history now. This year we are to have one or more inter-collegiate meets, and again participate in the Relay Carnival at "Philly." While it is true that we have lost quite a few of our last year's best men, Read, Ayres and Massie of the Relay Team, Hix, Ripley, Geyer and Dillard, we still have "Jimmy" Taylor, Rothert, Jones, G., Knapp and Ruffner, all good men, who, together with the new material, should make V. M. I. winner in more than one contest.

As to Coaches we have Coach Gorton, than whom there are few, if any, better, and Mr. Walter Durham, for four consecutive years a track monogram wearer at Richmond College. With such a coaching staff, some new material, and the old men, led by Ruffner, who are back from last year's squad, track is bound to win for V. M. I. the illustrious name that football has won it.



PUTTING SHOT



THE BOMB—1917



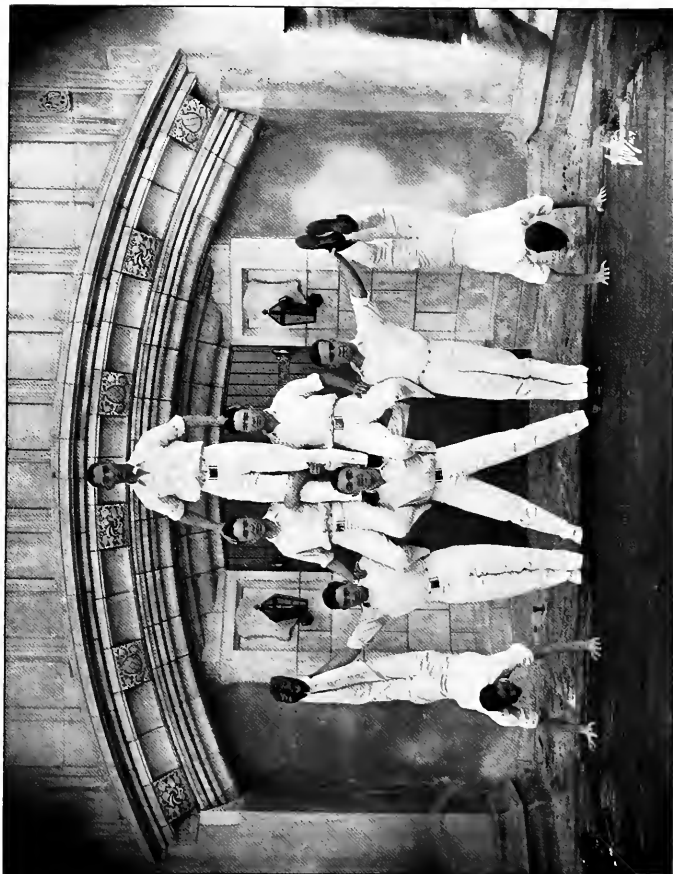
HIGH JUMP



FIFTY YARD DASH



THE BOMB-1917



GYMNASIUM TEAM





GYMNASIUM

G-Y-M is a very good abbreviation for gymnasium, because to make a gym team, Guilty Young Men are necessary. Jolts and jars are the rewards of the team during the weeks of practice before the exhibition. The lack of meets with other colleges is a hindrance to the popularity of the team with outsiders. This popularity is rapidly increasing, due to the new gymnasium and its equipment.

Monograms are awarded to members of the Team making the required number of points during any exhibition.

The first exhibition is held during Government Inspection. Though tired and fatigued from the rigid inspection during the day, the Team does itself credit as it passes from the mysterious flips of Ground Tumbling to the Cut-Offs on the flying rings and the Kick-Ups on the bars.

The second inspection is held during the gala week of Finals. With all the excitement — the gaudy colored dresses, the special "calic" — what couldn't one do?

The band strikes up that naughty melody, and the Team comes prancing in. Lucky it is that the windows are open, so that the boys may throw out their chests as they pass by the "calics."

With the grace of a fawn and the agility of a cat, the Team passes through its tricks and intrepid feats of strength. Then follows the applause of "keydets" and "calic"; points are calculated by the judges; monograms awarded, and the delightful Informal Hop begins.



CAPTAIN LANGE



THE BOMB-1917



TENNIS TEAM





TENNIS

W. J. H. 1917

TENNIS at the Institute has in the past few years greatly increased in popularity, especially as now men on the Team may be awarded monograms. Last year a match was played with V. P. I., the outcome of which was that V. M. I. was victorious in both singles and doubles. Matches, both at home and abroad, have been scheduled for the coming season. Although only one member of last year's Team returned this session, we expect to acquit ourselves as well as last year, as there was a generous response to the call for volunteers, and as we have nearly all of the men back who played on the second team of last year.

A tournament will be held in the Spring, and the outcome of this will in a large way determine the Team. The improvement in the courts last year leads us to hope for a similar improvement this year, and the hope of having additional courts is near to realization.

When the men who are lucky enough to have an afternoon off don the white and, with racquet and balls, rush for "decks" on the courts, the fight for "that bunch of letters" will be on. Here's hoping that a large number will be successful.



CAPTAIN LEGGETT



THE BOMB-1917



MONOGRAM CLUB



MONOGRAM CLUB

B. A. GOODMAN.....PRESIDENT
 P. J. MARSHALL.....SECRETARY
 W. MASSIE.....TREASURER

FOOTBALL

NELMS, '17, *Captain*
 GOODMAN, '17
 BUCHER, '17
 HART, '17
 STEELE, '17
 COLE, '17
 WHITTLE, '17
 BERTSCHEY, '18
 GRAY, '18
 HAWKINS, C., '18
 MARSHALL, P., '18
 ROOT, '18
 ENGBLY, '19
 KNAPP, '19
 SULLIVAN, '19
 THOMAS, R., '19
 HAWKINS, S., '20
 LEECH, '20
 SILVERSTEIN, '20

BASEBALL

BUCHER, '17, *Captain*
 HAMLIN, '17
 MARSHALL, P., '18
 MASSIE, W., '19

BASKET-BALL

MARSHALL, P., '18,
Captain
 NELMS, '17

TRACK

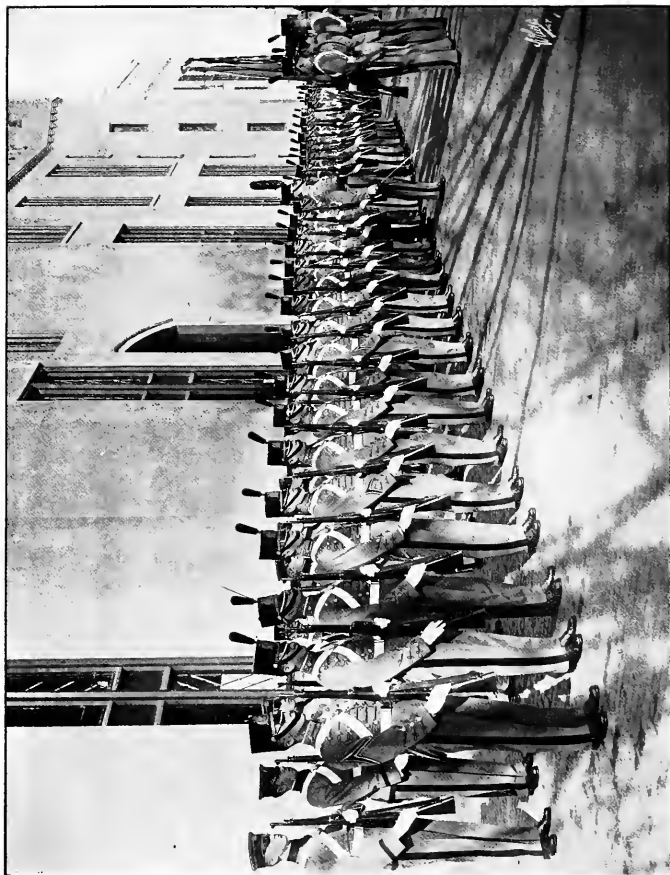
RUFFNER, '17, *Captain*

GYMNASIUM

LANGE, '20, *Captain*



THE BOMB-1917



"C" Co. RECEIVING COLORS

230



ORGANIZATIONS



THE BOMB-1917



Y. M. C. A. CABINET





OFFICERS

S. C. CUMMING.....PRESIDENT
 S. B. WITT.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 W. G. WILLS, JR.....SECRETARY
 W. M. WHITTLE.....TREASURER

BIBLE STUDY COMMITTEE

J. T. HAMLIN, *Chairman*
First Class:
 C. P. NASH, *President*
 F. S. ROBINSON, *Secretary*
Second Class:
 P. W. ROOT, *President*
 T. M. WATSON, *Secretary*
Third Class:
 W. WIMBERLY, *President*
 W. MASSIE, *Secretary*
Fourth Class:
 JENNINGS, *President*
 LOWERY, *Secretary*

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

C. P. NASH, *Chairman*
 R. PERKINSON
 H. P. GRAY
 T. O. BANCROFT

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE

S. B. WITT, *Chairman*
 C. C. CANTRELL
 G. KYLE

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

W. B. LEGGETT, *Chairman*
 J. P. MARSHALL
 J. M. METTENHEIMER

Y. M. C. A.

UP TO the present year the work of the Young Men's Christian Association has excited little interest among the cadets, and the efforts of its members towards increasing the influence and scope of the Association have been of a most perfunctory character. This lack of interest was largely due to the fact that a military school, as V. M. I. is, has great difficulties to surmount in carrying on such a work, because of the arduous and exacting duties required of its students.

However, it has been the good fortune of the Institute this year to have been able to secure Mr. Walter E. Durham, a graduate of Richmond College, as a permanent resident Secretary to look after the affairs of the Association. Since he has taken charge, the Y. M. C. A. seems to have taken on a new life. Mr. Durham has introduced an innovation in the appointment of a Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, to act as a sort of Board of Directors for the Association. This Cabinet consists of the chairmen of the various committees, who have charge of the several major divisions of the Y. M. C. A. work, in addition to the regular officers.

The greater interest manifested in the Y. M. C. A. is largely due to the effective work of the heads of the several committees under the immediate direction of the President, S. C. Cumming. Early in the year C. P. Nash and his Membership Committee were on the job, and their efforts resulted in placing on the Association's membership list the name of every cadet in the Corps. One finds very seldom a school with its entire student body enrolled as paid up members of the Y. M. C. A., or in any other organization. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Nash and his assistants for their remarkable work, and to the Corps credit must be given for responding so heartily.

Probably the most striking feature of the Association work this year is the interest shown in the Bible Study Classes. Under the able and energetic supervision of J. T. Hamlin, over seventy-five per cent. of the Corps is enrolled in Bible Classes. Each Bible Class has its President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and meets in its own room every Wednesday night. The classes are taught by local pastors from Lexington who have kindly consented to give part of their time to this work.



THE BOMB—1917

To W. B. Leggett, Chairman, and his associates of the Committee of Social Affairs, was assigned the duty of providing a Reading and Music Room in barracks for the use of Y. M. C. A. members, and they have surpassed the cadets' fondest hopes of a "loafing room." In it may be found many of the leading daily papers of the North and South, a handsome Victrola and a large supply of the latest and best records. The walls are bedecked with pennants of the leading colleges, while from time to time in the room the Cadet Orchestra gives concerts which cannot be excelled anywhere.

Nor has the Program Committee, under the able leadership of S. B. Witt, been surpassed by any of its contemporaries. An excellent and instructive program of prominent speakers in various walks of life has been secured.

Too much praise cannot be given the Cabinet as a whole for their energy and efficiency, their loyalty and devotion. With a unity like clock-work they have worked together and the Corps of Cadets have never failed to respond with co-operation.

In the future the Y. M. C. A. will occupy even a more important place in the cadet's life, and it is easy to see that its influence will be for a greater and better V. M. I.



THE BOMB-1917



EPISCOPAL CHURCH CLUB VESTRY



The Episcopal Church Club

DR. OSCAR DeWOLFE RANDOLPH RECTOR

VESTRY

WHITTLE
COLE, E.
MARSHALL, P.
BERTSCHEY
DEW
WILLS
LOWRY

THE BOMB-1917



CADET ORCHESTRA

238



Cadet Orchestra

E. A. BULKLEY LEADER
 T. R. POTTS MANAGER
 J. C. NELSON, JR. TREASURER

MEMBERS

GATEWOOD	Piano
ALVIS	Trumpet
DRAPER	} Violins
BLOW	
HUGHES, S.	
DAVIS	
WALLER	Drums
SMITH, M.	} Banjo Mandolins
BARRETT	
JEFFRIES	} Guitars
HANCOCK	
TAYLOR, J.	Banjo



Dramatic Club

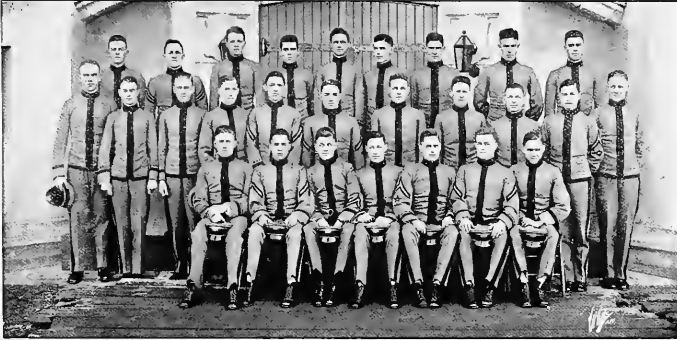
B. A. GOODMAN PRESIDENT
S. B. WITT VICE-PRESIDENT
J. S. LAWSON SECRETARY
C. C. CANTRELL MANAGER

MEMBERS

ADKINS, F. B.
BROWN, E. C.
WARD, J. G.
NOELL, S. W.

JONES, G. W.
ROOT, P. W.
PATTERSON, R.
TAYLOR, J.





Richmond Club

M. R. MILLS, JR.....PRESIDENT
 C. J. SAUNDERS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 H. P. GRAY.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

ADDISON, W. M.
 ADDISON, J.
 ADKINS, F.
 ALVIS
 ARMISTEAD
 CARNEAL
 CARY
 CHAPIN
 CUTCHINS
 DANCE
 FAIRLAMB
 FREEMAN
 GUEST

HAGAN
 HASKELL
 HUNT
 INGRAM
 JAMES
 KELLOGG
 KNAPP
 LAFFERTY
 LAMB
 MONCURE
 MORRISON
 MUNCE
 MUNSON

NEALE
 OWENS, I.
 OWENS, W.
 POTTS, J.
 POTTS, T.
 RHEUTAN
 ROTHERT
 SCOTT
 SWIFT
 TAYLOR, M.
 WARE
 WILLIAMS, J.
 WITT



Norfolk CLUB

J. E. COLE, JR. PRESIDENT
B. A. GOODMAN VICE-PRESIDENT
F. C. JEFFRIES SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

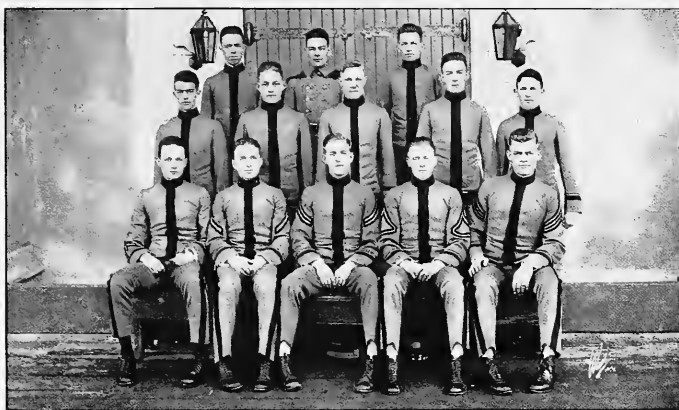
ANDERSON
BELLEZZA
BOYKIN
BUCHER
BUTLER, P.
COLE, H.

HARPER
JONES, G.
MARR
NELSON
PORTER
ROBINSON, F.

SCHLEGEL
SHEPHERO
SIMMONS
SIRMON
TAYLOR, H.
WEISEL



DAVILFE CLOB



J. T. HAMLIN, JR. PRESIDENT
 T. R. PERKINSON, JR. VICE-PRESIDENT
 S. S. HERMAN SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

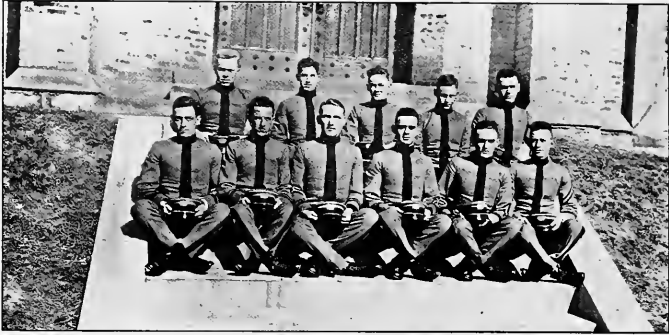
ALVERSON, H. L.
 DUDLEY, H. E.
 HICKS, H. T.
 HUGHES, S. E., JR.

JORDAN, J. C., JR.
 PAXTON, W. C.
 MCFALL, J. C., JR.
 RUFFIN, T. R., JR.

SWAIN, L. N.
 VAN WAGENEN, F.
 WHITTLE, W. M.
 WILLIAMSON, T. S., JR.



THE BOMB-1917



Southwest Virginia Club

G. B. LOCKHART.....PRESIDENT
A. H. BLAIR.....VICE-PRESIDENT
F. Y. CALDWELL.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

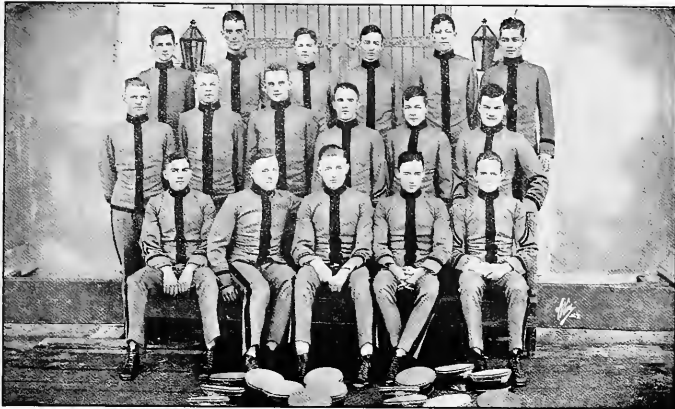
MEMBERS

CHAPMAN
DEW
ENGBY
HOCK

KERLIN
LYTTON
MARTIN, F. K.
MILLER, J.

PARROTT
RHUDY
WILLIAMSON, R.
ROBERTSON, C.





North Carolina Club

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CHARLES B. MILLER VICE-PRESIDENT
BENJAMIN WIMBERLEY SECRETARY AND TREASURER

ROLL

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CARROLL, A.
CANNON, E. R.
GLENN, W. R.
HAIRSTON, R., JR.
MICHIE, H. N.

MILLER, C. B.
MILTON, W. H.
MOORE, T.
KEERANS, C. L.
RUSSELL, E. R.
SMITH, H.

SMITH, E. A.
PENDER, J. R.
WIMBERLEY, B. B.
REILLEY, M. E.
TAYLOR, F. M.
YANCEY, J. T.





The Northwest Club

S. Y. McGIFFERT, Minnesota.....PRESIDENT
 A. H. CAMPBELL, California.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 W. G. GOODMAN, Illinois.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

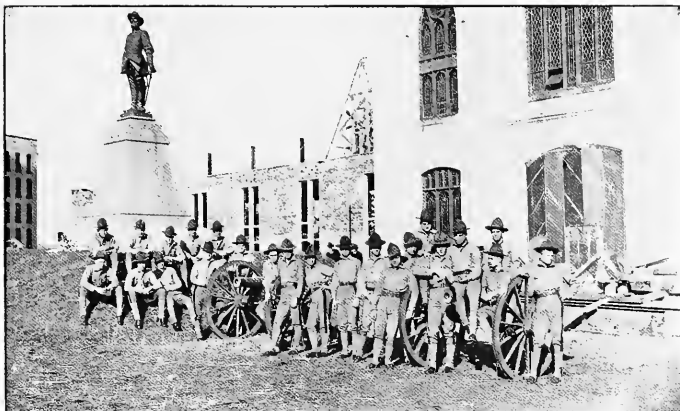
MEMBERS

BLETCHERCalifornia
 BUNDYOhio
 CHURCHOhio
 CLAPPOhio
 DRAPERCalifornia
 EVAMinnesota
 HARRISON, W.Minnesota
 HEARNEIllinois
 PFEIFLERMichigan
 POLKCalifornia
 QUIGLEYIllinois
 SMITH, R. M.Illinois
 WATERSCalifornia

HONORARY MEMBER

ABELL, E. C.....Wisconsin





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 C. C. CANTRELL.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 H. L. ROBERDEAU.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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 EDWARDS
 GAILLARD
 HARDY
 HURT
 IMBODEN
 JERNIGEN
 KEITH

KIRVEN
 LEWIS, Y.
 MERTZ
 METTENHEIMER
 McCELVEY
 MORTON
 MORRISON, F.
 McCAULEY

NORVELL
 RIPLEY
 SLACK
 STRAWN
 THOMPSON, J.
 WATSON
 WEST
 YOUNG, R.



Lynchburg Club

S. W. NOELL..... PRESIDENT
R. G. KYLE..... VICE-PRESIDENT
R. G. ROBERTSON, JR..... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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CARTER, J. P.
CASEY, B. W.
CRAIGHILL, D.

FRANKLIN, J.
HUGHES, G. W.
SULLIVAN, J. J.
WILLS, W. G., JR.



West Virginia Club

C. P. NASH.....	PRESIDENT
D. L. RUFFNER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
M. H. STEVENSON.....	SECRETARY
C. T. HAWKINS.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

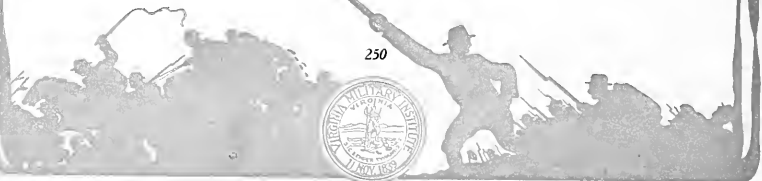
BARNES, R. E.
HARTLEY, E. K.
HAWKINS, S. A.

MARSHALL, A. J.
PARKHURST, R. B.
SILVERSTEIN, J. L.



The Z. D. C.

WATSON	"PRETTY BABY"
COLBURN	"SARG"
MILLER	"CHARLEY"
KYLE	"KITTY"
JONES, W. G.	"ROOSTER"
IMBODEN	"WILEY D."
BLAIR	"ALEX"
METTENHEIMER	"MUKE"
HICKS	"MAYOR"
HERMAN	"FANNIE"
CALDWELL	"SIS"
WARE, J. H.	"JONNE"
FOY, L.	"LEVIE"
FOY, F.	"ABIE"
CANTRELL	"WALRUS"
ALVERSON	"WINK LINK"
VAN DYKE	"DOCTOR"
ROOT	"ELI"
HALEY	"BILL"
TRUSLOW	"HERBIE"
REILLEY	"MAURICE"
TAYLOR, M.	"EXO"
TAYLOR, J.	"TROOPER"
WITT	"SWELL B"
ROBERDEAU	"BIDEO"
GRAY	"NANNIE GOAT"
HOCK	"CONNIE"
DEW	"DUMBO"
NEWBERGER	"ICK"
WEST	"BRUTE"
EDWARDS	"PIEDMONT"
HAWKINS	"CHICK"
CARNEAL	"CHOLLEY"
JEFFRIES	"LIGHTENING"
CURTIS, D.	"DOUG"
SEMMES	"POUSSE"



Headquarters, L. B. C., Lexington, Va.

Feb. 9th, 1917

Urgent. L. B. C.

1. The appointments in the Corps of Tourists, L. B. C., which were to have been made from this office are indefinitely postponed because of the peculiar state of affairs which has been discovered upon reading the recommendations that were submitted.

2. It seems that the desire for the senior office was so fixed in the minds of all tourists, that each recommended himself for the same. Such a condition is deplorable, and immediate steps will be taken by the authorities to rectify things. In the future care will be taken to see that such does not occur, in order that the L. B. C. may not be subject to the inspection of the public, looking in officers.

3. Each tourist is severely enjoined to hold the best interests of the organization close to heart, and to avoid the pitfalls which yawn for those who "run loose".

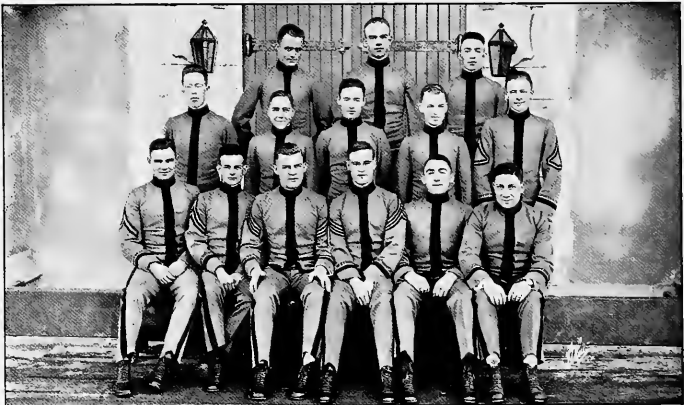
Director of the Organizing Tourist.

Director of the Organizing Tourist.



THEIR CHEVRONS

FOUNDER'S CLUB



OFFICERS

"FUNK" CUMMINGS, ex-'15, ex-'16.....PRESIDENT
 "MUTT LOTH" TAYLOR, ex-'15.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 "BILL" LEGGETT, ex-'15, ex-'16.....SECRETARY-TREASURER

MEMBERS

"MOSE" GOODMAN	ex-'16	"BULL RAT" CARROLL.....	ex-'17
"BULL PIG" WARD.....	ex-'16	"HARDY" COLE	ex-'18
"BOOZE" WHITTLE	ex-'16	"DUMBO" DEW	ex-'18
"FREDDIE" ADKINS	ex-'17	"RED" HUNTER	ex-'18
"SHORTY" NELSON	ex-'17	"SENATOR" IMBODEN	ex-'18
"PETER" PERKINSON	ex-'17	"BIDDY" ROBERDEAU	ex-'18
"TOM" POTTS	ex-'17	"BABY" ROTHERT	ex-'18
"LES" THORNTON	ex-'17		





ALUMNI REVIEW



Inside

Thanks be to Thee, O God of men,
 For revealing to my ken
 These truths, which underlying all,
 Accord to man his rise or fall:
 That in this world of transient joy,
 Of shallow baubles, all which cloy
 The soul and sense of him
 Who trusts to them his life or limb;
 There's something more can take its part,
 Can ease man's soul or fire his heart,
 For industry's the balm of heaven
 Which rest to restless ever has given;
 That in our seeming wrongs and woe
 We are oft times our dearest foe;
 That honest effort, steadfast skill,
 Receives their recompenses still;
 And if a star we fix as goal,
 Although we miss it, seven-fold,
 Will be our prize, than should we aim
 To insignify some mortal fame;
 That hypocrisy did ever confute
 The hypocrite, and institute
 Its own redress; that boasting shows
 The boaster's weakness to his foes;
 That man is blind and compassed quite
 By a darkness worse than night,
 And in this darkness fails to see
 The greatest help lent him by Thee—
 And fails to grasp — which Thou wouldst send —
 God's boon to man — An HONEST FRIEND.

—J. P. Carter, '19.



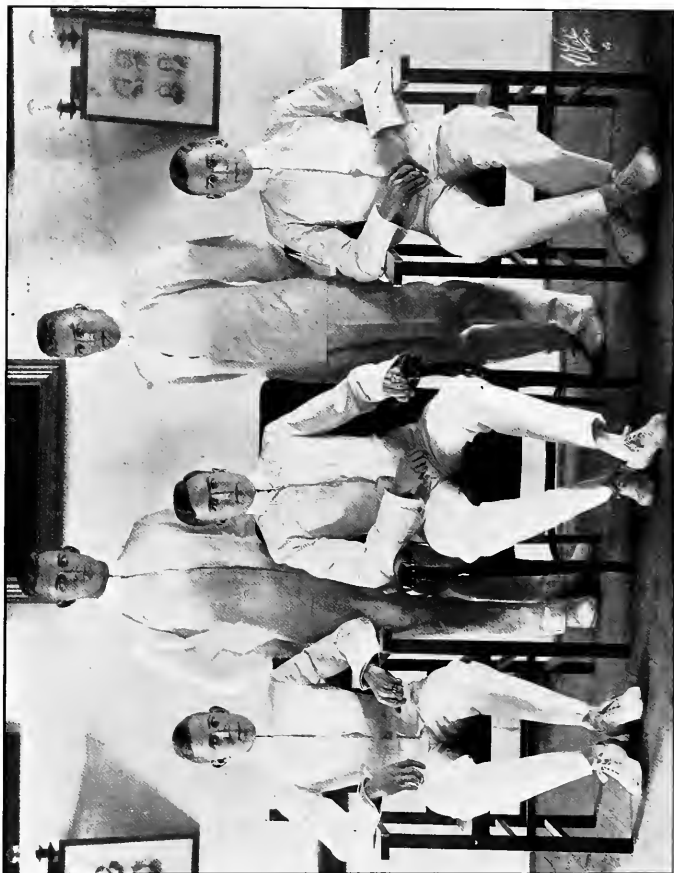
THE BOMB-1917



"Hops"



THE BOMB—1917



HOP COMMITTEE





CRJACKSON-49

HOPS

The Cotillion Club

OFFICERS

E. C. BROWN.....PRESIDENT
 C. J. SAUNDERS.....VICE-PRESIDENT

HOP COMMITTEE

S. W. NOELL, '17, *Chairman*
 P. J. MARSHALL, '18
 S. B. WITT, '18
 H. P. GRAY, '18

W. G. WILLS, '19
 C. P. LUPTON, '20

MEMBERS

ADKINS
 ARMISTEAD
 ADDISON
 AUSTIN
 BACHARACH
 BROWN, C. H.
 BUCHER
 BULKLEY
 BRADFORD
 BLAIR
 BUTLER
 BADHAM
 BRANCH
 BANCROFT
 BAUSERMAN
 BARLEY
 BLETCHER
 BURCH
 CARROLL
 CHAPIN
 COLE, E.
 CUMMING
 CLARKE
 CARNAL
 CANTRELL
 CURTIS, D.
 CAMPBELL, H. A.
 CHURCH
 CARY
 CASEY

CATES
 DEW
 DILLON
 DRISCOLL
 DUDLEY
 EVA
 FOY, F.
 FOY, L.
 FAIRLAMB
 FINLEY
 FREEMAN
 GOODMAN, B.
 GOODMAN, W.
 GOODWIN
 GILL, E. H.
 GOULO
 GUEST
 GLENN
 HAMLIN
 HUGHS
 HARTT
 HERMAN
 HUNTT
 HICKS
 HANCOCK
 HOCK
 HALEY
 HAWKINS
 HUGHS, C.
 HUGHS, S.

HARDY
 HARRIS
 HASKELL
 HERRING
 HOGE
 IREYS
 JAMES
 JONES
 JEFFRIES, E.
 JACKSON
 JONES, C. A.
 JENNINGS
 JONES, T.
 JEFFRIES
 JORDAN
 KYLE
 LACY
 LAWSON
 LEGGETT
 LAMB
 LAFFERTY
 LAKE
 LEECH
 LORY
 LOTH
 LUPTON
 MILLER, J. C.
 MILLS
 MUNCE
 MASSIE, W.

MASON
 MARSHALL
 METTENHEIMER
 MILLER, C. B.
 MARSHALL, J.
 MONCURE
 MCGIFFERT
 MCCABE
 MUNSON
 MASSIE
 MORRISON
 MONTGOMERY, W.
 MONTGOMERY, Z.
 NASH
 NOELL
 NEALE
 NEWBERGER
 NELSON
 NURNEY
 PORTER
 PENOLETON
 PERKINSON
 PENDER
 POTTS
 PATTERSON
 POTTS, J.
 PEELER
 PARROTT
 RING

RHEUTAN
 ROBINSON
 ROTHERT
 ROBERTSON
 REID
 ROBERTS
 RUDOLPH
 RUSSELL
 SAUNDERS
 SCHLEGEL
 SEMMES
 STEWART
 SULLIVAN
 SCOTT, F.
 SWIFT
 SMITH, J. A.
 SIRMAN
 THOMAS, J.
 TINSLEY
 THORNTON
 TAYLOR
 TOWERS
 TURMAN
 WHITE, B.
 WHITTLE
 WILLIAMS
 WALLIS
 WILLS
 WILKINSON
 WITHERS

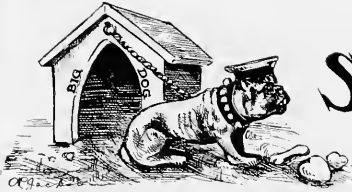


THE BOMB-1917



FINAL BALL, 1916





SOCIETY

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reproducing this play in such a condensed form, the author was frequently forced to omit entire passages, to condense others, and merely to describe still others. For this reason the form is a little different from the usual.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The above sketch is every "keydet's" ambition. Some attain it; others do not. Some think they do, and don't—wise "calic." The following is copied from *The Spectator*, with apologies to the "calic."

ACT I

SCENE I

TIME: About 6:00 P. M. Friday Night of any Hop.

PLACE: "Calic Special" between Buena Vista and Lexington.

Miss Fuller Joy: "Yes, and he said in his last letter (*putting it off as long as possible*), that his mother made him ask his cousin up, but he was going to give me an awful rush, and was just longing to—" (*Omitted for lack of space.*)

Miss Dizzy Blond (the unsuspecting cousin): "Oh, you just wait till you see my keydet, and you'll rave something fierce. I'll introduce him to you if you promise not to try to hand him that soft line of yours. But he's easy to handle. You wouldn't have a chance, for when he called me up yesterday, he said . . ." (*Beware, Keydet, you are about to meet disaster in the most terrible form.*)

Miss M. T. Crown: "Say! Who's that elephantine-looking 'calic' up there with her maid? If she gets a rush, I miss my guess. Gee, but I feel sorry for some poor 'rat.'"



THE BOMB-1917



FINAL GERMAN, 1916



THE BOMB—1917

Miss Dizzy Blond: "Is that the way they do? If any 'rat' breaks me, I'll ruin his shoes. Look at that bathing-suit Venus up there in the last seat on the left. She ought to make a hit."

(And so they continue until the local backs up the hill by the Nile to the dizzy heights of Lexington. Upon alighting, they find that their cadets are not there to meet them.)

Miss Dizzy Blond: "Oh, I wonder where 'Jim' is? He ought to have known I was coming to-night. What in the world am I going to do?"

Miss Fuller Joy: "If that isn't just like him! I bet I give him the d—— when I see him. Hey!!! Don't lose me in all this mash, for goodness sake."

(Cadet member of Hop Committee, whose duty it is to meet the trains, comes up.)

Keydet: "Going to V. M. I. Hops?"

Both (in a meek voice): "Yes, Sir."

Keydet: "Where'r you staying?"

(Each turns to the other with a look of dismay.)

Miss Dizzy Blond: "I don't know. He didn't say."

Miss M. T. Crown: "I forgot to ask."

Keydet (exasperated): "All right! Hop in! Drive on, Rice. Believe they are expecting some at Miss ——."

(So off drives the load of skirts, each vowing vengeance on some poor keydet's head, while the latter, all unsuspecting, are preparing for a big time.)

SCENE II

TIME: Supper of same day.

PLACE: V. M. I. Mess Hall, Mess. No. ——

A Sharp Keydet: "How Lawdy! Watch your uncle to-night. Got two of 'em coming up, and what it takes to string them both, I've got it. Guess I'll be in a bad fix if either finds it out. What? Good looking? Say, Guy, Helen of Troy would be a scarecrow to either one."



THE BOMB—1917

Unsuspecting Cadet (in the act of being sucked in): "Well, if you have any trouble let me know. I'm awfully good on consoling a 'Jane' in distress."

Bashful Keydet (making debut at Hops that night): "How about a knock down?"

A Sharp Keydet: "Sure! Stick around after the first dance and you can look them over. ——— is dragging one."

Bashful Keydet (feeling much complimented): "Don't forget! I'll be seeing you."

Chorus (at random): "Just my luck; got a wire to-day — can't come."

"I bet we freeze in those paletotes."

"Guess I'll find out who's big dog to-night."

"You'd better watch your biscuits."

"Some music we're going to have, eh?"

"Who're you having up?"

(Perfectly aimless, inane conversation, but as they are all happy, we'll pass to a scene where there is much weeping and wailing and washing of feet.)

ACT II

SCENE I

TIME: Same night 11:30 P. M.

PLACE: Hop in the Gymnasium

(The curtain rises on a beautiful scene. The dance is in full swing, and couples are gliding merrily (some are not) up and down. Stags are breaking with each turn, and the orchestra is tearing open the "V. M. I. Spirit.")

Suddenly a pitiful sight is beheld. The Bashful Keydet is seen plodding along, shoving the "Jane" he requested to meet, on either the eighteenth or twenty-eighth round — he has lost all count. Weak of knee, watery-eyed, broken-backed, with the glare of one insane, wildly he turns his head and beckons, pleads, entreats the stags with heart-rending glances to send help. But they are all looking past him into thin air with sly grins on their sympathetic faces.

He sees the Sharp Gentleman, and gives him a murderous look. It passes unnoticed. The Sharp Keydet never sees him, and serenely saunters out to catch a drag.



THE BOMB—1917



Soft music is heard, and the lights go out for a Moonlight Extra. The Bashful Keydet, with a head like a tack, takes a new grip; holds his battleship a little closer, and with a blissful expression of perfect contentment slowly waltzes by the stags. Ah! At last he succeeds. He feels a tap on his shoulder, and, oh, what a joyful blow it is. With visions of hay, cigarettes, rest and sleep, he smilingly backs away. But wait! The other cadet, perceiving the error he had made in the darkness, shudders as though he had reached the edge of an abyss, and with the brain of a master cries, "Steady! As you were!" and beats it out into the nearby crowd with ten second speed, not stopping until he reaches fresh air, where he stands trembling and pale. Words cannot describe the sensation of our Bashful Keydet. Pen cannot write nor brain formulate words which would convey to you his thoughts of this most harrowing of experiences.

Do not think for one minute that this is the main part of the Hop. It is only an incident, noticed by only a few. In other parts of the floor happiness is unconfined; biscuits are being severed with machine-like precision; big dogs strut around; good-looking "Janes" (telling them all the same thing); lofty Freshmen; ambitious Second Classmen; lady-killing Corporals; happy "rats"; all having a grossly big time with now and then an exception — one of the bashful boys, engaged for the evening.

Here he comes again — our hero, who was doing such fine work as a tug boat. Ah! He is trying different tactics. Over the cruiser's shoulder he madly waves a five spot — easy money for the brave. All you have to do is to break him, and cop the money. But that's strange! There is no rush, no stampede, not even a mad steps forth to claim the easy money. The victim prepares for the worse, giving up all hope. But his room-mate, as faithful as they generally are, perceiving his plight, calls a "rat," on whom he has a large deck, and whispers soft words in his ear. Promptly said Newly Keydet trots off to rescue poor Bashful. Three keydets are required to carry the rescued lad from the floor as he deliriously murmurs, "Ah! millstone, you have fallen from my neck." Game to the end this is the last we hear of our Bashful Keydet.

The Hop continues to grow merrier, and on all sides cadets are falling victims to that rarest of sights to us — a pretty girl. Ha! The Duke trots daintily forward, and the couples scatter like birds. But he is too quick for one engrossed in the depths of a pair of blue eyes, and rudely awakens the blissful keydet by "An, may ah break, please." Seeing the episode, one, P. Foot, heroically steps up to rescue the girl, and bids for "a portion of this dance," only to have the calic saved by



a dashing devil in full dress and heart-smashing smile, known to all keydets as the Georgia Peach. Ah, pot and kettle, you have nothing on these, for the "calic" still thinks she is dancing with the Duke. Soon she is found by big-dog cadet, who fearing for his biscuits sits down to tell her all about it.

Tap-tap, tap, goes the drum, and the music stops. A few old yells are given, and the couples drift off for some last words, and some long, drawn-out good nights.)

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME: One-half after the Hop.

PLACE: Room No. 18, V. M. I. Barracks.

(The scene is a keydet's room with hays down and occupants, scantily clad, reclining on top of same. All lights are out except one shaded glimmer in the corner. Lying on the table and draped around the chairs are familiar faces, each relating some particular incident of the Hop.)

First Keydet: "Well, another mile-stone passed. Say! Did you see that "Jane" with the oriental dike? Do you know her name? She's some "calic," I ain't for no play."

Second Keydet: "Thought I'd laugh my head off when ——— came ploughing along with his dreadnaught. They tell me she walks ten miles every morning for exercise. Some corn-fed 'calic.' "

(Enter Ticklebrain Keydet, and another who lopes like a kangaroo. Both have run gross lates due to some unknown reason.)

Ticklebrain Keydet: "Say, fellows, I guess I'm after the biscuits again. Enormous hound. Watch the pink sheets roll in every day — just you wait."

(Enter Mournful Keydet chanting the following in a sad voice.)

Mournful Keydet: "Chop! Chop! Chop! All gone — not a crumb remains. Petite pomeraine is a mastiff to me now. Chop! Chop! Chop!"

(He is greeted with a horse laugh.)



THE BOMB—1917

Chorus: "Ah, what d'you care?"
"Now you can study."
"Ain't love grand?"

(Tap! Tap! Enter Georgia Peach with gleeful expression.)

Georgia Peach: "You men drive on to your rooms. Got permission to run lights or play Victrola?" *(He knows they haven't, but merely asks for politeness.)*
"Who's orderly?"

(As the non-roomers file out, he takes their names, and departs in direction of O. D.'s Office. Room is plunged in darkness, and as the curtain slowly falls, a sad voice is heard to murmur.)

Sad Voice: "Yea! fine stuff! Five more demerits for congregating — excess — deprived. Well, I don't care; no Hops next month. Say, the one that hears rev. don't forget to yell."

THE END



THE BOMB-1917



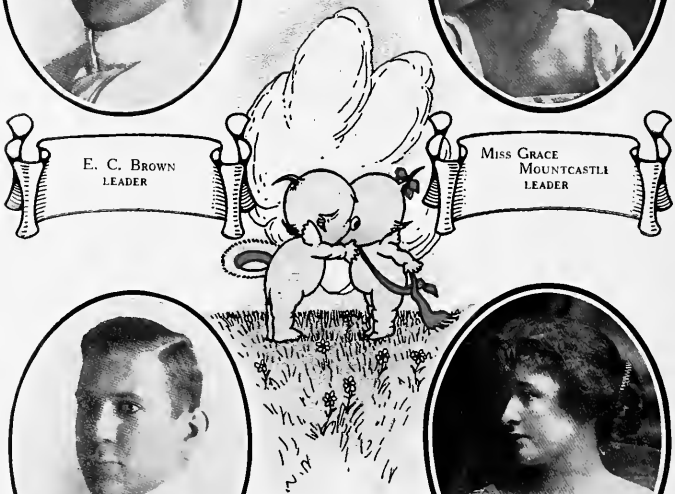
THE BOMB-1917



E. C. BROWN
LEADER



MISS GRACE
MOUNTCASTLE
LEADER



C. J. SAUNDERS
ASST. LEADER



MISS SALLY GORDON
ASST. LEADER



Final German, 1917

E. C. BROWN.....LEADER
 C. J. SAUNDERS.....ASSISTANT LEADER

MARSHALS

BANCROFT	HAMLIN	PENDLETON
BLOW	HART	PORCHER
BOYKIN	HORN	PORTER
BROWN, C.	LAWSON	RHEUTAN
BUCHER	LEGGETT	RING
BULKLEY	LOCKHART	ROBINSON
CAMPBELL, H. A.	MARTIN	RUFFNER
CHAPIN	MASON	SAUNDERS
CLARKE	MILLS	SCHLEGEL
COLE, E.	MORRISON, F.	SHEPHERD
CUMMING	MUNCE	SQUIRE
DILLARD	MCDOWELL	STEELE
DRISCOLL	MCGIFFERT	STEVENSON
ECHOLS, C.	NASH	TINSLEY
ETHERIDGE	NEALE	WALKER
FRARY	NELMS	WARD
GOODWIN	NOELL	WHITE
GOODMAN, B.	PENDER	WHITTLE

THE BOMB-1917



P. J. MARSHALL
LEADER



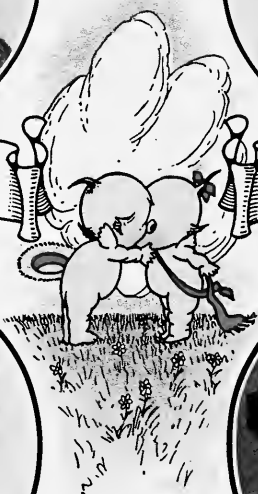
MISS KATHLEEN BAIN
LEADER



L. W. FOY
ASST. LEADER



MISS HELEN DENT
ASST. LEADER



Final Ball, 1917

PEYTON J. MARSHALL.....LEADER
 LEVI W. FOY.....ASSISTANT LEADER

MARSHALS

ADKINS, F.	GRAY	NELSON
ALVERSON	GUEST	NEWBERGER
ARMISTEAD	HALEY	PARKER
BELLEZZA	HARRISON, A.	PATTERSON
BERTSCHEY	HAWKINS, C.	PEEBLES
BLAIR	HERMAN	PEELER
BRADFORD	HICKS	PERKINSON
BUTLER, P.	HOCK	POTTS, T.
CALDWELL	HUNTT	REILLEY
CAMPBELL	HUGHES	ROBERISON
CANTRELL	INGRAM	ROOT
CARNEAL	JAMES	SEMMES
CARY	JEFFRIES	TAYLOR, J.
CHURCH	JENKINS, J.	TAYLOR, M.
CULVER	JONES, F.	THOMAS
CURTIS	KEITH	THORNTON
COLE, H.	KYLE	THROCKMORTON
DEW	LAFFERTY	TOWERS
ECHOLS	LAMB	TRUSLOW
EDWARDS	MARR	VAN DYKE
FOY, F.	MCGILL	WARE
GAMBLE	METCALFE, H.	WATSON
GATEWOOD	METCALFE, W.	WEST
GILLET	METTENHEIMER	WILLIAMS, J.
GOODMAN, W.	MICHIE	WITT
GOULD	MILLER	MASSIE, H.
	MCCAULEY	



First Class Banquet

FEBRUARY 22, 1917

Class of 1917

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

CLASS OFFICERS

O. B. BUCHER.....	PRESIDENT
J. T. HAMLIN, JR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. C. BROWN.....	HISTORIAN

TOASTS

<i>The Class</i>	O. B. BUCHER
<i>Third Class Rats and X-'16 Men</i>	J. E. COLE, JR.
<i>X-'17 Men</i>	M. W. WHITTLE
<i>Privates</i>	C. P. NASH
<i>Officers</i>	F. H. ETHERIDGE
<i>The Institute</i>	M. G. MUNCE
<i>Athletics</i>	C. J. SAUNDERS
<i>Calic</i>	E. C. BROWN
<i>Class Prophecy</i>	S. W. NOELL

Menu

ORANGE OYSTER COCKTAIL

CELERY EN SURPRISE

STUFFED OLIVES

BOILED CHICKEN HALIBUT, CAPER SAUCE

DELMONICO POTATOES

DEVILLED SPRING TURKEY WITH HAM

CRANBERRY SAUCE

GREEN PEAS WITH MINT

FRENCH ROLLS

WALDORF-ASTORIA SALAD, MAYONNAISE

BEATEN BISCUITS

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM

RAINBOW CAKE

LADY FINGERS

CANDIED FIGS

BLANCHED ALMONDS

ROQUEFORT CHEESE

TOASTED WAFERS

DEMITASSE



THE BOMB-1917

The OUTRAGE



The Outrage

No 1

Published Now & Then - Sometimes

Now

Learn To Box By Mail.

In three lessons I guarantee that you will attain sufficient proficiency to box lemons, trim hedges, lick postage stamps or beat eggs.

PROF. P. MONTGOMERY

Let Me Handle Your Reports!!

Place your difficulties in the hands of the most eminent guard-house lawyer of today. Owing to the wide scope of my activities I am peculiarly fitted to be of service to you. I am an authority on the technicalities of the regulations.

See Adkins

Advertise in The Outrage

HUNTER WINS OVER PENDELTON BUT IS BEATEN BY FREDDIE FOY.

In the Titanic Handicap Foy won first place, winning the prize, a handsome two-foot battleship which was easy to push. There was great difficulty in determining which of the contestants should be awarded first place. Pendleton claimed he towed a coal barge for two hours straight but was thrown overboard by the hunter who claimed that he not only pushed his for several hours but took her home too. However, he pleaded that he had his up and was declared the most deserving. Some claimed that because of the fact that he caught an hour's rest he should be disqualified but this objection was overruled on the grounds that the others would have taken advantage of similar opportunities had they had them.

Lake, the Reform Candidate For Pres. Tenn. Club Guilty Of Ingratitude. Clarke and Nelms fare badly in new distribution of fruitful jobs.

Campaign managers, Clarke and Nelms, to whose rare judgment and ability Mr. Lake undoubtedly owes his election were entirely left out in the distribution of jobs by the new President. This action of Mr. Lake's has caused much criticism of Mr. Lake's good intentions in spite of the fact that his friends say that although he did not buy Clarke and Nelms a big one and a dupe, as agreed, he will reimburse them as soon as the graft begins to trickle into the exchequer. The forcible manner in which the managers conducted the campaign caused much favorable comment and it was expected they would be well taken care of by the incoming party when interested both refused to make any statement concerning the injustice done them.

Weigh What You Should!!

By following my directions you may attain a lithe and willowy figure which will be the envy of all who see you. My booklet and photo on request.

Miss Beauty Parlors

Read "How To Be Loved" by Madame Walken, author of "The Guard Tree Episode"

By virtue of her own success, Madame has been able to discover the requisites of a Big Dog and now offers them to the public. Mr. Pig Ward writes: I attribute my success with the ladies, entirely to the fact that I implicitly follow Madame's instructions.



The Outrage

No 2

Published Now & Then - Sometimes

Again

Sporting Dolpe

The Big Dog Show held in the new gym was a great success and many fine specimens were exhibited by the owners. The Gigantic Grayhound "Robby," the Monstrous Mastiff "Chick," Puny Pomeranian "Billie," Colossal Collie "Bruin," Supreme Spitz "Madam," Happy Hound, "Moses," Delectable Dachshund "Shorty," Ponderous Poodle "Fruit," Biscuitless Bull "Keydet N," Amorous Airdale "Hippy" and The Biggest Bird Dog "Wisdom" were among the blue ribbon winners and were put thru their paces in front of the gallery but their owners

SHORTY NELSON HERO OF THE DAY

Norfolk Va.
In yesterdays parade, Julius Caruso Nelson Jr. of this city made the enviable record of swimming a distance of five blocks in gutter water. By some means he managed to keep up with his company and not only carried his piece properly but held the line unflinchingly. This achievement is without parallel in military history and Cadet Nelson will be presented with a duck of the Piedmont species in recognition of his good work.

Sassiety Notes

Country Campbell has formally retired from the field leaving Sitting Bull all the honours. It seems that the temperamental tie worn by George Waller at the last basketball hop proved too much for the ladies and Campbell is off them for life in consequence. Crown Prince Louie Wink von Alverson, the barracks Beau Brummel has just completed a volume of sonnets dedicated to the lady of his heart. We hope to be able to print some of them in our next issue. Watch for them. They are the talk of the town.

EDITORIAL. THE TITANIC SITUATION

The Titanic has long been a source of trouble and anxiety at our hops and the efforts have been made to discover some remedy for the difficulty, no practical one has as yet presented itself. It was suggested that we boycott the offending article but that has been tried and found to be rather unsatisfactory during moon lights. Some say to be optimistic and push them into popularity but nobody has ever met with success along that line. The only way is not to have them up but then that don't work because some guys never wake up until it is too late.



The BOMB.

No 3 Published Now & Then-Sometimes Yet.

THEATRICAL

At the Gym
Friday & Saturday
E. Bruin
presents
Plot Foot Freddie
Foy

in **Steamboat Bill**
a tragedy of one
act. One of the
most touching
and appealing
plays of the
season with a
moral that we
may all heed
Water served
to patrons

For Rent.

A number of
Titanic Proof
Compartments
on the East side
of the Gym combin-
ing safety and
comfort

See
Saunders

Pay up on the

Outrage
Pledgments accepted
in lieu of KSLC

Sassiety Notes

Goat Gray, the
Post Card King
is having a bung-
alow built, which
is constructed
entirely of Post
Cards. He expects
to spend many
happy days there
surrounded by
the loving remem-
brances of his
friends

Country Campbell
after a weeks
absence is again
attending social
functions. He has
been engaged in
research work to
find out how a
Company command-
er should proceed
when the colors
are brought out
at C.R.C.

Cumming is quote
as having said
that now that the
pool has been
completed he ex-
pects to get his
dip this year.

Nelson his fallen
arches and is
looking lower
than ever. Why
not try stunts?

Dove of Peace

Pender says that
the proper action
of the Government
is to send Germany
another stating
that we don't be-
lieve in capital
punishment. He
is sure war will
thus be averted.

Owing to his
fallen arches
Shorty Nelson
will ride in the
Inaugural Parade
His steed will
be none other than
Warren, the Goff
alien Mascot.

Lawson says
he never walks
down the stoop
without being
mistaken for
Coach Abelland
States that his
athletic build is
due to Swaboda.
He has had offers
from seven union
suit firms to
be the model for
their advertise-
ments but has
refused, being
a modest man.

Supple Stubble-

field - instructor
of terpsichord-
ian gymnastics.
My aerial flights
and dips are
unequaled. A
thrill every second
Be able to cope
with all Titanic
difficulties. For
testimonials see
Jumping Johnnie
Ware.

Voice Culture.

Train your
voice and be able
to give commands
in a manner
which will not
only keep your
company awake
but will be at
the same time
furnish untold
amusement. For
references see
Champ Clarke
who is one of
my former pupils.
Col Maggie
of
the horse Marines.



Delinquencies—June 21, 1917

- BANCROFT — Holding Comic Opera in room during "rat" year.
- BLOW — Open defiance to barber, hair Colonel Kerlin's cut.
- BOYKIN — Repeatedly breaking Game Laws.
- BROWN, C. — Imitating filth eagle at all times.
- BROWN, E. — Attempting to walk nine square miles in two hours.
- BUCHER — Trying to Hog(e) things at the Hops.
- BULKLEY — Whistling at Rev.
- CAMPBELL, H. — Unable to get Sponsor for Platoon, thereby delaying publication of "Outrage."
- CHAPIN — Annoying room-mates by studying out of hours.
- CLARKE — Violation of Par. 110, bringing "Bottle" in barracks.
- COLE, E. — Cease(ing) to love "Summer Jane" after being in barracks two days.
- CUMMING — Overstaying time at Institute, thereby classing himself with Sub-Professors.
- DILLARD — Pomeade on toothbrush, S. M. I.
- DRISCOLL — Strewing roses from window of No. 78.
- ECHOLS — Spreading hookworm in barracks.
- ETHERIDGE — Singing "Tommy Adkins" during Call to Quarters.
- FRARY — Causing disturbance in Lynchburg Cafe by shooting spirals at Mr. Fruit.
- GOODMAN — Having three balls in possession.
- GOODWIN — Heels six inches apart while at attention S. E. I.
- HAMLIN — Receiving daily notes from Lexingtonian.
- HART — Repeatedly playing with Dodos after being warned not to do so, thereby endangering the health of a friend.
- HORN — Attempting to rival scarecrow in appearance.
- LAWSON — Attempting to go to Reveille at 1:30 A. M.
- LEGGETT — Attempting to dive over horse, thereby injuring self.
- LOCKHART — Rooming with Stevenson.
- MARTIN — Going on O. D. excessive number of times during Hops.
- MASON — Loosing "Hart" at Thanksgiving Hops.
- MILLS — Having himself elected President of the Local Boys.
- MORRISON — Attempting to run Greek Restaurant in room.
- MUNCE — Swearing that "calic" loved him, with two post cards per year as proof.



THE BOMB—1917

- MCDOWELL — Allowing man with ball to run through legs in Class Football game.
- MCGIFFERT — Singing in choir with sore lips — just before make-overs.
- NASH — Attempting to leave for Taylor shop out of hours.
- NEALE — Talking in ranks about automobiles.
- NELMS — Wearing corduroy trousers and not being able to derive pleasure from same.
- NOELL — Competing with organ in church by snoring, thereby preventing other occupants of back row from sleeping.
- PENDER — Having name last on appointments excessive number of times.
- PENDLETON — Inefficiency as pilot, obstructing freedom of seas with private tug.
- PORCHER — Spurning affections of fair sex.
- PORTER — Not using hair tonic at proper time.
- RHEUTAN — Being responsible for several Outrages.
- RING — Confining self to Buzzards' Roost.
- ROBINSON — Excess rouge on face at Guard Mount.
- RUFFNER — Having voice like bird, thereby deceiving "Wisdom."
- SAUNDERS — Head casting shadow of knife blade, thereby injuring those who came in contact with it.
- SCHLEGEL — Disclosing love affairs to room-mates by talking in sleep.
- SHEPHERD — Relieving negro of sweeping out by using all available paper in room to write masterpiece on.
- SQUIRE — Not turning head when passing through arch, thereby blocking same with ears.
- STEELE — Running lights in order to fight pheasants.
- STEVENSON — Assumption of authority by electing himself President of Literary Society.
- TINSLEY — Having calf in room.
- WALKER — Gross unmilitary conduct under Guard Tree during Thanksgiving Hops.
- WARD — Making litter in room.
- WHITE — Breaking arm over room-mates head.
- WHITTLE — Fowling in football game, imitating turkey gobbler while running down the field.



THE BOMB-1917



"I put-ts-ts-my hand to my-ts-ploch-Coatee, and it was-sk-sk-wet with-ts-tr-ahem-tears!"



You get-ts-ts-no more out of the tsk-tsk-Institute than you put in ts-ts pluck-it!"



"Not Handsome but ——— fascinating"

FAMOUS TALES



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



The Staff of THE BOMB, 1917, take this opportunity to express their appreciation of the cordial assistance in the production of this book by many friends, notably:

Miss Caroline Walke, who painted the heading of "The Outrage."

Mr. Richard Fecheimer, who painted the headings for football and baseball.

Captain M. B. Corse, who has filled a long felt need in his article on Athletics.

The Faculty, which has responded readily to many demands made upon them for articles and general assistance.

All advertisers for their helping hand.

White Studio, which has enabled the staff to present many new pictures and views in this edition of the BOMB.

Mr. R. McLean Whittet, who has taken a surprising amount of interest in the compilation of the book, and is responsible for other things than the mechanical finish of this Annual.

The Corps of Cadets as a whole, and the Class of 1917 in particular for their general interest and aid.

The Editor-in-Chief desires to thank the staff, individually and collectively, for their hearty support in accomplishing this seemingly hopeless task, and especially for those things which do not stand forth conspicuously, but which are absolutely essential to the success of the BOMB.



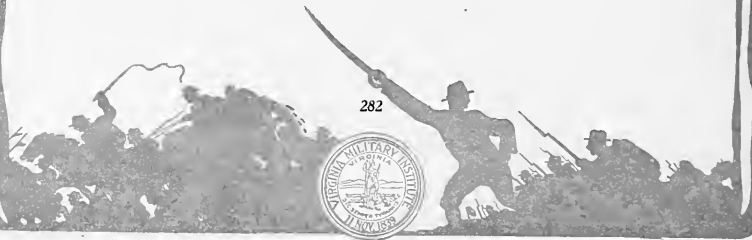
“Sir, the Report is Correct”

FOREWORD.....	THE EDITOR
FIRST CLASS BIOGRAPHIES.....	MOST ANYONE
CLASS POEM.....	THE EDITOR
FIRST CLASS HISTORY.....	E. C. BROWN
SECOND CLASS HISTORY.....	S. B. WITT
THIRD CLASS.....	H. L. ROBERDEAU
FOURTH CLASS HISTORY.....	S. L. AUSTIN
CONFESSIONS OF AN ALUM TITANIC.....	ONE WHO KNOWS
THE HIKE.....	S. B. WITT
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WASHINGTON TRIP.....	THE EDITOR
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TRACK.....	C. H. BROWN
GYMNASIUM.....	B. A. GOODMAN
TENNIS.....	W. B. LEGGETT
Y. M. C. A.....	S. C. CUMMINGS
SOCIETY.....	F. S. ROBINSON
THE OUTRAGE.....	D. E. RHEUTAN
DELINQUENCIES.....	THE BURLY BUNCH





THE END





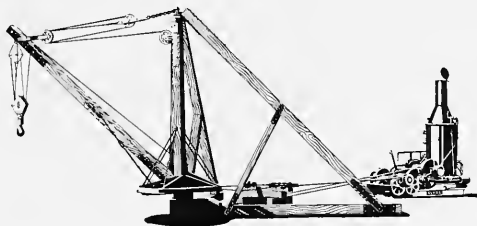
*Think this
Over!*



THE BOMB-1917



THE BOMB—1917



Remember this name

TRADE



MARK


It is the mark of *guaranteed efficiency* thruout the field of
HOISTS AND DERRICKS

We build a *repeat order* into everything of **CLYDE GRADE**, making *our machines* our best advertisements and salesmen

CLYDE IRON WORKS

HOME OFFICE & FACTORY

DULUTH, MINNESOTA, U.S.A.
MANUFACTURERS OF CLYDE GRADE LOGGING
HOISTING AND EXCAVATING MACHINERY.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB—1917

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

78th Year

E. W. NICHOLS, SUPERINTENDENT

ONE OF THE FEW INSTITUTIONS, IF NOT THE ONLY ONE IN THE UNITED STATES, COMBINING THE RIGID MILITARY SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WITH COLLEGIATE AND TECHNICAL COURSES OF INSTRUCTION



LEXINGTON

VIRGINIA



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THE BOMB-1917

WAYLAND'S

"SERVICE DRUG STORE"

Your Patronage is Appreciated

Our Aim is to Serve You



Superior Fountain Service



Norris and Nunnally Candies



WAYLAND'S

"SERVICE DRUG STORE"



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E. A. Wright Company

OFFICE AND FACTORY
BROAD AND HUNTINGDON STREETS

CENTRAL STORE
1218 WALNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Engravers - Printers - Stationers

Manufacturers of

Class and Society Pins, Medals

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

WEDDING ENGRAVING
CALLING CARDS
COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS
DANCE PROGRAMS
MENUS
LEATHER SOUVENIRS

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SHINGLES
PHOTOGRAVURES
MEMOIRS, TESTIMONIALS
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THE BOMB—1917

Kingan's "Reliable" HAMS

F. F. V. HAMS



Kingan's "Reliable" SLICED BACON

IN ONE-POUND CARTONS

*ASK FOR THE "RELIABLE" BRAND OF MEATS
THEY ARE THE BEST*

KINGAN & COMPANY, Ltd.
RICHMOND :: :: :: VIRGINIA



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THE BOMB—1917



GYMNASIUM



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

*"If it is made of Paper
You can get it of Andrews"*

Engraving for School Affairs and Every Social Function

The impress "ANDREWS" on a bit of Engraving is a distinguishing and convincing mark of quality — a positive guide to satisfaction. ¶ Have it on your Engraving once and you'll prefer to have it there always. ¶ Correspondence for samples and quotations cordially invited.

LOOSE-LEAF NOTE BOOKS AND ALL SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SUPPLIES

R. P. ANDREWS PAPER COMPANY

*Largest Wholesale and Retail Paper and Stationery House
South of New York*

BRANCH STORES:
NORFOLK, VA. — YORK, PA.

727-31 THIRTEENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

JACKSON HALL, the New Gymnasium at the VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

is heated by the

Webster

SYSTEM OF STEAM HEATING

INSTALLATIONS — 10,000 — EVERYWHERE

The WEBSTER SYSTEM is the choice of Architects, Consulting Engineers, Heating Contractors and Owners who desire an efficient and economical heating system.

Write for Catalogue

WE MANUFACTURE Webster Feed Water Heaters, Webster-Lea-Heater-Meters, Webster Steam and Oil Separators, Webster Steam Specialties, Webster Systems of Steam Heating

WARREN WEBSTER & COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS CAMDEN, N. J. POINT AND PEARL STS

ESTABLISHED 1888

BRANCH OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



THE BOMB-1917

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN THE GLORIOUS MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

CAMPING IN UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST PLAYGROUNDS
MOUNT MITCHELL NATIONAL FOREST
PISGAH NATIONAL FOREST

Live Outdoors *Golf* *Tennis* *Horseback Riding*
Fishing *Hunting* *Mountain Climbing*

Good Hotels. Comfortable Boarding Houses
Twenty-five Famous Resorts in

THE LAND OF THE SKY

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



For further information regarding fares, train service, etc. write to
R. H. DEBUTTS, *Division Passenger Agent*
705 15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

- ☐ BEST LINE TO CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, CHICAGO,
MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE,
PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, RICHMOND, NORFOLK.
- ☐ FULL INFORMATION AS TO SCHEDULES AND RATES.
- ☐ APPLY TO

W. M. STEELE
TICKET AGENT
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

E. A. ALDERMAN, LL. D., PRESIDENT

UNIVERSITY, VA.

THE COLLEGE—In this department four-year courses can be selected leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science. Short courses are offered to those unable to enter at opening of session.

THE DEPARTMENT OF GRADUATE STUDIES—In this department an opportunity is given Bachelors of Arts and Bachelors of Science for specializing in any direction they may choose. Degrees offered are Master of Arts, Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE—In this department a four-year course is given leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING—In this department four-year courses are given, leading to the degrees of Mining Engineer, Civil Engineer, Electrical Engineer, Mechanical Engineer and Chemical Engineer.

THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW—In this department a three-year course is offered, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

TUITION—Tuition in Academic Departments free to Virginians. Loan funds are available. All other expenses reduced to a minimum.

Send for Catalogue.

HOWARD WINSTON, REGISTRAR

SOUTHERN SEMINARY

For Girls and Young Ladies

BUENA VISTA, VA.

Box B

Fifty-first Year

Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains, famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge and Lexington. Wonderful health record. *Courses:* College Preparatory, Finishing, Music, including Pipe Organ, Domestic Science, Secretarial, etc. *Home Life:* Personal attention to the whole life, manners, character, etc. *Outdoor Sports:* Large grounds. *Building:* Beautiful and commodious. Students from every section of the United States and outside. Rate \$295. Catalog—and Literature sent on request.

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Established in 1842

FOR YOUNG LADIES

STAUNTON, VA.

Term begins September 12, 1917. Located in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, handsome buildings and modern appointments. Students past session from 30 States. *Courses:* Collegiate (3 years); Preparatory (4 years), certificate privileges. Small classes and thorough work. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Modern equipment in all departments. *Send for Catalog.*

MARIANNA P. HIGGINS

Principal

THE BOMB-1917

McCRUM'S

*Is the Social Gathering
Place Up-Town*



Everybody Goes to

McCRUM'S



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917

Charlottesville Woolen Mills

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

MANUFACTURERS OF

High-Grade Uniform Cloths

IN

Sky and Dark Blue Shades

FOR

Army, Navy, and Other Uniform Purposes

AND

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT AND BEST QUALITY

CADET GRAYS



Including those used at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point
and other leading Military Schools of the country.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917



SWIMMING POOL

Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

AULD
Special Military Rings



Designed exclusively for those who
put Quality ahead of Price



THE D. L. AULD CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers

Columbus, Ohio

Official Jewelers to V. M. I. and all other leading Military
Academies and Preparatory Schools.

THE BOMB-1917

ABOVE ALL



BARRY SHOES

Are Worn the World Over by
Discerning Men Who Demand
Style — Comfort — Service

THE PARTICULAR SHOE

FOR
PARTICULAR MEN

T. D. BARRY COMPANY

Brockton, Mass.

Virginia-Western Power Co.

Steam and Hydro-Electric Power

GENERAL OFFICE:
CLIFTON FORGE, VA.

"Do It Electrically"

OPERATIONS:

Clifton Forge, Va.
Covington, Va.
White Sulphur, W. Va.
Ronceverte, W. Va.
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Alderson, W. Va.

OPERATIONS:

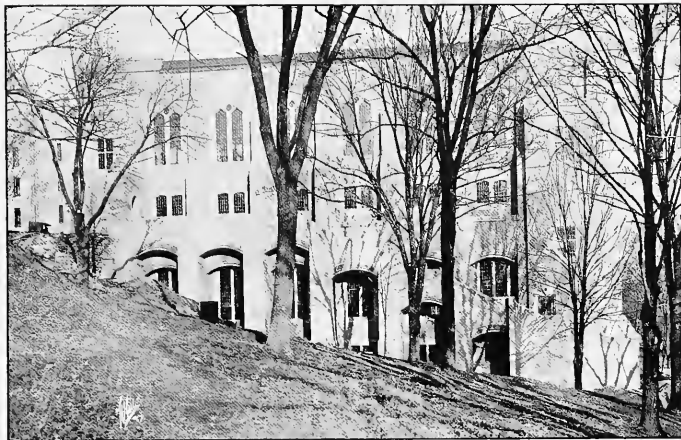
Eagle Rock, Va.
Buchanan, Va.
Natural Bridge, Va.
Glasgow, Va.
Buena Vista, Va.
Lexington, Va.

*Low power rates offered for manufacturers
locating in the towns in which we operate*



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB—1917



BERTRAM G. GOODHUE
Architect
New York City

JACKSON HALL, V. M. I.

J. L. CROUSE
Builder
Greensboro, N. C.

BERTRAM G. GOODHUE, ARCHITECT

2 WEST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

New York, N. Y., January 22, 1917.

MR. J. L. CROUSE,
Greensboro, N. C.

My Dear Sir:

Mr. Murray's report of his visit to Lexington is distinctly satisfactory. I may confess—here and now—that both I and the men engaged on the V. M. I. drawings here in this office have very gravely questioned the outcome of the building operation at Lexington.

Mr. Murray is one of our most capable men, and he tells me that not only is the building very satisfactory; but that you have done your work faithfully and well. Permit me, therefore, to thank you personally and to offer my congratulations.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) "BERTRAM G. GOODHUE."

GOOD SCHOOL BUILDINGS OUR SPECIALTY

Good Work, Honest Dealing and Satisfied Architects and Owners our Motto

Let Us Figure Your Work

J. L. CROUSE *Contractor and Builder,*
GREENSBORO, N. C.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917

STRAIN & PATTON

CLOTHIERS
AND
GENT'S FURNISHERS

Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing,
Manhattan Shirts, and Johnson & Murphy Shoes

CADETS PATRONAGE SOLICITED



LEXINGTON

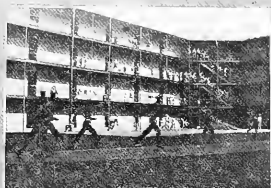
:

VIRGINIA



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB—1917.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917

J. ED. DEAVER

SELLS

TAILOR MADE CLOTHES (MADE TO FIT)

READY MADE CLOTHES

GOOD SHOES

GOOD SHIRTS

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES A SPECIALTY

HATS AND CAPS

I Sell as Good Goods and Cheaper than the Other Fellow

I AM A FRIEND TO THE CADET

THINK OF ME. SEE ME. IT WILL PAY YOU.

PHONE 25
MAIN STREET

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Fox's Barber Shop

R. H. FOX, *Proprietor*

A HIGH-CLASS
BARBER SHOP



Prompt Attention Given Cadets

Boley's Bookstore

(Successor to W. C. Stuart)



LEX :: :: :: VA.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917

Lyons Tailoring Company

TAILORS
TO
COLLEGE MEN



MAIN STREET

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

ORGANIZED 1871

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF VIRGINIA

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

OLDEST LARGEST STRONGEST
Southern Life Insurance Company

Issues the most liberal forms of Ordinary Policies
from \$1,000.00 to \$50,000.00; and
Industrial Policies from \$12.50 to \$1,000.00

CONDITION ON DECEMBER 31, 1916

Assets	\$ 14,464,552.23
Liabilities	12,436,717.56
Capital and Surplus	2,027,834.67
Insurance in Force	118,349,212.00
Payments to Policyholders since Organization	18,119,172.50

Is Paying its Policyholders over \$1,300,000.00 annually

GOOD TERRITORY FOR LIVE AGENTS



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB—1917

The
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

has policies suited to people at all insurable ages and in all circumstances.

¶ Its premium rates are low and its contracts appeal to business men.

¶ In 1916 it paid one policy claim every 41 seconds of each business day of eight hours, averaging \$266.05 a minute of each business day.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

1 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

WHEN YOU BUY LIFE INSURANCE

Remember

On all applications coming to me in consequence of this

Advertisement

10 PER CENT. OF THE GROSS PREMIUMS WILL
GO TO THE FOOTBALL FUND V. M. I.

SAMUEL B. WALKER, JR., AGENT

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF VERMONT

LEXINGTON

VIRGINIA



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

EUROPEAN PLAN

The
LEXINGTON RESTAURANT

\$3.50 Meal Tickets Reduced to \$3.00

\$5.00 Meal Tickets Reduced to \$4.00

EVERYTHING TO EAT

☐ THE PLACE WHERE CADETS GO TO GET
A GOOD MEAL AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Our Motto: Quick, Clean and Polite Service

Satisfaction Guaranteed

15 WASHINGTON ST., LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

PHONE 214

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE

Lexington Pool Company's

NEWEST AND NICEST

POOL AND BILLIARD PARLORS



We have a SODA FOUNTAIN in connection with our Parlors,
and SOLICIT THE CADETS' TRADE

PROMPT AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION

THE BOMB—1917

C. H. LOCHER, President

H. O. LOCHER, Sr., Sec'y and Treas.

ESTABLISHED IN 1917

The Glasgow Clay Products Company

Incorporated

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

MANUFACTURERS OF

PAVING BRICK, ROUGH TEXTURE FACE BRICK, HOLLOW BLOCK, DRAIN
TILE, FIRE PROOFING, COMMON BRICK AND OTHER
CLAY PRODUCTS

PLANT AT GLASGOW, VIRGINIA

The Glasgow Clay Products Company is, in a measure, the successor of the late James River Cement Works, established in 1855, by the late Chas. H. Locher (father of the present management), who came from Maryland to Virginia for the purpose of making Cement for the locks and dams of the James River and Kanawha Canal, from Richmond to Buchanan, and Lexington, Va.

After its completion the business was run as a commercial enterprise, and furnished all the cement for most of the railroads and reservoirs built in Virginia from 1855 to 1907, when it went out of business on account of Portland Cement succeeding Natural. The shale and clay used in the present plant comes from the same property as the cement stone did, and it is the purpose of the new company to make clay products of as equally high grade as was the James River Cement, and it hopes to receive the patronage of the public as it has done for the past sixty years, for James River Cement, assuring it that nothing but the best line of goods will be made.

THE CADETS WHO GO TO

GORRELL'S

WILL GET THE

BEST IN DRUGS, STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES,
WHITMAN'S CANDIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS,
AND CIGARETTES

Prescription Druggists

Gorrell's Soda Fountain is new and complete, affording the Best
Drinks in town. Our Service is "On-the-Minute," and
only high-class materials go to make our drinks.

HOME OF VELVET ICE CREAM

B. H. GORRELL, *The Nelson Street Druggist*



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917

**Sanitary
Barber Shop**

Located on Washington Street

Next Door to Lex Restaurant

*Electric Massage and Scalp
Treatment*



H. T. FLINT, PROPRIETOR
Also at V. M. I. Barber Shop

**Jackson's
Barber Shop**



OLDEST IN TOWN



HAVE YOUR WORK DONE
BY BARBERS WHO KNOW

**GRAHAM'S
THE SHOE SHOP**

FOOTWEAR, HATS AND SHIRTS OF THE "CATCHY
SORT" FOR COLLEGE MEN

A. G. SPALDING AND BROS. ATHLETIC GOODS

GRAHAM THE SHOELOGIST

LEXINGTON



VIRGINIA



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB—1917

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Uniforms for Officers of the United States Army
and Reserve Forces

Civilian Clothes Ready made and to Order
for Men and Boys

Garments for outdoor Sports

Travellers' Outfittings: Imported Haberdashery
Hats and Shoes

*Our New Illustrated Catalogue
Containing more than One Hundred Photographic
Plates will be sent on request*

BOSTON BRANCH
LITTLE BUILDING

NEWPORT BRANCH
220 BELLEVUE AVE.



BROOKS BROTHERS'
New Building, convenient
to Grand Central, Subway,
and to many of the leading
Hotels and Clubs

A. H. Fetting Manufacturing Jewelry Co.

Manufacturers of

Greek Letter Fraternity Jewelry

213 N. LIBERTY STREET
BALTIMORE, MD.



Memorandum package sent to
any fraternity member through
the Secretary of the chapter.
Special designs and estimates fur-
nished on medals, rings, pins for
athletic meets, etc.

*After This Date
SEND ALL TRANSFER
ORDERS TO*

MILEY'S LIVERY



PHONE 204
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



JOHN W. MILEY, *Proprietor*



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THIS SPACE IN THE
BOMB IS RESERVED

FOR THE

Post Exchange,
V. M. I.



AN INSTITUTION WHICH
NEEDS NO ADVERTISING

THE BOMB-1917

**TOWER-BINFORD
ELEC. & MFG. CO.**

Distributors
Electrical Material and Apparatus
RICHMOND, VA.

THE 1917

**Military and Naval
Insignia Catalogue**

Sent upon Request

THE HAND BOOK 1917

Illustrates and prices about
800 articles suitable for
Gifts for all occasions

Mailed upon Request

BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE CO.
PHILADELPHIA

R. Harris & Co.

MANUFACTURING
JEWELERS



Corner 7th and D Streets, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Commercial Acid Co.

CHEMICAL MFGRS.

PLANTS: { E. St. Louis, Ill.
Texarkana, Tex.
Little Rock, Ark.

Manufacturers of

SULPHURIC ACID
NITRIC ACID
MURIATIC ACID
ZINC CHLORIDE
OLEUM
MIXED ACIDS
CAUSTIC SODA, ETC.

MAIN OFFICE:
Boatmen's Bank Building
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

Murphy's Hotel

RICHMOND, VA.

*The Largest and Most Centrally
Located Hotel. The only
one in city with Garage
Attached*

All cars pass Murphy's, and it
is in the Heart of the Shopping
and Theatre district.

New Hotel and Grace Street
Annex, Fire-proof.

Headquarters for College boys.

RATES \$1.00 AND UP

JAMES T. DISNEY, *Manager*

THE Virginian Hotel

Lynchburg, Va.



*New, Modern and
Fireproof*



EXCELLENT CAFE
COFFEE SHOP



EUROPEAN

Campus Togs

"Exclusive Clothes" for Younger Men

WHEN IN LYNCHBURG

Stop at

S. H. FRANKLIN'S

AGENTS FOR

MANHATTAN SHIRTS

HIGH ART CLOTHING

CAMPUS TOGS

Exclusive Clothes for

Younger Men

Quinn-Marshall Co.

IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

OF

**Dry Goods, Notions and
Gent's Furnishings**



LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



THE BOMB-1917

SIGMUND  EISNER CO.

RED BANK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICIAL NATIONAL OUTFITTER BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.



Famous Lilley Uniforms

ARE the Recognized Standard for Colleges everywhere. They are superior in point of style because made by skilled Military Tailors and wear better than any other Uniform.

CATALOG ON REQUEST, Address
THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Henry V. Allien & Co.

MAKERS OF
MILITARY EQUIPMENTS



*"That Have Stood
the Test Since 1815"*

734 Broadway NEW YORK

Jacob Reed's Sons

Manufacturers of

Gold Medal Uniforms

Our equipment and facilities for producing uniforms for Colleges and Military Schools are unequaled by any other house in the United States. You are sure of intelligent and accurate service in ordering of us. The uniforms worn at THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE are finished examples of the character, quality and appearance of our product.

Jacob Reed's Sons

1424-1426 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA

1816

1917

WM. H. HORSTMANN COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA



UNIFORMS AND
EQUIPMENTS



THE BOMB-1917

CADET UNIFORMS
AND EQUIPMENTS

Manufactured by

Ridabock & Co.



147-149-151 West 36th Street
NEW YORK

Chas. Prachet & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**High-Grade Confectionery,
Chocolates, Glace Nuts,
Etc.**



BALTIMORE, MD.

**Hardaway
Contracting Co.**

INCORPORATED

Home Office: Columbus, Ga.

General Contractors

SPECIALISTS IN
WATER POWER
DEVELOPMENT

Dams, Power Houses, Bridges

**W.W. Timberlake
& Company**

*Wholesale
Confections and Fruits*



Phone 780
STAUNTON, VA.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

White
STUDIO

1548 Broadway (Executive Office)
557 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

Photographers to This Book
and many other Colleges for
:: :: the Season :: ::

The School and College Department makes
available the best skilled artists and modern
methods, and also assures promptness and
:: :: accuracy in completion of work :: ::

Studios also in

Northampton, Mass.	South Hadley, Mass.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Princeton, N. J.	Lawrenceville, N. J.	West Point, N. Y.
Cornwall, N. Y.	Hanover, N. H.	Ithaca, N. Y.
Ann Arbor, Mich.	Lafayette, Ind.	



THE BOMB-1917

**Pioneer Nurserymen
of America**

*Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens,
and Hardy Garden Plants*

*Complete Landscape
Gardening Service*

Planting Plans, Topographical Surveys, Engineering, Sewage Disposal, Grading, Planting, Road and Driveway Building, Professional Landscape Consultations, Specialists in Golf Course Layout and Building, Pruning and General Tree Treatment.

Thomas Meehan & Sons

Nurserymen and Landscape Gardeners

GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

Established 1854

John L. Ratcliffe

Florist



209 W. BROAD STREET
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Highest Award Always

TRADE



MARK

Send for Samples and Catalog of any
kind of Crayon and Chalk
which interests you.

MADE ONLY BY

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

NEW YORK

C. O. HOBBS & CO.

Producers and Shippers

*Fresh Caught Fish
and Oysters*



BALTIMORE MD.



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

THE BOMB-1917



ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS BOOK
BY

The Electric City Engraving Co.
BUFFALO



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

LYRIC

The House that Has the Crowd

THE REASON:

A HIGH-CLASS MOVING
PICTURE SHOW

Good Music * The Best
People * Entertaining
Performances * * *

"The Cadets' Winter Garden"

SATURDAY MATINEE
2:15 P. M.

THE
First National Bank

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Capital \$50,000.00
Surplus 75,000.00
Net Profits 18,000.00

\$143,000.00

4% INTEREST
Paid on Time Deposits

ROLL OF HONOR BANK

☞ A Bank must possess Surplus and Profits larger than Capital to be enrolled. Consider seriously what this means — think of it when you open an account. It means strength.

On the Roll of Honor this Bank stands:
1st in the Valley of Virginia
6th in this State
436th in the United States

Rockbridge National Bank

LEXINGTON, VA.

Capital . . . \$150,000.00
Surplus . . . \$37,500.00

PAUL M. PENICK
President

A. P. WADE
Cashier

CALL ON
Rice Miller

*When You Want Some One to
Meet that "Calic" at the
Train*

☞
For a Saturday or Sunday
Afternoon Date. For Your
Parents and Friends when
in Town. For a Trip to
Natural Bridge

☞
BEST AUTOMOBILE SERVICE
IN TOWN



H. O. DOLD

First, Last and All the Time
When you want anything good to eat

CONFECTIONS AND
FRUITS A SPECIALTY

The old cadets, the new cadets, and
all the cadets deal with Dold. Why?

Because He Treats You Right

Dold has just what a cadet wants.
*Don't forget the Class Pipes. Dold
makes them just the way you want them.*

Cor. Main and Washington Streets
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Mythfield

ONE PIECE UNDERWEAR

"Tailored To Fit"

Athletic Styles, with the
Give and Take Waist-
band. : : : :



The Best Haberdashers Stock Them



When considering the selection of
Athletic Apparel or Implements it
is well to remember the synony-
mous relationship of

"SPALDING"

AND

"QUALITY"

Write for a Catalogue

A. S. Spalding & Sons

613 14th Street, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.



Agents Wanted

at all Colleges, Schools and
Clubs for

Taylor Athletic Goods

where not already repre-
sented. Send for catalog
and particulars

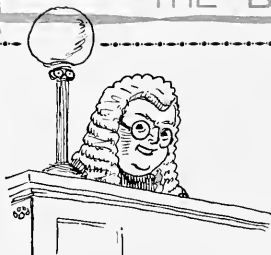
ALEX. TAYLOR & CO., Inc.

Taylor Building

26 E. 42nd St. NEW YORK

Est. 1897

THE BOMB-1917



It's hard to do our clothes justice in such little space.

The thing is to try them on!

Everything men and boys wear.

Mail Orders Filled

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway
at 13th St.
Broadway
at Warren

"The
Four
Corners"

Broadway
at 34th St.
Fifth Ave.
at 41st St.

NEW YORK CITY

The McClamroch Co.

Contractors in

Marble, Tile, Terraza,
Mosaics

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA



*Tile Work in Jackson Hall, on
our Campus, done by the
McClamroch Company*

CADETS

Exams are o'er, and Finals here,
Yours "cits'" suits you soon will wear;
They may need alterations some
So to the Repair Shop you must come.
Then you'll look neat to "Calics" sweet,
Who'll say, "Why, who fixed you up."
Why—



FRANK MORSE

OUR TAILOR

Q. M. D.

V. M. I.

V. M. I. PRESSING SHOP

REDUCED RATES



SECOND FLOOR
LAUNDRY BUILDING



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.



This Annual

Is a fair sample of the product of our press. ¶ We specialize in College Printing and are equipped to efficiently care for the complete production of College Annuals, Catalogs, View Books, and the numerous other printed needs of Educational Institutions. ¶ We offer our service and solicit your enquiries.



Whittet & Shepperson

Richmond, Virginia

THE CADET

A PUBLICATION OF GREATER V. M. I.

Weekly Circulation 1,050

Copies going to 32 States and
5 Foreign Countries

\$1.50 per year in advance



S. W. NOELL - - - *Editor-in-Chief*

F. H. ETHERIDGE - *Business Manager*

Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.

YOUR EYES

Are glad when you have them examined by Dr. Thos. D. Hopkins, Member Virginia State Optical Association. He's the *real* optometrist of Lexington. *We have him.*

L. D. Hamric & Son

WATCHMAKERS JEWELERS
ENGRAVERS OPTOMETRISTS

WHEN YOU WANT

Prompt and Excellent Service

Have your Clothes sent to

The Lexington Steam Laundry

Incorporated

"Starch Work a Specialty"

151 North Main Street

Phone 170

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Brown's Pressing Shop

Opposite Pool Room

Cleaning, Pressing and
Repairing

CALL US

When you want your
citizens' clothes or uni-
forms put in good shape

*Look at Our Line of Spring
Samples. Prices Reasonable*

LEXINGTON, VA. Phone 194

R. S. Anderson Co.

Incorporated

Fine China, Cut Glass,
Sterling Silver



Wedding Presents a Specialty



*Electric Lamps and Royal
Rochester Electric Irons*



R. S. Anderson Co., Inc.

Nelson Street



Augusta Military Academy

PREPARES ESPECIALLY FOR V. M. I.

A school with a country location in the famous Valley of Virginia, having the highest endorsement of the Virginia Military Institute and other Universities. The best equipped academic building in the State. Steam heat and electric lights. Gymnasium. New fireproof buildings, costing nearly \$70,000, now completed. School property covers 250 acres — large campus for drills and all field sports under careful supervision. Able faculty of college men. One master for every 15 boys. Enrollment limited to 200. Boys from 22 States last session. Forty-two years of successful work in developing self-reliant, manly boys, physically and intellectually sound. Rates \$400. For catalog, address

Thomas J. Roller and Chas. S. Roller, Jr.
Principals

FORT DEFIANCE

VIRGINIA



Patronize our Advertisers. When writing to Advertisers, please mention 1917 Bomb.



Haines,
Jones &
Cadbury
Company

Makers of

Hajoca Quality
Plumbing Fixtures

Visit our Show Room and make
a Personal Selection

14 and 16 SOUTH NINTH STREET
RICHMOND, VA.

Our C. Catalog on Request

Stop at McCOY'S for all things
good to eat

CANDIES, FRUITS, and all
kinds of Canned Goods our
specialty

*We Have an Up-to-Date Stock
and Would Be Glad to
Serve You*

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE
AT ANY TIME

McCoy's Stores

Main and Washington Streets

Phone 147

Nelson Street

Phone 327

LEXINGTON :: :: VIRGINIA

Rockbridge
County News

LEXINGTON :: :: VIRGINIA



Gives V. M. I. News year round
for \$1.00. Has Good Job Office

The
Model Barber Shop

*The Last Word in Barber Shop
Sanitation*

The Cadets' favorite shop
for a quarter century



H. A. WILLIAMS

PROPRIETOR

9 North Main Street

THE BOMB-1917

L. G. JAHNKE
and COMPANY

(J. W. ZIMMERMAN)

*Jewelers
and
Opticians*

ESTABLISHED 1866

LEXINGTON VIRGINIA

CADETS

THEIR PARENTS AND
FRIENDS

ALWAYS WELCOMED

AT THE

DUTCH
INN

The
Huger-Davidson
Sale Co.

Wholesale Grocers



LEXINGTON :: :: VIRGINIA

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