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THE REVELLE  
PUBLISHED BY  
THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1911

J.W. Kinghorn '11

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## Good Morning

**K**NEE DEEP in June. Yas 'tis a glorious summer morning, Gentle Reader, and we shall take our cushions out on the campus under the great oak trees and recline on the cool, velvety grass. How fine the breezes feel this morning. Draw close around us friends and we shall tell you of the class of 1911 with many interesting incidents in our college life during the past year.

Open this portfolio. The first photograph is of a most noted member of our faculty, to whom we have dedicated this accumulation of memories.

Behold our signatures. Can you read in them aught of the owners character? Scrutinize these our likenesses and listen meanwhile to the life history of each. Do they not seem to exhibit a close correspondence?

Ah, you chime in on our ode as tho you have practiced it with us for class night.

Now sip of this cup offered you by the "Prophet" and the curtain will rise before you, behind which we are rehearsing our roles for the play of "life" in 1920.

The Junior Historian desires to tell you of his class mates and sing to you his 'ode, after which the under classmen will entertain you for awhile.

An Associate Editor will now tell you of our drill. Why, how, in what we drill and the results attained. Bang! An M. A. Caesar rings up a bull's eye at Stump Neck. Patter, patter, patter! but our tents did not leak last June. Do not forget the portfolio, for among the military pictures priceless jewels are interspersed.

Our Art Editor is at your elbow. You will surely not slight his productions, for of them we are justly proud.

Do you ask what is the Rossbourg Club? The M. A. C. girl will tell you.

You are doubtless glad to know of the good work of our Y. M. C. A.

Hark! Give heed. Do you appreciate true oratory?

Are you not proud of the work of our sturdy athletes, and that our College stands for clean athletics?

And just here you are made aware that we are not all in the same boat, but each pursues his special course of study.

Yes this photo of our true friend in time of need we secured by dint of much coaxing.

Now give ear and we shall entertain you with things of lighter vein, and then you will be invited to read our book of days.

We shall converse again at the setting of the sun.



# Dedictory

to

Prof. M. T. L. Taliaferro

Prof. of Agriculture



The pioneer promotor of Scientific Agriculture in Maryland

Prominent in his ability as a teacher

Revered as the embodiment of all that we love to associate with the Free Southern Gentleman

This the fifteenth edition of the Reveille is most affectionately dedicated

by

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven





## Prof. W. T. L. Taliaferro



**T** Prof. W. T. L. TALIAFERRO, head of the department of Agriculture at the Maryland Agricultural College, was born in 1856, at "Dunham Massie" in Gloucester Co., Va., where his family have for generations, devoted themselves to agriculture and professional life.

His father was Major General Wm. Taliaferro, distinguished for his service in the Mexican and Civil Wars; he was later prominent in the political and legal history of Virginia and at the time of his death was serving as judge of his native county.

His mother was, before her marriage, Miss Sallie Lyons, a gentle woman of the old school, who combined those traits of mental culture and true refinement which are typical of the subject of this sketch.

Prof. Taliaferro gained the rudiments of his education in private schools, meanwhile working upon the farm. Having matriculated at William and Mary College, he was graduated in 1876, valedictorian of his class, with the degree of B. A.

For five years succeeding his graduation, he was principal of the high school at Gloucester, Va., meanwhile living on and managing one of his father's farms.

In 1881 he accepted the Principalship of the Bel Air Academy, in Harford County, Maryland, and the number of distinguished men who were his students recall with gratitude that, thru his inspiration, they sought successfully to reach their goal.

In 1886 he accepted the position of Acting Editor of the *Harford Democrat*; meanwhile he kept up his interest in matters agricultural, being a member and Secretary of the Fallston Farmers Club and taking a leading part in organizing the first series of Farmers Institutes ever held in Maryland.

While in Bel Air, Mr. Taliaferro was active in the organization of Company D, First Regiment, Md. National Guard, of which he was later made Captain.

The practical and theoretical training which he had acquired made Mr. Taliaferro the logical choice for Prof. of Agriculture at this College when it was reorganized in 1892, and he accepted his unanimous election to this post. Although modern methods had not been generally accepted, he entered upon his duties with a stout heart and ardent zeal, and his success was soon attested by the constant demand for him throughout the State as counsellor, teacher and guide.

He was one of the pioneers in the propaganda for improved seed corn and the



growing of alfalfa for Maryland, and it is admitted by all that, by these two items alone, immense sums have been added to the agricultural revenue of Maryland.

To promote these and other like movements from 1900 to 1906 he acted as Agriculturist of the Md. Agr. Expt. Sta., and it caused general regret that the insistent demand of his students at the College prevailed upon him to give up this part of his work.

Prof. Taliaferro is a loyal son of Maryland, the State of his adoption, he knows her valleys and her hillsides by heart, and he has a fervid faith in her agricultural prosperity, provided, as he would have it "The willing arm be guided by the trained mind."

His students are succeeding in every county of the State and exemplify by their prosperity, the value of his precepts and example.

Notwithstanding his close application and devotion to his profession, Prof. Taliaferro is a man of extensive reading and wide culture and the subjects are few upon which he is not well informed, therefore it is not surprising that he should receive the much coveted membership in the Phi Beta Kappa, conferred at his *Alma Mater* in 1895.

Thus equipped and trained Warner Taliaferro in his modest but firm way has been a positive aggressive force in the making of men and the remaking of a College.

A most auspicious event transpired in the life of Prof. Taliaferro when in June, 1896, he wedded Miss Emily Franklin Johnson, daughter of John O. Johnson, Esq., of College Park. Mrs. Taliaferro and her husband both delight in dispensing a hearty and generous hospitality at their College Park home, which is made even more beautiful by good care and good cheer, and the frequent acts of kindness and charity which are traced to them naturally augment the esteem and affection in which they are held by all.





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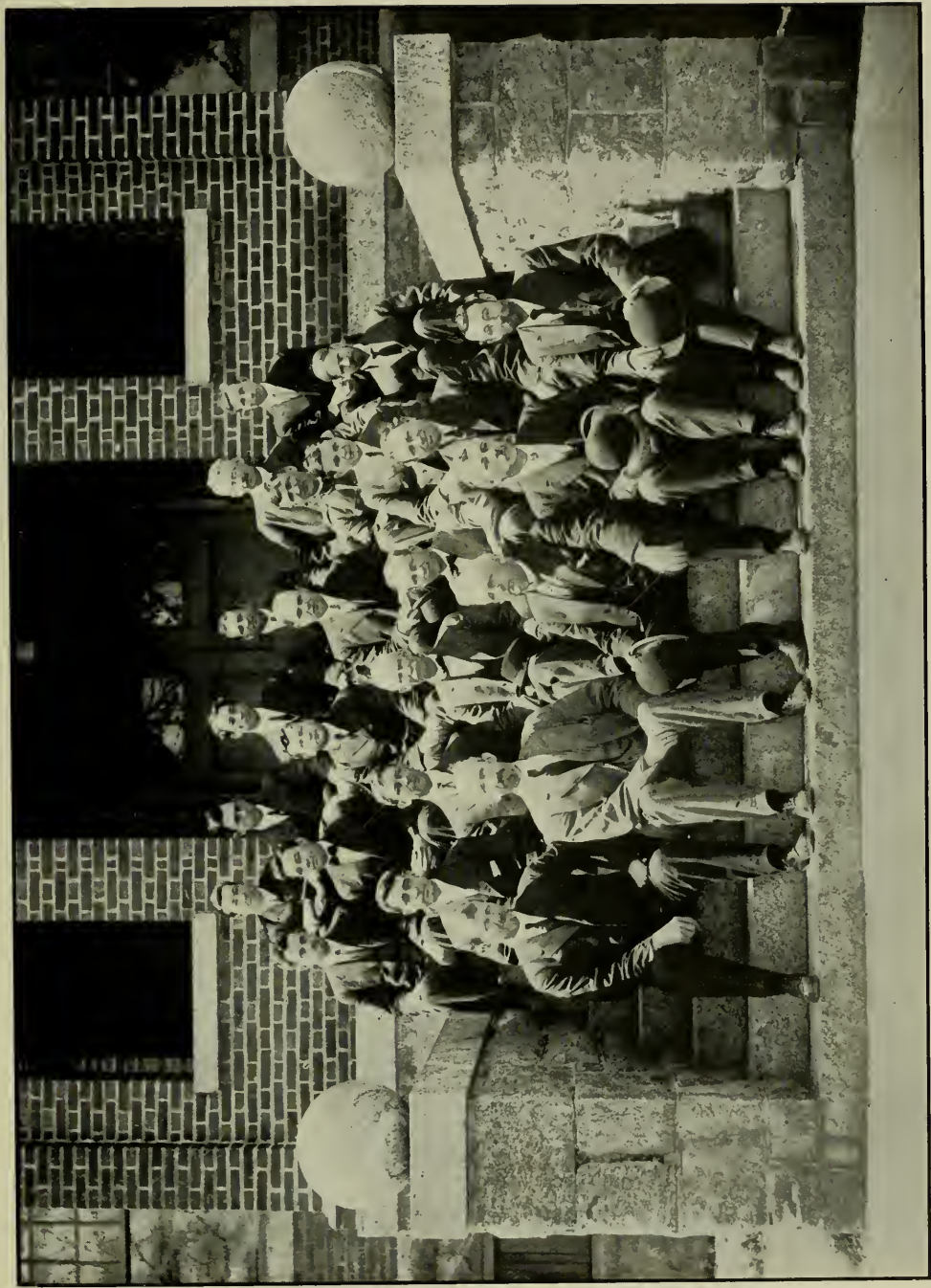
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Stenographer.

GRAYSON BAGGS, Clerk.



FACTULTY

# Calendar 1910-'11



1910.

## THIRD TERM.

Tuesday, March 29th, 1 P. M.—Third Term Begins.  
Monday, May 16th—Submitting of Theses.  
Friday, June 10th—Final Meeting of Trustees.  
Sunday, June 12th—Baccalaureate Sermon.  
Monday, June 13th—Class Day.  
Tuesday, June 14th—Alumni Day.  
Wednesday, June 15th, 11 A. M.—Commencement Day Exercises.

1910—11.

## FIRST TERM.

Tuesday, September 13th, and Wednesday, September 14th—Entrance Examinations.  
Thursday, September 15th, 1 P. M.—College Work Begins.  
Wednesday, December 21st, noon—First Term Ends.  
Wednesday, December 21st, noon, to Tuesday, January 3rd, noon—Christmas Recess.

## SECOND TERM.

Tuesday, January 3rd, noon—Second Term Begins.  
Wednesday, January 4th—Special Winter Term in Agriculture Begins.  
Wednesday, February 1st—Filing Subjects of Theses.  
Saturday, March 18th—Second Term and Special Winter Courses in Agriculture End.

## THIRD TERM.

Monday, March 20th.—Third Term Begins.  
Wednesday, April 12th, noon, to Tuesday, April 18th, 1 P. M.—Easter Recess.  
Monday, May 15th—Submitting of Theses.  
Sunday, June 11th—Baccalaureate Sermon.  
Monday, June 12th—Class Day.  
Tuesday, June 13th—Alumni Day.  
Wednesday, June 14th, 11 A. M.—Commencement Day Exercises.

# The Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station



Director:—MR. H. J. PATTERSON.

## HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.

S. S. BUCKLEY, D. V. S., *Veterinarian*.

J. B. S. NORTON, M. S., *Botanist and Pathologist*.

T. B. SYMONS, M. S., *Entomologist*.

C. P. CLOSE, M. S., *Horticulturist*.

N. SCHMITZ, M. S., *Agronomist*.

GEO. EDW. GAGE, Ph. D., *Biologist*.

CHAS. O. APPLEMAN, Ph. D., *Physiologist*.

ROY H. WAITE, B. S., *Associate Poultryman*.

THE charter given our college by act of legislature in 1856 was for "An Agricultural College and Model Farm." This "Model Farm," the first of its kind in our country, was the beginning of what is now the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station. Later, by the Hatch Act and the Adams Act, appropriating money for its use from the National treasury, this Station was given a status as a national as well as a State institution. At first the Experiment Station was a department of the College, and managed as such, but it has been found that such close association was not advantageous, so the tendency has been for the College and Experiment Station to manage each its own affairs, tho both are under the same board of Trustees.

The work of the Experiment Station may be broadly divided into the two branches, Investigation and Instruction. The investigation is of those problems whose solution may mean a lowering of the cost of any farm product. The Station uses a farm of nearly three hundred acres for this work, and there are few better managed experimental farms in the country. While, by the very nature of the work, the farm cannot be made to yield a profit while under experiment, yet the question of cost is never lost sight of.

Instruction is thru various means. The most important of these is the bulletins, which give the results of experiments, or distribute timely and useful information. These are



sent to any address upon application. At present the mailing list contains over 25,000 names.

Another important means by which the Station distributes information is by letters written in answer to specific inquiries from persons over the state. On several occasions, also, the Station has sent educational exhibits which makes the round of the principal fairs of the state.

The interest of the Experiment Station for the agricultural students arises from their numerous walks over the Station grounds with Professor Taliaferro. How well we remember those trips! The professor would have us follow him thru the experimental grounds, delivering a running, or rather a walking lecture as we went, to those who kept beside him. Now and then he would stop, wait for the stragglers to catch up, then he would discourse at length upon something of especial interest in some experimental plot.

The professor's constant warning, however, was "Hands Off!" to those who wished to lay inquisitive fingers on Station property. Several of us can remember yet, what happened to us when he plucked a turnip which was perhaps an inch in diameter.

Notwithstanding such little differences as this, we learned much on these walks. More important than any facts that we absorbed, however, was the training we had in the art of observation. Without such a farm as this to be used for illustrative purposes, our training in these principles would have been much less complete.





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## College Ode

Our college dear, of thee we sing,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
And loyal hearts we gladly bring,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
In memory fond thy name shall cling,  
Thruout the land thy praise shall ring,  
So to the breeze your banner fling,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

Thy sons have e'er been true to thee,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
And greater yet their love shall be,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
When records of our deeds they see,  
If we obey their every plea  
And keep unstained thy history,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

In wisdom's hall or on the field,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
To vaunting foe we ne'er shall yield,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
For in our lives shall be revealed  
Those inspirations that appealed  
To feelings true by you unsealed,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

While other banners wave on high,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
And brighter colors greet the sky,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
The orange and black shall ever fly,  
And heights of fame they shall decry,  
Who guard thee with a loving eye,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

Oh, let us then, to her be true,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
Her high and noble aims pursue  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!  
And let us dedicate anew  
Her lives to every service due,  
That may thy glorious fame renew,  
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

G. S., '05.  
L. F. Z., '06.



## Senior Class Ode



There's a spot to me so true  
That its mention thrills me thru.

I sing of M. A. C.  
And the standards, gold and blue  
Send that thrill thru me anew.

No matter where'er I be.  
Of college days and memories  
Her mother touch and sympathy  
Will linger round me when I'm far away  
Whether lone or joined together  
To her true as steel forever  
Her ties will never fade away.

### CHORUS.

Oh, nineteen eleven, where'er you are roaming  
Always keep her standards high and true  
Remember her kind teaching, she is now of you beseeching  
So we will cheer for the gold and blue.

We have struggled hard and long  
To build you firm and strong  
To make a class for history.  
When'er we have been needed  
We have come and have succeeded.  
To win for you a victory.  
May our works be good and ample  
For others an example  
Is our aim for we will ever strive for thee.  
In the paths of life we'll try  
With the spirit "Do or die,"  
To gain more fame for M. A. C.

## Senior Class.

Colors - Navy Blue and Old Gold.

Motto - Semper Primus

L. L. True, President.

Thomas Davidson. Vice President.

Charles C. Furness Treasurer

Harry S. Cobey, Secretary

Eugene A. Mudd, Historian

John C. Ruse, Prophet

Sindsay M. D. Silvester - Sgt-at-Arms

O. Ray Endorse

Paul R. Barrows.

C. A. Chaucer.

H. Roland Dewitt

D. W. Glass.

Jos. Am. Finghorne

Paul R. Little.

Walter H. Mays.

J. Keller Smith

Arthur T. Sonnenberg.

Henry Stabler

Hubert J. White

OLIN RAY ANDREWS, First Lieutenant Company A.....Hurlock, Md.

*Agronomy.*

Sergeant Junior year. On 'Varsity Football team '08-'09-'10. Manager Lacross team.  
Member of Athletic Council. Associate business manager of Reveille.

Of stature he is passing tall,  
And sparely formed, and lean withal.  
Who does the best his circumstance allows  
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more.—Shakespeare.



**W**HO IS that walking down the hall with a long steady stride? This comely young man with a bold physique, clean cut features and an expression of honest trust in all mankind. He is speaking in short terse sentences, discussing with Henry some practical points in plant culture.

O. R. Andrews, alias "Puckum," was born at Hurlock, Maryland, May 11, 1888—a loyal son of the "Good Old Eastern Sho'." His early life was spent in faithful and industrious service on the farm, meanwhile taking the course of primary school education. In 1905 Ray entered the Wilmington Conference Academy at Dover, Delaware. It was here that he was dubbed "Puckum," which cognomen has clung to him ever since. It was also here that he made his debut upon the gridiron.

After a year at the Academy Ray decided that a farmer's life should be his future career, and so thought it wise to complete his education in his state agricultural college.

Andrews has been a faithful student during his college course and is an ardent admirer of Prof. "Tollie," from whom he has received much individual attention, being the only man in the Senior class taking agronomy.

In athletics, "Puckum" has had a long and honorable career on the gridiron, having been on the first team for the last three years. He was on the track team in his Freshman year and has done much towards making the Lacross games a success during the past season.

In military affairs Lieut. Andrews has always been "on the job," tho in tactics he and "Commy" could not always agree as to the proper commands necessary to put into execution certain complex battalion maneuvers.

Ray has not yet, to our knowledge, entered the social arena, tho we have a well decided opinion that a certain fair damsel of Hurlock has a strong interest in the affairs at M. A. C.

We wish to our friend and classmate, health, wealth and happiness as an Eastern Shore entrepreneur.

PAUL RIDOUT BARROWS ..... Berwyn, Md

*Biological.*

Chief Bugler '08-'09. Company A Basket Ball Team '09-'10.

Let the world slide.—Beaumont.

Of their own merits modest nien are dumb.—George Cohman.

**T**HE DOOR opens carelessly, a light foot fall is heard on the laboratory floor, no one looks up—no one needs to look up. Every one knows it is "Reds," and the first thing he is going to say is, "Hey Little, got your notes?" "Give me a match somebody." And "Reds" settles down to work with the aid of his usual morning smoke.

On July 21st, 1893, in the flourishing city of Berwyn there came into existence a queer little specimen of humanity, and there was a strange sound coming o'er the world: a crying of dead prophets from their tombs, the songs of dead poets coming from their graves, and all seemed to prophesy the coming of something new in the line of a botanist, and Barrows was the result.

At the age of 5 he made his first appearance inside the Berwyn School and there he remained until he was 13, when he decided that he had received too much education to remain there any longer. The first place he noticed was M. A. C. and so in the fall of 1906 he made his debut as a College student. Paul belonged to the "Oggelets" and as a gun was too large he was given a bugle, and as an M. A. C. bugler right valiantly did he toot. Finally he overcame a bugle in size and was given a gun which he has trailed around the campus for the past two years.

Paul is the only boy of our class who has hair that can be told from a distance, and strange to say in making his selection of the fair sex he always seems to choose those, who have hair of a similar color. You would never think this boy to be a ladies' man, but really he is at the head of the class when it comes to things of this kind. He is one of our day students and as a rule is away from his home almost every evening, but it is impossible for his mother to tell where he is because Paul is very popular in the social world and has a different place to go every evening in the week. As he is taking the Botanical course it would be perfectly natural for his first choice to be the "Woods" and so on Sunday evenings he can be found among the "Woods" of N. E. Washington.





CHARLES ATWELL CHANEY, First Lieutenant Company B . . . . . Reistertown, Md.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Sgt. Junior year. Pres. Rifle Club Senior year. Associate Editor of the Reveille.

A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive—Mallet.

He is in logic a great critic, profoundly skilled in analytic.—Butler.



**M**Y GOSH, what a meal, but never the less "Rooster" Chaney otherwise known as the "Chicken," can be seen grinding away after every one else has left the mess hall. This is no singular occurrence for he can be seen every day in the same situation.

"Rooster" first saw the light of day July 15, 1890, at Glyndon, Balto. County, Md. From Glyndon he moved to Reistertown, from Reistertown to Glyndon and from Glyndon back to Reistertown. The last we heard he was still living in the last mentioned place, but we would not be at all surprised if he had moved back to the other place—which ever one it is. He received his early education from the public schools, graduating from Franklin High School with honors. Chaney came to us in the fall of 1909, and entered the Sophomore class.

He stands well in his class and is perhaps one of the best mathematicians that has graduated at M. A. C. in years. Every one looks upon this white haired youngster as an expert track and lacross man. "Abe" True says Chaney is one of the fastest men he ever knew, for on their trip to Philadelphia he made a tour in five minutes that would take any ordinary man two or three hours. Chaney has had many wonderful

experiences for no one can relate an adventure but that he has had a more marvelous one of similar character.

"Chicken" is a great marksman. He holds the highest record in the battalion this year and won the medal on the range in 1910. When not playing lacross or shooting he can be found on the pike in running suit with handkerchief tied about his head hitting the grit for a short distance run to Hyattsville or perhaps taking the ten mile circuit to Beltsville when he wants to whet up a good appetite. When time grows stale on his hands he takes a turn at sliding off the chapel roof under the mild delusion that it is the cellar stairs of his childhood. When it comes to snoozing Chaney needs no soporific charms. On one occasion in his Junior year it required the united efforts of all A company, half the band with their "noise boxes" and several pitchers of cold water to lure him back from slumberland.

Chaney is a trained vocalist. His voice is one in a thousand and we are sure that he would make a grand success of Hindoo dirges.

Chaney is a model of consistency. He takes much care to be equally proficient in all his studies and will not show partiality to his favorites by putting more time on those than others. He is "Catfish's" brag engineer and will have completed a broader course in math than any previous graduate of this college.

HARRY SPEAKE COBEY, Second Lieutenant Company A. . . . . Vienna, Va.

*Civil Engineering.*

Sergeant, Junior year; Secretary of class, '11; Senior Y. M. C. A. Instructor. '11;  
Editor-in-Chief of Reveille, '11. Associate Editor of Triangle.

They judge him not aright; if he's fair faced,  
They say the gentleman should be their sister.—Shakespeare.

A capacity for hard work may not be a talent, but it is the best possible  
substitute for one.—Proverb.

GENTLEMEN, observe this shining example of virgin innocence, meekness, and modesty. A tall, pale brother, carrying himself as if he had swallowed a ramrod and was having trouble with the digestion thereof. He brings with him, wherever he may be, an atmosphere of pure, unspotted sanctity.

This is Harry Cobey, another of the various and wonderful products of good old Charles County. Born June 21, 1890, of a good old Southern Maryland family (originally from Ireland) he has had a varied if not exciting experience. He has been tutor, farm manager, teacher, and, in an amateur way, an actor, and now he has turned editor. His early education was received at Friendship Academy, in his native county. Entering M. A. C. in 1906, he continued here for two years, at the end of which time he was compelled to leave on account of sickness. He returned in 1909 to complete his course.

While Harry is not a brilliant scholar, he is a hard, steady worker at whatever he determines to do, and in the end such tactics always bring him thru. His original theories for the solution of calculus problems are the despair of "Doc. Tollie," and as for his opinion of that instructor, we will not repeat it here, for fear of ruining Harry's reputation for saintly meekness. English Composition is, however, the greatest load on his mind, and in this he is not alone in his class. "Der Wissen Schaftliche Deutsche" is another of his foes.

But to see Harry at his best, one should be with him on a surveying trip or one of "Commy's" map making expeditions. There he is in his element, and the neat work he can turn out is surprising. His ambition is to become an expert civil engineer, and on leaving this college he may enter some university to complete the education he has so well begun.



THOMAS DAVIDSON, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster . . . . . Davidsonville, Md.

*Civil Engineering.*

Corporal Sophomore year. Sergeant Junior year. Vice-President Senior Class. Associate Editor Reveille.

Genuis wins sometimes, but hard work always.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die.—Lamb.



THE SUN is just rising, and as attention sounds for reveille a tall, slender, dignified individual with spectacles, and wearing a gray sweater, with towel thrown across his shoulder and a cake of soap in his hand, takes his station on the front steps and peers around for the O. C.—On time to the dot as always. A half minute later the occupant of 48 appears upon the scene, also in gray sweater, and is inevitably greeted with “Wie finden Sie sich, mein Herr,” by the brag German scholar of the Senior Class.

“Say, wait a minute. Got a cigarette? Gimme a match. I haven’t anything ‘cept the habit.” It is thus that many a poor unfortunate who courts the goddess nicotine is approached by the “Preacher,” otherwise known as Thomas Davidson.

The “Preacher” first opened his eyes to the light of day in the town of Davidsonville, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, on November 14, 1887. His first spoken word was not “Mamma,” as is natural with most children, but immediately upon recovering from his bewilderment at being ushered into a new planet, he set up a howl for something to smoke.

“Tom” received his early education at public and private schools in “his own town,” but was

then forced by ill health to abandon his educational pursuits until the fall of 1907 when he alighted at M. A. C.

Since making this his headquarters Tom has shown a pronounced talent for study, and becomes very much disgusted if he discovers anyone in the class putting more time on his studies than himself. Thus he has gained high esteem among his class mates, who come to him with many of their scholastic difficulties. “Tom” is a great favorite of “Doc Tollie’s” and the only one in the class with whom the latter will condescend to argue.

“Dr. Davidson” is a staunch advocate of the “Conley Regime,” and has been a necessary adjunct to the military department both in the tactics class room as an authority on the theory of drill, and as a medical reference book when first aid to the injured is being discussed, and also on the field as “Commy’s” chief marshal.

Tho “Tom” has had a most propitious college career he avows that he shall be glad to settle down as an Anne Arundel County engineer and politician; yet we suspect that a subtle influence in the shaping of his future plans is exerted by certain of the fair sex, whose marvelous beauty Anne Arundel County has long been noted. May his path thru life be smooth, and Dame Fortune take him for her own true son.



HOWARD ROLAND DEVILBISS, Second Lieutenant Company B . . . New Windsor, Md.

*Civil Engineering.*

Sgt. in Band Junior year. Member Students Conference Committee '10-'11. Manager Baseball Team Senior year. Vice-Pres. Rossbourg Club. Member Athletic Council.

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.—Shakespeare.

I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope' my mouth let no dog bark.—Shakespeare.

Confound it all, who says I'm bowlegged?

“**L**OOK acomin'! Quit your fooling Pop. Shut up and sit down you fellows or I'll be to drive you all out. Don't you know Ford lives under here?” This is what may be heard in 36 Old Barracks, where the “Devil” resides and reigns supreme.

Roland hails from the great “City” of New Windsor, Carroll County, situated on the Western Maryland Railroad. It was in this town and in the preparatory department of New Windsor College that he laid the foundation for a higher education which he later elected to obtain at M. A. C. and accordingly matriculated here as a Prep in 1906. H. Roland by his attractive ways soon had all society at his feet and since then his chief occupation during study hours has been writing letters of regret or acceptance; but in the majority of cases, acceptance, for Sunday afternoons have seldom found him in M. A. C. To attend dances on Friday nights has been his rule with few exceptions. In his early years at M. A. C. Roland would always terminus at Hyattsville but after having become more accustomed to the city or for some other unknown reason Wash. has been for some time passed his accustomed destination; and at last he has explained to us that “she” had moved to town.

In the Senior year he was given the privilege of holding his own in the file closers of Company B as Second Lieut. and having been elected manager of the Baseball Team he has given much time and energy to the requirements of this office. One has to be very careful in speaking to Manager H. R. Devilbiss when acting in his official capacity or no reply will be forthcoming. However his most intimate friends could manage once in a while to break down this barrier of self importance and to get a glowing account of some of his miraculous exploits in town, which always terminate in some one kidding him about taking so long to say good night and giving him the following advice: “If you love the girl, why don't you marry her?”

Devilbiss is one of “Doc. Tollies” most dutiful proteges and immensely enjoys (?) playing lackey whenever “His Highness” desires “reference books” and other official paraphernalia brought from class room to office or from office to field. As an instrument man “Devil” has become both accurate and expeditious; when there is a precise line to run by the Senior C. E.'s he is always there to do the work. Yet it has been noticed that he is not particularly fond of a rodman's job especially when there are ferocious bovines snorting about the premises.

We think that after a few years of travel and adventure as an engineer “Devil” will settle down as a Carroll County farmer and politician, with a Carroll County lassie for his bride. He loves to tell his credulous classmates of the marvelous amount of hay he can pitch on a hot summer's day, and his long evening drives up the country.



CHARLES RAYMOND DRACH ..... Sam's Creek, Md.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

A glass is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;  
The world is good, and the people are good  
And we're all good together—O'Keefe.

Laugh and grow fat—Taylor.



“**N**O HURRY, gentlemen, no hurry. Take your seats. Have a smoke!” “Golly day! Did you see that article in yesterday’s ‘Sun,’ about that split between the Democratic leaders? Goodness Gracious! Why, I never saw such rotten politics. If you’ll take my word, the next election is going to bring some sweeping changes in this state!” And Raymond, jolly Dutchman that he is, in all his portly dignity is settled comfortably in his arm chair, heels on the table, cigar in his hand, beneficently beaming with soft brown eyes upon his ever welcome visitors, prepared to entertain them as long as they may wish to stay.

C. Raymond Drach (often corrupted into Drake or Drack) made his entree into human society in 1889. He has had a number of homes, but for the last six years has had his home at Sam’s Creek, Frederick County, on the border of Carroll. After capping his public school education with a year at New Windsor College, he decided to become a mechanical engineer and matriculated at M. A. C.

Upon entering college our industrious Raymond joined the retinue of Johnny Green, and finding service at his court profitable from the standpoint of exercise and recreation as well as

of remuneration, he has continued in faithful service to the numerous potentates of M. A. C. culinary affairs, rising higher each year in esteem and rank until for the past two years he has been Commander-in-Chief of the commissary department, and right nobly has he ruled his wayward yeomen.

Raymond has succeeded in making the military department keep hands off for this year, having donned his much despised uniform but twice in the whole year. “Commy” has not agreed with him entirely as to his drilling ability, however, and they have exchanged many heart-to-heart confidences regarding the same. Had he been aware of the sweet naps that Raymond enjoyed during chapel exercises, and his frequent “business excursions” to town, he would probably have coaxed still more strenuously to make the erring one see things as they ought to be seen.

As a scholar, Raymond is due a prize as a writer of forceful themes, and he excels as a mechanical draftsman, though in “Deutsch” he and “Boohoo” seldom agree as to the proper translation, nor did he fall deeply in love with foundry work.

In social affairs, our gentle Raymond seldom fails to charm the maiden’s hearts, and we believe that he will soon be a rising young mechanical engineer in Philadelphia, with a fair Frederick county damsel for his “Frau.”

CHARLES CATOR FURNISS, Captain Company B.....Crisfield, Md.

*Civil Engineering.*

On Baseball Team '09,'10,'11. 2nd Sergt. Co. A and treas. of his class Junior year. Vice-Pres. Athletic Association. Member of Student Conference Committee. Athletic Editor Reveille and Shield Bearer.

Did you hear that boy laugh.—Browning.

The glory of a firm capacious mind.—Pope.

**T**HE SCENE was in Crisfield, Md., some nineteen or twenty years ago. The mists cleared. The fog horns ceased and great steamers sailed by in majestic silence. The children on the streets quit yelling, and people talked in hushed tones. All nature seemed to hold its breath. Suddenly a strange sound pealed forth, such as never before fell upon the ears of man. It continued half an hour. Charles Cator Furniss was introducing himself to the world. He has been making similar noises spasmodically ever since, and the older he grows the more prolonged are the spasms. For want of a better name we call it a "laugh," though he is often seized with a spell when every one around is as solemn as a judge, and was once taken with one while the preacher was saying, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

Furniss has forged his way through the conventional routine of scholastic training with remarkable rapidity and success. Graduating from Crisfield High School in '08, with high honors, and an ambition to become a learned mathematician, he soon decided to clear for M. A. C. Armed with his High School "dip" and Wentworth's Trig. and log tables, and proudly flying the flag of the "Eastern Sho'" in every word and act, he bore down upon us on Sept. 15th, and was promptly classed as a Sophomore.

For awhile Charlie suffered from love sickness for the girl he left behind, but was soon cured of the malady and became a loyal M. A. Caesar.

On Saturday nights "Pop" and "Devil" are often seen strolling down the path for a "large evening" in town. These gaieties on one occasion awakened the aesthetic nature of the former to such an extent that upon returning to college he preferred to sleep in the sweet perfume of a flower bed than upon his accustomed couch.

"Say Wife, what's the lesson in hydraulics?" No sooner told the forgotten assignment than Furniss, the student is lost to all else but his lessons. A brief period of intense concentration is all that is required, however, and his books have long been closed and "Pop" is in slumberland while his classmates are still vaguely groping around in a labyrinth of mathematical formulae.

"Pop" has been a necessary adjunct to the baseball team for the past three years. As an example of his prestige as an athletic hero on the team's return from a recent victory, he was borne home from Riverdale in a "chariot" drawn by admiring school-mates.

As a military man the Captain of B Company is a shining star. His company has merited the banner in target practice this year, and "Pop" says he sure is going to win the sword. We wish him good luck. We have no fear that he will have a most successful and happy life, brightened by the love of "some other" Crisfield "Dearie."





DAVID WILSON GLASS, First Lieutenant Company C . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

*Civil Engineering.*

Corporal, Sec. Y. M. C. A., and on the football team Sophomore year. Sergeant, Associate Business Manager of Triangle, and class orator in Junior year. Pres. Y. M. C. A., Associate Editor of Reveille, and Manager of June Ball in Senior year.

He is a strong man who can hold his own opinion.—Emerson.

And when a lady's in the case you know all other things give place.—Gay.

As fine a gentleman as was ever my fortune to meet.



“**R**OD UP, there! Get on the job! Don't be so slow. Whoa-up, steady! Just a moment while I transit this instrument—just a moment! Plumb the rod. Good—clamp her. Let's have the reading, now. Quickly, let's have the reading! Gee, but this wind cuts like a porcupine on the wing. Fine day for surveying, though, Gentlemen—fine day.” Yes, we all know that “D. W.” is running the transit today, for if he were not we would not even know that it was being run, or see who was running it; for most likely we would be made aware that the recorders task was of such paramount importance in this problem that we would be unable to see beyond the field book of Mr. Glass—skillful abacist and lightning calculator.

“About, Face! Forward, Ho! Get step there, men, One, Two, Three, Four, One, Two,—” and all is quiet in the line of file closers, for Lieut. Glass is thundering forth the cadence with such martial vehemence that the waiter's gabbering is but dumb show and the hitherto roaring dish washer a noiseless instrument.

“Go get 'em boys! Play ball! That's the stuff. Hold 'em, Maryland! Carry 'em down the field. Back off the side lines men. Three rahs for M. A. C.” Yes! That solidly built, round faced,

rapid action being with a keen gray eye, who is wearing his cap above a Teddy-bear head is cheering for the same team upon which he played in his first years at College.

Lo, it is gala night. The light of the ballroom chandeliers is reflected by the brilliant uniforms of the usual coterie of M. A. C. gallants, and gently caresses the unsurpassed beauty of a galaxy of M. A. C. girls. As the orchestra strikes up the strains of the Cubanola Glide Mr. Glass, a model of graceful, magnetic vivacity, leads his “Queen” upon the floor. Other couples follow suit. The dance is on. Let joy be unconfined. David Wilson is in his glory now.

'Tis Sunday evening, and the Y. M. C. A. meeting is in progress. Pres. Glass is in the midst of an earnest appeal to his attentive audience for purity of life and high ideals. He points out the character of Robert E. Lee, as among men, a model, and mentions that saddest day of the Southern Confederacy, upon the twenty— anniversary of which, David Wilson Glass was recognized as a terrestrial entity.

The record of Glass at M. A. C. has been excellent and we believe he will continually grow more prominent as a factor for the uplifting of the human race—in Baltimore.

JOSEPH WILLIAM KINGHORNE, First Lieutenant and Adjutant . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

*Animal Husbandry.*

Corporal, Sophomore year; Color Sergeant, Junior Year; Member of Students' Conference Committee; Chairman of Floor Committee, May Ball Organization; Director Agricultural Society; Chairman of Floor Committee, Rossbourg Club; Secretary of Students' Conference Committee in 1911; Art Editor of Reveille.

Wit is the flavor of imagination.—Livy.

"Blessed be Agriculture, if one does not have too much of it."

**U**P IN THE mountain fastnesses of Western Maryland in April, 1890, there came into being Joseph William Kinghorne—a shock, a tremble, the mountains slid a few inches on their bases. Then Mother Nature saw that it was well and Earth rolled on once more. And "Baldy" rolled with it. Perhaps to this we may attribute that exceeding roundness and beautiful symmetry of form and feature which are so characteristic.

"Baldy's" education and philosophy have been developed along somewhat similar lines. Starting as the prize entry at a baby show where he first learned to say "Tiss me, Tid," Baldy migrated to Massachusetts and in the schools of Boston, "Tiss me Tid" was translated into Yankee, to the infinite peril of the little Puritan lassies' most sacred precepts.

Ere the lisping stage had passed, however, the charm of the South had reasserted itself and the public schools of Baltimore contributed the more substantial elements. Then at Maryland Institute, with a natural taste for art, he learned to give "color," local and otherwise, to his original "Tiss me," etc.

But "Baldy's" itinerary was not yet complete. About this time, Mr. Liberty H. Bailey began preaching "Back to Nature" as the ideal of existence.

"'Back to Nature.' H'm; That will be a short cut for me," says "Baldy," and chose the route thru M. A. C. That was four years ago. "Baldy" is not yet "all there," but we have hopes.

Fate was kind to him from the start. His introduction to M. A. C. was via the hospital from which "Baldy" emerged to begin college life with a clean sheet—on the top of his head. The hospital records state that this was a necessary sanitary precaution, but we have always suspected that "Baldy" had it shaved in the belief that the interior was already so well developed that future mental impression would have to be chalked up on the outside.

"Baldy's" long suit, however, is decorating. He can decorate anything from the Manual of the Saber to a ballroom. But it is when the funds of the Rossbourg Club run low and the eve of a dance is at hand, that Kinghorne is at his best. A group of the newest "rats" are commanded to "shed"—and a wealth of "greenery" is there to adorn the walls. "Silvester, let us have your 'Memories of a Saturday Night,' please," and immediately the soft enveloping rays of a moon pour forth from where you last saw a prosaic electric bulb. Then "Joe" sits down to the piano to add a little "tone" to the production, and lo! the transformation of our chapel is complete.

"Baldy" contemplates a return to the farm. There or elsewhere success and happiness are for him the prophecy and the earnest wish of the Class of 1911.



PAUL REVERE LITTLE, Prin. Mus. of Band.....Funkstown, Md.

### *Horticulture.*

Soph. year 2nd Corp. Co. C and 1st Corp. of Band. Junior year 1st Sgt. of Band. Bus. Mgr. Triangle '10-'11 and Bus. Mgr. Reveille.

"Good goods come in 'Little' packages."

"All the world loves a lover, except his rival."



**R**AP! RAP! RAP! Say "Duke" open up. Come on, open up, I know you're in. No, I don't want anything to eat. Open up. After this gentle request for admittance Little opens up, which is usually accompanied by a, "What do you want?" "Say Duke can you press this suit before three o'clock? I want to go to town." "What the thunder man, I got three suits here now that I have to press yet and then I have a pressing engagement in town this evening myself." And thus the troubles of the "Duke of Funkstown" continue.

Paul Revere did not wish to interrupt the practical jokes and disappointments of all Fools' Day, so at Hagerstown, Maryland, on the second day of April 1889, Paul made his debut into the world. Perhaps it would have been far more appropriate for him to have been born on the preceding day but then "Two jokes is no joke."

His education has been of an experimental nature. He first tried one school and then another in both Hagerstown and Funkstown, but finally after giving all the schools these two towns could furnish a fair and impartial trial, he entered M. A. C. in 1907. He was first seen coming up the cinder path with a flat iron and shaving cup in one hand, suit case in the other and razors pro-

jecting from each pocket.

This gentleman from Washington County has had a "corner" on love ever since he first saw a skirt. True love with him began on the Antietam and, alas, who knows where it will end. Most likely it will be another case of Ta—Da—Da. But never-the-less every morning's mail brings a bit of encouragement, a sprinkle of inspiration and a Quaker Oats smile.

Little's future is surrounded by mystery. He says that for at least two years he is going to teach; but this would be impossible if the center of his future vocation is more than twenty miles from—well, now whom do you suppose? For the "Little" man will surely "chuck" the job. Let us all hope however that within a few years we will find Paul located on a Washington County farm realizing those dreams that he used to picture during his bachelor days at M. A. C.

WALTER HICKS MAYS .....Hereford, Md.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Member of Lacross team '10 and '11. Manager of Football team '10. Member of Athletic Council. Assistant business manager of Reveille.

'Tis better to be brief than tedious.—Shakespeare.

Shut up in measureless content.—Shakespeare.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of and our little lives are rounded off with sleep.—Shakespeare.

**B**ALTIMORE County population received a decided increase on October 12, 1890, when Walter Mays first beheld his terrestrial environment. He was very well satisfied with the result of his observation, however, for he determined to accept everything as it was, nodded his raven locks in approval, then sinking it low in the pillow, let fall the pink curtains of his dark brown windows and sweetly slumbered.

At a tender age Walter toddled off to the public school near by. After the primary school course was finished he spent two years at Baltimore Polytechnic which awakened in him a desire to become a mechanical engineer. Well, it goes without saying that no place but M. A. C. could satisfy his ambition; it was but a short while after his enrollment in the class of '11 that he was duly recognized as a full fledged M. A. Ceasar, and a general good fellow who soon won for himself a coterie of friends.

Mays early became prominent in the notice of the disciplinary authorities because of his long distance sleeping abilities, the profoundness of which was so often bugle proof.

As a society man Walter is an up-to-date success—so the birds tell us that come flying south from Hereford; while the reports from Hyattsville come direct and in unmistakable form. He is always lamenting the fact that so much of his time is taken up by social duties. Mays tells us that it is not his fault tho—the girls simply will not let him alone.

Mechanical engineering is still his hobby, and he is very much interested in his thesis—the design of a traveling crane. We hope to see him in a short time a prominent figure in engineering circles.





FRANCIS ADRIAN EUGENE MUDD, *Cadet Major* . . . . . Cheltenham, Md.

*Animal Husbandry.*

Corporal Sophomore Year; Sophomore Historian; Member Conference Committee, Junior year; 1st Sgt., Junior year; Junior Editor, Triangle; Chairman Program Committee, May Ball Organization; Editor-in-Chief Triangle; Senior Historian; Sec.-Treas. Rossbourg Club, 1910-1911; Associate Editor, Reveille.

"An affable and a courteous gentleman."

"I put him down for a gentleman and he fills the bill."



THERE ARE two things that Southern Maryland is noted for, first that its natural resources are exhausted, and second "Gene."

Perhaps the latter could be included under the former. Nevertheless in the cold month of December 1890, two days before Christmas, just when the holiday spirit filled the air and everybody was happy, something happened—Old Dame Nature presented Southern Maryland with its last hope. The embryo genius who in future years would become "the man who made Southern Maryland famous," the man who revolutionized agriculture, the "Hog King" of the South, and the oldest subscriber of the Southern Planter.

"Gene" first attended the public schools of Prince George County and then Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C. The life in our Capital did not appeal to "Gene," however, so he returned to Prince George, and completed his primary education in the rural schools. Having exhausted the country school teacher's store of knowledge, the county authorities granted him leave of absence for four years to attend college. So Mudd the Second, entered M. A. C. to study agriculture, to graduate and, most important of all, to be in College Park. How "Gene" does love that Park.

'Tis true its points of interest are exceedingly

limited, but then it is near the College, and drop letters only require a one cent stamp, you know.

"Gene" is one of the few literary men of the class and he has acquired that awful practice of thinking. We can always tell when "Gene" is thinking, for in so doing he ventilates his mouth in such a manner that it makes a dangerous retreat for flies. As a military man, his ability is unsurpassed, and the only reason he is not going into the Army is because he feels as though he is under obligations to fulfill his mission on earth, which is to make a Greater Southern Maryland.

June 15th will find "Gene" ready to start his great task, but knowing him and his capabilities as we do, we feel sure that his ambitions will be realized. We wish him great success.



JOHN CAMPBELL REESE .....Gwynbrook, Md.

*Chemical.*

Sgt. Junior year. On May Ball Committee. Junior Lictor. Secretary Athletic Association Senior year. Associate Editor Reveille. Class prophet.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony but organically I am incapable of a tune.—Lamb.

Learning is my sole delight.—Petrarch.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.—Shakespeare.

A THUNDEROUS uproar disturbs the mathematical calm in Prof. Harrison's section room. After assuring himself that the roof is not journeying down to meet the basement, he proceeds to inform "Commy" that this gross disorder in the room above must be stopped. The O. D. is promptly sent upstairs on the double quick. After much clashing of his sword against the door of room 38 the latch is turned and the sole occupant stands revealed—a handsome young man with a classical face and a twinkle in his soft brown eye. His coat is unbuttoned, open letter in one hand and a "five plunk" in the other. "Hello, Henry, have my physical expressions of anticipated happiness because of recent pecuniary acquisitions been annoying to those below?" Casually remarks John.

John C. graduated from Reistertown High School in '08, and in the fall of that same year favored M. A. C. with his presence for the philanthropic purpose of making "Dock Mack's" chemical class larger by one, for the patriotic purpose of learning how to be a military man. He immediately decided that the chemical "lab" would be a good place to spend his leisure hours and has held to his decision to such an extent that during the first term of his Senior year he was appointed assistant chemist. This so elated John that "Boohoo" needs must send the orderly to drag him from behind a stack of bottles when his presence is desired for a few minutes in the "Dutch" class.

As a student John has made a most honorable record. He soon set 100 as his standard in theme writing, and has seldom fallen below it. We presume that "Commy" takes it for granted his themes are worth that without reading them. Wonder why? John passed thru Junior physics unscathed and conditionless, a most wonderful accomplishment for a chemical student.

But as a chemist "Prof. Reese" is at his best. Enter the laboratory when you may, and there he will be found, coat off, sleeves rolled up, collar turned in, hands begrimed and surrounded by the most nose startling odors. Yet in this disagreeable atmosphere of the chemical "lab" John can sleep the soundest and snore the loudest of all the Senior class.

Finally "Johnny" is a social man—first because it is his nature to be sociable, and second, because it is the proper thing for a young man to be. He has not missed a dance at College during his Senior year, and has taken in several extras in the neighboring towns. His principal objection to dancing is taking his girl home after it is over, and losing "whole chunks of good old sleep."



LINDSAY McDONALD SILVESTER, Capt. Company A. . . . . Portsmouth, Va.

*Chemical.*

Vice Pres. Soph. class. "M" in football '08 and '09. "M" and "star" in '09 and '10. Corp. of winning squad '09. Pres. of class '10. First Sgt. Company A. Assistant manager of Baseball team '10. Herald Junior year. Pres. Athletic Association Senior year. Pres. Rossbourg Club. Secretary of Athletic Council. Treas. Reveille Association.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction.—Shakespeare.

Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow as cheerful as today.—Pope.



**B**LOW Ye Scottish bagpipes! Let the planes and rivers of Norfolk County resound with the news that the clan of Silvester in America has received a decided increment. Yes it has been increased by a very material quantity; and Lindsay McDonald Silvester at once begins to voice his rights as a free born American citizen, and a loyal descendant of Scottish Chiefs. This happened in 1889—another date to be memorized by the future school boy. Next after introducing himself this practical infant began to drop some hints as to what he would be doing thirty years after, by yelling out when hungry, "Pay attention here and toss over my retort of lactic acid."

However, for the first sixteen years of his life Lindsay was willing to limit himself to the freedom of his father's farm, after which he took up his abode in the near-by town of Portsmouth. The schools of Norfolk and Portsmouth furnished him sufficient mental browsing until he moored at Norfolk High School for a three year's course (toughluck "Heifer").

But L. McDonald was first brought prominently into our notice in '07, when he allowed himself to be installed at M. A. C. And tho his halter chafed a little at first, he soon learned its

length. "Silvy" was always by far the busiest man in the class, and when anything is doing he is sure to be on hand—being especially adept at percipitating concentrated showers upon the passers by; indulging in explosive cachinations at unexpected moments; raising a rough house when in need of exercise; kidding the second assistant Prof. in chemistry; making spiels to his company at reveille and worshipping the "fair sex."

As a military genius, Capt. Silvester is a masterful success. It is the undisputed opinion in all the country round that he can handle his company better and knows more about drilling than any one else in the battalion, for often his commands have been heard as far as Berwyn Heights. Lindsay is also expert at handling the animal of genus, eques, and occasionally reveals his day dreams of pleasant drives in "Ole Virginia" by giving his company such commands as "gid up," and company "whoa." it has been noticed of late that "Donald" has grown very haughty since he can claim to be the only man in the battalion who is as large as "Commy."

As an orator Silvester has made the most creditable record. His plea for a greater army having won for M. A. C. the Maryland Intercollegiate Oratorical Championship for the third successive year.

JACOB KELLER SMITH.....Myersville, Md.

*Horticultural.*

Sgt. Junior year; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, Junior year; Assistant Librarian Senior year.

Thy modesty is candle to thy merit—Fielding.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven.  
And tho no science, fairly worth the seven.—Pope.

**K**ELLER made his ingress into this world sometime in the latter part of the nineteenth century. At the early age of eighteen months he exerted his authority by affecting the removal of the paternal domicile to the good old Middletown Valley of Frederick County. Since that date he has clung tenaciously to Myersville, his adopted home town, with the exception of Sunday nights, which he invariably spends at a certain rendezvous in Middletown.

Graduating from the Myersville High School in 1908 under the expert tutelage of "Pat" Mahoney—whom some of us remember as a senior in '07—"Jake" cast about for a college education, and being a man of common sense and good judgment, reported for duty at M. A. C. the following fall, and was cordially received as a member of the Sophomore class.

His work at college has been characterized by a strict attention to duty thruout the course; the only worldly diversion in which he seems to have taken a real interest being the writing of bulky letters to Middletown, and the careful perusal of those "sweetly scented things" which come by the return mail.

As Assistant College Librarian "Smitty" is always on the job. In fact, he likes the library so well that he spends all his spare time there, away from the cares and work of the world, lost in deep cogitations.

Smith is a man of original theories. Upon interrogation he may deny this statement, but it is nevertheless true. For tho everybody in the class quit studying the day after arriving here, deciding it to be a useless waste of time when there are so many more interesting things to do, our far-sighted J. Keller has stuck persistently to the rule of hard work and still maintains the absurd theory.

However, there may be more method in his madness than "Smitty's" less diligent classmates will admit, for he must assuredly be at home on all the ground he has covered in his college course, and so is bound to succeed in any branch of endeavor he may elect to pursue.

We all wish a prosperous life to this man of solid virtue, who for the last three years has been to us a practical lesson in economics. May his progeny be as those of the son of Hagar, and his supply of the long green as plentiful as the autumn leaves.



ARTHUR THEODORE SONNENBERG.....Bladensburg, Md.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Much may be made of a Dutchman if he be caught young.  
That there is falsehood in his looks I must and will deny.



AT 8:15 A. M., a familiar figure strolls up college avenue with long, swinging stride, and the inevitable brown satchel swinging at his side in long, regular oscillations, alternating with his step, the cordial smile foretells the usual good word of "Sonny, the Dutchman," for all he meets; though his square jaw, muscular physique, and independent gait serve as a fair warning against any impositions, in jest or otherwise. His honest blue eyes have their usual expression of goodfellowship, but also a searching gaze that spells close observation. Sometimes there is the sly glance that hints of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, but his unfeigned honesty has won our hearty trust, and we ask him to let us in on the joke. Whenever and whoever you are, Sonnenberg will greet you with a "Hail, fellow well met," and a warm, hearty slap on your shoulder.

"Sonnenberg of Bladensburg." But it has not always been so, nor will it be much longer, says "Sonny." The first breath he drew was not in Bladensburg, nor are we going to say on the banks of the Rhine, but it was in the capital of the greatest nation in—America—no, in the world, and we are sure "Sonny" will agree with us there. We mean in the latter statement; he says

he does not recall the occasion of the former. "Sonny" soon tired of Washington and moved to the ancient and historic town of Bladensburg, whose pride is to glory in the past and hope for the future. But "Sonny" was satisfied with the quiet and peaceful life and remains uncontaminated by his surroundings.

Sonnenberg is particularly enamored of practical engineering and is very fond of the dean of his course. In "Deutsch" he is "Boohoo's" authority for idioms. He has taken much interest in practical law especially as concerns the rights of protecting private property against marauders. Says he needs to put such knowledge to practical use occasionally. "Sonny" says he intends to travel this summer, and probably locate in a Western town for awhile. We wish him good health and good luck.



HENRY STABLER .....Brighton, Md.

*Horticultural.*

Associate Editor of Reveille.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are good.—Savator.

Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives a nod—  
The stamp of fate and sanction of a God.—Pope.

Learning is my sole delight.—Petrarch.

**H**EN FEBRUARY 19th, 1892, at Brighton, Md., Henry Stabler opened his eyes and observed that he was, took it as a matter of course, and has taken everything as a matter of course, from that day to this. He also decided that it would be a practical idea to let mundane society know of his whereabouts and so he gave vent to a decided and well articulated yell; and he has been saying practical things in a decided and articulated manner ever since.

Henry early developed a zeal for study, and went through the public school course in four years, acquiring for himself a fine rep as a bright scholar. In '08 Henry graduated from Sherwood High School, and most naturally entered M. A. C. the succeeding fall as Stabler the third.

During his Sophomore and Junior years we saw little of Henry outside of the class rooms, for he occupied all his spare time with practical work at the Experiment Station. But when he took upon himself the dignity of a Senior, Henry thought it wise to take up his abode in the barracks, fulfill the disciplinary duties of a Senior, and to enjoy Senior privileges. As an O. D. he has performed his duty admirably, treating all alike and being partial to none.

Henry is still as studious as ever, and when not diligently absorbing the contents of his text books he is apt to be found in the library lost to all else but the world of books.

No doubt Henry will some day become a noted and successful horticulturist—regardless of the fact that he mutilated the college orchard by pruning off the limbs to see if their centers were sound. He has also experimented with the retail fruit business during his Senior year, and it proved to be the one Senior graft that the cadets were willing to swallow without complaint. He was also pestered by upright "rodents" getting loose in his storage house unawares, but after sprinkling a layer "tens" around the premises he suffered no further molestation.

Henry cares but little for the social world, and has not yet been smitten by Cupid's darts. However, we attribute this to his tender age, for a handsome youth is sooner or later a sure victim of the fatal disease.



LELAND GOODRICH TRUE, CAPT. CO. C. . . . . Washington, D. C.

*Mechanical Engineering.*

Corp. '08. 2nd Sergeant and 1st Sergeant Junior year. Pres. Senior class. Member of Student Conference Committee. Humorous Editor of the *Reveille*. Manager of Tennis Team, and Chief Rooter.

He cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.—Sir Philip Sydney.

With too much quickness ever to be taught.—Pope.



**L**ELAND GOODRICH, he was christened; but "Abe" he has been, "Abe" he is, and "Abe" he will always be, even to his parents. True—but the name belies the nature, for "Abe" is known far and wide for his ever ready tales of travel, danger, or adventure, which are not always true, but which always have the sound of truth, and which are always enjoyable. "Abe" has an endless stock of material from which to draw his "Trueisms," and he uses this material well. No two tales are ever alike.

In College True has had an unparalleled career. He has wasted but little time in studying, though always has a ready answer. He is a special favorite of Commy, and whenever the "Big Chief" comes within earshot "Abe" is sure to corner him for a conversation. Especially do they enjoy swapping jokes.

"Abe" is a greatly traveled and widely acquainted individual. He has galloped across the endless plains of Colorado, and slept through the noon day hetted Florida beneath the shade of hanging moss. He has wandered in the wilds of western mountains, and waded knee deep through the swamps of Georgia. He has breathed in the smoky city an atmosphere laden with ferric dust,

and he has banquetted with the diplomacy of our nation's capital.

Born in Topeka, Kan., in 1888, on the anniversary of the assassination of the immortal "Abe," whence his name, he soon migrated to Denver, Col. Next he wandered to the head waters of the White River in the Ozark Mountains in Arka., then to Springfield, to Carthage, and to the White Plains, Mo., then to Kansas City, to Chattanooga, Tenn., via Memphis, and finally to the capital of his country, besides having sojourned for short periods in thirty or more of the forty-six states of our Union. Why he decided to remain at M. A. C. for so long a time as four years is an unsolved mystery, but now June is here, and he can again begin his travels.

Possibly we may see him in a few years leading our troops to victory, possibly we may see him,—but who can fortell his future? "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and this is true of "Abe." But no matter where he may go, or what may be his occupation, our love and good wishes will always follow him.



HERBERT JAMES WHITE, First Lieut. Co. C. . . . . College, Park, Md.

*Chemical.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,  
An honest man the noblest work of God.—Pope.

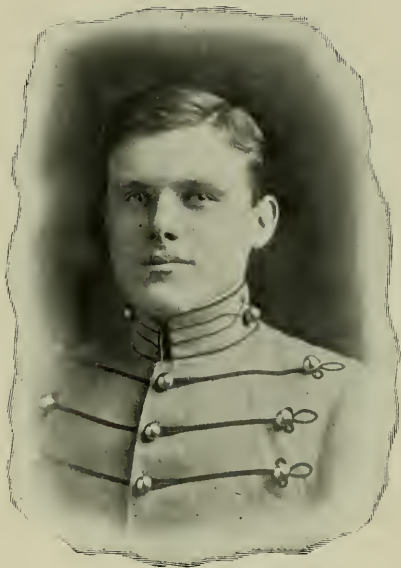
I can tell where my shoe pinches me; and you must not think to catch old  
birds with chaff.—Cervantes.

HAVE YOU ever, while in the Senior division of the chemical building, had your pocket surreptitiously filled with the compound technically denoted by the symbol  $H_2O$ ? Has a trickle of the same aqueous fluid ever given you the shudders by finding its way down your neck? Have you ever attempted to get some needed repose in the professor's absence, and had your chair suddenly removed from beneath you? If so, make sure that "Herb" can prove an alibi before accusing anyone else. If present, however, you are by no means certain to convict him. Some times the only evidence one can adduce is, "I don't know how it happened, but I know you did it." Whenever "Herb's" sober, freckle-bestrewn face shows up, look for trouble, and be all the more on your guard if he looks innocent.

"Herb" increased the population of La Plata, Charles County, Md., by one on September 5th, 1890. At an early age he moved to College Park, where he finished his early schooling, entering M. A. C. in the fall of 1906. Since then he has made great progress, especially in his chosen branch, Chemistry. If you ask him how to prepare diethylsulphone-dimethylmethane from ethyl mercaptan, using dithioethyldimethylmethane as an intermediate compound, he will probably show no surprise, but will even make such a bluff at it as will convince you of his wisdom in the matter.

Lieut. White was the first "day dodger" to receive a commission at M. A. C. and right nobly does he handle the second platoon of C company. Although not one of the athletes of the school, Herbert made the basketball team last winter, and was one of its best players.

Like all the day students, Herb leads a dual life. His nights and holidays are spent at the Experiment Station, attending to the greenhouses, etc. He pays frequent visits to Berwyn and Riverdale (How we envy his liberty to do so) but if he has ever left his heart behind him on one of these trips, he has concealed it well. "Herb" comes from a very good British stock, and from what we have seen of him here we predict a most successful career as a chemist. May his solutions never be split or his flasks boil over.



JAMES MADISON BURNS .....Lebanon, Ohio

*Biological.*

Corp. Soph year. "M" in baseball '10. On Football team '11. Vocal Music Master of Glee Club. President of Senior Class. President of Rossbourg Club.

Of their own merits modest men are dumb.—Colman.

**J**IMMIE" was born in Cincinnati and received his early schooling there. He later spent much time in Morgantown, West Virginia, and attended the University of West Virginia, in '06. Entering M. A. C. in '07, he soon made many close friends, and the old barracks would have seemed dead but for "Jimmie's" ever cheerful songs.

As a corporal in his Sophomore year "Jimmie" did good work and was generally conceded to be the best drilled man in the battalion.

In athletics his record was most creditable; tho small in stature he held his own on the football field as well as on the diamond, and had he remained thru the football season of '11, would without doubt have won his "M."

In scholastic work, also "Jimmie" never failed to accomplish anything that he undertook. Insect study was his specialty, and few ant hills on the College farm have escaped his scrutiny. "Jimmie" was always a favorite with "Sy," and whenever his class wanted concessions from him in regard to holding dances and other social functions, he was appointed as mediator, and, being himself always interested in social events seldom failed to convince "Sy" of the importance of his argument.

Burns was valuable in the College social world in more ways than one; for he was also a dexterous and artistic decorator and an expert dancer. There was something radically wrong if a ball came off at College and he was not there with his fair lady.

We are all heartily sorry to part with our class president and true friend when "Jimmie" had to leave us in the early winter because of his father's sudden death.

He is now an automobile salesman in Ohio and we are sure will rapidly advance to a high position in the business world.

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MARION MELVIN .....Crisfield, Md.

*Civil Engineering.*

A progeny of learning.—Sheridan.

**M**ARION MELVIN graduated from Crisfield High School in '09. In the fall of nineteen, he and Furniss being in the same class. Both being mathematicians they took up the civil engineering course at M. A. C. the following fall. "Milwaukee" has made a most excellent scholastic record here, none of "Doc. Tolle's" intricate mathematical formulas ever having daunted him, and to hear him read Dutch you would think him straight from Berlin.

Further Melvin was distinctly a social man, and few mails came without bringing him sweetly scented letters from Crisfield or Baltimore. Most every Saturday evening found him enjoying the company of some fair damsel in a nearby town.

Owing to a very serious attack of blood poisoning at the beginning of his Senior year, Melvin was obliged to drop from the class of '11, but intends to enter next year's Senior class, and will graduate, we are sure, with high honors.

## Senior Retrospect



THE BALMY days of June, 1911, are come and with them the closing chapter in our career as college men. The story of our achievements has been told, the personalities of our members have been sketched. With the stern reality of parting upon us there remains for us but the Senior's retrospect and then—farewell.

Alma Mater, when we look back upon the four years that we have spent within your walls, we find much to reflect upon, much to profit by, much to be proud of. We look back upon a year of initiation as Freshmen into a few of the pleasures, many of the duties and all—so we thought—of the hardships of college life; a year of petty trials endured, when the routine of military life and the discipline of tradition-sceptered "Old Boys" seemed to our untutored flesh, unaccountably hard.

We remember with keenest pleasure a Sophomore year brimful of merriment and adventure, when, in the pride and responsibility of our primo-matriculated heritage, we scorned such purely personal emoluments as distinction in studies and devoted ourselves heart and soul to running the College.

We became Juniors, developed more individuality with the consciousness that the time was at hand for us to shape our own ideals and to work with a definite end in view. We found ourselves. We learned that organized effort in our appointed sphere in college was productive of greater good both to us and to the College.

With the dignity of Seniority upon us, the promise of reward for four years of effort looming large before us, lent strength and courage to our convictions.

We find ourselves passing at the outset to mourn the loss of two of our members. But trusting that the same hand of Fate which brought bereavement to one of our classmates and misfortune to another, may have in store for them a proportionate reward, we turn undaunted to resume our progress.

Commencement is upon us. We take our diplomas with a feeling that M. A. C. has given us something for which mere money cannot pay. We feel that a diploma with the "Maryland Agricultural College" inscribed across its face, means to us vastly more than so much textbook knowledge, instilled as per catalogue specifications.

True it does not mean that we have had four years of access to the most completely furnished buildings, the most extensive libraries, the most elaborately equipped shops, the largest corps of highly paid instructors of any state college in the country.

True we cannot cheer our athletic teams from the bleachers of a magnificent stadium. No, M. A. C. cannot yet give us this. But there is not one of us graduating from M. A. C. but appreciates that inestimable value of that which he has received in addition to a thorough under graduate training. We appreciate the fact that we have been members of a student body amongst whom the most sacred traditions and customs of the South have always prevailed. We have been subject to the influence of an Executive who stands for all that the title, Southern Gentleman, implies. We have been in intimate contact with instructors whose determined efforts to aid in the progress of M. A. C. have been a character moulding inspiration. We have cheered in victory and in defeat athletic teams formed in the face of difficulties that would have downed the spirit of any but M. A. C.

This, Alma Mater, is what we have to be thankful for. This it is that, with the tenderer associations, makes us experience in the hour of parting, some of that bitterness which prompted the Southern Exile's beautiful poem:

"Farewell to all I have loved so long,  
Farewell to my native shore  
Let me sing the strain of a sweet old song  
I return, I return no more.

And this it is that mingles with our sadness the consolation of knowing that we go out into the world prepared to bespeak our gratitude to thee in terms of worthy achievement.



## Senior Prophecy



HAVING been nominated by my classmates to penetrate into the midst of the future and see what Father Time holds in store for the members of the class of 1911, I searched long and diligently for some plausible method of accomplishing this end; but for a long time the search was in vain and the future remained as a closed book to me. Finally having given up in despair, after exhausting every expedient in my knowledge, I stumbled by mere accident on the coveted object of my search.

Standing on the wharf at Baltimore, I was debating whether or not to cast myself into the swirling depths and end it all, when my attention was arrested by a small wizened man, who had just landed from a large German steamer, in company with several other immigrants. He was a little shriveled up man, remarkable only for the enormous size of his head, and the ordinary observer would have passed him by with a casual glance. Moved by some mysterious impulse, a thrill of joy leaped up in me, for I recognized in him the one who was to give me the key to the future. Resolving to make immediate use of this opportunity, I accosted the old man and hastily unfolded my business to him.

"Yes," he said, significantly tapping the small grip which he bore, "I have here a small stock of the wonderful compound Amino-Benzene, a compound which in the hands of the great German chemists has attained an importance which can scarcely be exaggerated. The number of derivatives which may be obtained from this compound is inconceivable to the uninitiated mind. Starting with benzene I will easily obtain the substitution product Methyl-Phenyl Hydrazine. By the addition of other reagents this may be transformed into Potassium-iso-diazo-benzene oxide. From this compound it is but a step to Diamino Dihydroxyarsenobenzol, and when this compound is obtained I think we will be in a fair way to obtain the prophetic potion desired."

Naturally when the old man finished speaking, my head was pretty well muddled with his scientific language. He went to work with great energy to solve the problem before him. Suffice it to say that he kept his promise and after several months untiring research, he produced a compound which has enabled me to circumvent the sphinx of the future and observe the various activities of my classmates.

Finally, all was in readiness. A stenographer was procured with all his necessary apparatus, and in a propitious moment I imbibed the powerful drug. Detached at once



from its physical shell, my spirit sprung into a hypothetical aeroplane, and started out on an extensive course of travel. I floated along over the green wooded hills and finally landed in front of the town hall in the city of Upper Marlboro. I entered and found the place crowded with prosperous business-like farmers, for it was a meeting of the Tri-County Farmers' Grange of Southern Maryland. In the president's chair was a tall man with sandy whiskers, who was vigorously laying down the law, as to the relative merits of the Jersey and Ayshire breeds of cattle,—it was "Gene" Mudd, of course, for he was stating his views in just such vociferous determined manner as I had seen him do many times before in the red hot debates we used to have in Senior class meetings. On inquiring, I learned that he was one of the most prosperous and up-to-date farmers of Southern Maryland, president of the Grange, owner of dozens of creameries, canning factories, etc., and in fact had become a real magnate in his native community.

The scene was changed. I found myself in a small country church. It was Sunday morning and bells were ringing all over the drowsy country side. The people filed into church and a clear, commanding voice called the meeting to order. Now this voice sounded familiar to me, and raising my eyes to the pulpit, I received a shock to my nervous system in beholding the startling apparition of Leland Goodrich True, attired in a minister's paraphernalia and carrying on the services in the most matter of fact way possible. Well of all the inconceivable and inexplicable anomalies this certainly was the worst. Judging from his college career, I would not have been surprised to find him an officer in the army, a prize fighter, or a house breaker, but never would I have believed that in his widely diversified talent he held the makings of a minister.

Strange, indeed, are the workings of destiny, and beyond the ken of human intelligence are its mandates.

The religious atmosphere of the church was suddenly rent with various unseemly noises. The trampling of countless feet, the yells of men, and the bawling of cattle, all blended together in one vast echoing medley of sound. A stalwart figure on horse-back passed by, yelling at the top of his voice and belaboring a rebellious steer with his lariat. Thru the clouds of dust I recognized the one time familiar features of Harry Speaks Cobey, rendered almost indistinguishable by a heavy coat of tan and prairie soil. Here again the sign posts of the college career were reversed, but the solution was simple.

Soon tiring of the office work which he had taken up on leaving college, Harry had wisely migrated to Arizona, and had become one of the most successful of the present day beef producers.

The clouds quickly faded and the atmosphere became overcast, with the golden haze of a perfect Indian summer day, in the Middletown Valley of Maryland. The scene was in a large well kept orchard, in which the business of harvesting was rapidly going forward. The men were hurrying to and fro, picking the apples and packing them in small crates. Everything showed the stamp of the up-to-date college bred horticulturist. Casting about for the founder of so much systematic industry I beheld my old classmate, Jacob Keller Smith. Sleeves rolled up, pencil and note book in hand, he



was busily directing the activities of the workers in getting the crop ready for market. He was not too busy, however, to interrupt the work occasionally to rescue certain obstreperous members of the younger generation from various predicaments in which they were continually getting entangled.

Happy and contented in discharging the manifold duties of administering to the needs of a large fruit farm and of a large and growing family, I left my friend to his rural pursuits.

The crowded galleries of the U. S. Senate chamber opened up before me. What voice is that thundering forth in unmistakable accents the sentiments of Jefferson Davis? Ah! It is Lindsay McDonald Silvester, grown into the most accomplished orator of the Senate, and it was the spell and prestige of his name that had drawn so many attentive listeners into the galleries today. While at College, Lindsay would have us believe that his highest ambition was to pursue a further investigation of the Aromatic series of Hydrocarbons, but having won the medal of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association at Western Maryland, he decided that his sphere in life lay in the forum and has fully vindicated his right to be reckoned among the foremost of the disciples of Demosthenes.

Next the loud discordant sounds of battle are heard. The thundering charge of cavalry, the rattle of musketry, and a dull booming of cannon are all around me. But what is that luminous spot of white bobbing up and down in the tall grass like a jack-rabbit's tail? As I live it is Atwell Chaney, and a gallant figure he makes, charging at the head of his company, brandishing his saber and shouting encouragement to his men. But now my spirits began to sink, for surely he will be killed, dashing so fearlessly into the thick of the fray and exposing himself to the shells of the enemy. But tremble not, gentle friends, for it is only a sham battle and there is no cause for alarm.

Upon inquiry, I learned that Chaney had entered the army on leaving college, and had been rapidly promoted from second lieutenant to first and then to a captaincy. From all accounts, he was on the eve of receiving his major's commission, and without doubt he will be a brigadier-general before he retires.

Feeling rather exhausted from my strenuous exertion, I was glad to stop a while in the quaint old city of Annapolis. I was not surprised to find here my old friend, Thomas Davidson, for "Tom" is a democrat, iron-clad and triple plated, and not likely to wander far from the comfortable shade of the political plum tree. He had at once espoused the profession of politics on leaving college, and had soon succeeded in landing a fat political job. He was now enjoying the fruits of industry and busily engaged in the discharge of his duties; the aforesaid duties consisting apparently of smoking five cent cigars, while lounging comfortably in a large arm chair with his feet cocked up on a rolled top desk. "Tom's" motto is "Get next to the man with the pull and work him for all he is worth."

Cash! Cash! the busy hum and bustle of the large department store sprang up around me. I found myself in one of New York's tallest sky scrapers in a mammoth department store. I asked to see the manager and was at once referred to the office, where I found Paul Revere Little. He was surrounded by a crowd of messenger boys

and sales people, all of whom were trying to attract his attention at once. But Paul valued his time at \$10.00 a minute, and only the weightiest matters could demand a small share of his time. On leaving college, Paul had at once entered the mercantile world, and he was now doing a larger retail business than any other firm in New York. No doubt his college experience stood him in good stead, for while there, he was a successful jack-of-all-trades, and would buy or sell anything from a broken watch to a piano.

The pleasing strains of a ball room orchestra filled the air. The scene was in a large fashionably equipped ball room. Gracefully the dancers glided to and fro in a waltz. I soon recognized the figure of one of the dancers for it was Joseph William Kinghorne, engaged in his favorite occupation of looking pretty, an art in which "Baldy" was always unsurpassed. "What!" I cried, "Will 'Baldy' never give up this butterfly existence? Will he never think of things more serious than waltzes or minuets?"

He pretends to be an "agriculturist" and is continually stuffing you with scientific nonsense about his dairy farm, but if you are an acute observer, you will see that "Baldy" is still pursuing the pleasant vocation of looking pretty and showing the girls a good time.

I entered a large brewery, where the air was everywhere pervaded by the delicious scent of the hops. A stout, portly man strutted about, directing the work, now and again stopping to imbibe part of the contents of a large stone jar, standing on a shelf. It was Arthur Theodore Sonnenberg, and his already generous proportions had been added to enormously since leaving college, a broad bay window being one of the most important changes. "Sonry" had taken the engineering course here at college, but being possessed of a delicate constitution (as you may judge by his present appearance) he soon decided that the brewing business would be better for his health and more congenial to his taste, and had pursued it very successfully.

In the veldt district of South Africa, I came across a tall sunburnt, masterful man directing a gang of scantily clad natives in disposing of the remains of an elephant which had been killed while making a raid on the rice fields of the plantation. It was Olin Ray Andrews, and I was not surprised to find him engaged in such a venturesome occupation. For "Puckam" always was a reckless devil-may-care fellow, and not content to tread the easy paths of life.

On receiving his diploma, "Puckam" had started farming among the sands and sedge-grass of his native Eastern Shore. Not satisfied, however, with this quiet humdrum existence, his roving temperament prompted him to migrate to South Africa where he engaged in the rice growing business. Here he found bad men and fierce animals enough to satisfy his fondest dreams, and at the time of my visit was engaged in the congenial work of subduing them to suit his own personal taste.

I next found myself on the grand stand at the National Baseball grounds of Chicago. It was October and the last game of the great championship series was on. Connie Mack's men had tied the White Sox for the pennant and now in the last inning the score stood 5 to 4 against the home team. But the bleachers heaved a sigh of relief as Chicago's surest batter stepped confidently up to the plate. Although his face was tanned and seasoned by many summers on the diamond, I at once recognized Charles

Cator Furniss. He dusted off the plate with his cap and swatted out a long three bagger with the same snappy swing I had often seen him use in the old days at M. A. C.

Good work "Pop." You have achieved a high ambition, and surely it is no small thing to reach the top notch of fame in the National American pastime.

A beautiful summer bungalow with a broad veranda and surrounded with waving palms loomed up before me. Reclining in a large wicker chair was Herbert James White, surrounded by several negroes ministering to his every want. Altho raised in the beautiful region of College Park, "Herb" forsook the waving fields of sedge grass and luxuriant growth of scrub pines and decided that the sunny climate of Porto Rico would be better for his health. He worked as a chemist for the sugar interests for several years, but soon branched out and became a sugar magnate himself. Becoming enamored of one of the native belles he had married, and at the time of my visit, had become the head of a numerous and interesting progeny.

The theory of hard work and plenty of it had never appealed to Walter Hicks Mays while at college, so I was not at all surprised to find him comfortably ensconced on one of the South Sea Islands of the Pacific. I found him lying on the grass beneath a banana tree patiently waiting for the fruit to fall into his mouth, thus obviating the necessity of his climbing for it. After leaving college, Walter had used his mechanical ingenuity in designing a long distance aeroplane and had had it constructed in his back yard so that he could superintend the job without going far from home. The machine proved a grand success. After trying it out, he loaded on enough supplies of all kinds and steered straight for the land of perpetual spring. He became so enamored with the long rests at night and midday siestas there in vogue that by the natural selection of nature his means of locomotion have long since been atrophied.

I found myself in one of those large sight-seeing automobiles going up the great white way in New York. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the man with the megaphone, "observe the sign on your left. Here is where you get your information by the yard or by the barrel. Here is where you find how old Napoleon was when he cut his first tooth, or how many boxes of jap-a-lac Noah used in building the Ark. Step inside and see this prodigy of a human encyclopedia for yourselves." Entering the shop, I was not surprised to find Henry Stabler sole owner and operator, and guaranteeing to furnish accurate information on any subject put up to him.

At last, Henry had found his proper sphere in life. For at college we never thought of referring to a text-book or dictionary when Henry was available, and now, this extraordinary forty-horse power memory is bringing him in \$500.00 every day.

I next found myself in a large airship, traveling with incredible swiftness toward the planet, Mars. You can't imagine my wonder and surprise, for which one of my classmates I was thinking, could have taken up his abode in this far away corner of the universe. The mystery was soon to be solved, however, for the first person I saw on disembarking was Howard Roland Devilbiss. "O ho!" I thought, "Now I understand. Now I can see what you were thinking about when you walked around at college with your chin inclined upward at an angle of 45 degrees to the horizontal, and forever gazing

at the stars thru half closed eyes. You were dreaming of the planets and of the conquest you were planning to make in those upper worlds. So this has been the outcome of your meditations."

In the botany laboratory of the Carnegie Institute of Chicago, I came across a stoop-shouldered wizened man bent over a microscope and peering intently thru the eye piece. His face was distorted into a terrible grimace while looking thru the instrument, and when he looked up, I was barely able to recognize my old classmate Paul Ridout Barrows, for his face did not return to its normal expression, but remained all on one side, as it were, one eye half closed, and mouth twisted up into an ugly leer. "What a pity!" I thought, "A comely youth he was when I knew him and fair as the flowers of May." Despite his ungainly appearance, however, Paul was regarded as one of the most noted botanists in the country, and had several M. S's., and Ph. D.'s, attached to his signature. His "Treatise on the Fungus Diseases Peculiar to the Internal Digestive Apparatus of the Oak Tree" was regarded as the last word upon the subject and had won him a high place in the botanist's hall of fame.

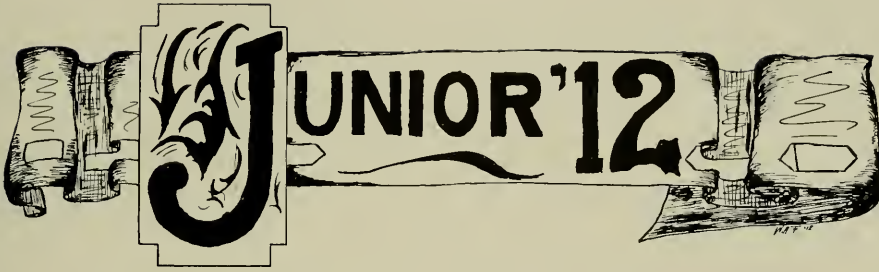
"Council for the defence will now take the stand." I found myself in a crowded court room, eagerly waiting to hear the lawyer begin his defense of the double-dyed criminal in the prisoner's dock, for I recognized him (the lawyer of course) as David Wilson Glass. "D. W." proceeded with his argument and soon made himself master of the situation. The ladies in the galleries began to use their handkerchiefs very freely and the jury was visibly impressed. I began to have a certain respect for the prisoner, altho my better judgment told me he was guilty seven times over.

Glass won his case of course, and in fact, of the many cases which he had handled he had never been known to lose one. "O, yes," I thought, "You may be a great lawyer now, but we of the class of 1911 can tell of the first case you ever undertook, and which stirred your ambition to higher things. I refer to the notorious case of 'Haas, versus the Senior Class' where you so nobly defended the much threatened senior graft against a base attack."

My spirit was now drawn involuntarily to a thriving manufacturing town in Pennsylvania. I floated above an immense chemical factory which seems strangely familiar, tho I was sure I had never seen it before. On the front of one of the buildings was a large sign reading "The Chemical Works of \_\_\_\_\_," and then followed the facsimile of a familiar looking signature, but this was whisked away before I could decipher it. Once more I traveled thru the mist of the intervening years and back to June 1911. The effect of the drug had passed off, and the little man who had given me this brief mastery of Father Time had gone, I know not where.

My true friends and classmates, now that our predestination has been revealed to us let us henceforth earnestly strive to the end that 1930 may not see our records wanting in the least degree.





R. L. TOLSON .....	<i>President</i>
V. F. ROBY .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. N. WARTHEN .....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. B. KEMP .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
G. B. POSEY .....	<i>Sergt.-at-Arms</i>
J. G. O'CONOR .....	<i>Historian</i>

**MOTTO:**

Ad astra per aspera.

**COLORS:**

Maroon and Black

**YELL:**

Kemo—kimo—dora—maru  
 Me-he—me-hi—merum strum diddle  
 Alla-go-rag, alla-go-ru  
 Mehe—mehi, hallo—hallu  
 Sis boom rah—1912! 1912! 1912!

**Enrollment**

F. W. ALLEN .....	Salisbury, Md.
The ladies call him sweet and the Devil did grin For his darling sin is pride that apes humility.—Shakespeare.	
F. E. ANDERSON .....	Childs, Md.
Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul.—Pope.	
E. V. BENSON .....	Baltimore, Md.
Altho I am a pious man I am none the less a man.	
E. R. BURRIER .....	Baltimore, Md.
Greater men than I have lived, but I doubt it.	
N. L. CLARK .....	Laurel, Md.
For my voice I have lost it with the halloing and singing of anthems.— Shakespeare.	



- C. F. CRANE ..... California, Md.  
I am sober as a judge.—Fielding.
- S. C. DENNIS ..... Ocean City, Md.  
Wit that can creep and pride that likes the dust.—Pope.
- A. B. DUCKETT ..... Hyattsville, Md.  
A clear eye, a firm hand and the rigor of the game.
- W. A. FURST ..... Baltimore, Md.  
All the earth and the air with thy voices loud.—Shelley.
- P. W. GOELTZ ..... New York City  
I can look sharp as well as another and let me alone to keep the cobwebs  
out of my eyes.—Cervantes.
- W. S. GRACE, JR. .... Easton, Md.  
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.—Pope.
- H. GILL ..... Baltimore, Md.  
Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.—Fielding.
- I. HAAS ..... Washington, D. C.  
He who is bent on doing evil can never want occasion.—Publius.
- W. B. KEMP ..... Welcome, Md.  
Such is the youth whose classic pate  
Class honors, medals, fellowships await.
- J. M. LEDNUM ..... Preston, Md.  
Only a boy who will be a man  
If nature goes on with her first great plan.
- M. W. MCBRIDE ..... Jefferson, Md.  
Rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold and strong  
Rolled the full tide of his eloquence along.—Falconer.
- W. H. MCGINNIS ..... Millington, Md.  
Young in limbs, in judgment old.—Shakespeare.
- S. MARTINEZ ..... Salvador, Honduras  
Not a word spoke he more than was needed.
- A. D. MARTZ ..... Pearl, Md.  
Of manners gentle, of affections mild  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
- J. A. MILLER ..... Mt. Carmel, Md.  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!  
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
And fickle as a change full dream.—Scott.
- J. C. MORRIS ..... Riverdale, Md.  
I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.—Shakespeare.

- K. MUDD ..... LaPlatta, Md.  
Of good natural parts and a liberal education.—Cervantes.
- J. G. O'CONNOR ..... Baltimore, Md.  
I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.  
—Revelations.
- G. B. POSEY ..... Riverside, Md.  
Give me again my hollow tree, a crust of bread and liberty.—Milton.
- V. F. ROBY ..... Pomfret, Md.  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured.—Shakespeare.
- H. SONNENBERG ..... Bladensburg, Md.  
Much may be made of a Dutchman if he be caught young.—Johnson.
- L. H. STALEY ..... Washington, D. C.  
He can serve us table talk.—Montaige.
- A. C. STANTON ..... Grantsville, Md.  
'Tis fun to see him strut about and try to be a man.
- J. L. TAYLOR ..... Wishart, Va.  
How much does manly grace depend upon the tailor.
- R. L. TOLSON ..... Silver Springs Md.  
The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare.
- I. L. TOWERS ..... Chevy Chase, Md.  
Each mind has its own method.
- H. C. TRAX ..... Easton, Md.  
Why should a man whose blood is warm within  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster.
- E. TRIMBLE ..... Mt. Savage, Md.  
My soul is sick with every day's report.
- W. L. WARFIELD ..... Tacoma Park, Md.  
I never have sought the world;  
The world has not sought me.—Johnson.
- N. R. WARTHEN ..... Kensington, Md.  
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.—Goldsmith.
- W. H. WHITE ..... College Park, Md.  
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.
- A. N. WOODWARD ..... Camden, N. J.  
Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND  
LIBRARY OF THE



JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class History



“YES. That’s it. Turn to your left.” Thus we are directed by a uniformed chap to the Officer of the Day.

It is our purpose to have him show us around the College and to point out to us the members of the Junior Class. Upon stating our mission he seems glad to accompany us, after reaching desperately over a table for his white gloves and unfortunately entangling his sword in his sash. But his enthusiasm smothers his embarrassment, and smilingly he leads the way.

He has preceded us thru the open doorway and awaits us upon the small porch outside.

“You are in luck for we have not long to wait.” Looking in the direction indicated, we see marching toward us a group of three young farmers. “Here we have the Two Year Horticultural Class, as you may have surmised from the bulging of their blouses, and the red apples shining out of their pockets. They are very ambitious, always making the best of their opportunities.

“The chap leading the right file is Towers, ‘Bush’ for short. Yes, he is still dreaming. Ever at the old game since he acquired it last year down in the guard room. Now, if you wish a walking information bureau on subjects ‘fowl’ in their purest terms, he will stand the test. Alongside of him behold the pride of the Alley-Haas. Of course those apples are for experimental purposes which he conducts in his room, alone. But he has been hard pushed by Malcolm, for he must supply all the ‘Dodgers’ which he does—not.”

The O. D. Warns us to drink in the pure oxygen for we are about to brave the perilous den of gases, “Doc” Stone’s haven.

From behind an irregular mass of twisted glass tubes and bottles we see a red head bob forth, then a smile, and we have the anarchist, Myron’s Chemical Reference Book, “Red’s” Dennis. “Hello fellows. Ain’t this life? Who’s your friend? Ha! Ha! say, look at ‘Bob.’ He’s all smeared with jism. Ha! Ha! His retort busted.”

Tolson, mumbling his prayers stalks over. “Oh just a little accident. That red headed jay got me balled up. Peach of a mess now.” This is “Bob” T., the big gun of the class.

He can make more noise and say less than any man in the College, but as a deba-



ter, he is unsurpassed. It is he who starts the ball rolling. If you want to change the course of the milky way, ask him to bring it up at next class meeting. It will be O. K.

The O. D. notices our withered looks and proves himself a hero when he proposes to cut our visit short.

Now we are off to the football field, for practice is in full swing. "Say you fellows, fall down on that ball. Don't run after it as tho it were a greased pig." This in gruff tones from Capt. Kemp. He is not only our leader in football but always holds his own in everything worthy of his attention. If his positions were salaried he would today own all of Charles County. But for all his fame, his head has not been turned and to our knowledge, he has so far eluded Cupid's darts. His one and only love is "Dear Old Chas. Co."

"Hello, Mudd. What makes you late today? Been snoozing since dinner, ch? This is K. Mudd, the pride of the class and of B Co. Wait until you see him go thru that line, you'll bet its paper. I'll wager he is even now dreaming of the latest baseball and wrestling dope. No, he is not selecting the subject of his next theme. He never does until the morning of.

"Say, Mudd, where's the latest book on Concrete Work that 'Doc' loaned us? You're a peach to take it to bed and leave it there." This from "Bill" Grace, our Theologian, Mathematician, and one of "Doc's" admirer. His specialties are concrete work and ripe fruit. He must be off for a hike for I see his rule in his pocket and that means there is a new bridge somewhere near.

"Well, we leave the football field and step over to the Experiment Station." Here we find the Agricultural Class following "Grasshopper" like so many flies. Continuing behind him, we come to the cow barn, their glory.

The gentleman leaning against the door is "Rooky" Morris, he of the winged foot. Oh, yes, he's small, but his talk and his achievements are big. Hear him tell "Doc" Woodward how he won his last race. "Doc" is our special adviser on Summer Resorts. He has traveled extensively and knows every railroad tie between here and Frisco,—because. But as a basketball player he is unsurpassed. He successfully rounded out our first Varsity Team, and helped to win some close games. "Doc" is certainly the prince of good fellows.

"Say, professor, why is this a cowa——." "Close your face, Anderson. Don't you know yet, 'Why is a cow?' This witty retort from Goeltz to our prize essayist, Anderson. Goeltz is ever ready to say something, and when he is not boasting N. Y., The Atlee R. R., or his new boarding house, he is roasting some one or else praising his old friend, "Commy." He is the pioneer of the "latter day day-dodgers," and to him we must give the credit of helping "Doc" introduce Basketball.

But of Anderson, who has now quieted for a minute? We have already heard thru the papers. Yes, that's the chap who turned twenty-five simoleons of cold cash for some of his cheap bovine literature. That little chap near the queen calf is Stanton



of Rocky Mountain fame. He is "Socks" guardian angel, but he failed in his duty one night last Spring.

"Hello, Judge!" This is "Judge" Crane, our boy wonder and "C" Co.'s special delight. He can make more noise with a bugle for a kid of his size than a twelve-inch gun could make in a week.

"Well, Mac, how's business today?" McGinnis is our hermit. He thinks of the big things and we eat them.

Yes, those two chaps are very industrious but along very different lines. Trax after the goods, but Taylor, well, he is at present well known in the 'Ville.

From here we follow the O. D. and come to the Electric Lab. From inside we hear a buzzing, a thumping, and then some scrapping. Entering, we discover that the din has been caused by the triumvirate, Furst, Miller and Burrier practicing for the Band. Burrier is at the old job of drilling holes. Furst is busy over Myron's pet lathe, and Miller is stringing wires. Furst is the only Electrician in the class. He is Creese's right hand man, and our advisor on matters electrical. Some day he'll own Mt. Clare. Burrier is the life of the crowd. It is a toss up between him and Clark as to which makes the most noise. He keeps mum about some things however,—is he not treasurer of the Rossbourg Club? Miller appears to be wiring, but I'll bet it is a wireless to Lutherville. He is noted as the most handsome man in the class, but never on a straight ticket.

Let us step over and interview these two chaps so busily engaged over at the switchboard. The dark haired "pusson" is Clark, Dynamite. See that green backed book in his pocket, tickets to Laurel. He uses them on Friday nights, Saturday nights, and also on Sundays. If you wish to hear some teleological cuss-words, tickle him. His companion "Sonny" is our weather man. If it is going to rain he will be here, but if the weather is good enough to play ball he'll remain away. Lately, however, he has taken a brace; and now he can almost answer a question without a hitch.

Let us step over to the machine shop. Here we find "Buck" Warthen, "Dope" Warfield, and "Shush" Staley, dirty, begrimed, but the pride of "Cat's" heart. "Buck" is our rapid fire mathematician. He can bluff "Doc Tollie" better than any Calculus fiend alive. He is one of the smitten ones, however, as his frequent visits to Kensington indicate. "Dopey" is our snooze artist. He has been known to sleep at his lathe, and when it comes to squaring a block, he has entirely given up.

"Ship ahoy! there. Man the mizzen mast, men. Draw in the main sail, ye lubbers!" This is but one of Staley's outbursts. He has had water on the brain ever since he crossed the great wet. He shipped as chief machinist, but after two days out was relegated to the ranks of oiler, and ever since his tongue has shown it. He is indeed "Commy's" pet, and has great pull with the Czar. His chief ambition is to build a bridge, own a railroad, and hand one to "Commy."

"Hello, what is all that commotion in 'Doc Tollie's' office?" Entering we find him explaining curoes to his Junior proteges. The bean-pole on the radiator is Lednum, the crack wit of the class. The grin of his is perpetual and were it not for

his mug he would be considered handsome. He is "Doc's" bell-hop and can find a book in a million. Along side of him is Roby, the star politician of the class. He can argue for hours, and because of his deep philosophy, has never been understood. His arguments are vague, but his tobacco is O. K. He and Ruppel are the bright stars of that section, but "Rup" got wise early and left the field to Roby. Ruppel was the "Beau Brummel" of our ranks, bet he's a heart smasher at P. M. C.

The bunch coming out of the Science Hall have just finished their "bugology" work. Benson, the gentleman on the right, is another of the W. C. admirers. Most of his letters are postmarked Lutherville and we adjudge him smitten. He is another of our learned (?) "Dutch" scholars. The dark chap is our Southern friend, Martinez, from the land of Indians and Spanish-speaking damsels. The third companion is Duckett the all-around star-performer in football, baseball, track and basketball. He is our captain in Track, and hopes to score his second victory on the relay team when they run at Philadelphia. We all wish his team luck, for so far it has made an enviable record among College athletics.

"Hello, Martz. Now, whoa, old boy, don't kick over the traces, now there's a nice young fellow!" This is the way "Socks" Trimble usually greets "E. Z." Martz, and the fervor of their handshake goes to show the love they hold for each other. "Socks" is the big noise of the class. He is our greatest fakir, peddler, con-game man, and all-round get-rich-quick schemer. Martz is "Doc Tollie's" aid in Calculus, and to Prof. Spence is quite a reference book.

The two chaps leaving the main building are "Bill" White and Allen. "Bill" is quite a Physicist. He and Prof. Creese are responsible for all of this trouble of ours, and some day College Park is going to lose one of her favorite sons, but never from over study. Allen, his companion, is our gymnast. It is quite a treat to see him turn his wonderful, double acting, three-phase, triple-expansion, handspring. It would make Apollo look sick.

"Friends, Romans and Countrymen, lend me——." "No, No, No, that's not it. You are too slow. Watch me. Friends, R——." No that is not a rat reciting his history lesson for the benefit of a few "old boys," it is our orator, McBride, trying in vain to prepare himself for the next Oratorical Contest. The gentle reminder has come from Prof. Richardson, his coach. "Mac" may some day fill a vacancy in the Senate if he doesn't leave that foolishness alone. We have frequently warned him but he persists in "spieling." Upon the subject of Immigration he even has Prof. Bomberger at his mercy, not to mention the U. S. Authorities.

The dark haired chap intently listening even tho a perfect target for a water bag, is Mr. Gill, our chemist. "Gillie" joined us this year, but already he can count the stars on Stone's map. He and Prof. Creese seem to get along perfectly, judging from the amount of questions passing between them. He has established himself as a solid rock in the Physics Lab.

"But who is that so intently waiting with a water-vessel?" Why it is Posey, our invincible First-Sergeant always up to tricks. The little "Dutch" book which he has in

his hand is as dear to him as his pocketbook, much lightened by "Senior Graft and Co.'s" Yes he is a football player of note, this being his third year on the 'Varsity. Notice his grin.

"You have now met every member of the Junior class, but one. Of myself I can say nothing."

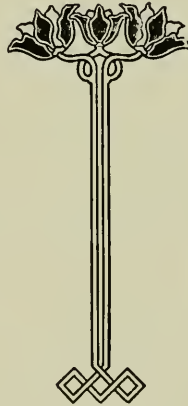
After seeing us to the Reception Hall the O. D. took his leave.

Upon inquiry we found ourselves to be the victims of a schemer, for the fictitious O. D. turns out to be O'Connor, a mere Junior. He had become aware of our plans and seized the opportunity when the official O. D. happened to be away.

But with regrets we will leave the Junior class to meet again next year.

JAMES G. O'CONNOR,

Historian.



# Junior Class Ode



To the tune of "Stein Song."

Here's to the class of 1912  
Here's to black and maroon  
Here's to those who have done so well  
Here's to the victory won  
Here's to our class mates one and all  
Here's to our future lives  
Here's to our ideals, our aims, desires,  
And here's to dear M. A. C.

To the tune of "Heidelberg."

M. A. C. dear M. A. C.  
Each fond sweet memory  
The golden haze  
Of College days  
Shall bind us close to thee  
Those golden days are almost o'er  
Yet time shall oft renew  
Old memories near  
Our College dear  
And fill our thoughts once more.

M. A. C. dear M. A. C.  
Thy name shall ever be  
That emblem of  
That sacred love  
Each classmate holds for thee.  
In future years we'll give the yell  
And toast to 1912.  
Long may we stand  
A loyal band  
To dear old M. A. C.

N. L. CLARK, Class Poet.

Junior Class Statistics

REAL NAME	ASSUMED NAME	ANCESTRY	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WHERE FROM	CHIEF OCCUPATION	FUTURE OCCUPATION
Allen	Pet	Dimosthenes	Now I think	Jingo-land	Making Funnels	Advisor
Anderson	Pe	Not Known	Dog gone it	Conowingo	Raising Mutiny	C. E.
Burrier	Pus	Wood Chuck	Ah-h fizzle	Woodbury	Drilling Holes	Drill Master
Benson	Sister	Lord Balty	Gracious	Roland Park	Dancing	Vocal Instructor
Clark	Spar	Sir Laurel	Teliologically	Laurel	Visiting Laurel	Mayor of L——
Crane	Judge	Snipe	Golly Day	Solomon's Island	Blowing	Judge
Dennis	Deddy	Capt. Kidd	That's life	Ocean City	Rushing Sodas	Analyzing Hash
Duckett	Duck	Mercury	Who's got Dutch	Bladensburg	Getting Sick	Loafing
Furst	Fuzzy	Duck	Yeh ! bo	Razor Park	Loafing at Bailey's	Pres. A. I. E. E.
Gill	Hugh	Dish	My Golly	Fiji Islands	Studying Physics	M. D.
Goeltz	Mush	Sir Hendrick	Now at Morris	Bowery	Boosting N. Y.	Raising Poultry
Grace	Bill	Drago	Eh ! Mudd	Eastern Sho	Clam Digging	Concrete Contractor
Haas	Ike	Abraham	Fowl language	Monte Carlo	Dealing flushes	Financier ?
Kemp	Bill	Apollo	Gee Whiz	C. C.	Athletics	Jack of all Trades
Lednum	Curley	Bean pole	Ha ! Ha ! Ha !	Sand-Bar	Running Errands	Pres. A. D. T.
McBride	Mac	Scotch Irish	Well !'I	Frederick Co.	Customs Inspector	Senator
McGinnis	Mack	Irish	Silence	The Monastery	Bossing	A Great Secret
Martinez	Marty	Dago	Come on yer	Central A.	Catching Bugs	Musician
Martiz	E. Z.	Just Happened	Aw 'Gwan	Halley's Comet	Dancing	Toe-dancing
Miller	Josh	Venus	Is that is ?	Mt. Caramel	Writing to M. C.	Breaking Hearts
Morris	Rocky	Prince George	Say Skate	Bliverville	Tooting	Running
Mudd	Judge	Poe	Gosh darn it	Charles Co.	Hunting Debaters	Taking life easy
O'Connor	Joc	I.	Gee Muhney	Old Balty	Bluffing Myron	Tramping
Posey	GeeBee	Mars	Who done dot	Paradise	Quoting Schiller	Shooting Snipe
Ruppel	Rup	Ask Boo-hoo	Say Demmie	Highlands	Reading	Commy at P. M. C.
Staley	Shush	Steeple Jack	Leave my wife alone	North Pole	Climbing flag pole	Chief Eng.
Roby	Tub	Heppo	Say wife	Russia	Smoking	Penman
Stanton	P. M.	Lilliputian	'Gwan Socks	Cliffs	Farming	Growing
Sonnenberg	Sonny	Deutch	Missed muh car	The Burg	Skiping	Moterman
Taylor	Zacharia	Virginian	——you White	Ole Virginie	Primping	Making Love
Tolson	T. B.	Tar-baby	Cut out the gab	Manty	Bossing Class	Political Boss
Towers	Chevy	Silent Tim	At Chevy Chase	The Lake	Walking Guard	Raising Nuts
Trax	Henry	Not known	Say Judge	Easton	Blowing Bugle	Farming
Trimble	Socks	Goldener	Hello ! Martz	Jessup's Cut	Kiddin' Martz	Wheeling perambulator
Warfield	Dopey	Rip Van W.	Snoring	Land of Nod	Snoozing	Filling a berth
Warthen	Buck	Grecian	Well I'll be——	Oshkosh	Walking Math.	M. E.
White	Bill	Isaac Newton	Huh	C. Park	Bluffing	Avoiding Work
Woodward	Doc	Jersey Skeeter	Feeble Minded——	Jersey Side	Riding Bumpers	Roughing it



# Sophomore 1913

M. E. DAVIS .....	<i>President</i>
A. M. WHITE .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
G. P. TRAX .....	<i>Secretary</i>
E. E. POWELL .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. MAYFIELD .....	<i>Historian</i>

## COLORS.

Maroon and White

## MOTTO.

Pret d' 'accomplie

## YELL.

Alpha Beta Gamma Delta  
Sis Boom Bah  
One nine one three  
Rah, Rah, Rah.

## Class Roll

C. M. ALBERT .....	Pen Argyle, Pa.
H. P. AMES .....	Rosslyn, Va.
W. M. AUGUSTUS .....	Fairmont, W. Va.
H. E. BIERMAN .....	Berwyn, Md.
S. W. BLANKMAN .....	Baltimore, Md.
A. P. BARNES .....	Cole's Point, Va.
J. R. BALDWIN .....	Baldwin, Md.
P. R. BINDER .....	Atlantic City, N. J.
B. W. CRAPSTER .....	Taneytown, Md.
M. E. DAVIS .....	Baltimore, Md.
L. A. DEMARCO .....	Baltimore, Md.
C. P. FRERE .....	Tompkinsville, Md.
C. F. FOUNTAIN .....	Cambridge, Md.
N. A. GREENBERG .....	New York, N. Y.

S. E. GRIFFIN .....	Highland, Md.
J. W. F. HATTON .....	Baltimore, Md.
R. S. HEALEY .....	New York, N. Y.
W. McC. HILLEGEIST .....	Baltimore, Md.
H. S. KOEHLER .....	Blairsville, Pa.
M. B. MAYFIELD .....	Washington, D. C.
E. J. MERRICK .....	Sudlersville, Md.
G. B. MORSE .....	Riverdale, Md.
W. F. MUNNIKHUYSEN .....	Belair, Md.
S. H. NEWMAN .....	Church Hill, Md.
E. E. POWELL .....	Baltimore, Md.
J. R. REICHARD .....	Fairplay, Md.
W. K. ROBINSON .....	Princess Anne, Md.
E. T. RUSSELL .....	Crisfield, Md.
E. T. RUPERT .....	New York, N. Y.
J. F. RALSTON .....	Washington, D. C.
O. RIDOUT .....	Annapolis, Md.
J. H. SHEPHERD .....	Washington, D. C.
V. T. SMEDLEY .....	Forest Hill, Md.
R. SMITH .....	Rockville, Md.
G. P. TRAX .....	Easton, Md.
O. R. THOMAS .....	Baltimore, Md.
C. M. WHITE .....	Ottaway, Md.
T. H. WILLIAMS .....	Mutual, Md.
O. WILLIAMS .....	Ijamsville, Md.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class History



Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta  
Sis, Boom, Bah,  
One, nine, one, three  
Rah, Rah, Rah.

**W**ELL! HERE we are again. This time we step to the front as Sophomores. Hark! what is that strange noise issuing from room 4? Be not disturbed Gentle Reader, it is only but the voice of approval from the mighty class of 1913. Dr. Osler is addressing them on "The Equality of the Rights of Sophomores."

This is how we started out as Sophomores. Many troubles arose but they all quailed when the Mighty Voice of 1913 was heard. The thunderous peals of this mighty voice caused many a haughty demigod (?) to fall trembling from his throne.

After fully establishing ourselves we acted as a "Committee of the Whole" to wait upon the "rats" and see what could be done for their entertainment. Several meetings were held for the sole purpose of benefitting the aforesaid "rats" and making things bright for them. What a ruddy complexion they had when they left our company! Numerous visits were paid to their rooms for the purpose of———brightening them up. But alas! I am afraid that our earnest endeavors were not fully appreciated.

Never before had such a bunch of "rodents" been seen to enter the portals of M. A. C. They had not been under our care and guidance long, however, before trouble arose. A mutiny was started by the bipeds, but had not gotten fully under way before, by a practical demonstration with the "Staff of Life," we showed them how foolish it was to continue.

We, the never failing class, undertook to explain the art of war to the new comers. Broom drills were held in the halls for their special benefit. Now and then this was varied by a broom fight on the campus. Many of the brooms were broken but most of them in some mysterious way disappeared and were never again seen—by the "rats."

During the winter months the "Chanticleer" style of suits prevailed among the "rats." For particulars see occupant of 47 O. B.

Do not draw a conclusion from this that all of our time has thus been taken up. In studies we have pushed to the front. With such men as Davis, Russell and Koehler

in the class we will always shine in our scholastic work. Things would be better but—"the books are wrong." In athletics, also, we have been right there with the goods. Some of the pick of the teams have come from the Sophomore Class. We see the banner on Field Day emblazoned with the numerals of 1913. Also we have every chance of landing the medal in the tennis tournament in our class.

We are at present engaged in one of the biggest undertakings ever started by any Sophomore Class at M. A. C. This is the introduction and the establishment of a fixed set of rules for the government of "rats." This method is decidedly an advance over the old way, and gives the "rats" a chance. These regulations are now firmly established and mainly through the efforts of old 1913.

In "fussing" we are in the leading rank, and it can be truthfully said that this class leads in the sphere of social affairs. Riverdale has been startled by some rumors that have just reached her ears. It has been reported that there is a plot on foot to blow up that place. It is needless to say that none of the Sophomores know a thing about it.

I shall not delve farther into the history of this class. A few of our classmates have left us. Hard study at the right time with a plenty of fun in between times has made this year one to be looked back upon with joy by every member of this class. May the records of this class as Sophomores never be lowered in coming years.

All hail to the Class of 1913.

M. B. M.

Historian.







E. P. WILLIAMS	President
R. T. CRAY	Vice-President
R. C. WILLIAMS	Secretary
J. B. COSTER	Treasurer
H. A. RASMUSSEN	Historian

#### COLORS

Maroon and Blue

#### MOTTO

Hoch die Schule!

### Class Yell

Hickety! Rickety! rah! rah! riseen!  
 Hocum! Slocum! kachima kiseen!  
 We're the royal class of nineteen fourteen.

### Class Roll

BRANHAM, J. R.	Baltimore, Md.
COSTER, J. B.	Frazier, Md.
CREW, S. A.	Sparrow's Point, Md.
DEELEY H. V.	Baltimore, Md.
FLETCHER, WM. T.	Alexandria, Va.
FORD, H. S.	Fairmount, Md.
GRAY, J. B. JR.	Prince Frederick, Md.
GRAY, R. T.	Grayton, Md.
GREEN, J. W.	Westover, Md.
HAMILTON, F. H.	La Plata, Md.

HOFFECKER, F. S.....	Perryville, Md.
LATHROUM, I. ....	Baltimore, Md.
LEDNUM, R. C.....	Preston, Md.
LYON, T. A.....	Hyattsville, Md.
O'NIELL, F. H.....	Riverdale, Md.
RABORG, W. A.....	Mt. Airy, Md.
RASMUSSEN, H. A.....	Baltimore, Md.
RITTER, T. E.....	Catonsville, Md.
ROBINSON, C.....	Franktown, Va.
ROGERS, L. R.....	Baltimore, Md.
TRUITT, R. V. ....	Snow Hill, Md.
WHITE, A. ....	College Park, Md.
WILLIAMS, E. P.....	Woolford, Md.
WILLIAMS, R. C.....	Doncaster, Md.
WORCK, C. ....	Washington, D. C.



# History of the Class of 1914



IT WAS in the balmy days of early autumn, that we the class of 1914, made our debut into M. A. C. During that first walk from the station to the College, how our minds were crowded with a multitude of pleasant thoughts of our homes, which seemed doubly dear to us.

The first few days of our college life were indeed days for all of us, days which we look back upon now with feelings of great pleasure. Everything was so new, the athletic field, the drill ground, and the manner of social life among the students, all seemed very strange, indeed.

We were beginning to enjoy life at M. A. C. and gloried in our new found friends. But, alas! this happy state of existence was not to continue for long. Clouds were gathering on the horizon where heretofore all had been sunshine. Ah, cruel Fate! The apparent good heartedness of the sophomores was only a hollow mockery, used to hide the real nature of their feelings toward us.

When gentle memory withdraws the veil of the past and we are again in fancy, again permitted to live over the days that followed the sophomores' showing themselves as they really were, how our hearts burn within us at the very thought of it.

How well we remember the days of the rat meeting, the cold shower, and the smooth, hard, paddle! Never will we forget the rare jokes of the cruel, heartless sophomore! How they took delight in humiliating us before our fellow students!

However, after a short time the sophomores tired of their cruel sport, and it was then that we began to take notice of our surroundings, and found that there are many pleasant phases of college life, which we had heretofore entirely overlooked.

Once accustomed to our new surroundings, time borrowed wings, and before we realized it, Hallowe'en was at hand. That night class enmity was forgotten, and sophomores joined hand-in-hand with freshmen to celebrate. The usual Hallowe'en pranks were successfully perpetrated, and a number of new ones were played upon innocents. One feature of the night's work was the hearty way in which two of our classmates responded to the urgent call of the citizens of Hyattsville for donations to the fund reserved by that town for laying cement walks.

The third term has been the most pleasant of all, for with good weather, plenty of athletics, and studies in proportion, the time fairly flew. The Easter vacation, which came in the early part of this term was indeed a pleasant break after the long period of solid study during the winter term. Time passed rapidly, and we soon found ourselves preparing for the final examinations in the first week of June. These dreaded and much-feared exams over, we were ready to enter into the pleasures of the last week. The pleasures of this week were truly pleasant and interesting, and when they were over, we were ready to pack our trunks for home.



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

# PREPS.



## Sub-Freshman Officers



MYERS .....	<i>President</i>
ARMSTRONG .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
TULL .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## Prep. Class Officers



WIGHAM .....	<i>President</i>
RITTER, J. E. ....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAY .....	<i>Secretary</i>
HEBBEL, J. ....	<i>Treasurer</i>



## Daily Diary of the Prep "Rat"



- 6:00 Arise and dress neatly, make bed.
- 6:20 First call. Awaken all old boys on hall but the commissioned officers.
- 6:25 Assembly—Awaken the commissioned officers—beat it to company hall—and get reported for late.
- 6:45 Reveille over. Make all old boys' beds as per Soph rat roster.
- 7:00 Burnt for no cuffs at breakfast formation. Pour milk at breakfast. One glass is cracked—burnt again for spilling milk on table.
- 7:40 Sweep out old boys' rooms according to roster.
- 7:45 Inspection—stuck for dust behind radiator.
- 8:00 Chapel—Stuck for shoes not shined.
- 8:15 Class formation—old boy asks me a question—section marcher sees him and promptly notes down "Talking in section."
- 9:00 Class formation. Old boys raise rough house in section. O. D. sees it and jumps on S. M. Section Marcher reports all rats for "Disorder in section."
- 9:45 Period off. O. D. makes inspection of quarters, while old boy is administering a persuader to me for not making his bed properly. O. D. hears voices, and burns me for "door locked at inspection."
- 11:15 Drill. This is inspection day and I have to fix old boys' white belts. Late again. Reported for hair too long. Old boy whose gun I cleaned last night gets reported for dusty gun and vows eternal vengeance on me for not scrubbing gun until dust-proof.
- 12:15 Drill over. Sent up to the top hall loaded with old boys' guns, side arms and hats.
- 12:20 Dinner. Pour water out of broken mouthed pitcher without spilling a drop.
- 1:10—4:00 Practical work. Do several old boys' work as well as my own.
- 4:15 Guard Mount. Walk guard for one of last week's sticks. Stand watch over the steps to advise old boys of O. D.'s coming. Am seen and reported for loafing on guard.
- 5:10 Guard dismissed. Assistant baseball manager captures me and drags me off to work on athletic field.
- 5:45 Recall. Hustle in to rub down one of the players.
- 6:00 Supper. Waxed for trousers turned up in ranks. I enjoy looking at the

peaches which are not enough to go around. Delinquency report read. I accidentally groan at the great publicity of my doings, and am promptly waxed again for not sitting at attention.

6:40 Started to store for a bag of tobacco for an old boy but am roped in by Sophs. on the President's Hall and haled before the Sophomore Supreme Court, where I am adjudged guilty without trial of the following offenses against the new Rat Rules:

1. Wearing colored socks.
2. Not having crease in trousers.
3. Not finning out.
4. Attempting to bum matches from an old boy.
5. Entering old boy's room after rapping only twice.
6. Placing hands on the table in dining room.
7. Not turning corners squarely.
8. Not keeping to sides of hall.
9. Not rooting at ball game.

For these offenses I was given soap to eat and entertained in other equally pleasant ways.

7:30 Call to quarters. Stuck for coat on bed.

7:30—10:15 Busy copying up notes for old boys. Take off a few minutes to look over my own lessons. A Senior comes around every fifteen minutes and makes me buy something I don't want. Fell asleep in my chair once. The O. C. made inspection just then and I saw him put something down on a slip of paper.

10:15 Start on my tour of making down beds. Crawled in my own as the lights blinked.

11:00 Subdivision inspector makes inspection and yells, "All in" at the top of his voice. This not awakening me from my fatigued sleep, he gives me a kick and yells it at me again. "I'm all in," I reply.

11:30 Almost smother before I could crawl from under my overturned bed. Just get it righted and made up again by candle light, when O. C. comes in and burns me for "Disorder" and "Burning light after taps."





PREPARATORY CLASS

# M I L I T A R Y



# Military Department



## COMMANDANT OF CADETS.

CAPTAIN EDGAR T. CONLEY.....*Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A.*

## BANDMASTER AND ASSISTANT TO COMMANDANT.

L. G. SMITH .....*Ex-Sergeant Ninth Band C. A. C.*

## BATTALION STAFF.

E. A. MUDD .....*Cadet Major*

J. W. KINGHORNE .....*First Lieutenant and Adjutant*

T. DAVIDSON.....*First Lieutenant and Quartermaster*

J. M. LEDNUM.....*Sergeant Major*

E. V. BENSON.....*Color Sergeant*

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**N**O MATTER how patriotic a man may be, his services will be practically useless in time of war unless he has been trained to be a soldier. Nearly all of the great countries of the world obtain this result by maintaining a large standing army, and compulsory army service, but this is not the policy of the United States Government. Instead, our government has endowed a number of schools and colleges, and stationed at each one a military instructor, with the provision that each and every student of these colleges receive a military training, both practical and theoretical. M. A. C. is one of these colleges. The men obtain the practical knowledge of drill and the arts of war on the parade ground under the able instruction of Capt. Edgar T. Conley, of the 15th Infantry, and their theoretical knowledge is taught them in a series of lectures.

Every graduate receives instruction in 1, Infantry Drill Regulations; 2, Field Service Regulations; 3, Guard Mount; 4, Firing Regulations; 5, Practical Military Engineering; 6, Bayonet Exercise; 7, Visible Signaling; 8, Butts Rifle Drill to Music;



9, Construction of hasty entrenchments lying, kneeling, and standing, with the use of rivetting materials; 10, Construction of Spar, Scarp, King Post, Single Sling, Two Legged Trestle, Single and Double Lock Bridges; 11, construction of high and low wire entanglements; 12, First aid to the injured; 13, Road sketching and map making. This practical instruction is aided by a series of lectures on tactical subjects under Capt. Conley.

Under the classification of the war department all colleges in this country in which military science is taught are divided into a number of classes; such as A; B; BA. M. A. C. falls into the BA class.

Class A includes all schools which are especially military, whose students are always in uniform, and in which military discipline is constantly maintained.

Class B includes State land grant colleges established by the Morrill Act, in which military science is taught.

Class B A includes all colleges of the latter class which attain sufficient proficiency to be included in class A. In addition to M. A. C. there are only five other land grant colleges in our country in class B A.

Besides this classification there is a class that is called by all the colleges the "Big Ten." This class is composed of ten of the colleges in which the military training and discipline has been judged most proficient by an inspector detailed by the government. In 1910 M. A. C. was the only land grant college to be included in this "Big Ten."

From each of the "Big Ten" colleges the government will allow one graduate each year to attend the United States Army as a second lieutenant with only a physical examination. In 1910 M. A. C. was represented by Cadet Major O. H. Saunders, now Second Lieutenant of the 25th Infantry, stationed at Spokane.

The high standing of our military department is due to the untiring efforts of Capt. Conley. We are distressed to learn that his detail at M. A. C. expires in September 1911, and that he will not be with us for another year. Let us hope that we will be given another military instructor who will keep M. A. C. in the place which she now occupies in the ranks of the military schools of the United States.



## Trip to Stump Neck



**S**TUMP Neck! (Ah! what a wealth of memories clusters around that name,) for the forty members of the 1910 Rifle Team. What an expression of injured innocence crosses the face of the sandy haired first sergeant as you ask him just what subtle influence of a Charles County moon it is that lures one into a five mile cross country stroll, to return in the wee sma' hours with a wealth of experience which his tent must share at the expense of the camp's peaceful slumber.

How instinctively that corporal rubs his neck as you recall the night he spent on an earthen tent floor. Mr. Crapster would have been willing to have the starch taken out of him that day.

And how we breathe fervent benedictions on Mrs. Moore as we think of that Marine Corps grub and wonder how we survived it. Truly hunger is the best sauce.

It was on the 27th of May that we lined up on the walk in front of the barracks to be inspected for the necessary equipment which consisted of a Krag, a blanket, a toothbrush, and \$1.40. Taking the trolley to the Navy Yard at Washington, we made the rest of the trip on a little power boat about 50 feet by 4. Having placed our suitcases in the cabin and ourselves wherever there wasn't anybody else, we proceeded to do the Potomac with "Pig Hattor, official guide to Prince George, and Posey, for Charles County. In their element? The fish weren't in it with either of the above gentlemen that day.

Arriving at Stump Neck, with the friendly help of the Marines we soon had a row of tents erected and everybody ready for bed before the lights "blinked."

The next two days were spent on the range firing at 200, 300 and 500 yards, several of the cadets qualifying for marksman's buttons. Mr. Chaney won the club medal for marksman's hits.

## June Encampment

**O**N JUNE 10th, 1910, the M. A. C. battalion went "in castra" on the campus. For more than a week it had rained daily, and consequently the campus was a sea of mud, but our Commandant had promulgated the order that we must camp, so camp we did. Our first intention was to put our mattresses on the ground, but owing to the extreme dampness we were allowed to carry our beds with us. The tents were finally gotten up after much trouble, and not a little instruction from the Commandant, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then it began to rain again.

On account of the rain we did not get our suppers in camp, but came back to the mess hall in the barracks. After supper we returned to camp, and the guard was posted, with Sergt. Chaney as sergeant of the guard.

By this time night had fallen, "Call to Quarters" had sounded, and lights began to appear in tents. Soon a light was seen moving from one tent to another, and it caught Chaney's eye: Say, you there with the light, what do you mean by being out of your tent after 'Call to Quarters?' Who are you, anyway, and what do you want?"

"It is only Capt. Silvester come over to see how the boys are getting along," was the answer.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Captain, I did not know who it was."

"That's all right, Mr. Chaney, replied the President, anything goes tonight, anything." And then quiet again reigned. Soon the lights began to go out one by one, until the camp was finally wrapped in slumber.

The next day it rained. The Battalion was formed in camp and marched to the barracks for breakfast, and the majority of us stayed in the barracks until after supper. Then, as the rain had ceased we went back to camp and gathered around a big camp fire in front of "Chief" Tydings' tent where we sang songs and told stories until far into the night. At last we went to our tents and to bed, but not to sleep, for about this time a hilarious crowd came into camp, having just returned from Washington. Finally they, too, went to bed, and the camp was silent once more.

The next day it rained! Marched to the barracks for breakfast and as it was Sunday, and the day for the Baccalaureate sermon, again we stayed in the barracks until night. Sunday night in camp was a little more quiet, because many of us were tired and sleepy, so the camp was soon dark, and the men wrapped in slumber. And the next day it rained!! We broke camp. This time to come back to the barracks and stayed for good. How good it did feel to be on good solid floors again instead of mud, mud, nothing but mud.

This year we go into camp again, but our prayers are for clear weather, because if there is any place on earth more conducive to homesickness than a dark tent, with mud for a floor, and with the rain dropping on the tent roof, and sometimes thru it, has yet to be found. However, floors have been made for our tents this year, and it is to be hoped that we will be far more comfortable than we were in our last year's camp.

MISS MIRIAM McDONNELL, COLLEGE PARK, MD.

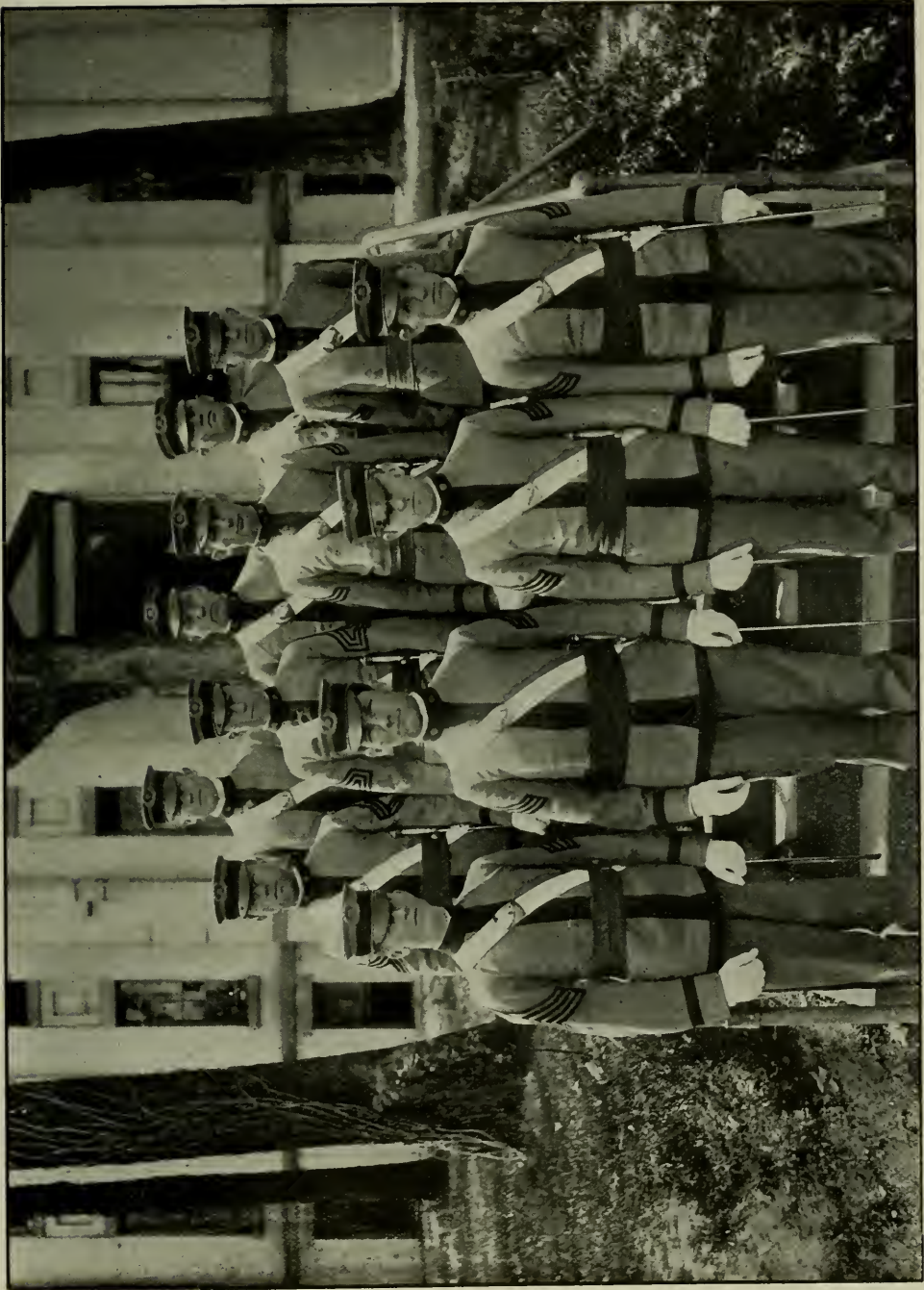
SPONSOR FOR BATTALION







BATTALION



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

MISS ROSE GLADYS BROWN, MALDEN, MASS.

SPONSOR FOR BAND



# Cadet Band Organization



L. G. SMITH, *Bandmaster.*

J. W. KINGHORNE.....	<i>Adjutant-Commanding</i>
P. R. LITTLE.....	<i>Principal Musician</i>
E. R. BURRIER.....	<i>Chief Trumpeter</i>
J. A. MILLER.....	<i>Sergeant</i>
W. A. FURST.....	<i>Sergeant</i>
W. L. WARFIELD.....	<i>Sergeant</i>
E. J. MERRICK.....	<i>Corporal</i>
A. W. MYERS.....	<i>Drum Major</i>

## INSTRUMENTATION.

H. U. DEELEY.....	<i>Piccolo</i>
CHAS. COLBOURN.....	<i>E-Flat Clarinet</i>
S. MARTINEZ.....	<i>Solo Clarinet</i>
EMIL HEBBEL.....	<i>Clarinet</i>
JULIUS HEBBEL.....	<i>Clarinet</i>
M. W. MCBRIDE.....	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
R. S. BROWN.....	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
H. C. TRAX.....	<i>First Cornet</i>
W. T. COLBOURN.....	<i>Second Cornet</i>
E. M. ROBERTS.....	<i>First Horn</i>
H. RASMUSSEN.....	<i>Second Horn</i>
S. E. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Third Horn</i>
P. R. LITTLE.....	<i>First Trombone</i>
J. A. MILLER.....	<i>Second Trombone</i>
E. J. MERRICK.....	<i>Third Trombone</i>
E. R. BURRIER.....	<i>Baritone</i>
W. L. WARFIELD.....	<i>Bass</i>
W. McC. HILLEGEIST.....	<i>Bass</i>
G. M. HAY.....	<i>Bass Drum</i>
W. A. FURST.....	<i>Snare Drum and Traps</i>
C. H. BUCKWALD.....	<i>Cymbals</i>

## FIELD MUSIC

C. F. CRANE, *Chief Bugler.*

PAUL BLUNDON  
R. N. TODD

H. U. DEELEY  
A. E. IRVING

J. B. GRAY, JR.  
H. A. CLARK





BAND

## Band



**A**NOTHER year has been added to the age of the M. A. C. Cadet Band, and it is beginning to shed its infant clothes and take its place among the full fledged bands of the state. Much of the credit of this is due to the hard work of Mr. L. G. Smith, its indefatigable leader, whose patience has stood many a severe test while bringing the members to their present efficiency as Musicians.

When the Band was first put upon the Campus three years ago it was as an experiment, but time has proved the wisdom of the trial, and today the Band is one of the fixtures of M. A. C. Its stirring notes when playing for the battalion, has added grace and precision to their movements, which it would not have attained. When playing on the Athletic Field, how they cheer the weary limbs and add additional vim to the fainting heart, causing the athlete to make one more effort to win the prize.

Who can tell what the future may have in store for some of the musicians of the Band? "Music hath charms" is a quotation in which there is much truth and breadth of meaning. By the studious work of the cadets in following the instructions of their leader, who has taught them to bring harmony out of discord, by combining the notes of the Cornet, Bass and Tenor Horns with the clanging of the Cymbals and the pounding of the Drums, there is no way of predicting the harmonizing effect the three years of study may have upon the cadets of the Band. It has just started on its career and time will only tell of the future work that may be built upon the foundation that has been so carefully laid by the hard work of both leader and cadet.

The thoughts of its cheering tones will ever bring pleasant memories to the class of 1911, as the years roll by, and may its days of usefulness grow brighter in the history of our M. A. C. until the Great Leader of the Universe calls us to our "Home, Sweet Home."

# Orchestra



**A**NOTHER year has been added to the history of our M. A. C. All of the various departments of Science have kept step with the tune of advance, but in no instance has the advance been so marked as in one of the departments under Mr. L. G. Smith, who through his love of Music, has taken the "Infant Orchestra," and by arduous labor on the part of himself and the Cadet Members has brought it to the front rank of College Orchestras.

Instead of dropping down to the Plantation Medleys and Rag Time Music of the "Coon Songs" of the day, they have stepped upon the platform of the Chapel and added to the beauty and solemnity of the Y. M. C. A. services, those soul inspiring strains, that have helped to bring peace and quiet thought to change the monotony of the students' life.

As the Summer breezes waft the sweet sounds of Music across the Campus, the listener feels like reclining at his ease upon the green sward, and letting his soul go out with the pleasant memories brought to him by the commingling of the notes as they fall from the combined instruments of the players. Mr. Smith's name is not classed with the list of Professors of the Faculty, yet he deserves no less credit for the manner in which he takes the Raw Material as it comes to him, discovers the Musical Talent, and then by constant drill brings out the finished article, until by the combination of wind and stringed instruments he has an accomplished Orchestra, as the M. A. C. lovers of Music will bear witness.

L. G. SMITH, *Director.*

J. A. MILLER, P. R. LITTLE, G. M. HAY.....	<i>Violins</i>
S. MARTINEZ, J. HEBBEL .....	<i>Clarinets</i>
M. W. McBRIDE, R. S. BROWN.....	<i>Cornets</i>
E. M. ROBERTS, H. RASMUSSEN.....	<i>Horns</i>
E. J. MERRICK .....	<i>Trombone</i>
E. R. BURRIER .....	<i>Double Bass</i>
W. A. FURST .....	<i>Drums and Traps</i>
W. Mc C. HILLEGEIST .....	<i>Piano</i>

MISS MILDRED TURNER DRAPER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPONSOR FOR COMPANY A







## Roll of Company A



L. McD. SILVESTER	.....	Captain
O. R. ANDREWS	.....	First Lieutenant
H. S. COBY	.....	Second Lieutenant
G. B. POSEY	.....	First Sergeant
J. G. O'CONNOR	.....	Sergeant
N. R. WARTHEN	.....	Sergeant
J. S. TAYLOR	.....	Sergeant
P. C. TRAX	.....	Corporal
H. P. AMES	.....	Corporal
H. E. BIERMAN	.....	Corporal
W. B. HULL	.....	Corporal

### Privates

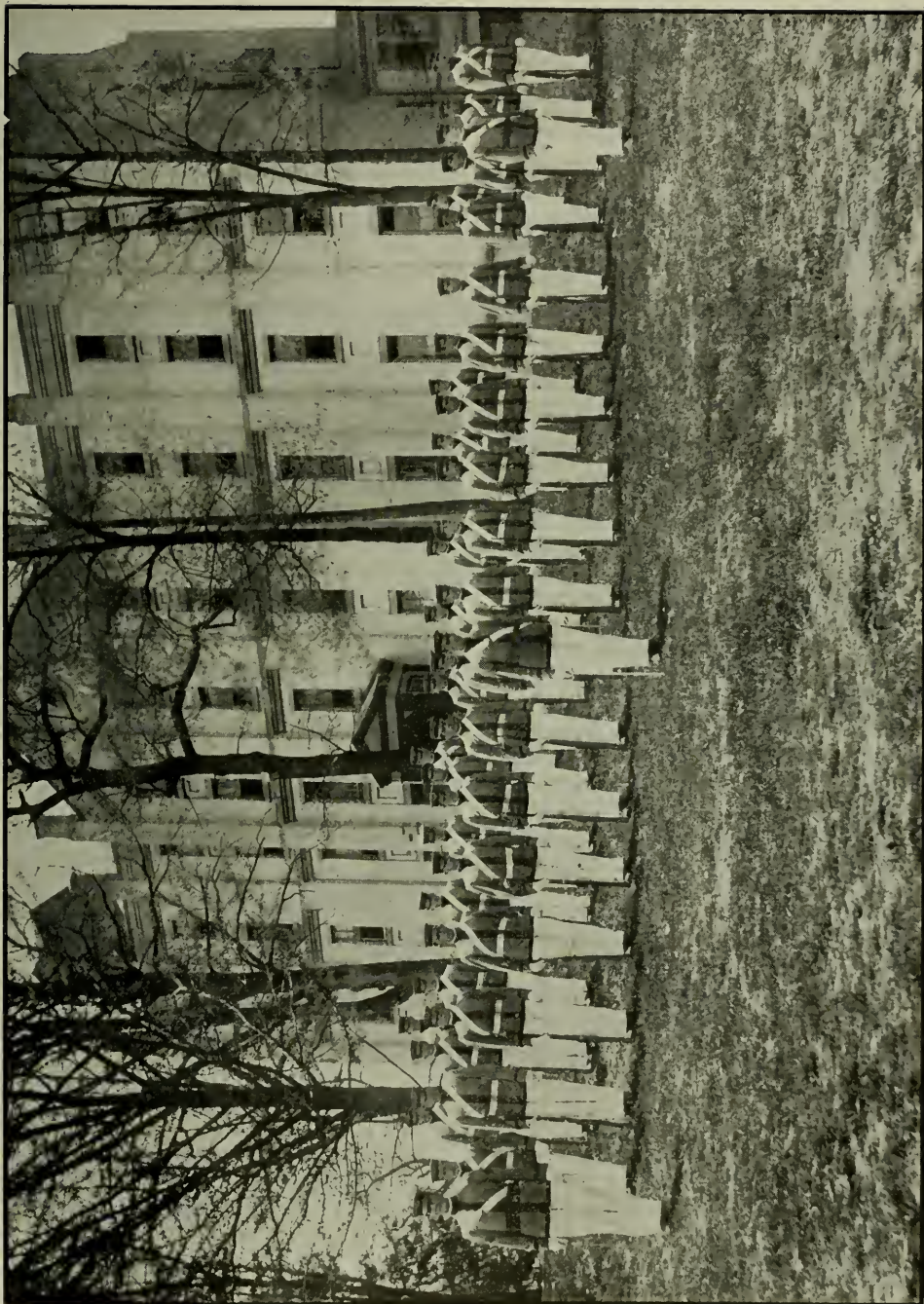
ALLEN	HEALEY	SMITH, J. K.
BARROWS	HOFFECCKER	SHIPLEY
BROSIUS B.	MARTZ	TOWERS
BROSIUS E.	McKENNEY	TRUITT
GRAY R. T.	O'NEILL	TULL
GREENBERG	POWELL	VILLEREOL
GOELTZ	REESE	WHITE, C.
HAAS	RUPERT	WHITE, A.
HAMILTON, A.	ROBINSON, C.	WILSON
HAMILTON, F.	ROBINSON, W.	WILLIAMS, E. P.
HAYS	SMITH, G.	

### Buglers

BLUNDON

TODD



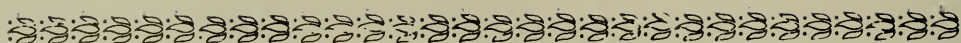


COMPANY A

MISS MARIE LYON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPONSOR FOR COMPANY B





## Roll of Company B



FURNISS	Captain
CHANEY	Lieutenant
DEVILBISS	Lieutenant
MUDD, K.	Sergeant
ANDERSON, F.	Sergeant
STANTON	Sergeant
GRACE	Sergeant
KOEHLER	Corporal
ALBERT	Corporal
MAYFIELD	Corporal
RUSSELL	Corporal
WILLIAMS, R.	Corporal

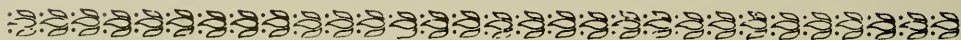
### Privates

ALMOND	FORD	MORRIS, P.
AMES	GILL	NEWMAN
ANDERSON	GRAY, T.	PENNINGTON
BARNES	GREEN	RALSTON
BALDWIN	HAMMOND	REICHARD
BLANKMAN	HARRISON	RITTER, J.
BOUGHTON	IRWIN	SHEPHERD
BURNS	KEFAUVER	SMITH, R.
CARPENTER	LEARS	THOMAS
COLE	LEVIN	TRIMBLE
DEMARCO	LYON	WHITE, W.
DENNIS	MCGINNIS	WILLIAMS, T.
EDWARDS	McKENNA	WIGHAM
FEAST	MORRIS, J.	

### Buglers

DEELEY

IRVING







COMPANY B

MISS ELSIE MARIE CAREY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPONSOR FOR COMPANY C





## Roll of Company C



TRUE .....	Captain
GLASS .....	Lieutenant
WHITE .....	Lieutenant
KEMP .....	Sergeant
ROBY .....	Sergeant
SONNENBERG .....	Sergeant
CLARK .....	Sergeant
HATTON .....	Corporal
DAVIS .....	Corporal
MORSE .....	Corporal
CRAPSTER .....	Corporal

### Privates

ARMSTRONG	HOOK	RUPPEL
AUGUSTUS	JEFF	SMEDLEY
BRANHAM	LATHRUM	STABLER
CACERES	MASSEY	STEVENS
CALWELL	MAYSEL	WALLIS
CLARK	MAYS, H.	WORCH
COSTEK	MUNNIKHUYSEN	FRAZEE
CRANE	PIERSON	WOODWARD
CREW	RIDOUT	LEPPER
DUCKETT	RABORG	MYERS
FLETCHER	RENJEL	MALCOLM
FRERE	RITTER	SANFORD
GRAY	ROGERS	STEELE

### Buglers

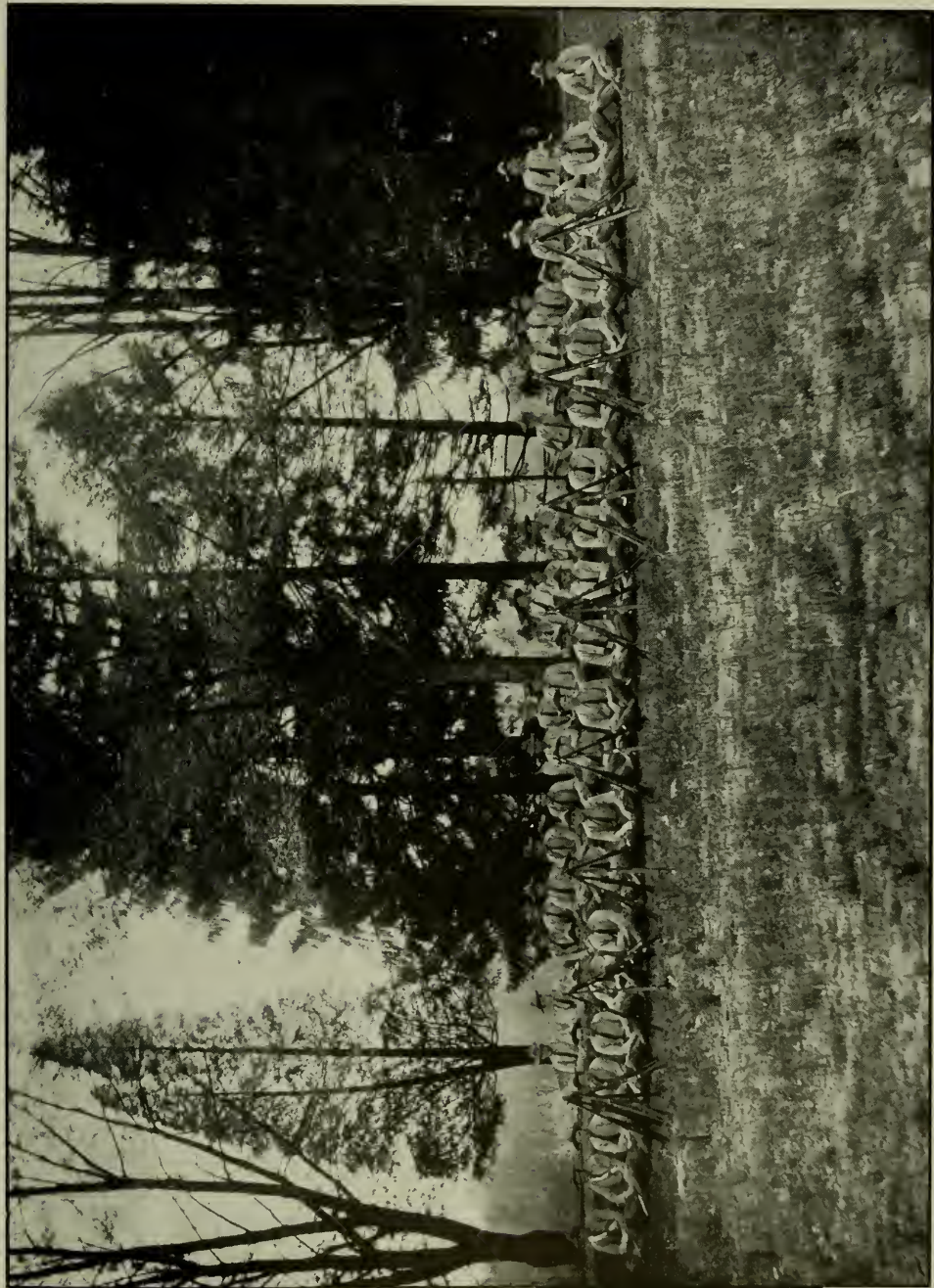
CRANE

GRAY

CLARK







COMPANY C





## Literary Societies



### Officers of Morrill Literary Society

K. MUDD .....	<i>President</i>
C. P. TRAX .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
V. F. ROBY .....	<i>Sec'y. Treas.</i>



### Officers of New Mercer Literary Society

M. W. McBRIDE .....	<i>President</i>
W. B. KEMP .....	<i>Vice President</i>
W. S. GRACE .....	<i>Secretary</i>
M. E. DAVIS .....	<i>Treasurer</i>



## Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest



THE thirteenth annual contest of the Oratorical Association of Maryland Colleges was held at Western Maryland College in Alumni Hall, on April 28, at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. T. H. Lewis made an address of welcome and Dr. James W. Cain, president of Washington College, responded. During the intermissions the Western Maryland College Glee Club entertained the audience.

The Orators and their subjects were:

C. T. Ryan—Washington College,

“The Monroe Doctrine an American Fetish.”

L. McD. Silvester—Md. Agricultural College,

“A Plea for a Larger Standing Army.”

Carl Twigg—Western Maryland College,

“Lawlessness in America.”

L. Claude Bailey—St. John's College,

“America and Peace.”

Silvester, with a masterly oration, won first place for M. A. C. Twigg of Western Maryland, being placed second. Each received a handsome gold medal.



## "A Plea for a Larger Standing Army"

(The Oration that won First Prize in the Contest.)



**N**EVER was there a time when the industrial activities of the world demanded peace as now. Certainly, there never was a time when the foes of war were more busily engaged in the propaganda of peace. Notwithstanding the fact that peace is world wide, that every industrial sign points toward the desirability of its continued maintenance, and that civilization seems to have reached a point where war is unthinkable, yet rumors of war still arise and challenge the world's industry and its highest civilized development. These rumors circle the globe. They are manifest in South America; Europe is not free from them; even China, asleep for centuries, is aroused and is now preparing by her own military strength to defend her territory against further aggression. Nor is the United States exempt from mention in these rumors, on the contrary she looms large in nearly all of them. The interest of the world is now centered in the Pacific Ocean, and what may occur there during the next half century no man is wise enough to say, but no prophet is needed to assure us that in whatever does take place we shall be unavoidably involved. Our possessions are now stretching across the western sea to the far eastern countries, and our trade relations are such that no change can take place in the Orient without our feeling its effect.

Just as some men achieve leadership among their fellows, so some men achieve leadership among nations, which in truth, are but aggregations of men. Whether or not it was the design of those who planned this government, whether or not it was dreamed of by those who gave their lives and labors, that this nation might prosper and develop, the fact remains that we have attained a position among the leading powers of the world. But is our position secure?

We feel proud of our strength. We like to believe ourselves invincible. The knowledge that victory has rested with us to the end in every war we have waged is proof to us, in our blindness, that victory will always rest with us to the end. I hope it may, but as conditions exist, I do not believe it will. We are unprepared for war, and it is now that we hear the Pacific States cry out for protection.

In the midst of peace it is difficult to realize the possibility of war. It is easy to see the cost, and the folly of war. It is easy to show how every difference can be settled without resort to arms.

There never before was a time when nations were so concerned with keeping themselves in condition to maintain their rights by force.

There never was a time when it was so evident, that in peace we must prepare for war, and that the preparation for war is the surest way to prevent it.

Admitting war anywhere, admits it possible with us. There are those who believe that foreign invasion of our country in force enough to secure a foothold not only improbable, but impossible. There are those who believe otherwise. I believe that this country can be invaded by a force not only large enough to secure a foothold; but a hold from which it would be impossible to dislodge them. I shall go so far as to say that I believe a war possible which might result in the Pacific States becoming foreign territory. When I make such a statement, I realize I trespass upon the credulity of those who hear me.

What of our magnificent navy? it may be asked, and how could any nation transport troops and land them on our shores in the face of that great armada?

What, of the coast defense, that we have been steadily installing for the past twenty years? Admitting our navy, defeated or avoided now would it be possible for any foreign power to land troops on our shores in face of the fire of those great guns embanked to protect our harbors. And again, what of the national army, regulars and militia, innumerable armies of volunteers, citizen-soldier, ready at the first sign of hostility to spring to the protection of the flag which waves above them? And finally, admitting all these obstacles passed, admitting a foreign power of greater size than it would be possible to transport to our shores; what of the patriotism, that is in the heart of every true American citizen? How long would they endure this humiliation? Would not the entire manhood of the country march from coast to coast if necessary, to push the invading army back into the sea and wrest from it the American soil they had attempted to occupy?

Yes, these things may be true—but after our navy has done its best, and after the patriotism of our citizens has accomplished wonderful things—even then, our country will lie unprotected to a foreign foe.

Let us consider our navy in regard to the invasion of the Pacific Coast.

1. Our navy must be in the Pacific waters, or else must be sent there when invasion is threatened, and must arrive in time to intercept the enemies fleet.

2. Assuming our navy in the Pacific waters it must not only annihilate the opposing fleet but must avoid annihilation itself.

To engage the enemy our fleet would have to lie along the Pacific Coast and await his arrival, or else seek and fight him wherever found. To leave the Pacific Coast on such a venture would require bases under an American flag where supplies could be obtained and repairs made. By doing this, it would demand control of Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and other possessions in the Pacific. The state of defense of these possessions is known to all of us. If in the Philippines, it could not protect the Hawaiian Islands or Alaska, and conversely, if in the Hawaiian Islands it could not protect the Philippines.

Assuming our navy altogether in the Pacific, it leaves the Atlantic Coast entirely undefended, and the enemy could come thru and attack us by way of Suez Canal. On the other hand, if it were all in the Atlantic, it would leave the Pacific Coast completely exposed to invasion.

On a voyage counted remarkable in naval annals, the Oregon took three months in 1898 to sail from Puget Sound to Key West. Over half the voyage was accomplished before the DECLARATION OF WAR when fuel and supplies could be obtained at nearly every foreign port. In time of peace it took four months, for all that is best of our navy to make the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific border. Could this be repeated, or could the time be improved upon? A Pacific power would still have three or four months in which to execute its designs against our coast before the interference of our navy could possibly occur.

Until the completion of the Panama Canal, at least, the transfer of our navy from the Atlantic to the Pacific in time of war would be practically impossible, certainly so, unless we violated the strongest principles of International Law and forced nearly every South American Nation into war, either with us or against us.

Only two years ago when our fleet circled the world, thirty foreign transports were chartered, and foreign ports were made use of. This would be impossible in time of war. It would be absolutely impossible to have two fleets, one in the Pacific and one in the Atlantic. It would be decidedly absurd to divide our fleet and run the risk of its entire destruction. How can our navy protect us?

That our coast fortification is an important element of defense under certain conditions, is not to be doubted. But as a rule, take them as you may, they are a mere waste of money in construction and may prove an element of weakness rather than strength to our nation. Gen. Story, chief of the Artillery, says, the sole function of such fortification is to defend a fort against direct naval attack. Against an enemy powerful enough to place a force on land it has no defensive value, and may prove a means of weakness, rather than strength to our nation, as did Port Arthur to Russia.

Since 1812, altho two foreign wars and one civil conflict have been stamped upon the pages of American history, if we except the attack on Fort Sumter and a few of the other harbor fortifications of the Confederate States, not a hostile shot has ever been fired either at or from the coast defense of the United States. The only object of such defenses is to prevent the bombardment or capture of protected cities by the enemies fleet, or the debarkation of troops and supplies within a protected harbor. But under the Hague Convention, bombardment is no longer permissible.

No navy, however strong is going to run the risk of destruction that would follow approach near enough to make its own fire of serious importance. The historic cases where coast defenses have succumbed to purely naval attack may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The naval attack on Port Arthur never troubled the besieged, and it was purely the land attack which caused Port Arthur to surrender. The case with us is vastly different. Our coast defenses are not fortresses, standing at the sea front of our large



cities, but these defenses invite attack that otherwise would not occur. No commander is going to order his troops to come in contact with the deadly fire of these guns. For an invading army to pass Golden Gate and land in San Francisco is doubtless impossible, but for it to land at Monterey, Bodega Bay, or Santa Cruse, and take San Francisco from the rear, is not only feasible for any power possessing the ships and men, but presents no difficulty.

Since 1886, we have spent over one hundred millions of dollars for Coast Defense. Had we spent this money for protection in some other way, we would be in far better position today to resist invasion. Japan has, it is well known, over one million subjects who are trained soldiers. Her standing army and reserves alone number about 3-4 of a million. She has arms and equipment in readiness for this immense army. She controls the seas transportation and can land two hundred thousand troops on our shores within from three to six weeks. Thirty thousand well trained troops in position might easily prevent them from landing, but unless actually in position this advantage does not hold true. The Pacific Coast lies exposed to the enemy for more than 1500 miles. Transportation of troops from Oregon, Washington, and California could not hold the enemy in check unless the point were known where they intended to attack. We can put in the field today, a number of men scarcely larger than we could, prior to the Spanish War.

In every war ever fought, the honors go to the man in the fighting line, and victory was won as in every other war, not by the side possessing the best weapons, not by the side possessing the most wealth, not by the side possessing the most men, but by the power that has best prepared its men for the strain of battle. A few trained men may prevent invasion where millions of untrained men could not drive the invaders out. We have a few of these men, but not enough.

And what of the transportation of these inland troops to the coast, we are asked. For the inland transportation of troops we have depended upon less than a half dozen trans-continental railroads. Like the fingers of an out-stretched hand, these railroads extend across the great plains in the West, over deserts and mountains, always east and west. The connecting links between them as we go further west, grow fewer until they practically cease. The interruption of these railroads would completely cut off communication between the east and the west. A half dozen men well quipped with high explosives could blow these constructions to pieces. Then what would become of our undefended Pacific Coast. It must be seen by even a casual glance at the real situation, that the United States, in order to have assured protection must have an army great enough for a large division to remain permanently at or near the points where a hostile landing could be made, and not depend upon the well nigh impossible transportation of troops from distant points.

I hesitate to state, yet, it is a fact, that our standing army, under the best possible management, would be absolutely inadequate to protect our country against a foreign danger.

One may talk about and criticise most severely the money spent for our ARMY,

how many macadamized roads we could construct and how many schools we could build. These things are excellent, but the protection of our nation comes first. The good schools and roads afterwards.

I do not doubt the courage of the average American, but the courage of an individual and that of an assemblage of individuals are two different things. The individual acts for himself, the assemblage goes with the crowd. It was not individual cowardice, but collective fear that ran from Bull Run. The men who ran from Bull Run, stood at Gettysburg to the end. There was nothing between those two events except two years of discipline and training in the hard school of war.

What this nation needs in time of war is a sufficient number of trained men to hold the enemy in check until a volunteer army can be organized and equipped, and it is then that we will push the invading army back into the sea. A reasonably large navy is of course necessary for the protection and defense for which a navy is designed and which a navy can be depended upon to accomplish. But as has been clearly shown we need and must have more than this. We need a standing army of veteran troops to defeat a foreign force should it effect a landing upon our shores. And it is for this standing army that I plead tonight. If a large amount of the money expended for our navy were used to equip and maintain a larger standing army the United States would be far more secure than she is today. Now in the name of PATRIOTISM; AND IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE, I would plead with our statesmen to consider the simple facts which I have presented, and provide for a larger standing army for the WELFARE of our country, the PRESERVATION of our honor, and the PROTECTION of our homes.





M. A. CEASARINE

## To The M. A. Ceasarine



Brilliant and bright the light of the chandelier,  
Gorgeous and gay the array of mural veneer,  
Enriching and rare without peer is th' orchestra's air,  
Glittering with gold the gallants assembled here.

These cadets in the gray  
Who have trained for the fray  
They're the hosts of the day.  
Yet more brilliant than all  
Is the belle of the ball.  
—She's the Queen of us all,  
Is our M. A. Ceasarine.

Shimmering and sheen in the folds of *mouseline* ~~mans'~~ line,  
As she sweeps down the hall  
With elegant grace in the trusty embrace  
Of her knight for the ball.  
Oh we'll always essay  
Every wish to obey  
Of our dear prairie queen  
Our M. A. C.'rine.

But when it comes to things athletic  
She lays aside her soul aesthetic,  
She's on the job.  
On the side lines with her banner,  
Cheering when each M. A. Ceasar  
Kicks a goal.

Oh she never loses spirit,  
Nor forgets the highest merit  
    In the game.  
She's as good a friend as ever  
To any downcast M. A. Ceasar  
Who's struck out.

Oh! she's the belle of the "ball"  
    On field as in hall  
She's the pride of us all  
    Is our M. A. Ceasarine.

And when we're handed out our parchment; viz: an honorable release  
From the cause in which we've served four long years,  
She is there to see us get it, and the first our hand to seize;  
And our heart throbs at the sympathetic tear.  
One more hearty cheer she gives us when we hold our last parade,  
One last time we round the ball room to the strains of  
    Home, Sweet Home.

Still she's the belle of the ball  
And holds the hearts of us all  
Does our M. A. C'rine  
Yes, we love her, we adore her;  
And some day we'll implore her  
To become our own true queen for good and all.

H. S. C.







## The Rossbourg Club



**A**SK THE budding Prep what diversion stands out brightest against the somber background of anticipated duty in his prospective college life.

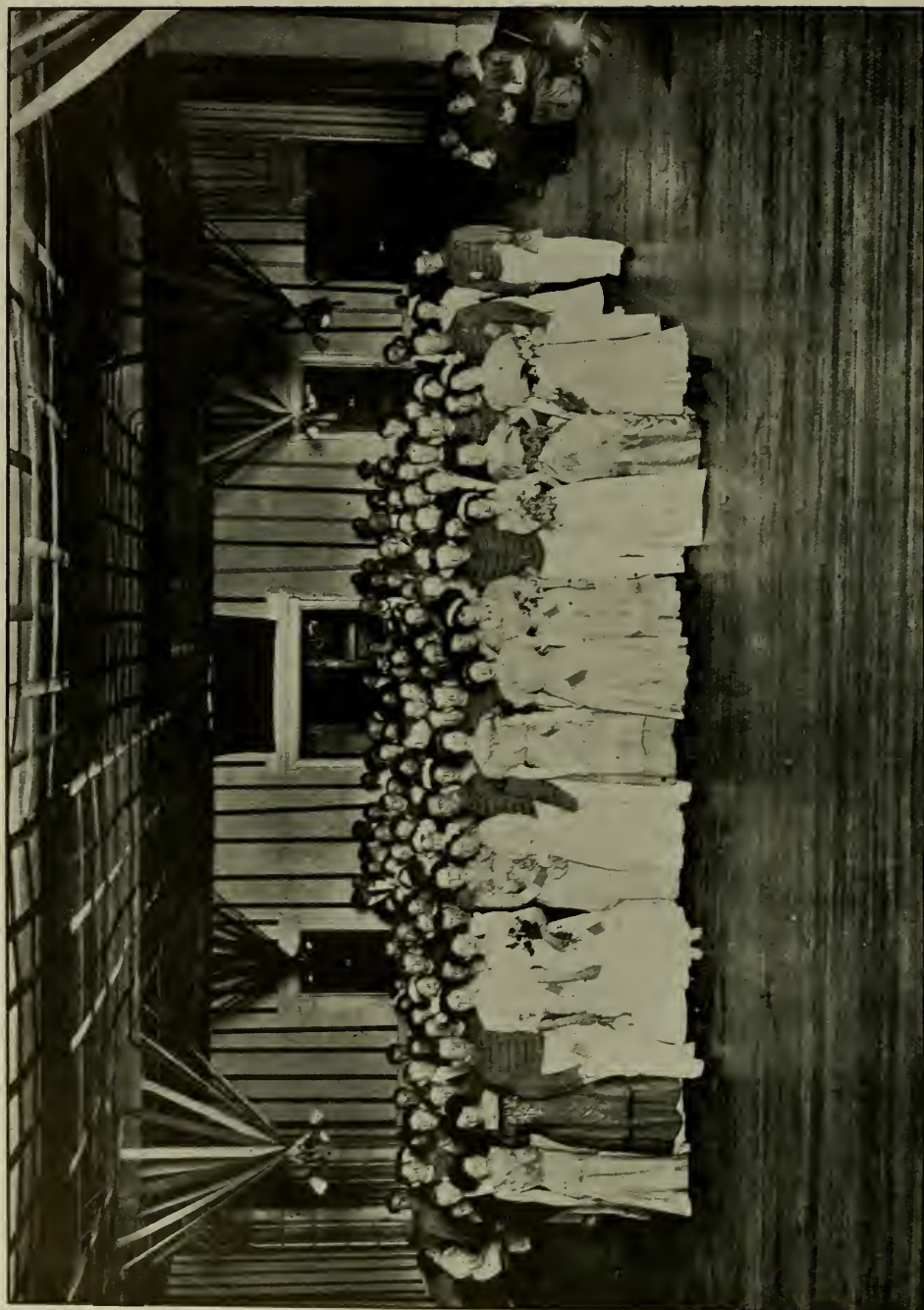
Look into the wistful eyes of the Freshie as he manfully stands guard at the entrance to the ball room on the night of a dance. Inquire of him "Whence the unvoiced longing?" In his hopes, in his fears, in his plans for a college career, what shares his award to distinction in studies, to the athletic emblem, to the military promotion?

Appeal to the masterful Soph. What is the one shrine which he dare not despoil? The one source of mandates which he always obeys? Pass on to the Junior. What experience in college life holds at once the greatest pleasure in reminiscence and the keenest enjoyment in anticipation?

The Senior. The perfected college man ready to go out into the world what has been the sweetest blend in his moulding? The Rossbourg Scribe transmits the verdict of them all. The responses were not in Esperanto, but coming from our members among the Preps and from our members among the Seniors, they breathe alike, and in terms intelligible to all, the spirit of the days of Old Rossbourg Inn. The same spirit of reverence for the South's beautiful women that made the walls of the famous old hostelry ring with the laughter of happy couples, today decorates for our College dances and insures for the Rossbourg Club a tender and abiding place in the memory of its many guests.







MAY BALL



## The Y. M. C. A.



THE activities of the association began as has been the usual custom, with the annual Y. M. C. A. reception. Members of the faculty attended with their wives, and thus the new men were given an opportunity to become acquainted with them.

The old cadets entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and with the help of outside dramatic talent made the new cadets feel more at home in their new surroundings, and a desire to take part in the social life at college.

The occasion was pronounced a success and the association would gladly hold other receptions thruout the year were it not handicapped by the lack of funds.

The aim of our association has been to keep up the spiritual welfare of the men while at college. Most of our cadets have left Christian homes, where the practice of Bible study and prayer has had an influence in forming their lives for the good of their fellow beings. Our desire has been to keep up these precepts, to strengthen the character of our students and engaged ourselves in carrying out the work of advancing the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Men realize that to overcome the evils which confront them in college life, they cannot stand alone in their own strength. The association has tried to lead its members right, has tried to teach them to accept Christ, to have faith, to strengthen their courage with acts, and thus to conquer their temptations. Elisha when beset by the king of Syria, having received word from his servant of the threatening appearance of the enemy's army, tells his servant. "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. God and one make a Majority." With Him for our companion, friend and counselor, our lives will not be unsuccessful.

The Bible study work has had a very prosperous year. The association has furnished gratuitously nearly a hundred men with text books, and have conducted weekly two Bible study classes under the supervision of Prof. Bomberger. The spirit with which the men have kept up this work reflects a credit upon the corps of cadets, and shows that admirable characteristic of sticking to their aim until the goal is reached. Nearly sixty cadets have continued in the practice of daily Bible reading for the whole second term and part of the third. It is indeed gratifying to have a record like this.

A great deal of interest was taken in the Baltimore Missionary Convention for colleges in Maryland and Delaware. Dr. T. R. Sloan paid us an early visit and boosted

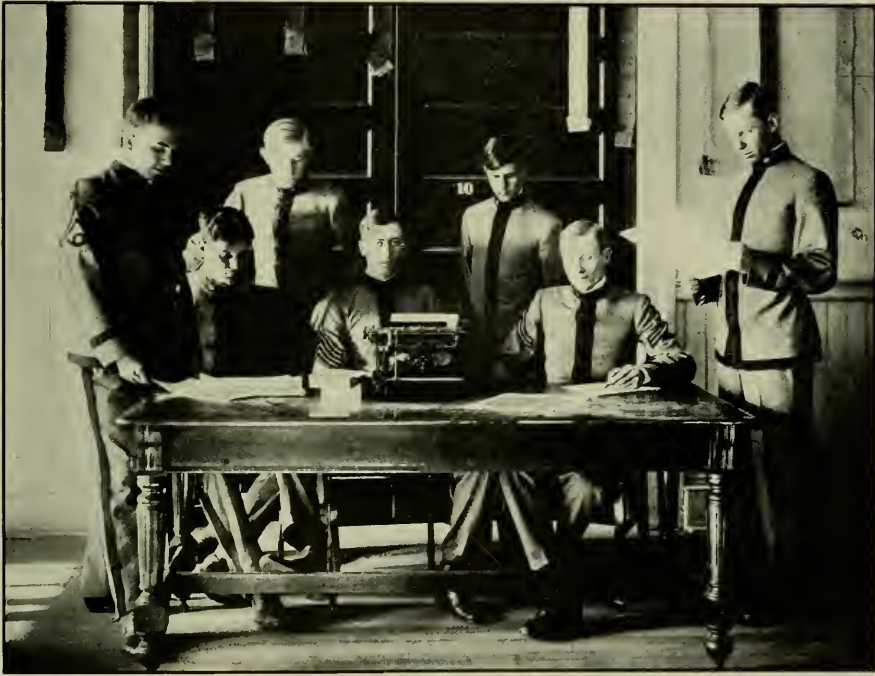
up the Missionary cause. Our spirit being aroused to this work we sent five men to the conference. These came back influenced with the possibilities of a Missionary life and presented to the association a most interesting report. Missionary work is wonderfully interesting and it is hoped that next year more time will be given to this great cause. The association wishes to express its appreciation for the liberality of the Board of Trustees in recognizing their efforts, and for the generous appropriation they have made us. It was due to this that we were able to send our next year's president to the conference at Amherst College during the Easter holidays.

As has been the usual custom for the winter term, of having men of note speak to us, we have been accorded great pleasure and benefit this year in hearing Judge T. R. Sloan, Mr. Hanston, Mr. S. F. Morrison, Prof. Bomberger, Mr. S. M. Hann, Capt. R. W. Silvester and W. Knowles Cooper.

May the Y. M. C. A. next year accomplish still greater work than have we in improving the moral and spiritual life of the students at M. A. C.







TRIANGLE BOARD

# Athletic Association



L. McD. SILVESTER .....	<i>President</i>
C. C. FURNISS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. C. REESE .....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. H. MAYS .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

## Athletic Council

PROF. C. S. RICHARDSON, *Chairman*.  
 PROF. BOMBERGER                      PROF. HARRISON.

## Student Members

L. McD. SILVESTER	L. H. STALEY
L. G. TRUE	A. N. WOODWARD
H. R. DEVILBISS	W. B. KEMP
O. R. ANDREWS.	

## Student Conference Committee

<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Soph.</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
FURNISS, C. C.	KEMP, W. B.	DAVIS	GRAY, J. B.
DEVILBISS, H. R.	GRACE, W. S.	TRAX, G. P.	
TRUE, L. G.	MUDD, K.		
KINGHORNE, J. W.			
<i>Sub-Fresh.</i>			<i>Prep.</i>
STEVENS.			MORRIS, P.

## Athletic Teams

FOOTBALL—L. H. STALEY, *Manager*; H. B. SHIPLEY, *Captain*.  
 BASEBALL—H. R. DEVILBISS, *Manager*; H. B. SHIPLEY, *Captain*.  
 TRACK—W. B. KEMP, *Manager*; A. B. DUCKETT, *Captain*.  
 BASKETBALL—A. N. WOODWARD, *Manager*; H. B. SHIPLEY, *Captain*.  
 LACROSSE—O. R. ANDREWS, *Manager*; E. E. POWELL, *Captain*.

## Wearers of the "M" and Star




### CLASS OF 1911.

Football—Andrews, "M" and 

Baseball—Furniss, "M."

Track—Chaney, "M."


### CLASS OF 1912.

Football—Kemp, Duckett, Mudd K., Posey, "M" and 

Baseball—Goeltz, "M."

Track—Duckett, Kemp, Morris, "M."

### CLASS OF 1913.

Football—Koehler, "M" and 


Trax, G. P., Binder, "M."

### CLASS OF 1914.

Football—Williams, E. P., "M."

Baseball—Lednum, R. C., "M."

### CLASS OF 1915.

Football—Shipley, "M." and 

Baseball—Shipley, "M."

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## Prizes Won

Medals—Chaney, Greenberg, Munnikhuysen, Branham, Morris, Kemp, Duckett.

Loving Cups—Branham, Munnikhuysen, Morris, Kemp, Duckett, Augustus.

Gold Watches—Duckett, Morris.



# Football



THE EFFORTS of the football team of 1910 were rewarded with phenomenal and long to be remembered success. You may get some idea of what mettle this team was composed when we consider the grand total of 79 points scored by M. A. C. against the 32 points which was all our opponents were able to score on us during the whole season. This certainly shows a "favorable balance of trade."

In this short space of course it will be impossible to go into a detailed account of the merits of each player but we can't refrain from mentioning the good work of Kemp, who ably vindicated the wisdom of those who selected him Captain, by running the team in fine style, besides doing some excellent work at left end himself. Then there is Shipley, the all around College athlete and popular idol of the student body. He added many more laurels to his crown during the season, and as quarter back of the team eclipsed his already brilliant record as a clean, aggressive and brainy player. Of the rest of the team we can only say that we do not know where to begin to praise. The M's and stars awarded this year have been fairly won in each case and their wearers may feel justly proud.

The team started out by winning six consecutive victories, rolling up such scores as 22—0 against Richmond College and 20—0 against Catholic University, and defeating George Washington University and Washington College. About that time we began to think we were invincible, and looked forward to giving St. John's the trimming of their lives. The proverbial hoo-doo got busy, however, and our entire backfield was taken out of the game, Burns leaving college, and Bender and Duckett both being disabled by sprained ankles.

The team made a game fight, however, and St. John's succeeded in making but one touchdown against us.

Although Andrews will be missed at right end on next year's team, he is the only member to graduate this year and great hopes are entertained for a strong team next season.

## Line-Up of Team

KEMP (Captain) .....	<i>Right End</i>
WILLIAMS, E. P. ....	<i>Right Tackle</i>
WOODWARD .....	<i>Right Guard</i>



KOEHLER .....	Center
MUDD, K. ....	Left Guard
POSEY .....	Left Tackle
ANDREWS .....	Left End
SHIPLEY .....	Quarter back
BURNS-BINDER .....	Right half
TRAX, G. P. ....	Full back
DUCKETT-MUNNIKHUYSEN .....	Left half

SUBSTITUTES—Hoffecker, Jeff, Crapster, Branham, Lathrum, Augustus, Ritter, Furst.

### Football Schedule - Season 1910

Date	Opponent	Played At	M. A. C.	Opp.
Sept.—	Central High School	Col. Park	12	0
Oct. 1	Richmond College	Richmond, Va.	22	0
Oct. 8	John's Hopkins	Balto. Md.	11	11
Oct. 15	Catholic University	College Park	20	0
Oct. 19	Geo. Wash. Univ.	Wash. D. C.	6	0
Oct. 29	Gallaudet	College Park	Cancelled	
Nov. 5	Wash. College	College Park	5	0
Nov. 12	Va. Mil. Inst	Lexington, Va.	0	8
Nov. 19	St. John's	Annapolis	0	6
Nov. 24	Western Md. College	Westminster	3	17

W. H. MAYS, Manager.

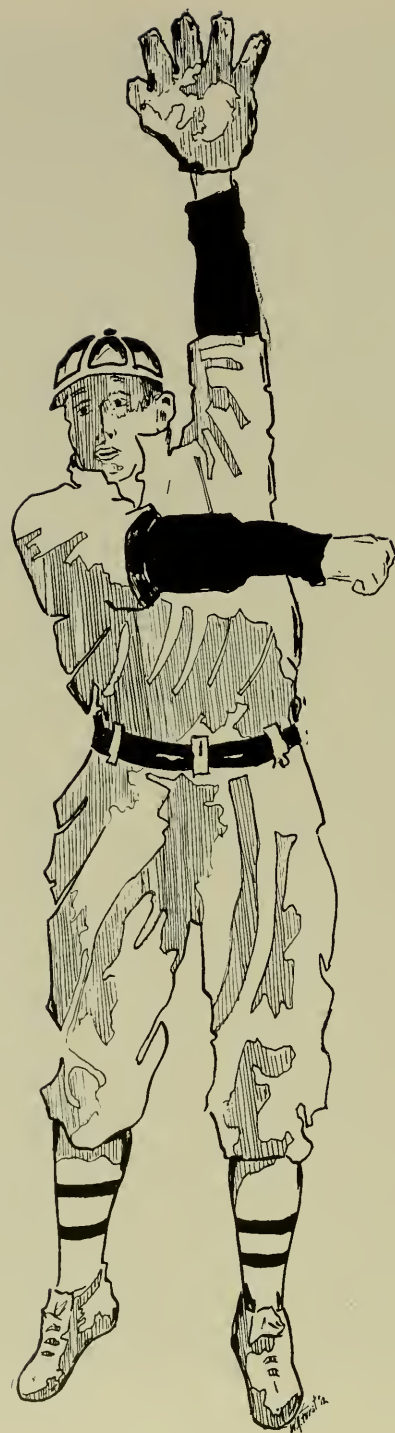
J. O'CONNOR, Asst. Manager.

R. ALSTON, Coach.





FOOTBALL TEAM



# Baseball



**W**ITH very bright prospects and heaps of encouragement, our baseball team turned out for spring practice.

Our aim, from the first call for candidates, has ever been to lick St. John's, and then to win the state championship; for the banners in our trophy hall are becoming too familiar to our eyes, and we wish to add more color in the shape of a new flag.

But the banner will keep until we defeat St. John's. It is the turn for the hoo-doo to work with us this year and not against us, for we still feel the sting of two defeats at their hands last year.

Coach Brason is very confident of the outcome and predicts for his men great things—promises to "bring home the bacon" on every trip.

Although we lost several good men from last year's squad, among whom were Capt. Grason, Saunders, Burns, Gus Goeltz, Cortelyou and Wright, yet with the new material on hand, Capt. Shipley expects to round out a championship team.

Three new pitchers have been developed, Duckett, Hoffecker and Smith. Hoffecker's performance against the Navy stamps him as a "comer." Duckett's no hit game with Rock Hill indicates that he can deliver the goods, while Smith had the Indian sign on Delaware College from the whistle.

Altho the loss of Capt. Grason from the receiving end was a heavy one, yet we have entire confidence in Munnikhuysen, for up to the time of this writing, he has delivered the goods on all occasions. Another recruit is Reubert at short. He has stepped into Grason's shoes when it comes to stickwork and is a valuable man in fielding his position. But the smallest man on the team, and the liveliest, is "Reds" Ritter, the guardian of the keystone sack. What he lacks in stature, he amply makes up in wit, playing and in batting.

Of the old men little need be said. Such names as Furniss, Shipley, Ledum R., Goeltz, Lednum J., and Mudd K. are by-words with everyone.

Our most notable performance so far this season has been against the Navy. On April 5th we journeyed to Sailo-land and gave them a stunning broadside when at the end of fifteen innings, the score board showed one lone tally for each side. Hoffecker was an enigma but the backing up was of gilt edge order.

In rapid succession we humbled Rock Hill and the University of Maryland, while

Gallaudet also suffered defeat at our hands. Georgetown was saved a trouncing when rain prevented the game, for we intended to include her scalp in our collection.

We hope to surpass this record when we cross bats with St. John's and our men will leave no stone unturned to wave the red flag over their heads. At the present time the outlook is exceedingly bright and as a farewell word we caution you to see if our prophesy does not come true.

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### Baseball Schedule - Season 1911

DATE	TEAM	WHERE PLAYED
March 25.....	Catholic University .....	Brookland
March 29.....	Georgetown .....	Georgetown
April 1.....	Gallaudet .....	Kendall Green
April 5.....	Navy .....	Annapolis
April 8.....	University of Md. ....	College Park
April 11.....	Rock Hill .....	College Park
April 20.....	Staunton Mil. Academy.....	Staunton, Va.
April 21.....	Washington & Lee .....	Lexington, Va.
April 22.....	Virginia Mil. Inst. ....	Lexington, Va.
April 27.....	W. Va. University .....	College Park
April 29.....	Delaware College .....	College Park
May 3.....	Mt. St. Joseph's.....	Baltimore
May 6.....	St. John's .....	College Park
May 10.....	Fredericksburg .....	College Park
May 13.....	Mt. St. Mary's.....	Emmitsburg
May 17.....	Mt. St. Joseph's.....	College Park
May 20.....	W. Md. College.....	Westminster
May 24.....	Gallaudet .....	College Park
May 27.....	Washington College .....	Chestertown
May 31 .....	St. John's .....	Annapolis
	Alumni.....	College Park





BASEBALL TEAM



# Track



**I**F ALL of the branches of athletics which a collegian takes part in, there can be no doubt but that good track athletics will result in more good to him, to his college and his friends than that of any other kind. There is no other form of amusement which a spectator takes so much interest in as a contest, especially that in which one contestant is matched directly against another, and any one who was not at the indoor track meets, which were given at various places during the winter and early spring months can scarcely realize the happiness and delight which we felt in seeing our own track athletes overcome one opponent after another in dashes, middle distance runs and relay races.

During the past season M. A. C. has had representatives at all of the indoor games held in this section of the country. The middle distance and cross country team is composed of such men as O'Connor, Chaney, Trimble, Kemp and Munnikhuysen who do not let any moss grow under their feet. The sprinters and short distance runners have been even more successful than the middle distance men; having captured prizes at all meets. A group of sprinters such as Stanton, Greenburg, Levin, Duckett, Morris, Blankman, Healey and Rupert is the much prized team of M. A. C., a team which other institutions might well envy.

The team, however, which experienced the greatest success was the relay team. They lowered the flying colors of more than a dozen colleges and schools and well deserved the name of "Champions," bearing up well to the record breaking pace set by our relay teams of the past several years. The men composing the team were Kemp, Duckett, Morris, Branham, and Munnikhuysen.

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## Track Events

Greenberg—Won second place in 50 yd. dash.

—Georgetown Meet, Washington, D. C.

Munnikhuysen—Won open quarter.

—Georgetown Meet, Washington, D. C.

Relay team composed of Branham, Munnikhuysen, Morris, Kemp, won medals at George Washington.

—University Meet, Washington, D. C.

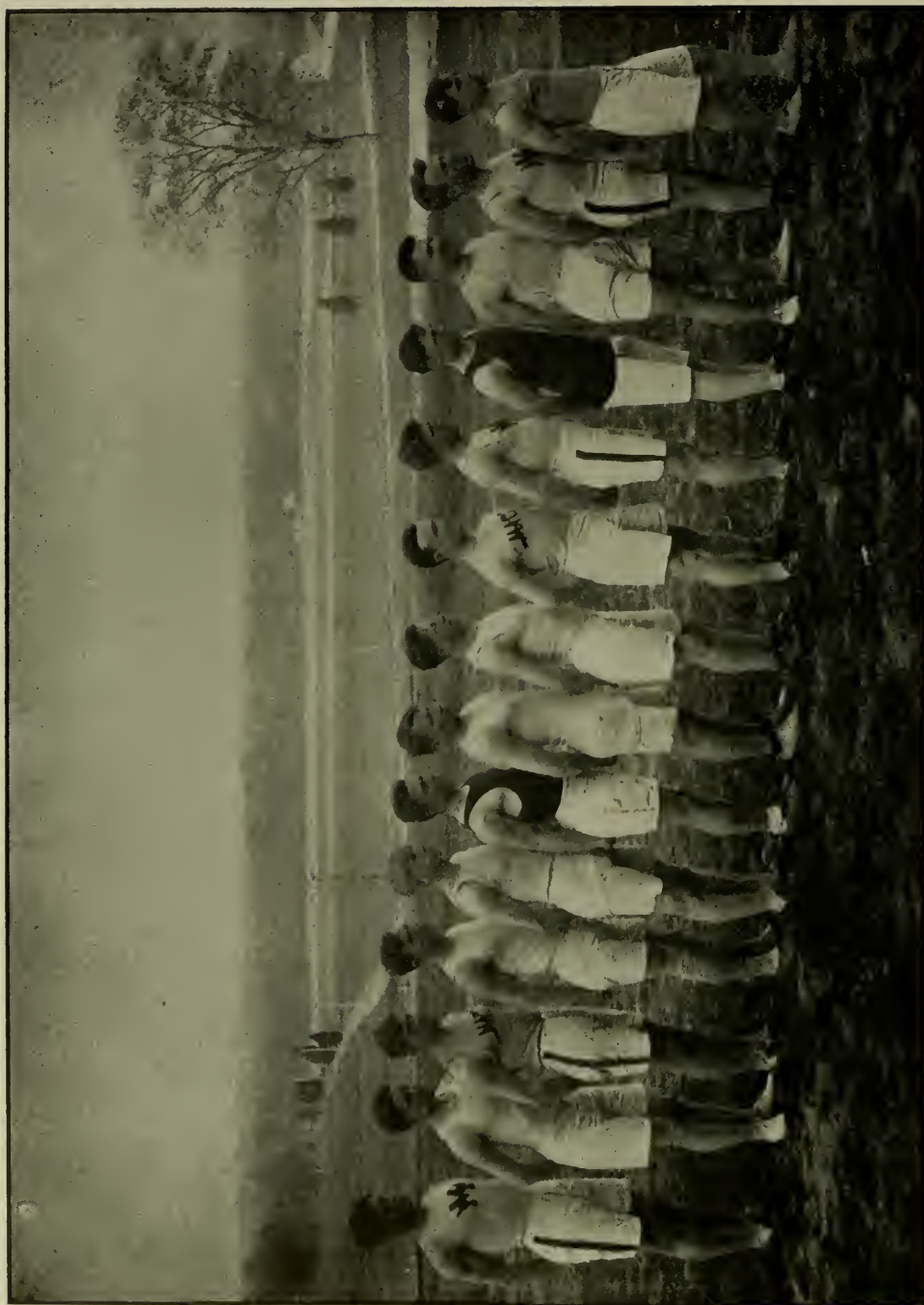
Relay team composed of Duckett, Branham, Morris, Kemp, won loving cups.

—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

Relay team composed of Duckett, Kemp, Morris, Augustus, won loving cups.

—Penn. Relay Carnival, Phila., Pa.





TRACK TEAM



## Lacrosse Team



**T**HE QUESTION has often been asked "What makes a college?" An institution of learning can have a very high course of study and not be a very great success, while another college, possibly deserving less praise, and honor, but having good athletics will grow in size and standing. Last year being the beginning of this new branch of athletics, Lacrosse, the team did not have a very great success. This year, however, having more and better material from which to pick the team, including several of last year's players, it showed up to a much better advantage, playing games with other teams which reflected real credit on the College. Altho not winning a long list of victories, lacrosse this season was without doubt a success because of the fact that we made a good showing when playing against some of the best teams of this section of the country.

Under the captaincy of Powell, and the efficiency of W. H. Mays the stick work gradually increased in quality as did also the team work.

O. R. Andrews, the Lacrosse Team manager, arranged the following schedule of games, some being away while others were played on the home grounds:

Balto. C. College on March 25.

University of Md. on April 8.

Balto. C. College on April 15.

Mt. Washington on May 6.

Carlisle Indian School on May 13.





LACROSSE TEAM



# Basketball Schedule



M. A. C.    OPPON.

Jan. 7, New York University, College Park, Md.....	7	25
Jan. 11, Gallaudet, Kendal Green .....	30	56
Jan. 26, Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.....	24	38
Jan. 27, Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va.....	17	46
Jan. 28, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.....	17	14
Jan. 31, Washington and Lee, Berwyn, Md. ....	24	29
Feb. 4, Delaware College, Newark, N. J.....	14	23
Feb. 11, Gallaudet, Berwyn, Md.....	27	54
Feb. 15, Georgetown, Washington, D. C.....	25	31
Feb. 18, Mt. St. Joseph, Berwyn, Md.....	22	20
Feb. 22, Catholic University, Berwyn, Md.....	35	32
Penn Military Academy, Chester, Pa.....	19	50

## Line-Up of Team

GOELTZ .....	<i>Forward</i>
WHITE .....	<i>Forward</i>
RUPERT, AUGUSTUS .....	<i>Center</i>
SHIPLEY ( <i>Capt.</i> ) .....	<i>Guard</i>
WOODWARD ( <i>Manager</i> ) .....	<i>Guard</i>
BINDER, MAYS .....	<i>Guard</i>





BASKETBALL TEAM

# Senior Banquet



## Menu

Oyster Cocktails.

Clam Chowder.

Planked Shad.

Stuffed Peppers

French Fried Potatoes

Asparagus

Salad a la Harvey

Ice Cream with Marachino Cherries

Coffee Demitoss

Cigars

Manhattan Cocktails

Port Wine

## Seniors Present

ANDREWS, SILVESTER, COBEY, DRACH, LITTLE, REESE, MUDD, KINGHORNE,  
STABLER, SMITH, GLASS, TRUE.

## Toasts

TOAST-MASTER, *L. M. Silvester.*

GLASS .....	<i>The Future Generation</i>
COBEY .....	<i>Southern Maryland</i>
REESE .....	<i>Prof. Stone</i>
STABLER .....	<i>Prof. Beckenstrater</i>
KINGHORNE .....	<i>The Confidences of a Lamp Post</i>
MUDD .....	<i>"A Vision"</i>
CLASS .....	<i>Jinricksha Transportation</i>





## Miss Lillian Irene Bomberger



**M**ISS BOMBERGER took charge of the College Hospital when we, the present Senior class, were Freshmen. She soon endeared herself to the student body by her constant and skilled attention to those who were placed under her care in time of sickness; by her kindly watchfulness over the general health of the cadets; and by her continual willingness to give advice to all who came to her for it.

Further, she is always ready for a social chat with any of her numerous friends in the cadet battalion, being heartily interested in their work and pleasures, and truly sympathizing in their trials. She loves to tell us of the many entertaining incidents and experiences that have fallen to her lot in the past, in connection with her chosen work.

May life's path be smooth, full of sunshine and strewn with roses, for Miss Bomberger, an efficient and faithful nurse—a true friend and advisor of the class of 1911.

May the students of the Maryland Agricultural College continue for many years to come to receive the benefits of her valuable services.







MISS LILIAN I. BOMBERGER



SIGNAL CORPS



EXPERIMENT STATION





## Agricultural Course

*"Agriculture is the nursing mother of the arts."*—Xenophon.

Dean of Course—Warner Taliaferro, A. B.

O. R. Andrews—Thesis: Influence of the size of the germ of corn upon the early and late root development, drought resistance and early plant growth.

E. A. Mudd—Thesis: Investigations of the Hog Industry in Maryland.

J. W. Kinghorne—Thesis: Production of Chickens and Eggs for Market.

If you have a sympathetic feeling for the cause of "Two Pigs where none ever squealed before," Two peaches where only oysters grew before and "Two birds" where before there were only plain "chickens," just take the trial of Prof. "Tolly," the So. Marylander, the Eastern Sho'man and the (Y)eggman some bright spring afternoon.

Say, "Baldy," just give those Exp. Sta. turrips and your rooting propensities a rest while you give us your plans for the development of Agriculture. And straightway "Baldy" launches into a glowing description of his prospective methods of advertising and selling certified eggs under the Kinghorne trademark, guaranteed 12 eggs to the dozen or 16 oz. to the pound.

List to "Puckum." The day is near at hand when "Pick Puckum's peaches" will have a monopoly of street car ad space. From every fruit stand, "Puckum's Maiden's Blush"—Peach will proclaim the wonders of the Eastern Sho'.

Just get Mudd started and you will soon be convinced that "F. F. M. Farm" Little Pig Sausage is destined to be the connecting "link" between Southern Maryland and prosperity.

May their dreams come true.



### Horticultural Course

A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits are grown.—Howres.

Dean of Course—C. P. Close, M. S.

“By the way.”

“What does this mean.”

P. R. Little—Thesis: Fall and Spring Planting of Vegetables.

J. K. Smith—Thesis: Nut Propagation.

H. Stabler—Thesis: Control of Drop on Greenhouse Lettuce.

The Horticultural Course is one that in importance stands near the head of the list for it treats of the wants and needs of the people. It embraces the cultivation of the Orchard, Garden, and Greenhouse. The products of these are adding more every year to the wealth and comfort of the people of the State of Maryland than they derive from any other one source.

When the Big Three of 1911 look back over their college days at M. A. C., some of their recurring thoughts will be, not how they toiled in the greenhouse or orchard, but how they would play a game of bluff upon Prof. B.—. Sometimes they would be successful, and again, he would bring them to a sudden halt when they would be reciting from their imagination by asking, “What are the words in the book.”

Some of the hardest work that was done in the study of the Apple, was in the cosy corner of a parlor in Baltimore, bisecting a choice specimen of a Grimes Golden with a Lady Assistant, when the cadet was supposed to be inspecting fruit at the Maryland Horticulture Society Show. Those of 1911 who have taken this course have put in some hard work during their college days, and will step off the Campus of M. A. C. well equipped to fight the bugs and diseases of plant life in the future and may prove a credit to their Alma Mater, and it is hoped that at least one of the three may develop into a “Burbank,” and be a Plant Wizard of the East. Thanks to Prof. Close and his corps of able assistants.





## Biological Course

Flowers are the beautiful heiroglyphics of nature with which she indicates how much she loves it.—Herve.

Dean of Course—J. B. S. Norton, M. S.

P. R. Barrows—Thesis: The Vitality of Seeds under Pathological Conditions.

'Tis a mid summer afternoon and the sun seems to have no pity on the little flowers that grow in the meadow. They hang their heads as if afraid to take a peep at the object which so cruelly throws its hot rays upon them. The plants are withered, the sand scorched, and not a leaf stirs from the friendly oak near by. The buttercup and daisy, the clover and the fern, all murmur in a soft, sad voice; look, over the horizon comes a cloud floating swiftly on the breezes. The leaves on the big oak began a little song as the wind playfully slaps them together.

Slowly and softly the drops of rain begin to fall; one by one the withered plants begin to revive; inch by inch the scorched sand is cooled; and once more the tiny brook begins its chatter as it swiftly rushes over its stony bed.

The butter cup and daisy, the clover and the fern, all whisper in a soft, sweet voice, as they lift their heads to drink the cool refreshing rain; but look, the sun is gone, and darkness quickly comes, the flowers bend their heads, and singing a sweet lullaby, all asleep.



## Chemical Course

Chemistry is a light which guides the manufacturer in utilizing the gifts of nature and without which he is surrounded, which makes his efforts mere guess work.—Plessner.

Dean of Course—H. B. McDonnell, M. S., M. D.

“That’s sufficient.”

“Who done dot.”

L. M. Silvester—Thesis: The Manufacture of Artificial Camphor.

J. C. Reese—Thesis: Distillation of Nitrogen and Nitrogen Determinations.

H. J. White—Thesis: The solubility of Phosphoric Acid in Fertilizing Compounds.

The Senior chemists at “work.” The one o’clock class bell rings and then the ten minute bell. Just as the Prof. has given up in despair, the three delinquents file in and dispose themselves in picturesque attitudes on the laboratory desks. What strange and weird chemical experiment can they be performing now, for they insert curious instruments into their mouths *dictu mirabile*, wreaths of blue smoke escape from their lips. This duty accomplished the work proceeds with commendable promptness. Reese goes into the balance room and while ostensibly weighing out samples, he cocks his feet up on the table and reads a popular magazine. Silvester leaps behind the door with a water bottle, and hearing footsteps approaching he drowns the intruder, who happens to be Prof. Stone. Unabashed he says “Excuse me, Prof., I thought that was Reese.” Thus taken by surprise, White pretends to be very busy but in his haste drops his dissicator on the floor and turns very red in the face.

Thus busy as the proverbial bee and improving each shining moment, the hours roll merrily by with the three jolly Chemists.



## Civil Engineering Course

A good engineer must be of inflexible integrity, sober, truthful, accurate, resolute, discreet, of cool and sound judgment, must have command of his temper, courage against intimidation, a firmness that is proof against solicitation or flattery, must be quick to the side, prompt to act, and fair and impartial as a judge on the bench.—Starling.

Dean of Course—T. H. Taliaferro, C. E., Ph. D.

“Hey there! Steady!

You must learn to take things step by step.”

D. W. Glass—Thesis: Analytical and Descriptive Methods of Designing Bridge Skew Connections.

C. C. Furniss—Thesis: Design of Pin Connected Pratt Highway Bridge.

T Davidson.

H. R. Devilbiss—Thesis: Drainage System of Portion of College Farm.

H. S. Cobey—

Problem: Traverse of aeroplane field with curved boundary by peg method, and calculation of volume of air above same by prismoidal formula.

Feb. 29, 1911. Time 24 hours, 10 seconds.

Party: Davidson—Chief boss and topographer.

Glass—Scribe, draftsman and abbeccator.

Furniss—Instrument adjuster and stake driver.

Devilbiss—Transit smasher and tape breaker.

Cobey—Rod carrier, podometer, and star gazer.



## Mechanical Engineering Course

*With busy Hammers closing rivers up.—Shakespeare.*

Dean of Course—Harry Gwinner, M. E.

“What is your question? Stop! All right.

Let’s see your problem. Right! Stuff!”

C. A. Chaney—Thesis: Treatment of Second Degree Equations, the Parabolic oval and Cubic Equations.

W. H. Mays—Thesis: Design of a Twenty-five Ton Electrical Overhead Traveling Crane.

L. G. True—Thesis: Key to Ostbourne’s Integral Calculus.

A. T. Sonnenberg—Thesis: Design and Detail of a Standard Railroad Turntable.

C. R. Drach—Thesis: Key to Wentworth’s Trigonometry.

Flower—Goldenrod.

Trademark—Anvil.

Flag—Black with white spots.

Lucky Star—Old Sol.

Song—The song of the Forge.

By words—All that are hot.

Mascot—Mack.

God of Fate—Vulcan.

Totem—Dragon.

Favorite poem—The Village Blacksmith.

Favorite book—Cambria Steel.

## Dictionary of College Terms



- Bugology—Zoology.  
Daylaborers—M. E. Students.  
Buzzards Roost—Top hall old building.  
Bomb—A “mutiny” signal.  
Bum—To borrow.  
Crib—An aid to memory to obtain unauthorized information.  
G. O. H.—Ask the rats.  
Funny Sheet—Delinquency report weekly of the list of demerits.  
To beat the list—Successful attempt at faking sickness.  
O. D.—“Commy’s” orderly.  
Orderly—O. D’s. valet.  
Stick—See Burn.  
Swell Head—Struck on promotion.  
Swipe—To borrow without authority.  
Dump—To throw a rat from his bed.  
Zip—A “10” without the “1.”  
Commy—See “Big Chief.”  
Doc Tolley—Dean of C. E. Course.  
Tolly—Dean of Agriculture Course.  
Becky—Prof. of the Horticulture Course.  
Boohoo—Vice President.  
Cab—President.  
Bommy—Prof. of English and Civics.  
Chas. S.—Prof. of Oratory.  
Marian—Prof. of Electrical Engineering.  
Der Catze Fischer—Dean of M. E. Course.  
Packup—Prof. Crisp.  
Skirt—A young lady.  
Burn—See report.  
Wigwaggers—Signal corps men.  
Big Chief—Commandant.  
Bingo—Target.



Bluff—An attempt to make a "10."

Kittenfish—Assistant to "Cat."

Confinements—Hours of rest.

Tours—Systematic recreation.

List—Refuge of the overworked.

Cits—Forbidden garment to M. A. C. cadets.

Cannonballs—Sophomore energy utilizer.

Drown—A concentrated shower from a clear sky.

Explanation—Experiment on the elasticity of truth.

Report—Scorch.

Fire—See ship.

Ship—To send to sea without a clearance.

Fried eggs—Something M. A. Caesars only have eight times in a week and once on Sunday.

Mess Hall—The Adjutant's auditorium; the major's throne room; the watchman's "den;" Rossbourg Cafe.

Chapel—The Zodiac sanitarium; Y. M. C. A. auditorium; the faculty's reception salon; M. A. C.'s ball room and dancing hall; Chas. S's. rainy day class room; College temple of oratory and debate; Senior's drill hall; Junior's class room; short course lecture room.

Scorch—See wax.

Wife—One's room mate.

Condition—Sign of a negative state of affairs.

Rat meeting—An illegal reception at which the guests do the entertaining tho the hosts serve refreshments.

Pullets—In evidence of the poultry school.

Queen—The belle of the ball.

Wax—See stick.



## Appropriate Quotations



### Sophomores

- Albert—Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.—Gay.
- Augustus—His popularity is only exceeded by his good looks.—Walton.
- Ames—A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.—Shakespeare.
- Bierman—Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.—Pope.
- Blankman—This is the Jew (that Shakespeare drew).—Pope.
- Barnes—Honest labor bears a lovely face.
- Crapster—In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.—Pope.
- Binder—An obstinate man does not hold opinions but they hold him.
- Demarco—His tongue could make the worse appear the better reason.—Shakespeare.
- Davis—This peck of troubles.—Cervantes.
- Frere—Oh hour of all hours,  
Most blessed hour of our dinners.—Shakespeare.
- Hatton—Content's a kingdom, and I wear the crown—
- Hull—A good crier of green sauce.—Rabelais.
- Griffin—All nature wears one universal grin.—Fielding.
- Koehler—If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!—Dix.
- Mayfield—And had a face like a blessing.—Cervantes.
- Merrick—Were I a nightingale I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan.—Epictetus.
- Morse—A decent boldness ever meets with friends.—Pope.
- Newman—Subject to a disease called lack of money.—Rabelais.
- Powell—I begin to smell a rat.—Cervantes.
- Robinson—Scampering as if the Devil drove.—Rabelais.
- Russell—For he by geometric scale could take the size of pots of ale.  
And wisely tell the time of day the clock does strike by Algebra.—Huidibras.
- Trax—The public weal requires that men should betray and massacre.—Montaigne.
- Ridout—Life is as serious a thing as death.—Bailey.
- White—Often a cock loft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high.—Fuller.

Shepherd—He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief.—Clarendon.

Reichard—Knowledge is the only fountain both of love and of the principles of human liberty.—Daniel Webster.

Baldwin—A youth was there of quiet ways

A student of old books and days.—Longfellow.

Smedley—Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.—Colman.

Hillegeist—A flower is sold which working out its way.

Fretted into the pigmy body to decay

And o'er informed the tenement of Clay.—Dryden.

Reubert—Frank, hasty and rash the Rupert of the game.—Daniel Webster.

Williams, T.—A gentle dullness ever loves a joke.—Pope.

Healey—He is such an aggressive, cocksure u-b-damned fellow.

Greenberg—In his conversation confidence has a greater share than wit.

Munnikhuysen—A name unmusical in the Volscian's ears.—Shakespeare.

## Freshman

Branham—He is as mad as a March hare.—Cervantes.

Crew—Disperse these clouds with melancholy looks.—Kyd.

Deeley—Children should be seen and not heard.—Cobey.

Edwards—I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.—Rabelais.

Fletcher—It's only in society that a man's powers come into full play.

Ford—I'll be merry and free

I'll be sad for naebody.

Hamilton, F.—And must I work? Oh, what a waste of time

Jeff.—There is a laughing Devil in his sneer.—Byron.

Lathorum—The Devil was sick—the Devil a monk would be;

The Devil was well—the Devil a monk was he.—Rabelais.

Lednum—High balls, low balls, fast balls, slow balls,—a handler of baseballs.

Lyons—I'm it; who are you?

O'Neal—Good enough as times go; but times are slow.

Coster—He needs must go where the Devil drives.—Shakespeare.

Gray, J. B.—Little bodies have great souls—Proverb.

Gray, R. T.—The lot of man, to suffer and to die—Pope.

Rasmussen—For he who lives to please must please to live.—Johnson.

Rogers—The beautiful blockhead ignorantly read with loads of learned lumber in his head.

Ritter—Lest men suspect your tale untrue,

Keep probability in view.—Gay.

Robinson, C.—Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.—Terrence.

Raborg—No where so busy a man there was and yet he seemed busier than he was.—Chaucer.

Truitt—True it is there is nothing in a name.  
 Williams, E. P.—The mildest manners with the bravest mind.—Pope.  
 Williams, R. C.—Go! Fair example of untainted youth.  
     Of modest wisdom and pacific truth.—Pope.  
 White—May justice guide your feet.—Hipparchus.  
 Worch—On what meat does this our Ceasar feed that he is grown so great—Shakespeare.

### Sub-freshman

Roberts—Content thyself and do not trouble me—Kyd.  
 Tull—Man forsooth is a marvelous vain, fickle, and unstable subject.—Montaigne.  
 Steel—The measure of life is not length, but honesty.—Proverb.  
 Pennington—Content to follow when we lead the way.—Pope.  
 Brown—Let all things be done decently and in order.  
 Buchwald—'Tis pleasure sure to see one's name in print.—Byron.  
 Hook.—For never, never wicked man was wise.—Pope.  
 Myers.—A faultless body and a blameless mind.—Pope.  
 McKenna—When I become a man I will put away childish things.  
 Wallace—He had a face like a benediction.—Cervantes.  
 Pierson—Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he will ask you the number of steps.—Jerrold.  
 Frazee—Who never knew salt nor heard the billows roar.—Pope.  
 McKenny—He trudged along unknowing what he sought,  
     And whistled as he went for want of thought.—Dryden.  
 Kefauver—The gloomy calm of idle vacancy.  
 Massey—He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.—Pope.  
 Todd—Even a single hair casts its shadow.  
 Brosius, E.—A virtuous and well governed youth.  
 Blundon—Divinely tall and most divinely fair.—Tennyson.  
 Brosius, B.—Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.—Pope.  
 Carpenter—A closed mouth catches no flies—Cervantes.  
 Hamilton, A.—A babe in the house is a wellspring of pleasure.—Tupper.  
 Gray, T. D.—His ample presence fills up all the place.—Pope.  
 Irving—Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is.  
 Shipley—Oh it is excellent to have the strength of a giant.—Shakespeare.  
 Ames—The windy satisfaction of the tongue.  
 Levin—I am a Jew, hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—Shakespeare.  
 Mays—And thou art long and lank and brown  
     As the ribbed sea sang.—Coleridge.  
 Stevens—Surely this is an unsophisticated youth.  
 Clark—Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.





FRESHMAN CLASS



Wilson—A very gentle heart and a good conscience.—Shakespeare.  
 Armstrong—A proper man as we shall meet in a summer's day.—Shakespeare.  
 Lears—Too civil by half.—Sheridan.

### Preparatory Class

Caceres—First in the fight and every graceful deed.—Pope.  
 Caldwell—Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges.—Rabelais.  
 Conner—The villany that I am taught I will execute.—Shakespeare.  
 Colborn, C. }  
 Colborn, W. } Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.—Shakespeare.  
 Hay—A finished man—and the sun is still shining.  
 Hebbel, E.  
 Hebbel, J.

Looking as like as one green pea does another—Rabelais.

Lakin—Thought the moon was made of green cheese.—Rabelais.  
 Lepper—He always looked a given horse in the mouth.—Epictetus.  
 Morris—Why do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod—Rabelais.  
 O'denhall—A bamboo rod split half way up the middle.  
 Renjel—A very unclubable man.—Johnson.  
 Ritter—Multum in parvo.  
 Sanford—Whos cockloft is yet unfurnished—Rabelais.  
 Smith—He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.  
 Villaroel—He was so generally civil but nobody thanked him for it.—Johnson.  
 Wigham—A man I am crossed with adversity—Shakespeare.  
 White—The woods are full of them—Wilson.

Let down the curtain; the farce is done—Rabelais.



# Bulletin Board

## ADS WANTED.



Wanted—A policeman for library to prevent books from slipping thru doors when some one passes out. Note—a special guard for book of Briefs is greatly needed.

Wanted—An interest in a tobacco firm.—Tom Davidson.

Wanted—A chance for an argument. Mudd please note.—Glass.

Lost—A bayonet, a string and a green, pine pole at one thirty A. M. Mar. 14, 1911. Finder is welcome to keep same.—The Unsuccessful Pantry Robbers.

Wanted—A noiseless carpet.—Room 38, O. B.

Wanted—A lease on the Chemical Lab.—“Prof.” Reese.

Wanted—A guide—M. A. C. night walkers.

Wanted—1st Data for Reveille; 2nd time to collect it; 3d stenographer and typewriter to prepare it for the press.—Editor-in-Chief.

Wanted—Time to harvest ads.—Bus. Mgr.

Wanted—An artist—Sophomores.

Wanted—Fried eggs for breakfast.—Student Body.

Lost—Write-up of Senior Banquet—Wash. Post.

Lose your pencil? You’ll be sure to find it in No. 3.

Wanted—A keyring— the Quarter Master.

Wanted—An orderly with a Morris Chair.—The O. D.

Wanted—News for the Triangle—Editor-in-Chief.

Wanted—A gun and side arms—Drach.

Wanted—An Arbor Day—Battalion.

Wanted—Senior co-operation—Cadet Major.

Lost—The Tennis team—M. A. C. Photographer.

Wanted—Writeu, Triangle—Glee Club.

Lost—One Blundon—somewhere in a khaki hat. Finder will please return to Day Students’ room.

Wanted—A few privileges—Junior Class.

Wanted—A constitution for establishing an oligarchy.—Soph. Class.

Wanted—A bus for May Ball organization—Junior Class.

Wanted—A shirt and coat—Trimble.

Wanted—A chauffeur—Commy.

Lost—Six chickens—Dr. McDonnell.

Lost—The Senior Class—S. U. B.



## Senior Melange



ONCE upon a bright spring day the jolly (Dutchman) was taking the (Preacher) for a ride in his (Red) wheel (Barrow) to see his (Sister) when they rolled on to the (Big Chef) who was trying to (Cator) to the (Major's) taste by taking him an immense tray full of (Good rich) Indian (Mays), fried (Chicken) and stuffed (Wills on Glass) which the (Devil) had just cooked on his (Furniss). The conglomeration which resulted from the upset in the (Mudd)y road was not conducive of their (Speake)ing kindly to each other.

(Puckum), who had been watching the tangled state of affairs, dispatched the (Sprinter) for (Baldy) but he could not be found, as he was on guard at 15th and G for his affinity. In the meantime the (Preacher) was seized with (Hick)ups and Henry who happened to be rambling by at once chased off (An drew) water for him (At well) of (Chaney.) (John) the soldier now arrived upon the scene and drowned the uproar with his (Camp bell).

Things soon became (Stabler) however and the (Chef) immediately put out for the shop of (Keller) the (Smith) to get his broken (Glass) mended, while the wheel barrow party stopped to rest in a nearby field of (White Herb)s of the (Horne King) variety. There they came across (Lindsay) trying to comfort (Pop) by telling him that there were yet (Lyons) in the Washington jungles to be caught; that he should not allow one (Little) disappointment to mar his whole life, but take (Jacob) for an example, who has served 14 years for his (Lucie.)





## Result of Senior Election



Most popular man—Tie; each man voted for himself.

Most dignified Student—Cobey.

Biggest grind—Smith

Most Diplomatic—Duke.

Marathon Runner—Chaney.

Best Natured—Dutchman.

Biggest Kicker—Glass.

Biggest Liar—Abe.

Greatest Success.—Gene.

Class Heavy-weight—Lindsay.

Best Poker Player—Puckum.

Latest to Lectures—Barrows.

Champion Smoker—Tom.

Most popular with Fair Sex—Devil.

Biggest eater—Stabler.

Most worried man—Drach.

Cutest man—Pop.

Star boarder—Baldy.

Man with the biggest pipe—Reese.

Most Modest—Mays.

Homeliest Man—White.



# Around the Camp Fire



New Recruit:—Please sir, I have a splinter in my hand.  
Sergeant:—What have you been doing, rubbing your head?

o oOo o

Mrs. N.:—They tell me your son is on the college football eleven.  
Mrs. B.:—Yes, indeed.  
Mrs. N.:—Do you know what position he plays?  
Mrs. B.:—I ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.

o oOo o

Doctor:—Are you feeling ill? Let me seen your tongue.  
Cadet:—What's the use? No tongue can tell how bad I feel.

o oOo o

"We men who have to toil for money," sighted the college youth, passing his hand wearily across his forehead.

This was too much for his hard working friend. "Toil for money!" he shouted, "When have you done a stroke of work in your life? I thought you got all your money from your father."

"I do," sighed the youth, "But do you happen to know father?"

o oOo o

Uncle Eben:—De real resourceful man is de one who, when someone hands him a lemon, he's ready wif de sugar an' oder fixin's to make it tol'able easy to take.

o oOo o

Prof. G——: Mr. D——, What is steam?  
Cadet D——: Er—— Er----- Steam is water gone crazy with the heat.

o oOo o

Prof. R——: Mr. J——, What is the meaning of the word procrastinate?  
J——: To put off.  
Prof. R——: Right. And now use it in an original sentence.  
J——: The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.

o oOo o

He put his arm around her waist,  
And placed upon her lips a kiss;  
"I've sipped" he said, "From many a cup,  
"But never from a mug like this."



## Diary



**T**HE GOOD ship 1911 cleared from Port *Heureux ete a-la-maison* on Sept. 15th, 1910, with papers granting right of entry at all ports in M. A. C. Barracks; and authorizing supreme right of police on the high seas thereof. Sailed at high noon under a lucky star, with a fair wind, clear sky, and gently rolling sea.

Hereat beginneth the log for a nine months voyage, to serve as an unerring chronicle for the use of whom it may concern.

Sept. 15th.—Uproar and confusion. Old boys piling in and everybody relating their summer experiences. Rats creeping around like Georgia Crackers in New York, or lying about under the trees snuffling over letters from home. Fellows consigned to classes. First Sergeants make out company rolls.

Sept. 16th.—First senior class meetings. Maj. Mudd gives us a lecture on the responsibility of Seniors. "Doc. Tolly" informs the Seniors that they must get down to work. Rat wants to know when the elevator is going up. The rodents still swarming in. Major and Captains in a dilemma to know where to stow them.

Sept. 17th.—Companies formed. Lots of squabbling between A and B companies. Great conglomeration in the barracks all the evening. Everybody moves at once. No sooner were the weary nomads in their beds than they were all called up and hustled into chapel when an "imitation Easter egg hunt" was instituted, lasting into the wee sma' hours of the morning. But by the aid of Clark's cakes and McKenna's singing, we managed to pass away the time.

Sept. 18th.—O. D. Smith makes himself a hero by a special act of bravery. First Y. M. C. A. meeting tonight in chapel. Large attendance. John C. leads in the singing. A few fellows really begin to study today.

Sept. 19th.—"Cab" gives his first spiel in chapel this year. Drill. Teaching rats the manual of arms. Villarroel shows us how they do it in South America, and Burch, how they do it in Washington High School. Another Senior class meeting. Big discussion over the division of the spoils of "Senior graft." Lindsay gets generous and offers to turn in half his "poster profits."

Sept. 20th.—Everybody getting broken in and things running smoothly. Another Senior class meeting.

Sept. 21st.—First broom fight between the rats in the different companies. Rats

mysteriously lose brooms after the fight is over. A Co. starts rough house, but the O. C. is on his job. Meeting of Rossbourg Club. Burns elected President. Another Senior class meeting. Seniors decide that the unlicensed Hebrew merchant who attempted to peddle without their authority must make them a present of half of his profits.

Sept. 22nd.—Y. M. C. A. reception. Very enjoyable occasion, most of the faculty present. A few of the students decided to go on watermelon party instead, consequently the alley became so slippery that the O. C. experienced some difficulty in making inspection.

Sept. 23rd.—Typical and uneventful day. Which includes, of course, Senior Class meeting.

Sept. 25th.—Sunday. Fire day. Everybody goes to church except those who went to town last night—they find it more profitable to sleep. “Commy” gives Seniors a lecture on discipline after morning Inspection. Ice cream for dinner. Hear we are to get it fortnightly all the year. Naturally great rejoicing. How can the College afford to be so extravagant?

Sept. 26th.—Much interest is being shown in football practice. Athletic meeting held after supper. Silvester chosen chairman of same. Immediately gets to work getting up spirit in the new students. “Abe” elected chief rooter.

Sept. 27th.—First game. Beat Central High School twelve to zip. Rats just learning how to root but do well. Prospects for an excellent football team.

Sept. 28th.—Football coach does not show up today, but football practice goes on as usual. Apple orchard raided. Band gets very busy practicing. The Governor has asked them to play at Hancock. “Commy” informs Drach that it would be a good idea for him to get his gun and go to drill, but Drach does not think it would be well for his constitution.

Sept. 29th.—“Gene” starts a Savings Bank in 43. Becomes special agent of Andrews Paper Co. to M. A. C. students. The Major says it is a money making proposition. Everybody getting down to hard work. Lacrosse team organized.

Sept. 30th.—Blue Monday. Everybody gets a question when he thought it was not his turn to be called on and rings up a zip. O. D. puts the screws on and reels off a long delinquency sheet.

Oct. 1st.—Sophomores got industrious last night and proceeded to decorate the buildings and campus with shocks of corn, gasoline barrels, flower pots, signs, and all other movable objects within their reach. Seniors promptly inform them that it would be expedient to undo the damage. Needless to say they took all day at it.

Oct. 2nd.—Typical Sunday at M. A. C. Student body sleep, eat, visit each other and read Sunday papers. Many go out walking in afternoon, and pay their respects to the swimming pool.

Oct. 3-6.—Accidents will happen. Lost notes on these days out of my pocket while swimming in Paint Branch. Being light they floated, but before I could recover them, a mullet came along and swallowed them. Am preserving the mullet, however.

Oct. 7th.—Mass meeting in chapel. Prof. Richardson starts the ball rolling.



THE HOSPITAL



THE LIBRARY



ACROSS THE CAMPUS

Great enthusiasm as each member of the football team tells us how he is going to "win or die." Seniors take advantage of good humor of student body and have great success with their Senior grafts during the remainder of evening.

Oct. 8th.—Rain, Rain! Nevertheless, half the school accompanies the team to Baltimore. Open bleachers—cold driving rain. Does not dampen the spirits of M. A. C. rooters, however. Team play fine game. Score 11—11. M. A. C. does Baltimore and returns home on the midnight train.

Oct. 9th.—More rain.

Oct. 10th.—First company drill for rats. Very much pleased, and in their enthusiasm, are careful to make all mistakes possible. Football team gets into trouble, but Posey plays the hero and saves them from getting "stuck."

Oct. 11th.—Novelty of drill wearing off. Lots of fellows try to beat the list. "You dad burned scamps." Dancing lessons as usual tonight. Business not so good as last year. Many of the rats already skilled in the Terpsichorean art.

Oct. 12th.—Uniforms arrive. See the rats strut. Corporal Albert officially recognized as the living megaphone through which students make known their wants.

Oct. 13th.—Lucky day. Most everybody makes a ten. Even the Seniors in Graphic Statics manage to ring up one or two between them. Peach pie for dinner. Hash for supper—John C.'s favorite dish.

Oct. 14th.—Cadet Clark and several other members of the Glee Club while warbling harmoniously at the foot of the steps are unceremoniously "drowned" by a disinterested audience in the peanut gallery.

Oct. 15th.—Catholic University team paid us a visit today, but were sent home with a score of 21—0. We were glad of this revenge for the big baseball score they rolled up against us last spring.

Oct. 16th.—The gelatin for desert today came in liquid form. We could not have kicked against that if it had only been served in glasses instead of saucers. Rogers mixes strap with his and goes after it with a piece of bread.

Oct. 17th.—The first battalion drill of the season. Major waxes enthusiastic over the military ability of the non-coms and scatters taffy. Kinghorne cracked another joke of the usual bum variety and everybody laughed—to keep peace with the diplomat.

Oct. 18th.—The Hebbel twins arrive, and are at once taken under the loving care of the G. O. H. One of them parts his hair on one side, and the other on the other side that we may tell them apart. They are lodged on the band hall, across from the Colborn brothers. We will soon have a whole company of "Aggielettes."

Oct. 19th.—M. A. C. 6, George Washington, 0. We are making the other colleges sit up and take notice. "Abe" True also led a loyal drove of rooters on to victory. Georgetowners merely worked their jaws.

Oct. 20th.—Everybody's vocal cords on the sick list but "Abe's." But why should it be otherwise, is he not a son of the Grecian Gods, able to stand more than ten average men? How about it, Goeltz?

Oct. 21st.—Rain last night. Battalion was drilled thru mud by Mudd, who him-



self kept out of the mud. Nevertheless, we were all *Mudd, E.* Incidentally, Clark gave vent to some classic cuss words about the ruining of his patent leather pumps. The "Duke" found an excuse to wear a second pair of noisy-colored socks today. Rather a flimsy excuse tho, wasn't it Paul?

Our first Rossbourg dance comes off tonight, supper at 5.30. Everybody wants to be excused from the mess hall to catch his car. The Major gets "rasty," calls the battalion to attention, and commands, "All those who don't want to eat, please leave the room." He then has the Adjutant entertain us with the O. D.'s latest literary productions.

Oct. 22nd.—Reveille—no O. C.—, no Seniors. David Glass and Roland Devilbiss declare that the benches in Union Station feel very comfortable at 3:00 A. M. Everybody is sleepy in class today.

Oct. 23rd.—Lieut. Oswald H. Saunders, U. S. A., made a strong address at the Y. M. C. A. tonight. We are all glad to have our dear old Major with us again. Several members of the fair sex were present.

Oct. 24th.—A refractory canine took possession of A Co. hall at taps tonight, and it required the united efforts of the O. D., O. C., watchman, and laundryman to dislodge him; yet the Battalion peacefully snored thru the fracas. They are too accustomed to "things that pass in the night" to be awakened by a mere "noise."

Oct. 25th.—Mudd gets busy with the guano again. The young plants recommend to each other a shower bath, as an effective cleanser and sweetening rain.

Lindsay tells his Company to "Gee up!" and commands the fractious horse to "Forward, Ho!"

Oct. 26th.—The first team is practicing hard for the game on Friday with Washington College. The number of students now enrolled is 120. John C. Reese, now "professor," is doing finely as assistant chemist and laboratory instructor for Sophomores. He has applied to "Commy" to be excused from drill, but the Big Chief says "No go!"

Oct. 27th.—Being called on for a current topic this morning, Raymond reported that he "had one up his sleeve for two weeks, but had forgot it now." "Sonny" arose and casually remarked that the Panama Canal should be fortified. H. Roland entertained us with a bit of "News" from last Saturday's American, while in the meantime Glass was reading up a current topic with one eye and translating "Deutch," by means of the other. "Bommy's" right wing peacefully snoring.

Oct. 28th.—An intensely exciting game with Washington College. The team keeps up its record of victories, making the final score Washington College, 0, M. A. C. 5. When the W. C. team came into the mess hall we tried to boost their fallen spirits with some lusty cheers.

Oct. 29th.—The second team played Baltimore Polytechnic today. Were defeated 2 to 0, altho they put up an excellent game. The Chronologist (that's me) has just been over to the Infirmary for some dope. He also received an ample supply in linguistic form from Miss B——.

Oct. 30th.—The dessert today was abundant in quantity but the flavor appeared



only on the bill-of-fare. As that also was imaginary, the tapioca went begging and the cadets made an assault on the bread and strap.

Oct. 31st.—Nature is storing up energy in her youth. Brain storms are brewing. Vague whispers are in the air. There is the hush of pent-up passions. Profs. shake their heads and look wise.

Nov. 1st.—Had an awful nightmare last ———. Oh no! you're right. It was Hallowe'en. The Seniors stood on their dignity and staid at home. The Sophs tried to impress the fact of their existence upon Washington population while still remaining an unknown quantity to the "cops." The lower classes paraded the Park 'Dale, and 'Ville. A few bold adventurers braved the 'Burg, and managed to drop anchor at M. A. C. by daylight.

Nov. 2nd.—Yesterday's storm of Zips has slightly abated. The Sophs. are making their first hydrogen. "Albert's" flask exploded. "We want more noise."

Nov. 3rd.—A rainy day. "Commy" instructs the Seniors in patrol duty. The non-coms have their first experience in drilling the companies. Gelatin for dessert again. After trying in vain to eat this rubber-like substance, the fellows have a little game of pitch and catch.

Nov. 4th.—Snow. Snow at reveille—— Formation inside. Snow at drill—— drill in halls. Snow in evening—"Who's going to the store after supper?"—Silence.

Nov. 5th.—Rainy day, with everyone in corresponding rainy-day spirits. O. D. raining sticks and Profs. raining zips. Herb White busts a retort and Henry smashes some clay apples. Gallaudet game had to be called off because of the rain.

Nov. 6th.—Oysters for supper. Haas performs the remarkable feat of consuming 5 large bowls of the bivalves, and then tops off with a couple of fried eggs sent in by Charlie. It's strange how some people can eat so much protein.

Nov. 7th.—Remarkable event, unparalleled in the annals of M. A. C. All Seniors were present at 8.15 class formation. The Major voices his hearty congratulations. Have we turned over a new leaf? Alas! It is but an accident.

Nov. 8th.—This is election day—a Holiday. The vote in Room 43 goes Democratic as a matter of course, and the Major gets mobbed for being a Republican. The band with a contingent of M. A. Caesars following, goes on an electioneering tour for J. Enos Ray in the 'Dale, 'Ville, 'Burg, and District Line. Enos makes them a speech, treats them to soft drinks, and pays their way back to college with a "five plunker."

Nov. 9th.—Democratic Landslide! All Democratic sympathizers lengthen their hat bands and start bum arguments with each other. "J. Keller" and "Devil" sit back and look on.

Nov. 10th.—Bradshaw, (Doubtfully)—Captain, will you sign this request, please, sir?

"Commy"—Where are you going, Mr. Bradshaw?

Bradshaw, (earnestly)—To see a lady friend.

"Commy"—Nothing doing, Mr. Bradshaw.

Nov. 11th.—The Battalion makes a hasty descent upon the car station after break-

fast for the purpose of digesting the same (the breakfast, I mean) and incidentally to give the team a send-off on their Southern trip.

O. C. "Lev" has an evening visitor which he shows over the barracks, taking especial care to show him "His office," on the left at entrance of the Old Barracks.

Nov. 12th.—"Gene" hustles off as usual, at reveille to feed his "thesis" (*Ooick, ooick, Guff, guff, We-e-e-e-e*).

A great prize fight on the front portico today. "Eazy" Martz comes off victor, and is proclaimed one of America's greatest pugilists.

Nov. 13th.—The team is back from Virginia. The Southern trip was not all success, and M. A. C. met her Waterloo on the fields of an old rival, V. M. I. Score, 8—0. Williams, R. C., and the Gray trio took their usual Sunday morning walk to the 'Ville. Pres. Glass led the Y. M. C. A. in his usual forceful manner.

Nov. 14th.—Cobey is taking the rest cure in "Loafers Retreat." We find that peach trees are not the only things that can have the "yellows." John C. forgets to go to German, at 1:45, but meanders over to the chemical lab instead. "Boohoo" sends the orderly after him. He kids Johnnie in his usual sarcastic way about his "hobby."

Nov. 15th.—John C. again. He finds Dr. "Mac's" lectures soothing. When asked a question, he awakes with a start, gives the right answer, and returns to the land of nod. Baseball manager Devilbiss is rounding up a good schedule.

Nov. 16th.—The football squad is practicing for the game on Saturday. It looks bad for St. John's. Mass meeting tonight, at which Chas. S. waxes eloquent and sets the students on fire with enthusiasm. No Revival meeting was ever more successful. Everyone declared that St. John's was already beaten.

Nov. 17th.—The Senior Class spends much time in a long and wordy debate, the most forceful gusts coming from the "Lawyer," while our long headed Major hurls forth the arguments of a sage. But the point under consideration has long been lost to view. The secretary closes his book in disgust. At the first note of taps "Abe" declares the meeting adjourned, and the sub-division inspectors scamper off to see that all are in. A typical class meeting.

Nov. 18th.—Prof. Creese laughs. The latest reports indicate that his countenance is uninjured. "Commy" keeps the orderly on the run. Lectures O. D. about having formations inside when there is no falling weather. "Sonny" skips drill as usual. Mudd comes on as O. D. All Seniors lock their doors. I wonder why? "Duty, gentlemen, is higher than friendship."

Nov. 19th.—Fort Conley deserted. Everybody off for Annapolis. Twenty fellows started out to walk thereto, under the guidance of the "Rooster," who pursued the same course as the boy that followed his nose. After making a ten mile circuit, they chased off at a tangent at midnight, passed Bowie on the wing, and landed in a swamp. Several of the less sturdy pedestrians had fallen by the wayside but the rest pushed on, and by daybreak saw them at Annapolis.

Sleep, sleep, sweet, sweet sleep.



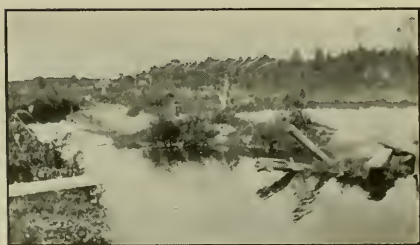
THE FLAG WE ALL SALUTE



A SCENE NEAR COLLEGE



PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE



THE SWIMMING POOL



ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE

At ten-thirty the game began. Alas! St. John's worked their hoodoo again. Score, 6—0.

Nov. 20th.—All still and gloomy on college hill. The leaves on the ginkgo tree all decided to fall at once, on precisely the same day and hour as they did the year preceding.

Nov. 21st.—Messrs. Stabler and Self's apple storehouse raided. Henry enters at crucial moment, takes vigorous measures, then beats it for the O. D.'s office. "Commy" hands out a 10—10 each to the miscreants.

Cobey and Devilbiss are given a problem in structural design.

Prof. Beatty instructs the Senior Class as to the enormous size of a cow's abdomen.

Nov. 22nd.—Coby and Devilbiss work the problem. Devilbiss copies up problem and turns over to Cobey to copy for himself.

Nov. 23.—Doctor "Mac." still absent. Great rejoicing among chemical students. Broughton comes in Walter's room at reveille. "Get up, Mays, don't you know you are O. D.?" Cobey also forgets to arise in time to copy up problem. He writes after Devilbiss' name, "And Cobey," and hands in the problem.

Nov. 24th.—Because of the excellent record of the students this fall, the trustees decide to give a Thanksgiving Holiday. Home, Sweet Home. Oh, you pumpkin pie.

Turkey and cranberries, mince pie with *brandy* for those who did not go home. W. M. C. 17, M. A. C. 3. This is the last game of the season, and the team promptly breaks training and proceeds to do Westminster. The dignified Westminsterites hold up their hands in holy horror.

Nov. 25th.—How pleasant it is to sleep, to eat, to loaf, and perchance to sleep again, at heart's desire, for those poor humans who needs must jump and act at eight and twenty bugle calls a day.

Nov. 26th.—Everybody went to town.

O, you twenty-five cent matinee!

Nov. 27th.—Most everybody is back on time at 7:30, lest "Commy" execute his dire threat of arrest. Everybody brings with him a suit case of "eats" and the best of all is a Charles county sausage, says "Speakeasy."

Nov. 28th.—Cold and clear. "Commy" tries to make up for lost time, by drilling the battalion at double time. Fine practice for a marathon. Everybody enjoys it, including the Signal Corps, who stand by and look on.

Nov. 29th.—Cadet Powell waxes poetic:

Put on your old gray bonnet

With the M. A. C. on it,

Hook on your side-arms—take your gun;

We'll go out on the campus

And we will have a little rampus

For our double time "Commy's" fun.

Lieut. Glass, the senior business prodigy, has been directed by the class to take



charge of the June Ball. He at once races off to the green house and orders an acre of sweet peas planted for decorations.

Nov. 30th.—More double time. "Senator" Drack makes another business trip to town, presumably to purchase articles for the use of his gang in the commissary dep't, but it is rumored that he is also a customer of Bailey's on Seventh St. Professor Gwinner in structural design: Mr. Devilbiss, take hold of this—here, and you, Mr. Cobey, here. Gentlemen, the paper is worth six. I shall credit each of you three.

Dec. 1st.—Thermometer went down to zero last night, and several radiators were frozen. The coffee urn was frozen—no coffee for breakfast. Keller dreamed that he had discovered the North Pole. The Glee Club held another meeting tonight. Need we state that they had A Co. hall to themselves before they finished the first selection.

Dec. 2nd.—Raymond got up this morning before Chapel. Surely we will have a blizzard. Rifle Club organized. Chaney elected Captain; Koehler, secretary.

Dec. 3rd.—"Shush" shows his usual fervent interest in chapel exercises. Cobey gets locked in M. E. building, and comes out of the window. O. D. slips in the side door of the basement, surprising the guard. Of course, everybody is walking, and nobody gets burnt.

Dec. 4th.—(Diary Keeper's wife is O. D. today, so he is peacefully sleeping). J. K. S., O. D.

Dec. 5th.—Smith, J. K., has a chance to display his executive ability at the Horticultural Show in Baltimore. Salary \$000.00. He thinks it a good beginning.

Dec. 6th.—"Bommy" informs the Seniors that he does not lecture for the express purpose of putting the class to sleep, and that Economics is not intended for a lullaby. The Seniors are very much surprised.

Dec. 7th.—The Senior chemists visit a gas plant in Washington. Bugler Smith suggests that they could find one nearer home in the Engineering building. "Lots of gas," he says, "Hot air always on tap."

Dec. 8th.—"Commy" paints a big sign and tacks it over the O. D.'s door. "No cadets allowed in this room except the O. D. and Orderly." Seniors indignant at losing their club-house.

Dec. 9th.—Prof. Richardson hears the calls of hogs, chickens and other barnyard inhabitants in his classroom. Opens the door. "All you hogs, chickens, &c., get out. Any gentleman that happens to be present may remain," a breathless stillness reigned.

Dec. 10th.—Several Seniors saw a show cast of Chases on the Avenue "Shake 'em up kid." Drack and Reese returned at one A. M. and gave their roommates bad dreams.

Dec. 11th.—Woe be unto him who visits "in the park" if he be decked in civilian raiment. In no case will he escape the reward of five demerits and four hours guard.

Dec. 12th.—Miraculous happening! "Abe" True and "Papa" Mays sweep out. Janitor discovers 300 snipes, 1000 burnt matches and a sprinkling of "dead soldiers" in the residue.



Dec. 13th.—The "Duke" appeared in *black* socks for the first time on record. Either he must be in mourning or a cyclone is on the wing. The "man on the lid" informs his class mates that his official title is "Major Mudd" and not "Gene."

Dec. 14th—21st—Exam. week. Everybody busy. Everybody drinks coffee and gets permission to sit up after taps. Rocked in the cradle of the cribs. Tracing cloth and rubber bands at a premium. O, you flunks in bridge and graphics. The Juniors bone up on physics and calculus. Russell makes 100 in analytics.

Dec. 21st.—The last Rossbourg dance of the year. Many beautiful Queens grace the ball-room. Home, sweet home. Off for a ten days furlough. All's well and all's quiet at Fort Conley.

Jan. 3rd.—"How are you, old boy? Have a good time Christmas? Say, got anything to eat in that suitcase? Be around tonight." Same old thing in the same old way. Everybody back on time but those that aren't, and "Herb" White on the job to wax the stragglers. Scramble for the mail, then the schedule board. Chaney wants to take Dutch with the chemical men and fill out all empty periods with "Der Katze Fische" in mathematics. O, you industrious "Chicken."

Jan. 4th.—Easy faints in ranks at reveille. Too much turkey during the holidays, or is M. A. C. grub too rich for the delicate palate of so great a brain worker? Furniss drills his company at reveille from the depths of his downy couch. "Puckum" sends word to the O. C. that he's on his way, probably be there about breakfast time.

Jan. 5th.—Winter target practice begins. Cadet Hamilton—I forget which one, but believe it was the brown-eyed one, made the highest score, 23. The cadets, considering themselves proficient in aiming drills, put in a plea for more extended drill in rests.

Jan. 6th.—Sgt. Posey gave an elaborate banquet tonight to a coterie of his friends. A feature of this "feast" being roasted wild duck a-la Charles County. Several Seniors go to the "9" St. Opera house tonight.

Jan. 7th.—M. A. C. makes her debut in inter-collegiate Basket ball. Holds N. Y. University to a score of 25—7. Game played in Berwyn Gymnasium. Everybody not serving confinements or under arrest is either at the game or in town.

Jan. 8th.—Beautiful day. Everybody goes to church, then to the Park. Are seen on their way with kid gloves in their hands, cigars between their teeth, and emitting comic opera melodies. Chicken today for dinner was mostly wings and necks,—there must be a lot of visitors in the Prof's. dining room.

Jan. 9th.—"Commy" cuts a melon today. Cadets Hull, Crapster, Williams R. C. and Russell each favored with a corporalcy. Cadet Hull gives a reception to his many admirers. Cadet Williams also was entertained by many visitors and received numerous congratulations.

Jan. 10th.—Mad dog! Mad dog! Kill him, shoot him, eat 'im alive! Everybody joins in the chase. "Cab" with an ax helve in the lead, followed by the treasurer with his seal, "Wirt" with a bunch of pens, Daniels with his crow bar, the janitor with his mop, and the Matron with her feather duster. Everybody yells fire, and Dr. "Mac" chases out with the fire extinguisher. The Cadet Major now leads the student

body out with their pop-pops and fires the first shot himself. Posey wounds the enemy, and "Chess" Adams finishes the job. And if you don't believe this, ask the mad dog or any other M. A. C. cadet, and he will surely verify the tale of tragedy.

Jan. 11th.—Everybody in the country around is shooting his dogs for fear they may get hot in the collar. The mad dog's head has been sent to Johns Hopkins University and "Bill" says they found a sure case of "Rabbits" on the brain. Said that was probably the reason he was so hard to catch. (Question, "What Bill?" No, not you, Bill, the other fellow).

Jan. 12th.—Seniors hard at work on tactics. "Commy" is soaking it to them, twenty pages a day. "Baldy" sent to the board to draw the different kinds of sights, but sees only shooting stars appear above the horizon to prophecy the Kinghorne constellation in class book Conley. "Abe" however, comes to the rescue. Another meeting of the Morrill Literary Society.

Jan. 14th.—Prof. S. tells Warthen that he got a zip "auf Deutch" yesterday, but today he would get one with the ring taken off. Warthen tries to commit cadeticide at the first opportunity by tumbling down the laundry chute. Some clothes were at the bottom but as they had stood the test of M. A. C. laundry, no harm was done to either party.

Jan. 15th.—Everybody buys a Sunday paper. As not many go away today the O. D. has an easy job. Aged hen for dinner. "Baldy" goes to Y. M. C. A. meeting in afternoon. Dr. Sloan addresses Y. M. C. A. tonight on foreign missionary work.

Jan. 16th.—Edgar T. gets witty in tactics. Tells "Abe" that a battalion can't fly with one wing shorter than the other. Asks "Pop" how he could tell which way the wind was blowing if a flag was hanging down around the pole. "Pop" replies that the wind in that case would be normal to the earth's surface.

Jan. 17th.—Prize fight in gym. The O. D. gets interested and dismisses the guard to see the fight; goes over and tries to enforce his rules of "scrap;" becomes very obstreperous and gets in deeper water all the time. Somebody holds him up by the sash while he gets his breath and cools his brain. He posts the guard, returns to his office, and repents at leisure. Question: Who won the fight?

Everybody declares "Bill" the "rat" a hero.

Jan. 18th.—Two weeks course in poultry begins. Many cock-a-doodle-doo from this and two other states report to the chicken house on the hill. And a number of fair cluck-clucks, too. The ten-week "Corn-crackers," who put in their appearance immediately after Christmas, are also taking this course. Henry Stabler has unwarily taken one of these for a roommate, and judging from the sounds of conflict that leak thru the floor into the room below, he must have reason to regret his hospitality.

Jan. 19th.—Rossbourg Club bankrupt. The president offers such easy terms to those wishing to learn to dance that such reluctants as Stabler, Martz and Shipley, make their debut into the Terpsichorean art. Chaney and Smith, R. have a "tete-a-tete."



CHEMICAL LABORATORY



ACROSS THE CAMPUS



THE GREENHOUSES

Jan. 20th.—Pres. R. W. S. was very much in evidence in last Sunday's Sun. The eloquence and elegance of expression of our grand dictator should be a continual inspiration to our aspirants for oratorical honors. The New Mercer Literary Society met tonight.

Jan. 21st.—Prof. Waite shows the poultry students how to caponize chickens. He caponized them, all right, but the mean things were so inconsiderate as to lie right down and die. Chicken for dinner tomorrow, yum, yum.

Jan. 22nd.—By crystallized water Mother Nature has decked the world with a jeweled ermine robe. Dear, Oh! excuse me! Thought I was writing to Alice. "Come in, Lindsay, old socks. Just writing my diary. Well; I'll be go to h— if it ain't snowing'." Well, to resume backwards. Heard Mr. Houston of Hyattsville deliver an inspiring address at the Y. M. C. A. tonight. The fellows are all busy getting their programs filled for Friday's dance.

Jan. 23rd.—"Bommy" and "Boohoo" skip all classes today. Great rejoicing. Wonder what's up? Lieut. Cobey gives the command "About *Face*" while the company is marking time, at drill. Smith, R. tells Chaney his Sunday school lesson.

Jan. 24th.—Two new rats, Hammond and Wilson, have appeared. Hammond lays in a supply of sweetmeats and offers to go on as orderly for any one not wanting the job himself.

Jan. 25th.—Ten day poultry course ends. "Herb" White plays a practical joke on the submissive Washington public by putting fulminate of mercury on the car track. Big explosion. Ladies squeal. What was the motorman's remark? "Heifer" loses a wardrobe.

Jan. 26th.—Basket ball team leaves on Southern trip under the leadership of "Doc" Woodward and "Sus" Grason. Lears gives a performance under the shower bath.

Jan. 27th.—Major Lynch, U. S. A. lectures on first aid to the injured and personal hygiene to the cadets, giving his experiences in the Russo-Japanese war. He gives us some little needed (?) and much heeded (?) advice as to the evil effects of drinking and cigarette smoking. Another Rossbourg hoe-down.

Jan. 28th.—"Commy" inspects old barracks and appears to be in a more than usual burning frame of mind. Goes after dirty shoes like a match after dry straw. Maybe the dancing last night did not agree with him.

Jan. 29th.—Puckum is given a gentle massage to improve his digestion. The same tonic is offered to Lindsay, but the Captain of A Co. stands on his dignity. Tolson resists the enthusiastic promoters' entreaties for a time, but finally yields. After trying it, everybody recommends it to all his friends.

Someone tries to beat a hasty retreat on C Co. hall, but is overtaken by the enemy at the critical moment. "Cab" offers to grease the path of the offender. Oh, you hash.

Jan. 30th.—Cadet Connor enters into a pugilistic encounter, and speedily sends his opponent to the infirmary on a stretcher. He is pronounced champion of the "Baby Bantam Featherweight" class.



Associate editor of the Triangle loses a piece of news. The editor-in-chief finds it, and feeds it to his rabbit.

Jan. 31st.—“Baldy” returns from his eighth trip to town this week. He is advised to take rooms nearer his central attraction, and save carfare. Programs are ordered for the June Ball.

Feb. 1st.—Terrible explosion in the senior laboratory. Silvester finds out too late that it is no easy matter to pass a gas thru a solid glass wall. Thinking the building about to tumble about his ears, he makes a break for the open, meeting “Ikey” in mid-career around the corner. “Ikey” soon persuades him to return, albeit in fear and trembling.

Feb. 2nd.—“Baldy’s” conscience gets rampant all of a sudden, and pricks him so severely that he fills three delinquency sheets while O. D. does some very eccentric things, the Senior consciences, and dangerous to fool with. Who hissed in the mess hall? Nobody, of course.

Feb. 3rd.—Prof. H—— much annoyed to hear a thunderous pounding from above. Upon investigation, one of the Senior Chemists proves to be the culprit. MORAL:—Never buck dance over the head of a Prof.

Cadets Chaney, Armstrong, Rasmussen, Benson, and Anderson leave to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention in Baltimore.

Feb. 4th.—The date for the May Ball is set for the 5th. Soon time for the Juniors to be squeezing their pocketbooks. Burrier is offered Cobey’s dessert, but refuses, saying it might burn him. The relay team wins a bloodless victory over the G. W. at Convention Hall tonight.

Feb. 5th.—Everybody happy. Look a-coming! “Devil” sees geese. Y. M. C. A. delegates return, and give an account of themselves. Stanton gets his ear bitten.

Feb. 6th.—News reaches the barracks that Capt. Conley is transferred to the army to take effect Sept. 5th. We will be sorry to lose our noble Commandant.

Feb. 7th.—Prof. “Sy” known to corncrackers as Solomon II, lays aside his portly dignity, and, donning overalls, gives a practical demonstration of how spraying should be done.

Feb. 8th.—Three of the members of our Basket Ball team receive a little present from the Faculty in the form of thirty hours guard apiece. This is where our basket ball schedule goes on the bum. And this our first season.

Feb. 9th.—Prof. “Tolly” attends a corn show in the Buckeye state. Unbounded joy in the Geology class. The O. D. gives the Quartermaster charge of the Battalion.

Feb. 10th.—Much big doings tonight. Reception of the short course men by Faculty and student committee in the auditorium. Lieut. Devilbiss receives for the Senior class. “*Gee! mais vous avez villain.*” Short course men present the Faculty with a loving cup. In the dining room was served a feast for the Gods. Burch ate 14 sandwiches, 3 blocks of ice cream, 10 pieces of cake, 4 apples, and there he stopped counting.



Feb. 11th.—Dance at the Carrolls, pleasant hostess, delicious refreshments. "Everybody happy."

The duties of Librarian having become too irksome for Devilbiss, he has retired in favor of "Smitty."

Feb. 12th.—"Gene" wades thru mud and rain to Hyattsville. The Major's religious enthusiasm is not such as to be dampened by a humid condition of the atmosphere.

Feb. 13th.—Our first spring-like day. Baseball and Lacrosse teams take their first practice on the campus. Davidson, Devilbiss and Cobey run the base line for their thesis.

Feb. 14th.—Display of Senior valentines in "Bommy's" class room. Glass takes the cake, showing a monkey. "Don't monkey with my heartstrings."

Feb. 15th.—The d—— dirty dozen, an independent order of Senior privates and others, organizes to put a curb on the Major. The Major takes no notice.

Meeting of the editorial board of the Triangle. "We must have money."

Feb. 16th.—Clark receives his long coveted Sergeant's chevrons, and incidentally the usual form of initiation. "Abe" gets a haircut. Cobey holds his usual Bible study class.

Feb. 17th.—Another Rossbourg shum-tum-a-loo. The ballroom was artistically decorated with hearts, cupids and arrows under the direction of Adj. Kinghorne. Football M's awarded. Posey has an attack of modesty. Kinghorne makes an announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a new man among us. I will not mention his name, but the next dance will be called the Devilbiss extra." Congratulations,— "Why doesn't the floor drop thru." "Smitty" also has a birthday. Wonder why he had his office floor scrubbed the next morning?

Feb. 18th.—Bugle blows the flunk march at 9:00 A. M.

Bowling alleys in basement opened. Drach has made the highest score thus far. Our basket ball team wins from Mt. St. Joseph. Score: 22—20.

Feb. 19th.—Sunday, "Pop" Furniss starts to press clothes, but lights himself instead of the alcohol lamp. Capt. Co. A comes to the rescue with the fire hose. Tell you about violating the IVth "Amendment."

Feb. 20th.—Seniors learning to tie knots and build bridges. Little and Mudd take a whole period to tie on a handrail. "Commy" says the army would be in a d—l of a fix if it had to wait on them to build bridges.

Feb. 21st.—Target practice for the Battalion is winding up. Chaney is the crack shot of the battalion. Dance at the 'Ville tonight. Joint meeting of the two literary societies. Question: Should the Panama Canal be Fortified.

Feb. 22nd.—The boys are disappointed by the failure of the Washington's Birthday orator to appear. A howl of rage—or was it joy,—went up when it was announced that owing to this failure, Saturday privileges would be given the whole battalion. Everybody off to town to see a show.

Feb. 23rd.—C. U. defeated by M. A. C. in basket ball. All honor to "Doc" Woodward and his brave team.

French class held in Room.48 again tonight.

Feb. 24th.—Gittings had a new Pegasus in harness this morning, when he started off for the mail. The "Princess" and the "Duchess" had a lively time detaining the fiery steed until the gallant "Cabinean" came to their assistance.

Feb. 25th.—Penn Military Academy at Chester proves too much for our basket ball team. Score, 38—19. It's better to have played and lost than never to have played at all.

Feb. 26th.—Pres. Glass escorts a bunch of Y. M. C. A. M. A. Ceasars to Washington to hear Fred B. Smith. Many converts. Most of the Seniors are busy tonight writing overdue themes.

Feb. 27th.—"Commy" gets word while instructing Seniors in Bridge building that his baby has swallowed poison. Hits the pike in red hot double time. "Abe" and "Puckum" conduct a general rough house for the benefit of the rest of the class. The rest of the "wild cattle" soon turn "cowboys and lasso" "Puckum" and "Abe."

Feb. 28th.—Burnt my hand with HCl today, and vow I can't hold my pen long enough to form one single letter tonight. So under such circumstances I beg to be excused from recording the day's events. I think I shall be able to continue the diary tomorrow, as the wound has just been cauterized, with aqua regia, much to my relief.

March 1st.—March has just come in like the proverbial roarer. We are hoping to see the proverbial bleater usher him out. Nuttle, of the ten-week course, has our best bowling record with a score of 179. Ray! for the corncracker.

Mar. 2nd.—H. Roland had an encounter with a dog yesterday. Having no other means of defense, he used his pedals, whereupon the dog, heeding the dictates of his probosis, gave up the chase. Last night the usual fierce snoring from below gave "Devil" dreams of dog fights.

Mar. 3rd.—Andrews gets a haircut. It must be a first-class tonsorial artist to have soaked him one fifty. Perhaps some other Seniors can tell us how it happened.

Mar. 4th.—Several members of the Junior Class pulled on jerseys, dragged caps down over their eyes and on a rampage to the 'Burg. "Eazy" leads the gang and becomes somewhat satirical during the evening. Wonder why the 'Burg is so popular, now-a-days. Even Y. M. C. A. men have been known to meander thither to take a car for town.

Mar. 5th.—Several M. A. Caesars start to walk to the Methodist church at Hyattsville but get no farther than the Presbyterian Church in Riverdale. (They would not know the difference anyhow.)

Mar. 6th.—As usual the C. E. Seniors had to open windows to let out the sulphuric air when they came in to Doc "Tolly's" Classroom after the last belated Junior flounderer in Calculus and had been mathematically cussed out of the room.

Mar. 7th.—Seniors are taught First Aid to The Injured. Smith has a theoretical broken arm. He dies from gangrene on account of a bum job at setting.

Mar. 8th.—Ten Week men and all others who like a big noise are given a demonstration by a representative of the Dupont Powder Works. Dr. "Tolly" gives out problems and turns the C. E.'s over to Davidson while he attends.

Mar. 9th.—Big talk about the military maneuvers in Mexico. Everybody gets the military fever and is cheering on the dogs of war. Even "E. T." seems to be pervaded with the spirit and breaks down a little from his accustomed dignity. Everybody boneing for exams.

Mar. 10th.—"Baldy" makes another of his frequent trips to town. He has a swell time, you bet. Numerous rumors are afloat, of course, altho we must admit upon mature consideration that it is not the most commonplace thing for an affinity to be running around in a hobble skirt, carrying the handbag upside down. Also it must be confessed that 15th and G St. is a very unlikely place for affinity. All the Seniors sit up studying for tactics exam. "Gene" says he studied like a son-of-a-gun. "Baldy's" light was seen burning right after Taps and also at 3 A. M. It is supposed that he slipped in the back way about 10 o'clock and tried to make up for lost time.

Mar. 11th.—Why did the Adjutant make such a hasty breakfast? Tactics exam. a leadpipe cinch. Only twenty questions, all easy little ones. How about it, fellows? Joseph will *surely* agree with me.

Mar. 12th.—(Apropos to the experience of two ranking officers this afternoon). Question:—If there are three girls to be divided among four boys, what does each fellow get? Answer:—He gets sore at the other fellow.

Mar. 13th.—Capt. of Co. B gets back from a week's vacation in Baltimore, just in time for exams. "Pop's" teeth seem to need more attention than our simple college fare would warrant. I smell a rat.

Mar. 14th.—Some depraved wretches, hypnotized into the notion that they were hungry, attempted a raid on the pantry last night. Mr. Sturgis (assisted by the Senior night owls) drove off the enemy before much damage had been done. Who lost a bayonet? Certainly no one claims it.

Mar. 15th.—Ten week students take their departure. Brack wears a white shirt and collar for the first time since he landed among us. No drill, nobody beating the sick list. Everybody "getting it in the neck" in exams.

Mar. 16th.—Several Seniors have pictures taken for the Reveille. "Shall I mail your proofs?" "Thank you, no, but I shall call for them, Miss——." Wonder why?

Mar. 17th.—O'Connor decorates his wrist band as usual. Blankman betrays his nationality by humming "The Wearin' o' the Green," to the surprise of all.

Mar. 18th.—"Socks" Trimble inquires if anyone has a second hand baby carriage for sale cheap. He fails to find a suitable one in the barracks.

Mar. 19th.—Sunday O. D. called up to entertain some fair visitors. They request him to procure them each a glass of real country milk. He informs them that the new patented milk machine has broken down, and that the institution is not intended as a benefit to weary travelers, anyway.



A VIEW FROM THE BARRACKS



JUST BEFORE DRILL

Mar. 20th.—(Discussion of Banquet at Senior class meeting).

Mudd:—But, Mr. President, won't "Cab" object if he sees wine on the table in the Reveille picture?

Devilbiss:—Aw! what's the difference. He can't smell booze in a picture.

Mar. 21st.—First Senior:—I guess "Baldy" was glad to see Irwin, Connor and Ralston leave today.

Second Senior:—Why?

First Senior:—It will save him bushels of time reading out the delinquency sheet.

Mar. 22nd.—Blankman gets a big express package. Looks pretty good. He sends (?) out to the highways and byways to bid fellows to the feast. The wonderful box is opened—rags, stones and sticks. Stung again! Will never mortal man be wise?

Mar. 23rd.—First baseball game of the season. Cold and windy. Flurry of snow interrupts the game, but we had time to run up a score of 8—2 against Western High School. "Bommy" gives a curt apology and severe scolding all in the same breath. How about it, Seniors? You *will* get rasty in classroom, will you? Better hand your next theme in on time if you want the genial smile again. Perhaps the next time he says he won't have our themes after a certain date, he will *really* mean it.

Mar. 24th.—Holiday. Cadet Rasmussen wins the Warner medal for best Maryland Day address. He delivered decidedly the best speech of the day.

The fatted shad is killed and the largest oysters are gathered from their native rock.

Mar. 25th.—The day appointed for Senior Festivities is at hand. At 9 P. M. the feast is spread at Harvey's and the features of the evening pass with splendor *ad eclat*, demonstrating to all the peerless banqueting ability of our class.

Mar. 26th.—Chief Tydings and Herschel Allen pay us a visit. Much surprised to observe the increase in dignified bearing of the newly acquired M. A. Caesar.

Mar. 27th.—Prof. Sauter had an accident in the machine shop. He got it on the head, only a trifle amount of damage being done, barring a dent in the anvil.

Mar. 28th.—Cadet Lears complains of "unjust" and continued provocation, to which he has been subjected, necessitating the use of stronger language, on his part, than the conventional type.

Mar. 29th.—Our baseball team is prevented by April showers from giving Georgetown the worst trimming they have ever had in their lives. Reese gives an impromptu minstrel show, Silvester wielding the burnt cork.

Mar. 30th.—Some of "Baldy's" wires got crossed down in the shooting gallery and the whole building is terrorized by incipient conflagration. "Cab" gets excited but is soon consoled by his dutiful nephew and quieted by the fire extinguisher.

Mar. 31st.—What is "Ada," a girl's name, or a variety of strawberries? Ask "Puckum."

Apr. 1st.—Suckers will bite altho All Fools Day has become hoary with age.



Mudd K. gets a sweetly (?) scented letter, and Cobey gets sent on a wild goose chase. Chas. S. stands pat on the solemn noises.

Apr. 2nd.—Lacrosse game with U. of Md. They only came for a practice game, but after "Cus" had laid open one of their heads, and "Terrible" had gotten the bald headed man's goat, and Ritter had added the finishing touches, they were not quite so confident. Score, 3—3.

Apr. 3rd.—Ducket pitches a victorious game against the Deaf Mutes, score 8—6. Ray for Bladensburg! Rat rules go into effect. "Finn out." "Turn that corner squarely." Put your hands under the table.

Apr. 4th.—McBride elected President of the Y. M. C. A. A wise *terrae filius* from Frederick County. He promises big things for next year's Y. M. C. A. and we believe he will make an earnest effort to hold to his work.

Apr. 5th.—The innocent must suffer for the guilty. The truth of this maxim was demonstrated on Gill and "Eazy" today when the O. C. reported them for disorder that they did not create. The slickest rogues never get caught. Oh, you mischievous Seniors!

Apr. 6th.—Tie Navy in baseball, 15 innings 1—1. School turns out to meet team. "Boo hoo" and "Cab" called on for impromptu speeches. "Commy" sends us word that he is not at home. Next everybody takes a free joy ride on a trolley car while "the band plays on." See the conquering heroes come. Much big bonfire.

Apr. 7th.—Holiday because, you see, it should be Arbor Day and, Ah! well, we were such good little boys the day before. The fellows loaf around like lost and begin to get homing fever.

Apr. 8th.—Rock Hill, 3; M. A. C., 5. Many took "parents" requests (wonder how they secured them so quickly) to the President this morning, which he accordingly approved. Great migration of M. A. Ceasars.

Apr. 9th.—"Long John" White makes his debut into College Park society. Another victim of the S. U. B.'s. Pretty day. Fellows either go walking or to church. Glass spoke at Y. M. C. A. tonight.

Apr. 10th.—First normal attack of the season. "Commy" busy whipping Battalion into shape for inspection. True leads his company in normal attack on a passing damsel.

Apr. 11th.—Glass has a birthday. In an evil moment he divulges the secret and promptly receives his reward—three times three with the paddle. "Bommy" fails to meet the Bible class tonight.

Apr. 12th.—School closes at noon for the Easter Holidays. Students start to mutiny against drill. "Commy" preaches them a sermon. Everybody gulps dinner and vamooses. Some few decide to stay thru the holidays.

Apr. 18th.—Everybody back on time, but grumbling about such a short holiday. Nobody thinks about studies until the Y. M. C. A. President sends his messengers around. Then the pile of lessons to be studied for tomorrow is quickly brought to mind—

and as soon forgotten. The Pres.-elect, McBride, gives a description of his recent trip to the convention at Amherst College.

Apr. 19th.—Strenuous drill in preparation for coming inspection. Fourth period seems to have been mysteriously cut short. "Commy" becomes a deep student of the Weather Man.

Apr. 20th.—Senior Chemists take a trip to Alexandria, Va. Very much pleased with this ancient city—especially the sweetly scented breezes from the fertilizer factories, and the lightning quick waiters in Martha Washington Cafe.

Apr. 21st.—Baseball team starts on its Southern trip. "Commy" throws up his hands in helpless dismay to see "Pop" and "Devil" go down the path. Everything is working against Inspection. Dress parade, Guard Mount, and Escort of the Colors after supper. Call to Quarters at eight o'clock.

Apr. 22nd.—Saturday. Cash plentiful from the recent visit to Father. Everybody goes to town. The Gayety does a rushing business.

Apr. 23rd.—No one goes to church but Anderson. Everybody cleaning house for Inspection. "Commy" holds class for Seniors after Chapel. Seniors turn in their long deferred naps.

Apr. 24th.—Classes until 10:30, then drill, drill, and after dinner, still some more drill. Battalion charged in double time from Cat tail Hill to College Avenue. When we reached the Avenue, we were already vanquished, and the enemy would have had an easy job dispatching us.

Apr. 25th.—The great day of the year has arrived. Did "Commy" pray for fair weather? A day more ideal could not be imagined. The drill all went smoothly. Ceremonies and close order in the morning while in the afternoon, we again laid low the hostile hordes intrenched behind College Avenue. We next showed how to defend Fort Conley from attack and then to build a bridge on which Washington could have crossed the Delaware. Did we make the "Big Ten?" Well! If we didn't, it wasn't our fault.

Apr. 26th.—Everybody snores at chapel, but it brought us no holiday. No drill today. Hurrah for the "Big Chief!"

"Commy" has Seniors in his office and expresses to them his satisfaction at yesterday's showing.

Apr. 27th.—Fire drill. Battalion tumbles down stairs and outdoors in one grand conglomeration. Building deluged (by leaking hose) until it had the appearance of a relic from the Johnstown flood.

April 28th.—"Mouse" gives an amateur exhibition of the Snake Charmer's art. Chuck Colburn receives a shock. Three Rays for Lindsay. Three Rays for M. A. C. What's the matter with the *classical* colleges where they teach oratory?

Apr. 29th.—Baseball team defeats Delaware College, 6—4. Lots of queens out to the game. Everybody happy.

Apr. 30th.—Reveille goes to press. A member of the class of 1912 now stands at my side waiting to take up the pen that I lay down.

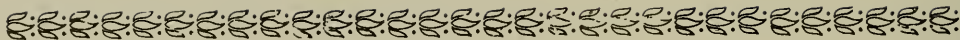
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The good ship 1911 has passed the stormy waters but she is now in calmer seas, and the lookout is shouting "Land Ahoy!" Ere many days she shall dock at the last port of her voyage, and her crew of twenty shall scatter far and wide. May this log serve in future years to each and every one of us as a treasured key to fond memories.

J. C. REESE.

H. S. COBEY.





## Good Night

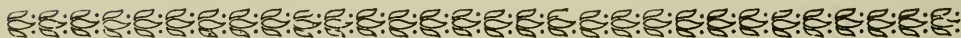


**T**HE WEST is golden with the setting sun and the shadows are creeping up the eastern horizon. Our day, dear friends, is drawing to a close. We thank you for your kind attention and hope we may have been a source of both pleasure and profit to you. If in the personal biographies, applied quotations, Diary, or anywhere in this book, there is anything you do not like, we feel sure that you will not feel offended, for no offense was intended, and we have said nothing that was meant to be discreditable to anyone.

We beg you further, not to criticise us too severely for in a publication of this character written by a few students outside of their regular collegiate work some errors and inadvertencies were inevitable.

As in our greeting we coaxed you out upon the campus in the joyful brightness of morning, so now, as the buglers are blowing Retreat and the flag is being furled for the night, let us gather up our rolls of parchment, our portfolios of pictures and sketches, our cushion and go in to the evening meal; for the clouds will soon float down to give the grass a refreshing draught of dew and so we shall not enjoy reclining upon the bosom of Mother Nature in the dampness of night.

“Farewell, a word which must be and hath been  
A sound which makes us linger; yet—Farewell.”



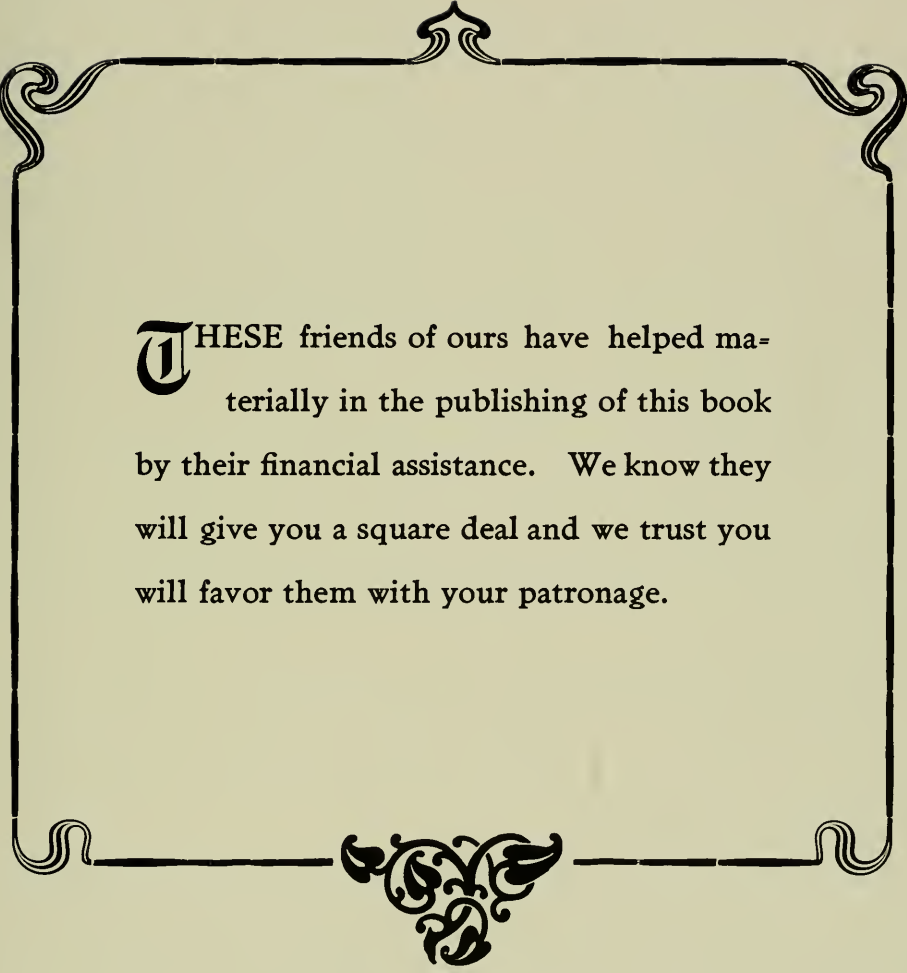


THE END









**T**HESE friends of ours have helped materially in the publishing of this book by their financial assistance. We know they will give you a square deal and we trust you will favor them with your patronage.

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# J. BOLGIANO & SON

## SEED GROWERS

*We want to tell you something about the wonderful progress we have made on several vital and important lines during the year just passed*

### Our New Scientific Seed Laboratory

Under the direct personal supervision of a former U. S. Department of Agriculture expert, who is now associated with us, we have established an up-to-date completely equipped Seed analysing and Seed Testing Laboratory. We are, therefore, not only prepared to supply you with Trustworthy Seeds grown from the purest, truest and most carefully bred seed stocks in the world, but we are prepared to give you at all times accurate and scientific information about any of our seeds in which you are interested. Our Trustworthy Seeds more than comply in purity, cleanliness and quality with every requirement of the Virginia State Seed Law and the Seed Laws of all other States in the Union—they are truly STANDARD SEEDS in all that the term implies.

### Our Mammoth New Pier and Warehouses

As stated heretofore we have purchased and added to our establishment one of the finest water front properties in the city of Baltimore. This mammoth new property is conveniently located near our main offices and salesrooms and just opposite the new ten million dollar city docks. It extends from Rupert street on the west—for almost five hundred feet east along Montgomery street to the harbor, with three hundred and seventy-five feet of private dockage on our own piers. All the railroads and steamship companies entering Baltimore deliver freight to our piers without extra charge, thus saving thousands of dollars in drayage. In our new piers and warehouses we have over seventy-five thousand square feet of floor space which include our onion set and seed potato warehouses, bulk seed and grain warehouses and our immense new poultry food manufacturing plant, also our special grass, clover and field seed cleaning machinery. With our complete modern new automatic machinery it is possible for us to unload a car load of grain or field seeds, weigh, thoroughly clean and reload in the same or another car in a very short time.

### Our Wonderful New Poultry Food Factory

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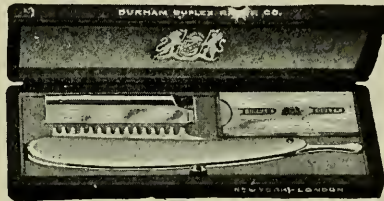
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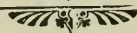
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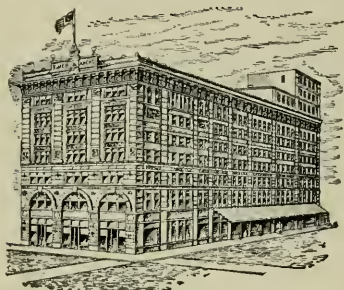
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