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THE
REVEILLE

AN ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE

COLLEGE PARK

MARYLAND

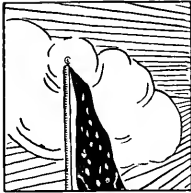
1914

Volume

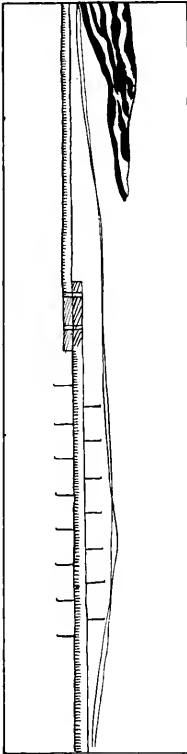
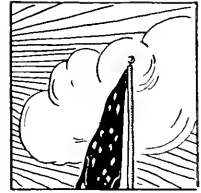
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VIEW OF COLLEGE



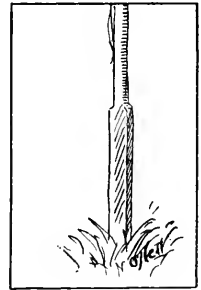
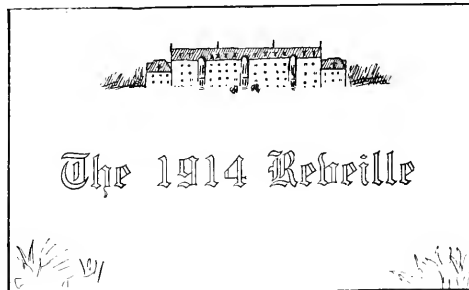
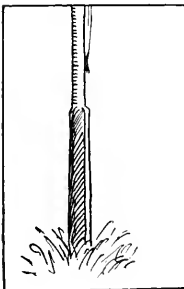
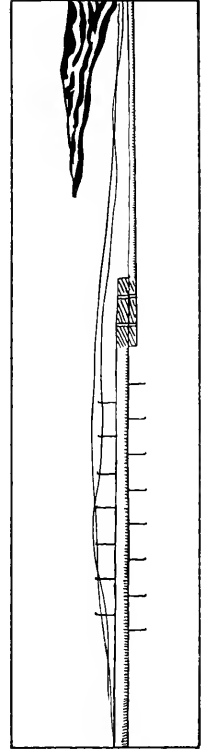
GREETING



TO you, friends, who have been interested in our welfare and in that of our college, the Class of 1914 extends the heartiest of greetings. We trust that our work as typified in this volume will seem worthy of the aid and interest that you have bestowed upon us.

We have endeavored to put out a year-book in keeping with the greater interests of M. A. C. In it we have set forth the activities of the year--some serious, some otherwise. To preserve college tradition, to enhance college spirit, and to put in a permanent form the surroundings of a college career, have been our aims. Lest the book appear dry, we have tried to include in it a strain of humor, so do not take too seriously the knocks that are made in jest.

Trusting that in future years this volume will serve to carry the reader's mind back through the intervening mists of passing years to the pleasant days when, within the walls of M. A. C., we shared each other's joys and sorrows, we leave with keen regret the atmosphere that, for the past four years, has been so near and dear to us.



To

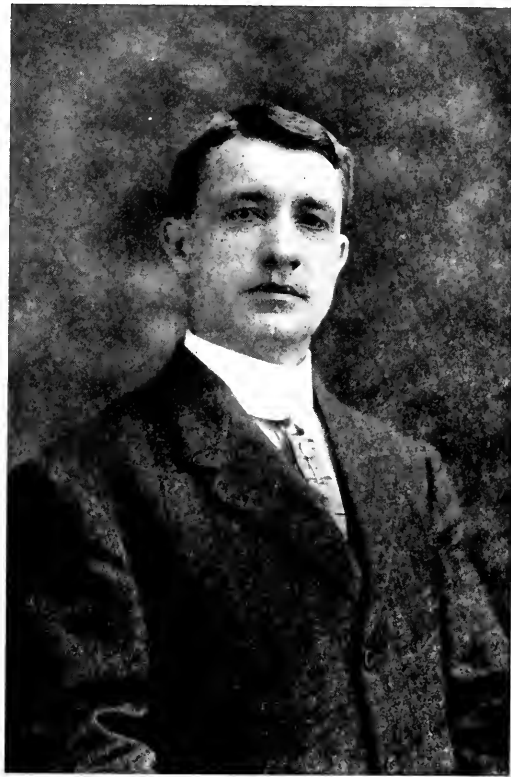
Charles S. Richardson

a cultured gentleman,
an able professor, and
a good fellow,

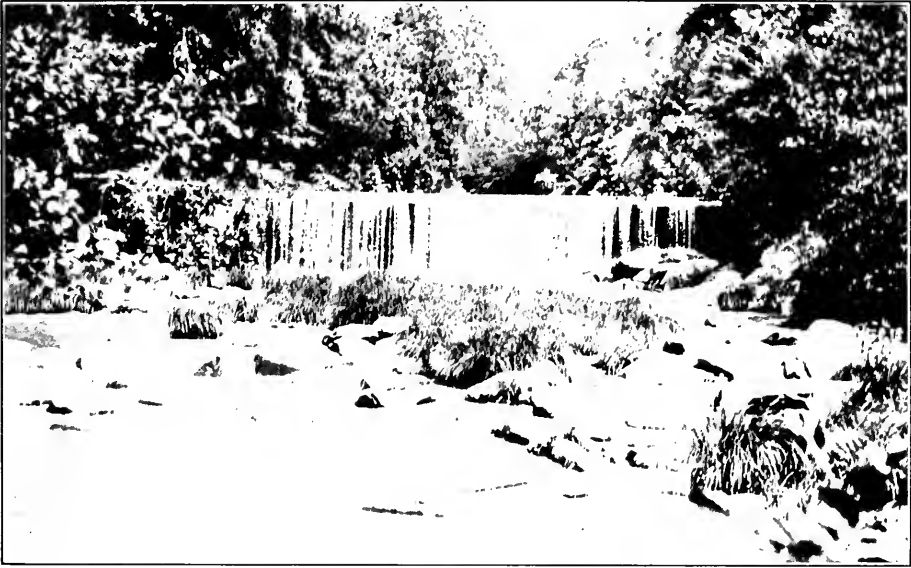
whose association with the students of M. A. C. has made
him admired for his true worth, respected for his ability
as a professor, and appreciated as a friend; and
who has gladly given his best efforts to contribute
to the development of M. A. C.,
as a token of our respect and esteem

we dedicate

the seventeenth volume of the Reveille.



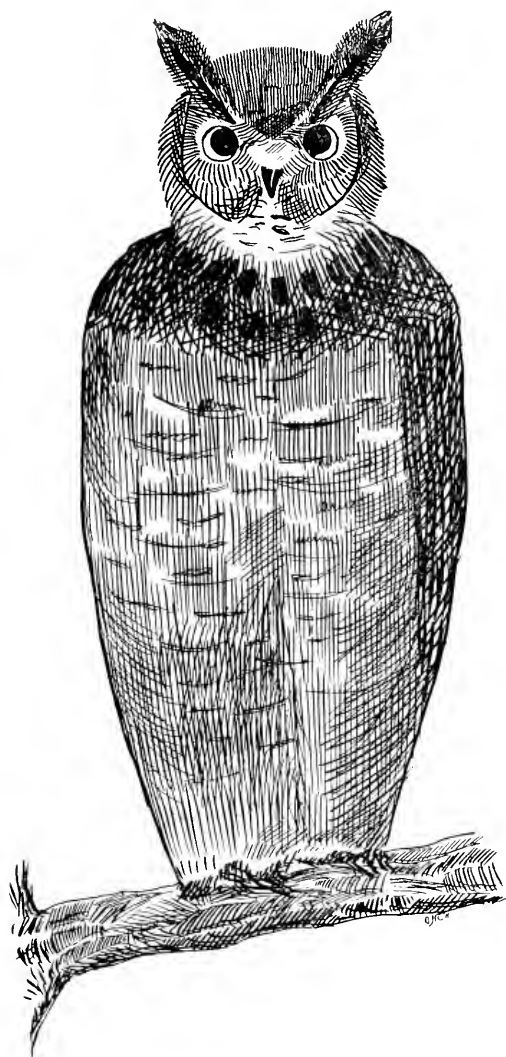
Charles D. Richardson



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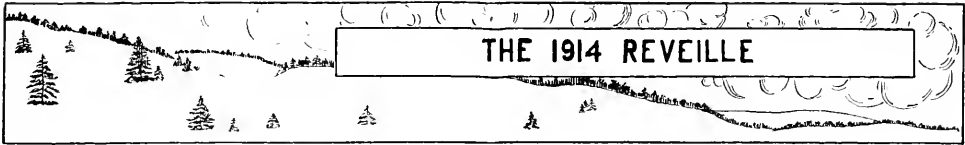
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THE 1914 REVEILLE

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Stenographer

C. L. STROHM

Armorer, Band Master and Clerk to Military Department

In Memoriam

To

E. GITTINGS MERRYMAN

Died April 9th, 1913

and

CHARLES H. STANLEY

Died December 20th, 1913

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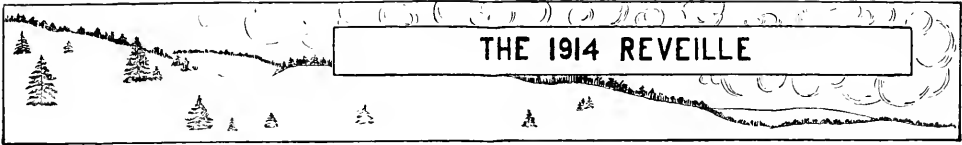
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The Alumni



SCARCELY anything means more for a college than a large and enthusiastic body of alumni, who make it their business to get behind every progressive move in the life and extended usefulness of the institution. In past years we have never lacked of loyal support from both the older and younger members of the Alumni organization, but it has only been more recently that the Association has felt its responsibility in directing broader development of the Institution. Their annual and semi-annual meetings have more and more become not only times for good fellowship and pleasant reminiscences, but an occasion for the serious consideration of the affairs of the College as well.

We have never at the M. A. C. had the athletic facilities to which we are entitled. We have produced winning teams in spite of conditions rather than because of them. Through the combination of good material and first-class coaching we have produced from time to time, as in the past fall, championship teams that have reflected no little credit on the Institution. It was with the idea of encouraging as much as possible our athletic efforts, as well as giving the institution the full benefit of the advertisement that successful teams give a college that the Alumni took it upon themselves to inaugurate the May Interscholastic Track Meet in 1910. Financed in part by the Alumni, and in part by the Trustees, this Meet has become established as an annual feature.

In the recent campaign of the College for a greater institution equipped for a far wider sphere of usefulness, the Alumni organization, in arousing favorable interest and in meeting adverse criticism, has been the backbone of the fight for the Greater M. A. C. Thanks to the able leadership of Henry Holzapfel, President of the Association, and to W. W. Skinner, Chairman of the Legislative Committee, every county in the State organized its M. A. C. Booster Organization and rendered effective work in pledging legislators to the appropriation and in securing substantial backing from leading citizens. In every case where the opposition could be genuinely enlightened as to the scope of the work of the College and the part it is fitted to play in the life of the state, but little antagonism to its proper endowment remained. The results obtained in even the brief time allowed suggest that possibly a permanent organization of these local committees into M. A. C. Welfare Associations, which should find time to meet to discuss means of advancing the interests of the Institution and be prepared to act in their support on short notice, would be most desirable. This would undoubtedly place an additional burden on the Secretary or Chairman of the



General Committee, but the time is fast approaching when the College cannot well afford to be without a vigorous and well organized Alumni body supporting it. To handle such work efficiently requires so much time and energy that no matter how anxious a man may be to serve the interests of the Association and his College he cannot well afford to spare the time from his own private business to handle such a State-wide organization as is proposed. It would seem wise on the part of both the College and its Alumni Association to provide in the near future for an organization secretary, who should, in part, at least, be paid for the doing of such work in a thorough manner and without sacrificing too much of his individual time and pleasure to accomplish permanent results.

This naturally leads to the need for an Alumni Hall or Home on or adjoining the College campus. At the present writing we have under consideration the erection of an Athletic Clubhouse, where our teams may be lodged and trained under stricter supervision. It would seem fitting that the Alumni Association be prime movers in erecting such a building, and that it might well be so planned as to provide additional rooms for the use of resident and visiting alumni. We have always lacked at the College just such accommodations as this building would provide; especially, since the passing of the old barracks, and the older members of the Alumni Association cannot fail to feel less at home among the new surroundings and landmarks that the next few years will bring forth. A comfortable Alumni building, serving both the purpose of an Athletic Clubhouse and an Alumni Hall, has the double advantage of serving two most desirable needs.

The M. A. C. looks even more than in the past to the active support of its Alumni for its future development and usefulness throughout the State. It has reached that period in its history when the organization of its Alumni into live and influential local associations seems both logical and imperative in their own interest as well as that of the Institution. The aid which the Alumni have given their Alma Mater in the recent campaign for adequate appropriation shows both the need and the usefulness of such organizations. Whether this work justifies the employment of a paid organization secretary strictly in the business interests of the Institution and its graduates depends upon the development of the field before us. That such a secretary could also have charge of an employment bureau for graduates, as is customary with many institutions, is another feature that cannot be overlooked. There is a natural tendency among our successful graduates to turn to their college for additions to their working force. A bureau of this nature, with its office in an Alumni Hall and in intimate touch with the work and location of every graduate, would do far more toward cementing the interests of the College and its Alumni than any other agency. We need to put our slogan of a Greater M. A. C. on its most effective basis—permanent organization and permanent benefit.



R.C. Williams
Athletic Editor



F.H. O'Neill
Art Editor



H.W. Deeley
Associate Editor



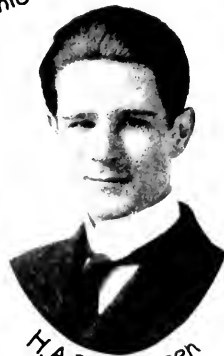
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Foreword

No doubt there met your vision,
When first ye ope'd this book,
A group of careworn faces
With serious, somber look.

So know ye, friend, these faces
Show those who've toiled away
To weave into this volume
The story of their day.

Perhaps in parts 'twill answer
But farther down the beach
The sand may not be molded
As ye would mold in speech.

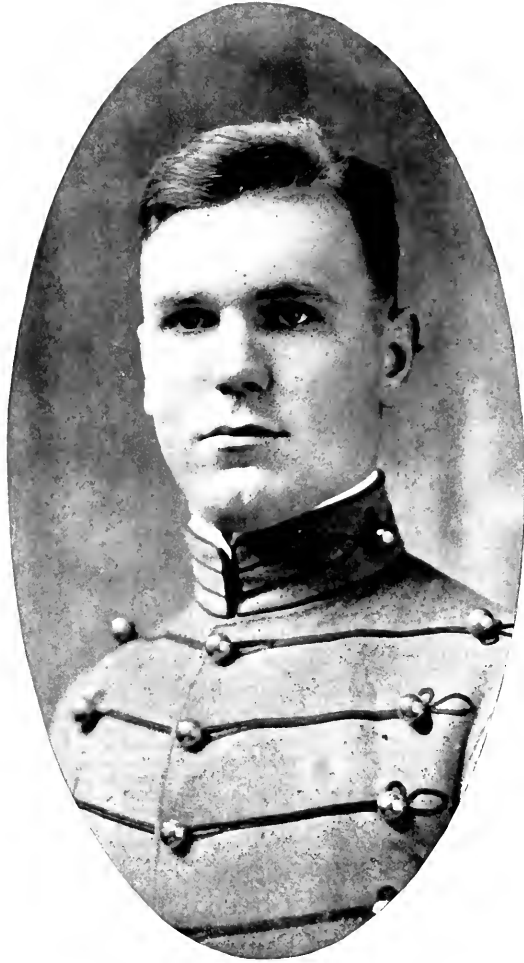
So when the breaking billows
Wash o'er where once they stood,
Kind heart, oh, please remember
They did the best they could.

SENIOR

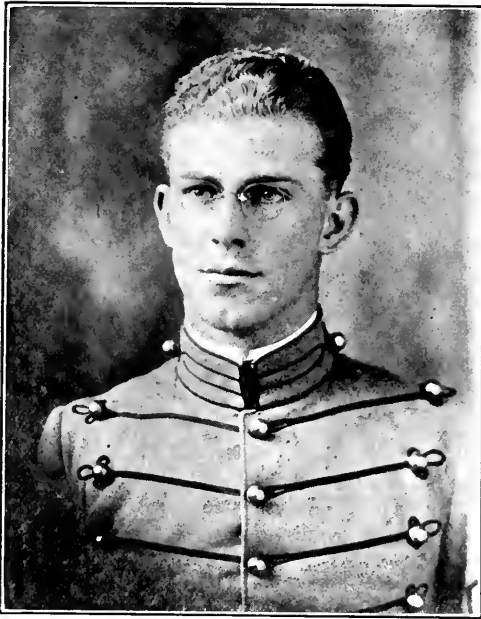




Miss Marie Burch,
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Sponsor for Senior Class



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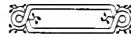


LIEUTENANT J. B. COSTER.

Coster, Md.

Mechanical Engineering

Freshman year — Class Treasurer. Sophomore year—Sergeant-at-Arms, Class; Corporal. Junior year — Quartermaster Sergeant. Senior year — Lieutenant; Chairman, Committee on Refreshments, Rossbourg Club; Associate Editor, Reveille.



Observe! This cut on the left is the truest result of eight sittings—the combined efforts of the photographer and “Josie.” Considered from an artistic point of view it is faultless, but from the standpoint of a casual observer it is merely “J. B. Coster.”

Joseph was once heard to say, in his unpolished, unpruned, unlettered, uncultured, unsophisticated, uncivilized fashion (he’s from Solomon’s Island) that it was a toss-up whether he became an oysterman or an M. A. Caesar. In him, though, we have today, a type of one dear to the hearts of the fair sex, whose winning ways, coy manners and captivating smiles have a marvelous effect. He has an amiable disposition, his anger being aroused only when one fails to talk about his “Marcel Waves.”

He was always a dark horse on exams, but never failed to get on the right side of either seventy per cent. or the “Prof.” He is not over-fond of work, and would rather believe what the text book says than labor over it.

Speaking of football, that’s where Joe shines (?) the brightest, excepting perhaps as a fusser. This he is beyond a doubt, for of the three nights we have off during the week he spends three with the ladies. He said that he expected to settle down to one in his Senior year, and we notice that he has lived up to his expectation, for now he has only one in each of the towns of Hyattsville, Washington, Baltimore, Solomon’s, Prince Frederick and College Park.

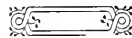
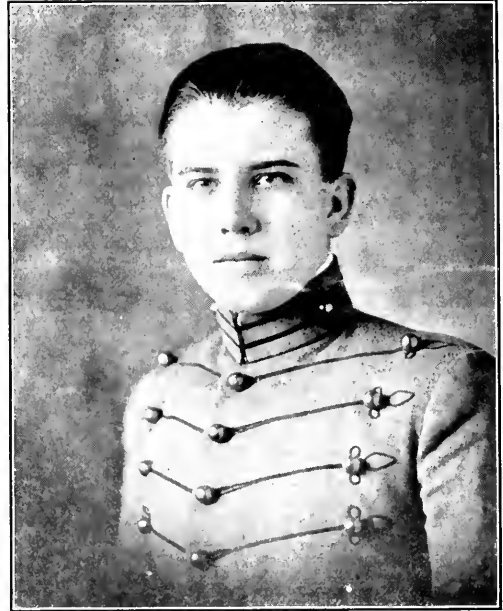
By the way, it must not be forgotten that he is one of “Cats’” best marked kittens, and is a hard man for “Sweeny” to down for the medal.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN
H. U. DEELEY.

Baltimore, Md.

Animal Husbandry.

Sophomore Year — Corporal.
Junior Year—Sergeant; Member,
Music Committee on Junior
Prom. Senior Year—Sergeant;
Chairman, Music Committee of
Musical Club; Chairman, Min-
strel Committee; Member, Stock-
Judging Team; Associate Editor,
Reveille.



"Every little fish expects to become a whale."

Turning from the flaxen-haired "Joe," we are confronted by what seems to be a slip-up of the photographer. We will admit that it is not exactly natural, but the photographer told us that the camera absolutely refused to contort itself to a greater extent. So, we must be content with our "model," as he is pleased to call himself. ("Model," you know, according to Webster, meaning "A representation in miniature.")

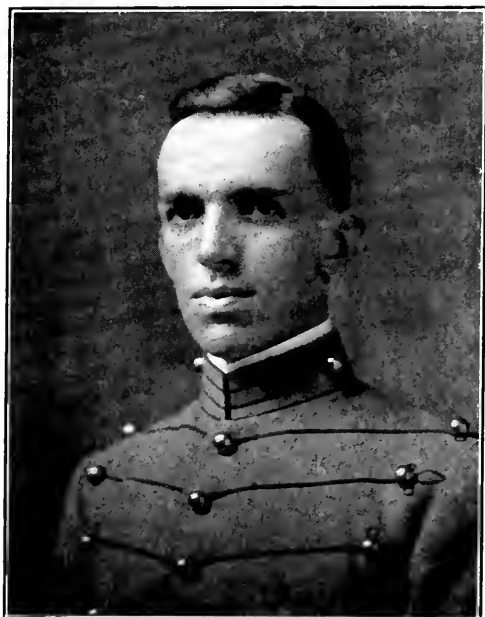
He was born on September 11, 1896, thereby giving our metropolis a catastrophe rivalling its fire of 1904. He migrated to the M. A. C. in the fall of 1910, and forthwith began aiding the members of the faculty in teaching. (This, thru his ability to offer them such a broad field.)

In the military line, Haskin has ever been a "shining light." His angelic face is the only one in the entire battalion that can soften "Commy's" heart when the latter is in a disranking mood.

As a social man, Haskin is "right there." The only fault is that, since studying about monopolies in Economics, "Shrimp" has tried to put the knowledge gained into practical application. There are many blue (colored) letters received from Windsor Hills, and the C. & P. Telephone Company now wants to charge an extra for all local calls in the "Park."

When it comes to stock-judging, the "Shrimp" showed what he could do while in Chicago.

On leaving the M. A. C., he expects to go to his farm in Anne Arundel County and spend a few years enlightening his fellow countrymen in the art of Farming, while he decides whether to be Governor of the State or United States Senator.

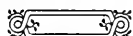


LIEUTENANT W. T. FLETCHER.

Washington, D. C.

Animal Husbandry.

Sophomore Year — Corporal; Member Students' Conference Committee. Junior Year — Sergeant; Assistant Treasurer Rossbourg Club. Senior Year — Vice-President Rossbourg Club; Manager Lacrosse Team; Social Editor Reveille.



"Isc from ole Virginia. Ise not much on Chemistry, but Ise a Debbil wid de wimmen."

In the Fall of 1910 there appeared on the scene a tall, broad-shouldered young man, rather handsomely attired, who, after his debut, became commonly known as "Proctor." Anyone desiring to know the origin of this "nickie" should ask the bearer, who we are sure will be delighted to present the history.

"Proctor" was only in this grand institution of ours a very short time when the cause of his name (much to his gratitude) left for the P. M. C.

Then it was that he became Fletcherized and was known as "Billy." Billy claims Washington as his place of abode, but he was originally from the historical town of Alexandria, and, like the majority of those Virginia sports, he is some ladies' man. Bill always says, "When work and girls conflict, give up work."

Doubtless he sticks to his word, for we are sure the Washington Railway and Electric Company would soon be bankrupt were it not for the frequent patronage of Billy. Still, we don't believe that this is his fault, but is, as he says, that "The girls simply won't leave me alone."

Though Billy chose for his work here at College, Animal Husbandry, he has still another ambition; Billy is fond of all kinds of "Military Tactics," and hopes some day that fortune will smile upon him with a commission in the Philippine Constabulary.

Billy is very changeable, too; he has recently turned his attention to "Dramatics." We really think he will make good, for he sure can cause laughter merely by putting in his appearance.

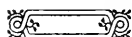
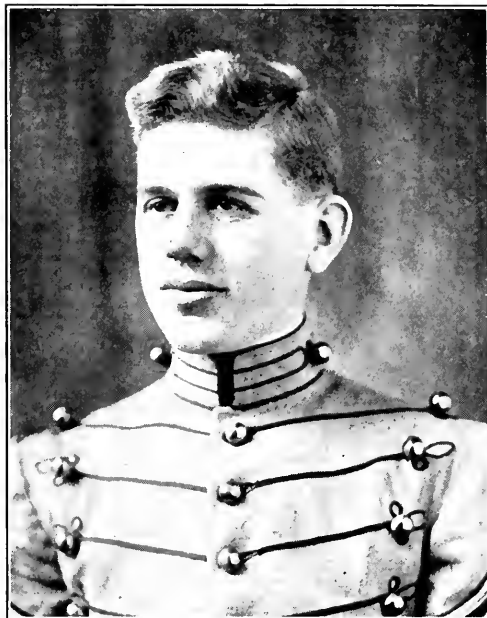
LIEUTENANT-QUARTERMASTER

H. S. FORD.

Fairmount, Md.

Civil Engineering.

Sophomore Year—Corporal. Junior Year—Sergeant; Editor Triangle; Treasurer, Engineering Society; Chairman Refreshment Committee on Junior Prom. Senior Year — Business Manager "Reveille;" Chairman Refreshment Committee on Music Club; President, New Mercer Literary Society.



"A pretty little ape."

It was a bright, clear day on the Eastern Shore. The wise men of the city of Fairmount shook their heads, and even the buzzards on the fence by the roadside moved and flapped their wings. Suddenly the still early morning air was broken by a piercing note. The people trembled and then agreed that the world was on its last lap and that it was Gabriel's trumpet calling. In reality it was Harry making his neighbors aware of his existence.

Harry entered this College in the Fall of 1910, and took his share of "fanning" with the rest of us, and, take it from one who knows, he was some class at getting off jokes when he was perched on top of a table with a "persuader" waiting him when he came down.

Although it's not known to many he is really in love and we think he will be the first one of us to say, "I do." But let's get away from the sentimental part of his life and get down to real facts. There isn't any one in the class that can pull down the tens like he can. And they tell me that he is a pretty good friend of "Doc" sometimes, at least, as they seem to have a mutual sense of humor.

To conclude, let us say that if he finishes his thesis some time before the last of June, there is no man in the class that stands a better chance for success in life than the subject before us.

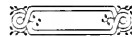


LIEUTENANT JOHN B. GRAY, JR.

Prince Frederick, Md.

General

Freshman Year—Member, Students' Conference Committee; Bugler. Sophomore Year—Chief Bugler; Triangle Editor. Junior Year—Color Sergeant; Triangle Editor; William Pinckney Whyte Medal for Oratory. Senior Year—Lieutenant; Editor-in-Chief, "Reveille"; Manager, Tennis Team; Proctor; Valedictorian.



"A chip of the old block."

Say, "Prof.," quick with that microscope. Place it over that tiny specimen, and let's see if we have discovered a new one. Left, did you say? Well, I should think so,—only our little Johnnie who never attained the height of the average man, but once, and then he had to be seated upon two stuffed suit cases. Let that be, Johnnie's size all went to his brain, for somehow it has been a task for the other Nineteen Fourteen boys to keep up with J. B., Jr., in class. Leave it to him to give a record of good old Calvert County, where the prettiest girls in Maryland en "Hance" him and the "Bonds" are strong for Johnnie.

As to an orator, he cannot be surpassed, and the rest of us see the medals vanish when Johnnie declares that he is a contestant. In future days we expect to see him the leading lawyer down in Prince Frederick, and we guarantee that he will win any case put before him.

Alas! We have not yet mentioned Johnnie's specialty. Singing, did you say? One of his favorite pastimes is listening to the melodious strains of his roommate, but generally his applause is of this nature, "Gee-e-e-e—whiz, shut up, please, now I know you are sick."

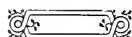
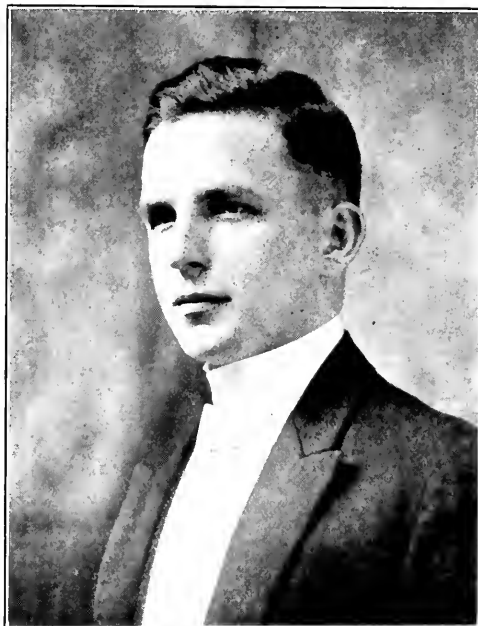
Here's hoping Johnnie will be a Daniel Webster the Second, when he begins to practice law in Southern Maryland, and in his leisure hours we expect to find him engaged in his favorite sport, tennis.

ROBERT T. GRAY.

Grayton, Md.

Agronomy.

Sophomore Year — Corporal.
Junior Year—Sergeant. Senior
Year — Treasurer, Rossbourg
Club; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class.



"Vessels large may venture more, but little boats must keep near shore."

"Well, I n-e-v-r, yes, that is Bob, 'Who'd-a-thought-it' "?

In spite of the size of the subject under discussion, he was little heard of from his entrance at M. A. C. in 1909 until his Sophomore year. This was obviously due to the natural bashfulness of this country lad. However, in '11-'12 he was not long in asserting himself, and his presence was much "felt" by the "rats." At one time he was even notified that he was getting too familiar with them, but he assured the accuser that it must be a mistake because he quite often felt for the "rats" when they were having trouble (and he usually found them, too).

As a military man, Bob was among the first of his class, until near the close of his Junior year, when he locked horns with Commy. Although each retired in order, it has been noticed that Bob retired to civil life.

During his Senior year Bob is to be seen only at his classes and at social functions. Indeed, Bob is rather inclined towards the latter. With him it is, "Never look for work that will interfere with pleasure, but if you stumble over the work, don't let pleasure interfere with it."

However, when it comes to a College dance Bob is right there and he is always genuinely welcome. We trust, and we believe, that Bob's connection with the sphere of Agriculture will be as successful as has been his affiliation with the Rossbourg Club.

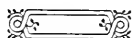


LIEUTENANT-ADJUTANT
J. W. GREEN.

Westover, Md.

Civil Engineering

Sophomore Year — Corporal.
Junior Year—Sergeant; Class Orator.
Senior Year—Editor-in-Chief, Triangle; Assistant Business Manager, "Reveille"; Press and Advance Agent, Minstrel Show; Salutatorian.



"There's lots in his name."

"Some are born great; others acquire greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them." "Josh" was born great; he acquired greatness; and greatness was thrust upon him. The poor fellow simply couldn't help it. It was not his fault.

Oh, reader, just take one, long lingering look at this face, for you'll never see another like it. It goes by the name of Joshua Weldon Green; but he is not green, and don't you believe he is. Look at the shape of his dome, and from the viewpoint of the phrenologist you will see that Weldon has in him a rare combination of executive ability, or the power to command, coupled with those qualities of benevolence and ideality which contribute to the fostering of permanent religious sentiment.

His religion, by the way, is similar to that of old Greece, and his favorite God is Bacchus. He and "Ras" have worshiped at the same shrine many times in the past five years. In all his college career his greatest accomplishment has been this: all the Profs think he studies. (?)

One sad day in his Senior year Major Dapray called him "Arabella Jones," and poor Weldon has never looked the same since.

He is an engineer with an ideal. Yep, he's got some ideal. The height of his ambition is to build a fire-proof bridge between our planet and Hades. He says he wants to make it easy traveling for all his classmates.

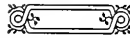
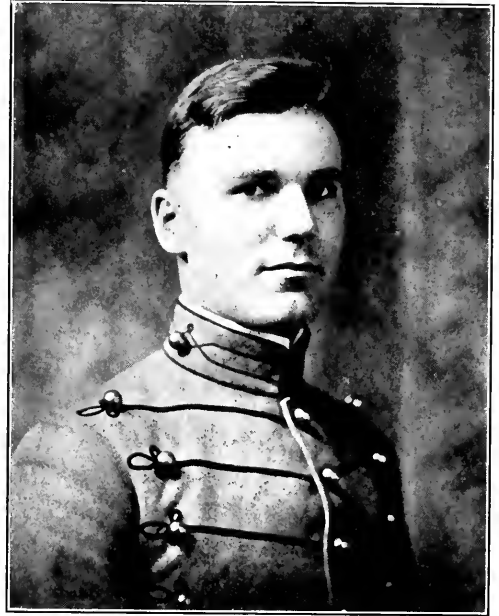
This class thinks that Weldon is a mighty good sort, and wishes him all kinds of success in anything he undertakes—especially that bridge.

CADET F. S. HOFFECKER,

Perryville, Md.

Electrical Engineering.

Freshman Year — "M," Baseball. Sophomore Year — Class Vice-President; "M," Football; "M" and Star, Baseball. Junior Year — Class President; "M" and Star, Football; "M" and Star, Baseball; Captain, Football. Senior Year — Class President; Captain, Baseball; "M" and Star, Baseball; "M" and Star, Football; Treasurer, Engineering Society; President, Athletic Association.



"Say, 'Curley,' may I go 'home' after the game."

"Hoff" has a sense of humor sufficiently strong to rise above any trifling annoyance, such as indefinite suspension, or the like, and, after such a sentence from "Boo-Hoo," he has been heard with his melodious laugh, or seen with those two rows of evenly set "tomb stones" showing clear across his "face."

When we first knew "Hoff," he had a desperate case with a charming blonde in "Philly." There seemed to come some strange difference between them, however, when he came here, which he, himself, could not understand until he learned from "Mike" Creese that, for good results in the flow of substances like Magnetic Flux (or love), there must not be too much air space in the circuit. About a year ago Frank, while in Towson, fell suddenly in love with the "Belle" of that "metropolis," and it wasn't in vain either, as any of the fellows of Towson will tell you that they haven't the ghost of a show even while "Hoff" is away. He, as I have said, suddenly fell in love. As a matter of fact he hasn't stopped falling yet, and seems to be gaining momentum every second.

"Doc Tolly" claims that every part of this man's body was made to fit except his brain.

After a lengthy absence from the military department, "Hoff" got permission from "Commy" to drill during the winter months, that he might get the proper exercise due an athlete.

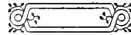
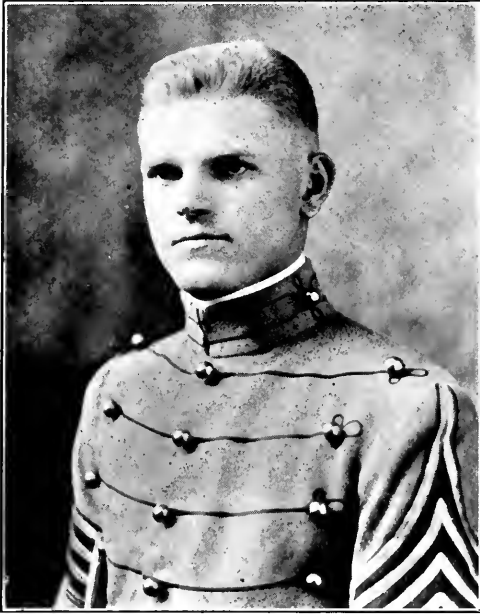
Hoffecker will begin his career in Towson after graduation, and you can bet that he will not wander far from that spot, as he is often heard saying, "It is a good thing that I am not earning a good salary of my own, I guess," after which comes a sigh, followed of course, by the smile that can't be hidden.

CAPTAIN D. L. JOHNSON

Frederick, Md.

Agronomy

Sophomore Year—"M," Football; "M," Track; Member, Rifle Team. Junior Year—"M" and Star, Football; Manager, Track Team; Captain, Rifle Team; First Sergeant, "A" Company; Member, Stock Judging Team; Member, Students' Conference; Associate Editor Triangle; Junior Herald; Gold Medal, best Non-Commissioned Officer; Member, Athletic Council. Senior Year—"M" and Star, Football; Manager, Track Team; Vice-President Class; Member, Students' Conference Committee; Secretary, Rossburg Club; Associate Editor "Reveille"; Proctor; Member, Athletic Council; President Agricultural Club.



"I am master of all I survey. (Especially motor boats.)"

Dave, or, as he is more commonly known, "Jack" Johnson, slid unannounced into our midst at the beginning of our Sophomore year. At first it was impossible to tell "whence he came," for he seems as much at home on the salt marshes of the East'n Sho' as among the dillberry hills of Frederick. However, after listening to his discourses on the superiority of Frederick High School over the M. A. C., we concluded that he is from the ancient city, the home of Barbara Fritchie, Al Ogal, and Phil McGlue.

Does Jack prefer books or birds? We don't know, as he has only taken enough time from these pursuits to become an all-round athlete and a military genius. He can be seen almost any spring day in company with "Bill" Grace, prowling around the woods with a camera searching for the nest of *Bubo virginianensis*. We are expectantly awaiting the promised copy of his "Memoirs of a Hunter."

Jack absolutely doesn't allow the girls to toy with him, and his principal trouble this year seemed to be the selection of a sponsor. He followed several false trails to Berwyn, Washington, etc., and for a long time was undecided.

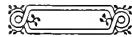
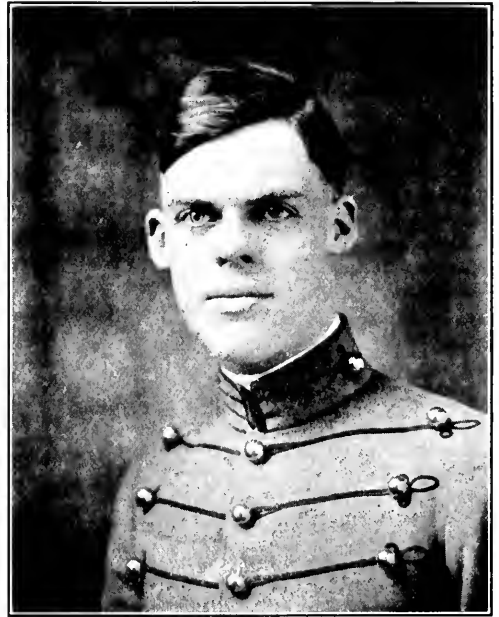
After graduation, Johnson intends to start a new era in farming, and his Worcester County farm will be a model one. Fourteen unite in wishing him success, and will remember him long after the echo of his cheery whistle has died away from College Park.

FRANCIS H. O'NEILL

Riverdale, Md.

Biological

Sophomore Year — Corporal.
Junior Year—Sergeant. Senior
Year—Art Editor, "Reveille."



"Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of an Irishman."

Here we have a true wonder—the find of the age—O'Neill, the Boy Scientist. It is claimed that he is able to spit out the scientific names of twenty thousand plants and animals. He is a close rival to "Smitty" and "Bugs" Norton.

"Neal" has been coming to the M. A. C. since the war. He preferred to come here rather than go to the kindergarten or a preparatory school. During his sojourn here he has been exposed to military, but did not take it. However, it is said that he was a shining light in this department under the old regime—before the "Big Chief" came.

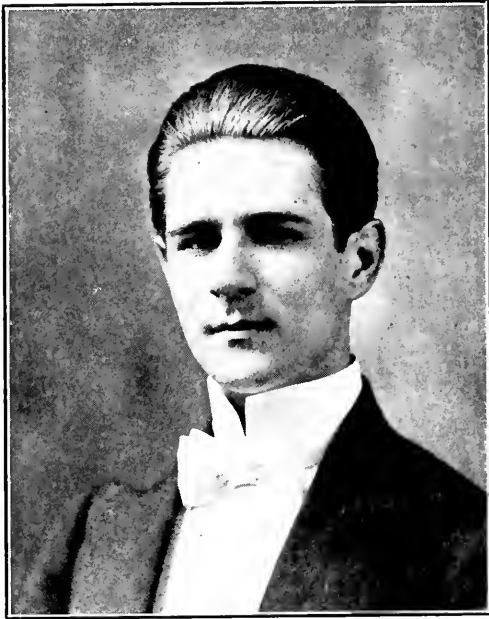
Sh-h-h—not so loud—the aforesaid youth is also a "fusser" of no mean ability. He is heavy on bringing the "flossies" to the Rossbourg.

"Neal" and Truitt comprise the "Bugological" division of the class, and we predict a great future for this *Papilio Ajax* as a bugologist.

He is a rather quiet and unpretentious youth, and one would not know he was around except for that black jersey and the Riverdale cap, which offset his physique.

He is the official carrier of cut plug and picnic twist, and a performer of some note with the kodak.

But, laying all jokes aside, the specimen at hand is a hard student, possessing a quiet and good-natured disposition and well liked by all his classmates. One cannot but predict a bright future for him as a scientific man, for this he is already.

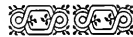


CADET H. A. RASMUSSEN

Baltimore City.

Chemistry

Freshman Year—Class Historian; Editor Triangle. Sophomore year—Corporal; Class Historian; Editor Triangle. Junior Year—Member Students' Conference Committee; Chairman Music Committee on Junior Prom; Class Historian; Sergeant. Senior Year—Associate Editor "Reveille;" Chairman Music Committee of Rossbourg Club; Chairman Executive Committee of Musical Club; Vice President Chemical Society.



"Full of self-importance and an abundance of brass."

Fear not, it will not hurt you. It is only a cubist picture of wisdom, which claims the name Harry Anton Faust Rasmussen von Tackdel in higher society, but plain "Ras" is good enough for us. He has spent the last two years trying to down the pseudomoniporous teaching of some of the "Profs," notably "Bommy."

As a student, it is an acknowledged fact that IF "Ras" had studied he would have been the brightest man in the class. He is a musician of no mean talent, having, during his five years' stay here, blown every instrument in the band except the cymbals. And as to his military bearing—well, "Ras" isn't.

However, there is another side to "Ras'" life, aside from the noble. He has the enviable reputation of having been kicked from more class rooms, more cozy corners, and more homes, via glass doors, than any other member of the class. He was an ardent suffragette until one of the fair sex severely boxed his ears while he was making a jack-knife dive thru a glass door.

"Ras" can remain on the "right side" of more girls at the same time than any other man yet found (in his own estimation). He is, in physical size, inversely proportional to that name of his.

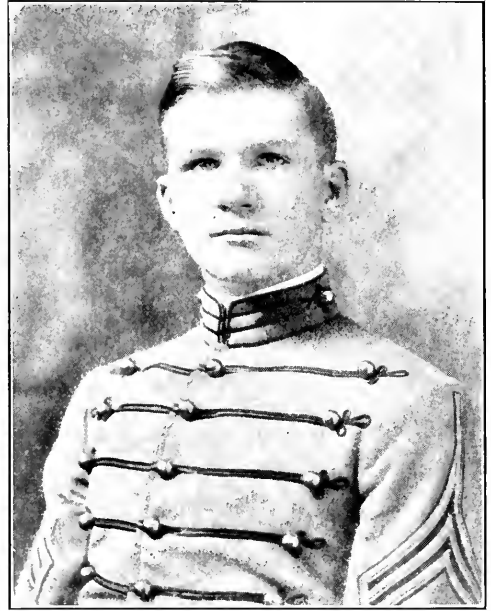
"Ras" is a lovable sort, and when the class of 'Fourteen disbands we will all wish him well.

LIEUTENANT L. R. ROGERS

Baltimore City.

Mechanical Engineering

Freshman Year — Member Lacrosse Team. Sophomore Year—Corporal; "M." Lacrosse. Junior Year—Sergeant; "M" and Star Lacrosse. Senior Year — Chairman Programme Committee of Rossbourg Club; Chairman Programme Committee, Musical Club; Associate Business Manager, "Reveille."

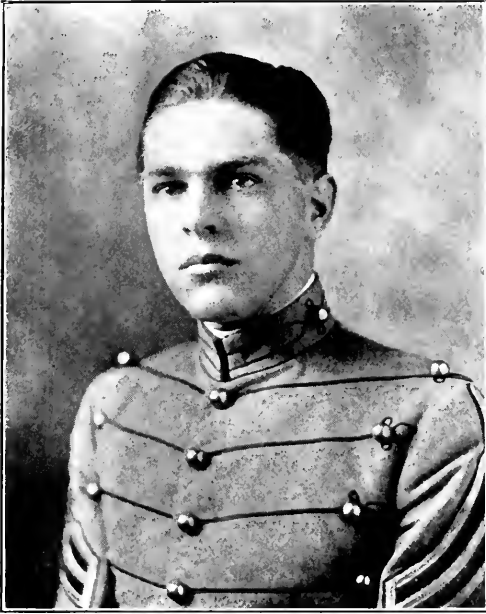


"The girls weigh heavily on his mind."

"Sweeny," as he is known to us, made his first bow to this cold, cruel, heartless world in Baltimore on March 17, 1894. He attended the public schools in Baltimore City until he matriculated at the M. A. C. in 1909.

One of his characteristics is that he is always getting stung, especially in asking a girl to a dance, and in one particular instance wanted to cut a classmate's throat for beating him out. "Sweeny" is one of the smooth, lovable sort that fall in love at first sight and fall out at first thought. He has a remarkable aptness for picking out the good lookers, however. He is one of "Cat's" favorites and a shark at mathematics, and, of course, he gets his problems in on time (?).

The subject of this essay is some noise maker. Hence he has ruined any good reputation he might have had with members of his household, not to speak of the neighbors. "Sweeny" is an engineer, and all those that have classes with him agree that when he finishes college he will be able to revise the methods of teaching engineering in all branches. For his thesis he is building an automobile engine, and unless he has some tire trouble, or skids going around a sharp curve, we can only predict a bright future for him.



CAPTAIN R. V. TRUITT

Snow Hill, Md.

Biological

Freshman Year—"M," Lacrosse. Sophomore Year—"M" and Star, Lacrosse. Junior Year—"M" and Star, Lacrosse; "M," Track; Junior Shield Bearer; Class Vice President; Business Manager, Triangle; Chairman, Programme Committee on Junior Prom. Senior Year—Class Historian; Captain, Lacrosse Team; "M" and Star, Lacrosse; Captain "B" Company; Member Students' Conference Committee; President, Rossbourg Club; Member Proctor Board; Humorous Editor, "Reveille"; Chairman Students' Assembly; Chairman Floor Committee, June Ball.



"All is not Gospel that he doth speak."

Now we have before us M. Reginald Van Trump DeKoven Argrieves Truitt, commonly known among the fair sex as "Regs." But she says, "Don't call him Regs, as I don't like you to; it sounds too much like Rags."

"Regs" began to do the social stunt soon after he arrived in 1910, and has continued with unabated zeal until his Senior year. He now claims that he has too many bugs to trisect, but we believe that he has become a trifle blase. However, it must be admitted that "Regs" is some fish-walker—so much so, in fact, that one of his numerous girls from the Eastern Sho' claims that he has a swell head and is practically hopeless.

"Regs" is Cory's left-hand man (O'Neill being his right) and says, "If it wasn't for O'Neill I would get the medal in my course." He is quite industrious, though, for it is no uncommon thing to see him copying a drawing that should have been finished as an observation drawing the afternoon before. But bugs are not his hobby, as in the past year he has become quite a military man, being made second additional Lieutenant for the beginning of this year. "Commy," however, admiring his military genius (no, not his figure), promoted him to Captain of "B" Company.

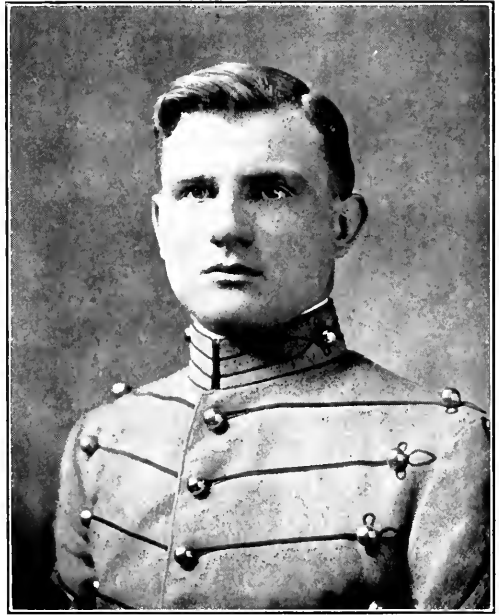
Although it took the Faculty a long time to realize Truitt's ability, the students were not so slow, judging by the positions of responsibility they have entrusted to him. We believe that this ability will place Truitt on top in his future undertakings.

LIEUTENANT ALBERT WHITE

College Park, Md.

Horticulture

Sophomore Year — Corporal.
Junior Year—Sergeant. Senior
Year—Lieutenant.



"You can lead an ass to knowledge, but you can't make him think."

Yes, this is "Al." Good-looking boy, isn't he? He's been in this class five years, and "Bommy" hasn't been able to get his opinion on anything yet. He's just naturally one of those fellows who believes in keeping things to himself. He can keep an Economical or a Psychological secret better than anyone you ever heard of.

Reader, if we take you into our confidence, you won't tell anybody, will you? Come close, then; lean your head this way and we'll whisper it in your ear. "Al" is a ladies' man (notice the plural). We never saw him walking out without a girl in our lives. He seems to be a human magnet and draws them all to him.

Another confidential item. "Al" is the secretary of the College Park Sunday School. It has been stated that he fell heir to this position because he was the only eligible (?) permanent male member of this school.

Now, "Al" has a specialty, and we just bet you can't guess what it is. It is this, "Al" can get away with more grape juice than any other man in College or out. Please notice we take particular pains not to tell how he gets away with it. There may be another way of getting away with a thing besides drinking it.

We all think a whole lot of "Al," and whatever his future may be we wish him the best of success.



CAPTAIN E. P. WILLIAMS
Woolford, Md.

Electrical Engineering

Freshman Year — President Class; "M." Football. Sophomore Year — Treasurer, Class; Treasurer, Y. M. C. A.; Corporal, Company "A"; "M" and Star, Football. Junior Year — Treasurer, Class; Vice-President, Y. M. C. A.; "M" and Star, Football; Vice-president, Engineering Society; Assistant Manager, Baseball Team. Senior Year — Treasurer, Class; Treasurer, "Reveille"; President, Y. M. C. A.; President, Engineering Society; "M" and Star, Football; Manager, Baseball Team.



"Truly he deserves credit for not becoming a rich man."

You have before you, gentle reader, the Williams branch of the Senior Class. You see that it was necessary to isolate the two culprits from the rest of the Class and place them on these pages in order that they may be easily compared. It may be seen at a glance that, though their dispositions are somewhat different, each has that I-want-a-girl look and military bearing so necessary to such a pet of Commy as each has become.

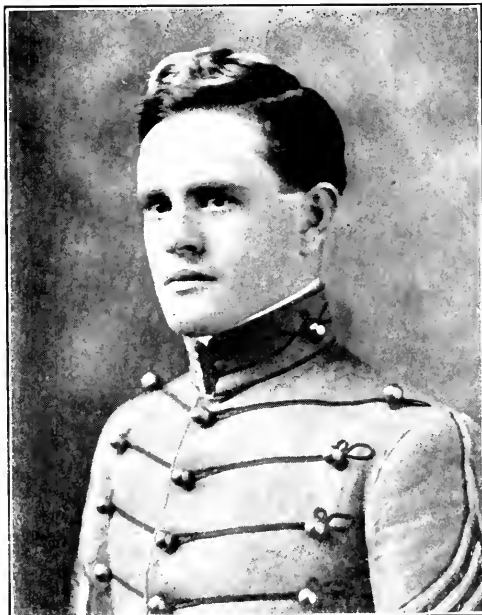
But to go back for a moment: "E. P." came to us in the fall of 1909 from the tangles of the Marsh grass of the Eastern Sho'. It seems that even before that he had wandered around in and among the skyscrapers of New York, but finally meandered back to Woolford. It was at this time that a very pretty little romance occurred in which "she" persuaded him to come to college.

Upon his arrival "E. P." set out in his quiet, unassuming manner to do two things, play football and make friends. Of course he studied a little, being a close understudy of "Mike," but that is a minor consideration. In each of his undertakings he has met with remarkable success.

"E. P." has never taken up dancing, but that does not mean that he is a woman hater, for during the past year he has regularly journeyed to the Park six or eight times a week, and one doesn't usually do that for exercise. "E." has been a staunch friend to 'Fourteen, and its other members wish him much success.

MAJOR R. C. WILLIAMS
Doncaster, Md.
Chemistry

Freshman Year — Secretary Class; Corporal. Sophomore Year—Secretary Class; Corporal; Member Conference Committee; Corporal in Charge Signal Squad. Junior Year—Secretary, Class; First Sergeant; Member, Students' Conference Committee; Secretary, Athletic Council; Vice-President, Rifle Club; Assistant Manager, Football Team; Chairman, Floor Committee on Junior Prom; "M" in Baseball; Gold Medal for best Non-Commissioned Officer; Class Orator. Senior Year—Secretary, Class; Secretary, Athletic Council; Member, Conference Committee; President, Chemical Society; Chairman, Floor Committee of Rossbourg Club; Chairman, Social Committee of Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Editor, "Reveille"; Proctor; President, Morrill Literary Society.



"A ship at sea without a rudder."

It is from Doncaster, one of Charles County's most popular suburbs, that this sorrel-top hails. Indeed, for sixteen years that city was hidden under the canopy of despair, shut out from all hope of future relief from his monotonous howls, by the presence of this disciple of Caruso. Finally, becoming desperate in the fall of 1909, his fellow citizens banished him to the M. A. C.

When the odor of new-mown hay had somewhat disappeared, "Reddy" settled down to work, and passed the first two years of his college career very much as a human being would do. It was in his sophomore year that "Reddy" resolved to divide his time as nearly as might be between Chemistry, Girls (note the plural), and hobbies of Commy, with the latter in the lead, although the social stunts have proven a close second. "Reds" has also proven himself a baseballist of no mean ability, having picked off several high flies from the top of the Hopkins bleachers, and having knocked several home runs off Walter Johnson.

But to come back to native soil, "Reddy" has proven himself a most successful student. The numerous honors and trusts that he has held testify as to his ability and popularity.

As he steps from the threshold of college life, he parts with a wide circle of friends who wish him the best of fortune.



"JOE" COSTER



"SHRIMP" DEELEY



"BILL" FLETCHER



"HARRY" FORD



History of the Class of 1914



AS this, our final year of college life, with its queer mixtures of pleasure and work, draws to a close, it again becomes the duty of the Historian to rehearse the great achievements of the members of our immortal class, the class of nineteen fourteen, during their four years of enrollment at our dear Alma Mater.

I fully realize that the task is a stupendous one, and, even though I possessed the insight of a Thucydides, the style of a Macaulay and the industry of a Trojan, the difficulties would be almost insuperable. But claiming not an iota of the power of those mentioned, and begging charity of those that may read this, I shall endeavor to set forth to an expectant world and especially to the loved ones at home the many exploits of our fortunate members.

It is claimed that everything has a beginning, and we, not wishing to be an exception, date our beginning from September the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and ten. And it came to pass in the fall of nineteen-ten, there came to the classic halls of the Maryland Agricultural College a verdant band of men in the search of knowledge. These "explorers" afterwards known as the "Freshies" or "Rats" were natives of various parts of our own land.

This gathering of men presented nothing extraordinary from the usual type of "Rats." Their clothes gave forth the odor of "new mown hay," while their cheeks presented a color between dark brown and purple, and a bright red. In open eyed wonder, mingled with admiration, they gazed at the beautiful campus loaded with grasses, flowers and trees, and at the ancient school with its massive brick walls towering towards the sky, until they were welcomed by the noble President and the Deans. Their words of greeting convinced us that bright hopes and many happy anticipations were in store for us as we began our four years' journey toward the goal of graduation.

Bound by a common tie of enthusiasm and energy, we resolved not to revolutionize the professional world, but to reach those high attainments as efficient and conscientious students, so as to be enabled to cope with the responsibilities of our professions.

Fully cognizant of the fact that "in unity there is strength" we held our first class meeting in the top hall of the old building and the following officers were elected: President, Williams, E. P.; Vice-President, R. T. Gray; Secretary, Williams, R. C.; Treasurer, Coster; Historian, Rasmussen.



"JOHNNIE" GRAY



"BOB" GRAY



"JOSH" GREEN



"HOFF" HOFFECKER



All of this was done in the open and many of us were disappointed at there being so much quiet. Sophs were prowling around but not a single attack was made. However, in a few days we were called to "number four" and it was there that the terrible regime of "Bob" White began. To tell of the many hardships we were compelled to suffer as helpless "rats," conquered by the dominating spirit of the Sophs, would be to rehearse the oft' told story which is so vivid in the minds of us all. But in course of time we became accustomed to our new surroundings, and, in observance of the respect due the dignified (?) Sophomores, we spent the remainder of the session in peace, the kind that confronts all "rats" at a military school.

During June week we elected the following officers for the next year: President, Worch; Vice-President, Hoffecker; Secretary, Williams, R. C.; Treasurer, Williams, E. P.; Historian, Rasmussen; Sergeant-at-Arms, Coster.

With the summer vacation as one happy memory, we assembled in September to continue our course in the role of Sophomores, or as some one has sagely said, "the age of the wise fool." In this state of mental distortion we played the game on the "rats" as taught us the previous year by our kind friends, the Juniors, (adding, however, a few artistic touches of President Worch and Hoffecker), and feeling the dignity of our position, we considered ourselves fully competent to assume the responsibility of teaching that unsophisticated and unorganized band of "children" a few respects due their seniors.

The annual Freshman rules were read, rat meetings were held, gauntlets run, and the big inter-building broom fight was held, the "New Building" men being swept off the field except for "Bill" Grace, who won the battle.

Many strange things happened around college this year. The State Grange display removed itself from the Experiment Station to the College Campus. The Profs' gates succeeded in their long desire to change places with the big farm gates at the Experiment Station. The skeletons that for so many years had been peacefully at rest in Science Hall sneaked out on the Campus and haunted the O. C. who gave the poor Sophs so many chases. However, we did not get off with all our pranks. The old adage that "every pearl has its price" was surely true in our case. Well do we remember the night that the O. C. caught us holding a "Rat meeting," and all were reported. Well do we remember the seven weeks spent under "close arrest," social life being expatriated, with only the luscious (?) college bill-of-fare, and an occasional visit of our dear (?) friend Johnny Upham, to cheer us. All because we were caught administering "justice" to that wild country "rat" who was so timid as to skip a meeting that was planned especially for him.

The final examinations were soon posted and with those terrible ordeals over we elected the following officers for our Junior year: President, Hoffecker;



"DAVE" JOHNSON



"IRISH" O'NEILL



"RAS" RASMUSSEN



"SWEENEY" ROGERS



Vice-President, Truitt; Secretary, Williams, R. C.; Treasurer, Williams, E. P.; Historian, Rasmussen; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gray, R. T., and said a hearty farewell to old M. A. C., departing for our homes to spend a summer of jollification.

The fall of nineteen-twelve finds us again back to college, as Juniors, with renewed determination to pass our coming examinations. We had long since shaken off the many freshmanic and sophomoreic delusions and follies and were basking in the warmth of an enviable sphere which had not been reached by a single bound. Our class had greatly decreased in numbers, having lost Ager, Bean, Chaney, Crew, Donn, Griffin, Hamilton, Harris, Hook, Jeff, Lyons, Montell, Proctor, Roe, West, and Worch. Ager, Bean, Harris and Roe returned to their homes to enter business with their respective parents. Chaney left us all in a fog. We don't know where he is. Crew, Griffin, Lyons and Worch went home—it is reported—to get married. Donn went to a ranch in Texas. Our old friend Hamilton was released from his arrest to receive treatment for rheumatism. The last reports were that he was no better. Hook left us to obey the call of the girls and went to Western Maryland College, and, like our friend Jeff at Delaware College, has made good at athletics. Montell changed his course and thereby dropped back a year. Proctor entered Princeton and is making a most successful student. West, after missing a year, returned to college and entered the class of 1915.

In spite of all our handicaps our class was prominent in every branch of college life. In athletics Hoffecker was Captain of the football team, "Pete" Lednum Captain of baseball team, Johnson Captain and manager of the track team, while every man in the class affiliated himself with some branch of sport. Johnnie Gray won all the oratorical contests of the year. The "non-comp" medal was captured by our class and we had the champion class ball team of the year, but it was in the circle of social life that we "shone" so brightly. Every man of the nineteen-fourteen class is an ardent "fusser." Why even Ford boasts of a certain little "Instructor" of his on the "Sho'," and as to Ras, "I'se got a deuce of a drag with the man what's de President of this yer Institution." It is in the ball room particularly that we are of the stellar type, and our Promenade was one of the biggest state social functions of the season, although there was such a severe rain storm during the "Prom" that Governor and Mrs. Goldsborough and others prominent in the receiving line were unable to be present.

It was during this year that the calamitous fire swept old M. A. C. and took from us our historic barracks, the story of which has oft' been told, but we came to the front as men, and did all in our power to lay the foundation for the development of a greater M. A. C.

After passing our final examinations and enjoying the class German and June ball, all departed for home with the usual dignity of a Senior.



"REG" TRUITT



"AL" WHITE



"E. P." WILLIAMS



"REDDY" WILLIAMS



The history of our Senior year is covered by the individual biographies and it will suffice here to mention just a few happenings around College. The realization of our athletic dreams came in the defeat of St. John's College at football and we gained the undisputed State championship and our team was not scored on by any other State eleven.

We also witnessed with much favor the change from military to student government, the success of which has been marvelous. We also witnessed with great interest the advent of fraternities.

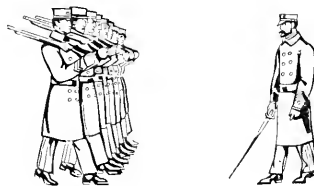
It is needless to say that we have enjoyed the extra liberties and privileges granted us, and 1914 has indeed been gay in society and active in class matters. Spring, with drills and hard work, came earlier than usual, but Saturdays were usually filled with ball games, and, strange as it seems now, how rapidly came our last examinations and Senior Class Finals.

The session has passed pleasantly and without many events of unusual character, and, now that we have given up our work as students, it is with no small feeling of regret that we bid our classmates good-bye and depart for fields of labor.

In conclusion, I will say we have the greatest possible respect and admiration for our teachers, and deeply appreciate the untiring efforts they have made to guide us in our work.

The history of the class of 1914 is ended, and we must say farewell. How faithfully shall we cherish the remembrance of our college and our class! The last hour has struck, and with undying love for our Alma Mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with hearts bent on high things, we go forth, and God speed.

Historian.





THE 1914 REVELLE

Senior Class Ode



(To the Tune of "Dear Old Girl.")

Here's to our dear old Fourteen,
Soon to sail upon life's stream,
Our hearts shall always, always turn to thee!
Be the sailing rough or smooth,
We shall ne'er forget our youth,
And our class of fourteen winners aim to be.
Do away with ifs and doubts,
Onward! Upward! be our shouts,
Ever bear the happy tidings of good will.
Never falter in the pace,
Always foremost in the race,
Inspired by M. A. C. upon the hill.

Chorus.

Old Fourteen,

We do love thee so dearly.

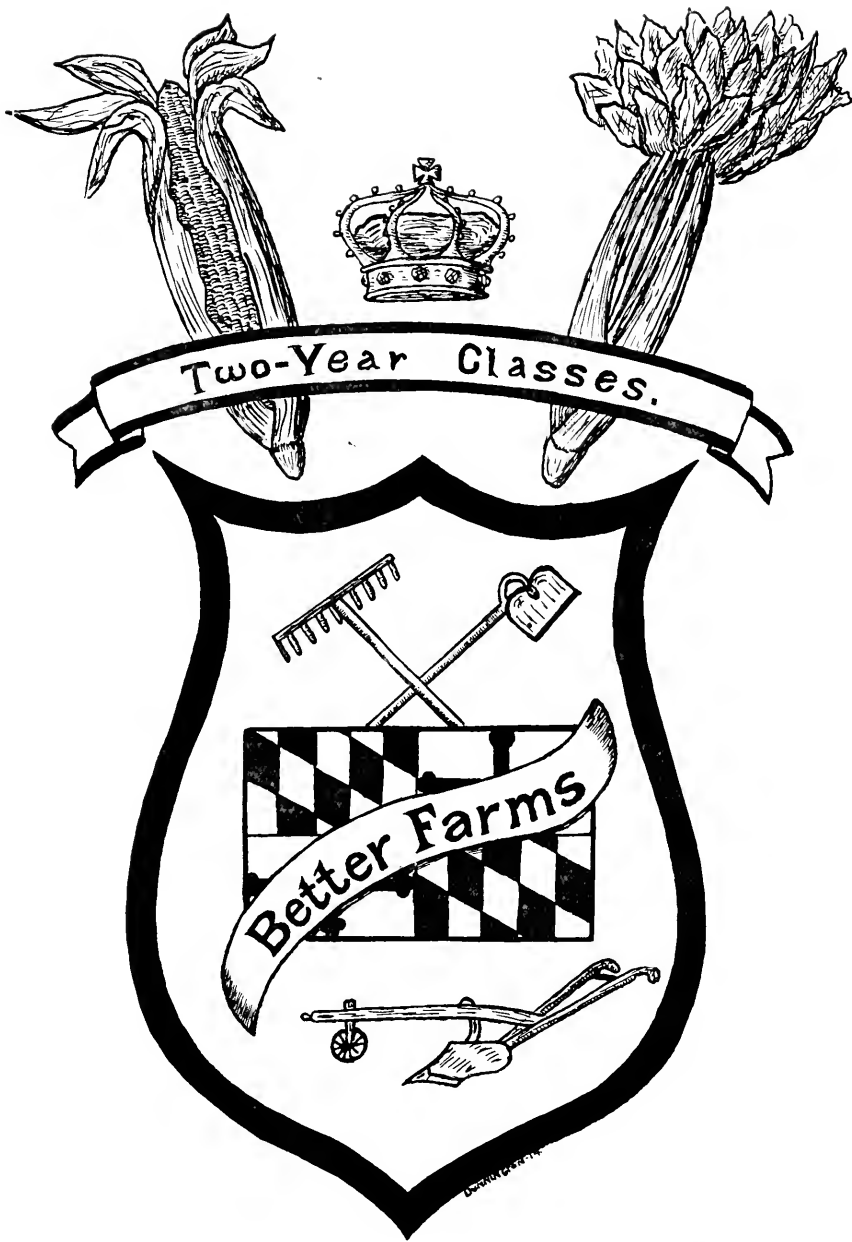
Old Fourteen,

We've all stood by thee yearly,

Whatever may be our calling, we will always think of thee.

Thought of years is not appalling to the class of Old Fourteen.

H. U. D.





THE 1914 REVEILLE

C. M. BRIGHT.....Stevensville, Md.

Agriculture.

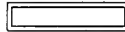


Charles M. Bright, alias "Buck," hails from the Garden Spot of the World—Eastern Shore of Maryland. Upon coming here "Buck" entered the sub-freshman class, but afterward decided to take up Agriculture, and joined our rank and file.

Do not let this picture mislead you to think that he is a hater of the fair sex, for he is quite popular around Hyattsville.

By the way, Buck has a soft spot in his heart for Baltimore, all his spare moments being spent in either writing to or reading letters from there. He claims that they are business affairs, but we are from Missouri.

After leaving M. A. C., he expects to settle down to farming. Good luck to you, old man.



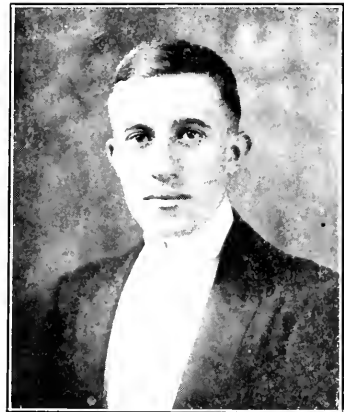
K. C. COLE.....Port Chester, N. Y.

Agriculture.

If you have chanced to spy a broad smile under the shade of a Pea-Cutting hat roaming about between College and the postoffice, you have seen the only original "Casey."

Cole has some drag with the Profs when it comes to taking trips for the purpose of testing milk, so he tells our friend, "Tommy," at the U. S. Soldiers' Home. "Don't tell the other fellows I told you, because they will kid me about it." But Tommy keeps a secret like a woman.

Along athletic lines, Cole has been a tower of strength to the basket-ball team during his two years' stay at College, and has also taken very kindly to lacrosse.



MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

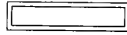
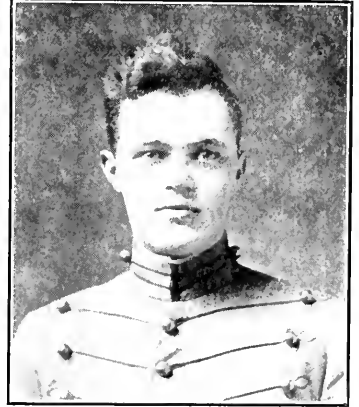
G. A. DAVIS.....Rocks, Md

Agriculture.

Tolly—"Is that the way they do in Harford, George?"

George—"No, sir, we do it this way . . ."

After the fire George found refuge in the Park and he immediately began to study the geography of Washington. George also found the young ladies of the Park to be very interesting. He has a very warm spot in his heart for military, but when the young ladies come from a distance to see him drill he gets excused and sits by the window in Tolly's room and watches them straining their eyes looking for him. He is some agronomist, and, judging from what he says, he is going to show us what real farming is, and he has best wishes from all of us.



L. R. DRAKE.....Royal Oak, Md.

Agriculture.



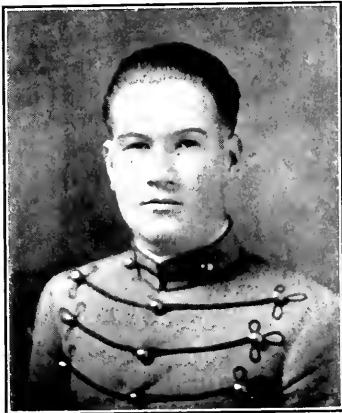
Leigh Russel Drake was born in Hookstown, Pa., on December 7th, 1894, and roamed over the country until he struck salt water at Royal Oak, Md., about three years ago, when, true to his name, he became anchored. He entered the M. A. C. as a freshman in the engineering course, but soon found out he was pursuing the wrong course and finally decided to become a member of our class.

He is very fond of eats, as any one who carelessly left them on the back porch can testify. Furthermore, he loves the rats so well that we came near losing his presence in class while he was endeavoring to bring one up the way he should go.

THE 1914 REVEILLE

F. DUNNINGTON.....Washington, D. C.

Horticulture.



This saintly visage here exposed to view is the exclusive property of Frank Dunnington, known to all of us as "Dunny." Is he not handsome? Yes, he is not. It is remarkable how a good start will help a fellow along. The girls gave him the start, and now "Commy" and "Doc" Monroe are kept busy trying to stop him.

In the military department Frank is the shining light of "C" Company, and has been everything from a private to a first lieutenant.

Dunny has not decided what he will do when he leaves his Alma Mater, but we are sure that whatever line of business he may select he will make good and hold up the reputation of old M. A. C. Luck to you, "Dunny Boy."



C. B. HOFFMAN.....Hagerstown, Md.

Horticulture.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Calvin Beard Hoffman, the famous sleeper. He was born May 5th, 1894, passed into a comatose condition and has only once been aroused from it. In a memorable night last year he gave offense to a bunch of Riverdale "bums." He immediately broke all records for the hundred, twenty, eight-eighty and home run.

He came to M. A. C. from Hagerstown High School in 1912 and entered the two-year course in horticulture. He was stationed in "Old Barracks," where he soon pummeled his way to fame as champion heavyweight boxer among the rats.



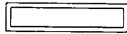


NEWMAN JOHNSON.....Baltimore, Md.

Agriculture.

Somebody asked, "Is that man with the society mustache a farmer?" Answer, "Why, of course not; that's Johnston, the man who saved the M. A. C. lacrosse team from defeat many times in the spring of 1913." Johnnie was fresh from the city when he arrived here, and it has about worn out the professors in some of the departments trying to drill simple agriculture into his cranium, especially Professor Taliaferro. "Tolly" likes to ask him a question and then say, "I knew you could not answer that, but I just wanted you to know it. You studied botany, why can't you answer that simple question?"

Nevertheless, Newman is well liked by all his classmates, and, in fact, by the whole school, and we will miss his charming conversation in the years to come.



T. B. LONG.....Crisfield, Md.

Agriculture.



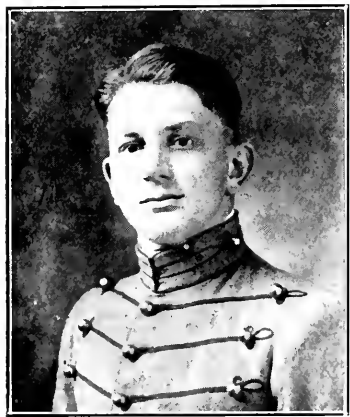
Thomas B. Long, or, better known as "T. B.," made his appearance on this planet in the summer of '95 in some unknown spot on the "Eastern Sho'." Soon he entered the public schools of the county, and before many years journeyed to M. A. C. He decided to take up agriculture, and joined our ranks in the fall of 1912. In the summer of 1913 he was one of the many victims of "Typhoid."

By the way, T. B. is some artist, for, on one occasion, he showed his ability in drawing gasoline engines. When it comes to riding a motor-cycle, he is there with bells on, and has already ridden 85 miles an hour.

THE 1914 REVELLE

G. V. MAUS.....Westminster, Md.

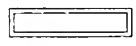
Agriculture.



Stop, look, and see who we have here, one of the star players of the gridiron of 1913. He dropped into old M. A. C. in the fall of 1911, from the well-known county of Carroll.

When he first entered the College his intention was to take the four-year course in agriculture, but by luck, and not his face, he ran across one of the fair sex of old Prince George's and finally decided that he could not wait to complete the four-year course.

George is always looking forward to his little trips back into the country, which he thinks is the garden spot of Maryland. Maus, and possibly the little black-eyed maiden of Evansville, expect to return together to his father's farm, and there live lives of happiness and content.



A. D. RADEBAUGH.....Bynum, Md.

Agriculture.

"Rady" expected to take a course in chemistry, but as he neared the lab., where some ambitious student was making hydrogen sulphide, he suddenly decided that a farmer's life was the life for him, and went on a hunt for "Tolly."

His presence adorned class rooms and "rat-meetings" until May 13th, when, after a very creditable showing at our annual track meet, he retired to the Sibley Hospital with his appendix. He emerged without that troublesome possession, but with an unquenchable desire for company found only in the "horse piddle."

Although we don't approve of such extensive correspondence for college students, we will excuse "Rady" on account of his susceptibility to feminine charms, and wish him the best of luck.

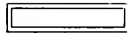




A. M. SHEARMAN.....Riverdale, Md.

Agriculture.

Upon the arrival of the venerable Mr. Shearman in College Park, his kindly smile endeared him to the boys, who before long were calling him "Pop." Since that time Pop has daily been a conspicuous figure on the Campus, and was one of the leading artists of the College band until advanced age compelled him to retire. After the fire last year, it was rumored that Arthur slept so long that he was compelled to depart without certain articles of clothing which are usually worn in polite society. He indignantly denied this, but Dame Rumor will not be still.



H. B. SHIPLEY.....College Park, Md.

Agriculture.



This is our star, "Ship," the man who put M. A. C. on the map, at least, in foot-ball, base-ball and basket-ball.

"Ship" has spent just a few years with us, and during his stay has "tried out" about all the courses in College, but finally has landed in the two-year course, and it really agrees with him.

"Ship" has had the enviable reputation of being Captain of three teams one year, and this alone shows athletic ability. He is good-natured to the extreme, and never has he "blown his own horn." "Ship" has endeared himself to the heart of every boy, and when he leaves us he will take with him the good will of all.

THE 1914 REVEILLE

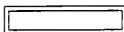
W. H. SKINNER.....Baltimore, Md.

Agriculture.



In September, 1912, when W. Howard Skinner, or Sinker, as he is sometimes known, left Baltimore for College Park, there was great rejoicing. No, not in Baltimore—College Park, you boob. Before continuing, however, let it be known that the title Sinker is not used because he is lead (led), but rather because he is "some heavy."

Howard has proved himself to be one of the leading lights of the class, not only in the class room, but also on the campus. It was due to his efforts that our class threw off the shackles of precedent and withdrew from the Junior Class, and, establishing itself as a separate organization, with Sinker as its able President.



L. R. SMOOT.....Kensington, Md.

Horticulture.

No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not the missing link, but in its stead the manly visage of Smoot, the baby of our class. This young man drifted into our class in the fall of 1912 and immediately decided to become one of "Doc" Munroe's pests.

In athletics he is not much, except in the dashes to mail box. He has a great head on his shoulders, even though it is of a maroon hue. He is now working on some scheme such as unbreakable greenhouses, or how to get "Commy" bawled up, and we feel sure that some day he will be a second Burbank. His plan, when he leaves M. A. C., is to improve his home place, and we feel sure that he is capable of fulfilling his plan. Any way, here is hoping for a bright and happy future, full of joy and bliss.



W. C. STANTON.....Grantsville, Md.

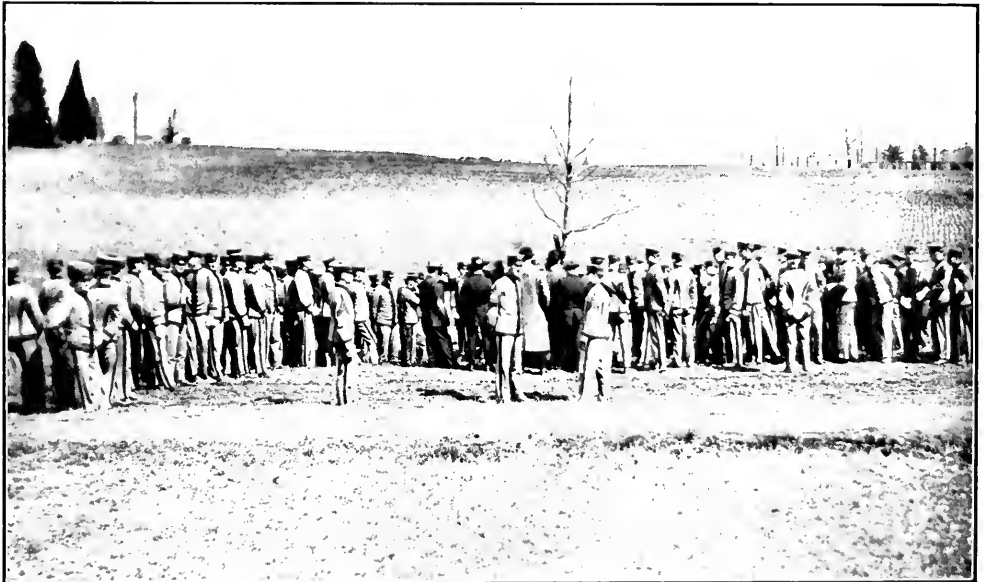
Agriculture.

This innocent-looking mass of "Clay" hailed from Garrett County in the fall of 1911, but, beware, William is not so innocent as he looks, although he is the smallest "man" in our class.

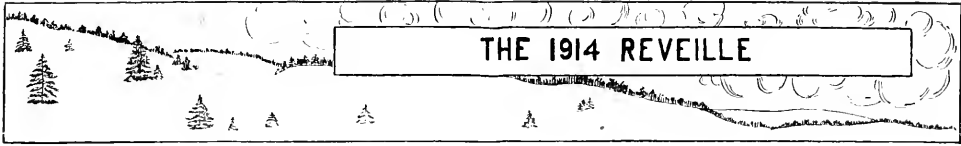
Talk about your drag! Stanton is there with the Profs, for he has all the drag his three preceding brothers left.

"Cutie" kept some lady from the mountains abundantly supplied with the latest music, but since the fire Clay boards in the "Ville," where he made some hit, and became quite a church worker. He says "She Made Me What I Am Today."

William Clay expects to practice productive farming in the mountains of Garrett County—here's good luck to him.



DEMONSTRATION IN PRUNING



Two-Year Agricultural and Horticultural Class



Officers

- W. H. SKINNER.....*President*
- H. B. SHIPLEY.....*Vice-President*
- G. A. DAVIS.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
- A. D. RADEBAUGH.....*Historian*
- G. V. MAUS.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*



History



LAST year's Two-Year class claimed the reputation of being the wildest that has enrolled at the M. A. C. within recent years, but we, the Two-Year class of nineteen fourteen, have been instrumental in changing the status of the two-year classes with reference to the other classes.

Our class has the honor of being the largest two-year class ever entering the M. A. C. and will graduate a larger proportion than any other. The various professors have all found a love for special students.

Dunnington, Bommy's infant, is unable to make a valid contract. Bright, who has a love for apples, one day found himself in a very embarrassing position when "Tolly" began to lecture about the missing apple. "Pop" Sherman and Johnston cause Tolly to open his eyes in amazement when he calls the roll and hears them say "here." Skinner, our able President, has one ambition in life and that is to show Prof. Anspen how to make grafting wax.

Our class has made a wonderful showing in athletics, having both the pleasure and honor of having Shipley, the star athlete, among our number. Shipley has won 12 "M's" and as many Stars, and we all know the College will greatly miss his presence in the future. Besides Shipley we also have produced 4 lacrosse men, 3 football players, 1 track man, 2 basketball players, and 1 baseball player. Day, one of the star football players, was a member of our class until this year



when he joined the Sophomore Class. We have also added a new company to the battalion known as Company "D," which drills daily in "Tolly's" class room.

We must not forget to mention the trip to Great Falls, Va., with our Professor of "Seeds and Weeds," to study the flora of that locality. We all wore khaki uniforms, and as the result of some of our foolish pranks we were informed that we might be on the government pay roll but that we were not gentlemen. We all got home without being arrested, however, and have several specimens by which to remember the day.

We also took the annual trip to Laurel for the stock judging contest which is a notable event. We usually carry back our share of the spoils, this having amounted to \$45 in two years. Professor Kinzy gave us some practical instruction in judging "chickens" while there. Our fellows have found, while on these trips, that it is well to keep one eye skinned for "Mulligan."

We have had some great experiences while on testing trips and we nearly all know "Tommy" at the U. S. Soldier's Home. Pop struck hard luck, however, when he got near a girl's school during the Christmas holidays. A great deal of practical knowledge has been gained by the students while on these trips and we heartily endorse them, especially for city men.

To dig up Greek and Latin roots,
We do not come to college,
But of the earth and a'1 her fruits,
To get a store of knowledge.

Our thoughts to beef do mostly turn,
To cabbage and tomatoes;
We want the cheapest way to learn
Of raising big potatoes.

And when we've found out how to grow
The rich and luscious pumpkins,
We'll take our sheep-skins home with us
And shine among the bumpkins.

Historian.



FIRST YEAR AGGIES



The First Year Aggies



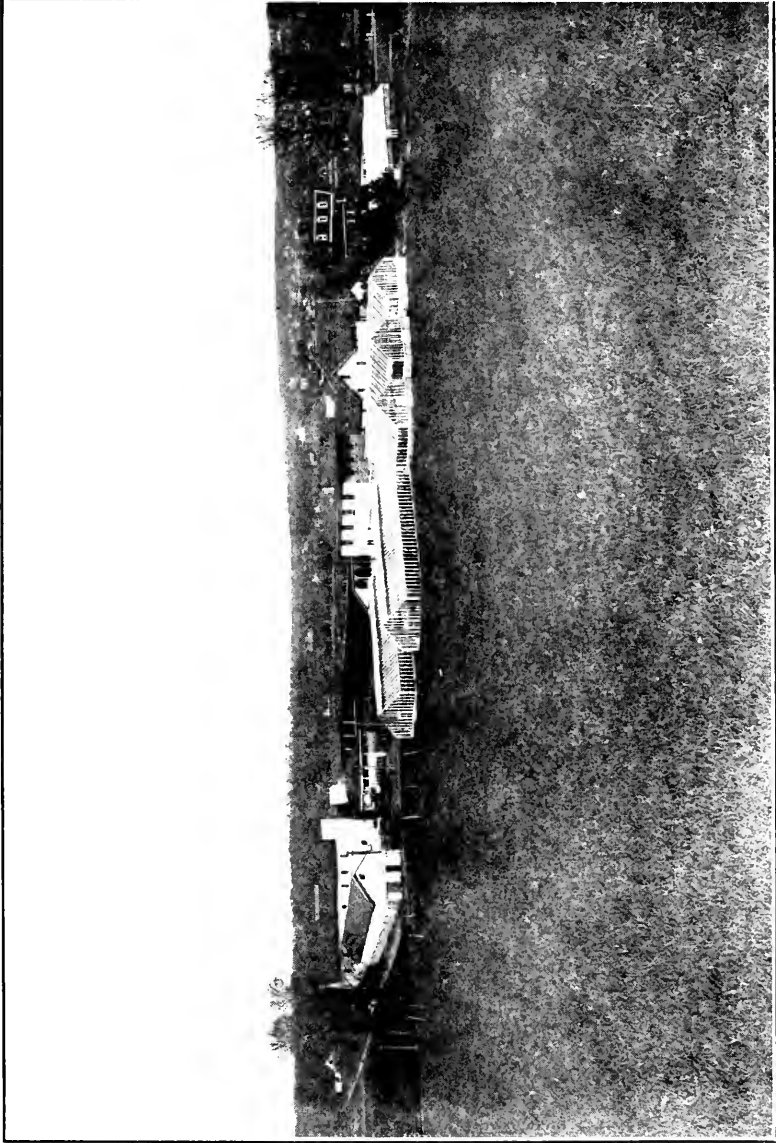
Officers

- C. K. WILKINSON.....*President*
T. B. MASON.....*Vice-President*
N. S. STABLER.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
C. T. AMBROSE.....*Historian*

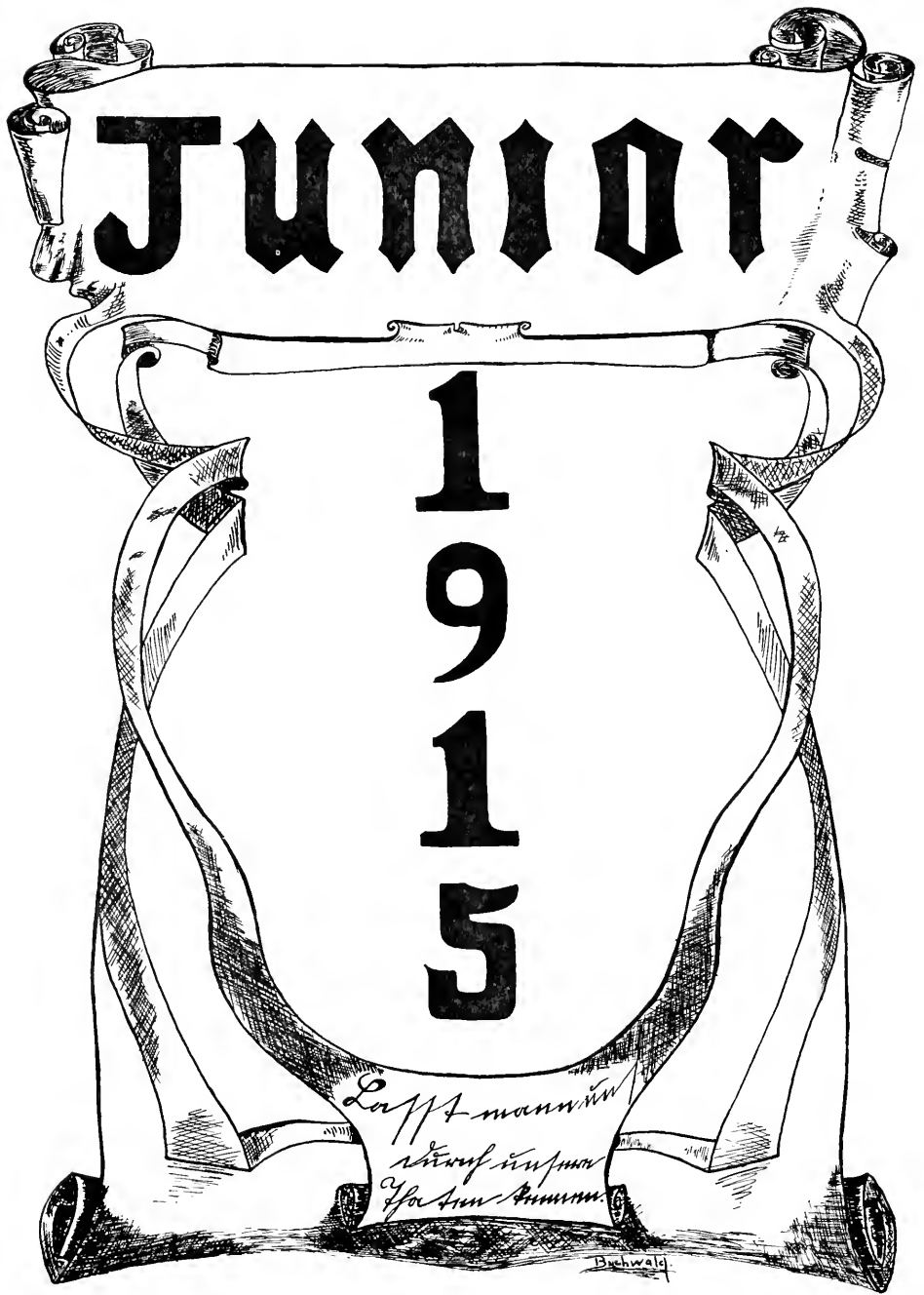


...Roll...

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| AMBROSE, C. T. | BEAVERS, P. H. |
| CALDWELL, J. S. | CUTHBERTSON, H. B. |
| GILPIN, D. | HERMANN, H. |
| JARRELL, W. E. | LALLY, M. |
| MALLERY, J. P. | MASON, T. B. |
| SAUBER, H. | SCHAEFER, R. L. |
| STABLER, N. S. | WILKINSON, C. K. |
| WILLIS, J. A. | WILSON, G. D. |



THE MARYLAND EXPERIMENT STATION



JUNIOR

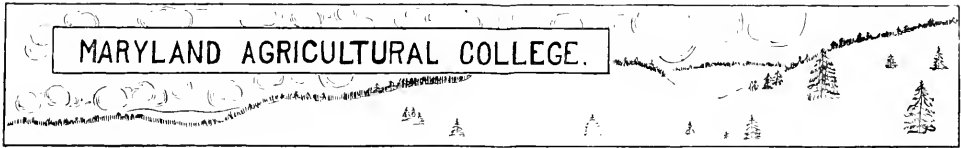
1
9
1
5

Laffmann
König
Hofmann

Behwald



THE JUNIOR CLASS



Class of 1915



COLORS:
Blue and Gold.

MOTTO:
Lasst man uns durch unsere Thaten kennen.

Officers

P. N. PETER.....	<i>President</i>
A. H. MASSEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. J. McKENNA.....	<i>Secretary</i>
C. E. ROBINSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. E. HARRISON.....	<i>Historian</i>
H. KNODE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members

ANDRIOPULAS, L.	FRAZEE, G. S.	PENNINGTON, L. R.
BLUNDON, J. P.	GIBSON, A. M.	PENNINGTON, V. P.
BUCHWALD, C. H.	GRAY, T. D.	PERKINS, W. T.
BOWLAND, J. E.	HALL, W. E.	PIERSON, E. H.
BROWN, R. S.	HAUVER, P. A.	ROBERTS, E. M.
CARTER, A. R.	KELLY, W. R.	ROHN, M. E.
CARPENTER, O.	KISLIUK, M.	TODD, R. N.
CLARK, H.	LEVIN, M.	FULL, J. J.
COCKEY, C. T.	McCUTCHEON, R. J.	WEST, R. P.
DALE, R.	MONTELL, E. W.	WRIGHT, F. W.

...Yell...

Rata-to-trat-to-trat-to-trat!
 Tara-to-bix-to-bix-to-bix!
 Kick-a-bah-bah!
 Fifteen! Fifteen!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!



Junior Class History



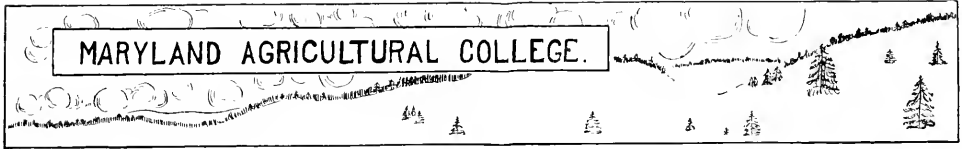
It was the evening on which one of those protracted class meetings, to which all Juniors are subjected, had been held. The class historian wended his way wearily homeward. He had a big job before him. For the class history he had carefully compiled was now to be viewed in another perspective. He realized now, as never before, that, whereas he had seen many things dimly he saw them now in a new light. Therefore, he resolved that he must revise the history of his class.

Gentle reader, bear with him for a few moments and peruse the results of his labor. One of the many things the Junior class has considered seriously is the Junior Prom. Around this event many happy reminiscences center in the days that follow, and before the event many "Iron Men" were worked overtime. Therefore, all interest centers upon this social happening and the Juniors all aim to be on hand and make the Seniors happy.

The first preliminary toward the success of this affair was a series of prolonged class meetings. The President was a very important person at this time, for he called the class meetings, and the members all proceeded to smoke him out. Gentle reader, please remember that all these meetings were held in the College smoking room, otherwise it would be impossible to get the members together. No less than ninety and nine meetings were held, and business relating to all matters, from who stole the goose that laid the class dues to such incomprehensible things as the fourth dimension, was considered. The class Treasurer was appointed Chairman of the Committee to find the goose, dead or alive. The fourth dimension was declared to be out of order. Because, since, as our President said, "Parliamentary Law does not recognize the fourth dimension." We were awfully glad that he did not discover that we did not recognize Mr. Fourth Dimension.

Other Committees were appointed to look after various activities in connection with the Junior Prom, and these will here be commended for their good work. These committees were instructed to report one week before the date of the Prom. It might here be remarked that the date had not yet been decided upon. But this did not hinder the enthusiasm of the various committees, and they proceeded to get busy.

In the interim before the final class meeting much history was made. The class became divided. There was the Pre-Lent party and the Post-Lent party. After much political contention the Pre-Lent party was successful and Feb-



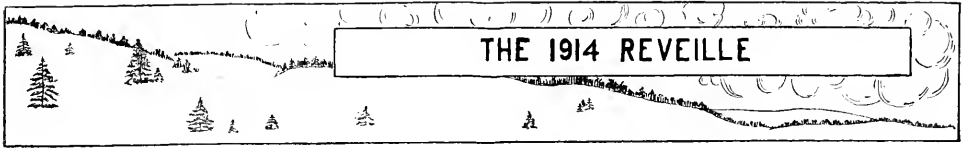
ruary 20th was set as the date for the Prom. The disappointed members predicted cold and wintry weather for the night of the 20th. Their opponents claimed the cold made no difference. At any rate the North wind continued to blow and one week before the fatal day it was as cold as ever.

The following day the bulletin boards announced that the final class meeting before the Junior Prom was to be held on the afternoon of the same day, instead of in the evening as usual. There was no excuse for the change except that the Class President, the Secretary and the Treasurer were called away on "business" (girls) for that evening.

Well, we had the meeting, and as nearly as the Historian can record, one which was somewhat in this order.

The President led off with a first class hit with his gavel, and silence reigned supreme. Not a sound was to be heard save the President's voice, which broke forth in this manner, "Fellows, come to order, the class of 1915 is ready for business and the Secretary will please call the roll." This personage arose and called the roll as if it were a huge joke. Then he read the minutes, while the President's gavel worked overtime trying to get the members under control. It was to be wondered at times whether or not he was trying to outdo the Secretary at making noise. When the Secretary finished calling the class roll, and few of the members knew he had, the President immediately stopped imitating the village blacksmith and laid his gavel down to rest for just a few seconds, while he asked, "Are there any corrections or objections? If not, the minutes of the last meeting will now be read." Our Secretary again arose and proceeded forthwith to read in a bored manner. When he finished, the President again said, "Are there any corrections or objections? If not, the minutes stand approved as read."

After this, old business was in order, and the reports of the various committees were forthcoming. The President made an announcement to that effect. After some minutes of silence a young man, Chairman of the Committee to find the Goose, arose and upon being recognized by the chair began as follows: "Mr. President, and Gentlemen, as Treasurer of this class, I would like to preface my remarks with a few facts which bear directly upon the history of the goose in question. Ever since the very beginning of our class, we have been famous for our conservative principles (applause). In our Freshman year we ever held before us the idea that some day we should have first share in the honors which M. A. C. would bestow upon her alumni (applause). Therefore, we early proceeded to formulate a number of plans whereby we might have one or more nest eggs for the goose that lays the class dues. In our Sophomore year the goose upon which we had placed so much dependence was driven from her nest by a calamitous fire. Prior to that event, gentlemen, you all know how valiantly she worked for us, and how much worry she saved us. Since that time we have had to worry with investments and rely upon the usury our sheckels would pour into our



class treasury. Since that time we have hoped she would some day return. But, we looked in vain. Summer came, then the Junior year burst upon us, and winter in all his glory and still not a sign of Madam Goose.

"The Junior Prom was beginning to be discerned upon the distant horizon and our finances were still low. As you all know, gentlemen, I asked you, many times, 'what is wrong with the goose?' (Laughter.) But no one seemed to know. It was at this stage that the committee, of which the speaker was Chairman, was appointed to look into the matter of finding what could be done to persuade the goose to return to us.

"Mr. President, I am now coming to the point. This is what we did. A certain gentleman, Cockey by name, who, as you all know and as his name implies, knows considerable about fowls of all kinds, particularly 'chickens,' was consulted. Now, Mr. Cockey is chairman of the program committee and the plan he recommended for capturing the golden fruit he outlined as follows: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have a little plan, a formula as it were, which I know should work in all kinds of weather and under the most adverse circumstances. I know I should have it patented but I have decided to let you all have the benefit of my discovery.' Whereupon he held up one of the prettiest little books we had ever seen. He opened it and upon looking closer we discovered that it was a Junior Prom program. Still we did not understand. Then he explained: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'how many of you want to be present at the Junior Prom?' Whereupon every man stood up. 'Then let every man deposit his share of the golden fruit, which has been scarce since our class goose left her nest, into the nest along with our already big egg, and we will not need to hunt further for the contrary old goose.'

"Mr. President, this is the plan, with a few alterations, which the committee presents to the class, and I would conclude my remarks by asking that the committee be discharged as soon as the report is voted upon."

The President thereupon, after a motion had been duly made and seconded, called for a vote which adopted the report of the committee, and by another vote the President was authorized to discharge the committee with a vote of thanks.

Then the reports of the other committees came in their regular order. All reported a favorable amount of progress and those whose work was completed were discharged. Upon motion the class adjourned to meet the first night after the Junior Prom and then report upon the success of their various endeavors.

In the meantime it was wonderful how well the plan adopted by the class for collecting the golden fruit succeeded. The eagles came flying in, and the class Treasurer wore once more his angelic smile. The migration of the eagles also caused the Juniors to fly about in a very hurried manner. The college auditorium was decorated. Forest trees were placed in its interior while varied colored lights blazed forth from their branches. Cedar festoons became the order of decora-



tion in the dining room, and everywhere signs of a wonderful metamorphosis was apparent.

The night of the big event came. The sky was blue and studded with stars, while under foot the snow gave a warm, soft covering to mother earth.

The Juniors were on hand early, then came the Seniors and the Juniors received them and their friends gladly; the music began; and the event was a reality. Everybody was happy, the Seniors were delighted, and the Juniors felt amply repaid for all the hours of arduous planning the event had made necessary. The hours passed very quickly. For suddenly the clock informed everyone that it was time to depart.

The class met the following night. It was like a family reunion. Everybody was shaking hands and congratulations were the order of the evening. Many motions expressing thanks for services rendered were passed and the meeting adjourned in due order.

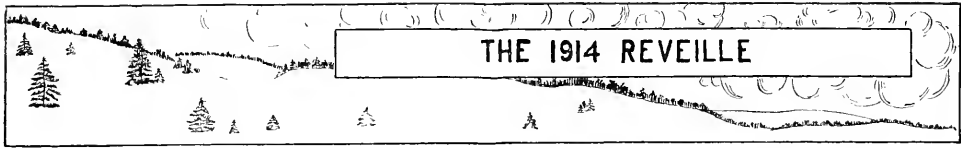
The Class Historian after consulting many authorities upon the subject believes that the Junior Prom given by the Class of 1915 was one of the most brilliant and successful social events in the annals of M. A. C.

Three years ago we gathered from various parts of this and other states to form the class of 1915. During that time we have met and associated with each other in the class room, the athletic field, on the campus and elsewhere, but on February 20th we actually met, as a class, for the first time as a prominent social factor during our college lives. Surely, the experiences we have gleaned from this event during this brief yet most formative period of our existence we shall never forget.

As a class our three years have indeed been strenuous ones. We have faced as grave problems as any class, and no class has more bravely met their burden than our own. If after years when care weighs heavily upon the brow, when responsibilities burden, and when duties depress the spirit, life will surely take a new start, and ambition will arise to overcome the greatest difficulty as one thinks, remembers and says to himself, "Lo! I was a member of the class of 1915." Even now we are beginning to feel the responsibility that falls upon each member. We realize that we must play our part in the great game of furthering civilization if we are to uphold the reputation of M. A. C.

Many times at the close of day, burdened with lessons and tasks and duties yet undone, we Juniors perhaps have looked out from the windows of our little rooms in the old historic barracks toward the lakes and watched a few wandering tramps light their evening fires, and smoke their pipes in peace and freedom and contentment, and we must sometimes have wondered if, between the two classes, they and us, they had not, after all, really made the wiser choice.

But we must always remember, they are but parasites upon a busy, striving civilization, and the world has not been bettered one whit, nor lifted one degree



by their existence. No matter how valiant or brilliant the life, civilization refuses to recognize any one whose existence has not contributed to the progress of humanity.

Formerly, the traveler in France would visit the tomb of Napoleon and bare his head in holy homage, as all Europe once did. Today civilization is beginning to consider this man as having spent a most noble and gallant life in merely having sent to a premature grave millions upon millions of men, women and children and having plunged France into an enormous war debt from which she has as yet never fully recovered.

The traveler today as he stands before the great tomb, as he sees parade before his mind's eye the career of that greatest of soldiers, murmurs with Ingersoll, "I saw him at Toulon in all his glory. I saw him walking the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him cross the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Ulm, at Marengo, and at Austerlitz. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elbe. I saw him escape and retake an Empire by the force of his genius. I saw him again upon the frightful fields of Waterloo, where Fate and Chance combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. I saw him at St. Helena, with his arms behind him, gazing out upon that sad and solemn sea.

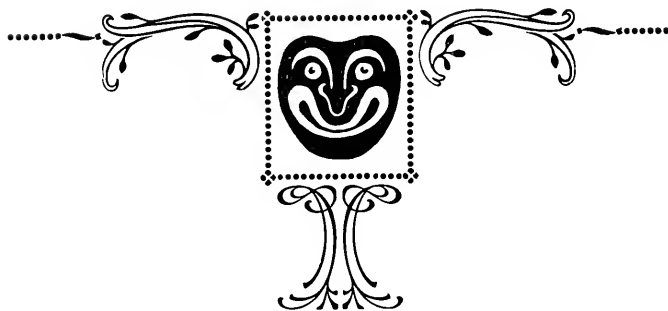
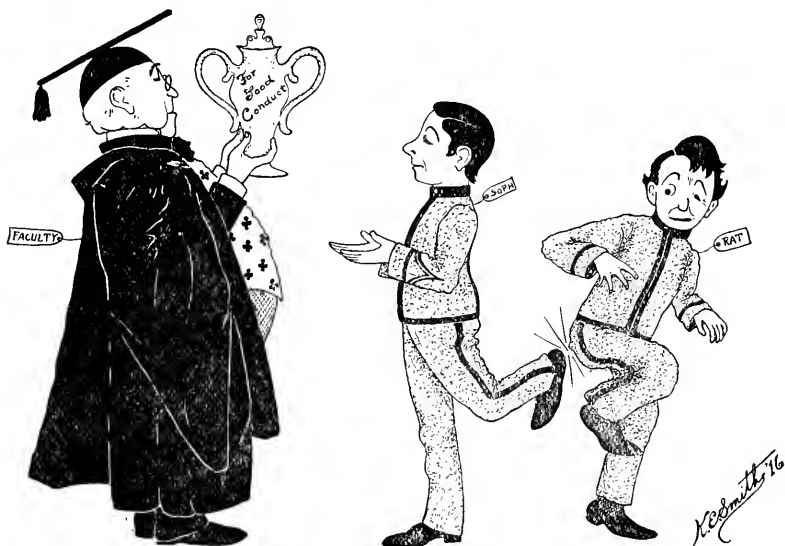
"I thought of the widows and the orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, of the only woman he had ever loved pushed from his heart by the cold hand of his ambition, and I said, 'I would rather have been a poor French peasant, sitting in my hut, with the vines growing over my door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun, and have my children upon my knees, with their arms around me. I say I would rather have been that poor French peasant, and gone down into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been known as that imperial impersonation of force and murder, 'Napoleon the Great.'"

The Juniors already realize that the world today needs builders, not destroyers. We realize that more men like Washington are needed to help make this country of ours a place where each may expect to really have an existence defined by the words, "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." We realize that men like Lincoln are needed to break the shackles of vice which are making slaves of millions of our fellows. We realize that it matters not whether we shall be lowly of station or famous, so long as our duty be clearly met.

Then, we, the members of the Junior Class, will be proud of M. A. C., and each one be glad that he is able to say to himself, "Lo! I was a member of the class of Nineteen Fifteen."

HISTORIAN.

SOPHOMORE





SOPHOMORE CLASS



Class of 1916



COLORS:
Green and Gold.

MOTTO:
Labor omnia vincit.

Officers

KENNETH T. KNODE.....*President*
 SEYMOUR W. RUFF.....*Vice-President*
 J. ALBERT REISINGER.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
 ROY C. TOWLES.....*Historian*
 WHITNEY J. AITCHESON.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

Members

BAINES, R. S.	GATES, H. B.	SANDO, C. E.
BALKAM, H. H.	GRACE, K.	SEGAR, R. B.
BOPST, L. E.	GRAY, G. B.	SHARP, G. B.
BOWLING, J. D.	GRIFFIN, S. E.	SMITH, H.
BRADLEY, J.	HINDMAN, E. R.	SMITH, K. E.
BROCKWELL, W. A.	JOHNSON	SPIRO, P.
BURLINGAME, L.	KEEFAUVER, L.	STEINMETZ, F.
DAY, S. C.	KNATZ, E. G.	STERLING, J. C.
DONNETT, J.	KRAUK, R. G.	SUNSTONE, J.
DOLEMAN, R. E.	LODGE, F. G.	TAYLOR, E. A.
EDDY, A.	McHENRY, R.	TAYMAN, G. S.
ERDMAN, L. W.	McLEAN, W.	WHITE, R.
EDLEMAN, L. F.	MORRIS, P. H.	WILSON, L. C.
FORD, B.		NERCOSTES, A.

...Hull...

Rah-a-a! Rah-a-a!
 Not a thread but's wool!
 Altogether! Altogether!
 That's the way we pull!
 Sixteen! Sixteen! Sixteen!!



History of Sophomore Class



PRECEDENT has ruled that the Sophomore Class is the one whose actions are followed by the student body with a keen interest of anticipation.

Upon this class has fallen the burden of training, coaching and entertaining that often apparently insignificant but really most essential student—the “rat.” To the man of average intelligence this statement, that the “rat” is an important element, may seem rather broad. Nevertheless, all things are possible, and, knowing this, one must try to conceive the inconceivable and believe that this unsophisticated monstrosity will some day actually become a Sophomore. So, since the environment of a *child* bespeaks its after life, it is clearly seen that upon the ability of the Class to discharge this particular duty depends a large share of the success of the college.

Do you recall, fellows, how you have dealt with the “rat” phase of your work? When this page shall appear before you your days as Sophomores shall have been numbered, and, “lest ye forget,” a scanning of these lines will recall to you that during the session of 1913-'14 a larger percentage of new students became satisfied and remained within the portals of the old college than had been recorded for many years back. Such a record is well worth the effort exerted.

Another remarkable feat accomplished was brought to your attention when the members of the football team assembled at the last Christmas German to receive their letters. Seven of these stalwart sons of Maryland had previously cast their lots with the Class of 'Sixteen. And no meagre team was it, either, but one which had for the first time in seven lean, hungry years brought home to swell the pride of its Alma Mater the highest honor for which she could ask—the Championship Banner of her State. What more would you have?

To enumerate your worthy actions and your worthy deeds would be the work of a volume, and your editor has given you but a page. Therefore, there being but limited space, these two little achievements have been singled out and are here recorded, so that in future days you may read and know that your days as “Sophs” were not idle. For be assured, Classmates, that the history of a Class is not written to be pondered over by boys still at school, but in after

years when, having clasped your brothers' hands in parting and reverently asked God to bless each one, you have gone forth from your Alma Mater and separated one from the other, "each to pursue his life's vocation." Then, when you have assumed your grim duties in the fighting of life's battles, when Time has left his silvery streaks upon your fast thinning hair, and when, perhaps, some dear ones from our clan have passed beyond the reach of your fraternal grasp—then, if you perchance turn here and read, and one little ray of sunshine gleams forth to brighten a lonely hour, then, your historian will feel his work well done.

Historian.

Ye Soph.

The monarch on his throne surveys
 The kingdoms of his power—
 The sophomore with rod of iron
 Rules o'er the freshman bower.

Oh, yes, he rules the little "fresh"
 In monarch fashion true;
 Nor is this all the wary Soph
 Can show you how to do.

He packed and sent the cannon ball
 To Commy's private home,
 And led a bull into the "lab"
 And left him there to roam.

He swung old Commy's pantaloons
 Upon the flag pole high,
 And then to pass the time he swiped
 The apples from old Sy.

To watch him work you'd think that he
 With ease could steal away
 The jewels from an Idol's crown
 Or change the night to day.

Schwot.

The Stars and Stripes Forever.

Rainbow socks and foothigh collar,
Ties that ought to raise a holler.
Creases yet untouched on pants,
Freshie sure, with but a glance.

Down the pike in all his splendor,
Comes this RAT, so young, so tender.
Meat for all men higher up,
Anxious all to "eat the pup."

Hark! A voice! "Oh, Rat, come here!"
(Tho not the season, turkey's near.)
"Now, boy, bend over!" "'Tis my behest."
Sad memories—omit the rest.

—Von.



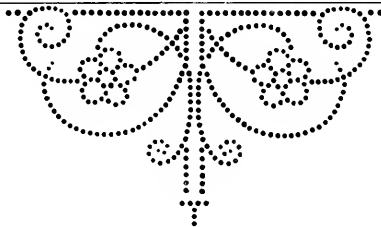
It's great to be Fanned---in hot weather

Why do they want my scalp and skin,
And use me like a bat,
And show me I'm not of their kin,
And call me little rat?

Revenged I'll be and vengeance sweet
I'll take—be sure of that.
I'll plan a method sure and neat,
For NEXT YEAR'S little rat.

—Von.

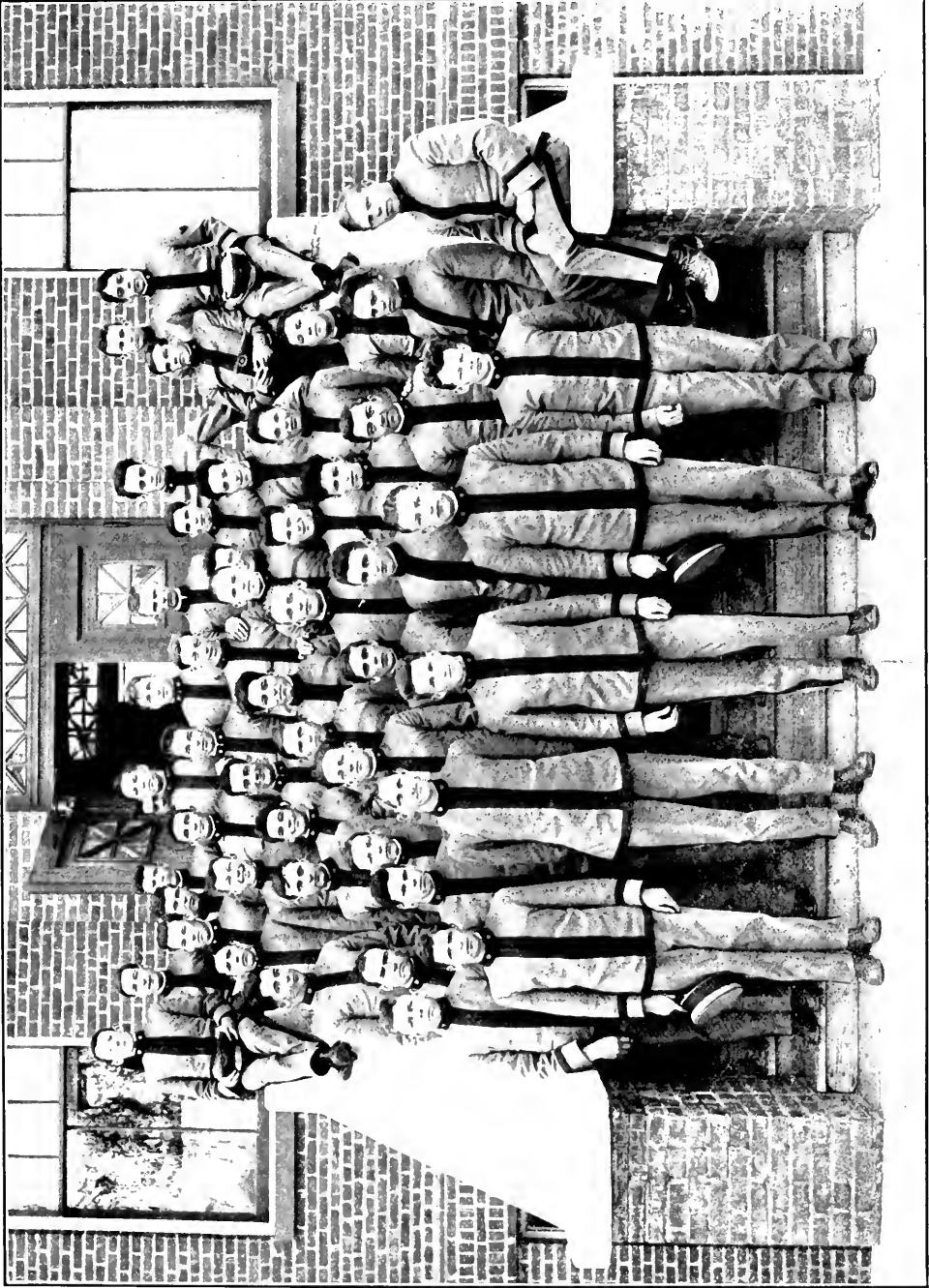
FRESHMAN



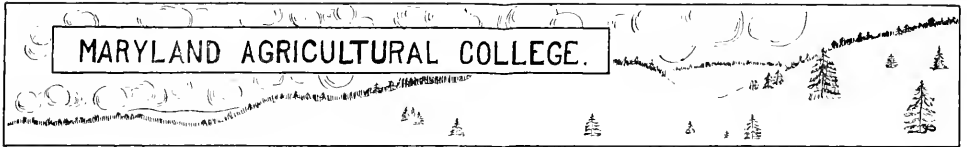
Welcome
1917



L.F. Edelman. -16



THE FRESHMAN CLASS



Class of 1917

COLORS:
Maroon and White.

MOTTO:
Quamvis Sava Sint Aspera Ascendite.

Officers

J. W. MANN.....*President*
 C. F. HUNTEMANN.....*Vice-President*
 A. V. WILLIAMS.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
 H. FREUNDLICH.....*Historian*
 J. N. BROOKS.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

Members

ARNOLD, T. G.	FELDMAN, J. R.	MONTGOMERY, T.
BACON, C. H.	FRISTOE, H. W.	MORGON, M. A.
BARRETT, N. W.	FREUNDLICH, H.	MORAES, J.
BARRETT, Wm. D.	FUCHS, C. H.	NASH, T. M.
BROMLEY, J. A.	GEMENY, W. A.	PEACOCK, W.
BROOKS, J. N.	GILPIN, W. F.	ROCKWELL, A. L.
BURGESS, C.	GRAY, W. D.	ROCKWELL, W. R.
BURRITT, L.	HOWARD, D. J.	ROUTH, J. P.
CHILDS, L. M.	HUNTEMANN, C. F.	SELLMAN, A. H.
CHISOLM, J. J.	ILGENFRITZ, C. W.	SENART, B. F.
COGGINS, I.	JUENEMANN, J. G.	SHOEMAKER, H. R.
COHN, F. L.	KIRKLEY, S. S.	STURGIS, G. M.
DEARSTYNE, R. S.	KISHPAUGH, W. M.	TALIAFERRO, J. E.
DERRICK, H. B.	KOHN, W. S.	TARBUTTON, C. C.
DEUTERMAN, W. B.	LARSEN, C. L.	THOMSEN, F. L.
DIXON, M. A.	LANGSDALE, S. H.	VON PREISSIG, M. J.
DONOVAN, C. G.	LONDON, O.	WALLACE, S. C.
DUBEL, B.	MANN, J. W.	WATSON, R. D.
EMORY, F.	MEDINGER, A. C.	WINANT, H. D.
FATT, V. L.	MESS, R. W.	WILLIAMS, A. V.
	MILLER, W. L.	

...Yell...

We are, we are, we are, we are, the Freshman Class,
 We are, we are, we are, we are, the Freshman Class,
 And when we get to heaven
 We'll give that good old yell:
 And those who're not so fortunate
 Will give it down in—

History of the Class of 1917



IN the fall of 1913, there was enrolled the largest Freshman Class that M. A. C. has ever known. At the first roll call, more than sixty men answered to their names.

"Oozy" Huntemann had the time of his life endeavoring to explain to that bunch of boneheads that if they did not create less disorder in the class room a terrible master in the guise of a Prof. would give them no end of trouble.

To go back for a moment, in the latter part of May, 1913, the acting president of the Sub-Freshman Class called a meeting in the College Auditorium to elect officers for the following year. The President of our Class having left College, we were very fortunate in having "Bob" White, President of the Class of 1913, to preside over the meeting. When all business was transacted, Bob gave us some very good advice, which, no doubt, has proven

to be a help to the old boys who are now in the Freshman Class.

From the beginning of our Freshman year until the middle of November, we were not bothered to any great extent by the "Sophs." The "Rats" were scattered in the towns around the College and it was a very hard matter to get all of them together, in order to hold a party for their benefit. On Saturday night, however, the "Sophs" decided to hold their first Rat Meeting. Invitations were sent to all the new boys and it was surprising to see the large number of men who attended this meeting. The first thing on the programme was the running of the gauntlet, and this afforded the "Sophs" a great deal of pleasure.

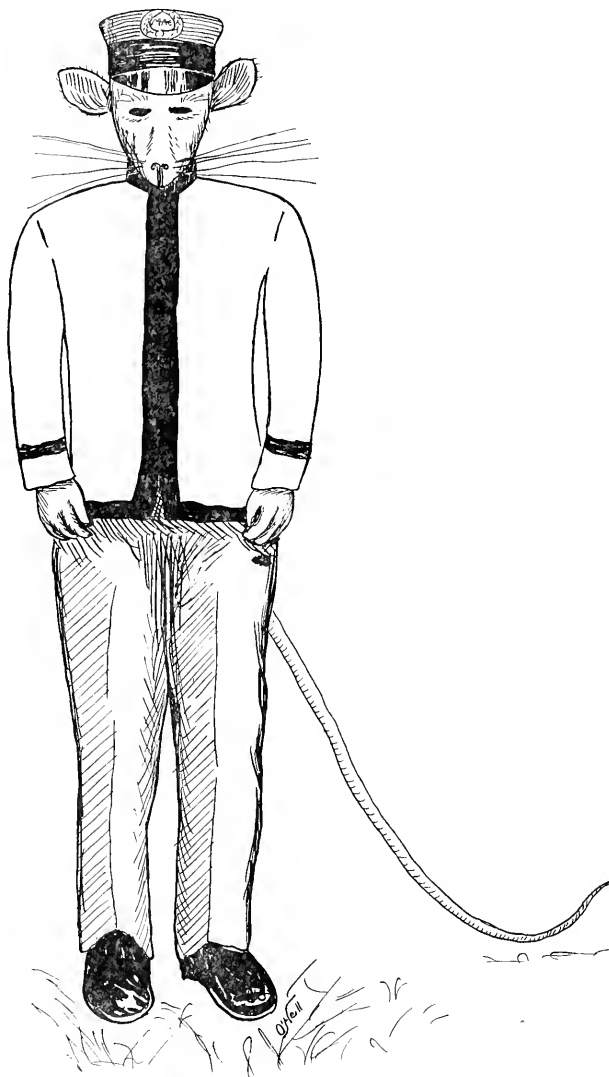
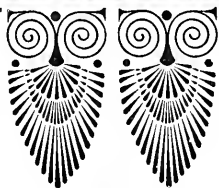
Thanksgiving, not being far distant, was suggestive of turkey, so the old boys decided to get their first real taste of this bird while they had the opportunity. For a short time (but painful to the RATS) feathers flew, and at the termination of this slaughter the scene presented quite a resemblance to the preparation for a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

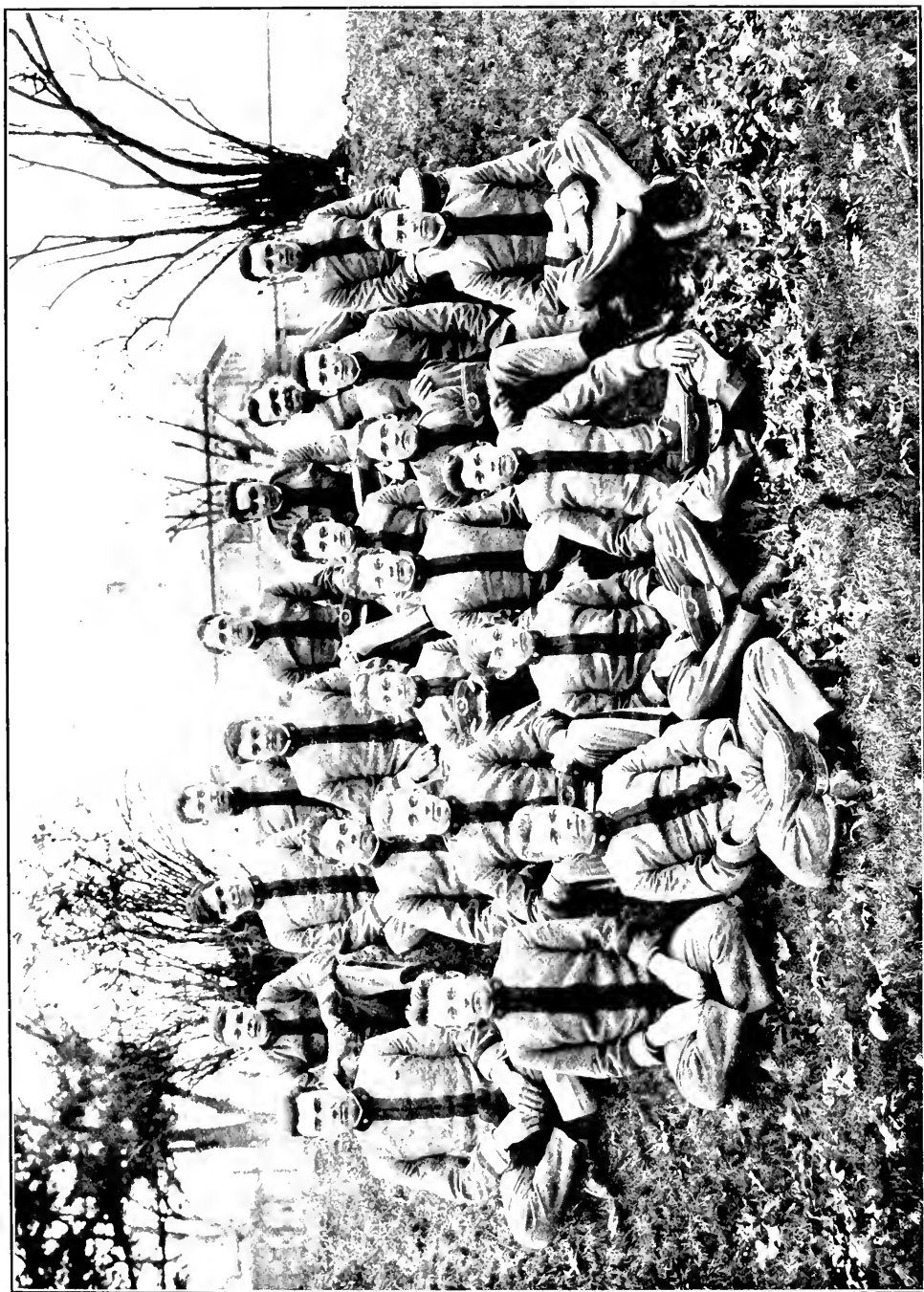
In the midst of the evening's pleasure (for the "Sophs"), the entertainment came to an abrupt ending by the appearance of our distinguished fellow student, "Madam" David L. Quinn. Cadet Quinn's close resemblance to His Imperial Majesty, Thomas H. was the cause of the confusion. Some watchful sentinel, mistaking the aforesaid cadet through this close resemblance, spread the alarm, and in less than ten seconds every participant of this meeting was conspicuous by his absence. Since then, everything has been quiet along the Rubicon.

Due to the fact that the Class of 1917 has been strengthened by the matriculation of a number of High School graduates, it is especially prepared to assume the responsibilities concomitant with its position in such a manner as we hope will reflect credit upon the Class and conduce to the honor and glory of M. A. C.

H. F., Historian.

SUB=FRESHMAN





THE SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS



Class of 1918



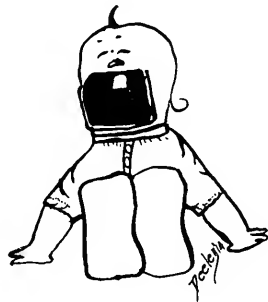
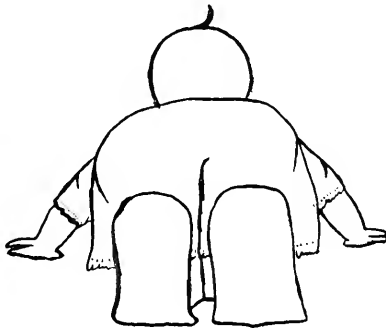
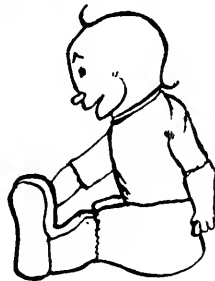
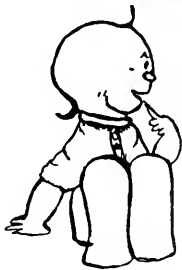
W. B. POSEY.....*President*
 J. T. CLARK.....*Vice-President*
 C. G. JAMES.....*Secretary*
 W. J. SANDO.....*Treasurer*
 P. E. CLARK.....*Sergcant-at-Arms*

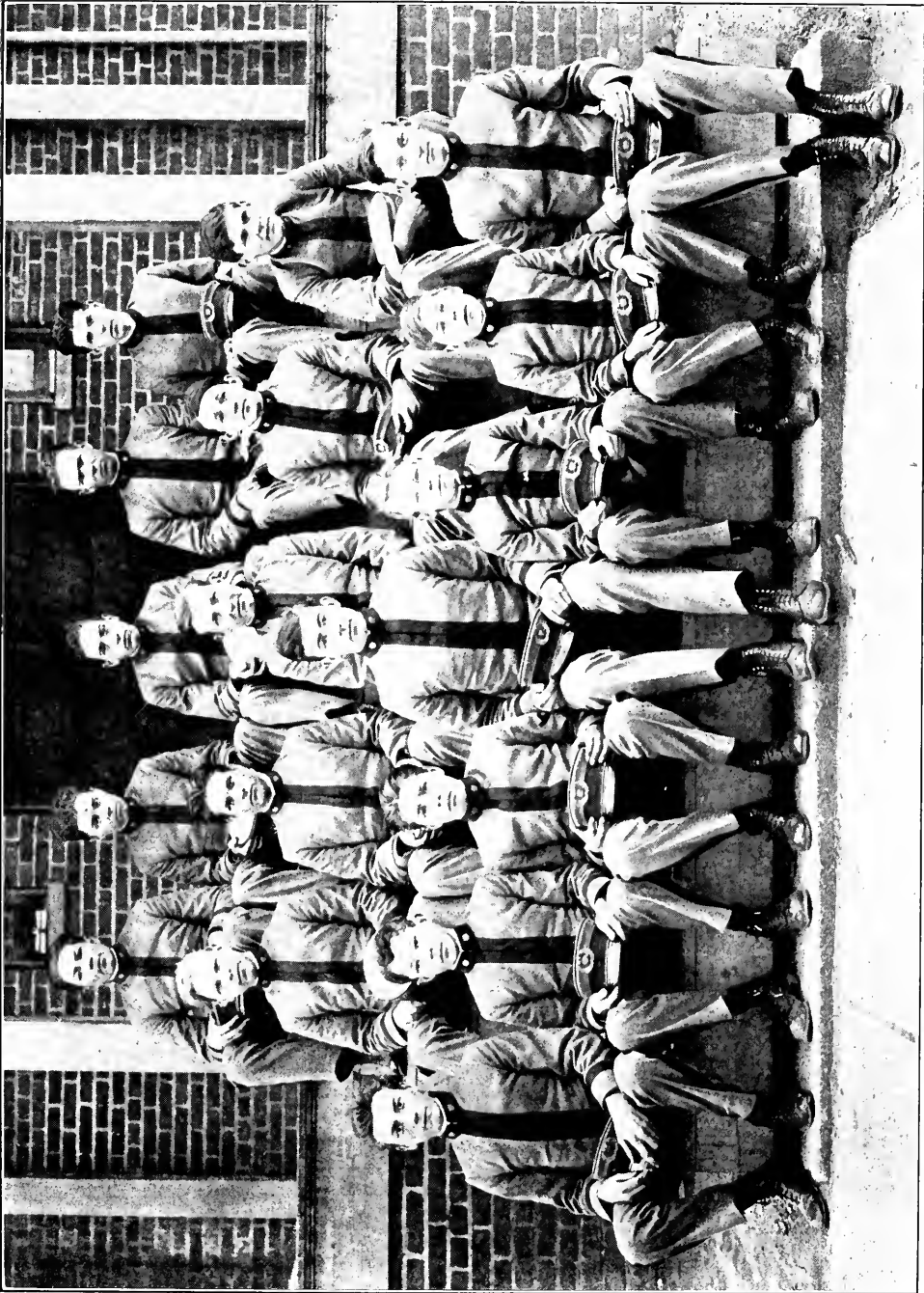
BALLARD, R. K.	JAMES, C. G.
BEALL, JR., S. W.	LARSEN, C. L.
BOONE, A. W.	MARKEY, H. E.
BRANDT, JR., J. H.	MILLS, J. E.
CLARK, J. T.	POSEY, W. B.
CLARK, P. E.	POSEY, K. C.
DIETERICH, JR., J. F.	PYLE, C. T.
DÖING, JR., W. P.	PYWELL, E. E.
EZEKIEL, M. J.	QUINN, D. K.
HAIG, F. M.	ROOK, T. E.
HART, DeW.	SANDO, W. J.
HUNGERFORD, H. R.	UNGVARSKI, J. J.
HUNT, JR., C.	WALKER, B.
WILLIAMS, W. P.	



PREPS

1919





THE PREPARATORY CLASS



Class of 1919



J. M. VINCENT.....*President*

H. M. DICKENSON.....*Vice-President*

BENSON, R. B.

NAYLOR, H.

CUNHA, C.

PORTER, G. C.

CHISOLM, R. D.

RUST, A. D.

DANIELS, M. B.

SAWYER, E. M.

DICKENSON, H. M.

SHEPPARD, D. H.

DONALDSON, E. E.

SIEGERT, JR., L. L.

ETTIENE, A. D.

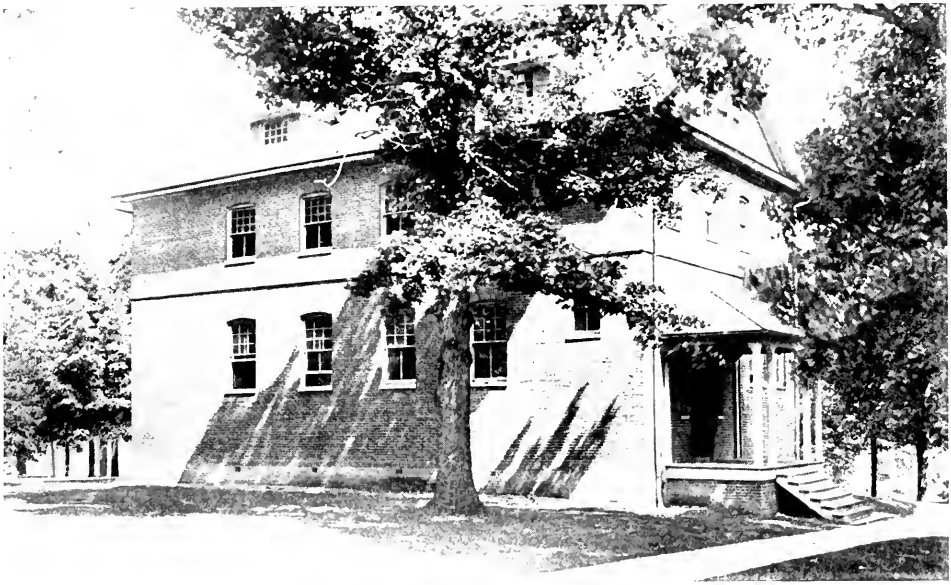
SMITH, JR., H. L.

LATIMER, I. M.

SMITH, JR., J. E.

MILLER, K. A.

WELSH, C. E.

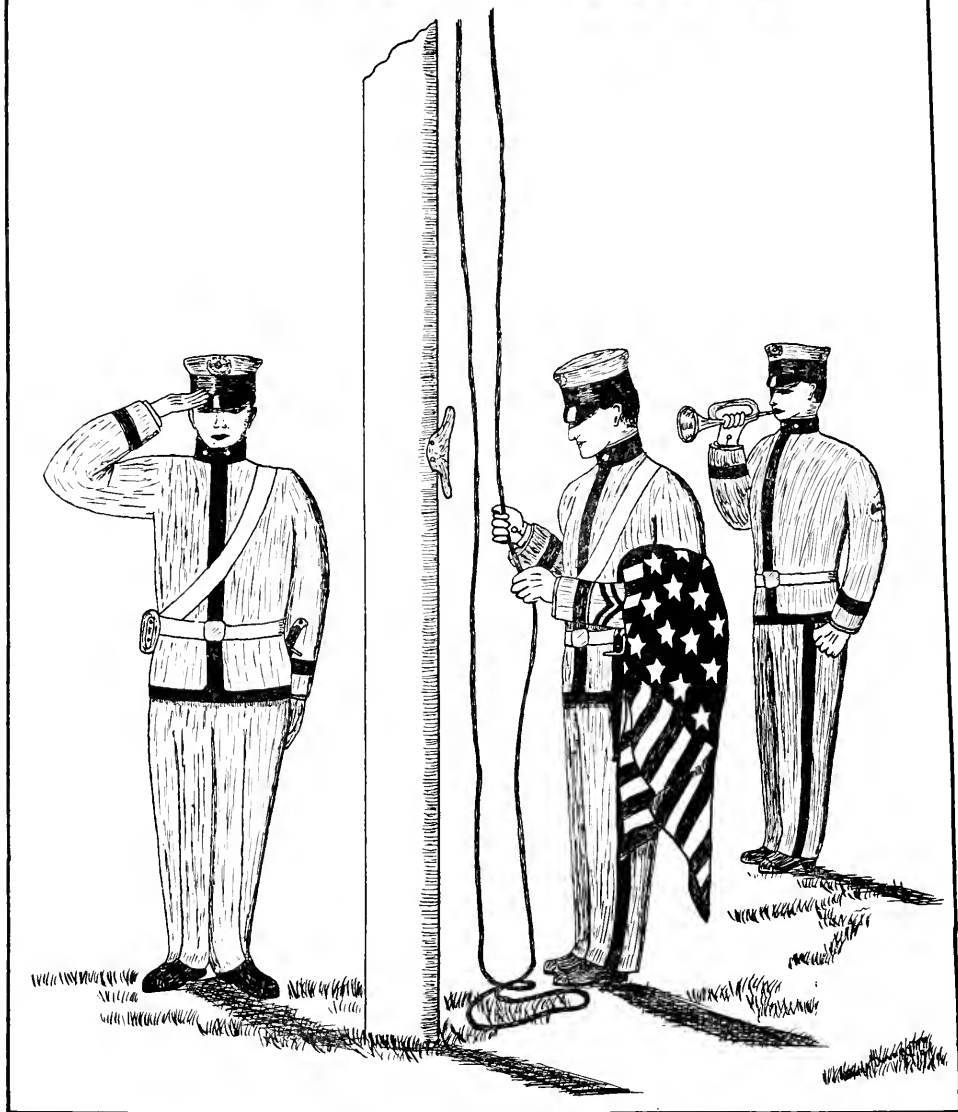


EXTERIOR OF LIBRARY



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY

MILITARY





The Military Department



AS early as 1862 the United States government realized the necessity of supplementing its standing army by a system of trained citizen soldiery. Accordingly, the famous Morrill Act was passed, which extended financial aid from the federal government to those educational institutions that should include agriculture, science, the mechanic arts, and military science in the curriculum.

The military department at the M. A. C. was organized primarily with the idea of answering these requirements. The primary object of this military instruction is to so train the students while at college in the "Art of warfare" that, should occasion arise, they will be able to enter the volunteer service of their country as officers. Should the United States be drawn into a great foreign war it is certain that the services of these students would be needed in the field. The regular army and such purely military institutions as West Point could not furnish nearly as many trained men as would be needed for officers, and it will devolve upon the graduates of such land-grant colleges as the M. A. C. to act as officers.

This advantage to the country in time of war is not the only advantage of the military department. The profit to the individual student is equally as great. There is, of course, a little time taken from other studies by the military work, but this loss is far more than offset by the training the cadet receives. In the first place, military drill develops a free, erect, graceful carriage of the body. It develops the whole body in exact proportion, and insures that symmetry of body so much to be desired. Furthermore, the drill takes the cadet out in the open air for an hour of brisk exercise each day, thereby breaking the monotony of class room work.

The second great benefit of the military work to the individual cadet is to train him to be subordinate to legitimate authority. This phase of the military is to be found advantageous in still another aspect. This is that it trains the officer to command, and gives him the ease of bearing and self-assurance so necessary in after life. The third aid imparted to the individual by military instruction is that he is, after graduation, in a position to enter the regular army as a second lieutenant or to secure duty at some military post.

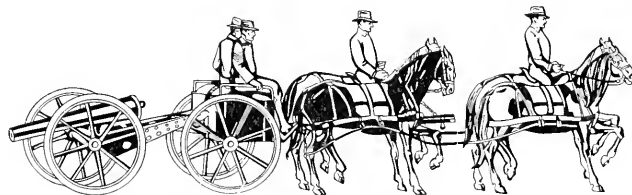


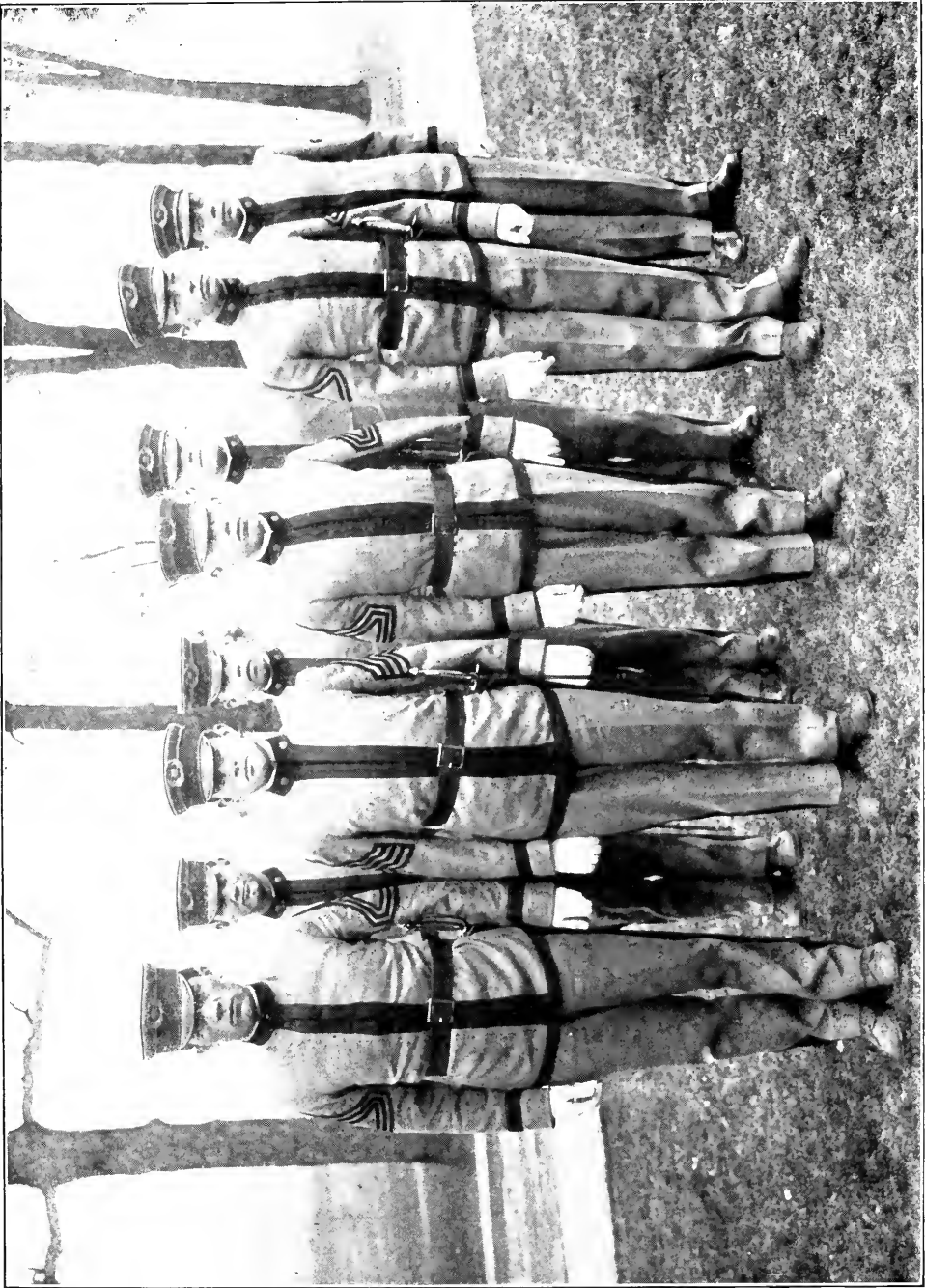
The status of the military department at the M. A. C. has been very greatly changed in the past two years. Prior to the fire of November, 1912, the discipline at M. A. C. was exclusively under the direction of the military department. Rigid discipline was maintained in the barracks at all times, and the cadet uniform was required to be worn continuously. When the barracks were destroyed the old regime necessarily had to be modified. The discipline was changed to student government, and the military functions were exercised only during drill hour.

The greatest blow sustained by the military department on account of the fire was the loss of the indoor rifle range and a place where the battalion might be drilled during inclement weather. During the past year, on bad days it was necessary either to suspend drill altogether or else merely to give the officers theoretical instruction.

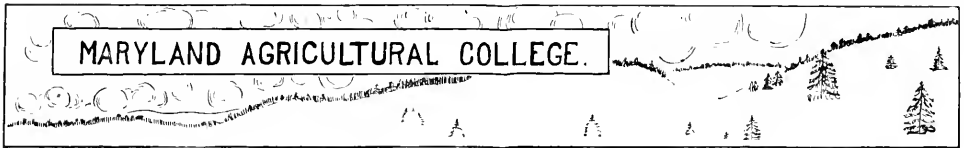
In spite of this handicap, however, remarkable progress has been made during the year. At the beginning of the school session the new men caught on to the elementary drills with remarkable rapidity. Within an unusually short period the cadets had become proficient in the school of the soldier of the squad, and the company. And very soon they understood the battalion movements and were able to perform the ceremonies with absolute accuracy. Extended order was next taken up and it, too, was soon mastered. This rapid progress was due to the activity of the officers and to the close supervision of Major J. A. Dapray, who was detailed during January, 1913, by the War Department as professor of military science and tactics.

It is a debatable question whether the lessening of the work of the military department has been of advantage to the college and to the students, or whether the removal of strict military discipline has been detrimental to them. Which ever this may be, the removal of strict discipline has accomplished one very important result. This result has been to make the military department more popular with the students. They no longer look upon the military department as the source of all their ills as was the case under the old regime. And this has no doubt had a great deal to do with the rapid progress of the work during the past year.





THE STAFF



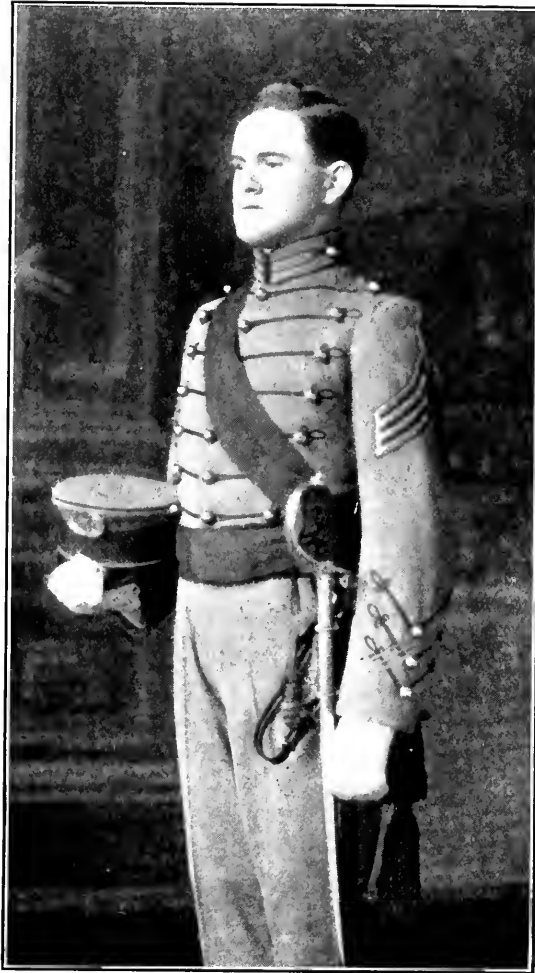
Members of Staff



MAJOR J. A. DAPRAY	<i>Commandant</i>
R. C. WILLIAMS	<i>Cadet Major</i>
J. W. GREEN	<i>Lieutenant-Adjutant</i>
H. S. FORD	<i>Lieutenant-Quartermaster</i>
H. U. DEELEY	<i>Principal Musician</i>
R. DALE	<i>Sergeant-Major</i>
C. E. ROBINSON	<i>Color-Sergeant</i>
W. PEACOCK	<i>Drum Major</i>
H. FREUNDLICH	<i>Chief Trumpeter</i>



Miss Margaret Beall Joyce
Washington, D. C.
Sponsor for Battalion



MAJOR R. C. WILLIAMS
DONCASTER, MD.



THE BATTALION



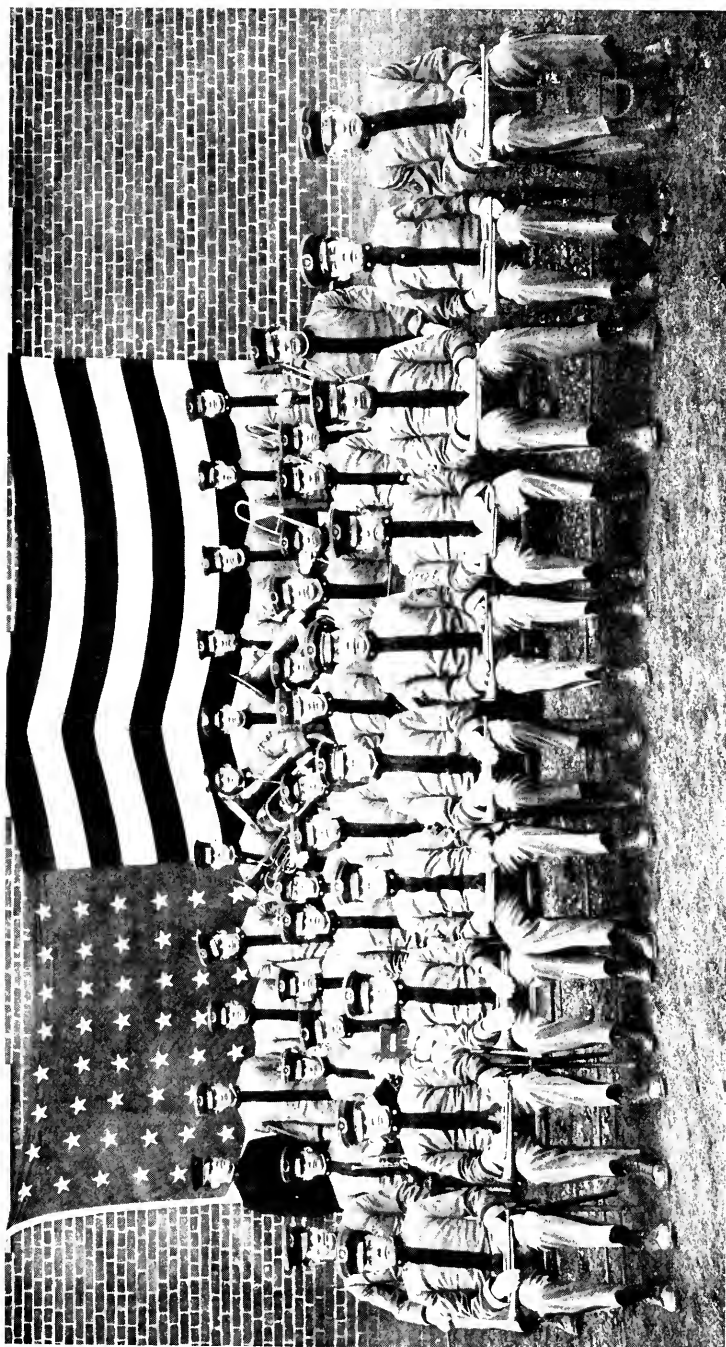
THE COLOR GUARD



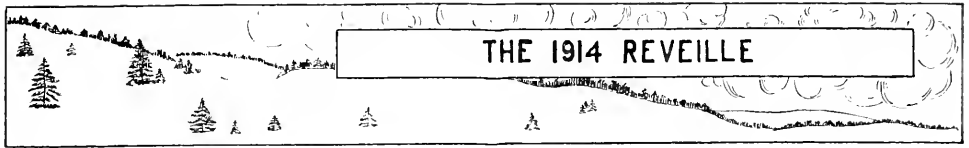
Miss Blanche S. Patterson
College Park, Md.
Sponsor for the Band



LIEUTENANT-ADJUTANT J. W. GREEN
WESTOVER, MD.



THE BAND



Roster of the Band



CHAS. L. STROHM.....	<i>Band Master</i>
W. PEACOCK	<i>Drum Major</i>
H. U. DEELEY.....	<i>Sergeant</i>
P. A. HAUVER.....	<i>Corporal</i>
C. H. BUCHWALD.....	<i>Corporal</i>

Instrumentation

HAUVER.....	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
BROWN.....	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
CLARK, P. E.....	<i>First Cornet</i>
FATT.....	<i>Second Cornet</i>
HUNT.....	<i>Second Cornet</i>
DEELEY.....	<i>Solo Clarionet</i>
WILSON, L. C.....	<i>E Flat Clarionet</i>
POSEY.....	<i>First Clarionet</i>
FUCHS.....	<i>Second Clarionet</i>
WALKER.....	<i>Second Clarionet</i>
STERLING.....	<i>Third Clarionet</i>
ROBERTS.....	<i>First Trombone</i>
DONNETT.....	<i>Second Trombone</i>
GUMMER.....	<i>Third Trombone</i>
EDDY	<i>Baritone</i>
ARNOLD	<i>Bass</i>
MONTGOMERY	<i>Bass</i>
TARBUTTON	<i>E Flat Bass</i>
RASMUSSEN.....	<i>First Alto</i>
FORD, B. A.....	<i>Second Alto</i>
MORGAN.....	<i>Third Alto</i>
KELLY.....	<i>Bass Drum</i>
SELLMAN	<i>Cymbals</i>
BUCHWALD.....	<i>Snare Drum</i>



Miss Ruth Osborn
Frederick, Md.
Sponsor for Company "A"



CAPTAIN D. L. JOHNSON
FREDERICK, MD.



COMPANY "A"



Roster of "A" Company



D. L. JOHNSON.....*Captain*
 W. T. FLETCHER.....*First Lieutenant*
 J. B. COSTER.....*Second Lieutenant*
 E. W. MONTELL.....*First Sergeant*
 P. N. PETER.....*Quartermaster Sergeant*
 R. J. McCUTCHEON.....*Sergeant*
 C. E. ROBINSON.....*Sergeant*

Corporals

KNODE, K. T.	POWLING, J.	SMITH, K. E.
MORRIS, P.		HINDMAN, E. R.

Privates.

BAINS	DAVIS	McLEAN
BEAVERS	DEUTERMAN	MASSEY
BOONE	DRAKE	MAUS
BOPST	FRANCE	QUINN
BOWLAND	HUNGERFORD	ROHN
BROCKWELL	KEEFAUVER	ROUTII
BURGESS	KISHPAUGH	SEGAR
CHILDS	KROUCK	STABLER
CHISOLM, J. J.	JARRELL	TALIAFERRO
CHISOLM, R. D.	LANGSDALE	TULL
CLARK, J.	LATIMER	WILLIS
CUTBERTON	LODGE	WILSON

Musicians.

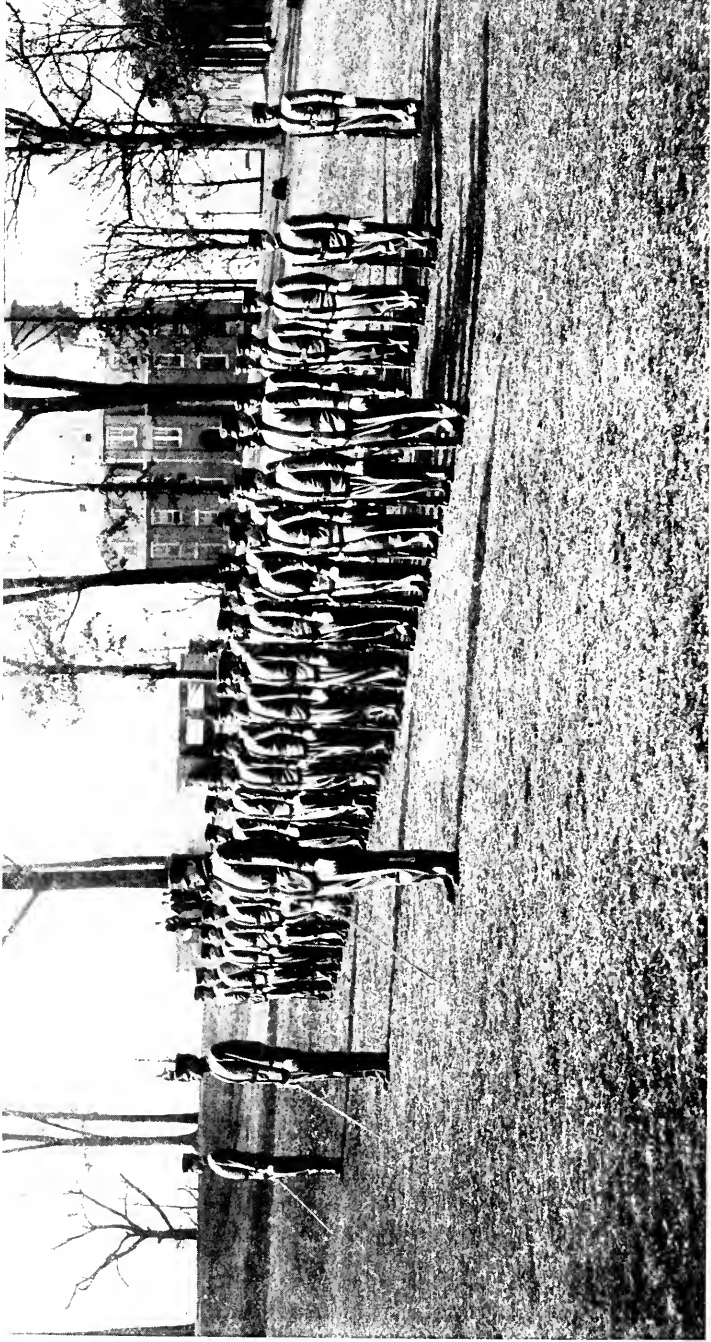
DICKINSON	BEALL	NAYLOR
	BRANDT	



Miss Madeleine Merkling
Washington, D. C.
Sponsor for Company "B"



CAPTAIN R. V. TRUITT
SNOW HILL, MD.



COMPANY "B"



Roster of "B" Company



R. V. TRUITT.....*Captain*
 L. R. ROGERS.....*First Lieutenant*
 C. T. COCKEY.....*First Sergeant*
 O. G. CARPENTER.....*Quartermaster Sergeant*
 F. J. McKENNA.....*Sergeant*
 W. E. HALL.....*Sergeant*
 F. W. WRIGHT.....*Sergeant*

Corporals.

E. A. TAYLOR	L. W. ERDMAN	K. GRACE
G. B. GRAY	G. B. SHARP	M. LEVIN

Privates.

BRIGHT	BROOKS	BARRETT
BENSON	BURRITT	BEALL
CLARK	CALWELL	CHAMBERLAIN
COGGINS	DONOVAN	DANIELS
EZEKIEL	GRIFFIN	GRAY, D.
GEMENY	HART	HOWARD
JAMES	JUNEMAN	MILLS
PERKINS	PYLE	PORTER
ROOK	RUST	SENART
STURGIS	SMITH, J. C.	SIEGERT
SAWYER	SMOOT	THOMPSON
	WILLIAMS, P.	

Musicians

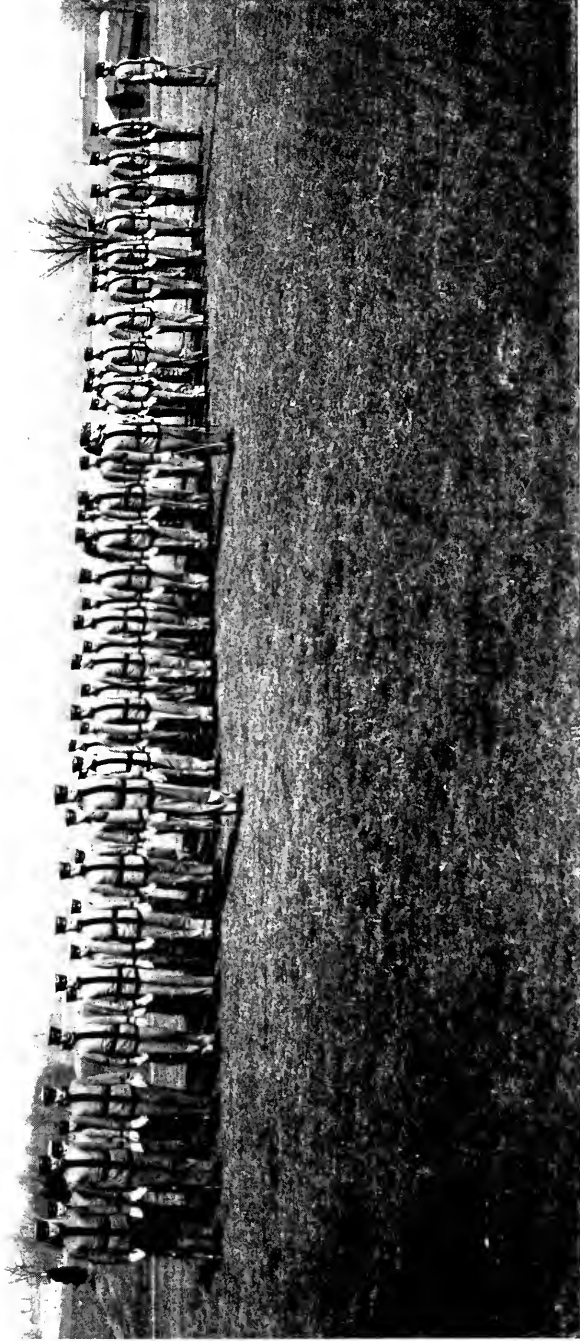
DUBEL	DOING	ETIENNE
SMITH, H. L.		



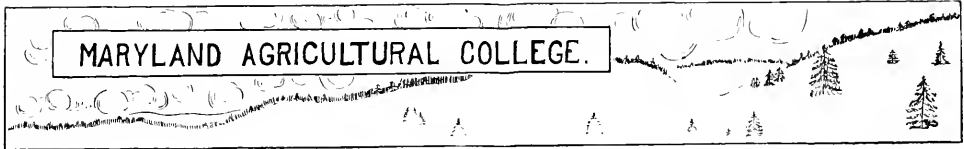
Miss Beulah E. Shipley
College Park, Md.
Sponsor for Company "C"



CAPTAIN E. P. WILLIAMS
WOOLFORD, MD.



COMPANY "C"



Roster of "C" Company



M. P. WILLIAMS.....*Captain*
 A. WHITE.....*First Lieutenant*
 J. B. GRAY.....*Second Lieutenant*
 A. R. CARTER.....*First Sergeant*
 G. S. FRAZER.....*Quartermaster Sergeant*
 J. H. KNODE.....*Sergeant*
 L. R. PENNINGTON.....*Sergeant*

Corporals.

AITCHESON	REISINGER	DAY
SUNSTONE	WHITE, R.	KNATZ

Privates.

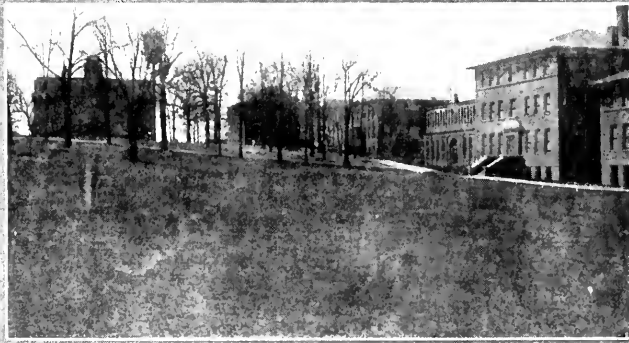
BACON	GILPIN, W.	PEACOCK
BALKAM	HAIG	PIERSON
BALLARD	HERRMAN	POSEY
BRADLEY	HOFFECKER	PYWELL
COHN	HOFFMAN	ROCKWELL
DERRICK	KIRKLEY	SAUBER
DIETRICK	KOHN	SCHLAEFFER
DONALDSON	LONDON	SHOEMAKER
DUNNINGTON	LONG	SMITH, H.
EDLEMAN	MALLORY	SPIRO
EMORY	MANN	STEINMETZ
FELDMAN	MARKEY	WATSON
FRISTOE	MASON	WELCH
GATES	MEDINGER	WILKINSON
GILPIN, D.	MILLER	WILLIAMS, A. V.
	MORAES	

Musicians.

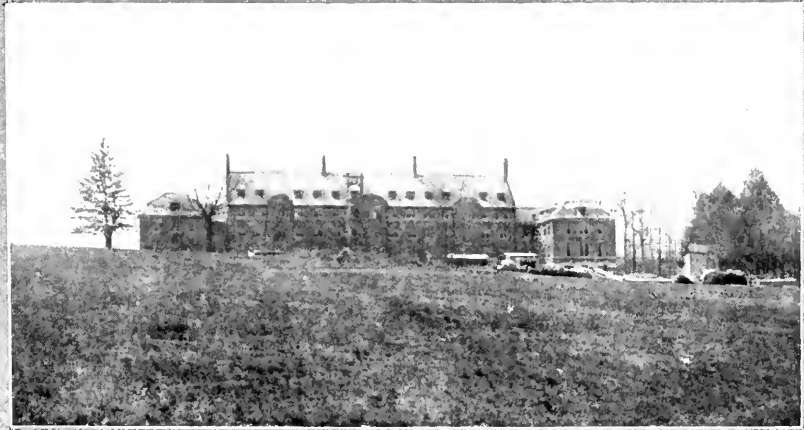
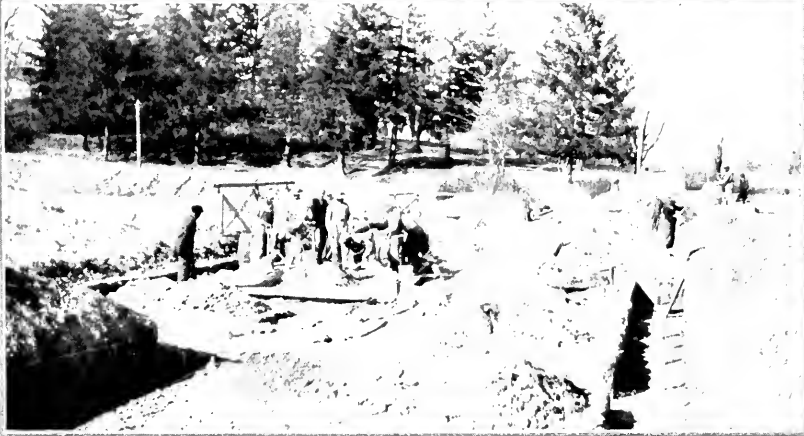
BLUNDON	MILLER
WALLACE	FREUNDLICH



CAMPUS VIEWS



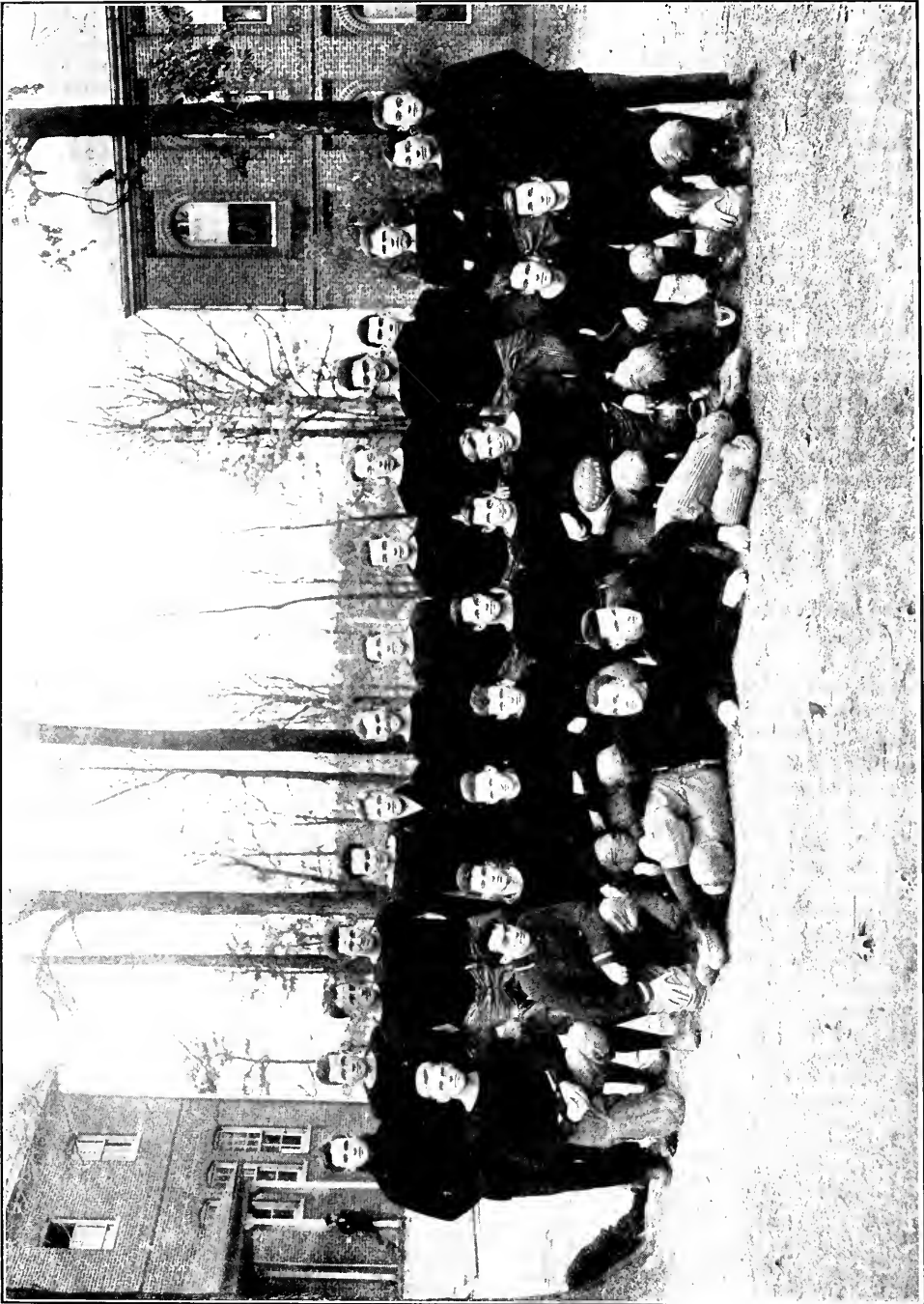
AROUND THE CAMPUS



CALVERT HALL (BEFORE AND AFTER)

FOOTBALL





THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Football Season and Record



ON September the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, Coach Byrd called for candidates for the football team. At the call a squad of thirty eager men marched to the athletic ground under their captain, "Country" Morris. Here each man was given a complete outfit. They dressed rapidly and waited patiently for the orders from "Curley."

At the words "Get out, fellows," every man was on his toes and the entire squad trotted to the field, each ready to work his hardest for M. A. C. and for a position on the team.

The schedule was perhaps the hardest and longest in the history of M. A. C.'s football career.

It was likewise very important. It consisted of ten games, including the State colleges, namely: Johns Hopkins, Western Maryland, St. John's and Washington College.

Curley had some excellent material and it was a little hard for one coach to pick the best eleven. However, Curley lost no time, but rapidly whipped two strong teams into shape. Every day from four o'clock until dark you could hear the boys being drilled in signals. Each man was being coached as much as possible. Now and then the two teams would line up against each other and some hard struggles resulted. Each and every man was trying to out-do his opponent in order to gain a regular position. The first string men had to play their best at all times to keep their places.

After two weeks of steady practice, City College of Baltimore sent over her little band of warriors. They were game from start to finish, but lost, 27-0. Our boys showed up as well as was expected, but at the same time it was easily noticed that they were not in form.

It will be useless to attempt to describe every game in detail, but the scores and important features will be given in order.

Encouraged by a victory, the team went through another week of hard work and on Saturday, October the fourth, we lined up against Richmond College, of Virginia, for the annual contest. Our team showed marked improvement, swept Richmond off their feet, and won, 45-0. This was just one point less than the score of the season of 1912.



The next game to prepare for was that with Johns Hopkins University. This being a State game it was vitally important. We knew nothing of their strength, but at the same time prepared our boys for a stiff battle. A number of the Faculty members and nearly every student witnessed the game. At three o'clock, October the eleventh, a cool, damp day, we took the field at Homewood. After a bitterly fought battle our boys marched proudly from the field with the long end of the score, 26-0. Not once did Hopkins have a chance to score. "Ship" displayed great form in circling the ends for long gains.

After the Hopkins game you could hear the boys say, "We'll be champions this year." However, they did not boast, but when we met and defeated Western Maryland we strengthened our hold on the championship. It is not necessary to describe the game, as the score, 46-0, tells the whole story.

The following Saturday we met one of the strongest elevens in the country when we faced the Navy at Annapolis. Our boys were outweighed at least fifteen pounds to a man and the powerful eleven crashed through us, finally rolling up a total of 76 points. Our eleven deserved credit, though, because not once did a man fail to charge. Each and every one fought his best to the end.

Rock Hill canceled its game, so we had two weeks to prepare for St. John's. The first week we took things easy, allowing the boys to get a good rest, but the second week the boys were worked hard. Curley put forth every effort to accomplish his one ambition—to beat St. John's.

Finally, November the eighth rolled around, after an awfully long week. In the presence of two thousand interested and satisfied spectators at the M. A. C. field the M. A. C. eleven defeated the fast St. John's rivals by the score of 13-0. The victory was not a surprise, but was very gratifying. The score does not indicate how much stronger our eleven was. We outplayed St. John's at every stage of the game. While there were stars, the whole team played evenly and steadily and with snap and steam. We made St. John's look like scrubs. As usual, "Ship" made his long gains around the ends, and "Hoff" was on the job at picking holes. For the opponents Clark played well. While he made no long gains, he handled punts perfectly and did some clever punting.

In the first half M. A. C. made some long gains, but could not work the ball over the goal line. We came back strong in the third quarter and twice crossed our opponents' line, one goal being kicked. The last quarter was not at all lacking in interest. Both teams fought bitterly, but could not score. The whistle blew and the score stood 13-0 in favor of M. A. C. This was the first time in seven years we had defeated our rivals.

The rooters (both the students and alumni) aided greatly with their wonderful cheering. The Alumni and the Battalion Bands marched over the field of com-



bat with banners and martial music. Hundreds of happy followers of M. A. C. fell in line and paraded around the campus. Then came the goat with his little S. J. C. blanket of orange and black, but he was well guarded by M. A. C. rooters. After the parade the rooters left, over-loaded with joy and happiness. Late that night the boys made a large bon-fire on the campus and songs and yells were enjoyed until a late hour. That great day will be long remembered.

That victory paved the way for the State Championship. On the following Friday Washington College came over with a very heavy eleven, confident of victory. Our boys kept pretty quiet until they were on the field. Then they fought bitterly, and after the roughest combat of the season came away with the long end of a 20 to 0 score.

We had then met and defeated every State team and won the *Undisputed Championship of Maryland*. No State team had crossed our goal line. We were a proud and happy bunch of M. A. Caesars.

The next game was with Gallaudet. They came out determined to beat us, and they did. We were out played at all stages of the game, and offer no excuses for defeat. It was a great day for Gallaudet, as they returned to Kendall Green a happy bunch.

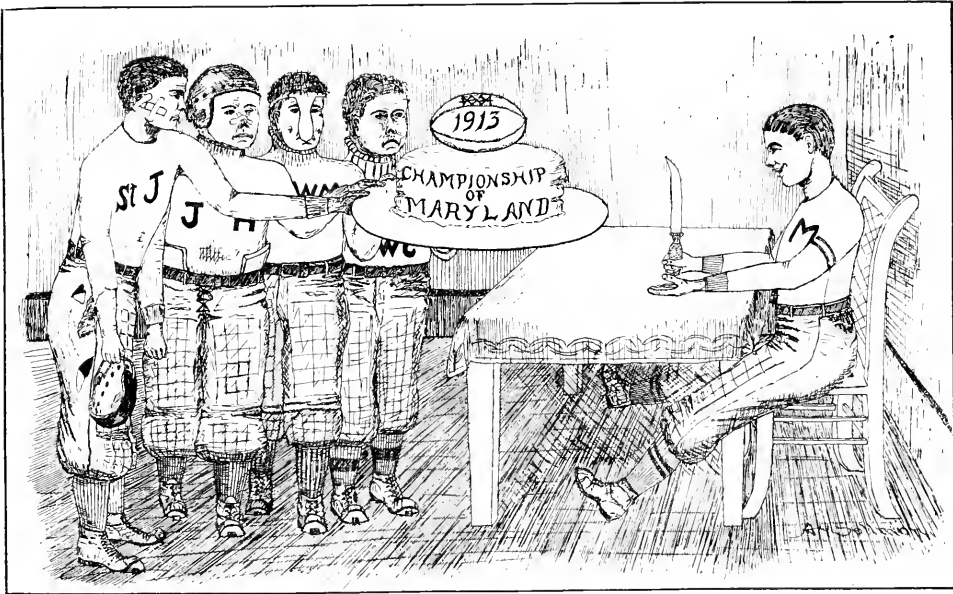
On Thanksgiving day, we met P. M. C. at Chester in the final game and were defeated, 27 to 7. We gained ground at will, but were unable to hold the ball. Fumbles cost us at least four touchdowns. P. M. C. had a scrappy team and they worked together. In the last minute of play Ruff crossed the line for the only score chalked against P. M. C. this season.

As a whole, our record is excellent, and this past season has been a most successful one. The victory over St. John's will be remembered for years, and the State Championship is something to be proud of.

Every man on the squad deserves great credit for his hard, consistent work. To our coach, Curley Byrd, we cannot give too much credit. He worked hard to put out a winning team and he did it. Curley was on the job at all times and we will always remember him as an excellent coach.

We must not overlook our manager, Williams, and his assistant, Montell, who kept the field in good shape, and were on the alert at all times ready to do anything for the squad.

We thank the Faculty, Alumni and students of M. A. C. for their loyal support during the past football season.

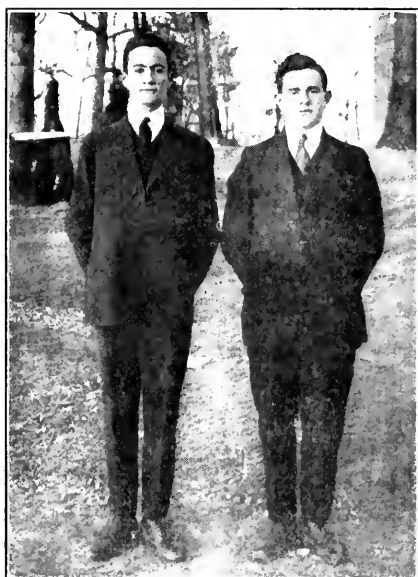


Those Footballists



On Friday they are cripples, they are hopeless broken wrecks,
With half a dozen splintered arms and seven fractured necks.
But suddenly on Saturday they leave their beds of pain,
And put their football armor on and battle once again.

Football Schedule 1913



THE MANAGERS

	M. A. C.	Opp.
September 27 Baltimore City College at College Park	27	0
October 4 Richmond College at College Park	45	0
October 11 Johns Hopkins at Baltimore	26	0
October 18 Western Maryland at College Park	46	0
October 25 Navy at Annapolis	0	76
November 8 St. John's at College Park	13	0
November 14 (Friday) Washington College at College Park	20	0
November 22 Gallaudet at College Park	0	13
November 27 (Thanksgiving) Pennsylvania Military College at Chester	7	27

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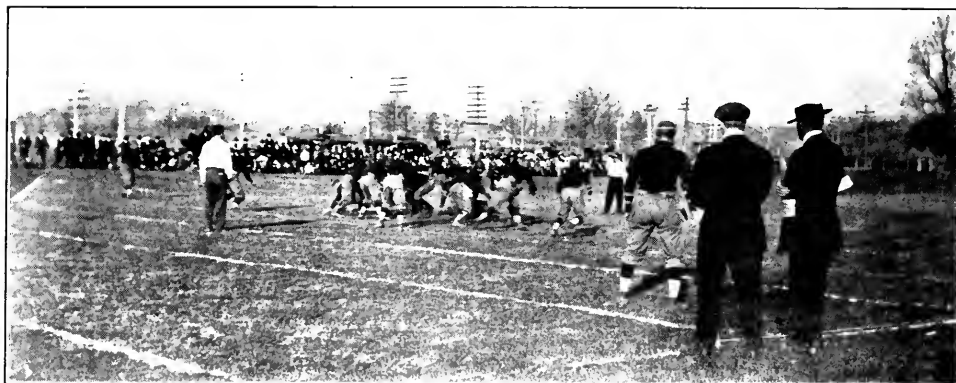
"HOFF." HOFFECKER.

"Hoff's" smile will not wear off. Wherever we see him, in togs or not, he always carries that smile.

On the gridiron, Hoff is especially noted for his wonderful ability to dodge and pick holes. Many times his opponent is watching the ends, and he goes dodging through the line.

At "half" he always shone, and he has made the required distance and thereby won many a game for M. A. C. by his ability to dodge. It was simply a case like this: When the other fellow tackled, Hoff was not there. We must not overlook his accuracy in catching passes. The boys always yelled, "Shoot it to Hoff." Hoff will be greatly missed, for he was a consistent worker and was there with the speed.





"E. P." WILLIAMS. •

We insist that E. P. is the best linesman that M. A. C. has produced.

During his career he has played a regular guard, tackle, end, and center. E. P. has never been given due credit, but nevertheless he was always on the job, and had his fellow man guessing all the time.

He was a sure and hard tackler. At center the past season he played brilliantly on all occasions. His accurate passes paved the road to the State championship.

E. P.'s place will be hard to fill another season, as he was as strong and as true as steel. He is certainly worthy of an All-Maryland position.



"DAVE" JOHNSON.

Here is a man who has shown his wonderful ability in all branches of athletics, Dave Johnson.

During his three years at M. A. C. he has been a member of the football, baseball, track and basketball squads. He is more at home on the gridiron. Dave keeps quiet, but he can show you what is in him.

He has shone both at end and in the back field while at college. He is very aggressive, has lots of pep, and lots of speed, always on the ball, and a severe tackler.

Next year's squad will surely miss Dave for his steady work.



"HIP" BOWLAND.

Hip Bowland should make an excellent leader for 1914. During his three years at M. A. C. most of his time has been spent at the line and he is like a stone wall. His mighty weight and unknown strength has killed many a run through the lines.

The past season he played "full" in two games and although inexperienced, he got away for some pretty good runs, and when he hit the opposing line, it vanished.

We wish Hip to have a successful year as leader and to Captain another Championship team.



"MAUS" MAUS.

In Maus we had a most valuable man at right end. He was "in" fast, and hit them hard. Many times he has killed chances to score by his mighty strength and speed.

Maus is a believer in little talking, but shows the goods.

The past season was really his first season on the gridiron and he deserves great credit in being able to hold down an end.



"SHIP." SHIPLEY.

"Let's have it! Little pep! Get your hands on that old pill!" yelled Ship, day after day on the gridiron. He seems to be a born football player. Although excellent in other branches of athletics, his wonderful pep and speed, for which he is noted, stand out most in football.

Ship is our All-Maryland full back, and he certainly deserves the honor. He never fails, and is always there when called to take the pig skin. We regret we cannot keep this fellow, whom we all love, longer, but he is gone, though not forgotten.



Capricornus

Concerning Goats

.....

For seven lean and hungry years,
To bring our gridiron fame,
Our warriors brave had toiled away
To win the foremost game.

Undaunted by defeat's smart sting,
Which each year brought in turn,
They fought the harder at each call,
And laughed away the burn.

The odds they gave in every strife
Discouraged not their toils—
They battled with the "ringers" hired
To bear away the spoils.

Thus, onward, fighting for each inch,
Six times they bit the ground,
'Till Nineteen Thirteen came and brought
The seventh year around.

And now they line up on the field,
Our warriors brave and gaunt,
And watch those sneering "Pharisees"
Their ill-gained banner flaunt.

The struggle starts, both fierce and din:
Our warriors, brave and strong,
Fight on as only men can fight
Who fight to right a wrong.

And hotter still the conflict grows:
The surging, seething mass,
Divided now, and now compact,
No runner ere can pass.

But now we see each murdering clash
Is weighing down the foe:
We see their weary foot-steps fall
More heavily and slow.

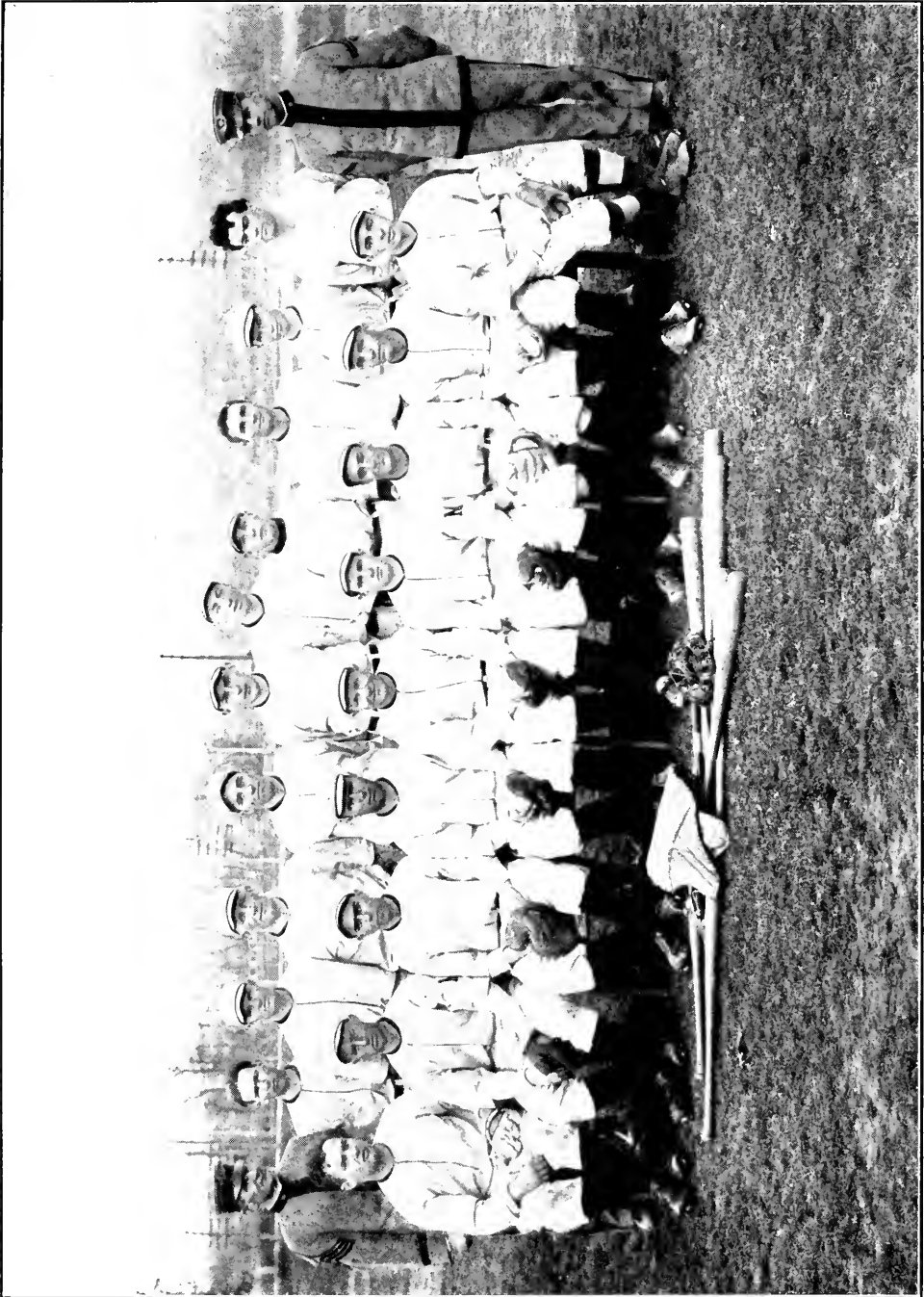
But what is this that now we see?
Oh, joyous to behold!
Our full-back circles 'round the end
And bears down on their goal.

And then he clears the chalk-white line—
Our yelling splits the air,
For we can see our warriors brave
Will win, and win it FAIR.

The battle's done—we cheer our boys
'Till the voice has left the throat;
But what care we? For M. A. C.
Has got old St. John's goat! —Selwot.

BASEBALL





THE BASEBALL SQUAD

Baseball Season



At the call for candidates for the baseball team on March 16th, the largest squad ever seen in the history of M. A. C. reported to Coach Byrd. They sat around the dressing room patiently waiting for suits. These were issued and then there was a general rush to see who could sport a new suit first.

All hurried to the athletic field and started into hard work to try to win a position on the nine. The nine is probably the best M. A. C. has ever produced. The men of last year's team are Captain Hoffecker, pitch; Shipley, third base; Knode, short stop, and Williams and Morris, outfielders. The new men who held jobs are Dearstynne, second base; Montgomery, first base; Mess, catch, and McHenry and Siegert, pitch. Coach Byrd soon whipped his team into excellent shape. A number of games had to be cancelled owing to the weather. This was quite disappointing to the team and to the students. The first game was played against Swarthmore at College on Friday, March 27th, and was lost 17 to 2. This did not discourage the team, but simply showed them that they had to get busy, and that they did. The next game was with J. H. U., which was won by 4 to 3, and paved the way for the Championship of Maryland. Then came the overwhelming defeat of Lehigh, 13 to 0. The boys were in true form and every man played his position like a "big leaguer."

And so the season continued. The team met Universities from Georgia and West Virginia, and in all games made an excellent showing. They were all stiff teams but our nine met with great success in all the games.

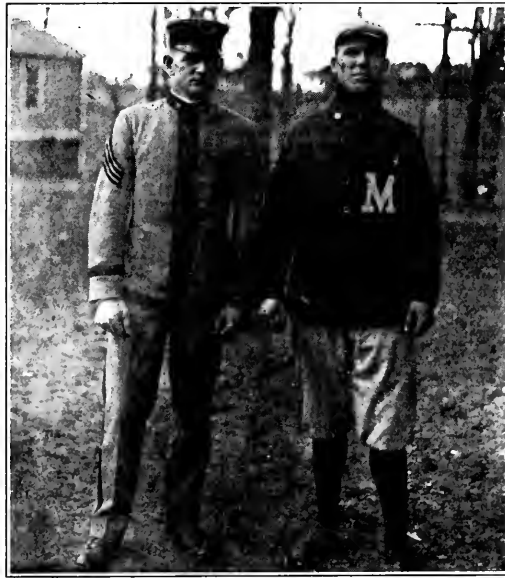
The state games were, of course, the most exciting and important, but they were gotten away with in fine style, and we still claim the Championship of Maryland. The same rivalry existed between S. J. C. and M. A. C., which, of course, made the games very exciting. Large crowds were present at both games and all admitted that they saw exciting and well fought battles.

Captain Hoffecker did the bulk of the pitching, although McHenry was a good running mate.

He will be expected to show much more stuff another year after having had the experience of this year.

Both faculty and students took great interest in the games, and stood by the team at all times.

Manager Williams had one of the hardest schedules in the history of M. A. C., but his team took care of it in good style. Much credit is due our Manager for his consistent work.



MANAGER E. P. WILLIAMS—CAPTAIN HOFFECKER

Schedule 1914

MARCH 21	APRIL 25
Navy.....at Annapolis	Open
MARCH 24	APRIL 27
Catholic University...at Washington	University of Georgia, at College Park
MARCH 27	APRIL 29
Swarthmore.....at College Park	Mt. St. Joseph.....at Baltimore
MARCH 28	MAY 1
Georgetown.....at Washington	Dickinson.....at College Park
APRIL 1	MAY 2
Gallaudet.....at College Park	St. John's College...at College Park
APRIL 4	MAY 6
Johns Hopkins.....at Baltimore	Open
APRIL 7	MAY 9
Lehigh.....at College Park	Western Maryland...at College Park
APRIL 9	MAY 13
Washington American League Club	Baltimore City College, at College Pk.
APRIL 11	MAY 16
Fordham University..at College Park	Gallaudet.....at Washington
APRIL 15	MAY 20
Baltimore Poly. Inst..at College Park	Loyola.....at College Park
APRIL 18	MAY 23
Mt. St. Joseph.....at College Park	Open.....
APRIL 21	MAY 27
West Virginia Uni...at College Park	Washington College..at College Park
MAY 30	
St. John's College.....at Annapolis	

CAPTAIN HOFFECKER.



On a previous page "Hoff" is given the credit of being a football player, but his real game is baseball.

He is the best pitcher M. A. C. has ever had, and fields the ball like a short stop. He can also keep pace with any of them when it comes to using the stick.

Many a M. A. Caesar has been thrilled with delight when "Hoff," wearing a broad smile, has compelled hard hitting teams to fall before him without a single.



"REDDY" WILLIAMS.

Here we have a baseballist who has won his place on the M. A. C. squad by steady work. It was in 1913 that "Reddy" first "made good," and since that time he has been one of our regular outfielders. "Reddy" has proven a fast fielder and a sure catch when the ball was in his garden. Furthermore, he has scored many a run for M. A. C. by a timely hit. Especially is "Reds" noted for the racket he makes from his station in right field. Indeed, "Reds" will be sorely missed when the baseball squad assembles for 1915.

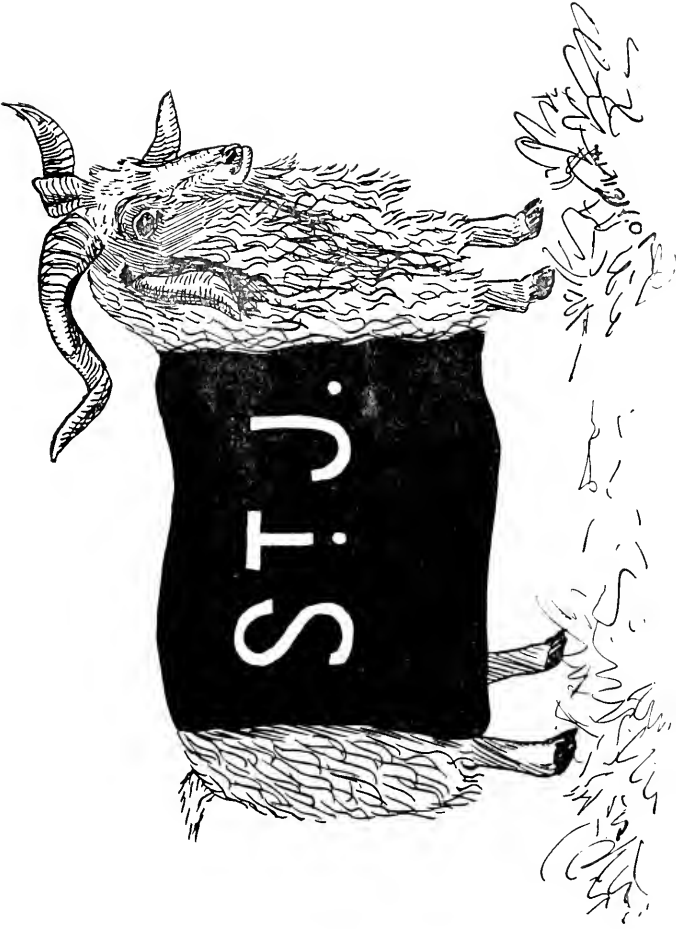


"SHIP" SHIPLEY.

Again, we see "Ship" smile; he is known all over the State as a baseball player and many times you can see the fielders get back when "Ship" steps up to the plate. He has won lots of games for M. A. C. by his stick work.

At third base, he is at home and there are few that can "hit 'em" past old "Ship."

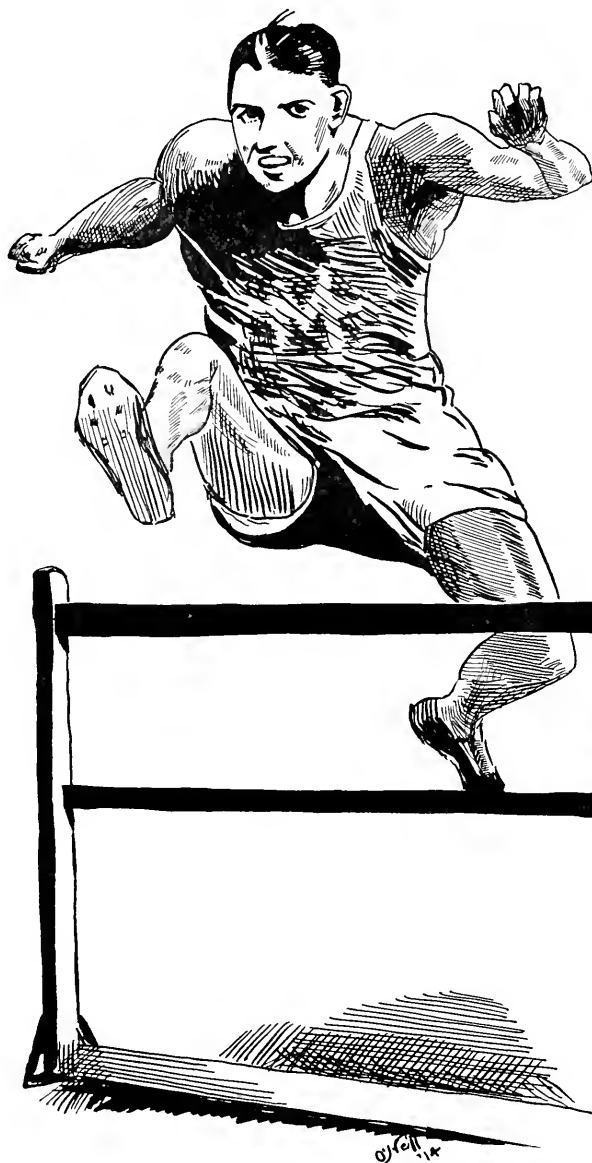
On the bases he is probably one of the fastest men M. A. C. has ever had. He always has "pep" and keeps the infield talking all the time. "Ship" will be greatly missed and his place will, indeed, be hard to fill.

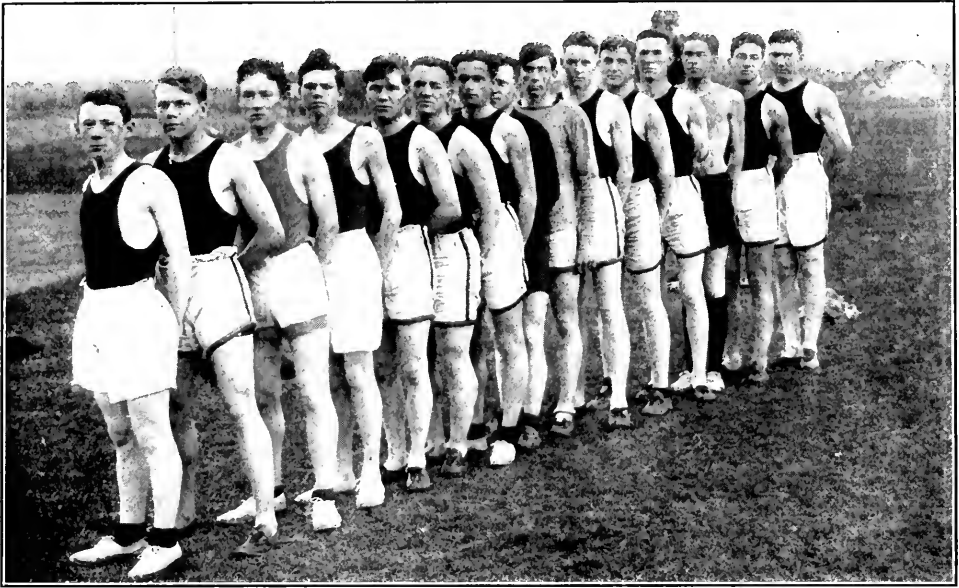


AN ATHLETIC FEATURE

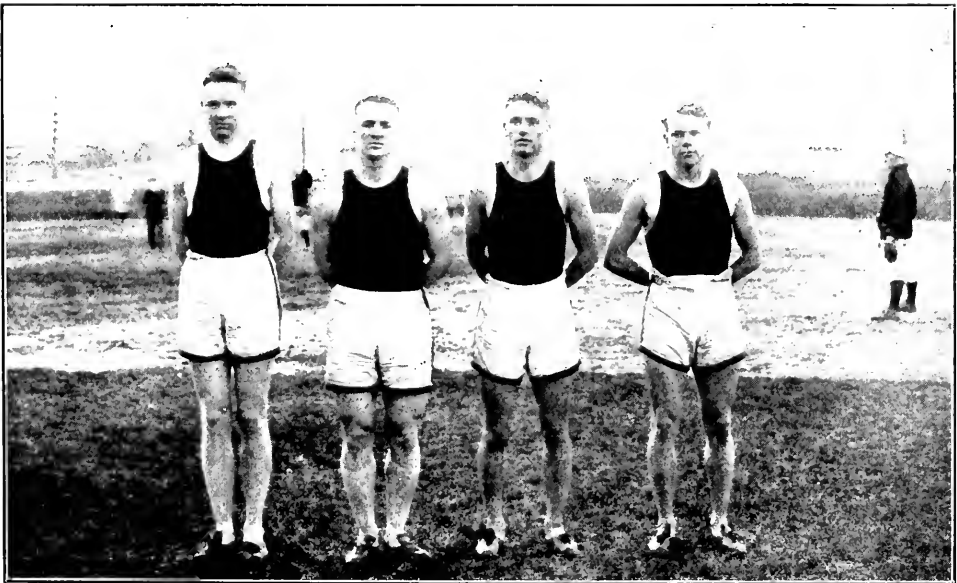
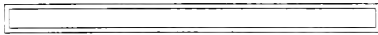


TRACK





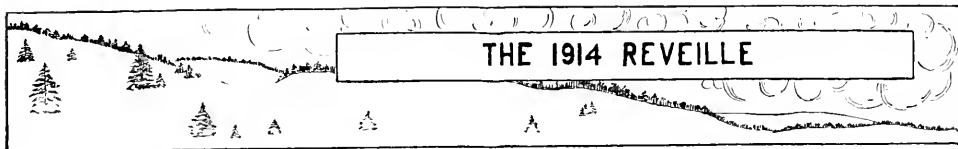
THE TRACK SQUAD



THE RELAY TEAM



THE TRACK MEET



...Track...



OUR track squad this year was the largest ever produced by M. A. C. Not only the older boys came out, but a great many boys of the under classes reported, and we were very glad to see this, as in time they will make runners that will be a great credit to the College. The younger boys were not used much the past season, but Coach Byrd is only trying to give them experience, and again it might have injured them while so young.

The track season was one of the most successful we have ever had. The season opened at the indoor meet held by the Fifth Regiment Athletic Association and the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. Our relay team was defeated by the J. H. U., but Knode made a great showing in the open quarter.

The team came right back the following week and easily defeated Richmond college at Richmond. The first team consisted of Captain Grace, Ruff, Knode and Morris.

In the Georgetown indoor meet held at Convention Hall, we were represented by four relay teams, besides a number of individual men. The first relay lost to Carlisle. The Juniors, composed of Gray, Dubel, Hart and Williams, put up a good race and would have won had it not been that Hart fell on the start, allowing too much lost ground for Williams to gain.

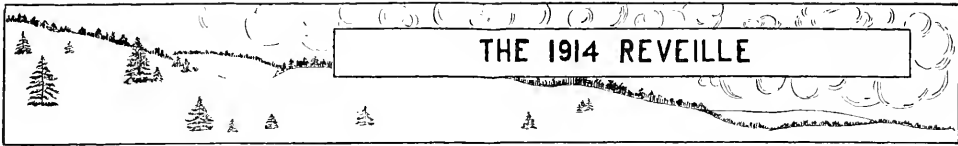
In the individual events Montell and Pennington showed up well.

The fourth Annual Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet was held on the Athletic field at M. A. C. on Saturday afternoon, May 2, 1914. There were about 300 contestants and nearly 1,000 entries. It was the largest meet held in the South. All Maryland schools and high schools of Washington City were well represented.

M. A. C. made a great showing in the Collegiate events. Much pleasure was afforded the spectators by watching the close races between the Colleges of Maryland. We cannot help saying that the past season was a very successful one and we predict that the youngsters will make great runners for M. A. C. some day.

LACROSSE





Lacrosse



THE past Lacrosse season has been one of the most successful since the sport entered M. A. C. The team had a number of experienced players to start with and Capt. Truitt, acting as coach, has made a wonderful team. Although we lost three valuable players in Powell, Davis and Trimble, their places have been filled by capable men and the team was at its best this season. "Teddy" Gray showed wonderful work at goal. Although small, he has the nerve and blocks them off as well as some of the best goal keepers in the Eastern colleges. The colleges and universities that the team met are much out of our class, but even at that the showing has been wonderful. The team opened the season against Carlisle, and lost 8 to 0. The Carlisle team is one of the strongest in the country and considering the practice the team had had, this was a credit to the team, and to the College.

We next met Baltimore City College and by fast work and accurate shots defeated the Baltimore twelve, 3 to 2. It was a great game, and our boys showed that they were there with the goods when properly classed. This was a most exciting game from start to finish, and the College boys were quite surprised to see us put up such a strong game.

The team as a whole has made wonderful progress. The stick work is smooth and accurate and the boys played with the proper spirit throughout the entire schedule. Although our Lacrosse team is not a championship one, it is one we should be proud of. It has worked nobly during the past season and judging from the teams it has met the showing is very gratifying.

This year we lose two good men, Truitt and Coster, but with the substitutes that showed good form this year, the team should be even stronger another season.

Much credit is due Captain Truitt for his steady work and, the progress of the team is due to his capable coaching. We must not forget Manager Fletcher, who worked diligently to produce a good team.



MANAGER FLETCHER

Lacrosse Schedule



- March 28—Mt. Washington, Baltimore.
 31—Carlisle, Carlisle.
- April 6—Baltimore City College, Baltimore.
 18—Walbrook Country Club, Baltimore.
 25—Balto. P. I., College Park.
- May 9—Baltimore City College, College Park.

CAPTAIN TRUITT.

Here we have a man who has worked hard for the Lacrosse team, and has been a great help to it. During the past season he was Captain, and also acted as Coach and turned out a strong team which has been a credit to the College. He deserves credit for his steady and hard work.

As a player he was hard to beat, always on the job. A man who kept the other fellow guessing at all times. He was fast and as an attack man was hard to beat. We will greatly miss Truitt in our line-up next year and his position will be hard to fill.





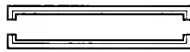
THE LACROSSE TEAM

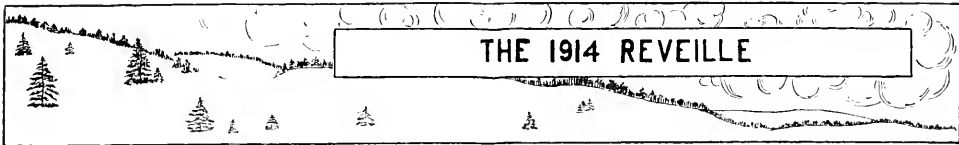


“JOE” COSTER.

“Joe” has played with us three years, and we are exceedingly sorry that this is his last season. He has been a wonderful player. At center, attack or defense he is hard to beat, fast as can be and as strong as steel. His passes are accurate and smooth, and he always has the other fellow’s goat. “Joe” says little, but thinks a lot, and he is one to be watched, or he will get the upper side.

“Joe” leaves in June and when the team lines up another season they will find a big hole that “Joe” left.





"I Can't"

"I Can't" lacks in nerve; he's too faint of heart
To pitch in like a man and do all his part;
He's none of the spirit that fights well and wins;
He admits he's beaten before he begins.

"I Can't" sees as mountains what bolder eyes
Regard as small mole hills; ambition dies,
And leaves him complaining in helpless wrath,
When the first small obstacle blocks his path.

"I Can't" has a notion that just out of spite
He's being cheated out of what's justly his right.
The men who succeed by hard work and pluck
He envies and sneers at as "Fools for luck."

"I Can't" is a loafer who will not admit
That his life's the mess he has made out of it;
The treasure that's sparkling beneath his dull eye
He thinks he can't reach—and he won't even try.

"I Can't" has a feeling the world's in debt
To him for a living he has failed to get;
But given a chance to collect, he will rant
About past misfortunes and whine, "I Can't."

Ernani

So on the field of action,
When the game grows hot and fast,
And the boys around you're cheering
To fight it to the last,

Yell out what else you wish to,
Be it prayer, song or chant,
But for the love of heaven
Yell not the words, "I Can't!"
—J. B. Coster.



Basketball



THE Basketball team at M. A. C. the past season did not make a good showing and still not bad. Although the team did not win a scheduled game, when we think of the handicaps the team was under we cannot complain. The fire of 1912 having destroyed the armory, the gymnasium had to be taken for that purpose, so there was no place available for practice. Only three times during the entire season did the team have any practice whatever, and then it had to go to Hyattsville. Under these circumstances one could not expect to see a winning team.

The team was composed of excellent material—probably the best M. A. C. has ever had, but they simply could not play without practice. The team was composed of Captain Shipley, Cole, Tull, Johnson, Huntman, Dearstyne, Vincent and Bopst. Dearstyne, Cole and Vincent were excellent forwards and were on the job at all times. With the proper training they would have been wonders. Shipley and Bopst did the best work at guards. They were very aggressive and kept the opponents guessing at all times. Huntman held the center position, while Cole could be used anywhere. He plays his best at forward, but also made an excellent center. Tull and Johnson show up best at the guard positions.

The team met colleges from all over the State, District and Virginia, and although it received some decisive defeats, the opposing teams always knew that they had been through a struggle at the end. The boys simply lacked team work because of the lack of practice and nothing else. They always were on the job working hard with plenty of "pep" and always did their best, but without a bit of training they could not be expected to be winners.

Captain Shipley deserves credit for the manner in which he stuck by the team despite the difficulties. Manager Tull should be complimented on the excellent schedule he put out.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball Schedule



Mt. St. Joseph's College.....January 10, College
 Catholic University.....January 14, Washington
 Mt. St. Joseph's College.....January 17, Baltimore
 Gallaudet College.....January 21, Washington
 St. John's College.....January 23, Annapolis
 Loyola College.....January 24, Baltimore
 Georgetown University.....January 28, Washington
 Catholic University.....January 31, College
 Washington & Lee University..Feb. 3, Lexington, Va.
 Virginia Military Institute....Feb. 4, Lexington, Va.
 St. John's College.....February 7, College
 George Washington University..February 11, College
 Gallaudet College.....February 14, College
 Baltimore City College.....February 21, College
 Pennsylvania Military College..Feb. 28, Chester, Pa.
 Delaware College.....March 4, Newark, Del.



The Tennis Team

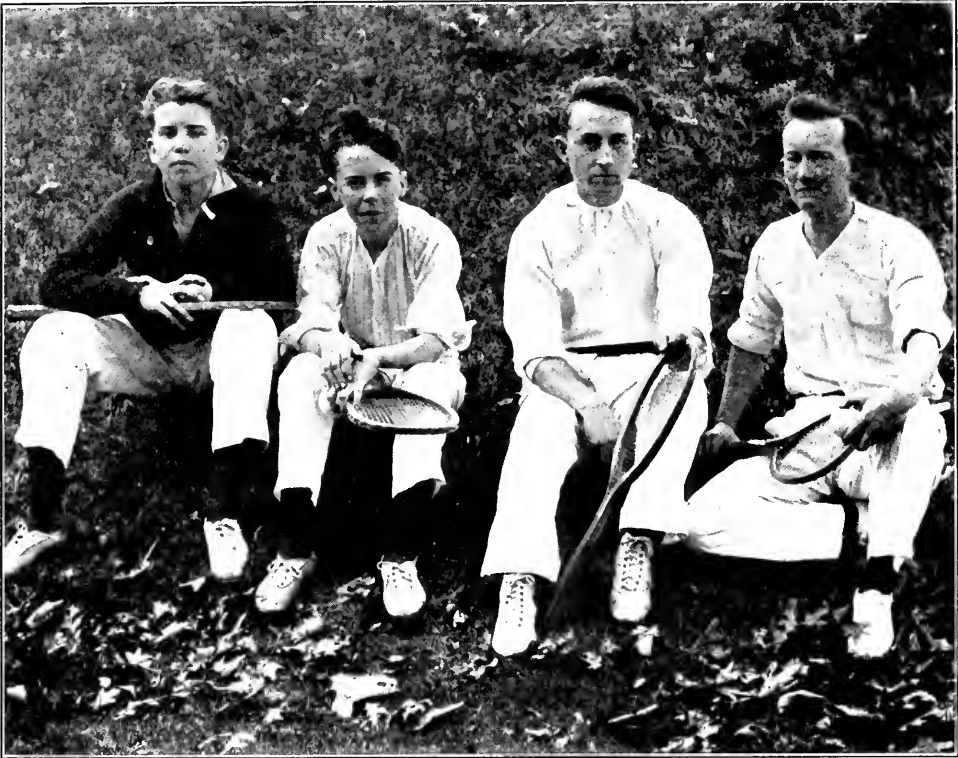


RIOR to this year, tennis has never been fostered to any extent at M. A. C. In the past each year the courts were put in shape, and an annual tournament held to decide the college championship, but tennis has never been ranked as a college sport. No attempt was made prior to this year to secure tennis matches with other schools, and consequently there was but a meager interest taken in the game at M. A. C.

However, during the past fall a team was organized under the direction of B. A. Ford, who was elected captain. Matches were played with Johns Hopkins University and with Gallaudet College, the former match being lost and the latter being tied. During the spring matches were arranged with St. John's College, Catholic University and Gallaudet College.

The courts were put in shape as early as the conditions permitted and an unusual amount of interest was taken in the game. While at the present writing no prophecy can be made as to the success of the team, it can be said that some very good material has been shown. The team will be greatly handicapped by the lack of expert and constant coaching, as it was not deemed expedient to secure a regular coach for the team.

The annual tournament will be held in June, and, judging by the number of candidates that have reported for the team, this should prove an exceedingly interesting contest. The tournament of 1913 was won by E. E. Powell, '13, with C. W. Ilgenfritz, '17, a close second.



THE TENNIS TEAM

Tennis Schedule 1914



April 29.....	Gallaudet, at Washington
May 9.....	St John's, at College Park
May 16.....	Catholic University, at Washington
May 22.....	Gallaudet, at College Park
May 30.....	St. John's, at Annapolis
June 15.....	M. A. C. Tournament

Wearers of "M" and Star



The following men have won the "M" and Star in athletics at M. A. C.:

CLASS OF 1914.

<i>Football.</i>	<i>Basketball</i>
E. P. WILLIAMS, "M" and three Stars	SHIPLEY, COLE, "M" and Star
HOFFECKER, JOHNSON, "M" and two Stars	
SHIPLEY, "M" and five Stars	<i>Lacrosse</i>
<i>Baseball</i>	TRUITT, COSTER, "M" and two Stars
HOFFECKER, "M" and three Stars	
R. C. WILLIAMS, "M" and Star	<i>Track</i>
SHIPLEY, "M" and four Stars	JOHNSON, TRUITT, "M" and Star

CLASS OF 1915

<i>Football</i>	<i>Lacrosse</i>
BOWLAND, "M" and two Stars.	MASSEY, GRAY, McCUTCHEON, "M" and two Stars. TULL, MONTELL, COLE, "M" and Star.
<i>Basketball</i>	
TULL, "M."	

CLASS OF 1916

<i>Football</i>	<i>Baseball</i>
K. KNODE, "M" and two Stars. AITCHESON, MORRIS, LOOMIS, RUFF, HINDMAN, "M" and Star.	K. KNODE, "M" and two Stars. MORRIS, "M" and Star. McHENRY, "M."
<i>Track</i>	
GRACE, P. MORRIS, RUFF, AITCHESON, "M" and Star. K. KNODE, "M."	

CLASS OF 1917

<i>Football</i>	<i>Baseball</i>
HUNTEMAN, "M" and Star. MONTGOMERY, "M." KISHPAUGH, "M."	MONTGOMERY, MESS, DERRICK, DEARSTYNE, "M."
<i>Basketball</i>	
HUNTEMAN, "M." and Star. DEARSTYNE, "M."	

CLASS OF 1919

<i>Basketball</i>
VINCENT, "M."



...Yells...

Chief Rooter—F. J. McKENNA.

Associates—WRIGHT and KELLY.

1. M-a-r-r-y-l-a-n-d, Maryland.
Siren
Boom
Team-Team-Team.

2. M-a-r-r-y-l-a-n-d, M-a-r-r-y-l-a-n-d,
M-a-r-r-y-l-a-n-d, M-a-r-r-y-l-a-n-d,
Maryland.

3. M-m-m-m,a-a-a-a,r-r-r-r,r-y-y-y-y,
H-h-h,h-a-a-a-a,n-n-n-n,d-d-d-d,
Maryland.

4. Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s
Boom!
Team-Team-Team.

The School in the Heart of Maryland

To the tune of "There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland"



In the finest Aggie College
In the dearest Aggie town,
Mid'st oak trees tall and comrades dear,
There plays a team I mean to cheer.
Hear our happy voices calling!
We will ever stand by thee,
So thy glory ne'er 'll be falling.
We adore our M. A. C.

CHORUS.

There's a school in the heart of Maryland
With a team that looks good to me,
So we'll shove them through the line,
We'll do it every time;
Fighting, we always shall be,
For Maryland, our Fairyland,
We love thee, oh, M. A. C.
There's a school in the heart of Maryland
With a team that looks good to me.

Come on! let's be up and doing;
Let us sing a happy song.
We'll fill our line as it grows thin,
For St. John's know they can not win.
Just you watch our linesmen smashing,
And I'll bet a brand new coat,
With our backs forever clashing,
Soon we'll get old St. John's goat.

CHORUS.



M. A. C. Athletics



O calculate the value of athletics to any American college and especially to M. A. C. is fraught with many difficulties. There is always an element in any college that violently opposes any system of extended athletics, claiming that it represents a useless item of expense to the college and that to engage in athletics demands too much of the student's time and efforts. Especially do these people delight in abusing football, asserting that it is a barbarous game and that it is decidedly detrimental to the student.

But any one holding this view concerning athletics is either not aware of the facts or else is unduly prejudiced. In its relation to the college, athletics holds a most important position. Perhaps the greatest good athletics does for a college itself is to act as an advertising medium. The American college today that is not prominent in athletics cannot expect to draw a good, wide-awake student body. The College matriculate almost invariably watches the sporting columns of the daily press and judges a college by its athletic standard. Other things being equal he will invariably attend the college most successful in its athletic sports.

Another great advantage of athletics to the college is that it forms a healthy college spirit. The student gets accustomed to rooting for his college on the gridiron and the diamond, and he naturally will continue to boost his Alma Mater in every department.

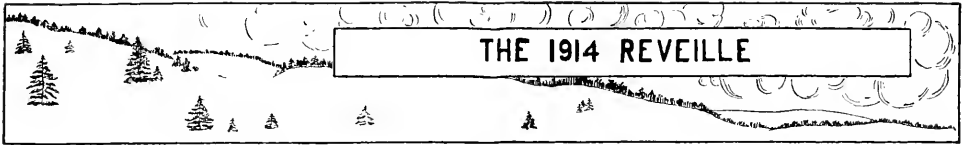
The advantage of any good system of athletics to the student is obvious. Not only does it give the students good, healthy exercise and act as a proper diversion from their studies, but athletics give the student invaluable moral training. It teaches him to meet both defeat and success. It teaches him the fundamental principle of success, to fight for a definite end and to fight hard.

The athletic department at M. A. C. has developed to a great extent in the past few years, and it is to be hoped and expected that this good work will be continued. With the new, fully equipped gymnasium that is now planned, M. A. C. should stand at the head of its collegiate class in every branch of sport. Furthermore, the establishment of the new gymnasium will facilitate the enlargement of the scope of athletics so that every student may have ample opportunities of engaging in some athletic sport.

With the hearty support of President Patterson, and the able coaching of Mr. Byrd, we may soon expect that M. A. C. athletics will be raised to even a higher plane than they now occupy.

SOCIAL





College Society



WHAT does college society do for a student? Is it a benefit or a hindrance to him while at college? Can its effects be seen in his future life?

These are a few of the questions every Freshman has to answer for himself, when he enters college.

It may be said that there is scarcely anything which will do a student more good than taking a part in the social life at college. Of course, there are some who will say that all it accomplishes is to take the student's mind from his studies and cause him to neglect his work. If he tries to take a leading part in the society affairs at all times and is always looking for some dance, reception or tea to attend, then this may be the case. For what is there which is not harmful if indulged in to excess?

To show you, however, that this is not usually the case, look into the college life of some of the boys who fail. In the majority of cases you will find that these boys took no part in the social life of their college. The men who do enter the social life at college seem to realize more fully what is expected of them and their self-respect seems to be more keenly alive. The social man is also much more fit to lead a better life at college, for he will not have the time that he would otherwise have to get into trouble, and unless he leads the proper kind of life, he will not be admitted to the best society. The fellows who were at one time glad to take him out with them, will no longer care to introduce him to their friends, and he will be forced to do one of two things. He will either reform or join the ranks of those who, for one reason or another, have nothing to do with society.

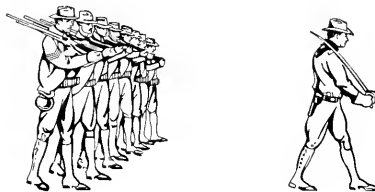
If he follows the latter course, when the fellows he used to go with are out calling, or attending a dance, he will very likely be giving himself up to one of the many temptations which the college man has to face. There are just as many temptations for the college student as for any one else, and, furthermore, it is at this time that he must choose his future path, for the habits formed at this time are very apt to be permanent. Therefore, if for no other reason than to lessen his temptations, he should join in the social life of his college. This will also be apt to encourage a tendency toward neatness on his part, that might otherwise be neglected.

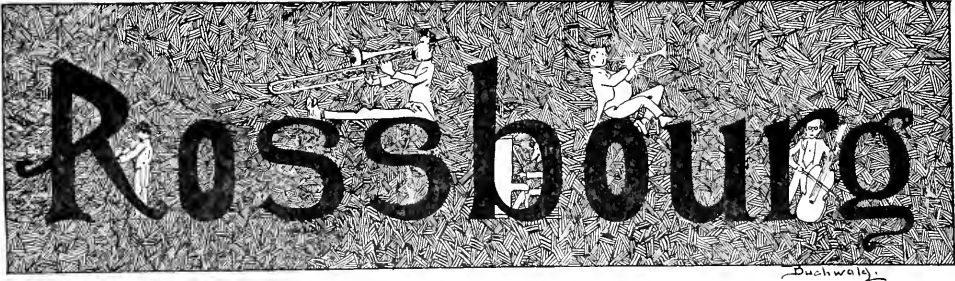


Now let us take two men who have both taken the same course, and whose scholastic standing is the same. Let a friend of these two invite them to town to meet a prospective employer. Which will most probably get the position? In the majority of cases there is little doubt but that it will be the one who has taken part in the social life at college. For he will possess a neatness and an ease of bearing, which will give him the advantage. In fact, there is something about the man who has been in society that distinguishes him at once from those who have not. There seems to be some quality in man which is brought out only through association with the fair sex, and without which he seems in some indefinable way to be incomplete.

When a man leaves college and goes out into the world, he never knows what may be required of him. It may be that his position will require him to make speeches, attend banquets, receptions, etc. If he failed to embrace the opportunity he had at college to participate in these things he is very apt to find himself in an embarrassing position. It is then, when all too late, he begins to realize that by not taking advantage of the social life at college he has failed to listen to opportunity when it knocked at his door; and as the old saying goes, "Opportunity knocks but once, and he who would succeed must listen, else fail to open the door and opportunity passes on."

Having looked at this question thoroughly from both sides, it may be said in conclusion that, although this will not cover every case—for there are exceptions to nearly all rules—the man who has taken no part in the social life of his college has failed to obtain the full value of his college course.





The Rosshourg Club



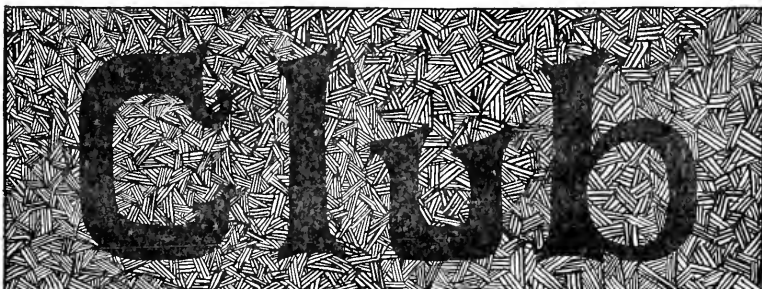
It was in the year 1891 that the admirers of the Muse Terpsichore first organized the Rosshourg Club. It was named after the old Rosshourg Inn, which was so famous in the days of Washington, and which is now one of the buildings of the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station.

Amid the days of study, work, and anxiety, the evening of a Rosshourg dance is to the college men as an oasis to wanderers in the desert. As they sway in perfect rhythm to the music of the dance, or gaze into the sparkling eyes of some fair M. A. Caesarine, their worries and cares fall from them like veils.

This year saw the introduction of the one-step, and several other modern dances into the Rosshourg Club. It was a long, and a hard fight between the conservatives and the progressives, but at last it was decided that the new dances should enter on trial. The conservatives claimed that in all probability the untarnished record of the Rosshourg would be ruined. The members of the club, however, soon made it plain that there was nothing more dear to them than the upholding of this record, and there has not been a dance that could be criticised adversely.

The season just ended has been one of the most prosperous and enjoyable the Rosshourg has ever known.

To the Faculty, to its other friends, and last but not least, to the girls, whose presence has made Rosshourg dances what they are, the members of the Club extend their sincere thanks.





Rosshoury Members

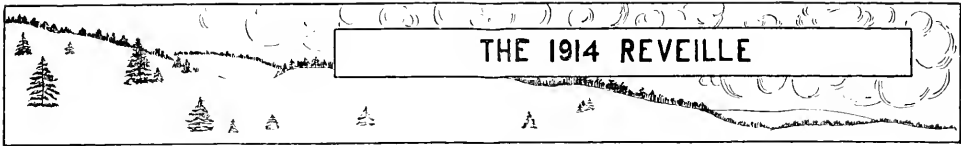
R. V. TRUITT..... <i>President</i>	D. L. JOHNSON..... <i>Secretary</i>
W. T. FLETCHER..... <i>Vicc-President</i>	R. T. GRAY..... <i>Treasurer</i>

Committee Chairmen

R. V. TRUITT..... <i>Reception</i>	R. C. WILLIAMS..... <i>Floor</i>
L. R. ROGERS..... <i>Program</i>	H. A. RASMUSSEN..... <i>Music</i>
J. B. COSTER..... <i>Refreshment</i>	J. B. GRAY..... <i>Reporter</i>

DOCTOR PATTERSON
 DOCTOR TALIAFERRO, T. H.
 PROFESSOR BOMBERGER
 PROFESSOR BROUGHTON
 PROFESSOR BURRELL
 PROFESSOR CORY
 PROFESSOR CREESE
 PROFESSOR CRISP
 PROFESSOR McDONNELL
 PROFESSOR RICHARDSON
 PROFESSOR RUFFNER
 PROFESSOR SMITH, C. P.
 PROFESSOR SPENCE
 PROFESSOR SYMONS
 PROFESSOR TALIAFERRO, W. T.
 MR. ADAMS
 MR. CLOSE
 MR. HALLOWAY
 MR. HARRISON
 MR. PALMORE
 MR. AITCHESON
 MR. BROWN, R. S.
 MR. BUCHWALD
 MR. BURLINGAME
 MR. CARTER, A. R.
 MR. COLE, K.
 MR. COCKEY
 MR. DALE

MR. DEELEY
 MR. DONOVAN
 MR. FLETCHER
 MR. FORD, B. A.
 MR. FORD, H. S.
 MR. FUCHS
 MR. FURST
 MR. FRAZEE
 MR. GRAY, G. B.
 MR. GRAY, J. B.
 MR. GRAY, R. T.
 MR. GREEN
 MR. KEEFAUVER
 MR. LEVIN
 MR. MCKENNA
 MR. MESS
 MR. MONTELL
 MR. O'NEILL
 MR. PENNINGTON, L. R.
 MR. RASMUSSEN
 MR. ROBINSON, C. E.
 MR. ROGERS
 MR. STEINMETZ
 MR. SMOOT
 MR. SUNSTONE
 MR. TRUITT
 MR. TODD
 MR. WILSON



The Y. M. C. A.



WITH the arrival in January of a General Secretary who could give personal attention and sufficient time to the affairs of the Association, it began to assume more importance in College affairs.

A temporary office was furnished and provided with many games, books and papers. The headquarters has been in constant use—a place to enjoy one's self, to whistle and sing and feel free from restraint, subject only to the requirement of manliness. Recognizing the Y. M. C. A. ideal of manliness as being opposed to mollicoddilism, and submitting to a reasonable standard, the student body has responded heartily to the slightest suggestion of the Secretary and in every way has indicated its good spirit.

The student cabinet has worked loyally. Meetings have been held every Sunday at 3.30 P. M. and Congressmen, ministers and business men from Washington and neighboring towns have spoken on religious and popular topics. Special music has been provided for most of the programs, and two Sundays have been given over to sacred concerts. Receptions for students and faculty helped to promote acquaintanceship and to provide social recreation.

Due largely to the fact that but few students are housed on the campus, the attendance at Bible study classes was much poorer than can be countenanced next year when the new dormitory is in use.

An exciting membership contest has brought the membership up until it embraces a great majority of the student body and has made possible the purchase of a wrestling mat, boxing gloves, and other desirable equipment. The employment secretary has helped many boys to find work, but the bureau can be made much more helpful than conditions and lack of time have yet permitted.

The Y. M. C. A. will go into its new quarters in Calvert Hall in June. It will have a large room for pool and carrom tables, a reading and writing room, an office for the Secretary, and a room for wrestling and boxing. It will issue a hand-book containing athletic records, schedules, and detailed information as to all the athletics of the School.

The slogan will ever be, "Stronger boys, happier boys, manlier men."



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

B. H. DARROW....*General Secretary*

ADVISORY BOARD.

DR. H. J. PATTERSON

PROF. F. B. BOMBERGER

PROF. GROVER KINSEY

E. P. WILLIAMS.....*President*

W. E. HARRISON.....*Vice-President*

P. N. PETER.....*Treasurer*

S. E. DAY.....*Secretary*

CABINET MEMBERS.

P. A. HAUSER

B. A. FORD

W. J. AITCHESON

J. DONNETT

The Y. M. C. A. Entertains



In the fire that swept o'er College
 Y. M. C. A. was damaged too,
 And it stayed subdued and crippled
 Till the last year started new.
 Then it planned a mighty opening
 To help organize its men
 And the program that they rendered
 Is food for poet's pen.

As music is inspiring
 The band first had its fling,
 Apollo and his lyre ne'er gave
 Such feast as "Kinky's" ring.
 Mr. Darrow is a spokesman
 Who'd many laurels won,
 Unlike most noted orators
 He stopped when he was done.



THE 1914 REVEILLE

And Schaefer's piano solo
 Was unlike the Piper Pied—
 No rat would ever stay near by—
 He'd rather far have died.
 The Laboratory Quintette
 Was chemically combined,
 Acidity, Acerbity.
 Were horrors unrefined.

Beavers' "Woman's Suffrage"
 Was a feature next afloat,
 Deeley whispered softly on
 "The Passing of the Goat."
 "Ras" put "Military Tactics"
 On a basis scientific,
 And the birdly comedian
 Did a warble soloistic.

After which the colleges
 Formed themselves in line:
 There was Army, there was Navy,
 There was Harvard with its nine,
 There were schools both big and little,
 There were men both sane and rash,
 There were Profs. as well as school boys
 Whose dignity went to smash.

All arrayed, the collegiate contest
 Raised its voice, on discord bent;
 Army marked its cannons' fire
 And yelled till lungs were spent;
 It had to yield the honor up
 To Navy, its close kin,
 Who copied Neptune's wildest roar
 And Mars' most awful din.

"One Hundred" and "Two-twenty"
 Were the dashes wildly done.
 The peanut went its gallop,
 The fan helped on the fun:
 And many, many track teams
 Who watched the sport that night,
 Got pointers on swift racing
 To aid in future fight.

Oratory and Orthography
 Were next in line completed,
 And a grand Finale followed
 As the bunch were being seated.
 Then the air was filled with praises
 The Y. M. C. A., who'd hosted,
 And gastronomic cravings
 Were satisfied and toasted.





The Triangle



THE Triangle is entirely under student management, Editorial and Business Staff being composed solely of students with the exception of an Alumni Editor and Business Manager elected by the Alumni Association to look after the Alumni end of the paper. The Alumni Editor has complete charge of the page published under the supervision of the Alumni Association.

The Triangle came into existence five years ago and has flourished since. When the paper originated the Business Management was under control of the Senior Class, but as this conflicted with the Reville, it was transferred to the Junior Class, which has since retained it. The Triangle has steadily improved until this year the best paper ever published at M. A. C. is being issued. The Triangle is a four page paper and is devoted solely, with the exception of the Alumni page, to news around College.

The Editor-in-Chief is elected for a term of one year from the Senior Class. The other Editors are elected from the lower classes for the same term. All matter that is submitted has to be approved by a member of the Faculty who has supervision over all student publications.

The Triangle has been a great influence for good at M. A. C., and it promises to be a greater influence in the future.

The paper has a large circulation among the students, Alumni and friends of the College.

The Triangle has, this year, been far better than in previous years, not only better in quality of the material, but several six-page issues have been published, thus increasing the attractiveness of the paper.

This year the Triangle has been right in the thick of the fight for the appropriation for the College and has done creditable work in this respect. The Triangle is deserving of much praise and it has the best wishes of every one for a successful future.

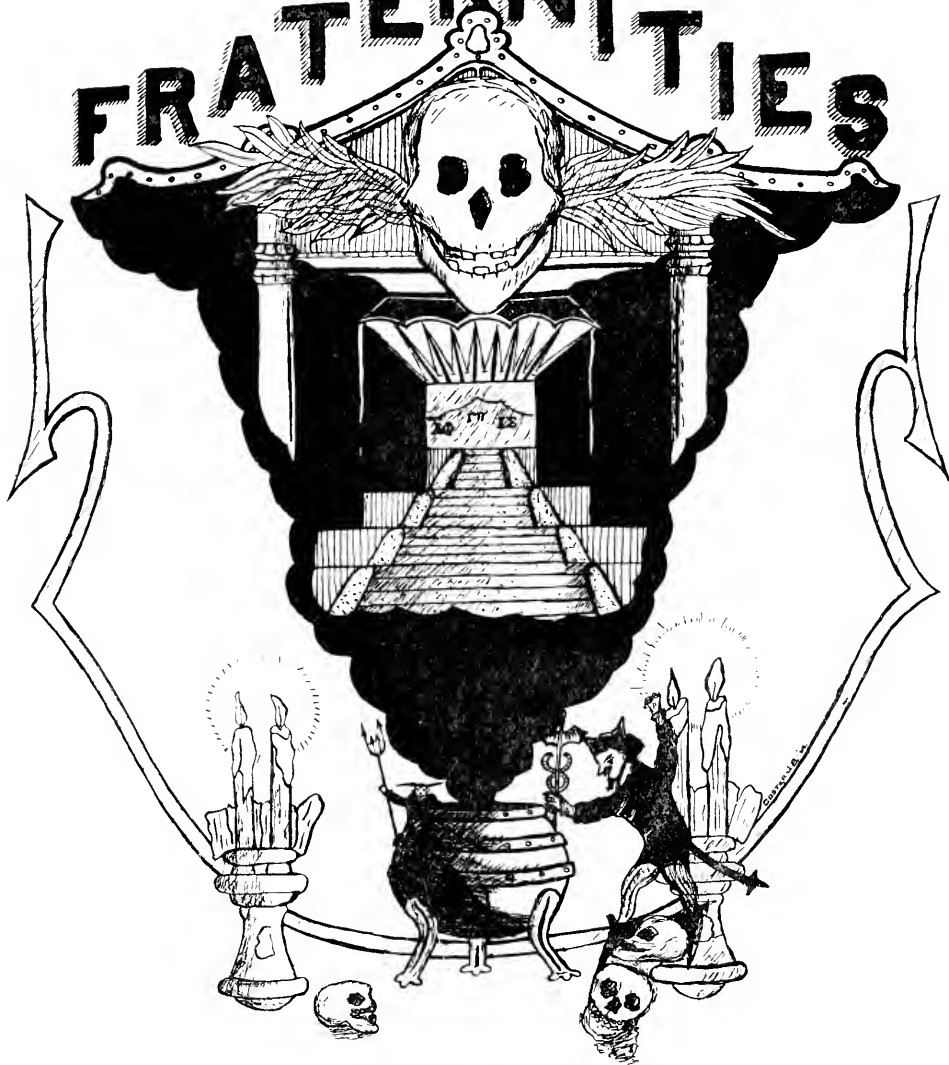


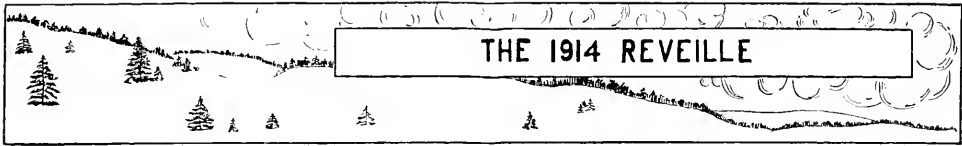
THE TRIANGLE STAFF

Members of Staff

- J. W. GREEN, '14.....*Editor-in-Chief*
 C. T. COCKEY, '15.....*Local Editor*
 R. S. BROWN, '15.....*Athletic Editor*
 W. E. HALL, '15.....*Ass't Local Editor*
 K. E. SMITH, '16.....*Agricultural Editor*
 A. C. MEDINGER, '17.....*Class Editor*
 R. BRIGHAM, '08.....*Alumni Editor*
 E. W. MONTELL, '15.....*Business Manager*
 F. J. McKENNA, '15.....*Asso. Business Manager*
 C. H. BUCHWALD, '15.....*Asso. Business Manager*
 L. B. BROUGHTON, '08.....*Alumni Manager*

FRATERNITIES





The Fraternities



FOLLOWING the M. A. C. fire of November 29th, 1912, the College started upon a new era of development, and concurrent with this development there was recognized the need of closer friendship among groups of students. The students soon realized that this close friendship was to be found in fraternal life.

Prior to this time the College authorities frowned upon any attempt to establish fraternities at M. A. C. It was generally believed that there was no place for a fraternity in the barrack life of a military school. The students were constantly associated with one another in the barracks and there was really no need for other ties to bind them closer together.

But with the destruction of the barracks all of this was changed. Instead of living together in one body, the students were scattered throughout the vicinity in groups of three or four. Old ties of comradeship were broken, and close friendship among the members of the old groups was made impossible.

It was to establish a new opportunity for close friendship among the students as well as to incorporate the many other advantages of fraternity life that the fraternities were organized. In general, it may be said that the principal advantages of fraternities are: first, a fraternity properly organized gives the members a chance to thoroughly know their closest friends and associates; second, it develops in the members a reverence for discipline and self control; and, third, it tends to foster a high scholastic standard. The fraternity man secures the close companionship of men of like interest and ambitions, and is freed from the dangers of a purely selfish and solitary life. Of course, along with these advantages there are dangers in fraternity life which must be carefully avoided if one's fraternity is not to be a detriment to him.

The Gamma Pi was the first fraternity to be founded at M. A. C. It was organized and recognized by the College Faculty on September 18, 1913. The Alpha Phi fraternity was the next to be organized, being recognized on October 28, 1913. The Iota Sigma was next, recognized on January 15, 1914. These three fraternities are all of a local nature, and have so far remained as examples



of the best of fraternity life. In each fraternity several members of the College Faculty have been elected honorary members, and have greatly aided their respective organizations by advice.

The fraternities have so far been successful in every sense of the word. This success has doubtless been due to the care with which the members of the fraternities have been selected. Fraternity membership at M. A. C. has not been based upon a large pocket book, as is too frequently the case, but upon the true worth of the man. The result has been that the membership of the M. A. C. fraternities is made up of high minded, capable students. Thus far the fraternities have made no effort to get control of other student activities and it is to be hoped that this evil will never enter into fraternity life at M. A. C.

Perhaps the greatest danger of fraternity life arises principally from its clannishness, which can easily develop into snobbishness. While this evil has not been apparent at M. A. C., it will be necessary to guard against it very carefully. The fraternity members should make every effort to counteract this tendency by engaging actively in other phases of student life.

The phenomenal growth of fraternities in American colleges demonstrates that their teachings are wholesome and beneficial. Founded and maintained upon the very highest principles, fraternities must exert a powerful influence on their members to bring out the best that is in them, both during their college careers and in after life. Even during the past year the beneficial influence upon some of the fraternity members has been evident. It was necessary that each fraternity maintain a certain reputation, and it was soon seen that high scholastic standards of the members contributed greatly to that reputation. Thus, one of the great advantages of the fraternities has been to raise the scholastic standard of the members. The other good influence of the M. A. C. fraternities, as of any other fraternities, has been active. It is to be hoped and expected that, with the fraternity membership made up of strong, capable and high minded men, the standard of fraternity life at M. A. C. will not be lowered.





THE GAMMA PI FRATERNITY





Gamma Pi Fraternity



FACULTY MEMBERS

DR. HARRY J. PATTERSON
 PROF. THOMAS H. SPENCE
 PROF. F. B. BOMBERGER
 PROF. HENRY T. HARRISON
 PROF. MYRON CREESE.

ALUMNI MEMBERS

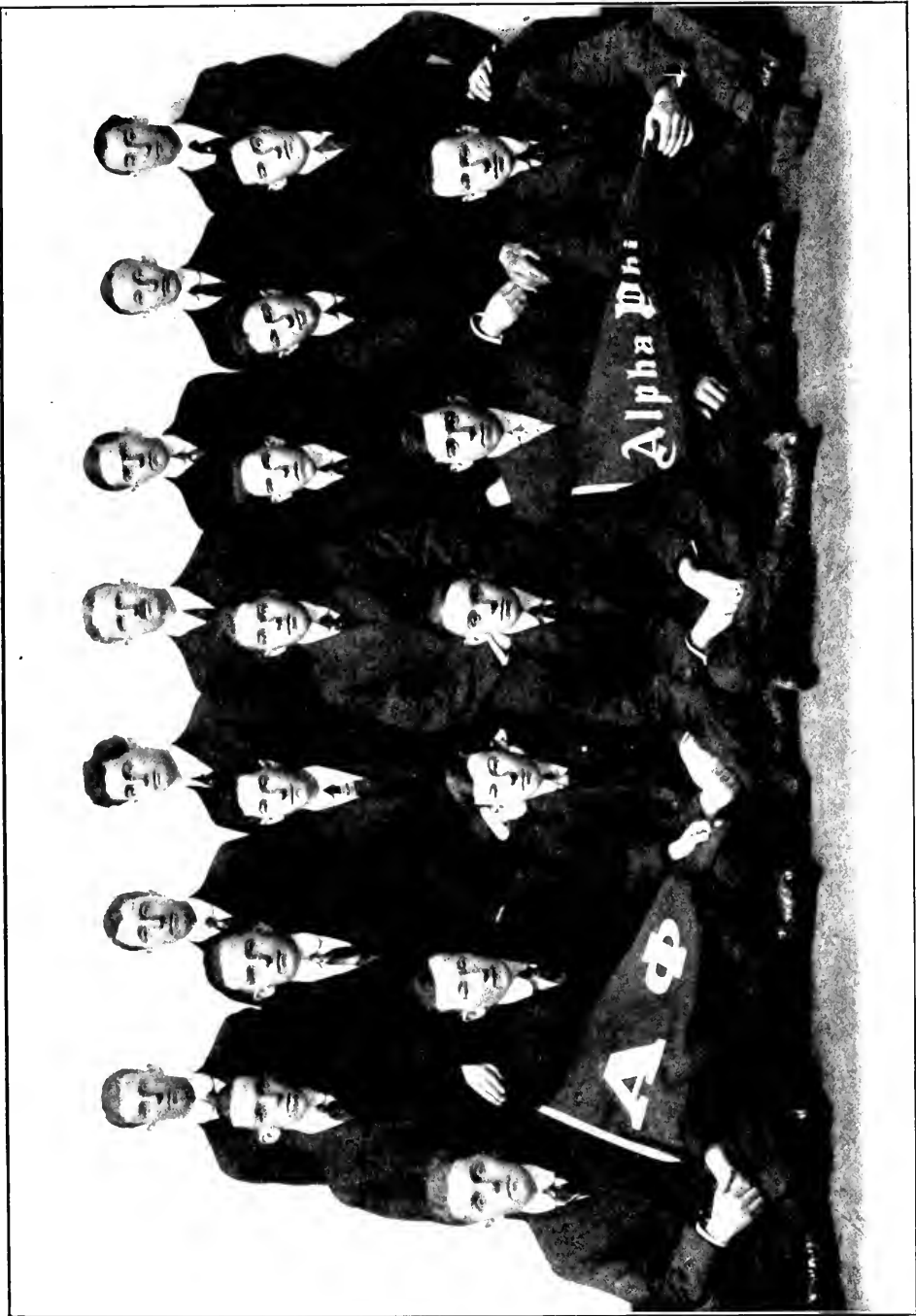
RALPH S. HEALY	NATHANIEL A. LE SAVOY
EDWIN E. POWELL	EZEKIEL MERRICK
MILTON E. DAVIS	HUGI S. KOEHLER
WILLIAM K. ROBINSON	CHARLES McE. WHITE

*ALFRED NISBET

ACTIVE MEMBERS

R. CALVERT WILLIAMS.....1914
 DAVID L. JOHNSON.....1914
 A. ROLAND CARTER.....1915
 EDGAR W. MONTELL.....1915
 CHARLES E. ROBINSON.....1915
 EDWARD R. HINDMAN.....1916
 KENNETH T. KNODE.....1916
 ROY C. TOWLES.....1916
 SEYMOUR W. RUFF.....1916
 STANLEY E. DAY.....1916

*Deceased.



ALPHA PHI FRATERNITY





Alpha Phi Fraternity



Colors:
MAROON AND PEARL GRAY

Flower:
RED ROSE

FACULTY MEMBERS

PROF. L. B. BROUGHTON
PROF. E. N. CORY
PROF. C. S. RICHARDSON
DR. T. H. TALIAFERRO

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1914.

J. B. COSTER
W. T. FLETCHER

J. B. GRAY
R. T. GRAY

R. V. TRUITT

1915.

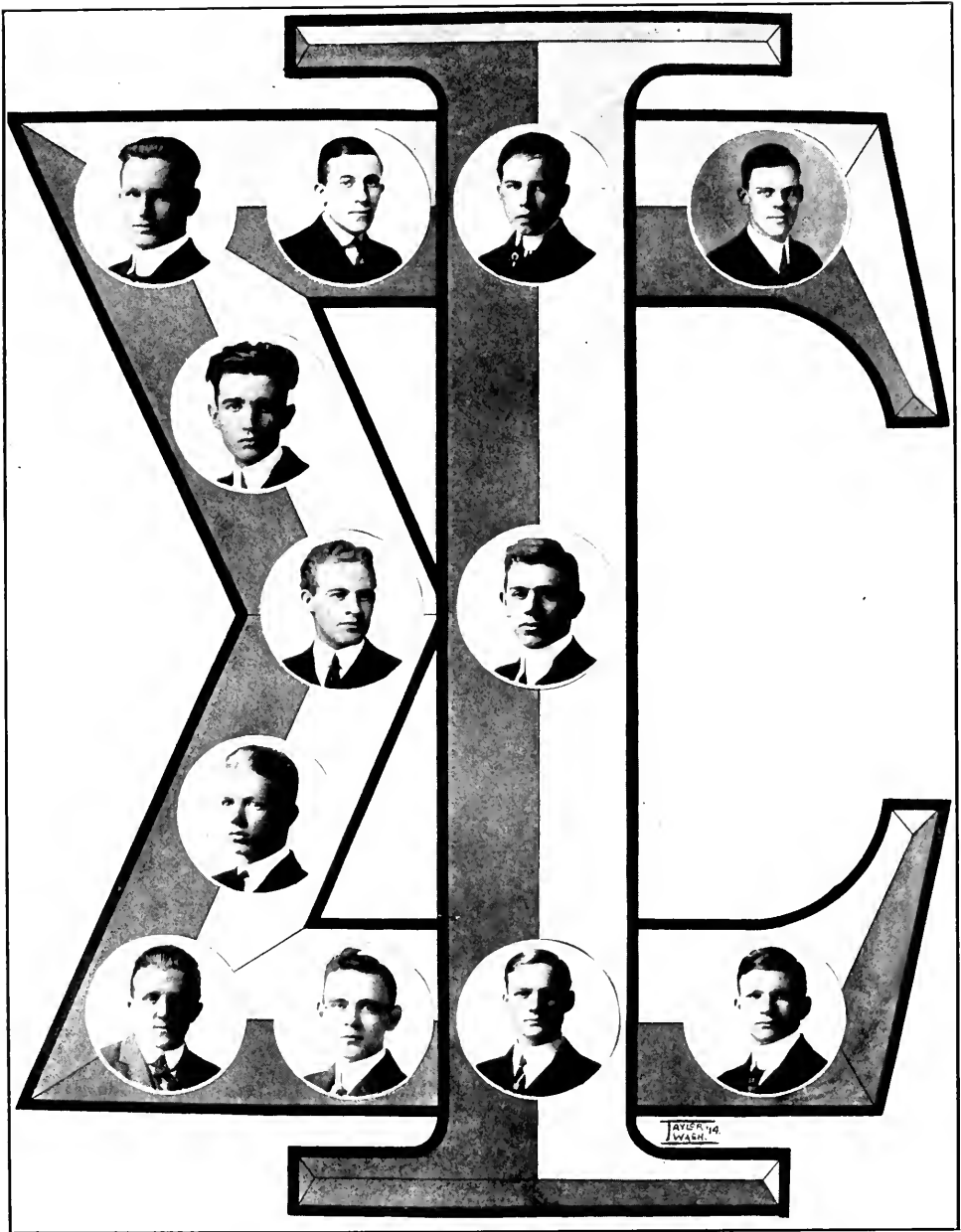
R. S. BROWN
C. H. BUCHWALD
C. T. COCKEY

R. DALE
F. J. McKENNA
F. W. WRIGHT

1916

H. H. BALKAM
L. BURLINGAME
G. B. GRAY

P. MORRIS
J. A. REISINGER
E. A. TAYLOR



IOTA SIGMA FRATERNITY





Iota Sigma Fraternity



Colors:
PURPLE AND RED

Flowers:
VIOLETS AND RED ROSES

FACULTY MEMBERS

DR. McDONNELL
PROF. GWINNER
PROF. W. T. L. TALLAFERRO
PROF. MONROE
PROF. RUFFNER

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1914.

H. U. DEELEY
H. S. FORD

F. H. O'NEILL
L. R. ROGERS

1915.

W. E. HALL
W. E. HARRISON

R. J. McCUTCHEON
R. N. TODD

1916

W. J. AITCHESON
J. R. BRADLEY

L. R. ERDMAN
B. A. FORD

J. C. STERLING

1917

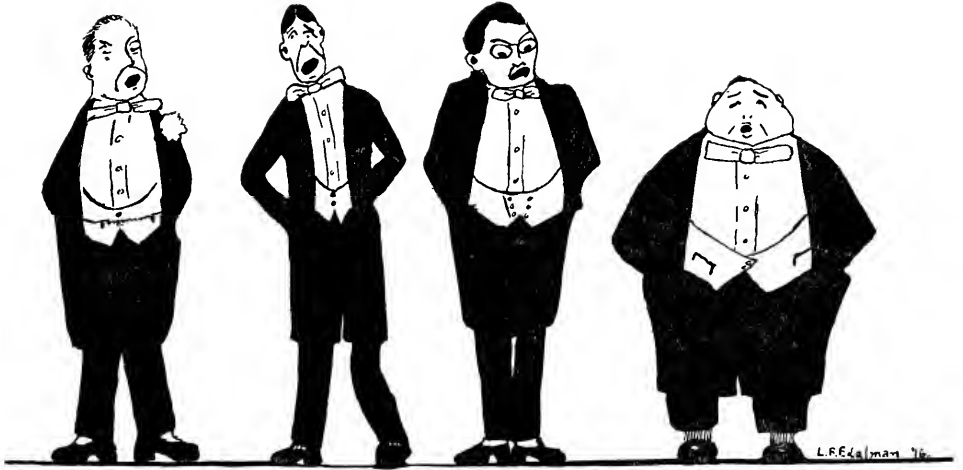
C. H. FUCHS
2nd yr. ag.

K. C. Cole

L. R. SMOOT



BITS OF WINTER



Officers

B. A. FORD.....*President*
 P. A. HAUVER.....*Vice-President*
 F. J. McKENNA.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

Board of Directors

B. A. FORD	HAUVER
RASMUSSEN	DEELEY



Music Club



THE Music Club was organized on October 25th, 1913, and was the first organization of its kind to be launched in recent years at the Maryland Agricultural College. Its aim is to promote all things musical and dramatical. Considering the lack of interest in this line at the start it has met with much success. At the first meeting the following elections took place: B. A. Ford, President; P. A. Hauver, Vice President; F. J. McKenna, Secretary and Treasurer. A Board of Directors was appointed, consisting of: B. A. Ford, Hauver, Rasmussen and Deeley.

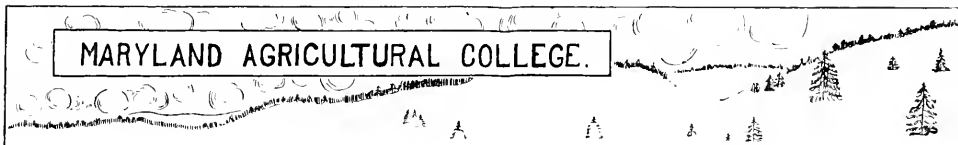
The first active move of the club was to give an informal dance. The music was furnished by the College Orchestra. The dance was generally enjoyed by about 27 couples.

The next move was to promote a minstrel show. Mr. F. T. Crow, of Washington City, was secured as coach, and in a limited amount of time turned out an excellent show. The show was divided into two



parts. The first was on the order of the usual minstrel show, with a chorus and two sets of end men. The second was a scene mimicing a negro school. The end men were, Fletcher, Peacock, Mess and McKenna, with Dunnington as interlocutor. The chorus was composed of Rohn, Segar, Edelman, Morris, Truitt, Bradley, Peter, Pierson, Barrett, Kirkley, Sando, Dubel, Willis, McHenry, Sunstone, Day, Kelly, and the School Scene was composed of Crow, as Teacher; Peacock, Mess, McKenna and Fletcher, boys; and Schaeffer, Rohn, Pierson and Morris, girls. The orchestra was composed of Strohm (director), Brown, Hauver, Buchwald, Roberts, Schaeffer, Donnett, Clark and Deelev. The show was started with an overture by the orchestra, which then struck into the opening choruses, which were arranged in the following order: "School Song," to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland;" "Dancing Around;" "Down in Chattanooga;" "Get Out and Get Under;" "Sit Down; You're Rocking the Boat;" "Kindly Direct Me to Broadway;" and "Those Pullman Porters on Parade." The first set of end men (Mess and McKenna) were then introduced. McKenna reeled off a set of excellent jokes, each of which brought its applause. Kirkley then sang "The Rose That Made Me Happy Is the Rose That Made Me Sad," which was the hit of the evening. Mess then handled a set of jokes with excellent ability, following them with a song, "You Can't Get Away From It." This was followed by a line of jokes from McKenna, who then sang "That Ragtime Dream." Mess then brought forth more laughs with a number of good jokes. Barrett next sang "That Bully Woolly Wild West Show," assisted by McHenry, Rohn and Day. The second set of end men (Fletcher and Peacock) were then introduced. Peacock led off with some excellent jokes. Segar then sang "Mandalay" with great success. Next Fletcher got off some fine specimens of wit. Barrett followed with "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," assisted by the M. A. C. quartet. Peacock then told another set of good jokes and followed them with a song, "That Midnight Ragtime Ride of Paul Revere." Fletcher then told some more jokes with equal success and was followed with a dance by the end men. Then the chorus sang a finale to the tune of "Good Bye, My Tango." The curtain was drawn amid a great deal of applause.

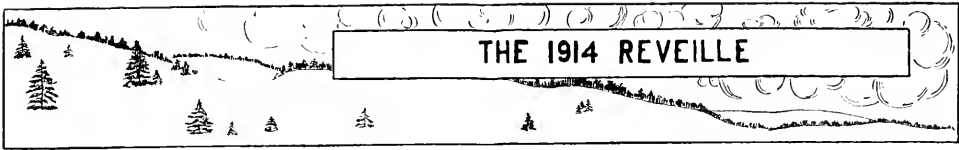
After a short intermission, during which Mr. Strohm rendered a clarinet solo that was enjoyed by all, the curtain was again raised, showing a school room containing four students' desks and one for the teacher. Mr. Crow then entered with the dignified look of the negro schoolmaster. His facial expressions were especially comical. He proceeded to ring the bell of school and the students entered. They all played their parts well and some excellent wit was shown. Mess was especially good, and he seemed to have the spirit that makes an excellent comedian. Peacock did a clog dance and sang a song entitled "Harmony Joe." Mess sang "Constantly" and, as usual, got a good laugh. Schaeffer



rendered several piano solos. Crow then sang Dixie and the show ended with a dance by the pupils. Not too much credit can be given Mr. Strohm and his orchestra. Mr. Strohm was working under difficulties due to lack of time and really turned out an excellent orchestra. The orchestra has several engagements to fill in May and June, and we have no doubt but that they will cover themselves with credit.

With the start the Music Club now has there is every reason to believe that it will be a tremendous success and will grow each year until it will be the principal student organization in college.





The College Band

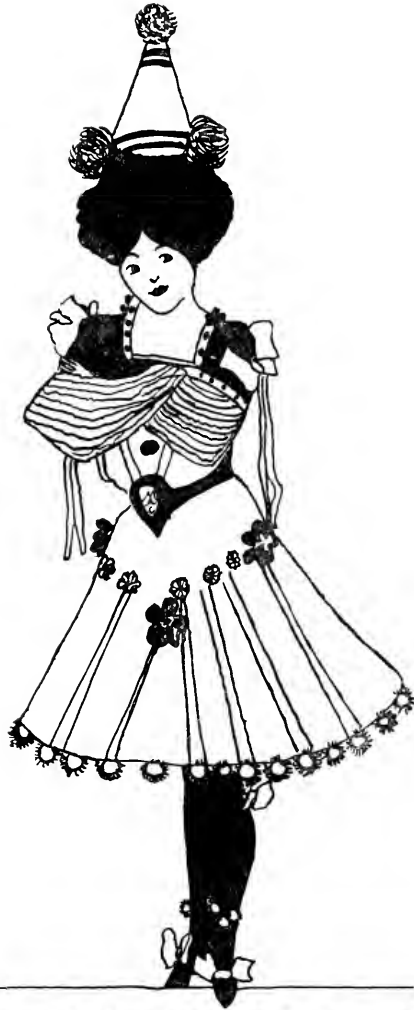


HE band was organized seven years ago, and each successive year has marked an improvement in its proficiency until this year it has reached a very high standard of excellence. The band is composed entirely of students. It is primarily a military organization and plays for all the military ceremonies and customarily gives several concerts at the college during the year.

Although the members of the band are excellent musicians, their success is due to a large extent to the efforts of Mr. Charles L. Strohm, who came to the M. A. C. two years ago. When he entered, the band was good, but we could not boast of a band that equalled any college band in the East. But in a short time an improvement could be easily noticed and today the Maryland Aggies can boast of one of the best, if not the best, college band in the East. At Government inspection last year the band was congratulated by the inspector, who said that it was undoubtedly one of the best college bands that he had ever heard. There has also been organized an orchestra that compares favorably with the band.

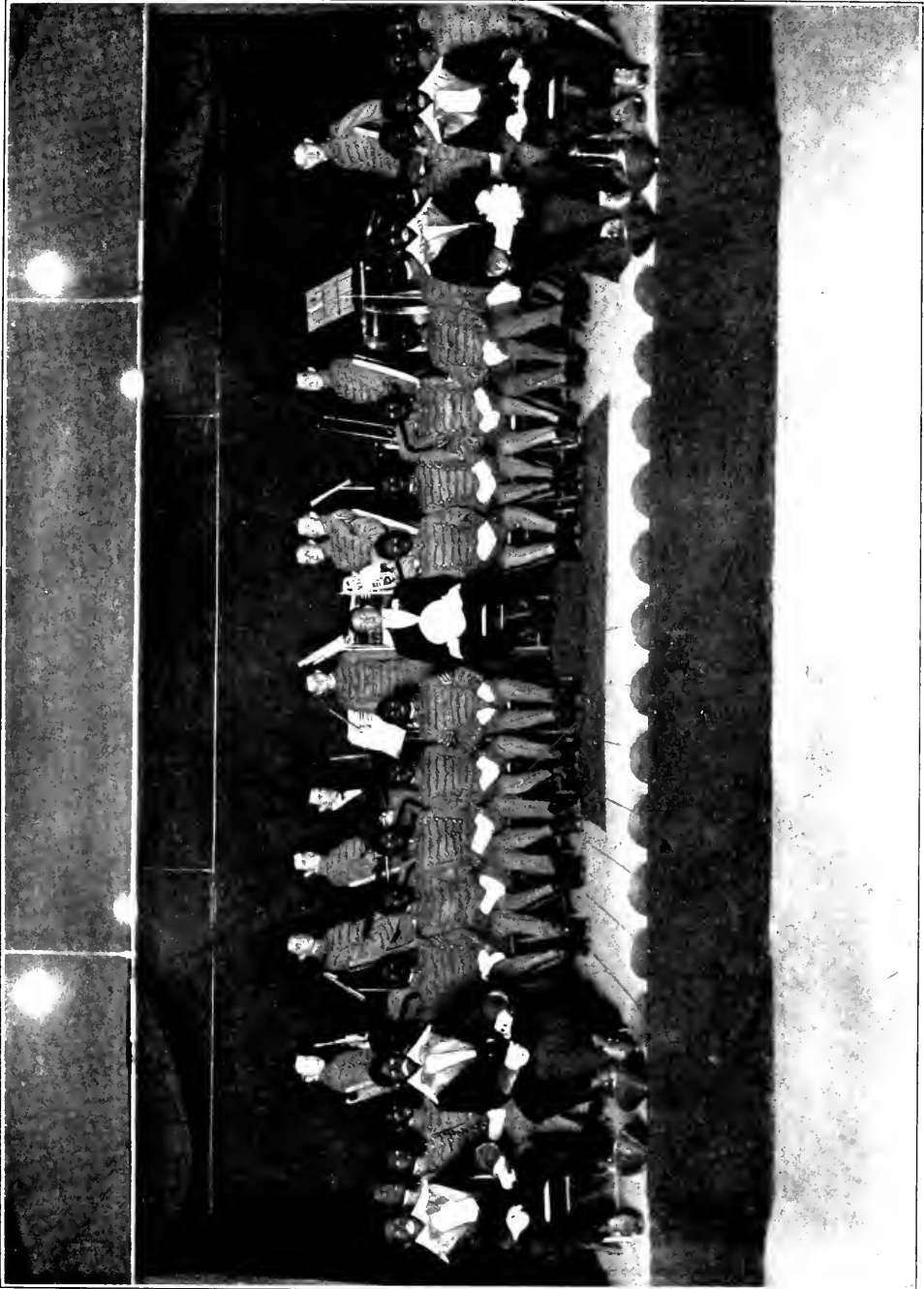
M. A. C. is especially fortunate in having a man who will willingly sacrifice himself to further the good of the College as will its bandmaster. Mr. Strohm is unusually qualified for a successful career. He has established an enviable reputation as a clarionetist and is doing equally excellent work in his present capacity as bandmaster. Mr. Strohm, who is only in his 28th year, has risen in his profession with great rapidity. He started his studies when eleven years old and was quickly added to the ranks of the Fredericksburg, Pa., band. In 1902 he joined the Eighth Regiment Band, N. G. P. From 1904 to 1906 he was with the Michigan Military Academy Band. From 1907 to 1909 he played with the Perse Band of Lebanon, Pa., and after this he became chief trumpeter and assistant to Mr. George F. Tyrell, chief musician of the 15th U. S. cavalry band. From there he was chosen as one of the ten delegates from the United States Army to attend the New York School of Musical Science and Art. Since May 1st, 1912, Mr. Strohm has had charge of the M. A. C. band with striking success. There can be little doubt that his natural talents and unusual qualifications will place him in the front ranks of the young school of bandmasters in a short time.

Mr. Strohm is also a composer of music, having composed many excellent marches and also several songs. And, above all, Mr. Strohm is a true gentleman: and whatever else may be said he will always live in our hearts as a true man. The M. A. Caesars wish to thank Mr. Strohm for his excellent work at our College in bringing the band to its present high standard.



MINSTRELS

Dorley, 1914.



THE MINSTREL TROUPE



MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The M. A. C. Minstrels

Under the direction of Mr. Frank T. Crow.

.....
COLLEGE AUDITORIUM,

Friday, April 3, 1914, 8 P. M.

PART I.

Overture—Midnight FireOrchestra
OPENING CHORUS

Selections

The Rose That Made Me Happy Is the Rose That Made
Me Sad.....Stanhope T. Kirkley
You Can't Get Away From It....."Happy" Mess
That Ragtime Dream....."Mac" McKenna
Wild West Show.....W. D. Barrett
Assisted by Rohn, McHenry and Day

Mandalay.....R. B. Segar
Midnight Ragtime Ride of Paul Revere....."Bill" Peacock
A Little Love, a Little Kiss.....W. D. Barrett
Assisted by Messrs. Rohn, McHenry and Day

Finale

INTERMISSION

.....
Clarinet Solo—Selected.....Charles L. Strohm

PART II.

That Colored School

Frank T. Crow, as the Professor

Pupils

Boys—Peacock, McKenna, Mess and Fletcher
Girls—Schaeffer, Rohn, Pierson and Morris

Piano Solo.....R. T. Schaeffer

Selections

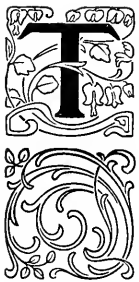
Harmony Joe....."Bill" Peacock
Constantly "Hap" Mess
"All Aboard for Dixie Land".....Teacher and Pupils
MarchOrchestra



The Engineering Society



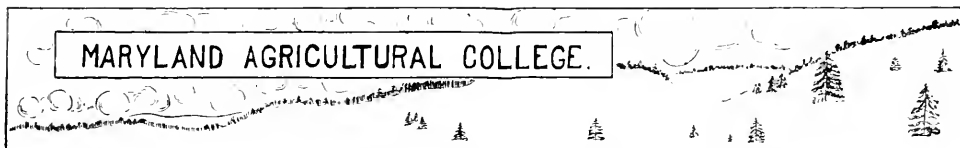
E. P. WILLIAMS.....	<i>President</i>
F. W. WRIGHT.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. J. McKENNA.....	<i>Secretary</i>
F. F. HOFFECKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>



THE Engineering Society organized in September of 1912, and was reorganized at the opening of the College in September; and throughout the year interesting lectures were rendered by competent parties.

The first lecture was given by Professor Creese, and his subject was "The History of Electric Lighting." Professor Creese, being the dean of the Electrical Engineering Course at College, gave a most interesting lecture, and one that was enjoyed by all. We were very fortunate in obtaining for our next speaker Mr. Claykoal, who represented a heating firm. His subject was "The Webster System of Steam Circulation." This lecture was made most interesting by lantern slides. Several other lectures were given during the year; among the lecturers were Prof. Springer, Mr. Mutt and Cadets Green and Williams. Professor Creese gave another interesting lecture on "The Advancement in Electric Lighting."

The meetings were held during periods set aside for the Engineering Lectures, and were always well attended by the Senior, Junior and Sophomore Classes. The object of this society is the cultivation of a more active interest in Engineering work, and from all appearances the society is rapidly advancing.



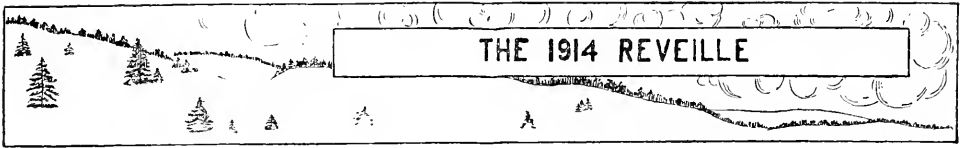
Chemical Society



R. C. WILLIAMS.....*President*
H. RASMUSSEN.....*Vice-President*
P. N. PETER.....*Secretary-Treasurer*



THE Chemical Society was organized by the Class of 1913, its object being to create a greater interest in chemistry among the students specializing in that subject. The society passed through its embryo stage in the scholastic year beginning in the fall of 1912 and by the following year had become a well established organization. Since the foundation of the society the chemical students of M. A. C. have shown great interest in its development, this interest having been stimulated by the presentation before the society of a number of lectures by some of the best known chemists in this section of the country. Not only were the services of men high in the profession of chemistry secured, but lectures were also given alternately by Junior and Senior students of chemistry. These lectures have not only been a source of knowledge to the students of chemistry, but the members of the Junior and Senior Classes have especially reaped benefit from them, for by giving lectures themselves they have gained valuable experience of which they will surely be in need in their future work. The Chemical Society has been a success from every viewpoint this year and we feel assured by the interest that has been shown that such will be the case in the following years.



Stock Judging



It was in the fall of 1907 that several members of the Senior Class wanted to enter the stock judging contest held under the auspices of the National Dairy Show at Chicago. They were laughed at, however, for their pains. It seemed preposterous that Maryland should enter a stock judging team in a national contest.

In the fall of 1908 Mr. Hibberd took charge of this branch of study. Mr. Hibberd came from Canada, where they lay particular stress on this subject in all of the agricultural colleges. Consequently stock judging received quite a boost. In the fall of 1910 Prof. Ruffner came to the College and carried stock judging another step further. In the fall of 1911 Captain Sylvester, who was then President of the College, was heartily in favor of sending a stock judging team to Chicago to compete in the national contest. The Board of Trustees was a little doubtful as to the expediency of the move, but finally appropriated \$250.00 for this purpose.

The team was composed of Messrs. Anderson, Kemp, and Stanton, with Prof. Ruffner in charge. These men went into the contest hardly expecting to win, but all determined to do their best. When the results were read, the Maryland Agricultural College had won first places in both Jerseys and Aryshires, Mr. Stanton had won a \$400.00 scholarship and the silver loving cup given by the Jersey Cattle Club.

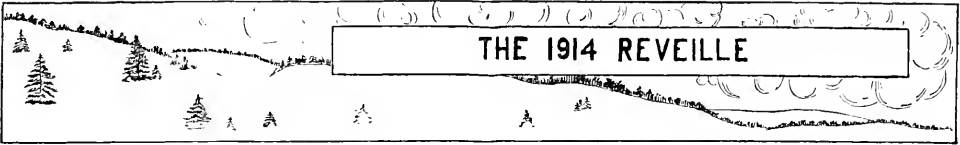
In the fall of 1912 another team was sent to Chicago in charge of Prof. Ruffner. The team was composed of Messrs. Johnson, Davis and Koehler, who again were a credit to the College.

In the fall of 1913 a team was sent to the Hagerstown Fair, where they were in competition with Pennsylvania State and Delaware Colleges. The team consisted of five men: Messrs. Brown, Buchwald, Knode, Fletcher and Deeley. Although the team stood second in the contest, they won enough prize money to more than pay expenses. Prof. Ruffner then repeated his two previous trips to Chicago, taking with him a team composed of Messrs. Fletcher, Knode and Deeley. This team stood fifth in the contest. Besides these annual contests the Laurel Fair holds one every year, and students of M. A. C. usually take their share of the prizes.

It can be seen from this, that stock judging is rapidly growing in importance at M. A. C., and next fall there will be more competition for the team than ever before. With the present material we have fine prospects for a good team to bring back the honors from Chicago and any other contest that the College might enter.



THE STOCK JUDGING TEAM



The Agricultural Club



- D. L. JOHNSON.....*President*
 J. E. SHILLINGER.....*Vice-President*
 J. H. KNODE.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
 S. E. DAY.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*



IF Maryland is ever to be truly rich and prosperous it must be through her agricultural resources, because nature has not given her large mining areas or large water power possibilities, but, instead, has spread upon her breast vast fields rich in those constituents necessary to the production of bountiful agricultural harvests. The greatest need Maryland knows is that of trained minds and willing hands to till her fruitful soil. To accomplish this end she has provided an institution devoted to the training of her young men along just such lines; and, within this institution, these young men have begun to see the value of intimate association and cooperation, and, accordingly, have established an organization which they hope may be productive of results tending to work for the betterment of Maryland's agricultural interests.

This organization drew its first breath upon March 23rd, 1914, when the agricultural students met and formed a club with 60 charter members. The club is a student organization and will be run by those students taking agriculture. Meetings are held twice each month, on the first and third Tuesdays.

The benefits to be derived from this club are many, especially for the upper classman, since most of his work is lecturing or in some manner telling others how to do things. At each meeting one member is given notice that he will deliver a lecture the following meeting. This will give every member experience in addressing a large crowd, so that when, as a graduate, he goes back to the farm he may have the ability to express his opinion.

All new ventures must attract criticism and, thereby, attention. So, with this thought in mind, we leave off work for the present year, trusting that when we assemble at a first meeting next September new students and old alike may join hands in an earnest effort to make our organization a powerful organ, which shall work zealously for the development of Maryland's greatest asset—her agricultural possibilities.

SECRETARY.

FUNNY LIONS



The Lighter Vein

Some plug up for a hundred,
And some for ninety thrive.
I'm frank and free to say to thee,
"Please give me sixty-five."

Ford (at Sorority dance): "My, but this floor is slippery tonight."

His Fair Partner (meekly): "You mean my patent leather pumps, I suppose."

Life to some fellows is one cigarette after another.

Unwritten law is pretty fine,
At least that's what they say—
But when I tried it on exams,
Gee, whiz! it didn't pay.

Prof. Bomberger: "Mr. Frazee, give me an example of an oath."

Frazee: "I am afraid that I might insult you, Professor."

He: "Sleepy, dear?"

She: "Little bit."

He: "Want me to go?"

She: "Not yet!"

First Student: "Say, Reds, have you ever seen a gas in the solid state?"

Second Student: "No, Ras, I haven't."

First Student: "Take a look at Doc."

The distance from College Park to Washington is fifteen cents.

You don't necessarily get a bean every time the College serves bean soup.

Be flushed and your friends are many,
Broke and you haven't any.

Prof. Creese: "What makes the night fall?"

Pert Soph: "Newton's Laws of Gravitation, I suppose."



THE 1914 REVEILLE

Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fee's—fe-male.

Green (modestly): "Do you think it would be improper for me to place one revered kiss upon this hand I hold?"

Miss Arbella: "Yes, I think it would be decidedly out of place."

Poor Seniors: We have plenty of ways but no means.

Our weary Editor-in-Chief cracks a joke: "I'm going down to the post office, stamp my feet and see if I can ship them home by parcel post."

O'Neill's, Bob Gray's and Rasmussen's weakness: Soft drinks, matching pennies, girls and songs.

The humorous editor thinks that if Rockefeller with all his millions can't buy a seat in Heaven, that his fortune of fifty cents will hardly take him past the "Hill of Difficulty."

Juniors translating "Das Kalte Herz."

Hauver (riding smoothly along): "Believe me, sir—"

Knode: "Better get away from such a good translation, fellows, and make it more colloquial."

Kelly (class buffoon): "How's this? 'Take it from me, kid—' Guess that is colloquialism enough."

Fletcher: "Don't you know, Mr. Interlocutor, I found out today that I was good looking."

Interlocutor: "Why, how was that, Bill?"

Fletcher: "Well, when I got off the train to come up here all the men around there with carriages called out to me, 'Handsome, Handsome.'"

SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Dave Johnson was seriously hurt at the Washington College football game. It was his heart, and the accident happened while he was sitting on the side line. Needless to say that he soon got better, for "Aitchy" called "Her" up and made a date to introduce him the next day.



College Minstrel Show

Season, 1913-1914.



Daily performance at the College from 8:15 A. M. to 4:15 P. M.

Season Tickets, \$2.40—No Intermission.

CAST—As advertised by the student body.

PAT.....	<i>Big Boss</i>
BOOHO	<i>Little Boss</i>
COMMY	<i>Bull Dog Jack</i>
MIKE	<i>The Grouch</i>
DOC TOLLY	<i>Scower Constructor</i>
ANNIE	<i>Dot Little Poy</i>
SY	<i>The Wild Man</i>
CAT	<i>The Feline</i>
BOMMY	<i>The Psynomonist</i>
CHARLES S.....	<i>Mr. Timckiller</i>
DOC MAC.....	<i>H₂SO₄ Fire</i>
MONEY TRUST	<i>Jezv Packard</i>
BECKY.....	<i>Ladies' Man</i>
GRASS HOPPER.....	<i>Bones</i>
PACK UP	<i>Social Leader</i>
BUGS	<i>Sy Junior</i>

.....

Programme

- 1st—Opening song by Pat and Boocho, entitled "We're the whole blamed show."
- 2nd—Recitation, "How the Soph's should treat the Freshmen," by Boocho.
- 3rd—Solo, "How to blow your way to athletic fame," by Charles S.
- 4th—A few "jokes" on music, by Doc Tolly.
- 5th—"Joke" by End Man Doc Mac, "How to detect presence of H₂S."
- 6th—Impromptu spiel, "Military is my salvation," by Commy.
- 7th—Imitation of a fly, by Sy, assisted by Bugs and Grasshopper.
- 8th—A Lecture, "A greater Institution outen dis hear Place," by Pat.
- 9th—"How I flunked the class of '14 in Physics," by Mike.
- 10th—Bommy cracks a bum joke.
- 11th—"How I wean my oldest kittens in June," by Cat.
- 12th—Humorous speech, "I'm the Guy with the money," by our treasurer, The Money Trust.
- 13th—Some anonymous questions: Where do the dollars for conditions go? What does Annie do with all his bouquets?

Squiblets



There's one of our number named Deeley,
 Whose changing voice makes him talk squeally.
 He says "My dear popper
 Wants me to sing oper ;
 But I shall not have time for it, real-ly."

And then there is "Angel Faced" Coster,
 Who withal, is a fairly good oyster.
 Of our deck he's the joker
 And at every class smoker,
 He starts a rough house, like a roister.

Ah! Here we've J. Weldon Green,
 In the matter of dancing he's keen.
 His head's packed with knowledge,
 Crammed at High School and College
 You'd not think it would go into one bean.

Then a word for our President, "Hoff,"
 With his sweet little innocent "laff."
 He seldom, if at all,
 Sips the luscious high-ball,
 But for girls—here our chapeaux we doff.

Now, let's have a look at short Gray, John,
 Who has always his Sunday clothes on.
 He says "d— d—! d—!
 To be a lawyer, I am,
 And my clients will be real bon ton."

Ha, Ha, here is Harry Rasmussen,
 Who's always eternally fussin',
 He'd quarrel with his shadow.
 His temper is so bad, Oh!
 He'll surely go below for his cussin'.

Yea! Sir Lord Francis O'Neill,
If, in life, you can get a square deal,
If your plea can be heard,
They will find you a bird,
Of a buggist—the best in the field.

Take a look at our friend Albert White,
Who labors with ardor and might.
He's a very queer nut—
For his classes he'll cut
Even tho' his Professor is in sight.

And I might mention L. Russell Rogers,
Who is surely the best of our dodgers,
Takes a portion of "cram"
Before every exam—
And when the thing's done says, "Wot T' 'ell."

Now, you whose names don't appear here,
Dry your eyes, and shed nary a tear,
They'd look fine on a "shingle,"
But in this blamed jingle,
They just wouldn't rhyme. Am I clear?



Kiss Cake



Take one armful of pretty girl,
One lovely face ;
Two laughing brown eyes,
Two rosy cheeks and lips like strawberries.
The results will be astonishing.

Frosting



For the frosting, take one piece of dark piazza,
And a little moonlight ;
Press in one small hand,
So as not to attract attention ;
Two ounces of romance,
And one or two whispers ;
Dissolve one half dozen of glances
In a quantity of hesitation
And two ounces of yielding ;
Place a kiss on blushing lips ;
Flavor with slight scream,
And then, set aside to COOL!!!!



Chips from Webster



Adjutant: Commy's mouthpiece.

Application: Mental angina (a disease of the mind). Symtoms—depression of spirits, dejection, gloom.

Beauchamp's Express: M. A. C.'s 20th Century Limited.

Bluff: Working genius over time; persuading a Prof. that you know what you don't.

Busted: Financially embarrassed.

Bum: n. A human parasite; v. To live without working.

Bed: Article of furniture; sometimes a little buggy (rats sleep on only one side).

Chapel: 11 A. M. to 11.15 A. M.—then drill—Heaven—H—, Darrow's stronghold.

College: An institution for defectives; "The Melting Pot."

Commy: Ego! Lo! The conquering hero comes—"Ich und Gott."

Chemistry: Doctor Mac's specialty ("That's sufficient").

Corn Cracker: One who devours agricultural education in 10 weeks.

Crib: (1) Sophs specially revised vest pocket edition of a compendium of useful knowledge; (2) store house of concealed ammunition.

Day Dodgers: Daily visitors—still tied to mother's apron strings.

Dip: A piece of sheepskin awarded to sufferers who have endured four years of cramming, cribbing and bluffing.

Drag: 1st, an instrument used for making hay; 2nd, something the Profs have and the ambitious want.

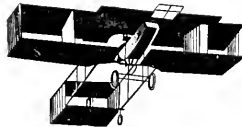
Exam: Mental agony—"You can't get away from it;" the presence of mind is good but the absence of body is better.

Faculty: (Facilis—easy). (1) A group of inanimate objects; (2) any dried collection.

Freshman: A breaking out; occurs but once in the life of an ordinary individual; cured by cold water and fans.



- Fired*: Like a gun—off at short notice.
- Flunk*: A continuous curved line with a hole in the center.
- Farm House*: Originally a place for farm help—now in the hands of the Philistines.
- Grind*: A meeting of facts and bone.
- Hash*: A mess hall remnant sale.
- Mess*: All that the word implies.
- Milk*: A lacteal fluid, good for babies, and Mrs. Moore's boys.
- Money*: Never to be found at M. A. C., except at the St. John's game.
- News*: Truths and untruths about your neighbor.
- Noxels*: The most popular reference books in the library.
- O. D.*: Commy's valet.
- Prof*: One who knows that the student doesn't know.
- Quit*: A disease caused by cold feet.
- Quiz*: A pleasant pastime in which the Prof. lets the fellows talk.
- Rat*: An insignificant, indefinable animal, usually persuaded by physical measures.
- Skirt*: A garment worn by ladies—of various shapes and dispositions.
- Student*: A grind. One who burns the candle at both ends.
- Sick List*: A list of healthy prevaricators.





Sad Night of an M. A. Caesar



“GEE! but isn’t she a fine girl? And you know, she’s struck on me,” said (—) to his room mate. “It seems that when a girl once beholds my sunny locks, an irresistible something touches a tender spot and sets those little chords of affection vibrating. You know I shall always feel grateful to you for bringing us together, and say: Do you reckon Jack thinks he is the real article with her? But won’t he feel sore when he finds out that I’ve won! Yes, and in a walk.”

’Twas on the Friday afternoon following the above conversation that this “fusser” received a “special delivery” just as he entered Science Hall for laboratory work. His joy knew no bounds, and forgetting himself and his surroundings, he let forth a deuce of a yell. “See, fellows, what ‘S—he’ has written me. I’ll read it to you, so here goes!”

Washington, D. C.

Dearest:—No doubt you will recall all the pleasant moments we spent together on the evening of last Saturday, when we had a prolonged heart-to-heart talk as we sipped ginger-ale (?) mingled with club sandwiches and good fellowship. Yes, and the long talk about the Rossbourg dance, which I enjoyed so much, and now once more, you will look back upon that pleasant evening and recall our tour of this dear old city, Washington, to which I owe so much. For, while here only a few short months, I can honestly say there is one gentleman to whom I owe a few of the most pleasant evenings of my life. You may deem it rude, no doubt, this seeming forwardness on my part; but, honestly, my dear boy, I could not refrain from sending you a few lines to express my appreciation for the grand times I’ve had.

I had hoped that during our acquaintance and various conversations I would have been fortunate enough to have created an impression reciprocating the one you left with me, and somehow, as the days have lingered on, often have I watched and waited for just a few lines from you—but all in vain.

Now, that heart chords have been stretched to their highest tension, like the strings of a violin, when one more twist upon the keys would result in a fatal termination—in such a condition has my heart been pitched since that fatal night—I find it impossible to stand it any longer and feel that I must again see you, if only for just a few short moments, for I have lots to tell you that I can’t write.

It is really important that I see you this evening. Will expect you at eight—here at the house.

Sincerely, your friend,

“S. H. E.”

P. S.—Please don’t inform Jack of my writing you.



"You see," addressing his room mate, "that I am the real cheese, after all, with her, and the next time you will believe me. I'm not the fool you think I am. Wants me to come and relieve the tension of her heart. Will I go? You bet I will! I'm going to show the letter to Jack also, and set him bugs, too."

The hours of the afternoon seemed loath to join their "innumerable predecessors." "Would they ever pass?" he thought. The Lab seemed to hold no attraction; and everything was even more boring than usual. Then dinner hour. He arrived early to "avoid the rush" and the waiting to be served was seemingly a decade.

After the meal was over, which was soon, for his appetite was gone, he made his way to his room to dress. "Where are my hose? I can't find a pair that suits me. Have you a new pair you will lend me? Everything seems to go wrong when a fellow wishes to make a hit by his best looks. How do you like my hair cut?" "Oh! it's great," agrees his room mate, "you are O. K."

As promptly as a fire department, he's off for the twenty of seven car, and calling back, says "Don't leave the lights on for I'll not return until late."

It is yet an hour and twenty minutes before eight o'clock, but our hero is pulling his hair and meditating nervously to himself. As he passes a corner at Fourteenth and Connecticut Avenue, he meets Jack, and giving him the "Sardonic Grin," hastens toward his destination. Next we find him passing to and fro on Connecticut Avenue, with watch in hand, heart in throat, waiting for the last fifteen minutes to pass.

At last he gains entrance and sends up his card. Now comes the real suspense until the sought-for one appears. This is not long, for now "S—he" comes tripping down the stairs—a vision of loveliness.

Extending his hand, as he advances to meet her, he says: "Well, dear, I've come to relieve the tension 'upon the old violin strings.'"

"Mr.— I don't understand," she returned in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you remember writing me this morning?"

"I certainly do not," was the reply.

"Do you recognize this," he asked, handing over the letter. It slowly dawns upon "his majesty" what had been done. "Who is the rascal who did this," he exclaimed.

"Oh, S—: Come let's go out and enjoy the evening," he pleads. But she has another engagement, so he returns to school somewhat crestfallen and exercising his brain in order to concoct a plausible story to hide his disappointment. "What made you come back so early?" asked his room mate, when he returned.

"Well, after thinking it over, I was suspicious that it was a joke, so I 'phoned her and found out all about it. So the joke is on the 'Perpetrators,' and I'd just like to break that —'s mug."



How a Sophomore Writes Poetry



His wooden chair is squeaky; his books lie scattered 'round
The rough old wooden table with one leg broken down:
And if he turns abruptly, his chair lets out a yell,
As though a wide-mouthed darkie had fallen in—a well.

His things are all a jumble, the bed is up-side-down.
The door is off its hinges, the mirror's fly-specked brown,
The floor has not for ages known the presence of a broom—
He chews his old tobacco and spits around the room:

Then goes up to the window and tip-toes to look out,
He sees the automobiles a 'shootin' 'round about,
And as he gazes thusly, there floats up to his ear
The quarterback's new signals, in tones both crisp and clear.

He turns his head a little, and on the field he sees
The yellow sweaters gleamin', and buzzin' 'round like bees:
He murmurs indistinctly, "It's hard to study right—
I wonder why I didn't attempt this job last night?"

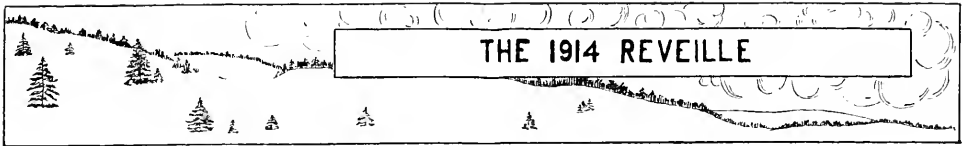
But time is quickly fleeting, he turns back to his task,
Which is about as interesting as is an empty flask;
For he must have tomorrow—no matter what else be—
To turn in to his teacher, some home-made poetry.

He does not like blind Milton, he does not like Ed. Poe,
Before he'd read Bill Shakespeare, he'd exercise a hoe;
He grunts and groans in mis'ry—it matters not a rip—
He's got to hand the goods in, or else he'll get a "zip."

So once again he's seated upon his squeaky chair:
Old poems he's running through with, each leaf he turns with care:
But nothing seems to suit him, 'till from the field he hears,
"We're going to have a scrimmage! Come, boys, and give some cheers!"

Then over goes the table, and things are knocked in heaps;
He thinks not of the 'morrow as out the door he leaps:
And so, today you'll find him already to confess
He'll have to take the zero, should "Prof" not take *this mess*.

SELWOT.



An Interview with the Professors



HE editors of the "Reveille," being impressed with the untiring activity and distinguished achievements of the members of the Faculty of M. A. C., sent a reporter to interview each member of the Faculty to request him to dictate a short but specific answer to the following question: "What has been your greatest ambition in life?"

While a number of the gentlemen could not be found, and while several others were too modest to answer, the reporter succeeded in interviewing some of the most prominent professors, and secured from them the answers to the question as set forth below. The only change that the editors have taken the liberty to make in the replies to the question as dictated by the several gentlemen was to correct 18 grammatical errors that occurred in one of the replies.

The reporter, not being able to find President Patterson in his office, went to his home, where he had to wait for an hour and a half while the Doctor was taking his third lesson in tango dancing under the direction of his prospective son-in-law.

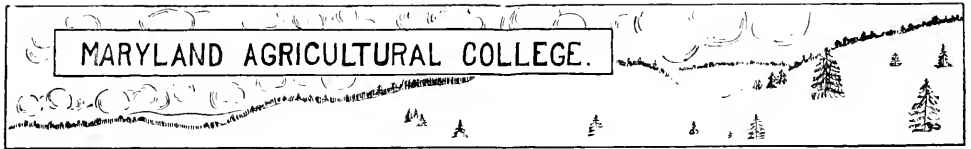
Finally Dr. Patterson, flushed from the exercise but beaming his satisfaction, entered the room, greeted the reporter most courteously, and cheerfully answered the question as follows:

"The greatest ambition of my life has been to overcome, by constant care and self-discipline, an inordinate tendency towards over-exuberance of spirits. I early earned the name of 'Madcap Harry.' My natural tendency has always been to laugh too much, to play too many pranks, to punch people in the ribs when I'm talking to them, to tell jokes at the faculty meetings, and to do all such undignified and kittenish things which might be excusable in a child, but which a man of my age should long since have put away. I hope some day to get myself better in hand. At least to do so is the crowning ambition of my life."

The reporter thanked Dr. Patterson for the interview, and was in the act of leaving when the President called to him, "By the way, young man, you might add that I have some ambition towards getting a million dollars for the M. A. C. some day."

Encouraged by this interview, the reporter next waited on Prof. Spence. As usual, the Vice-President was very genial and began answering the reporter's question before he had finished asking.

"E-r-r, young man," said he, "I have one overweening ambition of my life—a great inexpressible desire—a never ending hope—and that is to make an invention. I have worked night and day for the last ten years, to the exclusion of everything else, to invent a non-inflammable cloth. I have had every variety of



asbestos interwoven into every species of cotton and wool in a thousand different ways, but I have never yet produced a blasted thing that would not burn."

The Professor seemed to have finished, but the curiosity of the reporter led him to say, "But, Professor, what do you want to do with such a non-inflammable variety of goods?" thinking that possibly the Vice-President was making unusual preparations for the future. "Oh," said the Professor, "I forgot to tell you. My ambition is to get a material for pockets so that I will not set my clothes on fire every time I put away a lighted hod upon the unexpected approach of a lady or the sudden appearance of the 'Big Boss,' or in the presence of a reporter."

Just at that moment the Vice-President brought a yell, slapped his hands against his side pocket, threw a pitcher of water on himself, and turned on the fire alarm.

The reporter took advantage of the excitement to make his escape. He next went to the sanctum of Professor Mike Creese. Professor Creese motioned to the visitor to sit down, gave him a cigar, laid a box of candy by his side, and pointed to the word "candy" printed on the side of the box. The reporter thanked the Professor, came to the object of his visit at once, placed the question before the gentleman, and asked him to favor him with a reply. The Professor made no answer, but pointed to a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp, by which the bright reporter understood that Mr. Creese would send his reply by mail. The next day the following was received:

Editors of the Reveille.

Gentlemen:—My ambitions are:

1. To smoke up all the stogies in the U. S.
2. To discover a numerical character indicating a value less than zero, for free distribution among the students of physics.
3. To beat my present record in talking. One day four years ago I spoke seven words, and it has been my greatest ambition to bring up a day's conversation to 10 or 11 words.

Very truly,

MIKE, THE SILENT.

We regret that space will not allow us to print the other replies in detail. But from these three it can be seen that the members of the M. A. C. Faculty have exceedingly worthy ambitions before them. Several other of the replies received are worthy of particular notice. Prof. Gwinner asserted that his greatest ambition was to make money, solely for the pleasure of spending it.

Prof. Taliaferro claimed that his pet ambition was to invent a method for electrifying his agricultural apparatus, in order to keep inquisitive students from fingering it.

Prof. Richardson said that his greatest ambition of recent years was realized when we won the St. John's football game in 1913.

In Memoriam



In the year of our Lord, 1914, the Morrill and New Mercer Literary Societies died at their home in the Maryland Agricultural College Dormitories at College Park, Md. The deceased have been patient sufferers for many years, but took a turn for the worse about three years ago. Among those who knew them at their best and who were at their bed side during their death illness were the members of the present Senior class. As the departed ones have been crippled for so long and have seldom appeared in society of late, they will not be missed very much, except by the immediate members of their fold, who are prostrated with grief over the sad demise of their aged beloved. The burial was private, the remains being interred into the Music Club, Fraternities and Minstrel Shows.



R. T. GRAY

H. S. FORD

F. S. HOFFECKER

D. L. JOHNSON

W. T. FLETCHER

H. U. DEELEY

J. B. COSTER

J. W. K. GREEN

R. V. TRUITT

F. H. O'NEILL

J. B. GRAY

L. R. ROGERS

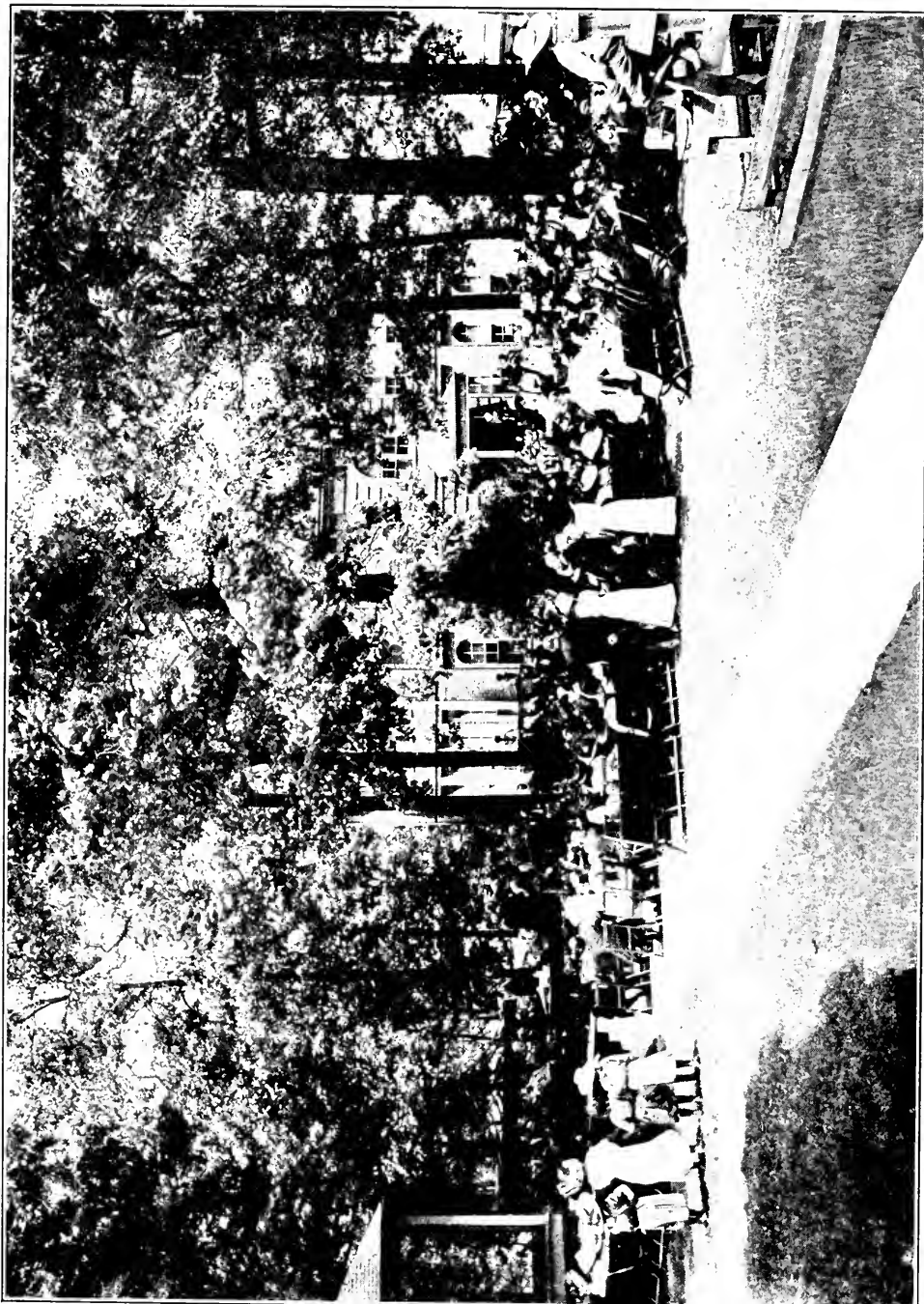
RASMUSSEN

A. WHITE

E. P. WILLIAMS

R. C. WILLIAMS





COMMENCEMENT

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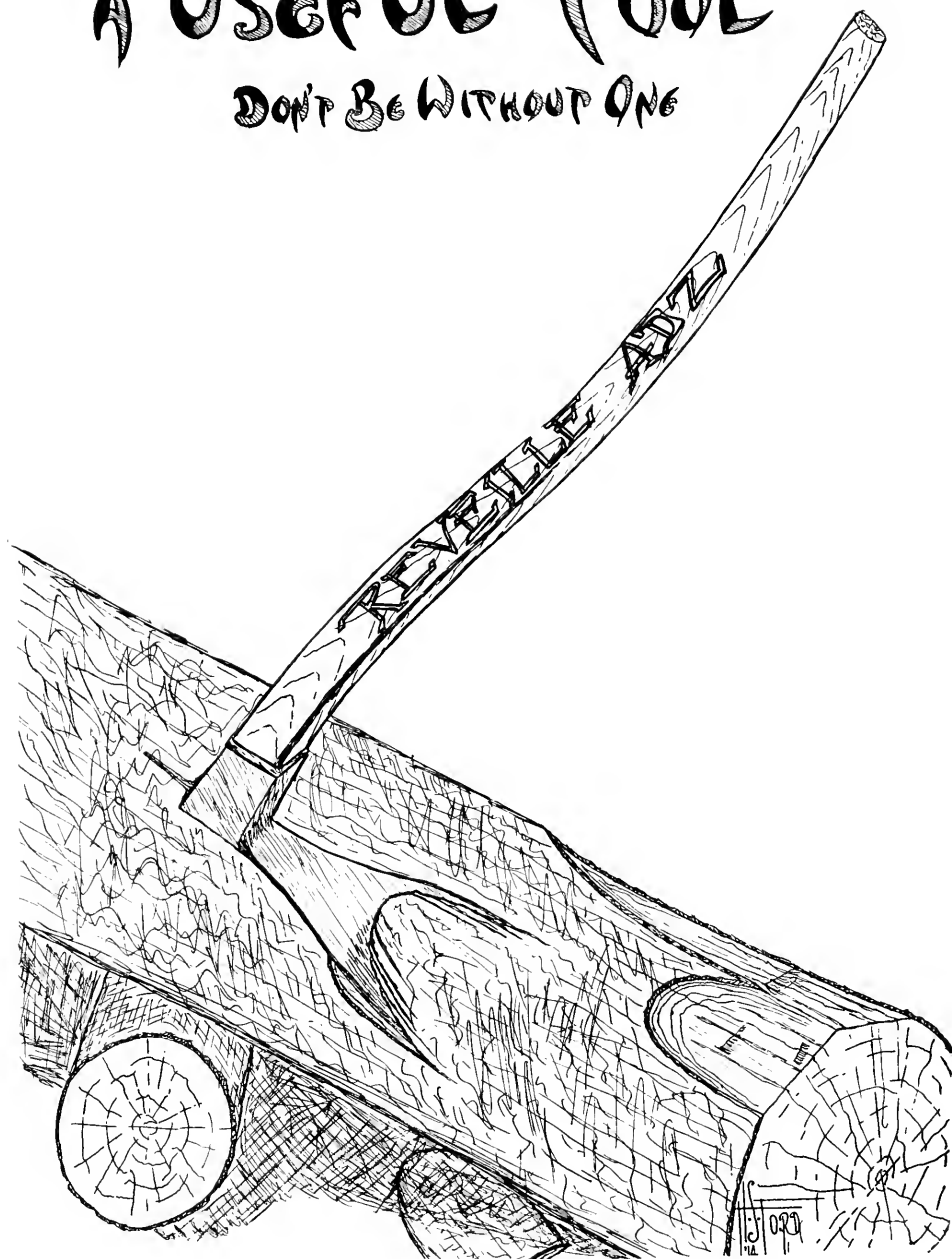


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Calendar



Sept. 18.—Sad, pathetic farewell address by Charles S. New Students (rats) much in evidence. Goggles and golf sticks arrive.

Sept. 19.—Goggles and golf sticks gone. Much drill.

Sept. 20.—“Dope” Roberts actually refused a smoke.

Sept. 21.—First Sunday. Big congregation. Storm in afternoon—everybody homesick.

Sept. 22.—“Hirsh” Ford sits on Major Dapray’s banana and makes an impression thereon.

Sept. 23.—Rat (to Deeley and Ras): “Say, little shrimps, what classes is you in?”

Sept. 24.—Major Dapray: “Cadet Williams, when I am away you are me.”

Sept. 25.—Kelly bought a pack of cigarettes.

Sept. 26.—President Patterson’s reception was a success. Among others, Truitt was present.

Sept. 27.—Some game: 27-10.

Sept. 28.—Deeley had an idea, and scrambled for cents (sense).

Sept. 29.—Green won 60c matchin’ nickels with the conductor.

Sept. 30.—Rat told Knode to go South.

Oct. 1.—Reddy said, “S’Death, I’m going to the first dance anyway.”

Oct. 2.—Deeley made use of seven cuss words, and it rained.

Oct. 3.—Doleman advised Knode and Ras to go “South.”

Oct. 4.—No, Truitt doesn’t want an automobile (?).

Oct. 5.—Richmond College, 0; M. A. C., 46. Sad but true.

Oct. 6.—Beautiful day for a walk. Who walked? Ask George Davis.

Oct. 7.—“Peck” came back and lo! Major Dapray was proud of him. Made a speech over him.

Oct. 8.—It rained, and “Dope” bought another package of Prince Albert.

Oct. 9.—Every one knew his Economics in the Senior Class.

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Oct. 10.—Mr. E. M. Roberts went to Dr. Patterson's reception and gazed mournfully at a girl for thirty minutes.

Oct. 11.—Maryland has Hopkins goat, Bah ! ! ! 26-0.

Oct. 12.—No one went to church. Why? Some game the day before.

Oct. 13.—Some Committee meeting of Prof. Broughton's. They were fine chocolates. Fine knockers.

Oct. 14.—Lo! Mrs. Dyer came, and so did Green. Poor Ras.

Oct. 15.—Announced: All telephone calls paid before delivery.

Oct. 16.—Senior sextette engaged in vocal contortions all the morning.

Oct. 17.—General orders four miles long published.

Oct. 18.—First College dance (rag). Heap much fun. "Doc Tolly" is some dancer.

Oct. 19.—Ah! Sweet day of rest! All the choir at College Chapel had hysterics.

Oct. 20.—Truitt is going to start a dairy farm or a cow farm.

Oct. 21.—Who smashed the glass-covering of the new military bulletin board?

Oct. 22.—Musical Club organized. Kelly won 65c playing poker.

Oct. 23.—Reddy (in Chemical Laboratory): "She loves me, she loves me not," etc. Ras: "Ish Ka Bible."

Oct. 24.—Some Te Dansant! Oiu LaLa! Reddy fell for another one.

Oct. 25.—Played the Navy. Forget what the score was.

Oct. 26.—"Plum Point," "Joe" and "Reggy" paid a morning call to the house 'cross the way. Gently awakened some one.

Oct. 27.—Announced: Stock-judging team got fifth place. "Johnny B" got a shiner from "Joseph" in the chapel.

Oct. 28.—Senior Class meeting. Truitt and Ford call each other pet names.

Oct. 29.—Johnny Gray heard singing. "There's a Girl in the Heart of College Park, etc."

Oct. 30.—Deeley said, "I know my lessons under Professor R. perfectly every day."????

Oct. 31.—A dandy Hallowe'en Party by Ladies of the Faculty. Who was who? Rogers and T. D. Gray made love. Deeley and "Gige" Gray did same.

Nov. 1.—Haskin Updegraph got locked out and stayed out 'till 1 A. M.

Nov. 2.—Sunday—'Nuf said.

Nov. 3.—Some one said we should really have holiday on election day.

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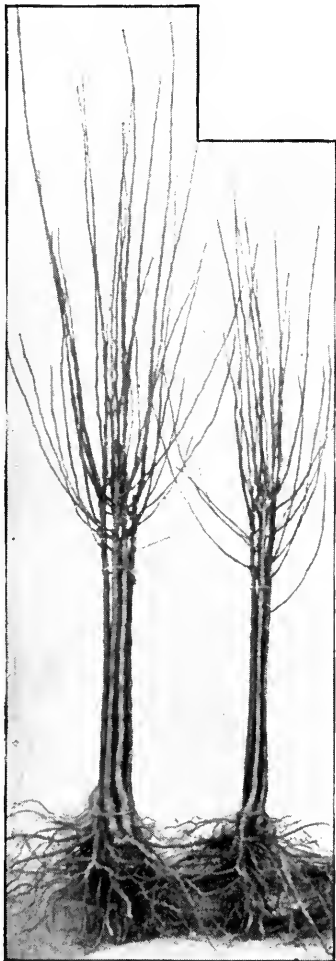
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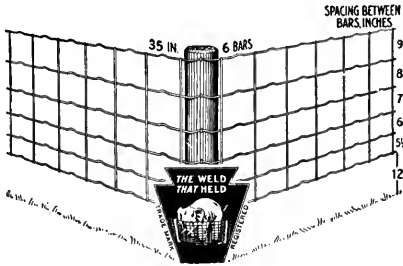
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Nov. 5.—Perfectly good old speech about taking holiday.

Nov. 6.—Another ream of real good paper was used for general orders.

Nov. 7.—Got half drill period to practice yells for St. John's benefit.

Nov. 8.—St. John's game. We got them, M. A. C., 13; St. J. C., 0; but we didn't get their money.

Nov. 9.—“Lest we forget.” Our good, true, old friend, Mr. Johnson, was buried on this day.

Nov. 10.—Major gave one dollar (\$1.00) for musical club. It was appreciated.

Nov. 11.—Some one poured (Hg) mercury in Bill Fletcher's pipe, and Bill expectorated Hg for half an hour.

Nov. 12.—Reddy tried to kill Ras by knocking him senseless (an easy thing to do) while he was dancing.

Nov. 13.—Johnny's time is not beaten yet. He went to the bungalow.

Nov. 14.—Great game: Washington College, 0; M. A. C., 20. Some dance down at the 'Ville.

Nov. 15.—The writer went to Laurel, thereby missing all M. A. C. happenings.

Nov. 16.—Truitt and Coster tied two cats' tails together side by side, and there was some fight.

Nov. 17.—Big Bob said he sure was going to beat Reddy's time down there in the Park.

Nov. 18.—Hopkins wanted to know which was the champion football team in the State of Maryland this season.

Nov. 19.—Broughton went to Washington, and everybody stayed in the lab. and worked (?).

Nov. 20.—Some one really heard the scriptural reading in chapel, also a lecture on good manners.

Nov. 21.—Down to Pat's, Green looked a girl in the eyes, and said: “I'll do anything in the world for you.” Poor Green, Poor Reddy, Poor Joe, Poor whole Senior Class.

Nov. 22.—Played Gallaudet. Believe some one said “It might rain soon.”

Nov. 23.—Bum day—no girls on pike.

Nov. 24.—Some one (a girl of the Park) said: “Mr. Green is the drum major, isn't he?”

Nov. 25.—Some talk by the Major on “Let me like a Soljur Fall.”

Nov. 26.—First informal dance was a splendid success, even tho R. V. T. stayed away.

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Nov. 27.—Thanksgiving Day and some feed.

Nov. 28.—The day after, and no holiday, but it sure was some play. The final scene was pathetic.

Nov. 29.—The author slept all day—no entry.

Nov. 30.—Rained cats and dogs, and a smash up by the bridge occurred; as usual, Author was on hand to hand out information.

Dec. 1.—Found out there were three great men in the world, and as Major Dapray says, "I was the other."

Dec. 2.—Reddy stayed home and studied his lessons (?).

Dec. 3.—Mr. R. C. Williams got excused from chemistry to see Aimee off.

Dec. 4.—Three rat meetings were broken up. 'The good old days have went.

Dec. 5.—"Idlers' Dance," and a very pretty girl at Pat's sets Reddy off again.

Dec. 6.—Green said, "Well, we'll call on our old friend Shoemaker, today."

Dec. 7.—"All the fellows in the Park went to church to hear the new minister.

Dec. 8.—The student body looked real "cute" in their brand new uniforms.

Dec. 9.—Strange, yet true, the Junior Chemical Section stayed in the laboratory all afternoon without singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Dec. 10.—Reddy wonders why he ever fell in love at all. "Dope" had the hair cut, and ever after will wear it a la pompadour.

Dec. 11.—The author of this had his hair cut. That's enough for one day.

Dec. 12.—J. W. Green sure does love Pat's Friday evening receptions; he was there again this evening. I wonder why?

Dec. 13.—Great poker game over at "Cab's" house. Lasted all day. Somebody really won thirteen cents (\$0.13).

Dec. 14.—Truitt was melancholy. He told the author of this that his girl said she loved him.????

Dec. 15.—On Nov. 10 reader will note what was said. It was a mistake. It was only promised—promised again today.

Dec. 16.—Discovered—that the military maneuver which seems to please the Seniors most is that of beating time (anybody's).

Dec. 17.—While gently, sweetly, singing a pathetic ballad this evening on the steps of the Chemical Lab. some rude one struck Pierson with a horrid water bag.

Dec. 18.—The Investigating Committee from Annapolis came, but we saw them not.

Dec. 19.—The Christmas dance happened on this date, and none of those present will ever forget. The author of this had four escorts coming to him. And now, old diary, good-bye 'till next year.

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Jan. 7, 1914.—Once again, after making and breaking many New Year's resolutions, the students of old M. A. C. take up (with much pleasure?) their studious work.

Johnny Gray, that is "J. B."
A pair of glasses got—to see,
To edit this bloomin' "Reveille;"
And maybe to look across the way
Where lives a maiden named A——.

Jan. 8.—

Now, "Ras" likes wine of any sort,
And when a man sent him a quart,
Of good old-fashioned poisoned Port,
The way 'twas analyzed, was sport.

This same day the Y. M. C. A. Secretary arrived.

Jan. 9.—First Friday after holiday. Every one beat it to town.

Jan. 10.—Deeley (after retiring at 8.30 P. M.) wakes up suddenly at 10 P. M., sits up in bed, and yells "Who's the guy what says we can't dance till 12 o'clock?" "Reddy" saw Marguerite. Refer to Dec. 5, 1913.

Jan. 11.—Sunstone went out to dinner, down to the 'Ville and danced (on Sunday) and while dancing bit the girl's ear because he stepped on her foot.

Jan. 12.—

'Twas on this day at half-past eleven
A cadet dreamed he went to Heaven,
He dreamed the pearly gate was kept that day
By one who on earth was named Dapray.
Now the rest of this dream is sad to tell,
For that cadet said, "I'll take a chance in Jersey City."

Jan. 13.—A little Senior went to see a play called "The Lady of the Slipper," and he enjoyed it so much his hair grew half an inch.

Jan. 14.—The skating was very good on the lakes, but a man by the name of Bob Gray, preferred to sit on the bank and talk. Of course he had a reason. His only noteworthy remark was, "I wish I had a Girl."

Jan. 15.—There was a meeting of the Senior Class, and there were no bum arguments advanced. The atmosphere was charged with expectancy. Every-body felt as though something was going to happen.

Jan. 16.—Some spiel! must expect us to live in the woods *all* of our lives.

Jan. 17.—It happened on this date. J. W. Green and Mr. Fuchs were escorted by two perfectly good old (new) canes. The canes were beautiful.

Jan. 18.—The author of this went to church twice in one day, and gave 20 cents in the collection plate. It didn't rain. Messrs. R. V. Truitt and D. L. Johnson got in such a bum argument over the neatness of the cadet corps that they almost had a real fight.

Jan. 19.—All indications show that the world will come to an end at a very early date. The world has grown worse than it was yesterday. Truitt smoked a cigarette.

Jan. 20.—Prof. B. gave quite a long lecture in Economics upon this date. His subject was that Seniors should always get to their classes on time in the morning. After he finished, four big Seniors strolled in nonchalantly and took a side-long glance at the Prof.'s *new* long-eared collar.

Jan. 21.—Regular meeting of the Senior Class. Much business transacted. Ford and Truitt made love to each other again. Class agreed unanimously that too much order was present.

Jan. 22.—The Y. M. C. A. secretary got off another good joke, and everyone laughed except Deeley. Professor Spence read the resolutions of the Faculty, and there was an experience meeting. Many cadets had to stand up and receive a dose of humiliation.

Jan. 23.—The Rossbourg dance was held. "Reddy" matched dimes in the laboratory to see who should be his sponsor.

Jan. 24.—Every one slept late but Rensburg. He tried to solve this problem: which is greater, a half-dozen dozen or six-dozen dozen? H. S. Ford was heard singing, "I Love Her! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Jan. 25.—Sunday—everyone who could find a girl went walking. Those who could not find one attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting and had such a lovely time!

Jan. 26.—Notice the fact that no mention has been made of the Monday and Friday afternoon lectures. Well, keep on noticing. None will be.

Jan. 27.—"Bommy" was ten minutes late for Economics. Mr. Fletcher said, "Now we might as well understand this thing right here. We can't be disturbed by having him running in here any old time of the day."

Jan. 28 (see Jan. 21).—Today we had a beautiful time. Green and "Reddy" wanted to have a free-for-all fight because neither had any hard feelings over the fact that the "Reveille" was to be dedicated to "Charles S."

Jan. 29.—This was indeed a red letter day in the history of this grand institution. First, Deeley shot crap for money. Then, "Dopes" bought a fifteen-cent package of cigarettes. The world is getting better every day.

Jan. 30.—Prof. B. cracked a great joke about the two men in the train, one of which thought he knew everything in the world; and it had a real cuss word in it too.

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Jan. 31.—Green wrote an article for the Triangle, stating that the Engineering Society had held a meeting, that this meeting had been quite a success, that J. Weldon Green had addressed it, and that it was very ably addressed. Can you beat that?

Feb. 1.—There was no drill today! It was Sunday. "Reddy" went to town to look over some pictures for the "REVELLE."

Feb. 2.—Very interesting chapel exercises today. Professor Spence got up and made a moral address, and then Grace, Drake, and a few others got up and made their short orations. Much applause from the student body. Bre'r Groundhog saw his shadow. Guess we will have some coldness.

Feb. 3.—A good rehearsal of the dramatic club. From all indications there is going to be a very good minstrel show here soon. Reddy went to town. Refer to December 5, etc.

Feb. 4.—Paul Blundon figured up his accounts, and, according to his trial balance, he is 68 cents ahead of the game yet. As a noted gambler this is doing well. We realize he has won more than that.

Feb. 5.—From an Economic viewpoint, Al White committed himself today. He really condescended to tell "Bommy" some Economics—just as it was in the book.

Feb. 6.—The Band gave a concert on this date, and it was enjoyed by all present. Owing to certain conscientious scruples belonging to "Pat" (or rather Mrs.) the dance was held at Mr. Conner's after the concert.

Feb. 7.—The Y. M. C. A. reception, and it was the best reception of its kind that was ever held at this Institution. Everyone enjoyed himself (or herself). You should have seen Deeley eating peanuts by the peck.

Feb. 8.—Cadet S. E. Griffin took a long walk with a friend of his to Beltsville. On the way they met a country store open. And you should have seen the expression that came over the faces of those simple country folk when "Stiff" ordered his tenth glass of hard cider.

Feb. 9.—(See January 19). In Economics this morning Truitt was suddenly seized with heart trouble. He had every man in the class place his head on his breast to see if his (Truitt's) heart was beating. He thought he had a tobacco heart.

Feb. 10.—Jack Chisholm found a buzzard and took it home. He fed it crackers and milk, but this dainty bird did not thrive on such coarse fare, so while Jack was away the bird flew the coop. Sad!

Feb. 11.—Another meeting of the Senior Class. What's the use? Nothing accomplished.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

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Feb. 12.—No entry for this date. The author had to serve detentions.

Feb. 13.—Miss Gwynn gave a dance at her home in Laurel. All the guests enjoyed the evening. One should not stroll around Laurel in the moonlight when one wishes to catch a train. Ask Ford why.

Feb. 14.—Valentine Day! Mrs. Conner's tea and dance were both successes. Rogers put in a quarter donation for the organ fund, and took out fifty cents. H. S. Ford said, "So I am a 'Jew Packard.'" "

Feb. 15.—A very interesting address was delivered at the chapel under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The subject was, "The Unreason of Unbelief." Those who heard that address could not help but believe—except "Ras."

Feb. 16.—A young lady of the park went out for a lark. And it was out of the snow Fletcher fetched her. The sledding was fine, and they all had a good time.

Feb. 17.—Norman Peter addressed the Chemical Society, and he gave a good talk on gold. He was out West last summer, and he said he walked all around gold, and couldn't find any but "Fools' Gold."

Feb. 18.—The Senior class are all ladies' men except "Reddy!" Mike Levin said he was not going to the "Prom."

Feb. 19.—The decorations for the "Prom" were nearly completed, and they were hard to beat. The minstrel troop held a rehearsal, and they showed up finely.

Feb. 20.—The Junior "Prom." What pleasant thoughts still linger in our minds. Massey turned turtle. The Junior and Senior extras will be remembered for some time.

Feb. 21.—The day after the "Prom;" no one up before 12 P. M.

Feb. 22.—"Georgie's" birthday. There was much speaking in the Y. M. C. A. meeting. Then, in the evening, "Johnny," "Reddy" and "Ras" went calling.

Feb. 23.—No academic duties, and it snowed. It was reported that B. A. Ford had the German measles.

Feb. 24.—The coasting was very good, but many of the Seniors knew nothing about Economics. The sleds upset upon one occasion, and one of the children slid 15 feet.

Feb. 25.—Just two weeks previous to this date the venerable coat pocket of Prof. Spence caught fire, and it is stated he was dazed for quite a time after he discovered he was on fire. The author apologizes for not putting this important entry in at the proper time.

Feb. 26.—To the Measel scare had to be added the Smallpox scare. Smallpox broke out in Berwyn.

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Feb. 27.—Several students went to Lenten services in the Park chapel and danced. Oh! Constancy! Thou are a jewel.

Feb. 28.—“Reddy” came out all the way from town to sing baritone for Mr. Crow, and Mr. Crow said, “‘Reddy,’ sing tenor.” “Reddy” went home in disgust.

March 1.—March came in like a lion. All those who pulled the hill know it too. D. L. Johnson and R. C. Williams stayed up all night watching fires so the building would not burn down.

March 2.—Blowed like H— all day. Houses continued to rock like young boats. No drill. Everybody stayed home at night.

March 3.—Major and Chisholm had a set-to, each claiming to own the War Department. Neither convinced the other as to ownership.

March 4.—At 12.30 A. N. “Reddy” rushed into Schultz’s room and yelled, “Gee, I want to get married so badly I don’t know what to do. If I were in town I’d get married tonight.”

March 5.—In German this morning, Prof. Spence did some queer translating for the Sophomores. ‘Tis odd how things will out.

March 6.—After returning from Laurel at 14 P. N., “Reddy” had a strenuous battle with the snow man. Yes, “Reddy” knocked his bloomin’ head right off.

March 7.—“Dave” Johnson patronized (indirectly) the Colonial Wine Shop, and had ye old bottle of Port. H. S. Ford again went to Alexandria.

March 8.—Sunday. A very good game of poker was held under the auspiciousness of the Y. M. P.(oker) A. at “Cab’s.” All the winners went to church in the evening and placed the winnings in the collection plate.

March 9.—There was *some* party at the Farm House on this date. The beverage analysis: 50 per cent. of 95 per cent. alcohol, 40 per cent. of H₂O, 5 per cent. blackberry dregs, 5 per cent. vinegar. The strangest performance of the evening was the “Mysterious Disappearance Act.”

March 10.—Very interesting sugar analysis in Senior Chemistry. It came to 100 per cent. exactly.

Cy Perkins delivered a 30-minute lecture on “The Profitableness of a Moral Education” to “Stiff” Griffin, and “Stiff” appreciated it.

March 11.—Snowed again. Needed a vacation. Bad headache, therefore no entry for today.

March 12.—Some people say talk is cheap. Other people pay \$1.00 per 19 minutes. Why, Oh, “Why” is telephone rates?

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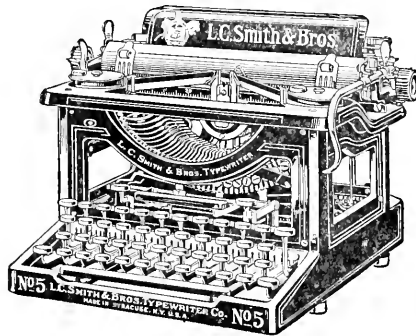
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March 13.—Friday, the thirteenth—a birthday party in the Park, a box party at Keith's, and much excitement generally.

March 14.—Reception at Dr. Patterson's. Already the "Fate of the Senior" showed itself. The under classmen loomed up conspicuously.

March 15.—William K. Robinson paid a short visit to the old school, and was greeted cordially by Josh W. Green.

EXAM WEEK.

March 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.—	F lew out every night, and
P ut time on lessons each night,	L eft tomorrow's lesson till tomorrow was today.
A nd knew where next day's lessons were.	U ndertook to memorize "Pistol Pete."
S pent the evening at home.	N othing like holding four aces.
S lept eight hours a day.	K illed time with many fair maids.
D id today what might have been done tomorrow.	D id have a nice, Lil', old time, anyway.

March 21.—Much weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth over flunks, and much rejoicing over "not flunks."

March 22.—Regulation Sabbath. Give scribe a rest.

March 23.—The third term began. Notable absence in Senior Class. Someone is reported to have said, "Oh, come, let us go down to the undertaker's and hear the casket coffin'."

March 24.—In Economics: Mark Twain's differentiation of economical lies—"Well, there are lies, and D— lies, and then you know there are statistics."

March 25.—**S**wears to you by stars above,
Ever to you to be true.
Never knew yet how to love,
In the day he knew not you.
Or he'll call you a turtle-dove
Really believing you think him true.

March 26.—Nearly all the student body was in uniform. At least a Major was created. Truitt refused the Presidential chair in Economics.

March 27.—Some one partly removed a perfectly good old thesis from the Chemical Department. Consisted of half a bottle of Port wine.

March 28.—Great confusion in Chemical laboratory. Some one removed a four year old pipe "bottled-in-bond." However, even "Ras" believes the pipe may have walked away of its own accord.

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March 29.—A very good lecture in chapel on, "The Growth of Man." Special music was rendered. The Sunday afternoon walk still in vogue.

March 30.—The minstrel troupe gave a very promising rehearsal. Mysterious signs reading, "York," or "Lancaster" were seen scattered promiscuously over the campus.

March 31.—March went out like a lamb. The mysterious signs explained. They denoted a campaign for new Y. M. C. A. members.

April 1.—For the first time in many years the students decided to sing in chapel on this day—after Secretary Darrow got real "sweet."

April 2.—One of the members of the Faculty accidentally got mixed up with a three-legged grindstone and turned three complete revolutions before separating himself from it.

April 3.—The "Minstrel Show" happened, and it was some show. Mr. "Stiff" Griffin gave an after-dinner party. Among those present were the entire Y. M. C. A. cabinet.

April 4.—"Jimmy" Caldwell took the afternoon off, and spent two and a half hours very profitably at the opera. The opera house was located on ninth street between E and F. Editor's Note: Why, Jim!

April 5.—The sacred concert given in the chapel was well attended, and—"Looks like rain, doesn't it? Let's take a walk anyway."

April 6.—Student (handing Prof. a handkerchief) "Professor, is this your handkerchief?"

Prof. (absentmindedly): "Yes, it sounds like it."

April 7.—In Senior Economics this morning several of the class were very much worried as to how much of their income would be left after the income tax collector got through with them, providing, of course, that the Seniors worked after graduation.

April 8.—Green, our champion narrator of short stories, told today stories about the following things: Yachts, strawberries, automobiles, evening suits, trips to Seattle, New York, etc. The Easter holiday started as a result.

April 9.—**E**ven though we love to work (?)

April 10.—**A**nd will not our duties shirk (?)

April 11.—**S**till, we love to hear "Pat" say


April 12.—**T**hat we'll have a holiday.

April 13.—**E**aster's come, and each is seen

April 14.—**R**ushing home to greet his "Queen."

April 15.—Mr. Rogers tried to explain just why he thought the single tax an unjust method of taxation. We gathered that his father is a real estate man.

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April 16.—Prof. Spence gave a short talk, telling the student body to be ready to fight for the country. As a result, Doc Etienne and Blundon enlisted in the army of the Y. M. C. A.

April 17.—The house of "The White Rose" fell, and heavy was the fall thereof. It was agreed that they should entertain the house of "The Red Rose." If you don't know what this means don't worry.

April 18.—Fine little dance down the 'Ville.

April 19.—Sunday comes one day in seven and we ought to think of heaven. But, alas, this day of the week, is generally given unto sleep. P. S. This is philosophy, not poetry.

April 20.—Prof. B. blossomed out in a new loose-leaf collar. Sounded like a war with Mexico.

April 21.—There may be a war with Mexico yet. The newspapers said so today and you know how truthful they are.

April 22.—In Economics (notice how much happens in Economics. If you don't tell any one I'll tell you why. It gives the Seniors such a beautiful chance to show up what they don't know). Reddy: "The inheritance tax is what goes to the heir." Student: "No, it goes from the heir." P. S. Smothered laughter. Editor's Note: It ought to have been "canned" instead of just "Smothered."

April 23.—Pretty much like any other Thursday.

April 24.—Beautiful day. Supposed to have Government inspection, but the inspector did not show up. Much holiday.

April 25.—Heavy day. Government inspection. It rained like the Dickens. Rossbourg dance at night. "Oh, happy day, oh, happy day! The rain it washed my pumps away!"

April 26.—See entry for April 19.

April 27.—"Reddy" is still on the job. He says, "I love the ladies." We doubt it.

April 28.—The Seniors had a class meeting and unanimously adopted the Honor System in examinations and class recitations.

April 29.—It seems hard but you can't keep a thesis around here under any circumstances. One whole thesis vanished from the chemical laboratory.

April 30.—The diary notes flew out of the window and were eaten by the chickens.

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May 1.—Deeley sat on a bee; Some fun had he. Who?—The bee.

May 2.—Much day. Beat St. John's in the morning, and won the 'Track and Field meet in the afternoon.

May 3.—First they took a walk—and then;
They had a talk—and then!
Oh! It was Sunday afternoon, and they
Talked about the weather.

May 4.—"Lawrence" Smoot said he would walk twenty miles to see a girl. Ain't it funny how the spring gets 'em all?

May 5.—"Bommy" honors the engineering students with the appellation, "Engineers." "What would 'Kat' say?"

May 6.—Cadet (to 'Truitt, who is looking sad)—"What's the matter, 'Reggie,' disappointed in love?" 'Truitt: "Yes, love ain't what it's cracked up to be."

May 7.—The Senior class was entertained at dinner at Dr. Patterson's. The post prandial speaking was excellent.

May 8.—Much "frat" dance in town. The dance was a decided success; but there must be no more dances away from the school (?)

May 9.—Weldon Green looked very sad and downcast at the game. Weldon, (independently),

"If she be not for me
What care I for whom she be?"

May 10.—Big full moon—big brown eyes (green or gray—it doesn't matter)! Soft lily white hand, voice like a bird's note. Oh! he's off again.

May 11.—"Pete" Ames came back from the South! Gee, what's going to happen now! Just when something's really going to happen this old diary's got to go to press. So long, everybody, and good luck to you!

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