

The
Colonial
Echo.



1903





The Colonial Echo

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
College of William and Mary



1903

WILLIAMSBURG :: :: :: VIRGINIA

2688



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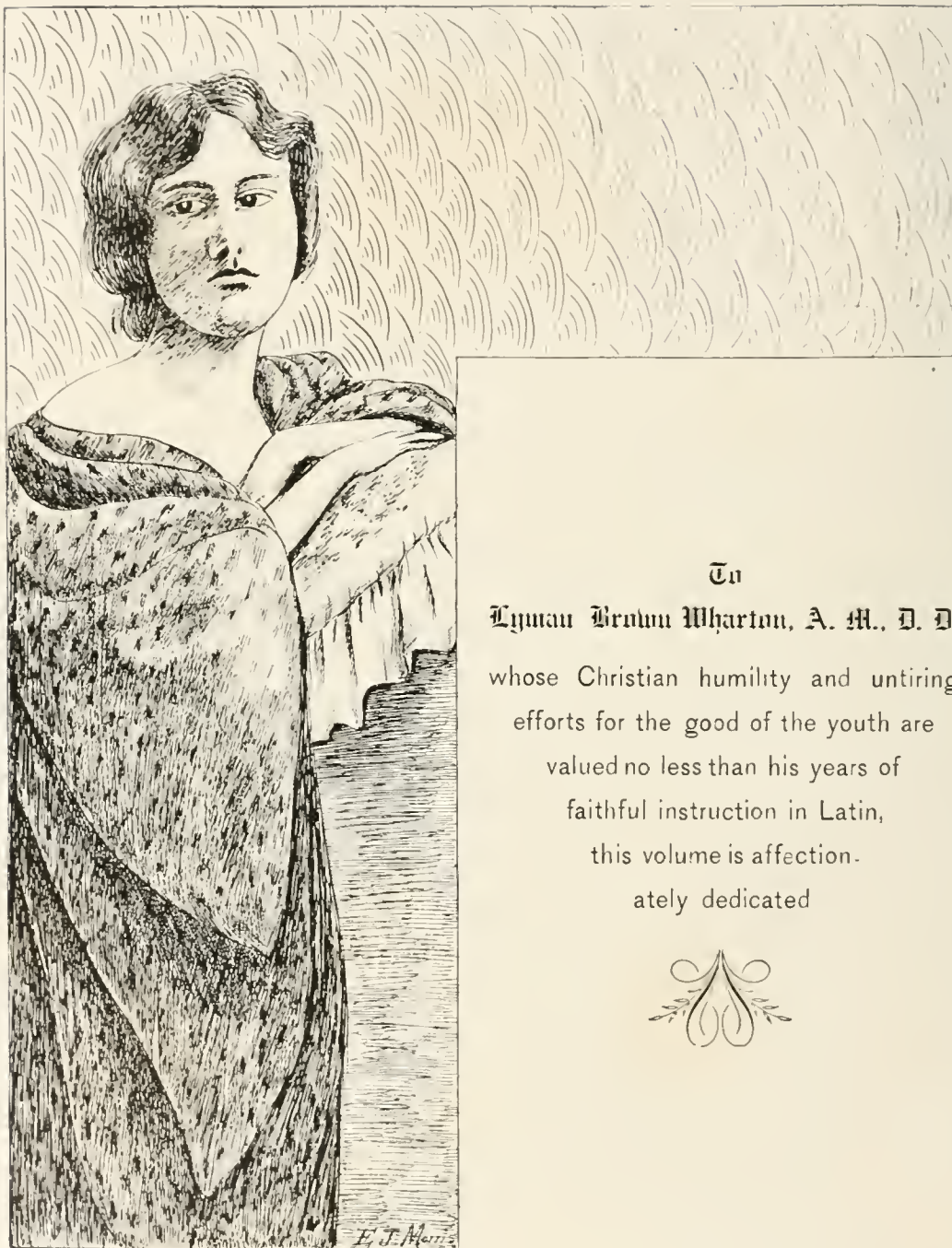
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VIEW OF COLLEGE.



To
Lyman Brown Wharton, A. M., D. D.
whose Christian humility and untiring
efforts for the good of the youth are
valued no less than his years of
faithful instruction in Latin,
this volume is affection-
ately dedicated





LYMAN BROWN WHARTON, A. M., D.D.

Greeting:

Another volume of the "Colonial Echo" is before you with our best wishes. We make no pretence of excellence, only claiming to have done our duty as best we could. In all our arduous labors, we have never been unmindful of the source of our inspiration, the sacred reverence for the glory of our Alma Mater, so closely interwoven with the memories of Colonial Virginia. We have endeavored to embody in this little volume, only what has the greatest claim to merit, what best represents our college life, and what, in later years, when in a reminiscent mood we excavate this time-worn volume from its hiding place, will give us the most vivid and the most pleasant picture of "The days that are no more."

Gentle reader, then judge our aim! Should we have failed, to us alone attribute all the blame. But to all we do proclaim that duty done makes less poignant each bit of censure. We ask you to view our work with a kindly eye, and when hostile criticism boils within you, remember that we are but a band of untempered youth.

We desire to express our deep gratitude to all those who have so kindly extended to us their aid, and again we beg your kind indulgence.

THE BOARD.

Calendar.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st.

11 A. M., Baccalaureate Sermon,

By R. D. SMART, D. D., Norfolk, Va.

8 P. M., Sermon before the Y. M. C. A.,

By T. R. ENGLISH, D. D., Richmond, Va.

MONDAY, JUNE 22nd.

8 P. M., Celebration of the Philomathean Literary Society.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23d.

10 A. M., Senior Class Celebration.

8 P. M., Celebration of the Phoenix Literary Society.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th.

11 A. M., Oration before the Literary Societies.

8 P. M., Oration before the Alumni Association,

By REV. GEORGE E. POOKER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th.

11 A. M., Awarding of Diplomas, Medals and Scholarships.

9 P. M., Final Ball.

Members of Faculty.

President, Masters or Professors.

LYON G. TYLER, M. A., LL. D.,
President.

Masters or Professors.

[*In the Order of Official Seniority.*]

LYON G. TYLER, M. A., LL. D.,
Professor of American History and Politics.

J. LESSLIE HALL, Ph. D.,
Professor of the English Language and Literature, and of General History

THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, A. M., Ph. D.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN B. WHARTON, A. M., D. D.,
Professor of Latin.

VAN F. GARRETT, A. M., M. D.,
Professor of Natural Science

HUGH S. BIRD,
Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy, and Supervising Principal of the Model School

CHARLES EDWARD BISHOP, Ph. D.,
Professor of Greek, French, and German.



FACULTY.



L.D. VAUGHAN.



E.E. STACY.



W.T. HODGES.



W.E. VEST.

STONE, ROANOKE, VA.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS.



PRACTISE SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS.



POSTGRADUATES.

Postgraduate Statistics.

HODGES, WILLIAM THOMAS Chatham, Virginia

M. H. A.; Philomathean; Secretary of Philomathean, '99-00, '00-01, '01-02; President of Philomathean, '01-02; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., '01-02; Class Eleven '01-02; Scrub Football Team, '01-02; Class Nine, '01-02; Manager of Baseball Team, '02-03; Secretary of Athletic Association, '00-01; Diploma in French, '00-01; Normal Graduation, '00-01; Diplomas in Latin, History, American History and Politics, Moral Philosophy and Pedagogy, '01-02; L. I., '01-02; A. B., '01-02; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '02-03; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '02-03; Instructor in English and History, '02-03; Senior Class Nine, '02-03.

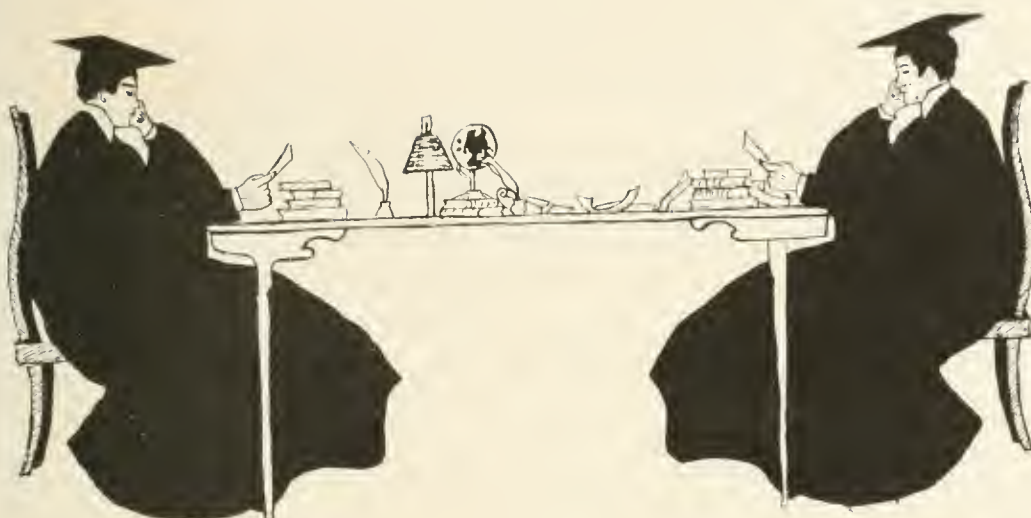
VEST, WALTER EDWARD Flint, Virginia

Philomathean; Normal Graduation, '99-00; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '00-01, '01-02; Moore Medal in Politics, '99-00; L. I., '00-01; Diploma in Pedagogy, '00-01; President Philomathean Society, '01-02; Instructor in French and German, '01-02, '02-03; Final Secretary Philomathean Society, '01-02; Associate Editor of THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02, '02-03; A. B., '01-02; Diplomas in English, French, German and History, '01-02; President Southwest Virginia Club, '02-03; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '02-03; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '02-03; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Hand-book Committee, '02-03; Final President Philomathean Society, '02-03; Senior Class Nine, '02-03.



STONE, ROANOKE VA.

CAMPUS VIEW.



Senior Class of 1903.

Colors.

Red and Black.

Motto.

Finem Respicimus Speramusque.

Hell.

Rip! Ra! Re!
Who are we?
Senior Class of 1903.

Officers.

O. L. SHEWMAKE	President
E. J. TAYLOR	Vice-President
J. S. EASTMAN	Secretary
W. C. PARSONS	Treasurer
J. N. DUNIVIN	Historian
A. D. WRIGHT	Prophet
W. A. MADDOX	Poet
J. S. WILSON	Orator

Senior Class, '03.



BIRCKHEAD, EDWARD FRANCIS Proffit, Va.
Albemarle Co.

Phoenix; Secretary Phoenix Society, '01-'02; Graduation in Normal Department; President Phoenix Society, '02; Diploma in American History and Politics, '01-'02; Vice-President Phoenix Society, '01-'02; Senior Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Vice-President Virginia State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, '03-'04.

DUXIVIN, JOHN NICHOLAS Harrisonburg, Va.

Philomathean; Secretary of Philomathean, '00-'01; Final Executive Committee, Philomathean, '00-'01; Final President Philomathean, '00-'01; Business Manager COLONIAL ECHO, '00-'01; Normal Graduation, '00-'01; Vice-President Philomathean, '02-'03; Final Executive Committee of Philomathean, '02-'03; Senior Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Historian of Class, '03; Editor-in-Chief of COLONIAL ECHO, '02-'03.

EASTMAN, J. S. Saluda, Va.

Phoenix; Final Secretary Phoenix, '00-'01; President Phoenix, '01-'02; President Class, '02; Intermediate Baseball Team, '02; Senior Baseball Team, '03; Vice-President Phoenix, '02; Treasurer Phoenix, '03; Secretary Senior Class, '03; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '03; Business Manager COLONIAL ECHO, '03; Normal Graduation and Degree of L. L., '02; Diploma in Pedagogy, '02; Diploma in History, '02; elected Most Popular Student, '93.



MADDOX, W. ARTHUR Washington, D. C.
M. H. A.; Phoenix: Poet Class of '03; Diploma in General History; Associate Editor, '01, and Business Manager, '03; of *Monthly*, President, '03; Vice-President, '02; Secretary, '00, and Treasurer, '01, of Phoenix; Phoenix Final Secretary, '00; Instructor at Practice School, '03; Chairman of Invitation Committee, '00-01-02-03; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '00-02; Secretary of Virginia Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, '04; Secretary and Stage Manager Dramatic Club; Secretary German Club; Senior Baseball Team, '03; Art Editor of THE COLONIAL ECHO, '03.



PARSONS, W. C. Atlantic, Va.
K. A.; Phoenix: Vice President Class, '03-01-02; Treasurer of Senior Class, '03; Elected Most Popular Student, '01-02; President of Eastern Shore Club, '01-02; L. L., '01-02; Junior Class Football Team, '00-01; Senior Class Baseball Team, '02-03; COLONIAL ECHO Staff, '01-02.



SHEWMAKE, O. L. Newport News, Va.
H. K. A.; Phoenix: Final Debater's Medal, '00-01; Final Orator's Medal, '01-02; Representative to State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, '02-03; *Magazine* Staff, '01-02; COLONIAL ECHO Staff, '01-02-03; Editor-in-Chief *College Monthly*, '02-03; Historian Class, '03-0 -01; Diploma in Pedagogy, History, and Constitutional History and Politics, '01-02; Licentiate of Instruction, '01-02; Assistant Model and Practice School, '02-03; President Athletic Association, '01-02, '02-03; Captain Football Team, '01-02, '02-03; President Graduating Class, '02-03.



STACY, ERLE EDWARDS Amelia, Virginia.
Phoenix: L. L., '00-01; Diplomas in Natural Science and Pedagogy, '00-01; Instructor in Natural Science, '01-02-02-03; Diploma in American History and Politics, '01-02.



TAYLOR, EDWARD JORDAN Driver, Va.

Philomathean; The Club, '01-02; Philomathean Final Committee, '08-99; Diploma in Moral Philosophy, '99-00; Secretary Class, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer General Athletic Association, '00-01, '01-02, '02-03; Normal Graduation, '00-01; Manager Class Football Team, '01-02; Chairman Philomathean Final Committee, '01-02; L. L. '00-01; Assistant Business Manager *College Monthly*, '01-02; Diploma in Pedagogy, Politics and History, '01-02; Manager Football Team, '02-03; Business Manager *College Monthly*, '02-03; Business Manager COLONIAL ECHO, '02-03; elected Most Prominent Student '02-03; Vice-President Senior Class, '02-03.

WILSON JAMES SOUTHALL Norfolk, Va.

K. Σ.; Philomathean; Final Debater's Medal, '01-02; James Barron Hope Scholarship for best poem in *College Monthly*, '01-02; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '02-03; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '02-03; President Philomathean, '02-03; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association, '02-03; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '02-03; Orator Senior Class, '02-03; Dramatic Club, Hampton Roads Club, Editor-in-Chief-elect *College Monthly*, '03-04; Chairman Final Executive Committee Philomathean, '02-03; Senior Class Baseball Team, '03.

WRIGHT, ARTHUR DAVIS Richmond, Va.
P. O. Box 15.

M. H. A.; Phoenix; Intermediate Class Football Team, '00-01; Intermediate Class Baseball Team, '00-01; Senior Class Baseball Team, '02-03; President of Phoenix, '02-03; Secretary of Phoenix, '00-01; Final Executive Committee of Phoenix, '01-02, '02-03; Prophet of Senior Class, '02-03; Diploma in French, '01-02; R. Walton Moore Politics Prize, '01-02.

Senior Class History '03.

ONE evening, four years ago, a heterogeneous mass of forlorn-looking boys arrived in Williamsburg. These youthful scions, the nation's future hope, came from every walk of life; some bore evidence of having led a strenuous life, but many of them were creatures of indulgence. All had left an old existence and were standing on the threshold of a new life.

After the first sensations of novelty had worn off, this throng of boys, wandering aimlessly through the ancient grounds and buildings and rendered desperate by the pangs of homesickness, became reckless, violent and dangerous; but the Seven Wise Men, having earnestly deliberated in solemn council on the new conditions that had arisen, finally succeeded in gaining control of these turbulent spirits and established a bond, uniting them in a stable union. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, all met on a common plane; all recognized one law and all sought one goal. Such was the beginning of the Class of '03.

By virtue of enrolling as students, we assumed the title of "Ducs" with all of its opprobrium; then our college career began in earnest and we no longer lived in a chimerical world. Stern realities confronted us, and we were compelled to exhibit unparalleled examples of fortitude.

During our first session, we discovered many wonderful things that filled us with astonishment. The arrogant Senior was, to our untutored minds, the exemplar of ideal manhood; but intimacy destroyed our admiration, and we removed him from his lofty height to our own level. But nothing so inspired us with awe as the learned doctors, composing the Faculty. These oracular conservators of wisdom, doling out to us their enigmas of knowledge, slightly more intelligible than the mutterings of the Pythia and more ambiguous than the prophetic utterances of the Delphian god, imbued our simple minds with mystic reverence.

At the beginning of our second year, we returned, but not as "Ducs";—they never return—for we had become Sophomores. But alas! how

many familiar faces were absent. This, impressing upon our minds that the chances of a college student's success is infinitely small, was an incentive that aroused all our latent powers, and for two years we labored incessantly. During this period our individuality was developed, our characters were formed, and our destinies were irrevocably fixed.

Once more, and for the last time, we came together, but only ten. We came, not as formerly, members of an amalgamated body; but as individual members of a body in which the personality of each member, rather than the characteristics of the class, is prominent. We cannot properly be called a class for we are representative types of the great classes of men. Among our members are found the optimist and the pessimist, the philosopher and the fool, the statesman and the politician, the educator and the farmer. But for convenience we are organized into a class and called Seniors.

As Seniors, we are striving for the precious and much-coveted degree; but like the will-o'-the-wisp it evades our grasp, and, by its flickering light, leads us on in pursuit of its alluring enchantments. We are constantly tantalized by the thought that unkind fate may deny us the honor of the success for which we have striven so long. But to fail is not to lose; and the thought that we are well equipped to enter upon the duties of life is a balm that heals our wounded spirits. We are strong in the consciousness of the power that we have acquired, and of our preparation to go forth in our chosen spheres, whether in the whirlpools of social convulsion or in the eddies of a quiet life.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Poem.

Across the isle of song, a gentle breeze,
 Bearing melodious strains where'er it went
Played, as on harps, upon the tuneful trees,
 With phantom hands, and ever to the music blent
The sounds of many waters from whose roar
Came the clear voices of the bards of yore.

Though devious ways, I followed the strange sound
 Through rocky passes, over cliff and crag,
Down meadows where the violets abound ;
 By marshes bordered with the reed and flag.
Where dew-emppearléd lilies kiss the stream,
And wake the water from its placid dream.

I followed ever where the music led,
 And wondered at its mystic, magic power ;
As sweet the voices at the bards long dead
 Soothed into sleep all sorrow of the hour,
And made the sadness of my soul to cease
Till Joy, light-wingéd, led me on in peace.

Followed through fields where gentle pansies grow,
 And sweetest lilies of the valley bloom ;
Where 'mid the glossy leaves magnolias blow,
 And rare carnations waft their rich perfume :
Great fields with golden buttercups alight,
And daisies like a rolling sea of white.

Till I had wandered to an olden cave
 Mantled by ancient ivy clambering o'er,
From whence the music came, now gay, now grave,
 Low as a rill, or loud as tempest roar :
Till like a symphony it swelled so grand
It seemed an ocean dashing on the strand.

Then for a time the music ceased, and lo !
Forth from the cave a white-robed maiden came,
She bore within her hand the silver bow
Of great Apollo, god of tuneful fame,
A wondrous beauty lit her sybil face
And to her form there clung a mystic grace.

“ Priestess,” I cried, “ of the Farshooting One !
Sweet Calliope or whate’er thy name ;
Grant me this boon ere yet thy lord shall run
To other lands to put the stars to shame ;
Ere yet upon life’s weary way I start
Teach thou a lesson to my fearful heart.

A little band of soldiers yet untried
Awaiting but the bugle call of life.
Brave as the bravest that have fought and died
And ready for the hardship and the strife.
“ Do thou, O priestess, lift thy voice and pray
To great Apollo that they win the day.”

The sybil heard and, speaking, raised her head,
“ Wherefore, O mortal, comest thou to break
The pleasant slumbers of the tuneful dead
Men long have mocked at song and for my sake
They sacrifice no longer as of old,
Their lyres are broken ; Phoebus fane is cold.

Yet since thou comest to the isle of song,
Apollo bid’st the oracle to speak.
The message heed, nor e’er repeat it wrong,
Lest on thy head the god his vengeance wreak.
Hark ! Hark ! for I Apollo’s lyre shall string,
’T is thine to hear and heed what I do sing.

Lo ! what a splendor fills the eastern sky :
Hark ! loud and clear sounds out the bugle call.
A soldier band prepared to do and die ;
To glorious stand or gloriously to fall,
Starts like a caravan toward the West,
Each with unblemished ’scutcheon on his breast.

To thee it is to choose and act thy part ;
To stand a hero or a coward flee :
Gird up thy strength and fortify thy heart :
Nor carry that which may encumber thee.
Thy weapons should be few but sure and tried,
O'ercome by their own arms brave men have died.

If thou pursuest fickle fame, beware ;
Lest she doth lead thee where thou would'st not go,
Nor follow wealth to quagmires of despair ;
Nor seeking Honor grasp an empty show.
Time is too fleet and life too rare a thing
To sell it all to hear the Sirens sing.

When opportunity shall speak with whispering voice,
And point unto his way unseen before,
Up, quickly turn and make a wise one's choice ;
Else seeking him thou 'lt find a fast-locked door.
If once thou sleepest through the golden day
No power of thine may chase the night away.

Remember him of whom the Hebrews tell,
Who sought his father's wandering ass alone ;
But yet on him the Prophet's favor fell—
He sought an ass but found a kingly throne.
So often he who doth the smallest thing
For Duty, shall, unknown, be crowned a king.

This then I charge thee, ere thou take thy way,
Rule, if thou rulest, o'er the realm of mind ;
And yet o'er mind let character hold sway,
And place all lesser things, below, behind.
So thou more glorious still shall reach the west,
While o'er thee waves unstained the victor's crest.

Up, then, and with a strong man's strength, be strong.
Fear not, nor falter on thy chosen way ;
Shun, thou, all coward deeds and flee all wrong.
But if they come upon thee, up, and slay.
I speak for him, God of the silver bow.
So ! blessing, I have blessed thee, rise and go.

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON.

'03 in '23: A Prophet's Dream.

ONE night late in Spring I had been cramming for one of the early examinations, and it was sometime past midnight when I got to bed: a beautiful half-moon was just descending into the West, and its rays fell full upon me. My thoughts drifted to the now fast-approaching close of the session, and to the members of our class who would then part, some of them possibly never to meet again. I could but have a feeling of sadness creep over me, but I had also a great curiosity to know in what walks of life and where my several class-mates would be found in the years to come.

Gazing at the setting half-moon it seemed to me to symbolize the culmination of the first half of our lives, some fifteen or twenty years hence: now the first quarter is just ending. Those of us whose college careers end with this session, will on the last Thursday in June, finish the first quarter of our lives, and when we awake the next morning the second quarter will be facing us. What will it reveal? What joys and sorrows, rewards and disappointments has it in store for us? Time alone can tell. But it was late and, being tired, nature presently got the best of my thoughts. Falling into a light slumber, my mind was naturally still full of my last waking thoughts. In my sleep the Goddess of Dreams came to me and gave me an invitation to accompany her on a trip, promising me that if I went she would show me where the members of our class of '03 would be found in 1923. I need hardly say that I agreed to go. The Goddess was invisible to me, and she threw over my shoulders a cloak which made me also invisible, and gave me the power of sailing through the air at a marvelous rate of speed. She also gave a peculiar pair of smoky-looking glasses, which, when I put them on, gave my eyes the wonderful power of seeing things as they would be twenty years from now.

Having put on the glasses the Goddess took me by the hand and led me off. She enjoined upon me to hasten as we would have to be back before

the rising sun destroyed the peculiar properties of our cloaks. Our progress was like lightning. The invisible Goddess leading the way, we glided through the air and covered many miles without halting.

Our first pause was made almost in the center of our State, in the town of Charlottesville. Nor was it the town itself that attracted our attention; I was led out to the University and there saw many busy people going to and fro. "What is the cause of all this gathering?" queried I, with the usual inquisitiveness of the human race. "Wait," said the Goddess, "you shall soon see." We took our way to the chapel, whither most of the crowd was going. Here I had not long to wait to find out the cause of such a gathering, for presently a procession of distinguished men in cap and gown entered and took seats on the rostrum. One arose, and in a few well chosen words introduced to the assembled people James Southall Wilson, president-elect of the University of Virginia. The words he spoke were few and eloquent, and it was not hard to recognize the "*Pup*" of college days.

But time was flying; the Goddess touched my arm and again led me off. We sped along for a few moments, and when next we stopped, the scene was much changed. There was a crowd to be sure, but it showed no signs of being a highly cultured one; on the other hand it was such as is usually seen in a country district attending county court. But it did not even have the virtue of being occasioned by the county court--it was the newer circuit court crowd. I wondered why it was so large to-day, but I was told it was only one week before there would be an election to the State Legislature. The crowd was rather noisy and restless, but all at once this ceased; someone began to speak, and I recognized the true and only John S. Eastman, who was addressing the voters of Middlesex and pleading for the election of his favorite candidate to the Legislature. The speech was short and characteristic, and "Billy" soon left the stand to move among the crowd, promising an office to this one and future support to another; evidently wire-pulling was still in fashion. Billy of 1903 and Billy of 1923 were the same.

I gazed a moment, but the scene was soon lost in the distance as I felt myself moving, and for some time I sped through space; then I felt our speed slacken and knew that we were nearing some other place of interest to me. I was not long kept in suspense, for we were soon moving slowly

enough that I could recognize my surroundings. Imagine my surprise at finding myself in such a place! It had suddenly become very cool ; in fact it seemed that "chill November's blast " had taken the place of lovely May. We were hovering over a great city which lay quietly by the sea. The country, the very atmosphere—everything seemed changed. Slowly we drifted towards *terra firma*, and one of the most imposing buildings I had ever seen. As we were about to enter, I glanced upward and read in the glare of a near-by electric light:

THE MELBOURNE TRANSPORTATION

... AND ...

TRADING COMPANY.

E. JORDAN TAYLOR, - - - - - PRESIDENT.

Then it was that I realized we were in the great Australian metropolis on the other side of the globe. No wonder the atmosphere was cooler than before. Once inside the great building, we were soon in the private office of the president. Charts and maps were scattered everywhere. Several persons were in the room, and although I seemed to have had an indistinct recollection of having seen somewhere the name that was on the sign below. I hardly expected to see such a familiar face. A man with a commanding air, evidently the head of the great enterprise, was seated at a desk and the far-away look on his face showed that he was in a deep study. Suddenly he looked up and with a triumphant smile, turned to his private secretary and said: "I've *whooped* them up at last ; we'll give them Jimmy Jones' poke now." Then I recognized the speaker as Edward Jordan Taylor, for I could never forget the "*whooper*" of the class of naughty-three. He had become the Pierpont Morgan of Australia, and was at the head of the shipping interests of England's greatest colony. He now looked as happy as he did when "*the manager*" in my college days, and rode through Senior Latin on a pony, which, by the way, had three other riders. I mentally remarked that it was only another of "Nat's" schemes—this giant shipping combine which he had managed. But my companion was getting impatient, so leaving the "City by the Sea," we again sped on.

This time we were not to go so long before we made a pause ; we had only gone a comparatively short distance when we stopped, and it did not take me a moment to recognize my surroundings ; for who that has spent three years in dear old Williamsburg will ever forget its quaint houses and streets, its general eighteenth century appearance, and its greatest charm—its fair daughters ? But there was one change that caught my eye—on a prominent lot near the center of the town stood a beautiful new house—no, it would not be a mistake to term it a mansion. Accosting a passer-by I enquired to whom the new house belonged ; his reply hardly surprised me. Three years' acquaintance and a knowledge of his character and ability made me easily believe it when I was told that the house was the residence of Judge Oscar Lane Shewmake, one of the " Old Dominion's " youngest yet most distinguished lawyers. Nor was I one whit surprised at his choice of Williamsburg as the field of his work ; it is a place of attraction to all, but to some in a much greater degree than others, among the latter being " Boots." I was in no hurry at all to leave " Ye Ancient Capital," for it always had been a place of great charms to me, but my companion was my leader and her orders I had to obey, so off we went.

The time before stopping again was quite long, and I felt sure that Old Virginia had been left far behind. In this I was not mistaken for soon I found myself in the metropolis of our country. Broadway was thronged, and we threaded our way but slowly through the maze of people moving one way or the other, every one seemingly intent on some important business. We did not go very far before we entered the door of a large building, a skyscraper, yet more solid looking than most of its kind. Only a glance was needed to see that it was occupied by some rich and important business concern. We went up a broad flight of stairs and on the second floor entered through a door marked " Office of the Editor and Proprietor," into a beautifully fitted-up office at the further end of which was a man seated at a desk dictating rapidly to a young lady stenographer seated near him. He continued this for a few minutes until he had finished, when he got up and going over to a pile of papers picked up one preparatory to reading it. But before doing so he took from his desk a pair of spectacles, and when they were placed on his nose there could be no mistake—even the addition of a heavy growth of beard and a more abundant sprinkling of gray had not entirely changed John N. Duni-

vin, formerly editor-in-chief of the COLONIAL ECHO, but now editor-in-chief of the *American Star*, New York's greatest and "yellowest" daily. But the look that came over "Nick's" face as he read was one first of startled interest, then of pain, and then of relief. What could it be that interested and pained him so? Yielding to my curiosity I picked up a near-by copy of the *Star* and began to read: "A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION." Such articles one reads out of morbid curiosity, and I had not to read very far to see what had caused the look on "Nick's" face; the news of the explosion was from an insignificant little place outside of Washington in the District of Columbia, where the government conducted experiments with new combustibles, shells, guns and other munitions of war. One of these experiments had been carried on at considerable expense in time and money, and great things had been expected to result therefrom. But the explosion had completely shattered all hope for results of any importance for some time—and this explosive had been expected to supplant, in the approaching war with Germany, liddyte, gun cotton, and various other powerful explosives, on account of its greater destructive power and its cheapness. But it was not the loss to the government that had distressed "Nick"; I read further that the explosion had resulted in the death of several men and injury of many others, among the latter being the inventing chemist himself; and he was none other than our one-time Science Instructor, Earle E. Stacy! What an untimely accident for such a distinguished and useful man! but the paper went on further to say that his inability to carry on his work would only be temporary; his injuries while serious were not fatal.

But time was not waiting for us, so we had to move on again. Our course this time was shorter and we were soon again in a city, but one very different from that we had just left. There was not the strenuous rush and scramble to be seen in Washington as in New York, for long before 1923 the country had tired of Roosevelt strenuosity and had allowed Washington to become quiet again under the administration of a Southern President. But the quiet was all the more noticeable on this occasion, because it was Sunday. Everyone was on his way to some one of the many churches of the city, but the greatest crowd seemed to be going towards the beautiful Episcopal Cathedral. But why, said I, such an especially large crowd to-day? for I knew nothing to attract so many people from their accustomed places of worship. But I did not have long to wait; going with the crowd

I soon found myself in the Cathedral ; it was the finest building of the kind that I had ever been in, and I was filled with awe by its majestic grandeur. I was still wondering who was going to speak when I overheard someone say something about the Bishop of Central Africa, and just then he entered. Who was it? Well it is needless to answer, for the only member of the Class of '03 who ever aspired to the ministry was W. Arthur Maddox ; his being a native of Washington helped to account for the large crowd. The sermon was eloquent and forceful, and I felt sure that our Maddox of 1903 had reached the height of his ambition. While Maddox's name and face were in my consciousness, I could but wonder if he found the African food as indigestible as "College Hotel" fare ; but considering his portly size, I was sure that he, at least, had enough to eat.

While leaving the Cathedral I overheard someone remark that to raise money for mission work was not alone the cause of Maddox's presence in Washington ; where one had come over the ocean from Africa, two would return.

But Washington, attractive as it is, had to be left, for we had to hasten and finish our trip. This time our course lay South and we had not been moving very long when we stopped ; I found myself in a valley between two spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and near by was a small frame building. It did not need a very close or lengthy observation for me to see that it was a school house—one of the old nineteenth century type. It was not yet school time, but several children of various ages were standing around engaged in talk or some game of olden times. I gazed on the sight—the poor school house, the small number of children, and the wretched and dreary surroundings—and I could but think of how Professor Bird's Pedagogy lectures of twenty years ago would, if put into practice, change the whole tone of the place. I was disturbed from my reverie by the voice of one of the children who announced, in a tone of voice suggestive of fear, the approach of the teacher. I looked in the same direction as the children were looking, and saw coming up the road a well known form, the walk having betrayed the owner. When we were at college together in 1903 who would have thought of E. F. Birkhead as teaching school for twenty years? Yet the unexpected will sometimes happen.

But we could not stand longer, so we were soon once more speeding along, still keeping in the mountain country ; it was not so very long before

we stopped, and I at once saw that we were near some summer resort. It was indeed so, and as it was such a lovely day many of the visitors were out driving or riding. Beautiful women and handsome men were to be seen at almost every turn, and many of the equipages showed the owners to be persons of considerable wealth. I was soon attracted by an especially handsome carriage and pair of horses to be seen approaching not very far off. When it had come nearer, the occupants of the carriage also attracted my attention; the man was extremely handsome and beside him sat a beautiful dark-eyed, black-haired woman. The faces of each had a somewhat familiar look and when I heard some one say, "There goes Senator Parsons," I was astonished at not having sooner recognized my class-mate, W. C. Parsons. I was told that he had made quite a large fortune off a "corner" of the sweet potato market, and afterwards had been elected to the United States Senate as the candidate of the new "American" party. But there was a third occupant of the carriage who attracted my attention; he was a boy some twelve years of age, undoubtedly destined to become his father's "*double*" in a few years.

Again we could no longer delay; our journey was complete, and my companion had only to guide me safely home. It only took a short time, and I was extending my hand to the Goddess to thank her and bid her good-bye, when the moving of my arm aroused me—I had been dreaming. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes; then I began to vigorously pinch myself. But the dream was gone—I was in my room and the moon was no longer in sight. 'Twas almost time to get up and get to work again.

I ran over in my mind what I had just seen in my sleep, and heartily wished that a majority of the scenes witnessed might indeed some day come to pass. For some I wished better luck, since every one of the Class of '03 deserves a large share of good fortune.

Among us there may be no Washingtons, Lees, Shakespeares, Tennysons, or Roosevelts, but I know that in whatsoever walk of life a "naughty-three" is found, he will do full credit to himself, his country, his college, and his class. The task of the prophet has indeed been a pleasant one, and in bidding his class farewell, he not only prophecies, but earnestly hopes and expects a brilliant future for each of his nine class-mates.

THE PROPHET.

Junior Class

Motto:

Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus.

Colors.

Orange and Blue.

Hell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
One, two, three,
Juniors, Juniors,
Naughty-three !



Officers.

S. C. BLACKISTON	President
E. H. HALL	Vice President
J. T. BOOTH	Secretary
J. H. SUMMERS	Treasurer
C. D. SHREVE	Historian

Junior Class 1902=03.

Members.

BLACKISTON, SLATER CLAY	Hampton, Va.
BOOTH, JOHN THOMSON	Grove, Va.
COWLES, WILLIAM LEE	Williamsburg, Va.
CRIM, JOHN WILLIAM HENRY	Bolington, Loudon Co., Va.
COGGIN, WILLIAM BENJAMIN	Colosse, Isle of Wright, Co., Va.
DADE, ROBERT BEVERLEY	Bluemont, Loudon Co., Va.
DAVIDSON, WILLIAM LEE	Jonesville, Lee Co., Va.
GOSSMAN, J. WILL	New York, N. Y.
GARNETT, TAYLOR	Mathews, Va.
HOLT, ROBERT ARMSTEAD	Hampton, Va.
HUGHES, SYDNEY SMITH	Norfolk, Va.
HALL, EUGENE HEDGMAN	Lynham's, Northumberland Co., Va.
JONES, MABEN SOMERVILLE	New Store, Buckingham Co., Va.
JONES, EDWARD DARLINGTON	Williamsburg, Va.
LEATHERBURG, CHARLES NEELY	Norfolk, Va.
LAMB, JUNIUS BEVERLY	Williamsburg, Va.
LAWRENCE, THOMAS NEVITT	Pope's Creek, Charles Co., Md.
MASON, WILEY ROY	Colonial Beach, Westmoreland Co., Va.
SINCLAIR, THOMAS LOWRY	Selden's, Gloucester Co., Va.
SMITH, EDWIN HUGH	Heathsville, Northumberland Co., Va.
SPENCER, THOMAS PEACHEY	Williamsburg, Va.
SHREVE, CAMPBELL DUDLEY	Luckett's, Loudon Co., Va.
SUMMERS, JAMES HERMAN	Sterling, Loudon Co., Va.
TERREL, ALFRED LYNCH	Pedro, Essex Co., Va.
TERRELL, EDGAR MICOU	Pedro, Essex Co., Va.
TURNIPSEED, CLARENCE LEE	Union Springs, Ala.
VAUGHAN, LORENZO DAVENPORT	Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.



JUNIOR CLASS.

History of the Junior Collegiate Class.

TO chronicle the achievements of the Class of '04, and do it justice, is indeed a task that would tax the brain of one more versed in the historian's art than myself, yet it is with a great deal of pleasure that I find myself beckoning to fond reminiscences and endeavoring to recall some of the illustrious deeds that fate decreed should ever remain as a monument to commemorate the name of this most wonderful assemblage, the class of "naughty four."

In the fall of nineteen hundred, we made our debut in the College of William and Mary, and from our appearance, we were indeed from climes most rustic, and too, were somewhat frightened, having come up with some upper class-men who had pictured "A Duc's First Night in College" so vividly, that the thought of its being so near was anything else but comforting. However, it came, and the prophetic utterances of the morning were realized to the letter.

Our second year has arrived and we are once more strolling listlessly about the campus, but our feelings and sensations are entirely different from what they were when we first arrived as "Ducs." The people of "Ye Ancient Capital" had tendered us such extreme kindness during the past year that it was with a great deal of pleasure we realized that we were once again in their midst. And too, we had by this time become so imbued with college spirit that we were all eager to again enter the arena of college life. It was but a short time after we had taken up our residence in that great triumvirate of buildings, Brafferton, Taliaferro and Ewell, before we began to plan for a campaign against the "Ducs," and especially against those obstreperous ones who had the audacity to assert that the Sophomores should in no way molest them. Of course it was our duty to retaliate to some extent for what we had been forced to suffer when we were "Ducs," but in reality we had their future welfare at heart, for if we had let them gone free, what embarrassment and humiliation they must necessa-

rily have suffered through ignorance when it came their turn to initiate the new recruits.

There were many depredations committed, as the raiding of the pantry, etc., but the faculty said "they were confident none of the Sophomores were implicated, for a more divinely innocent looking set they had never seen."

We were represented in every department of the college. Our members of the literary societies always acquitted themselves with credit, and the professors also claimed that there were in our midst some "curlers." We were very noticeably connected with the Y. M. C. A., some of our members being: Mason, who was sent as a representative of the association to Toronto, Canada; Lawrence, the Superintendent of the Bruton Church Sunday-school; Bishop Vaughan, shepherd of the Yorktown flock, and many others. So, no wonder we are the most pious class in the remembrance of the Faculty! Upon the gridiron, too, we were well represented, having some of the stars of the first team, and when it came to the intercollegiate contest, we were easily champions.

We are entering upon the third year of our sojourn 'neath the classic shades of "Ye Ancient College" and we are indeed glad to be back; yet with sadness we note the change a few short months hath wrought. Our joy is somewhat tempered with sadness, for so many of our class are gone, and of those with whom we entered, there are but few left.

This season we have been more successful in athletics than ever before, having five stars in the football team, Summers, Hall, Dade, Crim and Blackiston, the latter our worthy president; and while our class team was not as successful as the year before, yet we retained possession of the cup by twice tying our opponents, the Sophomores.

In one particular only are we more deficient than in former years, and that is, in the cut of sporting "calico." Though we have no typical "calico" sport, yet many of us are at times susceptible to the charms of the fair sex.

The finals are nearly here and with them comes the separation—a separation not only from the dear associations that cluster around the name of old William and Mary, but also, a severing of those ties that have bound us together during our college career. They have grown upon us, as it were, in the night, and we have been oblivious of their presence until now when

we are about to part, possibly forever, who knows? 'Thus it is, we are able to appreciate their true worth, and realize how rich were our possessions.

I do not mean to assume the role of a prophet, but in conclusion will say in football parlance, that we intend to head for goal and if possible score a touchdown. And who knows but in years to come another Jefferson may grace the Presidential chair, and by the little bow of orange and blue upon his coat be recognized as a member of the class of Naughty-four.

C. DUDLEY SHREVE.



Sophomore Class of '03.



Colors.

Silver and Old Gold.

Motto.

Nihil sine labore.

Pell.

Boom-a-lacka! Boom-a-lacka!

Bow! Wow! Wow!

Chick-a-lacka! Chick-a-lacka!

Chow! Chow! Chow!

Boom-a-lacka! Chick-a-lacka!

Who are we?

Who are the Juniors?

We! We! We!

Officers.

H. BLANKINSHIP . . President

B. T. BOWEN, JR. V.-President

T. M. DE SHAZO . . Secretary

J. T. WHITLEY . . . Treasurer

J. N. HUBBARD . . . Historian

Sophomore Class.

BAIRD, S. L.	Carsley, Virginia
BLANKENSHIP, H.	Brookneal, Virginia
BOWEN, B. T., JR.	Broadwater, Virginia
BROWN, W. T.	Slate Mills, Virginia
BRUCE, C. S.	Hudson's Mills, Virginia
CABLER, K. W.	Norfolk, Virginia
CARSON, J. A.	Saluda, South Carolina
CHAPMAN, H. L.	Smithfield, Virginia
CHARLES, B. C.	Grafton, Virginia
COUNTS, C. F.	Coeburn, Virginia
CURRY, DUNCAN	Staunton, Virginia
DAVIS, C. A.	Dido, Virginia
DAVIS, F. C.	Williamsburg, Virginia
DESHAZO, T. M.	Daisy, Virginia
FERGUSON, G. O. JR.	Leesburg, Virginia
GRAY, W. A.	Vontay, Virginia
HAZLIP, S. L.	Hopper, Virginia
HALL, F. C.	Hopeside, Virginia
HARDWICK, HIRAM	Kinsale, Virginia
HENING, M. P.	Jefferson, Virginia
HENSON, B. C.	Poindexter, Virginia
HORNAKER, E. S.	Draper, Virginia
HUBBARD, J. N.	Wilcox Wharf, Virginia
JACKSON, J. W.	Bridgetown, Virginia
JONES, ERNEST	New Store, Virginia
JONES, F. M.	Williamsburg, Virginia
JONES, J. A.	Roseville, Virginia
KNIGHT, R. C.	Boykins, Virginia
LLOYD, J. H.	Lynchburg, Virginia
MCDONALD, W. E.	Warrenton, Virginia
MCGEEHEE, R. P.	Abilene, Virginia
MILLER, C. D.	Salem, New Jersey
MOORE, W. H.	Wheatland, Virginia
NASH, MONROE	Alexandria, Virginia
RAWLS, J. C.	Elwood, Virginia

RICHARDSON, J. R. Max Meadows, Virginia
 RIDDICK, CECIL Great Bridge, Virginia
 RISON, H. T. Richmond, Virginia
 ROBERTS, LLOYD, Williamsburg, Virginia
 RUFFNER, R. II. Opal, Virginia
 SHACKLEFORD, W. N. Marshall, Virginia
 SHAWEN, G. G. Waterford, Virginia
 SHREVE, V. D. Sterling, Virginia
 SPENCER, JOHN Newport News, Virginia
 SYDNOR, C. W. Portsmouth, Virginia
 TYLER, JOHN Williamsburg, Virginia
 WADE, W. W. Quinton, Virginia
 WEST, F. T., JR. Huon, Virginia
 WEYMOUTH, W. A. Hampton, Virginia
 WHITE, D. D. Crab Neck, Virginia
 WHITLEY, J. T. Indika, Virginia
 WINGO, J. F. Drake's Branch, Virginia



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class History.

WE again make our appearance, not as noisy, boisterous "Ducs," but as grave and dignified Juniors. In attempting to write the history of the Class of '05 we feel ourselves altogether unworthy of so great a task, for no history, however good it may be, will portray the life, the aims, the defeats and the victories of a class, but we will endeavor to give a short account of how we came to our present position in college affairs.

Last year we came to 'ye ancient and historic city of Williamsburg' and entered upon our duties as students in the famous and renowned old College of William and Mary. At first many of us were homesick and lonely and longed to return once more to our dear ones at home; but soon the sad feeling left our hearts, for the kindness of everyone made us feel at home again.

Time passed swiftly, the intermediate examinations were soon over and it seemed only a little while before the session was drawing to a close, then we began to realize that we would soon be Juniors, and, oh! how happy we felt.

Now our second year is almost over and we feel justly proud of our numerous intellectual and athletic victories. Almost all of us have been taking an active part in the Literary Societies, and last year we were successful in carrying off one improvement medal in each society.

In football the Juniors are represented by "Shack," "Mac," Carson, Bowen, Hening and McGehee, all of whom are good players. The Juniors also put out an excellent class team, which was due chiefly to the fine training given them by our classmate Carson.

We defeated the "Ducs" in a well played game by a large score, and after playing two hotly contested games with the Intermediates, during which neither team was able to score, the championship was compromised by allowing the picture of both teams to go in the "Annual."

On the diamond we are also well represented by Lloyd, Knight, "Billy" Weymouth and Henning, all of whom are playing their positions well. We have also elected Curry as our manager, and are now organizing a strong class team, with which we hope to be able to win the class championship.

We have learned a great many things since we came to college, and now we do not faint and swoon away when our "Math" professor tells us that the tangent of an angle is equal to the *sine* divided by the *cosine*.

In closing the history of the Class of '05, I could say much more concerning each member, but I feel it altogether unnecessary as the students and the professors know that we have endeavored to perform our duties in an honest and conscientious manner, and if we have failed, it was no fault of ours.

Wheresoever you may go, you will find our class well represented, and in some future time, perhaps, many of us will hold positions of honor to our College, to ourselves and to our dear old State.

JAMES N. HUBBARD, *Historian*.



Freshman Class.

Colors.

Orange, White and Blue.

Motto.

Si vis ad summum progredi, ab imo ordiendum est.

Yell.

Boom-a-rah ! Boom-a rah !
Sis boom bah !
Boom-a-rah ! Boom-a-rah !
Ha ha ha !
Boom-a-rah ! Boom-a-rah !
Don't you see
We are the " Ducs " of 19'3.

Officers.

F. M. PARRISH	President
J. C. DUNFORD	Vice-President
W. B. NEWCOMB	Secretary
W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH	Treasurer
J. N. HILLMAN	Historian

Class Roll.

ASH, F. P.	Achilles, Virginia
BAKER, D. C.	Coeburn, Virginia
BALLARD, J. P.	Pender, Virginia
BARNES, M. C.	Williamsburg, Virginia
BILLUPS, W. M.	Matthews, Virginia
BOND, W. W.	Rye Cove, Virginia
BRAITHWAITE, R. M. B.	Williamsburg, Virginia
BROWN, W. A.	Stevensville, Virginia
CHICHESTER, P. M.	Falmouth, Virginia
COLEMAN, H. C.	Welchs, Virginia
COLONNA, W. E.	Eastville, Virginia
CONDUFF, C. E.	Willis, Virginia
CONDUFF, S. A.	Willis, Virginia
COX, W. F.	Coeburn, Virginia
CREASY, A. E.	Elba, Virginia
CREASY, R. T.	Mount Airy, Virginia
DAVIES, J. B. T.	Manassas, Virginia
DUNFORD, J. C.	Portsmouth, Virginia
ELLIS, J. T.	Shawsville, Virginia
FARTHING, W. G.	Lightfoot, Virginia
GLOVER, S. R.	Camm, Virginia
GORDON, H. L.	Rip Raps, Virginia
GRABER, P. F.	Loden, Virginia
HAIZLIP, P. T.	Hopper, Virginia
HENLEY, R. E.	Williamsburg, Virginia
HERBENER, T.	Portsmouth, Virginia
HILLMAN, J. N.	Coeburn, Virginia
HOPKINS, G.	Gloucester, Virginia
HORNAKER, E. S.	Draper, Virginia
HOZIER, I. S.	Meadowville, Virginia
HOZIER, O. R.	Meadowville, Virginia
HUGHES, J. F.	Roseland, Virginia
JENKINS, M. S.	Windsor, Virginia
JETT, E. M.	Floyd, Virginia
JETT, W. C.	Floyd, Virginia

JOHNSON, C. E	Rip Raps, Virginia
JONES, S. F	Lola, Virginia
JONES, J. L	Sheppards, Virginia
JONES, C. R	Roseville, Virginia
KAY, W. H	Central Point, Virginia
LONG, W. G	Clintwood, Virginia
LYNCH, W. E	Manassas, Virginia
MAHONE, R. W	Williamsburg, Virginia
MAPP, N. T	Wachaprague, Virginia
MASSIE, R. L	Tyro, Virginia
MINTER, W. M	Bohannon, Virginia
MORGAN, M. R	Drakes Branch, Virginia
NEWCOMB, W. B	Sassafras, Virginia
NEWMAN, A. H	Magruder, Virginia
PARRISH, F. M	Hadensville, Virginia
PRETLOW, J. D	Richmond, Virginia
ROPER, L. J	Portsmouth, Virginia
SMITH, W. R	Cheneye, Virginia
SNEAD, F. C	Etna Mills, Virginia
STOTT, A. B	Smithfield, Virginia
TAYLOR, F. W	Lomax, Virginia
TAYLOR, A. C	Atlantic, Virginia
TERRELL, L. F	Hewlett, Virginia
TUNE, R. A	Lola, Virginia
WADE, E. G	Quinton, Virginia
WAGNER, J. J	Rainswood, Virginia
WARRINER, B. A	Chula, Virginia
WENRICH, C. C	Manassas, Virginia
WHITEHEAD, S. A	Courtland, Virginia
WILLIAMS, H. H	West Point, Virginia
WILHOIT, J. N	Liberty Mills, Virginia
WOODARD, C. A	Norfolk, Virginia
WRIGGLESWORTH, W. R	Chula, Virginia



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman History.

IT was the belief just a few years ago, that in order for us to be made famous in the annals of history we must join the army, be commander-in-chief in some large battle, and win a great victory. There has been a great change in recent years, and that the "Ducs" of '02 and '03 are to have a history is now an evident fact. This is to be placed in the Annual also, where the public may read about us without our having accomplished the daring deeds of an Alexander or a Hannibal.

The session of '02 and '03 opened with about seventy-five "Ducs" amid the ranks, and it is useless for me to enlogize their abilities or their good looks.

We did not accomplish much during the trying ordeals of the first week, neither did the unusual palpitations of our hearts cease to exist. When fiery Phoebus' light had ceased to send forth its silvery rays, and the black shroud of night had been drawn over us, our bustling noise of the day would be hushed into profound silence, and we would often lay with listening ears to catch the melodious strains of music that were being produced by some of our number who were so unfortunate as to be lodging in the Elwell or Taliaferro.

We are not expert "calico sports," although "Big" Hozier, Roper, Dunford, Wagner, Taylor, and "Little" Hozier claim that their "calico ticket" is both pleasing and attractive.

On the gridiron we are very well represented, as Johnson, Roper, and Dunford played on the first team. Then in the class game, although we met with a Waterloo at the hands of the Juniors, it would be criminal not to mention the names of "Bully" Jett, "Shorty" Jones, "Persie" Counselman, and "Johnnie" Long, as star players on the "Duc" team.

On the diamond we are very well represented, too, as Roper, Johnson, and Counselman are all good players on the first team.

When the long-wished-for Christmas holiday rolled around, most of us "Ducs" bade adieu to "Ye Ancient Capital" for a few days. We wanted

to see mamma, and also that piece of our hearts we had left behind—"Sweet-heart." On returning we got right down to work, with nothing on our minds except our examinations, which were then almost two months ahead.

There is a probability of E. M. Jett getting the lecture "cutter's" medal this year, although Woodard will not be found very far in the rear when the contest closes.

In the literary societies, the "Ducs" have played an important part; they have won the flattering reputation of being good speakers, and in order to convince you that they have been doing something, I need but to tell you that several of the final men are "Ducs."

That stage of college life in which we are to be known as "Ducs" is now drawing to a close, and as the thoughts of our examinations are now looming up in front of us again, we will have to bid you adieu, but before doing so we wish to pay a word of tribute to the class. We feel that we have written about a class of young men who will not only gain honors and triumphant success during their college life, but who will in after years ever be found ready to espouse the cause of this beloved old Commonwealth of ours. So we now bid you adieu, and promise you that when we have next made our appearance on the arena of history that instead of noisy "Ducs" we will be Juniors.

J. N. HILLMAN, *Historian*.





She Wanted to Know.

Our greatest game was at its height,
We pushed and shoved with all our might,
With "tackles left" and "tackles right,"

And full-back through the line.
"Two minutes out," I turned my eye,
And in the grand stand way up high
A little maid I chanced to spy;
The colors worn were mine.

Last half, one minute more to play
In the greatest game of many a day;
And who will win no one may say.
I heard my signal roared,
The pass was true, I got it fair;
Sped onward like a frightened hare,
Dodged clear the full-back waiting there,
Gained thirty yards and scored.

The game is won; shouts rend the air,
And once again I look to where
She sits and laughs and claps up there;
Eyes bright and cheeks aflame,
She beckons to me, and I go—
To get my meed of praise? Ah, no!
Instead, she whispers soft and low,
"Say, Jack, who won the game?"

O. L. SHEWMAKE.



Athletics.

THE session of 1902-03 will be marked as a banner year at William and Mary for the birth of a truer college spirit than it has ever known before. It is in athletics that this is most plainly seen; for while our teams have not achieved great and unusual victories, yet they have been placed upon a firmer and stronger basis than hitherto, and never have preparations for the coming year been carried out with as great interest and zeal as this session. A striking feature of all the games that have been played on our own grounds, has been the interest which every student has shown in the games and the splendid "rooting" that our boys have done.

The football team, under the management of E. Jordan Taylor, and with O. L. Shewmake as captain, was under the great disadvantage of not having any trainer; however, they got together, and by hard work and excellent individual playing, accomplished as much as could be expected under such circumstances. Every one familiar with the game knows that no matter how athletic and strong a set of men may be, they can not attain great success unless they have a well experienced hand to guide them, and that often superior teams go down in defeat at the hands of inferior ones because of the lack of a trainer. This has been our case in the past, but we are glad to say that at the coming session this evil will be remedied. In our class contests the Juniors and Intermediates tied for the championship in two successive games, neither side being able to score.

The baseball team began the season in unusually good shape, under the management of W. T. Hodges; T. P. Spencer, captain. On account of various difficulties in the beginning of the season, which rendered it uncertain whether we would put a team in the field, our schedule was neither so large nor so good as we would desire. The games played on our own grounds showed evidence of excellent team work, especially the one with Richmond Academy, which was an errorless game. The games with Richmond and Randolph-Macon Colleges were played on their respective grounds; a return game with Randolph-Macon was called off on account of rain.

It is too early for us to be able to give any account of the field-day exercises, since they have not occurred.

Our instructor, Mr. W. J. King, has a good team in training and we do not doubt that the results will be worthy of his labors.

The prospects for athletics for the coming session are most encouraging. Mr. J. A. Carson, whose ability has been proven in other lines, will be manager of the football team, and S. C. Blackiston, captain. We have secured the services of Mr. F. L. Foust captain of the University of North Carolina team, and captain of the all-Southern team, for coach. We are expecting nine of the this year's eleven to return next year, and with a large number of promising men on the second team, we look forward to a team next session surpassing any that old William and Mary has ever put upon the field.

Football Games.

William and Mary	6	Old Point Comfort College	0
William and Mary	0	Hampden-Sidney College	40
William and Mary	0	Saint Vincent	0

Baseball Games.

William and Mary	16	Williamsburg	6
William and Mary	2	Lehigh University	3
William and Mary	3	Maryland Agricultural College .	12
William and Mary	5	Richmond College	5
William and Mary	4	Randolph-Macon	10
William and Mary	15	Richmond Academy	3



Athletic Association.

O. L. SHEWMAKE President
W. L. DAVIDSON Vice-President
E. JORDAN TAYLOR Secretary and Treasurer

Football Department.

E. JORDAN TAYLOR Manager
O. L. SHEWMAKE Captain

Baseball Department.

W. T. HODGES Manager
T. P. SPENCER Captain

Executive Committee.

W. L. DAVIDSON. JAMES S. WILSON.
E. HUGH SMITH.



OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Gridiron.

Team of 1902.

E. JORDAN TAYLOR	Manager
J. H. SUMMERS	Center
W. N. SHACKELFORD	Right Guard
W. E. McDONALD	Left Guard
B. T. BOWEN	Right Tackle
MALCOLM HENNING	Left Tackle
S. C. BLACKISTON	Right End
LLOYD ROBERTS	Left End
E. H. HALL	Right Half-Back
R. B. DADE	Left Half-Back
O. L. SHEWMAKE (Captain)	Quarter-Back
PAUL DAVIS	Full-Back

Substitutes.

T. P. SPENCER
R. P. MCGEE
C. E. JOHNSON
J. DUNFORD
L. J. ROPER



REGULAR FOOTBALL TEAM.

STONE, ROANOKE, VA.



Class of 1904.

W. L. DAVIDSON	Manager
C. L. TURNIPSEED	Center
J. T. BOOTH	Right Guard
J. W. GOSSMAN	Left Guard
E. H. SMITH	Right Tackle
TAYLOR GARNETT	Left Tackle
C. D. SHREVE	Right End
W. R. MASON	Left End
T. L. SINCLAIR	Right Half-Back
T. N. LAWRENCE	Left Half-Back
T. P. SPENCER (Captain)	Quarter-Back
W. L. DAVIDSON	Full-Back

Substitute.

A. L. TERRELL.



Class of 1905.

B. C. HENSON	Manager
H. BLANKINSHIP	Center
R. H. RUFFNER	Right Guard
S. L. HAIZLIP	Left Guard
G. O. FERGUSON	Right Tackle
W. WADE	Left Tackle
J. H. LLOYD	Right End
W. A. WEYMOUTH	Left End
J. T. WHITLEY	Right Half-Back
S. L. BAIRD	Left Half-Back
JOHN SPENCER	Quarter-Back
H. L. CHAPMAN	Full-Back

Substitutes.

C. D. MILLER

C. A. DAVIS

B. C. HENSON

Baseball Team, 1903.

W. T. HODGES	Manager
J. S. JENKINS	Catcher
O. HAUGHTON	Pitcher
J. H. LLOYD	Short-Stop
R. C. KNIGHT	First Base
J. H. SUMMERS	Second Base
L. J. ROPER	Third Base
W. A. WEYMOUTH	Left Field
S. C. BLACKISTON	Center Field
T. P. SPENCER (Captain)	Right Field

Substitutes.

JOSEPH DUNFORD

C. L. COUNSELMAN

R. A. HOLT

C. E. JOHNSON



BASEBALL TEAM.

Tennis Club.

Officers.

S. S. HUGHES President
C. D. MILLER Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

S. S. HUGHES	M. P. HENING	T. T. ELLIS
F. T. WEST	R. A. HOLT	
A. D. WRIGHT	TAYLOR GARNETT	J. N. HUBBARD
R. M. BRAITHWAITE	A. B. STOTT	
F. M. PARRISH	G. O. FERGUSON	W. A. GRAY
C. A. WOODARD	W. L. COWLES	
R. T. CREASY	GERARD HOPKINS	R. E. HENLEY
JOHN TYLER	M. R. MORGAN	
W. B. NEWCOMB	J. S. WILSON	E. F. BIRCKHEAD
DUNCAN CURRY	M. S. JONES	
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TENNIS CLUB.

STONE, ROBINSON, VA.

Gymnasium Team.

W. J. KING Instructor

Members.

W. L. DAVIDSON J. T. WHITLEY E. H. SMITH

W. A. BROWN GERARD HOPKINS

E. L. TURNIPSEED J. T. BOOTH E. T. EDMUNDS

C. F. COUNTS W. E. MACDONALD

L. D. VAUGHAN W. T. BROWN W. N. SHACKLEFORD

R. T. CREASY TYLER ELLIS

E. D. JONES H. BLANKINSHIP J. L. JONES

H. L. CHAPMAN FRED JONES

F. C. HALL O. L. SHEWMAKE FRANK WEST



STONE, ROANOKE, VA.

GYMNASIUM TEAM.



WU
107

AFTER

Y. M. C. A.

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J. S. WILSON	Corresponding Secretary
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W. E. VEST	Membership
T. L. SINCLAIR	Finance

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King's Household of Bible Readers	C. W. SYDNOR, Chairman
Temperance Union	L. D. VAUGHAN, Chairman
White Cross Union	W. R. MASON, Chairman



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

The Y. M. C. A.

WHEN a young man first enters college, he stands upon the very threshold of life. Although he, most probably, does not realize it, he has reached the parting of the ways, for the first few months of his college career determine what he is to be in college, and what a man is at college, he will continue to be throughout life. It is owing to this fact that the Y. M. C. A. is one of the most promising factors in Christian work to-day. When the young man leaves home and its influences, and for the first time faces the cold world alone, it is indeed a trying time. Without the guiding hand of a father or the loving advice of a mother, he is very liable to yield to temptation. But the Y. M. C. A. affords a means of escape. Here he may meet the Christian students who are ever ready to assist him in becoming adjusted to his new surroundings and in whatsoever other ways they can. In fact, the Christian Association is the only thing that approaches a substitute for the home influence.

At the opening of the session last October, we were handicapped by the loss of some of our most faithful men. But those who did return began work in earnest and our roll was soon increased to its usual length. The different departments were well organized, and everything was soon placed in good working order. In this preliminary work, the Bible Study and Membership Committees were especially successful. Under the supervision of Dr. Bishop, the Temperance and White Cross Unions were organized with a larger membership in each than usual.

During the Week of Prayer, we were fortunate enough to have Rev. C. P. Williamson, of Richmond, an honored alumnus of William and Mary, as leader. By his frank, open-hearted demeanor, Mr. Williamson quickly won the esteem and confidence of the student body, and the spiritual life of the college was very much deepened as a result of his work among us. Several men were led to accept Christ as their Saviour at these meetings.

Nothing strengthens a Y. M. C. A. so much as contact with other associations and association men at the various conventions. We were especially fortunate this year in that the State Convention met in Newport News, only a short distance from us. Taking advantage of this fact, we sent twenty-seven delegates—the largest number of representatives sent by any college association. Among them were some of the strongest men in college, and all classes from the Freshman to the Senior were represented. The result of sending so many earnest men to this convention has been very uplifting, not only to the Y. M. C. A., but also to the moral and religious life of the whole institution.

Although there is not the slightest reason why it should be so, there is an alarming ignorance of the Bible among the men of to-day, but there is no longer any excuse for this state of affairs on the part of the college man. With the splendid course in Bible Study arranged by the International Committee, every one who spends several sessions at college may have a very good knowledge of the Book of Books, if he will only take advantage of the opportunities afforded him. We are glad that quite a number of our students are becoming interested in this great work. Our Bible classes this year have been larger and better attended than usual. We have all three classes, "Life of Christ," "Studies in the Acts and Epistles," and "Old Testament Characters," with a total enrolment of about thirty members.

During the latter part of April we had a short but very successful revival, led by Mr. J. E. Hubbard, the State College Secretary. Although it was in progress only three days, several men announced it as their intention to live for the Master.

One of the most pleasant and helpful features of our Y. M. C. A. has been Dr. Bishop's Friday night lectures. For years it has been his custom to address the students every Friday night on some phase of practical Christianity, but lately his health gave way to such an extent that his physician advised him to give up this work. Only those who know Dr. Bishop intimately can realize what pain this caused him. Always ready to bring a message from God, he took the keenest delight in these services, and it was only with great reluctance that he finally yielded to his physician's advice. We regret very much that this has been necessary, for if there was any one part of the association services that we enjoyed most, it was the Friday night lecture. Never did we fail to receive strength and

inspiration from them, and we realize fully how very beneficial they were only since they have been suspended. We trust that Dr. Bishop's health may be fully restored very soon. Each of the pastors of the town has kindly consented to conduct the service for us one Friday night each month, for which we are deeply grateful to them.

The Asheville Conference is soon to be held, and it is of supreme importance to every association to be represented. At this gathering men are trained to conduct the Bible classes the following year. Messrs. J. N. Hillman and H. Blankenship have been selected as our representatives this year. Although this is their first session at college, they are two of our most prominent and faithful workers, and we feel that the Cabinet could not have made better selections.



L'Angelus.

I gaze across the lonely lea,—
Across the shady dell;
And far away is the surging sea,
With its ever bounding swell.
And from afar there comes to greet
My ears with music, wondrous sweet—
The sound of the sunset bell.

The radiant sun has said good night,
And its halo faintly gleams,
The dark'ning heavens catch the light
Of the fading golden beams.
Good night, say all the dew-gemmed flowers,
Birds hasten to their sheltered bowers,
As the bells ring out, good night.

The sighing wind comes stealing by,
With its weary, mournful sound,
And rustles 'mid the leaves that lie
Scattered upon the ground.
The peasant on his homeward way
Heeds the bell and stops to pray,
As he hears the holy sound.

All nature seems to be at rest;
As daylight fades from sight
A few faint gleams come from the West,
Like a halo fair and bright.
The last faint notes of the sunset bell
Float o'er the land in a sad farewell:
And the echo says, good night.

J. WILL GOSSMAN.



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Historical Magazine.

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The William and Mary College Monthly.

Published by
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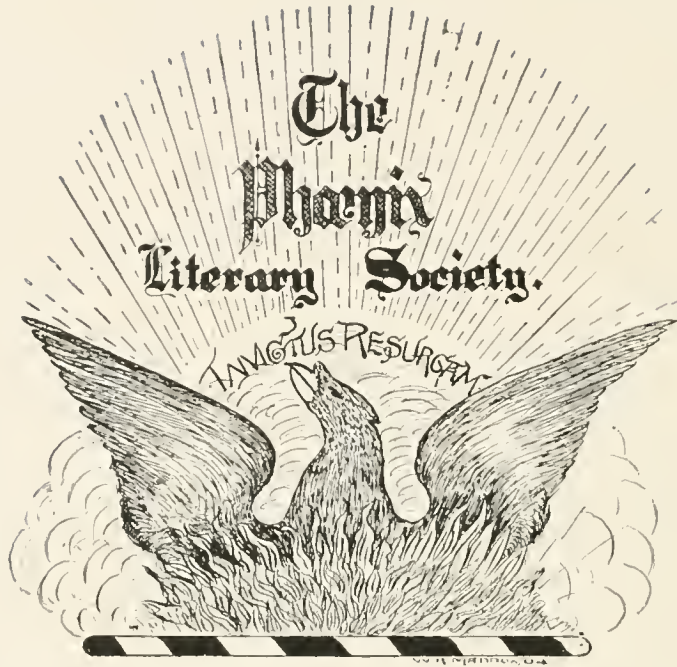
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Motto:—Invictus resurgam.

Colors:—Red and White.

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Orators.

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Debaters.

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E. H. SMITH

Orators.

J. A. CARSON

J. W. H. CRIM



PHILOMATHEAN FINAL MEN.



PHOENIX FINAL MEN.

Semper Idem.

In days now dim and distant
In this ancient Commonweal,
There was once a "Royall Colledge"
Chartered, 'neath the "Royall Seale."
And we students often wonder,
Looking backward through time's haze,
If we think at all as they thought
In the Old Colonial Days.

But the ancient records tell us,
In language quaint and staid,
Of a student in the olden days
Who met a little maid
And straightway went and lost his heart,
Which shows us that our ways
In *some* respects are like those
Of the Old Colonial Days.

And when spring came with its blossoms
And his college days were o'er
He asked the maid a question
That he 'd often asked before,
And in Bruton Church a wedding was;
Which the old church record says
Has been known to happen often
Since the Old Colonial Days.

L'ENVOI.

The hearts of lads and lassies
Change not with their outward ways.
And we *love* to-day as they did
In the Old Colonial Days.

O. L. SHEWMAKE.



Ethelyn J. Morris.
1903

The Phi Beta Kappa Society.

THE Phi Beta Kappa Society is the only association in America that binds together literary men in a bond of literary fellowship and brotherhood. Though its chapters are situated in colleges and universities, its bond of union is practically without limit. A member of this society is presumably a man of literary tastes and of scholastic attainments, and the wearing of the starry key gives one an entrée into literary circles all over the country. Thos. Nelson Page regarded his election at William and Mary as the highest academic honor ever bestowed upon him.

This old society was born at William and Mary College, December 5, 1776. Among its early members were Bushrod Washington, the eminent jurist; Wm. Short, the distinguished diplomatist, and Chief Justice John Marshall. Its early members were so prominent in the period of the Revolution as to give the Society enormous prestige.

In 1779, William and Mary voted charters to Harvard and Yale, and the chapters established thereafter have had a distinguished and almost continuous career at these two institutions.

There are now about fifty-five chapters, and several famous institutions are applying for charters. The aid of the mother chapter is asked by many of the most famous colleges and universities, and she is highly honored in the Senate and in the Triennial Council of the Society.

Phi Beta Kappa does not in any sense compete with college fraternities, or antagonize them. This is especially true at William and Mary, where the election is used mostly as an honor to be conferred upon men of literary or of scientific tastes, in recognition of their abilities. A few recent students have been elected on account of their literary promise. It is an honor to which any student may well aspire, and is conferred solely on account of character and attainments.

In proportion to members the mother chapter has more distinguished members than any on the roster of the Society. She has enough historians, genealogists, writers, and poets to make her friends proud of her present status.





W.R. MASON.



M. NASH



G.O. FERGURSON.



J. TYLER.



E.D. JONES



F.T. WEST, JR.



J.S. WILSON.



B.C. HENSON.



J.T. BOOTH



R.E. HENLEY.



T.P. SPENCER.

KAPPA SIGMA.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

In Chapter.

UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, 1400

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1867

Colors.

SCARLET WHITE AND EMERALD GREEN

Flower.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

Fratres in Facultate.

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REV. W. J. KING

In Collegio.

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Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Delta—Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.
Epsilon—Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.
Zeta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia.
Theta—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.
Iota—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
Lambda—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Nu—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Pi—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.
Sigma—Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Tau—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tennessee.
Chi—Perdue College, Lafayette, Indiana.
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Alpha Beta—Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois.
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Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Alpha Eta—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
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Alpha Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.
Eta Prime—Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.
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Alpha Pi—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
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Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.
Alpha Phi—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Illinois.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.

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Beta Beta—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.
Beta Gamma—Missouri State University, Columbus, Missouri.
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Beta Theta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana.
Beta Iota—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
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Beta Lambda—University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia.
Beta Mu—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Beta Nu—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Kentucky.
Beta Xi—University of California, Berkeley, California.
Beta Omicron—University of Denver, University Park, Colorado.
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Beta Rho—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Beta Upsilon—North Carolina A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.

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Boston, Massachusetts.	Chihuahua, Mexico.
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San Francisco, California.	Danville, Virginia.
Norfolk, Virginia.	Waco, Texas.
Atlanta, Georgia.	Washington, D. C.





C.D. MILLER.



R.B. DADE.



D. CURRY.



M.C. BARNES.



J.B. LAMB.



S.C. BLACKISTON.



O.L. SHEWMAKE.



S.S. HUGHES.



J.H. LLOYD.



T. GARNETT.



E.H. SMITH.

THE BODINER VA

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1868.

Colors.

Garnet and Old Gold.

Flower.

Lily of the Valley.

Mell.

Rah ! Rah ! Ralphia !

Rah ! Rah ! Ralpha !

Gamma ! Gamma !

Pi Kappa Alpha !

Chapters.

Active Chapters.

Alpha—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.
Beta—Davidson College, North Carolina.
Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Zeta—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Theta—S. W. P. U., Clarksville, Tennessee.
Iota—Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.
Kappa—Kentucky University, Lexington, Kentucky.
Mu—Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina.
Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Omicron—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.
Pi—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.
Rho—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
Tau—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Alabama.
Phi—Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.
Chi—University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
Psi—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Georgia.
Omega—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Kentucky.
Alpha-Alpha—Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.
Alpha-Beta—Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.

Alumni Chapters.

Alumnus Alpha—Richmond, Virginia.
Alumnus Beta—Memphis, Tennessee.
Alumnus Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.
Alumnus Delta—Charleston, South Carolina.
Alumnus Epsilon—Norfolk, Virginia.
Alumnus Zeta—Dillon, South Carolina.
Alumnus Eta—New Orleans, Louisiana.
Alumnus Theta—Dallas, Texas.
Alumnus Iota—Knoxville, Tennessee.
Alumnus Kappa—Charlottesville, Virginia.

Πι Kappa Alpha.

Gamma Chapter

CHARTERED 1871

Chapter Flower.

Pansy.

fratres in Urbe.

G. A. HANKINS, M. D.

DUDLEY R. COWLES

fratres in Collegio.

M. C. BARNES

S. C. BLACKISTON

DUNCAN CURRY

R. B. DADE

TAYLOR GARNETT

S. S. HUGHES

J. B. LAMB

J. H. LLOYD

C. D. MILLER

E. HUGH SMITH

O. L. SHEWMAKE



1865 - 1902



KAPPA ALPHA.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1862.

Alpha Zeta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

Chapter Flower.

Violet.

Bell.

K. A. Kappa!

K. A. Alpha!

Alpha-Zeta!

Kappa! Alpha!

fratres in Collegio.

ARTHUR ELLIOTT CREASY

RANDOLPH TUCKER CREASY

JAMES BANKHEAD DAVIES

GUY MALCOLM HENING

EARNEST JONES

JOSEPH LOUIS JONES

MABEN SOMERSVILLE JONES

MILTON RICHARD MORGAN

Wm. HUNTER MOORE

WILLIAM COARD PARSONS

WILLIAM NELSON SHACKLEFORD

CLARENCE ALEXANDER WOODARD

WILLIAM ASHE WEYMOUTH

fratres in Urbe.

E. RANDOLPH BIRD

SPENCER LANE

THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, JR.

Fraternity Directory.

FOUNDED at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), Lexington, Va., December 21, 1865.

FOUNDERS: James Ward Wood, William Nelson Scott, Stanhope McClelland Scott, *William A. Walsh.

Colors.

Crimson and Old Gold.

Flowers.

Magnolia and Red Rose.

Roll of Active Chapters.

- Alpha*.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
- Gamma*.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
- Delta*.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
- Epsilon*.—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
- Zeta*.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
- Eta*.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
- Theta*.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
- Kappa*.—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
- Lambda*.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
- Nu*.—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.
- Xi*.—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
- Omicron*.—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
- Pi*.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Sigma*.—Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.
- Upsilon*.—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
- Phi*.—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
- Chi*.—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
- Psi*.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
- Omega*.—Centre College, Danville, Ky.
- Alpha-Alpha*.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
- Alpha-Beta*.—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
- Alpha-Gamma*.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
- Alpha-Delta*.—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
- Alpha-Epsilon*.—S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
- Alpha-Zeta*.—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
- Alpha-Eta*.—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.

Alpha-Theta.—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha-Iota.—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Alpha-Kappa.—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha-Lambda.—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha-Mu.—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha-Nu.—Columbian University, Washington D. C.
Alpha-Xi.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Alpha-Omicron.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha-Rho.—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha-Sigma.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha-Tau.—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha-Upsilon.—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
Alpha-Phi.—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha-Chi.—Kentucky Wesleyan University, Winchester, Ky.
Alpha-Psi.—Florida State College, Tallahassee, Fla.
Alpha-Omega.—North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Alumni Chapters and Secretaries.

Norfolk, Va.—T. T. Hubbard, 50 Bank St.
 Richmond, Va.—W. D. Duke.
 New York City.—E. E. Morgan, 9 Murray St.
 Raleigh, N. C.—Dr. R. S. McGeachy, 112 Halifax St.
 Macon, Ga.—R. D. Feagin.
 Lexington, Ky.—W. O. Sweeney, Jr.
 Petersburg, Va.—William T. Davis.
 Talladega, Ala.—M. H. Sims.
 St. Louis, Mo.—T. P. Dudley, Century Building.
 Alexandria, La.—R. A. Hunter.
 Jackson, Miss.—Charles P. Manship.
 Atlanta, Ga.—J. H. Sledge, 402 Peachtree St.
 Hampton—Newport News, Va.—H. H. Holt.
 Chattanooga, Tenn.—M. E. Temple.
 Montgomery, Ala.—Ray Jones.
 Augusta, Ga.—C. A. Robbe, Jr.
 Staunton, Va.—C. S. Roller, Jr.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—R. P. Daniel, Jr.
 Meridian, Miss.—
 Shreveport, La.—Edward P. Mills.
 Centreville, Miss.—C. M. Shaw.
 Birmingham, Ala.—
 Hattiesburg, Miss.—J. B. Burkett.

State Associations.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Missouri.—C. E. Dicken, Pres.; R. S. Branch, Sec. and Treas.; G. M. Christian, Historian.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Georgia.—Julian B. McCurry, Pres.; B. L. Crew, Vice-Pres.; W. G. Solomon, Secretary; G. D. Blount, Treasurer.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Kentucky.—R. C. Stoll, Pres.; W. O. Sweeny, Vice-Pres.; Nathan Elliott, Secretary; William C. Smith, Treasurer.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Alabama.—J. A. Henderson, Pres.; J. H. Skeggs, Vice-Pres.; J. B. Farrior, Secretary.

Kappa Alpha State Association of North Carolina.—H. A. Foushee, Pres.; C. M. Cooke, Jr., Vice-Pres.; de Roulhac Hamilton, Sec.; R. S. McGeachy, Treas.





MU PI LAMBDA.

ΑΔΥ ΠΙ ΛΑΜΒΔΑ ΦΡΑΤΕΡΝΙΤΥ.

Virgima Gamma Chapter.

ESTABLISHED APRIL 8, 1901.

Chapter flower.

White Rose.

frater in Urbe.

H. JACKSON DAVIS.

fratres in Collegio.

WILLIAM THOMAS HODGES

THOMAS NEVITT LAWRENCE

ROBERT ARMISTEAD HOLT

ARTHUR DAVIS WRIGHT

THOMAS LOWRY SINCLAIR

JAMES WALKER JACKSON

WILLIAM ARTHUR MADDOX

JOEL CUTCHINS RAWLS

LONSDALE JOSEPH ROPER

Mu Pi Lambda Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1895.

Colors.

Orange and Royal Purple.

Flower.

Carnation.

Chapters.

Virginia Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Virginia Beta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Virginia Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

West Virginia Alpha—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.

Massachusetts Alpha—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Missouri Alpha—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.



To An Old Portrait of a Little Girl.

Dear little girl of the long ago,
 Peering out of a picture frame,
With flaxen curls and cheeks aglow,
 Where the roses of unblighted youth are aflame :
Come, tell me, sweet,
Did you ever meet
 Dan Cupid out on a summer's morn ?
Was he lying low
With his arrow and bow
 A-hiding from you in the fields of corn ?

There now, little maid, don't look so shy ;
 You 'll forget your old sweetheart in days to be,
And the tears on your cheek for his loss shall be dry,
 Ere the Prince of your purple-hued dreams you shall see.
Ah ! then you will lay
Aside dollies and play,
 For the dream you have dreamed is no longer a dream,
And your life shall flow on
From morn until morn,
 Like the blithesome song of a babbling stream.

Yet, dear little girl of the long ago,
 As your face comes over the long, sad years,
To me, little maid, who loves you so,
 You seem to smile through a mist of tears.
With a touch of the grace
Of your older face
 When Life had battled with Youth and won :
For the grasping years
Left only tears
 When the dream was ended ; the glad song done.

J. S. WILSON.



A June Idyl.

The rumbling wagon rattles down the road ;
The noisy shouts of schoolboys die away :
The languorous leisure of the long June day
Drags slowly on, as down the public way
The lazy oxen bear their heavy load.

And is this peace, this empty silence here ?
This languid waiting, vacant of an aim ?
When every hour drags on so near the same
And earth seems reft of life, and love, and fame,
And yet too dead for a regretful tear ?

But hush ! a whisper seems to steal along
And starts the sleeping sound to life again.
A caitiff crow flies, cawing, o'er the lane :
And hark ! mid music of the unheralded rain
A mocking-bird awakes the world with song.

JAMES S. WILSON.



Dramatic Club.

Officers.

J. W. GOSSMAN	President
O. L. SHEWMAKE	Vice-President
R. A. HOLT	Secretary
E. H. SMITH	General Manager
W. A. MADDON	Business Manager

Stage Manager.

R. B. DADE

Property Managers.

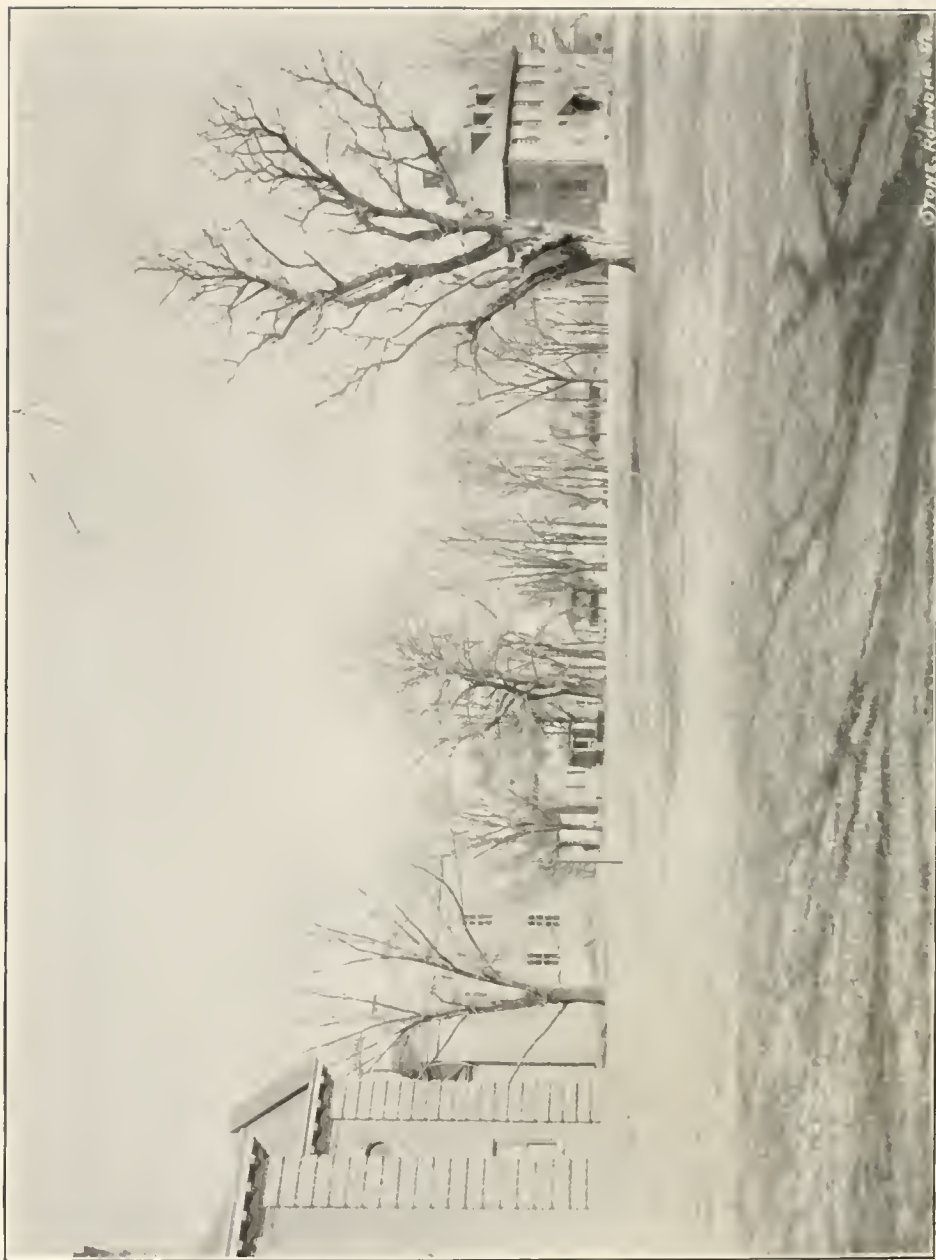
T. N. LAWRENCE	T. P. SPENCER
W. R. MASON	J. H. LLOYD
	J. S. WILSON

Members.

W. A. WEYMOUTH WM. R. WRIGGLESWORTH
MONROE NASH



DRAMATIC CLUB.



CAMPUS VIEW.

Orion, Edw. W. W.



German Club.

Officers.

SLATER BLACKISTON President
J. WILL GOSSMAN Secretary and Treasurer

Final Officers.

B. CARROLL HENSON President
ROBERT A. HOLT Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

J. T. BOOTH	S. C. BLACKISTON	M. C. BARNES
	W. L. COWLES	J. W. H. CRIM
R. B. DADE	DUNCAN CURRY	J. W. GOSSMAN
	R. A. HOLT	A. E. CREASY
TAYLOR GARNETT	B. C. HENSON	R. T. CREASY
	M. P. HENING	M. S. JONES
J. L. JONES	G. O. FERGUSON	R. E. HENLEY
	E. JONES	JOSEPH DUNFORD
J. B. LAMB	HUNTER MOORE	W. A. MADDOX
	W. A. WEYMOUTH	F. T. WEST
C. D. SHREVE	J. H. LLOYD	J. S. WILSON
	O. L. SHEWMAKE	C. A. WOODARD
E. H. SMITH	T. P. SPENCER	M. R. MORGAN
	W. C. PARSONS	



Glee Club.

ROBERT A. HOLT	Director
J. H. LLOYD	Vocal Manager
LONSDALE J. ROPER	Instrumental Manager

Vocal.

J. THOMSON BOOTH	Lead
MALCOLM P. HENING	Lead
T. PEACHY SPENCER	Lead
J. WILL GOSSMAN	Lead
E. HUGH SMITH	Lead
WILLIAM A. WEYMOUTH	Lead
R. BEVERLY DADE	Tenor
J. H. LLOYD	Tenor
JOSEPH C. DUNFORD	Tenor
MONROE NASH	1st Bass
ROBERT A. HOLT	1st Bass
OSCAR L. SHUEWMAKE	2d Bass

Instrumental.

LONSDALE J. ROPER	1st Mandolin
ROBERT A. HOLT	2d Mandolin
R. BEVERLY DADE	Guitar
J. H. LLOYD	Guitar
JOSEPH C. DUNFORD	Guitar
S. A. WHITEHEAD	Violin
MONROE NASH	Banjo
J. THOMSON BOOTH	Piano



GLEE CLUB.

An Echo From the Past.

'Tis New Year's eve and I sit alone
By the fire in my college room,
And the clouds hang low o'er the fields of snow,
And add to the gath'ring gloom.
I blow smoke-rings at the ceiling old,
As the fire in the grate burns low,
And there come from out of the North Wind cold
Faint echoes of long ago.

And my thoughts go back as I sit alone
And watch the dying year
To the student, who many years ago,
To that young cavalier
In ruffles and hose and buckles fine,
Dress-sword and jewelled ring,
As he drank a toast in the good red wine,
"To the King! Long live the King!"

The echoes come faint down the ancient hall
As their glasses clink together,
And the candle's light dispels the night,
And the great log fire, the weather,
And I wonder if we who are ruled to-day
By a trust, a "Boss," or a "Ring,"
Are happier than those students gay
Who drank to the health of "the King."

My pipe is out and my dream is o'er,
The fire is burning low;
The wind dies down and mocks no more
The sounds of long ago.
But this little thought came to my mind
As I blew the last smoke-ring,
If a man's a man his reward he'll find,
No matter who is "the King."

O. L. SHEWMAKE.



Calico Club.

ORGANIZED 1693.

Motto.

"Our only books are woman's looks."

Crest.

A heart, broken.

Officers.

M. P. HENING	Supreme Grand Rusher
R. B. DADE	Assistant Grand Rusher
L. D. VAUGHAN	Worthy Stroller of the Dnsty Streets
E. H. SMITH	Guardian of the Crest

Members.

J. THOMSON BOOTH	The "Math" Sport
M. P. HENING	The Real Sport
R. B. DADE	The Steady Sport
O. L. SHEWMAKE	The Constant Sport
E. H. SMITH	The "Morning Papers" Sport
B. C. HENSON	The Fickle Sport
J. FLAVIUS WINGO	The <i>Only</i> Sport
W. HUNTER MOORE	The Ten-cent Sport
W. A. GRAY	The Would-be Sport
J. C. DUNFORD	The Smiling Sport

NOTE.—We have omitted to print the name of the ladies as, all being *charter members*, they are sufficiently well known. Bless them all.—Secretary of Club.



Hampton Roads Club.

Motto.

"The Sea! The Sea!"

Colors.

Sea-Green and Sky-Blue.

Song.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Captain	S. C. BLACKISTON, Hampton, Va.
First Mate	O. L. SHEWMAKE, Newport News, Va.
Second Mate	J. S. WILSON, Norfolk, Va.
Third Mate	L. J. ROPER, Portsmouth, Va.
Cook	K. W. CABLER, Norfolk, Va.

Crew.

J. C. DUNFORD	Portsmouth, Va.
R. A. HOLT	Hampton, Va.
S. S. HUGHES	Norfolk, Va.
C. N. LEATHERBURY	Norfolk, Va.
JOHN SPENCER	Newport News, Va.
C. W. SYDNOR	Portsmouth, Va.
W. A. WEYMOUTH	Hampton, Va.
C. A. WOODARD, JR.	Norfolk, Va.

The Origin of Music.

SUGGESTED BY BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY.

*Poem Delivered Before the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, February 10th, 1903,
by R. T. W. Duke, Jr.*

At Babel, in old time, was one, they say,
Who felt with keener anguish every day,
The loss of man's one brotherhood of speech,
And sought with heavy soul some way to reach
The hearts of those who knew his words no more.
One day whilst labouring in the heavy ore—
For he was born of Tubal Cain's descent—
He paused and on his rude, rough anvil leant,
And listened to some girls who crooned above
In a new language the old tale of love.
Straightway he raised his arm, the bellows blew,
The iron soon into a white heat grew,
And deftly mingling in the glowing mass
Bright rods of steel and tubes of sounding brass,
He forged a strange, unwieldy instrument,
Then smote it with his hand and o'er it bent
To catch the first dull notes that from it crept,
And music woke that hitherto had slept.

Ere long by degrees perfected grew
His power to blend the chords and to renew
Lost notes, until with subtle skill he caught
All the sweet music that the woodlands taught,
And all the glorious melody that lies
In the lark's earliest matin to the skies :
And then at last he had beneath control
The hidden music of the human soul.
Thenceforth all languages came within his range,
And though the speech of men seemed harsh and strange,
He bade them listen and each listener heard
Soft sounds that old familiar mem'ries stirred,

The song of birds, the ripple of the stream,
And like a half remembered dreamt-of dream,
The cradle song that first his mother sung
Each seemed to hear in his own native tongue.
Oh! Poet of sweet sounds, beyond control
God placed all hearing, save within thy soul,
Yet gave power through harmony to reach
The hidden fountain of all human speech;
In thy deep swelling, soft melodious chords,
Thy symphonies that speak, yet have no words,
One common language doth each listener hear—
What need of words when meaning is so clear?
Speech is but thought's expression— never thought
Came from the soul with so much meaning fraught.
Ah! deathless singer, hearing not in Time,
Heaven's door was opened and its song sublime
Broke on thy ear, whilst thou didst catch the key
Of the grand music of eternity.
Lost may be earthly sound, but given
The power to hear the harmony of heaven,
The one sweet language that beyond all pain
Shall make mankind a brotherhood again.





Skating Club.

Motto.

"Pride before a Fall."

Object.

A Good Time.

Result.

Cut Lectures.

Who We Are.

R. B. DADE	Supreme Slider
PEACHEY SPENCER	The Fancy Flyer
HIRAM HARDWICK	The Hungry Hustler
SIDNEY HUGHES	The Enthusiastic Skater

Others.

LYNCH	WINRICH	ROPER	BARNES
MILLER	CURRY	BLACKISTON	LLOYD
	HENING	DUNFORD	
BOWEN	MC DONALD	HOLT	FERGUSON
		CREASY	
		COUNSELMAN	

Favorite Song.

The "Bluebird."

The Parsons' Club.

"Bishop" VAUGHAN	Bishop of York
"Friar Tuck" LAWRENCE	Abbot of the Monastery
"Clark" MASON	Dean of the Monastery
"Guinea" SINCLAIR	Chief Scribe of the Monastery
"Moses" SYDNOR	Expounder of "Cannon" Law
"Parson" NASH	Director of Home Missions

Motto.

Veritatis simplex oratio est

Favorite Occupation.

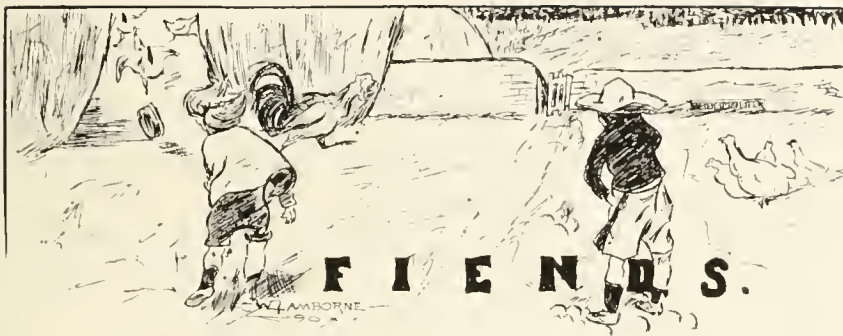
Tying Knots.

Favorite Song.

"Who 's that said chicken in this crowd?"

Pelt.

Wow!



Motto.

"Every Man to His 'Taste.'"

Colors.

Brimstone-Blue and Scarlet

Yell.

Each man has his own yell.

Official Fiends.

His Satanic Majesty "Billy" EASTMAN, The Political Fiend
 Beelzebub "Nick" DUNIVIN The Political Fiend
 Feeder of the Fire "Double" PARSONS, The New-Clothes Fiend
 Water Boy HUNTER MOORE, The Ambitious Fiend

Others.

J. A. CARSON The Football Fiend
 W. T. HODGES The Baseball Fiend
 O. L. SHEWMAKE The "College Monthly" Fiend
 J. S. WILSON The Literary Fiend
 W. R. MASON The Y. M. C. A. Fiend
 J. W. H. CRIM The Oratorical Fiend
 W. N. SHACKLEFORD The Athletic Fiend
 C. N. LEATHERBURY The Book Fiend
 MONROE NASH The "Calico" Fiend
 CATESBY HALL The Sleepy Fiend

The Sailor's Song.

A sailor, a sailor, a sailor, I,
A sailor of the sea ;
A sailor, a sailor 's your own true love,
So come, my darling, with me.

I live by the leave of the billows white,
That hold my life in their care ;
They keep me by day, and rock me at night,
So come and my little bark share.

A sailor's own bark is a sailor's love,
But he loves his sweetheart, too,
And whene'er he draws the harbouring cove
He thinks of his darling true.

So come, my darling, together we sail
Life's white-foamed, billowy sea ;
In tempest or sunshine ; in calm or in gale,
Trust ever the vessel to me.

A. R. MACKRETH.



Fire Department.†

Motto.

"Water, Water Everywhere."

Cause of Fire.

Eloquence of Philomathean Orators.

Headquarters.

College Library.

Officers.

W. C. PARSONS Chief	C. F. COUNTS Foreman
J. H. SUMMERS Deputy	E. H. HALL Engineer

Firemen.

BLACKISTON	W. A. GRAY	FERGUSON	RIDDICK
F. C. HALL	LLOYD		Lantern-boy

† NOTE—Although this department met with the hearty support of the student body as a whole, it, for some reason, disbanded after only one turnout.—RECORD.

Sundown.

Low sinks the sun and leaves the world to rest ;
The sky has paled into a somber gray,
The ruddy glow that lit the burning west
Has faded like an old man's dream away.

The chill of death, and death itself is here ;
For Night has slain his royal brother, Day.
Two giant Shadows lower his cloud-hung bier,
And bear it o'er the western hills away.

Then in his regal power the conqueror Night,
With land and ocean, sky and air his own,
With crescent diadem and stars bedight,
Usurps his brother's scepter and his throne.

J. S. WILSON.



Motto.

"To the West! To the West!"

Colors.

Green and Scarlet.

Favorite Pastime.

Writing to Our Sweethearts and Talking "Calico."

Favorite Drink.

"Mountain Dew."

Song.

"I Love My Mountain Home."

Favorite Food.

Buckwheat Cakes and Huckleberry Sauce.

Officers.

WALTER E. VEST, of Floyd	President
WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON, of Lee	Vice-President
JAMES N. HILLMAN, of Wise	Secretary
WALTER C. JETT, of Floyd	Treasurer

Others.

J. T. ELLIS	C. F. COUNTS	P. T. HAIZLIP	W. F. COX
C. E. CONDUFF	E. M. JETT	S. L. HAIZLIP	S. A. CONDUFF
D. C. BAKER	W. G. LONG	W. B. BLEVINS	R. RICHARDSON
C. L. COUNSELMAN	E. S. HORNAKER	"Crack-a-jack" S. G. HUDSON	

Fancies.

Sometimes we look up, in the midst of our musing,
At the beautiful stars in the peace overhead ;
And believe they were set far away in the spaces
To shine as a sign of the souls that have fled.

And oft in our yearning for friends who have left us,
We look at the light of the old milky-way ;
And think that perhaps 'tis the path unto glory,
Along which the angels are wending their way.

When, at night, we lie down but to weep o'er the pillow,
And visions come back through that desolate door,
And the dear ones now dead are before us in fancy,—
'Tis a picture of peace on a passionless shore.

Oh, Father, whate'er be the truth of such fancies,
Teach us to love them while the long ages roll :
For they come to our hearts like the rain to the roses,
And soothe with the fragrance they bring to the soul.

B. L. Y.

The Echo Election.

The following is the result of the Echo Election:

Handsome Student :

W. C. PARSONS	46
J. W. H. CRIM	21

Most Popular Student :

J. S. EASTMAN	68
O. L. SHEWMAKE	19

Most Intellectual Student :

W. E. VEST	79
J. S. WILSON	29

Most Prominent Student :

E. JORDAN TAYLOR	65
O. L. SHEWMAKE	18

Biggest Eater :

W. A. MADDOX	46
E. G. WADE	18

Best Wire-Puller :

J. N. DUNIVIN	71
J. S. EASTMAN	29

Most Conceited Student :

O. L. SHEWMAKE	52
K. W. CABLER	18

Best Dancer :

A. E. CREASY	29
R. B. DADE	19

Biggest Bluff :

E. H. SMITH	56
J. W. H. CRIM	40

FAVORITE STUDY	Mathematics
AVERAGE AGE	19.1 years
AVERAGE WEIGHT	145.8 pounds
AVERAGE HEIGHT	5 feet 7.1 inch



Aptly Quoted.

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"As prone to mischief as able to perform it." F. C. HALL

"A Corinthian, a lad of mettle." BLACKISTON

"When I was at home, I was in a better place." LYNCH

"A proper stripling and an amorous." HENING

"He hath a person and a smooth dispose.

"To be suspected, framed to make women false." CRIM

"Then he will talk—gods! how he will talk!" NASH

"A man I am, cross'd with adversity." HODGES

"An old man broken with the storms of state." GOSSMAN

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined." FINAL BALL

"I have touched the highest point of my greatness." E. J. TAYLOR

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"Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." WOODARD

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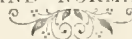
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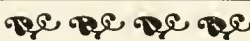
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