

THE COLONIAL ECHO®




1908











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*The*  
**Colonial  
Echo**



Published by the Students of the  
**College of William and Mary**  
Williamsburg, Virginia  
MCMVIII

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To

## Dr. George Clinton Batcheller

a patriot, philanthropist, a lover of William and Mary and

an earnest promoter of education in America

we dedicate this the sixth volume

of the

### Colonial Echo

Dr. Batcheller was born at Grafton, Mass., in the year 1834, and is a descendant of a pure Norman family which came to America in 1636. He received his early training at the grammar school of his birthplace and the Barre; later he went to Vermont Academy, and thence he stepped out as a leader into the field of commerce in the great Northern Metropolis. He now has a manufacturing business which gives employment to about two thousand skilled workers.

It is natural to think that a man owning a business of such magnitude would have no time to consider other things, but this is very different with Dr. Batcheller. He is an earnest student of American history, a lover of good books in general, and an artist of rare taste and discrimination. His collection of antique specimens, and the thousands of books which he has amassed, have given him the national reputation of a cultured man and a liberal educator. Beside these things, which seem to be enough to demand all the time of an average man, he is an active member of the American Institute of Civics, the American Asiatic Association, the Order of Founders and Patriots of America and of the Sons of the American Revolution, the New York Chamber of Commerce, and is an author of some note.

Dr. Batcheller is also an extensive traveler, having crossed the ocean twenty-five times, and visited the principal historic and educational centers of the European countries. It is, perhaps, due to this familiarity with foreign institutions that his ideas for the education and development of his own people have been awakened and broadened. In his travels he has collected such literature as would give one a thorough knowledge of what others have done and how they are living to-day. Although he expresses somewhat peculiar views on the subject of books and libraries, the fact that he is not willing to follow the letter of his own teaching and that he is a genuine bibliophile is evidenced by his own personal library—the largest, perhaps, in the United States—and his recent liberal donation to the library of William and Mary College.

So well has he served his generation, that the faculty of William and Mary, in recognition of such a public benefactor and scholar, conferred upon him in June, 1907, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Coming as it did from an institution so rich in history and sacred tradition, and in which others, equally philanthropic, were educated, Mr. Batcheller has considered this by no means the least on his long roll of honors.

It is with pride that the students look upon his portrait which hangs upon a column in the library, for it seems to bespeak his noble and generous life. And it is our hope that America will continue to give us such men to redeem her people from the bonds of illiteracy and to raise higher and higher the torch of civilization and truth.





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LYON GARDINER TYLER, M. A., LL. D., President of William and Mary College; Professor of American History and Politics; Master of Arts of University of Virginia; Doctor of Laws of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.; Ex Member of Virginia Legislature from Richmond, Va.; Author of "Letters and Times of the Tylers", "Cradle of the Republic", "Parties and Patronage"; Founder and Editor of "William and Mary Quarterly".

JOHN LESSLIE HALL, Professor of the English Language and Literature and of General History, was born in Richmond, Va. He received his early training at the University school of Richmond and Randolph-Macon, and afterward attended the Johns Hopkins University. Here he held the Fellowship in English and the Fellowship by courtesy. In 1892 he received the Ph. D. Degree from that institution. Professor Hall has published: "Translation of Beowulf" (1892); "Old English Idyls" (1899); "Judith, Phoenix and other Anglo-Saxon Poems" (1901); "Half-Hours in Southern History" (1903); besides occasional articles, book reviews, biographical sketches, etc.



THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, PH. D., Professor of Mathematics, 1888 to 19—. Professor Stubbs is a native of Gloucester County, Va.; attended Coppohoric Academy; A. B. William and Mary College, 1860; In Confederate Army from 1861-1865; Attended University of Virginia, 1865-66; Master of Grammar and Matty School, 1868-1869; M. A. Degree William and Mary College, 1869; Professor of Mathematics and History in Arkansas College, Batesville, Ark., for sixteen years; Lower House of General Assembly of Arkansas, 1877 and 1879. Ph. D. Degree was conferred upon him by Arkansas College, 1899; member of Beta Theta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa.

VAN F. GARRETT, A. M., PH. D., Professor of Chemistry. Dr. Garrett received his primary education at Williamsburg, Va. After graduating from the Virginia Military Institute, he attended William and Mary College, which conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He then studied medicine at the University of Virginia and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City. From the last named institution he secured his M. D. Taught two years in Giles College, Tenn., and in 1888 was elected Professor of Natural Sciences in this college.





CHARLES EDWARD BISHOP, PH. D., Professor of Greek and Modern Languages; first attended W. Gordon McCabe's University School at Petersburg, and afterward the University of Virginia; after teaching at McGuire's School, Richmond, Va., he went to Leipzig, taking his Doctor's Degree in Greek, Latin and Sanskrit; Professor of Latin in Emory and Henry College for three years; since 1891 Professor of Greek and Modern Languages at William and Mary College.

JOHN WOODSIDE RITCHIE, B. A., Professor of Biology; Bachelor of Arts of Maryville College, Tennessee; Graduate Student of University of Chicago.



R. M. CRAWFORD, A. B., B. S., Phi Beta Kappa, Professor of Drawing and Manual Arts, is a native of North Carolina. For three years he pursued his favorite studies in New York City at the Art Students' League, and at the Teachers' College, Columbia University, of which institute he is a graduate. As a Teacher, Illustrator and Musician, Professor Crawford won distinction during his residence in New York City. His undergraduate work was done at Trinity College, Durham, N. C. He is an active member of the Eastern Art Teachers' Association and Eastern Manual Training Club. He was for three years a member of Columbia's Glee Club, the University Quartette and Philharmonic Society. During the summer of 1904 he was out with the Lincoln Quartette on a tour of New York State.

WALTER ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, A. B., PH. D. (Johns Hopkins University). Professor Ancient Languages, *ad int.*, University of Arkansas, 1899-1900; Professor of Greek, *ad int.*, University of Mississippi, 1900-1901; Head of Language Work, Greenville, Miss., High Schools, 1901-1902; Classical Master, Sewanee Grammar School, 1902-1906; Professor of Latin, University of Virginia Summer School, 1907, 1908.





WILLIAM HOUSTON KEEBLE, Professor of Physics; B. S. University of Tennessee, 1903; Graduate Student Department of Physics, University of Chicago, 1906-'07; Member of the Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Beta Kappa.

HENRY EASTMAN BENNETT, A. B., Educated at Florida Agricultural College, Peabody Normal College and University of Chicago, A. B. and Graduate Work. Teacher Okahumpka, Fla., 1892-'93, 1893-'94; Principal Fernandina High School, 1896; Professor Latin and Mathematics, Florida State Normal School, 1897-'98, 1898-'99, 1899-1900; Assistant to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Tallahassee, Fla., 1900-'01, 1901-'02, 1902-'03; President Florida State Normal School, 1903-'04, 1904-'05; Dean Normal Department University of Florida, 1905-'06; Summer Institute Instructor; Editor Southern School and Home, etc.



HENRY THOMPSON LOUTHAN, when a boy, attended the Berryville High School in Clarke; he taught an ungraded school in this county for three sessions, and then attended Richmond College for five years; he was principal of the graded school at Washington, Va., for the next two sessions, and the following year was a student at the University of Virginia; in June, 1903, Mr. Louthan was elected an instructor in Latin and Greek, and is now an adjunct professor in this department at William and Mary.

JAMES SOUTHALE WILSON, M. A., PH. D., Assistant Professor of English and General History; K  $\Sigma$ ,  $\Phi$  B K, A. B. College of William and Mary; M. A. University of Virginia; Ph. D. Princeton University; Author of "Alexander Wilson, Poet, Naturalist" and joint author of Pausanias."



HERBERT L. BRIGGS, A. B., Registrar of the College; Secretary of the Faculty, and Assistant in the Department of American History and Politics; Bachelor of Arts of William and Mary College; Ex-Superintendent of Schools of Gloucester County.



F. M. CRAWFORD, A. B., Associate Professor of Drawing and Manual Arts; A. B. University North Carolina; Graduate Student of Columbia University.



GEORGE OSCAR FERGUSON, JR., L. L., A. B.; A Student at the College of William and Mary, 1902-'03, 1903-'04, 1904-'05, 1906-'07; Taught in the Public Schools of Albemarle County and attended the University of Virginia, 1905-'06; Assistant Professor in Philosophy and Education, College of William and Mary, 1907-'08.



JOHN TYLER, A. B., A. M., Assistant in Department of Mathematics; A. B. and A. M. of William and Mary College, 1907.





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# Alma Mater

---

Come, boys, let's lift our parting praise  
And gather here this table 'round;  
We'll drink a health to student days,  
Before we leave this sacred ground.

Dear Alma Mater, here's to thee,  
A loving quaff of purest wine,  
A token of our gratitude  
Which thou must keep through future time.

We love thy old and ivied walls,  
We cherish all thy sacred past,  
And pray that thou wilt ever stand  
So long as flowing time shall last.

But 'tis not this doth move in us  
The reverent love and fires of youth;  
It is that thou hath ever stood  
A monument to stainless truth.

The hearts so used to loving thee  
We know that thou wilt ever hold;  
But gather in Old Glory's sons  
As thou hast done in days of old.

We'd long ago have piled thee plinths  
And writ thereon thy honored name,  
If time had worn away thy walls,  
Or ever dimmed thy hallow'd fame.

But change of time hath took from thee,  
Naught save thy gifts and noble truths,  
Nor hath it left thee poorer still  
By sad departing of thy youths.

We're going now from out thy view,  
To sail life's raging, fitful sea;  
But though we drift to distant lands  
We'll trace our memories back to thee.

And as we go we'll bear away  
The thoughts that are brightest and best,  
We'll sing thee songs and love thee dreams  
Till we reach that haven of rest.

G. L. HADDOX JOHNSON





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## A Flower Now

---

When Death at last shall loose the silver cord,  
And broken is the golden bowl of life,  
And spoken is the final farewell word  
And left behind the sin and sordid strife;  
I would that none should grieve that I am gone;  
No black-robed mourners gather 'round my bier,  
Striving with words and vain tears to atone  
For heartaches caused while I was with them here.

Love me while living; now, one kindly word,  
One smile of sympathy on friendly face  
Is worth a hundred eulogies deferred,  
Till with the silent dead I take my place:  
The writings, written then, and all the sands  
Of life are run; the rest is in God's hands.

OSCAR L. SHEWMAKE



## M. A. Class of '08

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MOTTO: Prudens futuri

PROPHECY: Hæc olim meminisse juvabit

YELL: Whew-i-y-y-y-y!!!!

### THE CLASS

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GAIUS LIVIOUS HADDON JOHNSON.....	BIOGRAPHER AND POET



HERBERT HELDRUF YOUNG.....Aquasco, Maryland

Instructor in Chemistry 1907-'08; B. A. Degree 1907; Valedictorian Senior Class 1906-'07; President of Philomathean 1904-'05, '07-'08; Final President of Philomathean 1905-'06; Improvement Orator's Medal 1903-'04; Winner of Final Orator's Medal 1904-'05; Second Honor Preliminary State Oratorical Contest 1906-'07; President of Y. M. C. A. 1905-'06, '06-'07; Y. M. C. A. Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1906-'07; Associate Business Manager of COLONIAL ECHO 1907-'08; Member of Athletic Executive Committee 1907-'08; Second Football Team 1905-'06; Capt. of the Football Team 1907-'08; Receiver of Diplomas in American History and Politics, General History, Philosophy, English, and Science.

BRIGAM. He bears a youthful title, but claims to be no less than thirty-five. Prides himself on Military Tactics which he studied at the C. H. High School. Has graduated with honor in Y. M. C. A. Never forgets to pray before entering a political campaign. He does not believe in Mormonism, but is a desperate lover. A chemist. Has a strong affinity for feminines. A whirlwind in debate. He laughs as though it were a sin. Always "Let us pray!"

"He dares do all that may become a man; who dares do more, is no man."

A. L. TERRELL.....Urbance, Essex Co., Va.

Phoenix; President Phoenix 1907-'08; Medal for Declamation; Literary Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1907-'08; Secretary and Treasurer M. A. Class 1907-'08; L. L. Degree 1902-'03; A. B. Degree 1904-'05; Diplomas in Latin, English, Philosophy, American History and Politics, Pedagogy and General History.

Known as LORD ALFRED. He dropped out of the clouds and never has rallied from the reaction. Never was known to move unless he had to. Is matrimonially inclined, but a victim of lost love. Is a good politician, but once blew a political bubble which burst upon himself. Is afraid of nothing but the truth. Likes the passive voice. Has a mania for himself. Antediluvian in his ideas, but a good fellow and loves his Alma Mater.

"I scorn to change my state with kings."

GARUS L. HADDON JOHNSON, Σ Φ Ε.....Unity, Virginia

President Philomathean 1902-'03; Final President Philomathean 1901; Final Orator's Medal 1903; Medal for Debate with Richmond College 1904; Associate Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1903-'04-'05; Associate Editor William and Mary Literary Magazine 1904-'05; Historian Junior Class 1903; Prophet Senior Class 1904; All-Southern Exchange Editor 1904; Manager Baseball Team 1904; Applicant for M. A. Degree 1905; Instructor 1905.

Commonly known among his fellow students as "G. L. H." Is thought to have migrated from the Dismal Swamp to "Ye Ancient Capitol" about 1620. Learned commercialism from Powhatan, individualism from Opeacanough, politics from Sir Wm. Berkeley, and oratory from Patrick Henry. Entered college a Baptist in religion, but has become a Universalist. Was a rival of John Rolfe's for the hand of the princess, Pocahontas. Is a shrewd wire puller, a would-be poet and "heart smasher," but has an aversion for anything that has numbers in it.

"Why may not his be the skull of a lawyer?"

LUTHER C. LINDSLEY.....Manassas, Virginia

B. A. Degree 1904; Editor-in-Chief William and Mary Literary Magazine 1905; Poet's Medal 1902; President of Philomathean 1904; Vice-President of Philomathean 1905; Final Orator's Medal 1904; Sub Varsity Football Team 1903; Senior Class Poet 1904; Diplomas in Latin, Mathematics, Philosophy, and Pedagogy; Athletic Executive Committee 1904.

DREAMY JIM. A human paradox. Has a good mind, but he knows it. Born in the Objective Case. Bears a versatile pen. Writes sweetly of women, but no one ever saw him speak to one. Wants to be a lawyer, but lost his first case before the Board of Visitors. Is kind to his friends. Is extremely radical in his nature. He was seen *once* at church, but didn't tarry long. He has no special faith, but a Christian Scientist in sentiment. Claims to be self-made, and, with a few discrepancies, made a pretty good job of it.

"None but himself can be his parallel."



H. H. YOUNG

## B. S. Class of '08

The First in the History of the College of William and Mary

Motto: Per aspera ad astra

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Color: Orange and Black

YELL: Botany, Histology, Physics, Chemistry,  
Math.,  
Physiology Frogs, Bacteriology Bugs, Mi-  
croscopic Glass,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Long may she  
last!  
William and Mary B. S.! B. S.! B. S.  
Class!

### OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

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H. H. YOUNG, ..... Historian and Poet  
"BRIGHAM" YOUNG, ..... Valedictorian and Prophet

*"To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give  
thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."*



## The Question

---

Dan Cupid is a god, they say,  
As blind as he can be,  
But, notwithstanding what they say,  
It seemed most strange to me  
That one like Dan could do his work,  
Without the aid of eyes,  
And this I could not understand,  
To me 'twas a surprise.

But now since I've grown older,  
I am coming, day by day,  
To be convinced that there is truth  
In what the people say  
About this little rascal,  
Whom we all know as Dan Cupid,  
He's either a mischievous wretch,  
Or else he's mighty stupid.

Now why I speak of Cupid thus,  
My friends, I'm now confessing,  
I'll tell you all about the "muss"  
Without any more digressing,  
To one and all I now shall tell  
The story of my strife,  
In which I lost the village belle,  
The darling of my life.

When I met this little maiden  
With eyes of deepest brown,  
Who all confessed was far ahead  
Of anything in town,  
I fell in love at first sight,  
And vowed that her I'd win,  
But, when I thought I had her,  
Dan Cupid "buted in."

He shot, the arrow took effect,  
The wounded was another,  
The village belle is married now,  
But she's the wife of brother,  
And I am left alone to think  
Of things that might have been,  
For I was on the very brink,  
When Cupid "buted in."

So, after grave reflection,  
Upon what the people say,  
Added to my dejection,  
Which I'm feeling, day by day;  
And now since brother got the girl,  
And all my hopes are blighted,  
I must confess if Dan's not blind,  
He's devilishly bad near-sighted.  
W. L. DAVIDSON, '04.



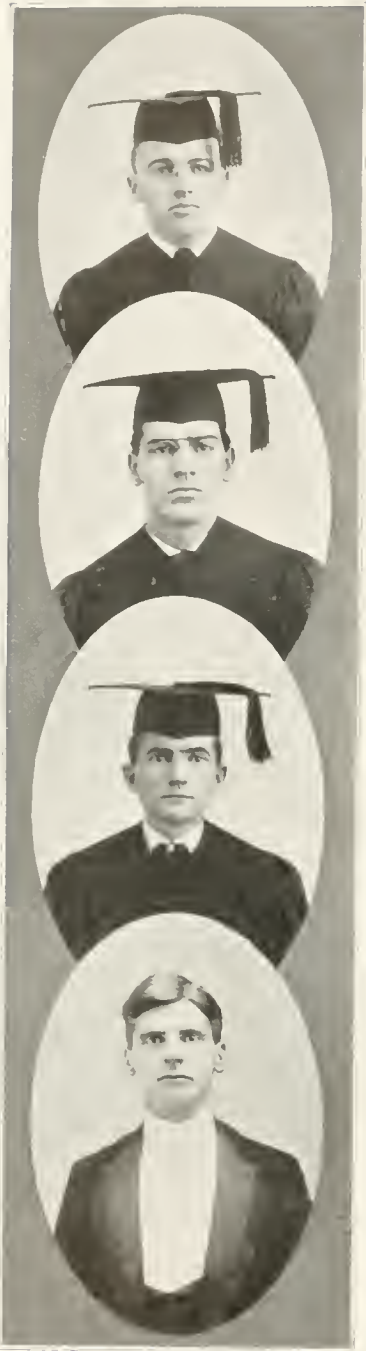


MOTTO: O Facultas! finiti ire te salutamus  
 FLOWER: Crimson-four-lips  
 COLORS: Orange and Maroon  
 YELL: Yackety-yate-yate-yate,  
 Yackety-yate-yate-yate,  
 Naughty-eight, naught-eight,  
 W. M. C.

**OFFICERS**

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EDWIN FRANCIS SHEWMAKE, JR.

Newport News, Va.

*"Not that I love the more delicate fabrics less, but that I love calico more"*

"BOOTS," "MAKER," "DRACO," "FRANKIE"

It is to "Frankie" that we would point as a model type of the Georgia Cracker, her rotundity increases as the watermelon season approaches. For a long time we listened to "Draco" expounding his great principles in doubt as to the whereabouts of his voice box, but since his operative condition of "Where Is Brown," we have called him "Boots." "Maker" is exceedingly regular in his habits; in fact, he takes the same exercises almost every day. His future will be spent in genealogical study, principally of the "Hampden" family.

H. K. A.; Phoenix Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Instructor in English 1905-'06; Proctor in Study Hall 1907-'08; Associate Editor William and Mary Literary Magazine 1905-'06, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief William and Mary Literary Magazine 1906-'07; Literary Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1906-'07; Club Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1907-'08; Pi Kappa Alpha Scholarship 1904-'05; President Junior Class 1906-'07; President Senior Class 1907-'08.

STEPHEN ASHLEY McDONALD ..... Warrenton, Va.

*"Arise, and shake the nap seed from thine hair"*

"MAC," "OLD HORSE," "BIG FEET," "JACK ASS"

"Mac" came to College in 1904, a braying young ass, fresh from the grassy plains of Kentucky. "Old Horse's" sojourn here has been nothing but a nuisance to all straight (?) politicians and schemers. If his brains are in his feet, as all scientific investigations would lead us to believe, he has accumulated no little knowledge during his stay. "Mac" does nothing but run around the campus and make that curious noise, peculiar to animals of his kind. Judging from the number of times he goes to Newport News to cast his die, we are led to believe that he will become an engraver.

Phoenix: Phoenix Final Executive Committee 1904-'05, '05-'06; Historian Freshman Class 1904-'05; Varsity Football Team 1905-'06, '06-'07, '07-'08; Secretary of Phoenix 1905-'06; Vice-President of Phoenix 1906-'07; Chief Marshal of Phoenix 1907-'08; Business Manager of Magazine 1907-'08; Vice-President of Athletic Association 1906-'07, '07-'08; President of Sophomore Class 1905-'06; Echo Staff 1905-'06, '07-'08; Dramatic Club 1907-'08; Tennis Club; Vice-President of Talliaferro Club 1905-'06; President Piedmont Club 1907-'08; Vice-President Senior Class 1908.

SMITH J. WILLIAMS ..... Iraville, Va.

*"Describe him, who can?"*

"JOHN SHARK," "PEEZEWEZZEE," "GERTRUDE"

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and watch "da monk do da dance what gotta da mon." "Peezeeweezee" is a broken down pugilist who has been turned over to us by the Reno Club, on the condition we would keep him four years and sell him B. A. (back afterwards). "Gertrude" is somewhat of a hermitess, yet she knows more about the doings of the world than the world does. "John Shark" has Presidential aspirations, but we predict that they will culminate in the presidency of some baseball club, for ambition and opportunity have knocked at his door and passed on.

Philomathean: L. I. Degree 1901; Diploma in Pedagogy 1901; Medal for Improvement in Declamation 1900; President of Philomathean 1907-'08; Final Secretary Philomathean 1907-'08; Echo Staff 1907-'08; Prophet Senior Class 1907-'08.

JESSE ELWELL, JR. .... Ruckersville, Va.

*"He can lie with such volubility, you would think truth were a fool"*

"POLONIUS," "BETTY," "GIAS-BAG"

Jesse came down from the ragged mountains of Virginia, and about six years ago hit William and Mary running, and has been running at the mouth ever since. He originated the league of "liars" here in his Sophomore year, but the league soon disbanded because "Betty" insisted on telling all the lies. "Polonius" has been trying to grow a vandyke for some time, and has at last succeeded in coaxing one eyebrow to come down and take up a new abode on his chin. Puck has employed him to pose for his new painting, Ananias.

Philomathean: Second Football Team 1903-'04, '04-'05, '07-'08; President of Philomathean 1905-'06; Vice-President of Philomathean 1905-'06; Final Executive Committee 1905-'06; Literary Critic of Philomathean 1907-'08; Treasurer of Piedmont Club 1908; Dramatic Club; Chairman of Final Executive Committee 1907-'08; Diplomas in Pedagogy, General History, and American History and Politics; Secretary of Class of 1908.



HARRY GILMORE CARTER, O Δ X ..... Kilmarnock, Va.

*"Blowing the cap that was left, the Maker said, Let come what will, and Harry jumped out!"*

"INGERSOLL," "HARRY," "GUY FAWKES," "CARRIE"

We hold this specimen as Bob Ingersoll's last gift to humanity. "Guy Fawkes" was the originator of the great "Pantry House Plot" in which 5,000 pounds of salt-horse was destroyed by fire. "Carrie" aspired to present herself to the world as a great football player, and it was in the wonderful Thanks-giving game that his destined fiancée was heard thrice to cry "Harry, O my Harry." Everyone thought that Harry's fate was sealed, but now it is known among his most intimate friends that his life will be spent in avenging the wrong that certain of his would-be-friends have done him.

Varsity Football Team 1906-'07, '07-'08; German Club 1905-'08; Dramatic Club 1907-'08; Captain Second Baseball Team 1904-'05; Assistant Manager Baseball Team 1906-'07; Manager Baseball Team 1907-'08; President Northern Neck Club 1906-'07; Athletic Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1907-'08; Tennis Club 1904-'08; Secretary of Junior Class 1906-'07; Treasurer of Senior Class 1908.

CHANNING M. HALL ..... Williamsburg, Va.

*"A Politician—One who could circumvent the devil!"*

"CHIMMIE," "REDDY," "SCORPION," "SORREL TOP"

Well, we don't know where he came from, because he didn't come, you see. But we do know he is as much out of place on our fair Utopian soil as a cannon ball would be in heaven. He has never attempted any form of physical or mental improvement, perhaps because he didn't have ambition enough. Origin

"Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Achievements—See July issue of the "Anti-Criterion" under heading "Social Gleanings from SIXX." Ambition—destroyed in the Johnstown Flood.

Phoenix; President of Phoenix 1907-'08; Treasurer Phoenix 1906-'07; Final Debater of Phoenix 1906-'07; Echo Staff 1907-'08; Magazine Staff 1907-'08; Diplomas in General History, Philosophy and French; Historian of Senior Class 1908.

GUY ANSELL BOND DOVELL, II T Δ ..... Uno, Va.

*"The prodigal son isn't in it with you. He had one fatted calf you have two"*

"GAB," "DUTCH," "TUBBY"

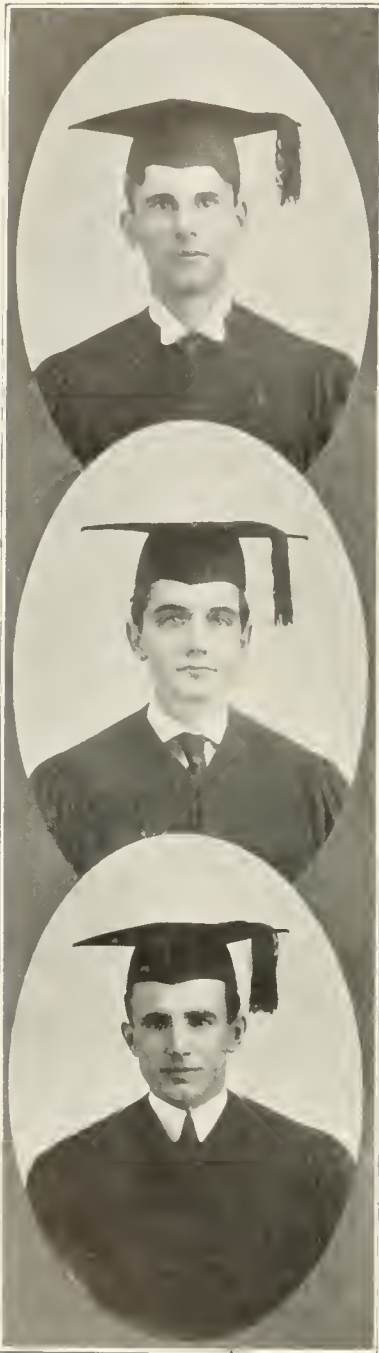
The following extract is taken from his diary: "Went calling first Sunday night after I got to College." We have looked his diary through, but see no such entry again. "Dutch" organized a band, which he introduced to the public in a twenty-minute speech at Cameron Hall on Washington's birthday, but the Asylum authorities refused to let them play, for reasons—well, wait till you hear them play. "Gab" also aspired to become a poet, but we think his fate is sealed in the following, his best lines:

"Sing pull up the anchors and scrape off the paint,

Some ships is lucky and other ships ain't."

"Tubby" is also a dramatist, and is at present writing a duel scene, in which the antagonists are to use bananas.

K. A.; O. W. L.; Dramatic Club; German Club; Phoenician; Varsity Football Team 1905-'06, '07; Winner Debater's Medal 1907; Associate Editor COLONIAL ECHO 1907; Winner Philo Bennett Scholarship 1907; Final President of Phoenix 1908; Poet of Senior Class 1908; Manager College Glee and Mandolin Club; Diplomas in French and German



L. BISMARK FRANK ..... Richmond, Va.

*"Redactor of old sermons"*

"NIMROD," "LYSANDER," "BONAPARTE," "ALEXANDER"

"Alexander" was first discovered at William and Mary prowling around among the old Greek and Latin texts. Everyone knew him as the mighty "Alexander" and presumed he was looking for new worlds to conquer. "Nimrod" conducted a campaign to Stanardsville, but was unsuccessful because Bucephalus threw him, and he had to cross the Rubicon home. "Lysander's" life work has been outlined; he became a redactor of old sermons and a mender to old souls.

Phoenix; Baseball Team 1905-'06; Phoenix Literary Critic 1906-'07; Phoenix Parliamentary Critic 1905-'06; Chaplain of Senior Class 1907-'08.

KENDALL PALMER BIRCKHEAD ..... Proffit, Va.

*"I will amend"*

"KP," "BIRCKHEAD," "H.S.," "PROPHET"

He really belongs to Sun Bras. Show, but has jumped his contract. At first he was associated with the gypsies, and played the part of the "palmist of Israel." Before this period, we have no history of his past. He talks religion on all occasions, and sings "So Long, Mary," when alone. Last year at the Jamestown Exposition, he was in the same cage with Bostock's famous educated hyena, "Patrick O'Toole." We can say little for his future, but will narrow it to something between a street car conductor and a chemist.

Phoenix; Vice-President Phoenix 1906-'07, '08; Chairman Final Executive Committee 1907-'08; Secretary of Class 1904-'05; Architect of Senior Class 1908; Diplomas in American History and Politics, and Education and Philosophy.

GROVER ASHTON DOVELL ..... Uno, Va.

*"We shall find him a shrewd contriver"*

"CAPTAIN SPOONDYKER," "ORANG-OU TANG," "ANTHONY"

"Orang Outang" descended upon Williamsburg in a whirlwind, and he still bears traces of it about him. "Captain Spoodyker" has attained fame as a bluff, gas-bag, liar, politician and hencoop-missionary. Chief characteristics, he has none. Achievements—has attempted unsuccessfully all kinds of athletics, has held places as Chaplain and Sergeant-at-Arms of the Phoenix, and is still known as the "Duc" bulldozer. Instigator of the Senior eggnog supper during the holidays, and game-carrier of the hencoop-missionary club. Believing with Patrick Henry, that the only way to judge the future is by the past, we predict for him an insignificant future. He attained the name of "Antony" by delivering the funeral oration over the dead body of Dr. Tyler's old Frank. He won the vote for the most eloquent speaker by making the address at the unveiling of the Yorktown monument. His fame was not augmented by a similar address at the unveiling of the Confederate monument here, during the holidays.

K. A.; O. W. L.; Dramatic Club 1906-'07, '08; German Club 1905-'06, '07-'08; President German Club 1906; President of Phoenix 1907; Varsity Football Team 1905, '06-'07; Captain Football Team 1907; Track Team 1906-'07, '08; Captain of Track Team 1907; Winner of Orator's Medal 1907; Associate Editor College Magazine 1906-'07; Winner All-round Medal Field-day 1907; Winner of Medals for 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, shot-put and hammer throw 1907; Final Debater 1906-'07; Associate Editor of COLONIAL Echo 1906-'07; Valedictorian of Class of 1908; Winner of Improvement Medal in Debate 1905; Basket-Ball Team 1907-'08; Editor-in-Chief of COLONIAL Echo 1908; "Elizabethan"; Diplomas in Education and Philosophy, and American History and Politics.

## Senior Class History

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THE Senior Class of this session really has no history. We cannot begin by saying that the present class is the remnant, "tried and true," of a mass of Freshmen who entered here four years ago. This cannot be said, because the members of this class have come and gone, and come again. In fact, some of us have been at William and Mary for a decade, more or less. But being absent has had one good effect, and that is, that on the return, one has a deeper love for his Alma Mater than before. As has been said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder;" and those who have been absent wish again for college days. There is a feeling worse than mere homesickness in the longing for another year at college. And may this be our feeling after we have left these old halls, perhaps never to return again!

As there has been only individual history until the present session, we cannot go back to our entrance in college, for each man absolutely refuses to divulge his past. Some of our members would like to bury the immediate past, but the deeds of this session are the deeds of a class, and therefore public property. That alone we shall make known in these pages. Although our members wish to forget the past, they hope to redeem themselves in the future, that the past may be consigned to absolute oblivion. But we shall not meddle with the future; we have one to picture that, and we should be infringing upon his rights if we attempted it.

We regret to have to record that two of our members were forced, by sickness, to withdraw from College. Our number was small before, but with C. L. Ebell and E. M. Terrell gone, we have a still smaller number. We can only express the hope that they can return another session to enlarge and strengthen another class.

We shall not linger to tell of the achievements of our members, for everyone knows that what a Senior cannot do is not worth doing. But we might mention, in hurrying on, that our class is represented in all branches of athletics, literary and society work, and college politics. Of course, it goes without saying that we excel in our classes, for otherwise we would not be Seniors.

We can name only one grind, and that, S. J. Williams. We let him serve as our example to lower classmen in that respect, and that is the only reason we allow him to overstudy. The rest of us take things as they come, and naturally they come easy, for we have said before, a Senior can accomplish all



things worth doing, and we now add to that statement the phrase "with ease." We make only one exception to the above statement—we will not say that even a Senior can get his degree "with ease." You can ask any one of the lordly A. M.'s if theirs came easy, and all will tell you that it is a great undertaking.

We refrain from naming our politicians, gas-bags and possessors of other vicious traits, for we have been too strongly urged upon at an executive session to withhold all such names. All would have gotten some place on the list, but it was voted down, because the class wanted no unfavorable influences brought to bear upon the higher powers, the dispensers of degrees, etc.

But we cannot refrain from referring to the "Echo Election" as witness to the truth of our statements. Some got the places they deserved, none got undeserved places, but some failed to get the places they deserved, possibly because others do not know them as well as we do.

We cannot omit mentioning one of our festive occasions,—that which took place during the holidays, when some of our class had an eggnog supper and smoker. On this occasion the majority, memory carrying them back to Sophomore experiences, hazed the minority, and then they turned their attention to the poor, innocent Sophomores. We hope that our festive boards in the future may be more orderly, as doubtless will be the case, for all A. M.'s, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps. will be religiously excluded.

The rest of our history is veiled in uncertainty. We can only say that we are laboring on, putting up all the bluff we can, and hoping to be lucky enough to land a sheepskin.

But whether we succeed or not, most of our number will doubtless not return. Four years of college life spent at old William and Mary will, however, make us cherish her historie lore, and ever bear in mind the inspiration given us at the shrine of our nation's history; and there will be a double bond of union between us,—first, that we were all students at old William and Mary, and, secondly, that we cherish the memory of the years spent together in the classroom and outside,—the years of youth, the happiest of life.

May the Class of '08 ever succeed, and may fortune at times bring us together while laboring on through the path of life, and may the hopes and longings aroused in youthful hearts blossom forth in reality, despite the blows of a relentless world! Though we may part and our paths of life may never bring us together again, let us still remember the faces and cherish the friendships of our classmates. And with this invocation, the historian's task is done.

HISTORIAN.

## Prophecy

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I AWOKE. It was morning, and cold as blazes. I rubbed my eyes to make sure they were open, flopped my arms to start the blood in circulation, and, with a yawn, climbed over the fence at the corner, where I had spent the night, and started off down the track. I was within a mile or so of a small railway station, and as I approached it, I heard the shrill whistle of a westbound freight. They were whistling down brakes, and I knew they were going to stop; so hurrying along, I hid myself in the thick underbrush which lined each side of the track, and as the freight rolled in sight from around the bend and roared along in front of my hiding place, finally stopping before the station, I sprang up and prepared to nail her. I made a dash for a box car, whose side door was open. Placing my hands upon an iron bar, I vaulted in. The train, starting as I sprang, threw me backward with a thump, which nearly knocked me unconscious. Half dazed, I struggled to my feet, and as I did so a man rolled up from the corner, and with a terrified yell, started for the open door. He evidently thought I was the brakeman. He had reached the door and was about to leap from the freight, when I caught a front view of his face, and as I did so, I made a flying tackle for his knees and brought him down.

"Hello, Jess Ewell, old boy! Are you an ordained gentleman of leisure like myself?"

"Well, I'll be hanged! 'John Sharp' Williams! Give me your hand, old boy. Give me something to smoke. You have a mighty good-looking coat."

I glanced down at my new broadcloth coat and grinned as I thought of that minister back down the road who was quietly working in his garden as I passed along, and whose coat, which hung over the fence, I had carefully appropriated, leaving mine instead.

I reached into an inside pocket and to my delight pulled out half a dozen cigars.

"Cigars!" shrieked Jess. "The first I have seen for six months. I scarcely get a chance at anything but a cigarette. Exports too. Here; give me a match."

I did so, and a broad grin spread over the face of my old college chum as he drew in a mouthful of the smoke and then blew rings upward to the ceiling.

"Where did you get them, old chap?" said he, as he laid his hand affectionately upon my shoulder. I related to him my adventure of the coat. Before I had finished, he broke into a loud roar, shaking his head and slapping his knees in his laughter.

"What's the matter?" I cried, astonished.

"Do you know who that minister was?"

"No, and I don't care."

"That was old Bismarek Frank."

I felt my conscience smite me, and wiped a tear from my eyelid.

Jess laid both hands upon my shoulders consolingly, and said in his feminine voice: "Cheer up, old chap; the parish will vote him another one."

So I cheered up, for I smelt chicken, and was hungry.

"Come on, Jess! I smell chicken. Where have you got it?"

The smile grew radiant upon my old chum's face as he said, "Come on, old boy; they are as fat as butter." And they were. I seized upon a drumstick and began gnawing ravenously.

"Where did you get them, Jess?"

"The gift of a farmer," he smiled.

"Oh! Jess, old boy, I fear you have been up to your old tricks."

He grinned.

"Do you remember old S. A. McDonald?"

"Yes," I managed to mutter.

"These chickens came from his poultry farm."

I tried to appear astonished, but was choked.

"Does he live around here?"

"Yes, he is married now, and is running a big poultry ranch down the road a little way. He found the poultry business so profitable while at college, he felt he could not give it up. I am glad he didn't; aren't you?"

Jess and I continued our conversation. He had found an old William and Mary Magazine in McDonald's yard when he swiped the chickens, and, thinking it would be good to start a fire with, had crammed it into his pocket. He had torn off most of the leaves, but the alumni notes were still in, and the following claimed our attention.

We quote from the magazine:

"H. G. Carter, '08, who has made a fortune from his oyster beds, and then, like Alexander, desiring new fields to conquer, organized a baseball team, which last summer won the world's championship. For the winter, however, Mr. Carter will attend to his large oyster business. We understand that he



will soon take an extensive trip West to complete the business details of several large contracts for supplying many western hotels with his Chesapeake Carter-selects."

"C. M. Hall, '08, ex-Governor of Nevada, is now making an active canvass of the State for the Senatorship."

"Professor H. P. Birekhead, '08, founder and president of the University of Hawaii, has recently been given a leave of absence on account of ill-health. After recuperating in the West, Professor Birekhead will pay his Alma Mater a visit."

"E. F. Shewmake, the famous Shakespearean actor, who has had many successful seasons in New York and London, has gotten together the best troupe in the world and will make an extensive tour of the West. He promises to come East and give a play for the benefit of the COLONIAL ECHO."

We had just finished reading of our classmates when the engine gave a series of loud shrieks, and the train slowed down. I knew we were approaching some town of importance. We both arose and erept stealthily towards the open door of the box ear and peeped out to ascertain the lay of the land. We were in the midst of a great city, and as we looked, the train came nearly to a standstill. I heard some one say "Reno, Nevada," and I instinctively felt for my purse. It was gone. I saw Jess conveying something into his hip pocket which resembled it greatly. I was about to lay hold of him when the faces of two trainmen appeared at the opposite door. Jess saw them at the same instant.

"Good-bye, John Sharp, old boy; I am compelled to retreat. Reverence my memory."

He dropped to the ground with a laugh, and started down the track like a streak of greased lightning.

"My purse, my purse!" I cried, and made a leap after him, but failed. A rough hand had laid hold of my coat tail as I leaped, and I was for the moment a prisoner,—but only for a moment. Throwing back my arms and making another leap forward, I left my coat in my captor's hands, and dashed across the track, down one of the prominent streets of Reno—the two trainmen at my heels. On I flew, the number of my pursuers increasing at every step. The citizens were joining in the chase, thinking something terrible had happened. Some one halloed "Fire!" It was taken up by the crowd. I took it up and yelled as I ran "Fire! Fire!" The ruse saved me. I heard the clang-clang of the alarm bell, and then, in a few moments, the engines came tearing along. The crowd followed the engines, and I was saved,—but no!

Just as I turned into a side alley, I ran full tilt into something which felt like a stone wall. I went down in the dust and the wall went with me, and, worse still, on top of me.

I rubbed my eyes. Could I believe my senses? I was lying clasped in the strong embrace of a blue-coated policeman, who was none other than my old college chum, G. A. B. Dovell.

"Hi, 'Gab,' old boy! How are you living?"

"Well, I'll be hanged—John Williams! Where did you come from?"

"Oh, from the other end of Nowhere. A man like myself can hardly afford to tell a cop everything."

"Well, keep your past to yourself, and come on with me."

"Gab, old boy, you wouldn't pinch your classmate, would you?" I pleaded. I tried to work the soft game on him.

"No, I am taking you around to G. A.'s hotel."

I was infinitely relieved.

"You must be a tough nut, John Sharp. What have you been up to?"

Just then we rounded the corner, and entered the lobby of the finest hotel in Reno. As we entered, I caught a glimpse of a pompous, corpulent man descending the steps.

"Come here, G. A.," cried Gab.

"What in the deuce are you bringing that reprobate in here for, Gab? Take him to the lockup. He looks like he has served time before now."

Gab broke into a loud laugh. "G. A., don't you remember old John Williams, who was at college with us?"

"Certainly, but what has he got to do with that cuss you have there? Catch him, he is going to run," he cried, as he saw me step forward.

"No, I am not. G. A., won't you speak to a fellow? I am John Williams, or what's left of him."

"By George! I think you must be the remnant. But come on up stairs and get in some of my clothes. You haven't even a coat."

"What are you talking about, G. A.? A sleeve might do for my whole suit."

"Well, if you are so fastidious, my son, who is at William and Mary now, has some clothes upstairs that will just about fit you."

"Thank you, G. A.," I said, and followed him up the steps. When I came down, an hour later, clean and in a stylish suit, not even G. A. knew me, but I soon made myself known to him by telling him I was hungry.

"As usual," he muttered, but he couldn't daunt me, for I had asked for

many a meal before. He ordered the best in the house for me, and I feasted like a prince. Leaving the dining hall, I selected a choice Havana, and puffing away, I sat down to read the afternoon paper. In large headlines I saw that Edwin F. Shewmake would that night present the "Merchant of Venice," he himself acting the part of Shylock.

"Well, I'll have to bum a ticket to that," I muttered. Rising, I laid down the paper and commenced strolling around the lobby. I soon tired of this, and went out and stood upon the street. A large bus rolled up in front of the door, and several men and women stepped out. I thought that the voice and manner of the leader were familiar. So I followed the group to the register's desk, and when I saw the leader register E. F. Shewmake, I stepped up with extended hand, and made myself known to him. We had hardly begun our conversation about college days, when three men entered the lobby, evidently much elated. As we were leaning over the clerk's desk, it was an easy matter for us to read their names as they registered. Imagine our surprise when we found that they were S. A. McDonald, H. G. Carter, and my old travelling companion, Jess Ewell, who had undergone such a remarkable transformation, by using the contents of my purse, that I scarcely recognized him; and he did not have the faintest idea as to who I was. But Shewmake and I made ourselves known to them, and as soon as Jess recognized me, he gave me a wink. I took his hint for silence, and all of us went on laughing over reminiscences of college days.

I broke this round of pleasant talk by asking Mac how he happened to be in Reno.

"Well, I am killing two birds with one stone," said he. "I am closing several large contracts with hotels here for supplying them with poultry, and I also have a meeting of the State Democratic Committee to-morrow morning."

"Still up to your politics and chicken business, are you, Mac? And what are you doing, Carter?"

"This will tell you," he said, as he pulled from his pocket a copy of the college magazine, which I had already seen.

"What have you been doing, Jess?" I asked, giving him a wink.

"Oh, I have been travelling as a gentleman of leisure," he laughed. "But I expect to hang out my shingle here in Nevada. You know I graduated in law at the University of Virginia, but, owing to ill-health, my doctors advised me to rough it for awhile. I liked it so well, I kept it up for years. But I intend to settle down now."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen—one

in clerical garb, the other with the appearance of a distinguished lawyer. Through another door G. A. entered and called out, "Well, John, old boy, did you have enough to eat?"

Before I could answer, he turned and I heard him greet one of the strangers, "Well, Governor, what are the prospects? By the way, come up here. Here is some one you know."

The Governor stepped up, and I recognized my old college mate, Channing Hall, as he greeted me with the air of an accomplished politician—a trait which he had acquired during our college days. After speaking to all of us, he looked back and said, "Parson Bismarek, why are you standing so far off? Come up here, you know all of these fellows." The preacher stepped forward, and was immediately introduced to us all as old Bismarek Frank.

"Why are you honoring Reno with your presence, Bismarek?" asked "Boots" Shewmake.

I trembled in my shoes while awaiting his answer.

"For two reasons," he answered. My knees began to shake. Frank continued:

"First, to see about a call to a church in this city, and, secondly, to engage a detective to look up a coat containing valuable bonds. It was stolen from me by a hobo, who substituted his for mine."

I almost collapsed, but my old nerve returned to me, and I braced myself, confidently expecting discovery. At this moment Gab entered the lobby and advanced towards the group. G. A. introduced him to the crowd. Then Gab remarked:

"A queer case came up to the headquarters this evening. A trainman brought in a black broadcloth coat—all he could catch of a flying hobo. He found it contained valuable bonds made out in the name of one, Frank."

"They must be yours, Bismarek," remarked "Boots," laughing.

"They probably are," was the unexpected answer. "That is one reason for my being in Reno, as I told you before."

Gab was much surprised at this, but promised to take the proper means of identifying the coat. I was greatly relieved and laughed with the rest.

Hearing the door open, I turned and saw a scholarly-looking gentleman advance towards the desk. G. A. handed him a pen to register, and seeing him write the name, K. P. Birekhead, said, "May I inquire, sir, if you are an alumnus of William and Mary College?"

The gentleman looked astonished, and said, "Yes, I left there in '08, but why on earth do you ask me such a question?"

“Well, I left there in '08 myself, and one of my college mates was of your name.”

This led to a recognition, and G. A. introduced him to all the members of the group.

“Well, I’ll be Georced! This is a complete re-union, and such an accidental one too!” remarked the Governor. All expressed amazement at such an unusual event.

Just then supper was announced and G. A. insisted on every one having supper with him.

After a hearty meal, “Boots” arose and said, “Fellows, I am going to ’phone to the manager of the theatre and have a box reserved for you. I want you to see me act.”

After a pleasant smoke and a chat, we repaired to the theatre. As we were leaving the hotel G. A. said, “All of you are expected to come straight back from the theatre to-night, as we are going to have a class re-union in my hotel.”

We enjoyed the “Merchant of Venice,” especially the rendering of Shy-loek. The next day “Boots” was heralded in the Reno papers as the greatest actor of the twentieth century.

After the theatre, we retired to the hotel, and gathered around the festive board, our old president, Shewmake, presiding, and every one was in turn called upon to relate his experiences since leaving college.

I must confess I did not disclose all my career, and I am sure Jess upheld his youthful reputation for straying from the truth. At any rate, he said nothing of his last experience—the pocketbook episode.

Laughter and merriment over reminiscences of college days filled the night, and until the “wee, small hours,” the wine flowed freely.

PROPHET.



# Senior Class Poem

---

## I

Silently thinking over days of youth,  
Of pictured scenes from times that are no more,  
Of boyhood's stories, joyous and uncouth:  
I sat one night 'mid memories of yore.

## II

With recollections of life's sweetest dreams,  
Into the dark future I floated on;  
No sound, no voice, no slightest spreading gleams  
Recalled me from those misty realms unborn.

## III

Then back I swept to youth, those happy times  
When, like a wand'ring child, I strayed alone,  
Into the forest 'mid its rustie chimes  
To hear the mighty pines in swaying moan.

## IV

The winds unwearied rushing o'er their heads,  
A constant rhythm played with tireless beat  
Of boughs, while trampling through their mossy beds,  
I crushed the flow'rs that grew beneath my feet.

## V

The birds were singing all their sweetest songs  
To cheer the violets to gladness again.  
The dove, in kindest sympathy with wrongs,  
The little flowers suffered, moaned in pain.

## VI

No beauty will e'er lie within this world,  
My feet already weary grow, I thought.  
Its sights are tiresome, and fore'er unfurled  
The raptures men for ages vain have sought.

## VII

Upon the mossy couch, soothed by a breeze  
That shook the new May leaves, I fell asleep;  
And slept that freshest sleep beneath the trees:  
One course had nature made my hopes to keep.

VIII

At first, but peaceful slumbers did restore  
My form awearied. Soon began to rise  
A storm that grew e'en blacker till, no more  
Might Erebus compare unto those skies.

IX

The distant roar of thunder and bright flash  
Of lightning seemed to change my quiet doze  
Into a troubled sleep. A sudden clash!  
Before me stood a form of fairest pose.

X

A lady, 'twas, who knew no fear nor haste;  
She seemed so sad and turned with eyes ablaze,  
Which penetrated straight from soul so chaste  
Into the depths of mine which met her gaze.

XI

Her searching look then drew me quickly near.  
She spoke not loud but beckoned 'cross the way;  
I followed, still asleep, without a fear,  
Into a chasm beyond, where myst'ries lay.

XII

A light perceived we glimmering from afar;  
To this we came, beheld a castle gray,  
Immense in structure under one great star  
Which made the night appear as brightest day.

XIII

Its doors I entered, sounds of steps along  
Its corridors in going from the halls  
To others kept it ringing with talk and song  
That jarred, in truth, its roof and mighty walls.

XIV

Herein I saw the myst'ry dark of things,  
And came to know the world as other men.  
My lady said, "I'll stay till death that brings  
Us better light than lent to mortal ken."

XV

We left the castle, traced again our way  
Into the forest black where goblins dance;  
And idle children coming here to play  
Are held o'ernight by them in magic trance.



## XVI

I oped my eyes, the storm had passed away;  
 The day was bright; the birds all sang in glee,  
 For nature seemed ne'er before so gay  
 To one not launched upon the tossing sea.

## XVII

The flowers that I had the evening last  
 In anger stepped upon, now stood unbent;  
 I bowed and kissed, in recompense for past  
 Misdeeds, their faces with cruel footprints rent.

## XVIII

The sound that from the dale away, deep down  
 Of heavy stones, now free, now grinding low,  
 On one another rolling 'round and 'round,  
 Did fall upon my ears like music slow.

## XIX

The world is moving on belike, methought,  
 The idler also grows then tired at last.  
 The gleam of spires and towers graceful caught  
 My eyes and changed my gloom to gladness fast.

## XX

A longing filled my mind to reach this fair  
 And far-off haven making bright the view.  
 I rose; and 'fore me spread with blinding glare  
 A span of crystal waters tinted blue.

## XXI

The lake, a mirror to the dome of blue,  
 Was dotted o'er with tossing boats a-sail;  
 A sight which all my soul in rapture threw,  
 And made me long to feel the coming gale.

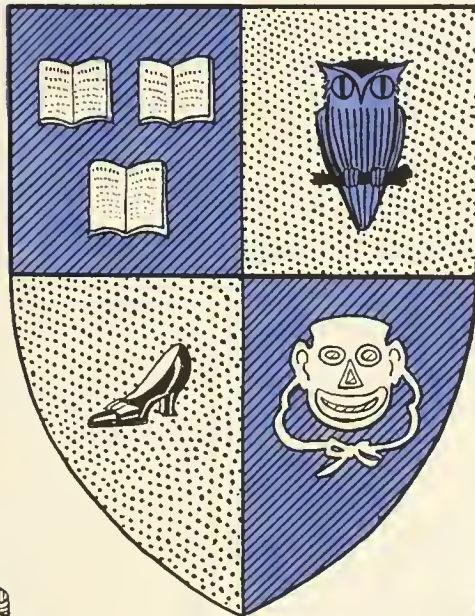
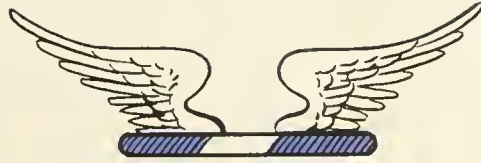
## XXII

A boat so near the shore was rocking there:  
 I put to sail, but soon upon the lake  
 The chilling freshness from the morning air  
 Began to make my light-clad body shake.

## XXIII

I woke! the lamp had left me in the dark:  
 Now through the shutters, rays the first so bright,  
 The rising sun gave forth. The morning lark  
 Did call me, singing songs for my delight.

POET.



JUNO-IORC-LAS-O-E-IGHT

# Junior Class

COLORS: Blue and Gray

FLOWER: Forget-us-Not

YELL: Oak, Hickory, Maple, Pine,  
Charge, Duck, buck the line,  
Junior Class, nineteen-nine!

## OFFICERS

H. P. WALL.....	PRESIDENT
J. L. HALL, JR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. McRAE.....	SECRETARY
J. C. FREEMAN.....	TREASURER
W. E. ROACH.....	HISTORIAN

## MEMBERS

J. H. BRENT, Heathsville, Va.	D. McRAE, Macon, Ga.
H. R. ETHERIDGE, Norfolk, Va.	R. M. PERKINS, Norfolk, Va.
J. C. FREEMAN, Arcola, Va.	W. E. ROACH, Glen Echo, Md.
J. L. HALL, JR., Williamsburg, Va.	D. D. SIZER, Saint Just, Va.
C. E. KOONTZ, Luray, Va.	S. R. WARNER, Dummsville, Va.
P. S. GILLIAM, Norfolk, Va.	H. P. WALL, South Hill, Va.
J. Y. MASON, Mason's Depot, Va.	J. S. WHITE, Warrenton, Va.

## History of the Class of 1909

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THE task of the historian, especially of him who must chronicle the happenings of his classmates at college, is both pleasant and difficult.

In years to come, when far from the dear old college, when widely separated from his classmates, and when memories of student life are but dim and shadowy, we hope this effort will give pleasure. It may be uninteresting to the reader who is not one of our number, but to him who is so privileged, it will bring fond recollections.

Three years ago, by ways that are devious and from many distant climes, we came to "Ye Ancient Capital." With hearts filled with thoughts of home, we became objects of attention to "the powers that be"—the wily Sophs. They, with undimmed ardor and unrelaxed vigilance, taught us to dance, to sing, and to whistle, and all other kindred accomplishments.

Time wore on; examinations were met and manfully vanquished; vacation came and in like manner passed away. Then we were Sophs. In lecture hall, literary assembly and on athletic field, we fought, and that right valiantly for the glory of the class and our Alma Mater. Nor were we uniformly unsuccessful, for when the present session opened, fourteen of the old class answered "Here."

Though some had, perforce, to remain far from the call of the old tower-bell, yet Georgia's tall and powerful son and Norfolk's "most refined man" appeared in due time. How we lorded it over the Sophs, and bowed in mock humility to the red-capped Senior! Through quiet dells, dark-pillared paths of the woods and bright, brown fields—not alone—we wandered. With tomes great and tomes small we wrestled until the Christmas truce. No clouds darkened the horizon; no signs of change were visible then.

Like the bolt from a clear summer sky, pain and sorrow were visited upon us. For in that time when men's hearts are gay and bright smiles illumine the faces of all, because of the coming of the Christ-child, the Father sent his visiting Death Angel and plucked from our midst our friend and fellow-student, Floyd Hughes, Jr. A true and sincere friend we have lost; a manly

and noble heart has ceased to throb; a voice strong and vigorous has been silenced. Through the many and varied duties of our daily life we go,

“But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

But now, ye classmates true, may we in time to come, recall with a sigh the days that have fled in which some of our little band have eagerly carried the Orange and White to victory, not on the miry gridiron alone, but also in the strife of the netted basket. Let us not forget the silver-tongued, who, wreathed in laurel, have upheld old '09 on the rostrum, nor those who, under the flare of the midnight torch, secured the power which enabled them to shout exultantly, “Veni, vidi, vici,” which, being liberally interpreted, “we came, we saw, we overcame.”

HISTORIAN.





JUNIOR CLASS





## In Thee

-----

Not that thine eyes, Asfel, are not more fair  
Than bright stars which other worlds imply:  
Nor do thy cheeks, less rosied, compare  
Than parting blushes smiled on Western sky:  
Not that the gentle zephyrs kiss thy hair  
And let entangled fairies freedom try:  
Nor rosebuds, gathered in the dewy air  
Are redder than thy lips, before they die:  
But for the heavens, they combined bring  
With all in one, to thee, Asfel, I sing,  
For love, though ever changing and though blind,  
Can every grace within thy sweet self find,  
Because that heaven doth in thee e'er dwell:  
For this, I love but thee, my fair Asfel.

G. A. B. DOVELL.



**SOPHOMORE**



**C L A S S**



SOPHOMORE CLASS

# Sophomore Class

MOTTO: From the Juniors, Independence; From the "Dues," Obedience

COLORS: Red and White

YELL: Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Yip! Yah! Yen!  
Sophomore, Sophomore!  
Nineteen Ten!

## OFFICERS

R. C. YOUNG.....	PRESIDENT
J. M. DAVIS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. L. SULFRIDGE.....	SECRETARY
T. F. WEST.....	HISTORIAN
A. R. KOONTZ.....	TREASURER

## MEMBERS

ATKINSON, D.....	Etna Mills, Va.
ARNOLD, G. P.....	Waverly, Va.
BARBER, S. M.....	Sharps, Va.
BLACKMORE, C. T.....	Hampton, Va.
BELL, C. C.....	South Norfolk, Va.
BEAR, F. H.....	Churchville, Va.
BEALE, J. D.....	Williamsburg, Va.
BOWDEN, F. J.....	Zuni, Va.
CAMPBELL, B.....	Bedford City, Va.
CRAWFORD, F. D.....	Reidsville, N. C.
CROSWELL, W. H.....	Gloucester Point, Va.
DOLD, D. M.....	Astoria, N. V.
DUVAL, J. D.....	Howardsville, Va.
EVANS, W. E., JR.....	Birmingham, Ala.
FENTRESS, J. H.....	Norfolk, Va.
GRAVES, F. E.....	Markerville, Va.
HALL, C. W.....	Berkley, Va.
HANKINS, C.....	Williamsburg, Va.
HURT, J. M.....	Blackstone, Va.
KOONTZ, A. R.....	Marksville, Va.
LEE, W. B., JR.....	Gloucester C. H., Va.
LEWIS, F. W.....	Wheaton, Va.
LOCKER, B. J.....	Glasgow, Va.
STONE, C. H.....	Richmond, Va.
STOVER, J. T.....	Churchville, Va.
TAYLOR, C. A.....	Urbanna, Va.
TERRELL, W. S.....	Ullainee, Va.
TOMPKINS, H. E.....	Guineys, Va.
TAYLOR, F. W.....	Lomax, Va.
TOPPING, J. W.....	Topping, Va.

## Sophomore Class History

---

**A**T the opening of the present session the Faculty re-classified the students; and, to our dismay, we found ourselves again enrolled as Sophomores.

But we do not feel that this title is degrading, nor has it in any way impaired our ability as students or as athletes.

With the average college man the prestige of a class is largely determined by the interest it takes in athletics; because it usually follows that if a class does not take part in that phase of college life, it does not care much about the reputation of its college.

The department in which the greatest interest is taken is that of football, and here we have not only been successful, but we have been honored with the captainship of next year's Varsity. C. A. Taylor is the honored hero. And with Hall skillfully passing the oval into the hands of our little quarterback, our team felt confident that it would carry the field amid the hardest knocks of our opponents.

In baseball it is needless to tell how "Kid" Lewis kept the spherical sluggers at sea on the diamond. However paradoxical this may seem, it is a fact that they could not begin to understand his scientific twirling. Although this season is just beginning, we feel sure that under his "guiding hand" the team will place another championship cup in our library.

We do not know who the other members of the team will be yet, but from present indications we believe that our class will be represented by V. L. Arnold and by our clever little fielder of last year—G. P. Arnold.

In literary society work all of our men are prominent, but we would call your attention to H. L. Sulfridge, C. C. Bell, R. C. Young and C. W. Hall, representing the Philomathean, and W. S. Ferrell, H. L. Tompkins and your historian, representing the Phoenix in the final celebrations.

O ye verdant Freshman! Dost thou not know that paddles can whistle, and canes can sting? Dost thou not know that thy greatest friends and admirers are the wicked Sophs.? Were it not for the fact that it hurts us more

to reprimand those we love than to be called to account for their misdoings, we should, ere this, have called to your attention the fact that your errors are many.

But the calico sport! Where is he? At his constant haunt.

Our history is now at a close. May we forget the disappointment we experienced when first we learned that our degree was one year farther off than we had anticipated, and think of the pleasure we shall have from being together one more year as a class before we hoist our sails to the breezes and steer our barques into the channel of life.

HISTORIAN.









# Freshman Class

MOTTO: Finis opus coronat  
(The end crowns the work)

COLORS: Light Green and Maroon

YELL: Hay! Hay! Ha!  
Hi! First! Rot!  
We, Freshies are,  
Of Naughty Eight!

SONG: "Everybody Works at My House"

## OFFICERS

T. G. JONES, JR.  
W. L. HOPKINS  
W. L. TONKIN  
W. W. COBB  
W. M. MINTER

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER  
HISTORIAN

## MEMBERS

ALLISON, H. A., Warrenton, Va.  
BAILEY, C., Hat Creek, Campbell Co., Va.  
BONNEY, A. W., Oceano, Va.  
BROOCKS, T. A., Chase City, Va.  
BURNETT, W. R., Willis, Floyd Co., Va.  
CAPPS, O. L., Pungo, Princess Anne Co., Va.  
CAPPS, J. E., Pungo, Princess Anne, Co., Va.  
CARTER, J. T., Minnville, Prince William Co., Va.  
COBB, W. W., Blackstone, Nottoway Co., Va.  
COHEN, W., New York City  
CORBIN, S., Sanford, Accomac Co., Va.  
CREEKMORE, T. L., Portsmouth, Va.  
DAVIS, S. L., Beantons, Caroline Co., Va.  
EWELL, N. M., Ruckersville, Greene Co., Va.  
FOX, H. P., Franktown, Northampton Co., Va.  
GARTH, J. E., Ivy Depot, Albemarle Co., Va.  
GRAY, R. P., JR., Signpine, Gloucester Co., Va.  
HEALEY, J. E., Streets, Middlesex Co., Va.

HOPKINS, W. L., Rocky Mount, Franklin Co., Va.  
HURST, N. B., Kilmarnock, Lancaster Co., Va.  
BRISTOW, F. M., Churchview, Middlesex Co., Va.  
JONES, T. G., JR., Urbanna, Middlesex Co., Va.  
LANE, R. W., Pedlar, Va.  
MINTER, V. M., Urbanna, Middlesex Co., Va.  
McCANDLISH, E. M., Saluda, Middlesex Co., Va.  
McLEAN, F. E. H., Portsmouth, Va.  
NEWBILL, J. W., Centre Cross, Essex Co., Va.  
NEWTON, B. T., Hague, Westmoreland Co., Va.  
PEATROSS, L. C., Norfolk, Va.  
QUICK, A. T., Lynchburg, Va.  
RAWLES, S. W., Holland, Nansemond Co., Va.  
SCHLOSSBERG, N. W., Portsmouth, Va.  
SEYMOUR, B. J., Warrenton, N. C.  
SNIPES, E. L., Zuni, Isle of Wight Co., Va.  
SIMMONS, F., Buchanan, Botetourt Co., Va.  
TAYLOR, G. C., Portsmouth, Va.  
THOMAS, G. W., Sterling, Loudoun Co., Va.  
THOMS, A. L., Egg Harbor City, New Jersey.  
TONKIN, W. L., Portsmouth, Va.  
UNRUH, J. G., Mundy Point, Northumberland Co., Va.  
YANCEY, F. E., Num, Va.

## Freshman Class History

IT is with a feeling akin to awe that I take up my pen to write this history. For if it be true that it requires careful study of the life and character of a man, especially if he be a great one, in order to be his biographer, then how fearful is the responsibility resting upon the person who attempts to record the deeds of fifty-three such men as compose the Freshman Class of 1908!

The men of this renowned class have the happy faculty of appearing in all places where glory is to be gained. On the gridiron we were ably represented by Schlossberg, Seymour, Thomas and Allison. Schlossberg is captain of the basket-ball team, and Garth and McClandish have also done good work there. Although it is too early to say who is going to play on the baseball team, yet, judging by the spirit already shown by this class in upholding the standing of our college, we feel justified in saying that we will also be well represented on the diamond.

We have a good many men who are doing good work in their respective literary societies. Let us hope that they are acquiring there a fluency in oratory and an experience in debate which may help them in the future, when they are Senators and Governors, as we feel sure at least some of them will be.

It would be unjust to omit from this history some mention of the good work done by some members of our class in that most important of college courses, viz., the pursuit of calico. The hearts of the fair damsels of Williamsburg have been sadly lacerated by Cupid's arrows, shot by the eyes of Messrs. Thoms, Yancey, Jones and Rawls—the last named being especially proficient in this warfare.

But there must be an end to all things. Father Time is speeding swiftly on his flight, and soon it will be time for us to disband. We look forward to that occasion with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain—pleasure when we think of the sweet companionship of friends and loved ones at home; pain when we realize that a great many of those whom we have learned to love will not return to our ranks next year, but will go out to take their places on the battle-ground of life. But, wherever we may be placed, or however far away we may wander, time shall deepen and render more hallowed the fond and tender memories that cluster around every thought of the college year of 1908.

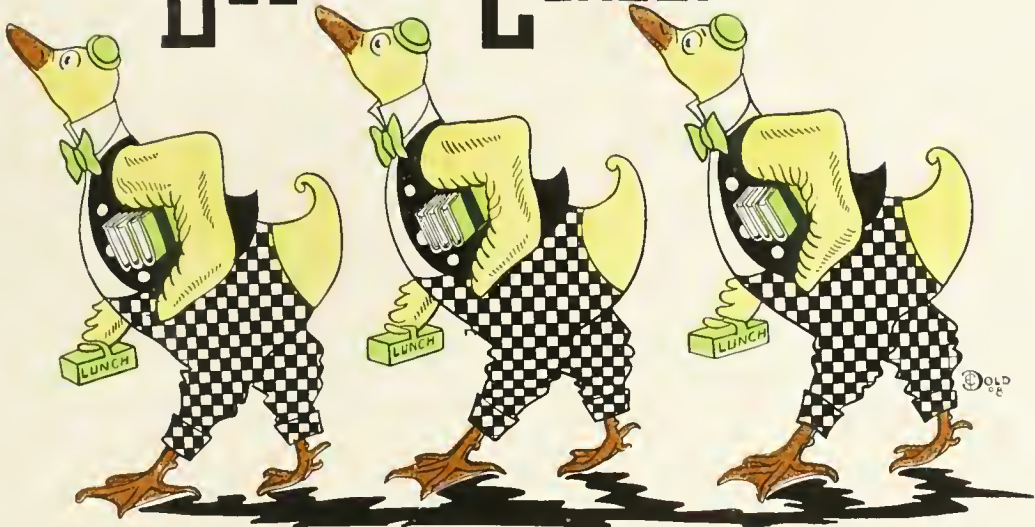
HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS



# DUC CLASS.



Motto: "Veni, vidi, vici"

Colors: Maroon and White

## OFFICERS

E. L. IVES.....	PRESIDENT
C. P. NEWBY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
G. B. BYRD.....	SECRETARY
E. P. SEVERANCE.....	TREASURER
B. T. PAYNE.....	} HISTORIANS
G. S. KENNARD.....	

## MEMBERS

J. S. BERWIND.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. B. BYRD.....	Keller, Va.
GEO. E. BEALE.....	Williamsburg, Va.
BENJ. CRAMPTON.....	Berryville, Va.
E. L. IVES.....	Norfolk, Va.
A. R. JEFFREYS.....	Chase City, Va.
G. S. KENNARD.....	Williamsburg, Va.
C. M. MAPP.....	Machepongo, Va.
A. W. MARTIN.....	Portsmouth, Va.
G. A. MUNDY.....	Barbersville, Va.
J. S. NEWCOMB.....	Gloucester, Va.
E. P. NEWBY.....	Elizabeth City, N. C.
B. T. PAYNE.....	Norfolk, Va.
W. T. POWERS.....	Front Royal, Va.
T. H. REAMS.....	Fort Deposit, Va.
L. L. SELF.....	Lone Oak, Va.
H. G. SPENCER, JR.....	Williamsburg, Va.
E. P. SEVERANCE.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.





SECOND YEAR SUB-COLLEGIATE CLASS

## Second Year Sub-Collegiate Class History

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AS the members of this class have conferred upon me the honor of Historian, I will endeavor, as a member of the class, to do them justice in the writing of the history, as well as in the recording of the parts that the members take in the different phases of college life. As Mother Earth wakes from her sleep and sends forth her blades of grass and flowers, and as the trees send forth their blossoming buds to answer the call of spring, so we too, at the call of God and man, have awakened from our thoughtless sleep, and, realizing our duty to self and fellow-men, we are putting forth our best efforts to perform it well. We, the blossoming buds of the great tree of learning, give promise, by the tender care of our Alma Mater, of soon turning to ripened fruit; and, like the Seniors, we shall some day go forth into the world to be a blessing to our fellow-men.

Our class is not as well represented in athletics as some of the other classes, but although we may not turn out many great athletes now, we hope to put forth, next year, some men that will speak well for our class and bring honor to our institution.

We were ably represented on the gridiron last season by R. Bruce Barber, the fast end on the 'Varsity. He is also our star representative in baseball and track athletics. Others of our class who have distinguished themselves in this phase of college life are Messrs. Byrd and Burwind. The last named has a reputation for cross-country running.

It must be remembered that, while we have not yet achieved so many honors in college affairs, it is safe to prophesy that we have the material for real, live college men, as evidenced by the start that many of us have taken in Y. M. C. A., class room and literary society work. It is from our ranks that William and Mary must draw chiefly to get her upper classmen in the not far distant future.

May this short sketch suffice for our history now, and as time moves on and we draw nearer to our promised goal, we shall let you hear more of us.

HISTORIAN.





Colors: F. H. Green and P. L. White

MOTTO: Opcremus fideliter et superabimus

YELL: Skiddaddle—daddle—dedaddle—do;  
 Here comes a paddle, ducs  
 For—You—You—You!

**OFFICERS**

- |                                       |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| R. T. McDONALD.....                   | PRESIDENT OF NORMAL DEPARTMENT     |
| R. B. JACKSON.....                    | PRESIDENT OF COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT |
| L. L. SELF, B. MANLY.....             | VICE-PRESIDENTS                    |
| P. L. WHITE, T. W. BENNETT.....       | SECRETARIES                        |
| E. A. HODGSON, F. C. GRANBERRY.....   | TREASURERS                         |
| M. M. MALONEY, J. C. SCARBOROUGH..... | HISTORIANS                         |

MEMBERS

BARKSDALE, J. P.	Hinton, W. Va.
BENNETT, THOS. W.	Philadelphia, Pa.
BRADLEY, E. R.	Rosbury, Va.
BARROW, THOS., JR.	Smithfield, Va.
CAREY, S. B.	Gloucester County, Va.
CLEMENTS, J. D.	Ordinary, Va.
COBB, B. E.	Blackstone, Va.
DIRICKSON, C.	Berlin, Md.
DUNN, R. E.	Free Union, Va.
EAMES, M. H.	Oak, New Kent County, Va.
EASTWOOD, R. A.	Norfolk, Va.
EWELL, R. A.	Ruckersville, Greene County, Va.
GRANBERRY, WM. C.	Atlanta, Ga.
IVES, W. M.	Hickory, Va.
JACKSON, R. B.	Keswick, Va.
JENNINGS, W. R.	Camp, Va.
JOHNSON, S. W.	Sandy Ford, Va.
JOYNES, H. S.	Norfolk, Va.
LONG, CHAS. H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
MANLY, B.	Norfolk, Va.
MAYNARD, E. W.	Magruder, York County, Va.
NEBLETT, W. H.	Kinderwood, Va.
PHILLIPS, J. T.	Suffolk, Va.
REED, J. W.	Hybla, King William County, Va.
SCARBOROUGH, J. C.	Washington, D. C.
SELEHADDIN, C.	Constantinople, Turkey.
SHACKLEFORD, F. T.	Severn, Gloucester County, Va.
SPENCER, D. B.	Williamsburg, Va.
SQUIRES, G. B.	Williamsburg, Va.
SKINNER, W.	Norfolk, Va.
TALLAFERRO, P.	Gloucester Point, Va.
TILLAGE, N. H.	Crab, Va.
TOWNSEND, W. W.	Warner, Va.
TORREGROSA, M. F.	Carolina, Porto Rico
TRIGG, T. P.	Abingdon, Va.
TRIGG, W. W.	Abingdon, Va.
WINFREE, H. L.	Swoope, Va.
WILSON, W. W.	Ferguson Wharf, Va.
WHITE, J. T.	Ivy Depot, Va.



FIRST YEAR SUB-COLLEGIATE CLASS



## First Year Sub-Collegiate Class History

---

**B**UT a short time ago there drifted into "Ye Ancient Capital" a disorderly horde of beings who took up their abode in the College of William and Mary. Such a heterogeneous mass has never before been seen, and our much respected superiors affixed to us that obnoxious sobriquet known as "dues."

That air of importance which we possessed when we first landed here was very soon taken out of us by perhaps a little too constant association with us on the part of the Sophomores.

We may lack a little of that humility, subservience, obedience, and meekness which should be possessed by beings of our name, but when we realize that several of the best men on our football team were from our distinguished class, and that many of the most promising aspirants for the baseball team hail from our number, then it is very obvious that we do figure in the affairs of our college.

As Y. M. C. A. workers we are very energetic, and fully one-fourth of its number comes from our class. On the basket-ball team we had one representative; and the second team was composed almost entirely of "dues," which fact reflects all the more credit on our class, because we have been here sufficiently long to know that upon the second team falls most of the credit for a successful Varsity.

In that most important aim of college life, namely, to shine in the class room, we are undoubtedly as well represented as in other places, and we venture to offer a speculation to the effect that our class will capture as many honors in that line as other classes when finals are upon us.

Now if the historian has failed in his allotted duty, then, kind readers, you must attribute it to his inexperience.

HISTORIAN.

# Coming! Coming!!

## DR. JACK DAVIS

Has consented to give his famous course of Lectures on **Political Methods**

He will be assisted by Political Boss

## W. L. HOPKINS,

Made famous by his campaign in the Phoenix Final Election in March, 1908.

## HON. "BEAU" HAZLIP

Has consented to give us a Song on the occasion . . .

*DR. DAVIS has consented to give his Lectures solely for love of his Alma Mater and for the best interests of students who have*

### POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

#### WHAT OTHERS SAY.

"He has helped me put through many schemes which would have otherwise proved failures."  
—Ex-Pres. T. F. WEST, Jr.

"He has defeated some of my most carefully laid-out plans."—Sen. G. A. DOVELL.

"We shall find him a shrewd contriver."  
—SHAKESPEARE.

"I knew he would upset the world when I turned him loose in it."—Dr. BRUNCK.

#### NOTICE.

**I**N these bloody times when *liberum veto* prevails in the House of Lords, and the people are crying for better rule and more freedom, I have decided to take the government in my own hands and declare martial law throughout the land. T. J. STUBBS, Com.-in-Chief.

## Nothing Like It

At the earnest request of my many friends and admirers, I have agreed to sing : : : : :

AT CAMERON HALL

ON

TUESDAY EVE., JUNE 23

My voice is equally as soft and sweet as it was when I starred in the

Squeedunk Animal Whoop  
Comedy Company

Signed, E. L. IVES

"His voice sounds like the approach of ill omens."—GOTTSCHALK.

"I never heard an angry bull carry on worse."—PADEREWSKI.

"His high C sounds like someone unloading tin cans, stove pipe and cast iron on the dump."—SARAH BERNHARDT.

"I feel sorry for any man with such an awful affliction."—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

**F**OUND—One large pair of a girl's soft blue eyes. Am using same until owner calls for them; will be willing then to make them mine for life. S. J. MONTGOMERY.

**L**OST—My appetite. C. A. TAYLOR.

**L**OST—While on a sail, a good, square meal. H. G. CARTER.

**L**OST—While holding a full house, a whole nickel on a jack-pot. PETE HURST.

**L**OST—My self-respect. SELF.



## “Lest We Forget”

---

Nation, doth thou care what other days may bring;  
Whether freedom reign or tyranny be king?  
Retrace the servile steps thy sires have taken,  
And view the empires and thrones they have shaken!  
Hast thou not more from heav'n and more to make thee stay  
Than they who groped along and fought to find their way?  
Cans't thou forget so soon their gifts and noble deeds,  
When battles rage, and most of all thy spirit needs  
Their never dying faith and force to brave the fight  
Which thou must ere long wage for freedom and for right?  
Dost thou not know thyself the shining spire which rose  
Through ceaseless rising o'er thy mighty foreign foes?  
E'en though thy passing age be fill'd with moil and fears—  
Cans't not their spirits guide thee thru thy future years?  
Ah, yes! their sacred souls can never pass away,  
But ever live as though they lived but yesterday.  
And storms that sound their noise will cease—each angry roar  
Wilt mellow down in peaceful breeze, until it soar  
Like sweetest words of Siren's song and sound afar,  
Into our ears; and when the Heaven's gate's ajar,  
The soft and balmy air that thick with hate above  
Wilt crystallize in time with drops of purest love;  
And where the sky, now dim with gathering haze and hard  
Wilt clear away to show the smiling face of God.

GAIUS L. HADDON JOHNSON.

## Mr. Singleton's Vote

---

Y OU'SE beat, Mistah Singleton,—deed yuh is. I have heered some tawk sence I come tuh town dis mawnin', an' dey got yuh. Hit's de fus' time, Mistah Singleton; but, but dey got yuh now,—”

“But, Brer Curry,—”

“Nemmine, yuh lis'en tuh me; dey gwine make yuh cheermun oh de meetin' an' tie you' han's fuh sho'.”

It was County Convention Day in one of the counties in what was known as the “Black Belt” of Virginia, and the county seat was crowded with politicians of a sable hue. The object of the convention was to elect a delegate to the Congressional Convention in Petersburg, the largest town in the district; and two patriotic citizens were discussing the chance of one of them for election. Bob Singleton had never missed a State or District Convention of his party since he became a voter, although numerous schemes had been set on foot to defeat him at different times. As was his custom he was now a candidate. Among his numerous henchmen in the county none did more effective work than Abe Curry. Abe had been with “Mistah” Singleton in every fight, and victory in many instances had been due to his efforts, both on the stump and off. It was said of Abe that he had a list of voters in his county, and he could tell at a glance just what inducement each man required in order to vote right when the time came.

Now Abe had just finished a tour of inspection for Singleton, and had returned with the discouraging news that his boss was a loser. Curry was no pessimist. It is not characteristic of his race, and racial instincts and inclinations were exceedingly strong in him. Singleton's fences were in bad shape sure enough; and, while Curry knew, yet he was too shrewd a politician and too much of a friend to his chieftain to tell him the reason. The cause of the trouble was this: Mr. Singleton had married a wife,—a second wife, and this in spite of the admonitions of his friends and self-constituted advisers, who, like old Nokomis, had warned him against “taking a wife” from a strange tribe. After the marriage all might have been forgiven, but the new Mrs. Singleton was an inveterate gossip, and had made much trouble in the settlement in which she lived. The consequence was that Mr. Singleton's political horizon became clouded.

The delegates gathered thick and fast, and Mr. Singleton was kept busy

bowing to the right and to the left; but it was noticeable that few of his old-time friends remained in his neighborhood any length of time. Presently Bob motioned to his lieutenant and together they sauntered around back of the jail. Picking out a friendly angle formed by the intersection of the jail wall and a line fence, they went into close conference.

"Brer Curry," said Singleton seriously,— "we jes' got tuh win dis fight. Hyuh I ben in politicks sence de War, an' dey ain't downed me wunst. I's a' ol' bird, I is; an' I ain't gwine tuh let no cock-sparrers beat me in dis convenshun. Hit's two hon's 'fo' we meets, an',—Brer Curry,—" looking around cautiously and producing a roll of bills of modest proportions from his pocket,— "see how fur dat'll go. 'Co'se, I ain't sayin' do nothin' wroug,—but, —Brer Curry, we—we—we—we *gottuh* win dis fight."

For the next two hours "Brer" Curry was perniciously active. Few indeed were the delegates that he did not see personally; but as thorough as was his canvass and as forceful as were his interviews, he saw that his old friend was in danger and would have an uphill fight. He went back disconsolately to Singleton.

"Mistah Singleton, I's 'fraid we's goners dis time. Yuh'd be s'prised at de men dat's gone back on yuh. Why, sah, I was a-passin' by Cicero Cyarter, an' I says, 'Cicero, I want tuh see yuh.' An' what yuh s'pose he said? He says, 'I'm sorry, Brer Curry, but I've ben sawn.'"

"Dat's all right, Brer Curry, yuh's chicken-hearted sometimes. Jes' watch me. In de fus' place dis convenshun ain't gwine meet at twelve 'clock. De County Cheerman done had one too many drinks ob gin, an' tuh save his life he cain't git over it twel one 'clock; den I'll be ready fuh 'em."

"Yuh is all right, Mistah Singleton, but dey got de votes; how yuh gwine git 'em away f'om 'em?"

Mr. Singleton slowly winked one eye and stroked his whiskers in true Machiavelian fashion.

"Brer Curry, dey thinks dey got me beat' an' dey's stopped wukkin'. Dar's whar I got 'em whar de hyar's short. I'm gwine beat 'em, sah, an' dey ain't gwine know 'bout it twel hit's too late tuh mend it. Now, dat's a parable."

Sure enough the convention did not meet until one o'clock. The body consisted of forty-four members made up of delegates selected from the four magisterial districts into which the county was divided. Of the nine delegates from Zion District Mr. Singleton was one. A few minutes after one o'clock the party chairman of the county, Moses Weston, rapped his gavel and called the meet-



ing to order. His opening remarks were brief and rather disconnected. He said:

“Feller citizens, I’s a leetle sleepy dis mawnin’. I ben tuh a lawn party. Me an’ Brer Singleton,—”

He felt a sharp pull at his coat tails and sat down. Daniel Deronda Johnson, who realized Weston’s condition, rose to the occasion and announced the object of the meeting.

“I’ll hyuh nominashuns fuh perm’nent cheerman.”

Marcus Bender, a gingerbread darky, rose in his place and solemnly nominated Mr. Singleton. This came as a surprise to the Singleton forces, because Bender was opposing him bitterly; and Singleton’s friends knew what a power he was on the floor when the ballot was being taken. His persuasiveness had raked many an election out of the ashes, so to speak. Ephraim Matthews nodded frantically to Singleton not to take it. A dozen of his supporters started towards him, but before they could reach him the vote was put, and he was declared elected, the chairman of the convention. He strode majestically to the rostrum and took up the gavel. It was unnecessary to use that implement of parliamentary warfare. The crowd was all attention.

“Feller citizens, I’m hyuh tuh ack, not tuh tawk. I ain’t much of a tawker nohow, an’ den a residin’ officer ain’t got no bizness sayin’ nothin’ twel the time come. We is hyuh to seleck a delegate dat goes tuh Petersburg tuh seleck a Corngressman dat goes tuh Washin’ton tuh run a gub-ment dat could git ’long ’dout any ob us. All we want is a free ballot an’ a fyar count. I’ll hyuh nominashuns fuh delegate.”

“I nominates Robert Singleton, Esquire,” said Brer Curry.

“I skind de motion,” cried a dozen voices.

“I places in nominashun de name ob Mister Isaiah Pickett,” said another.

“I sekinds de motion,” yelled Bender; an’ I perpose three cheers fuh Mister Pickett.”

A round of cheers was given with such a will that poor Mr. Singleton’s chances seemed gone altogether.

The roll call proceeded. The call had not progressed far before it was evident that Pickett had the lead. This lead he maintained from start to finish; and, although it worried Mr. Singleton’s supporters, it did not affect that gentleman in the least. He listened to the monotonous call with studied patience, and once or twice he almost smiled. His noble bearing in defeat was



a great consolation to his followers. When the last name had been called and the secretary was adding up the result there was a mighty silence in the room. Finally the secretary, as if hesitating to wound the chairman's feelings, whispered the result to him hoarsely:

"Pickett, 22; Singleton, 21."

A howl went up from Pickett's supporters, who already knew the result. They jeered at Singleton's men. The great politician was at last conquered. Somebody had "belled the cat." It took several minutes to restore order, although the chairman seemed perfectly willing to let the crowd have its fling. After a while, however, Singleton began to pound with his gavel,—

"Order, order, gent'men. Let the cheermun read the result ob de ballot; 'tain't been legally 'nounced yit. I fin' the ballot stan's, Pickett, 22; Singleton, 21——"

"Dat's right," yelled a delegate,—"sho' it do; three cheers fuh Mister Pickett."

"Mistah Pickett 'pears tuh be 'lected; but hol' on. As a delegate f'om Zion Deestriect I ain't voted. I has a vote as sich, an' I casts dat vote fuh Mistah Singleton. Dar, I done tied it. Now, as cheermun ob dis meetin' I also has a vote in case ob a tie, an' I votes as cheermun fuh Mistah Singleton. Dar, I don ontied it. An' I 'cordin'ly declar's Mistah Robert Singleton duly 'lected delegate tuh rep'sent dis county in the convenshun at Petersbu'g. De meetin' stan's 'journd."

JOHN WEYMOUTH.





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ALUMNI



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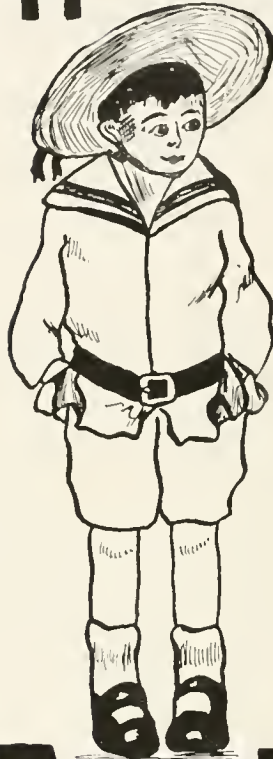
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## Elaine

---

Out of the fabric of forgotten years,  
Wrought into breathing being from the time  
Of Arthur's table round; telling the eline  
Of England's feudal past, Maiden of Tears;  
Sweet is the plaintive music to dulled ears,  
When the melodious master of all rhyme  
Sings thy clear song, soft as a vesper chime,  
Over the fields where Astolat heavenward rears.

Not unto thee, O Daughter of Lost Love,  
Was the blest boon of love returned to thee;  
And love in hopelessness must ever be  
Thy herald still. And it is this does move  
In me a sad accord as hope departs—  
Ours the sweet commune of mutual hearts.

C. O. FERGUSON, JR.

LITERARY

SOCIETIES





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## The Springtide

We hail Thee, gentle Springtime,  
As o'er the hills ye creep,  
Calling the birds and flowers,  
Out from their winter sleep;  
Filling the land with sunshine,  
Driving dull cares away,  
Oh! what can be more glorious,  
Than a beautiful, bright, spring day?

And oh! what a joy it is to be out,  
With your lover down by the river,  
Where Cupid is hid, while playing the scout,  
Armed with a bow and his quiver;  
And oh! what fun, when your hearts beat as one,  
And she's promised to be yours forever,  
You feel you have won as others have done,  
While strolling along by the river.

Thus, many have come and many have gone,  
With the flow of this beautiful river,  
Here, many have won and many have lost,  
Without having stopped to consider,  
That Dan is the boy so shy and so coy,  
Armed with his bow and his quiver,  
Who blindly shoots darts at fond lovers' hearts,  
As they stroll alone by the river.

BILL WHEEDLE.





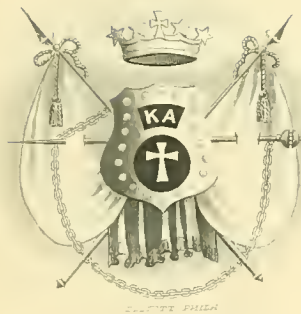
## Phi Beta Kappa Society

THE old Phi Beta Kappa Society was founded at William and Mary, December 5, 1776. Its first period of existence was five years. In 1781, the war came to the Virginia Peninsula, the college closed its doors, and the boys of Phi Beta Kappa gave their archives and arcana into the hands of the college steward. The Society slumbered peacefully here till 1819; the papers disappeared, lay in private hands for many years, then fell into the keeping of the Virginia Historical Society, which returned them to this chapter in 1893.

In the year just named, Colonel William Lamb revived the Society. The faculty were initiated, and a new era of prosperity began. Since then, about a hundred and fifty members have been initiated. For its size, the Alpha of Virginia is one of the strongest chapters, including, as it does, many of the most distinguished scholars and *littérateurs* of Virginia.

Most of the members thus far have been quasi-honorary, that is, men of reputation not educated at William and Mary. Recently, however, young alumni have been elected, and will prove worthy of the honor bestowed upon them. To wear the Phi Beta Kappa key is regarded by William and Mary boys as a high and distinguished honor.





W. W. W. W. W.



# Kappa Alpha Fraternity

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## 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*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.  
*Ni*—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas  
*Omicron*—University of Texas, Austin, Texas  
*Pi*—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.  
*Sigma*—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.  
*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*—Central University of Kentucky, 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 Zeta*—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.  
*Alpha Eta*—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.  
*Alpha Theta*—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.  
*Alpha Kappa*—University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.  
*Alpha Lambda*—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.  
*Alpha Mu*—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.  
*Alpha Nu*—The George Washington University, Washington, D. C.  
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*Alpha Sigma*—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.  
*Alpha Tau*—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.  
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*Alpha Phi*—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.  
*Alpha Omega*—N. C. A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.  
*Beta Alpha*—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.  
*Beta Beta*—Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.  
*Beta Gamma*—College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.  
*Beta Delta*—Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky.  
*Beta Epsilon*—Delaware College, Newark, Del.  
*Beta Zeta*—University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.  
*Beta Eta*—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.  
*Beta Theta*—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.  
*Beta Iota*—Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

# Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865

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## ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

COLORS OF THE ORDER: Crimson and Old Gold

FLOWERS: Magnolia and Red Rose

Established in 1890

CHAPTER FLOWER: Violet

YELL—Ka-Kappa!  
Ka-Alpha!  
Alpha Zeta!  
Kappa Alpha!

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KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY



# Kappa Alpha Fraternity

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*Zeta*—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

*Eta*—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

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*Nu*—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

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*Rho*—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

*Sigma*—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

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*Phi*—Roanoke College, Roanoke, Va.

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*Psi*—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Ga.

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# Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded 1868 at the University of Virginia

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Established 1871

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold

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T. PRESTON TRIGG  
WILLIAM W. TRIGG

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\*Deceased.

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S. S. HUGHES  
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- 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
- Alumnus Lambda*—Opelika, Alabama
- Alumnus Mu*—Fort Smith, Arkansas
- Alumnus Nu*—Birmingham, Alabama
- Alumnus Xi*—Lynchburg, Virginia
- Alumnus Omicron*—Spartanburg, South Carolina
- Alumnus Pi*—Gainesville, Georgia





# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

## ACTIVE CHAPTERS

*Beta*—University of Alabama, University, Ala.  
*Gamma*—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.  
*Delta*—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.  
*Eta*—Randolph Macon College, Ashland, Va.  
*Theta*—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.  
*Iota*—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.  
*Zeta*—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.  
*Kappa*—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.  
*Lambda*—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.  
*Mu*—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.  
*Nu*—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.  
*Xi*—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.  
*Pi*—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.  
*Sigma*—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.  
*Tau*—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.  
*Upsilon*—Hampton-Sidney College, Hampton-Sidney, Va.  
*Phi*—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.  
*Chi*—Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind.  
*Psi*—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.  
*Omega*—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.  
*Alpha Alpha*—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.  
*Alpha Beta*—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.  
*Alpha Gamma*—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.  
*Alpha Delta*—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.  
*Alpha Epsilon*—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.  
*Alpha Zeta*—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
*Alpha Eta*—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.  
*Alpha Theta*—Southern Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn.  
*Alpha Kappa*—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.  
*Alpha Lambda*—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.  
*Alpha Mu*—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.  
*Alpha Nu*—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.  
*Alpha Pi*—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.  
*Alpha Rho*—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.  
*Alpha Sigma*—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.  
*Alpha Tau*—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.  
*Alpha Upsilon*—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.  
*Alpha Phi*—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.  
*Alpha Chi*—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.  
*Alpha Psi*—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.  
*Alpha Omega*—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.  
*Beta Alpha*—Brown University, Providence, R. I.  
*Beta Beta*—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.  
*Beta Gamma*—Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.  
*Beta Delta*—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.  
*Beta Epsilon*—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.  
*Beta Zeta*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford University, Cal.  
*Beta Eta*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.  
*Beta Theta*—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.  
*Beta Iota*—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.  
*Beta Kappa*—New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.  
*Beta Lambda*—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.  
*Beta Mu*—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.  
*Beta Nu*—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.  
*Beta Xi*—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.  
*Beta Omicron*—University of Denver, University Park, Col.  
*Beta Pi*—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.  
*Beta Rho*—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.  
*Beta Sigma*—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.  
*Beta Tau*—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.  
*Beta Upsilon*—North Carolina A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.  
*Beta Phi*—Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.  
*Beta Chi*—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.  
*Beta Psi*—University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.  
*Beta Omega*—Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col.  
*Gamma Alpha*—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.  
*Gamma Beta*—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.  
*Gamma Gamma*—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.  
*Gamma Delta*—Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.  
*Gamma Epsilon*—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.  
*Gamma Zeta*—New York University, New York, N. Y.  
*Gamma Eta*—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.  
*Gamma Theta*—University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.  
*Gamma Iota*—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.  
*Gamma Kappa*—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.  
*Eta Prime*—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

## NU CHAPTER

University of Bologna, 1400

University of Virginia, 1869

Colors: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

Flower: Lily of the Valley

### FRATRES IN FACULTATE

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

JAMES S. WILSON, PH. D.

JOHN TYLER, M. A.

GEORGE O. FERGUSON, JR., B. A.

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JOHN POWELL BARKSDALE

WILLIAM BYRD LEE, JR.

GEORGE BENTLEY BYRD

FRANK WARING LEWIS, JR.

SAMUEL BEVERLY CARY

BAILEY JETT LOCHER

WHITFIELD COHEN

AUSTIN TUNIS QUICK, JR.

JACK MARYE DAVIS

HOWARD GREGORY SPENCER, JR.

WILLIAM EDWARD EVANS, JR.

JACK CONLEY SCARBOROUGH

THOMAS FENDAL WEST, JR.

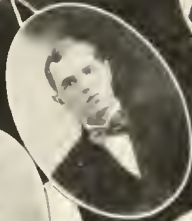
### FRATRES IN URBE

GEORGE JACKSON DURFEY

HUGH MERCER

THOMAS PEACHY SPENCER

NU CHAPTER.





# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

Boston, Massachusetts	Danville, Illinois
Buffalo, New York	Indianapolis, Indiana
Ithaca, New York	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
New York, New York	Fort Smith, Arkansas
Danville, Virginia	Kansas City, Missouri
Lynchburg, Virginia	Little Rock, Arkansas
Norfolk, Virginia	Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Richmond, Virginia	St. Louis, Missouri
Washington, District of Columbia	Jackson, Mississippi
Concord, North Carolina	New Orleans, Louisiana
Durham, North Carolina	Ruston, Louisiana
Kingston, North Carolina	Vicksburg, Mississippi
Wilmington, North Carolina	Waco, Texas
Atlanta, Georgia	Yazoo City, Mississippi
Birmingham, Alabama	Denver, Colorado
Mobile, Alabama	Salt Lake City, Utah
Savannah, Georgia	Los Angeles, California
Chattanooga, Tennessee	San Francisco, California
Covington, Tennessee	Portland, Oregon
Jackson, Tennessee	Seattle, Washington
Memphis, Tennessee	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Nashville, Tennessee	Newport News, Virginia
Louisville, Tennessee	Scranton, Pennsylvania
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	Montgomery, Alabama
Chicago, Illinois	Columbus, Ohio
	Texarkana, Texas and Arkansas





# Theta Delta Chi Fraternity

## ACTIVE CHAPTERS

- Beta*—Cornell University, 1870  
*Gamma Deuteron*—University of Michigan, 1889  
*Delta Deuteron*—University of California, 1900  
*Epsilon*—College of William and Mary, 1853  
*Zeta*—Brown University, 1853  
*Zeta Deuteron*—McGill University, 1901  
*Eta*—Bowdoin University, 1854  
*Eta Deuteron*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1903  
*Iota*—Harvard University, 1856  
*Iota Deuteron*—Williams College, 1891  
*Kappa*—Tufts College, 1856  
*Lambda*—Boston University, 1877  
*Mu Deuteron*—Amherst College, 1885  
*Nu Deuteron*—Lehigh University, 1884  
*Xi*—Hobart College, 1857  
*Omicron Deuteron*—Dartmouth College, 1869  
*Pi Deuteron*—College of the City of New York, 1881  
*Rho Deuteron*—Columbia University, 1883  
*Sigma Deuteron*—University of Wisconsin, 1895  
*Tau Deuteron*—University of Minnesota, 1895  
*Phi*—Lafayette College, 1867  
*Chi*—University of Rochester, 1867  
*Chi Deuteron*—George Washington University, 1896  
*Psi*—Hamilton College, 1868  
*Theta Deuteron*—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1906

# Theta Delta Chi Fraternity

Founded at Union College, 1848

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COLORS: Black, White, and Blue

FLOWER: Red Carnation

Yell: Ziprik! Ziprik!

Hi! Ki! Si!

Epsilon! Epsilon!

Theta Delta Chi!

## EPSILON CHARGE

Established 1853

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

DUNCAN McRAE, '09

SOL W. RAWLS, '10

HERBERT S. JOYNES, '10

AMOS R. KOONTZ, '10

PAUL E. SEVERANCE, '11

RUSSELL V. SHUMADINE, '10

ALEXANDER W. MARTIN, '11

SELDEX R. WARNER, '09

HARRY G. CARTER, '08

CHARLIE A. TAYLOR, JR., '09



SELVIN K. WARNER



HERBERT JONES



HINKLE G. CARTER



DUANE M. RAE



ARIS K. RUNTZ



SOL W. RAWLS



CHAS. A. TAYLOR JR.



PAUL E. SEVERANCE



ALEXANDER W. HUNT II



RUSSELL S. SPANG D.N.



EPSILON OF  $\Theta \Delta X$



# Theta Delta Chi Fraternity

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## GRADUATE ASSOCIATIONS

New England Association, Boston, Mass., 1884  
New York Graduate Association, New York, 1856  
Southern Graduate Association, Washington, D. C., 1887  
Central Graduate Association, Chicago, Ill., 1890  
Buffalo Graduate Association, Buffalo, N. Y., 1891  
New York Graduate Club, New York, 1896  
Pacific Association, Berkeley, Cal., 1897  
Rhode Island Alumni Association, 1898  
Haverhill Theta Delta Chi Association, Haverhill, Mass., 1900  
Western Pennsylvania Association, 1903  
Southern California Graduate Association, 1903  
Ohio Graduate Association  
Rochester Graduate Association  
Central New York Graduate Association  
Kansas City Graduate Association, 1907  
Minnesota Association, 1900  
The Theta Delta Chi Association, Montreal, Canada, 1907

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

*Beta Graduate Association*, 1890  
*Gamma Deuteron Association*, 1899  
*Delta Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1903  
*Epsilon Alumni Association*, 1904  
*Zeta—Rhode Island Alumni Association*, 1898  
*Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1902  
*Eta—Charge House Corporation*, 1901  
*Eta Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1904  
*Theta Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1906  
*Iota Graduate Association*, 1902  
*Theta Delta Chi Association of Williams College*, 1906  
*Kappa Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity Corporation*, 1883  
*Lambda Graduate Association*, 1899  
*Mu Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1901  
*Ni Charge of Theta Delta Chi Corporation*, 1907  
*Omicron Deuteron Alumni Association*  
*Pi Deuteron Graduate Association*, 1906  
*Rho Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1903  
*Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1903  
*Tau Deuteron Alumni Association*, 1900  
*Phi Alumni Association*, 1904  
*Chi Alumni Association*, 1902  
*Chi Deuteron Graduate Association*, 1901  
*Psi Alumni Association*





# Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Founded at Richmond College, 1899

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## FOUNDERS

CARTER A. JENKINS, Goldsboro, N. C.  
BENJ. D. GAW, Stuart's Draft, Va.  
W. HUGH CARTER, Chase City, Va.  
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Stuart's Draft, Va.  
THOMAS T. WRIGHT, Ruther Glen, Va.  
WILLIAM L. PHILLIPS, Newark, N. J.

## ACTIVE CHAPTERS

*Alpha*—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.  
*Gamma*—Roanoke College, Salem, Va.  
*Delta*—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.  
*Epsilon*—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.  
*Zeta*—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.  
*Eta*—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.  
*Beta Alpha*—University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.  
*Gamma Beta*—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.  
*Delta Alpha*—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.  
*Delta Beta*—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.  
*Delta Gamma*—Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.  
*Delta Delta*—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.  
*Epsilon Alpha*—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.  
*Eta Beta*—North Carolina A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.  
*Theta Alpha*—Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.  
*Theta Beta*—Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.  
*Iota Alpha*—Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind.  
*Kappa Alpha*—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.  
*Lambda Alpha*—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.  
*Gamma Gamma*—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.  
*Mu Alpha*—Delaware College, Newark, Del.  
*Nu Alpha*—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.  
*Theta Gamma*—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.  
*Zeta Alpha*—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.  
*Delta Epsilon*—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.  
*Epsilon Alpha*—Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.  
*Zeta Beta*—South Carolina State College, Columbia, S. C.  
*Theta*—Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

# Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

COLORS: Purple and Red

FLOWERS: American Beauty and Violet

## DELTA CHAPTER

Established 1903

FLOWER: Red Rose

YELL: Sic-a-lac-a, Sic-a-lac-a!

Sic-a-lac-a, sun!

Sigma Phi—Sigma Phi Epsilon!

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

G. L. HADDON JOHNSON  
VIRGINIUS L. ARNOLD  
FRANCIS ELLIOTT H. MCLEAN  
GEORGE C. TAYLOR  
GEORGE P. ARNOLD  
JOSEPH B. GALE  
JOHN Y. MASON  
STANLEY W. BARBER

W. BRUCE BARBER  
HENRY L. SAVEDGE  
O. GRANT ROPER  
GEORGE W. THOMAS  
THOMAS L. CREEKMORE  
C. PRESTON NEWBY  
BASIL E. STRODE  
JOHN W. PENDLETON

DELTA

ΣΦΕ



SIGMA PHI EPSILON

# Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

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## ALUMNI CHAPTERS

*Alpha*—Richmond, Virginia

*Beta*—Norfolk, Virginia

*Gamma*—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Vi*—Chicago, Illinois

*Epsilon*—New York City

*Eta*—Washington, District of Columbia

*Zeta*—Atlanta, Georgia

*Pi*—Springfield, Ohio

*Kappa*—Syracuse, New York



## ECHO ELECTION

Most Eloquent Speaker.	Dovell, G. A. ....	Johnson, G. L. H. .	Wall, H. P.
Most Popular Man. ....	Koontz, C. E. ....	Dovell, G. A. ....	McDonald, S. A.
Most Intellectual Man. .	Lindsley, L. C. ....	McRae, D. ....	Freeman, J. C.
Best All-around Man. . .	Dovell, G. A. ....	Dovell, G. A. B. . .	Koontz, C. E.
Best Football Player. . .	Joynes, H. S. ....	Dovell, G. A. ....	Fuerstine, W.
Best Baseball Player. . .	Lewis, F. W. ....	Joynes, H. S. ....	Garth, J. F.
Handsomest Man. ....	Perkins, R. M. . . .	Wall, H. P. ....	Haislip, S. L.
Ideal Professor. ....	Wilson, J. S. ....	Ritchie, J. W. ....	Hall, J. L.
Best Poet. ....	Lindsley, L. C. ....	Shewmake, E. F. . .	Dovell, G. A. B.
Best Prose Writer. ....	Lindsley, L. C. ....	Johnson, G. L. H. .	Hall, C. M.
Pessimist. ....	Roach, W. E. ....	Williams, J. S. . . .	Collier
Biggest Wire Puller. ....	Hopkins, W. L. . . .	Dovell, G. A. ....	Terrell, A. L.
Most Refined Man. ....	Perkins, R. M. ....	Koontz, C. E. ....	Shewmake, E. F.
Most Awkward Man. . . .	Patterson, J. L. . . .	Collier. ....	Self
Calico Sport. ....	Yancey, F. E. ....	Thoms, A. L. ....	Torregrosa, M. F.
Misogynist. ....	Blackmore, C. T. . . .	Fletcher, H. H. . . .	Manly, B.
Most Intelligent Man. . .	Lindsley, L. C. ....	Shewmake, E. F. . .	Young, H. H.
The Grind. ....	Fletcher, H. H. ....	Williams, J. S. . . .	Simmons
Gormand. ....	Selehaddin, C. . . .	Warner, S. R. ....	Taylor, C. A.
The Greenest Man. ....	Wessells, H. W. . . .	Montcastle. ....	Green
Biggest Liar. ....	Selehaddin, C. ....	Ewell, J. ....	Dovell, G. A.
Gas Bag. ....	Ewell, J. ....	Dovell, G. A. ....	Wall, H. P.
Biggest Bluff. ....	Wall, H. P. ....	Roach, W. E. ....	Dovell, G. A.
Biggest Loafer. ....	Arnold, V. L. ....	McRae, D. ....	Wicks, C. W.
Busiest Man. ....	Young, H. H. ....	Koontz, C. E. ....	McRae, D.
"It". ....	Newby, C. P. ....	Wall, H. P. ....	Arnold, V. L.
Most Reliable Man. ....	Koontz, C. E. ....	Perkins, R. M. . . .	Young, H. H.
Biggest 'Bacco Bummer.	Williams, J. S. . . .	Arnold, V. L. ....	Haislip, L. L.

# Y. M. C. A.

## OFFICERS

C. E. KOONTZ  
D. D. SIZER  
A. R. KOONTZ  
R. M. PERKINS  
W. B. LEE, JR.

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
TREASURER  
RECORDING SECRETARY  
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

## CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

H. P. FOX, Bible  
C. C. BELL, Missionary  
F. E. YANCEY, Hall  
J. T. CARTER, Sick  
W. S. TERRELL, Membership  
R. C. YOUNG, Delegation

## FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE

DR. C. E. BISHOP



## History of the Y. M. C. A.

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THE Young Men's Christian Association was instituted in the College of William and Mary in 1888. At first, there were no quarters in which regular meetings could be held, but, aided by the townspeople, especially by a certain organization of ladies, the association secured a room. The meetings were held here for some years. When the Taliaferro Building was completed, the college set aside a room in the Ewell Building for the especial use of the Y. M. C. A. This room was used until, upon completion of the Gymnasium, we moved into our present commodious quarters.

It is hardly necessary to say that, since the institution of the Y. M. C. A. in this college, the moral tone has steadily advanced and that the standards of right have been raised. The men have taken more interest in religious affairs and have come to realize, very forcibly, that the manhood of Christian men is greater than that of those who follow the dictates of powers not Christ-like.

A reception was given on the evening of September 24th, at which the new students were fully informed as to the different phases of college activity and especially of the claims of the Y. M. C. A. Speeches were made by members of the faculty, of the town clergy, of the alumni and of the student body. The ladies of Williamsburg aided the organization materially to make this a successful affair. To every one who aided in any way whatsoever, our congratulations are extended for the pleasant evening which was spent by the students. Without this coöperation, it would have been a flat failure.

The Bible Classes were organized, early in the session, under Mr. Ebell, the chairman of the Bible study committee. They have been doing good work and are sources of inspiration to many of the students.

Dr. D. W. Weatherford, International Student Secretary, visited the college during the month of February and gave us nearly a week of his time. He and Mr. C. C. McNeil, the state secretary for college work, instilled renewed vigor into the Y. M. C. A., and, as a direct result, seventy-five new men were enrolled in Bible study classes. Groups were organized in the fraternity hall- and private boarding houses.

The regular weekly meetings of the association, in past sessions, were held on Sunday afternoon, but for many and varied reasons the interest in and attendance upon these meetings was not as great as could be expected. It was

decided to hold the meetings this year on Tuesday night and to limit them to a thirty minutes' service. This change has proved highly beneficial; more students finding it convenient to attend, and to take an intelligent interest in the services.

Dr. Hall, dean of the faculty, Dr. Bishop, the faculty representative and many other professors have, from time to time, delivered strong and helpful addresses. The clergy of the town churches have very willingly seconded our efforts and have given churchly and spiritual talks before the association. That these addresses and talks have been highly appreciated, we need not say, for without the aid of these loyal friends the work would be hopelessly hampered.

In connection with the regular Tuesday evening services, there have been four special ones. Mr. L. A. Coulter, State Secretary, visited the college during the month of November. He held two services, for students, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall and on Sunday evening, November 17th, a service, to which the general public was invited, at which he discussed the history, aims and growth of the association. Many persons in the audience learned, for the first time, what the work of the Y. M. C. A. really stands for, and what strides the association has made since it was founded by Sir George Williams.

Mr. Shepperson, of the Richmond Theological Seminary, presented the claims of the Ministry of God, in a very forceful and convincing manner, to the students on the evening of February 2nd.

A series of meetings looking toward the deepening of the spiritual life through prayer and service was held under Y. M. C. A. auspices by the Rev. Mr. Merritt, pastor of the Methodist Church. The most beneficial special meeting held during the present term was conducted by Dr. D. W. Weatherford. He delivered a series of three addresses which engaged the attention of nearly every student in college and has benefited many of the boys in a very signal manner.

Mr. C. C. Bell, chairman of the Mission study committee, has organized several mission study classes and has placed competent and enthusiastic men in charge of them. The different phases of mission activity are presented and the fields in which missionaries are endeavoring to break the night of heathen darkness are studied. The men bring in reports on assigned subjects; the subjects being such as to show clearly the needs of the field; its capacities for development; the modes of work pursued and the results, both direct and indirect. The men enrolled in this department claim that they would have known but very little in regard to missions if the groups had not been organized.

The association conference held at Asheville, N. C., last summer was

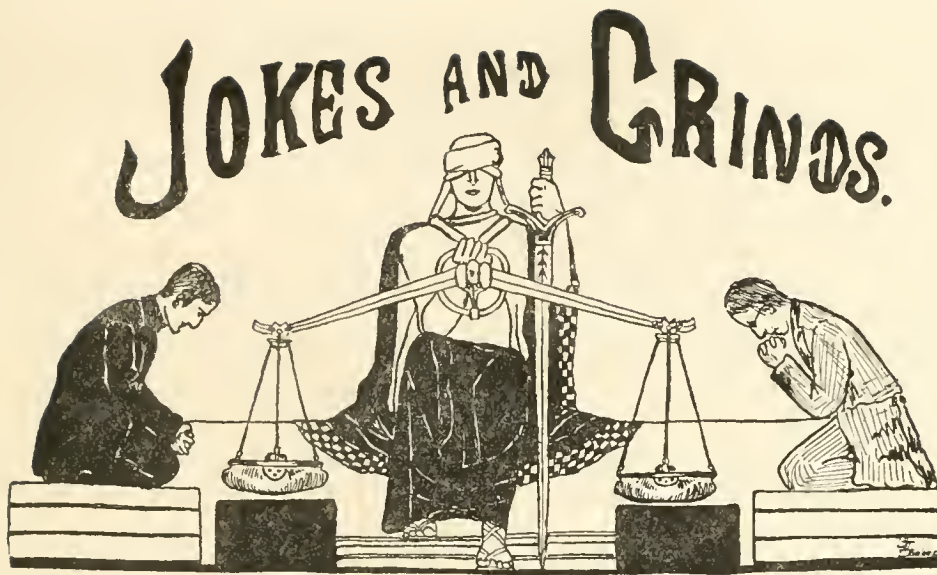
very enjoyable and instructive. Our delegates, Messrs. C. C. Bell and A. R. Koontz, reported in a very enthusiastic vein. That they were benefited by the conference is evident by the vigorous and intelligent way in which they are doing their Y. M. C. A. work this year.

Messrs. H. P. Fox, W. B. Lee, Jr., J. G. Unruh, A. R. Koontz, and A. H. Thoms represented William and Mary at the convention held in Lynchburg. The hospitable reception and the tone of spirituality which marked this meeting were especially commented upon. We feel that they will use the knowledge gained at that time to good advantage here.

We believe that the good-natured rivalry between the different college delegations which prevails at the Asheville conference is very pleasant. The atmosphere of Christian fellowship and of spirituality which exists there makes a deep and permanent impression on every one who attends this convention. Every man in college would be benefited very materially by attending the Asheville conference this year; but since every one cannot go, a delegation consisting of at least five men must represent Old William and Mary. The president of the Y. M. C. A. feels that we can send such a delegation and asks that every student give to this object his hearty coöperation.

The Young Men's Christian Association, being a non-denominational organization, can and does claim the allegiance of every Christian man in college. Each man, no matter what his church preference may be, should take an active part in its work, in so far as he may be able. The growth of the association has been marvelous. In 1841, there were but twelve members, whereas to-day it numbers hundreds of thousands of men and boys of every race, nationality and condition. The light of the Gospel is carried by consecrated workers to inaccessible mining and lumbering camps, crowded centers of population in Europe, and the student centers of India. There is hardly a nation which cannot boast that the Y. M. C. A. is working in its midst. This is the direct result of "Personal contact, united prayer, and the study of the Bible."





## APTLY QUOTED

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“Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to the vice of lying.”—Jesse Ewell.

“Three score and ten I can remember well.”—“Beau” Haizlip.

“I am no orator as Brutus is.”—Tom West.

“Impartial are our eyes and ears.”—Faculty.

“One who lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with.”—S. A. McDonald.

“Now Jove, in his next supply of hair, send thee a beard.”—Jesse Ewell.

“The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic.”—G. A. B. Dovell.

“A brain of feathers.”—Hopkins.

“Thou art too wild, too rude, too bold of voice.”—Patterson.

“He says a vast deal of nothing.”—C. C. Bell.



"In truth, he is but an infant wearing trousers."—S. I. Davis.

"There is nothing ever happened I don't know."—Prof. Ferguson.

"He was so fresh, the tender blades of grass  
Grew green with envy as he chanced to pass."—Taliaferro.

"The light that lies in woman's eyes  
Hath proved my heart's undoing."—Shewmake.

"I'm a chestnut from way back, there's hayseed in my hair."—R. T. McDonald.

"O ye gods! how I hate to hear him sing."—Stone.

"Pray God, he proves not as mean as he looks."—Brent.

"Learned and venerably dull."—S. R. Warner.

"He was in logie a great critic,  
"Profoundly skilled in analytic."—Prof. Ferguson.

"Old-gold hair, polka-dot face, and very green ways."—"Beau" Haizlip.

"Mine own face often draws me to the glass."—Freeman.

"Two lovely berries moulded on the stem."—Barksdale and Jackson.

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."—Yancey.

"See! who comes here? A country lad."—D. D. Sizer.

"Greater men than I may have lived, but I do not believe it."—L. C. Lindsley.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"—F. D. Crawford.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."—H. P. Wall.

"If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me; I had it from my father."  
—"Parson" Roach.

"While we are examining into everything, we often find truth where we least expect it."—H. G. Carter.

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."—H. P. Wall.

"I know thou art religious and hast a thing within thee called conscience."  
—G. A. Dovell.

"Alas! the love of women! It is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing."  
—H. H. Young.

"Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?"—Patterson to Dovell, McDonald and Carter.

"Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled."—A. L. Terrell.

"Love thyself last."—V. L. Arnold.

"That unlettered, small-knowing soul."—Patterson.

"A man severe he was, and stern to view."—Dr. Stubbs.

"I am not in the roll of common men."—Henry Billups.

Newby had been failing egregiously in his favorite class, Psychology. Prof. Bennett became angry, and broke out:

"Mr. Newby, I have always heard that fish is a great brain food; and I would advise you, sir, to eat a whale."

R. T. McDonald's tailor had failed to make the breeches which he had ordered, so he went to H. P. Wall and asked him if legal action could be taken, and, if so, upon what grounds.

"Certainly, certainly," Wall assured him; "they are breeches of promise."

Lindsley's veracity had been doubted, at which he became justly angry. "I'll have you know that I belong to William and Mary," said he.

"Indeed!" was the answer, "who would have thought it! From the way you've been speaking one would think William and Mary belongs to you."

"The office should seek the man, you know," said the political reformer.

"That's all right," replied Jack Davis, the avowed aspirant for orator's place at Finals, "but I gave it a fair chance, and it appeared diffident."

## “To Music”

---

Imperial Goddess of the silver flute,  
O fair Enchantress of the mystic song!  
We listen to thy tones, our tongues are mute,  
Our souls are carried with thy voice along  
Amid infinite meadows, purling streams  
Go rippling over pebbles, making sound  
Of sweetest music; then from out our dreams  
Of joy and Heaven to the lower ground  
Thou leadest us and to our listening ears  
Thou pourest some sad tale of love and woe;  
There comes the sound of sobs and falling tears,  
Some story of a love of long ago;  
Imperial Goddess of the silver flute,  
For very wonder, every tongue is mute.

L. C. LINDSLEY.

## The Train That Never Returned

---

**E**IGHT years ago Hugh McCulloch said good-bye to one of the sweetest mothers and kindest fathers that a boy could wish to have. He was going away from a home where only the best and purest influences had played a part in his life; he was leaving one of those ideal country homes where a boy bathes in the brightest sunlight, breathes the purest air, and develops the mind that some day guides the ship of state. He was going off to college where he would meet with every temptation that comes to a young man; where he would have his own battles to fight, his own victories to win, and his own defeats to suffer. No longer would mother and father be near to chide him, to defend his cause, and to keep him always in the straight and narrow way. It was the idol of a mother's and the pride of a father's heart, that was thus being exposed to the attacks of a selfish and sinful world. Would he resist and become a man, or would he be led away by the sins that do so easily beset?

The answer came, and it came like a crash to two proud and hopeful hearts. The same question is being answered every day all around us. The question: Does it pay to keep a boy away from the temptations of the world, when he must some day live alone in the midst of fiercest kinds?

Hugh's intentions were no doubt good, and he started out in the proper way, but the glaring light of the things which proved his undoing were more than he could resist. Before their mighty influence he forgot what his parting promise was to the girl who had always known his every thought. His perfect manners, good tastes, affable disposition, and handsome face won for him an enviable position, and swept him on to a vanity that quite overleaped itself. In his vain pursuits and idle show he more than lost sight of the true purpose that had brought him hither. He drifted from bad to worse; and before the session closed the faculty requested him to withdraw. He complied with their request, but he could not go home and face the grieved ones there, for his conscience hurt him, and he realized too late what a stigma he had placed in the way of his parents' good name. He also knew that along with the kind and easy disposition of his father there was a stern and cold side also, and that he would never be man enough to meet him when the latent elements of that disposition rose up against him. He was out in the world alone and far from any one who cared for him; perhaps he even forgot that a mother's prayers were daily going up to God to spare her only boy. And that a sweetheart's brightest hopes had been crushed to earth.

His were great hopes when he left the country for college. He had planned to study diligently and become a great man; to some day be a learned and competent lawyer; he had talked of his future to Constance Leachman, and she had with no little interest listened to him. If he could only see her now, he would perhaps know better what to do. He would tell her how the gay side of college life had swept him off his feet, how he had neglected his work, and how he dreaded going home. She had always helped him; why couldn't she help him now? He blushed as he thought of what going back meant. For he could never do that, and he had little money, and no means of obtaining more. He resolved to start for somewhere the next day; he didn't care where, he only wanted it to be far from any place he had ever been, and where no one who had known him would ever hear of Hugh McCulloch again.

He walked over to his window; and, looking out into the treacherous world, shuddered as he thought of the morrow and his aimless leap. If he might only go home and make a new start! There was something in the breath of spring, tainted though it was by memories from the recent past, that made him wish to be back in the old country home in the bygone days when home was a hallowed spot and not a place to dread. The hour was fast approaching that no longer brought pleasure to his soul, the hour when the long evening shadows change into the purple night.

To-morrow would find him on his way to the West. He would get a ticket as far as his money could take him, and would there do anything that he could for a living.

His mother and father had written him to come home, that they were willing to help him, and anxious to have him with them once more; but it only increased his misery, and made him more melancholy, to think how much he had already humbled their pride and blighted their hopes. No, he would go where his waywardness could bring them no further sorrow.

The next day found him on his way to Hadley, where he would change cars for the great Western Railroad, which would take him to San Dahomey, the end of his journey. As he stepped from the cars at Hadley he looked squarely into the eyes of Constance Leachman; the surprise was mutual, but the encounter was more than McCulloch had anticipated; he blushed at facing a friend of his brighter days; and what made the trial even harder for him, was the calm, cool manner in which she received him.

It seemed that Constance was going to a quiet little watering-place about ninety miles from Hadley, and was waiting for the same train on which Hugh would leave.

During the few minutes they had to wait before the great Express came tearing in, they indulged in a more or less personal conversation; just what one might have expected from two persons who had known each other as long as they had. Constance could not help but look sympathetically into the face she had so often admiringly surveyed, while Hugh told her his sad story. She tried to act indifferently, but when she saw the heavy lines on his brow, the quiver on his lips, and the rosy hue all gone from his cheek, she could not help but feel tenderly towards the man she had once loved so well.

“Hugh McCulloch,” she said, “you have almost made me wish that I would never see you again. Is it possible that you have no more manhood in you than you have shown? I once thought you were going to be a man that the world would be pleased with, and I would be proud to call my friend; and now you have thrown it all away. I wonder if it is the disappointment to you that it is to your friends?”

Just then the whistle blew, announcing the approach of their train to the station. In the hurry to get aboard, Hugh escaped the necessity of having to answer the query that Constance had placed. But her words had penetrated deep into his mind; he could not soon forget them; they would come to him in many a sad and lonely hour in the future.

He helped her into the train, and they found a place where they might sit together, and spend the last two hours of their companionship undisturbed. Hugh’s heart rose up in his throat and gave a tingle to his words, so evident that he refrained from speaking for some minutes. While his eyes feasted on the vision in white by his side, she was intently gazing out of the window, her hands clasped, with the brightest brown eyes that ever sparkled beneath a forehead of Pentelican whiteness, dark brown and waving hair gathered less in curls than masses about her neck.

As the minutes fled by Hugh felt that some powerful demon was rolling him far out of the world that was once so sweet to him; that the time had now come when his heart had to be laid bare before a most susceptible and cold-hearted humanity. Nature seemed only mockingly beautiful. The long rays of the sinking sun sent their penetrating glances through the realms of space; they even dared to touch the hem of her garment, and to steal through her waving hair and make it seem darker than it really was.

Turning to him, she said, “What a gorgeous afternoon! Can one help admiring it, Hugh?”

“Don’t remind me of that,” he said; “think how unhappy I will be when



I am far away toward the west, where no one knows me, cares for me, or even wishes me well."

"O Hugh, you are only going home, aren't you?" was her hasty reply.

"I am going on a long, long journey, Constance. I have made a failure of everything I ever undertook; I have lost the esteem of my friends; I am no longer a welcome guest where I was once so wont to find myself; no, home bears its slings and arrows for me now. What can I do? where can I go? Without means, without friends, and without a home, I am a castaway on the face of the earth. God alone knows where I am going, or what will become of me. But it can be no harm for me to tell you now, since in a few minutes you will have reached the end of your journey, that my thoughts of you will be my only happy moments, and I shall always think of you and love you with all my heart." And taking from his fingers his only piece of jewelry, a seal ring, he asks, "Will you take this, and think of the giver sometimes?"

"Yes, I will do that, Hugh. I am sorry you are running away like this; you will regret it some day. But you have one friend left, and you may depend on her; she believes you can make a man of yourself yet, and she wants to hear of you as a great man some day; don't disappoint her. This is my station; good-bye, Hugh, you had better go home."

Hugh followed her to the platform, and saw her disappear through the door of the great depot. Then he strolled slowly back into the car, and to the seat where they had spent their last happy moments together. His thoughts ran back into the past when he had held her in his arms, and sworn to be her champion through life. Yes, she was gone; but he could not, he would not, forget her; she formed about him an irresistible power of attraction. He would prove to her that her last words to him were correct; she would hear of him as a great man, and when fortune had smiled upon him he would come to her.

Constance had not grown cold to the love she once felt for Hugh McCulloch; it could easily be fanned from a feeble spark into a glowing flame once more. A mental image was ever before her. She could see a tall, handsome lad yet in his teens, with a most soldierly air, who, although very young, had all the *savoir-vivre* so commendable in man; this, tempered with perfect good taste, and accompanied by a most powerful physique, and no little talent, was the picture that Hugh presented when he left home; she preferred to remember him as he was then. He had written to her quite often since he left, and each time his letter was more hopeful than the preceding one.

Weeks, months, and two years roll by before Hugh leaves San Dahomey. He has done so well there that the government assigns him to a five years'



engagement in Mexico. It will be hard for him, as no furlough will be granted during the time; but the salary is large, and he will be independent when his release comes.

He has always remembered his parents since fortune began to favor him, and now they are especially glad since the time for his return is drawing near. This evening Constance Leachman is especially happy, for in a month Hugh will be home.

In a far distant land, in Mexico, an engineer is tossing on his bed, a terrible fever is fast burning out his life. His thoughts wander back to Old Virginia. God knows how he longs to be there. By his side are a few letters and a girl's photograph. For a little while he regains consciousness, and calling to the only friend into whose face he has looked for seven years, he says, "You have been true to me, Dick; we have shared our joys and sorrows together. I know I have only a few minutes to be with you; promise me one thing ere I go." And Dick, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, says:

"I promise."

"Dick, her last letter has not come yet, but I know she is still true; Dick, she is waiting for me, and I will answer a roll call far away to-night. Bury those things (pointing to the letters and pictures) with me. Take me back to Old Virginia and bury me in the soil that gave me birth. And, Dick, tell her my last thoughts were of her, and that I loved her to the end. O Dick! I can't stand to think that I have disappointed her. Will you try to soothe her if it breaks her noble heart? Good-bye, Dick, my faithful friend."

And there in the last hours of the afternoon, only one month before he is to return, his gallant comrade bends over and kisses him, and the last rays of the setting sun fall on the calm and peaceful face of Hugh McCulloch, lying dead.

Dick carries him back to Old Virginia, and places him beneath the soil he loved so well.

This evening Constance Leachman is watching the train go past, but not with her old-time brightness. You would not recognize the face. Underneath her black robe one can see, upon her dainty little hand, the gleam of a ring.

"If he had only lived," she softly says.

Silently she goes to the grave of her hero, and, kneeling at the marble shaft at his head, she whispers the one word, "Hugh." We found her there, and no one would dare say she was not happy, for the smile on her face told us that she was with Hugh and the angels, where there is no uncertainty to disappoint.

G. A. DOVELL.

## We Hear on Good Authority

---

That Selebaddin's "psychological misconception" has at last been found in C. P. Newby.

That an alumnus has deposited a reward of \$50 to go to the man that can tell what the Faculty will do next.

That Billups will hereafter require written statements from City Mayors as to the boozing ability of future applicants for his diplomas, as so many apply before sufficient experience has been had.

That Hopkins has already begun his campaign for Chairman of the Phoenix Executive Committee next session.

That V. L. Arnold intends to buy something to smoke on the day college closes.

That "Bean" Haizlip has rented six acres of college property to raise a crop of tobacco for his consumption next session.

That the students have voted Chapel as the most popular of college exercises.

# Wanted

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All my text-books with large print, and not much in them.—Dirickson.

A cure for curvature of the calf.—“Pots” Barksdale.

Something I don't think I can find in Williamsburg,—a girl just sweet sixteen.—“Diddle-Easy” Dold.

Patience enough to bluff the Faculty through one more year.—G. L. H. Johnson.

Three more twists of homespun, to last me through the day.—“Beau” Haizlip.

A man man enough to whip “Parson” Roach.—Study Hall Ducs.

A safe roost.—Williamsburg Fowls.

Applications for membership in the Boozology Club,—and statement as to preference between “The Bacchus Club” and “The Order of Milwaukee,” for name of the Club. ———, ———, ———, Committee.

A committee to make up a name for a number which can tell the age of the Williamsburg girls.

A sure cure for baldness.—H. G. Carter and R. T. McDonald.

To know why a man can't hold as much as he would like to eat.—Yancey. President Tyler's job.—Tom West.

An estimate of my brass in tous.—H. H. Young.

A boarding-house where they serve four meals a day.—Warner.

Another shirt, to match the only one I have.—Patterson.

Some arrangements to be made by which Study Hall will not interfere with my courting.—Shewmake.

To know why the Seniors do not tip their hats to me.—Scarborough.

To see a girl that can resist my winning ways.—“Morning-glory” Stone.

To see Bob Lee go down town so I can go in the Taliaferro.—Brent.

A chance to raise Cain.—Study Hall Ducs.

To know what part of the country produces grainless Cobbs.—Dr. Stubbs.

To know if any one is fool enough not to know my greatness.—Hurt.

Another good chance to say, “Hi, Pres.”—Jackson.

## To Her

---

'Tis not for thy fair face and dazzling eyes,  
Sweetheart, dear, I fain would remember thee;  
Nor for thy golden tresses falling free -  
In curls on thy white neck like wavy skies  
Covering silver peaks of dawn, as they rise;  
Nor yet thy matchless grace which seems to me  
Could charm the beauty gods to ecstasy,  
And bind their mystic realms with worldly ties;  
But 'tis that in thy tender heart abide  
Noblest virtues which tone my sinful soul;  
And as the stormy seas of life doth move,  
I glimpse a calm beyond the swelling tide,  
Which draws me nearer the eternal goal,  
Where nothing lives but sweetest, purest love.

*Gaius L. Haddon Johnson.*

A T H L -



E T I C S .



## Athletics

---

THE question is often asked why it is that colleges attach so much importance to athletics in general, and athletic contests in particular. Why is it that men, wearing upon their countenances the marks of many years, and often carrying gray hairs upon their heads, should resort to such childish things as ball games, track-running, etc., etc., to pass away so much precious time? Could not men add more to the financial and intellectual strength of our country if they would spend more time studying books and problems, and less to chasing each other up and down an athletic field? Perhaps they could; but no one can doubt that the future of our people depends largely on the way they preserve and develop the physical man. A few years of almost incessant study may bring to light the admirable and wonderful mind powers of some honest and ambitious student, or it may make him the pitiable victim of stupor and disease which blight his happiness and rob him ultimately of all that his once fertile mind had conceived and promised him.

Man must have physical training, open-air exercise, if he would in the end render a larger service and enjoy the full blessings of health and life. This does not mean that the primary duty of man is to become a physical giant; far from it. Any reasonable man should know how to subordinate the lesser things to the greater. Athletics should be engaged in as a means to an end. One cannot claim to be an accomplished and useful citizen who can master only the throwing of a baseball, or the kicking of a football. But the theory and practice of life is to so cultivate physical habits that the mind may not be circumscribed in its action and made subject to a shattered and disorderly nervous system. It is the old proverb, "A sound mind in a sound body." And thus we would defend athletics.

There is, however, another objection sometimes advanced concerning inter-collegiate athletics. Perhaps this objection is well founded. But man is such a creature that he must do those things which interest him most. He likes a little rivalry, otherwise he will not even work for his own preservation and development. And hence we justify briefly the present spirit for this kind of inter-collegiate relationship.

It is not without a good deal of pride and pleasure, then, that we attempt to record what we have done in athletics at our beloved old institution during the present session. Especially is this true in view of the fact that, although



we have been for over two hundred years a college of high standing in almost every phase of college life, it has been only in the last ten years that William and Mary has recognized the importance, even the necessity, of having strong athletic teams to compete with her sister institutions in the various forms of athletics. But in this ten years we have shaken off the dust of antiquity, and have recognized this phase of college life to such an extent that no longer are we a back number when the time comes to award the championship in the Eastern Intercollegiate Association. Let us look back over the past three years that we may justify this statement. In the fall of 1905 we tied Randolph-Macon for first place in football. The following spring we tied Hampden-Sidney in baseball. In the spring of 1906 we again tied Hampden-Sidney, but lost the game that was to decide the tie. In the spring of 1907 we won the championship in baseball. And in the fall of 1907 we tied Richmond College for first place in football.

Our football record during the present session is one (excepting the first and last game) that we may well be proud of. With all games from home and with the lightest team in the league, we stand side by side with our old-time rival, Richmond College.

Our basket-ball record falls far below that of last year, owing to the fact that the team was composed almost entirely of new men. Be that as it may, our record as a whole is a good one, when we know that in the three years we have had a basket-ball team in the field, we have been for two years champions of the State.

Fresh in our memory lingers the victory of our relay team over Randolph-Macon, Saturday, March 21st. In this, the latest, form of athletics in the South, William and Mary has taken a creditable standing among the other colleges. And let us urge her on with lusty college yells.

Before this editorial will have reached you, our baseball record will be among the events of the past. It looks at present as if the boys upholding the orange and black on the diamond will put up a strong fight to hold their place as champions in the Eastern League. With every championship game on home grounds and as loyal a body of students as any institution can claim, we may well prophesy the coming of another cup to accompany our many relicts of the past, and all the glory which athletics can bring to a college.







## Athletic Department

### OFFICERS

C. E. KOONTZ .....	PRESIDENT
S. A. McDONALD .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. S. TERRELL .....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
F. M. CRAWFORD .....	PHYSICAL DIRECTOR
"JIM" BARRY and "HUBBY" WHITE .....	COACHES

### FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT

ROBERT M. PERKINS .....	MANAGER
BLAKE T. NEWTON .....	ASSISTANT MANAGER

### BASKET-BALL DEPARTMENT

J. LESSLIE HALL, JR. ....	MANAGER
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### TRACK TEAM DEPARTMENT

G. A. DOVELL .....	MANAGER
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### BASEBALL DEPARTMENT

H. G. CARTER .....	MANAGER
J. LESSLIE HALL, JR. ....	ASSISTANT MANAGER

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.	H. H. YOUNG	L. B. FRANK
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DOVELL



DONALD



HALL



PATTERSON



TAYLOR



BARBER



DOVELL

PERKINS



EASTWOOD



SCHLOSSBERG



COHEN



JOYNE



CARTER



FEURASTEIN



BARRI, COACH





BASEBALL TEAM



# Baseball Team

---

F. W. LEWIS (Captain)	PITCHER
J. C. SCARBOROUGH	CATCHER
V. L. ARNOLD	FIRST BASE
F. GARTH	SECOND BASE
E. M. McCANDLISH	SHORTSTOP
H. S. JOYNES	THIRD BASE
G. P. ARNOLD	LEFT FIELD
J. L. HALL	CENTRE FIELD
R. B. BARKER	RIGHT FIELD
J. T. WHITE	SUB-PITCHER
H. N. WHITE	COACH
H. G. CARTER	MANAGER





TRACK TEAM

R. B. BARBER  
MOUNTCASTLE

D. M. DOLD  
T. L. CREEKMORE

BERWIND

## An Ode to Our Dear Professors

---

In the chapel bright and early,  
With our hair all fussed and curly,  
We gather round each morning,  
    With no vast amount of glee;—  
Yet it is some compensation,  
If in his exalted station,  
The beaming face o' the President  
    We happen there to see.  
Round him circle all his gallants,  
With their heads chock full of talents,  
With eyes cast down benevolent,  
    They gaze on you and me;  
Though their glance is penetrating,  
And their speech is fluxuating,  
They could rule a mighty nation,  
    And could conquer all the sea.

Doctor Keeble still is smiling,  
His bewitching ways beguiling,  
While Physics in his head goes round  
    With high velocity;  
Still his smiles are surely winning,  
To the Freshman just beginning,  
His troubles in the Physics world,  
    Best known to you and me.

Doctor Stubbs, when they are through, sir,  
Has a word to say to you, sir,  
And the sin of A times ninety-six  
    Is always twenty-three;  
You may think him aggravated,  
Which you had not contemplated,  
And you feel quite agitated,  
    Though the truth you plainly see.

Doctor Hall now feels quite funny,  
And his jokes would sell for money;  
Makes you feel all life is sunny,  
    With a highland-fling or two;  
But, look out, he'll catch you napping,  
With his finger he'll come tapping,  
While a fools-cap he is wrapping,  
    With an English clause for you.

Doctor Bennett's education,  
Dates clear back to Carrie Nation,  
And o'erwhelming his aggregation,  
    With his great Philosophy;  
He could not be substituted  
By your great and high-faluted  
Tutor of the king of France,  
    Nor of England's majesty.

Doctor Wilson over yonder,  
With his Shakespeare makes you wonder  
If you're not the biggest fool in all  
    His thrilling tragedy;  
With his History he will fix you,  
With his dates he'll surely mix you,  
With a smile he'll coyly trick you,  
    Till you wonder where you he.

"Doc" Montgomery has you fated,  
Till your Latin is translated,  
And your troubles briefly stated  
    In his ear so honestly;  
If these words you leave unspoken,  
Think not that his heart is broken,  
Study hall is just a token,  
    That you're doing handsomely.

Doctor Bridges' clear complexion,  
To dear nature's true reflection,  
And his statue's like a Grecian god  
    In all its ecstasy;  
Though in Civics you may curl him,  
Economics justly furl him,  
Yet he's got you in the morning,  
    If at chapel you can't he.

Doctor Bishop's organ playing,  
Well, I can't express by saying  
That the music pealing upward  
    Reaches past sublimity;  
While his French I'm recommending,  
With his German hard contending,  
His Greek and other languages  
    Are too much for such as me.

Doctor Crawford's disposition,  
With his art of composition,  
And his musical ability,  
    Is known from sea to sea;  
Even Gibson's left behind him,  
And Caruso's voice can't find him,  
Yet with ties of love we bind him  
    To old William and Mary.

Doctor Louthan still entices,  
If you stick to his advices,  
You will wear a crown of glory,  
    Or will rule the peasantry;  
Greek to him's the constitution,  
Which brought on the revolution,  
While the hardest Latin phrases  
    Are to him just too "E Z."

Doctor Ritchie's erudition,  
Mixed with bug and grass tradition,  
Really got him his position,  
    But that's just 'tween you and me;  
He can reach up in the toppers,  
And bring down the big grasshoppers,  
While for the eagle's mighty floppers  
    Not a grain of sand cares he.

Doctor Garrett's chemie jingle  
Gives one's blood a thrilling tingle,  
When the fluids that we mingle  
    Form great fireballs in the air;  
Though on his examination,  
Which calls forth much contemplation,  
Our most fluent explanation  
    Seems to vanish everywhere.

Some of us get the session,  
Others offer their oppression,  
And end up in dispossession,  
    Which we always hate to see;  
Let us hope that gloomy feeling,  
Nor the crime of chicken stealing,  
Nor that homeward reekly reeling,  
    Shall descend on you and me.

Now your curious nature's risin',  
Guess you'd give the verses pisen,  
And you'd like to know who wrote this  
    Drolling, slow conglomery;  
Shall I tell you who composed it,  
And in search of wealth exposed it?  
Well then, one of them was Milton Poe,  
    The other one was me.

*"The Skeptic."*

## It is Rumored

---

That Self has not yet learned wisdom from his experience with the radiator.

That, recognizing a particularly verdant spot, the cows are now looking for "Duc" Wessels.

That Bob Lee considers it against all moral laws to serve chickens under twenty-five years of age.

That the greatest efforts of the members of the "Leap Year Club for the Detriment of Foolish Bachelors and Widowers," organized by the Williamsburg girls, have not had any effect as yet.

That in Dr. Wilson's autobiography, which will soon be issued from the press, he tells of his experience on the night on which "Beau" Haizlip hazed him.

That Hopkins's parents have deposited with President Tyler a sum of money with which to buy Hopkins a capacity.

That V. L. Arnold will return to College next season to resume his course in loafing, 'baeco bumming, criticism of football, and coach of baseball.

That Thoms and Yancey have dropped German and Latin translation and exercise to have more time to spend with the Caseys.

That H. P. Wall's "Elements of Parliamentary Law" will be put on sale in the Philomathean Hall as soon as issued from the press.

That Dr. Keeble lost his characteristic smile while looking over the Senior Physics exam. papers.

That Mundy, Birekhead and Co., *Unlimited*, will return next session to operate a Monte Carlo for croekaloo, poker, etc. Applications for jobs have already been received from Pete Hurst, Jerry White, Sam White, Hopkins, Phillips, Garth, and many others.

That Billups will be given an assistant in the department of Boozology next session, as the work is too great for one man. Among the more promising applicants are G. A. Dovell, S. A. McDonald and Jesse Ewell.



# Be It Resolved

---

That if I should search the world over, I should not find my equal.—L. C. Lindsley.

That in the future I will keep out of politics.—Jack Davis.

That I must be a liar, for when I was here with Thomas Jefferson I remarked to him one day, "Tom, old boy, my days are in the sere and yellow leaf,"—and I find myself still here! —"Bean" Haizlip.

That "we're the only tin cans on the dump."—McCandlish, Newby and Hurt.

That Senior French is a snap.—Lindsley.

That I know all the Psychology in the world, and now I want some mental development.—"Due" Newby.

That "we're the only three dandies in town."—Yancey, "Beau" Haizlip and Thoms.

That we do hereby organize ourselves into a protective association, to be known as "The Eternal Perambulators' Mutual Aid Association of Williamsburg," and that the following be our constitution and by-laws:

Article 1. Every member shall walk up and down Duke of Gloucester Street at least six times a day.

Article 2. Due to the absence of students, the above article shall not be in force during the summer.

N. B.—We have no penalty for non-carrying out of Article 1, because none of our members have any desire to break it.—Williamsburg Girls.

## Hunt for the Houghies

---

A hunter sat by the placid lough,  
Resting himself on a sunken rough;  
He had eaten the last of the sliced hough,  
And held his rifle at half-cough,  
Determined a bird ere soon to knough  
Into the depths of the glassy lough.

He opened his eyes and then peered through  
The weeds and brambles that round him groug,  
Seeing a bird and his mate there, tough,—  
I trust you will believe what I'm telling youg,  
For if you don't, there are others that dough—  
He stopped a moment and tied his shough,  
And counted his cartridges, just a fough,  
When suddenly from the bush there flogh  
The red-headed bird from Kalamazough.

The sportsman said he had enough;  
But suddenly raised his gun, and pengh!  
When a fisherman cried, "Hold on, there, lough,  
What do you mean by playing so rough?"  
The bird flew over the edge of the blough;  
The hunter thought his luck was tough,  
And away he went in an awful hough,  
And his poor dumb dog he began to cough,—  
And,— this is the end of such awful stough.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.







Through the generosity of the Honorable Robert Boyle, physicist and philanthropist, the Brafferton Indian School was founded and supported. Until 1776 all the expenses of this undertaking were liquidated from his estate. In the early history of this school, Indians from Middle Plantation and the adjacent country were educated here; but later Thomas Jefferson and many other men were quartered in this building while students of William and Mary. When the wild and mournful hour of midnight approaches, the blood of every modern denizen runs cold, and every individual hair stands on end because of the soft patter of moccasined feet through the sounding halls of old Brafferton. Then, with shrieks unholy, we, the "Braves," give vent to our feelings in deeds that are dark, and escapades, to which the attention of the Faculty is not called. After repeatedly warning the Palefaces to allow our watch-fires to burn in peace, we have brought down liquids, pleasant and unpleasant, upon their ruddy scalps.

**WHOOOP**

Matanerew Sha Sha Shewan Ewango Peehecoma:  
 Whe! Whe! Yah! Ha, ha, nehe! Wittowa! Wittowa!

**OFFICERS**

- |                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| GREAT WEROWANCE.....           | "Hi the Bottle"—C. E. KOONTZ      |
| WEROWANCE OF THE BOMBASTU..... | "No Bones"—J. L. PATTERSON        |
| WEROWANCE OF THE FIGAUS.....   | "Squaw Man"—P. S. GILLIAM         |
| WEROWANCE OF THE SYCORAX.....  | "Heap o' Gas"—F. E. GRAVES        |
| QUIYOUGHQUISOCK.....           | "Dirty Sock"—H. H. YOUNG          |
| CRONOCKOE OF THE BOMBASTU..... | "Man with Bad Toe"—W. R. JENNINGS |
| CRONOCKOE OF THE FIGAUS.....   | "Big Polk Money"—K. P. BIRCKHEAD  |
| CRONOCKOE OF THE SYCORAX.....  | "Little Boy"—"BEAU" HAINSLIP      |
| OAPIQUESCHIPHOTONBASSE.....    | "Scalping Fiend"—W. E. ROACH      |
| BUMBEAUTOBAC.....              | "Smoke Pipe Piece"—S. J. WILLIAMS |

**MEMBERS**

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
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| J. G. UNRUH   | F. E. YANCEY  |
| J. C. FREEMAN | R. P. GRAY    |
| E. A. HODGSON | J. A. SIMMONS |

S. W. JOHNSON

## Ballade of Love, the Young

When, My Love, in the dark and drear  
And hopeless days of yesterday,  
I did not know and I did not care  
For the summer-tide, or the roundelay  
Of sunset woods, or for morning's gray:  
And I felt that life's full joys were told,  
And there was no zest in grave or gay:  
I did not know that love's ne'er old.

'Twas dull alone with the world, my dear,  
With only the world and the everyday  
People and pleasures, and then the sere  
And aimless duties of life to pay,  
And never there came a holiday,  
Where all was dross without the gold:  
Bound to myself and the world's dull sway,  
I had not learned that love's ne'er old.

But when thou camest, O Love, the year  
Held in her freshness the bloom of May,  
Then the far sounds of the woods did I hear,  
Then in the world did life hold sway,  
And, O Enchantress, 'tis love's roundelay  
Has touched the dull chords of life growing cold,  
And the song that rings in the wondrous play:  
It is love that can never grow old.

### L'ENVOI

Princess, behold, when the world is gray,  
The coming of love lends life to the mould;  
In all the changes of many a day,  
'Tis love alone has never grown old.

GEORGE OSCAR FERGUSON, JR.



# SOUTH SIDE CLUB.

## OFFICERS

HIRAM P. WALL.....	.....	PRESIDENT
W. WESTRAY COBB.....	.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FLOYD E. YANCEY.....	.....	SECRETARY
BEN. J. SEYMOUR.....	.....	TREASURER
JOS. M. HURT.....	.....	CHAPLAIN

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 J. P. EAGLE  
 F. E. YANCEY  
 W. H. NEBLETT  
 W. W. COBB  
 J. M. HURT

YELL: Ray—ray—ride,  
 Bing-a-lang—a—slide,  
 Rock chalk—jay-hawk,  
 Club—Southside!

MOTTO: "If studying interferes with spooning, don't study"

COLORS: For colors, consult the rainbow

FLOWERS: Yellow Pine and Black Gum

FAVORITE DRINK: Billups' Compound

FRUITS: Winesaps and Old Corn

PASTIME: Mashing Worms or Cutting Lectures

SONG: "Down Where the Würtzburger Flows



GERMAN



UJCB.

OFFICERS

R. M. PERKINS  
J. W. TOPPING

... PRESIDENT  
... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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C. M. BARNES  
D. M. DOLD  
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H. G. CARTER  
G. A. DOVELL  
G. A. B. DOVELL  
F. W. LEWIS  
T. G. JONES, JR.  
W. W. TRIGG  
T. P. TRIGG

S. R. WARNER



## Gloucester Club

MOTTO: "If your sail splinters, use your shirt"

WATCHWORD: Ship Ahoy!

COLORS: Red and Blue

FAVORITE STUDY: Dissertation on Crabs and Mussels

FAVORITE SAYING: Shiver My Timbers

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Wading

FAVORITE SPORT: Making Love to Mermaids

FAVORITE FLOWERS: Seaweed and Cattails

FAVORITE DISH: Clams and Mannoses

FAVORITE DRINK: Salt Water (Rum)

W. B. LEE, JR.	.....	CAPTAIN
W. H. CROSWELL	.....	FIRST MATE
P. B. TALLAFERRO	.....	SECOND MATE
J. S. NEWCOMB	.....	COOK
N. H. TILLAGE	.....	CABIN BOY
S. B. CARY	.....	HAND BEFORE THE MAST
R. P. GRAY	.....	HAND BEFORE THE MAST
J. F. SHACKLEFORD	.....	HAND BEFORE THE MAST
H. P. ROWE	.....	SHIPWRECKED
H. L. BRIDGES, Commander of the Frigate "Skiddoo"	.....	ANTIQUATED TAR
T. J. STUBBS, Navigator of the Belleophon, which made the famous voyage where the woodbine twined, and the whangdoodle moaned for its first born	.....	ANTIQUATED TAR
WANTED ADMISSION: Land Lubber Locker		

## Glee and Musical Club

---

J. D. BEALE.....	FIRST MANDOLIN
G. E. BEALE.....	SECOND MANDOLIN
O. L. HURDLE.....	SECOND MANDOLIN
S. CORBIN.....	FIRST VIOLIN AND PIANO
J. B. EAGLE.....	FIRST VIOLIN
D. B. SPENCER.....	GUITAR
W. HOWARD.....	GUITAR
J. W. TOPPING.....	GUITAR AND PIANO
T. BARROW.....	CORNET
S. B. HOUGHTON.....	TROMBONE
G. A. B. DOVELL.....	MANAGER

### VOICES

E. F. SHEWMAKE  
 F. N. CRAWFORD  
 F. D. CRAWFORD  
 G. L. H. JOHNSON  
 B. T. PAYNE

R. M. CRAWFORD  
 G. A. DOVELL  
 H. G. CARTER  
 S. A. McDONALD  
 J. L. PATTERSON

# MUSICAL



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# AFFINITY CLUB.

MOTTO: "If calico interferes with your lectures, give up your lectures"

FAVORITE SONG: "Irish Molly"

K. P. BIRCKHEAD	PRESIDENT
"BRIGHAM" YOUNG, JR.	VICE PRESIDENT
C. W. HALL	Natural Born Charmer
H. "BOW-LEGGED" BYRD	The Universal Lover
"POT-HOOKS" BARKSDALE	The "Cute" Lover
JACK DAVIS	Model School Spooning Specialist
"LITTLE" YANCEY	The Handsome Lover
TOM JONES	The Bold Lover
JOHN "CALICO" FREEMAN	The Enthusiastic Lover
PROF. DICK CRAWFORD	The Bashful (?) Lover
R. T. McDONALD	The Flat-Nose Lover
C. M. HALL	The Up-to-Date Lover
W. COHEN	Peacock Hill Lover
S. I. DAVIS	Rainy Night Lover



# Piedmont Club

FAVORITE PASTIME: Howling

COLORS: Black and Tan

SONG: "Bow-wow"

## OFFICERS

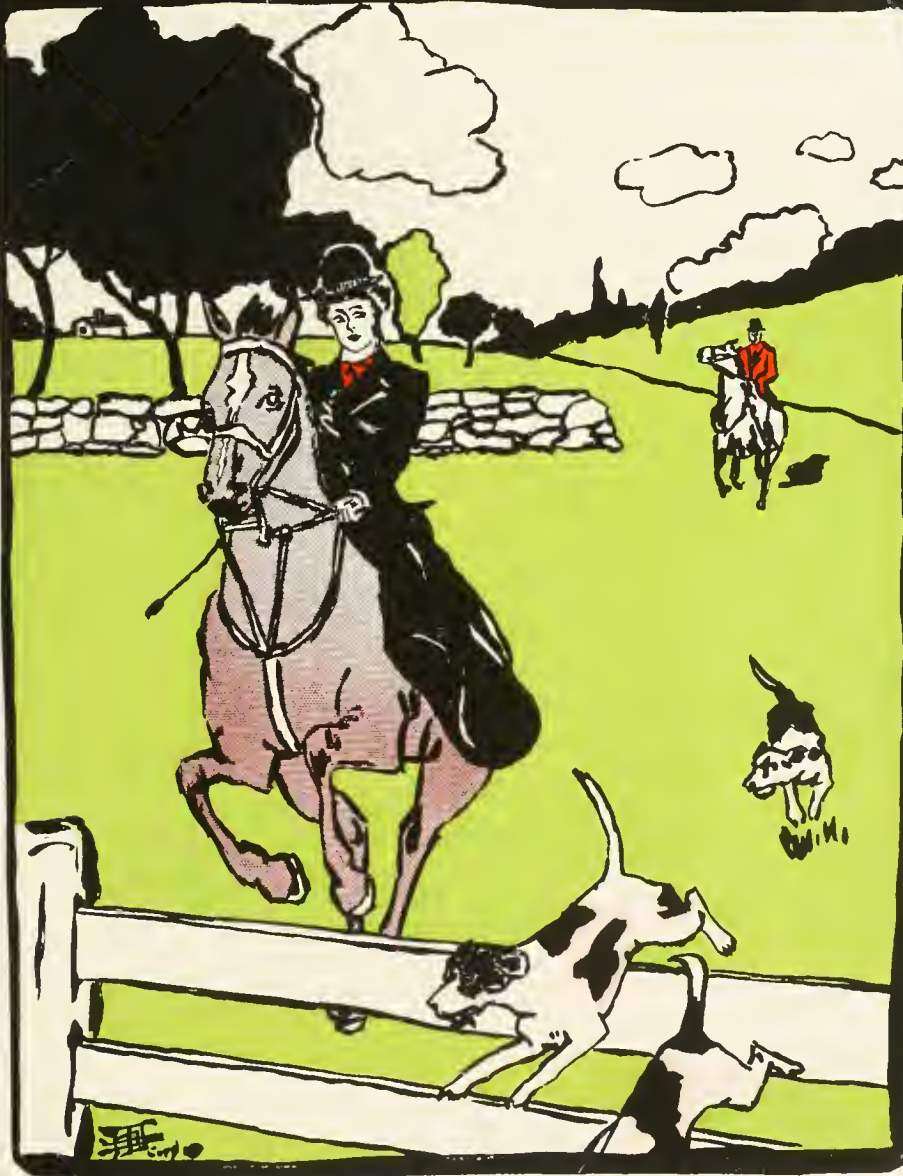
DR. DOG	S. A. McDONALD
MRS. DOG	G. A. DOVELL
BROTHER DOG	G. A. B. DOVELL
SISTER DOG	JESSE EWELL, JR.
DAMN DOG	J. T. CARTER

## THE HOWLING PUPS

R. A. EWELL—"Spot"	G. A. MUNDY—"Bob"
J. C. FREEMAN—"Venus"	J. F. GARTH—"Buster"
R. T. McDONALD—"Pan"	J. S. WHITE—"Driver"
N. M. EWELL—"Pluto"	R. B. JACKSON—"Fice"
S. B. TAYLOR—"Bruno"	J. H. REED—"Newfoundland"
G. H. SHREVE—"Fido"	S. C. WHITE—"Poodle"
G. W. THOMAS—"Bacchus"	K. P. BIRCKHEAD—"Dandy"
H. A. ALLISON—"Pug"	J. T. WHITE—"Nero"
R. E. DUNN—"Trailer"	



# PIEDMONT CLUB.



# Dramatic Club

---

G. A. B. DOVELL .

MANAGER

## MEMBERS

S. A. McDONALD—"Jasper Green"

W. W. COBB—"The Chief of Police"

R. T. McDONALD—"Nurse"

B. G. PAYNE—"Billy, the Duck"

J. EWELL, JR.—"Dina Might"

S. L. HAINSLIP—"Orator"

H. R. ETHERIDGE—"Herberina"

J. B. EAGLE—"Undertaker"

S. B. TAYLOR—"Stiff"

B. E. COBB, JR.—"Pall-bearer"

H. G. CARTER—"He, She, It"

J. P. BARKSDALE—"The Hercules"

G. A. DOVELL—"Doctor"



**D**RAMATIC  
**S**OCIETY.

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# The Elizabethans

Presenting Shakespeare's Twelfth Night

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Viola, twin sister to Sebastian.....	Miss Julia G. Tyler
Olivia, a rich beauty.....	Miss Elizabeth E. Lamb
Maria, Olivia's waiting woman.....	Miss Elizabeth G. Tyler
Duke Orsino.....	John D. Wing
Valentine	Blake T. Newton
Curio	
Gentlemen attending on Duke Orsino.....	
H. E. Davis	
Sir Toby Belch, a kinsman to Olivia.....	G. Ashton Dovell
Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor to Olivia.....	J. H. Brent
Sebastian, twin brother to Viola.....	J. Tyler Ellis
Antonio, a sea captain and friend to Sebastian.....	George G. Hankins
Friar.....	Charles C. Durkee
Malvolio, Olivia's steward.....	J. S. Wilson
Fabian, the clown of Olivia's household.....	Fred M. Crawford

—AND ALSO—

## CANDIDA

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Candida.....	Miss Tyler
Miss Proserpine.....	Miss Scott
Eugene Marchbanks.....	W. E. Evans, Jr.
Rev. James Morrell.....	G. O. Ferguson, Jr.
Rev. Lexy Mills.....	R. M. Crawford
Mr. Burgess.....	J. S. Wilson



S. J. WILLIAMS      B. CAMPBELL      C. M. HALL      D. MCRAE      A. R. KOONTZ  
 C. E. KOONTZ      W. A. MONTGOMERY      C. C. BELL      S. J. WILSON

## Spottswood Club

Organized December, 1907  
*"Sic juvat transcendere montes"*

### MEMBERS

C. C. BELL	L. C. LINDSLEY
B. CAMPBELL	D. MCRAE
F. M. CRAWFORD	DR. W. A. MONTGOMERY
W. E. EVANS, JR.	R. M. PERKINS
J. C. FREEMAN	PROF. J. W. RITCHIE
C. M. HALL	E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.
A. R. KOONTZ	J. TYLER
C. E. KOONTZ	S. J. WILLIAMS
DR. J. L. WILSON	





# EX-CADET CLUB.

Song: "It Ain't No Harm to Run When You're Scared"

COUNTERSIGN: Dauphino

PASTIME: Hitting the Grit

COLORS: Red, White, and Blue

FAVORITE CALLS: Reveille, Drill, Inspection

### OFFICERS

PEATROSS	CAPTAIN
E. L. IVES	FIRST LIEUTENANT
CAMPBELL	DRUMMER
McRAE	ADJUTANT
YANCEY	QUARTERMASTER
COLLIER	CHAPLAIN
MUNDY	SCOUT

### PRIVATEES

#### FRONT RANK

<i>W. W. COBB (Always in the Way), Right Guide</i>	
ALLISON (Gim Rider)	J. S. WHITE (Who Knows)
PHILLIPS (Reduced to Ranks)	PATTERSON (Ex-Captain)
<i>B. E. COBB (Same as the Other), Left Guide</i>	

#### REAR RANK

DOLD (H)	HURT (Bum)
BIRD (?)	CAREY (The Silent One)

#### FILECLOSERS ALIAS LOAFERS

H. S. JOYNES	SAVEDGE	J. T. WHITE
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#### DESERTERS

FEURSTEIN	RAWLS	J. M. JOYNES
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# IXL CLUB.

MOTTO: "Be It"

FAVORITE SONG: "We're the Only Tin Cans on the Dump"

COLORS: Blue Ribbon (of Course)

FAVORITE PASTIME: Convincing Others Wherein I XL

- I XL in Political Gassing—HIGH POWERFUL WALL
- I XL in Lying and Bluffing, etc.—GREAT ALL-KNOWING DOVELL
- I XL in Nothing—O. G! ROPER
- I XL in Bossing the Dues—WHICH END? ROACH
- I XL in Lady-Killing—HATEFUL GREASY CARTER
- I XL in Assuming Dignity—GREATEST O'MEN FERGUSON
- I XL in Swell-Headedness—VERY FOND ARNOLD
- I XL in—God Knows What!—JOINER OF MAJORITY DAVIS
- I XL in Brass—HUSTLING HELLISH ROUGH YOUNG
- I XL in Everything—GOOD LORD! HAVE MERCY! JOHNSON





MOTTO: "When it comes to eating we are one"

SONG: "Good-bye, Booze"

COLORS: Green and Green

PASTIME: Supporting the Postoffice Windows

**BOARD OF GOVERNORS**

D. McRAE	.....	PRESIDENT
B. T. NEWTON	.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. L. IVES	.....	SECRETARY
N. W. SCHLOSSBERG	.....	TREASURER

**MEMBERS**

C. H. STONE (Chaplain)	C. A. TAYLOR (Biggest Eater)
WINTER (Head Waiter)	SKINNER (Tobacco Bum)
TALIAFERRO (Water Pouter)	McCANDLISH (Gas Bag)
NEWCOMB (Growler)	

**ALUMNI**

FEUERSTEIN	POINT
H. S. JOYNES	SHUMADINE
RAWLS	J. N. JOYNES



MOTTO: "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star"

**THE FIENDS**

- L. C. LINDSLEY—The "Mag" Fiend  
JOHN WILLIAMS—The Book Fiend  
F. E. YANCEY—The Calico Fiend  
"BEAU" HAISLIP—The Tobacco Fiend  
G. A. MOUNTCASTLE—The Relay Fiend  
W. E. ROACH—The Study-Hall Fiend  
C. P. NEWBY—The Psychology Fiend  
THE FACULTY—The April-Fooled Fiends  
PRESIDENT TYLER—The Chapel Fiend  
FRANK CRAWFORD—The Lecture-Cutting Fiend  
DR. STUBBS—The Duc-Tormenting Fiend  
J. H. BRENT—The Coca-Cola Fiend

## The Huknashu Goddess

---

Like breath of swaying censer swung by hand of Hindoo priest,  
Or soothing exhalations of an oriental feast,  
Sensuous and overwhelming, hilling all my mind to sleep  
As slowly round about me I see the lazy ringlets creep:—  
    Slowly the sensuous odors roll;  
        Softly beams your face into view,  
As softly a peace comes o'er my soul,  
    For I am dreaming, sweetheart, of you.  
    Faces fairest arise into view,  
    But fairest of all are visions of you.

From out the hazy distance comes the genii of the vase  
With lightly floating garments and easy gentle grace;  
And fairies once made famous by the old Arabic lore  
Come bringing to me mem'ries of the happy days of yore.  
    Gently the 'wakening mem'ries rise,  
        In visions of days so dear and true,  
    But fairer far to my dreaming eyes  
        Is the vision, my sweetheart, of you—  
    Visions of old replacing the new,  
    Memories, dearest, mem'ries of you.

Now fading from my vision passes earth, and into sight  
Comes the bright, glowing crescent of some famed Venetian night,  
Touching gently, gliding softly, all visions that I see,  
While from hidden harp is sounding a sweeter melody,  
    Sweetly the softening voices sing,  
        And lowly tunes the harmonious crew  
    To musical notes and gladsome ring;  
        Fairies are singing, sweetheart, of you;  
    Voices are chanting under the blue,  
    Singing forever, singing of you.

FRANK E. H. MCLEAN.



MEMBERS

G. A. DOVELL  
 C. E. KOONTZ  
 H. P. WALL  
 W. E. ROACH  
 H. H. YOUNG  
 S. J. WILLIAMS  
 C. M. HALL

J. M. DAVIS  
 A. L. TERRELL  
 G. L. H. JOHNSON  
 S. A. McDONALD  
 H. G. CARTER  
 E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.  
 D. M. DOLD

F. D. CRAWFORD

## Chronicles of Ye Order of Constantinople (Turkey)

---

1. And it came to pass in ye twelfth month of ye year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seven, and in ye twentieth year of ye reign of Lyon G., and in ye fourth month of ye present period of servitude,

2. That ye aneyent eittie of Williamsburg was stirred by ye forages of an infamous band of doughty men of valor.

3. For before ye rising of ye fifteenth sun of ye twelfth month many fowls of good repute had forsaken their common abode,

4. And before ye rising of another sun, ye same were devoured by ye same band of doughty heroes.

5. And there were on that night present many and great men,

6. For ye doughty hero and leader on many a battlefield for ye best kickers of ye hide of ye boar,

7. And he of the ye "still, small voice,"

8. And ye son of ye clammy beach, of small hair, and ye boss of ye twirlers of ye hide of ye horse,

9. And ye handsome youth sprung from ye fair Hibernian shores, named from his patron saint,

10. And ye dissented from ye destruction of ye time-honored type of Egyptian architecture,

11. And ye curly-locked one of ye faith of Abraham,

12. And ye son of sunny Italy, of ye "dago" brand,

13. And ye verdant son of Gloucester, ye desecrator of ye name of ye domicile of ye "Italian ponies,"

14. And ye savage from ye wilds of Surry,

15. All these, and mayhaps others, were at ye gathering, when ye loud and fiery darts of ye owners of ye feathered friends were let loose upon ye honest, unsuspecting band of honorable men.

16. And, protected by ye knowledge of their own virtue, they feared not;

17. And he of the "still, small voice" spake out in righteous indignation, saying,

18. "We, O brother martyrs in a righteous cause, should rather choose ye fiery darts of slanderous tongues than ye fiery darts of ye dangerous weapons of ye enemies."

19. So he spake, and all agreed with ye words of ye sage.

## Do Books Benefit Mankind? Does it Pay to Build Libraries?

---

A FEW months ago the writer made a contribution toward the erection of a library building for the use of the College of William and Mary, which fact is so well known to the publishers of the COLONIAL ECHO that in stating it here he feels that he is not giving anything away. On that account he is regarded as a benefactor of the institution and to that extent a benefactor of humanity. Well, maybe he is, and then again maybe he is not; it depends on the viewpoint.

In early times to know how to read (which, by the way, one learns from books and that building is intended to hold books) was not thought good for the soul; hence the art of reading was kept in the bosom of the Church where it could be used with pious discretion, and so carefully was it guarded from the masses, that any person who could read, was, if accused of crime, considered *prima facie* to be a clergyman and entitled to the "benefit of clergy" and so, exempt in certain cases from punishment.

When movable types were invented, about the year 1440, and used in printing, this innovation was justly regarded by the clergy as the invention of the devil, inasmuch as it seemed probable that by means of it books would be more easily and cheaply placed within the reach of the people, and the dangerous art of reading more easily acquired.

Lay governments were no whit behind the clergy in their antagonism to this "invention of the devil." The French Parliament ordered the books of John Faust to be burned as the product of magic, and, in England, printing without a license was punished by whipping.

Will anybody have the temerity to criticise this? Don't we all know that the wisdom of our fathers is the constant theme of praise in pulpit and on platform? How much trouble would have been saved the good Kings of France and England if all printing were prohibited and all books suppressed.

Thomas Jefferson received his education at the College of William and Mary and became quite familiar with books. Look at the consequences. He wrote the Declaration of Independence, the outcome of which was that this country got into a good deal of trouble with the paternal government of Great Britain, and many good people here were killed. The trouble so disgusted



and discouraged George the Third, that he gave up trying to do anything with the country and washed his hands of it; and ever since it has been trying to get along the best way it could.

That's not all, for good and pious Christian people shake their heads when they hear the name of Thomas Jefferson. They say he was a skeptic in religious matters and nobody knows where he has gone. Now all this comes from Mr. Jefferson's learning how to read, and knowing so much about books.

The history of William and Mary shows that it was fostered under the British monarchy which tried to restrict the art of printing, and was sat upon and deprived of the tobacco tax by the people of the rebellious State of Virginia, under the lead of Patrick Henry, who knew altogether too much about books.

Thomas and Patrick no doubt meant well, and perhaps the writer meant well, too, but good intentions "cut no ice," for it is a common saying that "hell is paved with good intentions," and whether or not anything good is done by learning to read and putting the means of learning into the hands of others is a question.

There is no need of so many buildings in the world just to hold books. All the knowledge the world contains to-day could be put into a very few buildings; the trouble is that so many people think they can tell the same thing better than anybody else; everybody wants to tell it in his own way, and very few of 'em can tell it as it ought to be told, and so books are needlessly multiplied.

Look at the number of arithmetics, for instance, there are in print, to cover the very few and simple rules on the subject. Ask any publisher of school books how many different arithmetics there are published in the English language, and you'll see the look of hopeless despair that comes over his countenance as he asks you what is the number of stars in the heavens.

One good book well studied and understood is worth a hundred well smattered. You may "paste this in your hat." That is slang and a very common expression; but when it is used so long and frequently as to force itself upon the recognition of the literary world as a useful and expressive phrase it will cease to be slang and will be promoted and politely termed "idiomatic;" just as a "rebellion" became a "revolution" when it became successful.

There is one book commonly called "the good book," and many people think that is all one needs to get through the world with. That don't need a building to hold it. Some other people say that Shakespeare and the Bible

are enough for anybody to know; and they don't need a building to hold them either.

A certain eminent Turkish soldier, once on a time, on coming across a great library, remarked with sententious piety that the Koran held all the knowledge needed by mankind, and that if there was anything in those other books that was not in the Koran it was not worth knowing, so he made a bonfire of them; just what the French Parliament did with John Faust's books. So we have good Christian authority and good Mohammedan authority against having anything to do with books generally.

Great and good men have lived in this country and served it well, without knowing much of anything about books: George Washington left school at twelve, became the Father of his Country and Chancellor of the College of William and Mary. If you think he owed his distinguished advancement to books, you would be undeceived if you heard Mrs. Washington giving him a curtain lecture and telling him how much he owed to the widow Custis.

Well, all the same Washington was a great and good man, a wise man and a fine soldier, but Alexander Hamilton did his spelling for him. Washington wrote his will with his own hand, and if you read it and saw the poor spelling, you'd send him to the foot of the class.

Alexander Hamilton knew a whole lot about books, and if he had known less he wouldn't have gotten into some of the trouble he did, for he would not have been Secretary of the Treasury, etc., etc. However, I am not going to give him away; college men get a good deal more scandal than is good for them, in Ovid.

As Washington was the father of his country without much or any help from books, so Commodore John Barry, who also left school about twelve, became the father of the American navy without any book learning to speak of. If you looked at his spelling and his use of capital letters you'd think you were back in the days of Chaucer. All the same, early one fine morning, on the lower Delaware, he captured a ten-gun English man-of-war, four transports, and one hundred and sixteen officers and men,—a pretty good haul for twenty-seven American sailors, as a certain historian remarks. This was only one of his many daring exploits. Like his friend Washington, he was a good man, a good citizen and a pious man, in spite of, or because of, his want of book learning; I won't say which.

Now look at the case of Commodore John Paul Jones. He, too, left school when he was about twelve, knowing, of course, very little about books. Had he remained ignorant of them and followed his father's business of a gardener,

he would not have gotten into all the trouble he did, but he made the acquaintance of books, learned French and spoke it well; loved glory like a Frenchman, became a French Chevalier, a man of fashion and one of the greatest rakes in Paris. Even the good Doctor Franklin, who was very fond of him, could not keep him straight. The Doctor wrote a letter to a lady friend in which, while he warmly praised him, he also, taking the privilege of his years, earnestly warns her against the fascination of the gallant Commodore.

Paul Jones was by birth a Scotchman, and by his English enemies has been called a pirate. What the English say about him does not very much matter. You take it, considering whence it comes. Captain Jones spent a good deal of his time very industriously knocking their warships into kindling wood; they have a right to feel cross. But, even if the charge were true, I am not going to throw stones at Paul Jones on that account, for, according to a recent report of the learned and able President Tyler of William and Mary, the college owes a part of its early financial start to the zeal of a Scotch Parson and the funds of a pirate. Should anybody be disposed to sneer at this, the distinguished President can point to the fact that the United States did not hesitate to accept very material aid and assistance from a pirate.

At the battle of New Orleans the pirate Lafitte and his men fought most gallantly upon an understanding with General Jackson that they would be permitted to reside in the country without prosecution or molestation for offenses. The Attorney-General never troubled them.

At all event the writer feels, because of his company, that he is to a certain extent living in a glass house, and under all the circumstances will have nothing at all discourteous to say about gentlemen whom other people may call pirates. This criticism of Jones rests upon other grounds. In Paris Jones made the acquaintance of Jefferson, the skeptic, and Tom Paine, the atheist, the latter of whom greatly admired him, and all three were well up in knowledge of books.

Where are they now, the three of them?

They all died, so far as known, without the benefit of clergy.

After all, then, do books benefit mankind? Does it pay to build libraries?

Has the writer done any good by his contribution for that purpose?

These questions may be answered by posterity or any one taking an interest in them.

GEORGE CLINTON BATCHELLER, LL. D.

# FINIS



## Jokes

---

"Captain Spoondyker" Doyell, not being a lover of the fish breed, was dissatisfied for some time with his boarding-house. Upon remonstrating with his landlady upon seeing fish so often, she said, "Why, Mr. Doyell, fish is a great brain food."

"Yes, madam," was his reply, "but if you serve them one more time, I'll have sense enough to leave."

Dr. Wilson (to H. G. Carter)—"What is your religious preference; are you a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian?"

Carter—"None of them, sir. I am a College Hellion."

Prof. Ferguson (in Select Subjects)—"Mr. Torregrosa, are there many lakes in Porto Rico?"

Torregrosa—"Yes, Professor, and I hope to add another one soon."

Prof. Ferguson—"Mr. McDonald, why is it that the air pressing on my head fifteen pounds to the square inch does not crush my skull?"

Due McDonald—"Because the hot air on the inside is pressing out, and equilibrium is restored."

Parksdale—"I doubt it."

Prof. Ferguson—"Doubt what, Mr. Barksdale?"

Barksdale—"I doubt whether equilibrium is restored."

Dr. Hall (in History Class)—"Mr. Brent, when was the revival of learning?"

Brent—"Just before the exams."

Mundy (seeing contractor using leveler on site of new Library Building)—"Those blamed fools have started taking pictures already."

Tom Jones was at the tensest moment of his proposal. "Now, dearest," he cried, "won't you be mine?"

"Tom, I will be yours on one condition."

Tom clasped her to him, smiling triumphantly in the knowledge that the suit was won, saying, "Then you're mine, for I entered College this season on six conditions."







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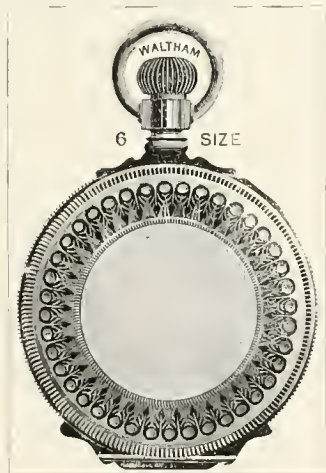
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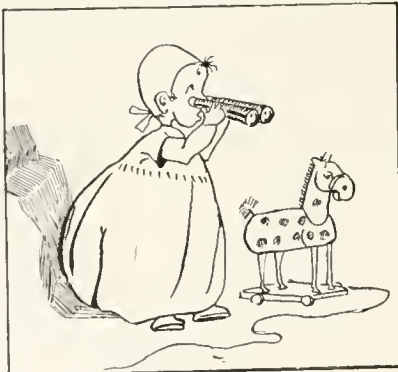
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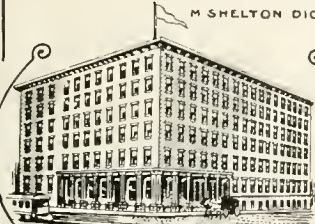
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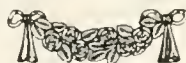
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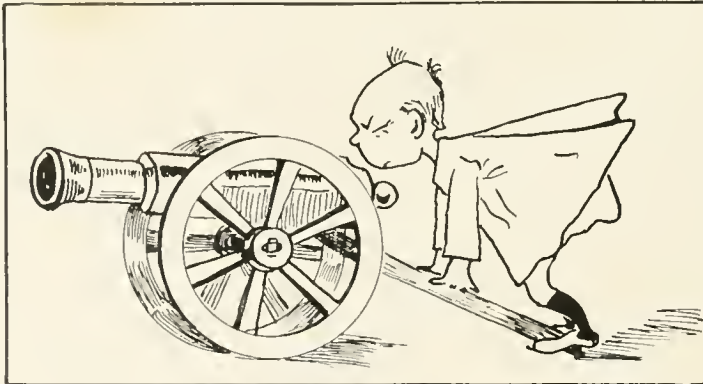
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