


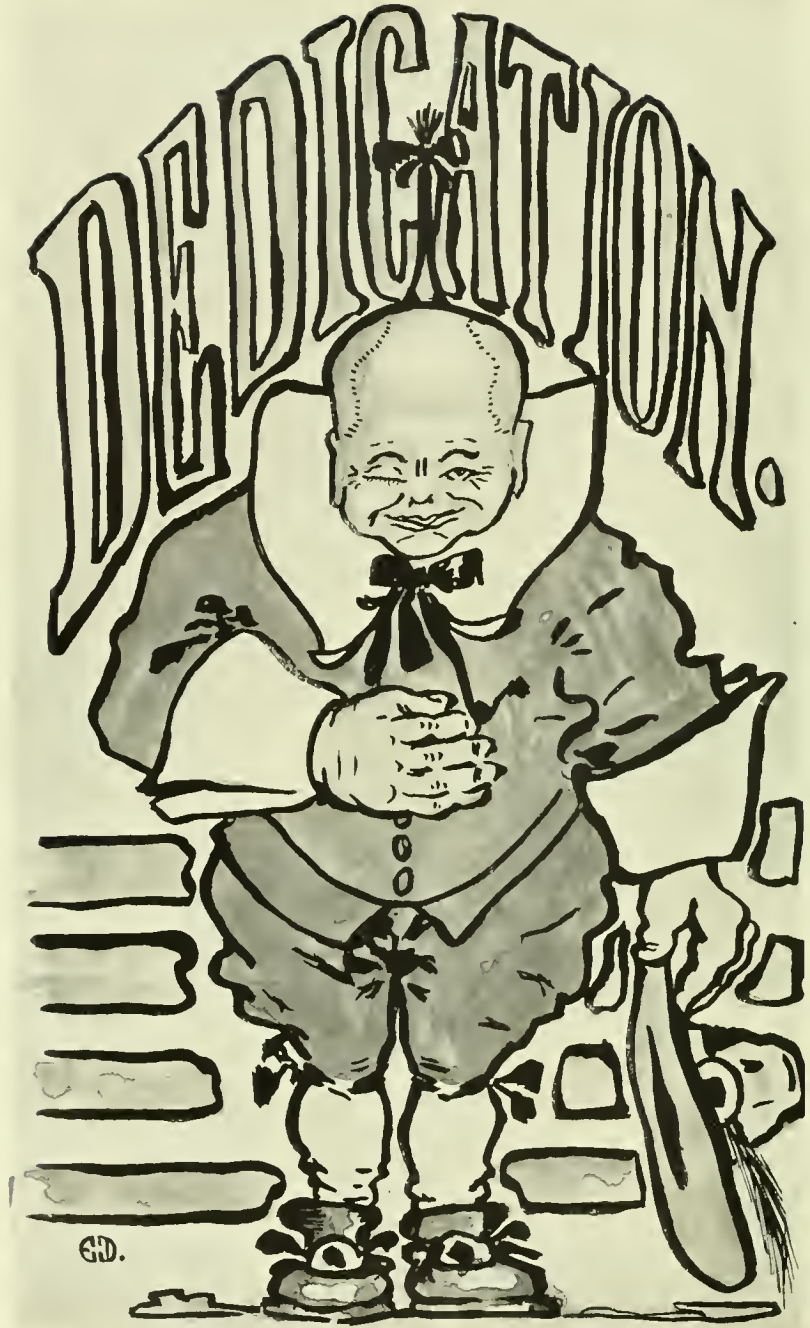
THE COLONIAL ECHO





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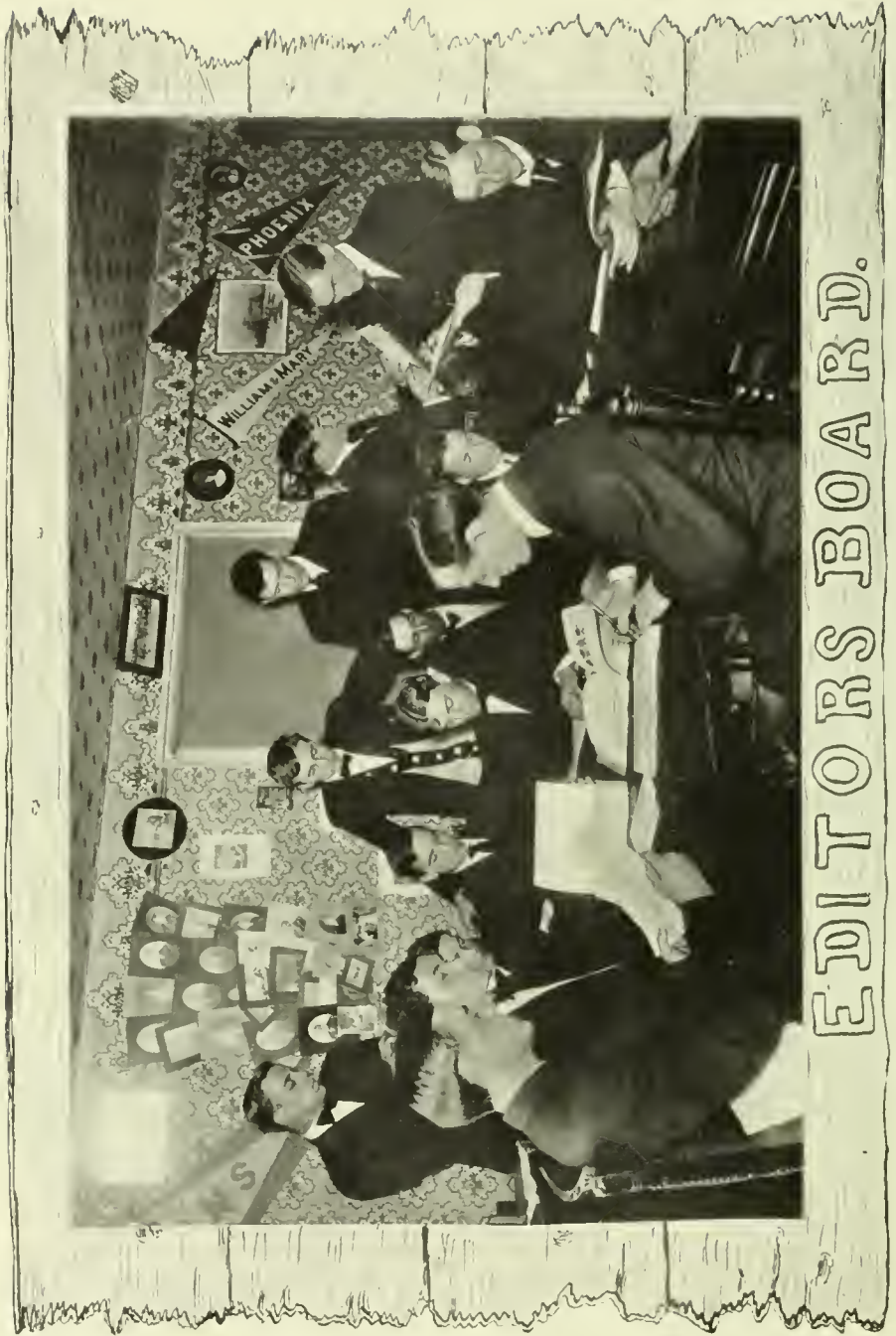


To Our Alumni

Ye loyal men; ye loyal men,
Our elder brothers all,
Our noble mother yearns again
To hear your footsteps fall.
Each life has left its impress here,
As ye departed year by year.
We love the mother that ye knew,
We con the tasks that ye once learned,
Our youthful hearts like yours have burned,
With love as warm and true.

We love to dwell on ancient days,
Our hearts they do inspire,
For thee we sing our song of praise,
Yea high, and ever higher,
Great sons are thine, our mother kind,
Great men of hearts, great men of mind.
Thrice hath the Nation called a son,
To guide the glorious ship of state:
We bide our time; we watch and wait,
To give another one.

Though death hath stricken with its darts
The good and great of thine—
Yet sturdy sons and loyal hearts
Still worship at thy shrine,
Each chosen son hath filled a place
Which time nor memory can efface;
Another host goes forth each year
So strong, so tender and so true—
Come home again, ye sons, renew
The love ye held so dear.



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J. N. HILLMAN, "Noah K.," for short, being that certain portion, piece, or parcel of existence situate in the State of "Married Blessedness," described and bounded as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the Southwest and running East, North, West, and South the distance of two feet to point of beginning, and rising vertically the height of a Hill to which is added the symbol of a man, bounded in the North, South, East, and West by two Hill companions, one being a baby Hill. The above named piece or parcel of existence is further described as being the same parcel of existence conveyed to the

aforesaid first-named Hill companion by a legal act bearing date June 28, 1906, and recorded in a minister's note book, on the cash receipt page, in dollar (\$) column No. 5.

W. E. ROACH, "a two-headed Janus"; part fish and part insect; a fish of the carp family, but, unlike others of its family, can live out of water, bites at everything except itself; is very easily caught; its predigested brain, used daily (except Sundays), is a sure cure for Dues suffering with "gang-green;" an insect with four wings, but somewhat eccentric in the use of them, perambulating itself on two of them, and sawing the air with the other two; a deadly enemy of the pantry, and a faithful ally with his bed. Behold what a freak Nature hath wrought! Yet, "of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are, could it have been"--WORSE!





WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

Alma Mater

My Alma Mater, I shall ne'er forget
Those happy days I spent within thy walls;
To end them was to me a great regret,
And still those days fond memory oft recalls.

Since first you opened to the world your doors,
Two centuries or more have passed away,
And yet, great fame and power still is yours,
To shape the destiny of some future day.

B. W.



Senior Class

MOTTO: Lectores, tragedia haec est acta: vos plausum date

YELL: Rickety—Rickety—tine!

Rickety—Rickety—tine!

Senior Class—Naught-Nine.

COLORS: Blue and Brown

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CHARLIE "LAD" TAYLOR

Urbanna, Va.

Φ Δ X; Vice-President Phoenix, '09; Spottswood Club, '08-'09; Football Team, '06-'07; Captain, '08; Athletic Editor COLONIAL ECHO, '09.

"He was a burning and a shining light."

Entered college fall of '06; first discovered gazing at a covey of *fair birds*; since, calico and football have been his specialties; success in both, as in all else, has rewarded his efforts; is a true lover of nature, being especially fond of waterfalls and *brooks*.



CLARENCE EDGAR KOONTZ.

Luray, Va.

*"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."*

Philomathean; Spottswold Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '05-'06; Vice-President, '06-'07; President, '07-'08, '08-'09; L. L. Degree; Diplomas in Philosophy, Education, '05-'06; Medal School Instructor, '06-'07, '07-'08; Medal Improvement Debate Philomathean, '04-'05; Medal Excellency Debate Philomathean, '05-'06; President, Parliamentary Critic Philomathean; President Athletic Association, '07-'08; Secretary Sophomore Class, '04-'05; President Junior Class, '05-'06; President Class, '08-'09; Manager *Literary Magazine*, '06-'07; Staff, '07-'08; Annual Staff, Y. M. C. A. Editor, '05-'06; One of Joint Managers, '06-'07; Manager, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief, '08-'09.



JOHN YOUNG MASON

Mason, Va.

Σ Φ Ε; Phoenix; Annual Staff, '08-'09; Diplomas in Education, Philosophy.

This is the chunkiest Senior of them all. And he in a general honest way plugged for the Degree—B. S. His life was gentle and the sciences so comprehensive to him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world this was a bunch of Chemistry.



SELDEN R. WARNER

Dumsville, Va.

O A X; Phoenix; O W L Club; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; President, '08-'09; Vice-President, '07-'08; Parliamentary Critic, '08-'09, and Secretary, '07-'08 of Phoenix Literary Society; German Club; Tennis Club.

Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination.

Only living specimen of the genus *Americanus Essexiensis*. Familiarly known as "Daddy Longlegs," "Darling," and "Old Scout." He hit Williamsburg in a wind-storm, was blown up to the college and has been blowing ever since. 'Tis said that he shines as a pedagogue.



PAUL SHERWOOD GILLIAM

Norfolk, Va.

L. L. Degree, '07; Philomathean; Vice-President, '09; Chief Marshal, '09; Recording Secretary, '09; *Magazine* Staff, '08-'09; Annual Staff, '08-'09; Model School Instructor, '06-'09; Diploma in Pedagogy; Historian Senior Class.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot.

"Psammethicus," "Lelia," "Kit," "Psammethicus" came to us last century, but owing to an outbreak of small-pox he left on short notice. On return from his first "calico" escapade, "Lelia" had a button shot from his Chesterfield. He immediately took the vows of celibacy. "Kit" has been seen at church once; at Sunday School, never.



DAVID DANIEL SIZER

Roadsville, Va.

Philomathean: Vice-President, '08; President, '09; Improvement Medal in Debate, '08; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '07-'09; Senior Class Poet, '09; Jokes and Grinds COLONIAL Echo; Editor Alumni Notes, '08-'09.

"Loves all mankind, but flatters none."

Country calico sport, poet, and philosopher—president in parochial duties, especially on Sunday. He has been known to step in the middle of the street to argue the most trivial matter. Yet his stay at college has been rather spasmodic.



JOHN HARPER BRENT

Heathsville, Va.

II K A; II K A Scholarship, '08; Editor *College Topics*, '09; Associate Editor *Magazine*, '09; Annual Staff, '09; Elizabethans, '07-'09; Prophet Senior Class, '09.

*"O maligned and censured 'Jocj'! you were better than they knew,
For your heart beyond all hearts to 'one girl' was ever true."*

Scholastic improvement blighted not this fiery spirit, for it dominated the "Northern Neck Club," kept alive "The Hencoop Missionaries," made a "live town" of Williamsburg, and eluded the Faculty like "the Dutchman's Flea."



WILLIAM CRAWFORD DOUGLAS Durham, N. C.

Philomathean; Final Debater, '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, '06-'07; Business Manager COLONIAL Echo, '08-'09; Philomathean Final President, '08-'09.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

He is a "Tar Heel" of the Anti-Revolutionary type—a greater consumer of tobacco than education, but he is universally recognized as an ardent promulgator of patriotism, jurisprudence, and politics; in the latter, however, he is destined to eclipse William Jennings Bryan as "Tammany leader," having already superseded "Jack" Davis and Hopkins.



JOHN COMPTON FREEMAN

Areola, Va.

"Ripe in wisdom is he, but simple and childlike and patient."

Philomathean; Corresponding Secretary, '07; Laboratory Instructor Physics, '07-'08, '08-'09; Diploma Mathematics; Vice-President Senior Class.

"Comp," "Johnnie," "Maud," "Dancer."

"Comp" was first discovered in the wilds of Loudoun trying to find the distance between an oak and the moon by aid of a gasoline engine and a math book. He was advised to come to W. & M. Since then he has spent most of his time in the Lab. For his contributions to science see March issue of "Puck."

"Maud" is a dreamy kind of a fellow and gives vent to his feelings (*when not in the Lab.*) by giving dances to the Braffertonians. As to his future we can say little; he aspires to become a Sir Isaac Newton, but we will narrow it to something between a hack-driver and the director of a country dancing school.



H. R. ETHERIDGE

K A: Phoenix; The Dramatic Club, '05-'06, '06-'07; The "Elizabethans," '07-'08, '08-'09; German Club, '05, '06, '07, '08, '09; Vice-President Trevillian Club; Tennis Team, '09.

A mighty hunter, and his prey is what!

Known as "Tommy," "Shorty," "Nimrod." Most prominent characteristic—his lack of any. Tommy aspires to be a French student, but his most prominent work is, "How to read 75 pages of French parallel in 25 minutes." Occupation: Hunting, fishing, and catching "varmints" for laboratory, and going to lectures when not busy elsewhere.

Senior Class History

It is with a feeling of great responsibility that we endeavor to write the history of the Class of '09. It is indeed a gigantic undertaking to do justice to the brilliant record of this class in the space herein allotted. However well this work may be done, the historian shall feel that he has made but a feeble attempt in giving to the world the achievements of the members composing this body. Were we to give in full the achievements of this class during the past four years, our history would be a record of a Newton, a Socrates, a Pestalozzi, a Henry, and of the most famous essayists and politicians of the present day. It has been said that time must roll into years and years into centuries before true history can be written; but for the history of the Class of '09, no distance is needed to lend an enchantment, no time is necessary to fill its pages with undying fame and honor.

It seems but yesterday that we left our homes amid tears and farewells from those we loved and embarked upon the sea of life to be buffeted here and there, knowing not to what port we would be driven by storms of adversity. Little did we know of those who have so faithfully directed our course, and under whose guidance we steered wide of those shoals on which so many less fortunate than we have foundered.

The historian takes no note of our pre-collegiate life, for that dates to "the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," but only those facts to which we can testify are here chronicled.

Our college life dates, approximately, from the year 1904. We were then a verdant mass of humanity, known in college as "dnes," but it was only for a period of nine months that we bore this humiliating title. We soon proved to our would-be superiors our ability to work our way from "duchood" to a higher and more exalted phase of life in which the Sophomore deems himself lord of all he surveys.

As Sophomores, we, of course, felt our importance, and, smarting under the humiliation to which we had been subjected the year before, we often gave vent to our feelings by applying the paddle on the helpers and unoffending "due." We passed the stage of Sophomores, reflecting no dishonor on our predecessors, but bearing our honors thick upon us we entered a still higher stage known as the Junior Class.

Many of our original number had disappeared, only a few remaining to win the honors that were yet before us. This decrease in our numbers did not discourage us, but we went forward, led on by an insatiable ambition to accomplish greater things.

We have passed through the lower stages of college life. Each year some of our number have held positions of trust and honor from instructors in the institution and editors of all college publications to leaders of "Tammany Hall."

When the year 1909 dawned upon us, we again realized our long cherished ambition, for it was then that we became members of the Senior Class, which to the undergraduate seems the acme of all existence. Now that we have reached that shining goal, we do not look back upon the rounds of the ladder and scorn the base degrees by which we did ascend. But as we stand here to receive, at the hands of our Alma Mater, our long coveted honor, we can but look upon the lower classmates with a feeling of infinite compassion and sympathy. There is nothing like being a Senior; all honors of the Sophomore and Junior fade into insignificance when compared with the triumphs of the dignified Seniors.

As we look back over the past four years, we find that our paths have not been without their thorns; we have had our pains, our sorrows and our moments of despair. Yet, never faltering, we fought on, feeling that low aim, not failure, is crime. That our aim was high is shown by the determination with which we have labored; that we have not failed is left for you to judge.

The gate of our Alma Mater now stands ajar! As we pass through, there comes a feeling of joy mingled with sorrow. Our college career is ended; our class has graduated; to-morrow we shall enter upon the duties of life in reality, for—

"We hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says we must not stay,
We see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons us away."

Answering this call, Fellow Classmen, may we go forth realizing the great responsibility resting upon us, and in the words of the poet,

"Look not mournfully into
The Past. It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the Present. It is thine.
Go forth to meet the
Shadowy Future without fear,
And with a manly heart."

HISTORIAN.

Senior Class Poem

'Twas in the autumn days, when summer's breeze had past—
Each morning's dew took on its jeweled sparkling form,
For Nature, then so weary with her weight of green,
Was gently shifting off her changing robe, when to this sacred spot
Four years ago we came.

From many climes perchance we've wandered here,
From homes all filled with joy, and peace, and love,
Where fondest recollection lingers as some golden dream,
And thoughts of fair and dearer faces make us live once more
Those ne'er forgetful days of childhood's fun and fame.

But time flows swiftly on; the brook that wound its course too slow
Now sweeps a mighty current, bearing on its tossed bosom
Our frail and fragile barks; and soon, ah! soon amid
Time's unrelenting wave, adrift at life's stern helm we'll be,
To steer our course in heaven-born breezes to some farther shore.

To steer our course! and whither is there found a noble guide,
Whose strength and valor, courage, hope, and life-inspiring love
Are large enough for all? Within, ambition's voice I ads on,
Humanity's call doth echo at the door of every honest heart,
And thus we part, in life's sweet morning sunlight, for a nobler work.

Yet to these sacred portals, sacred ivy-mantled walls,
We turn to cast a longing, lingering, last farewell,
But ere no more these halls we tread, or sit beneath these elms—
When in the rush of life, let's steal a moment free from care,
And look on memories' wall, and live again in these fair days.

CLASS POEM



"And they said unto him, 'We have dreamed a dream, and there is no one to interpret it.'"

ARISING quietly, I slid into my coat, and stole softly down the stairs, leaving my roommate to his dreams. Winter had not yet fled, but it was an ideal spring night: the weather was warm and the air filled with the cricket's chirpings. Bright rays from the moon, stealing through the branches of the trees, rustling softly in the night breeze, illumined the campus with a silvery light, and I could see the faint outline of the old statue. Behind this, the college building, with its covering of ivy, loomed up massive and dark. Something whispered that this was the place to find a solution of the knotty problem that confronted me. Knotty problem, did I say? Yea, verily; for

had not I, living in an age of reason and enlightenment, been chosen to prophesy the future of the eleven doughty warriors who, for four years, had battled against the obstacles that beset the path to knowledge?

For hours I had been sitting, pipe in hand, vainly seeking inspiration from the smoky flame of a lamp and the musical comedy being enacted by my sleeping bed-fellow.

On the morrow, they said, the future of every Senior must be known and ready to be published to the world. That is, within the few hours remaining, I was to bring into use the obsolete custom of looking into the future, and relate the events of the approaching years.

Seating myself on a bench near the statue, I took up the problem again. Surrounded by scenery that had proven such a source of inspiration to my predecessors, I waited unavailingly for inspiration to reach my mind. Scenes of my childhood days, when I had invented elaborate tales to get around difficulties with my teachers, surged before me, and I began to wonder if my imagination were sufficiently fertile to sweep past the present difficulty in like manner. I soon saw, however, the futility of a mind merely human trying to picture the future of a group of men composed of all grades between a modest, retiring Etheridge and a masterful wire-pulling Douglas. Giving it up in despair, I gazed blankly and vainly at the dark walls before me.

Vainly, did I say? No; for presently a drowsiness began to steal over me. Indistinctly, I heard the clock boom out, One!—Two!

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world."

I drowsily muttered. The moonbeams began to grow dimmer, the chirpings of the insects, fainter and fainter, and presently I gave myself over to a trackless maze of weird flights of the mind.

Asserting its prophetic rights, my mind trampled down all barriers, threw aside time as if by magic, tore aside the misty veil of the future, and I was permitted for a brief space to take a glimpse at events that were still to be.

Rapidly, the scenes succeeded each other as in a moving picture show, and the world seemed "a stage whereon every man must play his part."

Out of the darkness surrounding me appeared mysteriously a street crowded with wildly excited men and women, waving hats and handkerchiefs, all striving to get as close as possible to a man who was coming rapidly down the street, seemingly much embarrassed.

The man was apparently of about forty years of age, and had a broad brow and commanding eyes. He passed on, the crowd pressing after, and the scene shifted; but not before I saw in big type on a paper waved by a newsboy, "Disaster averted; great financial panic prevented by President Koontz of the First National Bank."

And now appeared a still stranger scene. Before me I saw a crowd of yellow, almond-eyed Chinese, listening patiently to an earnest man with long, silvery locks falling about his shoulders. Presently I caught the fragment of a sentence, "And now, fellow Chinamen, I have an idea in embryo." The scene was again shifting, but the face of the speaker, with which time had dealt with gentle hands, was too familiar to pass unrecognized; it was "Parson" Roach.

This time, I found myself gazing at what was apparently an operating room. On a table, surrounded by nurses with white, drawn faces, holding bandages, was the figure of a man. Over him was bent a tall man clothed in white, and holding in his hand a bright, glittering instrument. Rapidly, I saw the strange instrument flash back and forth, and then the man straightened up, his hand upon the patient's wrist. His face was partly turned toward me, and seemed strangely familiar. In a few seconds he nodded to the nurses and, striding toward the door, let in a woman. I saw him smile and whisper a few words to the woman, who, seizing his hands, fell upon her knees. With a smile, returned complete recognition, and I knew this successful surgeon was my old friend, "Post Script" Gilliam.

Once more the curtain was drawn, and the new scene was one of gentle quietness. A church, surrounded by broad fields, green with the verdure of spring, appeared. The trees were swaying gently in the breeze, and all the quietness and peace of a country Sabbath morning was spread before me. The congregation was collecting before the doors, and in a few minutes a stout little man in clerical cloak appeared. With his face wreathed in smiles, he slowly passed toward the door, distributing on all sides the genial smile and cordial handshake that only the country minister can bestow. As he passed up the steps he turned for an instant, and I recognized the features of one formerly known as Sizer, D. D.

The church disappeared, but the peacefulness of the scene remained. In the place of the church appeared a beautiful, old-fashioned house, set in a grove of trees. Coming down the steps leading from the veranda appeared a tall, erect old gentleman, his hair plentifully sprinkled with gray. His broad shoulders had a soldierly set, and he marched with a firm, martial step to where

on the lawn six lusty lads were frolicking. He spoke to the boys, and presently they formed in two lines, facing each other. Raising his cane, the old gentleman called out in ringing tones, "Right guard over— Charge!" and there was a mad scramble. Just then, a carriage filled with tourists passed, and I heard the driver say, "That is Colonel Charles Taylor, the hero of the American-Japanese War."

Darkness succeeded the sunshine of this scene, and presently I found myself gazing at a room filled with busy looking men seated at long rows of desks, while upon a rostrum at the upper end of the room was an old man. With a sharp tap on his desk, he called for order, and I realized that I was looking at the American legislative body. Presently, a figure arose, and a breathless silence seemed to fall over the room, men leaning forward to catch the fiery outburst of eloquence that followed. At length the orator took his seat amid great applause. An enthusiastic member, seated on the opposite side of the hall from the Senator who had spoken, jumped to his feet, and shouted, "I wish to cast my vote publicly for the Warner Tariff Bill, so ably defended by Senator Douglas."

Once more the scene shifted, and I was gazing up at a great stone building, over the main entrance of which was the sign, "Science Hall." A number of young men were loitering about the door, note-books protruding from their pockets. Presently, I heard the report of an explosion, and almost immediately a small man appeared, and one remarked, "Professor Freeman is grouchy today; his electric batteries won't work."

The interior of the building now appeared, and down the long corridor I could see elaborately fitted up laboratories. My attention was attracted by the sputtering of a strange little machine in a room, over the door of which was the sign, "Agricultural Laboratory." The machine continued its little explosions uninterrupted, and presently I saw a tiny little man sitting in a nearby chair apparently fast asleep. Suddenly, the scene seemed to come nearer and I recognized in the red-faced little man the scientist of the Class of '09, "Tommy" Etheridge.

Once more the curtain of darkness fell, and when light again returned, all the peace and beauty of the country had returned. Peace? Yes, but not for long. Before me was a building, unmistakably a school, around which a group of merry children played. Soon, the peacefulness of the scene was rudely shattered by a fight, and a stout gentleman appeared, staff in hand. The crowd dispersed, and I saw the staff descend again and again upon the two culprits, who presently broke away, and took to their heels. I smiled as reminiscences

of my own school days surged through my mind. The gentleman, turning, started for the building with a satisfied air, and I recognized the face—with which Father Time had dealt gently—of J. Y. Mason.

Slowly, the school faded from view, and I was falling down a precipice. I awoke with a start, and found myself lying on the hard pavement at the foot of the statue. I looked around, my mind bewildered by its dream. The moon was slowly setting in the west, and a few rose-tinted streaks, straggling up from the east, heralded the approach of dawn. For a few moments I thought over my dream, and suddenly it occurred to me that I had seen only ten faces, whereas there should have been eleven to make the class complete. And then I remembered the words of my childhood friends, "He is only a dreamer."

The beauty and mystery of the night had disappeared; so I picked myself up, and started for my room and long-neglected pillow.

Hearken, O ye Seniors! This is the vision that appeared unto me. Is there one among you that "caust understand a dream to interpret it?"

PROPHET.





Ode to Louise

Come, Sylvan muse, some thought inspire,
And kindle in my heart a fire;
Haste, woodland nymph, and come to me,
And move my soul to poetry,
That I might sing a sweet refrain
Of praise to my beloved's name.

To thee: whose eyes more bright than stars
Shine luminous through every day,
For beams of purest light are they
Whose beauty e'en description mars,
Whose raven tresses falling free
O'er shoulders beautiful and white,
By far more pure than morning light,
Entangleth love, entangleth me,
Thy form and face more comely than
The lily's grace; the very Graces
Hide with shame their blushing faces
At beauty thine, O kindred man:
Might well the gods thy virtue praise,
And man sing feeble love-born lays.

juniors





JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

MOTTO: Sapere aude

FLOWER: Sweet William

COLORS: Green and Tan

SONG: Hearts and Flowers

YELL: Ra-a-a! Rah! Rah!

Ra-a-a! Rah! Rah!

Who! When!

Juniors! Juniors!

Nineteen Ten!

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Junior Class History

TO write the history of such an illustrious class as that of 1910 is indeed a great undertaking. In order not to deceive my gentle readers, who in future years may peruse these lines, your historian wishes to state at the outset that this is not a history of each individual member, but only an endeavor to recall a few sweet recollections of the days spent at dear old William and Mary, and of the close fellowship which existed between the wearers of the "Green Hats" of 1910. Therefore, patient reader, bear with me a few moments. If in future years, when separated by the wide paths of life, this attempt bring back fond memories of student life, when, as a class, we met and conquered those our first battles of life, and marching shoulder to shoulder brought glory upon our class and our college, then your historian's effort will not have been in vain.

It is only a few short years ago, as it seems to us, that we alighted from the train at this famous old town, and winged our way to the college, which has become so dear to us. We matriculated and were classified as "Dues." Like most new boys, we felt extremely important, but through the kindly interest of the upper classmen and that most dignified body of men, the Faculty, we were soon given to understand that we didn't amount to much or know much either. We soon became acquainted with the mysteries of college life and entered upon the long and narrow path to knowledge.

Time rolled by and examinations were upon us. To some it meant a falling out of the ranks; to others, who were successful enough to escape the terrors of Latin subjunctives and English clauses, it meant another year of pleasant association with the Class of 1910.

Another September found us again at old William and Mary, and to our great delight we were no longer known as "Dues," but as ferocious "Sophs," anxious to avenge upon the newcomers the bitter punishment which we received from the hands of those whose names we were to bear during our second year at college. It is needless to say that most of us took advantage of this opportunity and that the "paddle" was heard long after the lights had flickered.

Another year has come, and to our sorrow we heard only fifteen of our old band answer, "Here." However, we still stand as one, and together we fight the battles of college life. In this, our Junior year, our class has achieved its greatest fame. That we have the best class in college has been said by our honored faculty, much to the chagrin of the lofty Seniors.

We have gained our success in every phase of college life. Whether it be in the classroom, on the athletic field, in the literary societies, as Y. M. C. A. workers, or as noted "calico sports," our class holds its own. Last, but by far not least, is the distinction which we have won by our "Green Hats."

In the classroom we are ably represented by every member of our class, but those that bear special mentioning, as noted "curlers," are our beloved presi-

dent and vice-president. On the athletic field we point with a feeling of pride to our last year's baseball captain and pitcher, F. W. Lewis, who has brought fame not only on our class, but on our college, by landing in our library the championship cup in baseball.

Now we come to our literary societies. If you wish to find our class on Saturday nights, first take a peep into our society halls, and there you will find our band, for we are all prominent in literary work. Then, too, our class has the honor of claiming as a member E. LeB. Goodwin, who is assistant professor in biology and the editor-in-chief of our magazine.

As Y. M. C. A. workers, our class takes an active part, and we feel proud to be able to mention such men as C. C. Bell and R. C. Young, who are leaders in the upbuilding of such a noble work.

It would be doing our class a great injustice to omit from its history the names of some of our number who have achieved great success in that course, the hardest of all courses—the pursuit of "calico." Cupid has lived up to his reputation and has shot from his bow many arrows which have sadly lacerated our entire class, but those whom she has especially taken as targets are J. M. Davis, A. R. Koontz, C. W. Hall, J. M. Hurt, and, lately, R. C. Young.

We cannot refrain from mentioning two members of our class, C. T. Blackmore, better known as the "grind," who is the instructor in Chemistry, and J. M. Davis, who is a proctor in the Study Hall.

Our "Green Hats" are sufficient to show that our class has become famous. Many comments have been passed upon these emblems of the Class of 1910. Even the dignified Seniors have bowed their heads in humility and have cast aside their Senior caps, which they once felt proud to wear. Our hats are green,—there is no use to deny that; not an insipid green, however, but green as the grass which grows in the spring. To the Juniors, their hats represent budding genius, higher ambition and closer fellowship, linked with greater college spirit. We are proud to claim our colors. So, fellow classmates, stand up to your colors, and, in after life, may you be able to point with a feeling of pride to the time when you paraded the streets of Williamsburg, bedecked in your beautiful "Green Hats."

Classmates, truly the last few years have been happy ones, with a mixture of hard grinding, high honors and deep responsibilities. We, as a class, have formed strong, helpful and lasting friendships among ourselves, our college-mates and our teachers. The Class of 1910 must enter upon another year of toil and pleasure and then as we go forth in life let us think of our class as "One that never turned back, but marched breast forward."

Let us be strengthened by thoughts of by-gone days, and in future years endeavor to bring greater fame upon our class, our college and our country.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class.



Sophomore Class

ΜΟΤΤΟ: *Ἐν τεύθειν ἐξελαίνει σταθμοῦς δύο*

COLORS: Sky Blue and Orange

YELL: Rip Rap! Rip Rap; Raven! Zaven!

We! We! Who Are We?

Sophomores! Sophomores!

Eleven! Eleven! Nineteen Eleven!

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NATHAN W. SCHLOSSBERG.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
JOSEPH E. HEALY.....	SECRETARY
ELISIA L. SNIPES.....	TREASURER
BLAKE T. NEWTON.....	HISTORIAN

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JOHN EDGAR CAPPS.....	Princess Anne, Va.
JOSIAH TINDALL CARTER.....	Minnieville, Prince William County, Va.
DOUGLAS MERIWETHER DOLD.....	Astoria, N. Y.
JAMES GLENN DRIVER.....	Hardenburg, Spotsylvania County, Va.
NATHANIEL McGREGOR EWELL.....	Ruckersville, Greene County, Va.
HOWELL HARRIS FLETCHER.....	Dot, Lee County, Va.
HAMILTON PHILIPS FOX.....	Franktown, Northampton County, Va.
JOSEPH EWART HEALY.....	Streets, Middlesex County, Va.
WALTER LEE HOPKINS.....	Rocky Mount, Franklin County, Va.
WILLIAM BYRD LEE, JR.....	Gloucester, Va.
BLAKE TYLER NEWTON.....	Hague, Westmoreland County, Va.
LOUIS ASHLY PEATROSS.....	Norfolk, Va.
NATHAN WILLIAM SCHLOSSBERG.....	Portsmouth, Va.
ELISHA LUCAS SNIPES.....	Zuni, Isle of Wight County, Va.
FERNANDO WOOD TAYLOR.....	Lomax, Scott County, Va.
ALVIN LOUIS THOMAS.....	Egg Harbor City, N. J.
FLOY EDWARD YANCEY.....	Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

THE history of a college class is not written to be read and pondered over at the time when the men of whom we are writing are still in college, but in after life, when we are far distant from the tinkling of the college bell. It is then that a class history may be picked up and read, and it may bring back to us scenes and memories which will ever bring happiness to those who have drunk at the fountain of knowledge at the College of William and Mary. If in wandering through the cold, cold world, you chance to pick up the history of the Class of '11, and it bring back to you memories of the by-gone days, and put into your heart one ray of pleasure, it will be all that the historian desires.

There is a saying that "Self praise is half scandal," and if from reading this history you don't think that the Class of '11 is the finest class that ever entered the sacred doors of William and Mary College, you will know that there are many merits of the class that the historian, owing to his modesty, has failed to discuss. This class is well represented in all phases of college activities.

As the athletes come first, we have a few words to say about them. Our class was represented on the gridiron by Driver, Lu, Schlossberg and Fletcher, and it is needless to say that they did honor both to themselves and to their college. In basket-ball we were represented by Garth (captain), Driver, and Schlossberg (manager). The work of this team was phenomenal, being beaten only once. The baseball season has not yet opened, but it is safe to say that we shall be represented by at least three men.

We are not, as a class, habitual curlers, neither are there in our ranks any of the renowned "Sons of Rest" or chronic "Lecture Cutters." To be perfectly frank, I think that the last two virtues—I can't say vices, for such they are not—prevail to a greater extent than do the former. But it is safe to say that if a certain body of men, whose names I will refrain from mentioning, continue to be as attentive and as considerate in the future as they have been in the past, by the year of 1911 ours will be a class of model students.

In the literary societies the members of our class have not been idle. We are represented on the final program of the Phoenix Society by K. A. Agee, president; W. L. Hopkins, orator, and N. W. Schlossberg, debater. Many

others of our class have been doing good work in both societies. I think the time is not far distant when the juries and voters of this and other states will be held spell-bound by the silver-tongued orators of this illustrious class.

There is one character—the politician—without which no class is complete; the man who loves to be around when offices are being awarded, and who thinks that his duty has been sadly neglected unless he is able to acquire for himself or some equally worthy member of his class the most coveted positions in college. As I said before, any class that hasn't in its ranks such a man is a failure. But we are not such a class, for have we not with us the time-honored W. L. Hopkins?

As you are well aware, kind reader, there are many beautiful and attractive members of the "fair sex" in "Ye Ancient Capital of Williamsburg." But the Class of '11 is very unfortunate in not being generally popular with these bewitching creatures. All of our members who have had aspirations in the "calico" line have met with serious drawbacks of various kinds. Did I say all? Well, all save one, and this fortunate young man, from all accounts, is a veritable heart smasher. With his winning smile and cunning ways he has but to smile at a fair maiden in order to capture her. But why blame the dear creatures for something they cannot help? Is he not a man of handsome face and striking physique, and, as I said before, a fascinating smile which conquers all that comes in its way? I think you will all agree with me, when you know that this impersonation of charms is none other than F. E. Yancey, '11.

Classmates, my task is done. The time for us to separate is close at hand; some for a few months, some for years. But in taking leave of you, perhaps never to meet you again upon the campus of William and Mary College, may I say that the best wishes of the historian go with you? May your paths be strewn with success, and may you have every thing that is good for a prosperous, God-fearing citizen!

HISTORIAN.

FRESHMAN CLASSES!





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

MOTTO: Work the hardest; play the best,
 Make exams then we'll rest.
 COLORS: Blue and Gray.

YELL: Razzle-dazzle! Never frazzle!
 Not a thread but wool!
 All together! All together!
 That's the way we pull!
 Freshmen!

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E. E. WEST, JR.	SECRETARY
J. S. BERWIND	TREASURER

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A. A. ARNOLD	Franktown, Va.
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J. S. BERWIND	Philadelphia, Pa.
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W. COHEN	New York, N. Y.
T. DEAL	Norfolk, Va.
W. H. DEERHOL	Earl Spring, Va.
J. B. GALE	Bobs, Va.
T. H. GEDDY, JR.	Williamsburg, Va.
S. L. HAISLIP	Leaksville, Va.
C. H. HART, JR.	Smithfield, Va.
R. A. HUGHES	Bridgeville, Del.
G. S. KENNARD	Williamsburg, Va.
W. F. METCALE	Williamsburg, Va.
S. J. MONTGOMERY	Laecross, Va.
H. G. NEBLETT	Neblett, Va.
R. M. PAGE	Coke, Va.
R. PARKER	Loretto, Va.
C. E. PERSON	Williamsburg, Va.
E. B. THOMAS	Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. L. TONKIN	Portsmouth, Va.
E. E. WEST, JR.	Bacon's Castle, Va.
S. C. WHITE	Ivy Depot, Va.

Freshman Class History

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of the Peace Congresses, history still repeats itself and we have wars and rumors of war. The record of man's conduct will always, perhaps, contain accounts of battles, marches, skirmishes, strategies, etc. In view of these facts, we think it not altogether out of place to represent our class as a company engaged in warfare.

Two years ago the members of our company, being then of a suitable age, heard the call of their country for volunteers to assist in conquering the enemy Ignorance. With tears in their eyes, they took leave of their mothers, sisters, relatives, and sweethearts, and assembled at the noted training station of William and Mary. A famous man has said that not one of those boys who enlisted in this struggle will return home without having been changed after the four long years of bitter war, for which the enlistment calls. Be that as it may, our hearts were as courageous as were those of the crusaders of old.

On the seventeenth of September our company began an extended march, and for some time a heavy fog of superstition impeded our progress, but at length the Peaks of Learning became visible and, we received encouraging news from the seat of war—the city of Intelligence. This is a beautiful city, with structures of character and spires of genius glistening in the sun of Wisdom. We trudged forward, footsore and weary, through the enemy's strongly fortified territory. The first notable resistance was made at the Fortress of Vice. This we eventually conquered with a loss of a few men whose bodies were left in the trenches of Indulgence, which the enemy had thrown up around the place.

Our company next encountered a great swampy district known as Despair, where we sustained some loss. Leaving this, we soon came to a steep mountain called Endeavor. The cavalry could not climb it, so some turned back, while others dismounted and came on afoot.

It was in the latter part of January that our company was halted for a review by our superior officers. Some of our boys were reprimanded and a few were court-martialed and discharged without honor.

For some reason, we changed our course about the first of February, and, coming into a different climate, were given an allowance of new clothing, after which we made good progress for a while.

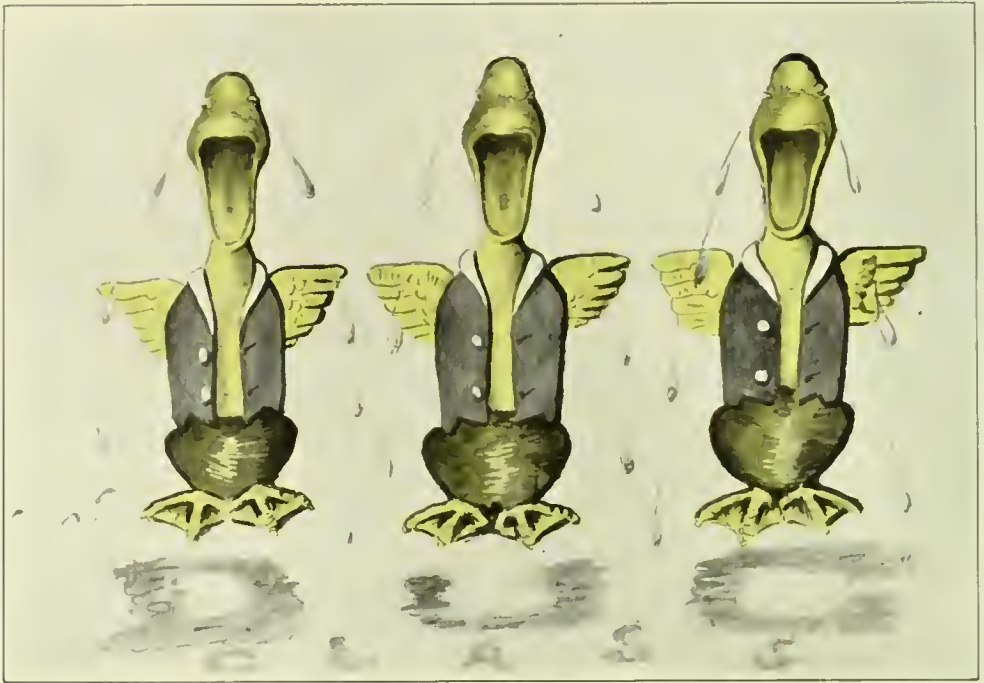
The rations allowed us were, as usual, not very good, and in consequence we were sometimes forced to forage.

Once when we were out on a foraging expedition, we found a peculiar kind of food, which tasted good, but the after effects were anything but pleasant. In appearance it was something like an apple with a striped, fuzzy coat and had a very delicious flavor. We learned afterward that it was a species of oat.

A sharp engagement with the enemy took place on the third of March at Doubt's Ferry, situated on a high hill overlooking Reckless River. The contest was long and doubtful, but finally the enemy were forced to strike their colors. When we reached the river it was swollen, and it seemed as if we would have trouble in crossing, but as luck would have it, we met a Mr. Experience who acted as our guide. After leaving this river, we entered a very rough country. Now and then we saw the bones of soldiers who, doubtless, had been engaged in a contest similar to ours and who had succumbed to the hardships of such a life.

The next reports we received were not encouraging. This city of Intelligence appeared to be farther away than we had imagined. To add to our misfortunes, the weather began to grow too hot for active campaigning, and the whole company was seized with discontentment. It looked as if a mutiny was inevitable. Our superior officers took in the situation, martialled us for another review, and decided to give us a three months' furlough.

HISTORIAN.





SECOND NON-COLLEGIATE CLASS

SECOND SUB-COLLEGIATE CLASS—CONTINUED

N. H. TILLAGE.....	Gloucester, Va.
M. F. TORREGROSA.....	Carolina, Porto Rico
C. W. WICKES.....	New Market, Va.
THEO. BARROW.....	Smithfield, Va.
G. E. BEALE.....	Williamsburg, Va.
H. H. BLACKWELL.....	Henbridge, Va.
B. E. COBB.....	Blackstone, Va.
R. H. COLLINS.....	Bowling Green, Va.
S. M. CUTTRELL.....	Diascund, Va.
F. H. GREEN.....	Staunton, Va.
W. B. HARPER.....	Port Norfolk, Va.
W. M. HARRISON.....	Shirley, Va.
F. A. HODGSON.....	Kinsale, Va.
S. B. HOUGHTON.....	Portsmouth, Va.
W. R. JENNINGS.....	Camp, Va.
W. F. JORDAN.....	Rescue, Va.
A. P. LEATHERBURY.....	Machipongo, Va.
J. W. LOVE.....	Hamilton, Va.
T. S. MARTIN.....	Lanexa, Va.
W. F. METCALF.....	Williamsburg, Va.
G. H. MOUNTCASTLE.....	Mountcastle, Va.
E. R. MURDEN.....	Water Oak, Va.
R. T. MacDONALD.....	Warrenton, Va.
T. S. NEALE.....	Heathsville, Va.
A. E. OAKHAM.....	Portsmouth, Va.
W. L. PARKER.....	Portsmouth, Va.
R. A. PRILLAMAN.....	Callaway, Va.
J. H. ROGERS.....	Carsley, Va.
G. H. SHREVE.....	Sterling, Va.
W. P. TUNSTALL.....	Roxbury, Va.
S. C. WHITE.....	Ivy Depot, Va.
P. L. WHITE.....	Virginia Beach, Va.
A. V. BORKEY.....	Bowling Green, Va.
J. F. GARTH.....	Ivy Depot, Va.
H. R. HAMILTON.....	Nichsville, Va.
W. L. HOPKINS.....	Rocky Mount, Va.
C. N. HODGFS.....	Hickory, Va.

Second Sub-Collegiate Class History

THE deeds of great men we find often hid behind clouds of obscurity, and this is more or less true in regard to the second year sub-collegiate class of the College of William and Mary. Again we find that the deeds of great men often gleam forth as translucent pearls from the mediocrity about them. It is with the latter class only that the much-honored historian shall attempt to deal, leaving the obscurities to be cleared by the future biographers of the members of this class, for we doubt not that each shall rise into such prominence that not one but scores of biographers will be launched upon the public dealing with the qualities which the present historian has yet to discern.

Even after the above, there may be some who underestimate the importance of this class, but let them take into consideration the fact that we have usurped the time-honored traditions of the Sophs, and wield the scepter with the iron hand unconcealed by the proverbial velvet glove. Upon the athletic field our men have captured more than their share of honors. We find the scrub teams in every department of athletics composed almost entirely of members of the second year sub-collegiate class, and clearly has it been shown that a successful varsity depends upon a good scrub and that this year's second team is largely next year's first team. In the literary societies we have held our heads high and echoed the principles embodied in the sacred sentence "Give me liberty or give me death." And last, but not least, in that realm of college activity known as "calicoism" we have been ably represented and feel confident that a good portion of the hard-hearted fair sex have bestowed their lasting affections upon us. We may say truthfully that a majority of those who linger around the statue of "Old Botetourt until the wee sma' hours and bay the moon from the balconies of Ewell and Brappsten are from this versatile body of men known as second sub-collegiate or 'Senior dues.' "

A feeling of sadness akin to pain comes over the historian as he realizes that he must now lay down his pen leaving so much untold, but as someone has said, great men's glory consists in doing good deeds secretly; therefore, we feel it best that we should let these acts rest in their seeming obscurity and render their doers safe from the unsought applause of a selfish world.

HISTORIAN.

Our Life

Our life is like a swift and troubled stream
Which, springing forth from depths dark and unknown,
Flies swift as does the fairy of a dream,
Away in darkness with a weary moan.

Our life is like a short autumnal day
Which crimson all the Eastern mountain's crest;
Passing high noon it slowly fades away,
Forever sinking in the purple West.

Our life is like some tender springtime rose
That buds and blooms, and, fading, falls to earth,
And quickly back to Mother Nature goes,
Leaving but scented memories of its birth.

Our life is like the substance of a dream
That comes and goes e'en while a second flies;
E'en while we live we are not what we seem,
For all that is lives only when it dies.

E'er can we go, but never more return;
We have our youth, our zenith, our decay;
Forever are the ashes in the urn—
We mount unsighted wings, we go away.

.SUB DUC



COLORS: Cherry, Maroon and Gray

MOTTO: Labor omnia vincit

YELL: Boome lacker, Boome lacker,
 We were Dues, Dues, Dues,
 Chickier lacker, Chickier lacker,
 We got Bucked, Bucked, Bucked;
 Boome lacker, Chickier lacker,
 Ruh, Ruh, Ruh!

OFFICERS

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H. B. HUGHES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. P. REID.....	SECRETARY
M. C. BOWLING.....	TREASURER
A. G. HUGHES.....	HISTORIAN

Sub Duc Class Roll

G. S. BANCROFT.....	Boulevard, Va.
T. BARROW, JR.....	Smithfield, Va.
B. E. BING.....	Free Union, Va.
M. C. BOWLING.....	Andersonville, Va.
G. W. BRANNOX.....	Whitacre, Va.
R. H. BROCKWELL.....	Bradley's Store, Va.
M. L. BARKEY.....	Bowling Green, Va.
J. G. BROWN.....	Newport News, Va.
F. P. BURTON.....	Stuart, Va.
C. M. BURROW.....	Portsmouth, Va.
W. D. CLARK.....	Jettersville, Va.
B. E. COBB.....	Blackstone, Va.
J. M. COFER.....	Montvale, Va.
S. W. COX.....	Hilton's, Va.
R. H. COLLINS.....	Bowling Green, Va.
G. R. CUSTIS.....	Keller, Va.
A. C. CROMWELL.....	Norfolk, Va.
T. Y. DAVIS.....	Beaver Dam, Va.
C. F. DIRICKSON.....	Berlin, Md.
C. E. DOVELL.....	Uno, Va.
J. P. EAGLES.....	Winterpock, Va.
F. W. FLANARY.....	Dryden, Va.
H. H. FULTON.....	Critz, Va.
A. S. FORREST.....	Messick, Va.
B. A. GARTH.....	Ivy Depot, Va.
L. E. GRAVES.....	Syria, Va.
W. V. GREEAR.....	Coburn, Va.
W. C. GRANBERY.....	Atlanta, Ga.
H. G. GRAY.....	Saluda, Va.
F. N. HALL.....	Great Bridge, Va.
J. M. HARRIS.....	Blackstone, Va.
S. S. HARRIS.....	Blackstone, Va.
R. E. HONEY.....	Crest Hill, Va.
N. L. HOWARD.....	Floyd, Va.
A. G. HUGHES.....	Newport News, Va.
H. B. HUGHES.....	Newport News, Va.
R. HYNSEN.....	Ocoquan, Va.
J. S. IVES.....	Fentress, Va.
W. R. JENNINGS.....	Camp, Va.
S. W. JOHNSON.....	Sandy Ford, Va.
H. F. JOHNSON.....	Upperville, Va.
J. BARBOUR KITE, JR.....	Claremont, W. Va.
W. E. MILLER.....	Norfolk, Va.
F. L. MOORE.....	Sassafras, Va.



FIRST YEAR COLLEGIATE CLASS

SUB DUC ROLL—CONTINUED

M. MOORE.....	Conde, Va.
S. S. MYRICK.....	Sands, Va.
J. R. McALLISTER.....	Norfolk, Va.
J. S. PATTERSON.....	Harriston, Va.
J. L. PATTERSON.....	Harriston, Va.
H. G. PARKER.....	Portsmouth, Va.
W. L. PARKER.....	Portsmouth, Va.
J. G. PORTER.....	Rural Retreat, Va.
W. T. POWERS.....	Port Royal, Va.
R. A. PRILLAMAN.....	Calloway, Va.
H. W. PRITCHETT.....	Wenonda, Va.
E. P. REID.....	Franktown, Va.
C. C. RENICK.....	Calloway, Va.
C. L. REYNOLDS.....	Rapidan, Va.
C. G. RICHARDSON.....	Portsmouth, Va.
D. B. SPENCER.....	Williamsburg, Va.
J. W. STOLT, JR.....	Smithfield, Va.
R. E. SKINNER.....	Kenbridge, Va.
C. H. SMITH.....	Oldhams, Va.
I. J. STANLEY.....	Maybury, Va.
W. S. STRAUGHAN.....	Oldhams, Va.
J. W. STOLT, JR.....	Smithfield, Va.
S. B. TAYLOR.....	Barboursville, Va.
A. T. THOMPSON.....	Fairfax C. H., Va.
S. M. THOMPSON.....	Fairfax C. H., Va.
L. R. C. TOWLES.....	Mohusk, Va.
A. P. TUCKER.....	Merry Mount, N. C.
H. L. WINFREE.....	Swoope, Va.
C. WINN.....	Fitchetts, Va.
E. P. WHITE.....	Odd, Va.
D. S. WHITLEY.....	Windsor, Va.

Sub-Collegiate Class History

AFTER many long years of impatient waiting, we have finally entered the sacred portals of old William and Mary College. It would take some one more capable than I to write the history of a class so illustrious as ours, as it should be written; but since I have received the honor of being the historian of the Class of 1914, I shall try to do my classmates justice in the writing of the history and to show that we, as a class, are not unimportant.

Biographies of great men have been written; deeds of valor have been sung and recorded in history, but he who reads the name by which we are unfortunately called will see that we have yet to become famous. Not unlike previous "Dues" classes, we have high aspirations and aims. We may lack a little of that meekness and obedience which has characterized other sub-collegiate classes, but when one comes to know that we have been given a building for our own especial use, and that we have established the reputation of being "curlers," it is evident that we do figure in college affairs.

Our class is well represented in almost every phase of athletics. Although our football men only made the second team, we feel sure that next year they will win monograms as members of "the varsity." In basket-ball and track, we made a good showing. It is too early in the season to be able to pick the varsity baseball nine, but with five or six very promising aspirants, we are confident that our class will not go unrepresented.

We are eminently successful, however, in one branch of college life—the lecture hall. Here we have striven so valiantly that we have established the reputation of being a strong and well-prepared class.

The members of the "Sub-Dues" are taking a very active part in the work of the Y. M. C. A., and seem to have derived no little benefit from their affiliation with this organization.

If you enjoy hearing poems, etc., read and declaimed as they should be, just go to either of the literary society halls, for here on Saturday nights most of our members are to be found. Here they are being trained in the gentle arts of persuasion and oratory. Any class which has failed to produce a few "calico-fiends" would not live up to the reputation held by previous "Dues" classes. This cannot be said of our class, however, for several of our members spend all of their spare moments, and some that are not spare, with those "dear damsels" and say "words which would be howled in the desert air." We now bid you adieu, hoping that when you hear from us again we will be "Sophomores," and not "Dues."

HISTORIAN.

Omnia Vincit Amor

IN a lonely room, upon an old Southern plantation, lay a dying man. The July sun was just sinking behind the Western horizon, kissing the hilltops with his retreating rays, and bidding a last farewell to the departing day. As twilight began to settle about the place, the soul of the dying man left its house of clay and passed into the presence of Him who gave it being.

A mysterious tragedy had been committed. William Wray had been found, in a dying condition, in his own room with a bullet hole through his head. Who did the deed and why the act was done, seemed to be a fact known only to God and the malefactor.

The machinery of the law is put in motion, to unravel the mystery and mete out justice to the guilty one. The coroner is summoned, blood hounds are sent to the scene of the murder, and detectives are put to work on the case. In fact, every means known to human ingenuity is being used to find the murderer.

An inquest is held and the main evidence before the coroner is that given by the niece of the murdered man. She states that as far as she knew she and her uncle were alone that day. That she left him alone in the room, and started to the library to get a book, when, crossing the hall which separates the library from the room in which her uncle was left, she was startled by the report of a gun, and rushing back to the room found him lying prone upon the floor with the bullet hole in his head. She also states that there was no evidence present to support the presumption of suicide, for nowhere in the room was there to be found any trace of a firearm, save an old field rifle, and it was hanging, unmolested, in its accustomed place upon the wall.

The detectives search every nook and cranny of the premises for some trace of the supposed intruder, but all in vain, for no clue can be found. Then, who did the deed? This question cannot be decided by the coroner with the evidence before him, and he is preparing to return a verdict of "Cause unknown" when a detective enters the room, bearing in his hand a written document, which proves to be the will of the murdered man. By this will, William Wray had devised his entire fortune to his niece, Amy Wray, on the condition that she would not marry during his lifetime, and in case she should marry be-

fore his death, then his whole estate was to go to the State University. In connection with said will the following letter was read, which had been found in Amy's room.

WRAY PLANTATION, July, 1.

"Dear Harold—Uncle Will does not want me to marry. He recently willed me his entire fortune, on the condition that I would not marry until his death; but in case I do marry, during his lifetime, then his property is to go to the State University.

"Now, Harold, you know that I would not disappoint you for any fortune, however great, and since I have my choice between you and uncle's millions, I hasten to say that if there is no way by which I may have both, I will choose the former, for what good would uncle's millions do me without you?

"YOUR OWN, AMY."

With this newly discovered evidence before him, the coroner returns a verdict that the shot that caused the death of William Wray was fired by his niece. Under this verdict, she is arrested and placed in the custody of the law to await her trial.

Leaving this unfortunate girl to her fate, and going to the City of New York, we find there a young man. He is twenty-eight years of age, of strong athletic build, and reasonably handsome. He has recently graduated from the Harvard Law School, and is just beginning the practice of his profession. On this eventful night we find him sitting alone in his room, smoking his pipe, and dreaming of the future. He is thinking of the future and what it has in store for him. But the main burden of his thoughts is a little girl whom he left behind, down in the old Southland. She is the only girl he had ever loved in all his life, and the only one he had ever asked to share with him his future.

Amy Wray was a typical daughter of the South. Her blue eyes and beautiful golden hair seemed to reflect the very sunshine under which she had grown up from childhood. She had been left an orphan when but a very small child, and had been adopted and cared for by her bachelor uncle. He was very wealthy, and spared none of his wealth in giving his niece the best educational advantages the country could afford. Her many rare accomplishments, which she had acquired with that liberal portion of her uncle's wealth which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her, and that graceful form and beautiful countenance with which nature had endowed her, were enough to attract the attentions of the sterner sex. Therefore, we may readily see why Harold Johnson fell in love with this little Flower of the South, when he met her

force her, as it would the lowest criminal, to pay the penalty. To establish her innocence before the world is the one ambition of his life. To win will mean for both happiness and fame. To lose could mean nothing but ruin.

Think of this young man as he sits up night after night, toiling, planning and wrestling with this his first case, but a case which means to him, not only a reputation, but on the other hand all of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

At last the day for trial comes, and never before in the history of that city has there ever been seen such a sensation. People leave their work, business men shut up their shops and crowd about the courtroom. There is no lack of counsel for the defence, for many of the leading attorneys of that city voluntarily offer their service to defend and help establish the innocence of this beautiful girl. In the midst of this array of noted counsel sits a young attorney who is engaged in trying his first case, but it is to be the effort of his life, for upon its decision depends the life of one above all others he holds most dear. He has spent many sleepless nights in preparation, and while he lacks experience, yet the time, place and circumstances are with him. The trial is sensational, but necessarily short. The evidence on the main trial is similar to that before the coroner. It is entirely circumstantial, but each circumstance seems to be tying fast the hands of the prisoner.

When the evidence is all in, the attorney for the Commonwealth arises and makes a brief statement of his case. He hastily reviews the evidence, pointing out in a brief and concise manner the conclusion to be drawn from the train of circumstances, which seem to point toward the guilt of the prisoner.

We have now arrived at that stage of the trial where the defence is called upon to do their best work in behalf of their client. The evidence is all in, and it is against them. But the sympathy of the people is with them, and it seems that an appeal to the twelve men who have been sworn to decide the guilt or innocence of the accused is all that is left them. Never before has there ever been a time more suitable for such an appeal. There in their midst sits a young girl, accused of murdering her own uncle, in order that she might be free to marry the young man of her choice, and yet keep the fortune which would come to her on the death of the murdered man.

The time has now come for Harold Johnson to make his first speech in court. He responds nobly to the call, for he has made vast preparation for this occasion, which of all others is to him the most trying. Never before in the history of that city was such an appeal ever heard in behalf of a prisoner, and never again would Harold Johnson be able to make its equal. When he takes his seat, every one predicts an acquittal.

The court then instructs the jury that there is no middle ground for them to take, but that it is their duty, under the law and the evidence in the case now before them, to find the accused either guilty of murder in the first degree, or of no crime whatever. The jury retire to their room, and after an hour or two of grave deliberation, they come to a conclusion. As they file into the court-room, all eyes are on their foreman as he hands to the clerk their decision. "What is it?" each one asks himself, as the clerk rises to read to the excited crowd the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree." The law hath spoken and Amy Wray has been branded a felon.

Imagine the feelings of Harold Johnson as he leaves that room defeated, not only in this his first case at the bar of justice, but in his hope for the future. As he sits to-night, all alone in his room, he no longer thinks of the future, for he feels that there is now no future for him, but his thoughts are of the present. He is thinking still of the one he loves, and believing in her innocence he has determined not to give up the fight until his fond hopes have vanished and have turned to ashes in his hand.

The hours following the trial are fraught with much anxiety for Harold Johnson. He realizes that there is left but one hope for the girl he loves, and he determines to make the most of it. The next day he goes to the place of the murder, hoping to find some clue that would aid him in his appeal to the Governor. He searches diligently all day, but can discover nothing new. He is disheartened and is preparing to return to the city when something rather singular happens. As he passes the window in the room in which William Wray met his death, he feels a stinging sensation on one of his hands, as though it were being burnt, and upon investigation he finds that his hand has been burnt. Following up this peculiar circumstance, he is enabled to solve the mystery, which is explained as follows:

The day on which William Wray was supposed to have been murdered, a new window pane had been put in the window, containing a flaw which formed a convex, acting as a kind of burning-glass, which converged the sun's rays to a focus. Upon an investigation it was found that at a certain time in the afternoon, which corresponded with the time William Wray was shot, the rays of the sun were, thus, concentrated upon the tube of the old rifle, as it then hung in its rack upon the wall. Furthermore, it was found that the muzzle of the old gun was in direct range with the place where the bullet entered the wall after passing through the head of William Wray.

This, too, is only circumstantial evidence, and perhaps it will not be accepted by some students of Physics, but suffice it to say that it was sufficient to convince the Governor of that state that Amy Wray was innocent of the charge of murder, and he immediately pardoned her.

Now if you should chance to pass through that Southern city, you will see, situated upon a high hill overlooking the city, a beautiful mansion, and upon inquiry you will find that it is the home of Harold Johnson, the Governor of his state and the head of a happy family.

WILL WHEELER.





Main Building of William and Mary College
— Built in 1694 —



Home of Peyton Randolph
in 1775.



Bruton Parish Church, built in 1713.



— President's House, founded in 1722 —



Bassett House, home of John
Tyler in 1796.



Court House, built in 1769.



Home of John Blair, President
of the Virginia Council.



Brafferton Building founded in 1729.



Home of George Wythe and
headquarters of Gen. Washington.



Powder Magazine, built in 1714.



Lord Droop's Wine Cellar.



Mrs. Washington's Kitchen.



Deble's Pring.

Scenes in old Williamsburg.

“The Old Burg”

IN sixteen hundred and ninety-eight Middle Plantation became the second capital of the Mother State. The site of the old House of Burgesses is at the east end of the Duke of Gloucester Street; and the college named in honor of William and Mary of Orange is situated at the west end, just one mile from the capital. The spirit of the college so dominated, that the city, made sacred by the presence of so many old patriots and courtiers, took the name of Williamsburg.

Much has been done in the past few years to beautify this historic city and to promote its educational advantages. To the ancient college buildings, that echo the footsteps of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Marshall, Tyler, and hundreds of other patriots, have been added, by the efforts of President Lyon G. Tyler, five beautiful and modern structures.

In nineteen hundred and three Miss Nannie C. Davis became principal of the Model School, which then consisted of one room and twenty children. Through her efforts the school has been improved and increased, and now consists of five well organized grades with regular teachers and an enrollment of one hundred and forty pupils. The consolidation of the primary grades of the public school was effected during the first year of her principalship.

The children's civic league of the Model School has done much to beautify the school grounds and the old historic "Burg," keeping it attractive and interesting as it was of old. Owing to the large number of pupils, the kindergarten is taught in the old home of John Blair, first president of the college.

It is anticipated that next session a new building will be had sufficient to accommodate the entire public school system of the city.

In connection with the school systems here, we would not forget the Williamsburg Institute, which, together with our Colonial City, graced with so many fair damsels, serves adequately, from the students' view-point, as the coeducational part of the William and Mary.

In nineteen hundred and five the marl walks were replaced by granolithic pavements. Now the old students and visitors view the colonial relics with an increasing interest, as they pass along under the beautiful trees that shade their footsteps.

The knitting mill, lumber yard, ice plant, and ice cream factory are some of the thriving industries. Along the roads that lead to historic Yorktown and Jamestown are to be seen the dairy farms. With the other priorities is the first hospital for the insane in America.

Our college town is still colonial in many ways, and the scenes in the group are a few of the many before which the observer stands and weeps tears of patriotism.



Practice Students

F. E. GRAVES
J. D. BEAL
F. H. BEAR
J. H. BRENT
A. R. KOONTZ
A. C. TAYLOR
J. C. FREEMAN



Moppi, School.

As We Sow

Within this realm of care and woe,
Where pleasures only come and go,
How oft doth Fancy look afar
To find some other gate ajar!

How often in the midnight dream
There rises up another gleam
From some fair face of rosy hue
To charm the heart of man anew!

How often words that once were said
As solemn as the silent dead
Are lost in mem'ry's mystic sleep,
And love no more its vigils keep!

How often eyes unused to tears,
In maiden's glad and golden years,
Are made to weep the burning drops,
Because the tide of love he stops!

But by and by she wipes away
The tear that's born on yesterday;
And plights her troth to one more brave
And follows him unto the grave.

Her life, in most, was happy, too,
While here she trod her journey thro',
But how of him who watched her fate?
He loved at last—too late, too late!

Young man, hast thou no faint regret
Of that sometime thou didst forget,
And to some heart didst draw full near,
And spoke some word not full sincere?

Is there to-day some tender heart
Thy pleading look and pledge didst start
To throbbing with responsiveness,
Until it gave the ling'ring "Yes"?

And hast thou not, because of this,
Left on her lips a sealing kiss,
Then traveled on thy wild career,
Forgetting all thou once didst swear?

If so, my friend, be thus assured
That God has never thus endured
His fairest child to bear the shame
And cruel man be free from blame.

There'll come a time in thy brief days,
When Cupid trips and Hymen plays,
Thou, too, wilt love one—even so,
But for the "Yes" there'll come the "No."

L'ENVOI

Be honest then in all you do,
Whate'er you say, always be true,
And you will then at last be free
To live in love eternally.

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F. E. YANCEY.....	CHIEF MARSHAL



OLD AND NEW LIBRARY VIEWS



G. S. KENNARD
BAPTIST



W. A. R. GOODWIN
EPISCOPAL

College Chaplains

These four ministers represent the four churches of the city. One of them conducts exercises for a week at a time. Beginning at the first of the month they officiate in the alphabetical order in which the denominations come.

When a month has five weeks the Y. M. C. A. is given charge of the fifth week.

We wish to thank the ministers for the kindness and earnestness with which they greet us every morning.



F. W. T. PITTMAN
PRESBYTERIAN



E. K. ODELL
METHODIST



J. H. BRENT



P. S. GILLIAM



W. L. HOPKINS



E. L. R. GOODWIN



D. D. SIZER



R. C. YOUNG



H. F. TOMPKINS

MAGAZINE STAFF



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 1849; 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.





Theta Delta Chi

(Founded at Union College, 1848)

COLORS: Black, White, and Blue

FLOWER: Red Carnation

YELL: Ziprick! Ziprick! Hi! Ki! Si!

Epsilon! Epsilon!

Theta Delta Chi!

CHARGES

Beta—Cornell University, 1870.
Gamma Deuteron—University of Michigan, 1889.
Delta Deuteron—University of California, 1900.
Epsilon—William and Mary College, 1853.
Zeta—Brown University, 1853.
Zeta Deuteron—McGill University, 1901.
Eta—Bowdoin College, 1845.
Eta Deuteron—Stanford University, Jr., 1903.
Theta Deuteron—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1890.
Iota—Harvard University, 1856.
Iota Deuteron—Williams College, 1891.
Kappa—Tufts College, 1856.
Kappa Deuteron—University of Illinois, 1908.
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, 1892.
Phi—Lafayette College, 1867.
Chi—University of Rochester, 1867.
Chi Deuteron—George Washington University, 1896.
Psi—Hamilton College, 1868.

Epsilon Charge of Theta Delta Chi

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

S. R. WARNER, '09
DUNCAN McRAE, '09
CHAS. A. TAYLOR, JR., '09
J. C. FREEMAN, '09
ROSCOE C. YOUNG, '10
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J. T. CARTER, '11
J. E. HEALEY, '11
E. L. MACHEN, '13
L. B. STATON, '13
A. W. O'KEEFE, '13



THETA DELTA CHI

Theta Delta Chi

GRADUATE ASSOCIATIONS

Gamma Deuteron Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1899.
Epsilon Alumni Association, 1904.
Epsilon Deuteron, Thirty-six Club, 1903.
Zeta Alumni Association, 1898.
Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1902.
Eta Chapter House Corporation, 1901.
Eta Deuteron Alumni Association, 1905.
Iota Graduate Association, 1902.
 $\Theta \Delta X$ Association of Williams College, 1906.
Kappa Charge of the $\Theta \Delta X$ Fraternity Corporation, 1883.
Lambda Graduate Association, 1899.
New York Association of Lambda Alumni.
Mu Deuteron Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ Society, 1890.
Xi Charge of $\Theta \Delta X$ Corporation, 1907.
The Omicron Survivors Association, 1908.
Omicron Deuteron Alumni Association.
Graduate Association of Pi Deuteron, 1906.
Rho Alumni Association, 1907.
Rho Deuteron Alumni Association, 1903.
Rho Deuteron Company, 1904.
Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1903.
The Wisconsin Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1895.
Tau Deuteron Alumni Association.
Phi Alumni Association, 1904.
Chi Alumni Association.
Chi Deuteron Graduate Association, 1901.
Psi Alumni Association.
Graduate Club of $\Theta \Delta X$, New York, 1896.
New York Graduate Association, 1856.
New England Association, 1884.
Rhode Island Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1898.
Central New York Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1905.
Rochester Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1902.
Buffalo Graduate Association, 1891.
Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ of Western Pa., 1903.
Central Graduate Association, 1890.
Kansas City Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$, 1907.
Minnesota Association, 1900.
The $\Theta \Delta X$, Montreal, 1907.
Eastern Maine Association, 1907.



Kappa Alpha Order

(Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865)

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Delta—Wofford College, Spartan, S. C.
Epsilon—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Theta—University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Lambda—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Xi—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—Southwestern 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—Transylvania 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.
Alpha Xi—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Alpha Omicron—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford, Cal.
Alpha Rho—West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha Sigma—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha Tau—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha Upsilon—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
Alpha Phi—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha 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.

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Kappa Alpha

(Established in 1890)

COLORS: Crimson and Old Gold
FLOWERS: Magnolia and Red Rose

YELL: K—A—Kappa,
K—A—Alpha,
Alpha Zeta,
Kappa Alpha!

FRATER IN FACULTATE

DR. W. A. MONTGOMERY.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

THEOPHILUS BARROW, JR.
BENJAMIN E. COBB, JR.
R. HUGH COLLINS
DOUGLAS M. DOLD
CAUNCEY E. DOVELL
HERBERT R. ETHERIDGE
J. MADISON HARRIS, JR.
SELDEN S. HARRIS
JOSEPH M. HURT, JR.
READ HYNSON
HERBERT F. JOHNSON
BASIL MANLY
R. MANN PAGE
L. ASHLY PEATROSS
SPENCER LANE
R. SYDNEY BROOCHIS



KAPPA ALPHA

Kappa Alpha Order

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Alexandria, La.—Robert A. Hunter.
Anniston, Ala.—C. H. Young.
Asheville, N. C.—H. K. Northrup.
Atlanta, Ga.—Fred G. Hodgson.
Augusta, Ga.—Charles A. Robbe, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.—A. van R. Schermerhorn, U. S. Fidelity and Guar. Co.
Baton Rouge, La.—Chas. P. Manship.
Birmingham, Ala.—O. B. Fleming.
Boston, Mass.—J. R. McKissick, 3 Summer Road, Cambridge.
Canal Zone.—Dr. W. M. James, Ancon Hospital, Ancon, Canal Zone.
Charlotte, N. C.—J. P. Lucas.
Charleston, S. C.—H. R. Sass, College of Charleston.
Charleston, W. Va.—S. C. Littlepage.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Morris E. Temple.
Centreville, Miss.—Charles M. Shaw.
Chester, S. C.—G. J. Patterson.
Columbus, Ga.—Josiah Flournoy, Jr.
Dallas, Texas.—S. T. Stratton, Jr.
El Smith, Ark.—H. L. Bembig.
Franklin, La.—
Griffin, Ga.—Bailey Fowler.
Hampton, Newport News, Va.—H. H. Holt.
Hattiesburg, Miss.—John B. Burkett.
Houston, Tex.—W. P. Hamblen, Jr.
Huntington, W. Va.—Harry G. Scherr, Williamson, W. Va.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Richard P. Daniel.
Jackson, Miss.—V. Otis Robertson.
Jonesboro, Ark.—C. D. Frierson.
Kansas City, Mo.—A. C. Smith, 358 N. Y. Life Bldg.
Knoxville, Tenn.—Thomas P. Miller, care Gillespie, Shields & Co.
Lexington, Ky.—Wellington F. Scott.
Little Rock, Ark.—J. F. Moleite.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Irving M. Walker, 710 Fay Bldg.
Louisville, Ky.—Chas. A. Wickliffe.
Macon, Ga.—R. Douglass Feagin.
Memphis, Tenn.—LeRoy Cooper.
Mobile, Ala.—John G. Hamilton.
Montgomery, Ala.—Ray Jones, 430 Court Street.
Muskegee, Ind. Ter.—R. E. Peters.
Nashville, Tenn.—Thos. I. Webb, Jr., McGavock Block.
Natchitoches, La.—J. W. McCook.
New Haven, Conn.—Bentley Nelson, Yale University.
New Orleans, La.—R. E. Brumby, Tulane University.
New York City.—R. H. Keithley, 440 West 164th Street.
Norfolk, Va.—R. W. Waldrop, Jr., Boush Street.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—H. E. Elder.
Petersburg, Va.—Williams T. Davis.
Philadelphia, Pa.—S. L. Willard, 642 N. 8th Street.
Pittsburg, Pa.—J. R. Young, 424 Center Street, Wilkensburg, Pa.
Raleigh, N. C.—G. W. Rogers.
Richmond, Va.—G. Wilmer Hodgson, 1418 E. Main Street.
San Francisco.—R. L. Rowley, 1414 Merchants Exch. Bldg., San Francisco.
Savannah, Ga.—Thomas G. Basinger.
Selma, Ala.—D. L. Hooper.
Shreveport, La.—D. G. Frantz, Box 257.
Spartanburg, S. C.—Frank C. Rogers.
St. Louis.—C. V. Mayer, 522 Victoria Bldg.
Staunton, Va.—Charles S. Reller, Jr.
Tallahassee, Fla.—B. A. McGinniss.
Talladega, Ala.—Marion H. Sims.
Tampa, Fla.—W. Munro McIntosh.
Thomasville, Ga.—Edward Jerger.
Washington, D. C.—H. Shaller, 1931 K St., N. W. (A. Nu Chapter House).
Wilmington, N. C.—J. F. Post, Jr.

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

Alabama—John H. Skeggs, Auburn, Ala.
Arkansas—W. G. Mason, Hot Springs, Ark.
Georgia—Carl F. Hutcheson, Atlanta, Ga.
Kentucky—J. Nathan Elliott, Lexington, Ky.
Louisiana—Dr. J. L. Scales, Alden Bridge, La.
Missouri—A. E. Martin, Liberty, Mo.
North Carolina—R. S. McGreechay, Raleigh, N. C.
Oklahoma—R. E. Peters, Muskegee, I. T.
Virginia—Hardin T. Burnley, Richmond, Va.



Kappa Sigma

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.
Xu—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—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Chi—Purdue 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 Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Alpha Mu—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Alpha Pi—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
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 Minneapolis, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beta Nu—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Beta Xi—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Beta Omicron—University of Denver, University Park, Colo.
Beta Pi—Dickenson 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 Agricultural and Mechanical College, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Phi—Chase 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, Colo.
Gamma Alpha—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.
Gamma Beta—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma Gamma—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
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.
Gamma Lambda—Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
Gamma Mu—Washington State College, Pullman, Wash.
Gamma Nu—Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.

Du Chapter of Kappa Sigma Fraternity

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.
JOHN TYLER, M. A.

JAMES S. WILSON, Ph. D.
GEORGE O. FERGUSON, JR., B. A.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

WHITFIELD COHEN
JACK M. DAVIS
JAMES GLENN DRIVER
THOMAS H. GEDDY, JR.
EDWARD LE BARON GOODWIN
CHARLES HARDY HART, JR.
JOHN LESLIE HALL, JR.
DANGERFIELD BLAND SPENCER
ROBERT BRUCE JACKSON
FRANK W. LEWIS, JR.
WILLIAM BYRD LEE, JR.
WILLIAM HAYNE NEBLETT
HERBERT CLARENCE NEBLETT
HOWARD G. SPENCER, JR.

FRATRES IN URBE

ROBERT E. HENLEY
HUGH MERCER.



KAPPA SIGMA

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

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



Pi Kappa Alpha

(Founded 1868)

FOUNDERS

- *FREDERICK SOUTHGATE TAYLOR, Norfolk, Va.
JULIAN E. WOOD, Elizabeth City, N. C.
L. W. TAZEWELL, Norfolk, Va.
*ROBERTSON HOWARD, M. D., Washington, D. C.
*JAMES B. SCLATER, Richmond, Va.

*Deceased.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

- Alpha*—University of Virginia.
Beta—Davidson College.
Gamma—William and Mary College.
Delta—Southern University.
Zeta—University of Tennessee.
Eta—Tulane University.
Theta—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Iota—Hampden-Sidney College.
Kappa—Kentucky University.
Mu—Presbyterian College.
Omicron—Richmond College.
Pi—Washington and Lee University.
Rho—Cumberland University.
Tau—University of North Carolina.
Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Phi—Roanoke College.
Chi—University of the South.
Psi—Georgia Agricultural College.
Omega—State University.
Alpha Alpha—Trinity College.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Alpha Delta—Georgia School of Technology.
Alpha Epsilon—North Carolina A. & M. College.
Alpha Zeta—University of Arkansas.
Alpha Eta—University of State of Florida.
Alpha Theta—West Virginia University.
Alpha Iota—Millsaps College.
Alpha Kappa—Missouri School of Mines.
Alpha Lambda—Georgetown College.
Alpha Mu—University of Georgia.

Gamma Chapter of Phi Kappa Alpha

(Founded at University of Virginia, 1868)

FLOWERS: Lily of the Valley and Gold Standard Tulip
COLORS: Garnet and Old Gold

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

C. M. BARNES
J. H. BRENT
B. A. GARTH
J. F. GARTH
E. C. JONES
W. E. MILLER
B. T. NEWTON
B. T. PAVNE

FRATRES IN URBE

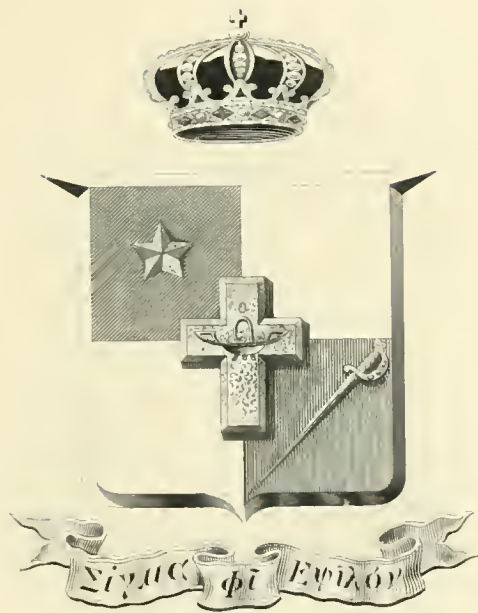
Dr. G. A. HANKINS
DR. C. C. CONRAD
M. C. BARNES



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Πi Kappa Alpha Alumni Chapters

- Alumnus Alpha*—Richmond, Va.
Alumnus Beta—Memphis, Tenn.
Alumnus Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Alumnus Delta—Charleston, S. C.
Alumnus Epsilon—Norfolk, Va.
Alumnus Zeta—Dillon, S. C.
Alumnus Eta—New Orleans, La.
Alumnus Theta—Dallas, Tex.
Alumnus Iota—Knoxville, Tenn.
Alumnus Kappa—Charlottesville, Va.
Alumnus Lambda—Opelika, Ala.
Alumnus Mu—Fort Smith, Ark.
Alumnus Nu—Birmingham, Ala.
Alumnus Xi—Lynchburg, Va.
Alumnus Omicron—Spartanburg, S. C.
Alumnus Pi—Gainesville, Ga.
Alumnus Rho—Lexington, Ky.
Alumnus Sigma—Raleigh, N. C.
Alumnus Tau—Salisbury, N. C.
Alumnus Upsilon—Charlotte, N. C.
Alumni Phi—Hattiesburg, Miss.
Alumni Chi—Muskogee, Okla.



Sigma Phi Epsilon

(Founded at Richmond College, 1900)

FOUNDERS

CARTER G. JENKINS, Goldsboro, N. C.
BENJ. D. GAW, Stuart's Draft, Va.
W. HUGH CARTER, Chase City, Va.
WILLIAM G. 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.
West Virginia Beta—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Pennsylvania Beta—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania Gamma—University of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.
Illinois Alpha—College of Physicians and Surgeons, University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Colorado Alpha—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Pennsylvania Delta—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Virginia Delta—College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
North Carolina Beta—North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio Alpha—Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.
Indiana Alpha—Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind.
New York Alpha—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Virginia Epsilon—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Virginia Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Georgia Alpha—School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Delaware Alpha—Delaware College, Newark, N. J.
Virginia Eta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Arkansas Alpha—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pennsylvania Epsilon—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Ohio Gamma—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Vermont Alpha—Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont.
Alabama Alpha—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Birmingham, Ala.
Virginia Theta—Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Iowa Alpha—Iowa University, Iowa City, Iowa.

Va. Delta Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon

(Established June 11, 1904)

COLORS: Purple and Red.

FLOWER: American Beauty

FRATER IN FACULTATE

DR. HENRY THOMPSON LOUHLAN

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JOHN YOUNG MASON

JOSEPH BRONSON GALE

GEORGE PRINCE ARNOLD

THOMAS LEE CREEKMORE

GEORGE WILSON THOMAS

ROBERT BRUCE BARBER

JAMES BARBOUR KITE, JR.

WILSON BOWEN HARPER

WILLIAM LORAIN TONKIN

JOHN SHERRY BERWIND

JESSE GWALTNAY BROWN

CHARLES MARSHAL BURROUGH

JAMES DAWSON CLEMENTS



SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Sigma Phi Epsilon

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond, Va.

Beta—Norfolk, Va.

Gamma—Philadelphia, Pa.

Delta—Chicago, Ill.

Epsilon—New York, N. Y.

Eta—Washington, D. C.

Theta—San Francisco, Cal.

Echo Election

Most eloquent speaker.....	Agee.....	Bell.....	Sulfridge.....
Most popular man.....	Koontz, C. E.....	Taylor, C. A.....	Williams.....
Most intellectual man.....	Young.....	Freeman.....	McRae.....
Best all-round man.....	Driver.....	Taylor, C. A.....	Koontz, C. E.....
Best football player.....	Taylor, C. A.....	Driver.....	
Best baseball player.....	Garth, J. F.....	Davis.....	Driver.....
Handsomest man.....	Taylor, C. A.....	Graves, L. E.....	Maloney.....
Ideal professor.....	Wilson.....	Keeble.....	Stubbs.....
Best poet.....	Fox.....	Goodwin.....	Arnold, G. P.....
Best prose writer.....	Brent.....	Goodwin.....	Haislip, "Beau".....
Most eccentric man.....	Taylor, F. W.....	Blackmore.....	Roach.....
Pessimist.....	Williams.....	Roach.....	Taylor, F. W.....
Tammany leader.....	Douglass.....	Hopkins.....	Sulfridge.....
Most refined man.....	Koontz, C. E.....	Peatross.....	Maloney.....
Awkwardest man.....	"Big" Patterson.....	Cofer.....	Moore.....
Biggest calico sport.....	Yancey.....	Davis, J. M.....	Neale.....
Misogynist.....	Fletcher.....	Spence.....	Blackmore.....
Daily calico sport.....	Thoms.....	Totrogosa.....	Ebell.....
The grind.....	Fletcher.....	Young.....	Spence.....
The greenest man.....	Green, J. N.....	Neale.....	Graves, L. E.....
The gormand.....	Davis, J. M.....	Warner.....	Garth, "Doc".....
Biggest loafer.....	McRae.....	Davis, T. V.....	Berwind.....
Biggest bluff.....	Roach.....	Oakham.....	Newton.....
Busiest man.....	Douglass.....	Koontz, C. E.....	Sizer.....
"It".....	Hunt.....	Kite.....	Richardson.....
Most reliable man.....	Koontz, C. E.....	Young.....	Douglass.....
Biggest 'bacco bummer.....	Williams.....	Taylor, S. B.....	Murden.....



P. O. C. A.

OFFICERS

C. C. BELL.....	PRESIDENT
A. R. KOONTZ.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. E. GRAVES.....	TREASURER
R. C. YOUNG.....	RECORDING SECRETARY
G. P. ARNOLD.....	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
C. E. KOONTZ.....	PRESIDENT (ex-officio)

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

C. L. EBELL, Bible
J. T. CARTER, Missionary
F. E. YANCEY, Hall
W. B. LEE, Membership
H. P. FOX, Delegation

FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE

DR. C. E. BISHOP

The Young Men's Christian Association

THE Y. M. C. A. is one of the most active of the college organizations. The athletic seasons may come and go, the literary societies may be steadily moving forward, and all the clubs may be playing well their part in college life; but apace with them all is the Association. All the rest have their place in the development of mind and body, but the Y. M. C. A. stands for a more important development; namely, that of the moral and spiritual nature. In this the Association supplements the work of the other organizations and goes hand in hand with them in developing an all-round manhood—a manhood that will be an honor to our dear Alma Mater and a blessing to mankind.

Although the editor has been connected with the Association for four years, yet, he feels his inability to represent the work and give an adequate idea of its far-reaching influence. But if it can be shown in this short sketch what has actually been accomplished and what is being attempted, we shall not feel that our effort has been in vain.

We trust that much more has been done for the spiritual lives of the men than what we have actually seen. The effect and influence of this Association, which has meant so much to the young men of our day, can never be measured in words, and will never be known until heaven is reached. Now, we hope that our part of the organization has been no exception to the rule, but that there is emanating from it an elevating and spiritualizing influence that reaches into the homes, schools, churches and wherever William and Mary men may be found.

The Association at William and Mary began its work the same year the college reopened, in 1888, under very unfavorable conditions. No place for its meetings could be had in the college buildings, but by aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary a room was procured in town. Here the prayer meetings were held until the Taliaferro Building was completed; then a room was set aside for the Association in the basement of the Ewell. For several years this was the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. Much valuable work was done by the devoted leaders of the work and much credit is due the ladies for their timely assistance. Through these efforts the work was placed on the lasting foundations upon which it rests to-day. To all those who stood at the fore-front of battle and led us all to such a splendid victory, we extend our deepest gratitude.

When the gymnasium was built, a large room on the second floor was dedicated to the Y. M. C. A. From that time on the work has gone forward with an acceleration before unknown. For some years two meetings were held per week; one on Sunday afternoon and one on Friday evening. But this was changed in 1906 to one service on Sunday afternoon. This was no sign of deterioration, but of advancement. The Bible classes were at that time organized on the class plan, i. e., each college class had a course of its own. This proved very unsatisfactory, as only a few men were reached; so in 1906 the whole system was changed, the classes being organized on the group plan. Each floor of the dormitories, each boarding house, as far as practicable, had its own group. With good leaders for these groups, the work took on new life, which has grown better from year to year. As these groups met on Friday evening, no prayer meeting was held in the Hall. As twenty-five per cent. more men were reached in this manner, we felt this to be one of our best advancements we had yet made in the work.

The present year has been unusually successful. Since the election of Mr. Fox to the chairmanship of the Bible Study Committee, several new groups have started, especially in the chapter houses. Also, a stronger corps of leaders have charge of the work than ever before, which accounts for the increased interest in the work and the greater effect upon the spiritual life of the student body. We trust it will ever be thus from year to year. Again, the chairman procured the valuable services of Dr. Hall, of the faculty, in leading a Normal Bible Class for the encouragement and instruction of the Bible leaders. This class meets every two weeks on Wednesday afternoon in the Association Hall. A great part of our success is due to the aid and instruction which Dr. Hall has given us in this class. We, therefore, extend to him our thanks for his help and interest.

Besides these Bible groups, there are mission classes, which are organized upon the same plan. These courses run for three months, so each class can study at least three courses; but as yet no more than two have been studied. For each of these courses a book is selected which treats of some phase of the mission work of some particular field. This gives a broad view of the work and tends to stir up interest in this great work of the Church. This broadens the student's mind, widens his influence and sympathies and deepens his spiritual life. In fact, if a man takes advantage of the opportunities offered here for Bible and mission study, he will find them of great value in giving him a broad and complete education.

At the opening of the session we were fortunate in having Dr. W. D. Weatherford, the International Student Secretary of the South, with us for a few days. His addresses were especially strong and helpful. The old men were started off with a renewed spirit and a determination to do more and better work for the Master. The new men caught their first glimpse of the Association's work and the lofty ideals and intense spirituality that characterize all of its activity.

As has been our custom for several years, a "College night" was held in the gymnasium during the first week of the session. Here all phases of college life were represented. The two literary societies, the Athletic Association, the Faculty, and the churches of town were each represented by an able speaker. This gave the new students an idea of what is expected of a college man and inspired them to measure up to the ideals set before them. Then followed a social hour, during which refreshments were served. We wish to thank the ladies of Williamsburg for the assistance they so willingly gave in this part of our exercises.

For several years we have held a week of prayer, during the second week of November. These prayer meetings are conducted by the Bible leaders in their respective groups, for about twenty minutes each evening. This is usually preliminary to revival services, which are held in the Association Hall, the following week. As these prayer services are of an international character, all feel that the great student body of the nation is united in one common cause, which does much to bring men to a knowledge of the Christian life and intensify their spirituality.

Therefore, it may be seen that the work at William and Mary is on lasting foundations. Indeed, the future of the Association was never brighter than now. With a strong cabinet; with the prospects of getting a good delegation to Asheville, where the Southern Conference gives special training for the work, we are confident that more is going to be done during the coming year than ever before for the moral and spiritual advancement of William and Mary.

Parson Jones's Gal

I don't care who is President
Of these here United States,
Nor whom the railroads favor
With them tarnal old rebates;
For all I want in this world
Of trials and tribulations,
Is Parson Jones's oldest gal,
With all them big relations.

I don't care what you say about
Them millionaires a takin'
All the money round about,
And leave us all a quakin';
Nor whether the goose hangs high or low,
Nor what the band is playin',
Just so I git to see that gal
That's at Parson Jones's stayin'.

You may brag about your corn fields,
Of your wheat and pasture lands,
You may swear and make a "fuss" about
Things that are left on hands;
But I never do git crossways,
Exceptin' now and then,
When Parson Jones's gal
Goes with my brother Ben.

She's sorter mixed up twixt us two,
For when I goes a courtin'
She often tells me I will do,
But, then, Ben comes a sportin',
And rather makes her think agin
Of him instid of me,
Now, if we warnt so close a kin
Perhaps this would not be.

But it's awful hard to tell about
The gals, when you're a courtin',
For, oft they have a dozen pals
With which they go a sportin',
They often say you're the only man,
Which makes you feel quite clever,
But them you'll never understand,
No! never!!! never!!! never!!!!

And oft, this courtin' that we do
Haint worth a picayune,
For I've been courtin' Jones's gal
Since way a long last June,
And Ben, he haint been courtin' her
But some weeks, just two or three,
And she seems to be a lovin' him
'Bout as much as she does me.

I'd invite you to the weddin',
But I can't tell how nor when,
Nor whether the weddin' is to be
For me or brother Ben;
But friends, when the weddin's over,
And the thing has all done bin,
I'll either be the lucky one,
Or, perhaps, to him a kin.

Now, friends, that weddin's over,
And the thing has all done bin,
I'm Parson Jones's son-in-law,
And Ben, well he's just Ben;
Just how it all did happen
I cannot well explain,
For you know this here courtin'
Is a most peculiar thing.

But I don't care how peculiar,
It's a thing you'll have to do,
If you ever hope to win the gal
You've started out to woo:
This game of courtin' has its ups,
It also has its downs,
But stick everlastin' at it,
If you wish to make the rounds.

The victory will be something sure,
If the courtin's done just right,
But no great victory can be won
Without a little fight;
So when she goes a sportin'
With them dozen pals or more,
You keep right on a courtin' of
That gal you most adore.

And when she seems to git mixed up
 Betwixt you and some other,
Just let her go, and she'll come back,
 If she loves you like she orter;
For sometimes you'll think you're losing,
 When you're gaining all the time,
And when you think you're down and out,
 You're often right in line.

Ben surely had me frightened,
 For I thought I was a goner,
But somehow I just forged ahead
 In coming round the corner;
I took the lead and kep' it,
 I crossed the tape "all in,"
The breath was all gone out o' me,
 But I was out to win.

BILL WHEEDLE.



Coming! Coming!

The Great Lecturer on Bees

PROF. R. PARKER

will deliver at

CAMERON HALL, DEC. 25TH, 1909

his wonderful lecture on Bees and Bee-Hunting around Williamsburg.

Given for the benefit of "Ducs." and thick-headed "Sophs"

We hope that this lecture will prove as interesting as Prof. Parker himself was while collecting his data — *College Topics*.

Prof. Parker and his bee lecture have startled the English public, and given a new impetus to bee culture — *London Times*.

WANTED! WANTED!!

Some good riders.
Cavalry Latin Class.
To find my History Class.
Dr. Tyler.

A reason for not doing my practice work when a "Duc".
Ped. Student.

Some one to lend me a quid of tobacco.
Hamilton.

A protector against skating rink breakage.
A Privileged Few.

To know the basis of my work.
Sr. Ped. Student.

A new charter for "Hencoop Missionaries."
S. White & W. Hopkins.

To find a bigger fool than I am.
"Pungo" Mardon.

Just what the catalogue meant
Students (& Faculty).

WHAT WE HAVE HEARD

I had rather have four posts, for they would not tread on Caesar's head, although he seems dead.
Stage Manager.

I had to call myself hoarse to get them on and off the stage.
Leonard Shepherd.

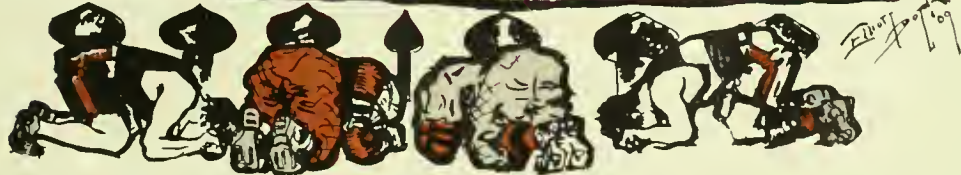
They are good subjects for the mob, but Portia and Calpurnia seemed to frighten them to death.
A Williamsburg Girl.

Suitable monograms will be awarded them during the finals.
Ben Greet.

Notice! Notice!

We are now ready to play the part of the Rabble in Julius Cæsar, since we starred at Cameron Hall with the Ben Greet Co., March 20th, 1909.

Parkus, Primus Judex; Parkus, Secundus; Davus Sizerius, Statonis.



An Ode After Anacreon

(2,400 years after)

I care not for the English prose,
And Latin verse doth make me doze;
I envy not the wasted Grind,
Nor wish his way to slowly wind.
But, oh! be mine the laurel wreath,
Its glory o'er my brow to breathe.
Be mine the rich plaudits that sound
From all the bleachers built around.
To-day I'll swat the ball apace,
To-morrow smiles will deck my face,
As all the fellows round about
Will fill their lungs and yell and shout,
"Gaze on our hero, one and all,
For he's the man that soaks the ball."
Talk not to me of *sines* and such;
They may be some; they're not so much.
What boots it if I flunk on Math?
I'm lightning on the cinder path.
Exams may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish them present:
Until that time I heed them not,
But try to-day the ball to swat.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.

Athletics

THE aim of this article shall be to set before our alumni and our friends the condition of the athletic system here. It is no longer necessary to defend athletics. The force of character stamped upon the face of certain college men, the determination, the courage, the cool-headedness shown in their actions, are but evidence of the effect of this phase of college life in the training of men. Only the shrunken souls, from whom nature is as far as the East is from the West, condemn it. Ambitious youth grasp it as a means by which they can attain perfect manhood, and this is why we emphasize athletics at this institution where men are being trained to become leaders in this struggle of life.

"The vicissitudes of fortune are very cruel." This adage is verified in the life of every person and organization. In our athletic activities here we have seen times when there were great depressions. It seemed that the system would surely fall and that the true aim of athletics was being diverted, but somewhere under all the uncertainty and confusion there was a potent force in action working out a final settlement of all difficulties. It broke out this year and the result is our athletic system is better defined than ever and stronger than it has been since it was instituted.

The students with the aid of the faculty have reorganized the whole system, modelling it after the systems in vogue in the best colleges of the land, and now the college stands ready to begin next session a new era in athletics. More games will be played on our home grounds; the teams will be better supported by the students, and college spirit will be high when the boys in Orange and Black again line up on Cary Athletic Field against a rival team.

Through the generosity of Mr. Cary, of Richmond, the college now possesses a fine athletic field, enclosed by a high board fence and contains a grandstand more imposing in structure than that of any college in Virginia. The students feel very grateful to Mr. Cary and have named the field in his honor.

Mr. G. E. O'Hearn, of Massachusetts, had charge of the football squad of '08. His work as a coach was of the highest order. His ability in working out tactics to meet the peculiar conditions confronting him, was remarkable. The success of the football team during the first part of the season was very discouraging. Towards the last, however, there was a complete reversal of form.

In probably the most spectacular game ever played by a William and Mary team, Richmond College, our old-time rival and strongest opponent in football, was defeated by a score of 21 to 18, and five days later, Hampden-Sidney, whose team had defeated us earlier in the season by a score of 10 to 0, "bit the dust to the tune of 17 to 0." The finish was brilliant and by it the sting of former defeats forgotten.

Our basket-ball team this season has been unusually successful. In fact, it can rightly claim honors with Virginia as champions of the state, as it lost to her team the deciding game only by two or three points, which loss was the result more of circumstances than of the superior playing of the Virginia team. Out of ten games with the best teams in the state, our team won seven. Basket-ball hitherto has been self-supporting. It is sure now to hold its place here and will undoubtedly have the hearty support of the entire student body.

The baseball season has just begun, so it is impossible to say much about it. The prospects seem rather bright, though, for a successful team and we are expecting such a one under the coaching of Mr. O'Hearn. Last session the team had a fine record, losing the championship only through the inability of Captain Lewis to pitch the deciding game, on account of a severe injury received the day before.

The general progress along athletic lines at William and Mary is simply significant of the great growth and progress of the college itself. The athletic system is now fixed, the teams are up to the standard of those put out by other colleges in the State, and from now on the Orange and Black's position in inter-collegiate athletics is secure.



Athletic Association

OFFICERS

R. C. YOUNG.....PRESIDENT
W. L. HOPKINS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
H. F. TOMKINS.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
F. M. CRAWFORD.....PHYSICAL DIRECTOR
C. E. KOONTZ	}.....EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
S. A. MacDONALD	
C. A. TAYLOR, JR.	

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT

B. T. NEWTON.....MANAGER
J. M. HURT.....ASSISTANT MANAGER
G. E. O'HEARN.....COACH

BASEBALL DEPARTMENT

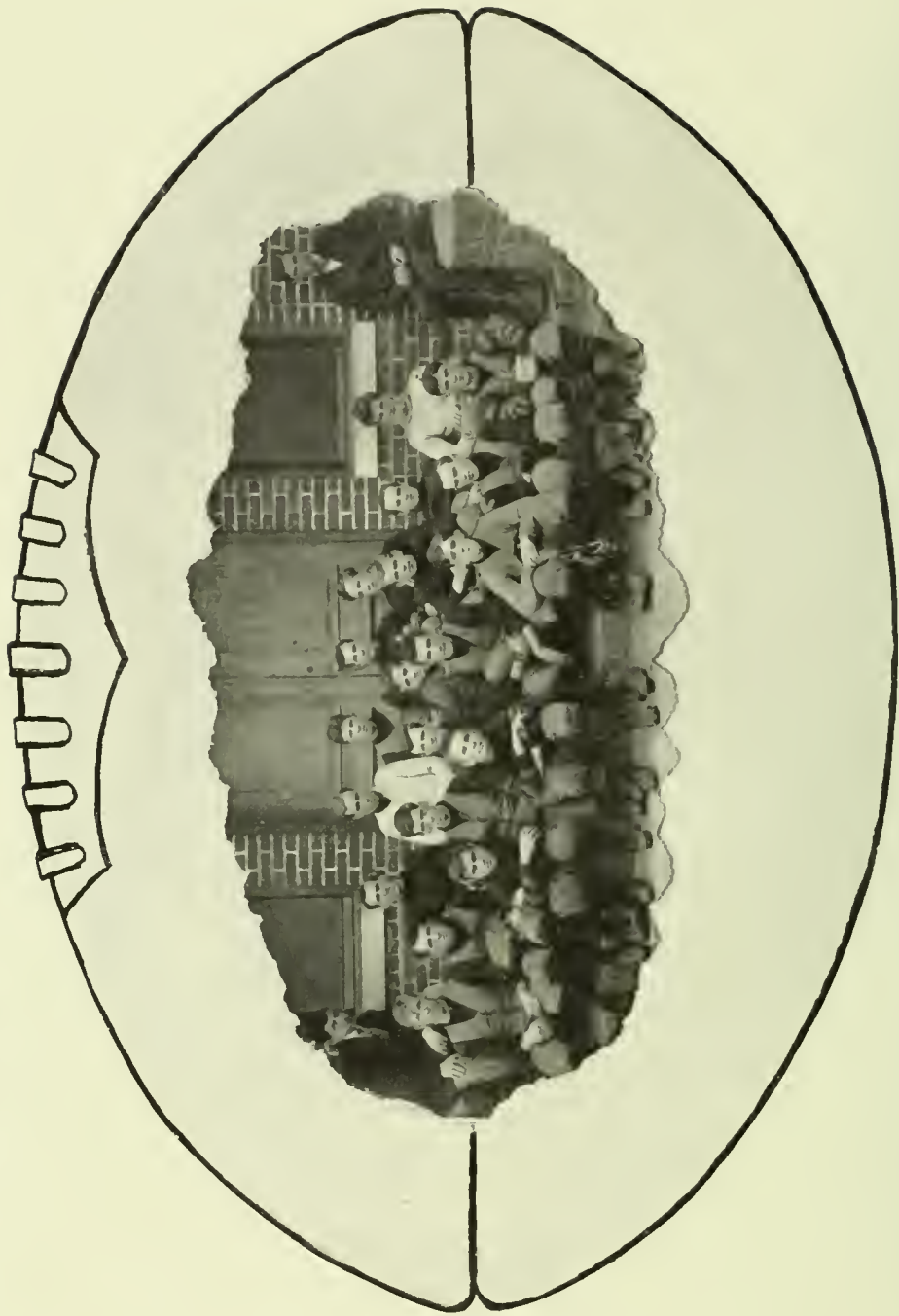
A. R. KOONTZ.....MANAGER
F. E. GRAVES.....ASSISTANT MANAGER
G. E. O'HEARN.....COACH

BASKET-BALL DEPARTMENT

N. W. SCHLOSSBERG.....MANAGER
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TRACK TEAM

A. L. THOMS.....MANAGER
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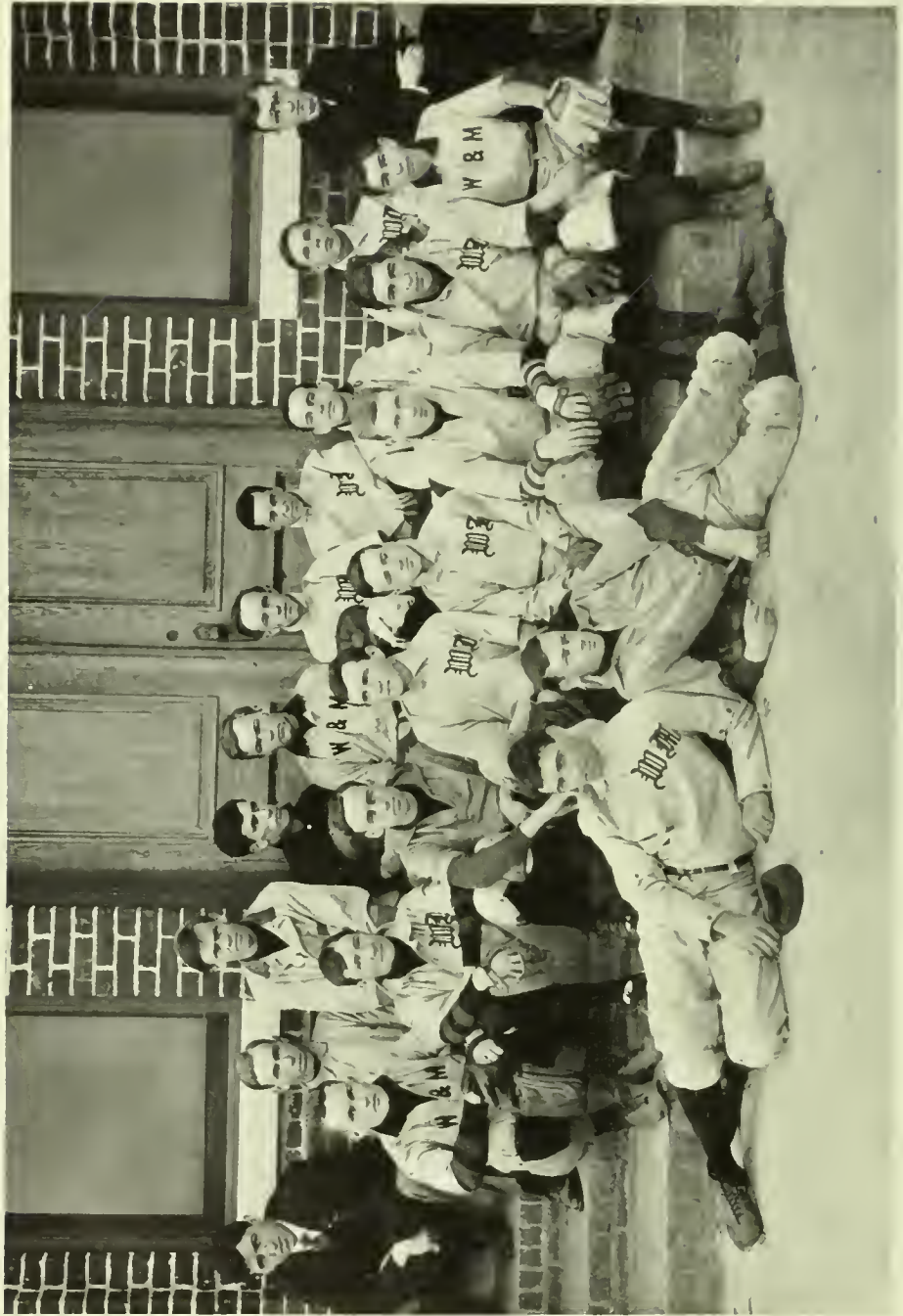
Football Team

LINE UP

HALLQUARTERBACK
ALLISON FULBACK
COHEN	LEFT HALFBACK
DRIVERRIGHT HALFBACK
WARNER LEFT END
BARBER.....LEFT END
TAYLOR (Captain).....LEFT TACKLE
WILKINSON.....LEFT GUARD
MacDONALD.....LEFT GUARD
LEECENTER
PATTERSON.....RIGHT GUARD
PORTER.....RIGHT TACKLE
SCHLOSSBERGRIGHT END

SUBSTITUTES

FLETCHER.....LEFT GUARD
GRAVES.....LEFT GUARD
NEBLETT.....LEFT TACKLE
PARKER.....LEFT END
MACRAE.....LEFT END
COFER CENTER
ARNOLDQUARTERBACK
HOWARD.....LEFT HALFBACK
JENNINGS.....LEFT GUARD



BASBALL SQUAD

Baseball Team

OFFICERS

A. R. KOONTZ
E. E. GRAVES
G. E. O'HEARN

MANAGER
ASSISTANT MANAGER
COACH

TEAM

F. W. LEWIS
J. F. GARTH
JESSE BROWN
H. A. ALLISON
H. F. JOHNSTON
J. G. DRIVER
G. P. ARNOLD (Captain)
A. G. HUGHES.....
S. C. WHITE.....

PITCHER
CATCHER
FIRST BASE
SECOND BASE
THIRD BASE
SHORTSTOP
LEFT FIELD
CENTER FIELD
RIGHT FIELD

A Letter

FROM BUMP TOMPKINS, FIRST-BASEMAN ON THE WILLIAM AND MARY
BASEBALL TEAM, TO HIS FATHER.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, May 10, 1909.

Dear Father:—Thanks for the check. It came in time all right. You are the Dad for me. Well, the game with Grayson is just over, and what we did for them was M. T. A. P. The Kid was simply out of sight. He had speed to burn and more curves than a Broadway Belle. He didn't know how to heave wide ones this day. He could shut his eyes and sail them over, and the Grayson jays couldn't hit a flock of barns with a snow shovel. They licked us last year, but everything came our way this time. In the first act I swatted a two-bagger and drove Higgins in ahead of me. Dixon drew a pass and walked; Hopkins landed safely for one and Smith died of fright. It sailed along fine. Jerry Diggs, who wore the liver pad, was there with the goods every minute. He caught like Charlie Street and soaked the leather every time he was given a whack at it. Grayson brought a handful of rooters down, but they were a run lot. They didn't know how to boost their team, and if they had, why—ah, but there's nothing to it. They shouted and they yelled—but—nothing doing. Too bad—too bad; it should have been reported to the Associated Charities. The first half of the sixth would have warmed your heart, yea, even the auricles and the ventricles thereof. Tommy Higgins was out in left garden playing well back near the tall grass. They were in, of course. There were men on first and second. Davis of the opposition swatted the sphere out in Tommy's territory. It looked impossible for Tommy, but he shot after it like a catapult and got it. The men on first and second had gone down good and hard, thinking that Tommy would never land it; but he sailed it to second, did Tommy, and caught that gent a mile—then old Secundus Wright, so named because he holds down that bag, lammed it to first, thus sawing off three in half the time it takes to tell of it.

But our half of the eighth was the warmest piece of business during the afternoon. Shorty Moon was on first, Higgins on second, and two out. Boliver, usually a good hitter, let two pass, but luckily caught one in the fifth rib and

walked, filling the sacks. Then I came up. I, Bump Tomkins, no reputation as a hitter and not feeling especially good to boot. The crowd was afraid of me, but they didn't do any roasting. They pretended I *could* hit and extended me the glad hand with such expressions as "Over the Centre Fence, Bump"; "Paralyze it," and the like. I whacked at the first and missed it a mile. It was an out. The second was called on me. Then the pitcher, thinking I was easy, sent me a slow drop, which I hit on the nose, and, fond parent, it's going yet. It flew like a bird; it sailed; it waltzed; it pirouetted; it ricocheted; it capered, and finally with a saucy switch it went over the fence at deep centre. Well, now, I was Mister Bump Tompkins from then on; and if you had seen the four of us ambulate in doing the goose-step you would have felt that you had not sent me up here in vain. Old Pi-R-Squared, the Math. Instructor, came out on the field and congratulated me, and I looked at him distantly and told him I believed that I had seen him somewhere before.

Oh, daddy mine, baseball is all to the mustard. You talk about the Music of the Spheres, but I made more music with that little sphere to-day than Enterpe, the Sirens, or old Eolus ever dreamed of, and then some. I had rather stand on first and view the path that leads to Second than to gaze over the Appian Way; I had rather run in from Third and slide close at the Plate than to have crossed the Alps with Hannibal. I am some kind of a man with the Big Stick now myself. I may falter a little on Latin and Math. and English, but I surely am eating 'em alive on this proposition.

Will it be too much to ask for a check for \$40.00 by the 20th? I want to go with the team to Richmond, and a little extra would do much good. I am a hero now.

Lots of love to all.

Fondly, Bump.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.



Basket-Ball Team

SCHLOSSBERG
GARTH (Captain)
DRIVER
HUGHES, H. B.
HUGHES, A.

LEFT GUARD
RIGHT FORWARD
LEFT FORWARD
CENTER
RIGHT GUARD

SUBSTITUTES

LONG

GOODWIN



Crack Team

BERWIND
BARBER (Captain)
HARPER
MOUNTCASTLE
WHITE
MONTGOMERY
ARNOLD
THOMS



GYM AND ATHLETIC FIELD SCENES

JOKES AND GRINDS



Jokes

I am glad I am so chunky and fat, because such boys are always handsome.
Mason.

Prof. Bridges had taken his Civics Class to court to hear the proceedings. Shortly, one of the lawyers said, "May it please your honor, I brought the prisoner from jail on a writ of Habeas Corpus."

"Well," said Jennings, one of Prof. Bridges's promising students, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cart at the court door."

"Duc" Green, who never knew his Algebra, was asked one morning by Dr. Stubbs, "What is your name, anyhow?"

"Green," was the reply.

"Yes, sir," responded Dr. Stubbs heartily, "King Solomon in all his wisdom couldn't have named you better."

Dr. Ritchie—"What is the simplest form of animal life?"

"Duc" Skinner—"The Aurora Borealis."

Dr. Tyler—"Just suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of the college?"

John—"It would get along all right! The question is, 'what would become of you?'"

"I have talked long enough," said the windy orator, Mr. Bell.

"Keep on," said a disgusted listener, "you'll say something after awhile."

"Mr. Mountcastle," asked his Sunday school teacher, "what did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?"

"I don't know," responded Mountcastle, "but I guess they put on dry clothes."

Dr. Hall asked Wickes to parse *girls* in the following sentence: "Girls like to stroll down lover's lane."

Wickes—"Girls is a particular noun of the lovely gender, lively person, and for double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectant case of matrimony, according to the general rule."

Dr. Wilson to Mr. Tompkins—"What was the Pope's attitude towards King John?"

Tompkins—"He threw a 'Benedict' all over England."

Mr. Parker, eulogizing Washington in the Phœnix, exclaims: "His mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man."

Be it Resolved, that:

Dr. Tyler be put on probation for "cutting" chapel.

Parson Roach's and John Sharp's pipes be chained.

Dr. Crawford should have a "hair cut."

Ebell's taste for calico be declared general.

Some "Dues" act like geese.

Myrick is a curiosity shop.

Brafferton Fire Company resume activity.

Freemen be given a monkey to dance with.

Dr. Ritchie be instructed to look for the "missing link" in Goodwin.

That ten men be appointed to uncover Sulfridge, Young, and Fletcher after the landslide.

A. R. Koontz enjoys the company of the laboratory skeleton more than that of any living creature. (Attested to by a fair maiden of the city.)

That the Phœnicians are good imitators.

Will of the Late Henry Billups

IN the sixth month of the first and twentieth year of the reign of Tyler the Great, I, Henry Billups, as my eyes are waxing dim, and the time is drawing nigh when I must shuffle off this mortal coil, do ordain this to be my last will and testament in the manner following. To wit:

Impremis.—Blessings and peace continue with me. I give and bequeath unto thee, Thomas Jefferson, Euclid's Egyptian products and forty saplings for the purpose of training braying young animals from the plains of Virginia; and my old bull dog.

Item—I give and bequeath to thee, John Leslie, my most devoted, for tenderest care, the speech of our ancestry, and for thy private use, my pipes and jokes.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, Walter A., ten thousand feet of lumber, one acre from my Williamsburg estate and one thousand dollars for the purpose of building comfortable stables for well-gaited-class ponies of Roman stock. Henry T. to be guardian and breaker of coming generations.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, John W., from the aforesaid estate, all tripeds, quadrupeds, centipeds, both green and red, and for further satisfaction of thy unbounded curiosity, all frogs, reptiles and spores and their dwellings and belongings.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, Charles Edward, for thy wise guidance and tenderest admonition, the Senior Class of '09.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, Van, F., all fossils, preserved from antediluvian ages, which may be excavated from the aforesaid estate, and also Tom Blackmore my rarest fossil.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, Will H., the patent recently granted me on my Kinetic molecular hypothesis of the "Keeble-izing."

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, Henry E., a scientific understanding—(and my grandfather's printing press for recording same) of all mental functions which take place in and just after our 2 o'clock mass receptions of the Boozology Class.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, H. L., for careful preservation, all former indictments of my Boozology Class; my ancestral cellars, full of four-year-old wines, and twelve bull dogs to guard it from my grandchildren, George, Osea, "Dick" and John T., and, also, for thy own use, my grandmother's wig.

Item.—I give and bequeath to thee, "Bob Lee," from my pre-nominated estate, those cows that die a natural death; my five thousand firkins of butter saved from the Ark; my chest of oatmeal for use nine days in the week, and four broken-leg turkeys—similar to Job's.

Lastly, I constitute and appoint Old "Dave" (the last year's cook) and "Jack" Davis executors of this my last will and testament, and guardians to my children; and I herein declare all former wills that may exist null and void. In witness whereof I herewith set my seal this the 10th of June, 1908. (Signed)

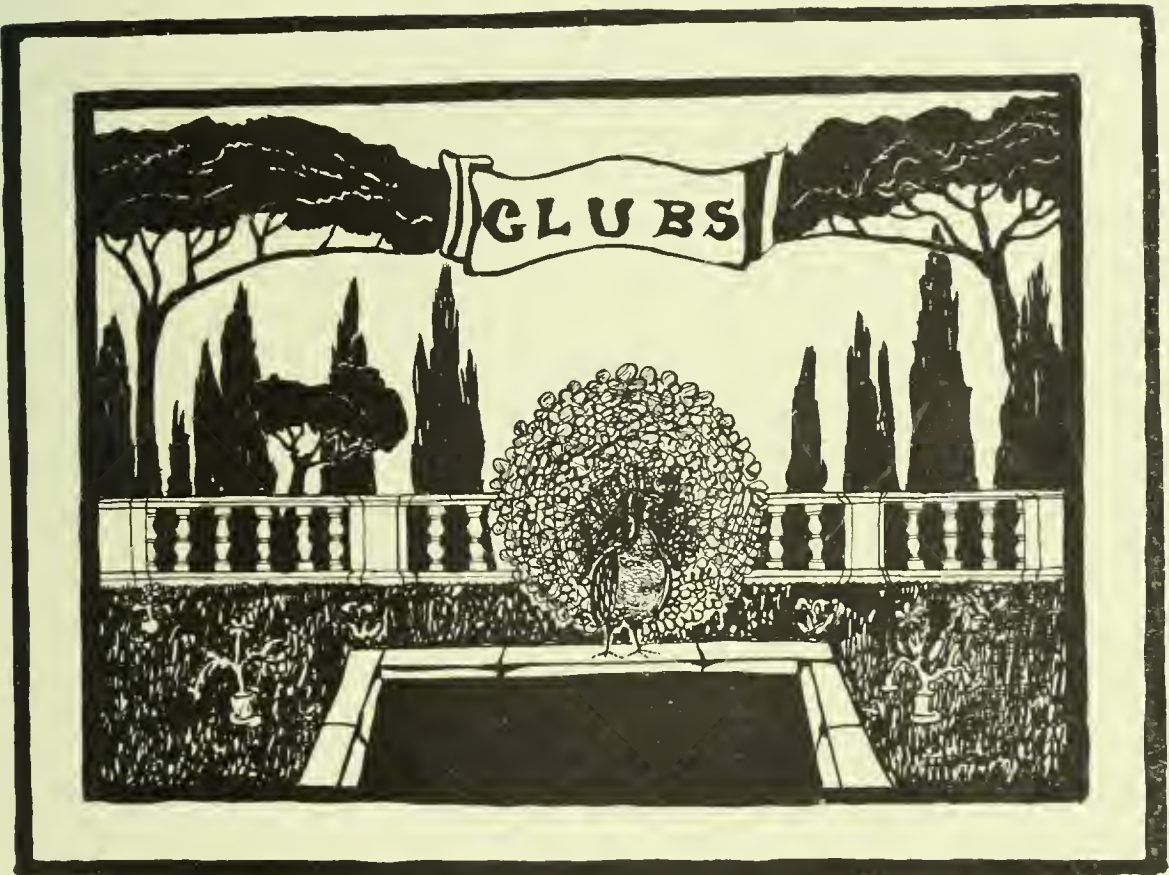
HENRY BILLUPS.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged, as his last will and testament, in the presence of John Patterson, Pot Liquor, "Pungo" Murden.

Sworn and subscribed before me this the 11th of June, 1908.

C. W. HALL,

Clerk of Supreme Court of W. and M. College.



BRAFFERTON INDIANS



Many, many years ago, when the red men prowled about seeking whom they might destroy, the authorities of "Ye Ancient College of William and Mary" decided that they would build a large wigwam on the campus, for the purpose of instructing the young braves in the peaceful arts of learning and to turn their minds from their warlike thoughts; but, alas! for human hopes. Although many great braves came hither, among them Powhatan, Blackhawk, and Great Eagle, and took up their abode in this great Brafferton wigwam, yet, instead of turning their attention to Calculus and Livy, they spent their time in cutting geometric figures on the scalps of their other schoolmates and in writing their lessons in blood. Such an impression did these warlike braves leave behind them that, even at this modern era, all who sleep beneath that roof are filled with wild and bloodthirsty desires, which find vent in hurling water upon the poor innocents who are so unfortunate as to come near their wigwam; and in keeping the whole town awake until far into the night with their bloodthirsty war-whoops.

Whoop: Mataneraw Sha Sha Shewan Ewango Pechooma:
 Whe! Whe! Yah! Ha, ha, nehe! Wittowa! Wittowa!

OFFICERS

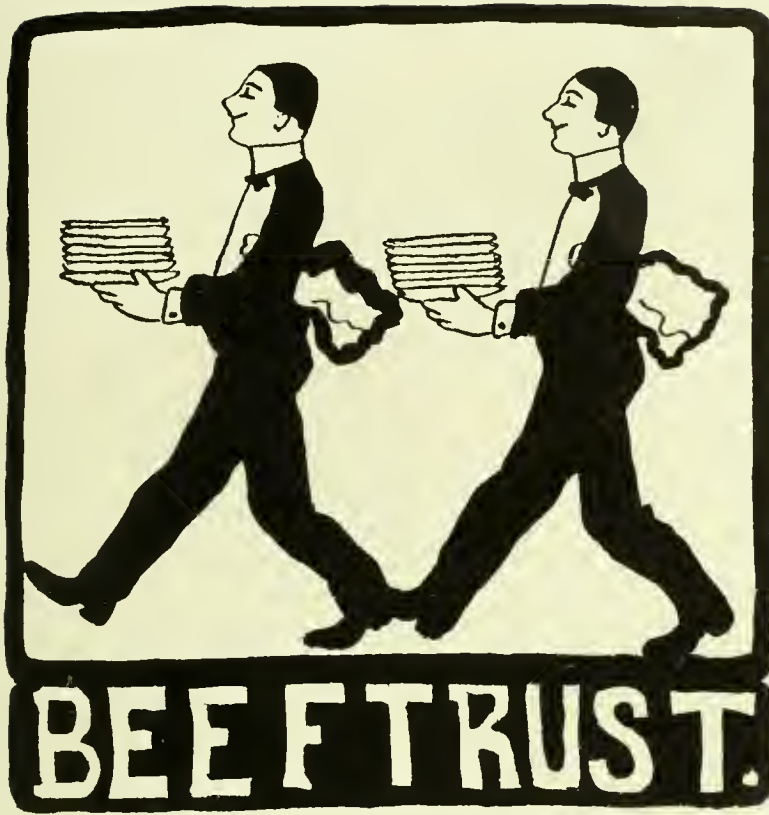
Great Werowance.....	"OLD SOCK" BIRCKHEAD
Werowance of the Bombastu.....	"FAT BOY" JENNINGS
Werowance of the Figaux.....	"LONG EAGLE" DOUGLASS
Werowance of the Sycorax.....	"BIG BULL" YANCEY
Quiyoughquirsock.....	"BIG DOG" PATERSON
Cronockoe of the Bombastu.....	"RAIN HARD" McDONALD
Cronockoe of the Figaux.....	"DARE DEVIL" SIZER
Cronockoe of the Sycorax.....	"POOH POOH" WHITE
Oapiqueschiphotonbarse.....	"SCALPING FIEND" GILLIAM
Pumbeantobae.....	"SHAVY" WICKES
Eg— —T. Dancer.....	"MAUDIE" FREEMAN

MEMBERS

J. C. FREEMAN	H. MOUNTCASTLE
C. T. BLACKMORE	W. P. TUNSTALL
K. A. AGEE	S. J. MONTGOMERY
H. R. HODGSON	

CAPTURED BY PALEFACES

E. H. SPENCE	E. L. SNIPES
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MOTTO: Devour all in sight, shoe leather if necessary

AIM IN LIFE: To excel in masticating *Wolfe* beef

PROPHECY (based on present attainments): In the year 1920, raw hide will be a thing of the past

OFFICERS

What They Are

- S. R. WARNER..... ..Big High Mogul, Chief Slayer of Hindquarters
 "BULL" YANCEY..... ..High Mogul, Devourer of Spare Ribs
 C. A. TAYLOR.....Royal High Plenipotentiary of Hoofs and Masticator of Hamburger
 J. M—o—o DAVIS.....Extraordinary Supernun.erary, Devourer of Calves and Cows in General

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

- W. W. SKINNER..... ..Preserver of Hides
 C. W. WICKES..... ..Preserver of Tongues
 R. T. McDONALD..... ..Preserver of Shanks

HONORARY MEMBERS

J. F. HALL E. M. McCANDLISH D. D. SIZER W. E. ROACH

C. E. KOONTZ

Disqualified by partiality for salt fish



Lucky Club.

OFFICERS

NEWTON, B. T.....	PRESIDENT
TAYLOR, C. A.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
JACKSON, R. B.....	TREASURER
SKINNER, W. W.....	SECRETARY
SCHLOSSBERG, N. W.....	"LATE" MEMBER
BRENT, "JOEY" H.....	CHAPLAIN
HYNISON, R.....	COURT JESTER
MILLER, W. E.....	CHIEF WATER POURER

MEMBERS

"BOOZ TASTER" NEWTON.....	Loves (Manhattan) cherries
"CARRY ALL" TAYLOR.....	Strolls often by the babbling <i>Brooks</i>
"RIGHT BIG" JACKSON.....	Mimicry shows the baseness of man
"WATCH WALLEY" SKINNER.....	Has civi(c)l aspirations, "7-11-45"
"NEVER WAKE" SCHLOSSBERG.....	Just like a cow's tail (A. B. ?)
"JOE HOPPER" BRENT.....	"Thoisday" hails from Williamsburg. Lives nowhere
"RIBICULOUS" HYNISON.....	Was known to speak once—then said "83"
"WILLING EATER" MILLER.....	Afraid of the Ku Klux—will get his A. B. on the run
"BIG TATER" (on the gravy) PAYNE.....	"Das Butter." thank you, much oblige, don't mention it, if you please
"FLOSSY WATCHER" LEWIS.....	Cuts supper on Sunday
"JOHN 'SCAPED" NEWCOMB.....	"Lucky," yet unlucky
"JUG MONGER" HURT.....	Swallowed "flames" during depot fire
"EAT MUCH" McCANDLISH.....	Gone but not forgotten
"HOT HASTE" FULTON.....	"Tain't no harm to run when you get scared"
"BABY" A. GARTH.....	Brafferton Indians ran him to "Luck"
"JOYFUL FLUSH" GARTH.....	Ace, deuce, and a loving trey

FAVORITE PASTIME: Time "passed" at the table!

FAVORITE DISH: The one that holds the most!

COLOR: The "black" of night

GOURMAND: Alas! which one of us can accuse the other!

HONORARY MEMBER: Coach G. E. O'Hearn; also a stroller by the "*Brooks*"



HUNTERS CLUB.



H.A.E. 1892

1911

D.M. DOD.



MOTTO: Always Go Prepared
 COLORS: Blue and Gray
 FAVORITE PASTIME: Hunting Trouble
 FAVORITE DRINK: Heller's Best
 FAVORITE FOOD: Mountain Oysters
 FAVORITE FLOWER: Johnny-jump-ups

OFFICERS

H. H. FLETCHER.....	PRESIDENT
K. A. AGEE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. L. HOPKINS.....	SECRETARY
F. W. TAYLOR.....	TREASURER
M. C. BOWLING.....	CHAPLAIN

MEMBERS

- H. H. FLETCHER
- K. A. AGEE
- W. L. HOPKINS
- F. W. TAYLOR
- M. C. BOWLING
- H. L. SULFRIDGE
- J. M. COFER
- I. J. STANLEY
- C. C. RENICK
- W. L. HOWARD
- J. G. PORTER
- W. R. JENNINGS
- W. E. FRALEY
- S. W. JOHNSON

- H. R. HAMILTON
- S. W. COX
- R. C. YOUNG
- S. V. GIBSON
- F. P. BURTON
- J. N. HILLMAN
- M. M. MALONEY
- R. PULLMAN
- H. W. PRITCHARD
- A. L. PORTER
- S. L. HAIZLIP
- H. H. FULTON
- W. V. GREER
- E. W. FLONARY

E. L. B. GOODWIN

ALBEMARLE CLUB.



MOTTO: Eat, Drink, and be Merry; for To-morrow we Die OCCUPATION: Distilling
 FAVORITE SONG: Down where the Würtberger Flows
 PASTIME: Playing Cards
 COLORS: Red and Black FLOWER: Apple Blossom
 FAVORITE DRINK: Rhenish Wine

OFFICERS

K. P. BIRCKHEAD.....PRESIDENT
R. B. JACKSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
S. B. TAYLOR.....TREASURER
I. E. GARTH.....SECRETARY

OTHERS

R. E. DUNN	E. G. CRICKENBERGER	B. E. BING
S. C. WHITE	B. A. GARTH	

VALLEY CLUB.



COLORS: Meadow-green and Ridge-blue

FLOWERS: Touch-me-not, Forget-me-not, and Meadow-daisy

PASTIME: Thinking of the Girl We Love Best

SONG: "Make Hay While the Sun is Behind the Clouds and Think of the Days to Come"

PHILOSOPHY: Always be positive and keep trouble on the 23-skidoo

MEMBERS

L. E. GRAVES.....	HEAD MOWER
PATTERSON, SR.....	THE MAN WITH THE FORK
A. R. KOONTZ.....	IN THE SHADE OF THE HAYCOCK
PATTERSON, JR.....	CHIEF RAKER
GREEN, SR.....	THE HAYFORK BOY
GREEN, JR.....	THE BOY WHO DRIVES THE COWS
C. W. WICKS.....	THE RABBIT BOY
C. E. KOONTZ.....	WATER BOY
F. H. BEAR.....	THE HANDY BOY

The Mountaineer

God made him, therefore let him stand,
A seion of his native land,
For in this world he has no peer,
The sturdy, stalwart mountaineer.

He lives alone his simple life,
Far distant from the world of strife;
His only law is nature's rules,
Untarnished by the hand of fools.

A purer type you'll ne'er behold,
He has no greed, nor lust for gold;
Onward through this life he'll trod,
The noblest handiwork of God.

He does not seek for high renown,
For high estate, nor kingly crown;
But on and on through life he goes,
Oblivious to her many woes.

His virtues are of purest ray,
His life is but the simple way
Which God's Son Himself did give,
In order that the world might live.

He has his faults, but they are few,
His virtues many strong and true;
For honor is his greatest pride,
And for it he has gladly died.

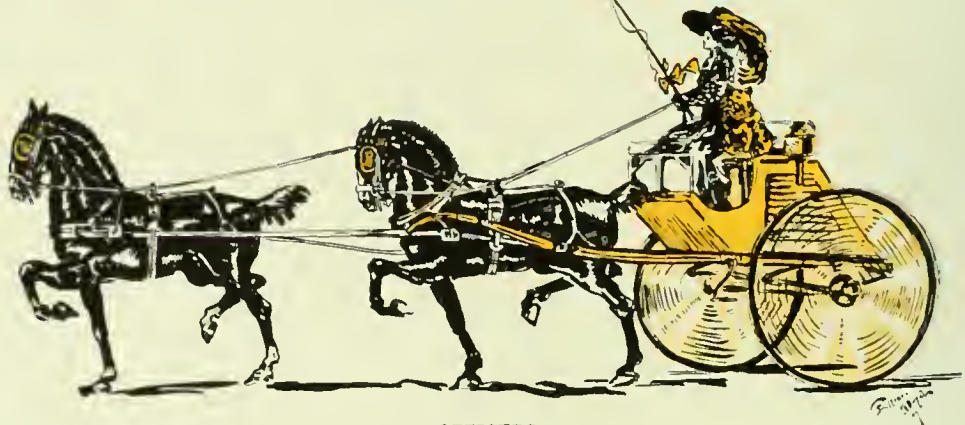
When the battle cry alarms our land,
We find him in the foremost van,
With his patriotism all aflame,
Battling for his country's name.

And when there comes an end to strife,
He then resumes his simple life,
Forgetful of the battles won,
Unhonored for the deeds he's done.

But, when the end of time shall come,
And all the world is gathered home,
The mountaineer will have a place,
Among the noblest of his race.

BILL WHEELER.

Piedmont CLUB.



OFFICERS

K. P. BIRCKHEAD.....	PRESIDENT
R. B. JACKSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. D. SIZER.....	SECRETARY
J. T. CARTER.....	TREASURER

COLORS: Buff and Scarlet

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Riding to Hounds and Living Easy

FAVORITE DRINKS: Fish-house Punch and Apple Jack

FAVORITE SONG: Here's to the horse, and the rider, too, of course,

And here's to the tallyho in front, boys;
 And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,
 And merrily we'll whoop and we'll hollow.

Chorus:

Drink, puppy, drink,
 Let every puppy drink
 That's old enough to leap and swallow,
 For he'll grow into a hound,
 So we'll pass the bottle around,
 And merrily we'll whoop and we'll hollow.

MEMBERS

J. C. FREEMAN	N. M. EWELL	S. B. TAYLOR	R. T. McDONALD
R. E. HONEY	E. G. CRICKENBERGER		R. E. HANEY
R. A. EWELL	B. E. BING		C. L. REYNOLDS
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Spoil Harmony Club

Strive ever to make the night hideous. Success—?
Organized September 12, 1908

CHARTER MEMBERS

C. E. KOONTZ.....Whose voice is like the sighing of the pines
C. L. EBELL.....His voice is heard above the thunder's peal
L. E. GRAVES.....Whose voice shames the horn-pipe
F. W. TAYLOR.....Shriller than the chanticleer
JACK DAVIS.....Ravishing tones of the nightingale

AGONIZING QUARTETTE

RAG TIME ONLY

C. G. RICHARDSON.....Lead	W. W. SKINNER.....Second Tenor
F. W. LEWIS.....First Tenor	"PHILA" LONG.....Bass

TRIO

CLASSICAL MUSIC ONLY

K. "PATRIARCH" BIRCKHEAD.....Chief Chanter
"WILL CRY" DOUGLASS.....Sub Screamer
"WHICH END" ROACH.....High Screecher

DUET(EERS)

"SPRIG" NEWTON	"CARRY" JONES
Their music is <i>long drawn out</i>	

SOLOIST

D. MCRAE.....Braying donkey (teer)
Club selected from Metropolitan Opera Company	
Even the beasts of the woods and the fowls of the air listen in breathless wonder	

BERMAN

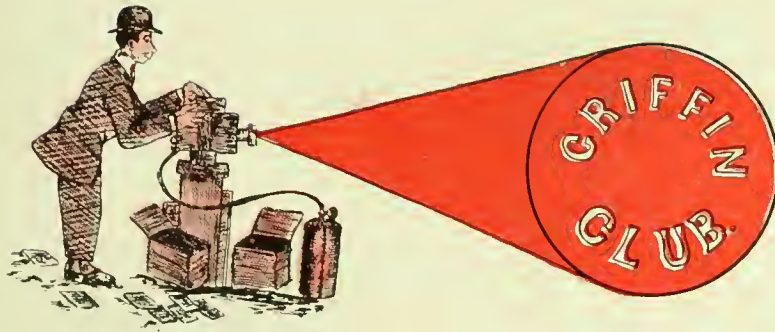


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D. M. DOLD.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

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G. D. ARNOLD	J. M. DAVIS
H. P. ETHERIDGE	C. H. HART, JR.
C. M. BARNES	C. M. HALL
C. JONES	R. B. JACKSON
B. E. COBB	D. McRAE
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J. H. BRENT	T. H. GEDDY, JR.
B. T. NEWTON	R. HYNSON
B. T. PAYNE	H. JOHNSTON
W. COHEN	W. W. SKINNER
W. B. LEE	R. DEAL



MOTTO: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you"

FAVORITE PASTIME: Chewing the Rag

COLORS: Loudest we can find

SONG: "Taint No Use to Worry"

FAVORITE ANIMALS: Ponies

SALUTATION: Look Out for Griffenites

FAVORITE DRINK: What made Milwaukee Famous

RESOLUTION: Never again to fall in love

FLOWERS: American Beauties

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Reading the Classics

OFFICERS

N. W. SCHLOSSBERG.....	PRESIDENT
T. W. BENNETT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. H. SPENCE.....	SECRETARY
C. W. HALL.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

N. H. TILLAGE.....	"Ain't I a sailor?"
C. H. LONG.....	"Enjoy yourselves"
J. S. BERWIND.....	"I sure can run"
W. W. SKINNER, JR.....	"I can't buy six meals a day"
E. L. SNIPES.....	"Let's buy some peanuts"
H. F. TOMPKINS.....	"Listen at my joke"

TREVILLIAN CLUB.



MOTTO: "Mann est was er isst, ergo mangons le plupart que nous pouvons"

PASTIME: Argufying

FAVORITE DISH: Pomme de terre delicatesses

FAVORITE DRINK: Vin d'Auvergne et Coca Cola

FAVORITE SONG: "Little Tommie Tucker"

OFFICERS

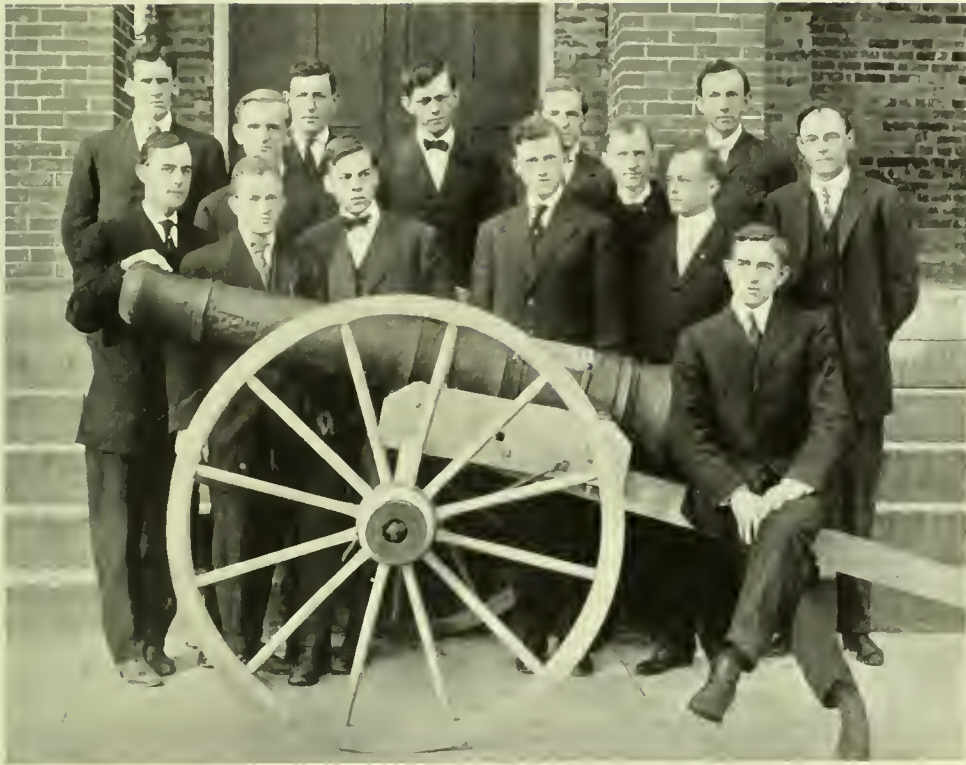
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WM. BYRD LEE, JR.....VICE-PRESIDENT
E. LEB. GOODWIN.....SECRETARY
R. SIDNEY BROOKS.....TREASURER
J. G. DRIVER.....CHAPLAIN
BASIL MANLY.....PAGE SETTER

MEMBERS

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H. G. ANDREWS
F. H. GREENE
J. N. GREENE
JOHN TYLER

H. F. JOHNSON
S. HARRIS
T. DEAL
R. C. DEAL
R. M. PERKINS

C. H. COLLINS
J. D. CLEMENTS
MANN PAGE
J. M. HARRIS
C. H. HART



Spottswood Club

Organized December, 1907
"Sic juvat transcendere montes"

C. C. BELL
D. DOLD

F. E. GRAVES
E. GOODWIN

A. R. KOONTZ
C. E. KOONTZ
W. B. LEE

D. McRAE

DR. W. A. MONTGOMERY

PROF. J. W. RITCHIE

H. L. SULFRIDGE

C. A. TAYLOR

DR. J. S. WILSON

PROF. JOHN TYLER

R. C. YOUNG



ELIZABETHANS

OF THE

COLLEGE

WILLIAM

MARY

E

Present

Shakespeare's Comedy
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

- CAMERON HALL -
WEDNESDAY NIGHT DEC 9th

~ 8:30 PM ~

Reserved Seats 75¢
Admission 50¢
Balcony 25¢



Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"

Presented on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of John Milton, by the Elizabethans of the College of William and Mary.

THE CAST

Benedick.....	Beverly Payne	Seacole.....	Bruce Jackson
Don Pedro.....	Frederick Crawford	Oateake.....	George Arnold
Claudio.....	LeBaron Goodwin	Friar Francis.....	Robert Jackson
Don John.....	Wilfred Roach	A Sexton.....	S. Haizlip
Leonato.....	Smith Williams	Dogberry.....	James Wilson
Antonio.....	Channing Hall	Hero.....	Miss Pitman
Belthazar.....	Richard Crawford	Beatrice.....	Miss Tyler
Borachio.....	Joseph Burt	Margaret.....	Mrs. Miles
Conrade.....	Duncan McRae	Ursula.....	Miss Scott
Verges.....	Harper Brent		
Watchman and Boy.			

DOUGLAS DOLD, PROPERTY MANAGER

D. MCRAE, BUSINESS MANAGER

BLAKE NEWTON, STAGE MANAGER

SYNOPSIS

Don Pedro, his friend Claudio, his brother Don John, and others of the prince's company on their return from the wars visit their friend Leonato. Claudio falls in love with Leonato's daughter Hero, whom Pedro undertakes to woo for him. Claudio thinks Pedro has betrayed him and won Hero for himself. Don Pedro explains the mistake and all plan to make the jesting Benedick love the mocking Beatrice.

Don John, anxious to ruin his rival Claudio, bribes Borachio to talk with Hero's waiting maid at Hero's window. Claudio, hearing Borachio call Margaret Hero, thinks his love false and denies her at the altar. She swoons and is thought dead. Beatrice persuades Benedick to challenge Claudio.

Meantime the bungling constable of Dogberry's watch captures Borachio and Conrade. They are tried by the ignorant Dogberry and the plot is discovered.

Don John flees. Hero is brought to the penitent Claudio, and Benedick claims Beatrice. There has been "Much Ado About Nothing."

The Renunciation Scene in the Chapel will be indicated by a Choral.



MISOGONIST'S CLUB.

FLOWERS: Anything but "Two Lips" and "Forget-Me-Nots"

AIM: To live happily

MOTTO: In single blessedness we live

SONG: No wedding bells for me

PROVERB: Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you

MEMBERS

"SOUR" J. WILLIAMS.....	SUPREME DISDAINER OF MATRIMONY
"CAN'T TAKE HER" BLACKMORE.....	EX-KEEPER OF BACHELORS' HALL
"HAG" FLETCHER.....	PRODIGIOUS BANE OF CALICO
W. "CROSS" DOUGLAS.....	THE GRAND EX-LADY KILLER
KICKED "PIFLICATED" BIRCKHEAD.....	AUTHOR OF "NO WEDDING BELLS FOR ME"
"BILIOUS" MANLY.....	GENUINE LEMON

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Must have seen twenty-eight and a half winters;
 Must have been wounded by at least thirteen pieces of calico;
 Must have at least one sound tooth in each jaw,
 And, of course, must never have held hands.

Ananias Club

Organized during the Rough Stone Age
Chapter established at William and Mary, 1693
MOTTO: "To prevaricate is human, to exaggerate divine"
COLORS: Black and White
OBJECT IN LIFE: Never to reflect dishonor on our club
OCCUPATION: Handling the truth lightly
OUR BELIEF: Truth crushed to earth is *summun bonum*

OFFICERS

SAM WHITE.....Insuppressible
H. F. TOMPKINS.....Lively stretcher of the truth
S. B. HOUGHTEN.....The lengthy prevaricator
C. W. WICKES.....The handler of little ones
HODGSON.....The very antithesis of truth

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

"BIG" PAT W. L. HOPKINS, PH. A. (Dr. of Ananias)
F. GARTH McDONALD SCHLOSSBERG SPENCE

HONORARY MEMBER

W. C. DOUGLASS, ESQ.

THE ANANIAS CLUB

There, recently, has been installed,
A very quaint and curious club,
Which is a kind of carry-all
For all of you who have been dubbed
A careless handler of the truth,
Or one who falsifies,
Thus, making for yourselves, forsooth,
A rep' for telling lies.

To tell the truth is not the rule,
As it was in the good old days,
But, rather the exception, for
They claim it never pays
To be too careful what you say,
In this fast commercial age;
But it's anything to make your way,
No matter how black the page.

The man today, who gets the pay,
Is the one who falsifies,
No matter what the world may say,
Nor how the preacher cries,
For higher ideals among men,
For a man with an honest face,
It's he who lies and lies again,
Who is leader in the race.

But hold on, boys, don't go too fast,
For all things must even up,
And you who're first may yet be last,
When you come to drain the cup;
For when the Judgment Day shall come,
Ah! then will come the rub
For all of you who're members
Of the *Ananias Club*,

BILL WHEDELE.



W. C. DOUGLASS

H. F. TOMPKINS

N. W. SCHLOSSBERG

C. E. KOONTZ

W. E. ROACH

S. J. WILLIAMS

E. L. B. GOODWIN

D. M. DOLD

P. S. GILLIAM

J. H. BRENT

D. D. SIZER

K. P. BIRCKHEAD

C. L. EBELL

C. A. TAYLOR

J. Y. MASON

DR. F. J. STUBBS

PRESIDENT TYLER

HONORARY MEMBERS

FIFTEEN FAIR MAIDENS OF THE CITY

To You

To you the birds might sing in April days
When building in the blooming apple trees;
To you the winds might whisper lullabies,
And sigh to you their softest roundelays,
To you the brook might murmur sweetest praise;
To you the spring's fair spirit in the breeze
Might prattle love midst throngs of melodies,
When earth her chiming symphony displays.

But can I sing the song your heart requires?
The robin looks to Nature for his lay,
The brook sings on, nor ever waits nor tires;
The rose, the breeze some unknown law obey;
When I would sing my deepest heart's desires
A wild thought comes and steals my song away.

PLUMMER F. JONES.



THE PLAYERS' DELL

A Reverie

They've wandered far in many ways,
The dear old boys of college days,
In dale and hill both far and wide
They're scattered by time's ruthless tide,
Friendship's bond that bound us then,
Seems twining 'round my heart again;
Tonight their faces I can see
Hung on the halls of memory,
Beneath the glowing burning sun
They yet may earthly races run;
Or perhaps, perhaps they be,
Asleep, beneath the willow tree,

H. P. Fox.

To Spring

Harmony in ten thousand swelling notes
Upon the fragrant air of springtime floats,
While singing birds and brightly blooming flowers
Make gay and sweet the dreamy sun-lit hours.
The violet, meek herald of the spring,
Is blooming blue, while bob-o-links sweetly sing;
The attic warbler pours forth his soul in song,
All flowers and birds the sight and sound prolong.
The rinkling brook soft running on its way,
Steals fast and smoothly like the springtime day,
Unto the dark eternal all receiving ocean,
And's lost forever in its mighty motion.
Ten thousand times ten thousand in sight and sound
Of glorious life in every dale is found;
To all thy tuneful harmonies, O Spring,
Declare thee, of seasons all, the garland king.

H. P. Fox.

Aptly Quoted

"Time and tide waits for no man but time always stands still for Williamsburg girls of thirty."

"Many hands make light work, also a good Jack pot."—Professor Ferguson.

"Lies have no legs, that's why I've had to stand for them."—Hopkins.

"It's not good that man should be alone."—Brent.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle?"—Tonkins, Cohen, Cronwell, Deal, Harris Bros., etc.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher."—Surely he means Hurt.

"When I open my lips, let no dog bark."—Jack Davis.

"Into our midst they brought one 'Mac,' a hungry, lean-faced villain, a mere anatomy."

College Steward: "He has eaten me out of house and home."—Yancey.

"Age can not wither, nor custom stale, Her infinite variety."—Williamsburg Girls.

"Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me."—Sam White and Hopkins.

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."—Patterson.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—Hazers entering Taliaferro.

"For every inch that is not fool is worse."—McRea.

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame; I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."—Green.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."—Lewis.

"My own face often draws me to the glass."—Bing, Judge Parker, Grandpa Taylor.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us, to us oursel's as others see us."—Prof. G. O. Ferguson.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;

I thought so once, and now I know it."—J. S. Williams.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—Brookwell.

“And never did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.”—C. T. Blackmore.

“A foot more light, or step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.”—My Son, John.

“There was a sound of revelry by night.”—Braferton.

“I played the ace, I played the deuce;
I could have played the Jack, but it wasn't any use.”—Fletcher.

“Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.”—Douglass.

“A fool must now and then be right, by chance.”—R. T. McDonald.

“I am monarch of all I survey; my right there is none to dispute.”
“Prex.”

“I awoke one morning and found myself famous.”—Haizlip.

“Both were young, and one was beautiful.”—Harris Bros.

“'Tis better to have loved and lost; than never to have loved at all.”—
J. C. Freeman.

“Mr. Ewell, what country are you from,” asked Dr. Stubbs one day to “Nat,” who had been to the dancing school the evening before, and hadn't looked at his geometry.

“Greene,” was the reply.

“Thought so; any man in the room would have guessed it, nine times out of ten.”

Mr. J. G. Driver upon being introduced to a young lady did not catch her name, and desiring to know it, he soon asked, “Do you spell your name with an ‘i’ or ‘e’?” To which the young lady coldly replied, “It is Hill, if you please.”



Bored Editors

A Sequel to "Do Books Benefit Mankind? Does it Pay to Build Libraries?"---Echo '08

I HEARD a friend of mind, who is an expert maker of books, say, the other day, at Atlantic City, that when we talk of history we are usually thinking of a man, or a number of men, "who have done things in this world of ours." For history is simply, and only *his*—story. This College is full of history, from King William and Queen Mary, to Gen. George Washington, and from General Washington to Lyon Gardiner Tyler, your honored president of to-day.

Books make history. We couldn't have history without books—and they make life. They enter your brain and form your thought. They enter your blood and form its flow. They enter your life and form your character. They may enter your coffin and form your destiny.

In this age and in this favored land, no young man has a right to be ignorant. Ignorance is one of the ugliest and most useless forms of sin. The master key is knowing how. Knowledge holds the key of life. To the men who know, the burial places of the dead yield up their priceless and endless treasures. One good book, it has been said, may prove a companion for life—half a dozen may open gates of glory to immortal vision. Don't read trash. You can't afford it. Life, at the longest, is too short. We older men know that. Your blood will turn to water, your heart to ashes. Read such books as will teach you *man*. Man is found in three places: first, in fact—as he is—study him as a man. Second, in history—what he has done, and how he has done it. Study him in *his*—story. He may have written that story in blood—*his* blood. Find out what *you* have made by the dash of his crimson signature across the page of history. Study him in his mental make-up—in his possibilities and powers—in all that goes to make him what he really is—*a man!*

Man is the only animal that laughs, or cooks his food, or goes to college, or reads books. Man is the only animal that builds libraries. A page of type is the only difference between a cannibal and a Carnegie.

"Better fifty years of Europe,
Than a cycle of Cathay."

A walk through a room full of books is a lovely outing. I was curiously and amusingly interested, not long ago, in Bible figures, along certain lines.

The Bible is the Book of books. There are 773,692 words in the whole Bible. A man, reading 225 words a minute, could get through the Bible in 57 hours. Bishop Phillips Brooks, who could handle 300 words to the minute could have done it in exactly 13 hours. I wish some of you boys would try it for yourselves.

These unique facts about the Bible were ascertained by a patient theological drudge, in Amsterdam, in 1772, and it took him over three years to finish his work.

There are 1,189 chapters in the Bible. Doddridge, Clarke, and the Rev. Dr. Gouge used to read, on an average, fifteen chapters a day. On this regular time system, each of these great divines read the Bible through about five times a year.

To hark back to libraries a moment. Mark Antony gave Cleopatra the library of Pergamum—over 200,000 volumes. Think of it! Had this beautiful young woman read one book a week, it would have taken her over 3,846 years to exhaust her lover's learned offering. Four Methusalehs couldn't have done it in a lifetime.

The library in the British Museum contains upwards of a million books. This library is without doubt the largest collection of printed literature in the world. The catalogues alone would fill a good-sized room. I have often thought how a Zulu chief, or an African tribesman, would feel if he should suddenly find himself in the library of the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, or the Vatican at Rome.

In the next ten months any young man can read the ten greatest books in the world, and someone has said that there are only a hundred or so truly great books in all the world.

GEORGE CLINTON BATCHELLER, LL. D.,
New York.



Plain Talks on Fertilizers

How to Get the Greatest Possible Yield per Acre

It is a well-known scientific fact that in order to produce the very greatest possible yield from any soil it must contain an *actual excess* over and above all demands that can possibly be made on it by the plants.



Many farmers will feed their stock as much nourishing food as they can possibly assimilate, yet will starve their crops on the mistaken notion that they are "economizing" on fertilizer. The experiences of farmers, government experts,



and agriculturists everywhere confirm the fact that plants, like animals, need the fullest possible amount of nourishment that they can obtain if they are to be developed to the utmost.

The economy in fertilizers is not in the amount used but in the ratio of quality to cost. Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers are the best in the world for the least money. More than one million tons were

sold to Southern farmers last year; and every year the demand becomes greater.

The best results in producing corn, the good old stand-by crop of the South, follow the application of 200 to 300 pounds of the right

fertilizer. Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers will greatly "increase your yields per acre" of corn or any other crop, even on poor land—and the most wonderful results are produced through its use on good land.

Write today to the nearest office of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company for a copy of their latest Year Book or Almanac, a large 130-page book of the most valuable and unprejudiced information for planters and farmers.



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1878

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PRIZE MEDALS

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Chicago
1893

Jamestown
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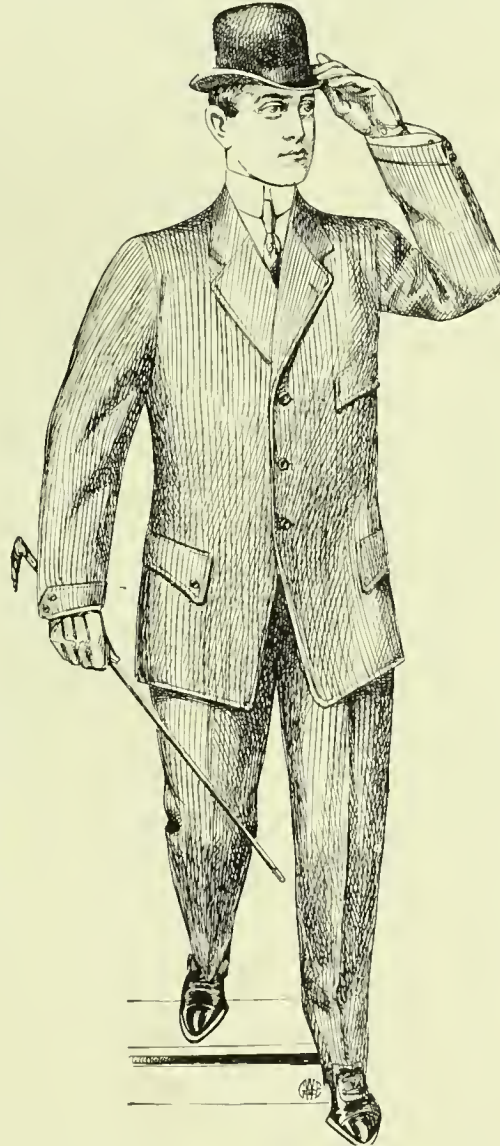
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THE OLDEST SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
THE LARGEST SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
The STRONGEST SOUTH'N LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Gross Income in 1908	-	-	-	\$ 2,650,011.46
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Insurance in Force	-	-	-	63,309,202.00

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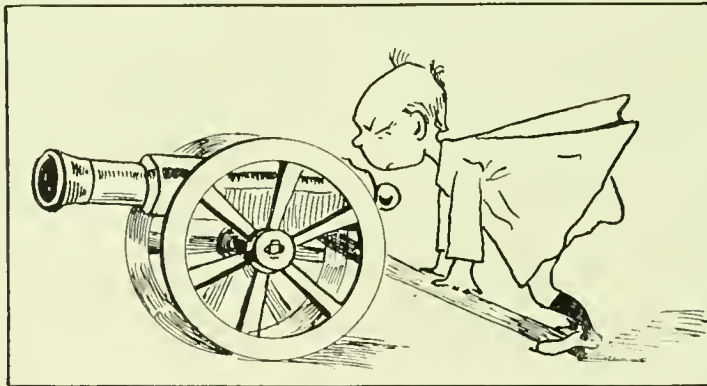
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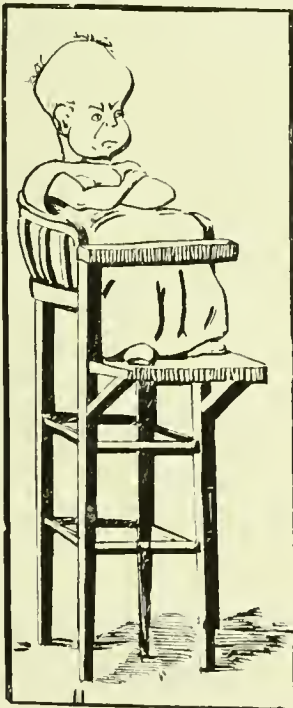
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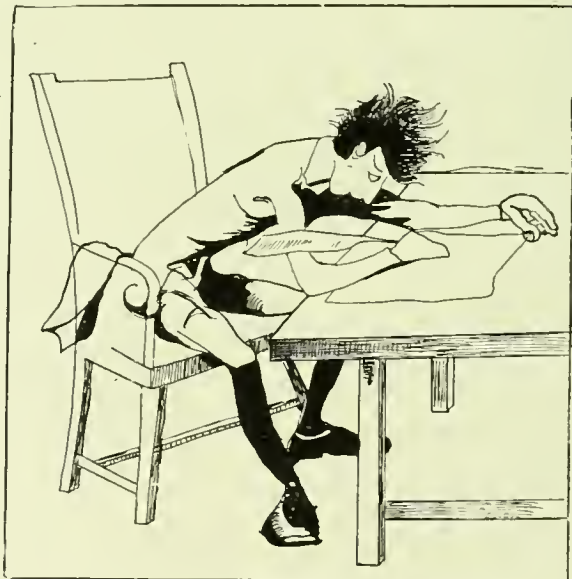
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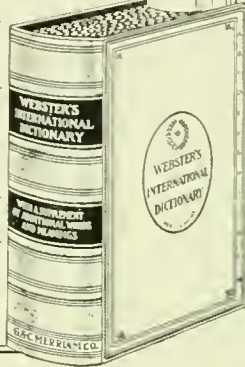
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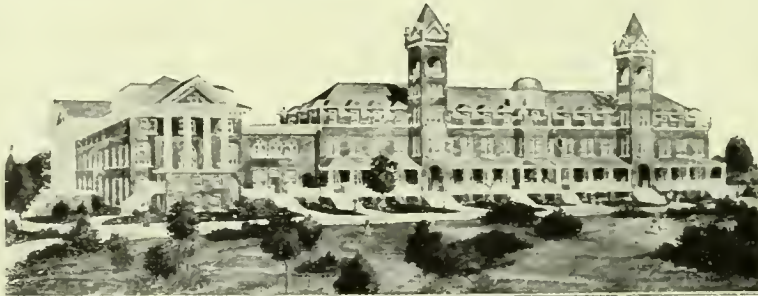
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