


THE COLONIAL ECHO



The image features the title "THE COLONIAL ECHO" in a large, gold, serif font, slanted upwards from left to right. To the left of the title is a large circular seal of the College of William and Mary, and to the right is a smaller version of the same seal. The seal depicts a classical building with columns and a pediment, surrounded by the Latin text "SIGILLUM COLLEGIUM WILLIAM ET MARIÆ IN VIRGINIA" and a crest with a ship and a figure.

1915



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The COLONIAL ECHO



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

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:: :: :: Greeting :: :: ::

Students of William and Mary, past and present,
with unfeigned pleasure we present this record of
one year's contribution to the long and illustrious
history of our Alma Mater. Keep it, fellow
students! For you will find that these faces
and these scenes, as the softening glow of life's
sunset touches them with its melting gold, will
start a flow of memories that will make your
old hearts glad :: :: :: :: ::



DEDICATION

:: Dedication ::

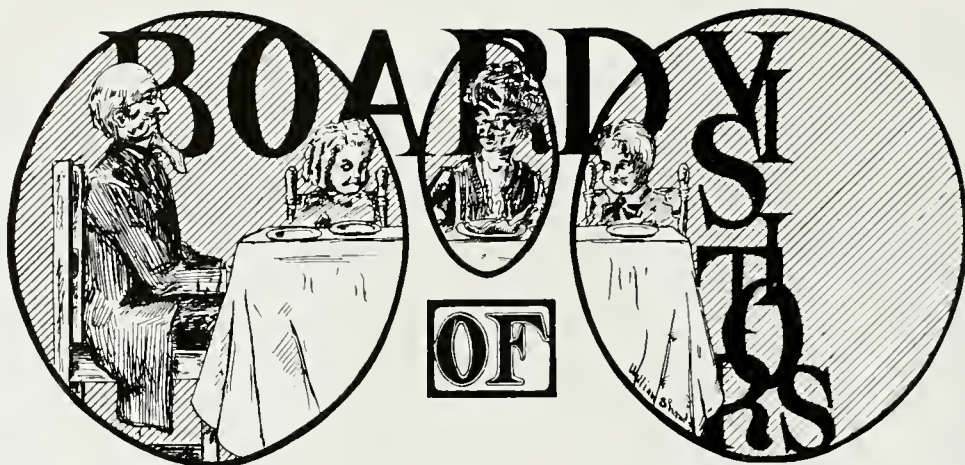
To one whom, for his lofty
ideals, scholarly attainments,
and sympathetic interests,
we respect, admire, and love:

To John Caldwell Calhoun,
M. A., D. Lit., LL. D.

This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated



JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, M. A., D. Lit., LL. D.



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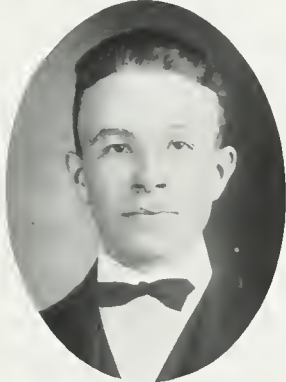
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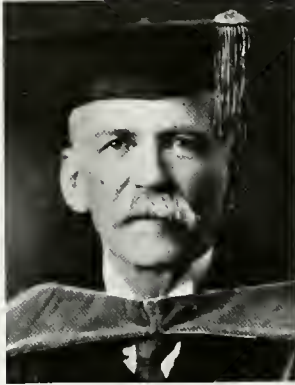


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Faculty



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

Professor of American History and Politics

Born in Charles City County, Virginia. Master of Arts of University of Virginia; Doctor of Laws of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.; Ex-Member of Virginia Legislature from Richmond, Va.; Author of *Letters and Times of the Tylers, Cradle of the Republic, and Parties and Patronage*; Founder and Editor of *William and Mary Quarterly*. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

JOHN LESSLIE HALL, Ph. D. (J. H. U.)

Professor of English Language and Literature

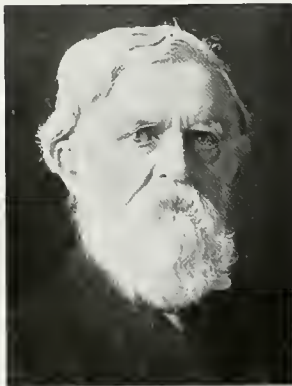
Born in Richmond, Virginia. He received his education at the University School, Richmond, and Randolph-Macon College; took his Doctor's degree from John Hopkins University and was elected Professor at William and Mary College in 1860; served in the Confederate Army; author of *Beowulf; Old English Idyls; Judith, Phoenix and Other Anglo-Saxon Poems; Half Hours in Southern History*; and many articles for educational journals; member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, A.M., Ph.D.

Professor of Mathematics

Born in Gloucester County, Virginia; received early education at Cappahosic Academy; A. B. from William and Mary College in 1860; served in the Confederate Army 1861-'65; attended University of Virginia 1865-'66; Master Grammar and Matty School 1868-'69; M. A. from William and Mary 1869; Professor of Mathematics and History in Arkansas College for sixteen years; Lower House of General Assembly of Arkansas 1877-'79; Ph. D. conferred upon him by Arkansas College 1889; Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



Faculty

VAN FRANKLIN GARRETT, A.M., M.D.

Professor of Chemistry

Dr. Garrett was born in Williamsburg, Virginia, where he received his early education. After being graduated from V. M. I., he attended William and Mary College, which conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, where he received his M. D. Taught two years in Giles College, Tenn., and became Professor of Natural Science in William and Mary in 1888. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



JOHN WOODSIDE RITCHIE, B.A.

Professor of Biology

A native of Illinois. Professor Ritchie received his Bachelor's degree at Maryville College, Tennessee; graduate student at University of Chicago; taught government school in Philippines; Professor of Biology at William and Mary 1905; author of *Human Physiology*, *Primer of Sanitation*, *Primer of Hygiene*, *Primer of Physiology* and other books on Biological subjects. Graduate student and fellow of University of Chicago. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

RICHARD MCLEOD CRAWFORD, B.S., M.A.

Professor of Manual Arts and Drawing in the College and Academy

A native of North Carolina. For three years he pursued Art at the Art Students' League of New York City and at Teachers' College, Columbia University, of which he is a graduate. Professor Crawford's undergraduate work was done at Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Member of Eastern Art Teachers' Association; Eastern Manual Training Association; three years a member of Columbia's Glee Club; Professor of Manual Arts University of Virginia Summer School, 1908-'11. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



Faculty



WILLIAM HOUSTON KEEBLE, B.S.

Professor of Physics

A native of Tennessee. Professor Keeble received his Bachelor's degree at the University of Tennessee, 1903; three years a graduate student in Physics, University of Chicago. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

HENRY EASTMAN BENNETT, A.B.

Professor of Philosophy and Education

Educated Florida Agricultural College, Peabody Normal, and University of Chicago; teacher Okahumpka, Fla., 1892-'94; Principal Fernandina High School, 1896; Professor Latin and Mathematics, Florida State Normal College, 1897-'00; Assistant to State Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1900-'03; President Florida State Normal School, 1903-'05; Dean Normal Department, University of Florida, 1905-'06; Editor *Southern School and Home*. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



JAMES SOUTHWALL WILSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of History and Associate Professor of English

A. B. of William and Mary College; M. A. of University of Virginia; Ph. D. of Princeton; Author of *Alexander Wilson, Poet, Naturalist*, and joint author of *Pausanias*. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



Faculty

JOHN C. CALHOUN, C.E., M.A., Litt.D., LL.D.

Professor of German, French and Spanish

Born in Alabama; B. S., C. E., and M. A. Washington and Lee; Resident Master Washington and Lee; taught at Wilmington, North Carolina; studied at Heidelberg and Paris; Professor of Greek and Latin, and Instructor in Spanish, University of Alabama; attended Universities of Berlin, Lousanne, and Strasbourg, each a semester; Professor of Greek and Modern Languages, King College; similar position in Florida State College; Chair of Modern Languages, Florida State College for Women; Finally the Chair of Romance Languages in same College; LL. D. University of Alabama; Dr. Litt. Washington & Lee; Professor at William and Mary in 1911; Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.



GEORGE OSCAR FERGUSON, M.A.

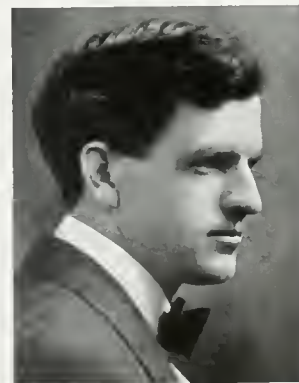
Professor of Philosophy and Psychology and Principal of William and Mary Normal Academy

Graduate of William and Mary, A. B.; Teacher in Public Schools of Albemarle; graduate student at University of Virginia; M. A. Columbia University of New York. Member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

WESLEY PLUMMER CLARK, M.A.

Professor of Latin and Greek

Professor Clark received his A. B. and A. M. degree at Richmond College, 1903-'04; Instructor of Latin and Greek in Jacksonville College, Texas; Professor of Latin and Greek in Washburn College, Kansas; Graduate student at University of Chicago; Assistant in Greek at University of Chicago, 1910; elected at William and Mary, 1912.



Faculty



D. W. DRAPER, M. D.

College Physician and Physical Director

Graduate of Springfield Training School; graduate of University of Pennsylvania. Elected at William and Mary in 1913.

HERBERT LEE BRIDGES, A.B.

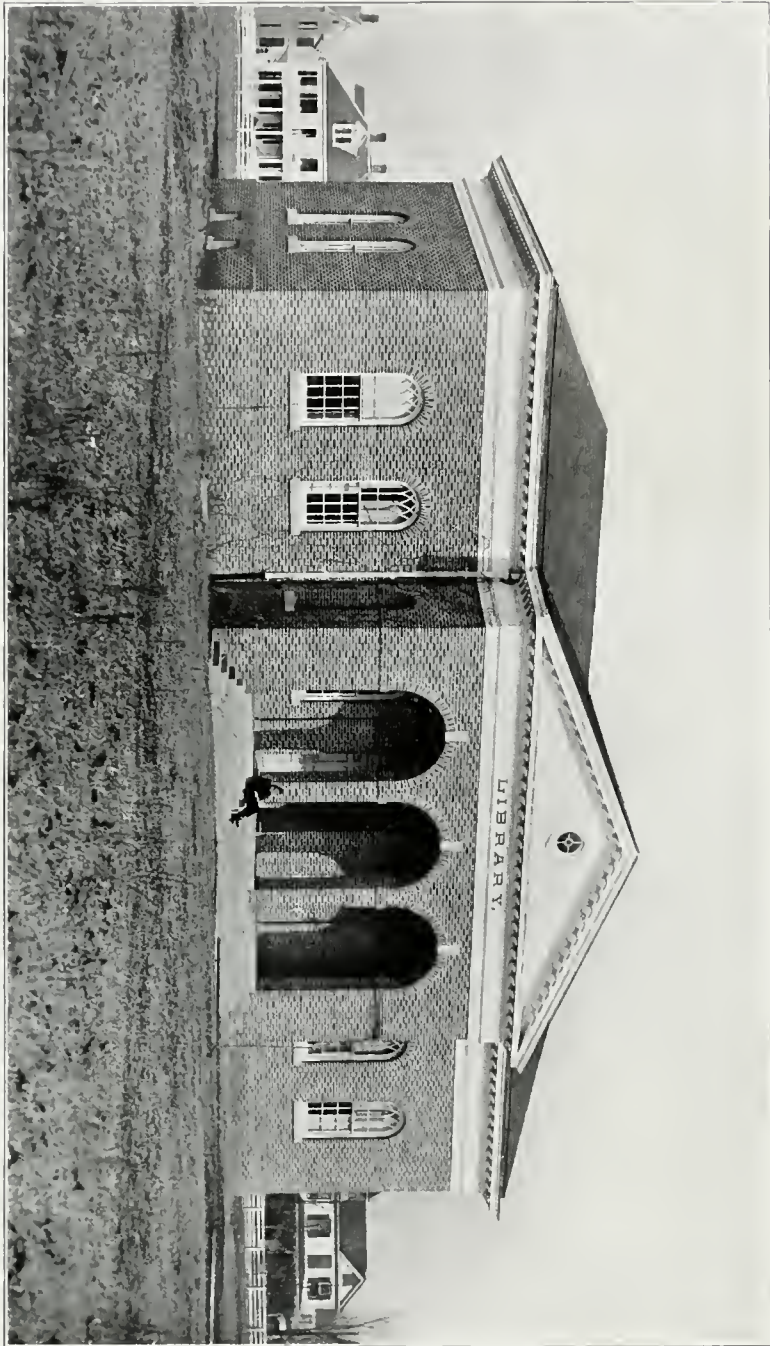
*Registrar for the College and Academy, and
Secretary to the Faculty*

A. B. of William and Mary; Principal of High School at Marion; Superintendent of Schools for Gloucester, his native county; Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings at the College of William and Mary. Member of Phi Beta Kappa.



Assistants

PERCY LEWIS WITCHLEY, M. A.	Assistant in Biology
CHARLES CLARK RENICK	Assistant in Physics
CHARLES HARMON SCHEPMOES, M. A.	Assistant in Chemistry
CLARENCE JENNINGS	Assistant in Chemistry
MISS EMILY PRYOR CHRISTIAN	Librarian
WILBERT TUCKER WOODSON	Assistant Librarian
RAY RUFUS ADDINGTON	Proctor



Messages of Love the Breezes Bear

There's a cottage dear in a land I know,
 Not far from the sounding sea,
 And the soft, sweet, sea-born breezes blow
 Whisp'rings of love to me—

Whisp'rings of love from a maiden fair,
 Who dwells in the cottage dear,
 Whisp'rings of love from a maiden rare
 To a lover longing to hear.

For the breezes sigh as they pass me by
 On their way to another sea:
*"My love, I long, with a passion strong,
 To fly with the winds to thee."*

And the highland winds from my mountain home
 Send back the sweet refrain
 To the girl who dreams by the flashing foam
 And dreams her dream in vain.

For the maid I love is of low degree,
 While mine is a name of high,
 And my kinsmen proud have imprisoned me
 That my love for her may die.

But the breezes sigh, as they pass her by,
 When they reach that sounding sea:
*"My love, I long, with a passion strong,
 To fly with the winds to thee."*

MEREDITH MOORE.



Senior Class

MOTTO: "Poussez en avant"

COLORS: Orange and Blue

FLOWER: Crimson Lips

YELL: Rah! Rah! What is seen?

Senior Class, Nineteen Fifteen!

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ERNEST LINWOOD WRIGHT	Tappahannock, Va.

M. A. CLASS

LEMUEL FRANCIS GAMES	Norfolk, Va.
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LEMUEL FRANCIS GAMES

Candidate for M. A.

Sigma Phi Epsilon; Baseball Team 1911-12;
1912-13, 1915.

"Pud" is our M. A., which, in this form, stands not for a maternal progenitor, but for Master of Arts. He dropped by and snatched a Bachelor's degree two years ago, but the "tie that binds" to Williamsburg is a hard one to overcome, and back he came this year.

He is rather an ideal combination of scholar and athlete. When here before he made one of the best records at third base that any of our baseball artists can boast, and performed with almost equal skill on the pig-skin. At the same time, he has quite a number of the Faculty believing that he is one of the most liberal patronizers of the Standard Oil Company. Moreover, at times he is a poet, and this may be readily verified by a swift perusal of the only poem among our "Jokes and Grinds."

But enough of this, for you've already been eulogized in a previous Annual, Lemuel Francis, and besides, you're too much of a *real* man to want to hear yourself praised. But pardon us if we insist that you are the cream of the M. A. Class of 1915.



FRANKLIN MASON BARNES

H K A., Phoenix; Treasurer German Club, 1914-'15.



Ladies and Gentlemen, behold the most serious man in our class,—yes, in our College, Franklin Barnes. He is a native of Williamsburg, which may have caused this, although we have earnestly tried to convince him that we did not hold against him a thing which he could not help. He wears so serious an air that he needs little other apparel, and the seriousness of his laugh or smile is marvelous. However, this is but the first impression; gradually, as his reserve melts away in conversation and companionship, one begins to see him as he is, active, energetic and successful; Past Grand Master of the Tango, Sorority Squeeze, etc., Science Shark and Debater. He is in everything, and doesn't talk about it. The Phoenix proudly numbers him among her ex-presidents, and it would be hard to find a student-activity in which he is not interested. Franklin is a lawyer in embryo, much to the anxiety of the present constellation of legal lights, and their fear is indeed well grounded, for we feel that whatever he may undertake he will, by that quiet perseverance of his, achieve.

FRANCIS WEST COOKE

Alpha Theta; Phoenix; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1913; Teacher's Diploma, 1914; Treasurer, Phoenix Literary Society, 1914; Treasurer Junior Class, 1914; President Phoenix, 1915.

Hail Doc, thy classmen are proud to greet thee.

The casual observer does not know him: for it takes a boon companion to fathom and see Cooke as he is. His mathematical brain is ever alert, and he finds the sweetest pleasure in working out the details in the construction of his trans-aetherial railroad, which he strongly holds will easily bind our Lunar neighbor to us, and which he firmly expects to have well under way within a few years, he the engineer of this simple project. Even though his mind often soars above this "Mundane Institute" to wrestle with the problems of the infinite, yet his logic is good in the practical problems of real life; so if you want sound reasoning and brotherly advice, go to Francis W.

In literary circles the Phoenix boasts him a Phoenician of the Phoenicians, and in the Y. M. C. A. his efforts to maintain always high moral tone among the students have been felt even beyond the campus. "Doc" thinks a report card looks good adorned with A's, and still better when he cares to square them.—hence a part of his time spent in dropping credits into the registrar's sack. Professor J. M. swears that he is an apt student in the artistic use of language, almost equalling his tutor himself in that accomplishment. In all of his noble and sincere activity in college life Cooke is one that his Alma Mater will always point to with pride.

Here's to "Doc"—rise, gentlemen, let us drink a long health to one who is an honor to the class of '15.



VICTOR EWART GLADSTONE EMERY

Sigma Upsilon; Scholarship Holder, 1912, 1913, 1914; Associate Editor of *Flat Hat*, 1912-1915; Editor-in-Chief of *Colonial Echo*, 1914; Charter member of Gordon-Hope Literary Club; Associate Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1915.

Victor swooped down upon us four years ago from the wilds north of Mason and Dixon's line, and in that brief time we have almost civilized him into a real Virginian with an accent. He didn't arrive with any blowing of horns, but it didn't take the Faculty long to realize that a mighty curler was among them, and in session extra ordinary they solemnly decreed that A was to be his regular mark, and no deviation from that standard has ever been noted. Nor has all of his time been taken up with a systematic conquest of faulty French verbs or an unfaltering pursuit of undersized bacteria in the Science Hall; he has found time to annex various and sundry college honors. Didn't he once tell original jokes to that humorless aggregation, the Spottswood Club? Wasn't he one of the founders of the Gordon-Hope? And who but he edited the *Colonial Echo* of 1914 for us?

These are only a few of the honors that he wears so modestly; he is responsible for the production of a great many atrocities which appear unsigned in the college publications, and other things known to the proper parties, unknown to the rest.

But when you stand at finals, Victor, with a degree in each hand and that twitching little smile on your face, we're all going to take off our hats to you and be mighty proud that we can do it. And we'd like to see you back next year, for we need men like you.



OLIVER WALTER FREY

Sigma Phi Epsilon; Phoenix; Assistant Business Mgr. *Colonial Echo* and *Flat Hat*, 1912-13; Track Manager, 1912-13, 13-14; Business Mgr. *Flat Hat*, 1913-14; Editor-in-Chief, 1914-15; Secretary Southern College Press Association, 1913-14; President Phoenix Literary Society and Final Debater, 1914; Associate Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1914-15; Member of Student Council; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, 1914-15; Vice-President Class of 1915.

Oliver Frey, the biggest little man in College! Not, however, in his own opinion, but in everyone's else. He has more real ability concealed in that little two by four "corporosity" of his than most of his fellow-countrymen have sauer-kraut in theirs, for "There's a reason" why his nickname is "Dutchy". Editing is his *forte*, and as the editor of a Williamsburg weekly, it must be. Despite the fact that there was never any news, the *Flat Hat* was, under his editorship, always full of it. Also, despite his disadvantage in altitude, Oliver is some "tangoist," and at the same time, boasts misogynistic tendencies. These last he forgot once, when mathematics was pressing him hard, but that is another story. "To get a thing done well, let Frey do it," is a campus proverb, and it is the general opinion here that the road to success is going to be a very smooth thoroughfare for our diminutive, smiling, clever, lucky and loved classmate, Oliver W. Frey.





HERMAN LEE HARRIS

Philomathean; Sigma Upsilon; German Club; Chancellor Scholarship, 1912; Excellency Medal in Oratory, 1912; Associate Editor of the *Flat Hat*, 1912 and 1913; President of the Philomathean, 1913; Literary Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1914; Associate Editor of the *Magazine* 1914-15; Representative in Va. State Oratorical Contest, 1914; Associate Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1915; and Senior Class Prophet, 1915.

Here we have a real "literary cuss", a chap who can write both prose and poetry; in fact, Robert W. Chambers and Ella Wheeler Wilcox put together haven't got a thing on Harris. Besides being a master of form, Herman Lee teems with ideas, and whenever there is anything to be written H. L. is the man for the job. Since his first year in College he has been a constant contributor to the "Lit", he has been on the Staff of both the Literary Magazine and the Flat Hat for several years, and this year he was elected prophet of the class of 1915, which in itself is all that need be said as to his literary ability. However, notwithstanding the fact that the "literary bug" has stung Harris rather severely, he is not all temperament, but is an all-round "good-fellow", who can handle a problem in calculus or buy a cake of soap as well as the next man. Being something of an Adonis, and a good dancer, Harris is quite a favorite among the ladies. He is none the less a man's man, and we feel sure that his literary temperament will in no way interfere with the accomplishment of big things after he leaves college.

JOHN ROY HORNE

PHOENIX; Varsity Football Team, 1912-13; 1914-15.

J. Roy *Horne* is the name, but so quiet and unassuming is he that one can hardly believe it. Certain it is that the name was never given to him, unless it was for blowing the horn of someone else. Roy first made his appearance at William and Mary in the dim, dead past, and after spending a few terms here, went out into the wild and woolly southwest to impart knowledge to young mountaineers. But last September he came back to us, and the Class of '15 is proud to have him on its roll. Roy is a serious student and a profound thinker, but he says so little that even the professors had a hard time finding it out. On the gridiron, however, it was different. There the proverbial "bushel" would not suffice; the horn made itself heard—and felt. Nor was it found to be a little tin horn, but rather a big megaphone with a hurricane behind it, for he played football and he played hard, as all his opponents will attest. J. Roy Horne, we drink to you as a gridiron artist, a student, and a man, but we would ask that you throw off that cloak of modesty and share with us your experience, your wisdom, and your talents.



CLARENCE JENNINGS



Alpha Theta; Philomathean; Vice-President Sophomore Class, 1913, and Junior Class, 1914; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Kansas Convention, 1913; Varsity Football Team, 1912-13, 1913-14; President Y. M. C. A., 1914; Assistant Business Manager Magazine, 1913-14; Business Manager, 1914-15; Annual Staff, 1914, 1915; Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association, 1913-14; and Vice-President, 1914-15; Chairman Student-Council 1914-15; President Senior Class, 1915.

Clarence Jennings is our busy man, and that is not all—he “does” things. Ever since he entered the Academy, some years ago, too many to mention in a polite write-up, he has been active in practically every phase of college life. The lecture room, of course, has received most of his time, as becomes a good student, but not content with “curling” the professors, this energetic young man must needs conquer other worlds. Accordingly, he interested himself in athletics, in Literary Society work, in the Y. M. C. A., in the College publications and in Calico. And he has made himself a factor in every one of these varied interests, not by politics or wire-pulling, but by sheer ability and “stick-to-it-iveness.” He was a “cracker-jack” lineman on the Varsity eleven; he was last year President of the Philomathean Literary Society; he is now not only President of the Senior Class, but also President of the Y. M. C. A. and of the Student Council, an editor of the *Colonial Echo*, Vice-President of the Athletic Council, Business Manager of the Literary Magazine, and Chemistry Laboratory Assistant. A man who has done as much in College as Clarence has is bound to do big things later, and we prophesy a splendid future for our President.

LEWIS JONES

Π K A. N. N. O. Ribbon Society; Phoenix; Treasurer, German Club, 1914, President 1915; Baseball Team, 1912-13-14-15; *Colonial Echo* Staff, 1915.

"Unus" came into our midst four years ago, fresh from the fields of Middlesex, and immediately won his great popularity with that unflinching smile of his. His very first year here found him a member of the Varsity Nine, on which he has played every season since, in every position from twirler to right fielder. Being master of the 'light, fantastic', he has ever been a shining light in the German Club, and under his administration that Club was put on its present secure financial basis by his introduction of the "pay as you enter" system. "Unus" possesses more hard common sense than is usually allotted to men of twice his age, and his trite saying, "Taint no use to argue when you know you're wrong" is widely accepted here.

Whether on the athletic field, in the class-room, or the ball-room, "Unus" Jones is the right man in the right place, and the Class of 1915 is open in its admiration and love for him.





JOHN WILLIAM MASSEY

"Jawn" has completed his College course in about half the time required by the usual student. As he lives in Newport News, and goes home each night, it is hard for us to say much about his "off-duty" habits, but we know that as a student he is in a class by himself. It is not strange that one little "duc" in a history class last fall, upon hearing him answer a characteristic question covering the essential features in the world's history since Adam's time, turned to the writer and asked why the teacher didn't occupy the platform,—for he has an inexhaustible supply of knowledge forever on tap, which, however, he does not ever try to force on anyone. In fact, if modesty can be a fault, then John Massey is among the faultiest men of our ken, and we sincerely wish that he had spent more time with us, that we might claim a deeper acquaintance with him. We wish you success, John Massey,—and we know you'll get it.

CHARLES CLARK RENICK

Phoenix; President Sophomore Class, 1912-13; Secretary Junior Class, 1913-14, and of the Senior Class, 1914-15; Instructor in Physics, 1914-15; Botany, 1915; Highest Scholarship Honors, 1912-13; Manager of Summer School Baseball Team, 1914; Teacher's Diploma, 1913; Y. M. C. A. Handbook Committee 1913-14; Assistant Business Manager of *Colonial Echo*, 1914; Business Manager, 1915.

There are always a few energetic individuals in every community who, in fact and deed, "make things go," and "Charley" is one of them here. A glance at the honors above listed attests the truth of this, and but for his modesty and the lack of space, numerous other achievements of his that might be here mentioned are omitted. He is by no means a "grind," however, and has never, since we have known him, permitted his books to interfere with his education.

He has ever been an ardent pursuer of Physics, which proves him a genius,—and of the fair sex, which proves that he isn't, so what are we to think? "Charley" is *business* all the way up, and it takes a shrewd engraver or photographer indeed to get his name to any contract that doesn't bring to Renick and the interests he represents a great deal more than to the other party. No one can know the difficulties under which he has been forced to work in financing this volume of the "*Echo*", without admiring the work, the tact, and the perseverance that alone have made possible its appearance this year.

We consider ourselves honored to have his name enrolled with ours in the Class of 1915, and we wish and predict for him the success he so fully deserves.



WILBURN S. SHACKELFORD.

Π K A.; Philomathean; Sigma Upsilon; Spottswood Club; German Club; Holder Graves Scholarship, 1913-14; Bryan Scholarship, 1914-15; President Sophomore Class, 1914; Member Executive Committee of Southern College Press Ass'n; Assistant Manager *Flat Hat*, 1913-14; Art Editor *Colonial Echo*, 1913-14; Business Manager, *Flat Hat*, 1914-15; Editor-in-Chief of *Colonial Echo*, 1915.



Obviously, the man who said "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them," had no premonition of the later appearance on this terrestrial sphere of the subject of our sketch. For Shackelford, by some peculiar twist of Fortune, has, during the short space of his life, gathered it from all three of these sources impartially. Naturally we tremble at the task of writing up this favored child of the great "God Good-Luck", but when "Duty whispers low," etc so here goes.

"Shack" is an editor, artist, business man, "curler," baseball player, musician, prose writer, debater, and last but not least, a lover. These are only a few of his accomplishments, but lest we make him blush we will stop here. Every one marvels at the amount of work he does: coming to "ye ancient capitol" three years ago, he made enough credits to land him in the Senior Class in two years. Still, he remains the life-giving spirit of many outside activities both in town and in college, and is always a happy addition to any crowd, no matter what the occasion or for what purpose assembled. Shack's biggest achievement, probably, is the 1915 "*Colonial Echo*," for it is largely to his thought, genius, and effort, as Editor-in-Chief, that this book owes its existence.

We predict great things for you, Shackelford. May this prediction be speedily fulfilled—"even as the prophecy hath it."

WILSON EDWARD SOMERS

Philomathean; German Club; Improvement Medal in Debate, 1910-11; Triangular Debate, 1912-13; Final Debating Contest, 1912-13; Varsity Football, 1911-12, 12-13, 13-14; Treas. Philomathean, 1913-14; Literary Critic Philomathean, 1914-15; President Philomathean, 1915; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1914-15; Eastern Shore Club; Historian Freshman Class, 1911-12; Assl. Business Mgr. *Flat Hat*, 1914-15; Advertising Manager, *Colonial Echo*, 1914-15; Treasurer Senior Class, 1915.

Children—the Model School children—call him “Santa Claus”; we call him “Jumbo.” What will the world call him? To attempt an answer would, no doubt, far miss the mark. This enigma of six-foot-one, avoirdupois one hundred eighty-five, and a bundle of eccentricities, a composite genius, if it please you, cannot be portrayed. How futile then the effort at *his* character delineation. Albeit “Jumbo” is a man—every inch of him. Not only has he succeeded in filching substantial marks from the treacherous pens of the high priests of fact and theory, but he has actually permitted his rareness to debate in an intercollegiate contest—and to pull down laurels! Look! “Jumbo” yawns. There stands, or hangs, rather, a monument, erected *downward* from a mixillary cavity—a shining monument, erected *downward* from a mixillary cavity—a shining monument, gold-crested, to mark the spot whereon a *Jasper* bumped his head. Ah, a veritable engine on the gridiron. Let’s *nutshell* it: “Jumbo” either deliberately or undesignedly drops to the earth—*ten* men must bite the dust.

Somers, you possess mettle, that indefinable ‘hand to me’ and ‘go after’ substance, that makes a man successful, and our hearts are with you.





JOHN WALLER SMITH, JR.

Kappa Sigma; Sigma Upsilon, Phoenix; William Jennings Bryan Medalist (U. of Va.), 1911-12; Robert Morton Hughes Prose Medalist, 1913-14; Inter-collegiate Debating Team, 1913-14; Editor-in-Chief Literary Magazine, 1914-15; President Gordon Hope Chapter of Sigma Upsilon, 1914-15; Associate Editor *Colonial Echo* and *Flat Hat*, 1914-15; Vice-President German Club, 1914-15; Member Student Council, 1914-15; Member Debate Council, 1914-15.

John Waller was wafted amongst us only last year, hailing from the University of Virginia primarily, and "The Valley" otherwise. Having the privileges of a Junior and the fertile brain of a philosopher, he made the influence of his gentle presence very much felt from the very beginning, especially along literary lines. His enthusiasm is without top, bottom or sides, and at the end of any great athletic contest no brawny athlete is more weary than our little Johnny, although his participation in the contest has, of course, been purely psychological.

John Waller is to Williamsburg as Vernon Castle is to the rest of the world, which is to say that the town is wholly dependent upon His Nimble Grace for their knowledge of the many intricacies and gyrations of the terpsichorean art. However, he has time also to take part in everything else worth while here, and we couldn't do without him.

John Waller Smith, Jr., when you leave us, the College will lose a man of the type she needs, and you will leave a niche that will be hard indeed to fill.

PRESTON PHILLIPS TAYLOR

Theta Delta Chi; Phoenix; German Club; Monogram Club; Student Council; Student Representative on Athletic Council; Chairman Executive Committee of Phoenix, 1912-13; Parliamentary Critic of Phoenix 1914-15; Substitute Baseball Team, 1912; Varsity Football Team, 1913 and 1914.

P. P. is a Senior of the first water, but so modest is he that only his intimate friends know his real worth as a man to be counted upon in any contingency. When Preston first made his appearance at William and Mary, most of us felt sorry for him because he would have to measure up to the mark set by his brother, Charles. Now, however, after a try-out lasting four years, we can all say that he made good—toed the mark—and even the great Charles must be proud of him. Preston has been active in literary society work and has been an excellent student, but the place where he has had the hardest time hiding his powers is the gridiron, for he played football and he always “got his man.” While we don’t want anybody to think that the subject of this sketch is a “drawing-room Johnny”, nor exactly a “deevil wit’ the weemen,” still we must admit that he has what the French call a “penchant” for “ze beautiful ladie,” and the fair ones, as we, can’t help liking this charming and amiable, but extremely modest young man—A long life, and a happy one, to you, P. P.





ERNEST LINWOOD WRIGHT

H. K. A.; N. N. O. Ribbon Society; Alpha Theta; Pres. German Club, 1912-13; Football Team, 1912-13; Manager of Football Team, 1913-14; President of Monitors, 1913; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1911-12; President Junior Class, 1913-14; President Athletic Association, 1914-15; Monogram Club; Spottswood Club; Member College Quartet, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1914-15; Annual Staff, 1913-14, 1914-15.

Ernest Linwood Wright he was christened, but we all call him "Pipe." "Pipe" is the William Mary man *par excellence*. No matter where you put him, he is always "(w) right there." Whether on the athletic field, the lecture room, or the drawing room, he is ever "well met." In football he made a reputation as a sure and fast end. He was Manager of last year's football team, and showed that he is an able business man; he is now President of the Athletic Council, one of the *Colonial Echo* editors, and Master of the Williamsburg Scouts. He is also quite a songster, and has been a member of the College Quartet for the past few years; and because of his splendid voice, his genial disposition and charming smile, he is a general favorite among the fair ones. "Pipe" has many claims to distinction, but his chief hold on our affections rests upon his unflinching good-humor and his readiness to lend a helping hand. He is a gentleman and a scholar, safe, sane, energetic, and progressive, loved and respected by all who know him.

Senior Class History



ISTORY is like a Winchester rifle—it's a repeater. Long-fellow had this same thought, but, employing a different metaphor, paraphrased my laconic utterance in saying that "the history of the past is a mere puppet show,—a little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again.—You look for something new, and lo! another little man comes out and blows another little trumpet, and goes in again.—And it is all over." (I suppose the inference is that I am the "little man" of 1915).

If Sir Robert Walpole is correct in his assertion that "all history is a lie," you, dear reader, may know what to expect from me. Not that I am casting any reflections upon myself at all, but, you must remember, this is history; into it may slip, inadvertently of course, some amount of left-handed truth.

The history of the graduating class as such begins properly with the fall of 1911, although some were on the campus before that time, attending the Academy, while two have attained their goals after a hard race of only three laps. The class at that time numbered sixty or seventy members,—or, to give the rigorously correct name, "dues." For, thanks to the old men, none of us failed to be frequently reminded of our color, so common to pastures and foliage in the spring. At various times during the session of 1911-12 Clubs were formed, most of which have endured to the present time. Among the Clubs organized were the following:

The Flunkers' Club.—A considerable number of the class eagerly joined this Club, while others stubbornly declined. Chief among the latter are the Seniors of 1915. This club was disbanded at the close of last session.

The Curlers' Club.—The members of this Club are now widely scattered. Some of them take their degree this year.

The Degree Club.—The membership roll of this Club is identical with the Senior Class roll of 1915.

The Calico Club.—A large number joined this Club, though none have yet attained to the thirty-third degree called "Blessed Married Life."

A detailed account of each Senior throughout the past four years, you, dear reader, I know will most willingly forego, but mention should be made of other fields in which various of the Seniors of 1915 have won distinction. Some of these are Oratory, on account of which the Literary Society halls have often been evacuated; harmonious vocalization of "Little Cotton Darling"; publication mismanagement; jungle trotting in the gymnasium; editing; and baseball.

Those of you who have attended the Senior Class celebrations of previous years will realize that my "little trumpet" differs only slightly from those blown before, and I cannot help expressing my appreciation of your patience in listening to so many trumpets of so similar a pitch. Now that I have blown my "little trumpet", I shall go in again, and yield my office to "another little man", who will come out a year from today. The puppet show is all over.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy



RAIN and snow and darkness.

That was a night of all nights for evil forebodings. The elements, however, unavengeful of the manifold harm aimed toward them by prophetic worms, seemed only to mock—and yet to welcome the occasion by lending a mood to the care-burdened prophet of the Class of '15.

My clock registered the hour of midnight. By candle light I read, and smoked, and dreamed, while the storm raged, with electric punctuations, in the dark, and old Thor pounded on the Universe. At length I finished reading Poe's "*Pit and the Pendulum*;" I laid aside the volume and resumed my pipe, while my thoughts took flight beyond the storm. To a little home they carried me—to a little cottage that sat amongst maples on a Southern hill. "Ah, Thais, you do not love me longer, but anothe—."

Crash! The storm god rebuked me and my train of thought was wrecked. Be not so selfish, prophet; mind your job! The shutters of my window swung to with terrific velocity, and the panes shattered, a gust of wind swallowing up the flame of my candle. Striking a match, I picked up my pipe from the floor, where it had been permitted to fall with all facility when the disturbance came. I puffed, puffed, puffed, while, the red glow rose and fell with the smoke-spiral. Silence, momentarily, when bang! went the shutter again. As an echo, the books on a neighboring shelf mumbled, rumbled, and sobbed. Dream or reality? The devil! I care not which. Fright seized me by the collar and shook me; my hair stood on end! I *know* that. As I peered through the darkness, a golden flame encircled a huge volume of *Plutarch's Lives*. My beloved book fell to the floor, and with jumping strides hobbled up to my chair. With nervous fingers I lifted my old friend to my knees, while a shrieking voice sang out: "Open, Prophet. Read the future of your classmen."

"But, O thou weird Invisible, dost thou not know that a 'prophet is not without honor save in his own country'?"



"Yes, but obey!" shrieked the Voice.

With this a succession of ghostly, blood-pale lights trailed about the top of my room, stopping at length to hang, unsuspended, over my head. Hastily I opened the book. The pages were blank! But lo, a bony hand with two blood-pale lights descended and rested on the page. A shriek and a flash, and a scene. An immense campus with stately trees and green grass, on which an enormous rotunda with eighteen pillars stands, while about it cluster grey, mansion-like buildings, a hundred or more in number. A bell rings, and ten thousand students trail across the campus, following in the footsteps of a stooped, grey old man. The stout cane that he holds in his hand seems barely adequate to sustain him as he shuffles along. That shuffle! Clarence Jennings, president of the Class of '15, had reached his star. He was the founder of the

greatest university in the Occident! Another page, and I view the gridiron of this university. A thousand brawny athletes are at practice, aspiring to the world championship.



Fifty great coaches are at work, assisting the most renowned of all coaches—Preston P. Taylor, star left-tackle of the Class of '15. "Praesto et Persto," I thought; "You got there, P. P.," while the bony hand flipped over a new page, and another light descended.

I sat in the first gallery of the Hippodrome. A million twinkling lights disclosed the greatest gathering of human souls I had ever seen. The face of every man, woman, and child showed expectancy, while, with eyes riveted on the stage, they waited for the curtains to rise. The orchestral music begins, the curtain lifts, and amid the plaudits of his thousands of admirers,

a tall, handsome, gold-crested man in operatic attire walks leisurely upon the stage. He bows—to the right, to the left, high, low, everywhere—and *smiles*. The audience becomes still—subdued, while that rich, melodious baritone voice rises and falls with whispering of love and peace, and the thunderings of cannon and the wailings of War's cruel aftermath. Then a sadder strain,—sadder still, yet beautiful,—and the audience is brought to tears. Suddenly with ponderous tones, the singer brings back his hearers to reality. Bowing, he leaves the stage. "'Pipe' Wright!" I started to scream, but Fate choked me.



With the turn of another page and the descent of two more of those mysterious lights that hung, unsuspected, over me, the scene shifted to a fleet of three hundred monstrous battleships entering, unimpeded, New York harbor. They flew the Dragon Flag, leading me to conclude that the Chinese-American Socialistic War of 1950 was in progress. Hark! What noise is that? Whir-r-r! Skeletonized air craft rise to a height of ten thousand feet, circling over the enemy. Bolts of whizzing, blinding light leap downward. Tremendous explosions rend the air, and in less than thirty minutes' time, the entire fleet of dreadnoughts

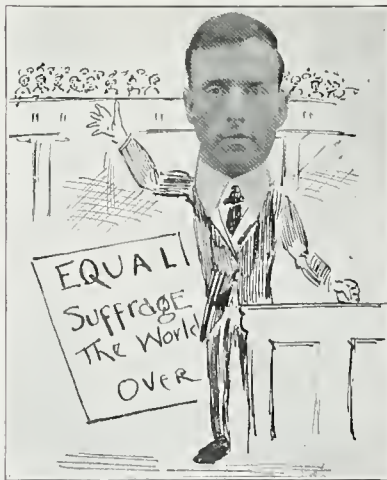
burns and sinks beneath the waves. Bony fingers snapped; and to my burning consternation the Voice shrieked: "Americans use the Horne rapid-fire telescopic radio-nitric guns, carried and manned by the Emery Perpetuiflyer, more commonly called the Radionitrementuoscopic triplane. These crafts are operated by an Electropaddler five hundred miles away." I only gulped, not the least bit surprised, for I knew a long time ago that our classmen, V. E. G. Emery and Roy Horne, would come to their own.





Lewis Jones himself and no other! 'Twas ever thus—his ambition.

Slowly the page turned, and another ball of fire slipped from above—the eighth and, if we dare make a comparison, the largest of the *flammes terribles*. The baseball park, sailing hats, and our “dark horse twirler” fade with another scene—that of our Nation’s Capitol. Beneath the massive dome we stand on “talking stones,” when doors swing, a flight of stairs fly past, and we look down upon the Senate Chamber. Earnestly pleads the orator. His voice trembles, but with the melody of a silver-keyed



Fate changed the scenes, and the seventh red flame dropped. Before me appeared an enormous amphitheatre well crowded with cheering people, who watched a baseball game. It was the last of the World’s Series, and a “rubber” between the *Braves* and *Athletics* was on. In the eighth inning the score is tied, while the latter nine have three men on bases, none out. The Manager of the *Braves* asks for time, and a “dark horse” pitcher scampers to the middle of the diamond. For a moment he pauses, looks the situation over, and concludes that if “Homerun” Martin ever hits the “pill,” defeat is therein spelled for the *Braves*. I watch this cool-headed “twirler” as he delivers the sphere with quickness and accuracy. A foul—strike two—strike three! The *Athletics* fail to score! Hurrah! Fans go wild with yelling, while hats and handkerchiefs and pennants fairly sail in the air. But the hero? The “dark horse” hero? Yes, we knew it.



harp, while his shining head reflects the frescoed ceiling. “Sirs, I have fought it to the last—the last ditch,” he falters. “I have never called a *woman* my own—God delivered me! But now I vote for *inter-universal* suffrage.” And no one regretted more than the Prophet to see him thus humiliated, him in the decline of years—John Massey, our Class Valedictorian, overcome by his Life’s nemesis.

While thus I pondered, the soft sweet strain of tropical music fell upon my ear. Dazed by its charm, I looked about me. Nothing except the dazzling *ignis* that dropped to sit on my open book. Closer—louder—and lovelier with its approach came the music, while down upon an enormous Spanish pavilion there showered the myriad, vari-colored rays of shimmering lights.



Garments—silken and expensive—rustle to the comeliness and graceful swing of the dancers. Such wonderful performers I have never seen—never even in the days of Russian swan dances and French maxixes. "A great master indeed," I thought, "who taught these Mexicans to excel themselves." Enchanted, I wondered and admired, still dazed with the sight and music, when suddenly a hush fell upon the merry-makers. An individual, tall, erect, and handsome, enters; full head and shoulders above the rest he carries himself. A swing of his long arm clears the floor, and immediately he proceeds to demonstrate with rhythmical alacrity his capacity for mastership. Verily, he is a paragon in his art. "O you 'Jumbo,'" I said, when Fate led me on to another scene, and our classman, W. E. Somers, was left demonstrating before his Mexican admirers.

Pale light number ten brought before my eyes the cold grey walls of Sing Sing. Rising majestically, solemnly skyward they stood in all their awe, while the moon looked down with icy pity. All is still, excepting the occasional *tramp-tramp* of a guard making his intermittent round. Great shadows cling to the southside of the prison walls, where a noise is heard—a sound as of the *rasp-p-rasp* of a file playing upon an iron bar. Look! A rope drops from a third story window, and cautiously lowers to the ground. A figure slips through the bars and proceeds to slide slowly toward the rope's other end. A little fellow is the escaping convict, and a Dutchman. He is lost in the preponderance of stripes that wave on the wind like an American flag minus stars. Almost to the ground, he starts to drop from the rope, when a shot rings out clear and responsive on the chill air. "Back up that rope, y' little shrimp," I heard the guard say. "No more newspapers fer y' to make ropes av, nor a watch fer patent files." Hand over hand the bundle of stripes slowly re-ascended the invention of his ingenious mind, and disappeared in the shadows whence he had come. "A gentle grafter," whispered Fate. "A Philadelphia Corporation lawyer—" and I understood. Yes, the little Dutchman—Oliver W. Frey.



Slowing the light droops, and the hand produces another scene. How different from the gloom, and the cold, and the grey stone walls in which we left *our* Dutchman! Another scene indeed! 'Twas thus:

The shadows come, and, golden-shod,
 The sun rays take their flight
 Across the plains and purple downs,
 A-fleeing from the night.

East and west and north and south the plains stretch—illimitable ocean of blue-

grass! The day dies, and the chatter of birds and the hum of bees cease with it. And yet there lingers a ray of gold. It peeps through the maples and fondles the little cottage that nestles amongst roses and honeysuckle. Serene happiness! With wondering eyes I admire the masterpiece. 'Tis called "*The Sunset Years.*" The work of a master! Thus I muse—when lo! The touch of a piano key. I listen while a high, sweet voice rises to greet the falling night. *Reality!* 'Tis not a dream. 'Tis *The Little Grey Home in the West*; and there is Shackelford, our artist, our chief of the Echo editors, with his ambition—a masterpiece and a pair o' brown eyes!



half-clad, vicious natives. In single file these highly respectable animals march into the mission and take their seats. Curiously they fix their muddy eyes on the preacher as he contorts his face, waves a little hand, and prances, lamb-like, back and forth on the crude rostrum. For untold hours they hear this mortal discourse; when, finally, growing weary of their plight, they rise one by one to their feet. But the evangelist keeps on. Such an evangelist! Poor man! We had expected him to become the Editor of the *South Atlantic*, but for conscience' sake he threw away ambition. Unceasingly the little fellow expostulates with a never-ending accompaniment of mechanical gesticulation, while one by one his black flock steal out to seek rest in the forest. But see! There remains one auditor—a half-savage-looking specimen of humanity. He sits still on his seat—and the little preacher preaches on. Ah! useless, methinks, to try to convert this enigma to Christianity—but the little preacher preaches on. "Young man, turn from thy evil way! Verily, the judgment may be at hand"—he was saying; when lo! an interruption. A timely crash, and a space-filler comes tumbling heels-over-head through the board roof of the house. "Let's pray," the little man shouts, and with the resolve to meet the needs of circumstances, our long-faced tall, penitent slips meekly to his knees.



"Hang that 'plane' ". It was a familiar voice. "That's the eighteenth time she's pitched me. Confound her!" And then—

Well, the little preacher quit praying, the long, lank unbeliever hurled himself through the door, and with a species of savage yell, fell into the jungles. The aviator smiled. The little preacher sighed; for he had lost the last prospective convert to his labors—but ah well. Great Scott! I muttered, surprised, "Johnnie" Smith a preacher!

"Dr." Cooke an *unequilibriumized* explorer and birdman! And both in the heart of Africa!

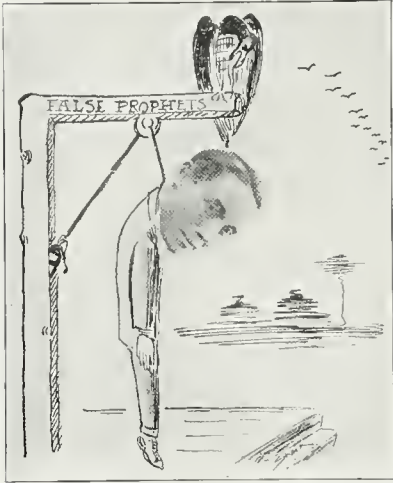
With tingling nerves I saw this scene pass; the hand and two more lights were there. A farm house, a table and a triple-legged stool by the side of it. Turkeys,—sixteen in number; a fat hen; and a barrel of wheat flour, walking, running, rolling,—as the case may be,—came in. Magically the farmer fowls fell on their backs and were roasted in a twinkling, and, together with the "good fat hen," lay steaming and savory on the table. As to the 196 pounds of ground grain—why, bless my soul!—in less time than can be computed, it resolved itself into a basket of *long* bread. The door opens, and a farmer enters. He is a tall, sturdy farmer of the peanut-plantation type. Hungry? Evidently. For a moment—and a moment only—he eyes his daily



bread, and then with a matter of fact air sets to devouring the objects of his affection. My head unconsciously turns, and returns to see the table—cleared of its blossoms! The farmer lies snoozing on a couch. Did he eat the sixteen turkeys, a hen, and a basket of bread? Well, we may surmise, but if he did, I'll be confounded if he didn't "slip it over" on the fishes and two loaves. Did he or did he not is the question—But hark! A groan. The prosperous son of the soil doubles on the couch. Painfully he lifts himself to his elbow and pushes a button. Whir-r-r! Honk! Honk! Impregnable clouds of dust, all threaded with a blue streak, appear. A groan and a honk; a honk and a groan, when

a slender Ichabod—looking six-by-one, swinging a pill case and a box, bends low to enter the door. As of a matter of course, this respectable makes for the couch. From his case he proceeds to take a moth-ball, and drops it into the gulping cavern of his patient. See him! How he squirms in his misery! Groans, groans! O, gosh! What now? The *Dr.* opens his toolbox, extracts a hammer, a saw and a drawing knife, and calmly sets to his task, muttering—"Sorry, old chap, but the Turks have too strong a line on you." Well, the prophet didn't stay. He only took note that the *victim*ized patient was farmer Franklin Barnes, and the pill-doser, who had him in his clutch, a charlatan by the name of Charles Clark Renick.



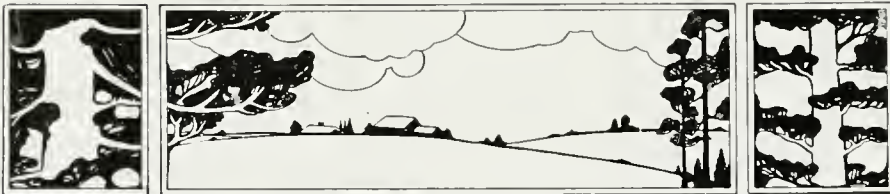


I started to yawn my relief, when suddenly I bethought myself! One more of the Class of '15 remained. One tiny flickering flame hung over my head. I heard a chuckle,—a weird, contemptuous chuckle,—and it awoke me to the fact that there was no escape. What the fortune of the prophet? The volume and the golden circle bounced from my knee, and again I heard the “loud grin” of Fate. My hair, no longer in passive tranquility, rose. I endeavored to do likewise, but failed. The Devil! What—my light? No. A rope—a hangman’s noose!

“O Weird”! I vainly cried; but a shrieking echo answered: “For you, man—for you, false prophet”!

My task is done; but hear with me, O Seniors, in awaiting the inevitable day.

PROPHET.





Junior Class Roll

MOTTO: Gradatim

COLORS: Red and Green

FLOWER: Tulips

YELL

Gradatim, gradatim,
Red and green,
Juniors, Juniors,
Nineteen fifteen.

OFFICERS

A. P. TUCKER	President
W. T. WOODSON	Vice-President
W. E. ZION	Secretary
B. W. WOODS	Treasurer
W. C. FERGUSON	Historian

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Addington, R. R.
Caldwell, G. T.
Combs, R. L.
Ferguson, W. C.
Guy, V. L.
Harris, W. D.
James, E. R.
Jennings, N. H.

Jones, H. H.
Kyle, Z. T.
Muncaster, C. A.
Pierce, A. K.
Presson, J. M.
Scott, C. A.
Stephens, J. W.
Thorpe, H. W.

Tucker, A. P.
Wells, E. B.
Williams, H. P.
Woods, B. W.
Woodson, W. T.
Zehmer, G. B.
Zion, W. E.



ARTHUR PEOPLES TUCKER

Let me introduce to you our President. He is just about as sincere, noble and good-hearted a chap as you have ever come across. Talk about playing baseball,—well, that's history. The way he prances around that old third station simply places "Home-run Baker" on the shelf. And when it comes to grabbing the heart-strings of the fluffy sex, why he is unerring as an eagle. Here is to "Buck", the best 125 pounds of protoplasm around this old campus.

RAY RUFUS ADDINGTON

Ray Rufus, Hoosier and baseball demon, came all the way from Indiana to attend this venerable college of ours, and is firm in his belief that he might have "gone even further and done much worse". He serves admirably as the object of our English Dispenser's pointed remarks about the *damyaukees*, but from the broad smile that he wears on such occasions, we are inclined to think that the gentle breezes of our sunny Southland have turned him into a Johnny Reb like the rest of us,—and from the cheers and yells that have greeted him every baseball season since he arrived, we know that a very necessary man around these "diggin's" is Ray Rufus Addington.

GEORGE THORNHILL CALDWELL.

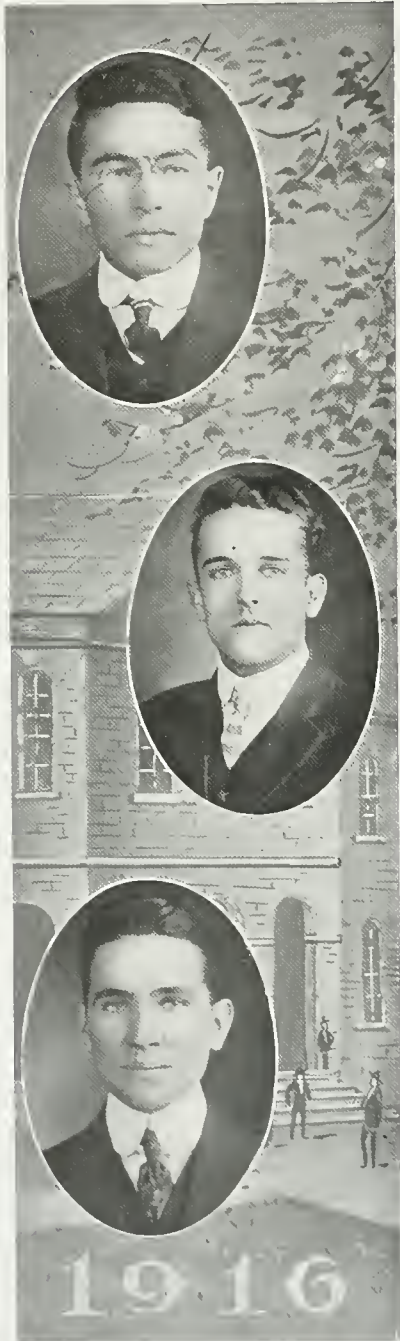
The gentleman who was last year distinguished as the most refined man in college bears the most *bourgeois* title of "Pete", and notwithstanding his irreproachable modesty and dignity, he wears it with becoming grace. Refined to refinement par excellence, however, much cannot be expected to have been left of him, and that is very true in so far as Physics and physical are involved.

"Pete" loves to manage. He was assistant manager of last year's football team and will of course manage the team of 1915-16.

ROBERT LINCOLN COMBS

"Robert Lincoln Combs" is what the Parson said when he moistened the soft brown curls of the smiling baby boy something less than a score of years ago; but that was out in Lee County and too long ago, it seems, for the fellows to remember distinctly. At any rate, all one hears around College is "Bob", "Long John," or "Jack." Combs is a good, steady reliable chap with most of the virtues and none of the vices of that abominable thing, (as the cruel and unappreciative world sees it),—a college student; "Bob" is a fine student, and a good fellow; but "Long John" or "Jack" is the prince of them all—a real baseball catcher. And it is he that we now toast—our Varsity backstop.





WILLIAM CROSS FERGUSON

The sphinx has retired as a rank imitation since "Ferg" hove into public view. This "silent power" has created in faculty and student body alike a highly improbable conception of his wisdom and ability. Every now and then he breaks into the black headliness my managing a football team, "presidenting" the Phoenix, or assisting on the Flat Hat, Annual, and Magazine, and we admit he has done his part well. Some time back he was quite a footballist, playing end the seasons of '12 and '13. Once, (some time back also) he got all A's on his reports. What is he now, you ask? Well, knowing him means liking and respecting him, and we all know him. What more can we say?

VERNON LAURENCE GUY

He's the Guy that every now and then conjures forth from his brain a new story and gets it in the *Magazine*. Indeed, he is numbered among the student "Literati" and is a member of Gordon-Hope.

Literary, studious, amorous,—what other worlds remain for him to conquer? He, with his other good qualities, possesses an abundance of sportmanship which crops out in the thousand and one little relationship of hall and campus, and makes him, we predict, a figure to loom large in the class of '16.

WILLIAM DURHAM HARRIS

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the one and only specimen of its kind now extant at William and Mary. Captured thirteen miles from land or water. *Regardez-Le!* Yet with all of his idiosyncrasies and freakish tendencies, "Bull Durham" is an energetic and likable fellow, and, when it comes to twisting the Profs, he is a charter member of the W. T. C. U. Harris is a Philomathean, and Associate Editor of the *Literary Magazine*, and somewhat of a newspaper correspondent, although the editor sometimes forgets to print his "dope." The class of '16 is fortunate in having a man of your caliber, Harris, and we believe that "what it takes to 'get there', you surely possess it."

EDWIN RALPH JAMES

We now present "Reddy" James, alias "Pinkey." Curler? Well, when the spell strikes him, he can show you a thing or two in that line; then he will lapse into a day-dream—in which, rumor has it, seven female hearts unceasingly struggle for supremacy. Surely, appearances are deceiving. "Pinky" is a baseball player, too, as everyone who has watched the Scrubs in action on Cary Field knows. Furthermore, if he ever for a moment lost that great, good-natured smile of his, we do not recall the time.

The Class prizes you as one of its members, Edwin Ralph, and will be watching that bright little head of yours as you climb the Ladder of Success.

NATHANIEL HALL JENNINGS

Here we have another of those shrewd individuals that hoped to win the favor of the Faculty by naming themselves after one of them. This one succeeded, by the way, and from the first, starred at all classes except Y. M. C. A. "Nat" is from Toano,—often named as its "pride," but this honor he stoutly disclaims.

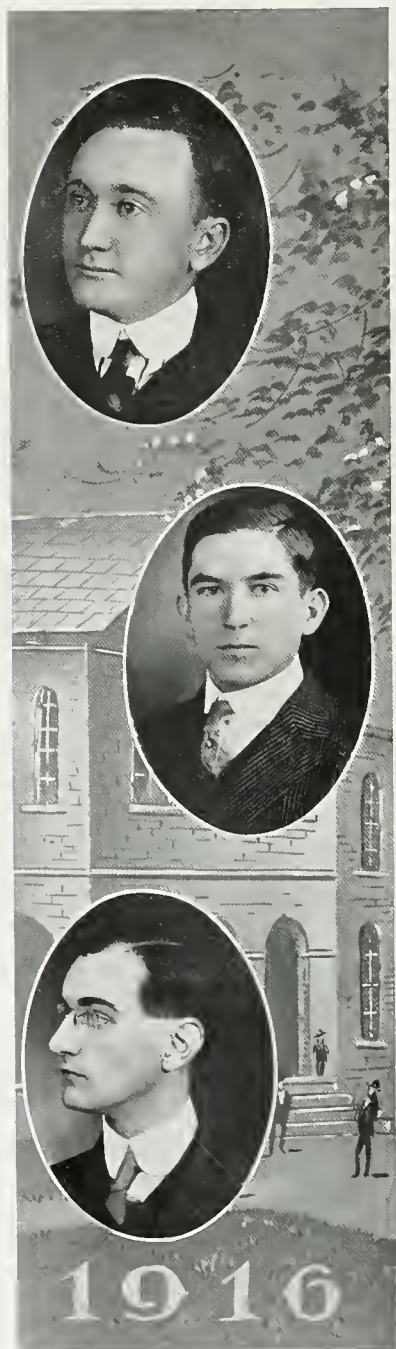
As he goes home to Toano each night, we are not able to know everything that this individualistic youth does in his native metropolis, but occasionally we catch a fleeting glimpse of his auto, as it whizzes past, and from the mass of lace and ribbon, we should judge that others appreciate "our Nat" as well as we do,—then we're with you in spirit, Nat,—can't you take us in body sometimes?

ZELMA TALMAGE KYLE

Here we introduce the largest slice of humanity in our College, Z. T. Kyle. He is an old student here, and would without doubt have been listed among the Seniors this year, but for the fact that he saw fit to leave us last session, and impart some of his gathered learning to Young America.

"Curling" is by all odds the "fondest thing he's of," and it is hard sometimes to say whether he is learning or teaching Education IV. Anyway, by the determination with which he goes after knowledge, it's quite evident that he means to be even a *bigger* man than he now is, which is saying considerable.





CHARLES ASHLEY MUNCASTER

"Monk" did you say? That is what the boys call him for short, but there is nothing short about him. He is a man through and through. "Monk" hails from the blue grass regions of Kentucky, the land of pretty girls and fast horses, and has never lost that Kentucky keenness as an admirer of the fair sex. As a curler, he stands among the best, not only in the Junior class, but College as a whole. It's a safe bet that when a sound, level head is needed, "Monk" is a good man to call on. Stick to it, "Monk" old Chap! The Class of '16 has confidence in you!

ALFRED KERKLEY PIERCE

If there is any present-day truth in the old adage that the meek shall partition the earth, we expect soon to see 'Peter' Pierce sole owner and proprietor of Manhattan Island and suburbs. You don't know he's around until the big test comes, but then you wake up to find him very much on hand. He started by curling in English V, and we predict that he will end up next year by teasing a degree out of the Faculty entire. And it's better than an even bet that he will wear the same size hat then as he did when he slipped, unobtrusively, into the freshman class. Here's to you, "Peter"—smile for the ladies!

JOHN M. PRESSON

"Long John" would have belonged to the Class of '14 if he had not thought that some of the younger generation were not being well instructed, and taken it upon himself to teach the young ones how to shoot, study math., and become good William and Mary men. We do not know how he fared in teaching the first two things mentioned, but we do know that he would be a mighty good instructor in the last. The Class showed their appreciation of John's level head (even though it is beyond their field of vision!) by choosing him as a representative on the Student Council, and whenever there's an athletic rally or a game scheduled, you can always see his smiling face towering above the crowd.

CHARLES ALEXANDER SCOTT

Have you ever heard him called Charles or Alexander? It used to be "Railroad Bill," but all of these titles have faded into insignificance beside the one of "Skinny." Don't think that he's the "Dutchman from Indiana," for he's nothing more than a by-product of the rich soils of Halifax—not the one in Nova Scotia—the other one. If you've never seen but one side of him, just look again, for he's an all-round man. An ardent supporter of the Phoenix, a loyal "rooter" at our athletic games, and an excellent student,—"Skinny" goes smiling upon his way, ever ready for play or work.

JAMES WARREN STEPHENS

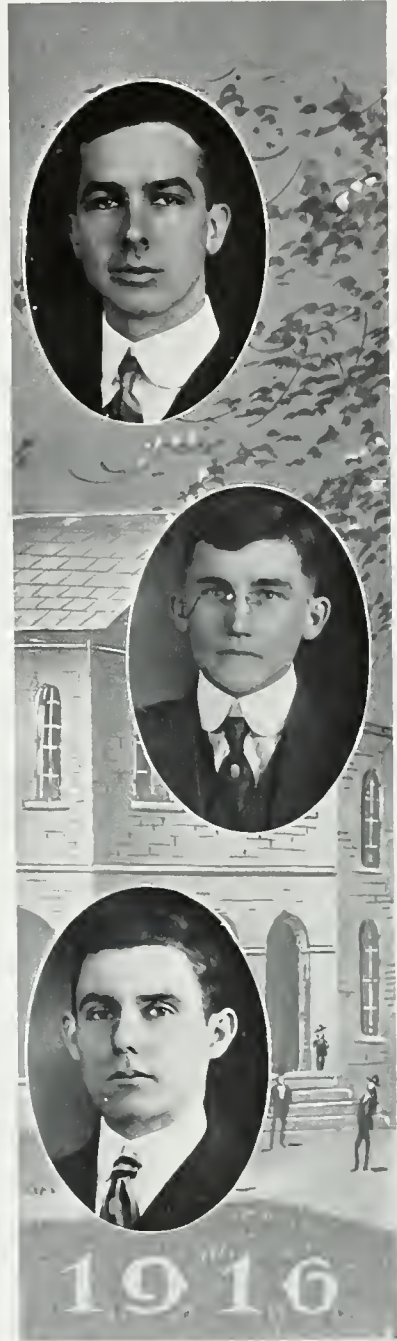
James came to us three years ago from the banks of the Rappahannock, bringing with him an exceptional ability for writing short stories. Since he has been here he has divided his time between "curling" and developing his imagination, and as a result of the latter, the contents of the *Literary Magazine* are increased ever and anon by one of his productions. His stories are in such demand, however that the Editor of the *Magazine* considers himself very fortunate when he secures one. The Registrar's books show the effect J. W. has upon the Professors, and his marks are the envy of more than one "duc."

Keep up your good work, Jim; the class expects big things from you next year.

H. WILSON THORPE

"Yours truly," as he is universally called, is quite a well-known member of the "next year" Class. He made the unpardonable blunder of attending Richmond College one year, which somewhat shocked our sensibilities, but, in spite of this, his many excellent qualities are gradually winning for him general popularity. He is an ardent devotee of dancing and spooning, and claims to be able to do both with greater solemnity than any other mortal—and a casual glance into Williamsburg's "What Did He Come For?" will bear out his assertion.

As a *real friend*,—sincere, patient, and faithful,—"Yours Truly" cannot be surpassed.





EDWARD BRENT WELLS

A grace for dancing, a dash of rose water, an ability to make the girls crazy about him, a determination not to let the comon herd know him, a pair of tan shoes, and a little bundle of loveliness made into the opposite sex are a few of the possessions which make Brent one of the most individualistic of all our individuals. He has succeeded in everything that he has undertaken here, from learning the Maxixe to setting the style in collars, and it is rumored that at times verses flow from his pen. Those who know him best say: "It is not Brent who losses by his not being more appreciated, but mankind." Who knows? Who knows?

HARVEY PAGE WILLIAMS

This is the "Whistling man" from "Peacock Hill." When all his tasks are o'er, he comes forth from his room to open up a box of whistles, letting out the latest melodies in order to rest the fatigued brain of one "prof" in his hot pursuit of "the" as used by the Angles. But he is famous for much more. On the diamond and in dribbling the pneumatic sphere he 'pegs' and 'shoots' with telling accuracy, being a good 'scrub' for each. He is also a genius in 'Curling Profs', for great addition of numerals is required when a sum of his A's is desired. Much more could be said for "Reddie", but we shall say the rest when he becomes a member of the cap and gown procession next year.

BITTLE WINFRED WOODS

The next view that meets our eyes is a Woods, one of a peculiar type, not consisting of trees, but yea, verily, sprouting math, biology, and physics, and since we have known it, two feet of trousers. For three years "Blackie" has been a hard and consistent worker on the football squad, and his ability as a long distance runner has given him a berth on the track team. Taking him "root and all, and all in all," B. W. is a good student who is interested in all college activities, and bids fair to do honor to the class of '16.

WILBERT TUCKER WOODSON

"Old Olson" is said to possess the loftiest intellect in the Class of 1916, and as he is six feet three, there may be some truth in the saying. He has repeatedly declared that he was built for comfort rather than speed, which, however true it may be of his body, is wholly misleading in regard to his mind. "Old Olson" keeps so plaguedly quiet about himself that it is hard to find out anything "on him," although when Dr. Hall lost a rooster and two hens the same night that Wilbert Tucker came home at two A. M. with his clothes full of feathers and his belt at the very last notch, we thought considerable. Never mind, Woodson, there's more to that kind of *chickens* than the other kind anyway, and we know it wasn't so, just like you told us.

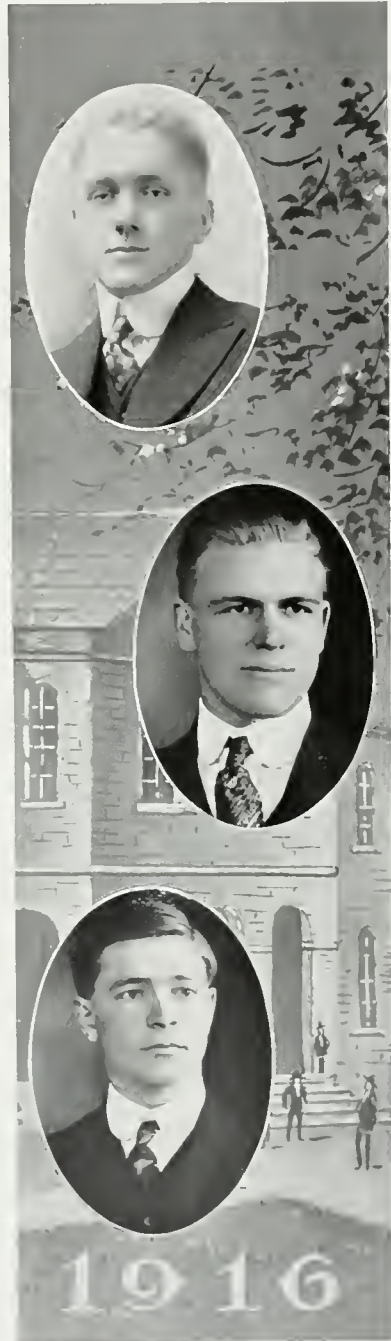
GEORGE BASKERVILLE ZEHMER

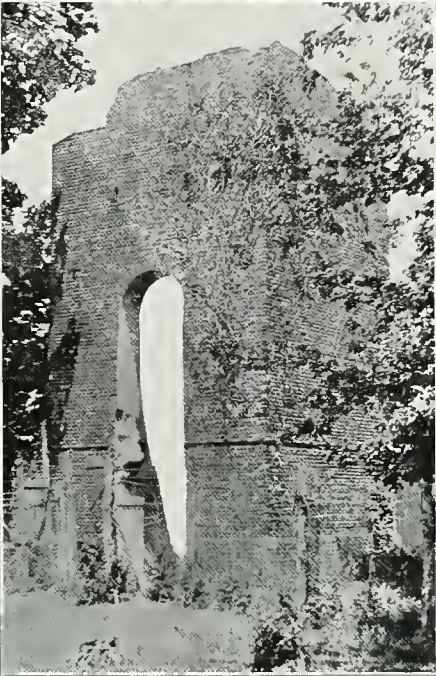
We doubt if "Bakerville" is his real middle name, but probably only an ingenious attempt on his part to boost himself through his English courses. At any rate, whether this helped or not, he got through them with remarkable ease—or was it E's?

Zehmer has been described as a "combination of a star at basketball, a good baseball player, a would-be football player, and an attempt at "curling". To this we might add that he is also an active participant in everything our Alma Mater undertakes, and a man that next year, as a Senior, will be "some pumpkins" in a great many ways. Luck to you, Zehmer! Show 'em something!

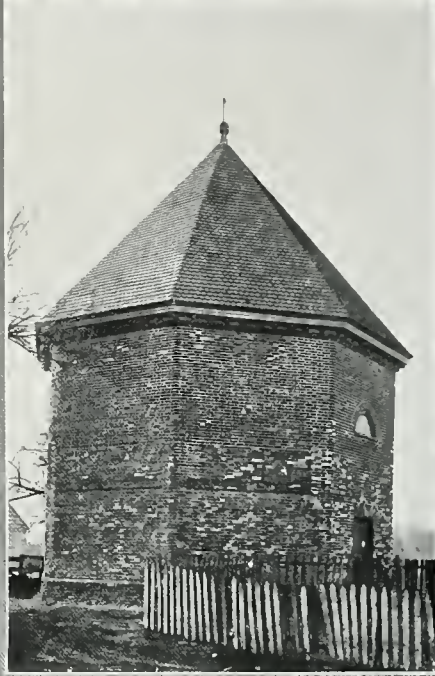
WILLIAM EARL ZION

The all-around "athleticism" of this sturdy son of the soil causes him to have little need for any clothes, save the uniforms furnished *gratis* by the Athletic Association. He merely changes from football to basketball, and basketball to baseball, as the year goes around. The men who room beneath his apartment declare that he is quite as good at clog dancing as at the other sports—yet, in between these activities he makes classes also. So here's to you, Zion,—we envy you that ninety horse-power physique of yours. Keep it working for Old William and Mary!





Jamestown Church Tower



Powder Horn



Wyrhe House - Washington's Headquarters.

SOPHIE





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

GEO. W. BOOTH	President
PAUL N. DERRING	Vice-President
W. T. STONE	Secretary
R. M. PAGE	Treasurer
A. C. GORDON, JR.	Historian
R. P. WALLACE	Chaplain

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

COLORS: Old gold and royal purple

YELL

Razzle—dazzle—dabble—dore,
 Husky—curling—sophomore.
 Some are fat, some are lean,
 We are the class of Seventeen.

MEMBERS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| S. Bennington, Camp, Va. | R. M. Page, Batesville, Va. |
| W. S. Brent, Heathville, Va. | H. A. Prillaman, Callaway, Va. |
| S. L. Bertschey, Old Point, Va. | R. D. Roane, Cash, Va. |
| J. M. Bishop, Duffield, Va. | D. O. Rash, Rady, Va. |
| J. H. Bonney, London Bridge, Va. | F. G. Ribble, Petersburg, Va. |
| G. W. Booth, Middletown, Va. | K. H. Redden, Chincoteague |
| R. A. Clary, Newville, Va. | S. S. Rothwell, Charlottesville, Va. |
| P. N. Derring, Norfolk, Va. | W. R. Shands, Courtland, Va. |
| R. B. Gayle, Portsmouth, Va. | J. F. Smith, Baneo, Va. |
| A. C. Gordon, Staunton, Va. | W. W. Smith, Sharps, Va. |
| O. S. Gray, Saulda, Va. | H. T. Swecker, Monterey, Va. |
| W. M. Grimsley, VanDyke, Va. | J. J. Swecker, Monterey, Va. |
| J. D. Keyser, Washington, Va. | W. T. Stone, Rawlings, Va. |
| J. R. Lawson, Brookneal, Va. | P. W. Spratley, Surry, Va. |
| T. A. Lupton, Bedford City, Va. | W. B. Tilley, Norfolk, Va. |
| R. Maffette, Leesburg, Va. | F. B. Tolson, Louisa, Va. |
| A. E. Mauzy, Hightown, Va. | R. P. Wallace, Hampton, Va. |
| B. B. Mitchell, Washington, Va. | J. T. Waddill, Victoria, Va. |
| R. M. Newton, Hague, Va. | J. A. Wyatt, Hampton, Va. |
| A. D. Ownbey, Grundy, Va. | |

Sophomore Class History



DO you desire the history of the Class of 1917? Very well, behold! It is necessary that you view it in brief, however, for to chronicle entire happenings of our Class would be in itself, an Herculean task, and besides, the editor has limited our history to a single page. By no means, gentle reader, imagine that it is from lack of material that the Sophomore Class history is restricted to this brief space, but—well, editors have their whims!

When the session of 1913-14 opened, the Freshman Class was one of the largest, and, from the Freshman's viewpoint, one of the best in the history of the College.

With out initial year behind us, we returned for our Sophomore year with a great deal of experience, and some little knowledge, derived from our terms as "ducs." And so, imbued with love of Alma Mater and of Class, we felt fully qualified to start upon the second lap of our course towards the coveted Degree.

In practically every phase of college life and activities the Sophomore Class is represented. To the athletics of the college the Class of '17 has given more than its full quota, in football alone furnishing six men besides Captain Bertschey—Wallace, Gayle, Stone, Page, Wyatt, and Rothwell winning monograms. In basketball we again find Bertschey the captain, while Gayle at Center, Wyatt, at Guard, and Rothwell at Forward. Newton, Rothwell, and Garnett, all members of the 1914 Championship Team, hold up our end of the baseball honors, and perhaps we may have others among the candidates when the call for spring practice sounds.

This is but one side of our ability, however. You see that Wyatt, Shands, and Deering have been chosen for the Annual Staff. In the Literary Societies, Sophomores are seen on all sides, and Newton and Grimsley are on the Staff of the *Flat Hat*. On almost any Tuesday night, the visitor to the Y. M. C. A. hall may behold several Sophs among those present, whether attached or unattached to offices in the Association. As to class work and recitations, we have again been fortunate, for not a man of the Sophomores but passed in his midterm examinations in good style, and we are already started on the work of the second term: if you are looking for "high-markers," consult the records of Shands, Page, Mitchell, or numerous others of the Class.

Just a word in parting. The activities of the Class of 1917 during their stay here have been duly set forth as seen by the historian, and in truth it is a brilliant record that the Sophomore Class has made during this part of their journey. But in the years to come, and the days when College has been left behind and the sterner realities of life taken up, you may rest assured that the record of the Sophomore Class of '17 will still be untarnished and even more brilliant than its record up to the present has been.

HISTORIAN.

FRESHMAN





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

MOTTO: Patentia omnia vincit

COLORS: Blue and gold

FLOWER: Pansy

YELL

A. B., B. S., A. B., B. S.,
Where; when; when; where—
Haven't you heard, haven't you seen?
In the year of Eighteen.

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F. P. EARLY	Vice-President
D. P. LOHR	Treasurer
A. L. MADDON	Secretary
C. A. MOSES	Historian

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Carr, J. F.	Hampton, Va.
Copeland, R. W.	Hampton, Va.
Crymes, C. E.	Opie, Va.
Chandler, H. G.	Richmond, Va.
Charlton, C. L.	Cambria, Va.
Connellee, E. L.	Millenbeck, Va.
Clary, H. V.	Disputanta, Va.
Cox, J. C.	Pipers Gap, Va.
Dalhouse, S. N.	Waynesboro, Va.
Darter, E. H.	Appalachia, Va.
Deane, D. C.	Blackstone, Va.
Derieux, H. B.	Tappahannock, Va.
Eason, S. W.	Norfolk, Va.
Early, F. P.	Bluefield, W. Va.
Early, J. N.	Hillsville, Va.
Early, J. K.	Hillsville, Va.
Edwards, H. H.	Palls, Va.
Farmer, W. W.	Virginia, Va.
Ferguson, G. L.	Meherrin, Va.
Foster, T. D.	Bertrand, Va.
Galding, H. M.	Meherrin, Va.
Geddy, V. M.	Williamsburg, Va.
Green, G. P.	Surry, Va.
Goslee, A. H.	Urbanna, Va.
Hall, S. B.	Hickory, Va.
Hammill, J. H.	Morattico, Va.

Harrison, L. C.	McKenney, Va.
Heflin, C. R.	Broad Run, Va.
Holmes, H. S.	Middleburg, Va.
Houge, B. J.	Williamsburg, Va.
Hurst, R. E.	Pulaski, Va.
Ingle, J. P.	Flatwoods, Va.
Inman, H. C.	Williamsburg, Va.
James, R. B.	Bedford City, Va.
Jenkins, F. F.	Carrsville, Va.
Joyner, F. T.	Capron, Va.
Lane, G. J.	Williamsburg, Va.
Lohr, D. P.	Jeffress, Va.
Love, J. S.	Jeffress, Va.
Lyon, W. S.	Pulaski, Va.
Maddox, A. L.	Naruna, Va.
Maynard, L. H.	Williamsburg, Va.
Major, Chas.	Stormont, Va.
Mitchell, H. L.	Collands, Va.
Mapp, A. J.	Belle Haven, Va.
Moncure, H. T.	Williamsburg, Va.
Moses, C. A.	Cambria, Va.
Mitchell, G. H.	Whitmell, Va.
Neblett, C. B.	Kinderwood, Va.
Parker, A. D.	Portsmouth, Va.
Phillips, E. N.	Crewe, Va.
Purcell, T.	Williamsburg, Va.
Pullen, T. G.	Grafton, Va.
Richardson, R.	River, Va.
Robinson, A. P. S.	Skyron, Va.
Robertson, I. W.	Callaway, Va.
Seekford, B. H.	Luray, Va.
Simms, H. H.	Thornhill, Va.
Smith, J. H.	South Hall, Va.
Smith, M. M.	Franklin, Va.
Stephens, E. E. A.	Wicomoco Church, Va.
Stryker, H. M.	Grove, Va.
Taylor, Jno.	Williamsburg, Va.
West, W. C.	Vesta, Va.
Wiley, G. P.	Portsmouth, Va.
Williamson, J. H.	River, Va.
Wood, B. M.	Fentress, Va.
Wood, I. Q.	Columbia, Va.

Freshman Class History

The largest flock of ducs of the season was hatched at William and Mary about the middle of September, 1914. For some time they had dreamed dreams of the venerable school, but when they broke through the yellow shell at the station of Williamsburg, they saw visions that had never found a place in their dreams.

And it came to pass on the 17th of September that a call was given for the "ducs" to assemble in the chapel, and there those in authority gave instructions concerning the career which was dawning upon the flock. The course having been mapped out, the "ducs" set themselves diligently to learn what was contained in the books of knowledge, and lo! they did work faithfully,—but after work comes play.

And it came to pass that Dr. Draper stood and cried with his voice, and said, "Come, ye men who have grit mingled with your protoplasm, and light upon the Grid-iron in Cary Field," to which many "ducs" responded; and when the football season closed, five stood and stretched forth their hands and received, each, a monogram.

But the great men of the faculty looked down upon the young flock and gave instructions concerning things which would take place the last of January, and implored them to spend much time with their books; and the hearts of the "ducs" were filled with fear, because of the Examinations. "Motes they were to trouble the mind."

When all these things had been fulfilled, play again was mingled with work, and moved contemporaneously therewith, and in basketball and baseball were found "ducs" worthy of distinction, with promises of greater things to come.

We are not in this grade *Sic semper manere*, but to the glorious day when the faculty shall pronounce the flock no longer "ducs," but "Sophs" we are speedily advancing. The satisfactions of the Class are many, but the time has come when we have had a sufficient amount of its enjoyment, and are glad to depart, contented with our share of the feast.

We are all glad indeed that we entered the class, and we have the satisfaction of thinking that we have belonged to the best Freshman Class our College has ever had. However, we consider this grade as a place which nature never intended for our permanent abode, and we depart from it, not wholly without regret, but rejoicing in the belief that we are simply leaving what is good for something better.

HISTORIAN.



Senior Normal Class

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E. R. James	H. T. Swecker	H. H. Jones
J. M. Presson	J. J. Swecker	S. L. Bertschey
R. M. Newton	A. P. Tucker	R. P. Wallace
G. W. Booth	J. M. Bishop	J. F. Smith

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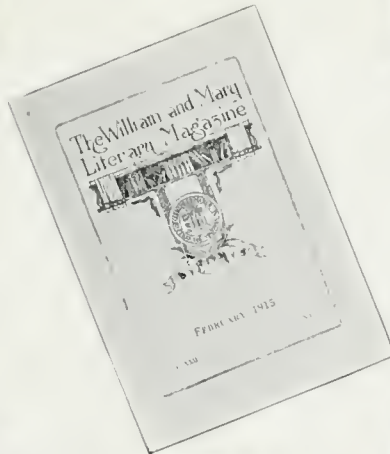
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W. D. HARRIS
Associate



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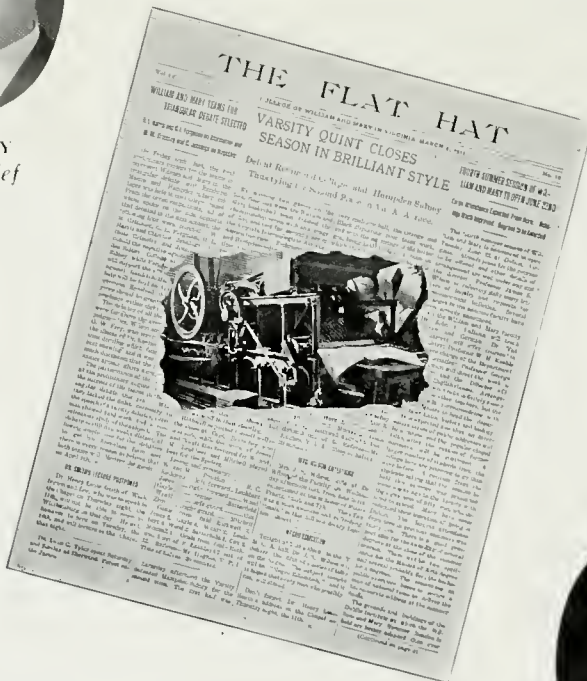


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Ass't. Bus. Mgr.

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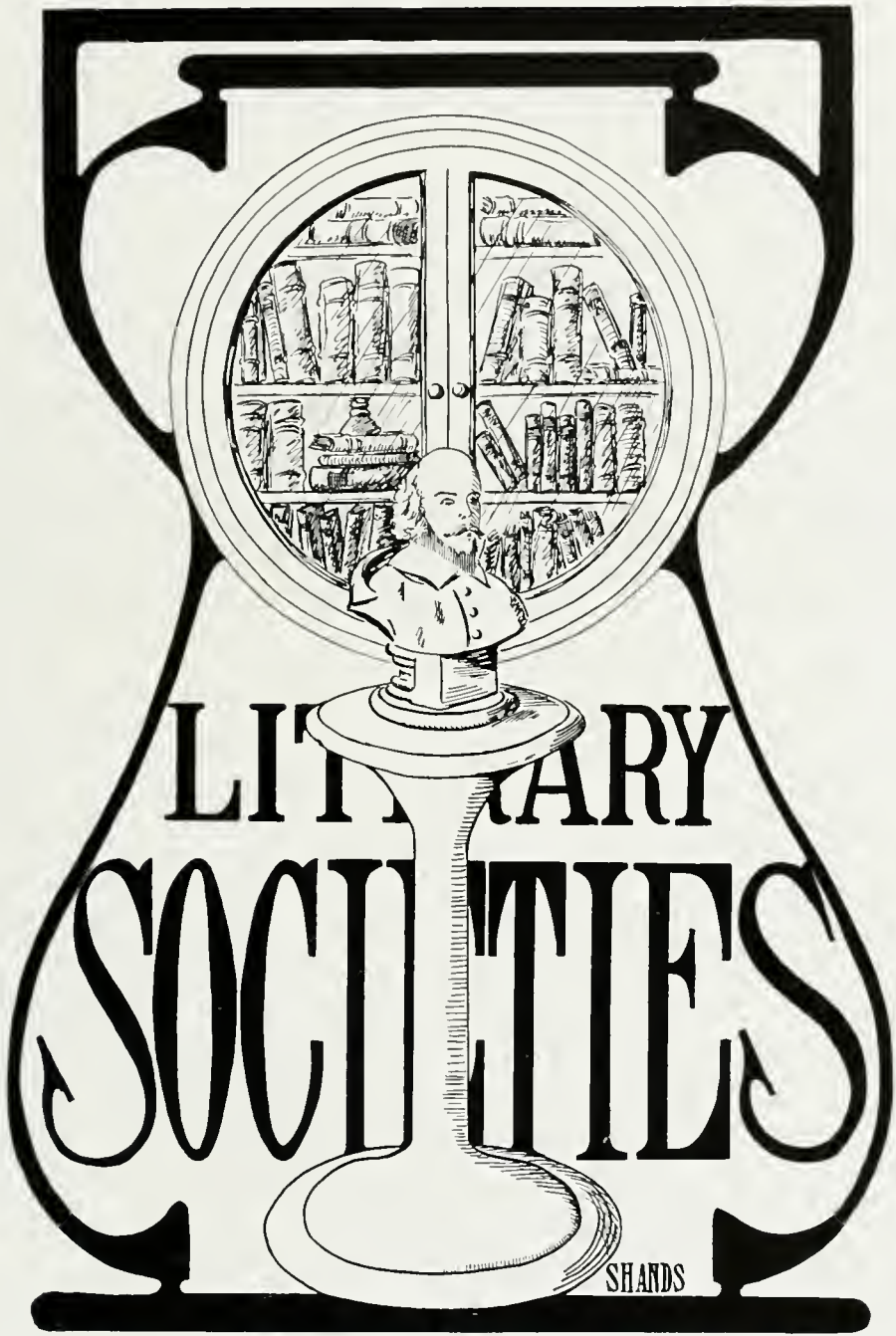
Old Bruton

When all, all is hushed in my rosewood church,
And the throng is kneeling in prayer,
And the last stray notes of the organ reeds
Have stirred in the low, hushed air.

My inner-self slowly within me moves
All my love for beauty in life,
And my soul slips forth in a cloud of dreams,
With a sigh for our ceaseless strife.

And beyond the church in the evening's hush
And the gold of the candle-glow,
The days that have died are the days I live,
And their dreams are the days I know.

EARL BALDWIN THOMAS.





Phoenix Literary Society

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Dalhouse, S. N.	Ribble, F. G.
Frey, O. W.	Simms, H. H.
Ferguson, W. C.	Stone, W. T.
Grimsley, W. M.	Scott, C. A.
Hurst, R. E.	Smith, J. W.
Horne, J. R.	Shands, W. R.
Ingle, J. R.	Schwecker, J. J.
Kyle, Z. T.	Taylor, P. P.
Lohr, D. P.	West, W. C.
Maddox, A. L.	Woodson, W. T.
	Waddill, J. T.



Philomathean Literary Society

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	B. M. WOODS		Treasurer

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|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
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| Booth, G. W. | Harris, H. L. | Robertson, I. W. |
| Clary, H. V. | Hammill, J. H. | Smith, J. F. |
| Clary R. A. | Hall, S. B. | Smith, M. M. |
| Derring, P. N. | Jennings, C. | Pullen, T. G., Jr. |
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| Eason, E. W. | Jenkins, F. F. | Thorpe, H. W. |
| Early, F. P. | Joyner, F. D. | Seekford, B. H. |
| Emery, V. E. G. | Major, A. L. | Wood, B. M. |
| Ferguson, G. L. | Mitchell, H. L. | Woods, B. W. |
| Gordon, A. C. | Mitchell, G. H. | Wood, I. Q. |

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Junior



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Junior



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S. S. ROTHWELL
Sophomore



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F. D. G. RIBBLE	Mission Study Committee

The Y. M. C. A. Calendar



AMONG the many phases of college activities, the Young Men's Christian Association occupies a prominent and unique place. It is the embodiment of all youthful activities and associations, and the Christian spirit that it fosters lends a rich tone of fraternal fellowship to all the life of the campus. If for no other reason, we should cherish the Y. M. C. A. because within its halls all lines of difference in position and rank are wiped out. There, College and Academy, Freshman and Senior, Faculty and Students,—all stand on a common plane, encircled by the strongest ties of friendship and love. It is this part of college life that gives the student the true picture of so many beautiful lives about him. Then, how often do these influences find their way into the hearts of others, where the germ of love, nurtured by purity, flourishes and produces men who measure the worth of their lives in terms of service.

The program of the year began promptly—and it is unnecessary to say that it began with marked enthusiasm when it is known that Clarence Jennings was president. The first event of the season was the annual reception, that served both to christen our handsome new dining hall, and to bring the entire student-body and faculty together for a social evening. Short addresses, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by President Tyler, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Lee, Student Secretary of Y. M. C. A. work in Virginia.

When the application cards for membership were passed around, they were signed readily, and many were enrolled.

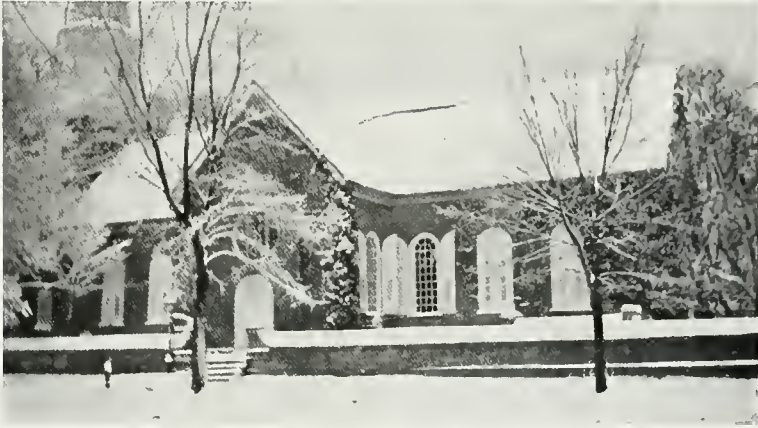
The administration again followed the splendid custom of past years in presenting a series of lectures on life work. There is no doubt that these lectures do a great deal in helping the thoughtful young man to arrive at a definite conclusion as to what he is best fitted to do as his life work. May this custom be continued by succeeding administrations.

Mr. Bunnts, the Secretary of The Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association, has been successful in organizing a large class in the study of the liquor problem. It is hoped that out of this class will come men who are thoroughly convinced in the light of reason and actual knowledge that the liquor traffic is a menace to our land; and, what is more, that they will be determined to fight it until our country is freed from the curse.

The Bible and Mission study classes have been revised, and new interest manifested in these departments of the work. It has been the hope of the committee to make these classes more popular, so that a large number of students might enjoy the benefits and broad views derived from them.

At the request and invitation of the association, Dr. Wilson repeated his series of lectures on the negro problem which he delivered several years ago. These lectures were attended by large numbers, and greatly enjoyed. His aim was to stimulate the thoughts of college men, that they may make some effort to solve this tremendous question as it now confronts us.

The Young Men's Christian Association is on a solid foundation, its reputation is undisputed, its fellowship is universal; and it invites every young man to be at home in its halls.



FRATERNITIES



Order of Business

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- 18th That the members of the CPK be desired to be liberal in their contributions of business that they should be confined to such plain
- 19th That the members of the CPK be desired to be liberal in their contributions of business that they should be confined to such plain
- 20th That the members of the CPK be desired to be liberal in their contributions of business that they should be confined to such plain

William Portland
 Richard Sturges
 William Ashurst
 John Ashurst
 Thomas Ashurst
 John Ashurst
 John Ashurst
 John Ashurst
 John Ashurst

Thomas Hall
 Samuel Hoare
 John Hoare
 Samuel Hoare
 Thomas Hoare
 Samuel Hoare
 Thomas Hoare
 Samuel Hoare
 Thomas Hoare
 Samuel Hoare





SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Virginia Delta Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon

COLORS: Scarlet and Purple

FLOWERS: American Beauties and Violets

YELL

Sic—a—laca
 Sic—a—sun
 Sigma Phi Epsilon
 Delta.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Thomas Allen Lupton	Robert Lincoln Combs
Oliver Walter Frey	William Wallace Smith
Edwin Ralph James	Wilbert Tucker Woodson
Alf Johnson Mapp	Ray Rufus Addington
Robert Rice Richardson	Karl Henry Redden
James Thomas Waddill, Jr.	Lemuel Francis Games
John Harless Williamson	

PLEDGES

J. Frank Wilson	Robert Cowles Taylor
Forest Graves	

Sigma Phi Epsilon

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

<i>Alpha</i>	Richmond, Virginia.
<i>Beta</i>	Norfolk, Virginia.
<i>Gamma</i>	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
<i>Delta</i>	Chicago, Illinois.
<i>Epsilon</i>	New York City, New York.
<i>Eta</i>	Washington, D. C.
<i>Theta</i>	San Francisco, California.
<i>Zeta</i>	Atlanta, Georgia.
<i>Iota</i>	Springfield, Ohio.
<i>Kappa</i>	Syracuse, New York.
<i>Lambda</i>	Boston, Massachusetts.
<i>Mu</i>	Asheville, North Carolina.
<i>Nu</i>	Baldwin, Kansas.
<i>Xi</i>	Hampton, Virginia.
<i>Omicron</i>	Union Springs, Alabama.

Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

FOUNDERS

CARTER G. JENKINS	Goldsboro, N. C.
BENJ. P. GAW	Stuarts Draft, Va.
W. HUGH CARTER	Chase City, Va.
WILLIAM G. WALLACE	Stuarts Draft, Va.
THOMAS T. WRIGHT	Ruther Glen, Va.
WILLIAM S. PHILLIPS	Newark, N. J.

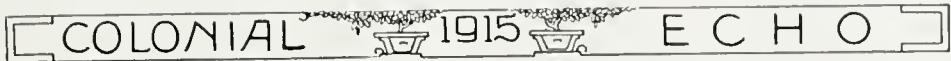
ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Virginia Alpha	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
West Virginia Beta	West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Pennsylvania Gamma	Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.
Pennsylvania Delta	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Colorado Alpha	University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Virginia Delta	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
North Carolina Beta	North Carolina College of Agr. and Mech. Arts, Raleigh, N. C.
Indiana Alpha	Purdue University, W. Lafayette, Indiana.
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	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Delaware Alpha	Delaware State College, Newark, Del.
Virginia Eta	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Arkansas Alpha	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pennsylvania Epsilon	Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Virginia Theta	Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Ohio Gamma	Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Vermont Alpha	Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
Alabama Alpha	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
North Carolina Gamma	Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
New Hampshire Alpha	Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
District of Columbia Alpha	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Kansas Alpha	Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
California Alpha	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Nebraska Alpha	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Washington Alpha	State College of Washington, Pullman, Wash.
Ohio Alpha	Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.
South Carolina Alpha	University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.
Massachusetts Alpha	Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.
New York Beta	Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Rhode Island Alpha	Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Michigan Alpha	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Iowa Alpha	Iowa Wesleyan, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Tennessee Alpha	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Colorado Beta	University of Denver, Denver, Colo.





THETA DELTA CHI



Epsilon Charge of Theta Delta Chi

(Established May 12, 1853)

COLORS: Black, White, and Blue
FLOWER: Red Carnation
GEM: Ruby

YELL

Ziprick! Ziprick! Hi! Ki! Si!
Epsilon! Epsilon!
Theta Delta Chi!

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Preston Philips Taylor	Herbert Gray Chandler
Harvey Page Williams	Oscar Stanley Gray
George Baskerville Zehmer	Leonidas Carling Harrison
Cecil Conrad Graves	Earl Norfleet Phillips
Clifton James Haden	Albert Pemberton Slaughter Robinson

PLEDGES

Louis P. Sutherland James S. Robinson

FRATRES IN URBE

Frederic P. Ladd Herbert W. Vaden

CHARGES

<i>Beta</i>	Cornell University, 1870.
<i>Gamma Deuteron</i>	University of Michigan, 1889.
<i>Delta Deuteron</i>	University of California, 1900.
<i>Epsilon</i>	College of William and Mary, 1853.
<i>Zeta</i>	Brown University, 1853.
<i>Zeta Deuteron</i>	McGill University, 1901.
<i>Eta</i>	Bowdoin College, 1854.
<i>Eta Deuteron</i>	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1903.
<i>Theta Deuteron</i>	Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1890.
<i>Iota</i>	Harvard University, 1856.
<i>Iota Deuteron</i>	Williams College, 1891.
<i>Kappa</i>	Tufts College, 1856.
<i>Kappa Deuteron</i>	University of Illinois, 1908.
<i>Lambda</i>	Boston University, 1877.
<i>Mu Deuteron</i>	Amherst College, 1885.
<i>Nu</i>	University of Virginia, 1857.
<i>Nu Deuteron</i>	Lehigh University, 1884.
<i>Xi</i>	Hobard College, 1857.
<i>Omicron Deuteron</i>	Dartmouth College, 1869.
<i>Pi Deuteron</i>	College of the City of New York, 1881.
<i>Rho Deuteron</i>	Columbia University, 1883.
<i>Sigma Deuteron</i>	University of Wisconsin, 1895.
<i>Tau Deuteron</i>	University of Minnesota, 1892.
<i>Phi</i>	Lafayette College, 1867.
<i>Chi</i>	University of Rochester, 1867.
<i>Chi Deuteron</i>	George Washington University, 1896.
<i>Psi</i>	Hamilton College, 1868.
<i>Xi Deuteron</i>	University of Washington, 1913.

Graduate Organizations of Theta Delta Chi

Gamma Deuteron Association of Theta Chi, 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 Chi Association of Williams College, 1906.
 Kappa Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity Corporation, 1883.
 Lambda Graduate Association, 1899.
 Theta Delta Chi Building Association, Champaign, Ill.
 New York Association of Lambda Alumni.
 Mu Deuteron Association of Theta Delta Chi Society, 1890.
 Nu Deuteron Alumni Association, 1908.
 Xi Charge of Theta Delta Chi Corporation, 1907.
 The Omicron Survivors Association, 1908.
 Omricon 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 Chi, 1903.
 The Wisconsin Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1885.
 Tau Deuteron Alumni Association.
 Phi Alumni Association, 1904.
 Chi Alumni Association.
 Chi Alumni Association of New York, 1909.
 Chi Deuteron Graduate Association, 1901.
 Psi Alumni Association.
 Graduate Club of Theta Delta Chi, New York, 1896.
 New York Graduate Association, 1856.
 New England Association, 1884.
 Rhode Island Alumni Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1898.
 Central New York Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1905.
 Rochester Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1902.
 Buffalo Graduate Association, 1891.
 Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi of Western Pennsylvania, 1903.
 Central Graduate Association, Chicago, 1890.
 Kansas City Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1907.
 Minnesota Association 1900.
 The Theta Delta Chi, Montreal, 1907.
 Eastern Maine Association, 1907.
 Theta Delta Chi Corporation of Rhode Island, 1908.
 The Connecticut Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1908.
 California Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1897.
 Northwestern Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, Seattle, 1909.
 The Boston Club of Theta Delta Chi, 1909.
 Cleveland Alumni Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1909.
 The Central Illinois Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1908.
 Kappa Semi-Centennial Fund Trustees.
 Psi House Trustees.
 Chi Deuteron Fund Trustees, 1906.
 Phi House Trustees.
 Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1897.
 Theta Delta Chi Press, 1907.
 Graduate Club of Theta Delta Chi, 1896.
 Theta Delta Chi Founders' Corporation, 1912.
 Washington Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1910.
 Columbia River Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1911.
 The Theta Delta Chi Association of the State of Virginia, 1911.
 The Southern Tier Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1911.
 Southern California Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1912.
 Central Ohio Alumni Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1912.
 The Philadelphia Graduate Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1913.
 Western Maine Association of Theta Delta Chi, 1913.





PI KAPPA ALPHA

Phi Kappa Alpha

(Founded at the University of Virginia, 1868)

FLOWERS: Lily of the Valley and Gold Standard Tulip

CHAPTER FLOWER: Pansy

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Franklin Mason Barnes
 William Seymour Brent
 Paul Barrington Elean
 Armistead Churchill Gordon, Jr.
 Lewis Jones
 John Raymond Lawson
 James Sterling Love
 Floyd Franklin Jenkins

Robert Murphy Newton
 Arthur Douglas Parker
 Wilburn Stephen Shackelford
 James Warren Stephens
 Ennolls Eugene Stephens
 Frank Bowen Tolson
 Arthur Peoples Tucker
 Ernest Linwood Wright

PLEDGES

Edward Tucker Robert Murphy

FRATRES IN URBE

Dr. G. A. Hankins Dr. G. G. Hankios

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

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

Hi Kappa Alpha Directory

FOUNDERS

- *FREDERICK SOUTHGATE TAYLOR, B. A. Norfolk, Va.
- *JULIAN EDWARD WOOD, M. D. Elizabeth City, N. C.
- LITTLETON WALTER TAZEWELL Norfolk, Va.
- *ROBERTSON HOWARD, M. A., M. D., LL. D. Washington, D. C.
- *JAMES BENJAMIN SCHLATER Richmond, Va.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>
<i>Alpha</i>	University of Virginia University, Va.
<i>Beta</i>	Davidson College Davidson, N. C.
<i>Gamma</i>	William and Mary College Williamsburg, Va.
<i>Delta</i>	Southern University Greensboro, Ala.
<i>Zeta</i>	University of Tennessee Knoxville, Tenn.
<i>Eta</i>	Tulane University New Orleans, La.
<i>Theta</i>	Southwestern Presbyterian University Clarksville, Tenn.
<i>Iota</i>	Hampden-Sidney College Hampden-Sidney, Va.
<i>Kappa</i>	Transylvania University Lexington, Va.
<i>Omicron</i>	Richmond College Richmond, Va.
<i>Pi</i>	Washington and Lee University Lexington, Va.
<i>Tau</i>	University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, N. C.
<i>Upsilon</i>	Alabama Polytechnic Institute Auburn, Ala.
<i>Chi</i>	University of the South Sewanee, Tenn.
<i>Psi</i>	North Georgia Agricultural College Dahlonega, Ga.
<i>Omega</i>	State University Lexington, Ky.
<i>Alpha Alpha</i>	Trinity College Durham, N. C.
<i>Alpha Gamma</i>	Louisiana State University Baton Rouge, La.
<i>Alpha Delta</i>	Georgia School of Technology Atlanta, Ga.
<i>Alpha Epsilon</i>	North Carolina A. & M. College Raleigh, N. C.
<i>Alpha Zeta</i>	University of Arkansas Fayetteville, Ark.
<i>Alpha Eta</i>	University of State of Florida Gainesville, Fla.
<i>Alpha Iota</i>	Millsaps College Jackson, Miss.
<i>Alpha Kappa</i>	Missouri School of Mines Rolla, Mo.
<i>Alpha Lambda</i>	Georgetown College Georgetown, Ky.
<i>Alpha Mu</i>	University of Georgia Athens, Ga.
<i>Alpha Nu</i>	University of Missouri Columbia, Mo.
<i>Alpha Xi</i>	University of Cincinnati Cincinnati, Ohio.
<i>Alpha Omicron</i>	Southwestern University Georgetown, Texas.
<i>Alpha Pi</i>	Howard College East Lake, Ala.
<i>Alpha Rho</i>	Ohio State University Columbus, Ohio.
<i>Alpha Sigma</i>	University of California Berkeley, Cal.
<i>Alpha Tau</i>	University of Utah Salt Lake City, Utah.
<i>Alpha Upsilon</i>	New York University New York, N. Y.
<i>Alpha Phi</i>	Rutgers College New Brunswick, N. J.
<i>Alpha Chi</i>	Syracuse University Syracuse, N. Y.
<i>Alpha Psi</i>	Iowa State College Ames, Iowa.
<i>Alpha Omega</i>	Kansas State Agricultural College
<i>Beta Alpha</i>	Pennsylvania State College Gettysburg, Pa.

*Deceased





KAPPA ALPHA

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.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

Edward Magruder Tutwiler Addison
Richard Brownley Gayle
William Benjamin Tilley
John Albert Wyatt
James Frederick Carr
Stanton Louis Bertschey

FRATRE IN URBE

Spencer Lane

Kappa Alpha Directory

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Alpha</i>	Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
<i>Gamma</i>	University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
<i>Epsilon</i>	Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
<i>Zeta</i>	Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
<i>Eta</i>	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
<i>Theta</i>	University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
<i>Kappa</i>	Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
<i>Lambda</i>	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
<i>Nu</i>	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
<i>Xi</i>	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
<i>Omicron</i>	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
<i>Pi</i>	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
<i>Sigma</i>	Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
<i>Upsilon</i>	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
<i>Phi</i>	Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
<i>Chi</i>	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Psi</i>	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
<i>Omega</i>	Central University of Kentucky, Danville, Ky.
<i>Alpha Alpha</i>	University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
<i>Alpha Beta</i>	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
<i>Alpha Gamma</i>	Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
<i>Alpha Delta</i>	William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
<i>Alpha Zeta</i>	William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
<i>Alpha Eta</i>	Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
<i>Alpha Theta</i>	Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.
<i>Alpha Kappa</i>	University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
<i>Alpha Mu</i>	Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
<i>Alpha Nu</i>	The George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
<i>Alpha Xi</i>	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
<i>Alpha Omicron</i>	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
<i>Alpha Pi</i>	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
<i>Alpha Rho</i>	West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
<i>Alpha Sigma</i>	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
<i>Alpha Tau</i>	Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
<i>Alpha Phi</i>	Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
<i>Alpha Omega</i>	North Carolina Agr. and Mech. College, Raleigh, N. C.
<i>Beta Alpha</i>	Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
<i>Beta Beta</i>	Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
<i>Beta Gamma</i>	College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.
<i>Beta Delta</i>	Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky.
<i>Beta Epsilon</i>	Delaware College, Newark, Del.
<i>Beta Zeta</i>	University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
<i>Beta Eta</i>	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
<i>Beta Theta</i>	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
<i>Beta Iota</i>	Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

Kappa Alpha

ALUMNI CHAPTERS AND SECRETARIES

<i>Alexander, La.</i>	Nauman Scott.
<i>Anniston, Ala.</i>	Walker Reynolds.
<i>Atlanta, Ga.</i>	William Niller, 619 Equitable Building.
<i>Baltimore, Md.</i>	E. R. Buracker, Jr., 2800 Calvert Street.
<i>Birmingham, Ala.</i>	F. B. Latade, Steiner Building.
<i>Boston, Mass.</i>	Cyrus, W. Beale, 26 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass.
<i>Canal Zone</i>	Dr. W. M. James, Ancon Hospital, Ancon, Canal Zone.
<i>Charleston, W. Va.</i>	S. C. Littlepage.
<i>Chattanooga, Tenn.</i>	John W. Evans, First National Bank.
<i>Columbia, S. C.</i>	B. P. Bacon, L. & E. Bank Building.
<i>Columbia University</i>	Dr. Rupert Taylor, Livingston Hall.
<i>Columbus, Ga.</i>	Lyman Buttolph.
<i>Denver, Colo.</i>	EdLos Walker, Fire and Police Commission.
<i>Fort Smith, Ark.</i>	Dr. Clark Wood.
<i>Hampton, Newport News, Va.</i>	H. H. Holt.
<i>Hattiesburg, Miss.</i>	Stokes V. Robertson.
<i>Houston, Texas</i>	George D. Sears.
<i>Huntington, W. Va.</i>	E. W. Townsend.
<i>Ithaca, N. Y.</i>	D. C. Reib.
<i>Knoxville, Tenn.</i>	W. P. Toms.
<i>Lexington, Ky.</i>	Harry C. Stucky.
<i>Little Rock, Ark.</i>	A. W. Dobyns.
<i>Los Angeles, Cal.</i>	Emerson L. Duff, 409 Lissner Building.
<i>Memphis, Tenn.</i>	H. F. Daniels, Porter Building.
<i>Muskogee, Okla.</i>	George A. Lowry.
<i>Nashville, Tenn.</i>	Thomas G. Watkins, Stahlman Building.
<i>New Haven, Conn.</i>	Paul Rider, 16 York Square.
<i>New Orleans, La.</i>	Arthur Moreno, 606 Common Street.
<i>New York City</i>	Joseph D. Truxton, Essex Falls, N. J.
<i>Norfolk, Va.</i>	R. W. Waldrop, Jr., 73 Boush Street.
<i>Paris, Tenn.</i>	W. C. Jernigan.
<i>Raleigh, N. C.</i>	A. T. Bowler, Citizens' National Bank.
<i>Richmond, Va.</i>	L. F. Blanton, 1108 East Main Street.
<i>Salt Lake City</i>	Henry J. Brothers, 71 Commercial Block.
<i>San Antonio, Texas</i>	Liston A. Casey, 519 Moore Building.
<i>San Francisco</i>	Roy G. Thompson, 40 Powell Street.
<i>Shreveport, La.</i>	Newton B. Stoer.
<i>Springfield, Mo.</i>	Vance Criss.
<i>St. Louis, Mo.</i>	E. W. Lewis, 5987 Page Avenue.
<i>Tampa, Fla.</i>	J. M. Shackelford, Jr.
<i>Washington, D. C.</i>	Charles B. Coffin, 1517 P. Street, N. W.
<i>Wilmington, Del.</i>	A. T. Davenport, Y. M. C. A. Building.

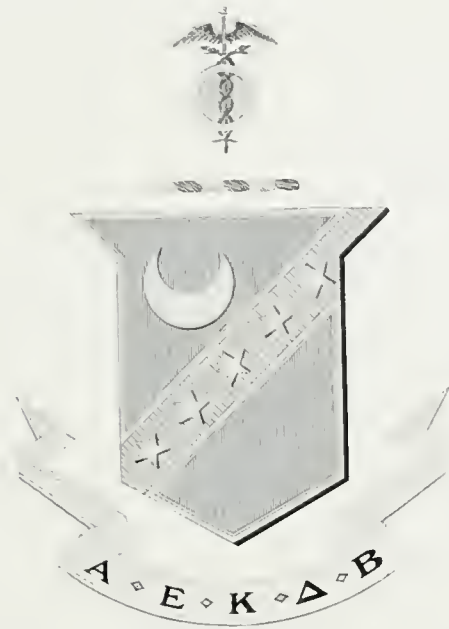
Sigma Phi Epsilon *Kappa Alpha*

GREEK HOMES

Pi Kappa Alpha

Kappa Sigma *Theta Delta Chi*

COLONIAL 1915 ECHO





KAPPA SIGMA

Nu Chapter of Kappa Sigma

University of Bologna, 1400
University of Virginia, 1869

COLORS: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green
FLOWER: Lily of the Valley

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

President Lyon Gardiner Tyler, A. M., LL. D.
James Southall Wilson, Ph. D.
George Oscar Ferguson, A. M.
John Tyler, A. M.
Samuel Hildreth Hubbard, Jr., A. B.
Bathurst Daingerfield Peachy, Jr., A. B.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

William Cross Ferguson, '16
George Thornhill Caldwell, '16
John Waller Smith, Jr., '15
William Ridley Shands, '17
Clarence Broadwater Neblett, '18
Vernon Meredith Geddy, '18
George Jordan Lane, '18
Henry Trevilian Moncure, '18
William Southern Lyon, '18
James Nelson Early, '18
Benjamin Rosser James, '18
Samuel Newton Dalhouse, '18
James Kent Early, '18

PLEDGES

Edward Dudley Spencer
Richard Leonard Henley
John Young Hutcheson
Munford Ellis

FRATRES IN URBE

George Preston Coleman
Joseph Farland Hall
George Benjamin Geddy
Thomas Henley Geddy, Jr.
Lionel Wynne Roberts
John Leslie Hall, Jr.
Levin Winder Lane, III.

Kappa Sigma

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Beta</i>	University of Alabama, University, Ala.
<i>Gamma</i>	Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
<i>Delta</i>	Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
<i>Eta</i>	Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
<i>Theta</i>	Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
<i>Iota</i>	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.
<i>Zeta</i>	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
<i>Kappa</i>	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Lambda</i>	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
<i>Mu</i>	Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
<i>Nu</i>	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
<i>Xi</i>	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
<i>Pi</i>	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
<i>Sigma</i>	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
<i>Tau</i>	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
<i>Upsilon</i>	Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
<i>Phi</i>	Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
<i>Chi</i>	Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
<i>Psi</i>	University of Maine, Orono, Me.
<i>Omega</i>	University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
<i>Alpha Alpha</i>	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
<i>Alpha Beta</i>	Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
<i>Alpha Gamma</i>	University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
<i>Alpha Delta</i>	Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
<i>Alpha Epsilon</i>	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
<i>Alpha Zeta</i>	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
<i>Alpha Eta</i>	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
<i>Alpha Kappa</i>	Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
<i>Alpha Lambda</i>	University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
<i>Alpha Mu</i>	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
<i>Alpha Pi</i>	Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
<i>Alpha Rho</i>	Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
<i>Alpha Tau</i>	Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
<i>Alpha Sigma</i>	Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
<i>Alpha Upsilon</i>	Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
<i>Alpha Phi</i>	Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
<i>Alpha Chi</i>	Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
<i>Alpha Psi</i>	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
<i>Alpha Omega</i>	William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
<i>Beta Alpha</i>	Brown University, Providence, R. I.
<i>Beta Beta</i>	Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
<i>Beta Gamma</i>	Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.
<i>Beta Delta</i>	Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
<i>Beta Epsilon</i>	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
<i>Beta Zeta</i>	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
<i>Beta Eta</i>	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
<i>Beta Theta</i>	University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
<i>Beta Iota</i>	Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
<i>Beta Kappa</i>	New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.

<i>Beta Nu</i>	Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
<i>Beta Mu</i>	University of Minneapolis, Minneapolis, Minn.
<i>Beta Lambda</i>	University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
<i>Beta Xi</i>	University of California, Berkley, Cal.
<i>Beta Omicron</i>	University of Denver, University Park, Colo.
<i>Beta Pi</i>	Dickson College, Carlisle, Pa.
<i>Beta Rho</i>	University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
<i>Beta Sigma</i>	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
<i>Beta Tau</i>	Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
<i>Beta Upsilon</i>	North Carolina Agr. and Mech. College, Raleigh, N. C.
<i>Beta Phi</i>	Chase School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.
<i>Beta Chi</i>	Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
<i>Beta Psi</i>	University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
<i>Beta Omega</i>	Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
<i>Gamma Alpha</i>	University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.
<i>Gamma Beta</i>	University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
<i>Gamma Gamma</i>	Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
<i>Gamma Delta</i>	Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.
<i>Gamma Epsilon</i>	Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
<i>Gamma Zeta</i>	New York University, New York, N. Y.
<i>Gamma Eta</i>	Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
<i>Gamma Theta</i>	University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.
<i>Gamma Iota</i>	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
<i>Gamma Kappa</i>	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
<i>Gamma Lambda</i>	Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
<i>Gamma Mu</i>	Washington State College, Pullman, Wash.
<i>Gamma Nu</i>	Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.
<i>Gamma Xi</i>	Dennison University, Granville, O.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Boston, Mass.	Nashville, Tenn.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Columbus, Ohio.
New York City, N. Y.	Louisville, Ky.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Schenectady, N. Y.	Chicago, Ill.
The Kappa Sigma Club of New York, N. Y.	Danville, Ill.
Danville, Va.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lynchburg, Va.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Newport News, Va.	Fort Smith, Ark.
Norfolk, Va.	Kansas City, Mo.
Richmond, Va.	Little Rock, Ark.
Washington, D. C.	Pine Plub, Ark.
Concord, N. C.	St. Louis, Mo.
Durham, N. C.	Jackson, Miss.
Kingston, N. C.	New Orleans, La.
Wilmington, N. C.	Ruston, La.
Atlanta, Ga.	Texas, Ark.
Birmingham, Ala.	Vicksburg, Miss.
Mobile, Ala.	Waco, Texas.
Montgomery, Ala.	Yazoo City, Miss.
Savannah, Ga.	Denver, Colo.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Salt Lake City, Utah.
Covington, Tenn.	San Francisco, Cal.
Jackson, Tenn.	Portland, Ore.
Memphis, Tenn.	Seattle, Wash.

B. D. Peachy, Jr.
 C. M. Hall
 Thos. A. Geddy, Jr.
 P. L. Witchley

OLD SOLDIERS

S. L. Bertschey
 L. F. Games
 George J. Lane

NOVICES

Abbott	Ernest L. Wright
Father Superior	A. P. Tucker
Abbottess	W. B. Tuley
Mother Superior	Lewis Jones
Keeper of the Cellar	Edward Addison
Keeper of the Gate	R. M. Newton

N. N. O. Ribbon Society



COLONIAL 1915 ECHO





SIGMA UPSILON

Sigma Upsilon

The Gordon-Hope Chapter of William and Mary College in Virginia.
 (Founded as a Literary Club on the 24th of February, 1914, and received into the
 Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity on the 1st day of May, 1914.)

MOTTO: "An incurable itch for scribbling seizes many and grows inveterate in
 their insane breasts."

COLORS: Green and White.
 EMBLEM: The Wild Cherry Bloom.
 DRINK: Saturated Solution of Nectar.

JOHN W. SMITH, JR.	President
V. E. G. EMERY	Secretary and Treasurer
HERMAN LEE HARRIS	Critic

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

John W. Smith	
Herman Lee Harris	
V. E. G. Emery	
J. W. Stephens	
W. S. Shackelford	
O. W. Frey	
Wm. Cross Ferguson	
V. L. Guy	
R. E. Hprst	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

B. D. Peachy, Jr.	P. L. Witchley
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FRATRES IN URBE

Mr. F. P. Ladd	Rev. G. H. Newberry
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CHAPTER ROLL OF SIGMA UPSILON

Sopherim	University of the South
Calumet	Vanderbilt University
Osiris	Randolph-Macon College
Senior Round Table	University of Georgia
Odd Number Club	University of North Carolina
Boar's Head	Transylvania University
Scribblers	University of Mississippi
Kit Kat	Millsaps College
Scarab	University of Texas
Fortnightly	Trinity College
Coffee House	Emory College
Scribes	University of South Carolina
Attic	University of Alabama
Grub Street	University of Washington
Gordon-Hope	William and Mary College

NAME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	FAVORITE SAYING	HIGHEST AMBITION	WHAT HE WILL PROBABLY BE
Smith, J. W.	Enthusiasm	"— up at Charlottesville"	Editor of Atlantic Monthly	Dancing Master at W. F. I.
Somers, W. E.	Gracefulness	"—then <i>she</i> said to me—"	Social Lion	Book Agent
Harris, H. L.	Shooting Crack-a-lue	"Just listen to this now, fellows,"—	Orator	Barker at Sideshow
Renick, C. C.	Sleeping till Second Bell is ringing	"Man, she is a bean"	Principal of a Girls' Institute	Professor of Cube Root
Durchy, Frey	Loafing in No. 7 Brafferton	"What you chewing?"	Corporation Lawyer	Notary Public
Jennings, Clarence	Always in a hurry	"I haven't got time to do that—"	Bachelor	Father of large family
Wyatt	Military Stiffness	"Yes sir, Doctor, I think so"	Missionary	Cannibal food
Moses	Bay window	"Let's go to choir practice"	Second Sousa	Bass drummer in Salvation Army
Muncaster	First at meals	"I've got the whole thing outlined"	Doctor	Country School Teacher
Wright, Pipe	Forgetfulness	"You boys be quiet—"	Grand Opera Star	Vaude <i>villain</i>
Shackelford	Regular attendance at Brut-ton Church	"You fellows have got to get your work in"	(See the prophecy)	Organ Grinder
Addison, Busky	Rough-housing	<i>Can't publish it</i>	To make six hour's work Establish single standard of morality	Disappointed
Thorpe, H. W.	Purity	"Where is my magnesium?"	Settle down	Country preacher
Presson	Slender grace	"That's a cathird on axles"	Get in football game	Cocoanut picker
Capt. Wood	Gassing with the ducs	"—like that tackle I made at Hampton—"	Fame (any kid)	Sub-scrub
Harris, W. D.	Hard work	"I know all about it"	Heavy weight champion	Printer's devil
Dalhouse, B. Shore	Freshness	"Geminy!"	Domestic Science Instructor at Female Normal	Spanked
Holler, Miss Ethel	Mustache	"O-o-o! Isn't that perfectly dear?"	Pride of Toano	Unmarried bachelor without a wife
Jennings, Nat	Beautiful voice	"See here now"	"Tight wire walker"	Bookmaker at Racetrack
Wallace, Fats	Avourdupois	"Pass me those two rolls"	Great athlete	Fat man in Circus
Purrell, Thorpe	Perspicuity of Expression	"Er-er-er-er- 1-1-1-1"	Editor of the funny page in the Daily paper	Mayor of Williamsburg
Prillaman, Happy	Benchkneed	"Did you get me any mail, Webster?"		Henpecked Hubby





Athletic Council

E. L. WRIGHT	President
CLARENCE JENNINGS	Vice-President
O. W. FREY	Secretary-Treasurer
PROF. J. W. RITCHIE	Faculty Representative
DR. D. W. DRAPER	Coach
P. P. TAYLOR	Student Representative
G. B. ZEHMER	Manager Baseball
W. C. FERGUSON	Manager Football
R. B. GAYLE	Manager Basketball

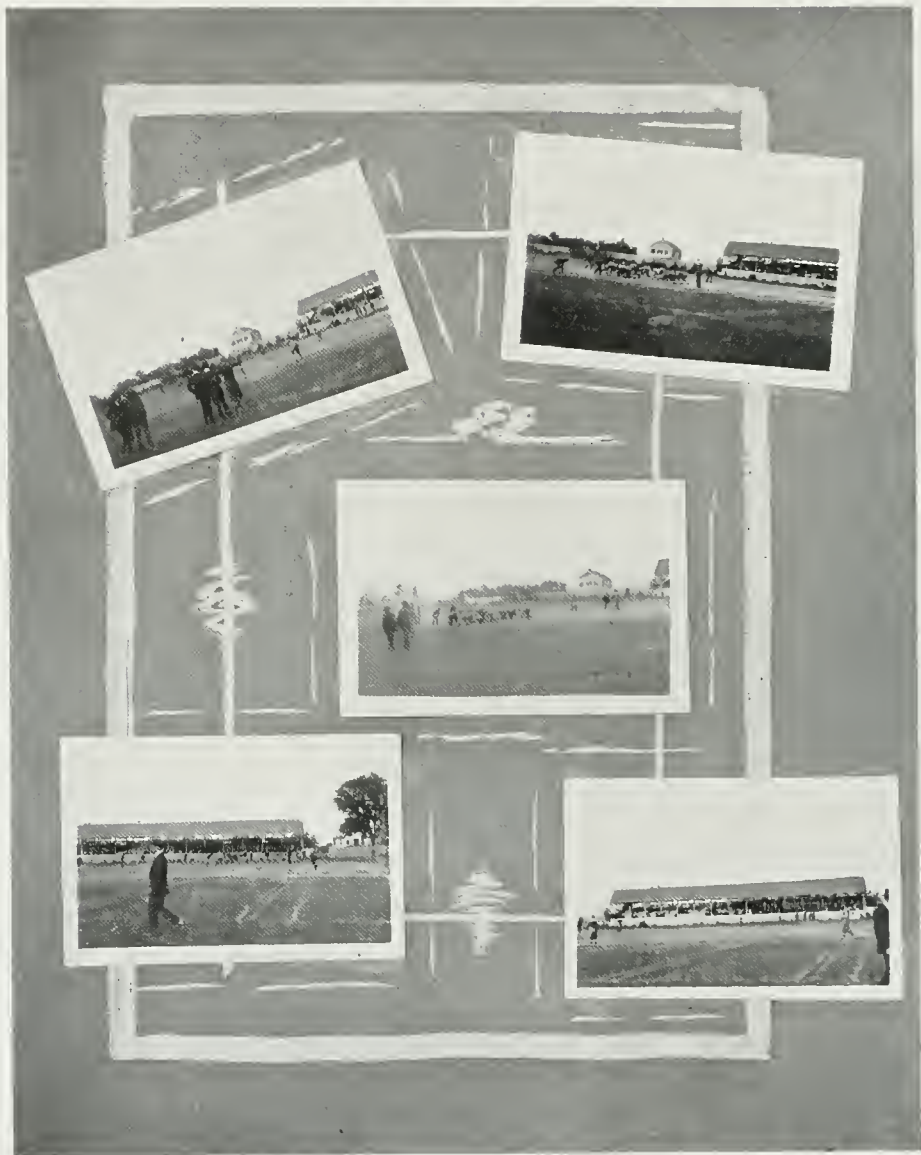




FOOTBALL TEAM, 1914

Football Team

WM. C. FERGUSON	Manager
G. T. CALDWELL	Assistant Manager
S. L. BERTSCHEY	Captain
DR. D. W. DRAPER	Coach
Carr	Left End
Taylor	Left Tackle
Stone	Left Guard
Robertson	Center
Wallace } Copeland }	Right Guard
Horne	Right Tackle
Rothwell } Addington }	Right End
Page } Wyatt }	Left Half Back
West } Addison }	Right Half Back
Bertschey	Quarterback
Gayle } Mattox }	Fullback







BASEBALL TEAM

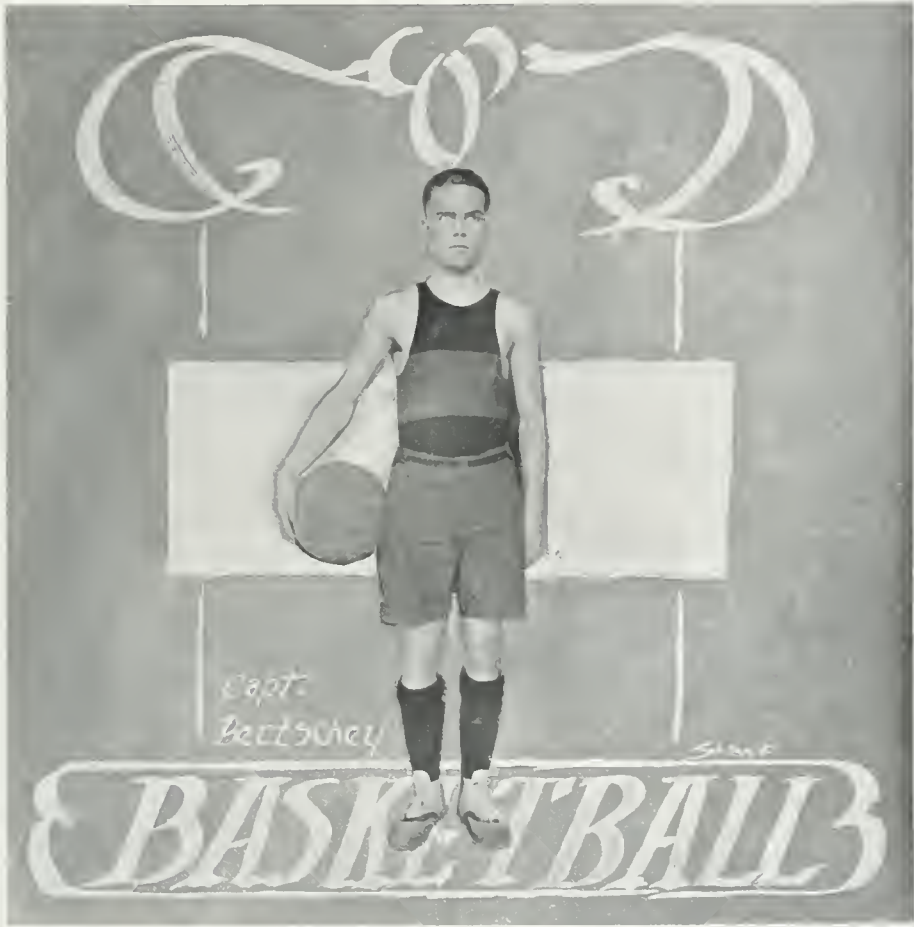
Baseball Team

A. P. TUCKER	Captain
G. B. ZEHMER	Manager
S. L. BERTSCHEY	Assistant Manager
DR. D. W. DRAPER	Coach
F. R. SAVAGE	Assistant Coach
COOMBS, ZEHMER	Catchers
GARNETT, JAMES, PARKER	Pitchers
ADDINGTON	First Base
GAMES	Second Base
TUCKER	Third Base
HEFLIN	Short Stop
JONES	Right Field
ROTHWELL	Center Field
NEWTON	Left Field

SUBSTITUTES

Geddy, Moncure, Williams, Richardson, Hall, Ames.







Basketball Team

S. L. BERTSCHEY	Captain
R. B. GAYLE	Manager
BERTSCHEY	Right Forward
JONES	Left Forward
GAYLE	Center
WYATT	Right Guard
ZION	Left Guard

SUBS

Zehmer Rothwell

SCRUBS

Geddy	Wallace
Lane	Stone
Carr	Robertson

Williams



Track Team

O. W. FREY Manager

MEMBERS

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| B. W. Wood | E. R. James |
| D. P. Lohr | T. G. Pullen |
| F. F. Ames | W. D. Harris |
| S. B. Hall | J. M. Preson |
| W. T. Stone | J. J. Swecker |
| R. D. Roane | A. H. Goslee |



Tennis Club

"PETE" CALDWELL	President
A. D. OWNBEY	Secretary and Treasurer
LEWIS JONES	Manager

MEMBERS

Lewis Jones	G. H. Mitchell	J. H. Bonney
W. D. Harris	Floyd Joyner	M. Ellis
Clarence Jennings	M. M. Smith	D. P. Lohr
F. B. Ribble	A. K. Pierce	C. B. Neblett
J. S. Love	F. F. Ames	A. C. Gordon
R. A. Clary	Geo. Ferguson	F. B. Tolson
P. W. Spratley	J. T. Waddill	F. F. Jenkins
C. W. Forbes	J. J. Swecker	S. R. Weisel
J. L. Byrd	I. Q. Wood	J. P. Ingle
C. C. Renick	J. W. Smith	J. F. Smith
H. B. Derieux	H. L. Harris	W. R. Shands
Chas. A. Moses	G. P. Green	R. L. Hurst
C. L. Charlton	R. L. Spratley	
H. V. Clary	T. D. Foster	

A Hair o' License

(A Tale of the Hills)



It was "Fair Day" at the county-seat. There would be a crowd of the boys in from the country, for it was the day of all days in the little mountain town. At the court-house, the genial Clerk had a blazing fire in his office, for the cool, chilly winds made it too uncomfortable without one, and, besides, the slow, drizzling rain made it still more welcome to those who had ridden in from the distant neighborhood. The Clerk was busy with some writing that he wished finished before the crowd grew too large.

If he was aware that the door had cautiously opened, admitting a man's head, he did not look around. Slowly, timidly, the visitor pulled himself into the room, closed the door, and sat down. He warmed his big, red hands and his boot-shod feet; then, watching closely the head bent over the desk, he coughed, shuffled about, and at last stood up, turning his back to the fire.

Big, long-limbed, muscular, with drooping shoulders, he stood. A hat, with sagging brim, rested on one side of a shaggy head, above a face singularly guileless, and a gum coat, muddy halfway up, hung nearly to his heels.

"Mister," at last came the interrupting voice, "be you the Clerk of this here courthouse?"

"Yes"—without glancing from his writing.

The steam from the gum coat was slowly rising and filling the room with its odor. The Clerk became conscious of this, and looking that way with a warning "Stand back there," met the look in the visitor's eyes.

"I want to talk to ye a minute, please, sir," the fellow hastened to say, jerking his thumb confidentially toward the door.

"Why, certainly, certainly," was the reassuring answer, and the Clerk followed the stranger out into the hall and down its cold, bare length to a well-darkened corner under the stairs. There they faced each other, and the big fellow was forced again to break the silence.

"What do ye charge for a pair o' license?"

"License for what?" asked the obliging Clerk.

"To git married."

"One dollar."

"I—I'll take a pair," running his hand down to the bottom of his breeches pocket.

But there were more questions to be answered.

"What's your name, friend?"

"Steve Coleman."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-six years."

"Who is it you are going to marry?"

"Lizzie Pruitt."

"And how old is she?"

"Eighteen past."

"Did you bring a written statement from her father permitting the marriage?"

Steve Coleman looked bewildered for a moment, then, as if suddenly relieved, replied:

"She ain't got no father. He'd dead."

"Well, from the mother, then?"

"Mother's dead, too."

"Has she a guardian?"

"No, she ain't got no gyardeen," and his honest eyes betrayed his anxiety.

"Well, my friend, I'm sorry, but I can't give you a license to marry a woman under the age without legal authority to do so. But I'll tell you what to do. Court is in session. You go up to the court room and ask Judge Hudson to appoint a guardian for Lizzie Pruitt. Then get him to meet us here when I come back from dinner"—looking at his watch—"and I'll fix you up all right."

He returned to his office for his hat and overcoat, and as he hurried through the front door he glanced down the hall and saw the big fellow standing at the foot of the stairs, looking upward, with perplexity written on his face.

An hour later, the Clerk sat again at his desk, writing. Again the door opened slowly, letting in first the head, then the gum-coated figure of the countryman, who walked over to the fire and sat down.

After waiting only a few minutes, however, he began:

"You're the same clerk, all right, ain't ye?"

"Yes," rising at once and coming forward.

"I want to see ye," and again they passed through the door and down the hall to the corner beneath the stairs.

"Say, Mister," looking down at his boots, "I don't know nothin' about this gyardeen business, but I 'low I've got it figgered out all right. You make out them

license for me to marry Sallie Hankins. My folks is dead sot on her, anyhow, an' she's twenty-eight."

Through the mud, deep and heavy, rode Steve Coleman, the precious paper in his breast pocket—past big, white farmhouses in the midst of clean, blue-grass fields, back and up to his own little home in the shadow of the mountains.

Sallie heard him pass, long after dark. From friendly interest, she had known of his motive in riding out to town that day, and may have waited, awake, for his return; but when the sound of his horse's feet had died away, she calmly went to sleep.

And Steve, reaching home, took his saddle and bridle off the horse, leaving it to graze at will, and creaked up the steps to his bed in the loft. Dead tired, he sank down on the bed to draw off his muddy boots. But his thoughts were disturbing, and he sat clasping his boot, muttering:

"Pore Liz! Pore little gal! It's gwine to be hard on her, an' maybe the rest'll laugh at her. Dinged if she ain't the best looker of 'em all! Wish I—oh, pshaw! What's the use? But if that Circuit Rider wuzn't due to-morrer, I'd take them license back to town an' do somethin'. "Well," rousing up and pulling at the boots, "I've got to go to bed so's I can git up soon an' straighten things out 'fore the preacher comes. Reckon I better go tell Sallie first, so's she can be gettin' ready."

With a deep sigh he stretched his frame on the bed.

"Hit's been a' awful hard day. I'm tireder'n if I'd 'a' plowed. Dinged if I don't hate to tackle Liz! Wonder how she'll take it when I tell her I'm goin' to marry Sallie instid o' her." Then he fell into the deep sleep of his kind.

At daybreak he was up, tended the stock, brought in the day's supply of wood, and, after eating his breakfast hastily, was off down the road that he had traveled the night before.

Fortune favored Steve, for once. Out in the barnyard, close to the rail fence, Sallie was milking the cow.

He drew near, looked over the fence, and waited, for this silence was the hardest yet to break. But it had to be done.

"Say, Sallie, I ain't gwine to——"

"What!" cried startled Sallie, and the cow moved off.

"Saw, there! Saw!" cried Steve from his side of the fence, and when the milking was resumed he moved along to the next stake and was peering over, right above Sallie, when she looked up shyly.

"Watcher say, Steve?"

"I said I ain't gwine to marry Liz to-day—nor no time."

"Watcher mean? What'll she dew, ye reckon?"

"We don't keer—much—dew we, Sallie, gal?"

"What I got to dew with it, Steve Coleman?" flared Sallie.

"A right smart," he spoke up boldly, "hein's it's you I want. Ye're willin', ain't ye?"

A long pause.

"Say, Sallie, ain't ye?"

"Aw, go off. I ain't no fool, Steve."

"But I want ye to marry me, Sallie. I've liked ye all the time. It wuz them sassy black eyes o' hern made a plumb fool o' me. Say, Sallie, you be ready to go with me to the schoolhouse by the time the Circuit Rider gits there, just before meetin', can't ye? Let's prize 'em all, watcher say?"

"We can't git married 'thout no license, though, Steve," and Sallie's voice trembled as she spoke.

"I've got them papers right here"—slapping his breast—"an' I had 'em writ to marry."

"O Steve, did you?" Sallie suddenly stood up and stared Steve in the face.

"Swear to Gawd!" he answered solemnly.

"Then I *will!*" She said it with such force that the cow started again, and this time the going was unheeded, for the thrifty Sallie was nearly to the house, with the bucket only half full of milk.

Steve watched her disappear, then took his arms off the fence, shook himself, and turned into the road, walking briskly back, past his own home, and on up the mountain side, where Lizzie and one small brother lived with an aunt.

The ascent was rather steep, the task rather a ticklish one, and once Steve stopped, weak kneed, muttering:

"I'll jist not tell her a-tal. I don't hafter." Then a bashful shame came over his face.

"No, she shan't come to meetin', not knowin', an' see it. Poor little Liz! Dang it! I got to tell her."

And he went on slowly until he reached the fence just below the house. There he rested, hoping that Lizzie had been watching and would come out to meet him.

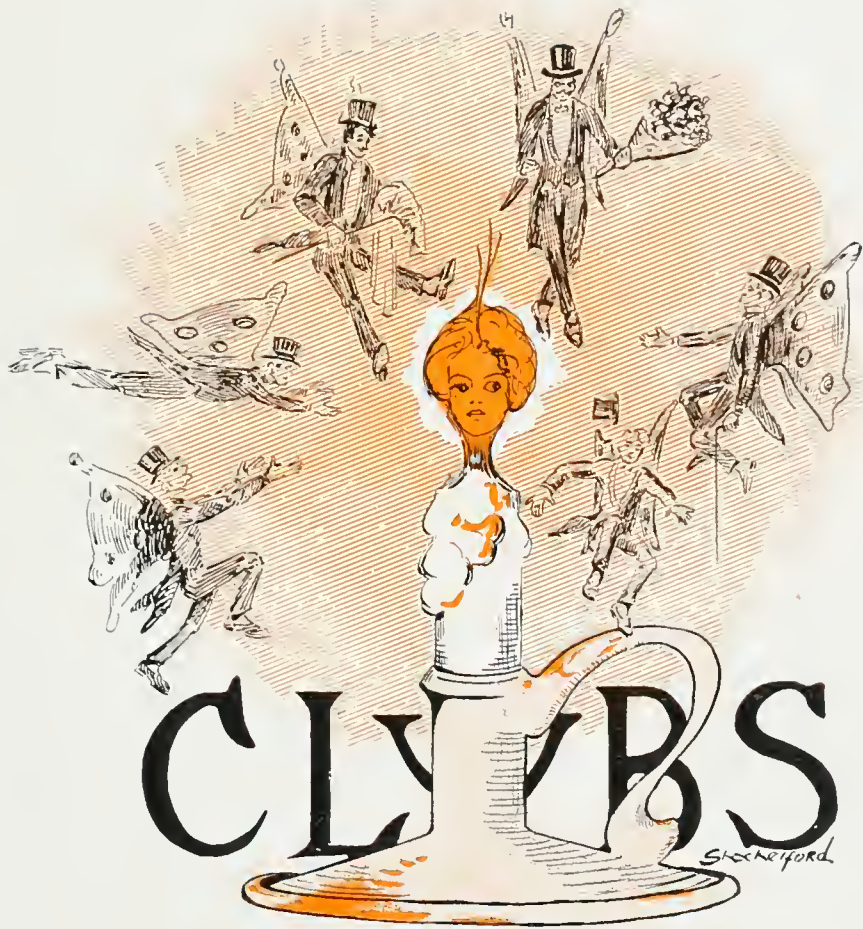
But she did not come, and the thought of her being in there getting ready made him perspire.

It was of no use waiting; he was, somehow, not rested in the least. So when the little boy appeared in the yard Steve called him to the fence.

"Sonny, you run in there and tell Liz to step out here jist a minute. Tell her hit's me 'at wants her," and he winked shyly at the boy.

"No, I won't do it, neither," drawled the child, "'cause she's gone; done run off with Lem las' night while me an' Aunt Jinny wuz sleepin'." And, answering the look that csmo into the man's eyes, he added, with slow earnestness: "Swear to Gawd she did!"

W. M. Grimsley, '17





German Club

OFFICERS

LEWIS JONES	President
JNO. W. SMITH, JR.	Vice-President
H. L. HARRIS	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Barnes, F. M.	Lane, George
Caldwell, G. T.	Muncaster, C. A.
Elcan Paul	Moncure, Henry
Ferguson, W. C.	Newton, R. M.
Frey, O. W.	Parker, A. D.
Gayle, R. B.	Robinson, A. P.
Games, L. F.	Smith, J. W.
Geddy, Vernon.	Somers, W. E.
Guy, V. L.	Shackelford, W. S.
Harris, H. L.	Tucker, A. P.
Harris, W. D.	Tolson, F. B.
Holler, C. W.	Thorpe, H. W.
Jones, Lewis	Taylor, P. P.
Lawson, J. R.	Wright, E. L.
Lupton, T. A.	Williams, H. P.



Dependers' Club

MOTTO: You may dissipate, you may loaf if you will,
But the knowledge you get offhand will linger around you still.

DEPENDEDS OF THE FIRST ORDER

WILLIAM BRENT	Grand Mogul
W. W. SMITH	Lesser Grand
J. KENT EARLY	Vice Grand
E. RALPH JAMES	Worthy Grand

LEANERS OF THE SECOND ORDER

Oliver W. Frey	F. B. Tolson
J. R. Lawson	Geo. W. Booth
A. D. Ownbey	Geo. B. Zehmer
A. P. Tucker	"Duc" Deane
H. P. Williams	"Nat" Jennings
R. M. Newton	H. L. Harris



Hampton Club

MOTTO: Be ye an Athlete

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: American Beauty

J. M. PRESSON	Master of Height
R. W. COPELAND	Master of Smiles
J. F. CARR	Master of Beauty
R. P. WALLACE	Master of Weight
J. A. WYATT	Master of Music
S. L. BERTSCHEV	Master of Stunts

YELL

Ke Mo Ki
 My dear old war
 Me he me hor
 Roomer sticker boomer sticker
 Sloop Jack Patty
 Won't you nif
 With a nif
 With a sin sou Sally
 With a Ke No ni
 Hampton
 Hampton
 Hampton
 High



"DUTCHY" FREY	President
"DUC" DEANE	Vice-President
"PAP" WILSON	Secretary
"LITTLE ONE" DALHOUSE	Treasurer
"FATS" WALLACE	General Manager

JUST LITTLE ONES

"Weasel" Weisel	"Three guesses! What am I?"
V. E. G. Emery	"Joozy Korr!"
"Buck" Tucker	"Give it to 'em, boys."
"Little Taylor"	That's exactly right."
"Skeeter" Lawson	"Well, I declare, I didn't know that."
"Blue Flag" Bonney	"I don't know—pass the butter, please."
"Ching Lee" Redden	"Here we go!"
"Billy" Shands	"Well! I thought it was <i>this</i> way."
"Snapshot Bill" Nicholson	"Watch the bird now."
"Shorty" Pullen	"D---!"
"Dick" Mauzy	"Shorts on the beans."
"Judy" Swecker	"Let's buck a duc."



Monogram Club

OFFICERS

EDWARD ADDISON	President
R. M. PAGE	Vice-President
STEWART ROTHWELL	Secretary
LEWIS JONES	Treasurer

MEMBERS

Addison, E. M. T.	Jennings, C.	Robertson, I. W.
Addington, R. R.	Games, L. F.	Somers, W. E.
Bertschey, S. L.	Hubbard, S. H.	Stone, W. T.
Bloxtton, Prof.	Horne, J. R.	Tucker, A. P.
Carr, J. F.	Jones, L.	Taylor, P. P.
Coombs, R. L.	Jones, H. H.	Wright, E. L.
Copeland, W.	Mattox, N. D.	West, W. C.
Ferguson, W. C.	Newton, R. M.	Wallace, R. P.
Frey, O. W.	Page, R. M.	Wyatt, J. A.
Garnett, F. M.	Peachy, B. D. Jr.	Zelmer, G. B.
Gayle, R. B.	Rothwell, S. S.	Zion, W. E.



Rappahannock Club

MOTTO: Paddle your own canoe; the boats come once a month.

FLOWER: Water Lilies

SONG: Out where the Billows Roll High.

FAVORITE DRINK: Spiked H₂O.

COLORS: Water Colors.

PASTIME: Canoeing.

YELL

Rap—Rap—Rap!

A knock!

What knock?

Rap-pa-han-nock!

LEWIS JONES	President
O. S. GRAY	Vice-President
W. W. SMITH	Secretary
F. B. TOLSON	Treasurer

MEMBERS

F. B. Tolson	R. C. Garland	J. H. Hammill
O. S. Gray	E. L. Wright	E. E. A. Stephens
A. H. Goslee	H. H. Blakemore	Lewis Jones
T. D. Foster	W. D. Garland	W. S. Brent
C. L. Major	H. B. Derieux	P. P. Taylor
	W. W. Smith	



Eastern Shore Club

FAVORITE DRINK: Oyster Cocktail.

POPULAR DISH: Saratoga Chips.

USUAL PASTIME: Opening bivalves and killing potato bugs.

MOTTO: Small ones, tall ones—God bless them all!!!

YELL

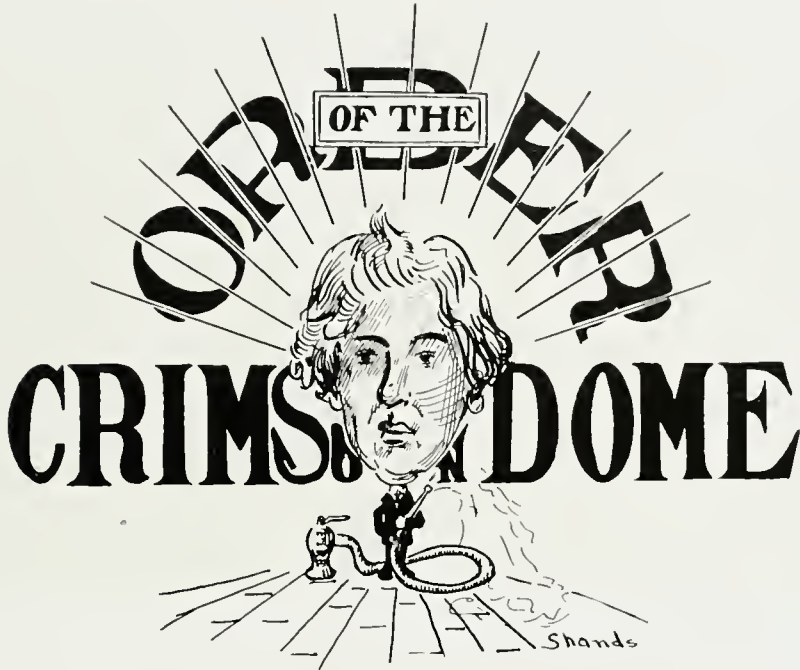
The East is East, and Shore is sure,
And never can we be beat.

Pretty girls and potato bugs,
Wah! Wah! Wah!

Clam chowder and oysters
Raw! Raw! Raw!

OFFICERS

ED. ADDISON	Clam Digger
A. J. MAPP	Potato Bug Picker
W. E. SOMERS	King Crabber
H. K. REDDEN	Master Tonger
H. C. SOMERS	Fish Bait
F. F. ANES	Lighthouse Keeper



Order of the Crimson Dome

MOTTO: Ever Reddy.

"Gric" Farmer	Lord High Master
Pinky James	Chief Peewee
Straw Berry	Knight of the Golden Crown
Red Hall	Perculator
Joe Keyser	Wood Pecker
Reddy Williams	More yet
Never Reddy Williams (C. E.)	Grand Mogul
The Strawberry Blonde Twins	Entertainers { Brent Roane

NOTICE

\$3.42 and ten second-hand hats are offered by the Club to the successful inventor of an asbestos head-gear.





CHIEF REQUIREMENTS

- I. To be able to refrain from sleeping in the classroom.
- II. To be able to answer a question now and then, mostly now.
- III. To be able to unfasten the halter and turn the bovine loose.
- IV. To be able to handle the Dill Pick.

THOSE WHO HAVE MET THE REQUIREMENTS

J. W. Massey	Chief Creator of the Torsion
W. R. Shands	Minor Creator
B. W. Woods	Chief Physics Discolater
C. C. Renick	Biology Discolater
W. C. Ferguson	All Round Bender
B. F. Seekford	There with the Curling Irons
O. W. Frey	The Mexican Athlete
C. A. Muncaster	He twists with the Dill Pick
J. R. Horne	The Science Twister
F. G. Ribble	Language Twister
"P. L." Harris	She Twists to Conquer
V. E. G. Emery	<i>Veni, Vidi</i> Twister

WOULD-BE TWISTERS

C. A. Scott	J. W. Smith	J. W. Stephens
J. D. Heilin	H. L. Harris	S. L. Bertschey
H. C. Inman	R. E. Mauzy	R. P. Wallace
Thorpe Purcell	R. R. Addington	H. A. Prillaman
Z. T. Kyle	L. F. Games	T. A. Lupton
P. N. Derring	F. F. Jenkins	J. M. Presson
F. W. Cook	W. E. Zion	C. Jennings



Luell Club

OFFICERS

R. P. WALLACE	President
J. H. BONNEY	Vice-President
W. S. BRENT	Secretary
C. A. MOSES	Treasurer
A. H. GOSLEE	Chaplain

MOTTO: "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

FAVORITE DRINK: Hot Chocolate.

COLORS: Green and Brown.

SONG: We v on't get home till morning.

MEMBERS

Ames, F. F.	Garnett, F. M.	Mauzy, R. E.	Rochlian, B. O.
Bennington, Seth	Gaulding, H. M.	Major, C. L.	Rothwell, S. S.
Brown, R. A.	Green, G. P.	McCormack, W. L.	Shackelford, W. S.
Bonney, J. H.	Goslee, A. H.	Maffette, R.	Scott, C. A.
Byrd, J. R.	Grimsley, W. M.	Moses, C. A.	Smith, M. M.
Brent, W. S.	Grey, O. S.	Mitchell, B. B.	Shands, W. R.
Clary, R. A.	Gilliam, R. B.	Maynard, L. H.	Swecker, H. T.
Clary, H. V.	Harris, H. L.	Muncaster, C. A.	Swecker, J. J.
Charlton, C. L.	Hammill, J. H.	Maddox, A. L.	Simms, H. H.
Chandler, H. G.	Ingle, J. P.	Owinbey, A. D.	Thorpe, H. Wilson
Cox, J. C.	Joyner, F. F.	Page, R. M.	Wallace, R. P.
Copeland, R. W.	Jones, R. R.	Pullen, F. G.	West, W. C.
Deane, D. C.	Jemmings, G. R.	Pierce, A. K.	Wood, B. M.
Derieux, H. B.	Keyser, J. D.	Robertson, I. W.	Wood, I. Q.
Edwards, H. H.	Kyle, Z. T.	Roane, R. D.	Woods, B. W.
Early, J. H.	Lohr, D. P.	Richardson, R. R.	Williamson, J. H.
Early, F. P.	Mitchell, G. H.	Rash, D. O.	Zion, W. E.



COLORS: Ivory and Ebony.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

FAVORITE PAST TIME: Pulling the Bone.

F. B. Tolson	Supreme Grand Knight of the Ivory
Thorpe Purcell	Lesser Grand
W. E. Somers	Chief Master of Bone Pullers
Busky Addison	Physics Bone Puller
Bob Newton	Chemistry Bone Puller
Joe Keyser	Zoology Bone Puller
F. M. Barnes	English Bone Puller
Newton Dalhouse	Microscopic Bone Puller
J. M. Presson	Telescopic Bone Puller
C. W. Holler	Mathematics Bone Puller
"Cap" Wood	Football Bone Puller
Lewis Jones	Baseball Pitching Bone Puller

SOLID IVORY

Muncaster	Garland, R. C.
Page	Brent
Thorpe	Moncure
McCormack	



Taliaferro Club

V. L. GUY	President
C. E. WILLIAMS	Vice-President
M. V. STEDMAN	Secretary
J. W. BAKER	Treasurer
R. TOMLINSON	Chaplain

MOTTO: "It's darkest just before the dawn."
 COLORS: White and Green.

YELL

Ram! Jam! Black! Slam!
 We are the fellows that had the Dram.

FLOWER: Trailing Arbutus.
 PASSTIME: Rough Housing.
 SONG: Home, Sweet Home.
 DRINK: Cocktail, a la Brown.

MEMBERS

Adams, C. L.	Farmer, W. W.	Mattox, E. L.	Spratley, P. W.
Blackemore, A. H.	Guy, V. L.	Moore, R. A.	Spratley, R. L.
Berry, Ray	Graves, F. C.	Milteer, H. G.	Scott, C. A.
Baker, J. W.	Garland, R. C.	Neblett, W. E.	Williams, C. E.
Connellee, C. T.	Garland, W. D.	Murphy, R. M.	Saunders, T. S.
Chappel, C. Z.	Hunt, R. E.	Pollard, W. J.	Tuck, W. M.
Ellis, M.	Hudson, B. H.	Quillen, G. D.	Taylor, R. C.
Elmo, L. P.	Hudson, J. G.	Robertson, A. P.	Tomlinson, Robert
Edwards, R. H.	Johnson, J. F.	Somers, H. C.	Wilson, J. F.
Forbes, C. W.	Lenard, T. P.	Stedman, M. V.	Weisel, S. R.
Foster, T. D.	Lipscomb, H. T.		

The Royal Assariatium of Rolled Red Slats, Inc.

Membership restricted to persons of narrow dimensions.

MOTTO: All length and no breadth.

PURPOSE: To propogate a race of tall, slim mankind, and to encourage high living.

OFFICERS

J. M. PRESSON President and Promoter
 A. H. BLAKEMORE First Vice President
 R. B. GAYLE Second Vice President
 J. H. BONNEY Treasurer
 PROF. J. W. RITCHIE Field Agent

STOCK HOLDERS

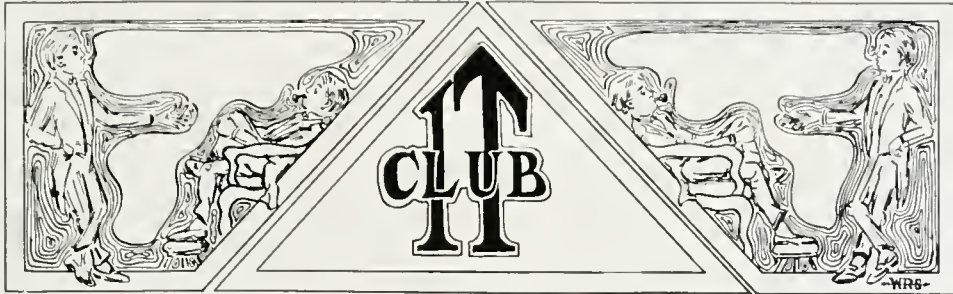
H. W. Thorpe	R. B. Gayle
J. H. Bonney	G. T. Caldwell
R. E. Hunt	C. A. Scott
J. M. Presson	F. F. Jenkins
C. B. Neblett	Prof. J. W. Ritchie
H. A. Prillaman	C. C. Renick
S. B. Hall	I. W. Roberston
W. B. Tilley	W. D. Harris





Williamsburg Club

Toby Tyler	First Boss
Bashful Jones	Second Boss
Owl Lane	Record Keeper
Smokes Spencer	Money Carrier
Percy Purcell	Mascot
Prentice Moncure	Water Boy
Piggy Houge	Country Jakes
Cassius Inman	
Bugs Geddy	Dude
Bat Peachy	Cork-Screw
Billy Goat Ferguson	Butler
Lady Barnes	Turkey Trotter
Dick Henley	Chauffeur
Herring Slater	Cook
Oysterette Maynard	Bottle Washer



IT CLUB

Super Supreme it	Nat Jennings
Supreme it	Bill Lyon
Magnified it	Fats Wallace
Suffragette it	Miss Holler
Flunk it	Piggy Shands
Funny it	Duc Dean
Microscopic it	Little One Dalhouse
Loving it	Jim Stephens
Senior it	Jno. Smith
Curling it	"P. D. Q." Derring
Noisy it	Hop Carr
Eat it	Bill Brent
Phoenix it	Morgan Grimsley
Twin its	H. L. and W. D. Harris
Dainty it	Pete Caldwell
Baseball it	Ray Rufus Addington
Little it	Dutchy Frey
Important it	Mr. Ownbey
Sleepy it	Yours Truly Thorpe
Grind it	Ben Seekford



Southwest Club

MOTTO: Always on the Job.
 COLORS: Navy Blue and White.
 FAVORITE PASTIME: Procrastination.
 FONDEST RECOLLECTION: Pie day.
 FAVORITE DRINK: Diluted Water
 SONG: Home Sweet Home.

OFFICERS

H. L. HARRIS	President
Z. T. KYLE	Vice-President
B. W. WOODS	Secretary
W. C. WEST	Treasurer
C. A. MOSES	Chaplain
J. M. BISHOP } J. R. HORNE } W. S. LYON }	Executive Committee

MEMBERS

Seth Bennington	Munford Ellis	R. M. Lemon	R. R. Richardson
J. M. Bishop	W. M. Grimsley	W. S. Lyon	I. W. Robertson
G. W. Booth	H. L. Harris	W. L. McCormack	Vance Stedman
C. L. Charlton	J. R. Horne	H. L. Mitchell	W. C. West
R. L. Combs	R. E. Hurst	C. A. Moses	J. H. Williamson
Elbert Darter	J. P. Ingle	A. D. Ownbey	B. W. Woods
F. P. Early	R. B. James	H. A. Prillaman	W. E. Zion
J. K. Early	G. R. Jennings	G. D. Quillen	
J. N. Early	Z. T. Kyle	C. C. Renick	



MOTTO: We should worry.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Smoking and chewing tobacco.

FAVORITE DRINK: Petersburg Rye and Virgilina Corn Whiskey.

FLOWER: The Tobacco Bloom.

OFFICERS

W. D. HARRIS	President
G. B. ZEHMER	Vice-President
C. A. SCOTT	Secretary
E. N. PHILLIPS	Treasurer

MEMBERS

G. B. Zehmer	S. L. Nunnally	R. W. Moore
W. D. Harris	R. Tomlinson	A. L. Maddox
L. C. Harrison	F. M. Garnett	E. L. Mattox
E. R. Phillips	C. C. Forbes	G. T. Caldwell
W. T. Stone	A. P. Tucker	H. Page Williams
W. M. Tuck	J. S. Love	C. A. Scott
W. W. Farmer	E. Tucker	F. Gaulding
H. V. Clary	J. T. Hutcheson	W. E. Neblett
F. D. G. Ribble	J. W. Waddill	C. Crymes
	T. R. Tucker	



Tidewater Club

MOTTO: Get a move on before the tide rises.

DRINK: Oyster cocktails.

SONG: Listen to the frogs; they can sing.

OFFICERS

CLARENCE JENNINGS	President
F. F. JENKINS	Vice-President
J. M. PRESSON	Secretary
E. R. JAMES	Treasurer

Spra **T** ley
 Deer **I** ng
 Woo **D**
 J **E** nnings
 W **I** lson
 Cl **A** ry
 Smi **T** h
 Pr **E** sson
 Joyne **R**

MEMBERS

Taylor, R. C.
 Smith, M. M.
 Clary, R. A.
 Rerring, P. N.
 Pierce, A. K.

Wood, B. M.
 Wilson, J. F.
 Joyner, F. F.
 Wiley, G. P.
 Hall, S. B.

Hammill, G. H.
 Spratley, P. W.
 Moore, R. A.
 Pullen, T. G.
 Cooke, F. W.



Doctors' Club

R. M. Newton	Chief Surgeon
J. R. Lawson	First Assistant
Bill Lyon	Second Assistant
J. M. Presson	Anæsthetic Doper
W. L. McCormack	Assistant Doper
A. D. Ownbey	Coroner
S. N. Dalhouse	Nurse

MEMBERS

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| L. H. Maynard | J. Cox |
| R. C. Taylor | R. D. Roane |
| J. W. Baker | O. S. Gray |
| C. C. Renick | A. L. Mattox |
| R. C. Garland | W. E. Somers |



Institute Club

HABITAT: Williamsburg Female Institute.

PASTIME: Calling on Saturday nights, and parading after baseball victories.

YELL

Toot e de toot!

We are the guys that call at the Institute.

FLOWER: Sweet Williams.

Clarence Jennings	Chief of Callers
G. W. Booth	Occasional Caller
Oliver Frey	Used to Call
Buck Tucker	Would Like to Call
C. C. Renick	Past Chief Caller
Edward Spencer	A New Caller
John Smith	Sensational Caller
Vernon Geddy	Basketball Coach
"Gus Malbert" Harris	Called Once
Prof. B. D. Peachy, Jr.	Calls on Faculty

JUST CALLERS

Happy Prillaman	Ike Robertson
Webster Stone	Kent Early
Bill Lyon	T. H. Geddy, Jr.
Pete James	Watson Copeland
Pipe Wright	Warren Spratley
Duc Dalhouse	Wilson Somers



Brafferton Club

"May the spirit ever linger
In this wigwam of the blest."

F. F. Jenkins	Great Wirawance
R. L. Combs	Wirawance of Bombastu
P. N. Derring	Wirawance of Figaros
J. M. Presson	Wirawance of Sycorax
J. R. Horne	Cronockoe of Bombastu
J. M. Bishop	Cronockoe of Figaros
E. R. James	Cronockoe of Sycorax
H. A. Prillaman	Oapiqueschiphotonombasse

BRAVES

S. B. Hall	Jesse Smith	Clarence Jennings	R. M. Newton
F. W. Cooke	C. C. Renick	G. P. Wiley	W. W. Smith
B. H. Seekford	C. R. Heflin	H. S. Holmes	W. T. Stone
R. B. James	K. H. Redden	E. N. Phillips	J. N. Early

ADOPTED PALE FACES

O. W. Frey	Sam Eason	H. L. Mitchell
V. M. Geddy	T. A. Lupton	N. J. Webb

CAPTURED BY PALE FACES

G. W. Booth	S. N. Dalhouse	W. E. Somers
Bill Lyon	W. D. Harris	Pete Caldwell

GONE TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

R. E. Hurst



The Northern Lights

(Organized in 1909)

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

OFFICERS

CARL WISE HOLLER, INDIANA	President
OLIVER WALTER FREY, PENNSYLVANIA	Vice-President
RAY RUFUS ADDINGTON, INDIANA	Secretary
VICTOR E. G. EMERY, OHIO	Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ROBERT ALEXANDER BROWN	New Jersey
THEODORE PERRY LEONARD	Pennsylvania

ROLL

R. R. Addington	Indiana
R. A. Brown	New Jersey
V. E. G. Emery	Ohio
O. W. Frey	Pennsylvania
C. W. Holler	Indiana
T. P. Leonard	Pennsylvania

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. D. W. Draper	Pennsylvania
Prof. P. L. Witchley	New York



Rib Ticklers

"Hammered-down" Keyser (observing a drawing of the cross-section of the liver): "By gum! Here's the Blue Ridge Mountains, and there's where I live."

"Sneeze; your brain's dusty." —*Nat Jennings.*

Professor Keeble (explaining inertia to Physics Class): "When a car stops, what does the body tend to do?"

"Red" Hall: "To get off."

Muncaster: "I told you to come after supper."

"Skinnie" Scott: "That's what I came after."

"*Flunk* and the Class *flunks* with you,
Pass and you pass alone."—*Clary Brothers.*

"Johnnie" Smith, to a young lady: "I'm going to write a novel."

Young lady: "What on?"

Smith: "How to Catch a Mouse."

"Bluff is the biggest word in my vocabulary"—*W. D. Harris.*

Keyser (profoundly): "What is what, Mitchell?"

"Duc" Mitchell (looking in a dictionary): "That which."

Swecker: "Dick, have you manipulated yet?"

Mauzy: "Yep, got soaked for ten."

Keyser (of the scarlet dome): "Bishop, old boy, it's a pity you never had any hair."

Bishop (in disgust): "Shucks! I could 'a had some like yours if I had 'a wanted it."

Dr. Tyler, in Economics: "Uh-nh! Mr. Brown, who founded the Standard Oil Co.?"

"Jersey" Brown: "Dunno, Doctor."

Dr. Tyler, incensed: "Un-nh! Uh! *Confound* you! I just told you!"

"Duc" Ellis: "Professor, was I *held up* on spelling?"

Mr. Bloxton: "No sir. "You're *hell* on it!"

Dr. Ritchie, hearing the 'phone ring in next room: "Awh, there it goes—but bring it here, Margaret; I'll answer it."

Lupton: "What's the difference between betting and bluffing?"

Frank Early: "A good deal."

Dr. Garrett: "What's an oxide?
 Bill Lyon (promptly):: "Skin of an ox."

"I'se like a word dat somebody said and den done been forgotten."—*Presson*.

"I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark"—*Grimsley*.

"I really believe that I am of the *genus homo*"—*H. L. Harris*.

Jno. Smith: "I am going to write the greatest book ever written."
 Stevens: "About what?"
 Smith: "About myself."

The Model School children call him "Santa Claus". We call him "Jumbo."
 What does Professor Bennett call him?"

Dr. Wilson was late to History I lecture the other day, and some mischievous student sprinkled talcum powder over his desk.
 "Dr. Wilson, sniffing the air: "My desk smells like a lady's boudoir."
 Duc Green: "Professor, what part of a lady is that?"

Some recent publications by the Faculty are:—
 "How to Get Home in the Dark"—Dr. Draper.
 "My Secret of Beauty"—Prof. Witchley.
 "Why Girls Leave Home"—Prof. Peachy.
 "The Use and Abuse of Ponies"—Prof. Clark.

Father, on visit to school to see his freshman son: "My son, I hope you have forgotten that homesick feeling you wrote us so much about."
 "Duc" Tucker: "Yes, Father, in fact I feel very *homely* here now."

Dr. Hall, questioning one of his English classes on the Bible:
 "Mr. Dean, in what testament does the book of Nicodemus appear, sir?"
 "Duc" Dean: "I can't exactly recall which testament, Doctor, but I think it comes right after "Nebuchadnezzor."

"Duc" Dalhouse, pointing to bottle in Dr. Draper's office marked "Don't take too much at a time"—"Doctor, what is that in that bottle?"
 Dr. Draper (with much ceremony): "Allow me to present, sir, the "Queen of the Movies."

Clarence Jennings was around at the Institute one Saturday night. The hour for departure had arrived, but Clarence stayed on. There came a voice at the door.
 Mr. Sydnor: "Is there an outsider within my premises at this hour?"
 Clarence:: "No one but the regular cbickens, Mr. Sydnor."
 Mr. Sydnor:: "That sounds like a rooster to me."

Dr. Hall: "Mr. Elcan, is English a *dead* or *live* language, sir?"

Paul Elcan: "I believe it's kind o' dead, Doctor, but it don't make much difference as long as I can say "Frazzle-'tall" and "devil fetch."

Carl Holler, having a delicate pain, went over to see Dr. Draper. He carried a china baby in his pocket.

Dr. Draper: "Well, Holler, what ails, my boy, what ails?"

Holler: "I have an excruciating pain, Doctor."

Dr. Draper: "Well, lets have a look."

Holler: "You see, Doctor, I've brought this along (displaying naked baby) to show you the exact location of my discomfiture; I would expose my person to you, but my modesty *positively forbids*."

"Jumbo" Somers at the dance, carrying on brilliant conversation with a young lady.

Young Lady: "Mr. Somers, you are very witty, but I promise you, sir, to give you 'tit' for 'tat'."

"Jumbo": "Tat."

In English class Dr. Hall: "Mr. Wyatt, have you read Shakespeare's Comedies?"

Wyatt: "Yes, sir."

Dr. Hall: "Have you read, *Looking Backward*?"

Wyatt: "How the D—— could I do that?"

In English XIII,—The Development of the English Novel. "Duc" Dean, wanting to make the course, was displaying keen appreciation of Scott.

Dr. Wilson: "Now, Mr. Dean, if you'll excuse my lapsing into the vernacular, so to speak, for the moment, which one of Scott's works gets *next* to you, or, in other words, which one strikes with greater force your literary sensibilities?"

"Duc" Dean: "I don't know as I can tell that exactly, Doctor."

Dr. Wilson: "Now, Mr. Dean, I won't tell you exactly which one appeals to me most, but what do *you* think of Scott's Emulsion?"

"Duc" Dean: "That's the very one, Doctor."

John Smith, rushing wildly down the street bareheaded, with both arms flying. As he passed the postoffice:

Lewis Jones: "Where you running off to, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Don't stop me now. I'm going down to the station to get this bundle off on the train."

Lewis Jones: "Where's the bundle?"

Johnny: "I left it up to the house. Damn!"

"Duc" Murphy, in C. & O. station, Richmond, ready to take train for Williamsburg. As he came up to the ticket gate:

Gate Keeper (desirous of finding out if the Duc was on the right track) "Tickets, please."

"Duc" Murphy: "Tickets nothing. Go down there to the man behind that grating. That's where I got mine."

IN CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Dr. Garrett: "Mr. Goslee, how does hydrogen sulphide rank as a laboratory reagent?"

"Duc" Goslee: "I think it's about the *rankest* one, Doctor."

As Bonney ran out on the floor in his gym suit:—

Fatty Wallace (on the side lines): "I bet Bonney can sing, Presson."

Presson: "Why?"

Fatty: "He looks like a lark."

Later: As Fatty Wallace ran out on the floor in his gym suit:—

Bonney: "I bet Fatty can swin, Presson."

Presson: "Why?"

Bonney: "He looks like a whale."

Dr. Hall: "What famous elegy did Milton write, Mr. McCormack?"

Mac: "Grey's Elegy, Doctor."

Waiter (in the dining hall): "Won't you have some more chicken, Bushkey?"

Bushkey: "More chicken? More chicken? I ain't never had some yet!!!"

Just before Xmas, Tolson handed in a Physics I test paper with the words "Merry Xmas" written on the outside. The paper was returned after the holidays with this inscription: 35¢—Happy New Year."

Said a Freshman to Dr. Gippy,
 "I'm not feeling so very chippy;
 To read parallel
 By the barrel is h—,
 And enough to make anyone dippy."

Apt Quotations

- "It follows not because
The hair is rough, the dog's a savage one."—*Zion*.
- "A full stomach maketh a light heart."—*Wallace*.
- "His voice was ever gentle and low."—*Dr. Draper*.
- "O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."—*Williamsburg*.
- "Absent in body, but present in spirit."—*Dalhousie*.
- "There is not one amongst them but I dote on his very absence and wish them
a fair departure."—*Faculty*.
- "Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer."—*Pierce*.
- "The great end of life is not knowledge, but action." —*Dr. Tyler*, on way to
"Movies".
- "A little, round, fat, oily Man of God."—*C. A. Moses*.
- "A good, mouth-filling oath."—*Roane*.
- "I love a lassie, a Bonnie, Bonnie lassie."—*H. W. Thorpe*.
- "Silence is golden."—*Hutcheson*.
- "My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."—*Pip Wright*.
- "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"—*Virgil Class*.
- "The eagle suffers little birds to sing."—*J. W. Smith*.
- "The more (girls), the merrier."—*W. E. Somers*.
- "Men may come and Men may go,
But I stay on forever."—*Williamsburg Belles*.
- "Who steals my purse steals trash."—*W. S. Brent*.
- "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."—*Nat Jennings*.
- "A little child shall lead them."—*A. P. Tucker, Lewis Jones*.
- "Famine is in thy cheeks."—*Pollard*.

"Maids of Athens, ere we part
Give, oh give us back our hearts."—*Seniors.*

"Other men eat to live, but I live to eat."—*Buskey.*

"His very feet has music in't
As he comes up the stair."—*John Tyler.*

"When men are arrived at the goal they should not turn back.—*Football Team.*

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."—*Edwards.*

"He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love. . . . I'll warrant him heart-whole."
—*Shack.*

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."—*W. T. Stone.*

"It is fine to have a giant's strength."—*Deane.*

"With graceful steps he strides the street
And smiles on all the maidens sweet,"—*W. E. Somers.*

"All Saint without—all Devil within."—*R. A. Brown.*

"These legs, ah, these legs!"—*J. M. Presson.*

"As lazy as Ludlaw's Dog,
That leaned his head against the wall to bark."—*"Bill" Brent.*

A Frivolous Feast of Foolish Philosophy in Fully Fifteen Courses

Of course we're not going to philosophize no great deal, but since we are directly descended from Socrates, we will expound some.

Of course we know that Massey don't shine no large amount in History, but he can get AA now and then.

Of course we don't get no Delmonico dishes in the Dining Hall, but then we do have the bill-of-fare on the table cloth.

Of course John Smith isn't no great deal of Chef, but he does know how to scramble raw eggs.

Of course we ourselves don't want to knock John Smith, but we will let the egg-nog him.

Of course Dr. Hall don't spring no great deal of funny jokes, but we do have to snicker now and then (mostly then.)

Of course our Football Team did not win no large number of Championship Cups last Fall, but we did lose to Richmond College.

Of course Physics is not so hard after you have had Calculus, Mechanics, etc., but then we don't give no Ph. D. courses in Math. at William and Mary.

Of course Holler is not no great deal afraid of ghosts, but he will look under his bed every night.

Of course Somers don't shine no large amount in the maxixe, but then he's a regular arc-light when it comes to the one-step.

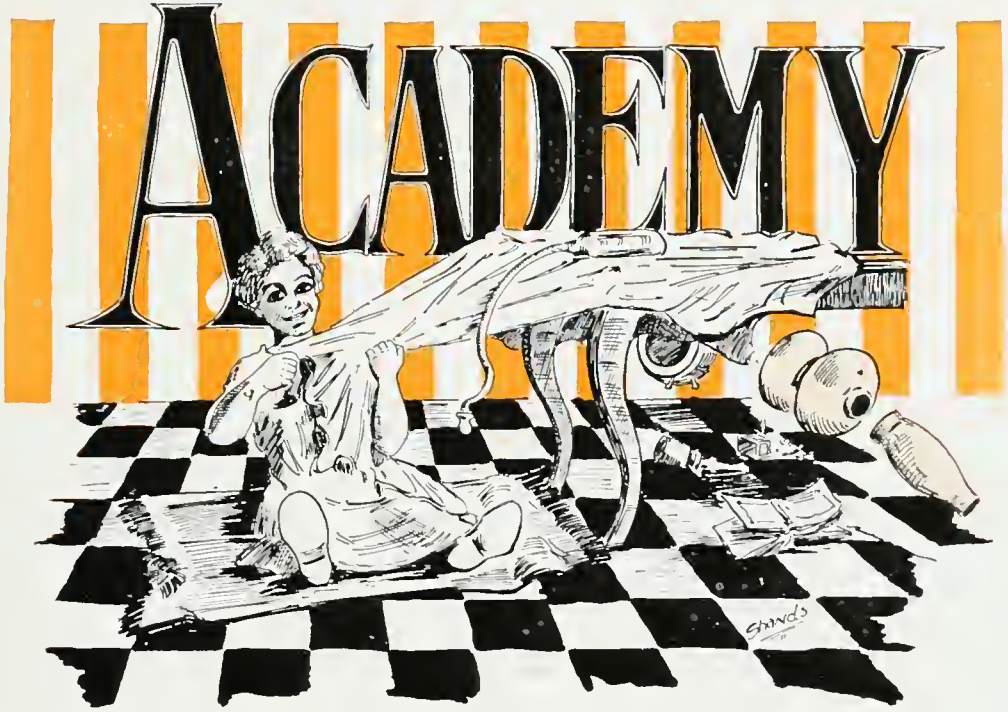
Of course John Tyler's shoe don't cover no acre of ground, but then it isn't what you would call "petite" either.

Of course our Basketball Team are not no regular chicken-snatchers, but then they will throw a few fouls when they get a chance.

Of course it will, for the Seniors, be a big job to get B's, but then they will be able to make all exams with E's.

Of course at Commencement we don't commence no college course, but then we do commence the coarse course of life. Curses!!

Of course we could expound this brand of philosophy *ad infinitum*, but then we don't have no desire for no dose of hemlock—of course not.



Academy History

Four years ago William and Mary Academy and William and Mary College became separate institutions, using, it is true, the same grounds and buildings, but having distinct faculties, athletics and societies. The wisdom of the separation has been more apparent each day, for it gave the Academy men activities of their own, in which they were free from the competition of older men. Thus each institution deals with other institutions in its own class, and participation in these activities is far more general than it could ever have been under the old system. During the past four years, the Academy has carried out a program quite as elaborate as that of the College, and the record is one of which we are proud.

Our football record for the past year is unique: the beginning of the session found us with only one veteran on hand, and yet, through the skillful training of Coach Hubbard, our green eleven was quickly transformed into a creditable football machine. Its showing has encouraged us greatly in regard to next year's prospects.

Basketball has always had a large following here, and this last season was no exception, many spirited and close games taking place. We have every reason to believe that our baseball team this spring will equal that of any institution of our rank, as it nearly always has.

But it is not only in physical encounters that we have conquered other schools. A debating team was organized in the Jefferson Literary Society last spring. This team met the team from Maury High School and won unanimously. The Society is in a flourishing state, interest remains high, and it hopes to maintain, if not surpass, the reputation established during the first two years of its existence.

The past, fellow-students, however glorious or inglorious, is gone. It has but one value: to encourage us with its successes and to warn us by its failures. Let us not allow our eyes to dwell too long upon it, but seizing the present opportunity, strive to raise the banner of our Alma Mater to the heights where it belongs.

HISTORIAN.



Academy Faculty

WESLEY PLUMMER CLARK, A. M.

Principal

CHARLES HARMON SCHEPMOES, A. B., A. M.

Professor Chemistry and Physics.

JOHN TYLER, M. A.

Professor of Mathematics.

PERCY LEWIS WITCHLEY, B. S., A. M.

Professor of Sanitation and Botany.

SAMUEL HILDREDTH HUBBARD, A. B.

Professor of Latin and History.

W. M. ASHBY BLONTON, L. I., A. B.

Professor of English and German.



ACADEMY STUDENT BODY

Academy Student Body

MOTTO: The desire of the moth for the star.

COLORS: Pink and White.

OFFICERS

R. C. TAYLOR	President
W. M. TUCK	Vice-President
R. A. MOORE	Secretary
B. H. HUDSON	Treasurer
C. W. FORBES	Historian

ROLL

Adams, E. L.	Lenard, T.
Babb, R. A.	Mattox, E. L.
Baker, J. W.	Milteer, H. G.
Berry, R.	Moore, R. W.
Blakemore, A. H.	Murphy, R.
Burt, H. B.	Neblett, W. E.
Carpenter, F. A.	Nicholson, G. M.
Chappell, C. Z.	Nunnally, S. L.
Edwards, R. H.	Pollard, W.
Ellis, M.	Quillen, G. D.
Elmore, L. P.	Robinson, J. S.
Garland, R. C.	Saunders, L. S.
Garland, W. D.	Somers, H. C.
Graves, F. C.	Spencer, E. D.
Henley, R. L.	Spratley, R. L.
Hutcheson, J. Y.	Stedman, V.
Hudson, J. G.	Sutherland, L. P.
Hunt, R. E.	Tomlinson, R.
James, R. B.	Tucker, E.
Jennings, G. R.	Webb, N. J.
Johnson, J. F.	Weisel, S. R.
Jones, R. R.	Williams, C. E.
Lipscomb, H. T.	Wilson, J. F.
Lemon, R. M.	



ACADEMY SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Academy Senior Class

MOTTO: "Sincerity and Success."

COLORS: Wine and Silver Blue.

YELL

Razzle, dazzele, razzle, dazzele,
 Not a thread but wool;
 Into College, into College,
 Next year we shall pull.
 Seniors!

OFFICERS

C. E. WILLIAMS	President
J. G. HUDSON	Vice-President
S. L. NUNNALLY	Treasurer
W. D. GARLAND	Secretary
E. TUCKER	Historian

MEMBERS

Adams, E. L.	Homes, B. C.	Quillen, G. D.
Babb, R. A.	Hutcheson, J. Y.	Richards, T. H.
Baker, J. W.	Hudson, B. H.	Robinson, J. S.
Berry, R.	Hunt, R. E.	Saunders, L. S.
Blakemore, A. H.	James, R. B.	Smith, H. T.
Carpenter, F. A.	Jennings, G. R.	Spencer, E. D.
Edwards, R. H.	Jones, R. R.	Southerlin, L. P.
Elmore, L. P.	Lipscomb, H. T.	Taliaferro, P. A.
Forbes, C. W.	Milteer, G. H.	Taylor, R. C.
Garland, W. D.	Moore, R. A.	Tuck, W. M.
Graves, F. C.	Moore, R. W.	Webb, N. J.
Henley, R. L.	Neblett, W. E.	Wilson, J. F.

Academy Senior Class History

Writing a history is like putting together a puzzle figure, and the Academy Senior Class is a very puzzling figure: in it there are athletes, curlers, debaters, calicoists,—yes, despite their tender ages, we have a few of the last named. How can the history of all of these be so briefly told as is required?

It is not too much to say that our class is The Class of the Academy, containing, as it does, Tucker, Taylor, Garland, Tuck, Wilson, Taliaferro, and others of football fame; also having as one of its members the captain of both the basketball and baseball teams, this being one and the same person, Spencer.

We have brains as well as brawn in our make-up, too, for Taylor is president of the Jefferson Literary Society, and such debaters as Tuck and Baker we are able to boast. As curlers, those that simply twist off the posterior plumage of that elusive bird, the Faculty, are Taylor, Spencer, Williams, and Ellis.

These are mere suggestions of what the Class is doing; most of us hope to be in the College next September, there to start all over again. We feel that we are fortunate in being permitted to continue in practically the same institution as heretofore,—to spend four more years under the magic spell of the same ivy-clad walls, on the same old historic Campus, over which there breathes the sacred traditions of our nation's infancy. Surely, every member of the Class feels these same emotions, and could not, if he would, forget the days spent here. Let us always cherish particularly the memory of the Academy Class of 1915.

HISTORIAN.



Academy

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

R. C. TAYLOR	President
W. M. TUCK	Vice-President
R. A. MOORE	Secretary
B. H. HUDSON	Treasurer
C. W. FORBES	Historian



Jefferson Literary Society

OFFICERS FOR FIRST TERM

C. W. FORBES	President
R. C. TAYLOR	Vice-President
N. J. WEBB	Secretary
H. T. LIPSCOMB	Treasurer
W. M. TUCK	Literary Critic
J. F. WILSON	Parliamentary Critic
S. L. NUNNALLY	Chaplain
S. R. WEISEL	Sergeant-at-Arms
B. H. HUDSON, J. G. HUDSON AND W. D. GARLAND	Executive Committee

OFFICERS FOR SECOND TERM

R. C. TAYLOR	President
W. M. TUCK	Vice-President
W. D. GARLAND	Secretary
V. STEDMAN	Treasurer
C. W. FORBES	Literary Critic
R. TOMLINSON	Parliamentary Critic
S. L. NUNNALLY	Chaplain
R. C. GARLAND	Sergeant-at-Arms
J. W. BAKER, R. A. BABB, AND GEO. M. NICHOLSON	Executive Committee

MEMBERS

Baker, J. W.	Nunnally, S. L.	Webb, N. J.	Burruss, L. M.
Garland, R. C.	Neblett, W. E.	Weisel, S. R.	Mattox, E. L.
Garland, W. D.	Quillen, G. D.	Wilson, J. F.	Lenard, T.
Hudson, B. H.	Stedman, V.	Nicholson, Geo. M.	Slater, J. C.
Hudson, J. G.	Taylor, R. C.	Babb, R. A.	Hunt, R. E.
Elmore, L. P.	Tomlinson, R.	Lipscomb, H. T.	Lemon, R. M.
Forbes, C. W.	Tuck, W. M.	Murphy, R.	



Academy Athletic Council

N. J. WEBB	President
W. M. TUCK	Vice-President
H. C. SOMERS	Secretary and Treasurer
PROF. W. M. A. BLONTON	Faculty Representative
PROF. S. H. HUBBARD	Coach
C. W. FORBES	Manager Baseball
R. C. TAYLOR	Manager Basketball
J. F. WILSON	Manager Football
R. A. MOORE	Manager Track Team



ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM

Academy Football Team

J. F. WILSON	Manager
ED. TUCKER	Captain
H. C. SOMERS	Left End
P. A. TALIAFERRO	Left Tackle
H. T. LIPSCOMB	Left Guard
J. F. WILSON	Center
R. B. JAMES	Right End
R. TOMLINSON	Right Tackle
W. M. TUCK	Right Guard
ED. TUCKER	Quarter Back
J. W. BAKER	Right Half Back
R. C. TAYLOR	Left Half Back
W. D. GARLAND	Full Back

SUBSTITUTES

Chappell

Lemon

Webb



ACADEMY BASEBALL TEAM

Academy Base Ball Team

C. W. FORBES Manager
 ED. SPENCER Captain

Squad

Catchers	{ Sutherland Garland, R. C. Neblett
First Base	{ Jennings Wilson
Second Base	{ Tucker Nunnally
Short Stop	{ Spencer Graves
Third Base	{ Forbes Ellis
Out Field	{ Somers Murphy Quillen Edwards Taylor Mattox
Pitchers	{ Garland, W. D. James Ellis Spencer



Academy Basketball Team

R. C. TAYLOR	Manager
ED. SPENCER	Captain
Spencer	Left Forward
Ellis	Left Forward
Adams	Right Forward
Baker	Right Guard
Wilson	Left Guard
Somers	Center



Academy Track Team

R. A. MOORE Manager

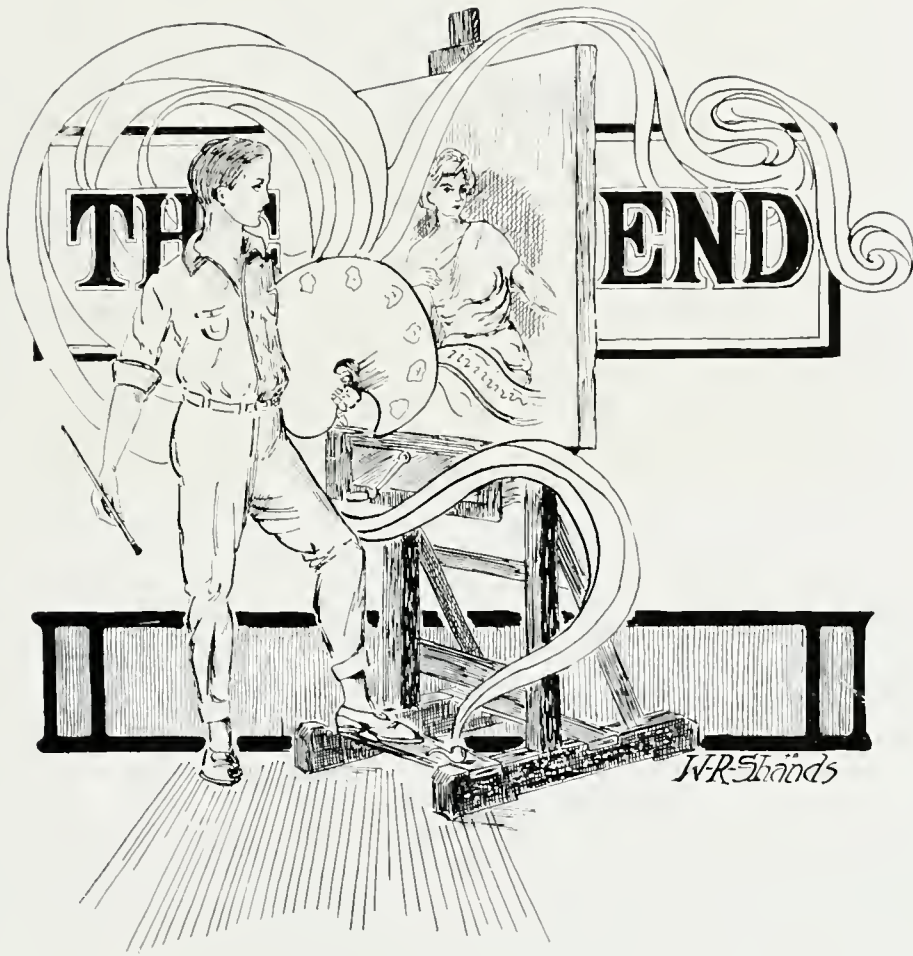
- Garland
- Tuck
- Somers
- Wilson
- Slater
- Chappell
- Hudson
- Elmore
- Baker
- Stedman
- Mattox
- Edwards
- Hunt



Academy Monogram Club

H. C. SOMERS	President
W. M. TUCK	Vice-President
W. D. GARLAND	Secretary

Adams	Forbes
Taliaferro	Tucker
Somers	Garland
Lipscomb	Baker
Tuck	Chappell
Taylor	Lemon
Wilson	Webb
Tomlinson	Spencer
James	Ellis



THE Management of this Annual earnestly calls the attention of William and Mary Students, Alumni and friends, to the advertisements in these columns. We have very carefully excluded all inferior advertisers and solicited only those whose wares are particularly adapted to College Men, and we therefore ask you to give them the consideration they deserve.

In answering these advertisements please mention "The Colonial Echo."



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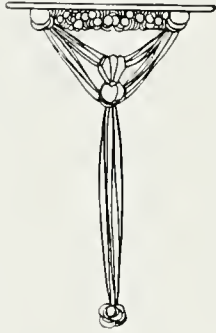
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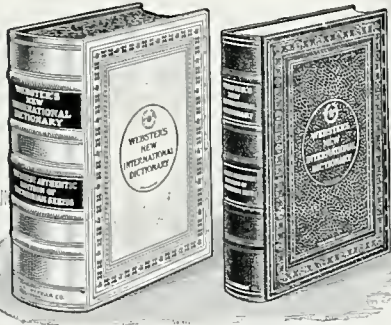
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Assets	\$1,761,020.00
Capital	250,000.00
Net Surplus	668,198.00
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E. B. Addison, Vice-President.

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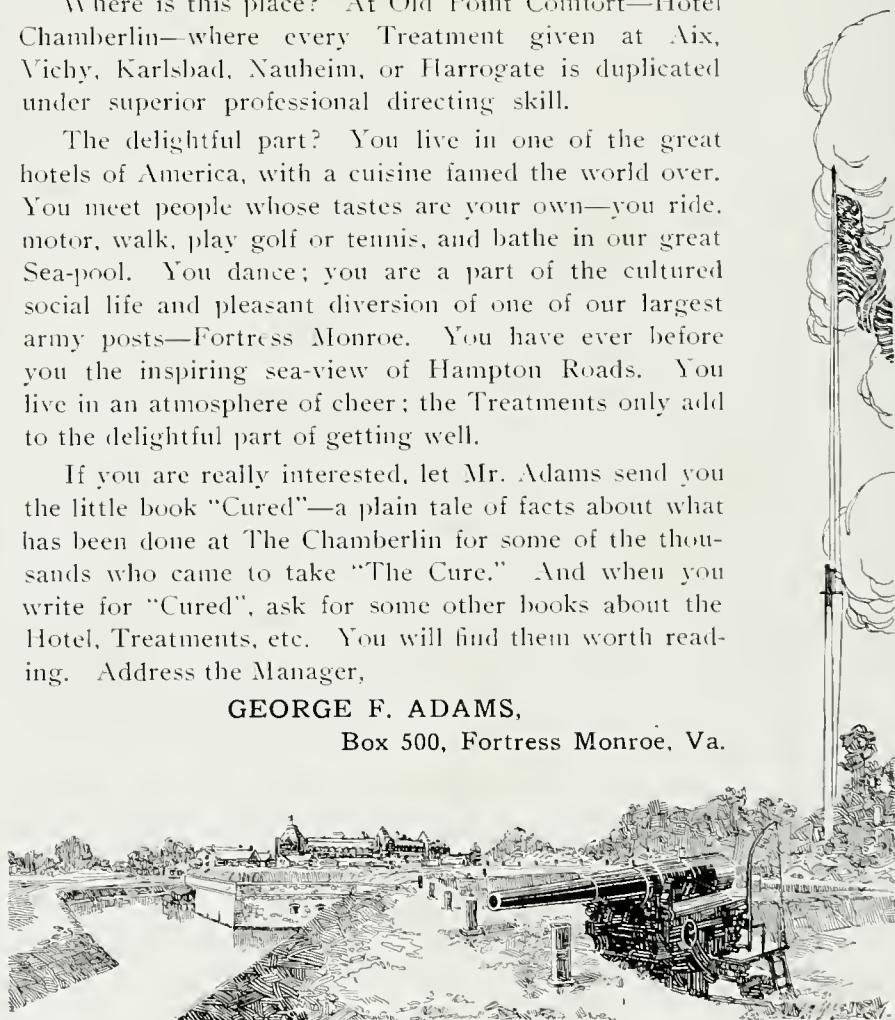
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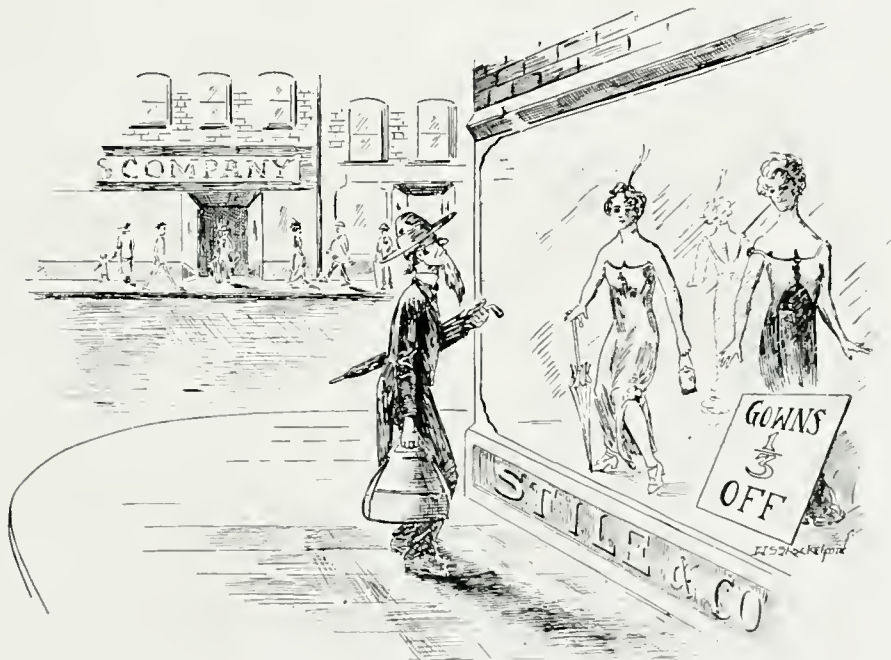
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Pillow Top (with fringe)... 2.50

JAMES H. STONE



By Heck, it seems to me that they are durn nigh plumb off!

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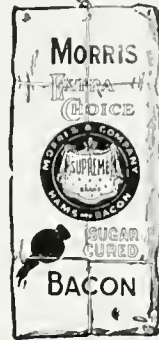
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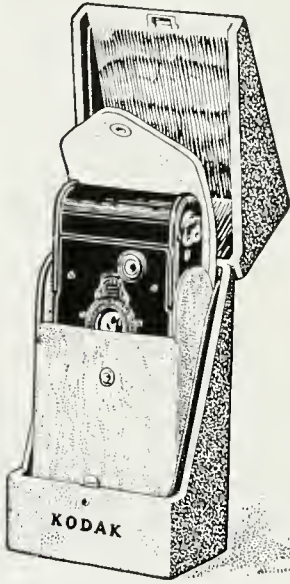
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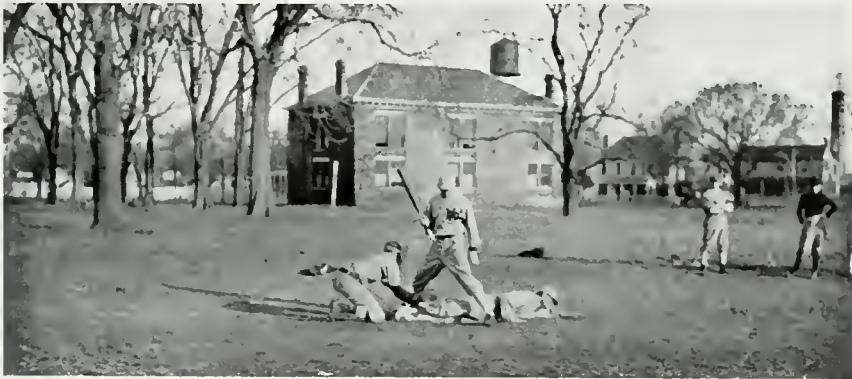
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