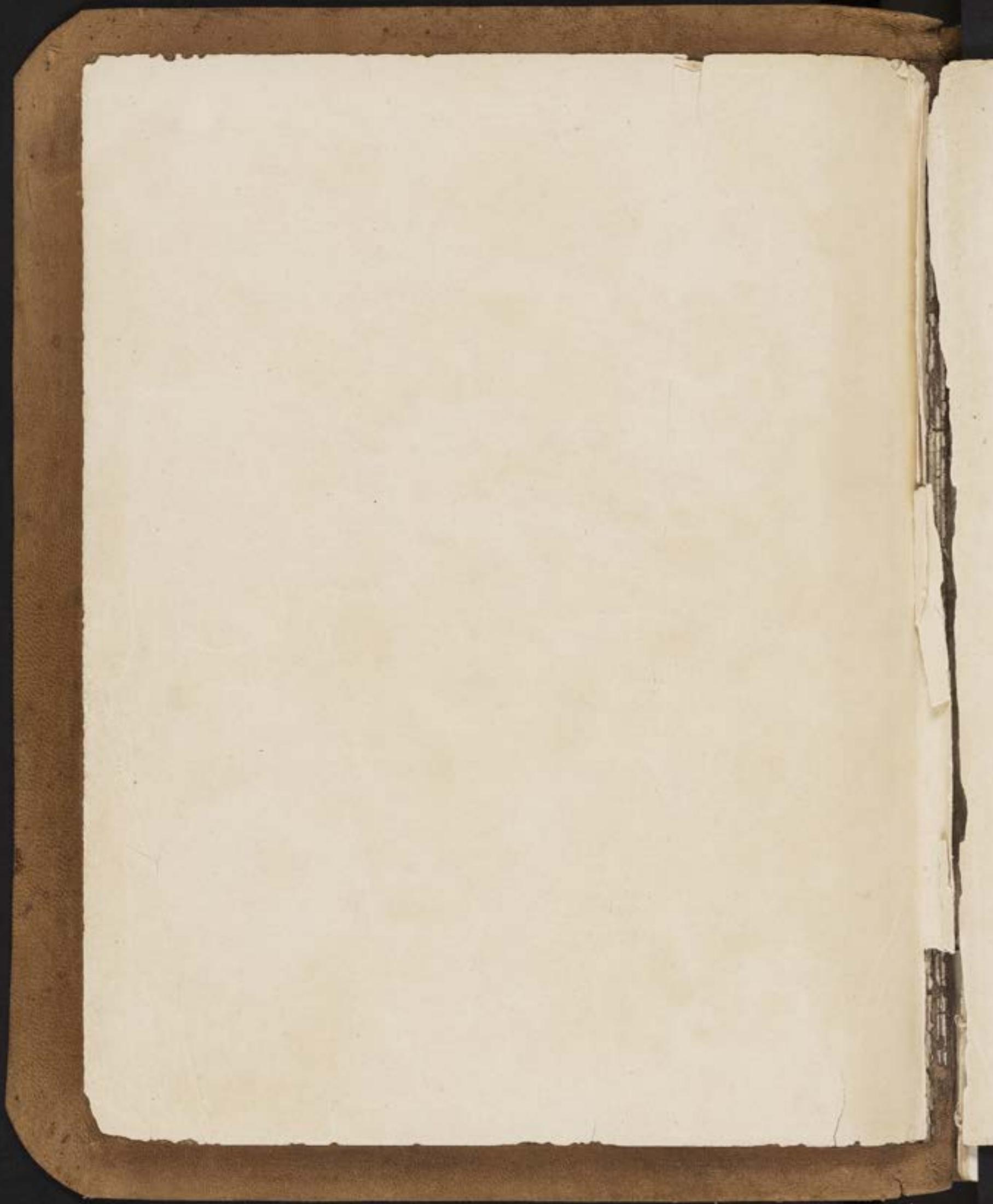
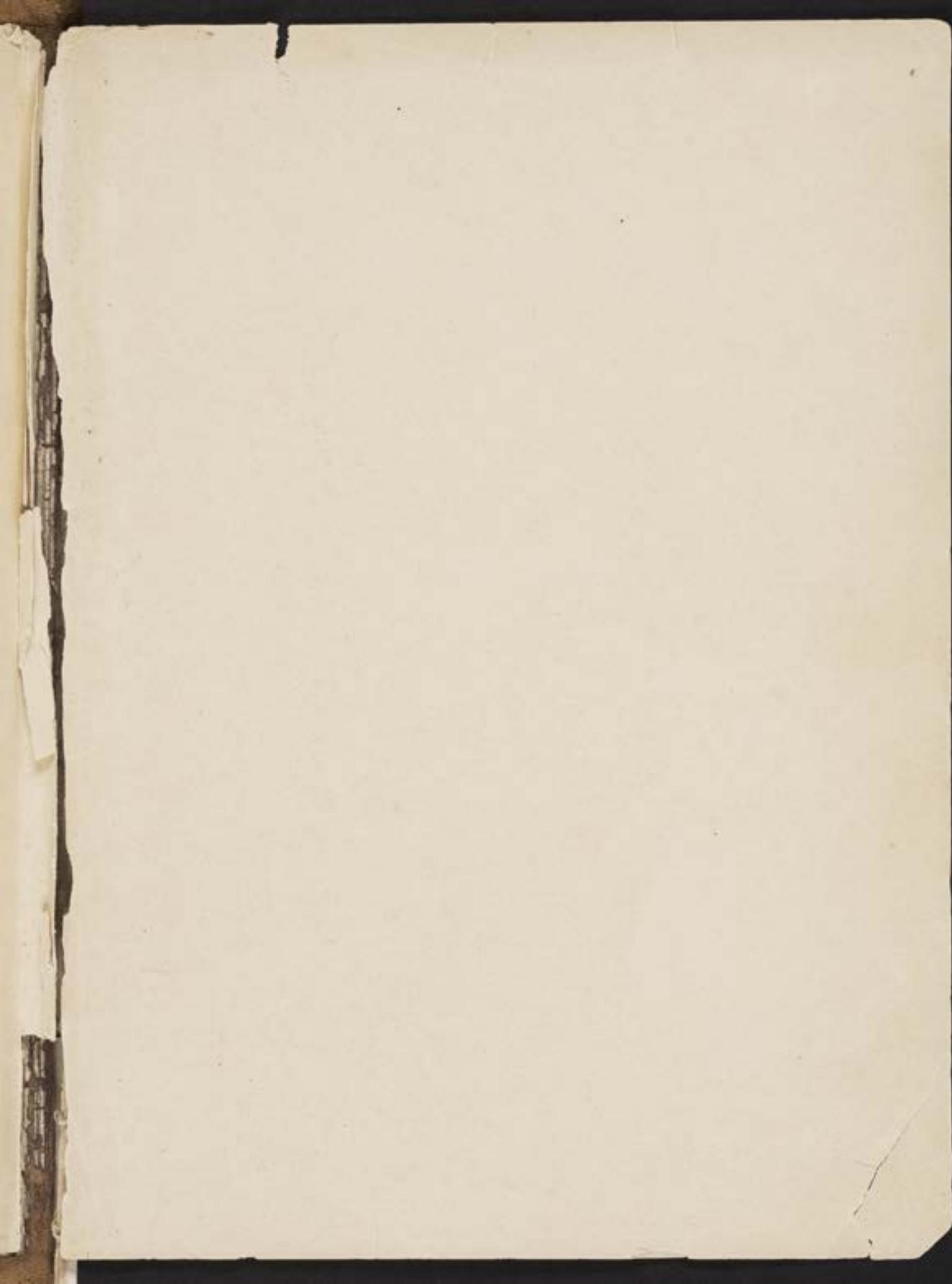


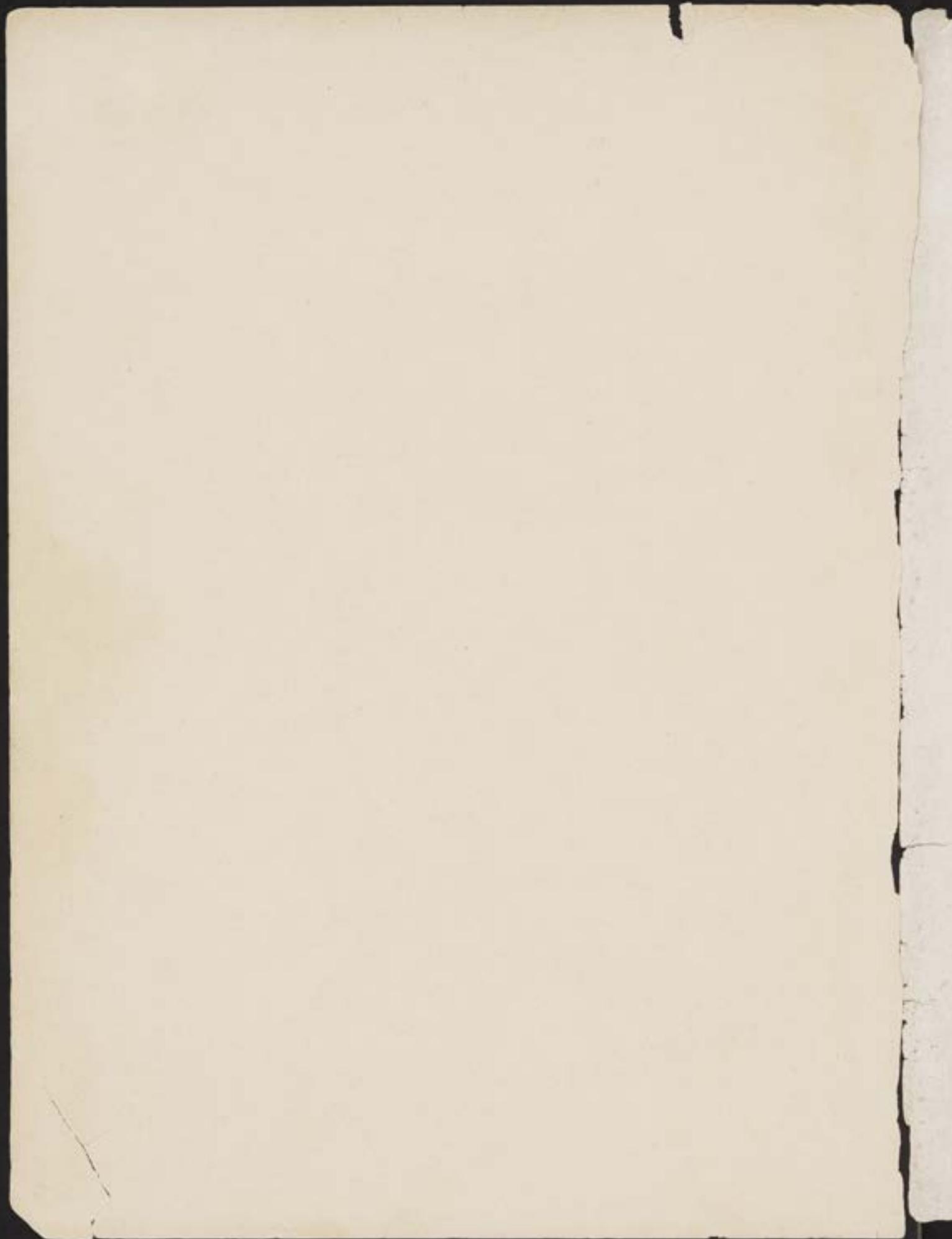
The Yellow Jacket

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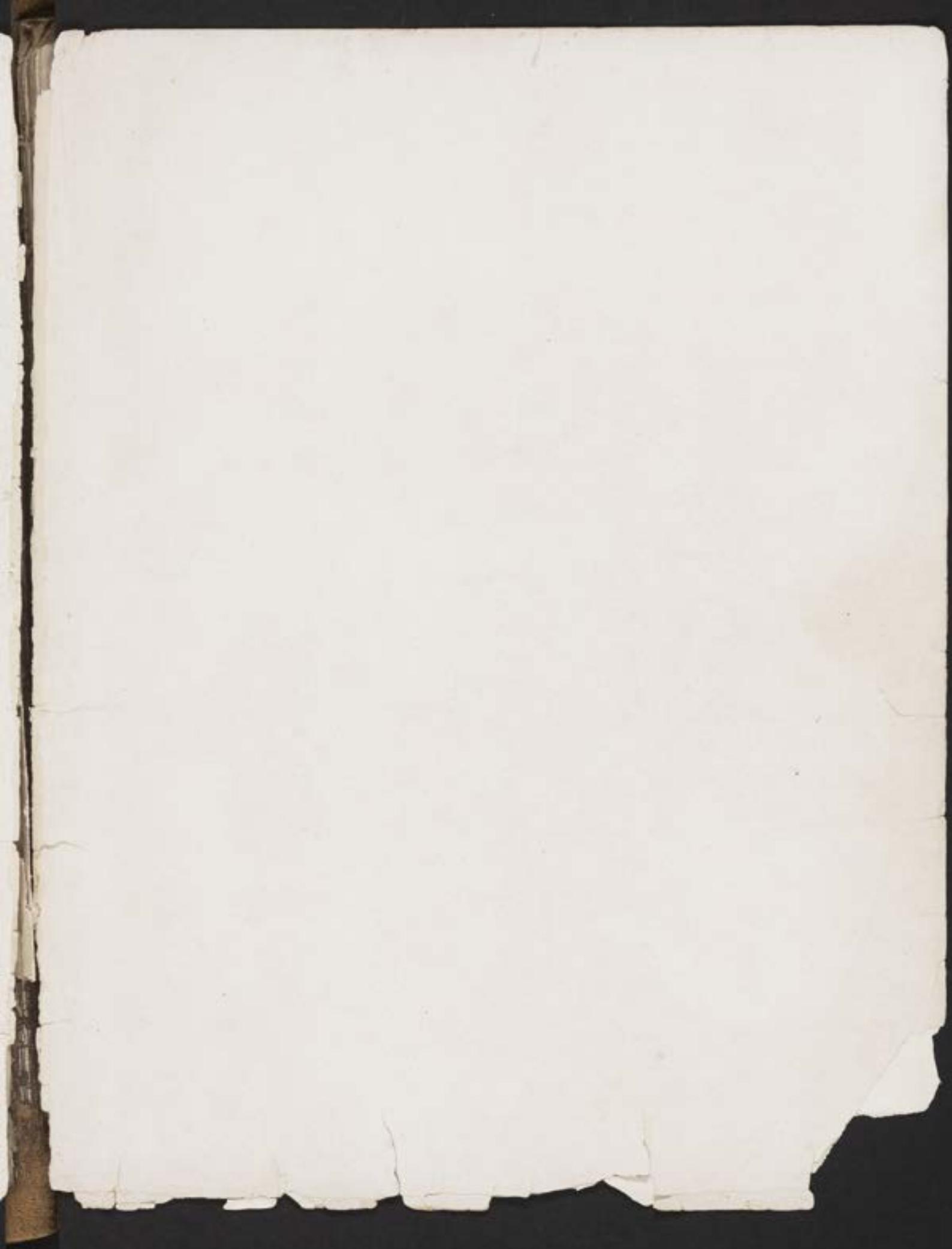
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W. Young

The Yellow Jacket

Volume IX

1907



Published by the Literary Societies of
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Ashland, Virginia



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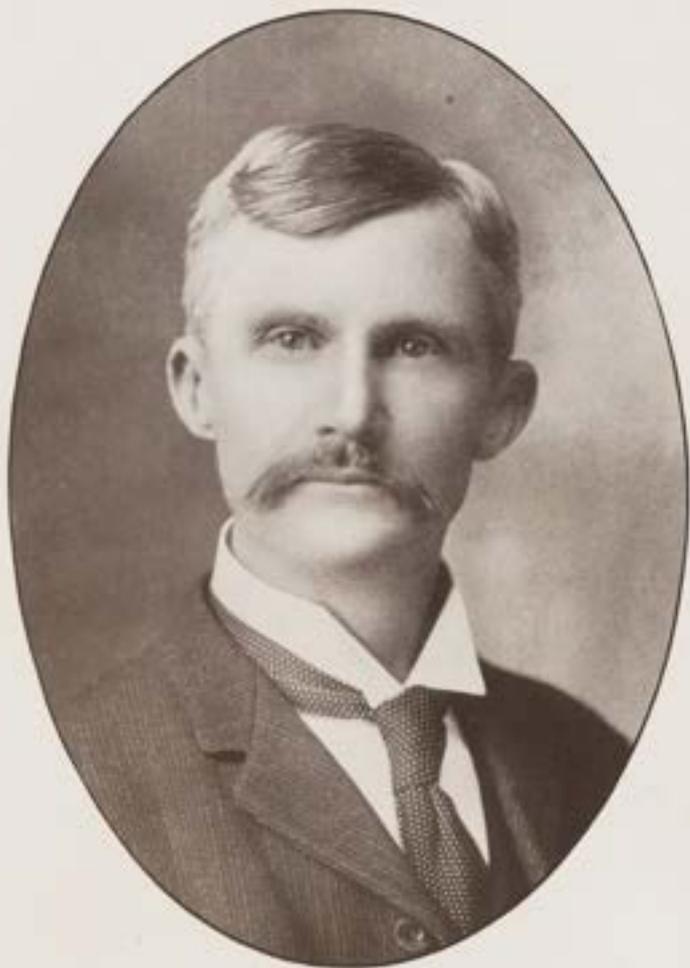
To

Daniel Sumner Ellis

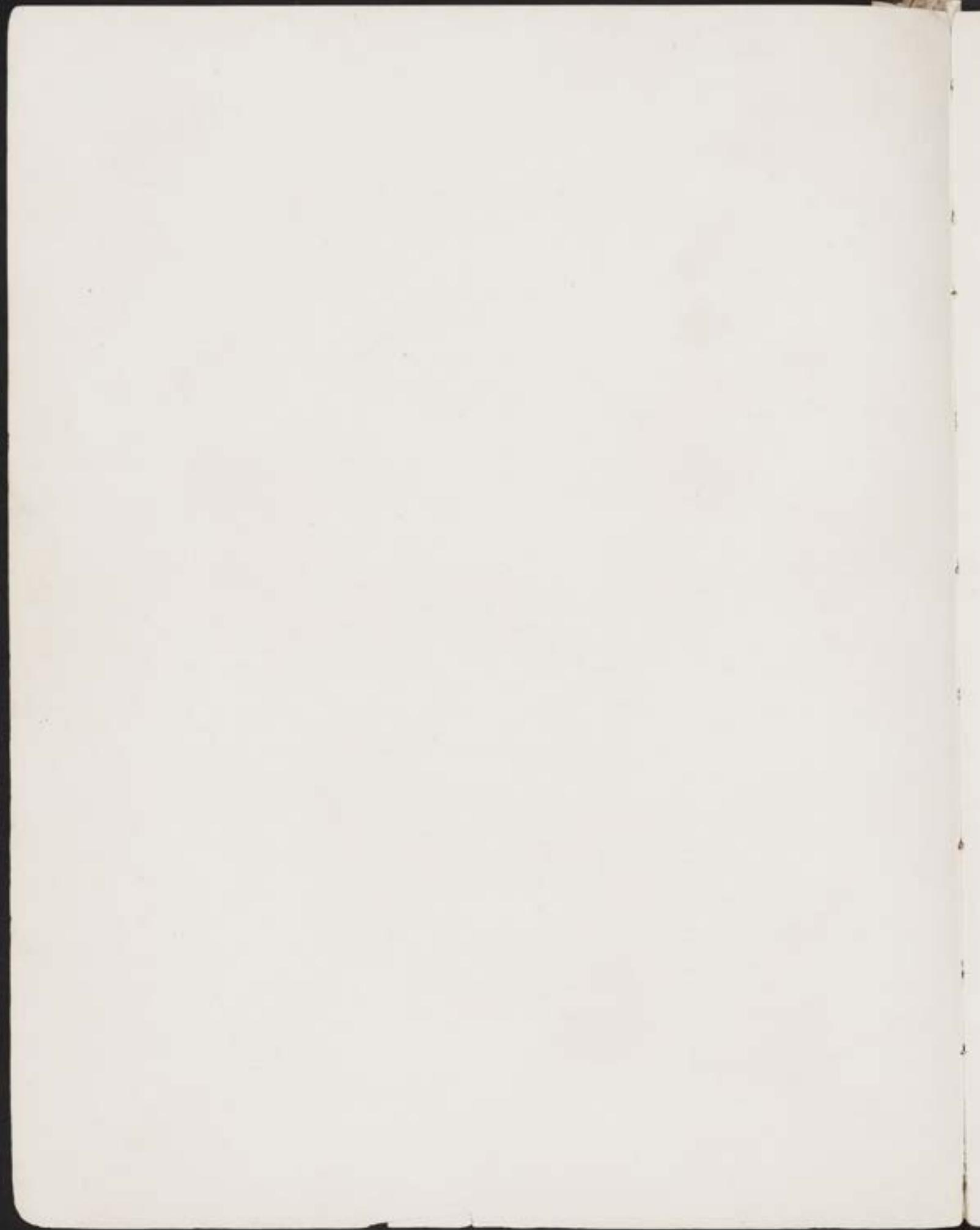
Physician and friend, whose memory is most
dear to this College and Community, where he wrought
well and lived nobly, evidencing his Christian
character so clearly in his daily living.

To him, who went among us doing good, humbly
and cheerfully following in the
footsteps of his
Master,

The Divine Physician,
our hearts now dedicate this Volume as
a token of our love for him
and for his memory



DANIEL SUMNER ELLIS



Dr. Daniel Sumner Ellis



DANIEL SUMNER ELLIS was born in Northampton County, North Carolina, October 15, 1853. The boys of the generation to which he belonged, coming as they did upon the stage of active life during the decade immediately following the Civil War, had to encounter many hardships unknown to the youth of the present day. The people of the South had staked their hopes and their resources on the success of the Confederacy, and it had gone down in disaster, leaving all poor. The Ellis family had shared the common fate, and Daniel's father found himself, after General Lee's surrender, in possession of his home and farm, but all else he had accumulated had disappeared.

In his early life, young Daniel selected the noble profession of medicine as his calling, and he kept this steadily in view as the end toward which he would work, determined to fit himself well for its duties in spite of all the difficulties he had to encounter.

He received his early education at home and at schools in his neighborhood, but, when he grew older, his father sent him to the Male Academy at Murfreesboro, North Carolina. Endowed by nature with a quick mind, a good memory, and a fondness for learning, he was making rapid progress in his studies when the failure of his father's health rendered it necessary that he should return home to aid in the support of a large family. There was no one to share this responsibility with him, for, though he was the youngest child, he was the only surviving son. He cheerfully assumed the duty which circumstances had placed upon his young shoulders, continuing his education, as best he could alone, while discharging it.

Thus delayed in the preparation for his life work, it was not till he was in his twenty-fourth year, that he was able to begin the study of his chosen profession. In 1877, he entered the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond, where he formed many warm friendships, which he was able at a later period of his life to renew and enjoy. Richmond not possessing, at this time, the hospital advantages he desired, in 1878 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, where in March, 1879, he took the degree of M. D.

Dr. Ellis began the practice of medicine in his native county, selecting this field because it enabled him to be near his father who was now growing old.

In December, 1886, he married Miss Sarah James Grant, the attractive daughter of Rev. William Grant, a minister well known throughout North Carolina. The Ellises and Grants had lived for many years in Northampton County

as near neighbors and friends. He was wise in his choice, for his young wife, who was only eighteen at the time of her marriage, proved a noble helpmeet and a source of inspiration to him in all his after life.

After practicing for twelve years with marked success in his native state, Dr. Ellis, in 1890, moved to Suffolk, Virginia. In 1893, the Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon, in recognition of his ability as a physician and his worth as a man, elected him Resident Physician to the College, and he accepted the call. The duties of his new position he discharged most efficiently and with rare fidelity and conscientiousness. The members of the Faculty generally and the Trustees of the College soon learned to value him as an able physician, a helpful friend, and an agreeable companion. He continued to be a hard student, and kept himself fully abreast with every advance in the theory and practice of medicine. He was a member of the Medical Society of Virginia, and it was a source of gratification to him that he enjoyed the friendship, confidence and esteem of those at the head of his profession in the state.

While filling his position at the College, he gradually built up a large practice in the town and country. His influence for good was continually widening, and as his acquaintance extended he became more and more beloved. After years of struggle, of self-sacrifice, and of service for others, he was beginning to feel that his work and noble purposes in life were being generally recognized, and his spirit was filled with thankfulness as he realized he was about to attain the height of influence and usefulness for which he had so long striven.

On August 12, 1906, the good doctor left his happy home to make a professional call on an old family servant who lived in the country, taking his little son, Granbery, nine years old, in the buggy with him. He forded without difficulty Stagg Creek, a narrow stream, which is rarely ever over two feet deep where it crosses the road. His mission of mercy to the old servant being accomplished, he set out on his homeward journey, doubtless with no thought of impending danger. When he again reached the creek, which he had crossed only an hour or two before, he drove into the water, but found that the stream, swollen by a sudden heavy rain, was far deeper than he had supposed. The strong, swift current forced the buggy from the ford into deeper water, and it was swept down the stream. The creek is narrow, and, as the buggy was carried down, it came near enough one of the banks, as is supposed, for little Granbery to jump out and save himself, while Dr. Ellis, feeling no doubt that he was still master of the situation, retained his seat till most unexpectedly he encountered a tree which shot out from the bank almost horizontally across the stream. This caught the doctor about the waist and fastened him tightly in his seat, the heavy pressure of the water behind him rendering him unable to extricate himself. All the indications are that death came speedily, for, when he was found by messengers

whom Granbery sent to his relief, his body was pinioned by the tree tightly in the buggy seat, his head had fallen forward on his breast, and life was extinct.

When his death became known, his friends from the town and country gathered in large numbers to tender to his loved ones their sympathy. Telegrams and letters from other states and from abroad showed the widespread love and esteem felt for Dr. Ellis by those who knew him. He left six interesting children, who manifest in their lives the benefits of the careful Christian training they have received from their noble father and mother.

This brief sketch cannot be closed in any more fitting way than by giving the following estimate of Dr. Ellis from the pen of Bishop Granbery:

"My acquaintance with Dr. Ellis dates from his candidacy for the office of College Physician. It soon ripened into high esteem and ardent friendship. He was often in my home, professionally and socially. My wife and I were of one mind and heart in appreciation of his noble character and medical skill. He was modest, gentle, companionable, sympathetic, a good talker, not less a good listener, of great delicacy of feeling, but also firm and positive. We trusted his judgment, and experience steadily confirmed our confidence. He loved his profession, and gave himself to it with a deep sense of its opportunities and responsibilities. He was a devout doctor, rooted in faith, walking humbly with God, and conscientious in the discharge of all duties; a man to be prized while living, and to be cherished in memory when dead."

R. B. SMITHEY.



Unto All to Whom These Presents Come, Greeting



To each and all of you, Gentle Readers, we give a hearty greeting, be you old or young, rich or poor, high or low; and we hope that this little "Guide-Book" to Randolph-Macon Land may lead you pleasantly to the high hill of youth from which you can get a fair view of the delectable mountains of College-life.

If you have never been so fortunate as to have had a collegiate education, if you have never entered Randolph-Macon's walls, we trust that you may get a glimpse of her life in these pages, which may inspire in you an unquenchable thirst—which can be slaked only at her fountain of high ideal and lofty knowledge; and that some day she may number you as a son and we, her children, count you a brother.

If in the past you have been one of her students, we hope that this volume will help to keep before you always those scenes so dear to sons of Randolph-Macon; to keep fresh in your memory old friendships and pleasant times of work and play—the triumphs and failures of class-room and athletic field—of oratory and debate. We trust that the journey through Randolph-Macon Land, guided by this book, may be one of pleasure and profit; and that it may renew and awaken in you a deeper and more abiding love for your Alma Mater; and refresh in your souls the Randolph-Macon enthusiasm and spirit of your college days. To you her Alumni, our older brothers, we extend our hands in welcome and greeting.

To you who are now students here, this book will be a constant record of the college life of which you have been a part; of friendships, which you have helped to make; of deeds in which you have participated; of classes and organizations in which you are numbered; to you it will indeed be a record of your college days—of your life at R.-M. C. We trust that sometime in the future years, as you turn these pages, the memory of college days may steal over you as subtly sweet as the perfume of Spring's first violets—as the echo of some sweet strains of melody; and that you can then rejoice as heartily at Randolph-Macon's victories and sorrow as deeply at her defeats, as you do to-day.

We trust that your love for her will only broaden and deepen as the years come on; and that each year may make her doubly dear and fair; and that you may ever keep yourself constant to our common Mother. May the name of Randolph-Macon be fairer because you are numbered among her sons, and may your life and deeds be ever such that she can point to you, saying, "Behold my Sons, know them by their noble lives—whose fruits are good works!"

That all good things may be yours, both in this life and in the better one to come, is the heartfelt wish of

THE YELLOW JACKET.

L'Envoi



J. MILLER LEAKE.

When day is dying in the west,
And sunset's banners gleam and glow,
And warm lights kiss the hilly crests—
While shadows fill the vales below;

As one who climbs some lofty hill
Reaches its summit and looks back
Upon the country that he's passed—
Adown his pathway's winding track;

And sees each hillside from above—
From his high viewpoint's vantage place—
Through mead and valley, hill and plain,
His journey's devious way can trace;

So we, as close our college hours,
Look from the hilltop of To-day
And see the path our feet have trod
And every turning of the way.

We know that oft our road has led
To highways strange—now clearer seen;
And many turnings, then unknown,
To-day familiar seem, I ween.

Yet though they wandered from our way
The fields we crossed were flowery lands,
And many blossoms of Life's May
We gathered with untiring hands,

So we look back along our road,
And pray that all the future years
May be as sweet with work and play
As vanished college-time appears.

And if our paths lead to strange scenes,
Or pass through undiscovered ways,
May we be cheered along Life's road
With memories of old college days.

Or when we wander, lost, confused,
And falter in the cause of right,
May we remember college friends,
And ideals pure and teachings bright—

Strive ever upward toward the light,
Move ever on toward Wisdom's rays;
And bless the paths our feet have trod—
Remembering dear old college days!



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Calendar



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906.....	First Term Begins
TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1907.....	Intermediate Examinations Begin
TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1907.....	Second Term Begins
FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1907.....	Public Debate of Washington Literary Society
FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1907.....	Public Debate of Franklin Literary Society
FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.....	Debate with Hampden-Sidney College
SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1907.....	Field Day
FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907.....	Final Examinations Begin
THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.....	College Closes

Commencement

SUNDAY, JUNE NINTH

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Service. 8:15 P. M.—Sermon before Y. M. C. A.

TUESDAY, JUNE ELEVENTH

10:00 A. M.—Meeting of Board of Trustees. 8:00 P. M.—Athletic Night.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE TWELFTH

11:00 A. M.—Sutherland Oratorical Contest { Franklin Society } T. M. HARRIS
 { Washington Society } R. V. LANCASTER
 W. W. BARNHART
 W. L. DOLLY, JR.

12:00 M.—Address before Society of Alumni.

8:00 P. M.—Joint Celebration of Literary Societies.

THURSDAY, JUNE THIRTEENTH

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Address.

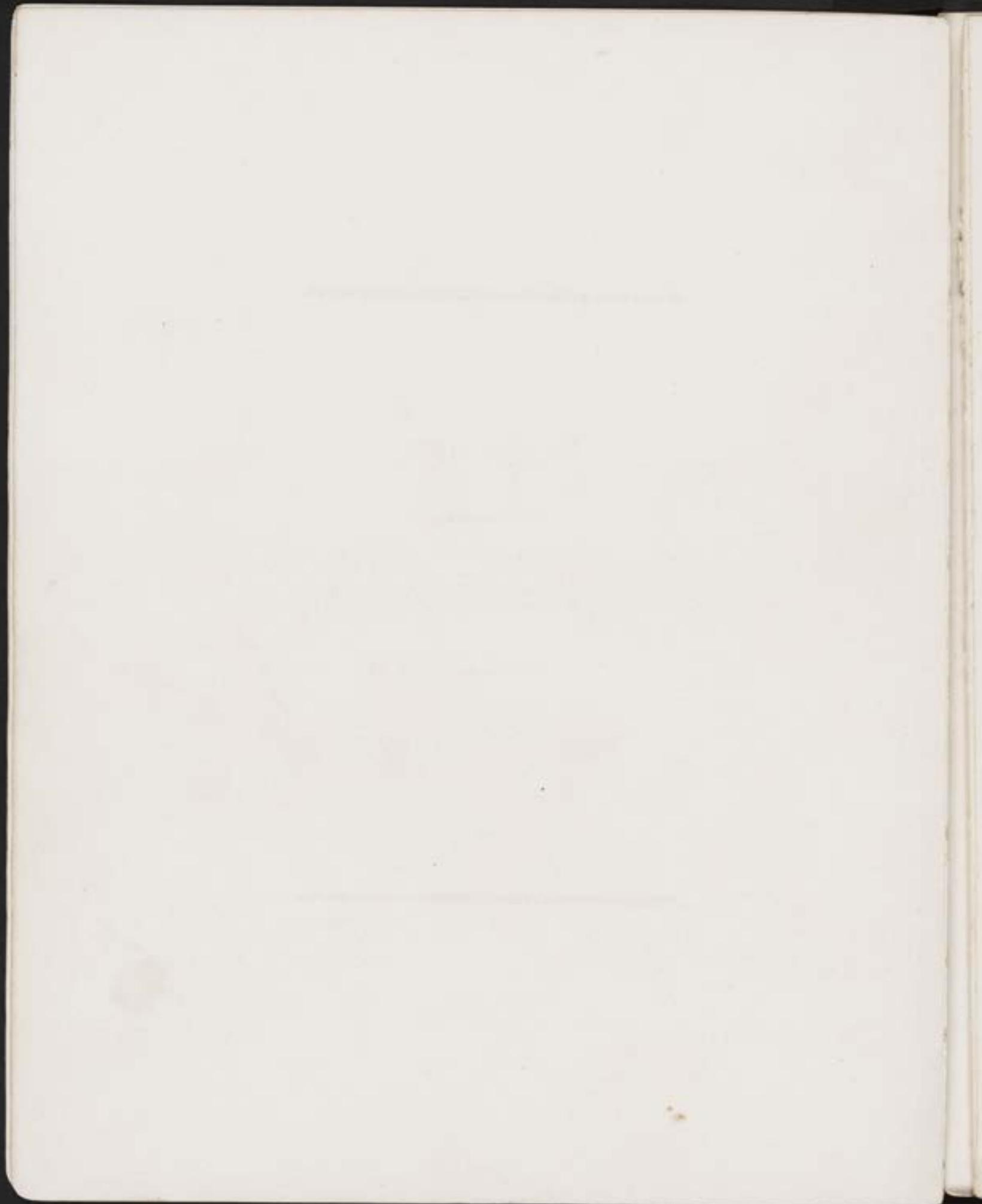
1:00 A. M.—Awarding of Prizes and Medals, and Conferring of Degrees.

8:00 P. M.—Graduating Class Exercises.

In Memoriam

Bishop John C. Granbery

Died April 1st, 1907



In Memoriam

Dr. Paul Whitehead

Died April 3rd, 1907





CAMPUS SCENE



Editorial



EIGHT volumes of THE YELLOW JACKET, a publication that has called forth admiration wherever it has gone, have already been presented to you. The book has represented the Randolph-Macon man as he is,—in his joys, in his sorrows, in his work, in his play. These issues have been a pleasure to the friends of Randolph-Macon, and even more—have made new friends for her. Wherever read, they have conferred credit upon the Lemon and Black.

The duty assigned the present editors was to hold the book up to its accustomed standard of excellence, and also to advance this standard if possible. Now our labors being ended, we commend to you the result of our efforts, and we thank you for your hearty coöperation in our endeavors; while we, the Staff of Nineteen and Seven, present our task at its completion, the product of our best exertions,—the ninth volume of THE YELLOW JACKET.



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Brotherhood



J. MILLER LEAKE.

"Who is my brother?" Mankind everywhere,
God's very image cast in mortal clay
Are all of us; and can I then betray
My trust, or fall in full fraternal care?
In helping weakness may I never spare
Time, talents, all endeavors—may I say
In actions more than words—in every way
Commensurate with my strength, thy load I'll bear!

O, may I in the cause of common good
Be a true soldier, valiant, firm, and brave,
Fighting for man's great world-wide Brotherhood.
In all things may I serve to seek—to save
The lost; to raise the fallen; help the weak;
And ever for the right be swift to speak.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, his wrong
Be mine to right, be mine to help his need.
His happiness and good 'gainst Wealth's foul greed,
'Gainst Corporate Corruption's evil throng
Be mine to champion with an interest strong.
The weakness of the oppressed be mine to lead,
And may a million hearts bid Justice speed—
A world-wide movement help her cause along.

"My brother's keeper?" Yes, be this my task:
To heed the weakling's moan, to understand
The Slum's vague cries—to grant the aid they ask,
To Want stretch out an ever-helping hand;
In Charity unbound by Sect or Creed
To be a brother true in thought, word, deed.



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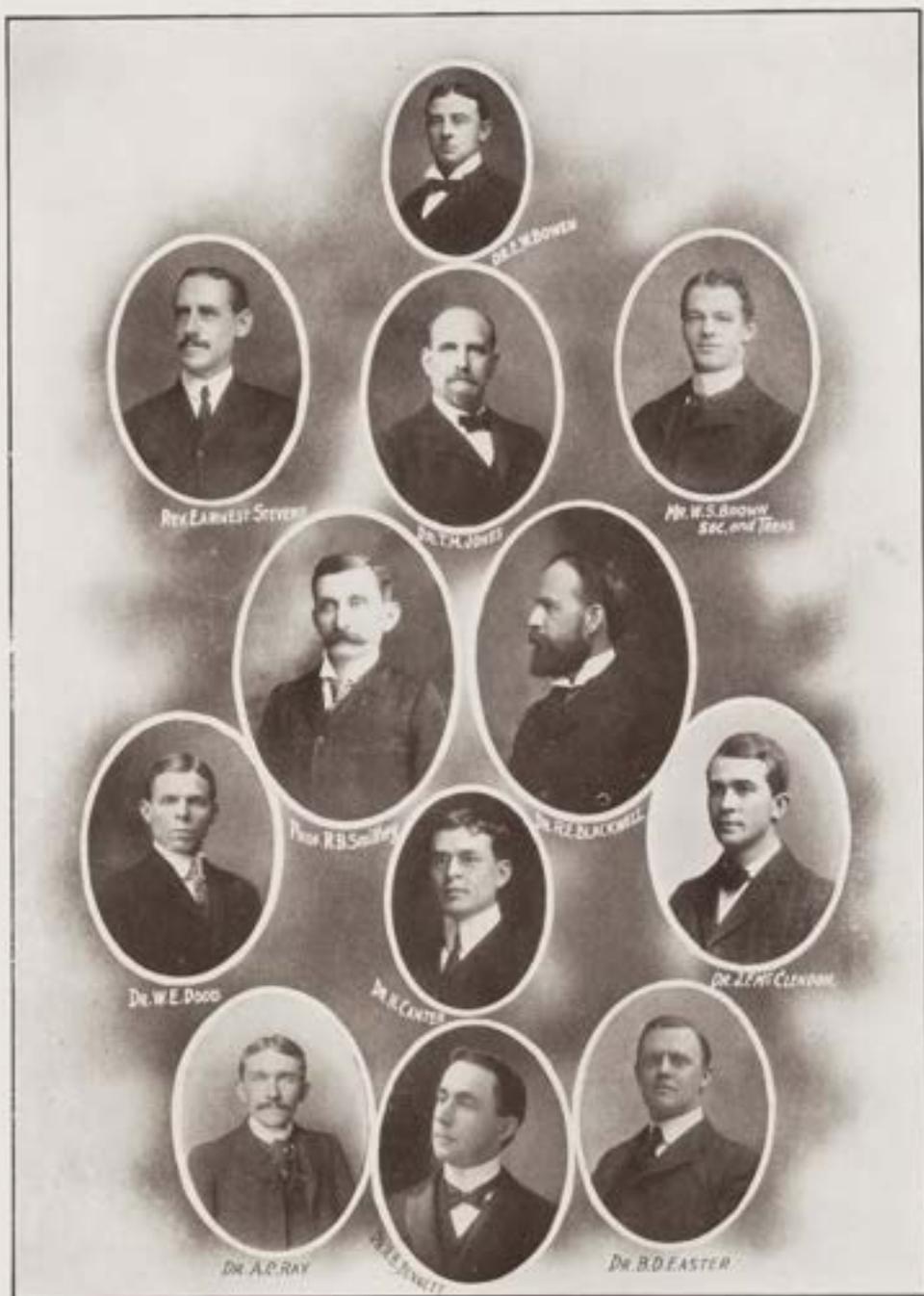
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Senior Class

* * *

MOTTO

"Animum arrecti"

COLORS

Green and Gold

YELL

Rig—o—lack, Chig—o—lack,
Tiek, tack, taken,
Naughty Seven, Naughty Seven,
Randolph-Macon!

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JOSEPH PAXTON SIMMONS	JOHN GRANBERY SAWYER
WILLIAM LEE DOLLY, JR.	
DAVID ALEXANDER HARRISON, JR.	
SAMUEL LAWRENCE DUMVILLE	

Senior Class History



CRUEL FATE ordains that dearest friends must part and that the happiest seasons of time shall be of short duration. An unseen hand marks the boundary of every human enterprise and often before the events of life begin to be real to us they are no more. When these pages come into the hands of the reader, the Class of '07 will be a thing of the past. But for the mighty invisible bond that links human hearts together, this brief record is the last trace of the existence of the class. The organization has broken up and each man has taken his own little chart and gone seaward to battle with the larger tempests and stronger storms of active life.

Great changes took place at the old college during the existence of this class. The long row of dilapidated cottages that greeted the newcomers, on their arrival, had been displaced before their departure by a brick building so beautiful in structure and so elaborate in equipment that the dignified term *dormitory* was applied to it. Instead of being compelled to tread one straight and narrow path to the A. B. degree, those who enter the school now have the choice of seven broad and well-graded roads that lead to the much-sought plain of knowledge. The fragments of what was intended to be a course in modern languages were gathered up and turned over to one, who by his power and resources has built up a course worthy of a good school. The face and form of a good friend, a large citizen, an enthusiastic student and an able teacher who lent much to the pleasure of the early days of the class, passed beyond us before its work was finished. Another whose large spirit fed itself on noble deeds and whose potent influence was used only for good did not tarry till the end of the class. Though Dr. Wightman and Dr. Ellis did not continue till the class history closed, their contact with it made a lasting impression upon its members. In athletics, in literary pursuits, in debates—in all branches of college effort the Class of '07 did work and saw work done that will elevate the standards by which the success of those who follow them is to be measured.

History does not make itself. The general treatment of any age is but a combination of biographies. The history of any nation is but the record of work done and impressions made by the individuals of that nation. We shall best call to mind the Class of '07 by a brief comment upon the several members of that body.

TURNER MOREHEAD HARRIS came to the presidency of the class not because of his imposing stature nor his rare beauty of countenance, though he had these, but because he possessed the qualifications that fitted him for the place. He was a student of the first order, a teacher worthy of the name and an orator of no mean

reputation. Harris was ambitious, but his ambition did not center his plans in himself. He made mistakes, as all men do, yet his purposes always meant to do the largest good to the largest number concerned.

LUTHER WESLEY WHITE, whose honor was unstained, was a man of more gifts than one. His work in chemistry won for him the chemist's medal and the applause of his instructor. He was a vocalist. The minds of those who knew him will often recall him in his never-vacant place in the choir. His work for his *hall* was such as to deserve the commendation of his fellows.

EDGAR DAVIS HELLWEG, to whom the class entrusted the bag, which, by the way, was always empty, was a man of sterling worth. He was not faultless, but he covered every one of his faults with a dozen noble traits; he was not a genius, driven to success by an unseen hand, but he was a consistent worker who earned success by dint of honest effort. Edgar served his *hall* in many responsible positions and his work for the *Monthly* called forth many favorable comments from contemporary magazines.

That some men took issue with WALTER LESLIE DEYANEY in his way of doing things would indicate rather that he had a mind of his own than that he was wrong in his plans. He fought for what he thought was best both in his class and in his *hall*. Sometimes he was wrong; sometimes he was right. Devaney did his best work as a debater.

A man who knows how to retain the friendship of his friends and make friends of his enemies could never fail to succeed. Such a man was WILLIAM LEE DOLLY, Junior. He was an earnest student, a good *hall* man, a genial, courteous gentleman. And it is by the last characterization that he will be most often thought of. Nor was his courtesy a matter of form. Unselfishness was not his theory, his idealistic dream, but his real practice. He preached no sermon, but rather lived one.

DAVID ALEXANDER HARRISON was one of those quiet, retiring fellows who had little to say, but much to do, particularly on the football field. For three years he, generous fellow that he was, took the time to train and put himself in shape for the great physical contests of his school, and whatever successes came to the teams these years were largely due to Harrison's honest efforts.

WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY was preëminently the scholar of the class. "Will" knew a little about everything, a good deal about some things and everything about a few things. As a teacher he revealed to his pupils the marvels of the solar system so effectively they can not soon forget them. As editor of the *Monthly* and debater against Trinity College he performed his duties with credit to himself and his school.

JOHN GRANBERRY SAWYER, student, debater, declaimer, born into society at R.-M. C., September 14, 1903, departed this student life June 13, 1907. Sawyer

made his books his first duty and to them he gave the major part of his time. At odd moments he studied elocution and made a name for himself as a declaimer. At other odd moments he studied the art of argument and later used his powers to convince even his opponents that he had the right side of the debate.

HARRY HAMILTON GAYER was a real man of affairs. He made Mathematics interesting to his pupils—a difficult task; he threw himself unreservedly into the sports of the school; he handled the business of the football team and of THE YELLOW JACKET creditably and made himself generally pleasant and useful among his fellows.

The knowledge some men can store away in a small space is amazing. GEORGE LEWIS BURTON was a student—a student who knew things, who seemed to devour, digest and assimilate every particle of information that came his way. Nothing baffled George's resolute spirit. No task was so hard and no duty so severe that he would pass them by without having treated them with student-like care.

Either Horace was wrong when he wrote, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," or there are some decided exceptions to his rule. SAMUEL LAWRENCE DUMVILLE set as his purpose at college the acquisition of the poetic art. Nor would he be defeated in his purpose. He read poetry; he studied poetry; he wrote doggerel. No matter where he was—in class, at the table, in a parlor, anywhere—when a thought took the form of verse in his mind, he wrote it down. He wrote incessantly and verified the rule that all things come to those who labor while they wait. After a slow process of evolution the doggerel became poetry and was recognized as such by contemporary critics.

Others might try as much as they pleased to buy the sympathies of men with a long face and a sour view of life, but JOHN ROCHESTER BOOTH knew such things didn't pay. He chose to smile and be gay, assured that such a course would sooner attract the attention and sympathy of human hearts. He must have dreamed only pleasant dreams; certainly his thoughts were all on happy things, for he never failed with a gentle smile and a jolly word for every man he met.

PETER IRBY LEADBETTER possessed an innate humor peculiarly his own. Other men in the class did and said funny things, but none of them knew the art like "Pete" did. He had plenty of solid sense and knew how to do effective work, but his tastes did not direct him to live up to his capabilities. A wild war whoop about midnight or a dry bit of nonsense at noon pleased "Pete" far more and seemed more natural for him than any sustained mental effort.

FRANCIS CATESBY HALL never gave any one a fair chance to understand him. He lived away from men, apparently preferring the companionship of Euclid to that of his fellow-students. Hall had a peculiar fondness for the water and enjoyed the reputation of being the best swimmer in his class.

The atmosphere in which KEITH CARTER lived, the food upon which he subsisted, the raiment with which he was clothed and even the very liquid with which he performed his ablutions—all must have been books—not text-books either, but all kinds of books. He could talk about every author that ever wrote anything and always knew the latest from the magazines. The wonder of his fellows was how he found time to inform himself. He never reported “unprepared” on a class nor did he neglect the other branches of college life, but withal he read and found out what was to be known about men literary.

As we go on recording the life of the Class of '07 we are more and more surprised at the diversity of talent the body represented. Some one else studying the class would see the evil rather than the good, the weakness rather than the strength; but to us it presents itself as a body of men whose influences must live because of the largeness of their powers, the richness of their resources, and the quality of their work.

The name of JOSEPH PAXTON SIMMONS is known to all who knew the class. His beautiful little stories, his poems, chaste and touching, and his dramatic productions have charmed many. “Pax” was not generally understood by his fellows nor his teachers. He had enough of the mysterious about him to puzzle most men. To a few, however, who felt their way into his life, he was not only a dreamer, but a man full of concern and sympathy for things human. He will be remembered for his work on the *Monthly* and his devotion to the essay work in his *hall*.

Who can think of WILLIAM CHARLES BLAKEY without picturing to himself a mighty tree of the forest, lifting its head far above the lesser growths about it? Blakey will be remembered *long* by his fellows. He was not much given to college activities; the quiet seclusions of home charmed him more than the busy affairs of men. Yet his participation in anything was with a spirit that made men know he had been there.

It took ARTHUR MELVILLE JORDAN just two years to get his bearings at school. The course at first was rather uncertain and Jordan was not sure of himself. In his last two years, however, he resolved to make up for lost time. He threw himself into everything with a determination to do something, and success attended his efforts.

GEORGE WISHART MURPHY, a consistent student and loyal supporter of all that was true and noble, won the respect and esteem of all who had to do with him. “Pat” had one of those even, quiet dispositions that never allowed itself to be disturbed by the passing events of life. He was never known to be really angry with anyone and always kept to himself whatever would hurt the other fellow’s name.

Every man has some distinctive characteristic that differentiates him from other men and which either attracts or repels others. In the case of WILLIAM DANIEL ELLIS this peculiar quality was a gentlemanly instinct so keen that it seemed well nigh impossible for him to do any one an injustice. His rare kindness and unselfish regard for others won for "Dan" the deep love and lasting respect of all his fellows. In his work he was never mean enough to be selfish or small enough to be intentionally partisan. The interest of the other fellow was his chief concern.

JOHN CALLAWAY ROBERTSON was one of the most efficient men of the class; a man who could and did accomplish the things allotted him. The sphere of his activities was broad, and in every field he attacked his duties with an indomitable energy. Studious, yet not narrowly centered on books alone, Robertson developed his faculties symmetrically, using the facts he learned and the experiences he had to crystallize his ideas and strengthen his convictions. He was quite often criticized by those of narrower vision, but time showed how correct were his ideas and actions.

HUBERT BLACKMAN COATES was a man of many sides; he knew how to study; he was possessed of keen aesthetic tastes, of enviable literary skill and of large social ideas. With such rare qualities Coates would have made a great success of his college life had it not been for one serious fault. He forever tormented himself with a concern for what others would think and say of him.





WILLIAM CHARLES BLAKEY, A. B.,
Ashland, Virginia.

Marshal Public Night '05; Vice-President
Public Night Debate '06; Debater Public Night
'07; Editorial Staff THE YELLOW JACKET '07;
President Egyptian League '07.

Franklin Literary Society.

JOHN ROCHESTER BOOTH, $\Sigma \Psi$, A. B.,
Petersburg, Virginia.

Monthly Board '06; Assistant Manager Base-
ball Team '07; German Club '07.

Franklin Literary Society.

GEORGE LEWIS BURTON, $\Sigma \Psi$, A. B.,
Culpeper, Virginia.

THE YELLOW JACKET Staff '07.

Franklin Literary Society.

HERBERT BLACKMAN COATES, A. B.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Washington Literary Society.



KEITH CARTER, A. B.,
San Antonio, Texas.

Monthly Board '05-'06-'07; Assistant Editor Monthly '06-'07; THE YELLOW JACKET Staff '06-'07; President Washington Literary Society '06-'07; Sigma Upsilon; Elected President, Hall Night, Commencement, 1907 (resigned).

Washington Literary Society.

WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY, $\Phi \chi \theta, \Sigma \chi$, A. B.,
Ashland, Virginia.

Member Monthly Board 1904-1907; Debater in Trinity College Debate '04-'05; Debater in Richmond College Debate '05-'06; Orator Washington Literary Society June, 1905; Assistant Editor Monthly '04-'05; Editor-in-Chief Monthly '05-'06; Assistant Editor YELLOW JACKET '05-'06; Murray Medal for Proficiency '05-'06; President Athletic Association '06-'07; Orator Class of 1907; Instructor in Physics and Astronomy '06-'07.

Washington Literary Society.

WALTER LESLIE DEVANEY, JR., $\Phi \chi \Sigma$, A. B.,
Dendron, Virginia.

Marshal Commencement '05; Public Debate '06; Assistant Manager Football Team '06; German Club '07; Vice-President Public Debate '07; Monthly Board '06-'07; Secretary Class 1907; Contestant for Sutherland Medal for Oratory '07 (resigned); Preliminary for State Oratorical Contest '07 (resigned).

Franklin Literary Society.

WILLIAM LEE DOLLY, JR., $\chi \Sigma, \Sigma \chi$, A. B.,
Leesburg, Virginia.

Public Debate '05-'06; Vice-President Hall Night Commencement '05-'06; President Washington Literary Society '06-'07; Monthly Staff '06-'07; Editorial Staff YELLOW JACKET '06-'07; Orator Celebration Washington Literary Society Feb. 22, '07; President Washington Literary Society Public Night '06-'07; Marshal Hampden-Sidney College Debate '06-'07; Preliminary State Oratorical Contest '06-'07; Contestant for Sutherland Orator's Medal '06-'07; President Joint Celebration of Literary Societies '06-'07.

Washington Literary Society.



SAMUEL LAWRENCE DUMVILLE, A. B.,
Suffolk, Virginia.

Franklin Literary Society.

WILLIAM DANIEL ELLIS, $\Sigma \Gamma$, A. B.,
Ashland, Virginia.

Treasurer Franklin Literary Society '05-'06; Chief Marshal Franklin Literary Society Public Night '05-'06; Delegate Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville '06; Editorial Staff Monthly '06-'07; President Franklin Literary Society '05-'06 and '06-'07; President Franklin Literary Society Public Debate '06-'07; Gymnasium Director '06-'07; Instructor in English '06-'07; Valedictorian Class of 1907.

Franklin Literary Society.

HARRY HAMILTON GAVER, $K \Sigma$, A. B.,
Berryville, Virginia.

Secretary Washington Literary Society '04-'05; President Washington Literary Society '06-'07; Monthly Board '06-'07; Marshal Washington Literary Society Debate '05; Baseball Team '05-'06-'07; Assistant Manager Football Team '05-'06; Manager Football Team '06-'07; Assistant Business Manager YELLOW JACKET '05-'06; Business Manager YELLOW JACKET '06-'07; Instructor in Mathematics '06-'07; Vice-President German Club '06-'07.

Washington Literary Society.

FRANCIS CATESBY HALL, A. B.,
Lynchams, Virginia.

Washington Literary Society.



TURNER MOREHEAD HARRIS, $\Phi \chi \theta, \Sigma \gamma$, A. B.,
Dorville, Virginia.

Business Manager YELLOW JACKET '05-'06; Member of Monthly Board '06-'07; Campus Editor Monthly '06; Assistant Editor Monthly '07; Member Athletic Board '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association '06-'07; President Franklin Literary Society '06-'07; Preliminary State Oratorical Contest '07; Contestant for Sutherland Orator's Medal '07; President Class 1907; Instructor in Latin '06-'07; First Vice-President Hampden-Sidney Debate '07.

Franklin Literary Society.

DAVID ALEXANDER HARRISON, JR., $\Phi \chi \Sigma$, A. B.,
Disputanta, Virginia.

Football Team.

Franklin Literary Society.

EDGAR DAVIS HELLWEG, $K \Lambda, \Sigma \gamma$ A. B.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Washington Literary Society.

ARTHUR MELVILLE JORDAN, A. B.,
Simberry, North Carolina.

Tennis Championship '03-'04, '04-'05, '05-'06;
Debater Public Night '07.

Franklin Literary Society.



PETER IBY LEADBETTER, A. B.,
Ashland, Virginia.

Secretary Franklin Literary Society '06-'07;
Monthly Board '05-'06; Chief Marshal Commence-
ment '07.

Franklin Literary Society.

GEORGE WISHART MURPHY, A. B.,
Tucker's Hill, Virginia.

Marshal Commencement '05; Secretary Wash-
ington Literary Society '05-'06; Elected Debater
Washington Literary Society Public Night '06
(resigned).

Washington Literary Society.

JOHN CALLOWAY ROBERTSON, $\Sigma \Gamma$, A. B.,
Norfolk, Virginia.

Franklin Literary Society.

JOHN GRANBERRY SAWYER, $\Sigma \Phi E$, A. B.,
Bloxom, Virginia.

Declaimer's Medal '04-'05; Secretary of
Franklin Literary Society '04-'05; Public Debate
'05-'06; President Declamation Contest '05-'06;
Alternate for Hampden-Sidney Debate '06-'07;
President of Franklin Literary Society '06-'07;
Salutatorian Class Night '06-'07.

Franklin Literary Society.



JOSEPH PAXTON SIMMONS, *K A, Σ T*, A. B.,
Cave Spring, Virginia.

Washington Literary Society.

LUTHER WESLEY WHITE, JR., *Σ Φ E*, A. M.,
Norfolk, Virginia.

Marshal Commencement '06; Shepard Chemistry Medal '06; Monthly Board '06-'07; Monthly Staff '06-'07; Chief Marshal Franklin Literary Society Public Night '07; Vice-President Class 1907.

Franklin Literary Society.





Violets



SAMUEL L. DUMVILLE.

Sweet little woodland flowers,
Kissed by the morning dew,
What is the sweet, fond message
That I receive from you?

Long ere the other blossoms
Awake from Winter's sleep,
You pretty little elfins
Out from your hiding creep.

Gathered in one sweet cluster,
Arranged by the fairest hand—
Tell, fair angel of Springtime,
What is it you demand?

Though crushed and bruised, dear violets,
I treasure you the more;
So in my eager nostrils
Your dainty perfume pour.

Senior Class Prophecy



WE had all been studying at a famous school in Rome. Our work there had been long and tedious, and at the end of three or four years of such labor some of our number had determined to discontinue study for a time to return home ere entering finally on the respective tasks of our lives. We had planned to leave in the early summer, but at the proposal of one, a trip to the Delphian oracle of Apollo was decided upon. This was agreed to unanimously, for youths that we were, our curiosity burned to know what our fates were to be. There were twenty-two of us, and about the Ides of the month we set out journeying northward to the upper end of the Lepanto where we were to turn south to Pytho.

Some days of altogether uneventful journeying brought us at last to Delphi. But being about twilight it was decided to await going to the Temple until the following morning. The nights are cold in those countries, and our party gathered in the atrium after tapers and lamps had been lighted for a merry feast. A jolly crowd we were, we who had been relieved of the cares of much reading and studying! It was to be our last night together for on the following day we were to separate perhaps forever. Long into the night the revel continued; we heard the fowl break the silence of the twelfth hour and then long after hail the approach of the rising sun. But at last we retired to our apartments to snatch a few hours' repose before the ordeal of the day. Quietly dreaming as if dipped deep in the waters of Lethe, I was rudely awakened by a barbarous yell, which I ascertained later had arisen from the silver lips of one of our party, a barbarian of the first water, Peter Leadbetter. Cephas, impatient to be off, had arisen betimes, and had set about waking us thus peremptorily.

Leaving the house of our patron, we ascended the lofty height that enclosed the valley of the Temple to get a commanding view of the picturesque scenery round about. Away to the north stretched the towering snow-capped peaks of mighty Parnassus that looked down upon us in magnificent splendor, reflecting the bright rays of the sun in a halo of beauty. To the south the placid waters of Lepanto could be seen extending far into the distance. In the close proximity everything was verdant and the faint perfume of countless wild-flowers added a pleasant sensation of delightful peace. Deep down in the valley at our feet could be seen through a vista in the foliage parts of the massive temple of the Pythian Apollo, and nearby sparkled the crystal waters of holy Castalia. We descended, and after a short walk reached the approach to the immense structure. There it stood, famed since Homer, and coveted by monarchs of all ages, a massive

monument of gold and marble, built in honor of a great and mighty god. We entered only to see wonders far surpassing what we had already seen. A gift from an emperor was here, one from some other mighty monarch was there. All tended to increase its incomparable magnificence. But our delight was soon broken by the approach of the jolly priest of the Temple, to whom we were formally presented.

Assuring us that the fates were most propitious for favorable prophecy we were conducted into the sanctum where our offerings were made to our patron god and where we were purged in the purifying waters of Castalia. These oblations ended, Pythia entered from a dark cavern at the other end of the temple. She ascended the dias and seated herself on the tripod over the crevice whence came the soothing breath of Apollo. Soon she lapsed into his caressing embrace and began to utter inarticulate murmurings.

In our respective order of unimportance we came forward, announced our appellations and received the truths from the lips of the virgin Pythia by the jolly priest.

The youthful leader of our youthful band walked proudly up to the altar at this juncture, and it was only through a miracle that his air of importance did not counteract the power of Apollo. However, Pythia and the priest regained their composure after the shock and gave forth this prophecy: "Oh, Harris! the wonderful, the world is not to bow at thy beck as thou dost suppose. Thou art not to startle generations to come with thy greatness and power. In mediocrity shalt thou live until thou hast eliminated from thy being that sense of self-confidence which thou dost possess. But be a little more humble and thou shalt attain fair renown in thy calling."

An alchemist of great fame next approached, wearing the prize of his proficiency prominently on his breast. He asked to be allowed to charm the priestess with a rendition of his vocal feats, but on advice from some of our number the priest refused. Then Pythia began: "White, thou shalt study the arts and wiles of alchemy, but it shall not be thy fortune to discover either the 'water of life' or the 'philosopher's stone.' Discouraged by this poor success thou shalt devote the remainder of thy life to the cultivation and perfection of thy superb voice. When thou hast accomplished this awful task the gods will judge that thy life's work has been hard and long and thou shalt drift away into lands of eternal repose."

Retiring Keith now approached, eyeing the maiden with a look mingled with fear and hatred for her kind. To him she gave this future: "Thou, Carter, the cynic, art destined to be the leader of the misogynist party of the next generation. Beware of man and of his abode, lest thou be contaminated by some of his optimism."

Leadbetter, the silver-tongued individual of the band, was the next victim; and to him came the startling revelation that, "Thou shalt be one of the heralding angels of judgment day, for thy voice has great power to wake one from deepest repose."

The priest designated Simmons as the one to whom Pytho wished to speak his next words and the auburn youth strode manfully forward. "For thee, Oh Joseph! we foretell ability incomparable. Thy facile pen shall endow the race with a richness of poetic genius never before dreamed of. And as the master-stroke of thy able career shalt thou write the sublime tragedy entitled 'Odium Facultatis.'"

Hubert, of the line of Coates, took the applicant's place as soon as his predecessor had quitted it. A startling revelation was given him. "Thou shalt be honored among thy people. The masters in thy creed shall place upon thy strong and manly shoulders a stupendous task. Thou shalt be the head and sole proprietor of the 'Asylum for Incurable Effeminates,' to which shall be attached a sanatorium to aid those afflicted with the disease of 'elephantic obesity.'"

We boasted of only one mathematician of any repute, the learned Gaver, who, the embodiment of courteous modesty, was loth to come forward even at this time. "Oh, Harry! thou shalt be an Archimedes in the art. Sines, cosines, radicals and corollaries shall occupy thy endeavor through life. And when in hoary age thou shalt have come to the parting of the ways one shall hear thy final admonition to save thy circle.

To "Pat" Murphy, Pythia continued almost immediately: "A pedagogue art thou to be. In thy native land shalt thou weary the lives of the youth with the smatterings of knowledge thou hast. But in thy present condition they shall not tolerate thee long and thou shalt return to thy Alma Mater to get a few more smatterings."

Impetuous "Unks" followed as quickly as possible, for Pythia was becoming fatigued by such strain. "Descendant of Esculapius, thou shalt become a slaughterer of men. Ruthlessly shalt thou carve them in thy base ignorance. But in thy home city they know no better, else they would not endure thy depredations. But beware of civilization with thy wiles!"

Then the one with the very similarly-sounding pronominal, "Bunks," advanced. Pythia seemed to have lapsed into a state of deepest silence. Finally her lips moved and the priest solemnly announced, "Thou hast no future!" Devaney stood firm, however, and waited, whereupon came the confirmation of the first prophecy by, "Thou art destined to remain at Randolph-Macon College during ten years of thy life. Thou wast not content with thy first fate and now hast thou received one even worse."

Our dear "Fatty" Harrison felt sufficiently at ease to brave the storm at this point, and to him she spake thus: "Thou, David, art a lover of a quiet home-life. Therefore thou shalt settle in thy country and on a great estate raise the nut for which thy land is famous."

The priest beckoned to Daniel Ellis and Pythia began: "Thy life shall be peaceful and calm. Balmy winds of happiness shall flush thy cheek with the rosy hue of gratitude. Of thy number thou art of the best, and as in the past, so in the future, friends innumerable will ally themselves in thy behalf."

George Burton, whom nothing could flurry, was met with quite an unexpected fate: "Ere long thou shalt become infatuated with a maiden fair as Juno. But she shall spurn thy ardent wooings and thou shalt retire alone to thy home where thou shalt develop a scholarly intellect which will rival even that of thy most learned teacher."

Tallest of the tall and leanest of the lean, Blakey ambled up to receive his part of the prophecy. "Thy inclinations and desires spur thee on to attain the fame of a 'Little Corporal,' but thy superiors shall station thee in the torrid tropics where under the heat of a merciless sun thou shalt wax thinner and ever thinner until thy wasted form shall be no more."

The man of various and sundry epithets, Jordan, walked to his doom without a smile. "Oh, Caddy! as thou hast been in the past so shalt thou ever be in the future, eternally a kid."

Pythia in her goodness seemed especially favorable to the Teutonic members of our number and to one of them she spoke thus: "Edgar, Fame shall choose thee as one of her most blessed sons. Thy skill as a surgeon will bring thee into the presence of kings and princes. But as thou hast ever been ill-pleased with thy lot so will it be with thy greatness. Memory shall visit thee, and unveil before thee the joys of love which thou hadst long since forgotten. Then shalt thou desert thy castle of greatness, spurn the graces of Fame, and seek at the hand of Eros thy one-time happiness. This kind goddess shall direct thee to the fairest of the fair, a personification of the maidenly ideal thou hadst dreamed of in thy youth, and with her shalt thou find the joy of life—a thing Fame never gave."

We persuaded the handsome man of our band to hear his fate next, and with great reluctance he acquiesced. Callaway, poor fellow, hitherto unreached by the wiles of any fair maiden, seemed to be overpowered by the charms of Pythia and staggered forth under her power. Thus she began: "Thou monotonous automaton, thou art destined to plague our ears for years to come with thy fatiguing monotone and medley of meaningless words." Here the young man was allowed to ask any question he might choose, which brought forth the following inquiry uttered in a scared, weak voice: "Will I ever win a spouse?" To which

came the answer: "Yes, but thy ideal is too high. The fair Uridice shall be one far from thy choice, but guided by the hand of fate, thou shalt not be able to ward off the evil, for by such continual courtship as is thy wont, thy heart shall become eventually most susceptible."

Dunville, the pretentious poet of our school, and the composer of rank doggerel, forced himself forward from the rear of our number, tired with feverish waiting. Pythia met him with these words: "Samuel, it behooves thee to cease perpetrating on humanity, after thou shalt have gone out into life, the results of thy two accomplishments—singing and verse-making. Thy fellows have indulged thee with remarkable clemency in thy passionate cravings for these two feats; but those with whom thou shalt live will not be so compassionate, and thou shalt receive the malediction of thy fellows shouldst thou continue thy practices. Settle down to simple life and a fair maiden with poetic eyes and hair, a goddess incarnate, will be the object of thy reverie and dreams. At last after years of poetic musing thou shalt let issue from thy breast thine ardent feelings in musical splendor, and thou shalt die renowned in the remotest corner of thy home village, which shall be of the great size of a city in the Occident known to its inhabitants as Ashland."

Sawyer, the truest barbarian of our class, for he hailed from a famous hostelry of this remote Occidental town of Ashland, succeeded in winning the position during an interval of silence. "Thy fame has even reached the ears of Apollo for thy prowess in managing the famous Inn of the worthy Taylor. Thou shalt run it for ages to come, but unfortunately for the owner thou shalt run it into the ground. This shall make thy sage master wroth, for never before had any enterprise of his been known to fail. He shall pursue thee through hill and vale over all the world, even unto the ends thereof. But thou shalt long since have secluded thyself in the rural fastness of Spout Spring where in peace shalt thou hunt the game which runs in such plenty round about."

Hall the Second proved to be the succeeding applicant. Pythia's prophecy as to his future was truly serious. "On Lepanto thou shalt operate a bathing place for the good of humanity." At these words "Two" became very anxious and was about to faint when reassured by her conclusion: "But of these baths thou thyself shalt never partake." Contented and happy he returned.

Dolly, the scientist, approached and Pythia spake thus: "William, thou art a genius. In thee is dormant the power of discovery. Scientific investigations shall follow one another in close succession in thy life and as the crowning event of thy career thou shalt announce to the world the great theory of 'How Bees Economize Space.'"

The sophisticated Chenery claimed the honor of receiving the parting blessing, but Pythia hesitated somewhat in delivering her prophecy, perhaps because

his was a difficult case. Finally she began: "To thyself thy ideas are clear, and thy thought mature, and thou dost believe thyself ready to start life's journey. But lo! how mistaken thou art. Return, Oh deluded one! to thy school, and assimilate a little of the common sense of this life. When thou hast attained this thy life shall begin. In the pulpit we see thee, and under the magnetic influence of thy oratory we see people leaving the temple to take surcease in fresh air. But thou shalt have a name that shall last for years; some kind friend will have it graven on thy tomb."

Pythia was faint and sick from her terrible exertions, and it was fortunate that her task was done. With a parting blessing from the priest we left and ascended the height to get a last glimpse of the magnificent scenery. The sun was setting in regal splendor across the waters of Lepanto, while far back its hues were made even more intense on Parnassus. At last the fiery orb sank beneath the horizon and we returned to our abode, our hearts heavy with contemplation of our final separation on the morrow.

EDGAR D. HELLWEG,
Prophet.



Recommendations



AS we look over the names of these illustrious men of the Class of 1907, we are stunned with the enormity of the task set before one who is expected to plan the life work of each one of these noble scions of Randolph-Macon. As our space is limited we can expect only to give a short account of the future which lies before them. No doubt most of them will be very active in fields other than those to which we have ascribed them, but the vocations which we assign to each man are those for which we think him most eminently fitted.

The first to engage our attention is Mr. W. C. Blakey. We recommend that Mr. Blakey leave not Ashland, but stay; and in time his fellow townmen will honor him with the office of Mayor, and amidst familiar scenes Mr. Blakey will pass his existence untrammelled by worldly cares.

Mr. Booth, the chemist and baseball player, is before us. We feel that he has wearied of all study in general, and Political Economy in particular, hence we recommend that he return to Petersburg and there exercise his vast energies in the business world. "Unks" may there resume "calicoing," which noble art he has so sadly neglected during his college life and become the J. Pierpont Morgan-feller of Petersburg.

Keith Carter, from Cuba, is next. We recommend that he and Mr. Burton jointly endure themselves to posterity by writing a book entitled "The Folly of Calicoing." After this labor of love is finished we recommend that Mr. Carter be retained by some institution of learning as instructor in Greek.

Mr. Burton now is before us. We recommend that "Foots" make haste to get his Ph. D. before he grows old, and then after having given expression to his literary talent in conjunction with Mr. Carter we suggest that he be secured by the same institution.

The next to engage our attention is Mr. W. L. Chenery. "Bill" has a great future lying before him. We recommend that the authorities obtain his services in the kindergarten department in the Philippine Islands. Chenery has so fitted himself that he would be an ideal teacher of nature study for the benighted inhabitants of those Islands. He had better be watched though, because his abilities as a politician which he has so clearly demonstrated might be the cause of his leaving the noble profession of teaching for the less noble one of becoming the "high-muckyty-muck" among the Philipinos. He might aspire to the position of Aguinaldo. Chenery has given hints that in the future he intends to enter the ministry, but then he likes to have his little joke every now and then.

Now comes Coates, Coates the Great. Oh, what shall we recommend for thee! Latin is thy fort, but then that is only a means to an end. We recommend that Hubert's father present him with a stock farm, and that after having "calicoed" successfully, he retire to it and spend his days riding horses. His experience with ponies of all countries, climes and languages has eminently fitted him for this profession. He is also fitted to write a "Treatise On Pony Riding and Its Effects."

Now we come to the name of Mr. W. L. Devaney, Jr., familiarly known as "Bunks." We recommend that "Bunks" fit himself for the noble profession of teaching, deeming it a pity that one so fond of study should enter the busy marts of the world and sacrifice himself to the ignoble practice of raking in the gains of others. We are fully convinced that no more pleasant location could be found than the position of assistant in the Moral Philosophy, English, and Chemistry departments in Randolph-Macon, where he could continually enjoy the companionship of his beloved professors.

We recommend that Mr. S. L. Dumville hie himself to the wilds of Africa, and there on Sundays he can convert the natives, and on Wednesday nights give them *short* speeches on the subject of "Women" or "Those Dainty Lips" or some kindred subject. Between times he can delight the wondering natives with lyrics still wet from his pen. These he may publish in the "Afric Dribblits."

Mr. W. D. Ellis is next. We recommend that "Dan" faithfully follow the profession of being a physical director, and in time he will become a second Sandow; then he may give vent to his literary talent, and edit a magazine on "How To Become Strong." This is entirely too limited a field for "Dan," yet, as we said before, this is but a fragmentary account of the future of each of these men.

We recommend that Mr. H. H. Gaver buy a music store, and then we hope that his fondness for music produced by a graphophone may be satisfied. Perhaps then some day we may discover from whence he learned, "Wouldn't You Like to Flirt with Me?" But who knows what disappointments the future may have in store for us?

We come now to the name of Mr. F. C. Hall. We recommend that he become a member of the Dunkard church, and carefully attend to all its observances and mandates. We recommend that he return to the land from whence he came and follow in the footsteps of his ancestors in the oyster region of N. C. It can't be Virginia.

The next to attract our notice is Mr. T. M. Harris. Mr. Harris' accomplishments are many and varied, not the least among which is singing. Mr. Harris is monarch of the third floor in the dormitory. Each night he labors for about an hour quieting "Jimmie" and "Eli"; then when the other inhabitants of the building have at last come to the belief that perhaps they may now have a peaceful

hour, Harris begins his song and sings until midnight. His song has two lines, and he manfully repeats these, never rising above middle C, until the other unfortunates are well-nigh driven to madness. Therefore we recommend that Turner be secured by the authorities at Jamestown as the infant wonder with the amazing voice. We then recommend that he, at the close of the Exposition, accompany Mr. Chenery to the tropics where amidst the shades of the forests his not wearing a hat will not cause the denizens of the land to wonder. Some one has asked why Turner goes so continually without a hat, and some acute thinker has explained that the manufacturers make hats only up to a certain size. You may believe this or not, that is, strangers may be allowed some choice in the matter.

Mr. D. A. Harrison, otherwise known as "Fatty," has won a reputation for being an ideal Y. M. C. A. man. We therefore recommend that he be State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He has manfully withstood the temptations of college life, so with a clear conscience and unspotted reputation enters into this field.

Now before us stands Mr. E. D. Hellweg, the seeker after culture. We recommend that Hellweg be presented by his friends with a copy of "How to Become Cultured in Four Weeks and a Half and to Reveal It Without Comment." After having spent much time in perusing its pages, we suggest that he be secured by the *North American Review* to write several lengthy articles on culture, then we suggest that he become an editor of a new magazine on the subject. He then could give his whole time to the matter.

Mr. A. M. Jordan is the next on the list. We recommend that "Caddy" immediately upon leaving the Halls of his Alma Mater betake himself to some quiet spot, and make haste to write a treatise on "Nicknames, and How Many One Mortal Should Possess," before he loses his choice assortment. We recommend that he study music, and practice on the other side of the Atlantic. "Caddy" hopes some day to be a musician. If this longing is not gratified we fear for the consequences.

We would suggest that Mr. P. I. Leadbetter, otherwise known as "Pete," should take the first train for Bostock's, and there obtain employment as Lord High Howler. Pete's accomplishments are many, but it is only there that he could give full vent to his lungs. In later life we recommend that Mr. Leadbetter take unto himself a "much-better" half, return to Ashland, and become a successor to "Smiley" Luck. The town and its treasures will then be safe.

Mr. G. W. Murphy, the quiet one, is now before us. We recommend that "Pat" control his tendency to "calico" so incessantly, and return to his home—there to become Superintendent of Schools in the County of Westmoreland.

We suggest that Mr. J. C. Robertson, who caught the mantle direct from the shoulders of "Dr. Yer," join the ministry, and in time he shall rise to the heights, be ordained Bishop, and then he can manage things other than baseball teams.

Mr. J. G. Sawyer, from the Eastern Shore, has made himself famous as a speaker in Frank Hall. His secret admiration of the fair sex is also well known. We recommend that he return to the land from whence he came, study law, and in time he shall be one of the leading lights in his profession.

Mr. J. Paxton Simmons now presents himself. We hesitate to recommend for Paxton, but we hope he will not feel cramped by the future we propose for him. We recommend that Mr. Simmons betake himself to Europe, and on his return devote himself to literature. We suggest that he write many books, among which shall be "How to Be Dignified and Yet Be Small."

Mr. L. W. White next demands our attention. "Bob" has endeared himself to the students of Randolph-Macon by his kindliness of nature, winning ways, and pleasant smile. We therefore recommend that he hide himself not away in some distant, dreary, Chemistry "lab.," but mingle among his fellowmen where all may enjoy his presence. He would be a success in politics where he might reveal his hidden talent for eloquence.

WILLIAM L. DOLLY, JR.



Will and Testament of the Class of 1907



WE, the members of the Class of 1907, now by a long and arduous succession of regulars and extras at last approaching the end of our collegiate corporality, being of sound and perfect mind and memory, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all wills heretofore by us made.

First, we do commend to the care and keeping of the Class of 1908, William Dolly, Edgar Hellweg, George Burton, and such others of our number as shall be to such a degree afflicted with incipient insanity, as to imagine themselves desirous of enduring for another college session the mud and dust of the town of Ashland.

Item I.—We devise to A. E. I. Owens, commander of the Bib. Lit. brigade and president of the Class of 1908, all the duties and responsibilities now resting upon the shoulders of our beloved president; to-wit: the duty of supervising the administration of the affairs of the College, of admonishing its trustees in their moments of perplexity, of instructing its faculty with regard to the best methods of subduing the turbulence of youth, and of inspiring, by noble example, the admiration and emulation of the entire body of students.

Item II.—To L. W. White, familiarly known as "Bob, the Chorister," we give and bequeath one copy of the revised Hymnal taken from the choir loft of Duncan Memorial Church.

Item III.—To David Alexander Cesar Charlemagne Napoleon Harrison, better known as "Fatty," we give and bequeath one small gold ring, said ring to be worn as an ornament to the nasal appendage, in order that he may thereby be more easily constrained by his guardian angel to continue in the paths of rectitude and sobriety, until he shall attain a high degree of docility and meekness, and finally allow himself to be bound unresisting to the hymeneal altar, a willing victim to *Erat* wiles.

Item IV.—To W. D. Ellis we extend our most heartfelt thanks for his great services in improving the condition of the college gymnasium. We request that, in case "Dan" does not see fit to continue in his capacity as director during the next college session, he give over into the hands of his successor the methods and instruments used in extorting from the college authorities the new apparatus recently placed in the gymnasium. We recommend that, when next the screw is applied, the victims be allowed no mercy until an entire new equipment shall have been procured.

Item V.—To W. Leslie Devaney, Jr., known to some as "Doc," to others as "Bunker," to still others as Mr. Devaney, we give and bequeath one large English-

German dictionary, and one volume of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. So great is Devaney's love for the German language, and so ardent is his zeal for the study of Moral Philosophy, that we fear that when he goes abroad to study the doctrines of Hegel and Kant in the German universities, he may utterly neglect his English, and so lose control of his mother-tongue. We recommend, therefore, that, to avert such a possibility, he spend his leisure time after going abroad in writing English treatises on German philosophy, and in reading the aforesaid *Essay* from Locke.

Item VI.—To "Japax" Simmons and Dr. J. F. McClellon we bequeath one volume each of the new book, "Articulation Accelerated." We think the work to be of great value, and worthy of their most careful contemplation.

Item VII.—To "Ante-Meridian" Jordan, alias "Cuddy," "Kalty," "Forenoon," etc., we bequeath the interesting book, "Nicknames, Their Origin and Significance." As it appears to be Jordan's custom to undergo a change of name every few months, we believe that he will find the aforesaid book exceedingly valuable for reference.

Item VIII.—To K. Eith Carter we bequeath one fine black Havana, said cigar having the power to call up before the mind of the smoker vivid scenes from the trenches around Santiago.

Item IX.—To W. C. Blakey, the Ashland giant, we bequeath the position as professor of astronomy, now occupied by W. L. Chenery. Should the expediency of the removal of "little Willie" Chenery in favor of "big Willie" Blakey be at any time called into question we defend our position as follows: The primal purpose of the astronomer is the observation of the nature and the motions of the heavenly bodies: the shorter the distance between the observer and the heavens, the more minutely can the heavenly bodies be observed, other conditions being unchanged; big Willie's point of observation is nearer the heavens than little Willie's; therefore, we are forced to conclude that big Willie is better fitted by nature for an astronomer than any of the lower order of men. For questions of logic and syllogistic proof we refer all comers to Dr. R. H. Bennett, Professor of Moral Philosophy.

We recommend to Blakey that he continue to reach after higher things. It is our firm belief that with a few more years' growth and the constant use of the *Cartilage System for Short People*, he will be able to revolutionize the now accepted theories with regard to the nature of the heavenly bodies, and may even be enabled to work out a universal solution to the food question by the wholesale importation of lunar cheese.

Item X.—To "Pat" Murphy we give and bequeath one small fish caught from Railroad Pond and preserved in alcohol, said fish to be kept by him in memory of the coolness with which he received an impromptu bath in said pond on a certain Sunday afternoon, at the hands of P. I. Leadbetter.

Item XI.—To "Tu" Hall we give and bequeath one portable swimming pool, said pool to be open from 3 till 6 p. m. on week days and all day on Sunday. To "Puss" Carroll we devise the right to use said pool when not occupied by said owner. We recommend to the two aforesaid persons that they engage in assiduous daily practice in said pool, in order that they may be in training for the next international swimming races.

Item XII.—To H. Boisterous Coates we bequeath one book on voice culture, with excellent advice as to when and where it is proper to exercise the vocal organs.

Item XIII.—To the Egyptian League we give and bequeath one long, green-covered window-seat, formerly the property of Mr. E. D. Hellweg, said window-seat to be used in times of peace and quiet as a bench for players, and in cases of emergency, in lieu of a stretcher. We further bequeath to said League three well-worn sofa-pillows, also donated by Mr. Hellweg, said pillows to be used as bases by said League.

Item XIV.—To the Latin Department of the College we bequeath one life-size bust of Palinurus, the patron saint of the Junior Latin class, said bust to be cast from brass furnished by S. L. Dumville, overlaid with silver from the tongue of J. Callaway Robertson.

Item XV.—To the town of Ashland we bequeath one dozen pneumatic life-preservers, said life-preservers to be kept in charge by the mayor of the town, and given out in time of flood to such persons as may be forced by necessity to venture out of doors. We recommend that the town be further provided with life-boats, derricks and pulleys, and an efficient police force, so that when in future a pedestrian shall feel himself being swept away by the swift current, or sinking slowly in the treacherous ooze of a gravel sidewalk, he may be sure of a speedy rescue in response to his cry of distress.

Item XVI.—We hereby appoint John D. Rockefeller sole executor of this our last will and testament, said executor to furnish all funds necessary for complete execution of said will.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

(Signed)

THE CLASS OF 1907.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the above-named Class of 1907, us, and for, their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at his request as witnesses thereto in the presence of the said testator and each other.

E. SIWEL NOTICER,
G. WELLS THOBURN,
GREGOR W. BONTUR.



MOTTO
Macte virtute

FLOWER
Pansy

COLORS
Cream and Royal Purple

YELL
We are here, we are here,
At R.-M. C. to stay—
Until '08, until '08,
And then we go away.

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TREASURER.....	C. L. YANCEY
HISTORIAN.....	E. P. FERGUSON

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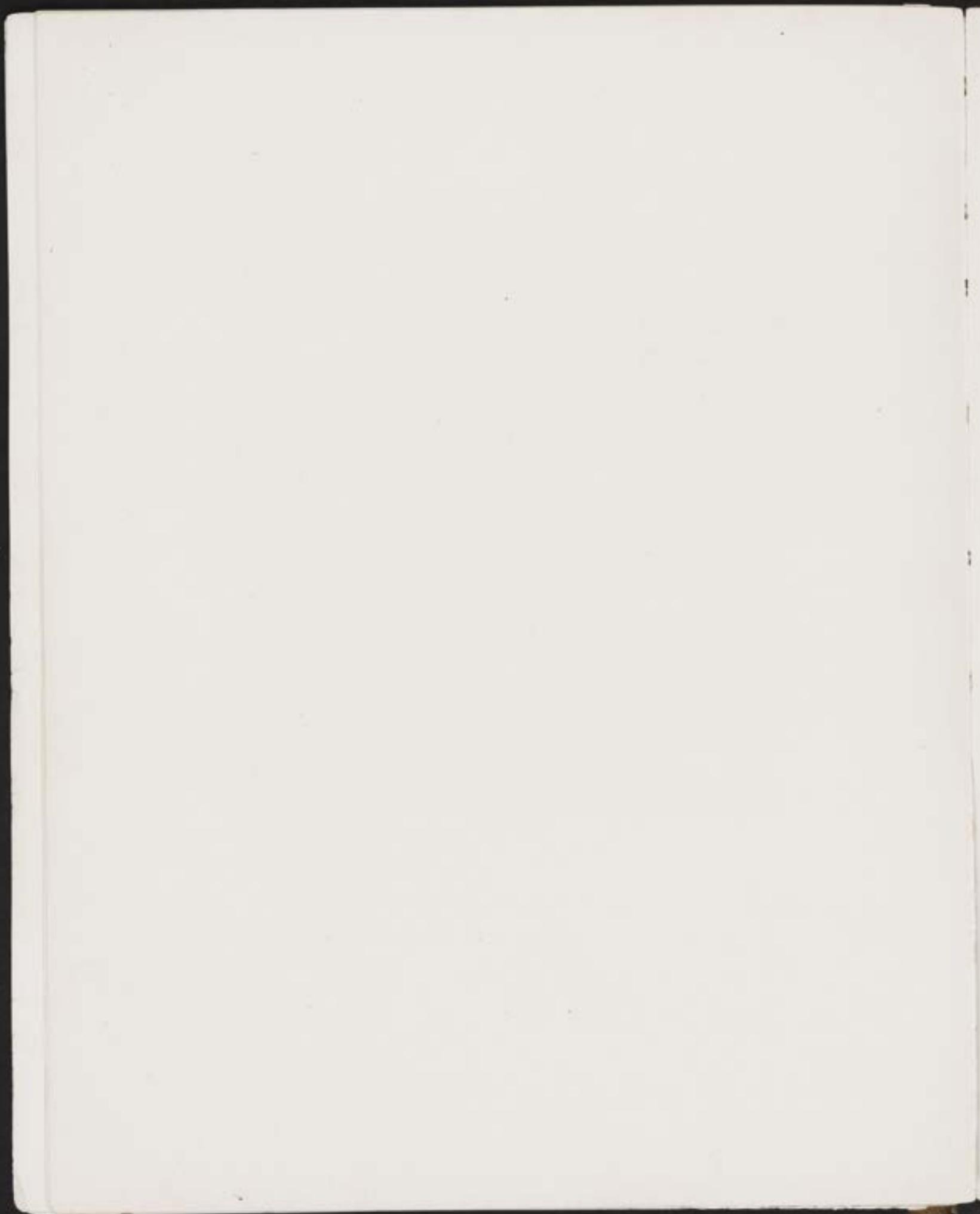
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J. S. MAXEY
W. L. DOLLY, JR.
D. R. MIDYETTE



CLASS OF '08



History of the Class of 1908



GOOD morning, Uncle Rastus; you are the very man I want to see. I want you to tell me what you know about the fellows in the Class of 1908—those fellows who came here two years ago last fall."

"Yes sah, Boss, yes sah."

"I am going to write a little history of what the bunch has been doing, and I want to know what you think about them."

"Yes sah, Boss, I recollect presactly de time when you boys fust come here. Been purty nigh three year ago. Well, when I fust seen you all, I sais to myself, I did, 'Dat's de poorest lookin' set o' fish I eber did seen,' but it's dat way ebery year, only dis perticular year dey seemed wasser dan eber. But you all is done changed a mighty whole heap, till now you is eas'ly de best-lookin' set o' fellers in College. I doan't know what would hab 'come of us if it hadn't been for you all fellers, kase dese fish dis year is de most freshest, nosense fish I eber hab seed. And when de Seniors made dat proclamfation dat dey wa'n't goin' to stan' for no more snipe huntin', and ministrations ob de paddle, well dem fish just took a fresh start, an' begun to help Mistar Eastman coach de football team, and quit lookin' up to de powers dat be, an' de like of dat—I had my eye skint on 'em all de time—till you fellers make up your min' to look atter 'em, eben if de Seniors wouldn't help you, kase dese same Seniors ain't de onliest pussons here nohow, eben if some uv 'em does think so. You all gabe dem fish persactly what dey was spilin' for. Ob course Doctar Blackwell was kinder hot 'bout it, but in *my* most highest 'pinion, if you all fellers hadn't taken de matter in han'—de paddle in an', to be more persact—sum of dem fish would hab horsed right up and helped dis same Doctar Blackwell to hold chapel 'gin his protest, or else dey would hab tied the smilin' Ashland police force to a oak saplin'. But nuff ob dese things, Boss, yes sah. As dat onmarried 'fessor—yes sah, Doctar Bowen, dat's de name—says: 'Hick oil Mamie Lissie, you dar it,' which means pleasant reconflections.

"I sartinly is sorry Mistar Eddie Chandler didn't come back dis year, but I speck dere must hab been some too strong abstractions in Norfolk for him to get away. Boss, I ain't got time to tell you no more now, Mistah Billy Brown is yellin' fur me, but I will tell you all you want to know de next time you is ready to take your pen pint in han'."

ERNEST P. FERGUSON,
Historian.





Class of 1909

MOTTO

"Tui nil molitur inepti"

COLORS

Crimson and White

YELL

Hyka! Hyka! Hyka! Ho! Yak! Hee!
Naughty-nine! Naughty-nine! R.-M. C.

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E. D. WUNDER
W. H. WUNDER
K. W. YANCKY
W. W. YOUNG



CLASS OF '09



History of the Class of 1909



THE Class of 1909 is drawing near to the second mile-post on the way to its A. B. degree. Last year we were sure that the "Fish" year was the best year in the whole course; now we are sure that there is no year like the "Soph." year. While most of us have served our time as "Fish," we are glad to welcome to our class some new men who think that they can master the A. B. course in three years. We are also glad to welcome some men to our class who, being likewise deluded, joined the '08 Class last year. It is with much sorrow that we note the absence of so many men who were in our ranks last year, but we know that those of us who have remained in the class will "in due season reap if we faint not." "Bob" Woodhouse has ably filled the president's place, made vacant by Brandt's failure to return, and Crowder's place as vice-president has been taken by "Judge" Newman.

Our class boasts of a very large number of football players, and we were well represented in baseball this spring. Our president, "Bob" Woodhouse, is captain of the eleven and a star player. Other '09 men on the team are Silvester, S. J. Woodhouse, Harlan, Powell, Carrol, and K. W. Yancey. On the baseball team this spring we had Lancaster, Stewart, and Person to represent us.

We note with a great deal of pride that a very large number of our members have joined either the "Wash" or the "Frank" Hall, and are doing good work for the Halls. We are sorry to record that the honor of the class has not been upheld in the "calico" line as well as it has in the other branches, but we hope that the members will develop a taste for this in the near future.

And now we close this short history until another year shall have added its record to the already honorable archives of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine.

HENRY G. ELLIS,
Historian.

Dream Lady

J. MILLER LEAKE.

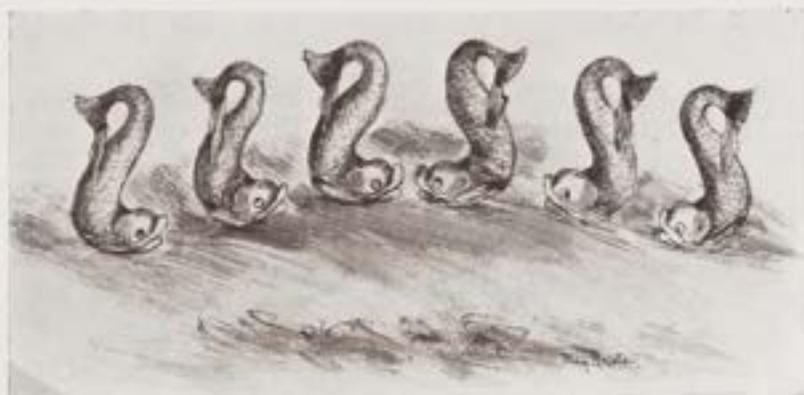
Your hair is like darkness, your eyes like starlight,
Your face is fair in the fire to-night,
You are like some Queen of a Romance olden;
And I, with my love for you to bidden,
Would rise to your beauty so bright,
Reaching across all the dim, dark distance
Of Time and Space on the bridge, Desire,
I fain would overreach all resistance
And climb to you, all my heart afire
With love for you. Do you hold it, Dream-queen,
Worth the telling—or must it be
The decree of Fate that I must unfold it
Silent within the heart of me?

Is it vain for the swallow to seek the sunset?
Is it vain for the moth to desire the star?
Is it vain that I seek in your eyes the lovelight,
That beacon-beam to your heart ajar?
No, though the distance lies great between us—
As high you seem as the stars are high;—
Yet will I long for you, dream of you, love you,
Keep me true as the years go by!

Face in the firelight, dark Dream-lady,
Here, where the fitful fire glow falls,
I see the gleam of your smile so tender,
While out of my dreamland your sweet voice calls,
There where the silent shadows darken,
Just on the edge of the fire's faint light,
I see the wave of your hair's dark glory—
Fragrantly dark as the summer night.

When will you come to me? Are you real
Or but a dream—shall we ever meet?
When will the shadow—the ideal—
Come as the real, bring you, human, sweet,
With lips of laughter and love and kisses,
With hands for the arts of the hearth and home;
With woman's graces and gentle manners,
Dream-queen, pray will you never come?

Somewhere you wait for me, dearest Lady,
Sometime you'll come to me down Time's stream;
Grant, O God, that I'll find you, the Real,—
While I wait let me keep my Dream!



Fish Class

MOTTO

"Venimus, videmus, vincimus"

COLORS

Old Gold and Maroon

YELL

Boomer-lae! Boomer-lae! Zis! Boom! Zen!
We're the great and mighty Class of 1910!

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W. I. PRICHARD, VICE-PRESIDENT
A. P. HODNETT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER
S. B. DOLLY, HISTORIAN

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A. P. TRAYNHAM
V. M. TABLER
B. C. WILLIAMS
C. M. WEBB
W. S. STORY
B. T. TATUM

History of the Class of 1910



It is with diffidence that I begin to chronicle the events of the Class of 1910. Not that I feel that our class in any respect falls short of the average Freshman Class,—not this at all, for surely we can boast of as many notables as any other class in College—but it is that our existence has been short and much of the history of the class of 1910 lies in the future. We feel, however, that, notwithstanding this, our first year at college has been an eventful one, to which we can some day, as the Seniors do now, point and say to the fish as he stands gaping in wonder and amazement, with eyes wide open, at some college event, "Ah, this is nothing; you ought to have been here in our fish year." However, as the session has progressed and events which far out-shine similar events of other years have increased in number, even the Seniors (the "grave and reverend Seniors!") admit it surpasses their "Fish" year and is one of which we should be proud.

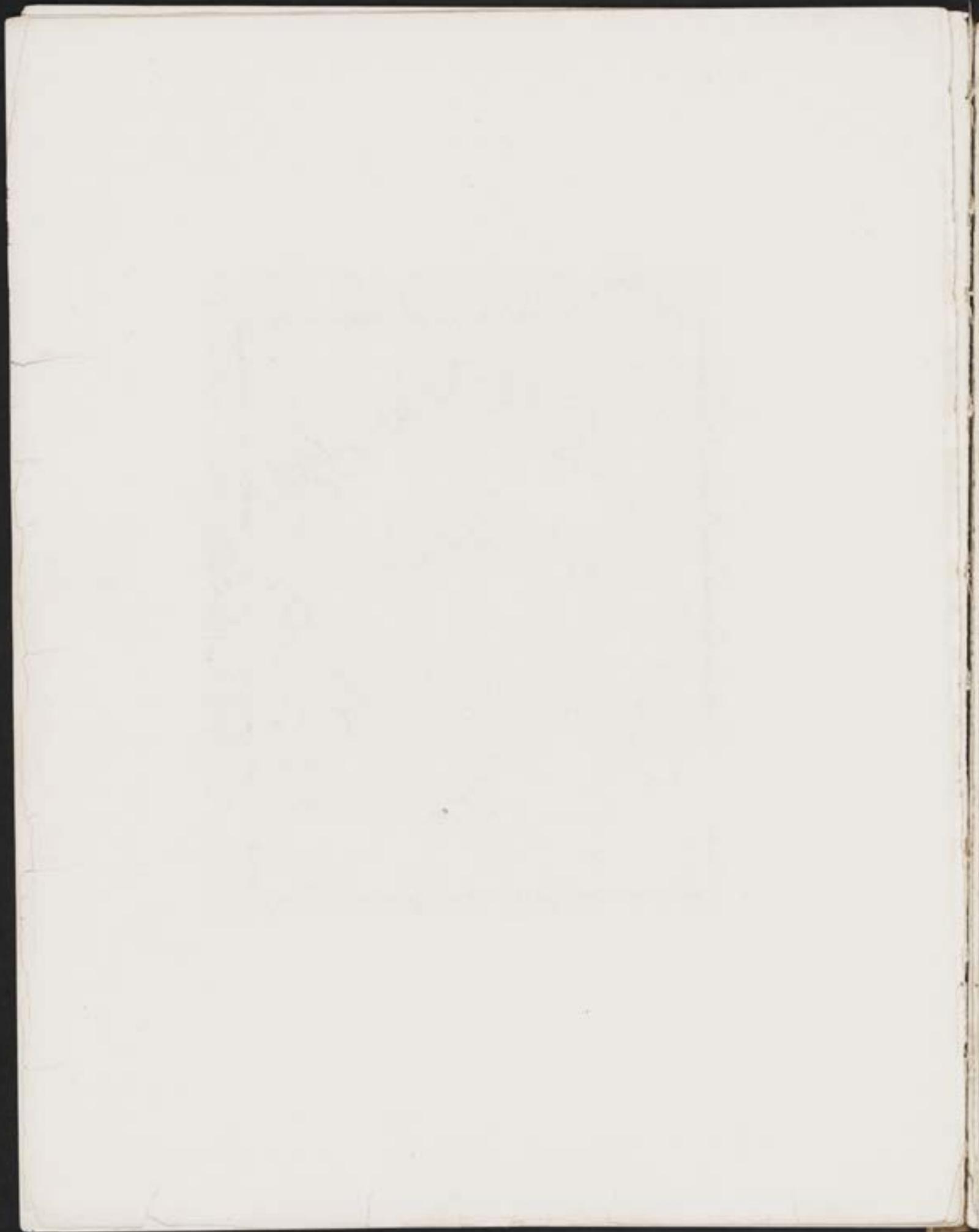
There are many things that highly deserve mention. This session is marked as one of studiousness and we are proud to say that the Freshmen, some I mean, have helped to make it so. In our literary societies, we have carried well our part; and on the baseball team, we are represented by Messrs. Martin, Hite, Prichard, Yancey and Person. In the football field we had Powell, Yancey, Jarrell and Balderson, who nobly stood by old R.-M. in the many gridiron battles.

Now as the session of 1906-1907 draws to a close, as by this time we are brought closer to our coveted degrees, we look back upon our first session's work proud of our successes and with a determination given us from our failures to work harder in our future college years, and when the commencement of 1910 shall come, complete success will crown our efforts and we shall receive our well-deserved diplomas.

S. B. DOLLY,
Historian.



CLASS OF '10











Kappa Alpha

(SOUTHERN)

(Founded at Washington and Lee University 1865)



ZETA CHAPTER

Established November, 1869

COLORS

Crimson and Old Gold

FLOWERS

Magnolia and Red Rose

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

ROBERT EMORY BLACKWELL, LL. D.
HALL CANTER, Ph. D.

FRATRES IN URBE

SAMUEL REDD CARTER, B. L.
JAMES F. HOWISON
ROBERT TUCKER HUNTER, A. B.
Rev. ERNEST STEVENS

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

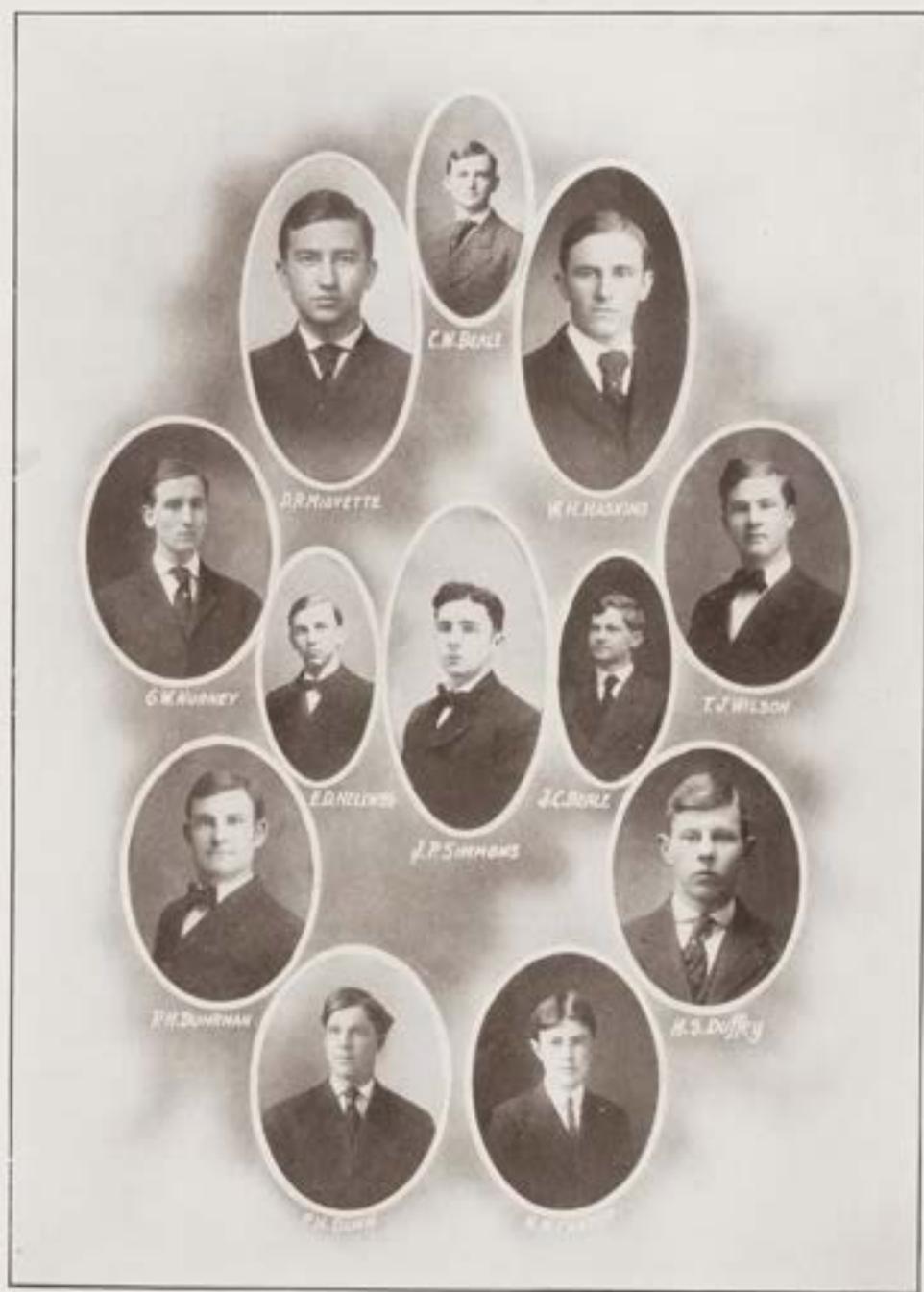
DAYTON RALPH MIDYETTE, Jr.	NOBLE TWILFORD JARRELL
THOMAS JAMES WILSON, Jr.	JOSEPH PANTON SIMMONS
NOLAND MCKENZIE CANTER	EDGAR DAVIS HELLWEG
PARKER WILSON BUEHMAN	CYRUS WENDELL BEALE
WILLIAM HENRY HASKINS	JAMES CHESLEY BEALE
PRINCE HENRY DUNN	HUGH SISSON DUFFEY
GEORGE WASHINGTON NURNEY, Jr.	

Kappa Alpha



ACTIVE CHAPTERS

- Alpha*—Washington and Lee University
- Gamma*—University of Georgia
- Belta*—Wofford College
- Epsilon*—Emory College
- Zeta*—Randolph-Macon College
- Eta*—Richmond College
- Theta*—Kentucky State College
- Kappa*—Mercer University
- Lambda*—University of Virginia
- Nu*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute
- Xi*—Southwestern University
- Omicron*—University of Texas
- Pi*—University of Tennessee
- Sigma*—Davidson College
- Upsilon*—University of North Carolina
- Phi*—Southern University
- Chi*—Vanderbilt University
- Psi*—Tulane University
- Omega*—Central University of Kentucky
- Alpha Alpha*—University of the South
- Alpha Beta*—University of Alabama
- Alpha Gamma*—Louisiana State University
- Alpha Delta*—William Jewell College
- Alpha Zeta*—William and Mary College
- Alpha Eta*—Westminster College
- Alpha Theta*—Kentucky University
- Alpha Kappa*—University of Missouri
- Alpha Lambda*—Johns-Hopkins University
- Alpha Mu*—Millsaps College
- Alpha Nu*—George Washington University
- Alpha Xi*—University of California
- Alpha Omicron*—University of Arkansas
- Alpha Pi*—Leland Stanford, Jr., University
- Alpha Rho*—University of West Virginia
- Alpha Sigma*—Georgia School of Technology
- Alpha Tau*—Hampden-Sidney College
- Alpha Upsilon*—University of Mississippi
- Alpha Phi*—Trinity College
- Alpha Chi*—Kentucky Wesleyan University
- Alpha Omega*—North Carolina A. and M. College
- Beta Alpha*—Missouri School of Mines
- Beta Beta*—Bethany College
- Beta Gamma*—College of Charleston
- Beta Delta*—Georgetown College
- Beta Epsilon*—Delaware College
- Beta Zeta*—University of Florida
- Beta Eta*—University of Oklahoma
- Beta Theta*—Washington University

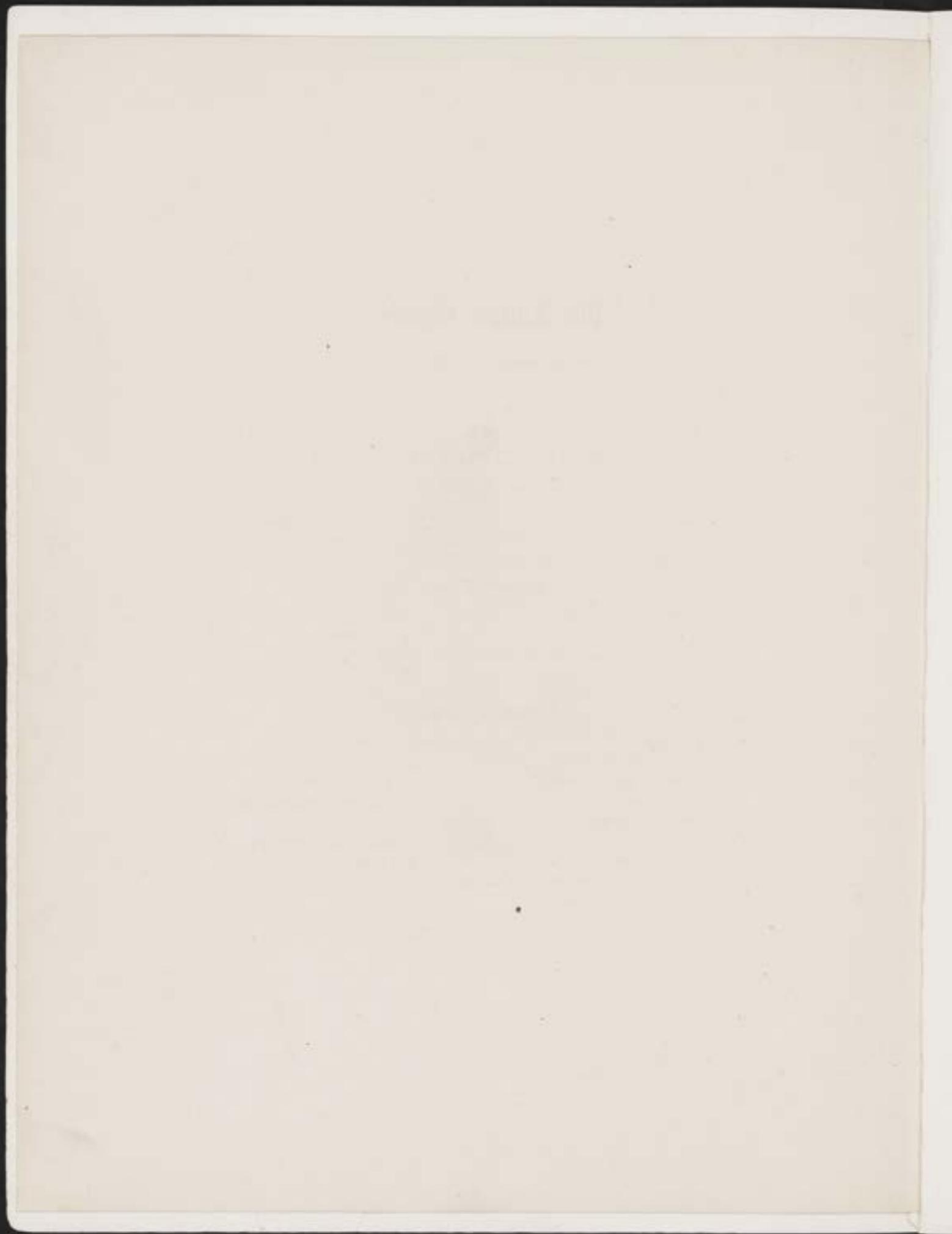


KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY





James F. Smith



Phi Kappa Sigma

(Founded at University of Pennsylvania 1850)



TAU CHAPTER

(Established 1872)

COLORS

Old Gold and White

FLOWER

White Carnation

FRATRES IN URBE

ISAAC NEWTON VAUGHN

WILLIAM SCOTT BROWN

LESLIE ELLIS

Capt. W. D. CARDWELL

WALTER PRESTON BALDWIN

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

PAUL JERNIGAN

HOWARD HARLAN, Jr.

RICHARD CARLYLE JONES

HARRY LEE MOYLER

WILLARD SMITH ROBINSON

ELLIOT LIVIUS STORY

MILLER VERGIL BISHOP

JOHN WINSTON FOWLKES, Jr.

WALTER LESLIE DEYANEY, Jr.

WALTER FRANKLIN STORY

WILLIAM IRWIN PRICHARD

ROBERTS HARRAL JERNIGAN

DAVID ALEXANDER HARRISON, Jr.

HAROLD HASTINGS NEWMAN

KEMPER WINSBOROUGH YANCEY

Phi Kappa Sigma



ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—University of Pennsylvania
Beta—Washington and Jefferson College
Epsilon—Dekinson College
Zeta—Franklin and Marshal College
Eta—University of Virginia
Iota—Columbia University
Mu—Tulane University
Rho—University of Illinois
Tau—Randolph-Macon College
Upsilon—Northwestern University
Phi—Richmond College
Psi—Pennsylvania State College
Alpha Alpha—Washington and Lee University
Alpha Gamma—University of West Virginia
Alpha Delta—University of Maine
Alpha Epsilon—Armour Institute of Technology
Alpha Zeta—University of Maryland
Alpha Theta—University of Wisconsin
Alpha Iota—Vanderbilt University
Alpha Kappa—University of Alabama
Alpha Lambda—University of California
Alpha Mu—Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Alpha Nu—Georgia School of Technology
Alpha Xi—Purdue University
Alpha Omicron—University of Michigan
Alpha Pi—University of Chicago

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Philadelphia
 Richmond
 Chicago
 New York
 Pittsburg
 Baltimore
 New Orleans



PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY





Српска православна црква
Патријархат Српске Православне Цркве



Phi Delta Theta

(Founded at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1848)



VIRGINIA GAMMA

(Founded 1873)

COLORS

Argent and Azure

FRATRES IN URBE

CHARLES STEBBINS, Jr.

WILLIAM ROBERT WEISIGER

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

ARTHUR CLAGGETT BOWLUS
WALTER PIERCE REED
TURNER MOREHEAD HARRIS
MALCOLM KERR HARRIS
PAGE KEEN GRAVELY
THOMAS STIFF

LLOYD LEE GRAVELEY
LAWRENCE JANNEY MARTIN
ALVAH HOWARD MARTIN, Jr.
WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY
FLORIAN D'ESTE JAMESON
WILLIAM RICHARD PHELPS

Phi Delta Theta



COLLEGE CHAPTERS

ALPHA PROVINCE

Quebec Alpha—McGill University
Ontario Alpha—University of Toronto
Maine Alpha—Colby College
New Hampshire Alpha—Dartmouth College
Vermont Alpha—University of Vermont
Massachusetts Alpha—Williams College
Massachusetts Beta—Amherst College
Rhode Island Alpha—Brown University
New York Alpha—Cornell University
New York Beta—Union University
New York Delta—Columbia University
New York Epsilon—Syracuse University
Pennsylvania Alpha—Lafayette College
Pennsylvania Beta—Pennsylvania College
Pennsylvania Gamma—Washington and Jefferson College
Pennsylvania Delta—Allegheny College
Pennsylvania Epsilon—Dickinson College
Pennsylvania Zeta—University of Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania Eta—Lehigh University
Pennsylvania Theta—Pennsylvania State College

BETA PROVINCE

North Carolina Beta—University of North Carolina
Virginia Beta—University of Virginia
Virginia Gamma—Randolph-Macon College
Virginia Zeta—Washington and Lee University

GAMMA PROVINCE

Kentucky Alpha Delta—Central University
Kentucky Epsilon—Kentucky State College
Tennessee Alpha—Vanderbilt University
Tennessee Beta—University of the South

DELTA PROVINCE

Ohio Alpha—Miami University
Ohio Beta—Ohio Wesleyan University
Ohio Gamma—Ohio University
Ohio Zeta—Ohio State University
Ohio Eta—Case School of Applied Science
Ohio Theta—University of Cincinnati
Michigan Alpha—University of Michigan

EPSILON PROVINCE

Indiana Alpha—Indiana University
Indiana Beta—Walsh College
Indiana Gamma—Butler University
Indiana Delta—Franklin College
Indiana Epsilon—Hanover College
Indiana Zeta—De Pauw University
Indiana Theta—Perdue University

ZETA PROVINCE

Illinois Alpha—Northwestern University
Illinois Beta—University of Chicago
Illinois Delta—Knob College
Illinois Zeta—Lombard College
Illinois Eta—University of Illinois
South Dakota Alpha—University of South Dakota
Wisconsin Alpha—University of Wisconsin
Minnesota Alpha—University of Minnesota
Iowa Alpha—Iowa Wesleyan University
Iowa Beta—University of Iowa
Missouri Alpha—University of Missouri
Missouri Beta—Westminster College
Missouri Gamma—Washington University
Kansas Alpha—University of Kansas
Nebraska Alpha—University of Nebraska
Colorado Alpha—University of Colorado

ETA PROVINCE

Georgia Alpha—University of Georgia
Georgia Beta—Emory College
Georgia Gamma—Mercer University
Georgia Delta—Georgia School of Technology
Alabama Alpha—University of Alabama
Alabama Beta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute

THETA PROVINCE

Mississippi Alpha—University of Mississippi
Louisiana Alpha—Tulane University
Texas Beta—University of Texas
Texas Gamma—Southwestern University

IOTA PROVINCE

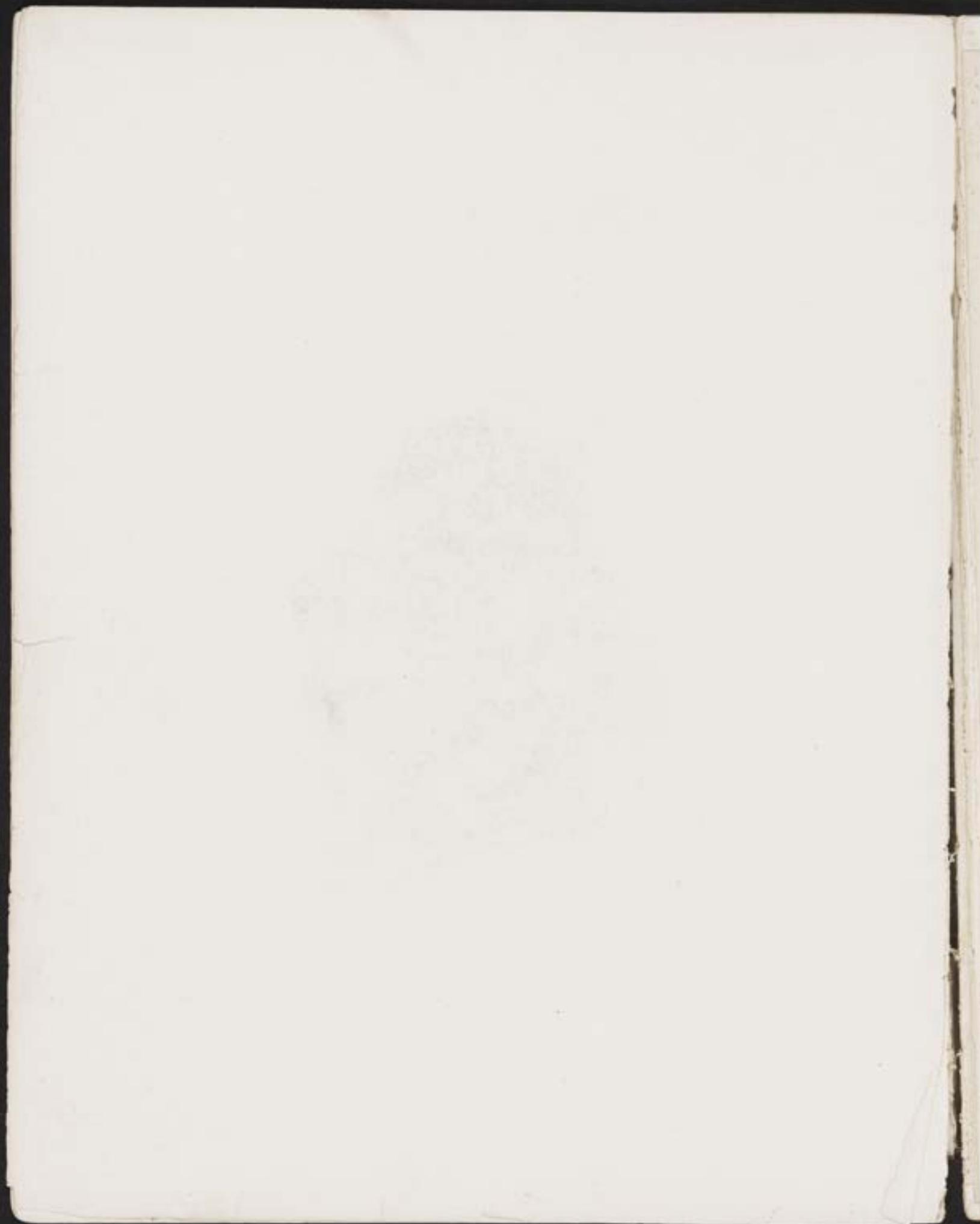
California Alpha—University of California
California Beta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University

KAPPA PROVINCE

Washington Alpha—University of Washington



PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY







Kappa Sigma

United States 1867



JOURNAL
Caduceus

FLOWER
Lily of the Valley

COLORS

Scarlet, White and Emerald Green

ETA CHAPTER

Established 1889

FRATER IN FACULTATE

DE LA WARR B. EASTER, A. M., Ph. D.

FRATRES IN URBE

J. MILLER LEAKE
H. BUCHANAN

H. D. KERR
A. B. FITZGERALD

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

VIVIEN P. RANDOLPH
ERNEST P. FERGUSON
ROBERT H. BEALE, Jr.
WILLIAM L. DOLLY, Jr.
WALTER W. YOUNG
RICHARD V. LANCASTER
HARRY H. GAVER
FRANKLIN P. CURTIS
WILMER H. GAVER

A. FRANK STEWART, Jr.
DAVID G. GRUBBS
BENTON W. HODNETT
ARCHIBALD P. HODNETT
STEPHEN B. DOLLY
EDWARD B. BROUGHTON
ROBERT W. WOODHOUSE
CHARLES E. FEDDEMAN
WILLIAM W. SMITH, Jr.

Kappa Sigma

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

DISTRICT I

Psi—University of Maine
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College
Beta Kappa—New Hampshire College
Gamma Epsilon—Dartmouth College
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont
Gamma Delta—Massachusetts State College
Gamma Eta—Harvard University
Beta Alpha—Brown University

DISTRICT II

Alpha Kappa—Cornell University
Gamma Zeta—New York University
Pi—Swarthmore College
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College
Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania
Alpha Phi—Bucknell University
Beta Iota—Lehigh University
Beta Pi—Dickinson College
Gamma Iota—Syracuse University

DISTRICT III

Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland
Alpha Eta—George Washington University
Zeta—University of Virginia
Eta—Randolph-Macon College
Mu—Washington and Lee University
Nu—William and Mary College
Upsilon—Hampton-Sidney College
Beta Beta—Richmond College

DISTRICT IV

Delta—Davidson College
Eta Prima—Trinity College
Alpha Mu—University of North Carolina
Beta Upsilon—North Carolina A. and M. College
Alpha Nu—Wofford College

DISTRICT V

Alpha Beta—Mercer University
Alpha Tau—Georgia School of Technology
Beta Lambda—University of Georgia
Beta—University of Alabama
Beta Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute

DISTRICT VI

Theta—Cumberland University
Kappa—Vanderbilt University
Lambda—University of Tennessee
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University
Omega—University of the South
Alpha Theta—Southwestern Baptist University

DISTRICT VII

Alpha Sigma—Ohio State University
Beta Phi—Case School of Applied Science
Beta Delta—Washington and Jefferson College
Beta Mu—Kentucky State College

DISTRICT VIII

Alpha Zeta—University of Michigan
Chi—Perdue University
Alpha Pi—Wabash College
Beta Theta—University of Indiana
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University
Gamma Beta—University of Chicago
Beta Epsilon—University of Wisconsin

DISTRICT IX

Beta Mu—University of Minnesota
Beta Rho—University of Iowa
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska

DISTRICT X

Alpha Omega—William Jewell College
Beta Gamma—Missouri State College
Beta Sigma—Washington University
Beta Chi—Missouri School of Mines
Beta Tau—Baker University
Xi—University of Arkansas
Gamma Kappa—University of Oklahoma

DISTRICT XI

Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College
Gamma—Louisiana State University
Sigma—Tulane University
Iota—Southwestern University
Tau—University of Texas

DISTRICT XII

Beta Gamma—University of Denver
Beta Omega—Colorado College
Gamma Gamma—Colorado School of Mines

DISTRICT XIII

Beta Chi—University of California
Beta Zeta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University

DISTRICT XIV

Beta Psi—University of Washington
Gamma Alpha—University of Oregon
Gamma Theta—University of Idaho

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

ATLANTA
 BOSTON
 BUFFALO
 CHICAGO
 CONCORD
 DANVILLE
 DENVER
 DURHAM
 FORT SMITH

INDIANAPOLIS
 ITHACA
 JACKSON
 KANSAS CITY
 KINSTON
 LITTLE ROCK
 LOS ANGELES
 LOUISVILLE

LYNCHBURG
 MEMPHIS
 NASHVILLE
 NEW YORK
 NEW ORLEANS
 NORFOLK
 PHILADELPHIA
 PINE BLEFF

PITTSBURGH
 RICHMOND
 RUSTON
 SAN FRANCISCO
 SAINT LOUIS
 UTAH ALUMNI
 WACO
 WASHINGTON
 YAZOO CITY



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY







Sigma Phi Epsilon



(Founded at Richmond College 1900)

COLORS

Blood Red and Royal Purple

FLOWER

American Beauties and Violets

ZETA CHAPTER

Established 1906

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JOSEPH ELLIOTT WALLACE
LUTHER WESLEY WHITE, Jr.
CHARLES LAYTON YANCEY
JOHN GRANBERY SAWYER
MARION REX PERSON

ROBERT EASLEY BLANKINSHIP
CLARENCE DURWARD JOHNS
ROBERT WILLIAM PROCTER
WALSTEIN MILLER SNELL
HERBERT FALLIN

BOSCOE MARVIN WHITE

Sigma Phi Epsilon



ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Alpha—Richmond College
Gamma Beta—University of West Virginia
Delta Beta—Jefferson Medical College
Delta Gamma—Western University of Pennsylvania
Delta Delta—University of Pennsylvania
Beta Alpha—College of Physicians and Surgeons, University of Illinois
Epsilon Alpha—University of Colorado
Delta—William and Mary College
Theta Alpha—Ohio Northern University
Eta Beta—North Carolina A. and M. College
Iota Alpha—Purdue University
Kappa Alpha—Syracuse University
Epsilon—Washington and Lee University
Zeta—Randolph-Mason College
Lambda Alpha—Georgia School of Technology
Eta—University of Virginia
Mu Alpha—Delaware College



SIGMA PHI EPSILON FRATERNITY

Sigma Upsilon



A LITERARY FRATERNITY

Founded at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, October, 1906

(Convention, November 29—Dec. 1, 1906, Nashville, Tennessee)

DELTA CHAPTER

CHARTER MEMBERS

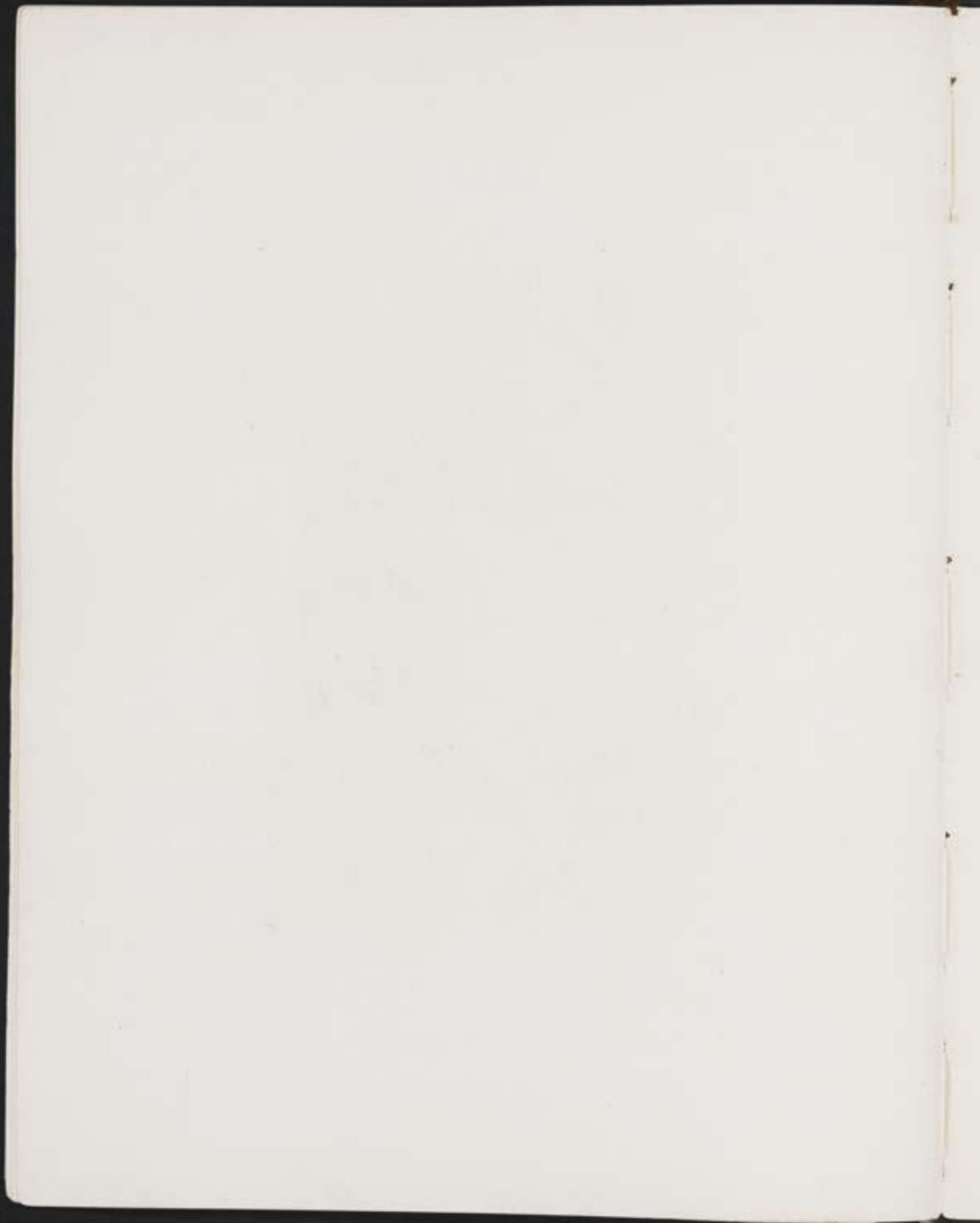
GEORGE LEWIS BURTON	KEITH CARTER
WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY	WILLIAM LEE DOLLY, Jr.
D. LA WARR B. EASTER, A. M., Ph. D.	TURNER MOREHEAD HARRIS
EDGAR DAVIS HELLWEG	EDGAR ROBERTS
WILLIAM DANIEL ELLIS	JOHN ROCHESTER BOOTH
DAYTON RALPH MIDYETTE, Jr.	WILLIAM RICHARD PHELPS
DALLAS TOWNSEND	

CHAPTERS

Alpha—University of the South
Beta—University of Georgia
Gamma—Vanderbilt University
Delta—Randolph-Macon College



SIGMA UPSILON FRATERNITY





Washington Literary Society



OFFICERS

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E. T. ROBERTS	W. L. DOLLY, JR.	C. D. JOHNS	J. E. WALLACE
W. L. DOLLY, JR.	KEITH CARTER	C. W. BEALE	E. D. HELLWEG
KEITH CARTER	J. E. WALLACE	C. MARSHALL	W. R. PHELPS
E. D. HELLWEG	W. W. BARNHART	J. C. BEALE	W. L. DOLLY, JR.

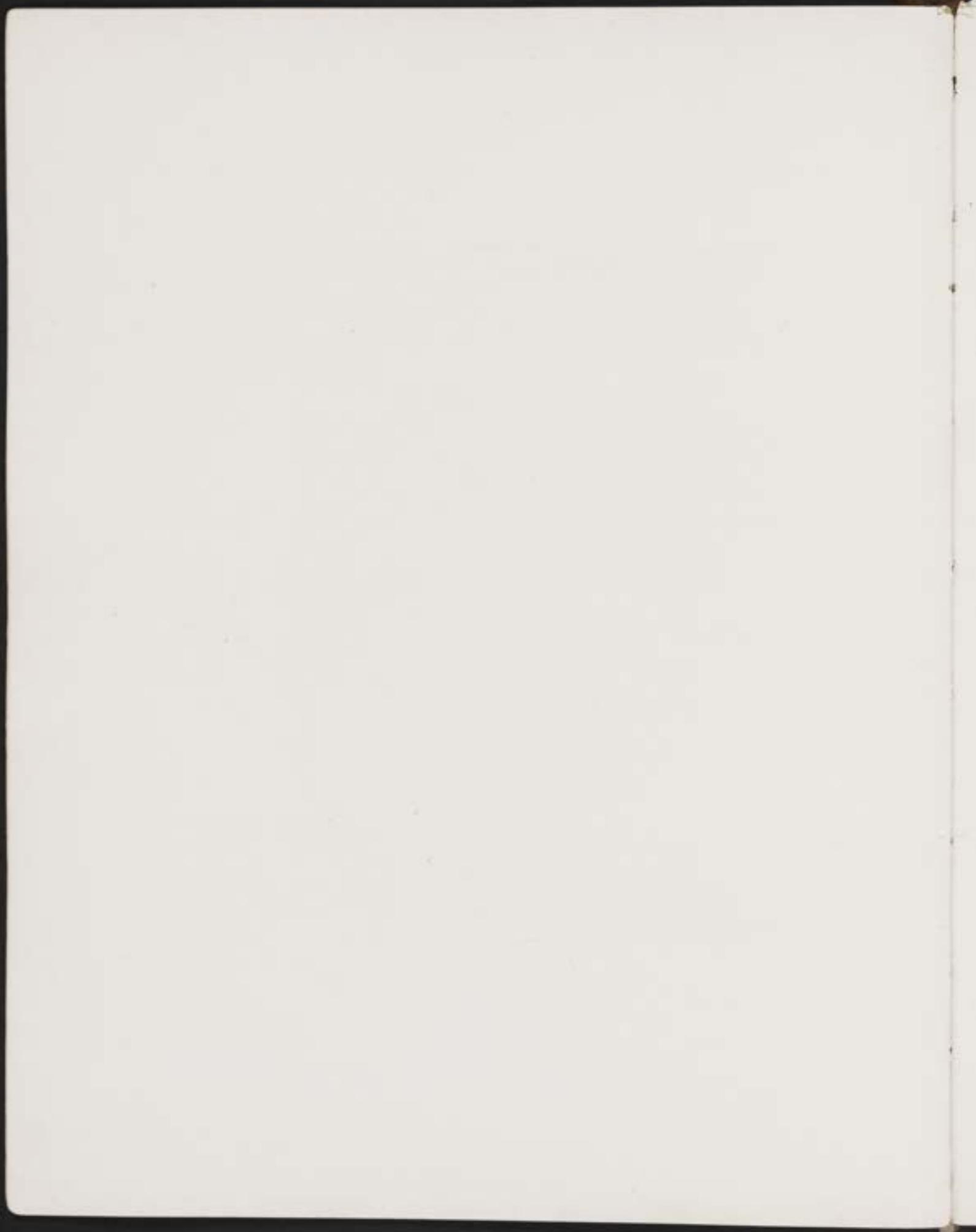
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 V. M. TABLET
 A. P. TRAYNHAM
 W. A. TILLER
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 R. V. TURNER
 J. E. WALLACE
 A. N. WARNER
 B. C. WILLIAMS
 E. D. WUNDER
 W. H. WUNDER



WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY.



Trailing Arbutus

SAMUEL L. BURNVILLE.

Hidden away in the leaves and the mosses,
Sweet little flower of early spring,
Off to the wood I now long to be wand'ring,
Back to my room your perfume to bring.

Sweet as the unguent of Venus and Cupid,
Pure as a crystal of falling snow:
In each little cup some fairy is resting,
Drinking the dew-drops hidden below.

Fleur-de-lis in the lover's own kingdom,
Bright as the stars in heaven above,
You speak your message in language so simple,
You tell its meaning, "Thee only I love."

Come with your odor so wild and bewitching,
Come with your beauty so dainty, so rare,
Tell me the story you gathered while sleeping
Under the leaves, the snow, and the air.

You say that winter is gone and that spring-time
Has come with its birds and budding tree,
You tell of life, yes, that all things are living,
You fill my heart with music and glee.

Franklin Literary Society



PRESIDENTS

J. S. KEENE
T. M. HARRIS
J. G. SAWYER
W. D. ELLIS

SECRETARIES

P. I. LEADBETTER
R. V. LANCASTER
E. S. CARDOZA
M. K. HARRIS

CENSORS

W. C. BLAKEY
J. S. KEENE
H. G. ELLIS
G. L. BURTON

MEMBERS

H. P. BALDERSON
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O. S. CHAPLAIN
N. M. CANTER
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G. W. DAY
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M. K. HARRIS
T. M. HARRIS
W. J. HAYNIE
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E. L. JAMES
A. M. JORDAN
J. S. KEENE
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J. W. LAPSLEY
P. I. LEADBETTER

J. S. GROVES, Jr.
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J. C. ROBERTSON
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L. P. SMITHEY
J. G. SAWYER
D. S. TOWNSEND
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L. W. WHITE
R. M. WHITE
K. W. YANCEY
C. L. YANCEY
W. A. WRIGHT
L. E. STUBBS
F. W. CHENAULT
J. B. CARROLL
H. V. BOUNDS
T. H. STIFF
F. T. RIGEWAY
C. STEBBINS
T. J. WILSON, Jr.
S. L. DUMVILLE
W. P. REED
H. H. NEWMAN
C. E. FEDDEMAN
R. C. CARTER
W. D. FORD



FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY

Man



Tell me, O man! what nature thou art?
Whence dost thou come, and whither depart?
Art thou, ah! say, that bubble, or not,
That, in its bursting, soon is forgot?
Art thou that cloud that vanished away,
Thence it is gone? But tell me, ah! say,
Art thou that star that earthward doth fall,
Falleth and dieth? Man, is that all?

Thou art no bubble, star, nor e'en cloud;
No fettered serf, lowly bowed;
Thou art a victor, fearless and brave,
Nor dost thou quail at sight of the grave.
Thou goest onward, and onward, and on,
Never art ended, nor never art done.

—MONTHLY.

D
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B
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T
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S



J.C.H.

Franklin Literary Society



PUBLIC DEBATE, April 19, 1907

OFFICERS

W. D. ELLIS, PRESIDENT

R. M. WHITE }
W. L. DEVANEY } VICE-PRESIDENTS

QUESTION:—*Resolved*, That the municipalities of the United States should own and operate street railways.

AFFIRMATIVE

A. M. JORDAN
H. S. DUFFEY

NEGATIVE

W. C. BLAKEY
D. S. TOWNSEND

L. W. WHITE, CHIEF MARSHAL

E. L. JAMES }
H. P. BALDERSON } ASSISTANTS

Roses

J. MILLER LEAKE.

"The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part,
To you it is a rose,
To me it is my heart."—Song.

I. "THE ROSE OF TO-DAY."

A red, red rose for my Lady's hair,
A red, red rose with a heart of gold,
Nothing on earth is so sweet and fair,
As this rose with its fragrant petals rare;
Save my Love, and she is a thousand fold
Dearer and fairer,
Purer and rarer,
Than this rose with its heart of gold.

O, red, red rose, with your golden heart,
Shining with dew-drops, diamond-bright,
Fragrant and sweet with the sunshine caught,
And into your velvet petals wrought,—
You shine with a ruby's ruddy light,
O, red, red rose,
You are rich and rare;—
But my Love is—well, she is beyond compare!

II. "THE ROSE OF YESTERDAY."

A red, red rose from my Lady's hair,
Though crushed and faded its petals be,
Yet it is sweeter by far to me
Than the freshest bud from some garden rare.
Sweet with her sweetness and doubly dear
Because she wore it, my Lady fair,
It breathes of her and I have her near
When I hold this bud from her dusky hair.

Borne from the past on its faint perfume
A hundred memories surge back to me,
I see the lights in the old ball-room,
I feel the dance's sweet witchery;
And the music throbs and my pulses beat.

Franklin Literary Society

* * *

PUBLIC DEBATE, April 19, 1907

OFFICERS

W. D. ELLIS, PRESIDENT

R. M. WHITE {
W. L. DEVANEY { VICE-PRESIDENTS

QUESTION:—*Resolved*, That the municipalities of the United States should own and operate street railways.

AFFIRMATIVE

A. M. JORDAN
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E. L. JAMES {
H. P. BALDERSON { ASSISTANTS

Roses



J. MILLER LEAKE.

"The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part,
To you it is a rose,
To me it is my heart."—Song.

I. "THE ROSE OF TO-DAY."

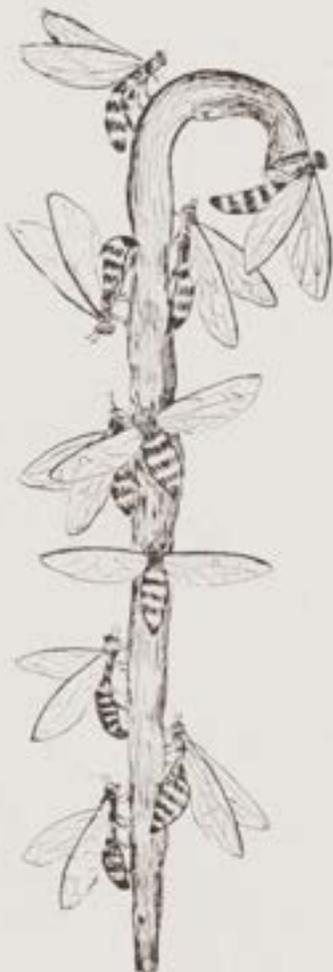
A red, red rose for my Lady's hair,
A red, red rose with a heart of gold,
Nothing on earth is so sweet and fair,
As this rose with its fragrant petals rare;
Save my Love, and she is a thousand fold
Dearer and fairer,
Purer and rarer,
Than this rose with its heart of gold.

O, red, red rose, with your golden heart,
Shining with dew-drops, diamond-bright,
Fragrant and sweet with the sunshine caught,
And into your velvet petals wrought,—
You shine with a ruby's ruddy light,
O, red, red rose,
You are rich and rare;—
But my Love is—well, she is beyond compare!

II. "THE ROSE OF YESTERDAY."

A red, red rose from my Lady's hair,
Though crushed and faded its petals be,
Yet it is sweeter by far to me
Than the freshest bud from some garden rare.
Sweet with her sweetness and doubly dear
Because she wore it, my Lady fair,
It breathes of her and I have her near,
When I hold this bud from her dusky hair.

Borne from the past on its faint perfume
A hundred memories surge back to me,
I see the lights in the old ball-room,
I feel the dance's sweet witchery;
And the music throbs and my pulses beat.



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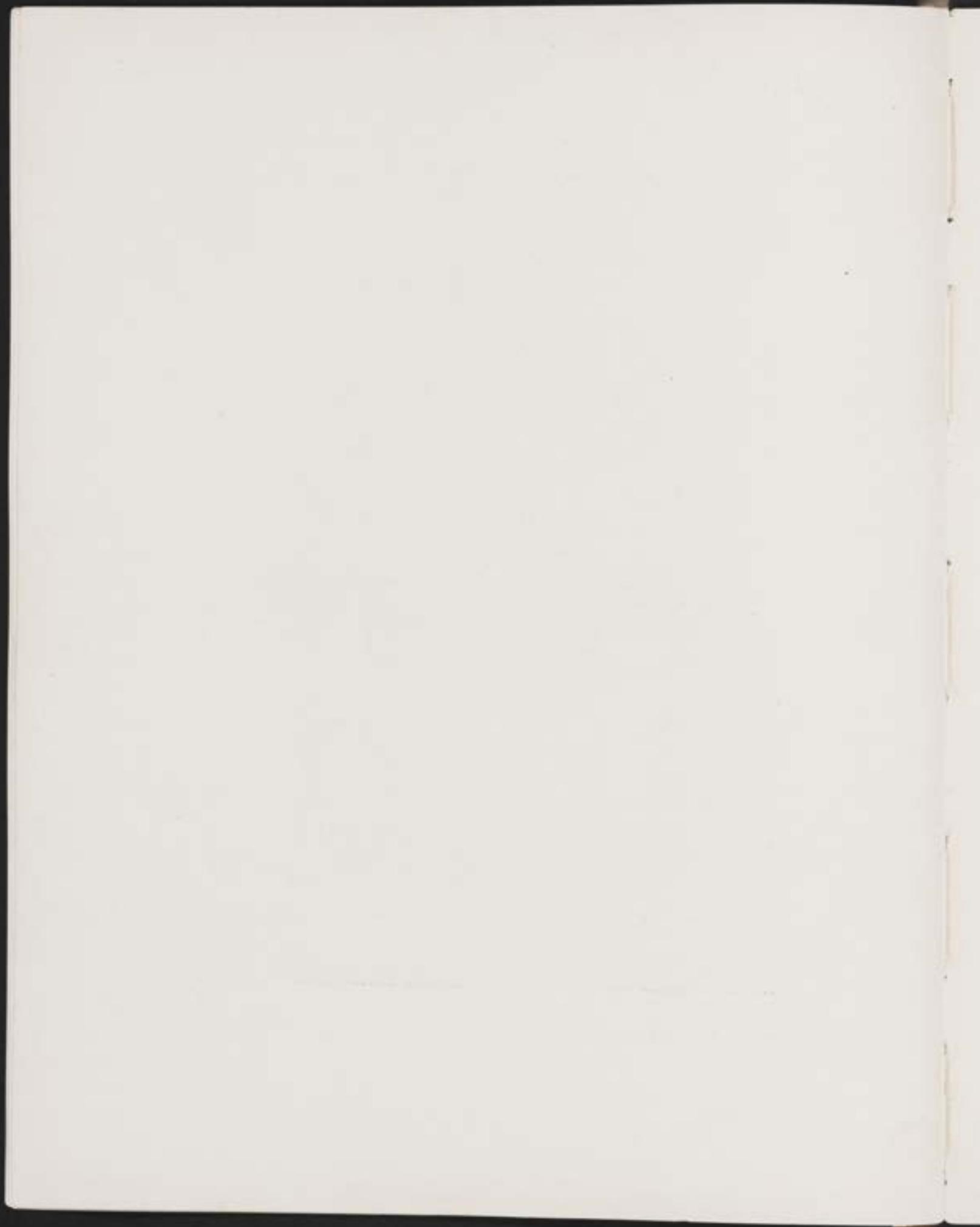
HAROLD HASTINGS NEWMAN

ANDREW FRANK STEWART, Jr.



YELLOW JACKET STAFF

NOTE:—Through an error on the part of our Artist the pictures of Messrs. Newman and Blakey should be transposed.



The Storm

SAMUEL L. DUMVILLE.

Still; still; still; quietly it breaks on me,
When I feel the power of it. The broad and boundless sea,

I stood by the mighty ocean, a calm was on the deep,
Never a single ripple did o'er the waters creep,
Down o'er my soul in silence it broke with all its power
Just as the raging tempest rose in my breast that hour,
I have seen this same old ocean, when the demons of the sea
Seemed to stir its depths to fury, when the wind blew full and free,
I have seen its waters dashing, its billows capped with foam,
I have heard its wildest music, its weird shriek and its moan.

When first a storm is rising, a change comes o'er the scene,
The sky grows dark and cloudy, and hides the sun's bright beam,
The blue, the azure waters, then turn to darker hues,
And wavelet after wavelet, each other fast pursues,
At first 'tis play and gambol, the wind and waves, and sea
Seem all intent on frolic, as elfs quite filled with glee;
But soon a change of aspect: the storm has gained in power,
With fury, blast and whistling, the staunchest soul to cower.

The waves, like hills and mountains, dash on the rocky strand
Like the steeds of young Messala, when he had lost command,
Sped o'er the ancient circus, and threw the charioteer
Beneath the tramping coursers who then brought up the rear,
They dashed the car in pieces against the rocky posts
E'en as the waves are breaking upon these rock-bound coasts,
The wild and raging waters, the mumbling, rolling deep
That now seem ch, so silent in still unconscious sleep.

I was a silent gazer, standing there with beating breast
Within me still was raging, what ne'er gave me rest,
The tempest wild and mournful, which overflowed my soul
To me the light was darkness, the world was sad and cold,
My heart was filled with longing, my mind was ne'er at ease,
I wished that I was resting in the depths of yonder seas
Where no tempest wild is raging, the waters there are still
And songs of happy sea-nymphs would there my sad heart fill.

For why is life worth living, where sorrow is in sway,
Where sin our pathway darkens, and evil rules the day;
Where disappointments happen, and fear the heart annoys,
Where pure and precious treasures are turned to base alloys;
Where joys and pleasant moments soon fade into the past,
Remorse and death destructive the only things that last,
Where love is but a shadow, it flits and then is gone,
We live in full subjection to the finger point of scorn.

E'en death it would be sweeter than this living we have here,
With all its heart-rending sorrows darkened with grief and fear,
The melancholy moments throughout the day prolonged
Tell us that by our thinking we have some mortal wronged,
At night when sleep should come o'er us, kind Morpheus with his arts,
Despair in his place but brings us the deep, foreboding thoughts,
Oh, Sea take me and hide me, enfold me in your arms,
Bear me beneath your bosom where the water quietly calms!



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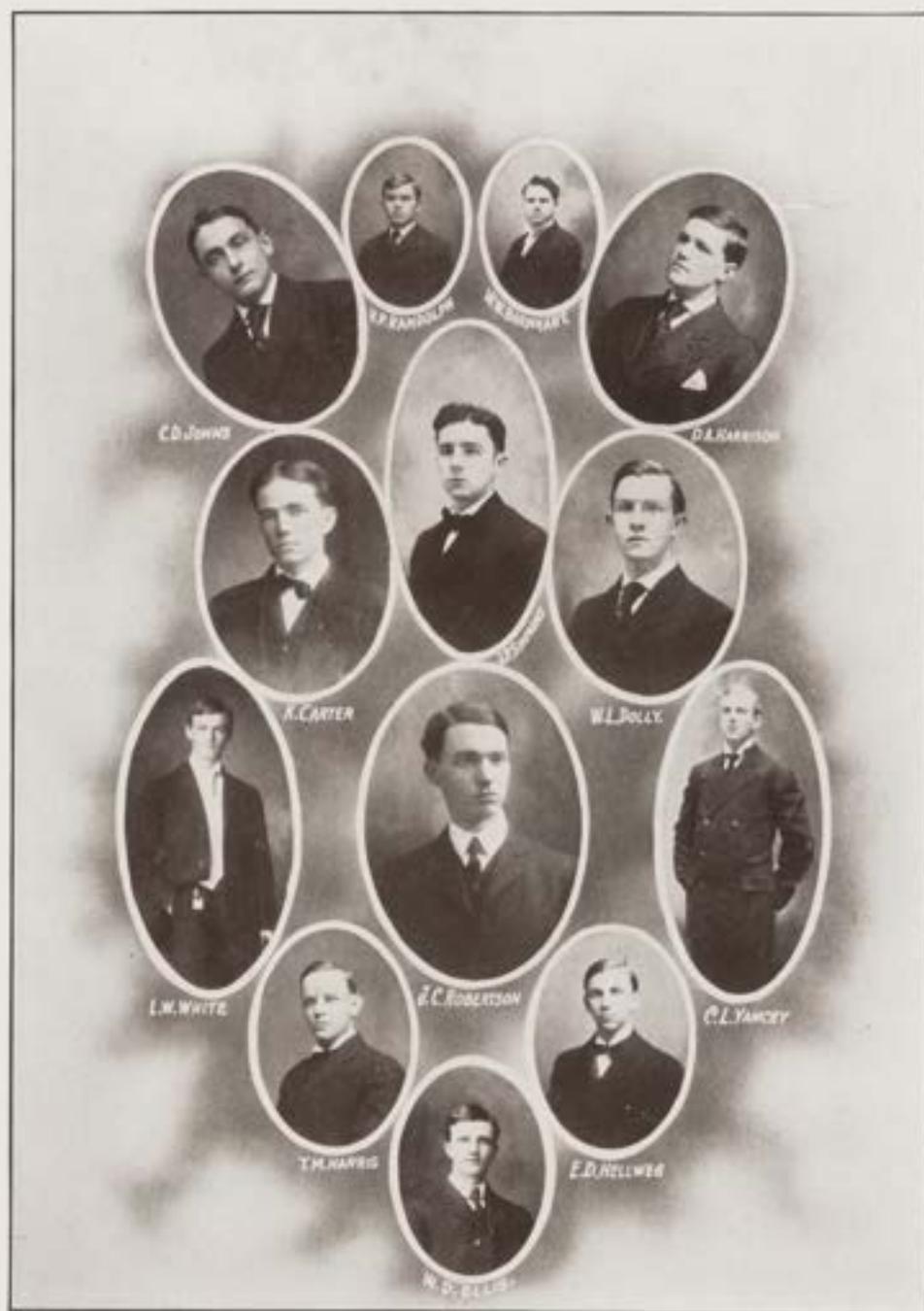
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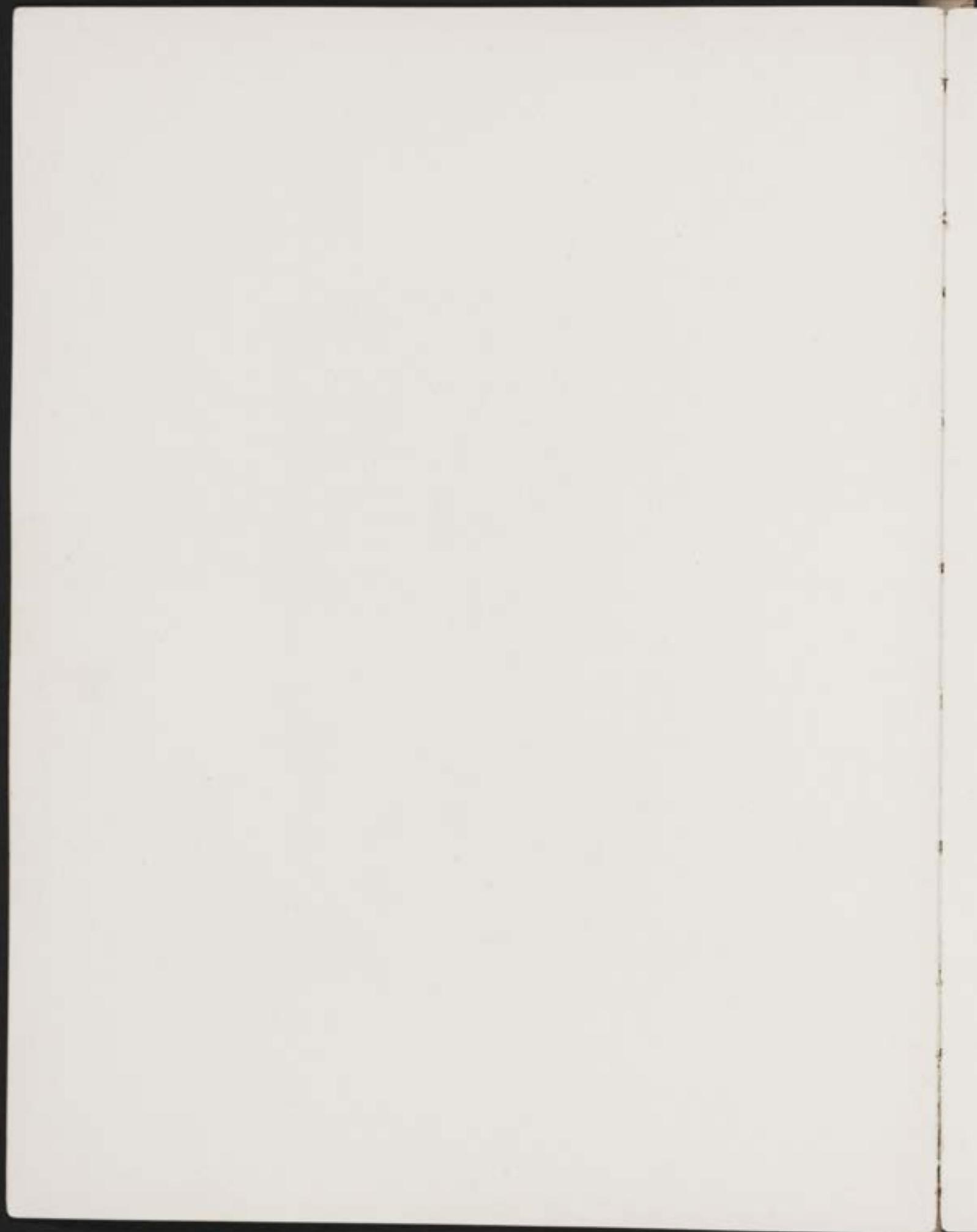
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MONTHLY STAFF



In Ashland



The wet rain nowhere falls so oft
As here in Ashland;
The mud is nowhere else so soft
As here in Ashland;
On earth elsewhere there is no sleet,
No slippery mud beneath your feet,
Such as you almost always meet
Right here in Ashland.

But things are now improving fast
Up here in Ashland;
We've got a dormitory at last
Up here in Ashland;
Electric cars will soon be run;
Th' artesian well will be begun;
Of towns our size there will be none
Can beat old Ashland.

Ah, soon you will not recognize
That dear old Ashland;
For things will take you by surprise
In that dear Ashland,
But ah! we'll know, come woe or woe,
Come right or wrong, come friend or foe,
By extra falls of rain and snow,
That we're in Ashland.

—MONTHLY.

U. M. C. A. Cabinet



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H. F. TURNER	MISSIONS
W. R. PHELPS	FINANCES
J. S. KEENE	MUSIC



V. M. C. A. CABINET



Nature's Song

SAMUEL L. DUMVILLE.

When the dew is on the petals,
In the early morning hour,
And the sunbeams turn to crystal
Every little dainty flower,
Then the air is so refreshing,
And the birds in every tree
To their Maker high in heaven
Raise their morning song of glee.

See the mocking bird—he whistles
In the forest tree-top tall,
And the partridge in the meadow
Listens for his mate to call,
Round the honeysuckle bower
Flits the little humming bird,
While in every cup and blossom
Now the busy bee is heard.

From the barn the cows are lowing,
And the horses give their neigh,
Calling to their ready masters
To produce the corn and hay,
Oh, it seems that all of nature
Is alive and speaks to me;
Tells me of God's love and mercy,
And e'en heaven lets me see!

Every mountain in the distance,
Every tree and little flower
Now proclaims to me its Maker,
Tells His wondrous love and power;
And the brook down in the meadow,
With its water crystal clear,
Seems to whisper strains of music
When its chatter now I hear.

Yes, the dashing of the torrent,
Swollen by the recent rains,
Is as bass notes to the organ,
Which add music to the strains,
Hark! The song is one grand anthem,
Praises to our God of love;
Angels now take up the chorus
In the heavenly choir above.



BASEBALL GROUND



FOOTBALL LINE-UP

General Athletic Association



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OFFICERS GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION





Football Team



OFFICERS

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W. L. DEVANEY	ASSISTANT MANAGER
R. W. WOODHOUSE	CAPTAIN
F. H. EASTMAN	COACH

LINE UP

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S. L. SILVESTER, Right Guard
R. M. IRBY, Left Tackle
H. P. BALDERSON, Right Tackle
PAUL JERNIGAN, Left End
N. T. JARRELL, Right End
H. HARLAN, Quarter-Back
W. A. POWELL, Left Half-Back
R. W. WOODHOUSE, Right Half-Back
K. W. VANCEY, Full-Back

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BOBT. JERNIGAN	S. L. DUMVILLE	



FOOTBALL TEAM





Baseball Team



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J. R. BOOTH.....	ASSISTANT MANAGER
B. V. LANCASTER.....	CAPTAIN
V. P. RANDOLPH.....	COACH

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M. R. PERSON, L. L. GRAVELY, Pitchers
W. I. PRICHARD, Short-stop
L. J. MARTIN, Jr., First Base
A. M. JORDAN, Second Base
B. V. LANCASTER, Third Base
H. H. GAVER, Left Field
H. D. HITE, Center Field
K. W. YANCEY, Right Field

SUBSTITUTES

E. P. FERGUSON	H. H. NEWMAN
----------------	--------------



BASEBALL TEAM



Fancies



Down the long paths of weary time,
Softly they come in silv'ry light;
Sweet as a throbbing, half-heard chime,
Stealing across the silent night.

Full of a mystery all unsaid,
Tender as hearts bowed down with pain;
Sad in the old sweet thoughts they bring
Back to an aching heart again.

Out to the stars they fly once more,
Shading the glow of the lights above,
Darksome spirits with sun-tipped wings,
The thoughts and dreams of an old-time love.
—MONTHLY.

Egyptian League



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THE TEAMS

BUCKERS

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 "BILLY" MIDYETTE
 "BILLY" SMITH
 "SHORTY" BLAKEY
 "TUCKS" MARSHALL
 "STEVE" DOLLY
 "LUCY" REED
 "UGLY" LEADBETTER (Capt.)
 "FATTY" HAYNIE

Catcher
 Pitcher
 Shortstop
 First Base
 Second Base
 Third Base
 Left Field
 Center Field
 Right Field

MARAUDERS

"NO" CANTER
 "FOOTS" BURTON (Capt.)
 "WATT" WUNDER
 "ARCH" HODNETT
 "NOSE" DUFFEY
 "SPORTY" SNEEL
 "KILDEE" SMITHEY
 "SIS" SESSLER
 "IT" WHITE

Catcher
 Pitcher
 Shortstop
 First Base
 Second Base
 Third Base
 Left Field
 Center Field
 Right Field

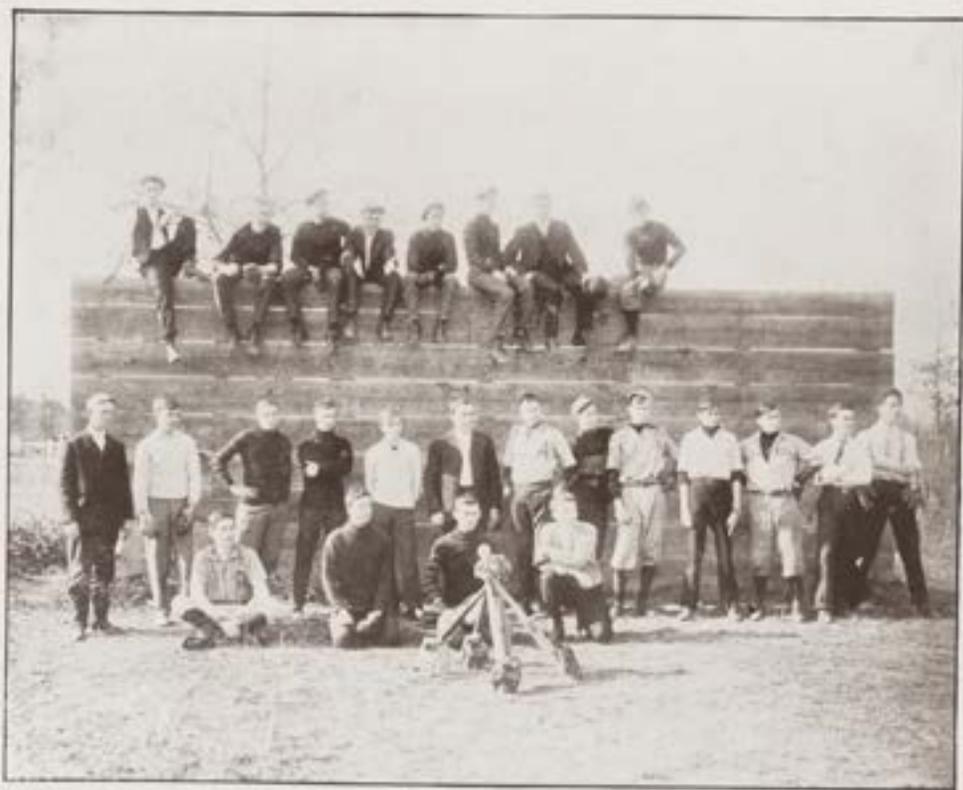
BIBLETS

"BROTHER" BALDERSON
 "SIM DIPSY" DUMVILLE
 "PO" TATUM
 "BUCK" OWENS (Capt.)
 "CLINT" BUSH
 "SPEEDY" GALLOWAY
 "HORSE" CLARK
 "TARHEEL" DARDEN
 "PARSON" McSPARRAN

FISHERMEN

"YOUNG" GILLETTE
 "LAZY" POWELL (Capt.)
 "KID" CHAPLAIN
 "BOB" WOODHOUSE
 "STRUT" SYLVESTER
 "RUNT" ROWE
 "KID" WEST
 "BEAUTIFUL" GROVES
 "TURBID" WOODHOUSE

THE SUBSTITUTE—"WE" VANCEY



EGYPTIAN LEAGUE



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TESSIS CLUB



A Virginia Mocking-Bird's Song



J. MILLER TRAKE.

In the glory of the moon
On a starry summer's night,
Where we heard the mock-bird's tune
Wafted o'er the fields of light—

Songs alive with sheer delight,
Thankful of kind Nature's boon,
Mirthful, mocking music's night.

You are learn'd, a deep insight
Do you show, O, Sweet Buffoon,
In bird-nature, Mocking Wight,
You are versed in woodland rune.

Where is she to-night, Sweet Bird,
Breathes your song of her some thought,
Are your throat's pure pulses stirred
As my heart's, with memories wrought

Of her sweetness? Have you heard,
As your ear the rich tones caught,
Music of her every word?

Is your heart like mine so stir'd
With fond memories of her fraught,
That your tune, O, Mocking-Bird,
Is the song her sweetness taught?

Dear, all Nature is full of you;
Even the mock-bird's rich notes tell
Songs of your sweetness in music true,
Memories of you that his voice impel.

Time and place—all have caught your spell
Here, where I stand 'neath the skies' deep blue,
Nature in whispers ineffable

Breathes of you in the night-wind's swell,
Moving o'er meadows sweet with dew,
While in the mocking-bird's love song true
A thousand thoughts of my lady dwell.



OFFICERS

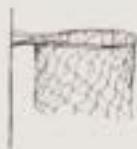
F. E. BRADENBAUGH.....CAPTAIN
 E. D. HELLWEGMANAGER

LINE UP

S. J. WOODHOUSE, Goal
 J. R. BOOTH, Cover Point
 J. C. BEALE, Point
 F. C. HALL, First Defense
 J. E. WALLACE, Second Defense
 J. S. GROVES, C. D. JOHNS, Third Defense
 F. E. BRADENBAUGH, Center
 E. W. PROCTER, First Attack
 C. M. WEBB, Second Attack
 W. A. TAYLOR, Third Attack
 W. W. SMITH, Out Home
 E. D. HELLWEG, In Home



LACROSSE TEAM



BASKET BALL



OFFICERS

W. DANIEL ELLISMANAGER
PARKER W. BUHRMANCAPTAIN

TEAM

K. SESSLER, Right Forward
C. C. BUSH, Left Forward
W. A. TAYLOR, Left Forward
J. N. GALLOWAY, Center
P. W. BUHRMAN, Center
A. E. OWENS, Right Guard
N. M. CANTER, Left Guard
C. G. GOODRICH, Left Guard



BASKET-BALL TEAM









Skating Club

MOTTO
Stand up

COLORS
White and Black

PLACES OF MEETING

King's Pond

Railroad Pond

CHIEF SKATERS

"CAPN" BRAD(Y) (BAUGH)
"DUM" SAMVILLE
"SKINNY" RANDOLPH
"FORENOON" JORDAN

"UNCKS" BOOTH
"FEDDE" FERGUSON
"PETER" WILSON
"DIVINE" TARTUM

"FOOTS" BURTON
"FERGIE" FEDDERSON
"HAIRY" GAVER
"KID" WEST

STRAOGLERS

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O. S. CHAPLAIN
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Miss MAJORIE HUNTER

Miss EPIE BLACKWELL
Miss McCLENDON

Miss MARY TYLER
Miss MATTIE MIDYETTE

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MAXY BROS. (Inc.)



Tidewater Club

MOTTO
Care kamuss

COLORS
Pink and Peagreen

FLOWER
Polysiphonia

YELL

Rick, rick, rick, rock!
Rump, rump, rump!
Tick, tock, tick, tock!
Tump, tump, tump!
Jolly, jolly roysters!
Fresh fish and oysters!
Tidewater! !!

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BEALE, R. H.—"Bob"
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DUMVILLE, S. L.—"Sis"
ELLIOTT, W. B.—"Fuzzy"
FEDDEMAN, C. E.—"Happy"
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HALL, F. C.—"No. 2"
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MURPHY, G. W.—"Pat"
POWELL, W. A.—"Mike"

ROBERTSON, J. C.—"Doc"
ROBINSON, W. S.—"Tappy"
ROBERTS, E. P.—"Obodiah"
ROWE, J. W.—"Croker"
SAWYER, J. G.—"Bishop"
SILVESTER, S. L.—"Strut"
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WHITE, B. M.—"Ros"
WEST, T. L.—"Kid"
WOODHOUSE, H. W., Jr.—"Bob"
WOODHOUSE, S. J.—"Tubbie"
WRIGHT, W. A.—"Preacher"
WALLACE, J. E.—"Shog"



TIDEWATER CLUB



Milwaukee Club

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MILWAUKEE CLUB



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Feline Disintegrators

MOTTO
Cape felca

FLOWER
Cat tails

COLORS
Gray and white

- DISCOVERIES**
1. How to rid Ashland of rats.
 2. The best way to skin the cat.
 3. A perfume sweeter than attar of roses.

- DIVERSIONS**
1. Occasional "still" blow-ups.
 2. The mournful wail of Paramoecium and Amoeba as they do the "merry-go-round stunt" at the rate of 50,000 revolutions a minute.

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"JANITOR" JOE.....	TAR AND FEATHER TOTER



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TOOTERS

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 "HENRY CLAY" ELLIS

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"TALKATIVE" TILLER	"REDDY" STERBINS
"HANDSOME" LANCASTER	"FOUR" HALL
"DICK RICHARD" IRBY	"CHILL" BENERY
"SCIENTIFIC" LUCK	"FATTY" SMITHEY
"SPEEDY" LAPSLEY	"MELODIOUS" REED

GUARDIAN ANGEL

"DIAVOL" POTTS

Yello Club



MOTTO

Talk all you can

PLACE OF MEETING

Central Office

YELL

Heloo,
You say he's not there?
You mean thing!
Oh, you crazy!
Send us down
Some drinks

ATTRACTIONS

Latest Gossip.....	MONDAY
Sewing Circle.....	TUESDAY
Coca Cola.....	WEDNESDAY
Chafing Dish.....	FRIDAY
Milk Shakes.....	THURSDAY
General Review.....	SATURDAY
	SUNDAY

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MISS HELEN NIXON.....	DEMONSTRATOR ON SEWING MACHINE
MISS GUSSIE NIXON.....	DEPARTMENT OF ADVERTISING
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MR. H. H. GAVER.....	RATHER DELINQUENT
MR. RALPH LEE.....	GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT
"COP SMILEY" LUCK.....	KEEPER OF THE BEAT



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H. S. DUFFEY
R. V. LANCASTER
J. E. WALLACE

SECOND TENOR

R. W. PROCTER
P. K. GRAVELEY
H. H. HARLAN

FIRST BASSO

W. P. REED
W. A. POWELL
D. R. MIDYETTE, Jr.

SECOND BASSO

E. M. WHITE
L. J. MARTIN
L. W. WHITE, Jr.
W. I. PRICHARD

INSTRUMENTAL

R. W. PROCTER, FIRST VIOLIN
N. M. CANTER, FIRST VIOLIN
C. W. BEALE, SECOND VIOLIN
D. R. MIDYETTE, Jr., SECOND VIOLIN
F. E. BRADENBAUGH, FIRST MANDOLIN
H. B. COATES, FIRST MANDOLIN
J. S. GROVES, SECOND MANDOLIN

J. W. FOWLKES, BANJO
H. H. GAVEN, BANJO
W. W. SMITH, BANJO
L. J. MARTIN, GUITAR
K. E. SESSLER, GUITAR
J. E. WALLACE, { CORNET
PIANO



GLEE CLUB



MOTTO
"Kite mit weile"

FLOWER
 Turnip Tops

FAVORITE SONG
 "Haste to the Banquet Hall"

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 W. P. REED.....VICE PRESIDENT
 J. C. ROBERTSON.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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BEDFORD CITY CLUB



Front Royal Club



MOTTO

Non Equo Creditus

SONG

"Chicken"

FAVORITE DISH

Pink Boxes

FAVORITE FLOWER

Sweet Potatoes

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FRONT ROYAL CLUB

To Sidney Lanier



J. MILLER LEAKE.

(Written in a volume of his poems.)

Master of Music, Poetry's pure Priest,
Singer of Heart-Songs that must live for aye,
Lover of sunrise, marsh, and sunset sky,
Brave Bard, whose sufferings jarr'd his songs the least,—
Whose genius gave the world a fairy feast,
Rich fruits of fancy. Master, let us try
Like you to truly live and bravely die,
And fearless go to face the Eternal East,—

Where all the sky is radiant with the morn
Of a far brighter day than this we know;
And life is but a never-ending year,
Teach us your knowledge—free from scoff and scorn—
And let us sing sweet songs through weal or woe,
Living our songs as you did, great Lanier!



MOTTO

Twenty-three

COLORS

Black and —

FLOWER

Morning Glory

HONORS CONFERRED

Ten per cent.

PURPOSE

Make Chapel or bust a hame string

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Dr. J. F. McCLENDON

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 D. F. JAMESON
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M. K. HARRIS

*At the time the copy went to press no second color had been decided upon, so the staff was compelled to leave it blank (iship).



Valley of Virginia Club

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NOTABLES

"BIG" BARN (Y) (HART)	CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE-WASHER
"BRER" FOX	ASSISTANT
"LITTLE" BARN (Y) (HART)	PRIVATE SECRETARY TO CHIEF COOK
"WATT" WUNDER	LATIN JOCKEY
"EUSE" WUNDER	ETERNAL QUESTION MARK
"FISH" YANCEY	MODERN LANGUAGE SHARK
"JUDGE" NEWMAN	CHIEF HOWLER
"BILLY" FORD	EQUELLA SHAGGIA
"STEIN" SNELL	DEAD GAME SPORT
"ALUMINUM" YANCEY	CATONSVILLE, MD.
"TOUCHDOWN" SESSLER	PROPER RUNNER
"SCHRIMP" GAVER	VALLEY FISH
"PUSS" BUHRMAN	BURNSIDE SIDEBURNS
"FRANKY" RIDGEWAY	PERPETUAL SMILER
"BOB" STONEBURNER	THE ROLLING TEH
"DEACON" GALLOWAY }	Co SNORERS
"PARSON" BUSH }	
"HAIRY" GAVER	BUSINESS MAN
"HUGH" DUFFEY	HIGH TENOR



VALLEY OF VIRGINIA CLUB

School of Calico



Dr. JESSE F. McCLENDON

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See list of student body

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HOWARD HARLAN, Jr.

*Dr. DE LA WARR B. EASTER
Dr. EDWIN W. DOWEN

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Miss RUTH BLAKEY
Miss ELSIE CARDWELL

Miss CLARKE HOOFNAGLE
Miss MARY BAGLAND
Miss SARAH CARDWELL

*Took post-graduate work at the Johns Hopkins University of Calico, and is now investigating the subject of Matrimonial Bliss, preparatory to writing his Thesis.





Tar-Heel Club

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TAR HEEL CLUB

About the Campus



A FEW FACTS TAKEN AT RANDOM
A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY



WE have recently received some valuable information from reliable sources in regard to the life history of a distinguished member of R.-M. College. A good many rumors have been afloat from time to time in regard to the matter, but until the present time we had no information accurate enough to appear before the public, although the gentleman in question has at all times been perfectly willing to enlighten us upon the subject.

Lucius Jupiter Mars descended to the planet Earth after having been in charge of the celestial regions for several centuries. Then having soared beyond the educational atmosphere at Charlottesville, Va., he betook himself to Bedford City, where he became renowned in the social and athletic sphere of that place. After having successfully managed the affairs of R.-M. Academy for several years he is at present the "most high muckety-muck" of Randolph-Macon College. At his first appearance on the gridiron he succeeded in fracturing his collar bone, and has since posed as a hero before that portion of Ashland's population known as "the *collie*."

He may be recognized by his sensational walk, *display* of knowledge, ability as a calicoist, and by his personal rendition of how he walked off with the Athletic Championship at Bedford.

An Unprecedented Occurrence

[COPIED FROM A LEADING DAILY.]

THE sane and sober town of Ashland was this morning thrown into an ecstasy of tumultuous commotion by the news borne on the wings of wild-eyed fame that the Biological Laboratory of R.-M. College had been the scene of a most dastardly attempt on the priceless complexion of one of its most respected citizens. The time of the outrage, according to the infallible chronometer of the Ashland dispenser of Richmond time, was just seven minutes one and one-sixteenth seconds after eleven o'clock. A flask of *Adam's ale*, in which were dissolved certain chemical compounds, among which was a salt of a purple color, and an alkali commonly known as "lye," was boiling away on the top of a red-hot stove. The molecules of water as well as those of the dissolved substances, being compelled by the great heat to which they were subjected to turn, and twist, and hop continually to prevent the torrefaction of their dainty articles, grew frenzied with rage at the too great proximity of a human complexion, and recognizing the features of the one who was at the bottom of their torments they burned with desire for revenge. Their fury doubled the rapidity of their movements; the vitreous wall that enclosed them could not withstand the violence of their poundings, and with a frightful crash gave way. Like wolves the enraged molecules flew upon the helpless object of their wrath, and transferred to his face the agony with which they themselves had been tortured. For a moment the victim stood blinded and dazed, then turning he fled like an antelope across the lawn to plunge into the refreshing depths of the Chemical Laboratory, there to appease the offended molecules with soothing lotions. The molecules soon yielded to Bacchus, and resumed their docility, being finally induced to leave the complexion of the sufferer little the worse for wear. Feeling among the *Paramecia* runs high, and mob violence is feared. The President has ordered out the twenty-third battalion of *Amoeba*.



"Hoher als die Kirche".....	WILLIAMS
"Shake, shake, shake on this locked-up door of mine".....	KEENE
"Get out, get out, for I will be obeyed".....	POSTMASTER
"Are there any more 'lives' we can read?".....	HISTORY CLASSES
"Oh, love the master passion!".....	"KEMP" YANCY
"Efe was the wife of Adam".....	WHO KNOWS WHO?
"The smile that won't wear off".....	"PAT" MURPHY
"If I only had time to callen".....	JERRIGAN
"I am taking Senior History".....	BARNHART, SECOND EDITION
"The Muses inspire me to cut Latin".....	DCFF
"Did I ever tell you about that steamboat. The Captain said—".....	WALLACE
"What becomes of that damage fee?".....	EVERYBODY
"'Hippos' De Jarnett, we need thee".....	SEVERAL OF US
"I favor Expansion. The Campus is too small".....	L. J. MARTIN
"My butting-in time is very limited".....	WEST
"A boat, a boat, my chances for a boat".....	CALIC
"It is my purpose to manufacture putamococia".....	DR. McCLENDON
"You should, . . . you should come to Chapel".....	THE FACULTY
"A razor would be very acceptable".....	BARNHART NO. 1
"And that brings us down to the present incumbent".....	HISTORIAN
"Yes, I want one of those Reception tickets".....	WOODHOUSE
"Resolved that: Municipal Government is best in this case".....	KEENE
"The Janitor is the man we want".....	BIOLOGISTS
"Murphy's Hotel is well propped to the Annex".....	BROUGHTON
"Far from the maddening girls".....	L. J. MARTIN
"A man of variegated hosiery".....	SNELL
"Smiley' is on the War-path".....	SKIDDOWISTS
"Send us an umpire".....	EGYPTIAN LEAGUE

The Hand of Fate



MADAM, are you my mama?" The speaker was a light-haired little German girl of perhaps twelve. Her hair was tied in a braid which hung down her back, and a small black bonnet was fastened on her head. Her black dress was torn and ragged. Her hands and face were reddened and tanned from exposure to the elements. The woman whom she addressed looked down in surprise at the little mite who had just put the extraordinary question.

"Your mother, child? No! Would that I were. I once had a little girl, but she is dead."

The woman was handsome. She was dressed in the most luxurious garments, and the cab, from which she had just descended, with its black, liveried driver, betokened the fact that she and the little waif were separated as far as money and lack of money can separate two human beings—one a woman of wealth, the other a child of the slums.

"Child, why do you ask me such a question?" And as she spoke she kindly stooped and placed her arm around the little one, who had raised her dirty hand to wipe away some large tears that had gathered on her cheek. "Why do you think I am your mama?"

"I don't know. You look like mama looked. You've got those great big eyes," the child sobbed, "and I can't find mama anywhere."

"Why, are you lost?" the lady inquired.

"No, but I am just hunting mama. You see, I have her picture, and every morning before I start out I take one look at her picture, and then all day, while I sell my candy, I look at every woman and try to find mama. I am afraid to take mama's picture along, 'cause I'll lose it."

"Do I look like your mama?"

"Yes'm, exactly; 'cept your hair is fixed differently, and your clothes are better than mama wore."

"Little girl, you have interested me, and I want to talk with you. Come to my home to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and bring your mother's picture, and I will buy all your candy, and we will eat something good and hot, and we will talk about your mama."

After the lady had given her explicit directions as to how to find her home, the brave little waif continued crying her wares till late, and, finally, when nearly all self-respecting people were off the streets, she turned and trudged her way home. As she walked she wondered how it was that the lady, who had been so kind to her, could be like her mother's picture and yet not be her, and then she thought of the kind invitation. So intent was she that she passed the little

"lean-to" she called home, and, when she had retraced her steps and again come to it, the short, thin figure of a man was awaiting her in the doorway. His clothes were old and ragged. His long hair was a disbevelled mass that hung down over his neck. One eye was a black void, and the other gleamed with a vengeful lustre. His face was drawn and brown, and the muscles in it twitched with anger and displeasure.

As Marie saw him she started, and, as she went in past him, he slapped viciously and knocked the little one's head against the door. She recovered, however, and hastened in. The old man slammed the door, and began to berate her for being so late without having sold as much fruit and candy as usual.

She trembled as he spoke, and hastened to put down her basket and to remove the wrap from around her head.

The other figure in the room, an old wizen-faced woman, with an old black cloak pulled around her shoulders, crouched over a small fire in the corner, and took no notice of the child's entrance, but pointed to a pan on a shelf, which contained a piece of cold bread drowned in a deluge of grease. This the half-famished child devoured standing, and, as soon as she had finished, crept up an old pair of steps into the garret, and soon had laid herself on a cot, whose only covering was an old dirty blanket and a piece of an old dress. She rolled and tossed, but the tears which welled up and wet her pillow belied her closed eyes, and indicated that sleep, "the sweet destroyer of care," had not yet come. Not until the two old heartless wretches below had retired did she at last, from sheer exhaustion, fall asleep.

The next morning she was awakened by a rough hand that shook her violently. Although the stars could yet be seen, she hastily scrambled out of bed, and, after having eaten a breakfast as cold and cheerless as the supper the night before, she filled her basket and started out. Few were the passers-by, but she made her way immediately to the avenue, and soon her voice was heard cheerily crying, "Candy here. Nice big bag, all for a nickel. Candy! Candy! Mister, don't you want some candy?" Hard-hearted was the man who could refuse to buy from this little waif. Long were the hours to her until eleven, but, true to her promise, at the appointed time she came to the lady's home, and was soon reveling in a dish of hot oat-meal.

After she had eaten like the little half-starved waif that she was, she told how she had been stolen, when she was a little bit of a mite, from her home by an old Italian, an enemy of her father, who had taken her from far off Germany to this country, and made her sell fruit and candy in the various cities to which she had been taken. She told how at night, if she had not sold as much as her cruel master thought she ought to have sold, he would beat her so that she could not sleep; how she had several years ago found a picture of her mother sewed in the lining of her little cloak, which her mother had fastened there for

some reason. On the back of the picture the mother had written "To Marie—Mama." This was all. The little girl had asked a storekeeper to read it for her, and thus she had the picture of her mother, and for months and months had scanned the face of every woman who had passed her by on the streets of Washington, hoping by chance some time to find her mother.

During all this time she had been compelled to hide her picture and her search for her mother from Guiseppa and his wife, the villainous old pair who had stolen her, for, had they known anything about it, the lonely little girl trembled to think of the consequences.

Then the lady, as she held Marie on her lap, told her how she once had a little girl, but a cruel old man had, in order to pay her husband for some fancied wrong, stolen her daughter, and the next day a notice had appeared in the papers saying that her daughter and her kidnapper had been burned completely in a railroad wreck. Then she told how she and her husband had determined to put into execution at once the plan which they had been considering for years, to come to America and open a store. They had prospered in Washington, where they had settled, and had accumulated a fortune.

"Child, let me see your mother's picture?" she interrupted suddenly as a thought seemed to flash across her mind.

The little girl took the tin-type out of her dress, and handed it to the lady. She took it, and as soon as she saw it she caught the child to her breast, and rocked back and forth, crying out "My child! Thank God! My child! Marie! I thought you were dead. O, thank God!"

When the poor little creature saw her mother acknowledge herself she, too, screamed with joy, and nestled herself into her mother's arms.

The scene that ensued is too sacred for strangers to look in upon, for greater joy was never seen. Two human hearts that had hungered and thirsted for each other had met—a childless mother and a motherless child.

WM. L. DOLLY, JR.



Alpha and Omega

J. MILLER LEAKE.

I. ALPHA.

A cry upon the stillness of the night,
Frail, finite, small, and pitifully weak—
The striving of a soul, new-born, to speak
Of Birth's great mystery—a call for light.
A wanderer from the great Beyond—the flight
Of soul from Infinite Soul in man to seek.
Life's grail, endeavor, stress and storm, to wreak
Mortality's puny power 'gainst Fate's great night.

O, Derelict, on mortal life's wild sea—
Storm-tossed, adrift from Infinite Life's calm shore,
Upon what coast will thy frail craft be cast
By wind and wave and current? Foiled or free,
We know one thing that after all is o'er
The Life Indeed will be thy port at last.

II. OMEGA.

A weak, faint cry in dawn's dim watches gray—
Faint with the fleeting breath and weak with strife,
The soul, out-going, loses hold on life;
In death's grim grasp Mortality's crude clay
Is but the creature of a swift-spel day,
Infinity's great mystery's ever rife
With riddles none but death with his sharp knife
Can solve—by cutting life's frail thread away.

O, storm-tossed craft, adrift on life's wild sea,
The shore is near, the surge is running high—
Comest thou a wreck upon the Infinite strand,
The plaything of the wind and waves to be;
Or braving every wave, sails reefed, dost fly
To anchorage safe upon the Eternal Strand?

From a Freshman

No. 1.

DEAR HARRY: My train was on time, so that I arrived in Ashland, Thursday, shortly after noon. On the same train with me were several other students who like myself had come to tackle the problems at Randolph-Macon. When I stepped from the train I looked around to get my bearings, and then moved in the direction of the College. The first thing that attracted my attention was the beautiful campus, and it would do you good to see it at this season, with its rows of stately oaks, its gravel walks, and the green grass that makes it indeed beautiful. As I looked upon it, I said within myself, "This place hath a pleasant seat." While I mused thus, I had almost arrived at the Secretary's office, when all at once I was warmly greeted by the cordial handshake of one of the "old fellows."

I now felt that I was no longer an entire stranger in Ashland. My new acquaintance assisted me both in selecting and arranging my room, and also introduced me to the lady with whom I was to board. In every way both faculty and students did their utmost to make me feel at home. A day or two later the students, assisted by the hospitable people of Ashland, gave the "fish"—we are called "fish" here during our freshman year—a very enjoyable entertainment in the chapel. Speeches were made by the students, who invited us to freely participate in every phase of college life.

I know you have asked yourself if I haven't been "blue" and "homesick" since I have been at College. Well, I have been to a certain extent, but am as cheerful as one who has just left home could very well be. I must admit that the first few days was a trying time to me. When I went into the class room, and heard the long lessons assigned I thought, "How can I ever master them?" But when I went to my room, and commenced to study I found that it was not so bad after all. Even in so short a time I am "getting the hang" of life here, and believe that on the whole I shall do well.

As to my "initiation?" You very well know with what horror I regarded the ordeal of being "hazed." I dreamed of undergoing some such ordeal as Regulus did, only without a jury, and with fewer spikes. But I was doomed for disappointment. A few nights ago, near eleven o'clock, as I sat studying in my room, I was suddenly startled by the cry, "Fish! Fish! Fish!" Then followed a mighty whacking on my door, as I looked every moment for the panels to fall through. Above the din arose the cry, "Open up! Open up!" The book fell from my hand, and I will not attempt to describe the sensations that stole over me. I did "open up," and in walked a crowd of smiling fellows who introduced themselves by shaking hands with me. I was called upon to do a few simple "stunts," and then left all alone to think about it. My simple *role* was played, and then the scene changed.

I am well and alive to tell the tale.

Very sincerely yours,
R. W. F.

No. II.

DEAR HARRY: Back at College again! I look around me to see where I am, what I am, and how I am. How like a dream was the Christmas holidays, but I now awake from that enchanted memory to find myself solemnly turning over the pages of my book, fumbling with the leaves, biting the end of my pencil, and reading—I know not what. Between every line I see plainly spelled out—home, friends, holidays, “punk.” Then, too, I am always chasing down to the post office until I have almost worn out Sergeant Luck’s famous “beat.” It is indeed hard for a fellow to settle down to work after the lazy delights of Yuletide. He just has to buckle down to the job, and he does it, that’s all.

At this time I think no one has greater need of encouragement than we fellows. The busy grind, the quiet corridors, the lighted transom—all show that just ahead is something real—very real. I am taking the hint and trying to get in shape for the contest, for I can’t look at even a newspaper or magazine that I don’t see looming up before me in bold type: “Exams! Exams!” I assure you that it takes no little “nerve” to “face the music.” Still everything bids us be brave. The Y. M. C. A. workers, ever mindful of the feelings of a fish, engaged a few evenings ago a trained quartet that sang all our fears to sleep for the time being, and lifted us above our troubles.

The first night after my arrival here we had such a time as only College fellows can have. A crowd of us squeezed into one room, cut the strings from the “punk boxes,” and then proceeded to demolish such delicacies as had been left over from the Christmas table in the way of cake and various other “punk.” The conversation betrayed many, clearly showing that Cupid is a busy fellow, especially at Christmas. After a sufficiency of such levity, we turned ourselves to the graver task of “getting up” our classes for the next day.

And now enough for this time while I, full of hope, speed away into the second term.

Very sincerely yours,
R. W. F.

No. III.

DEAR HARRY: Only a few more days, and I leave my *alma mater* for a short vacation. Everybody here is busy getting ready for “the finals,” which are close upon us. Some are writing that oration which will in a few days prove how nearly they are the equals of Cicero. Others are happy in the thought that the coveted “sheep skin” will soon be theirs—if they “flunk” not.

Now, that I am nearly at the close of my “fish year,” everything about College life appears to me in a different light. Everything has become easier, and smoother to me, in fact, more home-like. Even the old bell that calls us

to chapel and classes does not have so dreary a sound as in former days. I have even formed a love for the lecture room, where humor, as well as knowledge often flows from the desk. I find that being "ridden" is not so bad as it at first appeared to be. I always look forward to the monthly "snap" or "test," and should feel surprised if it did not come. I also feel more at ease in the "Exam." room than formerly; in short I am like a colt which has gotten used to the harness—the collar does not pinch as badly as it did at first.

As the session draws to an end, I find that I have a love for the College such as I have never felt before. I find it my chief delight to share in her "ups and downs," and I am drawn by a sort of magnetism into every phase of Randolph-Macon's affairs. I feel sure that in after life I shall often, in fancy, visit this familiar spot. In these moments of lively imagination, I shall find myself strolling far into the country with some chum, or watching the tennis and lacrosse games on the campus, or else in the Literary Society trying to convince the audience that "my worthy opponent" has entirely misstated the case. Thus dreaming, I shall again visit the Chapel, and look in on that debate when the old College was the victor, that great debate in my fish year! Thus looking into the firelight I shall again hear that dumb-bell drill in the gymnasium, mingled with the dull *thud* of the football, just as it sounded when Randolph-Macon kicked off to Richmond College, in my "Fish year." I shall again see that crack second base-man as he knocks a "three-bagger" in the championship baseball game, while as a background for all this the old bard will chime forth, "*Arma virumque cano.*" And thus the experiences indelibly written upon my mind this year will no doubt give me food for many pleasant reflections when I too shall hold a "sheep-skin," and go into the world.

In my letters to you this year I have touched only "on the high places" of my life here. You cannot feel the real charm of Randolph-Macon life until you yourself have tasted of its joys and sorrows.

All praise to Randolph-Macon, and may I, as an "old fellow," be able to welcome you to her portals when I come back in September.

Very sincerely yours,

R. W. F.



THE BLACKSTONE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Picture showing new Library and Assembly Hall on the left-hand side)



POINTS FOR PARENTS

Motto :

Thorough Instruction under Positive Christian Influence, at the Lowest Possible Cost.

Growth:

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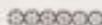
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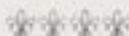
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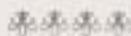
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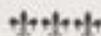


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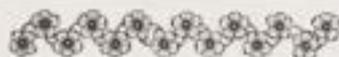
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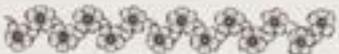


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