



THE SOPHOMORES IMITATE THE SENIORS, BUT PUT THE BEER TO BETTER USE.

The Sophomore.

Oh, how did he ever from the Freshman Class escape,
Is a thing that we all would like to know,
For excepting self-esteem, his freshness is the same
That it was in the days a year ago.

He may smoke a cigarette with a finer air of grace,
He may get excused from drill with greater ease,
And, to Doctor's swell receptions, may be more often bid,
But show his gain in knowledge, if you please.

For the faculty were dreaming when they said that he could rise
If wisdom is the test on which they pass,
For his emeraldine ways are as verdant as of yore,
Just intensified by egotistic brass.

'Tis his pride to make the Freshman's life a nuisance and a bore
By plaguing him with every sort of prank,
But it comes from secret fear which he knows is grounded well,
That they'll class him in the very self-same rank.

So the unregenerate freshness of the Sophomoric lad
Strong witness to this simple fact doth bear,
That his present name's inaccurate—it really ought to be
The second-handed Freshman from last year.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Yell.

Hi! Yi! Yi! Yi!
X! C! V! I!
Hi! Yi! Yi! Yi!
Georgia!

Colors.

Navy Blue and White.

Flower.

Buttercup.

Officers.

HOLCOMBE BACON,	President.
J. W. GRIFFITH,	Vice-President.
T. Z. DANIEL,	Secretary.
HENRY HILLYER,	Treasurer.
SHIRLEY BROOKS,	Historian.
C. A. FLEMING,	Captain Baseball Team.
SHIRLEY BROOKS,	Manager Baseball Team.
P. P. EZELLE,	Captain Football Team.
HOLCOMBE BACON,	Manager Football Team.