



Class 

. . of . .

Ninety-Six





• • • Class Poem. • • •

CLASS '96.

BOYS, its forever over, our preparation season!
Our studies in the sciences of logic and of
reason,
Our dabbings in physics, in Latin, French
and Greek,
The training of our minds to act, and of our tongues
to speak.
We have frolicked on the campus for four long happy
years,
Have grieved the honored faculty by ever cutting
prayers;
Have stolen spoons, have Indians burnt, and other
mischief done,
But now, alas! its over, our real life work's begun.

And yet our actual life-work is a season of study, too:
A science begun by all of us and mastered by but few.
Biology, well-known to us, the science of life we call,
Its skeletons and microscopes upon our spirits pall.
But now another ΒΙΟΞ ΛΟΥΟΞ presents itself to view,
And not a science of life alone, a science of living, too.
The science of living happily, living busily and well,
The making of a heaven on earth and not of earth a
hell.

A science as old as antiquity, or the pyramids of the
Nile,
And yet as new as the present is, changing all the
while.
A science covered by Demosthenes and other old
scholars of Greece,
Developed by Diogenes with his tub and life of peace.
And yet withal as perishable as frost in a summer's
sun,
Quite as far from perfection now as when 'twas first
begun.
For this immortal science 'tis impossible to teach,
And yet the guide, Experience, brings it almost in
our reach.

One's knowledge of living successfully must perish
at one's death;
To explain one's views to others is a wasting of one's
breath.
And yet, perhaps, in a few simple words the object of
life is given—
The object of our life on earth before our home in
heaven.

The enjoyment of life ourselves, adding to joys of others;
The making of friends from strangers, converting of friends to brothers;
The smoothing of the road before companions' weary feet;
The living of a joyful life—helpful, pure and sweet.
And as we grasp each other's hand to say a long farewell,
No more to hear the hast'ning sound of the dear old chapel bell;
No more receptions to attend, to give the yell no more;
No more to hear our "Charby" say, "won't you please shut the door?"
No more to smile at years old jokes, whether we wish it or not,
Cuts, politics and holidays never again to plot.
Let us never forget each other—of dear old Ninety-six--

With all its college spirit, its frolics and its tricks.
Let us never forget the lessons learned by weeks and months of toil,
Nor our good Athenian friends, when far from native soil.
Let us remember our Lucy Cobb girls, their smiles and bows and all,
In the spring they loved but us alone—some other in the fall.
And best of all, let us never forget, in years of toil and strife,
Some of the lives seen by us in our years of college life.
Lives of men thrown with us, who have mastered the science well—
The making of a heaven on earth and not of earth a hell.



• • • **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 of Class of Ninety-Six.

WM. W. CHANDLER	- - - - -	President.
D. T. CLARK	- - - - -	Vice-President
J. W. GRIFFITH	- - - - -	Historian.
H. V. BLACK	- - - - -	Prophet.
C. H. HOLDEN	- - - - -	Orator.
A. P. FLOWERS	- - - - -	Secretary.
G. H. BOGGS	- - - - -	Treasurer.
R. P. STEPHENS	- - - - -	Chaplain.
M. M. LOCKHART	- - - - -	Poet.
J. B. CONALLY	- - - - -	Captain of Football.
GEO. S. CRANE	- - - - -	Manager of Football.
CRAIG BARROW	- - - - -	Captain of Baseball.
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