

## • • • History of Ninety-Eight. • • •



"The historian," says Johnson, "must either tell what is false or what is true; in the former case, he is no historian; in the latter, he has no opportunity for displaying his ability; for truth is one and all who tell it must tell it alike." Regardless of wit and humor, we purpose to tell our little story in the cold, dry words of history. Nor do we intend to appear Herodotian, for the deeds of the subjects of this sketch stand revealed in the pleasant memorials of our College.

The class of '98, unlike other classes which begin their second year with disquietude and trepidity, met the dawning of this dismal year determined to view the hardships, imposed by the powers that be, with a philosophical calm, and resolved, as was old Augustus, to conquer two bitter foes in the realms of Phillippi.

Athletics awoke from a lethargy of ages in September of the year 1894. The shackles had dropped, her limbs were free, and there then began a career of unprecedented prosperity. With the rise of athletics, the University of Georgia began to grow in influence and power. Verily,

"The battle for freedom,  
When once begun,  
Is never lost,  
But never won."

Also, contemporaneous with the rise of athletics, was the birth of the class of '98. Modesty, indeed, will permit us to say that this class sent forth able representatives to take their stands at important posts on all of Georgia's teams, and to do battle bravely for the prominence and supremacy of their College in all the honorable contests of valor and manhood.

The social feature of our class is truly remarkable. The Four Hundred, that seemingly impenetrable society, would delight to honor certain members of '98. Should any one, by reason of some petty oversight

or misunderstanding, chance to occupy a position similar to that of Monsieur Albert de Germain, a mere statement relative to his membership in the class of '98 would be an irresistible demand for an instantaneous recognition and a most humble apology.

We can boast a Chesterfield and a Count in our lordly combination. We have men; and men, they are, who can force Bacchus to exclaim, "O, Hellenicus, strike me, honored sir, lest I be made to blush for shame!"

In politics we are said to be the rivals of the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte. Though not quite in the zenith of our power, we can truthfully say, we have come, we are now surveying, and before long we shall have conquered. Our supremacy is only a question of time.

We are represented in the Thaliens and the Glee Club. These important organizations began to honor us in even our Freshman year. The privilege of membership here is seldom extended to a Freshman. From this, the reader may plainly observe that there is merit in our ranks.

In oratory we lead the college. We have a Thomas Gray with oratorical fervor, and an Alexander Stephens with a strong voice and an able body. The halls of our societies may be heard on Saturdays as they resound with the mighty voices of our orators who are fighting the bloodless battles of debate. When serious questions which require calm deliberation confront this class, our men show what a keen encounter of their wits can produce, and what their mettle can withstand.

At the beginning of this history we did not intend to enter upon an extended narration of the deeds and achievements of the famous boys of '98, nor did we propose to make a bugle blast of the blessings, all manifold, all pleasing in our sight, that have been heaped upon us; for we apprehended that we might cause a spasmodic demonstration of the anxieties of jealousy in the hearts of the upper Classmen, but becoming unconsciously enthusiastic as we naturally began to contemplate the noble records of our classmates, we could pursue no other course. It was as impossible for us to refrain from speaking a little of our renown as it is for some of us to refrain from telling one, whose beauty and attractions are rare, the immortal story of love.

There is a matter of graver import of which it now becomes us seriously to speak. As we climb up this steep, slippery pathway of knowledge, let us not, as a class, become dizzy with self-conceit, but rather let us extend a helping hand to the sometimes helpless Freshman under us and assist them in their efforts to scale the rugged rocks; nor should we be forgetful of the upper Classmen, but give them a salutary propulsion when they are on the eve of falling back upon us. Let this generous spirit pervade our class and we shall become the model of Freshmen, demand the respect of our seniors, and rise in the estimation of the lasses of Lucy Cobb.

If your historian has not meted out justice to his class, let this earnest prayer hide his multitude of faults:

When at last he treads the shadowy pathway that leads the soul to eternal rest, and sounds the mysteries of life beyond the grave; when his quivering heart-strings shall break in death, and he closes his eyes upon this world, may he see thee then before him still,

*Pointing upward.*

CRUGER WESTBROOK, HISTORIAN.