

History of Ninety-nine.

"I sing of Freshmen and of duffers, the verdant little jays,
With their tiny comprehension and their cutely cunning ways "



IF it were not for the exalted opinion that the average Freshman has of himself he would, indeed, live a miserable life. The poor little fellow finds few sympathizers during his first year at college. The mere fact of his being a Freshman closes all doors upon him ; and, I might say, places the seal of condemnation upon him. He enters college full of hope and feels that he has few equals and no superiors. But oh! how soon are his hopes blighted and his feelings changed. It is only a little while before he is made to realize that he is a mere drop in the bucket. When thrown with the great crowd of college men he realizes the small part that he plays and longs for the home and dear ones he left behind.

Such is a fair picture of a boy beginning life in an American college. It becomes my duty to speak of the Freshman at the University of Georgia.

The class of '99 is one of the largest classes if not the largest, that has ever entered this institution. In this class we find representatives from every portion of the old State of Georgia, and boys eager to attend the University have come from other states. A large majority of the class of '99 have entered the University with the intention of remaining until they have received their "dips," but there are some few who have never let such an idea enter their head. It is said, that out of this large class, there is not a single one who knows where the dispensary is. I presume that the reason is that they have never asked the negro boys who run errands for them. The members of our class are very popular in society. It is very seldom that one of our members fails to receive an invitation to the Chancellor's reception. Here the kindly doctor has a pleasant word and a gentle smile to urge us along our long, long journey.

There is one duty that every Freshman class is in honor bound to perform. They owe it to the scores and hundreds who have traveled the long road before. The goats at Lucy Cobb must be painted. This year an excellent committee was appointed to perform this grave duty. I wish here to sound their praise, so faithful were they to their trust.

In athletics our class has done well. One of our members played guard on Georgia's great team. We had another member who acted as substitute: he stood ever ready to enter the fierce conflict should one of his comrades fall a victim on the field. Besides these two star players, there are many well-trained athletes in our class—boys whose destiny it is to bring fame and renown to the old institution in which they now play so humble a part.

It would not do to pass over our athletic history without mentioning our great game with the Seniors. Think of it! Ninety-Nine face to face with Ninety-Six on the terrible field of battle. Through two long halves the sturdy Freshmen held their own. At the end neither side had scored. Keeping the Seniors from scoring was more than a victory for us.

Sometimes it seems that '99 is a long way off, and many of us feel like giving up in despair. But the years pass quickly by and soon we will be Seniors. Oh! with what joy we look forward to that time. Then we can wear tall hats and carry large walking-sticks. Then we can cease to drink "mountain dew," and quench our thirst with sparkling wines. When we think of this we feel like telling time to hurry on and bring to us that happy day.

I wish that space was allowed me to say something of every member of my class. Each one deserves special mention. But, alas, I cannot hope to speak individually of my classmates. All that I can say is that a better crowd of fellows were never gathered together. Such, kind reader, is our simple history. When you know the trials that a Freshman has passed through, I know we will have your sympathy, if not your applause and commendation.

HISTORIAN.

