

## History of '98



CUSSED by the Faculty, loved by Lucy and envied by the students, this Class has gone into history filling one of the blankest pages in Daddy Time's old roll-book. Blessed with characteristics entirely its own, e. g.: The beauty (?) of Black and Harris, the dissipation of Hunnicutt, Akerman and Basinger, the innocence (?) of Dorsey and Bower, and cemented by the closest bonds of friendship and congeniality, it will ever live through its members as a unit for agricultural advancement and brotherhood in the Farmers' Alliance.

Diplomas, the cherished gain of many sleepless nights, have been *given* out and as the erstwhile Senior stands upon the Chapel steps, perhaps for the last time, he realizes that all nightmares have an end and at last Ninety-eight is free.

Down the steps the newly made alumnus goes with drooping head, downcast eyes and a pain in his stomach, and seeking a shady nook 'neath the old Toomb's Oak, he gives himself up to reflection. The gate where he first tremblingly entered as a Freshman still stands; Yahoo, Moore College, the Dispensary and all stand unchanged, and tender memories flood his brain, but he is not drowned, for his brain has been overflowed before by the bright waters (?) of Silver Lake.

Again the Chapel bells peals forth awakening him from restless slumber and brings him doggedly to prayers, and the day's work (?) has begun.

He hears again the silvery voice of a gold-bug instructor seeking to gain from sleepy youth the lessons but half "jacked," and he sees the look of supreme satisfaction upon that worthy's face as he puts down a large round figure to the credit of mistreated genius. To the dreamer, such was life, and life that can never be duplicated this side the penitentiary.

The Senior's fancy wanders as his "gits" were wont to do, and as he dreams he sees the athletic field and the athletes contesting. Games of football, baseball, track and tennis, pass in panoramic succession before him. He sees the Freshmen of '98 tear holes in Sewanee's line in '94, and he cheers lustily as Auburn's scalp dangles at Georgia's belt in the same year. In '95 the teams whose make-up included several Sophomores march to victory and defeat, and sons of '98 are exultant and sorrowful in turn. In Junior and Senior years, Georgia's teams were more successful, and in his dreamings he knows '98 did much towards this glorious end.

In other directions reflections carry him, and he sees his classmate win the Shropshire Medal in his Freshman year. The debaters and society orators who have worn the white and green make him glad that '98 energy did not run entirely in athletic channels. In summer of '97, a Senior represents the University in State contest, and Georgia's sons are proud of him. In the classroom, the dreamer's vision shows '98, backed by Archie Hynds, holding her own, and he smiles as he thinks of struggles for a "dip" which he feared might for himself prove unfruitful.

The Caps and Gowns are not to be forgotten (neither is the washer-woman), and dignified in conceit the alumnus hopes that the plans so carefully formulated by '98 hands will be perpetuated, and that Cap and Gown will clothe and dignify Seniors for years to come.

To the future the imagination of the dreamer is turned and air-castles rise and fall, so does the pain in his stomach. He sees his classmates who can already grace the bar, grace the bench (of some cross-road store) and every other profession, and in 1936 the highest places in our nation's gift have all been filled by Seniors—who are able to Mark Hanna their way.

A gust of wind, hot with the fever of life's battles, laden with the blinding dust of its terrible conflicts, sweeps through the campus gate up the avenue, strikes with un pitying fierceness upon the Senior's face, twists and tears his six-dollar gown, and sends cold chills down his suspenders. Reflections are routed. Air-castles are demolished; but the pain in his stomach sticks to him closer than an unpaid washer-woman.

With scorched cheek and blinded eyes, he rises from his seat, gently shakes the chiggers from the folds of the posterior department of his gown, bids a last fond farewell to scenes made forever dear by cherished memories, wipes a long, salty, solitary, straggling tear from his eye with the tail of his coat, steps out upon the street of life, and the thoughtless student of yesterday faces the struggle for existence like a man—with a bob-tail flush who would like to open the jack-pot.

HISTORIAN.



## Horatii Flacci Carmen XXVIII Liber I

AD EQUUM MEUM.

(AVE, EQU, ALUMNI SALUTAMUS.)

<b>S</b> AEPE mihi in te est	Nonnullis iuvat
Magnum auxilium,	Sine te equitare;
Nunquam tu falles.	Memet sed iuvat
Indices rectam	In tuo dorso
Etiam iam viam	Esse et periculo
Inter periculo.	Salvum me facere.

Dedicatum ad Classem MDCCCXCVIII,

Universitatis Georgiae.

E. B. V.