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The Class of 1910

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THE CLASS OF 1910.

On our entrance we were the largest class that had ever come into the "Prep" department, and, as such, together with the usual amount of knowledge which is characteristic of paene-ism, we thought that our class in everything towered above all the other classes except the senior class. That class, in which were the happy "crew," Scott, Hunt, Warricks, Wright, Young, and others, are always held in great esteem and readily accepted its counsel. It is true that we towered above the other classes, but only in size.

"Sam" Allen first took up the gavel in our "paene" year, pounded the rustic dust from our frocks and taught us the meaning of "Do you recognize me, Mr. President?" During his administration a constitution was framed which has contributed much to the progress of the class organization. We are indebted very much to our first president for "Ille rexit dictis nostros animos."

Our class organization, as is well stated in the preamble of our constitution, was formed that we might properly make use of the opportunities which present themselves to us. This has been our aim. We have endeavored to be faithful to our teachers, loyal to the Eureka, and courteous to our fellow-students. We have endeavored to live up to the maxim, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Our teachers have often visited the organization and have given us counsel and encouraging words. This semester Dean Cummings spoke to us on "The Respect We Owe to Our Fellow Students;" Miss Barker on "Faithfulness to Duty;" Mr. Davis on "The Customs of the Romans;" and Mr. Legan on "The Strength of Organization." Our principle of loyalty is partly expressed in one of our songs of last year:

School days, school days,
Dear old golden "Prep" days,
Geometry, Latin and History,
Taught by the rules of the noble three
Euclid and Caesar and Zenophon,
These are the three, we'll omit none,
We will be loyal till all are gone,
The "Subs" of the Academy.

We are the "Middlers" now, just on the verge of "Prep Seniority." "Get ready," says one to another, "to pull off your old shoes and put on your new; for we are approaching superb 'Prep dignity.'" Some of our young men have already begun to get in trim for "senior dignity." Perhaps that is the reason why our class has not been so lively of late. The realization that with the approaching examination some of us may miss the happy state may also account for this sobriety.

Successors, we bid you welcome to our places. May your daily tasks be successfully done. Seniors, we salute you, who, having already successfully performed your assigned tasks, are now about to leave our department. "Hoc sit tantum initium."

What is Home Without a Mother?

THOS. B. LIVINGSTON.

What is home without a mother,
With her loving smile to greet,
When at eve we children gather,
Our blest prayer to repeat?
What is it, when prayer is over,
If there's none to say good night,
And to kiss and tuck us snugly
In our sheets of snowy white?

Ah! e'en nature seems quite dreary,
All the flowers dull appear,
When we have no more a mother
In our childish grief to share;
None to settle petty quarrels
That might sometimes 'tween us rise,
None to point us gently onward
To the home beyond the skies.