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### The ΠΡΙΩΜΕΝ:1916

Howard University

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#### Recommended Citation

Howard University, "The ΠΡΙΩΜΕΝ:1916" (1916). *Howard University Yearbooks*. 96.  
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1916

# ΠΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ

'16



111



**Esto Quod Esse Videris**

# THE ΠΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ



PUBLISHED BY  
THE SENIORS OF  
HOWARD UNIVERSITY ACADEMY  
NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

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PRINTED BY  
THE MURRAY BROTHERS  
WASHINGTON

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VICE PRESIDENT

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EUGENE RICHARD BELLINGER

CRITIC

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## P R E F A C E



The Class of 1916 has taken upon itself the arduous but pleasant task of publishing the first Year Book by any Academy class. The prevailing thought is to provide some aid to feeble memory in days to come. Many of us have left our "footprints on the sands of time" and names in the Hall of Fame, but as the tide swells the footprints are washed away, and in time the names will be obliterated; so may we, in the rush of life, forget some of our amiable friends and pleasant happenings. If, in later years, the perusal of this book will aid us to remember kind deeds and words which helped to make the time spent here enjoyable, then the thought and care spent in compiling it will not have been spent in vain, but will always stand as a reminder of service gladly and willingly rendered. Not without a feeling of joy and sadness do we turn aside from our daily routine, knowing that many things have been left unsaid, but hoping that what has been said will be appreciated.

THE EDITOR.







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—T O—

**GEORGE JOTHAN CUMMINGS**

*in Grateful Recognition of his Devotion*

*and Service given to*

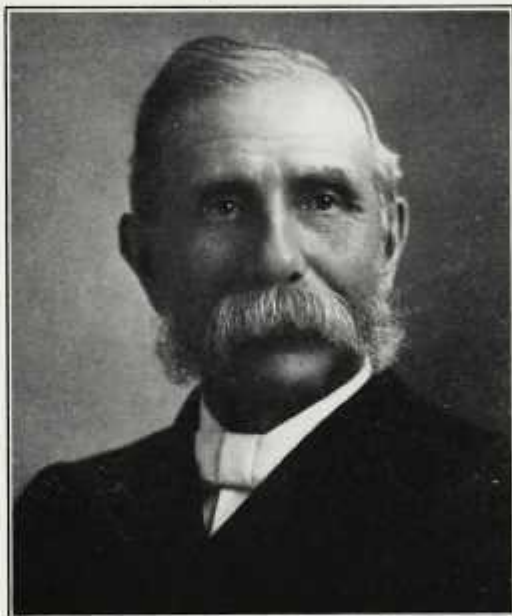
**HOWARD UNIVERSITY ACADEMY**

*this Volume is Dedicated*

*by the*

**CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN**





GEORGE JOTHAN CUMMINGS  
DEAN-EMERITUS



Prof. G. J. Cummins  
Miss S. N. Merriwether  
Frank Coleman

E. P. Davis  
Prof. C. S. Syphax  
Miss M. E. Brown

Miss A. R. Barker  
Miss H. E. Queen  
C. W. Marshall

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GEORGE JOTHAM CUMMINGS, A. M.  
*Dean Emeritus; Professor of Latin and Greek.*

EDWARD PORTER DAVIS, A. M.  
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*Instructor in English and History.*

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*Instructor in German and French.*

FRANK COLEMAN, B. S.  
*Instructor in Physics and Chemistry.*

MARY EDNA BROWN, A. M.  
*Instructor in English and Mathematics.*

CYRUS WESLEY MARSHALL, A. B.  
*Instructor in Mathematics.*

# Class History

*Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.—MOORE.*

On September 25, 1913, we started in search of the Golden Fleece—in modern words, a piece of sheepskin—a diploma. The Golden Fleece could be secured by journeying a distance of twenty miles through the United States of Howard University. This country is composed of several States with a Governor over each State. The journey through this country is made with the greatest difficulty, only about five miles being made in a year. Some exceptionally speedy travelers, however, have finished the journey in three years. The route lay through arid chemistrical deserts, over Caesarean bridges, up geometrical mountains, down algebraical valleys, through rugged mountain passes of languages, here and there a jutting cliff of Greek or Latin, with a winding road, on the sides of which yawning chasms of French and abysmal German precipices constantly presented themselves, finally it opened upon a broad plain looking toward a river, called the "English Jordan," over which everyone must cross to obtain the fleece.

How well we remember that September day! It was a very gloomy day—the rain coming down in torrents—and the reception we received seemed a part of the sombreness of the day. We were green—ah, so livid green! Fresh—oh, so fresh! Nondescript were we in appearance and quite void of brain convolutions. Now and then a rain-bedraggled urchin would poke his head in the immigration office, and on being examined by the Health Inspector would be sent to Immigration Officer Parks. There we learned that to go through the United States of Howard University would require money—much money. We had it brought forcibly to us that the pet calves and colts would have to be turned into cash; that the regular weekly washing had to be augmented; that an extra acre of corn and potatoes had to be planted before we could pass through the twenty miles and secure the Golden Fleece. However, we were allowed to enter and were accordingly registered as the Class of '16. Little did we think that we were destined to become the greatest class that ever passed through the State of the Academy.

The country is certainly a novel one, and we enjoyed the journey through it, especially because of the incidents that occurred to wile away the hours. I shall relate the important incidents of our journey as they happened from year to year. As I tell them, I hope no one will censure me if my remembrance is somewhat moss-covered and my graphic depiction heightened by exaggeration. As I was one of the first whose empty head appeared under the triumphal arch at the entrance to State A, I shall relate the incidents in innocent simplicity.

### JUNIOR YEAR.

We started, 128 strong, down the road leading to the cities of Latin, English, Algebra, and History, and soon found ourselves hailed before the authorities to be formally taxed. We thoroughly enjoyed the daily visits from city to city to pay a small pittance on our taxes, working here and there, obtaining a livelihood, until in February, 1913, we moved up a distance of two miles.

The first half of the year was spent in acclimating ourselves. We had to become used to the glare of the lights; we had to wean ourselves away from pegtop trousers and calico dresses to which we were so much attached; we had to become acquainted with each other.

One of the noteworthy incidents of the Junior year was the finding of a Walter Johnson in our midst. We had been generally happy and successful in every enterprise, so we challenged the travelers of the Sub-Middle County to a game of baseball. The challenge was accepted and the game scheduled. On a bright Saturday morning in April we played the game on Cooks' Athletic Field, having Taylor and Pannell as our battery. Taylor was a marvel; his curves were wide and fast-breaking; his speed terrific, and his control marvelous. Coupled with this athletic ability was a clownish tendency on his part that amused the crowd very much. We appreciated his worth, but suppressed all newspaper comments, so as to keep the professional ball scouts away. He won the game handily, striking out an average of two men every inning.

There were several public occasions that offered us a chance to distinguish ourselves. At the Metropolitan Cathedral we won praise by our concentrated singing and yelling. In an oratorical contest we were of great assistance to the program committee by filling in some otherwise bare space. To be plain, we *also* spoke. The next day we sauntered upon the athletic field. Catching sight of the grandstand, we saw three poles thereon, and from each pole floated banners of the Classes of '13, '14, and '15. At our feet lay the green and gold ensign of the Class of '16. Being dull of comprehension, we began to count on our fingers, f-o-u-r, four, four banners; t-h-r-e-e, three poles; then we scratched our heads. We knew nothing of physics; we knew not the law of two bodies trying to occupy the same space; but we did know that the green and gold would look better up some one of the poles than it did on the ground. And up it went. But not without a fierce battle between '15 and '16. At any rate, the green and gold fluttered in the breezes that day and the maroon and black folded itself in the bottom corner of a '16 trunk.

After a special day set apart to pay up all taxes, we packed up and journeyed to Sub-Middle County.

### SUB-MIDDLE YEAR.

Although our first year was exciting, still our second year was more so; in fact, it was the most momentous year of our journey. Our already progressive band was augmented by the arrival of such celebrities as the athlete Jones, the sophist Hagler, the dramatist Garrett, the maternal Hermione, the sculptoress Gladys, and Mabel, the modern Venus.

About November of that year we visited Metropolitan Cathedral again,



and there we exhibited one of the most spectacular demonstrations of decorative dissection of swine anatomy, or pig-stabbing, ever witnessed. The incident would not have been so serious under ordinary circumstances, but we set the stage, invited the public to witness dramatic excellence, and boasted of our debut in the upper academic council, only to hypnotize the hog, poise the knife in mid air with Macbethian tragicness, and then plunge it up to the hilt into the pig. It was a night long to be remembered.

The same year we gave a two-act playlet, entitled "The Expulsion of Tarquin." Room 109 was used to represent Rome; George Walton was the Roman Consul; the class acted the part of the Roman *Vulgus*; Mattocks was Tarquin, and a window-sill was the Rhine. Slight variations, however, from historical facts took place in our play. Mattocks went over the Rhine without the ceremony of wading, and the newly elected Governor Syphax restored Tarquin (although shorn of power) among the plebeian, broke up the Walton dynasty and established Emperor Hayling on the throne.

There also occurred three public entertainments. The first took place at Rankin's Monastery. Crowds of people had assembled; the several classes were present, singing and yelling; the air was filled with hilarity and suppressed excitement. It was the annual oratorical contest. "Baby" Coles was selected by the class to be yellmaster; every other member of the class promptly selected himself to be yellmaster. In such a disorganized state we marched to the Monastery. The air was replete with executed yells and songs, starting from the Class of '13 and coming down to '15. Finally, the psychological moment came; Coles arose, majestic in his 4 feet 2 inches of manhood; counted three, and yelled, "Seniors, Middlers, Juniors,—we are going to give you H—we are going to give you H-a-y-l-i-n-g!" There was a tumultuous applause. We had "mopped." Were we satisfied? Not the Class of '16. Something was undone. Coles arose again with a Napoleonic air, then counted three, and started, "M-C—Mack," only to hear his solitary words reverberate with ghostly echo about the beams and rafters of the Monastery. Furious with mortification, Tate arose, and in his shrill, feminine voice did then and there finish the job. Immediately a voice cried out, "Grunt no more, hog; the Subs have murdered thee." Well, MacFarland seemed to catch the spirit, for he mounted the stage, and in tones as raucous as the scraping of a kitchen spoon about the sides of a salt pork barrel, yelled, "Charcoal! Charcoal!" The house cheered, but he croaked "Charcoal! Charcoal!" till the judges, driven to madness by the incessant charcoal shower, threw a bronze medal at his head, which he did deftly catch, and in tones of fullness said, "Charcoal!"

The most prominent and best-to-be-remembered entertainment was the program given at Miner Hall. There was a brownskin monopoly and a brown name monopoly; for Sydney Brown was president, and Willie Mae Brown was secretary, when the exercises were held. There was speaking and singing, and all of it done with executive finish, with no mistakes. York read a journal that has never been equaled until this year, when Bellinger read his first journal to Governor Syphax. Then Billy Winters, of Nova Scotia, preached a sermonette in which he prophesied everything from

Mickey's marriage to Anita, to Brooks becoming King of England. No entertainment in the history of our journal has ever equaled it.

I am loath to relate personal social relationship, but one incident must be given to show the solid affection of the class. "Big Chief" supplied the before-mentioned Venus with chocolates until the candy, on being distributed to admiring friends, made a complete circle, passed through five hands, and was offered to "Big Chief" himself within an hour of the first presentation. That was the death knell of Lowney's. This led us up to a tax-paying day, and most of us packed up for Middle County.

#### MIDDLE YEAR.

We started this year resolved to take possession of the whole State. The road widened at the entrance to Middle County. In fact, it became a boulevard, with three divisions—a scientific path for the serious-minded; a normal path for the sciverers; and a classical path for jockeys, although recently aeronauts have been assigned an air course directly over the jockey path. It was no easy matter for us to decide which path we wished to travel. However, we adjusted ourselves, and, having been given more moving space, we traveled on more rapidly. Looking about us, we saw Alphonso Mozart Land, Charles Carribean Godden, Emperor Bismarc Turner, Julia Creole Roudeze, the twins, Lofton and Holmes, Siamese in all but one respect, and dainty Albert Dyett.

We soon began to take interest in the tax-paying system, many of us not content with the payment of \$70, voluntarily increased our taxation up to the eighty and ninety mark. We were much interested in the administration of Mayors Davis and Coleman, and Mayoresses Barker, Queen and Brown. At the city of Cicero we learned this: "How long, O Catiline, will you mock us by your audacity? Where were you last night? Where were you the night before? Have you any engagement for tonight?" You see, we merely learned a polished manner of "bawling out" somebody to his face. At English, among the other useful things, we learned to "stoutly walk our dames before." We learned at Physics that the Gram Calories or B. T. U. given us when we were Paenes were not combustibile. An epidemic of zeroical smallpox, which spread over the class at this city, was stamped out by Mayor Coleman. Mayoress Queen amused us at the twin cities of French and German. The most frequent words we spoke there were "*Jê lê ne comprende vous,*" and "*Ich weiss nicht.*" There still remains in our minds an excerpt from *Immensee* which runs thusly, "*Reinhardt in ein heller Stimme ausgerufen.*" It was translated, "Reinhardt called out in a heavenly voice."

The social events of this year demand mentioning. We can never forget how shocked we were to learn that "Big Chief" was on the warpath again, and in an attempt to scalp Beatrice of Boston, his unholy hands polluted her sacred neck; for this Chief was sent back to the reservation for one day. Just a week after this incident, Miss Jones' neck was again affected. This time she and about fifteen others of the Class of '16 were huddled over on one side of the boulevard and not permitted to associate with us. They had attempted an unheard-of, unconjunctural idea—the subjugation of the Freshmen girls. They suddenly made an invasion of the State of A and S, and

T. C., and brought back as booty the forelocks of their victims; for this they were reprimanded by the joint Board of Governors and sentenced to walk the middle of the road for fifty-two days.

Another feature worthy of note was the forming of three powerful clubs. The Buddy Gang or "Stumps," the Dust Gang, and the Royal Palace Club. The "Stumps" were composed of diminutive men not exceeding 5 feet in height. They were selected for their good looks (?), ready wit, class influence, scholarship, popularity and prosperity. That they have held together is indicative of the carefulness of the selection and the personal high moral character of the men. They dominated all the affairs of the class until, because of vain boasting, the class united to dethrone them. Their motto of "Steam heat and dicties only" is enigmatical. They believe in rotation of friendship from the way successive members become the affinity of some certain young ladies. The old idea of "keep it in the family" certainly prevails with them.

The Dust Gang was composed on similar lines, but on different motives. A group of beautiful, fascinating, but loverless girls were seated around a chafing dish on the third floor of Miner Hall. They represented the elite of the Hall. Suddenly someone looked around the circle and realized that not one had a steady caller, and spoke about it. Then the questions arose, Why should we bibble? We are beautiful. We are popular. Why not form a club of girls disdaining steady company? All agreed, and put their thumbs in the hot fudge to seal the compact. This started the Dust Gang.

The Royal Palace was limited, very much limited. Two members composed the club when it was incorporated. As the requirement for membership demanded a deposit of \$200 in the hands of Mattocks, the modern Shylock, the membership remains as it started. The purpose, motive and aim of the Royal Palace Club is to lend a dollar and get two dollars; in the words of Dr. Washington, "Get the money."

The year was rapidly waning. Tax day drew near, and we all assembled in fine style to pay our taxes, only four being unable to pay their taxes.

#### SENIOR YEAR.

Now we came to the Senior County, the last stage in our journey. We started the year with only fifty of the motely assemblage that started in the journey with us. We looked around and called in vain for Tate, Young, Baskerville, Brooks, Carmon, Norflett, Reid and others. Only about fifty started out on that September day in 1915 to see the finish.

Early in the year we received notice that the Metropolitan Cathedral was to be our host again. Immediately the "old guard" thought of 1914 and that dexterous slaughter on the 7th of November. The question was passed around, "Will you allow the escutcheon of the class to be scarred?" Fifty strong said, "No!" So we journeyed to the Cathedral with the determination to let the night's performance be the "be-all and end-all" there. Every other class sang and yelled and we were the last on the program before dismissal. Again the psychological moment had come! We were in a quandary. Garrett, our lyric tenor, had received a telegram calling him home. It was decided that "Billy" W. should give the pig a chance to escape for-

ever. All over the house quiet reigned, save for the sympathetic beating of Sophomore hearts. Coolly we arose, and our voices rang out:

"Four years ago we entered Prep,  
And since that time we've made a rep.  
And now we go to lands on high:  
The time to fight is drawing nigh.  
The Sophomore flag we'll soon haul down,  
Then all will know that we're in town;  
We'll take Kelly's school, with flags unfurled,  
And then, good Lord, we'll take the world."

Five minutes afterward, when the applause was dying down, we managed to give our star yell, the wierdest yell that we ever attempted, the "Wux-wux" yell. It was a big hit, and ended what was for us the grandest public demonstration of the class. President Carter and Yellmaster Chandler deserve unstinted praise for their success in concentrating the energy of the class.

On Saturday, February 26, we sauntered into Rankin Monastery and there were amazed at the scenic production of "Cupid's Partner" by our own members. Our own Marion, Edythe, Mabel and Hattie Mae played stellar *roles* to the delightful entertainment of all the five hundred who were present. The only thing lacking was a man.

Feeling somewhat weary, we dropped in the Howard Theatre on Saturday night, March 25th, and we found a wonderful play being produced by citizens of our own country. That was not all we saw. Looking over to the boxes, we saw six beautiful gowns, six full-dress suits with silk plaited shirt-fronts, a long brass rail and now and then a little well-plastered head bobbing just above and below it in a vain effort to see the stage. Outside we heard a steady "chug-chug and honk! honk!" On inquiry, we learned that the "Stumps" were using March board money to burn gasoline for the Capital City Taxicab Company. Well, they may be atoning now for their extravagance, but it was the consensus of opinion that they certainly were "scalding 'em" that Saturday night.

Our hard luck basket-ball manager can crowd more history into one day than any other member of our band. He took his team to Harrisburg, Pa., played a game, lost it, went to a dance given in his honor, met the future Mrs. Brown, dodged Mayor Davis, the guardian, walked the streets all night, breakfasted from doorsteps on milk and rolls, and returned home love-stricken. He promises to make a return trip in June.

As we drew near the end of our journey, we were saddened by a halt in our march. We stopped to witness a basket-ball game between our varsity and the coacher's team. The game had been scheduled for years, but this was the first time to put up the interesting match. It was generally understood that the game would be long and hard fought, consequently every member of the squad held himself in readiness to take the place of any disabled player. The game started. Due to a misunderstanding, our varsity crossed the foul line. The whistle was blown. Before the referee had ex-

(Continued on page 38)



EUGENE THOMAS ALEXANDER, "Alex."

Football, 1914-15. Baseball, 1915.

Bright Eyes always wears a winning smile, and his ways win all the ladies.



MARION ANGELINA BAXTER, "Brownskin."

Secretary Class 1913. President Phyllis Wheatley, 1915.

Marion is one of the most popular girls in our class. She is known among the boys as "Cupid's Fashion-plate." Marion is always there when it comes to high marks.



NATHANIEL CANNON BROOKS, "Squire."

"Stump." Vice-President Class 1914. President, 1915. Football, 1915.

"Squire," the fashion-plate, has lost more girls in a week than most of us will ever lose. He is cruel when the girls are not around. "Squire" is very good with figures; he made two years of one in Physics.



EDITH A. BROWN, "Chappy."

Associate Editor *ΠΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ*,

*"A daughter of the gods and most divinely tall."*

Edith is a real pal. She came to us this year and we all wish she had come three years earlier. "Prexy" has been trying to win Edith, but hard luck constantly pursues him. We expect great things from you, Edith.



ALFRED THEODORE BROWN, "Teddy."

Academy Cabinet, 1915.

If you are not "Teddy's" girl, don't try to argue with him, for she is the only one that can show him that he is always wrong.



SYDNEY PHILIP BROWN, "Peter."

President Class 1914. Vice-President Eureka, 1915. Baseball, 1914-16. Manager Basbet-ball Team, 1916. "Stump." Editor ΗΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ, Debating Team, 1916. Member Student Committee.

Everybody knows "Syd," because he is in everything. Like Samuel Johnson, nothing can be started unless he is in it, but his case happens to be one where merit gets its just reward.



KATHERYN LEE CAMERON, "Kitty."

Secretary of Class 1914.

Kitty's moto is: "When smiles don't cost you anything, smile." They never cost her anything, so she has a smile for all.



HARRY WILKINS CHANDLER, "Chief."

Class Quartette 1913-'14-'15-'16.

Big "Chief" has the distinction of being the tallest man in the class. To look at him you would think him an athlete, but you should see him in the gym. He is more like a wild giraffe.



BERNARD ALBERT COLES, "Rough."

"Stump." Baseball Team, 1916.

"Rough" was formerly known as "Baby Coles," but since leaving his embryonic state and rounding maturity he has achieved the name of "Financial King."



ALBERT E(A)RNEST DYETT.

Member Debating Team, 1916.

Ernest came late, not arriving until 1914, but he was a good mixer and soon made himself known and liked by all. He won his fame, however, in the Greek and Latin classes, thanks to "Eohippus."



YORK DAVID GARRETT, "Lynette."

"Stump." Class Quartette, 1914-'16. Football, 1915. Baseball, 1915-'16.

"Lynette," the parrot, is a staunch, level-headed, loquacious friend. The secret of his popularity is that he looks out for the other fellow first. His favorite pastimes are talking and dancing.



CHARLES SAMUEL GODDEN, "Sammy."

Oratorical Contest, 1916.

Start Charles to reciting poetry and he is at home. But when it comes to "Math," whether he wouldn't, whether he couldn't, or whether his people said he shouldn't—I don't know.



WILLIAM EARLE HAGLER, "Baby Earle," "Prexy," "Cicero."  
Vice-President Class 1914. President Class 1916.

"Cicero" is one of those bashful little boys who minds his business and speaks when spoken to. He never did get over his attachment for Gladys, although it has almost shaded into oblivion.



HATTIE MAE HARRIS, "Baby."

Phyllis Wheatley Dramatic Club.

At times "Baby" can do all the name implies. She won the hearts of many when she acted Baby in "Cupid's Partner."



WILLIAM SAMUEL HAYLING.

Vice-President Class 1913. Oratorical Contest, 1914. Captain Cricket Club, 1916.

"Studios Bill" is a great soloist and scholar, but his greatest role is making love to Grace. Booh! Excuse me, Bill; only a "*Lapsus linguae.*"



JOHN HENRY HOLMES, "Ky," "Bolzus."

Football, 1915. Baseball, 1915-'16.

Holmes, our musical center, is the only frivolous-serious boy in the class. Put him on the athletic field and he is a star; but when it comes to ladies, he hasn't a chance.





JOSEPH ROBINSON JONES, "Rusty," "Cap."

President Class 1915. Football, 1914-'15. Baseball, 1916.  
Business Manager IPOIQMEN,

He came to us from Hampton, full of scholarly traits and home-  
liness. However, his striking(?) personality has made for  
him a great hit with the ladies.



ALPHONSO NAPOLEON LAND, "Al"

Secretary Class 1915.

Land, our musical prodigy, has been tying his skiff ever since he  
landed. He is the genius of the class, performs beautifully on  
every kind of musical instrument; is an artist, a poet and a  
"lover."



BENTON RUPERT LATIMER, "Dick."

Vice-President Class 1916. Football Team, 1915. Debating  
Team 1916. President Mock Congress, 1913. Advertising  
Manager IPOIQMEN,

"Eat him up, dumbness." Dick is the pal of us all. It is his  
inherent nature to make mistakes, but he will concede graciously  
if shown the right way. "Old Confidence," you must make  
good.



IRENE BETTY LEE, "Ike."

Secretary Class 1914-'16.

"Ike" is a pretty good specimen for heavyweight class. She is a  
good cook, her Massachusetts style of making punch would turn  
the cook-book green with envy.



WILLIAM GARVIN LOFTON, "Willie."

Baseball, 1915-'16.

"Willie" is one of the prettiest boys in the class. He always smacks his lips whenever he recites. We often wonder if his lessons taste good to him.



JAMES MATTHEWS, "Matty."

Baseball, 1916.

"Matty," although a quiet fellow, is very dependable. He won a great name for himself both as a pitcher and catcher. We expect great things from "Matty."



DAVID DANIEL MATTOCKS, "D. D.," "Jew."

President Eureka, 1916.

Mattocks, the agent and banker. His greatest hobbies are making speeches and blocking proceedings. The "Jew" is the greatest agent on earth. There isn't anything he won't sell for money,—but excuse me, Mattocks, I mean no ill.



BUSHROD MICKEY, JR., "Bushy."

Basket-ball Team, 1916.

Little Bushy, the pet of the class, is quite young and small, but he bars none when it comes to lessons. He never tries to lead us, but he refused to be led by us.



JAMES EDWARD MURRAY, "Ed."

Big Brother "Ed" is always full of dry humor. You can never hurry him, for his motto is, "Slow but sure." He is quite generous, too; always surprising the boys with the contents of a good old box from "down home."



ROSCOE CONKLING MURRAY.

Roscoe is always ready with the strength. He is rather quiet, too. Some say it is because he is from the country; but it's no such thing; he is just sedate, that's all.



DE WITT SPERGEON NEAL, "Buddie."

"Stump." Manager Baseball Team, 1916.

Little Buddie Neal, the smallest of them all. He may be lacking when it comes to size; he is there when it comes to jingle. Hail! The only rhyming journalist in the world!



WILBUR EUGENE PANNELL.

Football 1913-'14-'15.

Wilbur, the only real athlete the school has known, is great at all games, but he excels in football. Oh, no, I forgot—the game of love! There he has no peer.



HOLQUINA JEMESA PETERSON, "Keenie."

Quiet and calm, never getting ruffled at anything. The boys are forever making love to her, but she pays no attention to them. Her motto is: "Friendly to all, but love none."



LUCIE BEVERLY ROBINSON.

"Lucie," as "Pop" is wont to call her, is the model wife for some deserving man. She is one of the few who does all things well. Name anything that comes in a woman's line and we will assure you that she is a wonder at it. We have seen the ring. When is the date?



MAYBELLE ROBINSON, "Pleasures."

Secretary Class 1916. "Stump."

*"Straight mine eyes have caught new pleasures."*

"Pleasures" is one of the most popular and loyal girls in the class. She has the distinction of being the first and only "Stump" of the fairer sex to graduate. No one can remember her ever getting an exercise in "gym" correct, although she is a star basketball player.



JULIA ROUDEZE, "Judie."

"Judie" is one of those quiet girls who speaks when spoken to. "Still water runs deep."



GEORGE BROWN RUSSELL, "Fish," "Ed."

Never talk with George, for he will fool you to death. He always has some serious, confidential "noise." How about the teachers? They think him the best fellow in the world, but we know more.



ESTER A. SHACKEFORD, "Shack."

*"A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."*

Her pleasant smiles and winning ways have brought her many friends. When she leaves us, Chandler will automatically disappear.



ARNOLD EDWARD STOWE, "Irish."

"Irish" is always with the boys whether in fight or party; but where he shines is in the fights. If you want any hazing done, see "Irish," the ever-ready.



ALBERT SMITH TAYLOR.

Football, 1915. Baseball, 1916.

Taylor, the class artist and cartoonist, is always ready to contribute his bit of humor. He rivals the mocking birds when it comes to whistling, but nothing he does will make Holquina notice him.



BISMARK EUGENE TURNER.

Our Dean says never name a boy after a great man, for the boy will disappoint you; but not so with Bismark; he is greater than the original.



OLANDER B. TURNER, "Turnip."

"Turnip" is a very jolly fellow, always trying to pretend that he is serious. We always tell him that others will hold up the dignity of the class.



GLADYS WHITMIER, "Glad."

Secretary Class 1914. Vice-President Class 1915.

Our little Indian hails from Colorado. She never says much, but when she speaks it means much. Gladys captured the first medal in Mathematics awarded to our class. Her name is also engraved on the Douglas Loving Cup.



O. WILSON WINTERS, "Billy."

*"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."*

President Class 1913. Class Quartette, 1913-'16. Vice-President Eureka, 1915. Business Manager Class 1916. Debating Team 1916. "Stump." Associate Editor *ΠΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ*.

Billy is the equal of any fellow in the class at all things. As an all-round fellow Billy cannot be beat. He is also a favorite with the ladies. I wonder why? It can't be his good looks. All will miss "Billy" and his inseparable hand-bag.



DAVID LEXINGTON WOODS, "Pious."

Little (?) David never plays on a harp; in fact, he is not musical at all; but he is lovable and kind, as can be borne out by his classical acquaintances.



RICHARD EUGENE BELLINGER, "Clown."

When your doctor prescribes excitement and fun, arrange a date with Bellinger. But he can do something else besides furnishing laughter: he "mops" up in Chemistry.



CLARK HALL

## IN MEMORIAM

*"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."*

Thrice has the grim reaper, Death, harvested from our field of embryonic intellectual grain. Thrice has the Class of 1916 had loyal members prematurely cut down by this impartial gatherer.

JAMES EDGAR BASKERVILLE departed this life on the 24th of July 1914. He was a faithful unit of the class, and liked by all who came in contact with him. The memory of his cheerful disposition and melodious voice are impressed indelibly upon the minds of his many friends, which Time will find impossible to erase.

SAMUEL HUNTER BROOKS died on the 5th of October, 1914. "Sam," as we knew him, was a trustworthy youth. His dry humor and spirit of self-forgetfulness won him a host of friends. The death of this member was a loss from which we shall never recover.

JAMES THOMAS MASK crossed "the Great Divide" on the 15th of November, 1915. "Tom" was a boy with an ever-ready smile, always willing to serve his friends. His genial nature compelled one to like him. His death was sudden and a shock to all.

The absence of these members leaves a void which cannot be filled. Let us pause a moment in our triumphing and think of our departed ones.

*"Oh, friends, forever loved, forever dear,  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honored biers!  
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breaths,  
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death."*

—N. CANNON BROOKS.



## Class Prophecy

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Late one evening in the Spring of 1926 I was strolling upon the deck of a large steamer bound for Liverpool. It flashed through my mind that two days before I had bought a book from one of my classmates' bookstores in New York City. Sydney Brown told me that he was in the printing business, and also owned this large bookstore. He had just finished printing this book, telling of the whereabouts and doings of our classmates of '16.

Being alone, I was eager to devour its contents. So reclining in a steamer chair, bathed with the balmy breeze from the ocean, I read as follows:

Theodore Brown, who was always noted for arguing in class, returned to Virginia with his wife Katheryn and became a great lawyer. He is noted for settling all domestic troubles by arbitration.

Harry Chandler went to Philadelphia. He is a surgeon in one of the large hospitals there. He performed his first operation upon a cat for the toothache.

To Georgetown, S. C., Marian Baxter returned after her graduation. She became a great violinist, but her music was so classical that no one could appreciate it except herself.

After commencement in '16, Cannon Brooks (and wife Ruth) went to New York and became pastor of a large church. He always has a large congregation, for it is there that they can get a few hours sleep.

When Irene Lee left us in '16, she returned to Springfield, Mass., and became a teacher in Domestic Science. Her method of making cake without flour and using salt instead of sugar has won for her great fame.

William Lofton went to Jacksonville, Fla., and began practicing medicine. He is known as the "Undertaker's Silent Partner."

D. D. Mattocks and his wife Amita went to New York City. D. D. became a great lecturer and public speaker. It is thought that he will try for the office of Mayor of that city.

Hattie Mae Harris became so fond of adventure that she began a tour of the world. While she was passing through Chicago she became interested in the suffrage movement, so she is now making stump speeches to secure votes for women.

William Hagler's appetite for butter and milk increased so that when he left school he went to Florida and set up a large creamery. He is still in the business.

Gladys Whitmeir went out West and became a nurse in a large hospital. The only thing she really likes about the job is preparing the "diet."

Mabel Robinson became tired of school life, so when she left us she married a very rich old man, and, much to her disappointment, he is still hale and hearty and bids fair to his one hundredth birthday.

Bernard Coles became tired of society a few years after commencement. He retired to a little farm a few miles outside of Washington. He is a bachelor and makes a living by raising chickens.

After William Hayling finished his Academy life he went to College and received his degree within three years. But after acquiring all of this knowledge he could not put it to good use, so he went to West Point. He is now learning to fight for his country.

Esther Shackelford went to Richmond, Ky., and became a leading society lady. She has often been entertained by the President, and soon she will sail for England to spend a few weeks with the King.

John Holmes never liked hard work. He secured a position as cook in a large hotel in Atlantic City. Despite the fact that he eats the greater part of what he cooks, he still holds the position.

Joseph Jones became a noted Professor in Chemistry. He has recently discovered certain chemicals for making bombs.

B. Rupert Lattimer went to Warrenton, Ga., and set up a stock farm. He is now dealing in calves.

In Norfolk, Va., one of the greatest cartoonist's office is owned by Albert Taylor and Alphonso Land.

In one of the large theatres in New York City, Lucy Robinson is the ballet dancer, and Holquina Peterson takes the leading part as French actress.

A. E. Dyett engaged a position on the Board of Health. He even went so far as to boil the vinegar to kill the vinegar eel. He therefore made out of it a graveyard, instead of an aquarium, and won the medal of antiseptic.

Godden went to Chicago, Ill., and there made a great name for himself as a writer. He has received an invitation from the King of England to come over and be Poet Laureate.

Much to the surprise of all, Julia Roudeze married Bismark Turner. They are now living a retired life in a little village in North Carolina.

When Oliver Winters graduated from the Academy, in '16, he attended College and graduated from there within three years. He became a noted physician, and is now physician to the President of the United States.

Spurgeon Neal and York Garrett entered into the automobile business. They made fairly good money. Suffice to say that they carry a step ladder with which to enter their car.



BASKET BALL TEAM 1915-'16

**Class Colors: Green and Gold.**

**Class Flower: Arbutus.**



## **Class Song.**

The voyage is not over,

But goes on forever,

Our work has just begun.

When we finish the 'Cademy

We've just won the victory

That's achieved by everyone.

Some won't continue,

But let them remember

That this Class did always gleam,

So while we're singing,

Let's start bells a-ringing

And cheer for the Class Sixteen.

—SYDNEY P. BROWN.

## **ΠΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ**

Proiomen! the slogan!  
Old '16 shouts with cheerful hearts,  
With memories fond she sadly parts,  
To college land we're turning.  
While toilingly we moved along,  
Thru trials deep we sang our song,  
We praised the right, forgave the wrong—  
Proiomen! the slogan!

Proiomen! the slogan!  
In after years we'll gladly say  
That you inspired us on our way  
When disappointments faced us.  
And when life's labors all are done,  
And ends our day, life's setting sun,  
"Let us proceed," we've heaven won—  
Proiomen! the slogan!

—O. W. WINTERS.



FOOT BALL TEAM 1915



BASE BALL TEAM 1916

# Athletic History

## SENIOR YEAR.

The Class of '16 (Senior Class) may well feel proud of the record made in athletics this year. Although some of the branches of sports did not shatter past records, yet the general success of all the teams is very gratifying.

**FOOTBALL.**—The opening of school in 1915 found everyone particularly interested in the football team. The graduation of nine players of last year's team left the team in a very bad state, and, too, the first call for volunteers did not receive a flattering response. However, "Rusty" Jones, a member of Senior Class, was elected captain, and he immediately set to work to build up a winning combination. With the aid of Fred Carter, '16, and a nucleus of seasoned stars, the embryonic "Marshal" soon presented to us a fast, although light, team. The score of 0—0 written on the yearly scoreboard of Storer College; the score of 12—7 in our favor left to face Manassas for eight months; M St. High School's reluctant acceptance of the short end of a 3—0 score; and the 27—12 score entering the annals of athletic history as a greeting to Baltimore High School to celebrate our renewal of athletic friendship with her—all serve to show the result of Manager Jones' efforts and the co-operative fidelity of his teammates.

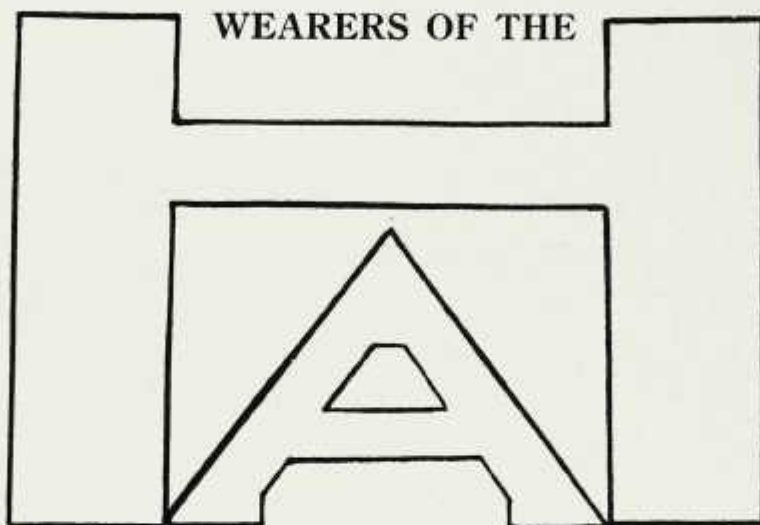
**BASKET-BALL.**—This year for the first time basket-ball has been placed into hands of Academy men. Manager Brown started the year with plenty of spirit and managerial ability, but the team was "present" on paper only. Low scholarship records, new material, and class rivalry seriously hampered the work Mr. Brown had planned. After bitter experiences the team struck its stride and captured the last two games of the year, by far the two hardest fought ones. The defeat of Baltimore High School demands high commendation; for just a week before they had easily trounced us right in our own front yard. The defeat of the Commercial College was a fitting climax to the season. In this game, the "come-back" of Pannell, the clean-cut playing of the team, and the interest of the manager were the features that brought victory. The Class of '16 goes to College recommending Mickey to the "Varsity," and Brown to the University as an efficient manager.

**TRACK.**—Owing to the ages of our boys, we were not represented officially in track athletics this year, although many of the Academy boys are absorbed in "Varsity" work. The stringent rules of the A. A. U. bar us from High School competition; still, in the coming interdepartmental meet, the Academy boys are expected to distinguish themselves. The Class of '16 expects large results from Pannell, Mickey, Winters, and Coles.

**BASEBALL.**—The Senior Class is represented in baseball by Manager Neal, Capt. Garrett, E. Brown, and the veterans, Lofton, Holmes, Coles, and Sydney Brown. The team is a finely balanced one, with a good crop of "rookies." The championship is within reach. As we go to press there have

been only three games played, and these, the most critical ones to be played. M St. High School lost to us by a score of 19—15. The next victim was Business High School, score 20 to 5. Then Armstrong was humbled by the score of 8 to 7.

TENNIS.—In Godden and S. Brown, and Coles, Manager Winters has high hopes for Academy recognition in tennis in the coming interdepartmental meet.



FOOTBALL.

Eugene Alexander	Joseph Jones, Capt., '15
Cannon Brooks	Benton Latimer
Yorke Garrett	Wilbur Pannell
John Holmes	Albert Taylor

SCORES:

Academy . . . . 0	Storer . . . . . 0	Academy . . . . 3	M St. . . . . . 0
Academy . . . .12	Manassas . . . 7	Academy . . . .27	Baltimore . . .12

BASKET-BALL.

Sydney Brown, Manager, 1916.  
Bushrod Mickey

SCORES:

Academy . . . .16	Armstrong . .27	Academy . . . .12	M St. . . . . .15
Academy . . . .12	Harrisburg . .36	Academy . . . .18	Baltimore . . .25
Academy . . . .22	Baltimore . . .19	Academy . . . .12	Commercial . 7

BASEBALL.

Eugene Alexander	John Holmes
Sydney Brown, Capt., '15	William Lofton
Bernard Coles	James Matthews
Yorke Garrett, Capt., '16	Albert Taylor

SCORES:

Academy . . . .20	M St. . . . . .15	Academy . . . . 8	Armstrong . . 7
	Academy . . . .20	Business . . . . 5	

## The Lighter Side

Please write your jokes on tissue paper, so the Editor can see through them.

*Amy*—"The man I will marry must be both brave and brainy."

*John*—"Well, can't I claim both?"

*Amy*—"You are brave because you saved my life; but that doesn't signify you are brainy."

*John*—"Yes, it does. I tipped the boat over."

*Marian*—"Sydney and Mabel are not on speaking terms."

*Chief*—"Why, I thought they were engaged."

*Marian*—"So they are. They sit all the meal hour holding hands."

*Dyett*—"I am well pleased with myself."

*Ike*—"It doesn't take much to please you."

*Rusty*—"I have a soft spot in my heart for you."

*Gladys*—"Is that so?"

*Rusty*—"Yes, I am always thinking of you."

*Gladys*—"I rather think the soft spot is in your head."

*Taylor*—"I am on the joke committee, and I haven't one joke to send in."

*Lucy*—"Send yourself."

*Teacher*—"Mr. Land, why do you misspell so often?"

*Land*—"I dunno. Perhaps I spend too much time on the miss and not enough on the spell."

*Yorke*—"Sydney, what is your favorite vegetable?"

*Sydney*—"Corn(ie)."

*Teacher in English*—"Mr. Holmes, do you know Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'?"

*John*—"Yessum. You see, Tennyson had been thirsty all that day, and, mind you, when he went into the saloon and started across the bar——"

*Teacher*—"Enough! Enough! Class dismissed."

*Williams*—"Money talks."

*Brooks*—"Yes; but I've never heard it say anything but 'good bye.'"

"Beg pardon, sir," remarked Bernard, the waiter, suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually—er—remember me, sir."

"I don't wonder," said the customer. "Your face would be hard to forget."

*Prof. G. (in Biology)*—"There's alcohol in almost everything. There's alcohol in the bread we eat."

*Alexander*—"Yes, sir; I've seen men get intoxicated by drinking toasts."



*Father*—"How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir! How is it?"

*Alphonso*—"Fine, sir—fine!"

"The sentence, 'I *knew* my lesson,' is in the past tense," explained the teacher.

"Now, Albert, what tense would you be using if you said, 'I *know* my lesson'?"

"Oh, that would be pretense," replied Taylor.

*Young Society Girl*—"Mr. Godden, have you read Dickens' works?"

*C. S. G.*—"No, I have not."

*Y. S. Girl*—"Have you read Thackeray's works?"

*C. S. G.*—"I don't think so."

*Y. S. Girl*—"Oh, dear! Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

*C. S. G.*—"I've read 'Romeo.'"

"President bluntly tells Congress that a vote on the submarine question must be taken!"

This head line appeared in a Sunday newspaper.

Bernard A. C. took the paper up, read the head line and asked, "Who is 'President Bluntly'?"

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### *Class History—Continued.*

plained why he blew the whistle, the Governor of State C had thrown the foul for the coachers, making the score 1 to 0. The varsity refused to play on account of unfair ruling by the referee. The next day, promptly at 12:30, the substitutes offered to finish the game. The playing was resumed. Each side exhibited wonderful team work. Tree H and "Stump" B starred in guard for us, while Governors A and C on the other side broke up every attempt of Captain P to make a long "non-disavowal" shot. Thus the game continued for about seventy hours. Our men would not play within bounds. Another foul was called. The Governor of State T threw the foul without the ball touching the basket, making the score 2 to 0. This did not discourage our men; it made them fight harder. After thirty-six hours more of hard playing, our captain received the ball in the center of the ring and tossed a satisfactory backboard shot that ran around the ring, hesitated, and dropped through the basket. The referee called the game, to the gratification of all, the score being 2—2 in favor of both sides, with the understanding that the tie is never to be played off.

We emerged from the gymnasium and started rapidly to make up lost time. We had not gone far when Brown and Jones pointed to a rocky slab with the inscription thereon, "ΗΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ"—"He who carries this slab will some day be able to break it open and obtain the jewel that it contains." It was a heavy stone, but we picked it up and brought it to the banks of the "English Jordan," across which can plainly be seen the shining fleece. We who have kept the pace will presently enjoy the prize that ends our labors.

"Blest be the tie that binds."

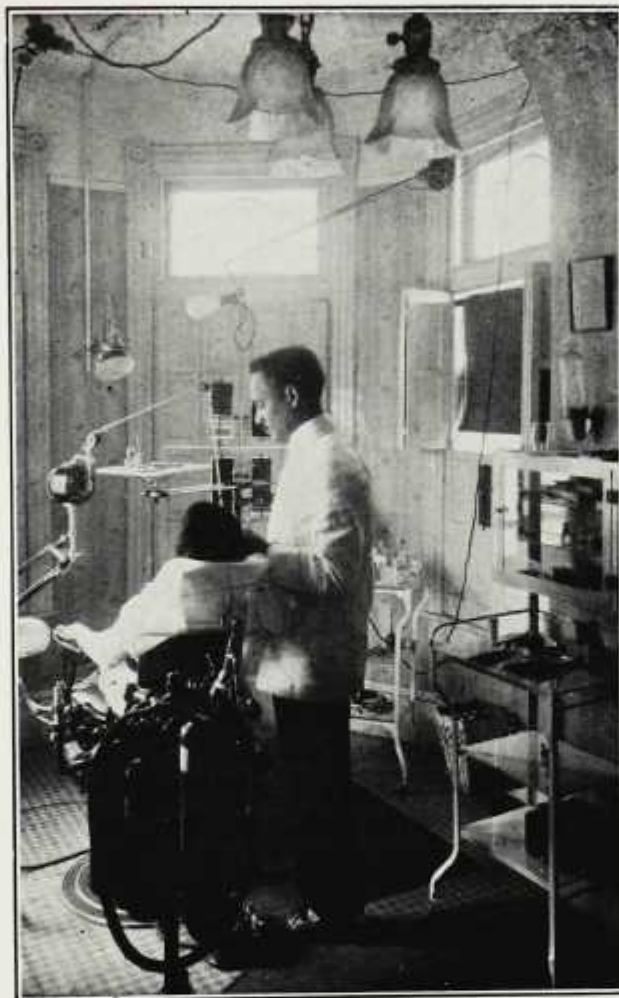
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