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1918

Academy Year book

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Howard University

HOWARD ACADEMY YEAR BOOK



1918

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS *of the*
ACADEMY *of* HOWARD UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Printed by Murray Bros.

58291

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M 378U

H 834

1918

WHEN we look at ourselves in the light of
thought, we find that our life is embosom-
ed in beauty.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Office

STAFF
of the
ACADEMY
YEAR-BOOK
1918

George E. Fainclough,
Business Manager.

Errol D. Callymore,
Editor-in-chief.

Ferdinand D. Williams,
Advertising Manager.

Charles S. Boyd,
Associate Editor.

Evelyn A. Brightner,
Associate Editor.

Smallwood W. Aikins,
Asst. Business Manager.

Mayme B. Jones,
Associate Editor.

C. Walker-Smith,
Asst. Adv. Manager.

of Academy 118

CLASS MOTTO: Onward, ever onward

CLASS COLORS: Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Lilac



CLASS OFFICERS:

Aguila Augustus Brown, President

Irene Miller, Vice President

Mosella Lewis, Secretary

Ruth W. Graves, Treasurer

Geo. E. Fairclough, Critic

John Farrar Young, Journalist

Lewis K. McMillan, Chaplain

C. Walker Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms



YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE

Errol Duncan Collymore, Editor-in-Chief

George Ellis Fairclough, Business Manager

Ferdinand D. Williams, Advertising Manager

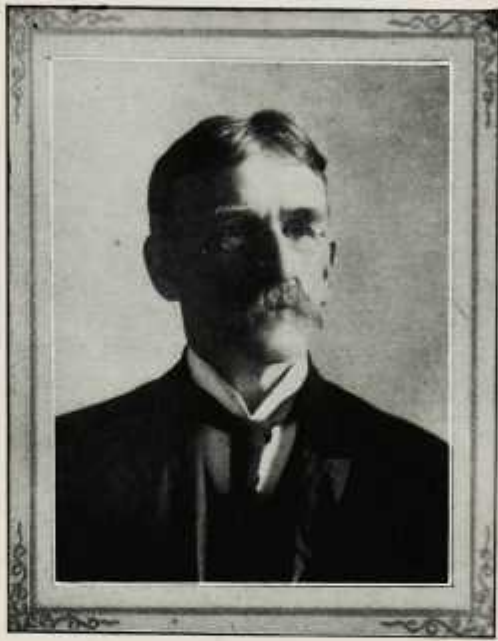
Charles Sumner Boyd, Associate Editor

Evelyn A. Lightner, Associate Editor

Mayme B. Jones, Associate Editor

Smallwood W. Ackiss, Assistant Business Manager

C. Walker Smith, Assistant Advertising Manager



STEPHEN MORRELL NEWMAN, A. M., D. D.
President

WE, the Seniors of 1918, as an expression of
our deepest appreciation for her devoted
labors and kindly guidance, do dedicate this book
to our loved and esteemed instructor,
Miss SARAH ANNIE BARKER



SARAH ANNIE BARKER, A. M., PD. B.
Instructor in English



Prof. E. P. Davis
Miss S. N. Merriwether
Miss E. C. Wilkinson
J. Lanauze

Prof. G. J. Cummings
Dean C. S. Syphax
Miss Elsie H. Brown

D. W. Edmonds
Miss M. E. Brown
Miss A. L. McCary
J. G. Dingle

Faculty



- STEPHEN MORRELL NEWMAN, A. M., D. D.
President.
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- GEORGE JOTHAM CUMMINGS, A. M.
Dean Emeritus, Professor of Latin and Greek.
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Associate Professor of Latin and Greek. Instructor in German.
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Instructor in English and History.
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Instructor in Latin.
- MARY EDNA BROWN, A. M.
Instructor in English and Mathematics.
- ANNIE LAURIE McCARY, A. B.
Acting Instructor in French, History and Biology.
- ETHEL CORNELIA WILKINSON, B. S.
Acting Instructor in Mathematics.
- JOHN GORDON DINGLE, A. B.
Acting Instructor in Physics and Chemistry.
- ELSIE HETTA BROWN, A. B.
Acting Instructor in History.
- JOSE ANTONIO LANAUZE,
Acting Instructor in Spanish.
- HAROLD APPO HAYNES, B. S. in E. E.
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.
- HAIDEE WILLIAMSON SEWALL,
Instructor in Domestic Arts.
- JAMES MACKEY MONTGOMERY, A. B.
Instructor in Printing.
- WILLIAM NAYLOR BUCKNER,
Instructor in Woodworking and Drawing.

ALMA MATER

Reared against the eastern sky,
Proudly there on hilltop high,
Far above the lake so blue
Stands old Howard firm and true;
There she stands for truth and right,
Sending forth her rays of light,
Clad in robes of majesty,
O Howard, we sing of thee.



CLASS SONG

Onward— in dear old Howard,
Success our foreword—
We're marching through —
Fighting— our hearts uniting,
For the best that we can do—
Workers—we are no shirkers;
For we now are Seniors bold—
By our colors you should know us
And we know you cannot show us
Grander colors than our blue and gold.

Tune of "Jane" suggested by D. L. Best.

Words by E. D. Collymore.



YELLS

Ra-a-a-h! Ra-a-a-h!
Rah! Seniors! Rah!
R-a-a-a-a-h!
Seniors!

Howard Academy Rah!
Howard Academy Rah!
Howard Academy Rah, Rah, Rah!
Howard Academy Rah!

A WORD

WE wish to express to all our teachers the profound feeling of gratitude which fills our hearts at this time; to apprise them of the deep appreciation which their devoted labors and kindly guidance have engendered in us. We wish to thank all those who have befriended us in our many activities and wished us well.

Class Poem

L'Histoire.

It was a time when gold and amber hue
Bedecked luxuriant foliage everywhere;
When sunset changed the sky from richest blue
To golden tints—a time when grass was sere.
Far up a stream from out a shaded nook,
Laden with smiling youths—a happy crew—
A strong-built little barge sailed forth and took
A course well planned, e'en though the way was new.
Away she sailed round many a puzzling turn,
Through shadows brown and brilliant, dancing beam,
While in each heart a great desire did burn
To view the storied scenes along the stream.
One bend was passed, the sun shone everywhere;
But soon mysterious shadows clothed all things;
The little crew looked overhead—and there
A huge, black vulture sailed with out spread wings.
Then suddenly he swooped upon the crew,
And bore one comrade off twixt talons keen;
And o'er the little band a sadness new
Dimmed for a time the beauty of the scene.
The boat moved on. Another bend was near;
When passed, what splendor loomed on either side
What music of sweet birdsong met the ear,
And mingled with the cadence of the tide!
Still one more bend, more troublous than all told,
Where crowning glories made the course more bright;
Where many wondrous mysteries did unfold
Their curious secrets to the eager sight—
The port is reached. From it lead many ways;
Each one will chose as seemeth to him best:
No sad farewell; for o'er each path the rays
Of high hopes gleam, and joy pervades each breast.

Errold Duncan Collymore.



SMALLWOOD W. ACKISS. "Ack."

Assistant Business Manager Academy Year Book. A pretty good fellow. Tries to look serious sometimes, and likes to emphasize his utterances by a snappy little shake of the fist. Gets his "solid," and likes to sing "Some Sunday Morning."

To be a Medical Doctor.



LORRAINE HOWARD DAVIS. "Shrimp."

Associate Editor Academy Herald 1916-17. Manager Girls' Basketball Team 1916-17. Captain Girls' Basketball Team 1917-18. Secretary Class 1915-16.

Motto: "A little bit of learning is a dangerous thing."

Song: My Sweetie.

To be a dentist.



NORMAN PERCIVAL ANDREWS. "Andy."

Debating Team 1917-18. Has a voice like thunder. He scared the whole class at his first recitation.

Motto: Sincerity and squareness.

Song: My Sweetie.

To be a lawyer.



CHARLES SUMNER BOYD. "Charlie."

Associate Editor Academy Year Book '18 Financier, Academic Party 1915-16. Assistant Critic 1916-17. Vice President 1917-18. "Charlie" is a youth of refined tastes and an inveterate lover of music and art.

Song: Burleigh's—The Awakening.

Poem: Ode to a nightingale.

To be a Medical Doctor.



AGUILAR AUGUSTUS BROWN. "Gus."

Organizer Progressive Party 1916. President Class 1915-16. Class Representative Academy Cabinet 1915-16. Senator-at-large Academy Senate 1916-17. Associate Editor Academy Herald 1916-17. Vice-President Eureka Literary Society 1917. Chairman Ways and Means Committee, Mock Congress 1918. Member officers' Reception Committee 1917-18. President Class 1917-18.

Motto: The Golden Rule.

To be a Medical Doctor.

IRMA CARR NEAL. "Irm."

Treasurer Class 1916-17. Member Class Committee on Arrangements. Pianist Phyliss Wheatly Literary Society, 1916-17.

Motto: Don't burn up your money, my friend.

To be a teacher of Music and Languages.

ELBERT EURE BRYAN, Jr.,

Agreeable and quiet.

Motto: Never despair.

To be a Medical Doctor.

LEO BERNARD BRYAN. "Big Chief."

Football.

Motto: I have no time to be tired.

Song: Joan of Arc.

To be a Pharmacist.



ERROLD DUNCAN COLLYMORE. "Colly."

Editor-in-Chief Academy Year Book '18. Organizer Academic Party 1915-16. Vice-President Class 1916-17. Assistant Manager Basketball Team 1916-17. Clerk Mock Congress 1917. University Choir 1916-17-18. Senior Quartette. Chairman Class-pin Committee. Vice-President Mock Congress 1918. Assistant Instructor Radio School. A worker; a mixer; a poet, artist, dreamer, lover; popular with the ladies.

Motto: Get what you go after.

Song: Perfect Day.

To be a dentist.



ALICE KATHERINE MUNDY. "Alice."

Alice is quite a pianist, and always likes to play on our programs.

Motto: "Palma non sine pulvere."

(No success without great labor.)

Song: Sunshine of your smile.

To be a teacher of Domestic Science.



GEORGE ELLIS FAIRCLOUGH. "Zem."

Business Manager Academy Year Book '18. Critic Class 1915-16. Organizer Progressive Party 1915-16. Senator-at-large Academy Senate 1916. Class Quartette 1916-17-18. Serious and business-like and possesses the characteristics of a strong Christian leader.

Motto: Fight for you rights.

Song: Rose in the bud.

To be a Medical Doctor.

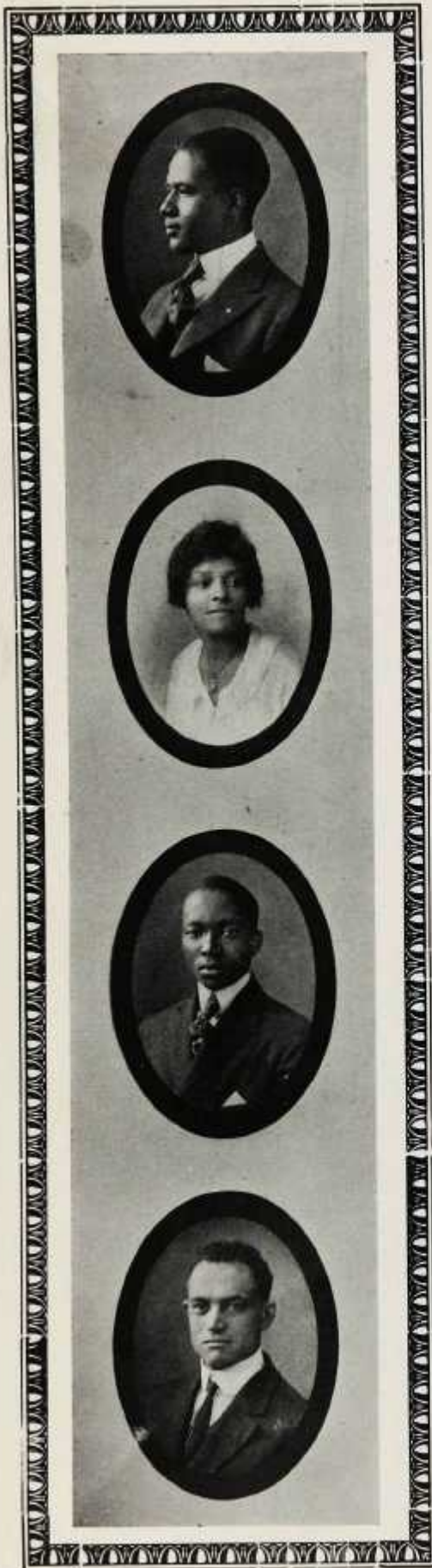


LEWIS HYMAN FAIRCLOUGH. "Lu."

Energetic and studious. Tries to be frivolous sometimes, but can't "make" it. He's a good old scout, and all the fellows like him.

Song: Violets.

To be a Medical Doctor.



RUDOLPH NATHANIEL GORDON. "Nat."

Short story writer; dancer. "Nat" is full of life and fun. Second to none in "camouflaging" in American History. He's a "math dog," and knows how to get his "stuff." Has pronounced bachelor tendencies.

Motto: Fear God.

He is going to be a dentist.

MAYME JONES. "Mamie."

Associate Editor Academy Year Book '18. "Mamie" is of a sweet agreeable nature, and really knows how to recite with feeling. She is with us in everything. We all like her.

To be a school teacher.

HORACE IRWIN TAYLOR HAMLET. "Ham."

Member of Sick Committee 1917-18. "Ham" is a regular "fashion plate." Can look serious when he wants to. And oh! how he does like "math!" We all like "Ham."

JOHN WESLEY HARMON. "Rev."

Chaplain 1916-17-18. Quiet, unassuming, likeable. "Rev" wants to be left alone to be just a student.



HARRY VINTON PLUMMER. "Plum."

Advertising Manager Academy Herald 1917-18.
Circulating Manager Academy Herald 1916-17.
Senior Quartette. "Plum" is a lover of classical music and "Down home" folk songs.

Motto: Success is to those who live clean, upright lives.

To be a Pharmacist.



IRENE MILLER. "Renie."

Secretary Class 1917. Vice-President Class 1918.
Member Class Committee on Arrangements. A chip off the old block "Kelly."

Motto: I would rather be a "has been," than a "might have been" by far; For a "might have been" has never been, while a "has" was once an "are."

Song: Howard, I love old Howard.

To be a teacher of Domestic Science.



CHARLES ARCHIBALD ROACH. "Roachie."

"Roachie" is a "plugger." He gets his "stuff." The French are yet to invent some irregular verbs that he does not know. He is a pleasant fellow.

To be a dentist.



CHARLES SUMMERS SKINNER. "Skinny."

Letter Varsity Football Team 1917-18. Academy Basketball Team 1917-18. Capt. Senior Basketball Team 1917-18. "Skinny" isn't much on setting up chemical apparatus, but he reads French all right.

Motto: To the stars through dark clouds.

To be a dentist.



WALTER LAMBERT SCOTT. "Sir Walter."

"Sir Walter" is a fine and likeable fellow. He has a regular debating voice and likes to talk "pieces." He is not without friends among the fellows.

Motto: Try, try again.
To be a lawyer.

RACHEL SINKLER THOMAS. "Sink."

Motto: The Golden Rule.

Song: Perfect Day.

To be a school teacher.

FITZHUGH LEE STYLES. "Style."

Behaves somewhat like a Salomi dancer when he gets up to recite in English. Good old scout.

Motto: Love one another.

Song: Sunshine of your smile.

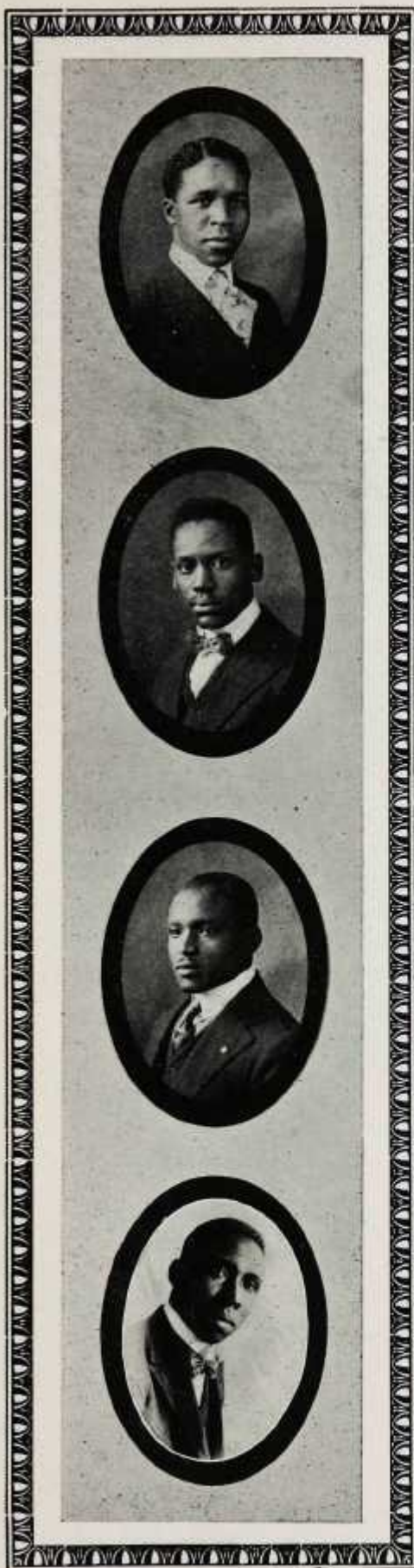
To be a lawyer.

GILBERT NEWTON THOMAS. "Gil."

Prize winner in English 1916-17. Prize winner in Math. II. 1916-17. Prize in English '18. A serious, modest, young man, and a good student. "Gil" says that he doesn't need any college work at Howard, 'cause he took college in Colon. Some college, heh?

Motto: Follow the gleam.

To be a dentist.



CHARLES WALKER SMITH. "Smitty."

Assistant Advertising Manager Academy Year Book '18. Sergeant-at-arms 1918. Member Committee on Arrangements. Senior Quartette. "Smitty" has a 'voice' of feline sweetness. He sang such a beautiful "Spoilo" that we had to put him out of the quartette and make it a trio. A fine fellow.

To be a Medical Doctor.

PERCY EUGENE VILAIN. "Villun."

President Class of '17. Douglass Loving Cup in Oratory 1914.

Motto: This is a good old world to live in when everything goes right.

Song: She broke my heart to pass the time away.

To be a British barrister-at-law.

FERDINAND DeLEON WILLIAMS. "Ferdie."

Advertising Manager Academy Year Book '18. Sergeant-at-arms 1914. Manager Senior Basketball Team 1916-17-18. Assistant Manager Academy Baseball Team 1916-17. Member Class Committee on Arrangements. Gold and silver medals Varsity Track Team 1916-17.

Motto: Certum pete finem. (Aim at a sure thing.)

Song: Love me and the world is mine.

To be a dentist.

WYOMING WILLIAMS. "Hoss."

Sergeant-at-arms Eureka 1914. Journalist Eureka 1915. Vice-President Mock Congress 1917. A jolly fellow that means everybody well.

Motto: To the stars through difficulties.

Song: Perfect Day.



IRENE DELILIA TRENT. "Irene."

A most faithful worker, and sincere friend; sweet, lovable and kind. She was twice chosen Vice-President of the class, and has served as treasurer, critic, debater, and secretary of the class. She also served as Assistant Circulating Manager of the Academy Herald. She left us on account of illness.

PEZAVIA EUGENE HARDWICK. "Pezavia."

President Class 1916-17. Secretary Eureka Literary Society 1916. Captain Academy Football Team 1916. Captain Academy Baseball Team 1917. Academy Basketball Team 1916-17-18. Easy and popular. His hobby is athletics. On account of illness he left us for a year and does not come out with his old class.

Motto: Take life as it comes.

Song: You made me what I am today.

To be a Medical Doctor.

JOHN FARRAR YOUNG. "Youngie."

Journalist Class 1918. A fine fellow. Faithful to his class. "Youngie" brought us some journals that kept us laughing for a week.

Will study law.

ARNOLD EARLONG MOUNTS.

Generous, lovable, tall. He was called away in the fall of 1916. His was the call through the "Great Transition." He lives in our memories.

IN THE SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY



Lieut. Mary Edna Brown
American Red Cross



Lieut. Louis H. Russell
U. S. R.



Capt. Hallie E. Queen
American Red Cross

CLASS '17

Brooks, Cannon
Burke, William T.
Crawford, Waverly L.
Fisher, Ferdinand E.
Lieut. John D. Henderson
Herbert, William G.
Lucas, Louis B.
McGhee, Richard S.
Moody, Gilbert H.
Pannell, Wilbur E., Lieut.
Stewart, Seth F.
Swann, Frank Lloyd.

CLASS '19

Alexander, Fritz W., Lieut.
Black, Robert A.
Burton, Andrew S.
Findlay, Henry W.
Hardwick, Harry C.
Lieut. John W. Knox
Rayford, Samuel
Warrieks, Ralph C.
Wright, Roscoe W.
Peterson, Leon A.

CLASS '21

Baskerville, Britton C.
Edwards, Henry C.

ACADEMY SERVICE FLAG	
Faculty	Class '17
★ ★	★ ★ ★
★ ★	★ ★ ★
Class '18	Class '19
★ ★ ★ ★	★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★	★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★	★ ★ ★ ★
Class '20	Class '21
★	★
★	★
★	★
★	★

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Drawn by Gerald D. Collyman

FACULTY

Lieut. Frank Coleman
Lieut. Cyrus Marshall
Lieut. Louis H. Russell
Lieut. James N. Waring

CLASS '18

Baker, John R.
Best, David L.
Florence, Earl
Green, Eli
Jones, Dan L.
Jones, Flemming A.
Lancaster, Charles O.
Lieut. Alfred E. Marshall
Mitchell, William D.
Lieut. Humphrey C.
Pendleton, John T.
Cuffee, Melvin W. D.
Jacobs, Edmond R.
Brooks, Ulysses G.

CLASS '20

Best, Shapan O.
Walker, Jesse H.
Williams, Stanley B.
Gousse, C. M.



Lieut. Alfred E. Marshall
U. S. R.



Lieut. Fritz Alexander
U. S. R.



Lieut. James N. Waring
U. S. R.

The Academy Herald

The Academy Herald is a monthly journal consisting of twenty pages, published by the students of the Academy. The aim of the Herald is to reflect the life, spirit, and thought of the Academy, and to give practice in the proper use of English. The many articles on subjects of current importance, and the many original poems appearing in this publication from time to time, indicate that the students of the Academy are not only keeping up with the many important events of the times, but are also acquiring fine and cultured tastes.



Eureka Literary and Debating Society

This society is conducted by the students of the Academy, and has for its purpose the training of its members in Parliamentary procedure and debate. The society evolves into the Mock Congress of the United States of Howard University in the second half of the school term. This congress is conducted after the fashion of the Congress of the United States. Much training in Parliamentary procedure is gained.



Phyllis Wheatley Literary Society

In stating the aims and accomplishments of the Phyllis Wheatley, Miss Evelyn Lightner, our classmate says, "Development and expansion of mind together with readiness and fluency of speech are the results of investigation and free discussion of topics which augment knowledge and enhance the assimilation of culture. And with this ever in mind the young women of the Academy and Commercial College labor to the end that they may acquire all that is cultural, fine, and ideal."



Our Debating History

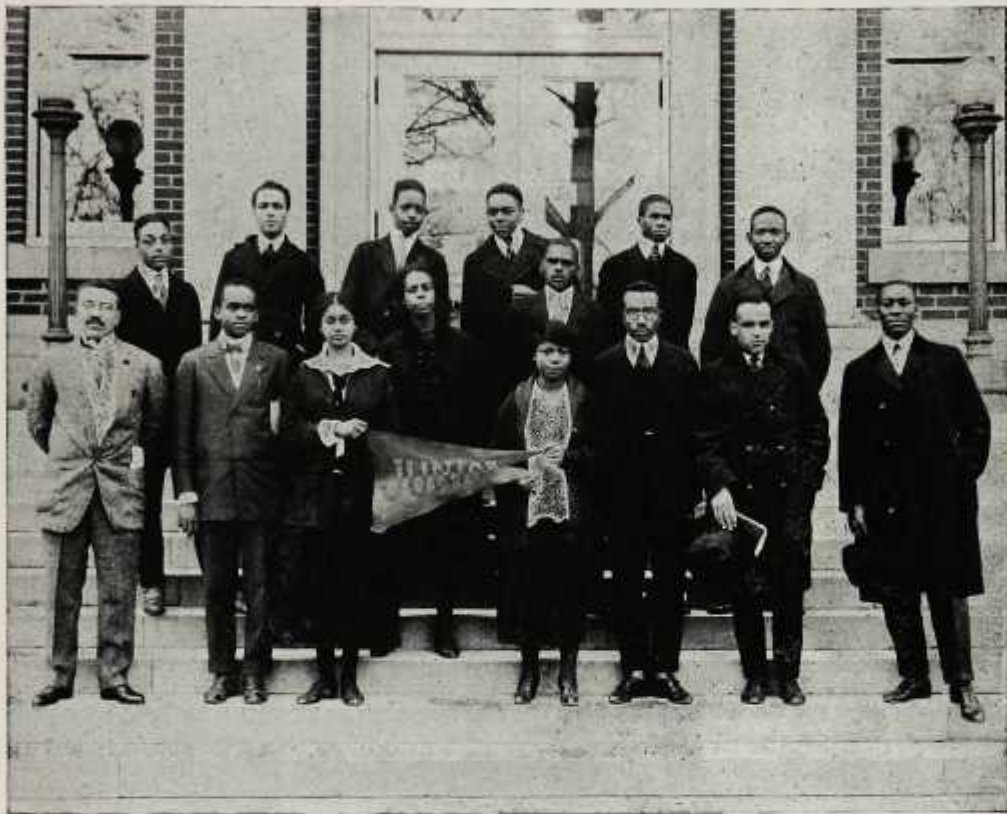
The history of the interscholastic debating contests in the Academy affords much justification in the demand upon the student mind of the department for greater activity in this phase of school life. Within the last six years no more than two interscholastic contests have taken place. One of these took place in the year 1911 with the M Street (now Dunbar) High School, and another in 1912 with Virginia Union. We were losers in the M Street debate but winners in the Virginia Union contest. After 1912 it was decided that oratorical contests should take the place of debates. Oratorical contests continued until 1914. Truly inter and intra class debates occurred spasmodically from time to time, but no real enthusiasm and genuine rivalry were stirred. This year, however, the Dunbar High School of this city aroused us from our lethargy by challenging us to intellectual combat on the question—"Resolved that admission to American Colleges should be by examination only." Dunbar wrote us a letter stating that they could not debate with us owing to dissension in the ranks of their debating team. Our representatives were Norman P. Andrews, John Miles, and J. Garland Wood, Seniors. The alternates were Z. Alexander Looby, R. A. Alston, and L. Kennedy McMillan.



A GROUP OF MIDLERS

CLASS OFFICERS:

R. A. Alston, President	Miss S. A. Alexander, Treasurer
A. G. Featherstone, Vice President	D. L. Moss, Journalist
S. Leon Moselle, Secretary	C. L. Clark, Critic
L. J. Orr, Assistant Secretary	E. Marksman, Chaplain
E. W. Anderson, Serg't-at-Arms	



A GROUP OF JUNIORS

Left to right:—Top: William Green, R. C. Hobson, Lockett, J. L. Williams, F. A. Green, L. S. K. Lewis, J. C. Sherard. Below: Geo. W. Neal, S. D. Miller, Susan J. Johnson, Lillian Lounce, Weida Wallace, O. H. Anderson, R. S. Wright, L. Johnson Warner

OFFICERS

L. Johnson Warner, President	R. C. Hobson, Treasurer
J. W. Neal, Vice President	W. S. Hayes, Chaplain
Susan J. Johnson, Secretary	R. S. Wright, Journalist
S. T. Marshall, Corresponding Se'cy	Sybil Brown, Critic
O. H. Anderson, Serg't-at-Arms	

ATHLETICS



F. D. Williams
Track

The athletic season of 1917-18 opened with unusual interest and much enthusiasm. A number of our old "stars" did not return, but our confidence was kept alive by the good showing of the many newcomers who made up the teams.

In the Academy football squad, only two of the players were of last year's team. Almost in the middle of the season, Coach George Bryce left us and undertook the training of the Armstrong football team of the Capitol City. The training of our men which followed was lacking in intensity and thoroughness. Our football squad was not the invincible



C. S. Skinner
Foot Ball

team of former years. Out of six games played during the season, we lost three, tied two, and won one. The class of '18 was represented by S. P. Williams, Leo Bryant, F. D. Williams, Wm. Green.

In this popular midwinter game the Academy is not lacking in democratic representation. We have a girl's basketball team under the coaching of Miss Enola Daniels, and under the captaincy of Miss Lorraine Davis. About the campus the reputation of the team is high. The interclass games played by these girls were not without interest and excitement.

Here is a "line up" of the team: Lorraine Davis, captain;* Ruth Graves, Annabelle Steele, Weida Wallace,* Irma Neal,* Eva Haugabook,* Theodosia Turner,* Edna Lewis,* Minnie Thompson, Mozella Lewis.*

The class of '18 was represented by Irma Neal, Edna Lewis, and Lorraine Davis.

Although they brought home no spectacular victories, the boys' basketball team did good work.

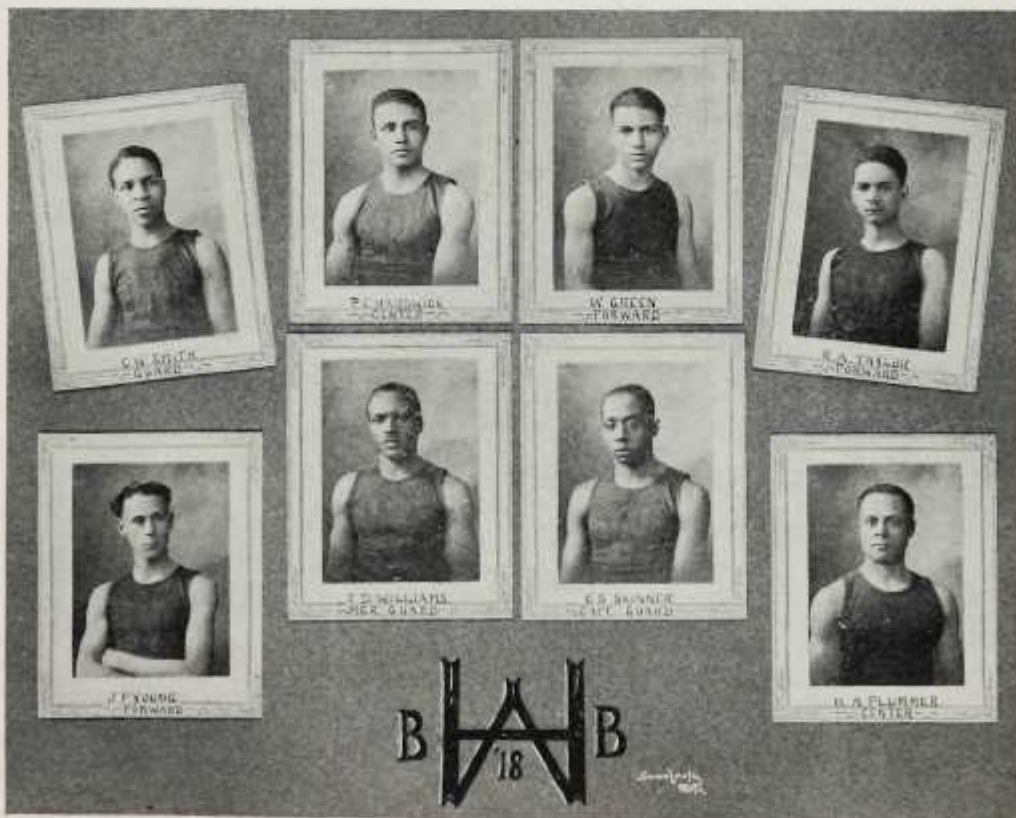
Here's a "line-up" of the team: F. D. Williams, C. W. Smith, and C. S. Skinner, guards; P. E. Hardwick and H. V. Plummer, centers; J. F. Young, R. R. Taylor, Wm. Green, forwards; all of the class of '18.

The familiar "whack" resounded on the diamond on the first warm day of the spring. From the interest and agility shown by the players, there is much promise of a good baseball season.



ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM

Left to Right—Standing: Green, Burke, Bolling, F. Williams, Coach Bryce, Cook, Sheppard, Thompson, Dabney. Sitting: H. Hardwick, Johnson, L. Williams, Mitchell, P. Hardwick, Coles, Brown, Foster, McGhee. Ground: "Dick" Avery.

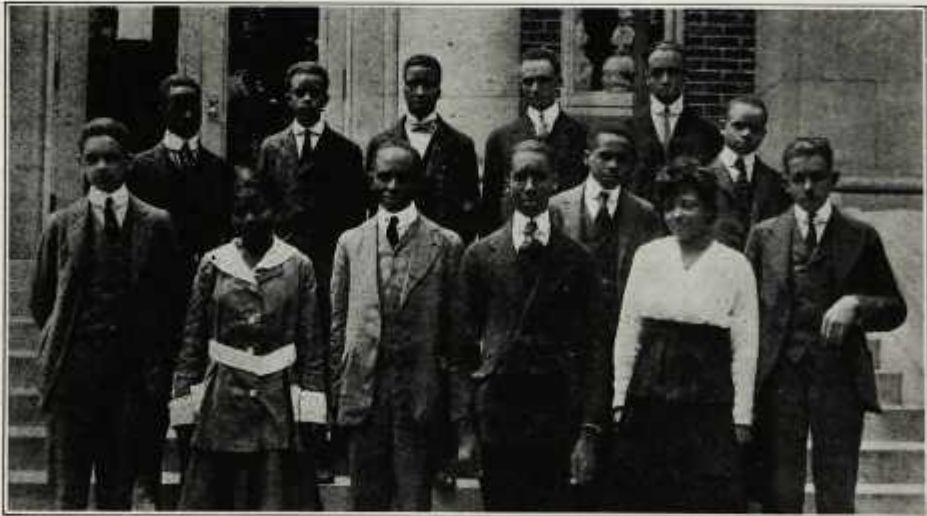


SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



ACADEMY GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM

Left to right:—Standing: Capt. Lorraine Davis, Ruth Graves. Middle: Theodosia Turner, Mossella Lewis, Annabelle Steele, Ruby Robinson. Sitting: Minnie Thompson, Eva Haugabook, Irma Neal, Weida Wallace



ACADEMY HERALD STAFF

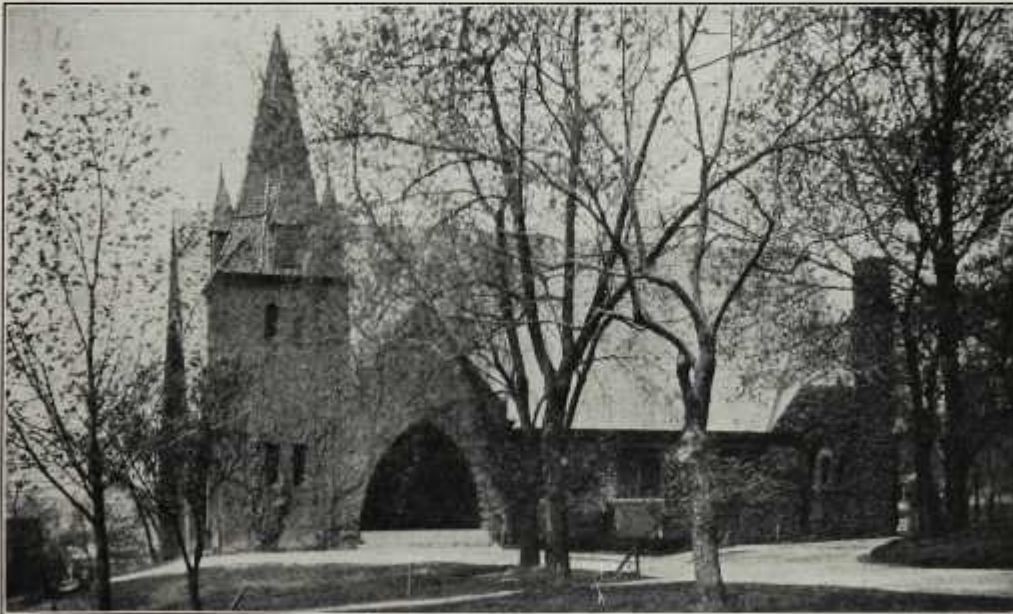
Left to right—Top: R. C. Williams, G. W. Cook, Jr., R. C. Wright, J. W. Harmon, Leo Stallings, Earl Brown. Bottom: R. R. Taylor, J. Johnson, John Miles, *Editor-in-chief*, J. R. Baker, L. K. McMillan, Mayme Jones, J. Fitzgerald

Class History

By A. A. Brown.

It is my purpose in the story that follows, to give a brief account of the fortunes and vicissitudes of the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen during its four years in the Academy of Howard University. The recollection of those incidents has indeed left upon my mind a chequered and varied feeling of pleasure and of pain, not unmingled with some measure of gratitude and veneration to the Disposer of Human Events, who guided our course through many labors to the happy outcome of our effort. There is little doubt that the incidents of these four years, as they are now to be related will prove of some interest to those whose hearts beat in sympathy with the thrills of student life.

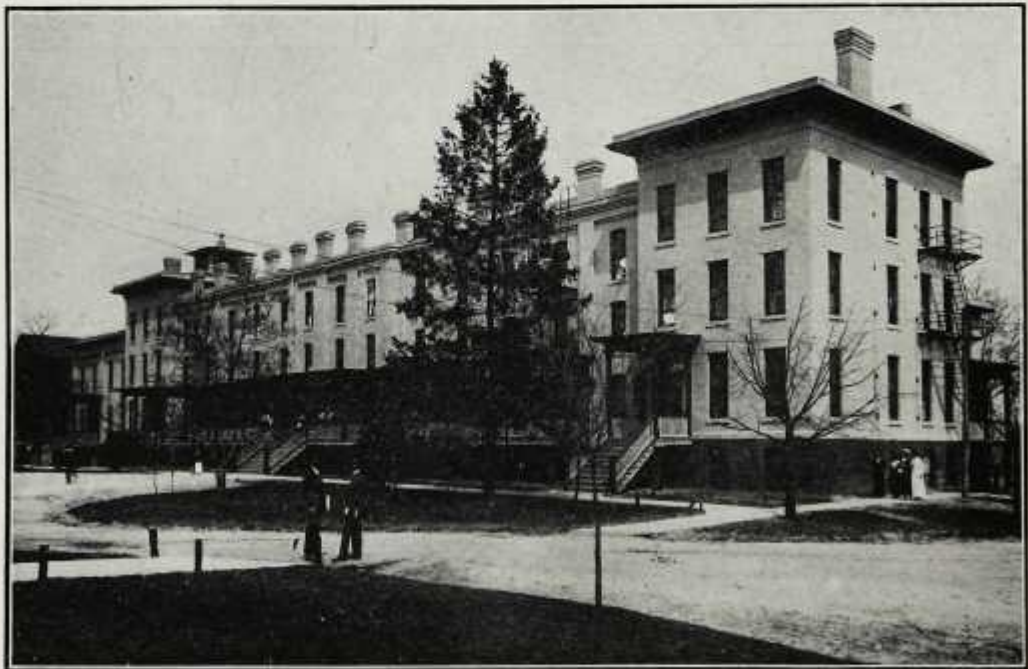
It was on the twenty-ninth of September, a warm, sultry day of early autumn, that we came to Howard Academy for the first time four years ago. From the sunny Southlands and the frozen North we came, three score souls and eight, with powers of intellect as diversified as the regions whence we had come. Through the big gate we entered, gazing about us and meeting oft times the amused smiles of some who were evidently old residents of the place. By devious paths we finally reached the Dean's office in the Main Building. Here we were warmly greeted and helped in



RANKIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL

the arrangement of recitation schedules. Following this introduction to our Dean came the little matter of an introduction to the treasurer's office. No one of the class of '18 who does not remember that long line of patient newcomers, waiting dumbly as the sheep before its shearer, to be shorn of our matriculation dollars. After this ordeal we were free for the day and, in large measure for the week. Being thus nominally bereft of care and having noticed the peaceful splendor of the region beyond the reservoir, a group of newcomers started in quest of the beauties of nature. But that pleasure was not to be theirs; for, on passing Miner Hall, they were seized and hazed in the manner most pleasing to their captors. Henceforth we were extremely courteous and unusually polite; for by such conduct only could an occasional cold bath be avoided.

But it is a most pleasing fact that, in the march of human affairs, what is said or done today is not infrequently forgotten tomorrow. Time moved with us so rapidly that the affronts of our "paene" days were soon only dim memories and, before we knew it, mid-year examinations had come and gone. The class had changed its first president, Mr. Levia Croell, who had a monopoly of parliamentary rules for another who, besides overcoming every algebraic

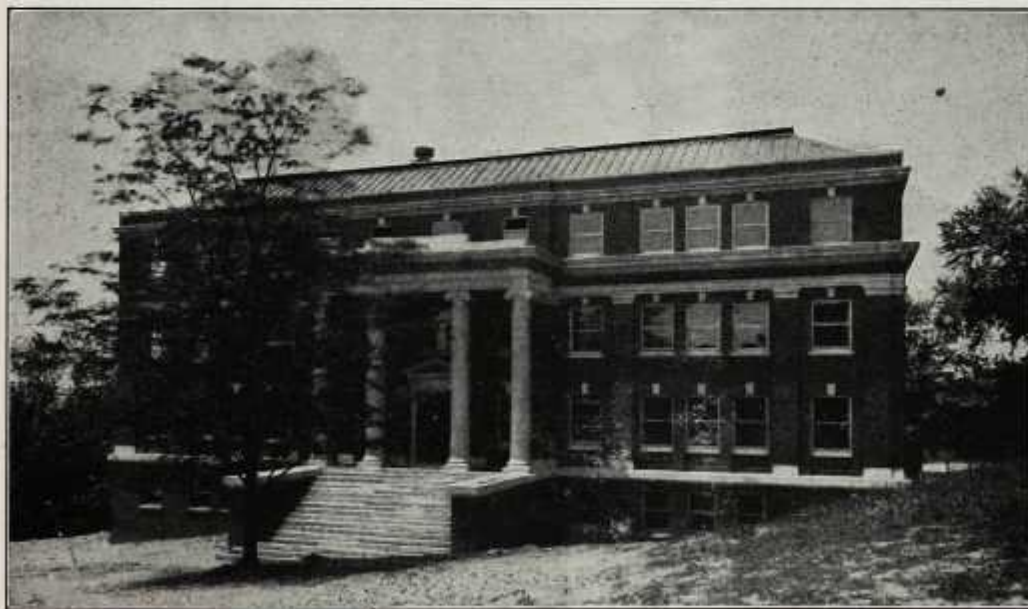


DEAR OLD MINER HALL

obstruction, was destined to surround himself and his class with glory before the end of the four years in the Academy. Mr. A. E. Marshall was president of the class for the second semester. Silently but steadily time rolled on, and in her train bore us to the end of our first year. Proud of our junior work and looking eagerly forward to the honorable title of "Sub-Middler," we departed for our several homes.

SUB-MIDDLE YEAR.

September twenty-second of the year 1915 came, finding us at school again one fewer in number than at the opening of preceding year, but in much better spirits; for we were not Sub-Middlers? Surely! Some of our number had not returned but their places had been taken by some new arrivals who, by sheer power of intellect and indomitable energy were soon to make history for the class of eighteen. Mr. A. A. Brown was president of the class for the first semester. It happened that not long after the work of the year was well under way, we challenged the class of seventeen, those intrepid Middlers, to a debate. It is needless to say that in this contest of brains we were the victors and thereafter walked the campus with an air of confidence and power. With this success as an inspiration to us, it was not surprising that at the "Howard Night" exercises held a few weeks later in the city, we divided first honors with the Seniors, the class of sixteen.



SCIENCE HALL

Mid-year examinations came, bringing to us no terrors; mid-year examinations went leaving with us no regrets. Then came the election of our third president, Mr. William Trent Andrews, member of our debating team. For this election there was much political campaigning. Perhaps, however, "Billy" would have won the place without any one's having had recourse to secret diplomacy in his behalf for he was a very popular member of the class of '18. But our enthusiasm ran high and found an outlet in this way.

But for enthusiasm such as ours, the time-worn activities were inadequate. Our energies soon sought other fields wherein to exert themselves. The result was the resuscitation of the Academy Herald and the breaking up of the class into two gigantic political parties, the "Academic" and the "Progressive." Then ensued a period of political maneuvering. Everywhere on the campus groups of men were to be seen planning and plotting to effect the election of their candidates. The Progressive ticket bore the names of brilliant men; the nominees upon the Academic ticket were hardly less brilliant, and what these candidates lacked in this respect was amply made up for by their qualifications such as diplomacy and genius for organization. After a somewhat



DEAR OLD CLARK HALL

brief but spirited campaign, the whole Academic ticket, excepting two associate editorships, was elected. It was a real election with Rankin Memorial Chapel as the polling booth. There had been in the campaign the inevitable jibes and unpleasant personalities.

At one stage of the proceedings, relations were so strained that today McGhee owes his head only to the timely interposition of Mattuck's bulk; for Nanton was very wrath. But the most unfortunate result was that party feeling had run so high as to become crystalized in a manner detrimental to the best interests of our class organization, and we left in June, nominally one body but, in reality, two hostile factions.

MIDDLE YEAR.

Mr. P. E. Hardwick was chosen president of the class for the first semester. In a rather unwholesome atmosphere of political intrigue, we labored throughout our middle year. And if our methods were more refined than in the preceding year, they certainly were not less far reaching.

Under the guise of earnest research, a Star Chamber was easily made of the Library and a Committee Room of the Manual Arts building. But while the two old parties were thus serenely laying plans for the ensuing election, a third party made its appearance in the field by boldly electing one of its number, Mr. W. D.



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Mitchell to the presidency of the class. The method of attack used by the new party was a novel one. It was machine politics, pure and undefiled. By means fair or foul, the new party determined to carry everything before it. Then the old parties immediately forgot past rivalries and animosities and, uniting their forces, defeated the common foe.

The old adage, "It never rains but it pours," may be aptly applied to the surprises of our middle year; for, as we were girding ourselves for one long dash to final examinations, the news went the rounds, that owing to a series of events which had taken place in connection with the struggle for the Officers Training Camp at Des Moines, school would close on the nineteenth of May. There was no more going to Science Hall for the class of 1918 that year; so packing up hurriedly, some went their accustomed ways for the summer while others went to the Training Camp. Among the latter were Messrs. Marshall and Alexander. The former was our second president. Both are now lieutenants in the National Army.

SENIOR YEAR.

With the passing of summer, we turned our steps once more to the Academy. At the end of this year's work we hoped to gain that prize which all so earnestly desired. In numbers, when compared with the seventy-one members of our middle year, we, as Seniors, presented a striking contrast. On every hand were empty seats; every day men were answering the call to arms. Of the sixty eight original members of the class of 1918 there remained but three to face final examinations. Yet, as if to compensate for such uncertainty of fortune, a calm air of peace and friendship diffused its healing influence among us, insomuch that this was the most harmonious year of the four.

And now that the end of our four years is at hand, there is evident a feeling of regret at having to leave the scenes that have become so dear to us. Little did we think that the time would pass so quickly. Four years ago, the end seemed an eternity; today, the beginning seems but yesterday. Of defeats we have had a taste; of victory we have drunk also. Lasting friendships have been formed and cemented; kindly feelings have had birth never to die.

And so as, borne on life's swift current, our little ships move onward toward eternity's great sea, the memories of this happy time when we, a tiny fleet, sailed for a season side by side, will ever cheer us and give us strength to bravely onride storms and buffeting waves which beat our little barks on life's broad, mighty ocean.

Class Prophecy

By Irene Miller.

I had grown weary of playing croquet, and had sauntered to my high back porch to study. Seated comfortably in the hammock, I placed Virgil's Aeneid on my knees. We were in the midst of the sixth book, and upon the morrow were to go with Aeneas into Hades.

I had translated as far as the point where Aeneas was being steered across the river Styx, when night, creeping slowly on, sent twilight as a warning of her coming. The words on the page grew faint and fainter until I could see them no longer. Then giving free play to my fancy, I pictured scene after scene of Aeneas adventures in Hades, until almost before I knew it, I, too, was being steered across the river Styx. On the other shore Aeneas eagerly awaited my arrival; for he was the one chosen to lead such a distinguished one as myself, through the land of the "Misty Future."

Since I seemed somewhat shaken up by the sudden change of years, for now it was 1928, Aeneas went with me first to the hospital. Imagine my surprise when I read upon the door of one of the offices "Dr. James Ward, Chief Surgeon." I laughed aloud as I remembered the wonderful dissections that Ward used to make in the biology laboratory.

We next entered one of the wards where the internes, William Green and Smallwood Ackiss were busy at their work. I was much pleased to see that the ambition of these two of my old classmates had been realized.

In the dental infirmary I found two of the leading dentists of the country, Drs. F. D. Williams and C. S. Skinner engaged in a conversation. As I passed them I heard Williams say, "Johnny Young has been sent by the State to represent it in the National Medical Conference. Now, if Young will only attend to business and let all the pretty pi——." This was all I heard, but I inferred the rest, and we moved on.

In a luxuriously appointed consultation room. I saw a group of men engaged in hot discussion. Drawing nearer, I recognized Nat Gordon, Gilbert Thomas, C. Roach, and H. Hamlett. Dr. Styles seemed to be the person under discussion.

Aeneas told me that Styles had been chosen to represent the dental infirmary at the National Conference. This fact has caused much heart burning among Styles' colleagues, because each one thought himself more worthy of the honor than their former class-

mate. Peeping into a small operating room, I saw Lorraine Davis moving around in her butterfly way, making ready to extract, by her new painless method, a tooth from a portly gentleman.

My ache was all gone now, and ready for all kinds of surprises, I went with my guide into the street.

A loud voice soon attracted our attention. Following the sound, we came to a park where a large crowd had gathered. Standing upon a dry-goods box, gesticulating and hammering at the air with great vigor, I recognized my old classmate, John Miles.

Miles always knew all the news, so I stopped to talk with him. Asking about Boyd, I learned that he, with Irma Neal were members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Miles also told me that Brooks and A. A. Brown were professors of Mathematics at Howard. I was greatly surprised to learn that Robert Taylor had been sent to Congress. Miles said that McMillan was bishop in the Methodist Church. Upon inquiring about Andrews, I learned that he was corporation lawyer to a very wealthy concern. Concerning the Fairclough boys, he said that at Panama they had established a great surgical and medical institution which rivaled the establishment of the Mayo brothers.

In a beautiful and peaceful suburban section of the city I saw a cosy little house, set back a small distance from the street, and surrounded by trees and beautiful gardens. Yielding to the temptation to peep inside, I saw in his large and well supplied library, Errold Collymore, almost hidden from view in a huge morris chair, and a little boy and girl sitting on his knees asking him how did they make year-books. His wife, a sweet-faced little woman, was knitting smilingly and contentedly. My next visit was made upon "Plummer and Bryant Bros." drug store. I learned that this was the "dietie" drug store of the city, and here one might meet the 'elite of the town. Sitting at one table, talking earnestly over their empty ice cream soda glasses, I recognized lawyers Haynes and Wood. I dared not disturb them as they were discussing some big law suit. In a cozy corner I recognized a group of my old classmates, Ruth Graves, Edna Lewis, Evelyn Lightner, Esther Gundy and Alice Mundy.

My guide informed me that this was the regular meeting place of these girls, the belles of the town. As I passed I heard Alice say, "Who would have thought that Rachel Thomas would ever go into a convent." "Oh yes!" sighed Evelyn, "but this is the old story of a broken heart."

Aeneas ordered ice cream. While he was finishing his second dish, I glanced over the morning paper. Some advertisements caught my eye. "Aeroplanes to let." C. L. Smith—Elocution

sessions. Price \$5 per hour. The modern Demothenes, Robert L. Challenor." "Architect and Builder, John W. Harmon. Terms easy." My ear then caught a scrap of news from the chatters in the corner. "Yes," said Alice, "she married that wealthy Mr. Pleasant. They say she makes a model mother to his five children. "Look! there she goes now in her new auto." I too, craned my neck. It was Bea Clark. "Some folks are always lucky," sighed Alice.

My eye returned to the advertisement columns of the paper. More familiar names. "Soya Bean Syndicate. Stock 112. Preferred Stock 115. Dividends distributed in 1927—\$100,000." Among the list of the wealthy directors, I found T. R. Sweeney, C. Marc Gousse, Ernest Holder, and Charles A. Henry. These were "doing their bit" by raising beans to feed the soldiers in the Great War which had not yet ended. I was told that the lawyer for this great syndicate was Clarence Green.

In the "News in Brief" column of the paper, I read "The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Zion M. E. Church," will meet on Tuesday of this week, at the residence of Miss Ethel Spriggs, 420 Euclid Avenue. The next meeting will be addressed by Miss Sadie Mallory, lately returned from a trip through "Africa."

The door opened and in came "Sir Walter Scott." This debonair youth stepped as if he owned the earth. "Sir Walter," said Aeneas, "owns the big dry goods store around the corner." There had been silence in the little corner for some time, but Evelyn soon broke it. "Well, girls, I suppose that Eloise McComb and Mossella Lewis are getting ready to reopen their seminary in the fall." "Yes," said Alice, "I'm sure, I met Eloise yesterday and she mentioned this to me."

I had spent a most busy day. Evening had come—and twilight, and when darkness fell, we strolled to Wyoming Williams' "Wenderland," on the outskirts of the city. We saw there among all the amusing things, an arrangement like an aeroplane, which one could operate one's self with the keeper's instructions. We paid a nickel and got into the contraption. Pressing a button, we shot up; but instead of pressing the "volplane" button upon deciding to come down, we pressed the button marked "down" and the machine made a sudden dive for mother earth.

I awoke to find myself seated upon the floor of the porch. My kid brother had loosened one end of the hammock and let me down. Convulsed with laughter, I ran into the house, planning to entertain the whole family with my wonderful visit into the future.

CLASS WILL

By E. D. Collymore



That we, the Senior Class of 1918 of the Academy of Howard University, situated on "the hill," and in the capitol city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, being of sound mind and philanthropic disposition do publish in behalf of ourselves and declare this our last will and testament.

First: In accordance with old and time-honored customs, we do hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Middlers, our old seats and desks in Miss Barker's room, and the memories of Milton, Burke, Johnson, Poe, Shakespeare and Bryant.

Second: We furthermore give and bequeath to the aforesaid Middlers all the stinking H₂S and Sulphur Dioxide, all the suffocating gases of the Halogen family, all the burns we got bending glass tubes, together with all our awkwardness and explosions.

Third: We furthermore give and bequeath to the aforesaid Middlers all the scraps of paper, forgotten notes, pencil shavings, wornout chewing gum, and empty lunch-bags found in our desks.

Fourth: Old Collymore leaves the Poet Laureateship to Z. Alexander Looby.

Fifth: Lewis Hyman Fairelough leaves all his "bluff" and its "hot air" appurtenances to Clifford Clark.

Sixth: The class in "Solid" and "Trig" leaves sweet memories of functions, logs, tans, angles, parallelepipeds, pyramids, frustrums, and cones to Dean Syphax. The class bequeathes further to Dean Syphax its deepest regards and esteem.

Seventh: To Miss Barker, we leave nothing; but take in our heart's tenderest love for her, truest wishes for her continued happiness, and most grateful and undying memories of her goodness to us.

Eighth: John Farrar Young leaves to the French class his alias "Jean Farrar Jeune."

Ninth: Nat Gordon leaves to Eureka his "point of high privilege."

Tenth: Gus Brown bequeathes to the Rubberset Shaving Brush Co., those porcupine-like bristles which adorned his upper lip, and further requests that they be made into a shaving brush for Nat Gordon.

Eleventh: Charlie Boyd leaves to room 91 the lost chord from his fiddle.

Twelfth: George Fairclough bequeathes his hopes of becoming a soloist to John Miles.

Thirteenth: Irene Miller bequeathes her little black hat with the blue feathers in front, and the elastic band that goes under the chin to John Young.

Fourteenth: "Poicy" Andrews bequeathes his voice of thunder to some aspiring "Pecnie" orator.

Fifteenth: "Fatty" Holder bequeathes his extreme awkwardness in gym and his peculiar New York hunch to his "double" Bain of the Middle Class.

Sixteenth: The Year Book Committee bequeathes as follows: Colly: The little black folio of manuscript, and curious little bundles he used to carry under his arm to the Editor-in-Chief of the Year Book of '19. Fairclough: His habit of grabbing "dough" to the Business Manager of '19. Ferd Williams: His 'culiar smilin' "woice" that he used in getting ads to the Advertisement Manager of '19. Boyd: His ability to "Associate-Edit," and Evelyn: Her ability to "Associate-Editess" to the class of '19. Lastly: We appoint John Miles executor of this will provided he furnishes a bond of 'elebenteen' Bull Durham coupons.

Signed this day and sealed by the Seniors of 1918.

Levity of Spirit

In Chemistry: What is H₂S?
"Hoss Williams:" Nuthin' but smell.

In Biology: Discuss the theory pertaining to the survival of the fittest.

"Lu" Fairclough: Well, to begin with, only those who don't flunk will pass.

Class: S'nuff! S'nuff.

Old Bob Taylor has become famous for mutilating the Thanatopsis. And he likes it, too.

George Fairclough has "discovered" a new theory known as the "Molock-ular" theory.

Boyd: Say, Colly, what do they call that chord that runs thru the frog's back?

Colly: Lost chord, I guess.

Boyd: Why?

Colly: I can't find it.

Lorraine's love affairs move on so rapidly that what is perfectly current history today is as completely ancient history tomorrow.

Dear Mr. Ward—The candy was fine. All the girls enjoyed it—Miner Hall.

"Ack" insists that Mr. Burke did not ask for no taxation without representation. But "Ack" was wrong—Burke didn't.

George Fairclough: Confound it all! Who says I've got box legs?

Wyoming Williams: Gone to sleep again with his mouth wide open.

Collymore: Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man.

Evelyn Lightner: Quiet and well conducted.

Nat Gordon: Never fall in love.

Bea Clark: Little but large enough to love.
C. W. Smith: A singer of feline sweetness.
Esther Gundy: A maiden modest and self-possessed.
Irene Trent: A real supporter of her class.
Rachel Thomas: I dreamed there was no school.
"Gil" Thomas: Thou art a scholar.
Irma Neal: A winsome wee thing.
Irene Miller: Bring back my Youngie to me.
Lorraine Davis: She hath the fleetness of the wind.
Norman Andrews: Much study is weariness to the flesh.
"Lu" Fairclough: My hair; It will not learn as I do teach it.
In Chemistry: What is bullion?
Smith: Soup.
Holder: An impressive example of perpetual weariness.
Gus Brown: I'm not bashful, but I dont want any girl till I'm
a doctor. (Good luck Gus.)
Ferd Williams: Work's getting stale with me.
Harry Plummer: There's music in the air.
Percy Vilain: Three "squares" per diem and the world is mine
Charlie Boyd: Slender? Ah, yes.
John Young: I pass for a maiden.
John Miles: Hear my voice and quake, ye "Preps."
Roach: Congratulate me, friends, I'm married.

The Academy debaters heard it whispered that there were girls
on the Dunbar team, and declared that before they would be
beaten by girls they'd close the school—and they did.

Student: *J'ai kink* Sheevaux. (*J'ai cinq* Chevaux.)

Teacher: Its neither *kink* nor *knot*.

Student: I meant *sink*.

Teacher: No, sir; its neither *sink* nor *float*, sit down.

Youngie: As far as I remember it was thus.

Teacher: Mr. Young you did not remember far enough— nor
was Mr. Lincoln massaered by any army after the Civil War.

Howard: Fine way you Seniors say good bye.

Seniors: O'scuse us Alma Mater! M-m-m-m-Smack!!!

AUTOGRAPHS

To the Librarian,
Howard University,
Washington, D.C.

The class which graduated from the Academy in the year 1918, desires to place this copy of its Year Book on the files of the Carnegie Library of the University; to serve as a record of the efforts of the Class while in the Academy, and of the individual hopes and aspirations of its several members.

It is hoped that this book might be found useful as a book of reference and guidance to future graduating classes of the Academy that might contemplate a similar publication.

The Class wishes, too, that this copy should serve as a token of gratitude to its various teachers, and as a monument to their systematic and untiring guidance to a higher and finer life.

Yours very truly,
Errol D. Collymore,
Editor-in-Chief.

Howard University,
June 1918

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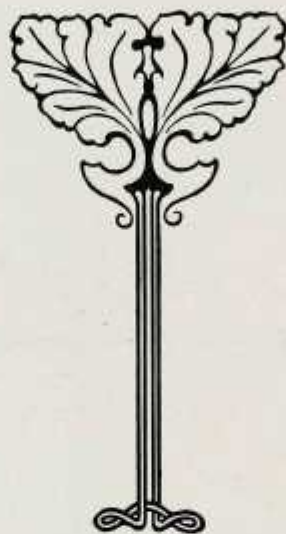
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