In Memoriam

Mary V. Burrel
Top:

MELVIN J. BANKS, "Doctor"
Will continue studies.  
"Let your conscience be your guide."

ELMER C. RINFORD, Phi Beta Sigma, "Bamie"
President, Botanical Seminar. Treasurer, Kappa Mu, 1st Sergeant, R.O.T.C. Student Assistant Botany, '21-'23.

JOHN W. BOWMAN, Jr., "Bonnie"
Honor student, '22-'23. One of inaugurators of "Honor Day" at Howard. Plans graduate work in chemistry and study of Medicine.  
"Talent and perseverance is success."

ESTELLE BROCKINGTON
Shaw University Academy. Will teach and do social service work.  
"Service is my motto."

Bottom:

PHILIP CARRUTHER BROOKS, "P. C."
"Give to the world the best you have."

FOSTER MALLALIEU BROWN, Phi Beta Sigma, "Brookie"

"Lead me on to my fields to conquer."

JOSEPH LAFAYETTE BRYANT, "Joe"

"Go where duty calls."

ARTHUR E. BURKE, "Zarebin"
"I will give my best to my Race."

ULYSES SIMPSON BROOKS, "Uncle Sam"
State Normal School, Elizabeth City, N.C., and Howard Academy. Will pursue Sciences.

"Never prepare to die, but to live always."
Top:

DEFLYTER BUTLER
Washington, D.C. Will teach.
"Success is the reward of faithful work."

EDITH C. BUTLER. Alpha Kappa Alpha
Academy Benedict College. Will teach.
"Life without friendship and love would be lost indeed."

CLYDE NORMA CHAVIS (Mrs.)
"Whither midst falling while glow the heavens with the last step of day dost thou thy solitary way."

JOSEPH CHEEVERS, Kappa Alpha Psi. "Papa Cheever"
"Work is the road to success."

Bottom:

ANNIE E. COTTRELL, "Lize"
Oklahoma City, Okla. Will continue study in Music.
"Where would we all go, without love?"

LYDIA W. CRAWFORD
"Greater knowledge nods to all things."

BESSIE MIRANDA DAVIS, Zeta Phi Beta
"My mother is my inspiration."

FRED M. DAVIS, Jr., Phi Beta Sigma. "Greasy" Shaw Academy, Raleigh, N.C. Junior College at Shaw University. Active in Debating, Financial Secretary, Phi Beta Sigma. Member of the Dramatic Club. Will study Medicine.
"The race is not always to the swift."

JAMES AUTHUR CLARK, "Old Jimmie"
"Don't make excuses; make good."
Top:

JOSEPH NORMAN DODSON, Phi Beta Sigma. “Bumpsyi”
“Every man is the architect of his own fortune.”

CHARLES H. DORSEY, Omega Psi Phi. “Charlie”
“In adversity, smile.”

CORESE CASPER EATON, “Ree-se”
Spelman Seminary. Will teach.
“Our purpose in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves.”

WILLIAM B. EDELIN, Phi Beta Sigma. “Bill”
“Keep a-plugging away.”

JOHN W. EDWARDS, “Eddie”
Pickens, Mass. Will continue studies.
“Know thyself.”

Bottom:

JOSEPH R. ELLIOT, “Joe”
Emerson Inst., Mobile, Ala. Business Manager of Commercial Outlook, Member of Alabama Club and Chamber of Commerce. Will enter business.
“He who errs not is the best accountant.”

MARIE ESTELLE, “Mary”
Little Rock, Ark. Will teach.
“Serve, love, live, and be happy.”

D. VINCENT ESTILL
Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, Petersburg, Va. Member of orchestra, band and Glee Club. A combination student. Will practice Medicine.
“Books are but mines, and knowledge is no more.”

MABEL FREDERICKA FREY, Zeta Phi Beta, “Fred”
“Let your character be your staff.”

1924 BISON
A. CROFTOX (HT>BERT.
Alpha Phi Alpha. "Bert"
Chief School, New York City. Chairman, Committee on Intercollegiate Debates, President of Class of 1924. Will study law at Inner Temple, England.
"I am bound to be true to the best I know."

CHAS. POINDEXTER HARRIS
Debater-Preacher, Member of Debating Team for four years. Winner of English Prize, '23. President Class of '24.
"Will Harris be as prominent in after life as he has been at Howard?"

DOROTHY GILLAM, "Dea"
"All the world revolves around love."

DEMA POINDEXTER HARRIS, "Mega"
Jacksonville, Fla. Will teach.
"Live and let live."

Top:

Bottom:

ALPHA O. HAYES, "Mega"
Jacksonville, Fla. Will teach.
"Live and let live."

EDNA NORMA HOFFMAN, "Daddy"
"Speak not lightly of love."

J. ALBERT HOLMES, Kappa Alpha Psi, "Al"
"Life is just what we make it."

MELVIN T. GREEN, "Mel"
National Training School, Durham, N.C. Member Howard University Band and Orchestra. Solo cornetist. 2nd Vice-President Howard Players '24. Member Dramatic Club, '22-'24. Will study Medicine.
"Ah! A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

MAYE LEE HARDIE, "Peggy"
"Wait not for success but go in search of it."
Top:

JOANNA R. HOUSTON, Zeta Phi Beta, "Joe"
State Normal School, Elizabeth City, N.C. National President, Zeta Phi Beta, "22, "23. Editor, 24 Bison. Secretary to Professor L.V. Childers. Will do graduate work.
"The elevator to success is not running. Take the stairway."

JULIA BEATRIX HUBBARD, "Bits"
Virginia Theological Seminary and College. Life's work, teaching of English. "Concentrate all your thoughts upon the work in hand."

NELLIE M. HUBERT, "Nell"
"Love many, trust few, always paddle your own canoe."

WILSON BRUCE INBORDEN, "Pat"
Brick School, Brick, N.C. Member Howard University Civil Engineering Society. Member Howard University Band. Will follow civil engineering.
"Always keep your head above the water."

PAMELLA E. JACKSON,
Washington, D.C. Will teach.
"You have not fulfilled every duty of life unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant."

J. EDWARD JOICE, Jr., "Eddie"
"I am the master of my fate."

HERNOLD BELSE JONES, "Belsie"
"I keep my eyes unto the hills."

1924 BISON

Bottom:

W. E. B. DU BOIS
Professor of History, Atlanta University. Member of American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Philosophical Society. Published "The Souls of Black Folk." Will return to Atlanta.
"Labor Omnia Vincit."

Bottom:

MARTHA J. JONES, Delta Sigma Theta, "Chubita"
Treasurer, Delta Sigma Theta. 1922-23. First Vice-President, Howard Players. Will teach.
"Everything comes to him who waits."

DEWEY WRIGHT JACKSON, "Slim"
Howard Academy, Dunbar High School. Member of Pestalozzi-Froebel Society. Member of Howard Branch of N.A.A.C.P.; and Y.M.C.A. Will teach.
"Labor Omnia Vincit."
Top:

LOUIS E. KING, "Louie"
"Just a Man, that's all."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, Kappa Alpha Psi
"Bash"
"I owe it to my mother and father."

SARAH EVELYN LEWIS, Zeta Phi Beta, "Dr. Sarah"
Morristown High School, Morristown, N.J. President Zeta Phi Beta, Freshman Medal.
"To court the prize, and shrink not from the winning."

MARY EMMA MACK, Zeta Phi Beta, "Mo"
Dallas High School, Dallas, Texas. Member University Choir, Girls' Glee Club, President Y.W.C.A., '23-'24. Will enter Zoological laboratory.

ELVORA M. McINTYRE, "Sugar"
Louisville, Ky. Member Dramatic Club, Cercle Francais. Will marry a rich man.
"Help yourself by helping others."

Bottom:

JULIA Le SETTERS MARSH
"Of all these arts in which the wise excell, Nature's chief masterpiece is, 'Do it well.'"

WILLIAM McKinley MENCHAN, "Judge"
High School, Jacksonville, Fla. Organizer and President of Florida Club. Will study Law.
"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

SAINT LEOX MIZEELL, "Lee"
"Do not hunt partridges with a band of music."

ALLAN T. F. MOORE, Phi Beta Sigma
High School, Gainesville. Freshman and Sophomore years at Fisk University, Member Chi Rho Sigma. Will continue study of Chemistry.
SAMUEL C. MURRAY, "Stuff"
"Tend to your own business."

JOSEPHINE NOLLIS
Washington, D.C. Will teach.
"Service counts."

MAMIE GERALDINE NEALE,
Alpha Kappa Alpha, "Gerry"
"A man's reach should exceed his grasp."

CLIFTON FREDERICK NELSON, "Chet"
"Test all things; hold fast to the good."

PAULINE ELIZABETH PARKER, Alpha Kappa Alpha, "Tanya"
"If you can't find a way, make one."

ELLSWORTH L. PLUMMER
Washington, D.C. Will continue studies.
"When once a goal is sought, never give up till it is reached."

FLORENCE ROBERTS REED, "Flossy"
Morgan Academy, New York City. Member of Dramatic, French, and Northeastern Clubs. Will do social service work.
"If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

FREDERIC H. H. ROBB, Alpha Phi Alpha, "Fritz"
"It can be done."

ARLEATHIA ELIZABETH PARR, Alpha Kappa Alpha, "Lizbeth"
"Not failure but low aim is crime."
Top:

KANATA EDITHA RODGERS, Zeta Phi Beta.

"Kenet"
Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, Petersburg, Va. Junior College at Wilberforce University, Directress Campus Cafeteria, '23, '24. Treasurer of Zeta Phi Beta, '24. Will teach. "Think right and you'll be right."

CLIFFORD EDWARD RUCKER, Kappa Alpha Psi. "Cif"

FANNIE ALICE CRAWFORD SMITH, "Fun"
Virginia Seminary, '20. Will study Medicine. "It is not how much, but how well."

HARRIETTE VIVIAN STEWART, Delta Sigma Theta. "Stew"
Danmary High School, On editorial staff of "Record." Will teach Latin. "The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, that costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile."

CLIFFORD EDWARD RUCKER, Kappa Alpha Psi. "Cif"

WILLIAM W. SPILLER, "Bill"
Bonham, Texas. Commissioned officer, R.O.T.C. Will study Medicine. "Life is what you make it."

C. EDYTHE TAYLOR, "Eve"
Hartford High School, Com. Vice-President, Class '23, Member of Howard Players. Circle Francis, J. F. F. Club. Will teach. "True friends are hard to find."

Bottom:

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Hartford High School, Com. Vice-President, Class '23, Member of Howard Players. Circle Francis, J. F. F. Club. Will teach. "True friends are hard to find."

H. EDDYTHE TAYLOR, "Eve"
Hartford High School, Com. Vice-President, Class '23, Member of Howard Players. Circle Francis, J. F. F. Club. Will teach. "True friends are hard to find."

STELLA L. SHIPLEY, Alpha Kappa Alpha.

"Stell"
Secretary, Class, '21, Member, Pestalozzi-Froebel Secretary, and French Club, Louisville, Ky. Will teach. "I am what I am. And with initiative and perseverance, I can be a greater I am."
ALMA W. THOMAS


"What is more far-reaching than beauty?"

VICTOR J. TULANE. Phi Beta Sigma, "Testes"


"Make up your mind, then go to it."

CHAS. WILLIAM WADE. Phi Beta Sigma, "Spout"

Treasurer, Junior Class. Will continue study of Medicine.

"We can escape a fall only by continual climbing."

CYRIL ANDERSON WALWYN


"Be ever careful."

CARRIE HILTON WILLIAMS, Zeta Phi Beta


"Virtue alone is true nobility."

LEON WALTER WILLIAMS, Kappa Alpha Psi, "Leon"


"Don't wait for an opportunity, make one."

WILLIE BEATRICE YANCEY, "Bilt"


"Strive always to stay on the road to success."

ROBERTA ELIZABETH YANCEY, Alpha Kappa Alpha, " Bert"


"May my work shine and help some soul to see."

JANET DEWITT WHITAKER, Alpha Kappa Alpha

Bricks High School, Member Pestalozzi-Froebel Society, and Le Cercle Francais, Will teach.

"Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things."

1924 BISON
Top:

JOHN E. WASHINGTON, D.D.S., "Jennie"
Washington High and Normal School, Howard University Dental School, Howard University Department of Pedagogy, J. C. S. of Scranton, Pa. Ex-President of Freeman Dental Society.
"Labor has sure reward."

THEODORE O. SPAULDING, Phi Beta Sigma,
"Teddy"
"He who only hopes is hopeless."

DAVID WELLINGTON MOSS, "Rev"
Howard University Academy, '24.
"We are creatures of chance and consequently owe it to God to make the most of our lives."

ALFRED E. SMITH, Omega Psi Phi, "Alf"
Langston High School, Hot Springs, Ark. Member of band and orchestra. Aims: To be six feet tall.
"Carry a collapsible ladder of success around in your pocket."

Bottom:

HOWARD P. KENNEDY, Omega Psi Phi, "Sam"
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOSEPH IRVING HOFFMAN, Omega Psi Phi, "Saggy"
Avery Institute, Charleston, S.C. Member of Dramatic Club, Howard Players, '21-24, Keeper of Records, Omega Psi Phi.
"Count not the steps that lead to success."

SADIE THELMA HILL
Norfolk, Virginia.
"Trust not the future, how'ever pleasant! Let the dead past bury its dead. Act,—act in the living present, Heart within and God overhead."

CHARLES MEHANE JENKINS, Phi Beta Sigma, "Stuff"
Shaw Academy, Raleigh, N.C. Junior College work at Shaw University. Member of La Cercle Francais and German Club. Treasurer, Phi Beta Sigma, '24. Will study Medicine.
"Never work too hard, it's unhealthy."

ELIZABETH E. MOORE, "Lizzie"
Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Miss. Member La Cercle Francais. Secretary Senior Class, '23.
'24. Will teach.
"Mark the way."

1924 BISON
Top:

ELBERT H. BEARD, Omega Psi Phi, "Hots"
"When you think you're right keep right ahead."

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, "Benny"
Dunbar High School, Washington, D.C. Will study Theology.
"It matters not how a man dies but how he lives."

WILLIAM HAZIAH WILLIAMS, A.B.
"Ever Upward."

LOUIS B. LUCAS, "Louie"
Rocky Mount, N.C. Will study Medicine.
"Nothing is too high."

ABRAHAM B. FISHER
"Keep your fears to yourself."

Bottom:

JOHN A. JACKSON
Washington, D.C. Will pursue Theology.
"Do not wonder if you will fail, but think how you’re going to succeed."

GEORGE A. PARKER
Washington, D.C. Will continue the good work of Theology.
"Be a master of yourself."

JAS. R. C. Pinn
Dunbar High School. Howard School of Religion. Winner of Penoyer scholarship for highest average.
"Love ye one another."

LEON S. WORMLEY
Washington, D.C. Theology.
"Lead me on to higher things."
NORBORNE EDWARD BACCHUS, Phi Beta Sigma, "Bac"
"Strive to be useful, not great."

MORENO N. GONZALES
Santa Clara, Cuba. Member of Architectural Society. Will pursue studies.
"To be or not to be: that is the question."

ELLEN MAURY, "El"
"Esse quam Videri!"

LOUBERTA L. MOORE, Delta Sigma Theta
Greenwood, Miss. Secretary, Class, '22. Member, La Cercle Francois. Will teach Psychology.
"Silence never yet betrayed anyone."

ETHEL ELIZABETH JONES, Delta Sigma Theta, "Kitty"
"Virtue is its own reward."
IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR 1920 we came to Howard University a large class of us, young and eager eyed. "Green" we were just as other Freshmen were before us and as they will continue to be; much troubled by the haughty "Sophs" who seemed at times veritable demons to torment us and at others angels sent to guide us.

A rather young class we were in age and were on the whole slightly wild, adventurous and eager to find out what was on the other side. We enjoyed little moments such as were gotten after class meetings when there were stolen "goodnights." Everybody came to Freshman class meeting because one was sure of a good time. The class journalist was active in those days and she would hurl at us those delicately barbed shafts of hers.

But amid the romping and playing of the year there were some more serious spirits in the class who went out and won the laurels that the rest of us were forgetting about. Yet we all felt the same thrill of pride in those loyal members of ours.

Who can ever forget that exciting night, December 3rd, when Messrs. Beaubian, Robb and King won for us the Freshman-Sophomore debate? Then on December 5th, when the unconquerable Freshman football team announced to us their victory over the Sophs, our joy was unbounded and we knew then that as a class our place was made and our record was begun. It was under this victorious atmosphere that we gave our first informal dance on December 11th.

Then came the Student Council into our lives directly, Miss Houston and Mr. Robb being elected to represent us on that illustrious body. Two members of the class, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. King were also placed on the Varsity debating team. In that same period of our lives we entered into the social world successfully by giving a formal dance which has never been duplicated. Spotlights, decorations in old gold and black combined to make the affair both unique and successful.

In the Spring we were disappointed by the Sophomore girls by their non-appearance on the night of the girls' inter-class debate. The victory automatically went to the Freshmen. Thus we closed our first year successfully and with nothing but victories to our credit.

As Sophomores we were just as any Sophomores have ever been. Numerous fights between our class and the more humble Freshmen characterized the biggest portion of our first quarter. Again we debated, the Freshmen this time, and again we were successful. Our debaters were Messrs. King, Beaubian and Beard. Mr. Oscar Beaubian won the silver cup for the best speaking.

The girls, I am sure will always remember that debate and the events surrounding it. We will always think pleasantly of the time when we mopped the water from the halls and steps of Miner Hall, and sang "We ain't got weary yet."

This year the Freshman-Sophomore football game was lost, but we were much cheered by the good spirit shown throughout. Our best lau-
rels were regained by the girls in their inter-class debate. Miss Houston won the silver cup on that occasion, and Miss Burrell, as second best, received a handsome hand-made pillow top.

That year in general was, for the class, one of unrest. Various reform movements were begun on the campus, all of which we assisted in. The class itself was in a state of turmoil. Meetings were few and far between and the year was ended with symptoms of a “storm” brewing in the future.

The “cloud as large as a man’s hand” which we saw in our Sophomore year, turned into a regular tornado during our Junior year. We came back from our summer vacation ready to assume all the responsibilities of upper classmen and women but we had not left our class grievances at home with our frivolity. Consequently there came the first evidence of it when we “impeached” and suspended our class president.

The Junior class was disorganized and we were accomplishing nothing all of the first part of the year; but gradually under the leadership of Mr. Frank Williams in the last quarter, the class was whipped into shape and we began hastily to formulate plans for our redemption. We were justly proud of two of our members, Mr. F. Robb and Mr. L. King, who went down to Virginia Union as Varsity debaters, and defeated them on their own campus for the first time in the history of the school.

It was absolutely proper that the victorious ones should come from our class. Later in the spring the whole class was saddened to learn of the death of one of our dearest companions and most loyal supporters, Miss Mary Burrell. Her death left the whole class in a cloud of gloom as we knew that we had indeed lost a treasure.

The scholarships were awarded also in the spring and those that received them were:

- Miss Dorothy Gillam—French
- Miss Mamie Neale—German
- Miss Joanna Houston—English
- Miss Elmer Binford—Botany
- Mr. Clifton Nelson—Philosophy
- Miss Louberta Moore—Psychology
- Miss Pauline Parker—Mathematics
- Mr. Alfred Priestly—Architecture
- Mr. Joseph Cheevers—Accounting
- Mr. Clifton Nelson—Philosophy
- Miss Roberta Yancy—Education
- Miss Neale was also awarded the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority prize for the highest average for that year. We must not forget to mention the production of “The Death Dance,” a play written by Miss Thelma Duncan, one of our talented class-mates. It was very good and quite worthy of praise.

The culmination of the Junior year was marked by the Junior-Senior Prom which, under the direction of C. Rucker, F. Smith and N. Bacchus was quite an enjoyable affair. We ended that year quite calmly although it had been begun in so much turmoil.

We returned this year as Seniors feeling quite dignified and capable of bearing upon our shoulders all of the burdens of Seniors. The year was begun with some notable achievements by the members of our class. We were happy to see among the “A” students our own class-mates, Miss V. Ruffin and Miss Martha Jones, Mr. John Bowman and Mr. Algernon Phillips.

Mr. Clifton Nelson also organized a new society composed of those honor students and students who had received scholarships. This organization is known as the “Kappa Mu” society. So far this year we...
have had two successful dances and it is prophesied that the Senior Prom in the spring will be even more enjoyable. As a class, we have come through the changes and vicissitudes of four long years together striving earnestly always to do our best; trying to live up to the motto engraved in our colors: "Firmness, Thoroughness, and Superlativeness."

We have begun an Endowment Fund, the benefits of which will accrue to the University for the development of a fund to be used by it. This will be our parting gift to the University. Miss Martha Jones, Mr. T. Spaulding and Mr. Alfred Smith have starred in several plays; Mr. Gilbert is president of the N.A.A.C.P.; Miss Joanna Houston and Mr. E. Beard have served for three years on the Student Council of which Mr. L. King is president. Messrs. King, Rebb and Gilbert are varsity debaters, and Miss M. Neale is president of the Women's Federation League. Various other members of our class have done and are still doing things worth while. We are represented in the University Orchestra, Band, Glee Club and Varsity teams of football, basketball, baseball and debating.

As we leave here, we will think of our glorious record made at Howard University and will not stop but go on making records. As Holmes says in his "Chambered Nautilus" we will—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Stretch thee to Heaven with a dome more vast,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
Unresting sea."

Maynard Prize Debaters
History Senior Class School of Religion

Four years ago several young men, having determined to prepare themselves for the "gospel ministry," sought entrance into the School of Religion of old Howard. We came by faith, no doubt, not knowing just how we would attain our goal.

To the bystander, the work of the ministry may appear easy and the course in preparation for it likewise. This was partly true with us when we entered the School of Religion, but we soon found this belief to be wholly unfounded. We found that the work of and the preparation for the ministry are to be successfully executed only by the "sweat of the brow." With this realization we knuckled down to hard study of the courses prescribed and soon became embryonic preachers. Little by little the great truths of religion were unfolded to us. No one can fully appreciate the meaning of this who has not dug deep into Holy things.

Our first year brought doubts and cold misunderstandings to our minds. One author whom we were studying would make a statement of theological fact, another would contradict the statement, and our professor would indicate that neither was right. What perplexity comes to one who just touches the fringes of religious mysteries!

The Second year developed a little more sanity in our religious judgments. Doubts began to vanish, God stood out as the great "First Cause," a God who works by law, whose laws do not contradict science but make up science itself. All science but unfolds to us God. In this year we were brought to realize that the great work of the modern church is to be Religious Education.

In the third and fourth years of our course, a marked clearness in the understanding of things religious, a true love for God, and a definite fidelity and admiration for the social and religious principles of Christ, were as they still are, the strong tendencies of all the members of our class.

Our class is seven strong. There is Harris, an energetic and untiring student who loves to argue; Wormley, who gets there in his studies in spite of the Postal Service clerkship which he holds; Pinn, who studies hard, but is a little too much of a modernist in some of his views; Bell, who pleads and teaches law, carries mail and preaches the Gospel; Fisher, whom we might rightly call "The Father of the Faithful" of the class; and Jackson, who holds the unique distinction of being the only pastor in the class.

Through our years of stress and strain, financial and otherwise, we arrived at the place where the sun seemed to shine brighter. We have made great sacrifices in order to secure adequate training for the work to which we feel divinely called. We have gone along with less sleep, less clothes, less luxurious food and other comforts; but now each of us can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, and now I am ready to be offered up"—to whatever field of labor the Lord has in store for me.
Senior College Class Prophecy

Last night I dreamed. A long, weird, fantastic dream, yet clear in every detail—a super-dream. Its cause I do not know. Perhaps I had been thinking too much and too variedly, upon the future. Perhaps again, I had been eating too much and too variedly, in the immediate past.

It seems, that suddenly, without cause—without reason, as is the way of dreams—I found myself in a great shining street. Massive-pillared structures rose on every side, their tops extending far up beyond my view. Everywhere was massiveness—magnificent, colossal—I felt crushed, appalled, insignificant.

Then I noticed a steady stream of people passing thru the mighty-pillared doorway of a building, on which was inscribed in strange letters—which somehow I seemed to understand, "THE THEATRE OF LIFE." As I watched this never ending stream of people, my loneliness left me. I felt an irresistible desire to join them.

I slipped into the crowd, passed through the doorway into the dimly lighted corridor. I was ushered with much ceremony to a seat near what appeared to be a stage so vast, that it hurt my imagination to look at it. The performance—if such it was—was already going on. Someone near the front of the stage was to all appearances, directing the action. He turned once and I saw that his white robe was marked with the word "DESTINY." Every little while he looked askance at another figure, who gave him signals, and whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as that venerable old creature, "Father Time."

I then turned my attention to the action on the stage. The scene was a court room. Judge, jurors, officials, clerks, prisoners, lawyers—all were there, but there was a central figure on whom all attention seemed fastened. He was evidently a lawyer, and was talking, not loudly, but calmly and crisply, with an air of utmost confidence. He was plainly master of the situation—he held his audience spellbound. A certain familiar something about this figure made me look closer, and after a moment I recognized him. It was Robb. "Lawyer Frederick H. Robb." I read on the little electric signboard at one end of the stage. My eyes shifted back to the stage, the scene had changed.

A white room, white iron furniture, white robed figures—looking very competent in white rubber gloves and sleevelets—and shining instruments. In the center, an imposing figure of considerable rotundity, with a shining bald spot, and a heavy well trimmed "Van Dyke," seemed to be at work upon a difficult task. It was an operating room, the figures were surgeons, the figure at work was none other than "Country" Townes, "Dr. Howard E. Townes" so the sign board read, and even as I looked the lettering changed.

Prof. G. Redding, I saw written there. Hastily my eyes sought the scene. There, almost hidden by a pile of scattered books and papers on which she was busily at work, was one of the foremost Educators, deep in the intricacies of her latest work in the making. I recognized her as Gwendolyn Redding. What a change. Severe shell rimmed glasses, a narrow band of grey hair standing out in contrast, and—but again the scene shifted.
I was gazing at a stalwart figure, garbed in a well fitting uniform of nautical cut, with gold buttons and shoulder ornaments, and a black visored cap aslant over one eye. He paced up and down the quarter deck of a huge vessel, which I saw at a glance was a man-o-war, huge guns were visible at every vantage point. This figure was evidently an officer of the ship, and as he turned in his pacing I caught a glance and knew him at once as Ted Spaulding, Capt. Theodore Spaulding. A sailor came briskly up and saluted, several others passed on a lower deck. I started in my seat,—their faces were dark. My eyes sought at once for the flag, but the scene had changed again.—

A battle field,—smoke, dirt, gas, fire, blood, maddened men, twisted faces,—a ghastly scene. A trench,—tense figures, crouching, waiting. Here and there an officer, a tall one there, Lieut. August Terrance. Here a short one, Lieut. Howard Kennedy, and there just beyond him another of slight build, with grim determination written on his face, Lieut. William Edelin. There was a sudden order, crouching figures sprang erect. Over the top. My nerves were taut, I grasped the arms of my seat. A dim figure staggered, caught at his throat, fell backward into the trench,—an officer. I sank back into my seat nervously as the scene suddenly changed.

No battle scene this. I felt thankful, enough was enough. A beautiful living room, a figure with brown hair arranging flowers in a vase, and every second or two, glancing at the clock or running to peer out of the window. Evidently she was waiting for,—expecting some one. She paused to admire a gold band encircling the third finger of her left hand, then there was the humming of a motor car outside, a grinding of brakes, away she flew to the front door. I looked away to find her name. It was as I expected, Martha Jones, and there was another name that I could not make out. I turned with interest to see who would enter with her. There was no one in sight. A traveling bag was on the table, it was initialed "L. H." Then another change.—

A fashionable street, a luxurious limousine, a liveried chauffeur, a figure clad in a rich fur coat,—plainly spelling riches,—sweeping haughtily down marble steps to the waiting limousine and bowing chauffeur. There was no mistaking her. It was Stella Shipley. Just a glance and the scene was gone.

Next a luxurious office, a figure at a large mahogany desk, surrounded with smoke and aroma from a large black cigar. A gold lettered sign inscribed, "President Clifford, Fifth National Bank, Chicago." More smoke from the cigar, another change.—

A wilderness snow scene, the waste land of the North, rocks, a tree or two, and snow, everywhere snow. A lonely figure trudges slowly but steadily along with the sliding gait of one on snow shoes. It is a well knit figure, with a heavy pack on broad shoulders. I can not recognize,—I must turn and look,—"Louis King," read the sign, "Author and Philosopher, on his way," it explained, "to his retreat in the wilderness, where he retires when disgusted with a modern world."

The snow scene vanishes, in its place, a long room equipped with long literature laden tables, and innumerable chairs. A political office. It is crowded with women. A banner on the wall reads "Women's Party." At the far end of the hall sits a figure, busily giving directions, writing or-
ders, acting as general supervisor. Joanna Houston, I decided at once, and so it was. As the scene faded I wondered, "Women's party, and dark faces there was something strange," but another scene.—

A street in Brooklyn, a street of beautiful houses and wide lawns. A car drives up and stops in front of a grey stone house. Two children jump out and run across the lawn, then a slender figure in white followed by a tall figure I could not possibly mistake. It was without a doubt, Hunton. W. Alpheus Hunton, Jr., of Wall Street, and the slender figure on the walk, Virginia of course, one time Virginia Ruffin.

Then California, a sun kissed beach, a lazy summer day, a figure sprawled on the sand asleep, with a handkerchief over his face. I recognize the figure, also the mustache as the wind blows away the handkerchief, it is "Short Dog" Bacchus, enjoying a vacation from the task of prescribing pills, as Dr. Norborne P. Bacchus.

A little farther along the beach I see Bob Mance, and beside him a face that is vaguely familiar. It looks like, but another change.

A school room, a group of students looking longingly toward the door thru which the May sunshine is streaming, a tired teacher also looking toward the door. A bell rings, the students vanish as if by magic, the teacher is left alone. Another teacher enters the room, they greet each other. To me both faces seem familiar, the taller one is Minnie Carwin, and the other Fannie Smith. Two little boys run in at the door. They are evidently twins, they stand for a moment embarrassed then shout together, "Mamma can we go swimming?" Which one, but another change of scene.—

The interior of a church. Shadowy Gothic arches, great central dome, tempered lights, a dim, robed figure in the alcove behind a raised pulpit. I do not seem to recall such a figure. Then he speaks, there is no mistaking the Birmingham brogue, it is little Banks,—Rev. Melvin Banks, devoted follower of all things theological. Then,—

The tropics—a little village. Warm air heavy with the odor of over-ripe fruit,—buzzing of innumerable swarms of insects, excitement. Everyone seems active; scantily clad figures run about hither and thither, aimlessly, but never going far from the river, from whence they seem to expect something or someone. They have espied something coming up the river, a great shout, a sudden congregation at the crude landing. A noisy, modern, motor launch appears, and warps into the landing. A white clad figure in a sun helmet steps ashore and the villagers receive him with loud acclaim. The figure mounts a stump and proceeds to make a speech which is attended with loud cheering. I must consult the signboard,—"A. Crofton Gilbert, colonizer and deliverer of an oppressed people." I turn to look again,—another scene change.—

An interior of a Y. W. C. A., rather richly appointed for a "Y." At the desk in a sort of an inner office, sits a figure evidently in charge, it is Nellie Hubbard. Another figure comes in and goes over to the desk. She has under one arm a bundle of manuscripts, under the other a roll of music. It is Thelma Duncan, prominent playwright and musician of the faculty of the Ethiopian Art school of New York. They converse then walk over to look at two pictures that hang side by side on the wall. They are portraits of the particular benefactors of the "Y" who have made possible the sumptuous building. The artist's name is inscribed beneath,
—Pauline Parker, I look at the portraits again and recognize Luberta and Elizabeth Moore. Another change.—

A football field, vast cheering crowds. Countless banners and pennants, some of which sport a white H, and some a gold L, on a white field. The game is evidently going to be epoch making, judging from the crowd. Celebrities are beginning to arrive, and being conducted to special boxes. I recognize with some difficulty, Elbert Beard, in a high silk hat, frock coat and "Kelly Miller" trousers. He has a little boy by the hand,—a little Beard no doubt. Then comes a figure resplendent in the latest sport clothes that were clearly meant to be "sported," rather than sported in. It is Harriet Stuart. A little in the rear and following her is a meek looking individual with an apologetic air, probably her husband. Then, the wife of the famous Dr. Townes, a tallish, slender figure, Ethel Jones. A little farther on, the wife of Prof. King, Julia Hubbard. In the box near the President's, I see the new Dean of Howard, Geraldine Neale, also Gladys Tinsley and her husband Dr. Billy Green. Then the game. I hear an old familiar tune, as the eleven blue and white huskies trot out on the field. The coach stands on the side lines. Where have I seen that figure?—It's Joe "Bumsky," rather Joseph Dodson. I hear the starting whistle, the pigskin spirals perfectly in a long,—but another change.—

A newspaper office. Hurry, bustle, scratching of pens, clicking of typewriters, smell of fresh ink. There are several desks at which figures are busily at work. I notice two female figures, and recognize them as Dorothy Gilliam, and Lydia Crawford. Just then the hustling efficiency of the office is disrupted by the entrance of a tall figure in motoring costume. She sweeps past the protesting office boy and goes straight to the city Editor's desk. It is Evlyn Mance. "I have come here," she said, "in regard to the rumor in your paper concerning a contemplated divorce on my part. It is absolutely,"—but another scene.—

A dentist's office. A dentist in a white coat is intently regarding the inside of the mouth of a nervous looking patient. He inserts a pair of shining tong-like instruments in the mouth of the patient and engages in a fierce tug-o-war with an obstinate molar. My own teeth ache in sympathy and I glance aside at the signboard, which reads, "Dr. Melvin T. Greene." I turn and watch again the unequal struggle, either the tooth or the jaw must give. Then an usher touched me on the arm and whispered in my ear:

"Time for your act."
"My what?" said I.
"Your act,—you see," he explained, "the audience are the actors, each one does his little bit to make up the play. It is your turn now."

I was dazed, completely. It so happened, that I chanced just then, to look at my own attire. I was dressed in overalls.

"Look here," I said, "I can't go out there in these things."

"Say will you get up." He caught hold of me and shook me violently, and I awoke to find my room-mate shaking me, and was informed that it was time to go to class. Such is the way of dreams.
Senior College Class Will

We the Class of '24, being in sound mind, having all our wits about us, indulging all our idiosyncrasies and possessing an indisputable memory of those who have served us well and those who have not; and realizing that our time here is not as long as it has been, wish to dispose of all our worn out property. We therefore devise and bequeath to the persons herein named the following articles to wit:

To the Trustees and Administrative officers of the University, the remainder of their terms of office to build the biggest and greatest possible Howard.

To Prexy, a senior class that will give one hundred per cent chapel attendance.

To the Preceptress of all the houses, we give the summer vacation to recover from the various physical injuries resulting from the use of senior privileges on the campus.

To the faculty the rest of their lives to get their Ph.D's from the University of life from which no man ever graduates.

To the class of '25 we leave the nobility, dignity and scholarship and good achievements of the class of '24 and the unrestricted rights of Seniority, with the permission to repeat their Freshman and Sophomore years in order to win the inter-class debates. We also bequeath to said class all of the members of the class of '24 whom we cannot take with us on our journey out in life, plus our seats in the class rooms, chapel, dining hall and Carnegie Library.

To the class of '26 we bequeath a continuation of the successes that have attended their efforts thus far, such as winning all of the debates in which they have taken part.

To the class of '27, we leave three years to prove that labor conquers all. We hope that they will pass successfully from the greenness of their paenie days to the sophistication of sophomoredom, from thence without disaster to the port of dignified juniors and make the most serious senior class that Howard has ever seen.

The following individual gifts are devised:

Ethel Jones to Eunice Brooks, her deep looking spectacles.
Virginia Ruffin to Talma Brooks, her grace and neatness.
Frederick H. Robb to the Business manager of the 1925 Year Book, the art of successfully handling the job.
Annie E. Cottrell to Rosetta Nolan, her beautiful contralto voice.
Evelyn Lewis to Doris Peterson, some of her avoirdupois.
Theodore Spaulding, to the class of '25, one more year to learn that the Seniors' good times on Frivoity day are not to be disturbed by juniors.
The girls of the class leave all their red articles of dress, including beads, bracelets, earrings, etc., to Tressa Kinard.
Thelma Duncan to the Dramatic Club, her ability at play writing.
Thelma Hill to Mary Weims, a foot of her height.
Stella Shipley to Susie Brown, her demure, baby-like ways.
“Cliff” Nelson to Mr. Cameron, his gracefulness in dancing.
Robert Mance, to the one who is so lucky, his dearest possession, Frances Walker.
Minnie Carwin to Earlyne Harper, a portion of her height.
Ernest Downing to Joe Thomas, a book on “The Way to Miss Hall’s Heart.”
Louis King to the debating teams, his forensic ability.
Joanna Houston to some wide awake girl who shall live in Howard House next year, the chairmanship of the Sunday evening Round Table.
Joseph Dodson leaves his athletic ability in the care of Coach Watson to be distributed as he sees fit among the various teams of next year.
Howard Kennedy leaves in the care of the English Department his New England pronunciations to be distributed as the instructors see fit.
We further direct that a public collection be taken to finish the payment of any debts we may leave behind.
Lastly, we nominate and appoint as executor of this our last will and testament, the Student Council of Howard University.

In Witness whereof, we, the class of ’24, at this our last will and testament have hereunto set our hand and seal on this the sixth day of June, 1924.
Signed, sealed and declared by the class of ’24 as, and for, their last will and testament in the presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names hereunto as witnesses.

Witness:
Class of ’25
Class of ’26
Class of ’27
Senior College Class Statistics

Most brilliant ................... Gerry Neale
Most dignified .................. Ethel Jones
Virginia Ruffin
Most popular .................... Edna Hoffman
Greatest athlete ................. Charles Doneghy
Best dressed .................... Embry Bonner
Martha Jones
Biggest dumbell .................. Dewey Jackson
Biggest sheik .................... Frederick Robb
Biggest sheba .................... Janet Whittaker
Greatest heartbreaker .......... Stella Shipley
William B. Edelin
Most henpecked ................ Robert Mance
Tallest man ...................... Dewey Jackson
Tallest girl ...................... K. Rodgers
A. Cottrell
Shortest man .................... Melvin Banks
Shortest girl .................... Roberta Dabney
Biggest bluff .................... Alpha Hayes
Prettiest girl .................... Harriet Dabney
Hondsomest man ................. Alfred Smith
Best natured man ............... Howard Towns
Best natured girl ............... Fannie Smith
Quietest ......................... Julia Hubbard
Biggest tease .................... Evelyn Mance
Deepest man ..................... Louis King
Deepest girl ..................... Joanna Houston
Best dancer ..................... Clifford Rucker
Truest couple .................... Annie E. Cottrell
Maurice Moore
Most talented ................... Pauline Parker
Biggest advocate ............... Frederick Robb
Funniest man .................... Alfred Smith
Funniest girl .................... Edna Hoffman
Biggest eater .................... Howard Towns
Most conceited ................. McKinley Reesby
Most babyish .................... Dorothy Gillam
Greatest actor .................. Melvin Green
Biggest flirt .................... Robert E. Lee
Laziest ......................... Theima Duncan
Class poet ...................... Lorenza Green
Jack's biggest customers ...... Minnie Carwin
Theo. Spaulding
Class's tin soldier .............. Wilford Jackson
Senior College Class Poem

The scene of our drama now is shifting,
The one that next appears is actual life;
But ere we leave, hear now our voices lifting
To Howard who prepared us for the strife.
Four years have passed, we've labored, sighed and waited,
And thought our time for leaving would not come;
But Howard, through that time thou hast created
A love for thee akin to love for home.

Thy campus fair grows fairer as we leave thee;
Our many memories dear would bid us stay;
But duty bids us go, so to relieve thee,
We'll take our sheepskin scrolls and wend our way.
We pledge to thee—O what would we not pledge thee?
Our zeal, our work, our time, our love, our all;
We'll strive throughout our lives to guard and hedge thee.
Thy creed intrusted to us shall not fall.

Our Freshman days were filled with many a venture;
They gave us strength, alertness keen, and zest;
Our Sophomore year brought us the well earned censure
Of feeling that we knew more than the rest.
In many a contest we took part and triumphed,
In fact we broke all records for the same;
In contests where thy honor on us rested,
We strove to bring all glory to thy name.

Our Junior year brought dignity and thinking;
Our work time come, we cast our play aside;
Since then from thy full fountain we've been drinking,
Results whereof we'll let the world decide.
Our Senior year—here we began to reckon
And check up on what had been left undone
Ere graduation time, when life should beckon,
And find some of our battles yet undone.

The time has come when we from thee must sever;
We pause in retrospect of happenings here.
Thy name, Old Howard, must live on forever,
As long as life endures we'll hold it dear.
The fight will be the easier now we've met thee.
Equipment here received will serve us well;
And so it does not mean that we'll forget thee,
Because today we're forced to say farewell.
Senior College Class Song

School days at Howard now come to a close
For the Class of '24;
To make room for others we must move forward,
Giving place to a few hundred more.
Our play time is over and we must away,
And so from each other we part today.

Chorus:
Class of '24, we love you more and more;
Our days spent together through storm and sunny weather
Will live in our mem'ries for aye and aye,
Dear Class of '24

Dear Alma Mater, we bid you adieu,
This old Class of '24;
With sad hearts we leave but we will pray for you
We'll think of you o'er and o'er.
We are not afraid and the fight we will brave,
And high above others thy banner we'll wave.