


ALUMNI NEWS



WILLIAM
C. CHASE

Dean George William Cook

OR three years Dean George William Cook served as the Alumni Secretary of the General Alumni Association of Howard University. He recently resigned that position and has been elevated to the Trustee Board of Howard University. Dean Cook received the highest number of votes ever given to any alumni member of the Board.

Linwood G. Koger

THE new Alumni Secretary chosen by the Executive Committee of the Alumni to serve until the annual meeting in June, is Linwood G. Koger of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Koger graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1918 and from the Law School in 1922.

During his student days he was very enthusiastic and served as chief Cheer Leader in College. He was also a dramatic reader and member of the University Glee Club.

During the World War Mr. Koger was on the committee which helped to work up the training camp for Colored Officers at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. He also helped to raise the finance for sending student speakers into the field in the interest of the movement. He was commissioned as a First Lieutenant from Fort Des Moines and was in actual combat overseas.

Mr. Koger served for four years as President of the Baltimore Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and was for a number of years President of the Baltimore Howard Alumni Club.

No Schoolin'

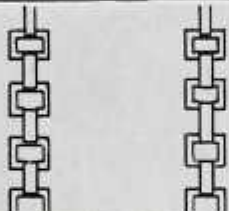
I jest ain't made fo' schoolin'
Or larnin' outa books.
Jest ain't nachal
To set 'n' read in nooks.
But I'se made fo' roamin'
'Round thru all de yeah,
Seein' all de critters
God done made down heah.
I laks to heah de singin'
O' de birds dat flitters 'round,
Or see dem try to teach
De young what falls 'pon de ground.
Or settin' on a railin'
Lookin' into space,
Heah de bees hummin'
As dey goes fwum place to place.
Oh, I laks all de animals
What God has give to us,
Eben when dey's fightin'
Raisin' lots o' fuss.
I laks to find a woods
Whe' ebrything is still,
To sleep when I is tir'd
O' climbin' up a hill.
I eben likes de winter,
Walkin' thru de snow,
Wif de wind jest blowin'
An' wondrin' whe' to go.
I meets all ma buddies,
An' we talks o' lots o' things,
Settin' round de fire
An' eatin' while we sings.
O' politics an' 'lections,
O' what somebody stole,
O' lots o' wuldly things
You wouldn't uv been tole.
An' de mo' I travels
An' sees de things I do,
I jest ain't made fo' schoolin',
Or larnin' two an' two.

ANDE.



FORCES OF

INSPIRATION



+++ LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING +++

E. F. HERRICK

THE BISON 1931

Class Poem

Four years have rolled along, too fast:
Behind each one of us there lies—
A spending of this time in study.
The day is done, the waning golden sun,
Sinks slowly in the distant West.
Twilight falls, the skies are bordered
With tints of azure, blue and gold,
The sun grows red, the clouds overhead
Turn gold, then gray and cold.
Our work is done, our prize is won,
Our college days are past.
Let the rooms and walks re-echo
The best of this successful class.
And while we linger, we'll sing a song,
To days of study that used to be:
Schooled in lessons of truth and duty,
We march to the open roads,
To obey the distant call that bids
Each to his place in life.

CORINNE PRINCE.

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Passing

I think it over without despair.
Brief be the light I share—
Myriad things of the night,
Unriddled shade of twilight.

Before me pass in streams
The bright bubbles of dreams
They are tinted with gay rays
They burst, float on airy way.

I've shared many a rhythmic tune,
Danced and talked to the moon,
Brief be the poet's joy I pass
To secret things that last.
Corrine Prince.

Joy

These are things of joy—
The wreathing smile of a baby—
The chirping birds on wing
The soft blue of dreams—
The awakening unveiled by love.
Corrine Prince.

The Long Walk

Spring:
Trees
Bending over,
Touching one another,
On the long walk.
Rain:
Trees
Leaning over,
Wetting each other,
On the long walk.
Fall:
Trees
Swaying over,
Covering each other,
On the long walk.
Wind:
Trees
Blowing over,
Fanning each other,
On the long walk.
Winter:
Trees
Covered over,
Clinging to each other,
On the long walk.
H. G. Humphrey.

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Longing

It quivers helplessly in my throat:
The long-drawn sigh of a heart in pain,
I'd set it free with a gladsome note—
But it sobs and chokes and seeks in vain:
Olympic heights, the poets' own home,
The yellow-tasseled meadows green,
The sullen sea with dress of foam,
The canopied and starlit scene,
Secluded rest in woody glen,
A bird's true carol filling all,
A habitat not known to men,
One leafy barrier for a wall,
Oh, it quivers helplessly in my throat,
The rending sigh of a heart in pain,
I'd set it free with a gladsome note,
But it sobs, and chokes, and all in vain . . .

Ande

A Soul's Wound

Because I thought I'd found in you
A friend whom I could trust,
My very soul was sundered wide
By one unkindly thrust.
A thoughtless act, your lips revealed,
But still it brings no surcease:
To leaking ache nor painful heart
Where throbbing never cease.
I do not censure what you did—
It is not mine to blame;
My soul forgot your humaneness
And it was yours to maim.
I had a love too strong for you
No mortals should reveal;
The power to wound was given you—
But not the power to heal.

Ande

HUMOR



WILLIAM
C. CHASE

The Musings of Howard Seniors After Four Years of "F" Facing

"What is this thing called education?" asked "Red" Mance after arguing with a group of students who are registered in the College, at whose helm we find the congenial Dean Holmes.

"I'll bite," said Sinclair, "what is it?"

"I'll tell you fellows," said "Bill" Morris, displaying more ignorance than is usually his quota. "Education is the thing we have been pursuing these four years, and lo, at this late stage we realize that it has eluded us!"

"Yup," they all agreed, "that's it."

"Hey, fellows, this argument isn't getting us any place," piped Ralph Jones. "What I want to know is this—have you fellows paid your class dues the four years you have resided under the wings of our Alma Mater?"

"All right, you old wet blanket, I knew that you were chicken all the time. Why bring up an argument like that. Here we are in the graduating line, and you talking about class dues."

Sinclair then left his old gang, the senior class, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "This hurts me, fellows, more than any of you would suspect," he said.

Enter "Kitty" Richardson and a "gang" of Deltas. "Hey, boys."

"Lo there," said Mance. "Have you girls seen Kat?"

"Now there you are, always asking about Kat. When are you going to let some of the other girls rub your 'red' hair?" asked Edna Burke.

"I wonder what Mordecai's doing down front, he can't give us our diplomas," said "Bill" Morris.

"So do I," agreed Mance.

"I bet the commencement speaker will be as dry as the Sahara," yapped "Gussie" Heard.

"Sh-sh, here comes the faculty," shushed Theodora Williams. "Some of those gowns haven't been pressed since they were worn in high school."

"I wonder if Omar the Tentmaker made Professor Huguely's gown," said Elinor Hairston.

"No," said "Gwen" Scales. "He rented one of Ringling Brothers' old tents."

"Who wants a drink?" asked Almitte Chatman.

"I do," replied the angora chorus.

"So do I," retorted "Almighty."

"Something has been worrying me for years," said Mance. "In fact, it has been a mystery to Scotland Yard for hundreds of years. My father worried about it. All the members of the intelligentsia of Columbia, S. C., are still thinking about it. Now that we are about to graduate, I am thinking of

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asking the assistance of my beloved classmates on this ever-baffling question. I hope that each and every one of you will consider this question carefully. If any one of you are able to solve this astounding mystery within the next five years, I hope that you will have enough class pride left in your weak, depleted carcass to inform each and every one of us. The question that has been such a mystery, lo, these many hundred years—the question that baffled the populace of Columbia and the question I am about to ask you is, "Who killed Cock Robin?"

"Hey, Mance," squeaked N. Payton. "When is a question a question?"

"That's a good question," said Mance.

"What's all this fuss about," squawked Big Ethel (meaning Miss Garner).

"Oh, go milk a duck," woofed Juanita Williams, who was passing by at the time.

"Say, John Harris," piped Harry Landers, "who are you looking for, Allie?"

"Why do you ask foolish questions, boy?" answered Johnny.

As we look around us we see the various animal groups forming near the graduation lines, namely: The Apes, the Kats, and in the distance we see the Scouts and QC's.

"Is this the Howard commencement or a menagerie?" asked Ruth Matthews.

"It must be a menagerie," said Esther Braxton, "because we have with us Vivian Jenkins, and she is the 'Little Bear.'"

"I wonder who the faculty thinks this graduation is for, anyway," squeaked Reba Evans. "They are trying to 'hog' the whole show."

"I wonder if this procedure is pedagogically correct," mused Ridley as he glimpsed Professor Daniels passing by.

"I hope that Howard will get some good-looking teachers in the future," harped Sam Howard. "These on docket now are too bad."

"Well, you can't get an apple from a sycamore tree," warned the elderly Floyd Wilkerson.

"Just imagine," chimed Edna Burke enthusiastically, "some day students will be waiting in line to hear some of us give a commencement address."

"Yup," said "Cecie" Jenkins, "and I'll get even then."

"How are you going to get even," asked Gladys Fitzgerald, "when you are too short to reach up to the microphone?"

"When I start speaking to students on such occasions as this I am going to do a Floyd Gibbons and sit down. Nobody wants to be bothered with a lot of hot air in the middle of June anyway," squeaked Beatrice Dockery.

"Well, the lines are beginning to move at last. Gee, but I'll be glad when I put my fingers on that old sheepskin," said Ethel Houston.

"If you owe Emmett anything you won't get that sheepskin for quite some time," cautioned Dan T. Reid.

"I hope that I will get a good seat where I can go to sleep without attracting attention," yelled James Jones.

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Humor

She was rejected by the sororities because she thought:

1. Manual Labor was a Mexican gentleman.
2. Epsom Downs was a purgative.
3. Gretna Green was a Jewish debutante.
4. President Hoover monopolized the vacuum cleaning business.
5. The Prince of Wales was a deep-sea fisherman.
6. The Unknown Soldier had fought with a mask on.
7. Obesity was a nickname for Elizabeth.

WHAT FISH, HONEY?

Wife (reading newspaper): It says here that a girl, single-handed, landed a fish weighing
145 pounds at Asbury Park.
Hubby: What's his name?

HOW'S YOUR PRONUNCIATION?

He: What made you jump out of the car last night and run home?
She: I was being chaste.

"You say your father is in the hold-up business?"
"Yes. He manufactures garters."

A Chinese student in a mission school was studying Hamlet. In paraphrasing "To be or not to be," Hung Lee said, "To am or not to were."

INCONSISTENCY

He told his wife he could live on kisses, and then started in to helping himself in some other cafeteria.
He was so satisfied with himself he went out to the zoo and congratulated the stork.

COMPOUND INTEREST

"So you met Alice today?"
"Yes. I hadn't seen her for ten years."
"Has she kept her girlish figure?"
"Kept it? She's doubled it."

Gussie: "Are you a doctor also?"
Soda Dispenser: "No. I'm a fizzician."

Dean Holmes has a favorite pastime—telling incidents of football games in which he participated. Here is one of his favorites:

Howard was playing one of the other schools, and the game was a close one. However, after each play one of the Howard men would be carried from the field injured. Soon it was found that most of the men injured played opposite a certain player on the opposing team. This man was searched, and it was found that, instead of using the regular pads, he used a horse-collar for padding. Most of the Howard men who ran against this fellow who was bedecked with a horse's collar were injured.

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In the good old days, when Howard football players were men plus, Dean Holmes was their captain. Dean was also the lightest man in weight on the team.

The story is told that when the Howard team on which Dean Holmes played got in a scoring position and all of its tricks failed, they would pick Dean Holmes up bodily and throw him across the goal line with the ball. In other words, Dean Holmes was catapulted across the goal line. What a Dean!

Webb: "Why don't you wear calico any more?"
Thada: "Oh, I just hate to see myself in print."

RED HOT

Arriving home from a party, friend wife took her hat and slammed it on the floor. "I'll never take you to another party as long as I live," she said.

"Why?" asked hubby, amazed.
"You asked Mrs. Jones how her husband was standing the heat."
"Well, what of that?"
"Why, her husband has been dead two months."

Cop: "Say, you, looking for trouble?"
Bill Morris: "Yes. Have you seen my wife?"

Take your wife down a peg. Tell her she's not nearly as important as your pants. There are lots of places you can go without your wife.

Tommy Hawkins: "How is your football team this year, Tom?"
Tommy Verdell: "A lot of good sports."
Tom H.: "That's the same kind of a team we had years ago."

THERE IS TIME

As the year in silence draws down upon us all,
And curtains scenes of by-gone days in folds
Of sombre hue; save when to memory's call
Or mellowed twilight, a transient thought that holds
A lingering dream, long since locked away,
Returns to fill my soul, in all its strength,
With one desire for that youthful day;
Recalls the visions that I dreamed at length;
I like to think that there is time to view
The wistful tendrils of the ivy vine,
That clinging make the Chapel ever anew
A building that cannot be told in line;
But wrapped within itself upon the sod,
Can breathe the beauty of soul, and seemingly God.
—E. BURKE.

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Things We Would Like to See and Hear

A new science hall, with equipment enough for each student.

Ethel Garner playing the part of a skeleton in our anatomy class.

"Bill" Morris running for Congress in Florida.

Mercer Mance arguing a case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Ethel Houston horseback riding in New England.

Eighty per cent of the students in Chemistry 1 passing the course.

Chapel crowded to hear the report of a student who has attended a convention.

Noble Payton haranguing a mob to take up arms against the Anti-Chemistry Society.

Edna Burke giving a discourse in French, Spanish, etc.

"Buster" Schanck running for President of Student Council.

Kelly Miller holding a class without wise-cracking on one of its members.

Margaret Wilson with a set of knocked knees.

Allene Poitier the size of Ethel Garner.

Walter English without his R. O. T. C. uniform.

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Ethel Broadnax in a swimming suit.

The library crowded on a holiday or week-end.

Howard winning the football, basketball and track championships of the C. I. A. A.

Cheyney strolling about the campus without Almittie.

How some of the fair co-eds won the track medals and gold footballs they are wearing.

How "Woof" Taylor got his racehorse suit and Panama hat.

Where Gabriel the Archangel is practicing on the horn he is to blow in the future.

How Nyabongo became KING.

What caused Holloway to settle down.

The graduating class of Howard University numbering over a thousand.

The campus of Howard University ten years from today.

Why Papa sews the stitches if Mama cuts them out.

Coach Waller sitting quietly at a baseball game.

Professor Dorsey quietly enjoying a show without talking to himself and disturbing the audience in general.

Discovery of the fourth dimension by Professor Bauduit.

Every member of the class of '31 making a noble contribution to the affairs of the world.



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Moments in the Bison Office

"Say, Bob, why in ——— don't you see to it that all the fees are in?"

"When are you going to do something, you big sap?"

"Who is running this *Bison*, anyway?"

"Nobody."

"We ought to have a staff meeting today. Why didn't you place the announcements out?"

"Why don't you do something yourself sometimes, big boy?"

"Think you are a smart guy, eh? Well, I'll show you. You can't tell me how to do the things I already know."

"You are some editor, if you would ask me. I don't see why the class would make such a mistake. I wish they would hold the elections over again."

"You're not so hot as a business manager yourself."

"Here comes some of the staff members now."

"What's the trouble with you goofs? You must think this *Bison* is a lot of bull. Where is that copy you were to hand in today?"

"Yea, where is the copy?"

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"*?!&œ!*?," from the staff.

"You guys can't use that kind of language up here. This is a respectable office."

"Sh-sh-sh. Here comes a cash customer."

"Hello, Ethel. Want to pay your *Bison* fee?"

"No. I want to know what makes the green grass grow."

"Come back some other day."

"This is the worst *Bison* staff Howard has ever had," growled Ethel.

"Where do you get that stuff?" said the editor.

"You can't talk about this staff like that," said the business manager. "Our editor is positively the best of any yearbook in the country."

"He must be from the country," piped Ethel.

"None of your smart talk, young lady," spoke the editor. "And remember that we also have the very best in the University in the person of our business manager. Without him this great book would not be possible, and to think you show your appreciation for him by hard words."

"I'm sorry. But I still think you are both big stiffs and a drawback to the Senior Class."



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The End

Oh—

It's not the glories that we have won,
Nor the triumph in fields of lore,
Nor the sheepskin that's given our work,
Crowning what has gone before.

But—

The knowledge that in our years of toil,
We've seen the smile of a friend,
That softens the thought of parting soon,
As the pathway nears the end.

E. B.

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