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
the arrangement of recitation schedules. Following this intro­
duction 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 par­
liamentary rules for another who, besides overcoming every algebraic
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
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 crystallized 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 serenly 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.
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 outride storms and buffeting waves which beat our little barks on life’s broad, mighty ocean.
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 Aenid 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 internees, 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. P. 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 cozy 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 "dictie" 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 chatterers 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 Geusse, 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' "Wonderland," 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, workout 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: "Poisey" Andrews bequeathes his voice of thunder to some aspiring "Peenie" 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.
- Ford Williams: His 'culiar smilin' "voice" that he used in getting ads to the Advertisement Manager of '19.
- Boyd: His ability to "Associate-Edit."
- 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 Thanasopsis. 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 bow 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 don’t 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.


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* Chevaux. (J’ai *cing* 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 massacred by any army after the Civil War.

Howard: Fine way you Seniors say good bye.

Seniors: O’sense us Alma Mater! M-m-m-Smack!!!