



FEATURES

Seniors As We See 'Em!



"H.H." Hobson
"Way back"



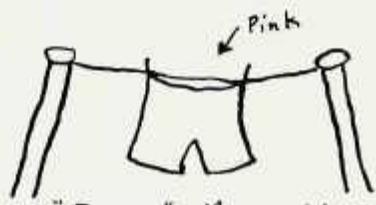
"Bob" Williams
"My good friend —"



Harry Turner
"Man —"



"Joe" Wearer
" —"



"Pinky" Macarthur



"Hike" Gordon
" —"



Grace Wilkinson
"Take a long run up a
shoot alley"



"Happy" Robinson



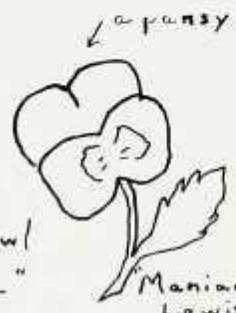
"Bob" Allan
"Aw —"



Alvin Wood
"Bee"



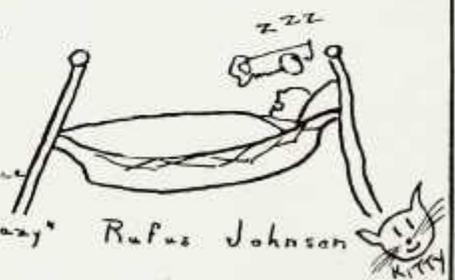
Hanny Piersawl
"Naow —"



"Maniac"
Lewis



Paulina
Wallace



"You're
crazy" Rufus Johnson



Speaking of Seniors

's funny how many things my classmates remind me of, when I stop to think.

they're good people but rather a motley bunch, don't you think? here's how they look to me from a ringside seat.

kelly goodwin—a prophet on a crossroads cracker barrel.

sylvester lacey—a barrel perched on two toothpicks.

billie brooks—the voice of puppie love.

izzy chisolm—the girl on the billboard, any billboard.

evans fernandez—the last man on the breadline.

bob williams—a necktie salesman.

james fairfax—leader of a backyard ladies aid.

bill hueston—the maitre d'hotel in the town's classiest beanery.

audrey moseley—the village schoolmarm on a spree.

leroy scurry—one of ali baba's forty thieves.

eleanor shamwell—a debutante on a slumming party.

joe weaver—leader of the women's christian temperance union.

muriel kellog—a delegate-at-large to the unrequited lovers conference.

antoine d'aguesseau holder—an unpronounceable name.

doris riser—alice in wonderland.

charles overall—a soda clerk on his day off.

monty king—a thought in the making.

mud moore—a buzzard in a high hat.

polly hoffman—villainess in an old fashioned melodrama.

oluwaji coker—answer to a maiden's prayer.

margaret b. morris—miss lonely heart's advice to the lovelorn.

harrison hobson—henry the eighth, including the wives.

alvin woods—the timid soul in distress.

along with the responsibility of getting full value from their cuts and getting free lunches, these serious students have lighter duties. these duties (or are they duties) include boy friends and girl friends. for this reason i pause to offer a little benevolent advice to the lovelorn:

Note: This column is conducted by Aunt Petunia Blossomtime.

DEAR AUNT PETUNIA:

What would you suggest as a good reducing diet.

BEATRICE

DEAR BEATRICE:

Pretzels and beer.

A. P.

DEAR AUNTIE:

I suffer from hiccoughs. What should I do?

ROBERT

DEAR ROBERT:

Stop breathing.

A. P.

DEAR AUNT BLOSSOMTIME:

I am shy. What shall I do?

EVANS

DEAR EVANS:

C'mup 'n' see me sometime.

PETUNIA

DEAR AUNTIE:

The girls all chase me. I would like to get rid of them. What do you suggest?

BILL HUESTON

DEAR BILL:

Discard Listerine and Lifebouy.

A. P.

DEAR PETUNIA:

They call me half wit. What shall I do?

RUFUS

DEAR RUFUS:

Don't worry. Half a wit is better than too much breed.

A. P.

DEAR A. P.:

How can a girl make a man kiss her?

SYLVIA



DEAR SYLVIA:

Any girl can make a man kiss her, the skill lies in getting them to stop.

A. P.



DEAR A. P.:

I call on a girl in whom I'm very much interested but I have to do all the talking. She will neither agree nor disagree with me. Advise me.

HARRISON



DEAR HARRISON:

You should take up salesmanship. Probably your line is too heavy to put over on her.

A. P.



DEAR A. P.:

What is this thing called love?

WILTON

DEAR WILTON:

Take it from me. It's a victrola record.

A. P.

DEAR A. P.:

I am a girl of 45. Do you think I am too young for lipstick and rouge?

KITTY

DEAR KITTY:

Yes. It probably wouldn't do any good anyway.

A. P.

DEAR AUNTIE:

I am 16 and in love with a 74 year old millionaire. What shall I do?

DORIS

DEAR DORIS:

Send me his address.

A. P.

DEAR A. P.:

I am 29 and he is 16. I want to marry him. Do you think he will marry me?

JUANITA

DEAR JUANITA:

He will marry you if you can get within firing distance but don't shoot out of season.

A. P.

Speaking of lovers, there are a number of dating spots around the campus. 's funny how original these Seniors (and others) aren't. They all pick the same places to keep their dates. It must get rather crowded sometimes. After all, the Student Council Office, the library and the Reservoir Park won't hold everybody. But this is how it's managed—

The Student Council office is open only at certain hours (all day long) and only to certain people. (Student Council members and guests). What with a radio and good furniture and a telephone, it's really the best joint on the Hill. Admission is by key only. Anyone may get a key. Only financial members may use the bar.

The Library is open to all who wish to appear there. It is too well chaperoned to be popular. Some of the best lovers dispense books and love advice from the circulation desk. Very often the encyclopedias hide multitude of sins but altogether the place is a lovely night club from seven till ten. Admission free.

The Reservoir Park is too chilly for year round use but a few hardy couples venture out—particularly the engaged ones. The benches are not upholstered but there are nice lawns. Admission, a hearty constitution.

Along with these popular resorts there are several minor joints on the fourth floor Main Building among them the Experimental Theater, the Kappa Sigma roadhouse, the belfry and behind the eagle cage. The Experimental theater is not so popular but it's better than nothing. The theme song of the Kappa Sigma roadhouse is *I Just Couldn't Take It!* The place is nice but the lock is changed so often that even the proprietors can't always get in. The belfry is very exclusive. Only the elite can play tag around the bell. After sundown there is absolute quiet and the view is revealing! Behind the eagles' cage is one of the cosiest spots on the campus. Year round resort. Due to the shortage, chairs must be rented in advance.

Guides will be furnished for all interested parties.





The Story of Hoboken Ellabelle, or the Birth of a Nation

BY THE FAMOUS CHINESE AUTHOR

One Lung Hung Low

CHAPTER DCCXXVIII

Lost in the Jungle of Despair

Removing the burnt cork from her face, Ellabelle looked down her nose and saw the savages had removed her skirt. "My Madeira! My Madeira!" yelled Ellabelle. The King looked around the corner and fell in the bosh-basket.

When the Sniper sat diligently on the cracker-barrel, Muscatawny, the Catfish, thought that never had a soul looked more soulfully. "In the role of Thais I was more graceful than the famed Madame Pushitover Jeeves," observed Ellabelle. "You were!" answered the King.

And so Ellabelle became the Queen, much to the distress of the King's wife.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

When the Moon Speaks Yiddish

Never had so beautiful a sight graced the Steamship "Gloriova." The captain said so, the first mate said so, the second mate said so, the steward said so, the cook said so, the cabin boy said so, the cat said so. BUT—Ellabelle said so. She looked in her mirror and observed the angle of the bird's nest with its wooded forest, the color in them cheeks, the delicacy with which the ankle peeped from under the Mother Hubbard. She made an excellent maid.

CHAPTER LXXII7/16

H'i's'y," said the Heathen King from Brooklyn, "you claim to come from Austria, Miss Ella Bella but your Spanish is what you call, 'ousy-lay'."

"My good man," spouts Ella, "you are mistaken, I am a recognized member of the Indian Veldt; therefore, I shouldn't be boiled in erl."

"Nertz," roars Abercrombie, the King, "you shall be berled to a toin!"

And thus endeth our lesson for the day according foremost and popular prophet, Moses.

Howard University

WASHINGTON
District of Columbia

▼
Chartered by Act of Congress March 2, 1867
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8,718 graduates from all departments

▼
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▼
First Semester Registration September 24, 1934

Second Semester Registration January 31, 1935

For Further Information Write

THE REGISTRAR

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