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The Eureka

On Friday evening, October third, the members of the Eureka Literary Society assembled in room 106 Main Building, to elect officers for the first half of the ensuing year. The shaking of hands which preceded the opening was conducted with as much enthusiasm as we imagine the Pilgrim Fathers displayed when first they sighted the New World. The house was called to order at 8:30 p.m. by Mr. A. B. Koger, Vice President of the Society. After offering of prayer by “Teddy” Miner, and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the Society proceeded on the election of officers. Mr. Koger in a brief, but excellent address, welcomed the old and the new members, and commended them on the number of the attendance. He reminded them of the fact that the success of our Society depends principally on those whom they should elect to the various offices; he took care to emphasize the fact that men should be elected because of merit and not popularity. The election which took place immediately after, resulted as follows: C. W. Preston, President; J. A. Brown, Vice President; B. R. Latimer, Secretary; T. A. Lemons, Treasurer; T. B. Nelson, Critic; W. E. Hagler, Asst. Critic; O. W. Winters, Journalist; H. W. Chandler, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. B. Koger, Contributing Editor to the University Journal. During the nomination and election of the officers the lofty adjectives of Milton and the persuasive arguments of Cicero were lavishly indulged in. At eleven o'clock the meeting adjourned. According to custom the boys assembled outside, gave the famous Eureka yell and departed to their respective homes, with a feeling that the evening was well spent, and with the belief that the corps of elected officers were those, who, with the co-operation of the earnest and serious minded young men, would make this the greatest year in the history of the Society.

The Society invites all new students to attend its meetings every Friday evening.

Minions of the Moon

Elfins of the autumn night,
Gather! gather! work's to do;
There's the toadstool, plump and white,
To be lifted into view;
And the ghost-flower, like a light,
To be dight,
While the frog,
And washed white with moon and dew;
From the bog,
Watchmans us with "All is right!"