

SENIOR NOTES

By J. T. Wilson

A rustling, a bustling, hustling, a tooting of automobile horns, a familiar "hello, old lady," a rattling of door keys, and such common salutations as "What you say, Spud?" "careful," "had a good time," look what the madam gave me for Christmas." We're the dominating noises around the Senior dorm. January 2nd they are all back to resume the routine work after the joys of a Christmas vacation. Every one had a good time whether he did or not. He either made a new broad or sealed the courtship with the old or both. Evidently Santa was good to most of them, because occasionally I see one walking the hall with a new bath or lounging robe or a cigarette lighter, or a cute little knife and chain or silk scarfs galore.

Among those who went home are Messrs. J. M. Belton, C. M. Steele, Archie Blount, H. L. Marshall, G. F. Newell, Baxter E. Lowe, V. H. Chavis, C. A. Evans and Ben Squire. Mr. Leon Steele came back from Indianapolis where he attended the Annual Omega Conclave saying, "It is the greatest thing I ever saw. I'll never miss another." The writer returned from a similar trip to Philadelphia, where he attended the Alpha Phi Alpha Convention, with the same remarks, only more emphatic.

Wednesday morning I was disturbed by a strange noise in an adjacent room. I opened the door to make the sound more perceptible, and, behold, it was Ray Shute, Blount, Paul Davis, and Bun Hayes, uttering a group of dis-unified tones in the form of a Senior quartet, paying respect to the approaching mid-term examinations in the tune of "Nobody knows the Trouble I see." It was extremely sad. Although this is the 4th down and two yards to go, the Seniors can't afford to kick. Our President advises that we hit the line for the remaining 2 yards; therefore, we have called time out on the social activities while we rest and get up enough strength to carry the ball over these other 2 weeks. Let's pass this Bible.

Mr. A. S. Powe will write class prophecy. Mr. Guy Perry will write class will. Mr. C. A. Evans will write class history. Other class day speakers will be chosen later and will be announced in the next issue.

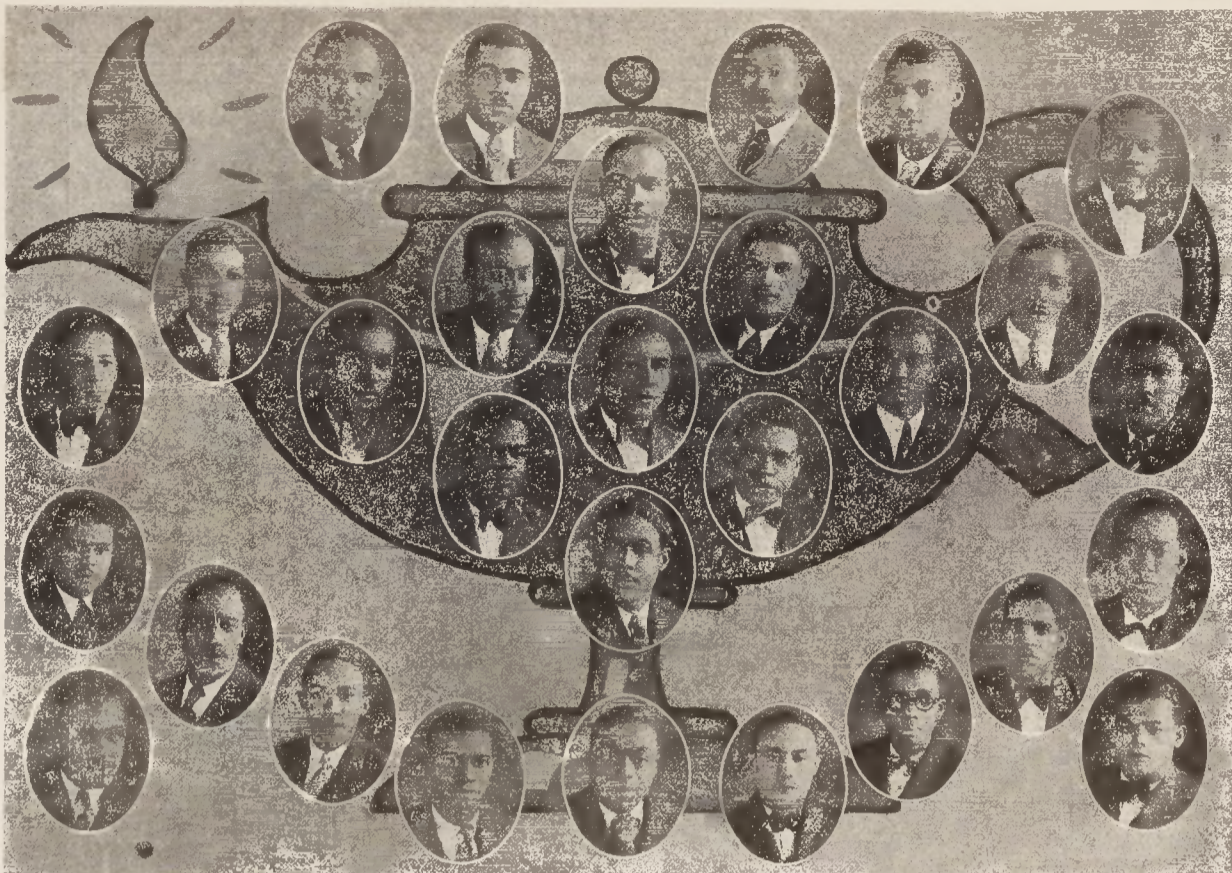
The social activities of the Senior class are as usual with one exception, and that is in the case of Mr. Hemphill Brown. Hemphill has cheated the Southern Public Utilities Company by getting him a girl in walking distance from the campus. Hemphill says he got the idea from Hayes and Chavis.

WE JUNIORS

By M. J. Whitehead

The Junior class at this time is in a stage of dormancy; nearly every member of the class is sleeping at day and working at night, getting in readiness for the semester major pitchers of the "exams" league will be centered around "The said G. G. M." and a said "Physic Prof." We, the members of the Junior class, wish you much success in all your exams, but if all reports are true, many will be found lacking on the final date—in the above named courses.

The Junior class is getting along very rapidly with the editing and managing of the 1929 Bull Project. It may be worth while to state to some of our readers that this project of over \$3,000 is managed entirely by the members of this class which gives us as a body good practice in the fields of journalism, commerce, salesmanship and banking. With the co-operation that we are receiving from the student body, administration and business firms in and out of the city of Charlotte, there is no reason to dispute the fact that the 1929



LAMPADOS CLUB

From top to bottom, left to right: 1st. row: T. H. Williamson, R. A. Macon, E. C. Grigg. 2nd row: L. D. Archia, T. R. Brown. 3rd row: Wm. Foulkes, J. H. Hargrove, H. W. Leake, E. B. Frink, M. J. Jackson, S. Carraway, E. L. Rhoden. 5th row: R. L. Flannagan, S. K. Skinner, T. M. Martin, B. L. Scott, J. C. Criffin, I. N. Wright, H. M. Jefferson, W. Brodie. 7th row: J. H. Tucker, W. S. White, C. C. Bostic. 8th row: R. A. Ricks, F. P. Haywood. 9th row: Wm. McMillan, M. L. Baker, R. Kirkpatrick, O. J. Williams. Other members: M. A. Hawkins, Jno. Martin, Geo. Williams.

Bull will be the best College publication in the South, edited by students.

Again, we wish every member of the College Department success in all of his examinations. With your success we sign off until the next issue.

TO _____

T. Jeffers, '31.

Rhea, you chocolate little girl, dainty in your
Rhapsodic flimsiness, quiet in your sober hours,

But, ah! what a dreamer!
All day you dreamed and built
Castles in the air and nights you lay long
Awake, picturing your tomorrow.
Rhea, you dreamed, and even though I tried
to discourage such,

You told me you were sincere,
Chocolate little Rhea, you often cross my
Path in dreams, flitting like the frenzied
moth at

Sight of flames,
Listing like the butterfly on the trail of a
new scent.

One day your dream failed; one day the
farness of it
Finally discouraged you.
And then I was happy. I told you it would
be.

Fleeting little sprite, fluttering out of view
as the

Swift flight of the homing warbler,
Down to earth you fell,
You dreamer of dreams,
You breaker of hearts.

I love you even though you broke my heart
and smashed
It into a thousand pieces there on the altar
of promises.

Now the pent up fury of the years pours
from my very soul
And in the moment when I overflow I hate
you with the heart

Of hearts in my being.
I'd murder you but for the sake of your
Mother's love.

You dreamt your dreams and I my mus-
ing did and in the

Awakening you forbade my love.
Dream on in your exotic selfishness; the
awaking of yester-year

Will soon pursue you again.
Flatterer of men,
Fooler of silly hearts,
Speaker of soft phrases.

ALTRUISTIC SOPHOMORES

By H. Taft Thompson

Well, well, and so it goes. Once more we, of Sophdom, break forth into print; and, believe me, we intend to stay broke. The guy who said, "I would not be a 'Freshie' anymore surely knew what he was talking about. And if you think that's hooey, you should be one of us.

The passing out of the old year into the new found the Sophs returning to their Alma Mater after the holidays with new resolutions. We, the Sophomores of J. C. S. U., resolve to begin the new year right; to stop the frequented Bull Sessions at "Jake" Bryants; to study for exams and to display those Sophomoric tendencies fitting to Sophomores, but it seems that they have passed into oblivion.

We were glad, however, on our return, to greet the members who had gone to their homes before the Christmas season on account of the "flu."

All of the Sophs report having spent a very, very merry Christmas, especially "Prince" Jethro Henry, the chief of Soph "shieks," the man who received fourteen letters the first week after his return; who broke more hearts, and found more love in one week than John Gilbert; (with apologies to "Chick" Walker who is able by his manipulations and carefully planned maneuvers, has been for the past two years, and is now able to play successfully three young ladies in the same city without friction. Congratulations, "Chick.")

It is being whispered around that one letter is seen missing from the weekly mail. How is that, Fletcher? Can it be that the recent statement of "Vox Sophomori" was true? Cheer up, Fletcher. You have yet to learn that the ways of a woman are changeable. "O woman, thy name is trouble."

We regret very much to say that space is not permitted to mention the recent accomplishments of more Soph social kings, such as Messrs. "Hop" Biggs, T. Jeffers, R. Lee, Jas. Tucker, "Prof." Foulkes, "Red" Lindsay, A. Macon and others.

We are proud of the fact that two of our members, "Prince" J. Henry and Jack "Eeef" Martin, were elected captain and assistant captain, respectively of the 1929

THE LAMPADOS CLUB

By M. A. Hawkins

With the morn of examinations at hand and the spring not far distant, we proceed with our program. There will be no re-beginnng for those who failed to take advantage of the door that swung out and took us in. There will be no path for those who lose the route. If we pass the examination successfully, we foresee our aim accomplished several weeks hence. We do not mean for the above statement to be peonatic or arid; we merely fall in line with Bruce Barton who says: I do not like the phrase "Never cross a bridge till you come to it." The world is owned by men who cross the bridges miles and miles in advance of the procession.

Brother Forsythe, one of the stars of the Howard basket ball team, met with us last week. He was greatly impressed over our plans for the year.

Brother Martin is Assistant Captain of the 1929 "Bulls." His popularity as well as his efficiency was shown during the election.

Brother Baker is missed very much on the court. He was expected to be one of the main cogs in Coach Taylor's Quint. At present his leg is mending nicely.

The entertainment given during the holidays was attended by many out-of-town collegians from Shaw, Livingstone, Winston-Salem Teachers College, Atlanta University, Barber and A. & T; Virginia State, Fiske and Howard, were the institutions represented. We appreciate the kindness of the Fraternity during this occasion.

foot ball team. They can assure themselves of our hearty and loyal support.

With the erection of a gymnasium at Smith basket ball becomes one of our major sports; and again we find Sophomores aspiring for laurels on the court; namely, Avant, "Dump" Horne, "Red" Ellis, McDowell, "Jimmy" Tucker, Goodwin and Red Lindsay. Not egotistic, however, but we find the "Sopmen" playing the role of one of the most important characters in the drama of the University, but we still maintain that the geometrical theorem, "The whole is greater than any of its parts, and is equal to the sum of all its parts," holds true.