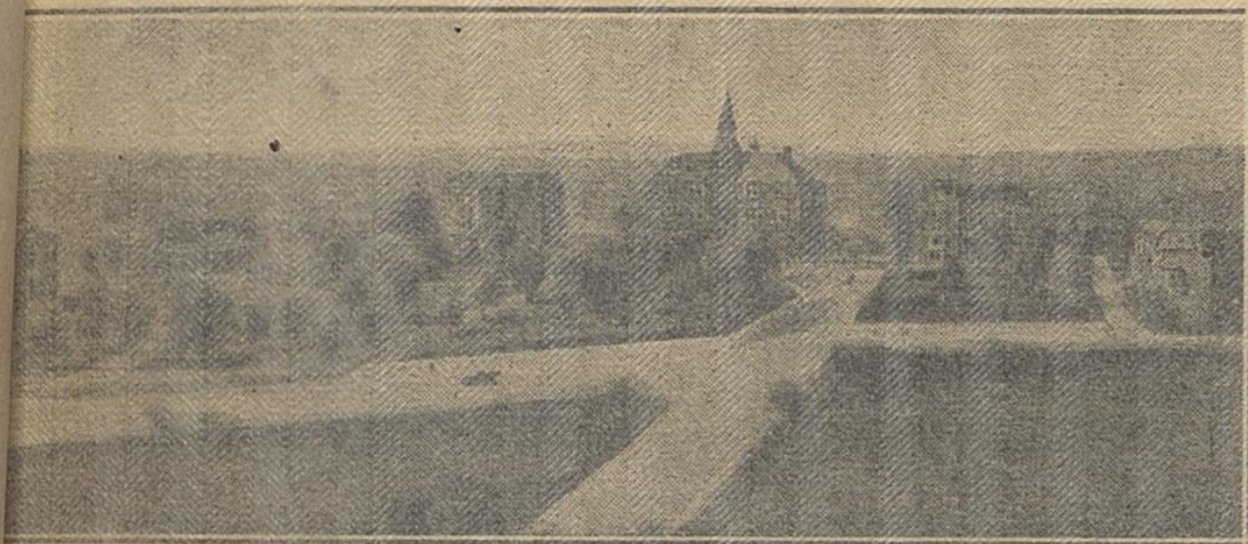




Commencement Exercises
May twenty-fourth to twenty-sixth
Nineteen hundred and eighteen
Atlanta, Georgia



The Faculty and Senior Classes
of the

Atlanta University

request your presence

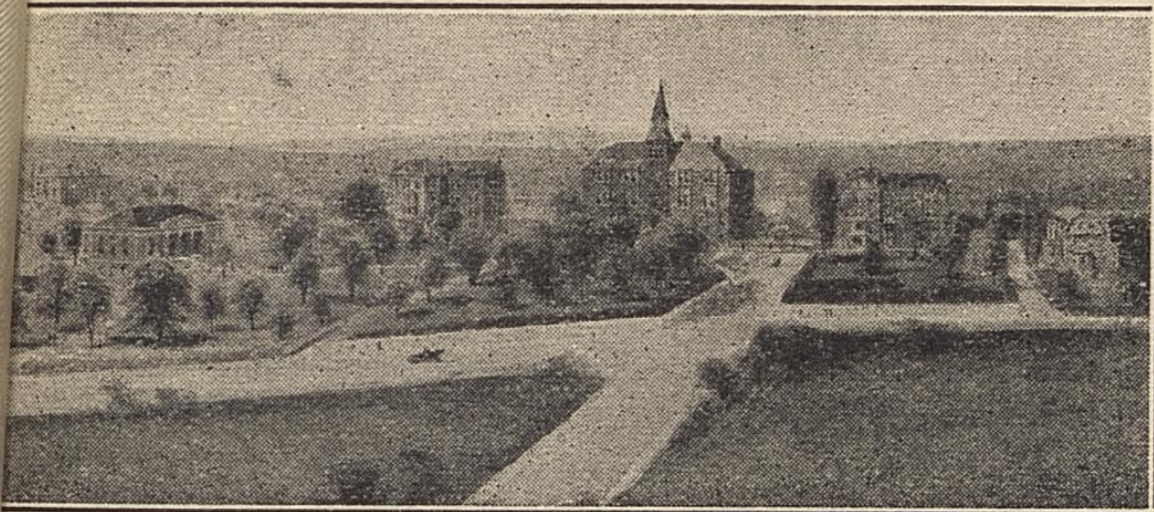
at the

Commencement Exercises

May twenty-fourth to twenty-ninth

Nineteen hundred and eighteen

Atlanta, Georgia



The Faculty and Senior Classes
of the

Atlanta University

request your presence

at the

Commencement Exercises

May twenty-fourth to twenty-ninth

Nineteen hundred and eighteen

Atlanta, Georgia

Faculty

REV. EDWARD T. WARE, A. B.
PRESIDENT

REV. MYRON W. ADAMS, PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND DEAN OF THE FACULTY

EDGAR H. WEBSTER, A. M.
PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE AND PRINCIPAL OF THE NORMAL DEPARTMENT

GEORGE A. TOWNS, A. M.
PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY

GEORGE K. HOWE, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR IN MECHANIC ARTS AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SHOP

REV. WILLIAM S. SLADE, PH.D.
CHAPLAIN

THOMAS I. BROWN, A. M.
PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS AND HISTORY

MISS IDELLA M. SWIFT
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

MISS MABEL D. HANCOCK, PH.B.
INSTRUCTOR IN HIGH SCHOOL BRANCHES

MISS ANNADEL C. KING, A. B.
TEACHER IN LATIN

MISS CLARA E. EMERSON, A. B.
TEACHER IN ENGLISH AND LATIN

Program

FRIDAY, MAY 24TH

8:00 P. M.--CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES

SUNDAY, MAY 26TH

11:00 A. M.--BACCALAUREATE SERMON

MONDAY, MAY 27TH

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE,
SUBJECT: ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION AMONG NEGROES

TUESDAY, MAY 28TH

10:00 A. M.--INSPECTION OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

7:30 P. M.--ALUMNI BANQUET

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29TH

10:00 A. M.--COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

8:00 P. M.--PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

College Class

ROSCOE THADDEUS CATER.....ATLANTA
ANNA PIERRE DART.....CHARLESTON, S. C.
WALTER ADOLPHUS KENDRICK.....ATLANTA
LUCILE MACK.....ATHENS
LEIGH BENJAMIN MAXWELL.....ATLANTA
WILLIE ELSIE MOSEE.....LOUISVILLE, KY.
CALPERNIA FLORENCE ROGERS.....ATLANTA
OLIVE LUCILE WAINWRIGHT.....CHARLESTON, S. C.

Normal Class

VIVIAN V. BAKER.....JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
MIGNON W. BURCH.....ATLANTA
EDITH L. GIBSON.....ATLANTA
ODESSA M. HOLLIS.....ATLANTA
LILLIAN LATIMER.....STATESBORO
.....ATLANTA
.....ATLANTA
.....ATLANTA
.....COLUMBUS

Hazel E. Rucker

S.

TREAS.

vice

Class Colors: Blue and Gold

College Class

ROSCOE THADDEUS CATER.....ATLANTA
ANNA PIERRE DART.....CHARLESTON, S. C.
WALTER ADOLPHUS KENDRICK.....ATLANTA
LUCILE MACK.....ATHENS
LEIGH BENJAMIN MAXWELL.....ATLANTA
WILLIE ELSIE MOSEE.....LOUISVILLE, KY.
CALPERNIA FLORENCE ROGERS.....ATLANTA
OLIVE LUCILE WAINWRIGHT.....CHARLESTON, S. C.

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EDITH L. GIBSON.....ATLANTA
ODESSA M. HOLLIS.....ATLANTA
LILLIAN LATIMER.....STATESBORO
SOPHIA E. HOWELL.....ATLANTA
FLORENCE E. MILLER.....ATLANTA
S. HAZEL RUCKER.....ATLANTA
FANNIE M. WILLIAMS.....COLUMBUS

Officers

R. T. CATER, PRES.

FLORENCE MILLER, VICE PRES.

MIGNON BURCH, SEC.

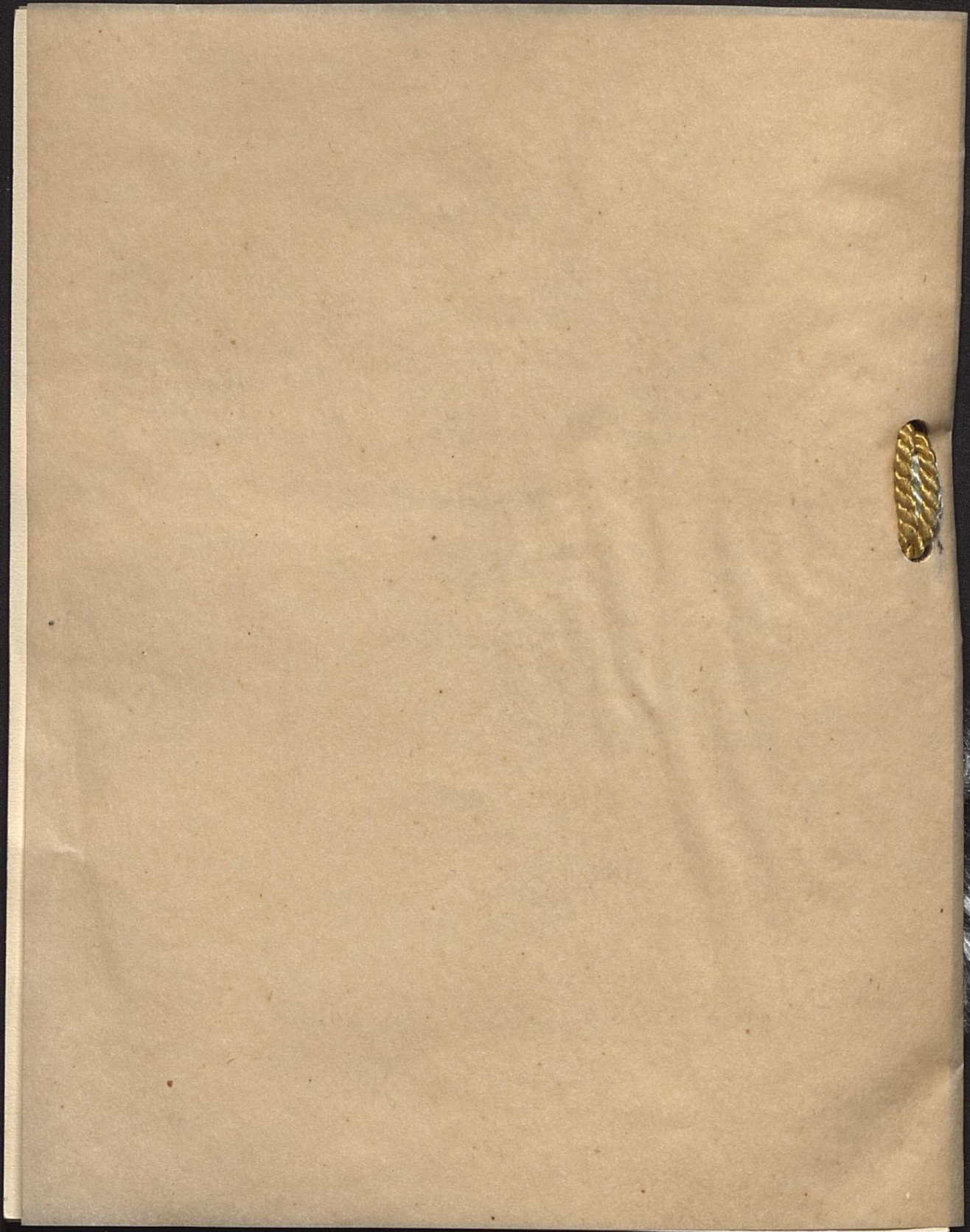
W. A. KENDRICK, TREAS.

Class Motto: Love and Service

Class Colors: Blue and Gold

Hazel E. Rucker

Loose Item



THE
TRUSTEES AND FACULTY
OF
ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO THE
EXERCISES OF THE

FORTY-NINTH COMMENCEMENT

INCLUDING THE
TWENTY-THIRD ATLANTA CONFERENCE
FOR THE
STUDY OF THE NEGRO PROBLEMS

MAY 23-29, 1918

ATLANTA, GA.

PROGRAMME

Thursday, May 23.

9:00 to 11:00 a. m. Public Day at the Oglethorpe School.

Friday, May 24.

8:30 a. m. to 3:25 p. m. Regular School Work.

8:00 p. m. Class Night Exercises, "Virgilius."

Sunday, May 26.

11:00 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon by President Ware.

Monday, May 27.

Twenty-third Annual Conference.

Subject: The Negro Franchise.

9:30 a. m. Historical Review.

The Franchise and Reconstruction,

Mr. Lafayette M. Hershaw, A. B., of Washington.

11:30 a. m. Annual Mothers' Meeting and Exercises by Children of the Gate City Free Kindergartens.

Talk by Miss Mary Dickinson.

8:00 p. m. Present Condition of the Franchise and Future Prospects, Dean Kelley Miller, A. M., LL. D., of Howard University.

Tuesday, May 28.

9:30 a. m. Chapel Exercises.

10:00 a. m. Inspection of Buildings and Grounds.

4:00 p. m. Woodland Morality Play by a group of Normal students and Oglethorpe children.

7:30 p. m. Alumni Business Meeting.

9:30 p. m. Alumni Supper.

Wednesday, May 29.

10:00 a. m. Commencement Exercises and Conferring of Degrees.

Address: The Reserves of Peace,

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite of Cambridge, Mass.

8:00 p. m. President's Reception.

Greetings from Guests of Honor.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GENERAL CATALOGUE

It has been deemed best, for reasons of economy, to omit this year the printing of the list of living graduates. This omission has, however, a large measure of compensation in the announcement that there is being prepared, as an appropriate semi-centennial publication, a General Catalogue. The work on this catalogue has already been largely done, and it is planned to have it completed by July 1.

This catalogue includes: complete lists of the presidents, trustees and teachers from the opening of the institution until the present date; a complete list of the graduates and advanced students arranged by classes; and a list of the same arranged alphabetically, with a brief statement as to occupation, the vital statistics, and the address. Those advanced students are given who have actually entered upon college or normal work, or who have fully completed the high school work needed for entrance upon the same. It will give an idea of the scope of this part of the catalogue if we quote from pages 17 and 22 the following:

| COLLEGE | <i>Men</i> | <i>Women</i> | <i>Total</i> |
|---------------------------------------|------------|--------------|--------------|
| Graduates | 175 | 59 | 234 |
| In attendance Jan. 31, 1918 | 42 | 14 | 56 |
| Others | 218 | 35 | 253 |
| Total | 435 | 108 | 543 |
| NORMAL | | | |
| Graduates | 15 | 642 | 657 |
| In attendance Jan. 31, 1918 | 0 | 34 | 34 |
| Others | 3 | 86 | 89 |
| Total | 18 | 762 | 780 |

This catalogue will be sent, postage paid, to any address upon receipt of the price, 50c.

[The above is from page 40 of the annual catalogue of this year. We still hope to have the General Catalogue ready by July 1, and orders for the same, accompanied by remittance, will be welcome. The actual cost will exceed 50c., and if any should feel like sending 75c., or more, it would be appreciated.]

GRADUATES OF 1912



COLLEGE

CAROLINE STEWART BOND ANNIE LEE BOTHWELL
MARY JACKSON BRYDIE CHARLES HENRY MADISON FURLOW
LECLERC THEOPHILUS JOHNSON
EUGENE MARCUS MARTIN, JR. JOHN WYMAN RICE
EDWARD SUMNER RICHARDSON, JR. JOHN CYRUS ROSS
SAMUEL CLEVELAND USHER INEZ HURLONG SPENCER



NORMAL SCHOOL

SADIE E. ANDERSON JULIA F. BAUGH
HENRIETTA BRANHAM HATTIE B. BRASWELL
VIVIAN L. BURCH HORTENSE D. CARSON
BESSIE GOOSBY JANIE GOOSBY
ELLEN F. GREENE HALLIE B. HALL
MARY RUTH HARRIS J. GRACE HARRISON
LUCIE M. HENDERSON LUCILE HOLMAN N. CLYDE JOHNSON
MARGUERITE E. JONES JENNIE C. MARION
ALICE L. PHILLIPS ROWENA REID
LUCY RUCKER MAGGIE D. RUSSELL FANNIE R. SORRELL
M. ADLINE TAYLOR D. INEZ USHER
ALBERTA WATTS ELISE M. WILLIAMS
J. JUANITA WILLIAMS CLARA E. WILSON

THE

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

MAY 29, 1912

10 A. M.

FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

PROGRAMME



Invocation

Chorus—Hear My Prayer *Mendelssohn*

Oration—A Plea for a Larger Participation in Culture
Annie Lee Bothwell, Vienna

Essay—The Rise of the Negro
J. Juanita Williams, Atlanta

Oration—Christian Socialism
John Cyrus Ross, Atlanta

Chorus—Fling Wide the Gates (from the "Crucifixion") *Stainer*

Essay—Early Discipline in Self-Control
Hallie B. Hall, Greensboro

Oration—The Advantages of Municipal Ownership
Leclerc Theophilus Johnson, Cameron, Tex.

Essay—Vocational Guidance
Marguerite E. Jones, Atlanta

Chorus—Do You Think I'll Make a Soldier? *Old Time Selection*

Essay—The Kindergarten and the Child
Maggie D. Russell, Atlanta

PROGRAMME



Oration—The Negro Slums of Atlanta
Eugene Marcus Martin, Jr., Atlanta

Oration—The Call to Social Service
Charles H. M. Furlow, Cameron, Tex.

Chorus—Song of the Vikings *Faning*

Essay—The Democracy of the Kingdom
M. Adline Taylor, Atlanta

Essay—The Significance of the Persian Question
Hortense D. Carson, Atlanta

Oration—The Federation of the World
John Wyman Rice, Dallas, Tex.

Chorus—Thanks be to God (from "Elijah") *Mendelssohn*

Commencement Address
Rev. Samuel Van V. Holmes, D. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Announcement of Honors

Presentation of Diplomas

Doxology

Benediction

Recessional

THE TRUSTEES AND FACULTY
OF
ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO THE
EXERCISES OF THE

FIFTY-EIGHTH COMMENCEMENT

MAY 29--JUNE 1, 1927

ATLANTA, GA.

PROGRAMME

Thursday, May 26.

9:00 to 11:00 a. m. Public Day at the Oglethorpe School.

Friday, May 27.

8:05 a. m. to 3:55 p. m. Regular School Work.

8:00 p. m. Concert—Glee Club and Orchestra.

Sunday, May 29.

11:00 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon by President Adams.

Monday, May 30.

4:00 p. m. Reception by President and Mrs. Adams, in North Hall.

8:00 p. m. Dramatic Club—Three One-Act Plays.

Tuesday, May 31.

10:30 a. m. Inspection of Buildings and Grounds.

4:00 p. m. The Quest for Happiness, a pageant by the Junior Normal Class and a group of Oglethorpe Children.

7:00 p. m. Alumni Business Meeting.

9:00 p. m. Alumni Supper.

Wednesday, June 1.

10:00 a. m. Commencement Exercises and Conferring of Degrees.

Address by Mr. Jackson Davis, Richmond, Va.,

General Field Agent of General Education Board.

Atlanta University,
Atlanta, Ga. May 30, 1922

The Board of Trustees of Atlanta University met in Annual Session at the above time and place in the office of the President at 2.00 p.m. The meeting was called to order by the Acting President Dr. M. W. Adams. Rev. Frank R. Shipman was appointed secretary pro tem. A quorum not being present, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the Acting President Dr. M. W. Adams, the time and place to be named by him.

Signed Frank R. Shipman
Secretary Pro Tem.

Pursuant to the call of Dr. M. W. Adams, Acting President of Atlanta University, the adjourned Annual Meeting was held in New York, July 15, 1962 in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church at 10:00 A.M.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. M. W. Adams, Acting President. Prayer was offered by Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York. There were present, Rev. Frank R. Shipman, Butler G. Gibson, Rev. George L. Paine, Lafayette M. Hershaw, Richard R. Wright, Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, Edward J. Ware, M. W. Adams, Acting President, and W. B. Matthews. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

The first order of business was report of Treasurer which was read by Dr. Adams, the Treasurer. On motion this report was received and filed. The next report read was that of the Acting President Dr. M. W. Adams. Voted: That this report, which was an excellent one be received with thanks and adopted by sections.

The report of the Executive Committee was next in order. The Committee had no formal report and Acting President Dr. M. W. Adams reported the sale of certain ^{lot} land to the city of Atlanta, which had been authorized by this Committee. Voted: That this sale by the Acting President be approved by the Executive Committee.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee Mr. Dean Sage could not be present. His Committee had no regular report, but he sent to this meeting by his secretary, Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, a detailed report of the Remick estate which Mr. Hoffman, himself had made.

After some discussion it was voted to give the general approval of the Board of Trustees to Mr. Hoffman's report on ~~the Remick estate at Sittletown, N.H.~~

On motion a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Hoffman for his extensive investigation and report ~~on the Remick estate~~

Voted: That Mr. Dean Sage be and is hereby appointed our representative to act jointly with the residuary legatees in the case of handling the Remick property in Sittletown, N.H.

5.
Voted: That the report of the Special
Committee on By-Laws be approved
with the following changes:
Article V: That number 3 shall read: Report
of standing and special Committees.

Article I, section 3 shall
read: No member of the Faculty ^{elected}
other than the President shall be
a member of the Board of Trustees.

On recommendation of Dr Adams
it was voted to extend the school
year of Atlanta University to in-
clude not less than 36 weeks.

Voted: The following resolution presented
by Rev. Frank R. Shipman be approved:
We have listened with interest to the request
of the Faculty for a separate Normal Faculty,
but we ask for a further statement of the
reasons for such a body and of its
plan of work.

6.
Voted: That the Board of Trustees
ratify and confirm the action of
the Acting President and Faculty
in conferring the Degree of Bachelor
Arts on the following College graduates
See names attached

Voted: That the Board of Trustees ratify
and confirm the action of the Acting
President and Faculty in conferring
Certificates of graduation upon
the following graduates from
the Normal Department:
See names attached

Voted: That a director of Orchestra
be engaged provided ^{special} donations
for same may be obtained.

7.

Voted: That we approve the recommendations in the report of the Committee on Curriculum and Student Body and express to them our thanks for the same.

Voted: That we would like to increase the faculty of the University but we do not see our way clear to do so at this time.

Voted: That we adopt the budget as presented by Dr. M. W. Adams, the Treasurer.

At this point of the meeting President Edmond J. Ware who has been away from active service for two years on sick leave presented to the Board of Trustees his resignation to go into effect at once.

Voted: That the resignation of Mr. Ware be accepted with regrets.

Voted: That a Committee of three including the Chairman of this meeting be appointed to draw up suitable resolutions expressing the appreciation of this Board for the long and faithful service of Mr. Ware to Atlanta University, and our regrets for the conditions which forced his resignation.

Committee:
 Rev. Frank R. Shipman, W. B. Matthews,
 and Rev. George S. Paine, Chairman.

Voted: That Mr. Edward J. Ware be and is hereby elected President Emeritus of Atlanta University.

Voted: That the salary of the President Emeritus of Atlanta University shall be \$1500.⁰⁰ for the ensuing year.

Voted: That the Secretary be authorized to cast one ballot for Mr. Edward J. Ware, ^{as the only nominee chosen} for Trustee of Atlanta University for four years to fill a vacancy now existing on said Board of Trustees.

9.

Voted: That the Secretary be authorized to cast one ballot for the election of the following persons to succeed themselves as Trustees of Atlanta University for the next four years: Rev. M. Ashby Jones, N. B. Matthews, and J. Mott Hollowell.

Voted: That the Executive Committee be and is hereby authorized to select a man for President of Atlanta University, and to send the name of said person to the Trustees for confirmation by ballot.

Voted: That Dr. M. N. Adams be and is hereby continued as Acting President of Atlanta University.

Voted: That the Executive Committee and Acting President, Dr. M. N. Adams be and are hereby authorized to select a dean of Atlanta University, and to send his name to the Trustees for confirmation by ballot.

On motion a vote of appreciation to Mrs. Bunce for her faithful service in managing the Pageant was passed and she was asked to continue her service through the ensuing year.

Voted: That the salary to the New President of Atlanta University shall not exceed \$3500⁰⁰.

Voted: That the salary of Dr. M. N. Adams, Acting President, shall be two hundred dollars per month.

Voted: That the New By-Laws as presented, ^{the committee} and amended by this body, is hereby approved and adopted.

Voted: The Secretary be and is hereby authorized to cast a unanimous ballot for the following persons as members of the Executive Committee for Board of Trustees of Atlanta University for the ensuing year:

George S. Paine, J. Mott Haddock, Jr.
 Charles B. Kelsey, Greenman Hunkley
 the President.

Finance Committee.

Dean Sage
 Henry Sloane Coffin
 Charles E. Kelsey
 Edward S. Sanderson
 The President

Officers

Dr. M. N. Adams, Acting President
 C. Breckinridge Wilms, Vice Pres.
 W. B. Matthews, Secretary
 Dr. M. N. Adams, Treasurer

There being no further business
 it was voted that we do now
 adjourn.

LOUISVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

LOUISE DIETZ
PRIMARY SUPERVISOR

OFFICE OF PRIMARY SUPERVISOR

ADMINISTRATION BLDG.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mrs. Ellen S. Taylor -
Miss Carrie Kerr -
Mrs. W. R. Reid -

Miss Rogers -

Miss King -

Miss Curtis -

Miss Minnis -

→ Fine

A THOUSAND TONGUES
reasoning and pleading with you
to insure---will be but wasted prat-
tle if you heed not their advice
and tomorrow finds you uninsured.

INSURE

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Company

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CAPITAL \$100,000.00

A. F. HERNDON, President

**FOOT BALL
SCHEDULE**



Atlanta University
1926

H. S. MURPHY, ATLANTA, GA.

WHEN WHO WHERE

1. Oct. 9 Knoxville College at Knoxville
2. Oct. 16 Alabama State Normal at A. U.
3. Oct. 25 Fisk University at Nashville
4. Oct. 30 Talladega College at Talladega
5. Nov. 6 Morehouse College at A. U.
6. Nov. 13 Howard University at Atlanta
7. Nov. 20 Clark University at A. U.
8. Nov. 25 Morris Brown at Morris Brown
9. Dec. 4 Tuskegee Institute at Atlanta

COACHES

W. H. Aiken, Head Coach
David L. Gunn, Back Field Coach
L. R. Harper, Wing Coach
A. B. Harper, Freshman Coach

R. J. Yates, Captain J. E. Oakes, Manager
Chas McPherson, Alternate Captain
E. N. Weathers, Assistant Manager

Dr. C. Waymond Reeves, Surgeon

THE DAY!
Home Coming
1926
Saturday
NOV. 13

Let the Old Grads and
their families and friends
paint the town Crimson
for

A.U.

The Day of the Great
Howard-A.U. Game
Howard's first appearance in Southeast

ATLANTA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
EXTRACTS FROM
Semi-Annual STATEMENT as of June 30, 1928

The Company Owns and Has on Hand the Following Assets—

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Bonds and Stocks | \$ 830,702.50 |
| First Mortgages on Real Estate | 171,305.89 |
| Market Value of Real Estate Owned | 88,273.68 |
| Cash in Office and Banks | 2,049.53 |
| Loans to Policyholders | 16,771.29 |
| Premiums in Course of Collection, Deferred Premiums, Accrued Interest and all Other Assets | 101,348.05 |

The Company, therefore, "HAS" **\$1,210,450.94**

Out of Which It Must Account For—

| | |
|---|---------------|
| Amount of Reserve necessary to pay all poli- cies in accordance with their terms; a statutory requirement | \$ 858,751.89 |
| Agents' Bond Deposit | 21,898.75 |
| To pay claims now in Home Office with in- complete proofs | 14,838.98 |
| Taxes accrued | 13,756.68 |
| All Other Liabilities | 4,743.75 |

\$ 913,990.05

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Capital Stock | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus | 196,460.89 |
| Excess Security to our Policy- holders of | \$ 296,460.89 |

The Company, therefore, "HAS" **\$1,210,450.94**

IT NOW HAS PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE AMOUNTING TO **\$22,565,436.14**

FOOT BALL
SCHEDULE



Atlanta University

1928

BE READY
FOR THE
Big Day of 1928
THE
**TUSKEGEE
GAME**

This is the HOME-COMING Game



FRIDAY, DEC. 7
AT
Ponce de Leon Park

The Southeast Will Meet You.

BE THERE!

| WHEN | WHO | WHERE |
|---------|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Oct. 6 | Camp Benning | At Columbus |
| Oct. 13 | Alabama State | At A. U. |
| Oct. 27 | Talladega | At Talladega |
| Nov. 3 | Morehouse | At A. U. |
| Nov. 10 | Howard | Ponce de Leon Park |
| Nov. 24 | Clark | Ponce de Leon Park |
| Nov. 29 | Morris Brown | At Morris Brown |
| Dec. 7 | Tuskegee Home-Coming Game | Ponce de Leon Park |
| Jan. 1 | Prairie View | Houston, Texas |

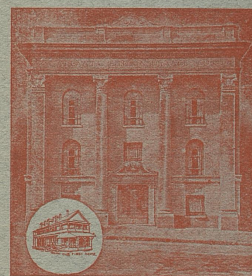
COACHES

W. H. Aiken, Head Coach
David L. Gunn, Coach of Punters
O. G. Walker, Backfield Coach
F. D. Brooks, Manager

PHYSICIANS

Dr. C. Waymond Reeves
Dr. J. W. Burney
L. R. Harper, Chm. Athletic Board of Control

HOME OFFICE BUILDING
OWNED BY
**ATLANTA LIFE
INSURANCE CO.**
ATLANTA, GA.
A. F. HERNDON, FOUNDER



N. B. Herndon, President and Treasurer
Mrs. A. F. Herndon, First Vice President
L. H. Haywood, Second Vice President
and Agency Director
E. M. Martin, Secretary

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas , It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our late friend and co-worker, Rev. Edward T. Ware; and,

Whereas, The intimate relations long sustained by the deceased with Atlanta University and the members of the Board of Trustees have been so untimely ended, the Board of Trustees deem it proper to place on record an appreciation of his services as loyal member and his invaluable service as third President of Atlanta University, which institution he served so faithfully; therefore be it ,

Resolved, That, while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Most High, we likewise mourn with the widow and the immediate family, for our beloved co-worker who has been called from labor to rest.

Resolved, That, In the death of Rev. Edward T. Ware, the Board of Trustees of Atlanta University loses one of its most devoted and zealous members and the institution a President consecrated to the work hallowed to the memory of his father, the sainted Edmund Asa Ware, founder and first President of Atlanta University; one devoted to its welfare and prosperity, ever ready to advance the interests of the work; an honest and upright man whose outstanding character and christian virtues endeared him not only to Atlanta University and the Board of Trustees which he served so whole-heartedly and faithfully, but to all of his fellow citizens.

Resolved, That, Atlanta University and the Board of Trustees tender heart felt sympathy to the bereaved widow and relatives of our deceased friend and co-worker.

Resolved, That, these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the Board of Trustees of Atlanta University and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Edward T. Ware, the widow of our deceased co-worker.

Signed,

The

SCROLL

SENIOR NUMBER



MAY 1923



ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

ATLANTA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

FORMERLY
(ATLANTA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.)

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000

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A. F. Herndon N. B. Herndon R. W. Chamblee E. M. Martin
Pres. Treas. 1st Vice Pres. General Mgr. Sec'y-Aud.

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SUCCESS?

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JUNCTION TATNALL AND W. MITCHELL

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131 TATNALL ST.

IVY 8794

THE SCROLL

VOLUME 28

NUMBER 7

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THE SCROLL

A student paper published during the School Year by Editors chosen from the students of Atlanta University.

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Georgia, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Incorporated 1867—Opened 1869.

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VOLUME 28 NUMBER 7.

MAY, 1923

Editorial Comment

VACATION GREETINGS

By Eula Owens

We are now just about to close—shall we say a successful year. Yes, it has been a very profitable school year for us all. Of course we can look back upon a few incidents with regret, because we would have them different, we would erase them were it possible, but it is not ours to undo the past; yet we can overcome our short comings by putting forth the earnest and energetic efforts. One wise man has said, "failures are stepping stones to success." Another has said that without the dark clouds there could be no silver lining. So let us profit by our errors and do our best to overcome all of our shortcomings.

Vacation is rushing in upon us, and we hasten to welcome it. To each one of us it has a different meaning: to some of us it means a much needed rest, to others it means study, to others it means work in preparation for study, to others it means the beginning of a new life, but to all of us it means a change of schedule, scenery and companionship—which after all means rest to a certain extent.

Each one of us should feel the responsibility of boosting our school. Wherever we happen to be, there let us stand out as living examples of the kind of character that our school attempts to mould. We are apt to be thrown into roughly homogeneous groups or with distinctly heterogenous groups but let us not drift with the current, for if we set our sails in the right direction, in spite of the gales of wind and the many ships sailing in the various directions, ours will reach port safely: for some one has said:

“One ship sails east, and the other west,
To the self same wind that blows,
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale,
That determines the way it goes.”

One and all, we wish a happy and very restful vacation. If your vacation means rest, may it be pleasantly spent, if it means study, we wish you success in all of your studies, if it means work may it bring you many profitable returns, if it marks the beginning of a new life, we trust that you will feel that we are expecting you to be a beacon light in your various worlds and we are hoping that you will go forth with the determination to find a way, or make one.

EDMUND ASA WARE'S BIRTHDAY

By Altona Trent, '25

For several years we have been struck by the absence of any fitting observance on December twenty-second, the birthday of our first president, Edmund Asa Ware. We do not know what is done in the boarding department, but it does seem that there should be some general observance in which not only we, the students, but the graduates, former students and friends of the school might share.

Some sense of appreciation for his invaluable services must undoubtedly come over us when we see his picture on the chapel wall each morning; some soberness and peculiar reverence must undoubtedly grip us as we pass his tomb frequently each day, but would it not be better still to express this sense of appreciation, this soberness and this reverence in some fitting way,

perhaps some exercise? Or why could not a sacred day be set apart (for it is in the Christmas season) as a day for a free will or Christmas offering for the school whose benefits, through him we now enjoy? For it is pretty to think that Edmund Asa Ware's birthday is so near that of Him whom he served and whose command: "Insomuch as you do it unto the least of these: you do it unto me," he obeyed.

The Senior Normal Class of last year had a very impressive service at Mr. Ware's tomb on the Friday before Commencement. This could be developed into a "Founders Day," as is observed in many institutions or something similar, to honor Edmund Ware and also those faithful teachers and co-workers who with him, as is beautifully expressed in his tomb, labored that the freedmen and the freedmen children, might be blessed.

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Student Views

CREED

By Puzzlewit Barrington

The professor gazed up quizzically into Park's startled face relieved in Gorgon-headed terror behind the dangling shelf, took in the situation at a glance and moved on without saying a word and without casting so much as a solitary glance in the direction of the missile that had doubtless passed so close to the very thread of his life; the more alarming this.

Park stumbled away from the window and sank into a chair. He must needs go down and clear the walk but he was afraid. He strained in the silence. The muffled clock ticked listlessly. The punctuated instants tread in the tracks of one another. But there was no stir of commotion and no voices of mourners going about the street; so Park's fear gradually congealed into a studied indifference, a sort of self-induced abandon.

Several days passed and Park did not "get his," although his expectations were still very much alive. He had seen the professor several times, and three or four times they had engaged in conversation, but not once had mention of the flower pot been made. There seemed to be a sort of mutual understanding between them.

But everywhere some gossip knows everything. So there was some nebulous rumor among the mega-wits to the effect that Greenleaf Park had actually attempted an assault upon the life of one of the professors.. Park occasionally bumped into it, and each time it sank like a probe into his vitals. Here was indeed an occasion worthy of his philosophy, said he: "For so a man goes stumbling over crags of rumor and scandal set like teeth in the wagging jaws of the world". The professor must have heard it. He could hardly escape when it was revised and re-edited at every turn by some clapper-tongued wag of a chatter-box. Verily, as Van Dyke says, "The rythm of life is set to logarithms," for the professor seemed perfectly oblivious of it all.

Saturday, and an appointment to work in the laboratory with the professor setting up some delicate apparatus. It was all set up except to connect the lower end of a piece of rubber tubing leading from the generating flask upon the floor to the breaker containing sulphuric acid upon the shelf. But the professor's fingers were not so lithe as of old and he drew the tube taut and dislodged the breaker. Quick as a flash Park struck the breaker forcibly in its fall with his bare hand. The acid bounded clear of the bending professor and much of the glass and some of the acid clung to Park's trembling hand. The professor said nothing for he was a man of few words, but his knowing glance again comprehended the situation, and Park noticed a play of real emotion about his lips and eyes as he ministered to the smitten hand. And this was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Next day Lwelen was all a nutter to see Park and learn the real nature of his mishap. Park, on his part, hid away in the crowd to prevent detection. The wind was rather high and chill today. The ivied wall, where Park stood, shivered at the pulsing of the breeze. There she was coming up the walk. She had to pirouette round and round upon her toes to repress her drapery in the flaunting naughtiness of the March-

wind gusts. She hesitated a moment at the outskirts of the crowd, singled out Park and came slowly and cautiously towards him, all the while clasping and unclasping her hands with her arms across her bosom. Park did not wait for her to speak but set out explaining frantically thru his confusion. Her emotion seemed to him to ebb and flow with his words. This was to him at once an embarrassment and a brave and abiding delight. But he kept saying, "Oh, it isn't anything, really! It'll be all right in a day or two!"

* * * *

Park's hand had now emerged like a chrysalis from its bandages and he was learning to use his fingers again. He walked thoughtfully thru the grove plucking here and there a flower and examining now and again a leaf. The trees overhead were infested with choruses of tuneful, singing things, and the lawn, dappled with splotches of sunshine and dusted with butterflies, came down the hill in a cascade of shredded green, spangled here and there with modest daisies. Beyond a little clump of bushes, a narrow stretch of lawn reposed fathoms deep in the cooling shade—a patchwork lawn like a crazyquilt. As you stood there and gazed something dried out of you and something else flowed in. It was a slice of the all right, a beautiful thing.

Park moved stealthily up to the brush as if he feared to awaken the shadows and peered beyond. There!—There was Lwellen, in her knickers again, sitting in a muckle of sunshine, with a chip hat of hers lying on the grass hard by and with her striped girde encircling a snake, a glistening black snake which she was airily teasing, turning over and over and round and round in the sunshine, examining it near and far with her eye and with a glass and now and then writing something in a book. She seemed only mildly surprised as her eyes met those of Park who had inadvertently straightened up from behind his bush.

"Why whatever are you doing, Miss Furber?" demanded Park, advancing as if to her rescue.

"Why, I'm studying 'black', Mr. Parko—black that is 'true to life'!"

"And why the girde there?"

"Oh, that keeps it still. It won't crawl over that! (She dragged a part of it across his hand which was promptly moved away) . . . You see, it's striped like a king snake, and it's horse-hair. It came from the manes of my two horses at home. . . The black is Bess' and the gray is Maud's . . ."

"Look! Your model's slipping away!"

"That's all right I'm thru with it. I've learned some things. . . You know this is so like home," she burst out as she stood up and inhaled deeply. "Up in the hills where the gullied hill-roads pinch like shears and the little houses stand up to their chins in the young groves, and the fresh, cool air dances in your face as you swoop down upon the sharp settle of the spring at a twisted corner of the lane. . ." While she talked Park watched the movements of her shadow. She raised her arm like one who gazes into a land of promise.

"There the gentle hills are dell-clefted and spread here and there with carpets of green farms and tufted woods, and every little cottage is a veritable hub of the world—a boss upon the panorama of things that are! . . . There the summer settles slowly but firmly like a vise upon the countryside and growing things leap to the sky—

And the west is kindled by the sinking sun

And the east is dyed in the dawn!"

The somnolent spirit of the spring focused in the young hearts of these two and they swayed toward each other gently and then more lustily. They made to each other little inimitable gestures about which there was

a sort of romantic depravity which surprised and frightened them both. The moment was abandoned and unworthy—a weak spot in the fabric of eternity. What happened was a thing of fancy, of delicately woven dream-stuff.

"I'm going to use my influence with the professor to get your demerits removed. I've heard him say that they were rather hastily given and perhaps undeserved. . . . But I don't trust him."

"Don't you want to be trusted, Mr. Parko?"

"Yes, but a man who trusts nobody may still be a firm believer in the golden rule 'for a' that'"

"But that isn't your trouble, Mr. Parko. The trouble with you is that you want to stand upon a pedestal and pull the rest of the world up to you with a parbuckle!" At that statement the gears of destiny shifted in both their lives and both thought long. It was not a thing to be done twice.

* * * *

The sun had set. Old Stone Hall shone like a city that is set upon a hill. A long waith of smoke issued from its chimney—a gray plume limned against the crimson twilight.

(The End.)

GIVE ME THE NIGHT

By Fred Brown, '26

Give me the night, the beautiful night,
 With its gleaming stars, its moonbeams bright;
 While the perfume of flowers from hill and dell
 Breathe o'er me with a soothing spell.
 Give me the night with its gems afar,
 Looking down in love is each trembling star;
 My thoughts then soar to another sphere,
 To a place more bright than this one here.
 Give me the night, the clear, calm night,
 To me it brings a sweet delight;
 Each star looks down with an angel's smile
 To cheer my weary heart the while.
 Give me the night, with its gems on high,
 With dim spirit voices ever nigh;
 'Tis then I am ever yearning to gaze
 On the loved and lost of today.
 Give me the night with its soft dreamy hours,
 When hushed to repose are the gay birds and flowers;
 'Tis when I breathe forth each heart-hidden thought
 In silence from the fragrance of roses brought.
 With its gleaming stars, its moonbeams bright;
 While the perfume of flowers from hill and dell
 Breathes o'er me a soothing spell,
 Then give me the night!

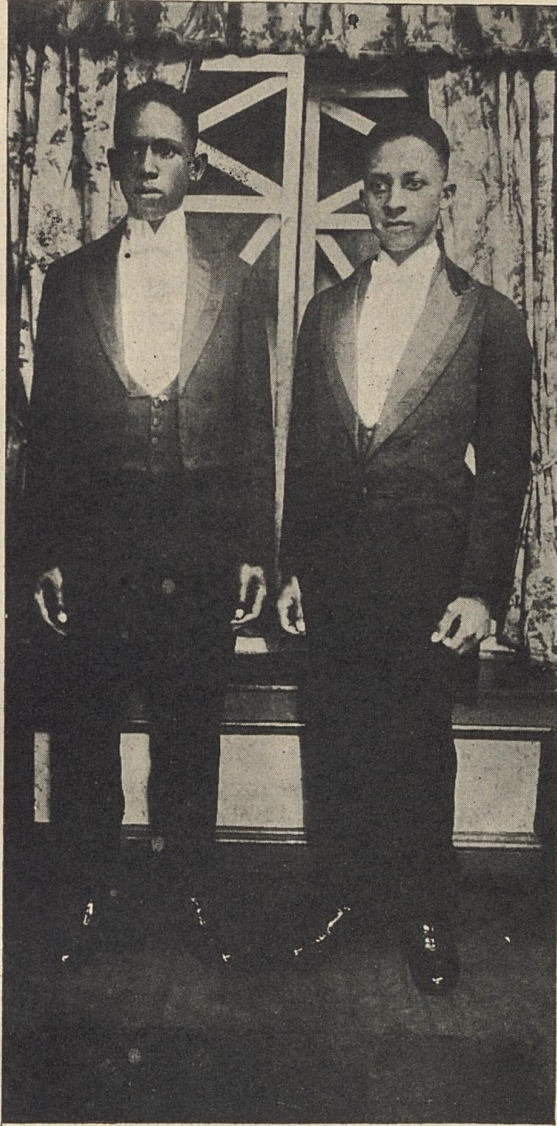
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WILLIAM PENDLETON AND ALONZO BOHANNON
*Members of the debating team which unanimously
defeated Howard.*

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THE CALL FOR CHRISTIANITY

By Theodore Russell, H. S. '24.

The world is in need of Christianity today as rarely before in the History of the World. Today Europe is calling for a zealous Christian Moses to lead her out of the chaos into which she has been plunged. America in a measure is in dire need of the same Force to halt the first chapter of the Decline of Rome. In short, the most advanced countries of the world give proof conclusive of the lack of a guiding spirit to solve the manifold problems of the work-a-day world.

Who are to solve these problems? Better still, who are to awaken this world of ours to the full realization that the first chapter of the decline of the most glorious civilization ever known is daily being written? As we trace the History of the world we find that Men and Women with implicit faith in the Immaculate God were the ones to lead in solving the world's problems. Beginning with Moses and coming through the pages of time to Lincoln and Roosevelt, this fact is beautifully illustrated.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God must the present and future men and women be who will solve the problems of today and tomorrow.

THE VOICE OF THE GLEN

The glen? Perhaps you don't know where that is. A little lot bounded by cultivation on the one hand and by culture on the other, here by barbarism and there by a little frequented street stretching in unreckoned tranquility where the sweet and reposeful influences of a blue-enameled sky, a gilded shield of sun and light breezes calculated to agitate the sylvan chimes of music 'till they vibrate with the lure of the Pipes of Pan. And that quiet street too, it must be admitted, encroaches upon the glen; for the city dumps much of its rubbish there, and one may see there anything from a cook-stove or a chair to bed-springs and newspapers. And down in the ravine (and I confess myself at a loss to decide whether the glen made the ravine or the ravine the glen!) a portion of the city sewer exposes its rounded gray back like a serpent lying there to sun.

But it is the trees more than anything else that decide whether it shall be a glen or just a vacant lot. The conquest here has been made by the spreading broad-leaved trees—oaks, gums, button-woods and a few others. There is not a pine or a hemlock in sight. Perhaps 'tis a prescriptive rigor of the soil. The spreading leaves purify the air, furnish delightful shade for the weary, the festive or the thoughtful and shut out the peering gaze of the curious; but here and anon give furtive glances into the world beyond. The tree under which I sit is one of the

gums—a sweet-gum—as are all those higher up on this side of the hollow. Thru an aperture directly in front of where I sit I can see a gray post on somebody's porch standing like a lone sentinel before a wall. The massive leaves of a black (?) oak wave around a renegade branch hanged by an unrelenting vine. O sylvan justice! There is a group of two black-gum trees which may have been twins. They are both giants now. Yonder is a similar group of three. There are oaks of many shades—pea, Nile and dark green. And there is the unmistakable serrated leaf and freckled bark of the sycamore whose branches climb in slender grace towards the sky.

That little tree with the olive-green leaves down there in the hollow must be an alder. Its leaves stick closely, rather more like feathers than anything else I can think of. There is something to be learned from trees that thus grow upright upon the steep slope of the rising ground. There is a tree lowered down from some mishap of nature or some rampage of the little denizens of the wild wood in other years; yet it has contrived to send a branch straight up and later to lift its head so. A tree yonder reminds one of a hand holding a censer of offering sacrifice. Another lifts its head in a prayer towards heaven. There is one with its branches akimbo with pride. That has boughs raised for benediction. This bowed in meditation. Yonder droops in weary laugour—but that's a willow: perhaps 'tis sad.

The grass is quite delicate in the shade and the larger weeds keep out. The hills lie bare with quite rugged grace on the higher slopes. Further down there are bitter weeds with gowns of green and yellow hoods and rosaries of unwieldy proportions and more brilliant hue. You can't see the daisies for their frills. They are the flowers that grew from the stars that fell and sprouted from the ground. But see how the little weeds grow up to the very margin of that ledge and draw back in wounded surprise! Here the rocks and the roots peer forth from the ground side by side; but the roots have held their own and lie twisted, gnarled and spliced into the very fibre of the hill. The hills give and grow bare, but the valley is pregnant and veiled. Nature knows! There are secrets buried there!

—A. B., '24.

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BASE BALL TEAM 1923



C a m p u s

SCHOOL CLOSING—Atlanta University is about to come to the end of another successful year, and every one on our campus is preparing to depart. Some will go home while others will go north in search of work. It is here that the Local Editor wishes to thank teachers and students who helped to make this section of "The Greatest School Paper" what it has been. We wish every one a successful summer.

MOTION PICTURES—On Friday evening, April 27, the last film of the term, "The Last of the Mohicans," was enjoyed by all who attended. The Recreation Committee is to be congratulated upon their choosing such inspiring and appropriate photoplays.

HERNDON PRIZE CONTEST—Through the kindness of Mr. A. F. Herndon, the annual Herndon Prize Contest in public speaking will again be offered this year. Many contestants are expected to try for this contest, not for the prize alone but for the practice in public speaking.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT—The Tenth Annual Glee Club concert was successfully rendered on Friday evening, May 4, in Ware Memorial Chapel. The Glee Club, ably assisted by the University Orchestra, was at its best, and the audience manifested much pleasure by their constant applause. The feature of the evening was Mr. Henry Furlow's solos. He was twice called back to render encores. It is fitting that Mr. Furlow should receive the plaudits of the audience for his excellent singing, for it was mainly due to his untiring efforts as president that the Glee Club creditably functioned this year.

VISITORS—At the chapel exercises of May 8th, we were honored by a visit of a delegation of prominent Negro business men from St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Heman Perry, president of the Standard Citizens-Service of Atlanta, was in charge of this delegation, showing them about the different places in Atlanta. He introduced Mr. Burtner, of the delegation, who headed the delegation coming from the People's Loan and Finance Company of St. Louis, which operates the only Morris Plan Loan Bank of Negroes in the world. Mr. Burtner introduced President Charles E. Herrin of the Company; Secretary J. E. Stanley;

Director Edward Grant, a dentist; Mr. C. H. Greener, a tonsorial artist; Dr. G. D. Dixon, a physican; Dr. Leroy Dabl, president of the Douglas Life Insurance Company; Mr. J. E. Mitchell, editor of the largest Negro newspaper in the Southwest; and Dr. G. B. Keith co-owner of the largest Negro baseball park in the world. These representative business men were well pleased with the Negro business enterprises and colleges of Atlanta, expressed a hope to inoculate some of the principles learned from the Negro business men of Atlanta in their enterprises. They also propose to prepare a larger place for us who are now being educated to help in weaving the destiny of our now growing race.

AFTERNOON TEA—The Senior Normal and the History of Education Classes were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Webster at an afternoon tea, given at Chase Cottage, Wednesday afternoon, May 2. The pleasant hours were spent in playing various games, then the delicious luncheon was served. The guests expressed gratitude to the host and hostess for the delightful affair.

COMING EVENTS—We are looking forward with a great deal of interest to the Farewell Sociable, for many friends will be together for the last time, perhaps, in many months; The Commencement Shakespearean Play; Shop Day and Commencement Exercises. Many outside friends are expected to these many treats.

FROM THE BLUE TRIANGLE

During the past year the representatives of the Crimson and Gray have carried the colors to victory in many fields of endeavor. Our hearts have overflowed with joy on many occasions.

Last June there was held at Fisk University an Annual Summer Conference of Student Y. W. C. A.'s. Atlanta University was represented by Miss Leah E. Griffin as Undergraduate Representative, and Miss Alta Mai Thompson as President of our local Association. As a result, Miss Griffin was chosen to be National Representative of Colored Students on the National Student Council. The fact is significant when we remember that there were about 25 Undergraduate Representatives attending the Conference.

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CAPT. JOHN LEAKE
All Southern Center 1923

It is the purpose of the Association to build up a spirit of love and good will among all the students, to encourage a love of the beautiful, and to impress upon them the value of a healthy body. Through these activities the spirit of the Master Friend is brought closer than most of us realize. The local Association has made rapid progress during the past school year, but there remains much to be done. Our goal is to make it a powerful influence on the campus, so that we may indeed be one great family. Organization is but a means to an end. We shall have failed if we perfect the smoothest of mechanism and neglect that side of the triangle which is the foundation of the whole movement. Upon the shoulders of the new administration falls the mantle of the old. We leave this challenge; that in the coming year they carry the work on to heights of love, fellowship, and influence of which the upholders of Diamond Hill's traditions may justly be proud.

—Alta Mai Thompson.

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Hurricane Athletics

CRIMSON HURRICANE HAS GREAT SPRING PRACTICE Four Teams Report to Chief Aiken

The Spring practice of the Crimson Hurricane is history. The second year of Chief Aikens' work as chief mentor of football in Atlanta University has written its first chapter,—some early date in September will begin the others, and Turkey Day will close the second volume.

A word of the first year is not amiss now. Yesterday we had a third rate football team, as you know. Today we are football champions of the southeast. Yesterday few schools would have considered us as having a chance to win. Today we stand where most champions stand—on a pinnacle, feared by opponents, dodged by would be opponents. Yesterday we had no football reputation. Today we stand where few have stood before—on the Southern football world. That is progress, and Chief Aiken is the man who wrought it. Honor to whom honor, tribute to whom tribute, is due, is the way The Best BOOK puts it.

Four teams reported to Chief Aiken and Mr. J. C. McMorris, the new backfield coach. Mr. McMorris is a lettered man from Lincoln. Among these many new men gave earmarks of being varsity material; Gassett, H. Brown and DeLorme are men who will surely make the varsity next year from present indications.

Chief Aiken expressed great expectations for another championship team next year, and is relying on the new material to help largely to bring home the bacon. "No place on the team has been won because of a year's service," so said Chief. "You must show the goods to retain your positions. Every man who is now in Atlanta University and who will enter this fall will have the same chance to make the team."

SCHEDULE

The Scroll carried a tentative schedule of the Crimson Hurricane in the January issue. Since then several changes have been made. Virginia Union has replaced Howard, Haines has replaced Paine and Tennessee State Normal has replaced Knoxville College. Manager A. B. Chennault gives his complete schedule below:



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C. H. ...

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- Oct. 6—Knox Institute, Atlanta.
 Oct. 13—Haines Institute at Augusta.
 Oct. 20—Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee.
 Oct. 27—Tennessee State Normal at Atlanta.
 Nov. 3—Claflin University at Orangeburg.
 Nov. 10—Virginia Union at Atlanta.
 Nov. 17—Fisk University at Atlanta.
 Nov. 24—Clark University at Atlanta.
 Nov. 29—Morris Brown University at Atlanta.

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Two more roommates, "Boob" and Steele,
Never have they missed a meal.
There's "Big Soo," both strong and bold,
Wild about his jelly roll.
Cyril and "Red" his little roommate,
"Chief" and "Judge" can keep them straight.
T. "Mitt" West, so good and kind;
"Pete" Montgomery of the "Ragged Nine."
Oscar Peay and "Grit" DeLorme
Know just when King Tut was born.
Here's sweet papa Jazzy Breaker
Widely known as a "cootie shaker."
That's Dick Sinquefield—Think he's meek?
Huh, he's the real "Black Bottom" Sheik.
"Tin Lizzie" and "Squat," they're B. B. Sheiks too,
"Squat" wears a number eleven shoe;—
Now you know all on the third floor
Come on and you'll meet some more.
On the left resides "Big John"—
Crazy 'bout his gin and corn.
On the right is "Buckshot's" crib—
He's so fat he wears a bib.
"Goodie" Lay and "Papa" Joe—
Lay beats drums, Joe blows the jobo.
A. B. "Cheney" and "Knockout" Brown
"Knockout's" the ugliest man in town.
Next is "old man" Booker T.
"Red" and "Fritz" stay with him free.
Harold Scott lives soft and sweet
Since he left "Bill" Rountree's feet.
Well, this ends the second wing.

Now you're going to see something.
 First we'll see "Big Dad" and Hayes
 Both have got the "Honey Craze."
 "Boss" Morton, whose head is small,
 Keeps things quiet in this hall.
 "Honey" Rountree rcoms in there;
 It takes a rake to comb his hair.
 There's G. F. Ponder and "Madame" Walker,
 Around the girls, "Madame's" quite a talker.
 "Pee Wee" Williams and Alexander
 Twice engaged to Mrs. Zander.
 Next is Louis Henderson,
 Drinks strong potash just for fun.
 Brown and Brown from Athens, Greece
 Both in quest of the "Golden Fleece."
 Garnell Mills lives in that dump
 With his roommate "Shissy Chump."
 But don't think you have meet them all—
 Two more remain over in Stone Hall.
 Why, your visit will be incomplete
 If "Teaser" and "Appy" you do not meet;
 "Appy" sees things just as they ain't
 "Teaser" truly loves his "Saint."

M. W. C. '25.

CORRECTION

"Shissy Chump" says that he does not mind our writing about him but wishes that we had called him something other than a "Shissy Chump," so from now on, in accordance with the request he submitted to the Humorous Editor, we must all call him "Shissy Papa."

\$50.00 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE—DEAD OR ALIVE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE—UNNAMED SPECIMEN

Height about 5 feet, 4 inches; width about 4 feet. Wears number 14 shoe on a "clubfoot" last. Has habit of strolling about with left hand over eyes asking himself, "Oh my, my, where shall we go?" May be seen at ten minutes before every meal pacing up and down diagonal walk. As the hands of the clock approach meal time as a limit his speed increases in proportion until just as the bell rings he is making at least 90 miles per hour.

Wears coat long enough to make useful horse blankets. Trousers would make an excellent pair of tights for the biggest elephant in Ringling Brothers' Circus.

Length of hair about 13 inches when last measured and is still growing. Responds to the name of "Catch-Him," "Pounce Upon Him" or "Do away with Him."

\$50,000 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE--DEAD OR ALIVE

Signed: International Barbers' Association, Inc.

MILDLY SPEAKING

In this world of woes and tears,
Man is reckoned by his years,
Yet he conquers all his fears—
Mildly speaking.

In a certain southern school
Lives a guy whose name is Pool,
Around the boys he is a fool
Mildly speaking.

I took him out to call one day,
I thought he could drive the blues away
For on the jobo he could play—
Mildly speaking.

Took him around to see sweet Mabel,
Who lives behind the livery stable,
She ate whenever she was able—
Mildly speaking.

After an hour old Pool said,
"I think I better go to bed,
"Gee! I am getting sort of 'fraid—
Mildly speaking.

Now Mabel was my only girl,
She was as nutty as a squirrel,
Oh! boy I say she was a pearl,
Mildly speaking.

She told old Pool one day to call,
She knew I didn't care at all,
Oh! no, I wouldn't even bawl—
Mildly speaking.

Oh! ask me now if Pool is meek,
Oh! ask me if he is a freak,
Gosh! almighty he is a Sheik—
Mildly speaking.

**CONFESSIONS OF A CAVE MAN WHO DIED THE DEATH
OF A POLE CAT**

One dark starry night, as I was wandering thru the dark woods of Buckhead, Ga., I heard a faint cry, almost feminine in its pitch, calling, "Succor, succor, I desire aid." The blood in my hair stood on edge, so great was my fright. Surely, this must be some fair maiden held up by Jesse James and his gang! I must lend a helping hand.

Softly rolling on both knees I approached the direction from which the sound seemed to come. As I neared a big cluster of okra bushes, I could see a dark form, swaying up and down, with a hot dog in one hand and a piece of pie in the other. My nostrils expanded in syncopated rhythm as I smelled the faint odor of skunk cologne which proceeded from the carefully rumpled sleeves of its pants. In two springs I was at its side. To my amazement and horror, I saw a man about 4 feet, 1.3 inches in height, with coal black hair, struggling to free himself from an entanglement of cobwebs. Working for thirty minutes, I finally succeeded in freeing this poor creature from his impending danger.

Having devoured the lunch which he had been holding since noon, he began to tell me the history of his life.

"Stranger, I have been in a great many cities in this old U. S., and have experienced a goodly number of hardships, but never have I been so utterly wrecked in heart as I was in Atlanta, Ga. About two years ago, I came from New York to Atlanta University as a Freshman. Things went on rather smoothly for about a month, when, one day, as I was walking down the serpentine, I saw a little girl—sweet thing who began to make eyes or faces at me. I was caught off my guard for I had left my DERBY HAT in my room, and it is a comparatively easy matter to be thus enhanced by so beautiful a girl. Our little flirtation did not stop this day but continued for quite a while. It lasted so long that I began to think that I was really THE PAPA. But as someone is always taking the joy out of life, and as my life is no exception I began to be miserable. KNOCKERS guyed me and called me CHUMP just because I sent the little lady a gallon of cream every week. To add to my misery a cruel MAN (ley) came out in a Ford RACER one day and absolutely obliterated my position with this queen. I tried to appear cool and nonchalant but I, like the roses of the garden, began to pine away and wither. I decided upon a desperate plan. I would end my life! So in accordance with my plan, I bought a pie, a weiner and a butcher knife with which

and is
Pounce

LIVE
Inc.

to shoot myself. About eleven o'clock I entered these woods to eat and then to die happy. But unfortunately my foot became entangled in this nasty nuisance and here I am. Now, if you will pardon me, I shall continue to carry out my plan."

Saying this, he drew his knife, ran three paces to the right, spied into the distance, scratched his back, sneezed, and then began to do the BLACK BOTTOM WALTZ. I seized him by the nose and yelled, "If you attempt to shoot yourself with that knife, I will choke you to death." My words had no effect. He drew himself free from my grip, cried "POOH! POOH!" kicked himself in the chest, sneezed again, and then shot out what little brains he had tied in his napkin with his knife.

I left the dead body standing in the woods picking its teeth.

—M. W. C. '25

DR. CHAS. L. WALTON

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PART II
Dedicated to the Seniors
1923

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OFFICERS OF SENIOR CLASSES

COLLEGE

Mark A. Thomas, Jr., President
Rebecca Bloodworth, Vice-President
Ruth Lee, Secretary
Winifred A. Hamilton, Treasurer

CLASS MOTTO

Ex Conditione Veritas

CLASS COLOR

Sunburst Rose

NORMAL

Nell C. Hall, President
Louisly M. Oslin, Vice-President
Phoebe H. Whittaker, Secretary
Kate N. Goosby, Treasurer

CLASS MOTTO

We ask not for rest, but strength to labor on.

CLASS COLOR

Silver and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Pea

HISTORY OF THE NORMAL CLASS OF 1923**By Katherine M. Ragland**

In October of 1921, we returned to Atlanta University as "dignified Juniors," and with a determination to make our influences felt among the student body. Together with the large number of Juniors who had completed the Normal preparatory course, there entered our class four young women from college Preparatory Department and one from Macon and two from Brunswick, thus enlarging our number to twenty-seven strong. Each did their part in making the class strong and united, as well as to increase the intellectual standing of the class as a whole.

The social features of our Junior year were the "Valentine Prom," and a May Festival which everyone enjoyed, and which put us in high social recognition. On Shop day we presented the pageant "The Crowning of the May Queen," in which all the dances were originated by the class. It was a great success, despite inclement weather.

We began our Senior year with our number slightly diminished, some preferring the class of '24, while two others sought business courses. We also welcomed one other who had deserted us in our Junior year for another school, but felt the love for dear old A. U. so strong that she could not resist the call of '23.

We entered heartily in all the school activities, and were successful in the beginning to make our class one hundred per cent. for the "Scroll." We have striven to make this a year of success. The majority of the students have made records that will not be forgotten soon, and we hope that after we are gone and perhaps forgotten, the things we have done will be an inspiration to the following Senior Classes.

We, the class of '23 leave Atlanta University to enter the school of life, always bearing in mind, "I will find a way or make one," just as we have always done.



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HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE CLASS OF '23**F. M. Armstrong**

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are now about to hear the history of the most famous class of the year.

These young men and young ladies who sit before you to-day, have fought a good fight and have kept the faith and have finished their courses.

In October of 1915, there came up Diamond Hill a group of boys and girls seeking the "Open Door." It was a very exciting event and it took days before the thrill wore off. Finally we settled down to work. As the years rolled by nothing unusual happened except we were boycotted as first year students.

In the fall of 1916, the present class began its actual career, for it was then that 15 young girls united themselves with 25 boys and became known as the II preparatory college class.

The opening of the school year of 1917 brought us to our Junior preparatory class and it was this year that we added to our number two girls and one boy, Misses Jessie Penn and Evelyn Scott, and Mr. Booker T. McGraw. Some of us made ourselves worthy of a place in the Senior preparatory class while others remained to enjoy a second year in the Junior preparatory.

In 1918 we were fortunate to have added to our ranks Misses Edna Thompson and Rebecca Bloodworth who proved to be an asset with their active brains; also Mr. Marcellus Goff.

We pressed from high school to college, only to be branded as "Crabs" or "Fresh" men. Ah, but this was a glorious year for us, for there came fourteen ladies and one young man, making our number 32. We were very glad to have them. Of these fifteen who came to us, we have in our present class those who have proven themselves worthy of their place in Atlanta University; they are Misses Helen Chandler, Ruth Lee Alta Mai Thompson, Kathryn McCracken, Louise Laney and Jerusha Crawford. It was in this year that the Campus became aware of the talent of this class. The class presented the play, "Every Youth." The play was a big success and we were able to give to our school the sum of \$100.00

In the fall of 1920 we passed to our sophomore year feeling much wiser than ever before. It was a grand day when we realized we were in the "wise" bunch! From this point we have had no additions but we lost Mr. George Jones, who left us to study in Michigan, and Mr. Joseph Clark, who left us to study elsewhere. The year closed with Misses Bloodworth, Chandler and E Thompson taking honors.

We entered the fall of 1921 preparing for the spring of 1923. For we knew we must not wait until the last moment to prepare for it. We all settled down for a hard year.

The fall of 1922 came and to our surprise we found Mr. Marcellus Goff had left us to join the class of '23 of Howard.

It would be unjust to not tell you that in this class we have some people who have helped Atlanta University upward. Miss Alta Mai Wright Thompson was president of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1922-23. Miss Leah Griffin has been Undergraduate representative at student Conferences. Misses Vera Gibson and Flossie Armstrong have taken prizes in the Herndon Contest; Miss Armstrong was also a member of the University Orchestra. Mr. Booker T. McGraw was a member of the 1922 Championship football team and manager of basket and baseball teams. Misses Chandler, Laney and E. Thompson have participated in playing for the exercises of the school.

Now as we stand on the threshold, looking upon the world, we dare not ask what move shall we take next for Atlanta University has placed in our right hand a sword and in our left hand a torch.

Twenty Three she speaks to you—

Twenty Three she pleads to you—

Twenty Three she commands you—

"Find a way, or make one!"



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FAREWELL A. U.

Tune of Soldiers' Farewell—Kinkel

A. U. Tis hard to leave thee,
No joy to say farewell.
You're life, hope and joy to us;
You're more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS

Farewell, Farewell, A. U. Farewell.
Farewell, Farewell, A. U. Farewell.
You gave friends we'll ne'er forget,
Made pure thoughts a part of us.
A. U. we would not leave thee,
But our duties loud do call.

CHORUS

We part but hope to meet thee,
Life's silver cord may sever;
In heaven we hope to greet thee,
And claim thee ours forever.

Nell C. Hall, N. '23

NATURES CHEMIST SPEAKS

By Nell C. Hall, N '23

I would go into the great, boundless world of imagination and take you there with me. It's a glorious morning to stroll down to mother nature's palace. Will you go? Then get into my violet chariot and my winged Pegasus, the song of a lark, will bear us far away to nature's peaceful abode.

Ah! There she sits on the throne of the world—we will go in.

Good morning, Dame Nature, we do not wish to disturb you, we only wish to see how you make such beautiful things.

"I am very glad that you have come," exclaims mother Nature, "I am very glad to have you visit my work shops. I wish all humanity would. My chemist is the busiest person here, perhaps you would like to speak with him. Come right into his laboratory."

My, what a queer place this is! Such strange chemicals are everywhere. I do believe I see the substances he makes all manner of plant life from! Oh! did you see him pour all

those liquids into that large vat? and look, do you see that man coming forth? let us speak to him—perhaps he will tell us of his wonderful work. He has seen us—Hush!—He speaks:

“Brutes find out where their talents lie,
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five barred gate.
A dog, by instinct, turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature,
Who led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries—“Forbear”
With obstinacy, fires there.
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly, bends his whole designs.”

“Children of earth, in this laboratory all things which breathe beneath the sun are made. The glorious sunsets are fashioned here, the beautiful blossoms and the picturesque rainbow is a by-product of this shop.

“Man is made here too. He is my masterpiece. I will give you my formula for him. To a two-legged, two-armed body I add two hands, each equipped with a thumb, then I set on top a head, into which I have compounded a complex brain. To some I add a drop or two of art, to others a quantity of philosophy, to others a quantity of theology or science. Then to some I give the ability to do the world’s so-called drudgery work. When I have finished God gives him a soul and presents him to Earth.

“Strange to say, some of those I made to preach to the world are trying to dance for it, while those I made to be hewers of wood are wasting a life striving to be painters of sunsets. Some tillers of the soil are striving to be lawyers, while some great writers consent to be drawers of water and scrubbers of decks. Some of my shoe-makers are cobbling in Congress, while many statesmen are pounding the shoe last. Some of my surgeons are working with meat cleavers and some of my butchers are butchering human flesh.

“For years I made Joan of Arc, George Eliot and Jane Addams who sat in four narrow walls and gathered children about their feet whom they could not teach, while the three mothers of the world were fighting for their countries thrones. of the soil persist in handling the pens of Lincoln and Moses. scullery maids will not let the pens of Dante be and my tillers

“I see my Napoleons handling the chisels of Phidias, my Beechers and Whitfields using the Egyptian’s trowels. My

"The world is centuries behind because its people refuse to do that for which they are made. That is why poverty and chaos sit enthroned where prosperity and peace should reign.

"Go back to your homes. Tell humanity to find its place, stay in it and make it beautiful; for are diamonds not always diamonds? Are rubies sometimes emeralds? Are elephants sometimes cats? Then why should Bethovens choose to be Booker T. Washingtons? Why should Shakespeares wish to be Napoleons? Think it over for yourselves. Peace be with you, farewell."

PASSING ON

By Nettie E. Johnson, N. '23

A few weeks ago as I was passing down the hall I heard the Principal tell a group of young women standing in the hall to "pass on." This was not the first time I had heard these words, but that morning they seemed to strike me more forcibly than before. Passing on means more than merely passing out of the hall blocking the passage: it also means passing on into the thoroughfares of life and in this way lessening the tension of the traffic of life. Are we, the Seniors of Atlanta University ready to pass on into the world of possibilities? One of the greatest needs of the world today is men and women, who are capable of "passing on": those who can endure the strain of our concentrated civilization and give a great deal for a small return. We see thousands of students who graduate each year and turn out to be only "memory glands," instead of being brainey men and women. Simply because they lack the ability to keep passing on and grow. They are satisfied at simply being graduated and think that as soon as they have left the halls through which they have been asked to pass, that they are through passing on. Thus we find, "so many promising youths and never a finished man."

As we read History we find that those who are greatest are those who possess the quality of "wholeness", who come up to the highest standards and who pass on, never stopping, but steadily developing and enriching their minds. If the class of 1923 would pass on with the determination that every statement they make will be true; that they will keep every promise they make; that every appointment is kept with strictest faithfulness and with full regard for other people's time and that their reputation is a most priceless treasure, they would come to have the almost unlimited credit and confidence of everybody.

According to the life of Vice-President Henry Wilson, he was determined not to lose an opportunity for the development of self culture and self advancement, or in other words, to "Pass On." He seized these opportunities as though they were gold, and in time he became one of the leading men in the governing of a large group of people. When we are not near to hear those who are interested in us of telling us to pass on, let us take all the chances and possibilities in spare moments to really pass on, helping ourselves and thus being able to help develop the younger boys and girls into a great race, who will steadily pass on."

EX CONDITIO VERITAS

By Mark A. Thomas, Jr.

President of Senior College class

Forward sweeps the tide of human pulsations and desires from out of an uncertain sea of possibilities washing the shore of realities. The huge swirling breakers gather, rise and give way beneath their gigantic top heaviness—these are the individuals attracted by the moon of chance. Some stumbling, some gliding and some being pushed, all trying to reach the ultimate good that only success can bring. Then comes the opposing motion. In the physical world, it is the opposite force, the reaction that tends to establish equilibrium or to negate the action of the initial force. In the human field it is the conflicting force of individual interests that determine the making or breaking of the man. At the first onset of hostile forces will man lose his grip and return to dead level of the crowd or will he take advantage of some depression and stick on shores of realities. It is the relatively few who will stick, for to follow the path of least resistance, is to return to the line of possibilities.

Nevertheless, we of this class who have traveled through the storms and stress of possibility and who are to shortly anchor on the safe shores of reality are made of the cohesive stuff that binds and keeps elements together. All for one and one for all we will stick and if need be, together we will go back but fighting as the cornered tiger with his back to the wall. This is the spirit of the class of '23.

CLASS PROPHECY

By L. Mae Oslin, N. '23

It has been six years since I left dear old Atlanta University, and I have been teaching in the little town of Dublin, Ga., for many years. I am going to put aside the old red speller and arithmetic, and tour the country.

We first stop at Chicago. Can this really be the wonderful city that I have heard so much talk of? Who is this attractive figure that I see coming down the street? Surely she is a person of note, because she has a clarinet under one arm and a violin under the other. Why this is none other than my old school mate, Miss Flossie Armstrong. She is the director of music at Chicago University. She invites me to visit the University, and there I found so many of my school mates and class mates. Jimmie Braswell is Miss Armstrong's assistant, and Mattie Breedlove is studying law. Who is this graceful sedate figure that I see approaching me? Why it is my old classmate, Phoebe Whittaker. She has charge of one of the largest kindergartens in Chicago, and is doing wonderful work.

I am loathe to leave Chicago, because I have renewed so many old friendships, but I must go to New York. I have always longed to visit this wonderful city. Two ladies board the same train and take a seat in front of me; they both seem so happy. When I looked at them closely, I find that they are none other than Rebecca Bloodworth and Lee Cade, old schoolmates of mine. Both are happily married and they tell me that their little love nests are in Rhode Island and invite me to see them. On arriving at New York, I bade my friends goodbye and went to one of the hotels for the night. On my way to my room, whom should I meet but my old classmate, Hildred Russell? She is a stenographer for one of the largest firms in New York.

The next day we went sight seeing; whom do you suppose we met with smiles radiating all over her face? None other than my old school mate, Helen Chandler, now Mrs. Goff. Her husband is practicing law in New York. She told me that many of the girls were there. She took me to the home of Miss Nell Hall, who is now one of the world's renowned artists. While at Miss Hall's who should come in but Lola Cade, who is a graduate elocutionist; Leola Dobbs, who is teaching in the public schools of New York; and Jewell Cooke, who is a special student in elocution at Columbia University.

I now thought of the visit I had planned making to Rebecca Bloodworth and Lee Cade in Rhode Island. As I was leaving the

train who should drive up to the station in a big car but an old classmate of mine, Jimmie Braswell, who is now principal of a girls' high school in New York. She had left Chicago to fill this important engagement. She told me that Janie Wakefield lived only around the corner, and away we went to Janie's home. Janie was now a matron of a boys school in Virginia, and she was in Rhode Island for a few months' rest. Finally I arrived at Rebecca's home. The next day we went down to the beach. The first person I met was Jessie Penn. She was now a dashing lady of fashion and music at Boston University. Who are those attractive girls on the board walk? I asked. She only smiled and said, 'Of course you know,' and surely I knew them. They were Amelia Hill, Gladys Barnes, and Hilda Edwards. They were looking as young and pretty as in their old school days. Amelia was teaching music in Vermont, Gladys was a designer in Providence and Hilda was happily married to a Mr. Charlie Manley, and living in the blue hills in Virginia. While I was talking to them of old school days a messenger boy brought me a letter from a dear friend in Connecticut, asking me to come and visit her at once, as she thought I was in need of a good position which she had to offer. I packed my trunk at once, and within a few hours I was in Hartford. When I arrived at my friends home I found that I was to meet the supervisor of all the schools in Connecticut. It was my old school mate, Winfred Hamilton, who held this responsible position. He asked me to take a tour with him through the country districts of Connecticut and observe the wonderful school facilities. Our first stop was at Buckland, and there I found my old classmate, Eloveize Simmons. She had a small kindergarten, but doing great work. A few miles from Buckland I met Bessie Gartrell, who was now Mrs. Griggs. Her husband was one of the owners of a large tobacco plantation.

Our next stop was another little village about ten miles from Buckland. There I found Flossie King, Louise Sullivan, Kate Young and Alberta Boseboro in the village school. I bade Mr Hamilton goodbye and took a train for Norfolk, Virginia, to visit the Girl's Training School. When I arrived at the school I met Katherine Ragland, who was dean of women. When I was shown in the classrooms the next day, I saw Nettie Johnson who was teacher of Mathematical Geography and Kate Goosby who was the teacher of history. They informed me that Lucy Richardson was also there teaching domestic science. I went over to see her and was very much impressed with her work. I chanced to visit one of the stores, and fortunately met H. Q. Whittaker, Hattie Wimbish and Marion Hill. All were happily married and enjoying perfect bliss.

I had heard so much talk about Hampton, that I decided that this was my one chance to visit it. When I arrived I saw Dr. Leah Griffin, who was doing wonderful work in the practice of medicine and as a Y. W. C. A. worker. I met Jerusha Crawford, who was Dr. Griffin's assistant. I wondered who a sedate young gentleman was till I got close to him, and it was George Singleton, one of the prominent doctors of Hampton. When I visited Hampton Institute I saw Vera Gibson, teacher of German, Kate McCracken, teacher of Zoology, and Edna Thompson, teacher of French.

It was time for me to begin my trip back to my little village school. When the train stopped in Raleigh, I saw professor Mark Thomas, the principal of the city High School, Amelia Harper, Fannie Gordon and Nellie Sinquefield, teachers in his school. Mark told me that Alta Mai Thompson was head of the Y. W. C. A. work in that section.

When the train stopped in Atlanta, I saw Lawyer Booker T. McGraw, who told me that after all he had married an Atlanta girl and was now practicing law in Florida. He told me that Louise Laney had been elected head of Haines Institute to succeed her distinguished aunt. After a short stay in Atlanta I continued my journey to my little village, Dublin. I went straight to the little village school, unpacked my old speller and arithmetic, and was happy in the thought of the great things which had happened to my class and classmates in twenty three years.

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STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR NORMAL CLASS OF '23

By Jimmie A .Braswell, N. '23

Name Gladys Alethia Barnes
 Nick name Jonathan
 Favorite Study Myths
 Best Friend Blue Suit
 Spends spare time Primping
 Pet Expression Ah-rr?

Name Mattie Mae Breedlove
 Nickname Love Breeder
 Favorite Study Laughology
 Best Friend Shoe Polish
 Spends spare time Filing application blanks
 Pet Expression Natchally

Name Lola Ida Cade
 Nickname Jacob
 Favorite Study McNutology
 Best Friend Hairnet
 Spends spare time Cracking more nuts
 Pet Expression Slightly

Name Hilda Eugene Edwards
 Nickname Jew
 Favorite Study Ukeology
 Best Friend Nobody
 Spends spare time Picking on the Uke
 Pet Expression What!

Name Bessie Louise Gartrell
 Nickname Baby Bess
 Favorite Study Manology
 Best Friend Fuzzy blue serge dress
 Spends spare time Looking Baby Earl
 Pet Expression Believe Me

Name Kate Nelson Goosby
 Nickname Shorty
 Favorite Study Cutology
 Best Friend Fritz
 Spends spare time Looking in the cut
 Pet Expression I'll Say

Name Fannie Kate Gordon
 Nickname Buddy
 Favorite Study Ain't got none
 Best Friend Plaid Skirt
 Spends spare time Thinkin about Nat
 Pet Expression Sho' Nuff

Name Aurelia Louise Harris
 Nickname Grit
 Favorite Study None
 Best Friend Anybody
 Spends spare time Talking
 Pet Expression Who, me?

Name Amelia Francis Hill
 Nickname David
 Favorite Study Sanitation
 Best Friend Pink coat suit
 Spends spare time Giving music lessons
 Pet Expression I guess so

Name Nettie Eleanor Johnson
 Nickname Netty
 Favorite Study History of Education
 Best Friend P. P. McDoughall
 Spends spare time Standing at the long gate
 Pet Expression You see!

Name Elizabeth Lemon
 Nickname Socrates
 Favorite Study Physiography
 Best Friend Books
 Spends spare time Collecting data
 Pet Expression Oh, that's different

Name Louisly Mae Oslin
 Nickname Mae
 Favorite Study What's that?
 Best Friend Pocket book
 Spends spare time Exercising her tongue
 Pet Expression Never worry child

Name Katherine Marvin Ragland
 Nickname Modesty
 Favorite Study Teaching
 Best Friend Madam Walker's preparations
 Spends spare time Looking at the hair roll
 Pet Expression I presume so

Name Alberta Koseboro
 Nickname Prophetess
 Favorite Study The Bible
 Best Friend Cotton Stockings
 Spends spare time Lookin about
 Pet Expression I don't know

Name Hildred Russell
 Nickname Weeping Willow
 Favorite Study Manology
 Best Friend Selma
 Spends spare time Watchin for him
 Pet Expression Think of me little daddy

Name Eva Eloivieze Simmons
 Nickname Baby
 Favorite Study Those we don't have
 Best Friend Members of the D. I. I. C. C.
 Spends spare time Thinking (bout nothing)
 Pet Expression Stop now

Name Louise Sullivan
 Nickname Slow
 Favorite Study Nothing
 Best Friend Work..
 Spends spare time Working hard
 Pet Expression Yes I did

Name Blanche Ernestine Peters
 Nick name Fatty
 Favorite Study Eatology
 Best Friend Checker board skirt
 Spends spare time Boasting
 Pet Expression Oh!

Name Marion Julia Hill
 Nick name Slow Martie
 Favorite Study Story telling
 Best Friend The Fairies
 Spends spare time Sleeping
 Pet Expression Er-Er-Er

Name Janie Katherine Wakefield
 Nick name Jobo
 Favorite Study Jazzology
 Best Friend Braznutts
 Spends spare time Eating Weinnies
 Pet Expression I've gotta egg to stew

Name Hallie Q. Whitaker
 Nick name Light Weight
 Favorite Study Don't know what that is
 Best Friend Spectacles
 Spends spare time Talkin bout next year
 Pet Expression I'm gonna tell my daddy

Name Phoebe Hines Whitaker
 Nick name Feeby
 Favorite Study No special one
 Best Friend Plaid skirt
 Spends spare time Working hard
 Pet Expression If I like that, I like strychnine

Name Hattie Wimbush
 Nick name Hat
 Favorite Study All men
 Best Friend Who is he?
 Spends spare time Gossiping
 Pet Expression I should worry



STATISTICS OF COLLEGE CLASS OF '23
By Kathryn McCracken and Flossie M. Armstrong

Name Flossie Mabel Armstrong
 Nick name Shorty
 Favorite Study Biology
 Best Friend Light Blue Fannel dress
 Spends spare time Going to Music (she says)
 Pet Expression "Golly"

Name Rebecca Louise Bloodworth
 Nick name Becky
 Favorite Study Outside Reading
 Best Friend Blue Skirt
 Spends spare time Gadding about
 Pet Expression Sure

Name Lee Ester Cade
 Nick name Preacher
 Favorite Study Nuttin (Nothing)
 Best Friend Green Coat
 Spends spare time Tipping off
 Pet Expression Who, me?

Name Helen Mae Chandler
 Nick name Pedro
 Favorite Study Mr. Webster's Classes
 Best Friend That purple sweater and skirt
 Spends spare time Gossiping
 Pet Expression I think so

Name Leah Elizabeth Griffin
 Nick name Griff
 Favorite Study Railroad Time Table
 Best Friend That Green dress
 Spends spare time Traveling
 Pet Expression Ain't it the truth

Name Winfred Alonzo Hamilton
 Nick name "Squat"
 Favorite Study Ain't got none-writes love songs
 Best Friend That Red sweater
 Spends spare time Trying to make love
 Pet Expression I believe yeh

Name Margaret Louise Laney
 Nick name Polly
 Favorite Study Sedgwick
 Best Friend Blue Colonial dress
 Spends spare time In black bottom
 Pet Expression That's good

Name Vera Marjorie Gibson
 Nick name Miss Geebson
 Favorite Study Miss Swift's Classes
 Best Friend Butterfly dress
 Spends spare time Primping
 Pet Expression Hush child

Name Ruth Estelle Lee
 Nick name Rastus
 Favorite Study Chemistry
 Best Friend Brown dress
 Spends spare time In the bed
 Pet Expression Do you know one thing?

Name Kathryn Mae McCracken
 Nick name Kate
 Favorite Study How to sleep 36 hours out of 24
 Best Friend Her bed and blue middy
 Spends spare time Sleeping
 Pet Expression What do you know about that?

Name Booker Tanner McGraw
 Nick name Old man
 Favorite Study None
 Best Friend That grey hat
 Spends spare time Copying from others
 Pet Expression What you mean?

Name Mark Anthony Thomas
 Nick name Plug Ugly
 Favorite Study Those he passed in public school
 Best Friend That brown suit
 Spends spare time Trying to dodge responsibilities
 Pet Expression Gee Whiz

Name Alta Mai Wright Thompson
 Nick name Dearest
 Favorite Study Y. W. C. A. News
 Best Friend Her grey suit
 Spends spare time In quiet repose
 Pet Expression Hush Honey

Name Edna Mona Thompson
 Nick name Mournna
 Favorite Study Geology
 Best Friend That green split tail coat
 Spends spare time With Mrs. Coate
 Pet Expression Ain't it the truth

Name Jerusha Louise Crawford
 Nick name Judy
 Favorite Study Minerology
 Best Friend Blue dress
 Spends spare time Trying to get fat
 Pet Expression Yes-s-s



WHY NOT TAKE KINDERGARTEN?**By Genevieve Young, N. '23**

We as students of Atlanta University, looking forward to our future graduation, should take into consideration the value of kindergarten training. We know that we are being educated to go out into the world as instructors of the young. Why not take kindergarten? This will prepare us to lay a foundation from the cradle to the grave. It will bring us in sympathy with children who are now being neglected by poor and ignorant parents who do not realize the value of any education.

Thousands of poor children live in the slum districts, who need to be developed physically, morally, intellectually as well as spiritually, and so receive a foundation which will prepare them in future years for complete living. Why can't we, as students of Atlanta University, enter into this cause in numbers not four, six or eight, but thirty or forty and go into the world in those districts where we are needed.

By so doing establish Kindergartens where they are so much needed for the betterment of our race. Eight students elected the course October 3, 1921, and stuck to it. Eight students will go out this year, as trainers, not to shun and disown their race, but as co-operative force to give their race the best training. We are in need of more teachers to fill the Kindergartens that are being attached to our public schools today. We also need in our factory district Kindergartens and trained Kindergarten teachers to go into the homes to talk with and encourage mothers and explain to them the value of the Kindergarten. There have been white educators since Frederick Froebel's day writing and encouraging our few Kindergartens. Now we need more of our own educated men and women to further participate that our children may enjoy a normal health-life. Why can't we as Kindergarten graduates lead this movement in the interest of a higher cause?

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THE PEOPLE

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

By Lawrence Young, N. C.

It is a common knowledge that the future of our country is in the hands of the youth. We know that we are living in a time of rapid change and that the youth of today will be the leaders of tomorrow. It is our duty as citizens to prepare the youth for the challenges of the future. We must provide them with a sound education and instill in them the values of honesty, integrity, and hard work. We must also provide them with the skills and knowledge necessary to succeed in a competitive world. The future is bright, but it is only if we prepare the youth for it that we can ensure a bright future for all.

The youth of today are the future of our country. They are the ones who will be responsible for the progress and prosperity of our nation. It is our responsibility as adults to guide them and to provide them with the tools they need to succeed. We must ensure that they have access to a quality education and that they are able to develop their talents and abilities. We must also ensure that they are able to make informed decisions and that they are able to take responsibility for their actions. The future is in their hands, and it is up to us to ensure that they are ready to take on the challenges of the future.

FRANK'S STORY IN BRIEF

Frank was a young man who had a bright future ahead of him. He was a hard worker and a good student. He had a strong sense of responsibility and a deep desire to succeed. He was a member of the local youth organization and was active in its activities. He was a leader among his peers and was respected by all. He was a true example of a young man who was prepared for the future.

FRANK'S STORY IN DETAIL

Frank was born in a small town in the South. He was the youngest of four children. He was a very bright child and was always at the top of his class. He was a member of the local youth organization and was active in its activities. He was a leader among his peers and was respected by all. He was a true example of a young man who was prepared for the future.

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