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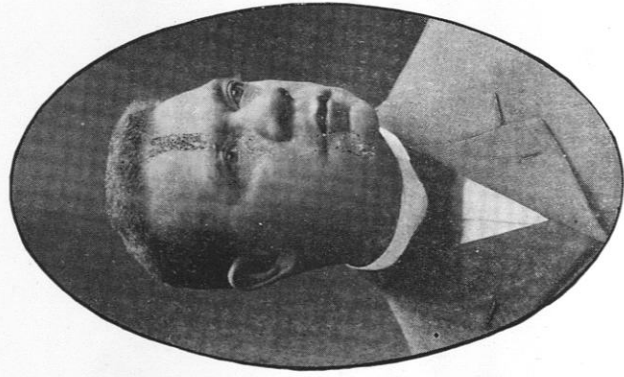
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Class Motto:

**“Climb Though the Rocks be Rugged”**



OUR PRINCIPAL

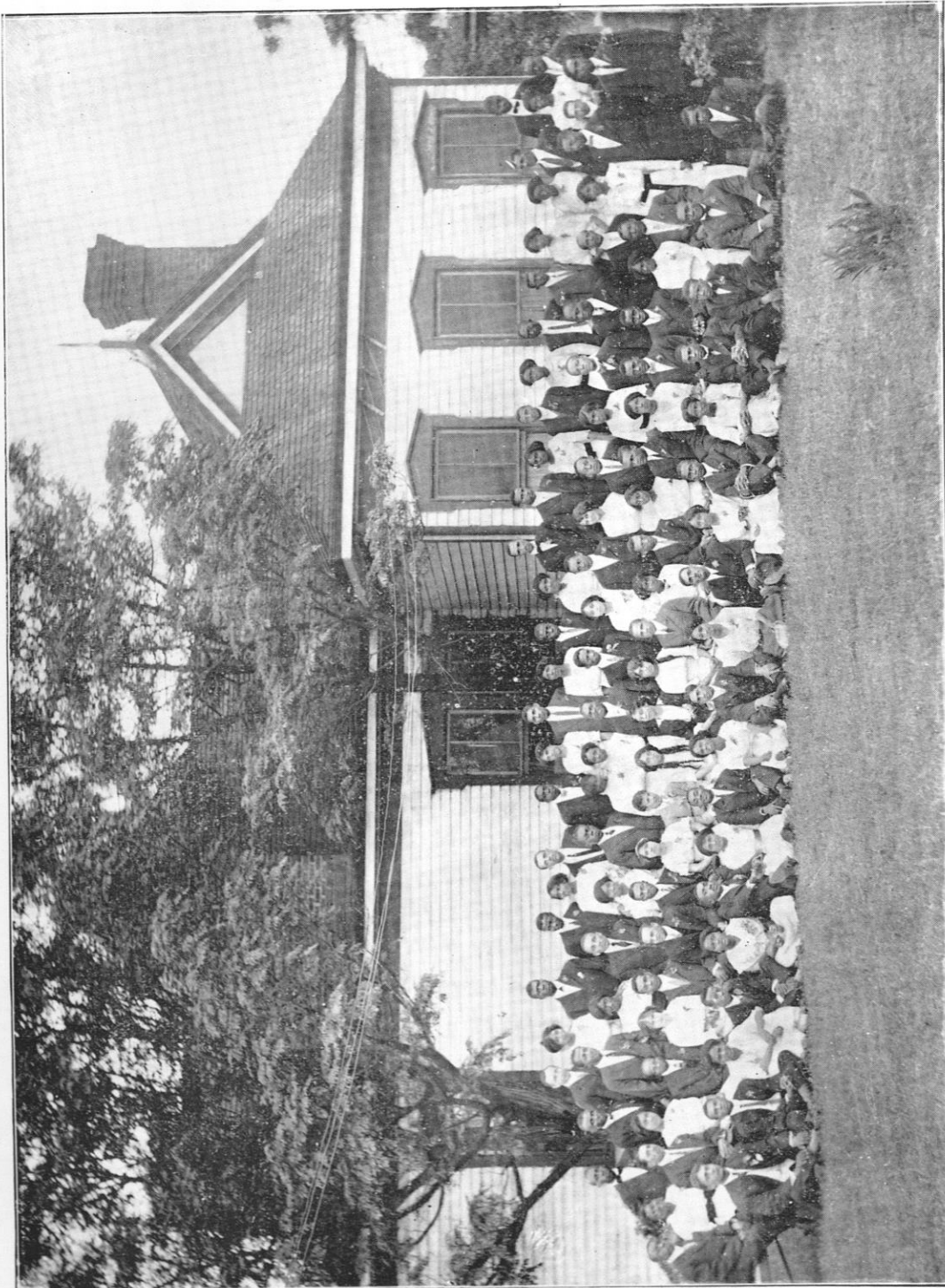
"I believe that any man's life will be filled with constant and unexpected encouragement if he makes it up in his mind to do his level best each day of his life; that is, try to make each day reach as nearly as possible the high water mark of pure, unselfish and useful living."

## PREFACE

We take pride in issuing this graduation edition of the Onyx Gazette because it is the first book of which the student body has held entire control. Again, it is published to meet the demands that may come concerning our achievements or history that we as a class have made. Also, we are issuing this edition to be circulated, especially, among the class, which in after years will be a source of pleasure to pursue.

We hope to encourage our successors, through emulation, to produce even greater achievements.

In giving the work to the public, the author desires to express grateful appreciation of the encouragement and help rendered by contributors. For valuable suggestions and critical supervision, we are especially indebted to Mr. Clement Richardson, head of the English Department. Also, the author wishes to thank Misses Sadie Jones and Mary Brown, and Mr. Mitchell Scott for all the kindly help and council they have given to make this edition a success.—EDITOR.



ONYX CLASS 1914

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## Class Song

THE ONYX FAREWELL TO TUSKEGEE

Music by Stanley R. Williams      Words by Walter L. Hutchinson

In the distance I hear their voices,  
I see them as they come  
It is the "Fighting '14's"  
Bringing the harvest home.

Looking to the future,  
Knowing of the past,  
Success is won by labor,  
We won't be least or last.

Chorus

God of heaven, bless that Flag,  
Our eyes love to behold;  
We will be loyal to that rag,  
Of "Purple" and "Old Gold."  
No land or waters can divide,  
Friendships, Classmates divine,  
As those we have so nobly formed,  
"In Days of Auld Lang Sync."

We have brave men and women,  
With trained head, hand and heart,  
In making our race better,  
They'll surely play their part,  
We have all shouldered the luggage,  
And await the hour sublime,  
We'll "Climb Tho' the Rocks be Rugged,"  
"But Lifting As We Climb."

Chorus

Let others look elsewhere, not home,  
To see success afar;  
We will not, but "Let our buckets down,"  
In places where we are.  
Dear schoolmates, take cheer though the day  
be dark,  
Be your path with clouds o'ercast,  
Try to be merry in your hearts  
Tomorrow it will be past.

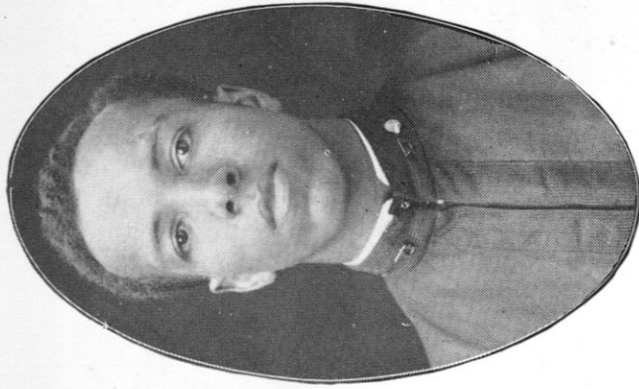
Chorus

To thee, "Oh Mother Tuskegee"  
With loyal hearts, we cling;  
Our lives shaped by thy teaching,  
Thy praise and pride we sing.  
Our class will e'er remember,  
Thee who gave it birth;  
For thou, Tuskegee, art to us,  
The dearest spot on earth.

Chorus

WALTER LEONARD HUTCHERSON

Junior Captain, Institute battalion.  
President Y. M. C. A. President literary  
forum. Director of student banking asso-  
ciation. Class song composer. Bible class  
teacher. Commencement speaker. Three  
years connected with business agents' office.



## Our Success in Track and Field Sports

This year marks our maiden efforts in track and field sports. To arouse enthusiasm in these new sports, the classes were allowed to compete for championship. By this form of inauguration they met with great success.

The senior class through its representatives, Louis Bolin, Geo. Saunders, Willard Patton, Patterson McAlpine and Chas. Bailey, carried off almost every prize offered for class championship.

The first meet was held January 1, 1914. In this Bolin won a two-mile race. He was awarded a Y. M. C. A. emblem watch fob. On April 11, he was awarded a belt with a silver buckle on which was engraved "T. N. I. I." and a silver plated Y. M. C. A. button for winning a one-mile relay race and two one-mile races. During this same meet, McAlpine and Bailey won one mile races. The reward being a silver plated Y. M. C. A. button. Saunders and Patton won their distinction for winning a three legged race. The reward was a silver plated Y. M. C. A. pin. In both these track meets, the seniors have

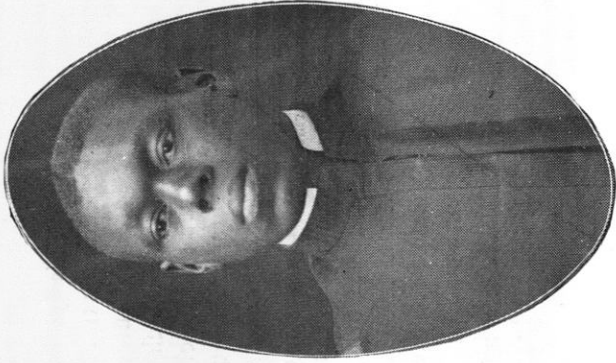
entered enthusiastically and carried off their share of honors.

These track meets are managed under the ablest and closest supervision of Captain Victor Daniels. It is hoped that in after years these sports, for which the seniors have paved the way, will become popular and beneficial.

ONYX GAZETTE



**ARCHIBALD WILLIAM RIDLEY**  
Valedictorian and treasurer of the class. Strong promoter of religious and social activities of the student body. Speaker on program during trustee meet, February, 1914. Particularly interested in scientific agriculture.



**MITCHELL VICTORIOUS SCOTT**  
Monticello, Florida  
Salutatorian and president of the class. Active worker in religious, literary and social life of the student body. Member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet. Member of Liberty Debating Society. Skilled as a carpenter.



**JOHN LEWIS CAMPBELL**  
Pennington, Alabama  
President Christian Endeavor. Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. Natural History Debating Society Cabinet. Bible Class teacher for three years. Class president second quarter of senior year. Commencement speaker. Scientific agriculturist.

In 1907 we sauntered forth  
Our journey we began;  
In palace cars with seats of felt,  
Which made it simply grand.

At Ramseyville we made a stop  
To drink at the English spring.  
The taste was good but we did note  
It had a little sting.

Our number swelled as we went on  
Some said: Gee! what a class!  
Greater impressions we have not  
Since leaving good Cape Bass.

Our next stop was at Whitingtown  
The worst place we could stay;  
T'was no long time for us to see  
That Whiting had his way.

We climbed Mount Donaldson's high peak  
And reached its top with joy;  
We laughed the more when we found out  
That no one was destroyed.

A royal welcome to our band  
The village of Flanders gave;  
Her ratio and proportion was  
Strong stimulus for our braves.

From thence we went to Owentown  
The little town on the coast;  
Its squares and cubes astounded us  
We had no room to boast.

We journeyed to the Isle of Tull,  
Were entertained just right;  
The party thinned, for some of us  
Remained there over night.

T'was in the town of Landersburg  
We found no helping hand;  
No getting by until we'd learned  
The British three-fold plan.

The Woodard city lay in our route  
We entered with sore regret;  
Its quadratics simple and yet hard,  
We haven't seen them yet.

Our party yearning for the sea  
Set sail for Marsden's Port;  
Our yearning changed and now we say,  
We'd rather seize a fort.

## Class Poem

Our number swelled as we went on  
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HENRY RAPHAEL CURTIS  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Class poet. Class football, baseball and track teams. Cabinet member of Liberty Debating Society. Skilled as a carpenter.

## ONYX GAZETTE

A storm arose and frightened us  
Some moaned out, we are lost;  
On waves of coherence and emphasis  
Our good "jill" ship was tossed.

We braved the storm and firmly stood  
Against this mighty foe,  
The ship was thrown upon the sands  
Where lame men told their woe.

Our sense returned we travelled on  
And reached a town called "Richson,"  
We met the chief executive  
Who gave us exposition.

We were very choice in use of words  
Our use of figures too;  
We'd auger gainst a narrator  
And prove assertions true.

The chief's a man of literature  
Cool, sedate and firm;  
To us a book of classics gave  
"Carlyle's Essay on Burns."

The lady of a certain lake  
Was trusted in our care;  
She entertained so stylishly  
We had to sit and stare.

O'er a town called Taylorsville  
We onward dashed and spurred;  
The nights were fierce because there was  
A mighty rumbling heard.

We thought our troubles ended here  
Vexations all were o'er;  
The Major's dukedom next we sought  
But found the grave Duke sore.

We were surprised when he brought up  
Old deeds we thought were drowned;  
I told you once that all these things  
Would throw you to the ground.

The Duke was kind and pardoned us,  
We shook his heavy hand;  
T'is but a day before we reach  
That blessed promised land.

We reached that land with shouts of bliss  
Happier hours we shall not see;  
Our Alma Mater's helpful hand  
We leave with thee and thee.



## Lectures on Negro History

During this year the Senior Class has listened to many lectures which were inspiring and helpful, but the ones which I feel that the class really enjoyed and will long remember were the regular Monday night talks which were delivered by our own teacher, Mr. E. C. Roberts, the head of the Division of History. The subject of these lectures was the History of the Negro.

The members of the Senior Class did not know how little they knew about the history of their own race until Mr. Roberts so earnestly and willingly explained in detail the achievements that it has made and under what circumstances it has gone in trying to become a recognized race. In studying the Negro race we have learned that it has been the only race which has looked the Anglo-Saxon race in the face and lived. For this reason Mr. Roberts tried to impress upon each of our minds to learn all we could about the history of our own people and in doing so we might be inspired to seek for more knowledge and become property owners.

In studying the history of our people we learn that they have made

greater success in such a short time than any other race under the sun and, for this reason, we were taught by our leader that we should study them. Their wonderful achievement make them worth while.

We were also taught that slavery was not a bad thing for the Negro race after all, because it made him struggle for existence. It seems to have made the Negroes begin forming their good qualities. If there had been no slavery the Negro race would have probably been nothing more than an exister, like the peasants of Russia and many other races who are resting at the bottom of civilization. We learned that the Negro, as true, has and is coming up through ignorance and poverty but he is gradually gaining wealth and becoming an active member of society. All these things make the Negro become worth studying. We should not study the race from the viewpoint of what it has but we should study it from the point of how it was obtained and then we can really appreciate the study of the race as being worth while.

After listening to those inspiring lectures on the history of our people I believe that each one will put on a new determination to do more for his or herself at the same time do for more our struggling people.

It is said:

That Seniors are going to enjoy privileges after May 28th.

That this year's commencement will be the most successful ever held, because it is an even class.

That all demerits received before the Junior Class do not count in your Senior year. So, have a good time, Pr ps.

That Elmo Barr studies — but when?

That Senior ideals and affections are too low for Miss E. M. A., Messrs. H. E. S. and H. A. W. They are taking a special course in the post-graduate department.

That great minds require great space. Things being equal, Mr. W. L. H. will be our next "Race Moses."

That J. L. C. and M. E. B. have been too long walking together in the pure and heart path.

That it is love that makes the world go around. Mr. C. W. says it means the social world, in which he has never been successful.

That Mr. C. L. H. and Miss I. E. S. are the loudest pieces on the campus.

That there are plenty unloved girls in the Senior Class. Messrs. L. M. H., V. H. H. and H. W. H. should stop staging and invest a few dollars in class pins, umbrellas, ribbon, flowers, graduation presents, etc.

That Miss T. L. M. remains a lieutenant under Mr. T. M. while Capt. V. A. F. goes marching on.

## Things They Say



In the year 1907, the class of 1914 came into existence as "C Preps," with an enrollment of about 180; the most of whom were boys. Out



VENABLE HOWARD HUNTER  
Covington, Virginia

Class Historian. Connected with class for six successive years. Captain basketball team two years. Speaker on program during trustee meet, February, 1914. Skilled as a brick mason.

of this large number we had representatives from all parts of the world. The first year of the class, organization was harmonious, prosperous and happy. Though our duties and tasks were few and small, our aims were high, definite and sincere.

After spending nine months in this class we took ship for the "B Prep" pier. Landing safely the following members who had come from the station below, Henry Moses, Irene Syphax, Chas. White and Altona Hamilton. The most important of all events on this voyage was the taking on of a few new brothers and sisters, such as honorable members as Nathan Wright, Lottie Dudley, John Campbell and John Rockefeller Reed. If you ask any of them how long they have been here, they will say I made the "B" class. Our social privileges were few because we were told many times that we were insignificant and had not been admitted to the school.

## ONYX GAZETTE

### Class History

By Venable Hunter, Covington, Virginia

Leaving but few behind—those who could not see Mrs. Ramsey's verbs and adverbs—we boarded ship for A Prep pier. And I should say, we landed "with thousands." Here we took a new stand. We found out that things became more strenuous each year. John Davis was elected first president. Our class colors, old gold and purple, were chosen. The most vital of all the incidents of this year was the coming of the "sages" accompanied by a prophet, Mr. "Red" Howard, Walter Leonard Hutcherson, Malvin Moore, Harrison Finch and a few more who have proved themselves unworthy of the title. The class decided to let Mr. William Holifield resume the honor of "Prof." Our number was stricken by the "Bass" crusade, which Mr. Bass was heading with his two edged decimal points and Mrs. Bass bringing up the rear singing "conjugate the verb 'to be.'"

Carrying a large number with us we landed safely at the wharf of the Junior Class. We had now

entered school. It was here that our real history began. John Campbell was elected president for the first quarter and his term was very successfully carried out. As the importance of a class largely depends upon its ability to win in all its undertakings—we now began to practice foot ball and basket ball. Henry Moses was elected foot ball captain because he had been playing with the varsity since his "sub C Prep" year. Our first game was played Christmas Day. We were defeated, score being 11 to 5, but not discouraged, however, we continued to strive. Next, we played our first game of basket ball and were again defeated by a score of 4 to 1. Both games were won by the '13 class. This was very discouraging but we had to swallow the bitter pill. Mr. Walton, our coach, now worked on the weak spots, thereby enabling us to win the second game of basket ball with a score of 6 to 3.

Closing our junior year with Zen-ison Kirksey president and with

\$16.80 in the treasury, we set sail for the B-Middle wharf. Here we took on quite a few new members and a few lost sheep which the '13 steamer had left behind. It was in this year that we won the confidence of Mr. Washington. The four upper classes were sent to the farm—not compulsory—to dig potatoes. Out of the four classes the '14s made the best showing. This, however, was done, I think, by everybody closely watching Sherman McNeil and Lucile Bridge trying to keep them from roasting them in the fire. On another occasion we were sent out to pick peaches. Again, a favorable report was turned in to Mr. Washington. These are only a few incidents to prove that we were striving upward.

With Henry Moses captain of our football team, we played our second game. This time the contest was with the '15s. The result of this game was 0 to 0, but in our series of basket ball games we were victorious. The success of the class during this year was largely due to the work and enthusiasm that Messrs. Walter Hutchinson and John Campbell displayed. These two members placed their whole hearts and souls in everything that was intended to uplift the standard of the class, not

only when they were in president's chair, but when they were floor members. We had satisfied our teachers this year in every way possible, we had worn our uniforms for Major; we had gotten the threefold plan for Mrs. Landers; we had gotten the 6 per cent method for Mr. Tull, and now with a record surpassing that of an B Middle Class we landed safely in the A Middle Class leaving only one behind.

Here, many new classmates joined our prosperous band. This year we took on board some of our best Joseph Wiley, Phillip Roche, Susie Brown, John Joseph, Lillian Russell and Bessie Hill. We were greatly "bucked and scorned" by Mr. Woodard and Mr. Marsden. The result of which that many had to see them again. Mr. Houston Riddle was elected president for the first quarter. By all means he did his best but in spite of the fact there came an uprising in the class between the privates and officers. Woman's suffrage crept in, therefore, the whole matter was left to the girls as to what side would come out supreme—for they were fighting for supremacy. This, however, was not a serious offense, it soon died out and we went together as loyal classmates.

With Leon Howard, "my red friend from Skeegy" presiding in the president's chair for the third quarter, we started off very successfully in our work. The class motto was now chosen. Out of a small number presented by the members, Miss Marcell Maloney's was chosen, "Climb Though the Rocks Be Rugged." Our dear beloved class mother, Mrs. Laura T. Jones, was willed to us by the Zodiac Class of 1912. She has since taken a large degree of interest in us, equal to that of a mother of a child, and I am quite sure that she will long be remembered by the class of 1914. In all our meetings we always put her first, and thereafter heeded to the motherly advice that she gave.

We enjoyed a very pleasant entertainment New Year's morning from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. in the basement of the Academic Building. This was the first dance we had with our class mates. Of course, we didn't regret the time spent. By a deal of shrewdness our place for our night social had been taken. But to the surprise and regret of our predecessors we were entertained by the Principal and Mrs. Washington at their resident. We were given permission to entertain on the entire first floor, including the porch. It

was a well spent evening and one of the most enjoyable times ever spent by the class.

At this period, Mr. J. R. E. Lee added the 16th and 17th amendments to his constitution which read thus, "No more summer school, conditioned students will have to again visit Mr. Woodard and Mr. Marsden next year." This caused much weeping and mourning, so much so that it is known in our history as a period of reconciliation. The members of the '14 class have shown no small degree of power in their ability to write and speak, for we were the first A Middle Class to win the first prize in the Trinity Contest, this being done by our own Demosthenes, John W. Christy.

Our number had been gradually decreasing ever since we had left the Junior Class, but with a larger enrollment than any previous A Middle class we landed safely at the Senior dock. We were immediately escorted to the Richardson hotel where we were plentifully served taboos through the week and bitter ice tea parties monthly. More students made the Senior class this year than ever before in the history of the school. Mr. Fred Moultrie was elected president for the first



quarter. The gallant young lad who says he has been here for seven consecutive years, carried the class business along successfully. The senior girls were getting ready for their senior cottage course and their new building, White Hall. The next in order was our joint class meeting. This meeting was the first social gathering we had with the girls since leaving the A Middle pier. There were only two of our number who remained away in their Senior year, but both are doing well at their trades.

Installing a new set of officers for the second quarter, with John Campbell president, we began to discuss the question of the New Year social. Collecting the regular class dues from each member netted enough for the social. We went to Dorothy Hall at 6.30 a. m. New Year morning and remained until 11:00 a. m. These hours were spent very enjoyably by the class. The breakfast was well served, the room was well decorated and the program interesting. The greatest errata of the class' history was made New Year's night when we so humbly transmitted our class affairs into the hands of Conrad Hutcherson. This man said, "Just let me handle affairs and I will see that you all will have

another social tonight." This sensation caused much rumbling, it nearly caused the president to be impeached. It also caused much slang to be thrown at the president at his expense.

We now put a crushing defeat upon the '15s in both games of basket ball. Our girls played the '15 girls and did likewise. To give an idea of how much class spirit the girls possessed, I will relate these happenings. Our girls ran the score up to 14 points in ten minutes, long before the time was out, but they liked the looks of the number 14 so well that they would not attempt to score any more, and the game ended with a score 14 to 7. Throughout the history of the class, we have always had members to hold important places on all of the teams of the school.

With Mitchel V. Scott presiding in the presidents chair we now entered the third quarter of our Senior year, which to most of us was a happy and glorious time. The Class had been given a trip to the Callahan Farm. This trip was given in order that we might study the conditions, and also to get questions pertaining to any of our studies.

Our athletic career now ended by winning a baseball game from the

'15s' and also winning a goodly share of honors from the track meet.

Next we were entertained by the A Middle Class on the sixteenth of May, this by all means was a very delightful and enjoyable affair.

At this period most of us had received their notifications. Of course everybody was happy.

Our classmates at this time were becoming more serious and intimate toward one another each day that passed by. They were also beginning to love Tuskegee more than ever.

Now as we leave Tuskegee, we feel that throughout the history of the Class we have enjoyed many rare privileges. We also feel that all of you have been fair to us as a class under all considerations. Tuskegee, Our Dear Alma Mater, we love thee for what thou hath so kindly done for us; we love thee because thou hath been as a mother to us. Now these facts of our past have been given, the prophets will try to predict the future, but only at the end of life will our true "History" be complete, and may it be such that our teachers, classmates and Tuskegee might have many reasons to remember with pride and honor the Class of 1914.

## ONYX GAZETTE

### Things Hoped For

It is hoped:

That socials will be given more often that both sexes will not seem like birds out of a cage when they are permitted.

That all members of the "Onyx Class" will meet success in their pursuit for livelihood.

That we will find more beans and better beans when we return to our reunion in 1924.

That Misses Marie Thomas, Leonie Spears; Messrs. Robert Stennett, John Campbell and Archibald Ridley will have success with the many trades in which they are to graduate this year.

That Tuskegee will soon get a new Y. M. C. A. building.

That all succeeding athletic teams will continue to hold Tuskegee's pennant above others.

That the campus will stay this beautiful forever.

That each '14 will live to the promise of sending one dollar back to Tuskegee each year during his or her life.

That the present faculty will be here to greet you on our return.

That our remaining hopes will be granted. If so, Tuskegee will forever hold its pennant high above other schools; she will be made to feel proud of her sons and daughters.

## Gavel Oration

John W. Christy, Lexington, Kentucky

As all great nations have handed down from generation to generation some standard of the world's advancing civilization that the coming generation might use as a beacon to guide them to greater and nobler achievements, so we, the class of 1914, leave with you tonight a beateen path to the height that we have so nobly reached.

The graduating classes that left Tuskegee from year to year have handed down their beacon to guide and inspire us in the form of this little instrument. One year ago today, it was our privilege to become the heir of this gavel. Since that time we have honored and loved it. At every sound of its rap silence has prevailed in our class meetings. Many times a single rap from this old friend has seated a misguiding member who, if allowed to continue, might have thrown the class into chaos. On the other hand, it has many times with held its rap to allow another member to bring forth the many plans which we so successfully carried out, and of which we so joyfully boast tonight.

Now the accomplished school

career of the class of 1914 has ended. We have arrived at the threshold of new duties. We are now to weigh anchor and set sail for a port located on a distant shore across the sea of life. We, its members, will soon be scattered from the roaring Atlantic to the settled waters of the Pacific; No more shall we as a class meet to decide complex questions which involve order at Tuskegee. No more shall we sit and listen to the dictates of our president and obey the summons of his calls by the sounding of his gavel.

Dear old gavel, you have well performed your work for the class of 1914. Although many times we have been divided in our meetings, you have intervened and held us together as a unit. Through your wonderful teachings you have many times influenced "Old Gold and Purple" and placed it high above the reach of others. Now is the time to part with you, our best friend, yet the dearest of friendship must sometimes be broken. We now pass you into the hands of a new class—the class of 1915. There

you are to perform your duty and give your teachings under different circumstances and under the new colors of blue and white.

Members of the class of 1915, the happy yet sad duty has been thrust upon me to leave with you a dear old friend—a friend that will lead you to success if handled correctly. If you will only keep clearly in view

the height that you must reach if you would equal us and leave to your posterity and to your Alma Mater those true signs of true manhood and true womanhood. Take this gavel; may you use it as wisely as we, the class of 1914, did. Use it as did these noble Tuskegee Sons and Daughters who have returned for their reunion to spread their trophies of the years gone by. May under its sound such questions be decided that will be for the strengthening of your class.

## Our Class Day Exercises

Margery Brawley, Durham, N. C.

On the evening before commencement day, if the weather is favorable the school gathers on the beautiful lawn, back of White Hall, to listen to the Senior Class Day program. If the weather is unfavorable these exercises are held in the Auditorium of Tompkins Hall.

The lawn, which is a natural amphitheatre, is beautifully decorated for the occasion. There are several arches placed on the lawn for the classes to pass through. These arches are lighted with electric lights in the class colors. Lights are also strung across the lawn and among

the branches of the beautiful trees

making a very bright and pleasing effect. Near the center of our amphitheatre is a platform on which the president and officers of the class sit during the exercises. This platform also is covered with class colors, class pennants and electric lights.

Above it the motto, and the name of the class are formed of electric lights.

When the company has waited rather impatiently for ten or fifteen minutes, the beautiful strains of "Auld Lang Syne" float to them on the quiet evening air. In a few minutes more they catch a first glimpse of the approaching line



which was formed in front of the Academic Building. The Senior girls are dressed in white and wear their class ribbon. As the line comes nearer it is observed that the A Middlers are on either side of the Seniors, holding long streamers of tissue paper of the Senior Class colors. As they come nearer and nearer they are greeted by the waiting company on the lawn.

When the line gets to the hollow, the A Middlers stop until the Seniors march on. After passing, the classes take the seats which have been prepared for them, the Seniors near the platform and the A Middlers surrounding them. When all are seated, the program begins with a

song by the class, followed by a prayer.

This program, which has been carefully prepared, consists of the reading of the "Class Poem," the "Class History," which is generally written by a member of the class who has been here from its infancy; the "Class Will," the "Class Oration," the "Gavel Oration," and a few remarks from the president. Between the readings there is music rendered.

When the program is finished each one leaves with a feeling of regret that there is not still another number, so pleasantly has the evening passed.

## The Senior Reading Circle

Leonie Spears, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

The Senior Reading Circle was organized four years ago as a result of the excellent thoughtfulness of Mr. Charles Winter Wood, our librarian. The object of the circle is to familiarize the Seniors with some of the greatest writers and thinkers of the world, ignorance of whom would mean an incomplete education. The Reading Circle is held immediately after chapel every Sunday

The circle is a very clever combination of a literary and social organization. The boys and girls are allowed the liberty of "sitting together." This banishes the thought of formality. Before the time arrives for the opening of the circle, little "chats" and jokes are passed between the boys and girls, which serve as a sort of recreation for their minds before taking up more serious topics.

Every Sunday evening the author or poet under discussion for the coming Sunday is chosen. Each member is expected to read some of his work. For instance, suppose the poet chosen is Dunbar. One member is assigned to look up the life of Dunbar, another, the chief characteristics of his poems, and other groups assigned to report in detail on some particular poem. Perhaps on this occasion, some of Dunbar's masterpieces would be recited. Explanation and analysis, where it is absolutely necessary is given by the teacher, who conducts the circle. The main thought which the author or poet wished to convey in connection with the particular story or poem is clearly brought out in the summary. This helps to develop an appreciation for

good literature and hatred for the cheap and meaningless.

The circle is favored occasionally by speeches or talks from some visitor of prominence. They tell us usually of the present-day activities which link us with the present as well as with the past. They also tell us of their successes and always leaving with us some worthy thought that may help us when we go out and face the "world" in all its relations. Sometimes such men as Dr. Booker T. Washington, our principal; Rev. John Whittaker, our chaplain, and others speak to and inspire us.

After spending one half hour so pleasantly and profitably thinking with the great master minds of the ages and also our present day, we return to our various rooms feeling refreshed and amply repaid for attending the Senior Reading Circle.

Life is real! Just ask those cottage  
girlies,

How they enjoy their life.

And you say that they were lonely,  
some,

Just ask the boys who passed that  
night.

## The Passing of the 1913 Goal Drawers

Leon Matthew Howard

Going back some four years we are found standing at the threshold of the Junior Class. Great preparations are being made, trying to equip a squadron of athletes who would be capable of standing the test in the gymnasium.

This was done in order that the class could share in those honors that are given to all classes according to their standing in athletics. A good number of individuals quickly realized that the development of the team would mean class loyalty, class solidarity and above all individual development of the mind, will power and the body. Thus, at the first meet for practice in the fall of 1910, there were many strong and loyal subjects, ready to sacrifice their time, studies, energy and pleasures. Therefore I hardly think too much can be said in giving praise to the members of the "Onyx" Basketball Team who have so gallantly defended those colors which we all so dearly love.

Out of the eight games that have been played only two times have we been defeated. It was but natural that we should lose the first game

because we pitted against a team of veterans. In the second game, however, after receiving a few points from our opposers we were seen

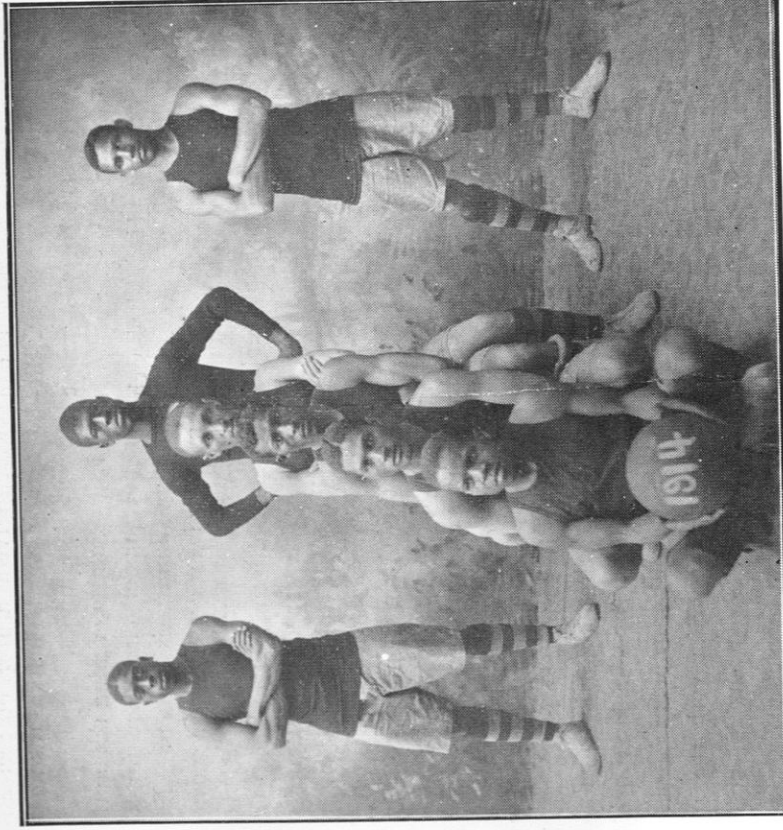
our A Middle year we were again met by our old rivals, the '13's, who somewhat checked our too much confidential pride. In the second game of the series the opponents were very much humiliated as they we out played at every point.

Again in our Senior year we were brought face to face, with the '15's, they were easily defeated in both games of the series.

To make a basketball team, especially where there are several aspirants is not an easy job. To give an illustration I shall try to show conditions as they were concerning our class. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the starting of our first practices the crowds were so large that it was almost impossible to get a decent tryout: As the season grew old the strain began to tell on the weak and incompetent. The strenuous exertions which each basketball player must go through soon began to tell on them. The crowds grew smaller each night until there was hardly enough to practice. However, when the whistle was blown for the first game a few resolute warriors were found on the field.

leaving the Gym. in triumph, victory was ours.

Out of the next two games played the tide still ran in our favor. In



Onyx Basketball Team, 1914



They were never found shirking but ever on the alert to take any advantage that was offered to them.

It is useless to trace with any degree of accuracy the details of every play, however, I shall attempt to give an account of each player and his position. "Bill" Howard is without doubt one of the swiftest guards that has ever been in the local Gymnasium. Mott has always played guard with credit: V. Hunter, Moultrie and Lyles have always been reliable forwards. The smooth head-work of Hunter and the quick dodging and dips of moultrie will always be remembered in the hearts and minds of every member of the '15 Class. These men have caused the '15's colors to trail in the dust more than once. Wright, the general utility man, must be given credit for the excellent work he has done, both as a guard and center. L. Howard was the regular center and at one time a guard.

The swiftness and aggressiveness of this combination of players have won many victories for the class. Now, as the time has come for us to part, although we are separated and cannot combine our efforts in the

game of life, I am sure that if each class-mate would be as loyal to himself, to his alma mater and to his race as each one of these players has been to the Purple and Old Gold, success is his and he will be victorious single handed in the game of life.

### The Girls' Basketball Game

Perhaps, there is no other achievement on record in our class history so great as that made for us by the '14 girls. The team was composed of Brown, Ransom, Maloney, Good-

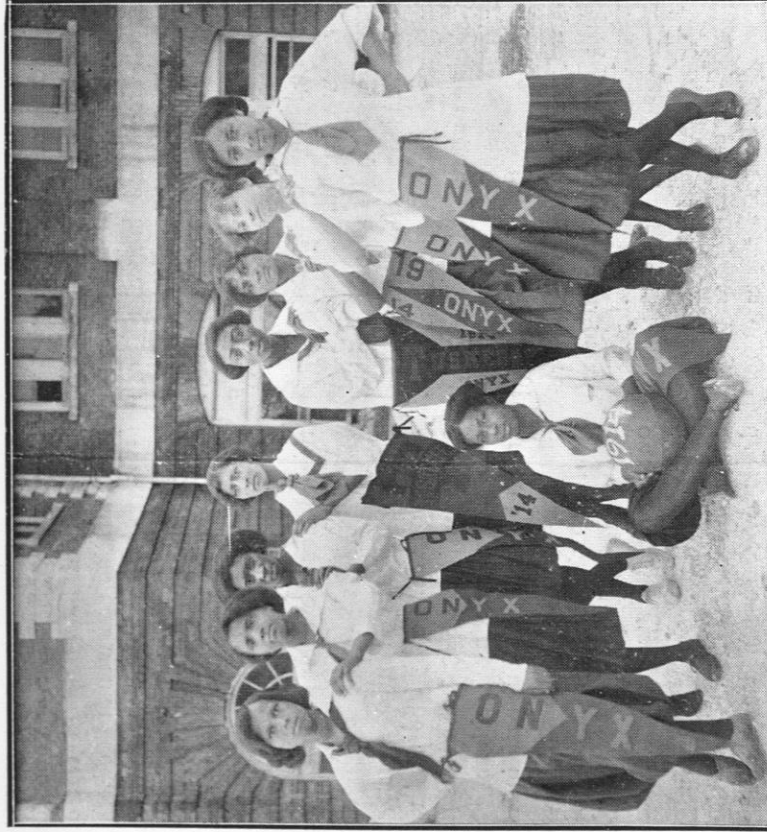
loc, Dudley, Allen, Morris, Richardson and Adams. These girls, under a shower of purple and old gold pennants, and amid applause and yells met the famous A middlers on the basketball field Saturday night. The '14 girls were all much smaller and shorter than their opponents, but, as the old saying goes they were "little but loud." Although they were hampered by this great disadvantage they did not become discouraged, but played as bravely for victory as did Napoleon fight for that of France at Waterloo. And when the referee called, "time is up" the scores were 14 to 7 in favor of the '14's.

We were all very proud of this event, for our girls had won for us an everlasting victory. And, while the victory really belongs to us, we will never forget to give due credit and honor to our faithful teacher, Miss Ruth M. Logan, who spent much of her time and energy to make the team a success.

We are coming, we are coming

Though our pace is rather slow,  
We hear the Alumni gently calling,

From the other shore.



Girls' Basketball Team, 1914

## About to Leave and Our Debt

John W. Christy, Lexington, Kentucky

Little do we hear of the student who has just graduated and of the problems he faces when beginning across the stage of the world's theatre to say his first words in the

great drama of life. Now, we have just graduated, having only a diploma and everybody's best wish. Therefore, with no information we are to solve our own problems, make our own path as best we can.

Like the football spectator who had no knowledge of the game, yet saw all errors and longed to rush across the field; so were we longing for this chance during our infancy. Now, the chance has come. We are, now, to appear on the "gridiron" and play the game of life. How many are really ready? How many are going like brave soldiers and heroically face this battle of life, which strongly shouts to new comers, "Sink or swim," "Live or die," "Survive or perish?"

During our school career many of us held positions of honor and responsibility in various student organizations. Faculty and students held high esteem of us. It is going to be but natural that we feel of some importance and expect to receive from the world at least a measure of recognition. But, classmates, immediately after graduation the day begins when we descend from a high plane

its mighty principles that form the basis of real success.

Again, Tuskegee has furnished a peculiar social phenomenon. The student body, with its social affairs, has given us opportunity to come into close touch with many types of individuals. We have gotten an insight into the human nature and character of people from many parts of the world. In the work shops, in the class rooms and on the farm, we have come in contact with different social groups. Studying the members of such groups, our energies have been expended and they have enabled us to form a just and accurate estimate of people. By means of this fortune, we are more able to look upon the surface of men's actions and, then, gauge ourselves for the better or for the worse. Then, are we not further indebted to Tuskegee for affording such experience?

We have had religion taught us. We have had our church service, our weekly prayer meetings, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., and the various literary societies. And, if we have failed to be impressed by any of

of school life to begin a new career for new attainments. We are to go among a new set and rank with those who perform the world's work. We are to meet new conditions and new problems. These conditions and problems are going to test our real manhood and womanhood.

After all, however, Tuskegee has afforded us many life battles which we are apt to meet again and should appreciate. Again, Tuskegee has supplied us with sufficient ammunition to face the enemy on half-way ground.

With its cultural environment, its well educated faculty and its "wizard," we are able to successfully solve the perplexing problems that are to be thrown in our path in the first contact with the world. Therefore, with the great and abiding principles that Tuskegee has imbued into our natures, we are greater indebted.

Here at Tuskegee, we have fought battles of various kinds. Many times defeats were sustained and oftentimes victories won. Here, we began to appreciate the great and fundamental truths of life; to understand many of



JOHN W. CHRISTY

Trinity Oratorical prize winner for 1913.  
Y. M. C. A. cabinet. Secretary Sunday School.  
President Liberty Debating Society. Class secretary. Class day gavel orator.



## Industrial Possibilities of the South

Leon M. Howard, Birmingham, Ala.

these meetings, it is because of our own indifference. If one would think deeply, with thorough consideration, will immediately arrive to the fact that this side of our life is the most fundamental and has played no small part in acting a paramount asset for the things here accomplished. Now, what is our debt?

### Our Teachers

Mrs. Ferguson: "What great big movement is back of that?"  
 Mr. Roberts: "Now you Young Folks want to be careful."  
 Mr. Richardson: "Now," "By the way."

Mr. Taylor: "Going to hear a mighty rumbling here soon."

Mr. Williamson: "Now, class, look at the board and I will run through it quickly."

Mr. Woodard: "You've flunked. Move out."

Mr. Anderson: "Say, you, there, young."

### Discovered

That teachers get hard near the close of the school terms.

That Ponies have grown out of style; Aeroplans are in fashion.

That no teacher or student likes examinations.

That a man's hardest problem faces him immediately after graduation.

Some may think by promptly paying their bills and having made a good recitation settles the debt. Others may be pleased because they were "stars" on the team, but this is not the true payment that Tuskegee should receive for her noble deeds.

She is to be paid by her sons and daughters facing the world with enduring moral characters and coping successfully with the daily problems of life.

The time is near when we are to be scattered from the roaring Atlantic to the settled waters of the Pacific, from the pine forest of Maine to the swamp valleys of Florida. Now, with the many good teachings inculcated in our natures; with the ambition and inspiration received from a noted principal, we are thankful. We must turn with pride and appreciation to the energetic toilers who have launched us to struggle for ourselves

Everywhere in the Southland today there is a rising tide of interest in the development of its dormant and long neglected resources. The humming of the busy wheels of industry, the clearing of the forest, the cultivating of the farms, the opening of the coal and iron mines, along with the general development picture to us the great harvest which the South is preparing to reap.

Until recently, the American people may have been compared with the man who having sought in vain over all the earth for a four-leaf clover, returns home to find that very prize in his own yard. In this world-wide search for wealth, the American has failed to appraise great riches that lay at his feet. Over these riches, millions of our people have traveled every year, many of them with money in their hands, ready to invest or squander in things in other countries. These riches may be found in every State in the South. They consist of land, the most fertile there is to be found, covered by a disguise of water and rank vegetation and protected by malaria, mosquito and ill repute. These swamps and over-flowed lands are as devoid of improvement as in the days of John Smith and Miles Standish.

Vegetation grows upon them profusely. It is not hard to understand then, why the swamp land of the South should, with a few exceptions, contain the best farming land of our continent. It is estimated that the swamp land area of this country exceeds four million acres, the greater portion lying within the borders of the Southern States. With a proper drainage system these lands may be reclaimed at a cost not exceeding that of the construction of the Panama Canal.

Again, it is said that with these swamp lands wisely and judiciously handled they will produce enough food supply for the whole country, besides a net profit of a billion dollars to the farmer.

The climatic condition of the South makes it possible for the cultivation of all plants that are needed to provide food for the American people, for the raising of live stock, cattle, poultry, and swine. These facts alone furnish evidence of what it is possible for the South to do.

Here, says the South to all mankind, is a region of which the earth has no duplicate. Realizing this, the South presents proof in abundance that it is the most favorable spot in the world for the production of cotton.

It is said that in some respects the greatest industry in the world is based upon the manufacturing of the South's staple plant. It furnishes the clothing of civilized mankind, it gives employment to over two billion dollars of capital and to many million operatives. Destroy this industry and England's business life will receive a death-blow, and New England likewise would be disastrously affected, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Japan would be sufferers. Upon the South this world-wide industry depends. It is possible for the South to confine a large portion, if not all, of this industry within her own borders.

In doing this it would be necessary for the South to turn more energy to the production of cotton. As the world's greatest markets are dependent upon the South's staple crops, this would call for a larger area of land to be cultivated. It is estimated that an expenditure of twenty millions of dollars by the National Government upon the levee work on the Mississippi River would reclaim an area of thirty thousand square miles or twenty million acres of land, fertile enough to produce a bale of cotton to the acre or more than our present crop. Giving to the South four or five hundred million dollars annually in agricultural production alone.

Too, it can be said with any amount of pride that the South, unlike any other section of the country, has begun to utilize its raw material. It has only here and there opened up its

coal mines, its marble and granite quarries, and its iron making resources.

What the future holds for the South in coal and iron development, the mind of man has never fully grasped. To give an idea of these vast products which are to be developed, a comparison of one Southern State alone, with Great Britain, is all that is necessary. Great Britain had only ten thousand square miles of coal area before it began its vast mining operation. Alabama alone has eighty-five hundred square miles of coal area, nearly as much as Great Britain ever had. Great Britain is mining two hundred fifty million tons a year; Alabama twelve. It is said that at the present rate of consumption only twenty-five or thirty years would be required to exhaust the present known lake supplies. So, for the only known source equal to the needs of the coming year is the South. It is said that within the next quarter of a century the South will dominate the basic steel industry of the world.

It is true that cotton, coal, and iron are the foundations on which are built the industries that are the greatest wealth-creating factors in the world's business affairs, but they represent only a portion of the South's imperial advantages. One-half of the standing timber of the United States is below the Mason and Dixon's line. The climate is suitable for the cultivation of corn, oats, wheat, and barley. Poultry raising may be carried on extensively. Cattle and swine raising

cannot be overlooked. These are the most vital problems of our social existence. They involve that long-debated argument—the high cost of living.

Realizing the many natural advantages of the South that are not to be found in other sections, now the trend is back to the South. Men who have made a success in other sections are hearing the "come home" call of their native land and many of them are returning. Many from other sections are beginning their southward march in order to share in the amazing development which they see is to come about in this section. Thus the whole condition which once existed has changed and will continue to change until the South fully proves to the country that it is the most richly endowed section, not only of this country, but of the whole civilized world.

### The Senior Play

The Class of 1914 added another link to their chain of commendable efforts when they rendered the "College Town," a humorous play, on the evening of April twelfth. The acting was good; this, of course, being due to the interest and enthusiasm which the players manifested. The scenes were beautiful and attractive, bringing to mind the jolly times of college life.

The play began with Jimmie Cavendish, the hero of the play, getting into trouble as well as falling in love. He calls to his assistance a number of his college chums who scheme to represent Jimmie's rich aunt, recently come to town.

Later the real aunt arrives, much to the dismay of the pretenders. Matters become very much complicated and many amusing interruptions occur at a faculty dinner given in honor of the real aunt Jane. The plot deepens and matters look dark for the hero. But at last Jimmie shows up his deception and is forgiven.

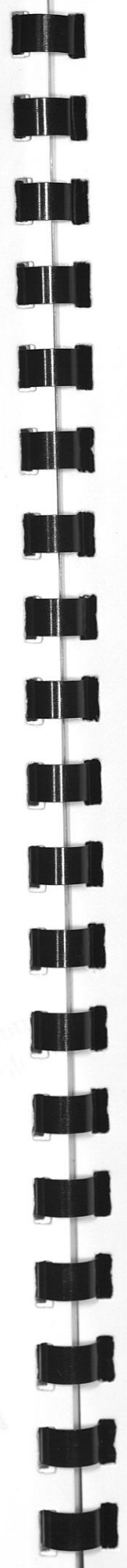
During the last act and in the midst of a most exciting football game, Jimmie rescues his aunt who wanders out on the fields. He later adds to his fame by winning the game and the girl. Thus ended one of the most successful and pleasing senior plays ever rendered here at Tuskegee.

Just as the love of old gold and purple has been stamped upon the hearts of the '14's, so will the play, "College Town," be in their memory as one of the happiest and most successful events during their senior reign.



## Geel! 125 Strong! Last Roll-Call, Those Present, Answer Here!

Louis Bolin—Strictly henpecked. Gilmore Gayles—That "key" in Tuskagee.  
 Jessie Bolden—He stooped to love. William Howard—He was "little but loud."  
 Curry Blythe—"If those Senior girls would only listen to my proposition."  
 Katie Bell—Love is a mystery to me. It changes so often. Patterson McAlpin—He should worry—about an umbrella.  
 Belen Barrios—Bashfulness is an ornament of youth. Malvin Moore—Was life really worth while?  
 Charles Bailey—Always aspire to be higher than you are. Harrison Finch—The Napoleon of his age.  
 Charles Anderson—"It is honorable to be bald." William Patton—The village blacksmith.  
 Lubertha Allen—Living in hopes and going to die in despair. Lillian Williams—The little book-worm.  
 Addison Allen—He was always in haste, but never in a hurry. Clayton Yates—He was always still—when asleep.  
 Rowena Adams—Industry is the parent of success. Lizzie Williams—We were all sorry for heaviness.  
 Frank Abercrombie—The "Pig Iron Joe." Nathan Wright—He fooled all the people some of the time, but failed to fool all the people all the time.  
 Ernest Bonner—He was a "yard cat" sure as you are born. Leona Hughes—She had a soft and low voice, an excellent thing in woman.  
 Julian Despain—He read, read everywhere he went. Dorothy Thomas—The community queen.  
 Chesson Bowen—How the girls pursued him. Irvin Jones—Nobody loved the poor boy. Ione Bradley—She was the "college coquette."  
 Harvey Mitchell—Who being little was not big. Marie Thomas—"Our dear little Lillian Thompson—She never could love.  
 Lillian Thompson—She never could love. Oliver Tooson—Slow but sometimes sure.  
 Edward Tutwiler—Well, he'll get there bye and bye.  
 Charles White—He's climbing though the rocks are rugged.  
 Maud Whitlow—She knew but would never tell.  
 Dorothy Whittaker—Our class Venus.  
 Joseph Wiley, He was quite affectionate.  
 Henry Williams—The more he talked, the easier it got.  
 Houston Riddles—The modern Socrates.  
 Archibald Ridley—Still water runs deep.  
 Martha Robbins—She never blushed to own she loved—pa.  
 Philip Roche—The Jamaican scholar of French, Latin, Hebrew, German, Greek and Boorish.  
 Minnie Rowles—The girl with a bright future.  
 Lillian Russell—The "Onyx" patented talking machine.  
 Rufus Sampson—The boy who burned the midnight oil.  
 George Saunders—Took life as it came.  
 Mias Fish—He begged for a thousand lives to live for his "Carlyle on Burns."  
 Stanley Williams—"Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow."  
 Lucille Bridge—"Don't worry child, boys are the least of my troubles."  
 Susie Brown—Many came and applied. At last one was chosen.  
 John Campbell—"Well, personally," he never thought of that.  
 Pinkie Carlos—Suffused with blushes.  
 John Christy—Obeyed no want but pleasure.  
 Henry Curtis—He studied, studied as he went. Graduation he was bent.  
 Rafael Daniels—He never budged an inch, yet he would be heard.  
 Lottie Dudley—The "hard guy."  
 Charles Clayton—He was another witness.  
 John Joseph—Playing on his harp.  
 John Reed—"Major's pet."  
 Sandy Duff—She almost persuaded him to be a '15.  
 Lawrence Cotton—The Dr. who killed.  
 Leon Howard—He was monarch of all he surveyed.



EPSON Professional Paper

Mabel Carmichael—A maiden meek and mild.  
 William Hubbard—Life, to him, was a struggle.  
 Fred. Moultrie—Going "to be free at last."  
 William Stanton—The march of human mind is slow.  
 Altona Hamilton—Never look on her, you make her giggle.  
 Ophelia Larkin—"I see you."  
 Alexander Lyles—The most studious boy.  
 John B. Jones—Silence gave consent.  
 Warren Prade—Bring the square.  
 Harold Smith—The "Onyx" faner.  
 Simon Mitchell—He always liked to drag alone.  
 Callie Bowe—Cultivating her voice for next year's quartet.  
 Vivian Flournoy—"Fan" made him what he is today.  
 Walter Hutcherson—The Moses of his class.  
 Humphrey Bowen—Mama's little musician boy.  
 Margery Brawley—Busy preparing for a real cottage course.  
 George Echols—The more he talked the worse he felt.  
 Joseph Freeman—"If the girls would only love men life would be a dream."

Arthur Edwards—He had a long, lean and hungry look.  
 Lucy Elliott—"The motherly old soul."  
 Leroy Gaillard—Allow him a chance and he will outtalk Cicero.  
 Annie Goodloe—"The wireless operator."  
 Charles Hedges—"The rah rah cut up."  
 Harry Hilaire—Girls came and girls went, but he went on forever.  
 Herman Haynes—The pine woods detective.  
 Bessie Hill—The wandering Jew.  
 William Holifield—All poets have faults.  
 Emma Macon—My kingdom, my kingdom for an officer.  
 Henry Moses—The noted "English Despot."  
 William Mott—Full of harmless thunder.  
 Theodore Norfles—The pleasure of being officer of the day cannot be estimated.  
 Juanita Oquendo—Thirteen was her lucky number.  
 Letteria May—The little body lodged a mighty mind.  
 John W. Page—The school was filled with girls but he loved none.  
 Beatrice Richardson—"My kingdom, my kingdom for a sweet disposition."

Mamie Bradford—Dedicated to service.  
 Augusto Ramirez—He is coming; he had to wait for the '15 class.  
 Ruby Ransom—The smallest of 131.  
 Cyrus Hollis—Always talking out loud when silence should prevail.  
 Irvin Hawkins—The great stump speaker.  
 Venable Hunter—"All great men must die; I do not feel too well myself."  
 Louise Ray—Never will the sun fall on such another.  
 Sadie Jones—No more captains for her.  
 Fabiana Lopez—She could not love these American boy. Wonder why?  
 Nellie Mitchell—The choir pet.  
 Marcell Maloney—A faithful member of the band.  
 Sherman McNeil—But, if Eunice only knew like "Bill" knows.  
 Mamie McRee—She made "Simon" simple.  
 Fannie L. Morris—"Flin" did not know what a good girl I was until I went away.  
 Emmett J. Scott, Jr.—The innocent little lamb.  
 Mitchell V. Scott—Skillful alike with tongue and pen.

Lizzie Simmons—The master kitchen mechanic.  
 Julia Skinner—Her voice was heard through rolling drums.  
 Leonie Spears—"The printing office is a poor man's college," I go quite frequently.  
 Robt. Stennett—"Excuse myself."  
 Shadrack Stevens—He talked base but sang tenor.  
 Ruth Hill—She loved to go—by herself.  
 Irene Syfax—She talked so incessantly. Didn't allow an echo fair chance.  
 Johnnie Thomas—She wanted "Moore," better "Moore," some "Moore," plenty "Moore," forever "Moore," and further "Moore."  
 At last she got Malvin Moore.  
 Walter Cookman—The conquerer of heart breakers.  
 Walter Vivion—"The Candy Kid."