

Scrap Book



Wick "

1 9 3 2



TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet, flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day;
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

SHAW

A tree
that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow was lain;
Who intimately lives with rain
Poems that are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a
tree.

Joyce Kilmer.



Commencement

MAY 1932



Calendar of Commencement Events

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 5:30 p.m. University Campus.

"Antigone," Greek Tragedy, by Sophocles.

SUNDAY, MAY 29, 3:30 p.m. University Chapel.

Baccalaureate Service.

MONDAY, MAY 30, 10:00 a.m. University Campus.

Memorial Service, Grave of Dr. Henry Martin Tupper.

MONDAY, MAY 30, 2:30 p.m. University Chapel.

Class Day Exercises.

5:00-7:00 p.m. President's Home.

Reception to Graduating Class by President and Mrs. Nelson.

8:30 p.m. University Chapel.

Meeting of the General Alumni Association.

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 10:30 a.m. University Campus.

Sixty-Seventh Annual Commencement and Inauguration of the New President.

1:30 p.m. University Dining Hall.

Alumni Luncheon.

3:30 p.m. Alumni Athletic Field.

Baseball Game: Varsity vs. Alumni All Stars.

The public is cordially invited to attend.



Senior already to "strut"



SENIOR CLASS 1932

To the Class of 1932

Like purple pregnant grapes, Four years
Hung from Time's gnarled old vine;
You plucked them greedily
And drank the warm nectareous wine.

Like liquid bird-notes heard at even,
Four aureate years of golden song;
Shaw the theme; you, the singers,
Blending Life with your song.

As from a dream rudely awakened,
Your Alma Mater bids you go
To work, to serve, to live, to love
These things all loyal Shawites know.

No sad farewells must you utter,
No regret for joys past spent,
But calmly face the gilded sunrise,
The sacred way your fathers went.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE FLETCHER.

Prophecy of the Class of 1932

By ALTERMESE SMITH

In a pensive mood bringing before my mental vision members of my class I wondered what they would be doing ten years hence. As I mused, many strange thoughts came. How different the lives of the members of our class would be! What varied experiences they would have! Some would travel; others would remain at home. Some would be prominent in society or politics; others never heard outside of their own village. Suddenly I heard a fairy's voice which said:

"Do you wish to know the future of your classmates?"

"Yes," I answered.

The voice continued:

"It is not well to seek to know the future. The privilege of knowing the future is given to few, but you are one of the favored few. Come with me."

I followed; I was led through winding ways—knowing not whither I went. Suddenly I was stopped by a rock wall. I started to turn back when a door opened in the rock, and the voice bade me enter. I stepped in. I looked, and truly methought this an enchanted place. I knew not what to do. Again the voice:

"Step boldly forward. Soon wilt thou be accustomed to this place."

In the middle of the cave I saw three figures.

Are you the Fates? I asked with trembling voice.

"We are"—"For long years, aye, for centuries have we dwelt here. Never since the days of Greece have mortal eyes beheld us. You are a favored mortal. What is your request?"

Ere I could answer, the voice replied:

"To read the future of her classmates of 1932."

The oldest of the Fates said:

"Be it so; follow me."

I obeyed. Passing through a labyrinth of winding passages, we stopped. Nothing was seen until my guide lighted a candle. Then I saw that I was in a smaller cave—at the end of which was a large mirror.

"This is the cave which conceals the magic mirror, said my companion; yonder is the enchanted glass itself. Look therein, and listen carefully."

Breathlessly I waited. My guide kindled, in a small basin, a fire of aromatic herbs, muttering in a singsong voice. She placed the candle in front of the mirror and blew it out. The mirror was then illuminated brightly, the rest of the cave being dark. Suddenly I saw a change in the mirror. I seemed to be looking into a hospital. Among the nurses alleviating pain and soothing patients, one seemed very familiar; all of

Through this magic mirror, I saw Hazel Coley in *Hollywood* featuring in an old colored caste, and her leading man was Clarence Toole. Merri-man Hill was the director of this picture. Willa Jones found in later

DAVIS, ONEILIA, B.S.

Student representative at dedication of gates (3); President Sunday School Class (1, 2, 3); Literary Society (3); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3); Cabinet (4); Biology Club (3, 4); Shaw University Players (4); President Student Volunteer Group (3); Class Song (4).

the years had not changed her. She was still the same kind Josie Boney now head nurse of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

This vision faded. I saw a large and brilliantly lighted hall filled with an appreciative audience. The speaker held them in a spell. Now they wept; then they laughed. He turned them at his will. Who was he? James Broadus Woodson, historian and philosopher.

Again the scene changed. In a quiet study she turned and I saw Winifred Norris, who had entered upon her poetic career as class poetess, with several volumes of her latest works on her desk.

I saw a book store. A school girl asked for a copy of Cocheeys Smith's essays. The clerk said he had sold the last copy, but would get a new supply. I heard the clerk say to a gentleman:

"Schools are studying modern essayists instead of the older ones. Miss Smith is one of the best of recent writers." The book store vanished. These memories were quietly dispelled by the sight of a bulletin announcing a lecture on "The Art of Science" by Dr. Garland Crews who had just returned from abroad to take the place of Dr. Just at Howard.

Next I saw a beautiful garden in which violets were the principal flowers. I had an image of a couple walking in the garden. As they raised their heads I saw Melvina Simon and Sarah Loftin discussing their latest contributions to the fields of French and English.

The scene faded away. I saw a room in which sat Maud Bell and John Pickett as "Mr. and Mrs." with their children at their sides telling them of the rich traditions of Shaw University. Then came a doctor's office. Whom should I see but Eula Haywood? Don't misunderstand. I don't mean she was a doctor, but a doctor had conquered her fear so completely that she was no longer known as Miss Haywood.

Next in a store window was a large placard announcing a demonstration of a safety hat retainer. In the store were Thomas Fred Allen and Richmond Carr, inventors of the Patent Hat Retainer by means of which men were sure to find their hats where they left them.

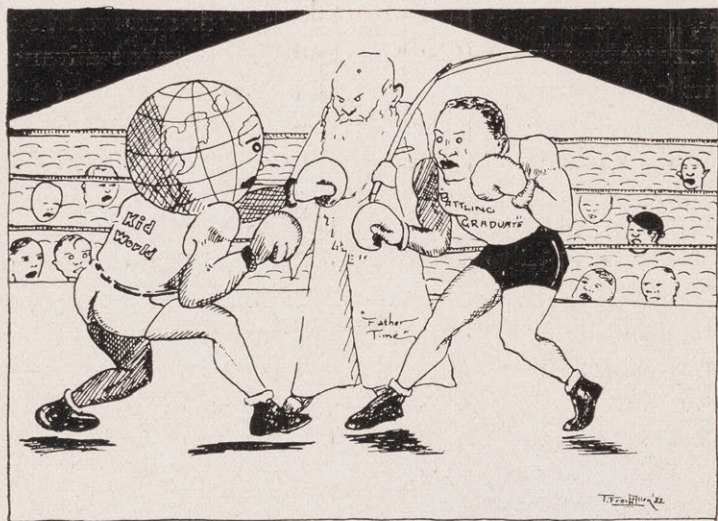
In an art gallery I saw a lovely painting. Here I learned that Helen Smith was a famed artist. An orthodox Protestant church next caught my attention. Would you believe it? In the pulpit was Earl Burnett. Next a large concert hall where the attention was called to a distinguished soloist, Evelyn Beckwith, who has just returned from a European success.

Several views quickly passed showing rooms (of a school building) of every description from kindergarten to high school. Among the teachers were Queen Carney, Doris Bell, Lavinia Brown, and Pattie Morgan. Then a beautiful reception room was filled with talented and learned people. The hostess was Anne Bass, famed society matron. To attend her social functions was considered a great favor. The center of attraction of the evening was Bessie Pickett, a prominent mineralogist just

returned from abroad with specimens for her already extensive collection. In this reception room, the radio was turned on. From station WKOX Boston, came the announcement by Ginn and Company of the publication of two recent books. The first of these was entitled *The German Shakespeare* and the second, *The Rise of German Realism*—both written by Essie West.

Next came a great contrast. I was in dark Africa, and who should I see but Onelia Davis and Panzee Keen as missionaries.

The following picture showed a gondola floating on the canals of Venice. It was Jessie Burns married to an Italian Count.



"The Bottle of the Century"

An up-to-date orphanage formed the next picture. There children bereft of their parents played merrily and seemed to prosper under the care of Ophelia Stratman, General Superintendent. Assisting her were Ethel Terry and Alice Lambert.

Again a large hall appeared where Bettie Rawlins was presiding over a woman's meeting, and the subject for debate was: "Shall Men be Allowed to Vote?"

It seemed as if with the twinkling of an eye I was carried to a modern little village where the inhabitants were celebrating the election of their new mayor, Scipio Easterling, with Attorney James A. Harper as leader. As I followed the parade through the main section of the town I read the following sign: Exclusive "Ready-to-wear" for women, Myrtle Johnson, Proprietress.

Through this magic mirror, I saw Hazel Coley in Hollywood featuring in an old colored caste, and her leading man was Clarence Toole. Merri-man Hill was the director of this picture. Willa Jones found in later

life that her career was not in the field of Home Economics, but Dean of Women at her Alma Mater. And those who had returned as she had as heads of the departments were Wendell Somerville, Dean of Theology; Rachel Hall, Professor of French; Ernestine Hayes, Professor of History, and Louise McClennon, Professor of Social Sciences. Mattie McMurren felt the call to duty and volunteered to take over the duties of the laundry.

I could see Naomi Lennon as she had her girls around her giving them their weekly talk, for now she is President of Nanny Borroughs Industrial Institute for Women; and two of her teachers are Eliza May, instructor of chemistry, and Geneva Richardson, instructor of mathematics.

James Baker seems to be interested in a seldom surveyed field. He is living a comfortable life, and is devoting his time to the advancement of new theories on the fourth dimension, and acting as head of the Mathematics Department of Fisk University. William Cooper owns a large chair of a barber shop in a prominent city in the West. Frank Gibson is making wonderful progress as an evangelist and is often called the "Black Spurgent of the South."

My guide cautioned me that my time had nearly expired, but I begged of her to let me pass through the spacious corridor of the lower end of the cave, and she bade me follow. As we made the first turn, I saw a lonely little cottage sitting on a mound with a natural basin of water at the foot. And in the garden cutting flowers was Mary Della Wilkins, who is now the wife of the only colored senator of the United States. Again my guide gave me a warning, and I saw a delightful vision, a woman about forty was standing in front of a class of about ninety or one hundred students. This was Elwyna Haywood, director of music at the conservatory at Talladega College. As I turned from the mirror, I had a faint but a lasting impression of Lucille Watson sitting in her physics laboratory, making improvement on the Law of Universal Gravitation, and aiding her in this great endeavor was Letha Brown.

My reverie was ended as Mr. Lee, my instructor in Botany, called upon time for the Classes of Fungi.

"They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
The very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.
Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass."

people. The hostess was Anne Bass, famed society matron. To attend

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1932

We, the Class of '32, have asked every member to search diligently and unselfishly through all of their most cherished treasures, and, then, to choose from them some invaluable to leave to the Class of '33, as well as, to some of their grief-stricken friends. And, since we wish that none will feel slighted, we here delay more detailed items to express our most profound gratitude and respect for all whose attention and thoughtfulness have been shown us in regard to our health and happiness during our short stay in this scholarly realm.

And, now, we realize more than ever the number of urgent solicitations, monetary problems, and so on and on with which our dearest beloved parents have been confronted, and we extend unlimited congratulations to these comrades for their loyal support.

To our President, Dr. William Stuart Nelson, we give assurance of our desire to always esteem him a true friend to our Alma Mater, and of our sincere wish for his increasing prosperity.

To the ministerial department we leave several philosophical books, ethics, and Bible texts to which they may refer during their careers as spreaders of the gospel.

To the succeeding seniors, we dispose the vast range of senior privileges, and all the dignified things that we leave behind as we hurry for diplomas. We also leave a magnifying glass, which we hope will help the incoming seniors to discover these privileges.

To the Sophomores we will and bequeath the knowledge and popularity of our class.

To the Freshmen we bequeath the antique motto "To be heard and not seen."

The girls of the Class of '32 will and bequeath to Mother Anna G. Perry their cherished hope of realizing the establishment of a modern laundry in the basement of Estey Hall.

Now, to turn to more personal gifts: To Bernice Pennington the mocking-bird voice of Evelyn B. Beckwith is passed on.

Richmond Carr wills to his successor his honesty and efficiency in handling the mail.

Letha M. Brown, Bessie E. Pickett, Melvina E. Simons and Sarah A. Loftin leave their campus bench to Florence Fraley, Penny Perry, Eleanor Moseley, and Rosa Mills.

To Stanley Gilliam, Ophelia A. Stratmon wills and bequeaths her studious disposition and spirit of determination, which may enable him to pass his Senior studies as well as she has done.

Jessie Mae Burns passes on to Esther Rich her typing position.

Oneilia Davis wills her "controllable love" to Ednir Hawkins.

Winifred Leona Norris wishes to dispose the "key" to the "Y" store to Ruth Brett.

Altermese Burnett Smith wills and bequeaths to Thelma Mae Johnson room No. 15 including the antique furniture, and the old books on the shelf.

"In this fast and frivolous world
We revel in our old-fashioned girl"

and such is Essie West, who wills and bequeaths her qualities to Bernice Furlong.

We hope this generosity will be appreciated and we trust that the new owners will cherish their heritage as dearly as their former possessors.

And, lastly, we, the Class of '32 constitute, make and ordain the Class of '34 the executor of this our Last Will and Testament.

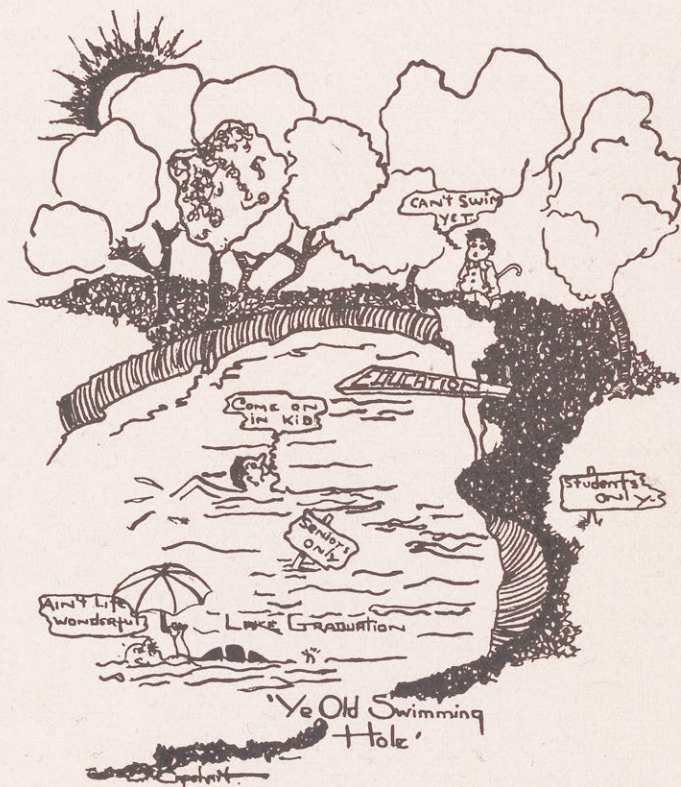
MAUD M. BELL, Testator.

Witness: CLASS OF '34.

James Antigone Harper bequeaths to Reverend Faison his qualities as a "lover," so that the Reverend might win his "ideal" girl.

Ann Maude Bass wills and bequeaths to Margaret Griffis her Demure Pedagogical Manner.

Scipio Easterling passes on to his brother, Carl, his ability to assume an attitude of being wise when he is otherwise.



Cocheeys Smith and Clarence (Buddy) Toole bequeath to Alexander Massey their knack of gossiping.

T. Fred Allen wills and bequeaths to John Capehart his artistic talent hoping that he will contribute more attractive features to the *Journal* in the ensuing school term.

To Elsie Speller, Willa Jones bequeaths her bashfulness.

Panzie Keen leaves to William Hoffer her box of letters from Mr. Panell, so that he may learn the art of love-writing

"In an argument at his best
Always wins and nothing less"

And this is none other than James Broadus Woodson, who wills and bequeaths his debating ability to Charles Arthur Ray.

James Antigone Harper bequeaths to Reverend Faison his qualities as a "lover," so that the Reverend might win his "ideal" girl. Ann Maude Bass wills and bequeaths to Margaret Griffiths her Pedagogical Manner.

Louvenia C. Brown and James H. Baker will and bequeath to Reatha McCluney and Sousa McMillan the seats in the library where they have spent so many happy moments.

Jessie Mae Burns passes on to Esther Rich her typing position.

Oneilia Davis wills her "controllable love" to Ednir Hawkins.

Winifred Leona Norris wishes to dispose the "key" to the "Y" store to Ruth Brett.

Altermese Burnett Smith wills and bequeaths to Thelma Mae Johnson room No. 15 including the antique furniture, and the old books on the shelf.

"In this fast and frivolous world
We revel in our old-fashioned girl"

and such is Essie West, who wills and bequeaths her qualities to Bernice Furlong.

We hope this generosity will be appreciated and we trust that the new owners will cherish their heritage as dearly as their former possessors.

And, lastly, we, the Class of '32 constitute, make and ordain the Class of '34 the executor of this our Last Will and Testament.

MAUD M. BELL, Testator.

Witness: CLASS OF '34.

Class Poem of 1932

By WINIFRED LEONA NORRIS

Dull like languid limped waters
Laden deep with drowsing dew
Came we to your sacred portals
For a life we deemed our due.

Scattered like the leaves in autumn
Were our sorted thoughts of mind
Thought we not of tasks to finish
And of life's unceasing grind.

Shallow were our depths of being
Slender were the threads we drew
From the pit of unknown knowledge
Ours just for trials few.

Life is but a streak of laughter
Painting all the sky in blue
Dancing days and bits of fancy
That was all we had in view.

Purged us with a thirst for knowledge
Drenched us with a love divine
Covered us with perseverance
And a care for all mankind.

Thank we, Thee, for pointing upward
To the guiding light on high
With our footsteps ever marking
To the pace you set us by.

We will onward tramp forever
With a vision of your light
You who hold the torch behind us
Ever keep it shining bright.

Friendships we must tear asunder
From the Fountain we must part
We shall miss Thy tranquil beauty
Naught but memories for the heart.

Class Song

~~T~~une of trees

Now we must bid dear Shaw adieu,
We love her halls with hearts so true;
The standards learned with great delight
Have filled us full of life and sight.
Oh! how it tears our tender hearts
To think that we from Shaw must part.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
We wish you joy year after year;
'Tis with an honest heart-felt sigh
That we to you must say Good-bye.
Fare well dear Shaw, we say to you.
Dear Shaw adieu, dear Shaw adieu,

M. D. Wilkin ~~and~~ O. A. Davis

approved by the three
of us—me myself, and I.



Al! Do it



ON soft water of SEAS

- Wennie
- Hazel
- Naomi
- Bessie

TO SAIL ON
an
"Unknown Sea"



Who?

Raleigh
News and Observer



HARPER, JAMES A., A.B.



At the Pres. Recept



Masquerade Party

The world is a masquerade party,
 And we all have our mask to wear;
 The rich man pretends he is happy
 And the pauper pretends he don't care.
 But underneath all these false faces
 The comedy doesn't go far.
 At night when we look in the mirror
 We see ourselves just as we are.
 But aren't all of us actors?
 We all have a part in the show,
 We appear on the scene without asking
 And we leave without wanting to go.
 I play the part of a lover--
 To others my song may have charms
 But the one who keeps my heart singing
 Is a million miles from my arms.
 My mask is worn out with tear drops
 At night when it's laid on the shelf
 I may make the world think I'm merry,
 But I can't hide the truth from myself
 No matter how much it may hurt--
 I must keep on acting, and acting.



Thelma T.

My Inspiration

By WINIFRED LEONA NORRIS

Wedged between the earth and heaven
 In a sylvan atmosphere,
 Cradled by a thousand breezes
 Is the Shaw I love so dear.

Each blade of grass upon my bosom,
 Each tiny leaf upon thy brow,
 Is but a gem within my memory,
 Is but a song within my heart.

Dreams of love shall hold me tender,
 Dreams of You shall keep me true,
 Dreams shall waken me with passion
 To push on and on for You.

Room-mates



Nick

With Our Campus Poets

Verse

THOUGHTS

Tinselled thoughts
Like bits of laughter
Drifting in and out of cares.

Dismal thoughts
Like dull sensations
Flashing, dashing, splashing tears.

New-born thoughts
Like eyes unopened
Upon a world of dreams and facts.

Heavy thoughts
Like laden oxen
Drawing, gnawing, palling packs.

Hail and welcome
Thrice, O, Morpheus
Cease this winding caravan.

Ease my soul
Pray, just a little
From these thoughts of sorted sand.

THIS CAROLINA MOON

I do believe sincerely
That this Carolina moon
Is but a sullen old witch
That makes you faint and swoon.

When all is dark and silent
She steals in through the pane
And sprinkles magic powders
Upon your quivering frame.

And when the mystic powders
Begin to operate
You laugh and cry and shiver
Until your heart most breaks.

You dance, you sing, you tremble
You rave and tear and fitch;
I know this Carolina moon
Is but a wicked witch.

WINIFRED L. NORRIS.

OH, SPRING, WE WELCOME YOU

Oh, spring, where hast thou been
With all the rain and dew?
Wilt thou thy beauty lend?
Oh, spring, we welcome you.

Our wishes have been vain,
The lovely days are few;
We long for sun and rain,
Oh, spring, we welcome you.

We look outside the door,
In search for what is true;
New life comes every hour,
Oh, spring, we welcome you.

The time in now at hand,
We see the violets blue;
The cry comes over the land
Oh, spring, we welcome you.

H. L. MITCHELL.

LIFE TIME

Dawn wakes,
Life's born all new;
Noon breaks,
Life blooms with hue;
Dusk calls,
Life's love for two;
Night falls,
Life dies—adieu.

MAUDE M. BELL.

Class - Nick-Names

Cockeys Smith	"Butterball"
Altermese Smith	"Slim"
Maud Bell	"Billy"
Doris Bell	"Dot"
Melvina Simons	"Millie or Susie"
Mattie M. Murren	"Mother"
Clarence Toole	"Buddy"
Scipio Easterling	"Skip"
Ophelia Stratmon	"Phelia"
Letha Brown	"Lee"
James Baker	"Puss"
Essie West	"Essie Sweets"
Earl Burnette	"Peter"
Lucile Watson	"Reasa"
Winifred Norris	"Winnie"
John Pickett	"Brother"
Merriman Hill	"Constant"
Pangie Keen	"Pudd"
Sarah Loftin	"Sac"
Mary Wilkins	"Della"
Hazel Coley	"Processes"
Geneva Richardson	"Gem me" or "Linme"
Evelyn B. Beckwith	"B"
Oneilia Davis	"Nick"

TO PRESENT GREEK TRAGEDY "ANTIGONE"

The Shaw Players, dramatic organization of Shaw University, will present a Greek tragedy, "Antigone," by Sophocles, on Friday, May 27. This classical drama will be presented out of doors, with every member of the Shaw Players participating.

The presentation of "Antigone" at commencement will mark the close of a very successful season for the organization. "Pomander Walk," an English comedy by Louis Parker, was the first presentation of the group. At Christmas several members of the organization presented "Where Love Is," by Tolstoi, as a project for the Senior Sunday school class. On March 11 two one-act plays of Negro life were presented, "Plumes," by George Douglass Johnson, and "Olives," by Richard Jefferson. Professor Fletcher is director of the Shaw Players.

Kampus Kaleidoscope

S. R. Y.

Scattered throughout the civilized world are structures or remains of structures as famous of the souls of men immortal. Here at Shaw, our Shaw, where the cultures of civilizations long past are revised, condensed, and absorbed with modernistic ideals, we also can boast of a structure that to our minds (we students—past and present) will never be forgotten and which we sincerely believe will inevitably become famous.

Greenleaf Hall, containing both chapel and dining hall, erected in 1879, named in honor of Mr. O. H. Greenleaf, is the most frequented, if not the most imposing building on the campus. The architecture of this edifice is merely a matter of passing interest. It might be of interest, however, to know that in the tower of this building the much imposed upon bell has its abode. We might think briefly of this bell even. How many times has it aroused countless students and residents in the vicinity from otherwise peaceful slumbers? Upon how many different occasions has its constant peals informed its listeners that the time had arrived? Greenleaf Hall, however, does not score such a great point for itself merely because it contains anything so concrete as a bell. Its bid to fame rests primarily in abstract regions. For over half a century it has stood—proof against the elements. During those fifty-odd years many great figures have spoken from its rostrum. Many listeners have been indiscriminately inspired and bored. As we in our brief sojourn here think back we many go so far as to say they form a truly brilliant array. There have been statesmen, theologians, politicians, educators, reformers, business and professional men, laymen and what not. In time every walk of life has been represented, and nearly every emotion has been touched on or appealed to. In time to come there will doubtless be a more diverse and profound repetition.

None that have labored here any length of time have escaped the spirit of this great inner institution. We salute you, Greenleaf Hall, and hope that yours will not be a death by destruction. Realizing as we do that Shaw must eventually expand, and that modern edifices will supplant the old, we can not help but hope that Greenleaf will be allowed to remain for our posterity. Our fathers and mothers have assembled here. It is probable that we owe our existence to an affair begun by them in social once held there. While we are on socials, we would do well to recall the gala occasions that were once held there, the movies—all happy figures of the past. If the personalities that have contributed to this "spirit" of Greenleaf as well as all Shaw, are countless, then the assemblies held within those walls are close rivals.

Tomorrow will never destroy either the Greenleaf of the past or present—some immortal soul will rise—inspired by Greenleaf and in rising will immortalize the name—Greenleaf.

Dramatic Club Entertained.

J.M. Burns



Pres.

So long as the stars are beyond mortal reach,
So long as each has a lesson to teach,
So long as achievements walk upward and on,
Turn your back to the sunset and seek for the dawn.



Seniors Entertained

By J. A. HARPER

The Seniors were entertained by the Juniors Saturday evening, May 14, at an elaborate buffet luncheon. Greenleaf Hall was attractively decorated with flowers of the season, while the blue and gold class colors blended splendidly with the lighting effects for such a memorable occasion.

Mr. Clarence E. Yokely, president of the Junior class, delivered the welcome address, responded to by Mr. Richmond P. Carr, president of the Senior class. President Wm. Stuart Nelson in a few pointed and inspiring words answered on behalf of the administration. Miss Rachel Morrow, chairman of the Junior program committee, presented several little local acrobats in a clever program including tap dancing and acrobatic stunts. Refreshments consisted of a delicious two course menu; sweet peas on each plate added to the attractiveness of the whole. Faculty guests included President and Mrs. Wm. Stuart Nelson, Misses Gwendolyn E. Cochran, Betty E. Parham, and Mollie Houston; Mesdames L. V. Rivers and H. C. Perrin; Messrs. Earl C. Horton, T. Thomas Fortune Fletcher, John Francis Price, Harry Gil. Smythe, and James Lee. During the course of the evening Mr. T. T. F. Fletcher dedicated a poem to the graduating class. The occasion was one of the most unique and enjoyable affairs of recent years.

The March of Events:

1932

- Nell Hunter ————— Mezzo-Soprano Soloist ————— 'Wade in the water'
Frank Hannison ————— Baritone Soloist ————— 'The trees have ^{grown} so
Abbey Mitchel ————— Soprano Soloist ————— 'My Desire'
Play **THE** Bishops Candlestick ————— College Womens Club
Pomander walk ————— Shaw Players
'Olives' & 'Plumes' ————— 2 one-act plays Shaw Players.
Debate ————— Knoxville vs Shaw ————— Resolved,
"That the several States should enact legis-
lation providing for Compulsory unem-
ployment insurance."
Joint Recital ————— Ruby Mitchel ^{and} Demetrious Heck
"Goner Miss you" ————— "I heard you singing"
Dr Ames ————— from China ————— In Chapel — April 11, 1932
Sedalia Sings ————— 'By the waters of Babylon'
May 14 ————— Juniors entertained the Seniors
May 21 ————— Sophomores " " "
May 27 ————— "ANTIGONE" ————— Shaw Players
May 28 ————— Shaw Players Entertained.
May 29 ————— Baccalaureate Sermon
May 30 ————— Class ^{NOON} Day — Memorial ^{MON.} Service
Eve President & Mrs Nelson Entertain Seniors
May 31 ————— Commencement,

Flanders Field

In Flanders field the poppies blow
Between the crosses now on now
That mark our place, and in the sky
The lark still bravely fly, scarce heard
Among the guns below.
We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders field,

Take up the gauntlet with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw the torch
Be yours to hold it high, if ye break faith with
us who die.
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
In Flanders field.

Americans answer.

Rest ye in place, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led.
We're taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed.
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once your own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high.
And Freedom's light shall never die'.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught.
In Flanders fields.

GOD KEEP YOU

GOD keep you, dearest, all this lonely night;
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the western hill;
God keep you safely, dearest, till the light.

Good keep you then when slumbering melts
away,

And care and strife
Take up new arms to fret our waking life.
God keep you through the battle of the day.

God keep you, Nay, beloved soul how vain,
How poor is prayer;
I can but say again, and yet again.
God keep you every time and everywhere.

—MARY AINGE DE BERE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadow green,
The buttercup catches the sun in her chalice.
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Attilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;
He sings to the wide world, she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is best?
—James Russell Lowell.

You Ought To - Know

If seeing green leaves on trees that are bare,
And seeing the sun when the sun isn't there,
And seeing your face when there's only thin air,
Is being in love, I'm in love.

If being unable to sleep or eat,
And having a feeling that's painful yet sweet,
And sailing on clouds stead of plodding on feet,
Is being in love, I'm in love.

If not knowing wheather I'm here or at home,
And using the toothbrush instead of the comb,
And being compelled to produce this new prome,
Is being in love, I'm in love.



1931-32 JOURNAL STAFF

Left to right—Jessie M. Burns '32, Lossie Slade '33, Charles A. Ray '33 (S.R.Y.), Esther M. Rich '33, Winifred L. Norris '32.

Back row—Wm. T. Richey '34, Vincent L. Green '34, Matthew E. Neil '34, T. Fred Allen '32.

Last row—Charles B. Robson, T. Thos. F. Fletcher.



ALPHA OMRICRON HONOR SOCIETY

Left to right—Annie M. Bass, Garland L. Crews, Essie M. West, Esther M. Rich, James B. Woodson, Winifred L. Norris.

The Alpha Omicron Honor Society is composed of those students of the Junior and Senior classes who have attained especially high rank in scholarship.



BASEBALL TEAM



LIBRARY HALL

IT ISN'T THE WORLD--IT'S YOU

You say the world is gloomy;
 The skies are grim and gray,
 The night has lost its quiet--
 You fear the coming day?
 The world is what you make it,
 The sky is gray or blue
 Just as your soul may paint it
 It isn't the world--it's you!

Clear up the clouded vision,
 Clean out the foggy mind;
 The clouds are always passing,
 And each is silver lined.
 The world is what you make it--
 Then make it bright and true,
 And when you say it's gloomy,
 It isn't the world--it's you!

The University Choir:



What joy to capture song from sound and send
It throbbing through the hearts of men.

—*Emily Selinger.*

“There is in souls a symphony with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased.
With melting airs or martial,—brisk or grave—
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.”

Harry Gil-Smythe, Director of Music

Soprano Soloist



E. B. Beckwith

FOOTBALL TEAM 1931-32

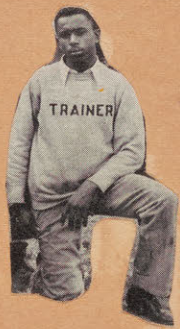


SHAW UNIVERSITY
BOARD OF ATHLETIC CONTROL
Raleigh, North Carolina

Football Schedule

- Oct. 3—Shaw at St. Paul Institute ^{6 13}
- Oct. 10—Va. Seminary at Shaw ³¹
- Oct. 17—Shaw at J. C. Smith University ^{14 0}
- Oct. 24—Shaw at Va. State College ^{0 32}
- Oct. 30—Shaw vs. Brick at Rocky Mount ^{0 0}
- Nov. 6—Shaw at Livingstone ^{tie}
- Nov. 14—Union at Shaw (Home Coming) ^{0 0}
- Nov. 21—To be announced
- Nov. 26—Shaw vs. St. Augustine's (League Park) ^{7 0}

W. THURBER ARMSTRONG
Coach



Poems New and Old Favorites

IF

IF ANY little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter—
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleetier,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

OMISSION

IT ISN'T the thing you do, dear,
It is the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way;
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With trouble enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels,
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence.
Each child's reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache.
At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

IT MATTERS little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's
scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay,
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

BETTER TO SMILE

IT IS better to smile
Than to scowl anytime.
It makes your life pleasant
And keeps it in rhyme.
The scowler is one
You wish to pass by;
It is very much better
To smile than to sigh.

It is better to smile
Than to scowl if you lose;
To laugh, not resent,
If someone abuse.
To scowl and to grumble
Will make matters worse;
It is better to smile
Than your worries rehearse.

It is better to smile
When things seem all wrong;
To drown all depression
In an outburst of song.
No matter what happens
You can make it worth while,
If you turn from vexation
And indulge in a smile.

—GRENVILLE KLEISER.

HUMAN BLOSSOMS.

Flowers! I love flowers! And I'll
say that they are sweet!
But no flower has got pink toes on
a pair of rose-leaf feet,
And no flower has got arms that
go up round a feller's neck;
And no flower ever tells you that it
loves you "Most a peck!"
And no flower is so weary when
the long playday is by
That it snuggles to your bosom, al-
most ready for a cry
Till you start to count its "piggies."
I love flowers! They are fine!
But it's little human blossoms that
have got this heart of mine!

It is little human blossoms—that
can holler, and an run
With their hands held up to meet
you when your working day
is done;
That your eyes begin to look for
when you turn into your
street,
While your ears begin to listen for
the patter of their feet;
That make your arms reach to hold
them, and your face break
into smiles;
It's life's little human blossoms
that make glad life's weary
miles!
And the bluest morning-glory—its
rare blossom gemmed with
dew—
Ain't as pretty as a baby with its
arms held up to you!

I know lots of millionaires—I know
about them anyhow;
I know how their very presence
makes men start to scrape
and bow;
But I never envy them none! They
ain't got the things I seek!
Dollar's can't climb into your arms
and hold their cheek ag'in
your cheek
Like a baby can—and love you! Dol-
lars see mplumb cheap and
cold
When they're put beside a baby that
your arms can lift and hold!
Millions are not necessary—roses
may not climb your wall—
But life without human blossoms
ain't worth anything at all!

IF I BUT KNEW

IF I but knew what the tree-tops
say,
Whispering secrets night and day,
I'd make a song, my love, for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

If I but knew how the lilies brew
Nectar rare from a drop of dew,
A crystal glass I'd fill for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

—AMY E. LEIGH.

OLD DARKEY'S ADVICE

DON'T be what you ain't;
Jes' be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.
If you're just a little tadpole,
Don't try to be a frog;
If you're just the tail,
Don't try to wag the dog.
You can always pass the plate,
If you can't exhort and preach.
If you're just a little pebble,
Don't try to be the beach.
Don't be what you ain't,
Jes' be what you is.

OUR MOTHER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

I Must Forget

By HELEN WELSHIMER

I MUST forget the dearness of your smile,
Your eager step upon a darkening street;
The way your eyes sought mine across a room,
The rhythm of your laugh, low-toned and sweet.
I must not catch my breath in sudden hurt
Because a voice says words you used to say,
Or see a tawny head and wonder how
Two people's hair could grow that rough-edged way.

I MUST remember only you are gone,
And do my errands . . . I'll pretend that you
Are someone in a book that I have read,
Not anyone I ever really knew;
And that I have imagined all of this,
As children sometimes play a foolish game,
Then maybe I can make myself believe
That, after all, perhaps you never came.

Poems - New and Old Favorites

IF

IF ANY little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter—
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleetier,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

OMISSION

IT ISN'T the thing you do, dear,
It is the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun:
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way;
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With trouble enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels,
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence.
Each child's reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache.
At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

IT MATTERS little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's
scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay.
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

BETTER TO SMILE

IT IS better to smile
Than to scowl anytime,
It makes your life pleasant
And keeps it in rhyme.
The scowler is one
You wish to pass by;
It is very much better
To smile than to sigh.

It is better to smile
Than to scowl if you lose;
To laugh, not resent,
If someone abuse.
To scowl and to grumble
Will make matters worse;
It is better to smile
Than your worries rehearse.

It is better to smile
When things seem all wrong;
To drown all depression
In an outburst of song.
No matter what happens
You can make it worth while,
If you turn from vexation
And indulge in a smile.

—GRENVILLE KLEISER.

I Must Forget

By HELEN WELSHIMER

I MUST forget the dearness of your smile,
Your eager step upon a darkening street;
The way your eyes sought mine across a room,
The rhythm of your laugh, low-toned and sweet.
I must not catch my breath in sudden hurt
Because a voice says words you used to say,
Or see a tawny head and wonder how
Two people's hair could grow that rough-edged way.

I MUST remember only you are gone,
And do my errands . . . I'll pretend that you
Are someone in a book that I have read,
Not anyone I ever really knew;
And that I have imagined all of this,
As children sometimes play a foolish game,
Then maybe I can make myself believe
That, after all, perhaps you never came.

YOU'RE looking as fresh as the morn,
darling.

You're looking as bright as the day;
But while on your charms I'm dilating
You're stealing my poor heart away.
But keep it and welcome, my mavourneen,
Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
Yet one heart's enough for a body,
So pray give me yours in return,
O say, give me yours in return.

OUR MOTHER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A thing more ugly than a tree—

A tree whose scraggly roots are pressed
Against the sidewalk's crackling breast;

A tree that may still have for soil
Sand and ashes steeped in oil—

A tree that may at all times wear
A line of clothes among her hair;

That lifts her dried-up limbs to pray
Her thanks for gas fumes all the day;

Upon whose bosom there has lain
Far-flung garbage thrown in vain;

A tree that stands abashed all day
At what the tel'phone wires say.

That intimately lives with rain.
Drawn by housemaids from the main—

Poems are made by fools like me,
The other fools plant a city tree.

SIGMUND FOGLER.

IF I BUT KNEW

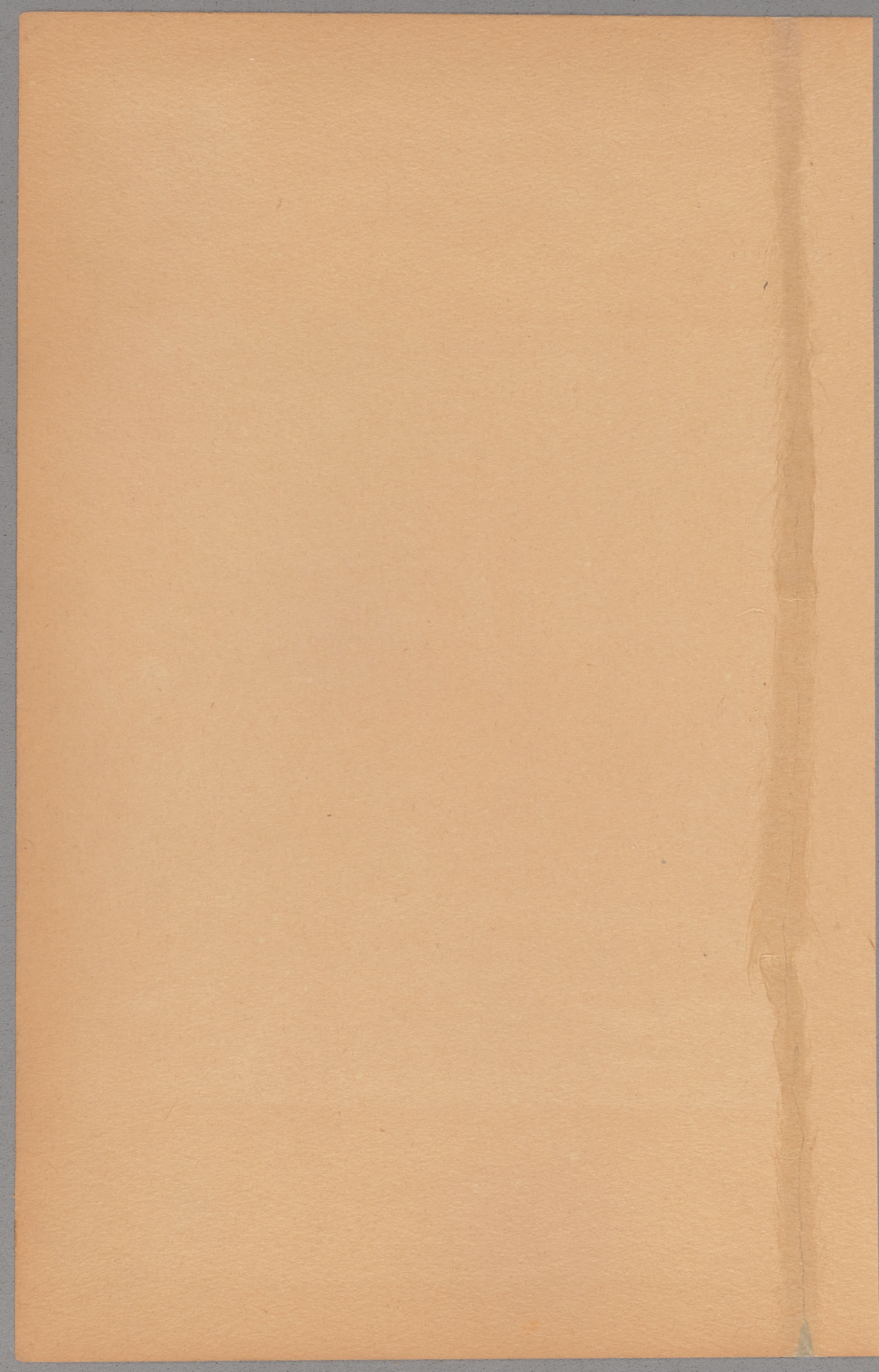
IF I but knew what the tree-tops
say,
Whispering secrets night and day,
I'd make a song, my love, for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

If I but knew how the lilies brew
Nectar rare from a drop of dew,
A crystal glass I'd fill for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

—AMY E. LEIGH.

OLD DARKEY'S ADVICE

DON'T be what you ain't;
Jes' be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.
If you're just a little tadpole,
Don't try to be a frog;
If you're just the tail,
Don't try to wag the dog.
You can always pass the plate,
If you can't exhort and preach.
If you're just a little pebble,
Don't try to be the beach.
Don't be what you ain't,
Jes' be what you is.



Things worth Remembering.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's ~~beauty~~ beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

Stanley

SHAW UNIVERSITY RALEIGH, N. C.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1932

THREE THIRTY O'CLOCK

+++

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude—Adagio Cantabile *Beethoven*
(Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13)

Processional Hymn—No. 183

Sentence and Response

Scripture THE REVEREND HARRY A. SMITH,
Instructor in Theology, Shaw University.

Prayer THE REVEREND GEORGE A. FISHER,
Rector of St. Ambrose Church, Raleigh, N. C.

Response

Solo—"The Cry of Rachel" *Salter*
MISS EVELYN BECKWITH

Sermon THE REVEREND A. CLAYTON POWELL,
Pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, New York City.

Anthem—"The Omnipotence" *Schubert-Spicker*
THE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Recessional Hymn—No. 182

Benediction THE REVEREND V. T. WILLIAMS,
Pastor of the Martin Street Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C.

(The audience will please rise on the second stanza of the Processional Hymn and remain standing through the Sentence and Response. The audience will also rise on the second stanza of the Recessional Hymn.)

University Vespers

Sunday, April 17, 1932

Four-thirty O'Clock

Order of Service

Prelude Posthumous Ms.

Processional Hymn No. 140 (Stand on Second Stanza)

Sentence and Response (Remain Standing)

Scripture and Prayer

Response Page 233 (Choir and Audience)

Spiritual I Got a Home in a Dat Rock

Miss M. Starks

Behind the hills of Virginia,



Mrs
Keen
and
Buster



Bernice Pennington
Lucile Watson
Rachel Hall



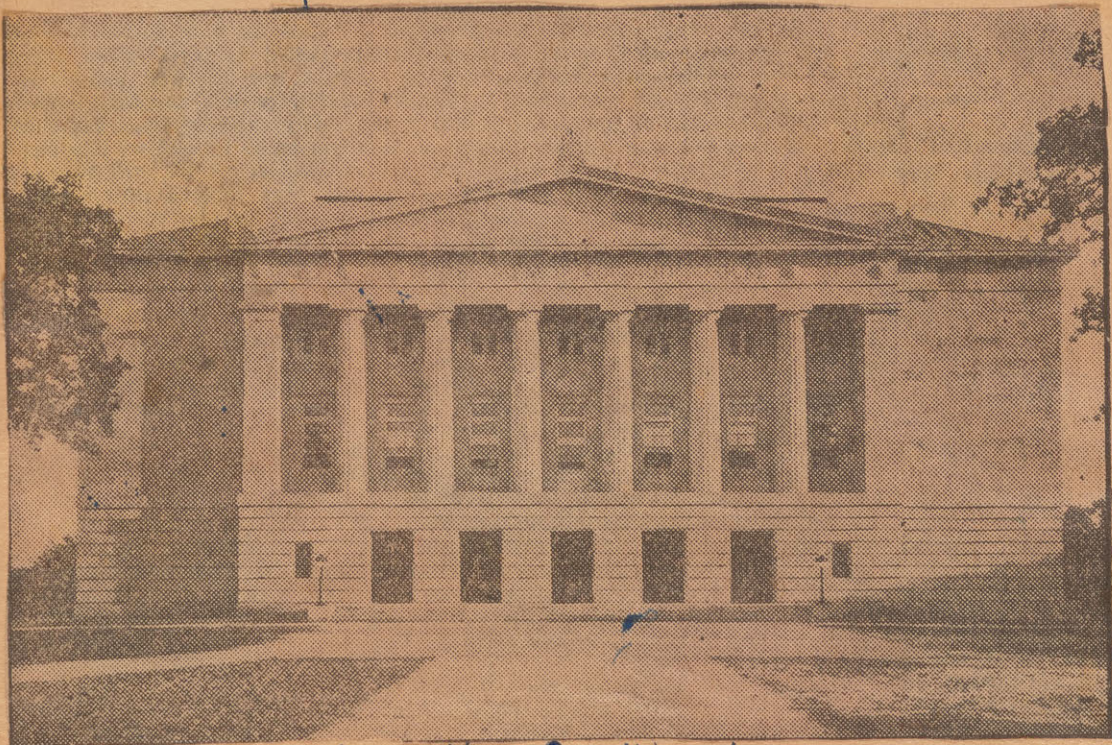
Bettie Atwater
Buster Keen Melba Bell

OLD CITY AUDITORIUM



Above is shown Raleigh's last Municipal Auditorium, completed on October 17, 1911 and burned on October 25, 1930.

For 2 years while I was at Shaw — 1928-29, '29-'30 Shaw played her basket-ball games in this building and OH! what fun we've had seating ourselves to watch the players, what fun a group of us had about our secret lovers.



Erected The New Auditorium. - Next block to Shaw during 1931-'32.



MRS. KITTY
CUMBO

Remember

Those
COLLEGE MEN

MRS. M. P. LANE
DELICATESSEN

HAMLIN
DRUG CO.

Huneycutt's London Shop

Shaw University quintet

Y. W. C. A.

The Shaw girls

"Prometheus," recited by Miss Essie West.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL ATTENDANCE

The Student Volunteers

My
THOUGHT DREAMS

Little "Dixie" Davis

Our Shakespearean Plays
Thanksgiving Football Game 1930
Campus Movies '29-'30
Social for new Students '28
4:30 Vespers '32
That Jym Class '31

Shaw University

Presents

FRANK HARRISON, Baritone

In Recital

Greenleaf Hall, Friday, January fifteenth

nineteen hundred thirty-two

at 8 o'clock



Program

I.

HEAR ME YE WINDS AND WAVES.....*Handel*
GIA IL SOLE DAL GANGE.....*Scarlatti*
IL SONNETTO (Rubaiyat).....*Santoliquido*

II.

DIE KRAHE }*Schubert*
RASTLOSE LIEBE }
L'HEURE EXQUISE.....*Hahn*
CHEVAUCHEE COSAQUE.....*Foudrain*

III.

INTO THE LIGHT.....*La Forge*
THE HEART WORSHIPS.....*Holst*
CHRIST WENT UP INTO THE HILLS.....*Hageman*
THE SLEIGH (a la Russe).....*Kountz*

IV.

THE TREES HAVE GROWN SO.....*Burleigh*
MAMSELLE MARIE*Guion*
ON MA JOURNEY.....*Boatner*
HOLD ON*Hall Johnson*

HARRY GIL-SMYTHE at the piano.

D E B A T E

Shaw University vs. Knoxville College

University Chapel

April 8

8:00 O'Clock

Question for Debate: "Resolved that the several states should enact legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance."

Main Speeches : 15 Minutes

Rebuttals: 5 Minutes

AFFIRMATIVE

NEGATIVE

Shaw University

Knoxville College

Harry Griggs '34

Nathaniel Crippins '35

John T. Capehart
'33

J. Reuben Sheeler '34

Following the debate the decision will be given by Dr. Eston R. Ericson, the critic judge, of the faculty of the University of North Carolina

JOINT RECITAL

Ruby Mitchell, Soprano

AND

Dementrious Keck, Tenor

Auspices: Iota Chapter, Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity

Benefit: Sigma Student Loan Fund.

SHAW UNIVERSITY CHAPEL

Friday April 15, 1932 at 8:30 P. M.

PROGRAMME

I

Open the Gates of the Temple ----- Knapp
Serenade ----- Schubert
O Sole Mio ----- Dicapua

Mr. Keck

II

There's a Lark in My Heart ----- Spross
Sorter Miss You ----- Smith
The Little Damsel ----- Novella
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice,
(From Saint Saens "Sampson and Delilah")

Miss Mitchell

III

Macushla ----- McMorrough
I heard You Singing ----- Coates
Nobody knows The Trouble I See ----- White
Somebody's Knocking At Your Door ----- White

Mr. Keck

IV

Pale Moon ----- Logan
Thunder Waters ----- Cadman
Lil Boy ----- Hazzard
Water Boy ----- Robinson
Villanelle ----- Dell'Acqua

Miss Mitchell

Miss M. B. Coote, accompanist to Mr. Keck

Miss Emily Mae Morgan accompanist to Miss Mitchell

UNIVERSITY VESPERS

Sunday, December 20, 1931

Four-thirty O'Clock

Order of Service

Prelude _____ From Mendelssohn

Hymn _____ #57 (audience stand on second stanza)

And There Were Shepherds _____ I.R.W.
Antiphonal Choirs

There's a Song in the Air _____ Ambrose
Miss. Evelyn Beckwith

The Christmas Song _____ Adolph Adams
University Choir

---CHRISTMAS PLAY
"Where Love Is"---

A Parable Play In One Act
Dramatized from Tolstoy's Story
"Where Love is, There God is also"
By
Iden Payne

Characters

Martin Avdyeitch, an old shoemaker _____
Richmond Carr

Gerasim, a merchant))) Joseph Cook

A Young Woman, a stranger _____ Winifred L. Norris

Stepanutch, an old soldier _____ Clarence Toole

An Old Applewoman _____ Rachel Hall

Ilya, a boy of twelve _____ Letha Brown

Scene--The Cellar in which Martin lives &
and works.

Postlude _____ From Handel.

The Shaw Players

- present -

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES
A Greek Tragedy

oo000oo

Persons in the Play

Antigone, daughter of Oedipus.....	Hazel Coley
Ismene, sister of Antigone.....	Hilda Furlonge
Eurydice, wife of Creon.....	Altermese Smith
Creon, King of Thebes.....	T. T. F. Fletcher
Haemon, son of Creon.....	Alexander Massey
Tiresias, blind prophet.....	Milton J. Daniels
Watchman.....	Matthew Neil
Messenger.....	James A. Harper

Chorus:

Leader: Rachel Hall

Members:

Iola Brumfield
Effie Johnson
Melvina Simons
Oneila Davis

Winifred Norris
Sarah Loftin
Queen Carney
Rosalind Person

Elizabeth Manley
Cocheeys Smith
Bessie Pickett
Naomi Lennon

Synopsis

Antigone, against the decree of the king, gives burial to her brother, Polynices, who had led an expedition against the city of Thebes to wrest it from his brother, Eteocles, whom he had slain in mutual combat. She is condemned by Creon to be buried alive. The main events of the play occur outside the palace of Creon.

The costumes were designed by Miss Betty E. Parham of the Home Economics Department and executed by members of the Shaw Players. The organization takes this means of thanking Miss Parham for her assistance throughout the year and to express appreciation to all who have made this and other plays possible.

THE SHAW UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENT TWO PLAYS

"OLIVES" By Richard Jefferson

"PLUMES" BY GEORGIA D. JOHNSON

"OLIVES"-- Cast of Characters

Dulcie Thomas, a servant-----Miss Elizabeth Manley

Aggie, her friend-----Miss Oneilda Davis

Suzanne Phinizy-----Miss Jessie Burns

The scene is the bedroom of Lem Phinizy, deceased husband of Suzanne, whose picture hangs on the wall. A storm rages outside.

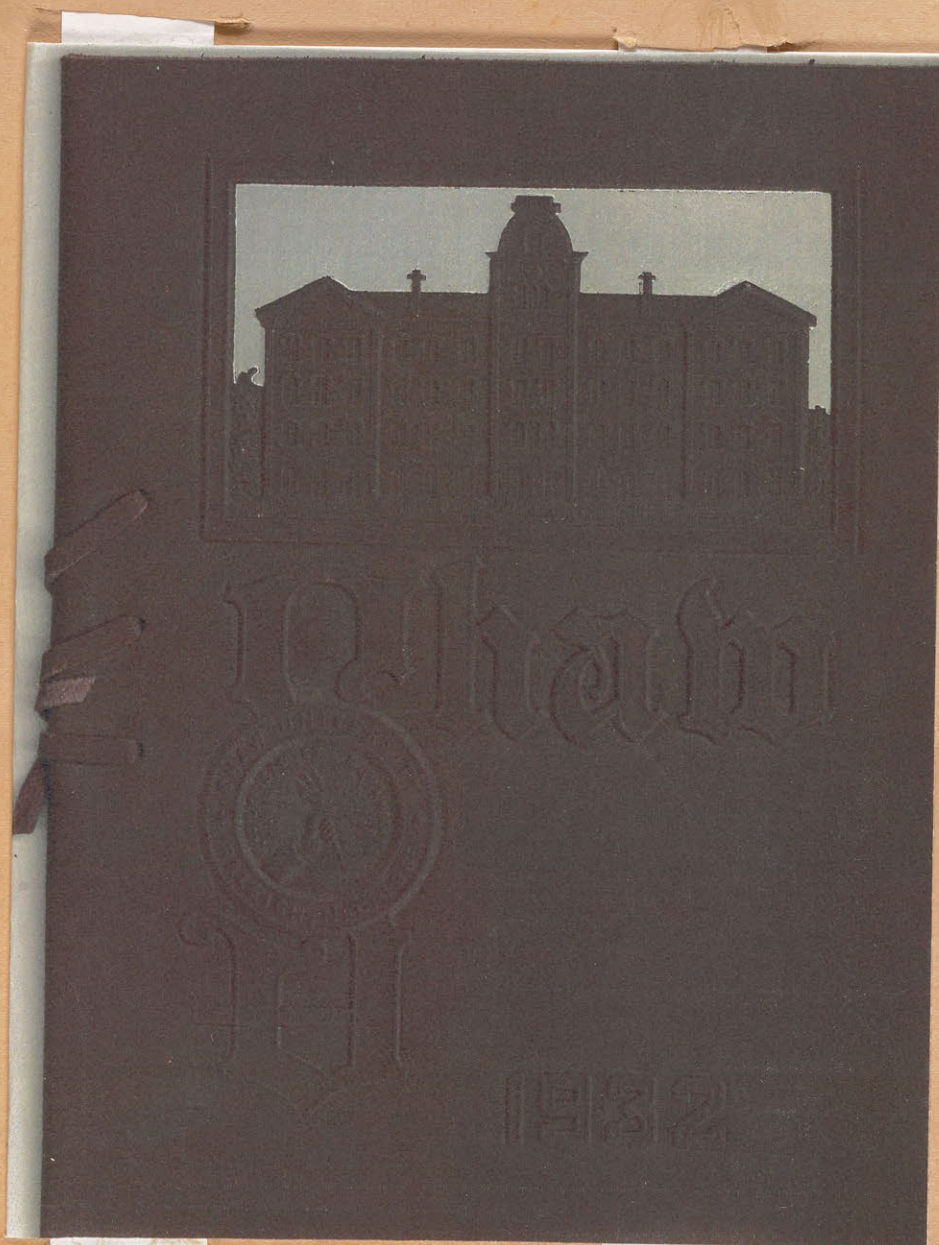
"Plumes"-Cast of Characters

Charity Brown-----Miss Hazel Coley

Sister Eildy, her friend----- Miss Melvian Simons

Dr. Scott----- Mr. Milton Daniels.

The scene is the kitchen of Charity Brown. Her little daughter, Emmerline, is seriously ill in another room.





Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart Nelson

At Home

Monday afternoon, the thirtieth of May

from five until seven o'clock

in honor of the Graduating Class

Shaw University

Raleigh, North Carolina

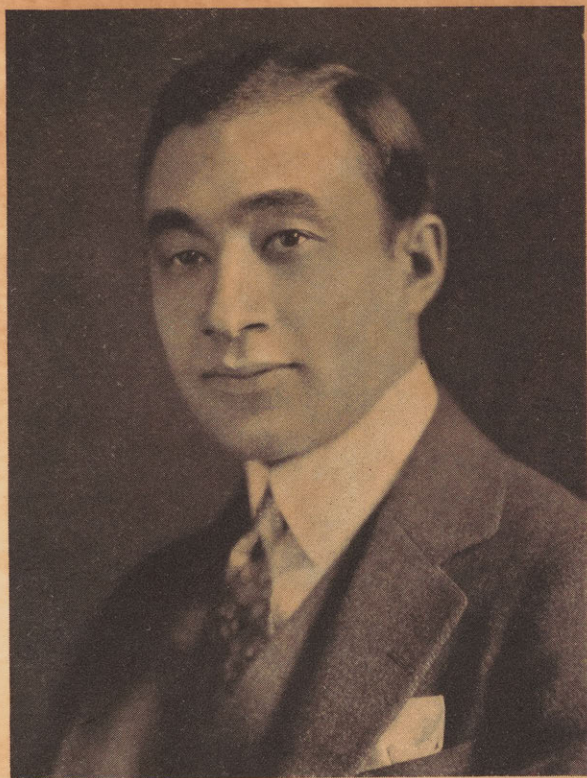


Phalanx

1932



WM. STUART NELSON



WM. STUART NELSON

The Graduating Class

of

Shaw University

invites you to be present at the

Class Day Exercises

Monday, May thirtieth, at ten o'clock

and the

Commencement Exercises

Tuesday, May thirty-first, at ten o'clock

Commencement Week Program

SATURDAY, MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

7.00 A. M.....Senior Day

SUNDAY, MAY TWENTY-NINTH

4.30 P. M.....Baccalaureate Sermon
Address by The Reverend A. Clayton Powell
Pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church
New York City

MONDAY, MAY THIRTIETH

10.00 A. M.....Class Day Exercises
Richmond Carr, *Presiding*

TUESDAY, MAY THIRTY-FIRST

10.30 A. M.....Commencement
AND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT

Class Day Exercises

WELCOME.....President

IVY ORATION.....Anne M. Bass

MUSIC.....Elwyna Haywood

HISTORY.....Elizabeth Rawlins

CLASS ORATION.....Garland Crews

POEM.....Winifred Norris

MUSIC.....Evelyn Beckwith

PROPHECY.....Altermese Smith

WILL.....Maud M. Bell

SONG.....Class

Words by Onelia Davis and Mary Della Wilkins

Commencement Day Program

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

HYMN

OPENING PRAYER

MUSIC

INDUCTION OF THE PRESIDENT

PRESENTATION OF THE SYMBOLS OF AUTHORITY

MUSIC

WELCOME ADDRESSES

MUSIC

INAUGURAL ADDRESS....William Stuart Nelson, A.B., B.D.
Fourth President of Shaw University

MUSIC

THE CONFERRING OF DEGREES

AWARDING OF PRIZES

BENEDICTION

THE TRUMPET CALL.....Call to the Work of the World

RECESSIONAL



LIBRARY HALL

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	RICHMOND CARR
<i>Secretary</i>	COCHEYS SMITH
<i>Business Manager</i>	CLARENCE TOOLE
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	MISS MOLLIE HUSTON

CLASS COLORS: Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Sweet Pea

MOTTO:

"Superior to Adversity, equal to prosperity"

Class Roll

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Thomas Frederick Allen	Myrtle Capehart Johnson
Anne Maude Bass	Panzie Lee Keen
Maud M. Bell	Naomi Dell Lennon
Josie Mae Boney	Sarah Alice Loftin
Lavinia Catherine Brown	Louise Hoover McClennon
Jessie Mae Burns	Mattie Priscilla McMurren
Queen Esther Carney	Pattie Mable Morgan
Richmond Carr	Winifred Leona Norris
Joseph Franklin Gibson	Melvina Edwyna Simon
Rachel Lois Hall	Alice Cocheeys Smith
James Alester Harper	Wendell Clay Sommerville
Ernestine Marie Hayes	Essie Arnesia Mae West
Elwyna Grant Haywood	James Broadus Woodson
Eula Iola Haywood	

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

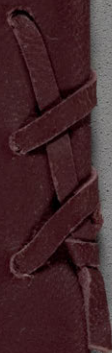
Randolph Dequincy Armstrong	Alice Frances Lambert
James Henry Baker	Mary Eliza May
Doris Mae Bell	Bessie Evangeline Pickett
Ruby Letha Mae Brown	John Prestley Pickett
Earl Carnegie Burnett	Dorothy Elizabeth Rawlins
Hazel Ethelene Coley	Geneva Winifred Richardson
William S. Cooper	Altermese Burnette Smith
Garland Lafayette Crews	Ophelia Anne Stratmon
Onelia Altus Davis	Ethel Beatrice Terry
Scipio B. T. Easterling	Clarence Anderson Toole
Cecil Harvey Flagg	Lucille Theresa Watson
Merriman C. Hill	Mary Della Wilkins

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN HOME ECONOMICS

Evelyn Beatrice Beckwith	Willia Lucylle Jones
Helen Beatrice Smith	







BRITISH
LIBRARY



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

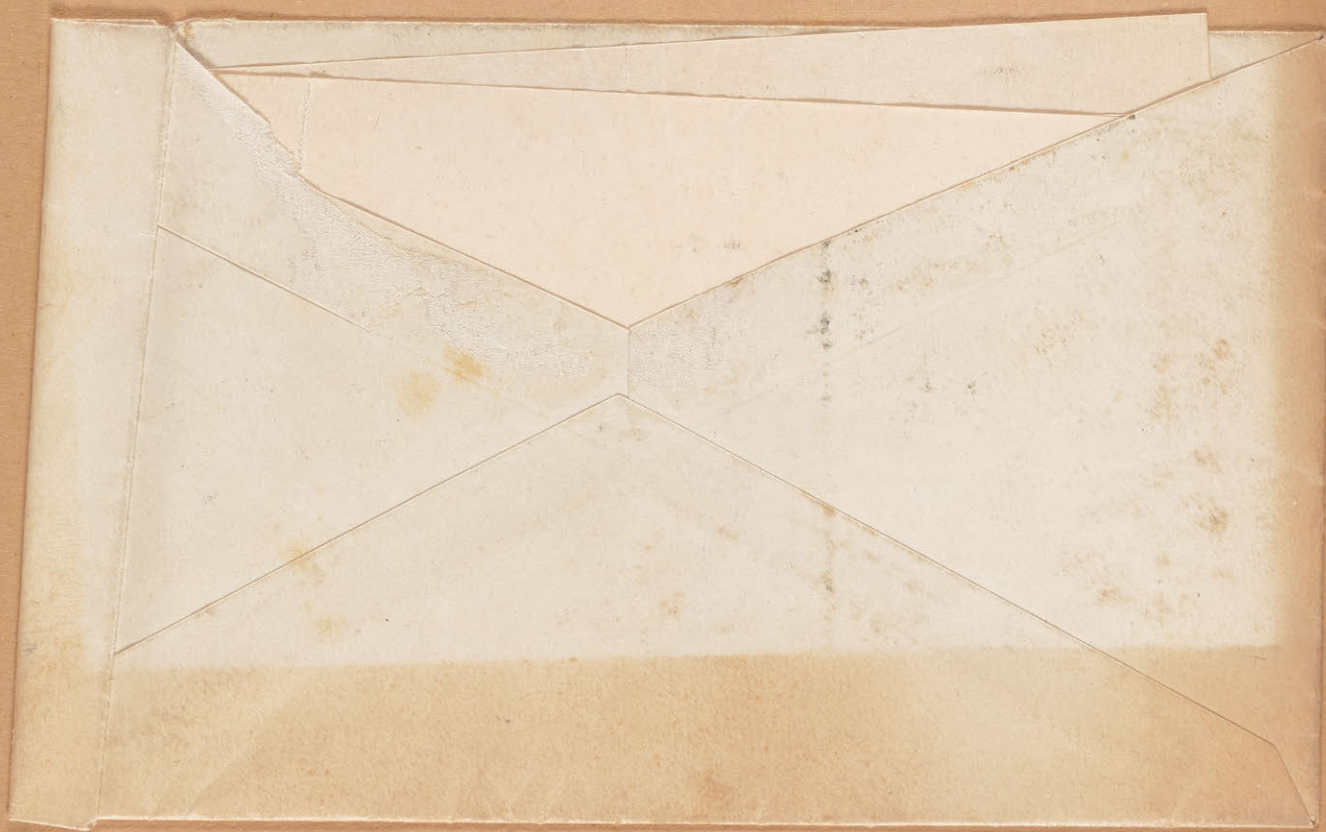
*A Cheery Christmas Greeting
and every good wish for happiness in the
New Year*



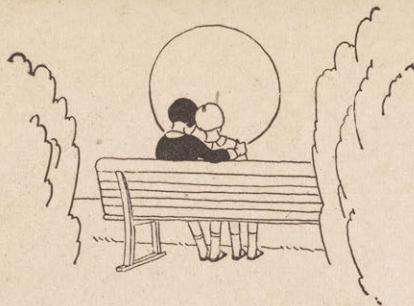
Christmas Greetings to my Sweetheart

My fondest greetings go today
My tenderest wishes, too,
To one I love with all my heart
And that One, dear, is You!

James







The whole world
loves a lover
So they say—I hope
it's true,
'Cause then the world's
in love with me
'Cause I'm in love
with you

Me And Him

MADE IN U.S.A.



Be mine,
sweet
Valentine

April

Food

He-He.

The Unholy Three

S.



LAK

Congratulations

on your
Graduation!

May that sheepskin
of yours have years
and years of happiness
rolled up in it.





MADE IN U.S.A.

GRADUATION GREETINGS

CONGRATULATIONS ON SUCH A SPLENDID

COMPLETION OF YOUR SCHOOL WORK, AND EVERY
GOOD WISH FOR A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL FUTURE.

Ernestine

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith

LAKIN STATE HOSPITAL

LAKIN, W. VA.

Maudie Phillips - Smith
With love



THERE'S NO
GETTING AWAY FROM IT

It's time to wish you -

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!



E. B. Beckwith



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY HOURS
TO YOU

May the hours
of your Birthday
Bring a happiness
that will last,
And leave you many
fond memories
Long after your
Birthday is past



*Love
Peggie*

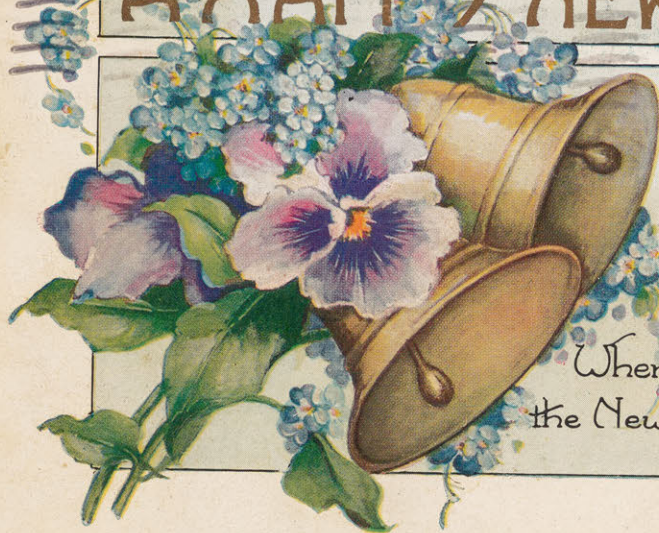




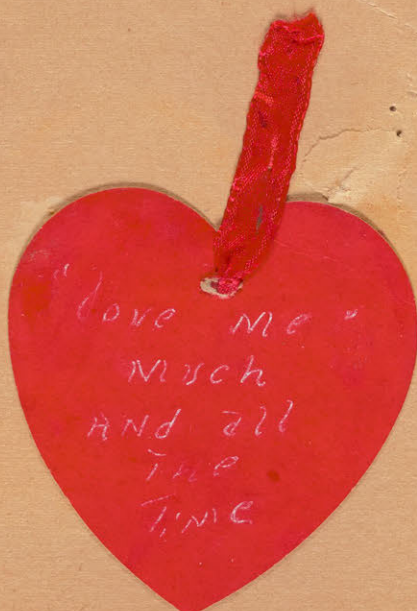
*With kind Remembrance and
Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year*

Quizer

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



May you smile
and chuckle
And laugh
and grin
When you see what
the New Year ushers in





A Joyous Easter
May your heart be light and gay
On this peaceful Easter day

*Lovingly
Sister,*

Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.



Estey Hall, Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.



We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in shadows on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks **most**, feels the noblest, acts the best.
--Philip James Bailey

"Nick"

