Phi Beta Kappa Address June 7
Dr. Muller To Deliver Annual Phi Beta Kappa Oration
Pan-Hellenic Council Meets
Annual Tug-of-War For Alumni Day
"Frosh To Battle Sophs On "Heads We Win; Tails You Lose" Basis"
Frosh Elude Sophs To Bury Al. G. Bra
Class Of ’34 Waxes Jubilant After Private Interment
Candidates Report For Initial Workout
Scarlet Batteries Warms Up For Tough Season
Year Book To Appear In May
Committee Announces Plans For Alumni Day - May 20
Extensive Plans Being Made For Entertainment Of Old Grads
"Fraternity Reunions, Base Ball Game, Alumni Dinner To Be On Program"
Rostrum Draws Seven Contestants
O. E. Contest Set For Last Of April
Frosh Debating Team Considered
On Stage and Screen
Page 2
Editorial
Re Freshman Carnival
The Gaffer
Page 3
Christian Lane
Page 4
Dr. J. A. Johnson Lectures Student Body
News From A Jumpy World
So It Seems
Epitaph
R. R. R. B. (from the Cornell Widow)
Sprig Id Here
Do We Have To Ride In That Sleigh
Annual Tug-of-War For Alumni Day

Frosh To Battle Sons On "Heads We Win; Tails You Lose"

The annual Frosh-Soph tug-of-war is scheduled to be held on Alumni Day, Wednesday, May 26, this year in order to give the participants another sentimental recollection. The Rawhill will again hold their banners to do old business.

It has been the custom for ten men to compose a sole, with the average weight evenly matched. The Sophomores have material in Lockwood, Vickers, Walker, Hopkins, Everitt, Spalding, et al., whereas the Freshmen, who are dominantly shorter, have few giants, but a good trailer of weakies, behind leaders.

The Sophomore, under orders from the Coach, will see that the team with a little weight is the most powerful and will probably sink the Frosh. The Frosh, however, will give it a fight, but probably in the last inflected position, and will bear the brunt of the contest.

We shall decide that it is probable that buried with the book usually is a sizable variety of vinegar.

Debate is "To argue that the football program of the A" in "Students' college" is a necessary evil. The A. & M. will argue that the football program of the A. & M. college is not necessary. The debate will take place in the River Room, May 20.

Mr. (the name) was in charge of the debate.

The Central Market will be open on Tuesday, May 22, Long Island E. from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and on Saturday, May 20, Long Island E. from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Although it is too early to be definite about the number of booklets that will be issued, the trend thus far indicates that the number of booklets will be less than last year.

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on weighing the degratory criticism which comes to the veteran, they gave their imagination free play to let loose the darts of criticism, moreover, we swore of supporting feminine hospitality of the various fraterrnbes in surroundings such as necessity for a return invitation.

The passing of the Freshman Frolic our thoughts now turn in the Senior Ball, the last social affair of the college calendar. According to precedent and all the laws of tradition, this dance is the biggest affair ever given at this college, and what is more, made a financial success.

It has always been realized that the innovations as were made are those necessary to the success of such an affair given in surroundings such as ours, but heretofore no college has ever dared to attempt to make them. These innovations, or more particularly, those that in the end brought more excitement.

The more optimistic among us do not hesitate to hide our doubts and fears or to let loose the darts of criticism, moreover, we swore of supporting feminine hospitality of the various fraterrnbes in surroundings such as necessity for a return invitation.

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Christian Lane

The narrow, high-crowned pole twists its dull black macadam length underneath the sun, and spitting street lamp. A four track truck-lane railroad creeps proudly on one side between stagnant, oil-covered pools. One of a waist-high jumble of weeds, jet up chains of overhanging brick, and rusted machinery. Vast sheets of wood and corrugated iron, with towering smoke stacks, lie at frequent intervals along the road, with rows of square, jagged, two-storied, double houses grouped around them like huddling children, as a necessary complement to this production of brick. Over this negatively colored landscape, carried by the sticky fingers of the summer's mist, hangs the heavy, nauseating odor of sewer wells owned by the city, which cants a glass in the north against the light.

In perfect harmony with the strange swamp which seems to haunt the paths of men, the road in the dim past had been named Christian Lane—a name which it still bears on street signs, carelessly hung from telephone poles. In the old days, pioneers, led by black-hooded holy men, had blazed this road through the wilderness with whips, rifles, disease, and puny, any bad preached religion to the vagabond. A Polack boarding house, Atlantic at the site of an old fort, which had been the symbol of a militant Christianity.

Tonight in the Polack boarding house, the lodgers have drunk too much raw alcohol and are on the verge of fighting. The mother and daughter are in the city seeing Violletta de Gambol in "Passion's Flower," and the husband is maintaining the integrity of other men's hothes by visiting a certain house near the river front. For it is Saturday night, and the pay checks—twenty-five cents an hour, eight hours a day, five days a week—have just been paid out. The inhabitants of Christian Lane are preparing for another week of life beginning on Monday.

A frame house, the upper windows of which are boarded, lies a thud, one slips limply down behind the door, and with a third, one slips limply down beside the road in a passive stupor. A year ago, in this same house, four state troopers came to inspect the body of a negro who had been shot through the chest because of mishandled dice. On a bare hill above the railroad tracks, in a group of apartment houses, stands the dwelling of an Italian boss in the brick works, a bootlegger and owner of the grocery store, wherein he keeps eternal charge accounts and checks up on the paychecks of the laborers. His daughters are in high school and college and he looks for the time when he can return to the old country. His men bow to him; his bosses bow to him; and his boss bow to the owner, who bows to the banker, who bows to no man.

A year ago, in this same house, a farmer was drowned in a deserted, stagnant, oil covered pool, and the legend of a sign board which hangs the heavy, summer's mist, hangs the heavy, summer's mist, hangs the heavy laugh, the legend of a sign board which hangs the heavy, summer's mist.
Dr. J. A. Johnson Lectures Student Body

A recent account of the College, which appeared in the New York Tribune, presents the following statement of the activities of the student body. Dr. Johnson gave a lecture on the subject of "Negro Poetry and Their Poetry." The lecture was not alone as its true value did not arise from its didactic & educational character, but from the fact that it was given by Dr. Johnson, a Negro poet of national reputation.

The address was delivered in the Hegeman Theatre on Saturday evening, December 11th, at 8:15 P. M. The address ended with the reading of two poems from Clara Banks, a Negro poet of national reputation.

The latest report from Washington, D. C., has been published by the Department of Education. It states that the Negroes are making rapid progress in all branches of education.

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