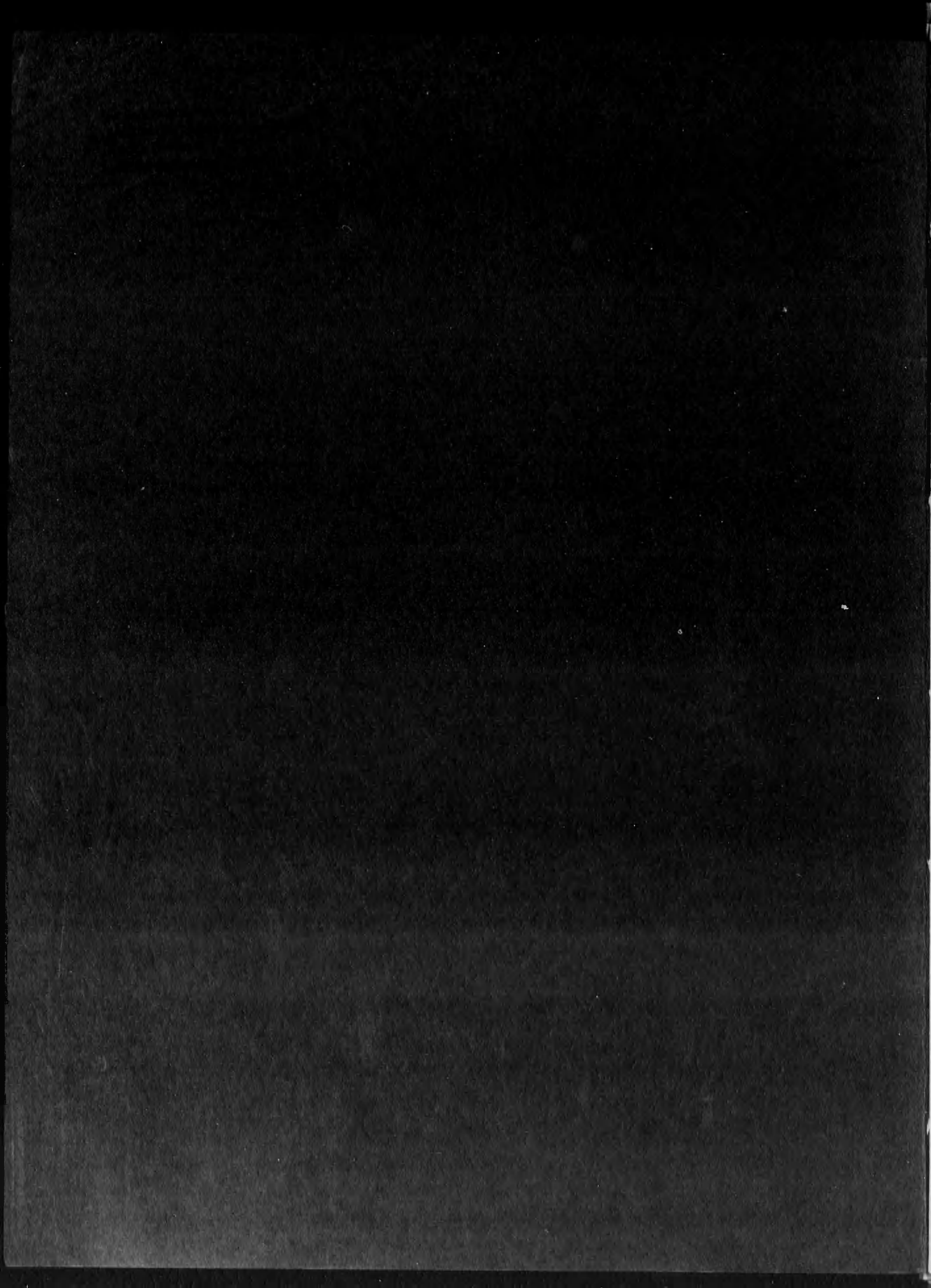


LINCOLN



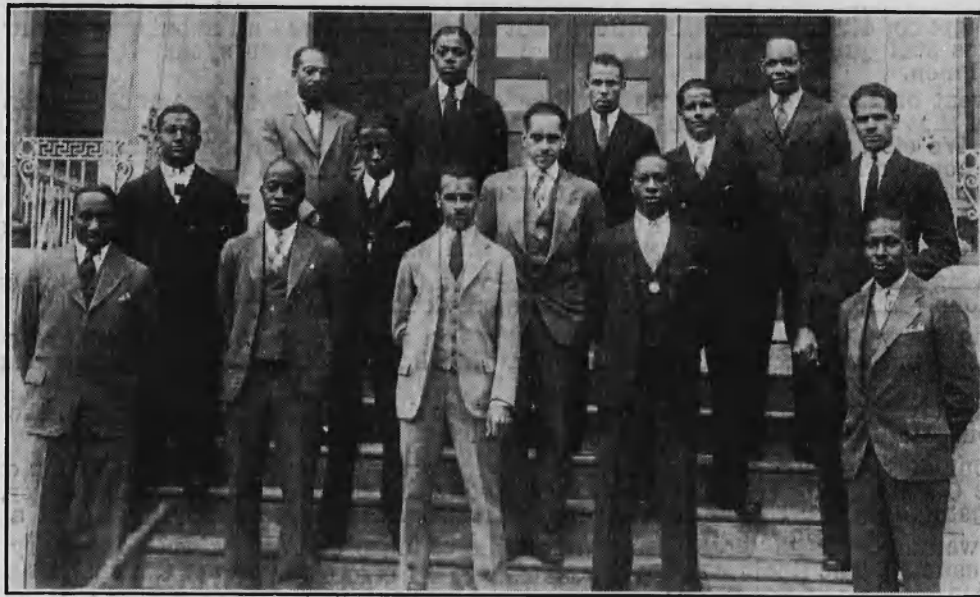
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NEWS

1920



## Commencement Number

# LINCOLN NEWS



### Lincoln News Staff

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### HISTORY OF CLASS OF '29

**I** WAS on a Sunday afternoon and the campus was bedecked in the splendor of its autumn attire, but the sound of a quiet voice was ne'er to be heard. This was not my first visit to Lincoln and so the surroundings were not altogether new, and here I was to make my home for four long years.

The following day was another story altogether, for there were more green Freshmen, and at three o'clock every "dog", as we were called, was called out to meet the afternoon train. In single file, slowly down the dusty road, trod a handful of Freshmen to the station to meet the immortal "Golds" (Sophs) and upper classmen and be of what service we possibly could.

The return trip was a different story, for the number of Freshmen had increased to about fifty, and those who had just come were likewise ordered to join our ranks and assist in bearing the luggage of the Sophs and upper classmen to the dormitories. That first night is one to be long remembered, particularly so far as the class of '29 is concerned.

The following day before lunch found a line of about seventy-five ardent, anxious and green freshmen with expressions on their faces that would suit the occasion for 365 days in the year. A heterogeneous group, all with good intentions, but as to what it was all about was unknown. In those days hazing was still quite prevalent and many a night of unrest was spent by this unorganized group of Freshmen.

As time went on laces became more familiar and we began to know one another more intimately. It is often said that "familiarity breeds contempt", but this time it bred organization, and so we became a unit. We elected as our president, C. Harold Steptean, one of the Baltimore boys, who seemed to be quite popular among his class-mates, and so from that point until today we have remained a unit, one and inseparable, despite the fact that our number has fallen off considerably.

In competition with the Sophs with football and debating we were the unfortunate victims of defeat, but despite this we continued to strive upward and onward.

Thanksgiving and Christmas hastily breezed by and there we were about to enter our first college examinations. Such digging and studying was previously unknown.

Despite the many threats that were thrown at us in regards to seeing the "grass grow green", the entire class survived successfully, something that had not happened for many years on this campus.

After many days of anxious waiting the marks were distributed and Senor Jason, the quiet, modest and studious lad from Porto Rico, led the ranks.

Much to our surprise our class enrollment was increased and so with the beginning of the second semester came Carol X. Holmes, from Pittsburg, the Mitchell brothers, Frank and Corey, from Philadelphia, Langston Hughes, the nationally and internationally famous boy poet, and a few others.

Now that we had seen the "grass grow green", the expanse of time between February and June was hastily consumed. The finals were over and all roads led away from the campus for a few months' vacation.

September of '27 rolled around and though all of the old faces did not return, many new faces were present in their stead. Everyone returned with dire intentions of reaping revenge on the new additions to the University, the Freshman Class of '30, but almost before we could get started Prof. Wright had issued forth a warning against severe hazing.

A hint to the wise was not sufficient and so after a tumultuous Friday night a list was posted in front of Cresson Hall of those who had been a bit too severe in their tactics. Some were doomed for two weeks, others more fortunate for one week. Immediately, a class meeting was called to protest but to no avail. We all served our time out in the cold, cold world, and still we were not satisfied. Hair cutting had to be done. All of the plans were laid and on the "night of nights" we "walked" and "beat". Everything had progressed wonderfully well, when suddenly we were interrupted by the President of the Student Council, and such scattering.

Following this there were many threats of permanent expulsion, but we now deemed it wise to get on our "stuff".

This year John B. Redmond was elected to lead us as president of the Sophomore class. Montague White was our Zeus and my, how the Freshmen did duck and dodge to keep out of his sight. Unfortunately, he is not with us now, but we all wish him well.

Even though we were just Sophomores we were beginning to feel our importance on the campus. It is usually this year that the biological sciences are usually a part of our schedule and even though we were under-classmen it was a difficult task for the Juniors and Seniors to keep us in our place.

As the poet says "Great things come to those who wait", so for two long years we were anxiously working up to the point when we could be upper classmen. For our Junior year John Redmond was re-elected as our president and now upper-class privileges were ours. It was our privilege and pleasure to stand on the stones in front of Cresson Hall and be worthy participants in any of the upper-classmen affairs. The Junior Prom was the gala affair of the year. It was given in Philadelphia and many favorable compliments were accorded us for the success of the affair.

Last but not least, we came to our Senior year. All of the officers of the class retained their positions from the previous year. Out of the original 75 members from our Freshmen we only find 20 remaining of the 42 graduates and 17 half year students. It is with the greatest of regret that we will not have the pleasure of these remaining 17 with us on the platform in June, but I'm sure that as long as there is a class of '29 we will all be there "one for all and all for one."

The time has come when our paths must divide. Each must choose his own field and I trust that each man will go forward into life with the same idea that has prevailed while we have lived here together and then when our ten years are up we can all return to our "dear old orange and blue" and celebrate our first reunion of the Class of '29.

JAMES MURPHY

## Class of '29

President ..... J. B. REDMOND  
 Vice-President ..... F. B. MITCHELL  
 Secretary ..... C. G. LEE  
 Treasurer ..... B. T. WASHINGTON  
 Chaplin ..... J. P. ROBINSON

## Other Members

T. S. Branch	H. M. Jason	E. Neal
H. J. Burnett	A. H. Jenkins	M. E. Parks
J. M. Coleman	L. A. Johnson	J. P. Perkins
E. L. Douglas	C. G. Lee	H. H. Perry
G. Charleston	C. A. Liggon	W. G. Polk
M. D. Dowling	J. H. Mackey	A. H. Thomas
M. A. Hibbler	S. B. Mackey	C. A. Walburg
J. R. Hill	J. F. Martin	E. V. Wimberly
W. A. Hill	L. J. Martin	T. C. Williams
O. E. Holder	M. W. Mason	W. A. Ware
C. X. Holmes	J. T. Meaddough	J. L. Williams
J. L. Hughes	J. H. Murphy	H. A. Whittington
R. E. Hurst		

## Who's Who of '29

Most Popular ..... Lank Hughes	Mark Parks	Kirk Jackson
Biggest Bluffer ..... Polk	Julie Martin	Bill Ware
Most Studious ..... Kirk Jackson	Joe Meaddough	Moon Burnett
Jolliest ..... Rev. Coleman	S. B. Mackey	Tolliver
Most Business Like ..... Leonard Martin	Jim Murphy	Charlie Walberg
Best Athlete ..... Chicago Steele	Rigo Hibbler	Charleston
Laziest ..... Booker T. Washington	Artie Thomas	John Redmond
First to get married ..... Senator Hill	Terrible Terror Williams	Charlie Lee
Class Pest ..... Bud Leftridge	Mark Parks	Rev. Robinson
Class Politician ..... Rego Hibbler	Julie Martin	Bud Leftridge
Loudest Dresser ..... "2 meat" Wimberly	Chicago Steele	Julie Martin
Quietest ..... Thurgood Marshall	Bud Leftridge	Chicago Steele
Class Optimist ..... Douglas	Tate	Polk
Most Handsome ..... Liggon	Hurst	Bost
Biggest Social Baron ..... Senor Jason	Tolliver	C. O. Mitchell
Most Cynical ..... Ralph Wright	Rego Hibbler	Holder
Cutest ..... Chubby Jones	Carrol Holmes	Rev. Robinson
Grand Exalted Carpet Bagger ..... Archie Hurst	Dowling	Charlie Lee
Luckiest in Love ..... Mark Parks	Money Dowling	Jenkins
Winner of Bible Prize ..... Fenderson	Moon Burnett	Chubby Jones
Class Orator ..... Rev. Robinson	Slim Neale	Pete Mackey
Most Officious ..... Artie Thomas	Arthur H. Thomas	A. Harold Thomas
Best Hair ..... Puss Williams	Joe Meaddough	Wimberly
Smoothest Skin ..... Joe Meaddough	Artie Thomas	Frank Mitchell
God's Gifts to Womanhood ..... Rev. Robinson	One-eyed Jenkins	Perkins
Most Vivacious ..... John Robinson	Senator Hill	Charleston
Best Physique ..... Bill Hill	Mark Parks	Carrol Holmes
Best Singers ..... Bud Leftridge	Mark Parke	Kirk Jackson
Most Henpecked ..... Frank Norris	Langston Hughes	Harmon Perry
Goddess of Love and Beauty ..... Wilberforce		
	"Slim" Wade	

Nov 1987 Estate of Mrs. Eva Glenn Est 107



HAYES J. BURNETT, JR.

**HAYES J. BURNETT, JR.****"Moon"**

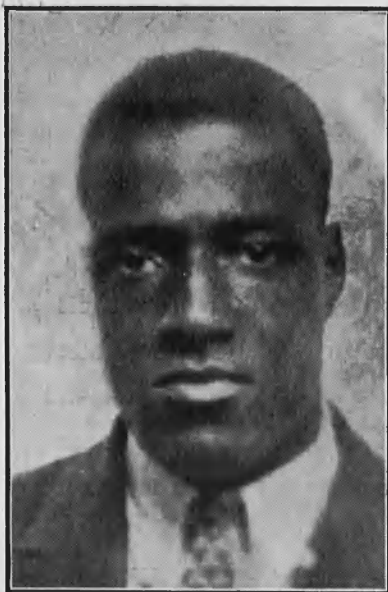
hails from Boston English School. "Moon" is Vice-President of the Week-End Club, as well as one of its founders. He is President of the Student Council, and is very austere in fulfilling this duty. Is a member of Omega Psi Phi Frat. Plans to study medicine at Howard.

**Hobby—"Listening to love songs."**

JOHN M. COLEMAN

**JOHN M. COLEMAN****"Rev. Coleman"**

Rev. Coleman dawned upon Lincoln's campus in our Sophomore year from St. Paul Normal and Industrial School. From the title you may readily understand his attitude toward the ministry. Rev. Coleman is another who is very quiet and reserved until he begins to sell pies. Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 3 and 4, Lincoln News 4, football 2 and 3, and a member of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity. Rev. Coleman says that his hobby is Greek. My! My! What a hobby! He expects to enter General Theological Seminary for his ministry.



JOHN R. HILL

**JOHN R. HILL****"Snookums"**

is not so small as his cognomen sounds. At least, for those who do not know him, I would not advise you to run up against him unless you have been accustomed to handle big men. Hill is a robust fellow, but his affability makes one forget about his large physique. He can be rough (ask those who played against him in football) but he knows how and where to be it. He comes to us in his Junior year from Germantown High, Philadelphia. He played Varsity football both years. Is a member of Omega Psi Phi Frat. Plans to study business administration.

**Hobby—Sports.**

MONROE DOWLING

**MONROE DOWLING****"Money"**

As his cognomen implies, Dowling is the money man of the campus. "Money" comes from Atlantic City High School. Is a member of Omega Psi Phi Frat. A member of Inter-mural Council. Is a yaphnerite. Plans to take graduate work.

**Hobby—Social Work.**

**GEORGE R. CHARLESTON****"Jelly"**

"Jelly" came to Lincoln in his Sophomore year, after completing a year with the Massachusetts Aggies. He took his preparatory work at Everett High School. He was an ardent athlete and member of the Varsity Club. Sometimes the boys call him "Droopy", but variety is the spice of life and so I'm sure he wouldn't seriously object. "Jelly" became rather reserved in his Senior year and was elected to the Y. M. C. A. He is a member of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.



GEORGE R. CHARLESTON

**GEORGE B. FENDERSON****"Fendy"**

came from Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa. He does not care much for the fair sex, although he's always in demand. How do you do it, George? A member of Varsity tennis, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Is President of Intra-Mural Council, '29. Is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha. Plans to study medicine.

**Hobbie—"Convincing people he's right."****ELMER L. DOUGLASS****"Doug"**

"Doug" is one of the few who left Howard to attend Lincoln and with the change he seems to be exceedingly well satisfied. Originally "Doug" is a product of Ridley Park High School, from which he graduated to attend Howard. During his stay at Lincoln he was a Varsity football man for 3 and 4, and also a member of the Intra-Mural basketball team. If ever one wishes to gaze upon a picture of innocence catch him in action coming in late to one of his classes. He is a member of Omega Psi Phi. "Doug" anticipates medicine at Howard University.

**MYLES F. HIBBLER****"Rigo"**

Rigo received his preparatory work at Arkansas Baptist College and also a year of college work there, but Lincoln was so good to his big brother, John, that he encouraged him to come here also. Rigo was an original Mexican athlete, he meant well in every field of endeavor, but he was just a little deficient; nevertheless, he was always active and on the go. He played on the class baseball, football and basketball teams, and to his credit he made a few trips with the Varsity football team. Rigo hopes to enter the field of law at the University of Chicago.

**CARROL X. HOLMES**

Carrol came to Lincoln in February of our Freshman year from Pittsburg, Pa. He has always carried himself in a quiet and unassuming manner, with a Hello for everyone. For the last two years Carrol was unusually conspicuous, due to the presence of his right-hand buddy, the "Nash roadster". Carrol functioned quite regularly in his Junior year when he and the other eleven men were trying to make the Junior Prom a success. He is a member of the Yaphners' Club, the business manager of the Lincoln University Musical Club, and a member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. He hopes medicine to be his life's work at Northwestern.

**HOWARD McLEAN JASON****"Senor"**

Senor came to us from Polytechnic Institute at San Germann, Porto Rico. One approaching him the first few days would have wondered what it was all about, with his foreign tongue, but they say actions speak louder than words and by this means Senor led his entire class in scholarship. As a reward for his high scholarship he was awarded the Theodore Milton Seldon prize, given to the student maintaining the highest mark for the entire Freshman year. He has maintained a first group ever since his stay at Lincoln, and more than likely will maintain the same through his four years. President of the Y. M. C. A., President of Beta Kappa Chi, Treasurer of English Society, Instructor of Spanish for four years, Varsity football for '28. Assistant Business Manager of Lincoln News and a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Senor plans to study Dentistry at Howard University.





JAMES H. MURPHY

**JAMES H. MURPHY**  
"Jim"

comes to us from Douglas High School, Baltimore, Md. He has served diligently on the Lincoln News Staff, all four years. "Jim" is another of those "smooth" boys, of whom Baltimore can so proudly boast. Quiet, unassuming, cosmopolitan, yet shrewd and business-like. Is a member of the Yaphner Club, and Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Has served on the library force 2, 3 and 4. Plans to study journalism at Northwestern University.

**Hobbie—French.**

**J. LANGSTON HUGHES**  
"Lank"

February of our Freshman year a poet came into our midst, Mr. J. Langston Hughes, but to us "Lank". He is a product of Central High School of Cleveland. One who travels extensively acquires a certain amount of education just from contacts and so Lank came to us with many stories of the South Sea Islands, northern borders of Africa and Oh! ever so much, and finally became settled and acclimated to the campus, and was a pal to every one. Really and truly, it is a compliment to be paid to our "boy poet". He is a member of Phi Lambda Sigma English Society and Omega Psi Phi Fraternity. Lank's Senior year found him quite busy taking orders for Senior caps. As for the future, he expects to travel and let education take care of itself.



J. LANGSTON HUGHES

**ROBERT EDWARD HURST**  
"Archie"

Bob came to us at somewhat a late date, but nevertheless his one year has been a profitable one. The fact that he has been here only for one year undoubtedly causes him to be, to a certain extent, extraneous from the various honor and scholastic organization on the campus. Hurst is a first group man, being only one of the two men to acquire perfect marks for the first semester. His hobby is chemistry and biology and he hopes to teach in Alcorn College, which is the college from which he came previous to his entrance into Lincoln.



ROBERT E. HURST

**CHARLES GARNETT LEE**  
"Charlilee"

tips from Douglas High, Baltimore, Md. Has been librarian for the past three years. A founder and President of the Phi Lambda Sigma Literary Society. Is a member of Kappa Alpha Psi. Served as instructor in History in '27-'28. Member of Student Council and Delta Rho Forensic Society in '25. Is associate worker of Armstrong Association. Secretary of Class '28-'29. Plans to be social worker.

**Hobbie—Reading**



CHARLES G. LEE



**S. B. MACKEY**

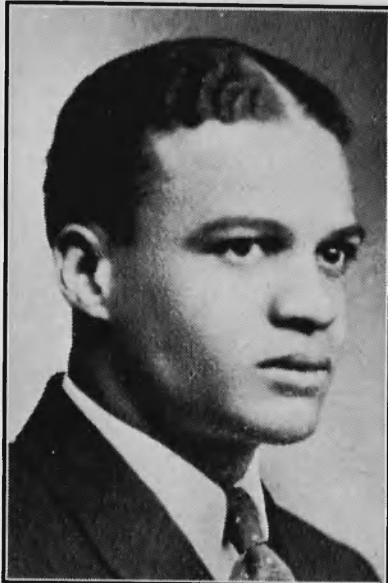
"Steve"

Came to us from St. Augustine's in his Junior year. Member of Phi Beta Sigma, John Miller Dickey Society, Classical Society, instructor in Greek. Honor student. Plans to study theology.

Hobbie—Greek.



S. B. MACKEY



JOHN H. MACKEY

**JOHN HENRY MACKEY**

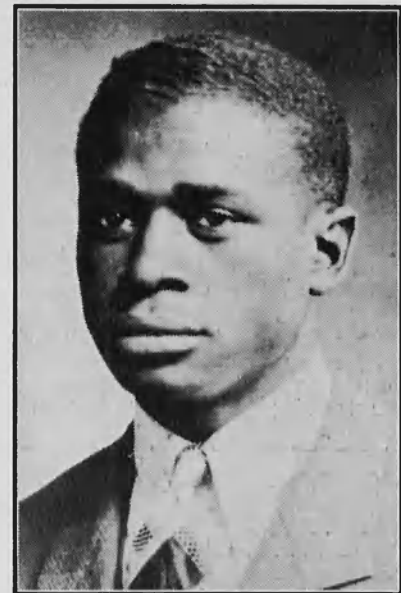
"Pete"

Again we have another product of the historically famous Storer College of Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Pete came here after two years of study at Storer and immediately became a Lincoln man through and through. Pete is an outstanding athlete, being a member of the Varsity Club in football and baseball. He is a member of Kappa Alpha Psi and selects for his life's work teaching. We wish you well, Pete!

**JOSEPH P. PERKINS**

"Si"

If ever you see some one running across the campus either to class, to chapel, to lunch, dinner or breakfast, or to the dormitories, you may rest assured that it is no one but Si. It is a second nature for Si to be on the run, regardless of his destination. He is a graduate of Western High School, Owensboro, Ky. Winner of Junior oratorical contest 3, class track team 2 and 3, Glee Club 1, and a member of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity. Si is a prospective pharmacist, and has hopes of entering Meharry Medical School.



JOSEPH P. PERKINS



ANDREW H. JENKINS

**ANDREW HORACE JENKINS**

"Ice Cream"

When you are old and gray and in the midst of Soldiers Field in Chicago, and you see one hand high in the air and the term "Fellow" echo with emphasis on the last syllable you may be sure that it is "Ice Cream". He came from Nutley High School of the famous and historical town of Nutley, New Jersey. "Ice Cream" is quite an efficient saxophonist, comprising that part of the orchestra for 1, 2, 3, 4, member of Beta Kappa Chi, class track team 1, 2, 3, 4, class football 1, 2, Glee Club 4, and a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. "Ice Cream" is one of our coming physicians and in preparation he hopes to enter New York Medical School in the Fall.

## PROPHECY

AFTER spending an enjoyable time viewing Paris on my first day, I remained in the lobby of the hotel to formulate some ideas as to what I had seen that day before the evening radio concert started. While meditating over various scenes and incidents, my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. I looked around and saw a man of dark complexion and medium stature. There was something indefinitely familiar about him, so I recalled it was Corey Mitchell, with the same cynical expression on his face, but with a dignity and deftness of manner. There was a hearty and cordial greeting, and he told me he was a financier in a French Colony in Africa. His trip to Paris was to transact some business for the Government.

While conversing about experiences since college days our attention was attracted by three new guests entering the Hotel, because the three men were engaged in a heated conversation. The bell boy led them to the desk, where the clerk, Dick Whittington, handed them a book, to register. Their appearance was familiar and to my surprise it was Artie Thomas, Jim Murphy and Thurgood Marshall. We went over to them and made ourselves known. During the reunion I noticed that the busy years succeeding their school days had changed their appearance greatly. While the conversation was going on I learned that Jim Murphy was a representative of the Finance Corporation of which Charles Walbury is the President. His mission to Europe was to establish a credit agency. Marshall is a lawyer, who came to study the technique of law in France, Germany and Switzerland. Artie Thomas is a physician, who came to Paris to be relieved from his strenuous practice, for two months. Announcement was given in the lobby that the radio concert was about to begin in the auditorium.

A few minutes later, we arose and entered the auditorium, where quite a number of guests were present. A loud speaker radio was on the platform and a silver screen where the television was to be focused. Senor Jason, the announcer, started the program by giving the correct Parisian time, which was eight o'clock. The first number on the program was a quartette selection, rendered by Messrs. John Coleman, Frank Mitchell, John Redmond and J. P. Robinson. They had bay windows, goatees and bald heads. Their selections were popular numbers, "Sweet Adeline," "Memory's Treasure Chest" and "Lassie O'Mine."

The next thing on the program was a piano duet by Edgar Wimberly and Joe Perkins. The selection was taken from Mary Dowling's Ninth Symphony. Immediately following was a Lincoln University drama sponsored by President Langston Hughes and directed by Julie Martin. The topic was Shaw's "Man and Superman". After the drama, the announcer told us to stand by for fifteen minutes. We went to the dining room to get some coffee. The head-waiter we recognized to be Robert Hurst. He told us his assistants were Hayes Burnett, Elmer Douglas, Chubby Jones, Carrol Holmes and Clarence Liggon, and this was their night off. By this time, we had consumed our coffee and smoked our cigars. Then we departed to the auditorium to listen to the remainder of the program.

The second part of the program was opened by the Palais D'or Orchestra and the director was Slim Neal, with long flowing hair and a loosely knotted tie. The opening number consisted of Hibber's latest number, "Discord Blues". The evening program had been so full of thrills and adventures we ventured to look forward to more shocks. Behold! There was George Charleston playing the saxophone, Harmon Perry at the piano, William Polkat the drums and Joe Meadows playing the cornet. We sat there dumfounded, knowing not what to expect next. However, later, we found ourselves swaying to the jazzy strains of the music, with its weird, vibrating notes. The playing of the dance music was suddenly interrupted.

A radiogram was broadcast that a robbery had occurred a few minutes ago at Rue La Salle. The men robbed were three wealthy and prominent citizens, Booker Washington, Leroy Williams and Markie Parks. The bandits were later caught and arraigned before Court. When brought before Judge Ralph Wright they were convicted by the jury, consisting of George Fenderson, Oscar Holder, Andy Jenkins, Stephen Mackey, Buddy Lettridge, Leonard Martin, C. Norris, James Steele and Ivan Williams. We conversed for a few minutes concerning the latest incident and gradually each departed to retire. I went to the elevator and rang the bell. Who do you think was elevator operator? None other than Ulysses Tate. During the course of the conversation he told me Bill Ware was the starter on the day shift.

I went to my room and began to undress. While doing so, the onrush of the various occurrences filled my mind. It seemed queer how Fate had worked out the destiny of the men in our class. Suddenly I realized there was one member whom I had lost complete sight of. While contemplating about the lost member of our class I recalled that Bill Hill had taken the place of Roland Hayes and was touring the entire country giving concerts.

JOHN R. HILL, JR.

#### OFFICERS OF THE LINCOLN NEWS STAFF FOR YEAR '29-'30

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Assistant . . . . . J. E. Maupin

#### Subscribers and Advertisers:—

The Lincoln News wishes to express its appreciation of all support received during the entire year.

The Xi Upsilon honorary classical society was recently organized at a very pleasant meeting, held at the home of Professor Miller of the Latin department. Prof. Ridgely was present to represent the Greek department.

The aims of the society are: first, to stimulate wider interest in classical learning at this University and likewise to spread to other Universities; secondly, to give appropriate recognition to students distinguishing themselves in these branches of study, and thirdly, to give opportunity for extra-curricula work in this interesting field.

The minimum requirement is 12 hours of Advanced Greek or Latin with Greek and Roman Philosophy and History with a group average of 1.8 or 15 hours with a group average of 2.00.

The members are taken from the upper classes. They are: S. B. Mac-

key, J. B. Redmond, O. E. Holder, L. R. Young, C. L. Cunningham, T. G. Davis, W. T. V. Fontaine, F. B. Diggs and H. A. Whittington.

The officers for the present year are: F. B. Diggs, President; J. B. Redmond, Vice-President, and E. L. Cunningham, Secretary-Treasurer.

#### THE PERFECT JUNIOR

Can play a piano like Lank Young  
Is built like "Kid" Snowden  
Has a disposition like Ralph Baker  
Has hair like Hugo Flemming  
Is quiet as Mervin Jones  
Can run like Derry  
Is as smooth as Herbie Harris  
Has money like House

W. E. L.

Did you ever live in a cold house in winter? Well, don't! It makes you hot headed.



CLASS OF '31

**W**E wonder if life will be as happy and as joyful as the time of our Prep and Sophomore years at Lincoln; we wonder if time will pass by as quickly as these two years have passed by. Time will tell. Two of the seemingly shortest and happiest years of our youthful lives have been spent. A year seems as if it were but a season. Just as these seasons pass by propelled by the great phenomenal mechanism which we recognize as the power of God, we of the Class of '31, who had the required time given to us as dogs, and who are now writing up the last of our career as "gods", also pass from the contemptible depths of under-classmen to the seemingly unattainable heights of the dignified upper-classmen.

To Lincoln, the builder and maker of men, '31, a class of versatile men came, and spent their days of "Dogdom" with no less ease, with no less bawling and barking than did former classes. With a slightly egotistical air we say that we gave Lincoln our best, we gave to the institution more students and athletes than any of our superiors. Thus we lived and received and gave during our canine period.

The summer vacation with all of its gaiety and epicuriosity slipped away as quickly as it eased upon us. Nearly a century of our group returned. The atmosphere that hovered over our heads was an entirely different one. We, who a couple months ago were the objects of scorn, inferiority and pity, were transformed during the summer, from the imbecile canine to the almighty divine, from dogs to "gods", from Freshmen to Sophomores.

We sacrificed eleven thorough-breeds of our stalwart group, not as a result of breaking rules for badness' sake, but to show the agitating mob that the fluid that made its course through our veins, was just as red as that vermilion tinctured liquid that trickled through theirs; and that we "Sophs" were made of the self-same material as they.

With a real, ambitious, energetic man as our leader, Mr. F. A. DeCosta, '31, took its second collegiate step towards bettering itself for the service of the universe.

S. J. BASKERVILLE

#### THE ORCHESTRA

**I**N order to ascertain the beginning of this organization one would have to turn back a number of pages in the history of the institution. There is no one at present, not even its oldest member, who would be able to retrospect its origin.

However, we do know that the orchestra has always functioned as an independent organization and grew out of the initiative of a few members of the student body. And even now the orchestra retains those embryonic characteristics, namely, that it is an independent organization, and is carried on through the initiative of a few members of the student body.

The orchestra this year has had varied success and has attained an eminence such as it never before enjoyed. The personnel at present consists of the following:

James E. Waters, violinist, director; George A. Jones, trumpet, manager; Andrew H. Jenkins, saxophone, treasurer; George Hollis, saxophone; John White, saxophone; Randall Young, pianist; John H. Robinson, banjo; Jerry Harmon, drums; Radcliffe Lucas, bass.

(Picture on page 25)



LEONARD J. MARTIN

**LEONARD J. MARTIN**  
"Martino"

Leonard came to Lincoln from Kennett Square High School. Kennett Square is a "big" little town, about twenty miles north of us. Leonard has been always an ardent worker along any line of endeavor he has taken up. "Martino" is quiet and reserved in speech, but powerful and energetic on the job. In his Freshman year he became a member of the Delta Rho Forensic Society. He won second place in the Sophomore Oratorical Contest. Was Assistant Manager of Baseball in '28 and Manager in '29. Associate Editor of Lincoln News '28, and Editor-in-Chief in '29. One of the organizers of the Intra-Mural Athletic Council. Is a member of Varsity Athletic Council. Has served as head waiter in the dining room during the years '28 and '29. Is a member of Phi Lambda Sigma Literary Society and Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. An honor student. Plans to study medicine at McGill University, Canada.

**Hobbie—Whistling.**



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

**BOOKER T. WASHINGTON**  
"Tecumseh"

To gaze into the eyes of this fellow makes the fair sex think they are gazing into deep black pools of fascination, which glisten like the moon-light evenings on the banks of Hawaiian shores. If you don't believe me, take a look for yourself! Booker tips from Talledega College, Alabama. Is a member of Beta Kappa Chi, Phi Lambda Sigma, Alpha Phi Alpha, N. A. A. C. P. and Y. M. C. A. Treasurer of class. He plans to specialize in Biology. Is also a Yaphnerite and college mailman.

**Hobbie—"Disappointing the fellows with 'no mail'".**

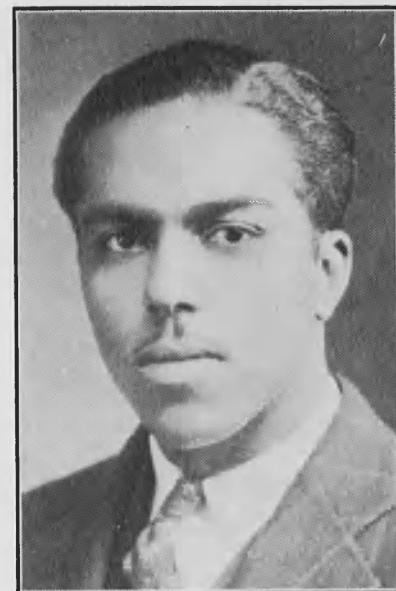


WILLIAM G. POLK

**WILLIAM G. POLK**  
"Gaston"

comes from Atlantic City High School. "Gaston" is a good mixer. If you don't believe it, ask the fair sex. Was a member of Interclass football team in 1 and 2, and of the Varsity football 3 and 4. Was assistant manager of football '28 and manager '29. Member of the Athletic Council 3 and 4. Was elected fire chief in '28. Is monitor of Senior class and custodian of athletic store room. Will study medicine at Howard.

**Hobbie—Pinochle.**



JOHN B. REDMOND

**JOHN B. REDMOND**  
"Prexy"

'Twere better if we called him "The Lover", but we do not wish to deprive John Gilbert of his merited fame. Prexy tipped in from Inglewood High School, Chicago, Illinois. President of the Senior Class '27, '28, '29. Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1, 2, 3, 4. President of N. A. A. C. P., '29. Is an officer in Kappa Alpha Psi Frat. President of Athletic Association. Member of Varsity baseball team. Football trainer 1, 2, 3, 4. Member of Yaphner Club. Member of Xi Upsilon Classical Society. Plans business as his life's work.

**Hobbie—P. D.**



**JOHN H. ROBINSON**  
**"Robbie"**

"Robbie" came from Lincoln High School, West Virginia, in his Sophomore year. Has been a member of the quartette and Glee Club all three years. Was a member too, of Varsity football team all three years. Is a member too, of orchestra. Omega Psi Phi claims him. Plans to study medicine at Howard.

**Hobbie—Music.**



JOHN H. ROBINSON



ULYSSES S. TATE

**ULYSSES S. TATE**  
**"The U Simpson"**

Out of one of the smaller towns of Ohio comes the renowned psychologist of the campus. "The U Simpson" received his preparatory work at Stover Academy and following this he attended Clark University, Massachusetts for his first two years in college and then to Lincoln. He became quite prominent on the campus because of his thorough knowledge of psychology and also because of his eloquent tongue at oratory and debating. He became affiliated with the Delta Rho Forensic Society, Lincoln University Musical Club 3 and 4, first associate editor on Lincoln News staff, and he is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha. One may readily observe his hobby is psychology. He contemplates mastering psychology, after which he still wishes to further his knowledge into the field of Law.

**ARTHUR H. THOMAS**  
**"Officer"**

comes from West Philadelphia High School. Was one of the founders of the Inter-Mural Council. Served as Student Councilman '28 and '29. Is claimed by Omega Psi Phi. Has served in the Glee Club 1, 2, 3 and 4. Publicity Manager of Athletics '28 and '29. "Artie" is the power around the campus here; if you don't believe it, just ask the Preps. Has been connected with the Lincoln News staff, '28 and '29. Plans to take medicine at Howard.

**Hobbie—Journalism.**



ARTHUR H. THOMAS



CHARLES A. WALBURG

**CHARLES ALBERT WALBURG**  
**"Wally"**

hails from Textile High School, New York City. Has been a member of class basket-ball team, 1, 2, 3 and 4. A member of track team. Omega Psi Phi claims him. Manager of class baseball team in '28. Vice President of Yaphner Club. Has served as head-waiter, '28 and '29. Charles is quiet and taciturn, but congenial. He plans to take medicine at New York University.

**Hobbie—Bull Sessions**



JULIUS F. MARTIN

**JULIUS F. MARTIN**  
**"Julie"**

"Julie" harks from the Hub of the Country, in other words, Boston, and as we see it, he has six spokes in his hub. He started at Boston English High School, left there for Cobly Academy, graduating from Cobly. He then entered Lincoln, from Lincoln to Shaw, Shaw to Union University and again back to the dear old Orange and Blue. So we can see that so far as Prep schools and colleges are concerned, that "Julie" has had somewhat of a varied career. He is a Varsity football man for 2, 3 and 4, and Captain in his Senior year. He was also president of the Varsity Club. "Julie" is a fellow of strong determination and will power. He hopes to continue his education in a graduate school, taking his masters in education.

**WILLIAM ALLYN HILL**  
**"Bill"**

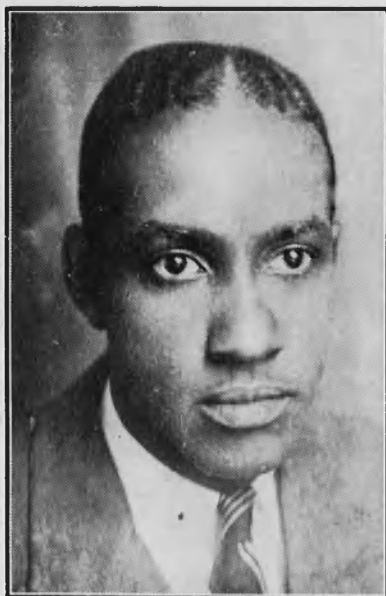
Bill is the fourth and last of the famous line of the Hill family. He has made for himself a reputation, as have his predecessors, particularly in the line of music and art. Bill graduated from Douglass High School and upon his entrance to Lincoln immediately made for himself a place on the quartette as first tenor. I think that everyone will agree with me in saying that he has a silver tone tenor voice to be envied. He maintained his position on the quartette as well as for the Glee Club for the entire four years at Lincoln. He was an honor man in his Junior year, as well as a member of the Dramatic Club. He is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Bill plans to enter Boston Conservatory of Music to further his study in voice culture.



WILLIAM A. HILL

**H. ALBERT WHITTINGTON**  
**"Dick"**

Again we have another exponent of Douglass High School, Baltimore, "Dick Whittington. I'm sure you've read of him. He is a regular fellow and a clean sport. He's quite an admirer of the feminine sex and and . . . vice versa. He is a Varsity basket-ball player 1, 2, 3 and 4, his fourth year being elected to the captaincy of the team. He is a member of the Yaphner Club, winner of the Rodman Wanamaker Bible Prize in his Sophomore year, won first place in Intra-Mural high jumping '26, member Varsity tennis squad, and a member of the Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. Dick hopes to study medicine for his life's profession.



H. A. WHITTINGTON

**EDGAR VAN WIMBERLEY**  
**"Two Meat"**

"Two Meat" is one of those who is loud in spots and the spots seem to be the time when he is selling pie at night. He came to Lincoln in his Junior year from Gethune Corkman College, Daytona Beach, Florida. "Two Meat" is a member of the John Miller Diekey Society, Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, and his hobby is chemistry. He contemplates dentistry at Meharry and as an alternative he chooses the ministry.



E. VAN WIMBERLEY

**GEORGE A. JONES****"Chubbie"**

comes from Technical High School at Harrisburg. Has been a member of orchestra during his entire stay. Is a member of Omega Psi Phi. "Chubbie" is a man who seldom smiles, so learn to smile, Jones, and show your pretty teeth. Plans to study medicine at Howard.

**Hobbie—Chemistry****WILLIAM KIRKWOOD JACKSON****"Kirk"**

Instead of being called "Lion-hearted", Kirk is known as the "Cruel-hearted." For reasons, ask many certain damsels in the vicinity of Philadelphia. "Kirk" comes from Central High School, Philadelphia. Is a member of the Glee Club and track team. A member too, of Intra-Mural basket-ball team. He is a Yaphnerite, also. He plans to study medicine.

**Hobbie—Breaking Hearts.****JOSEPH MEADDOUGHS****"Pat-hands Joe"**

comes all the way from Little Rock, Arkansas. Joe is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Is a graduate of and founder of the nightly-meeting pinochle club. Having specialized in this course he plans to teach it while studying medicine at Michigan University.

**Hobbie—"Pinochle, pinochle, pinochle".****WILLIAM K. LEFRIDGE****"Bud"**

"Bud" came to Lincoln in the midst of winter of '28 from the University of Pittsburg. Previous to his college work he attended South Hill's High School. "Bud" has had quite a varied athletic career, having played basketball with the Holy Cross five in Pittsburg, and he was also successful in making the squad upon his arrival at Lincoln. He is also quite a songster, having made the Glee Club upon his arrival on the campus. He is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha and he contemplates a business career for the future.

**COREY OSWALD MITCHELL****"Mussolini"**

hails from Germantown High School, Philadelphia, Pa. His greatest hardship is to tear himself loose from the many "pretties" who pester him constantly for autographs, pictures, smiles, etc. Was president of Student Council in '28. Belongs to Omega Psi Phi Fraternity. Member of the Varsity track team 1, 2, 3 and 4. Plans to study medicine.

**Hobbie—Reading.****FRANK B. MITCHELL****"Big Mitch"**

Mitch comes from Germantown High School of Philadelphia, Pa. He is truly an exponent of extemporaneous oratorical and ecclesiastical ability as well as a thorough French conversationalist. One should never want for joy or laughter or humor when he is around, for he is the very essence of humor itself. Mitch has displayed his ability unusually well on the track. He was track captain 3 and 4, Vice President of Athletic Association 3, Vice President of Senior Class 3 and 4, President of Yaphners and a member of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity. Following in his Dad's footsteps he is theologically inclined.

**ELMER NEAL****"Wilburforce Slim"**

"Slim", who is about "seven-foot-four", comes from Wilburforce, Ohio. He is an affable personage, always in a jolly mood, and never speaks without having thought twice. He is an orator of no mean note. He won the Junior Oratorical Contest, '28. Was one of the winners too, of the John Wanamaker Bible, '28. "Slim" is instructor in Philosophy. Plans to study law at Harvard.

**Hobbie—"Being a peripetetic".****MARK E. PARKS****"Markie"**

"Markie" is another of the up-state boys and a graduate of George Washington High School, New York City. He is a very diligent student, in fact, an honor student for the entire four years. Member of Beta Kappa Chi Scientific Society, Instructor in Organic Chemistry, Varsity soccer team 1, 2, 3, 4., Glee Club 1, 2, correspondent to the New York Tattler for the Lincoln University News and a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Mark intends to take his M. A. at New York University, after graduation.

**JAMES K. STEELE**  
"Chi"

comes from Wendall Philips High School, Chicago, Ill. Was a member of Glee Club in 3 & 4. Varsity football man in '25. Is a member of all class athletic activities. "Chi" is very sentimental as is evidenced from the soul inspiring music that pours forth from his violin. He plans to study medicine at Illinois University.

**Hobbie—Athletics**

**WILLIAM A. WARE**  
"Bill"

comes from Pleasantville High, New Jersey. Bill is noted for his "smoothness". When he roomed with "Eggie" Thompkins, the two used to try to "outshine" each other, but now, well?? Bill was Assistant Manager of Basketball in '28, and Manager in '29. Is a member of all the class athletic teams. Is a member of Kappa Alpha Psi. Plans to study medicine at Meharry.

**Hobbie—"Heart-Breaking."**

**JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS**  
"Terrible Terror"

"Terrible Terror" is a graduate of Booker T. Washington High School of Norfolk, Virginia. He came to Lincoln in his Sophomore year and from then on he has worked up into the group of the immortals. Williams is instructor in biology and obviously a very thorough student in all of the sciences. His hobby is biology and chemistry. Upon graduating from Lincoln he expresses the desire to attend McGill Medical University, Canada.

**RALPH WRIGHT**

is a graduate of Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C. Ralph came here in his Senior year, so he had not much time to affiliate himself with extra curricula activities. He is a member of Omega Psi Phi. Plans medicine as his life's work.

**Hobbie—Sports**

## HONOR MEN FOR FIRST SEMESTER

### SENIOR HONOR MEN

#### FIRST GROUP

**Robert Edward Hurst**

#### SECOND GROUP

Monroe Davis Dowling	Howard McLean Jason	Melvin Wycliffe Mason	Joseph Leroy Williams
Carroll Xavier Holmes	Charles Garnett Lee	Mark Edgar Parks	Theodore Charles Williams
James Langston Hughes	Leonard James Martin	Ulysses Simpson Tate	

### SOPHOMORE HONOR MEN

#### FIRST GROUP

**Frank Augusta DeCosta    Leroy Dennis Johnson**  
**Theodore Frederick Walker**

#### SECOND GROUP

Shirley Baskerville	William M. D. Clark	George W. Hunter	Roy Wendall Roseboro
David Bernard Bradley	Jefferson Deveaux Davis	Vernon Alonzo Overton	John Allen Southall, Jr.
John Donald Butler	Grover Cleveland Hawley	Byron Farbeaux Reed	Samuel Govan Stevens
	John Thomas Sydnor		

### JUNIOR HONOR MEN

#### FIRST GROUP

**Charles Thomas Holloway**

#### SECOND GROUP

Toye George Davis	John Bryant Greene, Jr.	Walter E. Longshore	Julian Francis Murray
Franklin B. Diggs	Herbert S. Harris, Jr.	Stanley Lynton	Henri Nelson Myrick
W. T. V. Fontaine	William Arthur Jackson	Thomas Carr McFall	Charles Franklin Norris
James Edward Green	Clement Mervin Jones	Corey Oswald Mitchell	William Edward Temple
	Alonzo Kelly	Nathan Allen Morton	

### FRESHMEN HONOR MEN

#### FIRST GROUP

**Edward L. Mais**

#### SECOND GROUP

Jesse F. Anderson	George Thomas Hollis	Raymond Raleigh Perkins	Clarence Elmo Shelton
O. James Chapman	Laurence D. Howard	Ernest G. Phields, Jr.	Norman Smith
Edmund M. Duffy, Jr.	Walter R. Jones	Jesse Bernard Plummer	John Finton Speller
Agnew Ross Ewing	Wilfred N. Mais	Elden Gregory Roberts	Paul Suplee Terry
Harold A. Fenderson	James Matthew Mason	William Thomas Rogers	William Henry Thompson
Roderick Reuben Fox	Osecola Dubois Moore	Harold Arthur Seabourne	A. Frederick Wilhams
	Howard Emery Wright		



**CONVENTION**

"To be or not to be", that is a problem  
Which every mortal still must truly  
face,  
And in that "Being" must there be a  
trammel  
To keep our fashioned hearts with  
limes apace.  
Must cunning minds fore'er resolve to  
ferret,  
Among our lives the things we shall  
not do,  
And leave behind the things of greater  
merit,  
Which all mankind would love so  
much to do?

Thou must not share thy lowly neigh-  
bor's dwelling,  
Nor speak to him at all while with  
"The Crowd",  
Nor carry with you when you go to vis-  
it  
A man who is not listed 'mongst the  
Proud.  
Thou shalt not get too intimate with  
Armor,  
'Til thou hast passed thy two score  
years and two;  
Nor shalt thou steal a mate from other  
races,  
Lest Scorn, his fearful finger, thou  
shalt rue.

To Fashion's Baal thou must not fail  
to curtsy,  
If thou canst not remain in solitude.  
At festives thou must never make the  
faux-pas,  
To carry there ought else but pulchri-  
tude.  
The coterie's demands must ne'er be  
lacking,  
But stereotyped upon thine aspen life,  
And wedded to thy soul; if thou  
wouldst prosper  
Submit to that which Etiquette makes  
rife.

Plebeian blood must not be mixed with  
royal,  
A poltroon shall not with a hero vie  
'Mongst fanions, for his place within  
the circuit  
Of fame, festooned in ostentatious lies.  
Iconoclastic lure thou shalt not nur-  
ture,  
The good of etiquette thou must in-  
voke.  
For thou must not be men concerned  
with purpose,  
But puppets strangled 'neath a with-  
ed yoke.

When eagles learn to walk, instead of  
flying  
So very far above our lowly earth,  
When emmets, in their daily toil,  
cease trying  
To fortify themselves 'gainst hiemal  
dearth,  
When sunshine after rain doth rouse  
our fury,  
And humans, nature's beauty, cease to  
scan,  
Then dare to strangle this curv-  
ed convention,  
And strive, my friend, to be at least,  
a man.

NAT CRAWFORD

Just think of this wasteful age.  
Look at the dirt that came out of these  
trenches, and now we can't get it all  
back. What are we going to do with  
that dirt—and think of the waste.



**POET'S PAGE**

**BLACK GENIUS**

There is honor for the genius,  
For the rare and skilful genius,  
For the adroit and able genius,  
In this land.

"Is there a place for me, a genius  
Within this sphere where color  
screens us;  
Where blood distinctly comes between  
us,  
A Black Man?"

Honor is not demarcated,  
From the man of color hated;  
Rushes to the duly rated  
Human beings.

So you, too, may ably lead them.  
Of your knowledge freely feed them;  
Some day you may humbly need them,  
Fellow Men.

"I should like to give my service,  
Succor those who most deserve it:  
Studying, praying, peering farthest,  
For a chance to aid in progress.  
I would ably aid in science,  
Serve in arts, a sacred reliance;  
Stately judge void of defiance,  
Americans."

"Still I wonder, most discouraged  
After years depressed and scourged;  
Seeing greatness so submerged—  
Poor American."

"Is there a place for me, a genius,  
Can man's praise be split between us,  
Will they let me be their genius:  
A Black Man—"

GEORGE RUFUS REEDER, '30

**WANTED—AN ANSWER!**

What is man? A kindled spark  
Of life, whose only aim  
Is to beat the mark  
Made by the man before!

What is man? A single breath  
Of love, within whose frame  
A soul dwells, but Death  
Claims that too in the end.

What is man? An "image" clayed  
Like God; but Adam sinned,  
So all men have strayed  
From His intended path.

What is man? A pleasant smile  
Of hope, which God sends down  
As sun-light—to style  
Men as He would have them.

NAT CRAWFORD

**TO HER**

Dear One,  
I crave your petal lips,  
With their caressing sweetness,  
And all the exquisite joys  
Of your undulating body;  
Thou art Dianesque,  
Wonderful, gorgeous, vivacious,  
I idealize that impulsiveness  
And fanciful impetuosity  
Of unrestrained youth.

JIVER JACKSON

**CABARET**

A sea of hot, livid flesh  
Gyrating . . . . .  
Undulating . . . . .  
In waves of brown, yellow and black.  
Seething . . . . .  
Writhing . . . . .  
The music dies and the leash grows  
slack—  
Sex . . . . .  
Slaves . . . . .  
Driven by the master, Jazz.  
THOMAS A. WEBSTER

**A WOMAN COMES**

Out of the cold, grey dawn  
A woman comes,  
Of wind reft hair  
And sea washed eyes;  
With cheeks  
Kissed by the wind and rain;  
Delicate,  
Like peach blown porcelain  
She comes  
To cool my blood and soothe my pain.  
THOMAS A. WEBSTER

**AT DUSK**

I've done my best throughout the day  
To help some one along the way;  
To give him hope because he lost  
And has by fate been roughly tossed;  
I've used my strength and all my  
power  
To give some one a happy hour,  
And since the sun is in the west  
I now have earned an honest rest.

I said no word to cause alarm;  
No thought had I of doing harm,  
But ever tried with will and might  
To do and act and think aright.  
My best was not always so good,  
But still I did the best I could,  
And since the sun is in the west  
I now have earned an honest rest.

When others weren't just fair and  
square  
I tried their insolence to bear;  
My every hope, my every plan  
Was just to help my fellow man—  
And up to that I tried to live—  
It was the best I had to give,  
And since the sun is in the west  
I now have earned an honest rest.

For those whom I have met to-day  
I had a pleasant word to say;  
My brother's pain I sought to ease,  
In every way I've tried to please;  
Although a mighty task to do,  
I made an effort to be true;  
And since the sun is in the west  
I know I've earned an honest rest.  
LAURENCE D. HOWARD

**"AFRICA"**

O, fate, how cruel hast thou been to  
me! How bitter  
And horesome has been my lot!

Far, and wide, to most remote portions  
of the earth  
Has been dragged my heritage.

My gold, my silver, pearls, rubies, my  
customs, my  
Liberty, and my people.

Lord, how long, how long, will I re-  
main chained; a  
Prometheus for greedy nations.  
P. LLOYD TURNER, '30



CLASS OF '32

### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '32

**F**ROM September 14 to September 22, 1928, which was Freshman Week at Lincoln University, a group totalling 105 young men, all new to the modes of college life, arrived at the campus from practically all parts of the United States. Some were immediately given permanent quarters, while others were placed temporarily in University Hall. During that first week, the young men adjusted themselves to campus life, formed new friendships and became imbued with the Lincoln spirit (the Sophomores saw to that). Thus the Freshman ship was launched on its first voyage.

On October 17, 1928, after the class had become more or less acquainted, it met in the chapel to elect a set of temporary officers. As a result, Woodland E. Hall was chosen President; Van Buren Luke, Vice-President; Albert Tillery, Secretary; and Thomas Rodgers, Treasurer. Later, when permanent elections were made, these officers retained their positions, with the exception of Luke, whose place was taken by Charles A. Preston. Further elections were made as follows: Thomas Rodgers and C. Smith, Intra-mural Council representative; Van Buren Luke, Class Editor; and Raymond Hatcher, Student Council representative.

Football season saw several members of the Freshman Class doing their bit for their Alma Mater, among whom, Hutton, "Spank" Smith, "Archie" Grosson, Lowe and Roberts played a large part; Hutton and Smith making their letters.

December 8 was a red-letter day on the Freshman calendar, for it was then that Captain Glover, amid a great deal of cheering, led the Freshman football team to a 6-0 victory over the Sophomores in a hard grid-iron battle.

Then came January, and with it the first great storm in the voyage of the Freshman ship, the mid-years; a storm which, unfortunately, washed away a few members of the class, but which, in the end, left the staunch ship unshaken to continue its voyage.

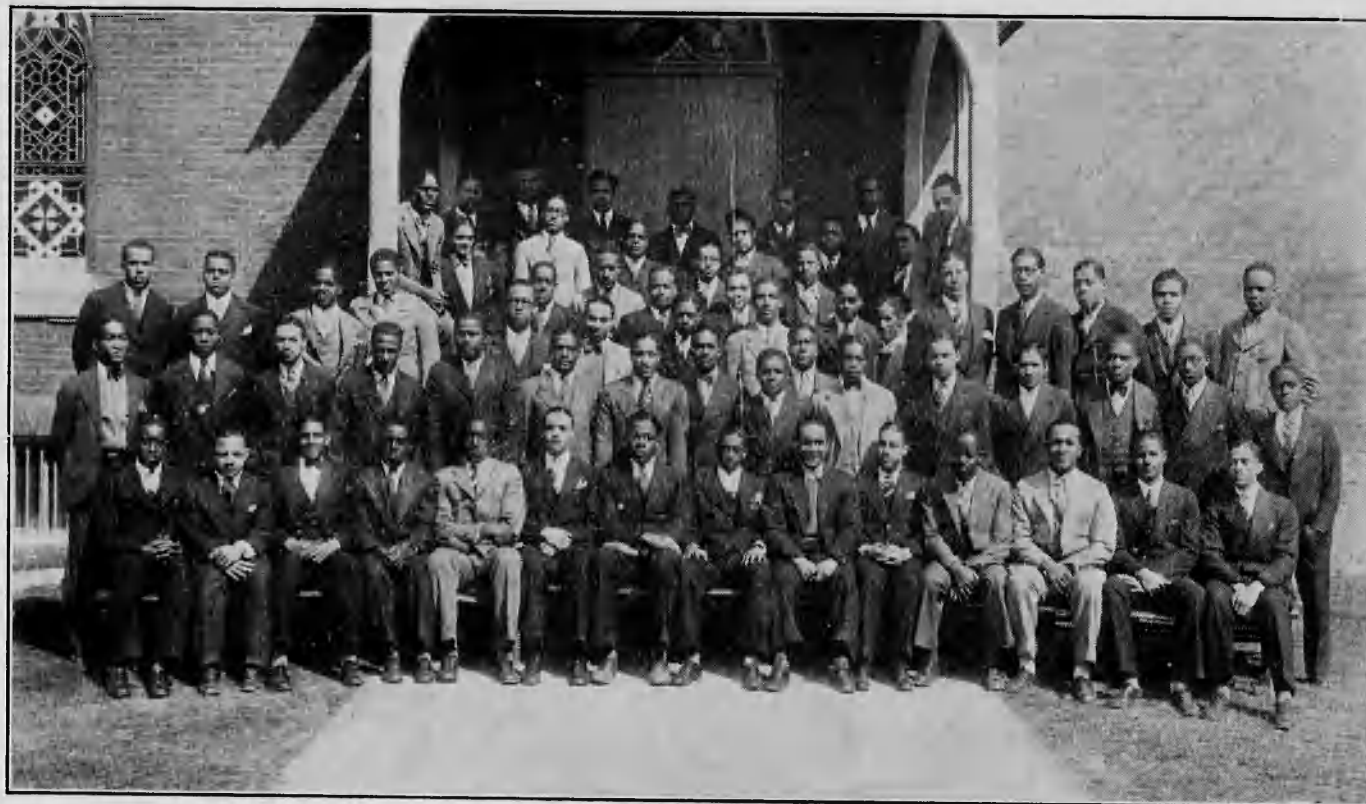
Again the Freshman turned their thoughts to athletics and organized a basketball team, consisting of Ridley, Lloyd, B. E. Williams, Watson, Glover and M. A. Preston, who, under the leadership of Captain Ridley, took everything before it and won the Intra-mural basketball championship.

On the night of February 15, 1929, the Freshmen again won another victory over the Sophomores, this time through the merits of our debating team, made up of Frank R. Brown, Van Buren Luke, and Clarence M. Mitchell. By virtue of this victory, the Freshmen were presented a silver loving cup, which will be theirs for a year. Golder Brown is another Freshman who has distinguished himself and brought honor to his class by the fact that he has made the Varsity debating team.

Now as the year draws to a close, and the first voyage of the Ship of '32 is nearing port, there is a long line of foaming breakers, which means there are rocks ahead, at the entrance of the harbor. But the sturdy sailors aboard ship have learned their lessons in the first storm, and this time they will safely guide their craft over the rocks of the final exams, without the loss of a single man.

EBDEX G. ROBERTS, '32

Class Historian



CLASS OF '30

## CLASS HISTORY

**A** CASUAL observer on Maple Avenue in the Fall of 1926 on the twenty-first and twenty-second of September would have seen a steady, almost unbroken string of foiling, sweating, humiliated, but gallant young men, the Class of '30. On they struggled, panting and dishevelled—stopping now and then to draw a breath, only to be lashed and goaded on by the threatening presence of the terrible gods, the Sophomores. Our first appreciation of the campus was immediately "scrunched" by the amazingly warm reception given us by the Sophs.

It wasn't long before we attempted to organize in order to overthrow the yoke of oppression that so constantly beset us. Led by Snowden, we inaugurated a rebellion that went down in the annals of history. The whole thing was instigated by James Green, whom at the crisis was found niding in a bed.

Things finally got settled and we held a class meeting, electing Dwiggins president and Snowden, Student Councilman. Several men went out for football and made good; among them were: Temple, Waters, Brooks, Dwiggins, Frazier, Longshore, Carter, Troy, Parsons, Preston, Sewell, and Jit Taylor. In the annual Freshman-Sophomore football classic we found the mighty gods no trouble at all, winning 6-0.

Exams, found us a rattled but hopeful class. After the whirlwind of Prof. Wright's math, had swept over us, the storm of Grim's Biology had subsided, and Boothby's English avalanche passed, we found our ranks depleted by only four men. A large percentage made the honor roll.

That Spring, '30 made history by defeating the Cheyney debating team and the Sophomore team in rapid succession. Besides placing seven men on the Varsity baseball team the remaining baseball men won the Intra-mural cup, although we never got it. Derry, George Lee and Longshore represented the class on the track team. We concluded a successful first year by finishing second to the Class of '28 in Intra-mural track and putting Skinny Lawson and Lank Young on the tennis team.

The following Fall our arrival was quite different from that of the preceding year. So enthusiastic and thorough was our hazing that a host of fellows (including yours truly) was given a two week vacation to cool our ardor. Notwithstanding that, we returned to cut the preps' hair, and strangely enough, nothing happened.

A clean slate was maintained by the defeat of the Preps in the Kampus Klassic, 12-6. Troy, Jit Taylor and Temple were made Varsity L's. In February, Flemming joined our ranks, making a total of four new fellows; the other three being Beak Silvera, Ralph Baker and Jackson. That Spring the track team won the C. I. A. A. championship with Derry, Silvera, and Baker being largely responsible.

Jiver Jackson, Ole Gal Hall, Jit Taylor and Dick Temple were the main springs of the baseball team. Incidentally, Moby Dick was elected Captain for the next year.

We return in 1928 to find our ranks somewhat depleted; now numbering only seventy-seven as compared with our registration of one hundred and sixteen in our Prep year. As upper-classmen, we proceeded to annex the dignity that is synonymous with Juniors. Fontaine took over the duties of instructor in Elementary Latin, Longshore in Biology and Anatomy, Diggs in Caesar, and Tate in Physics.

Now, we are the Pi Gamma Psi, the mighty class of 1930. Fontaine was president of the class last year and this.

W. E. L.

**THE YEAR'S ATHLETICS**

By Walter E. Longshore

It seems that along with the call for foot-ball candidates, issued late in the summer by Coach Morrison, came also the call from old man Jinx, for he remained with us the entire season. He seemed to hang tighter to "Doc's" shoulders than the old man of the sea did to Sinbad the Sailor.

Under the tutelage of Morrison, Myers and Walls, the boys trained hard and showed a great deal of pep and enthusiasm. From all indications we were going to have a bang-up season and hopes were running high. Captain Julie Martin looked like a sure bet, running the ball with the snap and vigor of the old Julie of the '26 season when he ran through Tuskegee's team without any interference. Several new men showed up very well.

To give our hopes that final skyward boost we held the mighty A & T team, last year's champions, a formidable aggregation of corn-huskies and farmers, to a scoreless tie. Having stopped the horrible Horse Lane and his cohorts surely the other teams, including Howard, would be no trouble at all. Then things began to happen. Julie's knee went bad on him again and we lost to Union. Shaw, usually no opposition at all, put up a battle that worried the boys no little bit; however, we took them into camp for our only win of the season.

In rapid succession we succumbed to Seminary, Hampton and Morgan. Fate and hard-luck were riding us hard and making us like it. Senator Hill came in for his share of tough breaks by getting his leg smashed in the Virginia State game which we managed to lose also.

About this time Coach Morrison was badly misunderstood and was dismissed, while Myers was promoted as head-coach. He knew football and in my estimation could have turned out a good team, but he lacked one characteristic—the ability to handle men. The entire fault was not to be placed on him, for had the men co-operated and pulled for one as much as the other, there would have been a different story to tell. The dissention and lack of interest in the team's playing was flagrantly obvious.

The Thanksgiving day classic went to Howard for the third time in as many years. The line-men fought like demons and in that one game really gave their all. The Bisons' advance through our vanguard was negligible. We out-gained them in that branch of attack, but they came by air and our defence against this form of attack was crude to the extent of being ludicrous. So the poorest season in foot-ball Lincoln has known came to a close. As the sombre shades of night fell, the lengthening shadows gathered around that group of Lincoln men as they stood in the centre of the Howard Stadium, their tear-stained faces turned heavenward, defeated and broken in body, but not in spirit, and as they sang the last solemn note of the Alma Mater the sighing breeze that wailed around us, in the stillness that followed, the very silence that had descended like a mantle, was broken by an ironical, mocking laugh, that floated to us on the breast of the Zephyr—"The Fates were mocking us in our misery."

**BASKET-BALL**

In direct contrast to the grid schedule season, Lincoln enjoyed a successful schedule on the court. Coached by Ted Walls, the quintette took every team into camp except Morgan and Hampton. Games were dropped to Virginia State and Howard, but the boys white-washed them at later stages in the season.

Avery was the wonderman of the Orange and Blue Five. The tall lad from Nyack gave scorers the heebie-jeebies chalking up points as he made basket after basket. He was high scorer and our all-American selection.

Sydnor had a good time taking the ball away from the other guy just as he felt sure that he had two points sewed-up. "Stretch" ran Avery a close race for the high point honors. A little ankle trouble forced him out for a part of the season. Captain Whittington, Mac Weatherless, Anderson, and Hawkins were contestants and in rare form.

In the C. I. A. A. we finished in third place, being separated from the winner by a scant margin.

**BASEBALL**

Followers of the national pastime can see Ted Walls drilling his candidates into shape as the time for opening games fast approaches. A stiff tentative schedule is expected to be played.

Capt. Dick Temple's services were certainly missed while he was undergoing an operation early in the Spring. However, with the consistent veterans of last year and the injection of men like Smith, Jackson, and Young, our team looks like a good bet in the C. I. A. A. pennant race. Jerry Harmon, Hall, Mosely and Young compose a formidable array of pitchers, and such catchers as LaMar, Johnson and Charleston, our batteries are of no mean note.

The infield is just about air-tight and as long as the opponents hit them there everything is jake. The garden tenders are good on the defence but rather weak on the willow. To completely bolster up our team's stock, we need some stick-men.

**TRACK**

Coach Joe Rainy made his second pilgrimage to Lincoln to look over his prospects for another championship team this year. The training season started officially on April 2. About forty men reported, among whom were a few veterans, a few stars, and a few willing hearts. By graduation, we lost a tentative twelve or fifteen points via Paniky Bryant's exodus. However, Lee should hold up the hammer in the javelin throw, but the shot-put and discus thrower is uncertain.

Joe's big aim now is to regain the Penn Relay title that we allowed to slip from us. There is a promising group of quarter milers with, Derry properly the most out-standing.

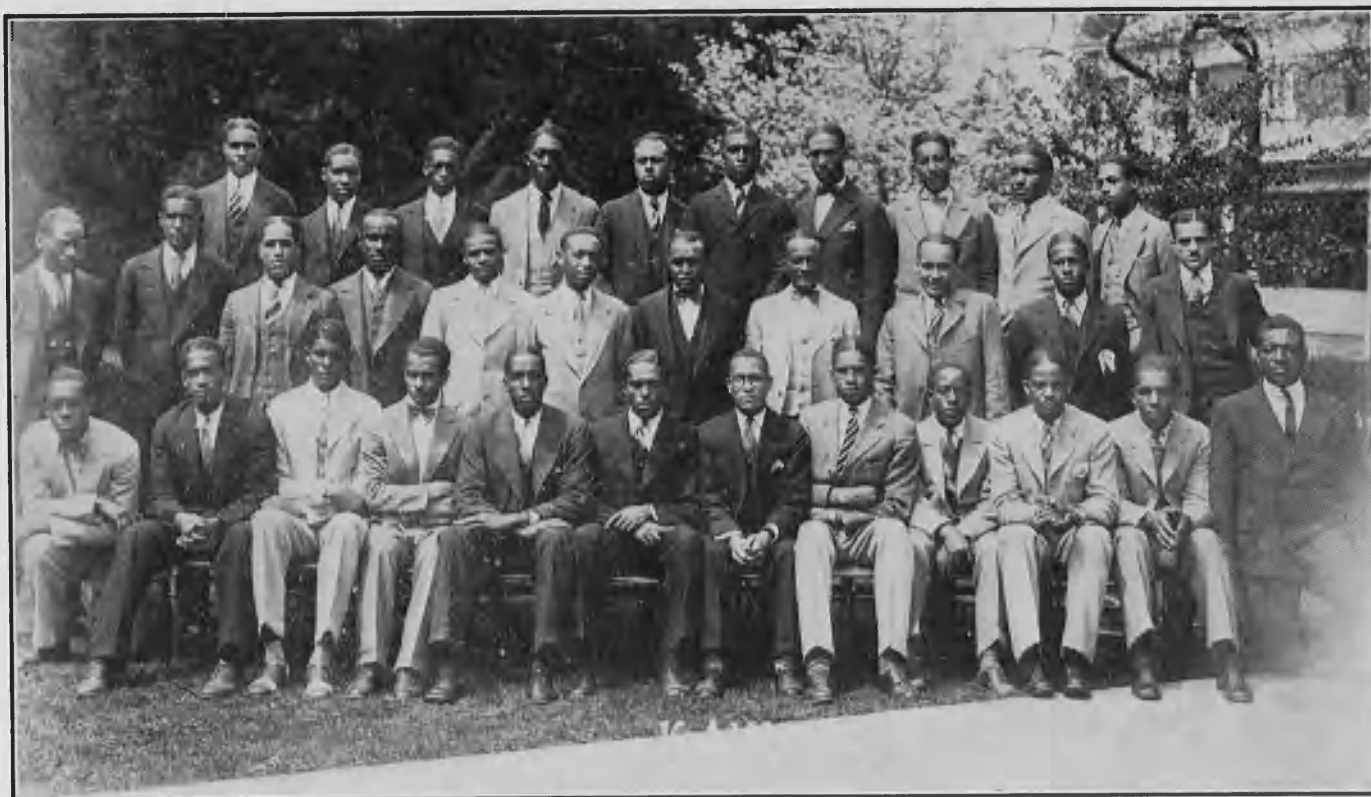
**Schedule:**

April 26-27—Penn. Relays at Philadelphia.  
 May 4—Howard Meet.  
 May 11—C. I. A. A. Championships. Hampton.  
 May 18—Lincoln Meet. Lincoln.





MU CHAPTER OF PHI BETA SIGMA



EPSILON CHAPTER OF KAPPA ALPHA PSI



BETA KAPPA CHI



STUDENT COUNCIL



INTRA-MURAL COUNCIL



DRAMATIC SOCIETY



PHI LAMDBA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY



DELTA RHO FORENSIC SOCIETY

### THE WORLD BEFORE YOU LIES

To those who do not have to work, whose every wish has been granted, and for whom suns have risen in glory and set in splendor, the world is a pretty good old place to live in. Those whose existence has been the very opposite, for whom the doors of want and hunger opened early in life, and who have been rebuffed so often by those who could have done them worlds of good, hold, however, a decidedly different view of the world.

The latter are the ones who found out early in life that life is the only thing that is really given us, that for everything else we must strive, and not merely strive, but fight, before someone with a longer reach and a greater willingness to fight, snatches before our very eyes, the things we would like to have.

Every man owes something to the world—a natural and reasonable debt which can be discharged best only by exertion. To pay this debt should be the steady aim of every individual, and for this purpose the life of a Methuselah is too short.

Service, it has been, that creative and pervasive historical force, operating like gravity, as a constant pressure, that has carved and moulded into their present shapes, the historical landscapes of humanity. The man whose attention is centered principally on himself never truly appreciates service. Instead of looking up where the stars crown the brow of night, or looking out upon the fields radiant with summer flowers, he looks within seeking some new gratification of appetite or ambition. He becomes like the slothful man, bound by chains, and compelled to sit in the seat of idleness, while Duty appeals within him, and waves her trophies before him in vain. Passion loosens his armor, then strikes him with deep painful wounds. Folly leads him into the thorny ambush, then mocks him in his distress. It is pitiful to see such mean forces conquer him and lay waste the glory of his life.

Charles Wesley was walking along a country road one day about noon-tide; nature was bedecked in an entirely different garment from that which she wears to-day. (She does these things once in a while to show us that her wealth of treasury is not exhausted entirely by the splendor of Spring or the quiet of Summer). She had touched every blade of grass with frost, she had silvered every object with radiant sparkling beauty, and then illuminated the lavish decoration with sunbeams that broke against the sky in dazzling light and color. It was terribly cold that day, so cold that every animal form was tucked away safely from its icy sting.

As Wesley walked along there came from somewhere all at once a sudden chirp, followed by a flapping of wings, and as he looked he saw a tiny sparrow trying to bury itself within the muffler which he was wearing around his neck. Wesley did not drive it away, but tucked it safely away beneath his coat and carried it home, let it get warm and then freed it. As he sat by the live coals of his fire that evening, the words of that immortal song came to him, "Jesus Lover of My Soul. Let me to Thy Bosom Fly." The point which I want to stress is this, that we must be awake and alert at all times, for the many things that arise. The

officers of a ship keep watch, not only at night, but during the quiet calm of noon-tide as well. From every little incident we should be able to glean some lesson, and in our pilgrimage through life we should learn to keep open our eyes not only in prosperity, but in adversity as well.

The world before you lies—take from it what you will! But Ah! There's the rub! How many of us know just what to take? If man alone were allowed to make his choice, it might be wise, but very often a veiled lady comes along who chooses for him. She lures him with her subtle flattery into the midst of dangers; she holds up a screen of flowers to hide the ambush in which lurks his ruin. She wears always a mask of lies, and although man has proved her false innumerable times, yet he yields to her deceptions again and again, and goes ultimately to his ruin. She is ubiquitous and omnipresent. If we open a vista into the distant past more ancient than the crumbling pyramids of Egypt, or the broken tablets of Babylon, we find her there. It was she who sapped the vitality of the Grecian power, until now it is nothing more than a mocking memory! The name of this young lady is Temptation! Beware of her!

The world before you lies—achieve! The one and only requisite to success is Faith In Self. Instead of the words, I Hope I Can we say now I Know I Can. History has long since stopped stressing the fact that this is a red man's land, for the serpent that did sting the red man's neck, now wears his crown. In just such a manner that the red man's land was changed into a white man's land, even so can the white man's land be changed into a Democracy. (Not in theory alone, but in actuality.)

This can be done by giving to the world Competent Service, and taking from it the fruit of a well-earned harvest.

The world is a pretty good old place to live in. Live "while you live. To every man, black, white, rich and poor, the finger of destiny is pointing—"The World Before You Lies," so, "Twixt what thou art, and what thou wouldst be,

Let no "if" arise on which to lay the blame.

Man makes a mountain, of that tiny word, but like

A blade of grass before the scythe, it falls and withers

When a human will, stirred by creative force,

Sweeps towards its goal.

Thou art what thou wouldst be. Circumstance is but the

Toy of genius. For when a soul burns with a God-like purpose

To achieve, all obstacles between it and its goal

Must vanish, as the dew before the morning sun.

### MARKS! MARKS! MARKS!

If this paper be the voice of the students, let it speak out! If it is able to praise the good things, why can it not decry the things that are "out of joint"?

Every Winter and Spring we are confronted with marks, but what, in reality do they mean? To me the answer is "Nothing"! Absolutely, nothing!

Unless I know the fellow rather well,

his place on the honor roll means nothing to me.

It's not what one does, it's what one gets caught doing that proves detrimental. There's quite a bit of truth in that maxim, I need speak no plainer. Every Lincolnite knows exactly what I mean.

If the identity of the writer of this article were revealed, he would be branded as Dogmatic, but what's that compared with what he is thinking of them? It is not enough that such things should occur, but there must be even a boast of it. Bah! If it were I, I would rather hide myself in a cave of shame! It's not the professors who are being fooled, but yourselves. It is not yourself that you are injuring, but the fellow who would play the game squarely. From him you are taking the thing to which he is the rightful owner. Studies are getting to be like politics. Graft, graft, and more graft! And the man who tries to do the right thing is the sufferer.

If a man makes a "five" in a subject, he is ridiculed and scorned, but I give more credit to that man who earns his "five" honestly, than I do to that man who makes his "ones" otherwise.

It is not enough to say that every man has the same privilege to do as they are doing. 'Twere better if he said "Every man has the same opportunity to be as unprincipled!"

Hereafter, show me not the honor list, but the men, for therein I can see the honor for myself.

As a mere insight upon this, let me cite a poem which appeared in Howard University's "Hilltop."

### With Apologies to Al Jolson

When there are poor marks,  
I don't mind those poor marks,  
I still have you, Pony dear,  
Teachers may forsake me,  
Let them all forsake me,  
You'll pull me through, Pony dear;  
You're sent from heaven  
And I know your worth,  
You've made it easy  
For me right here on earth;  
When I'm old and gray, dear,  
You may run astray, dear,  
Then ride my kids, Pony dear.

### THE ORIGINAL WORK CONTEST

This contest which has been fostered by the Phi Lambda Sigma Literary Society since March 8, ended on April 15.

The purpose of it was, as it shall be every year, to stimulate creative interest in original work, and to "locate" writers of ability who have not been aware of their possible talent.

Many very excellent articles have been received, and it is expected that the winner will be announced very soon.

The present roster of literati includes: Mr. Fannin Belcher, '28; Mr. Charles G. Lee, '29, Pres.; Mr. Howard M. Jason, '29, Treas.; Mr. B. T. Washington, '29, Sec.; Mr. J. L. Hughes, '29; Mr. L. J. Martin, '29; Mr. Berryman, '30; Mr. W. A. Jackson, '30; Mr. L. R. Young, '30; Mr. Thurman O'Daniels, '30; Mr. Charles Holloway, '30.

Thinking of Old Timers—I wonder what has become of the red-blooded, he-man, who used to strike these "Search Light Matches" on his pant legs.





Y. M. C. A. CABINET

### THE OLD ESSAYISTS AND THEIR WORKS

One cold, gloomy winter's day I went into my study to finish the work of reading which I had begun some months before. A bright fire blazed in the fire-place, everything was cozy and conducive to study. I glanced at my desk while contemplating which author should entertain me. Lying where I had dropped them, as I finished with them, were various volumes of essays. Written by those immortal authors: Montaigne, Bacon, John Brown, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb, Pope, Hazlitt, Coleridge and many others. As I looked from one to the other of these volumes a different picture arose against the flickering background of the fire and the shadows cast upon the walls. The word, essay, filled my unsettled thoughts, adding its quieting, soothing, settling touch and conjuring a picture of the first; the father of the essay, Montaigne.

Montaigne says that: "his sole object is to leave for his friends and relatives a mental portrait of himself, defects and all; he cares neither for utility nor for fame." A story is told of how he began this form of literary work, but why, his biographers alone seem to know. "Digressions are so constant in his essays that they have the appearance of being wilful. The titles are of a diverse character whose real meaning often have no bearing upon the substance of the essay. Whatever the fault of his works all critics agree that Montaigne has given to the world a powerful, limitless, and unrivalled form of literature.

During these reflections I had drawn up my chair to the desk and begun to look over the books, intending to choose one for reading. On my right, near the edge of the desk, almost ready to fall off, was one of Macaulay's brilliant essays on Milton. I saw, as in a dream, a wonderful man, said to be an English historian, a politician and an essayist. I felt again the grip of interest. I saw again the panorama of pictures drawn by his words. From

his discursive style one would say that he must have been a brilliant conversationalist, this, his biographers say, is true. But I had read this, so I looked to another.

There was one volume which seemed to possess something odd enough to attract the roving eye. The oddness or individuality of this book belied its author, Bacon. Who can say that Bacon did not possess a "quaint original style, full of witticism and allusion?" The matter 'of Bacon's essays' was familiar and practical; the thoughts were weighty and just, hidden beneath the outer covering of morality so familiar in his essay. Bacon, the man, an English philosopher, a statesman, who failed, was left only literature in which to express his thoughts, his natural turn was to the essay, thus leaving to posterity the greatest there was in himself.

Leaving Bacon, I picked up another book and opening the pages without looking to the title, I saw a topic, "Good Temper". This at once reminded me of Steele and as one cannot think of Steele without Addison coming in for his share of thought, I naturally linked the two together. In doing so I remembered that Steele claimed that "Addison", his dear friend, "was greater than he." This perhaps is true in that Addison possessed the great gift of genius, but I'm inclined to agree with the biographers that "one is the complement of the other."

Another book revealed to me a master of expression, a genius, a great artist. I had read his "Dream Children." So real was the picture depicted that I heard the pattering of the little feet; the musical echoes of the voices, and when he awoke, I believed that I too had been dreaming. Lamb was an English essayist and critic. His works are "exquisitely refined, humorous, genuine and cordial." Throughout his essay runs "a vein of pleasantry and heart touching pathos, with great delicacy and tenderness." Indeed, he is among the great, classed

with Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, Steele, and Addison.

"James the Doorkeeper" gave me a view of John Brown, the Scottish physician and author who "believed that an author should publish nothing unless he had something to say, and had done his best to say it right." This essay was filled with humour and tenderness, being in part a character sketch and part a preaching.

I could not find upon my desk the author I wanted, so I went to my book case just inside the door and searched for Goldsmith, the English poet, playwright, novelist and essayist. I found his volume of the "Citizen of the World". Selecting the first topic to suit my fancy, "The Man in Black", I drew up my deep arm chair before the open fire and proceeded to read. At once I was gripped with the soul stirring pathos and the grim humour of the black clothed gentleman, who preached selfishness, cruelty and hate to hide the real unbounded, gentle, unselfish love of a noble character; who preached and yet could not practice what he preached because he was overflowing with a great, self-sacrificing all-giving love for humanity. Goldsmith is also ranked with the greatest of the great. For who, but the great, can picture so vividly their thoughts as to grip and hold the interest of a tired, weary, wandering mind?

MAGON M. BERRYMAN

The 1929 auto tags in the District of Columbia are black and yellow, which means that if Marcus Garvey lived there, he would be Provisional Commissioner of motor vehicles.

The Price of This Commencement Number  
is 50 Cents

**LINCOLN MEN WORK WITH THE  
ARMSTRONG ASSOCIATION OF  
PHILADELPHIA**  
Monroe D. Dowling

For the past six years through an endowment left by some far-sighted citizen of Philadelphia, two students have been selected from the Senior Class of Lincoln University, by the faculty, upon the recommendation of the professor of social sciences, to do field work with the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia, which is affiliated with the National Urban League. These students are required to have some knowledge of the social sciences, particularly the elements of sociology.

Before going further, however, into the several duties of these students, it is well to know what the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia is, and for what it stands.

About twenty years ago some public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia, benevolently inclined, conceiving the idea to improve the economic conditions of the Negro in their community, by acquainting employers with the merits of Negro labor, founded the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia. This association has more than surpassed the expectations of the founders, mainly because of the widespread popularity which it has obtained. At the end of the last fiscal year, September first, over three hundred placements have been made, menial and industrial, placing in the hands of the Negro, wage earnings exceeding fifty million dollars annually.

Later, it was seen that in order to have a standard labor supply it was necessary to aid the assimilation of colored people in the community; therefore a neighborhood secretary was organized. Knowing too, the advisability of obtaining more and better opportunities for the Negro in industry, a department of industrial work was organized; the object of this department is to impress upon employers the availability of Negro labor and its suitability for industrial work; Lincoln students are often employed in this department.

In view of the fact that the organization acts as a clearing house for social work among colored people, a department of research was innovated in conjunction with the department of industrial work. This department is fortunate in occupying a very authoritative position in connection with all information dealing with the Philadelphia Negro; so authoritative has it become, that not only professional social workers use it, but also business organizations, churches, departments in the City, State, and National governments, students in schools and universities as widely separated as Massachusetts, California, Wisconsin and Georgia. It is in this department that the students from Lincoln University are employed and trained.

Every year vital questions as to the activity of the colored people in the community arise, which can only be answered by a study of conditions and facilities at hand for solving such conditions. This year the question which faced us, was, what provisions are made for the leisure time activity of the underprivileged Negro? In order to answer, authoritatively, such a question, it was necessary to make a thorough study of all the recreational facilities of Philadelphia. This appar-

ently stupendous task was given to Mr. Charles G. Lee, one of the outstanding members of Lincoln's graduating body and the writer, who were to be directed and assisted by the industrial research secretary.

The first thing we did was to determine the nature of recreational facilities; listed those that were characteristic and proceeded to make contact with them; by contact I mean visits, interviews and observations. Mr. Lee took the playgrounds and I the settlement houses; the community centers we divided. It required about three months to complete these contacts, making at least four a day. Then we made a study of the various recreational facilities provided by the municipality, such as parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, organized recreation in the schools, etc., which was about the most difficult part of the work, as many officials were encountered who had to be convinced of the advisability of such a study. Finally, a study was made of the commercial recreational facilities; by commercial recreational facilities is meant, dance halls, pool rooms, cabarets, restaurants, billiard parlors, bowling alleys, gymnasiums, fraternal orders, etc. Such a survey, as you can easily perceive, is not a difficult task, although it is very comprehensive.

This survey now places in the research department of the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia a complete and detailed account of the recreational facilities of the City of Philadelphia.

We have concluded this survey and naturally we have drawn certain conclusions. Unfortunately, however, I am unable at this time to divulge any information until the work has been passed upon by those in authority; but let me say that until the Negro learns how to spend his leisure time profitably and intelligently, there is no hope of elevating his economic status.

### BUGHOUSE FABLES

Bobo Williams bought a package of cigarettes.

Pablo Ross is a woman-hater.

Fox misses a meal.

Fred Williams in a quiet mood.

Smittie is the wide-awake boy in his math class.

The long and short of it:—Lank Allen and Perrigan.

We would like to know whom "Rue" Nelson loses his head about when he goes to Philly.

The only thing that spoils Shelton's day is the 6:30 A. M. bell.

Luke: "Whazzamatter, Lew? Got a cold?"

Moseley: "Yeh, I slept in a stable last night and woke a little horse."

Lost:—An umbrella, by a man with a wooden head. Finder please return to F. Mourning, Lincoln University."

"Barny" Seaborne is still working on his theory of the relativity of cards. Mike Mitchell, loud and wrong always "knows better" in an argument.

"You can't kid a kiddier," says Kidd. "Oris" Palmer—The campus strong-man?

### HOW DO YOU WORK BEST?

Newspapers and periodicals reveal the fact that most successful men are constantly receiving letters asking about their personal habits. The correspondents want to know under what circumstances the great do their work best. They even inquire as to what the eminent eat and wear.

Bill Nye was once asked what clothes he wore and how he dressed. He answered: "In the morning I wear morning clothes, in the evening I wear evening clothes and in the night I wear night clothes."

About the best rule for doing your best work is to find those conditions that suit you best, wherein the brain functions most effectively. What those conditions are vary among individuals. I, personally, like moderately quiet surroundings, my desk somewhat disarranged, some ashes and match sticks on the floor and fresh breeze fanning the room. I do find it difficult to work with a cinder in my shoe, as I have at present.

Eli Metchnikoff, the Russian Jew, who became one of the famous "microbe hunters" and who discovered that in the human body there are cells hostile to disease microbes, said that he could always work best when pretty girls were close by. In your case, as in mine, this kind of surrounding might have a disturbing effect.

Paul Ehrlich, another experimenter, used to have grind-organ musicians play music outside of the laboratory. He said that he could work better by soft music. Just imagine what he could have done if he had had a radio.

Dickens always had to have the same kind of paper, blue ink and a quill pen, when he worked. Stephen Foster, an American song writer, composed his melodies in a quiet room with heavy draperies and carpets.

Newspaper men, used to the noise of typewriters and the ceaseless bustle of the copy room, sometimes find it difficult to do their best where it is quiet. Here I might mention in passing that it pleases me very much and adds to my comfort to hear Bill Hill and someone in a duet sing "A Song I Love"—they have passed on.

Mark Twain used to write his best "stuff" lying in bed wearing an old-fashioned night-gown. I wonder if he would have been the same Mark Twain in this (pajama) age?

Hazlitt, the essayist, recommends a brisk outdoor walk before work hours.

Schubert scratched off some of his best songs at odd times. One of his famous pieces was jotted down on the back of the bill of fare of a beer garden as he waited for a companion. Just suppose there had been prohibition in his day!

The best thing to do is not to try to imitate somebody else, but to find the time when your own thoughts flow with greatest ease, and then work hard! You must have the ambition to create and the will to work hard.

U. S. T.

### JUDEE

Il disait les choses de moi  
Il m'achetait  
Four treinte francs,  
Et a-la-meme temps  
M'appelait le frere.

JIVER JACKSON



ORCHESTRA

Story on Page 9



## THEATHEIST

## THE ATHEIST

small, has its radicals, its agnostics, its pessimists, and its atheists; and our institution is not an exception. There are those who would have the atheist banished from our Christian institution, fearing that his arguments will change other young men, and cause them to follow in the atheistic path. There are also those who claim that the atheist doesn't deserve to enjoy the privilege of attending an institution that was founded through the hard labor of Christian men. The question that now arises is: must we keep him or must we let him go? If we banish him we are doing injustice to humanity, and if we keep him we are doing injustice to the youths who come into contact with him.

Taking the atheist into consideration, he is part of us, with all of his skepticism, all of his pessimism, and all of his radicalism. He is essentially a part of our make-up; without him we would be minus of an essential element that makes up the intellectual compound. If we analyze carefully the contents of the atheistic argument do we not find that some of it is valid?

Some may say then, if his argument is valid that we all should become atheists, pessimists, radicals. No! Validity doesn't always assert truth; an argument may be true yet invalid. The radical generally puts forth the valid argument minus the truth, while the "Bible champion" places his truth in an invalid form. The young man then from Christian homes should seek to place his true argument in a valid form.

In our "Bull Sessions," the atheist generally wins with the majority on his side, and leaves our poor bearer of Christian principles drowned in the rolling waves of criticism. Seemingly, every one in the midst belongs to a universal order of atheism, and our "Bible Champion" in the Bull Session feels himself a failure. When he analyzes the situation, he finds that it was all his fault for failure. He hadn't prepared. Then if he has the grit and courage he sails forth with harder work and more determination. In this way the atheist has helped him.

The atheist causes us to consider questions that scarcely would suggest themselves to us. He causes us to study to combat his witty and timely arguments. He causes us to strive to pass his eloquence in speech that we may be heard above him, and after all he cannot hurt, he can only help.

S. G. STEVENS, '31

## LIFE'S PATHWAYS

Life is but a rocky pathway.

Coursing straight o'er hill and dale;  
Mortal beings are the travelers  
Faring o'er this tiring trail.

But there are many other pathways  
Leading from the road of life;  
Smooth and tempting, easier tread,  
Luring only on to vice.

Hearken, then, Oh, Men of Lincoln!  
Heed to what I have to say,  
Tread not on these other by-paths,  
Tread the straight and narrow way.

E. G. ROBERTS

## THE STAR GAZER

As I gaze into the cold, black, field of sky,  
Bedecked with teeming points of silver light,  
I watch the shining disks swing truly on  
Through countless miles of frigid, airless void.  
I wonder, if in God's kind providence  
His pleasure was to bless them as our own,  
To grace them, with a cultured race of men  
Whose knowledge might surpass our paltry kin,  
As far as we the cave man's simple home.  
I wonder if the whirling nebula  
That seems a screen to veil the upper realms  
Is but a ball of gaseous space  
Expanding in the rareness of the void.  
Who knows, but it may be a system freed  
From intercourse with creatures crude as we,  
Whose principles of culture we would mar;  
Adulterate its great profundity.  
The Heavens truly elevate the mind,  
It leads to thoughts of greater things.  
Oh, why does God smile down upon us here  
Who manifest such feeble, weakly faith?  
Why do we gain His providential care  
While worlds await His guidance and concern?

RICHARD LOWRIE, '30

## BOTTLED GERMS

The largest assemblage of living germs are believed to be in the possession of a famous Vienna bacteriologist. By special permission, the collection has been placed at the University of Chicago in a special laboratory. Billions and billions of germs are estimated to constitute this large collection, enough to start numerous epidemics. The germs, however, will not be in a position to escape and harm humanity. It was once stated that the influenza epidemic was caused by just such a happening, that is, the escaping of a collection of the flu germ.

The main purpose of these germs is to try an experiment for the extraction of certain serums to be used as a cure for the disease they spread. Thus, we turn the harmful into the harmless, and instead of being a menace to mankind, their purposes are meant to be more or less a blessing. It will no doubt, take vast quantities of these germs to get a small amount of serum, as in the case of the rattlesnake. Many snake farms are established for the simple purpose of securing the desired serum.

Probably in a few years, there will be established germ farms, should this experiment prove successful. On the other hand, should these germs get beyond control, the entire mass of the earth's people will be wiped away, no doubt.

In this collection are such germs as those which cause typhus, typhoid fever, pneumonia, and tuberculosis, together with numerous other well-known germs.

C. M. JONES

## THOUGHTS

Thoughts—that sounds deep and philosophical, doesn't it? But what I am about to write will not be a philosophical treatise. I hope that it will be what I had hoped it would be, a record of my most recent thoughts.

Ordinary laziness is no virtue. Many of the world's greatest inventions have been fostered with the idea of saving our steps, our labor, our time.

The genuineness of the world and the geniuses have helped to give us the opportunity of being lazy. Be a deep, thorough and searching thinker and you can well afford to be lazy.

Life as it is, does not allow us to express ourselves as we would like to, hence we must find outlet for self-expression wherever possible.

My friend, the Audubon man, ties himself to the end of a rope and slips over the edge of the Hudson Palisades, a perpendicular cliff, 500 feet high.

Self-expression is a necessity, but don't do it haphazardly.

And there he dangles with nothing but air to stand on. Then he unstraps his kit and gets a nest—self-expression is a sort of safety valve.

Should Ford and Rockefeller pool their holdings they could hardly tempt me to thus coax death to come and get me. I don't know that I have ever heard of any heathen people worshipping a spring. Why? I don't know!

The movies are such magnificent liars that when they exhibit a man doing tumbling tricks on a steel girder half a mile above the United States I take it with a big grandma slice of incredulity. But some men do thrive on peril and would rather flirt with death than with a folly beauty. I wonder if the idle rich are as lazy as other idle people are?

One could imagine such men astride a cyclone or throwing a leg over a Kansas twister with oriental composure. Anyway I am not dangling at the rope till the hangman officiates. Really, I don't see how a man can be too lazy to drive the car that takes him to the club, and still be ambitious enough to play 27 holes of golf covering about nine miles of tramp, tramp, tramp.

U. S. T.

## HEARD IN OUR CLASS ROOM

Prof.: What is a natural resource?  
Unknown: Life saving.

\*\*\*

Prof.: Who was Medea?  
Soph.: Wasn't she the lady with the snakes?

\*\*\*

Prof.: I can lend you everything but brains!

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The Recital at Lincoln was given on May 17.

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