

## THE NEGRO YOUTH DREAMS OF THE FUTURE

As we contemplate upon the future of the Negro Youth, we realize that that period will mark the joy or sorrow, gladness or sadness of his life, sometime, somewhere. The word Future means to any youth his success or failure. And as Youth stands at the fork of these widely contrasted roads undaunted, there seems to be an uncertainty upon him. He looks to the rugged road, the road to success which seems to be rough. There are numerous cliffs, mountains of handicaps to assail, many trials and tribulations to undergo. But what is at the zenith is a question to him. He shudders, and then turns to the seemingly smooth and beautiful road to disaster and failure. Its beauty is unsurpassed, it seems to be free from pitfalls and cliffs, and there is a beacon light bidding him godspeed.

There is a debate within the mind of Youth although he has a clear conception of each of these roads. After carefully considering these conditions, he takes for his motto, one that has crowned many great men with success, "Climb though the rocks be rugged."

The long perplexing journey begins. As the Negro Youth plods on his tiresome journey, he thinks of the condition of the race at large; of some way he can contribute to its betterment; and as he walks he marvels at the scenic beauty of nature. He then comes to a tree by a sparkling pool whose contents are as "sweet as the nectar that Jupiter sips." Being very tired and thirsty, he refreshes himself with some of the cool contents of this sparkling pool, and then pauses to rest. After viewing the beautiful landscape and the surrounding beauties of Nature, he falls asleep, to "the innocent sleep, the sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, . . . the chief nourisher in life's feast."

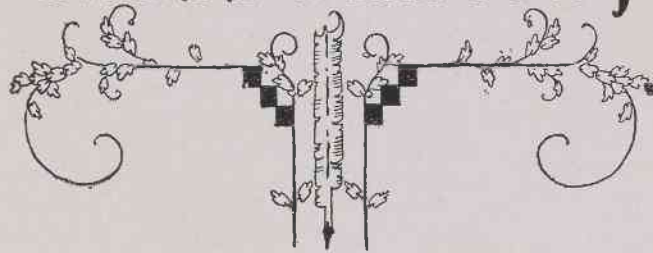
As he peacefully sleeps he dreams a dream of the activity of Negro life. He sees the Negro in Education. He notes that great gifts are being given to the various schools by philanthropists: that education is being stressed as the foundation of democracy; that the teachers are receiving higher education in order to give to the pupils the most essential and efficient help; that statistics show that education has increased within the last ten years seventy-five per cent. He marvels at this vast advancement in education.

He then sees the Negro in the professional field, the field in which the Negro has made his greatest progress. He views the skilled physician, the tactful lawyer, and numerous other professional men. He observes that professional schools are turning out many trained men and he asks himself this question: Will there be an unemployment panic because of the overcrowding of this field? He believes this is a question for serious consideration; yet marvels because of the progress made here.

Youth then takes a glance at the Negro in the musical world, and sees that he is still making use of this divine gift. He especially notes the achievements of Nathaniel Dett, Samuel C. Taylor, Roland Hayes, Florence C. Talbert, and last, but by no

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## Class History



Facts summed up in a brief form are usually interesting to the ears of men, and from this brief history of the class of 1929, we hope to interest you wholly and soully. We wish to give you vivid mind pictures of our host as it traveled the long road, which led to the fountain of knowledge. The travel was not as easy as one might think, for the road contained curves of idleness and all sorts of temptations.

In September, 1925, we, a group of sixty-four, made our advent up the weary road seeking knowledge. Many of the group found it too difficult to travel and stopped by the wayside, but others fell in line with the customs most diligently and enthusiastically. Our first official act was to elect Leroy Guillian as class president, and Miss Edna C. Harris as class mother. The two were faithful and the latter worked so willingly with us that our inspirations grew very rapidly as the year advanced.

Then came the year when our determinations were to make the year worth while. We were Sophomores. Many of the group did not return and many new ones joined us on our travel. This, too, marked a beginning of our second mile down the road to knowledge. We chose that time as president of the class, Sutton Spencer, a very splendid leader. We realized the fact that the child who gets instructions from one mother is always the better reared child and from that realization we chose again our former class mother, Miss Harris.

Some members of our band were particularly outstanding in the athletic world, namely: Sherman Williams, James Bias, Sutton Spencer and Percy Tillet. These, of course, appeared on the football and baseball fields. Lillie Parker deserves honorary credit for her work in basketball, for she alone represented us there. During that year we made our attempt to exercise ourselves dramatically, in that we presented a very good soul-stirring, three-act drama entitled "Mother Mine." We found and people saw that the class of '29 was not least in possessing dramatical talents.

As we journeyed our third mile up the road of learning, there came to join us a host with gifted talents, brilliant in scholarship. Only a very small number of our former class found it absolutely impossible to begin the third round. We organized ourselves into one body and had as president, Percy Tillet. We had Miss Harris' sufficient advice along the first two miles of the journey and we felt that we couldn't do without it, so again she held the position as class advisor.

The representation from the class of '29 in the

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