

Literary Corner

He Was Cool

Super-cool
Ultrablack
a tan/purple

had a beautiful shade

He had a double-natural
that wd put the sisters to
shame

his dishikis were tailor-
made

& his beads were imported
seashells

(from some blk country i
never heard of)

he was triple hip.

his tikis were hand carved
out of ivory

& came express from the
motherland,

he would greet u in swahili
& say good-by in yoruba.

wooooo-jim, he bes so cool
& ill tell i gent

cool-cool is so cool he was
uncooled by
other niggers cool
cool-cool ultracool was bop-
cool/ice

box cool so cool cold cool
his wine didn't have to be
cooled,
him was air conditioned
cool

cool-cool/real cool made
me cool-
now ain't that cool?
cool-cool so cool him
nicknamed

refrigerater

cool-cool so cool
he didn't know
after detroit, newark,
chicago & etc...

we had to hip
cool-cool/super-cool/real-
cool

that
to be black
is
to be

very-hot.

By DON LEE

In Shadows of Yesterday

What is a world; when it's
empty and cold?

When there's nothing left,
but the river and streams
that flow. Is there a tomorrow?

I would say yes, but I say to
young

Fellow men, we must put
this to a test. Why was there so much
blood shed

From the yesterday years?
From every man's face,
there were tears.

I can't make my thoughts of
yesterday disappear
For when they are gone,
soon there would be more
bringing fear.

All I ask of my people is to
say, "We can't
hide the Shadows of
Yesterday.

By IDA LEARY

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MONDAY BLUES

By JEAN RUTLEDGE
Staff Writer

Monday morning at 7:45
a.m.: The sky was clear, my
senses numb. I should have
been rested, but after par-
tying all weekend it was
difficult holding up my
groggy head as I walked
across the field to my first
class.

My book satchel holding six
books of no less than 200
pages each was slowly
making my arms longer. Or
were my shoulders sloping
more? I wasn't quite sure. It
was too early to think.

First class Literature,
"Paradise Lost"-I groaned as
I made my way up the steps. I
just knew the teacher would
be wide awake with en-
thusiasm.

9:00-I was wrong. Lit.
teacher more than awake.
She liked the clear skies
better than I, and we were
"allowed" to write, for next
Wednesday, a 500 word theme
on the changes of Satan from
books one to four.

10:00 (No break) My
stomach is growling from
lack of victuals. But onward I
travel to Art Appreciation.
Great, a film! Now's the time
to catch a snooze. No luck, we
have to take notes and hand
them in at the end of the
period.

11:00-(Still no break) My
stomach is in a knot, my
eyelids are sagging and I
have a definite case of
writer's cramp. But onward I
go to Math. Oh great! a pop
quiz (he really didn't have
to.) Was it invert and
multiply, or multiply then
invert...well, I'll do both.
Funny how some things just
slip away when you need
them the most. Homework:
read next chapter and do
exercise 20, problems 1 thru
80.

12:00-(I should be sitting in
McDonald's eating two
hamburgers with fries and a
shake, but as I dreamed of the
cheese melting off the
hamburger bun, my Music
Lit class got underway.)
Mendelssohn's Symphony
No.4, "Italian" was barely
able to stifle the groaning that
my stomach was making.
Lucky us: we got out five
minutes early. Homework:

Know the names of every
player in the Philharmonic
Orchestra.

1:00-Stomach has fainted.
Visine has taken out the red,
and my eyelids are now held
up with toothpicks. Last class
World Civ.--A unit test? But it
was supposed to be Wed-
nesday! The teacher assured
me that it was today as he
handed out the test pam-
phlets. Who is...what hap-
pened in...well, I would just
have to make up this "F" on
the next test, I tried to assure
myself as I handed in my
nearly blank paper.
Homework: Chapter 15,
outline and memorize.

Let's see, fifty cents a
candy bar and soda will buy.
Lost my money in the
machines. Think positive!!!
Drink some water and tell my
stomach it's steak and eggs.

Down the hall, down the
stairs, across the field, into
my car. Hamburger, here I
come! Now let's see...have to
call Greg...great movie on
tonight...Robin's par-
ty...who's Othello???

* * * *

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE BOOKSTORE OPENED?

By LYNETTE GUTRIDGE
Staff Writer

By now you've begun to
realize that getting your
books can lead to Murphy's
Law on Trial and Error.

Once the chore of pre-
registration was completed,
my first attempt was made at
obtaining my books for the
Spring Semester.

The prospects weren't
stacking in my favor. Out of
the 21 hours registered only
three had the books available.

The vicious circle con-
tinued to rotate as I ap-
proached the bookstore
building; the line of students
was wrapped around the
building twice like a snake
coiled to strike with the
temperament of the group
being the same.

Circumstances went from
bad to worse as each return
trip struck again and again.
The explanations offered
varied from: it is the wrong
book, to there is no book, to
I've never heard of your
course or the instructor.

News Briefs

Alpha Kappa Alpha
Sorority and Alpha Phi Alpha
Fraternity held their Sickie
Cell Dance-a-Thon in
Williams Hall on March 12.

Honor's Convocation has
been rescheduled for April 18.

The Solomon Group Dance
Company will perform in
Moore Hall Auditorium on
March 16, at 8:15 p.m.

Shirley Caesar, famed
gospel singer, and the Caesar
Singers were in concert in
Vaughn Center, March 10th.

The Infirmary Staff will
sponser a seminar on "High
Blood Pressure" March 18th
in the Infirmary. Blood
pressure will be checked,
without charge.

On March 14th in Moore
Hall Auditorium, the UCRF
gave its 2nd Vesper Service.
The guest speaker for the
ocasion was Elder Gerald
Tyler.

After the sixth trip I
nonchalantly opened the door
to the bookstore and asked if
it were necessary to wait in
line another hour to return an
unneeded book. All at once the
mob began to close in on me

like a giant tidal wave! I
abruptly turned and

shouted, "I'm only asking this
ONE question!" The
assemblage began to with-
draw like a retreating wall of
water.

The reason for this disorder
seems to have come about
because of one maternity
leave and a jury duty--all
during registration week.
Everyone remained as
helpful as possible con-
sidering the circumstances.

The instructors as well as
the students were in-
convenienced by the
situation, and there are many
books that still have not
arrived. The demand for
books could have been larger
than the bookstore was
prepared for.

My theory is that ole Spring
Fever arrived early and hit
the books before he got to us.