reporting on every piece of black male flesh collected visiting the sheltered urban sanctuaries of

the wanted.
Black smiling Spartans watch the burning of the coincidence of life

tears the Urban Renewal and THE DAILY NEWS prints the story that
THE NIGGERS ARE HAPPY.

This Fate

BY CREFTON HANNIBAL What have I done to deserve this fate?

Locked in a country.

With a devil at the gate

And a gun in his hand Too-a dog at his side How do I get to the golden

Easy Baby

Easy Baby Save me - I'm sober Help me - I'm blue, My mind is at ease I'm plagued with disease. Why am I cold? How come I sweat. Have one more sip

You're sure to regret. Open the window My mind is afloat, My heart is aloof Why blow my mind? Don't stomp my feet this Merry day;

I'm sure to repeat.
CREFTON T. HANNIBAL Of Tall And Time

BY EDDIE EUBANKS The leaves are turning colors of the rainbow Doing their best to let you know, That summer is gone and

fall is here, The most beautiful time of

Sunlight flashing through golden leaves, Reflecting the way that you sometimes feel,
Like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, You exist for the minute and

live by the hour. Time is patient never ceasing Life is demanding constantly

seeking That new horizon that next

plateau, Led by fires of undying hope.

Who Am I?

What Do I Want?

BY EDDIE EUBANKS I can feel, I can be felt I can sense. I can be sensed I can get angry, I can make

others angry, I can laugh, I can cry I can enjoy, I can despise
I am no genius, I am no moron

I can give respect, I can receive respect I believe in God, if He is dead then so am I

I want happiness, I want se-I want to know that my son

will not have to struggle as I have. I want to love and be loved by

a woman who believes that there is a tomorrow; and who does not believe that life's problems disappear by denying their existence.

Who am I? What do I want? I am a Negro.
I want the chance to live to the extent that all of my potentialities as a human be-ing are realized, where

ever I am, not as a Negro, but as a man.

Lonely Man

BY LEWIS BONDS JR. In the mist of the valley below; Can a man all the world

Through endless journey the goal he seek; His loneliness, he could never defeat;

No girl, No woman, No lady,

they say; Could end the loneliness, this man protake; Though time and time, and days

as he prayed; The agony of loneliness, he could never overtake; Now asleep in his bed and

dreaming away;
Oh, Loneliness, Oh Loneliness,
why can't I toss you away;

I'm a man, living day after Who dreamed I was a man with a lonely way?

Life

BY LILLIAN BURRUS Emergence from a mother's womb, Ignorance is your home. No thoughts or cares can bother you, Till old knowledge takes her cue.

She wraps you in her skepticisms, Of which you escape only through your wisdom. You reject the hand that keeps snatching your time, And who keeps playing tricks on your mind.

And be able to fill your own cup. Yet you are scared out of your wit, For this old world really gives you a fit.

Still old time will not be cheated, And doesn't seem to care how you are treated. He dishes his portion out in great lumps, You'll be knocked and jarred with many bumps. Alas, you try to take life with a smile, Sometimes you wonder if its worthwhile. It may be good, it may be bad, Your success depends on how well you are clad.

Black Boy In "68"

Black Boy, Black Boy, just where've you been, And did you find your bearings there?

"I've been on the streets of Detroit and Newark, I'm a man from Orangeburg and Wallace's brother."

Black Boy, Black Boy, now that you're back, Are you Afro, or Negro, Soul-Brother or Black?

"Can't figure it out --- who I am that is, It's hard --- you see --- my searching for me." Black Boy, Black Boy, your image is hazy, Who are you, how are you, who urges you on?

"Not who, but what, your question should be, The what is my pride in my being me."

Black Boy, Black Boy you're crushed by the crowd, You've found the masses but lost your way.

"You wouldn't understand and I doubt if you've tried. But it's tomorrow's todays which define yesterday."
Black Boy, Black Boy, don't you know, You can't make an image -- being an image yourself?

"Who needs the image, I crave respect, An awareness that I'm important too,"

Black Boy, Black Boy, what's respect to you, Can you buy it or wear it, does it register a vote?

"Respect, my friend, is hard to define. Yet, a lack of it causes seasonal quakes-----Watts--

Ole Miss .--

Orangeburg --

Raleigh?

My Heart

BY GIGI McDOWELL

My heart being a wild, wild wave reaches hopelessly toward the shore. My heart being only a seed, lies beneath the earth struggling

up painfully to reach the glorious rays of the sun.
y heart finds itself a young bird lost in a storm trapped in cave only to await fate.

My heart feels it's only a babe crying out fearfully in the

night because it's afraid and alone.

My heart being only as durable as a bluebird's egg can be broken to form a sheer tragedy.

Though I find my heart as young as the first spring flower it evolves itself as being as cold as a wintery day and as old and worn as a weather worn house haunted with such ghost as hope and most toublesome of all the ghost of love.

Among those living we find there are the dead. How can this be so, for we are so certain that to live is a beginning and to die is the end of it all.

is living? Is it not to look for death? To challenge To wait fearing death? Of course it is! Living then is a great expectation.

Today and Tomorrow

Why live only for today, when tomorrow is what you look Though living today, yes, you are looking with emphasis

on tomorrow. Is it not a complete task to journey through this existing turmoil rather than looking into a bottomless pit of tomorrow?

It is definitely bottomless until it is today or yesterday and being a holder of all these crowning titles it is still the bottomless pit of tomorrow.

Constantly rising and falling with no thought for or of its followers who keep tabs on their own private stock market. So why live only for today; are you afraid of the challenge of living for both today and tomorrow in peace and foy? Besides tomorrow is pending and will exist even without your wanting, helping or even your being.

THE CHALLENGE FOR KNOWLEDGE
The tentacles of learning attack my brain like the snakes

My shattered nerves are crushed by unceasing cannons

Till Perseus and his shield appear To arrest the darts of confusing facts

The Long Sleep

BY LILLIAN BURRUS Bertha with her rust brown hair, And tinted skin that looks so bare. wonder where she's going today I hope that she'll enjoy her stay.

And my mind digests knowledge

She came to us so long ago, From that dark world so far below. I don't want her to go back again, For she was beginning to be my friend.

Bertha, Bertha, wake up, I shouted. Poor Bertha, she couldn't be routed. Hurry, I said, before the wagon gets here. Bertha, I want to keep you near.

Oh well, there is no use trying, I guess I'll just drown in my crying.
Old Bertha really left me today.
She's cold now and can't hear what I say.

Society News

THE BELLS ARE RINGING

THE PEN OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE

ANNOUNCES THE MARRIAGE OF

MISS CAROLYN MILLER, CHEERLEADER, MEMBER OF COLLEGE CHOIR, HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION MAJOR, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO MISS PINCKNEY, AND SENIOR AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE

DONALD "CHEYNEY" DAVIS, FORMER TRACK STAR AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S AND A SOPHOMORE ENGINEER MAJOR AT ST.

AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1968 AT 5:30 P. M.

IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

PAM'S BOLD PEN

What's

Happening

other students in problem sub-

jects. However every Tuesday

and Thursday 7-9 p. m., the tutors wait for students to come

to seek extra knowledge only to be disappointed. No one

seems to be interested in the

Why is it? Is it that St.

know that those who are too

never miss a dance and yet the gym is much further.

Novelist

Watching Book

COCOA BEACH, Fla. - Pa-trick D. Smith is a novelist who is watching his book come

to life.
Last August Smith published

"The Beginning," the story of a fictional small Mississippi

town in which a wise commu-nity leader spearheaded a pro-

gram in the Negro community.

In the fictional town, the Ne

gro section is purchased by the

city, which restores its houses and streets and sells the houses

back to residents with low-rate

Smith, a Mississippian moved

here to take a public relations

job and discovered that New

Town, in Brevard County, Fla., is carrying out a program al-

most identical to the one de-scribed in the novel.

"When I first saw the news item I thought I was reading a

section of my novel" said Smith,

who formerly worked in public relations at the University of

"It was absolutely uncanny.

Cuffee To

Attend Univ.

Of Michigan

Lionel A. Cuffee, has recent-ly been notified of his selection

to participate in a summer re-search program at the Univer-

The aim of the program, which is sponsored by the Medical

School of the University, is to give undergraduate Negro stu-

dents who are interested in Medical School the opportunity

to work in a medical research

ten Negro colleges and univer-sities were selected along with

Mr. Cuffee. The participating colleges are St. Augustine's,

Morehouse, St. Paul's Dillard, Shaw, Fisk, Langston, Hampton,

students were selected on the

basis of their academic per-

formance, college recommen-dations, and an original essay

submitted by each applicant. Cuffee is the President of

the Sophomore Class. He is a member of the student body

president's cabinet, the SNEA,

Sphinx Club of Alpha Phi Al-pha Fraternity, Inc. His name

Cuffee is a native of Chesa-peake, Va. and a Pre-Medical

God. It was an opportunity for him to celebrate the God-

given quality of his total life and to offer his life and that

of the whole world to be order-

ed according to God's purposes.

This music was written to help

Christians in the twentieth cen-

that life in the NOW is a gift from God. It was written for

a Christian hootenanny.

express their conviction

Spellman, and Knoxville.

Fourteen other students from

of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

BY LARRY BROWN

laboratory.

bank loans.

Mississippi.

program.

BY PAM BRITO

Augustine's received a large sum of money in order to pay advanced students to tutor

Lent Time. **Gloom Time**

BY PAM BRITO

It's almost that time when dances will be unheard of, for Lent is on its way. St. Augustine's College, being an Episcopalian Institution, celebrates 40 days in respect of Christ. At this time dancing and gay times are forbid-

There are disadvantages because of this gloom time: peo-ple that are non-Episcopalian do not understand this devoted celebration, couples have a lot of idle time, and they began to

act up.
I believe that St. Augustine's could be described as a "Black Morgue" at this time, for everyone is actually bored.

I believe that many traditions have been made on old campuses. But I think that it's honestly the student who should decide what he wants to give up for Lent and not the school.

The Pen Vine: Falcon Fury

Who is Mr. Cadillac who has his paws intonew Miss Manhattan for the purpose of mak-ing Miss Elizabeth City jeal-

Baker Hall was in an uproar Valentine's night. Who in O-1 cried... Nobody loves me?

Poor Richard!!! Poor Richard!!! just because he stands 6'6" and you only 5' 4" fight for your singer.

"When the cats away the mice will play."

Who is this long-legged basket— It seemed as if I were seeing ball player who has made a part of "The Beginning" acta comback on little Miss May ed out in play form right be-

Tomorrow's Housing

BY DOROTHY YATES Dr. James E. Montgomery, Professor of Housing at Vir-ginia Polytechnic Institute spoke at St. Augustine's College Feb. 16, on the topic "Tomorrow's Housing and Some of the Problems Faced."

The main problems of tomorrows housing is most con-cerned with housing problems in large cities. Basically, the central problems centered around the varieties of sounds of the cities such as noise, the pollution of water, crime in the streets, and the search for

The causes of these problems are the result of people's values. The people on a whole, are no longer concern with the broader conditions of the world. Their immediate concern is with themselves.
Other problems were the need

to belong; the problems of hous-ing which affect the self-concept; and the problem of psychological stimulation which results from a variety of sights and sounds.

What is needed, according to Dr. Montgomery, is to take a technological approach in the building of houses. Another approach to this problem would be to establish a partnership between factory and govern-

With better houses, the condi-tions would be better for teachers to teach in some com-

Rejoice Mass Revisited

BY ROBERT MONROE The folk ensemble presented the Rejoice Mass Wednesday

evening March 6 as part of the religious emphasis week activi-The Rejoice Mass was a folk music, setting of the Lord's offer an answer that the worship God was not necessarily the time when a man has to leave his life of "worldly care" at the door of a church and enter a wholly different atmosphere. It was rather an act in which he could recognize

Cross Roads Africa

BY REGINALD STEVENS SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT On April 2, 1968 Dr. James H. Robinson, Director of Operation Crossroads Africa, will address the student body. Dr. Robinson is a native of Knox-ville Tennessee. He received his undergraduate degree from Lincoln University in 1935 and graduated valedicatorian of his class. In May 1938, he was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church and proceeded to found the church of the Master and the Morningside Community Center in

Harlem. On Dr. Robinson's first visit to Africa, he conceived the idea of exposing young Keep your eye on God.
God is. He alwa
He always will be. American College students to the continent of Africa. Out He is gracious and merciful.

It is most important that I of this, Operation Crossroad Africa was born, and in the summer of 1958 a pilot pro-gram was carried out in five know Thee.
Words, sound, speech,
memory, thoughts, fears and emotions - time - all related. countires of West Africa, with 75 participants. The group represented 41 colleges and universities and a cross-section of races and religions. Since that time, nearly 2000 young men andwomen have participated in 135 projects in 28 countries.

Dr. Robinson is in constant demand as a speaker for civic and educational events. contact with students on college campuses can hardly be surpassed. For his volun-teer service and work with students, he has been the recipient of numberous awards and citations from community service organizations and many honorary degrees to numerous to mention.

He is the author of a num-Augustine's students are too intelligent or, are they too lazy to get to the Hunter Building? ber of books. One of his books is an autobiography, entitled "Road Without Turning" and another, "Tomorrow is Today". lazy are probably the ones who Two articles are presently being written on Dr. Robinson and his work. One is to appear in the Reader's Digest and the other is being published by the Commission on Missionary Edication.

This activity will be sponsored by the Senior Class. We trust that our students will come out and enjoy the message Dr. Robinson has to bring. He is truly a dynamic speaker and promises to give a most gratifing lecture.

Short Story: A Common Courtesy Let us sing all songs to God.

BY JAMES EATON

It was cold 4 a. m. that morning... The streets were almost deserted as the few people that could be seen cursed the weather as they rushed in. Yet one man of small stature hobbled along seemingly unaware of the extreme cold and surprising enough held a pleasant mannerism even though his face had begun to redden. He was well dressed, wore a cashmere coat, leather gloves, and a black hat that had been pulled down over his brow. His name Arnold

Hue.
Mr. Hue was a strange sort man about 36 who associated with very few poeple, so little was known about him. As rumors nad it, he was either it, he was either on the stock exchange or a real estate broker No one knew for sure and no one really cared. All they did know about him was that he was from an oriental descent.

Four A. M...an odd time for

most, but not for Arnold, for he always passed down the streets of the city at this time. He lived in a small apartment in East Village lower Manhattan and was now on his way to the all night coffee houses, and discoteque, a part of the city that never sleeps. As he approached an area no more than a mile from his home, he turned off to a small warehouse which he immediately entered. He was greeted by a tall man who had a sort of lean eerie look. He wore a dark suit and had a silk coat slung over his arm. From a pocket of the coat he removed an envelope and gave it to Arnold who in return handed him a package and left.
No words had been uttered in Now it seemed that Arnold thought it better to stray from

his usual route. He turned down a small side street which led to a park that he believed to be a short cut home. Unfortunately he wasn't the only one thinking of it. As he began his walk, he could quite understand He turned but before he got completely around, he was struck on the side of the head with a metal rod. He dropped has appeared on the Academic Dean's List two semesters. to his knees, yet rose twice as fast as he had gone down. There were four of them. He was moving faster now. So much so that his adversaries appeared as a blue to him as he struck out with kicks and punches to fast for the eye to all his life, his works, his refollow. Three were down, then lations with others, his joys and sorrows - as a gift from his eyes noticed a flash of steel which took on a glow from the moonlight.

There, however, was a fifth who had been leaning against a tree watching this take place indifferent to what was happening. All through the fight he had just stood there with one hand resting in the pocket of his leather jacket. He moved now, taking his hand from his pocket. Arnold never saw this gesture and was never to see

MARCH, 1968—PAGE 3 JAZZ NOTES

It all has to do with it.

Thank you God.

Peace.
There is no other.

and weaknesses.

In you all things are pos-

We know. God made us so.

No matter what ... it is God.

One thought can produce

and they all go back to God ..

Have no fear ... believe... Thank

The universe has many won-

ders. God is all. His way... it is so wonderful.

Thoughts --- deeds - vi-

They all go back to God and

He is gracious and merci-

Glory to God ... God is so

May I be acceptable in Thy

We are all one in his grace.

The fact that we do exist is

acknowledgement of Thee

God will wash away air our

He always was.

Thank you God.

in one.

it is gracious.

everything does

you God.

brations, etc.

He cleanse all.

God is.

God loves.

alive.

sight.

O Lord.

tears ..

He always has ...

praise God.

Obey the Lord

Thank you God.

Blessed is He.

can compare to God.

Thank you God.

the will of God ...

seen ungodly ---None can be greater - none

He will remake us... He always has and He always will.

It is true - blessed be His name - Thank you God.

God breathes through us so

completely ... so gently we hardly feel it ... yet,

ELATION-ELATION-ELE-GATION-EXALTION-

It was ironic for him to end

It was said that he was

it is our everything. Thank you God.

All from God

anything again.

Thank you God. Amen.

ful... Thank you God.

Thank you God.

He always will.

you God.

Blessed be His name.

millions of vibrations

Thank you God.

sible.

BY CHARLES CHAPMAN

Falcons, Is A Love Supreme REPRINT JOHN COLTRANE This Jazz?

DECEMBER, 1964
I will do all I can to be worthy
of Thee O Lord. BY CHARLES CHAPMAN Jazz is the soul of the musician. Jazz is a jazz-musician's inner self, involving true emotional feelings which are both simple and complicated in the God is. It is so beautiful.
Thank you God. God is all. average human who wants them interpreted. Help us to resolve our fears

To really be interested in jazz, one must be interested in man. Yes, interested in man because jazz is man. It is his thoughts, moods, and beliefs. This music is his expression of part or all of his emotions. These emotions are his, vet are unselfishly shared with the lis-

Don't get me wrong; don't think the ideal is that all jazz be alike. Each "side" is dif-ferent. Every time a "side" is played, it is played slightly different. Why?

all made from one ... all made Because each mood, each thought, each belief, each man creates, a different style. Time, Thought waves - heat waves all vibrations -in turn, creates different moods, thoughts, beliefs. All paths lead to God. Thank

Every note played is a per-sonal note. Just as the poet His way ... it is lovely ... writes to express, the jazzman turns to his style of music to It is merciful - Thank you God.

Does this seem redundant? It's necessary, to show the main point: expression and un-derstanding. In jazz, one finds many things he was unable to understand and to express - and some things may still remain

vague.
To appreciate jazz you must respect man. You see, jazz is a picture of man: it's really man's natural beauty, a picture of life, an ideal. Jazz is just a piece of down - to - earth "soul," mood setting and beautiful to the ear. But to you, what?

Do you have the sense of jazz, or should I say, the soul of a man? Have you created ani-mosity against something that you haven't looked at? Are you blind to the expression of man? To put it to the point: do you really "dig" jazz for what it's worth?

Jazz On Campus

1. A Love Supreme -- by John Coltrane Uh Huh -- Jazz Crusaders

Seek Him everyday. In all ways seek God everyday. A Flat, G Flat and C -Yosef Lateef A Day In Life -- Wes To whom all praises is due...

Montgomery Live At The Lighthouse No road is an easy one, but MJQ's 6. Forest Flower -- Charles they all go back to God.
It is all with God.
It is all with thee.

Lloyd Man From Two Worlds ---Chico Hamilton 8. Dream Weaver -- Charles

We are all from one thing ... Lloyd Ascensions -- John Coltrane 10. Journey Within -- Charles I have seen God - I have

11. Indestructable -- Art Blakey

Students Love Jazz

BY BERTHA TEELE
In an interview with Mr. Colbert, Manager of St. Augustine's bookstore, it was learned that Jazz albums were the students favorites. There are more jazz albums purchased from the bookstore than any others. The students are more interested in the instrumental jazz. Their favorite female singer, however, is the num-ber one "soul sister," Aretha Franklin.

Mr. Colbert suggested that it would be a good idea to poll the students in order to get this way, for it was later found their opinion of the concerts in an investigation that Arnold presented on campus. It was was a contractor (a hired killer) and a master in a dying suggested that if the school were to present jazz concerts along with the other classical unable to be defeated by any-one in the world. concerts, there would be a greater attendence of students.

Unaware Prayer

God open our eyes that we may see, The war of Viet Nam as a part of liberty. Let us grieve no more in sympathy or pain, And the great loses Lord, help us to be strong again. This trouble fills our heart and every thought. Lord, how can we have faith as we ought? And wrapped up in this big despair, We must believe you hear our every prayer. Perhaps the soldeirs should be thankful in many ways. But how can they, when war faces them day after day.

Soon soliers everywhere will eventually realize

The son of God will never pass them by.

Instead, he be close to them all, the poor, the rich, the great, the small. And surely guided by his presence he will save, the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Movie Review: Valley Of The Dolls

EVELYN EARP
Valley of the Dolls is a very heart-winning picture which reveals much about the secret, drug-filled, love-starved, sex-satiated, night-mare world of show business.

Valley of the Dolls is the story of three very exciting women who were too talented to reach the top.

Anne Welles, portrayed by Barbara Parkins, fell for the wrong Mr. Right because of his infidelity, but after much heartbreak returned to her New England home

Neely O' Hara, portrayed by Patty Duke, is a lovable kid from vaudeville who became a star and a monster. Jennifer North was a blonde goddess who survived every betrayal committed against her magnificent body except the

These women lived in a world where sex was a success weapon, where love was the smiling mask of hate. It was a world where the magic tickets to peace are "dolls" - the insider's word for pills-pep pills, red pills-to chase the truth away. Each of them rode the crest of the wave, and all of them except Barbara Parkins entered the Valley of the Dolls.