

Even The Poets Are In Revolt

(Voice Of The St. Augustine's Poet)

Niggers

Are Happy

BY CYRIL BURKE
Cascade-lotioned fingers tear
down upon me
ripping at my given manhood
tearing
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
for
the
dead.
Urban Daily
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
land?

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.
BY 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
the year.

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-
curity
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
should know;
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
day,
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 skepticism,
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.

You want to grow up,
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"

BY DANNY SCARBOROUGH
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--

Detroit--

Newark--

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.
My 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 troublesome of all the ghost of love.
LIFE OR DEATH
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.
What is living? Is it not to look for death? To challenge
death? To wait fearing death? Of course it is! Living
then is a great expectation.

Today and Tomorrow

BY GIGI McDOWELL

Why live only for today, when tomorrow is what you look
forward to!
Though living today, yes, you are looking with emphasis
on tomorrow.
But why? 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 joy?
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
of Medusa
My shattered nerves are crushed by unceasing cannons
of pain.
Till Perseus and his shield appear
To arrest the darts of confusing facts
And my mind digests knowledge
Painlessly!

The Long Sleep

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

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 dream 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 PINKNEY,
AND SENIOR AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE
TO
DONALD "CHEYNEY" DAVIS, FORMER
TRACK STAR AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S AND A
SOPHOMORE ENGINEER MAJOR AT ST.
AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE

ON
FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1968
AT
5:30 P. M.
IN
THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

PAM'S BOLD PEN

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. Au-
gustine's College, being an
Episcopalian institution, cele-
brates 40 days in respect of
Christ. At this time dancing
and gay times are forbid-
den.

There are disadvantages be-
cause 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 tradi-
tions 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

BY MISS BAKER HALL

Who is Mr. Cadillac who has
his paws intoned Miss Man-
hattan for the purpose of mak-
ing Miss Elizabeth City jeal-
ous?

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." Won't they,
Harold?

Who is this long-legged basket-
ball player who has made
a comeback on little Miss May
Queen?

Tomorrow's Housing

BY DOROTHY YATES

Dr. James E. Montgomery,
Professor of Housing at Vir-
ginia Polytechnic Institute
spoke at St. Augustine's Col-
lege Feb. 16, on the topic "To-
morrow's Housing and Some of
the Problems Faced."

The main problems of to-
morrow's housing is most con-
cerned with housing problems in
large cities. Basically, the
central problems centered a-
round the varieties of sounds
of the cities such as noise, the
pollution of water, crime in
the streets, and the search for
identity.

The causes of these problems
are the result of people's values.
The people on a whole, are no
longer concerned with the broad-
er 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-con-
cept; and the problem of psy-
chological 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-
ment.

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

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-
ties. The Rejoice Mass was a
folk music, setting of the Lord's
Supper. This music tried to
offer an answer that the worship
of 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 atmos-
phere. 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 Opera-
tion 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 valedictorian of his
class. In May 1938, he was
ordained to the ministry of the
Presbyterian Church and pro-
ceeded to found the church of
the Master and the Morn-
ingside Community Center in
Harlem.

On Dr. Robinson's first
visit to Africa, he conceived
the idea of exposing young
American College students to
the continent of Africa. Out
of this, Operation Crossroad
Africa was born, and in the
summer of 1958 a pilot pro-
gram was carried out in five
countries of West Africa, with
75 participants. The group re-
presented 41 colleges and uni-
versities and a cross-section
of races and religions. Since
that time, nearly 2000 young
men and women have partici-
pated in 135 projects in 28 coun-
tries.

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

He is the author of a num-
ber of books. One of his books
is an autobiography, entitled
"Road Without Turning" and a-
nother, "Tomorrow is Today".
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 Edu-
cation.

This activity will be sponsor-
ed by the Senior Class. We
trust that our students will
come out and enjoy the mes-
sage Dr. Robinson has to bring.
He is truly a dynamic speaker
and promises to give a most
gratifying lecture.

Short Story: A Common Courtesy

BY JAMES EATON

It was cold 4 a. m. that morn-
ing... The streets were almost
deserted as the few people that
could be seen cursed the weath-
er as they rushed in. Yet one
man of small stature hobbled
along seemingly unaware of the
extreme cold and surprising en-
ough held a pleasant manner-
ism 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 people, so little
was known about him. As
rumor had 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 dis-
coteque, a part of the city that
never sleeps. As he approach-
ed 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
this meeting.

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. Unfortu-
nately he wasn't the only one
thinking of it. As he began his
walk, he could quite understand
it. He turned but before he
got completely around, he was
struck on the side of the head
with a metal rod. He dropped
with 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
follow. Three were down, then
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 happen-
ing. 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

JAZZ NOTES

BY CHARLES CHAPMAN

A Love Supreme

REPRINT JOHN COLTRANE
DECEMBER, 1964

I will do all I can to be worthy
of Thee O Lord,
It all has to do with it.
Thank you God.

Peace.
There is no other.
God is. It is so beautiful.
Thank you God. God is all.
Help us to resolve our fears
and weaknesses.

Thank you God.
In you all things are possi-
ble.

We know. God made us so.
Keep your eye on God.
God is. He always was.
He always will be.

No matter what ... it is God.
He is gracious and merciful.
It is most important that I
know Thee.

Words, sound, speech,
memory, thoughts, fears and de-
motions - time - all related.
all made from one ... all made
in one...
Blessed be His name.

Thought waves - heat waves
all vibrations --
All paths lead to God. Thank
you God.
His way ... it is lovely ...
It is gracious.

It is merciful - Thank you God.
One thought can produce
millions of vibrations
and they all go back to God..
everything does.

Thank you God.
Have no fear ... believe... Thank
you God.
The universe has many won-
ders, God is all.

His way... it is so wonderful.
Thoughts --- deeds - vi-
brations, etc.
They all go back to God and
He cleanse all.

He is gracious and merciful...
Thank you God.
Glory to God ... God is so
alive.

God is.
God loves.
May I be acceptable in Thy
sight.

We are all one in His grace.
The fact that we do exist is
acknowledgement of Thee
O Lord.
Thank you God.
God will wash away all our
tears...

He always has...
He always will.
Seek Him everyday. In all
ways seek God everyday.
Let us sing all songs to God.

To whom all praises is due...
praise God.
No road is an easy one, but
they all go back to God.
It is all with God.

Blessed is He.
We are all from one thing...
the will of God...
Thank you God.

I have seen God - I have
seen ungodly ---
None can be greater - none
can compare to God.
Thank you God.

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,
it is our everything.

Thank you God.
ELATION-ELATION-ELE-
GATION-EXALTATION-
All from God
Thank you God. Amen.

anything again.
It was ironic for him to end
this way, for it was later found
in an investigation that Arnold
was a contractor (a hired
killer) and a master in a dying
art. It was said that he was
unable to be defeated by any-
one in the world.

Unaware Prayer

BY DONNA A. NEELY

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 losses 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 soldiers should be thankful in many ways.
But how can they, when war faces them day after day.
Soon soldiers 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 EARL

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
last.
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.