

COLLEGE GLEANINGS

Klem, Junior

There are a few important things that we are all looking forward to see realized in a short while. Seniors have about 3 more months ere they join that group of "when I was within those sainted walls" braggers. We hope that those going out now will keep some semblance of the true school spirit; so many that have gone out in the past have left what little they had in the Office.

Juniors are planning now for the Junior Oratorical Contest.

Sophomores are going through the experiences of a "Hell Week;" we wonder sometimes as to what the average Negro boy would not do to become a Greek? The ideals of the Fraternity are splendid, but there seems to be some rather dogmatic methods for attaining them.

Now let's see what the Freshmen are doing—well, they are generally around the Arch. But we are all looking forward to having a wonderful Easter. There seems to be a possibility that there will be a vast number of the ladies from about the State here then, and just all kinds of things are being planned to delight them during their stay in our city.

Hawkins and Whitehead, Cannady and Crater are getting things in line for entertainment of the State Teachers' Association. The Official Social Committee they might impress one to be.

With Grigg on McDowell Street, Griffin on Brevard, Avant on Liberty and Henry on Stonewall, one is forced to predict that the Commencements of '31 and '32 will have a few Benedicts. They say that a good start is half the battle, boys; well, you have the half.

The Dean has recently returned from a Conference of Deans and Registrars at Prairie View, Texas. A most interesting Conference he reports.

Prof. and Mrs. S. H. Adams motored to Greensboro for a short stay a few days ago. Mr. Miles W. Wise accompanied them.

Mr. James Squire, a Senior, has been made a Phi Beta Sigma by the Upsilon Chapter at Livingstone College.

The Tuts, the Swastikas and the Ace of Clubs have recently played host and hostess to a rather select group of guests. Very pleasing times were had at the three affairs.

Misses O'Brien and Boger, of Concord, have lately paid visits to our campus.

Since Jeffers has been voted the "handsomer" male on the campus he has acquired the sobriquet "Greta;" and a most charming "Greta" he is.

Since Fletcher has rooted Henderson out of Stonewall Street, the Sturdy Henry has been trying to "get" Fletcher—in vain does he try.

Claude Erwin just "had to go" to see the lady at Scotia Seminary two weeks ago. On his return we heard him muttering this:

"Ah Love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire;
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then remould
It nearer to the heart's Desire."

Too bad, it is not as you wished, Claude. We all feel like that at times.

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ALMUNI NOTES

By Pactolus

While it is our purpose to stimulate our students to independent thought and accurate reasoning in all of their philosophical investigations, yet we must have a care for their moral and religious status; therefore, when Dr. Du Bois, a few weeks ago, writing in the Crisis magazine, said "there is too much religion in Johnson C. Smith University," he paid us no small compliment. We would have parents and guardians know that it is our purpose at all times to maintain this institution upon the lofty ideals upon which it was founded some sixty-odd years ago.

The Brodie brothers, Dr. Furman of Philadelphia, Dr. Milledge of Johnson City and Mr. Alfred, of New York, all graduates of this school, and each a fine specimen of young manhood, were in the city recently visiting their mother. These young men furnish a fine illustration of what it means to be reared in a Christian home and to have that training supplemented by one received in a Christian college.

The approaching Easter season quite naturally calls to mind the great athletic and social event that usually takes place every Easter Monday out at Wearn Field. We understand that the occasion this year is to be on a far more elaborate scale than usual. Thousands of former students and friends of the two schools will be on hand to cheer their respective teams to victory.

And that reminds us that just the other day we had a visit from the great Funderburk of about fifteen years ago who enjoyed the distinction of being the greatest ball-tosser Smith has ever had. He is now Prof. W. F. Funderburk, Principal of a school in the Palmetto State. He is in vigorous health and looks to be just about Senior College age now.

The Good Book says that by their fruits ye shall know them. And this applies to institutions of learning as well as to individuals. Therefore we take pleasure in noting the fact that Mr. W. E. Hill, Jr., who, until recently, has been connected with the New York City Post Office, and incidentally studying at Columbia University, has been awarded the Master's degree by that famous institution. After graduating here he taught three years in our local high school and it may be that he will now return to the educational field.

While we have not been taken into the confidence of the base ball "Board of Strategy" here on the hill we did see the manager, the coach and one of the pitchers with their heads close together and talking in a very suspicious manner. We surmised at the time they were there and then mapping out the program they intend to put over at the ball park Easter Monday.

The success and comfort of the forthcoming State Teachers' Association which is to convene in this city the 28th inst., will depend largely upon the influence of this University. Prof. J. W. Seabrook, President H. L. McCrorey, and Professor W. H. Stinson, are respectively, Executive Secretary, Treasurer, and Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Each is peculiarly fitted for his job and we have no apprehension.

After some thirty or more years of absence Mr. J. Q. Moses, of New York, was on the campus a few days ago, looking the old place over. Of course, there has been such a radical change in recent years he could not recognize anything. By the older students Mr. Moses will be remem-

bered as the President of the once famous Ananias Club in his college days. He is now a successful real estate dealer and politician up in Harlem. He has a fine office fitted up and keeps open house for all Smith men.

It is announced that on the 29th inst. a musical program will be rendered over the radio by members of the New York Alumni Chapter. Mr. J. E. Smith will attend, representing the President who could not make it convenient to be present. We do not know the personnel of those who will do the broadcasting, but there are Richardson, Morgan, Badham and Hilton up that side, and that quartette alone can sing well enough to broadcast over anybody's radio.

Miss De Arona McCrorey, daughter of our President, has been awarded recently the Master of Arts degree by Columbia University. She is employed in an executive capacity at the Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. and it would not be the least surprising if she should go on and make it a Ph. D.

DAY BY DAY AT JOHNSON C. SMITH UNIVERSITY

By "Van"

(With a Passing Nod to O. O. McIntyre)

Diary of a modern Smithsonian:
Aroused early by one Henry Williams cleaning the lavatory. Have you ever been in the woods and heard the wails of those cutting cord wood? Or listened to a construction gang? Or visited a camp meeting? If so, you can imagine the weird noise re-echoing down the corridors. If I could only get my fist down his larynx!

"If winter comes can spring be far behind?" Enter March like a lion and a noisy infant—all wet. What is so rare as a day in June—also February and March. As I started to class this morning I was exultant as I beheld the azure skies and listened to the melodious chants of the mocking bird, but ere I reached the refectory I was drenched in a downpour. Cruel Jupiter Pluvius! Such are the vicissitudes and idiosyncrasies of Spring and the female of the species. But what a vastness of love we have for both!

To chapel. Many interesting discourses by undergraduates on: The Negro in Art, Literature, etc. It is stupendous the modicum of information we have of our own people whose history is voluminous and intensely interesting. If we would only read more about our ancestry and thereby realize our great heritage, there would be no place in our being for inferiority complex. Carter G. Woodson's "The Negro in Our History" should be prized next to Holy Writ.

Hell Week invariably affords much entertainment to a college—except the pledges. "Rob" Dockery finds it a tedious task counting the bricks in Biddle Memorial Hall. "Tony" Brown ringing a bell. "Skeet" Tolbert substituting a "Sax" for a bugle for making a revielle. Ed Jones, the athlete, doing stunts. Now I ask you is there anything amiss in that? In a few days they will have crossed the burning sands. Presto! And their humiliations turn to complacency—in some cases arrogance. No one but a Greek can appreciate, maybe, having endured torture and embarrassment.

"The Unholy Three"—Jean McDonald, Muldrow and Means. Although of extreme difference in physique, they make good comrades.

To the Library to get "Companionate Marriage." Too much truth in print for this hypocritical age. Out with many requests ahead.

Seniors perusing bulletins from all the Universities of the world. All planning to matriculate in one of the multifarious professional schools, but ah! Next fall will find the majority augmenting the faculties in some rural schools.

At luncheon I am teased by "Luigi" Manley and "Naps" Johnson because the Les Choisses Peu was not sufficiently urged to attend the annual affair of the Royal Sons of Tut. Methinks that the dignity of the Upper classmen was necessary for a lower classmen function. We've missed better "hops" than theirs; also attended better ones, if you please.

Announcements: Missi Bryant inquires for the Fee Musquitos. Lost—An Opportunity (Magazine). Finder return to Roy "Gump" Lee.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn," or a pedestrian's when he hails a motorist, hits up a trot, and the machine increases acceleration. Embarrassment to the nth degree.

To the auditorium to cast my vote for a candidate for "Miss Johnson C. Smith" who will be presented at the Easter Monday classic. After a filibuster and points of order, privilege question by "Chink" Newell who wished to demonstrate his knowledge of Parliamentary Usage, at the expense of the students, the enviable position was filled. Vying with keen competitors, as the Misses Louise Bass, Willie Garrett, Helen Jones and others, Miss Catheryn Martin was elected. Personality plus and the "ne plus ultra" of the girls college men dream of, surely one that reveals the feminine pulchritude of the combined beauty of the ancient Greeks—Circe, Diana and Aphrodite.

In the evening I am dinner guest of "Cutie" McDowell and "Red" Lindsay at the Alpha Frat House (a recent acquisition). The culinary art of the former is rare (meaning not well done). His muffins and mud pies have equal densities. After over-indulgence I ignite an Old Gold. As a diversion from the routine of study we engage in a game of bridge. Being a poor sport I soon quit the table after dealing a grand slam—negatively.

Bull sessions are becoming more popular as Easter approaches. Easter Monday game. Hayes versus Yokeley. New fronts. Every one planning to have on the correct togs. And how! Les Chevalier Elegantes. Lakewood Casino. Jazzmania! Functionless floors. Divine and sylph-like forms. Soft, mellow lights. Whoopee! Fun galore! The ultimate word. State Teachers' Association. Imagine one thousand or more crepe-de-chined femininities in the Queen City. Can you depict such a supernal scene? Indeed a spectacle superb. Even Charlie White, woman's enigma, is wondering how he can eschew an estrangement, having more than one "Weakness" present. Excess baggage! This same problem is common to more than a few. After six months of constant application and seclusion, they are (pardon language) "rarin' to go" like a greyhound breaking his leash. Joy will be unrestricted as juvenescent human beings rush "right out this world" or in the words of Edna St. Vincent Millay, "out to sea. Live today; tomorrow come what may." Epicureanism. These without doubt are the not infrequent chimerical anticipations and cogitations of Smithsonians. Will they make Whoopee? Use your vision.