

## MAROON



## TIGER

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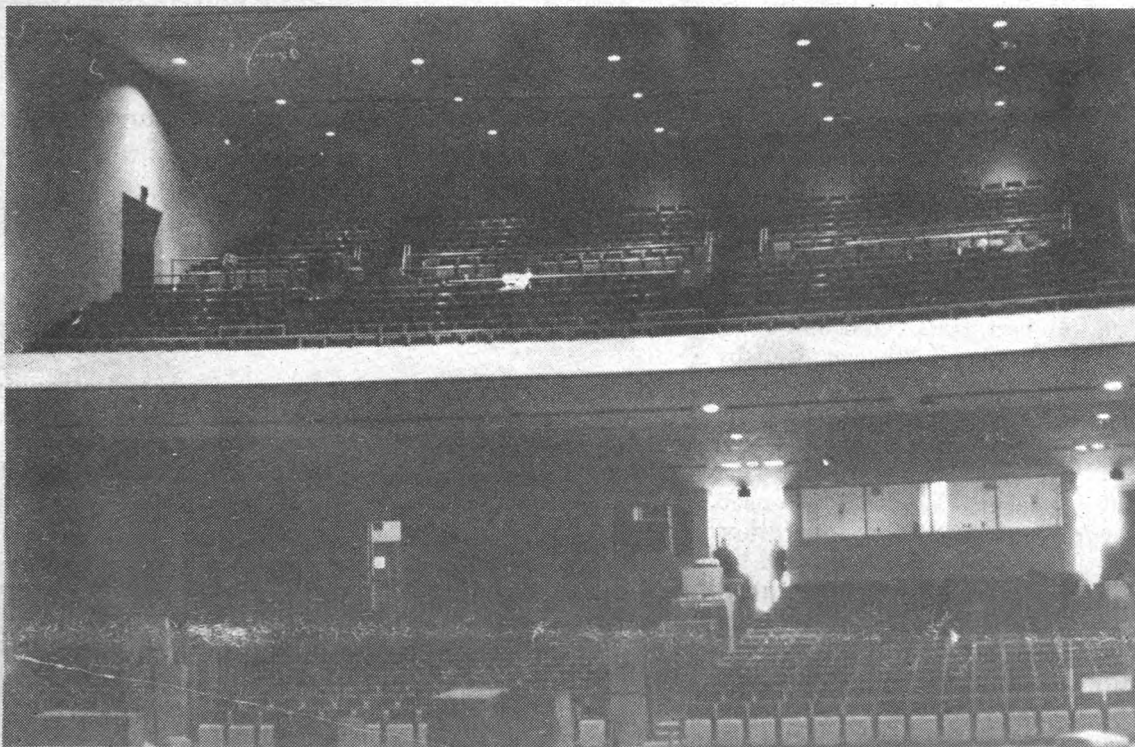


Photo by Alfred Peters

## Inside the MLK Chapel

## Morehouse Survives 111th Year

by Charles E. Mapson

It all started in 1866 when Richard Coulter, a former slave brought a letter to Augusta, Georgia from Washington, D.C. authorizing him to organize a school. Coulter turned the task over to William Jefferson White.

William Jefferson White was indeed an extraordinary man. Born of an Indian mother and a white father, White chose to be Black and identified with the Black people. In 1867, he took the task that Coulter had left him with, and in February began the Augusta Institute in the basement of the Springfield Baptist Church.

Dr. Joseph Robert became the first president in 1871. In 1879 the Augusta Institute moved to Atlanta, the newly made seat of Georgia government, and was renamed the Atlanta Baptist Seminary.

According to *A Candle in the Dark*, by Dr. Edward Allen Jones, a must for all Morehouse students (available in the Reading Room), the school began in Atlanta in the

basement of the Friendship Baptist Church at that time pastored by Rev. Frank Quarles.

Upon the death of Dr. Robert and after the interim presidency of Professor David Foster Estes, 'Dr. Samuel Graves became the second president of the school in 1885. Four years later the landmark building Graves Hall was erected.

In 1897 the name of the school was changed again to the Atlanta Baptist College. Three years later the third president of the school was elected. The new president was George Sale who served for only six years before he resigned. His successor was the famous John Hope.

Dr. Hope served this college well and employed some of the best minds that this school has ever known. Benjamin Brawley, J. Saunders Redding and Kemper Harrelld were only a few of the outstanding teachers in the Hope administration.

Dr. Hope in 1913 was president when the college underwent its final name change. After the corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, Atlanta Baptist College was named Morehouse College. Henry Lyman Morehouse remains one of the names in the history of Morehouse College.

In 1930, after 24 years of service, John Hope resigned the presidency of Morehouse and for seven years, until his illness, Dr. Samuel Howard Archer, Sr. was president of Morehouse College. Dr. Charles DuBois Hubert served as acting president for three years until a new president was found.

The new president became the man who has served in that position longer than any other man. He was a man who earned the love, respect, admiration and kindness of every Morehouse Man, Dr. Benjamin Elijah Mays. Dr. Mays became the sixth

## Morehouse Plans

## Gala Founder's Day

by Charles E. Mapson

In what may be known as the greatest moment in the history of Morehouse College, the entire campus will observe a weekend of Founder's Day activities.

Although this is the 111th Founder's Day, the historical feature involves the dedication of the multimillion dollar compound administration, reading room and Chapel.

The Martin Luther King, Jr. Chapel is completed with the exception of the \$200,000 pipe organ, the Statue of Dr. King, and the Hall of Fame Busts. Included in the new building are 2,501 seats, mostly donated by alumni and former students of Morehouse.

The huge structure will be able to hold the entire student

body of Morehouse as well as about 1,000 more. The new chapel will also serve as the best auditorium in the Atlanta University Center for concerts and lectures, which Morehouse has not seen lately due to lack of a suitable place.

The Hugh M. Gloster Hall, reading room and administration building will house all the administrative offices now in Sale and Harkness Halls.

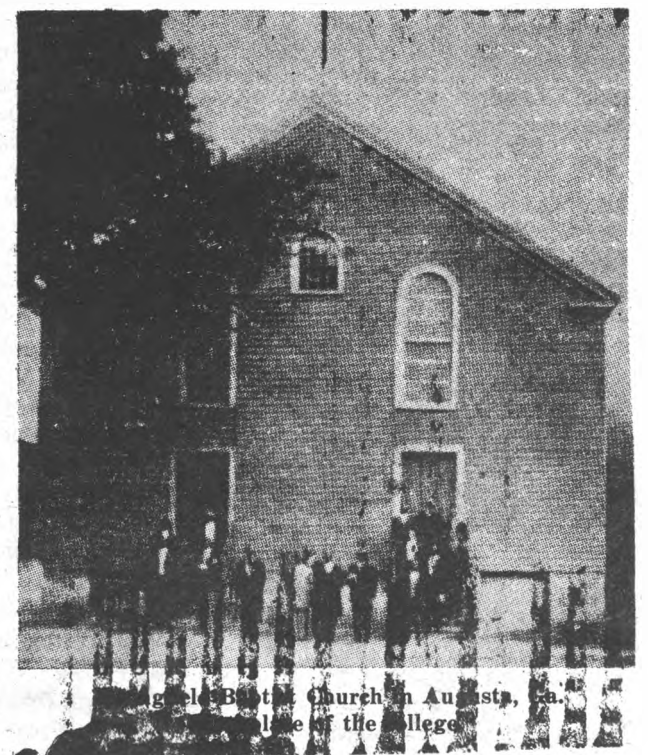
The weekend of festivities will climax with the dedication of the two new buildings at 3 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 19. The speaker for that occasion will be the Honorable Andrew Young, Ambassador to the United Nations.

article five coming to the ultimate

president of Morehouse on July 1, 1940.

On July 1, 1967 Hugh M. Gloster became the seventh president of Morehouse College. He has served

faithfully and wholeheartedly for eleven years. Admist the rich history that this institution has, it is of little wonder why Morehouse is so great.



Original Baptist Church in Augusta, Ga. site of the college

# On The Greatest Founder's Day

by Charles E. Mapson

If Richard Coulter could toll the great bell of a heavenly Graves Hall and summon William Jefferson White driving a chariot with Joseph Robert, George Sale and Samuel Graves in it and tell them to get ready, they would.

If he would but sound the bell again, Charles Hubert would bring another chariot with John Hope, Henry Lyman Morehouse, Samuel Howard Archer, Benjamin Brawley and Claude Dansby. They would join with White's chariot and wait for the Great Processional.

Soon, Coulter would ring the bell again and again. Chariots would come from every nation with hosts all dressed in Maroon and White robes. Like John, one would try to count the number of souls in the chariots. They'll count one, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, one hundred thousand, but they would have to stop and acknowledge old man Dansby when he says, "I am a mathematician. Any numerical problem I can answer but this problem is not numerical, it's spiritual and the number is a number no man can number."

One man from the American Baptist Home Mission Society from 1867-1908 would go to Coulter and say, "I know Joe Robert because he was the first president of Morehouse College. I know George Sale, because he came after Robert. Sam Graves isn't new to me. Johnny Hope came to Morehouse under my recommendation, but who are these other people? I've never seen them before."

Coulter would only smile and say "These Are They" who have come from every nation and washed their garments Maroon And White. They have come through a great tribulation but they will join the Great Processional with us."

Later, they would all be in place waiting for Kemper Harrelb to finish the prelude. When he finishes he'll play the introduction to O God Our Help in Ages Past, Our Hope for Years to Come. Our shelter from the stormy blast and Our eternal Home and the processional would begin.

Chariots would dash through the sky with the speed of a zig-zag lightning and at the end of every verse the saints would cry hosanna. The

chariots would near their destination and begin to swing low. The chariots would line up on Ashby, on Fair, on Chestnut, on Lee, on Westview and on Greensferry as they sing the last verse. Kemper Harrelb would modulate to the key of Gabriel as Cheribum and Seraphim join in on the last verse, O God our Help in Ages Past, Our Hope for Years to Come, Be Thou Our Guide While Life Shall Last and Our Eternal Home.

All would get out of their chariots and begin to march. The first stop would be Harkness Hall where the occupants of that building would join in the March. They would march by Merrill, Hope, Sale, Robert, Graves, and Archer Halls. Each Hall would vacate the building and join in the great processional as they sing Onward Christian Soldiers. The march would proceed by Quarles Court, Mays Hall, Hubert Hall, Thurman Hall, Dubois and Wheeler, Dansby and Brawley Halls.

The march would end in MLK Chapel when all would sit and listen to the first speaker. Mordecai Johnson would offer the invocation. W.E.B. DuBois would read the Scripture and then Hubert Humphrey would introduce the speaker of the day. The speaker for the Founder's Day program would come to the lecturn. Martin Luther King, Jr. would begin his speech by crying out, "Richard Coulter had a dream. John Hope had a dream. Benny Mays had a dream. Hugh Gloster had a dream and his dream is now a reality in this building. But, my friends, today I still have a dream. It's the same dream that I had in Washington D.C. in August of 1963." Then he would recite his famous speech. The crowd would rise to its feet as he says, "free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, I'm free at last." Then all the saints who have gone on would join these who are yet living in singing Dear Old Morehouse, Dear Old Morehouse, We Have Pledged our lives to thee. Then the saints would board their chariots but this time Jesus would be leading as they all sing Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit, Make us steadfast, honest, true, to old Morehouse and her ideals and in all things that we do.



being mature and responsible adults and not playful ninth graders who have just been given the chance to have some independence.

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## Are We Morehouse Men?

by Roy L. Hamilton

Are there students at Morehouse who think they are too good to carry their trays up to the window after they are finished eating? Are there students who are not patient enough to wait in line for 15 minutes or less to be served?

There are students at Morehouse who constantly cut line, which causes the line to move slow, which then causes many other students to wait up to 45 minutes before they can eat. To add on to their act of grandeur they let their friends cut, which adds another fifteen minutes to the wait of other students before they can eat.

After this group of "elites" obtains their tray and finish their meal, they then proceed to leave their trays on the table. The most ironic thing about these students is that they have the audacity to complain about the food service, long lines and even the filthiness of the cafeteria.

Many of the students who have been victims of the acts of these students are wondering just who these students think they are. Are they "God's great gift to man" or are they "Mr. Greater than Thou" himself? If any of these students feel

that they fit into either of the above categories they are ill or have been fooled all of their lives.

How can we as students complain to the Administration about the food that is being served when we do not even have our own house in order?

Is Morehouse housing men or high school ninth graders? If someone came and observed the cafeteria during brunch, breakfast, lunch or dinner they would think that a group of animals had escaped from the city zoo and come directly to Alvin Lane Dining Room. For those of you who do not know, this is the dining room we eat in everyday.

The Men of Morehouse are supposed to be the "creme of the crop" in the A.U.C. If that is so, a passerby who dares venture into the cafeteria during the eating periods sure would not think so. At least the male students of Morris Brown and Clark have the common decency to take their trays off the table after they are finished eating.

So Men of Morehouse, only we can change the surroundings that we live in. We can only change these things by

## We Have the Power!

by Kenneth T. Whalum, Jr.

Have you ever paused to consider the beauty of the human race? The experience of living in this world is one of indescribable spiritual magnitude. It is a blessing and a privilege to be alive. So why do we keep messin' up?

You wonder what I'm talking about, right? I'm talking about YOU brothers! And I don't mean just my college brothers; I mean every man and woman who reads this editorial. People! Let's stop focusing our attention on the unpleasant and negative aspects of our existence. Why? Because we have the power to solve our problems as a race, as a nation and as a world by developing the goodness of the "self". Every person has intrinsically aesthetic qualities, which if brought out, could help man reach untold heights.

It is true that many times we become entangled in the pressures and counter-pressures of everyday living and lose a certain bit of our "humanness". We forget that each man is a brother, each woman is a sister and that love is the key to happiness. This doesn't have to be so. We have the power to be able to say, in the words of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, "I am somebody." I

propose that we become a collective "somebody". What we must do is apply our minds and our hearts to improving our condition. If we don't, surely time will run out.

Recently, there was a pictorial essay in *Ebony* magazine concerning the crisis of the Black spirit. The author, Lerone Bennett, suggests that Black people are losing sight of what should be their goals and are forgetting their past. According to Mr. Bennett, the spirit of Black folks will soon die if we don't wake up. I agree with Mr. Bennett, but I contend that the spirit of America and the world has also reached a point of crisis. We must begin to be, as Martin Luther King, Jr. was, drum majors for peace and love. I don't know about you, but I'm not anxious to witness the Armageddon.

Finally, I am not conceited or naive enough to suppose that this appeal will move any mountains. I know that most people will not even read as far as the first paragraph. They are the ones you and I must help to see the light. Please everybody; WAKE UP and take advantage of this minute of life God gave us. We can do it, because we have the power.

## Cafeteria Pollutes Students

by Rodney Thaxton

I am seriously disturbed by the conditions in the Morehouse dining hall. My distress, however, does not come from seeing horrible food served under horrible conditions. I am aggrieved because I can see how the conditions in the dining hall have and are vitiating the spirits of the "Men of Morehouse College."

Each day when I enter the college refectory I see students breaking line. We have ceased to care about each other. We no longer have any concern for those students who have been in line longer than we. All we know is that we want to get ahead of someone—even if there are only five or six other students.

What makes this situation worse is that when asked why we "out" line, we readily admit that it is wrong but quickly

assert that everyone else does it. We must stop and ask ourselves, "Is it right to do wrong because everyone else is doing it?" Surely, our moral fiber cannot be so terribly torn that we can give an affirmative answer to this question.

And since we know that it is wrong, then how can we continue to tolerate it? This further points to the soiled conditions of our character. For surely, the thing that is worse than being ignorant of the right thing to do and not doing it is to know better and then to continue to engage in objectionable activities.

Every man who believes in the equality of people must be affronted each time he sees this blatant violation of an individual's rights. Why should one person stand in line for ten minutes and another who

walks in eight minutes later get in front of him? This should not happen at any place of higher learning, especially Morehouse College.

Some of you will perhaps sit back and pat yourselves on the back and say, "Well, I don't out anymore." This, however, is not enough. You must stop letting others out you. It may seem difficult at first to tell your friends that you cannot let them up, but if you think about it, they are the ones who should feel bad for asking you to participate in a wrongful act.

But your responsibility does not end there. You must begin to speak up and to ask others who are cutting please to take their places at the end of the line. As long as you remain silent, your silence gives you assent to the act; you become a co-conspirator. This cannot and should not continue to happen.

Even though the cutting of lines gives enough cause to cry out for the souls of Morehouse students, there is still more. There is another blatant sign of our demoralization. Once we get our trays, some of us have the intrepid boldness to leave them on the table. We simply forget that others must come after us and eat in the filth which we have made and left. We also seem to forget that the dining hall has a limited supply of materials, and therefore flatwares and plates must be recycled so that others may be served.

Care you not for your brothers? Care you not for yourselves? It is sad that this tune must be played once again, but it seems obvious that there are those among us who care for no one—damn everyone who must eat behind them.

Some of us, however, have begun to rationalize. We tell ourselves that we leave our trays because we are protesting the food. Surely you jest. What could be more ridiculous than leaving your tray on the table to protest the food? And if you ask anyone with this rationale why he doesn't leave a note to make sure that the cafeteria staff knows what his actions mean, he will simply say, "Oh, they know."

Now let us be serious. What is to let them know that this is an act of protest? What is to let them know that you are any different from all the other lazy people who leave their trays because they don't want to take them back? Why don't you join some kind of orderly body such as the SGA which is trying to change the situation?

Still others, however, rationalize their actions by saying, "Oh well, they get paid for staying late and picking up

## Seize the Time

by William C. Robinson

We must approach an understanding of the power relationships on this campus, and how we, the students, can optimize our decisive influence. We must understand that the administration is a power, and that power concedes only to power. "The administrative is unresponsive", or "Misters Perdue, Bell or Belvin won't give a guy a break" are oft heard complaints among the student body. Our complaints will not amount to anything, if we do not contribute to the process of change. The contribution must be made in terms of organization and participation.

The administration is a power. It creates policy with or without our insights. It allocates our housing, dining and activity fees without informing us as to who gets what, when, and how. The chief administrator directs the college from Harkness Hall, but seldom if ever does interact with relatively small residential college community.

The student body is dormant power naked in the absence of self discipline and responsibility. The commonality of our situation, as students, should encourage us to direct our energies toward developing solutions to our problems. We must focus our attention on making contributions to student organizations. The S.G.A. should serve as the vehicle for the development of solutions. Accordingly, these contributions are a prerequisite for demonstrating our discipline, our responsibility, our commitment to improvement, and most important, our power.

The Student Government Association is examining the feasibility of re-establishing the Student Court with the authority to prosecute discipline on campus. The Student Council's Student Adjustment Committee is developing a fairly modest code of student conduct. This code will enumerate some basic considerations that we should observe in our daily dormitory and cafeteria experiences. The student body should view these codes as our Standards of Conduct which were developed in an effort to address some disciplinary problems which can be corrected through our own administration. Our compliance with these codes will show our discipline and responsibility. We effectively build our power base.

The question still remains as to how we can flex the muscles of the student body. The answer lies in utilizing student organizations. Many students will say that they don't have time for these organizations. Admittedly, the chief priority of a student's time is his quest for knowledge. Our academic achievements are measured in part by the quality of time we obligate to education; but, we must learn to complement our academic activities with extra-curricular activities. Through these activities we can develop a sense of organizational interaction and human cooperation which has extreme relevance for the black collegiate. In this society, wherein we maintain a minority power position, our greatest successes have resulted from our ability to form coalitions which have effectively influenced the status quo. In our own microcosm of the world (Morehouse), students must realize that to effect change we must organize our resources and cooperate. Too much of our time is idly spent either watching the Flintstones or complaining about situations we could rectify by becoming leading protagonists in the efforts for change. We need to be able to work together and the best place for us to experience this phenomenon is the student organization. The Business Club, Political Science Club, the Fraternities, the Vegetarian Society, etc. provide excellent vehicles for interaction, cooperation and student direction. Through student involvement and meaningful use of time, the student body will learn the values of Ujima-collective work and responsibility. This will be the first step towards the manifestation of student power.

Once we exemplify the true spirit of self discipline and responsibility the difficulty in making the administration responsive will be minimized. Remember we are the purpose of this institution. It must respond to the needs of the students. Is there a reason why the many must succumb to the few? Get involved!!! Join and Support your student organization. organizations.

### Editorial:

## On A Challenge to Student Conduct

by Charles E. Mapson  
Editor-in-Chief

I am astounded by the student body of Morehouse College. How can 1526 students be so senseless, irrational, dirty and crude? What are the recruiters doing when they accept these kind of people? In my very rough estimate, I feel that at least 500 of the students of Morehouse College should not be here.

Some say that the white schools are getting the quality students. BULL MANURE! There is no way that the administrators in charge of finding good students will tell me that and expect me to believe it.

Just last week a student in the cafeteria was struck on the head with a plate for trying to tell students not to cut line and bottleneck at the door. He could have been blinded. Yet the administration of this college will let these types of students come and stay. They will not get rid of them when they disrupt the standard that so many Morehouse Men are proud of.

It is time for the Student Government Association of Morehouse College to take the upper hand in discipline. The Student Court must be activated and they must be ready to recommend probation or dismissal of unworthy students.

The time has come to stop bitching about the food and the conditions because there are those among us who are out to entrap us in a meaningless and futile attempt to create violent change. If something is wrong, you must first exhaust all the proper channels. Start with the SGA. Tell the **Maroon Tiger** about it. Come to the Student Council meeting every Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Mediocrity has become the lifestyle of the Morehouse Man today. This cannot and will not go on. From this day forward an active campaign will be launched to rid Morehouse College of all her impurities.

\*I challenge the administration to admit a higher quality student.

\*I challenge the faculty to get themselves together and know what they teach better than the student for a change. I also challenge them to bear down harder.

\*I challenge the students of Morehouse to be honest with themselves and their friends. The day has come when you must speak out against wrongdoings. You must speak out against injustice. You will find though, that you must speak much of this to your fellow classmates.

\*I challenge you all not to back down from a threat. Fear has never won any battles. The courage to be honest is the victor.

\*I challenge all those senseless, irrational, dirty and crude men of Morehouse to leave now, while the going is good.

\*I challenge the administration to stop worrying about buildings and money but rather men, character and minds.

trays." If we look at this argument we will see that it lacks probative force. These ladies who clean up after us have to stay approximately a half-hour to forty-five minutes longer picking up trays and

glasses. Considering that they make less than \$3.00/hr., is this really helping them? In all honesty, would you want to pick up all the trays you see left on the tables for a measly \$1.50-\$2.00?

## Religion:

COMING TO THE  
ULTIMATE REALIZATION

THE MOREHOUSE EXPERIENCE

Disturbed About  
Morehouse

by John S. Wilson

Like every school or institution, Morehouse College has problems, and most top rate schools try, effectively, to deal with their problems. If dealing with problems effectively is any criterion for being a top rate school, then I state, quite candidly and quite boldly, that Morehouse College is not the top rate institution that she professes herself to be. Our outer image, although it has suffered somewhat, is proving to be one of our only lasting joys. If you were to ask a person of an older generation, "What is the Pride of the South, the Cradlz of Churacter, and the Harvard of the South?", he or she would more than likely reply, "Morehouse College, of course." However, if this same question were posed to today's Morehouse student, he would more than likely reply, "I don't know." It is a strange truth. It is a bewildering truth.

Most Morehouse students can testify that there is a disappointing gap between what Morehouse is, as they now see it, and what they had hoped Morehouse to be. I emphasize the fact that there is a distinct difference between the "Old Morehouse", out of whose bowels came Howard Thurman, Martin L. King Jr., Lerome Bennett, Mordecai Johnson, and others, and the "New Morehouse", in whose cradle rests a schismatic student body, a seemingly disenchanting faculty, and an extremely insensitive and mis-directed administration.

How long can the "Old Morehouse", which serves as a foundation, hold up this "New Morehouse"? Whither has fled the magic that once draped this campus? What has happened to the intellectual ferment which was so common here? Where went the total respect that reigned supreme? And, most of all, what has

happened to the unmistakable Holy Spirit that at one time made Morehouse College its trysting place?

Today one can only get a glimpse of the magic of the "Old Morehouse" when one hears the highly reputable Morehouse College Glee Club, or hears the words of the men of our past, or when one sits in old Sale Hall—where perhaps that Spirit makes an occasional visit.

No, Morehouse College does not exemplify itself as being a top rate school, not only because it does not make any VITAL effort to deal effectively with its problems, but also because this school is diseased with a disinclined student body, and in the crassest terms, a construction-minded administration. It is no wonder that our song begins with the line, "Dear OLD Morehouse."

All things aside, the fact must be stressed that we, the students, can no longer permit ourselves to exist so passively under these pallid circumstances. WE MUST summon and enliven that old spirit which once bred patience, dignity, and character, and put it back into today's Morehouse with new dimension and with new energy. If we fail to do this, and we continue in this horrid direction, then Morehouse College will never be an essential organ of our lives, but it will take on the uncherished ranks of a dream deferred.

In the coming issues, I will systematically state the problems (major) as well as can be expressed and offer suggestions in an effort to remedy them. The Series will be called **Disturbed About Morehouse**, for I, pke many others, am truly Disturbed About Morehouse.

by Rev. Vincent Carl Smith

In our lives there are many decisions to be made. Will I graduate from high school? Will I go to college? What will I be in life? What makes me operate? Everyone these days is searching to find themselves. Even after we've grown up and chosen our careers and station in life we still have the ultimate decision to make. That decision is a consciousness of God.

Jesus tells the story of a young man who was rich. He left home and spent all of his inheritance that was given to him before his father's death. When he was rich he had many friends. After he spent his money his friends were gone. After totally demolishing his inheritance a famine overtook the country. This young man had no food, or money, so he found a job feeding another man's hogs. He was so starved that the food he was feeding the hogs looked desirable to him. Luke 15:17 says "But when he came to himself he said, 'How many of my father's hired servants have

bread enough and to spare, but I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father.' " But when he came to himself. He knew when he got in the hog pen that he had done wrong. But at a given moment he had to become aware. The push of the past and the pull of the future supplied the purpose of the present.

In the same sense God deals with our lives this way. He does not force us to obey his will. We can live any way we choose. God doesn't stand over us with a big stick. Until we come to ourselves—until we want to go home, we must wander around in the hog pen.

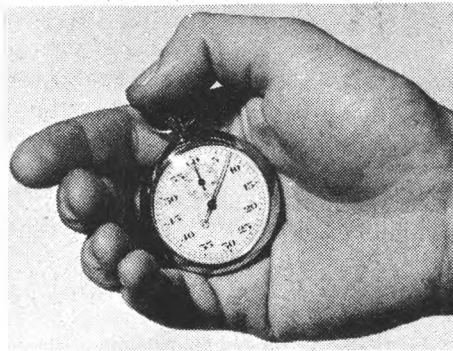
Some of you are searching for truth in your life. Some of you are trying to find your true selves. I would suggest that you accept Jesus Christ as your personal saviour. He is the Ultimate Realization. Paul Tillich calls him the Ultimate Concern. Well how do you reach this ultimate realization? Romans 10:9-13 says "because if you confess

with your lips that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead you will be saved. For man believes with his heart and is justified, and he confesses with his lips and so is saved. The scriptures say 'No one who believes in him will be put to shame! For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek, the same Lord is Lord of all and bestows his riches upon all who call upon him. For 'everyone who calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' "

If you have any comments please drop me a line in Box 681.

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THE GIFT OF TIME

Have you ever thought about *time*? We live in it, are governed by it and often consider it a tyrant ruling our every waking and sleeping moment. The richest nations in the world *use time* most efficiently.

It has often struck me that there are vast contrasts in different lands regarding the use of *time*. I grew up in New York where things happen *on time*. In Hong Kong where I've worked, *time* is also highly valued.

While traveling through the southern Philippines I met a Filipino friend in Davao. He asked me where I was heading the next day. I told him I was going to Tagum, a journey of several hours. Although he wasn't planning to go in that direction he said, "I'll keep you company." He did so for several days!

Chinese who learn English are mildly offended by the curt greeting, "Hi." In Chinese one normally asks whether a person has eaten yet and exchanges simple pleasantries. It is felt that if you don't have enough

time to do more than wave your hand and say "Hi," why even bother.

In the developing countries of Africa time serves man; man doesn't serve time.

One day two Tanzanian priest exchange students at Maryknoll, New York, Fathers Rayner Lihundi and Lucien Liampaue, asked me for a ride to the train station. They joked as they told me that they wanted to catch the 10:02 to New York. When they met me at 9:55, I told them to jump into the car so I could attempt to make the dash to the train. They laughed all the way to the station, not believing that a train could actually leave at 10:02. We arrived at the station at precisely 10:02, just in time to watch the train pull out. Rayner and Lucien laughed as they sat to wait for the next train at 10:32.

Father Jack Walsh, a Maryknoller working in the Philippines, said that before he returned to the U.S. for vacation, two of his Filipino friends came to visit him. They stayed unduly long and finally Jack mustered up the courage to say, "I hope I'm not keeping you from anything important." They smiled back and said, "No, we're giving you the *gift of time!*"

After many years of traveling and living in various parts of the world, I'm beginning to wonder whether the people in the developing nations might not have a better and healthier outlook on time than we do.

They seem to have *time* for each other. Human exchanges remain the most important use of time. There seems to be less hypertension and more smiles on people's faces.

I'm Fr. Ron Saucchi.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## DR. GRANT REBUTTS

Dear Editor:

If one must judge from Don Armstrong's letter (MAROON TIGER, 12/8/77), one must conclude that he could not have been in the audience when I spoke to the student assembly. Only a non-listener could have reported my saying—or even implying—that Morehouse was "perfect," "top-of-the-line," "had gone far enough," etc. etc. Morehouse College was cited as one of several examples of the private Black Colleges discussed in a recent CONSTITUTION series. However in a departure from my notes, I did address a criticism of Morehouse College which appeared, without a by-line, in a recent issue of the TIGER. But all of that was only a part of a larger presentation.

The record of leadership production by Morehouse and other selected Black schools, speaks for itself! All of us here, must consider ourselves answerable in the perpetuation and enhancement of that record.

It is difficult for me to understand how anyone favored with reasonable powers of perception and analysis could resort to hearsay. No, I do not think Morehouse is perfect. I know Morehouse is a GOOD school that could be better. (I am a GOOD teacher who could be better; I have GOOD students who could be better). As a Sociologist, I KNOW that social institutions are enacted and implemented by imperfect social beings. (I would know that if I were not a Sociologist).

I have "been around" quite a few colleges and universities and have had close-up encounters with the race-color-ethnic curtains in academia, in my not-too-short life. My experience suggests that the best of schools have vices and the worst of them have undeniable virtues. My criticisms of any or all of them—and of American education, generally—are known to those who know me and did not begin with my promotion to professional rank. I, too, am a rebel. My students, characteristically, participate in a disciplined socratic approach to mutual learning, teaching and inquiry. Dissent is welcomed and honored in the best tradition of learning lessons from those who "brace themselves against" and "dispute the passage." But, Alas, statements do not become "true" simply because we make them. All of us can benefit from constructive criticism, but who needs premature, false and reckless charges?

The struggle seems eternal. The ranks must be replenished constantly. We welcome Warriors to the Wars for the GREATER GLORY OF MOREHOUSE. But PLEASE, get the facts!

Respectfully yours in the Struggle,  
Anna Harvin Grant, Head  
Department of Sociology



Dr. Anna Grant

## OPEN LETTER TO MERKERSON

Dear Mr. Carl Merkerson:

On behalf of the student body, Maroon Tiger, and Student Government Association, I would like to cordially welcome you to Morehouse. Let us make this new year, 1978, a starting point which will set a precedence for a wholesome student-cafeteria staff relationship.

I am sure that you are aware of the past problems emanating from the cafeteria which have plagued the student body. I have further confidence in you Mr. Merkerson, so much so that I am sure you have a new plan and procedure which will eliminate past problems.

Let me at this time stress to you the importance of a

student's meals. For some people breakfast is the most important meal because it paces their day. That is to say that if a man has a good meal in the morning, chances are that he will have a good day. This works in a negative fashion also.

For many of us a meal is the only semblance of home; so as you can see a square meal is very important in a Morehouse Man's day.

You will find that the students of Morehouse can be very cooperative when dealt with fairly, but quite the contrary when mistreated. Let us bear this in mind.

Welcome to Morehouse, have a good year, and let's work together.

## ALUMNUS SUPPORTS

### TIGER

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading your Editorial in the November 17, 1977 issue of the Maroon Tiger. It is quite refreshing to see the emphasis that you place on the importance of character building in the overall program of Morehouse College. For the past few years many of us in the Morehouse Alumni Association have been asking about what appears to be the lack of emphasis placed on character building at Morehouse College. Now that the students are raising some of the same questions that we have been raising, I feel that all members of the Morehouse College family can come together and come forth with a program that will make Morehouse College the great college that we all want it to be.

Please let me hear from you relative to specific ways you feel that the students, members of the faculty, the administration and members of the Alumni Association can work together to correct some problems that may exist at Morehouse. As you know, I am a candidate for the office of President of the Morehouse College National Alumni Association. If I'm elected to this high office I will be going



Charlie J. Moreland

across the country working with members of the Alumni Association and I will certainly appreciate input from the students relative to making Morehouse College the great college she is capable of becoming.

I encourage you to continue to raise legitimate questions that you feel will help make Morehouse College become the great school we want it to be.

Sincerely,  
Charlie J. Moreland  
Regional Vice President  
Morehouse College  
National Alumni Association

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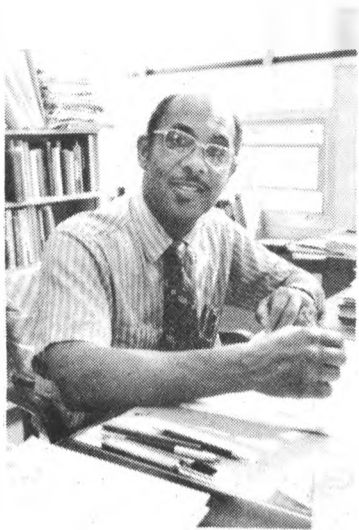
## Pickens Elected to SLATE

The National Council of Teachers of English at its recent annual convention in New York City elected Dr. William G. Pickens to the steering committee for Support for the Learning and Teaching of English (SLATE). SLATE is a standing committee on social and political concerns in the field of English language and literature.

SLATE seeks to implement and publicize policies of the national organization. It attempts to influence public attitudes and policy decisions affecting the teaching of English language arts at local, state and national levels.

Dr. Pickens, in accepting the position, commented: "Election to the SLATE steering committee for a three year term is a privilege. Through SLATE, I hope that I can make a contribution to this important national organization."

Dr. Pickens is Chairman of the Department of English and Coordinator of the Humanities Division at Morehouse College.



Dr. William Pickens

## Tiger to Publish Weekly

To bridge the communication gap at Morehouse, the **Maroon Tiger** will begin publishing a weekly newsletter that will keep the students and faculty of Morehouse up-to-date on the weekly news of the college.

It will not be like the **Weekly Calendar** that is published every Friday. It will not only have the events of the upcoming week, but it will carry a few stories on the events of the past week.

The new newsletter will report on committee meetings, sports events, and many other newsworthy happenings on campus and in the community.

Advertisements will be accepted at a rate of \$40 per page, \$20 per half-page, etc. Advertisements should be in the **Maroon Tiger** office no later than the Wednesday preceding the Monday publication date.

The newsletter will be published every Monday except the week of the regularly scheduled **Maroon Tiger**. The **Maroon Tiger**'s regular issue will pick up from where the newsletter left off and through scholastically manipulated journalistic style, continue in the great tradition of the **Maroon Tiger** and Morehouse College.

## Campus Chef, In; Gourmet, Out!

by Charles Mapson  
Campus Chef Catering Service, who left Morehouse in the summer of 1976 is back again taking the place of Gourmet Services, the Black-owned catering service who resigned from their duties at Morehouse in January.

The Manager of the cafeteria, Carl Merkeson, is not new to Morehouse as he was the manager when Campus Chefs was here before. Now, however, Merkeson says, "Things will be much better because I am much more experienced."

The new manager plans to give better service than Gourmet and serve better food. But the key, said Merkeson, is student cooperation. In a meet-

ing with student and administrative officials, Mr. Merkeson said that if students leave their trays on the table, he'd have to pay the staff overtime to clean it up. The money spent on that, said Merkeson, could go into the food.

Wiley A. Perdue, Business Manager of Morehouse, said that the school has had to replace utensils two or three times in the last year, but if students would not take the cafeteria utensils out of the cafeteria, the money saved could be channeled into better food.

Gourmet Services left Morehouse, according to an official, because they were losing

too much money. They sought an increase which would have resulted in higher student board fees this semester.

Gourmet left on its own when the increase was not approved, because according to Wiley A. Perdue, "You just can't raise a student's fees in the middle of the year like that."

## SGA, Tiger to Get New Desks

The Student Government Association and **Maroon Tiger** offices in Sale Hall Annex will receive new office furniture, said President Hugh M. Gloster in a recent meeting with student and administrative officials.

"The furniture," said Pres. Gloster, "was given to Morehouse by City National Bank of New York for use in the new building. Since there were extra executive and secretarial desks I thought that you could use them."

The present SGA and **Maroon Tiger** offices are poorly equipped with old desks and chairs. Ronald Pettaway, the office manager of the **Maroon Tiger**, said he was glad when he heard the news of receiving the new desks and has already placed an order for them.



Dr. Alton Hornsby

## Hornsby Publishes Booklet

"The Negro in Revolutionary Georgia," a booklet on black civilian and military life in the state during the American Revolution by Dr. Alton Hornsby, Jr., Chairman of the Department of History at Morehouse College has just been published by the Georgia Department of Education. The book is currently being distributed to the public schools throughout the state. Dr. Hornsby's work is part of a series, begun in 1975, on

Georgians in the Revolutionary Period which is edited by Dr. Kenneth Coleman of the University of Georgia and sponsored by the State Board of Education. In addition to his duties at Morehouse College, Hornsby serves as Chairman of the State Committee on the Life and History of Black Georgians (SCLHBG) and Editor of the **Journal of Negro History**.

## Sports Editor Resigns

**Maroon Tiger** Sports Editor, Don Armstrong, resigned from his position at the close of the semester to continue his studies at Kansas State University.

Armstrong, the author of the controversial "Transfer Student Speaks on Morehouse" article in the October 27, 1977 issue of the **Maroon Tiger**, wrote a letter to the editor in the December 8th issue in rebuttal to statements made by Dr. Anna Grant during a November assembly when she referred to Armstrong's original article on Morehouse College from a transfer student's view.

A transfer student from the University of California at San Diego, Armstrong's reason for transferring was not because of Morehouse, but because of Clark.

Armstrong was a journalism major. He said that the Mass Communications Department at Clark was not challenging enough and that Kansas State would be a better place to pursue his major.



## WIN \$1000

An innovative design for almost any practical application of polystyrene foam may win a university student a Scholarship Award of up to \$1,000, according to an announcement today from The Society of the Plastics Industry, Inc.

In a brochure mailed to several hundred colleges and universities across the country, The Society of the Plastics Industry describes the new EPS Scholarship Awards Competition as a means to widen the application of polystyrene foam. Margaret Shallcross, Administrator for the Expanded Polystyrene Division of the Society, said that the program invites future executives, designers, engineers and architects to submit original and useful new product concepts for Expanded Polystyrene.

"As packaging for delicate merchandise, or in the familiar form of the hot/cold foam cup,

the material is well-known," Ms. Shallcross said. "But the qualities of EPS are uniquely useful in many less obvious ways, and there still exists great opportunity for imaginative new applications." Over 30 EPS manufacturers are sponsoring the Scholarship Awards Program and will provide material and assistance to competition entrants.

Five cash awards from \$100 to \$1000 are offered in the annual competition which is open to any student registered at a college or university. The EPS Awards Competition brochure gives further information on the advantages and properties of EPS, contest rules and entry blank. The Financial Aid office has a supply of brochures or you can write to The Society of the Plastics Industry, 3150 Des Plaines Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois 60018.

# Merkerson Returns to Cafeteria

by Arlin Meadows Jr.

The cafeteria system at Morehouse has continually been an item of discussion. Beginning this new year of 1978 Morehouse College has employed a different catering company to serve the students here at the college. The company is Campus Chef and the new manager is Carl Merkerson. Campus Chef and Mr. Merkerson are not strangers to Morehouse. It was in 1975 that Mr. Merkerson and Campus Chef were last employed by Morehouse.

Mr. Merkerson is determined to see the cafeteria situation improve. He comes to Morehouse with much enthusiasm and has many ideas on how the cafeteria can be improved. He calls upon the students to help him in this endeavor, and if there are any suggestions or criticisms concerning the cafeteria Mr. Merkerson wants to hear the students voicing their opinion. He plans to install a suggestion box for this purpose.

Mr. Merkerson, not familiar with the cafeteria under the previous catering company and managers, feels the way to improve the cafeteria is to communicate student complaints. Mr. Merkerson said if students

take items this is more money that must be used for replacement, thus taking away money that could be used for upgrading the quality of food. Every time a student leaves his tray on the table this is more time the cafeteria personnel must spend cleaning and clearing tables. This time could be used in the kitchen preparing our food, as pointed out to the **Maroon Tiger**.

We must be patient as the new catering service begins its operation here at Morehouse. Students should be aware of the fact that our administration determines the budget in which the cafeteria operates. Because of this our meals must be carefully planned. Mr. Merkerson has plans to add more home-cooked items to our cafeteria menu and has brought a professional baker with him to prepare such items as peach cobbler, homemade biscuits and rolls.

## Win \$25

The Frederick Douglass Short Story Contest offers a \$25 prize for the best short story. All entries and questions should be directed to Dr. Linda Zatlín in Brawley 108. The deadline is February 28, 1978.

# MARYKNOLL WORLD

MARYKNOLL, N.Y. 10545



### WHY SHOULD I CARE

Have you ever wondered why I always write about the Third World and the development of people? Well, if you have wondered at all, you have already begun to understand my concern.

I've seen people in the developing world accept poverty, destitution and despair as a way of life—as the only way.

When I traveled through the city streets of Calcutta, I saw people lying along the roadside. I remember stopping to look at one man to see if he was alive. Cart wheels had thrown so much dust over him, it was difficult to distinguish the sleeping man from the road.

Another time I witnessed a fight start over a single ear of corn in a drought stricken part of Africa.

In the developing world I've also seen man at his noblest. I've watched parents sacrifice and work endless hours at menial tasks in

order to give their children a chance for better education.

I've shared some of the same hopes and dreams of a 12-year old street urchin who lives in a bathtub and washes cars in order to pay his school fees.

No matter where I've gone in the Third World, I have found examples of courage that could soften the most hardened cynic.

It is impossible to see the world as I have seen it without recognizing our involvement in it. As members of the First World which represent about 20 per cent of the world's population, we consume about 80 per cent of the world's goods. Even a superstar like Pele could look me straight in the eye and tell me that he has noticed such beautiful things thrown away in our garbage. And added that if he had some of these things as a child in Brazil, it would have made him feel rich!

Our advanced technology can send a person to the moon and probe the distant planets. Such accomplishments thoroughly convince me that we *can* solve the survival problems which exist in the developing parts of the world.

It's up to us as Americans to act in a positive way to prevent a bad condition from growing worse. We tend to treat the symptoms rather than the problem itself. If we wait until the hardship, crisis or war hits home, it may be too late.

Our hope is to help foster an awareness that we are intimately related to our brothers and sisters in the Third World. In the long run, they have much more to offer us than the natural resources we seek.

178-4

I'm Fr. Ron Saucii.

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## Is MLK Happy

On the recent celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday, I wonder just what Martin is doing deep down in his grave. Is he turning over in disgust or is he lying back comfortably wondering what has happened?

R. IKE

1/16/78

On Saturday night, February 11th, at 8:00, the Clark College/Academy Theatre Arts-In-Education Program will host a special performance of Athol Fugard's play, **THE BLOOD KNOT**, the drama of two brothers, one black, one who could pass for white, living under apartheid rule in South Africa.

The performance will take place at the new Academy Theatre on West Peachtree Street at 17th Street.

Faculty, students and staff

of the Atlanta University Center are invited as guests. Coupons for free admittance are required and are available at these locations:

**THE BLOOD KNOT** stars J. Lawrence Smith and Larry Larson and is directed by Frank Wittow who, twenty years ago, founded what is now Atlanta's oldest professional resident theatre company.

The performance is made possible through combined efforts of both the Clark College

Education Department and the Academy Theatre which, for seven years, have enriched each other in a unique Arts-In-Education Program.

In **THE BLOOD KNOT**, the playwright deals with the tangled identities of two brothers who live in the shadow of apartheid.

Clive Barnes, drama critic for the **NEW YORK TIMES**, calls the play "intensely moving... yet often humorous... unforgettable story of love and the anguish of living in a police state."



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# SCLHBG to Hold Meeting

The State Committee on the Life and History of Black Georgians (SCLHBG) will hold its first Annual Program Meeting, February 9-11 in Atlanta. Sessions, which are open to the public, will be held at Paschal's Motor Hotel, 830 Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive, S.W. and at Brawley Hall, Morehouse College, 223 Chestnut Street, S.W.

The Meeting will open on Thursday night, February 9 at 7:30 p.m. at Paschal's Motor Hotel with an Awards Night Banquet. Four outstanding black Georgians and two white Americans will be honored at this dinner with SCLHBG's Coveted Black Georgian of the Year and Human Rights Awards.

The sessions on Friday and Saturday will be held at

Morehouse College and will feature outstanding speakers on topics of historical and current interest. Topics include: The Status of Black Women in Georgia, The Media and Georgia Blacks, and the Status and Future of Afro-American History in the Public Schools of Georgia.

Pre-registration for all sessions, including Banquet, is \$11. Registration at the Meeting, including Banquet, is \$12. Session Registration alone is \$2. Students may attend Banquet for \$10 and sessions free.

For Further Information, Write SCLHBG at Box 73, Morehouse College, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 or phone SCLHBG Executive Director, Dr. Abraham L. Davis at (404) 681-2800, Ext. 258.

# Morehouse Auxiliary Fashion Show

The Atlanta Area Morehouse Auxiliary is sponsoring a Fashion show on Sunday, March 19, 1978 at 4:00 p.m. in the new Martin Luther King, Jr. Auditorium.

The Fashion Show is for the benefit of its student scholarship fund.

Representatives from the faculty, staff student body, administration, alumni, and friends of the college will participate in the Fashion Show and the proceeds will go into the Auxiliary's Scholarship fund.

Mrs. Jondell Johnson, executive director of the Atlanta branch of the NAACP, and Miss Sennia Mack, of the English Department Faculty will serve as the narrators.

The Morehouse Auxiliary is

observing its 55th anniversary and has a long record of service to Morehouse College. It has sponsored a student loan fund (now an annual scholarship), presented programs for the student body and faculty, and sponsored booster activities for football and basketball teams.

The Auxiliary is interested

in instilling spirit of community among the various components of the college.

"King", the movie production about the life of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., starring Paul Winfield, Ossie Davis, Cicely Tyson and the King children, will be telecast on Channel 2, in Atlanta on February 12, 13 and 14 at 9:00 p.m.

## AUC Newsreel

A number of interested and concerned communication students of the AU Center, have united to form The Atlanta University Center Newsreel. With the cooperation of Clark's Mass Communication Department, the Newsreel will serve to keep AUC's student body abreast of significant information inside and outside of the center. It will involve the filming of Public Service announcements, departmental

documentaries including the coverage of special events, i.e; lecture scenes, forums, speakers, etc. The general objective of this service will be to extend it's self, providing an overall assessment to all institutions of the center; Atlanta University, Clark, ITC, Morehouse, Morris Brown and Spelman.

For additional information, please contact; Sidney Simmons, Mass Communication, Clark College 525-1896.

# "Anyone Can Design Atomic Bomb"

by Jayne Hamilton

John Phillips fears the potential dangers of nuclear energy, and perhaps it is well he should. Phillips is the fellow, who as a junior at Princeton University last year, successfully designed an Atom bomb as a class project.

"I did it to prove that just about anybody can design a bomb from information available in public libraries," Phillips told an audience made up mostly of college students at Georgia Tech recently.

Phillips got his bomb-making information from \$25 worth of unclassified government reports.

"I was amazed at what I found — the reports were virtually a road map for anyone who wanted to make an Atomic bomb," he said. Phillips' bomb is similar to the one dropped on Nagasaki in World War II.

It took three months for the physics student to complete his design. Near the end he ran into some complications.

"The final plan was like a jigsaw puzzle with several missing pieces," he said. "The missing pieces were information that was still classified. However, all the parts surrounding them were available, so I guessed — successfully — at the missing parts."

Phillips has recently written a book "Falling Upward," which will be dramatized in a two hour CBS-TV movie in 1978. The book recounts his experience and expresses his concern at the ease of making atomic bombs.

"My chief concern then and now is that if it's so easy to design a bomb — it would be

easy to make a bomb. All someone would need is 20 pounds of plutonium," he told the gathering. "Can you imagine the implications this holds for a terrorist group or non-nuclear nation?"

Phillips said that getting plutonium may not be such a difficult task.

"Do you know that in the U.S., plutonium is shipped to energy plants in unguarded railroad cars which are plainly marked 'PLUTONIUM'?" "And," he pointed out, "Do you recall that in an inventory last summer, the government was unable to account for 800 pounds of plutonium?"

Phillips is also apprehensive about the hazards involved in working with atomic power in general.

"We are not doing all we should to safeguard people against nuclear energy 'mistakes' or 'accidents'," he told the audience of Tech scientists and engineers. "One accident

at one plutonium plant could kill 45,000 people and contaminate an area as large as Pennsylvania. There are currently 205 nuclear reactors in 22 countries. It's predicted that this number will grow to 678 reactors in 45 countries by 1978."

"In the United States," he continued, "Our reactor building program is full of mistakes. There's evidence of shoddy workmanship, poor planning and lack of foresight — one building on the drawing board was going to be placed on top of a faultline."

The Princeton senior was asked at a press conference after his talk what he would suggest as an alternative to nuclear power.

"Conservation," he said. "The dollars being poured into the development of nuclear energy could be turned into programs to conserve the natural energy we have."



Dr. W. J. White  
Founder



Dr. H. L. Morehouse

## Six enter race for SGA Prexy

Sources close to Rodney Thaxton, a junior political science major from Memphis, Tenn. and chairman of the Student Adjustment Committee, has confirmed that he, an unsuccessful candidate last year, will again run for the presidency of the Student Government Association.

Gregory Oswald Griffen, president of the sophomore class, has officially announced his plans to seek the presidency. Other likely candidates are \*Thomas Braggs,

\*Howlie Davis, a junior major and president of the Atlanta University Center Student Council,

\*Wayne Jones, junior class president

\*Dargan Burns, sophomore from Cleveland, Ohio and Student Councilman.

Although all haven't formally made an announcement, sources close to each have confirmed their candidacy. The next issue of the Maroon Tiger will analyze the platform of each candidate and formally endorse one.

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# How to Become a Successful Lawyer

Generally speaking the lawyer of today plays many different roles. He assumes the position of a mediator, advocator, and planner. He assumes these roles in an attempt to balance the changing conditions and situations of today's varied socio-economic society.

This brings up the question, how does a lawyer go about doing all these tasks?

Number one, a good attorney reads a great deal. He does so to keep himself well informed as to the specific case he is working on and to keep abreast of the new and changing laws. Secondly a good attorney must be a good negotiator because he often deals with people who hold different opinions and sentiments about a subject. In being a good negotiator a lawyer must know how to avoid disputes and solve them when they do arise.

Another very important element a lawyer must have is the ability to write. Much of his time is spent drafting briefs or constructing a contract. In his writings the lawyer must be conscious of details for a lot of his work is contingent upon the details and specifics.

Because of the complexity of today's society, the legal field, along with many others, has made a call for specialization. The ever expanding ramifications of law has made it almost impossible for an attorney to be proficient in all facets of the law. Although you do not specialize in one particular aspect of law during law school, many attorneys tend to limit their practice to one specific area such as divorce. They usually create a reputation for being a good divorce lawyer and are considered a specialist in that area.

Most lawyers practice in one of four manners. There are the sole practitioners who are tending to accept only certain type of cases.

Next is the small law firm which employs from two to twenty-five attorneys. Their work is more diversified as opposed to the sole practitioner's. These firms, which are the most common, usually consist of three or four attorneys and have names such as Burns, Linton, and Maxey L.P.A., Inc. When cases are referred to firms such as these, Maxey may handle all the business oriented cases while Linton

handles all the personal injury cases. Burns, the senior partner may oversee the other attorneys' work and handle all the malpractice lawsuits.

The next type of law firm is the one which consists of about two hundred attorneys. These firms usually represent the large corporations and have been established over one hundred years ago. Some of their clients may be corporations such as U.S. Steel, The Ford Motor Company, or United Airlines. They also represent school districts and cities. Personally I think that these law firms yield the most power and influence. This is due in part to the role their clients play in society.

Attorneys in these firms may be assigned to labor relations at Goodyear Tire Company or maybe to their foreign relations department. Any aspect of the law that involves this company an attorney is assigned to it.

After having worked as a clerk for such a law firm I've found these type law firms to be the hardest to work for. Because of the vastness of their work these attorneys are under more pressure especially when their firm is representing four or five large companies. I've also found these type firms to be very elitist with some of the senior partners making well over one-hundred and fifty-thousand dollars a year. I've found there to be very few blacks and very few women employed by these type of firms. In the firm in which I was employed there were five black attorneys, three women, and one Mexican attorney. These are attorneys from a law firm consisting of two-hundred and twelve attorneys.

One of the attorneys I was employed to work under was black, twenty-seven years old, and a graduate of Columbia's School of Law. He expressed to me the constant feeling of having to conform to fit the image of the law firm. This conformation was evident in his dress, type of shoes, and mannerism. This is not to be viewed as converting to an uncle tom because it isn't. He simply said that there is a point in a man's life, especially a black man's life when he has to do certain things to get what he wants. For a black attorney in a white firm this includes going to their parties, talking their talk and making the money which ten years ago was ear-marked expressly for them.

The last type of attorney is the one who works in the legal department of a corporation or an agency. A great deal of these attorneys are employed by the government and do more research than litigation.

The question which keeps coming to mind is what will the job prospects be in the 1980's? Predictors say that it is very dismal, that there are already too many lawyers for not enough jobs as it is. The picture does not look any brighter since more people than ever are trying to go to law school.

From reading and talking to people I have formed my own philosophy about my chances of becoming an attorney. The more prestigious and renowned your school is the better your chances of employment are. The prestige of your school is not always the prevailing factor. There is and always will be a need for blacks in the legal field and all other fields for that matter. Because we live in a society that has a preferential treatment basis, a person's connections can carry him pretty far. The practice of using connections has been employed for years by whites and has yet to be mastered by blacks. Lastly I feel that if you are the best, room will be made for you.

In preparing for law school and one's ultimate practice, one must be proficient in the usage of the English language which is the lawyer's tool. He must be able to communicate his ideas clearly, convincingly, and concisely. He must possess an adequate vocabulary and must be familiar with its usage and correctness.

Pre-law students must have an awareness of history because history teaches us that this is this today because that was that yesterday. When one learns the law of precedence he will appreciate the study of history.

One should be versed in math because math makes you think and all lawyers must have a high aptitude for thinking.

One must be a good orator because at times an attorney will have to verbally convey his ideas. A trial lawyer is very proficient in this area.

One must have a knowledge and appreciation of natural sciences because sciences deal with facts. Lawyers aren't concerned with what should be or how it used to be, but the facts of how it is.

One needs a strong background in economics because so much of today's law has economic contingences. A student of law will soon find that the interrelations between money, politics and law are inseparable.

Of growing concern to today's law student is the knowledge of computer science. The law firm I was employed by was just adopting a

filing system where files are kept on computer cards.

Now that we know what an attorney does, how he does it and his basic elements we need to know what our chances are of becoming an attorney.

The admission to law school is very, very competitive. For some schools you will have two thousand applicants for one hundred spaces. So as you can see applying to law school may be a cutthroat ordeal.

The two major factors in admission to law school is one's grade point average and his Law School Admission Test score. To give an idea of what a student's chances are, a student applying to law school at Columbia with a grade point of 3.70 and a LSAT score of 660 on an 800 scale has a 60% chance of being admitted. A person with a LSAT score of 600 and a grade point of 3.40 has a 15% chance for admission. This illustrates how fiercely competitive admission procedures are.

As I said before these are the two main criteria used but not the only ones. Admissions officers look at one's extra-curricular activities, character traits, and diversity. Because we live in a society made up of many different types of people we need many different types of attorneys who would be sensitive to these different needs.

Many law schools, Harvard in particular, try and have a certain number of Arabs, Jews, Blacks, and whites in their freshmen classes. They strive for a diverse student body but do not sacrifice their standards to obtain this diversity.

Schools' quest for diversity is being questioned right now with the consideration of the Allan Bakke case. I have a belief that the Supreme Court will not rule that affirmative action programs are discriminatory, but redefine what being qualified is. The question in the Bakke case is not whether the Davis medical school let a black in Bakke's place, but whether they let someone in who was not as qualified.

Preparation for law school is immense, fun, and challenging. My advice is to start early, be sure of yourself and work hard.

Please circle your choice for SGA president, and your classification.

Thomas Braggs

Gregory Griffin

Dargan Burns

Wayne Jones

Howlie Davis

Rodney Thaxton

Freshman  
Sophomore  
Junior  
Senior

The results of this poll will be on the next issue of the **Maroon Tiger**. Please return this survey to the **Post Office** in Sale Hall or the **Maroon Tiger Office** in Sale Hall Annex no later than Saturday, February 18, 1978.

The results of this poll will be in the next issue of the **Maroon Tiger**. Please return this survey to the **Post Office** in Sale Hall Annex no later than Saturday, February 18, 1978.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR 1978 FOUNDER4S DAY  
WEEKEND

date	time	place	event	participants
Friday, Feb. 17, 1978	2-4 p.m.	Sale Hall Chapel	"Achieving the Dream"- A Symposium Concerning Major National Organizations Directly or Indirectly Influenced by Martin Luther King, Jr.	Dr. Robert H. Brisbane, Moderator Dr. Ralph D. Abernathy, President Emeritus, SCLC  Dr. Joseph E. Lowery Rev. Jesse Jackson Mrs. Coretta Scott King
Friday, Feb. 17, 1978	8 p.m.	Archer Hall Gym	Basketball Game	Morehouse v. Paine
Saturday, Feb. 18, 1978	10 a.m. - 4 p.m.	GREENE AUDITORIUM WHEELER HALL	First Annual Parents Day	President Hugh M. Gloster
			Panel Discussion- How Parents Can Play A More Significant role in Morehouse Activities.	Faculty and Staff members
		Chivers Dining Hall	Luncheon for Parents	
			Tour of Campus	Directed by Allen May, Jr
Saturday, Feb. 18, 1978		Chivers Dining Room	Founder's Day Banquet	Dr. Thomas Kilgore Keynote Speaker
Sunday, Feb. 19, 1978	3:00 p.m.	Martin Luther King Jr. Chapel	Dedication of MLK Chapel and Hugh M. Gloster Hall	The Honorable Andrew Young, Keynote Address

**MARTIN LUTHER  
KING, JR.  
MEMORIAL CHAPEL  
DEDICATED**

**Feb. 19, 1978 at 3:00 p.m.**

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**The Maroon Tiger Salutes Dr. Hugh M. Gloster  
during the Most Historical Period  
of Morehouse's History**

**The Fisk Jubilee Singers**

**In Concert**

**Feb. 19, 1978**

**6:00 p.m.**

**Ben Hill United Methodist Church**

**Gen. Admissions \$2.50**

**Patron \$10.00**

# 1977 Ben Wright Short Story Contest Winner

## The Same Old Story

by Tommie S. Johnson

I'd seen him several times before. He would come through the Quarles Court entrance dragging mop, bucket, broom and leg. In order for him to get into the fraternity houses he would throw the broom and mop onto the porch and then lift the bucket onto the porch; next, he would step up the steps, the bad leg following clumsily. I never sympathized for him because he never wore a subservient look on his face.

His only job was to clean the restrooms and the shower rooms in the Quarles Court area. It happened that I was taking my shower that warm and mild morning; the two previous days were extremely cold, and I loathed taking showers on those two days. Anyway, the squeaking tires, the splash of the mop in the bucket and the clanking of the bad leg pierced the warm, stale, piss-filled air of the shower room; I knew it was him.

At first I was frightened to ask him to tell me a story but I finally built up enough courage to do so. "Sir, excuse me, would you please tell me a story?" I issued out, not really aware of what I had said. Quickly, I asked, "What is your name?" He told me his name was Mr. Na . . . I really didn't get his name at all. I suppose I was still a little shaky.

"I don't know any stories," he said eagerly, really wanting me to persist.

I said, "You must know some stories. Tell me about any event in your life—a war story, anything—no matter if it was joyful or sad; maybe it's a story about your mother or father?"

He smiled. I had won his confidence. He started slowly, "Well, I tell you one thing, everything I wanted in life I got. I got a car when I wanted it; I got a home when I wanted it; I got a home before I got a car. I started out ever since I was nine years old working on my own. I remember my mother told me, 'If the bed is hard, sleep even harder.' And that's what I always did."

Not really pleased with his story, I said, "But there must have been some disappointments in your life, racial problems maybe."

"Of course not," he said, peeping through his square glasses, mop giving him support for his bad leg; besides his leg, the rest of his frame was of a healthy statue. He looked nowhere near his sixty-three years, hardly any wrinkles at all. His voice was trustful and subtly humorous. His voice made me think of Abe Lincoln. Tired of tiptoeing looking out over the shower curtain, I returned into the midst of the hot invigorating shower. "But," he said unexpectedly, "I'll tell you one time when things were kind of bad. Do you remember when the gas companies went on strike back in the 50's?" I shook my head in the yes fashion, not realizing that I was lying, just wanting him to go on. "Well, a boy was coming then, I was down to 10¢ a week. So, I'd go out and buy a loaf of bread for 8¢ and bring the bread back home and put the two pennies in the money jar. We'd last a week off that loaf of bread. Other than that, I can't remember any hard times I had in life; the lord has always been good to me. That's why I got two jobs now."

I was waiting for the "lord" to come into the story. I remembered when I used to talk to my "grands" and they would always mention the "lord", saying that he was good to them, telling me to put my faith in him, not really telling me who or what he was, not really telling me why he was like he was, only telling me he was.

"I believe that the lord is going to heal my arthritis." There—he had mentioned it, his leg. But I thought it probably happened in the war. I didn't know arthritis was that crippling. I was hoping that he would tell me a story about his leg. I had hinted at it when I asked if he could possibly tell me a war story. But it wasn't a war story at all; it was a story about the "lord". The lord had given him arthritis and he believed that the lord would take it away. I couldn't help thinking that our roles were reversed: his of experienced and mine of inexperienced, his of knowledgeable and mine of innocence. I couldn't understand how he could be so optimistic; probably life wasn't so cruel to him, but surely he saw cruel things happening throughout the world. And I knew that I had become pessimistic because of the things that I'd witnessed and seen in the world. And as long as he was innocent it was fine. I then longed for my traditional role, longed for my role of innocence—knowledge being so miserable.

"Thank you for the story."

"Sure, I'll be talking to you."

As I turned off the hot shower, splish-splash, the mop swooshed across the floor.  
innocent  
innocence

## Congratulations

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Valentine's

# Tiger Pin Up

Special



Photo by Alfred Peters

## Kathy Brown

by Michael Stewart

As winter draws unseemingly to an end, the young men of Morehouse begin looking for signs of spring and the beautiful things that start to unfold. One of the signs of spring's eventual arrival is Valentine's Day; when a young man chooses a sweetheart that he's particularly fond of and gives to her a token of his fondness.

For those young men who don't already have a sweetheart, let me suggest a candidate for consideration.

Clark coed, Kathy Brown, is a young lady who is number one on mine and everyone else's list. She is definitely one of the most popular young ladies on Clark's campus.

Kathy is a sophomore from Georgetown, South Carolina. She is a physical therapy ma-

yor, with hopes of attending medical school. Kathy was born under the sign of Gemini and her outgoing personality reflects that sign. Her favorite color is black; when she wears it she becomes even more striking and sensual. Kathy is pretty popular back home also; she's done various advertisements for local businesses. Kathy's hobbies include modeling, backgam-

mon, jogging and all kinds of outdoor sports.

One of Kathy's main aspirations in life is to do the things she has always dreamed and wanted to be. Looking back in retrospect at some of her friends who have fallen by the wayside, she knows the pitfalls, but she doesn't intend on making the same mistakes. She is definitely going to take ad-

vantage of the opportunity of going to college.

Any young lady in the Atlanta University Center who would like to be considered for the Tiger Pin-Up should contact the Maroon Tiger office in the S.G.A. building or Michael Stewart in 320 Thurman Hall.

# MOREHOUSE SHOWS SPIRIT

Spirit Night. On Saturday, February 4, the Morehouse College Tigers met the Clark College Panthers in a basketball game that drew a standing room only crowd. One was able to feel the excitement building up as early as 7:00 p.m. when Archer Hall Gymnasium was half-filled with cheering, shouting fans from both Morehouse and Clark. The fans were not let down.

Morehouse won the battle on a jump shot from Clayton Winfrey which put "The House" on top by one point with four seconds left in the game. After taking a time out, Clark proceeded to throw the ball in bounds and Ricky Williams made a desperation shot which fell way short of the basket.

After controlling the tap, Morehouse scored the first six points of the game playing patiently against Clark's Z-3 zone. Just as calmly as Morehouse put its six points on the scoreboard first, Clark scored the next four points on a basket by Robert Marron and two free throws by Lloyd Jones. Morehouse and Clark then traded baskets before Clark's two unanswered baskets put them ahead ten to eight with 12:20 left in the first half.

Clark called two time outs to try to get things together as their players were quickly getting into early foul trouble. Following a series of fouls and turnovers, Clark went ahead again sixteen to fifteen on two baskets by Earl Malloy. Malloy played a good game, coming off the bench with eleven points in a strong effort for Clark.

Morehouse's coach McAfee reinserted starters Frank Reid, Mike Marley, and Clayton Winfrey into the game with 6:39 left in the first half after Clark went into a full-court press and the Tigers seemed to have trouble handling it. At this time Clark was maintaining a one point lead, although they committed numerous fouls, while trading baskets with Morehouse.

With less than 5:00 showing on the clock, Morehouse's Keith Winfrey scored a three point play which put the Tigers on top 22-20. Keith led all scorers with twenty-four points playing with enthusiasm at both ends of the court.

The rest of the half, as well as the preceding fifteen minutes, was a run and gun affair in which Clark committed a number of unnecessary fouls. The first half ended with

Morehouse holding on to a skimpy two point lead, thirty to twenty-eight.

Halftime was a real show. It started off with the presentation of medallions to players who participated in the North-South All-Star game held at the beginning of the year. Miss Maroon and White, Iris Little, presented the players their medallions in an informal ceremony held in front of the scorer's table. Following this, fans, fraternities, sororities, organizations, and dormitories took part in a yelling match which lasted the rest of the halftime; even though the time when the players were warming up for the second half.

The second half opened on a good note for Morehouse fans. Keith Winfrey scored on a dunk shot which brought cheers from the crowd that made the building rock. The following few minutes of the half were almost as exciting as the Tigers and Panthers traded baskets until two Clark baskets tied the score with 15:34 left in the half. As the half wore on Clark managed to maintain a one point lead though they were constantly being charged with fouls. Possibly, the only thing that saved Clark's whole starting five

from fouling out was the fact that the Panthers stayed in their 2-3 zone for the entire game.

Morehouse managed to take the lead from Clark, 45-43, on a basket by Karl Bell with less than eleven minutes left in the game. The two teams traded baskets for the next couple of minutes until the Panthers went into the bonus situation by fouling Mike Manley. Manley made both ends of the one & one; two of the six points he scored all game in an unusually off night for him. Even though Manley didn't score much he made up for it with his heads-up defensive play.

Clark, plagued by foul trouble all through the game, had committed the foul that put it into the bonus for the rest of the game. For the next few minutes the teams traded baskets until Clark pulled ahead by three points on a basket by Earl Malloy. Morehouse tied the game and Mike Manley fouled Lloyd Jones who made one of two shots as Morehouse was put in the bonus. For the next six minutes the teams traded baskets with Clark occasionally going up by two and three points.

With 1:40 showing on the

clock, Clark with a two point lead, stalled the ball looking for a good shot. The Panthers received it and scored; only to have a Clayton Winfrey cut the lead to two with two foul shots. Winfrey came back and scored the next basket for the Tigers. Clark's Mike Boston then made one shot of two which set the stage for Clayton Winfrey.

With 7 seconds left, Morehouse took the ball out and passed it to Winfrey who smoothly put the ball through the hoop as a jump shot. The floor erupted with fans uncogazient of the fact that the clock still had four seconds left on it. After the floor was cleared, Clark took the ball out and threw a pass to Ricky Williams, whose forty foot shot fell short and Clayton Winfrey clutched the airball. Game, Morehouse 68 - Clark 67.

## Book Review

**BLACK GODFATHER**  
By Omar Fletcher  
Cover Price: \$1.75  
BH525 - 224 pages

Omar Fletcher, after dishing up two super-fine Black Experience novels, WALKING BLACK AND TALL and BLACK AGAINST THE MOB, now delivers a gripping "what if" story. What if black brothers and sisters managed to acquire a powerful patriarch on a par with the kind of don popularized by Mario Puzo. And what if this same black patriarch had designs so all-encompassing that they threaten to do in the Italian syndicate. That's the essence of BLACK GODFATHER.

Tyrone Smith, better known to his people as the Black Godfather, never could take the white man's jive tokenism. It had festered deep in his gut, and then, when the time was right and the poison had to be spit out at whitey, the dapper little man became the diabolical somebody the honkies and rednecks had done their damndest to prevent him

from becoming—a man!

With a gang made up of dudes who had paid their dues in Viet Nam and had returned home to find they were still "niggers" in whitey's eyes, the Godfather masterminded what was to become an unremovable dagger in the side of white organized crime. He managed to bring together all the black nickel and dime operations that had always accepted the fact that the guineas raked in the bulk of the prize.

The system taught the Black Godfather overnight what it took the Italians a couple of centuries to perfect. And now, with the police helpless to stop the bloodiest power struggle of all time, he had an army ready enough to take on anything the white power structure could dish out!

A fascinating, often violent, always gripping major novel.

**DOING TIME**  
By Amos Brooke  
Cover Price: \$1.75  
BH 224 pages

Not since Donald Goines wrote his incisive masterpiece **White Man's Justice: Black Man's Grief** has any writer dared to probe the grim, dank depths and lay bare the horror of prison life. But now Amos Brooke, whose first novel **The Last Toke** demonstrated a special ability to cut through the surface and get to where things are at, has come up with a brutally frank expose that could very well become the classic tale of what life is really like behind those gray granite prison walls.

Brooke hands us Clarence Hastings, a twenty-four-year-old cat who was like any other brother willing to take a chance on the man coming down on him bad when he had sampled seventeen-year-old Judy Latimore's milky whiteness. But for him the black boy's dream became a nightmare when he was sentenced to a three-to-five rape humbolt.

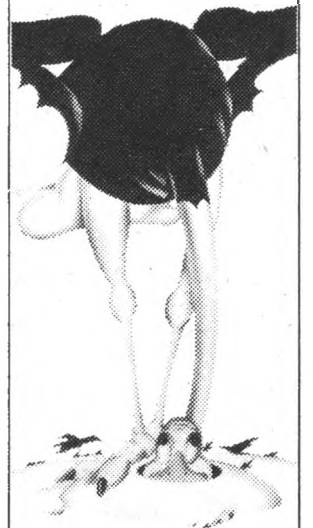
Hastings' new prison home

is revealed as an island to itself; a society with its own rules wherein money and muscle become the unwritten laws. It's a place where time gets inside a man's soul and twists and scars it into something that makes the puny boys bend to the asshole bandits for the protection of brothers, and makes black dudes bitter with hate and mean with frustration.

In whitey's stinking jail Clarence is pitted against his own kind and a good grip on a homemade shank is better than day-to-day degradation when the hardened ones try to play him cheap. But he's spurred on by the gnawing anger at the injustice that penetrates from the courtroom to the prison. That, and his unmistakable promise that somebody's going to pay dues for what's gone down.

Here's a major black novel that is truly gripping readcg... and quite a social statement besides.

**Cancer is often curable.**  
**The fear of cancer is often fatal.**



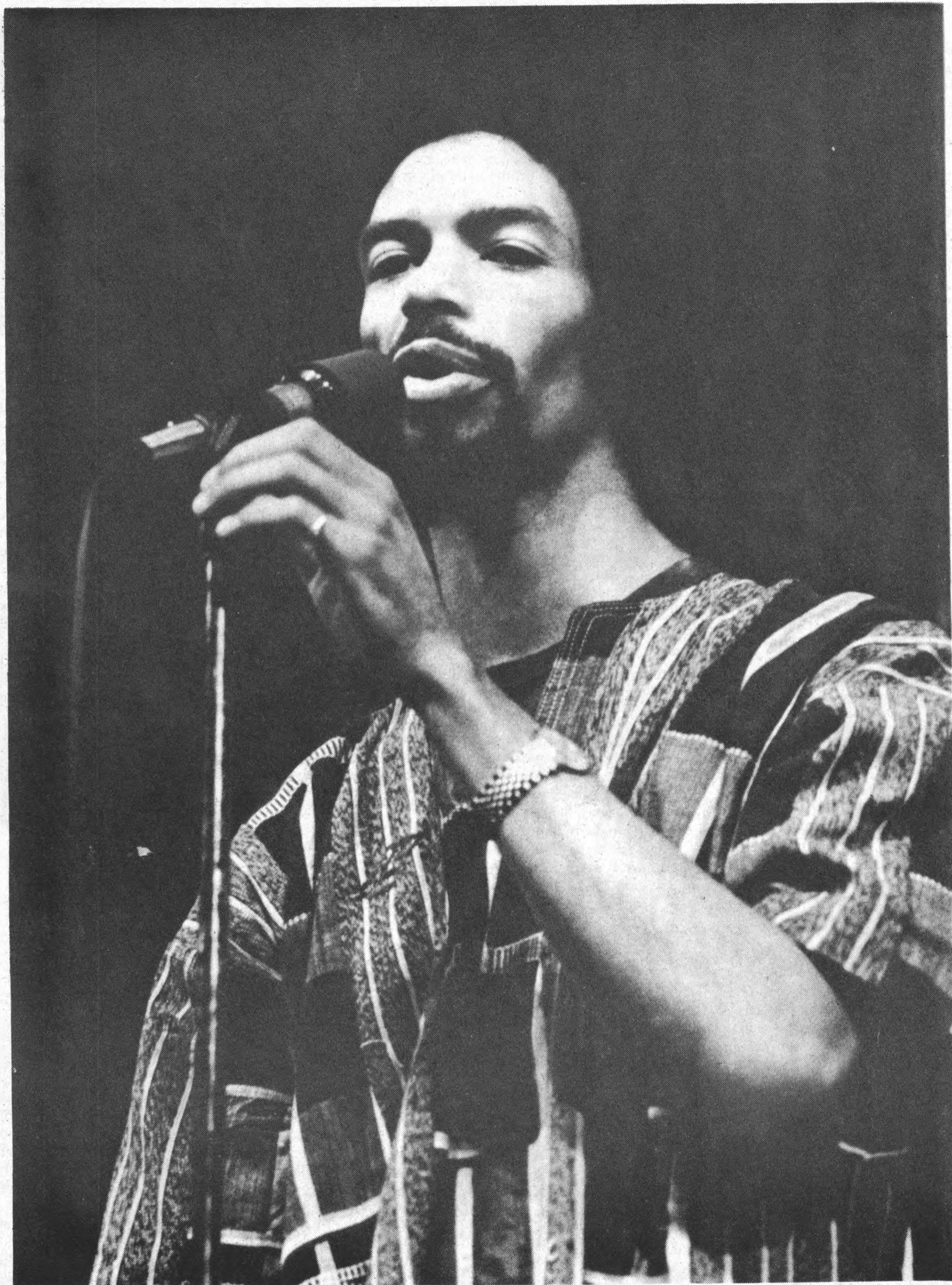
If you're afraid of cancer... you're not alone. But some people are so afraid that they won't go to the doctor when they suspect something's wrong.

They're afraid the doctor might "find something." This kind of fear can prevent them from discovering cancer in the early stages when it is most often curable.

These people run the risk of letting cancer scare them to death.

**American Cancer Society**

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Shining  
Star

**Gil Scott Heron**

# "Fantasy in F Major"

by K.T. Whalum

After completing a tiring day of classes last Friday, I promised myself that I was going out on the town to give up the funk. All systems were "go" by 10:00 p.m. and I was quite prepared to embark upon a supreme satisfaction safari through the forest of Atlanta's nightspots. Then, all of a sudden, I was struck by some strange and unexplainable condition which seemed to heighten all of my senses and placed me in a state of extreme lightheartedness and lightheadedness. What was this affliction? It troubled me. Nevertheless, I began my journey. After some consideration I decided to concentrate my efforts in one general location, so I went to a place that is known for the quality of its nightspots; the Omni International Hotel. Max's was my first stop. I sauntered over to the bar, took a seat, and promptly ordered "a scotch and ginger-ale please." The entertainment was quite good. There was an 8-piece band performing all the latest jazz-rock hits with particular finesse on Stevie Wonder's tunes.

While sitting there, enjoying myself and about to order another drink, an attractive young caucasian lady asked, "Is anyone sitting on the stool beside you?" "No," I replied, to which remark she quickly sat down. After a friendly and interesting conversation with her and a scotch-n-soda, I decided that my time at this

place was up. I bade the young lady adieu, tipped the waitress, and departed.

As I walked down the mall, I pondered over the possibility of going upstairs to Mimi's. After about two seconds of pondering, I ascended the spiral staircase which leads to Mimi's. Upon entering the joint, I noticed that it was extremely "live." There were quite a few people there who seemed to be 'boogie-ing'. "Why not?" I asked myself, and proceeded to make way for an empty chair I spotted.

After sitting for approximately ten minutes without being served, I was approached by a waitress. She stopped, looked at me with apologetic eyes, and in a consoling voice that one addresses an infant with, said "I'm sorry baby, no one has taken your order, have they?" "No," said I, very enthusiastic over her low-cut outfit. "Let me have a scotch-n-soda." By this time I had a slight 'buz', to say the least. But, not being one to scandalize the 'pleasure principle', I attacked my drink with new-found fervor.

As the waitress brought my second scotch-n-soda, I was tapped lightly on the left shoulder. I turned slowly in an effort to discover who this light-fingered intruder was. There, to my surprise, was the face of a beautiful, caramel-colored female about one inch from mine. "May I ask you a question?" asked she in a soothing voice. "Yes, you may." "Why are you sitting

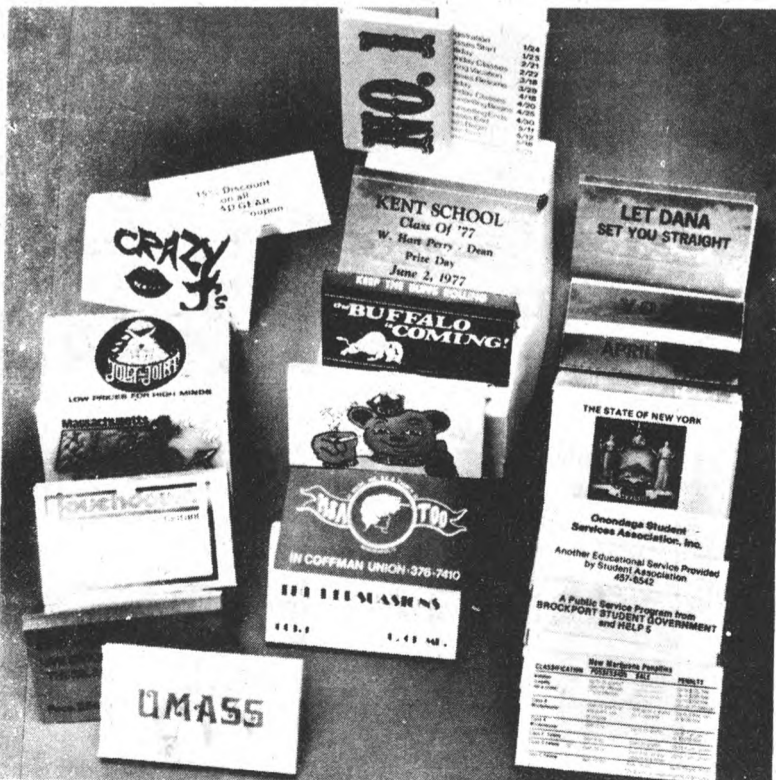
here all alone? Are you waiting for someone?" she asked, boldly. "No, I'm not waiting for anyone. And I am alone because I was hoping some beautiful girl would ask me why I was alone." "May I join you?" "Of course," I replied. She kicked the conversation off with a remark that sounded like "What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?" During the course of the conversation, she offered me a drink (which I took—scotch-n-soda, of course!), her telephone number, a picture of her (which you see on this page) and a ride home. At this point, I said to myself, "Self, this is a wonderful situation to be in!"

Then, something happened. I tried to ignore it, but couldn't. There was a sort of mumbling in the back of my mind. It was muddled initially, but it became clearer. There were voices chanting, "Syndrome... tweedledee... dum... Humdrum... Don't succumb!" Yes, it was the "Placebo Syndrome" trying to overtake my mind. Maddened by this deafening roar of voices, I leaped from my chair, grabbed my coat, and ran out, leaving the girl in absolute awe.

I am still receiving treatment from my sudden attack of funklessness, but I'll never forget my experience. My doctor is a very pretty female who I trust dearly. And, you know, it is really a small world. I met her at Mimi's last Friday night. HUKABAH!



## The American Dream



American Dream Advertising, the country's only manufacturer of Custom Printed Rolling Paper, has recently completed a study of its clients and has concluded that numerous colleges and universities throughout the country have purchased Custom Printed Rolling Paper as a method of communicating with the student body.

In a pilot program in New York, Jeffrey Chaet, Director of College Marketing, stated, "We created a state of New York Rolling Paper booklet featuring a detailed chart of the new penalties for marijuana possession in New York. The purpose of this public service program was to inform the public on the change of law." Mr. Chaet commented that, "We are exceptionally pleased with the strong res-

ponse we got from many colleges and universities. Participating schools had their school name, or the student association name, printed on the booklet which were then given out as a highly effective communicational vehicle."

Institutions of higher education all over the country are taking advantage of the newest and highest impact medium available today in reaching the student market. University activity groups, bookstores, fraternities, football teams, movie programs, student bars, and clubs across the U.S. are reaping enormous results from this alternative means of communication.

"In response to this trend for highly educational rolling

paper booklets, we are expanding our college sales representative program," says Jeffrey Chaet. "We are always seeking energetic, imaginative students interested in earning a substantial income on a part-time basis, to call on potential area and university clients to explain how to best take advantage of the newest and highest impact advertising medium available today for reaching the student market and culture—CUSTOM PRINTED ROLLING PAPER."

Apparently Custom Printed Rolling Paper is becoming a new form of higher education. Contact Maroon Tiger office for more information.



# The Hammer Hits Again

by Craig Reid

"If I tried to live up to my image," said Fred Williamson, "I'd wake up in the morning and drink six fifths of vodka, make love to 25 more women, then go out and shoot down three mafia gangs."

A native of Gary, Indiana, Williamson grew up in Chicago where his football prowess enabled him to attend Northwestern University on a football scholarship. If people knew about Fred Williamson's other side, their expectations might be different. For Williamson (known to many as "The Hammer") is more than a former football playing loud-mouth who specializes in Black macho motion pictures.

While at Northwestern, most people came to know Williamson as an all American flanker, running back, baseball player and track star. However, Fred was also busy at work earning degrees in architecture and sociology.

Williamson went from Northwestern to the Marine Corps and received an Honorable Discharge on June 4, 1959. For the next decade, his first love, football, became his occupation. From 1960 until 1970, he was a star defensive back for the San Francisco 49ers, Oakland Raiders and the Kansas City Chiefs. It was during his tenure with the Chiefs that he gained national prominence as the loud talking, hard hitting, intimidator known as "The Hammer" to sports fans.

Football fans across the country didn't seem to know what Fred knew; they paid either to boo or cheer him

which really boosted attendance at the games. He became a drawing card.

"When I played pro football," said Williamson, "I walked out on the field and 10,000 people booed me, while 10,000 people cheered me. It didn't matter to me because it costs \$60,000 to boo or \$60,000 to cheer. It's all the same price, but that's 20,000 people with divided opinions about me."

After a ten year football career, Fred went to Montreal where he established his own architectural firm just prior to coming to Hollywood to embark upon a film career. He knocked on every film and T.V. industry door in town. Within a week, Fred got the part of Diahann Carroll's boyfriend on the T.V. series "Julia". He used his same outspoken approach that had made him a sports celebrity, when he got to Hollywood. One audition for Otto Preminger was typical of Williamson's hard sell approach. Preminger walked over to talk to him about the potentials in casting the part and said, "Whoever gets this role has to be able to pick up a man and hold him high over his head." Williamson picked up the famed director, held him high over his head, put him down, made a polite bow to Mrs. Preminger, and made his exit. The following day, he was offered the role in Preminger's film, "Tell Me That You Love Me Junie Moon", which also starred Liza Minnelli.

Fred is quick to point out, "You can't make it in this business on a pipe dream. Nor is talent a guarantee for success. You have to have something more, something

that makes you stand out from John and Jane Doe."

Besides the Julia series Williamson has also appeared on numerous television shows including several segments of "Police Story" and "The Rookies". In just seven years Fred has also made 17 movies including "MASH", "The Legend of Nigger Charlie", "Black Caesar", "Hell Up in Harlem", "Three the Hard Way", "Bucktown", "Adios Amigos", "Joshua", and his latest, "Mr. Mean", that he's directed and filmed in its entirety in Rome, Italy.

"I've been in this business seven years," says Williamson, "and starred in 17 motion pictures. Since forming my production company, Po'Boy Productions, I've gone deeper into producing, directing, and writing. By the standards of the public, I must have made some bad pictures, but none of them has ever lost money."

A good example of Williamson's expertise is the film "Boss Nigger", which was written and produced by Fred. He also had a starring role. The shooting schedule was held to four short weeks on an unusually low six figure budget. The film grossed in excess of \$3,000,000.

As for the quality of his movies, Fred said, "I'm working toward constant employment, that's all. This simply means I give people what I think they like. If they stop buying the things that I do and they want art instead, then I'll give them art. It's that simple."

In producing "Adios Amigos", a film he starred in with Richard Pryor in 1975 for

# MR MEAN



starring

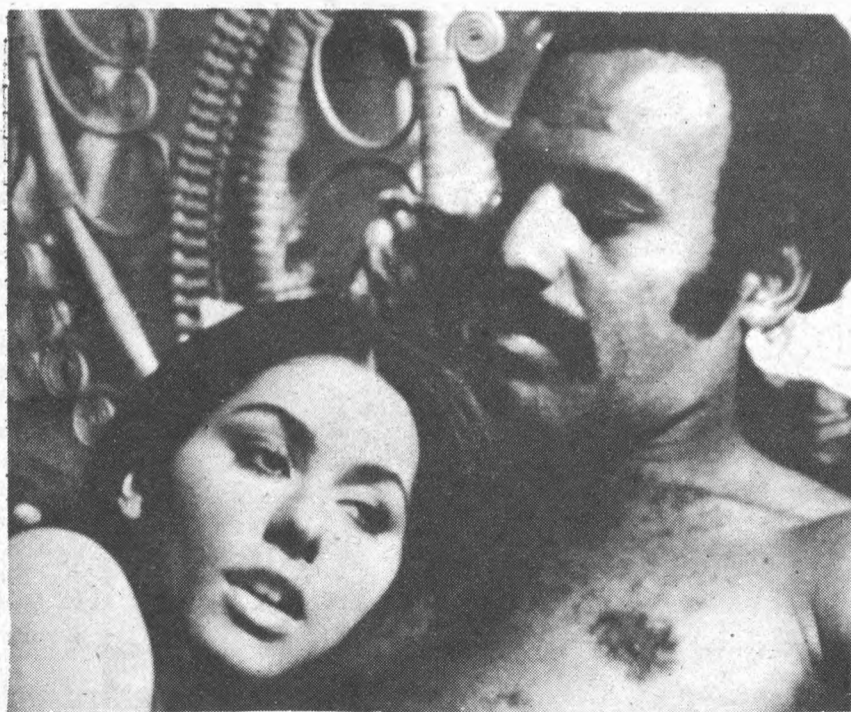
## FRED WILLIAMSON

his own Po'Boy Productions, event was so successful, that Williamson reemphasized the roles of the minorities in the west. He contacted the probation authorities in New Mexico where the film was shot, secured temporary guardianship of 50 juvenile offenders, and paid them to work as extras on the set.

Williamson also organized the Fred Williamson Street Olympus. The first project was to fly four major black celebrities to play tennis in the streets of Harlem. The kids on the streets had a chance to mingle with the stars. The



Fred Williamson takes aim as the hired hit man in his latest motion picture, "Mr. Mean", which he filmed and directed in Rome, Italy.



Fred Williamson romantically relaxes with Italian beauty Crippa Yocard in between the action of his latest motion picture, "Mr. Mean". This Fred Williamson thriller pitting him against a powerful Mafioso Chief (Lou Castel) was filmed in its entirety in Rome.

# Album Reviews

## Live at the Bijou

by K.T. Whalum Jr.  
 Album Title: **Grover Washington, Jr. Live At The Bijou**/Artist: Grover Washington, Jr. Label: KUDU  
 This latest production from Grover "Mr. Magic" Washington turns out to be a very sound effort. The two-album set was recorded "live" at the Bijou Cafe in Philly in May of 1977. Side One of Record One starts with "On the Cusp", followed by "You Make Me Dance" (a beautiful mixture of soprano sax and flute) and "Lock it in the Pocket" (which has some beautiful violin work by John Blake). Side Two of Record One is one of the strongest sides. "Days of Our Lives" and the famous "Mr. Magic" constitute the whole side. Leslpe Burns is featured on flute on this side along with

James Simmons on keyboards, Richard Steaker on guitar and Leonard Gibbs on percussion.  
 Record Two - Side One continues the jam with "Summer Song" (a tune which features all the guys singing) and "Jufure." Washington's sax work is unusually good throughout the album, and Side Two of Record Two is no exception. "Sausalito" and "Funkfoot" are sparkling examples. Tyrone Brown on bass and Millard Vinson on drums team up to make an effective rhythm section. What the album amounts to is about an hour and forty minutes of jazz listening at its best. Some of the tunes are reminiscent of the old Crusaders. My advice? Buy it!

## Formerly of Harlettes



by K.T. Whalum  
 Album Title: **Formerly of the Harlettes**.  
 Artists: Sharon Redd, Ula Hedwig, Charlotte Crossley.  
 Label: Columbia.

From time to time, a brand new group comes along and you discover they aren't "brand new" at all... but have appeared all over the country and **BROKEN ATTEN-DANCE RECORDS**.

This group... Sharon Redd, Charlotte Crossley, and Ula (as in ooh-la-la) Hedwig—formerly of the Harlettes... are "Harletting" at this moment on a national tour with the Divine Miss M - Bette Midler. When the tour is over, Sharon, Charlotte and Ula will go back to being their usual crazy selves... which is to say, back to being Formerly of the Harlettes.

Their hot new album includes not only some songs they perform as openers/back-ups for Bette but also songs from their record-breaking appearances as a self-supporting group.

The album ranges from dynamite disco cuts like "Dance, Dance, Dance" and "Swzlet Lover Man" to R&B and progressive tunes like Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage", Phoebe Snow's "Cash In", or the Crusaders' "Put It Where You Want It." It was produced by David Rubinson, who as you'll recall, before guiding Herbie Hancock, Phoebe Snow and LaBelle to their respective successes, took another female group to fame and fortune—the Pointer Sisters.

Backing the girls on the album are: John Barnes - all keyboards, James Gadson - drums, Wah Wah Watson - guitar, and Byron Miller on bass, who is rapidly gaining success for his endeavors with George Duke ("Reach for It" most noticeably). The album is worth purchasing.

# "YO-HO!"



by Ike Mullins II

"At the drop of the 'J', let the funk begin." This is one of the many sayings repeated again and again on the new Parliament wax. Funketelechy is another offering from the Universal Invaders of the P. Funk. The definite jams on the album are "Bop Gun" and "Flash Light," which deal with the battle between Starchild and his arch-enemy, Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk. Sir Nose is the spreader of the Placebo Syndrome, a syndrome many people have at discos or parties. They come to the party dressed to kill, and don't move a muscle on the dance floor. Starchild then becomes the hero by shooting Sir Nose with the "Bop Gun," and after the "Flash Light" has struck him, Sir Nose can't help but get up and party.

The other cuts on the album will catch your attention after you've listened to them more than once or twice. "Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk" introduces you to the ensuing battle between him and "Starchild". They bicker back and forth over nursery rhymes and this phrase, "Syndrome, twiddlely de dum, hum drum don't succumb." "Funketelechy" is a 10 minute song that simply asks, "How's your Funketelechy?" Though the song tends to become monotonous when one is one the dance floor, does it really matter? "Placebo Syndrome" is a song that slows the pace of the album and it exemplifies the slow and uncool syndrome. "Wizard of Finance" is the only cut from this album which does not seem to have anything to do with the battle of the two extremes—Funketelechy vs. The Placebo Syndrome. And of course, the victors are Parliament. George Clinton, the leader of the group, Parliament-Funkadelic has come up with yet another idea to help you to give up the funk. So cop the new P. Funk and "funk on, yo-ho!!"

## Critic's Corner:

## Earth, Wind and Fire Concert



by T. Tee Boddie

On Sunday, January 27, 1978, something happened in Atlanta that adds to the long and impressive list of "great events in the New York of the South." At the fabulous Omni in beautiful downtown Atlanta, America's top popular music group, Earth, Wind & Fire, graced a packed house with their grand style.

They are musical, magical, mystical, masterful, and simply marvelous! After I had recuperated from the typical hour long wait prior to the concert, I was able to sit back and enjoy the sounds that practically permeated the walls of the Omni.

The show opened with a new group on the popular music scene, Pockets. I could have easily done without the mediocrity of the four gentlemen who hail from Baltimore, Maryland. To have had Pockets precede a sensation like Earth, Wind & Fire was like getting a slap in the

face before sexual climax. I had to keep reminding myself that I was at a professional concert and not at a downtown bar as Pockets served me reflections of my younger years, street corner band trying desperately to be discovered. Their newest and most widely received release, "Come and Go With Me", sounded more like a plea than an invitation. The crowd reaction was very supportive but I account it to the fact that it was sympathetic anticipation of what was to come. Actually, with all the percussive instruments floating about the audience, we could have readied ourselves alone for what most people had come to see . . . But it cannot be said that Pockets didn't try.

After about a 15-minute intermission, we were served with the melodic offerings of the beautiful and talented Deneice Williams. I conveniently label her a new face with an

old sound, but she does what she does well. She was basically comfortable with her audience as was denoted at first glance through her flowing, loose-fitting outfit. "That's What Friends Are For" and "We Have Love" were performed with professional ease. Between Ms. Williams and her saxophonist, the tune "If You Don't Believe" got the emotional fires burning into the world beyond for the 14,000+ audience. "Free" topped her repertoire with climactic simplicity as she was recalled for an encore. Appropriately enough, she performed her hit single "Baby, My Love's All For You" at the curtain call and I must add, it was better than her recording on the Columbia Record label. But, was she sensational? Not really, but it certainly wasn't a waste of time.

During another 20-minute interlude, in the smoke-filled

auditorium, I felt like a country boy waiting anxiously to get a glimpse of the president and when E, W & F finally descended from their tubular chambers, the wait was well worth the wanton wait. The musical medicine men uniquely combined the sublime (their music) with the ridiculous (their stage effects) to somehow produce the ideal. The ancient Arabian antics were hardly necessary but they enhanced an already perfect manifestation.

After I tired of trying to logically deduce how nine human beings could transcend their colleagues with such phenomenal leisure, I joined the rest of the crowd in a "funky good time."

From the opener, "Jupiter" to the finale, "Serpentine Fire", the action was non-stop. While crooning "Be Ever Wonderful" Maurice White left his spellbound listeners with a few words of wisdom.

"While living in this world, doin' what You're doin', don't let the world change Your mind."

Although the lyrics to the melody provided me with shades of a note on my high school yearbook, no one but Mr. White and his herbivorous counterparts could have made it sound like celestial poetry. Their melodious sequences coupled with the well-polished segues proffered the audience with little or no thought about the time. They performed for 95 minutes.

No one in his right mind could have left the concert without the reassurance that there are musicians left in the recording industry. They are more than just Earth, Wind and Fire. They are truly the quintessence of popular music today.

# ART FROM ZAIRE

**Art from Zaire: 100 Masterworks from the National Collection** opens at the High Museum February 11 and continues through March 19. This exhibition is the largest and most important loan of traditional art ever offered by an African government to the United States. It has been organized by The African-American Institute, The American Federation of Arts and the Government of Zaire. The exhibition is partially supported by a grant from the city of Atlanta.

The works in the exhibition represent 26 different cultures of this Central African republic but they constitute only a tiny fraction of the over 50,000 pieces of traditional art gathered over the past seven years by the Institute of National Museums of Zaire. Established in 1970 by Zaire President Mobutu, the purpose of the organization is to collect, preserve, and document the material evidence of the country's heritage.

The collection of works now touring the U.S. includes works by the artistically rich Hemba, Kongo, Kuba, Luba, Lula, Pende, Teke, and Yaka as well as pieces by many other lesser known peoples.

## ASO WOMEN

The Atlanta Symphony's Women's Association will again sponsor a new series of Music Appreciation Classes beginning January 26. Dr. Donald Gingrich of the Georgia State University Music Department is in charge for this series which will be held each Thursday from 10:00 a.m. until 12:00 noon for 8 consecutive weeks.

The classes are designed to help audiences appreciate and understand good music, and are being continued because of the capacity crowds of enthusiastic students attending previous courses.

This spring series will be held in the Members' Room of the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. The admission fee is \$25.00 per person for the entire eight weeks and \$4.00 per person per individual class.

To sign up, call Mildred Efland at 394-8785.

Some of the objects exhibited—which range from masks to ancestor figures to everyday objects such as pipes and whistles—are literally unique, with no other examples known anywhere else in the world. Others will be unfamiliar even to most specialists on African art.

One of the most stunning works is a five-foot-high painted Yaka basketry and raffia "rattle mask", one of the largest African objects ever collected. Also outstanding are pieces from the Yuba royal treasury, including a very old metal scepter attributed to Prince Miel (the most famous Kuba blacksmith), beaded masks from the Mushenge locality, a royal drum nearly four feet high and encrusted with cowrie shells; Hemba and Yaka ancestor figures; and two rare Lengola cult figures.

Despite the range of pieces included, however, anyone familiar with the cultures of the area will note several omissions. The reason for these gaps is significant: because of the rapidly expanding world market for African art, some of the greatest works have disappeared from even the most remote villages. In 1973 Zaire co-sponsored a United Nations resolution calling for a policy of "restitution" to Zaire of these missing objects. The organizers of this exhibition hope that it will inspire and persuade museums and private collectors outside Zaire to give back the works needed to fill the gaps in an extraordinarily rich and hopefully one day, completely representative collection.

by K.T. Whalum

When I began my career at Morehouse back in August of 1974 I was pleasantly surprised at the number of activities which could be attended. It seemed that there was a party everywhere I looked. Bulletin boards, doorways, walls, windows and telephone posts were constantly filled with information

about a set somewhere in town. And we acted accordingly too! Folks were just itching to party after a week of classes, and did we get down!

Nowadays things have changed. You very seldom hear of a party unless it costs an eye to get into. Even if you pay your two or three dollars, you go and see the same people you see everyday. Everybody's all dressed up as if they were attending a high school prom

by Theodore B. Jones

The Atlanta Symphony Orchestra commenced the second half of its 1977-78 season this past weekend (Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29) with a pleasing display of virtuosity on the part of the orchestra, conductor, and above all, the guest artist.

The program began with the principal guest conductor Hiroyuki Iwaki leading the orchestra in the *Overture to "Oberon"* by Carl Maria von Weber. Oberon is an opera written at the end of Weber's life, and due to various weaknesses in the libretto, and consequently, the music, it has never achieved prominence. The overture itself, though, remains standard repertoire. If the first part of the overture seemed to develop slightly tentatively, Iwaki must have recognized the flaw, for the orchestra seized control of the remainder of the piece with a laudable display of crisp violin runs and authoritative playing by the brass section.

Eugene Fodor was next heard as the soloist in the *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1* in D major Op. 6, by Niccolò Paganini. Fodor is a former winner of the International Paganini Competition and co-winner of the 1974 Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow (the Soviet judges voted to withhold first prize and gave three second prizes—to Fodor and two Soviet violinists). Though still in his twenties, Fodor possesses the confidence and bravado of a seasoned virtuoso (he occasionally perused the audience—while playing). The piece itself is used to great advantage by Fodor, for it demands the use of many diverse virtuosic violin bowing and fingering technique (Paganini was supposed to have been one of the greatest violinists in history—a virtual wizard), all of which Fodor seems to have firmly under control. On the other hand, it doesn't call for the melting sensuality of tone demanded by some pieces in the violin concerto repertoire (Brahms, et al), which I fear would not show Mr. Fodor to greatest advantage. The tempos of the first two movements seemed ideal maintaining a fluidity important to the piece. The third and final movement almost defeated the first one's purpose, for it was taken at a gallop (though Fodor negotiated the tempo well). Iwaki was very responsive to the soloist's playing, leading crisp sensitive orchestra accompaniment. After resounding applause, Fodor presented one, and then another encore. The first, *Praeludium*, by Bach; the second, *Nel corpi non mi sento*, by again, Paganini.

The final selection was *Petrouchka* written in 1911 (later revised in 1947) by Igor Stravinsky. *Petrouchka* is the second of three ballets Stravinsky wrote. It manifests itself as an eclectic collage derived from many sources (Russian folk songs, Viennese waltz themes, French folk music, etc.) brilliantly blended into four "Scenes". It was here that Iwaki was at his best, creating and sustaining the vivid imagery which surrounds and is the traditional Russian folklore puppet figure.

# Parties: Where Are You?

and acting very snooty. Whatever happened to the old "Get off yo' ass and jam" days? I'm glad Parliament conceived its latest album, which concerns the battle between those who will give up the funk and those who won't. Maybe we all need to be shot with Starchild's 'Bop Gun'.

Seriously though; if anyone knows why parties aren't

parties anymore, please tell me. I know of a certain organization which gave a dance and charged one dollar for admission. Not enough people showed. Maybe it didn't cost enough, or maybe people don't go to non-fraternity functions. Ah; will we ever understand ourselves?

# Atlanta Ballet

The Atlanta Ballet will present "Stars of the Atlanta Ballet" Saturday February 11 and Sunday February 12 at the Fabulous Fox Theatre, and will feature internationally renowned artists Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson. "Stars" is an international touring concert group comprised of principal and solo-calibre dancers from such companies as New York City Ballet, American Ballet Theatre, Joffrey Ballet, Pennsylvania Ballet, San Francisco Ballet and the Harkness Ballet.

The company emphasizes the physical beauty of its dancers and encourages each dancer to develop their own personality as opposed to many classical companies which try to compress dancers into a particular mold or restrict them from bringing their own ideas, style and personality to a role. In order to accomplish this unique departure "Stars" dancers receive acting training to make their performance more vivid and vibrant on stage.

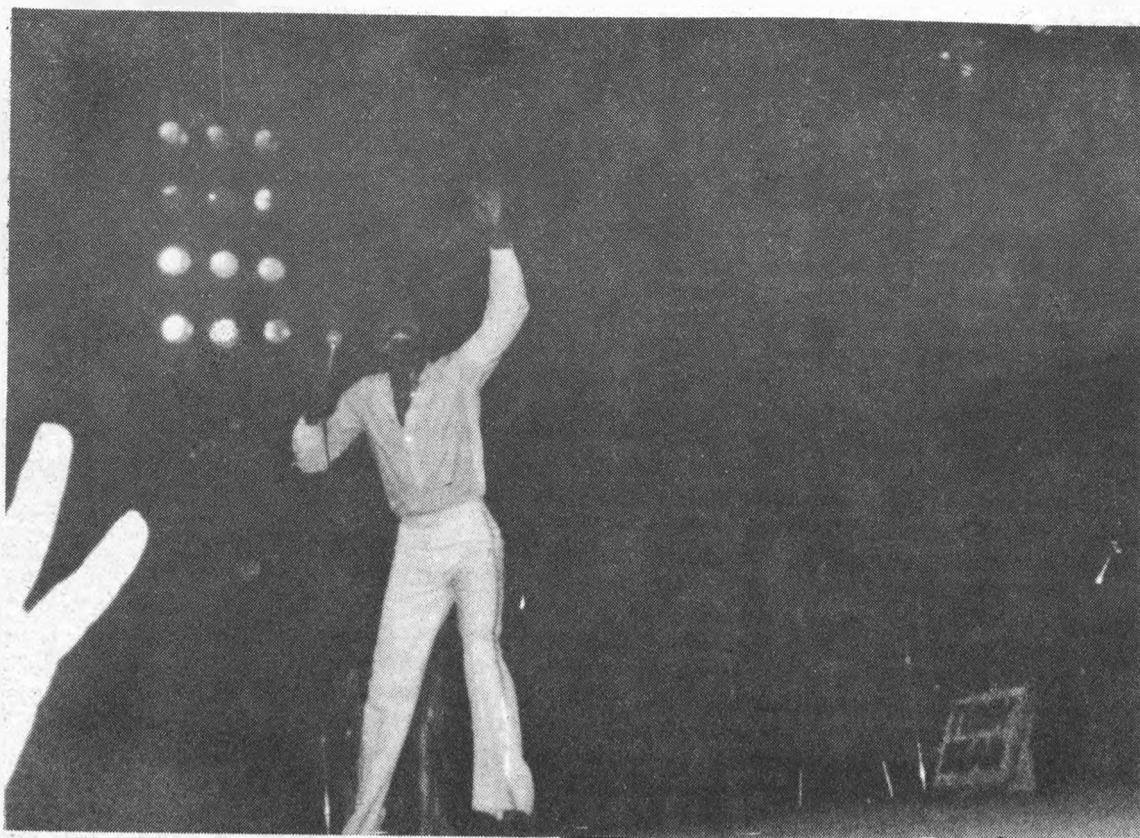
The company is also unique in that it dispenses with overly elaborate sets and costumes which often distract from the skills of the dancer as well as from the choreography. The focus, therefore, is on the special qualities of American dancers: their athleticism, their freedom and daring on stage, and their versatility. The versatility of the dancers is required by the diverse repertoire of the company which ranges from Balanchine's fluid movements in *VALSE-FANTASIE* to Anthony Tudor's subtle and delicate *SUNFLOWERS* to John Butler's severe modern ballet *AFTER EDEN* to such bravura show-pieces as Anton Dolin's *VARIATIONS FOR FOUR* or Balanchine's *PAS DE DIX*, *DONIZETTI VARIATIONS* and *TCHAIKOVSKY PAS DE DEUX*.

"Stars" has received much praise throughout the country. The New York Times said, "The group showed its true potential in excellent performance . . . it was marvelous." Dance Magazine called it "A unique happening. . . an example of contemporary dance of a standard never before seen here . . . it was a triumph! . . . powerful interpretation and technical brilliance." The Richmond News Leader called it a "breathtaking performance that brought the capacity audience to its feet."

Patricia McBride has performed with the New York City Ballet for many years, and many of George Balanchine's most famous roles were created for her, including leads in *HARLEQUINADE*, *TARANTELLA*, the "Rubies" section of *JEWELS*, *BRAHMS-SCHOENBERG QUARTET* and *LIEBESLIEDER WALZER*. Jerome Robbins chose her to originate principal roles in his *DANCES AT A GATHERING* and *DYBBUK VARIATIONS*. Miss McBride has appeared as guest artist with ballet companies throughout the U.S. and Europe, and has performed in numerous concerts and on TV shows both here and abroad.

Robert Kimball writing in the N.Y. Post of *COPPELIA* said "Patricia McBride's terpsichorean fireworks are matched to her consummate feel for the character . . . an unalloyed pleasure." In July of 1975, she created the lead female role in *THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER* (choreographed by Mr. Balanchine) at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. She repeated her success in the ballet's New York premiere and the Daily News' Bill Zakariasen called her " . . . a delight throughout." Miss McBride is married to N.Y.C.B. principal dancer Jean-Pierre Bonnefous.

Helgi Tomasson began studying dance at the age of 10 in his native Denmark. He studied briefly at the School of American Ballet in 1960, at the invitation of Jerome Robbins and with Stanley Williams in Copenhagen. Returning to the U.S. with a recommendation from Erik Bruhn, he joined the Robert Joffrey Ballet, and later the Harkness Ballet where he danced many leading roles. Since joining the N.Y.C.B. in 1970, Mr. Tomasson has gained acclaim for his roles in *COPPELIA* and *DYBBUK VARIATIONS*. Last spring, as part of the New York City Ballet's Ravel Festival he created roles in Robbins' *INTRODUCTION AND ALLEGRO* and *CHANSONS MADECASSES*. He is married to former dancer, Marlene Rizzo and they have two young sons.



TEDDY PENDERGRASS

## M L K Concert

by K. T. Whalum

As if you didn't already know, we celebrated the birthday of the illustrious Martin Luther King, Jr. on the weekend of January 15. Many activities took place during the week and on the weekend, but the main event for entertainment took place on the night of the 15th at the fabulous Omni. What took place was a benefit concert not soon to be forgotten.

The ever popular George Duke opened the show at about 9:30 p.m. and got the crowd on its feet. Every tune was a foot-stomper, but "Watch Out Baby" was extremely well-received. He closed out his section with rambunctious and Bootsy-like "Reach for It." With Byron Miller on bass, Duke on keyboards, and three sexy ladies (including Sheila Escovito) singing background vocals, the group **dropped us off into some funk!**

The Afro-British group Heatwave came next with more toe-topping soul. "Always and Forever", "Ain't No Halfsteppin'" and "Super Soul Sister" had the audience swaying to the music. Then, without warning, the group broke into a dangerously funky version of "Boogie Nights". What else can I say except "We are here to pah-tay!"?

What came next was an unexpected surprise. During what was supposed to be intermission, we were entertained and provoked by Mr. Dick Gregory. Mr. Gregory made a positive impact on the audience with his socio-political satire:

"Ain't nothin' wrong wit ol' folks 'cept dey lie a little. They're always talkin' about de good ol' days. Well; the only good thing about the good ol' days is that they left."

"Niggus just drink coffee cuz white folks do."

Gregory went on to tell us that we are our own worst enemy, because we are just as phony and dishonest as the "man" only on a smaller scale. He urged us to begin to be honest with ourselves for Dr. King's sake.

After Dick Gregory came one of the most explosive performers in the world: Patti LaBelle. She created a remarkable rapport with the audience and even wore a male spectator's shoes all through her performance. "Isn't It a Shame", "You Are My Friend" and "Dan Swit Me" left the crowd screaming for more, which she gladly gave. Seldom does one see a singer put so much heart into her work.

By this time it was about 1:45 a.m., but the star of the show made up for the lateness of the hour. Teddy Pendergrass displayed remarkable ability and showmanship as he walked onto the stage wearing a silver sequin jacket. He sang hits like "I Don't Love You Anymore" and some good songs from an upcoming album. The appeal of his act was enhanced by the presence of four sultry and beautiful dancers who seemed to float across the stage.

Yes, it was a grand celebration! After all, that is what birthdays are for. Let's all thank the Lord for Martin Luther King, Jr.

Join  
the  
Maroon Tiger  
Staff

Meetings Every Sunday at 4:00 pm

## "FOX AT THE FOX"

by Rufus Cross, Jr.

It was Dec. 4, 1977 at the Fox Theatre, when the great concert organist Virgil Fox played the Mighty "MO". It was the most astounding experience in sound that one could imagine. As the performance began Fox did what few people have seen an organist do. He began to play the **Star Spangled Banner**, and during this piece he began to show one of the things that has made him a maverick among organists. He demonstrated his great pedal technique by playing the **Star Spangled Banner**, with his feet only. I stood there almost in shock as I looked at him.

This man really must be seen to be believed.

Virgil Fox is a performer who shows an immense amount of enthusiasm and flamboyance for being a performer of classical music. As I sat there and listened it seemed as if the theater was about to take off, because the sound of the organ was tremendous beyond words.

The entire concert lasted about three hours; during this time Fox performed the organ works of Bach, Purcell, Faure, Liszt and Widor. The concert ended with the sold out audience singing Christmas Carols accompanied by Fox.



ROBERT SHAW

## "HIGH"

An exhibition of American landscape photography from the High Museum's permanent collection will open January 21st and continue through February 26th in the New Gallery.

Organized by guest curator Louise Shaw, Assistant Curator of the Atlanta Historical Society, the show illustrates the evolution of the landscape genre from the time of the Civil War to the present. Included are 19th century topographic photographers such as Timothy O'Sullivan, William Henry Jackson, and Carleton Watkins, who recorded the West with luminous precision, as well as examples of the Photo-Secessionist movement from the early 20th century.

The Photo-Secessionist movement stemmed from Alfred Stieglitz' desire to gain acceptance of photography as an important and eloquent medium for artistic expression. Examples by Photo-Secessionists Stieglitz and John G. Bullock are included in the exhibition.

Also represented in the installation are the now classic American innovators Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and Paul Strand, as well as more recent images by a number of contemporary photographers.

## BALLET

### KIRSTEN RALOV SERVES AS GUEST CHOREOGRAPHER FOR ATLANTA BALLET

Kirsten Ralov, renowned dancer and teacher with the Royal Danish Ballet is in Atlanta to work with the Atlanta Ballet and to set a new work, a Bournonville pas de deux for Maniya Barredo and Andrew Kuharsky.

Miss Ralov joined the Royal Danish Ballet as a child and received her education there with additional study in London and Paris. She was a principal dancer with the Royal Danish Ballet from 1942 to 1962, and toured throughout the world with the company. She has choreographed two ballets and staged several Bournonville ballets for her company and for other com-

panies in Canada, Germany, and New Zealand. Since retiring in 1962, she has been a teacher and ballet mistress with the Royal Danish Ballet. She was made a Knight of Order of Dannebrog by command of King Frederick IX in 1953 for outstanding contribution to Danish dance.

A Bournonville pas, after the famous Danish dancer Auguste Bournonville, is distinguished by a fast, "petite allegro" tempo and is a characteristic dance of the Danish ballet.

The pas will be performed later in the season at a date to be announced.

## "ATLANTA SYMPHONY"

Details of the 24-concert subscription season for 1978-79 have recently been mailed to current symphony subscribers, and on March 3, 1978, non-subscribers may purchase season tickets for this exciting new schedule.

Highlights of this season are many, as Robert Shaw begins his 12th year here by conducting the Orchestra's '78-79 premiere performance on September 14, 15 & 16. This series will be followed on Sept. 21, 22 & 23, by the appearance of a brilliant young pianist, Peter Serkin.

The ASO Chorus makes its debut of the season for the

Sept. 28, 29, 30 & Oct. 1, series performing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Vocal soloists and choral ensembles are to be featured in a variety of music this season. The second choral subscription series will feature Arthur Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc*, narrated by Vera Zorina on Nov. 16, 17, 18 & 19. And surely one of the great events of the season will be the January 18, 19:20 all-Wagner series.

Pinchas Zukerman, Itzhak Perlman, Leonid Kogan and Franco Gulli are several of the outstanding violinists performing with us next year. And such international

renowned pianists as James Tocco, Juliana Markova, Martha Argerich, John Browning, Andre Watts, Emanuel Ax and Edward Auer will make appearances in Symphony Hall.

To complete this "season of winners" add horn soloist Barry Tuckwell, guitarist Carlos Barbosa-Lima, violinist Donald McInnes, singers Jerome Hines, bass, Maureen Forrester, contralto, Seth McCoy, tenor and the Swingle Singers.

Subscribers for the 1977-78 season will have the first priority to renew the same seats they currently hold, change location or day, or increase the number of seats needed for next season.

For further information, contact Ms. Dee-Dee Walters, director of season tickets at 892-3600, ext. 253.

## MORE BALLET

STARS OF THE AMERICAN BALLET will be presented at 7:30 pm on Feb. 11 and 3:00 pm on the 12th. Tickets are \$7.75, 5.75 and 3.75, children half-price, and are available at all S.E.A.T.S. locations including all Rich's and Sears stores, Peaches' Records and Tapes and the Fox Box Office. For reservations, call the Fox at 881-1977. There will be a

special school matinee on the 10th at 10:30 am, when "Stars" will present "Peter and the Wolf." Tickets are \$2.25 per child, with one complimentary ticket for teacher or chaperone per 15 children. Arrangements can be made for this special matinee by calling 873-5811.

# Poetry Page

BY  
LARRY WALKER  
A Black Poet

MAY 15, 1972

this may be a day in Black History that will long be remembered; not because it's a monday, but because this is the day one Black poet declares himself FREE.  
yes, this is the day of freedom; freedom for one Black Poet man from the tremendous amount of pressure of white folk wanting to run his life. freedom that will gain him respect, freedom that will save him face with his own Beautiful People.  
this is the day he will also learn more about other people. Why people react to certain situation; because he will place himself within that same situation then step back and take a look/a long, hard, close look at himself and others.  
That, my friend is the beginning of one Black man's freedom. Maybe/ just maybe, this man will also find the answers to some of his other questions!

---

We live in a time when the world needs plenty of help,  
Our lives are filled with sorrow, and people  
Only care for self.  
Everyone has the answer to what we all should do,  
People would rather take over your life and run things  
For you.

What's the use of having words like  
LOVE, PEACE, and HAPPINESS?  
Love don't love nobody! we know  
Peace won't never be peaceful! and  
Happiness sure don't make you happy! so  
What's the use? what's the use?

We live and we know that war never solved any problems,  
Why fight amongst ourselves for what isn't true.  
Everyone has the answer to what we all should do,  
People would rather take over your life and run things  
for you.

I ask you once again, and try to tell me true,  
What's the use? what's the use?

---

## Who Knows the Day

Who knows the day but the night that follows?  
The night has a thousand eyes/who knows?  
The day is seen by only one, one cold righteous eye that belongs  
To/who knows?  
You see them staring you in the face, they see you.  
Who is that? Who knows?  
Who really cares in the day/who knows?  
What questions can be answered in the day/who knows/  
Who knows, who knows?  
Only the night that follows really knows the day!

By Larry Walker

by Brenda Cleveland  
Feeling Good

To last  
forever  
this  
great, gentle  
feeling  
If words  
could  
only  
express  
this  
powerful  
force,

Yes, I feel  
so  
incredibly  
good!  
I could  
conquer  
the world  
with this  
new  
strength.  
If'd I'd had  
it before,  
I'd freed Malcom

Martin  
Stockley  
I'd showed  
Angela  
Garvey  
and  
Kunte Kinte  
the light.  
I'd showed  
you  
I'd showed  
myself

I'd told the  
Universe  
where it  
was  
at.  
Yes, Feeling Good!  
So  
Doggone good!

Reflections of a Senior

Submitted by Gerald S. Green  
Class of '78

As my time at the "House"  
Increasingly draws near,  
I reflect, and look back upon  
Just what has been done here.

We hated to sit in assembly,  
To listen to speakers and what have you,  
But, now, I can look back  
And I can see some of the value.

Slowly, but surely, we have become  
What are truly Morehouse men;  
Who will always strive for the ideal;  
It will come, but we know not when.

Morehouse has done a lot for us,  
Although we may not know it.  
But, we don't have to shout it  
Our very characters will show it.

The food, the housing, the various oddities  
With which we had to cope;  
Sometimes things looked so dark and dim,  
We almost lost all hope.

But, if you can enter and emerge  
From that imaginary Morehouse "gate"  
You may not attain fortune or fame,  
But yet you will be great.

After many years have passed,  
And we are in our older days;  
In our hearts, we'll continue to shout  
Morehouse, Morehouse, always!

by Ike Mullins  
Contemplation

Yes, I question your integrity,  
And yes I believe you can be true;  
to nothing more than you egotistical  
attitude of life,  
feeling that you are the finest of  
all the other ladies I've observed  
in my lifetime.  
So, now that I'm aware of your trivial  
and petty games, tell me:  
Have you ever contemplated fulfilling  
someone else's desires other than  
your own?  
Have you ever contemplated a man  
Being happy and satisfied because  
you made him that way?  
Wait, Miss Entity of Radiance,  
don't run away from the facts of life,  
for as you run and as your mouth forms  
other lies that men will hear,  
they'll get the disappointments in the end,  
not you, because your emotions are  
numb when it comes down to others'  
reactions,  
You are only aware of your  
materialistic values,  
whether it will be the man with  
the ride, or the brother with subway  
ticket,  
Whether it will be the man with  
the Pierre Cardin attire, or the man  
with the eleven dollar J.C. Penney's  
blue jeans,  
Ah yes, I'm aware of your game,  
so tell me, I'd really like to know,  
have you ever contemplated . . .

# Now recycling really pays.

Now you can get 17 cents a pound for used aluminum cans. Plus 40 cents a vertical foot for stacked daily newspapers.

Just take them to either convenient location listed below. And remember this.

Recycling aluminum cans turns them into energy savers, too. Because recycling saves 95 percent of the energy it takes to make molten metal from ore.

All the way around, recycling really pays.



**17¢  
a pound.**

For used aluminum cans.

**40¢  
a foot.**

For stacked daily newspapers.

## At two new locations.

Can Pak Inc., 4281 Best Road, College Park or 718 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta.

Tuesday through Saturday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.



Alcoa in cooperation with aluminum can recycling centers coast to coast.