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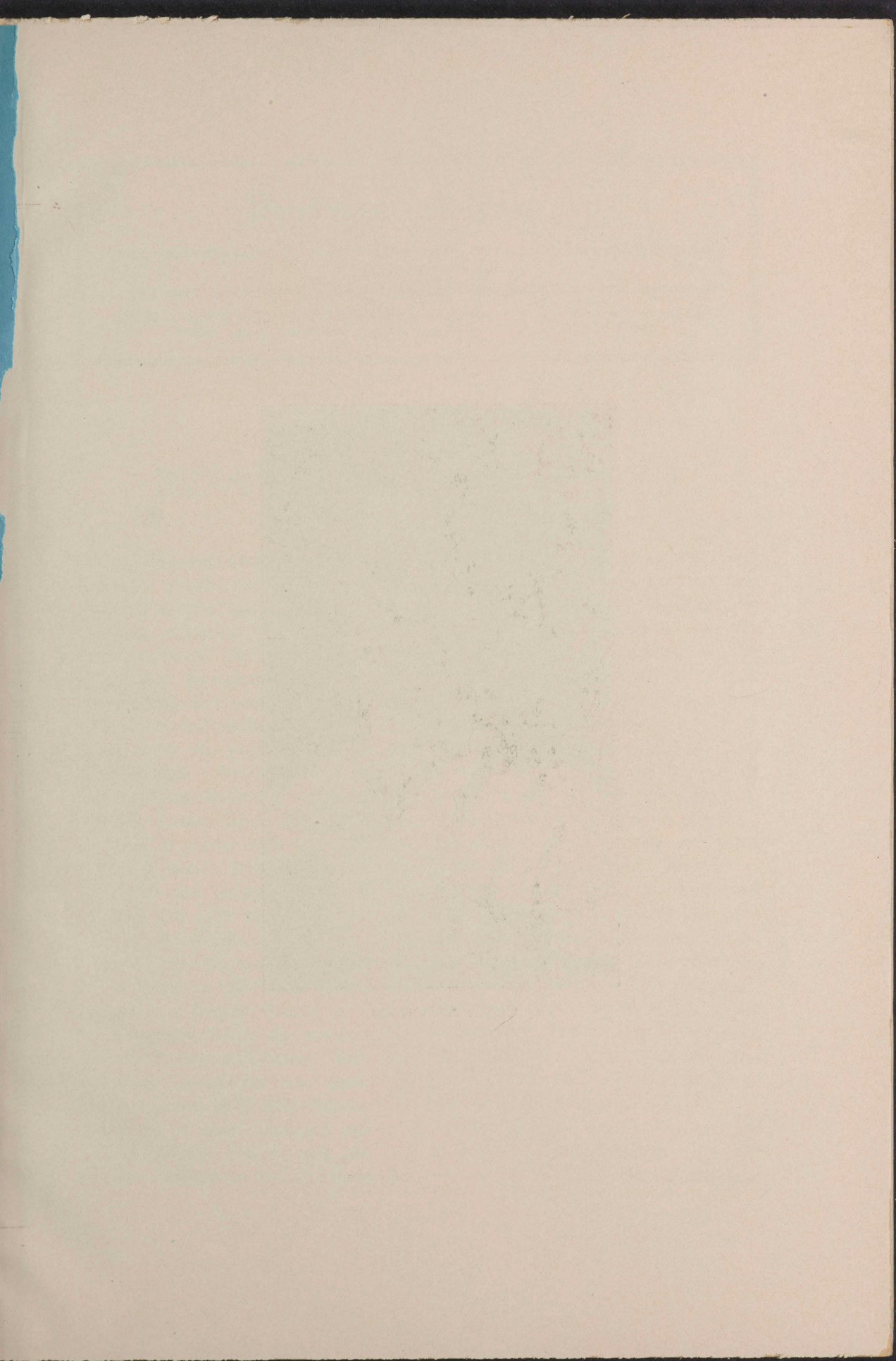
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CLARA A. HOWARD

Spelman Messenger

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Miss Clara A. Howard

Miss Clara A. Howard (H. S. 1887) completed in June, 1928, twenty-nine years of service as Matron of the Student Boarding Department at Spelman, and is now spending a much-needed vacation at her home, 1014 Ashby Grove, Atlanta.

Probably the most widely known Spelman alumna is Miss Clara A. Howard of the class of 1887. She has been connected with Spelman almost her whole life, as student, faculty member, President of the Alumnae Association, and unofficial consultant to students and teachers generally. She spent about six years on the foreign mission field. An incident in her career in Africa illustrates a characteristic attitude toward her. One day when she was in charge of a large mission school a native brought his boy to her with the remark, "I want this child to live with you so that he can learn plenty of sense, quick."

Miss Howard's association with the school began in 1881 while it was still the Atlanta Baptist Female Seminary with headquarters in the basement of Friendship Baptist Church. When the Boarding Department was opened in the barracks in 1883 Miss Howard became one of four "assistant pupils." The principals had to rely on the stronger students to lead and direct the

younger or weaker girls, for there were as many as 646 students and only 24 teachers. An "assistant pupil" was appointed leader of each group and was held responsible for their work, their home life, and their habits of study. At one time a new girl was assigned to a room for which Miss Howard was responsible. The new girl was untidy and in spite of preaching and example, two different mornings the room was on the black list and its residents were sent from Chapel to put it in order. Miss Howard and her other roommates escorted their delinquent protege to the creek which ran through the campus and which was sheltered from view by high banks. What lectures and pleadings had not done for the young housekeeper, a forced dip in the creek accomplished. Miss Packard had called for results and wisely asked no questions about method.

Miss Howard received a certificate in 1885 in the "preparatory normal" course, and in 1887 was valedictorian

of the first class to graduate from Spelman Seminary. Her vacations had been spent teaching in rural communities, with such marked success that a position in an Atlanta school was offered her immediately after graduation. She continued to board at Spelman, however, and was a helpful influence in the dormitory life. Religious activities interested her particularly, and she became increasingly eager to become a missionary. After Nora Gordon (1888) sailed for Africa in 1889, Miss Howard was not entirely happy until she, too, received appointment under the Foreign Mission Board. In 1890 she left for Lukungu on the Congo, Central Africa, to take charge of a mission school of about a hundred children.

She was enthusiastic about her work, and the originality and humor for which her teaching here had been noted developed still further under the stimulus of the hardships there. Always there was difficulty in teaching African children cleanliness and order. On Miss Howard's first Christmas at the school, she persuaded the missionaries to give a party for the children, to whom it was made clear that anyone who associated with the "Mundeli" (missionaries) must be scrubbed clean. In a letter home Miss Howard wrote:

"We set the table in our dining-room the same as for our friends, white table cloth, glasses, silver-plated knives and forks, everything that was needed for our own use, and sent for the children. Oh, if you could have seen their faces as they spied the table! It doubly paid for all the trouble. We

were their waiters, and how they did take us off! For instance, I forgot to give one of the boys a glass of water (he is our table boy) so he did his part well. He sat up and motioned to me; I went to his side, and he pointed to the place where the glass should have been, and said, 'No water.' Then he said, 'Like you.' " It was doubtless the most satisfactory lesson the children had, and the high degree of success in mimicry delighted the teachers and encouraged them in believing that their pupils were really almost too apt.

In 1891 Nora Gordon was transferred to Lukungu and then the work progressed with even greater enthusiasm. One of her letters gives us an idea of the variety of Miss Howard's duties at that time. "Miss Howard is in charge of one of the best primary schools in Congo. She has about 100 pupils and has succeeded in grading the school somewhat on the order of our public schools in this country. Aside from this, she has sole care of thirty little boys whose ages range from three to thirteen. Many of them are orphans; some are despised little waifs who have come with their hair, eyebrows, hands, and feet filled with vermin, and their bodies plastered with filth; while there are others who have been beaten and driven from their towns for stealing. Every little scrap of humanity at Lukungu feels that he has in Miss Howard a true friend and mother. When the boys come to her, they are first taken to the river near-by, are thoroughly scrubbed and their heads shaved, and then they are dressed in little short-sleeved shirts

and loin cloths, and are installed as members of her household. In the morning she looks after their baths and clean suits, gives them food, takes them to the chapel for service, has them in the primary schools; in the afternoon she sends them out to do gardening, and at night gathers them about her and tells them the story of Jesus and His love. It is impossible to describe the wonderful transformation which has taken place in these little lives during the past two years."

Miss Howard served five years in Africa, a period of constant fight against malaria. During part of that time the natives were in insurrection against the government and no foreigners were safe. It was impossible then to get food and supplies from the coast, and many died from hunger. Smallpox broke out, and the frantic struggle against the disease was made even more difficult by the superstitions of the natives who insisted on practicing the charms of witch doctors whenever the missionaries' vigil was lifted for an instant. Finally Miss Howard's health became so much impaired that she had to rest, and she returned to Spelman in May, 1895, bringing with her a little native girl whom she had rescued from the "bush."

She gained strength slowly, but it was a long time before she would accept the decision of the doctors that she must not go back to Africa. Emma DeLany, another Spelman missionary, brought from Africa a boy who had run away from home and followed her through the jungle to the boat, determined to come to America for

an education. On the frequent visits which Miss DeLany made at Spelman, the boy Daniel and Miss Howard's protegee Flora discussed their homes and the opportunities which African children lacked. They decided that they would return to Africa and continue the work which their benefactors had been forced to give up. In 1919 after Daniel Malekebu graduated from Meharry Medical College, he and Flora were married at Spelman, and left for service in Africa. Feeling that she now had a substitute on the mission field, Miss Howard became more reconciled to working here, and even went so far as to admit that there was a big field for service in America.

The matron of the Student Boarding Department comes in contact with every student, and in that position Miss Howard took the same interest in Spelman girls that she felt for her boys at Lukungu. With the utmost patience she worked with them, encouraging each one to make the most of her own possibilities. Each year many of the students earn part or all of their expenses, and a majority of them work some time in the boarding department. Miss Howard made her department a veritable training school. She had a definite plan of procedure and encouraged the girls to take increasing responsibility, developing in them pride in jobs well done. Always a great reader, Miss Howard kept herself well posted on conditions and events in districts where her student-friends lived in order that she might advise them intelligently. In recent years many of the students have been daughters of earlier graduates and it

became an ordinary occurrence on opening day for parents to slip over to the dining room to say, "You'll watch out for my child; won't you, Miss Howard? And please make her do things well, the way you did us; those lessons in your kitchen have been such a help to me!"

While she was at Spelman, one could usually find Miss Howard at Morgan Hall at any hour, and few days passed that some students and faculty members did not "drop in" to

talk over with her problems which grew lighter or were laughed away under her comforting, humorous comments. With the exception of her five-year term of service in Africa, she has come into close contact with almost every student who has attended Spelman since 1881. There is no standard of values with which to measure human influence, but one cannot help wondering how far the ripples spread in the life about this magnificent, retiring woman!

The Message of the Spirituals

BY HOWARD B. THURMAN

(In the morning chapel service the week of October 15-19, 1928, Reverend Howard Thurman discussed in outline the religious message of five of the Negro spirituals. At the request of the editor, Mr. Thurman has prepared an abstract of each of these illuminating talks.—The Editor.)

For today and at the chapel hour each morning this week it is my plan to discuss, in outline, the religious message of five Negro "Spirituals." We think of the "Spirituals" as creative music. But the religious message which they brought to the people who first sang them is either forgotten or lost in the beauty of the melodies for which they are distinguished. It is our purpose during these mornings together to attempt a rediscovery of the religious message.

For today let us consider: Jacob's Ladder:

We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
So'dier ob de cross.
Ebery roun' goes higher an' higher,
Ebery roun' goes higher an' higher,
Ebery roun' goes higher an' higher,
So'dier ob de cross.

We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
We are climbin' Jacob's ladder,
So'dier ob de cross.

This "spiritual" has its background in the Genesis story of the dream of Jacob. Jacob has cheated his brother of his father's blessing and has swindled him of his birth-right. As revenge, Esau is seeking his life. The harvest time for Jacob has come. In order that he may be saved from his brother's wrath, Jacob's mother spirits him away and gives to her husband a spurious reason for their son's disappearance.

After travelling a day's journey, Jacob lies down to sleep, using a stone as a pillow. As he sleeps, he dreams. In his dream he sees a ladder stretching from "earth to heaven" and on

this ladder angels are ascending and descending. When he awakes he is convinced that despite his sin and his own straitened circumstances, God is there and He cares.

It is impossible for us to know the particular situation which gave rise to this "spiritual." But there are three things about this experience of Jacob's which would make a tremendous appeal to the slaves and which would bring to them strength and assurance.

First: Jacob's future was most uncertain. He was going to a strange land, a land crowded with many experiences, new and hazardous. The future of the slaves was equally uncertain and hazardous. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow was fearful to contemplate. Yes, the future for them was most perilous and uncertain.

Second: Jacob could not turn back. Because of dishonorable deeds the bridges behind him were burned. Future uncertain, past impossible! The singers of this song could not turn back, although for an entirely different set of reasons. An immediate past crowded with tragedy, tragedy, tragedy, the thought of which would fill the soul with horror. Yes, for them the past was impossible!

Third: Jacob's present circumstances were crushing and depressing. Apparently there was not a redemptive element in the present situation. How true was this of the slaves! Driven and herded together like cattle, felled in their own blood if they resisted, these panic stricken souls found their pres-

ent cruel and demoralizing. A future uncertain, an immediate past unspeakably bad, a present crowded with bitterness and misfortune,—where is there hope?

The experience of Jacob becomes at once suggestive,—the ladder. The ladder! Hence the message of the song is: There are no situations which are so depressing, so devoid of hope, that the human spirit cannot throw itself into a realm in which these conditions do not exist, and live in that realm despite all the hell about them. And so they sang about a ladder reaching from the earth—a place of torture to them—to the sky—a place that represented release.

There is danger in this type of dreaming. It is a way of escape from present realities,—a defense mechanism, the symbol of cowardice and fear. Dangerous as it may be, there are times when it is the only thing that saves people from suicide. It is always the door of last resort which no one can shut,—it is the picture that Tennyson gives us of the man who wanders in the darkness trying to find a way out of his agonizing situation. He reaches his hand out into the darkness, but instead of getting a live faith, he gets a handful of straw. Exhausted he falls, and finds himself at the foot of a stairway that leads from darkness into light.

Hence I call this a "spiritual" of great faith and optimism. Through it the slave says: "I am enslaved, I am beaten and brutalized by power-maddened men, but I shall see to it that my experiences and my environ-

ment do not crush me. I'll send my spirit clear through it all and live in a realm where the air is pure." Even as Jacob, "We are climbin' Jacob's ladder; every roun' goes higher and higher."

"I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh
hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in
the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness
of God.—"

OCTOBER 16

MY SOUL IS A WITNESS

My soul is a witness for my Lord,
My soul is a witness for my Lord,
My soul is a witness for my Lord,
My soul is a witness for my Lord.
You read in de Bible an' you understan',
Methuselah was de oldes' man,
He lived nine hundred and sixty-nine,
He died an' went to heaven, Lord, in due
time.

O, Methuselah was a witness for my Lord,
O, Methuselah was a witness for my Lord,
O, Methuselah was a witness for my Lord,
O, Methuselah was a witness for my Lord.

Now Daniel was a Hebrew chile,
He went to pray to his God awhile,
De King at once for Daniel did sen'
An' he put him right down in de Lion's den;
God sent His angels de lions for to keep,
An Daniel laid down an' went to sleep.
Now Daniel was a witness for my Lord.
Now Daniel was a witness for my Lord.

O, who'll be a witness for my Lord,
O, who'll be a witness for my Lord,
O, who'll be a witness for my Lord,
O, who'll be a witness for my Lord!

It is amazing to me how in the past the creators of these songs felt so keenly their kinship with the people who are commonly called the Hebrew children. And yet it is not amazing! The Hebrew children were in bond-

age at various periods in their history. Their records, which have become ours, are filled with sorrow and suffering, most of which was either punitive or redemptive. The slaves very early seized upon these records as symbolic of their own experiences. Even today some of their posterity seem to see in the teachings of Jesus much that is suggestive of the present relationship which they hold with a dominant white majority group.

The "spiritual" which we are considering this morning had its roots in the past experiences of the Jewish people as well as in the immediate experiences of the slaves themselves. It is the great missionary "spiritual." Every time we sing it, let us remember that we are confirming our faith once again in the genius of the missionary enterprise and the missionary spirit in life. It seems to sum up the whole philosophy of missions.

A witness is one who testifies to what he has seen and known. The more personal and thorough-going the knowledge, the more significance may be attached to the quality of the testimony. The "spiritual" begins with a personal testimony: "My soul is a witness for my Lord." "I know for myself that God is and that I am a sharer of His great spirit," it seems to say.

Then in the stanzas the appeal is much wider. The experience which the singers found for themselves is not an exclusive affair. They belong to a good company—there is Methuselah, Samson, and Daniel. The experience which these great Bible men had,

found fulfillment in their experience. The slave affirms his spiritual solidarity with the great religious figures of the Jewish religion.

On the basis, therefore, of what this experience meant to the slave himself and to the great figures in the past, a blanket challenge is thrown out to the rest of the world:

O, who'll be a witness for my Lord?
Who'll be a witness for my Lord?

No doubt the slave felt that an experience universal enough to include him and the great lights of Biblical history must have in it that which would satisfy all. "If you want to come to yourself, become a witness for my Lord."

What these slaves found true for their religion is true for the entire missionary enterprise. Let me suggest it in outline:

1. People cannot share what they do not have. If I am to share God's spirit with men, I must be a possessor of that Spirit. This is a basic fact to any thought of missions.

2. The roots of thought which I have to share are deep within the life of the race. The past claims me; I claim the past!

3. That which I share and which has been shared so fully in the past, no one can afford to ignore.

If the missionary enterprise in America were true to the genius of this "spiritual" there would be a different situation obtaining in many of the great mission fields of the earth, including America.

"O who'll be a witness for my Lord?"

OCTOBER 17

HEAB'N, HEAB'N!

I got a robe, you got a robe,
All o' God's chillun got a robe;
When I get to Heab'n I'm goin' to put on my
robe,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

Heab'n, Heab'n,
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n ain'tt goin'
dere,
Heab'n, Heab'n,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got a wings, you got a wings
All o' God's chillun got a wings;
When I get to Heab'n I'm goin' to put on my
wings,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got a shoes, you got a shoes,
All o' God's chillun got a shoes;
When I get to Heab'n I'm goin' to put on my
shoes,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

I got a crown, you got a crown,
All o' God's chillun got a crown;
When I get to Heab'n I'm goin' to put on
my crown,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

Heab'n, Heab'n,
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n aint goin'
dere,
Heab'n, Heab'n,
I'm goin' to shout all ovah God's Heab'n.

Perhaps no "Spiritual" has been used by minstrels and fun makers more than this one. Its basic message is one leveled against hypocrisy. Many times has my grandmother told me about the old "slave row" in the master's church. It may have been the gallery or the last two rows in the rear of the church.

"Heab'n, Heab'n,
Everybody talkin' 'bout Heab'n aint goin'
dere."

The genesis of this song must have been somewhat as follows: On Sun-

day the slave had heard his master's minister talk about heaven as the reward for goodness on earth. It puzzled him greatly.

"It can't be that both of us are going to the same place. There must be two heavens. No,—for there is only one God! I know! I know! This is it,—I am having my hell now; when I die I am going to have my heaven. He is having his heaven now; when he dies, he will have his hell."

So the next day, as he worked in the field with his mate, he said, "I got a shoes, you got a shoes, all o' God's chillun (pointing to the rest of the slaves) got a shoes. When we get to heab'n we're goin' to put on our shoes an' shout all ovah (no slave row, no discrimination) God's Heab'n. But ev'rybody talkin' 'bout heab'n (pointing up to the big house where the master lives) aint goin' dere."

This suggests two things to me. The first is that to these simple people the great gulf between the confession of faith and the quality of life of the master was most apparent. With remarkable insight he saw that the test of the religion of Jesus, in the last analysis, is to be made in the intimate, primary, face to face relationships of people who live together day in and day out. It was true then and it is true now. If the religion of Jesus cannot purify human relations, if it cannot teach men reverence for life and personality, then one of two attitudes is forced upon us: Men have misunderstood its genius and upon embracing it discover that it is impotent, or they have deluded them-

selves into believing that they have embraced it when they have not.

The second thing which is suggested is this: People who live under social pressure as in a master-slave society and its posterity find it almost impossible to be honest with each other. To my mind one of the most vicious results of human slavery is found in the fact that it robs people of the ability to be straightforward, honest, courageous. This is true alike of master and slave. It is very hard for a Negro man and a white man, especially in this section, to look each other in the face and tell the truth. It has made masters and the sons of masters; slaves, and the sons of slaves, monumental hypocrites.

One afternoon I was standing on a street corner waiting for a car. It was in Jacksonville, Florida. There were two Negro men standing about five feet away from me talking. Presently, a tall, well-developed white man, wearing a wide Texas hat, came up. As soon as one of the men saw him, the conversation stopped. One of them greeted him and then this followed:

"Hello there, Jim, you old——; where have you been so long? We've been needing you up at the mill every day. When you coming up?"

"I've been a little puny. Be up there Monday."

The white man walked in the drug store. The Negro to whom he had been talking said to his companion, "Did you hear what that old —— called me? He needn't think he can call me a —— without paying for it." Then he walked into the drug

store. I do not know what he told the white man, but whatever it was, it was a lie. He came out with a five dollar bill and with a broad smile he said, "I told you that ——— would have to pay for it." Monumental hypocrites, both of them!

Yes; this "spiritual" suggests that the master bows his knees to what his life denies, that the slave gives homage to one whom he despises and fundamentally regards as immoral. The master-slave ethic brought a moral famine in the land. Sometimes I think that it has made their heirs constitutionally weak.

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure for there are those who care;
I would be strong for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all, the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

OCTOBER 18

DE BLIN' MAN

O de blin' man stood on de way an' cried,
O de blin' man stood on de way an' cried,
Cryin' O, Lawdy, save me, O Lawdy,
De blin' man stood on de way an' cried.

Cryin' dat he might receive his sight,
Cryin' dat he might receive his sight,
Cryin' O, Lawdy, save me, O Lawdy,
De blin' man stood on de way an' cried.

Cryin' Lawd, have mercy on my soul,
Cryin' Lawd, have mercy on my soul,
Cryin' O, Lawdy, save me, O Lawdy,
De blin' man stood on de way an' cried.

This "spiritual" has to do with one of the most common problems of human life, a problem which always baffles, a problem for which men find it

very difficult to discover a solution which is satisfying. It has to do with the problem of human suffering.

We don't know why human suffering comes into our lives. There are almost as many answers to the query as there are human sufferers. We do not know! I can understand, however, why the story of the blind man would make such a tremendous appeal to the people who created this song. A man who had been blind for a long time, whether from birth we do not know, heard that Jesus was passing. We recall the story of Blind Bartimaeus, I am sure. When Jesus appeared in the synagogue at home he read the great passage from Isaiah:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to open the eyes of the blind." Bartimaeus heard that such a man was passing by and out of the depths of years of longing and suffering, he cried to Jesus for mercy. And who knows more about what mercy means than a blind man? As the story goes, Jesus stopped as soon as He heard the cry and urged that the blind man be brought to him. When Jesus and the blind man met there was silence.

Then, "What dost thou wish that I do unto thee?" asked Jesus.

"My-m-y sight," quivered Bartimaeus. What a great day in the life of a sufferer! When he received his sight, Jesus bade him go home, but the record says that "he became one of the followers of Jesus."

The great difference between this

"spiritual" and the Gospel story is perhaps the fundamental difference between peace that people can understand and the peace that passeth understanding. In the story Bartimaeus cries for his sight and receives it. The "Spiritual" begins with the blind man's crying and it ends the same way. This was true to the facts, because the people who created this song had been crying for a long time but their cry had not been answered. Thus they could not understand the joy of the answer! But they could understand his crying! That is the difference between the peace that we can understand and the peace that passeth understanding. If I am sick and find the strength coming back to me, I can understand that peace. If I am hungry and find food, I can understand that peace. If I am lonely and find a friend to comfort and to bless, I can understand that peace. But the peace that passeth understanding is the peace that comes when the pain is not relieved. It is the peace that comes shivering on the crest of a wave of pain. It is the spear of frustration transformed into a shaft of light. I cannot understand it, but I know what it is!

Why is human suffering? I do not know. One thing I do know; I have learned it from life and the tragic story reflected in these songs. There is something in the human spirit—to me, it is God—which makes it possible for the most tragic experience to be transformed into that which is sacred and beautiful and blessed.

Do you recall the story, "The Sky Pilot?" Gwendolyn had a severe ac-

cident. When the sky pilot came to see Gwendolyn, she asked him, "Did God let me fall? Just because I am a poor little girl and He is a great big man, He took advantage of me, I—I hate him!"

"Gwendolyn, did the doctor hurt you when he put you in the caste?"

"You silly man, you know it hurt."

"Do you mean to tell me that your daddy let the doctor hurt you?"

"Don't you see that the doctor had to hurt me in order to help me?"

"I want to tell you a story. One day the Master of the Prairie came seeking flowers from the prairie. Not being able to find any he sent the wind to scatter flower seeds everywhere. But when he returned sometime later there were no flowers because the birds and the heat had destroyed them. The prairie was greatly disturbed. Then the Master sent the lightning and the thunder to tear a great chasm through the heart of the prairie. Day and night the prairie groaned in agony. After a while the river that had been running around the edge of the prairie began pouring itself thru the great open sore, carrying with it rich sediment and soil. This time when the seeds were planted, they grew. Down along the banks of the river flowers began blooming, beautiful columbine and clematis, and the open sore of the prairie became the Master's favorite resting place."

"De blin' man stood on the way and cried." What these slaves learned and what all others must learn is that God,—God is the answer to human

suffering, and when He comes, sometimes the pain is relieved but very often it is not!

"The gray hills taught me patience,
The waters taught me prayer;
The flight of birds unfolded
The marvel of thy care.

The calm skies made me quiet,
The high stars made me still;
The bolts of thunder taught me
The lightning of thy will!

Thy soul is on the tempest,
Thy courage rides the air!
Through heaven or hell I'll follow;
I must—and so I dare!"

"Lawd, have mercy on my soul
That I might receive me sight."

OCTOBER 19

DEEP RIVER

Deep River
My home is over Jordan,
Deep river,
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground,
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground,
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that Gospel
Feast,
That promised Land where all is peace?
Deep river,
My home is over Jordan,
Deep river.
I've known rivers;

"I've known rivers ancient as the world and
older than the flow of blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were
young,
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me
to sleep,
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyra-
mids above it,
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when
Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans,
And I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden
in the sunset.
I've known rivers;
Ancient, dusky rivers,
My soul has grown deep like the rivers."

This is perhaps the most philosoph-
ical of all the "Spirituals" that have
come down to us. It has to do with
life and with a particular philosophy
of life. Viewed from one angle it
may be considered a song of Pilgrims.

Life, a deep river! The analogy
seems to be perfect. A river is always
moving, always changing, always be-
coming, always fluid. Long ago
Heroditus observed that a man could
not bathe twice in the same stream.
Life is always moving, always chang-
ing, always in process. I can never get
to the place that I can say, "This is
it, this is life." The present is al-
ways becoming the past and the fu-
ture the present. What I call the
present is simply the point at which
the past and the future meet—always
moving, always temporary, always in
transition. Therefore, whatever my
present situation may be, I can afford
to be quiet, calm, self-possessed, be-
cause Eternity is on my side! "Yet
all experience is an arch where there
gleams that untravelled world, whose
margin fades forever and forever when
I move."

Yes, life is like a deep river!

In the second place the analogy
seems to be perfect because life is ex-
acting and revealing. It is the great
Judge of all experience. When Jesus
wished to picture the climax of human
history he thought of it as a time
when the inner significance of the
deeds of men's lives would be revealed
to them. In other words, their his-
tory is their judgment. If I want to
know the judgment of the Mississippi
River, let me examine a shovelful of
the sand where the river dips into the

gulf. In that sand is revealed the story of every tributary that has become a part of the Mississippi River in its long passionate drive for the gulf. The judgment which I pass upon the river is simply its history. The judgment of my life is simply the history of my life. Nothing is lost. Everything counts. Everything registers. Life is exacting. Life is revealing. Yes; life is like a deep river.

In the third place the analogy seems to be perfect because life has a goal. There is an end to all of its striving. The river has a goal. All the life of the river points to the sea. Many things may be put in its pathway; there may be an abundance of obstructions and hindrances; it may be shifted many miles from its course, but nothing can permanently keep the river from its goal, the sea. At last the river must come home to the sea. In a very profound sense life is a grand pilgrimage.

We are all of us pilgrims, and the goal of all of life is God! It is small wonder that Augustine said so long ago, "Thou hast made us for thyself and our souls are restless till they find their rest in thee."

I've known rivers;

I've known rivers ancient as the world and
older than the flow of blood in human
veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were
young,

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled
me to sleep,

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyra-
mids above it,

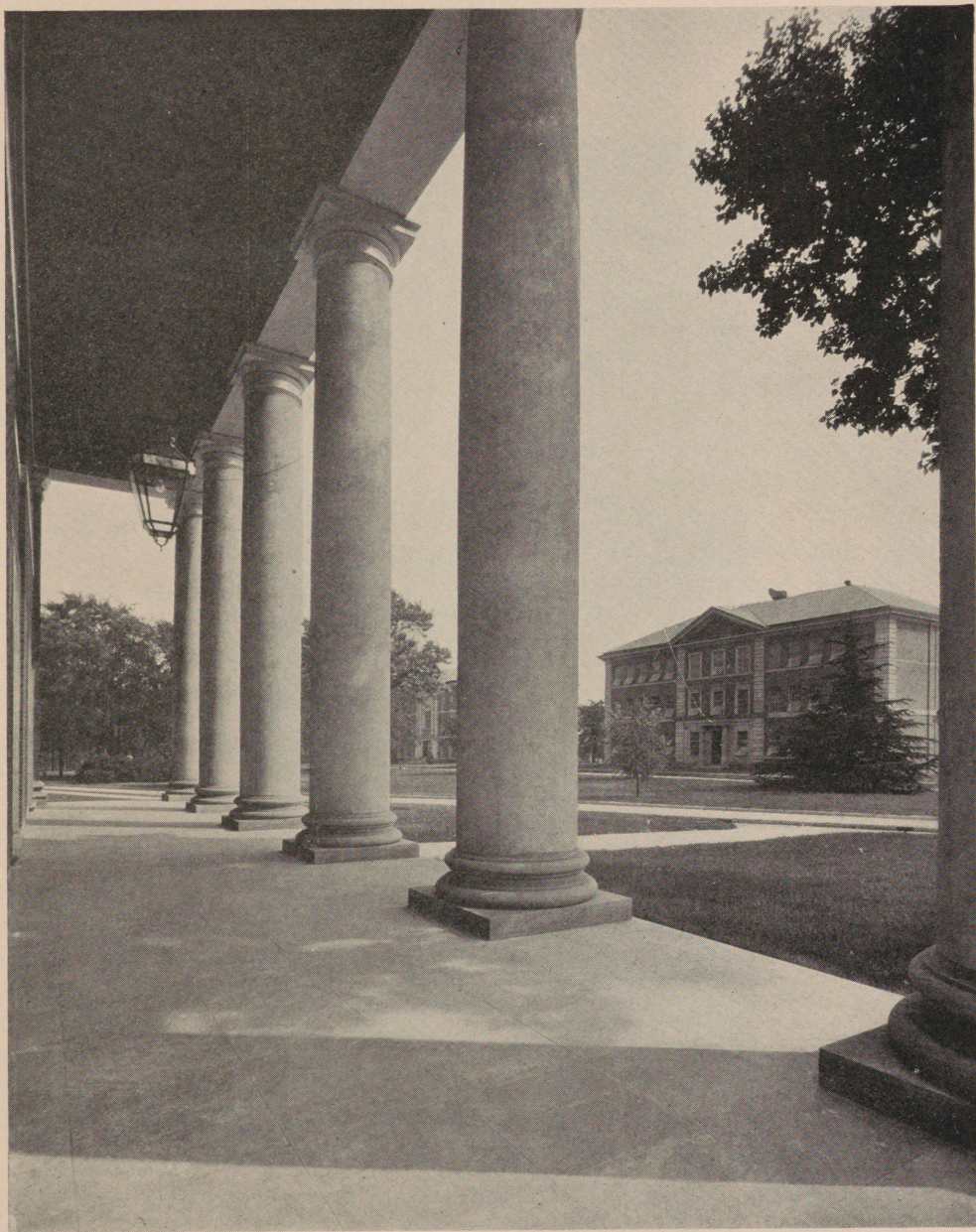
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when
Abe Lincoln went down to New Or-
leans.

And I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden
in the sunset.

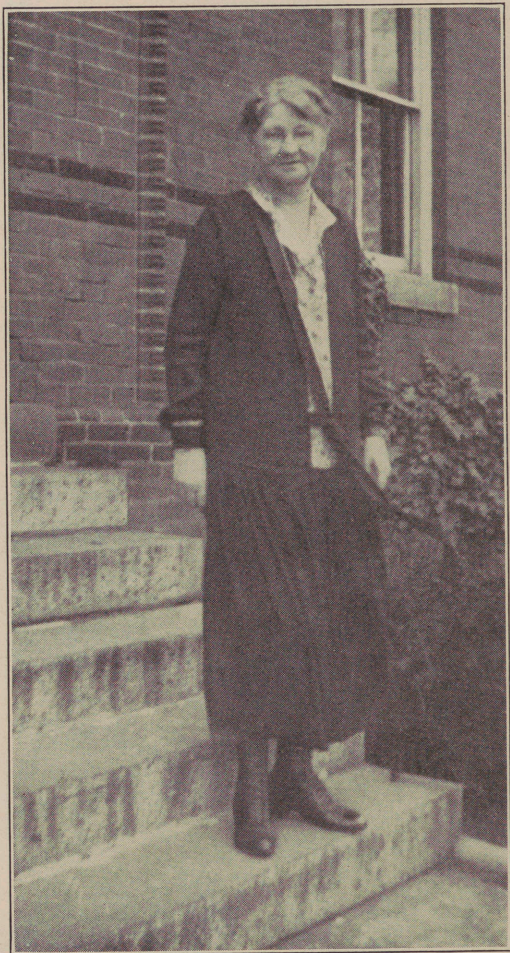
I've known rivers;

Ancient, dusky rivers,

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.



CHAPEL PORTICO



MAY C. HAMILTON

Miss Hamilton

By MINNIE B. TIMSON

Miss May C. Hamilton, who has been on the faculty at Spelman since 1910, has gone this year to Nashville, Tennessee, where she is associated with the work of the Fireside Schools.

A very familiar face was missing as we returned to our campus this fall. Instead of finding her way to Spelman as had been her custom for many years, our dear Miss Hamilton wandered to Nashville, Tennessee, where she is in close touch with the far-reaching work of the Fireside Schools.

Miss Hamilton came to Spelman Seminary in 1910 as Superintendent of the Missionary Training Department and took up the work of preparing women to become laborers in the home mission fields. At the end of two years, when this department was discontinued, Miss Hamilton had so won her way into the hearts of both students and teachers that she was transferred to the academic department, holding the position of Bible teacher for the grades and junior high school. Here she came in touch with the children of all ages. She knew each one personally and each one found in her a real friend, one to whom she could go with any kind of problem or perplexity.

In 1916, Miss Hamilton became Superintendent of the Sunday School, a position which she held until last June. Her work was not only on the campus, but reached out to Shiloh Baptist Church across the street, where she had a class of boys each Sunday;

to the homes of the women of the neighborhood, where she established missionary clubs and mothers' meetings; to the homes of the day scholars, where she straightened out some of the school tangles with her spirit of helpfulness and understanding; to the homes of the sick and shut-in, bringing cheer and sympathy.

Perhaps one can understand something of her influence and personality from the following remarks made by different girls:

"I miss her, because she was always so friendly and was so interested in me."

"I miss her on the campus, because she was always so cheery and had such a pleasant smile."

"I miss going to her room to have a heart to heart talk."

"I miss her at Sunday morning devotions and in the Sunday School. Everywhere I miss her."

In countless ways she endears herself to all with whom she comes in contact. Through her broad sympathy, sense of humor and understanding of human nature, one receives the help that is sought.

We wish for her a large field of usefulness in her work in Nashville, for it is the desire of her heart to be a laborer in the Master's vineyard.

Studying at the University of Grenoble

By CORA B. FINLEY

Miss Cora B. Finley (H. S. '94) and Miss Marie Hill, teachers at Younge Street School in Atlanta, and Spelman extension students, spent the summer vacation traveling abroad—a trip which was taken primarily for study.

"University of Grenoble," I said to the taxi-driver.

"Comprends pas, Madame," the man replied.

"University de Grenoble." I tried to modify my English pronunciation to make it sound like the French. Then, "Le Vieux Temple," I insisted. (I knew my pronunciation was at fault). Finally, "Look here," I said, writing the words "Le Vieux Temple," "This is where I wish to go."

"Oui, oui, Madame," he smiled. "Compris."

"Now," I said to my friend, "he said 'Le Vieux Temple' the same as I did, only faster; why is it he did not understand me?"

That was how my French appealed to Frenchmen. And yet I had had several years of French, and with excellent teachers. To my great delight I soon discovered that when I wrote my French, or when I made signs, I was easily understood. So we always went about armed with a note book and pencil, at the same time being in readiness for any kind of dramatization that difficult occasions might require.

To return to the taxi-driver. He now understood where we were to go. No; as I recall, he was not a taxi-driver. He drove an open carriage—high in front, low behind, and overtopped with a cream colored fringed sunshade.

It was Sunday morning. The streets were full of people. We clattered along, and felt ourselves quite picturesque, as we turned toward the banks of the gray-blue Isere, and beheld over us the snow-covered Belledonne chain of the Alps.

"How beautiful! Just like the pictures we have seen."

Just then, we suddenly swerved into a little narrow street, strung along each side of which were ancient structures stained with age. We were in old Grenoble, and in "la rue Vieux Temple."

"But where is he taking us? Do you think he really knows where we are to go?" Miss Hill was certainly worried.

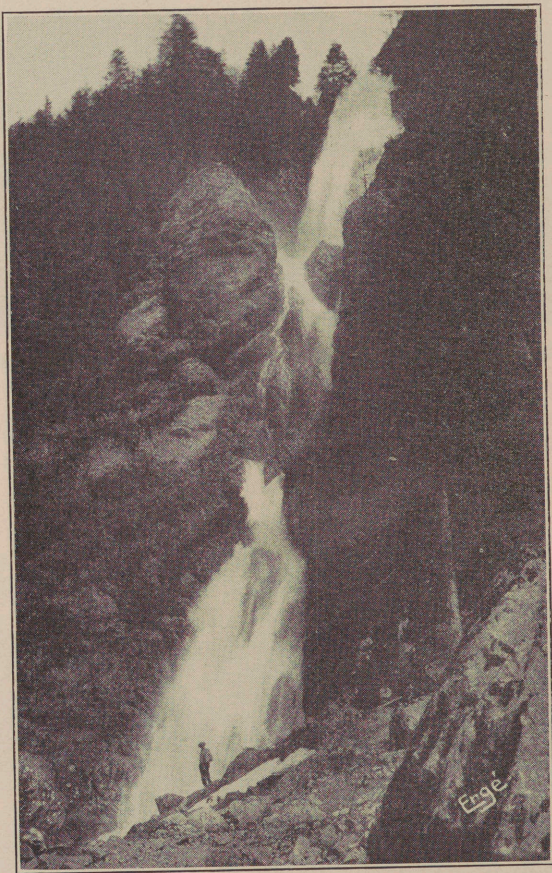
Down the streets we went. When I was just on the point of beginning a one-sided argument, we stopped before a stone entrance on which we read the inscription, "Universite de Grenoble." People of the world travel far to see ancient buildings, ancient ruins, ancient temples. For this reason during the summer months when there is a large influx of foreign students, the offices of the Comite de Patronage des Etudiants Etrangers are moved from the Palais de l'Universite to the Vieux Temple building. The Palais de l'Universite is modern, and is beautifully situated on the square Place de Verdun. It is there that classes are held during the regular



GRENOBLE—L'ISERE ET LA CHAENE DE BELLEDONNE



GRENOBLE—L'UNIVERSITE ET L' HOTEL DE LA DIVISION



GRENOBLE—ENVIRONS
Uriage—La Cascade de l' Oursiere

school term,—from the first of November to the last of June. But what tourist students, spending their vacations abroad, would be entirely pleased with things which were simply modern?

The Vieux Temple building has a special appeal to those who are in search of the unusual in setting, in architecture, in atmosphere. To have the privilege of studying and of reciting in a school building which has stood for six hundred years is an experience, and one of the delights of the Grenoble University summer school.

So we entered the building. There were great columns around a court, huge flagstones, massive stone stairways, and a sun dial. We noticed the depression of stone, made there by the countless tread of many feet, and we could not help but forget the present and see instead the long-past centuries when soft-footed, black-robed figures flitted along these same passages. Neither could we help but think of the technique of the architects and builders of old who wrought so well that their work has defied the annihilating effects of time.

From a list posted in one of the offices, we selected a *pension*, and then Monday morning we registered. M. Pierre Ronzy, Secretary of the school, gave us a cordial welcome. He said he would be proud to have any Spelman College students connected with Grenoble University.

Monday afternoon at six o'clock we had an interview with M. Metzger, one of the directors.

"You are Americans," M. Metzger said, "I am glad to welcome you to

Grenoble University." Then changing quickly to French, he uttered a series of sounds which had little meaning to us. Then, with a smile he said, "Yes, yes,—I think you should enter an elementary class, and take also the course in phonetics and pronunciation." We were classified.

All around us we heard strange speech, not a word of English. This past summer there were many nationalities represented at Grenoble University—Russians, Italians, English, Americans, Germans, Poles, Spaniards, Czechs, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Hungarians, Austrians,—in fact forty or more in all.

M. Metzger spoke English well. M. Ronzy spoke English also, but he frequently admonished us to "speak slowly, please, slowly,"—and finally would call in an interpreter, who could not always follow us. (Our fault, I am sure.)

But you have a far-away-from-home feeling when surrounded by people speaking a strange language. Whatever their native tongue, however, everyone at Grenoble was attempting the French, and the person who did not succeed in making himself understood was indeed a stranger in a strange land!

We soon found out that on account of our queer speech and brown skin we were a sensation among thirty-eight of the forty nationalities at Grenoble. Of course, we were not much of a sensation with the English or with the Americans. But being neither Indian nor Egyptian, Brazilian nor Algerian, was quite a puzzle.

"Je suis Americaine," I was continually telling someone.

"Pas Americaine," was the response, "Americaine blanche."

"No, no," I insisted, "Americaines toutes les couleurs,—blanches, brunes, noires."

One day, when we were feeling that it would be a great treat to have a "regular" conversation with somebody, a gentleman approached us and said:

"Are you Americans?"

"Yes," (happily), "are you?"

"I am from Georgia,—Athens,—the University of Georgia."

We were glad to talk with him. He was the teacher of French in the University of Georgia, and was at Grenoble studying elementary French. He said the real French pronunciation as he was learning it at Grenoble was quite different from that which he had been teaching.

"What do you think of the quality of teaching done here?" we asked.

"I have never seen such thoroughness. It makes me ashamed when I think of the ease with which American students are allowed to get through college," he said.

Our program called for a class from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m., and from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. In addition, three times a week from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. we had the class in phonetics and pronunciation,—in all thirteen hours a week. Only six students were allowed in each beginning class; so there were a great many beginning classes.

Of course, modern school equipment would have been incongruous in the Vieux Temple, so here we had

just such things as had been in use from the beginning. The school room was small, high-ceilinged, but well-lighted. There were three long, backless benches, and before these there were three other long, but taller benches, which were used as a resting place for elbows, books, and tablets. A small rough-looking table served for the teacher's desk. Behind this was a small blackboard. A big cloth served for an eraser. It all seemed so primitive and so queer, but nothing else would have been fitting as representing school life of several hundred years ago.

Our professor was a slender little lady, young, pretty, and wearing a most engaging smile. The other members of the class besides Miss Hill and me were three men,—a Hungarian, a Lithuanian, and an Italian. Neither the teacher nor the three men could speak English. We could speak neither German nor Italian. So it happened that our only medium of expression was the French tongue. We laughed at the situation, and rejoiced that it was so.

Mademoiselle Jallifier, began to speak, and then glancing at me, she said, "Compris, madame?" (I was always madam to her). Whenever it happened that she used a word or expression which I did not understand, she would stop, lean over my bench, and, smiling, say, "Compris, madame?" How did she know that that was the very word I did not understand? She must have been a mind reader.

Sometimes she dramatized, and sometimes she drew pictures to illus-

trate her meaning. With just six students in the class the professor made certain that each one did thoroughly understand everything. It seemed always my turn. When I had successfully passed over some difficult point, and giving a sigh of relief, had sat up, or leaned over to enjoy a little well-earned rest, just then Mademoiselle Jallifier would smile, incline her head prettily and say, "Madame?" Up I snapped. It was my turn again. There is a lot of work in a class of six at l'Universite de Grenoble.

"Madame, le tableau, que voyez-vous?"

There it was again. I must tell everything I see in a certain picture. It might be a picture in a book, or it might be one hanging on a wall. The teacher did not mind asking about anything found anywhere, and we were not permitted merely to call names, but situations had to be described in correct French.

With help from the teacher and everybody, I pull through. How thankful! I mop my face, and from the open windows, glance at a bit of snow on a distant Alpine peak. "How cool it must be up there," I think. Then!

"Madame, compris?"

"Tell me, Miss Hill," I whisper, "What is it I must understand?"

The teacher laughs. Everybody laughs. They do not understand my words, but my quandary is quite plain to them. Mademoiselle Jallifier very obligingly repeats her question.

"Les Eclaireurs de France,—compris, madame?"

I look at the picture, see young boys in uniform making fire in the woods. "J'ai compris," I say, "Boy Scouts."

"Oui, 'Scoots'," she echoes.

She had a little English-French dictionary, and because of this could always check on our answers. She was a good teacher and an excellent student.

"Compris timbre-postes, madame?"

"Oui; posts, supports made of timber," I reply.

"No, no." She shows a stamp on a letter. "Timbre, stamp," she says.

The general method of teaching was to have students first hear and understand words or phrases spoken correctly, then see, read, and lastly write them.

The lessons pertained to family and domestic life, to essential terms, and to idiomatic expressions. In the evening from six to seven we struggled with technical grammar. Mademoiselle Jallifier was the teacher. First, the rule was given; then we were required to memorize all exceptions to the rule; then write about thirty cases applying the rule, and finally give original forms of words or expressions where the rule had been applied. Written exercises were required each day, and these papers were marked by the teacher and returned to the students.

Grenoble University believes that phonetics are indispensable to the study of French. M. Vicat was the professor of our class in phonetics. He was full of figure, with thin white hair. Jovial, humorous, and persistent, he never let go until the sounds he illustrated had been correctly repro-

duced by the student. Effective learning, and following a plan of methodical training were two outstanding features of the work at Grenoble. Professor Vicat never permitted the student to attempt a sound nor a pronunciation for himself.

"Regardez, mademoiselle, la bouche," (Look at my mouth).

"Gris, Grise," pronounces M. Vicat.

"Gr-e-e, Gr-e-e-z," I pronounce slowly, and very distinctly,—pushing hard on the "e." "How well I am doing this," I think.

"No, no,—the Americans and the English speak too slowly, too hard. French is quick, smooth, and light as a zephyr." M. Vicat said all this in French. He does not speak English.

"Notice how I place my tongue, how I hold my mouth."

I notice, and try again, but the teacher is not satisfied. It is only after many trials that I succeed in making the correct sound. So it goes on for an hour, and here, also, it is always my turn.

Each day at the Tres Cloitre building, all the lessons in phonetics and pronunciation could be heard on a phonograph. There it was! Before coming to class we had the privilege of listening to exercises on the phonograph; in the class, the professor pronounced the same exercises for us, and finally we were compelled to pronounce them,—not fairly well, but perfectly.

M. Antonin Furafour, director of phonetics, is the author of the textbook on pronunciation. M. Theodore Rosset, the professor of philology

is the author of the text *Practice Exercises for Articulation and Diction*. The work of noted French authors was used for practice exercises. There was comedy, tragedy, poetry, science, religion. In good elegant French, we attempted—and were forced to speak correctly—short selections from Albert Dumont, A. France, Ernest La-visse, A. Theuriet, L. Pasteur, Victor Hugo, Alfred Capus, C. Baudelaire.

We were much disturbed one Thursday afternoon when M. Vicat asked us to memorize two little poems from Victor Hugo. We had until the following Monday in which to do the work. So we started with a will, and it was not long before we discovered that we liked the swing and the music of the lines:

La plaine brille, heureuse et pure,
Le bois jase, l'herbe fleurit
—Homme! ne crains rein! La nature

Sait le grand secret, et sourit.
Le matin, toute la nature
Vocalise, fredonne, rit.
Je sange. L'aurore est si pure,
Et les oiseaux ont tant d'esprit.

Tout chante; geai, pinson, linotte
Bouvreuil, alouette au zenith,
Et la source ajoute sa note
Et le vent parle, et Dieux benit.

The literature which is studied has an appeal which goes right to the heart. In "Le Soleil Couchant" (The Setting Sun), Victor Hugo shows us an old man gazing at the sun which is about ready to go to bed, and the sun gazing at the old man who is about ready to die. Such pictures make a lasting impression and cause

us to feel deeply grateful to French writers who open to us new worlds of beauty.

Grenoble University has wonderful gifts for those who know values, and who really desire to speak perfect French. The work was closely supervised. The director visited each class, saw just what the teacher was attempting, and seemed to know the capabilities of each individual student. Grenoble University is a pleasant place

to study,—a place where effective learning is obtained as a result of thoroughness of teaching. Here also is the setting of many historical events, and even today there lingers the old world atmosphere coupled with the newer things of the present.

"It has been a wonderful summer," I said, looking at the receding mountains, as we were speeding toward Paris.

"I think it 'a dream come true'," murmured my companion.

Mrs. Ellen A. Harwood

Forty Years a Trustee of Spelman

When Miss Sophia Packard's health began to break in 1886, she became anxious about the permanent establishment of her school. So she called together the strongest friends she knew, the people with the ablest minds and the keenest interest in Spelman Seminary and the Negro people, and in March, 1888, they became the charter members of the Board of Trustees of The Spelman Seminary, Incorporated.

In that group was Mrs. Ellen A. Harwood of Newton, Massachusetts. She was a brilliant woman, intensely interested in educational mission work, and she took an active part in promoting mission schools in this and other countries. Mrs. Harwood felt her responsibility as a Trustee, and gave much time to making friends for Spelman. Whenever her health permitted,

she attended the meetings of the Trustees in Atlanta, and whether she could come or not, she gave time and thought to the consideration of the problems of the school, and made generous contributions toward its expenses. Even after her health failed so that she was confined to her room, she had someone read to her letters and clippings about the work here, and she discussed thoughtfully its problems, took pride in its progress, and sent messages of encouragement and help.

In the passing of Mrs. Harwood, a brilliant mind and a kindly spirit are released from suffering into greater glory. Spelman wishes to pay tribute to her as a loyal friend, and as a woman whose life of nearly a century has brightened and helped Christian missions.

Reverend Lucian Drury

Reverend Lucian Drury, a pupil of Miss Packard and Miss Giles, and a staunch friend of Spelman, died June 3, 1928, at his home in North Stonington, Connecticut.

Reverend Lucian Drury, an intimate friend of Miss Packard and Miss Giles, and a friend of Spelman from its very beginning, died June 3, 1928, at North Stonington, Connecticut.

Mr. Drury as a boy lived near New Salem, Massachusetts, and attended the New Salem Academy, where Miss Packard was teaching. Through her influence, he and his sisters went to Orange to school when she went there to teach, and he also followed Miss Packard and Miss Giles to schools in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and in Suffield, Connecticut, where he was graduated in 1862. He went to Brown University, graduating from there in 1866, and from Newton Theological Institution in 1869. During the twelve years that Miss Packard and Miss Giles were in Boston, Mr. Drury was pastor in a nearby town. He had married Miss Packard's niece, and there was frequent visiting between the two households.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury were intensely interested in the plans Miss Packard and Miss Giles made for a school in the South, and they worked unceasingly to raise money and to arouse the interest and sympathy of New England friends in the project. In the diaries of

the Founders, we find frequent references to the encouraging letters which came from "Lucian and Phoebe." A few times Mr. Drury was able to come to Atlanta and he gave able advice in the difficult problems which his friends were having to face.

Even after the death of Miss Giles, Mr. Drury retained his interest in Spelman. He kept in close touch with the school, was pleased at everything that marked its progress, and contributed encouragement and help. In May, 1928, he wrote an article of appreciation of Miss Packard and Miss Giles for the Alumni Quarterly of the Suffield School, of which he and they were graduates. The story is not only a beautiful tribute to the founders of Spelman, but, from the standpoint of history, is an invaluable contribution to our records.

A friend of Mr. Drury's writes, "Reverend Lucian Drury was a man of superior intellect and fine attainments. He was a fine preacher, 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' As a pastor he was wise and sympathetic, as a neighbor and friend, most kindly, and he meant more in his home and family than words can express."

Mr. Drury's family have our sympathy. We, too, have lost a friend.

The Editor's Message

Somewhat like Santa Claus, the *Messenger* starts out on another year's rounds with a load of good wishes for Spelman alumnae and friends. As it leaves the office, we try to imagine just where each copy is going, what kind of reception will be given it, and what help it may possibly be. It is going to Contributors, because it is theirs. It is going to those people who have already sent in their subscriptions. (We're so pleased at their eagerness to welcome a new issue!) Some places it is going to try to make new friends, and at that thought we study it anxiously to see how it can be improved! Some copies are sent out with hope and yearning,—to alumnae whom their school has not heard from in a long, long time. Letters to this group have not been returned from the Post Office, but there haven't come back any answers.

There's another group whom we cannot reach because we have not their correct addresses. Vague reports reach us of the good work they are doing, but no definite information is received from them. Probably they think of their school, perhaps they intend to help it sometime. Do they ever real-

ize, we wonder, that perhaps their school might help them if we knew just where to find them?

Not long ago an executive was looking for a college woman for a particular, big job.

"I think I know exactly the woman you want," a secretary said; "I wish I knew her address!"

Then began a frantic search through files and telephone directory to find a recent address or some friend who might possibly know where to get it. Finally came the chagrined report to the waiting employer, "I'm sorry. The only address we have is on a card mailed three years ago from a town where the woman was spending her vacation."

It is always a pleasure to welcome back to Spelman alumnae and other friends, and we hope that they will "drop in" at the *Messenger* office whenever they come to Atlanta. And if you can't visit your school, won't you write us where you are and what you are doing? Give your school the encouragement of knowing that you are doing well, and give it the privilege of helping you whenever an opportunity is offered!

College News

CALENDAR

- September 19—Freshman Week Begins
 September 21—Freshman Social
 September 24—Freshman Stunt Night
 September 25—Registration of Students other than Freshman.
 September 26—Opening Chapel and Classes.
 September 28—Y. W. C. A. Get-Acquainted Social.
 September 30—Joint Morehouse-Spelman Vespers.
 October 5—Spelman-Morehouse Social.
 October 14—Y. W. C. A. Recognition Service.

VISITORS

Dr. W. W. Alexander, *Director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation.*

Mr. Trevor Arnett, *President of the General Education Board and President of the Board of Trustees of Spelman College.*

Mr. Frank P. Bachman, *Director of the Division of Public Education of the General Education Board.*

Mr. J. E. Blanton, *Principal of the Voorhees Industrial School, Denmark, South Carolina.*

Mr. Isaiah Blocker, *Principal of the Davis Street School, Jacksonville, Florida.*

Miss Sarah Blocker, *Assistant Principal of the Florida Normal and Industrial Institute, St. Augustine, Florida.*

Mr. Benjamin Brawley of *Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina, Editor of the HOME MISSION COLLEGE REVIEW.*

Mrs. Viola H. Brock, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. S. G. Butler of the *Tsolo School of Agriculture, East Swaziland, South Africa.*

Miss Edith Callahan of Pocomoke City, Maryland.

Mrs. Callis of the *Department of Research and Records, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.*

Bishop George C. Clement and Mr. Fred Clement of Louisville, Kentucky.

Dr. Harvey W. Cox, *President of Emory University, and Mrs. Cox.*

Miss Marion V. Cuthbert, *Dean of Women, Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama.*

Mr. Jackson Davis, *Field Agent of the General Education Board.*

Miss Rebecca E. Davis, *formerly Jeanes Supervisor, Nashville, Tennessee, en route to Liberia, to engage in educational work.*

Miss Josephine Evans of *Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Dr. William Forde of Costa Rica, Central America.

Miss Alice Gale, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. H. Reid Hunter, *Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Mr. N. S. Ingraham, *Principal of the Sparta Agricultural and Industrial School, Sparta, Georgia.*

Mr. Charles S. Johnson, *formerly Editor of OPPORTUNITY and Professor of Social Science, Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Bishop Robert E. Jones, of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Mr. A. Z. Kelsey, *Principal of Cabin Creek School, Griffin, Georgia.*

Mr. C. S. Lyons, *Principal of Union Baptist Institute, Athens, Georgia, and Mrs. Lyons.*

Rev. J. R. McCain, *President of Agnes Scott College.*

Mr. Leonard Outhwaite of the *Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial.*

Mrs. O. J. Potthast of San Antonio, Texas.

Miss Estelle Rolls of St. Augustine, Florida.

Miss Maggie Simpson of *Bennett College, Greensboro, North Carolina.*

Rev. Edwin W. Smith, *Literary Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Walton-on-Thames, England.*

Mrs. John Spalding of the *Board of Trustees of Spelman College.*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry O. Spelman, of Kansas City, Missouri.

Mr. H. J. Thorkelson, *Director of the Division of College and University Education of the General Education Board.*

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas.

Dr. E. A. Winship, of Boston, Massachusetts, *Editor of the JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.*

Miss Mary E. Williams, *Director of Public Health and Welfare Work, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.*

Dr. W. T. B. Williams, *Dean of Tuskegee Institute,* and Mrs. Williams.

ALUMNAE VISITORS

Mrs. Minnie Pulliam Aimee (1916-1917), of Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Susie E. Bailey (H. S. 1920), *Secretary of the National Student Council of Y. W. C. A.*

Mrs. Mamie White Blocker (H. S. 1890), of Jacksonville, Florida.

Miss Folia Butler (1928), *Home Demonstration Agent, Americus, Georgia.*

Miss Viola Chaplain (H. S. 1909), *Local Y. W. C. A. Secretary, Hampton Institute, Virginia.*

Mrs. Charles Short Cherry (Annie Graves, 1892-1893), of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Miss Rosa M. Davis (H. S. 1926) of *Howard University, Washington, D. C.*

Mrs. Annie L. Bennett Jordan (H. S. 1920), of Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Camilla Weems (1912), *District Home Demonstration Agent, Savannah, Georgia.*

And many local guests whom we are glad to welcome often.

FRESHMAN WEEK

Spelman College began its new year September 19, with the opening of Freshman Week. Fifty-six college freshmen enrolled that day and late arrivals have brought the class registration to sixty-four. Eighteen of the class are graduates of Spelman High School and twenty-three came from other schools in Atlanta. Many of them were honor students in their high schools.

The plan of Freshman Week, which has been in use in many colleges in the North, was

followed for the third year at Spelman. The program is designed to acquaint the new students with the College, its traditions, equipment, methods of work, and community life. Entrance examinations are given applicants from unaccredited schools, but the majority of students this year come from four-year accredited high schools and are not required to take examinations. Because of the importance of English in every department and in order that courses may be arranged to give the class the training best suited to their specific needs, an examination in English is given all entering students. A physical examination is required, with a view to correcting any hampering defects.

Some of the discussions of Freshman Week were: Plans for the Year, by President Florence M. Read; Adjustment to College Life, by Miss Ethel McGhee; Life in a College Dormitory, by Mrs. H. M. H. Reddick; Religious Activities at Spelman, by Miss Louise Dickinson; The Place of Religion on the College Campus, by Reverend Howard Thurman; The Spelman Spirit, by Mrs. Raymond H. Carter, President of the Alumnae Association; Self-Help, by Miss Phern G. Rockefeller; Personal Hygiene, by Mrs. Ludie Andrews; How to Study, By Miss Mae Neptune; How to Use the Library, by Miss Margaret Griffin.

The recreational program included games, walks, singing, college cheers, stunts, original plays, and a Freshman party. Monday evening, September 24, was "Stunt Night." The program consisted of two original plays, and music by the Kitchen Orchestra. The prize offered for the best feature on the program was awarded to Edythe Tate, author and director of one of the plays, and her group of performers. People who remember their own first week at college as a time of loneliness, fear, and general strangeness, would have been amazed at the happy group of Freshmen who entertained the faculty and other students that night, less than a week after the entertainers had arrived on the campus.

represented and gave a brief message appropriate to the beginning of the school year. The service closed with the recessional, "The Lord in His Righteousness Judges the People."

FIRST VESPER SERVICE

The first vesper service of the year was a joint Morehouse-Spelman service, held on Sunday, September 30, 1928, in Sisters Chapel. Professor Kemper Harreld played the organ prelude, "Adagio" by Ries, after which the students sang "Steal Away." An inspiring sermon was preached by Reverend Howard B. Thurman, who has this year been elected to the faculty of Spelman College and Morehouse College. "List, Cherubic Host," from the Oratorio "Holy City" by Gaul, was sung by a treble quartet, with the bass solo sung by Richard McKinney of Morehouse College. There was a large attendance of students and faculty of Morehouse College and Spelman College, alumnae, and other friends.

THE Y. W. C. A. RECOGNITION SERVICE

On Sunday Evening October 14, the Y. W. C. A. held their recognition service in Sisters Chapel. The program was prepared for the Spelman Association by Miss Susie Bailey (H. S. 1900), National Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who was in Atlanta attending the council of the Southern Division of Y. W. C. A. During the singing of the processional "Hymn to Joy," members of the Association marched around the chapel, lighting their candles from that of the leader, then forming lines on either side of the chapel. Scripture selections were read responsively. After the singing of "Lift Thine Eyes" Miss Anna Cooke read passages entitled, "Impressions of Youth." Miss Viola Chaplain (H. S. 1909), Y. W. C. A. Secretary at Hampton Institute, gave a beautiful talk on "building God-high and man-

OPENING CHAPEL

The opening chapel service was held in Sisters Chapel Wednesday morning, September 26, with a full attendance of students, faculty, alumnae and other guests. Professor Kemper Harreld played the organ Prelude by Stern, after which the hymn, "Come Thou Almighty King" was sung by the students. Doctor John Hope, President of Morehouse College, read passages from the Gospel of John, and offered a prayer of consecration and trust. Following the hymn, "Fight the Good Fight," Miss Read delivered a message from Mr. Arnett, President of the Board of Trustees, and read the following telegrams:

"Thinking of you all constantly with love and interest. Am hoping the year will be the finest Spelman has ever had and that it will be filled with all sorts of happiness and satisfying things. Greetings to all new members of the Spelman community and love to all my friends.

Miriam F. Carpenter.

"Greetings from the Class of '28. We trust that this school year will bring to dear old Spelman greater success than it has enjoyed before in all of its history.

Sarah Dorothy Roberts, President.

Telegrams of greetings were sent to these friends and to Miss Lucy Hale Tapley, President Emeritus. Miss Read spoke informally to the students, emphasizing aims and purposes to be striven for during the year.

Seated on the platform with the President were a group of friends of the College, Dr. E. R. Carter, Pastor of Friendship Baptist Church; Mrs. John Spalding, of the Board of Trustees; Rev. W. J. Faulkner, Pastor of the First Congregational Church; Dr. D. D. Crawford, Secretary of the General Missionary Baptist Convention of Georgia; Dr. James N. Nabrit, President of the General Missionary Convention of Georgia and Pastor of Mount Olive Baptist Church, and Dr. John Hope, President of Morehouse College. Each one brought greetings from the group which he

wide." A sextette sang "Send Forth Thy Light," following which the members repeated their statement of purpose:

"We, members of the Spelman Young Women's Christian Association, unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task we seek to understand Jesus and follow Him."

"Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart" was sung as a recessional, and the service closed with the benediction, "Peace I Leave With You."

HIGH SCHOOL IN NEW QUARTERS OTHER CHANGES IN PLANT

Spelman High School is rejoicing in new quarters. For some time the classes have been cramped in scattered rooms in Packard and Rockefeller Halls, with Howe Chapel the only available room large enough for assembly and study. This year with the discontinuance of the training school, the high school has been moved to Giles Hall, where there is ample room to house the present enrollment. The assembly room on the first floor will seat comfortably 240 students, each teacher may have a separate classroom, and there is place for a library, a teachers' study, and an office for the principal.

The classrooms freed by the high school have been remodeled to meet the needs of other departments. Two of the rooms in the basement of Packard Hall are now utilized by the bookstore and the post office, thus relieving congestion in Rockefeller Hall. A rearrangement of the offices in the administration building makes for increased facility in handling school business. An office and storeroom for the college housekeeper have been fitted up in Packard Hall. Additions to the gymnasium

facilities which are appreciated by both college and high school students are the shower baths and lockers in the basement of Giles Hall. The shower baths accommodate about fifty students, and there is locker space for four hundred.

The Campus Mirror is growing bigger and better with each issue. Alumnae or friends who are interested in keeping in close touch with college activities should write Miss Thelma Brown, Circulation Manager, *The Campus Mirror*, Spelman College, enclosing 50c for their year's subscription.

OFFICERS OF ORGANIZATIONS

College Council

President, Maggie Powell
 President of Senior Class, Ann Nabrit
 President of Junior Class, Minnie Cureton
 President of Sophomore Class, Mary Dubose
 President of Freshman Class, Augusta Johnson
 President of Y. W. C. A., Gaston Braford
 Editor-in-Chief of *Mirror*, Julia Pate
 Senior Representative, Maggie Powell
 Junior Representative, Gussie Merlalla
 Sophomore Representative, Magnolia Dixon
 Freshman Representative, not chosen
 Interracial Representative, Irene Dobbs
 President of Debating Club, Willie Barnett

High School Council

Edythe Jackson, Chairman
 Odessa Harris Mattie Doyle
 Mildred Moore Thelma Brock
 Helen Gray Ola Mae Bailey
 Pauline Wilcher Louise Motley
 Cora Douthard Ida Miller

Josephine Harreld

Class of 1929

President, Ann Nabrit
 Vice-President, Pauline Nelson
 Secretary, Beatrice Tucker
 Treasurer, Barbara Smith

Class of 1930

President, Minnie Cureton
 Vice-president, Ruby Brown
 Secretary, Johnnie Hadley
 Treasurer, Flora McKinney

Class of 1931

President, Mary Dubose
 Vice-president, Katie Walker
 Secretary, Magnolia Dixon
 Treasurer, Helen Thomas

Class of 1932

President, Augusta Johnson
 Vice-president, Odee Wilson
 Secretary, Annie Lee
 Treasurer, Gleaner Simmons

Y. W. C. A.

President, Gaston Bradford
 Vice-president, Myrtle Clark
 Secretary, Phyllis Kimbrough
 Assistant Secretary, Katie Walker
 Treasurer, Mary Dubose
 Chairman Program Committee, Irene Dobbs
 Pianist, Aquilla Jones

Christian Endeavor

President, Odessa Harris
 Vice-president, Vera Bray
 Secretary, Mary Young
 Prayer Meeting Chairman, Fannie Gore
 Lookout Committee Chairman, Rachel Davis
 Miss. Com. Chairman, Edythe Jackson
 Publicity Chairman, Dorothy Cain
 Music Committee Chairman, Carol Blanton

Story-Telling Club

President, Lois Davenport
 Vice-President, Etta Haynes
 Secretary-Treasurer, Justine Wilkinson
 Chairman, Program Committee, Florence Jones
 Critic, Elnora James

Debating Society, 1928-1929

President, Willie Barnett
 Secretary, Catherine English
 Chairman of Program Committee, Frankie Clark.
 Critic, Catherine Burris

Inter-racial Forum

Irene Dobbs, Secretary
 Julia Pate
 Ann Nabrit
 Minnie Cureton
 Phyllis Kimbrough
 Catherine Burris

Campus Mirror

Editor-in-Chief, Julia E. Pate.
 Editor of News, Ruby Brown
 Editor of Special Features, Mary Dunn
 Editor of Jokes, Elnora James
 Editor of Sports, Catherine Burris
 Exchange Editor, Annie Hudson
 Social Editor, Justine Wilkinson
 Business Manager, Estelle R. Bailey
 Secretary, Flora McKinney
 Treasurer, Minnie Cureton
 Advertising Manager, Ann Nabrit
 Circulation Manager, Thelma Brown
 Assistant Advertising Manager, Willie Barnett.

FACULTY NOTES

Miss Laura Dickinson and Miss Louise Dickinson spent the summer in Europe. They took the summer school course in the School of Classical Studies at the American Academy in Rome, Italy, and in connection with their studies took a number of short trips into the country about Rome. At the close of the summer school, they visited cities in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France and England.

Miss Mae Neptune travelled in the West during her vacation, visiting old Santa Fe, the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite Valley, Yellowstone Park, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Denver, and Colorado Springs.

Mr. George Raffalovich of the Spelman faculty has been chosen Dean and Instructor of French of the School of Languages which was recently organized by the Atlanta League of Foreign Trade. The German language is taught by Major K. B. Ferguson, who served in the English army as interpreter and linguist. Maestro Emilio Volpi, in charge of Italian, is a native of Venice, a graduate of numerous musical conservatories on the continent and a former coach for several Metropolitan opera stars. The instructor in Spanish is Professor Hugo Varela, native of La Serena, Chile, who is a graduate of colleges in both South and North America and has taught Spanish at four important American universities. Among the registrants in the school of languages are teachers desiring to perfect their knowledge along conversational lines, business men engaged in exporting or importing, steamship men, young men desiring to enter business overseas, government officials, people contemplating foreign travel, and voice students desiring to improve their diction in new tongues.

Spelman friends will also be interested to know that Mr. Raffalovich, at the request of Professor Kenneth McKenzie of the Century Company, has edited and written the notes for Lamartine's *Toussaint Louverture*, a college textbook in French, which is being published by the Century Company.

NEW APPOINTMENTS, 1928-1929

Andrews, Mrs. Ludie, a Spelman graduate who has for several years had charge of the Morehouse College Infirmary, is this year Superintendent of the College Hospital and Infirmary.

Birge, Ruth M., comes from the New York School of Home Economics of Cornell University to take charge of the Boarding Department.

Coates, Elizabeth, R. N.; Spelman Nurse Training, 1923; who has been working for the Metropolitan Insurance Company, comes to assist Mrs. Andrews at the Hospital.

Cooke, Anna M., Oberlin College 1928, comes to teach English in the High School.

Dana, Dorothy, Beaver College, Jenkins-

town, Pennsylvania, comes to assist Miss Birge in the Boarding Department.

Eddy, Clara, of Burlington, Vermont, is matron in Morgan South Hall.

Frisby, Josie B., a graduate of Spelman High School in 1923 and of Oberlin College in 1928, comes to teach High School English.

Gay, Harriet M., Mount Holyoke College, 1928, comes to the Biology Department as assistant to Miss Wallace.

Harmon, Ethel, Colby College 1924, who has been doing graduate work at Simmons College, comes to teach High School Mathematics and Physics.

Hayman, Naomi, Fisk University 1928, B. Mus. Howard University, comes to the High School Music Department.

Lyons, Mrs. Jane, of Washington, D. C., is Matron of Packard Hall.

McGhee, Ethel E., a graduate of Spelman High School in 1919, of Oberlin College in 1923, and of the New York School of Social Work in 1925, who has been Director of Social Work among Negroes in Englewood, New Jersey, comes as Student Adviser and Instructor in Sociology.

Perry, Elizabeth, Atlanta University 1919, B. A. Columbia University, who was for several years in charge of Teacher Training at Texas College, Tyler, Texas, comes as Instructor in Education.

Rose, Gladys, Mount Holyoke College 1918, comes from Woodward Institute, Quincy, Massachusetts, to teach High School Latin.

Ruttkay, Anna M., of Augusta, Maine, is Matron of Morehouse North Hall.

Smith, Ruth M., College of Emporia, Kansas, 1924, M. A. Teachers College, Columbia University, formerly of the faculty of Barber Memorial College of Anniston, Alabama, comes to teach High School English.

Spaeth, Dorothea D., Smith College 1926, comes from Princeton, New Jersey, as Information Secretary.

Steele, Eleanor, Lasell Seminary, Auburn-dale, Massachusetts, comes from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, as Secretary to the Student Adviser.

Thompson, Mary W., of Deerfield, Massachusetts, is Matron of Morgan North Hall.

Thurman, Reverend Howard B., Morehouse College 1923, B. D. Rochester Theological Seminary, comes from Mount Zion Baptist Church of Oberlin, Ohio, to the faculties of Morehouse College and Spelman College.

Wallace, Dr. Louise Baird, B. A. Lake Erie College and Mount Holyoke College; Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania; D.Sc. Mount Holyoke College, formerly Dean of Constantinople College, comes from the Zoology Department of Mount Holyoke College to take charge of the College Biology Department.

Webster, Lillian, B. Mus. University of Kansas 1928, comes to the Music Department.

NEWS OF FORMER TEACHERS

Miss Grace Holton is teaching at Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Miss Florence Gale is Recorder at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York.

Miss Edna E. Lamson is at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Miss Leota Schoff is teaching at Holden High School, Holden, Massachusetts.

Miss E. Madolyn Towles is teaching in Chicago.

Miss Annabelle Watts is principal of Miss Chadwick's school in Atlanta.

Miss Rose M. Anstey is at the Christian Home, Council Bluff, Iowa.

Miss Eva Barrett is Instructor of Nurses at the Morton Hospital, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Clara Laffin is now Mrs. W. N. Morse of Atlanta, Georgia.

Miss Hortense Merrill is doing private nursing at East Lynn, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Carrie B. Stull is at her home in Mansfield, Ohio.

Alumnae News

A GREETING TO ALUMNAE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALUM- NAE ASSOCIATION

It is an appreciated privilege to send greetings to the alumnae of Spelman College.

Our Alma Mater is fortunate in having friends who believe in her and who are helping to perpetuate the ideals of her founders. Everything possible is being done to make our school one of the foremost agencies of Christian education. The pleasing environment and protecting influences thrown around the students are builders of character. The campus is beautiful, and the buildings are modern and spacious. The Sisters Chapel with its impressive architecture and spiritual atmosphere inspires and uplifts even the casual visitor there.

Spelman's scope has been widened and there is to be a greater expansion along all lines. Her faculty is being constantly strengthened and President Read is busily engaged in mak-

ing and executing plans which are destined to place our school in the foremost ranks of educational institutions.

Those of the graduates who have not visited the school in recent years would be pleasantly surprised to note the changes that have taken place. They would also be pleased to observe that with all these changes, the spirit of the founders of our beloved school still hovers over it.

This is a day of rapid changes in the order of things, in customs, in theories and in viewpoints. Realizing this, the alumnae must grasp every opportunity to do their part in carrying out the proposed plans for a greater Spelman College. Our loyal support to the President will give her inspiration to perfect her work. Let us keep in close touch with our school. There is much to be done. Our help is needed. Let us realize more fully that this is our school and it is incumbent upon us to give to it our whole-hearted support.

Mamie Cohran Carter, President.

Alumnae Association of Spelman College.



CLASS OF 1928



ELEMENTARY EDUCATION GRADUATES, 1928



SPELMAN HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES, 1928

Spelman Alumnae Clubs

THE ATLANTA SPELMAN GRADUATES CLUB

The July meeting of the Atlanta Spelman Graduates Club was held at the home of Mrs. C. A. Chandler, 939 Washington Place. Mrs. Chandler was assisted by Miss Annie Mattison, Mrs. Pinkie J. Coggins, and Miss Ruby Chandler. The program consisted of a song by the Club, quotations from favorite authors, and entertainment furnished by teachers at the Morehouse-Spelman Summer School. More than sixty Spelman alumnae and students registered at the Summer School this summer, and they appreciated very much the cordiality of members of the Atlanta-Spelman Graduates Club.

The August meeting was held at Washington Park, and was called "A Day in the Woods." Miss Nellie K. Anderson and Miss Mamie Seaton were hostesses. On the entertainment committee were Miss Susie Skinner, Miss Nellie Anderson, Miss Nellie Brewer, and Mrs. C. L. Parks.

In September the Club met with Mrs. Troas Lewis Latimer at 227 Griffin Street, N. W. The program consisted of a song by the Club, quotations, a solo by Miss Susie Skinner and a lecture by Miss Evangeline Coles.

The Club met with Dr. Georgia Dwelle at 14 Boulevard, October 11. Miss Naomi Wright played an instrumental solo, and Mrs. F. Winfrey, a member of the Packard-Giles Club, sang two selections. Mrs. Henry R. Butler gave an interesting talk on a trip which she took through the West the past summer. Miss Evangeline Coles discussed the responsibilities and problems of voting, urging that the club members register and vote, and explaining how and where to register. Doctor Dwelle was assisted as hostess by Mrs. R. S. Douthard.

THE PACKARD-GILES CLUB

Officers:

Mrs. Emma L. Kennedy, President.

Mrs. Sarah White, Vice-President.

Mrs. Iantha Rollings, Secretary.

Miss Sarah E. Price, Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. Florence M. Winfrey, Chairman, Floral and Program Committees.

The Packard-Giles Club met June 28 with Mrs. Grant Adams of Martin Street, South Atlanta. During the business hour plans were made for a concert to be given at Spelman College for the benefit of Miss Amy Chadwick's new school. On account of the Club's adjourning for the summer the program was brief. It consisted of a piano duet by Miss Adams and Miss Saxon, a reading by Mrs. Iantha Rollings, and a solo by Mrs. Florence M. Winfrey.

On July 17 the Packard-Giles Club gave a concert at Spelman College for the benefit of Miss Chadwick's New School. The proceeds which amounted to \$20.45, were turned over to Miss Chadwick as part of the cost of a wash basin and drinking fountain to be installed in the hall of the new school as a gift from the Packard-Giles Club.

The September meeting was held with Mrs. Sarah Brownlea of Lester Street, S. W. As this was the first meeting after vacation, each member was asked for a brief expression. The following officers were elected:

Miss Sarah E. Price, Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. Florence M. Winfrey, Chairman of the Floral Committee.

Mrs. Flossie M. Berry and Mrs. Iantha Rollings, assistants to Mrs. Winfrey on the program committee.

THE JACKSONVILLE SPELMAN CLUB

The Jacksonville Spelman Club is not active at present, but the President is planning some activities and hopes to revive the Club this winter. There are a number of Spelman girls in Jacksonville, among whom are the following:

Mrs. Seleta Berry Payne (T. P. C. 1916), President of the Jacksonville Spelman Club, is very active in civic and religious movements, besides caring for her two small girls. Her husband is Principal of one of the city schools and has just been appointed Supervisor of Colored Schools. Mrs. Payne is one of her husband's assistants.

Mrs. Martha Usher Smith (T. P. C. 1917) is another of the outstanding teachers in Jacksonville. Mrs. Smith is the happy mother of two girls and two boys. She is Secretary of the Jacksonville Spelman Club.

Mrs. Pattie Gresham Green (1897-1902) is the wife and active helper of a minister, and is also busy in civic and fraternal affairs.

Mrs. Ophelia Strobert (1894-1896) is another valuable teacher of junior high school. She is also active in civic and philanthropic movements.

ALUMNAE ATTENTION!

The story of Spelman Alumnae is a complicated and thrilling mystery in serial form, but like many serials, some sections are missing from the files. The *Messenger* is making diligent search for lost paragraphs and pages, and solicits most earnestly the cooperation of every alumna in finding the missing parts. Will you look about in your community for graduates and ex-students of Spelman and notify the *Messenger* of every one you find. Whenever possible, give us her present name and address, her maiden name, the years she attended Spelman, and something about what she is doing. Become detectives! Please help the *Messenger* locate every Spelman graduate and ex-student!

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE
ALUMNI DRIVE

Spelman alumnae and friends are evincing keen interest in the forthcoming campaign of Morehouse College to raise three hundred thousand dollars. The campaign comes as the result of an offer made by the General Education Board to Morehouse College—a conditional gift of \$300,000, which depends upon the raising of an equal amount by the Institution within a time limit of three years, the total sum to form an endowment for the support of the faculty.

The organization of the alumni will be the first objective in the campaign. To this end, Mr. A. W. Dent, who has recently come to the College as Alumni Secretary, has had printed and mailed to all alumni and former students of the College (whose addresses are available) blanks which will be filed as permanent records in the College offices.

These records should prove valuable to both the alumni and the College. They will aid, for example, in the establishing of a Placement Bureau, which will work to secure positions for the unemployed and to make available more attractive positions for those seeking them. The records will also facilitate keeping the alumni in closer touch with the College through the medium of an alumni bulletin, the first issue of which will appear in November of this school year. The bulletin will be sent to all alumni and former students whose addresses are known to the College.

The Alumni Secretary will be glad to receive from readers of this publication information as to the whereabouts of Morehouse graduates and former students who are not receiving announcements from his office.

Spelman faculty were happy to have two members of the Morehouse-Spelman Club of Chicago visit Spelman recently, Mrs. Annie L. Bennett Jordan, H. S. '19, and Mrs. Minnie Pulliam Aimee (1916-1917).

Alumnae Notes

Miss Gervayse Nelson, H. S. '27, is now at R 2, Box 30, Arkinda, Arkansas.

Miss Annie L. Smith, H. S., '17, left September 1 for Cincinnati, Ohio, to take a position with the Associated Charities. Miss Smith has been with the Family Welfare Society for ten years, having begun as a volunteer worker in 1918 while she was teaching at the Atlanta School of Social Work. In 1919 she became a regular staff member, and in 1927 was appointed District Secretary.

Miss Agnes Heard, '18, who has worked with Miss Smith in Atlanta, left October 16th for Cincinnati to join Miss Smith in the work there. Both Miss Smith and Miss Heard have rendered valuable service and will be greatly missed in Atlanta.

Miss Dorothy Williamson, N. T. '27, is now at Lincoln Ridge, Kentucky.

Miss Annis I. Kennedy, T. P. C. '23, is teaching sixth grade at Knoxville, Tennessee. Her address is 1631 Dunbar Street.

Miss Isabel K. Glenn, '17 is teaching English at the Statesboro High and Industrial School, Statesboro, Georgia.

Mrs. L. N. Robinson (Victoria Lark, H. S. '21) is now at 619 S. W. Street, Jackson, Mississippi.

CLASS OF 1928

Viola Branham is teaching at A. M. & N. School, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Mary Brookins is teaching at Walker Baptist Institute, Augusta, Georgia.

Lillie Brown is studying at the Conservatory of Music, Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.

Folia Butler is Home Demonstration Agent at Americus, Georgia.

Ernestine Erskine is teaching at the Booker Washington High School, Atlanta, Georgia.

Nannie Gadson is teaching at Northport, Alabama.

Jeannette Hicks is teaching in the high school at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Earnestine Morrow is teaching at Auburn, Alabama.

Willie Reese is teaching at Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi.

Dorothy Roberts is teaching at Walden College, Nashville, Tennessee.

Lillie Sirmans is teaching in the South Highland High School, Anniston, Alabama.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION 1928

Helen Andrews is teaching first and second grades at Clanton, Alabama.

Myrtle Balasco is teaching first grade at Tuscaloosa County Training School, Northport, Alabama.

Inez Dumas is teaching at Calhoun School, Calhoun, Alabama.

Mary Dunn is at Spelman College.

Minnie Finley is teaching grade four at Council School, Birmingham, Alabama.

Thelma Gilbert is teaching at Crooms Academy, Sanford, Florida.

Augustus Jackson is at home in Birmingham, Alabama.

Annie Elizabeth Jones is teaching at Calhoun County Training School, Anniston, Alabama.

Mignonette Lewis is teaching third grade at the Patterson School in Birmingham, Alabama.

Lillie Moore is teaching at Council School, Birmingham, Alabama.

Amanta Ramsay is teaching at Daphne County Training School, Daphne, Alabama.

Eloise Ward is teaching fourth grade in Birmingham, Alabama.

HIGH SCHOOL 1928

Alpha Talley is teaching first grade in Menefee, Arkansas.

Metella Maree is teaching second and third grades at Clio, Georgia.

Virginia Davie is attending Atlanta University.

Helen Jackson is at Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama.

Lucile Jackson is at Michigan State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Vina Mae Jackson is at Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi.

Vivian Richardson is teaching at Marianna, Arkansas.

FROM THE APPOINTMENT OFFICE

The Appointment Office has had an interesting year. Blanks were filled out by all students who graduated from Spelman College in 1928 and by a number of graduates of preceding years. Ninety-nine alumnae registered, and a high percentage of them were recommended for positions.

Then came a snag! Applicants were recommended for positions and their Appointment Office papers were mailed to prospective employers. But the applicants forgot to tell us whether they accepted the positions or not. To facilitate promptness and to make sure that our records are kept up-to-the-minute, cards, already addressed, are furnished for the applicant to sign and mail as soon as she secures a position. Of the ninety-nine who registered, to date seventeen have mailed in their "Position Secured" cards, and four others have written about their new jobs. Within two weeks recently we recommended ten graduates who we later learned had already accepted positions, but had not notified us of their decisions. By keeping their names on the active list they in some cases kept others from positions.

Application blanks will soon be sent to members of classes who did not receive them last year and anyone interested should fill out the form carefully and return it as soon as possible. Cards are being sent to all alumnae registered in the Appointment Office from whom word has not come this fall. If you have not already notified the office of your present position, please mail your card immediately.

Mrs. Lillian Decatur Suttles is teaching at the Herring Street School in Decatur, Georgia. She is to have charge of the domestic science department but is teaching third grade temporarily until the domestic science building is ready.

Miss Vashti Scott, H. S. '25, is teaching at Watauga County Training School, Johnson City, Tennessee.

Miss Edna Hill, '27, is teaching Latin, Mathematics and General Science at Gilmore Academy, Marianna, Florida, one of the seven accredited schools of Florida.

Mrs. Ruth Berry McKinney writes from Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. McKinney has been recently appointed pastor of the Antioch Baptist Church. She reports that there are a number of Spelman and Morehouse graduates in Cleveland, that the Morehouse men have organized a club and the Spelman folk are planning to do so soon. Mrs. McKinney's address is 2196 East 100th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

CALENDAR OF CLUB MEETINGS

The Atlanta Spelman Graduates Club

November 8—145 Ashby Street, N. W.
Hostesses—Mrs. J. A. Brittain, Miss Estelle Ivey.

December 12—228 Chestnut Street, S. W.
Hostesses—Mrs. L. G. White, Mrs. J. A. Foley, Miss Madeline Graves.

Packard-Giles Club

October 18—Mrs. Ella Foster, 28 Ashby Street.

November 15—Miss Sarah E. Price, 233 Roach Street.

December 20—Not assigned.

BIRTHS

On September 21, to Rev. and Mrs. Daniel C. Pope, a daughter.

On October 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Davis, Spelman College, a daughter, Dovie Madolyn.

MARRIAGES

On August 1, Miss Eldora Hayes, H. S. '27, to Mr. Ulysses Lovelace.

On September 18 Miss Theodora Joanna Fisher, of Birmingham, Alabama to Mr. Willis Laurence James.

On May 19, Inez Beatrice Johnson '25 to Mr. Jose Nascimento, in New York City.



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