

OMEGA PSI PHI

ORACLE



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THIS ISSUE

The ORACLE wishes to acknowledge the use of clippings, in the new section "Omega Men in The Negro Press," from The PITTSBURGH COURIER, The ATLANTA WORLD and The NORFOLK JOURNAL AND GUIDE. The JOURNAL AND GUIDE was kind enough to lend us the cut used as the frontispiece in this issue.

We wish to welcome to the literary staff of the ORACLE Brother M. J. Whitehead of Gastonia, N. C.; Brother Richard Earle Brown of Atlanta, Ga.; and Brother J. Burke Horne of Brooklyn, N. Y. We commend to you their writings contained in this issue.

We wish to apologize for the omission of the name of Brother R. E. Cureton from the staff box of the last issue of the ORACLE. This was wholly unintentional. Brother Cureton has been a hard working and steady contributor to the ORACLE since the regime of J. P. Murchison. Brother Cureton's Travel and the New Leisure is a delightful bit of literary imagery. Be sure to read it (Page 7).

This issue sees the ORACLE sporting new head dress. The ORACLE has been using the same cuts at the head of each department for a number of years. We have a brand new section, Omega Men in the Negro Press. Once more the ORACLE pours forth a liberal libation of Omega Oil. In this section we once more find our old friend Theophrastus Q. Whipple solving one of the weighty problems of the day. Every young husband and husband to be, should read the revolutionary plan of our beloved Theophrastus.

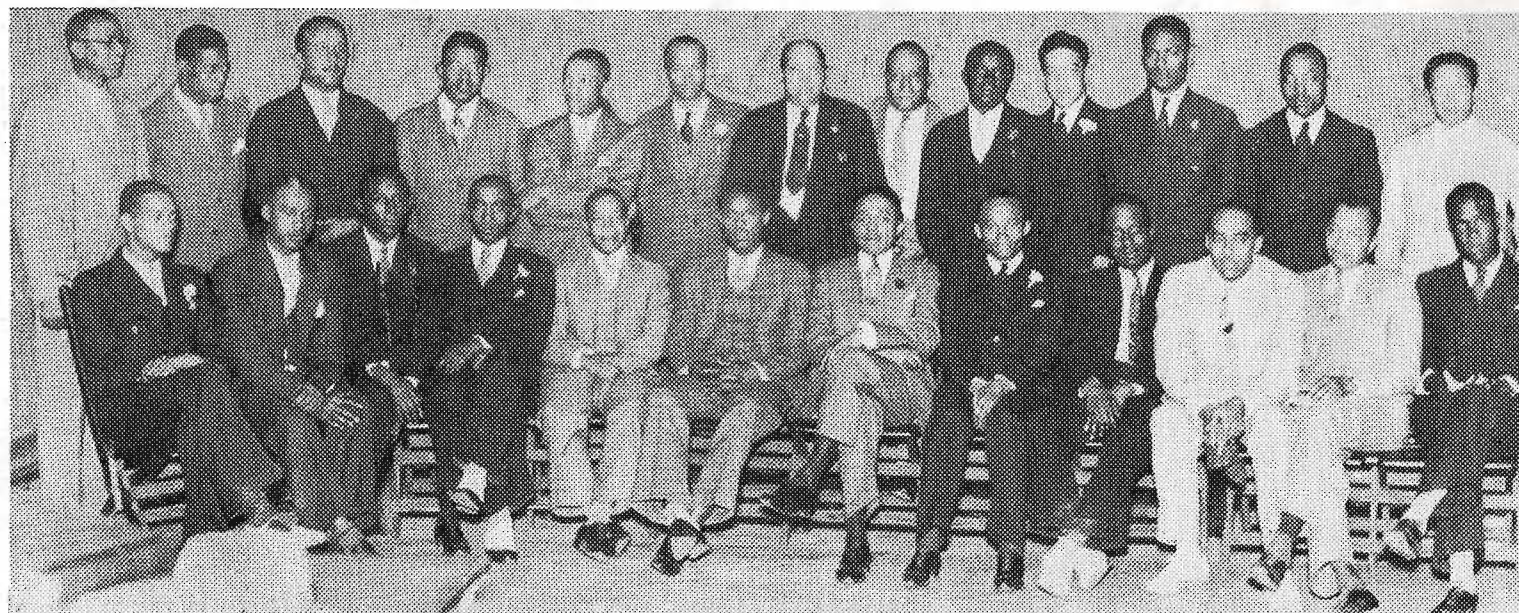
SPECIAL NOTICE

All Material for Achievement
Number Due Aug. 15th

HE07

HOST CHAPTER TO OMEGA STATE CONFERENCE

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, MAY 18—19, 1934



JOURNAL AND GUIDE PHOTO

Above are most of the members of the Omega Psi Phi chapter at Norfolk, which was host to the Virginia State Conference of chapters here. Seated, left to right: B. H. Thornton, L. V. Moore, S. K. Skinner, J. H. Tazewell, T. A. Tynes, R. U. Lambert, J. E. Glover, J. P. Archer, J. L. Riddick, Dr. A. B. Green, Jr., J. B. Blayton, and R. O. Corprew. Standing, left to right: T. H. Shields, Jr., W. G. Johnson, W. E. Waters, Jr., E. E. Edwards, J. B. Williams, Jr., E. R. Archer, Dr. E. D. Burke, L. A. Howell, P. J. Chesson, A. D. Brown, L. A. Morris, J. H. Ward, and E. F. Corbett.



THE ORACLE SPEAKS

MALCOLM DODSON

This Year's Achievement Project

THE potential power of our fraternity is so great that it is seldom realized. Four thousand picked college men! There is no reason at all why this great potential energy should not be put to work. There have appeared in the Oracle from time to time various articles concerning the true nature or purpose of our fraternity. There are those who hold that the purpose of the fraternity is purely social. There are those who feel the fraternity should have a more serious function. The latter are in the majority; hence we have, a national program, the National Negro Achievement Week Project. Brother Linwood G. Koger and Brother Robert D. Baskervill both did splendid jobs as Directors of the Project. It was through the untiring efforts of these brothers that the project has been the success it has. But the project can still be made more effective than it has been. When we say this we are in no way implying that the former directors spared any effort or that we are any better qualified to direct the venture. What we do mean is that all the chapters do not cooperate in putting across the project. There are well over ninety chapters of the fraternity scattered about the country. If each chapter participated whole-heartedly there would be over seventy-five communities seething with activity in preparation for the great week in November, and when the week had passed there would be just that many communities which would be the better informed about the accomplishments of the Negro.

The time has come for us to prepare for this year's project. This year's project differs somewhat from the project of recent years not on the whole but in some of the details. It should be perfectly patent that the aims of a well rounded Achievement Project should embrace the following:

1. To disseminate to the general public the facts of Negro Achievement in America.
2. To eliminate the destructive feeling of inferiority by awakening a justifiable race pride.
3. To encourage the younger generation to achieve by setting before them the examples of truly great Negroes.
4. To command the respect of other racial groups by calling attention to the past and present accomplishments of Negroes.
5. To gather and classify authoritative information about present day Negro Achievements.

6. To make this information available to such agencies and institutions as may feel the need for such classified information.
7. To give formal recognition to the Negro who has made an outstanding contribution to the field of Medicine during the year.
8. To stress present day achievement as well as those of the past.

To achieve these ends the following methods will be employed:

1. To sponsor an essay contest for high school and undergraduate college students.
2. To sponsor local oratorical contests.
3. To gather authoritative information about Negroes in Medicine and in kindred fields.
4. To obtain a national radio hook-up over either one or both of the two great chains.
5. To publish a time table of all local Omega Achievement Radio Hours throughout the country.

The essay contest will be conducted as usual. An oratorical contest will be held by each local chapter and the winners of the local contest will be competitors in a district contest under the direction of the District Representative of the district. The oratorical contest is limited to Omega men only. The details will be furnished you by your own District Representative. For further information write Brother Ellis B. Weatherless, 405 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. To gather authoritative information about the Negro in the various professions and fields of business necessitates exhaustive research. Furthermore, additional information is available only after census years (every ten years). All fields of endeavor could not be treated adequately in one year. For all these reasons we are limiting our researches this year to the Achievements of Negroes in Medicine and Kindred Fields. Each year a different field should be exhausted until the cycle has been completed. This research is under the directorship of Ira de A. Reid, Past Vice Grand Basileus and Director of Research of the National Urban League. Any authoritative information should be addressed to him at 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y. All chapters are asked to notify the Director of the Achievement Project of any local radio program they intend to sponsor giving date, time, station and kilocycles of station at least a month in advance. This office will then prepare a time table of Omega Achievement Radio programs and send a copy to each chapter as well as release it to the press.

The essays must all be concerning the Negro in Medicine or kindred fields. The oratorical contest will be unrestricted as to subject only in so far as it must concern itself with some phase of Negro Achievement. The money prizes will be decreased but there will be an Omega Achievement Medal awarded. We feel that this would be much more desirable than cash; and hope the awarding of the medal will become an annual custom. A committee headed by Dr. Peter Marshall Murray, 2588 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., will decide what Negro has made the most significant contribution to medicine during the year. A testimonial scroll will be presented to the one so chosen.

Local chapters can make additions and innovations to this program. The principal thing is for each chapter to be active, have a diversified program and make its community Negro-Achievement-conscious. With four thousand men in ninety-odd chapters, all working, what a project this will be this year!

Scholarship

ONCE more the soft summer breezes softly caress the tender leaves and the pale yellow sunbeams make dancing patterns on the dimpled surfaces of gurgling hidden streams while the country-side settles down for a languorous summer siesta lulled by the trilling of the songbirds. Within cloistered walls, the length and breadth of the land, thousands hopefully prepare for commencement, for the time when they will be free to wander out into the welcoming outer world. Each campus is a bustle of activity. Commencement: somber gowns, long speeches, the quiet rustle of programs, more speeches, subdued whispering of proud relatives in the audience, awarding of diplomas, applause, the awarding of prizes, more applause, more whispering, organ music, recessional congratulations, handshakes, embraces, then the open world.

Why struggle to reach commencement? To make a success of the business of living a full life. How to reach commencement? Mainly through scholarships. But commencement is but the beginning, the means to an end. All those who graduate do not succeed. Those who are best prepared to adapt themselves to the prevailing conditions of the world without the college walls are those who are most likely to succeed.

Each diploma calls the attention of "All those (people) who are about to read these words" to the fact that Joe College has completed the necessary requirements for graduation of that particular institution. No assurance of success upon leaving those sacred walls. Graduates from all over the country, receiving the same degrees have read practically the same text books, have listened to very similar lectures, have done the identical laboratory experiments and have read substantially the same reference books. Then they enter a highly competitive world. Leigh Hunt, well known American etcher, lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Professor of Fine Arts at the College of the City of New York, would often fix his keen grey eyes upon his students and say, "You can get no more out of Art than you take to it." The same may be said about a college education. Those who just pass tests, study the required number of subjects (no matter how high the grades received) are doing no more than thousands have done, are doing and will do. A given book can be read, committed to memory and

the salient facts recited parrot-like. But to a scholar a book is a stimulus, he questions certain statements of the author, he thinks of things the author might well have included as well as irrelevant details the author might have excluded. A lecture may be absorbed and noted neatly in a well kept note book by the average student. The scholar will use the lecture as the point of departure for the further development of the topic. In fine, the good scholar takes what is presented to him and enriches it by his own constructive thought. He will question how the knowledge can be used by him. He will make what he learns apply to real life situations. He will think of past events in the light of the present and pre-empt the future by the past as influenced by present day environmental factors. In other words, the true scholar goes beyond the bare course of study. Taking the most to a college education and consequently getting the most out of it is scholarship.

Regularity

THERE are three nationally known and nationally read Negro Magazines. Whenever one of these magazines is late in reaching its point of sales contact there is a definite lack of sales which, of course, results in a definite decrease in circulation. For example, if any given magazine were published regularly and on time, its circulation would increase. News dealers, sales agents and advertisers blame the editor, but the editor knows better than anyone else the value of regularity in publication. Naturally the editor would not, himself, do anything to delay any issue.

Now to bring the analogy home. The editor-in-chief of the Oracle is held responsible for the regularity of publication of the Oracle. However, it must be borne in mind that the Oracle is supposed to represent the voice of the entire fraternity and not that of one individual. It naturally follows that the editor must wait for those voices to speak—but some of them never do. Compare the number of chapters represented in the chapter notes section with the number of chapters listed in the Official Directory.

This should sound a stinging challenge to chapter editors and to embryonic writers of essays, fiction and verse. This challenge should be an intellectual whip urging them on to prolific literary production. And having been produced, it remains but to be proclaimed. This the Oracle gladly offers to do—nay, even begs to be permitted to do.

With the whole-hearted cooperation of the several chapters and of the individual members of our great fraternity, nothing can prevent the Oracle from attaining a still higher standard.

E. N.

The Next Issue

THE next issue of the Oracle should go to press August 15th and it will go to press if there is a proper response in the form of chapter notes and contributions by that time. It is recommended that chapter notes be written up immediately following the last meeting of the school year

(Please turn to page 13)



OMEGA MEN IN THE NEGRO PRESS

MALCOLM DODSON

CHOOSE ARCHER HEAD OF STATE OMEGA CONVO

With the election of Edward R. Archer, Norfolk, as its president, the curtains were rung down on the first Omega Psi Phi State Conference of Virginia, which convened here for two days beginning Friday, May 18. The confab, which is to be an annual affair drew up a program which aims at being of more and better service to the community, and voted to have its next meet in Lynchburg in the second week of May, 1935.

The state conference idea is a new one being inaugurated by the local Lambda Omega chapter, has as its objectives the organization of the several chapters located in the larger cities of Virginia in a concerted effort for the general improvement of racial conditions.

More than 80 Omega men were visitors here for the conference, coming from seven of the eight chapters located within the state. Those represented were: Nu Psi, Petersburg; Delta, Omega, Petersburg; Zeta, Richmond; Phi Phi, Richmond; Gamma Omega, Lynchburg; Alpha Gamma, Roanoke; and Lambda Omega, Norfolk. The Alpha Alpha Chapter of Hampton failed to send delegates.

The conference had as its guest of honor, J. Arthur Weiseger, of Washington, D. C., the grand keeper of records and seals, who brought down the official sanction of the movement from the grand council of the organization.

A very excellent spirit of cooperation was shown by the conference as it went on record as endorsing the "Better Citizenship" program sponsored by the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, and tendering to this group the aid of the eight chapters under its jurisdiction in making the contacts more complete in Virginia.

The lid was lifted for the beginning of the pow-wow with a smoker in the grill room of the Prince George Hotel, the latter being the headquarters of the conference. Here, the 80 visitors and delegates gathered to get acquainted.

The sport dance sponsored by the local Pan-Hellenic Council, followed immediately at the Ocean Breeze Beach. More than 400 guests were present at this affair.

The opening business session got under way promptly Saturday morning with 14 of the 16 delegates answering to the roll call. The group was officially welcomed to this city by Dr. G. Hamilton Francis, representative of the fourth Omega dis-

trict and member of Lambda Omega Chapter. Dr. Francis made a stirring appeal that the fraternity make definite effort to have it be of service to others than themselves.

His address was responded to by Prof. Arthur P. Davis, of Virginia Union University, ex-representative of the same district. With the presentation of J. Arthur Weiseger, the confab called lunch recess.

The first hour of the afternoon session was an open one. Representatives of the various fraternities and sororities gave short addresses after being introduced by Dr. A. B. Green, Jr. The organizations and their representatives were: Zeta Phi Beta, Mrs. Geraldine D. Redi; Delta Sigma Theta, Miss Rosalyn Palmer; Alpha Kappa Alpha, Miss Elizabeth Turner; Alpha Phi Alpha, P. Bernard Young, Jr.; and Kappa Alpha Psi, C. Bernard Harrison. All of the talks stressed better relations between the Greek letter organization and a wider program that will tend towards the general improvement of the race and Greek-letter societies.

Besides endorsing the Better Citizenship campaign sponsored by the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, the State Conference went on record as supporting the Progressive Vigilantes, a political club of Petersburg, in its drive for a state-wide meeting of registered voters. The organization there has done a commendable work towards procuring additional voters in that community.

The Virginia State Conference adopted a uniform Negro Achievement Celebration program as suggested by Lambda Omega Chapter.

The following were also adopted as activities of its outlined program.

1. The movement to have courses of Negro history taught in the high schools of Virginia.
2. Endorsement of the "Buy Where You Can Work" program as is now being carried on by the N. A. A. C. P.
3. Support of Negro businesses and professions.

The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year: E. R. Archer, Norfolk, president; T. L. Taylor, Petersburg, vice president; C. W. Seay, Lynchburg, secretary-treasurer; and E. F. Corbett, Norfolk, director of publicity. Officers were installed by Dr. G. Hamilton Francis.

Lynchburg was selected as the next place of meeting.

The following official delegates represented their chapters: Richmond, Attorney

J. Byron Hopkins, J. H. Edwards, Samuel P. Latham, J. Edward Seger, Prof. Arthur J. Davis; Roanoke, Fred D. Lawson; Petersburg, Robert E. Avant, George W. Carter, Jr., Wayland Poole, Attorney T. L. Taylor and Albert Bowser; Lynchburg, C. W. Seay, Dr. T. J. Fawcett, Dr. R. Walter Johnson, and Roger W. Lomax, Jr.; Norfolk (delegates), P. J. Chesson and E. F. Corbett. The following visitors were present: Walter E. Riddick and Isaac Burton, A. and T. College, of Greensboro, N. C.; W. A. Brown and W. L. Carter of Blackstone and W. C. Walker of Baltimore, Md.

(From the Norfolk Journal and Guide)

OXLEY NAMED TO IMPORTANT POST

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins has created a division in the Department of Labor in which a race man will act under title of authority as division chief in the department, it was learned from authoritative sources Monday. The new branch will be known as the Division of Negro Labor in the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Lieutenant Lawrence A. Oxley, already commissioner of conciliation, has been assigned by the secretary to head the new division. He will retain the title and authority of the first, while at the same time, assuming the broad powers conferred upon him by the second.

In the appointment of Lieut. Oxley to this important post, observers see the forerunner of a helpful program in the interests of Negro labor, for apparently it is the first time, they say, that the department has recognized this need.

At the anthracite and steel hearings some time ago, Secretary Perkins expressed herself as wanting to see colored workers receive equal pay for equal work. What has just taken place confirms the view that she means business.

(From the Pittsburgh Courier)

YOUNG NEW YORK ORATORS WIN GOLD-SILVER MEDALS

Thomas R. Jones, a youngster representing the Brooklyn branch of the N. A. A. C. P. won the first prize of a gold medal in the finals of the Metropolitan District Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Greater New York branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at St. Mark's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, the winning branch, received the Lehman Silver Loving Cup, given by Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, for a period of one year.

(From the Norfolk Journal and Guide)

NEW DEAL PERSONALITIES

Pulling eye-teeth is the easiest of jobs compared to getting information about himself out of John P. Murchison. He insisted on misleading me at every turn and got great delight out of it. So THAT'S the kind of a man he is! I thought he was rather shy at first but my opinion has been altered. I do think he is unusually modest, however.

At first he told me he was born in Razoo Bottom, Texas—or something like that—but later admitted it was really Houston. I hope Houston won't be insulted.

Culling real information from all the wrong leads, I finally learned that Mr. Murchison did his elementary school work at Gregory Institute and Booker T. Washington High School in Houston, then attended Howard University, Columbia University, University of Pittsburgh and University of Pennsylvania, gaining his A. B. from Howard and his A. M. from Columbia. He is a member of Omega Psi Phi.

Taught at Johnson C. Smith, 1922-23, Clark University, 1923-27; was executive vice-president of the Safety Investment Company, Houston, 1927-29; professor of economics at Lincoln University, 1932-34.

He is probably the newest of the governmental appointees and is now an assistant supervisor in the Subsistence Homesteads Division of the Department of the Interior, where his work particularly involves integrating the colored population into the subsistence homesteads benefits.

John P. Murchison is light in complexion, with red hair and a tiny red mustache which is hardly discernable. A pleasant sort of person with a nice smile. And I am told that the red hair conceals a scalp which conceals a brain that's well put-to-

gether and well oiled with knowledge of his subject.

He is married and has, he says, two great big boys, ages six and seven. His family is in Chicago and Mr. Murchison intimates that he will take a trip there after the publication of this article just to repair any damage the publication may have done.

He was ten minutes late for his wedding, causing some excitement. This was, he explained, because he had to call for the minister—Dr. Willis King, head of Gammon in Atlanta. E. Franklin Frazier, the best man, was almost as excited over this delay as the then intended bride and fairly carried the upsetting Mr. Murchison to the spot once he appeared on the scene.

The young Mr. Murchison smoked his first cigarette at 12; drank his first beer at 14. In an effort to forestall any great future desire for drink, at the age of 16 he was conspired against by his parents and his uncle. He had his first and last taste of inebriation then.

He is interested in his work above all, then billiards, the theatre and reading books on economics. He swears spinach is one of his favorite foods, along with steaks smothered in mushrooms. Likes gin fizzes and orange blossoms.

There might be a lot of other interesting information on Mr. John P. Murchison but I breathe a sigh of satisfaction at having got this much. He carried me around in plenty of circles. Men are like that!

(From the Norfolk Journal and Guide)

DETT GIVES CONCERT IN MILLION DOLLAR CHURCH

The concert of Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett opened the doors of a million dollar church for the first time to Negroes since the riot of 1921. It is the Boston Avenue Episcopal Church, South Tulsa, Okla. The affair was sponsored by Mrs. C. Faye Bennett, white, chairman of the Race Relations Committee, who, with great difficulty, was able to overthrow the harsh

protests of the members. The concert was a tremendous success.

(From the Pittsburgh Courier)

LOCAL YOUTH WILL PAINT CWA MURAL

Wilmer Jennings of Atlanta who will receive his Bachelor of Science degree from Morehouse College in June, has been commissioned by the Public Works of Art Project for the south eastern United States.

In the mural which symbolizes the ideals of the curriculum of the modern high school are nine figures, representing workers in the arts, sciences, and skilled industry. In the background is the skyline of a great city, representing the achievement of Labor, art and science. The mural is being painted in three parts, consisting of one panel, five by eight and a half feet, and two smaller panels, each five by four and a half feet. It is expected that this project will be completed by May 1.

The artist has received his entire training in the art classes of Morehouse College under Hale Woodruff, well-known Negro artist. During his college years he devoted much attention to stage design and planned and executed stage sets for the campus productions of "The Cradle Song," "Sun-Up," "Richard III," "Loyalties" and "Antigone." He is now at work on the settings of The Merchant of Venice. Several of his stage settings have won national attention. In addition he has exhibited paintings in the current show of the College Art Association of New York City, the exhibition of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History at the Smithsonian Inst., Washington, D. C., and the recent exhibition of work of Negro artists of Atlanta Univ.

He is the son of Levie Jennings of 183 Ashby Street, Atlanta, and is a graduate of the Ashby Street School and the Booker T. Washington High School. In the summer of 1933 he acted as substitute teacher of art in the Atlanta University summer school in the absence of Mr. Woodruff.

(From the Atlanta World)

A JOURNEY

By J. BURKE HORNE

The grey slant o' rain . . . we roar thru the tunnel to azure partings o' sky a purple haze o'er the man-made pile o' stone and steel . . . the vermillion tinted early smoke . . . the burst o' sun . . . the etching o' the city in fire—

Water wistfully wooing the sky . . . and a stand o' sycamores . . . forlorn and majestic . . . like the thinning line o' Grenadiers at Waterloo—

The stately ludicrous progress o' a phalanx of geese . . . Cattle, motionless, ridge-deep in a hollow of rippling grass . . . thinking bovine tho'ts—

A pair of women sit upon a square of porch . . . youth and age . . . one, calm . . . resigned . . . snow-haired and kindly . . . placid as a summer's sky . . . the other, morose . . . head sunk on breast . . . truculent . . . frustrated . . . stagnant.

The hired man washes in the sun's-setting . . . his hands dripping molten gold . . . the smiling content . . . the simple satisfaction of a day, well-done—

The sun . . . like some failing golden Mother . . . gathering the world to its bosom . . . with tender clutching—

Gettysburg—methinks I hear the glorious thunder of valour . . . can all but see the tattered battle-flags of the Gray . . . and the Blue . . . falling, but never down . . . caught up again and again by dying, yet deathless hands . . . can envision the hills ringed with flame and smoke . . . the strident trumpets . . . then, the last desperate thrust of the South sent reeling back . . . shattered . . . spent . . . "that this nation, under God . . . shall have a new birth of freedom" . . . and a race, earn breath of life—

Twilight and the beatitudes of moon-rise . . . as the country-side composes itself for slumber . . . like some prim old maid, smoothing a counter-pane . . . Sense the blind, wise forces . . . fashioning wonders . . .

Smoke wreaths contentedly up from the chimney-pots . . . 'cross the width o' a valley . . . lights blink on . . . the saga o' a day is done—

An hour later . . . the gay banter, and the warm hand-clasp of a distant friend—



LITERARY GEMS

MALCOLM DODSON

TRAVEL AND THE NEW LEISURE

By R. E. CURETON

A very intriguing bit about travel by a very intriguing writer.

To me travel has always been an obsession. I recall quite vividly when I was a small boy on a South Carolina farm I used to stand in our back yard, or climb to the top of the big oak tree by the wood pile and look longingly at the clear outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains in the distance. I racked my brain for methods of getting beyond them, and often pictured the beautiful cities and the stirring life that certainly must be on the other side. And, too, I had an uncle who came to our house during the long winter evenings, and while we sat around the fire he would tell us about his travels among strange people in distant states. I liked to hear my uncle tell those thrilling stories of adventure and watch the blue smoke curl up from his clay pipe with its cane stem. Always when he began a story, he would light his pipe and draw it vehemently for a few moments, but as he warmed up to the story the fire would gradually go out. Occasionally, my father told us about some other relative who had gone away "up North" and had not been heard from in years. That's what I would do, go away off to some strange, distant city, stop writing home and let people wonder if I would ever return. These are the thoughts of boys whose imaginations are more mature than their minds; these are the long, long, thoughts of youth.

Years pass slowly in childhood, but 1914 came and in it came August—that fatal August when the world marched off to war. Cotton went down to a ridiculously low price and a panic came brusquely on innocent farming people. Amid the singing of the birds during the Indian summer days of 1914 could be heard the weird cannonading on the Western Front. On Saturday afternoons, country people who had gathered in the village square talked softly and mysteriously of the war and the genius of the Germans. On Sundays, the preachers spoke seriously about war being the fulfillment of some ancient prophecy of the Hebrews. But what I recall most clearly is that I would look up from the cotton fields, off to the hazy outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains and see on the summits helmeted men with sharp bayonets

charging the enemy. There was my chance; I would join the German army.

I did not get very far—to Spartenburg, and my father brought me back to the cotton fields already white unto the harvest. But I had traveled; I had been fifty miles from home. I had slept out in the open with an old bag of clothes for my pillow, a spreading oak for a blanket and the starry sky as a roof for my home. Life, that was the life for youth and adventure. The years passed and came 1918, America had entered the war. The lure of travel was upon me like the spell of a witch of Salem; the call of the road pulsed in my veins and surged at my heart. The fascination of the bugle call and the vision of emblems and braid were mine to nurse and admire. A year later I was thrilled when, aboard a fast trans-continental limited, the porter announced through the coach that we were crossing the great Continental Divide. Then we slipped down through the Royal Gorge, out over the sands of the western desert, by the mount of the Holy Cross, deep into the Sierras of Mount Shasta, and finally came to a grinding halt at the gate of the Pacific. Ah, this was life—the true purpose of which was to be a vagabond.

I leaned on the rail of the mighty dreadnought Mississippi, totally unmindful of the waves which washed her prow, the waving flags and the screaming sirens and looked out beyond the Golden Gate. In the path of my vision, and looming up before me like the dream of a Spanish corsair, were the dancing girls of Honolulu, the narrow streets of Shanghai and the nefarious head hunters of Australia. Fate intervened. I did not pass out through the Golden Gate. My task was to finish high school and college.

I taught Mathematics, English and History for four years in the metropolis of Georgia. Then one day as the sun went out toward the west and a balmy June day came to a glorious end, my bride and I waved a happy farewell to the Goddess of Liberty and sailed out over the Atlantic.

Rivers are mysterious things and useful for man's body and soul. I love to sit and watch rivers; rivers that run along between narrow banks and turn the wheels of industry; rivers on which sail little white boats with blushing lovers, or carry hardy fisher folks to their labors.

Best of all I like ancient rivers whose story is told in saga and poem, in legend and history. Once my bride and I sat on the banks of the beautiful Danube and read in its mirrors the romance of the Balkans. Today while the cold winds blow through the shutters and the fire glows crimson and gold we stroll along the banks of the ancient Tiber, up by the Castle Saint Angelo, by the law courts to St. Peter's and the vatican. Or maybe we do the book stalls on the Seine, and look again at the Towers of London from the bridge across the Thames. I hope before the wheel is crushed under the load of life or the pitcher broken at the well I shall see the Jordan roll; see bread cast upon the waters of the Nile; hear the Volga boatman sing and see the mighty Amazon

spread itself out like a huge serpent crawling toward the sea. A few days ago I went out to the Mississippi to see Old Man River pass down through the cotton fields where sing the children whose grandsires sang on the Congo and the Nile. I love rivers, ancient and young, like men of destiny, ever going toward the sea.

Our age is an age of leisure, a great part of which shall be enjoyed in traveling. The economic order bringing in, as a gift to the American people, hours of needed leisure, must somehow make possible a way for the people to enjoy it. Else idle men and women may vitiate our already weakened moral fiber and lead the way to intellectual decay. Travel, well planned and timed, is an excellent way to enjoy one's leisure days.



ONE WAY TO DIE

(A MONOLOGUE)

By ELLIHU NORRIS

● A soliloquy that is somewhat bitter but which will be excellent food for thought.

Well Craig, I guess this is the end. You are through—washed up—a dismal failure. You have tailed yourself and your mother, your brothers and all those friends who believed in you. And here you are vainly trying to find consolation in a pint of "Golden Wedding" when it's ham and eggs you really need. See the rings under your eyes and the hollows in your cheeks, even your skin is taking on a pallor, or is it my nervous imagination?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That's what it is, just my imagination. That's it—only my imagination. . .

Why mirror, you are lying to me. As I hold you in my hand and look at my face in you—you lie to me. I'm not hungry or sallow-faced or worried. I don't care if they don't publish my stories. They don't publish them because they know I'm a Negro. My stories are good. I know they are. Didn't the landlady say they were good? And didn't Rebecca say they were good?

Well! Rebecca was a little slow in saying it but that was because her interest in me led her to be over-critical. She would have everything I write to be a masterpiece, and if it is merely exceptionally good she is disappointed.

But wait; just wait; I'll have the American public groveling at my feet and begging for my stories. Then these foolish editors and publishers will be glad to accept my terms rather than my crawling to them to get any terms they would give.

Ah! then I can marry Rebecca and we can have a little bungalow and a car. And she could buy all the dresses and clothes she wanted and I would not have to wear this patched suit any more and I'd have an overcoat instead of making believe I'm collegiate.

No—it can't be—I suppose it's no use. I can't even fool myself. I suppose I am washed up after all. I sup-

pose I am through. I've walked myself sick looking for work. I can't even find a dishwasher's job working for my board, and the C. W. A. is just something you hear people talk about. Ask me—I know. I haven't had a real feed in a month. Yesterday I did get a cup of coffee and cakes, but today, I couldn't even do that; and as for panhandling on the Bowery, or accepting the lousy charity that the high-salaried social work experts spit out to you—I'd rather die of starvation.

Maybe Matthew Arnold was right when he said that some of us were born to be obscured and die.—Yes, it seems as if I belong to that group all right.

When I finished college I had the highest of hopes for a journalistic future, but after five years of missing meals and dodging landladies I think I had best stop writing even letters.

The world has no need for failures. 'Tis best to have done with them. Ah!—that's it, I'll have done with the whole miserable mess of it. After all I would be neither the first nor the last to make the agonizing trek from the white-ways or by-ways of "Manhattan" to the cold and silent East River.

Yes Craig, the river—eternal peace,—peace for your soul.

But my soul is dead already. It died upon realizing that it dwelt in the body of a human failure, upon whom other humans sneered and cast meaningful glances. It died with the thwarted ambitions and aspirations of that same speck of humanity.

And as that soul fled this living image of its creator, it thanked not the Gods that were, for it had been conquered—ingloriously conquered. The physical shell of the material man is left to combat the cruel forces of nature long after the real man has become no more.

No, Craig! it is not necessary to take the river—just take that job cleaning brass spittoons in hotel lobbies.



POEMS



OUR PREFERENCE

Brown, dark brown, black—
 We always want to be
 Brown, dark brown, black.
 Once I heard a lady say
 We Negroes of the present day
 Have as our greatest ambition
 (The most foolish of all transitions)
 The hope of some day
 Being white.
 What a falsehood!
 How misunderstood
 Negroes are.
 Thinks she
 That we
 Proud folks
 Would commit the dreadful sin
 Of changing our beautiful skin
 From its colorful brown
 To a colorless white?
 We prefer being
 Brown, dark brown, black.
 God likes black;
 He makes some nights
 Blacker than Negroes are black.
 We prefer being
 Brown, dark brown, black.

RICHARD EARLE BROWN



TO "E. W." . . . SWEETLY TRAGIC—

All her life she postured
 With rare disdain
 And worthy art
 She acted out her part
 Until at the close
 Her bitterest and finest gesture
 Found her with none to espy
 Alas . . . she wept and died—
 L'envoi
 The wind's soft sigh seems a moan
 The trees are mourners asway
 Feathered Folk sound a doleful note
 As they bear her slowly away

J. BURKE HORNE

HAYES N GEORGIA

A Southern audience—
 Black, brown, white,
 Eager—
 An anxious audience,
 Two artists;
 A key-board,
 Black and white,
 The key-board sounded;
 Music arose
 And filled the air;
 And all was silent again.
 Softly, sweetly, quietly,
 The key-board awoke again.
 A master's voice,
 Soft and clear—
 Even as the voice of an angel
 Is clear;
 Sweet—
 Even as the voice of the nightingale
 Is sweet,
 Thrilled the audience.
 The singing of an artist
 Filled the air—
 The key-board was soft,
 Sweet and clear,
 And music enthralled the audience,
 Breathless and still.
 The artists ceased;
 The singer bowed—
 With the grace of an Egyptian king
 The singer bowed
 The audience roared
 And thundered.
 They had heard an artist sing—
 They had listened to Roland Hayes.

RICHARD EARLE BROWN.



TO "R. C." . . . CHASTE AND UNCHASED

This one knew love
 And made o' it a worship
 Felt passion and held it her shame
 Her stinting anent the latter
 Cost her quite the former
 Found them late at last . . . the same—

J. BURKE HORNE

CHAPTER NOTES



Pi Psi University Of Illinois Urbana, Ill.

SINCE our last report Pi Psi has shown a decided improvement in scholarship, especially among the members of the Lampados Club, who, after a short session with Brother Howard, dug in with a will, and showed us that they were the kind of men whom Omega welcomes to her ranks. I might pause here to say that pledge-brother John Jones has had two of his themes chosen by the Committee on Rhetoric of the University, to be published in the "Green Caldron," a monthly publication devoted to outstanding pieces of composition by members of the Freshman class.

Hell Week has begun! And unless we have guessed wrong, none of our prospective brothers are going to fail. Those who will, we hope, cross the sands without faltering are:

John M. Jones.....	Chicago
Thomas L. Neal.....	Chicago
James W. Price.....	St. Louis
Leonard A. Faustina.....	Mobile

At our last meeting plans for our annual Spring party were approved and the date set as May 12th, 1934. It will be given at the Chapter House, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to all Brothers in Omega to be our most welcome guests at that time.

The ranks of Pi Psi's bachelors are thinning steadily, if certain information which has fallen into my hands is true. In our last report we announced the loss of Brother James Butcher, who stepped out of the line last year. Now we must bid adieu to Brother Ralph A. Vaughn of Washington, D. C. It came as a complete surprise to most of us, in particular to the Chapter Editor, who still remembers something about a boast of Brother Vaughn's which he backed up with a quite substantial bet. Best wishes from Pi Psi, Brother Vaughn, and may you both live long and happily.

At this time we are proud to announce that Pi Psi has responded one hundred per cent to the financial campaign of Omega. The Brothers came through promptly and at present all are members in good standing with the Supreme Council.

And now, Brothers, till next time we must say

So-Long.

M. R. DRAINE,
Chapter Editor.

Alpha Howard University Washington, D. C.

SINCE our last report Alpha Chapter has been doing bigger and better things. Our annual Mardi Gras was the talk of the town, and was outstanding from many standpoints. A few of our good brothers took opportunity to display some of their talent before the large number of guests present and as a result, Alpha Chapter now has a discipline committee. But the dance was real fun! Those who didn't have the Q spirit had other spirits.

Ten more pledge brothers have been brought into the folds of Omega, and are imbued with those characteristics that make up all true Omega men. They are: Brothers Timothy Irving, Washington, D. C.; William Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dudley Clark, New York City; Fred Durrah, Plainfield, N. J.; Leon Osley, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Cole, Washington, D. C.; Nelson Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Fred Aden, Washington, D. C.; William Clemmons, Orange, N. J.; and Ulysses Campbell, Newark, N. J.

The neophytes came in just in time to help us put over the biggest social event of the season—the much longed for Q annual Spring Formal! My, what a night! Q's were here from hither, thither and yon; mostly yom. The Grand Basileus was present and was compelled to admit that he hadn't seen anything like it in Raleigh!

Well, student elections come off on the campus in a few days. The fire is blazing high, but by the time that this report goes to press, Apes, Boy Scouts, Polecats, Gamma Tau Cats, and all other cats will be gone up in the smoke, and the Q's alone will be able to sit down and enjoy the warm coals.

In a few days a number of our Brothers will be graduating from the College of Liberal Arts, consequently they will bid Alpha Chapter good-bye, but not Omega. Alpha Chapter is proud of each one of them, and glad to have had them spend their college days in our midst. We extend them hearty congratulations, and urge them on to higher educational attainments. Those to be graduated are, Brothers Harrison D. Hobson, president of the Student Council and business manager of the Howard Players; Kelly O. P. Goodwin, elected delegate to the N. S. F. A. twice the same year; Alvin Woods, president of the Howard Players, president of Clark Hall Council, and a member of the Student Council; William

Hueston, Captain in the R. O. T. C.; and vice-basileus of Alpha Chapter, Charles Lofton and Charlie Shorter, who get their Master's degrees in History.

And now, after having had a year of success,—full of excitement,—and, having to the best of our ability, executed the principles of Manhood, Scholarship, Perseverance and Uplift, we pack our trunks and leave for home, and until next school year, we bid you all good-bye, and wish you a pleasant vacation.

FREDERICK S. WEAVER,
Chapter Editor.

Iota Omega Tuskegee, Ala.

AFTER a long period of quietness and inactiveness Iota Omega Chapter again comes to the front with a write-up of its activities which have become rejuvenated during the last four months.

During the elections of Officers last fall, the following Brothers became leaders of the chapter for the year 1933-1934: W. R. Maynard, Basileus; R. B. Collins, K. of R. & S.; Dr. R. Carey, K. of F.; B. W. Fitts, Chapter Editor.

Brother Maynard who is a product of Psi Chapter, Morehouse College, is a very energetic young man whose ideas should put Iota Omega in the front ranks with other Chapters and Fraternities.

Our Motto for the year is "Greater things for Omega." This spirit is dominating in every Brother.

Our last meeting was held in the beautiful apartment of Dr. Prince P. Barker. Since it was the week preceding "National Negro Health Week," the discussion centered around the ways and means of improving health among our group. This part of the program was quite interesting due to the fact that three of the Brothers who spoke were physicians and were prepared to give us important information that was taken from their experiences. These Brothers were, Dr. P. P. Barker, Dr. George C. Branche and Dr. A. D. Simington.

The man who foresaw the need of such a movement as "National Negro Health Week" was the late Booker T. Washington. This Chapter is very fortunate in having as one of its members a son of Mr. Washington, Brother Dave Washington. This part of the program was concluded with a very interesting talk by Brother Washington, telling us how his Father conceived and put into reality his idea of the need of such a movement.

The next and last part of the program was in the form of a symposium, where everybody was merry, happy and gay. Brothers Barker, Branche and Simington, who were hosts to the Chapter will long be remembered for their hospitality on this particular night.

This was the beginning of what we hope to be an exceptionally big year for all Iota Omega men. In the words of Socrates, "In order to steer a ship or rule a state, one must have knowledge of the construction and function of the ship, or the nature and purpose of the state." Similarly unless we as a chapter know the purpose of our Fraternity, know its function and construction, its nature and purpose, we cannot be real one hundred per cent Omega men. Iota Omega Chapter has realized that and because we wish to be one hundred per cent Omega men, we have adopted these resolutions:

First—To make our doings known through the Fraternity Publication. Second—To know the doings of other Chapters by taking care of our obligations to the National Chapter, thereby being eligible each quarter for a copy of the Fraternity's publication. The Chapter pledges to follow many new phases of activities this year which will be in keeping with the spirit of Omega.

Faternally yours,

BERNARD W. FITTS,
Chapter Editor.

Epsilon Omega State A. & M. College Orangeburg, S. C.

WE MAY have been nodding or sleeping a little for the past year or so, but there is evidence of much life and the real spirit of Omega judging by the enthusiasm of all the meetings this year. Several members live outside of the city of Orangeburg and each meeting brings together brothers who travel from twenty-five to seventy-five miles or more, but the attendance has been very good. On two occasions the monthly meetings were held in neighboring towns where several members are located. In February, Drs. Birnie, Jones, and Professor Penson of Sumter were hosts to the Chapter and in March the meeting was held at Voorhees School with Brothers Blanton, Brown, Moore, and Perdue entertaining.

To Brothers Fred Sheffield, Ed Ferguson, and M. F. Whittaker are due credit for arousing the present interest and enthusiasm. But the newly elected officers are leaving no stones unturned in trying to keep every brother filled with the good old "Omega oil." One of the objectives of the year is to raise a scholarship fund which is to be divided equally among four schools, encouraging and aiding in each school one student who best exemplifies the cardinal principles of Omega during the present Freshman year. The four schools selected are Claflin University, Morris College, State A. & M. College, and Voorhees Jr. College. The annual dance is to be given on April 18th and a big invitation is to follow a few days later.

Epsilon Omega already can proudly point out some of the most illustrious educators, physicians, dentists, morticians, ministers, and business men in South Carolina, as its members. The present roster will be greatly strengthened by other prominent men who seek to have their lamps filled with this wonderful "Omega Oil."

The present officers are as follows:—

PAUL V. JEWEL.....	Basileus
E. HORACE FITCHETT.....	Keeper of Records and Seals
HAROLD W. MARTIN.....	Keeper of Finance
E. B. McTEER.....	Chaplain
ED FERGUSON, JR.....	Keeper of Peace
T. H. MOORE.....	Editor

Psi Morehouse College Atlanta, Ga.

WE OF Psi greet the mighty empire of Omega in stentorian tones.

We have gone three-fourths of the way in another academic year at "deah old Morehouse. Our thoughts in all our activities were filled with a desire to add to the glory of Omega.

All of our formal and informal meetings presided over by our capable and popular Basileus, Bro. L. C. Archer, have been instruments useful in the furtherance of a program larger than ourselves. At the beginning of the term, we welcomed into our fold Bro. B. E. Graham, who returned after an absence of three years. . . . Perseverance; Bro. W. J. Sampson of Sigma Psi and Bros. W. B. Mitchell and T. S. Coles of Upsilon Phi: All of these men have entered enthusiastically into the execution of the year's program.

At present our roster includes Bros. Archer, Adair, Birchette, Bryson, Christopher, Coles, Darkins, Fields, Gaines, Graham, Jennings, Jones, Kilgore, Lawrence, Long, Payne, Smith, Mitchell, Morse, Crawford, Woodward, Watson and Sampson. Eleven of this number will graduate—"fawncy that!"

Psi Chapter holds her own in all important campus and civic activities. Bros. Archer and Jennings represented us with merit on the gridiron. The former was also a basketball satellite. Bro. Adair is a member of the singularly famous debating team. Bro. Kilgore is President of the Y. M. C. A. Bro. Smith is President of the Senior Class. Bro. Fields is its business manager. Bro. Darkins is president of the Glee Club and Orchestra. Bros. Darkins, Smith and Kilgore ably represent the student body on the Student Activity Committee. Psi Chapter recently copped the prize in the annual Delta Sigma Theta "Jabberwock." Bro. Archer was a member of the "Q. C." team which recently won the Inter-Frat Basketball Tournament.

Bro. Beckett, '33, is doing graduate work in business administration at Atlanta University. Bro. Rodriguez of the nationally famous Morehouse Quartet of 1932-33 and Bro. E. C. Mazique are doing graduate work in sociology and education respectively.

CHARLES C. GAINES,
Ye Commentator.

Pi Phi Charlotte, N. C.

COMING direct from the Conclave, filled with the spirit of Omega and with a determination to do more for the cause of Omega, the Pi Phi chapter, located at Charlotte, N. C., immediately began work towards reshaping the destiny of the chapter to make it more active and make its influence felt in the city of Charlotte and neighboring vicinities.

Thus far the chapter has been very successful in its attempts and the realm of Omega will hear from our little chapter before the Annual Conclave in dear ole St. Louis with Brother Moreland.

Our first meeting was for the purpose of election of officers and the following officers were elected to carry out the programme of Pi Phi.

DR. R. M. WYCHE.....	Basileus
MOSES BELTON.....	Keeper of Records and Seals
A. O. STEELE.....	Keeper of Finance
J. D. MARTIN, JR.	Chaplain
L. F. ALEXANDER.....	Keeper of Peace
M. J. WHITEHEAD.....	Editor

We have as our first project the difficult task of getting all Omega men in this vicinity to become financial and to work for Omega through Pi Phi; our second project is the giving of a scholarship to some worthy student who needs help in order to secure an education.

In our reorganizing efforts, the roster of our chapter covers Charlotte, Gastonia, Belmont, and Rock Hill, S. C.

Once a month at our business meeting we have a Buffet Supper which has proved to be a nice incentive to create interest in professional and business men.

The brethren of Pi Phi are glad to hear of the recent achievement of our Grand Basileus, and wish him much success in this new position.

Yours in Omega,
M. J. WHITEHEAD,
Chapter Editor.

Theta Psi Institute, West Virginia

THETA Psi Chapter, nestled in the mountains of West Virginia, is not as quiet as the surroundings would have you believe. Under the careful leadership of our Basileus, James Bush, this has been a banner year for Theta Psi. Bro. Adolph Hamblin, our Keeper of Finance, has been very instrumental in keeping our chapter in good financial standing and at present we have twenty-seven men in good standing with both the local and grand chapters.

Theta Psi won the inter-fraternal basketball tournament and the Lampados Club won the inter-pledge club tournament. So you can readily see that Theta Psi not only has good material at present but its material for the future is very promising. "Lanky" Stewart, captain of the varsity quintet, was the main cog around which Brothers Dudley, Brownley, Sparkman, Johnson, Bush, Buent and Gupton made an unbeatable team.

Bro. Dudley is president of Alpha Delta Sigma Honorary Society and student instructor in Chemistry. Bro. John Gilmore, our Keeper of Records and Seals, is also an assistant in Chemistry. Brothers Coleman, Buent and Gupton are student instructors in Biology and Bro. Bowler is student instructor in Physics. Bro. Morrison Ryder is student assistant in the department of Music. He and Bro. Hamblin wrote our Chapter Song, "Hail to Old Theta Psi."

Bro. Joseph Bailey, the best student executive West Virginia State College has ever had, is also on the debating team with Bros. Buent and Bush. Bro. Dingrid delivered the address at our annual Memorial Services this year.

Our annual prom was on May 5th and if any of the Brothers had been around, we would have been glad to have had them drop in and receive some good old "Q" hospitality. Our affair is always booked to be the most gala affair of the current social season.

Friday, April 13, 1934, our own dear Brother William B. Ellison was shot; he died shortly afterwards and we all mourn his loss because he was a worker who held Omega's ideals high.

Theta Psi loses some of its most stalwart sons by graduation this year. They are Joe Bailey, student council prexy, James Bush, Basileus, Dingrid, orator, Dudley, scholar, John "Hoss" Gilmore, Keeper of Records and

Seals, "Lanky" Stewart, athlete, and Alexander "Sonny" Brown, the boy who is known wherever there are college men and women.

Although we are leaving State we will carry on for Omega and stay within the bounds of her guiding light.

Faternally yours,

ALEXANDER "SONNY" BROWN,
Chapter Editor.

**Iota Psi
Ohio State University
Columbus, O.**

LAST month a member of the Lampados Club of this chapter and a freshman at Ohio State

University, was invited to the annual banquet given by the University as a recognition of scholarship. The pledge who received this outstanding reward was Hewitt Tony. He is also the first negro student to receive such recognition.

Iota Psi calls attention to his achievement because it wants all good Omega men to know that Iota Psi is keeping up the standard that all true loyal Omega men strive for.

Faternally yours,

CHARLES H. BLAIR,
Keeper of Records and Seals.

**Theta
Wiley College
Marshall, Tex.**

BELIEVE it or not, but this is the voice of "dear old Theta Chapter" down here on the rolling prairies of Texas coming back to active-ness after being thrown into a state of oblivion by a stroke of laziness on the part of Brother Arthur "Dallas Red" Johnson.

As usual Theta is doing its part in upholding the ideals of Omega. Brother Cleveland J. Gay is president of the "Y", representing Wiley in debating, assisted by Brothers Jake Douglass and Nelson J. Bowden, and is a member of the Wildcat Staff. Brother Orian "Bishop" Loving is

president of the Student Council, head waiter in the dining hall (Oh yes, incidentally, all of the Q's are pretty fat down here) and all-American tackle. Brother Walter "Shorty" Smith is captain-elect of the 1934 Wiley Wildcats. Brother Herschel "Chops" Davis is manager of the Alpha Phi Omega Forensic Society. Brother Bertrand Adams, trombonist, arranger and composer for the Wiley Harlem Collegiate Aces whose number "Hazel Eyes" is the theme song for this aggregation; and recently was king of the campus for the Wiley Field Day activities. Brother Allison Jackson, cornetist, has his own band.

Brothers George Spencer, Charles Fields, Australia King, and Augustus Rhoads are the reception committee for all stray, lost or stolen Omega oil which keeps Brother Frederick "Grandma" Wright hammering on their heads for such outrageous acts. Then there are Brothers Paul Chretien, Steve Gulley, Leon Harris, and Willis Howell holding up the burden of the social life of Omega.

Graduate members of the group are Brother Rufus Anderson, Professor in Music, director and accompanist for the Wiley Quartet now traveling. Brother Ralph A. Edmondson, head of the Department of Physics; Brother M. B. Tolson, head of the Department of English and Debate Coach; Brother J. L. Farmer, Ph.D. and head of the Department of Religious Education; Brother C. M. Luster, Dean of Men; Brothers Hobart Reid and T. L. Hunter, prominent dentists; Brother G. Rosboro, Professor at Central High School; Brother Mitchell "Chef Cook" Gillespie; Brother P. W. Prothrow, Jr. who runs the Marshall Hotel here (that is, runs it up and down on the elevator, you know he is combination elevator boy, bell hop, porter and everything else you can think of); and Brother Paul Moon.

Brothers J. T. Anderson, J. W. Hugley, Brice Taylor and Wayland Fuller of Bishop College are Professors of that school and active Brothers.

Well, thus concludes this research of the annals of Theta Chapter of Omega Q. C. You Brothers be careful because Theta Chapter is going to boil over next year. Nevertheless, we will see you at the St. Louis Conclave.

BROTHER ARTHUR JOHNSON,
Editor to the Oracle.



THE ORACLE SPEAKS

NEXT ISSUE

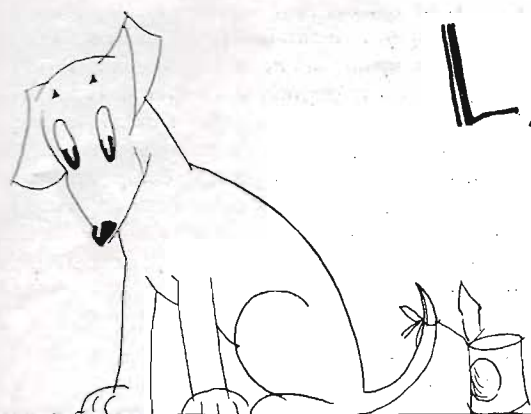
(Continued from page 4)

and sent in immediately. Those chapters whose activities continue during the summer may either wait until August 15th to submit a report or may submit one now and send a supplementary report of summer activities just before the closing date.

Our President

WHEN Stenio Vincent, the president of the Black Republic visited this country several weeks ago, he was the personal

guest of President Roosevelt at the White House. It is refreshing to find that we now have in the White House a man who has the courage to openly treat a black man as a human being. This is only one instance of President Roosevelt's habit of doing what he considers right regardless of political expediency. We hope that this incident is a true index of President Roosevelt's feeling toward the Negro and sincerely hope that, during the remainder of his present administration and in his next, he will do something as Chief Executive of the Greatest Democracy in the World to assure fifteen million loyal citizens of their constitutional rights.



LAMPADOS NOTES

MALCOLM DODSON

The Lampados Club, Rho Johnson C. Smith University Charlotte, N. C.

THE Lampados Club of Rho Chapter at Johnson, C. Smith University, Charlotte, N. C., is composed of the following members: Joseph Charles Belton, President; Clarence Turner, Vice President; Joseph Willis Parker, Secretary; Charles Edwin Greenlee, Treasurer; Robert Arnett Denson, Chaplain; James Barnette, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. Rendall Howell, Reporter to the Oracle; Henry Weldon Brown, James Medford Wheeler, Eugene A. Adair, C. Eugene Morrison.

We are proud to say that our club is composed of the cream of the Freshman class. With the exception of one Sophomore, all of the members of the club are Freshmen. Our club is well represented in the extra-curricula activities of the University. We have men on the varsity football team, the varsity basketball team, the varsity debating team, and in many other positions to make our club the best "on the Hill." In the near future the Lampados club will challenge the other clubs on the campus in contests, such as volley ball, tennis, basketball, and debating.

On April 25th, the Lampados club sponsored an entertainment for the Big Brothers. This proved to be an enjoyable affair for all.

Of the fourteen Freshmen eligible to pledge, ten pledged to the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity. We have made a good beginning and we hope to make ourselves worthy of being members of the Lampados club and some day cross the "burning sand," entering into the fold of Omega.

Lampados Club, Xi Psi South Carolina State College Orangeburg, S. C.

GREETINGS to all our brothers in Lampados. The Lampados club of the Xi Psi Chapter, located at S. C. College in Orangeburg, S. C., send you these few words of salutation. It is with a great deal of pride and appreciation that we read of your accomplishments in social, athletic, scientific, and intellectual fields. We, of the southern part of this great republic feel that we too are doing our

part in keeping the banner of Omega and Omega pledges high in the field of curricula and extracurricula endeavors.

We feel that we have here at South Carolina State College "Lamps" who rank among the highest in achievement as well as in scholarship. Our roster is composed of 21 loyal members of which number all are outstanding in their chosen fields. Our personnel includes such men as, Brothers: Leroy Campbell, honor student, member of Sigma Rho Sigma scientific society, chemistry wizard and an outstanding figure in social and educational circles; George (Lefty) Holman, varsity track man and varsity debater; Thomas Lakin, outstanding scientific student and member of the College orchestra; Edward (Pops) Morgan, pianist of extraordinary talent and ability; Clarence Clinkscales, Circulation Manager of Collegian; Allard Alston, honor student; Thomas Worthan, who hails from the state of Texas, vocalizer of great ability, chief male soloist of college Choir, member of College Quartette; Reginald Daniels, also a singer of great renown; Melvin Logan, member of football squad; Joseph Brown, honor student; Thomas (Smoky) Brown, member of basketball squad; Reynard (Shorty) Hills, one of the most dangerous men on the basketball court that S. C. State College has ever had within her walls; James Grant, honor student, member of football squad, and socializer of great renown; Leroy Sulton, student of no small ability and a "lady charmer" of no mean repute.

Then we cross the fence to our sister institution, Claf-
lin College, where we find the following brothers doing their share in glorifying and carrying on the work of the Lampados Club. Brothers C. C. Reynolds, honor student, and social light; E. Wilson, Varsity debater, honor student, orator of great potentialities; E. Walthon, honor student, who is unanimously accorded by the brothers of the Lampados Club as being the most perfectly groomed man in that organization; P. Williams, honor student.

When you read the above list of members of the Lampados Club of the Xi Psi Chapter, you can readily see why we are so bold as to make the assertion that this Chapter and the Pledge Club which is affiliated with it is doing much to keep the Light of Omega shining brightly in this College community of which we are a part.

LAWRENCE B. BOWEN

Lampados Club, Theta Wiley College Marshall, Tex.

WITH the advent of spring the Lampados Club of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity of Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, speaks through the Oracle after a long silence. The silence through the Oracle though does not reflect inactivity on the part of the club for the splendid traditions of those who have gone before are still upheld with a marked degree of effectiveness.

The officers of the Lampados Club are as follows:

BUDDIE ELZA ODELL.....President
BUDDIE ARTHUR GRAY.....Vice-President
BUDDIE FINIS GARLAND.....Secretary
BUDDIE ISAAC PRESSLEY.....Treasurer

In the club we have fourteen shining Lamps: Isaac Pressley, Elza "Tip" Odell of all-American fame, Chris Hibbler, sensational guard of 32-33, Finis Garland, Alfreder Kemper, Arthur Gray, Herman Shaw, Roy Brown, William Davis, E. W. Perry, Jr., Floyd Thompson, Woodie White, Jr., Chas. Buford, and Elmer G. Carrier.

On Feb. 17, 1934, the Lampados Club presented a one act play in the college chapel entitled "The Crumbs That Fall." That evening the day was climaxed with a gala affair at the home of big brother Dr. Hunter. Since that time four Buddies have crossed the burning sands: Robert Davis, Nelson Bowden, Australia King, Fred Wright. However, to off-set the loss of those four, the club has welcomed into its fold Floyd Thompson, Roy Brown, Woodie White, Jr., Finis Garland and Elmer Carrier.

At the close of the semi-quarter examinations six of our buddies were placed on probation: Roy Brown, Elza Odell, Isaac Pressley, Chris Hibbler, E. W. Perry, Jr., Herman Brit Shaw. A smoker was given at the home of our big brother Prothrow in honor of the neophytes and a good time was had by all. Smokes, sandwiches and drinks were served. Of the many social functions that we are looking forward to before this school year has passed is our annual get-together dinner dance.

I must sign off here and promise you that this club will be heard from often.

Yours,
ELMER C. CARRIER.

Lampados Club, Iota Chicago, Ill.

AS the pledge period comes to a close, the Lampados of the Iota Chapter are more and more instilled and invigorated with pep, enthusiasm and fraternal fervor, because they are cognizant of the fact that they may soon bear the Omega symbol which is an exemplification of brotherly love and educational achievement.

Inspired by the Omega spirit the Lampados, sponsored an Omega "Get-together" at the Jubilee C.M.E. Temple of Chicago, which was attended not only by the Omega men of the city but also by some of the most outstanding personages of Chicago. Dr. Jos. Wm. Nicholson, doctor of philosophy from Northwestern University, was the guest speaker.

On Saturday, April 28th, when the Omega Fraternity Formal held the spotlight of the Society world of the Windy City the Lampados were ever on hand to carry out the wishes of the Omega men, in order to make this affair one long to be remembered by the members of the Chicago society.

The boys are engaged in strengthening their physique, steeling their nerves for the crucial period they will have to undergo while at the mercy of the all powerful Omega men who have proclaimed that only the fit shall survive.

Members of this enthusiastic group which represent possible and potential Omega material are: Samuel Shepard, of Chicago U., patriarch, Wm. McKinnis, of the Y.M.C.A. College, abbot, Barry Stone, of Lewis Institute, keeper of seals, Julien Drayton, of Lewis Institute, scribe, Franklin Smith, of Lewis Institute, tetrarch, Wendell Washington, chaplain, Julien Browne, of Lewis Institute, chaplain, Naamen Smith, from Morehouse College, ass. scribe, and Fred Blair, Uni. of Chicago, James Kemp, Dean of Pledges, John Marshall Law.

Lampados Club, Pi Psi Urbana, Ill.

WE are endeavoring to bore the reader as little as possible so we're dissuaded to continue since we could spend the night discoursing on the deficiencies of us all.

We are indebted to Milford Draine, our pledge-master, and all of the brothers, for they have certainly given a helping hand.

We're thinking that you may be wondering who these simple dogs are who just won't do right. In consequence, we'll go into detail:

Leonard Faustina—He saw his first heavy snowfall here and stayed indoors all day. He even put some snow in a pint bottle (milk bottle) and was going to send it back to Mobile, only he forgot and set it on the radiator. Here's a fellow who catches the fancy of the females, maybe it's his "southern drawl" couldn't be much else. Anyway he's learning to pronounce monosyllabic words properly. He bought a new hat during Easter vacation. The manner and angle at which he wears it is more in keeping with the play boys of 47th and South Parkway than the country swains of Mobile. (P.S.) Don't ever ask this fellow to spare you a dime—by the way, he's treasurer too.

James Price—He's just another Casanova who gets all the mail from St. Louis. He went to Chicago shortly after Christmas to a high school prom and almost forgot to come back. Methinks that St. Louis women aren't so smooth after all. He's growing up now; perhaps next fall he won't even wear his renowned aviator's cap. He'll have to change his theme song from "St. Louis Blues" to "I think that I shall never see a noose as tight as Thee," if he doesn't watch his step. He's following undeviatingly in the footsteps of Carl Mickey, only he hasn't found a frail who'll cook and wash for him.

Lyle Jones—a town boy who means well but has a "hell" of a way of showing it. He can't stop laughing in meetings—so he says. Nevertheless, I think the "wood" has aroused his deference and an occasional application of it will undoubtedly cure him—how well I know.

Tommy Neal—He's known to the collegiate populace as "Father Time." He's so retiring and settled. His attitude toward the opposite sex is indifference personified. Still he has a way with the women, who refer to him in such endearing terms. In fact a certain young lady calls him "Clark Gable," which proved detrimental to him at an A.B.C. meeting—ask him. He should be able to collect a lot of hush money from a certain brother. "Father Time," our president suffers from iner-

(Please turn to page 17)



Conducted by S. Malcolm Dodson

THEOPHRASTUS Q. WHIPPLE

Young man, are you at a loss for something to do of a Saturday afternoon? Then be sure to read this.

As I stood at the door of Dr. Whipple's apartment after having leaned against the bell, I could hear the splash and gurgle of water in the bath tub. "Hmml!" I mused to myself, "Theophrastus is as careful with his personal hygiene as he can be. Just goes to show what radio programs can do." The doctor himself opened the door. "Nobody by that name lives here," said he before I could speak but not before I had one of my no. elevens in the door. "Don't you remember me?" I asked. "No," he replied, "you must be the forgotten man." "Surely," I countered wedging one of the shoulders in the door that had bucked the line for dear old Crampton, "You must remember me; I am the reporter for the Omega Psi Phi Sybil." "Sho, sho," he replied in his splendid Cambridge accent, "How could I forget you. I'm so glad you came again. I have never been able to find my copy of *Fantasius Mallaire* since your last visit. I hope you enjoyed the pictures." "They were a revelation," I replied. "I hope I didn't interrupt you in your bath," I asked apologetically. "I thought I heard you splashing around in the tub." "Not at all, not at all, Old Chap, why today is only Thursday. You see, it's like this since repeal, I have never gotten quite used to store-bought gin and the bath tub might as well be put to use during the week."

I seated myself in one of the three hollows on his antedeluvian divan. I carefully looked at my friend, Dr. Whipple, for any changes. Yes, there was a change. There, smeared all over his physiognomy, was the pragmatic proof that the depression is on the run. His mouth and vicinity was well anointed with grease, the sure evidence of a meat diet. When I last saw the doctor two years ago there had only been a fleck of powdered sugar at the corners of his mouth. "How are things?" I inquired. "Fine, fine, never done better in my life. Always a cold joint of fowl in the ice box and a pot of fat pork and greens on the back of the stove." "Why this sudden affluence?" "Well, you see, the administration appropriated a sum of thirty million dollars to sponsor the L.R.D.B. and I was made director." "But what," I asked, "do the letters L.R.D.B. stand for?" "I thought every-

body knew. It means Longer Rolling Dice Bureau." "Let's get down to business," I suggested. "I am very sorry," he interrupted, "I haven't a pair of dice in the house." "I didn't mean that. I meant, let's get to the interview. I came to interview you." "Oyes, oyes, I am always ready to spill pearls of wisdom into the hungry laps of my people . . ." "And so," I cut in before he got started, "I came to get the truth about the rumor that you are starting Saturday afternoon casino games for the boys." "Ah, yes," he sighed, "that is no rumor, that is fact, very much a fact." He clapped his hands together sharply. His man, Jilson, crawled from beneath the piano, snapped his heels together, and saluted. "I'll have cocktails for two." Whereupon Jilson started fumbling with the phonograph records. "No, you dumb-bell," shrieked Dr. Whipple, "I don't want music, I want a drink, two drinks in fact, to drink." Jilson shuffled off. He was gone so long, I was sure he had shuffled off to Buffalo. He returned finally carrying the tray with one hand and wiping his mouth with the back of the other. We drank. After coughing, strangling and spluttering a few minutes, we agreed that the liquor was as smooth as a hard-boiled egg with the shell off. Theophrastus settled down with his feet up on the table. Well, here's his story:

"It's a long story. Long before I married Mrs. Whipple, I looked forward to the time when I could enjoy her sweet feminine companionship on Saturdays. Sundays, we might have to spend several dull hours entertaining politely or being entertained, but Saturday! That was to be our day. But I soon found that that was not to be. First, there were auction bridge clubs, then there were contract bridge clubs. Soon I found that all those husbands who looked so dignified when they are out at big social functions, spend Saturday mornings washing dishes, mopping the kitchen and polishing the bathroom porcelain in preparation for Sunday's visitors while wifely flits around downtown getting something new so the girls won't recognize her outfit from the last time. When the housework is done, hubby has the choice of staying home and reading last week's *Afro-American* or of playing poker in a smoky back room with the other boys who had finished their domestic chores. I thought the matter over carefully. I called the boys together and we discussed the matter. We decided that the back room of Louis' was all right but that it lacked aesthetic appeal.

Poker was a bit crude. We decided to change to casino. We would play at the house of one of the boys whose missus would be out. We would take turns at entertaining. We could have pretty tables with a jar of pansies on each table. There would be prizes, of course! Weber and Heilbronner has the sweetest yellow and purple shorts! We could give suspender and garter sets, other prizes might be collar buttons with square bases, musical cigarette boxes, appliqued handkerchiefs and oodles and oodles of ducky things that the boys would just adore. The first prize would be a self-wringing mop. The boys would all play so hard for that, it would assure them of finishing in time to arrive before the first table. Then too, the boys would get such fun out of preparing the menu! Cocktails made from the juice of all the fruits found in and about the ice-box (including prune juice), gin left from wifey's last club meeting and a dash of

bitters. Then there would be a salad of chicken giblets and soup greens cut up in gelatin with whipped cream, a cross of red pimento and a stuffed olive. For dessert .. we might have one of the boys make a cake. Of course, there would be coffee and cute little cigars. This would help business immensely. Can you imagine any of the boys showing up at the Saturday session without having had a haircut, shampoo, tonic, mud-pack, massage and his eye-brows plucked? Nor would they want to go to two meetings in succession wearing the same tie. Shoes would be shined. The boys would spend Friday night shopping to complete an ensemble in blue and white, or brown and pink, or green and lavender." Here the doctor paused. "You follow me, don't you?" I did but he moved too fast. He locked himself up in the bathroom. So, drawing myself up to my slender height, I let myself out of his apartment and in for writing this.



BORROWED FUN

Teacher—"Give an example of nonsense."

Johnny—"An elephant hanging over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy."

Green Griffin.

First Collegian (on board ship): "Yes, my writing is improving, I think. I am now contributing to the "Atlantic Monthly."

Second Scholar (leaning over rail): "That's nothing, I contributing to the Atlantic Daily."

—Wampus.

Dear Mr. Palmolive,

"I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?"

Yours truly,

Oscar Zilch, '36.

—Froth.

Youngster: "An awful lot of girls are stuck on me."

Froshic: "Yes, they must be an awful lot."

—Log.

Teacher: "What insect requires the least nourishment?"

Percival: "The moth—it eats holes."

—Mugwump.

Statistics show that if all the engineers that have graduated from American colleges for the past five years were laid head to heels this country would still need a good five-cent cigar.

—Yellow Jacket.

Prexy: "Young man, why did you sleep through the chapel period?"

Senior: "Sir, I wasn't sleeping. I was praying."

—Clark Menter.

Prof (in vocational guidance): "How would you classify a telephone girl, is hers a business or profession?"

Stude: "Neither, Prof. It's a calling."

—Clark Menter.

First Greek: "How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"

Second Greek: "Fine. And how are all the pledges at your house?"

—Sun Dial.

Eta Peca Pi: "Do you know that Beta Beta Beta maintains five homes for the feeble minded?"

Whi Psi: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

—Clark Menter.

Freshman Co-ed: "What does it mean when a fellow gives you his fraternity pin?"

Etta Pi: "What fraternity?"

Freshman Co-ed: "Psi Psi Psi."

Etta Pi: "Nothing on this campus."

—Morehouse Maroon Tiger.

LAMPADOS NOTES (continued from page 15)

tia but displays a bit of vivacity when he looks at a certain young lady's picture on the wall over his desk.

Harold Graves—He's our former treasurer who left us recently much to our chagrin. All the big brothers and pledges miss him for his vacillating disposition. His aptitude and success in prevaricating is indeed not futile. He took the throne abdicated by a brother, Herbert Brady, who visited us recently.

Johnny Jones—He happens to be the secretary and finds no difficulty in making the minutes quite unintelligible. He's been wearing a pair of suedes all year—well, spring is here now.

Submitted by

MILFORD DRAINE, Dean of Pledges.
JOHNNY JONES, Secretary.

OMEGA SONGS

HAIL TO OMEGA PSI PHI

Words by A. P. Hamblin

Transcription by Morrison Ryder

Let us sing a song dear to college men
 A song of friendships true,
 Let us drink a toast to fraternities
 And thus our faith renew.
 Let us rally 'round our colors bold
 Of royal purple and old gold
 And flaunt our banner to the sky,
 Resolved to do or die.

CHORUS

Omega Psi Phi
 Pride of our days gone by
 Hail to her noble men
 With aspirations high.
 Hail to her colors bold,
 Purple and old gold
 Hold to her ideals high,
 Omega Psi Phi.
 For right we shall fight with tenacity,
 With all the nerve of youth,
 We will always respect nobility,
 Intelligence and truth.
 Thru perseverance, industry,
 Thru help and ingenuity,
 Endeavor to give our constant thought
 To the duty God hath wrought.

HAIL TO THETA PSI

Words by A. P. HAMBLIN, THETA PSI

Transcription by MORRISON RYDER

Let us sing a song dear to college men
 A song of friendships true
 Let us drink a toast to fraternities
 And thus our faith renew.
 Let us rally 'round our colors bold
 Of Royal Purple and Old Gold
 And flaunt our banner to the sky
 Resolved to do or die.

CHORUS

Hail to old Theta Psi
 Pride of our days gone by
 Hail to her noble men
 With Aspirations high
 Hail to her colors bold
 Purple and old gold
 Hold to her ideals high
 All Hail! To Theta Psi.
 For right we shall fight with tenacity
 With all the nerve of youth
 We will always respect nobility,
 Intelligence and truth.
 Thru perseverance, industry,
 Thru help and ingenuity,
 Endeavor to give our constant thought
 To the duty God hath wrought.

♦ ♦ ♦

QUEENS OF OMEGA

(Words and music by ROMNEY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Zeta Phi.)

Some are queens by heritage,
 Some achieve it, true
 Still we think you're just as great
 For the things you do.
 Sweet-hearts and wives, lest we forget,
 How well you've played your part,
 When things seemed gray,
 You came our way
 Bringing us one bright start.
 Like knights of old, we bow to thee
 All chivalrous and eager
 Sweethearts and wives
 To 'troth our lives
 And crown thee Queens of Omega.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The music for each of these is on file in the office of the "Oracle."

CHAPTER ROSTER

.....CHAPTER

NAME

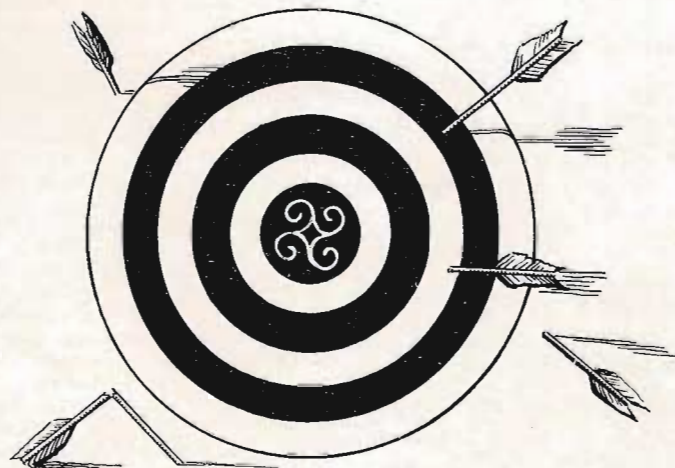
ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

PLEASE NOTE

In order to assure each financial brother of the receipt of his ORACLE we are asking the Keeper of Records of each chapter to fill in the above spaces the names of all financial brothers who have not received their copies.

Also list all who have moved as well as the home addresses of brothers who have up to now received their copies at school but have graduated or left school.



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(Continued from inside front cover)

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Livingston College, Salisbury, N. C.

MU PSI, Preston Haygood (Bas.),
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A & T College, Greensboro, N. C.

NU PSI, Wilbur H. Brown (Bas.),
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AN ESSAY CONTEST

For Undergraduate College and High School Students

SPONSORED BY

THE OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY, Inc.

in Connection With the Promotion of Its

National Negro Achievement Week Project

November 11-18 (Inclusive), 1934

COLLEGE GROUP

The essays must be concerning the practice of medicine; the Negro physician in America today; the problems of hospital accommodations from the standpoints of practicing physicians, internes and patients; fancies and foibles in medicine and kindred topics. Preference will be given to those essays that show thought, observation and analysis rather than to those that just show familiarity with text books and statistics.

Some suggested subjects:

"Problems of the Negro Physician and How He Overcomes Them."

"Overcoming the Superstitions that Hinder the Physician."

"Meeting the Health Needs of the Community."

"Decline of Midwifery and Why?"

"The Drugstore Practice of Medicine."

"The Problems of Hospitalization for Negroes."

These are only suggested subjects. A contestant may write on any subject as long as it deals with the practice of medicine or kindred activities.

HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

The essays must be on the subject "Negroes in the Medical Profession in My Community."

COLLEGE GROUP AWARDS

- 1st—\$25, Journal of Negro Education (1 year) and Gold Medal.
- 2nd—\$10 and Journal of Negro Life and History (1 year).
- 3rd—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 4th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 5th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 6th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 7th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 8th—Negro Year Book (1 year).

HIGH SCHOOL GROUP AWARDS

- 1st—\$25, Journal of Negro Education (1 year) and Silver Medal.
- 2nd—\$10 and Journal of Negro Life and History (1 year).
- 3rd—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 4th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 5th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 6th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 7th—Any Negro Newspaper of Contestant's Choice (1 yr.).
- 8th—Negro Year Book (1 year).

In addition to the awards enumerated every contestant to whom an award is made will receive a subscription (1 year) to the "ORACLE," official publication of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest begins on Monday, June 18, 1934 and closes Saturday, October 13, 1934. Essays may be submitted any time between these dates but none will be accepted that are postmarked later than midnight, October 13, 1934.
2. All essays submitted shall contain at least one thousand and not more than three thousand words.
3. All essays shall be plainly written, or typed, on one side of the paper. All pages must be numbered. Each contestant must write name, address and school on a card, place it in a sealed envelope and attach it to the upper left hand corner of the top sheet of the essay. The contestant's name must not appear on any page of the essays. The envelopes with the name cards will not be opened until the essays have all been judged.
4. Essays submitted are not to have been copyrighted or published in any form.
5. No manuscript will be returned.
6. The Omega Psi Phi Fraternity reserves the right to publish any manuscript.
7. The awards are to be made upon the basis of research, thought, observation, analysis, originality and literary merit.

The essays are to be mailed to S. Malcolm Dodson, 360-A Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Awards will be announced during the week of November 11-18 with the observance of National Negro Achievement Week.

For further information address:

S. MALCOLM DODSON

360-A Tompkins Avenue

Brooklyn, N. Y.