

When Diplomas Unfurl In June

(By Miss Sarah T. Muir, Representative from the 36th District, 49th Session, Nebraska Legislature. Miss Muir is head of the English department in the Lincoln high school. She discusses a subject of universal interest after having made a canvass of the prospects for the employment of the graduates)

What is to become of the young men and women, who about June 1 or soon thereafter, will be graduated from the colleges and universities all over the country? We are used to the jests about them and have smiled comfortably at cartoons which show them, ribboned diplomas in uncaloused hands, standing before the industry or business of the professions, breezily urging the world to a faster spin.

That was the year before last. We smiled at them with this easy tolerance because we knew in our hearts that these same high-held heads would see farther than some of those very elders who were pictured, with forced fierceness, barring the door of the future to them.

This year the problem of unemployment is acute, and the solutions offered do not take this new harvest of graduates into account at all. "Declare a moratorium on lawyers," says one authority, adding, "We have too many now. The country reached the saturation point when last year's classes had been turned out. Stop the mill. We don't need the new crop."

"All the young engineers working for their diplomas in the universities of the United States ought to give up their plans to build dams, make television practical, rear hydro-electric power plants, harness power to do the world's work," says another expert, "and go back to the farm." This last they add for lack of any other place to put them.

Physicians wave back the oncoming tide. "No more. The physicians we now have fill every possible niche open to their services."

Crowded to the Doors

In a word, every business, every industry, every trade, every profession is crowded to the doors. Nobody needs or wants the services of these young minds that we have been at such pains to train.

Ask the chap who brought you your "chicken fried" steak at the restaurant this noon what he intends to do when this year is over? He will say, "I am a senior in the engineering college, and I'd like to get a job in the Westinghouse Electric company or the General Electric. I'd like it if I could find a berth with the telephone company here in Lincoln. What I'll probably do," he will admit as he wipes off a splash of coffee from the saucer, "is to go back to the farm. Trouble is, they don't need me out there and can't pay me."

The girl who is about to finish her course in Teachers' College has visions of teaching domestic science in a high school near McCook. As the situation now stands there are already a few score of seasoned teachers of domestic science who have fallen back on the family kitchen range as their only laboratory. What foothold can she hope to find? When men and women with families to support are searching for work—any kind of work—there seems to be scant time to spend in worry over what future awaits college men and women. It is cheering to find, un-

der such circumstances, that plenty of fathers and mothers are continuing to sacrifice, knowing that in their boys and girls rests the only real wealth of the country.

Suppose we say, "Close schools; put the young men and women to work; science, teaching, medicine and invention have gone far enough. What is good enough for us is good enough for the next generation. We must have food and clothing. What do we need of a device to transmit the likeness as well as the voice over the telephone? what do we care for cures for cancer? why seek new commodities for producing heat, when there are coal and oil and gas enough to last out our life time?"

Near the museum in the Yosemite valley park stands a cross-section of one of those superb old trees that buffeted the gales for thousands of years before it was laid low. Scientists can trace its life history in the size and shape of the rings which lie exposed for even unscientific eyes to see. Here was a year when the water supply was low and the winter severe. Witness the thinness of that ring. A mild year and plenty of moisture have caused the next ring to grow wide and uncramped. Every sort of weather has left its mark in the fiber of the tree.

The Tell-Tale Truth

These last years, marked "depression," are leaving their mark on the fabric of many lives. Surely we cannot afford to have the eyes of later years traileth upon this particular period of our structure and see the tell-tale truth. That was the period, shall we permit the future to say, at which we shut off progress because we let no new blood into our research, our business, our professions, our industries?

Suppose we shut the doors in the faces of our college graduates of this year and offer them no chance to do the work for which they are specially fitted? It looks as if two results would be inevitable: one immediate; one ultimate. A few who have money will go on into graduate work, perfecting their talents against the better time when their chosen fields will be open to them. A very few of the most fortunate may find coveted berths in spite of our failure to welcome them in. Many, the largest number, will work on farms, wait on tables in restaurants, do odd jobs in gardens and kitchens, take care of their fathers' books or mothers' housekeeping, or just mark time. This large group will inevitably force out of work less skillful men or women who in better times filled these corners acceptably, and drive the latter into still greater drudgery or unemployment.

Threat to Morale

These are the immediate results. It will be noticed that the writer has not paused to consider the possibility that some of these eager young beginners, denied a chance to put into practice the noble ideas simmering in their heads, may be added to the already large throng of those who have tried to take short cuts to wealth, and thereby constitute one of the sorriest of all the hazards of these last disturbing years. That is another side of the story.

These are the prospects which we face today. What about the ultimate (Continued on Page 4)

A Social Chat With Loretta

Owing to the death of Mrs. Frances Taylor, beloved daughter of Mrs. Jack Galbreath, well known social leader of Lincoln, society happenings for the past week have been very quiet. Mrs. Taylor's body arrived Wednesday morning from Brooklyn, N. Y., and was taken to Alba Brown's funeral parlors, where services were held on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Roy Howard, a patient at St. Elizabeth Hospital for some time past, will be operated on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Mayme Todd received painful burns about the chest and arms when she fell across the gas stove at her home last Saturday night.

Mother Davis, who but recently celebrated her 90th birthday, was honored last Sunday evening at the Newman church of which she is a devout member. People who have known this grand old lady for years responded to brief talks and a nice sum of money was taken up for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Crews of 521 No. 22nd street were hosts to a newly organized club, "The Good Fellowship Club" a social club of the elite, which meets twice a month with a covered dish luncheon. Mr. Trago McWilliams, Jr., is president, Miss Thera Crews vice president, Delmar Woods, secretary, and Miss Ruby Webb, treasurer. It's present membership is 16 of our foremost young men and ladies, and we feel sure that they will soon make the public sit up and take notice. As a starter, they are sponsoring a large musical program some time next month. It will be the talk of the town. Watch for the date. They are rearing to go, and how!

Mr. Dacus, state president of the B. Y. P. N. and a resident of Omaha, was a visitor of Mt. Zion Baptist church B. Y. P. N. last Sunday evening.

Here And There

Mr. Munroe Williams J. who has spent the winter in Grand Island has returned home.

Word comes from Honolulu that Mr. Wilbur Woods, former University of Nebraska graduate is at the head of physical education in that city.

Eddie Tolan, fastest human being and winner of two most important Olympic events is working as filing clerk at Detroit.

Mr. Shumpert Logan, another of the graduates of the University of Nebraska is business manager and publicity man for one of the largest beauty manufacturing concerns in New York City. Mr. Logan, former Polemarch of Zetan Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi, taught in the south before entering the business world at New York.

Mr. ZaZa Westerfield is president of the Commercial Electrical Co. of New York City, a commercial enterprise composed of prominent Negroes of the Metropolis. Mr. Westerfield is one of the early Race men to complete college work at the University of Nebraska.

Mr. Milton Bledsoe who finished his Journalism work at Nebraska U in 1928 is making good with the Kansas City Call. Mr. Swinger who graduated in the same college two years later is City editor of the Atlanta Georgia's leading Race paper.

Mr. Harold Adams and wife are still carrying on at Tuskegee. Both are Nebraska U graduates.

We hope to present letters to our readers in an early issue from Miss Mary Nelson and Miss Anetha Miller, both graduates of the University here and teaching now in the south.

Handicap

After that, Stirred by the Sermon of The Rev. Jones, M. E. Church

Last Sunday evening the Reverend Jones of the M. E. Church preached one of the most soul stirring sermons I have ever had the pleasure of hearing, and it was a pleasure indeed. The Reverend Jones is one of Lincoln's leading pastors, a light in the religious world. It would have been a blessing if every living person in Lincoln could have heard this sermon. He talked of the handicaps of this life, some by being ugly, are handicapped by their social ambition, others by the color of their skin. Some by the loss of a hand, a leg or an eye. Still others, by their dispositions are barred from their goal. Last, but by no means not least are the ones that are handicapped by the gossippers and scandalmongers, who are continually pecking into some one's closet (other than their own) for the skeleton that MIGHT be there, hoping that it will be there, so they can go forth and spread the gossip. Always looking for the destructive part instead of the good.

As I listened I thought of a young colored girl, a very dear friend of mine. She came from a small town to live in a large city. Her parents were social standards in their community, above reproach in every respect. Leaving that environment and entering a locality that knew aught of her character she secured a good job, became a member of one of the churches, made a citizen that any one might

feel proud of, and arose from one position to another until now she holds one of the highest positions that one of her race can attain. (Handicap.) This girl has made friends among all that she meets, she has endeared herself to her employer, she is intelligent and deserving of something better, but her color is her handicap and she can never reach the peak of the ladder on account of it. I watched this girl in her climb to success, rung by rung she climbed, overcoming all obstacles as they appeared, fighting adversity and temptation at every turn, but the one handicap that she couldn't fight was the gossippers, they came as a thief at night to steal away her character, to batter her down, by fair means or foul to prevent her from reaching the goal of success, but her character and her will power was so strong that she has weathered the storm of the gossippers and now the handicap of color has her stopped dead still.

As I write this a scripture comes to mind: "The one among you without sin, let her first cast a stone." "The one among you without a skeleton in your closet, let her first look for a skeleton in some one else's closet."

Rambling Thoughts

By REV. I. B. SMITH

The thinker last week wandered into the realm of Silence, and he discoursed about the beauties thereof, so this week the Rambler turns his footsteps into the busy walks of existence.

THE HOUR

"The hour is coming when men's holy Church will melt away in ever widening walls and be for ALL mankind. And in its place, a mightier Church will come, whose covenant shall be the deeds of Love."

Not "Crede"—I believe—then, "Amen" — I love — shall be the password through its gates. Man shall not kiss his brother any more, "Believest Thou?" but "Lovest Thou?" till all shall answer at God's altar, "Lord I Love!" For hope may anchor, Faith may lead, but Love, great Love alone, is the captain of the Soul."

The above statement was written by a man with a keen vision named, Alfred B. Henry, six or seven years ago.

BROTHERHOOD

"In every patch of timber you will always find a tree or two That would have fallen long ago, Borne down by wind or age or snow, Had not another neighbor tree Held out its arms in sympathy And caught the tree the storm had hurled To earth. So, brothers is the earth."

In every patch of timber land Samaritans of forest land, The birch, the maple, oak or pine, The fir, the cedar, all the line; In every wood, unseen, unknown, They bear the burdens of their own And bear as well another form, Some brother stricken by the storm.

Shall trees be nobler to their kind Than men, who boast the noble mind? Shall there exist within the wood 'This great eternal brotherhood Of oak and pine, of hill and fen And not within the hearts of men? God grant that men are like to these, And brothers brotherly as trees."

The Rambler in his mental circumambulation has run across a quotation from the pen of Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian Sage who visited this country several years ago. For fear that some of our readers may not know much concerning this truly great man, let me say that when it is known that he was to read Divine service in the largest church in Calcutta, not only was it crowded, people even standing in the windows, but the streets were almost impassable, because of the people anxious to hear him. He possesses the rare quality of oneness with Nature, the hem of the garment of the Creator, which makes squirrels come from the boughs and climb onto his knees and the birds alight upon his hands.

"LOST"

"When the Creation was new and all the stars shone in their first splendor, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang, 'Oh, the picture of perfection! The joy unalloyed! But one cried of a sudden—It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost."

The golden string of their harp snapped, and they cried in dismay—Yes, that lost star was the best, she was the glory of all the heavens! From that day the search is unceasing for her, and the cry goes out from one to the other, that in her the world has lost its one joy.

Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—'Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!'"

There is a saying that the Lord tempers the wind for the shorn lamb, and it is exemplified in the mildness of the winter that is now passing into history. I will now "sign off" by saying "Au revoir"

Imagination is a wonderful thing, as A. B. Ferguson of Los Angeles now realizes. Missing his falset teeth, he thought he had swallowed them. A sudden feeling of uneasiness in his stomach seemed to confirm his fears. He rushed to a hospital and just as he was being placed on the operating table his wife telephoned that the missing teeth had been found in his home.

Colored Given Places In University Play

The play, "Porgy" which depicts the life of a certain class of Negroes will be given by the University Players during the first week in February. A colored chorus directed by Mrs. Merle Deane will furnish all of the music for the production. Mrs. Deane not only possesses musical talent, but she has had extensive training and a great deal of experience in this type of work. With the excellent volunteer support that Mrs. Deane has, there is every reason to believe that the undertaking will be nothing but successful.

Speaking parts have been assigned Claude Gordon, Delmar Woods and J. R. Lillard. Mr. Lillard is a senior student in the fine arts department of the University and is a member of the University Players. His work in plays that have been held before this season certainly merits his being awarded one of the most important roles in "Porgy."

Since this is strictly an amateur organization those taking part will receive no financial remuneration. However, two organizations of acknowledged importance to the welfare of the colored people of Lincoln will be donated liberal sums from the week's proceeds, at the will of those taking part in the production. The Home Benevolent Charity Club and the Presbyterian Bible Institute are the two organizations to be benefited.

Church News

Quinn Chapel Stewards Board No. 2 met Thursday at 8 P. M. in the parsonage.

Quinn Chapel Allen Christian Endeavor League will use for the Topic next Sunday evening at six thirty P. M., "What good is the church doing." Mrs. Hallie Brunson of North Platte, Nebraska was a worshipper at Quinn Chapel Church Sunday. Mrs. Brunson is a sister of Mrs. Mabel Galbreath, 2521 So. 8 St.

Cuthbert Taylor Lincoln Visitor

Cuthbert Mack D. Taylor of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a visitor of Lincoln the past week. He was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Galbreath, 2521 South 8th street.

Mr. Taylor's visit to Lincoln was occasioned by the death of his wife, Mrs. Frances Hill Taylor, formerly a Lincoln girl, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath, who was buried here last week.

Mr. Taylor attended the University of Nebraska in 1926-27. He was a pre-medical student and a member of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity. He is at present employed by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey as information clerk in New York City. He completed a real estate course in the College in the City of New York and, together with his sister, operates a growing real estate business.

Mr. Taylor says he likes Lincoln very much and plans to visit here again within a very short time.

Third Christian Church

Sara J. McWilliams, Pastor. Sunday services were well attended, especially the Bible school.

Mr. Perry Stepeny is much improved and we hope and trust that he will be able to be with us again soon.

Mrs. Phannie Corneal, who has been teaching a Bible class at Lancaster, will have charge of the morning service at Third Church January 29th.

Mr. Henry Tway has volunteered his services for two days in helping with the basement of the church.

Miss Helen McWilliams, who brought a visitor nearly every Sunday last year, is making an effort to better her record in 1933.

Mr. Gus Harding is showing much improvement and is able to sit up a short time each day. Mr. and Mrs. Harding wish to thank their many friends for their many kindnesses during the illness of Mr. Harding.

The Garden club of the Third church will meet with Mrs. Sarah McWilliams Thursday evening, February 2nd, and plans will be made at that time for the planting of shrubs and the beautifying of the church grounds, which have already been graded.

Mrs. Mamie Todd was painfully burned last Tuesday afternoon while engaged about household duties. Although Mrs. Todd is unable to be at the University Club where she is employed, it is thought that her injuries, though painful, will not prove serious. We learn upon reliable authority

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| Neck Bones, meaty 6 lbs | 15c |
| Pork Roast, per lb | 5 1/2c |
| Beef Roast, per lb | 7 1/2c |
| Beef Steak, tender, 2 lbs | 25c |
| Bacon, sugar cured, lb | 8c |
| Pork Chops, 3 lbs | 25c |
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that Mr. William Hightower, who purchased the American Cafe, has taken in a partner in the person of Mr. Guy Wiley.

Rev. Jones, chairman of the scout troop No. 60, called a meeting of the committee last Wednesday evening at the Bancroft school and important matters pertaining to scouting were taken up. Another meeting is to be held in the near future.

The Zero Hour

According to advices from Lincoln, the hour for the supreme test of the sincerity of the democratic party is fast approaching. It is the acid test for the minority as well as for the crisis in this state and the nation demands unselfish courage and true patriotism from every citizen.

The lawmakers, many of them untried and unaware of the pitfalls of legislation, have been taken from their humdrum tasks and placed in seats of power. More than that, they are surrounded with splendor almost oriental, fawned upon by sycophantic tax eaters. Small wonder that some might turn from the path of public duty and hearken to the siren call of the selfish interests.

This is no time to be cajoled into delay with the forces that counsel defiance. The people are in earnest about tax reduction. They mean to have salaries reduced.

Public sentiment is in such a state that it behooves the legislature to have something more than oratory to place before the people on Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

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