

LINES O' TYPE

The holiday season has indeed passed—and in passing it certainly took its toll—in more than one way. I observe that a certain young minister partook of dancing with the Trevours... and his license to preach was revoked.... Not only was he reprimanded by having his license revoked, but from the pulpit came charges condemning his actions.... choir members from nearly every church in town were seen at dances.... and one or two deacons and trustees from a church in our fair city. Information apropos and anent the indulgence was divulged by some who issued the invitations.... our people.... our people....

From several pulpits came the charges that all who attended dances during the holiday season are sinners and must give up the gentle art of dancing, lest their souls be consigned to a smoldering pit in the fiery realm of his Satanic Majesty.

If those who oppose dancing did nothing more harmful than dance, the church would be far better off; some of the good sisters would start a scandal, not would any of church money be missing... their attention would be directed to a higher plane of thought than that which allows them to misconstrue the purposes and connotations of innocent recreation.

Christ didn't eat his food in a gas range or fly in an airplane either. Do we sin by eating our food in a gas range or by flying in an airplane?

Ministers and leaders in a community better could have happened than they suppose to be.... and note the young minister's attending the dances and leading the people to have a clean, wholesome, enjoyable time with their dancing and merrymaking. The inability of "leaders" to do this and their refusal to sanction dancing discloses their inability to apply Christianity to a changing environment and their inability to interpret the gospel in a fair-minded way....

But I suppose it's hopeless to point out the fact that dancing is or is not a sin, according to the mind and practice of the person.... Those condemning it cannot see that all people do not look upon dancing from the same low level by which they are undoubtedly compelled to look at it by minds which explore that which is unbecoming.

The most startling fact is, however, that those holding these ante-victorian conceptions claim to wonder why the young people are joining the Catholic and Episcopalian churches, or why they stay away from the church altogether. Between me and them, let me hint that although ignorant restrictions are cherished by some, they become intolerable to others especially where sins of the most disgraceful character are knowingly and deliberately committed by those condemning the innocent recreations of others.

However, the fact remains that those condemning dancing are either ignorant or bigoted—or both. If they are ignorant, they are unfit to discharge the sacred duties which they profess to discharge so well (by claiming to differentiate between right and wrong) and are guilty of hypocrisy in its most offensive form; and if they are bigoted, they are guilty of betraying the tenets of the Christianity which they claim to love and cherish—ethically unfit to propagate the teachings of Christ.

But let's cast a merciful veil over the whole situation and hope that the coming generation will outstep its predecessors. Superstitious Negroes did not leave the open camp meeting for the church building overnight, nor can we leave the present phase of development overnight..... time must take its course.

DISHING IT OUT

If I were the BARD No. 2, I'd relate a few lines of scandal right here, but since "I am who I am," I'll cast a few compliments about. I saw several times where the name of Merl Anderson has been included in the "Nation's Best Football Team" by the coach of the Wendell Phillips High School, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Being included in the nation's best Negro High School football team is something wished for by thousands of football players, and realized by only a few. Anderson is a popular young man about K. C., a member of the

Scorpions, and Spiders' club... a senior at Sumner Hi.... captain of football team.... basketball and track man. Altho Anderson played quarterback at Sumner, the Negro High School All-American slated him for left-halfback. Congrats, Merl, ole boy.

MUZIK APPRECIASHUN

I peeped in upon the Roseland Ballroom to hear Duke Ellington last Friday night.... the affair was not up to my expectations, perhaps because the place was packed to the rafters and the crowd was noisy. When you got up close, you could recognize the distinctive syncopation which characterizes Duke's rhythmic harmony, but amid the crowd it sounded like just so much noise, emanating from somebody's tin pan alley band. It's too bad the crowd wasn't more appreciative.

NAPPY NOO ORCHESTRA

At the Cotton Club in New York, is a new orchestra.... at least it is new to those in the middle west who depend upon the other waves for their receptions of prominent bands.... the band is really hot, take it from me.... here's hoping they go over big. Cab Calloway has gone to London for a few weeks.... Duke Ellington is going west to Los Angeles from the middle west.... and Mill's Blue Rhythm boys are touring the sunny Southland....

KEYHOLE STUFF

And "Peeping Sam" Cox is gonna see sompun he ain't peeping for, according to one Miss who says Sam peeped in huh winder while she was entertaining a guest last Sunday eve.... careful Sam, she's of an explosive nature....

GWEN, THE FEM JUDAS

A friend of mine is complaining to a bunch of boys that a certain young gal called him up and gave him the "low down" on her girrl friends.... the young miss claims to be a friend of the boys and dates them huhself after bustin' up the other play.... but she still continues to be "friend and buddy" to the gals whose play she busts up.... I didn't think you'd do it Gwen.... I surely didn't.

SPIDER AND BEAUX ESPRIT

Mistuh Jolly of the Spiders, likes to be a big shot.... so much so that he has hooked up with the Beaux Esprits.... in time for the formal, ain't you boy.... it takes sagacity to get along in this world.... social position has its benefits, etc., etc.... but have you heard the one about the cow in the parlour.... catch on? But wait! Instead of parlour I might mean stable.... alas.... no harm done, folks.... both teams scored on...

BARBER SHOP ROMEO

But I wonder why the young ladies deplore dancing with a certain barber.... he cuts hair and he cuts up too, I hear.... and does other cutting acts.... but a young lady's cutting remarks really cut him up recently.... I hope he didn't hear her cutting tongue.... I cut in on his dance and cut him out.

FUSSONELS

Mr. Cato Kelley, newly claimed victim of Dan Cupid and operator of the Linotype machine for the PLAIN-DEALER, recently brought the little wifey up from Clarkville. He has't Elder Michaux, but he sings, "Happy Am I." Congrats to you, ole boy.

EPIGRAM

I don't know what paper you propose to take, but as for me, give me the Plaindealer or give me the Plaindealer!

—THE BARD.