

At The Richard B. Harrison Library, Raleigh, N. C. of which Mrs. Mollie H. Lee has charge. Special guest speaker was the well known Poet Langston Hughes of national fame.

High points in the program are expressed in the following poem written as he talked.

\*\*\*\*\*By James H. Browning, 1411 East Jones St., Raleigh, N. C. \*\*\*\*\*

To all the people it was good news,  
That they would be honered with the presence of Langston Hughes.  
The announcement was accepted with much appreciation,  
For he is a reconized poet of the nation.  
It was interesting as it could be,  
As the Librarian told of him getting his Doctor's Degree.  
Then of a few moments time he made good use,  
Telling of an amusing way he was introduced.

The way he spoke of a writer was grand,  
By whose name you could not tell if he was a woman or man.  
He emphasized poetical writing was for pleasure's sake,  
In fact Poetry was somewhat like a cake.  
He mentioned some of the greatest writers we ever saw,  
Such as James Weldon Johnson, Dubois and Dunbar.  
The statement was to our delight,  
As he gave the rule by which he writes.

His own poem was an expression of love,  
On the desire to be called a Turtle Dove.  
Science in a very amusing way he traced,  
With the poem that pictured the colors in our race.  
The explanation certainly was fine,  
On the first poem he wrote with fourteen lines.  
And I am sure the ladies will not forget,  
That he said he is not married yet.

The disappointment was enough to make him sad,  
Thinking of the two pistols that he never had.  
It was interesting to every woman and man,  
About not liking the installment plan.  
The closing words seem to have been a fact,  
I will meet you at the bus station, your baby Jack.  
Then an interesting course he took,  
To read a poem from his new book.

The story was amusing about the child at the show,  
That had been living in a land of Jim Crow.  
The statement she made was very profound,  
There is no back seat on a Merry Go Round.  
An answer to the question we still lack,  
Where is the horse for the kid thats black.  
Over the audience his voice was hurled,  
Handy's Blues are sung all over the world.

Time now is as it was in the olden day,  
When if you did not like home you could run away.  
Then Mr. Hughes assume the task,  
To answer questions any one might ask.  
And he seemed to have been at his best,  
When he read the poem by special request.  
It seemed to have touched our sense of feeling some how,  
When he said keep your hand on the plow.

He emphasized that wherever you may roam,  
There will come a time you will want to go back home.  
To the audience it was accepted with great appreciation,  
As he told of his experience with the different nations.  
To all questions his answers were well applied,  
And the large audience was perfectly satisfied.  
You may hear Mr. Hughes day time or at night,  
We can tell the world that he is all right.