

That first year we had a Black Culture Weekend and the university wouldn't fund us. We called Doug Wilder up on the telephone. He was a young representative with a big afro, and we asked Representative Wilder would he come down and speak in Lee Chapel at our Black Culture Weekend, and he said, yes, and the only thing we could do was, we could buy his gas. We had to scrape together the money. We bought his gas down and back, and we bought him dinner. He came down and spoke at our first Black Culture Weekend, and we ran into the hole on that and the university bailed us out. So then the university said they were going fund us to a small degree, and they did. We spent more than they gave us, so the next year they gave us a little bit more, and the next year they gave us a little bit more, and that's how we started our black student union, which was SABU, it was the Student Association for Black Unity.

Hill: Yeah. That was an obligation we owed. We were supposed to do that.

Warren: Tell me about that.

Hill: Well, when the class came in behind us, it was smaller than our class, and then I think maybe the second class or the third class got a little bit bigger. These guys were a little different from us. They had gone to integrated high schools. So things were changing a little bit. Some of these guys were really bright, but experiencing the problems I experienced, and I tried to do for them what Walter did for me, which was help them see around the corner. See, my problem was—I mean if getting through W&L was a series of turns, I could only see straight ahead to the wall, I couldn't see around the corner, and Walter was standing at the corner constantly telling me, "You can get here, and once you turn the corner it's going to be all right. Trust me. I'm telling you what's around the corner."

And for these guys I was trying to do the same thing. I was trying to say, "Look, I'm telling you, you can get there. Trust me. I'm standing right here on the corner."

Once you turn it, you'll be okay." And unless you got somebody telling you what's around that corner, you lose your motivation. You think you ought to be somewhere else.

And consider this, too. Here we are at W&L, W&L is all male. Our buddies have gone to Howard or they're going to Morehouse, and they're telling us they're having a great time. They're telling us all the things they're doing in the frats. They're talking about going to football games. They're talking about how great the bands are, all these nice women they meet, and they're just having a ball, and we're living in the goddamn library.

So I mean, you're here as a freshman or as a sophomore and you've got all these pressures here on campus. You've got the academic pressures. You don't want to come up here and disappoint your family, you don't want to let the other guys down that you're in class with because everybody's looking to each other for support. You've got your buddies at home telling you how great it is. And you know, some of these guys are no brighter than you are, but they're making hellacious grades. I mean, here you are, you're pulling a 2.1 or a 2.2, and unless you've got somebody that when you're down they pump you up, and then when they're down you pump them up, unless you all support each other, you don't make it.

I felt that we owed that to students coming in behind us, so I would always come back for alumni functions. I'd talked to the guys over the telephone. See, it was really