

MARROON TIGER



MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

COLLEGE, SCHOOL OF RELIGION

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THE MAROON TIGER

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THE MAROON TIGER

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT.

Yuletide Greetings

NOT THE GIFT— BUT THE GIVER

The month of December brings a season which is anticipated with a great deal of pleasure by all of us—the Christmas Season. We generally long for the holidays because of the accompanying rest from study and the general amusement that they offer.

We all know the significance attached to Christmas—the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child—our attempt to do as the wise men nineteen hundred and thirty-two years ago.—But what type of spirit will we exhibit in our gift-giving? Some will give merely to repay or exchange; others from the very depths. Many will strain the nearly-empty pocket-book to the limit in buying lavish presents—making an attempt to gain the favor of friends and especially sweethearts. The majority will be, as the writer, with an empty wallet packed in mothballs in the remotest corner of your trunk, but still with a desire to give. No doubt, your meagre gifts will also be appreciated.

Have you ever thought of giving with the idea, “the greatest good to the greatest number”? If you have not, then read again the appeal of the Atlanta Tuberculosis Association. In buying Christmas Seals you can aid numberless souls who will not have the pleasure of viewing Christmas in the same condition as we with our strong and healthy bodies.

This type of gift constitutes the ideal gift — you do not expect any-



thing in return for your donation. The receivers do not necessarily owe you a personal debt of gratitude for the gift. That is, they are not bound in any way, to repay you for your gift.

Buy Christmas Seals! Help the sick and the needy!

Our cover design is attempting to depict the student preparing to spend the holidays at home. To those of you who will be that lucky and to the majority who will be in Atlanta, THE MAROON TIGER staff extends its best wishes for a joyful Christmas and a four point average for the New Year.

—W. N. J.



1 WEEK TO CHRISTMAS
Shop Early
Mail Early
Buy Christmas Seals

GOOD WILL TO MEN

The Christmas offers the more fortunate of us a great opportunity to show our sympathy and good-will to millions who are suffering. Many people are sick with tuberculosis. They need special care, but their present economic condition makes medical care impossible. The sale of Christmas Seals helps the Atlanta Tuberculosis Association in its work of treating those who are already infected with tuberculosis and in preventing many more from becoming infected. Remember every time you buy a Christmas Seal you are giving health, hope, and happiness to thousands of men, women, and children.

With the Editor

THE "A" RATING

As we go to press, President Archer brings the news that Atlanta University, Morehouse and Spelman Colleges have received the coveted "A" rating from the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Our rating previous to the present one was "B." Lack of proper library facilities prevented our receiving a higher rating.—Now that we have one of the finest libraries in the country, and an equally fine administration building, the new ranking was justly earned.

Atlanta University with its affiliated institutions is the third Negro institution of higher learning to achieve such a standing. Fisk University and Talladega College have held an "A" rating for one year. Hampton Institute, along with Atlanta University, Morehouse and Spelman, was rated "A." Thus we have in the South four Negro institutions equal to any Southern white school regardless of name or place.

This rating is very significant for Atlanta University, — a graduate school in its embryonic stage. — It shows that care and system have been used in the selection of capable professors, and in securing of funds for adequate buildings and equipment.

On the part of the two affiliated colleges, it shows likewise an excellent, well-paid faculty and a select student-body.

The question that arises in our minds is: "What must we do to maintain this rating?" The administration is doing its part by endeavoring to keep high standards and requirements for scholarship. It remains for us to make greater strides in scholarship—to wipe out the D's, E's, and F's and make more A's and B's. Let's all resolve to make the name of Morehouse, Spelman and A. U. stand out in bold relief on the educational frontier of America. With the new year fast approaching, this would make a very fitting resolution, not to be forgotten in a month.

We all know the significance attached to an "A" rating—recognition in any school. If we lose in scholarship, we lose in rating. We have reached the pinnacle.—Can we stick?

WHY NON-SUPPORT?

Freshmen have been a bit disturbed of late because they feel that certain of their classmates have been purposely segregated from the dramatic club. In order to display their wrath they voted unanimously to withdraw their sponsorship of the policies of the University Players, without seeking a statement from the club in explanation of its practice. Was not this action a bit hasty, inasmuch as the dramatic club was not given an opportunity to defend its stand?

It is quite true that neither Spelman nor Morehouse Freshmen are admitted to the dramatic club, but not with malicious intent as is commonly thought.

The contentions of the Freshmen are, firstly, that they have talent equal to any class,—which is absolutely true.

ILLUSIONS

*"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."*

Do you remember those days of unclouded happiness? At least ten or fifteen years ago in all our lives, our hearts thrilled at the mere utterance of this rhyme. Later, we ask questions, fundamental, logical questions. "How can a man like Santa Claus come down such a small chimney as ours? There's nothing but radiators in children's hospital rooms. How? If we leave the door unlocked, won't robbers come in, maybe?"

No student wants to be regressive and revert to Santa Claus days, but the principle governing the creation of this illusion is the important part of the "thing that keeps us going." We struggle to gain the essence of others' thoughts, because we feel that we shall become guiding community lights and shall be paid for the service we render mankind—and—for outsmarting John Jones. With railway time-tables staring us in the face, sixty-five thousand German Ph. D.'s struggling to fill six thousand vacancies and uncontrollable economic cycles all filling an illusion! Doctor, economist, scientist—ambition—illusions.

Do we still want the facts? Naw! Grasping at the ethereal future makes us rise over hard facts and makes illusion tangible. Christmas spirit? "Lotsa bunk." Such an attitude is bad. "Twas the night before Christmas."—Remember? It's best to, for such things gave you that "thing" which makes you go.

—C. C. G.

However, it is the policy of the club not to encourage Freshman participation. The club, as it is, serves the three schools and is, consequently, composed of a large membership.

Secondly, they contend that Freshmen were admitted to the club, last year. This happened because of the inacquaintance of the directress with the students of Morehouse—and the club was in its stages of organization.

There seems to be a general spirit of restlessness and dissension among the Freshmen echoing from the first of the football season. Much can be accounted for through the support of persons other than undergraduates.—In fact, the opinion of older students is disregarded and, instead, the wishes and desires of the Freshmen are supported. As long as such conditions exist there will be dissension. In the final analysis it will make for the destruction of the morale of the college in general.

Every Sophomore and every upper-classman has felt the sting of being called a crab! or a dog! As Freshmen, we were constantly impressed with the idea that we must take things as they are and make the most of them.

If organizations are not supported by students, what's the use of having them?—Why come to Morehouse if

(Continued on Page 15)

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

EDWARD RODRIGUEZ

— on —

Student Government

The Students' Voice

PHILO-WITS

By F. A. HAYNES

Editor's Note: Mr. Haynes entered Morehouse in the fall of '29 as a member of the present Senior class. Unfortunately, after two years of college work, he was forced to leave because of financial difficulties.

At present, he is working in his native town, Chattanooga, but is planning to re-enter Morehouse next fall.

What America needs is a good five-cent meal ticket.

Then, too, the results of the election might be just another weakness of democracy.

The return of light wines and beer won't affect many of us, it still takes money to buy the stuff.

Evidently the opposers of reform in education never frequent proms.

You can convince them that there is a time and place for everything but study.

Unlike: Studying the art of economizing yet living beyond our means.

R-o-u-n-d must not be superlatively perfect: it has failed to keep coin circulating.

The hunger marchers remain exactly that; they arrive hungry and leave hungrier.

Any poverty-stricken group is an index to the united populace.

Put down war as a necessary evil: seemingly, it alone brings prosperity.

HEAR MY CRY!

Back in 1899, Booker Washington said, "do that which is best for him (the Negro), regardless of whether the same thing has been done for another race in exactly the same way." Now in 1932, a voice rises and cries, "do that which is best for me, regardless of whether the same thing is being done for another race in exactly the same way." Were I Caucasian, I would be white; were I Mongolian, I would be yellow; were I purely Negroid, I would be black. But, I am not white, yellow, nor black; I am a multi-coloured race, a different sort of race. I am a race of amalgamated bloods which give me a strata of colours ranging from black to white. I am wrecked by my own prejudices and by the prejudice of other groups. I am blundering in darkness; I am aspiring for that which is not my own. I am following a road that leads to destruction.

"I raise my voice in lugubrious cries to you who should lead me but you heed not to my cries. I turn to you in the church and you hear me not; I turn to you in business and you hear me not; I turn to you in the school, and even there you do not hear me. I am like the family who, running from the flood, came to a

(Continued on Page 16)

NEED FOR MODERN RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP

By HENRY EDWARD BANKS, '36

The Christian Church is praying for an up-to-date ministry, an intelligent, wide-awake leadership. In no other church is the need for a higher type of ministry more urgent than the Negro church. Too long have we allowed oratorical bombast, ecclesiastical clowning, and theatrical stunts in the pulpit to represent our idea of promulgating the gospel of the Master. Too long have we endured the sensational emotionalism of unprepared preachers, drinking in all they give us, taking everything for granted on the assumption that he is "the Lord's anointed." The school of thought which this article represents has no patience with this backward, and antique attitude in religion.

If the Negro ministry is to gain the respect of thinking men and women today, it must take to heart certain undeniable facts.

It must realize, first of all, that there is a clear and unmistakable difference between emotional seriousness and intellectual frivolity. We have many fine preachers who with their spirits are burning up with holy zeal and passion but with their minds are careless, indifferent, and sloppy. What we need is intellectual honesty as well as spiritual seriousness. We need men in our pulpit who are accustomed to think as well as feel, and who are so alive to the supremacy of truth until they are fearless of any other authority.

The Negro ministry, if it is to be loved and respected, must take seriously its problems, struggles, and aspirations. The greatest ministers in America are men who are interested in people, their welfare and destiny.

Then, too, every Negro preacher should realize that no period in the history of the world is more stimulating and challenging than the age which confronts him now. In the language of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick: "There are great aims to live for, great faiths undergirding life, and great hopes ahead. I am in love with life because there is so much to live for." Unemployment, world peace based on international good-will and cooperation, scientific inventions and revelations are some of the big things that make life stimulating. Every enlightened and progressive preacher rejoices to have the privilege--

*"To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leaving nations look.
Where men speak strong for brotherhood,
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be."*

(NSFA)—According to mid-term reports posted at the registrar's office recently, 1460 University of North Carolina students are failing their work thus far this quarter. The number of warning marks is recorded out of a student body of approximately 2800.—Daily Tar Heel.

Observations Abroad

WORKING ONE'S WAY IN FRANCE By PROF. THEODORE RAMBEAU

Working one's way in a French school is indeed a problem, especially for an American. There are two reasons for this: First, the unsympathetic attitude of the French people in general towards an American without money; second, the peculiar ideas most of the French have with respect to combining education and work.

As everyone knows, the average American student who goes to France is little troubled by financial worries. A good fat scholarship in American dollars or a well garnished personal budget enables him to float blissfully through his entire academic career, utterly unaware of the unpleasant conditions that his less fortunate brothers have to face. Of course, there is a certain disadvantage in such an easy-going existence among foreign people. It is to be feared, for instance, that most Americans residing in France, including students, never sense the real under-current of French life. "Money talks" is the old saying; and there is much truth in it, but one forgets to add that it seldom obtains an honest hearing.

Europeans, and especially the French, do not, as a rule, seem to take Americans seriously. For them, an American, student or tourist, comes to Europe chiefly to have a good time, and he comes to have a good time because he does not know what else to do with his money. In other words, the "Yankee", a term used indiscriminately of all United Statesians, is nothing more than a kind of reversed slot machine; you insert a few *petits varres* here, a smile there, a little bit of obsequiousness in another place; then, without even turning a crank, out roll the dollars as if by magic. Fortunately, of course there are exceptions to this rule. All French people are not mercenary. The fact remains, however, that most of us who go over are little equipped to find out those who are not. So, an American without money, bent on accomplishing something worth while, and ready to sacrifice time and pleasure in order to attain it, is not likely to be understood. One is just not accustomed to associate such a combination of character and lack of means with the term "American."

But French people do not expect a student to work, anyway. No French student does. Higher education in France is still considered, virtually, as a privilege of the *bourgeoise* and the aristocracy. Parents of the lower middle class and of the proletariat simply content themselves with having their children fulfill the legal elementary school requirements. Once the age limit is passed, they are hired out to work wherever they can get a job, or, if possible, are taught a trade, such as carpentry, automobile mechanics, bricklaying, cabinet-making, etc. Not that higher education in France is so expensive. Compared to the expenses in the smallest American college, those in French schools seem a mere trifle. But wages are slim in accordance, so that even this trifle is a strain. Moreover, scholarship funds are meagre and are destined for those exceptionally bright students who have a small income sufficient to take care of themselves while they pursue their studies. Besides the democratic idea that prevails in America of offer-

ing wholesale to everyone at least a college, if not a university training, is utterly foreign to the Frenchman's conception of education. For him, the educated man belongs to an elite group, a picked lot, to which the masses cannot rise and should not be encouraged to. Hence, the general tendency to identify students with the more or less well-to-do classes; that is, those who can afford to pay their way and devote their entire time to study.

One can well imagine now the odds which a foreign student, who has no income, has to fight against. Among the university authorities the term "working student" is almost a paradox; hence, no provision is made for him. Nobody is qualified to give him advice or help him find work, even supposing there were any to be had. Even the foreign student's committee includes no such duties in its program. Their chief program is to tell a man how to spend his money and not how to earn it. Among the student body there is the same lack of sympathy for the "working student." A French student feels it beneath his dignity to work, and such a thing as serving in a private family (a means of support frequently resorted to by American students) is absolutely unheard of. The proletariat express their disdain for this snobbery and self-conceit on the part of students by classing them all as "*filz a papa*" (dad's kids). By that they mean sons without any personal responsibility or merit, since every difficulty is smoothed out by dad's pocket-book.

It only remains, then, for one to go out on his own and apply for work in business offices, banks, private families or elsewhere where some one who speaks English might be needed. Failing in that, he may try for a job as common laborer in some shop or factory. But here again he will find it expedient not to let it be known that he is a student, otherwise he is almost certain not to succeed. The enormous labor turnover, so common in America, which makes it possible for some students to find work for the summer or part-time employment is practically unknown in France. In the first place, it is extremely difficult to get any kind of decent job without a host of references, and you are expected to work all day long for at least several years if not for the rest of your life. Otherwise, you are not wanted. Thus, with a little subterfuge and, perhaps, a year out of school one can manage, if he is lucky.

To sum up: A penniless American and a student who seeks to work his way through school are two paradoxes which the average Frenchman cannot comprehend. Such phenomena find no place in his social scheme. Moral: If you are planning to study in France, make sure that you have sufficient funds to finance such an undertaking.

INTERESTING IF TRUE

(NSFA)—From North Dakota State we learn that a survey conducted at the College of Emporia shows that the student body is more intelligent than the faculty, that they stay at home more, and devote more time to their work than do their pedagogues.

Graduate Side Lights

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ATLANTA UNIVERSITY IN MODERN EDUCATION

By HUGH GLOSTER. '31

The twentieth century, more than any other era in the history of the United States, is an epoch of rapid and ceaseless change. The swiftly vacillating nature of contemporaneous American progress, both in society and in philosophy, naturally makes heavy demands upon agencies of social control. Many of the chief organizations dedicated to social guidance, however, have not succeeded in keeping pace with the advancement of current national life and, among these delinquent institutions, the collegiate and professional schools, which are necessary to the present and future well-being of any forward-moving national group, are very outstanding.

It is generally agreed that most American agencies of higher education have failed, firstly, to discover a technique of adjusting and readjusting themselves continually to a rapidly evolving society; and, secondly, to develop aims, methods and courses of study that produce individuals prepared both for present and future adult life. Many schools, however, have been established wherein marked variations from conventional practices and purposes have been laid down to meet the new demands made upon education and, in this regard, it is interesting to note that Atlanta University stands out as an adventurous, and yet a telic endeavor to find means of evolving educational practices capable of answering the demands made by the complexity and intricacy of contemporary society. Atlanta University, it may be well to mention, is a graduate school with courses leading to the degrees of Master of Arts and Master of Science; it is affiliated with Morehouse College for men and Spelman College for women; it cooperates directly with Morris Brown College and Clark University, which are liberal arts colleges like the affiliated institutions, Gammon Theological Seminary and the Atlanta School of Social Work.

The occasion of the affiliative and cooperative attachment of the aforementioned Atlanta institutions grew out of a realization of the fact that such an arrangement presented a way to escape both the centralization and specialization tendencies in modern education. The federated plan inaugurated by Atlanta University, therefore, seeks, firstly, to procure the excellent qualities of the larger institutions of higher education. In this era of great business mergers, the federation of these schools suggests unlimited possibilities. By combining resources, the affiliated schools are enabled to abolish duplicate courses, and to cooperate in the utilization of all facilities. The plural educational system augmented by the University seeks, secondly, to acquire the positive effects of the small liberal arts college. Consequently, the undergraduate colleges, although functioning in the university plan, are able to keep their distinct individuality, to perform duties peculiar to themselves, and to accept those students who are most able to carry the special courses of study that they have to offer.

Atlanta University, besides being uniquely capable of receiving the excellencies and avoiding the defects of

both the centralization and specialization tendencies in twentieth century education, also possesses other advantages of which seven are especially prominent:—(1) it is centrally located, geographically, in the Southeastern part of the nation, both in regard to population and college density; (2) it is economically accessible to most students; (3) it possesses growing material resources and an improving faculty; (4) it can serve as an agency for the establishment of better race and international relations; (5) it can be operated in such a manner as to arrive at the best curricular practices that may be developed on the basis of experimentation with new and old educational ideas and procedures; (6) it can function as an institution unhampered by political direction and influence; and, (7) it can carry on the practice which was most significant in the past history of the affiliated and associated schools: the promotion of scholarship and the supplying of intelligent leaders to guide the people in this period of social fluctuation and change.

It has been shown, then, that Atlanta University affords an example of a very interesting experiment in education. The schools in the Atlanta University system today stand affiliated, growing, purposeful and preparing to meet the exigencies of the nation, especially of the expanding South. In spite of certain faults that are characteristic of all organizations that are in a state of transition, it seems that the excellent location, the developing physical plants, the improving curricular and extra-curricular practices, the forward-moving faculty, and the increasingly better-selected and better-prepared students will certainly justify the existence of Atlanta University and its cooperating schools and will finally result in their becoming most efficient, most effective and most progressive in their endeavor to meet the demands thrust upon the schools of today by the social and intellectual evolution of modern America.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY AND AFFILIATES RATED CLASS "A"

*Fully Accredited by Southern Association of Colleges—
Met All Association's Standards*

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 15—Atlanta University and its affiliated colleges, Morehouse and Spelman, have just received from the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools a Class "A" rating, which puts them on a scholastic parity with the best colleges of the land.

This rating was accorded at the recent meeting of the Southern Association in New Orleans, on the basis of a careful study of the equipment and work of these schools made by a special committee of Southern educators created for that purpose. It means that bachelor degrees conferred by Morehouse and Spelman, and the master's degree conferred by Atlanta University will receive the same credit for post-graduate work in higher institutions as similar degree from Vanderbilt, University of Virginia, or any other of the great institutions in the Southern Associations.

Commission on Interracial Cooperation.

Varieties

A DREAM

By L. RAYMOND BAILEY, '34

The Story So Far: The Morehouse faculty on a tour of Africa to dispell the fog of ignorance has invaded Cannibal territory. Their delegation has just been received by the natives.

* * *

At length, night came on and the guests were escorted with much ceremony to their sleeping quarters. But there was evil in the air, for only a short distance away three sinister characters were squatted around a stump engaged in a discussion of considerable gravity—one that held no good for our exponents of education. Sitting with his face towards his two companions was the Chief of the tribe, a savage of giant size, his long, sinewy arms folded across his gorilla-like chest, his powerful legs folded under him, his head-gear erect, and an expression on his blunt face that could not have been more hideous had it been made to order. For the moment, he remained perfectly motionless, his penetrating eyes staring into the darkness. One would have thought him to be the agent of Lucifer. Presently, his thick lips parted and out flowed guttural sounds that would have frozen the Professors in horror had they been within hearing distance.

"Yes, I think we're going to have a swell feast, even though the prospects do strike us as being pretty tough," he remarked.

The second member of the group spoke next. This one was tall, skinny, evil-eyed, witchdoctor. "Well, what about some good ole Harvey hash, or some roast Nabit for a starter?"

"Kinda think some delicious Tillman-on-toast would beat that", suggested the third member of the group, who was exceedingly short and greasy individual of highly exaggerated proportions. He was easily as broad East and West as he was North and South, and judging from his accompanying odor one would conclude that he was none other than the royal chef.

"A nice fried Eagleson would go swell, too", added the doctor.

"Then we could have Whiting-a-ala-king for tea and Rambeau soup for supper, and by using a couple of gallons of concentrated nitric acid we could boil Lewis down near the neighborhood of tender," ventured the chef.

"Say! we've missed the best of all suggestions" the witchdoctor interrupted, "I plum forgot that good old Archer Stew would go over with a bang."

This time the royal chef reached for his testing fork and looking regretfully at the badly bent and blunted prongs, shook his head and sighed disdainfully. "No use, doc, that bird is just too tough for words. Why I gave that guy a little preliminary testing on what I thought was his tenderest spot—now take a look at my best testing fork—s'no use. All the acid in Africa wouldn't scratch him."

Scarcely had the chef finished speaking when the group was interrupted by the appearance of a guard,

(See Next Page)

WHAT'S WHAT IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLES

By B. J. MUKASA, '35

One day a student asked me if it took nine months for a child to be born in Africa. Another tried to prove to me that he could get to Africa without crossing the water anywhere. His plan was to go to Cuba first. Since his Cuba was on the mainland of the United States and his Africa only a few miles from there, he felt certain that a few strides on the intervening islands would land him on the Congo. Still another student carried on an interesting conversation with me on the location of Africa. He asked me where my home is. Wishing to play a little trick on him, I told him that my home is a large island bounded by the Indian Ocean on the East, the Atlantic on the West, the Mediterranean on the North, and the Red Sea on the northeast, and by both the Indian and Atlantic Oceans on the South. We spent about ten minutes trying to find out the whereabouts of such an island. He suggested Canada, Hawaii, Texas, and certain islands in the West Indies.

I did enjoy those experiences because through them I was brought into closer contact with one of the most fundamental human characteristics—that of sameness. African children believe that an European or American will eat them: Europeans and Americans are of the opinion that Africans are cannibals. While cross the Atlantic, I met a young American Negro who was afraid to speak to me because he thought I would eat him up.

With the exception of "Africa is a continent", I think it is not an easy task for any one to write any sentence that would be acceptable in every corner of that continent. Africa as a continent is composed of various countries, peoples, and languages. When some times people ask me if I know their friends in Liberia, or Morocco, I simply give a negative answer with a smile.

"How far were you from the jungles?" is almost the first question that an American student asks an African student. Personally, I do not quite understand what they mean by the word "jungle." According to our meaning, I should not hesitate to observe that when I came on the train from New York to Atlanta, I came through the jungle.

Any country in Africa can be roughly divided into two sections, the cultivated and the uncultivated. It is usually in the latter, and rarely if ever, in the former that the nucleus of all missionary-imported stories on Africa is conferred. Here the lion and the cannibal rule, the witchdoctor and the rainmaker use a little of their common sense, and the snakes and insects exercise fear on human beings.

Biologically speaking, Africa is monopolized by the animal kingdom. The plant kingdom furnishes the beauty that probably surpasses that of any other continent. Nor does man lay claim over all the land; his jurisdiction is somewhat limited. The lion, being the recognized leader of the wild animals, shares the opportunity of running the country with man. However, one does not meet the lion wherever he goes. It is said that the lion will not bother one if he is not hungry. While go-

(See Next Page)

Varieties

THREE FLIGHTS UP

Well people, the gruesome machine of "Three Flights Up" has gotten under way at last after many changes have been made. The work has started with full speed, with the "great divine", Rev. Strickland, preaching the convocation services. This young man comes out in the middle of each morning with a deep roar: "Ah! brethren it's good to be here!" At the other end of the hall you can see the "Mighty Pap" Brown strutting like a proud turkey in his brand new bathrobe, by the way folks, he doesn't go to bed until late for he has to show this new paraphernalia as much as possible.

There are several bachelors up here this year, folks, such as "Little Couter" Johnson, who gets telephone calls at six o'clock in the morning along with the rising bell. Next is "Big Red" Smith, the college rounder, whose room looks like Uncle Jake's pawn shop. I wonder when he is going to excavate his room. The other bachelor is "Box Head" Thomas, whose room is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cubbard.

The pilot of this great machine is "Dick Noah" Martin, who sees everything and knows everything; if there is anything in the world you want to know, ask him. His assistant is the "Mighty Romeo" G. B. Hendricks, whom the Western Union calls every Sunday night at seven-thirty and asks what time it is for he is getting ready to punch the clock out South.

I wonder if "Little" W. N. Jackson has his business straight yet. Of course, people, you can see that the power of "Three Flights Up" is gradually growing. Sponsors for a certain football game were secured souly by members of "The Flights."

"De Lawd", in person of "Todd" Henderson, is the only person whom nothing can be said about. Although he did turn Fair Street corner at two o'clock, I don't know whether it was morning or afternoon, but you know he is a married man and that will not be questioned.

It seems "The Bunkie" (Green) has forsaken his lady friends at Spelman until he can decide which he loves the best. My! Whattaman! Whattaman!

"Lucy" Barret, who is competing with "Snout" Rodriguez for the largest nose on the hall, seems to be taking up where a certain football player left off.

We have certain people on "The Flights" who have claim to a membership by constantly remaining up here. Such men as "Framework" Cabaniss, who has the rocking chair blues with the ladies. He rocks from Miss M. D. to Miss C. S. to Miss T. D. back to Miss M. D. every time. Next in order is Mr. B. H. "Tomatonose Snozzola" Parks with his morninggale voice. This person is the grandfather to all the ladies including Miss M. M. Lastly is your humble scribe, who has nothing to say about himself but he knows somebody would like to say something about him.

"Bishop" Beckett, a member of the lower dominion has opened a barber shop up here and it is opened to Bull Sessions at all hours. Next to this barber shop live two roommates in the person of "Blackeye" Fields and "Muleface" Watson, who are constantly advising each other in their private love affairs. Of course,

A DREAM

(Continued from Page 6)

who announced that the witchdoctor was badly needed. "Bring the egg here!" growled the doctor who evidently didn't care to be disturbed at the moment.

Several native guards approached with a semi-conscious form of one of their companions. "What's the trouble?" demanded the old man when the native was able to speak.

"I was hungry" wailed the savage, "and I thought I might make a meal on one of the guests. Then I—"

"Why the very idea!" exploded the chief. "Didn't you hear me say that the guests were for dinner? I've a good mind—well, what happened to you?"

"Well, sir, I stole on their tents and tried to bite one of them by the right foot. I succeeded in getting one by his big toe, but something nearly strangled me. So it was all I could do to get out without attracting any attention."

And at the very moment that native was making his confession, a very prominent member of the administration was sitting up, scratching a heavy tooth imprint on his big toe, growling in strong terms that the mosquitos were the worst he had ever experienced.

(To be continued)

WHAT'S WHAT IN THE JUNGLES

(Continued from Page 6)

ing down the highway, you might happen to meet one. If he sees you first, he will hide himself in the bush so that you might pass on without being frightened. But when he is hungry, he spares nothing that comes in his way—man being no exception. There have been occasions on which lions have been reported to have chased automobiles. In spite of the fact that I was born in Africa and lived there for many years, I had never seen a lion until I visited the London Zoo a few years ago.

Whether the stories on cannibalism are true or not, I am not prepared to say. It is asserted that certain African tribes are typically cannibal. The victims are usually tax collectors. The witchdoctor has much to do in advising the tax collector when to collect taxes without risking too much of his personal safety. The witchdoctor is usually a clever person who attempts to earn his living by using his common sense. He is supposed to know what will happen in the future, and he tells the people when to expect rains.

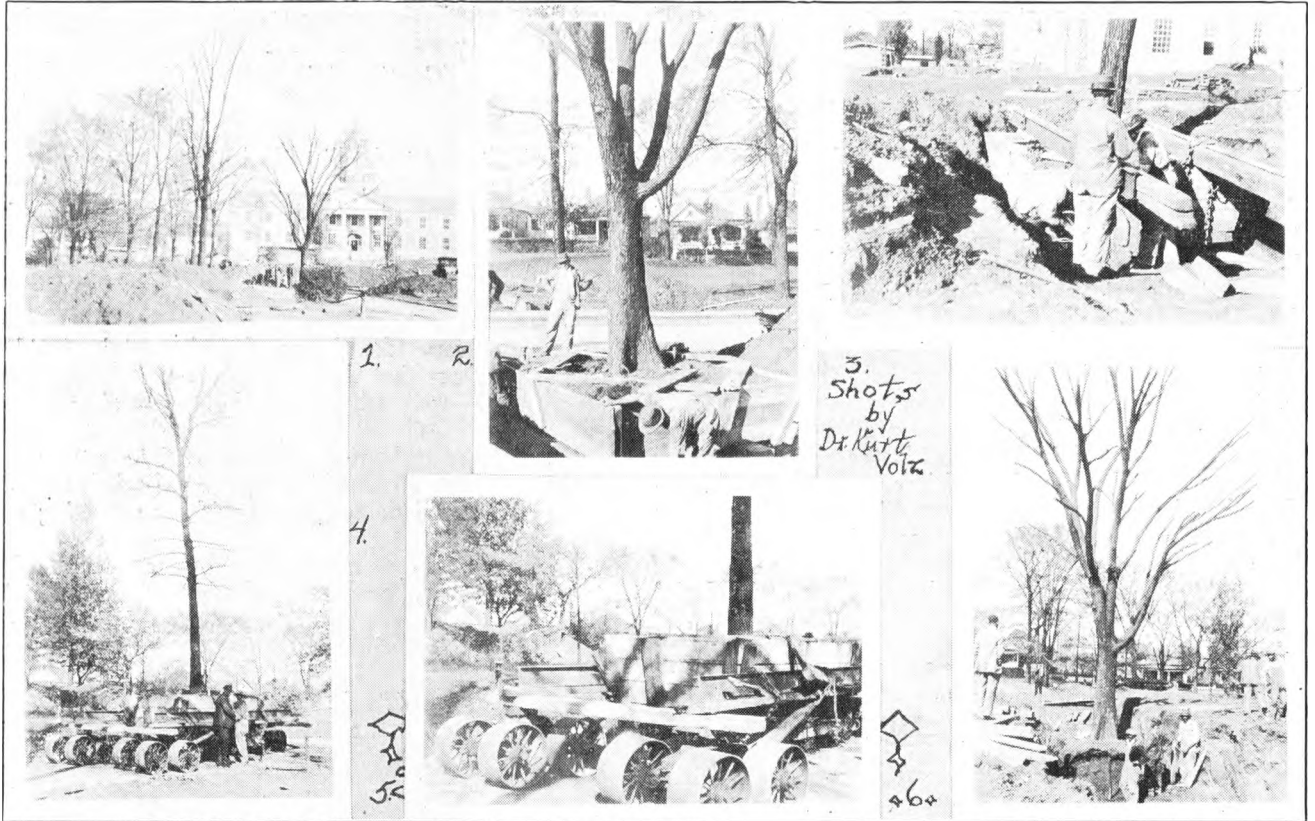
After all, things in Africa are not as bad as they are depicted. The progress we have made during the last fifty years surpasses the progress that was made by Europe in the thousand years that followed the Fall of Rome. Who knows what we may not attain in the next fifty years?

"Blackeye" is back home for a short stay.

I calculate that "Sheriff" Hall is "Lucy" Barrett's co-worker down the way.

Forgive me everybody,
"LIVER" HAMILTON.

Campus News



SHOTS OF TREE-MOVING ON THE CAMPUS

1. View of workers preparing tree for removal. 2. Same as 1, close-up. 3. Chaining on beams, preparatory to jacking up. 4. and 5. Tree on rollers being moved to new location. 6. Adjusting height and position after moving.

BY POPULAR DEMAND

Sometime ago, it was mentioned in this column that the eastern portion of Morehouse's campus was undergoing many changes in topography. We are still surveying the ravages of the steam shovel with an awful curiosity. The mutual question is "Just what is it going to be like?"

Thanks to the courtesy of the Barge-Thompson engineers, your news editor was granted a brief and informal interview at which time the blue prints of proposed developments were hastily surveyed. A fair answer to the popular question would be—a very beautifully arranged campus. (Justice could only be given by means of a plate illustrating the plot—perhaps such will follow in a later issue.)

Speaking generally, however, there will be no drive ways on the campus other than the one which now terminates at the western end of Sale Hall and opens on West Fair Street. The closest automobile contact with Sale Hall will be Lee Street from which steps lead up to the campus.

The eastern portion will be the sloping terrace which extends from in front of the New Library down to the steps on West Fair Street. An oval plot will be marked off by the walks which are to flank the new lines of trees recently created by transplanting. A parallel system of walks will lead up to Morehouse proper from

CAMPUS MIRROR TO PRESENT UNIVERSITY PLAYERS IN "ANTIGONE"

The Campus Mirror will present the University Players, January 11, 1933, in Sophocles' famous tragedy, *Antigone*. The play will be presented in Sisters' Chapel because of the large crowd expected and the excellent setting provided by the Chapel: the play pictures life in ancient Greece.

The University Players up to the present have thrilled their audiences with each of their productions. In their last production, *Sun-Up*, the performers were given a tremendous ovation.

Many will remember their sensational debut last February in the presentation of *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

The players have proven their versatility in past performances in the presentation of *He, Cradle Song, Lady Windermere's Fan, Sun-Up* and *Loyalties*. Now we will see a play altogether different from any other production. See *Antigone*—It's different!

the plaza of the New Administration Building.

The new arrangement will be beautified by the artistic placement of shrubbery, fountains and benches. An appropriate setting is assured for the New Building which will ultimately lend an imposing charm to the physical aspect of the affiliated institutions.

Campus News

NEGRO LIFE AND HISTORY DISCUSSED

The students of Morehouse and the other colleges of Atlanta profited greatly by being able to attend the numerous meetings of the Association for the study of Negro Life and History. This program consisted mainly of a brilliant series of lectures on the various phases of Negro Life and History.

Some of the high points:—Opening session on Sunday afternoon, November 13, at which time President John Hope of the association spoke on "The Study of the Negro" and was followed by the secretary, Dr. Carter G. Woodson, whose topic was "The Negro Misdirected."

There were many who attended the Get-Acquainted Dinner on Monday evening in Morgan Hall Dining Room at Spelman, followed by a cultural treat, the *Musical: An Evening of Negro Music*. An extensive program was presented featuring musical groups from Morehouse, Spelman, Clark, Morris Brown, Gammon, Booker T. Washington High School, and Ware Elementary School. A huge chorus and orchestra was formed by all the school musicians and they sang and played wonderfully under the directorship of Professor Frederick Hall and Kemper Harreld.

Tuesday morning, Morehouse was host to the session, which due to the tremendous attendance was transferred to Sister's Chapel. President Archer presided and presented first, Professor B. W. Doyle of Fisk who spoke on the question, "Is the Negro Any Better Off Today Than in 1868?"; and afterwards, Rayford W. Logan of the association who spoke on "The International Status of the Negro." Both lectures were of great educational value and very well presented.

On Wednesday, at Clark University, Professor J. B. Blayton, of our economic department, spoke on the interesting question "Are Negroes in Business, Business Men." Mr. C. C. Spaulding, of Durham, North Carolina, also spoke at this session.

Various other nice talks of equal interest and value filled the busy four days program of the association which will convene in Washington, D. C., next year.

SUN-UP DRAWS AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE

Lula Volmer's *Sun-up* was presented by the University Players on Saturday evening, November 19th, before an audience which completely filled the Little Theatre in Rockefeller Hall.

"The scene of the play was in the mountains of western North Carolina, near the city of Asheville. It was not a comedy, rather, a serious drama of folk-life lightened occasionally by turns of good wit."

The stage setting and lighting effects were ingeniously created by Wilmer Jennings and gave a perfect background for the cast which performed as a whole in true late season finesse.

Miss Sammie Fuller as Widow Cagle was superb in her interpretation of the mountaineer mother; Miss Flor-

(Continued on Page 16)

EXCHANGE FROM THE CAMPUS MIRROR

DR. KENYON BUTTERFIELD
E. LUCILLE PEARSON, '35

Students and friends of Atlanta University and of Morehouse and Spelman Colleges heard Dr. Kenyon Butterfield, who spoke on "Rural Life as a Challenge to the World" in Howe Memorial Hall, Friday, December 2, 1932.

Dr. Butterfield presented the Farm Relief Problem as it exists throughout the world. His travels through India, China, Japan, East Africa and Europe, enable him to do this with an understanding which brought to his audience a realization that the farmers of the United States are not the only sufferers in the present financial depression. Instead of farm relief being little more than a political issue in the United States, as it is thought by many of us to be, it turns out to be a world situation of depression in the value of the products of the soil.

Dr. Butterfield brought to us the position of the American farmer in his review of the farmer's place in America from the time the settlements were made along the Atlantic seaboard down to the present. He began with the peaceful life of nearly two hundred years on the small farms along the seaboard, included the great westward movement led mostly by farmers, who conquered nature, carrying with them the little red school, the country church and the frontier type of civilization, while furnishing the cities with food. When the Pacific Ocean was reached, the tide of the westward movement broke back on itself and the farmer found himself confronted by the problem of scientific methods and equipment. This stirring motion picture became a still picture and we stared at the farmer perplexed as he was by the scientific methods of planting and harvesting and the inventions of farm equipment, both of which brought disaster, because fewer hands could produce what was needed. Dr. Butterfield considered the economic position of the farmer significant, first because the larger cities and industries are dependent upon farmers for food, supplies, and materials; second, because the farmers are conservers of wealth, the maintainers of the fertility of the soil.

Dr. Butterfield seemed convinced that the church must arouse itself to meet the situation, and that the problem is to be solved by individuals of vision, who understand scientific procedure. Yet the problem seems to him to be more than scientific, it is social, religious, and political. He stated that the need is for a new rural church, a new teacher in the pulpit, a new thought in the pews, and a new interest in missionaries.

DR. WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

On November 21, at 4:30 o'clock, Dr. William Trufant Foster, of Newton, Massachusetts, former President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, director of Pollock Foundation for Economic Research, lecturer and author of current problems, lectured to the students of

(Continued on Page 15)

With the Poets

THE FIRST SPREAD OF WINTER

On yesterday the sky was gray—
 I knew not what was on the way;
 The pine held high his green gray head
 And upward proudly each branch was spread,
 The leaves that gleamed with soft brown lustre
 Played with the wind and in a cluster
 They danced and skipped with joy it seemed,
 And through their dancing autumn gleam.
 The grass that had grown brown with age—
 And murdered with the cold wind's rage.
 Bent with the breeze in wave-like motion,
 Just like the waters of the ocean!
 Upon the canvas of delight
 My fancy played from morning till night,
 And when last evening I retired
 I heard just what my soul desired:
 The whistling winds that lull asleep
 And on a cold night company keep.
 My soul was ushered off to rest
 Where dream lands all alone exist;
 Apart from all that did go on
 I stayed until this very morn,
 And on returning from that voyage—
 Or from some dream land pilgrimage—
 I gazed out on a silent bliss
 Where stillness all alone exists;
 Today in reverence the trees
 Bow down but not bent by the breeze,
 The grass is still—it's motionless—
 The leaves are still and all at rest,
 Last night a blizzard did spread o'er,
 Each blade of grass and each tree bow'r,
 O'er all that autumn's hand has stained
 And o'er the green that still remained,
 A spread wove by the hand of winer,
 A spread of gray and silver lustre!

—CHARLES ALFRED BECKETT, '33.

MY HEART IS LIKE AN OCEAN

My heart is like an ocean
 Far-flung and o'er vast domain
 Bearing its ships and cargoes
 Oft through danger, then home again.

My heart is like an ocean
 Tossing, to weather its storms
 Calm and content in sunshine
 Lulled by soft showers, sweet and warm.

My heart is like an ocean
 And there will your love abide
 For you are a worthy Captain
 Fearing naught of storm or tide.

—JOETTA STINSON.

MEMORY

She was a maiden fair and sweet,
 Her voice was like a dove's woo call.
 Her hips ran down to dainty feet,
 Her presence, I only seek to recall.
 It was the sweetest temple of them all.

Her presence then I did know well,
 Today is but a memory.
 And then it caused my joy to swell.
 But now it only causes misery.
 Although 'tis but a pleasant memory.

We parted with this vow of love—
 "Someday together we will be
 As happy as two courting doves."
 But she forget her pledge of Love to me,
 And now, 'Tis but a pleasant memory.

—JOHN H. YOUNG, '35.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Like stout Achilles at the walls of Troy
 He hurls himself into the thick melee,
 Where lads in harness seek a bitter joy
 That comes from wrangling in a bloody fray.
 He weaves and pivots, carrying the ball,
 And digs his cleats in the earth's cold face;
 Foe after foe assails him, but they all
 Must see him cross the goal in Grecian grace.

Friend, naught can daunt him; neither rain nor mud;
 He has a courage wrought from glowing steel.
 The bitter winds his loins do not feel;
 He revels on a plain of sand and blood.

If in the list of Life he fares as well,
 No force can check his rise—not even Hell—

—A CASUAL OBSERVER.

NEGRO

Thrust hard your tightened fist against my face
 And spew your bitter words into my ear;
 Do what you will—I shall not cringe with fear
 Nor retreat a fraction from my former place.
 Aye, bend my body on your rack of pain,
 Pierce flesh and sinew 'til the blood runs forth;
 Do what you may—my courage proves my worth—
 I shall endure and grow straight once again.
 Assail my armour with your lances of steel;
 It shall ring loudly but with no avail;
 Yet, should you wound me through my coat-of-mail
 You shall not drag me at your chariot's wheel.

I do not wish to match you blow for blow,
 But I am what you make me—friend—or—foe—

—A CASUAL OBSERVER.

X Marks The Spot

Hail! Hail! The Negro Author enters the field of the Detective-Murder-Mystery. Shades of Sherlock Holmes be still! Take heed ye Christie and Fletcher and Rinehart and Van Dyne. Gather round this dusky sleuth as he delves into gruesome mystery in the heart of dark Harlem. "Quick, Watson! My needle!"

Say the Critics to White, Fauset, DuBois and the rest: "Your novels show too much concern with the Race Problem. In the main you have been interested in preaching the gospel of Social Injustice and Prejudice; your plots have been weak and poorly developed. You have neglected much of the colorful material in your folk-life, out of which truly valuable works might be produced. White writers as DuBose Heywood, Julia Peterkin, and Paul Green have won marked success with the use of such material. As yet you have produced a few outstanding works of fiction but not one great one."

"And here," says Rudolph Fisher, "here is my bid in a new field."

The mystery story enjoys a widespread popularity today. But in this great mass of ever-increasing fiction, there is an abundance of second-rate works. The stuff stares at you from every drug-store window. Clubs are formed to disseminate the trash. It is a wonder how America is able to sleep with such an appetite for murder and crime. Lustful for excitement, not satiated by her hectic, racking days of toilsome existence, she must needs stimulate herself further with skulls and corpses and creeping terrors. Dizzy detectives exhibit amazing shrewdness in the solution of problems that would baffle the layman. ('Tis a pity we can't send a Craig Kennedy or a Philo Vance to Congress). Notwithstanding all this, *The Conjure-Man Dies* is a corking good thriller in its class and all who like this type of story will certainly enjoy it.

Harlem (happy heaven of Afro-Americans and overworked setting for Negro novelists) furnishes the scenes for the activities of our good sleuth. Perry Dart, capable in a way but sometimes a little thick-headed. (No unusual qualification for police detectives.) He is ably assisted on the murder case by a young medico who combines his knowledge of anatomy with some practical reasoning thereby greatly accelerating the work of one minion of the law, namely Detective Dart.

Frimbo, Harlem's fortune-teller and "hoodoo" artist, is the "murderer." When his body is found there are several professional callers, awaiting their turns to consult the man, all of whom are held as suspects. With Detective Dart and Doctor Archer presiding, the investigation begins amid the weird atmosphere of the conjure-man's apartment and the ghostly stillness of the undertaking establishment below. Br-r-r-r!

Just at the height of the inquiry when the two are about to pat themselves on the back, in walks the conjure-man himself, casual like and announces his presence. Yes, he says, he had been murdered physically but mentally, well—he had been in a state of suspended animation. Alas, sighs Detective Dart, there goes my murder case, for who ever heard of a murder case without a corpse. Oh, I am a corpse all right, all

right, here is the wound that the doctor examined, etc., etc.

Well, retorts the wily detective, if a murder has been committed, we will hold you as a suspect in your own murder case. ((Quick, Watson, the smelling salts!))

Thus complication follows complication in which a tale is woven around the career of a brilliant man whose life had been sought by three people—a policy runner, a drug addict, and an outraged husband. The multi-fold threads of his existence which lead back to the Dark Continent, break suddenly, ending at his mysterious Harlem home in a tensely dramatic scene.

For keen zest and absorbing entertainment you will not read another book like this one in a long time. Mr. Fisher has taken his basic materials from Negro life and has handled them skillfully. The plot is strong; it is creditable despite the conventional things for such fiction—disappearing corpses, missing witnesses, evidence pointing at every suspect but the right one, and the finale a re-enactment of the death scene in the presence of all concerned.

The humor of the book would make it interesting even if the story were a complete flop. Negro humor—the genuine, next-to-nature product—is truly the most original of any other group of people. It is in a class by itself. To read *The Conjure-Man Dies* is to laugh heartily and frequently for it abounds in dialogues that are real classics in their wit and merriment.

—JAMES A. HULBERT, '33.

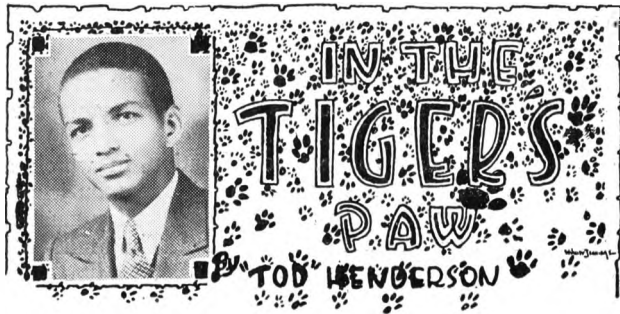
LIBRARY NOTES

The new Atlanta University Library, under the directorship of Miss Charlotte Templeton, is rapidly assuming preeminence as one of the South's most progressive and influential school libraries. It directly serves Atlanta University, Morehouse College, Spelman College, and the Atlanta School of Social Work; Clark University. Gannan Theological Seminary, Morris Brown College, and Turner Theological Seminary have absolute privileges for the use of all of the facilities of the library.

Perhaps the most important steps in the immediate advancement of the library are the organization of the librarians of Atlanta and the transference of the library of the Atlanta School of Social Work to the Atlanta University Library. These moves indicate unusual progress since, firstly, they bring about the harmonious cooperation of the librarians of the city and; secondly, they further the centralization of the university-library-level accommodations of Atlanta.

The book collection of the library is rapidly increasing due to the purchase of many additional volumes. Besides, the reclassification of the book collections of the institutions of the affiliation is moving forward in an encouraging manner under the supervision of Miss Wilhelmina Carothers. In fine, the Atlanta University Library is advancing successfully and all indications point to a continuance of this present trend of growth.

Maroon Football



The shouting and the tumult have ceased. Kid Pigskin, commonly called "King" by his hi-jacking cohorts, has just about ended activities and with the emission of a few last sleepy yawns, in the form of post-season games, will crawl into a far niche of the "Hot Stove League" and there hibernate until brought forth by the golden sun of Autumn to satisfy again the popular demands of the seething fan.

It was a well known fact that Morehouse did not have the best team in the conference. The final record being three won, four lost and one tie. Neither was she accused of playing up to the capacity which was expected of her. However (without too much of the sob stuff and useless sentiment) there was something exhibited on the field that is really worth mentioning—something that seemed to bespeak the spirit of the "old school."

It seems that sometime during the past ages a Morehouse man got the idea of clean play and sportsmanship. He fondled, petted, studied it until it became a reality. When he left, it was passed on and on, increasing every minute, until it grew into gargantuan heights. It formed a pyramid and quite a few were unable to cling to its sloping sides, quite a few stuck, however.

It was near this perpetual pinnacle that the football team of '32 stood. Led by Coaches Forbes, Ellis and Mann. **THEY STUCK—THANK GOD!**

However, during the time that this pyramid was being built other necessary structures were forming. One of these happened to have been Strict Training. Living the life of a pseudo libertine and fighting on the gridiron for the principles of the Tiger at the same time is generally wrong. Outbursts of dissipation were frequent, rules were scattered to the wind by quite a few of the brave and true Morehouse warriors. A righteously indignant student body (at least a portion of them) were afraid to report the miscreants. (Of course, we of the student body must not be judged too harshly; no one likes to play the role of informer, even if one of the fine principles is being dragged in the mire of Sodom.) No one but a semi-saint would try to condemn the slight outbursts of dissipation from students not in training. But please, oh god of football, give us a team that would keep the good points of the present team and still not live the life of v!!!xZ night-hound.

Incidentally, a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR from "THE TIGER'S PAW."

TIGERS WIN FROM FISK BULLDOGS BY 13 - 6 SCORE

Emerging from what seemed to have been a permanent lethargy, the Tiger lashed with utmost vengeance a snarling Fisk Bulldog whose threats were many but whose materializations were scanty. Twice the awakening Bengal crossed the Fisk goal and only once was the "pup" able to find the elusive terminal horizontal which seemed so near but yet so far.

Morehouse scored early in the first half. On the first play, "Big" Jones, all-Southern bidder who seemed much nearer the hospital than the gridiron, tore through tackle for 25 yards to place the ball on the Fisk 20-yard line. On the third play Kelly by some tall maneuvering put the team on the Fisk 3-yard line. On three successive plunges "Big" Jones pushed his frame across the marker for the first touchdown of the game.

Optimism, however, seemed shortlived for the Morehouse Cohorts. After the next few minutes of every day football, HELL suddenly broke loose in the Fisk battalion. On the Morehouse 43-yard line, Fisher, on two plays, gained 12 yards. Bostic slipped over guard for 6 yards to place it on the Morehouse 25-yard line. On the next play Morton got 8 yards, but immediately, Fisk was penalized to the 22-yard line for off-side. The momentous Morton, coming back with terrific force, carried the ball on two plays the entire distance to score. Number one for Fisk. Bostic missed goal.

See-sawing was paramount from that point until the fourth quarter when Fisk on their own 20-yard line tried a lateral pass which unfortunately for them landed in the arms of the errant Evans who galloped 20 yards for the final touchdown of the game.

Morton, Fisher, Hall, Coleman, and Alexander were outstanding for Fisk, while effervescent Baugh, crippled Jones, Red Smith, Kelly, McFall and Alex. Reid brought joy to the hearts of the Morehouse rooters.

THE LINE-UP

Fisk (6)		Morehouse (13)
Hall	L.E.	Archer
Cater	L.T.	Mazique
Jackson	L.G.	Bowen
Holland	C.	Red Smith
Sanders	R.G.	McFall
Alexander	R.T.	Alex. Reid
Coleman	R.E.	Hendricks
Morton	Q.B.	Kelly
Barksdale	L.H.	Ohio Jones
Fisher	R.H.	Big Jones
Bostic	F.B.	McIver

TALLADEGA DEFEATS MOREHOUSE, 7-0

Playing far "off form" but still good and lucky enough to keep a fairly strong 'Dega team from scoring for 57 minutes, Morehouse was finally beaten in the last three minutes of play when Speed, elusive 'Dega halfback romped 45 yards through a Tiger Team to score the only touchdown of the game. Dizzy Pigrom completed the disaster with a perfect drop-kick to make the final score 7 to 0.

(Continued on Page 16)

FOOTBALL SQUAD. 1932-1933



First Row: Allen, McFall, W. T. Jones, Captain Smith, Hendricks, McIver, Young. Second Row: Mazique, Archer, Fry, A. C. Curry, Washburn, Watley, Foster, E. Jones. Third Row: Cooke, Evans, W. T. Smith, Sweet, Simms, Greene, Webster, Alexander, Robinson. Top Row: L. C. Curry (Trainer), W. C. Martin (Assistant Manager), Coach Frank Forbes, Assistant Coach Mann, R. C. Kennedy (Manager). Missing: Wideman, Bowen, Cage, Scott, Booher, F. B. Kelley, J. F. Kelley, Baugh, Shine, Epps, Davis, Brown, Reid (Assistant Coach), Ellis.

YOU'RE TELLING ME
By JOHN EPPS. '35

Our boys began the season good and they ended the season good. "Big" Jones, Captain "Red" Smith, Owen Evans "Josh" Archer, "Ghost" Curry, and Giles Baugh totalled 10 touchdowns for the season of 1932. In the Miles Memorial game, Jones, "the Monroe, Louisiana, Express" made two touchdowns. Likewise "Big" Smith, with the enthusiastic spirit for glory, enlarged the score by two touchdowns. And, then, Owen Evans, just for good measure, shared the glory of "touchdown making" with one score. "Shipwreck" Kelley made good three extra points. In reality Morehouse was against Morehouse, and nothing resulted for either of the two teams—Benedict, with "Squire" Tarver, as coach VS. Morehouse. Up at Paine "Ghost" Curry, the football idol of last year's intramural pig-skin tussel brought the bacon home for the Maroon and White with his only touchdown of the season. "Josh" Archer had made a vow that, if McCarthy of Tuskegee ever got behind him after receiving a pass, he would not stop running until he was sure of his being out of danger. And so, what happened was that he did receive a pass. McCarthy chased him; "Josh's" feet were (was would be better for

he was one) working like a piston-rod of a locomotive, and sure enough, "Josh" was out of danger for he had crossed the double line—a touchdown! In the Clark game a run off left tackle by Giles Baugh, a very promising backfield player of tomorrow, gave Morehouse its only touchdown. Morehouse was "doped" to lose to the powerful aggregation from Nashville. But it wasn't so with the team, especially "Big" Jones and Evans. In the first quarter, "Big" Jones plunged center for a touchdown. A pass from Kelley to Archer netted the extra point. Not another score was made until the last quarter, when Evans intercepted a lateral and ran for a touchdown. Evans did the same remarkable feat at Tuskegee, but did not count for some technicality or other.

INDIVIDUAL SCORERS

Name	Points
"Big" Jones	18
Owen Evans	12
"Red" Smith	12
"Josh" Archer	7
"Ghost" Curry	6
Giles Baugh	6
"Shipwreck" Kelley	3
Total	64

Maroon Spice

By HAL J. BREAZEL, '31

Sticking To His Major

Stude: Prof. would you kindly show me the way to the gym.

Prof: I majored in math; you will have to see a major in geography for that.

Hey, Blake, what'd your wife say when she walked out on you yestrday?

Blake: She said, "I'll sue you later."

It is believed that the absence of the "Discorders' Trio", namely Teddy, Goffy and "Bear" Robinson, caused Morehouse a victory over Fisk. If we had only known.

Hooray! for the polite gentleman murderer who while sitting in the electric chair tried to get up to give the lady who was present his seat.

The great football player, Geo. Shivery asked the coach what was he supposed to do when the man came his way with the ball.

Self-inflated college boys are always rising in their own estimation.

Every bride groom knows that the first hundred biscuits are the hardest.

When "Square" Thomas wishes to disguise himself completely he merely puts on an expression of intelligence.

"Snout" Lewis has played less football than any other foot player in the world.

"Past tense of marry is divorce."

"Cultivated people dig to get that way."

She: "Is that the moon up there?"

He: "I don't know. I am a stranger around here."

W. T. Smith, who is making good with what he has left, said, "If you don't be true to your teeth they sure will be false to you."

According to a psychologist, people are most intelligent at the age of fourteen, before they start to college.

Advertising school of music offers crooning in ten easy lessons. Easy on whom?

John's father: "I received a letter from your teacher today."

John: "If you give me a quarter I won't tell mother."

We find that "Duck" Watson has a temporary loss of mind.

He came home the other night and put the umbrella in the bed and stood up in the corner all night.

Hard Boiled Husband (coming home from work): "Say you! Where is my supper?"

Wife: "Why, Husband, you didn't leave me any money."

Husband: "I didn't leave you any money? Well, where is that quarter I gave you last week."

Wife: "Why-er."

Husband: "Why-er, nothing. I believe you are holding out on me. What is that over there in that greasy package?"

Wife: "That's only some lard, dear."

Husband: "Fry that then."

Red Simmons said that he is going to Electoral College next year.

Mother: "James, if you eat another biscuit you will pop wide open."

James: "Well, pass me the biscuits and move out of the way."

Guest in hotel, phoning down: "Say, night clerk!"

Clerk: "Well, what's on your mind, now?"

Guest: "Mind, me eye! They're all over the bed!"

Freshman football player looking over his quarter marks.

"Well, I'm as famous as Lindy now."

Soph.: "How's that?"

Fresh.: "Well, I went down in history."

The birthday cake was heavy, but the candles made it light. Are you asking me?

"Did you see me come in?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"No."

"Well, how did you know it was me?"

There is no such word as "fale" wrote little Jimmie on the board.

Visitor: "Why don't you correct him, teacher?"

Teacher: "Because his statement is perfectly right."

B. M.: "Gee, wasn't that telephone operator good-looking, we just passed?"

Lee: "Yes, and she had your number when you said hello."

D. A. Hammock likes Buicks as well as Hupmobiles. Am I telling something?

"Did you like that candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, the cat didn't, he spit it out three times."

F. Ables: "Do you thinks Ford's money is tainted?"

Chink: "Yes, it is tainted in two ways."

F. Ables: "How's that?"

Chink: "T'aint yours and t'aint mine."

DR. WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

(Continued from Page 9)

the three institutions on "Managed Money and Unmanaged Men." While the present depression stares us in the face, we ask ourselves this question, "What caused it and what can be done about it?" The depression has not been caused by the business cycle, by the recent war, by foreign debts, nor by extravagance, for people saved more than they consumed from 1923 to 1929.

The real cause of the depression is the failure to handle what America has. In other words, we must handle the situation of the "too muchness of it all." To talk of reducing output, with millions standing in the bread line, reveals a fallacy in our economic system. Adjustments should be made and not reduction.

In comparison with the extent of prosperity which was 52 per cent above normal in 1929, we are now in a state of depression 54 per cent below normal and mismanagement of the bank resources by the banker is perhaps the chief cause.

As a remedy for the present situation, we need collective action on a large scale. Heavier taxation should be placed on the able class. Public works should be planned at long range. It is possible to set up a financial organization in society without government ownership for the control of income and the management of money.

There should be managed money and unmanaged men; this is the suggestion which Mr. Foster left with us.

NEW WORLDS TO DISCOVER

By MR. RAYFORD W. LOGAN

Speaking to the students in chapel November 15, Mr. Logan, of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History pointed out that some of the new worlds to be discovered might be found through an adventure in history, art, music, literature, or mechanics. The story of Alexander the Great's weeping because he had no more worlds to conquer seems quite ridiculous, the story of Columbus discovering America, the adventure of Cortez, all are kinds of adventures, impossible for us today, because there are no more physical worlds to discover or conquer. But is this any reason for believing there are no more intellectual worlds to discover? Intellectual achievement is as valuable today as was physical achievement centuries ago. Intellectual achievement is just as possible for us as was the achievement of Balboa.

If there is anyone who can find out what the mulatto, Crispus Attucks—the first hero to fall in the Revolutionary War—did from 1750-1770, he will make a name for himself. Another chance offered to the adventurous historian is the collecting of more significant facts concerning William Brown, a young Negro who escaped from Kentucky. Although his only education was gained through his work as an apprentice, he was able to go to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he gave lectures and wrote books. This incident shows that opportunities are offered not only to Americans, but to those interested in making discoveries.

The greatest statesman Latin America has ever produced is believed to have been a Negro, who, although recognized as one of the greatest of statesmen, made contributions to literature as well. He was born in a state in Brazil. It will mean the discovery of another

world, if anyone can find evidence to prove that he was a Negro.

In Southeast Africa we find paintings made by the Bushmen. Although the Bushmen have all the characteristics of the Negro race, they are not looked upon as Negroes because scientists even today are unable to account for their works. Thus we see when a Negro group makes an outstanding or distinct contribution to civilization, it is no longer considered a Negro group. Maybe it is for us to maintain the ancestry of our race. In his conclusion he said if he had encouraged us to do something constructive, he felt he would be more than repaid.

WHY NON-SUPPORT?

(Continued from Page 2)

a policy of non-support is to be pursued when something goes contrary to your desires? Why have a school?

True it is that you are Freshmen, but you are also *Morehouse men*, consequently petty class prejudices should be forgotten.

The University Players are asking for your support. It becomes the duty of every true *Morehouse Freshman* to rally to their support. Segregation is not associated with *Morehouse* and her associates.

Here's hoping you'll prove loyal to the cause, and, in the end, loyal *Morehouse men*.

—W. N. J.

GLEANINGS

(NSFA)—When a professor at Muhlenberg College declared that the human body is worth approximately ninety-seven cents, another member of the faculty went to work to prove that it is worth infinitely more than that in terms of energy. Since matter and radiation are equivalent, he argued, then if the body of a man weighing 150 pounds should completely disappear, enough energy would be released to light the football field for 5,000,000 years. Figuring out the cost of these kilowatt hours in dollars and cents, lots of brawny halfbacks would be millionaires—dead. However the catch is that science has as yet been unable to unsnare this released energy.—*Swarthmore Phoenix*.

(NSFA)—In the Haskol-Creighton gridiron battle the Indians made a substitution when the ball was on their own six-inch line, as their limit of substitutions for the game was already exhausted, they were penalized half the distance to the goal, or three inches.—*Oregon Emerald*.

WARNING TO LADIES

(NSFA)—It may be of interest to learn that in the year of grace 1700 Parliament enacted the following tasty bit of legislation: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree whether virgin, maid or widow that shall from and after such Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."—*Johnsonian*.

TALLADEGA DEFEATS MOREHOUSE, 7-0
(Continued from Page 12)

From the Morehouse point of view it was a shabby exhibition of a football game. Constantly was Talladega down in the Bengal's territory and but for the fine defensive playing of Cage and McFall, would have scored early in the first half. The "boys from the House" were just off form and they missed so many tackles that the line began to resemble a SIEVE. Luck seemed to be with Morehouse however, penalties on Talladega were numerous and the game would have ended in a deadlock had not Speed evaded the entire team in his 45-yard gallop.

In comparison with the defense, the offense was practically the same or even worse. Only two first downs were made by Morehouse, one of them being a rather sensational 22-yard run by Big Jones.

For Talladega, Sodie White at center; Wright, Speed, and Pigrom in the backfield were sensational; while the satellites of Morehouse were McFall, "Big" Jones and Cage.

THE LINE-UP

Talladega (7)		Morehouse (0)
Wright (C)	L.E.	Evans
Long	L.T.	Reid
Craig	L.G.	Cage
Reynolds	C.	(C) Red Smith
Howard	R.G.	McFall
Cox	R.T.	Mazique
J. Pitts	R.E.	Archer
Myers	Q.B.	Kelley
Speed	H.B.	"Big" Jones
Stratten	H.B.	Baugh
H. Pigrom	F.B.	Sweet

Substitutes—Talladega, Joe Mitchell for Myers; Sodie White for Reynolds; Ransom for Mitchell; and Ware for Howard. Morehouse—Watley for McFall and Ohio Jones for Baugh.

Referee, Walker (Lincoln); Umpire, Lockhart (M. B. C.); Headlinesman, Cotton (S. C. State).

HEAR MY CRY!
(Continued from Page 3)

cliff; the wife and children pushed the father to the top of the cliff in order that he might seek the possibilities for their escape. When the father reached the top he bade his family good-bye, leaving them to the flooding waters. O! preachers, teachers, business, and professional men, do not turn away from me, for I will be destroyed by the on-rushing waters. Be not led away by false gods and goddesses who say that you and they are alike, who say that they are for your moral, spiritual, and financial good, who talk to you in the living-room and plot against you in the attic. Come back to me and teach me the sense of duty and I will support my schools; teach me the sense of loyalty and I will back my leaders; teach me the spirit of love and I will forget my prejudices."

SUN-UP DRAWS APPRECIATIVE
AUDIENCE

(Continued from Page 9)

ence Warwick moved about in charming fashion as Emmy Todd; John Young as Rufe Cagle showed much talent; Richard Brown was very entertaining in his amusing characterization of Pap Todd; Geo. Smith justified his heavy growth of beard when he appeared as Bud Todd, half-wit; Edward Rodriguez showed ministerial propensity as the preacher; Laurence Hall was quite officious as Sheriff Weeks; Theodore Nash was a fitting assistant to Sheriff Weeks as Bob; last but not least was the excellent performance of Raphael McIver as the Stranger.

Much of the success of the production as usual is due to the skilled direction and coaching of Miss Anne Cooke of Spelman.

(NSFA)—The Cornell Newspaper informs us that students who fall asleep in the library at Swarthmore College are given warnings, after three of which they are fined.—*Tower Times*.

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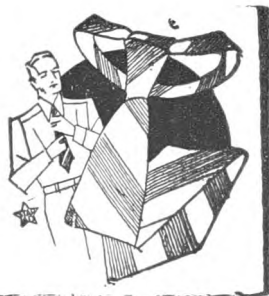
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