

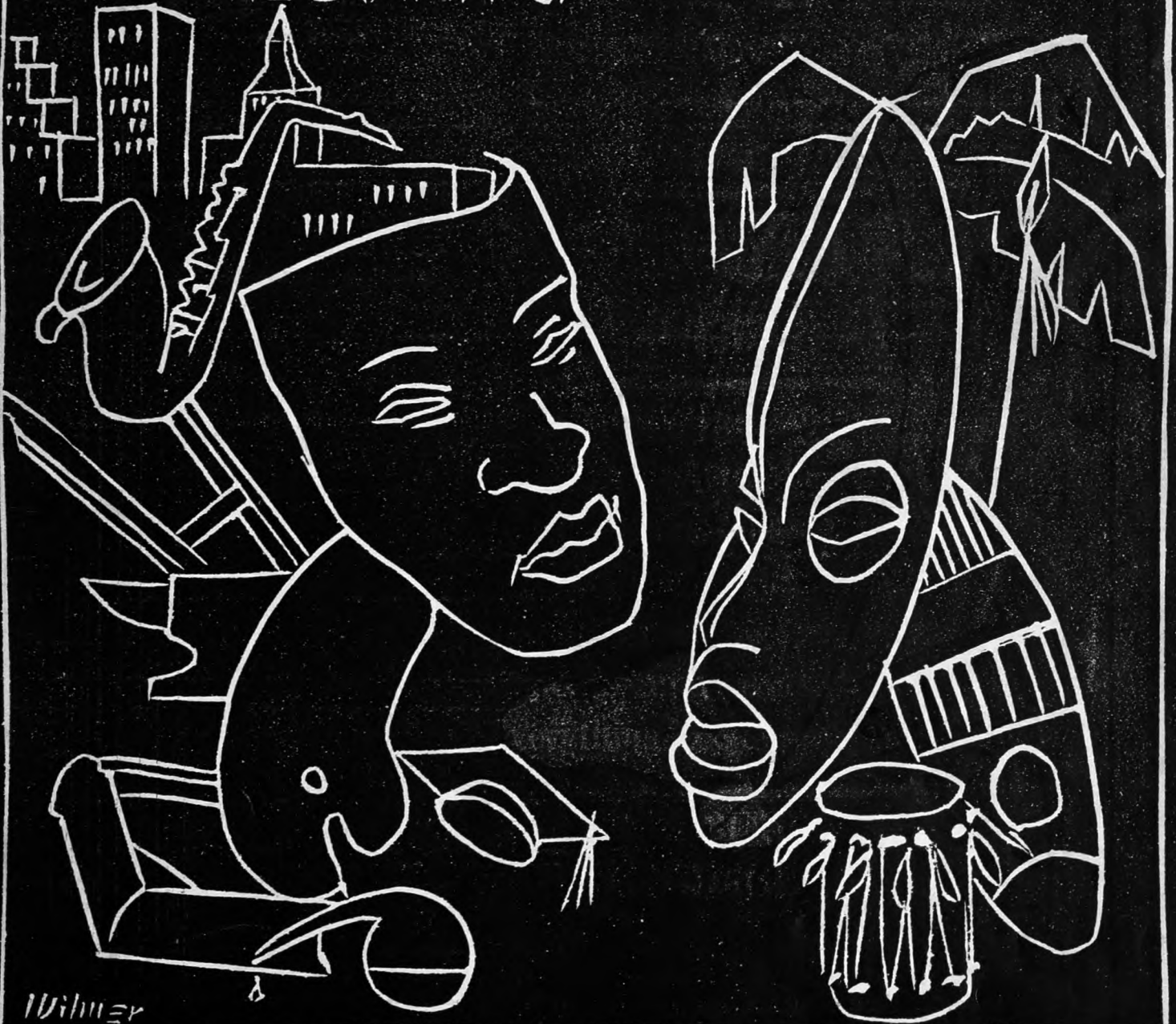
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THE DRAMA OF NEGRO HISTORY



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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME VIII

JANUARY, 1933

NUMBER 4

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THE MAROON TIGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE	\$1.00
SINGLE COPY	.15

NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT.

Editorials

AMALGAMATION

The word "amalgamation" has great connotative power. We often think of it as meaning a union of elements to form a whole, *but this union is really so loose that it is a mere mixture or blending.* We shall soon observe another Negro History Weeek in which the heroes of our race will be lauded. We shall extol the virtues of those who first gave fire and color to America's amalgam.

What does it mean to us that Nino piloted Columbus' flagship; that Crispus Attucks shed the first blood for American independence; that Benjamin Banneker aided in planning the national capitol; that Matthew Henson was first at the North Pole? Mr. Schomburg exhausts world literature to find instances of Negro achievement in all parts of the world. Do we appreciate his efforts? Immensely! We are proud of our identity as an achieving race and we desire to keep our identity as such! As all other races are, so are we . . . selfish.

The Negro race is often compared and contrasted with those Palestinian nations which have lost their identities as nations. Jews, as a race, don't exist. Do they extol the virtues of their scientists, artists, and philanthropists in all countries? Their achievements are such that the world recognizes them regardless of their race. What people has been driven more than this people? In the face of all difficulties they have tried to become integral parts of the nations in which they lived.

America has set forth an ideal that has been a target since it sought to rise above the narrow perspective of human nature. An American is that peculiar individual which comes from the great Melting Pot in order to render service to her who bore him. No other nation has attempted such a colossal feat and thus, America is faced with "menaces", problems, etc. We are elements in this great mixture and little by little we should be able to achieve such universally desired things that the world will disregard our colors and acclaim us, for world improvement. Is reaching for such an ideal worth while?

Negro History Week is a significant annual feature.

It is significant if it does no more than stir our consciousnesses to the fact that Negroes don't offer a "problem" but a challenge to American civilization! Rapid assimilation can't deny the fact that the American civilization is an amalgamation. Annually, we need something to raise our eyes above "problems" and ascertain how we color the amalgam. Black Florentine dukes, brown Spanish pilots, brown Spanish and Russian poet-laureates!—ghosts—driving us on to show that the record of Negro achievement proves that he still is a challenge rather than a "problem", a challenge to the intellectual superiority of the Caucasian. Bronze bodies balance the metabolism of the amalgam of America.

—C. C. G.

LANGSTON HUGHES

As a result of a recent poem entitled *Good-bye Christ*, Langston Hughes has been the target for critics who have released a stream of scathing denunciations and verbal fire-works—against the author, rather than the condition that was pictured in the poem. A very prominent minister devoted an entire sermon to denouncing it. But what is the cause of all the excitement? It is simply the fact that the work has been miserably misinterpreted. Mr. Hughes has written numbers of poems in which he has endeavored to portray the life and philosophy of our people in different stations. He gives us the song of the Harlem blues singer, the jazz-crazy, reveals the heart and soul of the African, and other sketches ranging from the college president to the ditch-digger, from the queen to the harlot—without necessarily giving his personal reactions to them. And now that he has written the philosophy of the Negro communists as he found them we fail to take the attendant circumstances into consideration and hurl bricks at the author because we are hurt by what it reveals. It is just as ridiculous as it would be to shoot the night watchman because he reported a theft. Therefore we do Mr. Hughes a grave injustice by placing the blame on him. As far as his religion or personal beliefs are

(Continued on Page 2)

The Rambler

A. RUSSELL BROOKS, (Jan.) '31

I shall begin this random journey knowing not just where I go, nor how long it will take me to get there; but knowing one thing—that I do set out with a genuine urge to be moving in that direction. As I begin, I feel myself afflicted with an acute case of inadequacy. This is due to the fact that since having exchanged the genial fellowship of Three Flights Up and the academic imbibings of Sale Hall for the world out there, I have lost touch, in a measure, with the vital current of Morehouse ideas and fellowship. Now that I am here in body and spirit, I find I am not wholly here in mind, not because of disinterest but because of the fact that I do not know from first-hand experience precisely what are the things uppermost in the minds of the students, what are their noblest achievements and most regrettable failings. But despite this cause of my present purposeless rambling, I shall ramble nevertheless, for the spirit moves me. Kindly bear with an inarticulate vagrant.

As long as Morehouse men are heard pacing the corridors and rooms of the dormitories reciting Shakespeare or bursting forth into plaintive and syncopating song, Morehouse College is secure; but as soon as such healthy signs are no more in evidence, the College loses its integrity, and becomes something else. Indeed, as long as the returning Sophomore or Junior can be seen sitting in the rear end of the longest taxi in Atlanta with his ugly, worn-out trunk neatly placed on the front end before the radiator; as long as "signifiers" must "signify"; as long as mid-night Bull Sessions must be held to ascertain the fate of some love-forsaken "clock-puncher" who is conspicuously scarce here of late; as long as unknown quantities of precious hours needs must be spent getting excess steam off the chests of well-meaning opponents and proponents of various measures which are up before the student body at a heated meeting in Chapel; as long, however, as these same would-be champions giving place to the sounder reasoning of leaders who have weighed and balanced the situation with cooler detachment; as long as the beloved President continues (in the words of Mr. Maynard Jackson) to "inject the red corpuscles of manhood" into the men; as long as they still love him and prize him as a living, breathing precept for all manly attainment; as long as there are fellows here who, though they line up with fraternities, have horse-sense enough to know that Alpha or Omega or what not after their names does not add one iota to them as men—that they make the fraternities, not the fraternities them; as long as Horse Collars must be Horse Collars; as long as there remains that close relationship between professor and student, which is half the College; as long as Morehouse College Chapel continues to be what it has been for decades—a place of intellectual and spiritual cultivation where is always stirring a current of fresh and new ideas that help us see into the life of things; as long as Chapel is an institution of the students, by the students and for the students; as long as the fellows can find a great deal to interest them on the campus without having to resort wholly to some more or less superficial and shallow amusements off

campus; as long as Morehouse men can be completely comfortable and happy in the company and good fellowship of Morehouse men; as long as respect for scholarship is fostered among the students; as long as the morale is such that brooks no giving in to defeat without glorious comebacks such as the girdiron climax to an uneventful season when the Tigers defeated the Fisk Bulldogs; as long as students take an interest in student government; as long as they find enough time from the hurry and flurry of each busy day to read and think about the great world—of millions of human beings with many problems, and of the present crisis in the economic situation which sometimes seems to be assuming the dimensions of a universal tragedy: As long, I say, as certain manifestations of Morehouse Spirit are in evidence, the College remains.

The physical condition of the campus makes it necessary to take many of the programs and games elsewhere. In view of the fact that this is a temporary situation, there does not need to be any anxiety on that score. It is just as well that we go through this period of adjustment and readjustment as gracefully as possible. When it is all over, the beauty of the campuses will be new inspiration.

I set out on this short tramp with wanderlust in my system, not knowing where I was going, and I have been consistent with my purpose from the outset—not to have any purpose at all. I have reviewed rather casually certain intimations of immortality of Morehouse College, which, despite a reduction in attendance and the temporarily difficult ingress and egress to and from the campus, do, nevertheless, reassure us that solid and valid things cannot be disturbed by the "changes and chances of this mortal life." It is my earnest desire that these signs always remain and that the fellows do not allow themselves to be enslaved by the fetters of their own little world in a time when the world is sick, but that they, through reading, discussion and contact, may come to understand, as far as is possible, the whole law and meaning of existence.

LANGSTON HUGHES
(Continued from Page 1)

concerned, we can no more accuse him of being an Atheist than we can accuse him of being a prostitute. In view of these facts it remains that we should reserve our judgement until we have information to prove our contentions, and cease jumping at unwarranted conclusions.

Because a picture reveals a pitiful scene does not prove that the photographer was rotten.

—L. R. B.

"All the best colleges are represented at Sing Sing prison, with an evident preference for the crime of forgery, yet men who have worked their way through college are rarely found behind the bars, according to a recent statement issued by Anthony N. Peterson, Protestant chaplain of the prison."—Middlebury *Campus*.

The Negro in Song

By D. S. DAYS, '36

In recent years a new and vivid history of the American Negro has been discovered—not in the few and scattered literary efforts of his past, but in a record more lasting, more easily understood, more impressive upon present-day minds—his record in song. True history throughout the ages has endeavored to relate the accounts of men's lives and actions. Unfortunately, perhaps, no such chronicle of incidents with the American Negro as dominant figure has been produced. Only occasionally is some allusion to his existence to be found in the history of the American people. Almost invariably these allusions are lowering and debasing in their considerations of a people so definitely a force in the upbuilding of this country. In the folk music of the Negro, however, an impression, vibrant in content, clearing up any doubt about his early life in a new country, stands out pre-eminently.

The origin of the Negro folk tunes is not to be found upon the American shores, but one must search farther back, into the tribal life of this dark people, long before any of them were brought to America for servitude. Records show that the African native, as other heathen peoples, had his type of song upon which vehicle he expressed his joys of victory over the enemy, sorrow in defeat, animation in the hunt, or peaceful love in the lullaby. This heathen melody was characterized by a rythmical and monotonous flow, often rendered more striking by frequent interjections.

In the year 1619, when the Dutch man-of-war landed in the Jamestown port bringing twenty "Negars" for trade for provisions, African music was transplanted upon American soil. These heathen souls racked by the torture of weary sea travel, bewildered by the bizarre appearance of a new world, of new people, of a new God, of new customs so different from their own chose to utter the feelings of their bursting hearts upon the soaring wings of melody rather than to curse the very elements themselves. They sang of sorrow and joy, of hope and of faith in a brighter day when all the shackles of toil would fall from their weary frames leaving them to rest in peace and spiritual goodness. All the while these weird melodies cast a spell over the startled hearers. Since that time men have sought the reason why the expression of these people would be in the most beautiful form, that of song. The only satisfactory answer is that it was a miraculous work of God, His method of placing music in the scheme of a new nation.

Many musicians and persons of less repute have tried to show that the Negro song as we have it today is not original, but is simply music of some European people reorganized. They have attributed the source to the music of the Indian native, the Scotch, or to the Portuguese. None of these assertions hold true because researches have proved the invalidity of each one. The Negro folk tune in its early stages may have had the common rhythm and monotony of tone as did that of the Indian, but the fact proves only one point that of the likeness of nearly all primitive creations. Truly,

the lilt and variety of tone found in later day Negro song bears resemblance to the Scotch airs but because of psychological and ethnological reasons they could not be identical. The Scotchman, a man of the sword, sang of blood and war, whereas the Negro sang of God and religion. The relations between the African native and the Portuguese were too slight to imagine that the songs of this European people were transported to the African shores and taught to the savages. Let us conclude then that the Negro folk tune of today is truly that of his American fore-fathers with a touch of new world refinement.

It is easy to see that the every day life of the slave was one of little variety. White man's records say that he toiled daily. His songs, however, tell of two emotions that swelled and subsided within him—those of joy and those of sorrow. The songs tell us that his chief consideration after the day's work was spiritual communion with the Holy Father. Many of the songs have words, the substance of which coincides directly with the Bible text. Incidentally the Bible was the only book that most slaveholders permitted to be read. We have such songs as *Wide River* referring to the Jordan River; *Good News, the Chariot's Coming* alluding to the angelic chariot; and *Wasn't That a Mighty Day* telling of the birth of Jesus Christ. From this point of view our history says that a large portion of the slave's time was spent in religious worship. There was the attitude toward prayer and humility which such songs as *I'm Troubled in Mind, Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray*, the popular *Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Ask And It Shall Be Given*, and *Reign, Oh, Reign* show. Songs like *Steal Away* lend a two-fold interpretation; that of sneaking away from the plantation for a quiet service under the cover of night or that of stealing away from earthly life to the heavenly abode. We learn that the slave welcomed rather than feared death at various times because hopes of the after life are found in *By and By, Them Golden Slippers*, and *In Bright Mansion Above*. His unaltered faith is splendidly manifest in songs like *You May Bury Me in De Eas'* and *I Have Another Building*. The element of love rings true in *I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands On Me*, and *Old Time Religion*.

For the introduction of this music the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers must get credit, in 1871, when on their first tour they tried them as the last resort to capture the interest of a displeased audience. Since that time much has been done toward preserving these songs in their forms as sung by the slaves. Eminent musicians like Anton Dvorak who used one as the theme for his *New World Symphony*, Walter Damrosch and Dr. Henry E. Kiebid who said that the slave songs are the only American product of their kind which comes up to the scientific requirements of folk music. Their worth has been proved by the continued and growing interest which they demand from all who hear them. Their influence upon composition is every where manifest in the constant use in modern works. Let us search this history for more of the tale it tells.

: Southern Students-Faculty Conference :

By H. J. BATTLE, '34

During the last four days of 1932 a group of students of various races and nationalities met in the "Southern Student-Faculty Conference" at the Congregational Christian Church of this city. The conference was sponsored by the Atlanta Intercollegiate Council. Among the group of speakers and discussion leaders were: Dr. W. A. Smart of Emory University; Dr. W. W. Alexander, Acting President of DePauw University; Mr. H. A. Hunt, President of Fort Valley Normal Industrial School; Dr. M. H. Bryan of the University of Georgia; Mr. B. E. Mays of Chicago University; Mr. Francis P. Miller, Chairman of the World Student Christian Federation, and Mr. Howard Thurman and President Mordecai Johnson of Howard University. The general theme of the conference was *The Responsibility of the Forces of Religion in Building the South of Tomorrow*. I shall give a brief synopsis of what I consider the success of the conference in the development of this theme.

The widespread unemployment and poverty, the lack of sufficient emphasis on education, the political corruption, the racial and class discrimination, and the lethargy in religion which characterize the South today were some of the problems to which solutions were sought.

The objective toward which religion is working is the "Kingdom of God" on earth. Dr. Mordecai Johnson assumed that poverty is the fundamental hindrance to the approach of this ideal society. If people knew that their children would not have to suffer for material needs, there would be much less graft and selfishness in our society. The need of marriage for economic gain being removed, love would be the only basis for marriage. Favorable racial relations could be easily realized with assured economic security for all. Similarly, Dr. Johnson showed how numerous evils in our society would rapidly disappear should poverty be eliminated. According to this assumption, religion can best realize its ideal by removing poverty. The speaker declared that the South already has sufficient power and intellect to provide economic welfare for all.

Mr. Mays gave a little different approach to the problem. He contends that all values rightly interpreted are spiritual values. A dynamic religion grows out of man's struggle to get necessary material goods. Since the beginning of the 18th century human interests have been increasingly separated and isolated. Today science, art, business, politics, and religion are distinct fields of human interest. As long as their situation exists the "Kingdom of God" cannot appear. According to this analysis, then, the first task of religion is to take the initiative in bringing about a synthesis of the various interests. It must give a dynamic spiritual tone to all of them. Religion, secondly, must take the initiative in redefining what a social order is for. It must emphasize the necessity of the change of self-interest to mutual interest, competition to cooperation, and profit to sharing. Finally, Mr. Mays contends that religion must create in people the spirit of adventure. Men need more courage to do what they know ought to be done. Dr. Johnson suggested the same idea in his state-

ment that the South has sufficient power and intellect to remove poverty. There are many things that we know should and can be done, but we don't have sufficient drive to do them. We prefer rationalization rather than action. We make one scientific study after another, apparently only to postpone action. Religion must supply power to act.

Mr. Hunt believes that many of our evils in the South are traceable to ignorance. The South does not have sufficient educational facilities. For example, he stated that Harvard has more books than all southern universities together. I suppose he would say that religion might approach its objective through education. He wouldn't consider education, however, merely as the transmission of knowledge, but rather as a generator of change.

Mr. Thurman feels that the contribution that religion might make to the present situation is through poetic insight. He made the following suggestions in one of his addresses: "Love always presupposes and assumes and acts on basis of knowledge both of beloved and lover. I do not love that which I do not understand. There must be contact. A segregated church cannot bring the "Kingdom of God" into the world. Contact with fellowship must express itself in an understanding that is sympathetic and creative. An understanding that is sympathetic expresses itself in a will that is good, and good-will acted intelligently is love dramatized in personality." He also suggested that we recognize in all our efforts the absolute primacy of the individual.

Mr. Kester, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, suggested that Christians encourage Socialism and give it a chance to make possible the advent of the ideal society.

I don't think any one of these proposals can serve as a panacea for all the evils in the South. I am fairly well convinced, however, that each, if properly emphasized and performed, can contribute to a move toward the objective. We as Christians face a tremendous task. There is no easy way out, nor is there a single way. I somewhat agree with Mr. Alexander that we must find a way suitable to ourselves, work on it, and be tolerant to others.

What can students do about the situation? Mr. Alexander would say that the biggest things that students can do is to prepare for the fight. This does not seem largely true. If we can get a comprehensive understanding of the situation, create a sympathetic attitude toward it, work out some definite procedure, and develop a dynamic inner power while in college, we will have accomplished much. I don't think, however, that we would quite do justice to society by spending all our time making preparation. We can use our influence as a group to properly guide sentiment. Such organizations as the "World's Student Christian Federation" seem to produce some effect on the creation of good-will among various nationalities. In this organization, according to Mr. Miller, German, French, Chinese, and Japanese students work together quite harmoniously in an effort to make the world better. Students can demonstrate to the world what can be done.

Mathematics and Mysticism

By A. J. LEWIS, II, '33

Note: During the last week in November one of our campus visitors was Professor Streater, Professor of Mathematics at Bennett College. Mr. Streater is working on his doctorate at Chicago University. The classes in philosophy were favored with a lecture from Mr. Streater on the mystical effect of numbers on man through the ages. With Mr. Streater's aid I am able to present to you some of these facts in connection with numbers.

The definite alignment of mathematics with the natural and physical sciences is well known. The connection between mathematics and mysticism is not so well known, except perhaps by those who have faith in lotteries as a means out of the depression. In spite of the hundreds of freshmen text-books which show satisfactorily that the ten digits from 1 to 0 can be permuted in 720 ways if taken three at a time, there are still "educated" people who profess to believe that there is a possible chance of coming out of the game "ahead."

Sacred literature is full of examples of numbers and mysticism. The Book of Revelation makes great use of a code of numbers which clothes the real names of the persons criticized by the prophet. The significance of the numbers "7", "6", and "14" is well known to all of us as examples of the part numbers played in the lives of ancient Hebrews. "Forty days and forty nights"; "blessed, thrice blessed"; seven-fold blessings; seven candles on the altar; seven joys of the Virgin Mary; seven deadly sins. In later literature we have the seven wonders of the world. It is an amazing thing that the Orthodox Hebrews use a seven-sided figure inscribed in a circle as the emblem over the door of the synagogue. The figure itself is mathematically impossible.

Medieval wise men used to hang the magic square

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

which everywhere adds up to fifteen, over their doors as a sort of cure-all, as potent as swamp-root. The Hindu-Arabic numerals were new to the masses of people, and therefore mystical.

In fact, in much of the ritual of some of our modern secret societies, taking in that which has beauty and excluding the purely banal horseplay characteristic of the untutored civilized man, there is a distinct mathematical flavor. The insignia of the Masonic orders reflect the awakened interest in mathematics peculiar to the Renaissance period.

I used to have a childhood sweetheart who wrote "K. O. B." on all corners of her billet-doux, not knowing that the three letters meant "kindness of bearer" and not something more pleasing than mere formal kindness. Her reactions to the unknown was historically typical of the reactions of humanity to something new like "number." Little wonder that ancient wise men tried to make the Great Creator think in terms of the numbers they themselves best understood.

Modern philosophy becomes mathematical in an entirely different sense. Symbolic logic enables quicker thinking. Modern physics which is probing into the great unknown outer realms of creation cannot be discussed in the language of the market place. We must have vectors and tensors and operators which present strange appearances to the unlearned. Little wonder that men of small vision get worked up over *evolution* and *relativity*. The girl who wrote "K. O. B." all over her letter has a sister and brother in history who took quantitative symbols and read into them mystic qualities. The man in the street with religious convictions and no knowledge of science, and the college bred man who has drunk of a shallow spring are equally guilty of pitching quixotic conflicts between religion and science. A superstitious approach will not solve the world's riddles, nor will mathematical induction prove the existence or non-existence of heaven. Philosophical insight finds a place for two realms of thought.

A Biographical Sketch

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LIVINGSTON WHITING. Born in Charles City, Virginia. After early education at home he went to Virginia State College at Petersburg, Virginia, where he did his college preparatory work, as it was then called, and four years of college work, receiving his A. B. degree in 1900. Professor Whiting took part in football and was a member of the college band. His favorite sport was football and he won fame as a quarterback playing on the famous team which defeated Union and Hampton. After finishing Virginia State, Professor Whiting received an A. B. degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1903. He later studied law at the same school from 1904 to 1906. In 1907 he went to Tuskegee as a teacher in that institution and was with Booker T. Washington for twenty years. At Tuskegee he was one of the most useful teach-

ers holding many different positions and doing a hundred and one different things. In the summer of 1927, Mr. Whiting studied at Ohio State University. In 1929, he received his A. M. degree from Columbia University. During the World War, Mr. Whiting spent 1918-19 overseas as secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He was also a member of the Army Educational Corps, A. E. F. in this connection he served as Educational Advisor and conducted several schools for the soldiers while in France. Professor Whiting married Miss Helen Johnson, a graduate of Howard University and the daughter of Dr. Bishop Johnson, who was connected with Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C. Professor Whiting has been a member of the faculty of Morehouse for three years. His field is psychology and his favorite sports are hunting and fishing.

Varieties

A DREAM

By L. RAYMOND BAILEY, '34.

The Story so far: The Morehouse faculty, on a tour of Africa to dispel ignorance, were passing the night with a tribe of cannibals. The Chief of the tribe, the witch-doctor, and the royal chef stayed awake to make plans for putting our educational experts on the menu. They were rudely interrupted by one of the natives who had nearly strangled himself in the process of biting one of the professor's toes.

Daybreak found the professors up and busy sharpening their intellectual artillery for a hand-to-hand encounter with ignorance. Mr. Lewis was the first one to get on the job. He went out exactly 30 seconds before 8 o'clock (allowing himself 30 seconds to reach his first victim and so start exactly on the minute). Unfortunately, the poor fellow had a slight accident—fell backwards and hurt "himself" (see me privately for particulars). Of course, he was taken to Mrs. Andrews for treatment.

"No! You don't need a thing to rub with. Professor. What you need is a good tonic. Here, take three C. C. pills—and no argument!! I know my stuff around here!" remonstrated the exacting and unimpeachable Mrs. Andrews to Mr. Lewis' protests.

Mr. Chivers came next complaining of Falling-eyebrows. He, too, was given three C. C. pills and sent on his way. After treating Mr. Gresham for Tough-beard, Mr. Jones for Chewing-gumitis, both with three C. C. pills each—Mrs. Andrews was asked why she persisted in giving the pills for every ailment. The inquirer was promptly informed that C. C. pills were a sure cure for indigestion, colds, headaches, fractured bones, dandruff, and fallen arches. Unfortunately for Mr. Edwards, a thought struck him, causing concussion of the brain, but he was refused attention because it did not happen during the hospital hours.

In another part of the camp, Mr. Tillman, the professor of English, was carrying the astute witch-doctor through a tough session—and *visa versa*—driving home the importance of proper expression.

"Now to put that into good expression," the professor was saying, "I would say that first you make an aperture in the apex of the egg. In the opposite apex you make another aperture. Then by applying one of the openings to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the egg is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Very good, indeed," replied the old man. "Your modern method is quite an improvement. Around here we simply make a hole in both ends and suck."

Mr. Rambeau was exasperated beyond measure at the ignorance of the Chief who did not know who wrote *Les Miserables*. "My dear man, do you mean to tell me that you do not know the great George Sand?" asked the horrified and distressed student of French.

"Never mind that," said the Chief. "But how could a rabbit dig a hole in the ground without leaving any dirt behind?" Mr. Rambeau was bewildered, and made no reply.

"By starting from the bottom and digging upwards, Mug—Gee! but you are dumb!" At these remarks the

Chief stuck his cigar back into his throat, released clouds of smoke and walked away with the nonchalance of a great conqueror.

But the zero hour was drawing nigh. The royal chef was having his largest pots brought out. Several natives were hauling up fuel. Some were sharpening up big, greasy axe—the sounds playing the death-knell for our Good Samaritans of education, who were ignorant of what was about to take place. Suddenly there was a change, an evil spirit filled the air, and a death-like silence fell as a group of warriors seized the axes and followed the Chief who had assumed an attitude of terrible gravity in his quest for human flesh. This chief was different from his kinsmen who believed in a lot ceremony. His method was to crack the heads of his victims and proceed to cook them in the manner of his choice.

Little time was wasted, and the savages swept down on a group of unsuspecting teachers. There were loud screams of terror. Mrs. Wynn shrieked in warning to Mr. Strong—alas! but a second too late, for as soon as he heard the warning, the heavy razor-edged blade of an ax crashed with terrific force upon his head! Poor professor! He merely fainted—from fear, not from the blow—for had he been hit elsewhere upon his person he would have been instantly killed. As the savage raised his weapon to strike another victim he almost froze with horror to see that the blade of his trusty ax was so badly blunted and bent that it could never be used again. Another raised his death-dealer to strike Mrs. Wynn, but as the instrument fell it split the empty air as its intended victim was passing the last tent in the settlement three blocks away, and was just beginning to put on speed. Close on her heels was Mr. Gresham who undressed as he ran in order to do away with "unnecessary impediments."

Finding themselves frustrated in the first encounter (they decided not to waste any more axes on Mr. Strong) the angered savages fell upon another group with the determination to make a clean sweep. But again they were doomed to disappointment because in this group were such men as Professors Chivers, Lindsay, Bridges, Nabrit, Jones, Hope, Wardlaw, and others who, believing that better days were ahead of them, suddenly proceeded to go in search of them at unheard-of speeds. Mr. Archer, finding that things were not doing so well, decided that he "had better be going", and, taking a very unceremonious leave of the village, "betook himself unto the woods at no small pace."

Mr. Harreld had the most difficult time of all due to his exaggerated tonnage. We find him bringing up the rear at the weak pace of only ninety miles per hour. Like his contemporary, he, too, believed that clothes were "not conducive to maximum performance in the matter of bodily transportation during an emergency" and proceeded to remedy the difficulty. In vain did he scan the jungles for a taxi until despair, getting the best of him, forced him to call on the Lord. So fervent and sincere were his prayers for divine assistance that an angel appeared before him. Reaching forward with a machine gun and a shield the Angel said to him,

(Continued on Next Page)

SHOTS FROM THE HOSS - PISTOL

By L. A. MURPHY, '33

The Sophomores have achieved something—the alleged “triple-threat” did succumb. As a regretted consequence, I should be able to give the public the “low-down” on what went on in the Morehouse section of that extremely popular resort known as the Infirmary. From my point of view, the South Ward is one of those sequestered spots in which very little is seen but a great deal is heard depending entirely upon the number and calibre of the inmates.

Finding myself committed to this much-avoided resort I immediately summoned up all the optimism that a staunch-down exponent of adaptability could rally. I was resolved that, although I had surrendered to the “Medico”, I would enjoy myself as much as possible. So it was with a blithe spirit that I took my reservation in the ward.

I found that I was not alone in my misery for next door snored the good “Rev.” T. J. K. No malicious intent prompts me to assure you that only a mild attack of the current fad, “flu” and not another smash-up of our Dean’s car was his only logical excuse for being present.

Next day brought reinforcements in the person of Mr. B. J. M., a debating colleague of the good “Rev.”, both famous for their vain attempt to belittle the Freshman forensic abilities. Mr. B. J. M. entertained with an inexhaustible supply of first hand African scandal (political and social). It took more than mild persuasion to convince this member that soda-water was not an intoxicating beverage.

I guess my inability to contract the “flu” persuaded the Staff to move me into a private room which adjourned the ward. There I was to suffer the pangs of isolation, but not for long as the inconvenient communication was quite adequately overcome by vociferous conversation and unregistered visitation.

A day or so of earnest prayers brought us the blessing of having our already dignified assemblage augmented by the person of Mr. H. G., a “grad” student in the English Department and a true devotee of Shakespeare. Literature had its moments only to give way to those more practical discussions out from which Mr. H. G. always emerged with the trite expression, “After all, fellows, you know I am a much-married man.”

A shuffling of feet, wheezing and groaning, and boisterous laughter heralded the arrival of the College Barber, Col. C. A. B., who soon assured us that he came not to shear locks—but to seek solace from the onslaught of pneumogastric ravages. The ill-fated bed sagged desperately under the two hundred plus piled upon its delicate frame. Business picked up immediately and although, as usual, no one could get a word in edge-ways, the Colonel brought forth much laughter and applause as he rambled on and on into the night with his many fantastic stories of adventure (real and imagined). I recall the tragic episode of how our good friend was kicked from a north bound Pullman last June during his turbulent voyage home. There was also a great deal of pathos in his tale of how he arrived where he thought home to be only to find himself seventeen miles on the wrong side of Norfolk.

The Freshman reprobate, that “ringer of bells,” who seeks to raise Morehouse at the ungodly hour of 4 A. M., found himself an ample place in our midst. Can

hospital treatment instill any sense of punctuality into a person from Milton, Pa.?

We read *Argosy*, we read *Popular Science*, yes, we even read *Good Housekeeping* and yet dissatisfaction. We soon broke the spell, however, with a flood of correspondence the maintenance of which put all available members of the Infirmary staff into messenger service. Literary ability floundered and a barrage of “What have you?” and “Cheerio!” swept the field. Of course, it was, just as one fair co-ed would call it, “an absorbing infantile past-time.”

A series of comings and goings deposited Captain V. C. “Red” S. upon one of the many cots (almost beds). This nonchalant and quite indifferent person makes a ludicrous sight when spralled out upon a hospital bed. Between his “I ain’t got no’s” and “I wanna’s”—the nurse was quite busied. We doffed our hats to the immediate response his presence provoked for this same person was the envied recipient of a more than generous shower of apples, oranges, ice cream, candy, etc. (There must be some practical value in maintaining a host of feminine admirers.)

Late arrivals included the sonorous second tenor of our quartet. Poor fellow, his heart was shattered—really he suffered only from lack of feminine sympathy. (Miss C. M., how could you be so cruel?) This welcome member with the aid of our assistant sports editor filled the air of the entire vicinity with two days of incessant crooning. As soon as the crooners’ temperature dropped to normal, the Staff, eagerly, gave him dismissal. There was a gentle murmur, a sigh, a groan, and hours of snoring which exuded from beneath the covers before we could assure ourselves that the man without pajamas was our good friend D. W. from Virgin Islands.

And so, in such fashion, my time in the “almost psychopathic” ward drew to a welcome close. I “took up my bed and walked.” (I must admit that the quite pretentious bundle of belongings could have, as the Nurse imagined, included not only a bed, but also a couple of chairs.

To those who will visit this sequestered realm, I can only say that Sunday with its chicken and ice cream comes only once a week. If one can exist on soup—soup and beef tongue lightened by biscuits for a six day period—there is some hope for recovery.

As a gentleman, I’m forced to admit that the Infirmary is a well-conducted and respectable place. The bedlam we sought to establish was dissolved in our departure.

A DREAM

(Continued from Page 6)

“Your prayer has been heard, my friend, and I have been sent to aid you. Take these and defend yourself. With this gun you may slay all of your enemies, no harm shall befall you with this shield before you.”

“The Devil!” cried the exasperated musician, “No encumbrances!! MAN, GIVE ME MORE SPEED.” and stretching forth his limbs to greater effort, he left his heavenly visitor far behind, his legs moving at a rate that would make Mercury himself turn blue with morbid embarrassment.

THE END

Campus News

STUDENT ACTIVITY COMMITTEE PRESENTS HAZEL HARRISON IN RECITAL

The Student Activity Committee presented as its first attraction of the year. Hazel Harrison, pianist, in recital, at Sisters Chapel, Spelman College, on December 19, 1932. This was the first of four attractions that the Committee is to present during the year. Miss Harrison is a noted pianist, and has won the admiration of music lovers in many cities of America and other countries. Many leading newspapers of great cities along with famous musicians have hailed her as an excellent pianist with a marked individuality and the composure of an artist.

None of these qualities of Miss Harrison were in any way betrayed in her recent concert. Her smoothness and ease with which she presented each number portrayed very definitely her ability as an artist.

The program was divided into four groups consisting of compositions of the classic school. The numbers of interest in this group were the *Organ Prelude in E Minor*, by Bach—and transcribed by Siloti, a student of Liszt; and the *Chaconne* from the *Fourth Violin Sonata* by Bach. The later is a transcription by Feruccio Bionini. Its original as written by Bach is considered by all violinists as a masterpiece.

The second group was composed of selections from the Romantic School. *Bussleid* (Confessional Song) was the first number of this group. This composition was originally written by Beethoven, but was rendered in the concert as arranged by Franz Liszt. The second number of this group, *Sonata After Lecture in Dante*, was written by Liszt. This is interesting for the occasion of its writing which is suggested by the title. It is a critical test to a pianist's technique, and was unquestionably the outstanding number of the recital.

The numbers of the third group were two very beautiful *Preludes* by Chopin, and Godowsky's arrangement of the *Butterfly Etude*. In the latter composition the melody is played by the left hand, and is a very difficult but very brilliant slow piece. The numbers of this group received great enthusiasm from the audience.

The fourth group began with *Etude*, a composition by the Russian, Stravinsky. Other numbers of this group were *Jeux D'eau* (Frolick of the Waters) and *Toccata* by Ravel.

All who attended the recital reported having spent an evening of inspirational entertainment. Miss Harrison was assisted by the Morehouse College Glee Club which sang *Passing By* by Purcell, and *Barter* by MacFarland.

MOREHOUSE AND SPELMAN STUDENTS PRESENT ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT

Students of Morehouse and Spelman Colleges gave their annual Christmas Carol Concert, in Sisters Chapel, December 21, 1932. Being just a few days before Christmas, naturally the spirit of the season was beginning to permeate, and the beautiful singing of the chorus

(Continued on Page 12)

NATURALIST, AUTHOR, EXPLORER TO PAY SECOND VISIT TO SPELMAN

Mr. William L. Finley, producer of Finley Nature Motion Picture Films, will appear at Spelman on January 28, in a lecture and motion picture on *Alaska Wild Life and Kodiak Bear*."

Mr. Finley is known as Oregon's own nature man. He has caught the spirit of Alaskan wild life in his pictures which were shown for the first time in Portland, Oregon, audiences. Armed with cameras, with gun—for protection only—Mr. Finley and his party cruised the Alaskan shore line, penetrating into long inlets left by old glaciers, landed on Admiralty Island, Kodiak Island and craggy bird shelts in the sea, lay of the shore of the rocky cliffs at Ford's Terror and entered Glacier Bay. Mr. Finley has sensed the spirit between man and beast, fish and fowl, that makes for understanding when evil is not present and God's language is the universal tongue. He has done as much as any one individual toward the conservation of wild life.

Those who were at Spelman in 1930 will remember Mr. Finley's visit in February when he showed his motion pictures of *Camera Hunting on the Continental Divide*.

Mr. Finley is widely known as lecturer and author. He was a lecturer for the National Association of Audubon Societies in New York from 1906-1925. He was a member of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners in Oregon in 1911, state game warden 1911-1915 and state biologist 1915-1920. He is a member of the Advisory Board of the United States Department of Agriculture, Migratory Bird Treaty Act; honorary President of the Oregon Audubon Society, charter member of the Oregon Academy of Science; on the editorial staff of *Nature Magazine* since 1923; member of Editorial Board of *Outdoor America*; and National director of the Isaac Walton League of America. He is author of *American Birds* and co-author with Mrs. Finley of *Bird Blue* and *Wild Animal Pets*.

—The Campus Mirror.

DEPRIEST FIGHTS FOR HOWARD FUND

Representative Oscar DePriest of Illinois spoke at a meeting of the Mu-So-Lit Club in Washington recently at which he outlined the steps leading to the passage by the House of a bill including an appropriation of \$160,000 for erection of a heating plant at Howard University.

Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, President of Howard, praised Mr. DePriest's efforts in securing the passage of the bill, and he predicts a similar passage by the Senate.

Other speakers at the meeting were Dean Kelly Miller of Howard, President John Hope of Atlanta University, President John W. Davis of West Virginia State College, Dr. Ambrose Caliver of the office of Education, Interior Department, Dean Benjamin G. Brawley and Dean Numa P. G. Adams of Howard, George H. Murray and Robert A. Pelman.

—The Campus Mirror.

MOREHOUSE TURNED BACK IN FIRST TWO BASKETBALL GAMES BY STRONG KNOXVILL FIVE

The lifting of the basketball lid by the Knoxville and Morehouse teams resulted in a two game defeat of the Maroon squad by the Knoxville team. Captain Edwards and Carey of the Knoxville team completely demonstrated that something from which basketball stars are made, and played so much havoc with Morehouse that at the end of both first halves, Morehouse was trailing at an uncomfortable distance. However, results proved that the Tiger was just a poor starter, because in the second half of the two games the team steamed up to awe-inspiring heights, put gray hairs in the youthful head of Coach Hawkins.

In the first game Knoxville ran up a total of 20 points in the first half while Morehouse responded with 11. However, coming back with a strong effort fourteen points were made while Knoxville was barely able to eke out seven, to clinch the game with a 27-25 victory.

It was during the last few minutes of the last half that the nerves of the spectators were nearly strained to the breaking point. The score stood 27-25; Grier Knoxville, substitute, committed a foul on the sure-eyed Collins, which gave him one shot. However, fate was against the Tigers and Collins was unable to find the basket. A similar foul on Stewart, a few seconds later gave the same score and the game ended 27-25.

Morehouse made a stronger start in the second game than had been made the night previously, but even with this encouraging fact, Knoxville still led at the half by far a greater distance than a nose. Carey's shooting was sensational. However, the second half brought joy again to the Atlantians' hearts as Morehouse came out with a strong attack behind the sensational "Josh" Archer, whose shooting for the night was on par with Carey, the Knoxville star; when the referee blew his whistle the score was knotted 32-32. An extra five minute period was declared, which, incidentally, proved Morehouse's undoing. Knoxville behind the powerful Carey made 8 points while the Tigers' best was a measly basket by Ed Davis.

In both games, Carey was obviously the outstanding star, while his teammate, Edwards, was not far behind. Archer for Morehouse was high point man, while Stewart, Davis, Branham, and Cabaniss were also outstanding.

The line up for Monday, Jan. 2, at Sunset Casino was as follows:

Knoxville—27	Position	Morehouse—25
9 Edwards	F	Stewart 6
12 Carey	F	E. Davis 4
4 Williams	C	Archer 6
2 Render	G	Branham 1
Hubbard	G	Red Smith 2
Miller		Hamilton
Grier		Cabaniss 4
		Collins 2
		J. W. Davis

Referee—O. G. Walker (Lincoln.)

The line-up for the game Tuesday, Jan. 3, in Morehouse Gymn was as follows:

Knoxville—40		Morehouse—32
5 Edwards	LF	Stewart 5
18 Carey	RF	E. Davis 8
5 Williams	C	Archer 17



A lull—Morehouse has twice been on the defeated list; while at this writing the victory slate still awaits a tally. However, because of the two defeats a cry of "poor team" is unfair and unjust. Very seldom have basketeers showed as much form in early season as did the Maroonites. Even against a superior Knoxville team (which I am not so sure is superior) we fought to the last minute and played such a fine type of game that words of commendation sprang from the mouths of old basketball drastics whose ambition is to criticize every play that is made. Josh Archer, Smith and Stewart are the "old vets" of the team and repeatedly proved their ability to bear the tile by their strategy and uncanniness.

Cabaniss, "Duck" Davis and Hamilton, other last year members of the squad were above par in their basketing. Davis, whose action in games last year were quite insignificant played "a whale of a game."

John Branham and "Nose" Collins are new to the squad and coming in under the old maxim, "A new broom sweeps clean" should produce a few sensational games from out of their sleeves. Branham is a Wendell Phillips star, while Nose Collins was last year's court star for Washington High.

Stewart was not with the boys last year because of a winter's stay in his dear old New York home. However coming back after a sojourn with the Renaissance he should have a bag full of tricks that he will open as the season drags on.

Owing to certain difficulties, the class football games were never concluded and it is still hazy to the writer as to who is ahead. However, one thing was noticed and that was the TNT playing of Scott of the Freshman Class. Too bad that this young man did not go out for the varsity. What a "back" Coach Forbes could make of him.

Probably the only near tragedy of the intramural football games was the nearly ruining of a good right arm.—Luke Murphy whose ambition it is to sew wounds and do technical surgery with that arm, bruised it by tackling some uncompromising and unfeeling sophomore. Complications set in and Luke almost had to spend Christmas trying out a cork arm. Gruesome thought isn't it Luke?

Examination time having descended upon us, this young laddie will now revert to things more uplifting as studying the effect of a dissolved solute on the vapor pressure of a solvent. Nice thought isn't it?

Good-bye, lull.

Hubbard	RG	Branham 2
4 Render	LG	Red Smith
6 Miller		Cabaniss
2 Cothran		Collins
Referee: O. G. Walker.		

With the Poets

BLACK AND BLUE

De tan, yellow, brown dey all go fo' whit'
 Dey crowd de hotels, pahks, and p'litical offices of de
 land.
 "But you see brother," they say to me, "these things
 weren't made for you,
 You must stand back." Den to hisself I jest knows he
 says,
 "Although your heart and soul and spirit are white,
 Your skin is a tainted—
 Black."

You laffin whit' chilluns, Ah sees you smil', Ah sees you
 play
 And Ah b'lieves to mah sol' you is happy.
 Yellow man, Brown man, Ah b'lieve you is happy, too.
 Whit' man, you lets Brown men or Yellow man 'joy
 dese things
 And dis ain't even his land.
 But me?
 Shucks. Ah'm s'posed to be at hom', you won't let me
 play in fin' pahks
 You won't even give me one night shelter in yo' hotel.
 "Man sakes alive, you says, I oughter hav' mah own
 'veniences.
 When you won't even let me vot'?"

"Lawd, Ah do declar' atter all dese discou'gments,
 Since Ah don wuhkt so hahd ter mak' things fit, in dis
 land,
 Ah jes don know whut ter do but feel—
 Blue

"How else, Brown, Yellow Man, White Man does you
 think
 Ah kin be 'cept
 Black and Blue.

JOHN H. YOUNG, '35.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

Up today—happy, glad,
 Down tomorrow—solemn, sad;
 Money today—work so hard,
 Everybody my friend, 'cause I got a job.
 Live in a Big house, like boss used to do,
 Got cars, liquor, women too.
 About others I don't care,
 'Cause I'm living like a millionaire.

Broke tomorrow, look around,
 But my friends done left me, 'cause I'm down.
 Drift around, no where to stay,
 Do the same thing every day.
 But am I discouraged? Wanna know the fact?
 No—'cause life is just like that.

E. C. MAZIQUE, '33

ODE TO NIGHT

Oh, Night!
 With millions of spangled stars
 Set in the jewelled crown of heaven,
 Come near and let me look at you.
 You give me peace and comforting,
 Up there—silent, calm and still.
 I have a sense of great eternity
 Of love that hovers o'er us all alike.
 You look alike, with myriads of shining orbs
 On Pope and Prelate, king and thief
 (And on the humble shepherd by the brook)
 And still retain your lofty eminence.
 You are the link that binds me to all earth and heaven.
 We are—in your domain, one of great design
 Fashioned by One Great Being. All
 Whom I have ever seen or known are here tonight,
 With me and thee, firm in thy mighty inspiration
 And the world is poised in instantaneous harmony,
 A sense of love and truth pervades the air.
 Oh, Night what have you done, that human thought
 And Nature by your magic spell become as one!
 You held the world with one small gesture then passed.
 But not to be forgotten—for I am at peace.
 I know that there is uter joy 'twixt earth and heaven.
 'Twas you that taught me this, O Night.

—JOETTA STINSON.

WHEN I MET YOU

I was a lad used to a sky of gray,
 But Fate intervened and you came my way
 And now, because of you, the sky is blue.

The world had treated me with scorn and strife
 Before you, and love came into my life.
 And now, because of you, the world seems fair.

Before I met you my joy was sorrow.
 I did not care to live or see the morrow.
 But sweetheart, I was so happy and glad—
 When I met you.

JOHN H. YOUNG, '35.

THE UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

— will present —

SOPHOCLES'
 "ANTIGONE"

IN SISTERS CHAPEL

Spelman College

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1933
 AT 8 O'CLOCK

Books In Review

CHAINS

By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liverwright, 1927, N. Y. *Chains* is a group of lesser novels and stories. It would hardly be worth the while of any one interested in romance as such in the popular sense of the word, to read this book. Only once does Dreiser tell a story that could be read merely for entertainment.

This collection of stories and lesser novels is devoted to the task of making vivid to us the operation and results of certain psychological forces in society. As Dreiser puts it: "The inevitabilities of our fate are: Love and hope, fear and death, interwoven with our lacks, inhibitions, jealousies and greed."

With an astounding vividness, and accuracy of observation he portrays the operation of these forces among the poor, middle class and wealthy. He skips from England to America or to Arabia for his settings, with an ease of expression that denotes no lack of familiarity.

It is far from my aim to attempt to attribute to Dreiser any semblance of the greatness of Shakespeare, but on the other hand, I rather think that like Shakespeare he aims to give a composite picture of life. Unfortunately, not being a Shakespeare his technique does not allow his work to transcend a note of pessimism.

The peculiar fascination of Dreiser's style is by no means due to the fact that it is in any way unique or novel, but that he is fervent in the development of causal connections and relationships, and in tracing the effect of some dominant emotions in an individual or individuals he draws you into the web of his reason. Having once drawn you into that web he seems to take an unimpassioned interest in the story himself but is merely concerned with giving you a realistic picture of life as it is. It is thus that he brings your own reason into play, a fact which makes for keener interest. You may be antagonistic toward his consistency in maneuvering his characters to unpleasant endings, but if he maneuvers them to their logical rather than devised end then in our interpretation of him, we may be safe in saying he is realistic rather than pessimistic.

If you would like a delightful sociological tour, then spend an evening reading *Chains*. You will be fascinated as he weaves you into the life of the slums of London and depicts for you a story there. A story of love, poverty and lack of opportunity. With equal interest he takes you into the home of the sophisticated American rich, and points to the fact that the same fundamental emotions motivate all life dominate there and control the destiny of their fate. As if in an effort to embrace as much territory as possible in the glimpse of Arabia that he gives us, he points out that even there they are not exempt.

Only once in this book does Dreiser become thoroughly entertaining, and as if in apology for it he does not represent himself as telling the tale. Either because he wants us to contrast the life that we dream of, with the life as it is, or because having dragged us through so many realistic scenes, he does not wish that we think him inconsistent, for writing one story of a happy life and ending, he makes the story utterly impossible and improbable, as if to say, "this is merely to amuse you; life as I have shown you is not that way."

WALLACE GOODEN, '33.

GEORGIA NIGGER

Spivak, John, Brewer, 1932, N. Y.

Georgia, famous for its prize peaches and beautiful women, now stands fair to gain widespread attention on something not as pleasant—its rotten prison system. The unsavoriness of Southern penal camps has long been a fester in the sight of decent humanity; now, one man has had the courage to devote painstaking efforts in an investigation, the fruits of which are not words alone, but actual photographs of the torture devices used and the abominable places of confinement in all their misery and sordidness.

The relations of the author are fictionized. However, the story is of importance only in as it serves to vivify the evils that Mr. Spivak wishes to bring out. The story of David and his family's struggle with Nature and man for existence is an old and familiar one to those who know the South—the agricultural South. Share-cropping, a form of peonage, means subservience and subjection to white planters though slavery has been abolished. The chief means used to hold black tenants to the soil, other than force and terror, is to keep them in ever-increasing debt. The gradual absorption of land owned by Negroes into the plantation holdings of the overlords is carried on by various and crooked legal practices, which are winked at by the courts.

But to the main theme of *Georgia Nigger*. The white man's cotton must be picked and his roads must be built. If a planter's quota of cotton-pickers becomes diminished, depleted by sickness or overwork, men must be had, even if imprisonment of stray males must be resorted to. These unfortunate men, taken on little or no charges, are then leased out to the farms by the county. Although there is a semblance of freedom the workers move under the eyes of armed guards who are not loath to shoot.

In the convict camps men, chained like beasts, work the roads from sun up to sunset and return to spend sleepless nights in a cage. Each must pass the warden at the day's end by whom he must be smelled in order to give proof of having done sufficient labor.

The conditions of the camp that Mr. Spivak describes are insufferably filthy and loathsome. Food is poor and ill-prepared. Disease is rampant but medical attention is negligent. Flogging is prevalent and torturing of offenders is a common practice. Sleeping quarters lack provisions for comfort or sanitation.

"Georgia," says the author, "does not stand alone as a state lost to fundamental justice and humanity. It was chosen because it is fairly representative of the Carolinas, Florida, Alabama—the whole of the far-flung Black Belt. Nor is the whole South pictured here. . . ." But the book is a severe indictment of Georgia, of the South, and of the whole United States that in this twentieth century, conditions so characteristic of the Medieval Ages can exist. It is to be hoped that the effects springing from Mr. Spivak's efforts will be vigorous and constructive of the needed reforms.

JAMES A. HULBERT, '33.

Maroon Spice

By H. J. BREAZEL

Hey Gang!
Hey!
Heah's My Hand!
Yeah!

Is R. Bailey's heart still skipping beats over Miss C. C.?
Yeah!

Is Chas. Faison still head of the language department—Profane, I mean?
Yeah!

Does "Red" Simmons still get his telephone calls on the corner?
Yeah!

Heah's My Hand!
Yeah!

Is Robt. Rowe still reading that well-known book, "Meet Me in the Library" written by Miss L. J.?
Yeah!

Does R. Rembert like it?
Yeah!

Have W. T. Smith and Big Jones attached windshield wipers on their specks?
Yeah!

Is there going to be a scramble between B. M. Sherard and W. Martin over that irresistable Clark U co-ed?
Yeah!

Aw! cruel world growled big Smith as he devoured his 546th Christmas dinner.

Neal: "Say, don't you think girls like fellows with a past?"

Truitt: "Yes, but around December 25th one with a present is preferred."

"Dilly" Washburn says, It is easier to call a man a fool than to go through the trouble to produce facts and figures to convince him he is wrong.

"Money is the god of our time," said the old man.
"Henry Ford must be one of his prophets then," yelled the little boy.

Never ask a man how he makes his money you way embarrass him.

Mary had a little lamb
She put him on the shelf
Every time he wagged his tail
He spanked his little self.

There were two Chinamen
Both their names were Loui
They decided to spend the rest of their lives eating chop-suey
They ate, ate, ate, and ate
Until finally their died
I guess they both ended their lives
By committing chop-sueicide.

The less a man knows, the easier it is to convince him that he knows everything.

Teacher: "Who was the first man?"

Beckett: "Washington, he was first in war, first in—"

Teacher: "No, No, Adam was the first man."

Beckett: "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

"Doctor, how do you live to be so old and rich?"

"By writing prescriptions, but never taking them." was his witty reply.

The preachers who write and commit their sermons are the ones who practice what they preach.

At Marquette University, all students living in fraternity houses have their names, characteristics and peculiarities listed with the police.—Butler *Collegian*.

A college paper provides this much-needed list of of practical uses for Cap and Gown.

- Cap:
1. With proper motion of the head, tassel makes handy fly-swisher.
 2. May be used as fishbowl with stationary bottom.
 3. Or, as waste-basket or ashtray.
 4. Excellent for balancing books on the head.
 5. To make the unintellectual look studious (if this fails, study.)

- Gown:
1. May be used as pen-wiper in exams.
 2. For rain-coat; with detachable fur scarf, as evening wrap.
 3. As winding-sheet.
 4. As disguise.
 5. To conceal excess poundage. (If this does not work, reduce).—Vassar *Miscellany News*.

MOREHOUSE AND SPELMAN STUDENTS PRESENT ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT

(Continued from Page 8)

and glee clubs only added to the intensity of this development. The program was very skillfully arranged by Mr. Harreld and consisted of Old English and Old German Melodies, a number of Negro Spirituals, and other carols. All of which made direct contribution toward exemplifying the real Christmas spirit.

Numbers of outstanding interest were: *The March of the Magi Kings* by Du Bois; *Snow Bound Mountain*, a Russian melody; and *Stille Nacht*, a German melody. In *The March of the Magi Kings*, one hears the tread of the camels of the Wise Men as they follow the Star to Bethlehem. The tread of the camels is represented by short bass notes, and the Star is represented by a high, sustained note.

The two numbers, *Mary Had a Little Baby*, and *First Noel*, rendered by the Morehouse and Spelman quartets, respectively, were excellent additions to the concert.

The program ended with *Hail to the Lord's Anointed*, an Old English melody. The entire audience joined in singing. The blending of this number of the possibly 800 voices that were present seemed to have been a whole-hearted invitation to the much celebrated day that was just four days away.



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