

# MAROON TIGER



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# THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 3

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## THE MAROON TIGER

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

### Buy Christmas Seals



### Fight Tuberculosis

The double-barred cross, the symbol of all Tuberculosis Associations in the world, is a sign that the Atlanta Tuberculosis Association is on the job. It is in this sign that this Association carries on its continuous fight against tuberculosis.

In 1932 the Association gave clinical service to 3,278 persons, 42 per cent of whom were colored, and through its nursing service visited 16,601 homes.

TSK, TSK,  
TSK!

Plato: "Say, Socks, old boy, why is it that our students are so dry, formal, and puerile in their compositions? Why is it that students can't express themselves in a more

attractive style than in that of a high school theme? Why in the world—"

Socrates: "Just a moment, Plats, ole sweet, just a moment; I can answer but one question at the time. The whole trouble lies in the background of our students. They write stiff and dry compositions because they have been taught to do so. Education is to be blamed, not the students. When I was a high school student I was forbidden to depart from the orthodox. A premium was placed on grammatical perfection, punctuation, arrangement of words in logical sequence, and what have you. I have no complaint to make on that score. On the other hand it was a crime to vary from a literary style that was set a century ago. Anything other than the prescribed standard was wrong. As a result, the students have for years directed the greater part of their attention on being correct and have placed little thought on style. Originality was a crime. Everything had to be according to this guy or the other. You just can't expect persons who have been cramped in style for years to break loose suddenly and display a genius of originality and literary spice."

Plato: "But didn't they give you some instruction in journalism?"

Socrates: "Journalism, my eye—they didn't know what journalism is all about. Even here in college there is no attempt to stress so vital a phase of writing. The English instructors, with few exceptions, have had no training in the subject—at least no practical experience.

Yet when some one mentions a department of journalism, he gets a cold shoulder from the "shots" in power, or is laughed at. Under the circumstances, what more can you expect?"

The last issue of THE MAROON TIGER differed from previous issues in two respects—CRITICISM in the simplicity of the cover design, and in the absence of heavy and serious compositions. Criticisms branded the TIGER as being "greatly improved" or "exceedingly good", or "rotten" and "worse than ever." One group rejoiced that the TIGER was at last becoming more of a college paper and less of a prayer book, while another group deplored the fact that Morehouse men are losing their seriousness and are converting the TIGER into a gossip sheet and joke book.

Now, I cannot see how both views could possibly be correct. On the other hand I do not choose to decide the issue by closing my eyes and stopping my ears in order that I might carry out my own designs. The subject-matter of this paper is selected on a basis of what the majority of the students would like to read, as far as the staff is able to judge. If the majority wants a magazine that is as serious and heavy as the *American Economic Review*, I shall direct my efforts toward that end; if the majority wants something as frivolous and suggestive as *Whiz-Bang*, I shall direct my efforts towards that end. On the other hand if the majority does not know what it wants, the staff will attempt to select material on a basis of what it considers representative.

I am of the opinion that we do not know just what we want. However, we are keen on what we do not want. The staff, therefore, has attempted to publish an instrument that is representative of Morehouse men. I admit that we have not succeeded to the degree that it could be called representative, but we do know that Morehouse Men are not a group of morbidly serious-minded chaps who are forever concerning themselves with world affairs, who are forever trying to solve the mysteries of the world, who never take time out to crack a joke or laugh, and who love sermons so well that they do nothing but write them. I know of nothing that could be more inconsistent in giving a cross-section of our students than to put out a paper filled with philosophical lucubrations and essays on the impossible.

# Tech Students Come Out To Talk It Over

—F. B. ADAIR, JR.

Little less than three weeks ago two students who are interested in race relations came from Georgia Tech to our campus for an interview with three Morehouse students. They wanted to know from us something about race attitudes and were willing to give us their frank opinions on the same question and to say what they thought of discrimination and its undesirable consequences.

The very frank discussion which resulted was revealing. We all gained something and were to a certain extent given a better understanding of conditions as they exist. The Tech students went away expressing their thanks to the students interviewed, and felt that they had profited from the conference, and invited us to their campus.

So far as race relations go, Georgia Tech is possibly Atlanta's most conservative college, but these men came across town to talk with us. This made us wonder. Are we, from a practical point of view, as interested in learning of the color barriers and their causes as are our white colleagues? Our bulletin boards are silent on the subject. If it is brought up in conversation it lasts only a few moments; there seem to be so many other things with brighter promise to talk about; we have only one discussion group on the campus to ferret out the problems that surround us. The big thing of the moment seems to be the passing show, and we jump on the band wagon and forget all. But is our apathetic attitude, so far as race relations are concerned, justified, and are we maintaining the pace even of our forefathers?

It was interesting to see how some of the Tech students' questions ran: "Are Negroes aspiring to social equality, looking forward to the day when you and I will share our parties and attend the same dances?" (2) "Do you look forward to amalgamation of the races?" (3) "Do you not believe if segregation ceased overnight that Negroes would abuse their privileges by 'showing off' and disgusting white people by mingling too freely with them in public places?" (4) "Do you not think that everywhere Negroes go there will develop discriminatory practices?" (5) "What are your ideas on colonization; does it seem to you an opportunity?" (6) "What do you think of the 'Reds', Communism, and their pleas for the immediate breakdown of our social order to set up a non-discriminating empire by violence?" (7) "Should your schools and colleges adopt the same educational standards as white schools and colleges?" (We were reminded here of what the president of one of America's greatest universities said in Atlanta last spring: "To me, there is no such thing as Negro Education. The problems in education are simply problems in education, not problems in Negro education, or problems in white education.") Then we tried to imagine what a Negro Education would be like, and told them so—and what an interesting experiment it would be if, when we had set up this system of Negro Education, we could put a white man through; then we'd have a white man with a Negro education! The bit of a joke it turned out to be showed our white friends the absurdity of this question. We told them, of course, that there were certain techniques of procedure to which we thought we should give attention,

and that they should necessarily be included in our collegiate training.

They were apparently surprised at most of the answers given their questions. For instance, they seemed, for whatever reason, almost embarrassed that we would, no doubt, not care to come to their parties if we were invited, nor would we go to a race member's party if we did not feel that the invitation was purely cordial, parties being one thing and race relations in the South another.

Near-complete amalgamation is so remote, we told them, and there is so much to be done now to educate our masses, both white and black, away from the prejudices they foster, that our concern over amalgamation had better wait a while.

In answer to question No. 2, we had to confess that we were at a loss as to how Negroes would be able to "show off", and why they would disgust white people, if overnight it were decreed that there would be no discrimination on the trolley cars, on the trains, in the matter of the use of public buildings, playgrounds and the like, that Negroes would be assured of fair trial by jury and fair wages, and that efficiency rather than color would be the pass-word to opportunity. Would we disgust white people if we became better engineers, better tradesmen, better business men, and what-have-you, because our chances to study and work were enhanced? Would we be disgusting if we raised our standards of living and cleared out more of our slum districts as a result of fair wage scale? Would we be "showing off" if we reduced the volume of criticism that is being hurled at us for our relatively low standards of living and our high percentage of illiteracy? Would we disgust white people, we ask them, if our public school facilities were improved and made adequate? If so, then God help white people!

To question No. 4, we told them we realized that wherever a minority group increases to any considerable proportions there will probably be some conflicts, and some conventions which when broken into will cause the majority group to protest, but we could not assure the young white men that everywhere Negroes migrate in large numbers they will meet with the same ignominious prejudices that were born of hatred generated by the competition that slave labor offered poor whites, and representing also the fragments of a shattered southern aristocracy.

As for Communism, we reminded them that Negroes who are thinking realize that Communism is a radical move "good for our systems," perhaps, to a degree, and had its virtues and its vices; but that one would hardly be justified in fearing an armed conspiracy of Negroes in quest of equality. This reminded us of the Herndon case which came up last year and gave us the opportunity of pointing out something of the absurdity of that decision.

"It is resented by a Southern white man", one of the gentlemen reminded us, "when a white laborer in his working clothes sits next to him on the trolley; but if a Negro does such, that resentment becomes an active protest. We can't explain why exactly; but there's *something* that brings about the difference."

"You can't explain, to be sure," one of us answered.

"That very fact is good proof that your actions may not be justified. That *something* is the thing you must be educated away from: don't you think?"

And so the discussion went for hours. Some things we mutually agreed upon, on other contentions they were willing to meet us half-way, on still others there was outright disagreement.

One question, though, stuck us and we were ashamed to give the answer: "How many students on your campus," they asked, "are actively interested in race relations?" What with Scottsboro, Tuscaloosa, and mob violence in general begging our attention from every hand, we wanted to say, "A great many; our bulletin boards and group parleys are ablaze with protests, and we have sent petitions to authorities requesting action, and have sent congratulations to the governors of Maryland and Missouri." Instead, we said, "There are not many, we are afraid, who are actively interested. We are too absorbed in our several fields of special interest to become actively interested during our college careers. Anyway, it's a long story with many angles."

We answered as best we could, but it threw into relief our gross neglect of the problems over which we should concern ourselves. As I write this article, I am reminded that only a few of us were present at the interracial forum held in the Atlanta University Library, December 10. Representatives from Atlanta's white colleges almost outnumbered representatives from the Negro colleges. Miss Burton of New York, a graduate student, attending Atlanta University, delivered an illuminating address and conducted an open forum on the subject, "The Function of an Interracial Forum on Our Campus." Miss Burton's point of view was especially interesting. On the same night, Professor Chivers of the Department of Sociology, spoke to the Atlanta Student Interracial Council at the Butler Street Y. M. C. A., a student group representing Atlanta's Negro and white colleges and the promoters of many outstanding projects in race relations.

All this seems to say that an interest is being awakened in white college student group in this menacing matter of race relations. It appears that they are willing to meet us half-way. It is our gain if we answer. New turns demand new technique and if understanding is essential in bringing about harmony between the races, then contact should be a paramount essential. Let's begin—we are all guilty.

(NSFA)—Mrs. Roosevelt and Secretary of Labor Perkins have evinced interest in a plan proposed by a college professor's wife that all able-bodied youth between the 18 and 26 years should be conscripted into a vast class called the commons to grow and process food, run the nation's transportation systems and basic industries and supply the entire population with food, clothing, shelter and transportation without cost. On reaching 26 years, after eight years of public service, the "commoner" becomes a member of the capitals. The necessities are provided to him but luxuries will be produced under the capitalistic system as at present. He must work if he wants an automobile, a fur coat for his wife, caviar for the table, or a trip to Florida in the winter. The plan would solve the educational upset caused by conscription of youth just out of public school by arranging for night college work and completion of higher education after graduation.

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Last term the following Morehouse graduates studied at the University of Michigan: W. W. Stewart, '26; H. W. McElrath, '31; George W. Crockett, '31; C. J. Dunn, '25; and Jerome Harrison, '30.

Mr. Stewart, who holds an M. A. from the University of Nebraska, was pursuing work on the Ph. D. degree. This year he has returned to his post as professor of Education at Southern University, Baton Rouge, La.

Mr. McElrath received an M. A. from Atlanta University in 1932. Last term he was working in Actuarial Science and higher mathematics. This term he transferred to the University of Toronto in order to continue his work in the fields mentioned. Mr. Dunn received his M. A. in Economics in June and is now back at work at Alabama State Teachers College. Mr. Crockett, who is remembered as one of our recent outstanding debaters, is in his senior year in the School of Law, University of Michigan.

K. D. Days, '32, Atlanta University, '33, first president of the Morehouse student-body, is teaching mathematics at Bethune-Cookman Institute.

M. K. Curry, '32, Atlanta University, '33, one of Morehouse's first international debaters, is a teacher of mathematics in Edward Waters College.

Hugh Gloster, '31, Atlanta University, '33, spent a few days in the city recently. His trip was made possible because of the Thanksgiving vacation observed by Le Moyne College where Mr. Gloster is teaching English.

A few days ago it was good to see several Morehouse men actively, and progressively engaged in their work at Tuskegee Institute. R. E. Tisdale, '30, M. S., University of Iowa, is teaching in the department of Chemistry. H. R. Jerkins, '30, M. A., University of Wisconsin, is one of the teachers of English. W. R. Maynard, '30, is assistant to the cashier of the Tuskegee Institute bank.

A. R. Brooks, 1930 best man of affairs, who taught English at the A. U. Laboratory High School last term, has returned to the University of Wisconsin in order to complete his M. A. work and start on the Ph. D. requirements.

H. S. Crawford, '29, M. A., Teachers College Columbia University, has been appointed teacher of Modern Languages at Benedict College.

Nelson Archer, '29, M. A., Teachers College, Columbia University, this term has joined the faculty of Education, Prairie View College.

Lawrence Powell, '27, spent a few days in the city on business last month. Mr. Powell is engaged in Social Service work in Cleveland, Ohio.

Marion Moreland, '29, M. A., University of Toronto, '33, has returned to Toronto to resume his work in Philosophy.

Joseph A. Bailey, '30, first graduate of Atlanta University, '31, has been granted a leave of absence from Arkansas State College in order to do work in Economics and Sociology at the University of Chicago.

F. Z. Dube, '33, has stopped over on his return trip to Durban, Natal South Africa, to do graduate work in Education at Columbia University, and to make resident contacts at International House.

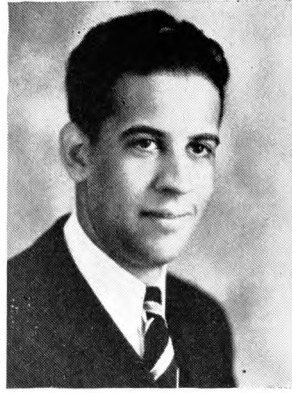
(NSFA)—Twenty-seven thousand yards of adhesive tape and 600 yards of gauze have been purchased by London State University for use on its athletes during the coming year.—*Aquin*.

# Campus

## DUNCAN AND ALLEN TO APPEAR IN RECITAL IN SALE HALL CHAPEL



R. TODD DUNCAN  
Baritone



WILLIAM D. ALLEN  
Pianist

Morehouse is fortunate to have as guests of this concert season two brilliant young Negro artists, R. Todd Duncan, baritone, and William D. Allen, pianist. The Student Activities Committee is to be congratulated for their efforts which have made possible the appearance of these artists in concert in Sale Hall Chapel, January the twenty-sixth.

Comments from America's leading music critics justify the assurance which we can give that Messrs. Duncan and Allen are well qualified to provide an evening of superb and highly artistic entertainment. *The Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., for April 7, says, "Mr. Allen played with a powerful tone and a virtuoso style which made his playing colorful in contrasts and brilliant in execution. . . . R. Todd Duncan, baritone, displayed a voice of rich, mellow quality, which he used skillfully to portray the sentiment of his songs. Sincerity of feeling and broadness of ideas gave his interpretations an interest beyond the mere musical phrasing." In the *Afro-American* for October 30, we read: ". . . His magnificent baritone was rich and full and he interpreted the music with dignity and impressiveness."

Mr. Duncan is a graduate of Columbia University, has studied extensively with foremost vocalists in Indianapolis, Louisville, and New York City, and at present is coaching with Frank Bibb, leading vocal instructor in the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore.

Mr. Allen is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory of Music and the Institute of Musical Art in New York City, where he was a scholarship student with James Friskin.

So youthful a team of accomplished artists is very rare, indeed, and Morehouse awaits with pleasant anticipation the coming of Messrs. Duncan and Allen to its campus.

(NSFA)—All men are born with an aggressive hatred to which they must give vent, Dr. A. A. Brill, noted psychiatrist, declared in a recent address at Barnard College. "We are willing to obey the law and lead fairly respectable existences," the speaker asserted, "but when we examine our dreams and fantasies we find ourselves killing somebody every day."

—*Columbia Spectator*.

## UNIVERSITY PLAYERS PLAN GALA SEASON

The University Players met in Laura Spelman assembly room, Friday night, December 8, and had as guest speaker Professor G. Lewis Chandler, professor of English at Morehouse College. Mr. Chandler presented the club with a very inspiring talk on "The American Actor." He pointed out very vividly the difference between Acting—the art; and Acting—the artifice. The theatre, Mr. Chandler pointed out, is one of civilization's five greatest institutions, which include: the school, the library, the church, and the newspaper. The actor, he explained, may have all the external, physical trappings and mechanism of acting, but the man acting must have this and more: he must be able to live his part mentally for the moment, and must possess both reproductive and productive imagination. The man acting is an original genius who leads, teaches, and creates as he acts. He takes his responsibility seriously, and endeavors to deepen and enrich the meaning of life. This is the challenge the true American actor must face and answer.

Mr. Chandler said that many actors, too many, have abused the art by resorting to certain tricks of the stage to hold and amuse the audience at any cost, and contributing nothing; but the man acting, the artist, gives all and essays to lift drama to its rightful place, the glorification of the common place and of human nature. In the future, the true American actor must be regarded, therefore, as man acting, not merely as an actor.

Mr. Chandler congratulated the University Players and its directors, Miss Anne Cooke and Miss Ida Miller for their interest in developing an appreciation for drama, and expressed his appreciation for the very excellent presentations which the University Players gave last year.

The University Players will make its debut this year with the renowned play, *The Live Corpse*, a Russian tragedy in two acts which has been used as a vehicle for both the legitimate stage and the talking screen. The play is to be presented shortly after the Christmas holidays, and promises to provide real entertainment. The cast will be as follows:

|                |                        |
|----------------|------------------------|
| Fedya          | George Smith           |
| Lisa           | Curtis Miller          |
| Anna           | Mary Louise Blythewood |
| Sasha          | Catherine Lewis        |
| Karenin        | Laurence Hall          |
| Prince Sergius | Olen DeWalt            |
| Masha          | Anita Lane             |
| Ivan           | Zack Hubert            |
| Nastasea       | Erienne Hare           |
| Petrushkov     | Frank B. Adair, Jr.    |
| Musician       | Drew Days              |
| Officer        | Harry Stamper          |
| Ivan Petrovich | William Hamilton       |
| Trimiev        | John H. Young, Jr.     |
| Magistrate     | Thomas Gilgore         |
| Lady of Court  | Melbahu Bryant         |
| Petrushin      | Fred Haynes            |
| Secretary      | Clara Stanton          |
| Maid           | Eldra Monsanto         |
| Alfremov       | Leonard Archer         |

Gypsies: Mary Louise Smith, Florence Warwick, Edna Bethea, Marian Ables, Edward Rodriguez.

# News . . .

## CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT TO USHER IN HOLIDAYS

Yes, it's time for Ol' Santa Claus to be lurking here and there and everywhere again. Santa cannot bring us his hearty Yuletide Greetings unless there is the Christmas spirit of joy and song prevailing. But Santa will bring us glad tidings, for we shall usher in the Christmas holidays with song. On Thursday, December 21, at seven o'clock, the students of Spelman College and Morehouse College will mingle their voices in the annual Christmas Carol Concert in Sisters' Chapel.

The concert, under the direction of Professor Kemper Harreld will be quite varied, although only pure Christmas carols are to be used. The program will include carols of France, Germany, England, and Czecho-Slovakia as European carols; Negro spirituals that have to do with the birth of Christ and other American carols; and folk-songs from all nations respecting Yuletide. The quartet will render several selections including three Czecho-Slovakian spirituals, *Glory to the New-Born King*, and *God Rest You Merrie, Gentlemen*.

So let us all go out and have our spirit enhanced and rejuvenated for the Yuletide Season.

## MOREHOUSE MEN ORGANIZE DISCUSSION GROUP

Monday night, December 11, several men met in Sale Hall to organize a discussion group, the Morehouse Forum. The group was organized under the sponsorship of Professor Bailsford R. Brazeal, professor of Economics.

The purpose of the group is to keep alive the enthusiasm and interest which generate on the campus over current problems and happenings. Several outstanding speakers from Atlanta and from elsewhere will be guests of the Forum during the coming year.

The group consists of an Executive Committee which will be in charge of arrangements, and its membership, which will consist of as many of the student group as wish to join. The need for such a group has long been apparent, and Mr. Brazeal and the men meeting with him are to be congratulated for the commencement of what promises to be a popular and successful discussion group. The Art Room of the Atlanta University Library has been suggested as a meeting place twice each month. The Executive Committee comprises L. Raymond Bailey, W. T. Jones, George Edwards, Henry E. Banks, and George Washington. The plan was to have as many classes represented on the Executive Committee as possible.

## PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY TO ATTEND N. S. F. A. MEETING IN WASHINGTON

The student body this year will send its president, H. J. Battle, as member-delegate to the convention of the National Student Federation of America to be held at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, December 27-31, this year.

The National Student Federation plans to coordinate its meetings on the last two days with the sessions of the other Conference which is being sponsored by the Y. M. C. A., the League for Industrial Democracy, In-

ternational Student Service and Young America. It will also be possible for our delegate to attend the Third Annual Convention of the National Student League to which Howard University is host this year, and which lasts three days, December 26-28.

The sponsors of the National Student Federation say: "It is our purpose to convene a widely representative conference of college and university students to consider the urgent issues of our time in the light of the political interests and responsibilities of the student classes. Students of America are becoming aroused to the necessity of political consciousness. This conference is being organized to give them an opportunity to discuss current national and international problems and to provide means for factual presentation of the various points of view held by significant groups in this country. It will be a deliberative, not a legislative, mass meeting of students."

While in Washington our representative will have the opportunity to visit the Folger Shakespeare Library, a ten-million-dollar institution unequaled by anything of its kind in the world. The member delegates to the Conference will at one of the meetings be guests at the White House.

## CHICAGO MOREHOUSE-SPELMAN CLUB ENTERTAINS PRESIDENT ARCHER

President Archer left Friday, December 1, for Chicago to join Mr. Maynard H. Jackson, Alumni and Endowment Secretary. Saturday, December 2, the Chicago Morehouse-Spelman Club presented President Archer with a luncheon at the Poro College. The following Monday he spoke at a mass meeting sponsored by former students and friends of the College in behalf of the Endowment Campaign which is nearing its close. The President and the Alumni Secretary were the guests of many alumni enroute to and from Atlanta.

## MISS FRANCES PERKINS MAKES BRIEF VISIT TO ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

On Thursday, December 11, Atlanta University had as its guest, for a brief period, Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor of the United States, who delivered a short speech before an audience of less than fifty, composed largely of faculty members and students of the affiliated institutions, in the Art Room of the Atlanta University Library.

Miss Perkins, an elderly lady with graceful manner and poise, speaking in her New England accent, frankly confessed her ignorance of the racial aspects of the labor problem in the South, but firmly reiterated her determination to see that labor as a whole should get a square deal. During her investigations of labor conditions in the Southern states, Miss Perkins stated, she was amazed to find such a wholesale lack of protection devices in factories and shops, and proper sanitary conditions for the labor classes.

After speaking for a few moments, Miss Perkins yielded the floor in order that questions might be asked and suggestions might be made for the betterment of labor conditions in the South, and for the next twenty minutes a lively discussion on Negro labor followed.

# Athletic

## MAROON TIGERS DROP FINAL GAME TO FISK BULLDOGS

THE TIGERS ARE COMING

November 30.—In Sulphur Dell stadium the Maroon Tigers came in contact with a stubborn Fisk team and met misfortune. From the beginning to the finish of the game, with a few exceptions. Morehouse outplayed Fisk. Time after time the Tigers got the ball to the Fisk five-yard line, but failed to score because of fumbling.

In the second quarter the Bulldog quarterback got off a very long kick, the ball landing on the ten-yard line, bouncing over the head of the Tiger safety man and rolling out of bounds on the five-yard line. On the first play Boswell tried to kick out of danger, but, due to a bad pass from center, failed to get the ball off and was tackled behind his goal line for a safety, making the score 2-0 in favor of Fisk.

From that point Morehouse tightened and outplayed Fisk in all departments, but failed to score.

The feature of the game was the playing of Lamar Booher, Haynes, Archer, "Big" Jones, and Scott.

## FRESHMEN WIN OVER JUNIORS IN SECOND INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL CLASSIC

Directly after the close of the varsity football season, the campus was all aflame over the coming football games. Everybody, including those who did not know what a football is, were making an attempt to get on a class team.

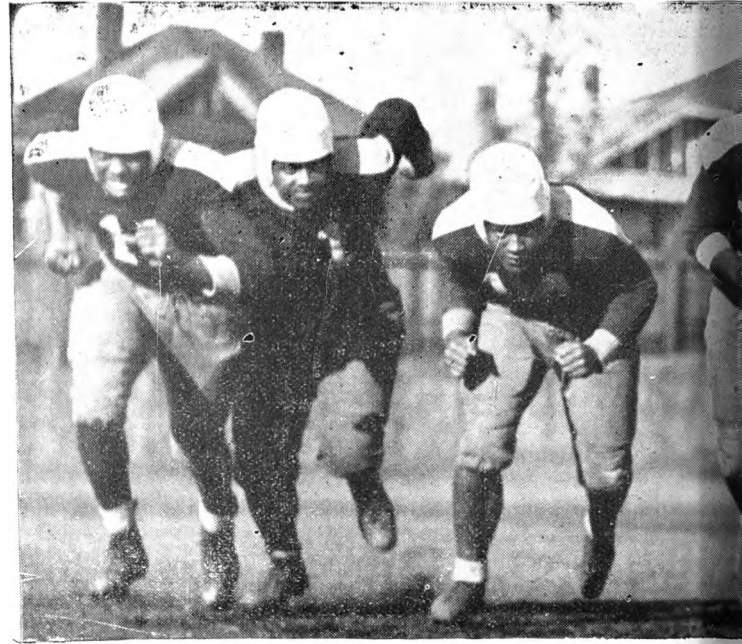
The second to draw blood were the freshmen who eked out a victory over the juniors in a hard-fought battle. The score was 0-0, but due to an intramural rule which decides the game on a basis on first downs made and yards gained, in case of a tie, the freshmen were victorious, scoring six first downs to five for the juniors.

It seemed that Coach John Young was a bit nervous due to the fact that his backfield threat, T. B. Ellis, had a late class. The game had started and the juniors were in a bad way. The ball was on their 15-yard line and the freshmen were trying hard for a touchdown. Coach Young looked over his shoulder and up dashed his late start who was supposedly capable of kicking the ball from goal to goal. He slapped him on the back and said, "Go in for Darkins and get your team out of the whole by kicking down the field." Ellis dashed madly out on the field. On his first play he placed his healthy foot under the ball and kicked it 75 yards straight up over his head. This put the juniors back in the hole, but somehow they managed to hold out. After that Ellis settled down and did some good kicking. From that point to the final whistle, the game was a see-saw affair. "Foots" Green did very good running for the freshmen, while Martin Graham almost won the game for the juniors by catching many difficult passes.

## SENIORS STOP FIGHTING JUNIORS, 7-2

Saturday, Dec. 9, was the homecoming day for the juniors and seniors. The band was on the field in full uniform playing stirring music to inspire both teams. Behind the band came the two teams running signals in good form. It looked from the start that it was going to be a tight game. A few minutes later the game was called, and the two teams faced each other.

Very early in the game "Pug" Martin, the powerful



This action photo gives one some idea of what the Maroon Tiger forward left to right: John Young, R. E.; Z. T. Hubert, R. T.; Freddie Watley and Richard Shine, L. E.

junior center, looked so mean at Houston, the senior center, that the latter passed the ball three or four feet over Garlington, senior fullback, who was in kicking position. The ball rolled over the goal line and was recovered by Garlington who was tackled before he could bring the ball out from the end zone. This made the score 2-0, in favor of the juniors.

Early in the fourth quarter, "Lightning" Curry, senior halfback, went on a rampage, and snatching a pass thrown by Graham, raced for a touchdown. Brown, senior end, caught a pass for the extra point, thereby making the score 7-2 in favor of the seniors.

The treat for the juniors was "King David" Britt. W. McCloud, senior end, gained most ground by running in and out of the game. It was difficult to say in which role he looked best—going or coming.

## BASKETBALL SQUAD BEGINS PRACTICE

And the mighty autumn classics have ended, but on comes basketball.

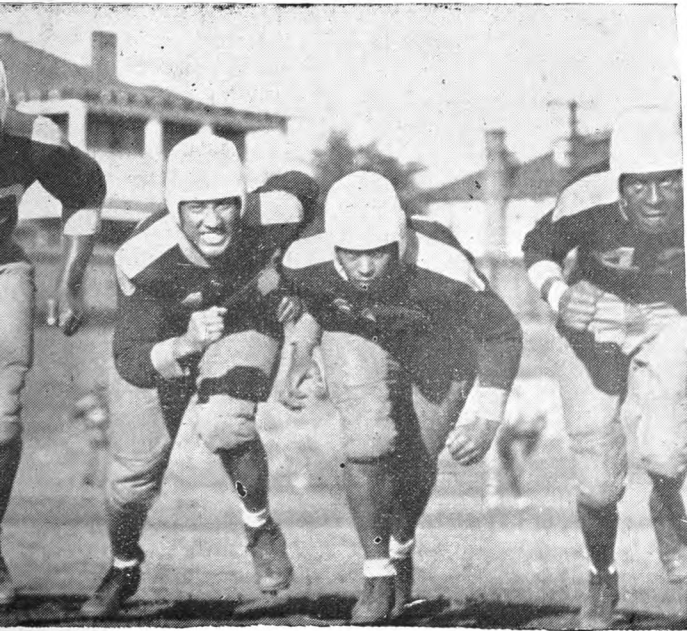
Many aspirants answered Coach Frank Forbes' initial call for the basketball on Wednesday, December 6. Included in the number were some letter-men as well as a great deal of new material. Among the veterans were Branham, Baugh, and Archer. Among the newcomers were McCurine, the Bennett brothers, Briggs, Saxon, and others.

Prospects are excellent for a successful season for the basketeers. The boys went through the preliminaries by shooting long ones and following up their shots. Of special note were the poise, grace, and agility that the contenders employed in sinking their crisp shots. The long ones were a bit off, but with a little practice they should come around eventually.



# Briefs

SEE THEM IN 1934.



—Courtesy, *The Atlanta Daily World*.  
 might look like in 1934. Shine, at left end, will graduate. Reading  
 Alexander, Center; Lester McFall, L. G.; Alex Reid, L. T.;

There are many other men who have yet to don their uniforms and grace the court. Such luminaries as Davis, the "Duck", "Liver" Hamilton, and Waldo Barton, the guard from Chicago, have not as yet arranged their programs so as to have ample time for the in-door game.

Although Coach Forbes never becomes elated over prospects for any sport, he seemed to have been in a rather pleasant mood Wednesday. That customary stern look had disappeared and a smile adorned his face. That smile may mean something. Who knows?

## ATHLETIC CHATTER

The football season is over with its many thrilling moments as well as a few disappointing ones. The Tigers got off to a bad start by succumbing to Fancee 13-7. This game was marked by many bad breaks which would have changed the outcome tremendously had they gone in the other direction. But that's football! The Tigers then met and conquered on successive week-ends, Benedict and Paine Colleges. The scores were 12-0 and 18-0, respectively. The Morris Brown and Tuskegee games were lost. At this point in the season Coach Forbe's machine began to function as a unit, and handed decisive defeats to Talladega and Clark. Another one of those bad breaks played havoc with the Tigers in their final game when they bowed to Fisk, 2-0.

Men, who were outstanding the year round, and who gave all that they had for the sake of dear old Morehouse were: Capt. Jones, Haynes, Reid, McFall, Booher, Cage, Sweet, and Lamar.

The Fisk game sounded the last gong in the gridiron career of several men. Captain Jones, Booher, Cage, Archer, and Sweet played their last game and ended eventful careers.

## SCORING FOR THE YEAR

|               |    |         |   |
|---------------|----|---------|---|
| Captain Jones | 12 | McCurin | 6 |
| Baugh         | 7  | Miller  | 6 |
| Young         | 6  | Boswell | 6 |
| Archer        | 6  | Sweet   | 6 |

## FOOTBALL RESULTS

|                  |    |           |    |
|------------------|----|-----------|----|
| Florida A. & M.  | 13 | Morehouse | 7  |
| Benedict College | 0  | Morehouse | 12 |
| Paine College    | 0  | Morehouse | 18 |
| Tuskegee         | 26 | Morehouse | 6  |
| Talladega        | 0  | Morehouse | 6  |
| Clark            | 0  | Morehouse | 6  |
| Fisk             | 2  | Morehouse | 0  |
| Morris Brown     | 7  | Morehouse | 0  |

## SENIORS DEFEAT SOPHOMORES

H. C. JACKSON

In a game replete with thrills and laughter, the seniors easily outclassed the sophomores to the tune of 25-0. The old historic gridiron has witnessed many a spectacular fracas, but never has it been able to be the scene of a much exciting—yet humorous game. Occasionally, the boys seemed to be playing for honors accorded the varsity, but also at times they seemed to be as listless as the bashful lover.

The seniors scored in the first quarter on a beautifully executed pass from Graham to "Lighting" Curry. The try for the extra point was unsuccessful. Adams, the fleet-footed sophomore halfback, shone out as a threat when he got in the way of one of Graham's passes and scampered some twenty-five yards to the winners' ten-yard line. However, the upperclassmen's forward wall repulsed the attack very effectively.

The seniors tallied again in the third and twice in the fourth quarter on end runs by Garlington, and another pass from Graham to Curry. Graham converted the last extra point on a line plunge.

The sophomores started using power plays late in the final period. The sophomores gained again with Lawrence, 185-pound fullback, doing the bulk of the work. Their effort to score went for naught as the ball went over on the thirteen-yard line.

Burton Graham with his outstanding generalship and fine passing was the outstanding star of the contest. Other stars were Bailey, Brown, and Houston in the line, and Curry, Chenault, and Garlington in the backfield for the seniors. Outstanding players for the sophomores were Edwards, Adams, Lawrence, Truitt, Thomas, and Wilson. The seniors had fourteen first downs to three for the sophomores.

Coach Bowens rushed "Half Pint" Campbell into a guard position late in the fray in an attempt to pull the game out of the fire. His strategy was no good as the diminutive linemen could hardly be found above the turf.

(NSFA)—Fifteen Barnard students, last year spent between twenty and twenty-four hours a week in commuting to and from college according to the figure compiled by the occupation bureau.—*Bernard Bulletin*.

## The Students Air Their Views

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We believe the principle underlying intelligent but frank subjective expression is sound. In this issue attention has been directed towards a question that is certainly vital and near home. In view of the changing opinion on the question of marriage, we thought it would be interesting to know the reaction of our students towards the matter. The authors of the four articles, which appear forthwith, are making no attempt to set any sociological precedents. We leave it to the reader to decide if the writers, in attempting to defend themselves, have committed suicide, or have made themselves immortal.*)

### MARRIAGE FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A MODERN

By ANNA MYERS  
Spelman College

Our parents tell us that the good home in their generation had a lot of children. They may make one think that contentment was the ruler of a home of that kind, but, after one has looked into the matter, he usually finds everything but satisfaction and happiness. The husband is usually grouchy, glum, and stingy. He never thinks about taking his tired wife anywhere. Instead of being pleasant, he sits in the best chair like a tyrant on a throne and reads the paper.

The younger generation is striving to get more out of marriage than what the others got, and, because of their efforts, they are severely criticized. If they go out to try to enjoy life, the older neighbors say that they do nothing but run around. If a young couple practices birth control and avoids having stair-steps of howling brats they have committed an unforgivable crime in the eyes of the church saints. These same good sisters and brothers forget that they inflicted hardships on their children by not having enough money to rear them properly. There was always a great uncertainty about the education, and in some cases, the correct amount of food.

A young wife is often accused of extravagance if she dresses neatly and makes herself as attractive as possible. They forget that many husbands have been little because the wives have been slouchy.

I hope that by this time, dear readers, you have seen that your writer has modern beliefs about marriage. Since she has modern beliefs, she is naturally confronted with modern questions.

The first question is whether the author believes in the equality of the wife and the husband. Her answer is in the affirmative. She sincerely thinks that her husband cannot and will not boss her around or treat her like a modern doll. She demands to be reasoned with. She does not expect a cave-man type of a husband who will give her a quarter a week to run the house on and then beat her unmercifully because she runs an account at the grocer's.

If her husband runs around, she believes that she will do the same in order to give the brute a dose of his own medicine. In other words, she believes that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

The second question concerns the effect of the depression on the marriage problem. Your authoress has seen too many marriages go to the wall because of defunct bank accounts to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. Therefore, she feels that it is dangerous to get married unless there is a secure income, the education complete, and the necessities of life easily gotten. I do not wish to imply that a couple should be rich, but, nevertheless, know that I do not mean that love can live on an empty stomach and in the heart of a person who is merely getting along.

Would a career for the woman interfere with mar-

riage? I think that it is perfectly all right for a woman to have a career as long as she does not neglect her husband. It makes a woman feel less of a parasite and more of a help to her husband. She does not have to hound him continually for money. If a wife is careful not to discourage her husband it makes him if he is ambitious try to keep up with her and to do something equally as well. He would have something noble to live for and would be proud of her. This particular type of a husband and wife, to my way of thinking, would insure the children's comfort and education. Your writer expects to have a career but not fame. She believes that fame usually discourages the husband, and does away with the idea of children, and destroys the home.

### MARRIAGE—THE DISILLUSIONMENT

By PAUL W. STRICKLAND

I would not have been blessed with my observations (poor World, what loss thou would'st have sustained) on the debatable question of marriage had it not been for a chance discussion (upon what slender threads does the world hang) with my roommate, who says he has the soul of an Arbiter Elegantiarium. Thus it is repugnant to his aesthetic taste to see young people murdered wholesale (meaning married). He pursued, "Young people don't want it."

Such vehement denunciation of the said institution aroused my ire. "Of course," I said to him, "I know little of this institution, never having thought of being—"

"—an accomplice to crime," he cuts in.

"You wait here," I said. "I am going over to the Salon (library to the professors) and get first-hand information. I'll show you that you are wrong about college young men and women, at least. I'll prove that you are wrong about college young men and women, at least. I'll prove to you that they are looking forward to it—that is, those who are looking at all. You are climbing the wrong tree, my boy, you are riding the wrong horse."

I was shocked at his attitude, as you plainly discern. Thus I meandered over to the Salon. As usual, the party was at its height. I looked around. At the end of the corridor opening to Greensferry Street, I spotted ("lamped" to you) a promising couple making eyes at each other ("know what I mean?" as "Sheriff" Hall would put it). Call it luck, incident, co-incident, or what have you, the couple was giving gratis the very information that I sought.

"And what do you think of marriage?" asked he who stood unashamed as a living representative of a drawback to Adam, the first man to lose a rib for a woman.

"I don't," retorted the modern Eve. And by the Beard of Father Neptune, I agreed most heartily with the sweet young thing.

"And you, Mr. Dugan—what is your reaction?"

"Negative," he replied.

As the modern Cave-man made an end of speaking, Eve's daughter said to him, "What does 'that' want?"

## On the Question of Marriage

pointing in my direction. Thinking that, perhaps, she was speaking to me, I sauntered away.

From thence I went to the lounging room, the most popular section of the Salon. This is where Morpheus, God of Sleep, and Cupid, God of Love, are forever in furious and mortal combat for supremacy. I made my way towards one of those magic chairs (sleep inducing), and, as I passed, some one remarked "Bah! a wall-flower!" Undaunted, I reclined just behind a couple that would put Romeo and Juliet to shame. Noting the drift of conversation, I asked, "Are you interested in marriage, Miss Gleason?"

"When I was in the row, yes," she said, (meaning, when she was a freshman). She continued, "When I have nothing else to do, I shall marry."

For the young man's sake, I breathed a silent prayer that she would always find something to do.

"And you, Mr. John Doe—are you interested in marriage?" I gleaned from Mr. Doe's answer that he has a course in Constitutional History, for his source was taken from the statement made by the Mi-Nute man, Poddie Henrich, or one of those Glass Blowers of "Ye Goode Olde Dayes" when men were men, and women didn't burn the oil bidding two diamonds or four clubs and take their breakfast in bed the following morning. Mr. John Doe, with a flourish, said:

"If you give marriage, give me death. Death before dishonor." He said this with a gesture that meant to be dramatic, but which merely succeeded in surpassing Nero, the Prince of Buffoons, in absurdity. As an actor he was an excellent flea-trainer.

At this particular stage in my investigation, doubt began to assail me as to whether the Arbiter Elegantiarum was right after all. Taking the mule by the horns—or is it the goat?—I decided to make another effort in the interest of the funny custom—marriage. I approached a young lady who, "transparent" to all, was no great beauty, and who would never dream of entering a bathing beauty contest. Surely, I reasoned, mine ears will be the recipients of a more favorable opinion on marriage.

"Miss Delilah", I asked (she was the very opposite), "do you EVER (note the *ever*; I couldn't see how she could) anticipate marriage?"

She looked at me like Medusa must have looked at Perseus. Then she said, "Are you trying to insult me?" (I feel pop-eyed now.)

"No! No! I couldn't do that. Ma'm," I replied. Then with an effort meant to imitate the poise of a "She", the mysterious beauty of the Cave of Kedor, but which, in truth, resembled the rising posture of the Mastadon she rose and said:

"I would rather go over Niagara Falls wrapped in cellophane (O' Jupiter, spare me that). Marriage is as popular with me as Dickie Arnold was with the Father of the country who, according to some persons, never told a lie."

Here she made a significant pause as if reminiscing—"Humph! these historians, funny fellows, will have their tales. Marry—I say I wouldn't!"

"Wait, Lady!" I interrupted, "save me that."

I could endure no more. I retraced my steps to Robert Hall, three flights up, room 34, and there I found the Arbiter Elegantiarum, my roommate, smiling knowing-

ly. I gave him the Right-hand of Fellowship, and placed the wreath of Victory on his head.

"Ye Gods!" I muttered, "and this is true?"

### MY ATTITUDE TOWARDS MARRIAGE

By FELIX HUMDINGER

"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed as I awoke suddenly from a nightmare. The perspiration was flowing profusely; I gasped for breath: my heart was pounding furiously—I had just dreamed that I was married and was the father of seven children.

Now that may sound like a story, but it brings out clearly my attitude towards one aspect of marriage.

It would be difficult for me to say just how much the depression has affected my thinking on the subject, but, for the present, the economic aspect of marriage is an anathema to me. The older I get and the more I learn the more impossible the whole business seems. If I married now, my wife and I would probably starve in two weeks—unless she paid the bills. If I wait until I had "established" myself, whatever that may mean—(There is in reality no such animal as security or establishment these days. One walks out of college into the bread lines, or goes home and sits down on Papa, or grabs some job that will hardly pay car-fare.)—If I wait until I have established myself, I shall probably be too old to think about it. Heck! I suppose I had better stop weighing the pros and cons before I find myself afraid to marry now, afraid to marry later, and afraid to stay single. It is quite possible that some one of the "nudder"sex will come along and make me forget all about the hazards, costs, results, and what have you, and take me on roller skates to the altar. But without doubt, my marriage, if such takes place, will take place during a period of sublime forgetfulness.

The next question that has been raised is one that concerns the position of the wife as far as equality is concerned. I wouldn't want a woman that I thought incapable of using good independent judgment. I do not want to be boss or be bossed. Reason should be the deciding factor, not masculine or feminine dogma. When reason fails, my wife and I could compromise by agreeing to fight it out with rolling pins, book ends, vases, paper-weights, or anything that could be thrown with telling effect.

What is my idea of a double standard? I don't believe in a double standard for either party unless each agrees to allow the other to practice it. That would amount to marriage communism, which is all right, as far as I am concerned, for those who may like it. As for myself, give me a single standard for both parties. (Don't wait this late to call me nutty. That should have been obvious from the beginning.) If I should slyly attempt a double standard, I think that my wife would be entitled to do likewise. I couldn't kick and call myself reasonable.

How many children would I want? Ah, that is a tough question. Again my ideas are born of a depression psychology. As I see it now, in these rapidly changing times it is hard enough to keep up the race when one has on nothing but his running clothes, to say nothing about trying to run a race with a baby in his arms. This is a country in which one gets no credit for try-

ing to raise a family. The government will tax the starch out of you and sell your property from under you despite the fact that you may be bringing up seven or eight fine youngsters. Today the world looks upon a family man with pity rather than pride. A kid requires constant medical supervision, and so does the mother; but Oh boy! the cost is prohibitive for the poor man. (The chances of my becoming rich are beyond the wildest stretch of imagination.) Then there is the high cost of education.—Obviously the question of the number of children is largely an economic one. Under no circumstances, however, would I attempt to bring up more than three.

Now for the matter of the wife's smoking. I smoke, and even if I didn't that should not bar the wife. Honestly, though, I'd hate to have my wife sit around and puff at a pipe as vile as my own. Why I couldn't stand it! I can hardly stand my own, and if two were going full blast at the same time—Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy!!

### THE COLLEGE GIRL AND MARRIAGE

By JULE A. CLAYTON, '34  
*Spelman College*

What do you think about the marriage question? Is it advisable for a girl to marry a poor, ambitious, willing-to-work young man just after he finishes college? If this question were put to a great many people, you would, no doubt, receive as many answers as the number of people you asked. I would say that, in this day of responsibility, if one is fortunate enough to secure work, it seems all right to take it. After the job is secured—this assumes that both parties have work—it is my opinion that marriage is a wise venture. It is a wise venture. I think, because it stabilizes, centralizes, and focuses all one's efforts on a concrete objective. It motivates constructive action. It imparts a sense of being depended upon and of being very vital to someone.

Perhaps, the first question that occurs when a girl faces marriage is, "Will I relinquish my freedom?" It seems that the relinquishment of freedom should not be an issue. A person who contemplates marriage should realize that marriage alliance is an alliance that will last for a long time, to say the least. The life partner should have enough interests and ideals that should afford a basis of enough wholesome amusement that the so-called "freedom" will not be missed. This new companionship should compensate for its loss, at any rate.

Every girl expects her husband to give her health. If he brings with him health, he is more apt to acquire wealth.

The question of give and take is a question of importance in marriage as it is in everything else. Some men are given to expecting too much of their wives, and not giving anything in return. They are adherents of the maxim, "What's sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander." An attitude of this kind is certain to be disastrous to a relation such as marriage.

Many persons argue that women who have college educations are not good wives. The argument is that college women have boosted their standards so high that no ordinary man can measure up. This is not true. We may be a bit idealistic, but we are more real than some men stop to realize. We are not all dreamy and "high-flying." It is quite true that some of the standards that we *seem* to impose may appear higher than the average, but, you stop to consider they are just what you expect from us.

As a last glimpse at this all-important question, let us try to grow together, play together; and keep our relation on a plane where we maintain an attitude similar to the one that existed before marriage. Learning to play together is important—when a girl looks for a husband she looks for a man who is a *man*; but she is never too serious to play when the time arrives. This is the opinion of the girl. What do men think?

### CLARK FOREMAN SPEAKS

By F. B. ADAIR, JR.

Clark Foreman, advisor on the Economic Status of the Negro in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, spoke to an assembly of students and faculty members Friday afternoon, November 24, in the Art Room of the Atlanta University Library.

Mr. Foreman's first appearance at Atlanta University and affiliated colleges was greeted with enthusiasm. We wanted to know how he looked, what his reactions were to the criticisms that Negroes were being treated unfairly in the apportionment of government funds under the Public Works Administration and just how the plan works. Mr. Foreman, a cultured young white man, native of Atlanta, spoke with almost fervent enthusiasm, pausing to answer queries as to the present progress and workability of the Public Works Administration's plans.

Most of us were fired with ambitions to assail Mr. Foreman for the discriminatory policies which we were sure were being practiced under the PWA. It was a good chance to get the whole matter off our chests and let this Southern white man know just what Negroes thought of the way they were being "left on the sidelines" in almost every program for public welfare. But apparently Clark Foreman was ready for the fray, and was equally anxious to show us that we needed to wake up and take advantage of the opportunities the PWA offers before all the funds are exhausted. Before he finished we did wonder if, after all, we have time to fuss and fume over the way we always have been treated or whether we only have time to work, and work, and work to put into form some plans which will net us some of the three billion dollars, \$200,000,000 of which has already been disposed of.

"It is unconstitutional for the Federal Government to discriminate against the Negro," Mr. Foreman stated. He essayed to show that the Negro who has been handicapped for so long a time has more to gain from the President's recovery program than any other group. ". . . in this reconstruction program," he continued, "the Negro has a most wonderful opportunity if he will just avail himself of the opportunity, present his program and prove that the program is economically sane and socially sound. Already \$200,000,000 of the three billion dollars have been disposed of and none has been asked for the Negroes. Those projects which have received financial support were sought for by white men.

"I am in Washington to help you get financial assistance. Very few requests have come from Negroes . . . I interpret my appointment as an example of the administration to see that equal justice is administered to the Negro as well as to all groups."

So far so good, but we were forced to see the absurdity of that part of his speech which lamented the fact that Negro municipalities had been slow to apply—or rather had not applied—for assistance; and that the Negro's big chance to benefit was through his municipalities. *Negro municipalities*—imagine! Mr. Fore-

man knew of only four or five himself, said he knew most of us knew only two or three, but that, really, there were some thirty-odd! However, upon the suggestion of someone in the rear of the room that all the Negro municipalities in the United States if put together would not equal the colored population of Atlanta and that where the Negro needed help most was in the metropolitan centers. Mr. Foreman abandoned the discussion of Negro municipalities and went on to show that Negroes were able to obtain assistance from the government in metropolitan centers if plans were submitted, and outlined the general plan by which the Public Works Administration works.

When reminded that Negroes as a group were without capital and would hardly be able to pay the necessary 15 per cent of the proposed loans, he explained that property could be mortgaged as security. "The time is past," Dr. Foreman stated, "when Negroes should sit idly and docilely by and let opportunities slip away from them, permitting exploitation and discrimination." Of course that time has never been—the time when the Negro *should* "sit idly and docilely by." We wondered if he thought there ever was such a time; but all in all, Clark Foreman wants to carry out his office to the best advantage of the people whom he represents and we should certainly be reluctant to disagree with a great many things he said. The responsibility is the Negro's now to present plans which will curve some of the flow of the public works money into channels that will serve him most.

### GOING SOMEWHERE

Unlike the ship whose sails were lost at sea,

I am going somewhere.

I have a sacred task I hope to do

'Ere golden you has fled: 'ere hope is dead.

Unlike those who sneer and then wish me ill,

I am going somewhere.

I will follow the stars until my soul,

Is blazing with the comets of the sky.

I know the road is rough and I am weak,

I know my goal is far,

But don't tell me. "Son, it just can't be done."

You can't fool me, I am going somewhere.

—J. H. Y.

### LAST NIGHT

Last night

In silence did we commune

Just you and I,

Soul feasted with soul

Under the moon—

Just you and I.

Hand in hand

We strolled along

Rythmically

Peacefully—

Our life a song

Gloriously

In silence did we commune

Just you and I.

### PHILIP'S HILOCRAZY

By E. PHILIP ELLIS, '35

At a recent dance, Bo, in his strenuous effort to make a hit with the young lady, began the usual dance conversation with, "I believe that I have danced with you somewhere else."

"So do I," answered the young lady cordially, "the pressure of your feet on mine seems familiar."

Did you hear of the protecting husband, who, after investigating sounds downstairs, came back and made the following report to his help-mate:

"Darling you'd better go down, for the burglar is a lady burglar."

J. V. announced the other day that a fortune-teller told him that he was going to embezzle some money entrusted to his care. "Don't worry," said F. H., "who would entrust money to you?"

Father (very menacingly): "Son, why were you kept in school today?"

Son: "Because I didn't know where Alaska was."

Father: "Well, remember from now on where you put things."

"Don't you see that sign. "Fine for parking?" thundered the big traffic cop to the collegiate couple in a parked car.

"Yes," replied the driver. "and I heartily agree with you."

Bits of history—"The earliest known remedy for dandruff is the French guillotine."

Employer: "Hm! So you want a job? Do you lie or steal?"

Job-hunter: "No, but I can learn."

M. P.: "What steps would you take if you saw a lion coming out of Sales Hall?"

Slim: "Long ones."

Professor: "Why were you late to class this morning. G. P.?"

G. P.: "Well, the bell rang, Professor, before I arrived."

The conversation took place during the physical examination of a Freshman:

Doctor: "Height?"

Freshman: "Six feet and one inch."

Doctor: "Chest expansion?"

Freshman: "Forty-three inches."

Doctor: "Neck?"

Freshman: "Yes."

Mr. X had just received one distressing letter from the Dean's Office and then comes two more—"Phew! trouble comes all at once," he commented.

"Yes," replied T. solemnly, "who ever heard of a man suffering from just one measles?"

If you don't want to catch yourself giving your girl friend a ten-year endowment policy for a Christmas present—well, you'd better steer clear of Mr. M. J. He's in the insurance business, and he could induce Santa Claus to buy a safety razor.

## TIGER TICKLERS

*Questions*

1. What is the difference between the death of a barber and a sculptor?
2. If a hen laid an orange, what would a chicken say?
3. Why are teeth like verbs?
4. What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailor?
5. Why is a poor friend better than a rich one?
6. Why is an electric fan like a stuck-up person?
7. Why is a woman unlike an umbrella?
8. Who was the shortest man in the Bible?
9. What Miss is it that no man wants?
10. Why is a candle-wick like Athens?
11. Where is paper currency first found in the Bible?
12. Who was the strongest man in the Bible?
13. Why was Adam the first gambler?
14. At what time of day was Adam created?
15. Why is Westminster Abbey like a shad?
16. What is it that grows large the more you rake from it?

*Answers*

1. One curls up and dies, and the other makes faces and busts.
2. See the orange marmalade.
3. Some are regular, irregular, and defective.
4. One sells watches and the other watches cells.
5. A friend in need is a friend, indeed.
6. Both put on airs.
7. You can shut an umbrella up.
8. Bildad, the shuhite (shoe height).
9. Misfortune.
10. Because it is full of Greece (grease).
11. When the dove brought the green back to the ark.
12. Jonah—because the whale couldn't hold him down.
13. He started the races.
14. A little before Eve.
15. Because it was full of bones.
16. A hole.

*The Lost Classics*

Prof.: "What can you say of Damon and Pythias?"  
 Student: "I only pay attention to those in the big league."

*Unwedded*

English Prof.: "What is a singular pronoun?"  
 Student: "One that is'nt married yet."

*Keeping Up With the Times*

All college students up the way have their suits tailored with quart-sized pockets now.

C. Cage: "I only paint for pleasure."  
 Wilmer J.: "And only for your own, I presume."

Visitor: "Your husband gets a lot of sentiment out of his pipe."

Wife: "Goodness, yes! It is perfectly disgusting to see him clean it."

*Exclusive*

Some things on earth are very strange,  
 The mysteries thereof are many,  
 They say this is a world of change,  
 And I can't borrow any.

"Red" Laster says, all fools are not in the carnival parade. Some are looking on.

"Aw, cruel world," growled "Big" Jones, as he sharpened his teeth to devour his 440th Christmas dinner.

*Correct*

Adair: "What is frenzied finance?"  
 R. Bailey: "Financing your friends."

*Not To Her Taste*

Art Dealer: "This is a beautiful scene from Hamlet."  
 Helen: "I don't care for hamlets. Now show me a good-sized city."

## THE STROLLER

Again we meet in a most remarkable way, yowzuh! Now will you step right up and get your share of the pre-holiday dope while it lasts for it is truly going fast in this Christmas rush.

Ye old scribe (scandal monger as t'were) has busied himself extensively in the dope market, but not without reward. Hard though it were to drive bargains in the pre-holiday rampage, your informant succeeded (he hopes) in amassing for you some rare bits of gossip unknown to the Yuletide heretofore. You'll find all sorts of new fancy patterns in the latest pastel shades which flatter your personality, and shock your very modesty. I hope you will like it.

With winter coming on I wonder if something might be done about E. W. and "Stubby" J., who find it so hard to part on the library steps each noon-time. I wonder? I took the one and only "Fast Buddy" to calm Miss V. H. down; they unite to form the perfect pair. May they live happily ever afterwards? They may.

"Pap" B. swears he can study better when lulled J. L. W.—For marks' sake Miss J. L. W., lull!

W. M.—gridiron luminary—must rely on his ability to play something else if he wants to cash in on T. A.'s grid.

Old "John Henry" Y. sings naught but the blues now that E. M. avows it is all over.

How a Spelman "Frosh" M. H. M. could ever conclude that she is the "gem of the ocean," is more than the child prodigy from Oklahoma can ascertain, and he is a deep looker.

Who'd ever guess that "Josh" A. was so powerful, anyway; it takes three balls and chain to anchor that guy. Yessir, Missus M. M., C. A., and B. J., ain't that three? Say do I know my math or do I know my math. I hesk you? Now ain't this thing called human behavior sump'n, and how? perfectly paradoxical, for example: Miss H. P. holds that bliss that comes by way of persons more settled than college men; while on the other hand, W. S. contends the one sure way of happiness is the method of cradle-rocking.

"Red" McF. is proving that a running guard can be a blocking one simultaneously, just watch that boy take "Shipwreck" out of the play while Miss C. S. trips a light fantastic toe on toward the goal of heaven.

"Travel is education"—an axiom, but if you doubt it just ask the rite Rev. "Dick" B. of "Chi", for it was to Nashville that he jaunted to learn that his alleged girl friend, "Switchie" J., had given him the switch in favor of Mr. D. If that ain't education we have never seen it, eh, Dick?

The curfew tolls the knell of a parting day, and incidentally, your scribe wish you one and all—A Merry Christmas, and A Happy New Year.

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The SPACIOUS CASINO has been artistically decorated by the Old Colonel, himself. Soft, mellow light, sometimes the Revolving Spotlight, have added to the glamour and enchantment of the night. The floors are waxed and polished, so slick that the smart young Freshman has to be very careful lest he be downed and possibly carry his partner with him, to her regret.

The after-holiday affairs promise to be more enjoyable than the preceding ones. More interest is hoped to be manifested at the Park with the opening of the Basketball Season.

For GAMES, DANCES, and SOCIAL CHATS, come to SUNSET CASINO. The writer is confident that the atmosphere will be impregnated with Gala Times spent around the wee-wee hours at SUNSET CASINO, and all Atlanta is agog, awaiting that initial break. Till then, Farewell.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

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