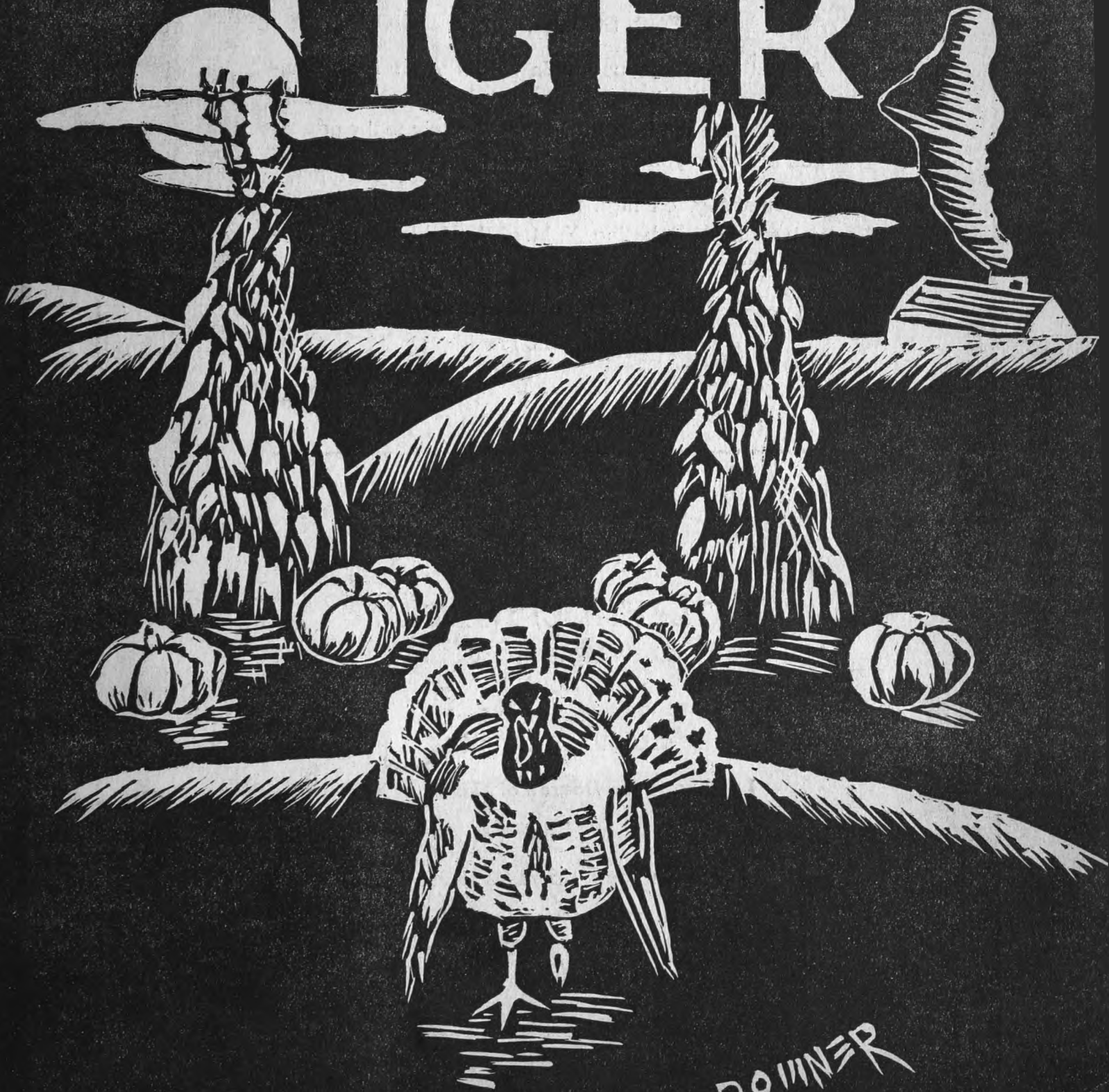


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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

The Negro's sentimental attitude toward himself is one of his major infirmities. The New Negro is the result of hard, lean years of blood and violation: years we get wind of only through black history and spirituals. He still pours over the injustices done his forefathers (who no doubt did less weeping about them) and for some reason believes that some one should pay him for the thankless labor his ancestors did because they were what most slaves have always been—victims of physical and mental group weakness. They were merely the toll that the natural law of Strong over Weak exacts. (Let America do away with her military strength and it will be treated in the same fashion.) We speak with bitterness about the debt America owes us and hope some day to collect the wages of our honorable and dead lineage. We should strive to be worthy of our present hire. We are spoiled and pampered, despite the sad songs we wail to the contrary. If, like the Jews in Germany, we were suddenly cast out of America, we would discover that we have not produced enough of anything to sustain us for two weeks. We have fine sad songs for the soul; but the body must eat. Of course, bringing up the probable banishment from the land of the free is far-fetched and shocking. So, let us close our eyes for a brief moment and think what the picture would look like if suddenly without or with warning all of the white payrolls were snatched away and distributed among whites and foreigners. What reserve has the bright New Negro? The songs, of course. But what else?

Our seventy-one years of comparatively easy years have produced a Negro that is soft and delicate—mentally. We cannot yet ignore the petty slings and arrows which bounce off other races. Everything insults and wounds us to bleeding point, even the truth. A few years back two clever Nordic comedians struck on the idea of doing a radio sketch in Negro dialect. It wasn't slapstick, but artistic impersonations of many people, high or low-brow, white or colored, whom we meet every day. In a record radio run the comedians did over a hundred characterizations. But they did them in Negro dialect! Immediately there came a concentrated and ignorant drive to put off the air the villains who were doing successfully what many of our race comedians couldn't. There followed a court suit which was thrown out because the representatives of the offended race didn't

appear with any ground for prosecution. The skit has brought the comedians over a million dollars each, and the offended folk a well-deserved headache. It isn't offensive at all; and if it were, and it was able to push over the Negro race, the race would deserve this very laughable ruin. If it were satire I would never forgive the two fellows. We aren't ripe and big enough yet for that. We want someone to smooth our hair, not scrub the dirt from our ears.

A prominent leader, not meaning to I hope, once said this: "We must change our psychology, and thereby change that of America. This will make her acceptance of us a nearer and more certain thing." So concerned are we with *being accepted* we have quite forgotten to prepare for this divine business. We have washed our face and not wiped our feet. We want America and the world to accept what we ourselves have rejected. So long as there is an illiterate brother in the group, we shall rightly be associated with him. As long as he is blind, we, too, shall grope. If we were true Negroes we would not wish to be *accepted* while another Negro walks cold outside. We are not yet ready for warm, soft arms. We must learn to achieve for ourselves, who need it, and not for people who are justly unexcited over the little praise we have mistaken for progress. As a few individuals we have made good, long strides; but as a group we have not done so well. We must accept ourselves; we must ache and dream to remain Negroes, not look for the first opening out of a splendid fray as soon as we become brave enough to fly.

We must learn to measure and appreciate our own values. The spirituals were just so much song until they were called America's only original music. Roland Hayes (to call up one of our dark gods) was just another Negro—like all of our artists—until he was approved, and supported, by others. And we say that we are self-conscious! We aren't at all. We are hardly ever intelligently aware of our own important existence until someone prods and wakes us to the truth.

When Langston Hughes wrote in a poem, "Goodby, Christ," a host of preachers, aspiring poets, and leaders took up arms against the fellow who had slandered the Nazarene (whose principles we dearly love and pay little attention to). But when a Negro man was taken from Alabama to Florida and brutally lynched before a group of selected and invited guests, there was but a ruffled

murmur—then silence. Our ancestors—the dark ones, I mean—put all of their faith in the Lord and none in themselves. But they were fettered people. The New Negro is freer. I don't know what has happened to his faith. Now, insulting the Lord is serious. But He is big enough to defend Himself.

The Negro must become his best friend. It would be stupid indeed to isolate himself and cut off good friends. But he must grow big enough to know that when he turns to lean on himself he will find something substantial. If we shall march, we must do it abreast. Before we become individuals we must become a group. Therein lies our strength, our hope, and whatever future we shall have.

Comment and Opinion

WELCOME AND FORGOTTEN

By F. C. TUCKER

The Freshman Class, with the greatest amount of appreciation, accepts the welcome to the campus given them by the Sophomore Class in the article by its spokesman, Mr. W. A. Allen III. We assure the Sophomores that we will comply with all the requirements and principles that are expected of a Freshman Class.

We do not know whether we have been segregated from writing articles to the student's publication, *The Maroon Tiger*, but it seems queer that after reading through the editorial we were disappointed in not finding any words of welcome from the editorial staff. It is not that we are inquisitive as to the reason of this mentioned failure, but it is our privileges with which we are concerned. Because we are interested in our rights we speak now.

(See *Open Letter to Freshmen*)

WHAT IS THE STUDENT ACTIVITY COMMITTEE DOING?

By M. F. JACKSON

Is it doing just what it wants to—in all disregard to the interest of the student body? In my understanding, a student activity committee is a group of students representing the student body in general, and working always in the interest of the student body—never forgetting that anything that the committee does that is not in keeping with the desires of the majority of the student body is not in keeping with the trust that has been invested in it. Instead of this kind of committee, however, we have under the caption of "Student Activity Committee" a group of fellows who are imposing upon the student body what they believe the student body ought to have. Though they may be gifted with the splendid ability of knowing just what their co-students should have, I have not as yet been convinced that they are sufficiently competent to tell me what I ought to have.

For the last few years the so-called "student activity committee" has been imposing on the student body some entertainments called "extra attractions." In spite of the high powered advertisements and salesmanship on the part of the "Student Activity Committee," it has been unable to draw at most one-half of the student body—a number that is at least necessary to give a warrant of their coming. Sound thinking will reveal that anything given for the student body is an absolute waste. Anything given for the sake of mere prestige, without the

appreciation of the majority of the student body, is a misrepresentation of the school, and worse than that, pure squandering of money.

The committee will perhaps attempt to defend itself on the ground that it is trying to develop an appreciation for high-class attractions. Their intentions are no doubt good, but their results are most fatal. There is no sense in trying to develop in students an appreciation for Duncan and Allen when Duncan and Allen are in Sale Hall auditorium and Morehouse students are in their rooms. If money is spent for any kind of entertainment which the students do not desire, the expenditure is pure and simply stupidity. The money may as well be thrown into a river.

All of this has been said to make one suggestion: The student activity committee should circulate unbiased questionnaires among the students in an effort to find out what they want, and stop trying to impose upon the body what the committee thinks it ought to have. It is pathetic that we have to pay for what a half dozen fellows think we ought to have, and vainly beg for things we want and never get.

FRATERNITY OR CLUB?

By DREW DAYS

The fraternal organizations in operation on our college campus, similar to those found on most of the nation's campuses, were founded on more or less social footings. The idea, in each instance, was to do something special in connection with the social aspect of college life. As most of us have learned, man is instinctively gregarious in nature. Evidence of this may easily be found in the family unit, the religious group, the separate and strongly knit school group, the dormitory room caches, and the saw in the above mentioned fact a distinctive opportunity of campus pals.

The founders of the various Greek-letter fraternities for more permanent and well defined lines of demarcation, so they proceeded to take good advantage. The results of the seeds that were planted years ago are everywhere to be seen at the present, when we consider the rich outgrowth that has resulted.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as we shall presently attempt to discover, the original plants have, perhaps, not developed into the trees of their kind. Even at half glance, we can hardly fail to notice the decided changes that have taken place as a result of the numerous prunings and graftings that each unit has experienced. Besides the original plan to make the social aspect of college life interesting for a fortunate few, many activities embracing intellectual achievement, political prerogative, and various other efforts designed to win public approval have been taken on by the Greek-letter organizations.

In the first case, men who did not fit into the particular schemes of social brotherhood were barred in order to eliminate any alien cogs in the fraternal machine. The embracement of the other features by a few modern fraternities has made it easier for a larger number to "crash" the sacred gates of fraternalism. Nowadays it is common for a man to be drawn into a particular "frat" because (in spite of the fact that he may not be one to fit into the brotherhood) he may possess certain abilities that would tend to raise the status of the "frat" from an accomplishment point of view. Very often do we find men becoming affiliated with a certain "frat" because the president of some large industrial concern

in a remote section of the country also wears the emblem seen on certain fellows in the student group. Can we eliminate the fact that the fraternal organizations on each individual campus must be considered on the basis of the relative worth of the immediate chapters? If we cannot, then, we must discipline our thinking along lines occasioned thereby. In many instances the various campus chapters are rapidly becoming clubs of one sort or another. Since this is true, the question arises as to whether it would not be more expedient from an economic, a physical, or a social aspect—or from perhaps all three aspects, to eliminate the costly fraternity in favor of the chapter club. Decidedly no; because the club fails to incorporate the all important idea of brotherhood. How then shall we "fraternity men" proceed to lift the hood of abhorrence and ridicule from the heads of our beloved "frats"? Without a doubt, it must be along lines which proceed from the fundamentals of brotherhood, but pauses long enough on the way to take on these various accomplishments and expediencies that tend to ennoble the organization. A thing of this sort can only be done by way of a more exacting selection of membership, with greater emphasis upon the advantages and opportunities afforded by his student brothers—(for long ago has the false notion of rubbing brotherly elbows with the "points of pride" in every Greek letter group been exploded); with more consideration for the candidates in question, as to whether their eyes are wide open; and with the all-important ideal of furtherance of true brotherhood, where even indications can be found.

This done, we move a stride nearer the type of campus brotherhood that predicates the noble school spirit (by way of unit accomplishment): we arrive at a keener consideration of the national consciousness; and we finally rest in that greatest and most necessary international oneness.

WHY DO WE ATTEND COLLEGE?

By GEORGE H. EDWARDS

In your estimation, is this a vital question? How much consideration have you given to it? Is your college life proving a success? Does there seem to be something lacking? Do you not think that necessity calls forth from you a complete survey of your college days to be? When may we consider ourselves educated? Is it not true that we, as a race, are becoming better educated? BUT, ARE WE BECOMING MORE INTELLIGENT?

All these questions may have a tendency to place one in a dilemma if no consideration has been given to them before now. There will possibly be a desire to doubt the ability of the writer to present such questions with an expectation of answering them. Let us clarify that before we proceed. Such is not the intention of this article. Its main purpose is to stimulate within us a realization of our condition, as it is, and our condition to be.

To be frank, the majority of us upon leaving our homes, our mothers and fathers, in many cases for the first time, to come to college, had one purpose in mind: to prepare ourselves for that eternal war, the battle of existence. This, beyond a doubt, was the main purpose; but how many of us have considered the many phases of this purpose?

It is the concensus of opinion that one is educated in proportion to the amount of training he has secured, in proportion to the number of books he has read, the

number of degrees one has received. But does intelligence increase proportionately to education, granting that we are endowed with an element of common sense as a nucleus?

Without disputing the fact that the theories of others, placed in books for our convenience, are the basic foundation of education, we cannot truthfully say that they are the foundation for the complete development of our intelligence. Many other factors must be considered whose development is dependent upon ourselves.

Can you imagine an expert runner winning a race without legs? Oh, yes you can—if you can imagine yourself achieving success in life without friends. An intelligent person realizes the value of true friends; realizes the necessity of comradeship, the necessity of co-operation. Do we realize these things? If so, why are we not practicing them? Why do we not show more of a spirit of unification?

We were born in an environment which necessitates our acting as a unit. We were fortunate, I dare say, in having been born in such an environment. It offers possibilities of achievement, it extends to us the opportunity to become creative. But can we, individually, make our achievements active? Let us not deceive ourselves by believing such to be true. Progress can only be made through co-operation, and true co-operation is based upon friendship, a thorough understanding of each other, a sincere desire to help each other, not for personal benefit, but for the benefit of all.

We are divided. We have no spirit as of one. LET US COME TOGETHER. LET US FIGHT TOGETHER. FIGHT FOR MOREHOUSE. FIGHT FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR ALL.

We know that today the one great factor proving detrimental to the progress of our race is the lack of co-operation. Shall we stimulate this factor to a continued life, or shall we begin a new era?

Think and become active before it is too late.

Hugh Black says—

"Our friends see the best in us and by that very fact call forth the best from us."

OPEN LETTER TO THE FRESHMEN

Dear Gentlemen: At a recent student meeting one of our representatives came before the body and tried to explain that his mission was to get the reaction of the group to the October *Tiger*, and to get, if possible, some suggestions which might make the paper a brighter and more pleasant thing. This quickly done, he produced a pencil and paper, declared bravely that the house was opened, and was immediately confounded by a lad who rose from his seat to tell our representative how unfair the paper had been to your class. You hadn't been welcomed "on the front page," nor had the first issue been a "Freshman Issue." With this he sat down again. Our representative was about to explain, but the usual disorder of college men in student meetings, along with a ringing bell, nipped his effort before it flowered. Fearing that your mediator's honest but a trifle inappropriate attitude toward the *Tiger* has in some degree altered whatever decent opinions you might have had of us and our purer motives, we are writing you these few lines to somewhat clarify the business.

We were quite aware that it would be fitting to welcome you in our primal issue, and we intended to do so

editorially. But just when we were about to go about it, one Mr. W. A. Allen, III, sent in a very inspired and well-written piece which he appropriately titled *A Welcome to Freshmen*. It is true that Mr. Allen's composition was a welcome from the Sophomores, but feeling, gentlemen, that you would accept it as a general welcome from us all we went rashly ahead and printed it. And now we've made your friend (the fellow who rose up, remember?), and perhaps you, quite angry with us!

Now, if you aren't angry, you might conveniently stop here. If you are, please bear awhile to the end, for there is more to say. If you will look in the last issue at the material which occupies by mistake the editorial space, you will find in the right column certain words and phrases which loudly sing our admiration for your class. We (the editor, really) were bold enough to say that it appeared that the paper had (forgive the quotation) "its only touch of hope in the breasts of Freshmen," and we went on to say kind things about your "arresting ambitions." These were bad phrases, truly, but they were awfully sincere. Now, gentlemen, we exposed ourselves to the ire of three other classes of men when we said those things. We openly and impartially called you the salt of the campus. Do you believe we could have braved these risks if our belief in you hadn't prodded us to that dangerous extreme?

We didn't greet you as a body because we didn't want to table Mr. Allen III's *Welcome* in order to do so. This would have been asking a little too much. We couldn't make the paper a "Freshman Issue" because only one of you (Mr. Edward Maddox) sent us anything to print. One of our chief purposes is to get out a better issue each month. When a manuscript comes in we read it thoroughly, with no serious eye on the author's creed, fraternal leanings, his classification, nor the color of his ink. (We publish the best of the contributions, if that is not saying too much.) If the material is good, we immediately say, "Splendid" or "Magnificent," or just "Good." If it is bad, we call an associate editor (who must have something to do, you know) and have him send it back to the writer with a note of thanks, regret, hope, and whatever suggestions we can make. We are very serious about any creative expression.

This is everybody's paper, neglected though it is, and we shall look eagerly to you for its support.

Thanking you for your patience (if you got this far), we are

THE ED.

P. S.—Since the above was written there has come to us a note whose tone definitely assures us that *one* Freshman has been offended, anyway. (See *Welcome and Forgotten*). Mr. Tucker, the author of the note, must have cut chapel on the days we begged *everyone* for *anything*, and he must have failed to read the material from which we have quoted (see above). We do not blame him for either of the mentioned evils. And we forgive him, and will clear up the whole matter by saying, "Gentlemen of the Freshman Department, we fling wide the doors (or gates) of the *Maroon Tiger* to you and your literary pieces. You have come fresh and eager from all over the country (meaning U. S. A. proper) bearing rich offerings to lay on our humble literary altar. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!" No kidding, fellows, we want you to swing with us.

On Suffering

By BESSIE GARDENER

I am no philosopher, nor do I aspire to be one, yet I have a genuine contempt for that philosophy which claims that suffering refines and mellows humanity. I do not believe that vexations and disappointments leave one with a calmness of spirit and a feeling of benignity. I have seen too many people broken on the wheel of suffering. I have seen too many beautiful souls go down into the quagmire of pain and come up resentful and cynical. I have seen trusting men turn distrustful. I have known smooth, even temperaments grow into twisted, and gnarled natures. I have seen hopeful men become hopeless shadows. I have known those who have gone through the "valley of the shadow of death" and returned, bleeding, sore, and saddened.

Nature shows in every way what happens to even the "least of her little ones," that encounter danger. A tree may be torn by the wind. The blast may not be of sufficient force to rend it asunder. It may bend, yet not break. There is no more pathetic sight than a bent, twisted tree, with melancholy branches and drooping leaves, trying to stand its place in the midst of trees which lift their majestic limbs to the sky without impediment. That tree may bring forth neither fruit nor flowers, and is henceforth "good for nothing, but to be cut down and cast into the fire."

Human history abounds with lives made miserable by untoward circumstances and conditions. William Cowper, thou wert poet and sufferer! How oft in the dim recesses of your mind must you have called for peace? How your shy, sensitive soul must have shivered within you when suffering garbed itself as the school bully and towered over you! Your songs have been sweet, but how much sweeter, if you could have sung them in the glorious sunshine of good will and sublimity!

And you, Samuel Taylor Coleridge—do we not know what excruciating pains must have led you to seek that very manna from the gods—opium? Yes, we must be content with fragments of *Kubla Kahn*. You gave us just a blessed glimpse of Paradise and then—but you could do no more—the door was closed to you.

And Percy Shelly, how you must have hated your Simon Legrees! Their lashes cut your naked back, but unlike the poor cowering slaves, you stretched your sensitive soul to its utmost and rebelled against all existing forms of human society. So, like the beggar, we must accept your choice crumbs of lyric sweetness. We must push aside your embittered threats because we know you went into the world "to war against mankind," not of your own choice, but because this world you might have loved imposed itself upon you.

"Fresh spring, and summer and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief but not delight
No more—oh, never more!"

Suffering does not refine the human soul. It makes the already beautiful life ugly. It kills ambitions and destroys dreams. It wrecks lives and uproots ideals. It rebels against man and questions the mercy of God. It is not to be trusted.

Verse and Worse

BLACK ATLAS

By WALLACE MOONI WILLIAMS

Tramp on that dust, Black Atlas,
Shout thy lusty jungle call,
Sing while blazing sunsets fall;
Throb thy echoing tom-tom!
Pick on the strings of my heart
With thine eternal drum-drum!

Where the dusty basin lies,
And where drones flaming flies;
Ah, flower adorned land
Ruled by ebony jungle kings;
Land from whence my fathers came.
Where nature's feather choir sings.
Before the world thou reeked fame.

Tramp on that dust, Black Atlas,
Beat thy hollow earthen drum.
With monotonous tum-tum.
Thou'lt rule the world down thru the years.
Before thy might the earth will rock.
Though mine eyes shed blood and tears.

Tramp on that dust, Black Atlas;
Thou art lord of the land
Where the languid Niger flows,
Where forever the tropic grows;
And my God lent not His hand.
Beasts were thy playmates
When the world knew not thy realm.
Prance on that dust, thy jungle prance.
Dance on that dust, thy tribal dance.
With a monotonous tum-tum-tum,
Ever beating drum-drum-drum.

A PRAYER IN A NEGRO COUNTRY CHURCH

By BERNARD A. EDWARDS

In de begynnen'. God created Heben an' Earth,
Wid all hits critters, sadness, an' mirth.
An' den He set Adam an' Eve down hyah to fare
As bes' dey could in song an' prayer.
So, chilluns, let's gather 'round more nearer,
Lak tremblin' sheep dat's lost in de col';
An' bow down our heads in humble prayer,
An' to de Lord our troubles unfol'.

Now, Lord, how come You made dis world so distractin'?
Hit keeps us always fightin',
Tryin' to decide whether to be good or whether to be
lewd.
An' Lord, You know hit's secha fad to be bad.

Now, Lord, how come you didn't make us more lak You?
Den hit wouldn't be so hard to be good an' pure.
An' den we wouldn' go an' git drunk an' be bad an' sin:
An' den come back home an' make a prayer dat's far too
thin.

Now, Lord, You know dat ain't go'n' do.
'Cause dem dat's goin' to Heben gotta be good an' pure.

An' las' night I seen de stars in de sky spell
Dat we wasn' goin' no where but straight to Hell,
Ef we didn' stop stealin' an' gittin' in fights
An' goin' around tellin' lies an' shootin' dice.
No, Lord, You know dat ain't go'n' do,
'Cause dem dat's goin' to Heben is de few dat's true.

So Lord, down on our bended knees, we humbly be-
seech Thee to please
Save our souls from cert'n damnation, fire, brimstone,
an' elimination.

A-men.

TO MY BROTHER

By a Former Student of Emory University

He stands alone; on his face a look
Of resignation to the inevitable.
He cannot help it—our brother, yet our slave!
Slave to blind hatred smouldering in the fires
Of a cause long since lost;
In color;
Slave to tradition, with chains of misunderstanding
Clasping hands and feet, so that steps are faltering
And slow, the grasp futile—and helpless!

Yet, hear his song!
From his lips, aye, from his heart
There springs the song of triumph!
Triumph shall come when the God of Righteousness
Shall come;
Burdens shall be lifted from shoulders
Scarred and marked from cruel blows;
Patience, patience, work, work.
Toil and sweat, sing, sing SING!
Days shall come with freedom!
See your visions, dream your dreams!
At last you shall stand, and take your place
Among the races of man—
Unhampered by chains of pride or hate!

He stands alone—yet not alone!
For hearts beat in unison with his;
In his longing for freedom,
In his struggles for justice,
In his searching for happiness,
In his toiling and sweating—
Hearts beat, yearningly, with his!
Come, Brother, lift your heart,
Come let us fight—
Fight with peace,
Fight with love,
Fight with sacrifice—
Give our lives;
Mingle our very souls together—
Your burdens are mine, your chains are mine.
Bind them on my feet, fetter my hands—
Come, kill me with hate and scorn—
But no, you, who hate the slave, do not hate
A slave in white!

But Love shall win—as it always wins:
Brother shall die for brother—
And Christ, our Brother in love—
Shall be brother to all!

From The Ladies!

Dear, it's really none of your business whether or not I love you. You hold my hand—and for a day or so, my heart; but still and withal that's none of your business.

You came, and saw, and thought you conquered. Oh, well, you did conquer! Is that to your credit or mine? What do you think? You then did the ordinary things, with more intensity, perhaps, than is customary. You felt that you should monopolize my hours; should call me twice a day; that you should be near me, desire me. I have a little presentiment that—out of your conceit, of course—you felt that the moments of quick, singing ecstasy were yours to control. I felt the disappointment in you when, with the perfect setting, my voice refused to grow husky and broken with "I love you" in response to your eternal query.

Do believe me! I love you. But, my dear, you are merely the object of my affection. The glow, the warmth that became a part of me and enriched my life, that quickened the ecstasy of living—these things are mine, all mine. You cannot say, then, that I am yours alone. Since I have lost you I have become the world's.

I go forth on the earth preparing your way. You're my task—and my task is loving the world.

You see, this is what I am saying: You must not become my follower or walk in my path. You must go your way—but remember that you are mine. I shall remove all obstacles from your path—unseen. And I shall guide your way—unseen. I will elude you always. When you are thinking that you hold me closest and nearest to you—even then I will have escaped you. This does not mean that I do not love you. I do. But listen, all this is none of your business.

—HELLEN.

CROWDS

Nothing puzzles me more than a crowd. As I move along with the crowd I find myself wondering, guessing, and even worrying about its general makeup. Wondering, guessing, and worrying about that which, perhaps, does not concern me. I say, "perhaps," for one of the great mysteries of the crowd is that I cannot be too certain that it does not concern me.

What worries me? Well, I see some moving along quietly and peacefully, and I wonder why other souls who pass by delight in exciting thunder, rushing hastily along, and leaving clouds of dust behind them. Oh, I see all sorts of people. I see those who are sad, and I wonder the cause of their sadness; I see those who *seem* to be glad, and wonder if they really are. I see those who are good and those who are bad; those who lie and those who steal; those who kill and those who save; those who love and those who hate; those who smile and those who frown. In the crowd I see law makers and law breakers.

And are you asking, "Which is which?" Now, how do you think I know? That is just what puzzles me. I don't *know*, but am only guessing that they are there, because *everybody* is in a crowd.

—EMMA WEATHERS.

RIDING BACKWARDS

It's worse than being a freshman, more terrifying than an initiation, and it exceeds all that can be well included in an embarrassing moment.

Riding backwards causes me to have an awful feeling. I am having an awful feeling now. Have you ever found that you were riding backwards? If not, then you cannot feel very keenly and appreciatively the delights of always moving forward.

During the variegated years of my experience I have, with not too much effort, avoided placing myself on the reversed seat of any moving contrivance. It is unpleasant and somehow unfair to view the object of one's intellectual desire after having passed it. When ever this happens to me, I begin searching for a method of reverse.

Without a doubt there was an aim in my mind as I entered this school. It happened to include the following words: "Dig, discover and use." While riding reversed, I missed my aim because of my discomfort.

I am happy to know that there is a more comfortable seat for me, though highly pessimistic my thoughts may seem. As I try to pick up some of the things glimpsed along the educational view, I shall hug them to my breast of thought as some of the most precious things in life. Through these treasures I hope to secure a seat that doesn't ride backwards.

—ELIZABETH ADAMS.

SPRING SONG IN AUTUMN

I would not wait
For May or June,
April is enough
To die in—
I could
In reciprocity
Give my young body
In new death
For all the new births
The earth can claim!

POST MORTEM

Nothing's dead that's
Six feet under;
Death and Love
Defy the Thunder.
All that grasses
Would resound
Echoes deeper
Under ground.
Love retorts I've
Heard in death
Made me all but
Hold my breath.
Nothing's dead that's
Under clay . . .
(They thought me dead
The other day).

—FRANCES BETHEA.

Portrait Of A Poet

The poet stands and looks at life with us and is able to say something about it; something we wished we had said. He sees through the confusion order; in the chaos peace; peace which makes life's briefness a mellow and more complete experience. He is a hunter of the beauty in the world.

Sterling Brown is a young Negro poet who has dug some very good poetry out of interesting Negro people; people from the simple and more beautiful part of us. He has not dealt with the radiant debutante, the sophisticated collegian, nor the successful doctor, preacher and lawyer. And this has seriously alarmed and offended some of the New Negroes who feel that the urban, intellectual colored man should be written about. Now, this would be quite all right if it were not for the overlooked fact that the intelligent Negro has been written about ever since writing began. Save for his color, the intellectual Negro is not dissimilar to the Nordic, as far as literature is concerned. Whenever a race sheds its culture and particular characteristics and assumes those of another group, it immediately gives up its racial identity to become an imitation, a good or a poor one. Shylock is a Jew because he maintains to the end Jewish love and hate, Jewish pride and prejudice. On the other hand, Hamlet is as much a Negro as he is a Dane, for he is a *Man* caught in the linc of prevailing conditions. With smallness and literary blindness some of us violently object to O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* (who, incidentally, is *Anyman*, with a Negro dialect). The Emperor's own character defeated him in the play, and many colored folk who never read the piece intelligently heard of it and didn't like this at all. They cried that the drama was symbolic of a serious element of defeatism in the Negro, and Mr. O'Neill hadn't done right by us. Richard III's character defeated the brief king, also; yet the English people haven't become hurt, and they seem to be getting on very well as a nation. Now, I believe a turbaned woman coming from market with a basket of fruit on her head is a bit more picturesque than a co-ed running home to mother with a report card. Sterling Brown must feel something like this fundamentally, for his best poetry is rich with the beauty he has found in the former sort of colored folk, who, it seems to me, are our only Negroes.

I first saw Mr. Brown at a little party where he was playing a very bad game of checkers with Mr. Dean, who was playing a very bad game of checkers also. Now a checker board, like father's fragrant briar pipe, is never, never to be exposed to company, much less to *important* company. But somehow this one was out, and was being enjoyed as well as glorified by the poet. There were many who neglected the proper bridge table to get a chance to play at this very interesting and exciting game! I mention this because it characterizes one phase of Mr. Brown's poetry and, incidentally, his obvious personality. His verse glorifies that which we have overlooked or undervalued. It comes full of bursting, mellow fruit we have unintentionally trampled upon in our little wild and frantic rush we don't know where. I last saw him riding about in a very age-beaten automobile, delivering autographed copies of his book, *Southern Road*, to people who should have come after them. But there he was,

enjoying what others would shrink from, wringing strange joy out of the fruit we thought was dry. This is the man; always completely comfortable; always generous and fine. This *seems* to be the man.

The poet was born in Washington, May, 1901. He received his education at the local public schools; at Williams College, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa; at Harvard, where he received the Master of Arts degree; "and on a farm near Laurel, Md." Since then he writes he has been seeking "a more liberal education teaching school." At present he is Professor of English at Howard, and a regular contributor to *Opportunity*. He is a quiet-spoken gentleman with thick dark hair, an unexciting face, and eyeglasses which don't become him at all. He is near enough to six feet to be pointed out in a crowd. He has a charm which stresses *your* importance; a natural grace which puts you startlingly at ease without making you a bit sorry that it did. His color is light brown wishing to be dark. If you read his poetry first and then meet him, *he* will startle you. If you meet him before reading his poetry, *it* will startle you. (It might be advisable to get an introduction while thoughtfully scanning his works.) You see, he isn't wholly a passive poet at all. His thrusts at prejudice and injustice are very clean, clear and sharp. His bitterness, however, is very neatly balanced by his easy-rolling humor. He doesn't let it get him, for he seems to feel that laughing loudly enough at problems does as much to them as railing—and it's kinder to the throat. But the bitterness is there; the bitterness which I never saw in the private man; the man who is brave enough to live his own life; who disturbs his more sober friends by doing a very thorough and fine imitation of Groucho Marx—glasses, grin, cigar, and all—when the occasion inspires it.

I don't know why O'Neill made Brutus Jones a Negro: but one of his reasons must have been inspired by the loveliness of the rich musical dialect some dark folk speak. If you read Poet Brown's compositions aloud, you will find that beauty in the low, swinging swiftness of the dialect. Take this from *Old Man Buzzard*:

Death comes orderin'
Folks aroun'.

and this from *Georgie Grimes*, who has just stuck a knife deep into her lover:

No livin' woman got de right
To do no man dat way.

If you forget English and think of speech, these lines may prove good ones.

This is a part of the man and a part of the book. I would rather read the book again than try to find out more about him. The book gets clearer at each reading; the man becomes more elusive. Not that he wants to. Who is Sterling; what is he? Even his best friend won't tell you: he doesn't know. But we can safely say that Sterling Brown is a study of what is possible in the coming Negro. He is brave enough to stand off and see the race as we and others see it, and he is big enough to put the truth of his findings on paper. He is proving that only the surface of the Negro and his literature has been struck. He is a definite force in a race which must so grow that those who could hurt it won't, and those who would hurt it can't.

—McIVER.

News

A SATELLITE IN THE POETICAL HEAVENS

By W. W. WHITE

Whenever I shall think of those men in my poetical heavens—Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Milton—I shall remember to think of William Stanley Braithwaite, Negro author and critic. I shall never forget the soft-voiced gentleman whose eloquence and personality thrilled me severely. What is there in the gentle features of some men that tells of power—power which could shape the destinies of men? Perhaps it is the light—the burning light—that fires his eyes; the light which penetrates the shade of experience and searches the whole range of earth and God.

On Wednesday morning, November 14, Mr. Braithwaite visited Morehouse College to lecture on *Spiritual Emancipation*. In his talk the poet described the progress of the human race as a long line marching through the ages. One by one the nations join this line and move to the front or are pushed aside by the moving hosts.

"The Israelites, though enslaved, created a religion and literature: an example of *Spiritual Emancipation*."

"The black-face minstrel has been used as an instrument by the white race to interpret the Negro as loud, over-bearing and ignorant."

"All men are brothers, created by an equal faith."

"Let us be collectively one in building race power."

On Thursday, November 15, Mr. Braithwaite came to Spelman's Howe Hall. There he read by request the introduction to his 1914 *Anthology*, talked about our leading figures, and read from our Negro poets. When he had finished he left. And on the spot of stage where he stood there actually fell a soft beam from the sun. I snatched up my note book and—proud, glad, and strangely entranced—fled from the place.

MOREHOUSE AND SOCIAL SCHOOL STUDENTS WED

A few Sundays ago, in the cool grey of morning, two very young people went to a little church around the corner of Mason-Turner Avenue, on Ashby Street, and were quietly, beautifully and firmly married to each other by Father Bowden, the priest of St. Paul's. The best man arrived just as the lovely bride (Miss Aleen J. Poitier, of Miami, A. K. A. graduate of Howard, and a student of the Atlanta School of Social Work) and the groom (Mr. Leroy L. Henderson, of Miami, and a Morehouse man) were being bound and blessed by the minister. The tardy fellow was promptly called by both bride and groom "The worst of best men." for which he thanked them. In a special statement to the *Tiger* the blushing groom said, "We married each other for love and we're going to stick it out, aren't we, darling?" To which the charming little lady answered, "Yes, dear." This was sweet and revealed great matrimonial possibilities. Mr. Henderson has apparently started off with the first firm word. Whether he ends with it or not, the *Tiger* very sincerely congratulates the brave young people and wish them every happiness and blessing life and their common sense will bring.

HONOR ROLL CELEBRATION

By J. K. NEAL

Wednesday, October 26, the regular chapel hour was set aside in honor of Honor Roll Students. The Honor Roll was based on the work done the second semester of 1933-34.

The Honor Students were presented to the student body by President Archer. At the end of the presentation, the expected was an applaud from the student body; but there came none. President Archer said: "If this was a football team being introduced, there would be much applause showing respect and honor to the glory of the men. This was an experiment and the result was the thing I was expecting."

Then the question arose, why did the student body refuse to pay respect to the students whose abilities to make the Honor Roll made them stand out from the crowd in scholarship? There may be one or two reasons for this. Perhaps only a few students on the Honor Roll are majoring in subjects thru which they can not "bluff" their way. These subjects are Chemistry, Biology, Physics, Mathematics, etc. On the other hand, there may be a large representation of students on the Honor Roll who are majoring in Sociology, History, Education, etc., courses which the average student terms "set-ups." Consequently, there is no respect, nor honor, nor glory paid to a group of students who may have made the Honor Roll by majoring in these fields. The other reason may be that a large majority of the students are in school merely to get by in their studies. They are only concerned with passing. From such a group one would not expect a favorable response to an introduction to Honor Students.

These may have been the reasons, but whatever the reason was, the stimulus was not sufficient to bring a response from the group.

Mr. James P. Brawley, Dean of Clark University, made a short talk on "The Values of Scholarships." He traced the history of education, beginning with the Greek system and coming up to that of the 20th century, taking in such personalities as Socrates (and his great guiding principle "know thyself"), Plato, and Aristotle. Very briefly he discussed the Revival of Learning, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Bacon and Milton.

SCHOLARSHIP HONORS

(For work completed in 1933-34)

JUNIOR CLASS

First Award—Balamu Mukasa.

Second Award—William Humbles, Alex Stickney.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Award—George Edwards.

Second Award—John Long.

FRESHMAN CLASS

First Award—Asa Yancey.

Second Award—Benjamin Ingersoll.

FIRST SEMESTER—1934-35

William Allen, John Birchette, Dillard Brown, Winfred Bryson, John Calhoun, Darwin Creque, Charles Darkins, Drew Days, Fred Dorsey, Ross Douthard, Bernard Edwards, George Edwards, Alvin Harrison, Fred Haynes, William Humbles, Benjamin Ingersoll, Hobart Jackson, Mordis Jackson, Herman Johnson, Thomas Kilgore, Charles Lawrence, John Long, Wilbur Martin, Otis McCree, Lester McFall, Eugene McGowan, Balamu Mukasa, William Shealey, Alex Stickney, Charles Webster, Asa Yancey.

The Theatre

WHY THE NEGRO THEATRE

Until a few days ago, when I read an interview with Richard B. Harrison by Isaac Fisher in the *Southern Workman*, a magazine published by Hampton Institute, I had much respect for Mr. Harrison and his achievements in the field of drama. After reading Mr. Harrison's views concerning the Negro and Drama I am forced to change whatever opinion I might have had of him. Mr. Harrison, in a few words, emphasized the fact that the Negro should segregate himself in the field of drama and confine his activity only to those scenes that depict the "true" Negro. To quote Mr. Harrison:

"The themes of the Negro playwright must be Negroid, definitely and unmistakably."

In other words, Mr. Harrison is trying to tell us that only such scenes as those that carry the old dialect, the levee camp dirges, and the Negro in burlesque, are suitable to the Negro in the field of drama. To support our belief that this is what Mr. Harrison means, we call to question his words, "definitely and unmistakably." Such words unquestionably carry the inference that Negroid classification should be made by the Negro in drama. Recalling such productions of Negro "classification" as *Emperor Jones*, *Stevadore* and *Green Pastures*, one must shudder to imagine the witnessing a fifty years hence production of plays of these types which are supposed to portray a fac simile of a race as progressive as the Negro race. Mr. Harrison goes on to say:

"So far as my information goes, no Negro playwright has succeeded in having any of his offerings accepted and produced with success if they dealt with themes of different types."

Maybe Mr. Harrison is right in saying that no Negro has succeeded whose offerings were of different type. But does this fact mean that such a situation will be true in the future? In all period of history where radical changes have been made, a transitional period, a breaking of the custom period, has existed. Why can't this be the case of the Negro in drama? If the scripts of the Negro playwright who writes not of Negroid classification is not accepted today, who can say that it will not be accepted tomorrow? This point of view tends towards stagnation, instability, and Mr. Harrison will have a hard time trying to convince the young Negro on such a point.

No, Mr. Harrison, we cannot accept your view of the point. We do not believe that there should be any such thing as the Negro Theatre. We believe that there should be an American Theatre in which Negroes become an integral part. Seated upon your throne in your heavenly Kingdom we can see why you are preaching a passive religion. Yours is a lifetime that is spent. You can safely turn westward and say, "All is well; I am at peace with the world." All of this with your face towards the setting sun.

We young Negroes must not heed your cry. We must surge forward deeper into the field of drama, always with hopes of the transitional period; always with our faces towards the rising sun.

Dramatically yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

Religion

CREATIVE RELIGION

When Harry Emerson Fosdick dedicated his beautiful ten million dollar cathedral on Manhattan's ultra-smart Riverside Drive just four years ago last month, he expressed his belief that the church ought to make real to the real men and women of today the beauty of life as they feel and know it and that the minister should be as creative as the musician, painter, or poet. In other words, the famous pulpiter was saying that religion should be a creative force helping us to take the stuff of life and to mold it into shapes of beauty.

Now, when I speak of religion I do not have in mind sectarian or denominational arias or traditional accumulations or some outworn mythologies. Neither do I have in mind any particular system of beliefs or mere forms of behavior. When I speak now of religion in this article, I speak of life. For I am of the opinion that religion is bigger than any particular sect or denomination, broader than any creed or dogma, larger than any church or any particular faith. Religion is not a part of life; it is life: life at its highest and best. Only such religion can be a creative force.

Religion in this sense possesses two necessary qualities. One of these qualities is intellectual. Religion is a philosophy of life, one's attitude in response to the meaning of this vast and mysterious universe. A religion without intelligence always degenerates into fanaticism and paganism.

Another one of these qualities is emotional. Not *emotionalism*, but emotion. Feelings, sentiments and emotions are vital elements of religion. A religion without emotion becomes as dry as chaff and therefore has no appeal to the human heart.

Only a combination of intelligence and emotion makes possible a creative force which enables man to make this world a better place in which to live. One has only to consult the history of mankind to see how true that statement is. In the four centuries of Greek ascendancy of culture which culminated in the glorious era of Pericles, we see intelligence and emotion in a co-operative enterprise that bequeathed to generations yet unborn, and exhaustless, product of loveliness to enrich the world's heritage of culture. The Golden Age of Prophecy in Israel, when men of vision and conviction like Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Hosea and Micah, thundered their message of social righteousness, is a demonstration of the creative power of intelligence and emotion. The Renaissance which began with the glorious masterpieces of Leonardo di Vinci and Michael Angelo in Italy and reached its climax in the great literature of Shakespeare, Jonson and Spencer in Elizabethan England, is eloquent testimony to the creative power of emotion and intelligence.

Religion at its best is just like that, and its creative power for good is an inseparable part of the history of civilization. Behind the great movements and reforms that have lifted mankind from one level of culture to another has been the creative power of religion. All worthwhile adventures and discoveries, explorations and achievements, have been indebted to this miraculous

(Continued on Page 11)

The Tiger's Paw

TIGERS IMPRESSIVE IN 6-0 DEFEAT OF 'BAMA STATE

Montgomery Ala.—Exhibiting a rare rendition of superb line play, the Morehouse College Maroon Tigers set back a fighting eleven representing Alabama State Teachers' College at Cramton Bowl, Friday night, November 2, by a score of 6-0.

The Maroon and White aggregation, which had suffered successive thrashings at the hands of Florida, Talladega and Morris Brown, and which was rated the *underdog* in the contest with the Alabamans, played an inspiring brand of football and completely repulsed every strategic maneuver on the part of the opposition. The Maroon forwards outcharged their heavier opponents to the man as they demonstrated before some 800 spectators the best defensive play witnessed in the Southern Conference during the current campaign.

The magnificent performance of Coach "Ink" Williams' charges cannot be attributed to the sole efforts of any single gridder. The eighteen players who were fortunate enough to see action in the conflict threw themselves into the thick of the battle with the typical Morehouse spirit, fighting to secure their initial victory and a good rating in the conference standing. The consistent punting of Boswell, who averaged 49 yards, and whose best effort went soaring 68 yards from the line of scrimmage; the vicious, demon-like tackling of Young, who was down to nab the safety man on each kick; the spirited and sensational play of Capt. McFall, who did everything required of a good guard; the daring defensive play of Dawson and Haynes, who seemed to be performing in the 'Bama State secondary so frequent was their appearance in the opponents backfield; the brainy field generaling of McCurine, who outwitted the home team at every move; the line-plunging of Myers and Scott, who tore the Hornet wall to shreds; the punting returning of LaMar, who side-stepped and hipped his way past would-be tacklers throughout the combat; the all-around playing of Alexander and Stephens, who consistently opened gaping holes in the Alabama line; were all factors that assured victory from the outset.

The game got under way with Morehouse receiving the kick. LaMar made a nice return to the Morehouse 40. Boswell punted first down, and a kicking duel ensued throughout the first half, the visitors holding the edge. Alabama threatened several times in this half but every attempt to score was halted so effectively and thoroughly by the men in Maroon that the Black and Gold representatives usually lost over 20 yards in a full set of downs once they got inside the shadows of the goal posts. On one occasion Alabama had the ball on the Morehouse 7 yard stripe, first down and goal to go. In three downs the boys from the Red Hill carried their opponents back to the Morehouse 43. The half ended with no score.

The lone marker of the fracas was chalked up early in the third period when Haynes, Morehouse's alert flankman and candidate for All-American, pounced on A. D. Brown's fumble on the Alabama 17 yard line. Three plays netted a touchdown. Haynes picked up 14 yards on two successive end-around plays to the 3 yard line, from which point Scott, pile-driver de luxe, bucked

the pebble-grained leather spheroid over the double chalked line. An effort by Pierro to place kick the extra point was low and wide.

Statistics on the fray show that Alabama made ten first downs to the six of Morehouse, but Morehouse's net total exceeded that of 'Bama's by 67 yards to 39.

"Red" Fields, considered by many experts as the most elusive back in the South, had an algebraic total of negative 11 yards for his right's work. Scrivens, Morris and A. D. Brown barely managed to gain more than they lost.

MOREHOUSE DEFEATED BY MORRIS-BROWN IN TRADITIONAL TEST

The Purple Wolverine of Morris Brown University defeated the Maroon Tiger of Morehouse College, Saturday afternoon at Ponce de Leon Park, October 27th. The score when the festivities were concluded gave the Wolverine its largest margin of victory over a Morehouse team in the history of the two institutions. The numerals were 22-0.

The game was not as lopsided as the score would have one believe. Morehouse, obviously stale from overtraining, played a fair game of football, but could not repulse the thundering herd of Wolverine backs that repeatedly and consistently bore down on her.

Early in the initial period, Morris Brown gained her first tally on a dart off tackle by Cooper, elusive Purple back. The extra point was missed. The remaining portion of the half was about evenly matched with Boswell getting off some nice punts behind an outcharged line. The work of Capt. McFall in guard and Young and Haynes at the flanks was quite outstanding for the Maroon in the half. It was their fine defense which prevented the score from mounting to gigantic heights.

The second half was about evenly contested and the Maroon line did itself proud as it repeatedly beat back its overrated opponents. A field goal by Dyke Smith, a blocked kick by Dan Comer, which he eventually covered for a touchdown, and a line plunge by Sam Jones for a marker represented the sum total of the scoring efforts of the Nicks clan in this half. The score in this half was the result of what the experts persist in calling a "break" in the game.

Statistics revealed that the Tigers made two first downs to the eight of their opponents. The game was marred and slowed up frequently by poor officiating.

TIGERS TAKE BULLDOGS INTO CAMP AT KNOXVILLE HOMECOMING

Knoxville, Tenn., November 10.—Before a colorful crowd of Knoxville students and alumni, who braved bad weather conditions to witness the K. C. Homecoming, Capt. McFall and his up-and-coming Tigers decisively defeated Wallace Hawkins' '34 edition of Bullpups by a score of 13-0.

Two touchdowns and one extra point comprise the numerals recorded, but a score twice as large would more adequately indicate the superiority of the boys from the Red Hills over the Tennesseans. The result was never in doubt from the outset, as the Smoky City representatives could not cope with the scintillating performance of the Williams' coached machine.

The game got under way with Morehouse receiving the kick and returning the pigskin to her own 33 yard line, from which point Boswell punted on first down. The field was slow, and both teams were afraid to open

up their offense as the oval was very slippery. The Gate City entry missed two chances to score in this half as the K. C. primary defense tightened when its goal line was threatened.

The half ended with no score and with Knoxville in possession of the ball on her own 2 yard line, having taken it on down at this point.

Coach Williams rushed his "Pony backfield" of Pierro at quarterback, LaMar and Ellis at the halves, and Jones at fullback, into the game to relieve McCurine, Myers, Scott and Boswell as the second half begun. Ellis was then replaced by Glenn. Within three minutes this new combination had chalked up a marker. The "pony" backs featured the third quarter as first one and then the other would break loose for a nice broken-field jaunt. Pierro ran his team *a la Carnides* and received much praise from the grandstand. His kicking was also good.

The substitute backs were yanked to start the fourth quarter, and the varsity four again injected. On the first play Scott drove like mad off his own left tackle and traveled a meager 37 yards to the goal line. In making this touchdown spree, the big Maroon fullback demonstrated a burst of speed and elusive technique unequalled in these parts by a large man on a wet field. Young fumbled his attempted kick for the extra point but treated the spectators to a rare exhibition of how a lineman carries a ball as he picked up the oval and lugged it across the line for the desired marker.

The game proceeded with Knoxville making a desperate bid to tally via the air. Her vaunted aerial attack failed to work, however, as several passes were intercepted and led to future Maroon threats. Young missed a field goal by inches to end one of these suppressed attacks.

The functioning of the Maroon line, composed of Young, Haynes, Dawson, Stephens, McFall, Johnson and Alexander, was something well worth watching and caused much favorable comment from the officials and the spectators. Williams, Saunders, Jeter, Cary and Martin performed nicely for Knoxville.

The game was marked by frequent substitutions, Morehouse employing 34 gridders to 16 for Knoxville.

CREATIVE RELIGION

(Continued from Page 9)

power. Under the creative force of religion the desert of man's life has bloomed and blossomed as a rose. The mind is stimulated; schools are established; learning is encouraged to open up its treasures of discoveries a hundred-fold. Industry is encouraged. Religion touches the heart, and man becomes noble with new life; talents are laid upon the altar of sacrifice.

If we could only realize the infinite possibilities of a creative religion, perhaps a hundred years from now we could amply be justified in holding for religion, as we have recently held for science, a Century of Progress Exposition.

HENRY EDWARDS BANKS, '36.

THANKSGIVING

I thank you
For your divine and lovely presence
In my garden
Of whispering flowers.

—W. W. WHITE.

Patter and Panning

Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, being indisposed one day, had posted on the door of his lecture room the following notice: "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes today."

A student who was a bit of a wag erased the "c" in "classes" (lasses). The professor, hearing of it, sent a messenger with instructions to erase the "l."

—Rev. Carstensen.

"WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING"

A large red rooster, who was the commander of his flock, found a hole under his fence one afternoon, and he strayed off into the adjoining lot. The neighboring lot happened to be an ostrich farm, and while strolling round he chanced upon an ostrich egg. He didn't know what it was, but he pecked at it and found it would roll. He pecked again and again, and during the process rolled it down to the hole through which he had crawled, and on into the barnyard. The hens gathered round to see what it was all about. Looking earnestly at his ladies, the rooster said, "Girls, I haven't brought this here because I have any complaint to make, but in these days of competition I just wanted to show you what others are doing."—*Wm. J. Woolley.*

Yen Sing Yung says the only way you can tell how a girl will turn out is to wait until the old folk turn in.

FLASH!!!

Youwsa, Youwsa, Youwsa, your monthly commentator greets you again with a bit of Yah, Yah.

I imagine, Cap'n, "Red" McFall, better known as the Rock of Gibraltar when it comes to dealing with the opposite sex, would like to know who the man from West Virginia is. To be specific, the man who consoles his girl friend while he partakes of grid activity.

"Preacher" Hall and "Texas" Tubbs are offering competition for one another in dealing with the Hembree flame. The Great Tubbs swears that he has the best go. But Mexic seems to yield to the cool Preacher. Now, who really has the best go?

Bear Robinson's girl, Naomie, dismissed the great god on his calling night, to attend a Morris Brown Pep Meeting. And on the following night her other boy friend calls (while the Illustrious Bear is trying to convey his point) to take her down to deah ole Casino to trip a light fantastic to the strains played by the Troubadours! What's the matter, Bear? Lost the old S. appeal?

Leaving you here with this short dit of data and disa until next time I remain—Your Monthly Commentator.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

Mr. John Young's article bearing the above title in the last issue caused quite a bit of fuss—mostly because the author's name wasn't printed. We want to be blamed entirely for this error. Mr. Young was innocent of the crime; quite innocent. The name was lost somewhere between our office and the printer's. No reward is offered.

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