

Maroon Tiger





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THE MAROON TIGER

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT



When Dixie Wilson asked Madame Schumann-Heink what she wanted for Christmas, the seventy-three year old singer said: "I want to feel that the day is real to everyone I meet. I want to hear one thing by which I may believe peace to the world is a little nearer. I want to meet on that day *one* person of wealth who has gone into the slums to change *one* situation of despair. I want to know that love and mercy have been given away in packages other than those tied with red tape." This is an editorial within itself. It expresses what every man should want to say about Christmas. It says in a few plain words what the first Christmas said to the world years ago.

I want to feel that the day is real to every one I meet. In our eternal rush we have forgotten our world of brothers. We are not their keepers, I know. And we mustn't get sentimental about that *brotherhood stuff*. The world is tied together with people. When one part of the string breaks the bundle spills. The man on the walk is as responsible for our being near the hearth as we are. It isn't a duty to thank him—for our duties are to material things which will not endure—but it should be. When the world cries, the noise keeps us awake. We must help the world to sleep.

I want to hear one thing by which I may believe peace to the world is a little nearer. None but the tossed can know the deep, true value of peace. Soldiers who have had limbs and flesh bitten off by shrapnel know more soundly than the pacifists what the quietness of peace is. I cannot believe that the gods who make wars also prepare peace. If they do, we ought to beg them to destroy

one or the other. It would be god-like. The price we pay for peace is too high. It would be kinder to set us fighting with no peace in view than to put us on the field with peace around the corner. As it is, we are put in a whirling to grasp at the only staple thing we see, and to hold, hold, hold until it snaps and sends us wheeling again. Always we must hunt for something stronger than we; something that's more substantial. Some have gotten a hold on God. Some have dug fingers into Philosophy. Some have had comfort by hanging on to themselves. And a friend of mine has found strength in her love for her Mother. She would have drunk poison long ago if this love hadn't stayed her. It doesn't matter what we cling to, so long as it offers the bulwark living requires. We are all hunters of peace.

I want to meet on that day one person of wealth who has gone into the slums to change one situation of despair. When the Government began clearing the clum area across the street from us we leapt into the air and cried, "Goody! They're going to do something about our poor people!" when we should have crept home and cried "I'm ashamed that they found the place so terrible when I could have done something about it." Slums begin in the spirits of men. If the heart is kept clean it is in constant rebellion against the environment. But we are not the keepers of men's spirits. We wouldn't dream high on our hill of going down into the polluted areas to begin really cleaning things up. It would be nicer—and less exhausting—to make a few lovely speeches about morals and manners than to put on a pair of overalls and help a man straighten things up. On Christmas we send gifts to people who don't need them, and they send presents to friends who don't want them. We wouldn't share a Christmas dinner with a hungry man, but we'd probably have him arrested if he said, "To hell with these damned snobs." Suffering doesn't offend: truth does.

I want to know that love and mercy have been given away in packages other than those tied with red tape. This speaks for itself.

When Miss Willson asked Roland Hayes about Christmas, he replied: "It is not a day of banalities, but of fundamental ideas. My want for the day is just the wisdom not to endeavor to put gifts into Christmas, but to find out what is Christmas, and fit *that* to the gifts."

We wish you a Merry Christmas.

Opinion

SHALL WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE?

C. B. LINDSAY

In the November elections the people spoke; and the sound of their voice sent over four hundred men to the halls of Congress, some score or more to gubernatorial chairs, and hundreds of others to posts of dignity, pomp, and power. The people had exercised their sovereign right of franchise—the right to determine what ideas and ideals should be translated into law, the right to choose the ones by whom they should be governed. Tabulations of votes cast show that from year to year more and more Americans are realizing that to vote is to do more than to take advantage of a privilege. It is to discharge a sacred duty. Whether democratic government survives or falls during “these times that try men’s souls” depends in a large measure on whether the citizens of our nation express their convictions through the most effective medium known to us, the ballot.

One of the most momentous questions that confront our nation today is, How can organized crime be permanently destroyed? True it is that federal guns have written “finis” to the careers of Dillinger, Floyd, and Nelson, but gangsters of their ilk are legion. Ever are they lurking in the shadows of our cities, and only await the wink of the law to come forth from their hiding places, leaving murder and destruction in their wake. Negligence on the part of citizens to a great extent, is responsible for Crime’s getting a foothold in our country. Failure of decent men to cast their votes frequently results in the election of dishonest and incompetent men to public office. A corrupt politician, once elected to the board of aldermen, can influence the selection of a “crooked” chief of police, who, in turn, can appoint “crooked” officers of the law. “Mouthpieces” for powerful mobs, when law-abiding people stay at home on election day, often win for themselves places as prosecutors the magistrates. Unscrupulous members of a highway commission award contracts, not to those whose bids are lowest, but to those who win their favor. “Bought” legislators fight for the passage of bills friendly to the monied interests, while the cries of the constituents go unheeded. All in all, the forces of Wrong rout the forces of Right when bad men vote and good men sleep.

All groups of Americans should vote, for only those who vote can expect a voice in government. Public servants have a habit of turning a deaf ear to those who have no political strength! It follows, then, that if any group stands most in need of all the power that intelligent use of the ballot brings, it is the Negro race. Segregated in the public schools, in the theatres, in the churches, and in the common carriers of the nation, citizens of color too often find themselves in situations where their legal rights are ignored, where even their lives are not their own. County school boards, for an instance, quite unmindful of their Negro constituents, apportion ridiculously small sums for the education of colored children. Rural communities, where the black population ranges from one-fourth to one-half of the total, offer no hospital facilities for dark Americans. Atlanta and Birmingham, both of which have Negro populations that exceed 90,000, employ no dark skinned policemen, fire-

men, or sanitary inspectors. Everywhere in the South, officers of the law betray their sepia prisoners into the hands of unmasked mobs, while coroner’s juries pronounce “death at the hands of parties unknown”! If we who are Negroes do not like this kind of treatment, if we are finding it more and more intolerable as time goes on, we have ourselves to blame, to a certain extent, for permitting it to continue. We cannot expect to receive our full heritage of justice until we learn to use all legal means to obtain it. We cannot expect the other race to give us anything. The ego-centric principle of valuation, which governs all human relations, decrees that a dominant people yield only so much as is to their best interest to yield. It is our task to make the giving of all our rights satisfy the best interests of the dominant group—by using our ballots as a threat.

For voters to use ballots intelligently, voters must be organized wisely. In places where the two major political parties are of nearly equal strength, Negroes might band themselves into a unit which would hold the balance of power. Although it is an established fact that neither the Democratic Party nor the Republican Party has any sincere regard for the colored man, it is just as certain that both will make concessions when it is to their “best interests” to do so. Thus, in the border states and in the urban centers of the North and East, where colored people make use of political bargaining, we find Negroes occupying all kinds of positions, from magistrates and law-makers down to janitors and street sweepers. Not even in the hinterlands of Dixie, where dark Americans enjoy least privileges of franchise, should colored citizens neglect to do their duty at the polls. Trapped in a section of the country where “If you are not a Democrat, you *are not!*” and excluded by color from the so-called “White Democratic Primary”, we frequently think that it is of no avail to try to vote. Nothing could be more false. The White Primary itself is not invulnerable. Like the “Grandfather Clause”, it will finally break down under the ceaseless hammering of an outraged people. But we must have strong men to lead us in our legal battles with the Primary—men who have the training to use the tools that we already have, men who have the minds to know that no people can be wholly free unless they have a voice in their government, men who will die for a cause, if needs be.

Men of Morehouse, will you accept the challenge of Liberty?

THE ADJUSTMENT OF LIFE

MOSS KENDRIX

This morning, December 5, 1934, at the regular Chapel period the student body of Morehouse College listened with the greatest of attention as Dr. C. D. Hubert, member of the Theological Department of this Institution, delivered a very inspiring address themed *The Adjustments of Life*. While the speaker was developing his theme from a religious point of view I was being forced to venture into the subject from an economical point of view.

Dr. Hubert related a recent conversation between himself and a small boy who lives in the community surrounding the College. He told of this youth’s grief because of the approaching winter. My interpretation of Dr. Hubert’s reactions toward the small boy’s opinion concerning the calamities of winter are: (1) The motive of all people for rejecting the approach of winter is due because they have not learned to adjust themselves to the

conditions of life, and (2) all misfortunes may be prevented by proper thinking and proper preparations. My reactions are: (1) The adjusting of life to meet the needs of present conditions is proving to be far more than a mere routine, and (2) security is one of the main uncertain factors of everyday life over which the individual has little or no control. During such periods of economic crises, as are being experienced today, people in general are not able to face *The Adjustments of Life* to such an extent that they may consider themselves benefited. For all we know the youth mentioned previously in this article may be the son of one of the numerous widows of this city who are attempting to rear large fatherless families. Think for a second. Is it easy for her to adjust herself to the condition of life? Should she welcome the rains, snows, and cold days of December, as she does the showers, flowers, and sunshine of July? No! Regret is not always caused because of deficiency of adjustment, but in many cases because of the lack of proper necessities.

I Interview Santa Claus

(*Horace Greely once said (we heard): "Go West, buddy." Our star reporter, just to be contrary, went North. This was against our wishes, but since he has sent us this interview we forgive him; but we won't believe it.*)

—THE THREE EDITORS.)

Characters: Santa Claus and Reporter.

R. (jauntily): Hello Santa! Merry Christmas to ye! How's tricks?

S.: Terrible! My wife just left me. I'm so alone.

R. (encouragingly): Well, buck up; I'm here!

S.: I'm still alone.

R. (proudly): I'm from the *Maroon Tiger*, the Voice of the Students of Morehouse College (clearing throat). Ahem!

S.: I accept your apology.

R.: Fact is, sir. I have come up for a bit of news.

S.: You might try biting a reindeer. That hasn't been done, you know.

R.: I'd like to interview you, if you don't mind, sir.

S.: Go right ahead; what would you like to know?

R.: You mentioned your wife—

S.: Who, Annie?

R.: Yes—

S.: Well, she doesn't live here anymore.

R.: Why, sir?

S.: It was my own fault.

R.: Please tell—

S.: I asked my chauffeur if he could take a joke—

R.: Yes—

S.: And he took her.

R.: I'm so sorry, Mr. Claus. I wish there was something I could do.

S.: There is—

R.: Let me know it!

S.: Find me another chauffeur!

R.: But your wife, sir, aren't you worried about her?

S.: Yes, I expect her back any minute.

R.: When did all of this begin?

S.: Last night. She saw me kiss a bride at whose wedding I was best man.

R.: But that's customary.

S.: Yes, but the wedding took place seven years ago.

R.: When did you marry?

S.: After nine years of searching.

R.: You were looking for a bride?

S.: No, her father was trying to find me.

R.: And the fortunate girl?

S.: She was crazy.

R.: Then why did you go on with the marriage?

S.: I was crazy then. But I was game. I wore my hunting suit.

R.: Why, sir?

S.: Well, everything was over but the shooting.

R.: If you didn't marry her, there would have still been a bit of shooting, it seems.

S.: Please—I give the funny answers.

R.: Sorry. Was it a happy marriage or were you in love?

S.: My boy, before I was married I didn't have a button on my shirt.

R.: And after wedlock—

S.: I didn't have a shirt.

R.: And now that she is gone—

S.: I'm going to get drunk for a week.

R.: Please don't worry so!

S.: Worry, the devil! I'm going to celebrate!

R.: I notice that in your igloo here you have no furniture. What do you sit on?

S.: I'd rather not answer that, please.

R.: You mentioned your girl-friend a moment ago, and that reminds me that a Spelman lass wanted me to ask you how she could tell if her boy-friend still loves her.

S.: If he is still speaking to her three days before Christmas she's got nothing to worry about.

R.: What will you do now for consolation while your wife is away?

S.: Well, I have my dog Fido here.

R.: Is he a thoroughbred?

S.: I don't understand.

R.: You know; has he anything behind him?

S.: Well, he had, but I cut it off.

R.: Is there much difference between man and beast?

S.: Just a little. The only difference between you and a jackass is that the jackass wears a collar.

R. (*protesting*): But I wear a collar, too.

S.: Then there's no difference.

R.: Are you filling stockings this year?

S.: Yes, I'll be down in a few days.

R.: What are you going to bring me?

S.: Close your eyes.

R. (*closing eyes*): O.K.!

S.: What do you see?

R.: Nothing.

S.: That's what I'm going to bring you.

R.: Are you going to fill Mae West's stockings?

S.: I should say not.

R.: What's the matter? You don't like her pictures?

S.: I'm nuts about them!

R.: Then, why aren't you going to fill her stockings?

S.: I like what's in 'em now.

(The interview ended abruptly here. We didn't quite get the point of the last joke, but we have wired our reporter to hurry right home. We promise to print the point in the next issue.—Two of the Three Editors.)

Ties and Gentlemen

ANITA LAINE

A man is judged by the tie he wears.

A few days ago two men came to our chapel to speak. One was a copper-colored man with lilac-colored lips—about middle age, slightly bald and quite voluptuous. He gave an almost complete illusion of deep thought, quiet contentment and perfect command—but his small four-in-hand necktie was askew. The other was an energetic little man—somewhat pumpkin colored, with elfin-like features and laughing eyes that were hidden completely behind a huge pair of dark, gutta-percha glasses. His necktie—alas!—was one of the red variety.

Now, there are green neckties, brown neckties, lavender neckties, black neckties, purple neckties—even yellow neckties that one might wear with a reasonable amount of respectability—but a red necktie—never! Even the fact that it was a most conservative red did not lessen my instant dislike of it. The man that wears a red necktie reminds me of the middle-aged spinster who buys a most fluttery and youthful gown for some important occasion in her life and by so doing only adds to her age.

But there they were—a negative and a positive type—yet amazingly alike by virtue of their neckties.

To begin with, the fat one was late, purposely or otherwise. His entrance created no little disturbance in the audience but after the first song he complacently placed his voluptuous form behind the rostrum, gazed straight into the student body and said in a deep, guttural monotone, "Let us pray."

Then he started: he prayed for every individual in the room—not alone for them but for everyone connected with them—a most complete prayer of some length covering every detail of our lives. Then he sat down as if he had never spoken while we sang.

I watched him. During the whole song he never once glanced at the book. His eyes wandered around the ceiling, the floor and the audience. One could easily tell it was the first time he had ever been in Sister's Chapel. He kept juggling his song book up and down—unconsciously attracting attention to a huge ring on the little finger of his left hand. He had perfect possession of poise and dignity—but his necktie remained askew.

His companion, the smaller, energetic one, was earnestly singing all this while as if he were enjoying himself immensely.

Then he rose to speak—

"Happiness is in here"—(he began in a keen, nasal tone—tapping his breast), "not out there!" He expanded. "Life is what you make it" and he favored us with a broad grin. One most noticeable thing about him was the fact that small though his mouth was it was capable of breaking into a smile of amazing width. Portions of his overflowing energy constantly crept through his gestures. His eyebrows shot up at obtuse angles and he had some difficulty controlling his fidgety, gesturing hands. Often he clasped them—even striking an attitude of extreme pensiveness at times by cupping his chin in them. If sincerity was to be a vital factor in getting his point over—then his surely must have sunk deeply into all of our skulls. His whole attitude was one of great appreciation and abundant energy.

"The mere living, the knowing and the doing ought to bring you extreme happiness in this life"—and with one wide sweeping gesture he flung these words out at the audience and retreated to his chair. It was a most inspiring speech from a most interesting speaker—but (as I have said) his necktie was red!

During his expostulation I noticed that in spite of his frequent insertions of humor his companion rarely laughed. When he did it was merely a gradual opening of the mouth with no facial expression at all. One could scarcely tell he was laughing except that one knew the incident was amusing. When the energetic one had finished he applauded gently and delicately (like a bashful young lady at her first opera with her boy friend) and with extreme effort—by placing his hands on his knees raised his voluptuous body to an upright position and again stood beside the rostrum. The whole was an illusion now of a self-satisfied, contented jelly-fish. Having attained this position he opened.

"I am powerful in size but that is all I can claim"—bringing to the front his dry sense of humor as he busied himself brushing off the edge of the rostrum with his disengaged hand, the other he kept constantly changing from his left pants pocket to the vest pocket on that side during his speech. His language was typical of the laziness that his size would induce. Omitting all of his initial "this" and running his words together he continued swaying and jerking.

"Thousands of people that don't have your opportunities and won't have 'em unless you give 'em to 'em want 'cher to help 'em." At some length he discussed his work, challenged us as all other chapel speakers have done and sent us into frequent spasms of hilarious laughter at his frequent digs at our institution;—but for all of that his necktie remained askew.

There they were—two men—both highly educated and occupying positions of worth—so extremely different, yet so much alike—a likeness that might never have been noticed had it not been for their mutual faulty neckties.

They consumed fully an hour of our time—but they need not have. Their neckties had already told their stories. The slight one with the red necktie and elfin features assumed gayety—it had even become a part of him and he sought to liven things up—even trying to create an atmosphere of gayety (poor soul!) with a red necktie. The other also followed his trend, but he wasted no energy trying to create a lively atmosphere. Contentment and comfort were the qualities that nestled in his crooked necktie.

MORAL: Be careful or your necktie will find you out.

(This essay, a blending of Lamb's humor, Irving's description, and Anita Laine's style, is the most delightful and well-handled one the Tiger has received this year. We are happy that Miss Laine (we believe she spells it *this* way) permitted us to print it, but we are sorry one of us didn't write it. Not jealous, mind you; just sorry. We didn't get a chance to meet her *gentlemen* and their *cravats*, but we shall always bear a feeling of incompleteness until we do. If the gods grant us this joy we will look on them with greater satisfaction and joy, and we will feel more keenly indebted to the lady who put them down so well on paper. We know how chapel speakers are, and we have often wondered what to do about them. And now Miss Laine has showed us the way. Why, *write* about them! Thank you, Miss Laine, for the essay, the moral, and the solution to our common problem.—THE EDITORS.)

Verse and Worse

By BERNARD EDWARDS

Henry VIII wanted a son; he was prodigiously in earnest about the gratification of his wants and whims. He also wanted some diverting gaiety in his court, for although his gout made him sometimes murderously "techy", he had just crossed his thirty-fifth horizon. Now, why shouldn't a king want a son and some mirthful diversion? Katherine of Aragon, the virgin-wife of his elder brother, whom Henry had married by virtue of papal dispensation, had tried to satisfy his ardour for a male heir, but had given life to none but a little-welcomed daughter, Mary. This rash impropriety further estranged Henry from Katherine, and opened to Anne ways to the court and throne of England.

Now, to call the lovely, disillusioned Anne Boleyn a gold-digger of the sixteenth century would unwittingly show a lack of sagacious perspicuity of judgment, especially of historical beauties. On the contrary, Anne was not only beautiful, reckless, and desirous of "wages for her kisses," she was daringly shrewd by the amnesty granted the incomparable. Not only charms had she, but music she created to move the hearts of poets and kings to indiscreet fervor, not to mention the sedition it inspired in the hearts of shackled men. And at playing masques she was clever enough to take inconspicuous roles that made her charms and talents stand out, yet covered all intimations of her ambition. But much more noticeable to the reader of E. Barrington's *Anne Boleyn* is Anne's genius at playing the game of passions by which she destroys Katherine and, finally, herself.

Anne Boleyn is especially recommended to readers who regard a history as an arid desert and each page of it a thorny cactus defying the willing touch. "The story is as true to history as consultation of many authorities can make it."

Those who desire the vindication of their belief that the motive power of an act, deed or enterprise determines the greatness of any man's undertaking should read Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street*, in which one ethereal altruistic humanitarian, beset by the prejudice of the English of that slum street against the Jews and the prejudice of the Jews against the English, attempts to build a bridge of universal love to span the chasm of racial contempt and to draw the two sides of the street to association. One side of the street is entirely populated by English and the other is entrenched with unadulterated Jews. But the intervening street-way might as well be a ninety-foot wall of stone from curb to curb, as far as the amount of consciousness either side had of the other side. That was the situation until Mr. Isaac Emmanuel climbed to the top to promote a presentation of a gold watch to Benny, Jewish, for saving the life of Tommy Wright, gentile. The ceremonies of this program of the talent of both sides of the street were held at Unity Hall, but the watch got stolen. However, all the while that Mr. Emmanuel dreamed of his bride of altruism, the love of a sweet Jewish girl, Rose Berman, had permeated the wall of prejudice to commingle with the love of John Cooper. This unsophisticated *affaire d'amour*, partaken of secretly, touches those who know the meaning and value of that

nonsensical twitter that is intelligible only to sympathetic souls.

TO A LADY I KNOW

You wear your sorrow with a regal air;
Your mask is perfect, and it fits so well
No one shall know the little burning hell
You carry in your breast; no one shall hear
The tears that hearts will bleed so noiselessly
It is not known they wept until the end
Reveals all things; O, let them crane and bend,
They'll only find you very young and free,
And never know a single little thing
About the pain that only your deep laughter
Shall keep in bridle and halter; lady, hereafter
They will but see the lark upon the wing
Riding the air and blending with the blue:
I wish I didn't know the unmasked you.

—ANTHONY STEVENS.

CONSERVATIVE

I am not one for picking love apart
To see what makes it stop, what makes it run;
I am not one for opening the heart
Of cavalier or priest or white-draped nun.
Whatever love is let it be that thing;
Profane or sacred, I shall keep my hand
Out of the pudding—let the martin sing;
I shall not try the might to understand
Who shaped to excellence his perfect note;
Who put the melody on tongue and throat.
Lieber I'll say, He sings a lovely song
Perhaps by gods put there—perhaps by chance;
No matter to me. Then for over-long
I'll find much peace within my ignorance.

—REGINALD MCDANIELS.

THE GARDENER SPEAKS OF AUTUMN

I'd deeply love these leaves of red and brown
That fall so bravely and forlornly down
And leave these dark old trees whose breasts are bared
To winds that blow as if they never cared
For loveliness: I'd raise to them my cup
If I didn't have to rake the *darned* things up.

—JONES.

GIFTS

There isn't much I want for Christmas, dear.
I want a card from you—a little rime
Which says, "*Joyeux Noel*, sir; bless the time
That only comes, alas! but once a year."
Of course, I'll hardly see the verse at all
So anxious will I be to see the name
Deep in the lower corner. Then I'll call
To say I love you and wish you the same.
That's all I want—it seems a little bit.
But it is all that Oriental kings
Could load upon their train. These are the things
That will mean Merry Christmas—all of it—
Regardless of the way the wind is blowing
Against my window pane, and it is snowing.

—WALTER PETERSON.

News

A REPORT OF THE 1931 GRADUATES OF MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

- Frank B. Adair, Jr.—Teacher, Department of Business Administration, Langston University, Langston, Oklahoma.
- Leonard C. Archer—Graduate Student, Department of English, University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
- L. R. Bailey—Graduate Student, Department of Economics, Atlanta University.
- E. G. Barksdale—Assistant to the Bursar, Prairie View College, Texas.
- Scott Barrett—Student, Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tennessee.
- H. J. Battle—Teacher, Gary High School System, Gary, Indiana.
- J. R. Beavers—F. E. R. A. Worker, Jacksonville, Florida.
- W. L. Bell—Teacher, Marianna, Florida.
- W. J. H. Booher, New York City.
- J. W. Brown, Jr.—F. E. R. A. Case Aide Worker, Savannah, Georgia.
- J. C. Cage—At home.
- H. Chenault—Working, Mount Healthy, Ohio.
- D. D. Crawford, Jr.—Teacher, Croghan Night School, Atlanta, Georgia.
- A. C. Curry—At home.
- E. L. Davis, Jr.—Student, Howard Medical School, Washington, D. C.
- E. H. Fields, Jr.—Working, New York City.
- C. J. Franks—Insurance, Florida.
- C. C. Gaines—Graduate Student, Department of Mathematics, Atlanta University.
- S. W. Garlington—Graduate Student, Department of Sociology, New York University.
- E. T. Gore—F. E. R. A. Worker, Transient Bureau, Atlanta, Georgia.
- B. C. Graham—Teacher, Birmingham, Alabama.
- L. C. Greenwood—Atlanta Life Insurance Company.
- L. A. Hall—St. John's School of Law, Brooklyn, New York.
- W. J. Hamilton—Atlanta Life Insurance Company, Texas.
- M. W. Houston, Jr.—Assistant to Bursar, Morehouse College.
- C. E. Hubbard—F. E. R. A. Worker, Forsyth, Georgia.
- W. P. Hubert—Student, Atlanta School of Social Work.
- T. E. Huntley—Pastor, Montgomery, Alabama.
- W. A. Jennings—Night School Teacher and Special Art Student, Atlanta, Georgia.
- W. R. Johnson—Teacher, Bessemer, Alabama.
- W. T. Jones—At home.
- J. L. Kelley—Director of Athletics and Coach, Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi.
- G. D. Kelsey—Student, Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, Newton, Massachusetts.
- E. M. Lawrence, II—Teacher, Nashville, Tennessee.
- A. J. Lewis—Teacher, David T. Howard Junior High School, Atlanta, Georgia.
- W. N. McGlockton—Operator of a restaurant, Atlanta.
- W. D. McCloud—Special Traveling Representative, Atlanta Life Insurance Company.

- W. B. Mitchell—Graduate Student, Department of Economics, Atlanta University.
- R. H. Payne—Graduate Student, Department of Mathematics, Atlanta University.
- R. L. Perkins—No report.
- R. D. Rambeau—Teacher, Walker Baptist Institute, Augusta, Georgia.
- W. J. Sampson, Jr.—At home.
- R. A. Shine—Special Traveling Representative, Atlanta Life Insurance Company.
- G. R. Shivery, Jr.—Wholesale Lumber Business, Shreveport, Louisiana.
- B. W. Smith—Graduate Student, Department of Economics, Atlanta University.
- P. W. Strickland—Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, New York.
- W. H. Sullivan—Graduate Student, Department of Mathematics, Atlanta University.
- W. H. Sweet—F. E. R. A. Worker, Jacksonville, Florida.
- H. E. Watson—Traveling Auditor, Atlanta Life Insurance Company.
- M. J. White—Accountant, West Side F. E. R. A. Relief Center, Atlanta.

KAPPA'S ANNUAL THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

On the Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving the Pi chapter of the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity presented its annual Thanksgiving program in Sale Hall Chapel. George Edwards read the scripture; David Mells played Schumann's *Romance* on the piano; John Young gave his version of the *Thanksgiving Proclamation of a Morehouse Man*; Drew Days fiddled Kreisler's *Londonderry Air* better than ever; Bernard Edwards read a poem about Thanksgiving; and John Branham became pious and sent everyone to class with a benediction. All of this was excellent, but the brightest spot on the program was the response of the students to the fraternity's call for money and foodstuffs which were distributed among some of the poorly adjusted families of the city. It is good to see a fraternity forget itself and think of finer things.

Most fraternities have the ambition to be out in the sun. They have the ambition but not the energy. There is nothing bad about this desire. It is pure and honest as fraternity desires can be. But one glorious dance and a few nice parties a year wont gratify it. We are glad to learn that the Kappas realize this and have done a good turn to folk who will remember it when the music is through. We cannot avoid being grateful to the Kappas in behalf of the community. When fratmen learn that when their heads are pushed deep in clouds it is difficult to see people who need them—and people who laugh at them—fraternities will become more wholesome, more intelligent and more bearable.

OUR ENGLISH GUESTS

DREW DAYS

Tuesday evening, December 11, a debating team composed of John Long and Raymond Bailey representing Morehouse, and a team composed of David W. Scholes and J. Hirschfield of the National Union of Students of England debated the question: Resolved: That the Abandonment of Isolation Policies is Essential to the Return of Prosperity. This debate was the third encounter for Morehouse College with English teams. In other years we have met Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

The Englishmen were quick to take advantage of the

usual susceptibility of American audiences and proceeded to expound and compound with such subtle wit and humor that for a time it seemed like curtains for the home team. However, the Morehouse men were prepared to receive them. Making use of past experience, they built a concise and logical argument which had splendid delivery by Mr. Long, the first speaker for the negative. A combination of logic and American humor was presented by Mr. Bailey which went far to offset the attack of the visitors. Mr. Scholls, first speaker for the affirmative, seemed to assume first place as a debater by virtue of his clear delivery and his deeper insight into the economic aspect of the question. Mr. Hirschfield brought along the trail of sentiment, and by a cunning twist of word connotation succeeded in throwing his hearers quite off the track of truth. It failed to be a successful debate, as we are accustomed to hear, but it entertained everyone by means of the clever English repartee.

Off platform, both gentlemen proved themselves to be quite charming. Mr. Hirschfield, a graduate of University College, London, plans to begin writing history next year and hopes to secure a position as lecturer at his alma mater. Mr. Scholes, who is at present a student in London School of Economics, plans to take his final examinations in June. He is aiming at work in advisory economics. The former is politically a socialist and the latter a conservative with special preference for the present capitalistic set-up. They like our college plants and enjoyed meeting all the students whom they were able to contact. Preference for educational systems is in favor of their own where a certain degree of freedom in the pursuit of knowledge is permitted. Mr. Hirschfield wonders how we "make so many classes". Perhaps it all depends on where one begins.

The visitors were pleased to find lack of evidence to support their reports of racial oppression here in the South. In opposition they found an up and coming Negro group, astounding in their achievement. It was amusing "that we did not debate *all* of our neighboring colleges." Strange after all, isn't it? They wondered if there were many rich Negroes, and if so, how many? To them, our chief fault lies in our lack of continuity, and failure to be faithful to a racial trust where our brothers are concerned. They have questioned white persons on the matter and no one of that group whom they approached was able to give a better reason for prejudice than that it was just customary. They took the names of several books by Negroes and hope, thereby, to gain even a higher appreciation for us.

On a tour of the campus certain high spots were found to catch their fancy. The library, taking prominence, interested them most. They liked the friendly attitude of our students and hope to cultivate it to a higher degree from over-seas. The English accent of Dr. Nathan and the splendid French of Prof. Jones gave them quite a delight. By the way, both of the visiting gentlemen speak rather nice conversational French.

From here they went to the University of Florida, at Gainesville, at which point their last debate was held. They were to return to Washington thence to New York and at last to wend their homeward way.

Our debate team remained true to the standard of other teams on the series and excelled most of them in presenting two well-ordered speakers. Our friends hope to return to the campus in the future.

Spelman Dances

We have it from good authority that there will be a real *dance* on Spelman's campus, Friday, December 21. When you read this no doubt the history will have been made, a lot of heads will have been shaken (both ways), and many people, Spelmanites particularly, will have been made much happier by the administration's revolutionary and much-to-long-delayed act. Dancing has always been a very delicate subject over there. Timid co-eds have whispered about it behind closed doors; bolder ones have left their doors wide open while they whispered. It is strongly rumored that some have actually *danced* with each other! But this is over now. Another stolen sweet has been legalized—has had the joy taken out of it. This, no doubt, will be a little upsetting until the ladies become adjusted to their present condition. It will be interesting to see the enrollment next fall.

Musical Notes

DREW DAYS

It is with a distinct pride that we hail the art of music as one of the media of expression moving in the forward ranks of student activity at Morehouse. This is no new thing at our school since we are able to boast so loudly about the number of musicians and potential artists that have received their beginning and development at Morehouse.

Pause only for a moment to recall the names of such men as W. L. James, now a member of the faculty, Frederick Hall, John Hervey Wheeler, Benjamin Davis, Jr., Howard Branch, Herbert Mells and a host of others who have gone forth to claim glory for the department. We are inclined to feel that the present year indicates a return to prominence for the music organization by virtue of the impetus produced by the array of talent which is ours.

"Glory.. glory to ole Morehouse" is the seeming roar which emerged from the shining instruments and the colorful uniforms of our college band this season. How proudly do we all acknowledge the fight and drive which the superb organization aroused not only in our warriors on the gridiron but in the thousands who made audible indication of their loyal support. We hereby render a word of praise to Mr. James and each member of the college band. The boys around the campus are wondering if Jack Rogers can lay claim to being musical merely because he possesses two "flats". You decide for yourself. How would we like to have regular appearances from the band this winter either in out-of-door campus concerts of perhaps in the gym? If you have an idea, let someone else know of it.

The orchestra and glee club step into prominence now as preparation continues for the big "annual trip". The management is working hard to take the group to Miami this year, including several of the popular resort cities on the east and west coasts of "the nation's playground",

Florida. Other short engagements promise visits to Augusta and Birmingham. Of course the activity of this dual organization is not all on the road. We are looking forward to the campus annual concert when the boys are at their best. The activity of the glee club has already begun with appearances at Spelman College Vespers and on the night of the International Debate. Hr. Harreld promises to take the boys over the top this year if they will only stick by him.

The frequent appearances of our two quartets is being enjoyed by a host of followers. Radio appearances over station WSB, 4:45 p. m. each Sunday, deserve a lot of commendation from those who have been fortunate enough to tune in. Let's drop a line to our friends at home so that they may enjoy the programs with us each week.

For a while we were puzzled as to whether the Florida fellows were going to "run" the first quartet. That fair state boasts Martin Graham, second tenor; David Mells, baritone; and Anthony Stevens, bass. It is up to Claude Robinson to claim honors for his Georgia state mates. The second quartet includes Clements, Reynolds, Long, and Raiford. We are anxious to see who'll remain first quartet or second.

Individual honors for appearances on and off the campus go to Charles Lawrence, trumpeter; David Mells, pianist; Martin Graham, tenor; Johnson Hubert, pianist, and Darwin Creque, violinist. The two last named broke the ice at Spelman when they appeared in Howe Hall on the annual Studio Recital.

It is not all tooting of horns, nor playing of "fiddles", nor singing of songs in the glee club and orchestra. Ask the fellows who were in the music studio on the night of December 1, when the orchestra and glee club of Spelman entertained for us. We are not sure that it is by virtue of the musical implications that that organization boasts of such an attractive and interesting lot, but we do feel quite sure that they have learned the grace of relaxation which music has a tendency to create.

Prepare to listen to all the good Christmas music that you can and see if it will make your season a more pleasant one.

We believe that no program in our community excels in beauty and simplicity the Christmas Carol Concert by the students of Spelman and Morehouse Colleges. There is a spiritual force the concert compels, a force which administrations always believe they shall some day bring into chapel services. It is a something which isolates you in a hall of people. This year the concert was held on Thursday evening, December 20. The program included a line which read: "The audience is requested to refrain from applause." This was thoughtful, but no one who came into the holly-filled, candle-lighted Sisters Chapel wanted to applaud. No one wanted to speak or be spoken to. They wanted to hear the young voices sing with all their might some of the sweetest music ever sung. They wanted to be quiet and alone. The music came from the Austrians, the French, the Italians, the Czechs, the Sioux Indians, the Germans, the English, and the American mountaineers and Negroes. The singers and the directors put their hearts into their music and the music into our hearts. Christmas has been made fuller by this.

From The Ladies!

OPENED LETTER

DEAR:

You have asked if I were unhappy—again you have flattered yourself. Even you, as much as I care for you, cannot make me unhappy. No. I am not saying that I cannot be made unhappy. I can be. Horribly so; because I am so much emotion and intellect.

But, back to your question. Yes. I am almost unhappy. You see, I have been struggling between being free—doing what I want to when I want to—and being happy. You can't be both. To secure one you must sacrifice the other. There is so little happiness here for us, tucked in between a birth and a forgetting, that the anguish of a sacrifice is not worth the end.

Sometimes (many times!) I think that I shall withdraw from people altogether and live my life as I want. It's mine, isn't it? Then I discover that I have no life; that is, it is not mine to live as I might want. I may do anything so long as I do not bring hurt and too much disappointment to those people who love me.

I shall be happy when my experiences have taught me that the shackles that bind one to people are bonds of love.

Somehow I can't believe the happy people in the world are really free. Perhaps it is because I am young that I wish for freedom and because I have set up a defense mechanism against life, since to love is to suffer. People who are older and wiser know better. When I too am old, and glamour does not seem to lie just around every corner, I will know that nothing is of value unless it can be shared. That means you, too, dear. I will know that the eternal cry of the human heart is to belong to someone else. To seek someone else is our escape from loneliness, our support of weakness, and a solace to our pride. Well, if happiness is all this, why should I long for freedom? Surely to be happy is better than to be free. And to like many, to love a few, and to be needed and wanted by those we love is certainly the nearest we can come to joy on earth.

My head is weary and heavy with knowledge.

HELEN.

POEM

This is the emptiness
of quiet southern streets
at nightfall.
Where hushed is the crying
of perilous souls
and incorrigible pain:
I have emptied all the
corners of my heart
And cleared away the
rubbish of my dreams.

—FRANCES BETHEA.

The Tiger's Paw

After losing three of their first four scheduled encounters, the charges of Coach "Ink" Williams finally hit their stride and succeeded in climaxing a very colorful and exciting gridiron campaign in a blaze of glory. The season's record of four victories, three defeats and two ties is one that warrants a goodly portion of pride and satisfaction considering the many handicaps under which both coaches and players were working.

With the winter hardwood sport, basketball, just around the corner, a brief resume of what the gridders accomplished seems appropriate.

The Tiger was host to the Men in Orange from Famcee in its initial engagement and went down to a last minute defeat by a margin of one touchdown, 7-0. The score was manufactured via the air late in the final quarter. The contest with Florida was followed by a 6-6 tie with Benedict at Columbia, a heart breaking loss to Talladega's undefeated Crimson Tornado, 6-2, and a 22-0 defeat administered by Morris Brown's Purple Wolverines. The unusual thing about this rather disappointing beginning was the consistently good defensive performance of the Maroon forwards and the poor showing of the secondary on aerial attacks from the opposition. However, under the careful tutelage of our conscientious staff of mentors these defects were soon ironed out and the Tiger's goal line remained uncrossed in its last five conflicts.

A journey to Montgomery netted a 6-0 victory over the Bama State Hornets, who defeated Tuskegee and tied Morris Brown. A vist to the scenic and historic Smoky Mountains of Tennessee resulted in a second win, 13-0 over the Knoxville College Bulldogs. Clark was tied, 0-0, and Fisk was taken into camp, 13-0, to end the conference season. Xavier, a team that boasted victories over Southern and Arkansas State was humiliated, 25-0, in a post-season, non-conference clash.

A better picture of the accomplishments during the year can be received from the following statistics:

Morehouse 0	Florida A. & M.	7
Morehouse 6	Benedict	6
Morehouse 2	Talladega	6
Morehouse 0	Morris Brown	22
Morehouse 6	Alabama State	0
Morehouse 13	Knoxville	0
Morehouse 0	Clark	0
Morehouse 13	Fisk	0
Morehouse 25	Xavier	0
Total—Morehouse 65	Opponents	41

Individual Scoring

Players	Points
Scott	18
Young	13
Jones	12
Johnson	6
McCurine	6
McFall	6
Green	1
Pierro	1
Total	*63

*Stratten of Talladega recovered ball behind his own goal line for safety and two points for Morehouse.

The Xavier game spelled curtains for the gridiron careers of such dependable Maroon and White luminaries as Lamar, the broken field artist; Boswell, he of the educated toe; Young, an All-American flankman if one ever existed, and Alexander, the World Beater at the pivot position. The activities of these men in efforts to bring glory to "Dear Old Morehouse" will linger in the writer's mind for years to come.

Three victories, three defeats, and two ties gave us a .500 percentage in the conference standing and warranted a first division berth. The champion, who will be crowned following a meeting of the conference's "Brain Trust," will in all probability be Morris Brown with Talladega, and Tuskegee the runner-up.

Outstanding teams in the conference were conspicuously absent this year. Talladega, with a mediocre eleven, boasts an undefeated record marred only by a scoreless tie with Clark. However the "Dega Rolled" against only fair aggregations and barely rolled at that. Victories by only one touchdown, over teams representing Knoxville and Fisk, are nothing to write home and relate to the folks. Morris Brown, who justly deserves the crown, was tied by Tuskegee and Alabama and played a non-decision contest with Florida. Morehouse, with an unimpressive record, succeeded in trouncing the team that tied the only likely choice for the championship. The experts persist in calling such happenings "upsets" but a fairer explanation would be that the teams in the conference were evenly matched in most cases.

The Morris Brown-Famcee encounter, which caused quite a bit of comment and which was a non-decisional battle so far as the officials of the particular game are concerned, bears out the writer's contention that the type of officiating in this conference should be improved. This matter of securing arbiters, who know only how to make just decisions and who also know how to make the players respect these decisions as final, should be a topic for discussion at the meeting of conference body.

In only one contest this year in which Morehouse participated was the officiating worthy of commendation from the players of both teams as well as the spectators. I refer to the contest with Alabama in Montgomery. Incidentally, one of the officials of this game was involved in the Florida mix-up, therefore marring his previously consistently good record.

The basketball season is almost with us and the necessity for expert officials for this sport is even greater than that for football. The representatives of the various institutions owe it to their patrons to demand efficient and capable handling of the various athletic contests in the future.

Generally no team is greater than its weakest component part and, specifically, no "Tiger is stronger than its Paw." No better statement could appropriately describe the fighting Maroon squad of '34.

When the team lost, a few outstanding players received credit for the fair showing of the unit but; when the team won, every aspirant was responsible for the victory. Coordination and team play were the factors that snatched victory from almost inevitable defeat and

ultimately produced the strongest team in Dixie. Every performer from the Red Hill came through in a crisis to meet almost impossible situations as a result of the inspiration instigated by the tutors and the school spirit.

We doff our hats first of all to Captain McFall, who in the face of three defeats (two of which should have been in the bag) never gave up the ship and led his colleagues to a position that commanded the respect of all. Next to the other men, who made creditable showings at various times during the year just concluded: Young, Haynes, Oslin, Davie, and Ellis at the flanks; McMeen, Dawson, Dixon, Stephens and Brown in the tackles; Watley, Baston, and Johnson at the guards; Alexander and Marshall, as the snappers-back; and Scott, Jones, McCurine, Baugh, Clark, Pierro, LaMar, Boswell, Green, Ellis, and Myers in the backfield. Their accomplishments under the prevailing conditions were really miraculous.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

A new find at one of the flanks was revealed in the fracas with the Xavier Yellow Jackets down in the Crescent City? He was T. B. Ellis, substituting for the injured "Rough-house" Haynes. When Captain "Red" McFall crossed the double chalked line against these same Xavierites, he tallied his first score as a Maroon gridder? When "Flash" Watley recovered a fumble in the Knoxville game and two in the Clark contest, it was the first time that his usually dormant aggressiveness was inspired to such a great extent? "Foot's" Green, playing the safety position on defense at New Orleans, single-handedly prevented two touchdowns by Ted Wright's combine when he made two beautiful open field tackles after runs of 37 and 41 yards by two Xavier backs? Each time Morehouse received the ball down in Pelicantown, she either kicked it or drove for a marker, while the representatives of the Catholic institution confined their activities to making first downs between the 30 yard stripes? Young is a certainty at one of the flanks on the mythical All-Southern eleven? Ted Wright paid Al Monroe's expenses to cover Xavier's game with Morehouse in order that the former institution could get her deserved publicity? The officiating in the Louisiana City was the worst we've seen anywhere? Morehouse failed to lose a game on foreign soil and won only one at home? Technically speaking, the Maroon primary defense hasn't been scored on this season? Dawson has more form than any gridder this side of the Mason and Dixon? We predict an undefeated year for the "Pride of the South" in '35!! Morehouse's end around play with Haynes as the leather lugger has gained more yardage at crucial moments than any other single play? "Pluto" Scott gets our vote as the best blocking back in the South? That Xavier backs did more damage to our line than any set of backs this campaign? Capt. "Moonface" McFall made the longest run from scrimmage for a Morehouse player when he ripped off 47 yards against Xavier on a forward lateral? He also is a made-to-order guard for pulling out plays in which he leads the interference? Young missed every place kick that he attempted this year by a matter of inches?

MERRY XMAS.

MOREHOUSE ROUTS XAVIER 25-0

Dec. 1. New Orleans, La.

Before a howling enthusiastic mob, that numbered about 2,000 spectators, the Morehouse Maroon Tigers

outwitted and outscored the greatest team that Xavier has produced here today. When the time's final shot concluded the festivities, the home team found herself buried under a barrage of four touchdowns and one extra point.

The game got under way; the invaders receiving the kick. After an exchange of punts the visiting crew marched to the Xavierites one yard line; this drive was climaxed by a beautiful 37 yard sprint off his own right tackle by "Dubs" McCurine. He was thrown out of bounds one yard short of his desired destination. Coach Wright, who heads Xavier's board of strategy, rushed in his varsity at this stage of the battle. However, his efforts were fruitless as McCurine went over for the first (1st) marker on three plays and served notice for what was to follow. An attempted place-kick by Young for the extra point was wide and unsuccessful.

The rest of the half found Xavier leading the offensive with Morehouse playing a purely kicking and defensive game. The half ended with Xavier in possession of the ball in Morehouse territory.

Three touchdowns were chalked up in the concluding periods. McFall caught a blocked kick prior to the spheroids contact with terra-firma and raced for six points. Young intercepted a pass and, not to be outdone by his colleague and Captain, nothing would suit him but to tally six more. A forward lateral from McCurine to Young to McFall placed the ball on Xavier's nine yard line, four plays later. Young then circled end on an end around play for the final score. Pierro added the point from placement.

MOREHOUSE ALL-CAMPUS TEAM
WILLIAM (DUCK) WATSON

FIRST TEAM

R. E.	T. Williams	Frosh
R. T.	H. Battle	Junior
R. G.	W. Thomas	Frosh
C.	C. Bush	Junior
L. G.	Dit Washburn	Senior
L. T.	J. Nix	Frosh
L. E.	I. Miller	Sophomore
F. B.	A. Houston	Frosh
Q. B.	W. Suitt	Junior
R. H. B.	R. Miller	Junior
L. H. B.	T. Shadowen	Frosh

SECOND TEAM

R. E.	W. Peterson	Junior
R. T.	W. Reddick	Junior
R. G.	T. C. Thomas	Junior
C.	C. Webster	Senior
L. G.	L. Moore	Frosh
L. T.	W. Allen	Frosh
L. E.	L. Wilcox	Frosh
F. B.	M. Graham	Senior
Q. B.	W. Hayden	Frosh
R. H. B.	W. Tate	Senior
L. H. B.	T. Brown	Frosh

INTER-MURAL GAMES

The class teams, firmly trained on Luckies and parties, have finished their annual hair-pulling tournament and have returned to classes beaten but better men. The juniors ran off with the championship. Capt. McFall coached them to it. We will say more in the January paper.

The Theatre

Two Saturdays ago, December 8, Jasper Deeter and the Hedgerow Players of Moy-lan Rose Valley, Philadelphia, were brought here by Spelman College to do St. John Ervine's *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*, "a farce telling of the vist of a temperamental actress to a peaceful vicarage and the ensuing comedy arising from her astonishing performances." If Playwright Ervine had not written a few slow scenes into the piece, or if Director Deeter had done a little cutting here and there, especially in the fourth act, this department would have been much happier that Saturday evening. Farces, more than any other forms, must keep to the pace. But the treatment of the play by the Hedgrowians almost completely swallows up this point. The cast worked with one accord, keeping the illusion high and fresh and the characterizations round and alive. The movement was pointed and definitely careful; the lines were wrung dry. When Mr. Ervine's satire is long since cooled and his plot forgotten we shall still remember Mrs. Sheppard's quiet peace, Mr. Sheppard's crumbling dignity, David Metcalf's wayward hair and the jerky method of his head on exits, Frances Torchiana's crooked smile, which put the saddest note to *Shelia's* love for *Goeffrey*, and her walk which some declared awkward and some pronounced swell; Ford Nofer's rheumatic sitting down, Miriam Phillips' immortal argument with *Hobbs* on the sofa, Mr. Deeter's darting arms (which seemed to have caught all of the life *Hobbs'* body had lost) and his magician's fingers; Adrienne Banoker's energetic salute, Frank Beckwith looking very unlike any butler we have seen on the stage (and enjoying it), and Mr. Jacobson's glued-on mustache.

When the play was done the actors went over to the Bessie Strong house to drink coffee with the University Players and a few friends. During the evening Dr. Hope put down his cup and clapped for silence. Mr. Deeter said, "We're going to act;" Mr. Ross got a book of O'Neil's plays; and the audience sat down on the floor and saw the first scene of *The Emperor Jones*, Mr. Deeter becoming Snithers (the role that was created by him), Mr. Ross doing his Yale Emperor, and Miss Phillips performing as the Native Woman. It was good parlor drama, and for a while we forgot the bad coffee. Hedgrowians Kathrine Reisser and Walter Williams were also there.

The Hedgerow people left a pleasant theatrical taste in local mouths. Their sincerity and charm (we just couldn't find any better words) attracted them to everyone and made the playing of *Mary, Mary* seem a side issue. If they tour again next year it will be difficult for Spelman (who must be thanked again, again and again for bringing them) to let them pass us by.

The evenings of December 14 and 15 found nine University Players trying to reap what they hadn't sown. For about five weeks they had bothered about with *The Late Christopher Bean*, and now they were trying to become serious. The result was touching. It would be a dangerous gesture to try to put a finger on the cause of the trouble, but it is a simple matter to touch the trouble

Most of the actors had some good moments and all had some bad ones. Whenever a bit of illusion was created someone would abruptly come up and destroy it with badly learned lines or the lack of character. Carrie Adams' Abby was sustained all of the way, but there wasn't enough build-up by the others to see Miss Adams through. When she said that the portrait Chris Bean had painted of her was "all the happiness I have; and you know I ain't had much, Dr. Haggett," she became pure sterling, until the lack of atmosphere tore down the beauty she was striving to build. Mr. Allison was a good Dr. Haggett as long as Dr. Haggett was Mr. Allison; but when the country gentleman became a crafty, swift, and violent fellow he left Mr. Allison and his mustache behind. Wilhelmina Chapman and Frances Johnson as the daughters Susie and Ada came off very well. Both are young and eager enough to do bigger things in the theatre. Miss Johnson's voice and control giving her the greater possibilities. Bessie Gardner was very sure of herself and her part. This confidence carried her far into the play. Suitt was suave and swell until he became sentimental about Abby's portrait; Darkins' perpetual smile wouldn't permit us to see what his role, Tallant, was about; and Mr. Charles Lawrence's squeaking shoes and his lack of proper regard for a minor role didn't get him to first base, if you get what I mean. Mr. Estoras was Mr. Estoras with bare arms and love in his heart for Susie. There was little *esprit de corps*.

It was wise of Christopher Bean to die before the play opened. It perhaps prevented a more sudden death. The play concerning the influence of his painting on a quiet New England doctor and his household represented plenty of hard work uninspired; it was one of the few plays by the U. P.'s that have gone wrong. Miss Cooke could be frowned upon (in a theatrical sternness, of course) if there was any need for that sort of gesture. She could be frowned upon for being a good director among a cast of people almost wholly devoid of theatre intelligence. She allowed them to think through and create their characters, an actor's right and duty; but the young cast could go only halfway. The redeeming note lies in the point that most of the players were new to the stage and made definite promises which we hope they will keep.

We gather that *Names in Bronze*, the play by John Ross' Yale classmate, Edward Preveaux, has been cast and will go into rehearsal directly following the holidays. It is good to know that Mrs. John Hope II was cast as Maida, John Young as Dr. Gorstor, and Bernard Edwards as Franz. These three characters constitute a strange triangle in the drama of disease and doctors. Mrs. Hope's Lady Macbeth, Young's Creon, and Bernard's Marchbanks make us say that Director Ross knew what he wanted and got it. *Names in Bronze* is to be presented some time in December. It is now playing in New Haven and receiving fair words from the critics there. It is wending its way toward Broadway, Mr. Ross believes. Whether it will get there time and the critics will tell. We believe that the players have a potential triumph up their sleeves.

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