

# MARROON TIGER



JANUARY  
1935

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# THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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JANUARY, 1935

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

It was like all years—both good and bad. Years are all alike; we only are different. And how different we are! We are so unlike people of other ages that hardly anything we do can be offered as a suitable likeness. We may think we are progressing—and we are. Think of our wonderful machinery, our noteworthy advances in science, art, literature; think of the various developments in economics, sociology, and history; yes, think of these things and we have a conglomeration of items which mean nothing more to us than a series of passing events.

Most of us can't remember anything that happened last year. In fact, we were so far gone from our thinking faculties that we hardly know when Father Time ushered in 1935. We must have been slightly "tipsy" for the whole year of 1934—noting the great retrogression we have made.

Oh, yes, we are different, of course—so different from our predecessors. Each stage of development in the civilized world presents new challenges, problems, alternatives. We see things in a different light. Sometimes I wonder if we can even see. At other times we act like frogs, we are so insensitive to the changes in our environment. A frog might be put into a vessel of cold water; if the water is heated to a point of boiling, the frog will not be aware of the change in temperature and will die of the extreme heat. Such is our case, only ours is not on so small a scale; for, instead of one person's progress being thwarted, we are allowing some of our great institutions to fall in their struggle for existence.

A favorite saying is that "A man is known by the company he keeps." I would rather agree with Everett Martin: "A man is known by the dilemma he keeps." If we are in a dilemma at all, it is that of egotism. Every man is bent upon keeping up his feeling of self-importance, his reputation. Egotism in normal people becomes to some extent liberated from its infantile interests and is sublimated—attached to ends that are socially permissible. The impulse to command which led the child to throw toys on the floor for others to pick up, later becomes a desire for leadership, a struggle for power, a passion for reforming others.

But why can't we be normal in our egotism. We care not what happens around us; that is, around our fellow-man or fellow-student. Our only hope lies in the combination of our dilemma—egotism—into a concentrated whole. Our dilemma is ruining us, for the world no

longer extends a hand of welcome to those who are aloft, but to those who can do the most for the groups as a unit.

We only are different. Shall this year be a repetition of a spiritless, non-co-operative 1934? We are responsible for the answer.

A Happy New Year—but more than that—an active and thoughtful one.

—OTIS McCREE.

## THE CRITIC

Mr. Dillard Brown and his colleagues have conceived and brought into existence a bi-monthly paper which is smartly and splendidly called *The Critic*. Its purpose is "to challenge any unfairness, whether done by students to faculty or by faculty to students;" and to "correct remedial matters for the best interest of the campus community." We quote Editor Brown's editorial.

As far as we know, this is the most ambitious, most original and most difficult program any group of Morehouse students have attempted in the last three years. There is much here to criticise and much to correct. *The Tiger* sincerely hopes for *The Critic* success in every phase of its work.

It is unfortunate that criticism is a mental thing, because in the main we are a physical group. We must thank fraternities for the recognition of this fact. Barbs may be late to class and chapel, but never to pledge club meetings. They may not know where Java is, but ask for any chapter in their fraternity, and you'll get it in a flash. Thick paddles and thick heads get on well together. So, you Critics have not only taken up a job that is difficult; you have embraced one that borders on the miraculous. But the days of miracles, we gather, are not exactly over. There is still a chance for success. You may get hold of it!

We have dwelt so long on propaganda that we have had little opportunity—or desire—to experiment with criticism. All effort is rewarded with a hand on the back, regardless of its worth. True merit has been so fused with rubbish that we do not know—nor care—which is which. The truth of a situation is the last thing to look upon—and wisely, too—because of its ridiculous nature. Our entire society is built on soupy sentimentalism and polite prevarications. We are far behind the times in many respects—and are contentedly chewing our cuds. Perhaps, Critics, you wrong us by disturbing our peace.

## letters

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wish to write specifically but briefly about Nothing. Before I begin, however, permit me to explain what has prompted me to attempt this futile portrait of thin air. In your first issue you quoted a former editor who complained because his fellow students wrote "on nothing." It seems to me that that editor made a technical error in the use of his words. He meant to say that the students refused to write at all—not on Nothing; for, as a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of the material was on Nothing.

Now, Nothing is worth looking into. It is that which is too often, I regret, the fruit of hard labor, the reward of the poor, the subject matter of the greater part of our thinking and the most of our conversations; it is that which is accomplished by loving women; it is that which, along with imagination, forms largely the basis of Theology and the substance of sermons and debates;—ad infinitum. Surely Nothing, then, is of considerable importance. We should become more aware of its existence, the influence it exerts, the role it plays. Nothing deserves careful study. At this point I make the humble suggestion that some young ambitious philosopher in your midst set himself the task of studying it. He might receive for his efforts the reward of the poor mentioned above, but, in any event, he will not lose Nothing. He should be enriched by knowing a great deal about Nothing, and comforted by the thought that he has taken the correct approach.

Finally, I wish to express my resentment against the widespread practice of writing about Nothing and commingling it with high sounding titles and rhetorical gymnastics. The subject should be approached openly, frankly, seriously. The subject should be proudly labeled to avoid misleading the unsuspecting reader. We may thereby advance the cause of Science inasmuch as we may draw nearer the truth by reading conscientiously what is not the truth.

Sir, I admit that Nothing has not been discussed as it might be. However, I am willing to make myself a martyr to the cause of Nothing in the hope that some one might become disgusted at this miserable attempt and strive to do a better job. So, for the time being, I shall have no more to say about Nothing.

Your most worthy predecessor.

P. S.—To any one else who reads this, I wish to apologize if I, in writing about Nothing, have by chance intruded upon your thinking about the same subject—if not from the same point of view.

### REPLY

Mr. Worthy Predecessor:

We received your letter and wish to thank you for it. We were relieved to note that you didn't write, "Dear Nothing, I wish to write specifically but briefly about Mr. Editor." We wish to thank you for that, too.

Seeing nothing tangible of you for some time, we had wondered about you. One of our reporters had mentioned seeing you at the party eating mistletoe twigs, and we thought that perhaps you were ill or had been jailed for your deed. Knowing that you are quite intact has given us new hope for your future.

About your subject, Nothing, we can only say you have greatly enlightened us. (By the way, have you been reading Gertrude Stein?) During the past few issues we have been doing Nothing. However, not knowing anything about Nothing, it was something which bothered us. Now, with your dissertation in mind, we can go forth assured that our Nothing is really Something after all. Let us thank you again for all while we are clear about the whole matter.

—MR. EDITOR.

## do you know?

By LEROY L. HENDERSON

That the first Americans in the World War to be decorated with the French "Croix de Guerre" were two Negro soldiers, Needham Roberts and Henry Johnson?

That the first machine for making shoes was invented and patented by a Negro, Jan Matzoliger, of Lynn, Mass.?

That because of discrimination and segregation within his then M. E. Church in Philadelphia, Richard Allen and others withdrew from that church in 1787 and later established the sect now known as the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and that he became the first bishop in 1816?

That the first clock made in America and the first in all the world to strike the hour, was invented by a Maryland Negro, Benjamin Banneker; that he published the first almanac in this country and was the very first Negro to hold public office in this country?

That the first and present official map used by the U. S. Government of the Island of Haiti was made by the late Col. Charles Young, Negro author, musician, explorer and soldier?

That on the campus of Atlanta University are three of the greatest living Negroes: W. E. B. Dubois, William Stanley Braithwaite and Ira De A. Reid?

## student passes

Following a five-day attack of pneumonia, James Jones, Jr., a student here, died. He was a senior of the present class of '35 and had but a few months between him and graduation. Mr. Jones was a student in economics, taking a special interest in accounting. He was what we generally refer to as a good, steady fellow. Besides his studies he held two jobs which were making it easier for him to go through school. He didn't have much time to mingle with the fellows, except during class hours, but once you knew him you liked him immediately. His sincerity and definiteness were the first things that attracted you to him. Mr. Jones lived in the city with his mother. We soundly regret our loss and his family's grief.

*from the ladies!*

### THE CUSHITE MAID

In this wise it happened in the days when people marveled; old men gathered about their fires and spoke of these things to their sons, and the women whispered above their distaffs, and their daughters heard, and so the deeds and words of heroes were told to men who had known them not.

Now he who tells a tale may not say all things which happened, else men nod, and pay him no heed. Thus it is that much of a tale is forgotten. And who can say now, when giants are gone to their fathers, and the course of the sun is laid, and the coming of feathered stars is foretold, what were those things unsaid? If a thing has happened, may not another have happened also?

Such is this tale—a matter not spoken by tellers of old.

“And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married . . .”

Now a Cushite maid walked in the wilderness with the children of Israel, for she was a slave, and had fled with them also out of Egypt. And she longed for the well-watered lands of her people, and she went aside to sing the songs of her forefathers, and also that she might spread her thoughts before her. Yet a man followed her and listened to her songs and saw her tears. And he said unto her, Thou art silent among my people. And the maid replied, Thy people are thy people. And the man was silent. Then he said, Sing to me, and tell me tales of thy home.

And the girl obeyed him, and she sang the songs of her forefathers, and she told him of Ethiopia and the far lands of whirring wings, and of stalwart men who rode the great rivers in vessels of bulrushes, and she told him of the market places where caravans brought cloth of many colors, and ebony and ivory and frankincense, and all precious stones that were known. And the man sighed and he said, Thou art a song in my heart which sinks with the cares of my people, for they cry unto me by day and by night. Would God we had died in the land of Egypt! Then the maid's heart was soft with pity.

Now it was so ordered that when the cloud stayed over the ark of the covenant, the children of Israel wandered no more but pitched their tents till the cloud should move again. Then the Cushite maid went aside and the man followed her. Yet he spoke no word, but listened to her singing. Then a day came that he said, Sing to me in my tent. And the Cushite maid was fearful, but she said, I love thee not, Moses. And the man replied, Thou hast made me forget the tasks of the wandering, and of the desert, with thy tales of Ethiopia, and the golden lands of mighty rivers. Within my tent canst thou sing of thy home. And the girl bowed her head. And he said, With all others thou art but a Nubian slave. So she went with Moses into his tent, and the Cushite maid was his wife, for a slave girl may not say whom she loveth.

Then Miriam, his sister, and Aaron, his brother, spoke against Moses, because of the Ethiopian woman he had

married. And Moses was meek before them, for he was a prophet, and held in high esteem among his people, and he dared not say unto them, The little black maid is a song in my heart.

—MARY CARLISLF.

### AFTERMATH

The petals of the cosmos  
Lie shattered on the desk;  
Dark evening shadows sleep  
Where once sunlight played . . .

The slow curling smoke  
From a dying cigarette  
And the angle of a chair  
Remain your only signature  
Against the chilling air.

—FRANCES JOHNSON.

### WINTER COMES

If you do not know  
Why winter comes  
And harsh winds blow;  
Why winter comes,  
Burying spring's cool mystery;  
If you do not know  
Why winter comes  
And quickening beauty  
Must surge and yield,  
Yours will be thriftless grieving  
When winter comes,  
And love, bent and bleeding, sway  
Beneath the north wind's bitter blowing  
Like youth and beauty come to an ending.

—HELEN.

Dear, I can hardly understand the complaint in your last letter. Somehow, I have always depended on your courage and patience. I find now instead of patience a note of discontent, and impatience amounting almost to anxiety. We must have another “heart to heart” talk.

Are you angry or hurt because I have been able to conquer my love for you, and feel shed of my fetters, and feel ashamed of having borne them? Do you know my new creed? It is to persist and endure! Victory is mine, and I tread love under foot; courage has entered my heart, though late. Look, cease wasting your caresses and the words that once had weight—I am not a fool, as I once was!

I am being cruel to you just at the moment when I shouldn't be. You need my encouragement and sympathy now, not my scorn! Don't give up, dear. This is not the only year. There are other years to come. More than ever I see for you the necessity of a serenity of spirit, of calm acceptance, and constant building. Life is not only today. It goes on and you go on with it, and if one has enough to eat and keep warm, one does not rail against the injustice of God.

Look, I know I shouldn't say this to you after having told you of my new creed, but even now I can't bear to see you unhappy—though, God knows, you deserve little happiness! Will you remember, always and forever, that you are the only person in the world whose happiness is important to me?

—HELEN.

## *religion*

### DO WE NEED RELIGION?

ROBERT JOHNSON SMITH

In this modern era in which we are mysteriously existing we have witnessed changes that years ago were unthought of. Institutions, laws, governments and customs that were once thought of as stable and permanent have vanished as dew before the rising sun. They have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting. We hated to let some of them go, but the spirit of the time demanded that they vanish. Those institutions and the like that have by some reason or another managed to remain with us have by no means escaped the notice of reformers and other existing orders of change.

The question, "Do we need religion?" is being asked more and more and with increasing interest. No one interested in the welfare of society can minimize or ignore this question. It takes little observation to see that religion is not enjoying the robust state of health that it once enjoyed. For today vast multitudes in our industrial and urban centers live and act without the sanctions of religion and die without claiming its comforts. This, however, is not alarming, for spiritual and moral forces are always in a state of decay where physical ease and cultured advantages combine to make intellectual scruples more pressing than moral ones. Modern scientific interpretations tend to make intellectual and moral scruples more complex.

In spite of the present situation, I maintain that religion has a great and necessary contribution to make to modern life. Therefore, I answer in the affirmative to the question, "Do we need religion?"

Religion has unestimable resources for the life of man. What we need to do is to remove those maladjustments which have hindered it from making its resources available for the citizens of this modern era. Religion is the champion of personality in a seemingly impersonal world. It prompts man to organize his various impulses. It discovers and creates a universe in which the human spirit is guaranteed security.

### WHAT HAS SCIENCE DONE TO RELIGION?

HENRY EDWARD BANKS

Strange as it may seem to us college men who live in a world of intellectual discourse, there are multitudes of people who stubbornly and conscientiously maintain that the greatest enemy of religion is science. It must be admitted that science has caused a great deal of disturbance in those areas of religious thought where safety and tranquillity have so long dwelt. The physical and biological sciences have forced us to make radical readjustment in religious doctrine. Evolution has driven some precious myths into exile. Astronomy has given us a vast universe of staggering proportions, a universe that is a less cozy setting for the religious imagination to work in than the old cosmology afforded.

It must be further admitted that many scientists have taken too much for granted. Some of them have pushed the scientific spirit too far and have failed to realize that the scientific spirit, being sound as far as it goes, is a method which when pressed to the extreme tends to defeat its purpose. Many scientists are so anxious to be scientific that they forget to be religious.

In the first place, science has taught religion to emphasize facts, as distinguished from fancies. The very nature of religion itself, with its emotions, idealisms, and symbolisms, makes it susceptible to the grave danger of wandering off into the territory of legends of lore and mythologies. In the Bible is found this admonition: "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That is science in a nutshell. Prove all things. That is why we have biological and chemical laboratories; we want proof for our convictions and intimations, and we can get proof only out of careful, painstaking and unprejudiced experimentation. "Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her," said Carlyle; "no falsehood; though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price as apostasy." That's the spirit of science. This same scientific spirit expressed in the words of Ballantine is: "Reverence in the presence of the truth, and fearlessness in the face of human authority." It is true that this spirit, when applied to religion, is disturbing. But look what it has accomplished. Take our knowledge of the Bible, for example. Under the guidance of the spirit of science, the efficient Sunday school teacher (remember, I said "efficient") helps his pupils when they seek to know about the books of the Bible: Who wrote them; when and why they were written, and to whom. Under the guidance of the spirit of science, the instruments of literary, historical, and archeological research have helped us to do two things: to arrange the books of the Bible in their approximately chronological order and to trace the great ideas of the Bible in their development from their simple ideas and elementary forms, when they first appear in the earliest writings, until they come to their full maturity in the latest books.

In the second place, science has encouraged religion to be advantageous. It is interesting to note that we are swift to make progress in our material life but hesitate to make progress in our religious life. In our means of motor transportation, for instance, we advance from clumsy horses and buggies to streamlined limousines without any opposition, but any progress in religion whatever comes down upon the heads of the fundamentalists. The scientific spirit when applied to religion insists only upon those things which really matter. What really matters in religion? In answer to this, the fundamentalists say the Virgin Birth of Christ, the Orthodox interpretation of the Trinity, old ideas of miracles, and the doctrine of special creation. But the liberal, saturated with the spirit of science guiding him, brushes aside these ancient dogmas dressed in the grave clothes of yesterday, and insists that what really matters in religion is not doctrine but life: the need of man's spirit for peace, stability, comfort and divine saviorhood; the meaning of temptation, sin, remorse, penitence, pardon, and reconciliation with God; the virtues of hope, honesty, charity, courage, and unselfishness; and the hope of a kingdom of righteousness here in earth and life hereafter. This is what really matters in religion.

In the two-fold process of helping religion to search after truth and to inquire after those things which really matter, it has enabled it to free itself from the clutches of dogma and superstition to become a powerful social force for human progress. Theology becomes, then, not only a systematic study of Christian doctrine but a broad study that includes the social sciences and biology, for the character and purposes of God can best be known only by studying everything that can be known touching Him who is the All in All.

## portrait of a preacher

The grey chapel was filled with prisoners and the music of a hymn. On the platform stood some officials and a pleasant, round gentleman. In fact, the gentleman was massive to behold. One would immediately call him fat, but would be satisfied later on to say he was simply big and not out of proportion. He wore dark-rimmed glasses which didn't completely hide his small, pleasant eyes. When the song was done the prisoners sat down and the Reverend stepped forward. He spoke, and his voice was low, warm and confidential. Before he had finished what the grey-clad inmates thought would be a *sermon*, the round gentleman shocked the officials and brought various reactions from the prisoners by saying he believed "sometimes the prisoner should be set free and the law put in jail!"—The Reverend hasn't been invited to speak at the Federal Prison, Atlanta, any more. He doesn't wonder why.

Two Beaver Slide baseball teams were waging a heated game for a very heating prize—a gallon of corn whiskey. Our round friend and another brother of the cloth were standing on the sidelines enjoying the melee very much. A fellow at the bat struck a ball which sped in the direction of the two ministers. The smaller and more agile of the two leaped in great haste and dignity out of the way, leaving the other to face the ball and the first baseman who was galloping after it. By some twist of fate, the ball rolled between our friend's legs and caused its pursuer to bump into the remaining minister. This not only caused the player to go sprawling, but it also aided the batter to get safely on base. This infuriated the captain of the upset man's team and he came over to say so. Said he to his player: "Why in the hell didn't you put that *lug* out!" (Interpreted, *lug* means guy or fellow). Answered the player, getting up: "Hell, didn't you see this damned gentleman in my way!" With this, the players returned to the field and the agile brother, who had heard all, returned to his companion who was smiling comfortably. Bewildered, the smaller preacher demanded: "Why do you take that ruffian's insult so lightly?" "Because he didn't insult me," was the reply; "he called me the highest type of gentleman. I am flattered." The friend was flattened.

Dr. Hubert has cultivated a treaty with life which has put him in touch with the real things about him and keeps him out of the reach of the unnecessary. He has struck a medium which places him gently and safely on the solid rock. He is intelligently in love with life; so sensibly in love with it that he will not accept it as it is, as young lovers do; but he will only have those parts that deserve loving. His selection is keen, his interest intense. He believes that sin insults not God, but life; that it is but a social feeling gone wrong. Death he has accepted as another phase of life. Christ is the expression of the heart of the universe. He puts a higher premium on the life of Jesus than on His death, the death being not the planned thing, but a thought-out achievement of the Master. (This destroys for him, and puts more logic into Christ's life, the argument that the Nazarene was sent down to be slaughtered.) He doesn't put much stock in the chariot picking up a prophet and taking him royally to Heaven (whose exact location has not been fully decided on). Nor does he say much con-

cerning Jacob's famous ladder. The Doctor puts more faith in what life means than in what it says.

This, of course, brands him as a radical in the sight of some of his professional brothers. They cannot tolerate the sight of Heaven being put on the ground for all men to see and enjoy. It would give them rounder sermons to keep it planted in the stratosphere where billions of saved souls go singing and supping milk and honey. This might be an exaggeration, for we don't hear very much about honey and milk being on the menu any more. But the doctor's Christian foes won't stand for the Heaven being dragged in down here where we need it most. Life, to them, is just a painful interlude, not a preparation. All of which are attitudes, not things to fuss over.

The model-T Ford was rattling and rushing two men to what was going to be a ghastly scene. The grim driver was returning home to kill his wife and daughter, and, if convenient, to find and slay the rogue who had done the girl wrong and gone his way. In the seat beside the driver sat the round gentleman. His usually quiet voice was loud now, in its competition with the Ford, but in it was all the power, appeal and persuasion its master could command. No minister wants bloodshed in his congregation. But the grim driver drove on toward his destination. When he slowed up for a curve the minister said: "You're nearly home now. I've done all I could. Let's stop and pray awhile for your soul." The driver stopped to cleanse his soul. This was all the preacher wanted. A long prayer was made, the grim fellow's intentions done away with, and the whole business adjusted. The girl is now contentedly married, and everything is all right. A friend said to Doctor Hubert: "The Lord certainly heard your prayer!" Smiled the round one: "No doubt, but it wasn't for Him; that prayer was for the brother with that six-shooter in his hip pocket. I knew if I could get that Model-T stopped I could find the God in him. However, I am grateful to the Lord for teaching me how, when and what to pray."

The Doctor is one of the rural lads who came to Morehouse long before the spirit was talked out of the student body. During that era spirit wasn't required: you just felt sort of silly without it. He has shepherded human flocks all over the country, followed plows through the Georgia lowlands and worked in the slaughter houses of Chicago. He is one of the best people to meet in the morning, regardless of the way you feel; and is a fine person to run into at night. Next to Graves Hall is his home. Here he tends a garden during his vacant hours and raises a calf which he has completely spoiled. There are several members of his family with him, but you hardly hear of anyone save his 9-year-old boy, Jerome. The round gentleman's mind is too flexible to grow old, but at the present it is passing through that phase someone called the anecdotage. A master teller of tales, Dr. Hubert has a story about every one he knows, and he tells them well—and mercilessly. Any publisher would buy a volume of them. All of his experiences he has rounded into a design for living which places him high in the rank of men.

This data will be wound up with the broadest compliment any teacher, and especially one of religion, can get from any student. Said John Wright: "You know, it ought to be made compulsory for guys to get at least one course under Doctor Hubert."

—McIVER.

## news

### SPELMAN DANCES

One afternoon a colleague of ours ran up, breathless. His eyes were on the verge of leaping out. This didn't bother us because his glasses would have prevented them from hitting anyone. But, then, we just can't enjoy breathless friends with bulging eyes.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"They're going to do it!" he said.

"They're going to do what?"

"It's true!"

This was all we could get out of him. But he had strength enough to lead us to the bulletin board, where he collapsed. We stepped over him and read a neatly-made invitation which informed us that Spelman was having a party that evening at 8, and would we come? We straightaway collapsed upon our colleague.

That evening at 8 we walked into a spacious room simply decorated with holly wreaths and two lighted Christmas trees. It was a lovely setting for a miracle. In one part of the place an orchestra played, and two laughing but frightened people—Miss Fannie Allen and Mr. Hobart Jackson—crossed the floor and began dancing around together. Then the others joined them, laughing and frightened. This was the first time this sort of thing had been done. It was a lovely setting, we said. There was about the women a strange attractiveness. Gowns, long hid in moth balls, had come out to put a brilliancy about the place it had never endured before. A room of young—and older—folks were dancing and saying things the campus had never inspired before. Anything might have happened there—anything.

During the course of the evening punch (a liquid believed to be a kind of refreshment) was served from three stations by three teachers who fluttered around with the air of servants of the people. It was regular party punch—weak and discouraging, but the young people paid no attention to this point, gayly laughing and talking just as if nothing terrible was happening. This was the test. The party was a success. When no one complains about bad punch, there is nothing for a hostess to worry about, except having to drink up the surplus next day.

Things we remember most vividly: A matron looking a bit worried at her birds on their first official wings; Mr. Clemens singing *Trees* and Mr. Reynolds singing *Moonglow* to couples quietly dancing; Mr. L. Raymond Bailey, local radical, chuckling and robbing a Christmas tree of its branches for souvenirs; and a professor standing directly beneath a piece of mistletoe and glancing timidly and hopeful around.

The only bitter note we cared about was the line of girls who didn't get an opportunity to dance. They had spent as much time on make-up, and had sung all day as gayly as the popular girls, and after this thorough routine they could but sit and look on; look on, because there were too many men and too few gentlemen invited. This seems a trivial thing, but it has an importance with ladies who get about two chances a year to dance and no partner to dance with. A fraternity—or any other "live" organization—could make itself very useful and thoroughly popular by devoting itself to the inevitable band of Morehouse-made wall flowers. Or is that below your dignity, gentlemen?

Everything was in that room. New joy and new sorrow. You couldn't help feeling it. When all was over there came genuine applause from hands, hearts and lips. It rang of sincerity. The walls that echoed it wondered whether it was doing right. It had never seen this before. It was raining outside, but no one seemed to care. This was a good sign. Going out, we met a little girl chewing gum and waiting for someone.

"How'd you like it?" we asked. She blushed. "Like what?—Oh, the party! I thought it was awful cute!"

### THE DEBATING OUTLOOK

J. C. LONG

Morehouse is preparing for another year of debating and a year which should bring some interesting debates. Morehouse has always enjoyed a wonderful reputation in debating, a reputation which will no doubt be perpetuated throughout the present year. This institution has enjoyed league debates since 1912 when Morehouse was a member of the Triangular League with Knoxville College and Talladega College. The league is now a pentagonal league and consisting of five of the leading colleges in the South. The international debate on December 11, with the University of London, marked the third in a series of international debates, the other two having been with Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

At the annual meeting of the Pentagonal Debating League, held at Morehouse College on January 5, various methods of stimulating interest in debating were discussed. One of the methods, formulated to arouse interest in the new type of debating technique to be employed this year, gives us an entirely different setup. Whereas the old system gave us two speakers from each side having equal allotments of time for main speeches and rebuttals, the new system is altogether different. Under this system the first affirmative speaker has ten minutes and is followed by the first negative, who has ten minutes. The second affirmative speaker has fifteen minutes and also the second negative. In the rebuttal only one speaker for each team comes back. The first negative comes back and for six minutes questions the affirmative directly from the floor. The affirmative speaker, questioned, will answer directly. After the questioning the negative speaker will take five minutes and handle regular rebuttal work. Then an affirmative speaker will question the negative and refute at his turn. Such a new system, based as it is on the law court style, should prove quite interesting and entertaining. It is formulated to train one in quick and clear-cut thinking. It gives a wonderful opportunity to young debaters.

At the meeting of the League it was also decided to continue with non-decision debates. The non-decision debate offers more freedom and is more entertaining than the decision debate. The non-decision debate removes the element of stress on winning and allows the debater to bring information to his audience in a clear-cut way. The debate is for the people and not for the technical judge. The question, "Resolved, That the Nations should agree to prevent the International Shipment of Arms and Munitions," will be debated by the teams in the Pentagonal League on April 12, 1935. Professor N. P. Tillman, of Morehouse College, was re-elected president of the league. Representing Morehouse at the meeting, along with Professor Tillman, were Dean B. R. Brazeal and Professor C. B. Lindsay, of the debating committee. By the schedule, Morehouse is to meet Talladega here and Shaw University at Shaw. With a great number of



inspired enthusiasts out for the varsity squad, the current season should be quite successful.

### SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP

A striking example of the way in which Atlanta University serves the community is seen in the School of Citizenship held every Friday night at the Warren Memorial M. E. Church on Greensterry Avenue. This is one of the three schools now being conducted in Atlanta by the Citizens Committee of the N. A. A. C. P. in Atlanta, of which Mrs. John Hope is chairman. Two other schools are being conducted at the Greater Wheat Street Baptist Church with Attorney A. T. Walden as director, and in South Atlanta with Professor Luther Brooks, of Clark University, as director.

The director of the Warren Memorial M. E. School is Professor Rayford W. Logan, of the department of history of Atlanta University. Professor Logan directed two similar schools last year, as a result of which a number of persons are now qualified voters.

Undoubtedly the most striking feature of the school is the large number of hard working people who attend it. We are all too prone to berate "the masses" for failing to take an interest in problems affecting their own well-being. But it is the intelligensia who are missing in these schools. We are happy to note, however, that a few Morehouse students are attending the school this year. "Except for a group of Spelman students who attended a class last year," states Professor Logan, "these Morehouse students are almost the only members of our 'educated group' who have manifested any interest in these meetings."

This class will close Friday, February 15th. It is still time, therefore, for Morehouse men to inform themselves of the qualifications for voting and at the same time see in actual practice a project for carrying the college to the community. The school meets Friday from 7:30 P. M. to 8:30 P. M.

### MR. BRAITHWAITE

This semester is enriched by the addition of William Stanley Braithwaite to the faculty of Atlanta University. The critic's recent visit to the campus endeared him to many people; thus, he is not a total stranger within our gates. However, he is a stranger to the teacher's profession. He's never done it before. "I only know what should be communicated," he admitted. This qualifies him immediately. We are aware of two classes he is exposed to: an undergraduate course in *Creative Writing* and a graduate one in *Criticism*.

Mr. Braithwaite is a kindly gentleman with a greying mustache and a manner you immediately like—or find no fault with. He also has a walking stick which he uses with some grace. This brings the number of sticks on the campus up to four. The other three are manned by Drs. Dubois and Nathan and a Mr. Whiting. We welcome Mr. Braithwaite and congratulate the administration on bringing him. We also welcome his stick.

Congratulations to you, Spel-More Dramatic Club. We think it is one of the best things that could have happened in the Freshman Class. The University Players are proud of your every move and ambition. We are anxiously awaiting the hour when you shall, through your conduct as a Spel-More player, become one of us. Expect our hearty co-operation in your every effort.

## the theatre

The University Players, having scored a triumph in their first presentation of the season with *The Late Christopher Bean*, will make their second appearance of the season with that starring vehicle of Edward Reveaux, *Names in Bronze*, on the 14th and 15th of February. For quite a few reasons this play should be the hit of the season and probably the best presentation of the University Players.

The play itself is a very modern drama of the much-dramatized Russia of today. The writer has so written the play that it captivates your individual attention from the time the curtain rises on the first act until the curtain falls on the final scene. You will thrill to the emotional situation which develops into the well-known triangle of love—two men and a woman. You will find great appreciation of your own philosophy of life by comparing the same with the conflicting philosophies of Dr. Gorstov, Maida, Franz, members of the cast. The play is one of the few tragedies that never reaches melodrama.

Another reason—the play is directed by John "Mac" Ross, a former student of the Yale School of Drama. Having played the roles of Emperor Jones and Rasputin, along with many other roles, Mr. Ross is, indeed, a decided blessing to the University Players. While he is a great actor, Mr. Ross is also familiar to the nth degree with all of the technicalities of play direction. He is striving in every way to make his debut a "grand slam" success.

What a play! What a director! What a cast! And to add to this—Miss Florence Warwick, that very vivacious and charming (as well as talented) young lady of Spelman, will be in charge of the painting of the scenery and such associated stage craft. Be sure and see *Names in Bronze!*

Still another reason—besides having a grand plot, a superb director, *Names in Bronze* boasts a cast of well-known players who have at various times played masterful roles in University Players' productions. In retrospect we recall their past roles as follows: Elsie Hope as Maida (remembered for her *Lady MacBeth*); Bernard Edwards as Franz (remembered for his *Marchbanks in Candida*); Raphael McIver as Dr. Aylesworth (remembered for his Bassanio in *Merchant of Venice*); Anita Lain as Countess Lidia (remembered for her Natasha in *The Live Corpse*); Thomas Kilgore as Maire (remembered for his Haemon in *Antigone*); Mr. Charles Darkins as Dr. Klein.

And now news comes to us that a play-writing contest will be sponsored by the University Players. Any student of the University System will be eligible for participation and all plays— Now I know you are interested, but I can't tell you any more. For full particulars watch for a contributing rare treat in directions.

A treat and entertainment you have waited for—Dame Rumor has it that the Shakespearean play for this year sponsored by Morehouse College will be *Julius Caesar*.

Dramatically yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

## humor

### "BEING COLLEGIATE"

(The time is about half an hour before the train leaves to return to Morehouse. Mother, Father and Grandma have at last cornered the pride of the family, who is wondering vaguely how he is going to go about getting a loan or two to tide him through January.)

*Father*: "Well, well, son, this is about the first time we've had a chance to talk with you."

*Menchan* (the son, unconcerned): "Yeh, that's so."

*Father*: "I wanted to ask you a few questions about Morehouse. Take the food, now—I suppose they feed you pretty well in commons?"

*Menchan* (at last finding a topic on which he feels deeply): "No, it's low—I mean rotten, punk, fierce."

*Father*: "Well, I don't suppose it is as good as your mother's cooking, but I suppose you get plenty of it, don't you?"

*Menchan*: "No, I'm hungrier when I get through than when I started."

*Mother* (aghast): "Well, what do you do? Do you all just go around starved?"

*Menchan* (wistfully): "Well, a lot of fellows eat a fourth meal at night at Yates and Milton's, but I am usually a little too broke for that."

*Father*: "My, my, this won't do at all. Here, Theodore, is another ten dollars. But I want you to spend it all for food; understand?"

*Menchan*: "Yes, father; thank you, father."

*Mother*: "And about the weather, Theodore. Have you been wearing your rubbers in the rain?"

*Menchan* (wondering if the rubbers are still in his trunk): "No, you see it rains and snows so darn hard rubbers don't do any good."

*Mother* (highly agitated): "Don't tell me you run around in your wet feet all day."

*Menchan* (thinking how often he's swiped Mell's, his roomy, boots): "Well, once in a while David lends me his boots; that is, when he is not wearing them."

*Mother*: "Goodness gracious! I want you to get a pair of boots of your own at once."

*Menchan* (still more wistfully): "Well, ma, good boots are kind of expensive."

*Mother*: "Nonsense. Here's ten dollars; but you buy boots with it. Understand?"

*Menchan*: "Yes, mam; thank you, ma."

*Grandma*: "What do you do with your spare time in the evenings, my boy? I hope you haven't lost your interest in your music!"

*Menchan* (who is enjoying the game more and more): "Well you see, Gran, Mr. .... doesn't have many concerts, so I usually go to the movies."

*Grandma*: "This won't do at all. It was at college that your father lost interest in his music, and he showed signs of becoming a great musician, too."

*Father*: "Oh pshaw, ma!"

*Menchan* (who has conceived a master stroke): "There's a fellow in the next dorm who let me hear a philharmonic once on his radio, but he's usually working in the evenings."

*Grandma*: "Well, I just can't think of you wasting your time at those movies when you could hear good music. Here's fifteen dollars to buy a radio. But I want to keep you away from that picture place."

*Menchan*: "Yes, Gran; thank you, Gran!—Say, where did grandpa go, anyway? There was something he wanted to know about college."

Well, folks, howdy! I thought that the new year would start off slow, but what do you think? It started with a bang! On New Year's Day one of my good friends, who usually gets by with the ladies by reciting his vast knowledge of poetry,—well, he was kicked out by that sweet little girl who had fought so diligently through the year 1934. The writer was in another room and overheard the following conversation: "I grovel here in the dust at your feet," exclaimed the impassioned young suitor as he knelt on his knees in the parlor in order to press his suit. "Dust! Do you mean to insult me?" she gasped, "after I spent the whole morning cleaning this room!" Well, my dear friend, your poetry was o. k. in '34, but let's give '35 a chance.

Bill Bradley, "the Blue," claims that his girl's mother has never told him when to leave on Sunday nights. She merely lets the fire get low.

Folks, you'll have to pardon me for being a bit personal, but I must tell of the predicament one of my good friends—well, to be exact, H. T. M. (initials mixed but you know), was in a day or so after Xmas. He surprised me first before Xmas by sending his lovely little miss a ring which I didn't get to see at the time; but on December 28th, H. T. M. got this same box back from the little girl, marked all over: *Glass, Handle with Care..* Well, my advice is to this friend is if you are not able to get a real ring, stay out of *Kress*'s.

"Haven't I seen you before?" asked the judge.

"Maybe," replied the tailor. "So many men owe me money I can't remember all their faces."

Well, folks, I rushed in a neighborhood grocery store a day or so ago and overheard the following conversation:

*Grocer* (to wife): "Sufferin' snakes, Florabel, you sold the wrong eggs to the last woman."

*Wife*: "How so?"

*Grocer*: "You sold her of that lot we dated January 28 and it's only January 15 now."

*Poet*: "Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in your magazine?"

*Editor*: "There may be; I'm not going to live forever."

*Musical Note*: A close friend of ours swears this is true. During a session of Mr. Whiting's *History of Education* class something led the lecture into the realm of barbershops. While on this subject the professor said, "Of course, you know what a tonsorial artist is." The class nodded a silent "Yes;" but this wasn't enough for an eager lad from Texas. Quoth he, "Sure, Mr. Whiting, he's one of them opera singers!" According to our friend, the class laughed.

## the critic

Nothing in recent months has done so much to stir the campus from its sweet dream of peace as the little bi-monthly paper, *The Critic*. To be colloquial, one might safely say *The Critic* has certainly been *dishing it out*. It has struck what it believes to be mighty blows at certain evils; it has told several lesser people where to get on, out, and oil; and, through the Society Editors, it has put a knowing finger into the local love nests and said, in effect: "Ah, ha! We see you." In short, the paper has very deftly and keenly stared at the campus with Cortez' eagle eyes and has reported its findings. The report has been a thing to try, for better or worse, the souls, as well as the tempers, of men and a few ladies. It has been a busy little body. All of which delighted *your scribe* (apologies to Mr. John H. Young) no end. The only thing that disturbed him was an article on the second page of the second edition. The article was simply entitled *The Critic*. This caption it was that led me to read further. I thought that it was just an editorial. But it turned out to be a vision ("Last night I had a vision")—a vision which stirred every sensitive part of my being.

The *vision* opened with a somewhat bewildered lad stumbling blindly through "an impenetrable blanket of fog." I immediately sympathized with his plight, having once run into a nasty fog on the strip of highway between here and Macon, Georgia. I had a terrible time of it, believe me. But to go on with the story:

Our hero would not content himself with simply the fog; he proceeded to trip over "a Maroon and White-clad" fellow who was busy kneeling down in the hall. Though this seemed a bit clumsy on our lad's part—all of this stumbling, I mean—I didn't forgive the kneeling on at all. Regardless of what he had lost, he had no business—Well, the fellow in red got up and brushed himself off; then he took our boy's little trembling hand and did a dastardly thing: he led him straight into a student's room. (From the tone of the article, this was a new experience for our friend.) "In the center of the room, their faces strained and bathed in sweat," stood several students actually playing cards! This sight "nauseated" the youth, but not so much as when the card-players in a chorus deliberately blew "pungent tobacco smoke" into his upturned, young face. Our little fellow went reeling from the room as one of the card-players—a tenor, no doubt—sang George Gershwin's aria, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*. Stumbling again, this time under the influence of the song and smoke, the reeling one fell into a room where he found several particularly strong men "slumped on the beds and around the room" and several "empty bottles." Empty! This evidently was just a bad night for him. Fate was playing him for a sucker. Look! First, fog; then this big guy in the hall; then the smoke, and now—empty bottles! My heart went out for him in a big way in this final and touching scene: I, too, have come into a room and found all the stuff drunken up. It's too much for anyone to bear alone. This is how our hero felt, no doubt, for—according to the narrator—he quickly "fled into the hall." Here he was fronted by several "slimy rats" and other "vermin." He looked vainly about for a trap, but alas! no traps! Then, dear reader, he broke;

and we can't blame him at all. And—would you believe it!—our wandering lad began swearing, and the oath—just to add insult to the other injuries, or to be plain, contrary—began "ringing in my ears." Obvious moral: Don't follow men clad in Maroon and White. Minor moral: Don't get lost in a fog, please.

But I am done for. Two years I have lived in Robert Hall without any trouble. Now, since reading the story, I can't walk in the dark without a fear that I shall stumble over something or somebody in red. I've given up smoking cigarettes and have ordered my roommate to do the same or get out! Neither can I go down to friend X's room without a strange feeling that he has drunken up all of the material. Empty bottles—once harmless—now give me the jitters. In short—this term, which began a dream, is now a constant nightmare. But although it was merely a vision, I was sort of glad our hero got home all right; weren't you?

### PURSUIT:

("Morehouse has really gone nutty about B.'s hair-dress."—Society note in *The Critic*.)

When every maid was fair and love was young;

When love was young and every maid was fair;

Our rude ancestors, with their wolf-skins slung

Across their shoulders, stalked the great-tooth bear.

Down from the hill the massive rocks they flung,

And followed beast unto his cavern lair.

These were the hunters of the grunting tongue:

*The Critic* knows some men who follow *hair*.

These brave young fellows, blood and spirit high—

No spear of stone held in the crook of arm,

No flint-crowned javelin swinging at the thigh,

No hope for hairy hide to keep them warm—

They go, these star-drunk hunters, fronting harm,

Dreaming of mad black locks against the sky.

## new song

I do not want my bitterness to slay

The beauty sleeping in my quivering frame;

It must not lay a blanket on this flame

That should be burning to the skies today.

I have scourged, but wounds will heal so soon.

I may as well forget; the thing is done.

Nothing can come of keeping hot the gun

When all is quiet. Let the dreadful tune

Of tramping feet be never heard again:

The cry of fray and reeling horse must out.

Nothing will come of drunkenness and rout—

Since all is peace, I will forget my pain,

And only think on sun and sky and snow:

Life is so brief, so brief a thing, you know.

## names in bronze

As we go to the printer's the cast of the University Players production *Names in Bronze* has just made the play a splendid success. A criticism will appear in our forthcoming issue.

## *the tiger's paw*

### INTRAMURAL CAPERS

J. C. LONG

Though the football season had its official closing on New Year's Day, just a word is needed to bring back to mind those hectic intramural grid struggles. Bespeckled scholars removed their glasses and came out, fellows left the labs, tenors left the Glee Club, horn blowers left the band and orchestra, liars left the debating squad; all came out to die fighting (get killed fighting) for the ol' class. The Freshmen (those terrible newcomers) showed class as moleskin artists as they walloped the Sophomores to the tune of 18 to goose-egg. Coach "Feet" Greene (Foots to some of you) put a well-oiled machine on the field that was skillfully taken apart by that Crab aggregation. With two touchdowns against him, Coach Greene, in a fit of glee (not anger), rushed a new backfield into the fray, composed of the two stars (heroes of Goatrols) Jack Rogers and Julian Black-shear, the lad with the heavy head, and others. Those husky Crab gridders, led by Paige, Ellis, "Pointucket" and others of equal ability completely outclassed the "Wise Fools" who, but for the services of "Mae West" Henderson, the three-threat man, and "Dynamite" Mitchell, another three-threater, would have fared badly.

Another funfest was the Junior-Freshman title struggle which was won by the Juniors by the decisive score of 0-0, because they garnered more first downs. The Howell to Hutson combination of one Junior to another Junior failed to work and the "Crabs" offered a stone-wall of defense that repulsed the Juniors' every effort on land.

At all of the games we find that beautiful maidens were there to view and be viewed. How your scribe would like to do a little "winchelling." Interesting side-lights are: Reynolds' two touchdown kicks; McFall, the dean of campus coaches, producing a winning team; "Bear" Robinson, running in a half saying he was Rug Lund, being rudely shifted to end and told to be Willis Ward or get off the field; "Crow" Riddick, fighting hard while all "teaed" up (not teed).

Thoroughly trained on Luckies and lush, the Juniors and Seniors met; no one knows quite why. It was a beautiful day for ball-carrying, though the Seniors never realized it. However, they did watch with deep aesthetic appreciation the sun going down in the west. The sun's going down was very symbolic, or it made the Seniors self-conscious. Nevertheless, late evening found the snobs sitting on what Mr. H. C. Jackson would refer to (with permission from Mr. Lucius Jones) as the short end of a long score created by the Juniors. It was a splendid game until several of the Seniors decided to go to sleep on the Juniors' shoulders. "This woulda been o. k. wid us," to quote Coach Red McFall, "but th' mugs wanted us to furnish th' blankets! Some noive, I calls it." End of quote.

When it becomes necessary to think about this classic, we think of King David Britt, furiously carrying the ball as if he really thought the Seniors could win; Crooner Reynolds, wondering where to kick the ball and invariably booting it in the wrong direction; Fast Buddy Wright

getting down like an all-American, getting in like an old maid at a bachelor's ball, and getting up like Rip Van Winkle; Dit Washburn complaining to Referee Burney because the Juniors were stepping on his feet, and Bear Robinson, after spending 20 minutes in the game, coming out and asking Coach Terror Young, "What position did you ask me to play?" We won't print what the Terror said; not in this issue anyway.

The spectacle was witnessed by a throng of some twelve spectators who were lured there because some were relatives and because it was rumored that punch was to be served after the fray.

#### Comments on the Game:

Coach McFall: "Though at many intervals my neck was in th' red, my boys was in th' pink. It was inevi—er—booked that we'd win!"

Coach Young: "Though we won a moral victory, our material loss might be attributed to too much sleep and the lack of Luckies."

Referee Burney: "Aw, nuts!"

### CLARK NOSES OUT MOREHOUSE

By FAST FINISH

Sunset Casino, December 29, 1934.—Smooth, clicking pass work, aided by accurate shooting from a long range, proved to be the difference that the Clark Panthers used to nose out Coach "Hank" Archer's basketball quintet in the first conference clash of the season here tonight. A crowd of approximately 500 spectators watched a breath-taking finish in which the Clarkites barely managed to emerge victorious, 22-21.

Trailing at half time, 13-8, "Squat" Johnson's five staged a miraculous comeback in the second half to tally 14 points for the victory.

"Butter" Oslin, versatile Maroon forward, was high point man for the game with 10 points. Johnson of Clark was the runner-up for the scoring laurels with nine markers.

With his team behind by a lone tally and less than a minute left to play, Wainwright, Panther forward, followed up a shot by one of his mates, dribbled the sphere to the eastern boundary line and with his back to the basket sank a beautiful "music maker" to pull the game out of the rear.

Oslin was ably assisted by the consistent guarding of Page and the nice all-round play of Clark at the pivot position for Morehouse. Carl Ray, Johnson and Long were the outstanding performers for the Red and Black.

### XAVIERITES AVENGE GRIDIRON DEFEAT

January 5, 1935

Irratic passing, coupled with too much Catholicism, resulted in the second consecutive loss of the Morehouse basketball team to an invading quintet from New Orleans, La., at the Sunset tonight. Ted Wright's bunch from Xavier was out to avenge the disastrous defeat suffered by her gridmen and proceeded to do just that to the tune of 31-23.

Although this is the first year that the Catholic institution has gone in for athletics in a big way, the brand of basketball exhibited by the Xavierites was of the highest collegiate calibre and the co-ordination of the players demonstrated the fact that the participants had played together quite frequently previously.

Only five men were employed by the Xavier coach, so efficient were they in their performance. Coles, at the

pivot position, controlled practically every tip off and had four lightning-fast colleagues as receptors for his bullet-like passes. Bragg, Rodes, Brigley and McQuitter functioned excellently with the rangy center to run wild in the concluding period and cop the contest by a comfortable margin.

Oslin and Page were best for Morehouse.

**HORNETS OUTCLASS TIGERS**

Sunset Casino, January 12, 1935.—The boys from the Red Hill continued to lose here tonight with the 'Bama State Hornets affording the opposition. The outcome of the fracas was never in doubt after the first five minutes. The numerals were 32-22.

Coach "Charlie" Dunn used practically the same squad that ranked about third among Dixie teams last year and the young and inexperienced basketecrs representing the Maroon and White weren't able to cope with the veteran outfit from Montgomery.

The Hornets employed a double pivot system with every man in the starting lineup functioning as the pivoter at least once except Beard.

Neither team opened up in the initial period, which was characterized by guarding. The Morehouse quintet failed to register a point until three minutes before the conclusion of this half. She was trailing 11-2 at the intermission.

The second half produced much more action from the spectator's point of view. The Morehouse offense began to click in the waning moments of the concluding period, but the invading five enjoyed such a tremendous lead that her scoring spurts were not serious threats.

The entire starting lineup of Johnson, Parker, McKinney, Scrivens and Beard performed brilliantly for 'Bama. Harris and Page were outstanding for the Maroons.

**MORRIS BROWN TAKES MOREHOUSE INTO CAMP**

With Speede's Sunset Casino once again the scene of the festivities, the Morehouse cagers went down to defeat to a superior Wolverine hardwood aggregation by a score of 28-19, January 14.

Morris Brown, heralded as the Southern champions, really had stiff competition from a Tiger that has been handled rather roughly this campaign. However, the Nicksmen proved masters of the situation and succeeded in preventing shots where they would have proved detrimental.

The game marked the second loss by the Tigers to a city team and put her at a decided disadvantage so far as the city championship is concerned.

The one redeeming feature for the Maroon representatives was the scintillating performance of diminutive "Felix" Harris, who is of the eagle-eyed and tickled-toed species. Time and time again his deceptive dribble and passes completely upset his startled opponents.

The showmanship of the entire Morris Brown combine was quite spectacular and brought the crowd to its feet on many occasions. Clark and Page, along with Harris, contributed greatly to Morehouse's cause, but the Purple clan was just the superior outfit.

Lineup:

|                |         |                   |     |
|----------------|---------|-------------------|-----|
| Morehouse (19) |         | Morris Brown (28) |     |
| Harris (8)     | Forward | Cooper            | (2) |
| Oslin (1)      | Forward | Williams          | (7) |
| Clark (7)      | Center  | Berry             | (2) |
| Page (2)       | Guard   | Adams             | (3) |

McCanine ..... Guard ..... Harmon  
 Substitutes—Morehouse: Kirtley, Haynes (1). Morris Brown: Reid, Green (5), D. Smith (3), Murdock (3), H. Smith, Frazier (3).

Referee—Johnson (Clark).

**IN THE TIGER'S PAW**

Although our youthful hardwood matriculates pried the lid off the basketball campaign by dropping five of their scheduled encounters, prospects for a good team by tournament time are really good. Four freshmen and three sophomores from the nucleus of the available material and usually the time element is quite an important figure in developing co-ordination among a group of new men.

Clark, Page and Harris, all yearlings, have impressed the writer as aspirants who have potentialities and who should subsequently hit a stride that would cause the other teams throughout the conference no small amount of concern.

The worth of Oslin as cager is known; however, working under a new coach and with new men he, naturally, must have time to get integrated. McCurine and Haynes, from last year's varsity, and Kirtley, another newcomer, round out a bunch that is destined to go places.

Coach "Hank" Archer, who tutors the boys in the spheroidal technique, deserves a lot of credit for the development of a fair aggregation from a squad that lost by graduation two of the most outstanding players in the South—"Duck" Davis and "Josh" Archer—along with "Liver" Hamilton and Hortemus Chenault. Give him time to get his system installed and he will in turn give you a formidable combination that will of necessity cop some tills. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

- January 25—Talladega at Atlanta.
- January 26—Talladega at Atlanta.
- February 1—Alabama at Montgomery.
- February 2—Alabama at Montgomery.
- February 7—Wilberforce at Atlanta (tentative).
- February 9—Tuskegee at Atlanta.
- February 13—Tuskegee at Tuskegee.
- February 14—Tuskegee at Tuskegee.
- February 15—Talladega at Talladega.
- February 16—Talladega at Talladega.
- February 23—South Carolina at Atlanta.
- February 25—Knoxville at Atlanta.
- February 26—Knoxville at Atlanta.
- February 28-March 1-2—Tournament at Tuskegee.

Two games with Knoxville in the Smoky City have yet to be scheduled, while the dates for the remaining games with Clark and Morris Brown have not been decided definitely.

At a meeting of those who won letters in the football season just completed, it was voted by the body that "Moonface" McFall would once more lead the gridders. This makes the second consecutive year that the stellar guard has been accorded the distinctive honor of acting captain for the varsity. Young was elected alternate captain.

The following men were awarded letters: Haynes, Young, Ellis, Brown, Dawson, Dixon, Stephens, McFall, Johnson, Watley, Baston, Alexander, Marshall, McCurine, Scott, Boswell, Jones, Green, Pierro and Myers, and—oh, ves, of course—Manager Marshall Menafee Jones.

*"between us and the sun"*

APOSTROPHE TO DEATH

Herd, sir, these poor bewildered souls again  
 Into their rightful fold—for, much too long  
 Life caught their fancy with her dance and song;  
 Her holiday has been their breath of pain.  
 Feasting and drinking—walking in the rain;  
 Talking of love and learning right and wrong;  
 Dicing for copper—leveling a plain  
 With plow and stallion;—these have strunk the gong  
 That will through time sound in their granite ears.  
 Life fed them dreams and told them many a tale  
 They shall find false when all the lumbering years  
 Tread rudely on their mounds; when wind and gale  
 Moan songs they never understood—when tears,  
 Long wept, seep through the earth to rust their mail.

FOR A SCHOLAR

Here lies, confused, beneath this roll of green.  
 Quartered and celled within the realm of men  
 Who bayed at knowledge and all it could mean.  
 A lad who gave his heart to book and pen.  
 The broad, creased brow, the eager, searching eye,  
 The warm, quick brain that knew a million turns  
 And fronts to wisdom—fire free they lie,  
 Forgotten now, while knowledge gravely burns  
 Her endless candles. Witness all he got  
 For all the wisdom gathered: lovely words,  
 Breathed while his body cooled; the song of birds  
 Who sing for anybody; place to rot;  
 And room to crumble now and evermore.  
 Till maggots learn that two and two are four.

*Epitaphs*

For J. J.

Because you left with vital dreams undone;  
 Because you were cut off while all was young;  
 Because the songs you fashioned were unsung,  
 We veil the face and weep, and mute the gun.  
 We shake wise heads and say the Bell has rung  
 Too soon upon a singing, living one;  
 We say the Sand has much too freely run  
 Out of the glass; the Pendulum has swung  
 Too rapidly—though we the breathing know  
 That rain and roots, decay and stones and earth  
 Are kinder things than seed and womb and birth.  
 And loneliness and pain and endless snow;  
 We who must keep the pace though life has hung  
 Small things that stand between us and the sun.

FOR A YOUNG AESTHETE

She always thought how lovely it would be  
 To give her young brown body to the earth  
 And be a singing part of Spring's new birth;  
 To hold the dahlia root and root of tree.  
 So, maddened by this sense of loyalty  
 To growing things, and feeling she was worth  
 A trifle more to ground than quiet hearth.  
 She drank a portion of de' Medici.

Grant her no earthly leave, Persephone:  
 Hold her beneath your lock and key and Hound;  
 Guard well your silent halls—she mustn't see  
 How she's betrayed by this rebellious ground,  
 Made fertile by her breast and thigh and gown,  
 Where brambles curl and weeds wave mockingly.

FOR A POET

She sang of beauty while her blood was hot,  
 (Love's few good moments, morning, frost and dew—  
 Lean, narrow trees, and songs the starlings strew  
 In early spring) although she knew it not.  
 Her rimes were pregnant with a quick relief  
 From all that's mortal, all that has to be;  
 Her song sprang from a throat that seemed so free  
 One never knew she lay abed with grief.

Friend, pull the moss apart if you would see  
 The name and date and all that has to do  
 With decent graves, but let us ask that you  
 Say nothing of the truth the village knew:  
 She could not bear to learn that all along  
 That which she thought was she was only song.

FROM THE DEAD

We who are part of all th equiet earth,  
 One with the grass, one with the mole and rain;  
 We have come back to her who loaned us birth,  
 Never to quit the cool, deep breast again.  
 We are blood brothers to the wind and frost;  
 All growing things are kindred to us now;  
 You who have moaned and wept us for the lost.  
 Know us as things that are not dead somehow.

Lovers, and all the men we left behind,  
 We are the free—we drag no fetters here;  
 We have flung from us greed, and hate and fear;  
 We are to dreams immune, to duty blind:  
 This is our peace—but hear our endless cry:  
 We long to live more than you long to die



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