

MARCH

**THE
SCHOOL CHURCH**

BAUGH

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

THE ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN

This is a red letter year for Morehouse College. Indeed, it is noteworthy from the standpoint of our endowment campaign which was successfully completed on December 31, 1934. We began this New Year with a more hearty outlook on the future of Morehouse College.

President Archer, together with Dr. Hope and a host of others, have worked hard and long to insure the college against financial need and financial downfall. They have gone to the utmost, daunting the years of depression and have finally emerged with \$600,000 for the school. This brings the total endowment to \$920,000, not so large a sum by any means, relative to the value of Morehouse College to Negro education.

While these leaders of ours were working so hard to secure the endowment fund, we students have stood idly by. I say "idly by" because we contributed so little to the fund individually or by our presence at events given in behalf of the campaign. We watched the sum grow; we followed the campaign to a successful close.

Many alumni and friends participated in the campaign. And why? They have faith in the Negro youth. They realize that the future of the Negro race lies in the hands of the young Negro college man. They believe that in insuring the perpetuation of Morehouse College they are doing a great deed in forwarding the progress of our race. They believe in us.

Morehouse College has a reputation. This fact needs no elaboration, for her men the country over are integral factors in the Negro's current progress. But here the burden falls on us. Negro education now is too close to the edge to be tampered with. We don't get gifts from philanthropists often, so we must hold those alumni and friends that we have, and we must make more friends.

As students our financial support is very limited. But here enters our moral support. This can only be shown by our uncowardly, unselfish actions and attitudes based on Christian teachings.

Men, we can't let them down.

O. W. McCREE.

RICHARD B. HARRISON

A few days ago a great part of the American people were grieved by the passing of a trouper and a gentleman. The folk who were deepest touched belonged to the cast of "The Green Pastures." For five years the show had played Broadway and the road, and for five years the grand old gentleman with the long silver hair had made his appearance to what Brooks Atkinson believes is the greatest entrance line in the theatre: "Gangway for the Lord God Jehovah!" I wonder if the real Gabriel gave him such an entrance when he walked up to the Pearly Gates, and I wonder how long he and the Gentleman he imitated so splendidly on the boards laughed about the matter. What did He think of Mr. Harrison? Did he overplay any scenes? Did the actor give the original Lord the right shading? What scenes did He like best? That is one conversation I should like to have eavesdropped.

It is good to know that a cast of colored players took a play that several producers turned down, saying that it didn't have great enough appeal and that it skirted too near blasphemy to ever become a paying proposition, took it and broke all recent road and Broadway records. One critic called it *The Divine Comedy*.

The national success and acceptance of the group of Negro players and the abundant praise accorded Mr. Harrison and his fellow-players in the best of America's newspapers and magazines seem to upset, for the time being, another one of our pet pseudo-theories: the one suggesting that our merits are ignored, spurned or undervalued by America, whose eye we have been trying for many years to catch, when we should have been building something for the eye to rest comfortably upon should it look this way—as all eyes eventually do when you make a decent enough move to attract them.

I believe we can say sincerely—without sounding like the propagandists we usually are—that *The Green Pastures* has made Negro and American history. Let us dream that the Lawd's easy, sure strides were symbolic of the march we should be ready to make.

portrait of a president

By M. L. BURCH

There was a knock on the Dean's door. "Come in," yelled the Dean. (The Dean had a very deep voice which when raised assumed huge and startling proportions.) The door slowly opened and a small voice said timidly, "Is the *Bean dizzy*?" The poor fellow in his fright transposed the initial letters of the last two words. He entered like a lamb but came out like a lion. One would have sworn he and the Dean were buddies.

In the Mathematics class one day one of the fellows was caught copying a problem. Ever after for the remainder of the year when the teacher called the roll and arrived at that student's name, he read "Thief," and the fellow had to answer "present."

During the days when there were more dormitory rules than there are now, the men devised ways of slipping in and out in order to spend more time gazing in a fair lady's eyes. One night an underclassman crawled in the window of his room, undressed and slipped into bed only to jump out again with a yell. "Oh, I was only keeping the bed warm for you!" said the Dean, as he quietly left the room.

There was mischief afoot in one of the rooms on an upper floor and the hour was late. At a well-known knock on the door, the men scattered; some went under the bed; some into the closet; one went out of the window and hung by the ledge. In walked the Dean, who said pleasantly to the uncomfortable roommates, "I thought I would drop in for a chat." And with that statement he sat down. At intervals during the chat other men appeared sheepishly and eased out of the door. Still the Dean sat; he had noticed the cramped fingers on the ledge. Suddenly the fingers disappeared and the Dean rushed to the window and called out to the darkness, "Oh, Tom Mix, you forgot your horse."

Many anecdotes might be told of President Archer. For his long career with men has supplied many amusing incidents, but unfortunately space will not permit. I say "unfortunately" because the telling of personal stories sometimes more eloquently describes the man than mere adjectives can. We here at Morehouse know Doctor Archer through daily contact. We are privileged. Close contact, though, may minimize to us his greatness. For he is great, as we realize when we reflect. I personally never before have known a man of whom no one spoke ill after really knowing him, a man whom everyone likes, regardless of his station in life.

Mr. Archer—and I call him that purposely—is big enough to listen to everyone's troubles and to help as well as to advise. He can find everyone's conversation interesting and during its course say something that the person remembers long afterwards. Contact with him broadens one and removes some of the petty thoughts and deeds that confine many of us at times. Our President has a way of saying truths which makes them stick; we laugh while he drives the shame home. He is strong enough to take the responsibility for another man's mistakes when that man is too weak or when the act will make the other a better man.

Doctor Archer is a stern yet kindly man with a sense of humor; he is a human, big-hearted, noble gentleman—a maker of men—and a liberal educator.

In recognition of his thirty years' service as an educator of Negro youth, President Samuel Howard Archer of Morehouse College was honored on Monday, June 13, 1932, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by his Alma Mater, Colgate University. The degree was granted on the occasion of the University's 113th Commencement and the thirtieth anniversary of his own graduation from college. President Archer succeeded Dr. John Hope as head of Morehouse College in 1931 when Dr. Hope took over the presidency of Atlanta University.

Since his graduation from Colgate in 1902 Dr. Archer has served constantly as a teacher, first at Roger Williams University, where he taught for three years, and later at Morehouse College, where since 1905 he has been professor of education, Dean of the College, acting President, and finally President. Incidentally, for three years, from 1912-15, he acted as coach of the Morehouse football team, utilizing the experience he had gained at Colgate where for three years he played guard on the varsity team. As an undergraduate he distinguished himself as a student, won three prizes for his skill in debate and oratory, and on graduation was a Commencement speaker.

do you know?

By LEROY L. HENDERSON

That Henry Hyland Garnett, of Kent County, Md., was the first and only Negro minister to be asked to pray before the two houses of Congress assembled together for that purpose and that he was later among the earliest U. S. Ministers to Liberia, Africa?

That two brothers, Granville T. and Lyates Woods, of New York City, have patented more than fifty inventions, mostly relating to electrical subjects, and that many of the improvements used by the Westinghouse are inventions of these two?

That Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the first lady of the land, referred to Negro triplets named for President Roosevelt, as "cunning picaninnies?"

That Senator Huey (Kingfish) Long (Dem., La.) says: "I'll vote 100 per cent against the Castigan Wagner Anti-Lynching Bill or any other lynching bill brought in the Senate?"

That after the battle between Abyssinia, March 1st, 1896, Italy became the white race to pay an indemnity to a Black Republic?

That Congressman Mitchell represents the richest district in the United States?

Congressman Mitchell is an eloquent and persuasive speaker. He stated frankly his thoughts and attitudes in the public service in which he is engaged. He should be commended on this statement: "Vote not the Republican or the Democratic ticket for the sake of voting, but seek the party which you can use for the greatest good." He also stated, "We Negroes need to learn how to give, and take." But haven't we taken enough?

After listening attentively for more than two hours, he leaves me wondering whether or not he is an "Uncle Tom" Negro who can be used by the white man, or that he understands the southern white man, and deems it wise to use the "Uncle Tom" tactics to win his admiration and confidence. His methods are yet to be seen, future."

the theatre

THE WAGE OF THE AMATEUR ACTOR

E Pluribus Unum

Maybe the following account isn't authentic; but whether true or not, Aristotle's contribution to the darkening of the human mind remains the same. However, Aristotle is supposed to have advised a very important young Grecian woman to see a certain play. He urged upon her the possible greatness of the play. But she didn't have the scope old "Stoty" had, though she could out-think him; so because she couldn't grasp the thorough interpretation of two roles, she criticized the actors severely in her small way. "Stoty" inferred that she didn't enjoy the play, and his powerful intuition foretold her future indifference. "Stoty," quite deflated, went into the "Red" flower to get drunk. No, wait before we go in, wasn't it Socrates? Nope, 'twas "Stoty" (imaginatively). Anyhow, "Stoty" got humid. Now, the slightest inspiration of high humidity always made "Stoty" sensitive to every wobble of the earth's rotation. Each time the earth wobbled, "Stoty" would lose his balance and fall. Walking through the shadowy streets he demonstrated just how difficult it would be for a soldier with one short leg to walk a barrel across a battlefield. And he'd go through all the motions of dodging bullets. Yet he'd always reach home without getting "shot" again.

But all that is incidental to the fact that "Stoty" must have been drunk or love-sick when he felt inspired to think out his philosophy of the play. He insisted that an unwitnessed play is complete within itself, analogous to an unread book or an unseen painting; that there could still be a complete play—script, actors, motion and scenes—without an audience. Such would be comparable, I'd say, to a fight with no adversary, fire with no fuel, or a Lord's Supper without communicants. If a young woman's criticism *did* motivate "Stoty's" inadequate philosophy of the play, he could be excused for it if he had restricted its application to the play she didn't like; but there is nothing to justify his offering such an interpretation for all plays. Yet the truth is Aristotle is, probably because he confined his thoughts to the needs of his age, inadequate in many of his conclusions. Matter of fact, many of the few science students whose powers of conceiving haven't been discarded as unneeded and antagonistic faculties to uncreative existences of parasitic perceiving, and not a few philosophy students who can be shaken from static dreams of a Utopia and be made to think, wonder why collectors of antiques haven't offered them bids for "Stoty's" philosophies.

But however inadequate, "Stoty's" philosophy of the play does confirm the views of entomologists that during the Aristotelian age the play world had not yet been infested by three pathogenic parasitic species. The high-powered producers and big-moneyed backers, who do their acting behind stage and quote lines that few playwrights ever swapped at home with their mates, were probably larvae ripening in the foundation of the stage. And amateur critics were lispng little girls with bright myopic eyes who, after stubbornly accepting their inability to act, "turned critics next." An assumption that their chrysalid efforts drove men of later ages to univer-

sally deprive women of the blessings of democracy would not be wholly untenable.

Roy Mitchell, author of *Creative Theatre*, acceptably explains "Stoty's" deficiency in a statement derogative to a well-rounded philosopher. He says, "Aristotle probably never heard an actor about to go on ask one who had just come off what the audience was like." That may not be credible, but what can be believed, and what any actor, professional or amateur, will confirm is Mr. Mitchell's further analysis, which is as follows: "Actors feed upon the beliefs of audiences. Not upon one belief but upon wave after wave as the shaping goes forward. It is a manifestation from instant to instant of the artist's need to "feel" the persons for whom he makes his revelation. It is a cumulative process by which the play mounts step on step to its full strength, and although words and motion may remain precisely as they were in rehearsals when there was no audience, the fluent thing (the mood of the audience) in which I have said the art of the theatre dwells, rises in response to the increasing necessity. The quickening of the audience is the life-blood of actors and their constant preoccupation."

"Our audience is, then, a vital part of the theatre, an alter ego, and what is of the artistic forces of the theatre is true also of this which complements them. The audience is not mere consumers of theatre, as we have been led to believe, but participant in theatre and contributor—of something far more important to us than the dollars in the box-office."

Alfred Henson, in his article *I Look at the Audience*, corroborates the findings of Mr. Mitchell. We are forced to agree with Mr. Henson that "an expectant force is there . . . a personality made up of all those men and women who have sunk their separate individualities in the larger common soul of the mob . . . sometimes it is a thing to be fought to move it, and on these occasions the performance is a big effort, as every sensitive actor will tell you. At other times one is conscious of a something that is feeding the actor life . . . and on these occasions he can rise to heights greater than he thought possible. He is being given a greater life and the audience get what is often called a great performance."

The relations between the audience and professional actor and audience and amateur differ in the same way as those of father and son and mother and son, though both instill the life-blood, the latter relation usually and usually is closer and more sympathetic. Primarily, the reason for a difference in degree of sympathy is not that the amateur steps directly from the audience onto the platform, and the professional withdraws first to acquire a vantage, but that the audience recognizes in the amateur a sincere attempt to reflect certain motions, emotions and gestures of some one of its individual personalities. The amateur must, having no training, abstract from daily life the signs that give it meaning. And then the interchange between audience and amateur is enriching to both. "To it he brings values from the common life of the people; from it he carries back into his daily grind something richer to live by. Who shall say that such barter and exchange is without artistic and social significance?" asks Victor H. Hoppe, author of *The Gallant Amateur*.

Unfortunately, however (quoting Mr. Hoppe), "always he feels the common man's fear of daring to speak in public on the stage. The stamp of daily identity is upon him; he has a local laundry mark. The pattern of daily life

is the familiarity that he knows may breed contempt of his acting." He has no patented specialties. Yet what he lacks in the technique of illusion he makes up in richness of feeling. And during the attempt to create an emotional atmosphere and gain the belief of the audience, the amateur's characterization may be so intense that he may seem to seek to escape the bondage of form. It is the richness of feeling and the partial escape from form, that makes the efforts of the amateur individual act.

Hence, it does not seem as paradoxical as it sounds that the amateur theatre should attract no amateur critic. A book, even an academic course, of how to criticize and, in addition, the lucubration of all the works in literature, do not equip anyone to criticize individual art. Juliet Barker, in her article, *Suggestions and Notes for the Amateur Dramatic Critic*, advises that "play criticizing takes discerning experience and mature judgment not to allow any personal prejudice to enter into the average criticism of a play in production and the acting."

AN AUDIENCE SEES "NAMES IN BRONZE"

A few weeks ago we sat in the Little Theatre waiting for the curtains to part on the University Players' second production of the season, Edward Revaux's *Names in Bronze*. Soon the curtains did open, the rustling of people in their seats quieted, and we found ourselves in gay Vienna in the strange and correct apartments of Dr. Anton Gorstov, a Russian scientist. Immediately the situation is clear to us. Dr. Gorstov and his assistant, Franz Ritter, are in love with the same girl, Maida Kramer. The mayor has just informed the doctor that his attitude and ambitions have made him rather unpleasant about Vienna, and Vienna is asking him, in a firm sort of way, to pack his test tubes and Bunsen burners and leave town "within twenty-four hours." This is rather short notice, the doctor observes; and the mayor heartily agrees. So the doctor packs his test tubes and Bunsen burners and accompanies Franz and Maida (who have very bravely confessed their loves to him) to America, much to the young married couple's disgust and discomfort. Gorstov, by the way, has told Maida that he never loved her at all, but that he would hate to lose such a good subject. "You would have made a guinea pig out of her!" shouts Franz, realizing what a terrible thing that would be. To which Gorstov only chuckles.

In America Franz neglects the lovely Maida for some germs that are causing infantile paralysis, much to the joy of the doctor who loved the lady (as we all knew) all of the time. In a splendid gesture of bravery and courage Franz inoculates himself to prove the strength of a serum Gorstov has discovered to fight the dread disease; and as a result he dies on an operating table surrounded by Maida, Gorstov, a countess and three nurses. Gorstov tries to save him, but to no avail; the self-inoculation has been imperfect and the serum has done its work. Gorstov is touched, but not too touched to be rather glad Maida is his at last. Franz is cold on the table, and Maida is cold within her heart forever. She asks the doctor, "Do you still want me, Anton?" He replies, "You know I do, Maida." So she marries him for revenge. But it isn't as simple as all that. Gorstov must begin where Franz left off and work, work, work for the humanity he loathes. Maida will be his driver, hating him more and more until they part.

He will have her body, but her soul will be in heaven with Franz, taking for granted, of course, that Franz has gone to heaven. Gorstov feels that he is tricked, but accepts this perhaps as the crumb that falls. The play ends with Gorstov going upstairs where the men are waiting for the inoculation against the infantile disease: Maida is left alone with the man she loved briefly but well—only living for the revenge she believes Gorstov deserves for making Franz a pig-headed little fellow who would have loved his work, anyway, Gorstov or no Gorstov: Maida or no Maida.

Only sound, detailed directing on the part of Mac Ross and intelligent acting by the cast saved *Names in Bronze* from taking a plot of ground beside *The Late Christopher Bean*. Ross kept his players on this side of the line of melodrama and worked the good scenes of Revaux's piece to their finest. Evidently he had felt the drama well enough to realize the dangerous areas he was treading, for the production was a thing that made one wonder at its success after one had seen the materials the people had to work with—dripping melodrama, aged and feeble.

The three principals—Elise Hope (Maida), Bernard Edwards (Franz), and John Young (Gorstov)—played their people almost up to the hilt. Mrs. Hope managed a difficult role with sureness, grace and strength. She was strongest when, in a low voice stripped of its sweetness, she asked Gorstov over Franz's cold body, "Do you still want me, Anton . . . ?" Mr. Edwards was a trifle mechanical and rigid at the outset, seeming to feel for his role, but soon he was up to his top form, dashing in and out with the seriousness of his position well in hand. Mr. Young's voice hammered on the two young lovers mercilessly, hardly letting up for breath. He played with them and laughed at them with a cruelty that should always remain on the stage. The three worked well together, each getting his part of the sun throughout; each acting with the play in mind.

But Mr. William Beachem—the soft-voiced butler, Stepan—gave what I wish to call the finest piece of creative acting of the year. The audience fell for him when the curtain went up and never forgot its love one moment. He gave *Names in Bronze* a quiet note the author never dreamed of.

The minor characters went off very well. Miss Lain never became a countess, in our theatrical sense of the word (though there may be a countess like Miss Lain somewhere), but she looked well and said many of her lines with some thought and regard for their importance: Charles Darkins and Alvin Battle made amusing American doctors, while Melver seemed a bit frightened (in his white outfit) at the sight of a lad on an operating table. The three nurses got about with sincerity; they were Jeanette Hubert, Sarah Murphy, and Mary Patterson. We are happy to hear that the show may be repeated soon.

JULIUS CAESAR

The Morehouse student body has selected for its annual Shakespearean drama, *Julius Caesar*. It is to be presented on the evenings of April fifth and sixth. The Student Activities Committee requests that Morehouse stand solidly behind this expensive and worthy venture. A cast of experienced players have been assembled to make this play the finest Morehouse has done so far. Come out and make a success of it.

STUDENTS AND F. E. R. A. FUNDS

THOMAS KILGORE.

Recently I was amused, almost to the point of disgust, to observe a group of students, representing the outstanding colleges and universities of America, in a discussion of the AAA and its harmful effects upon the farmers. I will admit that thousands of dollars which were intended for the poor farm tenants stopped in the hands of the grafting farm owners; but, even granting this to be a fact, it cannot be denied that the tenants have been helped greatly. A knowledge of the increased buying power of the tenants is sufficient to prove that the AAA has bettered their living conditions. I was further amused, almost to the point of indignation, when I learned that the very students who were condemning the government so severely for squandering money on the farmers, were students whose maintenance in school depended directly upon F. E. R. A. funds, which funds they were receiving in return for a certain job which they were assigned to do; or which they chose to do. If these jobs had been done, then there would be no point in my writing this article. But a later discussion in this same meeting brought out very conclusively that few students were doing commendable jobs in return for F. E. R. A. funds. Possibly the only instances in which real work was being done were those instances where faculty supervision was very strict, and certain definite jobs were being done for these professors or administrators. But where the students were left to choose their own jobs and to work out their own projects the picture was not so favorable.

Mr. Hopkins, the administrator for F. E. R. A. funds, stated in the outset that the federal government was not able to hand out gratuitously from ten to twenty dollars per month to nearly fifteen percent of the students in our American colleges and universities, but that this money should be earned by students who were willing to do some particular job on their campus or in the surrounding community.

When most of our colleges received these funds they were very considerate in permitting students to choose the type of work which they preferred. This was done by a great number of students, and as a rule it was about all that was done. Some students went into communities and organized music groups, dramatic groups, etc. and it is unfortunate to say that these groups, though interested in doing something, have not developed beyond the point of organization. The same is true with F. E. R. A. organizations and jobs on the campuses. The students showed great interest in the beginning, but except for those who were doing menial labor, the interest and the projects soon died. Yet, in many instances funds were still extended.

Just what does this mean? Does it mean that college students are developing an attitude of irresponsibility, insincerity and graft? Does it mean that they are willing to accept these funds and disregard their allegiance to the campus, community and government? Or, does it mean that they are realizing that they are American citizens, and that, in one form or another, America owes them a formal education; and since our present economic system is not allowing their parents to help them in school, they are resorting to this method of financing themselves without any provocations as to their responsibility for jobs thrust upon them, or accepted by them?

They are either irresponsible grafters, or they are thinking far ahead of our present government officials, and suggesting ideas that have never occurred to them.

THE MOREHOUSE-HOWARD FORENSIC GO

On Friday, March 1, in Sale Hall Chapel, Morehouse College and Howard University met in an intellectual combat. The question for discussion was, "Resolved: That nations should agree to prevent the international shipment of arms and munitions." Morehouse was represented by Messrs. Harrison, Bryson and Jones. These gentlemen presented a wonderful analysis of the question behind an artful delivery. Howard was represented by Messrs. Goodlet, Harris and Weeks. They also had a good grasp of the subject and from all appearances were polished speakers. The debate was quite interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by the crowd that attended.



humor

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Permit me to speak frankly about a rather sensitive current issue. You have become the target for a hurler of drastic and unjust criticism. Upon the appearance of the criticism I sought all the previous issues of both the Maroon Tiger and the organ of the criticism to decide for myself whether you should be hanged for unpardonable sins. I am glad that I made the check because I was able to grasp for the first time the really excellent wit and logic that fortify your position. The article about which you have been burned in effigy is indeed a logical and just criticism. To me it did not represent an attempt to belittle or scorn a worthy cause *per se*, but rather it exposed very cleverly certain flaws of technique in the presentation of the criticism. Regardless of intentions, if the grammar in an article is poor, if the spelling is bad, and if the sequence is illogical, you throw it out as a piece of poor work. Likewise, your stand in the present matter was just, inasmuch as you revealed the absurd position in which the writer had unwittingly placed himself.

As far as the counter-attack is concerned, I feel that your sense of humor has been delightfully stimulated. I was both amused and saddened. The obvious exaggeration was clever enough to wring a smile from the Statue of Liberty. However, it is the intent, the motive, that grieves me. I realize too well that the thrust was meant to be serious. The man, sir, is one for whom I have the highest regard as one of noble intentions, of unimpeachable conscientiousness, and excellent character. He sees the need for change and is courageous enough to attempt to influence a change as he knows best. In that respect he deserves the commendation of all thinking persons. However, I must take sides with you in this matter and refuse to uphold my friend for punching below the belt.

I marvel at those words of wisdom when you write: "Truth, in the raiment of criticism, like most good medicine, is a very unpleasant thing to take. And unless the patient wants to get well, it is not advisable to pour the medicine all over the poor fellow. You only make him

Continued on Page 11

The Tiger

(This is the prize story.—EDITOR.)

SMALL TOWN

Jenkins is a little place between Live Oak and Sandersville. Nothing much ever happens there; it's just a hot and dry little town that tourists slow up for, because a sign tells them to, wave their hands at, and pass through on their way to Palm Beach and Miami.

Ellie Bret lived on the edge of town—right where the tourists began to slow up—and she died there. Once you fall in love with a small town it won't let you go; and once you take a liking to the earth and all it stands for, it isn't likely that you'll go very far away from it. Ellie had been to Tampa once and to Jacksonville three times, but she always returned to Jenkins with deeper love in her heart for it. The ground had been mighty good to Ellie and her kin. It kept her citrus trees in good, marketable fruit, and it received her dead with quiet courtesy. The ground, wonderful as it was, didn't show any favors: it was as good to colored folks as it was to white, so long as they took good care of it. Ellie had buried her husband and two of her boys in it, and they were resting at peace. Only her living boy was restless; only he was at war with Jenkins.

Ellie had always believed that she was the cause for his unrest. Two summers earlier she had let him go to Jacksonville to work. He had gotten a job on one of those big boats that run between Philadelphia and Jacksonville. He's seen too much of the North, Ellie always said when Floyd got into some trouble with the white boys in town. And Floyd got into much trouble.

Any nigger that don't know how to talk polite to white folks is bound to get messed up. Floyd must have forgotten, after his job in Jacksonville, that he was supposed to say *Yes, Sir*, to storekeepers when they ask you anything, because he and Mr. Salter got in a big fight about it in Mr. Salter's store. Before the fellows could part them Mr. Salter had hit Floyd on the head with an axe handle. Judge Rourke gave Floyd six months on the gang because he hit Mr. Salter first.

Ellie was rocking by the fire the night Floyd got away and came home.

"You're a fool, son; it's gona be harder when dey catch you!"

"But dey ain't gona git me! Gimme that ole black suit and my cap. I gotta be movin'."

"Which way you goin'?"

"Down through th' creek to Barnesville. I'll make it, don't worry!"

"You can't come back to Jenkins."

"I know dat. I hate dis dump, anyway."

He was ready to go when he remembered the pistol under his mattress. He got it in a bound and came back into the room with his cap pulled way down.

"I'll send for you, ma, when things quiet down. I will."

"You're foolish, boy, when you didn't have but six months; but I hope to God you make it!"

He was wanting to cry on her lap when the sheriff came in. Floyd let him have it before he could say a word; let him have it quick in the belly.

"Damn his soul," said Floyd.

"Listen, son," Ellie told him; "you'll hang for this, sure."

"I'm goin' to drag him out in the woods."

"No, you won't. You've gotta get away—far away as possible. Leave him here and gimmie your gun."

"An' let 'em git you for somethin' I done? I been a man so far, ain't I?"

Ellie didn't hear what he was saying. She knew, though.

"Dey don't lynch wimmen as a rule, Floyd. I been here a long time; they don't respect me, but they believe me. I kin tell 'em somethin'! Sheriff's scum, you know. And dey know it. Leave me th' gun, and I'll manage things. You git out of here; go to Jacksonville. I'm old, but I kin look out for myself. Go save yourself; the Lord'll take care of me."

Floyd plunged into the woods, calling himself a damned fool for not staying and facing things. Ellie looked at the sheriff and the thick pool of blood on the floor. Then she made her decision. Lynching a dead nigger isn't much fun. So Ellie played her first practical joke on Jenkins by putting the big pistol against one of the breasts that had nursed Joe, Fred and Floyd and pulling the trigger with her thumb.

A few minutes later Floyd ran into town and told Mayor Dixon that he had just shot the sheriff. The mob got him while two deputies went to see if his statement was true.

The morning after they strung up and burned Floyd, Mr. Salter told a lady that came in for a can of Red Rover sardines:

"I knowed he was gona wind up on the loose end of a rope, but I didn't figger it was gona be so soon. Course Jim wasn't much of anything, much less a sheriff; but it wasn't for a nigger to lay him out.—Need any bacon? I got a fresh side in this morning.—What I can't figger out, though, is how come he killed his mammy, too."

(This is the prize verse.—EDITOR.)

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
Rest, if you must—but do not quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one must sometime learn,
And many a "failure" turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
You are to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late when the night slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the cloud of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are;
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you are the hardest hit,
It's when things seem worse that you mustn't quit.

—JOHN BENJAMIN CLEMMONS, '35.

Literary Awards

THE NEGRO'S POLITICAL REVOLUTION

(This is the prize essay.—*Editors.*)

In recent political events we have witnessed a revolution in the political thought and strategy of the Negro. In this revolution we have seen the Negro repudiate political ideals and traditions which he had followed for many years. And if we observe closely, we shall be able to discern some appreciable gains that he has made as a result of his denial of his old faiths. These gains have not been sufficiently large enough to warrant any exuberant predictions for the future. Yet, they have been worthwhile enough to cause no regret for the abandonment of a political religion which had brought no material accruments.

Never were we more firmly convinced that this revolution had taken place than when we learned of the defeat of Oscar Depriest, Negro Republican of Illinois, by Arthur W. Mitchell, a Negro Democrat. In this election, the revolt of the Negro voter was never more strikingly illustrated.

The Republican candidate, although unable to appeal to the Negro voters of this predominately Negro populated district for preference on account of his being a Negro, had every other apparent advantage over his Democratic foe. He had served three terms in the U. S. Congress with distinction; he had supported a veteran political organization which had proved its mettle by placing him in Congress six years before, the first Negro to occupy a seat in Congress in more than forty years; and last, he had behind him a party to which the Negro had been loyal since his emancipation. However, there had been small uprisings here and there before this time, but none had ever reached the proportions of this one. This major uprising marked the end of the Negro's following a political party purely out of blind loyalty to a political tradition.

The puzzled observer might ask: what factors excited or influenced this revolution?

The answer to this question is found in several causes. And one should be careful not to attribute too much to any one cause. But he can with a fair degree of accuracy find much of the responsibility for this unplanned revolution in these factors: first, the pinch of the depression; second, the dissatisfaction with the hypocrisy of the Republicans; and third, a general political awakening.

The ravages of the depression shook the Negro from a political lethargy that had existed since his receiving the ballot—a lethargy which in some parts of the country had resulted in his partial disfranchisement, and in other parts had led to the selling of his ballot for practically nothing. The end of the "unprecedented prosperity" was the signal that awakened the Negro from his torpid slumber. Before him lay economic ruin and bodily misery. He appealed with his ballot in his hand to Republican "Good Fairies." They had nothing to offer save suave and unkept promises.

Having grown weary of such illusory promises the Negro started looking about for more tangible rewards for his loyalty. Then, too, he had heard in the distance faint rumblings of the storm which was to sweep the political landscape almost clear of Republicans. The Negro astutely decided to join forces with the storm.

The Democratic party had long been offering inducements to the Negro for his loyalty, but without success. But these factors—the Republicans' hypocrisy and the coming storm—this time tipped the scales in favor of the Democratic party. And so the Negro joined the ranks of his perennial enemy. He rejected the political ideals of the past. He became a political opportunist.

It is impossible to predict with any degree of accuracy the outcome of the Negro's new political philosophy. Thus far it has paid rather handsome dividends. But we should not judge the efficacy of the new strategy upon immediate results, for these may be more "flashes in the pan." However, we can safely conclude this much: that the Negro has at last awakened to the value of the ballot and that he is not any longer bound to a dusty, moth-eaten political tradition: And it may also be added that neither the Democratic party nor the Republican party can be too sure of the Negro's vote in the future. He is no longer a one-party man. He is ready to "flow whatever way the river flows."

—W. W. JACKSON.

MORE AWARDS

On these pages will be found the winners of three awards the *Tiger* has offered as another gesture to stir the literary blood of Morehouse men. The response to the call was very poor. We had hoped that it would have been overwhelming, although we should have known better. However, the awards will be offered in the next issue, also: and again we shall look eagerly forward to a splendid flood of contestants. (We'll learn yet.)—*The Editors.*

THE MISSING TIGER

Because of the fact that the January issue of the paper was a bit tardy (Mr. Brown puts it better: he writes, in his strong Miltonic style, that it "waddled forth") we are omitting the February number of the *Tiger*. However, we are using the funds, saved by the omission, to pay the winners of the *Tiger* awards and to make our final issue one that will prevent you from saying, "Well, anyway, it makes a swell folder." Contrary to Mr. Brown's belief, the January *Tiger* wasn't lost in Macon at all; it never went there; so don't believe a word he says. It was in the minds of men who were too indifferent, too wise, or too Christmas-struck to put it on paper.

JULIUS CAESAR

Each year Morehouse College borrows Miss Anne Cooke and two or three actresses from Spelman College and does not return them until a Shakespearean drama has been performed. This year is no exception. Miss Cooke and many other people have been gathered together to produce *Julius Caesar*. John (Mac) Ross is doing the noble *Brutus*; Dillard Brown is *Cassius* of the lean and hungry look; John Young's doing the mighty *Caesar*; McIver is the reveler *Anthony*; Lester McFall is *Trebonious*; Mary Louise Smith is *Brutus'* true and honorable wife *Portia*; and Florence Warick is the delicate *Calpurnia*. The set is being designed by Wilmer Jennings. There is little more to say. *Julius Caesar* seems to be, in every way, in very excellent hands. It plays Friday and Saturday evenings, the fifth and sixth.

IF YOUTH BUT KNEW—

JOHN H. YOUNG III

*"If youth but knew that age would learn,
Many a love youth would spurn."*

I had just turned seventeen. Seventeen glorious summers had I spent among the sun-painted hills, the wind-swept plains of Texas. And now my seventeenth birthday found me in the city of my youthful dreams—New York. My mind was in a turmoil as I wended my way up Saint Nicholas Avenue. Seventeen, New York—in love with Sonya.

I had met Sonya during my freshman year in High School in Houston. One day she had dropped her books and I, being the nearest Sir Galahad around, had stooped to help her pick them up. Unfortunately, she was rising just as I had stooped and our heads bumped with what to me was the sweetest bump I had ever felt. We looked at each other for a moment, then broke into laughter; not laughter of the wise, the aged—but laughter of innocence, of youth.

"Sonya," I had mused to myself with the feeling that I had embarked on my first voyage on the sea of romance.

Ours had been the most beautiful of youthful romances. Hadn't the campus spoken of us as the ideal couple? Many a beautiful moment had we spent together. The horseback ride through Broken Hollow—the theater on Sunday nights—the Sophomore Prom—the nights on Sonya's doorstep when we had whispered sweet nothings, vows of love to each other, all blended together had created for me a kingdom of bliss wherein I was king and Sonya queen. Sonya's parents had moved to New York, and, naturally, she went with them. So there I was in New York to visit my beloved.

Before I had realized what was happening, I had reached Sonya's abode on Sugar Hill, had rung the door-bell, and there she was! There stood my Sonya, beautiful, brown, young.

After some deliberation we had decided to go cabaret-ing. I remember now that as we had taxied through Harlem I had to make note of Sonya's reluctance to go with me. Had she met one of those big city fellows? Was she in love with him? What was he like? With these things in mind we had stopped in front of a cabaret upon whose marquee was billed "Small's Paradise Inn." How wordly wise, how sophisticated had I felt when we had selected a small table near the orchestra.

We had been seated only a moment before I began to survey my first night club. Just above us was the orchestra, resplendant in uniforms of black and white and playing wierd fantasies as only Harlem orchestras can play them. Around us were many tables covered with white cloths that stood out in the semi-darkness. Around these tables sat gay, men and women, filled with laughter. I had wondered if their laughter was as sincere as Sonya's and mine had been. On each table was an array of bottles, glasses, glowing cigarettes. Suddenly a captivating odor gave my olfactory senses a smooth, soothing effect. Champagne!

So taken away had I been with this new, pleasant environment that I hadn't noticed the waiter who had been standing, patiently waiting for my order. What would I have? And then, with all of the air of one who had suddenly become ultra-urbanized, I had ordered:

"A couple of Martinis, with gin fizz. O yes—and champagne!" (Lucky that I had read that once in a story about a cabaret.)

Couples had then started to dance with Harlemaniaic rhythm. The orchestra was playing "Stormy Weather." "Boy, this is life," I had thought. I took Sonya by the hand and went on the floor to dance.

My heart was beating as fast as the noise-makers had beaten on the tables, a few moments before when the floor show had finished, as we glided in and out among the couples. Now a husky baritone was crooning—

"Don't know why, there's no sun up in the sky—
Stormy Weather: since my gal and me—"

As we danced near the entrance to the dance floor, I notice a tall, stately built woman of about thirty-five years making her way alone through the dancers. "Some lady who has lost her man," I thought. I had just turned to dance away when suddenly I felt Sonya being snatched out of my arms. What man had dared do that? I would break him in two. Turning, I saw not a man but the stately woman standing in front of Sonya with her hand tightly gripping Sonya's wrist.

"What do you mean by running around on me?" she asked Sonya.

I could hardly believe my ears. I was shocked back to reality when Sonya answered:

"Please, Bea, you know I don't love anyone but you. I have always been true to you."

"Then come on, let's go home," the stately person ordered.

Sonya went. When she reached the doorway she turned and looked at me. I shall never forget that look on her face. She looked at me and then towards this stately person, and then with a sigh of despair she was gone. The woman of thirty-five with a glance of triumph had disappeared behind Sonya.

For what had seemed to me ages I stood, ideals tumbling into broken illusions, staring unbelievably straight ahead. Outside a motor started, first with staccato vibration, then a smooth roar, and it had gone.

The dancers, unmindful of what I chose to call a small tragedy, had pushed me towards the bar. Above the glass-cluttered counter a round clock struck twelve. My birthday was over. I was no longer seventeen.

I am twenty-one now and deeply in love with Phyllis. She is a sweet thing. Some day I hope to marry her. For, although I was once seventeen, at twenty-one I am still guided by the innocence, the hopefulness of youth.

musical notes

In keeping with an old and popular tradition, the Glee Club and Orchestra left the campus early Wednesday morning, February 20th, bound for lower Georgia and Florida on the annual spring concert tour. A group of thirty-three students, eager and excited in anticipation of the interesting journey which would be theirs, boarded the large Greyhound bus, together with Mr. Harreld, and the company moved southward, determined to capture glory and honor for dear ole Morehouse.

The eight and one half days' tour took the group over more than sixteen hundred miles of smooth hard road that blazed a veritable rainbow of color, from yellow

jasmine, scarlet flame vine, oleander, orchid and poinsettia to the deep gray-greens of cypress, live oak, pine and palm and Spanish moss. During this period ten full concerts were given to eager audiences in the following cities: Waycross, Gainesville, Fla., Orlando, Sanford, Fort Pierce, Miami, Daytona, and Macon Ga. At both Fort Pierce and Daytona Beach the group did double duty in two concerts each. Incidentally, the concerts at the former were for the Fort Pierce Music Club (white) in the American Legion Hall, and at the Colored Baptist Church. In Daytona Beach we performed for a very appreciative audience of townfolk, including in the distinguished mixed audience the secretary of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. The second concert of the evening was given at the exclusive Clarendon Hotel, which had listed on its guest register the names of Sir Malcolm Campbell and family.

The largest white audience was at Fort Pierce; the largest colored audience assembled at Miami—more than nine hundred people—and the largest mixed audience was at Macon, where the daily paper estimated an attendance of more than twelve hundred. Each concert was characterized by a marked degree of response from the hungry listeners, who took in huge portions of beautiful and finely rendered music. It seems rather safe to venture that the present group of young musicians, especially the orchestra, offered the most artistic interpretations of several seasons.

The standard program of the series included the following numbers: For the orchestra—March, (Pomp and Chivalry). Roberts; "In Thoughts," Froehlich; Overture. Lavelee; Walth (Ballet Dornraschen), Tschaiakowsky and a current popular melody. The Glee Club sang, "Passing By," Purcell; "The Star," Rogers; "Sometimes," Willis Laurence James; "Po Ole Las'rus," John W. Work, Jr., and "Remember Now Thy Creator," Rhodes. The quartet was featured in an arrangement of "Water Boy," by Robinson. In the array of soloists were Charles Lawrence playing "The Charmer," Boos; David Mells playing "Honey," and Juba Lance," R. N. Dett; Drew Days playing "Allegro Maestoso" from the Concerto No. VII of DeBeriot; James Reynolds, who sang "Less Than the Dust," Woodforde-Finder; and the inimitable Simon Clements singing "Didn't It Rain," Burleigh. This group of selections was often augmented by generous considerations for the great demand for encores. Mr. Harrelld was in rare form as conductor and won high acclaim in every city. At Fort Pierce he was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers after his playing of "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen" in violin solo. A life-long friend was in the audience and felt moved to the point of outward display in the bouquet. Perhaps the most perfect concert was the one at Miami, where the cool summer breezes and the balmy tropical atmosphere succeeded in conjuring up every ounce of artistic urge in the troupe.

Included in the hundreds of interesting sights which were ours must be mentioned the State University at Gainesville; the compelling beauty of acres of golden fruit sagging to the ground in the numerous citrus groves along the highway; the glorious blue surf of the Indian River and the great Atlantic Ocean; a portion of the thirty thousand inland lakes of which the state is so proud; the Pan-American Airways Building and hanger at Miami, which had moored, at the time of our visit, "The Brazilian Clipper," America's largest airplane; the "Blue Bird," Sir Malcolm Campbell's mistress of speed, at Daytona Beach, and countless others

too numerous to mention. We enjoyed summer and late spring weather for most of the trip, but reached eagerly for our overcoats on the return to Georgia.

We had the pleasure of meeting many persons who had been either at our schools or in the city, and of making hundreds of new friends for ourselves and for the college.

The entertainment in each city had something new and different to offer so that we were able to relax in a period of levity, after the tiresome ride and the taxing concert. As to where we had the most enjoyable time is a matter of individual opinion, but here's a suggestion that at least one member enjoyed Gainesville, and none.

The quartet which broadcast on two occasions—at Gainesville and at Macon—included Simon Clements, James Reynolds, John Long and Anthony Stephens. Other names on the roll included Otis McCree, David Mells, Arthur Christopher, Johnson Hubert, Walter Robertson, Charles Lawrence, Charles Bowling, Marshall Jones, Vincent suit, Dillard Brown, Rudolph Brown, Claude Robinson (body guard), Emmett Rice, William Thomas, William Holmes, Grover Holmes, John and Phillip Williams, Earl Pierro, Merriman Shamberger, Luther Hill, James L. Brown, Ernest Swain, Alfred McKenzie, D. Leaver, Henry Webb, Darwin Cheque, Paul Bennett and Drew Days.

A brief summary will run thus: A splendid tour over God's country, well-done concerts, an amiable and congenial group, new friends and contacts, hard work and more hard work, relaxed minds, and a return, fired with the grandeur which comes to one who goes forth in the great name of Morehouse.

the tiger's paw

By J. C. LONG

The recent Campus Interfraternal Tournament was won by representatives of the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity. The tournament was a decided success and good spirit was manifested throughout; pairing for the first night put Sigma against Omega and Alpha against Kappa. The Omegas were in form that night and snowed under all that Sigma could offer. The score was 22-11. That same night the championship Kappa ran roughshod over the Alphas by the top-heavy score of 42-24. A great battle was waged when Omega and Kappa met in the championship round, a battle that was not decided until the final whistle was sounded. The smooth-working Kappa team won out, however, by the score of 21-19. Alpha won third place by defeating the Sigmas, 27-14. Kappa, with her smooth-working team, centered around Young, Beachem, Edwards, Ellis, Myers and Menchan, was invincible throughout. Highlights for Omega were Tate, Bush, Hall, Kilgore, Woodward and Latimer. Upholding Alpha honors were Jackson, Saxon, Webster, Pierro, Yancey and Haynes. Sigma's representatives were Bonner, Humbles, Rice, Barron, M. Brown and Lewis.

Leading scores	Pts.
Saxon—Alpha	18
Ellis—Kappa	16
Jackson—Alpha	16

Tate—Omega	15
Edwards—Kappa	15
Young—Kappa	14

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

After a hectic season of intramural basketball, we find that the "crabs" are at the top of the heap, with a team centered around former high school flashes. The Maroon newcomers were almost invincible. The freshmen were hard pushed, however, by the seniors, who shared runner-up honors. The hard-fighting junior and sophomore squads were unable to compete on even terms with the aforementioned teams and had to be content with lesser honors. The freshmen were represented by Shadowin, "Joe" Sampson, "Willie" Hill, "Al" Houston, "Lil' Duck" Davis, "Pointucket" Allen and others. The seniors were represented by "Spoon" Tate, Graham, "Judge" Woodward and others. The games were quite interesting and good spirit prevailed throughout.

IN THE TIGER'S PAW

Our youthful basketball quintet, that numbers in its ranks Capt. Oslin, alone of the higher than yearling classification, finally hit a winning stride and succeeded in rounding out a season of hectic play with the capturing of a fourth place cup down in Tuskegee. The record of the basketeers, including tournament play, shows nine victories and twelve defeats for the fairly decent percentage of .429.

Summary:

Morehouse.....	24	All-Stars	36
Morehouse.....	21	Clark	22
Morehouse.....	23	Xavier	31
Morehouse.....	22	'Bama State	32
Morehouse.....	19	Morris Brown.....	28
Morehouse.....	29	Talladega	31
Morehouse.....	28	Talladega	20
Morehouse.....	26	'Bama State	27
Morehouse.....	22	'Bama State	28
Morehouse.....	54	Tuskegee	35
Morehouse.....	24	Tuskegee	28
Morehouse.....	36	Tuskegee	26
Morehouse.....	30	Talladega	54
Morehouse.....	25	Talladega	42
Morehouse.....	26	Clark	24
Morehouse.....	37	Clark	31
Morehouse.....	26	Y. M. C. A.....	23
Morehouse.....	36	Knoxville	34
Morehouse.....	22	Talladega	19
Morehouse.....	25	'Bama State	36
Morehouse.....	15	Xavier	35

Morehouse.....	488	Opponents	616
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Scores:

	B.	F.	Pts.
Oslin	60	33	153
Page	19	35	133
Clark	51	29	131
Harris	25	16	66
Kirtley	21	3	45
Nix	12	4	28
Others	13	6	32

Since the brilliant beams of "Old Sol" have replauded "Jack Frost" and his cohorts, the minds of enthusiastic sport fans have turned to the cinderpath and the diamond.

Several aspirants answered Coach Ellis' initial call for track rehearsal and proceeded under his very scrutinizing optics to go through the preliminary calisthenics so necessary to develop stamina, form and what not.

Among the sprinters are many new faces, "Pluto" Scott being the only "vet" out to date. Curry, Sparks, McKibben and Miller complete a quintet of excellent hundred yarders. The distance men include U. Robinson (who copped the cake race again), Brown, Clark and Denny. Bennett, Howard, Brown and Boswell are quite adept at hurling the discus and putting the shot. Peterson, Brewer, Baugh, Godfrey and Thomas are out for the broad and high jumps and the pole vault,

DID YOU KNOW THAT---

The Xavier boys gave the Southern Conference aggregations a lesson in hardwood manipulations at Tuskegee last month? Bray, a forward for this Catholic bunch, was the one outstanding performer of the tournament, with Carlos Parker, 'Bama State captain and pivoter de luxe, ranking a close second? Our own "Felix" Harris ran off with the showmanship honors by his superb dribbling and feeding the sphere to his mates? Lennon and Knox, two of the arbiters at the tourney, sent about five men to the showers on personals in each game under their charge so technical was their officiating? This type of officiating caused the players to get timid and slowed up the contests considerably much to the dislike of the spectators? 'Bama State evidently has a jinx on Morehouse when it comes to spheroidal technique and winning basketball games? Only five men entered the cake race this year, a spectacle that heretofore has been quite popular? The athletic department's idea of interfrat-intramural basketball on the campus was quite a novel one? We came forth with a prediction for a banner year on the gridiron next year and are supplementing said forecast with one of an identical sort for basketball? Boswell is the only man lost from the present squad by graduation? The Morehouse freshmen lost to Washington High in the recent tournament sponsored by A. N. Ellis after having met and conquered Leslie Baker's five several times during the year? Although no definite information has been received relative to baseball, Morehouse may be represented on the diamond this year? Activity on the Athletic Field of A. U. may be initiated in the not far distant future? Not even the captain of our varsity football squad answered the call for spring practice? The quintet of Page, Clark, Oslin, Harris and Kirtley will be invincible in two years? Coach Ellis' all-campus hardwood five consists of H. Allen and Tate in forwards with Houston as the pivoter and Hill and Dunn in the guards? His second team included Sanson and Lamar in the forwards, Saxon in center, and Bush and the diminutive "Little Duck" Davis in the guards?

LAMENT

Once I was merry, wild and free,
 Like a lark, I'd say, or a bumble-bee;
 I went about with a light, gay air
 And did mad things and did not care.
 But now I dare not hold the hand
 Of girls I love, nor can I stand
 With one too long—lest I should find
 A Critic editor behind
 Me with a pad and pencil out
 Telling on her and me, no doubt.

small of medicine, while the true disorder eats itself full." The sponsor places himself in an exceedingly vulnerable position by putting angel wings on himself while playing the role of critic, and whatever burlesque follows really suggests itself from the very nature of such presentation. Furthermore, sir, the criticism in general has been so violently impatient with human characteristics that the extent to which superlatives are used in denouncing what are generally accepted as minor evils, if evils at all, suggests impractical thinking. It seems that what we have had is more scolding than criticism. It is one thing to take that all-righteous attitude and point a derisive finger at what one does not without proving the unsoundness of it, but it is another thing to bring about a change by exposing fallacies so that man's thinking might be enlivened.

I believe that you will be patient with impractical idealism. It is born of inexperience. That probably explains why people who hitch their wagons to stars are usually up in the air. Too often we make mad haste to thrust our heads above the clouds without seeing first that our feet are planted on firm soil below. I rejoiced with you when there came into our midst an organ which we both hoped would unleash a torrent of good literature. It is to be regretted that the sponsors in their enthusiasm have almost defeated their own ends by allowing their organ to adopt the earmarks of yellow journalism and Huey Long psychological technique. (By the way, if a paper should develop into a garbage wagon, that would make the editor a garbage collector, would it not? No, no, no! I have no point here in making this observation. It just occurred to me.)

Now I must return to my neglected books. Someone remarked that it was quite convenient to be able to study in the library. "Quite convenient"—the Devil! Sir, it is *amazing* that one can study over here!

Your humble servant.

L. R. BAILEY.

Dear Mr. Bailey:

It was very kind of you to write and mention those wonderful things I was telling you the other day about myself; but then, I bet you say them to all editors. However, it was good of you to drop me a line during this dark period of my life; this period when everything that isn't *impenetrable fog* turns out to be Mr. Brown blowing smoke in his own face. (I think he picked the habit up on one of his pilgrimages.) It's a terrible thing, with cigarettes high as they are. But he won't listen to me: he says he has his own life to live—so a-a-h! This leaves me rather all at sea, with little to do save sigh.

Mr. Brown has recently begun, as you have noted, Quixotic attacks upon the *Tiger* and its editor (a friend to growing youth and thought). The attacks were the result of our "daring to play" with a vision Mr. Brown had one evening when he should have been writing editorials. But, we weren't "playing" with the vision, Mr. Bailey; we were merely trying to extract our brother editor from what appeared to be terrible circumstances (though at times I think he was enjoying it). But Mr. Brown couldn't appreciate our Samaritan behavior; and he went to his room and began frothing for the forthcoming issue of his paper. You see, Mr. Bailey, once you take up arms against everything that won't do as you say, you've got to stay irritated all of the time. This, no doubt, must be somewhat annoying (even for our friend) now that spring is here, birds are singing, and there is young laughter all about you. It makes pouting

painful. But *critics* must pout or they wouldn't be critics, eh Brown?

In our essay on the Don's *vision* there was no attempt nor desire to stab at the purity of the dreamer—author's person, nor was there, on our part, a striving to dash the little monarch from the throne of grace he so rightfully deserves—and is welcome to. We only labored under the illusion that because *The Critic* was dishing it out, it could in the same vein take it. It was pathetic to see a leader of men trying to recite facts delicately—and, as he thought, tactfully—and succeeding in making them ridiculous. We were merely being whimsical at the expense of an editor's dream. Whimsical and disillusioned.

It has never been made clear to me whether the gentleman in question was editing an organ of criticism or a paper which should be entitled, "The Personal History, Experiences, Grievances, and Grouches of D. H. Brown." Most of the issues of *The Critic* have been dominated not only by his personality but by the lad himself. The whole trouble dates back to the moment when Mr. B. took—or, perhaps, *mistook*—himself for *The Ideal Fellow*. Since then he has been doing all sorts of things to mould Morehouse men like "me." (You know, a big *Mc-Man* from the open spaces.) Up to this time he has strutted up and down his tabloid, beating his manly chest and bragging about "the burning stream that courses through my veins" (he ought to turn this energy into aesthetic channels, like art, music, literature, etc.) and he has been grieving about how he would feel if he were "forced to lie and suffer" in our local hospital. At one period of the autobiography, our friend reported that the mellow aroma of *Four Roses* was "unfamiliar to me." Now, I can understand how cigarette smoke might easily strangle Mr. Brown; but when he turns his nose up at *Four Roses*, then my sympathies wither. (By the way, Mr. Brown: *Four Roses* is a liquor which, if approached intelligently, makes excellent cocktails, *I am told*; *cocktail* is the name one must give to liquor in order to remain respected. One can lightly suggest, "I say, let's have a cocktail," and his friends will smile gayly; but let him cry, "Let's go out and get a drink of likker!" and immediately society violently excommunicates him; not for what he has *done*, mind you, but for what he has *said*. Now, liquor is a beverage only fools drink too much of: fools are fellows who used to entertain nobility, but you can find most of them now in college trying to learn something.)

But, seriously, I believe Mr. Brown's is an excellent idea, and I hate like the devil to see him putting not only his feet but himself into the pudding by saying and doing unnecessary and puerile things. However, here's the hitch: our campus is pregnant with amateur *critics* and only a handful of *doers*. Everyone points; only a few perform. Mr. Brown ought to know this by now. He is a member in good standing of most of the organizations that—like the majority of things college students run themselves—are flopping. If he was really in earnest, and wanted to see the "overfed fires" come to some good, he would become a dynamo within the circle and not a fellow who walks up to the man with a flat tire, folds his arms, shakes his head knowingly, and says in the solemn wisdom of the ages, "You're having a little trouble, Buddy."

But he is young, Mr. Bailey, and will soon learn that it will take more than the calling of names to awaken students to anything greater and more eternal than book-learning.

Yours truly,
McIVER.

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