

MAROON TIGER



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

This issue is dedicated to



A Leader, a Scholar, and a Gentleman



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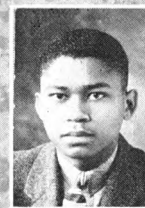
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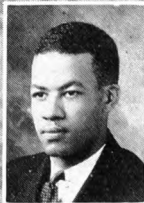
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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME IX^A

MAY, 1935

NUMBER 7

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THE MAROON TIGER

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MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

PER COPY 50c

NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

UNDERGRADUATE THOUGHT

In looking back over the college year (an editorial requirement) we choose to rest our eyes upon undergraduate thought. We prefer to consider, as our final task, the mind of the students because it is an abstract thing, and we won't necessarily have to draw a definite conclusion about it.

To begin with, the nearest thing we have found to thought, is opinion, and it is a rather wavering affair. And the bulk of opinion is the variety that has been used before. This community has rarely (and here we are considerate) seen any original thought; none of a revolutionary nature. The local mind is slow to accept a change in thought trends (a good thing perhaps) and is reluctant to relinquish its hold on the old. Education has lifted and placed the student into an uncomfortable medium; one that he neither profits from nor joys in.

It is not a simple thing to say what is directly responsible for this condition; but editors must not admit that. So, leaning on the point that we should have an answer for all collegiate questions, we will list a few of the things we would, in our official dignity, blame.

1. *The Student Himself.* It is always safe to put a finger on student; he is usually responsible anyway. Students spend much time trying to impress someone with their importance, and little time trying to make themselves so. If you wish a bit of concrete proof you might look at the materials opposite the portraits of the seniors and at the picture of the Maroon Tiger staff. The latter group found it impossible for eight months to meet in a body greater than five, but it made a splendid trek to the photographer's in order to appear in the Tiger's yearly *Who's Who*.

2. *The Educational System:* Editors must never leave their posts without a crack at the system of education. The pursuit of knowledge does not require a student to have a brain, but it will not consider a student unless he sports a good memory. An intelligent fellow could visit the library a few hours a day and stand with the best; but it would only give him an EDUCATION, not a DEGREE. And degrees belong in the hand, not the head. And that brings us to

3. *The Professors.* No editor is forgiven if he turns a cold shoulder to the learned gentlemen who direct student thought; juggle it, rather. Professors are those severe looking fellows who give their lives to a school, but weep at giving a few pennies to an endowment fund. Heart, soul and body, they freely give—but filthy lucre is another matter. How do they affect student thought? They do it unwittingly. Students are so busy trying to LEARN the teacher (this is an art and an important factor in the pursuit) he has little time for the lessons.

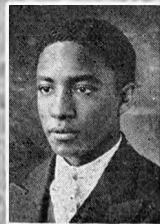
4. *The Student Himself.* Yes, we've mentioned the student before: we must blame him twice. Few of us realize that we must construct a level of thought in SPITE of an education; for it doesn't create, it merely invites. At its best education (the one we pay for at the Bursar's office) simply suggests in us what our possibilities may be. We have been created; let us now begin to fashion ourselves.



E. M. BARRON



G. C. BIRCHETTE



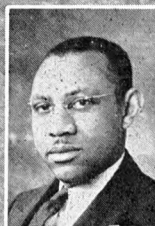
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L. BLAYLOCK



M. W. BONNER



L. E. BURGESS



J. B. CLEMMONS



M. C. CLEVELAND



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Phi Beta Sigma
President '32-'33
Secretary '30-'31
Manager Track Team '30-'31
Secretary Class '30-'31
Member "M" Club '30-'35
Secretary Interfraternity Council '32-'33
Secretary "M" Club '32-'33
Business Manager Class '32-'33
Basketball '32-'33
Circulation Manager Maroon Tiger '32-'33

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Asheville, N. C.
Bachelor of Arts
MAJOR BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
Intermural Football '34-'35
Basketball '32-'33
Gladiators '31-'35
Omega Fraternity
Member Y. M. C. A.

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Macon, Georgia
MAJOR ECONOMICS
Glee Club and Orchestra '30-'31
Representative to Student Activity Committee
'34-'35
Y. M. C. A. '33-'34
Kappa Alpha Psi
Keeper of Records '33-'35

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"Red"
Fort Worth, Texas
MAJOR EDUCATION
Ki Yi Club '31-'32
Intramural Football and Basketball '31-'32
Interchapter Fraternity Basketball '35
Interfraternal Council Secretary '35
Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity
Chaplain '35

L. EDWARD BURGESS

MAJOR BIOLOGY
Science and Mathematics Club '32-'35
Intramural football '33-'34
Xi Kappa Xi Fraternity
Strategos '32
Sunthith '33
Graphic Secretariat '34
Hagemon '35

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Rome, Georgia
MAJOR MATHEMATICS
Science Club '32-'35
Secretary '34-'35
Assistant Secretary '33-'34
Secretary Class '33-'35
Secretary Ki-Yi Club '32-'35
Secretary Gladiators Club '33-'34
Member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity

MARSHALL A. CLEVELAND

MAJOR BIOLOGY
MINOR CHEMISTRY
Intramural Sports (football) '33, '34
Xi Kappa Xi
Sunthith, '34, '35
B. S. Degree

ROSS DOUTHARD

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE



M.C. DARKINS



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A. HARRISON



F.A. HAYNES

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 Chairman of Student Adjustment Committee '35
 Y. M. C. A. '31-'35
 President '35
 Glee Club and Orchestra '31-'34
 President '34
 Student Activity Committee '34
 University Players '32-'35
 Science and Mathematics Club '32-'35
 The Maroon Tiger Staff '35
 Omega Psi Phi Fraternity '32-'35
 Keeper of R. and S. '35

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 Chicago, Ill.
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 University of Illinois '28-'30
 Business Manager of Maroon Tiger '34-'35
 President Interfraternal Basketball Council
 '34-'35
 Dean's Honor Roll '33-'35
 Kappa Alpha Psi—Pi Chapter
 Vice Polemarch '33-'34
 Polemarch '34-'35
 Grand Strategus '34-'35

ARNOLD W. ELLINGTON
 Atlanta, Ga.
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 Member of Gladiators Club
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 Columbia, S. C.
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 A. & T. College '31-'33
 Alpha Phi Alpha

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 Varsity Football '34
 Athletics '33-'34
 Science and Mathematics Club
 Subscription Manager Maroon Tiger
 Kappa Alpha Psi

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 President Senior Class
 President Alpha Rho Chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha
 '34-'35
 President Science and Mathematics Club '34-'35
 Varsity Track '32
 Associate Editor Maroon Tiger '33-'35
 Associate Editor "M" Book '34
 Member Interfraternal Council '34-'35
 Member "M" Club '32-'35

HAROLD N. EVANS ("Little Pug")
 Birmingham, Alabama
 Miles Memorial College '30-'31-'32-'33
 Science and Mathematics Club '34-'35
 Alpha Phi Alpha
 MAJOR MATHEMATICS

ALVIN HARRISON
 Miles Memorial College
 DEBATING

FRED ANDERSON HAYNES ("Cinq")
 MAJOR ECONOMICS AND BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
 University Players, Business Manager '33-'35
 Exchange Editor of Maroon Tiger '33-'34
 Vice President Senior Class '35
 Vice President Alpha Phi Alpha '33-'34



B.W. HAYWOOD



W.C. HUMBLER



M.F. JACKSON



T. KILGORE



T.C. McDUFFIE



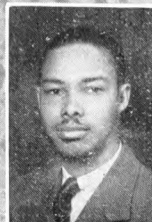
R.A. McIVER



W.C. MARTIN



H.E. MORROW



T.J. MORSE

BENNY W. HAYWOOD
"B. W."

Glee Club
Alabama State '32-'33
Gladiators Club
Phi Beta Sigma

W. C. HUMBLER
Capetown, South Africa
Member Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity
MAJOR RELIGION

M. F. JACKSON (*Alias "Sorry"*)
Watchword: "That's right."
Treasurer Gladiators '32-'33
Secretary Gladiators '33-'35
President Phi Beta Sigma '34-'35
Student Accountant '34-'35
Business Manager Senior Class '34-'35
Vice President Interfraternal Council '34-'35

THOMAS KILGORE, A.B.
Brevard, N. C.
Student Activity Committee '32-'35
Secretary '33-'34
Chairman '34-'35
Y. M. C. A. '34-'35
Class President '31-'34
Associate News Editor Maroon Tiger '32-'33
Intramural Basketball '31-'35
Atlanta Intercollegiate Council '33-'35
Chairman '34-'35
Glee Club and Orchestra '31-'32
Omega Psi Phi '33-'35
Basileus '34-'35

THOMAS CHARLES McDUFFIE, A.B.
"Mac"
Ansonia, Connecticut
MAJOR SOCIOLOGY
Intramural Football '31
Intramural Track '31-'33
Y. M. C. A. '31-'32
President Physical Education Forum '34
Vice President Phi Beta Sigma '34-'35
Le Cercle Francais '33
Associate Editor "M" Book '35

RAPHAEL McIVER
Maroon Tiger
University Players
Atlanta Summer Theatre

WILBUR MARTIN, B.S.
"The Maestro"
Class Officer '31-'33
Athletic Committee '32-'33
Football Manager '33-'34
"M" Club, Glee Club and Orchestra '31-'33
Science and Mathematics Club '32-'35
Ki Yi Club '32-'35
Athletic Committee '34-'35
Strategus Kappa Alpha Psi '34-'35
President Florida Club '34-'35
Intramural Football '33-'34
Exchange Editor Maroon Tiger '34-'35

HURAM ERSKINE MORROW
Glee Club, Orchestra and Band
Y. M. C. A.
Science and Mathematics
Omega Psi Phi

T. J. MORSE

**C.H. ROBINSON****J.M. ROBINSON****J.M. ROSS****C.A. WEBSTER****C.R. WALKER****W. TATE****N. WILSON****C. R. WOODWARD****J.H. YOUNG****CLAUDE HAMILTON ROBINSON***"Bear"*

Atlanta, Ga.

MAJOR FRENCH

Glee Club '31-'35

Quartet '33-'35

Varsity Basketball '34-'35

Intramural Athletics '31-'35

Le Cercle Francaise '32-'33

JUDKIN M. ROBINSON, B.S.

Maroon Tiger Staff

Science Editor '34-'35

Associate Editor "M" Book '34-'35

Athletic Committee '34-'35

Xi Kappa Xi Fraternity '33-'35

Alternate Hagemon '34-'35

MAJOR BIOLOGY

JOHN McLINN ROSS

New Haven, Conn.

Zeta Chapter, Alpha Phi Alpha

University Players

Assistant in Dramatics, Atlanta University

Graduate Yale Department of Drama

CHARLES H. WEBSTER ("Jump")

Alpha Phi Alpha

Freshman, University of Kansas

Gladiators '33-'35

Vice President '34

Ki Yi '34-'35

Intramural Football Captain '32-'34

Intramural Basketball '33, Captain '34-'35

Intramural Baseball '33-'35, Captain '34

CHARLES ROBERT WALKER, A.B.

MAJOR HISTORY

Glee Club '34-'35

Xi Kappa Xi Fraternity

Intramural Football '34-'35

Benedict College '31-'34

WALTER PETER TATE, JR.

Washington, D. C.

Football and Basketball '34-'35

Member Basketball Interfraternity Council '35

Omega Psi Phi Fraternity

Member Y. M. C. A.

NORMAN WILSON*"Stately"*

Gibbsland, Louisiana

MAJOR HISTORY

Intramural Football '33

All Campus Guard '33

CONRETH ROBERT WOODWARD ("Judge")

Asheville, N. C.

MAJOR SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

Omega Psi Phi Fraternity

Chairman Social Committee '33-'35

Gladiators Social Club '31-'35

Glee Club and Orchestra '31-'32

Advertising Manager Maroon Tiger '34-'35

JOHN H. YOUNG

Pine Bluff, Ark.

MAJOR HISTORY

President Chi Delta Sigma Debating Society

'33-'34

Varsity Football '32-'35

President University Players '34-'35

President Gladiators '33-'34

Literary Editor Maroon Tiger '33-'34

Dramatic Editor Maroon Tiger '34-'35

Kappa Alpha Psi

President "M" Club '35-'36

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT YOU MEN

By FRANCES JOHNSON

Exclusive to—

1. SMOOTHIES—Those suave high-hat men who consider themselves infallible, and feel that they run the world.
2. PALS—The lives-of-the-parties and old reliables.
3. MEN OF IRON—Those big silent he-men who dote on worship from afar.

Yes, sir! Step right up and read and learn just what we girls think about you—the age-old problem. After much discussion, deliberation, concentration, and the like, we have worked out the following list of pet peeves in regards to the three universal types of boys—the smoothie, the pal, and the man of iron. However, please understand this, we are not going to draw the line and ask all but the tall, dark, handsome men to resign. We don't care if your ears stick out or you wear horn-rimmed glasses, but what we do care about is what you do with what you have. All we humbly ask is that you be neat, clean, and well dressed.

First there is the problem of the impression you make on others. Give our self-respect a break—even if your own is minus. Curb your primitive instincts and be a little conservative about clothes—don't wear lurid neckties that clash with fancy shirts. Don't you know that socks that droop without benefit of garters are enough to make any girl's blood boil? And when it comes to no socks at all—!! Oh, please! How do you think we feel when you stroll coolly up in white-flannel trousers that show all too plainly the ravages of time, numerous strawberry festivals, and the neighbor's bulldog? Perhaps it may be collegiate and smart or whatever you may call it, but never will you know the agony of seeing you in those tired hats that dip up in the front and slide down in the back! Maybe once they were gay, nonchalant, self-respecting, but now—

Learn to dance!! Even if you aren't inspired on the subject you can at least master a simple slide-together step. Honestly, no man, even if he is as handsome as Gable, can get along without knowing how. You may be bashful, homely as sin, cross-eyed, or even a moron, but if you are a really good dancer, we girls will love to dance with you whenever you ask us.

Oh, please! however, meditate and ponder over the various grips and holds that you subject us to while tripping “the light fantastic.” Consider, if you will, the sad predicament of the poor defenseless girl whose partner seizes her firmly, slides his hand under her arm, and grabs her by the back of the neck. How on earth can you expect a girl to dance gracefully if she is practically hanging by her neck?

Now, whether its old-fashioned or not—we like manners and politeness—used every day, at school, on the street, at parties, and especially when we are alone with you. It is no compliment to a girl to be seen out with a boor—we'd rather stay at home. For an instance, take calling for a girl in your car. We'd prefer to have you ring our doorbell and ask for us. If you stay in the car and honk raucously, it's not only rude, but it inspires in papa an almost uncontrollable impulse to hurl a potted geranium in your direction—and to keep us in.

Remember, when older people come into the room,

that you aren't glued to the chair. Stand up, if only for the benefit of the creases in your trousers.

When we are supposed to get home on time, whether its before dark or at midnight, see that we do get in on time. You see, if we don't, we know what we will have to face. And another thing, why call us up at the last minute and expect us to be palpitating and ready to dash out with you after some excitement? We don't feel honored a bit!

Talk to us—about everything! You'd be surprised at what we know and are interested in. However, don't talk football and sell to us all evening. Of course we like boys with snappy lines of chatter that keep us on our toes every minute, but woe to the one we find pouring the same line into the ears of every girl in the club!

Don't go around looking all bored, aloof, blase, and indifferent. It may be fascinating for a few girls, but you have to be terribly good looking or a very big shot to have it take on everyone. On the other hand, don't be too always-on-hand. We like to see you all the time, of course, but once you start that anything-you-say and it's-up-to-you stuff on us, we lose interest. Do you like girls who do everything you say and anything you say, whenever you say? No, we don't like boys like that either. In short, just give us a chance to lose a little sleep over you!

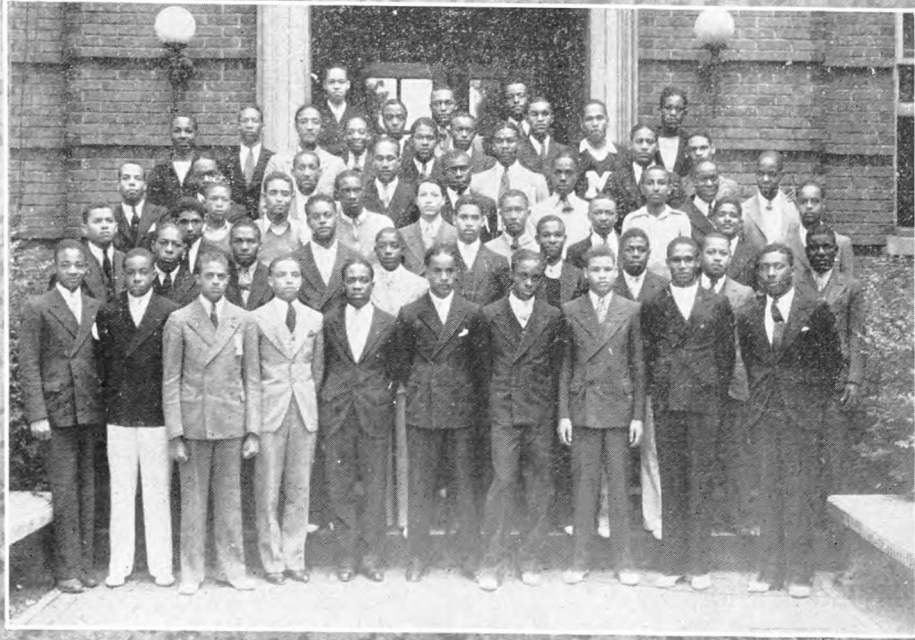
Maybe after reading this, you may smile indulgently, perhaps yawn, and remark, “So what?” To which we very inelegantly reply, “Nerts to you!”

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT YOU WOMEN

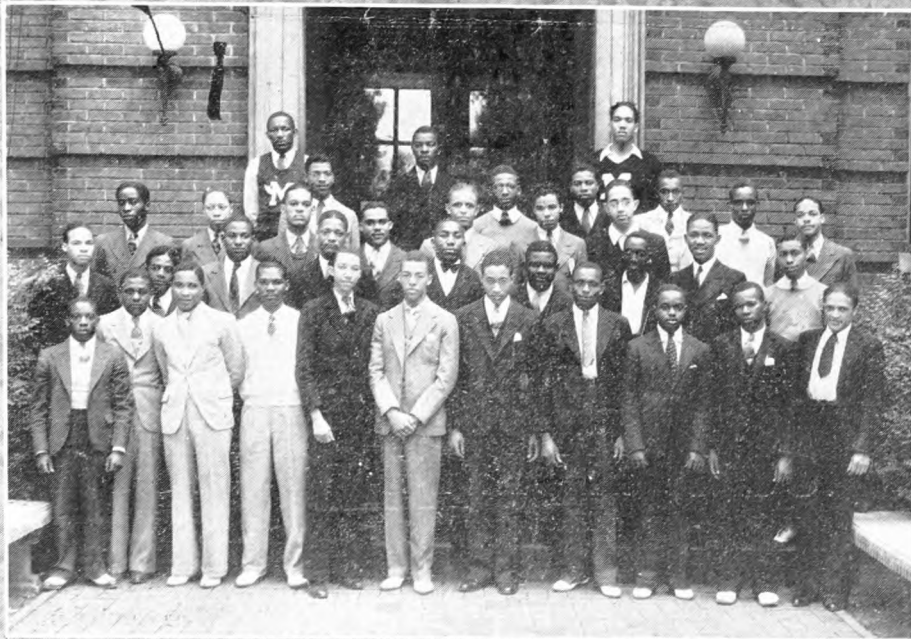
Exclusive to—women: “You all look alike.”

When it becomes necessary to think about you we do it very firmly. We begin with you in general and say: “Swell chick! Nice looking cat! Very charming creature” or “Not so hot! Beat to her anklets! A trifle worn!” When this general observation is over, we walk up and say, “Beg pardon,” or “Haven't I seen you somewhere?” or “Hello, kid; what's your name?” Regardless of your answer, we're going to look you over, hardly noticing your clothes; our interest being chiefly in how you're making out in whatever you're in. We usually begin, as a means of saving time, with feet and lower regions and make an excursion to your hair. From the beginning to the end of the optical journey you will perhaps hear such murmurings: “A bit large . . . not bad . . . streamlined; . . . Mae . . . Dixie Highway . . . two dark pools . . . Poro! . . . Madame Walker!” This done, we talk, and (if you get a chance to say anything) analyze what you say! If you talk about us, we'll think you're fresh; if you talk about yourself, we'll think you're conceited. If you ignore us, we'll sprain an ankle getting a word or a good, meaning look to you next time you appear. If you get ga-ga about us, we'll keep you worried as much as possible (if we know that you're silly enough to worry). All in all, we're not as bad as you think we are; we're worse.

To us there are two distinct classes of women: the ones we like and the ones we don't like. But we do not classify you as “good” or “bad;” there are bad women, and those that haven't been found out yet.



FRESHMEN



SOPHOMORES

Drippings Of The Pen

TO THE SENIORS

If but one message I may leave behind
 One single word of courage to my kind,
 It would be this—spoken truly to a friend
 Whatever life may bring—what God may send,
 No matter whether clouds lift soon or late,
 Take opportunity when it comes, don't wait,
 Because despair may tangle darkly at your feet,
 Your faith be dimmed, and hope once cool and sweet,
 Be lost—but suddenly above a hill
 A heavenly lamp set on a heavenly sill
 Will shine for you and point the way to do.
 How well I know!
 For I have waited through the dark, and I
 Have seen a star rise in the blackest sky
 Repeatedly; it has not failed me yet
 And I have learned that God never will forget
 To light His lamp. If you but wait for it,
 It will be lit.

—SAMUEL T. McKIBBEN.

LIVING SERMON

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
 I'd rather one would walk with me than merely show
 the way.
 The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;
 Fine counsel is confusing, but examples always clear;
 And the best of all the preachers are the men who live
 their creeds,
 For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.
 I can quickly learn to do it if you let me see it done;
 And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
 But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do;
 For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you
 give,
 But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how
 you live.
 When I see an act of kindness I am eager to be kind;
 When a weaker brother stumbles and a stronger stays
 behind
 Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong
 with me
 To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend
 to be.
 All travelers will tell you that the best of guides today
 Are not the ones that tell him but the ones that show the
 way.
 One good man teaches many men to believe what they
 behold;
 But one deed of kindness acted is worth forty that are
 told;
 Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor
 dear;
 For right living speaks a language that to everyone is
 clear;
 Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence,
 I say:
 I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day.

—A. CHRISTOPHER.

TO A LEAVING ONE

Since parting he decreed us two,
 Pause a little let me look into your eyes.
 In time to come, remember the day of your longing
 As I remember the nights of delights.
 Visions of you will haunt my dreams.
 Let me pass, I entreat you, into yours.
 Between you and me roar the waves of a sea of tears,
 And I cannot pass over to you.
 Between the bitter and the sweet stands my heart.

I can not hear your voice, but I hear
 Upon the secret places of my heart,
 The dying sound of your feet taking
 You into the silence of the yesterdays.

DISCOVERY

I think that all that beauty is
 Is caught and held in woman's tears;
 Is woven round the joy and pain,
 Concealed where it has always lain,
 Eating its way into her secret heart.

I think that all that beauty holds
 Is crushed within the winding folds
 Of thoughts and painful memories.
 Where hangs the ring of shining keys
 That fit the locks of beauty's secret ways.

—CLAIRE HELEN HAYWOOD.

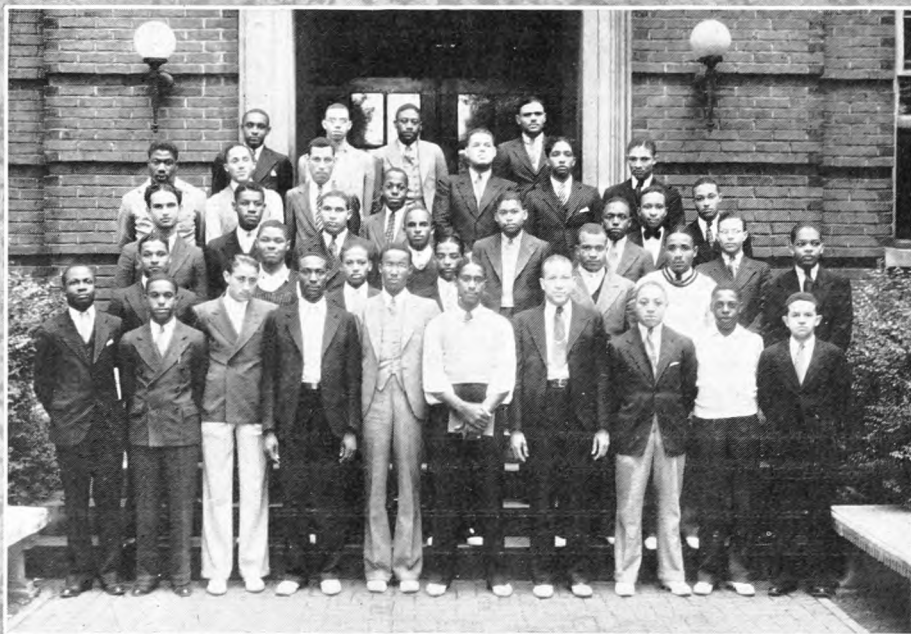
THE AESTHETE

He has a heart which bleeds at sight
 Of little birds lost in their flight.
 And if a dog has lost its way
 He frets about it through the day.
 He cannot sleep if it is known
 A rose has withered by a stone.
 But if his sweet wife, meaning well,
 Burns steak or roast he gives her hell.

SMALL THINGS

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Life, being careful, such a husbandry shows,
 As fits into its grasp, no more, no less,
 Than it can keep of ancient loveliness;
 A province it discards, retains a rose.
 What out of times and weathers will it save?
 Some small importance of a hedge, a town,
 Not worth a corner's gossip, a renown,
 But exquisite with the touch of the grave.
 What would we do with aught of high or vast,
 With havocs, wars, or towers, or a sphere
 Splashing the west with silver as with foam?
 For some old littleness would we clutch fast,
 A shred of some lost crop, and clutching, hear
 The sound of footsteps running back to home.
 —*The Virginia Quarterly Review.*



JUNIORS



TRACK TEAM

new and old voices

THE OLD REGIME SPEAKS

By THOMAS KILGORE

The Student Activity Committee has successfully come to the close of its fourth year of service. I say successfully, with the hope that the many blunders which have been made by this organization have been "successfully" kept from the public.

For four years this organization, with the co-operation of the student body, has carried on the various campus activities in such a way as to clearly demonstrate students' ability to operate their own activities, and to develop and perpetuate democratic student government. Each year the committee has made definite advances, and progress has been realized.

The activities of the committee of the present year have not been unlike those of the other three years. We have witnessed some of the same successes and failures. However, we feel that certain acts on our part have placed us in position to receive credit for having made some progress. For the first year in its history, the committee has operated separately from the college. With our own bank account, system of budgeting, etc., we have been very mindful to steer clear of a deficit, because the college no longer assumes our obligations. This we think is a very definite step towards teaching students to shoulder responsibility and plan for themselves. The creation of the Student Adjustment Committee, a subsidiary body to the Student Activity Committee, has done much to solve discipline problems, and is worthy of being continued. Along with these two changes the committee has kept up its regular activities, which included the International Debate, with a team from the National Union of Students of England; the Annual Shakespearian play, and many other attractions of general interest.

It is the sincere hope of the committee of 1934-35 that the new committee will profit by all our mistakes, and rise to heights unknown to us. We humbly submit to you the great task of waging war against any deadly influence which might creep in and destroy the glorious freedom we now enjoy, and of putting forth every effort to perpetuate our student government on a purely intellectually democratic basis.

THE NEW ONE ANSWERS

FELLOW STUDENTS OF MOREHOUSE:

You have dared to invest your trust in us, the Student Activities Committee for 1935-36 and we pledge ourselves to remain true at all times to the highest hopes which you may ever hold for us. We sincerely feel that the tasks of duty, of service and of leadership, which have been delegated to us are no less than individual opportunities to prove to you, to ourselves, and to the world that there is strength, there is courage, and there is worthiness in the aims of American youth. Because of the liberal attitude of our administration, and of our proximity to the every-day world we, as students of Morehouse College, are particularly fortunate in this respect. We of the committee are compelled to recognize

a challenge in being selected to serve as custodians of your various budgets and to serve in the capacity of your official representatives. We feel that it is ours to meet the challenge through brilliant and worthy achievement, or evade the issue in a miserable display of incompetence. We dare to choose the former, and in due season to lay before you a task well done.

There is no doubt in the minds of the true sons of the college as to the value of concerted effort. Next year shall be no exception, for we shall call upon "every man to get a man," that we may be insured of definite success in every undertaking. The committee shall aim to be a dynamic part of a more dynamic unit—the general student body. It shall be yours and mine to make or to mar. Fellow students, let's choose to make!

DREW DAYS, *Chairman*

Student Activities Committee, 1935-36

A FOND HOPE

Here's hoping that the students will continue to realize their responsibility to the Maroon Tiger staff for the coming year, or rather, that they will cultivate a better responsibility. Mr. Melver had to deal with a student body who thought that the editor and his staff wrote the paper. Let us hope that this erroneous impression is wiped out. In spite of writing slackness, Mr. Melver was highly successful and should be complimented. Mr. Bailey, before Mr. Melver, is to be complimented in that he overcame the same difficulty. There must dawn in the minds of the students the fact that the Tiger is their official organ of expression and that the editor is merely the last word before its publication. We always cry for a freedom of the press and we have that on our campus. Why not use it? Come on, fellows, unwind the coils of the God of Morpheus from around the ol' fountain pen and express yourselves. *Ecrivez!* May we hope to find next year a better student opinion and better student support. A student body that expresses itself through its official medium will perpetuate a certain tradition around the campus. As we perpetuate wholesome traditions we make the Morehouse spirit a living thing.

J. C. L.

SENIOR WEEK

The week of May 20th was set aside and called Senior Week. The entire five days were turned over to the graduating class so that the Seniors might show the lower class how much they knew. Mukasa spoke on business; Ross on the theatre; Melver on politics; Burgess on biology; and Kilgore spoke on everything, if I remember correctly. He also threw a torch to the Junior class. It was caught by John Long, official torch-retriever of the Juniors. Everyone enjoyed the showing off that week.

STUDENT

COUNCIL



J. B. ELLISON
REP. FOR FRESHMEN



R. E. NORRIS - Sec'y
REP. FOR SOPHOMORES



T. KILGORE - Pres.
REP. FOR Y. P. L. A.



A. CHRISTOPHER
REP. FOR JUNIORS



L. M. BIVINS
REP. FOR SENIORS



T. H. MENCHAN
REP. FOR ATHLETICS



J. C. LONG
REP. FOR DEBATING

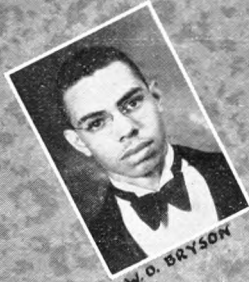


D. S. DAYS
REP. FOR MUSIC DEPT.



H. C. JACKSON
REP. FOR MAROON TIGER

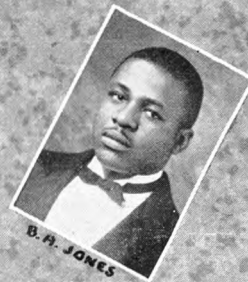
DEBATING TEAM



W. O. BRYSON



J. C. LONG



B. A. JONES



A. HARRISON



J. H. YOUNG



S. W. WILLIAMS

DEBATING IN THE RETROSPECT

The intellectual giants (pygmies if you will) enjoyed a rather successful season. Only three varsity debaters returned and Coaches Tillman, Brazear and Lindsay were forced to work hard to put out a well-rounded squad. The aspirants for the squad realized, however, that Morehouse had a debating reputation to maintain and bent nobly to the task of perpetuating the reputation. On December 11, Morehouse met the University of London in an intellectual combat, or funfest, as some would term it. Morehouse was represented by J. C. Long, '36, and L. Raymond Bailey, '34, of the graduate school. The debate was quite interesting and entertaining to the large crowd that attended. We are looking forward to another English debate in the fall of 1935. Highlights were the exchange of wit and Bailey's hoop skirt joke.

A virtually new team had to be composed to meet Howard University on March 1st. The shipment of arms and munitions question was debated. Prof. Tillman remarked concerning his varsity debaters, "One was a tragedian stabbing folks and the other was roaming through Florida with the Glee Club and Orchestra, blowing a piccolo. I couldn't use them." In the Howard debate, however, the squad of Alvin Harrison, W. O. Bryson and B. Alfonso Jones represented Morehouse well. The debate throughout was characterized by a smoothness that gives credit to the coaches of both teams. On the 5th of April, the Maroon forensic lions (not kittens) trekked to Cheehaw to engage the Tuskegee lads in intellectual combat. Those who debated there were "Rev." Samuel Woodrow Williams, B. Alfonso Jones and J. Clinton Long. Prof. Tillman, the coach, accompanied the team. During the debate, Jones boomed out in stentorian tones, "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury." Careful B. A. Williams had five minutes for rebuttal and sat down six minutes too soon. According to Prof. Tillman, Long made the Tuskegee case clearer. (By the way, Mr. Long wrote this.—Ed.) The Maroon debaters made up for all shortcomings at the social after the debate. There at the social with the beautiful Cheehaw maidens around the debaters were fine speakers, especially "Rev." Williams, whose charming and magnetic personality kept him surrounded with "femmes." The Tuskegee debating team was coached by Prof. Jerkins, a Morehouse grad and a product of Prof. Tillman, who has developed a horde of brilliant debaters. (What happened to those this year? Search me.) The arms and munitions question was debated in Tuskegee.

The next debates were the league debates on April 12th. Morehouse was represented in Atlanta against Talladega by Alvin Harrison and Winfred O. Bryson, Jr. The league question was, "Resolved, That the nations should agree to prevent the international shipment of arms and munitions." The system of cross-questioning in the debate was used quite effectively. A small but responsive audience attended the Talladega debate here. In the other league debate, the debating Johns, John Henry Young and John Clinton Long, took on Shaw at Raleigh. A young lady was on the Shaw team, and Long had difficulty in substituting for gentlemen of the opposition. Seriously discussing the arms traffic, brilliant Young told the enthusiastic audience that the young lady of the opposition could vouch for the fact that arms were terrible things to have around one. It did not take Young long to become the idol of Shaw campus (he took six suits, by the way). The Shaw boys fervently prayed, "Lord, make me more and more like

John Young." Both Morehouse debaters fell in love—Young at Shaw with one dame, and Long at St. Augustine with several ladies and the tennis courts. The season was officially closed with Prof. Tillman's swlegant banquet at his residence, at which time the debaters proved to be big eaters as well as big liars.

THE SLOW AND UNPRECOCIOUS

THOMAS C. McDUFFIE

"The strength of a chain is measured by its weakest link."

Under the present system it is usually at an early age to condemn to bread winning and factory slavery those pupils who seem in any way slow or deficient in power or inclinations to acquire through the memory cramming process the conventional type of education. This is a particularly great wrong both to society and the individual; for, if it be admitted that in the development of a higher form of average democracy is the pathway of true progress, then should the slow and less ably endowed, the weak and simple, have extra pains taken to develop what intellectual faculties they have to the highest possible point—not only to enhance their value to the state and to society, their productive abilities, but also that their children may have the heredity of a better parentage; and we dare claim that, among any given one thousand of the so-called "poor scholars" who are prematurely doomed to any early slavery at bread winning, with the minimum of mental training and with no hand training at all, in any thousand of such will be found many capable of becoming men and women of mark, of genius, if they could be led along to a few years later age and have the advantages of hand culture and a chance to study mechanic arts or industrial training in some of its branches which are adapted to their peculiar mental drift.

It is a well-attested fact that many men and women of exceptional ability are late and slow in giving any evidence of strong mental power, and may never do so until some mechanical or technical study, some form of handicraft training, brings to the surface unexpected talents of a high order.

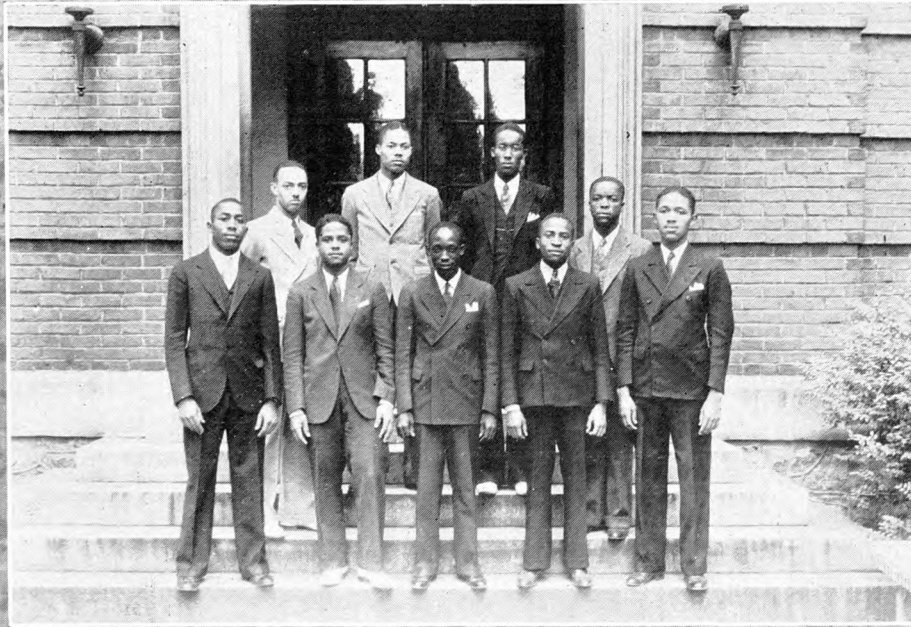
In this manner will colleges and universities based on the plan of alternate study and work, and that shall hold pupils until years of maturity, be of most inestimable value, both in creating a higher average of intelligence among all, but also (and of greatest importance) in finding and bringing out many men and women of rare merit and usefulness, who, under the present system, are almost totally lost to the world and doomed, like the flowers of the desert, to bloom unseen and unknown. We are fully persuaded, if there were no other reason for the demand, for a self-supporting system of schools for higher education, that this alone would be ample for a most comprehensive effort to establish such in every county in the whole land, to promote the higher average of citizenship by cultivating the slow and unprecocious and by developing the latent geniuses from those who only come to their full powers at a later age.

STUPID

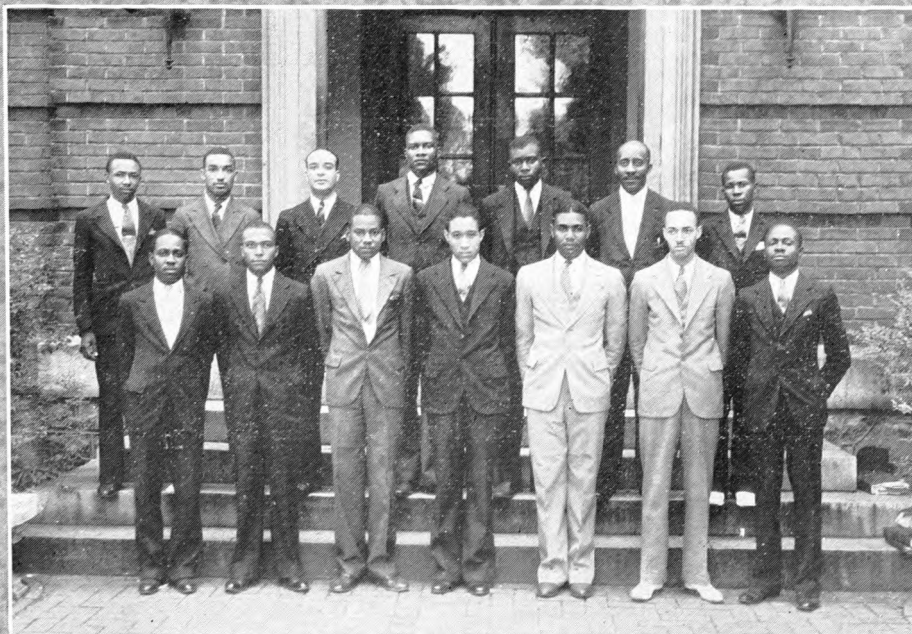
Menchan—I lost my last job because I couldn't learn the scales.

Creque—Wanted to be a musician, eh?

Menchan—Oh, no; trying to get a job in a fish market.



ADJUSTMENT COMMITTEE



MINISTER'S UNION

Fraternities

ARE FRATERNITIES USURPING THE MOREHOUSE SPIRIT?

By EUSEBIUS M. BARRON

This article is written with little or no misgivings as to its veracity being in any wise assumptious, but it is an outgrowth of my observation, since '29, of men matriculating, "crossing the SANDS" into some Greekdom, and departing from the scene of undergraduate activity.

I am thoroughly convinced that fraternities are quite constructive organizations and are the nuclei for collegiate social entertainment, and I equally agree that it's noble for laymen (if I may) to seek the folds of Greekdom, but have you ever stopped to think that every man that bests 2.5 and withstands the grind of Hell Week, is positively not frat timber? I'm definitely sure that our fraternities have waived their standards of selection a little too much, and such has precipitated an influx of quantity, rather than chosen quality, and has caused bystanders to point an accusing finger at frats, stamping them as selfish, prejudiced, biased, and uncosmopolitan; which is an utter reflection on college men, and particularly of Morehouse College.

Now let us glance at fraternities and their effects on that good old Morehouse Spirit, the kind that was good for "Tump" Mann, Ellis, "Big" Day, Jeffries, "Tombstone" Forbes, "Volley" Bowens, and the immortal son of the Red Hills, "Spirit" Edmonds, and try to ascertain whether or not that some "One for All and All for Morehouse" feeling still prevails. Having been around here when the Spirit was close to 100%, it is with utter remorse that I now observe that fraternal connections of some of the men on this campus, have occasioned too great a breach between the students, and student welfare. Frats can be as separate as the fingers on the hand, in maintaining their identities, and yet can work in unison as one great hand in molding and fashioning student life, and perpetuating the good spirit of the college with utmost success.

It's nothing short of a tragedy to imagine anyone having these sacred grounds as his habitat, breathing the air of freedom of speech, drinking in the strains of "Dear Old Morehouse," watching the padded warriors of maroon and white take their stand in bitter contests of athletic endeavors for the glory of Morehouse, and above all, ever chanting that sacred lyric, "Morehouse College," that will ever stir the souls of men like Ben. Brawley, Mordecai Johnson Johnson, Ira De Reid, Dr. Nabrit, Howard Thurman and others, and then allow something as insignificant as a frat to cause him to isolate himself from his fellow students and think himself in any way superior, because of some particular type of pin on his chest. He's really nothing but a nothing and good for nothing at that.

I think it's high time we, as college students, the intelligentsia and cream of the race, put away petty jealousies and bickerings and work harmoniously in planning a possible solution to this problem that's ours as a race. So, men of Morehouse, let us rededicate ourselves to the principles and ideals of our Alma Mater and dis-

card anything that might suggest a laxity in ever feeling strongly that Morehouse Spirit of old surging through our veins.

In writing this article I am not unconscious of the fact that there are some real Morehouse men on this campus, men who aren't tinged with biased behavior and who are friends to all and whose actions are above reproach at all times. These men are typical of that true spirit I should like to see prevail here always. If I had to select a group of regular fellows, men who are devoted to their orders, yet men who never allow their connections to supplant their position as vital parts of the student life, I would unhesitatingly include Kilgore, McFall, Burgess, Tom Washington, Mordis Jackson and Marshall Jones along with others. We all can be unselfish and real as these fellows and no doubt would be if someone would show to us that we aren't so hot, and only a small part of the group. So let us search ourselves to ascertain into which group we fall and try and adjust ourselves to cause a better relationship between students, regardless of fraternities, classes or clubs.

APPOINTMENTS

Dr. C. W. Hubert, President

We are happy to learn that Dr. Hubert has been appointed president of the Historical and Research Department of the National Baptist Convention.

The specific duty of this department shall be the collection and preservation of books, pamphlets, periodicals, manuscripts, etc., pertaining to Negro Baptists of all lands in particular and to the past and present history of Baptists and Christians in general.

Members of the organization are located in all parts of the world, including Central America and China.

His election to lead an organization of such strength and magnitude reveals the caliber of Dr. Hubert and the confidence a world of men have put in him.

THE NEW STUDENT ACTIVITY COMMITTEE

Chairman—Drew S. Days.

Vice-Chairman—W. H. Wilson.

Secretary—Roy Norris.

Debating Society—W. W. Jackson.

Athletics—T. H. Menchan.

Senior Class Representative—J. K. Neal.

Junior Class Representative—C. C. Huffman.

Maroon Tiger Representative—Otis McCree.

Faculty Representative—Dr. C. W. Hubert.

Ex-Officio—F. C. Gasset.

These are the gentlemen who will have the destiny of the student body in hand for the next school year. We hope that their spirits and abilities will maintain the qualities we know them to possess.

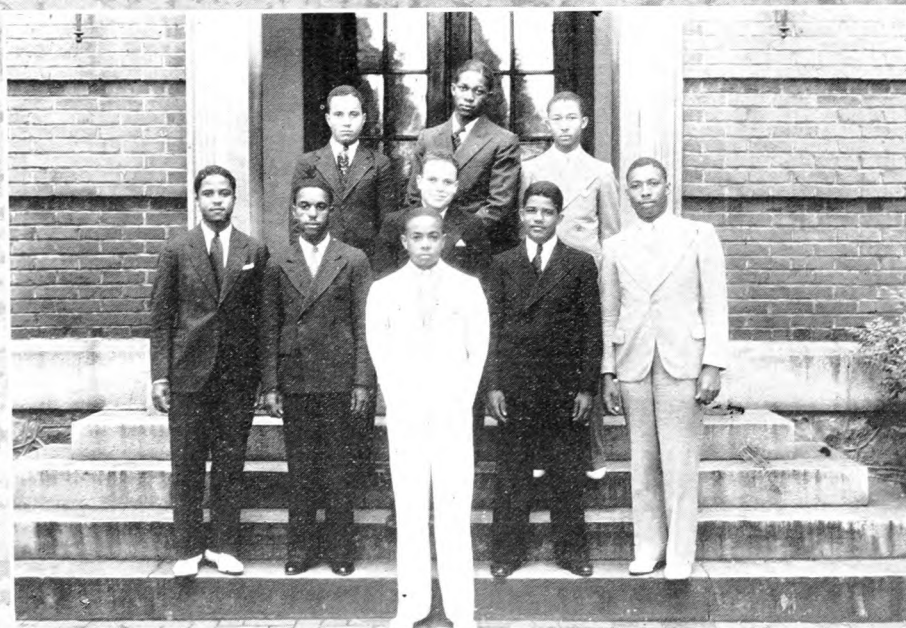
THE NEW TIGER EDITORS

Nothing could make us happier than the news that the *Tiger* will be edited by the three most capable and intelligent men in the field of journalism and the realm of thought—John Long, Dillard Brown, and Hobart Jackson. This is a combination whose abilities ought to make *Tiger* history. We are anxious to see them take up —not where we left off—but where we should have begun.

THE PRESENT EDITORS.



KAPPA ALPHA PSI



SCROLLERS CLUB

YES AND NO

HENRY EDWARD BANKS

It seems to me to be somewhat remarkable how gullible the multitude is for certain utterances simply because these utterances have been sanctified by popular usage and because they wear the halo of antiquity. I should suppose, however, that the primary reason for this is that most people don't think. They may have some loose and disordered opinions about some trifling controversy but they really don't think, if by "thinking" we mean facing certain facts, dealing squarely and honestly with them like men who go down to the sea in ships to do business in great waters, accepting what the facts have to say, and reaching sane conclusions.

In this respect then, most of us don't think; others do our thinking for us, and like dumb, driven cattle we follow behind them. It was Judge William Henry Harrison of Chicago who once said: "Thought runs the world and everybody in the world who doesn't think" . . . "and everybody in the world who don't think," of course, includes most of us. When it comes to thinking, most of us behave like the crowd. The crowd is extremely credulous: it believes everything it sees, accepts everything it hears, and takes everything for granted. That's one reason why newspapers and motion pictures are so widely popular. That's why advertisements concerning cigarettes, some of which promise energy and a "lift" when you are "all in," and others of which promise you a pleasant throat even if you consume a carload, go over so big. That's why war propaganda can galvanize a million people into standardized unanimity of thought and action.

In like manner, most of us have naively accepted such time-honored utterances as: "Seeing is believing," "Birds of a feather flock together," "A man is known by the company he keeps," "Actions speak louder than words," "If I should attend church more often, I should have better luck."

"Seeing is believing." Yes and no. It depends on what we see. It frequently occurs that seeing is not believing; we can't believe our eyes. The more we see, sometimes, the harder it is to believe. Occasionally, we are victims of optical illusions. Some people are constantly susceptible to hallucinations.

"Birds of a feather flock together." Yes and no. Men of similar opinions, tastes, and occupations naturally gravitate toward each other. They find enjoyment in each other's company because they have one or more things in common. On the other hand, it frequently happens that birds of many feather flock together because, believe it not, they find harmony in difference and receive stimulation from variety. Opposites do attract; negatives and positives do seek affinity.

"A man is known by the company he keeps." Yes and no—a thief seeks the gang of thieves and racketeers and a student enjoys the company of those who love literature, science, philosophy, art, and song for the reason just mentioned, that individuals of similar opinions, tastes and occupations find each other's company because they have something in common. On this basis, then, a man may be known by the company he keeps. On the other hand, a man may not be known by the company he keeps.

You can't always judge a man by the company he keeps, for the simple reason that you can't always judge his company. In the breast of a prostitute are the smoldering embers of virtue which needs only to be fanned

into flame by a sympathizing and contagious personality. I have a friend in Pittsburgh who approaches being a dual personality. At night he frequents cabarets and other nocturnal rendezvous and enjoys himself: he "raises hell." But in the day time he would go into raptures over poetry, certain musical compositions, or such plays as *Strange Interlude*. He was inwardly cultured, in spite of his midnight escapades; he had a genuine appreciation for the good, the beautiful, and the true. A man is not always known by the company he keeps.

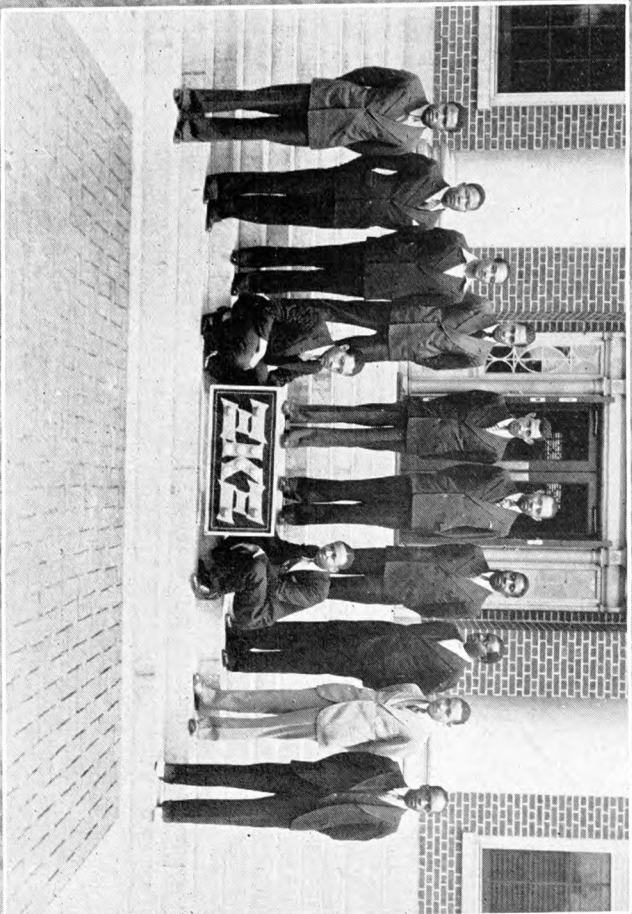
"Actions speak louder than words." Yes and no. Actions do speak louder than words, if by "louder" we mean an increase in volume. Actions are always loud but seldom accurate. A trumpet may occasionally give forth an uncertain sound. Behind all external actions of a person are his inner motives. Two men contribute fifty dollars to a Community Chest campaign. One man contributes his sum out of real sympathy; he has a vicarious experience in the suffering of others and he gives. The other man contributes his donation, not so much out of sympathy for others, but because he wants the financial sheet to record his name at the top of the list as a liberal contributor of fifty dollars. Externally, the same act; internally, two different motives.

"If I should attend church more often, I should have better luck." Yes and no. It all depends on what we go to church for. If we go to church solely to receive divine favor, our luck may remain the same. In our religious practices, many of us are still primitive; we believe in magic; we believe that some mysterious power of the church will break the spell of hard luck; but we are only fooling ourselves. Mere church attendance affects neither the dubious whims of the deities nor the baffling perplexities of circumstances. But if we attend church in order to worship—opening our inner lives to the influx of the Divine—if we attend church in order that we might be inspired, illuminated, and challenged, then our luck *will* change because *we* will be changed; our attitudes, aspirations, and purposes will be purified, clarified and ennobled.

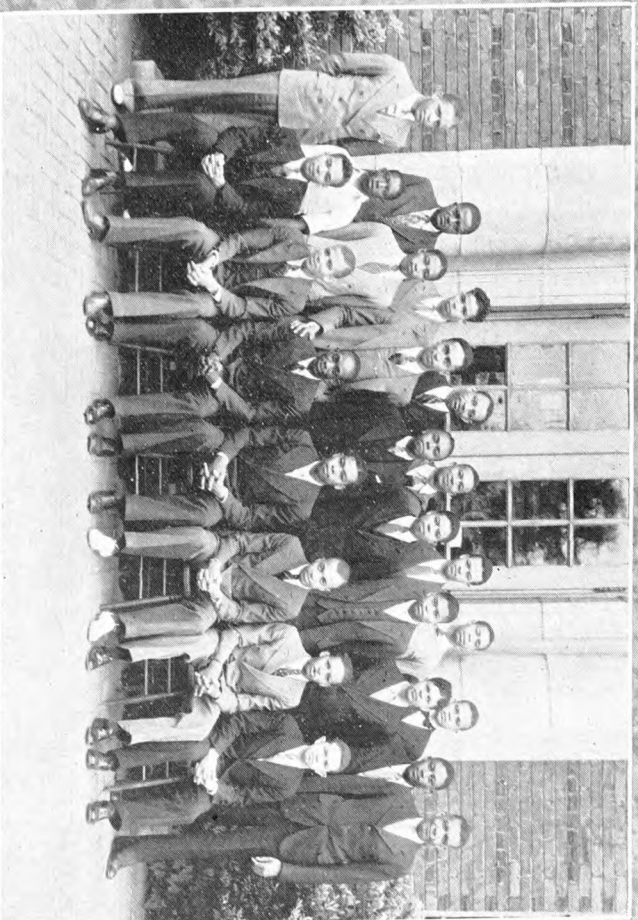
SPELMAN PARTIES

It has happened again! We have danced once more on the campus of beloved Spelman. Two parties were recently given: the first by Dean Lyons, honoring the Seniors of Spelman and Morehouse and their guests. This party was held in the Howe Theater and completely outclassed all of the others. The five-piece orchestra sat on the stage behind a rose-draped fence on which beautiful footlights played. Balloons of all shapes, colors and sizes were artistically suspended overhead. All of the ladies were resplendent in their evening gowns while the male element's attire ranged from tuxedos to sport togs. A fine spirit prevailed as the couples swayed gently to the melodious strains of the orchestra. Hilarity reigned when the balloons were let down. The ladies tried in vain to preserve the balloons. The men were set on seeing no whole balloon leave and with pins in hand they consecrated themselves to their task. Honors go to Mrs. Lyons for such a wonderful evening of rare entertainment. The next party was the General College Party, at which time Morehouse and Atlanta University were the guests of Spelman. The party was held in the dining hall, which was beautifully decorated. Ah! it was a swell affair. Graceful young ladies (old ones.

(Continued on page 24)



XI KAPPA XI



SCIENCE & MATHEMATICS CLUB

THE COSTIGAN-WAGNER BILL AGAIN

S. W. WILLIAMS

This article is simply the expression of the voice of many college students all over the country who want to know why the bill failed to come up for a vote. Why would the honorable gentlemen up at Washington filibuster for a whole week and then, to prevent a vote, move to adjourn Congress for a few hours. All of that seems strange not only to college students but to other people who think. I dare say that it ever seems strange also to the gentlemen at Washington.

I should like to pay a "compliment" to the "distinguished" gentleman who fought so hard against the bill. We are glad that they know enough about rules and technicalities to stop any "bad" legislation. We are pleased to note again that these gentlemen keep in so close touch with those whom they represent that they know when "*Public Opinion*" is ready for such a bill as the Costigan-Wagner bill.

About four years ago, in the month of March, out in the beautiful hills of New Jersey, a dastardly crime was committed—a crime which moved the nation, yea, the whole world. The life of a human being was stolen. It was a baby, taken from its bed never to be returned. The act was called kidnaping. Congress was in session. Before it adjourned these same gentlemen found that public opinion was strong enough to warrant the passing of an anti-kidnaping bill. It took only a few days for the bill to pass both houses and to secure the signature of the president.

For more than seventy years the lives of human beings have been stolen, yes, even taken boldly from their homes and parents never to be returned. These crimes have been as dastardly as any possibly could be. In the kidnaping case, these gentlemen said that the kidnaper crossed state lines, therefore enabling the Federal Government to act. Mobs have crossed state lines. They have been more cruel than any kidnaper ever dared to be. Mobs have cut off the limbs of their victims while the victim was still alive. They have made them eat their own flesh. They have burned them alive and, in fact, mobs have done everything not imaginable for "civilized" people. One would not expect savages to act any worse than mobs act here in our "highly civilized" America and in our "hospitable" South. But in spite of all this, the gentlemen at Washington fail to act on a bill which proposes to do away with such an evil.

I do not want anyone to misunderstand me. Kidnaping is bad. Congress was right to pass laws against it, for it certainly is a menace to society, and so is lynching. But, after all, it all seems strange. I can't see to save my life why a kidnaping bill could be passed so easily and a bill against a crime which has been practiced for more than seventy years cannot be passed. Kidnaping is not to be compared from point of cruelty with lynching.

We might as well face the facts as they really are.

The defeat of the bill simply bespeaks the feeling and thought of the South. The South is not ready to do anything which will cause it to treat the Negro as a citizen. It is so blinded by the wall of prejudice that it cannot see that it is keeping itself down by trying to keep the Negro down. There is little I know about wrestling, but I do know that a man cannot keep another one down unless he is down with him.

Perhaps we had best stop boasting about our Southern culture, intelligence and what not for fear someone from

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

BALAMU J. MUKASA

Having been asked by the editor of the Maroon Tiger to make a statement concerning my impressions of the American Negro, I am taking this opportunity to do so.

When I was in Africa, I knew very little of American Negroes. However, names like Booker T. Washington, Roland Hayes, Robert Moton, DuBois, John Hope and a few others were familiar to me. I remember the first American Negro I saw was a student in England. I met him at a party in Hampstead, a beautiful section of London. A few minutes talk with him convinced me that he was an intelligent person.

After six years' residence in America, I am happy to say that my first impression of the American Negro has not undergone very much change. In this country where "all men are created equal," there are three distinct and unequal classes of Negroes with whom I have come in contact and concerning whom I would like to make a few observations.

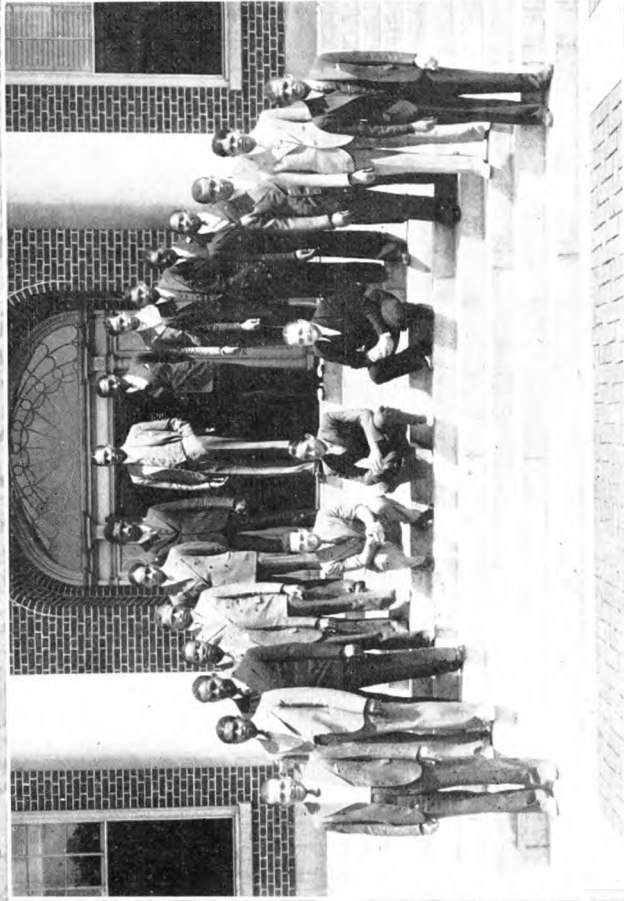
In the first place, the uneducated Negro is a simple person whose horizon is handicapped by short-sightedness. He strikes me as being a happy person. His conceits and hypocrisies are far fewer than those of his more enlightened brother. He lives in constant fear of superstition, but is open and tends to be kindly to his fellow-beings.

In the second place, you have what we might call the middle-class Negro. He enjoys the opportunities that come as a result of education. He is a progressive person, eager to learn, ambitious of doing great things. However, sometimes he tends to be over-zealous; he views the success of other people as a stumbling block of his own progress. He often spends much more time looking after things that do not concern him rather than spending that time looking after his own affairs. Since the future of the Negro race in America rests largely in the hands of the middle-class Negroes, it seems to me that more constructive thinking and less destructive criticisms should come out of this class of people.

In the third place, you have high-class Negroes. These people have achieved their ranks and positions by years of experience and hard work. They deserve every commendation for their integrity. It has been my pleasure to know a few of these people rather closely. They strike me as being a quiet and unassuming people. They are the targets of the low and middle-class Negroes' criticisms. However, this should not cause any surprise: Shakespeare said in *The Twelfth Night*: "What great ones do the less will prattle off." It is these high-class Negroes that have guided the wheels of Negro progress in America in the past, and it is my considered opinion that they will still do so in the future.

May I say here in closing how much I have enjoyed my stay in America. I am grateful to all those people that directly or indirectly extended to me courtesies and hospitality during my sojourn in this great land of yours. When I sail for my distant home, sometime soon, I shall carry with me pleasant memories of Morehouse College, and shall ever cherish the desire and hope of hearing of the success the school is making. To all those Morehouse students that might find themselves one day traveling in Africa, I extend an invitation to visit Uganda. You are assured of a warm welcome there.

a "civilized" nation might visit us and laugh at our inconsistencies.



ALPHA PHI ALPHA



SPHINX CLUB



THE SONG IS ENDED

ELLIS PHILIP ELLIS, '35

On June 4, 1935, forty-two Morehouse seniors will enter the world of educated men. "All their seeking, striving, yearning, waiting" will be at its journey's end, and for what? The cynic would say, "For a license to look for a job." But is that altogether true? I'd rather think it to be a certificate for service—a sort of credential which states that you have succeeded in the world of college, and that you should succeed in the world of affairs. Gentlemen, let's try and explode that "cruel world" myth.

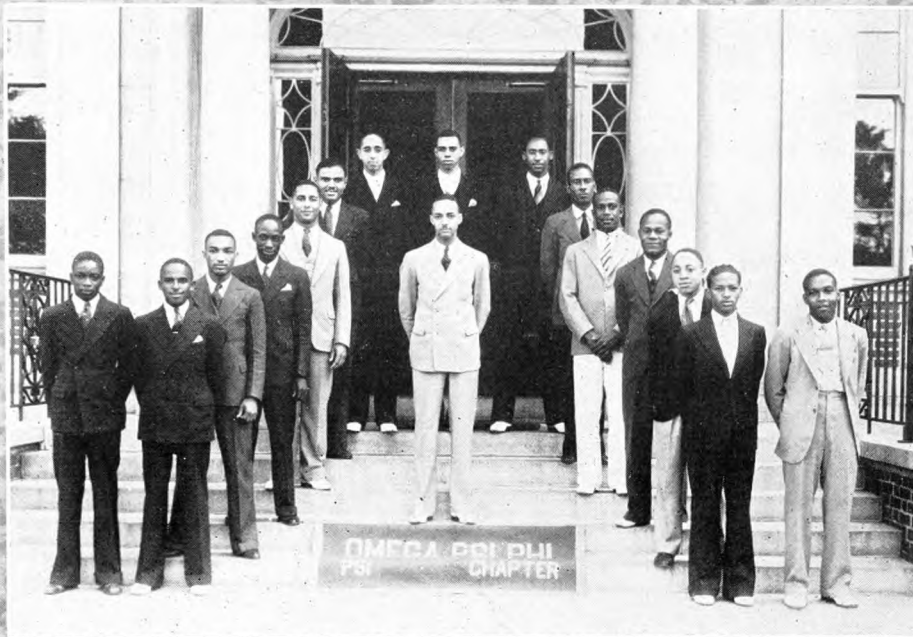
"The world," as life after college is usually referred to, can't be too new and unaccustomed to, for you have tasted of the world each day we spent in college. College life is merely the process of recapitalization—a reliving of those hectic experiences which are to follow. The young and green freshman comes to college from Tato Road, Alabama, with a flock of broad "ahs" and a radium flash. He thinks that the institution is his. The ego is high and the altruism is low. But as time advances he becomes more and more altruistic. He learns that he is not Mr. Morehouse, but merely a cog in that mighty machine—Morehouse. Then his head decreases back to its normal size, the flash dulls, and another man has learned the greatest game of all: give and take. A senior, standing on the throes of graduation, has to pass through these same stages before finally finding his niche in the world of affairs.

Now that our freshman has learned the game of give and take, his progress may be noted by leaps and bounds. He takes his broken ankle on the football field with a vim. He feels proud of his having been elevated to the presidency of his class. He blushes as his fellow schoolmates congratulate him on his having made a reputable

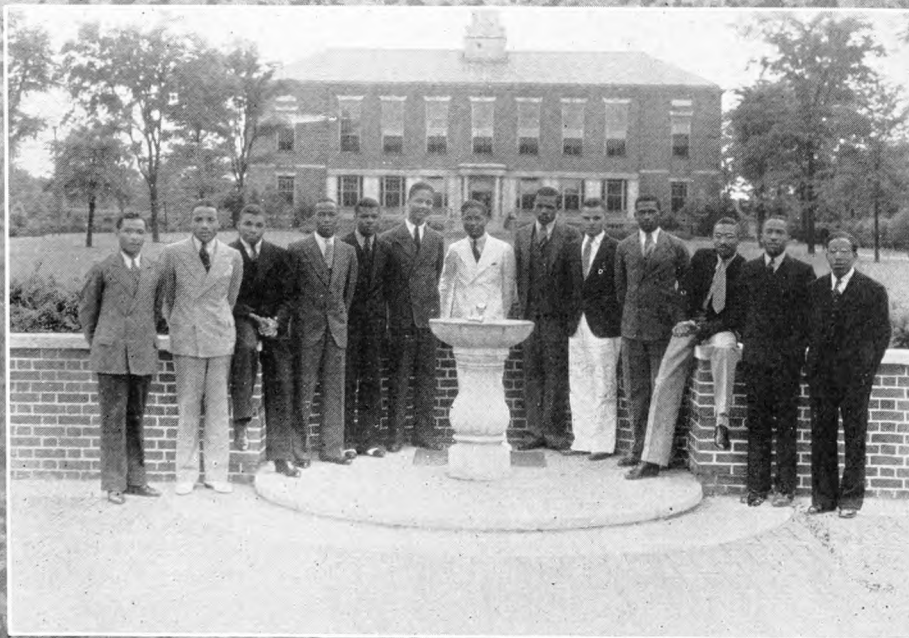
showing against the Oxford College debating team. In the role of a Lunt, he is elated at his success in "Names in Bronze." And when the last paddle is broken, the word "Brother" is like music to his ears as he enters the ranks of his favorite fraternity. These attainments require the same skill as do attainments in life.

All is not sweet, however, and he finds our former freshman confronted with the same sort of setbacks that we will face in life. He flunks a course because he hasn't the "right attitude"—in other words, he is *not* a yes-man; in life, he'll lose an important appointment for the same reason. Even though he is more qualified for the position, he misses the presidency of the student body because his fraternity didn't have as many "brothers" as Eta Beta Zeta Row; in life, he shall miss his great chance wholly because his political party happens to be down this term. He gets a "D" in a certain course when he deserved a "B" just because the instructor happens not to be his "frat" brother; in life, he'll fail in a certain community because he is a Baptist instead of a Methodist.

Gentlemen, you need not wait until you have received that well known "This hereby certifies—" before going out into the world; you have lived in it daily for four years. Deliver me from the stereotyped upstart, who delights in returning to his Alma Mater—of about two years, and then it took him eleven semesters—with the message of, "De woild is hah-ard." It's no more difficult than college, just a change of scenery—that's all. And as I sit in my window and watch a fleeing sun fast fading away into the western oblivion; and with the soft strains of "The March of the Grand Priest" still ringing in my ears, I find that I'm unable to penetrate that nebulous blanket of the future to read your horoscope, but I must contradict my subject by saying: "The song is *not* ended—it has just begun."



OMEGA PSI PHI



PHI BETA SIGMA

the tiger's paw---h. c. jackson

ATHLETIC RETROSPECT

The Athletic Department of the Maroon Tiger for 1934-35 shall sing its swan song with a resume of the year's activities. The college participated in a trio of major collegiate sports—football, basket ball and track. Baseball, the national pastime, as it were, which has suffered the past several years due to the usurping of funds by the greedy gods of the gridiron, once again was cast into the archives of oblivion.

The Tuskegee Relays, as heretofore, served to ring down the curtain on a year that smacked of brilliance, mediocrity and swarthisness.

Football results showed four wins, three losses and two ties. Coach "Ink" Williams, Captain McFall and the rest of the boys failed dismally at the outset, only to come back and make history in the last five engagements. The disastrous beginning was the direct result of a weak secondary defense on aerial attacks from the opposition. The forward wall crowned itself with glory throughout the campaign and two of its members were placed on mythical all-southern selections of note. McFall received a guard position on Lucius Jones' all-southern. Jones also chose the Maroon leader to captain his eleven. Young placed on Al Monroe's third all-American team at one of the flanks.

Famece, boasting one of the greatest backs of all time in "Dean Blue" Everett, made history repeat itself when she down the Tigers for the second consecutive year in the lid-prils by a score of 7-0. The lone tally was produced in the final quarter. Benedict, always a tough customer, was better her third tie in the last four years when she also cashed in on the Tigers' weak spot in the final quarter with a long aerial heave. Two losses were then sustained in short order, one to Talladega, 6-2, and one to the conference champion Wolverine of Morris Brown, 22-0. However, "Dame Fortune" smiled on our gridders and the dormant Tiger finally emerged from her state of apparent lethargy and lashed with utmost vengeance an Alabama Hornet and a Knoxville Bulldog. Clark was played to a dogfall, 0-0. Fisk and Xavier were easy victims by scores of 13-0, 25-0, respectively.

It is needless to say that the Tigers did not possess the best team in the conference, however, on many occasions she was accused of not playing up to her capacity.

Our yearling basket ball quintet also started slowly but gained momentum as the season progressed. It more than atoned from early season miscues by receiving a third place trophy in the tournament at Tuskegee.

The first seven games were played at home and resulted in two wins and five losses. The victories were at the expense of Talladega, who appeared on the scene with her Crimson Tornado just in time to clothe our very conspicuously nude victory slate. After this bit of priceless co-operation from our Alabama neighbors, the rail-birds once more began talking basket ball and making impossible predictions, but our freshmen recruits just couldn't seem to ascend to the heights that their

maximum capacity awrranted. See-sawing was uite paramount in the latter stages of the campaign—first a brilliant win, then a heart-breaking loss.

Oslin, who captained the five, and Harris, the outstanding performer for the year, did themselves proud with their scintillating hardwood antics. Although they failed to place on any all-conference picks, they received much favorable comment from leading authorities in the sport world.

The final basket ball record showed nine victories and twelve defeats.

Then came spring and her hi-jacking cohorts. Many flying heels answered Coach Ellis' call for cinderpath rehearsal. Prospects were wonderful for the Maroon representatives at the forthcoming Tuskegee track festival on May 10-11. Every track enthusiast was agog with thoughts of a duplication of the Tiger's reign in the relays and field events sponsored by the Alabama institute. But something went haywire again. The grim-stalker, "Misfortune," along with the Dean and a few more, wouldn't have it so, and we came back from "Skegee sporting three third places—McKibben in the 100 meter, Page with the shot-put and McKibben, Curry, Miller and Clark in the 440 relay.

The clean play, fine spirit and good sportsmanship so characteristic of Morehouse teams was not lacking among this year's athletes. It seems that this emphasis on character and manhood that has been perpetually through the life and span of the famed institution is as much a part of her traditions as any other single feature of her collegiate life and activities. We are justly proud of her emphasis on "gleam following" at the expense of laurel wreaths in physical combat.

SPELMAN PARTIES

(Continued from Page 18)

too) swayed in exotic pleasure to the tantalizing strains of the music of Johnson Hubert and orchestra. At the intermission some delightfully entertaining skits were presented to the enjoyment of all. The young ladies, so beautifully attired, were lovely to look at and delightful to know. Everything went smoothly and when it was time to go a tinge of regret mingled with the joy of the occasion. All realized, however, that good things must come to an end sooner and later and left with sweet memories. The song is ended but the melody lingers on. The dances were experiments that proved highly successful. We honor you, Spelman, for your most delightful social entertainment of the year.

HUMOR

"Convicts should be allowed to go in for all kinds of athletics," we read. With the possible exception of cross-country running.

"Bothered much by hitch-hikers when you're out riding?"

"Not now. Tried a new plan. As soon as I get out of town I put the sign "Taxi" on my car."



T. KILGORE



O.S. DAYS



W.H. WILSON



C.R. LAWRENCE

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D. H. BROWN



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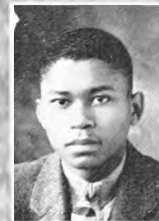
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SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE

J. M. ROBINSON

"The Foremost Scientific Person of this Era has been elected to the seat of the Presidency of the World Government because of his outstanding efforts in aiding in the curling of the Great Wave of Depression that swept the years 1929 through 1945, immediately following the World War." Thus reads, perhaps, an extract taken from the world's leading newspaper in the year 1950. This denotes a significant occasion when science was elevated to the highest seat possible, the same science that had rendered so much toward eliminating the devastating adjustment days that wrought so much havoc to humanity.

When one speaks of science as benefiting mankind, he does not intend to establish that idea of the physical, but also of the abstract values attached. I venture to say here that it was not the physical that placed us in such a plight during the years 1929 to the present 1935, but also the mental state of mind. Therefore, I offer science as both a cure for the concrete and the abstract dilemma of our age.

Science not only puts forth scientific explanation and systematic study, but it contributes to the economic and social march of mankind, evolving, adapting and inquiring about its own possibilities, as well as those of the earth to which it is tied. Man has senses, his powers not fully developing them. Science enables us to widen the range of our senses to exchange knowledge for mutual benefit, quicken choice, and action with reference to our neighbor, and through association of effort, advance our study.

Science seeks to widen the boundaries of knowledge and at the same time to perfect techniques of research in order that its analysis may give us a deeper and at the same time a more vivid picture and understanding of the complexities of life upon a diversified earth. Since we do attempt through these twin processes of discoveries and methods to get discipline as well as information out of them, the secret lies in developing these twin processes. Science can do it.

Science, with full equipment for deepening the understanding, places us in a position similar to that of the astronomer, who by perfecting and enlarging his telescope deepens his vision of the universe.

Science is taking a great hold upon the destinies of man. Evidence is verified by the placing of a man of science at the head of one of the largest schools for Negro youth. The year 1859 marked an astonishing epoch in the intellectual history of the world. In no other year previously had so much been done to liberate the spirit of man. In that year was published the "Origin of Species" and during the same year the principles of spectroscopy were discovered. It is, I admit, true that many ideas preceded Darwin's of evolution; but Darwin's ideas, systematized and fortified, took root, and there developed the hypothesis, that the principles of evolution are applicable to nearly—perhaps all—things.

Science does permeate almost every sphere. To our ideas upon almost any subject; certainly to the religion and the theologies of the earth's peoples; to the earth in that it is very old and the result of evolutionary processes by which the earth's surface features and all things upon it are changing more or less slowly, in an orderly manner with the passing of time.

(Some amount of speculation preceded Kirchoff's spectroscopic view, but with him came the ability to interpret the sun's chemical nature and the other stars, and also hand in hand the realization of the unity of the universe.)

I have mentioned these well-known facts not to inform my intelligent reader, but to attempt to link the marvelous accomplishments of the present to the mysteries of the past, in order to picture to you the mysteries of the present as being only commonplace things of tomorrow. Therefore I quote "The Spirit of Science," which says that research will proceed in the hope and expectation that with the passing of years the greatest of mysteries, be they economical, social, religious, or scientific, in our surroundings on the earth and in our universe, will one by one be solved by the systematic and thorough-going methods of science.

do you know?

By LEROY L. HENDERSON

That only 40 per cent of American college women marry; of this number only 1 per cent have offsprings?

That during Reconstruction Days there was a Negro Lieutenant Governor (who acted as Governor of Louisiana), two Senators and eighteen Congressmen?

That Haiti is the only government that pays its indebtedness in advance?

That Mary McCleod Bethune was chosen as one of the fifty foremost women in America?

That Vincente Guerro, first President of Mexico, was a mulatto slave, and that he helped to write the first Constitution of that country and built free schools and libraries during his administration?

That Negroes are on the faculties of the following universities: DePauw, Lafayette, Ind.; Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston University; Harvard Medical School; Northwestern University, and the University of Chicago? James Weldon Johnson is a guest professor and Mark Parks is a teaching fellow in biology at New York University?

That Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, the recognized greatest tap dancer in the world, taught Fred Astaire and a host of celebrities how to dance—and that Robinson was named along with President Roosevelt by Margery Wilson, a noted authority on culture, as one of the twenty most charming men in the world? Miss Wilson said in her coast-to-coast radio talk that charm had little to do with the lack of abuse of verbs and prepositions.—(College professors and seniors please note.—Editors.)

borders believes that

If you want to know the value of a dollar, try to borrow one.

One should never brag about his savings if he wants to avoid having to refuse to lend them to his friends.

A youth should carefully select a trade or profession and watch it: failing in business, he will have something to fall back on.

Next to honor, health is the dearest of human possessions.

cris-cracks

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER

Webster—McFall is a man you must meet every day.
Foots G.—I don't meet him at all. He owes me \$1.10.

Pat—Say, what caused the explosion at the plant the other day?

Mike—Oh, Casey was carrying a load of dynamite and the noon whistle blew.

Mells (after being turned down)—I'm not worrying; there's a lot more fish in the sea.

Julia Palmer—Yes, and if nobody's got a better line than you have they'll all stay there.

SPEAKING OUT OF TURN

Leroy Henderson—I told my wife straight in the face she couldn't henpeck me any more.

Allen—Bravo! Now you can hold your head up.

Henderson—Yes, but it's still pretty sore and bruised.

"Since he got married, this artist's pictures are terrible."

"Has he lost his inspiration?"

"Yes, his wife fired her."

Stubby—Why don't you close your eyes when I kiss you?

Miss—I have to watch out for pa.

John Long—I'd like to kiss you until you hollered Stop!

Ruth Hill—Well, I suppose you picked the wrong girl this time.

John Long—You mean you wouldn't let me kiss you?

Ruth Hill—No, I mean I wouldn't holler "stop!"

It has been rumored that dresses will be made to express the mood of the woman who wears them. However, it's practically impossible to expect a girl to keep changing her clothes all day.

FINESSE

"Did you make these biscuits, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish that you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, dearie?"

"Because, angel dear, you are too light for such heavy work."

Hobart Jackson—I hit a guy on the nose yesterday and you should'a seen him run.

Christopher—That so?

Jackson—Yeh, but he didn't catch me.

Maybe Cleopatra wasn't exactly religious, but she certainly had a divine form.

STAND BACK! STAND BACK!

McFall—I just got a letter from home.

Ellis—Pay me the \$1.00 you owe me, then.

McFall—Wait 'till I tell you the rest of my dream.

"Don't you realize that when a young married woman like yourself takes a job, some man goes without any?"

"Yes, but my husband quit his the moment I got this one."

Coach—Did you take a shower this morning, Watley?

Watley—No; is there one missing?

"Was your bride's father violent when you told him that you had eloped with his daughter?"

"Was he? Why, I thought he would shake my arm off."

Customer—Is that the head cheese over there?

Clerk—No! He's out to lunch.

Prof.—If the President, Vice President and all the members of the Cabinet died, who would officiate?

Bradley—The Undertaker.

Days—I'm writing a biography that tells all about the women in my life.

Edwards—Is that so? Have you got much of it finished?

Days—No; just six volumes.

Darkins—Here! Look what you did!

Laundrywoman—I can't see anything wrong with that lace.

Darkins—Lace? That was a sheet.

100% WRONG

Snubbs—What is the date, please?

Prof.—Never mind the date. The examination is more important.

Snubbs—Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Riddick—Did you ever see anything as unsettled as the weather?

Mrs. Moon—Well, there's your board bill.

Fred Haynes—As a salesman I get only two kinds of orders.

Ellis—What are they?

Fred Haynes—Get out and stay out.

Tubbs—Professor, may I pull down the shade? The sun is shining in on me.

Prof.—No; let it alone. The sun is conducive to the ripening of green things.

"Our milk man has a better radio set than we, papa."

"What makes you think so?"

"Cause I just heard him say he'd get hell when he went home this morning."

Clady's—When I visited the doctor he advised me to place myself in his hands.

Eldra—Because he found something wrong with you?

Clady's—No, because he couldn't.

"Pardon, ma'm, but the cook told me to inform you that the heat in the kitchen is terrific."

"Doesn't she know how to handle the oven?"

"Yes, indeed, but she doesn't know how to handle your husband."

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