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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

In recent days there has come to the attention of this department reports of a more or less unpleasant, if not serious, nature regarding the relationships of students of Morehouse and Atlanta University, and of the person-in-charge at the A. U. dormitories. These reports evoked considerable surprise in addition to a good deal of doubt as to their truthfulness. But as reports continued to flow into the department, the department finally decided to investigate and verify or disprove, a few of them.

Beginning with the last tongue conveying a report, this correspondent set out to trace each report to its lair, and there he sought to learn in what sort of situation the report had its origin. A number of reports were followed up in this manner. The origin of several reports was found; others were followed to nowhere; and others were found to be merely lost fragments of bigger reports.

These reports, seemingly, found their beginnings and sustenance in a number of situations and incidents of recent date here on the University campuses. These things have created attitudes which are directly or indirectly, as the case may be, for the state of affairs which gives credence as well as wings to unsavory reports. Since it is impossible to go very deeply into details, this scribe must be content to present a curtailed account of his findings.

Some Morehouse students find rules and regulations of all kinds not in conformity with their natures. These rules and regulations are not always laid down by any authorities, for some are imposed by ordinary decency and politeness. And the place that has been made the "powder keg" of these students' opposition to the forces that make for order and good conduct is the dining hall. And in no uncertain terms do they give vent to their unwillingness to submit to the common tenets of good conduct.

The close surveillance that Morehouse students and other diners in the A. U. dining hall are subjected to is one specific source of annoyance to some. It would be a happy thing if surveillances

of all kinds could be eliminated all together. But unfortunately, experience has taught those in charge that without it late-comers to meals will find nothing to eat, those coming first having taken more than their share. If, a wholesome regard for rights of others existed in the student bodies, persons in charge could dispense with some of their surveillance.

Then there is the matter of discontent with the quantity of food given, making many reports. After granting that some people need more food than others, this scribe can see no cause for the vicious and ravenous displays of some students. Let it be understood that no one begrudges a person sufficient food to sustain himself comfortably. But one must deplore the gargantuan appetites of a number of students. These students seem to think that fourteen dollars a month entitles them to all the food that they can force into their stomachs; and in addition, it gives them the special right to abuse student waiters who do their level best to satisfy the diners' every reasonable want. The waiters in the A. U. dining hall should be cited for bravery and fortitude in serving some students of the two institutions through a whole term. It is no wonder that one sees new faces on the staff so often.

These conditions are made possible by the lack of an active and decisive student opinion against their existence. As a matter of fact the nit-wit becomes the "beau ideal" when he commits a really clever caper. Any voice raised against the conduct of the "dunce" is immediately drowned in hoots and jeers.

Those who are not guilty of such conduct give countenance to it by their very silence in the presence of it. An enthusiasm for right doing must be created if the reputations of the two institutions are to be preserved. The ideals of manly conduct must not be allowed to be trampled at any time by an influx of foolish and nonsensical notions.

A few Atlanta University students have contributed to the spread of several undesirable re-

ports. A report of a group of Atlanta University students not being particular about associating with what they called rowdy undergraduates caused a good deal of strained feelings a week or so ago. But it seems that the number of these students is so small that this matter deserves no consideration. After all, a few disgruntled persons will be found in most any group of any size. Perhaps in the future, the University will be able to afford the quietude and serenity of surroundings that these sensitive souls so richly deserve.

A very comical, if embarrassing, situation resulted in a report of a very unique movement set on foot by certain A. U. men students. The whole matter seems to have grown out of the fact that a couple of A. U. women, fearing the consequences of a "social betrayal", tried "to save themselves" by resorting to a very ancient strategem. They appealed to the chivalrous natures of Morehouse men for help telling them that the Atlanta U. women were in grave danger of social reprisals instituted by A. U. men, because they (the A. U. women) gave too much of their time to Morehouse men. The story sounded good and in a way it was a tribute to the social desirability of Morehouse men. Fortunately, the coup was exposed after considerable fussing and fuming. Perhaps, in the future, Morehouse men had better not be so gullible in swallowing baits coming from this source; they may not be able to disgorge them so easily next time.

Such reports contribute nothing to the well-being and happiness of the habitants of the two institutions. Politeness and considerateness will go a long way toward discrediting unsavory reports in their very beginning. Little, petty, and childish rumors should be dispensed with at the outset. There is a splendid opportunity for the cultivation of such a sound and lasting friendship out of the intimacy of the two student bodies that the dining hall and the other facilities shared by two institutions would provide sources of happiness rather than disconcerting rumors.

Men You Should Know—(Not)

George Edwards, playboy and president of "I Phelta Thi."

"Foots" Green con man and organizer of "Rho Damma Rho." His "barbershop" is the vice den of the college.

"Blue" Bradley, scientist and mathematician, also discoverer of the exact number of swallows in a pint of gin.

James Smith, ole sock and president of "Tappa Kegga Gin."

The dumbest fellow in the world is the fellow who can't figure out what time his watch stopped. He must be T. H. Menchan.

Student Thought

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED COLLEGE?

High school commencement! A summer of anticipation! Then college! The grand and glorious trek of youth has begun. By the thousands they pour into various institutions of higher learning. For what? Strange as it may seem that's the question. We all came with the idea of "conquering the world." After a couple of years we settled down and tried to get the best out of college that we could.

How may one reap the greatest benefits in a college career? There are numerous philosophies as to how this can be accomplished. Some will say "this," some "that." While agreeing with the "thisers" and "thaters" I sincerely believe that a man's philosophy in college should be, "I will drink from each and every fountain, and become a well-rounded man." Kendall Weisiger, the distinguished chairman of our board of trustees, has somewhat expressed this same philosophy:

"The purpose of education should be to enable a man to think constructively, to work effectively, to live abundantly and in harmony with his neighbor, and to work together with him in making this world a better place in which to live."

I know of men who have gone through this institution with nothing but "A's"; men who were nothing more than book parasites. When the time came for them to think constructively, they were lost. They knew to the letter what the other man had said, but they could not adopt what they had learned to the society in which they found themselves. Why? Simply because in college they had isolated themselves from the social environment of the real, fundamental aspects of life. (Of course, there are exceptions to this example, but they are few and far between.)

There have been other men who forgot the idea of "A's" and lived the college life abundantly. These men are among our most successful graduates.

It is my opinion that the extra curriculums should have more emphasis in college life. The more I sit and listen to the lecture of some professor whose notes are ten years old, the more I learn about what happened thousands of years ago, the more I am convinced that there is more education in a single debate, a single play, a single game of athletics than any course in the curriculum.

No man is worth while who doesn't contribute to the making of his institution. The fellow who comes in seeking nothing but "A's", gets them and goes on his way, contributing little to the

constructive building of the institution. There are those who bring something to college to contribute to their institution. They have sought the extra curriculars: Debating, Athletics, Dramatics, political groups the college paper; these aspects have been their college life and Morehouse has profited no little. These men down through the years have been the real builders of the integrity and prestige of this institution.

A man should engage in the social activities of his college. The most disgusting thing one can encounter is the meeting of a fellow college man, at a social function, who can't lead a decent conversation or entertain a young lady in the correct manner; who doesn't dance and can't play Bridge. (Why did he ever come?) Loosen up fellows, you pass this way but once. Live the life abundantly.

Too many fellows come to college and fail to take advantage of a splendid opportunity for contact. There are men on this campus today who don't know two families of the leading citizens of this community. They come and go and yet leave no lasting impressions, no friendships that might prove helpful in future years. It is appalling how some fellows will go into the community and accept as their fiancées those of the opposite sex who are by no means their intellectual equals. Believe what you may, but such practice inevitably lowers the standard of the college man.

Especially in most Negro colleges there should be more meeting on a common ground of the opposite sexes. We are too afraid to face the very facts by which we live from generation to generation. In this segregation of sexes it is usually the girl who suffers. Restricted from living the normal social life in college, she finds that in life she stands little chance of meeting the standard required by the young men of her intellectual equal. She finds most of all that she lacks the instinct with which to choose the true qualities of the men from whom she is to pick her mate for life. Unhappy marriages, divorce, homo-sexualism, are some of the evils forced on college students because of this unwise segregation.

A Negro youth in college should not waste too much of his time worrying over and trying to solve the race problem. One should try to become economically secure, intellectual on the power of the ballot and endowed with the will to live abundantly while he lives. These above attributes will eventually solve the race problem. Don't be afraid to think in terms of hundreds of years hence when generations to come will enjoy the benefits of our contributing efforts.

What is this thing called college? Maybe we had better say that it is only a laboratory through which it is well to pass in order to enjoy the life abundant.

Not all of this may be true, but of one thing I am sure; my college life will remain the most enjoyable, the most profitable period of my life.

John H. Young.

REVIEW OF EVENTS

By Charles W. Greenlea, 37

Well, it seems that Mussolini isn't all he's cracked up to be after all. After seven months of hard play, Italy has gone no farther than the thirty-yard line, Addis Ababa being seventy yards away.

If Il Duce could do no better than this before, what chance has he, now that sanctions are enforced?

Customs authorities in Port Said, Egypt, the mouth of the Suez Canal, declare that of every fourteen soldiers sent to Ethiopia by Italy, three come back on hospital ships; sick with tropical diseases, or unable to stand the African climate. Add to these, the many already killed by the black gunners (by the way, Ethiopians take no prisoners, but kill all) and you may see doom to Mussolini's experiment in aggression.

European countries have lifted war embargoes from Ethiopia, and now heavy artillery, planes, and more guns are pouring into the country from Europe as well as from Japan.

Something has to happen soon. The rainy season sets in again in May. (This makes actual fighting practically impossible) so Mussolini must show his hand (or his back) by that time.

Congress is again in session, and the national political scene is getting hotter every day. The Republicans are looking around for some one to carry the ball for them, and it is almost certain Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee.

Senator Borah, Republican, has declared that were he President, he would veto an anti-lynch bill. We already know Hoover's attitude (adverse) toward the Negro. The third outstanding Republican, who is likely to be nominated is Governor Landon of Kansas, who is reported to have a quite favorable attitude toward Negroes under his state government.

Norman Thomas will probably again get the Socialist nomination. This party is very favorable to Negroes, as shown in the fact that a Negro ran for Vice President of the United States on this ticket in 1932 and pulled 2 per cent of all votes cast.

Some day the Negro will wake up from his sound sleep and realize his great political potentialities. Until then, God help him.

The latest Negro-phobic propaganda to appear is a lot of journalistic trash called "The Georgia Woman's World." Published in Atlanta, with a circulation of some 20,000 throughout Georgia; its editor is Mrs. Rogers Wakefield.

Generously using photographs of Negroes (unlawfully clipped from colored weeklies) this paper prints everything to cause hatred for the educated Negro. Recently there appeared a picture of the crowd on the Atlanta University Athletic Field on Roosevelt Day, and an uncomplimentary description of the event. This paper sponsors an organization known as "The Association for the Preservation of the White Race,"

which organization spends its time fighting interracial meetings, lectures, student forums, and whatnot.

Naturally such a paper would be anti-New Deal and pro-Talmadge, pro-American Legion, pro-Ku Klux Klan. And naturally, as Mr. R. L. Vann, editor of "The Pittsburgh Courier", expressed it, the people behind this publication have a low I. Q.

"The Atlanta Constitution" is to be commended for the fine conscience of public welfare and civitan spirit which it has always displayed and which is intensified in the Safe Driving Program that the paper is sponsoring at present.

Probably 25,000 cars are owned by Negroes in this state, and it is conservatively estimated that 35,000 Negro pedestrians walk Atlanta streets daily.

Thousands of colored school children crowd the streets in colored neighborhoods at noon and three o'clock on school days, and policemen are not supplied to these districts to guide the children as is done near most of the white schools. Traffic signs are either obscure or ignored by motorists, and the fact that accidents are not even more common is due to the loyalty of over-worked, under-paid teachers who accompany their classes two and three blocks from the school at dismissal time, to see that the children cross the dangerous thoroughfares safely.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Edward C. Maddox

"Happy New Year"—"Same to you." The old mechanical phrases resound once again in our ears at this advent of the year, 1936. Are we really happy, and do we sincerely wish each other a "Happy New Year?" That is something to think about. Very many of us are broke, worn out, suffering from an aftermath from the Christmas Season. But even those of us who are in such a condition should keep up a cheerful attitude. Who cares if the weather is bad, if examinations are right around the corner, if we couldn't attend the big dances, if we could not go home for the holidays, if countless other conditions exist that meet with our disfavor? When we look on the bright side of life, we find it so uplifting, so brilliantly shining that the other side is almost completely obliterated. We are alive. Thank God for such a blessing! We are able to behold the beauties of Nature amid devastation, to enjoy the comradeship of our fellowmen—and women, and to experience many other pleasures of living.

What do we find disheartening without a bright side? Let us be like the old man who said, "Thank God for cold weather. It makes my little fire feel so good." Now, let us all pass a New Year's resolution to look on the bright side of everything. And let us sincerely, from the innermost depths of our hearts, wish each other a Happy New Year, and carry this same spirit out through the whole 365 days.

WAR CLOUDS HANG HEAVY OVER EUROPE

By Moss Kendrick

Two years ago I made my first journalistic attempt in the form of an article, entitled, "Will War Repeat Itself?", which appeared in the Christmas issues of the student publication of the Atlanta University High School. The concluding sentences of that writing read: "Some have predicted that there will be no more wars, but I believe that as long as there is love of money and power there will be wars. Wars will cease only when the nations of the world learn the meaning of 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'."

At the time of writing, I considered the above statement only a logical expression of opinion, not a prophecy pointing toward the course of events that have halted the world for the past year. But, Mussolini—world peace enemy number one—has made it exceedingly plain that the chief motive of his present era of "international burglary" and attempt of "civilizing" is stimulated by an overwhelming, predominating want of money and power. Money in the form of economical security for Italy, and power in the form of imperialism.

Since the day Mussolini ascended to political leadership, he has been steadily advancing toward the position from which he might cause the Italian people to forget their social and economical problems because of some temporary, high tone emotion stimulated by their Dictator. In order to do such, some believe the Premier may now be making a first step toward a possible acquisition of the lost military prestige of the Romans. Others believe he attempts to create the excitement by getting revenge for the defeat experienced by Italy at the sword of Ethiopia nearly a half century ago.

Haile Selassie is being highly praised for the loyal stand he has taken that his fatherland might forever possess its liberty and life at any price. The recent decline of the Anglo-French peace proposal which was made by the King of Kings added additional color to the latter's bravery and loyalty.

Now that Ethiopia has refused peace under such terms as advocated by the Anglo-French plan, the outcome of the present East African conflict remains a great uncertainty. But, it appears extremely probable that Italy, France, and Great Britain will unite and force a solution, despite Mussolini's intention that peace shall not prevail until Ethiopia has been completely "civilized" by the Italian school of civilization.

If such a solution offered by the three mentioned nations is not favored and accepted by Ethiopia, I fear a war of aggression involving the nations of discussion will result in forcing Europe back into the footsteps of what was Europe some twenty years ago.

Let us, the lovers of peace, harmony, and good will, lower our heads in a word of prayer that Mussolini may never speak the words, "Veni, Vidi, Vinci."

RAMBLING NOTES OF A FRANCOPHILE

(Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles to be contributed by Professor E. A. Jones, of the French Department of Morehouse College, who is doing advanced work at the University of Paris, France.)

The test of a francophile's love for this country, especially if he comes from a country where practices of sanitation and habits of personal and public cleanliness are a part of one's education and of the national mentality, as is the case in America, is in his endurance of the absence of those virtues here. It's simply a question of whether his admiration for the language, the culture, and the ideas of the country outweighs his disgust (the word is chosen after careful consideration and is not too strong) at certain short comings and negligence in that respect here. We all know that French bread, for example, is never wrapped, that it passes through dozens of hands before it reaches yours, that it may rest exposed for days before it is consumed, but when one sees a delivery boy get off his bicycle, lift a tray of cakes from his "carrier" and examine each one with his hands black with dirt, a preliminary to delivering them to an up-to-date cafe where one has his coffee and "patisserie" every day; when, after gaining entrance to his favorite cafe, one has to select from a display of "patisserie" ever exposed to coughing customers (nobody is free of colds here), and picked over by the same customers who, if they don't like the "feel" of a "croissant" or a "petit pain" place it back and get another; when one discovers that the public towel is still in use in the best places here, one wonders how any Frenchman ever lives to die of old age. Little wonder the French complain of a very high mortality rate from tuberculosis. Foodstuffs — meats, cakes, and whatever else they chose to include — are frequently exhibited for sale on the sidewalks in front of the stores, and nobody seems to object to their exposure to dust, public handling, and the inevitable accumulation of germs. An unsuspecting mother stops to buy a large "gateau" for her baby, a thrifty housewife pauses to take advantage of the bargains placed outside to strike the passersby, and so on "ad infinitum."

These are just a few details of a picture whose good side you know, given to call attention to some of the incongruities of the life and habits of a great people. They must not be taken as evidence of an unpleasant sojourn or of disappointment and disillusionment. On the contrary, the charm of Paris becomes more captivating the more one is exposed to it. No city houses more reminiscences of a glorious past or evokes more historical events of world significance or shelters more treasures of art than this, the world's most famous capital. Its diverse aspects, many of them contrasting with one another, tell the story of a great people. Its university, which dates back to the first half of the thirteenth century, has

been the mecca of those athirst for knowledge in all countries since its remote beginnings, and its venerable halls of learning, as well as contact with the scholars who give meaning to those halls, are inspiring to all who enter them.

I have enjoyed the issues of the MAROON TIGER which have been sent me by your faculty critic. Reading them takes me back to the Morehouse campus and revives pleasant souvenirs. It does more—it keeps me in contact with the doings and thinking of the Morehouse student body in all phases of its collegiate life. May I take this opportunity to wish the MAROON TIGER and the Morehouse student body a successful and prosperous New Year.

Edw. A. Jones.

MOREHOUSE SIGMAS IN FINE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

Chi Chapter of the Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity presented its annual Christmas Programme on Thursday, December 19th, at nine o'clock, A. M., in Sale Hall Chapel.

After the prelude, the student-body sang the hymn, "Silent Night." George D. Jones read the Christmas poem, "While Shepherds Watched" with the music of the Fraternity Song as background. W. Fitz Bernell-James in behalf of the chapter extended greetings to the President, faculty and student body. He gave a brief history and significant talk of Christmas as it was and is today. James, by the way, is besides being an honor man, one of the most versatile students attending Morehouse. The impressiveness of his speech was manifested in the vociferous applause given him by his fellow students.

Hamel C. Joscelyn, President of the Chapter, then sang "Star" by Rogers. It was NICELY received, and Bernell-James next gave a fine interpretation of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor. Richard Durant, in his usual brilliant manner, gave a fine rendition of Mozart's Minuet exhibiting technique and tonal quality on his violin.

A collection was made by the members for a little ragged fellow well known to the student body, and this collection was turned over to Mrs. Stewart, the matron, who planned to buy some much-needed winter clothing for the youngster.

The faculty and student body complimented the Fraternity on its fine programme.

Alvin Harrison was, as usual, a very able chairman.

As Heard by the Road One Night:

"O! Mack, don't park here!

O! Mack, don't park

O! Mack, don't

O! Mack

O! O!

O!!"



Kampus Komment

By Charles Lawrence, II

A Well Deserved Honor

A few days ago, the Interracial Commission announced the winners in a contest which they had sponsored in order to get short life stories of Negroes who have achieved distinction in various fields of endeavor. The first prize in the field of business went for the life story of Mr. J. B. Blayton, C. P. A., a member of the Atlanta University-Morehouse faculty. The story was written by Mr. B. R. Brazeal, our Dean and Professor of Economics. Those of us who are favored by knowing Mr. Blayton rejoice in the fact that he has again received recognition for the work that he is doing. Mr. Blayton is a possessor of one of those quiet personalities which make you want to meet him and the sort of spirit that causes you to be glad that you know him. He is very largely responsible for the high rating that the Departments of Business and Economics here at Morehouse holds in collegiate and business circles.

THE TIGER is glad to pay tribute to this man who has unselfishly earned a place which few men ever achieve in the world. There is no man on the faculties of these institutions who is more active than Mr. Blayton. He is founder and president of the Atlanta Negro Chamber of Commerce, senior partner in the accounting firm of Blayton and Adair, Keeper of Finance for one of the national Negro fraternities, and basileus of the local graduate chapter. He is business adviser for most of the Negro banks and insurance companies, and active vice president of the Citizens Bank and Trust Company of Atlanta. He headed the Negro division of the Community Chest of Atlanta which met with unprecedented success. He has a thousand and one and a half other duties and positions that keep him constantly busy, yet he can always find time to give students and former students advice on matters that to a lesser mind would seem too trivial to bother with. His uncanny ability to put over the subject-matter in the class-room in a practical way accounts for the fact that practically none of the graduates of his department are unemployed and for the fact that he has taken men in his department who have not done well in other departments and fitted them for holding positions of service in the world of business. It is for this reason and many others that THE MAROON TIGER is saying that the award of the Interracial Commission and the Rosenwald Fund is indeed a well deserved honor.

Incidentally, the first award in the professions went to Prof. J. J. Starks, Morehouse, '98, president of Benedict College.

The Morehouse-Spelman Social Situation

During the last month of the year that has just gone into history, a series of unpleasant incidents in the Atlanta University Library caused the re-opening of an old question on our campus. Since the beginning of their college careers, in fact, since the opening of the Library many persons have wondered whether the Library was an intellectual or social center. The persons realized that in a well-balanced college community there must be both, each in its proper place. The name "Library" indicated that the building was an intellectual center. The fact that there were books and a few conscientious people trying to satisfy their thirst for knowledge further gave credence to this idea. Yet the fact that there are (was) to be found people who were (are) spending a great deal more of their time in the Library socializing than they were spending in a pursuit of knowledge, coupled with the fact that there are no other adequate facilities for socializing, has given rise to the almost generally accepted idea that the Library is both an intellectual and social center.

Now, it so happens that socializing between human beings is carried on by conversation. It also happens that many people conversing give rise to noises that are not at all conducive to the quiet that is necessary to the concentration needed for study. As a result of the aforesaid facts, we have discovered to our dismay that the Library was not designed as a social center. In meetings of both the students of Morehouse and of Spelman, the students themselves, more or less voluntarily, decided that they were henceforward going to refrain from socializing in the Library.

The problem now arises, "Where are we to socialize?" Although we realize that the prime motive for attending college is not to socialize, we also realize that there is an incurable tendency in young men to seek the company of young women on certain occasions, and vice versa. Proper planning for such social contacts brings about a wholesome social situation as well as a better equipped individual to face a world that is concerned about one's social behavior almost as much as it is about one's scholastic attainments. The lack of provision for proper social contact causes misguided human beings to seek a satisfaction of the incurable tendency which has already been spoken of in ways and places which are, to say the least, unconventional, and to say more, undesirable.

Spelman College is to be congratulated on the fact that she has seen the need of more facilities for social contact of her students with persons of opposite sex by providing a calling period on Wednesday afternoons. Nevertheless, our social opportunities are still inadequate. It is the opinion of many that there should be some provision for socializing during the noon hour in order that there might be an opportunity for socializing among the men and women who are day students. The opinion is also widespread that

there should be more occasions of general social get-togethers such as the traditional ANNUAL College Social. The first semester is nearly past and there has been no general social during the regular school term in which all Morehouse and Spelman students might have participated.

We are constantly asking that the students bring their social life to the campus. When adequate opportunity is given the students will do so.

The fault is not altogether in the administrations of the colleges. The administrations only do those things that they know should be done. The pressing duties of college finances, student discipline, curricula planning, and other vital things keep the respective administrations busy. It is up to us, the students, to remind them of what we want. Discussing our grievances in "bull sessions" and "cow sessions" doesn't do a great deal of good unless some interested teacher is eavesdropping, and we don't think much of eavesdropping teachers. Consequently it is up to us students to get together, formulate some constructive plans for social activities and present them to the administration. If we don't, we will continue to go ahead fuming and sputtering about our plight and the administrations will continue to go their way perfectly oblivious of what we are thinking.

O, by the way, I wish everyone a happy and exceedingly prosperous New Year!

DR. TOYOHICO KAGAWA SPEAKS TO THE STUDENTS OF GEORGIA

There is a story told of a revival testimonial meeting conducted by an evangelist in one of the cities in the far South. On this occasion our lighter-skinned brothers had seen fit to invite those of their darker brethren and sisters who desired to come. There were equal accommodations for the members of both races. They were seated in adjoining sections of the large tent in which the revival was being conducted. Only an aisle separated the members of the two races. One very devout lady of our group arose to give her testimonial. The substance of it was thusly stated: "Brothers and sisters, this is just like heaven is going to be. The white folks will be on one side and the colored folks on the other. There'll be just a little line down between us. Then when the Lord starts preaching, we colored folks is goin' to get happy and shout all over the place; and if the white folks don't like it they can go to the devil."

I could not help thinking of the above story as many students of both races from all over the State of Georgia gathered at the First Presbyterian Church to listen to the man that many people have called the "greatest Christian of the day." The meeting was opened by a forum in which the speaker of the day, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, answered questions that were brought be-

fore him from the audience. This proved to be the most interesting part of the program. The first question that was put to Dr. Kagawa was this. "Is there any basis for the fear of war between the United States and Japan? What can Americans do to help avoid such a war?" The speaker said that Japan could not afford to fight the United States inasmuch as most of the commodities that are raised in Japan had to depend on America as at least a primary market from which the produced might be re-routed. He further stated that Japan would not fight on the basis of admittance of Japanese citizens into the United States on the quota basis for if she were granted this privilege only one hundred and seventy-four persons could be admitted to the United States annually.

When asked about the attitude of the Imperial Government toward his Christian activities, Dr. Kagawa said that the government smiled on his efforts toward forming cooperative associations but frowned on his fight against militarism. He further stated that cooperatives are the only way for laboring classes to get the real fruits of their labors.

In answer to a question concerning the Italo-Ethiopian situation, Dr. Kagawa branded the Italian aggression as an attempt to "destroy civilization." In answer to another question he stated that most of the people of Japan opposed the invasion of China by his people but that the militarists are in power and anything that they say goes.

Dr. Kagawa was questioned concerning the attitude of Japan toward the darker races, especially Negroes. He stated that there is no such problem in Japan based on race; but that the Buddhist considered anyone an outcast who eats meat.

The speaker told of his conversion to Christianity, which, he said, came as a result of a feeling of his unfitness; as he put it, "a feeling that I was 'bad'." He told how an American missionary had given him Bible verses to memorize in the progress of teaching him English and how in reading the 26th and 27th verses of the twelfth Chapter of Luke he had been strangely moved to pray and become a Christian.

In the main speech, which Dr. Kagawa made and which was broadcast to students and school children throughout the State of Georgia, he brought greetings from Japan and told something of the history of the great Oriental empire that is his home. The speech was very simple, although in many cases the speaker's English was hardly understandable.

Nevertheless, one was inclined to look beyond the immediate speech of the great Christian gentleman and observe his simple though genteel air. One was almost sure to think of how Dr. Kagawa had used his training in insight to do his part in making life worthwhile for the Japanese working classes. I, for one, thought of the seventeen years that he has spent in organizing the workingmen of Japan into cooperatives

in order that they might receive a semblance of a just share of the profits that they have been making for the capitalists of Japan and of Europe. We thought of the time that he has spent in prison and of the bitter persecution of which he had been a victim. Because of his great work and of the persecution that he has undergone to achieve it, we could not help but be infinitely inspired, despite the segregation which Georgia Christianity displayed for the edification of this true advocate of universal brotherhood.

CHAPEL CHATS

Any review of the month's program in the college will perforce be a cursory one for along with the usual features of our chapel program we had the pleasure of hearing addresses of several of the distinguished delegates to the Vocational Guidance Conference which was held on our campus. Here is presented the highlights of a profusion of highlights of the month's program.

On December 16th, the brilliant, histrionic Professor J. O. Slade, of Morris Brown, appeared on our chapel program with an address on the history of the black race for the last three hundred years. With remarkable swiftness and thoroughness, Mr. Slade covered the history of the race from the beginning of the slave trade in Africa three hundred years ago to the present Italo-Ethiopian conflict. In speaking of the black race in America today, Professor Slade declared, "We have a war here of our own; and our fate shall be worse than that of Ethiopia unless we are heedful of the trend of the times."

December 13th could well have been called "Dignitary Day" at the Morehouse College Chapel, for there were present a group of the South's most distinguished educators, namely: President Davis, of West Virginia State College; President Trenholm of Alabama State Teachers College, and Professor Miller of Shaw University, a Morehouse graduate.

The grave President Davis led the day's program with a fine talk on "What the Negro Student's Attitude Should Be Toward Public Affairs." He urged his student audience to marshal their activities in such a way as to be able to perceive and divine those things which operate toward the best interests of the group. Know so much about the game, he pleaded, that you will know there is a man under the bed, citing an incident in his own public career as an illustration.

President Trenholm followed President Davis at the speaker's stand. He inspired his audience with a short discourse on the desirability of following the teaching profession. "It is our inspiration", he said with a note of pride, "to know what the type of men who have left Morehouse has done in the field of education. It is stimulating to know that he can command the respect that is given any other profession."

Literature and Art

A BREATH FROM SOUTH AMERICA

By W. F. B. James

Some months ago I had the distinct honour of talking to the charming co-eds of Spelman during one of their Sunday morning assemblies about my homeland—the only British possession on the South American Continent—British Guiana (Gee-ah-na). During this talk I described what is now admitted to be one of the wonders of the world, the Magnificent Kaitaur (Kye-chur) Waterfall. In response to numerous requests, I shall now endeavor to give the readers of THE TIGER a breath of Kaitaur.

Kaitaur was first officially discovered some time in the last century by a British missionary who, it is said, made the discovery in an effort to test the truth of the statements made by his Indian guides of a waterfall more powerful than any he had ever seen. Tradition among the Guiana aboriginal Indians (who compare with the Redskins of North America) has it that an old Indian one quiet night attempted to shoot the Fall in the belief that no harm would come to him. He was never seen again. To the primitive mind this was a sign of the God of the Fall, and the Indians immediately named it Kaieuk, later con-founded to Kaitaur, or "Old Man Fall."

Kaitaur reigns in the heart of the northern jungles of British Guiana. Surrounding the great Fall as varying distances within an area comprising hundreds of square miles, are the famous diamond and gold mining districts of Guiana. It is here, deep in the heart of the Pontaro District with its tropically exotic flora and fauna that the eager lover of beauty seeks this wonder among waterfalls. On every side, above and beneath the Fall, gigantic trees tower in lordly fashion over the more humble bush so typical of the British Guiana forest. Interspersed among the bush can be seen a profusion of variously colored flowers which give off subtly sweet odours.

Before the advent of suitable roads, the Fall had to be dangerously approached from the various rivers which feed it. Many lost their lives because of the numerous dangers to which these routes exposed them. Today, even the most experienced pork-knocker (gold or diamond miner) does not choose this dangerous manner of approaching Kaitaur. Instead, like the tourist and the every-day traveller, he journeys overland to the Fall by bus, over beautiful modernly built roadways, leaving the more fastidious to do so by plane. And so, it has become the height of fashion to breakfast in Georgetown, the capital city, and luncheon at the foot of Kaitaur, 300 miles away.

None but those who have seen and heard Kaitaur can really fully appreciate the striking ma-

jesty of this gigantic waterfall. Niagara compared with it is a pigmy in stature, for roaring, booming Kaitour rises to the magnificent height of 844 feet—five times the height of Canada's pride.

But if the height is striking, its beauty is even still more so. The top of the Fall has a sheer drop; but before it drops, it rushes down over huge boulders, curving round slightly as it goes along; then it suddenly falls down perpendicularly, forming a frothing, turbulent basin below, after which it forces its way between two big rounded masses of rock into another basin below and goes down the gorge whirling and seething and frothing on, just like a thing of life. Many who see this Fall, both at morn and at eventide, never can agree as to which of the two experiences is the more pleasing. I, myself, who have seen this Fall several times find myself in this delightful quandary. The sight that greets the Nature-worshiper (such as I am) when morning comes and when the rays of the peeping sun just barely brightens the huge amphitheatre in which the Fall is situated, is unforgettable. The green grass at the foot of the Fall takes on varied hues. The narrow rapids, meandering through the gigantic gorge, reflect these hues, while the Mighty Kaitour, as if consciously intending to do so, out-reflects them all with the beautiful images of a thousand jeweled rainbows scintillating on his broad cascading bosom.

With the westring of the fierce tropical sun, the dazzling whiteness of the waterfull gradually gives way to a whiteness of softer tone and with the arrival of an unclouded moon a picture representative of all that is movingly sublime and rapturously beautiful in Nature is perfected. If at morning Kaitour was wonderful and awesome, by moonlight this paragon of waterfalls is exalting, soothing, inspiring, divine.

BOOK REVIEW

(By J. A. Hulbert, Atlanta University Library, especially for "NNF")

Rylee Robert, "Deep Dark River", N. Y., Farrar and Rinehart, 1935.

In the treatment of Negroes by white American authors, seldom are there accurate and just portrayals of black mental reactions. Somehow even the Southern writers fail to catch the genuine feelings of their black neighbors, which, doubtless, are so deeply hidden in the tangled mass of repression and inferiority and so often mixed with ignorance and superstition. These things have concealed the real self and soul. But still we cannot accept this as an excuse for the general acceptance of certain stereotypes.

DEEP DARK RIVER is another attempt by a Southern white author to depict a black character in a novel. The author is a native of Tennessee and because of his residence is well acquainted with the setting of his story—the Mississippi Delta with its wide and endless areas of cotton, the sordid, depressing atmosphere of a small delta town, the helpless, shiftless, wearing,

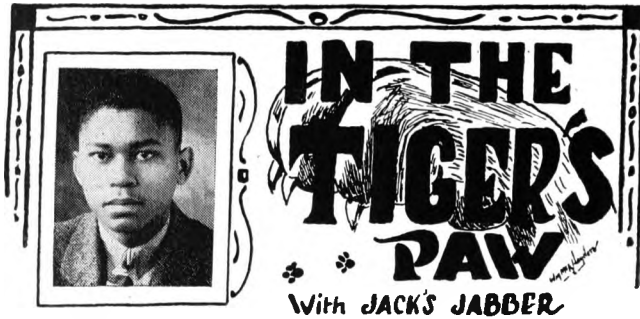
de-vitalizing life of the plantation with its broken whites and brutalized blacks. Here again is that Americanized institution of peonage so falsely called "share-cropping." Here is all the squalor, laziness, and ignorance of a country that drifts on the tide of the Southern custom and habit, all the crystallization of backwardness and provincialism combined with the run-down-at-the-heel appearance of a people existing only in name—a people lost and left in the march of machinery and progress.

Of Mose Southwick is this story, of Mose the wanderer and would-be itinerant preacher. As a character he is far too naive, even for a Negro. For a man who has gotten about as much as he has, he is extremely foolish when it comes to women and money. Mose is perfectly content in jail; he has confidence in "Miss Mary" though he does not seem to be really anxious to get out. When he goes to the state farm he accepts passively (mentally, so says our author) and is perfectly adjusted within a few months. His only bad quality was his habit of looking white men straight in the eye when talking with them and not scratching his head and shifting his feet.

His is the typical story of thousands of other black men in the Deep South—taking up land to raise cotton for the white man and becoming fixed there through an economics guided by the white man's bookkeeping. To relieve the injustice and monotony of his life there is one thing in Mose apart from the customary course of love affairs and social intercourse. For Mose's burning ambition is to become an ordained preacher and he indulges, at intervals, in the amateur pursuit of his profession. The words of some of his sermons, as set in his mouth by Author Rylee, are jewels and are highlights in the reading of the book; they abound in simple philosophy and genuine poetry. These words represent a real insight into at least one corner of the black mind—that calm acceptance of present tribulations translated into a radiant belief in immortality.

But all is not idyllic with the life of Mose. He runs afoul of white man's laws by killing another Negro in self-defense—a Negro set on him by a hating overseer who has been carrying on a clandestine affair with Mose's wife. Now for the strangest part of the story. A young white woman lawyer, suddenly converted to the gross injustice of the Negro's position, decides to defend him. Mind you, this is in a small town where prejudice rises above the highest walls of justice and mercy and this woman is a native and is just beginning her practice. Such a noble sacrifice could exist only in a novel. However, Mose receives a brilliant defense (although the fact of the overseer's affair with Mose's wife cannot be introduced as evidence in the case). He is sentenced to life imprisonment and Lawyer Mary becomes a local heroine for her shaking the foundations, at least, under the local regime. The book is interesting in spite of an extremely fictitious plot. The author belongs to that new

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 2)



Now that the football din is dying away some attention may be paid to other matters.

For several years Morehouse hardwood fans have favored a remodeling of the Sunset Casino according to the plans and specifications provided by architectes Franklin L. Forbes and Frederick C. Gassett, familiarly referred to as "Tombstone" and "The Skipper", respectively.

The problem resolved itself into one of dynamism and space. To get the proper answer it was necessary to consult the proper authorities. The Coaches and the Bursar mixed up a strong solution of the theories of Prof. Albert Einstein, Herr Willem de Sitter, Abbe' Georges Le Maitre, and Prof. Harlow Shapely, with a dish of Sir James Jeans. They also figured in the temperature of the Morehouse Gym, the boiling point of Southern Conference Officials, and the square root of a five-man defense. They even used impact energy, trajectory heights, and the mean diminishing, velocity of the thirty-inch circumferenced sphere in their intricate computations.

With these as a basis, they have worked out a new architectural design for the Sunset, the avowed purpose of which is to increase the output of our boys without benefit to any of the eagle-eyed rivals.

All of which is to inform you, my patient and indulgent readers of the fact that the Morehouse basketball games of 1936 will be played (weather permitting) in the Morehouse Gymnasium. At this writing, one game has already been postponed because most of the hardwood aspirants weren't very proficient swimmers or canoers.

Morehouse Basketball Schedule, 1936

- Jan. 16—Tuskegee Institute, at Tuskegee.
- Jan. 17—Ala. State Teach. Col., at Montgomery.
- Jan. 18—Morris Brown College, at Atlanta
- Jan. 24—Talladega College, at Atlanta.
- Jan. 25—Talladega College, at Atlanta.
- Feb. 1—Wilberforce Univ. at Atlanta.
- Feb. 8—S Carolina State. at Atlanta.
- Feb. 14—Fisk Univ., at Atlanta.
- Feb. 15—Fisk Univ., at Atlanta
- Feb. 17—Clark Univ., at Atlanta
- Feb. 21—Fisk Univ., at Nashville.
- Feb. 22—Fisk Univ., at Nashville.

RESUME OF THE INTRAMURAL GAMES

By William M. Nix

Playing under an early December cold wave on the Maroon field, on Saturday, December 7th, the senior grid machine (that reminded one of Henry's first) raced its way to a 12 to 7 victory over the juniors. The half-chilled fans watched a great game that contained more mirth and jest than a second-rate burlesque show. The 'backs, realizing that they were unconditioned, oft times ran backwards rather than be nailed to the terra firma by savage tacklers. Thus, a potentially good game proved to be nothing less than a see-saw affair throughout with the decision coming late in the third quarter when the seniors eked ahead by a 12 to 0 score.

The initial score of the game came when Walker, of the senior aggregation cracked through the junior forward wall and blocked a punt. He trailed the ball across the goal line for a touchdown. The conversion kick was ruled "no good." The score mounted when Rowe intercepted a forward pass and romped forty yard for a touchdown. Again the place-kick failed to find the center of the uprights and the score remained 12 to 0.

Though downtrodden for three quarters of the game, the juniors maintained their fighting spirit. They were determined that they should not be held scoreless. Several line plunges, off tackle and end around plays, placed the ball in a scoring position. Then James Smith, Benedict's gift to Morehouse, swept left end for the final tally of the day. Henderson converted for the extra point, making the score 12 to 7. The game ended shortly afterwards.

Freshmen have won intramural games before; they usually do win their first game even if they are cornered and whipped in later bouts. But never before, so I am told, have they emerged from the thick of the battle with such an impressive victory. The freshmen had their wares to sell: the sophomores paid the price. Score of 31 to 6 will prove this true.

It was the sophomore class that gave the green-horn freshmen such a hard way to go. The words: "Point, dog, point!" were still ringing in the ears of the "crabs" as they trotted out to the field of play. Dog, huh!—they wouldn't address freshmen as Mr. Dog. Well, "every dog has his day", the freshmen had theirs. Only once during the entire game were the crabs in danger of being scored on. With first down and goal to go, Meadows made two unsuccessful plunges through the center of the line. However, the next play found "Cow" Hayden scampering around right end for a touchdown. The conversion kick failed to find the center of the goal post and therefore did not count.

Cow, when he finally got started, was hard to bring down. He had plenty of good reasons for staying up, too. A trip across the "burning

sands" the night before is reason enough for anyone to stand up. I even doubt the possibilities of an Italian army bring him down.—The Italians are plenty tough on Ethiopians, you know. Cow was not alone in his fight to remain in an upright position. For "Snubby", Billy Westmoreland, V. Trenton Tubbs, and Leaver were members of the same category.

Each quarter, with the exception of one, found the freshmen crossing the double lines. The excellent passing of Cooksey and Perkins, accounted for four of the freshman touchdowns. The individual scores by the freshmen were as follows: Allen, 12; Cooksey, 6; Green, 6; Perkins, 6; and "Eat 'em up" Robinson, 1.

Realizing that the freshman outfit was displaying a neat charging attack, the sophomores took to the air. The passing attack was of little avail, for the crabs seemed to have every inch of the field covered. They were determined that the sophomores shouldn't complete their passes and though they completed a few, they still found themselves a long way from the goal line.

If I were to name the outstanding performers of the freshmen line-up, I would list the entire team. The excellent work of the line and good ball toting by the backfield enabled the freshmen to keep the lead. However, fine work on the part of Moore, Williams, Wilcox, the Bennet Brothers, Meadows, and Hayden, made the game very interesting.

The old saying, "a bad start means a good ending", worked for the sophomores, but not for your writer. Slipping out of my Wednesday afternoon class, I hurried down to our back-yard so as to be able to give a first-hand report of the loser's bracket. To my dismay, I found that the juniors didn't show up; therefore, the sophomores willingly accepted a forfeit. Thus, the game being ended, I journeyed to my room in Graves Hall.

On returning to the dressing-room, the sophomores found the juniors in the art of dressing for the game. After a short meeting, between representatives of the two classes and the officials, the forfeit was declared null and void, and the game was to be played. Seemingly everyone knew of this except the writer. However, a second-hand report (from the stars themselves in person) state that Hutchinson and Wilcox were responsible for the two sophomore touchdowns which defeated a hard-fighting junior eleven.

MUSIC NOTES

By Richard Durant

The string quartet made its first appearance at a concert given in honor of the delegates to the Vocational Conference, held on our campus last month. The event took place in Howe Memorial Hall, Spelman College. They played the "Conzonetta", Mendelssohn; "Andante Contabile", Tchaikowsky, and a folk-song. Their debut was most successful. The other groups that participated on the program were: the Spelman Glee

Club and Quartette, the Morehouse Glee Club and Quartet, the University Singers, and the Spelman-Morehouse Chorus. Richard Durant, violinist, played a solo accompanied by Kemper Harreld at the piano.

The Quartet offered its first program in Sisters' and Sale Hall Chapels on Tuesday morning, January 8th. The renditions included the first two movements of Dvoraks American Quartet Op. 96; "Conzonetta", Mendelssohn; A Negro Sorrow Song, arr. by A. Pachon; and "Traumerie", Schumann. On both occasions the students evinced their pleasure and deep appreciation of the new group by prolonged applause. The personnel of the Quartet are: Kemper Harreld, first violin; W. L. James, second violin; Geraldine Ward, 'cellist, and Richard Durant, violist.

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 9)

school of Southern writers who are flaying and exposing the true life in this section, so long romanticized and lied about in song and story. If the plot is inconceivable, the facts which it utilizes are real and potent with truthfulness.

The style is clear-cut in its forceful vividness. There are many passages of striking beauty: "Evenings the Negroes would pass the house in the soft darkness and would pause to listen, for frequently at such times they could hear the old man running his weary fingers over the keys of the piano . . ." "Sometimes the most terrifying facts of life is its onward consuming movements, never any pause, never any alteration in speed. The principles deduced from today's experience seem tomorrow to have lost their adequacy, for the new situations are not those of yesterday. Skillful is the man who can trace the thread through the weaving without losing it, for the very thread itself changes color and even texture as the cloth rolls past." And Mose's words of preaching: "My brethren, ain't you lost, standing there, watchin' the great river rush by, crying out the pain of the earth. . . . Lift your heads up; where is your troubles now; what do they mount to side the great pain an' the cryin' of the river?" "You is been wanting to git to de free worl'. Can't no man get to the Free Worl' thought he have de cross wid him . . . De Free Worl' ain't nowhere . . . It ain't no place . . . Hit am in a man's heart."

Mr. Rylee, like Thomas Wolfe, fastens the movement of his characters in the great medium of "dark time" measured by the endless and mysterious flowing of the river. If Mose could see the insignificance of man's life in this vale of sorrows as something not quite real, it was because he could look "across the wide ridge of the levee and the black mud flats . . . on the other side" and see "the sweep of other fields and over all the limitless night, holy, touched by hands of peace."

Smith's Smut

The Mud-Slinging Department of THE MAROON TIGER wishes to everyone of its readers a very prosperous as well as progressive New Year. And last, but not least—THE POWER OF UNDERSTANDING. 'Twill be well to mention, methinks, that this column is NOT to be taken seriously, but merely laughed at.

During the past Yuletide Season, quite a few males and females strayed a bit from the straight and narrow path. Yet—to top the list we find the noble "Caesar." Very much to our surprise he refused to find time to pay his very amiable girl-friend (F. B.) one visit during the holiday season. Looks as though "B" has him in the go-long, because he didn't miss one night punching on Parsons Street.

Alas! Alas! and Alaska! The noble Estares has been caught in a dragnet—

He leaves the Dutches home, New Years Day,
While he goes to the Ki-Yi Dance to play.
With M. Phillips he spent his stay
Bum kicks to Miller so they say—but
Estares! Ella Mae don't play!

I kinda like the rhyme scheme of the above whatchamacallit, so— fo'give me, ladies and gents, if I wax further poetical—

Leave everything up to "Dick"
The boy who thinks he's plenty slick.
C. I. his favorite pick,
B. J. the victim of his trick.

To the Ki-Yi Dance Pete pulled his creep
Madam Queen stayed home for to weep
She thought he was out acting sweet
But he was sweeping Murial off her feet.

Hart became so emotionally moved by the illness of P. T., his last heart beat, that he went to Marie's house every night to receive that do or die inspiration. Woe is me, woe is me.

Nope, you don't know what "Steavy Weavy" will do. New Year's Day he was seen with the "Lady in Red" (R. T. of international sweet fame.) "Steve" used to be Sweet's postman and seemingly his flat-foot duties have warranted him a fine place. What next, little man, what next?

Among the hams placed on the '36 jived and jilted list we find . . . D. H. Brown, the boy who allowed the girl at Spelman and the girl back home to give him his outright release.—Elmer Ray, the pride of Waycross, Ga., was taken snipe hunting and he held the bag while his bride to be rushed a matrimonial escapade with somebody else.—Robert Johnson was made a permanent bachelor when his only heart beat eloped with somebody else.

Russell Simmons is running false to form here of late, so one of my pet soot-sifters informs me. He has been punching E. V. quite consistently—I don't know whether Ruth called their little affair quits or whether Eloise called it for her, but nevertheless—and any way you take it—Joe Sansom is the victim of bum kicks. But wait! Ruth is punching Joe and Birchette is punching Ruth and—ah, phooey! Who cares, aynway.

Hobart Jackson, well-known Hill Billy and broad player deluxe, usually keeps his "biz" well away from the public's eye, but the entrancing beauty and intoxicating personality of C. L. sent him reeling and very much out of his head—Thus we have news. The Xmas holidays brought about the unification of the two and believe me deah public, when I say E. B. had better go hard if she doesn't desire that unification to further mature.

"Cap'n" McF. just won't act right. If he does not stop rocking E. N.'s cradle, I'm going to tell M. M.

CAN YOU IMAGINE???

"Curly Top" Hann with baby blue eyes?
Beachem using his head for something besides
a hatrack?
Hart robbing the Spelman cradle?
"The World Beater" in love?
H. Bell with a supressed desire?
Melvin H. true to any one girl?
Varner with "The Lady in Red"?
Helen R. C. having nightmares about Smith's
Smut?
"Tom" W. with a haircut and plenty of money?
Hinson a "snake in the grass"?

Wires crossed . . . no lights . . . sparks fly—
and "the smoke ain't cleared away yet"!!

Oodles of guys hitched up "double sockets" but the illustrious one, J. E. S. hitches, hitches up a "three-way socket" and boys, you should have seen a certain fair damsel effervesce!!

Socket 1.: E. W., while the party of the first part was patiently awaiting his arrival one evening at 9!

Socket 2.: J. P., while said party plays nursemaid to overdue notices.

Socket 3.: The gorgeous lady from Fisk (and Texas by the way) with whom he dances the club dance at the Ki-Yi Ball, while the party of the previously mentioned first part stays at home, because . . . ? ? - - - well!!!

More wires crossed!! More extention cards!! More double sockets!! Sparks—here they come: "Bill" Beachem has a 4-toe of one fair damsel gracing the lavish splendor of his nasty boudoir while he spends mornings and afternoons punching at her latest, goodest friend and his nites, . . . ? . . . by the way, does he live on the campus any more? Ask Gerry!

"Hippity-hop" McKnight is Morehouse's most attentive lover—Good-morning phone-calls, and if you want to get hurt, just try to get between him and Spelman!!

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