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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT



Dr. John Hope

MOREHOUSE College lost a great friend and benefactor when Dr. John Hope departed this life on February 20. Dr. Hope, one of the foremost educators and leaders of the Negro race, devoted his entire life to the education of Negro youth. For twenty-five years he worked to build an institution of high rank for Negro men, and today, due largely to his efforts, we have one of the highest ranking schools for Negro youth, Morehouse College. Students of Morehouse for years to come will reap the benefits of his unselfish work. To develop Morehouse College Dr. Hope gave all that he had. During his administration as President of Morehouse College, from 1906 to 1931, the College enrollment increased from 21 to 359, and the budget for teaching purposes from \$7,000 to \$50,000. During his administration the building and equipment were more than doubled, and three new structures were added. As President of Morehouse College he began the task of raising \$300,000 endowment to meet a conditional offer of \$300,000 from the General Education Board, and had the gratification of seeing his effort succeed. On July 1, 1929, Dr. Hope became President of Atlanta University. Morehouse did not lose him, however, for an affiliation was

formed by Atlanta University, Morehouse and Spelman Colleges and Dr. Hope was placed at the head. Under his leadership Atlanta University was developed as a graduate school, the only graduate institution in the South open to Negro students wherein courses are offered leading to the Master's degree. It was through his efforts that the several Negro institutions in Atlanta were brought together to work for the common good of all. During his administration Atlanta University and the affiliated Colleges each received an "A" rating from the Southern Association of College and Secondary Schools, the highest rating that a school in this section may achieve. Dr. Hope was also instrumental in the improvement of living conditions for Negroes in Atlanta. He appreciated and sympathized with the people of the 'Beaver Slide' slum section and set about to help them. He was active indeed in the movement to secure federal aid in clearing this slum section. After the grant of funds by the Public Works Administration for this purpose and for the building of Model Apartments for Negroes, Dr. Hope was appointed by Secretary of the Interior Ickes to be Chairman of the Citizens Advisory Committee to supervise the University Housing Project. This project was the first of its kind to be authorized, and the first to be actually undertaken. His great work was nationally recognized. Five universities in the United States and Canada honored Dr. Hope with degrees. In 1907, Brown University, his Alma Mater, conferred on him the degree of A. M. and again in 1935, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Howard University, Bucknell University, McMaster University, and Bates College each conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws for his outstanding work in the field of education and the betterment of interracial relations. His life, his success

and his noble achievements should throw out inspiration and challenge for us to carry on. At the funeral of Dr. Hope, President Archer made the following statement: "If we take up the unfinished task of our comrade, we must know the source of the power of his life and draw freely there. Power was in his vision that cut through tinsel trappings, pomp and pageantry, to find the essentials and to discard the needless as well as the useless." May we take up the task of our great leader who has fallen. May we be graced with the power, vision, enthusiasm and ideals of his noble character and forge ahead to the heights that he himself would want us to attain.

**DEAN B. E. MAYS OF HOWARD
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF RELIGION
SPEAKS TO MOREHOUSE STUDENTS
OF RELIGION**

S. W. WILLIAMS

On Wednesday morning, March 4, at the regular meeting of the Minister's Union Dean Mays of the School of Religion, Howard University gave a very inspiring address to the group. Dean Mays stated that the battle to be fought in religion is no more the struggle between fundamentalism and modernism or liberalism and conservatism, but rather it is an economic and social struggle. The doctrine of salvation, according to Dean Mays, must not only include the dead but the living as well, and more the living than the dead.

For a minister to find his place in this world of changing religious thought, he must be prepared and he must have a message for the people. This means that the minister must have a firm conviction of his own—a philosophy of life which he has worked out for himself. He must have a conviction about God, sin and himself if he is to play well his part in bringing the reign of God on earth.

DO YOU KNOW—(NSFA.)

That in New York City there are over 390,000 unemployed and out-of-school young persons between the ages of 16-25 most of whom have never had a job? 4200 have NYA jobs.

That in Germany no boy who has passed his examinations is accepted in a higher educational institution before serving his term in the labor service?



Student Thought

REVIEW OF EVENTS

By CHARLES (PETE) GREENLEA, '37.

The National Negro Congress held in Chicago last week "Resolved and dissolved." Now the real value of the Congress is to be determined by the effect it produces in the immediate future. Some six or seven hundred men and women representing almost every state in the union attended and apparently manifested a sincere interest in meeting the problems of Black America.

Charges by prominent Race citizens that the Congress was dominated by Communists are probably not true, at least, very few delegates admitted they were communists. The Congress necessarily was a blend of followers of all political faiths, Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, Communists as well as Negroes of various religious creeds and denominations, such as Catholics, and Protestants, Baptists, Methodists, etc.

However, it is true that the Congress was dominated by a spirit of liberalism—and why not? Can the Negro as a race afford to be conservative?

A. Phillip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and president of the Congress, says, "Negroes who elect to be Communists need make no apology for it. That is their right. It is guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. Communists are not criminals; the communist party is a legitimate political party, and has city, state, and national tickets like Republican and Democrats."

"Nor should Negroes who are sincerely fighting for race rights become alarmed when they are condemned as 'reds', even if some well-meaning, but misguided, innocent Negro leaders or men of the cloth do so, or if they are denounced by the American Liberty League or by the famous Negro hater and the hater of all peoples of color, William Randolph Hearst, and his devoted henchman, Arthur Brisbane."

"It's gotten to be a regular indoor sport now to condemn most movements and individuals who resolutely and aggressively fight for human and race rights, and the rights of the workers and minority groups by branding them as 'red.'"

It is my prediction that in seventy-five days we shall know the outcome of the Italo-Ethiopian

war. The rainy season sets in during May. Heavy rains and floods make fighting in Ethiopia impossible, and will automatically stop the war, just as they kept it from starting last spring.

Mussolini's army in Africa costs millions of dollars weekly and he could not afford to maintain it so long and get nothing in return.

Haile Selassie is now well stocked with ammunition, and thousands of tons of heavy artillery are coming into the country from Japan and England.

Il Duce will have a tough time holding Italian public opinion in check if his soldiers fail to bring the African bacon home soon.

To climax Il Duce's woes, the public opinion of the world is definitely against him. Although Italian propagandists have made a concerted effort to get the public on their side, they have failed.

It is improbable that the League of Nations will apply the fatal oil sanctions, but it is certain that the present control, though it is limited will be continued. Seventy-five days, count them.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY

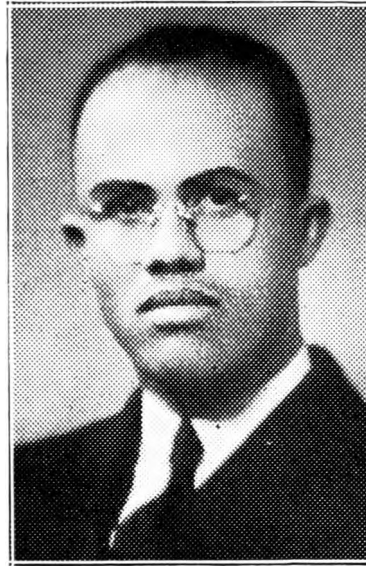
The tradition of Morehouse of presenting one play of Shakespeare will be carried on this year by the students of the institution with the presentation Thursday and Friday evenings, March 26 and 27, of the Shakespeare comedy "Much Ado About Nothing". The students chose to produce a comedy this year rather than a tragedy because all of the plays of recent years have been tragedies. A comedy was thought to be a pleasing variation.

The comedy will be acted by a group of talented thespians from the student bodies of Morehouse and Spelman Colleges under the direction of Miss Anne M. Cooke, Fine Art instructor in the University system. The comedy will be presented in Sale Hall on a stage built to reproduce the ones on which the plays of Shakespeare were originally produced in England.

The cast of the comedy is headed by Mr. George Smith, who is remembered for his fine performance of the role of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, presented in 1934. Aably supporting him are Messrs. Marshall Cabaniss, Tous-saint Crowell, Eugene Grisby and others. The romantic interest in the comedy is increased and supplied by the appearance in the cast of such feminine and therefore fickle (only in the play, of course) bits of loveliness as Misses Frances Johnson, Franzetta Williams and others.

THE SIXTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

It has been sixty-nine years since the day that witnessed the birth of Morehouse College—



H. C. TRENHOLM

sixty-nine years of sacrifice and struggle, sixty - nine years of vision and progress. In 1867, when the college was founded, there was little on which to predict that the tiny school housed in a frame church building in Augusta, Georgia would become in less than seventy years the Morehouse College of today with her splendid equipment her well trained faculty and her re-

cord of accomplishment.

Every institution that has cast more than a fleeting shadow over the earth—whether it be political, religious, or educational—has done so because some noble soul has had a vision and a willingness to give his all for the realization of that vision. So it is with Morehouse. No saga of noble deeds of long ago is more replete with exemplars of devotion to a cause and of passion for service than is the history of Morehouse College. As we look in retrospect at those whose lives have meant so much to the development of this college, we see men who recognized a need and who sought to satisfy that need. The Reverend William J. White, who founded the institution; Presidents Joseph T. Robert, Samuel Graves, and George Sale, who nurtured the College through its tender years; the late beloved President John Hope, who not only guided Morehouse to a position of eminence but defined its spirit as well; and President Samuel H. Archer, whom all Morehouse men ever will love for himself as well as for his contribution to the development of the school, all represent a type of leadership of which any college might well be proud.

However, regardless of how rich in equipment, in endowment, or in personnel a college may be, the true test of its value to the community that it serves lies in neither of these. It is said that a tree is known by its fruit. It is equally true that a college is judged by its graduates. More-

house College, then, is indeed blessed. Her sons have blazed trails in every field known to Negro endeavor. Whether it be in school administration, in teaching, in medicine, in law, in the ministry, or in business, the men of Morehouse have ventured forth and have carried with them an indomitable spirit that knows no defeat.

It is quite fitting, then, on this Founder's Day, as we meditate on the Morehouse of the past, and as we bend our efforts towards the building of the Morehouse that is to be that we join the 1936 Founder's Day speaker, President H. Council Trenholm, of the Alabama State Teachers College, in the pronouncement that Morehouse is a "College of destiny."

—C. B. Lindsay.

PRESIDENT H. COUNCIL TRENHOLM, DELIVERS FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS

"Morehouse College is a College of destiny", declared Mr. H. Council Trenholm, President of the Alabama Teachers College and an alumnus of Morehouse College, on February 18th at the observance of the 69th anniversary of the founding of the institution. Despite the cold weather, Sale Chapel was nearly filled with alumni, students, faculty members, and friends of Morehouse College.

Whereas at one time colleges were called upon to train the few who had finished high school and had seriously prepared themselves for advanced work, American colleges are today filled with hordes of young men and women, many of whom have no definite interest in the academic life, President Trenholm observed. Despite this fact, Morehouse College can make its best contribution to society, the speaker said, by continuing to train men for the heavier demands that the times make on men, and for the duties and responsibilities of those that labor on the social frontier.

Paying a high tribute to the five men who have guided Morehouse College during its sixty-nine years of growth, President Trenholm declared that Destiny had had a large part in calling these particular men for the special part each had in the development of the College.

Mr. T. M. Alexander, '31, local insurance broker, presided over the Founder's Day exercise, which was opened by the singing of "Holy, Holy, Holy" by the group and the delivery of the invocation by Doctor Charles D. Hubert, Class of 1909, Director of the Morehouse School of Religion. The college orchestra, conducted by Professor

Kemper Harreld, then played the overture to "The Bohemian Girl." Greetings from the present generation of students were brought by Drew S. Days, president of the student body and brother of the first president of the student body. Telegrams and letters from alumni and friends all over the world were read by Mr. P. M. Davis, president of the national alumni association. Among these messages was one from Doctor John Hope, who then lay seriously ill. The principal speaker was introduced by President S. H. Archer. The services were concluded with the singing of "Dear Old Morehouse."

Several of the returning alumni spoke at the informal assembly in Sale Hall Chapel Tuesday morning, at which time President Trenholm also reminisced about his student days at his alma mater. Among other platform guests who spoke briefly were: were Franklyn Taylor, '23, of the Alabama State Teachers College, Montgomery; the Reverend R. A. Jones, '29, of Orlando, Florida; James A. Colston, '32, of Ormond Beach, Florida; Burrell H. Brown, '28, of Sanford, Florida; and Kenneth Days, '32, of Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Florida. Participating in the morning's program also were John W. Dobbs, '01, president of the Atlanta Morehouse Club, and President P. M. Davis of the national alumni association.

The ladies of the Morehouse Auxiliary entertained the Founder's Day speaker and the other guests at a reception at the home of the President.

Arrangements for the 1936 Founder's Day program were made by a committee consisting of Dean B. R. Brazeal, P. M. Davis, and T. M. Alexander.

Adopted from release of Mr. Allen by C. B. Lindsay.

SIX WEEK SUMMER SCHOOL TO OPEN JUNE THIRTEENTH

For the fourth consecutive season, the Atlanta University Summer School will be conducted this year in affiliation with the other higher educational institutions in Atlanta. In the six week session, from June 13th to July 24, opportunity will be offered to college students to carry on work for the bachelor's degree and graduate students to earn credit toward the master's degree, as well as for teachers to secure general or specialized training and persons interested in social

(Continued on page 13)



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MOREHOUSE STUDENTS IN MEMORIAL SERVICE

At a simple morning service in the chapel where successive generations of college men had listened to his teachings, the students of Morehouse College on Feb. 26 paid their tribute to Dr. John Hope, who for 38 years worked for the upbuilding of the institution. Gathered with the Morehouse men were the students of Spelman College and Atlanta University and the family of the President. At the close of the service the gathering filed to the grave of Dr. Hope on the nearby Atlanta University campus where a wreath was laid and a pledge taken by the men of Morehouse to hold sacred and dear the ideals of the College as conceived and taught by their beloved leader.

The memorial exercises, arranged and conducted entirely by students are to be repeated each year on the 20th of February, the anniversary of President Hope's death. To the end that the custom shall be perpetuated, the president of the student body charged the present junior class to carry on the ceremony next year and to pass the charge along to succeeding classes.

The services were opened with a piano prelude by David M. Mells, '36, of Ocala, Florida, and the singing of the college hymn. The charge to the juniors to carry on the tradition was given by Drew S. Days, '36, of Gainesville, Florida, student body president. The Scriptures were read by Lester A. McFall, '36, of Detroit, Michigan. The playing of a violin duet of the Largo movement of Concerto No. 1 (Johann Sebastian Bach) by Drew S. Days and Richard B. Durant, '37, of Brooklyn, New York, followed. John Clinton Long, Jr., '36, of Atlanta, senior class president, read the poem, "The Chambered Nautilus" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. This was followed by the congregational singing of "Abide with Me." In behalf of his fellow students, a tribute to Dr. Hope was paid by John H. Young, '36, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The singing of the Negro National Anthem closed the chapel service.

As the students, faculty members, and friends gathered in a half circle about the newly-made grave, the students sang a stanza of "O Son of Man." The wreath was placed and the pledge to

preserve the ideals for which Dr. Hope strived was spoken in unison by the Morehouse men. With the singing of the Morehouse hymn, the first memorial to President Hope was concluded.

FOLLOWING IS THE TEXT OF JOHN YOUNG'S TRIBUTE TO DR. HOPE:

Men would tell us that in the history of the world greater men than Dr. Hope have lived and died. But in the hearts of the men of Morehouse, no greater man ever lived, no greater man ever died. Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, these three—while the world must shout plaudits in memory of their gifts to civilization—here in this remote corner of the cosmos there appears one name that shall forever be carved upon the sacred scroll of this institution. In years to come when the sons of our sons and their sons in turn shall haunt these sacred portals, that name shall be whispered with the deepest reverence and respect that the tongues of men can command. The name we honor and revere is the name of our captain, friend and Saviour, Dr. John Hope.

We must needs be sad, men of Morehouse. We have lost our greatest mortal friend. As the child would weep for its mother, and the mother the child, so we would weep lest our hearts overflow with the memory of one so dear. We do not hear lamentation because he can no longer serve us. His is the work well done. For if he lived this life again a thousand times he could not match this one. For in this one life he gave us the institution upon which we have founded the ideals of noble men. Has any man in the annals of history done more? It was he who taught us to love these halls, these sacred walls with a devotion not unlike that of the man of his religion. Can any man boast of a greater creation of sacredness than this? And though we know those things, though we attest his work well done, we must lament his parting life as the greatest tragedy in the annals of this great monument founded upon the principles for which he lived.

"And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death."

On that day when our fallen Captain took command of our stormtossed ship, the greatest loyalty between man and institution was born. It was a frail little vessel he then commanded. But the Captain was proud and the little ship courag-

eous. On and on they sailed against the breakers of discouragement that sought to halt the voyage. With the waves of prejudice pounding the sides of the little vessel, it kept a steady keel. For the Captain knew the goal and the ship had faith in its Captain. How well the Captain commanded his crew is exemplified by the men of that maiden voyage who have in turn become captains of other ships of Destiny. How well the Captain taught the precepts of the sea is exemplified in the noble hearts of the men of this institution today. Here we sit in one body, bound by the destiny that makes us brothers, and pledged with an unswerving faith in the perpetuation of the ideals he sought to mold as a religion for the men of this Commonwealth.

"O Captain, my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting.

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the
bells,

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores acrowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass their eager
faces turning,

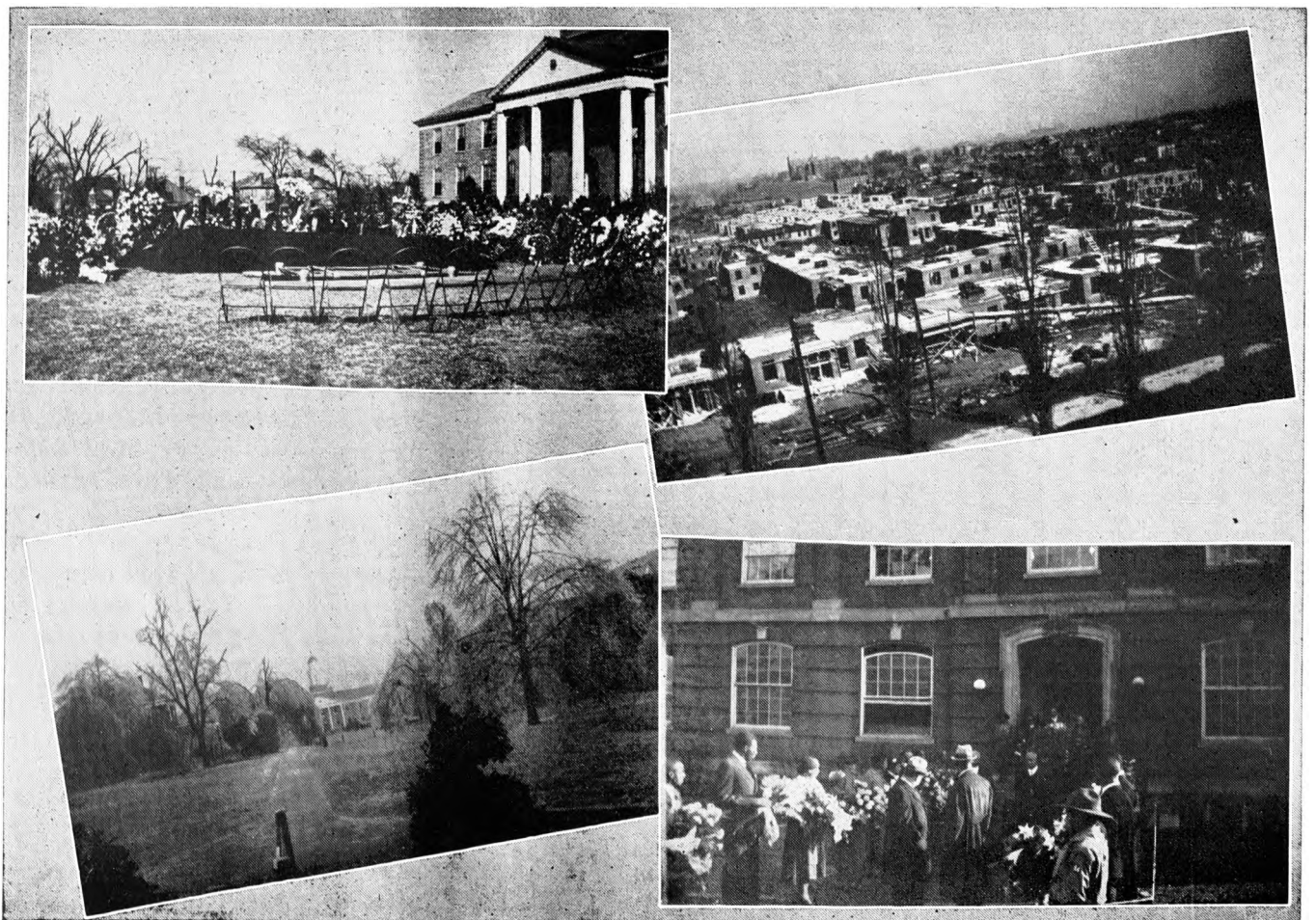
Here Captain! dear Father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale

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PHOTOS BY CHARLES GREENLEA

(1) Upper left—Dr. Hope's grave; (2) Upper right—Section of the Atlanta University Housing Project; (3) Lower left—Morehouse Campus in ice storm; (4) Lower right—The Procession to Dr. Hope's grave files out of Sale Hall Chapel.

A GREAT LEADER IS BURIED IN THE SIMPLICITY THAT MARKED HIS LIFE

By CHARLES LAWRENCE, Jr.

In the Chapel of Sale Hall, the place from which in years past Dr. Hope was wont to give his "family talks" to the men of Morehouse, the funeral services for Dr. Hope were held Sunday, February 23, 1936. Present at the simple funeral services were nearly a thousand of the colleagues and friends of the man who has built one of the most unique educational institutions in America. After the service that lasted less than a half-hour, his body was laid to rest on the Campus of Atlanta University, a stone's throw from the College that he loved so well, and to which he had given more than thirty years of his life. As the body was lowered into the grave, the combined voices of the students of Atlanta University, Morehouse, and Spelman sang the appropriate words of the Roman Poet, Horace:

"He who is upright, kind and free from error
Needs not the aid of arms or men to guard him;
Safely he moves, a child to guilty terrors
Strong in his virtues."

The words of the remarks made by a co-worker of Dr. Hope, as she viewed the grave before the funeral services, came to my ears. It was Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown whom I had heard that very morning voice the sentiments of those people dear and near to Dr. Hope who had seen fit to have him buried at that spot. She had said, "Is it not fitting that the sepulcher of this great man should lie in the shadow of the living monument that he has erected?"

The chapel services were conducted in the manner that Dr. Hope had expressly desired that they should be conducted. There were only a reading of the Scriptures, a prayer, the singing of two favorite hymns by the congregation, and a spiritual by the Morehouse Quartet. The services were presided over by President Archer, who had been the companion of Dr. Hope for more than thirty years. In opening the services Mr Archer payed a brief, sincere and noble tribute to Dr. Hope. He said:

"It is meet that our friend and brother, John Hope, should lie in state in this chapel which he built and that he should be borne hence to find his resting place in sight of the institution to which he gave thirty-eight of the best years of his life. He loved Morehouse as only a father can love his child.

"I pass by his intangible contributions to the welfare of Morehouse to say only that at the time of his death he was working successfully on a program for the College which would further guarantee the permanency of the institution and adequacy of instruction.

"For more than thirty years I have had the joy of a great companionship—an intensified living fellowship with this noble soul who knew no glory but the good of mankind.

"If we are to take up the unfinished task of our comrade, we must know the source of the power of his life, and draw freely there. Power was in his keen vision that cut through tinsel trappings, pomp, and pageantry to find the essentials and to discard the needless as well as the useless.

"Thus he preserved the sweetness of proportion and lived a life of noble simplicity. As one example—when critics were demanding proof of a risen Christ, he could cut away all argument and say, 'Christ lives in me, inspiring good deeds of every kind today, tomorrow and in all the tomorrows to come.'

"He was intimate in his personal relations with the humblest man, woman, and child, and neglected no task that would give him a fuller life.

"Nearly a year ago with no thought of his early passing in mind, he talked about arrangements for his funeral. The simplicity that marked his life is seen in the instructions which he gave.

"He stated that he wished no elaborate ceremony with solos, speeches, and sermons but preferred the reading of the Scriptures, a prayer and a few songs. Later, if his friends wished to have a service in his memory it would be all right. I shall therefore make no effort to review Dr. Hope's life and achievements in this service.

"The burial on the campus was not a part of his arrangements but the wish of friends near and dear.

"May he rest in peace and glory of the simple life he loved so well."

During the five hours that the body lay in state Sunday morning thousands of people from all walks of life passed silently by to look in the face of the man who had meant so much to education in America. The alumni of Atlanta University, Morehouse and Spelman formed the guard of honor. The body was borne from the Chapel to the grave by four Morehouse and four Atlanta University students. Students representing each class in the University System pre-

ceded Dr. Archer with Dr. E. R. Carter, Dr. J. M. Nabrit and Dr. W. W. Alexander carrying flowers. Following the casket which was covered with a beautiful blanket of roses came the family of Dr. Hope, the guests, the faculties of the three institutions and scores of friends.

At the grave were assembled the students of the University Affiliation together with many friends. Hundreds of people had come from points far from Atlanta to pay their respects to the memory of our friend, Dr. Hope.

JOHN YOUNG'S SPEECH

(Continued from page 6)

and still

My Father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
or will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, the voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

And though we have lost our greatest friend, we cannot repay that life dedicated to us and our posterity by forever bemoaning its death. In that death we must discern the resurrection of a new life—a life that we must live with all of the vigor and completeness characteristic of the noblest of men.

Down the road ahead there looms yet the greatest battle to be fought in the creation of respect for the man of color.

We should be proud of our heritage in another sense for our leader did not build our institution on the sandy foundation of revolution. We should be proud of the fact that our ideals are not basically imbedded within the realms of revolution. As an evolutionary process our ideals shall develop with the years, a fundamental precept of a people destined to play a wholesome part in the orchestra of life.

One of the most sacred relations is that of a man loyal to an institution; an institution loyal to a man. It is upon this one great relationship, so carefully planned by our fallen Captain, that the future history of this institution must depend. Let it not be said of any wearer of the Maroon and White that he was not loyal to this institution! Let it be said of every man who enters these portals—"Yonder is a man to whom the ideals of Morehouse College are sacred." For as surely as the man is loyal to the institution and

the institution loyal to its people, there will be founded a chain of resistance not to be broken by the strength of injustice.

"Whether in defeat or victory, we are loyal just the same."

Can the blind forget the hand that led them to the light? No. Neither can the men of Morehouse forget Dr. John Hope. He shall be with us in our every undertaking.


When the Maroon and White clad gridiron warrior trots on the field of play, he shall do so with the courage of this man in his heart. Small chance that he play the game unfair. For his sportsmanship shall be cleaner and greater than he is.

As we see the fields of business and industry, or other enterprises guided by this great heritage, ours will be the spirit of the righteous and the will of the determined. Men shall say to us, "There goes a man who carries the heart of a great man within his own."

Men of Morehouse! Can you feel within you the great sacrifice this man made for us and our people? The best years of his life were spent in the life of this institution. Days, weeks, months years, he toiled without ceasing, without even stopping to live his own life. But he was human. The days that he spent toiling in our behalf were slowly wearing him away like so much water beating against a stone. His heart, such a great heart it was, weary with the weight of worry and overtime duty, became powerless to go on. And yet, when he should have been resting and living a life of ease, he was still making long and tiresome journeys in our behalf. It was on one of these journeys that he contracted the illness that was to rob us of our most cherished friend. Then on that fatal day, February the 20th, just preceding the setting sun, we were plunged into sadness when we knew that our brave leader had fallen. But he was a great man even in death. With a weakened heart, it is said that he fought the ravages of the disease with the courage of two men of normal heart. Men of Morehouse! I am sure that you will be proud to know that your leader fought to the very last. And I know that you realize the loss. For on that fatal day, I saw mists in the eyes of men. Then I know that there was something amiss deeper than words could express.

"O noble Captain, you leave behind, one great family of men. Unbroken, we join with one acclaim, one heart, one voice uplifting, to glorify thy name. We

(Continued on page 13)



Literature and Art

WILLIAMS STREET

William M. Nix

Williams Street, an old dirt road connecting Greater Pittsburgh, South Side, and Mt. Washington, was there when I was a child. Those were the days when the wheels of automobiles oft times became embedded in mire so stubborn that traffic was held up for hours. And it was the time when the loquacious farmer who sold buttermilk, potatoes, greens and wind-felled apples from his mud spattered model T truck was without adjectives to express his anger for having been delayed for such a long time. There was a rotten, unevenly cut board walk lying parallel to the winding road and there were little tufts of grass growing in the center of the road. Now and then a "pick up" soft ball game started very auspiciously among the neighborhood boys or a rough and tumble fight often resulted from the misplacement of a pee wee in a marble game. The fight exhibited a fine example of the survival of the fittest, for it usually lasted until the weaker foe surrendered.

But now the scenery has changed, the ruffians have changed with it, and have left their former associations behind. The soft ball and marble games are gone and the mischievous pranks of the fellows have turned into a head long interest in books. The old road has lost much of its popularity because of the construction of a new and beautiful highway which is annexed by a magnificent two and a half mile tunnel, the Liberty Tubes. The rugged board walk has surrendered to the slippery glistening surfaces of paved sidewalks.

With the birth of the Liberty Tubes, came the horrible realization that Williams Street would no longer play the major role in Tri-District Commerce. It was unbelievable. As I look back, it seemed only yesterday that, though it was bumpy in some places, soggy in others, and contained numerous ruts, the old dirt road was the straight-way to successful commerce. However, I am conscious of the fact that time and tide wait for no man. Thus, figuratively speaking, the wheels of commerce and industry wait for no road. A decade of progress wrought many chang-

es, even unto roads. Since the old winding surface dirt road was not smooth enough to enable the dare devil revolution of wheels at the rate of sixty, seventy, and even eighty miles per hour, a new road was in the making. Then, too, the newly constructed tunnel lay on a local stretch, whereas Williams Street was a winding road leading up a steep hillside.

The only things left to indicate the place where Williams Street once stood are a few ramshackled houses, weeds and other vegetation have completely covered the old road. With mingled feelings of regret and anticipation, I parted from a place where I once worked and played for many an eventful year. However, if I had not known this place when I was a child, I could not have recognized it.

ON ADVENTURE OF A PENNY

Of course the penny is a meager piece of money, but its experience is, by far, greater than that of many other coins. It is simply a little copper disk with a few words on one side and the portrait of a great man on the other; however, it may determine the fate of a man or dry the tears of a wailing infant when the efforts of men have failed.

Let us see what the penny that the grocer gave you this morning did on last Saturday. Morning found it in the dirty pocket of a newsboy in a distant city. A man on his way to work got the penny as change. Half an hour later it was being violently tossed about by a counting machine at the local bank. When Mr. B.—, a traveling salesman, cashed a check at the bank, the penny was thrust into his pocket with many other coins. Finding its way through a hole in the salesman's pocket, it lay on the sidewalks for several moments before it was spent at the candy store on the corner by a sweet toothed lad. Shortly afterwards, it was in a fast automobile headed for Georgia—it had been stolen along with several hundred dollars. At six P. M. in Macon, it was given to a newsboy who deposited it in a chewing gum machine. Through many hands it worked its way into the possession of the neighbors down the street. The neighbors youngest child could not be consoled in any way, but the sight of the penny which the child's father drew from his pocket brought joy to the heart of the lad. It was soon invested in a stick of candy at the grocer's where you received it this morning.

—Lavis N. Smith.

**OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS
OF A FRANCOPHILE**

Editors Note: This is the third in a series of articles contributed by Professor C. A. Jones of the French Department of Morehouse College. Professor Jones is doing advanced study at the University of Paris, France. His first article, "Adieu M. Bourget", is indeed timely in view of the recent death of Dr. John Hope. His description of the passing of the great M. Bourget is likened unto the passing of our leader.

* * * *

Paris, December 25, 1935

That the grim reaper is no respecter of persons or occasions has just been flashed on the screen of parisian consciousness by the passing of M- Paul Bourget, "dean" of the French Academy, this Christmas morning at a quarter past two o'clock. As he breathed his last, thousands of Parisians were widely celebrating the "reveillon" in the customary manner, by excess in their world-famed cuisine and dancing. In M. Bourget France loses one of the most brilliant names in French literature, the acknowledged master of the contemporary psychological novel and a leader in contemporary thought. Born in 1852, Charles-Joseph-Paul Bourget, after studies at the Sorbonne and the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes leading to the degree of **licence-es - lettres**, made his debut into the literary world with three volumes of poetry: **Edel**, **les Aveux**, **la Vie inquiete**, which revealed in their author a remarkable sensibility and a sense of penetration which were to insure his success as a novelist, for he abandoned poetry after the first attempt realizing that he was less a poet than a psychologist and thinker.

By his **Essais de psychologic contemporaine**, published in 1883, and later essays, published in 1885, Bourget, then young, announced himself a disciple of H. Taine and an ardent critic of that epoch so rich in vigorous minds. His first attempts in the novel, **Cruelle enigme** (1885), **Un-crime d'amour** (1886), **Mensonges** (1887), were an immediate success and established M. Bourget as an eminent psychologist as well as a painter of contemporary society. However, it was the publication of **Le Disciple** (1889) that centered attention on Bourget as a penseur, as a philosopher, if you will. In this novel the author attempts to prove that a "maitre" (whether writer, philosopher or teacher) is responsible for the criminal consequences that can be logically drawn from

his doctrines. This was the occasion of a lively controversy with his teacher, Taine. Followed a series of novels in which morals, sociology, and religion play a large role, such as: **l'Étape** (1903), **l' Emigre** (1907), **le Domon de midi** (1914), **le Sens de la mort** (1915), **Nemesis** (1918.)

Having a penchant toward moral, sociological and religious problems, M. Bourget sought to make his art useful—to put it at the service of humanity. Thus, all his works published after, **le Disciple** develop a thesis and offer a remedy for social ills. M. Bourget, defender of traditional and conservative ideas, has joined, this day which celebrates the entrance into the world of another great teacher and sociologist—the founder of Christianity, his contemporary in the modern French novel, M. Anatole France, the dilettante and sceptic and antithesis of the beloved octogenarian who has just departed.

Paris, France—January 2, 1936

Seated at my desk on a dark and gloomy afternoon (a decidedly typical Paris winter afternoon, for indeed the sun seldom shows its face here in this season, it appears, leaving the city at the complete mercy of Jupiter Pluvius, who reigns as absolute monarch), I am distracted from my work by the rich and plaintive tones of a violin which proclaim unmistakably that the artist who is producing them has not only mastered the technique of that difficult instrument, but feels and vibrates with the great souls of the masters who created the music he is interpreting.

In a little while the balconies and windows are transformed into "box seats" and are filled with people whose hearts are touched as much by the plight of the artist to whom they are indebted for this impromptu concert as by the feeling and "soul" which he puts into the rendition of these well known classical and operatic airs. The artist? Well, he is only one of many unemployed musicians forced to feed and clothe his wife and baby, who, by the way, lend further pathos to the picture by standing near-by on the sidewalk stage, by begging, by peddling his talent and training in this humiliating manner. An occasional passer-by drops a coin or so into his fiddle case; while from the windows and balconies fall coins neatly wrapped in pieces of newspaper to prevent their rollnig away. His heart must be of stone who is not touched by such a picture to share with these sufferers whatever he has been blessed with. Soon (all too soon for those who are captivated by the magic of his bow) the fiddler bows

gracefully, for he seems to have breeding, gathers up his proceeds and departs with his little family for another theater—another block, where, braving the damp and chilly weather, he will repeat his concert to another audience which, I hope, will be equally sympathetic.

* * * *

At mid-night of December thirty-first, while you in Atlanta were about to have your last evening meal of 1935, the Parisians hailed the passing of the old year and the advent of the new. In a less riotous though not less gay manner than that of our own metropolis, Paris welcomed the infant of 1936. I was fortunate to witness the enthusiasm with which a portion of "la ville Lumie-re"—that portion which attended the ball given by the Hungarians of Paris at the Palace of the "Maire" of the 15th arrondissement—usher in the new year in their inimitably gay and harmless fashion. What was remarkable about this particular affair was the fact that many of the feminine guests of Hungarian nationality abandoned the conventional evening gown for the pictures and folk costume of their country and that the dance program included a folk dance which was fervently executed and added an extra note of exotism to that gala occasion and motley crowd.

CHI DELTA SIGMA

The Chi Delta Sigma Society in its regular meeting held Wednesday evening, February 19, had as its guest, Professor Bacote, who led the discussion of the evening. The discussion in keeping with the policy of the society, centered around a subject of current interest. The Pentagonal League debate question, which is "Resolved that the United States Congress should be permitted by a two-third vote to override any five-four decision of the Supreme Court declaring an act of Congress unconstitutional," furnished the topic for discussion.

The leader of the discussion admitted in the outset that he was biased toward the question. The more aggressive members found the question of the leader to their liking for it allowed them a chance to pulverize him with questions directed at making his position untenable. The leader, however, emerged from the barrage of question, is shaken but unmoved, to the delight of those who held the same views regarding the question.

FACULTY NOTES

Professor N. P. Tillman of the Atlanta University Department of English has returned to the System after having spent the first semester in study at the University of Wisconsin.

* * * *

Professor William Dean of the Atlanta University Department of Economics is back after a semester of study at Harvard University.

* * * *

Once more the federal government has seen fit to enlist the services of members of the staff of the affiliated institutions. Professor Ira De A. Reid, instructor in Sociology at Atlanta University and Professor Walter R. Chivers, instructor in Sociology at Morehouse College, have been placed in charge of the White Collar Survey among Negroes and the Survey of Educational opportunities among Negroes respectively.

—: EXCHANGES :—

1. The Campus Digest, Tuskegee Institute—"The Maroon Tiger. Morehouse College—Before America hurries off to lands afar to offer protest she should clear up her own backyard."

"The such an editorial should be published by a Negro College publication is beyond comprehension."

We suggest that the author of the above article and all others who chanced to read that issue of the Maroon Tiger get the right interpretation. Why read just three lines of the article and draw a conclusion of what was supposedly in an editorial.

2. The Aurora, Knoxville College—"No greater tragedy ever occurs than when a man loses the spirit of Christ".
Three cheers to M. P. H. of the Aurora Staff for uttering such profound words. It would be great should some of our despairing brothers, who still cling to Christian ideals, realize how blessed they are.
3. The Famcean, Florida A. M. College—"We as students should see to it that our action sells no wrong opinions about our institutions."

Take note Morehouse men—we too need to regard the same saying in respect for—"Dear Old 'House.'"

Notice: Exchange issues of different College publications may be read at 108 Robert Hall.

—CARL M. PETERSON '37



AS THE TRACK SEASON APPROACHES

It takes some courage to run out and tackle a group of big fellows, but the track official who finally pushes those shot-putters and weight lifters out of the way of runners will deserve well of his country. Perhaps what is needed is a bill of divorcement that will legally separate the track from the field athletes.

Still that would be a little harsh. The jumpers and pole vaulters are welcome company at track meets. Their competition is graceful at all times and thrilling on many occasions. But the huge and husky fellows who heave the hardware around are frequently a bore and occasionally a complete annoyance. As one writer puts it:

"Watch the runner swiftly dashing
To a finish that is smashing,
While his victory is greeted with a roar.
But it doesn't really matter,
For some fellow who is fatter
Tossed iron ball some fifty feet or more."

"In the sixty meter final
Up and down your column spinal
But the sprinters run for losses,
When the weight men take their tosses
And a chunk iron makes the winning score."

"Still I say with mild insistence,
Be it sprint event or distance,
It's the track events that pack'em to the door,
And to have a meet decided
By the method I've decided,
Is a matter of injustice I deplore."

It should be understood that, these weight-tossers, shot putters, etc., are nice young fellows, kind to their parents and all that sort of thing. But every so often a thrilling meet that has produced a series of great races is settled by a man in typical attire who calmly announces that John Doe, to the utter dismay of the spectators, has been off in a corner heaving the shot or tossing a weight, and has won the meet

for Siwash University by his magnificent performance of so many feet, inches, and fractions. of.

The weight tossers with some difficulty have been herded away from the crowd and the main-arena. In recent sessions at outdoor championships there has been an effort to run the discus throwers to the nearest vacant lot. Or, they are told to get up at dawn and throw the discus around the arena to their hearts' content when nobody is looking. Hammer throwers have been relegated to the wastelands on some occasions. There should, however, be a special place set aside for hammer throwers. The Sahara desert is suggested. Javelin tossers can be tolerated, for they might some day spear a stout official amid general merriment. The shot-putters seem to be strongly entrenched. They must have political influence.

With no particular squad looming as a stand-out for the championship, the running will stir up added rivalry and enthusiasm.

It is mournful to think that the big intercollegiate meet this year at Tuskegee may be decided by the dull thud of a chunk of iron landing somewhere and a man with a tape walking up to where X marks the spot. It may be better not to think of it at all and just concentrate on the really pleasant prospects.

A complete summary of the basketball season will be given in the commencement number of the Tiger because of several requests.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FINALS

William M. Nix.

To Alabama State goes the distinction of being the only squad to defeat Morehouse's crack basketball team this season. The Hornets, led by their brilliant captain, Carlos Parker, is the reason why the Maroon Tigers failed to annex the Southern Conference Tournament crown this year. However, Morehouse's long list of victories is something to be acknowledged by everyone. The quintet, coached by Frank T. Forbes, swept through a very difficult schedule of seventeen games and suffered only three defeats—thrice we were unable to avoid the severe stings of a large, pugnacious 'Bama State wasp.

The 'House's sensational winning streak was carried on through the first and second rounds of the Dixie Tournament in the spacious Logan Hall gymnasium where the highly advertised Morris Brown Cagers were annihilated by a 36 to 20 score and when Florida was defeated by a 33 to

25 margin. Thus, the Maroon five was able to compete with Alabama State Teachers for the supremacy of the Southern Conference.

Morehouse's winning streak was checked on Saturday night when a distinguished aggregation from Montgomery, Alabama demonstrated their cage supremacy of the Southern Conference. The initial scoring and seemingly the several points that followed throughout the first half were netted by the Alabama lads. At half time the resulting score was 22 to 12 with Morehouse on the short end. However, the last half proved to be a heated contest from start to finish, especially for the 'House fans, who saw their team gradually slice down the very advantageous lead held by the Hornets and come very near victory. The second half was Morehouse's decisively, the Tigers made 17 points while the Hornets tallied 13. However, the lead was too big to overcome and the brilliant passing, dribbling, and shooting accuracy that were offered by the Maroon Tigers in the fading few minutes of play only demonstrated what might have happened had there been more time. The resulting score was 35 to 29 in favor of Alabama State.

SPORT BRIEFS
WILLIAM M. NIX

By turning back the seniors and the juniors, the freshman quintet managed to keep a clean slate during the current cage season—The resulting scores were 23 to 22 and 31 to 23 respectively. In the other intramural encounter, the sophomores defeated the juniors 18 to 14.

Tuskegee's Logan Hall gym is the answer to any coach's prayer—It is the best and most spacious gym in the South. If conditions remain as they are, Tuskegee will always serve as host for the Conference basketball tournament. The S. I. A. C. All-Star Team as selected by coaches having teams represented is as follows:

First Team		
Position	Name	School
Forward	Alonzo James	Florida
Forward	Elgin P. Oslin	Morehouse
Center	Carlos Parker	Ala. State
Guard	Ray Beard	Ala. State
Guard	Albert Tucker	Ala. State
Second Team		
Forward	Fred Russell	Tuskegee
Forward	Nathaniel Bryant	S. C. State
Center	Thaddeus Greene	Tuskegee

Guard Leroy (Felix) Harris 'House
Guard Charles Turley Ala. State

The trophies and individual awards were presented to the winners of the conference by Dr. F. D. Patterson, President of Tuskegee Institute—Morehouse's squad received silver basketballs as individual awards for having attained a second place in the conference standing—J. W. Smith, sports scribe, selects Norvel Clark and Felix Harris on his mythical All-Star team—His argument is as follows: "Harris was in a class all by himself with his masterful dribbling, shooting, foul shots, and cool temperament"—"Clark though not spectacular, proved that he could perform in the final game by keeping his team in the running with field goals"—Captain Page initiated the '36-'37 Cage season with a fine talk in chapel—The 'House is reputed as having a glee club as its student body—The singing of "Dear Old Morehouse", "Morehouse College" was rendered in such a grand style that it thrilled the three thousand fans who assembled in Logan Hall the night of the finals—To date the Kappas have defeated a strong Alpha five and the Omegas shut out a determined Sigma quintet—The Morehouse sports department predicts a successful track season—If suitable housing and dining hall facilities can be arranged, the A. U. athletic field might be host to the Southern Conference track and field events.

YOUNG'S SPEECH
Continued from page 8)

change not with the years."

Somehow I feel that if Dr. Hope could speak to us this morning, he would say:

"Young men, this institution, Morehouse College, has a history. It is not an accident, but a seat of humanity of men of principle, obeying a sentiment and marching loyally whither that sentiment should lead them; so that its annals are part of the history of the liberation of the man of color."

Somehow I feel that he would say, "Young men, be brave. Do not be dishearted or discouraged. Go ye into all the walks of life. Lift every voice and sing.!"

SUMMER SCHOOL
(Continued from page 4)

work to obtain professional training in that field.

As a special feature of the 1936 summer session a progressive education demonstration school, including a nursery school, elementary grades, and a one-teacher rural school will be maintained.

Smith's Smut

For nearly two hundred years Philadelphia has been known as the City of Brotherly Love—and now the Democrats are going to hold a Convention there.

If the Democrats can mud-sling and get away with it, we might as well attempt it. So—here goes. — — —

At dinner one evening, John Long on being asked if he wanted some corn, passed his glass.

POETICALLY SPEAKING

There was a young feller named Switt
He was weak—so weak for Miss Twitt,
He was tar timid to death, Couldn't get his breath
Oh Bernice! How could you do it?

* * * *

I'm reminded of Hart, the chump lover
His dates were all undercover
'til Pearl gave him the air, then Eva didn't care
Now Jeanette's helping to recover.

* * * *

Ben Johnson the campus mouth blabber,
Into your business he'll dabber,
He's going to have something to say about the
zigs that don' play
And his head will soon be like clabber.

* * * *

W. Jackson writes for the Ad,
With his feller students he's getting in bad;
That dining room stuff was quite enough
To prove he was factless clad.

* * * *

For Joe Hann, we call a stop,
He, known as curley top;
With the gals, he rates bad, cause his jive is so
sad,
He's just a Texas flop.

* * * *

Fem.—Sir! Are you in the habit of speaking
to girls you don't know?

"Dynamite" M.—Sure the girls I know won't
speak to me!"

* * * *

Menchen—(Overhead at recent dance) "I'd
ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occu-
pied."

'Tis a funny thing what spring will make a
man do. It's even in the blood of "The World
Beater." He's been occupying quite a bit of A.
T. time recently, and he even has that dreamy
eyed look. "Time marches on."

* * * *

Eddie Frank Jones, ups and quits M. E. B.,
for K. B., and now the latter has given him the
air. It takes a good man to get back home Ed-
die, but "Stuby" did it so I see no reason why
you can't.

* * * *

Dynamite M, has taken a nose dive for little
Jean, and he sorta wishes he hadn't. She makes
him stay sharp and she even makes him walk all
over town on his bad feet. "Can it be the Spring?"
Maybe it's a sucker in the making.

* * * *

Temperance lectures:—"And in conclusion,
my dear fellow citizens, I will give you a practi-
cal demonstration of the ends of the Demon Rum.

"I have two glasses here on the table: One—
is filled with water and the other with whiskey.
I will now place an angle worm in the glass of
water. See how it writhes, squirms, vibrates with
the very spark of life.

"Now I will place a worm in the glass of whis-
key. See how it curls, withers in agony and then
dies.

"Now, young man, what moral do you get
from this story?"

"Preacher" Hall—"If you don't want worms,
drink whiskey."

(From Fisk Herald)

She—I love you! I love you! Take me in your
arms! Hold me to your heart. I am yours!

He—Er - er—

She—Divine man! The fire of love consumes
me; I am yearning to feel your strong arms about
me! Take me! So as you will! I'm yours!

He (growing restless)—Er - er—

She—I am burning with love! Take me! I
can stand my passion no longer. I am yours, I
say! I am yours!

He—(Asserting himself) Er - I-I-I, that is
would I, would-would- you mind if I kissed you?

(Makes one think of "Foots" Green.)

THE CAMPUS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1— "DYNAMITE"

Drew D. journeyed all the way to Cheehaw
to see a certain person. He was in her company
exactly one minute and a half !! O'boy.

ONE OF MY BEST TEACHERS

I have had many teachers during my eleven years of school, but the memory of my relations with Mr. X is most cheerful and refreshing. To me Mr. X represents the ideal toward which all teachers should strive.

Mr. X was my teacher of Brick Masonry in high school—a man patient with the stupidity of some, delighted with the quickness of others, and free-and-easy-going with the rest of us. He was probably the best teacher in the school. He had a gentle persuasion that induced any willing one in his classes to become a good student. He placed no restraint on our conduct in the classroom, and yet, saw to it that no disturbances were made by the pupils. As soon as we entered his room, its inexplicable atmosphere and the presence of Mr. X. tended to subdue us to a quiet willingness to settle down to business.

Unlike most teachers, Mr. X was interested in the individual students. If we should confide in him our secret ambitions and dreams, he would offer us suggestions in a kind, fatherly manner.

Even now, when I look back at it, the man's knowledge appears gigantic, colossal,—and yet he had a way that rendered all he told us ridiculously simple and easy to grasp. For those who were interested in delving into the underlying principles of brick masonry were accustomed to stay in his room after school was dismissed at three (3:00) P. M. He did all he could to enlarge our knowledge by wonderfully interesting talks upon the subject.

His relations with us were not confined to intellectual pursuits. On certain afternoons he volunteered to take charge of the physical education classes,—and the classes went on without a squabble. If, on Saturdays, the weather was bright and sunny, he would take us on "hikes," on the Baby Mountain or out to the Lincoln Country Club. Did we have fun! To recall another one of his playful moods brings back the memory of Field Day exercises when he played with us at our games; he even swung the bat in our baseball game until the perspiration rolled down his beaming face.

I recall him so well, — his huge, muscular frame; his ruddy, cheerful countenance, smiling from behind tortoise shell glasses; his friendly way of talking with people; and our group of boys around him. Everything he touched assumed new interest.

When he resigned, we were at a loss as to what to present him as a token of affection. Fin-

ally we decided on an expensive American made pipe. Later I found he had never smoked in his life, but would you imagine it?—I can never forget the way he thanked us. He nearly cried as he patted every head and shook every hand effusively. He didn't "let on" to us that he had no use for the pipe. It was just his way.

—B. T. Middlebrooks.

TO A LADY I KNOW

What a costly price you have to pay
For a fruitless moment; a countless day.
Now I see you standing as a lamb before the
slaughter.

And those that keep in bridle and halter
Their scheming passion(or in the dark)
Will not allow your steps retrace.

So keep your pace, you must. . . .

And sometimes in the twilight hour when
Day is dead and night has birth.

Sit in the noisy quiet of recollections,
See the reflection of your flickering mind
Light and glow live again.

This is a joy you have never known!

And seeds you have sown

Have taken sprout in a place your feet will
Never trod; and your eyes will see.

LeRoy Howard Milton Haynes.

TODAY—TOMORROW—FOREVER

Let me live today,
For tomorrow comes another;
Our glories will be forgotten;
Our laurels down trodden
Too soon will pass away.

Let me love today, for
Tomorrow, stealing silently
As an unfathomable thought,
Will chill our fevered passion
Leaving a savage of deceit.

Let me remember today
The history of my world
The vow to a foolish virgin;
My covenant with an unseen God.

May I smile at the end of a
Journey that proved to be a lie,
And see only as my heaven
True memories hurry by?
You gave me worms; not angles.

LeRoy Howard Milton Haynes.

APRIL FOOL IN JUNE

Tuesday would be graduating day, and all of the home-town people would be present for the exercises. Mother, Dad, little brother Harold—and they would even bring Roscoe, the little dog, along.

What will they think when they don't see me on the stage with the rest of my classmates? What will the people back home say? How will mother and dad explain?

These were the thoughts which coursed through Ted's mind as he sat alone in his room scarcely conscious of the sweet strains of "Moonlight and Roses" as it floated softly from his radio. He had been silly to spend the money which he had received for graduating fees to help a pal keep out of scandal.

Eighty nine dollars! Surely he could not borrow that amount, and tomorrow would be Monday—just one day before Commencement. What a "pickle" he had gotten himself into!

Ted slept very little that night, for his mind toiled continuously with some possible method by which he could obtain the money. He thought to himself that it would be a rather risky and disgraceful act to rob the Chinaman who kept a grocery on the back-street, but then—that was sure money, and nobody cares much for a poor Chinaman anyway. Yes, that's what he would do—rob the Chinaman.

Ted arose unusually early Monday morning, and all during the day, he avoided the crowd as much as possible. All of the fellows were scampering to and fro, slapping each other on the shoulders, telling jokes, and relating their plans for 'this summer'.

At four o'clock, when Ted presumed that business was not "rushing", he slipped a shiny .38 calibre into his pocket, and with a sigh of reluctance, made his way to the grocery store.

He kicked the door open in typical gangster style—With his hat cocked over his eyes, he walked straight over to the counter. He would wait until the lady customer went out, and then—

"Oh, hello! Ted, dear. Just what are you doing here? I thought you would be "packing". You said that you would be."

It was none other than VEDA ANNE, his sweetheart, who had come out of her way to take advantage of the special vegetable sale which the Chinaman was conducting.

"O, er-er, well I-I ran out of cigarettes, and as I was passing this way, thought I'd drop in and get some."

"Since this is your last day in town, suppose we go for a ride in the country along our favorite road. No! You can't say you won't go. We'll run by home, leave the packages, get the car, and away we'll go."

The sun, with its deep rose hue, peeped here and there through the green foliage, covering the barks overhead. Strong gusts of wind saturated with the fragrance of lilacs and honeysuckers bathed their youthful faces as they zig-zagged along the winding dirt road.

They finally reached the 'spot' beneath the shadow of a friendly cedar on the side of a hill which sloped gently down to a small pond. There they sat down in the shadows of the receding sun as they had so often done and talked gleefully of the experiences of the past year. The sound of the cow bells in the far distant came up to their ears, and they knew that these animals were grazing their way homeward.

Ted and Veda talked far into the twilight, and when they reached home, the city was well lighted.

He said his goodnight, made his way to the same room in which he had lain the evening before, but now, he was calm, satisfied, and confident, although he could give no material reason for being so.

At the exercises, the next day, all of the home people were there just as Ted had supposed. He had reluctantly put on his graduating suit, while his dad, seated in the room, had talked enthusiastically about what he planned for after-graduation.

Ted took his seat on the rostrum with the rest of his class, but knew his diploma would not be given to him because his money had not been paid.

As the President of the Trustee Board started awarding the diplomas, Ted arose to slip out of the door just back stage, but by a seeming unfortunate turn of fate, his robe had been pinned firmly under the President's chair-leg. He had to face it all.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen", continued the President of the Trustee Board, "because, during his four years in college, he has helped to foster and perpetuate the ideals of this college in the way a student should, the faculty and Trustee Board have voted to award Mr. Ted Warner, a cash prize of five hundred-eighty nine dollars. Will you rise and come forward?"

"Mr. President, will you please move your chair a little?"

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