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NOVEMBER 1937



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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME XII

NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 2

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Cover Design by WILLIAM M. HAYDEN

ALL MATERIAL FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF THE TIGER IS DUE
NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 10.

EDITORIAL



COMMENT

THE MAROON TIGER

Published Monthly by the Students of Morehouse College

Per Year, In Advance..... \$1.00
Single Copy15

Nemo Solis Satis Sapit

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THE '37-'38 ANNUAL—AND HOW

Even the most optimistic persons on the campus have begun to wonder about the possibilities of there *actually* being a '37-'38 Annual, but the staff of the *Maroon Tiger* has not (as yet) lost hope.

In our attempt to devise ways and means of producing the first Annual in better than fourteen years, we have run upon many ideas—some far-fetched, some likely, some good, some bad. The staff has brought to the attention of this department some very good suggestions, some of which we feel, if followed up, would prove the answer to our prayer. There is no need to mention the fact that it's high time the school on the little red hill comes forth with such a book as we propose; this is an age of progress and the *Tiger* feels the call of the times.

Here are some of the suggestions we have heard; we humbly submit them for your approval or disapproval. If you have something better, we implore you, step up and speak out.

The revival of The Passing Show.

Vote selling for Most Popular Man, Best Dressed Man, Best Student, Most Outstanding Man, Most Versatile Man, etc.

Benefit Show at the Ashby Theatre (this could be easily arranged).

A faculty show presented by the members of the faculty or the Ladies' Auxiliary.

An informal dance in cooperation with Spelman College with a small admission fee.

Concerts by outside talent.

These are just a few of the many we have at hand. All funds from each endeavor are to go into what is to be called the Annual Fund.

Many students have voiced their approval of the Annual idea, but it is only through the cooperation of the entire student body, in truth, the entire University system, that we may realize a successful Annual.

Heed the call to arms, and let's start talking Annual talk. It's a matter of now or never, because Annuals aren't produced on a moment's notice. Do we have an Annual, or don't we? The answer lies with you. May we hear from you?

FINGERS IN THEIR PIE

Morehouse had a grand Maroon and White Day. Every thing went off with rare precision, but the days preceding the great event were days of many heated discussions. Talk ran like this, "Who's having this thing, Morehouse or Spelman?" Some students became so worked up over the thing that they threatened rebellion; others took the thing quietly and solemnly resolved that they'd have no such trouble another year. This department regrets the implications of such an incident. Spelman, we appreciate the cooperation given; without you, the day might not have been so great. We shall be calling around again another year this time. Will you remember that Morehouse is made of men who don't like *fingers in their pie*?

EDITORIAL



COMMENT

Dear Lord, I kneel tonite to ask that you make me stronger! Through the many trials and tribulations of the day's activities, I have found my way—it is through your good graces that I am here tonight, O Lord, to speak words of supplication . . . and to ask a few things, not many, just a few.

Father, I went to the campus post-office the first thing this morning, and you may not believe it, but there was a letter in my box. It was a little dusty, and when I looked at it, I saw that it had been mailed by my Mother, whom you also bless, Lord, about a month ago. For some reason it must have been delayed; anyhow, I didn't get it until this morning. It was so full of encouragement, and I needed that so badly. I certainly was glad to get it; even after so long a time. Dear Lord, I hate to bother you with such things as this, but will you, while making me stronger, make the campus post-master a little stronger too, so he can lift such innocent little missives into my box without so much delay?

I've had lots of troubles today and I know you already know about them, but I just feel so much better after telling you about them each night. I went on to class like you would want me to do, and just because I hadn't been able to get a book out of the Reserve Room and study my assignment, my teacher insulted me. It made me angry for a minute, but I knew he didn't mean it and I knew he'd understand when I told him it really wasn't my fault. The fellow behind the desk just couldn't find the book; so he told me it was out, or wasn't there. My teacher? Oh, he didn't really mean any harm. He's just witty that way and wanted to get a laugh out of the class to relieve the tension. One thing I'd like you to do for him, though. See if you can't make him realize the dignity of his position and refrain from embarrassing students with his sarcasm. It didn't hurt me, because you've made me so strong. But for the sake of others, will you do this for me?

I went to the dining hall for my meals. You know I must do that even if you have made me so strong. On the way I almost met with a terrible fate. You see around the edges of the walks, the yard man has put up some barbed-wire barricades and I almost ran into one of them. Could you make my pants a little stronger so they won't rip when I happen to brush into these miniature spears that seem to wait so patiently for me to stumble into them. I can grow more flesh, but pants won't grow like my epidermis.

I really want you to help me with my dining room problem. You see, I know I'm not just timid, but I was actually scared down there. Some of the fellows started beating on the table and shouting about the waiter service. It was so long before the waiter came with our food (I guess he was scared too, maybe), that I really had lost my appetite. And when the fellows started to playing baseball with bread, I just got up and left because I didn't want to be brained with a hot bun. If you'll just speak to them one night when they're asleep, I'll bet you they'll stop acting like that. Oh, excuse me! I forgot, you don't bet . . . so many people around here do; that

just slipped. I just heard a fellow down the hall say, "I'll bet you 50c you don't black-jack." I don't know what it means, but it sounds collegiate; so I use it sometimes. Oh, yes, I was saying something about the dining hall, wasn't I? I want to enter a plea for those waiters, too. Make them strong, O Lord, so they can lift those heavy trays with a higher degree of rapidity, and give them strong legs so they can traverse the short distance from kitchen to dining room more speedily. They don't mean to be slow, but they don't realize that twenty or more fellows are waiting on their food while they stand around the steam table and "kid" with the cooks. Oh, by the bye, could you make the cooks a little more strong, so they would give us less vitamins and more food?

Stopped by the laundry and got a part of the laundry I sent last week. Could you please make me stronger in mind and body? I say mind, because I want to be able to control my temper when I discover I get two shirts out of the four that I sent, and one of the two is as ragged as a billy-goat. And I say body, because I want to be able to work hard and buy some more shirts for the laundry lady to lose. I realize it's no fun working down there with nothing to lose.

Oh, yes, let me give you the good news. We've got a new heating and lighting system and we're awfully proud of it. It's a magnificent edifice and makes the campus so much more attractive. There's nothing wrong with it, either. Only at night when we turn on the lights, they just blink and blink and blink. When I sit down to study, could you make my eyes a little stronger, so they'll dilate correctly when the lights get bright then get dim? They just won't do it now. And they hurt after I've tried to study for a little while.

I started downstairs a while ago to get a drink of water and . . . well, anyway, I started downstairs, but it really was no trouble at all to get down. There are no lights in the halls; so I tumbled very gracefully down the three flights. Could you make me a little more robust so I can take it? I would have taken a shower, but the water was cold. You see, I believe cold water is mad to drink and to run under bridges . . . not for bathing, especially in winter.

Dear Father, this last request I implore thee to grant me. It's strength I want now, that I may withstand the hails of protest that are going to fall on my head for writing this, my nocturnal prayer. So many fellows have asked me to pray this prayer, I just couldn't let them down.

Dear Lord, please, in your spare time will you try to look into these things, and by all means don't forget this last request. You don't think I'm being sacrilegious, do you? I don't mean to be; I just think you can do me more good right now than anyone else. I feel that I'm really going to need you badly in a few days, though. When certain people around here find out I've been saying all this to you each nite. You know we're supposed to think only certain things around here. Bless Mother and Dad (I have a feeling I'm going to be seeing them sooner than usual this year). Amen.





KENDRIX' KANDID KOMMENT

Moss Hyles Kendrick

DO WE HAVE A CONSTITUTION?

Because the Regulations Governing the Student Activities Committee, which were adopted May 15, 1931, were becoming somewhat obsolete, last year the Student Body of Morehouse College assembled a Constitutional Convention in which it vested the power to "revise and adopt" the Constitution of the Student Body of More-

Although the primary issue of debate was one pertaining to methods of election, there existed certain profound weaknesses in the former constitution which the Convention deemed competent to "revise." And, after a number of hectic sessions which were aptly termed, "On to Conflict," by one member of the body, the Assembly produced a document which was by far the superior of its predecessor.

When this document was returned to the Student Body, there followed a prolong and heated controversy concerning the duties and extent of authority that was vested in the Convention. Developing episodes gave definite proof to the assumption that certain factions were not satisfied with the limitations and qualifications which the Convention had taken the liberty to impose upon future office-holders. It was further seen that these parties wished to be granted the privilege of "ratifying" and changing if necessary that which had been "adopted" by a body that was elected by the classes and activities and endowed by the general Student Body.

This writer has yet to become familiar with the law that gives a people the right to "ratify" that which it had dedicated a given body to "adopt." In his estimation, if there were to be found additional defects even in the revised Constitution, the Student Body's only alternative was that of returning the new document to the Convention along with the recommendations it deemed necessary to make the Constitution acceptable. However, this was not the employed procedure. Instead the revised Constitution remained pending for a short time and was later voted out by a majority faction.

Since the "old" Constitution has lost its identity, due to its undergoing revision and adoption, and the "new" Constitution has been refuted, the question remains: "Do we have a Constitution?"

"THERE IS CONFUSION"

Recently a group of Morehouse men were told that Morehouse students are "most disrespectful." On other occasions, we have been informed that Morehouse students are "most respectful." Although neither of these assertions can be accepted as scientific truths, surely the former can not be taken as a true generalization. It would be useless to deny the fact that there does exist an un-

wholesome element in the student personnel at Morehouse. And, likewise, it would be useless to make such negative assertions concerning the student personnel of other institutions.

With no attempt to justify the short-comings of Morehouse men and with due respect for the person who has provided food for this discussion, this writer is forced to assert that the former of the fore-going statements is utterly fallacious and probably over-stressed for emphasis.

In the University System there are certain rules and regulations that are common to certain institutions. Consequently, persons who violate these "traditions," deliberately or not, are subject to the unpleasant compliments that might be cast against them. Here of late, it has been made definitely clear that there are certain rules and regulations that must not be violated. This department shall do that which is possible to further the realization of such desires. Yet if a sufficient degree of satisfaction is not attained through the maintenance of the discussed regulations, we sincerely hope that the general character of Morehouse men will not be misinterpreted; we hope that the whole will not have to bear the yoke of its rebellious components.

"JIM CROW": BY A NEGRO"

The article, "Jim Crow": By A Negro," which appears elsewhere in this publication, was written by Professor C. B. Lindsay, and was first published in the *Michigan Daily*—the student organ of the University of Michigan. That "letter to the editor" was the direct outgrowth of a North versus South—white versus colored equality dispute of which this writer shall attempt to give an historical insight.

During the last week in March, 1937, the *Michigan Daily* reprinted an editorial from the *Daily Northwestern*, the student organ of a sister institution. The *Daily Northwestern* commended a young Negro student, William Bell, who had filed suit against the University of Northwestern for its having denied him the permission to swim on the University beach.

A few days later, a Southern student (white) at the University of Michigan wrote an article in which he took issue with the *Daily Northwestern* for exhibiting a tendency of liberalness toward Negroes in general and toward William Bell in particular. And as this writer has been told, he went so far as to advocate jim-crowism at the University of Michigan, as well.

Mr. Lindsay, who was at this time student at the University of Michigan, although he didn't relish the idea of entering a controversy, felt constrained to reply to the vicious attack that the young Southerner had made upon his race. Following the publishing of Mr. Lindsay's article of April 1, 1937, there was a flow of articles displaying opinions both for and con by Northerns and Southerns. It was noted that even the members of the other race were astonished to know that one of their groups harbored such an intolerate philosophy toward Negroes as that exhibited by the young Southern who merely signed his name, "W. B. O." Mr. Lindsey refutes "W. B. O." in debate form.



AN INTROSPECTION

The Negroes of America are continuing unabated in their fight to destroy the barriers of segregation. Although moves to destroy segregation have existed since the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, there seems to be but little progress towards success. This is due, I believe, to the technique used by our race leaders who profess to be leading us towards social equality. These recognized leaders, for the most part, propound ideas, designed to alleviate the race problem, that tend to create a conviction that the Negro is segregated because he possesses physical characteristics totally dissimilar to those of the whites. It is on these grounds that I disagree with the mass of our race leaders.

It is a natural tendency for one to pay scant respect to anyone whose economic status is disproportionately below his. A poor man is looked down upon by every one. The truth is the Black Man is not hated so much because he is black, but rather because he is poor. He is black, but rather because he is poor. Those race leaders who proclaim the genuineness and quality of black inevitably realize from their efforts no consequential effects. It is not as impressive to talk of what you have done or what you can do as it is to do.

Let us produce on a larger scale our own material wealth; let us raise the standard of living of the Negro to a point of decency; let us contribute something essential, even indispensable, to the civilization of America; then it is inevitable that the greater portion of the whites will cast aside their traditional segregation and admit us into their folds. By enhancing our economic status, remember, we are simply doing our duty. And when we have done our duty we shall be respected. Clarence Darrow once said, "Beggars or tramps are seldom if ever respected."

—By D. George Sampson.

AN HONOR SOCIETY AT MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

By Samuel L. Thorpe, Jr.

I have been thinking rather seriously about this subject since I have been here at Morehouse. In trying to find some medium through which one might ascertain the incentive for students to take a greater interest in their school work, I came upon the idea of an Honor Society.

This honor society would have a certain standard, much like our present honor system, but with more organization and a definite constitution to follow. These ideas, laws and standards require quite a bit of forethought in order that they shall be sufficiently effective. The fact that the membership would be limited to those of a possible "B" average would, of necessity, make the organization the most exclusive one on the campus.

I think that we, as a group of students, matriculated in a very democratic institution, should discuss this question with the administrative officers and among ourselves.

**PATRONIZE MAROON TIGER ADVERTISERS,
THEY CHAMPION OUR CAUSE!**

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP IN FOOTBALL

Listening to an informal utterance, in one of our chapel exercises, relating basically to true sportsmanship in football, and at the same time bearing in mind a few facts which John R. Tunis relates in his essay, "The slump in Football Common," I came to this conclusion: Football is at present undergoing rigid censorship because of the large number of casualties that have seemingly dominated its statistics for the past few years. It cannot be denied that football is a "rough game;" and, at the same time, no one can deny that quite a large number of casualties could be avoided if (in the mind of the player) there were as dominant a desire for true sportsmanship as there is for fame. For myself, I have always been an enthusiastic follower of America's foremost sport; and I have seen all sorts of displays of both good and bad sportsmanship, but I shall never forget some of the games played in the Southwestern conference—one of which won for its participants my undying respect. The day had been a cold rainy one. The playing field was a veritable "hog-wallow." The players on the field were representations of what had once been clean, vigorous men. The strain was certainly telling on them, and it could be plainly seen on all faces. There had been no scoring. The game was far into the third quarter; finally, out of a play that had been used a number of times came the turning point of the game. Team "X" sent a man scoring across the goal line at the precise moment of the "game-over" gun. The followers of team "Y" challenged the authenticity of such action; here came the evidence of true sportsmanship! Team "X" condescended to play the play over again, risking the possibility of losing a game that was by technical ruling "in the bag." The play was made; consequently they lost!

No matter what may be said in a case of this sort—maybe they were foolishly eager—it is sincerely the sort of sportsmanship that should dominate if football is to remain popular and safe.

—Robert Deadmon, '34.

By doing this, I am of the impression that both the merits and demerits of such an organization may be viewed objectively.

With the full cooperation of both the students and the administrators, we can see no reason why this organization should not be functioning by the beginning of the second semester and its membership determined on the basis of first semester grades of the student body.

I hope you will give this idea some thought if you, as I, believe it will tend to sway student opinion toward a higher scholastic average.

Officials at the University of Oklahoma have started a campaign against "Day Light Petting and Handholding." The student council president admits the charges, but says the situation is not acute.



THE MAESTRO'S ANALYSIS

By Edward J. Roberts

VOTE TO REDUCE CRIME IN ATLANTA

Almost any day in the week one can read in the Atlanta Daily World several articles pertaining to crimes that are committed by Negroes. Certainly, the other people of the city play their role in making Atlanta rate high in crime as compared with other cities of the U. S. But this article will deal only with the law-breakers in our race.

The crimes are of all descriptions and of all kinds. One may read of a man killing another about a dime. It is not strange to hear of a man shooting or cutting his brother-in-law because he saw his sister wearing a black eye and thought that her husband (the brother-in-law) might have inflicted it. One is not shocked when he reads that a man unmercifully beat his common law wife because she made goo-goo eyes at some other man. Scores of Negroes are murdered or wounded in the course of a year for such foolish and insignificant reasons.

You have noticed perhaps, that homicidal crimes only have been mentioned here. Nothing has been said about gambling, robbery, larceny, bootlegging, and the other common crimes because they would be reduced to a minimum if the economical conditions were made favorable and proper recreational facilities for leisure were made available to everyone.

Although the number of homicidal crimes would be slightly smaller if the above mentioned conditions and facilities existed, there is something that actually encourages this type of law breaking. Let us see what it is.

We find that when one Negro murders another, the relatives of the former rush to engage the attorney who is often called the Clarence Darrow of Atlanta. This lawyer is quite emotional and can prejudice the jury in his client's favor as easily as Morehouse men can win the hearts of Spelman women. When the trial comes up and is over, the defendant is usually set free. And if a murderer happens to get three years, he declares that fate has been extremely harsh to him.

Aside from the ability of some shyster lawyer to set him free, the homicidal criminal has something else in his favor. It seems that those who are supposed to enforce the law say to the Negroes, "You colored people go have your fun murdering each other. We do not mind so long as your stray slugs and wild razor swings don't endanger any white people. We'll stop it just in time to leave enough of you for our target practice. For after all, cardboard targets cost twenty-five cents a dozen." Thus the mentioned criminal is encouraged by the fact that the law enforcing body is not interested in what he does so long as it is in a certain group.

We see two distinct evils. Lawyers take advantage of the emotions, sympathies, and often the lack of intelligence of jurors; the law enforcing body, not interested. How can these evils be remedied or checked? Let us think it through. If we help elect members of the law enforcing body we can demand that they deal firmly with all criminals. From them we can demand seats in the jury. When

MINISTERS' UNION

By A. L. Lowry

The Morehouse Ministers' Union has taken on new life this year and is destined to become one of the most respected organizations on the campus before the end of the school year. The young and ambitious members of this organization have mapped out a program which is intended to promulgate Christian principles and ideals among the students on and off the campus.

On Thursday evening, October 21st, 1937, the Ministers' Union sponsored its first program, which celebrated the opening of the School of Religion of Morehouse College. The program was held at the Providence Baptist Church, which is pastored by Dr. C. D. Hubert, Director of the School of Religion and Acting President of the college.

The speaker for the occasion was Mr. Borders, Professor of Religion at Morehouse. Professor Borders is a graduate of the college and has also done graduate work at Garrett Theological Seminary; he has also done pastoral work in Evanston, Ill.

In his discourse Professor Borders stated that men in the field of religion have nothing to feel ashamed of; for their field is one of the most necessary and outstanding fields in the world. Professor Borders very emphatically stated that he admires the minister who is not ashamed of his job, one who is not a coward; but who is willing to surmount obstacles in order that he might enlighten humanity in its struggle for a better religious life. In conclusion Professor Borders said that the world needs religion and it needs brave, prepared and stalwart men to present it in its simplest, noblest and highest forms. Dr. Hubert substantiated Professor Border's speech with a few remarks concerning his personal experience and success in the field of religion.

Two spirituals were rendered by the Morehouse Quartet and a brief history of the Ministers' Union was read by A. L. Lowry. Mr. P. Daphius Hale was master of ceremony.

In the near future the Ministers' Union will sponsor programs on the campus and a most cordial invitation is extended to members of the faculty and the student body to attend any meeting or program sponsored by the Union.

we obtain our places in the jury we can intelligently decide or help decide the fate of defendants. But as stated above, in order to make any effective demands of officials we must help elect them. The only way to help elect them is to vote for them. Thus the way to reduce homicidal crimes to a minimum is to vote for those who promise to enforce the law and place Negroes on juries.

Friend: "Why don't you call to see your girl over at Spelman, now?"

E. Roux: "Well, she said that she admired Shakespeare. Bacon and Dunbar, I knew I couldn't keep pace with those guys, so I cut out."

LET'S START GETTING ANNUAL MINDED.



MODERN EDUCATION

By Marshall S. Cabiness

(This article is not directed to any specific person, college or administration, but to the subject as observed by the author.—THE EDITOR.)

Considerable emphasis is being placed on the methods of present day education now that administrators realize the importance of practical as well as theoretical philosophies of life. In preparing students for everyday living outside of the college environment, must offer in its curriculum courses which prepare the student to fit into the society of the day.

The little red school house on the hill is gone and with it the militant dictator-teacher and the hickory stick. Instead, today, one finds that administrators are permitting students to enter into the political, economic and social affairs of the school in order that the student may become affected with a feeling of responsibility and concern.

How dissatisfied are those students who suffer the crushing oppression of stern administrators? Traditions that suggest forced education should be eradicated. Does making college life miserable by untold restrictions enhance the possibilities of study for the student?

Perhaps the gravest mistake of dictator-teachers is the attempt to thwart a basic principle of nature relative to the purposed separation of the sexes. Years of elusive objections with the hope and expectation that to leave alone was to solve the problem have been maintained. This certainly does not solve the problem. How utterly hopeless is the aim to extinguish the call of nature in youth by restrictions? What the modern social order calls for is the application of those idealistic principles of education as taught in the curriculum and if they can't be successfully applied, then there is no need for them to be taught.

IN THE DOG HOUSE



"BIG CEASAR" NEAL

For Reclining in the Arms of Morpheus While Mr. Bauer Was "Kitten on the Keys."

HATE TO ALWAYS BE COMPLAINING, BUT . . .

Why doesn't the heat come on a little earlier in the morning?

Why does the water in the shower have to run cold so often?

How about some mirrors in the wash rooms?

Where was Moses when the lights went out?

What happened to the back door of the Library?

. . . From the Ladies . . .

THIS QUESTION OF WAR AGAIN

By Marporie E. Greene

"What's the use of all this study and effort to get out of school? In the next two years we will be at war and nothing will matter anymore," a Morehouse man said last week. And later a very young sophomore said, "They're just waiting 'til I'm twenty-one."

A national monthly magazine echoes in an article called "War," the almost unbelievable events of nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one years ago. One sees again the pitiful and hopelessly cruel spectacle of faces half shot away, bullet-ridden bodies, and merciless slaughtering of men by other men afraid to die themselves. Men who live forever after in an unreal, maddening world peopled with the faces and shrieking cries of men they killed—for what?

Every newspaper and magazine discusses war—the impending disaster, the inevitable, the shameful necessity, the great horror. Everybody who makes a trip to Europe notes, more than any other detail of European life, how the Europeans are preparing for war and the European attitude toward it.

Men—wise men(?)—say that war may be an answer to certain problems, such as to clear away undesirable economic conditions, to put nations in their places, or to make the world a more peaceful place. (Certainly they cannot say again "to make the world safe for democracy," when out of the last war grew two of the greatest menaces to the common man's freedom the world has known since the middle ages: nazism and fascism.)

Men and WOMEN who cry peace with all their hearts, minds, and souls, have only to point to one on their arguments in the person of a young college man, born, perhaps, in the midst of the last worldwide, unholy massacre, who hardly gets a chance to lift his head to say: "Now, the world is mine. How shall I start about proving it? What shall I do to make men sit up and take notice? How shall I live my life? Gosh, how good it feels to plan to live, work, and succeed!"

Instead he bows his head, looks into a future of bombed cities, wrecked lives, and a torn, bloody, mutilated world; (and over in a muddy, lonely ditch, perhaps, his own body, eyes forever closed to white clouds and sunshine). If he is familiar with the pessimism of Omar Khayyam, the Persian tent-maker, he will probably say:

"Alike for those who for Today prepare,
And those that after some Tomorrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There!'"

If he is not, he will say, merely, "What am I striving for? War—and then oblivion? So why?"

The little sophomore says, "They're just waiting 'til I'm twenty-one."

The last time they didn't wait. Men were drafted at eighteen.



Campus News



MAROON AND WHITE DAY

Maroon and White Day has come and gone . . . and there was much joy and hilarity on the "little red hill." The game, played by two evenly matched teams, ended in a 0-0 deadlock; hence, nobody "hoo-rahed" anybody and nobody felt dejected over a defeat.

Planned and executed by a most efficient committee, the day's activities proved to be more than entertaining to all who deemed it wise and necessary to attend.

Morehouse and Atlanta saw their longest and most impressive parade in many moons. Automobiles gayly decorated in the various colors of the various organizations on the campus, bearing the insignia of each, drove slowly from the center of the University campus activities, through downtown Atlanta to Ponce de Leon Park, where at the interval between halves of the game, Miss Maroon and White, portrayed in the person of the debonair Miss Eloise Usher of Spelman College, '38, proved to be the center of attraction.

At the precise moment that the game was halted for the fifteen minute rest period, Miss Maroon and White, riding in a green Lincoln Zephyr, which was literally covered in the colors of Morehouse, drove to a vantage point in front of the grandstand and alighted with the aid of Mr. Carl Rhetta, President of the Student Body, to be flanked on right and left by her beautiful attendants, Misses Majorie Gaines and Margaret Creagh. Wordsworth's "A lovely apparition sent, to be a moment's ornament," seems better to describe the occasion than any phrase that might be coined.

Miss Maroon and White and her attendants were escorted to the microphone in the center of the field, where presided the illustrious Mr. George Washington, assisted by Samuel Solomon, drum major of the Morehouse band, and President Rhetta. The Captain and Co-Captain of the football squad appeared and a large bouquet of white chrysanthemums was presented to Miss Usher by Captain Roscoe Johnson. In return, Captain Johnson was presented with a gilded football. Both the captain and Miss Maroon and White spoke to the spectators over the amplifying system; then Morehouse men held sway as Ernest Ponder led the student body in singing "Morehouse Boys, You Are the Pride of the South."

Solmnity reigned over the occasion as the men sang the glorious strains of the Morehouse College hymn, "Dear Old Morehouse."

With the same degree of rare precision that had marked all previous activities, the assembly dispersed, and the grandest display seen in these parts came to a close.

At eight o'clock on the same evening, the same hilarious group hied away to Sunset Casino to enjoy what had previously been dubbed a "Victory Ball." With music by the inimitable Troubadors lasting until twelve p. m., the contingent danced away its cares and sorrows.

At the intermission of the dance, the Queens of the fraternities, Miss Hazel Marbles of Omega Psi Phi, Miss Elizabeth Battle of Phi Beta Sigma and Miss Edwina

THE MOREHOUSE OPEN FORUM

By Milus J. Graham

The Morehouse Open Forum got off to a fair start this year.

Thus far it has brought before the student body Dr. Rayford Logan and Dr. Rufus Clement.

Dr. Clement addressed the Forum on October 22, 1937, on the subject, "War or Peace, What Shall It Be?"

The address was opened with a discussion of the United States' foreign policy. In mentioning the foreign policy some remarks of Roosevelt's Chicago speech were made. Namely, world cooperation in keeping peace, the quarantining of belligerent nations, and the Nye Resolutions.

Leaving the U. S., Dr. Clement discussed the present Eastern Affair (China, Japan, and Russia). The seed of the present troubles was planted in 1854 when Japan began to take part in world affairs. Since that time Japan has always wanted a share in the Eastern spoils and this Russia has never permitted. This is the basic cause of the cropping up of Russo-Japan arguments today.

In 1923 the Nine power treaty was made primarily to crush the growth of Japan. Now today to make her strength felt and to gain needed territory for expansion Japan has stepped into China.

However, the Chinese are putting up a harder fight than was expected.

Upon leaving the East Dr. Clement opened the European situation. He seems to believe that the unrest in Europe revolves around the Spanish Civil War.

Italy is definitely aligned with the rebel side in hopes of establishing another facistic state in Europe.

Germany is with the rebels trying to keep out Russia because she does not desire another communistic government in Europe.

As usual France is with the loyalist; most because Germany is with the Rebels.

Dr. Clement stated that the outside aid in Spain by ratio is four to one; the Rebels having of that ratio ten to one.

Some of the stimulating questions asked at the Forum were:

How is it that Hearst has before taken a stand for war and now is against it?

Do you think that the Chinese would be ruled better by the world?

Is there any fear of a union of Hitler and Mussolini?

Westmoreland of Kappa Alpha Psi, were presented by the Editor of the Maroon Tiger.

All told, Morehouse has filled another page in its history with an affair that will long be remembered, and a good time was had by all.

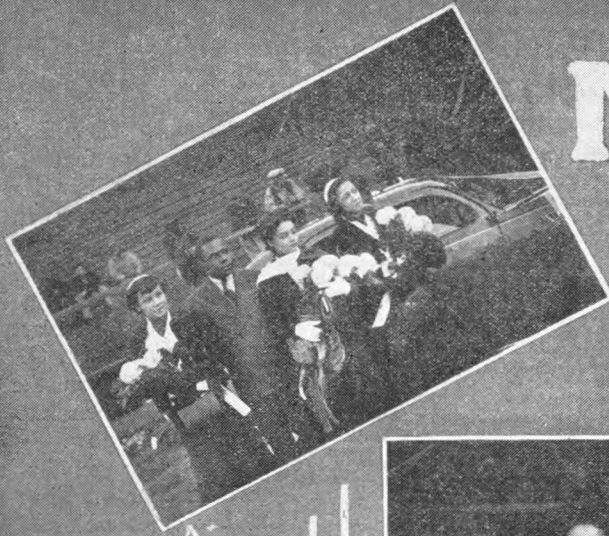
SPEAK TO A MEMBER OF THE ALUMNI ABOUT SUBSCRIBING FOR THE TIGER!



Roving Camera Shots



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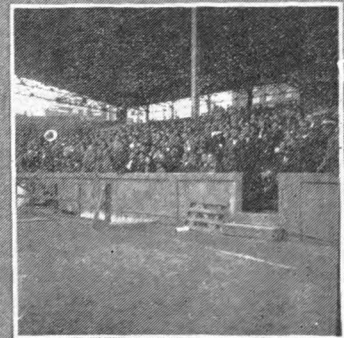
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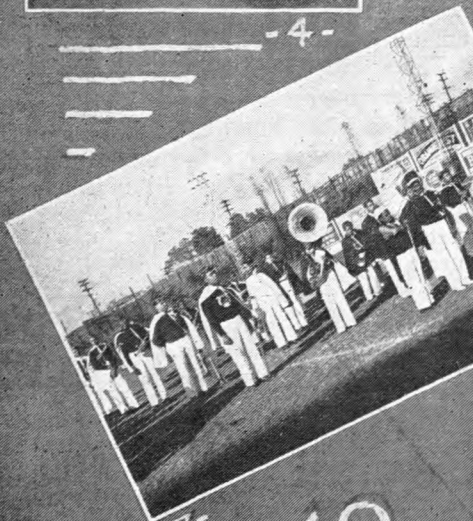
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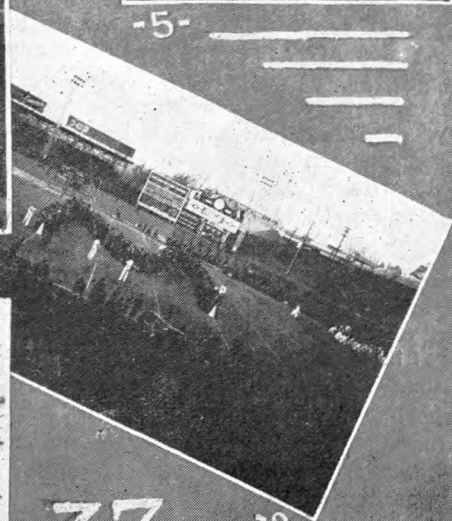


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Campus News



ART NEWS & VIEWS

By Eugene Grigsby

A landmark has slowly but surely vanished from the campus of Spelman. Bit by bit and plank by plank they have torn down one of the first buildings that housed that great institution of women known as Spelman College. The Keeper of Grounds told your columnist the other day that the building was first built during the Civil War and was used as a barrack. It then stood where Laura Spelman now stands. I for one will be glad to miss the old structure, for its absence will step up the beauty of Spelman's Campus. I have learned that the pile of red mud, now behind the power plant, will be used to level off the gully left there, making the whole sight more beautiful, more attractive and more appealing. We take our hats off to you, Spelman.

While Spelman is becoming more attractive, her grounds at least, I think that Morehouse (yes men. Morehouse) and A. U. (we are sorry, but its true) are going down in some respects when it comes to grounds. The people who keep the grounds may not think that we notice it, but no one could help seeing the ugly stakes and wires put up to keep people off the grass. The entrance to the men's side at Atlanta University reminds me of a miniature of a fence I once saw around a cow pasture. Rough stakes, picked from any old place, thrown up in any way, just to keep us off the grass. I know that it is serving its purpose and that it is good that we have some reminder to keep us off the newly sown grass when we are not thinking. But please, give us something a little more attractive. What shall be placed there in its stead? A small picket fence, portable maybe. Shrubbery or anything that will make it more attractive instead of making it take away from the beauty of the campus. I am sure that *Home and Gardens*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The American Home* or some other magazine would carry some other type of suggestion if our keeper of grounds is unable to give birth to ideas of this sort.

I don't think that we of Morehouse can keep our heads high and laugh at A. U. Especially when we are afraid of tearing our pants every night on the barbed wire that surrounds part of our campus. Our only consolation is that our posts are painted. Those that are not painted are broken or the wire is dangling off in some crazy way. I don't think that there is any need of putting wire up if someone is continually borrowing it. I think that one reason that we have to put wire up is the bicycles that we frequently encounter. If bicycles are going to cause our campus to look like it is staked, then don't allow them on the campus. They are quite hazardous anyway, especially at night. I hope that I have hurt someone's pride, for if I have, something may be done. We want the most beautiful campus of all.

An exhibit of African Carvings went up Halloween day on the main floor of the Library. Look them over. The carvings are quite unique and if you will notice them closely you will see that there is quite a bit of thought and design in their art. They are interesting to observe.

At first they appear funny. Then if you notice closely and think about them you will see the life of a people in a few carvings on wood.

It is in the wind that we are to soon have that treat that we all have been anxiously waiting for. An exhibit of our Art Instructor, Hale Woodruff. I know that he has quite a few new paintings, all quite interesting. I mentioned last month that he captured several prizes in Indiana last summer.

We are glad and sorry to lose our friend Vernon Winslow. We are glad because he received a break, in Mr. Harvey's own venacular. He is now head of the art department at Tennessee State. Congratulations V. Q. We are sorry because we have lost a good man from the department here. Maybe some art can be beaten into the heads of those left—left in the department now.

I told you last month that I would give you the low-down on the University Players this month. They are really in working order at last. The curtains have been opened, the lights dimmed, and the first play of the season is on its way. The board of strategy has been named and James D. Browne is the head of all. The staff is as follows:

Gertrude Brown, Secretary.

Loise Usher, Recording Secretary.

Joseph Sanson, Publicity Manager.

Eugene Grigsby, Business Manager-Treasurer.

Edna Kyle, Head Usher.

We really have an interesting organization this year. With Hazel Washington and her program committee we have already been fortunate to hear Miss Billie Geter who told us about the theatre in France as she saw it last year—also a little of the history of the French Theatre. Miss Norwood, of the English Department, was in London last summer and we heard about the plays that she saw there. These informal talks have been very interesting and also very instructive. Henry Ward gave us quite a violin selection with Geraldine at the piano. The Brother-Sister act. Those who were fortunate enough to attain membership with the U. P.'s will indeed enjoy some interesting things this year. Miss Washington also has a few other treats up her sleeve soon. Something of a different nature.

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

Undoubtedly one of the most effective means of creating solidarity of inter-collegiate relationships, this modern device of exchanging students is proving to be of equal interest to authorities and students alike.

Students proving themselves capable, trustworthy and conscientious often find themselves granted fellowship or scholarship to some foreign or large eastern or midwestern college where they may pursue courses of study that the University System has not deemed it wise to install because of the small number of students interested in such.

The system offers much to those who dare slip past the sentinel with flaming torch who guards the entrance to the garden in which stands the tree of knowledge.

Moral: Be meritorious and derive the benefits of modern collegiate relationships.



Campus News



THE OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY

Psi Chapter of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity has officially begun operations for this school term. Losing some eighteen members through graduation, Psi Chapter is busying itself with filling these places which are now vacant. We are extremely proud of the accomplishments of the members who have graduated. Some have returned to the classrooms to seek higher fields of learning; others have turned to teaching, some into business and still others into the ministry. We wish them the best of luck in whatever fields of endeavor they might undertake.

During the past month, the members of Psi Chapter were the guests at a smoker given at the home of Edward Lawson. A very enjoyable time was had by all who were present.

During the week of November 7-14, the National organization of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity sponsored an Achievement Program. Each year it has been the policy of the National body to sponsor some such program which shows the achievement of Negroes in various fields. The year before last the subject was, "The Achievement of the Negro in Business;" last year "The Achievement of the Negro Church;" and this year, the theme chosen by the body was, "Juvenile Delinquency." In this time of rising social problems, a subject of this nature is very vital. The need of a better social adjustment for our youth is a fact above questioning. The fraternity sensing this need brought forward this very timely topic to be discussed on the Morehouse campus and in Atlanta by such outstanding persons as: Rev. Bowden of the Episcopal Church of Atlanta, Mrs. Frankie Adams of the Atlanta School of Social Work, Prof. Ira De A. Reid of the Department of Sociology of Atlanta University and Mr. Nelson Jackson of the Atlanta School of Social Work.

Music for the succession of programs was furnished by the Morris Brown College Quartet, Mr. Richard Durant and Mr. Benjamin J. Anderson.

—Don C. Godfrey.

SIGMA SPEAKS

Sigma, in returning to the pages of the *Maroon Tiger*, deviates slightly from the usual presentation of its activities in order to remind the frat men of the campus that the ideals of all fraternities embodies the fostering of brotherhood and unity.

The four fraternities in existence on the campus would do well to attempt to pool their efforts in stamping out the prejudices, greed and jealousy which exist among them. True, the program of the organization must be carried out, but, of what benefit is the successful completion of a year's program if the rights of others are disregarded?

Here are four fraternities, and though no one member of either group has the nerve to mention it outside of the hearing of those of his own group, these four orders are fighting desperately against each other. The front, put up by each group, gives an outsider the impression that unity is the uppermost thought in the minds of all men

who wear "frat" pins; but this is far from actual fact. The main interests of the fraternities are: first, to place as many of their men in office as possible; to try to influence new students, who show signs of having financial backing and who bid well to become popular with the fairer sex, to join its rank; to outdo others in pomp and ceremony as far as "frat" dances are concerned, and, in general, to be as mystifying and secret as possible in their actions, so as to be the first to present a new idea to the public. In short, each of the four groups is a worshiper of a deaf and dumb idol, false glory. Each group gives its all to place itself on the receiving end of a few complimentary remarks by "higher-ups," even though its actions be detrimental to other bodies.

Let us pause in our mad rush toward permanent strained inter-fraternal relations and stagnation, and consider the feasibility of pooling our efforts in the interest of promoting true brotherhood and better feeling among the campus organizations. Let us adopt the phrase, "to leave the world a little better because you have been in it," with slight alteration so that it reads, "to leave Morehouse fraternities better united because you have been a member."

—Henry B. Ward, Reporter.

SLICES OF PI CHAPTER KAPPA ALPHA PSI FRATERNITY

Pi Chapter has already begun to exert itself as a component part of the collegiate set-up in Atlanta. Under the leadership of its newly elected group of officers, the chapter held its first Smoker of the year at the home of William S. Banks on Friday evening, November 6, 1937. The members of the chapter came out *en masse* to partake of the spirit which is Kappa.

On Wednesday evening, November 10, 1937, Kappa Psi began the Rush Week Activities by inviting a large number of the members of the Freshman class and their company to the Parish House where they danced the evening away to the strains of music furnished by Jimmy Wiggins and his Orchestra.

In view of the oncoming Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, Kappa Alpha Psi will present its Annual Thanksgiving Program during chapel services on Wednesday, November 24.

In keeping with the spirit of festivities that reigned on Maroon and White Day, Kappa presented to Morehouse and Atlanta its Queen for the occasion in the person of Miss Edwina Westmoreland, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Westmoreland of Atlanta, and a graduate of Spelman College. '37.

It is the intention of the members of Kappa Alpha Psi to play an integral part in making the life around Morehouse a full one and it is with these thoughts in mind that we are offering for the approval of the student body this program in keeping with the idea of Thanksgiving.

—Willie S. Banks, Reporter.

LET'S START GETTING ANNUAL MINDED.



Sporting Around with



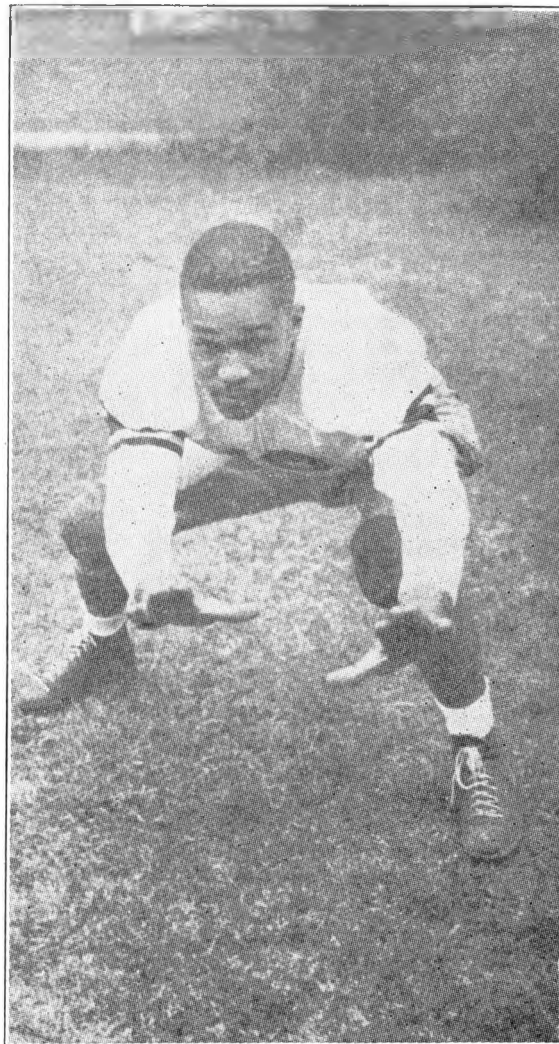
. DOTS . AND - DASHES -

Things are still happening in the Athletic Realm . . . First, Morehouse lost a tough ones to Morris Brown 7-0. Although the score might indicate that the Purples were the superior team, those who saw the fray are convinced that the better team did not win the game . . . Unfortunately, Mr. F. C. (Skipper) Gassett was in the hospital and could not attend the 'House-Brown game. This was the first Tiger home game that the "Skipper" has missed in twelve years. Too bad that such a good record had to be spoiled by illness.

Morehouse is certainly producing her share of coaches. I guess it must be an epidemic. The colorful John H. Young III, after two years of Professional Football and Night Life in New York City, has assumed the quiet role of head mentor at Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi. However, it must be said that he carried a dash of color with him. He has built up a spectacular unit that local Negro Sports Writers choose to call the Suzi "Q" team . . . Marty (Potentate) Graham is the power behind the football throne at the Griffin (Georgia) High School . . . Now it comes to my ear that T. Shelton Coles (musically famous for his Ambassadors) is directing athletic activities at Howard Hi in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Where is that punch and fighting spirit that aided our Tigers in winning from S. C. State? There has been a noticeable change. Watch out, Mr. Maroon! The teams that were weak in the earlier part of the season are busy fortifying themselves for you . . . For instance, Knoxville has won her last three games . . . Alabama State waded through Talladega 51-0 for her first win of the season. LeMoyné only beat T'Dega 25-8. Our own game with LeMoyné is not worthy of comment. I'm not predicting anything—I just mentioned the above facts to stimulate thought . . .

Seemingly our own shortcomings were responsible for the Yellow Jackets' overwhelming home-coming victory. The 27-2 score shows that these shortcomings were nu-
(Continued on Next Page.)



CAPTAIN ROSCOE JOHNSON
Guard

May we eulogize the passing of a great football personality, as our Captain for the year 1937-'38 plays his last game for the school "on the little red hill."

One hundred forty-five pounds of "mite" that puts dynamite in the Tiger forward wall, Captain Johnson has won for himself many laurels in the Southern Conference. An All-American and All-Southern selection in past years, "Br'er" Johnson has virtually played his heart out for the Maroon and White this year.

Captain Johnson hails from Gary, Ind., where he won many plaudits as a prep star. He has indulged in twenty-three New Year's celebrations, and if he plays the game of life as he plays America's favorite sport, we don't doubt that he'll really "go places" when they begin to 'bring that stuff over him."

Morehouse will truly find a hard spot to fill when Captain Johnson hangs up his togs and writes finis to a grand career in collegiate football.

Captain Johnson is a member of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity and plays an integral part in many campus activities.

the Maroon Tigers



merous . . . This is the first time that Morehouse has been beaten by 25 or more points since 1928 when Langstou humbled the Tigers 33-0 . . . But out of our choice some good has been derived. Earl (Snuffy) Smith seems to be the solution to our kicking problem. He punted well under fire in the LeMoyné game . . . One of our own Staff Reporters classed Alvin (Joe) Swartz as being slow; too slow. However, "Joe" did good work in Memphis.

All right, folks, it's time to be looking for your All-Southern selection for the year . . . The "Sunday Morning Quarterbacks" had plenty to talk about over the breakfast table last week. The Morris Brown-S. C. State game was a virtual thriller . . . I saw Mr. Gassett watching practice the other day. All of the boys are glad to see the "Skipper" navigating again after a speedy recovery. I always said that "you can't keep a good man down" . . . "Miss Maroon and White" is the big attraction now. Accept our hearty congratulations. Miss Usher.

Eulogy being in order, we doff our hats to another great star who also plays his last game for the Maroon and White with the closing game of this season.

One hundred seventy-nine pounds of fighting, charging man-power. Co-Captain Dawson has utilized both brain and brawn to win for himself the name of one of the Tigers most valuable men.

Co-Captain Dawson hails from Evanston, Ill., where he played linesman from end to end. When he came to the red hill in '34, kibitzers immediately saw in him the makings of a great star. A mid-season injury has kept Co-Captain Dawson out of action for the past few games. His absence was sorely felt and his presence direly needed.

Morehouse will probably find herself groping in the dark when he relinquishes his togs to "whosoever will . . ."

Twenty-three Easters are charged to his account, and he shall have the goodwill of Morehouse men for as many more.

Co-Captain Dawson is a member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity and exerts his influence in many other organizations.



CO-CAPTAIN LILBURN DAWSON

—Guard—

IN THE TIGER'S PAW



By William M. Nix

I say at the outset that all that I know is what I read.

Was reading a sports article written by Bob Considine, of Sunday Mirror fame, who gave an interesting angle on the number of 1936 football fatalities. This report, which I shall bother to paraphrase, contains no slipshod figures; it comes from New York University's conscientious study of football fatalities, which have been gathered by Drs. Mal Stevens, Floyd R. Eastwood, and Frank S. Lloyd.

The dispassionate figures and matter-of-fact recountal of case histories, as gathered by these Doctors, make a grim appendage to a game which most of us believe is composed entirely of gay crowds, zooming bands, yellow 'mums, cheers and 80 yard runs. However, in their study, which has been as painstaking as any ever made in the field of an uncertain science, these Doctors reveal that since 1931 about 600,000 players have been injured badly enough to demand hospital treatment and that Doctor's bills have gone past \$5,000,000.

After the hectic 1931 football season, during which 49 players lost their lives, a horrified country demanded that steps be taken immediately to make the sport something less than a chamber of horrors.

Sweeping rules came into effect. The flying tackle, flying block and flying wedge were ruled out—likewise the use of hands and fists in line play. Players, once downed,

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Sporting Around with

IN THE TIGER'S PAW

could no longer struggle to their feet and run again. Penalties were slapped on players who "piled on" in the pile ups. Groups like the Federation of High School and College Athletic Associations drew up specifications for injury-proof equipment, and national manufacturers met the standards.

But the grim spectre of tragedy refused to be compromised.

38 boys and young men died in 1932, 44 in 1933, 36 in 1934, 48 in 1935, and 45 last season.

The report of the N. Y. U. Doctors shows that most of the deaths and heavy injuries occurred in the first and fourth quarters of the game, which means that the disasters were based partly on overzealous activity by players just entering the game, and partly on fatigue. Injuries to the head caused half the deaths, with abdominal injuries next. The heaviest toll was among halfbacks, and the most dangerous department of the game is tackling.

In the face of their grim findings the N. Y. U. Doctors make the following constructive recommendations:

1. A full time physician, especially trained in athletic matters, to take charge of the team. A daily check-up of the team's physical condition.
2. Coaches who have been college players and who have had a theory and practice in safety procedures in physical education.
3. More training for halfbacks on the technique of tackling and blocking.
4. A good headgear.
5. Removal of players from the game at the first sign of fatigue.

Since football is an indispensable extra-curricular activity in most of our prep schools and colleges, the doctors might have pointed a stern finger at schools which tolerate oratorical coaches who place victory above a player's life. And they might have denounced schools which ask their football teams to practice on fields that are little better than rock piles, and utilize youngsters who should be playing nothing more strenuous than marbles.

Perhaps you have wondered why some of Morehouse's stellar players have been kept on the bench this year? Well, the coaches do not place victory above a player's limb. For this reason, and perhaps others, Bulldog Ellis, Hoodlum LaMar, John Lewis, Lilburn Dawson, and several of our unsung heroes have been withheld from crucial games.

Notwithstanding the fact that for a goodly number of years the administrators have been aware of a dire need for a better practice field, it took until the year of 1937 for the players to reap the happiness of a newly renovated field. Under the direction of Coach Vernon "Red" Smith, our athletic field has undergone many changes. Probably those of you who are here for the first time cannot appreciate the changes that have been made on our practice gridiron—but just ask a few of the older heads about the hectic battles that have been fought out on the "Old Red Rock Pile."

MOREHOUSE AND KNOXVILLE IN SCORELESS TIE

A fighting Knoxville eleven caught the Maroon Tigers having an "off" day on Saturday, November 13, at Ponce de Leon Park and marred what would have otherwise been a perfect Maroon and White Homecoming.

After having lost to the "mad-magicians" of LeMoyné on the previous Saturday, the Tigers were scheduled for a rebound against the Knoxville Bulldogs. For the most part of the first half of the game, the Tigers played deep in Bulldog territory. Three times, the Tigers made sustained drives to within the shadow of pay-off ground, only to be thwarted by the doings of Fate. Five yards from the goal-line, a bad pass from center caused a fumble that cost the Tigers the loss of the ball and a chance to score. A pass from Cooksey to Allen across the goal-line a few minutes later, was juggled and finally dropped to send Tiger hopes down another fifty degrees. Again in the first half when the Tigers found themselves in scoring position, a penalty of fifteen yards proved too costly to overcome.

Injuries occurring early in the game, forced substitutions that brought several unseasoned men to the fray, but who gave good account of themselves. Morris Speed and Alvin Swartz, halfbacks; "Snuffy" Smith, quarterback and King Peterson, guard, were gallant in their offensive and defensive play.

Knoxville's scoring threat came late in the third quarter when Captain Horton, center for the Bulldogs, blocked Wilson's punt on the 20-yard line. Three line plunges failed to gain and the ball went over on downs. Again in the last period the Bulldogs threatened when an attempted triple lateral by the Tigers was called down when a receiver's knee touched the ground. Knoxville took the ball and attempted a field goal that was wide.

The game ended with neither team having successfully crossed the double stripe.

With a knowledge of a few—a very few, of the many obstacles confronting both coaches and players, the spectators should not be quite so severe in their criticisms. Remember, Morehouse is the most crippled aggregation in the Southern Conference. From the captain on down to the co-captain—I say on down to the co-captain, because of the fact that he has been disabled for the remainder of the season—there isn't a player on the squad who can boast of a complete limb. All of them have minor injuries of some type.

If the Maroon and White board of strategy is a bit reluctant in playing these crippled men, perhaps when accusations are made at the end of the 1937 season, and, when the world once again stops to mourn the dead and seriously injured of football, Morehouse will not be accused of having deliberately used an injured player for the sole purpose of winning a game.

LET'S START TALKING ANNUAL TALK.

the Maroon Tigers



REMINISCENCES OF "OL' TIMERS"

This month the conductor of this column has strayed somewhat from the path of anticiapted yight inasmuch as he is presenting a guest writer — namely an "Ol' Timer," who is not a product of Morehouse College.

Mr. William S. Jackson, who is a student in the Atlanta School of Social Work, is a graduate of West Virginia State College, varsity guard for five years, All-American for the season of 1936, and former varsity boxing coach at State with two state-wide championships to his credit.

In this article, "From the Social School," Mr. Jackson reviews the Morehouse-West Virginia game of last year.—Kendrix.

FROM THE SOCIAL SCHOOL

At last I have the opportunity to express something that has been on my mind for a number of weeks.

I owe a great deal of gratitude and thanks to the men of Morehouse College. I feel particularly grateful to a few of the men for the aid given and the kindness shown to me during the past few weeks.

Morehouse men are scattered all over the country, perpetuating the ideals and standards that have been instilled in them while they were in college. I think of John W. Davis, President of West Virginia State College and Arthur W. Ellis, Assistant Director of Physical Education at the same college. These men are always busy working for a bigger and better West Virginia State College.

On Saturday, October 17, 1936, I had the chance to analyze a sample of about twenty-eight Morehouse men at Institute, W. Va. For three hours on Lakin Field, they appeared before me eleven at a time with a substitution every now and then. I was thoroughly impressed by the manly qualities that they possessed. Quite a few impressions were left on me, too.

The outcome of the impending W. Va. State-Morehouse football game was a much discussed subject on "State" campus. Morehouse was a mystery team, the terror of the South with an enviable record. Two undefeated teams were about to show their wares.

Two days before the game, rain began to fall and it looked as if it would last indefinitely. We had hoped that the rain would let up and allow the field to dry, but on the morning of the game the rain came down in torrents. The closer it came to the time for the game, the harder it rained.

The field was a sea of black, sticky mud when the two teams took their positions for the kickoff. After a very few plays, the members of both teams were covered from head to foot and looked like silhouettes.

The teams were rather evenly matched in size, weight, etc. The first periods of the game were marked with the see-saw effect seen when no one of two opponents proves the stronger. The first score came in the last few minutes of the first quarter when Morehouse kicked to W. Va., the ball being taken by Price on the State 45 yard line. Price lateralled to Meadows who ran down the side line for a

SCHOOL SPIRIT

By W. J. Carr, '41

Spirit, according to Webster, is the breath of life; conceived as a kind of breath animating the body. School spirit, then, may be defined as the breath of the school, animating the institution. It is the manifestation of interest and loyalty to ones alma mater. The most commonly accepted medium of display of spirit is by doing and encouraging other doers.

At this particular time Morehouse is engaged in a series of athletic encounters, called football games. There have been selected from the student body, certain proficient athletes to represent the school by appearing on the field of play. These men have won their positions by dint of hard work and the age old "survival of the fittest." It is only fair that the remaining students should give their support to these, their representatives, by cheering them on in moments of defeat as well as in victory. Remember how it feels to have someone say, "Come on, you can do it!" Faith and confidence will work wonders in trying situations.

On these successive Saturdays, Morehouse's goal is a victorious football team. The players are fighting their hearts out as can be seen by the record they have made. A little help from the stands may be what is needed in moments of trial. How many times has an athlete, hearing the cheers of his school, given his last ounce of energy in the final drive that leads to victory? Many times, at many schools this has happened. Such things happen not only in books, but in actual life. My challenge to Morehouse men is this: Ask any player on any team if it doesn't do something to him to hear a cheering throng. Ask him if you can get that same feeling anywhere else, under any other circumstances. When you receive his answer, don't stop there. Go out and help him get that feeling from *you*. How? Cheer, by golly! Cheer until you can't speak above a whisper. When you go home, you can say Morehouse did her darndest and I did my part; otherwise, hang your head in shame.

touchdown. The try for extra point was good and the scoreboard, W. Va., 7—Morehouse, 0.

The following two quarters proved uneventful as a slippery ball, insecure footing and other obstacles proved costly to both teams.

In the last part of the third quarter, Pierro, Morehouse quarter-back, standing on his own 40 yard line, threw a pass to Haynes who caught it and ran 40 more yards for a touchdown. for extra point was no good. State, 7—Morehouse, 6. This touchdown was easily the most outstanding play of the game, for Haynes was surrounded by three State men when he literally tore the ball from their hands and out-distanced them to the goal line.

During the last few minutes of play, State driving from

LET'S START TALKING ANNUAL TALK.

To the Editor:

I agree with the author of "Negroes: By a Southerner" when he says: "There are always people who are trying to start trouble. The Negro question is usually a very good opening." Like him, I brand anyone who stirs up the hornet's nest of racial prejudice as a contemptible little "trouble maker." I take sharp issue with him, however, when he identifies the trouble maker as one who is merely taking legal action to protect the rights which the law has already conferred upon him. Instead, it appears to me, that the individual, group, or corporation that would unlawfully deny any citizen such rights is the maker of trouble.

I need not rehearse the immediate cause for the discussion, of which this letter and its predecessor are but a part. The action which the Negro student, William Bell, has taken is but indicative of the courage and intelligence which he is displaying in securing the rights of which Northwestern University would deprive him—a courage and intelligence which some of his opponents would do well to emulate. Incidentally, it is a courage and intelligence that men like W. B. O. dislike to see in a Negro; it makes them doubt their own vaunted claims of inherent superiority.

It is not my present purpose, however, to launch into an emotional appeal for the rights of the Negro. Being a Negro myself, I naturally have some very positive opinions on the subject—opinions which I am quite as zealous to defend as is this same W. B. O. Instead, I shall examine in the light of reason each of the assertions which he makes in his brief to prove that the *Daily Northwestern* was "out of order" for declaring "that the fight for Negro rights" is the fight of every person who believes in democracy and freedom." As I see them, such issues as he has been able to produce resolve themselves into the following statements:

1. That William Bell is a trouble maker, for he is legally seeking that which is lawfully his;
2. That the Negro population of Chicago has become more and more a problem;
3. That the Negro in the South knows his place and is satisfied to stay in it;
4. That with "two or three exceptions the Negroes are more than satisfied to live by themselves and have their own places of amusement."

Any one who read W. B. O.'s article in the Saturday issue of *The Daily* will, I believe, admit that almost no evidence was offered in support of these four contentions. In as much, then, as the previous writer forgot to insert his evidence, I shall look briefly into his unsupported assertions to see to what extent they are true.

In the first place, I take it that Mr. Bell is a citizen of the United States, and at least a temporary resident of Illinois. As such, he is entitled to all the protection that the state and nation can afford, including "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In the second place there

its own 35 yard line went over for another touchdown. The try for extra point was blocked and the score stood as it ended—State, 13—Morehouse, 6.

There has been a keen spirit of rivalry aroused between W. Va. State and Morehouse and with all this rivalry there exists a bond of friendship that I hope will be prevalent for years to come.

I consider the game one of the most interesting and sportsmanly encounters of my career.

is no law on the Illinois statute books which denies to a Negro the right to swim off a beach operated by an institution of which he is a part, if he so chooses. When Northwestern University, or any other corporation, undertakes to abridge the rights of an individual as prescribed by the laws of the state, it, not the Negro, is the trouble maker.

The second question, whether or not the Negro population of Chicago has become more and more a problem, is debatable. The answer hinges around what W. B. O. means by "a problem." If he means that the Chicago Negroes are becoming more numerous, more resentful of encroachments upon their legal rights, and more conscious of their political power to preserve these rights, I am inclined to agree with him most emphatically. That Negro population—the problem child of Chicago—has for some time now sent a United States congressman to Washington from the First Congressional District of Illinois; it has several representatives in the State Assembly; and until recently, has had a state senator. If there is any "problem" which the presence of this group has precipitated, the able members of that group are now in rapid process of solving it.

"The Southern Negro knows his place." How often have I heard this statement from the throats of Southern solons and from the pages of the less enlightened newspapers! What is pathetic is that those who say it are trying hard to convince themselves that they believe it. Yes, it is true that the South has erected barriers against its darker sons. It makes them pay first class passage to ride in railway "coaches" that are the size of pill boxes; it wrings taxes from their pockets to operate schools, libraries, and parks that they dare not enter; it lynches Negro degenerates who are accused of the "greatest crime" without even punishing white degenerates who are similarly guilty against darker women; its senators and governors, in some states run for office on platforms, which, when boiled down, amount to little more than "Down with the Negro!" Yes, the Negro knows "his place" in the South, but he is not satisfied with it. He accepts it, as the Jew does in Nazi Germany, because it is immediately expedient for him to do so. He fights against the *status quo* when he is able to do so, but, usually, in the same way in which William Bell is proceeding—by due process of law.

The last "point" which W. B. O. submits—that with "two or three exceptions" the Negroes are more than satisfied to live by themselves and have their own places of amusement—is not very clear. Just what, I ask, are these "two or three exceptions?" Conceivably, the whole argument rests upon his interpretation of these "two or three exceptions." For instance, it is true that Negroes, like all racial groups, have a tendency to herd together. They enjoy the company of their own kind. They most emphatically prefer to marry their own kind. On the other hand, however, they will fight to the bitter end any attempt to establish a public policy which would deny them the exercise of all functions which are guaranteed them by law.

I trust that my position is clear. The Negro in the South is not satisfied; but, unlike W. B. O. and his kind, he is not planning to break the law to obtain his satisfaction. In the South, where there are laws which make him a kind of sub-citizen, he is patiently waging a legal fight to secure the power which an intelligent use of the ballot will give him. (An interested reader might inves-



With the Poets . . .

BELOVED

When I think of you, beloved,
Only think of you, beloved,
All my heart beats fast within me;
Like unto a flame my soul is.
When you smile at me, beloved,
Only smile at me, beloved,
All the world is filled with smiling;
Deep exquisite, aching sadness;
Ecstasy akin to madness.

—Hazel Washington, A. U.

ANALOGY

And people say,
"Oh, no.
You never know
By gazing at a face
The depths of a man's soul."

But there is tell-tale quality,
I believe,
In the depths of people's eyes,
And how one really feels,
Can oftimes be surmised.

In the flaunt of one's hand,
The carriage of his frame,
The bright, twisted or ragged smile he gives,
These, odd things—unnoticeable.
As they seem,
Are the secrets to how one really lives.

—Evelyn Jenkins, A. U.

MY OFFERING

I have no gift nor offering,
Nor sweet poetic praise to sing.

A simple love, a simple heart,
I offer the whole and not a part.

I cannot vow eternal bliss,
Nor flames of rapture in a kiss.

I can't say how your eyes are blue,
Nor that fore'er to you I'm true.

I'll not be blue when you're around,
Nor in your presence kiss the ground.

You're no goddess in the sky,
Merely mortal, just as I.

But I can say, I'll make this vow:
For just this moment I love you now.

—Leland Foster.

QUERY

If the roving eye offends us,
Cleanly can we pluck it out,
Stick some cotton in the socket,

Put the brook of blood to rout.
Should the meddling arm dishonor.
We may simply rip it free,
And before the wound is mended,
Pure and sinless shall we be.

But perchance the soul's in error,
Knowing neither poisoned brew,
Rope nor knife will quite avail us,
—What, Physician, shall we do?

—Anonymous.

THE GARDENER SPEAKS OF AUTUMN

I have a love for falling leaves,
That float upon the autumn's breath;
Then settle quietly to earth,
And keep their promises with death.

They are such sermons in the way,
A man might live if he should try:
To greenly live until death cries,
Take one last dance, then come and die.

So to the life's span of the leaves,
I lift my foaming, ale-filled cup!
I love their deathless majesty,
But hate like hell to rake them up.

—Anonymous.

I COMPLAIN IN PASSING

Mighty God,
'Tis dark, I cannot see.
You once said, "Let there be light"

And darkness was no more.

Great One,

Do this for me:

A pilgrim in the land of the free,

Take from the heart its might;

I implore.

Make freedom an open door!

God said, "'Tis up to thee.

Dost thou want to be free?

I made no man a slave."

Then who shall it be?

—LeRoy Howard Milton Haynes.

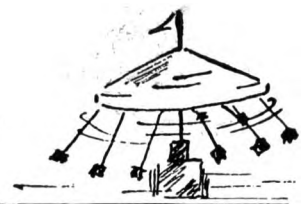
tigate the Negro's fight against the vicious "white Democratic Primary" in Texas); in the North, where the ugly head of discrimination often displays itself, he is likewise waging a silent but persistent battle to maintain those rights which are already his. Can any fair man censure him for doing this?

—C. Bernard Lindsay.

One tangible result of the controversy precipitated by the letters of W. B. O. and myself was the reaction of abers of the committee investigated the restaurants of the committee of students. This committee was the Committee for the Preservation of Racial Equality. The mem-University districts to see whether any of them would deny service to Negroes. None did.



Campus Merry-Go-Round



By EDDIE ROUX

Another month has rolled around, which means it's time for the Merry-go-Round to begin to grind out its tale of woe for those who have strayed from the straight and narrow.

The only organization on the campus ruled with such a spirit of democracy as to be able to meet "in the shadows of Yates and Milton," the Ki-Yi Club to you, was the first to break down and call a "jam-session," and the members and fortunate bid-holders had a time of times. Guys and Gals swung to the melodious strains of Jimmy Wiggins. The top event of the evening was the "big apple" done with Bob Miller "calling corners." Events on the social calendar began to appear in rapid succession and the Barn Dance that the Social School attempted proved to be a complete "flop." Here's a tip to the good-timing gals over there: Call for Morehouse men when you want a *real* good time.

While talking about parties, here's the low, low-down on something that's really news. Spelman had a party Hallowe'en Nite and, believe it or not, everybody had a good time. The trip through the heating plant tunnel proved to hold the top spot at this event . . . there were no lights!

Round about November 10th, the joint was really jumping. The KATS stepped out and took a crab or two with them. Inaugurating the Rush Week Dance, Kappa went *over the top* with the best party of the year. Here's the low: Thaddeus "16-year-old" Owens showed how popular he was by appearing with a dame on each arm . . . that wasn't enough; so he went and came again with two more . . . how he got them home is what worries us. LaValle "Hots-from-Chi" Smith took only one, Little Trudie, y'know, and Morehouse College's baby boy. Spelman College's pride and joy, Speed brought her home . . . along with "Nut" Ponder who brought Gerry Allen after he had seen Marporie safely home. . . Bob Miller let his love come trinklin' down while LaValle was dancing with Miriam Phillips and—well, boy, oh boy . . . King Peterson brought Ruby Johnson, "Texas" Mick set up a monopoly on her; forgetting that Pierro was his friend and thinking that he was dancing with Mexico. . . George Carr played smart and brought such a fine (?) looking gal that didn't anybody want to dance with but him. . . This month's nomination for President of the "Snake in the Grass" Club is Edwin Driskell, who's doing a sweet job of aiding "Eat-'em-up" Robinson take care of "Foots" Mildred Sneed. . . Wm. "Social-misfit" Anderson got the cold, cold shoulder from the charming Elizabeth Battle who snuggled into the arms of ????? . . . Miss Terry seems to have finally dwindled her many suitors down to a measly three. Deadmon, Wm. Nix and . . . Arthur Smith may reign supreme in the Library, but Ed. Edmunds proved to be the stronger in the case involving Jane Porter. . . Robt. "Baby-boy" Andrews holds the top spot in the hen-pecked society, 'cause he refuses to be hooked by E. Muckleroy and marks time for "Dot" Aberhold. . .

Chas. Saxon seems to have put "Bull-Dog" Ellis out of the picture and pledged *eternal* love and devotion to

Marie Freeman. . . Moss Kendrix is about to go daffy over the flighty little Evelyn Jenkins, while "Woo" Foster takes it slow and easy and writes poems to her. . . Bernice "Basin Street" Oubre seems to go hard for Chattanooga, so she has latched on to W. N. Jackson. . . Jimmy Mix is shooting both barrels at E. Muckleroy, while the Memphis Mamas are still twiddling their thumbs. . . Kibbe loaded his guns and shot both barrels at E. Battle, but has evidently missed *again* . . . When you see R. McIver, call him "white eye" and tell him I said to do it. . . Strickland can't jar himself loose from the pretty little gal from Texas, so they continue to "truck on down". . . Florida meets Texas again with favorable reaction when "Bunky" Matthews goes calling on Ruth Hodge. . . Mabel Garner, if you'll send us a written application, we'll see if we can't get you latched on to somebody. . . "Ike" Meadows jumped the gun on the Lonely Hearters and caught Miss Gregg and another Spelmanite in the dash toward the tape. . . Norvel Clark jumped out on Helen Ross and raked "Bubber" Mitchell over the coals by taking Evon Wright into port. . .

Sugar daddies are few and far between, but "Baby" Speed atkes the cake, and sends Mattie Fowler one of Nunnally's biggest offerings. . . E. Swain ain't no "sugar papa" but he goes hard for Lucile Green and Shirley—wonder if he knows they are the best of friends?. . . Now the Chicago boys are at it again, and Cobb goes hard for Lorainne McAfee, while "Chicago Red" Liggett maintains his sharpness and "apple-jacks" around until the wee hours of the nite. . . Drew Days and McIver felt the call of poverty at Morehouse and gave out about fifty "comps" which the fellows accepted *reluctantly*, 'cause Tiny Bradshaw was the *best* they could offer. . . King Peterson rates this column by writing a card from every port in which the team docks to Lorainne Austin. . . "Spunky" Howell gets a phone call each nite, waxes indignant over the same, but finds himself breezing to the address in question at every possible convenience and it's not J. Walden. . . "Pig-the-Barber" Jones refuses to be hooked by the Atlanta "glamor gals" and saves himself for a certain Californian. . . Killis Bonner deserts the Lonely Hearters and takes up where Bill Beachem left off with Mary Kelly. . . The only Delta soror at Spelman doesn't seem to be such a fog; we don't see any mess of men hanging around. . . Poor J. R. Davis, don't you know that "begging back" won't do you any good. Christine says that when she stops it's all over. . . Hey! Will somebody tell us what ever started Spelman women to thinking those Aunt Jemina turbans were hot stuff?. . . They remind us of walking advertisements of pan-cake flower. . . Nothing very funny happended on Maroon and White Day except that a young lady who goes around with an Alpha fellow and a Kappa fellow turned out to be a Sigma Queen, and a young lady who has pledged love and devotion to an Alpha pledgee turned out to be an Omega, while a lady who plans a trip on the sea of matrimony with an Alpha fellow turned out to be a Kappa Queen . . . at least we can say the frats are cosmopolitan, huh? . . .

—Your Merry-Go-Rounder.

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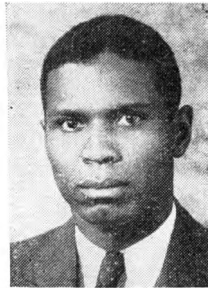
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