

MARION GLEA

PEACE ON EARTH - GOOD WILL TO MEN

XMAS CAROLS

DECEMBER '38

III EAVET



MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

Atlanta, Georgia

COLLEGE, SCHOOL OF RELIGION

An institution famous within recent years for its emphasis on all sides of manly development—the only institution in the far South devoted solely to the education of Negro young men.

For Information Address

C. D. HUBERT, Acting President

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

Atlanta, Georgia

GRADUATE COURSES

Leading to the Degree of Master of Arts

For information, Address the President:

DR. RUFUS E. CLEMENT

THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

Vol. XIII

December, 1938

Number 3

C O N T E N T S

THE STAFF.....	Page 2
Christmas Greetings.....	Page 3
The True Spirit of Christmas.....	Page 3
EDITORIALS	
Apologies Please.....	
Changes in the Staff.....	
The People Want Gossip.....	
The Y. M. C. A.	
FEATURE VIEWS	
True Story.....	Page 5
French Composition and French Thinking.....	Page 6
A Christmas Story.....	Page 7
The Freshman from Licksillet Writes Again.....	Page 7
Famous Letters.....	Page 8
Don't Try Guessing.....	Page 9
CAMPUS SCENES	
Meet the Captains for 1939.....	Page 10
Morehouse Engaged In International Debate.....	Page 11
University Players Open Season with "Dulcy".....	Page 11
Dr. Cook Considers France No Utopia.....	Page 11
Luther King Performs at Spelman.....	Page 11
STUDENT THOUGHT	
Sampson's Pillars.....	Page 12
Oh My People . . . When Will You Learn?.....	Page 13
In the Name of Fair Play and Justice.....	Page 14
A Dream.....	Page 14
Fair and Chestnut Streets . . . A Danger Spot.....	Page 15
Business Manager of the Maroon Tiger Resigns.....	Page 15
To My Love.....	Page 15
Reddick Remarks.....	Page 16
Final Words of Captain Matthews.....	Page 16
I, Too, Am an American.....	Page 17
Did You Ever See.....	Page 17
One o'Clock Jump.....	Page 17
"Spec" Intro Speaks.....	Page 18
In the Dog House.....	Page 18
Will Music Last?.....	Page 18
WITH THE POETS	
Sophomore Advises His Freshman Pal	
If You Were	
Black Futility	
Day Dreams	
Gems from the Jungles	
SPORTING AROUND WITH THE MAROON TIGERS	
Nine Gridmen Complete Services at Morehouse.....	Page 20
Alvin Swartz	Page 21
FUN	
Uncle Joe's Diary.....	Page 22
ADVERTISEMENTS	

Cover Design by C. LAMAR WEAVER

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE STAFF

THE MAROON TIGER

Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.

Nemo Solus Satis Sapit

EDITORIAL STAFF

MOSS HYLES KENDRIX
Editor-in-Chief

D. George Sampson
Managing Editor

James Hubert
Beulow Warmlesley
Walter McMath
Wiley Martin
News Editors

Francis Thompson
Leon Harris
Freshman Editors

Samuel Pierce
Music

Marion Jackson
Technician

E. Mayo Partee
Associate Editor

Charles Houston
Phale Hale
Religion

Edward Lawson
John Thompson
Feature Contributors

Samuel Thorpe
Fred Funderburg
Exchange

Benjamin Bullock
Photographer

Lee Jett
Staff Secretary

C. Bernard Lindsay
Faculty Contributor

K. D. Reddick
Associate Editor

William Nix
Cassius Ward
Athletics

Leon Perkins
Leon Clark
Literature and Art

T. R. Montgomery
C. Brownlee
Wit and Humor

C. Lamar Weaver
Staff Artist

Paul Peterson
Secretary to the Editor

G. Lewis Chandler
Faculty Adviser

MANAGERIAL STAFF

Ulysses C. Glover
Acting Bus. Mgr.

George Strickland
Ass't. Bus. Manager

Edward Jones
Fred Waites

Wm. C. Kilpatrick
Solicitors

Cuthbert Patrick
Advertising Manager

Quentin Williams
Ass't. Adv. Manager

John Morse
Advertising

The *Maroon Tiger* is printed by the students of Morehouse College eight times yearly, in October, November, December, January, February, March, April, and June. Subscription rates \$0.15 per copy, \$1.00 yearly, \$1.10 by mail. Advertising rates furnished on request. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief. All manuscripts submitted should be typewritten duplicate copies, as all submitted material becomes the property of the Tiger and may appear in subsequent issues.

OUR POLICY

The *Maroon Tiger* exists as a medium of expression for the students of Morehouse College. It is non-partisan in policy and the views and opinions of all proponents are invited to its columns.

THE
MAROON TIGER

is a Member of

DELTA PHI DELTA

National Inter-collegiate Honorary Journalistic Society

Merry Christmas



Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

The Maroon Tiger

*O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.*

*For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to man on earth.*

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Two thousand years ago there was born of humble birth a babe called Christ, by those who had long awaited his coming. Surrounding that birth, there has grown a traditional heritage which holds a noble and sacred place in the heart of man. Through the ages, this heritage has grown deeper and deeper in the hearts of man, but likewise, it has undergone such vast changes in its nature that the sacredness of its origin can scarcely be identified with the occasion. The celebration of Christmas has come to be a time upon which we give, but merely to receive, and a time upon which we become merry, but "winely" so.

Christmas should be a time to give, not to receive, but to make others happy. It should be a time of merriment and joy illustrated by sober and simple living. As you go your many ways at Christmas time, we urge that you be ever cognizant of the true spirit of that occasion.



APOLOGIES, PLEASE

It appears that "Spec Intro" has spoken loud and wrong in at least one instance. The statement made by the masked columnist last month concerning the loyalty of a number of Morehouse men to our team has been challenged. Information which has come to us proves that the name of "Pig" Jones might have well been excluded from the "black list." Lewis Jones is an ardent follower of the team. We are also told that his shop is always opened to the members of the team and his services at their disposal. To Lewis Jones, and any other of the listed persons who consider themselves as having been victims of foul play, the *Maroon Tiger* extends its sincere apologies.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF

A slight observation of the flag of your publication will inform you of the changes that have been effected in the personnel of the staff, since the last issue. At the out-set of our administration, we attempted to impress upon the members of the staff the fact that the success of the organ would depend upon their response to the tasks assigned them in connection with the various departments. A number of the staff members have failed to function in accordance with the standards of the *Tiger*; consequently, resignations have been requested and received by us.

Among the resignations received was that of the Business Manager. In his letter of resignation, which appears in this issue, Mr. Partee states that he has been unable to devote the necessary time for the good of the business affairs of the *Tiger*, and that he resigns from the "position as Business Manager of the *Maroon Tiger* in favor of someone who can and will give the necessary time and ability to the managing of the *Tiger*."

Because of Mr. Partee's inactiveness, Ulysses C. Glover was appointed Acting Manager, the position he has filled since the advent of the first edition.

Other changes have been made. We hope these men will realize that it is impossible to publish a book with names alone. Most of these persons have held position for at least two editions without performing their duties with satisfaction.

THE PEOPLE WANT GOSSIP

The presence of "Uncle Joe's Diary" tends to prove that the age-old truism, the "people like to see their names in print," is somewhat valid. In the first edition, we attempted to depart from the conventional traits of collegiate journalism which are demonstrated by the presence of Gossip Columns and attempted to develop a magazine which would afford interest for those persons whose names might not be mentioned. The *Maroon Tiger* is not a comic journal, and your editors have been faced with the task of arriving at a happy medium between the comic and the more literary. We would appreciate more

THE Y. M. C. A.

A number of articles submitted to the *Tiger* indicate that apparently there is some discontent on the campus in regards to the running of the Y. M. C. A. The bone of contention seems to be centered about two questions: (1) "Where does the Y. M. C. A. hold its business meetings?" and (2) "Why is it that we don't know we are sending delegates off campus until they return to give their reports?"

We consider it fitting that we should express our opinion upon the matter, since it is one that should be of great concern to the students of this institution. Trends seem to prove that we are, by degrees, straying from the principles of democracy in our practice of student government—such is unfortunate and must be checked. But, before we discuss, either pro or con, the role of the Y. M. C. A., we should know certain established facts concerning it. At the head of the Y. M. C. A., there is a President, a cabinet of eight men and one representative to the S. A. C. The President, Secretary, Treasurer and the S. A. C. representative are elected at the end of the term by the functioning members of the organization. The remaining members of the Cabinet are appointed by the President of the Y. M. C. A. All students of the college are members of the Y. M. C. A., by the grace of their Students Activities fees.

It appears that in the past the business meetings of the "Y" have been held in a more or less semi-private fashion. It further appears that the "Y" delegates to off-campus conventions have been chosen from a small circle of men—"those men who have worked." In an interview with the present President of the "Y," we were informed that all business meetings held thus far this year have been announced—that they will continue to be announced—and that delegates to be sent elsewhere will be elected from the floor of the student assembly. Is this true?

In our interview with the "Y" President, we were informed that "an effort was made to place a man from each fraternity on the Cabinet." If the articles received concerning the "Y" reflect disapproval of such a nature, their source of stimulation was a most invalid one. It should be realized that although the fraternities as such form important political factions on the campus, they are not a part of the student government. They have no more right to demand representation in the function of student government, as such, than do the political parties of the nation have the right to demand direct representation in the Congress of the United States. All representation of the fraternities should be indirect—that is, by the way of the classes and the activities which participate in the Student Activities Fund.

We expect a change in attitude both within and without our Y. M. C. A.

short stories, essays and poetry. We are, likewise, striving to present an honest expression of our ability to portray in writing the campus as we see it today—a sincere product of our ingenuity and wit.

Feature Views

A TRUE STORY

By R. McIVER

Remember now with me this tale of Salina; Salina who dark in the doorway sat and waited her husband's coming; Salina, big with child, and full of dreams. Into the town had he ridden, her husband; into the town had he gone on his stallion to fetch his wife a dress: a larger one to accommodate both her and the soon-to-perish heir. Remember this with me. I ask no more of you.

The evening was come; the twilight was making its brief visit, and the night voices of bush and field were heard in the land. Steadily they sounded: loudly but harmoniously cried they over the still earth; while Salina sat upon her porch and waited. This is the South, sang they, the warm and gentle South: let no evil thing be done in this bright country—no dark and ugly thing. And the heart of the black girl caught up the wood creatures' song and voiced it quietly and sincerely. Older than evil was this melody sung without words—cried without meaning: older than the deeds men practice on their brothers. And sweeter was this tune.

Salina's legs black and long and bare, had not cooled from the sun's heat when her husband came. She felt this gentle warmth come up from feet and shanks and thighs, and flood the entire body. The goodness of the earth was upon her. Then he came—not on his stallion that no one could buy for song nor grain nor promises of heaven—but he came.

Mr. Carmichael brought him home with his car, his new Chevrolet sedan with the four doors and the greyhound forever vaulting an invisible object on the radiator's nicker cap. He brought Otis home *with* it, but, of course, not *in* it. Not thrice around the topless towers of Illium dragged he, but across the dry, yellow, curving Turner road, until he came to the small house in which there lived Otis and Salina and the child unborn to the girl now standing straight and strange and confounded, looking, wordlessly, upon the prone and wordless Otis. Forgotten the warm sun, the stirring child within the house of flesh—remembered now the silent Otis, chained to the rear axle of Mr. Carmichael's new, but slightly muddy, Chevrolet. Otis the bloody, he the torn, remember now with me. Hector lashed to a Chevrolet.

It is a breach of etiquette to slay a black boy in the South, and not invite your friends unto the killing. And Mr. Carmichael had too much at stake, socially, to engender a faux pas. So his friends were with him on this day, a caravan of loud and holiday friends. Came they in cars, inside and outside of various automobiles, exulting and celebrating, breathing the still air and shaping it into screams and beautiful cries.

"Here's your husband, ma'm," bowed Mr. Carmichael, with a fascinating smile. The multitude laughed in unison—a mirthless and trembling laughter. "He mustn't forget that he is—as we say—a nigger. You ought to speak sharply to him. I might say, reprimandingly." And Mr. Carmichael smiled at this as he wondered swiftly in his

mind how would Otis now forget or remember that he was—as we say—a nigger. Remember.

Salina, tall and dark and terrible in her confusion, screamed above the laughter and cries of her white neighbors. This was a wail, pitiful and brief, for her twisted, bleeding-even-in-death husband. Then she told Mr. Carmichael he was the son of a dirty bitch, and that she would make him pay a price for his folly. And because she didn't say how she could make him pay, the gentleman roared in glee. Before he could jerk his head down from his backward laughter, Salina was at his face and throat, slashing them with long-enough finger nails. "Well, I'll be damned," said Mr. Carmichael in astonishment. "You have done that for which you shall be sorry!"

And it came to pass that they hung the dark woman upon a chinaberry tree which stood near the doorway. Not by the neck was she strung up, but by the ankles. Remember this strange sight: Salina hanging head-down with the blue dress falling over her torso and her face because of the black, imitation leather belt which girdled her loins.

As the noisy men came forward to see the sight, they struck the swinging, writhing body and mingled their voices with that of the screaming woman. All did not come to strike. A few looked from the roofs of cars; some felt the turning body in terror and in pleasure. Some only cursed it softly under breaths.

One man alone was not content with what his fellows did. His mind searched carefully for a thing of beauty, an unorthodox action. His mind found the perfect deed, and, together with other forces, wrought there the thing. His fingers unloosed the black felt, and the dress fell further toward the center of Mr. Newton's gravity. The crowd roared as his left hand caressed the house of flesh, the pregnant belly; the crowd hushed as his right hand rose and fell expertly, opening as it fell an unnatural womb, which was not so wide as a door, not deep as a well—but a womb which served to birth a seven-pound child to the dark woman called Salina.

There was no more laughter. What else could be done? The perfect action had been performed. As the doer of the deed stepped back to view the work which he had done, the mob stepped back and mutely showed its admiration. Then wordlessly they went unto their several homes.

The final show of light revealed the Johnson family gathered together before their doorway. Otis lay curled where he had been left; Salina hung not unlike a carefully butchered hog, dripping out slow drops of cooling blood; and the child without a name lay where it fell beneath its unseen mother in a thick, dark miniature lake of gore. If you look carefully and thoughtfully you will see that it stirs. Stirs too in the black forest, not afar off, a feathered band of night—imprisoned buzzards.

Feature Views

FRENCH COMPOSITION AND FRENCH THINKING

By EDWARD A. JONES

If I were asked what impressed me most in the French educational program during my brief exposure to it several years ago, I should say the perponderant role played by French composition, which seems intimately interwoven with other subjects, which, in turn, seem to culminate in it or, at least, to find expression in it. Indeed, "la composition française" may be said to be the main-spring of the French educational system, beginning in the primary schools and continuing through the University. I was not long in discovering the superiority of French students over foreign students, especially English and American students, in the art of "composing": the art of organizing logically and systematically their thought and expressing it with clarity and effectiveness, never daring to wander beyond the confines of the subject, saying all that needs to be said but nothing more. Students with excellent materials expressed in impeccable French often find their literary compositions or their historical, scientific or philological commentaries marked with low grades because of failure to adhere to the exigencies of this intellectual formality. Either they have not known how to evaluate and organize their knowledge so as to put first things in first place and follow a logical development of their ideas or they have allowed themselves to wander away from their thesis by including ideas that do not contribute to the logical development of the subject.

At first this new rigidity and severity of academic dogmatism strikes the American student as useless formality and proves a nightmare to be reckoned with. He soon discovers, however, that this practice not only provides mental discipline and promotes clarity of thought but also enables him to say a great deal more in much less space—and to say it more convincingly, resulting, therefore, in intellectual economy.

A careful analysis of a few pages of almost any masterpiece of French literature will reveal the fact that French men of letters, whether their writings are scientific, philosophical or purely literary, follow scrupulously this pattern of "composing."

This type of intellectual training, coupled with the Frenchman's love of abstractions and his individualism, has made of him one of the boldest and most emancipated of thinking beings. He likes to solve his problems by dint of his own reasoning. The father of this type of intellect, as far as French letters are concerned, is Descartes, who, in his *Discours sur la Methode* (1637), rejected all authority in metaphysics and philosophy and used his own reason as a measuring stick of truth, accepting nothing as true which he could not prove to be so. Descartes, in his *Discours* on the method of conducting his reasoning and seeking the truth in knowledge, defines and establishes the four steps which will serve as bases for French thinking thereafter and whose far-reaching consequences by no means limit themselves to

the mere metaphysical. These principles, you will remember, are: (1) Never to accept anything as true which he did not know to be evidently so, thus rejecting "authority" and substituting for it the method of free examination—the method to which we owe our scientific progress; (2) to divide each of the difficulties to be examined into as many parts as are necessary for better solving them: the method of analysis; (3) to conduct his thoughts by beginning with the simplest and easiest and mounting gradually to the most complicated: the method of synthesis; and (4) a recapitulation which will assure that nothing essential has been omitted in the development. These steps provide the framework for the procedure of reasoning for the centuries that followed. French literature of the remainder of the seventeenth century is dominated by the idea of "reason", the *sine qua non* of literary excellence and the supreme arbiter of literary good taste.

In the eighteenth century "la raison" ceases to be a measuring stick of literary masterpieces alone and becomes that of French society and conditions affecting its betterment. Descartes' "system" applied to the thinking of the "grands philosophes", Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, etc., whose interests are more practical (social, political, and economical) than literary, contributes to the eventual discrediting and downfall of the Old Regime and the establishing of a new democratic society.

This type of thinking, therefore, so alert and so agile in the treatment of abstract ideas, is not at all unproductive of material and practical benefits. It is more than a form of mental gymnastics. The greatest exponents of it have become for their posterity great benefactors of mankind in both scientific and social progress.

The Frenchman regards his freedom of thought as one of his most prized heritages. Whenever this freedom has been threatened, whenever his quest for truth has been impeded by circumstances, he has always come to its rescue. When, in the sixteenth century, French humanists found their efforts to study and evaluate Greek and Roman antiquity checkmated by the narrow ecclesiastical traditionalism of the medieval Sorbonne, one of them, Guillaume Bude, persuaded King Francis the First to found the College de France (1530) for the furtherance of their research. This institution, unique in its class, still stands today as a monument to the French love of truth and the pursuit of knowledge free from all limitations. The College de France requires no academic degrees of its lecturers (professors) or of those who follow their lectures, which are free and open to the interested public. Yet its lecture rooms and laboratories are manned by some of the greatest minds in the world.

It is not easy to evaluate the transfer value of a course of study whose object is to train people to think clearly, logically, and boldly. The fruits of such training may,

Continued on Page 23



A CHRISTMAS STORY

By ANOTOL REEVES '39

Three bright-eyed children sat around the knee of a sweet-faced young woman in a large cozy room where the bright flames from the fireside cast a glow upon their faces. Their laughter and chatter ceased as the young woman began to speak.

"As I promised you last week I am going to tell you a story of the first Christmas": "Many, many years ago in a far off land named Palestine there was a prophecy that soon a King would be born who would be greater have spread to many countries, for not long after a caravan any other King that ever lived. This prophecy must have come from the East in search of this King.

"In the caravan were three Kings who rode on tall camels with rich trappings. They themselves wore embroidered turbans, long richly woven robes. One King carried a golden crown in his saddle bag, another had precious jewels, while a third had much gold. Behind these Kings rode their servants who spread the tale to the people whom they encountered that their masters were in search of a great King.

"The caravan travelled by night because the Three Kings were guided in their march by a great star which shone more brightly than any other in the heavens. Night after night the great star seemed to move before them and beckon them on. Finally they came to Palestine. They continued on their way until they arrived in Bethlehem of Judea which was a part of Palestine.

"The brilliant star stood still above a poor looking building. The great men entered and found themselves in a stable. Cows and donkeys were eating hay contentedly. With dignity the Three Kings marched to the farther end of the stable. One carried the golden crown, another his bag full of gold, and a third his jewelled box full of precious stones.

"They came before a stall where a baby lay in a manger. The moon, which came in through a chink in the rough wall, revealed the pale purity of the face of the young woman who sat beside the manger. She wore a blue dress of neon material, and his father beaming on a staff was sturdily built like a workman.

"Before this little group the leaders of the caravan knelt and pronounced these words:

"We have come to offer our gifts to the King who was born tonight."

"Besides being Kings these men were wise because they knew that some day this little baby would be a greater King than they could ever hope to be. Therefore they had come from afar because they had heard the matter rehearsed in a vision. As the Wise Men finished laying down their treasures, the stable filled with light and two angels clad in dazzling white stationed themselves one at the head and the other at the feet of the sleeping baby. Their presence seemed a silent confirmation that this humble child was worthy of the highest honor. The Wise Men had accomplished their mission. They departed for their own countries once more."

THE FRESHMAN FROM LICKSKILLET
WRITES AGAIN

Dear Pop:

There's nothing on earth quite so miserable as a freshman. Why, just yesterday I was talking to a very charming young lady, when, out of a clear blue sky, she asked my classification. Now, she no longer speaks to me—no longer acknowledges my existence. I repeat, Pop, there's nothing on earth quite so miserable as a freshman.

I, like most of my first-year colleagues, have made some embarrassing mistakes, during my first few months in college. You'll have a better understanding of what I mean after you've heard from the Dean. It's just a hard pill to swallow—I mean the way people are down on you, all because of the stigma, "freshman." My first few days here I was made so very welcome. Everyone tried to make me feel at home. Since that time, they've made me wish I were at home. (The Dean says that I will be, if I don't show something in the way of improvement.)

Of course, I suppose it's nobody's fault that I'm downhearted; it's just the mood that I am in. Only two months ago, I was feeling like a budding young college professor. Today, I went down to the Registrar's office to view my mid-semester grades. On the way out, I felt as if I could save myself the trouble of opening the door by walking right under it. But don't worry, Pop. I've adopted the theme song of the rest of the boys, "I'll Get Along Somehow."

Though I am low in spirit, my spirit compares with my financial condition as a mountain to a mole hill. If the state charged five cents a month for the air I breathe, I suppose they would simply have to construct a thermos bottle large enough to hold me. At our last football game, my girl friend wanted a souvenir football. When I found out that they cost fifteen cents each, do you know what I did? I told her she should be ashamed to be so childish as to want a toy like that. Why she stopped speaking to me, I don't know. I guess I'll never understand women.

Back to the main point, however, Pop; confidentially I need some money. I know you're "broke," as usual, but if I were a big man in a small town, and had a son, away in college, I'd want him to look "representative." That's another way of saying I need a new "front" (That's what my roommate calls a suit.). And I don't want another like the one I am wearing. It started "tightening" the first time it rained; and it hasn't stopped yet. Furthermore, style is a factor in the way a college man dresses. I want a genuine drape—the kind "Pig" Jones wears.

The next problem is this: I want to join a fraternity. You don't know what a fraternity is? Well, a "frat" is a social club with political power on the campus. Don't ask why I want to join. I've asked two hundred other fellows, and I've reached the conclusion that it's an exception to the theory which states: "To every question, there is an answer."

Continued on Page 23



A LETTER TO MY "FIRE-SIDE" HONEY

Dear Sally Belle,

There's something unusual about you—at least the boys think so. They can't understand why you are content to spend your spare time with one so dull as I. I too sometimes wonder. But, personally, you don't think I'm so bad, do you? I must admit that I'm not a mighty Romeo like my "O' G" and that I don't stop in Yates and Milton's every Sunday before I come to see you—speaking of Yates, that's the little white building on the corner where the Lonely Hearts Club meets and the Collegiate Cowboys hang-out. I recently resigned from the Lonely Hearts and I never was much at punching sodas. Broke? Of course not, I'm just badly twisted and bent. Now that shouldn't alter the fact that I'm the Hitler of your heart. Well, I've said it, and here's hoping you don't give me the "Jew-a-round." I would take you to more dances, but, honestly, I think they are somewhat sticky; then, too, my teachers always prefer to call on me "the morning after," and when they do, "the night before" seems "to hang-over" my response, and most of the time the invitations are signed "checking" and I just revolt against being checked upon—especially when dancing. Then, too, I'm not a bookworm—I mean a jitterbug—and you have a "fire-side" nature. With you love is cheap—mercy, I mean, "ain't love grand."

Two timingly yours,
M. KEATS.

A SENIOR FINDS A FRESHMAN'S LOVE LETTER

My dear Lurlene:

Tonight, I am ecstatic, enraptured, entranced with thoughts of you. My effervescent soul bubbles even more hilariously than on any of those moonlit nights when we danced to such exotic music. Gee, wasn't our love divine then? Wasn't love as it should be?

I remember you, my white hibiscus, radiant with love's illumination, inebriated with having freely imbibed at love's fountain.

I was impassioned. Your nearness called back memories of Romeo and Juliet, and other great lovers. I knew you then to be my soulmate, my alter of worship and adoration. I believed you were ethereal, a heavenly mass of exquisite perfection. Your kisses sublimely innocent caused me to submerge my affection in you alone.

I learned you were not allowing yourself to be lonely but entertaining my pal "Dub." You were always too fragile to be allowed to go your way alone.

I loved you for this. They tell me "Dub" has placed a deeper abundance of affection in your care since I have been at college. So has Carrie reached the peak of her affection in me. Won't you give me my ring back?

Yours alone,
BILL.

THE TIGER WISHES TO U A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A LETTER TO THE LADY WITH A BEAUTIFUL SOUL

Dear Liz:

What I love more than seeing you is hearing from you. How I enjoyed your last letter! It came at a very opportune time—at a time when my physical self was in a state of agony. Unlike most fellows, I have always appreciated sympathy. And for my physical and mental defects, I not only like to be sympathized with but sympathized with by one who is in a position to know what it means to be down.

The fellows have been teasing me, think of it, teasing an unassuming, unselfish, innocent person like me, because all of my teeth were aching and because my back (I suppose because of too much night air) was in a painful state.

Gee, your letter made me feel good. When you advised me to have all of my teeth pulled out and that it would not hurt long, I believed you because I knew that you were sincere and that you really knew what you were talking about. My, but that youth restoring lotion that you suggested for my back muscles really did the stuff. You know things, don't you. Yes, I forgot to tell you that since I have seen you my face has become covered with bumps. I don't know whether it was from my blood or from this sudden change of the weather. I really hated to see those bumps come—cause I figured that you hadn't discovered what to do with bumps yet. But we'll work our common problems out together, won't we?

By the way, let me ask you now to accompany me to the dance that my fraternity is giving next week, and wear some of that same perfume you wore last time. So if the lights should go out again by mistake, I can find you as before without any trouble whatsoever.

I like that stuff, it matters not how dark it is, I always know when you are not very, very far away from me.

Darling, believe me, I do appreciate you so much. You will forgive me, won't you, for being so short with this letter? Remember that I think of you always.

From your suitor,
D. SHAKESPEARE.

P. S.—I have always treasured knowing your past, present, and future, but don't advise my mother of what she could do for my baby brother's constant crying, because I still want to believe that I know your past.

A KISS is a peculiar proposition. Of no value to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

Ohio State Sundial.

While giving a performance a magician spread a blanket over a newspaper and read the paper through the heavy cloth. Immediately all the coeds got up and left.



LITTLE VERNON WRITES SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus,

I learned today that that you had arrived from the North Pole. I immediately began to think just what I would have you bring me, knowing that my request will be granted, as I have been very good this year. I won't be selfish. I am going to ask you just to remember all my friends.

I think we had better begin with several individual subscriptions of the Pittsburgh Courier, Chicago Defender, and the Afro-American. I am anxious that all the library users who cut pictures and hometown news from the Library's copy will spare their scissors and pins. Then, too, they may learn that others care to read the papers and learn the good and bad about their townspeople; and as for the pictures, we laugh too, Santa.

I would like a book on Library courtesy—for those who annoy me continuously by asking to borrow the paper or magazine I am reading. For those who socialize, I suggest a completely furnished rendezvous . . . this would save the Librarian the trouble of determining just what is proper for the Library.

Then bring the band boys more trips during the 1939 football season. I don't think they were very happy with just the Columbus trip. I know you would like to give them a separate budget in the Student Activity Fund, but I leave that to you.

For Radio addicts I suggest a correspondence course in Radio Appreciation and a medium by which they might determine when radios are annoying.

Please bring the Delta Phi Delta a ledger, and for its keeper a course under Mr. Blayton.

Remember Coach Forbes with a "dream team" that will make Morehouse a Peach Bowl contestant in 1939 and a team that will make defeat unknown on the Red Hill.

I think it would be fitting to give the students of Terpsichore more opportunity to express the terpsichorean art. The great fathers' ruling that Morehouse is not the place is just, but teach them to look around about us and maybe there will be a place for this.

For the talented, bring from your bag a musical comedy for the spring stage offering. We'll give ourselves original songs, and dances.

To those who desire to attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings, bring the powers of occultism, so they can decide where meetings are held and a key to the door so that they may get in.

I would like for the critics who storm any idea without reasoning an introduction to the kinds of criticism—constructive and destructive—and a reminder that, at least, most writers have ideas.

Please don't forget overcoats for all the boys . . . it will be cold this winter.

And presents for all the Jane Does, as money is as scarce as the proverbial henteeth.

FROM GIRL TO BOY AFTER THEY HAD MET, KNOWN EACH OTHER A FEW HOURS, AND DEPARTED.

Dearest Johnnie,

Speaking of being elated, I'm sure you couldn't be so any more than I am. I'm sure the very few moments I spent in your presence are long to be remembered and really never to be forgotten. As for showing you a good time—the pleasure was all mine.

I'm sorry you didn't have such a nice time at the dance. If only you could be in Charlotte to take me to the Kappas' Dawn Dance (enclosed invitation), you just might have a better time.

Though I was surprised to receive your letter so soon, I was also disappointed not to receive a picture of you. I'm sure you won't disappoint me again by not sending me a picture in your next letter?

Really, I don't mind being your sister; in fact, I'd love it—but don't you think I could play another role better?

By all means write soon and don't keep me waiting too long.

Lovingly,
MARTHA.

DON'T TRY GUESSING

By JOHN J. THOMPSON

1. When were potato chips first introduced?
2. Did Charles Darwin originate the term "Survival of the fittest"?
3. Is the word God in the Constitution of the United States?
4. Can the Panama Canal accommodate the largest ships afloat?
5. Has Armistice Day, November 11, been made a legal holiday?

ANSWERS

1. By a Negro chef about 1805.
2. No; he quoted it from Herbert Spencer, Chapter III.
3. No.
4. No; the S. S. Normandie and S. S. Queen Mary are too long for the lock chambers.
5. An Act of Congress, May 13, 1938, makes it a legal holiday.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
life is but an empty dream
Life is real! Life is Earnest!
and a darn good magazine.

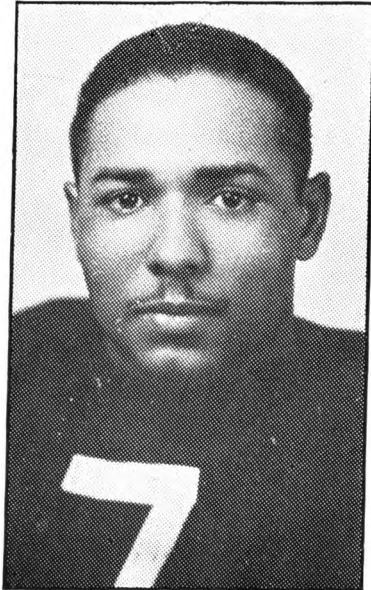
Exchange.

To Marshal Cabiness' Constitutional Committee bring a constitution that will be accepted, and take away the belief of many that his bulky committee won't work.

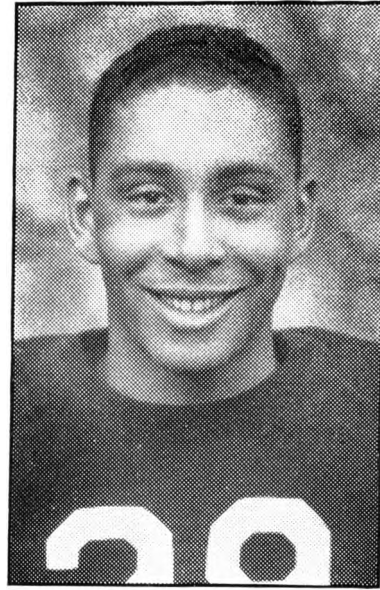
LITTLE VERNON.



MEET THE CAPTAINS FOR 1939



Allen



Blocker

CAPTAIN JOE ALLEN AND ALTERNATE-CAPTAIN SLOAN BLOCKER

Great sports, grand fellows. Yes, they're our Captains for 1939. Two capable men to lead our great team—and always to victory. Alternate Captain Sloan Blocker's football-less high school should be happy. It goes to show how men from Atlanta University Laboratory High would play if they were put to test.

They are happy down in Columbus, Georgia, today too; their boy, a football man from a football town, is to lead the Morehouse Maroon Tigers. Cooksey and the Warriors of Spenser High are now on ole Fifth Avenue retelling the exploits of Spenser High and Morehouse days when they fought along with Captain-elect Joe Allen and others of the country's foremost football stars. To tell of Joe Allen is to tell of Rocelleus Cooksey, for Ric Roberts says "when Allen has a cold Cooksey sneezes."

Joe Allen is by far, with the exception of "Bunky Matthews, the most picturesque and altogether engaging person to hold the captaincy in recent years. He will be even more than a captain—he will be a guiding spirit. He knows every bit of this football business from Mascot through waterboy to first rate player, qualifying even as a coach. Those who know him will tell you that he is droll, witty, wise and laconic. He lives as he plays, cleanly and sportsmanlike. His teammates believe they have gained more knowledge, warmth and companionship from Allen than from any other person they have known. These traits were constantly evident during the two years he served as varsity quarterback for the Maroon Tigers. This year he served as alternate Captain. While a student at Spenser High, Allen was a member of the varsity basketball team, but since entering Morehouse he has affiliated himself with the independent "Atlanta Collegians." As a member of the Spenser High School football team, he

showed his love of clean athletics and fought along with his teammates to make his team, the Negro National Champion Spenser High, one of the foremost high school teams in the nation. Joe tells me he is even a track man and modestly explains his winning the intramural 440 event last season.

As a member of the University Players he has yet to distinguish himself as a Robert Morely or Basil Rathborne, but even in this he had more than usual success. His participation in the Y. M. C. A. has been outstanding, contributing his support to every endeavor of the Young Men's Movement.

I asked him what has the 1939 season in store for the Maroon Tigers and he replied, "Jackson, you write about dream teams; I shall fight along with the greatest team we had to make it one." He even adds, "no one man plays the game . . . We all play, we all find joy in winning."

Sloan Blocker, alternate captain, came to the school on "the old red hill" in 1936. He became a stellar end on the Baby Tiger Team. Though deprived of the privilege of playing in his high school, because he attended a prep school that did not engage in competitive sports, he has played inspired football during his college career. He serves on the Student Adjustment Committee, is an honor student, Y. M. C. A. member, and a representative to the Student Activities Committee from the Junior Class.

Two great men to lead the greatest Maroon Tiger of all times. Fifteen rahs forCaptains Joe Allen and Sloan Blocker. Coach Forbes states, "It is significant to notice the progress and development that Blocker has made during the three years that he has attended Morehouse."

MARION JACKSON.



MOREHOUSE ENGAGED IN INTERNATIONAL DEBATE

On November 21, 1938, Morehouse College participated in its eighth annual international debate in Sale Hall Chapel. The visiting team was a combination of English and Irish students, representing the National Union of Students.

On the Morehouse team were two members of the Senior class, Daniel George Sampson, of Sumter, South Carolina, and Marshall Cabiness, of Gastonia, North Carolina, who upheld the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, That the British Empire is an Obstacle to World Peace." The Anglo-Irish team defended the negative.

The invading team was made up of William A. Beers, of the Irish National Union of Students, and William Thomas Williams, of the National Student Union of England and Wales. Beers, who was educated at Dublin University, holds the degrees of bachelor of arts and bachelor of laws. He is the Hon. Secretary of the Union Debating Society, a member of the Students' Union Council, and of the Congress Secretary Irish Students' Association. Williams, who was educated at Aberdare, the University of Wales, and the University of London, obtained his degree in Arts, Philosophy, and Hebrew in 1937. He is now pursuing a degree in theology at the University of Wales.

Both of the Morehouse men are experienced debaters, and both are prominent in extra-curricular activities. Cabiness, the president of the 1938 student body, is a member of the Y. M. C. A., the University Players, and Delta Phi Delta, national journalist society. Sampson, in addition to being editor-in-chief of the "M" Book, is also a member of the Y. M. C. A., and Delta Phi Delta.

The local team was selected by a debating committee headed by Nathaniel P. Tillman, who is also chairman of the Pentagonal Debating League and assistant supervisor of projects in charge of public forums for Negroes in Georgia.

UNIVERSITY PLAYERS OPENS SEASON WITH "DULCY"

"Dulcy," the first comedy of the famous playwrights, George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, was the opening production of the University Players for the 1938-39 school year on Friday and Saturday evening, November 18 and 19, in Howe Memorial Hall.

Under the capable direction of John M. Ross, the organization began its ninth season of plays which are given for the enjoyment of the University community as well as for the general public in Atlanta. At the same time the Players are continuing their process of developing amateurs in the technique of acting, stage management, and production.

Eleven students who are attending Atlanta University, Morehouse College, and Spelman College took part in "Dulcy." The title role was played by Edna Kyle, Spelman College senior, and supporting roles were played by Raphael McIver, E. Mayo Partee, James Carr, John M. Ross, James Nance, Emma Clement, Claretta Scott, Milus

DR. MERCER COOK CONSIDERS FRANCE NO UTOPIA

Before a large gathering of students and faculties in Sisters Chapel, at the first All-University Assembly of the year for Atlanta University, Morehouse College, and Spelman College, Dr. Will Mercer Cook, professor of French at Atlanta University, declared the prevailing idea that the Negro can solve his problems by taking up residence in France is a fallacy, and that any solution to the problem of the American Negro must be worked out at home.

Speaking on "The Race Question in France," Dr. Cook discussed the subject from three angles, citing conditions in France proper, where there are very few Negroes; in the French West Indies, where the French population is between 95 and 97 per cent Negro; and in the French African possessions, where despite the fact that France has a more liberal regime than the other empires, there is still much to be desired.

The speaker has spent considerable time in France and the French West Indies in study and research. He returned to America only a few weeks ago from France via Guadeloupe and Martinique, where he had been engaged in research on the Negro in French possessions on a grant provided by the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

While a favorable background for Negroes in France has been provided by many French writers, Dr. Cook said, there is some prejudice there and the influence of white Americans is keenly felt. He found more prejudice in the French West Indies than on the continent but declared it doesn't amount to much because Negroes in Guadeloupe and Martinique are in the majority and have practically all the political power. Nor has Hollywood helped the situation in France by portraying the Negro as either a clown or a coward, said the speaker, but the favorable impression created by Negroes like Marion Anderson and Paul Robeson is doing much to correct this idea.

Mentioning seven French Negroes who have achieved distinction in professional, literary, and political positions, which include the vice presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, an instructorship at the University of Paris, a judgeship, numerous teachers in the French secondary school system, as well as French novelists and journalists, Dr. Cook stressed the importance of France's colonial troops and noted that there was more prejudice against Jews than against the black man.

The speaker was introduced by President Rufus E. Clement of Atlanta University. In addition to having been awarded academic degrees by Amherst and Brown University, Dr. Cook holds a diploma from the University of Paris.

"The doctor advises that I go home."

"What doctor?"

"Dr. Huggins."

Graham, Samuel Thorpe and LeRoy Haynes. Four members of the present cast took part in the production of the play by the Atlanta University Theatre of 1938.



SAMPSON'S PILLARS

By D. GEORGE SAMPSON, JR.

MEN OF TOMORROW

I have never doubted the ranking position that Morehouse holds as a producer of well-rounded men. This idea, strangely enough, has been a part of me many years before I had been privileged to see its plant or to see very many of its outstanding leaders, but, stranger than that, is the fact that it has remained a part of me after seeing at close range the character, activities, and ideas of Morehouse men of today. I suppose that this obtains because I have never been much of a pessimist at heart, and I have always been willing to accept the advice of some of my aged friends who say that whenever the morning appears dull and shadowy, noontide and evening are usually of a beautiful hue.

Then our time to shine must be in the evening for a view of the student body the other Sunday morning at chapel left room for no doubt that our mornings are dull. To one sitting on the platform, it would appear to be the outhouse of a tobacco mill where the wearing of ties and coats was looked upon as being somewhat effeminate or beside the point. Then, too, the impression was given that you don't necessarily have to sit in an upright position, why not sprawl your arms to their length, or better still, go to sleep.

Morehouse men are practical men: the Administration says come to chapel and they come. Any one of them will let you know in a minute that he has done what the law expects of him: he has occupied his seat.

After viewing that Sunday morning correctly, one concludes that Morehouse men must be men of tomorrow, they must be the outstanding leaders of a future day. That is if that old proverb that I formerly gave is to hold true still. If a shadowy morning brings forth a beautiful evening, we are saved.

LET'S REVAMP OUR FRATERNITIES

Some ambitious figure could win for himself a deserved place in the annals of our contemporary history by challenging the unsubstantial pride of some of our highest stepping fraternity Greeks and by winning their support to a plan of "scrapping" fraternal organizations. However, as homage to the founders and energetic builders of fraternities, we might indicate our respect by recognizing the fact that their efforts, if no more, have shown, in material form, the futility and the uselessness of building a race on a divided foundation.

We all, at one time or another, have been led to believe that the existence of the several fraternities served some far reaching good, but there can be no excuse for our allowing ourselves to be disillusioned for too long a time. There was a time when I looked up in wonderment upon our whole network of fraternities, marveling over the rich and dynamic force that they were wielding over our national and local life. Looking from the outside in, you see their banners bolstering things essential to Americanism, and to a perfect community. You hear of the generous contributions they make to humanitarian organizations and you learn of their compact well-worked programs. There is no wonder fraternities stand in such high stead in the lives of our educational institutions. But you must not let their gesture of goodness blind you to their weightier force of evil and racial disintegration. The underlying tenets of the constitutions of our five fraternities can act as nothing save a demoralizing element to our progress! Each of these organizations must be based on the fallacious belief that their individuality offers interfraternal competition and thereby unearths the real treasures of the race. For when challenged as a racial menace they always fall back on this self styled asset. But one must believe now that their programs which divide the energy and force of our race into tottering factions are nothing more than a resultant of the old nordic teaching that to divide your rival is to destroy him.

There are those who would probably justify the existence of the several fraternities by affirming the right of any group to delimit the sphere of its social influence. To those of this idea there is need to recall that although fraternities were originally regarded as social organizations they have taken on the metamorphose of economic and political groups, and with such little success, that they have demonstrated the broken moral and spirit to be suffered because of their individuality.

It is difficult to see how anyone can countenance the existence of any organizations which allow their peculiar social creeds to foster factionalism, destroy group morale, and thereby retrench the total economic and political good to be obtained by a program of group solidarity. In seeking the reason for the existence at the present state of affairs we might as well accept the word of Carter G. Woodson: "If you teach a people a lesson for three centuries they may learn it."

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To the readers of this column, we wish to extend our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Isn't nature
wonderful!
Did you
Ever
See
A pair of
Lips
That wouldn't
Fit?



OH MY PEOPLE . . . WHEN WILL YOU LEARN

A short time ago in the land of the white primary and the Home of the W.P.A. most of the people celebrated that glorious (?) day of Thanksgiving. Even the few million on relief observed more or less this stupendous occasion. This ostentatious and deleterious display brought to my mind a few examples of academic infirmity for which we may or may not be thankful.

First there is our chapel services. Every reason that has been advanced in favor of compulsory chapel is irrelevant, immaterial, incompetent, and insignificant. The services themselves are about as interesting as the funeral notices in the *Mississippi Bi-Monthly*. They may be mildly described as apathetic, anemic and generally unappreciated.

Then there is a tendency to disregard certain prominent visitors, especially in the field of music. Noble Sissle, a notable exception, was presented by mistake. This *antebellum* reasoning has become a scourge both to logical reasoning and to plain common sense. If it is necessary to shake up the program committee, then let that be done.

If there must be chapel it should at least be made bearable. The only thing that keeps the average student awake is a toothache or a letter from home. I would suggest that black coffee and doughnuts be served, that is, if the speaker doesn't take the audience's appetite away. Something must be definitely done to alleviate this acute situation.

Now about the classrooms. . . .

Somebody once said that "Education is the incubation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent." These words of wisdom may be applied with excellent results in our own group.

In the first place, it is my contention that there are more scholars in our classrooms than teachers. There would naturally result in difficulty for the student to obtain anything practical. The material that is presented is too brief, too detailed, too vague, poorly presented or insignificant.

This observer has noted disastrous results on numerous occasions when an instructor's notes were too faded to read or where said notes were misplaced.

Another thing. The relations between teacher and student could be improved 183.7 per cent if it were not for certain factors which I do not choose to go into at this time. Cordiality is as scarce around here as tennis courts.

At this point I wish to take time out to ask what became of Negro History? It is disgusting to think that a Negro College of "A" rating considers Negro History so unimportant that not a trace of it can be found in the curriculum. Even the Okey Colored High School in Hogtrot, Ga., offers a two weeks course in the *History of Our People*. I wonder if some people know that there is such a thing as Negro History.

Why doesn't somebody take an axe or something and open the back door of the library? I could think of a lot of other things to do with an axe in that library.

It has been rumored that the bobwire was removed from the campus because an instructor got caught in it. If any-

HALL OF HUMAN RELATIONS

One of the buildings owned by Atlanta University is used as a hall of human relations by students of Morehouse College, Spelman College, Atlanta University, and—yes, even by students of the Atlanta School of Social Work (not "Social School"). By way of parentheses, even though the students of the Atlanta School of Social Work resent the term "Social School," some of us would naturally believe that the misnomer is more appropriate than the correct name, considering the gala dances and revues that are given at the A. S. S. W.

But, going back to the subjects, this Atlanta University building is a hall of human relations for students in the System. In the northeast section of the building on the first floor is a room with newspapers scattered over a few long tables at which couples of students discuss human relations—how much the one means to the other, what the one will do for the other, and that sort of thing. Just beyond the partition of magazine racks are pairs of comfortable leather chairs arranged so that the activities of their occupants are well concealed. Here more serious human relations are discussed—"Honey, I think you are the swellest girl in the world, but if you are going to run around with other guys, I might as well go to class instead of meeting you here every day." Also beyond the magazine-rack partitions are two couches in the center of the floor. These are for students who were late and have to await their turns to conceal themselves in the big leather chairs.

Across the hall is another room less conveniently outfitted for pairs of students more or less interested in each other. This room is for those couples who have disagreed on some important phase of their relations—they come here to sit and sulk.

But the most interesting activities are carried on down the hall to the left in the seminar room. Only two students are allowed in one of these little barely lighted rooms at one time. The most serious human relations are discussed here—"mmm-mmm-mm-m, whew! Darling, Sugar, Sweetheart, let's get married."

Visitors, looking at the beautiful furniture and the splendid appointments in this building, often say "the Atlanta University Library is really magnificent." It's not the *Library*, but the "Hall of Human Relations."

E. MAYO PARTEE.

one can verify this, kindly contact the writer.

The matter of dances is another bone of contention. Even swing concerts, which are definitely in vogue are not tolerated. The members of our own group are not allowed to display their excellent talent. Still another example of medieval thought.

These are only a few of the many examples of retrogression around us. It is my hope that one day the men of Morehouse will include in their program certain provisions that will remedy the evils that exist today. The sooner this is done the better it will be, although I don't that anything will be done in the present.

Oh, my people, when will you learn?

RICHARD WOODWARD.



IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY

"Student government on Morehouse's Campus is on the road to becoming a mere figure of speech."

This statement, embodying unbelievable truths, prompts the composition of this article. The speaker, a student of Morehouse, did not know that he had voiced the opinions of not, a few of the thinking portion of Morehouses' populace. Obviously the statement is a conclusion born of reasoning and observation of the undemocratic functionings of certain student organizations. Nothing is to be gained by insinuation, hence the following drift into actual fact.

The Y. M. C. A. is an organization supposedly made up of the entire student body and yet it can be safely said that four-fifths of the students know nothing of the activities of this pseudo-christian body of men. Furthermore, nothing or rather very little is known of the manner in which it elects its representatives to the various conferences in which the organization participates.

Some students have voiced a belief that secret meetings are held, during which time a "Pre-elected" representative is "elected." This belief does not seem to be altogether unfounded, for the election of the representatives to the Augusta Conference came as a surprise to a great many of us.

The hour at which these meetings are held has been kept secret, thus giving grounds for the utterance of the belief in privacy.

What is supposed to be a christian organization is, in reality, a body full of graft and seething with dissention.

The recent election of the feminine representative for "Maroon and White Day" is another example of the undemocratic activities which take place within our rolls. In order to elect a representative who would meet the approval of the greatest majority of the students, the minority group was forced to unite and fight fire with fire for the sake of fair play.

This latest episode which was intended to be a stroke in favor of the powered group was provocative of a general dissent which, even though it exists as a mere undercurrent of tone, cannot help rising to a thundering clamor and drown out the feeble voices of the promulgators of such undemocratic procedures. Very little is gained by following the rule of fire versus fire. Underhanded tactics can only be met with honest and upright dealings if future success is to be reached.

The various groups pose to be striving for unity and brotherhood, and yet they constitute an organization of several factions each armed against the other, calling upon the forces of greed, graft and secrecy in order to gain their ends.

It is time we students become cognizant of the fact that the reputation of the school depends, in no small measure, upon our actions. Our present activities belie our purpose of brotherhood and unity.

Remember, fair play is a permanent memorial to endeavor while deceit, greed and dishonesty defeat their own ends and die a miserable death.

H. B. WARD.

A DREAM

I dreamed a strange dream last night. E'er my head had touched the pillow, there came to me a vision unfathomable. I know not what meaning was to be conveyed by it, nor what dire event that it foretold. But I tell the tale as I saw it.

I saw a strange tableau, of three men—three scientists in long white robes. They were clustered about a globe. There was nothing similar about their facial characteristics, but I knew at once that they were in some intangible way related. The globe that held their interest was large and clear over whose surface, lights—vari-colored lights, flashed ceaselessly. The three men stirred and one began speak.

"My Father, thou hast made a wondrous world, and thou hast made man a still more wondrous creature to live upon it. Thy eye is upon him always, and thy knowest what he thinkest, and his influences reach other men, half across the earth. But, My Father, tell me, I pray, what manner of lights are these that shine upon Thy earth?"

"My Son, the lights that Thou seest, are flashes from the minds of men. They are governed by My SPIRIT, who influences their minds as best he can. But tell me, My SPIRIT, why some parts of My earth are dark, with only a flicker here and there?"

"My Lord, in those parts I cannot dwell, for there, is WAR! Where men hate men, there men hate Thee and I must light that spot and flee. My light is white, turning blue as men forget THEE, ending finally in black, when men entirely forget THEE. Thy earth is a sad place in this year My Lord."

Then suddenly they vanished, leaving me alone with the strange globe. I turned to flee but couldn't, and soon I was venturing nearer to that hypnotic sphere. Then I saw the lights of which the Spirit spoke. The white light of Christianity, covering the territories of the Democracies, the blue of communistic territories, and the blackness of the Dictatorships. There too were the blotches, void of light where war raged. And scattered everywhere, the red lights of the Unbelievers glimmered.

The white lights were by far the most numerous, but as I gazed fascinated, I saw flickering in among them, the dark blue, growing stronger and steadily creeping across the expanse of white. The black, was insidiously defiling the purity of that field of white.

Then, like the end of a movie serial, I woke, to find myself staring fixedly at the ceiling and wondering,—wondering if soon the whole world wouldn't be black and blue. Hm-mmm I wonder,—Do you?

BENJAMIN SCOTT.

Clerk: "So you want to get married. How old are you?"

Boy: "Sixteen."

Girl: "Fifteen."

Clerk: "Young lady did you get the consent of your father to marry?"

Boy: Who do you think that is standing behind me with that gun?—Kit Carson.



FAIR AND CHESTNUT STREETS—A DANGER SPOT

A few months ago Morehouse men were guilty of congregating on the corner of Fair and Chestnut Streets during certain hours of the day to see the skillful, swiftly maneuvering numbers pickup men speed across this intersection, often being chased by policemen. At that time that corner was the scene of excitement where thrilled fellows would congregate and wait for the moment of action. They would hail the speeding, law breaking racketeers as they passed as if they were heroes. But something has happened to rid us of the excitement of these numbers men. It is apparent that some men still have a hang-over from the days of the pick-up men and permit themselves to be thrilled by the reckless drivers who carelessly and thoughtlessly speed pass this corner endangering the lives of themselves and the spectators.

Too many college men seem to think that in order to be collegiate they must be wild, carefree, silly, and thoughtless. We, as college men, should be serious to the extent that we will not permit ourselves to get fun out of seeing people jeopardize their lives and our lives by spectacularly and thoughtlessly speeding across this intersection.

Let us think of some of the many things that could happen as one makes a speedy non-stop flight across this intersection. First, he might meet another such driver coming in a different direction, say, at a right angle. This has happened several times and many of us have seen cars smashed and people injured at this corner. Suppose in the midst of the excitement of a collision, in an effort to save himself, one of the drivers should lose control of his car and it plunges into the crowd of bystanders. What could happen? Well, don't attempt to answer. Before it happens, we should do something to prevent it.

I would suggest that we send a petition to the authorities in the University system recommending that they contact the City of Atlanta Traffic Authorities and also urge the tax paying citizens in this community to do likewise, in an effort to get safety signals or a traffic light put at this intersection to make it more sane and safe for the people.

There are some things that never come back:

The arrow that is flown—

The word that is spoken—

The life that is gone.

PHALE HALE.

LABOR PROBLEMS STUDENTS PARTICIPATE IN STAND-UP STRIKE

To an economics professor at Schenectady's Union College went a dose of his own medicine when students in his Labor Problems dressed up the CIO innovation and staged a "stand-up" strike.

Cause: Quiz assigned on morning before dance week-end.

Events: Students refused to take their seats until the professor agreed to arbitrate the matter.

Exceptions: Two scrabs.

Results: Compromise—quiz held as originally scheduled, but students dismissed immediately thereafter.

Aftermath: Professor pointed out several ways in

BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE MAROON TIGER RESIGNS

Mr. Moss H. Kendrix, Editor

The Maroon Tiger,
Morehouse College,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Moss:

Last year the students of Morehouse college elected me as the Business Manager of their own publication, the *Maroon Tiger*. I accepted, for I felt that I could handle the task that they had entrusted me with. But this year classes and work have kept me confined to the campus, and I have not been able to devote the necessary time for good management of the business affairs of the *Tiger*.

So that the "Voice of the Students of Morehouse College" may function as Morehouse students would have it function, I hereby resign from the position as Business Manager of the *Maroon Tiger* in favor of someone who can, and will, give the necessary time and ability to the managing of the *Tiger*.

Very truly yours,

E. MAYO PARTEE.

TO MY LOVE

Alone, I am in my chair,
The smoke from the dropped cigarette fades into the air
Soft music is playing,
The *Walls* are saying;
For you have gone . . . but where?

Your going although recent
Leaves a lingering memory
As the flowers have lost their fragrance;
As the birds have lost their song;
So have my days been turned to nights,
Yet the stars have gained new lustre;
For now beneath the stars I walk;
I am one of them.
From them I gain that which was lost.
They understand me and seem to answer my every thought
with a nod.
That in essence is lovely
A celestial being as a friend is man's uttermost desire.

'Tis rain that makes the stairway
That leads to you my love
So up I climb, reaching and striving
For a look, a sign, a smile—, a kiss,
Alas 'tis in vain. . . .
That which is lost forever can not be found
But the memory linger . . .

Still, I am in my chair:
But you're no longer there.
And what was at one time
A cigarette, is ashes—yet all mine.

Edward Howard Lawson.

which students could have improved their technique, possibly have won completely.

N. S. F. A. Report.

. . . Student Thought . . .

REDDICK REMARKS

Little as you may realize it, a social change in the South is in evolution. The nature of this change is toward a fraternity of the two principal racial groups in the South. This change is not essentially a trend toward the solution of the race problem but one which might consciously or unconsciously ultimately result in a proximity to that goal.

This change is evidently expressed in many ways. Tenant farmers have become cognizant of the fact that their problems are essentially mutual and of their dependence on each other for the solution of them. Organizations toward that end proposed by Southern men of the other group, who have realized that need, have been effected and have received admirable cooperation from both groups.

Southern young people of the two young people's Christian associations are apparently becoming conscious of the great force that their organizations have been! The essential contradiction of the basic principles upon which the organizations were founded. The true spirit of Christianity as expressed in the teachings of Christ is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. Disregard for the latter has been too long evident in members who make up the organizations who strange as it may seem, chose to call themselves Christians. Inter-racial meetings that are becoming more popular in the South may express that cognizance.

Southern student groups are becoming concerned with their future welfare—principally their economic welfare. They are realizing that the South is and has been for too long the "backyard of the nation," and that opposing factions in the South may be a reason for such attempt toward a Southern solidarity have thus been affected. Lack of education and economic opportunity for certain minority groups has had a tendency to the retardation of the South as a whole. The advancement of the South is dependent to no small extent upon the offering of adequate educational and economic, and yes, political opportunity (although these particular groups have not dealt with the latter) for all.

It has been found by experience that the interests of all people are essentially the same and that they may work together in harmony when they become so involved in their problem that they don't think about their racial and creedal differences.

All of these trends point toward a future hope for a better South. But we can't stop here. This evolution is still in the earliest part of its first stage. And our participation in activities toward that end might to no small degree determine how near we get there.

OUR SISTER SCHOOLS

Mental development is only one side of the question of education. Education comprises the direction of the mental and emotional growth of the individual. And as one

FINAL WORDS OF CAPTAIN "BUNKY" MATTHEWS

My dear Friends;

It is with an inexpressible pain that I come to the close of my football career.

As you know, I came to Morehouse from Bethune College and registered here in the junior class; during these two years here, I have completely lost myself in Morehouse, and I am proud of the fact that I have been able to wear its colors and render some service for such a wonderful school.

For those faithful heroes who will be giving their all for Morehouse, I am wishing, praying and hoping that success will ever be yours and you will always keep the flag high. Take this as a challenge!

"In Flanders field the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row that mark our places,
And in the sky the lark still bravely singing, fly scarce
heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw
sunset glow, loved and were loved.

But now we lie in Flanders field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.

To you from failing hands, we throw the torch,

Be it yours to hold it high.

If you break faith with us who die; we will not sleep,
Though poppies grow in Flanders Field?"

Sincerely yours,
CAPT. "BUNKY" MATTHEWS.

Girl: The man I marry must be economically stable.

M. H. K.: I must be that man.

Girl: Why?

M. H. K.: I'm always broke.

speaker so well put it in a recent message at Vesper, the emotional, more so than the mental nature of the individual, is responsible for his happiness—and happiness is very essential to the meaning of life.

With no bias and with all due respects to the efficiency and capability of the administrations some schools for women are evidently lacking in the latter. This is expressed in many different ways: In the students' awkwardness in social affairs of the more modern nature; by their frequent punishment for disregard of the schools' rules and often by the students themselves.

Frequent concerts, dramas, musical recordings, etc., serve admirably for the satisfaction of the students' aesthetic hunger. They serve also as the medium for arousing and intensifying that hunger. But there is another side to youth's emotional nature, a gay rollicking type of thing that every normal individual feels at sometimes in his life history. This side is so intensely expressed that it may be called an urge. The wise and prudent direction of this urge makes for a well-rounded individual. The suppression of it will have undesirable effects upon the individual. The lack of direction will, of course, be disastrous to the individual.



I, TOO, AM AN AMERICAN

I hate war! I hate its bloody mercilessness; I hate its destruction, its greed, its pillage and its murder. I hate its injustices, its iniquities and above all I hate its hatred. I have but one regret—I wish I could hate war more.

Would I be moved to fight in a war? Yes, in the event that my home, family and closer friends were being attacked. If a foe were to be audacious or vicious enough to cross over into the United States, I would willingly take up arms against so aggressive a nation. But what earthly nation would possess the suicidal stupidity even to approach the shores of the United States with the intentions of making war upon a nation where liberty, freedom and equality are obsessions?

But, the need to take up arms, in America, is not against an external foe but rather against an internal enemy in defense of these three ideals.

Do you think I, the Negro, could fight wholeheartedly and patriotically for a nation in whose bounds I am considered less than human—something to satisfy the savage whims of Southern morons? Do you think my patriotism is augmented when I see and hear of the hundreds and thousands of Negroes who have been lynched, burned and tortured till death had overtaken them? Do you think I could feel the justice of my fighting for a country where in certain sections of the South and West I am not allowed to vote for the officers who shall later govern me?

You want me to fight for America in an American uniform, but yet the gates of the United States military academies—West Point and Annapolis—are not open to my entry. I am tired of being messmen in your navy and nothing but an eternal infantryman in your army.

What should my attitude be toward the many budgets and allotments that have been instituted in our national and local governments? Each and every time the Negro has been compromised the very shortest end. We need schools for our rising generations. We need clothes and shelter for our present generation. We need sound principles of good and just government for the favorable influence it will have upon our true nationalistic temperament.

We are human; we feel the emotions that others feel. We are capable of loving, appreciating, dreaming and building. But no, our love, respect and nationalism are gradually being replaced by gnawing hate for all things American. How can I truthfully sing—"and justice for all" when I am given no part of that justice which is the inalienable right of all Americans.

Am I an American or just an American convenience? The Constitution of the United States declares that I am a citizen of this, the most progressive nation in the world. But this is as far as it goes. I am a citizen "en papier," nothing more, many times less. I am used as a tool for my own exploitation. My knowledge is usurped by a country willing to consume its value for self-gain but unwilling to compensate justly for its effort and worth. My work is confined to certain stereotype occupations whether I am a graded school, high school, or college graduate. My taxes are punctually collected when I have them to pay. But I never realize a favorable compensatory reward for its receipt.

Did you EVER SEE

BILL RUTLAND with books.

JAMES HORACE when he wasn't "sharp."

GEORGE SAMPSON when he didn't want a "duck."

Coach FORBES display his emotions.

PARTEE at Spelman since the girl from "Bama" was here.

BEN HUBERT with a girl.

CHARLES HOUSTON "taking it easy."

MR. BORDERS without his broad smile.

MOSS KENDRIX with anyone other than "Dot."

"PIG" JONES AND "HOTS" SMITH when they weren't "drapping."

B. M. JONES with money.

V. T. TUBBS studying.

BERNARD ROBINSON when he wasn't "bulling."

JOE ALLEN wearing a tie.

CUTHBERT PATRICK not trying to "con" somebody.

SAM THORPE being himself.

ONE O'CLOCK JUMP

As the jitterbugs made rhythm at the Sunset Casino a few Saturday nites ago, a certain young lady was noticed shagging: boogey-wooging and jumin' around seemingly alone.

Madison Lee approached her and asked "What are you doing out here in the center of the floor dancing alone?" She immediately replied. "Oh! I'm dancing with Lorenzo 'Sweets Pops' Beck. He's out here someplace. He'll be back in a minute."

(Doing the One O'clock Jump. "Sweet Pops" became lost in the crowd.

M. W. H.

How long am I to batter my head against a stone wall?
How long am I to be used to my own inconvenience?
Why am I misled to believe that I am a constituent of this government? If I am not wanted, as all evidence points out, why am I not ejected as the Jews are in Hitler's Germany? How many times must a dog be kicked before he bites back in defense of his own hide?

Where you can tolerate subjugating me, I can no longer tolerate my subjugation. I must fight back in defence of the ideals and principles by which my children should live. I shall use every means that I have at my immediate live. I will use every means that I have at my immediate disposal. I will fill my academic and trade schools with my own. I will take my church out of the white man's grasp and use it to my own benefit. I will unleash my press upon the world and fight the octopean prejudices that have been an obstacle in the path of my progress. I will teach my children the glory of freedom, liberty and equality until they are willing to lay down their ives in the defence of its achievement.

I will fight for the justice that is mine, for I too am an American. I will combat the evils that have been thrust upon my weighted body. I will battle for the elimination of the ills that have ben my spirit. I will fight and fight hard for the justice that is mine, for I, too, am an American.

LEON HARRIS.



“SPEC INTRO SPEAKS . . .

WILL MUSIC LAST?

I notice that there has not been any further comment about the possibility of a Spelman and Morehouse College Sunday Dinner Exchange, whereby a group of students from each college would interchange and enjoy their Sunday mid-day repast as guests of the other school. Would that not be a pleasant diversion?

I extend sincerest gratitude, on behalf of the boarding students of Morehouse College, to Mrs. Kennedy for the excellent Thanksgiving Day dinner she and her staff of able workers prepared for us. But I also wish to know why she has stopped serving those healthful wheat flakes that aid so much in keeping us regular.

Did you know that Leon Harris, a freshman, is a member of the Morehouse College Alumni Association of New York City?

Mr. Tillman—“Let’s move to the side, here comes Dean Huggins, the amateur driver.”

Robert “Waycross” Smith offered as an excuse for his failure to hold Francis “Apple” Thompson, in their minuet version of a wrestling match, this expression wherein lies the tale, “He too slippery.”

I regret to learn that certain Atlanta University ladies regard Morehouse men as possessing an intolerable degree of conceit. Do not mistake this attitude for a man’s being PROUD that he is a unit in one of the greatest Negro educational systems in the world. No doubt, that in every body of people there is certain to be a meager few who possess a gloried opinion of self, which is in no sense a gross misdemeanor, but, girls, let’s try to be broad. Let us not judge the whole by any part thereof. See you next month.

IN THE DOG HOUSE



Don Summers who thinks the terms “periodical room” and “bedroom” are synonymous. We don’t object to Don’s sleeping in the Library but we do wish he wouldn’t snore.

THE RUNNER-UP

James Horace who claims that he was once the most beautiful baby in Chicago. Believe-it-or-not, he even won a baby contest before the late King of England. “*He must have been a beautiful baby.*” Don’t we wish we could have seen the King’s eyes.

DON’T FORGET THE ‘Y’ AMATEUR SHOW JAN. 13th.

With the presentation of Kryl and his Symphony orchestra, the question “What do you think of music?” “Do you think music will last, or is it just a fad?” has been asked. The answer seems fairly obvious. Although men were tooting on old bones and ram’s horns long before Homer strummed his blooming lyre, and have kept it up for several thousand years since, music can’t last! At best, music has been only a make-shift, and it is doomed now that a higher art has been developed. Just as the automobile has eclipsed the horse, so swing will soon completely take the place of what has long been referred to as “music”.

This fundamental rule, “no practice”, leads us to our second consideration—how to tell swing when you hear it. The genuine swing band isn’t cramped by what the composer put on paper. Another thing that has made swing great is its terminology, which has gained it so much publicity. The addicts of classical music thought Beethoven and Bach and those old timers could get along without publicity, and what has happened? Why, in a year from now Beethoven will be forgotten and Bach will be remembered only as a springtime beer!

I suggest that lovers of classical music, the quaint old things, get busy and pep up their argot a la swing. Instead of the stodgy conventional reviews of concerts, then, we might read something like this: Arturo Toscanini, famous frontman, led his long underwear gang through a jam session at Carnegie Hall last night before a houseful of Alligators. The longhairs included a lot of stuff off the cob. Mozart’s “Eine Kleine Nachtmusik” was one for the ickies, and Beethoven’s ninth symphony was pretty commercial. The second movement took off with the fiddles and was repeated by the whole catgut section clear down to the doghouses. The second “theme”, if we may use a little philharmonic slang, was also “stated by the strings”, but this time the whopsticks and agony pipers got off, too. However, it wasn’t until the last moment that they approached anything whacky. The cats thought it was pretty hot, nevertheless, and one of the sponsors of the Philharmonic society was heard to remark that, the “Boys were solid in the groove and a real Killer diller!”

That kind of talk might save classical music for a while. But is it worth the trouble? The popular song-writers have long since taken all the best melodies of the great composers and immortalized the tunes in such works of art as, “St. Louis Blues,” “Star Dust” and others. Now comes swing to make all the tunes sound alike anyway.

THE EMPEROR.

The following note was found on the door of E. Mayo Partee and his roommate, James Carr:

“Please awake us for breakfast.”

Signed,

The Interracial Commission.



With The Poets

A SOPHOMORE ADVISES HIS FRESHMAN PAL

Boy, get outta my face!
You don't know nothin' 'bout wimmin.
You gotta keep 'em in their place.
Let 'em always think they're winnin'.

Put 'em on your knee;
Pat 'em on the head;
Tell 'em you'll love 'em
Till you're dead.

Oh, oh!
Here comes that gal of mine.
Boy, get outta my face!
I keeps her—I mean, she keeps me
In my place.

Oh, well. I'll tell you more next time.
Shelton and Partee.

I YOU WERE

If you were busy being kind
Before you know it, you would find.
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you;

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it;

If you were busy being good
And doing just the best you could,
You'd have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can;

If you were busy being right
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long
Because's He's busy being wrong.

Edward C. Jones, Jr.

BLACK FUTILITY?

I hate my life with a hate worse than hate.
I hate my fight. I hate my strife.
My struggle is mine alone to bear
And never must I shed a tear.

I am toss'd, driven and crushed
And now I am believing I must.
Is fear mine to possess?
Is the bottom my highest crest?

Love is not mine to endear
For human I must not appear.
I ask unto thee, O Lord,
Am I a man?

I hate the day I was born
In my birth lies my deepest mourn.
Were I dead, I wouldn't be shoved back
Just because my color is black.

I wouldn't be burned, tortured and lynched—
Told to take it and not to flinch.
Though I think I am
I'm not a man.

In shame I bend my worthless head
And perhaps realize I'd be better off dead.
I'm trying to be strong—but
O' God, how long, how long?

Leon Harris.

DAY DREAMS

To rest in the warmth of summer seas,
To build a tower for my weary thoughts to ease,
To sing a song of joy forgetting pain.
To breathe a kingly song while in the rain
Is not to know that God is on his throne
Or the blessed Christ was of a virgin born.
T'is not that life's dead days are few;
But, just dear, when I look at you.

L. H. Haynes.

GEMS FROM THE JUNGLES

The world is rich with precious gems,
Strewn from the frozen tundras—
To the streaming jungles.
Like millions of rare hybrid orchids,
Plucked from a war bed of junglas.
Like millions of shiny pearls,
Scooped from the bottom of a shiny sea—
So we arise to claim our Heritage.

J. G. Lumpkin, Jr.



Sporting Around With



NINE GRIDMEN COMPLETE SERVICES
 AT MOREHOUSE
 By WILLIAM M. NIX

Now that nine seniors have played their last game for the Maroon and White, the Morehouse coaching staff must develop recruits to replace ex-Captain Bunky Matthews, Toussaint Crowell, Skipper Lockett, Teddy Williams, Baby LeVain, Gummy Neal, Hat Jackson, Alphonso Lowry, and Billy Nix.

Members of a team which finished third in the Southern Conference, Teddy Williams, end; Bunky Matthews, tackle; Toussaint Crowell, guard, and Skipper Lockett, center, set a new local record for actual and consistent minutes of play. So powerful and dynamic was their force in the Tiger forward wall that they came to be

The Maroon Tigers



ALVIN SWARTZ

Alvin Swartz, Maroon Tiger sophomore halfback of Monroe, Louisiana, completed another brilliant season at Morehouse by ripping holes in the Fisk forward wall on beautiful line smashes and end runs. He scored two touchdowns for the Tigers in their annual Turkey-Day

clash against the Nashville Bulldogs. Turning in his best performances against Langston, West Virginia State, Tuskegee, Knoxville, and Fisk, Morehouse's game statistics reveal that Swartz has gained more yards from the line of scrimmage than any other Tiger back.

known as the men of iron, averaging from 55 to 58 minutes per contest.

Morehouse considers the loss of these men a great one. Ex-Captain Bunky Matthews, a quick-eyed, experienced and wise worker from Lakeland, Florida, broke all school precedent in being elected the first second-year captain in Morehouse grid history.

Square and stocky, Skipper Lockett, of Jacksonville, Florida, was outstanding as a tough, aggressive and determined battler, his hard tackling being instrumental in gaining the monicker, "The Seven Men of Iron" for the Maroon forward wall.

As a result of following Coach Forbes' instructions to "charge low, fast, and hard, and upon getting into the enemy's backfield grab any and all legs" Toussaint Crowell, of Gary, Indiana, did a thorough job on the defense. A good running guard, Crowell has plenty of power for his 150 pounds.

Aside from boxing even the largest of tacklers or charging them out of the way, Teddy Williams, of At-

lanta, was an excellent downfield blocker, ranking second only to his terminal mate, Sloan Blocker. Williams often thrilled the spectators by snaring a ball on the run, or leaping high in the air to grab an almost impossible pass.

Participating in competitive sports since '32, "Gummy" Neal, of Daytona Beach, Florida, proved as wise as Father Time. His rich athletic background was of indescribable worth to the Maroon Tigers this season.

"Baby" LeVain, of Palatka, Florida, packed plenty of power in smashing through a forward wall. He blocked savagely, rarely going out for a pass.

Little, lithe, and rugged, "Hat" Jackson, of Columbus, Georgia, contributed speed and improved blocking ability to the Tigers' success.

Known to track as well as football, Alphonso Lowry, a vicious charger and a powerful tackle, of Brooklyn, New York, was able to lead interference on many plays.

Billy Nix, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was noted for his fighting courage, his greatest contribution being in blocking ends.



F U N

UNCLE JOE'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

Again I must write to you and let you know what has occurred in this part of the globe and that a lot of things will happen in a short while. But before I go further I must tell you that here at Morehouse College we had what is known as a Maroon and White Day and it was indeed a gala but wet day. We selected a little Miss Forde for our "Queen." She is a little girl from Texas and she certainly was the "Queen" . . . Football season is over. You know that we have some of the finest men that can be found on any team. Some of them will go so far as to wear a tie to dinner. . . . While speaking of the dining-hall, I must tell you that this Miss A. C. has just about realized that she is just another in there for meals. And I must tell you that Miss L. C. has not learned that Morehouse men need no A. U. women to tame them and that when there is any taming to be done in the dining-hall, or any place for that matter, Morehouse Men are quite qualified to take care of themselves. . . . Before I will have time to write to you again Yule-Tide season will have rolled around, and certainly there will arrive with it many joys as well as sorrows. You see that football season is over and some of the boys won't have anymore "comps;" so the new heroes will replace the old ones as basket-ball season will get under way. Some of the boys will be donating expensive gifts in order to boost their sticks with that certain young lady. . . . However, dear Diary, I am going to make certain predictions which I believe will happen just as much as Ruth A. Graham believed that Alabama would defeat Morehouse. Well, the following affairs will remain when the stormy season is over. . . . Deadmond-Stuart . . . Coffee-Taylor (of course it will still be the J. Taylor-A. Taylor combinations at the dances) . . . Birchette-Gill . . . J. H. Haynes-Modest . . . Bonner-Berlack . . . Jackson-Washington . . . Micklebury-Hembre . . . Hall-Stockton . . . Foster-Clement . . . Gray-Peterson . . . Speed-Fowler . . . Kendrix-Johnson . . . Martin-Henry . . . Echols-Williams, and oh well, forget it. . . . Newsome is a one Woman's man. . . . Sam Pierce is the man after A. Crowell's heart with a knife. (At first it was the "Lady" at A. U. S. S. W., now it is the little giant at Gradys.) . . . Leaver seems interested in the comely little Miss Bagwell. . . . Marg' Jones is tops at A. U. when it comes to "Personality". . . . A certain young lady has E. Roux, how could that ever happen to you? . . . W. Nix is worried about who will go to a certain Christmas dance now that his "flame" is teaching out of town. . . . W. Anderson, the "Social Misfit," is also a "Good Samaritan." at least that is the way that Pierce Thompson thinks since a certain dance. . . . D. Eberhardt has done wonders to J. Neal. . . . Warmly certainly took advantage of Speed's absence from 'Dega. (He took only eighteen out of twenty two possible dances with Miss 'Dega. . . . Council and the girl from Louisiana can't decide to call it sticks or quits. . . . "Sweet Papa" Beck has got something for the Jitter-bugs. He calls it the "One O'clock Hop." . . . Joe Hill has been

sober for eight successive days. . . . Bill Reid carried Ben Hubert to see his ex-girl friend: two weeks later Ben borrowed the young lady's picture from Bill and besides started going places with her. Ben was to take her to the Maroon and White Prom: however at the prom with the young lady was A. Nelson, so poor Ben was left out in the cold. Bill and Ben should be good friends again since neither of them has a girl. . . . "Ec" and Julia had it again. They hadn't been seeing each other for a while. A similar thing occurred between Cab and Carrie but it's all forgotten now and the affair is as serious as it has been. We might also add to the break up and reconciliation club D. George and Claretta who took a holiday—they decided they couldn't do without each other (as we all know) and D. George still has the clock punching record. . . . Chas. (anybody-con-be-a-preacher: I'm-a-minister"). Houston may be well termed the "transient Casanova." . . . He took the "turkey day" feast with the "Hearthrob" in Gainesville. Friday was marked by a case of love at first sight with a certain Bostonian. Miss Overstreet, who attends Paine. Sunday was well spent in Savannah with a cute Miss whose name we have not yet been able to discern. . . . The Sunday vesper attendance has jumped almost three times this year. . . . Could it be that the Sunday speakers are more interesting or are the freshmen such a power . . . it seems to be the Island Miss this time who has a bad case of it for the Jax man. . . . The "Pre-nuptial Club has finally been formulated with Roscoe Johnson as president. "Pete" Mills as 1st. vice president. Richard Durant as 2nd. vice president. Daniel Earl Smith as secretary and D. G. Sampson as treasurer. Other members are Sam Thorpe who has been that way for quite a while with Callie. "Farley" Pierro whose better half as we all know is Lula Bell. Tom Borders, who is always thinking of Margie, Foster, who is hardly ever without Alice, Charles Anderson, who fatally that way about Georgia, Speed whose pace is slowed by the charm of Mattie. "Cab," who often has pre-nuptial quarrels with Carrie, K. B. Bonner and Lois of whom we aren't certain of the "pre"—Pee Wee and Gwen Henry, who seem to understand each other so—and last but not least. "PaPa" Deadmon can't be left from the list, for he really has a bad case of it for Glenna. . . . Be it known Morehouse men, Spelman ladies are chaperoned but never escorted—The "Y. M. C. A." is apparently more progressive than are the other organizations in their new methods of election for representation. . . . The vivacious "Pat" seems to be that way about Atlanta's Playboy athlete, Teddy Williams. . . . All jokes are directly toward "lil" King David of Sarasota who has finally anchored, with the charming little Ferda as Port and seems to really have a bad case of it. . . . The exciting little "Clem" of Louisville's interest in our "Grid" hero Casper is no news but certainly an interest item. . . . Jimmy Carr has an even worse case of it for Nett, tsk, tsk. . . . Read your "Tiger" thoroughly, there is bound to be something that might affect you—Billie of the Nixes is on the rampage again now that football season is over, tsk, tsk, fellows. . . . The tall, tan, and terrific one is hard to figger out.

F U N



we wonder if she knows her own mind—and with so many hearts at stake. . . . Tell Santa to send Moss a dictionary so that he will know the meaning of the big words he uses around "Dot" Johnson. . . . We really sympathize with an important member of the student body who allowed himself to become the tool of a handful of unscrupulous fellows who evidently thought "they were Morehouse." . . . "He's really a fine guy at heart and we know he will make amend, his conscience seems to have been giving him the devil. . . . The Talladega fellows didn't and don't like the Morehouse invasions but the women feel different about them. . . . Ina is apparently really that way about "Billie." . . . Virgil Daniels and M. Cuthbert seem really interested in each other. . . . Lamar Weaver and Oklahoma's gift are that way about each other—thanks to the art room. . . . WHAT IS HYBOM? . . . Chas. "Esquire" Munchus was not small power at the Harvest Festival—so strange to see him over there. . . . Horace has plenty for M. Creigh. . . . Our three globe trotters are back with us again. . . . "Cuff" Buck still has G. Shirley's name in his little red book. . . . Jerry Taylor doesn't feel so hot about the \$1.50 they touched him for at the Nashville Alpha affair five minutes before the other Morehouse men were admitted free. . . . Joe and Helen seem to be still going strong. . . . P. M. has finally become of age so a certain Miss has told. . . . Our fondest hopes are for "Smackover," who is out for the basketball team. . . . Jenelsie has on her string, Junie, Marion, Harding, Whatley, and—aw we don't have all that space. . . . Pernell is evidently that way about Bennie. . . . Sandford's Hall was the center of no small controversy involving Texas and D. C. Hoy! Hoy! . . . There are reports to the effect that Mrs. ————— is really a considerate lady at heart—Maybe we misunderstand her. . . . The fellows want to know how W. Kaiser "Misfit" Anderson got to be such a power over the A. U. and School of Social Work. (Ahem!!) ladies. . . . What happened to M. Pierce who punched the clock at Spelman College so last year. . . . The "Most-versatile one" is seen quite frequently in the presence of Minnesota's Barbara. . . . The Brownlee-Pauline affair doesn't seem so casual either. . . . Now, dear diary, I must say auf wiedersehen and I am hoping that every one will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

P. S.—Since the New Year is about to arrive, I believe that it is fit and proper that I should make several resolutions; so I am resolving to know all of the Crabs at Morehouse and Spelman so that I can get some news for this column. (The upper classmen have gone stale)—to find out when and where the Y. M. C. A. holds its business meetings—to help Thad. Owens to find and keep the type of girl that he likes—to stop cutting my classes—to stop my roommate from talking about Talladega—and last but not least to brave the cold weather and go to my breakfast at least three times a week.

Continued from Page 6

indeed, be very remote. There are those who feel that the American system of education is more practical than that of the French because it offers a larger number of courses whose transfer value is obvious and immediate. I am not one of them. I believe that our struggle for existence is primarily intellectual in our modern world and that the man who, in addition to being informed and of broad cultural horizon, has had his faculties for thinking, judging, and reasoning adequately developed stands the greatest chance of survival and of making the most of that survival. Let us learn a lesson from the French, whose culture like that of their intellectual ancestors, the Greeks, contains numerous immortal elements.

Continued from Page 7

I mentioned one of the football games. I enjoyed them all—especially the "up-sets." That's what the *Atlanta World* calls Morehouse victories. Too, I enjoyed the floor shows the band staged between halves. I spoke, in the first part of my letter, about mistakes. Well, I made one that was quite embarrassing at the first game that I attended—I yelled at the wrong time, or something. From then on, I sat right beside the band, so, if I made any more mistakes, nobody heard me. Believe me, the director of the band smokes a cigar that reminds me of your corn-cob pipe—the one Mom told you to throw away or find a new place of abode.

Well, Pop, the night is far spent, and so is my energy; but I'll be writing again in a month or so.

Your son,

WILLIE JOE.

At a certain college in the north of New England the male students were not permitted to visit the residence where the ladies boarded. One day a student was caught in the act of doing so and was court-martialed.

Said the Dean: "Sir, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second \$2.50, for the third \$5.00, and so on up to \$15.00."

In solemn tones the trespasser inquired: "How much would a season ticket cost?"

"PIG" JONES

THE COLLEGE BARBER

and

TAILOR

If Your Taste Is High and Your Funds Low

SEE "PIG"

SUITS OF THE LATEST STYLES MADE TO FIT YOUR PERSONALITY

Robert Hall . . . Morehouse College



ATLANTA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

148 Auburn Avenue, N. E.

Atlanta, Ga.

Insurance in Force 290 Thousand Policies for 47 Million Dollars

A group of Certified Public Accountants and Actuaries representing the States of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Texas, examined the financial condition, records and affairs of Atlanta Life Insurance Company, as of June 30th, 1938. The following are a few of the statements taken from the Examiners Certified Report:

1. The Income and Disbursements are all accounted for, are made on proper authority, and are correctly distributed to the various accounts and set up in the Annual Statement.
2. We made a complete and detailed verification of substantially all of the assets and liabilities.
3. The Surplus has increased during the four year period under review—from \$301,908.33 to \$560,476.02.
4. The Surplus on June 30, 1938, amounted to 25.74% of the total assets and 34.65% of the total liabilities other than Capital and Surplus.
5. The real estate and mortgage loans amounted to 7.89% of the total assets. Substantially all of the other assets are bonds and stocks readily convertible into cash.
6. We made a sufficient examination of the books and records, Death Claim Register and files to satisfy ourselves that the Company settles policy claims fairly and promptly.
7. Certificates of authority and compliance from the various States were all on file.
8. We are of the opinion that the Statement of Assets and Liabilities is a conservative statement of the condition of the Company as of June 30th, 1938.
9. The Company has complied with the laws and regulations of the various states.
10. THE RESULTS OF THE EXAMINATION WERE ENTIRELY FAVORABLE AS SHOWN ABOVE. WE HAVE NO FURTHER COMMENT TO MAKE.

PARKS SHOE REBUILDERS

Half and Whole Sole Specialists

STUDENT PRICES FOR STUDENT PURSES

Cleaning and Pressing Agency

854 Hunter St.

RA. 9288

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Make Yours a Jewelry Christmas

GIFTS THAT LAST

JAMES L. HOLLOWAY, JR.

(Class of '37)

A Call to WALnut 2772 Will Bring Representative
FOUNTAIN PEN AND PENCIL SETS
WATCHES . . . BULOVA and ENGIN
RINGS . . . LAVALIER SETS
GIFTS FROM \$1.00 UP

172 Auburn Ave., N. E.

WA. 2772

ROBINSON PRINTING CO.

DEPENDABLE PRINTING SERVICE

We print the Maroon Tiger and we can do
your printing in a satisfactory way at rea-
sonable cost.

WALnut 5827

198 Auburn Ave.

Atlanta, Ga.

PRINTING

Is the Mother of All Progress

BE PROGRESSIVE!

SELECT

THE B. F. LOGAN PRESS

... PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS ...

To Do Your Next Job

B. F. Logan

Don C. Godfrey

—Our New Home—

861 Hunter St., N. W.

Atlanta

YOUNG'S ARTISTIC

BEAUTY AND BARBER SHOPS —

No. 1-53-55 Decatur Street

No. 2-925-927 Hunter Street

No. 3-660-670 Fair Street

GET THE "YOUNG" IDEA

To Be Different . . .

. . . Let Polk's Studio photograph you in a modernistic
pose. Something New . . . Stunning . . . and yet it
costs so little.

POLK'S STUDIO

188 Chesnut Street at Fair, Southwest

Atlanta, Georgia

MOREHOUSE CAPS

MACLEFF'S

59 Cents

MEN'S WEAR OF ALL KINDS

7 Decatur Street

At Five Points

MERRY CHRISTMAS

from

JACKSON, Incorporated

MAKE It an

ELECTRICAL CHRISTMAS

For a sentimental person with a practical side:
Toasters . . Waffle Irons . . Percolators . . Coffee
Makers . . Lamps . . Radios . . Heating Pads . .
Small Irons . . Heaters and Mixers

186½ Auburn

Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

Compliments of

**ATLANTA UNIVERSITY
BOOK STORE**

Christmas Cards . . . Gifts . . . Fountain Pen
and Pencil Sets Haberdashery
Special . . . Royal Typewriters
Magazine Subscriptions . College Pennants

Atlanta University Administration Building

Spelman Branch—Packard Hall

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

UNIVERSITY CLEANERS

138 Chestnut St., S. W.

SPECIAL STUDENT PRICES

- 1. 3 GARMENTS CLEANED FOR \$1.00**
(Odorless Cleaning)
- 2. 1-DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE**
- 3. HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED**

Prompt Delivery Service

Represented by CAPTAIN BUNKY MATTHEWS

Elgin Oslin, Prop.

Phones JA. 6607 - MA. 9205