



FRESHMAN EDITION

OCTOBER

1938

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**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.

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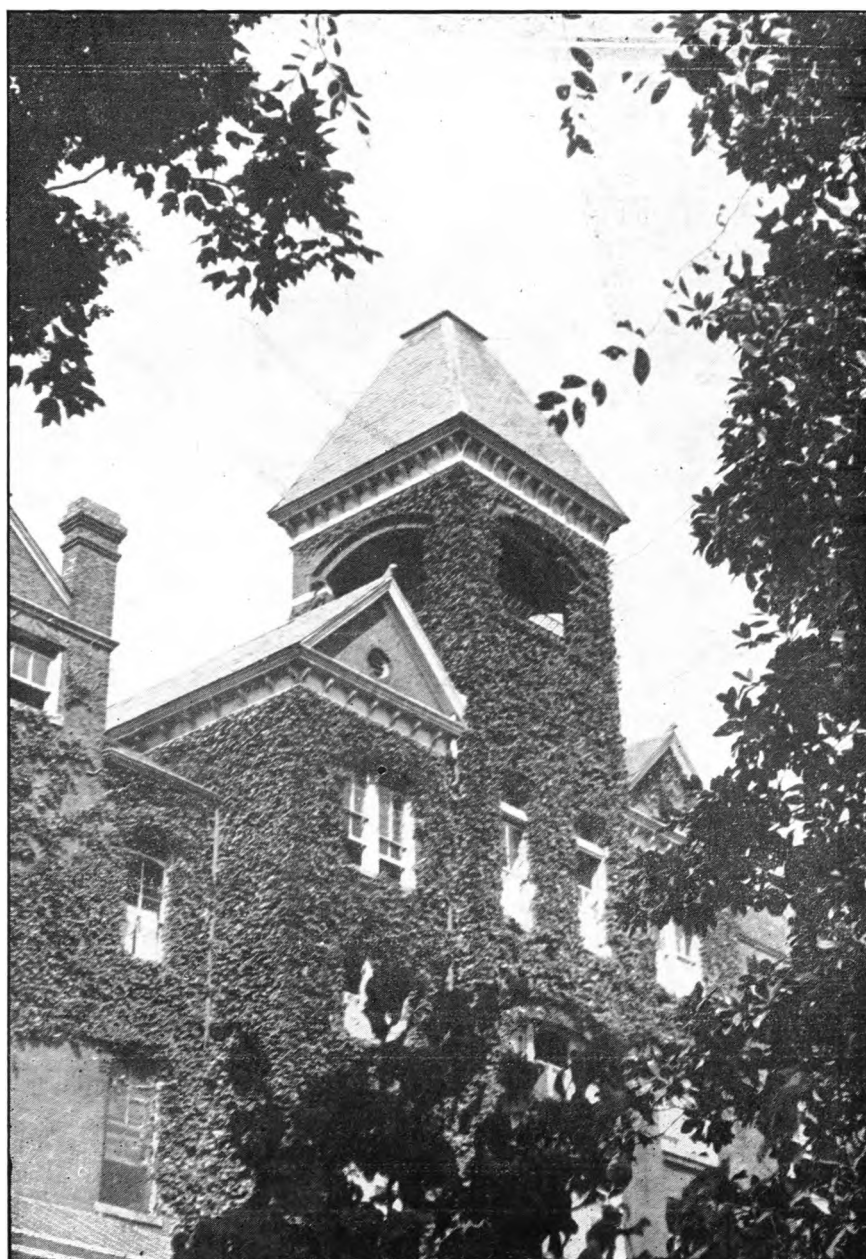
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*Standing erect, firm, its head against the heavens, its beauty not marred but mellowed by the ages, symbolic of Morehouse College and its traditions, Graves Hall in all its splendor is a monument to those who have served but no longer tarry among us, a guiding spirit for those who make it their place of abode, and an inspiration for those yet to seek truth, knowledge and all things noble within its walls.*

*Once it stood alone on this red hill. Today it is one among others . . . but King.*

### DEPARTED FRIENDS

---

They are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere, but in the dark,  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

—*Charles Sackville.*

In memory of Mrs. A. C. Randall, Atlanta University Library assistant, and Nathaniel Walker, Morehouse student, "friends" who have "departed" for the great beyond.

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## THE MAROON TIGER

Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.

*Nemo Solus Satis Sapit*

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### 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*  
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National Inter-collegiate Honorary Journalistic Society

# THE MAROON TIGER

## *The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College*

VOL. XIII

October 1938

Number 1

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Cover Designed by William M. Hayden '38

THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED TO THE FRESHMEN AND OTHER STUDENTS ENTERING MOREHOUSE COLLEGE FOR THE FIRST TIME



## DR. ARCHER RETIRES

Thirty-three or more years ago there came to Morehouse College a man who was destined to become a guiding spirit in the growth of this institution. That man was Samuel Howard Archer, the man who is now President Emeritus of the school he so nobly served as athletic director, teacher and administrator. In such capacities, Samuel Howard Archer has been a direct influence upon the lives of many generations of Morehouse men. He is an outstanding proponent and advocate of things spiritual and physical which tend toward manliness, a master mechanic in the craft of handling men. He delights in looking at the world as it is and not as he wishes it to be—to him all things of God's creation have their virtues.

Great men like Samuel Howard Archer never retire. He will carry on as did he in those days when he sought to serve the everyday needs of the institution he loved.

Dr. Archer, Morehouse men honor, respect and love you. Such honor, respect and admiration will exist as long as man may utter the name of Morehouse College.

## WELCOME FRESHMEN

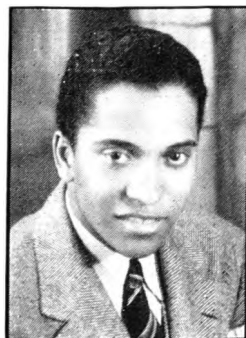
Last June, a group of young men walked from the walls of Sale Hall, cap and gown in hand, a world of toil and uncertainty before them and a broad memory of four years of joy and hope blended into the making of a rich experience. These men carry with them the tools of preparation which they had acquired at "Dear Ol' Morehouse," their destinies being goals not yet attained by man.

These men vacated these sacred portals in order that room might be made for a new generation of Morehouse men—the class of '42.

The *Maroon Tiger* unites with the students, faculty and administration in welcoming to our institution the freshman class. On the appearance of this belated but sincere acknowledgement, you will have by routine become members of the mighty Morehouse dynasty and heirs to its many noble offerings, but we will not be deprived of the opportunity which presents itself but once in such garments. We deeply desire for you the greatest achievement that the gods of fate may hoard. We hope that four years hence you will step forth into the reckless highways of life well fortified to combat the disasters and toils that may confront you and that you will be better prepared to enjoy the beauty of that which is beautiful, as freshman in a world which knows no favorites.

No advice could be more fitting than that made by a Spelman freshman: "Start right, keep right, and you'll end right."

The *Maroon Tiger* bids god speed to the class of '42—the class of destiny!



## THE CRY DESERTS BUT THE ECHO LINGERS ON

In former years editors of the *Maroon Tiger* have met with much opposition in their attempt to convince the students that this organ is *really* "the voice of the students of Morehouse College." The first editions of former volumes of this publication have been marred by such pleads and statements as "Write! Write! the success of our publications depends upon it"; 'tis unfortunate but it appears that we must "dedicate the paper to the readers and *sacrifice* it to the writers" for we "corner and ask them to write just *anything* and they compromise and write *nothing*."

We are proud to feel that in 1938 such cries would mean merely the waste of printer's ink. We voice our opinion on the matter only because we have an excess amount of space and because in recent days there has been a revolution in the process of making ink causing its price to decline. The Morehouse man of 1938 knows

that the *Maroon Tiger* is not a one-man institution nor a staff production. He knows that this publication cannot flourish by the sole expression of goodwill . . . to him, the pen prevails supreme.

The cry has deserted its haunts but the echo lingers on. "Write, men, write . . . the success of your publications depend upon it."

## MOREHOUSE SPIRIT RETURNS

At this point, we pause to welcome back to the campus Brother Morehouse Spirit who has recently returned from a prolonged vacation. This year things at Morehouse seem to be bound for a new high level. This is illustrated by the response that has been received in regards to the activities on the campus. Without a doubt, the students are wholeheartedly behind the football team. We have in our midst potentially one of the greatest teams that have been at Morehouse in recent decades. Whether it ends the season in number one position or at the bottom, we cast our lot with it.

Despite the fact that "things are looking up," there are certain activities on the campus that are being almost completely neglected. We are thinking especially of the band. Not one of us would attempt to deny the fact that a band is absolutely necessary if school spirit is to prevail. Last year Mr. James placed on the field the largest band the school has ever had. We who were present at the Tuskegee-Morehouse game in Columbus remember that our forty piece band held its own with Tuskegee's seventy-five pieces.

All persons playing instruments are urged to report to Mr. James. . . . Let's put a fifty piece band on the field Home Coming Day.





## DR. ARCHER BECOMES PRESIDENT EMERITUS

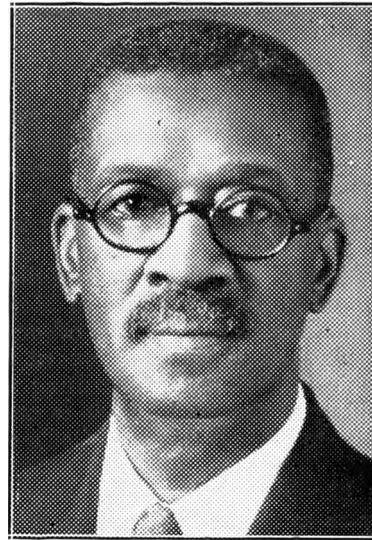
President Samuel Howard Archer, who has been on leave of absence for more than 21 months because of prolonged illness, was retired from office on October 1, and by action of the board of Trustees has become President Emeritus of the institution which he served for more than thirty three years. During that time, he was professor of mathematics, football coach, secretary of the faculty, director of the summer school, purchasing agent, dean, acting president and president. The latter position he held for seven years prior to his retirement. For 11 months in 1918-19 he was at the head of Morehouse when Dr. John Hope was overseas, and in 1930-31 just before he was elected to the presidency.

Born in Petersburg, Virginia, in 1870, President Archer attended the public schools in Petersburg, and continued his education at Wayland Academy in Washington, D. C., where for two years he was a student-teacher. From Wayland he went to Colgate University in Hamilton, New York, where he was graduated in 1902 with the degree of bachelor of arts. While in college, Dr. Archer became prominent in athletics, playing for three years as guard on the varsity eleven. He was active also as a debator, and because of his exceptional platform ability, was chosen to be one of the six speakers at his commencement. In 1923 he received the honorary degree of master of arts from Morehouse College, and in 1932, Colgate honored him with the degree of doctor of divinity.

Following his graduation from Colgate, Dr. Archer taught mathematics for three years at Roger Williams University in Nashville, Tennessee. He then joined the Morehouse faculty, just one year before Dr. John Hope became its president. For thirty one years he was a close friend and colleague of Dr. Hope, and when Dr. Hope resigned from the presidency of Morehouse College in 1931, Mr. Archer was the unanimous choice of the Board of Trustees to become the fifth president of this institution. In announcing the election of Mr. Archer, Dr. Frank A. Smith, secretary of the board of education of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, said "We feel it a deserved promotion for one who has served Morehouse College faithfully and wisely for many years."

One of the most popular and effective instructors Morehouse has ever known, President Archer long will be remembered by the hundreds of men who went through the college and the academy not only as their dean and later their president, but as their friend. His greatest contribution, perhaps, lies in the influence he has had on the lives of men who have been fortunate enough to know him. He believed in clean sports and clean victories, and it was during the eight years that he was director of athletics and coach that Morehouse teams were the undisputed champions in football.

Continued on Page 7



DR. S. H. ARCHER

### MESSAGE FROM DR. ARCHER

Out of the yesteryears like a forgotten dream comes the following poem of my grammar school days:

*What is noble? To inherit wealth, estate and proud degree?*

*There must be some other merit higher yet than these for me.*

*Something greater by far must enter into life's majestic span*

*Fitted to create and center true nobility in man.*

The author I do not know, nor am I sure that the quotation is complete and accurate. Nevertheless it serves my present purpose by suggesting the *Added Something* we need.

Many years ago students of Morehouse, then Atlanta Baptist College, were halted for a moment when told that the important thing is not that you enter college but that the ideals of the college enter you. And likewise it is not of great social significance that you go through college but that the college and its aims and ideals go through you. This was but another way of urging men to seek and find that *Added Something* that spirit-like pervades the institution.

I pass over many vital experiences to say that in the physical realm, yes in the activity of the current season, this thing of which I speak makes the difference between "Lost on downs" and a "First down," between victory and defeat. If this is true in the so-called lower realm, what must must obtain in the higher?

In the days that are ahead of us you will need the college and the college will need you with all of your known ability, plus. . . As you come to grips with difficulties and problems, you must have that *Added Something* to make effective the available physical, mental, moral and spiritual resources.

Continued on Page 7





## FRESHMEN TELL WHY THEY CHOSE MOREHOUSE

There has always been a desire to know why mothers, fathers, and students as well choose Morehouse College as the seat of their higher learning. While browsing about with my fellow students many very sound and understandable answers were given. For instance the students from the north-eastern part of the States gave us their reason the fact that the contact with the people of their own race is badly neglected in the schools of that area. The mid-westerners say that graduate work is stressed to such an extent that the undergraduate is subjected to the graduate method of teaching which to paraphrase them is a system whereby memory seems to be the main factor in their studies. This tends to make their work very dry and uninteresting. Those from the deep south realize that when a student is graduated from Morehouse, he has an education, self confidence and the poise and *savior faire* of a true gentleman. Then we have the usual type of students who state, "My dad is a Morehouse man and I feel that a school that can produce the fine type of person that he is is the kind of a school which I feel I should attend. Some students who have been taken by their parents, who were Morehouse grads, as far away as California still return to Atlanta to go to school. There must be more than just bricks to a little red school house that has such far reaching power.

A very good example of why one of our Chicago students is attending Morehouse can be taken from the following: George W. Johnston says, "I came to Morehouse because the undergraduate instruction received in the schools of the midwestern section is greatly lacking. Here there is a much finer quality in regard to the undergraduate work. The method here seems to give a clearer understanding of the subject wherein we would be given, more or less, a subject to be merely memorized." From Birmingham, Ala., we hear Robert Griggs say that "Morehouse is an A rating school. It gives men the courage to carry on where others have failed. The spirit and brotherly love that Morehouse men have is unparalleled. Any school that can produce such fine men as Dr. Hubert and Rev. Adams and others too numerous to mention has all the earmarks of a great institution."

### MESSAGE FROM DR. ARCHER

Continued from Page 6

College life at its best is so informing and challenging that it can give to the inquiring mind and responsive soul a constant enlargement and enrichment of experience. This is your birthright that must not be sold to satisfy any hunger of the moment.

With a consciousness of the claims of the Eternal Now, I shall go along with you in helpful comradeship to secure all the needful things in the catalogue of desirables.

Your friend and brother,  
S. H. ARCHER.

THE "MAROON TIGERS" ARE HEADED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

You will agree that the reasons these men give run true to form in regards to their respective sections of the country with the basic reasons mentioned earlier in the first of second paragraph. The representatives from the schools in New England, Mr. Paul Peterson, who, by the way, is an accomplished pianist as most of us already know after listening to the splendid selections he rendered for us at the reception held at Dr. Hubert's, says that, "In the high school that I attended there were only six other Negroes besides myself even though the enrollment exceeded three hundred. Morehouse affords me a fine contact with an intelligent group of my own race and also gives me grade A instruction in whatever field that I may wish to enter." Last but not least, we have Theodore Williams of Detroit, Mich., who gives as one of his main reasons for attending Morehouse the fact that his Dad was a Morehouse man. I doubt very much if any reason for his coming to this school could be more logical than this one.

*Francis Thompson.*

### DR. ARCHER RETIRES

Continued from Page 6

In the second year of President Archer's administration, Morehouse College received "A" rating from the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in the Southern States, which placed the College on an equal basis with the leading educational institutions in the South, and it was during his administration that the successful drive for \$600,000 was completed, which increased the endowment to more than a million dollars, marking an important step toward guaranteeing the perpetuity of the College.

On January 1, 1938, Dr. Archer was awarded a scroll and plaque by the "27 Club" of Atlanta, in recognition of his contribution to the social and educational well-being of the citizens of this city.

At the time of President Archer's retirement, Morehouse consists of a college of arts and sciences, and a school of religion. The summer school started by Morehouse College in 1921 is now conducted by Atlanta University, with Morehouse and the other colleges in Atlanta participating.

Dr. Charles D. Hubert, director of the school of religion at Morehouse, who has been acting president since March, 1937, will continue in this capacity until President Archer's successor has been named.

### UNIVERSITY NOTES

At the close of the first week of the new academic year, registration in the Atlanta University system totalled more than 1200, including college and university students and the pupils in the laboratory school. This number is expected to progress during the early days of the semester.

LET'S GET BEHIND THE BAND!



## SAMPSON'S PILLOWS

### WHY DO YOU GO THAT WAY?

The tragedy is, no one cares what way you go, but you will care. To those of you who are just matriculating in college, we of a little more experience feel it our moral duty to exhort you to be conscientious and sincere in determining the field you wish to follow. Before coming here you may have had someone, for purely sentimental reasons, attempt to outline your life's course. And you probably silently imbibed their ideas and decided to be what your grandfather was, or his friend, simply because he was that. Most of us of a few more years would say, I think, that although you must be considerate of your friends opinion, you would fare better if you chose a career very compatible with and agreeable to your nature. This, of course, proceeds from the thought that your career should be an end in itself, one which admits elements of happiness and enjoyment along with all the other requirements of life. I might remind you too, that you may be influenced by college parasites who sit around and proclaim the insurmountable difficulty of this or that course, or the unfriendliness of some professor. You who are sober-minded will know how to take such advice, but, unfortunately, the best of us find it difficult to be sober-minded when the crucial test comes.

Let no one, too, easily discourage you in some field that you believe in, by saying that it has been exploited. If there is one advantage that the Negro undergrad has it is that there is found before him a clear road of opportunity in all directions. Our admonition is think seriously when choosing your career for it is with it and by it that you usually live.

Our admonition is think seriously when choosing your career for it is with it and by it that you usually live.

### JAMES WELDON JOHNSON . . . A MAN

Our people above all others should be ever alert to recognize real manhood, for when one is stranded on a desolate island the cry of a rescuer should sound more heavenly.

Mr. James Weldon Johnson has had his many achievements reviewed repeatedly before the American people. We could justifiably repeat all that has been said. We could tell you that he was one of our greatest educators, composers, poets, diplomats, and scholars, but we wish to say more. He was a man.

BEAT MORRIS BROWN! BEAT MORRIS BROWN!

### A WORD TO THE NEW STUDENTS

It gives me pleasure to have justifiable grounds for making some expression of gratification for the way new students have entered into the true and real Morehouse spirit. To omit this opportunity of recognizing manhood would probably signify the greatest indifference of upperclassmen, and cause many freshmen and new students to doubt the sincerity of our cardinal principles. I do not wish to convey the idea that conditions are ideal, but simply that they are much improved over what they have been, and that their trend is toward a higher bracket in our scale of ideology.

It is great seeing Morehouse get to be Morehouse.

### A FAMILIAR AMERICAN COMEDY

Do you ever wonder what you with all of your mannerisms and inconsistencies would look like to yourself if you were permitted to view them objectively? To such a question human nature seldom addresses itself, not from fear of abashment or possession of vanity, but from an instinctive tendency to view the world from a grand stand seat as though it were only a spectator. Suppose we depart from ourselves and see us in action, and I'll wager you will see one of the most comical situations you ever imagined.

The stage is set; the cast includes twelve million. As the footlights are dimmed, the drama begins with the appearance of a few prominent characters whose natural ability and potentialities present them with the leadership and trust of an oppressed and trammelled people. The leaders immediately begin to chart the advancing road of their brethren. They begin and before long, yea, before the attentive followers are able to conceive their route, the worthy leaders discover a multiplicity of roads, the same one of which no two decide to travel. One of them probably advances the idea that Negroes should develop among themselves a greater degree of cohesiveness; another says that living in a place where you are constantly surrounded by those of the other race, you should fight for social equality as the only solution to our problem; another would say that to fight for social equality is all right, but the most important step is to build up a strong and well fortified economic system within the group. And there are many more proposals, all of them differing with the others on some point taken to be important.

There might be one or two well devised plans, but amid the utter confusion of the leaders, the twelve million followers divide up into many schools of thought.

It has been quite a comedy watching ourselves stand at the crossroads for seventy-five years, bickering among ourselves and attributing the unforwardness of our motion to the prejudices and injustices of the opposite race. This sort of situation will lose its aspect soon and require a place in the catalogue of the world's greatest tragedies.

THE "MAROON TIGERS" ARE HEADED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

# . . . Student Thought . . .

## THE MEANING OF THE WORD "MOREHOUSE"

"Morehouse" cannot be defined by Webster, Funk and Wagnalls or by any of the other authorities. It can be defined only by the men of Morehouse.

"Morehouse" means the making of men. The outstanding characteristics of the school develop in men, by their own free will, the qualities of manhood such as punctuality, self-discipline and judgment.

"Morehouse" means the producing of *Thinkers*. Surveys are distributed among the students presenting questions which cause them to think. Well-rounded topics for discussion are given in class to make students think. Extra-curricula activities are also sponsored with the purpose of further provoking thought among the students.

Last but not least, "Morehouse" means the training of *Christians*. Such organizations as the Saturday Night Sunday School Class and the Y. M. C. A. exist for the training of Christian men. Our chapel services are also added assets.

When the world gets a Morehouse man, it gets a combination of *Man*, *Thinker*, and *Christian*, thus infinitely enriched.

—Charles Maxey, Class of '42.

## "WHY DO YOU GO TO COLLEGE?"

Because of the environment in which I'm now existing. I thought the subject, "Why Do You Go To College," a very appropriate one.

First, we must know the meaning of college. I consider college an institution in which advanced courses are offered, to a group of men interested or engaged in one common pursuit. College is a center to develop you mentally, morally, and spiritually. It is a place for men who are endeavoring to get somewhere in life.

There are many reasons why men go to college, viz: (1) To gain knowledge so as to fit themselves in a special field. (2) To show the number of clothes they possess. (3) To enjoy the social life of college. (4) To merely say that they've been to college. In which lot do you fall?

Go not to college as dumb driven cattle, but go to college to fit yourselves for the future. Be eager and thirsty for knowledge as a plant is thirsty for water.

Success is the effort put forth by you. For after all, you will get no more out of anything than you put into it. Things easy to find are harmful. Success, which is the greatest, is hard to find.

Let us think, set a definite aim, attain our aim, and help our fellow man.

Why Do You Go To College?

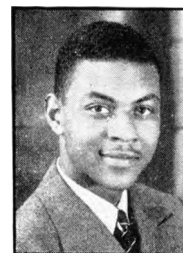
—Arteria A. King.

"Let's see big boy, didn't we have twenty kisses last night?"

"You had twenty, but I had twenty-one."

"Did you cheat on me?"

"No, I kissed my money goodbye."



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By M. S. Cabiness

It is a common thing to hear new students say when asked why they chose Morehouse—"I was influenced by a Morehouse man in my community. His work in civic, religious, and business life in my community inspired me I thought that Morehouse could make me like him." Brother, you've never been so wrong in all your life before. For you to admire that man is one thing; to be made of the same material is quite something different.

The observations of new students as they stumble about in their awkward ways forming friendships and making acquaintances make very interesting drama. For some it is very difficult—for others, not so hard.

Usually, after two or three days the newcomer has aligned himself with one particular group of three frequently found on the college campus—(1) The serious, (2) the Rah-Rah or (3) the nonchalant group.

The serious students realize what they have come to college for and waste no time in preparing themselves for the future. They take opportunities as they come, forever fighting the constant problems with which they are confronted. From this group usually come the men that are spoken of with respect and admiration—men of whom college is proud.

Quite different in character and appearance from the serious student is the well known rah-rah boy. He has no time to contemplate seriously of school or social problems. His philosophy of college life is to make the best of four years residence—know everybody and do something to let others know him if they're slow to catch on—if nothing more than to be loud. His is a happy, care-free life with just enough studying to get by. After all, what's the use of settling down—he'll have plenty of time for that in graduate school.

But there are those who fit in neither of the other groups. Those who feel the whole process of education is purposely made too difficult. The instructor should throw away or burn the antiquated yellow-leaved lecture notes that he has used for ten or fifteen years. Shorten the class period and do away with chapel exercises. His chief interest is having more holidays each year and abolishing all Saturday classes.

Well, you know the story now—what's your group?

Benjamin Franklin once wrote "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN YOUR TIGER.



# Feature Views

## LIFE ON THE TOBACCO FARM

I shall attempt to present herein some facts concerning the experiences of a group of Morehouse students who spent the past summer on a Connecticut farm, engaged in the cultivation and harvesting of tobacco.

In previous years it was customary that a group of students be sent by the college to the tobacco farms for the purpose of helping finance themselves while in school, as well as to get the experience which they would meet. During the most recent years this custom was abandoned because there was no demand for the students, that industry, like all others, being retarded during these years of depression. The custom was resumed this year when the Cullman Brothers Incorporated, of Connecticut and New York City asked for a group of Morehouse students to work this season.

The call was answered by a number of students and on a typical June evening immediately after the final curtain was drawn for the ninth episode to one of the most exciting and thrilling dramas on "the red hill," and amidst a most enthusiastic crowd of admirers and followers of Morehouse men, eighty-five ambitious and energetic young men, led by Coach Vernon Smith, boarded three Greyhound buses to "Camp Simsbury." After about forty-five hours of riding, mingled with interesting stops at a few places, we found ourselves in the fertile Farmington Valley at exactly 8:15 in the afternoon of June 11th. It was then that our actual experiences began.

On our arrival we were happy to find an ideal living quarter, modernly equipped—suitable for typical life in a camp. Sitting on a hillside, overlooking an irregular but beautiful landscape, both natural and artificial, of white canvassed fields interspaced here and there with clusters of foliage, and a symmetrical arrangement of the rather crude tobacco barns—the picturesque Avon Mountains forming a colorful background, was "Little Morehouse"—our place of abode. This is a frame structure of three floors—the ground floor being a combination dining hall and reception room, a kitchen and store room, while the upper floors are used for sleeping quarters. Located about fifteen yards away from this main building was a small but convenient bath house in which were staged regularly, battle royals with the ever-flowing "fifteen degree" water fresh from a Connecticut hillside. The location is ideal and quite conducive to healthful living.

Immediately after arrival our director proceeded to organize the group of fellows in order that various activities might be efficiently carried out. We were, by virtue of the distribution of farm work, separated into three distinct groups under the direct supervision of a foreman from each group. The business activities were planned and carried out by a camp committee composed of selected representatives from each farm group and the culinary division. It was this committee that was generally responsible for the welfare of the group as a whole.

In order that the life we were destined to live for twelve weeks or more would be made more cheerful and interesting, other activities were planned and carried out in the summer's program. Consequently a Sunday School class was organized and met each Sunday morning. The

attendance was voluntary and a number of the fellows made it convenient to comply with the needs of such an organization. In addition, worship services were held each Sunday morning at breakfast, at which time selected members of the group would speak. This played an essential part in the spiritual life of the "camp."

Different recreational activities were carried out within the group also. A baseball team and a softball team were organized which engaged in several contests with teams from surrounding villages. Horse-shoe pitching, hiking and swimming completed the outdoor activities, while bridge, whist, monopoly, cross-word puzzle solving, group singing and the radio featured the indoor entertainment. And of course the group occasionally celebrated someone's birthday, and you can imagine that to be entertained on such an occasion was fun and enjoyment for all.

Our stay was made happier by the unexpected visits of friends. First to drop in to see us were the charming Miss Dorothy Irby of Spelman College and New London, Connecticut and a part of her friends. President Florence Read drove up to see us a few days later and brought along Moss Kendrix and a teammate of his from Ohio State University, who were volunteers of the Student Peace Service in nearby Winsted, Connecticut. A visit also from Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Caldwell did much to encourage us in our attempts to carry on the spirit of "dear old Morehouse."

As to the actual work on the first day, we were greeted with the arrival of our trucks at the "camp" early in the morning, which carried us to our destinations. It was then our privileges to find out all that can be done with a hoe. We were quite tired at the end of the first day's work, however, a few days of that routine helped us to adjust ourselves to the large net covered fields, long rows—and *sandwiches*.

The harvesting proved to be the most interesting phase of the processes. To one who has never experienced it, the picking of tobacco is likened to a colorful and exciting carnival. It was indeed interesting to see the teams of pickers and puller, the baskets of crisp tobacco leaves, the busy teams of horses transferring between fields and barns, and to listen to the mirth and chatter of the different nationalities blended, thus giving an air of goodwill, cheer, and friendliness, for there were with us then French, Lithuanians, Poles, Italians, and Germans.

Many weeks of this found every barn full of the fruits of the summer's labor beginning its long process of preparation for the market after the next two or more years. The final chapter of our experiences in field work is marked by the clearing of the spacious fields of their deserted stalks, and the protective net covering. At this stage, we were forced to give up what literally had become a part of us—the fields, the trucks, the fun, and most of all the friendships and general spirit of brotherhood. It was time for our trip homeward.

The experiences gained by all of us will ever remain a part of our cherished memories, and will no doubt leave an indelible imprint upon the character that is now in the process of being shaped.

—John Wesley Miles.

# Feature Views



## OBSERVATIONS IN FRANCE

By John Clinton Long, Jr. '36

The traveler who visits France is at once heard to exclaim, "I have two countries now, France and my own." Such was my reaction soon after I had placed foot on French soil. France is visited every year by great crowds of people from all over the earth because the renowned French civilization and the beautiful country have made France one of the most interesting countries of the world.

My visit was chiefly confined to Paris, a city whose civilization began some two hundred thousand years ago. Today Paris is a most beautiful city and a center of knowledge and art. It has left behind the small island from which it sprang and has spread across fields and into the nearby hills. However, the heart of this great mass is still the original Island, the Ile de la Cité. Oftimes when a river runs through a city, it becomes more a part of the city than the foundation on which the city stands. Such is true of Paris and the Seine. The left bank and the right bank of the river Seine are known everywhere as symbols of the two Parises; art and jollity on the left, fashion and power on the right. All along the Seine are lined bookstalls which are said to have been there more than three hundred years. What a pleasure to amble along the Seine and browse among the books and old curiosities exposed for sale there!

The city of Paris has been well laid out. It has been so arranged in many instances that houses conform in height to the width of the street and those which front on fine avenues or squares are constructed after the plan of the architect who planned that section of the city. Trolley cars are barred from the City. An underground system for telegraph and telephone wires adds to the beauty of the city; for no disfiguring wires or poles are seen. In various sections of the City are found many important squares that contain the famous monuments of Paris as the Place de la Concorde, Place de L' Etoile, Place de la Bastille and the Place Vendome. It is thrilling to visit these familiar landmarks with the knowledge of the long history behind each of them.

The most important of the many Cathedrals in Paris is Notre Dame. This marvellous cathedral which holds seven thousand people, has endured for twenty five generations and is still a thing of beauty. "A poem in stone, frozen music." Another place of historic interest is the Louvre Museum, originally built as a royal fortress in the thirteenth century. Today it is the richest treasure house of art in the world. This fine museum contains thousands of rare paintings, sculptures, bronzes, and pieces of jewelry from ancient times to the present day.

The left bank of the Seine was always a constant source of interest to me with the Latin Quarter and Montparnasse. Here lives the world of carefreeness; the amusing long-haired artist who eats bread and ham at Deux Maggots and spends long afternoons talking the time away. Here are found the famous cabaret spots of Montparnasse. As the Boule Blanche, whose various attractions always keep it crowded with young pleasure seekers,

The artists and writers, real and pretended, are generally found at the Cafe du Dome. This group drinks coffee and discusses the various topics of the day in a very easy and carefree manner. The left bank has privileges that no other spot may hope to enjoy.

I think that even without Paris, France would continue to receive large numbers of visitors who would come for a glimpse of the other towns and cities of this ancient nation. One could never be satisfied until he had seen her playgrounds, her busy ports, her sleepy old world cities that remind one of the half-forgotten cities of Greece and Rome.

Eight hundred years ago poets called troubadours sang of their native land as sweet France-La Douce France. I know that such a loving phrase has continued up to our present day. For the world has found in France not only beauty and charm but a sympathy for intellectual and artistic effort which makes her a willing hostess to men of all nations, regardless of color or creed.

*Editor's Note: John Clinton Long finished Morehouse College in 1936. Since that time, he has occupied himself as teacher of French at Booker T. Washington High School here in Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Long came to Morehouse College as a student from the school in which he now teaches. During his stay at Morehouse, he distinguished himself, first, as a student, then as a varsity debator, an active member of the Glee Club and Orchestra and as the Editor-in-Chief of the Maroon Tiger. Mr. Long's "Observations in France" were made during the past summer, at which time he was engaged in advance work in French.*

## DON'T TRY GUESSING

JOHN V. THOMPSON

1. Who is the tallest President we have ever had?
2. What is the language of the gypsies?
3. When was the expression "O. K." first used and by whom?
4. What is All Souls' day?
5. What is meant by "Battle of the Books"?
6. Who was the author of *Human Bondage*?

## ANSWERS

1. Lincoln.
2. Romany.
3. It was Oct. 6, 1790, when the expression "O. K." was first used to signify approval. It was that date Andrew Jackson, "Proved a Bill of Sale" which was written on it "O. K.", meaning it is so, and in no other way. It's found in the Court records of Sumner County, Tennessee.
4. A day of prayer for souls in purgatory, on Nov. 2.
5. A satire by Swift on the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature.
6. Somerset Maugham.

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM! SUPPORT YOUR TEAM!



# Feature Views

## SURVEY OF STUDENT OPINION

Each month the *Maroon Tiger* plans to conduct a *Survey of Student Opinion* on some topic that may be of interest to the students of Morehouse College.

How would you like to know the matrimonial rate between Spelman and Morehouse graduates, what the people in the surrounding community think of Morehouse men, views on love and marriage, what is "Morehouse Spirit," attitudes toward religion and other opinions which may afford subject matter for such a project?

### *This Month's Survey*

The survey for this month was conducted at the time the European crisis was at the peak of its tension. At the time of this writing the zero hour appears to have been soothed by the *mediative abilities* of Chamberlin, Daladier, Mussolini and Hitler. However, the scene changes with such rapidity that by the appearance of these words the conditions of our observation might have long since given way to more dynamic episodes. *You* may be forced to receive *your* copy of the *Tiger* in the front trenches of Europe or not at all.

### SURVEY OF STUDENT OPINION

(Conducted by the *Maroon Tiger*)

#### PART I—THE CURRENT EUROPEAN CRISIS

1. Do you think further concessions to Hitler would insure world peace?
2. Do you think international force is necessary to preserve world peace?
3. What solution would you offer in regard to the Sudeten problem?  
I think—
  - (a) Czechoslovakia should grant all of Hitler's demands.
  - (b) Hitler should allow Czechoslovakia sufficient time in which to effect the Anglo-French proposal.
  - (c) Germany and Czechoslovakia should allow some far removed and neutral power, as the United States, to serve as complete mediator in the crisis.
4. What policy do you think the United States should take in regard to the European crisis?  
I favor—
  - (a) Complete isolation.
  - (b) Application of our Neutrality Act.
  - (c) Use of American materials only, if we must be involved in war.
  - (d) Collective action of this country with Great Britain, France, and Russia, including military action if necessary.
  - (e) Entrance into a revised League of Nations which would settle boundary disputes and other maladjusted international conditions.
5. Should our government protect private American interests abroad at the risk of involving this country in war?

6. The opinions expressed above are based on (slight), (moderate), (careful) study of the European situation.

#### PART II—PARTICIPATION AND NON-PARTICIPATION

1. Are you willing to fight to "make the world safe for Democracy"?

Check one of the following:

I am willing to fight—

- (a) If continental United States is invaded.
- (b) If continental America is invaded.
- (c) In defense of the colonial possessions of the U. S. A.
- (d) In defense of "American rights" abroad.
- (e) In any war in which the United States might participate.
- (f) In no war anywhere.

In the recording results of the present Survey, we were impressed to note that response came mostly from the freshman and sophomore classes with few responses from the juniors and still fewer from the seniors. Further the majority of these opinions were based on "careful study of the European situation."

As a whole the students were not in favor of further concessions to Hitler because they felt that such action would merely mean further concessions, if not to Hitler to other persons who might have imperialistic motives. A majority polled the opinion "Yes" to the question concerning the use of international force as a means of preserving world peace, stating that such would stop Hitler, who if brought to test would be found to be more of a bluff than a menace to world peace. On the same question many, however, believed that "international force is impracticable(?)." Almost without exception the students agreed that the current boundary disputes should be entrusted to some "far removed neutrality power" for settlement, with a minority being willing to accept the Anglo-French proposals if Hitler would grant Czechoslovakia sufficient time in which to undergo the change. In regards to the foreign policy of the United States, opinion was for "entrance into a revised League of Nations which would settle boundary disputes and other international maladjustments" stood out foremost. Isolation and the application of the Neutrality Act followed in order as advisable foreign policy. Concerning the protecting of private American economic interests abroad at the risk of involving this country in war, the expressed opinion placed human life above economic gain at any cost. It was interesting to note from the answers presented in Part II that the students on a whole were not willing to fight for democracy in its present disguise. The majority of the votes concerning participation and non-participation were distributed between the alphabets (a), (b) and (c) in declining order.

M. H. K.

THE "MAROON TIGERS" ARE HEADED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

# Feature Views



## *With The Ladies*

### NASSAU AT NIGHT

Anatole Reeves '39, Spelman College

For those who revel in the romantic and the mysterious, there is nothing quite so exciting to the imagination as walking through the quaint and lovely streets of Nassau in the dark shadows of the night. The rays of light flickering like golden beams through the beautiful green and brown jalousies that are so essential to comfort, adaptation to the climate, and perhaps, a soft low song of the tropics coming from within, fire the thoughts of those for whom each closed shutter holds the nucleus of a thrilling novel.

The delightful balmy nights offering you a temperature of seventy-two degrees fill your soul with that peace, happiness, and contentment that passeth all understanding. Starlit scented, they beckon you to sit among the swaying palms in the parks where exists an atmosphere of life, love and laughter interrupted only by the distant cricket notes on a breeze wafted gently through the trees, while neptune invites you to sail on the dancing, sparkling blue waters.

The pavements and paths looking like lines of white sugar in the moonlight present a picture holding the spirit of a land of enchantment. Here and there along the sides of the path there can be distinguished gently waving palm trees, silver in the night glow of the tropical sky. Shirley Street lures the night pedestrian with its hedges of begonias, poinciana, oleander, and bouganvillia. On Bay Street which meanders along the north shore as serenely as an unruffled snake, swarms of dark-hued natives all but overhang the harbor, to drink in its beauty.

When earth's last picture is painted and the world's artists have laid aside their brushes for the last time, there will still remain unpainted the picture that many have striven in vain to produce, the color of the sea at night. Its beauty so far surpasses the most elaborate and glamorous description of mere man or woman that even the Greeks have not a word for it. On these multi-colored blue waters lazy sponge boats move silently in and out. As they slowly tack back and forth to a June breeze with graceful natives barely visible, you hear the strains of a guitar coming from—you scarcely know where. Every few seconds the mighty marlin flings his head and shakes his tail to rid himself of the hook of the mighty fisherman, while the grouper, yellow tail, and angel fish are among those nibbling at the bait of men enticing them from their glass-bottomed boats.

It is not unusual to see the natives of both the white and colored races who have toiled all day and a part of the night in the market, the place where you purchase fish, vegetables, and native fruits, wend their way home with their native baskets filled with guavas, avacados, or the dozen other delicious fruits that have glided in from the

Guter Islands under slow sails, bringing their fair perfume of the tropics.

It is difficult to do justice to a Nassaurian night. The scent of the jasmine on the air, the never-ceasing voice of the sea, the magic moonlight nights, the crystal blue waters, the romantic yet peaceful and restful atmosphere, all these and more add to the magic spell and store memories never to be forgot. You cannot drive through the streets of Nassau and feel the spirit or the thrill of the Bahamas in their mysterious nightly splendor. That, in all its glory is reserved for the leisurely pedestrian who feels himself in a carefree land of beauty.

### PARADOXES

*"Merciful paradoxes pepper men's souls sometimes  
—tempering the extremes."*

A car honked dangerously close behind a woman as she went across the street. She slid an oath, oozing with the slime of Calder's Alley, through teeth framed by heavy lips. She scuttled across the street, nevertheless, with her long, slightly wide-legged stride. From a motley crowd of men the smelly rack of cabbage in front of the Dago store, came a shout:

"Hey, Branch! Ya didn't cuss loud enough!"

Branch was hard—hard with jagged edges. It was not disillusion that made her hard. She never had any illusions. Sickening squalor in the houses of the dark alley and in the souls of the men who lived in them left no place for illusions. Life was like the slimy oaths she muttered, the rough, sexy souses who rubbed against her body, and the snivelling noses of lying, cheating brats, from birth, began to sniff the heavy, gray washwater stagnant in the mud holes of Calder's Alley.

Faintly, Branch was not of Calder's Alley. There was night school. And there were her eyes. Great brown eyes, soft, unseeing sometimes in the unrealities of a glimmering vision. She saw things sometimes, beautiful things—like the delicate glory of a pale yellow rose blossoming in the grimy dishwater of the alley—

The English teacher at the night school said that she had a glimpse of something somewhere high and vital, that it pushed hard to get through: that it was like the red fire of the sunset coming through a sickly orange, not enough to burn its light into her soul, but it was there, trying. It was in the lines that she wrote about the things she saw sometimes—

For, you see, Branch was a poet.

*Anonymous.*

Student: "Ol' G. what key do you sing in?"

Ol' G: The key of "G." why?

Student: "G." but it sounds funny.

Don't miss the next edition in which appears V. Trenton Tubbs' article, "The most versatile man in the senior class, and why I am."

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN YOUR TIGER.





## "THE LAST WORD" . . . NEWS COMMENTARY

## WHY NOT ASK A SOCIOLOGIST

By Marion E. Jackson

## EUROPE

While thousands of college men were returning to college, humming merrily, "Atisket-Atasket," and "Stop Beating Around the Mulberrybush," the Dictator and Democrats of Europe met momentarily at famous resorts and watering places for a series of extraordinary jam sessions. Forgotten, for the moment, were "Loch Lomond," "Martha," and "Joseph-Joseph," but a more rhythmic beat of sabers, filed artillery, and other instruments of modern warfare could be heard without the Ellington, Goodman and Basie effect. Proposals were suggested, rejected, and statesmen departed dejected.

Repeated threats, counter threats and military maneuvers continued. Vocalists Hitler, Benes, Marsarky, and Chamberlain took to the air and interrupted swing stylists Tilton, Anderson, Mann.

Meanwhile, ultimatums were flying like Krupa's drum sticks. Border lines were as closely packed with troops as keys on Duchin's piano. Results, tension, at this writing, as hot as Armstrong's trumpet, and equally as long as one of his torrid notes.

## UNITED STATES

The flippant and oft-wrong *Times Magazine*, edited by collegiates gifted in caustic phraseology, issued breathlessly, and reading with a rapid fire staccato, results in presidential purge attempts. Citing Negroes' participation in election brought forth the following comment:

"If the Roosevelt control is tightened by the elections, first, there will be an open Administration drive to put through the anti-lynching bill. This will be followed by legislation, now being carefully thought out, to put an end to the disfranchisement of the Negroes in the South. . . . That is the dream. . . . If they win, they are going after those five million voting fish in that untouched Southern reservoir with a legislative net guaranteed to catch them all."

## REMINDER

Predicted, Rayford Logan, on farewell address to Morehouse students, "It may be fortunate that the president chose such a man as Hugo Black, his nomination may insure passage of legislations infranchising Southern Negroes, and, "the Negro may profit yet by looking, periodically, to the Democratic Party."

## MOREHOUSE

"Green as grass" might have been the banner of freshmen entering Morehouse. The welcoming committee, wearied and tired by tobacco field maneuvers, job hunting, and a hectic social program, introduced the "greeness" "to the board," without enthusiasm. Freshmen retaliated by stealing social light, squiring comely damsels to all important social highlights, ignoring staring upperclassmen.

Who said Mr. Gassett plans to open a used car lot across from Yates and Milton?

During the last several years, the term Sociology has become exceedingly common. That is, speakers on the radio, writers for the newspapers, writers for magazines, and authors of pamphlets of all descriptions have attributed to Sociology or have blamed Sociology for certain theories or statements concerning society's present, past, and future behavior. Since the term Sociology is so widely used, it is often described and defined by those who, from all evidence of their descriptions and definitions, know but little about this comparatively new science. Articles may be read and speeches may be heard which call Sociologists everything from "Reds" to meddling fools who insist upon dabbling in everyone's affairs. Still, even more often are Sociologists mistaken for Socialists and reformers.

However, odd as it may seem, I believe that I am quite correct in saying that the gentlemen of the press and of the radio are either vicious in their attack upon Sociology or they are grossly ignorant of the underlying philosophy and phenomenon of Sociology. Undoubtedly an unfair attack upon this group of scientists who are struggling daily to bring forth more comprehensive and sound facts concerning society's past and present behavior is to misinform the public of the intentions of a group of well meaning individuals who constantly contribute information to the world which will, if not tampered with by selfish politicians and ignoble propagandists, lead to a more wholesome and dynamic living for all members of society. No, I have not said that Sociologists are reformers. But, contrary to that, I have said in so many words, that Sociologists are conscientious scientists interested in the discovery of and revelation of the fundamental facts concerning our social order. The findings of Sociologists may or may not be in agreement with the present social patterns, but regardless as to which is the case the evaluations and recommendations of these scientists are unbiased and non-prejudiced conclusions arrived at only after being subjected to the best scientific devices and methods that are known today.

It would, however, be foolish and unfair to insist that all of the so-called Sociologists are of the type described above, for in Sociology, as in every other scientific field there are shysters and fakes. But also, as in other fields there majority of Sociologists are not of the dishonest type.

Perhaps, I have managed to perplex you about the whole matter. Now you are probably asking how you are to evaluate what you read concerning Sociology and Sociologists. Fine! If I have done that, over half of my hopes have been realized. The answer to your question is as follows: When such a situation arises, consult an authoritative Sociology book. Or better yea, why not ask a Sociologist?

Bernard F. Robinson.

THE "MAROON TIGERS" ARE HEADED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!



## "SWING IS BORN ON THE TOBACCO FARM"

While working on the tobacco farm in Simsbury, Connecticut, men often felt homesick, not only for their home towns and parents, but their thoughts often centered on their loved ones. They often eased the monotony of their seclusion by thinking and voicing what has gone on and what they're going to do when they get back home. My feeble effort to interpret these sentiments in poetry and music is represented in the following lyric:

### "Musing On the Tobacco Farm"

I've worked all the day long,  
Still I am always humming this song.  
Because my love is so strong  
While musing on the tobacco farm.

Nights, at last when we sleep  
Thoughts of our loved one's often creep  
Into our hearts, so deep,  
While musing on the tobacco farm.

The stars and moon are so bright.  
Oh! the beauty of the night.  
The one thing that isn't right  
Is not the sight of you—just you.

My heart is heavy and cries out in pain  
It is now but it won't be in vain  
Because I'll be home again  
I'll not be blue!  
I'll be with you,  
And not on the tobacco farm!

—Don Summers.

*Editor's Note: Incidentally this song will be presented for the first time at the dance following the W. Virginia State game at the Sunset Casino. The University Swingers will render the swing.*

## DEFINITION OF A CRAB

A member of the lowest group of the Morehouse family. It appears each year in September in the vicinity of Crabtown, and usually leaves by February, by which time it has attained a more developed form.

No one seems to know just where it originated. It is very susceptible to "awkwardness" which ravages their rank during the first few weeks. It is very similar to human beings in that it loves to walk. It is dependent upon the advice of upperclassmen for its action. It often attempts to impress the public that it has acquired an entire education within its first month of existence. It hardly ever comes in at night before one, and does not retire until about two hours thence. It very seldom states its classification in informing others that it is a college man unless asked.

Added to the Little Theatre during the summer are six new spotlights to increase the lighting equipment and considerable stage hardware to facilitate the changing of scenery.

## A U. STUDENT WRITES HOME

Dear Mr. Calloway,

I try so hard to take care of Alberta but can a fellow do anything when all of these nice hospitable Atlanta people beat him to it? Why they won't even let me take care of myself.

You have to sleep well every night because they give you the softest and warmest beds in the world. You can't complain about the food because they give you the best in the prettiest dining hall I've ever seen. And the lounges—there are about eight of them and one has a grand piano in it. The others have all kinds of restful couches, beautiful fireplaces, pretty lamps tables and chairs.

You can't get tired because there are all sorts of recreation: tennis, handball, baseball, track and football. The movie, which is only 10 cents, has pictures which have not yet come to the Lyric. The scenery is relaxation in itself—two new buildings, plenty of flowers and shrubbery and the tallest trees, taller than four-story buildings. The Clement mansion sits high on a hill surrounded by all the beauties of nature. It looks like a castle—the kind I used to read about. The administration building is grand, inside is highly polished marble, most expensive equipment, everything is just right. Why the President's office is just a little smaller than the Municipal Library.

The important thing is studying, and if you can't you are hopeless. They give you the best living quarters in the country. Don't ever rush out to class and leave your bed unmade and your room torn up, for when you return everything is in its place just as it was the first day you came. Also when you are going into the dormitory, never reach out to open the door because when you do—presto—someone opens it for you. I call it magic—they call it Atlanta service.

When my day's work is done, I ease into my soft, warm bed and as the trees sing my good night lullaby I say softly to myself, "When I die, if they make some mistake and I don't get to heaven I hope I get to come back to Atlanta University."

—Isaac L. Hines.

## MOREHOUSE MEN COME TO THE FACULTY

Three graduates of Morehouse College, who have achieved distinction in their respective fields, have been appointed to the faculty of their Alma Mater. The School of Religion has secured the services of the Reverend Mr. George D. Kelsey, a graduate in the Class of '34, and the biology department will add Mr. Harold E. Finley, a graduate in the Class of '28. Both of these young men were active in sports during their undergraduate days at Morehouse, and both were active in college musical organizations. The third appointment is Dr. Kimuel A. Huggins, who in addition to his duties on the chemistry faculty at Atlanta University, will be acting dean of Morehouse during 1938-39.



## REDDICK REMARKS

The true purpose of college would be sadly missed if our college education consisted only in the mastering of a few impracticable theories and principles. Being able to translate Virgil fluently or knowing how to find the cotangent of an angle would hardly make us greater assets to the community in which we hope to live.

The cultural side of a man is important only in so far as it is balanced by his spiritual, social, aesthetic and physical sides.

The student of Morehouse is indeed fortunate to have access to such a diversity of means for the development of such sides.

For the perfection of expression we have manifold activities. The debating society offers splendid opportunity for the encouraging of initiative and self-assertion. The University players may be the medium by which he may find his true self, and by which he may develop a more profound knowledge of and love for the theatre.

The Morehouse Glee Club and Orchestra is a marked feature which to no small degree has won the college acclaim. This acclaim is evidenced by the readiness which new students join the aggregation. Frequently concerts are offered to the students of the systems at negligible fees, whereby they may hear artists of national and international acclaim.

Art exhibitions of the best that is in the field are frequently at the disposal of all. A discerning body of artists of note are among us to stimulate and direct a more appresentive comprehension of values inherent.

The true measure of character is the discernment and love of values.

The chapel exercises are compulsory. But the mere attending of chapel, however, can not in itself intensify our spiritual fervor. Our active participation in activities of religious nature can develop our spiritual side. Virtually every student is a member of the Y. M. C. A., yet few have availed themselves heretofore of the advantages it proffers.

The social life of an individual is one thing that he is not likely to neglect. Realizing this as well as the fact without enjoyment life would hardly be tolerable, ample means diversion are offered by our several fraternities and clubs.

Every one realizes the importance of physical development. Our mental health as well as our spiritual and emotional well-being is dependent on our physical fitness. The student is thus urged to develop himself physically. Inter-collegiate and intramural sports offer endless opportunities. Tennis courts, handball courts and gymnastic facilities are at his disposal.

One seldom realizes the prolific consequences inherent in opportunities. The breadth and richness of life is enhanced by the acceptance of opportunities.

K. D. Reddick, Jr.

LET'S GET THAT OL' MOREHOUSE SPIRIT!



### LET IT BE KNOWN

We of the *Maroon Tiger* staff need the fullest cooperation of every loyal Morehouse man this year in order to make the *Tiger* the best and most widely read college journal in Negro America.

If you know someone who wishes to buy a copy of the *Maroon Tiger*, let it be known.

If you know someone who wishes to subscribe to the *Maroon Tiger*, let it be known.

If you know of someone who wishes to increase his business by advertising in the *Maroon Tiger*, let it be known.

If you have any suggestions or criticisms concerning the management of the *Maroon Tiger*, let it be known.

Remember, fellows, the *Maroon Tiger* is the "voice of the students of Morehouse College." We, as loyal students of Morehouse, must make it our duty to do all we can to amplify that voice.

Men of Morehouse, help us broadcast the "voice of the students of Morehouse College" with more volume by giving us your opinion, your suggestions, your criticisms for a bigger and better *Maroon Tiger*.

E. Mayo Partee,

Business Manager.

### UNIVERSITY PLAYERS BEGIN EIGHTH SEASON

The annual try-outs for membership in the University Players during the past week brought approximately 65 students to the Little Theatre, on the campus of Spelman College, where John M. Ross, acting director of the Players for 1938-39 was opening the organization for new talent. Of those who appeared at the try-outs, thirty-three were selected as eligible for membership. Full-fledged membership in the University Players can be gained only after a student has earned three quality points during the year, which may result from participation in three productions either as an actor or behind the scenes on the technical staff.

The officers of the University Players for 1938-39 include the following: President, Pierce Thompson, Morehouse '39, of New York City; Secretary, Gladys Forde, Spelman '40, of Houston, Texas; Business Manager, Ollie Franklin, Spelman '40, of Chattanooga, Tennessee; Assistant Business Manager, Cuthbert Patrick, Morehouse '39, of New York City, and Publicity, William Morrix Nix, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Heading the various committees of the organization are: Susie Taylor, Spelman '39, of Atlanta, Playwriting Contest; Edna Kyle, Spelman '39, of Detroit, Michigan, Initiation; and Beulow Warmesley, Morehouse '40, of Shreveport, Louisiana, Awards.



# With The Poets

## KEEPSTAKES

Yesterday I cleaned the closets,  
Sentiment held full sway,  
For things I didn't need at all  
I couldn't throw away.  
There were pictures of the family,  
Taken many years ago.  
Like something that the cat brought in,  
But I couldn't let them go.  
Then those old faded letters  
Kept in a letter bag  
Written by my brother in France  
They were wrapped in a service bag.  
And when I went to put things back  
I seem to be stuck in a mire,  
The only way to clean closets well  
Is to throw keepstakes in the fire.  
*Thomas Borders.*

## THE ETERNAL NEGRO

Sunset and evening star  
There'll be no call for me;  
A shrine to man,  
Throughout eternity.  
And when all knees do bend,  
And kingdoms cry; "Praise be"  
I'll wing my way,  
Through endless day;  
There'll be no call for me.  
I'll hear the Gabriel horn.  
With foot on land and sea;  
I'll watch Hell freeze  
And Heaven cease:  
There'll be no call for me.  
I'll grope the dark spheriod  
Till God shall be  
A lonely man,  
And come again:  
There'll be no call for me.  
*Calvin Watson.*

## SUNSET

Shadows fall. Mother Nature tucks her Sun  
Beneath the horizon in the West.  
She picks the pretty rainbows, one by one,  
And covers him over that he might rest.  
"But, Mom, I'm not sleepy!" is his protest.  
So beneath his rainbow blanket he glows so bright.  
He gives the dying day a living zest.  
He responds to an inward impulse to fight.  
And floods nocturnal recesses with golden light.  
He casts high his streamers with magic skill.  
Piercing his blanket with many a hole.  
Chasing Darkness at his playful will,  
He tantalizes Night with his shining gold  
Until Mother Nature begins to scold.  
Then she persuades him with voice so tender,  
She softens the depth of his flaming soul.  
He smiles in pride at his gaudy splendor  
And closes his eyes in glorious surrender.

*By Leon Clark*

## EGO

I walk with me, and chat with me  
For none can talk so wise  
Nor walk with gayer step,  
No other man can friendly be  
As I, myself, can be with me.  
I pray with me and chant with me  
Lest man my song discord  
Or mar my humble psalm,  
No one can make the devil flee  
As I in reverence with me.  
I play with me and work with me  
For true sports all are dead  
And workmen lost their skill,  
Yes, other men go erringly  
There is no perfect save in me.  
Halt time! I'll build a world for me  
Lest other world has fault  
And deep in vice is caught.  
Within this heaven built by me.  
*Calvin Watson.*

## JUNE AND DECEMBER

You are only sixty-two  
And I am twenty-three;  
That little difference in our years  
Is just as it should be.  
You give me suits and diamond rings.  
Your gifts are lovely yet;  
I love you for yourself alone,  
And not for what I get.  
I'd come with you, though it might be  
In cabin, cave or hut;  
If you believe what I've just said—  
Old lady, you're off your nut.  
*Thomas Borders.*

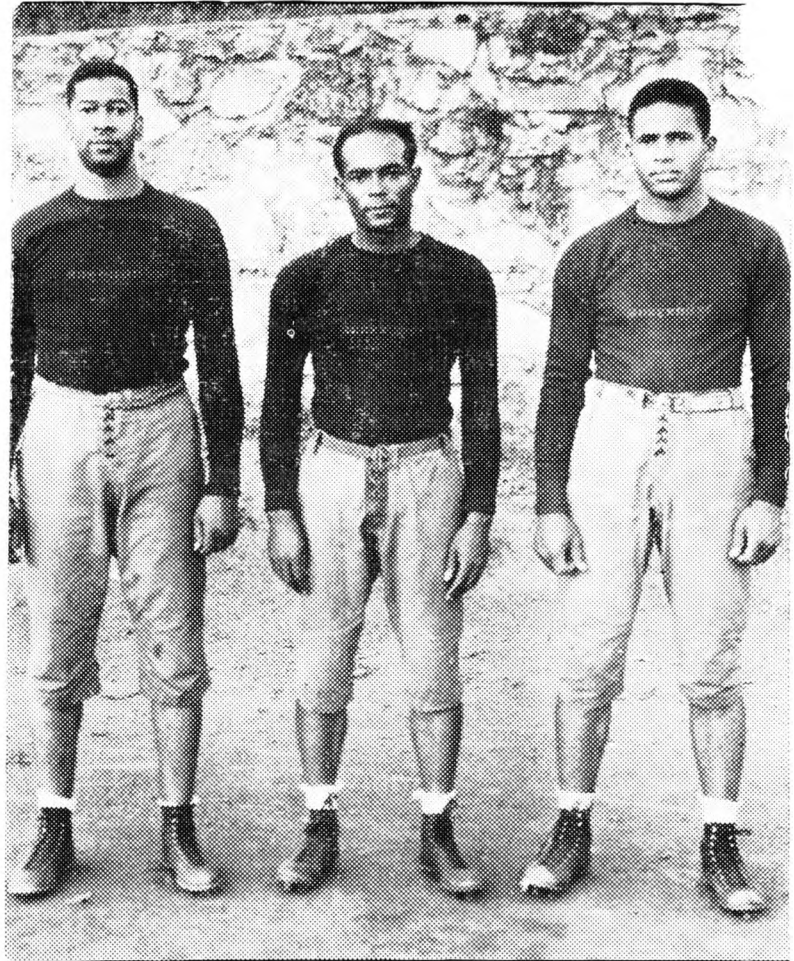


# Sporting Around With



## ALERT AND DEPENDABLE!

A "natural blocker." Sloan Blocher of Atlanta, is rated as one of the best blockers on the team. He is an alert defensive player, an excellent pass receiver, and is fast on getting down on punts. With a year of inter-collegiate experience to his credit, Blocher is a budding star.



## ALL ALUMNI COACHING STAFF

It's all Morehouse when it comes to the Board of Strategy. Reading from left to right are: "Hank" Archer, All-American end of '27; Head Coach Frank Forbiers, Morehouse '28, and Line Coach "Red" Smith, All-American center of '31.

## By WILLIAM M. NIX LANGSTON'S POWERFUL AERIAL ATTACK FELLS MOREHOUSE 18 TO 0

After making a brave start, the Maroon Tigers were finally conquered in their initial game of the season by a determined Langston eleven, 18 to 0.

Operating from a single wingback formation and running behind good interference, the Morehouse backfield executed short line bucks and off-tackle plays to perfection. Although no considerable long gains were made, it proved that the Tigers have plenty of offensive power. In fact, it wasn't until the second half of the game that the formidable Langston Lions were able to offset this powerful Maroon Tiger. Then the Tiger took to the air; but to little avail. Of their ten attempted passes three

were completed, three intercepted and four were grounded.

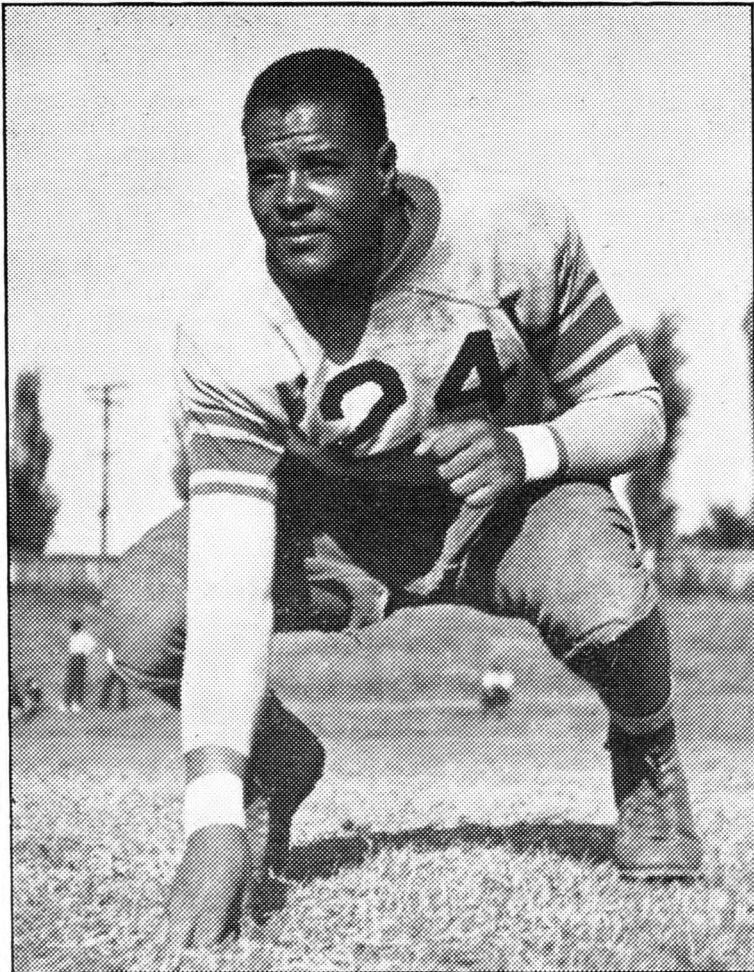
The Maroon Tiger's line being a strong one, Zip Gayles' boys unleashed a powerful aerial attack. A thirty yard pass in the first quarter forged them ahead 6 to 0. Maintaining this lead through the first half, Langston came back in the latter part of the third quarter to score again on a twenty-five yard pass. Once again the Langston score mounted when, after encountering a five yard penalty, Morehouse fumbled the ball on her own 11½ yard line. Langston recovered the ball, scoring on the following play.

Williams, Blocker and Swartz were outstanding for Morehouse; Sneed, Pyles and Parker starred for Langston.





# The Maroon Tigers



## CONVERTED FULLBACK

Reputed as being the hardest running halfback in the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sandlot League, Cassius Ward of Boston, Mass., entered Morehouse in '36 as a rugged fullback. This year, however, in an effort to strengthen the line, Ward has been shifted to a guard position. A great blocker and a sure tackler, Ward is a valuable addition



## DROP KICK ARTIST

Often when referring to as the boy with the educated toe, Willie Joe Anderson, of Fort Valley, Georgia, makes drop kicking a specialty. Willie Joe is also an accurate passer, an able punter and a hard runner. He is, in fact, a triple threat.

## SPORTS HI-LITES

By CASSIUS WARD

In discussing the "hi-lites" of the sporting world, this columnist certainly can't overlook the 1938 edition of the Maroon Tigers. The Tigers seem to show much promise this year. An unusual amount of Freshman material has given the Housemen much reserve power to draw from. With a suicidal schedule including Langston, West Virginia State, Morris Brown, Tuskegee, LeMoyne, Knoxville, Alabama and Fish on successive week-ends, Morehouse will find ample need for them.

It has been reputed that LeMoyne has what it takes and that 'Bama State is the "stuff." to say nothing about our non-conference foe—Langston and West Virginia State. But take my word, "Don't Sell the Maroon Tigers

Short."

We pause here to pay tribute to our "unsung heroes"—Arthur Mickleberry, guard, "Baby" Le Vain, fullback, and Jimmy Carr, end. Many orchids to these men. The Maroon Tigers really miss you fellows; your absence has been felt.

After witnessing a recent scrimmage session out on the "Old Red Hill," your commentator must commend some of the new men for their excellent showing. Togo Ama and Bob Johnson, guards, are fast becoming first string material, while Oscar Johnson is doing well at end, Clarence Anderson and his cousin, "Flash" Holcomb, are promising backs. Jimmy Washington, Swartz's boy, is doing a nice piece of leather lugging, too. In fact the whole squad is tops.



# F U N



## "CHIMES AND CHATTER IN THE FEMININE WORLD"

*Lois M. Berlack*

On Spelman's campus there is always loveliness to behold: lovely grounds, lovely buildings, lovely ladies—yes, truly lovely ladies.

This week's spotlight: No, it's not the Seniors, nor the Juniors, nor the Sophomores—your guess is as good as mine: It's the Crabs. They are being assisted in their adjustment by the Juniors. And are the Juniors enjoying it? So when you see a fair lady with a name placard and a green how on, you'll know she's a fresh "crab." (But don't let your mouth water, crab season is over.)

Some young ladies have begun counting the days until Christmas already. I have a hunch it's the Seniors whose homes are in the city. Be patient, fair ladies!

One might be justified in calling Spelman the metropolis of the female intellectual world, n'est-ce-pas? There can be found on this campus representatives from every city of note in the United States: namely, Detroit, Chicago, New York City, Cleveland, Jacksonville, Miami, and others.

## CHIMES AND CHATTER

When you see a young group of girls chatting in an undertone, don't say: "Oh, they're talking about that cute little freshman over at Morehouse!" No, they are wondering who *Miss Maroon and White* will be this year. Who will it be? Now that the Homecoming Game is just over the fence much thought is being given to the *Miss Morehouse* project. So be on your P's and Q's girls, and try to look your best!

I didn't know there were so many Philosophers on the campus until the first meeting of the Philosophy Class last week. "Dr." Borders found himself completely surrounded by one hundred and nine ambitious boys and girls. Quite a problem, eh "Dr." Borders?

It's quite a touching sight to see Mr. LeVain, Mr. Carr, and Mr. Micklebury coming across the campus—each on crutches. They are brave young men and the Spelman women give three cheers for you. Rah! Rah! Rah! That's real school spirit! For your sakes we hope the "Maroon Tigers" bring back all victories.

We can barely wait to hear Mr. Don Summers introduce his new creation: "Musing on the Tobacco Farm." The first presentation of this song will be given on October 15 at the "M" club dance at the Sunset Casino. Gather round, ye merry men and offer a toast to Mr. Summers!

A current question: Will the "Kollegiate" club continue to function now that its personnel resides on Spelman campus. Members of this popular Sub-Deb-Club who are temporarily out of circulation are: Misses Majorie Gaines, Lular Hill, Ray Freeman, Geraldine Geer, and Doris Gomillion.

Readers, you've been very patient reading my column. Thanks! If you like it, there'll be more; if not, cheerio.

*L. M. B.*

## THE WORLD'S WORST

—Not a Laugh in a Carload—

*By Irish I. Coulddobetter*

Angus Macpherson, New York's greatest undertaker, went home to Scotland on a visit. The little old town was unchanged and the people of it honored him with a banquet. In appreciation he got up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to do someone in this community—an honor. There is only one thing that I myself do well—that is bury people. The Macpherson service is known all over America for its thoroughness. Listen, I am going to give a free and complete first rate burial to the first person in this town who dies." Then he sat down—That night, thirty-two Scotchmen committed suicide.

Girl: "Say, do you like to play with blocks?"

Boy: "Not since I've grown up."

Girl: "Then quit scratching your head."

Jake: "People say there are more germs in kissing than in anything else."

Buddy Wright: "Then no wonder I've been healthy all my life."

Boy: "Can you read my mind?"

Girl: "Yes."

Boy: "Go ahead."

Girl: "No, you go ahead."

Tracy: "Best girl I saw you with last night?"

Wallace: "Necks best."

"I think I'll go down stairs and send Mary's little man home."

"Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court?"

"I hadn't thought of that. I know darn well I'd better go down and send him home."

He: "I'll give you a million for your thoughts."

She: "My thoughts aren't worth a dime."

He: "What are you thinking about?"

She: "You."

All material appearing by unknown authors must be signed Anonymous, Jr., since Anonymous, Sr., was killed last year by the *Maroon Tiger*.

*Slips that Past in the Night*

Moss Kendrix—"There were three other fellows on my team including myself."

Charles Anderson—"He spoke in a lot of terms which none of us understood—I will explain them at some later date."

One of our Teachers—"Several of the prominent educators of the nation formed an advisory board for the . . . fund. We met in Chicago one year."

THIS IS ROTTEN.

Signed,

W. E. Wish U. Woulddobetter



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