

# MARROONTIC



JAN. 39

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# THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

Vol. XIII

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Moss Hyles Kendrix  
Editor-in-Chief

Ulysses C. Glover  
Business Manager

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## THE MAROON TIGER

Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.

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*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.

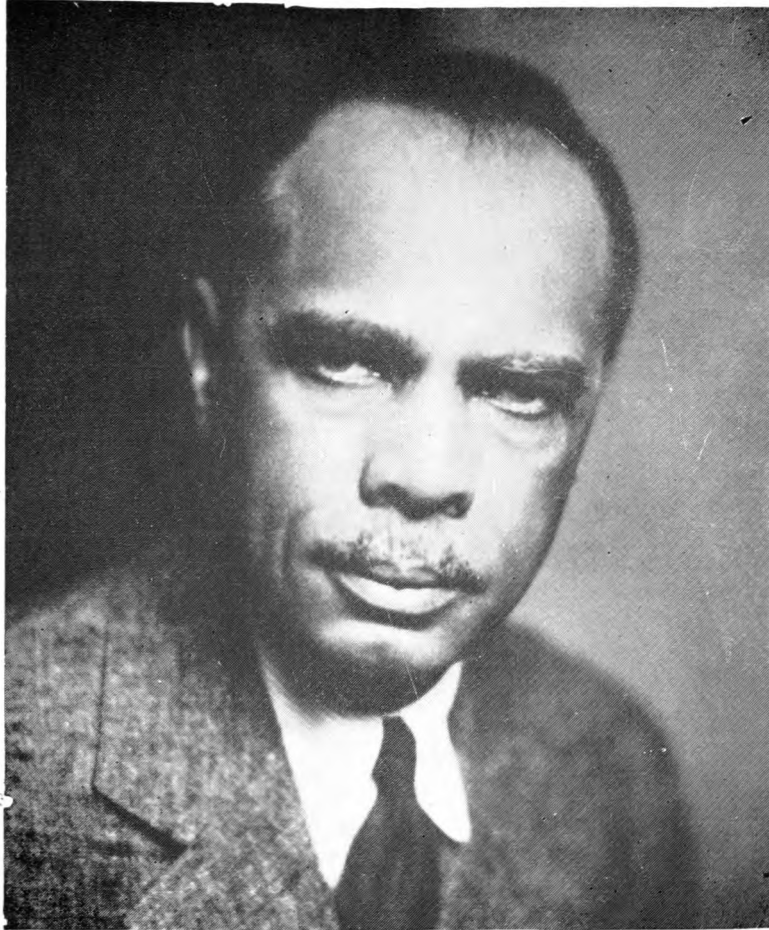
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THE  
MAROON TIGER

*is a Member of*

DELTA PHI DELTA

National Inter-collegiate Honorary Journalistic Society



*JAMES WELDON JOHNSON*

*THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, TEACHER, SCHOLAR, DIPLO-  
MAT, POET, WHO SERVED DELTA PHI DELTA AS CHAIR-  
MAN OF THE NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL.*





### DELTA PHI DELTA—A CHALLENGE

On August 27, 1938, Mr. P. Bernard Young, Editor and Publisher of the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, stood before a capacity audience in the historic Sale Hall Chapel and delivered the address: "The Negro Press—Past, Present, Future." The occasion was the opening session of the First Annual Convention of Delta Phi Delta, National Intercollegiate Honorary Journalistic Society. There were some ten or twelve institutions represented with a number of educators and journalists on the scene to observe the procedures of this idea which had fermented into an idealistic reality.

Less than four months prior to this eventful incident, the late James Weldon Johnson had stood before a similar audience in the same room and declared the new journalistic society a means of portraying the true American Negro. On that day, the Alpha chapter of the society, conducted its installation services and Delta Phi Delta launched forth as a national organization.

Only a few months before, three students of Morehouse College had conceived an idea—the field of Negro Journalism is an open one—vast in its opportunities, rich in its need for pioneers, the Negro collegiate of America needs some type of stimulation in that field. After some degree of thought, of toil, Delta Phi Delta was formed. Its objective was designed to be four-fold:

(1) "To stimulate among Negro college men and women an interest in the science and art of journalism, and confer honor upon such students as have distinguished themselves by their meritorious services on the various college publications.

(2) "To unite in bonds of good fellowship college-trained Negro men and women either engaged in collegiate journalism or proposing to engage in the profession of journalism.

(3) "To confer honor upon those who have distinguished themselves in the craft of writing.

(4) "To appraise the works of Negro novelists, journalists, essayists and poets, and bespeak the value of their contributions to America."

And so the story goes. Delta Phi Delta was begun; certain influential educators and journalists were asked to form an advisory council to direct and advise the activity of the organization; chapters were established on a few Negro college campuses and others were sought out.

Among Negro businesses, the press is second to none save insurance. Yet throughout America, there is but one Negro daily, one hundred and fifty weeklies, twenty religious periodicals, sixteen trade journals, thirteen fraternal magazines, thirty-five college papers and magazines and a large number of high school publications. Few, if any of our Negro colleges and universities have departments of journalism in which students with inclination toward that profession may adequately prepare themselves. A mere glance about us should be enough to make us cognizant of the vast opportunities we are foregoing by our neglect of this field.

Delta Phi Delta should be a challenge to Negro youth, to Negro education, and to Negro America.

### NEGRO HISTORY AT MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

A few students at Morehouse College are somewhat upset over the fact that there is not being offered a course in Negro History this semester at Morehouse nor in the University System. It is true that the traditional course in Negro History is not being offered, but a course is to be given the second semester—so we are informed. According to the current edition of the *Morehouse College Bulletin*, Negro History, a course, "designed to introduce to the students the role of the Negro in various countries of the world of all times," is one of the courses in history offered at Morehouse. A shortage in the department of history due to the fact that certain teachers are studying or are no longer connected with the system, the course of necessity was not being offered.

It is of interest to note that Morehouse College was among the first, if not the first, Negro institution of higher learning to place stress on the study of the Negro and Negro life. Before 1900, Morehouse College, then Atlanta Baptist Seminary, offered courses in Sociology in which "special study of the social conditions of the Negro race" were emphasized. In 1912, there appeared "a course in essentials of Negro—Americans." In general, the method of the course followed that of the text, *A Short History of American Negro*, by Brawley, with supplementary reading of such writers and authorities as DuBois, Williams, Blake and Merriam. This and other courses pertaining to the Negro were taught by Dr. Benjamin Brawley. In sociology and economics emphasis were placed on problems affecting the Negro and Negro life in America.

Morehouse College has pioneered in the teaching of Negro History . . . to her we pay tribute.

### USING THE LIBRARY

It is useless for us to launch into a lengthy discussion of the proper ways of using the library. It is assumed that early in our educational careers we have been made familiar with library usage and conduct. Our desire is not to abuse, but merely to present and suggest. Recently when the library windows were being washed some complaints were offered because the workmen were seemingly not aware of the fact that the building in which they were working was also used for study. Little reasoning on the part of persons who use the library would prove that other types of noises are also annoying to students. We are cognizant of the fact all form of communication by voice cannot be eliminated. Further, we are aware that until adequate and wholesome social outlets are provided, it should not be expected that students will refrain from all forms of social activity in the library, yet a minimum degree of this should be expected. The library staff is desirous of realizing certain changes in attitude and conduct in the library—Morehouse men, offer your assistance.

WE WANT SPRING HOLIDAYS—NOT SPRING HOLIDAY!



## PARADISE CALLED BERMUDA

By Miss Mildred Burch

Tucked away in the Atlantic Ocean 666 miles from New York, 568 from Cape Hatteras, approximately 625 directly east of Charleston, South Carolina, and 900 miles north of the West Indies is a group of tiny, lovely islands known as Bermuda. It is said of Bermuda that there are 365 islands comprising the group—one for every day of the year. At one time this may have been true; actually there are fewer now, the ocean having claimed some.

These are the most northerly group of coral islands. They are covered with tiny shells of coral polyp which have lived their brief lives, built their little houses and added their mite of clinging bells to this earthly paradise. The climate is most equable, ranging from an average of 80° in the summer to an average of 65° in the winter. Vegetation is amazingly luxuriant and abundant. In common parlance one would say that Bermuda has bigger and better plant life. From soil of only two to twenty inches deep grow oleanders twenty feet tall; Easter lilies waist high; jessamine; honeysuckles; roses; poincianas; purple bougainvillea; royal palmetto, date and coconut palms; Pride of India; cedars; hibiscus; scarlet cordia; acalypha; flaming lantana; juniper; fleabane, Bermudiana, eleodendron and many other varieties of colorful vegetation.

White stone houses dot the landscape and enhance the beauty of the islands. There are no frame dwellings nor brick structures. Here are there one finds houses tinted pink, yellow or blue, but the roofs of all are white-washed to purify the rainfall which constitutes the only fresh water supply. The water falls on the roofs and runs into cisterns to be kept until needed.

Life in Bermuda is quiet, happy and of an even tenor. There are no factories, automobiles, billboards or disturbing noises; people go about leisurely, quietly, pleasantly—their mode of travel being walking, bicycling, driving in victorias or riding the recently installed gasoline train which is the only concession to tourists' demand for rapid conveyance. It is a joy to meander along soft white roads overhung with fragrant shade trees, to keep to the left modern, well-appointed and well-equipped stores where Continental and American fashions may be secured; in yachting; sailboating; fishing (415 varieties abound in Bermudian waters); swimming the crystal-clear, vividly blue waters; golfing; horseback riding; tennis; dancing; theatre-going, cricketing and sightseeing. Although the islands are small (not more than 19¼ square miles),

there are over one hundred miles of picturesque roads. In addition to exploring these roads, visitors will find many other interesting things; the world-famous Crystal Cave and several smaller ones with electrically lighted lime formations and bottomless pools of breathtaking loveliness; sea gardens whose gorgeously-colored marine growths—anemones, brainstones, sea fans, star coral, sea puddings—and whose brilliantly-hued fish are clearly visible from glass-bottomed boats; the Aquarium, second to none; Devil's Hole, a fathomless, fish-filled pool in the middle of a road; Lion Rock, Natural Arches, Cannon Rock, Cathedral Rocks—queer and strangely accurate structures chiseled by the dashing waves; Pink Beach—finely-grained, crushed coral; and many other worthwhile sights.

Bermudians engage chiefly in agriculture, dairying, tourist trade, fishing, exporting, winter-grown vegetables and onions, potatoes and lilies. There are, of course, some professional people and business men. Inhabitants are well informed and many go abroad for college work. The population is approximately 30,000, predominantly colored.

But one must see Bermuda to appreciate it. How can mere words describe the beauty and loveliness of a dream, the exquisite fragrance of flowers, the genial warmth of the sun, the clearness of an atmosphere devoid of smoke, the luxuriant verdure of a veritable fairyland whose people believe in friendship, happiness and peace. Bermuda is an experience one must enjoy, a dainty morsel one must taste, to be aware of what superlatives in color, scenery and delight can be and are. Tom Moore, the Irish poet, aptly wrote of Bermuda to his friend: Oh! could you view the scenery dear,

That now beneath my window lies,  
You'd think that Nature lavish'd here  
Her purest wave, her softest skies,  
To make a heaven for love to sigh in  
For birds to live and saints to die in!

From these Isles of Rest and their inhabitants whose lives are a calm, serene embodiment of peace, happiness, courtesy and achievement, visitors can learn a lesson of contentment with small things. Having built their beautiful homes, made gorgeous, reared their children, they maintain a universal peace undisturbed through contact with vigorous visitors of the world. "Along the cool sequestered vale of life they kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

WE WANT SPRING HOLIDAYS—NOT SPRING HOLIDAY!



Miss Mildred Burch is the comely and efficient secretary of the President of Morehouse College. A native of Bermuda, Miss Burch came to the United States at a very early age. The observations of which Miss Burch writes were made on a recent trip to the islands.



## UNE DISSERTATION SUR L'AMOUR

By *William Boddie*

I have established the philosophy that all fellows who associate the least with the opposite sex may be classified into four distinct groups.

They may be named, for simplicity of terms (1) casual lovers, (2) hard lovers, (3) heavy lovers, and (4) chisilers.

The "casual lover" forms fully forty per cent of all college gentlemen who desire to be sociable. He drinks seventy-five per cent of his pleasure from the spring of Knowledge and the other twenty-five per cent from the vessel of social functions. He is distinguished as the only type of lover who can effectively make noteworthy achievements although he may appear before the deeper romancers as a "bachelor," or "stags" according to college slang. Yet he is the type of lover who all college students should at least strive to be, because he is the type who can be sociable without sacrificing too much time and energy and still can have a good chance to get a stronghold upon an ideal future mate.

Since all men cannot live a college life as a casual lover, but must live deeper in the mighty sea of romance, I have distributed among the other sixty per cent of college lovers three more types. The "hard lover" is just the opposite of the casual lover. He derives from seventy-five to one hundred per cent of his pleasure from love alone, although his efforts may result in anything ranging from "Puppy Love" to a "Romeo and Juliet" affair. Though he may be conforming literally to all of cupid's romantic laws, may it be said that the hard lover is more suitable for life on the "turf" (the outside world) than in college.

But the toughest man yet is the "heavy lover." He can carry several on "the string" and is generally spoken of as a ladies' man. He will make it, I suppose, but he must be a rather diplomatic fellow; else many disputes would arise on the part of his girl friends. There are many of this type about us; if you doubt it, just watch our "Spelman Willies."

At the bottom of the list comes the "chiseler." He transcends all that any other type of lover can do. We despise him, because of his racketeering nature; we envy him because he has the power to "double-cross" or even "take out" the hardest lover; we hate him because he reveals deceptive falsehood and secrets. Have you visualized his schemes employed in breaking up love affairs? Like the gangster, fun is his main objective, though he may be sorry sometimes.

Now what is the primary virtue of this philosophy? None at all, except the possibility of differentiating (supposing that you are a casual lover—a typical college gentleman) between those who are too authoritative in your company like the hard lover, or those who are too dominating in society like the heavy lover, or those who are too dangerous like the chiseler. In other words, knowing the four types thoroughly through a little study of this philosophy, you may easily recognize your social standing.

## NOORAM SREGIT?

What is it? Where is it? Why gentlemen it is perpetual motion. Once in high gear it cannot be stopped. It was cranked up on M. B., shifted into second on T. I. and sent into high gear on L. M. After reaching high gear, it has been going strong ever since. On the highway of fate, it attained the astonishing speed of 12 miles per hour. Alas! it hit a mud hole. Would it get stuck? Would the motor fail? No! This machine with an eleven cylinder "Bunky" motor would not be stopped. It was invincible. It dug into the mud and with a low, powerful hum it began to roll. Slowly but surely it came out at the speed of 8 miles per hour.

With this same powerful hum it again reached the straightway. With the motor hot and the cylinders clicking in perfect order, it gained speed. Heading its nose toward home, it shot forward and reached the utterly amazing speed of 18 miles per hour.

Because of a breakdown and one or two punctures, it gained third place in this S. I. A. C. speed classic. Thereby we give them a Hip! Hooray! Why gentlemen, Nooram Sregit is only the Maroon Tigers located here at dear old Morehouse.

CHARLES MAXEY,  
Class '42.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By *John F. Thompson*

### Questions:

1. Who made the first solo, round-the-world flight?
2. Who said "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well?"
3. When did the former King Alfonso XIII leave Spain?
4. Who was the first member of Congress to sign the 1938 petition in the House to force a vote on the Wages and Hours Bill?

### Answers:

1. Wiley Post in 1933.
2. Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to His Son," letters of March 10, 1746.
3. April 14, 1931.
4. Representative Edward Curley of New York.

The inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley may be singing "River Stay Way from My Door," but the occupants of room 302, Robert Hall are cursing "Ferdinand Stay Way from Our Door" (Ferdinand is the new House pet).

MOREHOUSE STUDENTS ARE PROUD OF THEIR PUBLICATION.

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## SERMON ON AMOUNT

By Le Roy H. M. Haynes

"If you want to see a better world look for a later date." Obviously youth and age interpret similar situations in this world of bewildered people from a different vantage ground. Youth stands some where in the middle of the horizon; age tries to exhume and revive the dead; the autopsy has revealed nothing. It is clear that a synthesis must be reached. The strength of youth and the wisdom of age must seek the formula of living together. Only this will point toward, not to, the goal that all are seeking but few have seen. If the age in which one lives is scientific, manifestly the lives within that age should be scientifically taught and directed. Though it may be true that Nature is no fool, nevertheless it is a fact that confused youth deals mostly from the emotional plane; and the confusion is so great that these emotional cycles move in such a distorted path they seem rational. We have been told to use common sense. But too early we have found that common sense is not always good sense. We have seen too much of the Cachiavellian philosophy in high places.

It is here we pause! And here we must. For neither path seems as noble as the last. So here we pause. The lion and the fox must die. Or died youth will be singing the hymn:

"The Christ I saw alone this Night  
Is not the Christ I saw before  
Now he's but a passing light;  
A passing light and nothing more."

The lion and the fox must die!!

We know of one man. A man that dreamed a dream so big that he and the dream could not exist in the same world together. He took the word "brotherhood" and built a road to the door of God. But in his name men have built empires. As we know, the word "empire" is synonymous with murder, theft, and exploitation. This is our heritage and nothing more. However, there are higher values that we must find. But how can youth find them if age leads not the way. Strangely enough, we have found a truth that we cannot understand. Age can advise youth because age can no longer set a bad example—though the world changes swiftly, it is lamentable that fossils remain the same.

The day must come—and it will; possibly not tomorrow or the days shortly afterwards, but it will come—when a man who is not afraid of his own life will offer his hand to youth, and will build men unparalleled in human history.

Why can this not begin here? Upon whom can youth rely, in periods of great distress, "and they are many" and feel a common sympathy or a mutual understanding? What problem of deep and lasting significance would one dare tell anyone for fear that he would be a social outcast in our small community and shortly afterwards sent home or elsewhere? These problems are serious!! To be taught is far from reading countless theories and learning to be a cowboy by riding ponies for four years.

This is strongly put. But the attempt is honest and sincere. This should be a challenge to whom? I do not know. Are there none who are able to advise youth? The answer cannot be, "yes, come to my office." As we must prove ourselves able to stand your examinations, you in turn, must also pass ours. We can read religious literature for ourselves. But religion is more than words. It is a method of living. We can only know men by their lives and thoughts and nothing more. Men are not what they think they are. For in the last analysis, they are what youth thinks they are. We will know you by your lives. Notwithstanding, we are not looking for a god; but, on the contrary, a man. And our hope is that through man we will find the secret of the Christ.

We are asking you who have lived as well as thought (It seems that the conclusions of those who have done both is, paradoxically, different for those who have merely thought) to show us wherein your treasures lie. What keeps you going? What is the motive force that drives or leads you toward your goal; and in the last resort, what is the meaning of the worth of life to you?

Write at length if you can, brief if you must. Each line from you will be a treasure to me.

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

1. I resolve to get ahead this year 'cause I didn't have one last year.
2. I resolve to give not more than three girls at a time—its too expensive.
3. I resolve to go to breakfast three times a week in order to check up on my school boy physique.
4. I resolve not only to hold the book this semester, but also to sleep over it.
5. I resolve to write home less often for money—I don't get it anyway.
6. I resolve to take all my "cuts" this semester—and then some.
7. In a nut shell, I resolve to turn over another leaf and be a good boy.

## GOOD SENSE

Prominent Citizen: One who kept a lot of worthless property, till others built a town around it.

A bad custom is like a good cake—better broken than kept.

Social conscience: being conscious of the other fellow's duty; a substitute for the old fashion private conference.

We are all gossips by nature, and delight in the exposure of crime conditions, everywhere except near home.

Death and taxes may be alike in one way, but nobody comes along five years after you do your dying to make you do some more.

A wise old owl lives in an oak; the more he saw the less he spoke; the less he spoke the more he heard. Why can't we all be like that wise old bird?

PHALE HALE.



### THE OLDEST LABOR UNION

When Egypt flourished on the Nile  
 And pyramids were all the style,  
 A nut named Pharaoh was king;  
 Boy! what a sceptre he could swing;  
 Among his varied kingly tricks  
 Old Pharaoh manufactured bricks,  
 And every little while would say,  
 "Cut down upon the rate of hay,  
 These men do not work hard enough,  
 These Hebrew chaps are strong and tough;  
 From dawn to twilight let them sweat,  
 For more production we must get."  
 His agents jumped when Pharaoh roared,  
 For he was chairman of the board,  
 And he was sworn, this winsome gent,  
 That dividends of twelve percent  
 On common stocks, he would declare  
 Each year he was in the chair.

The brickyards went from bad to worse,  
 One day a chap said with a curse,  
 "We cannot live long at this rate,  
 We need a walking delegate."  
 So they elected Moses, who  
 Took up the burden of the Jew.  
 He tried to arbitrate the case,  
 But Pharaoh laughed right in his face,  
 "Go, chase yourself," he said with scorn,  
 "I made bricks ere you were born,  
 The way I run the yards suits me  
 And I'll be darned if I can see  
 Why I should listen to the kicks  
 Of any lowbrows who make bricks."  
 "All right," said Moses, "then we'll fight,  
 Until you give us what is right."

Whereat old Moses pulled some stunts  
 That never have been matched, not once;  
 He brought on plagues of flies and blood,  
 Of slimy bullfrogs sired in mud,  
 Of cattle sickness and of lice;  
 Which really wasn't very nice:  
 Of locusts, darkness boils and hail;  
 And when all else had seemed to fail  
 To make old Pharaoh cry "enough",  
 He brought on something mighty tough—  
 The fearsome haunting plague of death;  
 When all the firstborn lost their breath,  
 They made the king capitulate  
 To Moses, walking delegate  
 Of Egypt Local No. 1  
 Brickmakers Union which had won  
 The first of all the countless scraps  
 "Twixt capital and the labor chaps,  
 Then Moses cried, "Go, pack your tools!  
 If we remain here we are fools!"  
 So out of Egypt bound they went  
 Towards Canaan, milk and honey bent,  
 They left old Pharaoh to moan  
 O'er the greatest walkout ever known.

—Author Unknown.

### THE FRESHMAN FROM LICKSKILLET HEARS FROM HOME

Lickskillet, Georgia, January 4, 1939.

My dear Son:

After reading the report I received from the Dean, I can heartily agree that you have made SOME mistakes. At first, I was somewhat disappointed when you didn't come home for the Christmas holidays, but now I'm looking forward to having you home from next month on—unless you do an about face in your studies. Somehow, I just can't understand it. You were so smart in high school—at least we thought you were. Maybe what you said about me—"a big man in a small town. . ."—maybe that goes for you too. It was encouraging, however, to note that you are passing in one subject—*Physical Education*. It wouldn't do to be a mental and physical failure.

Last month, Reverend Skeedleberry was in Atlanta, so he dropped by Morehouse to visit his old friend, Dr. Hubert. He tells a strange tale of what he saw, on or about the campus. The Reverend says, "I was walking up Chestnut Street, near Fair, when, all of a sudden, a bride, a groom, a preacher, a man with a shotgun, and a whole host of witnesses scampered by. Out of curiosity, I asked the cause of the hubbub.

"Oh, its just part of a frat imitation," a young man informed me; they're going to have the wedding in front of A. U.

My jaw dropped and I asked weakly, "The bride—who is she?"

"O, she is one of the boys", the young man answered, as he scampered og to overtake the procession."

As you may well guess, the Reverend was flabbergasted, so he hastened back to Lickskillet. I felt a hundred percent better when he told me you weren't the bride. After all, I sent a son to college, and, if I should get back a daughter . . . well, I just couldn't stand it.

In your most recent letter, you mentioned a new suit—or rather, the need of a new suit. Well, as usual, I am broke, but I'll have a fresh supply of cash, soon. Now, I don't know anything about *drapes*, or about "Pig" Jones. I suppose they're both quite respectable, but I, personally, have been wearing good old "please-don't-rain" suits all my life, and I haven't had one to choke me yet. Furthermore, if the price of your next depended upon your scholastic record, I don't know whether you'd get underwear or overalls. By the way—your red flannels—you haven't hidden them, as you used to, have you?

Mom is somewhat peeved that you didn't even mention her in your last letter. When I read the letter to her, I inserted a few loving phrases for her sake, but can I help it if she insisted upon reading it herself? Anyway, you should be more thoughtful.

Well, Son, may the best of luck be yours; otherwise, your college career, doubtlessly, will be three and one-half years short of regulation. Don't forget to write soon, and don't forget something soothing for Mom.

Still your Pop,  
 Willie Joe, Sr.

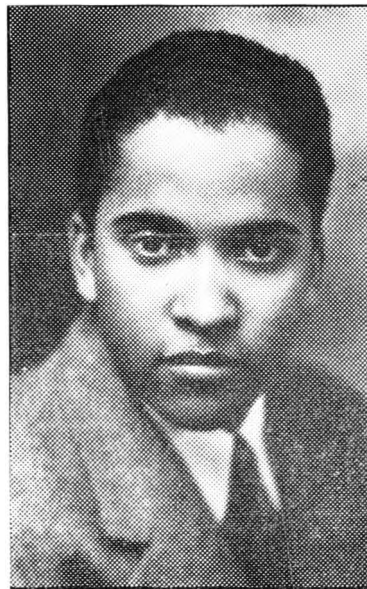
WE WANT SPRING HOLIDAYS—NOT SPRING HOLIDAY!



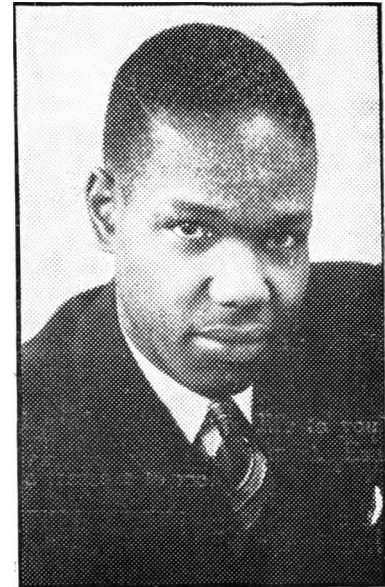
## DELTA PHI DELTA ENDS FIRST YEAR AS JOURNALISTIC SOCIETY



BERNARD MILTON JONES



MOSS HYLES KENDRIX



V. TRENTON TUBBS

Delta Phi Delta, Intercollegiate Journalistic Society, was founded during the fall of 1937 by Bernard Milton Jones, V. Trenton Tubbs and Moss Hyles Kendrix, all students of Morehouse College. The organization, unlike the Grecian deity that sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus, was conceived and gradually evolved in slow labor. It grew out of the belief that journalism in common with other professional occupational activities is best learned, best appreciated, and most adequately understood only when considered as a field of activity made of many closely interrelated phases rather than when interpreted as a series of largely independent aspects loosely associated under a common name.

Like many embryonic ideas of its type, it has been subjected to the "scrutinizing eye of criticism" by professionals, tested in the laboratory of its practical value, and finally tried in the proving ground of its First Annual National Convention held at Atlanta University in April of last year. At this convention, four active chapters were represented and delegates came from as far north and south of Atlanta as Howard University and Florida A. and M. College.

Thus, as a result of an early hypothesis, not without scars of battle, to be sure, the society has emerged as a definite conviction.

At present there are six active chapters of Delta Phi Delta situated in some of our most reputable schools along the east coast of the U. S. and reaching as far as Lincoln University in Missouri.

Credit, if credit is to be given, for the success of the first years of the body, must be attributed to an indefinite number of persons and forces.

Sorrowfully the organization pays its meager tribute to Dr. James W. Johnson, who gave unreservedly of his last days to working as Chairman of the National Advisory Council of Delta Phi Delta.

We are sure we need make no mention of the great loss we suffered in his death. The race and the nation has lost a great man.

Working with the late Dr. Johnson on the Advisory Council of Delta Phi Delta were such outstanding national personalities as W. S. Braithwaite, B. G. Brawley, Howard Thurman, Ira D. Reid, Alain Locke, Leslie Pinkney Hill, Rufus E. Clement, and many others. Among the well known journalists who lent their aid to the success of the group were: George Schuyler, the P. B. Youngs, Jr. and Sr. of Norfolk Guide, Mrs. Rebecca S. Taylor, C. A. Scott, Robert D. Baskerville, Lionel F. Artis, Carl Murphey, and others too numerous to mention.

It is plainly evident, then, that Delta Phi Delta had the cream of America's crop of leading personalities, who had placed their stamp of approval on the group and spared no pains toward the end of its success, as its supporters.

Progress at the outset was discouragingly slow. But perseverance saw the first chapter established at More-

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## JACKSON INTERVIEWS COACH FORBES AFTER TEN YEARS

When I entered Coach Franklin L. Forbes' office in historic Sale Hall, which is the headquarters of all Morehouse Athletic endeavor, and found him seated before the heavily-laden desk, littered with magazines, letters, programs, etc., I wondered if an interview was possible. He looked up with detached eyes, yet extended me greetings, and waved me in as usual, his immobile features showing no emotion; he brushed his scant hair, clenched his feet around the legs of his chair, and gazed out over the expanse of the Morehouse campus.

I had not seen him for some weeks; and in my years of acquaintance, this was the first time I had ever approached him with an engagement for an interview. I tried to look at him with new eyes, but the various Forbes I had known brought memories of names we have called him such as "Tombstone," "Sphinx," "Graveyard," and "Great Stone Face." I thought: ten years at Morehouse, ten years of building men and fighting machines, how had these years left him. He, in his years, was sure to have seen the unending parade of football, basketball, and track greats, who had left impressions or who had passed unsung down the years. Was he cynical of athletics now? Was he weary of the unending fight to build great and successful teams? Did he not think that competitive athletics were detrimental to college morals?

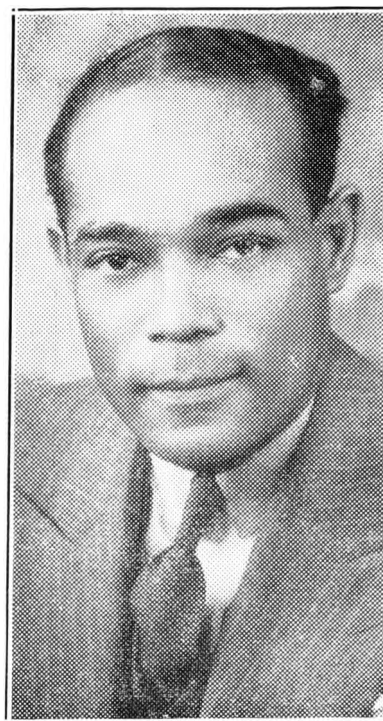
I see now Franklin L. Forbes, during early high school days in Macon, Georgia, clever, intelligent, and wide-awake. It was there in Ballard Normal High, that his love for athletics and clean sportsmanship were born.

There appeared Forbes, the student at early Morehouse—making a living, running the student body, but always game for student pranks. During four years at Morehouse, he developed into a friendly, brisk, decisive young man—and also developed along with the remarkable team of his years, into one of the most brilliant quarterbacks in the history of Morehouse. In basketball, where he played forward, he achieved a place among the immortals. In his years as a great all-round athlete—he showed that he could give and take.

After graduation, he returned to Morehouse—young, vigorous, and energetic. He plunged into the work of building men. Even now, so young, I wondered whether or not he felt secure when he commenced duties; it would seem that one so young would have felt completely out of place bossing the men of Morehouse.

Yet he succeeded and today, as we say, he wanted to talk of everything but athletics. "I've got to be a little less like a student, Coach," I said. "My opinion and views will have to wait. . . . I have questions I must ask you." He smiled and said, "Fire away, Jackson. I think I can take it." "Okay," I said. "What is needed most in Negro Athletics?"

"That's a good one! The broadening of the scope of athletics, so that sensible participation might be enjoyed by everyone. And this scope should be commenced from



COACH FRANK FORBES

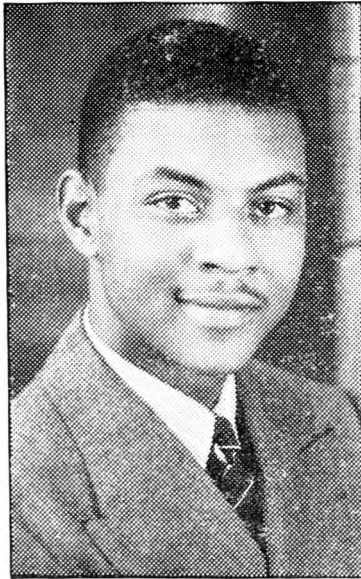
grades through college. Then adequate facilities above all," he answered. "Next." I said. "What does the future hold for Negro Athletics?" He answered. "That's a big one," then added. "A glorious future . . . the breakdown of color line in nearly all athletic endeavors is the most encouraging in years." I felt guilty as I asked this one. "How do you account for the remarkable finish of the Maroon Tigers in 1938?" "Well," he replied, "All along we had a good team, but to get it clicking was another thing. A good team usually excels." I came back fast with this one. "Is it true you are never excited at the performance and outcome of games?" "Jackson, you know that isn't natural. I too, bear the Maroon colors."

I was taken aback by this one, but I asked, "What are the prospects of the 'Maroon Tigers' next season?" As I stood, he answered "Watch us—we'll finish—with honors."

Thus I learned Coach Franklin L. Forbes. No, he wasn't weary of the fight, nor cynical of athletics. College athletics he believes are definitely "in" as to building college morals.

And, too, there is a warmth, humanness, that you will learn if you know him. Many happy years for Coach Forbes at Morehouse.

*Marion E. Jackson.*



CABINESS ATTENDS N. S. F. A. CONGRESS  
AT PURDUE

Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, was the setting of the 14th annual Congress of the National Student Federation of America, December 27-31. More than 200 College and University student leaders from 36 colleges in 46 states assembled for the most important student discussion group in the United States for the year 1933. Representatives from as far west as California, Oregon and Washington exchanged ideas and opinions with the visiting delegates of Maine, New York, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Kansas and practically every state in the Union.

The National Student Federation of America was founded at Princeton University in 1925, essentially as a Peace Movement, but the meeting supplied such a needed answer to student problems throughout the entire country that it was decided by those present at Princeton to make the Congress of the N. S. F. A. an annual expression of the student governing colleges and universities of the United States.

Because of the broad theme for the discussion, "Student Leadership in Community Life," the Congress was divided into 15 commissions or seminar groups. Interestingly enough, the many delegates from all sections of the country, as a whole, presented the same fundamental problems dealing with student government. Perhaps, the most widely discussed issue of all was the problem of holding elections as carried on in the various schools. Although some schools have perfected the election of administrative officers more than have others, the fact remains that "election days" are a student as well as a National problem in any form of government.

In addition to the highlight of assembling student leaders from all over the country for the meeting, Clark Eichelberger, director of the League of Nations Asso-

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## THE FIRST-NIGHTER SEES "ICEBOUND"

The Jordan homestead in Veary, Maine, was the scene of the second play of the season by the University Players. The elements in and around Atlanta were much in accord with the title and atmosphere of the play—it was cold enough to freeze the horns off a billy-goat. The play *Icebound*, one of a multitude of plays written by Owen Davis, was appreciatively accepted by a none too vast audience that braved one of the coolest evenings Atlanta has had.

The selection of the cast showed the usual excellence of John M. Ross, director, and evidenced exceptional ability in making negative personalities positive. Especially noteworthy was the performance of Thelma Worrell, Spelman sophomore, who played the lead role, Jane, a mistreated third cousin who gained the upper hand through an inheritance and eventually proved herself the better of the lot by placing the coveted fortune in its most appropriate place—and to her own advantage. Miss Worrell was cold, even in the face of forgotten lines; moving, when movement was the only thing in order; speaking, when speaking alone would keep the play alive. Ben, a ne'er-do-well son of the family, was portrayed by E. Mayo Partee, who by this time should certainly speak his lines with more ease. In spite of some very noticeable shortcomings that time alone will iron out, Partee was as well cast as was humanly possible. A new face to University audiences is the one that commands especial attention Miss Lillian Taylor in her presentation of Ella Jordan practically stole the show. Her accent, her diction, her poise, grace of movement and expression showed that she knew and understood her part. That she was able to act it to perfection is certainly to her credit. We look forward to seeing her again.

Mention must be made of Pierce Thompson whose recitation of the dialect was as trying to the audience as it was to him, but who otherwise proved himself quite a thespian. Frances Mason as Emma, was much too conscientious and overspoke her lines in innumerable places. No better Orina could have been found than the comely little Gwendolyn Henry, who looked and acted her part to perfection. The most efficient Doctor portrayed by John Henry Lewis, warrants commendation; although the part was short it was handled well, the make-up, of course, serving to make the part even more acceptable.

Other actors who were as much a part of the production as the stars and who handled their parts with finesse were: Maude Johnson, as Sadie, Dorothea Irby, as Nettie; Cassius Ward, as the Sheriff. Minor characters who commanded attention were Bloneva Pride, as the housemaid; Hannah, and William Nix, who, as the Judge, recited his lines like a school-boy reading poetry.

A very efficient crew of stage managers must have been on hand. The lighting was well done and the sound effects actually in the right places. Bravo!

A word of apology must certainly be attached to this piece of rather unorthodox criticism . . . the writer does not profess to be a critic of the theatre, but has graciously accepted the assignment for the sake of—well, Pete.

*Candid Comment.*



## SAMPSON'S PILLARS

By D. GEORGE SAMPSON, JR.

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

One aftermath of the Civil War was a prodigious flow of money southward from Northern philanthropists for the erection of educational institutions for Negro youth. As would be expected the benefactors of this generosity were enabled to see the hand of God in a country that but a few decades before was beset with unmistakable hell. The freedmen recognized the graciousness of these givers, but the edge of their gratefulness and innocent acceptance was destined to become dulled by the attempt of these Northern philanthropists to subtly whip him into the orbit of Anglo-Saxon culture. It was the lot of the third generation of Negro students to begin to register their feelings which were: We appreciate your bountifulness, but we cannot countenance the accompanying statement which gives the exhortation that we be gentlemen according to your definition.

Looking back over the acclaimed success of those institutions created under the above mentioned conditions, we can probably see some good but certainly much ill in the partial fulfillment of the attempts to make a colored prototype of white gentlemen. We are cognizant of the fact that much of the Negro's spontaneous genius and ethnological culture has been squashed and more than that the real purpose of intellectual training and disciplining has come up on the short end. This course of Negro education has continued for so long a time that we have reared a generation of Negroes who, weighted down with pseudo-refinement, subconsciously wait patiently at the doors of white people seeking recognition as gentlemen, unwilling to associate with and combine the little resources of those Negroes who have retained the stamp of their original culture, and too stupid to recognize the fact that in this country it takes in addition to a courtesy in full dress apparel a considerable bank account for one to qualify as a gentleman.

Hang-overs of this tendency to teach us to be gentlemen rather than thinkers can be seen in a number of our present institutions. Indications of this are seen in the general practice of making orthodox modes of behavior and beliefs, the prime requisite in the selection of teachers. No premium or merit is given liberalism or open-mindedness in thinking and as a result we seldom, if ever, are able to get any direct infiltration of new ideas on any subject. And more than this, there seem to be but few

cases of conscientious attempts to help students to adjust themselves to the practical problem of business or of any other field of a materialistic productive nature.

We shall probably one day discover that we are the projects of Missionaries, and that as such we qualify for high honors when we recite the creeds that we have been so dearly taught.

It might be necessary for me to say here that no student would hardly discredit the attempt made by our schools to teach us the conventions of refinement and orthodox culture but only insofar as it is allowed to force out of the schools' program, practical lessons of practical living.

Ladies and Gentlemen, America will recognize you as Ladies and Gentlemen not when you stop with acting like one but when you add the essentials of buying and owning like one.

### LEARNING BY PRACTICE

An enviably progressive note was sounded a few days ago when a professor in this institution proposed a plan of having the students bring into closer relationship the practice of learning with that of earning. His promising suggestion was that the teachers of the three affiliated institutions adopt a plan of pooling their normal savings into a fund that is to be used by selected students as initial capital in some project such as merchant retail selling. In the course of his talk he pointed out that this vicinity is a fertile place for the establishment of some enterprise. More pointed than any other was the remark that within this community can be found no restaurant or cafeteria owned and controlled by the institution itself. And consequently students in the field of business or the department of economics are being deprived of a good chance to apply some of the theories and business axioms they have been so long learning.

The best part about the plan is that it will provide a few opportunities for graduating students to branch out and build some more far-reaching enterprises on the foundation that will have been established.

Ideas of this kind are well worth the attention and consideration of the students. Having its inception in the mind of a professor does much to reassure us that some of our teachers are taking our interest to heart. The next move is for more comments on the necessary steps to achieve the proposed plan.

### \* \* \* \* \*

### VERDICT, PLEASE!

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the facts of both sides. Mr. Brown had a public fight with Mr. Smith. Mr. Brown had in his possession at the time one butcher knife, two razors, one set of brass knuckles, and a blackjack. Mr. Smith had on his person, one sickle, one hatchet, two meat saws, a cleaver and an icepick. Both men plead 'Not Guilty,' each asserting a plea of self-defense. I judge you have reached a verdict."

"We have, Your Honor."

"And the verdict—"

"We, the jury would have cheerfully paid one dollar per man to have seen the fight."



## THE TWO HANDLES

Everything has two handles. By one it can easily be carried, by the other, not at all.

The elder brother judged the prodigal son by his conduct but his father gave him the other handle by saying: "This thy brother was dead and is alive again, all I have is yours; you and I are doing this together for him." He made him a part of the reception committee and said, "it is meet that we should do this to make merry and be glad." Almost everything has a pleasant and unpleasant handle. There is something agreeable and something disagreeable in all that we meet and have to do with. But the attitude that you take toward the person or thing depends upon the handle by which you take it. Many persons travel and only see that which is disagreeable. I have read books of travel where the journey led through charming countries and curious societies but the traveler saw nothing of them. His book was full of personal announcements: How he lost his dinner here and ate a bad one there, how he was cheated in this hotel and found no soap in another. He judged the laws, custom, habits and the country by his own city in New York or Florida: therefore he saw nothing and learned nothing. He began his journey with a full purse and an empty head. He returned having emptied the first without filling the latter.

He who sees a thing really possesses it. "To see is to have," says a French proverb. The proprietor of an estate may not be its possessor, for he may be unable to see it. The man who reaps the field does not always know what majestic fruit his acres bear; what charm of association, what delight of memory, what harvest of the quiet eye and the broad hearts are to be found in them. Another man pays thousands of dollars for a gallery of paintings and some boy or girl comes in with an open mind and a poetic fancy and carries away a treasure of beauty which the owner never saw. Why does genius glorify and transform all that it touches? Because genius takes all facts and all events by the right handle.

When you look upon life as tame and commonplace; when you think of your sphere as mean and poor; when you complain that your home is uninteresting, and your work a drudgery, you need to take a hold of the other handle.

To a dull youth it seems a poor drudgery to stay at his country home and plow the fields. But Robert Burns walked in glory and joy as he followed his plow by the side of a mountain. To work on a forge and to hammer horseshoes on an anvil is stupid work for the boy who thinks he's a genius, but one who is a genius, like Robert Collyer, feeds his imagination with the sparks which fly from the anvil and learns the secret of nature from the blazing forge and malleable iron. Genius is the power of taking everything by the right handle.

Take hold of it by that handle. It is your work: You're here to do it, you are a sentinel at this post and the safety of the whole army depends upon your loyalty and truth. No man lives to himself and no man dies to himself. Everyone can learn or impart some random truth from the commonest thing around him if he has a quiet eye in which to harvest it. There are two kinds of critics—those who are fault finders and those who are merit finders.

Productive criticism is modest—it judges each work not by an artificial standard but by the intention of the author. It detects the goodness in evil things and helps you to enlarge the boundaries of your liking and enables you to see more good in the world. To condemn or acquit is easy; but to disentangle the threads of truth and beauty from their enveloping error requires a higher skill and has a more lasting reward.

Christianity may be taken hold of by the handle of love or by the handle of fear. The church has too often taken hold of it by the handle of fear, making God an arbitrary King and Christ a Judge, instead of showing us God as the Father and Christ as the Friend. It pictures man as being weighed in scales and his doom of heaven or hell depending upon the weight of his deeds and the kind they are. But Christianity was taught by Jesus and His Apostles as the good news, that it was a Gospel of hope and not of fear. Its primary announcement was not "Hell is at hand, but The Kingdom of God is at hand." That Jesus came not as a judge of sinners, but as their friend, that he did not favor the self-satisfied Pharisee but the penitent publican: that the words which fell the most heavily from his lips were, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go and sin no more." It is certain that the essential power of the gospel is in revealing a Father loving all his children, forgetting and neglecting none; letting his sun shine on the evil and the good, the just and unjust. He is saying unto you, "choose today, Which handle will you take?"

You can take hold of everything that befalls you by the handle of doubt, of anxiety, of fault finding, of self seeking and of fear, or you can take hold of the handle of trust, of hope, of duty, liberal judgment and self-forgetting good-will. Your days will be bitter or sweet, events will be gloomy or bright, the world will be a good world or a bad world according as you take everything by the one handle or the other. If you take it with a contented mind, confident of good, it will make you grow younger as you grow older, for youth and joy come from the soul to the body more than from the body to the soul. With this method and art and temper of life you are well known even if you are unknown. You live though you may be dying; you rejoice although in the midst of sorrow, and you possess all things though you may be destitute of everything.

*Phale Hale.*

"A professor is in reality, a textbook wired for sound."

MOREHOUSE STUDENTS ARE PROUD OF THEIR PUBLICATION.

WE WANT SPRING HOLIDAYS—NOT SPRING HOLIDAY!



## ITS BAD AND ITS GETTING WORSE

And on that day it was decided that there would be no more dissention. The boys concluded that fraternity men were responsible for all the discord, so at the appointed time all the fraternity men were hauled out into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and thrown overboard.

Then all was peaceful until election time. The members of the Glee Club and Orchestra and the Chi Delta Sigma decided that the existence of the Y. M. C. A. was unjustified; therefore one night the members of the Y were lured into a bus which was accidentally driven over the side of a cliff. Now with this source of evil removed the G. C. and O. and the C. D. S. were free to continue their quest for unity and peace.

This might have been accomplished had not one of the good members been caught stuffing the ballot box, whereupon the boys began to shoot it out.

After they had been given decent burials the Loyalists got together and decided to abolish all student activities leaving only class distinction. With this new hope for the future the boys trustingly continued their quest for unity and peace. Election time came around again and to start the fireworks the senior class accused the junior class of voting names off tombstones; whereupon the junior class replied by dynamiting the room in which the seniors were meeting, thereby removing another disturbing element.

The juniors won the election; so the sophomores and the freshmen got together and resolved that the juniors were collective impediments in their quest for unity and peace and it would be best to exterminate them for the good of the cause. Accordingly, the juniors were all herded into a room and treated with lethal gas. Once more the boys were free to continue their search for unity and peace.

Except for the fact that a freshman accidentally threw a sophomore out of a fourth floor window (which was the starting signal) this might have been accomplished. When the battle was over all that was left was the bell and the corner stone.

After that classifications were abolished and everybody was divided into two groups, the Flunkies and the Lackeys. New laws were made and the whole set-up was changed. There was to be no office holders, no conference representatives, no organizations, no elections, no meetings, in fact, nothing. Now the boys were sure of finding unity and peace, but they finally got tired of looking at each other and between poisoning each other's liquor and frailing each other over the head with pick handles there were soon only two left, one Flunky and one Lackey.

Together they resolved that they would carry on the quest for unity and peace, but deep inside they knew they hated each other. One night the Flunky slugged the Lackey over the head, tied him to a gas-soaked mattress and set it on fire. On his way out he ran into a high tension wire that the Lackey had strung across the hall that evening.

And the birds sang and the flowers bloomed. All was quiet . . . all was peaceful . . .

*Richard Woodward.*

## "YOUTH"—HAS LIFE A MEANING?

Can we as youth be blamed for our cynicism? The disordered and chaotic condition of society these days, together with the dismal outlook in the relations of the nations, almost causes the strongest of adult-hearts to quail and fail. The topsy-turvy state of modern philosophy leaves mankind without chart and compass.

Religion which I think should give man sure guidance seems stifled with uncertainty and equivocation. I ask the question—Does life mean to us a succession of cocktails, cigarettes, bridge parties, tripping of the light fantastic toe on a ballroom floor, "swing" music, movies, "necking," and petting—or even worse? If so, we are hedonists and worshippers of the flesh.

I am not saying that we should hang the black crepe of pessimism and gloom over the glorious adventure of living, for I think life should be pleasure-filled. It is a high crime against humanity to make life a hair-shift affair. Still, on the other hand, I don't think the jest of life consists in pandering to the flesh.

We as youth are also worshippers of Mammon, because we love money for the things we can buy with it, and the powers it implies. Therefore we subordinate everything to one goal of making money and accumulating this world's goods.

Another problematic situation of youth is the age of indifference—I am thinking now of God and religion. Hasty conclusions based on a hypothetical conflict between science and religion, the desire to be utterly emancipated from all beliefs and credos of former generations, the tendency to be absolutely independent of everything in Heaven above or the earth below. We also have a sneering attitude toward established standards of right and wrong. We don't in all reality fight religion, but just simply pass by on the other side nonchalantly pursuing our own way.

In conclusion on this question—Does life have a meaning—I might say that we as youth are a bit selfish; that is, we live only to advance ourselves. If we have to rise on the carcasses of our fellow-man we hesitate not to grind them in the dirt to make a start to our own ambitious goal. The Messiah in his time declared this to be the road to folly, frustration, and disillusionment.

A meaning may be got from life when we interpret human experience in terms of Scriptural teaching, when we make God the cynosure of our lives, when we enshrine Christ as our lodestar, then this thing we call life becomes eminently worthwhile and in discovering the christian design for living, we find life surcharged with happiness and saturated with satisfaction.

*William Macklin.*

"Since I've stopped going around with college boys, I am three pounds lighter."

"Do you mean you are worrying and losing weight?"

"No. I've given back all the fraternity pins I've been wearing."

"We manicurists are luckier than most girls."

"Because we have so many men at our finger tips?"

"No; because we always know where their hands are."





### THE NEGRO LOOKS AROUND. ECONOMICALLY

The Negro's economic position is rapidly approaching a crisis. So what? The young Negro, unless the proper steps are taken, will undoubtedly be the one to suffer most. Hundreds of our young men and women are coming out of our schools each year with their attention turned upon but a few of the vocational fields that afford a livelihood. Naturally, such fields become over-crowded, and as a result of this, unfavorable conditions arise in them. The law of supply and demand furnishes the theoretical basis for this congestion, I think. Not only is the Negro's economic status becoming more and more complicated, but the general economic trend appears to be moving in the direction of economic complexity. The thing that impresses me most is the fact that the Negro is fully cognizant of the impending dangers and is directing his efforts so as to lessen the effect. He realizes that the United States as a nation, cannot make great strides in the direction of progress without giving due attention and assistance to its Negro population. However, he makes no rebellious outcry or assault upon anyone who might not clearly understand his problem. Instead, he appeals upon the inner forces of his race, as a group, for the consideration and appreciation of their available resources and opportunities so as to make whatever possible improvements in their economic situation. He is aware of the extent of illiteracy and other short comings that exist among his people, but he feels that, too often, his higher thoughts and achievements go unmentioned. When the nation, especially the south, sees and understands the Negro's problem, and lends a helping hand to his uplift, we shall move many steps forward toward betterment of our national economic set-up.

In my opinion, the key to the door of economic betterment for the Negro is Negro business and industry. Just as pioneers of old ventured forth into unknown lands, so must the Negro explore unknown economic regions. I admit that many such explorations must be conducted on an experimental basis, but even these United States were founded as an experiment. From the standpoint of concentrated capital, insurance is the largest field of business in which Negroes are engaged. There are a few large fields, but it would be folly to hope for the portals of these limited enterprises to offer salvation to the entire race. Therefore, we as Negroes, must think of the cooperation that we can lend to other forms of Negro business that offer employment for the group. Our ability to cooperate will be determined by our support of Negro business. Through our efforts to achieve this, we will eventually develop young men and women of unlimited ability and high racial integrity, who will gladly strive for the benefit of the whole race.

Inasmuch as the solution of the Negro's economic problem will result in a national benefit, I feel that this is the problem of the nation. I would like to say to all, white or black, that if you have some ability to alleviate these conditions and fail to do so, you rob more than thirteen million people of that which they need most.

To the members of my race, I offer the following

words: When I was just a little fellow, I saw written on a sun-dial this inscription, "It's later than you think." Although I did not comprehend the true meaning at that time, the words have remained with me down through the years. I think that this is a good watch word for us to keep in mind. There are many forces within us as a group, that keep us from achieving our economic goal. The race between us and these forces is well under way. At present, they are in the lead. We must lose no time in catching up, for IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK.

To the entire American population, I take the liberty of making the following statement: Assistance to the Negro in solving his economic problem cannot fail to result in the ultimate advancement of the nation.

*E. Russell Brown.*

### THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND DEMOCRACY

Democracy is a government by the people: it is a government in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised by representatives. This type of government should be preserved, but since it has its faults, as other types of government, I believe that only the purest form should be retained. Just as students must study the dangers and diseases to which they are subject, and then map out a program to avoid and prevent those diseases, if physical fitness is to dominate, so must they search for the dangers and diseases of democracy and take every precaution to prevent or correct them. Democracy is a balance. Since that is true pressure from either side may cause the balance to lean. Therefore, it should not lean too far if the minority or even the majority, is to be comfortable.

Democracy has both a political and economic aspect. The college student should strive to understand the true meaning of each and he should appreciate the aspects according to their value. Special recognition should be given to the fathers who advised democratic government by setting a plan for equal rights and privilege for all, since the plan has been designed. "I think that the college student, especially, should cooperate with those in authority, until the rights are peacefully and cheerfully granted."

*J. B. Jackson.*

New Circus Actress: "You know, sir, this is my first job in a circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

Manager: "Well, don't ever undress before the bearded lady."

Prof.—Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?

Student—Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shooting craps.

Prof.—Oh, pardon me.

### *Faculty Wit*

Authentic sayings of our prof's in classroom:

"The world will never be a safe place to live as long as it is infested by mankind."



## FACTS TO BE CONSIDERED

(Continued from page 9)

Where to begin is what I am really considering. As I ransack my brain trying to delve into the many problems that I would like to discuss, I think first of the Morehouse Band. Sometimes I wonder do we have a band here or do we have a group of faithful students merely wasting time attempting to serve their school and fellow students. Approximately thirty or thirty-five of us march regularly on the field at Ponce de Leon playing the old familiar tunes "Here Comes Ol' Morehouse" and "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here." We march in wet mud; we tremble and shiver in white pants; we play when it is hot or cold; we play when we could be in the company of our fellow students or our girl friends in the stand. Year after year, you see those Maroon and White uniforms displayed before your eyes. What a grand spectacle! It looks rather grand and glorious to the spectators, but let us take a peek behind the curtain and see what the loyal Morehouse men think of the Band.

I am reminded first of an incident that took place in one of our student body meetings. One of our followers, a student, addressed the President of the Student Body saying, "How about taking the Band to Fisk?" What was his reply? He wasn't given time to receive one from the President, but his question was answered with a blast of "Boos" from many of our fellow students. Are we loyal Morehouse Men? Are we courteous enough? Do we respect one another? Sometimes I wonder just what certain ones of us interpret the word "loyal" to mean. We sing it over and over and yet remain ignorant of its significance. Well, did we go to Fisk? No, no, no, No. The matter was merely mentioned but not really considered. Do you know why? Well, here's the reason (so think certain people). The Band isn't important enough and significant enough to be placed on the Student Activities Fund. How long these thirty-five loyal band members will stand for such I do not know. They won't stand for it too long, though. Things have to be changed around here, Morehouse Men. Pinch yourselves and see if you are awake. Give us more SUPPORT and send us off NEXT YEAR.

Do we get felt lyres for playing in the Band? No. For playing in the Orchestra? It all depends. How many do you see on the participants' sweaters? Very, very few. We don't play chiefly to wear the lyre, but we do feel that if we are capable of representing Morehouse in the Band or Orchestra, we are capable of wearing an insignia indicating participation in those organizations. Other organizations present certificates or letters to its participants at a special chapel program. Why can't the Orchestra and Band do the same?

It is not my intention to cast any reflections on any particular person or persons. My main desire is to awaken you fellow students, to inspire you to be more loyal to your own organizations, and at the same time, give you something to gnaw on.

WILEY W. MARTIN.

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house in January, 1938, at which time Dr. Johnson himself conducted the installation services—Tennessee A. and I. College joined during the early days of February, Johnson C. Smith and Fisk Universities were also members before the first convention.

The attraction of the organization has been its attempt to fulfill an existing need for a coordinating group devised to study in a practical manner certain factors of the science of journalism. It does not propose to be all of journalism. Journalism for the Negro as compared with other races is an almost entirely different business. Limitations of capital, equipment, instruction and experience have made it so. So, the Negro who chooses journalism for a vocation must derive his knowledge from the school of practical experience. Present day educators might do well to begin to consider courses in Journalism as a part of the college curriculum. Emphasis enough has been placed on the size and number of employees in Negro newspaper work at present to make us begin to think of becoming skilled in its technique.

Rather than seeking to be all of orthodox journalism, Delta Phi Delta seeks to grant its members a general and comprehensive survey of the most important factors. Its chapters are carrying out such projects as visits to plants of metropolitan dailies, seminar discussions of writing, editing, proof-reading and reporting; experiment in photography as related to newswork—several chapters are editing and publishing their own campus papers. *The Spectator*, which appeared recently in Atlanta, is an experiment in practice journalism being conducted by Alpha Chapter at Morehouse.

This organization then grew out of youth's belief that the press is one of the many means that may be used to overcome the great Kingdom of evil that we call—racial oppression.

Physics has taught us that centrifugal force keeps us glued to the face of the earth; reasoning from this premise of one of the accepted sciences, we have concluded that the salvation of the race is within itself; so in keeping with the theme of Achievement in Journalism, we say, "to America the nation, to Negroes the race is offered Delta Phi Delta."

(Continued from page 11)

ciation; Professor Frank C. Hockewa, assistant to the President at Purdue; Robert Spivak, Secretary of the International Student Service and Robert S. Richey, Indiana director of the National Youth Administration, contributed with speeches and advice.

Not only did the N. S. F. A. Congress afford an outlet for student thought or student problems, but made it possible for delegates to learn political, racial, and economic conditions of every section and state throughout the wide area of the United States. The contact with representatives from these various areas was sufficient reason enough for the 14th Annual N. S. F. A. to be a worthwhile and beneficial experience to every person present.

M. S. Cabiness.



# With The Poets

## INTOLERANCE

I'm pretty liberal you know  
 Though a little mean and crabbed;  
 I stand for girls who drink and smoke  
 I'll help a bum who says he's broke,  
 But somethings make me rabid.  
 Three peeves I have that ever grow  
 With scorn my heart is brimmin'—  
 At hoods and heads of golfing clubs,  
 Suspenders worn by sissy dubs,  
 And summer furs on women.

*Thomas Borders.*

## FRUSTRATION

If one could only learn what lies  
 Within another person's eyes,  
 We often guess but never know  
 At least while here below.  
 Sometimes a glance can tell a tale  
 Where words alone will often fail;  
 The eyes may smile, and then a look  
 Can change it all and close the book.  
 If one could only learn what lies  
 Within another person's eyes,  
 But would we then be satisfied  
 Or find it best to be denied?

*Thomas Borders.*

## MOREHOUSE MEN

When you're passed o'er this span of life,  
 You'll look back o'er your trail  
 And think of all your joys and strifes,  
 The gladness and travail;  
 You'll want it said, when all is done,  
 He was a friend to everyone.  
 You feel you've tried to do your best  
 To help your fellow-man;  
 You hope they think you met the test,  
 Because they'll understand.  
 You never thought of race of creed;  
 To you they were friends in need.  
 Brothers life is just a game of play,  
 We sometimes play it wrong;  
 Sometimes we scoff, sometimes we play,  
 We're weak and yet we're strong.  
 But through the years of joy and strife  
 We play the game and call it life.  
 As your life's twilight draws near  
 You want your brothers to know  
 Their friendship was to you so dear;  
 You always wish it so.  
 And when they lay you down to rest  
 Your brothers will know you've done your best.

*Oscar J. Catlin, '10.*



## BROWN GAL

Pretty lil' gal,  
 You sho is a queen—  
 You the most prettiest gal  
 I've even seen.  
  
 Yo' eyes is dark  
 Like day without sun—  
 You such a pretty brown  
 You look almost done.  
  
 Yo' hair is black  
 And sho does glisten—  
 When ah talks 'bout you  
 Ah wants the world to listen.  
  
 Yo' cheeks is round  
 And not so mighty plump—  
 Dey is to me  
 Like maple sugar lumps.  
  
 If ah talks 'bout you  
 And all about how you looks—  
 Great day, lil' gal,  
 I'd fill a coupla books.

*Leon Harris.*

## FIVE MINUTES LATE

Ah's got a gal  
 Ah's da joy ob her heart;  
 She done loved dis ol' boy  
 Right from da very start.

When ah treats her mean  
 She jist loves me more;  
 She a swell ol' gal  
 Cause she never gets sore.

When ah dates her at seven  
 Ah's never on time.  
 Ah gets dere 'bout 'leven  
 But she don't mind.

Well, looka here!

Dat lil' 'gal o' mine  
 She done given me da gate;  
 All because ah's arrived  
 Only five minutes late.

*Leon Harris.*





# SPORTS



## IN THE TIGER'S PAW



By William M. Nix

"We'll probably get off to a slow start" was Coach Forbes' reply to the question "What is your candid opinion of the 1939 edition of the Maroon Tigers basketball squad?" Then, without further questioning, our unassuming coach continued: "Morehouse has an excellent team in the making. We have a fine group of good individual players, but it will take a little time to work them into a system which will be representative of good team work. However, the team will not be a poor one, even at this early date. I think that Morehouse will take Talladega (and we did, 30 to 19), but Tuskegee's going to be tough (we won this game 30 to 26), while Clark will be an even harder foe to stop (we lost to the Panthers, 15 to 34)."

During the ten years that Coach Forbes has served as Director of Athletics at Morehouse College and before that time, the Maroon Tigers have always ranked high in Southern basketball circles. From her novel entrance into the first Southern Conference Basketball Tournament in 1934, Morehouse has ranked as a member of the Conference Big Five—Xavier, Clark, Bama State, Tuskegee and Morehouse. In 1936 the Oslin-Kirtley-Clarke-Page-Harris combination lost a closely fought championship game to Alabama State 37 to 25 and returned the following season, with the aid of Charles Bush, to capture the title from Clark, 34 to 29.

And now Morehouse is developing another court aggregation of championship calibre. Junie Cobb, George Coffee, Walter Echols, Leon Harris, Herman Wilcox, Sloan Blocker, Daniel Earl Smith, Bubber Mitchell, and Robert Washington constitute a rugged group. These boys will be hard to stop.

### THE MAROON TIGER GOES TO HYDE PARK

Dear Tiger,

I wish to inform you that there has been formed a Morehouse College an Honorable and Benevolent Society of Hen Pecked Men. The officers of the organization are as follows: Thomas Money, Grand Lord; K. B. Bonner, Keeper of Records, and George Sampson, Honorary Grand Lord.

*One Who Knows.*

*Editor's Note:* This column is open to all of the record statements that might be presented. Make all statements brief.

### SPORTS HI-LITES

By Cassius Ward

Fresh from a mediocre football season the athletes on the "Old Red Hill" are now lured by a sport which features passing and dribbling with lightning-like rapidity, as well as keen eyed sharpshooting by master marksmen. Eager to get the basketball season under way many aspirants responded to Coach Forbes early call for practice. Among the several letter men that are back in competition are the ever colorful long shot artist, George Coffee; the master crisp shot addict, Junie Cobb; the left-handed shooting technician, Bubber Mitchell and the steady pivot man, Ikie Blocker.

That the squad has shaped up nicely is evidenced by a 30-19 victory over Talladega, a 30-26 conquest of Tuskegee and a closely contested defeat at the hands of Clark University 45-34. The season is young as yet and before it is finished Morehouse will have many victories added to its already pleasing record.

Twelve promising newcomers with fine high school records behind them have also reported for duty. Most promising of these is Leon Harris, who won a berth on the 1939 edition of the Maroon Tiger basketball team. He features a smooth, steady, floor game in addition to a natural shooting eye. Then, too, the coordinated power of Walter Echols, Herman Wilcox, and Daniel Earl Smith as a colorful trio has marked a new passing combination in Morehouse history that might equal that well known Harris, Page, and Clark troupe of '37. These boys are possessed of finesse galore and are destined to add a new era in local basketball history. Charles Steele, Frank Seals, and Oscar Johnson are also cage candidates with vast potentialities.

The Morehouse Basketball schedule is no easy one. It becomes more difficult as the season progresses. Games against Morris Brown, Alabama State, Knoxville, Fisk and Lane are scheduled.



### IN THE DOG HOUSE

The irrefutable candidate for the Imperial Suite is "His Formality," Buelow Warmsley, who attired himself for the "27" Club dance, the swankiest of the season, in tails, black tie and vest, tan shoes, yellow socks and a rough dried shirt.

### RUNNER-UPS

The Editor-in-Chief, who became "lonesome" in the dorm during the Christmas; and Tom Money, who gave his dinner to his girl friend's guest recently.



# F U N



## UNCLE JOE'S DIARY

My dear Diary:

While sitting in the silent moment of the solitude and as my eyes are enlightened in the garden of the Sweet Forget-me-nots. I . . . Oh, pardon me please. Now what was I going to say? Oh, yes, I was about to say Christmas has come and gone and that all is quite, yes, very quite with the exception of. . . Percival is stringing along with Bernard Smith. . . Easley just can't rope his ship at port E. Stokes with Lenore and Julia both in town. Raymond Davis pulled through all right. thanks to Blocker. . . Raymond can still say Lenore forever more. . . Junie. "Whada say Man," Cobb is more than nertz about Maynod. . . As sharp as Papa Dee appears to be Glenna is sailing on another sea. . . Dorothy Ford's ticker must tick for Texas Mick. . . Ruth Graham's folly should turn out to be fine. . . Mice are seldom found in wise men liar and this she may eventually learn. we hope. . . After five months Hugh Grant has failed to learn to spell the name of his guiding star. . . . From all indications the vivacious "Tiny" Holmes seems to be the choice of Tom Money, and how. . . The lovely charms and personality of Lawana Davis has certainly tackled the Blocker. . . A. Suter is certainly trying out dangerous waters for it appears that he's in love. . . Pete Mills is showing unusual interest in Marg Jones. . . Townsend has gone so far as to have palpitation of the heart. . . It's a young lady at A. U. S. S. W. . . Milus as you see is more than nertz over Chicago's Lee. . . Pauline should get herself a pair of spy glasses so that she can get a clearer view of F. Brown as he strolls to the show with another girl. . . Bullock is still hitting the line to make Philly's Gaines—Bennie Smith just won't be trapped. . . When both Thad and Pernell are at the Lib', she will carefully at Spelman abide. . . H. Lamar never fails to sing lulla-bee to Dot Er-bee. . . J. "I am." Hubert would battle Joe Louis for Ruby Battles. . . Walter Har-lee should wake up and see so that he can call a certain Co-ed at M. B. C. . . C. Marion says that he has gotten wise to himself. . . That's a lot of work for a Frosh. old man. . . It seems that Vol-lee has gone M. B. C. . . Now Ca'lina Jones has decided to call A. Walden his own. . . Captain "Bunky" is still the Captain. but it's a little girl at Spelman this time rather than the foootball team. . . Hats off to Burnes for she is holding Battles right at sea. . . Foochey is only the mumps that over your "Heart Throb" painfully romps. . . Warning! Don't say Monday night. Gingerettes, C. Nichols, and Johnson around Warmesley if you want to remain intact. . . And dear Diary, I hope that Santa brought. . . Reddick a key to his room so that he will stop yelling for Nix to let him in. . . Hat Jackson a dog's house so that Ferdinand will stay out of our room. . . F. Hutchinson some play toys so that he will have something to play with. . . He wouldn't need to pour vinegar into the sugar bowls. . . C. Anderson some technique which will help him to keep a girl friend. . . Several young ladies whom I know a boy friend. . . Newson a head-gear which he will need when Red finds out about Kitty. . . A book on Tact so that some of the

## COLLEGE CAMPUS COMEDY COLUMN

By Claude Brownlee

*Abnormal*

One of the history instructors was amazed the other day when a student having been asked to name two ancient sports replied, "Antony and Cleopatra."

\* \* \* \*

*Military Wedding*

Visitor: How did you get that new son-in-law of yours?

Mountaineer: In the seat of his pants at 300 yards!

\* \* \* \*

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That wasn't a lady. It was my brother. he walks that way."

\* \* \* \*

Father: Your new little brother has just arrived.

Modern Prat: Where did he come from?

Pop: Oh, from a faraway country.

Modern Prat: Another Alien!

\* \* \* \*

*Not Proud*

Judge (to prisoner): What, you here again?

Prisoner: Yes, sir.

Judge: Aren't you ashamed to be seen here?

Prisoner: No, sir! What's good enough for you is good enough for me!

\* \* \* \*

*Logic*

My landlord sleeps in a bed. And since beds contain flowers, and flowers are made in mills, and mills are run by rivers, which are dammed, so can my landlord be dammed!

\* \* \* \*

Give me a sentence with the word "Nephew"—"Then I says to him, Nephew, want to fight, come out in the alley."

"Bailiff"—"Bailiff me, it sure was a tough exam."

"Faro"—"Faro, fair has my little dog gone?"

"Mastadon"—"You mastadon something to make her so mad."

"Shoulder"—"Shoulder acquaintance be forgot."

"Violet"—"Got stung once that's violet bees alone."

"Infamy"—"I whistled for my dog, but he wouldn't come infamy."

"Contest"—"This drink is so tough until I contest only the liquor."

"Dispose"—"Who is dispose of?"

"Fund"—"I take my fund where I find it."

"Economy"—"She won't speak to me economy working at this point."

"Gross"—"My love for her gross stronger every day."

\* \* \* \*

"You men can take it or leave it—leave it and you take it next year."

boys will be a little more careful about how they speak to the women who work in the dining hall. . . J. Hays a new supply of puffers so that he will continue to be able to finish cigarettes for those who like to smoke but never buy cigarettes.

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