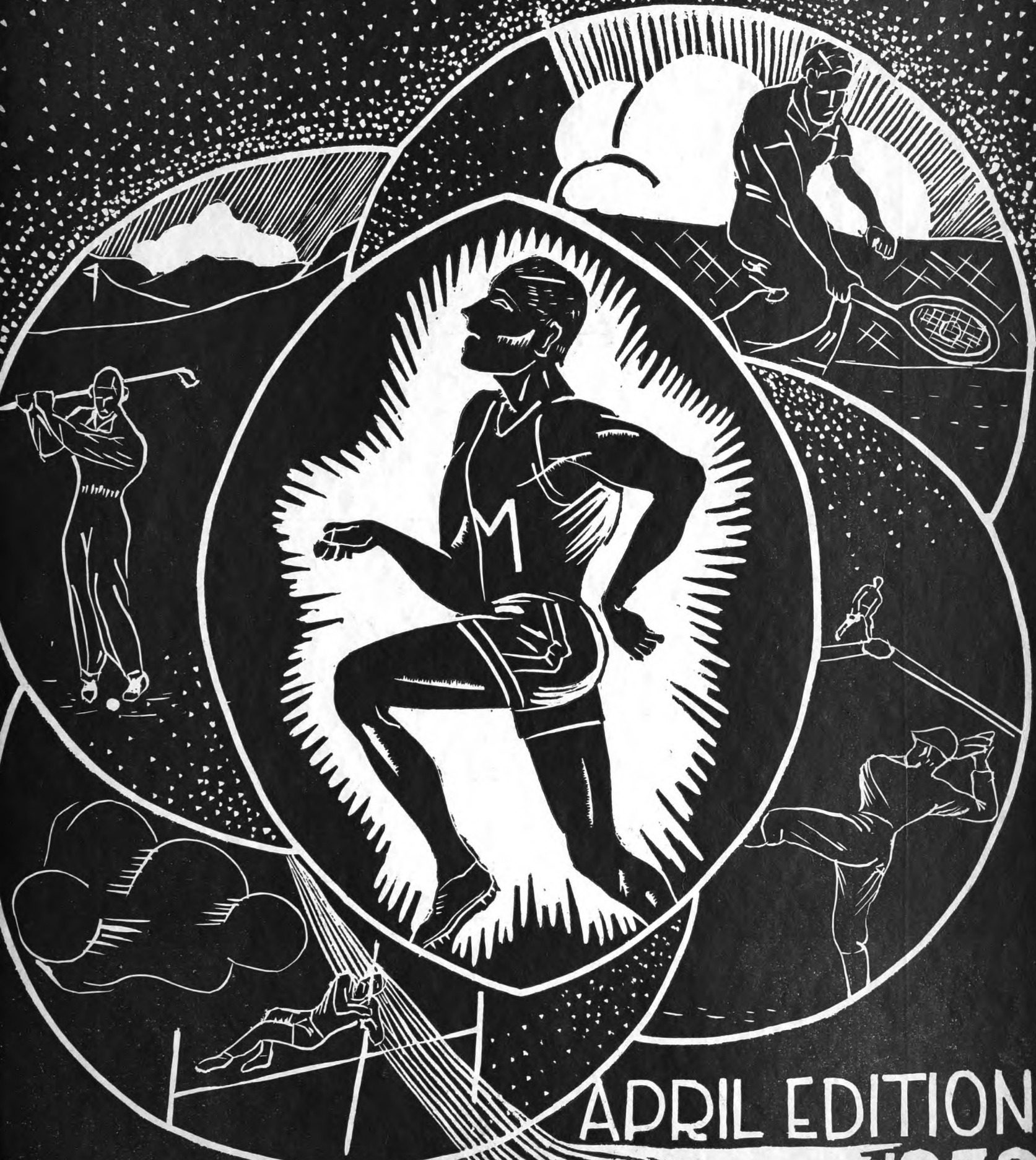


ROAD TO RICA



APRIL EDITION
1939

WAVEY 6

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Atlanta, Georgia

COLLEGE, SCHOOL OF RELIGION

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

Vol. XIII

APRIL, 1939

Number 6

Moss Hyles Kendrix
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THE STAFF	Page 2
EDITORIALS	Page 3
Getting to the Root of Things.	
No Additional Spring Vacation This Year?	
The Sweater Fund—A Capital Idea.	
The Bell of Graves Hall Rings Again.	
BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY '01	Page 4
HOPE MEMORIAL ADDRESS	Page 5
TWO SHORT STORIES	
Hattie Bell	Page 6
"Eventide"	Page 7
THE FRESHMAN FROM LICKSKILLET WRITES HOME	Page 8
I REFUSE TO VIEW WITH ALARM	Page 9
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE OBSERVES HOPE MEMORIAL	Page 9
DON'T TRY GUESSING	Page 9
MOREHOUSE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA IN CONCERT	Page 10
NOTED EDUCATOR IS PRESENTED IN FORUM SERIES	Page 11
MUST WE REPEAT?	Page 11
REDDICK REMARKS	Page 11
SAMPSON'S PILLARS	Page 12
SAMPLING THE OPINION OF THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY	Page 13
"GOOD TURN"	Page 13
I, TOO, AM A SOUTHERNER—BUT NOT PREJUDICED	Page 14
A NEW ROAD GOING SOUTH	Page 15
SPRING ELECTIONS	Page 15
THE NEGRO'S ROAD TO EQUALITY	Page 16
FIVE POEMS	Page 17
"To Cecile"	
If I Had Known	
Destiny	
"I Murdered Love"	
Dissatisfaction	
SPORTS HI-LITES	Page 18
THE TRACK SEASON GETS UNDERWAY	Page 19
UNCLE JOE'S DIARY	Page 20
IN THE DOG HOUSE	Page 20

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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.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

GETTING TO THE ROOT OF THINGS

During recent days the students of the University community have been discussing at length the Library situation, its causes and probable adjustments. The students of Spelman College have inaugurated a Silence Campaign with which the students of Morehouse College are cooperating. We have pledged to regard the regulations of the Library; also we have formed from among us a committee which is designed to get to the root of the Library disturbance.

is unique in its nature. Although there does not exist a co-education system among the undergraduates, there does exist a co-educational problem, due to the nearness of the two undergraduate schools. Consequently, it is not beside the point to discuss the matter as one which might ferment out of conditions pertinent to a co-educational institution. From all indications, the Library problem is primarily one of a social nature. For a number of years, the Library has served a *twofold purpose*: a place of study and a place of meeting. The Library has become the *campus center* . . . this is an undebatable truth. Now that we have become aware of the fact that the center can no longer continue to serve the *twofold purpose* and at the same time accomplish its ultimate aim with the desired degree of efficiency, we are considering adjustments . . . to the root of things we must go.

In regards to the solution of the problem, we take liberty in expounding a few suggestions. First the various administrations should cooperate in the support of a more conducive and adequate social program. Students should be afforded greater opportunity to mingle with one another. Recent developments tend to prove that attempts are being made to meet this situation. The results are commendable.

The Library problem is made more acute by city students who have no place other than the Library to congregate between classes and study periods. Some type of recreation center should be established to be used by those students during their free periods. Such a project is already underway at Morehouse.

With such facilities at the disposal of the students there should be no need for the disturbances which is now common to the Library. However, if we students continue to disturb the peace of the Library, we, the students, will take matters into hand. The Library must be made free for study!

NO ADDITIONAL SPRING VACATION THIS YEAR?

By the date of the appearance of this edition, Spring Vacation will be over—the students of Morehouse College will or will not have enjoyed an extended vacation. At this writing we are thoroughly convinced that the agitation for an extension in days is futile. However, we trust that our predictions are without support.

Some individuals question the desirability of extending the Spring Vacation. First, why do students want more time for Spring Vacation? Second, would students be better off if the time were extended?

The official statement regarding Spring Vacation might read as follows: "Spring *holidays* begin at noon Saturday, April 1, 1939, extending through Monday, April 3, 1939. Classes commence at eight, Tuesday, April 4, 1939." The first contention for extension is built around the foregoing statement. What actually is true, the students have only one day for that period which is labelled

Spring Vacation.

The more significant contention in favor of a more lengthy spring vacation should be of interest to administration, faculty, and students combined. The condition under which labor is performed and the quality of the results thereof is greatly dependent upon the physical and mental state of the laborer. An extended vacation would afford the affected groups the opportunity to recuperate the energies expended during the winter and early spring, enabling all to perform their various tasks more effectively. Students would have the opportunity to "catch-up," review, or venture into the realms of the studies of the approaching quarter.

THE SWEATER FUND—A CAPITAL IDEA

Under the leadership of Marshall Cabiness, President of the Student Body, the students of Morehouse College have launched their First Annual Sweater Fund Drive—an undertaking purposed to give all varsity athletes sweaters.

To date, there have been sponsored a number of projects designed to raise the desired funds. Apparently, the responses to the projects have been favorable, but, on the whole, they have not fulfilled expectations. The Sweater Fund drive is a capital idea, without the cooperation and the interest of the students, it can spell nothing short of failure.

We wish to congratulate the many students for the effort and time they are putting forth that the project might be a success.

About 1926, the students of Morehouse College raised and contributed three thousand dollars toward the construction of the gymnasium which now stands on our campus. This achievement and our present Sweater Fund project are among indications which show that we students can contribute to worthy causes. In the future, students might look about the college community. There are other worth while things that might be done—other capital ideas would be welcomed.

THE BELL OF GRAVES HALL RINGS AGAIN

Reviewing our athletic record for the season 1938-39, we can but look with pride upon our exploits. During the first weeks of the gridiron caravan, the Maroon Tigers met with continuous defeat. Soon, however, matters were to change, the team began to click and the result was an uninterrupted victory march. The Tigers ended the plight second only to Florida and Morris Brown. The basketball season was spiced with defeats and wins. The Tuskegee Tournament witnessed the defeat of a thought to be superior Clark Panther by an under-dog Maroon Tiger. The tournament was an occasion upon which a team of "poor breaks" came upon its own. In less than a fortnight the unconquerable Tigers went from an insignificant position in the conference to second place.

The vast strides of progress made must be attributed to two forces: the coaching staff and the men themselves. Coach Forbes and his associates are to be commended for the incomparable manner in which they developed the material placed at their disposal . . . those diamonds in the rough.

By the combined efforts of Coach Forbes and his colleagues and the fighting Maroon Tigers the Bell of Graves Hall rings again!

We are proud.

Benjamin Griffith Brawley

By

Prof. Nathaniel P. Tillman

*Acting Chairman, Department of English,
Atlanta University*

*Chairman, Department of English,
Morehouse College*



BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY, '01

With the death of Benjamin Griffith Brawley February 1, 1939, the last of the triumvirate that built Morehouse College passed from active service. To Morehouse men all over the world he was "Dean Brawley" to the last, although he had not served the College since 1920, when he went to Africa to conduct an educational survey and to teach in Liberia College. A great teacher and author, he was the most distinguished son of the College in scholarship.

Dr. Brawley was graduated from the Academy of Morehouse College in 1898 and from the College with the A. B. degree in 1901. He completed his college work with honors in three years at the age of eighteen, which was a very distinct intellectual achievement in the old days of the classical curriculum. As a student, Dr. Brawley was a quarterback on one of the early football teams; and as college printer, he was associated with Timothy Williams, organizer of the Athenaeum Publishing Company, and John A. Mason, the editor of the *Athenaeum*, the student journal that has had continued publication since 1898, the name being changed to the *Maroon Tiger* in 1925. He was one of the youngest students, if not the youngest, ever to be graduated from the college. In 1906 he took his A. B. at the University of Chicago; and in 1908 he received the A. M. degree from Harvard University.

He was Professor of English at Morehouse College until 1910, when he went to Howard University in the same capacity, remaining until 1912. Morehouse College called Dr. Brawley back in 1912 to serve as Professor of English and as the first Dean. In the latter position he standardized the curriculum and courses, integrated the academy and college work, rewrote and enlarged the catalogue, and, in the main, exerted such an intellectual influence upon the College that traces of his work may be seen today in spite of the fact that since his departure

At Morehouse College young Brawley met the prince of men—John Hope, of sainted memory. How much poorer this world would have been had John Hope not lived! Hope was the inspirer of men for a full generation. His strident footsteps still resound in the city of Atlanta, where he built a more enduring monument in Johnson and Brawley and multitudes too numerous to mention here. John Hope, Archer, Carter, and Nabrit were among those who shared their great lives with young Brawley ere Hope breathed upon him his benediction and sent him forth as an apostle of those higher virtues which inhere in Christian character and true education.

The Christian Advocate.

in 1920 the College has passed through nineteen years of the most rapid and revolutionary changes in its history.

In the old days Dr. Brawley was dean and registrar. He arranged the schedule of each student in the academy and college, in many instances giving oral qualifying examinations to new students. In addition to this, he taught a full schedule, coached dramatics and debating, and trained speakers for the weekly rhetorical. Despite his heavy program of work, Dr. Brawley established a reputation for promptness and thoroughness. I recall his missing only one day from his office in the course of five years.

By the scholarly zeal of Dr. Brawley, many a Morehouse man was inspired to further his education at Northern universities. And if the number of men who continue their education today is larger than in former times, it is because the men today have much greater opportunities.

Dr. Brawley taught truly by precept and example. He worked hard and demanded hard work from his students. With much more than a normal load of duties, he managed to find time to write creative and scholarly works. At Morehouse College he wrote *A Short History of the American Negro*, *The Negro in Literature and Arts in the United States*, and *A Short History of the English Drama*. At Shaw University, where he served as Professor of English for several years upon his return from Africa, he wrote *A New Survey of English Literature*. In the meantime there appeared a revision of *A Short History of the American Negro* and, at the request of Macmillan Company, *A Social History of the American Negro*.

Dr. Brawley had a wider range of first class publishers and a longer list of solid publications than any other Negro author. His works include *A History of the English Hymn*, *Dr. Dillard of the Jeanes Fund*, *New Era Declamation* (ed.), *Women of Achievement*, *Your Negro Neighbor*, *Dawn and other Poems*, *Freshman Year Eng-*

(Please turn to Page 16)

CABINESS DELIVERS HOPE MEMORIAL ADDRESS

(The following address was delivered by Marshall Cabiness, President of the Student Council of Morehouse College, on the occasion of the Fourth Annual John Hope Memorial Service, which was sponsored by the Senior Class of Morehouse College on the morning of Friday, February 24, 1939.)

We have assembled to commemorate the life of one who is dear to everyone that knew him, respected by those who came in contact with him and admired by all who have heard of him. Such a man was the late Dr. John Hope.

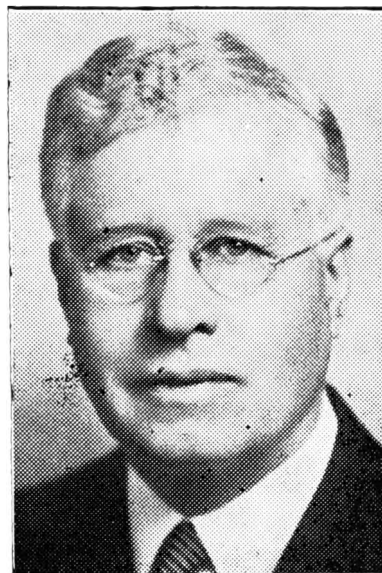
Truly, it may be said that we cannot lay claim to him as our own; he was too broad for that. He was a servant of mankind both in this country and abroad. But his service alone to Morehouse College as teacher, president, leader and father, calls forth from the depths of our hearts sincere appreciation for the guidance and love that he gave so eagerly—so sincerely—so unselfishly. Out of this feeling of gratitude and respect we dedicate these services to our leader and our friend.

The members of the Senior Class feel a little nearer to that great spirit of Doctor Hope than perhaps any other class in the school today because we were able to see him, hear him and talk to him during those few brief months in our first year in this college. We were fortunate in being able to pass him on the walks, in the buildings, and hear him on the platform as he outlined his program for the University System. Therefore, we feel that anything we may do to enable other classes to share our feeling of respect and love for Doctor Hope will be to us an inspiring and satisfying reward.

In studying the lives of individuals we sometimes place undue emphasis on accomplishments without understanding the background. To me, the early childhood of Doctor Hope is highly significant because it not only represents a study of the man but symbolizes the plight of a race. Born in Augusta, Georgia, June 2, 1868, John Hope was destined to be encompassed in the throes of hatred, selfishness and enmity that the entire nation was the victim of.

With three years of freedom the newly liberated slaves were experiencing a difficult situation in adjusting themselves to the different life that had been opened to them. Picture, if you can, thousands upon thousands of outcasts, free but unwanted, in a land of violent upheaval. Thrown entirely on their own, they were faced with the bitterness round about them without money, without friends and without love. Whom could they turn to in their hour of need? Their former masters couldn't pay all of them wages; there were no factories to give them employment, no schools to teach them. But there was the power of God to move their souls and provide a way for a helpless people.

I could go on and on telling the story that we all know so well. A story that we desired to forget yesterday, but of which we now are proud, and proud that we are able



DR. JOHN HOPE

to be the actors in it. We have come a long way since that time. In fact, we have broken all historical records in our race to the finish. John Hope knew that when he knowingly cut the years off his life by trying to further our gains. He knew that we could not turn back to the days of his childhood. We must push onward to do our jobs to our people and to ourselves.

This occasion for which we are gathered should serve a twofold purpose in giving us a picture of ourselves mirrored through the evolution of time and in representing a challenge for us to continue the fight of a man against the handicaps set before him.

It was an impressive ceremony last Sunday when the founders of Morehouse College were honored and the leaders of the institution praised. In that group of earnest men who lead the struggling institution which we now have as Morehouse College is the individual we wish to remember this morning. In 1906, Doctor Hope succeeded Doctor Sale as president of Atlanta Baptist College and became the first of his race to head this institution.

It must have been a courageous heart that accepted this position in 1906 when 21 college students were enrolled. It must have taken a strong determination for a man of thirty-eight to guide the destiny of a little handful of men—unlearned, but willing to learn. It must have been a fighting spirit to be the first of his race to lead this school. John Hope was that man. He was young enough to stand the jabs of discontent; he was determined enough to fight his battle all of the way; he was prepared and willing enough to lead the men in the path of Christian, scholarly living.

It was during his administration that the College grew from 21 to 359 in enrollment and the budget for teaching purposes increased by more than \$43,000. Buildings and grounds were improved as beauty became the keynote of the campus. Sale Hall, Robert Hall and Science Hall were built. Trees were planted, grass and flowers were added as the campus blossomed forth as abundantly as the scores of graduates each year. The energy and enthusiasm of the faculty were translated into the hearts of sons of Morehouse who have in all phases of activities "let their lights so shine that men have seen their good work."

(Please turn to page 16)

HATTIE BELL

By R. McIver. '34

You know, I wonder what ever came to Hattie Bell? I knew her once when I was about thirteen, and I'd certainly like to know what happened to her. She was a very peculiar girl, but I didn't think so at the time. Maybe she's holding a good job now—or a good, hard-working husband who doesn't understand her and maybe beats hell out of her on Saturdays like Mr. Ed used to do his wife. Then too, she might have gone off and gotten educated and now is teaching kids to read and write and be very intelligent. Or maybe she's running a successful Riff somewhere with pretty painted loud girls in it. She could be dead, too. That's a possibility. All I know is, I wonder what became of her since she left Macon that time and never came back.

I can see her now, right this minute, sitting on her stoop in our street with her spine and head flat against the house, her feet (clean and sometimes bare) resting on the bench, her hands circled about her knees and her dress folded under her thighs. Most of the time she'd be singing or humming some chason sacred and looking very hard at something in her imagination. Or maybe she'd be scrubbing the porch into a state of cleanliness and would be kneeling on an old dress or a rag and cutting up her fingers with that damned potash.

We'd come by—mostly Troy and Buster and I—on our way to the Green to put home-made kites in the sky, or perhaps we'd be going to the alley to play marbles for keeps; anyway, we'd see her there and say her name loudly, sacriligiously, and with great pride—and she would, without studying about us or looking around, tell us, "Hey there, yawl." Sometimes I'd look back to see if she was looking, but I never saw her doing it. Then, if we were going to the Green, I'd have to run a little to catch up with the fellows.

Hattie never played with kids on our street at all. Maybe it was because she was a big girl—seventeen. I think—and, therefore, didn't play with little kids. Or maybe she just didn't see any point in it. But she'd sit on her stoop and pretend to watch us at the games, and then we'd play like hell, too. If the sport was Can-on-the-Mountain, the boy who put his foot to the shining tin set all the strength of heaven behind his kick and ran very much like a bat out of hell. Whenever you put out a guy while Hattie Bell was looking, you had the partial gods of Olympus on your side. That was how she affected us.

You can imagine, then, how strange and surprising it was on a night when Hattie Bell descended her stairs and said: "Yawl lemme play wid yer." We weren't playing Can-on-the-Mountain this time, but a game you may know better: Hide-and-Seck. To us the idea wasn't to hide with genius, but to run like a god through the black dangerous alley and beat whoever was IT home. Even for Hattie Bell, we didn't expect to change the idea; so when IT turned his back to count ten, we winged through the labyrinthine alley, remembering our guest surely. And then one of the things happened that I started out to tell you about. I turned in an arm of darkness and was bumped into by somebody behind. I didn't dream it was Hattie Bell, so I hissed for less noise, not, of course, apologizing. I must have said, "Oh," in surprise and awe. I'm sure I said nothing else for a long while. From other veins of the alley ran home the other players, but not Hattie Bell, not I. We stood there and heard the cries of

our comrades and the steady rhythm of our breathing. Then she caught me to her body; and held me while my bewildered blood sprinted through my head, wondering at the fount of its discontent; puzzled by the power which meddled its sober flowing I heard Hattie draw in large quantities of air through her teeth—it made a noise like a person getting a splinter taken out of his finger and I heard her release it slowly and joyously through her mouth, but without the hiss. I felt the oxygen go into her lungs and come, altered, out again, hot and wet upon neck and face. Her flesh I remember turning in its bed of fever. Then; as a sort of after thought, she lifted me a little space from the ground. There she held me against her for a long, final breath, then let me suddenly down, "I just wanted to see if you was heavy as my brother." was all the answer she gave to whatever she thought was in my mind. Out of the alley went she, and behind came I, running very unlike a god. I ran instinctively for the base when we reached the lighted street, but Hattie Bell went into her house and shut the door upon us. Pretty soon the game got uninteresting and I went home myself. That night I talked in my sleep and woke my brother, who said, "Why don't you shut up that noise!"

Next day didn't produce Hattie Bell on her stoop; neither did the next after that. But on Saturday somebody said, "Hattie Bell's gone!" Whoever said it, couldn't say where she had gone because he didn't know. Nobody seemed to know. I heard Hattie's mother talking across our banister to my mother, and although I wouldn't dare go close enough to listen, I could tell by the way they lowered their voices that they were saying intense speeches about the missing girl.

Things went on about the same in our street while Hattie Bell was away. Of course, if a guy went to Bennie's for some meat for dinner, he didn't bother about making his big iron hoop sound its most glorious music just as he passed Hattie's house. And if he was on a bike, there wasn't exactly the same.

Then one day she came back. I was sitting on my mother's garden fence letting my kid brother feel what a big muscle I had on my left arm when Hattie's brother went running by. He was to the corner when he turned and yelled, "Hey! Hattie Bell's home!" I thought about it a little while then slid down off the fence. My kid brother didn't like it at all. I went down to see if Hattie was on her stoop singing or maybe humming a sacred song. When I got there I did see her all right. She was leaning in the hallway against the wall, and her small, unpleasant mother was standing there beating her with a black leather belt. The belt was folded double and Hattie was getting whipped with the two ends of it, one of which had buckle attached. The mother was striking her with rhythmic effect; now that I remember it; poetically, you might say. The refrain, the chant went like this: "So you thought you'd run away, huh (belt) with some old nigger, I reckon! (belt)." She said more than this, because she discussed the situation from every possible angle, making statements and questions without breaking the pattern of her composition to hear if Hattie Bell had something to say on the subject. If I remember correctly, Hattie didn't seem to desire a word in edgeways. She was just sort of leaning up, as if she was

(Please turn to page 19)

“EVENTIDE”

(A True Story of the Touching Reality of Life . . . Human Hearts Twisted by the Caprice of Fate.)

By Thomas E. Watson

Thibodeaux is a small town, typical of the average-size American city, normal in its industrial, commercial and social aspects. However, its citizens, not especially Negroes, cannot claim to be on the average educational level with citizens of other sections north, east or west of the Mississippi Valley. As a matter of fact, they are placed at the bottom of the educational scale in comparison to the American standard.

But Thibodeaux is growing! It has been referred to as the “fastest growing city in the South.” And I dare say this is true, not only with reference to its physical features, but also its educational pursuits.

Denis Moore, who has gained no especial esteem in the community during his twenty-one years, but who is given some encouragement by his more serious-minded acquaintances, has caught the spirit of the growing community and now aspires to some degree of literary attainment of which he feels himself capable. But his aspirations are born of a desire to gain the approval of his educated friends, not that he feels the need of an education for an essential cause. Mainly, he would try to match strides with Albertine, who is now in college—two years his senior.

It would be that fate decrees his effort as too late, at least in one respect; and to Denis this seems more important than anything else.

Never before was there a greater similarity between the affairs of heart and the processes of Nature. Night is falling fast now, but it seems to be retarded by the occasional rumble of a passing truck or piercing sound of a Claxon. Yet, as it must—the clear-cut shadows and sharp glares of sunbeams gradually blend into oneness—night encloses.

The small printing shop, which publishes the community's only Negro weekly news sheet—*The Echo*—is about to close. Denis and his fellow-workers are nearing the end of the day's task.

Above the clattering sound of the old job press, now in use since the early nineties and the laborous rumble of the Model 5-K linotype in the front of the shop, Denis' voice rings out to Carl Anderson, the stereotypist, who is perspiring over a kettle of molten lead in the rear. “That's the last time I wanta hear you make a nasty crack about Albertine: I'm warning you. Even if she doesn't care for me anymore, so what? She always has been a swell kid and she's not goin' ter change. Anyway, maybe I'm really not good enough for her now that she's been to college.”

They have been discussing the matter of Denis' engagement to Albertine (well, that is what Denis called it) for nearly an hour now, and the conversation is just about ripened. Carl thinks he is giving his high school classmate some sound advice, but Denis' heart is stronger than his head. Carl has become disgusted with him. “All right, wise guy, just leave it at that; I'm sorry I spoke out of turn. . . . I'm so sorry that I'm shedding tears as big as a bucket. Now, does that make you happy?”

“Yeah, it makes me happy to know I won't have ter break yo' damn neck for meddling in my affairs. Albertine will be home tomorrow night and I'll make you eat

yo' crazy principles about wimmin folk.”

It is getting late now, and the old crabby editor is growing more and more intolerant with the youngsters' nonsense, especially when it delays his best customer's job—200 6x9 handbills—which Denis is running off on the old press. In his crude sense of humor which is wending with the years, he yells, “All right, what do you fellows think this is: a print shop or a social center?”

Carl, who had not taken the argument seriously, barks back at him. “Well, that depends on how you look at it, old man; but for all general purposes, I say, says I, it is ni-ether—.” He ducked before he finished talking, for the old editor is at his old tricks of throwing things.

They close the shop for the day and go their several ways toward their homes. Carl and Denis, although they often quarrel, are the very best of friends. As they part about a block from the shop, Carl reassures him affectionately. “Keep your chin up, ole man, you know I really didn't mean everything I said today.”

“Forget it, Carl. Although in the three years I have been goin' with Albertine, I have never doubted her sincerity. I will admit now that you may be right. Fate and adverse circumstances often cause our unimportant little love affairs to fade, just as the daylight is now fast fading into night. Yet, we cannot blame individuals for what comes to pass—we charge it to fate and circumstances, whatever they are.”

“Well, we'll just keep our fingers crossed if that's all we can do.” Carl leaves him and they go their ways.

More than an hour has passed now, and it is still getting darker. There are not very many lights in “Darktown,” as old Mayor Mernstein referred to the Negro section of the town, which is well segregated from that of the whites. But the Mayor never meant an offense to the Negroes or anyone else by calling the section “Darktown;” that is simply what it was to him. I knew him for several years before his death, and learned from him that he actually knew nothing about Negroes. Nor did he think there was anything more to know about them other than they were carefree.

Denis, making a vain effort to be noble and optimistic, or to accept his lot—good or bad—swaggers along in a seemingly cheerful mood humming his favorite tune: “So if the day has made your soul grow weary.

Go climb that road that leads you to my highland glen
And watch the clouds light up, before the sun goes down.”

In the meantime, the scene which completes this picture occurs some hundred or more miles to the East across the Mississippi, on the campus of one of the many pioneering missionary schools of the South. In tribute to its founders and what they stood for, it is called Missionary Institute, and is today under the supervision of the Missionary Society with white teachers and administrators.

The campus is especially beautiful at this time of the year. But today it is more enchanting than ever to Albertine DuValle and Frank Kahnn, who oftimes haunt

(over)

THE FRESHMAN FROM LICKSKILLET WRITES
HIS HOME-TOWN SWEETHEART

its shadows. The soft twilight and capricious breezes entwine their contrast within the bosom of two ardent lovers who have found in each other everything that life can give—even more if they were not frequently reminded by carefree fellow studes, rushing straightway for the dining hall, that they are not dreaming.

Frank has taken advantage of the encouraging situation. They had been walking slowly towards the dining hall, but now they pause for a moment, just as they have done every day for the past nine months.

"It frightens me to think that we shall be separated for such a long time, Frank. Are you sure you can't visit me this Summer for a short while?" As she spoke, her wistful eyes found his, and she was in his strong embrace.

"You know I am madly in love with you, darling, and would do anything to make you happy. Yet, there is a good reason, one which I have not mentioned before, why I should not visit you just yet."

"What is that?"

"It's Denis, the fellow at your home town who claims to love you so much."

"Afraid?" she mused.

"Maybe."

"No—jealousy!"

"It may be that—No! Not that kind of jealousy, never!"

"Then why, Frank?—why won't you come home with me?"

"I may be a fool for mentioning this to you; but you have not been exactly fair to this guy Denis, you know, and I kind of feel the weight of the guilt myself. You said you never told him about us. If he must be hurt, I declare I don't want to see it, knowing I am responsible."

"Why the sudden flare of nobility; you know it won't do any good. If I thought you were looking for the easiest way out of trouble at any sacrifice of our happiness, I'd kiss you good-bye here and now."

"All right, I give up. But if I go I'll have to leave with you tomorrow and continue from Thibodeaux to Chicago in a few days. But remember this—I don't intend to entertain all your old boy friends."

"You mean Denis?"

"Well, yes."

"You should know where I stand with you by now. I have given myself to you whole soul and body. That is more than I can ever say of Denis or anyone else."

Frank apologises for his doubt. "Of course, my darling; it was awful stupid of me to bring the matter up. Forgive me?"

She answers by pressing her smooth, warm lips to his. For a brief moment they are unaware of their beautiful surroundings—the enchantment of eventide, the softening shadows and fragrance of early Summer flowers.

They continue slowly towards the dining hall, which they can hardly see through irregular branches from widely scattered trees on the campus. It is an attractive scene, yet a strange one. The well-lighted wood structure is the only building before them. The contrast of its piercing lights with its sombre surrounding is bewitching. It is nearly dark now. The sun has completely hidden itself beyond the western horizon. But it had spread its rays so evenly as it descended that it left a blanket of clouds painted with a crimson rim, blending harmoniously into a drowsy darkness towards the East.

CO-ED MAKES UP

An examination was in progress. The professors calmly watched a co-ed touch a powder-puff to her nose.

Professor: "My dear young lady, you are not taking the make-up exam Yet!"

Dear Susie Cue:

I realize that this is my first time writing since I became a full-fledged Morehouse man, but don't think for a minute that I have forgotten you. I would have written too, but you see there was so much of a possibility that I might beat the letter home that I decided to wait until my status became more stable. As for other girls, I must admit, I've met many charming ones—how could I help it with Spelman so close at hand? Yet somehow I don't seem to be mutual with any of them. I met one exceptionally charming young lady a couple of weeks ago and just when I was trying to decide how to let you know about her—well it was this way: one night she told me that I was her everything and that none and nothing else mattered: the next night she strolled past me with one of the seniors, on her way to the Junior-Senior Dance, while I, a poor dejected freshman, looked helplessly on. Of course, I can't kick about being taken for a ride by a woman. Sampson (not Daniel G., however,) had that same experience, and I can't rate myself much above him, but I do wish she hadn't impressed me as being so sincere about it.

You know, Sue, I wish you were at Spelman. Then you could understand, with deeper appreciation, the things I want to tell you. The first is so funny. I heard the boys talking, the first Sunday afternoon that I was here, about going over to Spelman to "punch the clock." I must confess, I went over and looked all over the place for the clock the boys were to punch, until, after so long a time, one of the upperclassmen enlightened me by telling me that "punch the clock" meant "report to the girl friend on the campus." I still think they should have a real clock.

Another surprising thing is the number and kinds of folks who are interested in symphonic music—you know the kind that always caused us to turn off the radio. I wouldn't believe it myself, but I see them flock over to the Blue Room to listen to it every Sunday afternoon. I tell you, Sue, it's wondrously strange.

I'm glad the weather's getting warmer—it's so much more comfortable that way. Pop promised to send me money for a new suit, in his next letter, but it seems that he has forgotten how to write, or maybe he thinks (and not without reason) that I may be home by the time the letter gets here. If you should happen to see him, tell him that if there ever was a "barefoot boy with shoes on" it's none other than his loving son. You know Sue, Pop seemed sorta "het up" because I failed in most of my subjects. I can't seem to make him realize that my Hope exceeds his Faith, but these teachers just don't have charity. Besides, Napoleon got famous for going to Waterloo just once, while I go to my Waterloo every Monday and Wednesday when I go to Biology. Why, I've learned so much about the earthworm that it makes me feel conceited to see one and not say "Good Morning."

There are so many things that I'd like to say, but time simply won't permit it.

What's Left of Your,
Willie Joe.
(Leon Clark.)

LEARNING THE ART

Mr. Jones: Were you copying his paper?

Student: No, I was only looking to see if he had mine right.

I REFUSE TO "VIEW WITH ALARM"

By Charles R. Lawrence, Jr., '36

In the last issue of the TIGER there was a timely review of the history and development of Morehouse College. The staff apparently spent much time and effort in getting out such a unique edition, time and effort rewarded by one of the most attractive regular issues of the TIGER that it has been my pleasure to have seen during years of association with the 'House on the Hill.'

As I perused this particular issue of the voice of the Morehouse Students, I knew the inspiration that I have known in myriad instances when I have considered the traditions, history, and heritage of my *alma mater*. Glancing through this assortment of pictures that brought us from the infancy of Morehouse up to the present, I was particularly impressed by the relatively large number of men in one picture who have become figures of national importance since they have left these hallowed walls. In the midst of my absorption in inspiration that did not seem unnatural to me, I was suddenly aroused by a member of the present generation of Morehouse men, who had been looking over my shoulder. "Ain't them cats got on funny looking suits? I wouldn't be caught dead in a front that looked like that," ventured my friend who was attired in an outfit that gave him the air of an unfortunate hybrid of a small town slick and a big town pimp. We patiently explained that our worthy predecessors were dressed in the style of their day and timidly spoke of the fact that several of them have attained positions of great influence in their respective communities.—"Well, Morehouse really turns 'em out. . . . So long, I gotta rush to the library. I promised to meet a chick." With this observation on the efficiency of Morehouse, my companion went in the direction of our great storehouse of knowledge to study—shall we say poultry?

The reaction of my learned friend is fortunately the reaction of only a minority of our present student body. Yet the minority to which he belongs is one that is growing all too fast. Throughout the college one hears conversations and remarks that indicate a distorted sense of values. The attitude of all too many of our men today is apparently summed up in this: Morehouse is a great institution, an institution that has produced some of the greatest leaders in the field of education, the ministry, and business that we have in the race. I have come here—by the graces of scholarship and N. Y. A.—and my only duty is to remain here. One day I shall walk across the stage in Sale Hall, receive a piece of sheepskin from the hands of the President, and, presto! I shall be a great man. Meanwhile, I shall take things easy, accumulate a vocabulary of nontheological language, dress in the shabbiest manner possible, get rid of whatever old-fashioned manners and politeness my parents forced upon me, and await the day when my *Baccalaurei in Artibus* proclaims to the world that I am a Morehouse man and a gentleman.

The aforesaid attitude is one that is earning for us an unenviable reputation among both friends and enemies. The antics of a few men are making it increasingly difficult for those of us who insist that a Morehouse man is not conceited but sure of himself. Those of us who argue for the Morehouse policy of guidance rather than regulation and regimentation are being told that our men are not ready for such a policy and such a program, as the one carried forward at Morehouse. They point to a few examples of crudity and ungentlemanliness and cry that all Morehouse is going to the dogs.

Those of us who have drunk from the fountain of Morehouse for years know that we are right and that

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE OBSERVES HOPE MEMORIAL

The Fourth Annual John Hope Memorial exercises, sponsored by the senior class of Morehouse College, was observed by the students of Morehouse College Friday morning, February 21. The speaker of the occasion was Marshall S. Cabiness, of Gastonia, North Carolina, President of the Student Body. Atwell B. Pride, of Daytona Beach, Florida, was chairman of the program committee.

The senior class appeared in academic garb for the first time this year. Following the stately procession into Sale Hall, Charles Houston, of Lynch, Kentucky, read a portion of a favorite poem of Dr. Hope, "Ulysses," and gave the prayer. Atwell B. Pride, master of ceremonies, introduced the speaker. A musical interlude was furnished by Benjamin J. Anderson, baritone, of Birmingham, Alabama, who sang "Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves," and by the Senior Quartet, which sang the spiritual, "O The Rocks and the Mountains Shall All Pass Away." Singing in the quartet were Charles Houston, first tenor; Walter R. Harley, of Aiken, South Carolina, second tenor; Augustus Council, of Savannah, Georgia, baritone; and Benjamin J. Anderson, bass.

Members of the senior class at Morehouse were freshmen during the last year of Dr. Hope's life, and those who were fortunate enough to enter school at the beginning of the term had an opportunity to come into close contact with him and to be present at a University Convocation where he expressed his ideas and ideals in the building of the affiliation.

Following the exercises in Sale Hall Chapel, the assembly, led by the senior class, gathered at the grave of Dr. Hope on the campus, where the second part of the program was conducted. Just preceding the placing of the wreath on Dr. Hope's grave by James Hubert, of Jamaica, New York, and William Reid, of Columbus, Georgia, the assemblage sang "Integer Vitae." Continuing the ceremony, the students repeated the Pledge to forever hold sacred and dear the ideals of the college as taught by Dr. Hope. After singing the College hymn, benediction was pronounced by Benjamin J. Anderson.

DON'T TRY GUESSING

By John J. Thompson

QUESTIONS:

1. When were the first red cross stamps sold?
2. Are any United States coins minted in foreign countries?
3. From what part of the camel does the hair in camel's hair come?
4. When are the Ides of March?
5. Is the word God in the constitution of the U. S.?

ANSWERS:

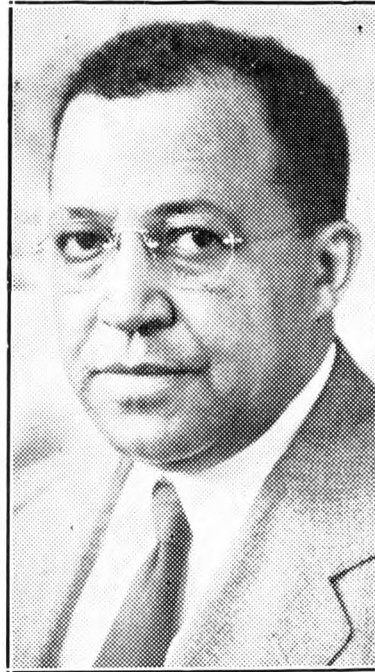
1. In 1907.
2. No.
3. They aren't made from camel's hair, but from the tails of Siberian squirrels.
4. The eighth day after the Nones, or March 15.
5. No.

Morehouse is right. We know the students well enough to know that a few misplaced men are far from typical of one of the finest student bodies that Morehouse has ever known. With this knowledge in mind, we push behind us the temptation to view with alarm and view with hope. We feel that the noble in our present student body far outweighs the ignoble.—But we further realize that the noble must become more vocal in restraining the ignoble or the rotten apples will spoil the finest heritage of modern Negro youth: The heritage of the real Morehouse Spirit.

Glee Club and Orchestra Perform in Annual Concert



B. J. Anderson



Kemper Harreld



Richard Durant

An appreciative audience filled Sale Hall Chapel on March 31 to hear the annual program of the musical organizations of Morehouse College under the direction of Professor Kemper Harreld. Much praise should go to the director for his conscientious and effective training of the groups.

The opening number by the Glee Club, "Brothers, Sing On!" by Grieg, was a delightful beginning of a well planned program that contained classical numbers, popular songs, and the much loved Negro folk songs and spirituals. Completing the first group by the Glee Club were "Dreams" by Beschnitt, with the baritone solo sung by Jack Moses, Morehouse '40, and the Reaper's Song, from the Bohemian. In their next group, the Glee Club sang "Spirit Flower" by Campbell-Tifton, "The Star" by Rogers, and "Just You" by Burleigh. The tenor solo in the last selection was sung by Charles Clemmons, a member of the freshman class, and it was so well done that the audience demanded an encore. "Just You" is considered one of the most perfect of art songs, and for many years it appeared regularly on the program of the famous operatic star, Lucrezia Bori, to whom it was dedicated. The Negro work songs and spirituals led by Augustus Caesar Council, Morehouse '39, and Benjamin Anderson, were among the most popular features of the evening. In this group were "Po' Ol Laz'rus," arranged by John Work II, "When I Lay My Burdens Down," "Go Down Moses," and "The Old Ark's a Movin'."

The offering of the college orchestra, numbering 25 pieces, was the Johann Strauss composition, "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Two selections by the Quartet, "The Little Hills are Calling," and "Yo' Caint Got Yo Loding Here" were written by Edward Morris.

A choice part of the program were the renditions by the three student artists. J. A. Moore, baritone, Morehouse '40, sang, "Even the Bravest Heart" from Gounod's opera Faust, and Benjamin Anderson, bass, "The Three Souls" by Ward-Stephens. The instrumental solo featured was the difficult Concert in D minor by Wieniawski, violinist, Morehouse '37, who displayed his unusual skill on this delicate instrument.

READ THE TIGER!

SUPPORT THE SWEATER FUND!

THE GOLF TEAM WILL WIN AGAIN!

BREAK THE Y. M. C. A. MONOPOLY!

GOD SPEED TO DELTA PHI DELTA!

NOTED EDUCATOR IS PRESENTED IN FORUM SERIES

During the month of March, Dr. Normal F. Coleman, professor of English at Reed College, Portland, Oregon, was presented in a series of lecture-discussions on International Relations at Atlanta University and other forum centers throughout the State of Georgia. Dr. Coleman, guest of Spelman College, was presented to the State forum centers by the Public Forum Project of the Colored Division of the N. Y. A. of Georgia, W. H. Shell, State Director, N. P. Tillman, Assistant Supervisor in charge of Forums.

The series of talks was devoted to the theme, "America in World Affairs" and included lectures on the following subjects: "Germany the Problem Nation of Europe"; "America's Clash with Japan in the Pacific"; "America's Stake in Chinese Independence"; "The Good Neighbor Policy in South America;" and, a panel on the whole series. According to Mr. N. P. Tillman, approximately 1,400 adults and 300 youths attended 13 forums which were held at Atlanta—Atlanta University and the University Homes—Athens, Cedartown, Fort Valley, and Macon.

The speaker is on leave of absence this year from Reed College to work with the United States Bureau of Education in connection with its program of Federal Forums. He has taken part on several occasions in the Pacific Institute of International Relations in Honolulu, and has traveled widely in Europe and the Orient. He has visited Japan, China, and India, and has traveled through Russia with Sherwood Eddy.

Dr. Coleman has earned academic degrees from the University of Toronto and from Harvard University. He holds in addition the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Mills College and the University of Oregon. For nine years he was president of Reed College, resigning in 1934.

At the close of the World War, Dr. Coleman was invited by both the employers and workers in the lumber industry of the Northwest to become president of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. Obtaining leave of absence from Reed College, he worked with the Legion for five years.

The speaker served during the World War as educational director of the Y. M. C. A., and as special lecturer for the A. E. F. in France. He has been president of the Oregon Social Hygiene Society, the Portland Americanization Council, the Japan Society of Portland, and the Boys and Girls Aid Society of Oregon.

MUST WE REPEAT?

If there be a man who knows no friends, he likewise knows not the meaning of fraternity. Goodwill, kindness, and love all spell fraternity. Only that which touches the deep, glorifying trust, exemplifying noble ideals shared by all, is fraternity. Embossed with generosity, consecrated with forgiveness, and founded on the rocks of glory is fraternity. Many men modestly seek fraternity, few men really find it. Fraternal echoes are resonant in the souls of those gone before, resounding as memories that never die away. The profundity of fraternal indulgence lies unchallenged. A mortal achieves immortality through fraternity, a university of adversity within itself.

—Clyde Marion, Jr.

REDDICK REMARKS

"The Glory that Was"

There is a tendency for Morehouse students to revel in the retrospection of a glorious past. We pride ourselves with the fact that ten or twenty years back, certain men who are now commanding national and international acclaim and admiration sat in the same seats in which we now sit or slept in the same rooms. We think of ourselves as descendants of an erstwhile golden glow—with no apparent conscious attempt to preserve and transmit that glow.

There is an apparent feeling that Morehouse's immortals have finished years ago. I somehow believe that we have in our midst men who will take places in the world on parity with those whom we now revere. Men whom we will be proud to say we laughed and argued with and played pranks on. I have every reason to form such opinion. The initiative, daring and courage exhibited by some of those among us is the stuff of which our immortals are made—the stuff by which the acclaimers characterize them.

We often speak of the men that Morehouse has made. Subjectively we may readily accept this. But neither Morehouse, Harvard, nor any other school can really make a great man. It can only inject into him those forces which tend to stimulate and direct those qualities which the individual already possesses.

It can only do this if the student allows it to do so.

"The Negro and the Movies"

I oft times wonder if we are conscious of the vital influence of the motion pictures on public opinion. The movies, the most prevalent form of drama today, is one of the greatest propagandizing agencies. Drama has been used throughout the ages to foster the opinion of certain men who wished to give their opinions and beliefs to a wide audience. Byron did it in some of his works, Hugo likewise. There are men today who use it for purposes quite the converse, to present the Negro as an inferior being—as the individual of the ante-bellum days.

The picture presented on the screen today is far from representative of the Negro group. We acknowledge that there are among us such individuals as we see in the movies. But we know that it isn't the only type and far from our most desirable type.

One panacea offered to remedy this condition is the offering of movies by Negro owned or managed companies. This medium serves admirably in fostering among ourselves a sense of well-being, worthy self-hood. After all we know how we are, but it is the other portion of the world to whom we wish to give a well-balanced picture of Negro life. This we can only do through the white distributed movies.

Those Negro actors now in the movies attempt to justify their position by stating that they accept the roles offered them because they are the only ones available for race actor and that eventually—if we sit back and wait patiently long enough—better roles will be offered. I believe, however, that we can achieve such a desirable goal in less remote periods. Other races and national groups have made protests to the censoring powers and demanded more desirable roles for their respective actors.

The millions upon millions of dollars poured into the treasury of the movie industry is ample influence to secure more desirable roles for our actors and present a more desirable aspect on Negro life.

What are we going to do about it?

K. D. R.



SAMPSON'S PILLARS

By D. George Sampson

The author of this column wishes to welcome two guest writers, in the persons of Charles Fisher Anderson and James Horace, Jr.

"THE DINING HALL SITUATION"

By Charles Anderson

One problem on our campus that has caused too much talk and too little action is the problem of food in the dining hall. It is not my purpose to direct here any criticism against that particular establishment or the direction thereof, but it has become absolutely necessary that the powers become cognizant of the dissatisfaction on the part of Morehouse students in regards to the food which we receive.

No adequate reason has ever been ventured for this deficiency in palpable food except that "an effort is being made to present always a balanced meal." It is not possible, however, that a balanced meal may be a pleasant one? Is it always necessary to put peas, miserably cooked, on one side of the balance and one-half slice of pineapple on the other? Since I have been at Morehouse College, I can remember only grits, splits, grits, splits, and always the old standby—eggs for breakfast. Our fare at noontime (I hesitate on naming it), usually consists of pears, with no flavor, or some macaroni that has been in the presence of cheese and half-cooked cabbage. With due respect to those who have perhaps earnestly attempted to satisfy the appetites of the "mighty Hungry men of Morehouse," it must be said that those attempts have been weighed on the scale of calories and proved all right. Those same attempts have been weighed on the scale of taste, and found lacking.

What can be done about it? First, give us our money's worth. If it takes a dollar more each month to insure edible dishes, every one would be willing to pay that amount to rid himself of the terrible rouse which usually grips him as he approaches the dining hall. Second, give more variety. Not peas, macaroni, cabbages and the same thing reversed, but a variety of good wholesome food. If necessary, one would not mind the absence of one or two of those dainty salads if he saw a bit more food on his main plate.

Last, and most important, is whatever is secured should be cooked well. Peas are all right if cooked well, and so are many of the other dishes we receive.

Now a word or so about the policy of the dining hall heads. Approximately a month ago, a conference was held with the President of Atlanta University concerning the food we receive. The following Sunday we received "chicken on the bone," the first seen in three years. The point is, however, that since that time, the food has been especially distasteful. Recently, four Morehouse men were dismissed from the dining hall staff ostentatiously to balance the budget. And now, it is a policy to take a portion of the student's salary for the unpardonable offense of singing while working.

We want better food! The dining hall is beautiful, the red lines on the dishes are attractive, the silver is of exceptional pattern, and the mats are really cute; but we can't eat a bit of that. So in the name of justice, fair play, let's stop serving sour corn and then using it in soup a week later.

HAVING A PHILOSOPHY

By James L. Horace

If we would be successful, as we move, day by day, from the Public order to the Private order, in an effort to interpret and give meaning to life, we must be motivated by a philosophy of life. The Public order is one of competition; one where, "the test of a man is the fight that he makes, the grit that he daily shows." In order to live profitably he must produce effectively. He must be able to withstand the onslaught of keen competition. Such a contrast is the Private order: where one's success depends, not on his validity, not on his productivity, not on his intellectual prowess, but on his soul. His socialability, the ability to love and be loved, the inference of qualities that people admire, his character, his ways, the way he talks, the way he walks, his "good morning," his "good night," etc. all establish him in the Private order. It is in the Private order that man communes with himself: where he rethinks his experiences in sequence, and, detecting his errors, seeks to improve his own personality by their correction.

A man who is a success in both orders is fortunate, but no man can live satisfactorily by being in one. The Public order's "hum-drum," drive, competition, and ruthlessness will make one long for the relaxing calmness of the Private order. The complacency and sentimentality of the Private order compels one to return for a test of his validness. Thus the constant "interchanging of orders," makes our lives. Our lives can be meaningful, colorful, full of joy and contagious goodness if motivated by a philosophy of life based on a sense of value.

What should one's philosophy be? Should one's philosophy of life be determined by a pessimistic outlook? Should one's philosophy of life be determined by expediency? Should one's philosophy of life be determined by the philosophies of close friends? Should one's philosophy of life be determined by the pangs of superstition? Or should one's philosophy of life evolve from an assimilation of the highest and best truths that have been taught and have been validated by human experience. This assimilation will not only give us ideals from the past by which to better our lives, but will, of necessity, enable us to view the future objectively, and with empirical alertness discriminate to our best advantages. Human experience is constantly validating truths that have issued from the past. The forming of a philosophy is the key to our quest. It proves itself indispensable as we move through the world "building more stately mansions" and achieving a more intimate position in the thoughts of our contemporaries.

ELECT THE BEST MEN TO REPRESENT YOU!

AT THE WAR GAMES

Colonel: Private, don't you know that you are exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy over 250 yards away?

Private: That's all right, Colonel, I'm standing behind an imaginary rock 25 feet high.

**SAMPLING THE OPINION OF THE COLLEGE
COMMUNITY**

The ten questions below were the subject of an interview in a recent survey of the opinion of nearly three hundred students of the Atlanta University System during the process of a study by the members of the class in Psychology 251 at Morehouse:

1. Do you think fraternities and sororities are helpful to college students?
2. Do you favor women and girls smoking in public?
3. Do you think that the importation of Jews to the United States will be a disadvantage to the American Negroes?
4. Do you think that football stars should receive special scholarships?
5. Do you favor a third term for the President of the United States?
6. Do you approve of an extensive re-armament program for the United States?
7. Do you think that the Atlanta University System will tend to decrease the prestige of the affiliated colleges?
8. Do you think that the Democrats will win the election in 1940?
9. Do you think that Congress should have the power to veto Supreme Court decisions?
10. Should the Atlanta Negro colleges continue to play football at Ponce deLeon Park—owned by whites?

The questions were selected from the questions that were submitted by each member of the class. After the selection of the questions each member of the class was given five people to interview. The questions were to be answered "Yes" or "No" and were to be asked by the interviewer and instantly recorded. No person interviewed was presented with the list of questions.

The results of the survey are as follows:

Question No.	% Yes	% No
1. Males	79	21
Females	80	20
Combined	79.5	20.5
2. Males	25	25
Combined	87.5	12.5
3. Males	68	32
Females	68	32
Combined	64	36
4. Males	72	28
Females	66	34
Combined	68.5	31.5
5. Males	62	38
Females	66	34
Combined	64	36
6. Males	79	21
Females	77	31
Combined	78	22
7. Males	39	61
Females	30	70
Combined	34.5	65.5
8. Males	64	36
Females	67	33
Combined	65.5	34.5
9. Males	31	69
Females	38	62
Combined	34.5	65.5
10. Males	25	75
Females	34	66
Combined	29.5	70.5

Typical comments by the students ran as follows:
Question 1—"Fraternities and sororities are too much

"GOOD TURN"

A 2 Minute Story

By E. Russell Brown

Jud Lumpkin was just what you might call a "bad egg." His mother and father were both killed in an auto crash when Jud was less than five; therefore, for the past seventeen years, he had lived with his grandparents. None of these simple souls, however, possessed any apparent traits that could account for Jud's waywardness. Numerous were the times that Jud had brought grief to his devoted grandmother, through his wild escapades. I remember once when he had almost killed one of his associates in a free-for-all brawl. And then there was the time when he wrecked the family car; not to mention the many times he had been arrested for reckless driving. Many times had he promised to change his shiftless ways, but each time he broke his promise.

About two weeks ago, Jud went riding with one of his pals. On the way home, his friend, in a drunken stupor, allowed the car to plunge through the shakily rail of the wooden bridge across Trout Creek and into the deep, still water. Underneath the water, Jud's precarious plight sobered him in a fraction of a second. His whole life, with emphasis on his "wild oats," passed before him in a fleeting instant. As he sought to make his way to the surface, he swore that, for once and always, he would change his way of living. It was this incident that made it better for all of those with whom Jud came in contact
—HE DIDN'T COME UP

- trouble. If students would put more time on their studies they would be better off."
"They broaden the outlook of the Student."
- Question 2—"Girls think they are pretty when they smoke in presence of a group of boys; but, they are not. They should be thrown in jail!!!"
- Question 3—"The importation of Jews could no no more harm to the Negroes here than they are already receiving."
- Question 4—"A student should play the game for the love of it."
"A football player is risking his life and health, and should, therefore, receive something more than three meals a day and a beating every Saturday."
- Question 5—"If a man serves his country as well as Roosevelt, he is entitled to a third term."
"For the sake of Democracy, a third term is unthinkable and absurd."
- Question 6—"Are not taxes high enough as they are?"
"To perpetuate the life of America, both at home and abroad, call for an army and navy second to none."
- Question 7—"It's efficiency we want, not prestige."
- Question 8—"If Roosevelt runs."
- Question 9—"There are only nine men in the Supreme Court while there are hundreds in Congress, we could have better representation in Congress."
"In the Court we have men who know the law and love their country, while in Congress we have only politicians and men who want only for themselves."
- Question 10—"The colleges should play at B. T. W. H. S. or at Clark, for they need the money more than the Atlanta Baseball Club."

—Joseph Smith, '41.

I. TOO. AM A SOUTHERNER—BUT NOT
PREJUDICED

By Charles F. Anderson

The article "I, Too, Am a Southerner. . . . But not Prejudiced," written by Charles Fisher Anderson, was submitted to LIBERTY in reply to the article, "I Am a Prejudiced Southerner," which appeared in the January 7 edition of the mentioned publication. The article was returned to Mr. Anderson with the explanation that "This does not fit in with LIBERTY'S editorial plans."

—THE EDITOR.

Strangely I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, the toughest city in a tough state, known to be very tough on the Negroes in Scottsboro. Yet, I am not prejudiced. As I read the article by Miss Frances Ransom which appeared in the January 7th issue of the *Liberty Magazine*, my first inclination was to laugh. But the very nature of the article and the words she spoke moved me with an intense feeling which could not be dismissed with a laugh; and so, I say, as I said, of Miss Ransom, and the millions of other white brothers who share her opinions, "Father, forgive them, for they know not. . . ."

I am a Junior at Morehouse College, Atlanta, Georgia. As has been said, I was born in Birmingham, of comfortably secured parents, both being college graduates. My father was a dentist of high standing—financially, before the depression—and in the esteem of his fellow citizens. Since his death, my mother has operated a "home made" candy concern in Birmingham, which has been sufficient to keep two sons and a daughter in school.

Morehouse College, a part of the Atlanta University System, is regarded as one of the outstanding colleges for Negroes, by most Negroes. To the Southern white man, Tuskegee Institute is the only college that "teaches darkies to stay in their place." They think that Tuskegee still teaches nothing but agriculture. From Morehouse, I have gone to interracial conferences, banquets and meetings of every description. Out of these meetings I have developed many friends among the white race, several of whom attended Georgia Tech and Emory University. Out of the many Christian conferences, at which I have been present, there have been intelligent members of both races, who understood each other; and I have never seen an indication of prejudice, or failure to get along well.

At a conference in Berea, Kentucky, this past summer, I asked a young student from North Carolina if she really knew what the race problem was about, and just what opinion did she have of the Negro race as a whole. She said that until she attended that conference, she did not know that there were Negroes who shared the same high ideals and visions as she, that there were Negroes whose intelligence surpassed her own. This young lady of eighteen or twenty years said that she really thought that most Negroes loitered around street corners, drank whiskey, and bothered members of the white race. And she was sincere. There, on that spot, I resolved to try to bring to the eyes of my white neighbors throughout the South some of the finer qualities of the Negro race.

The article by Miss Ransom showed that, unfortunately, she labors still under the same impression as the young lady I just mentioned. I hope that I can help her and millions of others, including my own race, by these few words.

It is becoming the concensus of opinion among both races that the race problem will never be solved. As long as separate races exist, problems will arise because

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Editorial Department

Mr. Charles F. Anderson,
Morehouse College,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Anderson:

Mr. Fulton Oursler has asked me to express his sincere regret but we cannot avail ourselves of your piece entitled, "I, Too, Am A Southerner."

This does not fit in with Liberty's editorial plans at the present and under the circumstances, we have no recourse but to return it to you.

With all good wishes, we are

HH:O

Very truly yours,

Enc.

OFFICE OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF.

of their separate existence. However, the thing that must be done is to lessen the intensity of the race problem. The Negro does not desire to enter white homes, schools, churches, and other places so much as he desires the right to enter if he wanted to. Not wanting to go, he would very rarely be seen in those places which gave him the right.

I must beg to contradict the statement that the Negro cares little about the pursuit of money; and the statement that "he would rather stay home and strum his banjo" is just about as obsolete and absurd as the statement that all Chinese eat rats.

If those of you who are really desirous of aiding the Negro would only open your hearts and minds to the finer qualities of the Negro, as did the blessed Jesus of Nazareth to the oppressed peoples of the world, you would realize that the problem is more deeply rooted than the mere surface expressions of prejudice as where I shall sit on the street car, or whether he should call me "Mister."

I am not prejudiced! I live as I think a Christian should live. I worship the same God as do millions of other Southerners, although I marvel often at the things God sometimes permit. Of justice, the snakes in the grass, the fish in the sea, the birds of the air, every living creature, man or beast, has its code of justice. How think, then, Miss Ransom, that the Negro would not know justice except for his association with the white man? Only if millions could see as Ernest Hocking, who says: "That right of equality which defends me against the arrogance of a hundred thousand pretending superiors defends a hundred thousand against my own arrogance."

What does the Negro want? A chance to live completely. Call it equality or what you may. But from the depth of my soul and from every heart that beats under a black breast comes the plea not to live and *help* me live, but live and *let* me live.

Finally, I would like to know if, according to the religion of Jesus, one may be prejudiced and yet obtain eternal life. If so, the God of whom the Negro learned from the Southern white man is being misrepresented. You told me of Him; I went to Him and found that in Christ there is no East or West; in Him no North or South; but one great fellowship of Love throughout the whole wide earth.

By Marion E. Jackson

He walked silently along Lake Michigan for several minutes; then he crossed Grant Park, finally arriving at roaring Michigan Boulevard. He stood motionless here gazing at the spires of mighty skyscrapers, strolling after a few sweeping looks to Twelfth Street and Wabash. He entered the noisy Bus Station and sat in the dim of redcaps, frantic travelers, and watchful welcomers. All of this did not disturb him. He might have sat there for sometime had not one of the redcaps spotted them. The beaming redcap greeted him with "Hello Dummy." So you're going south again? Have you enough money? The traveler-to-be looked up and answered without enthusiasm. "I guess so . . . I hate to think of leaving Chicago, but I guess I got to go." The redcap looked at him quickly. "Do you regret going back? Goodness, your life is there . . . you've got to finish school. The traveler interrupted, "That's my bus. . . . Tell Rachel, hello. . . . Don't mind kid," said the redcap with an air of repletion. "You'll be back before you know it."

They walked together and the passengers entered the car . . . rear . . . soon Chicago was far behind . . . Indiana . . . still the passenger sat and stared.

This was September and although it was only five o'clock in the afternoon the passengers watched the window of the house beckoning with the warmth and comfort of home. Towns, sleepy and straggling were passed. The traveler looked about him with a rousing stare; then fell back in his indolent position. He thought. . . . Somewhere in those homes, there is happiness but for him . . . unrest, turmoil and strife.

"I can't stand it, he muttered, the South is dirty, nasty. . . . Didn't the President say so? 'The Nation's Number One Economic Problem.' . . . And he was returning to it 'God Damn,' he thought." I left the South once . . . now, look at me. . . .

For several miles he sat crouched against the window gazing reflectively at the roadside, profoundly content simply to hate the South. He thought: What if schools are down South. . . . There are better ones in the North. Presently he cried out audibly. They hate Negroes in the South. . . . "Good Heavens!" Segregated street cars . . . Negroes in balconies . . . restricted areas (residential). Why even the best shops are barred to us in the South."

The bus plowed through Indianapolis, speeded on to Louisville, then headed in to Bowling Green, Ky., and to the passengers awaked here. . . . "I have traveled half-way," he said, "I had better get some air . . . some of this silly prejudiced air . . . some of the kind that makes this Jim Crow South." The bus chugged on into Nashville. The passengers alighted. . . . The traveler slumped forth, too. He'd soon be in Atlanta . . . Atlanta. . . . He repeated. Atlanta, the cultural center of the New South. . . . This South new without a brand.

The wanderer thought of St. Cristpin. . . . What was it he said . . . ? ? ? Oh, yes, travel without fear. No. . . . He was the legendary guardian of travelers. . . . Well he couldn't do anything with these Southerners. "Didn't they string you up on false charges? Didn't they throw you in jail for walking on the wrong people's toes?" Lord! how could he live there again? He saw the ragged hillsides, the scrawling houses, the unkept gardens, the ragged wretched people.

Who wrote that song, "Dear Old Southland With Her Dreamy Songs?" Who was it that painted the South as

The notes of a retiring school year are tuning up to the much talked of election turmoil. This year, the same as other years, everyone is beginning to talk of what will happen when the time comes for the installing of next year's office holders. Those among us who are new have probably heard that there will be a redefining of friendly circles in accordance with fraternity sympathies, while those among us who are old contemplate the coming situation regrettably but one which we are obligated to support. The tendency is for us old students not to look at the problem objectively but rather to rationalize and make it a necessary item of student government.

There could be a step made towards a betterment of this, I think, if all of us would stop for a moment to think that in the long run no sustaining good is received by the fraternity whose numerical strength assures it of victory. It could also be seen that so much rotten politics have entered into elections that no one thinks of student office holders any longer as being entitled, because of personal merit, to the positions which they hold.

I don't think anyone could envision an election devoid of all politics, but there certainly could be a situation in which the fraternities played no important role. Open politics on an individual basis would be more desirable not simply because it would outmode the concealed work of recent order, but it would put campaigning more on the initiative and guidance of the office holder himself.

A move in this direction could be put underway if all seniors who expected to graduate would refrain from outlining or giving encouragement to any program for continued fraternity action. It seems strange that men graduating would invite the ill-will of a group of Morehouse students in order to put in office some brother who had no merits at all.

It would be especially complimentary if all seniors this year would try to discourage all fraternity policies.

It is about time for someone to extend the olive branch and stop talking about it.

—D. G. S.

ALL WET

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?" asked the judge.

"No doubt," growled the officer.

"Why are you so certain?"

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny into the patrol box on Mitchell Street and look up at the A. U. clock and shout 'Gawd, I've lost fourteen pounds!'"

a place where dancing, happy, well-fed Negroes lived. . . . Those writers, who had never been South. . . . The South is heaven, is it? . . . Well, those writers, lived in the North. They never had seen anything but ante-bellum gouses. Swanee River . . . where is it? Hearts in Dixie, Sleepytime Down South . . . movies, songs and poems for fools who would never know. Atlanta . . . it was the same . . . crowded, narrow, and as prejudiced as its inhabitants minds. Would he ever get there? The bus station was the same. . . . Negroes in the rear. At least, he was at his destination. Thank God! At school he could forget the South. He would work, study . . . and learn . . . and soon he would be back in . . . Chicago. . . . Mercy!

READ THE TIGER!

SUPPORT THE SWEATER FUND!

THE NEGRO'S ROAD TO EQUALITY

In the outset, may I say, that in order for the American Negro to enjoy more perfectly this new heritage of his, America, he must gain access to certain roads which shall lead him to American equality. In my opinion there are only two logical roads which shall lead to equality: (1) the amassing of wealth and (2) the cultivation of talent through learning.

In order to justify my opinion, I have observed the Negro, for the past few years, from many angles. In many cases, I have asked questions and listened to much talk that does not have the semblance of validity for the present day. There is for instance, constant self-pity and stress on the fact that the Negro has just emerged from slavery and that compared with other races who have labored under conditions of less complexity, he has achieved miraculously. I agree to the truth of this statement and I further agree that Negroes are just getting over the taint of slavery, but, why should he sit and mourn as if he were waiting for a philanthropic "santa claus" to fill his stocking gratis or be content to rationalize behind excuses? Surely this is not the road to equality.

It is often suggested that Negroes in this country function as a class. There is nothing Negroes fear more than forming a minority nationality here. For years it has been the ambition of every Negro to be recognized as an individual and not as a member of a class.

During slavery the Negro had to live on plantations, wear costumes symbolic of his menial conditions and limit his economic activities to prescribed specialties. Many directed their efforts towards gaining freedom either by stealth or wealth. Though, undoubtedly, their lust for freedom was very impelling, they, never-the-less, must have yearned for a chance to participate actively in the shaping of national life. Why should the Negro, now that he has gained economic, political and religious freedom, good educational facilities, achieved in science, excelled in a great number of sports and has become about ninety percent literate, not as a member of a class but as an individual assume, generally, such an apathetic and indifferent attitude. As a matter of fact, there are too many large-scale enterprises supposedly owned by Negroes but are actually subsidised by "white" capital, directly or indirectly. Even many of our colleges are not free from the pernicious or stultifying interest of "white" capital. A race can never be independent so long as it is needlessly dependent upon others.

As I see it, the Negro should concentrate more on the amassing of wealth and the cultivation of talent. The wealthy Negro can, if he finds life unbearable in one city, or even one country, move to another. Money gives him a reasonable independence.

Similarity, the Negro of talent has independence, because, there is little discrimination against minds like Carver's, or great talents like Roland Hayes or Clyde Barry, or against intellectual leaders like Mary McLeod Bethune and Mordecai Johnson; or political personalities like Mitchell and DePriest. Racial experience has proved that the Negro of intellectual pre-eminence and artistic genius finds life more pleasant than even the Negro of wealth, because, socially, economically or politically, a Negro cannot "crash the gate" without efficiency, regardless of his wealth.

Therefore, in my opinion, Negroes should crowd colleges and universities open to them. Even the poorest Negro should strive to offer his off-spring an education at any sacrifice. Learning is the Negro's greatest defense against discrimination; his surest road to equality.

—David L. Leaver.

Benjamin Griffith Brawley

(Continued from page 4)

lish, Early Negro American Writers (ed.), *The Negro Genius, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Negro Builders and Heroes*, and *The Best Stories of Paul Laurence Dunbar* (ed.). Among the periodicals to which he contributed were *The Dial, The Bookman, The South Atlantic Quarterly, The Southern Workman*, and *The Journal of Negro History*.

In 1920 Dr. Brawley accepted the position of Professor of Creative English at Howard University, where he spent the last eight years of his life. Here, too, he set the same fine example of Christian piety and scholarship. At Howard University for the first time in his life he was free to write; but his unselfish interest in students, the university and the community led him to accept several important committee assignments, and serve as associate pastor of Washington's largest Baptist church and adviser to more than his share of graduate students.

For years Dr. Brawley had manifested an interest in Paul Laurence Dunbar and Richard Le Gallienne, and his collections of these poets are, perhaps, the best in the country. His *Paul Laurence Dunbar's Poet of His People* is a scholarly appreciation of the poet; and his edition of Dunbar's short stories is a work that filled a great need.

Those who knew Dr. Brawley will agree heartily with Dr. Kelly Miller's statement that he "was a perfect gentleman by instinct, as well as in outward manner and demeanor." He was a man of principle, and the older Morehouse men always knew where he stood on any issue. The Reverend Dr. James Adams wrote: "They buried Benjamin Griffith Brawley on a high hill." No other site would have been appropriate for his resting place. He lived on high ground—uncompromising with wrong and falsehood, firm and strong in his faith in young manhood and in God.

Hope

(Continued from page 5)

It was with a feeling of regret that Doctor Hope left Morehouse College to accept his new position as President of Atlanta University in 1929, because he knew that his thirty-three years in the classroom had benefited both him and the students in a wholesome and understanding way. But there was another job yet to be done.

In the city of Atlanta, seven schools of higher learning were situated, working separately in their own way. What an unusual advantage these schools could provide if they would strengthen one another by exchanging students and teachers. No educational center in the South would compare with the educational advancement they could develop here.

On July 1, 1929, a step in this direction was begun. Doctor Hope succeeded Doctor Myron W. Adams as president of Atlanta University and devoted the remainder of his life to the development of this great institution as a school for graduate study—the first of its kind in the South for Negro students. It was only on the condition that Doctor Hope be president that Morehouse, Spelman and Atlanta University become affiliated.

At first, many were skeptical as to the workability of such a plan, but those doubts were immediately erased after the first year of the affiliation system. The University System was designed to provide superior training to that found anywhere offered to this race. People from every part of the country could come and observe the unprecedented and marvelous advancement Negro education was undergoing and pattern their school after ours.

(Please turn to page 18)

“TO CECILE”

When fate decides that I have lived my day
And bids St. Gabriel yield his trumpet's blare
I pray thee plant no flowers 'pon my grave
Lest roots should pierce my peaceful sanctum there
And warn me that my love you could not spare.

I pray that unto Fate you'll let no psalm
Lest I should hear (you said the spirits do)
And rise to set the cosmic in alarm
Yes, rise and wing my swiftest flight to you
Come back my love, (you said the spirits do).

For if I'd hear you call in deep despair
The law of Fate and Time would be a jest
If you should call, no grave could hold me there;
Black Hell nor Paradise could stand the test . . .
So silent be and leave my soul to rest.

—Calvin Watson.

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known that I would be
The kind of friend you see in me;
If I had spent the time with you
Thinking, planning, and caring too;
If I had said the things I thought,
I might have received the thing I sought.

But since I lost, I should not sigh,
But seek again with a new desire
To ease the hurt of my heart,
And relieve the wounded part.
If I should live life over again
I'm sure I'd be a different man—
I'd cherish the thing I cared for,
And make it forever my guiding star.

—Marvin Collier.

DESTINY

Oftimes I feel a longing that is something near to pain
As I picture foreign places, out beyond the bounding
main;
I wonder, somewhat sadly, why it is my lot
To spend my days so quietly, in this selfsame spot.

I've turned to watch a flying bird; have seen him pause
to sing,
And I've yearned for speed and splendor like to an
eagle's wing,
I've thrilled to words of beauty, resounding and grand;
My own pen, pale and futile, grasped in my groping
hand.
I have no ship in which to sail; no wings with which to
fly.

My pen writes only simple lines, no matter how I try;
So I must use the words I have, to weave a shining skein
To catch and hold each lovely thing within my small
domain.

—Oscar J. Catlin, '40.

“I MURDERED LOVE”

(*Apologies to Oscar Wilde*)

You question why I stand and stare
With such a pensive eye.
Upon that starlit dome of blue
Which lovers call the sky.

And why with grief I walk around
My very soul in pain,
And ask Love's god if I have done
A small or mighty thing;

And why my head at dusk I bend
To hear my death mass said
While O'er the terror of my soul
A voice cries out, “You are not dead.”

Boys, all men kill the thing they love
This very thing did I
With bitter words I pierced her heart
And left her there to die.

Love's murderers are all the same
No matter who they be
And soon Love's Hell gets every one
Just as it now has me.

—Calvin Watson.

DISSATISFACTION

I'm not satisfied with my life
Nor with that of my brother
We have between us too much strife
Making us hate each other.

I don't like this spiteful place
As we're at the bottom of the gutter;
I want to begin to help my race
And make them love each other.

I want to rise as high as mountains
And reach the threshold of fame
I want to drink from that precious Fountain
That makes one try again.

I want my people to work together
And meet obstacles as they come;
I want them to know whether
They lost or whether they won.

So while I'm not satisfied
I'm sure there's some one like me
If so, right now, let's organize
And aim high for victory.

—Marvin Collier.

From the beginning up until now, rapid changes have taken place within a few short years. Capable men and women have been graduated receiving the master of arts and of sciences degrees. Beautiful, majestic structures have been erected to provide the best facilities for living and learning in this grave undertaking. Lovely, well kept campuses are seen about us, up-to-date recreational opportunities are ours for the asking, cultural and spiritual programs are always to be enjoyed.

Yes, the rapidity of changes is breath-taking when we observe what has actually happened since 1929.

Those who remember the separate schools before the affiliation know that each school has been greatly benefited for the common good of all. Each department has become a stronger unit, making a stronger and more efficient school. It was the belief of those who signed the articles of the affiliation that the departments would become so outstanding as to accommodate visiting students from other institutions in the city and country for specialized study. Their dream has come true.

Today, we know that the Atlanta University System has become so thorough and comprehensive that a child may be taken from his mother's arms and prepared by the Nursery School, Oglethorpe, the Laboratory High School, Spelman or Morehouse, and the Atlanta University Graduate School in liberal arts or in social work.

There are others who deserve credit for the cooperative spirit that they exhibited in this evolutionary process. We acknowledge their presence and cherish the opportunity that we have to enjoy.

But there's a job for us to do. We cannot thrive on the labors of others. The time has come when in a few months we will be called upon to make our contribution to the society in which we live. We have come far, it is true, but in no way far enough to be content with what we have.

The job is going to be difficult and even heart-breaking to some, but we must face the obstacles with the determination, the courage and the willingness of him whom we dedicate these services.

The nation mourned the passing of John Hope that hour on February 20, 1936, because a leader had been taken from among our ranks. We are still fighting and shall continue to do so because we know what must be done for us to achieve for our people and for ourselves the greatest good that can be accomplished.

SO CLEAR

Mr. Dansby: "Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more."

WATCH IT BOYS

Co-ed: I want some truly kissproof lipstick.

Clerk: Try a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury.

Junior: What is love?

Freshman: It's the first stage this side of insanity.

Junior: I see you have been watching a certain senior.

BERKELEY SQUARE!

GOD SPEED TO DELTA PHI DELTA!

SPORT HI-LITES

By Cassius A. Ward

Fresh from a mediocre football season the Maroon Tigers reported for basketball with a "do or die" spirit. What they have achieved with this spirit is now a matter of record—something written for posterity.

Our cagers started off the season with Talladega, always a tough foe when met in the 'Dega gym. So strong, in fact, was this colorful squad that it was only in the final quarter that Blocker, Harris, and Smith, with several successive shots, put Morehouse out in front with a lead which the 'Degans were never able to overcome.

Victorious in their initial game, the Maroon Tigers came back to their lair to fight off an invading Tuskegee team. The Golden Tigers seemed, at first, to be a bit too strong for the Maroons. However, with the insertion of Blocker into the game at half time, the game took a different slant. The lanky pivot man pushed three straight crisp shots into the hoop to put the game in the proverbial "bag." Many cheers greeted the courageous Housemen as the curtain fell on this thrilling basketball episode.

Then came Clark in all her splendor to fell the Tigers 45 to 34 on the Panthers stamping ground. With Pemberton, Henderson, Watson, and Younger clicking on all cylinders, Morehouse's Cobb, Coffee, Blocker, Harris, and Smith couldn't overcome the handicap. Nevertheless, this setback alone couldn't subdue the Housemen. Still a determined team, the Tigers rolled into Knoxville to share a two-game series with the Bulldogs.

Victorious in three of five attempts, the Tiger basketeers invaded Nashville to make quick work of Fisk. Then—home again, only to strike a snag in the persons of Morris Brown's Hubbard, Lawson, and Strickland.

Undaunted, the Housemen set sail for their next rival, Alabama State. This game was perhaps the most thrilling of all games that the corner witnessed during the past season. Trailing 'Bama by four points, Cobb, Coffee, Harris, Blocker and Smith poured shots at the basket from every point on the floor, but the rounded sphere just would not go in. Tucker, that elongated ace from State, finally cinched the game with a long shot.

Once again the Tigers faced Clark, taking one of the most thorough beatings ever rendered Morehouse in her own gymnasium. After losing games to Tuskegee, and 'Bama State, Morehouse finished the season by picking off LeMoyné, Lane, Knoxville (twice) and Fisk.

The cry of the tournament followed, and off Morehouse went, a dark horse.

Morehouse, although not conceded a chance for the championship, drew a bye for the first round, meeting Clark in the quarter finals. Courageous and willing, the Tigers were to thrill all of Logan Hall by instigating the biggest surprise of the season—defeating Clark 39 to 35. Blocker was exceptionally effective, scoring sixteen points. Revenge is sweet! How great it was to avenge in one great sweep, all that the Panthers had caused the Tigers to suffer throughout the season.

By eking out a victory over a valiant Tuskegee five, Morehouse merited the right to play Xavier in the finals. The Catholics were favorites, but the Tigers were unpredictable. However, as the darkness of night blended its shadows with the twilight rays, Southern sports flashes proclaimed Xavier champion, Morehouse runner-up to the champion.

WATCH OUT TUSKEGEE. HERE WE COME!



SPORTS COMMENT

By William Nix

TRACK SEASON GETS UNDEDEWAY—LEWIS LOOKS GOOD

Among the veteran Morehouse track and field candidates who reported for duty to Coach Franklin L. Forbes last week, is John D. Lewis, Jr., of Raleigh, North Carolina. S. I. A. C. pole vault champion for 1938 who has become known to football fans as a colorful performer on the gridiron.

During the three years that Lewis has been a student at Morehouse, he has developed into a hard-plunging fullback. In track and field events, Lewis has again been outstanding, having placed either first or second in all of the events that he has participated in within the past two years. In 1937 he shared honors in the pole vault competition with Allen Sisco, of Tuskegee, in a triangular meet among Alabama State, Morehouse, and Tuskegee, and shortly after this he returned to the track oval to defeat his skilled opponent in a dual meet between Morehouse and Tuskegee. Last year Lewis garnered a second place in the pole vault at the 11th annual Tuskegee Relays and won the pole vault championship at the S. I. A. C. Track Meet in Atlanta. As an entree in the annual triangular meet between Bama State, Morehouse and Tuskegee, he again won the pole vault for the Maroon Tigers as well as a second place in the javelin throw.

Other veteran track entrees include the Maroon Tigers human cyclone, Ulysses Amos, of Detroit, Michigan, who finished fourth in the 880-yard dash last year, and third in the broad jump to capture two medals in the first annual S. I. A. C. track and field meet; Matthew Carter, of Massillon, Ohio, who placed third in the 220-yard dash (S. I. A. C. Meet); Madison Lee, of West Point, Georgia; Willie Joe Anderson, of Forsyth, Georgia; Allen Jackson and Joe Allen, of Columbus, Georgia; David Adams, of Atlanta, Georgia; Alphonso Lowry, of Brooklyn, New York; George Jackson, of Detroit, Michigan, and Rudolph Matthews, of Lakeland, Florida.

New aspirants for the track squad include: James Carr, of Gary, Indiana; Clarence Anderson, of Los Angeles, California; Murray Townsend, of Baltimore, Maryland; Alvin Swartz, of Monroe, Louisiana; Pernel Shelton, of Detroit, Michigan; Pinky Haines, of Lakeland, Florida; and Chin Evans, of Atlanta, Georgia.

GOLF

Representing Morehouse College on the golf links are Moss H. Kendrix and Grover Willis, members of the Maroon Tigers championship golf team of '38. Besides Kendrix and Willis, other likely additions to this year's squad include James Baird, Perry Knight and Boyd Hinton. All are excellent golfers. Howard 'Hank' Archer is coach.

SUPPORT THE SWEATER FUND!

TENNIS

With the opening of the Atlanta University Tennis Courts, George Cox, George Coffee, Daniel Earl Smith, and Charles W. Clemons reported for duty to Head Mentor Forbes. It is from these courtment, plus late entrees, that a crack racquet team will be selected to represent the Maroon and White in the tennis division of the Tuskegee Relays.

MITCHELL IN TOGS

Morehouse's sensational "Bubber" Mitchell, who was late donning the track togs, is also out for track and field events. The individual high point man in the conference track meet last year, Mitchell placed second in the 440-yard dash, the 220-yard low hurdle and the broad jump. At the Tuskegee Relays, "Bubber" Mitchell sliced 1.7 seconds from the 440-meter college hurdles to set a new (Tuskegee) record of 54.5 seconds for the said event. This colorful runner also finished second in the broad jump and ran anchor on Morehouse's second place mile relay team.

HATTIE BELL

(Continued from page 6)

waiting for her mother to finish. I noticed her move once when the belt serpented for her face. She curled her left hand a little, but too late, of course, she curled the face-ward hand. Not even from the buckle dripped there blood, but it was easy to see (or dream) the long, blood-filled whelps which would surely sprout under her flesh from such a scattering. Then Hattie's mother saw us. I say us because you can't whip a person with the door opened without attracting a crowd. She wanted to know what in the hell we were looking at, but she slammed the door in our faces before anyone could tell her what. However, when we heard her resume her sonata, a man at my right said, "That's a damn shame." And he spat on the white stoop.

There isn't much more to tell, except that the next day was warm and pleasant when I saw Hattie Bell sitting in her doorway with a brown army blanket over her knees and legs and feet and thighs. I spoke to her quietly, remembering her sorrows, but she didn't speak anything to me; she just kept her head down. From her half-opened mouth there hung a colorless thread of spit. There was no blood in it; it was clear. It looked to me like she could have spat it out, but she didn't. She just let it hang there from her lips and make a little colorless pool on the blanket. I've seen babies do like that when they cried and wanted no consolation. Then Hattie Bell rose up and went into her own house. I remember even now the ugly music the chain made as it stretched between her ankles and quarreled against her stepping too widely.

Soon Hattie moved to God knows where.

WATCH OUT TUSKEGEE, HERE WE COME!

BERKELEY SQUARE!

ELECT THE BEST MEN TO REPRESENT YOU!

UNCLE JOE'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

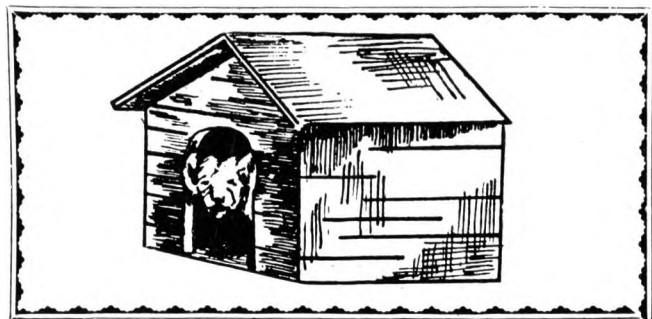
Now that it has been quite a while since I have written to you, I figured you'd be interested in knowing Freshman Fouchee has felled Tom Borders; of course Marg's quasi-monopoly has come to an end. . . . Partec is the grime talker; poor Echols just couldn't keep Julia Williams from him. . . . A. Reeves has found the key, or should I say that B. "Dog House" Warmlesley has done the job. . . . He didn't see anyone else at the Junior-Senior Dance. . . . Dick Smith may eventually get along with E. Williams over at A. U. S. S. W. . . . Bellinger was always with his Dot until the party . . . oh, yes, it appears that Thorpe has changed girl friends again. . . . E. Tate has certainly made a triangle of the T. Williams and P. Byner affair. . . . S. Pierce is quite that way about D. Gomillion whether she knows it or not. . . . Fo-Jo-Phale was quite worried about whom Glover was taking to the Junior-Senior party; it seems like the ministers must have their troubles too, and he didn't go away to preach; . . . freshman fighting Francis Thompson seems to fill the prexy's shoes all right with C. Nicholas. The prexy is doing all right for himself with the glamorous M. Brown. . . . Nikki Thomas is certainly interested in a gent from M. B. C. . . . It seems like this John Lewis is over board and its tall terrific. B. Pride. . . . E. Rice has been continually making it for C. Price's house on Sunday afternoons. . . . Sa Junie and M. Maynard have called it quits. . . . Junnie didn't like the idea of her wearing another frat pen. . . . Believe-it-or-not . . . "Dot" Johnson and Moss Kendrix are among the ranking contestants for 1939's Dream Couple. . . . It may be true that T. Crowell is that way about "Dot." Reeves. . . . Reddick and F. Porter seem quite isolated from each other now. . . . He was quite happy at the party. . . . He had a monopoly on M. Cuthbert. . . . This Allen H. Hayes affair is something like ocean waves, up and down. . . . Helen, "I wanta be a Soror," Todd has waved a magic word over Billie Reid, and he just can't sleep at night, tsk! tsk. . . . M. Williams probably won't confuse the name of Adehydes and Ketones with Callie Robinson while asleep. . . . Harley has taken care of that. . . . A certain Spelmanite had, "Is that Love" played over W. A. T. L., of course I never did hear the reply. . . . This Nelson-Hughley tie is entirely toon strong now for the gent named Caldwell to be an Impediment. . . . Nelson's got something there!! . . . J. Horace and V. Daniels were forced to go to the shoe repairer after such strenuous exercise in front of A. U. Dorm. on the night of the party. . . . Thad Owens had his shoe trouble too, or should I say his nightmare. . . . He went through a lot of strenuous exercise on the campus at 3 p. m. on March 11. . . . They say that he is running true to form. . . . That is, he's on the shelf again. . . . U. Glover didn't take A. Shaw to the Junior-Senior Social. . . . He's still U. Glover all right. . . . Might is right and so it is. R. Simmons wouldn't give I. Smith a chance to sympathize with the sick. . . . Maybe Montgomery will forget about the "Madam" down in Savannah and get himself a ———? girl friend; maybe he will and he won't. . . . Echols is finding things okay on the rebound with E. Elliott. . . . V. Frosh has gone hen-pecked. . . . A young lady at M. B. C. forbade his attending the Junior-Senior party and so did he obey. . . . Willey, "Captain Bligh" Martin and Gwen

BERKELEY SQUARE!

haven't quarreled recently. . . . But they will if D. Days continues to come to Vesper . . . and did the Juniors and Seniors receive jeers and cheers from the freshmen and sophomores. . . . (You know they marched in army fashion to the party) . . . the stuff was there, the joint was jumping and a good time was had by all. . . . A. Crowell certainly went don. . . . He got up at the count of nine. . . . Henry Johnson can't make up his mind. . . . It's either A. Clifford or V. Worley. . . . P. Thompson seems to get along quite all right now when he isn't sitting beside L. Chisolm at meals. . . . He used to think that it was his inalienable right. . . . At last, it seems as if the elusive Gladys Ford has been captured. . . . It's that man Leon Harris Woo Woop. . . . Both Susie Taylor and F. Porter came near having to play a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde role on the night of March 11th. . . . Horace is still the rubber stamp boy. . . . Judging from that picture of his which F. Porter has. . . . This Worrell girl is staying in the family—at first it was Uncle Glover; now it is Nephew Boddie. . . . Swartz has denied the college lassies, and decided to take for himself a prep cutie. . . . Swartz, how could you do that when so many of the College lassies are out in the cold. . . . Pauline says that it was always H. Hayes who had the upper hand with F. Brown, but she must have pulled a "half Nelson" for its Frank and Pauline now. . . . The members of the lonely hearts club in the feminine world are . . . P. Simms, J. Allen, M. Maynard, M. Kelly, H. McAllister, E. Housee, E. Kyles, Eddie Stokes, Mary Pitts, B. Washington, L. Chrisholm, K. Taylor, Y. Wright and Rhea McKinney. . . . The members of the lonely hearts club in the masculine world are . . . Hinton Collier, David Leaver, S. Owens, G. Alexander, E. Dudley, M. Levain, J. Thompson, U. Amos, C. Williams, G. Taylor, Jerome Taylor, W. Nix, B. Hurst, W. Anderson, C. Patrick, H. Stephens, E. Jackson, George Carr and R. Deadmond. . . . Of course dear Diary spring will be here soon and you know that many persons mentioned above will have decided to hand in their resignation. . . . And did you ever see . . . Sampson without Claretta, Nelson without Hughley. . . . John without Warley. . . . Harvette with a smile. . . . R. Graham not being herself.

Sincerely yours,
Uncle Joe.

IN THE DOG HOUSE



"Apple" Thompson who took the "back seat" when "Slats" was in town but nevertheless took the ride around and didn't let the driver out of his sight.

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