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OCTOBER 1939

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THE MAROON TIGER

Atlanta University

Atlanta, Georgia

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

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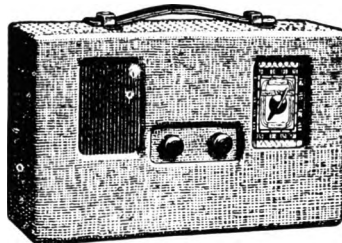
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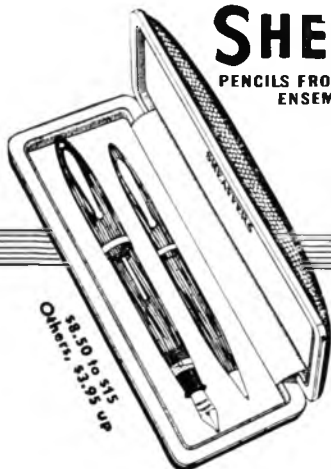
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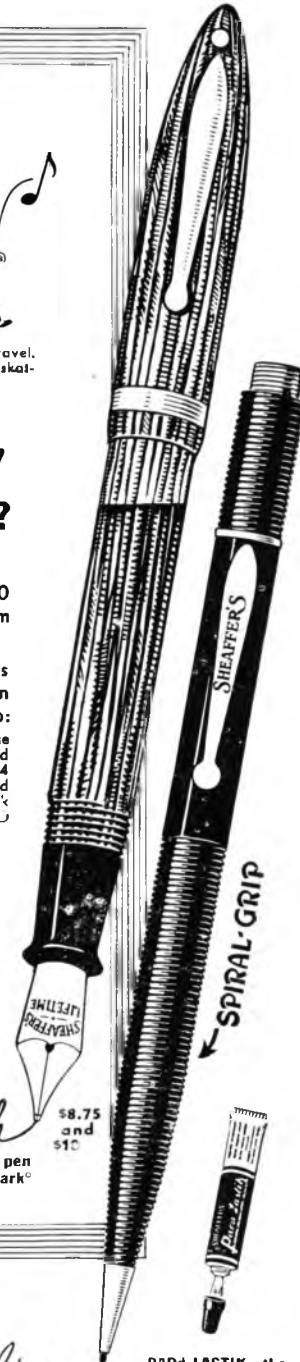
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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1939

Number 1

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In This Issue . . .

	Page
The Call of An Eternal Spirit	3
From Your Editors	4
New Faculty Members	5
Morehouse Alumni in "Who's Who"	5
Philip McDonald Davis	6
Message from Dr. C. D. Hubert	7
The Chosen Few	7
The Pay-off, A Short Story	8
We Should Have A School of Journalism	10
By Thomas E. Watson	
Morehouse in the World of Music	11
Why Will We Fight?	12
By C. Milton White	
Just Your Name (C. L. J.)	12
William D. Allen of Fisk Flees Poland	13
Sports Hi-Lites	14
By Cassius A. Ward	
Fraternity Notes	17
With the Ladies	17
Alma Stone, Editor "Campus Mirror"	
Post Marks	18
By Charles F. Anderson	
Voice of the Ministers' Union	18
By Moses N. Delaney	
With the Poets	19
Delta Phi Delta Encourages Negro Journalist	20
The Making of a Maroon Tiger	22
By Walter J. McMath	
Campus Cross-Cuts	23
By Don Summers and Thom Borders	
On the Spot	24

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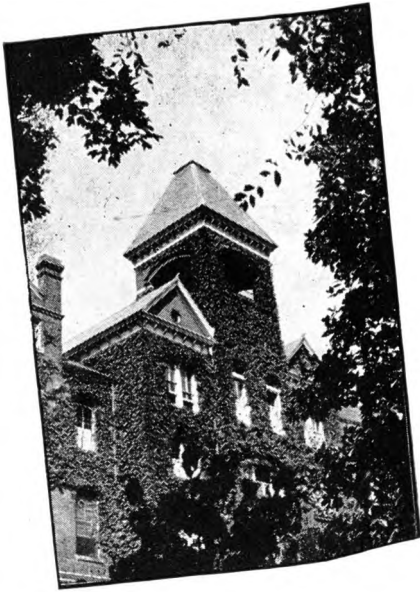
OUR POLICY

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



The Maroon Tiger is a Member of Delta Phi Delta
National Inter-collegiate Honorary Journalistic Society

The Call of An Eternal Spirit



*Lost amidst the eager voice
Of headlong youth who now rejoice
In freedom gained from others' will,
Is my fettered plea to love me still.*

*If so great have been my sins,
That puny lies where hope begins,
I hear a farce—the voice of him
Who loudly sings my spirited Hymn.*

*Confuse me not with vanity sweet,—
To brag or boast, with friends you meet,
Of how you trod my campus fair
Along the ways of great men there.*

*Than to dwell in the hearts of Morehouse Men,
Who come and go, year out, year in,
Since no space is there for me
I spread my beauty across a tree.*

*Upon a Red Hill of clay
Eternally my essence shall lay,
Quickly answering to every call
Of the faithful, honest, infidel—all.*

*I'm content to serve this way;
Maybe on some later day
My Sons will call forth all my powers
Each day to shorten long, hard hours.*

*I recall in days of yore,
When Hope commanded the helm and oar;
It was then my brilliant light
Pointed out the simple right.*

*Science was then within the walls
Of Sale and Science and Robert Halls;
But now they claim that only science,
Without sentiment, is worth reliance.*

*Until science has taken its due place,
Remember its chasms of unfilled space;
Rely upon MY shoulders strong,
And the Brotherhood of Man shall be your own.*

—Tom Watson.

From Your Editors

POPULAR CHOICES OF MOREHOUSE FRESHMEN

Although a large number of students entering Morehouse College, this fall, still aspire to be teachers, it is refreshing and invigorating to know that there are other minds that are turning to more varied forms of employment. Only fourteen per cent of the class of '43 has decided to enter the teaching profession. Compared to the large per cent that entered this profession heretofore, this is a very small proportion. The stalwart professions, medicine, business, and ministry, drew their usual large quota of enthusiasts with medicine receiving sixteen, business receiving eleven and ministry receiving nine. Other more rugged individuals have decided to embark upon the pursuance of commercial art, journalism, architecture, and music.

The second choices of these students ranged from aviation to agriculture. Of the one hundred and thirty new students entering Morehouse College thirty-four have not, as yet, chosen professions or vocations.

FRESHMEN CAPS

Up to this short point in our school year, there have been strenuous objections on the part of freshmen to their wearing of the Morehouse freshman caps. Their objections appear to be founded upon the contention that the wearing of these caps is a form of greatest humiliation.

In the majority of colleges and universities in the United States, freshmen conform to this "request" because they are forced by "persuasive" upperclassmen to display their affiliation to these particular institutions. There are no threatening upperclassmen in Morehouse who shall intimidate freshmen in conforming to the traditional policy of wearing freshmen caps. In their places are Morehouse men who know the value and the inspiration that a massed wave of maroon and white '43 caps can offer to a football team whose men are fighting their hearts out for a Morehouse victory.

When a football player looks up into the stands, he doesn't see a humiliated freshman in a funny little hat—but he does see a Morehouse man wearing the Maroon and White of the House on the Little Red Hill—his Morehouse.

Is victory far off then?

The Dining Hall Situation Again

Once more the signal has sounded for the commencement of various activities on the "red hill", and it is again a pleasure to welcome to our campus those men who hope some day to become members of that illustrious group who pride themselves upon being stalwart sons of Morehouse. These new additions to our family should indeed be proud to take their places among the rank and file of Morehouse men; and the battle-scarred veterans should be equally as glad to welcome into their midst this new blood, upon which the future of Morehouse will some day rest.

I am sure that the new students have been surprised by the beauty of our dining hall. It is a place which well deserves the admiration and pride of each of us. Therefore, we should expend every effort in helping the dining hall retain the beauty that it already possesses, if we cannot add to that which is now there. We can do it.

Two or three daily habits of us Morehouse students have caused quite a bit of adverse criticism from other students, as well as members of the faculty and dining hall heads. This practice of keeping unnecessary noises in the lobby, prior to the opening of the doors, is something which we alone can stop. Then, the practice of almost breaking the doors down in our haste and eagerness to get in not only makes it difficult for everyone to get in, but also reveals a side of us which our years here at Morehouse are supposed to temper or remove entirely.

There are certain things about the dining hall of which, perhaps, we are not so fond, but before we make any approaches, this year, asking our neighbors to clean up, suppose we get our own house in order.

The "Tiger" Needs Your Cooperation

The appeal for contributions for the Maroon Tiger should be an unnecessary one, but year after year, students forget that the Tiger is the "voice of the students of Morehouse College" and not the voices of a few staff members who, up to this year, have been FORCED to write the greater part of the material that goes to make up your Maroon Tiger.

The success of this year's publication will depend so much on your enthusiastic cooperation that it will be a breach of loyalty to your Alma Mater not to do your part, no matter how small, in making the 1939-1940 Maroon Tiger the best that Morehouse has ever had.

This appeal is your reminder, so write, fellows, write . . . Your Tiger needs your cooperation.

TWO NEW MEMBERS ADDED TO MOREHOUSE FACULTY

Dr. Eagleson and Dean Brazeal Return
 Prof. Williams Leaves For Columbia



MARY L. REDDICK



ORANGE YOKLEY

New appointments to the faculty of Morehouse College, announced by Acting President Charles D. Hubert, include Miss Mary Logan Reddick, added to the department of biology, and Mr. Orange Yokley, who will join the department of chemistry. Both of these appointees hold master's degrees from Atlanta University.

A native of Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, Miss Reddick was graduated from Spelman College in 1935 and from Atlanta University in 1937. She has done further study at the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. For the past two years Miss Reddick has been on the faculty of Spelman College.

Mr. Yokley received the B. S. degree from Knoxville College in 1929 and the M. S. degree from Atlanta University in 1939. He has been principal of two high schools in Kentucky, the

Campellsville High School and the London Colored High School, and has served as a teacher of science in the Lynch Colored High School in the same state.

Returning to the faculty after leaves of absence spent in graduate study are Dr. Halson V. Eagleson of the department of physics who received the highest academic degree at the June commencement of Indiana University, and Dean B. R. Brazeal who spent the past year working towards the Ph. D. degree at Columbia University on a grant from the Rosenwald Fund.

On study leave for 1939-'40 is Mr. Edward B. Williams, of the department of economics, who will begin work on his Ph. D. degree in economics at Columbia University. Mr. Williams is a fellow of the General Education Board.

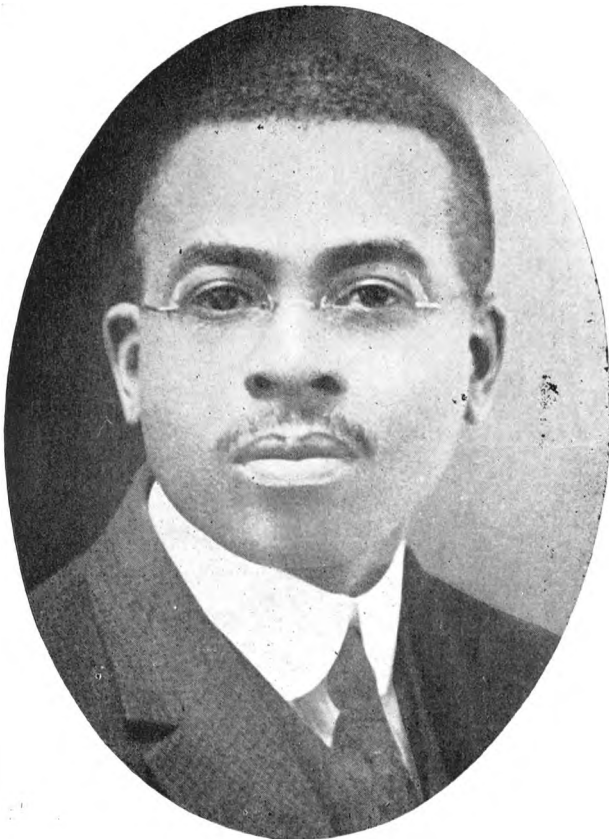
Three Morehouse Alumni
 Listed in "Who's Who"

In a recent publication entitled "Fellows of the Social Science Research Council" are listed three graduates of Morehouse College — Brailsford R. Brazeal, of the economics department and dean of men at Morehouse; John Hope, II, of the Atlanta University economics faculty; and Houser

Miller, of the faculty of Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina. These men were among the 63 successful applicants to receive Southern Fellowships within the last decade.

Inaugurated in 1929 for a limited period, the awards were made for the purpose of interesting potential intellectual leaders in social problems of the South.

PHILIP McDONALD DAVIS



PHILIP M. DAVIS

It was with regret that on September 12 of this year we were witnesses to the passing of our dear friend and alumnus, Philip MacDonald Davis.

Mr. Davis had served Spelman College since 1924 as superintendent of buildings and grounds and during the past year he was added to the Morehouse staff to have charge also of the buildings on the Morehouse campus. These services he rendered ceaselessly and untiringly.

Mr. Davis was born in Faunsdale, Alabama, on April 4, 1884. Considered one of Morehouse's outstanding alumni, he finished in the Class of 1911, after studying for six years in the preparatory school and the Academy.

During his undergraduate days at Morehouse, Mr. Davis participated in extra-curricular activities as president of the Y. M. C. A., the Young Men's Model Association, the Pi Gamma Literary Society, and the business manager of the Athenaeum. He was graduated in the same college class as President John W. Davis of West Virginia State College, President Mordecai W. Johnson of Howard University, Reverend Samuel A. ... of the Metropolitan Baptist Church in

Memphis, Tennessee.

After his graduation from Morehouse, the deceased became principal of the Slater Public School in Birmingham, Alabama, and held this position until 1920, when he was invited by the late Dr. John Hope to become business manager at Morehouse College. In 1924, Mr. Davis resigned this position to become superintendent of buildings and grounds at Spelman College. For one year, from 1918 to 1919, he served the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in Birmingham as labor adviser.

In 1922, Mr. Davis was elected president of the national Morehouse Alumni Association and this post he held for fifteen years. He is the founder and at one time was the editor of the Morehouse Alumni Quarterly, forerunner of the Morehouse Alumnus.

During the Morehouse Endowment Campaign, which began in 1928, Mr. Davis was released from his Spelman post for almost a year to assist in its work. He travelled widely in the interest of the College and his efforts were very successful in helping Morehouse to obtain its goal of \$300,000. For his untiring loyalty to his College he received the warmest commendation from President Hope.

In spite of his many duties to Spelman and Morehouse Colleges, Mr. Davis found time to serve Friendship Baptist Church as one of its most conscientious workers, and at the time of his decease, he was chairman of the Deacons' Board. Under his direction, money was raised for improvements to the church property. The church was renovated and a pastor's study added.

Surviving are Mrs. Madeline Smith Davis, his wife; three children, Philip MacDonald, Jr., a senior at Morehouse; Griffith and Dovie Madeline, students at the Atlanta University Laboratory School; Mrs. Bettie Bowen of Boston and Mrs. Martha Brown of Faunsdale, Alabama, sisters; and Carter Davis of Boston, a brother.

We regret his "leaving", the inevitable that God had long ago dictated, but in the majesty of each tree, the blossoming of each magnolia, and the flowery fragrance that nestles softly upon our verdant campus, we shall gratefully behold the memory of a man who served his Alma Mater and his people willingly, patiently, and with a competence that is the envy of perfection.

... Heaven is his just reward.

Message from Dr. Charles D. Hubert

Greetings To The New Students Of 1939-'40

It gives me peculiar joy to send through the "Maroon Tiger" this message of greeting to our brothers who have entered Morehouse College this year for the first time. The majority of these men are in the Freshman Class and are being introduced to college life.

What is college life, after all, but a life of experience in organized fellowship where young people meet with instructors and fellow students for mental helpfulness in an effort to live a richer and fuller life and to prepare for a rapidly changing world, to live aggressively and constructively. Such a life has long existed at Morehouse College.

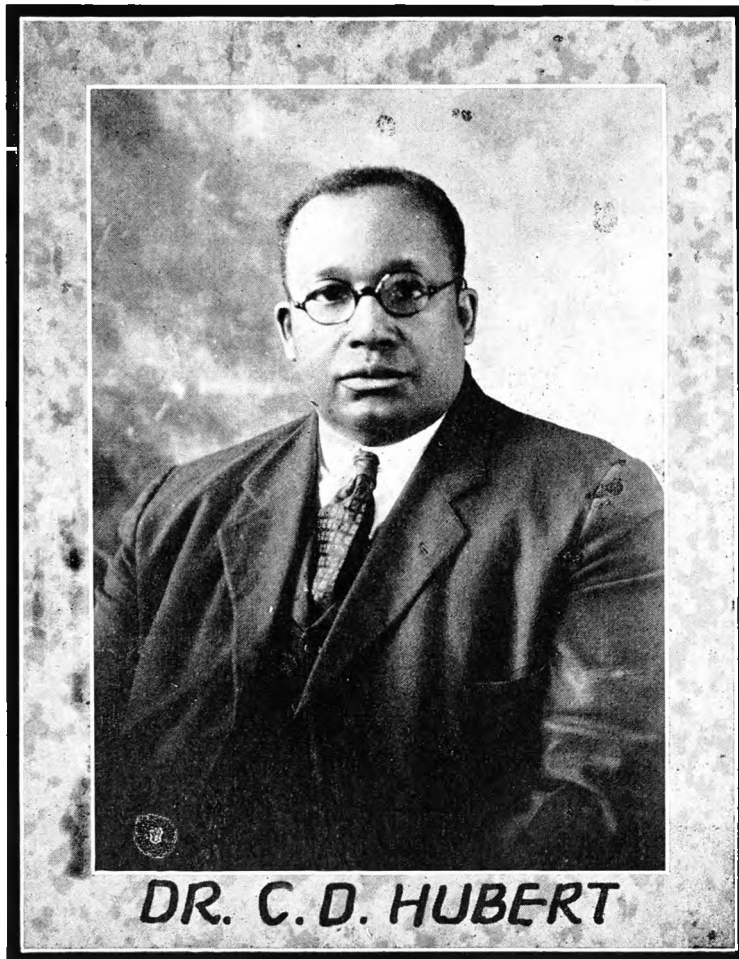
On October 9, this year, I had the privilege of looking back over forty years when I entered Morehouse College and began work in the seventh grade with some of the finest teachers of our country. And now, after forty years, I feel the power of those early days when I entered this fellowship of learning and living at Morehouse College.

I would suggest to

the new students that they enlarge their campus acquaintance. I would like to have you become acquainted with as many of your fellow students as is humanly possible. In the second place, get acquainted with as many teachers as possible in the University System. Cultivate a warm friendship with teachers and students at the very beginning

of your college career here. In the third place, I would suggest that you begin immediately applying yourself to study with vigor, enthusiasm and joy. Study with a far-view purpose. As early as possible in your college career, take a long view of life and visualize what you will be forty years from now; how satisfied you will be with your career as you look back over forty years of life, and finally, study to make a definite contribution to our people who must live not for three score years and ten but for thousands of years.

May I welcome you to this fine fellowship of learning and living at Morehouse College.



THE CHOSEN FEW

In these days of turmoil and uncertainty, when millions of people are fearful—and with reason—lest their lives be snuffed out the next moment, you Men of Morehouse are among the chosen few privileged to attend college, to live quietly and constructively, to help conserve and add to the knowledge of all who have gone before you, to build up while others destroy, to lay firm foundations for future generations. It is with that un-

derstanding that I would have you approach the work of this year — confident, enlightened, determined, sincere. Peace, happiness and opportunity are yours; use them wisely. I bid you Godspeed.

MILDRED L. BURCH,
Secretary to Dr. Hubert,
Acting President of Morehouse
College.

THE PAY-OFF

A Short Story

By ROBERT WILLIS

(Illustrated by C. Lamar Weaver)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Pay-off", a short story by Robert Willis, a Morehouse student, is lacking in certain of the fundamentals of a well-balanced short work, but the Maroon Tiger is here dedicating these pages to the encouragement of the youthful author and to others possessing literary talent with the hope that it will aid in the improvement of their literary endeavors.)

A CAR missed him by inches as he attempted to cross Seventh Street, but he stumbled to his feet and flung oaths, angrily, at the swerving car. The fault was his blurring eyes and numbed senses. He bumped into pedestrians, seeing them only after they had loomed up before him, and they floated past like giant soundless ghosts. . . . The curb must have drawn back by some mystic powers, for he fell flat upon the wet sidewalk. It was then that he was obsessed by the strange desire to stretch out on the sidewalk. He could close his eyes and the

blackness of unconsciousness would blot out his pain and fear,—but the burning above his heart would not let him. Suddenly it came to him like a bullet: "Dale Kaye is dead." He sat up, startled, as if he had been shot a second time. He could see tomorrow's headlines: "Dale Kaye, Famous Negro Actor and Novelist, Found Dead."

There would be a cutting little sub-title which would disgrace his family: "Famous Author of 'Nor Grow Great Again' Killed in Underworld Revenge."

"No," he cried to himself. "I can't let myself go—not just yet—not until I find Jack Dunn. He'll get me out of this mess." The biting rain upon his almond-colored face cleaned his head a little, and he leaned against a lamp post, running his hand through his disarranged black hair. He felt the contour of his face. . . . it felt rough and death-like. A tremor swept his body. He raised his hands to the lamp light. . . . they

were bony and white. . . . as a dead man's. The pain above his heart had not decreased. Then, that haunting thought seized him again: "I will be lying in the mud. . . . dead. These very hands will be embraced in death." He tried to think of his Christmas broadcast. . . . of new ideas for his novels, but he was agitated to think. . . . only the rhythmic pounding of the word, "death," beat upon his senses. Then it became louder and louder, drowning out all other preoccupied thoughts.

The headlights rushed confusingly by, but he

managed to totter across the street and up the endless stairs to Jack Dunn's office, where he stretched out before the door, feeling himself falling but not without struggling, into the blackness of unconsciousness.

Jack Dunn, a tall, walnut-colored Negro with a round, fat face, who was just returning, dragged him into

the office. It was a modernistic room, with the entire side, facing the street, panelled with glass and on either side of the desk two marble doors, which hid entrances to the strong boxes. Jack Dunn was a loan shark. After cleaning the shoulder wound and administering drugs to Dale, he changed his wet clothing and drank a brandy to quiet his unusually well-balanced nerves.

About an hour later Dale was coming back, but the objects still mingled confusingly. He looked at Jack and it seemed as if he were looking through the long end of a telescope. It was then that he saw her—his wife—what was she doing



"A car missed him by inches. . . ."

here?

The chair in front of Jack's desk must have stepped aside, because he found himself sitting upon the floor. "Jack!" Strange his voice should frighten him. "What is she doing here? My wife?"

Jack put his handkerchief to his mouth. "Uh! Uh!". He helped him to his feet. "My fren', you is drunk! Ain't no wimmen here."

Suddenly Dale's head became clearer, and he could see her with her almond-like eyes. "There she is! She's behind your desk! Make her go home! They might get her too!"

"Uh! Uh! Oh that!" Jack pointed to a picture of his former wife, behind his desk. "That's a picture o' my old lady."

"She is my wife! What is her picture doing here?"

A coughing spell gripped Jack and he could not answer. Dale sat back on the couch and Jack on his desk, deep in thought.

Presently he said, "Now spill the works."

Dale drew a wet piece of paper from his sticky shirt, "Read that! I got three others like it last week."

The note was formed from words torn from a newspaper: "Do you think you are dealing with a Harlem maniac? At midnight, tonight, (December twenty-fifth) you will come to me and you will die. If you are thinking of informing the cops, that would be foolish, for you cannot escape me. The Big Boss."

Jack sat on the arm of the couch. "I know what you want, Dale. You wan' me to help you out of this trouble, but I cain' help you."

Dale sat up as if he had been shot again, his face, which was handsome when smiling, was grotesque with fear.

Jack continued, "You see Dale, somebody done foun' out whut I already knowed—that you is easily frightened. Or maybe that gang from Brooklyn is movin' in. So you—uh! uh!—you gotta fight back! I ain' sayin' I'm 'fraid of 'em, 'cause I ain'. At one word I could scare the H—outta any gunman in New York. They's that scared o' me. Now all you gotta do is to go down to Joe' 'n roun' up th' boys, 'n be ready to shoot it out wid anybody."

Dale looked up at Jack, with a pitiful pleading look on his face. "It's more than that note, Jack. Somebody shot me tonight at Joe's, and you can't call that trying to frighten me. So don't you see, you got to take me out of town. I would

go alone, but I'm too nervous to drive, and anyway, I might meet the Big Boss."

"Stupid o' me, not to think o' your bein' shot. But my health wan' let me go out in this dreadful weather again tonight."

"But you have got to do this—for me—for a friend." Perspiration rolled down his flushed face and mingled with the tears, which rolled into his quivering mouth. "He isn't fooling. If I'm not out of Harlem by midnight, he will kill me! If his aim had been good, he would have killed me at Joe's, and I dont wanna die! I'm famous! I'm great! And I don't wanna die at the time I want to live most."

"My fren', keep cool. I never let my self get excited. You stay right here 'til I go down at the car."

"I wouldn't be so excited if I knew who he is. I wonder who would want to kill me?"

"I would, if I hated you enuff. 'Cause you took my wife 'n then you displaced me as boss of Harlem. But I don't hold that 'ginst you 'cause I knowed you too long. In fact all 'o your life." At that he went out of the door.

Dale lay back on the couch and closed his eyes, but he could not sleep. Then he began to think. "Big Boss. Who could that be? How did he handle a gun? "Why didn't he ask for money? Was he only bluffing?" Then that thought seized him again. "I'm afraid. Suppose he should come while Jack is out?" Then it came to him, that he should drink to quiet his nerves and to regain his courage. He drank one glass full after another until he had drunk eight glasses of the brandy from Jack's cabinet. It sent warmth through his body and dulled his already numbed senses.

Suddenly, he felt a wild desire to roll over the window sill, but he was so opposed to that he could not move. He opened his mouth in order to breathe. The striking of the clock caused him to jump. He looked up at it. "Eleven." The sound of his voice made him tremble and he glanced around nervously. The clock was ticking loudly in the still room. Now, it was not the ticking of a clock at all but a cannon which was pounding something into his senses. He repeated the words to the rhythmic ticking: "Dead! Dead! Dead!" Then it became louder...his mouth was saying it mechanically, and he could not control himself at all.

Suddenly he had the inclination to look in the

(Continued on Page 16)

We Should Have A School of Journalism

By THOMAS E. WATSON



Thomas E. Watson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following is the first of the series of articles which we hope shall lend, in any small part, to a unified awakening and feeling that Negro journalistic training is a national necessity.

It shall be our earnest attempt to present to you the facts regarding our past and present journalistic status and the future potentialities of an EDUCATED Negro Press.

Thomas E. Watson, the author of our series, has had several years of practical experience in the field of journalism. He is the managing editor of the "Maroon Tiger" and the editor-publisher of the "Twin-City Journal", weekly newspaper of Monroe, Louisiana.

THE fact that there is no school of journalism for Negroes in the entire Atlanta University System, and even in the city of Atlanta, has caused much concern among prospective students of journalism, local journalists and even a limited number of faculty members here in the System. And this concern is not without valid justification. Yet, to some few who are primarily interested in the matter, some reasons for Morehouse College's failure to establish such a school have been given. Let us consider two of these reasons before presenting our problem.

After asking several of our instructors of English and social science, "Why doesn't Morehouse College have a school of journalism?", I am convinced that, as far as curricula are concerned, the most prominent objection to the school is found in the English Department. One English profes-

sor, who was in sympathy with my cause, said: "The English Department objects to any form of studies for NEWSPAPER training because the present system of journalism seems to have too little respect for the best English style."

This is undeniably true, for our press of today tends strongly towards free colloquialism and a jargon of its own. It has been claimed that this tendency away from strict literary form would cause a conflict in the English Department. However, we must argue that this reason for excluding studies in journalism from our curricula is inconsistent with practices of the College. Every student on the campus from sophomore to senior classification knows of our conflicting courses of study already instituted. They have encountered many authors' works on social subjects which try to deny the existence of instinctive values, while others hold to them tenaciously. They learn in their religious studies that there is an Omnipotent God. They are taught in natural science that Mankind is self-sufficient. Many other instances of conflict could be cited. Also, the school has recognized these conflicts as being "good for the fullest mental development" of its students. With a few precautions, this is as it should be.

Since the English Department teaches proper colloquial usage as well as literary style, studies in journalism would cause comparatively small conflict with English courses. Too, there would be little need for making the study compulsory, but optional to those desiring to "major" in this specialized study.

Another reason for the exclusion of journalism at Morehouse is that too few students are interested in this field. That may have been true a few years ago, but not today. Possibly as many students would study to be journalists as the number who have hopes of becoming teachers, if they were shown the great need for trained Negro journalists, in both the North and South. Many of us have found that need of our own accord and interest, and are fighting against great odds to become journalists without specialized training. Consequently, this last cause for the exclusion of studies in journalism in our school is less rational than the first, and now unwarranted.

In order for us to get a clear conception of the

(Continued on Page 20)

Morehouse College Students Give Concert at World's Fair

On September 4 (Labor Day), from five to six o'clock in the afternoon, fourteen students from Morehouse College, known as the Southern Balladiers, were heard in a program of Negro spirituals at the New York World's Fair. The program, given in the Temple of Religion, was under the direction of D. Jack Moses, Morehouse, '40, of St. Petersburg, Florida. Several of the singers are members of the famous Morehouse College Glee Club and Orchestra, which has been under the direction of Professor Kemper Harreld for more than a quarter of a century.

Members of the group were: Don Summers, '40 of Newark, N. J.; John Wesley Miles, '39, of Milen, Georgia; and Lucius White, '41, of Atlanta, Georgia, first tenors; Thomas Borders, '40, of Macon, Georgia. Charles Thompson, '42, of Birmingham, Alabama; Leon Perkins, '40, of Daytona Beach, Florida; and John B. Jackson, '42, of Recovery, Georgia, second tenors; Virgil Daniels, '42, of Jacksonville, Florida, and Clarence R. Brown, '40, of Savannah, Georgia, baritones; and Mitchell Ateca, '42, of Kissimmee, Florida; Edward Lawson, '39, of Atlanta, Georgia; Willie Joe Anderson, '41 of Fort Valley, Georgia; and William Warner, '41, of Atlanta, basses. The singers were a part of a group 85 students, who were spending the summer months working on tobacco farms in Simsbury, Connecticut.

In the spacious auditorium of Eno Memorial Hall in Simsbury on August 31, the Balladiers sang before a packed house; and as an added treat for the audience, put on display in the foyer of the hall several paintings showing scenes of the picturesque Connecticut valley, which were executed by students at the camp. The exhibitors were Claude Lamar Weaver, '40, of Atlanta; William J. Carr, '41, of Gary, Indiana; and Albert Wells, '42, of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Other concerts during the summer were given in Canton and Granby, Connecticut, and on August 6, the Balladiers broadcast a program of Negro spirituals over Station WTIC in Hartford.

Josephine Harreld, pianist—October 23.

Willis Laurence James To Do Research Work in the Field of Negro Musical Folklore



Willis Laurence James

Mr. Willis Laurence James, member of the music faculty of Spelman College, has received a special grant from the General Education Board to engage in the field of research of Negro Musical folklore during the first semester of the new academic year. Mr. James will visit portions of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi in his search for the unknown songs of the Negro. Later he will have three additional months for further study and organization of the material.

We all remember Mr. James as the organizer and director of our large Morehouse College Band whose forceful strains were inspirations for many Morehouse victories on the gridiron.

Glee Club And Orchestra Augmented by Newcomers

By D. JACK MOSES, Music Editor

When Director Kemper Harreld called the first meeting of the Morehouse Glee Club and Orchestra, several new students from many states answered the call. From all indications this year's crop of freshmen and transfer students is the most musical group to invade our campus in many years.

The Glee Club, crippled greatly by the loss
(Continued on Page 21)

WHY WILL WE FIGHT?

By C. MILTON WHITE

I have just finished reading *MIEN KAMPF*, by Adolf Hitler. Its value as great literature is negligible. The real value and import of the book will undoubtedly be the most significant landmark in the course of current and future events. Those who read *MIEN KAMPF* in 1926 probably laughed and put carelessly aside, marking it only as the fantastical raving of a maniacal radical. But those who read it today feel strangely awed at its audacity; frightened at its prophetic prognosis. The events which now have become a vital part of history of the white man's civilization, (and ironically enough, the history of our adopted civilization) have been outlined in text book clarity and simplicity by Hitler.

These events, beginning with the Jewish purge up to and including the conquest of Poland, are described in detail as to the manner and time at which they would be executed. He made provisions for every possible obstacle and clearly states that any one of his endeavors might cause a general conflict in Europe. And those who laughed at his prediction that Russia was destined to become his ally in such an event are now aghast. He said that he would lie and cheat and kill to gain his end and went to great lengths to describe the justice of diplomatic lying and cheating and killing although from his book, one does not gain the impression that he expected his demands upon Poland for Danzig to light the fuse which he had prepared. He gives the impression that he knew

war would inevitably come.

This war has come, and though we here in school do not feel acutely the effects of the European war, it should concern us greatly. The fate of France and England and the democracies of the world is of necessity the fate of America. Too, it is almost a certainty that should England and France be hard pressed by the castrametation of the totalitarian war machine, the United States of America will fight once more in Europe. The men she will send to fight in "World War II" will be you and your room-mate. We have often said in time of peace that we as Negro youths would not fight for America but that was idle talk. The great majority of us will volunteer and march off to save democracy for the world though we know not what it is. We will fight for no other reason than the knowledge that somewhere in the world men are fighting for causes which each believes the righteous one. Some will fight as Winchell explains because "Too many men like war—especially when they are restless, unemployed and hungry. Too many of them figure a war will give them a better chance of making good at something." Sons of Morehouse who will die in another war should have a greater and more ingrown purpose than these. Maybe somewhere some dark face shall become aglow with the fire of inspiration, and some dark hand shall tremble as it scrawls a *MEIN KAMPF* for Negro hearts.

KEEP DELTA PHI DELTA ALIVE!

University Players to present "Allison's House"

SPELMAN DANCE SOON

JUST YOUR NAME (C. L. J.)

I pray not for riches untold
 Nor glories from heaven above,
 I ask not of fame's enshrined mold,
 Nor entrance into future's mysterious cove.
 I seek not of treasures rare . . .
 For having not . . . I lay these bare.
 My riches, my glories, my fame,
 And my future lie in just your name.

—A. L.

SEND THE BAND TO COLUMBUS!

Josephine Harreld, pianist—October 23.

BEAT MORRIS BROWN!

Believe it or not, but this is the actual conversation that ensued between two Morehouse football players:

Capt. Joe Allen: All right then, Bob. What do you, as the Center, do on play 21?

Bob Harlee: Hmmm . . . Offense or defense?

William D. Allen of Fisk University Flees From Poland

He Cites Minority Situation Abroad and Compares It With That of America

NEW YORK—William D. Allen, popular concert pianist and member of the Department of Music at Fisk University, returned from Poland on Friday, September 29, aboard the S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam.

In Poland since last July, studying music under the internationally famous musician, Dr. Egon Petri, Mr. Allen, forced to flee the country overnight, caught the last civilian train out of Germany and witnessed the feverish preparations for war in both Poland and the Reich during his three-day flight through both countries and into Holland where he succeeded in obtaining home passage on the Nieuw Amsterdam.

Arriving with 1,196 other passengers fleeing the war zone, Mr. Allen expressed the feeling of jubilation and relief in getting back to America at last. He stated that this was the reaction of the entire passenger group. As one fellow-passenger, a European, expressed it, "the skyline of Manhattan is like a fairyland."

"As a Negro," Mr. Allen told reporters, "conscious of all the inequalities in America and the resentment we feel as a minority group toward certain American customs, I, nevertheless, am more hopeful and less bitter upon returning to this country after having had the opportunity for comparison with the European situation. The relative freedom in America as against that in Europe today convinces me that at least we have a basis from which to work in this country and the possibility of making the democratic tradition a reality.

"I think we will benefit as a group from the present European conflicts. The brutal treatment of minorities as an integral part of fascist policy will drive home to America the example she has set by her own treatment of minority groups, in spite of the Constitution and the true meaning of democracy. Everyone knows that the present practices of segregation directed against the Jews remaining in Germany were modeled after our

own laws and customs of separation. If we, therefore, set ourselves up as the epitome of democracy, we must eliminate our own hypocracies.

"The Negro must be prepared to take advantage of this new emphasis on the democratic ideal in many unique ways, perhaps. We ourselves must take the initiative in bringing about associations with other races, nationalities and cultural groups, particularly in our institutions of higher learning. In this way we will project ourselves beyond our own grievances and identify ourselves with the universal causes for justice and humanity everywhere."

Commenting on the Polish tragedy, Mr. Allen stated that the Poles were totally unprepared in every way for the lightning thrust of Hitler's forces. Even though he had heard rumors from reliable sources as early as August 1, that Germany and Russia were planning to partition Poland by August 15, he said, "the Poles pooh-poohed the idea." When asked if the Poles in the Russian Ukraine favored the entry of the Russian troops into Polish territory, he said that although there had been some anti-governmental feeling among the people in the Ukraine, at the last they supported the Polish government as far as could be determined.

Mr. Allen is Chairman of the Fisk University Local of the American Federation of Teachers and is a member of the North Nashville Committee to Aid Spanish Refugees. His first concert of the season will be a joint benefit recital with Si-lan Chen, the dancer, here on November 5. This recital, sponsored jointly by the Negro Peoples Committee to Aid Spanish Refugees and the China Aid Council, will be held for the benefit of the Spanish and Chinese refugees.

Negro Peoples Committee to Aid Spanish
Refugees, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York
City.

"The power to mould the future of the Negro shall be, to a large extent, in the hands of Negro journalists of future generations."

INDIAN ART EXHIBIT IN A. U. LIBRARY

University Players to present "Allison's House"



SPORTS HI-LITES

By CASSIUS A. WARD & CLARENCE ANDERSON

In discussing the "hi-lites" of the sporting world, the 1939 edition of the Maroon Tigers should be included. Although the Tigers seem to be of an unknown quantity to some experts, the insertion of a host of freshmen gridders has bolstered the House's chances.

With a schedule including Langston, W. Virginia State, Morris Brown, Tuskegee, LeMoyne, Clark, Alabama State and Fisk on successive weekends, Morehouse will have a great need for its reserve; a team is only as strong as its reserves.

Among the most promising material from the class of '43 is Charles Jones, 215-pound fullback from Detroit, Mich. Noted for his swiftness, Jones should be a valuable addition to the Tiger squad. Others of the "frosh" include "Butch" Harris, 221-lb. tackle from B. T. Washington High School, Atlanta; MacAdoo Williams, the Louisiana Lar-ruper, end from Monroe, La., and James Slack, 160-lb. half-back of B. T. W. H., Atlanta.

Included in the veteran roster are Capt. Joe Allen of Columbus, Ga. Capt. Allen is one of the South's premier quarterbacks. Although Allen weighs only 150 lbs., he is a terror to larger backs. Co-Captain "Ikie" Blocker, 180-lb end; "Bubber" Mitchell, swivelled-hipped "scat runner"; "Marshy" Swartz, most consistent ground gainer of the past year; "Red" Whatley, tackle extraordinaire; Jimmy Washington, punter deluxe, and "Baltimore" Townsend add weight and experience to the team.

In an attempt to add strength to the line, Coach Forbes has shifted Joseph Lyles, 190-lb. fullback, Cedartown, Ga., to the tackle position; "Red" Powell, 175-lb. back, to a tackle; Red Nelms, 180 lbs., from fullback to center, and Deo Montgomery, 170-lb. back, to a slashing end.

MOREHOUSE BEATS WEST VIRGINIA 7-0

In a game that was thrill-packed with stubborn opposition from both sides, Morehouse netted a 7-0 victory over West Virginia, Saturday, October 14, at Institute, West Virginia.

The tally, followed by the insurable conversion, came via the Evans-to-Lewis pitching and catching combination after the pigskin had been ad-



ALVIN SWARTZ

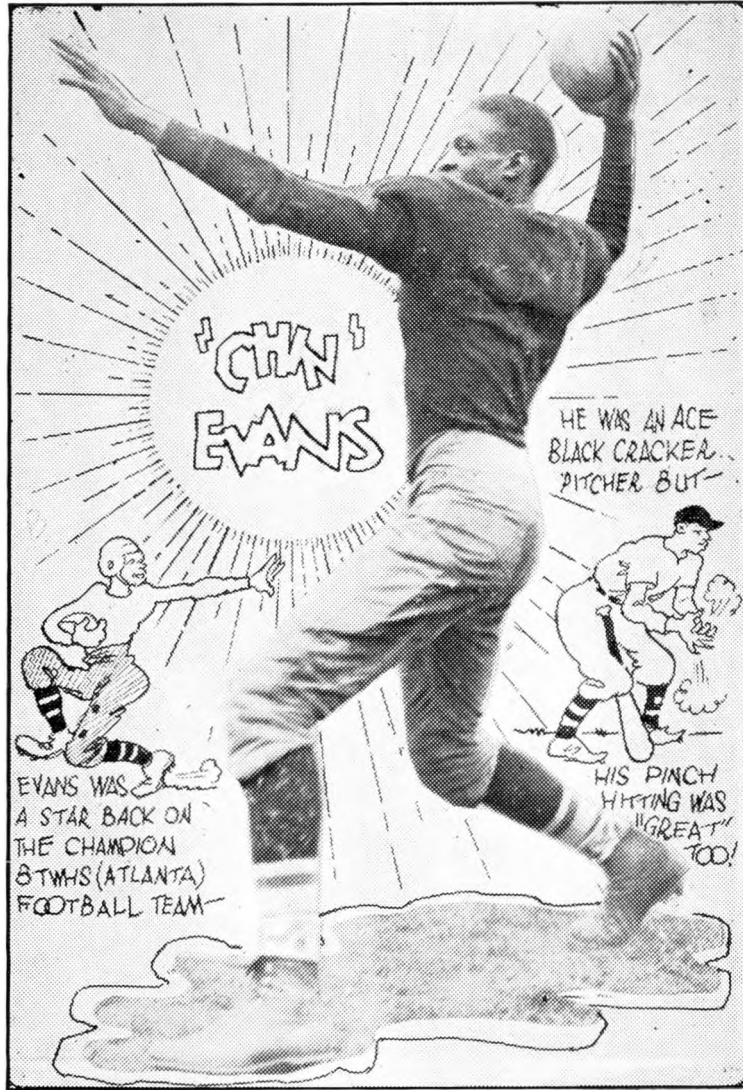
vanced to scoring position by Swartz and Jones, stellar veteran halfback and new freshman full-back sensation, respectively.

LANGSTON EKES A 6-0 VICTORY OVER MOREHOUSE

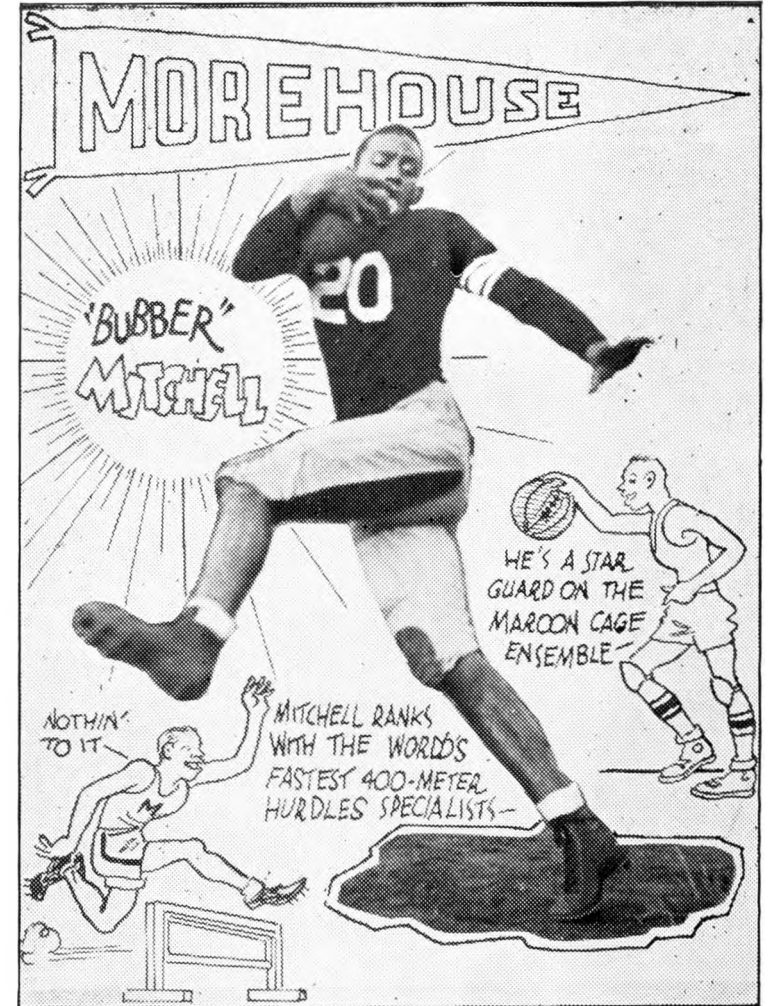
Morehouse, playing her first game of the season against the formidable Langston Lions of Langston, Oklahoma, lost by the scant but significant margin of 6-0 at Ponce De Leon Park here Saturday, October 7.

(Continued on Page 21)

SPORTS HI-LITES



Starting his second year as a Morehouse stalwart, "Chin" Evans has been reverted from a halfback to a quarterback. With his near approach to passing perfection already established, we are looking forward to his field generalship in anticipation of an S. I. A. C. championship for the 'House.



George "Bubber" Mitchell, truly a great all-around champion, again takes his position at halfback to "run circles" around gridiron opposition.

(Pay-off—Continued)

mirror. He felt his face to see if it was as hollow and his eyes as big as those the mirror registered, but he could not feel at all. That alarming thought obsessed him: "Tomorrow, that man in the mirror will be dead. I'll be living dead in the mud,—cold—my lips tight,—cold—my face gray and inanimate. I am alive today,—I'm famous,—I'm great, but I will be dead by tomorrow."

He looked back at his coat on the couch, and imagined that he was lying dead, with the same gray appearance and inanimateness of a dead man. His heart was racing madly and with each beat sent gushes of white heat to his head which dulled his senses.

He began to cry slowly. "What must I do? What will become of me?" He looked up at the portrait of his wife. "And what will become of her?" He kissed her breast and read the inscription in the corner: "To my dear husband—Jalna."

Suddenly he hated her—hated her with every bit of energy he had left. He wanted to take his knife and cut her into a thousand pieces. He wanted to undo everything that he had done to Jack Dunn. It was then, that the picture began to whirl. He tried to make his way back to the couch, but the room seemed to have shrunk and the furniture jutted out at angles. He found himself falling against them. Again he had the inclination to lie down and his time he did not try to fight it. Neither did he fight back, when the black void of unconsciousness engulfed him, nor did he care, for Jack Dunn would take care of him. He just passed out.

* * * * *

He was riding in an automobile when he came back to himself, and Jack Dunn was with him. It had stopped raining.

"You fainted. Uh! uh!" Jack said.

"Yes, I know and I feel better now."

"That's good, you need all o' your wits jess in case we meet them birds."

"I'm not afraid anymore. Man, with you beside me, nobody would dare attack us. Have you a gun?"

"Uh! uh!" Jack looked in the compartment. "D...n, I forgot to bring one."

"I haven't but one, and since you are the best shot, you may use it."

Jack put the automatic in his pocket. "What's the time, Dale?"

Dale took his watch in his hand. "It is fifteen until twelve."

"Yeah, fifteen 'til twelve 'n we're outta gas."

"Out of gas?"

"Yep, Outta gas."

"But you must not be. It's—." Then the disquieting thought seized him. "In fifteen minutes, I will be dead." He looked at Jack, who was watching his actions nonchalantly. He looked liked a big black monster.

"Fifteen minutes to live, unless...."

"I will see about the car," he announced. "You will hold the flashlight."

In a few minutes he looked up at Jack and said angrily, "This thing is half full of gas."

"You don't say so? Then why won't this car move?"

"If you had a little sense, you could tell that it is stuck in the mud, thanks to your stupid driving." He opened the hood.

"What time is it, Dale?"

"Are you crazy? It is five until twelve." He did not bring his hand back, but stared horrified in front of him. The headlights had illuminated a white sign printed with red letters. It was surrounded by woods.

"God! Jack! Look what it says. Beware of the marsh and the gases. We're still in New York,—we're only a few miles from Harlem." Terrifying fear gripped him, and he drew back against the car, as if something was after him. He saw himself lying dead—dead—in the mud. A tremor swept his body.

Jack moved closer. "What's the matter with you? What time is it?"

"H...n, can't you hear. It's—it's three till—" He turned to face Jack, and when he did, Jack drew the automatic from his pocket.

"For the love of God, Jack!"

"Yeah, for the love o' Gawd."

"You're it! You're the Big Boss!"

"Yeah! Who else would it be? I wrote them threatening notes, 'cause I knowed you wuz easy frightened. I knowed you'd come runnin' to me like you always done when you wuz scared, and I could get revenge—revenge for everything you done to me. I knowed you couldn't escape. Uh! uh! uh! I even shot you tonight at Joe's, so I'd know you would come to me."

The flashlight blinded him and he stood grasping into air. Then he felt tired—felt the black void

(Continued on Next Page)

Fraternity Notes

KAPPA ALPHA PSI

Under the sterling leadership of our new Polemarch, in the person of Lester Womack, we have launched upon another milestone in the history of Pi chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. The administrative staff for the ensuing year, and a banner year too, if you please, is as follows:

Polemarch, Lester Womack; Vice Polemarch, Richard Smith; Keeper of Records, Morris Speed; Keeper of Exchequer, Elbert Dudley; Strategus, Ulysses Amos; Lieutenant Strategus, Robert Lewis; Historian, Clarence R. Brown.

I pause here to acknowledge the loss, through graduation, of our beloved Brothers Neill Crosslin, Killis Bonner, Timothy Shadowens, LaValle "Hots" Smith, David Leaver, Walter Echols, Thaddeus Owens and Atwell Pride. We are also minus the services of Bro. M. M. Smith of the undergraduate division who, for some reason, elected not to return. Pi Chapter misses these brothers greatly.

However, the organization is augmented this year by the services of Howard Woodson, who hails from Philadelphia, Penn., Cecil Robinson of Bluefield, W. Va., Wm. Wasson of Louisville, Ky., and the return of King Peterson to the campus.

—C. Rutherford Brown.

ALPHA PHI ALPHA

Alpha Rho chapter of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity extends to all new students of this noble institution a hearty welcome. The opportunity to learn has been given you—it is now up to you to take it and make the most of it.

—George Strickland.

OMEGA PSI PHI

It is our pleasure to introduce for your information the officers of Psi chapter who shall guide the good ship, Omega, to its haven of fraternal prosperity: Isaiah S. Blocker, Basileus; Charles F. Anderson, Vice Basileus; Don A. Summers, Keeper of Records and Seal; William J. Faulkner, Keeper of Finances.

James E. Emanuel, Reporter.

PHI BETA SIGMA

Chi Chapter of the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity extends welcome and sincere wishes for your future success.

With The Ladies

Memoir To A Morehouse Freshman

You are off on a new adventure, one that promises to influence your whole life. You are very excited about it, and your parents and friends have bid you "Godspeed" with all their hearts. You are going to college. You are a little frightened, too. There are so many things to learn and do, so many things to see and express, so many friends to make and acquaintances to rub shoulders with, that you wonder if you can ever do any of them. You gaze on bewildered for a moment. Some never get over their bewilderment, but you take a deep breath and plunge in. Everyone says that your enthusiasm is one of your most charming and valuable possessions, one that you should hold forever. Certainly you will never lose it, because each college year, be it first or fourth, holds many challenges and surprises that one just can not take everything for granted. You find that it is easy to make friends, and possibly discover that many seniors are as you are. You come to trust campus organizations, and somewhere in the course of events you learn that Spelman College is very near you, and begin to admire her character.

A little later, in the first issue of The Maroon Tiger, you see the following little article:

"The staff of The Campus Mirror, Spelman College student publication, extends to all Morehouse students its sincere wish that this will be one of the happiest and most fruitful years in your college career."

And somehow you believe that it will be.

ALMA STONE,

Editor-in-Chief, Campus Mirror

(Pay-off—Continued)

of unconsciousness creeping upon him. He knew he should fight but he was too tired to fight—too tired to care what would happen to him. A weird laugh escaped from his lips.

When Jack pressed the gun against his temple, Dale screamed, and Jack screamed with him, at times increasing the volume. Then he looked up with a terrifying look upon his face, as if he had just realized the meaning of the situation.

"For the love of God, Jack!"

(Continued on Page 21)



POST MARKS

By Charles F. Anderson

My Son,

Do not think that because, thus far, I have not written you, my thoughts have not been with you. Through the days and weeks since you have been gone, I have tried to determine just what I could say to you that would ring true. You have your life to live, it is true; yet, perhaps, the task of living it and adjusting it to the tempo of an exacting world will be much the easier if you will but profit by the mistakes and experiences of those who have traveled the same road upon which you will travel.

You and scores of others like you are standing at the crossing of many roads; and it is yours to decide which road it shall be. After all, things haven't changed much and I am sure an honest man is still respected. So, fundamentally, the same truths still exist that were in existence long before you and me. Therefore, try to take these things into consideration before you

decide which path will be yours.

The roads are many: the road of popularity which is as treacherous as the sand of the desert; the road that leads to the corner where you absorb the advice and philosophy of those who, by their presence on the corner, have proved conclusively that their way of doing things is wrong; the road of too-serious study—and if I know you well I need not advise you against this one; and finally, the road which leads to the fulfillment of all your dreams, hopes, and aspirations—the road of a well-planned, temperate and sober life.

Be well liked, and try to gain the respect, if not the adoration of all with whom you come into contact. And I believe that if you will think, by all means, and try to do more things which appeal most to your inner being, you cannot help but choose the way which leads to the ultimate success which is rightfully yours.

Sincerely,

Dad.

P.S.—You said that if you didn't receive that money immediately, you'd have to go to the poor-house; well, wait until next week and I'll go with you.

VOICE OF THE MINISTERS' UNION

By MOSES N. DELANEY, President

Once again we launch forth into another school year. After having spent a very eventful, pleasurable, adventurous and delightful summer, we begin this year with greater inspiration, new zeal and more determination. How exuberant and exhilarating is the knell of the old bell in Graves Hall! It wakes us in the morning and brings us again to the twilight of departing day. The joy that passes through us at its sound shall remain with us in very pleasant memories throughout our lifetime.

During the last school year, the Morehouse College Ministers' Union achieved a goal for which it has struggled for many years; a goal for which it has fought courageously; and a goal for which it will continue to fight in order to maintain its own. This achievement is the acceptance of the Ministers' Union in the Student Activities Fund of Morehouse College. Consequently, we begin this school year not satisfied with victory already won,—not contented that we have already arrived at our destination to gain higher heights.

Our problem, then, is not solved but has just begun! Our ultimate aim is to make ourselves

so necessary and useful that we shall become indispensable Christian workers on the campus of Morehouse College. We shall be able to accomplish this goal by carrying out the following immediate objectives: (1) We must have an attractive, informing, and beneficial program. (2) We must give greater service to the religious life of fellow students and the community at large. (3) We must hold high the ethical ideals, standards, and principles of Jesus Christ as they are perpetuated through Morehouse College.

The Ministers' Union extends a very cordial invitation and sincerest welcome to all freshmen and new students who are ministers, aspirant ministers and students who plan to enter any field of religious endeavor. We assure you that you will have greater opportunity to project yourself into the lives of fellow students by participating in our program of self-expression.

The following ministers were ordained during the summer: Joseph T. Thomas, '41, Memphis, Tenn.; Phale D. Hale, '40, Buffalo, N. Y., and Moses N. Delaney, '40, Sanford, Fla.

WITH THE POETS



If I Were God

If I were God, then I would make the lame to walk,
The blind to see and even all the dumb to talk,
Return the dead to all of those who mourn
And heal hearts that are with sadness torn.

I would remove both sin and evil from the earth,
Have the end of life pure as the day of birth,
Remove all pain that comes to mortals here
And have hope ever take the place of fear.

The earth its produce without grudge would yield
With sun and moisture on each growing field,
To each would come success with every plan
And in each heart, real love of fellowman.

So thought I, as I saw this earthly life unfold
Its dreary outlook and its grief untold,
With widows' hearts and orphans' souls so gray,
As though midnight hour were the noon of day.

But would I dare, if the power were really mine,
To change the world, and could I make it fine
By removing the irksome things of life,
The petty problems, all the painful strife?

Where then would all our loving patience be?
Where loving eyes for those who cannot see?
Where full hearts poured out to those in woe?
Where helping hands for those who love us so?

Where all forgetfulness of each selfish whim?
Where plenteous tears which hardened eyes can dim?

Where all nobility, boundless love of heart?
Where high resolve, that each may do his part?

To change all this, would surely spoil the life of man

With neither joy nor hope its empty years to span,

Quite drearily indeed would life's path be trod,
So I would not change it—even were I God.

—Marcus Nelson, Jr.

The Co-Ed

Like Hercules' load, they tug at her arm,
As she lugs them to classroom and dorm—
Books of war, of peace, of wood and ore,
Relativity, Psychology,
Mathematics, Sociology,
Economics and what else could bore.

No Phi Beta Kappa key craves she,
But does her stuff for each Ph. D.,
And wins laurels fast for knowledge acquired.
Virginity, consideration,
Consistentness, conservation,
"An honor to Spelman," all yelled and cried.

But if they could peer into her room,
Each unerring Ph. D. would swoon
At a glance through the den of book fame,
Nonpariel detective stuff;
Satire from England, France's fluff,
Russia's Call and books without a name.

This mixed array is only a part
Of the volumes that delight her heart
When all alone with her soul afire.
She's a wide-range girl; no "greasy grind",
Just a maid with a book-loving mind
Trying to quench her poor soul's desire.

—Calvin Watson

The Reverie Hour

Give me a bottle of good white wine,
Give me sweet thoughts of the past—
Thoughts that will forever entwine
Around my heart, to forever last.

Give me a chairside, an open fireplace
In the evening when the lights are low.
I will see the outline of your sweet face
In the gleaming fireside glow.

Let me dream to my heart's content;
In reverie let me stay.
I will consider each moment well spent,
In thoughts of dreams long passed away.

—Oscar Catlin.

School of Journalism—Continued

problem before us, we may look at the obvious need of trained Negro journalists with qualifications to salvage the Negro Press from its business tendency and set it upon its mission alongside other press groups of this country and the world.

Of the 300 or more Negro publications being circulated today, less than fifty of them have staffs of trained journalists; and most of those included in the latter group have a limited knowledge of the Laws of the Press and too little respect for the Ethics of Journalism. More than one-fourth of all our Negro journalists have not even a college training and no knowledge of journalism at all. They practice all kinds of graft and tend to subordinate the Negro press below all possibilities of recognition by the nation's press associations. When we consider the primary mission of any press, we immediately see the evil that may grow from this condition.

Paraphrasing the famous words of Joseph Pulitzer, founder of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, ". . . our people and their press will rise and fall together. The power to mould the future of the Negro race will be in the hands of journalists of future generations."

Morehouse College has possibilities of establishing a school of journalism which schools in many other districts would be proud to have. Located near the country's largest Negro newspaper syndicate and the only Negro daily newspaper in the United States, Morehouse could surpass, in curricula and practice work, all other attempts by schools now conducting studies in journalism. Most of these schools located in the South base their courses of study in journalism strictly upon theory, as they have no adequate means of giving their students practice work. For instance, Southern University, one of the South's finest land-grant schools, has a regular course in journalism. This single course is, from the journalist's point of view, elementary in scope. It attempts to cover the entire field of journalism, with no particular emphasis upon any phase of the study. Even if the course were expanded under present circumstances, it would be of little significance as there is not a single Negro newspaper plant or news service within a radius of 60 miles from the school. Our school is within walking distance of the largest and most elaborate Negro newspaper plant in the world.

With Morehouse's feature of Liberal Arts,

which provides essential sequences to the study of journalism, and with a growing number of students becoming interested in this relatively unexplored field, it would not only be a wise move to establish such a school, but it would be quite a profitable one.

Delta Phi Delta Encourages Young Woman Journalist

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following is a letter sent by Mr. Moss H. Kendrix former editor-in-chief of the MAROON TIGER, and co-founder of Delta Phi Delta, National Intercollegiate Honorary Journalistic Society, to Miss Lucile Bluford, managing editor of the KANSAS CITY CALL. This message of encouragement, sent to the young Negro woman attempting to enter the University of Missouri School of Journalism, expresses the opinion of the editorial staff of the MAROON TIGER.

Miss Lucile Bluford
Kansas City, Missouri
Dear Miss Bluford:

We have read of your attempt to enter the University of Missouri School of Journalism. In behalf of the Delta Phi Delta Journalistic Society, may we, in our humble way, bid you much success in your striving to enjoy that privilege which is rightfully yours under the supreme law of this land. We highly endorse your procedure and sincerely hope that your efforts might prove of benefit to you and to other Negro journalists desirous of acquiring formal training in the "closed" universities of this great democracy.

Unfortunately, the majority of our Negro colleges and universities do not offer courses in Journalism, and few have departments of Journalism. For the most part, we who are interested in the profession of Journalism are forced to seek our studies "in the north" or accomplish, as we may, from courses in creative writing, advanced composition and outside study. It is true that a vast majority of our journalists have acquired their training through at least one of the above-mentioned methods, but such cannot long suffice in a more exact and complex society.

Delta Phi Delta hopes that some time in the near future our institutions of higher learning will install adequate and well equipped schools of journalism in which we can pursue the study of that art.

"God Speed"—your interest is our interest

Journalistically yours,

MEMBERS OF DELTA PHI DELTA

By: Moss Hyles Kendrix, Co-Founder.

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

of many talented singers last year, received the larger percentage of these youthful musicians. Space will not permit a complete list of the new members, but in passing, we must note the presence of Emanuel Mansfield, a renowned tenor soloist from Boston, Mass. Mansfield has a beautiful voice that is destined to carry him far in the musical world. Alfred Washington, baritone from Baton Rouge, La.; Samuel Sampson, bass, from San Antonio, Texas; and Rovett Kitchen, bass, from Savannah, Ga., are other members.

The Orchestra, minus the superb playing of Richard Durant, violinist, adds to its membership several competent musicians. Outstanding among the newcomers is M. McClane, violinist from Brooklyn, N. Y. McClane comes to Morehouse greatly heralded by several of the outstanding eastern dailies. Those on the campus who have heard him, already style him as a "second Durant".

Mr. Harreld is planning great things for all of the units of the music department. There are tentative plans for an extensive tour by the Glee Club, Orchestra, Quartette, and student artists. This corner wishes to solicit the cooperation of the student body in all the programs of the ensuing year because it feels we have an organization that is one of the best collegiate musical groups in the country.

Pay-Off—Cont.

When Jack pulled the trigger, a roar, like claps of thunder, and a great downpouring, filled his ears. Then the heat of a thousand fires devoured his body and numbed his senses. The ground came up to meet him and he lay motionless on the ground, feeling his body slide painfully into black void.

Whether he was dead or not, Jack did not care, for he dragged him to the side of the road, where he dumped him into the mud, and soft mud came back together, as if it had never been disturbed.

He saw it when he returned to the car, spattered with blood, it's clear parts glistening in the light from the headlamps. Its hands were together at the top—it was twelve o'clock.

The End.

Sports Hi-Lites

Though Morehouse outplayed "Zip" Gayles' Lions for the greater part of the game, the K. O. came in the second half when a Tiger punt, blocked by a Langston Lion, landed behind the Maroon goalline and was recovered for the only score of the day.

Through the excellent showing that Morehouse made in her defeat by Langston and in her victory over West Virginia, the game this Saturday with Morris Brown all but places the Maroon Tigers in the victory bracket.

During the Langston-Morehouse gridiron classic, the Langston end, Milligan, attempting to complete a pass heaved by one of his team-mates, collided in mid-air with a Morehouse player and as a result his leg was fractured. He is now recovering in Grady Hospital.

It is the duty of Morehouse Men to remember that he is hundreds of miles from home, therefore it is for us to do all we can to make him as comfortable as possible while he is here in our city.

Drop him a line. Go by to see him. He'll appreciate all of this.

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THE MAKING OF A MAROON TIGER

By Walter J. McMath

A student picking up a copy of the MAROON TIGER and reading it through from cover to cover in twenty or twenty-five minutes, lays it down with the feeling that after all it is a slight matter, hastily patched together and poorly printed. The truth, however, is that an immense amount of detail work is required to produce a good periodical. In order that this work might be done efficiently, it is distributed among the members of the Tiger staff composed of two departments, the editorial and managerial. Each of these departments is in turn composed of members among whom the work is still further divided.

The branch which seems to be the more important is the editorial department, at the head of which is the editor-in-chief, Mr. Leon Harris. He is directly responsible for the efficient working of the whole system. He knows his business and distributes his work and his responsibility among the other members of the department and maintains personally only a general supervision. He must, however, plan the contents of the issues, and see that every assistant knows what is required of him. He assigns work outside the regular routine of each sub-department and must arrange the material when it is prepared. He has the important duty of writing, at least, the majority of the editorials; and since these may be a source of both good and evil to the school and to the Maroon Tiger, the editor-in-chief must be both a capable and a responsible person. Next in importance come the literary editors, the result of whose work forms the front pages of the Tiger. By various means they get students to

contribute articles, which they examine and correct. In case of a shortage of material they must themselves furnish it. To some readers the athletics editor seems most important. He portrays, of course, only one side of school life. In his way, however, he does much to make the Tiger interesting. He reports athletic contests, discusses athletic possibilities, and prophecies.

Morehouse College is quite fortunate in having quite a bit of talent among the students. Because of this fact another genius, a staff artist, is added to the board. His work is to establish the cover with designs and the pages with cuts.

The other department, the one that works behind scenes, is the managerial. Its work of financing the Maroon Tiger is of great importance, since upon its efficiency depends the success of the finished product. The department is in charge of a business manager, Mr. James Bellinger, who divides the work among his assistants. One or more of the latter obtains the advertisements and collects the money for them. The other assistants have charge of distributing the finished product.

The board is a miniature government, with the editor-in-chief at its head. There is, however, someone higher in authority than the editor, and that person is the faculty supervisor. In some schools his participation is merely a matter of form, but at Morehouse College he controls largely what enters into the Tiger and does much toward raising the standard of the issue. Such is the mechanism required in publishing a good MAROON TIGER.

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CAMPUS CROSS-CUTS

By DON SUMMERS and THOM BORDERS

One or two years ago, one of the editors of this column suffered a severe spanking at the hands of "Bulldog" Ellis for printing a "mis-print". Of course, we sympathized with Gervin but we laughed, not knowing that, someday, we would be able to serve in the same capacity. (Boy, is we scar'd?) But, if we do have to suffer this consequence, we are going to print every printable laugh which comes our way.

Batter up!

Everybody was surprised to see 270-pound Thomas Laurie NOT out for football. We were talking to him the other day and he said that he is waiting for the ping pong season. Gosh!! Rough game, that ping pong . . . Here's something that happened on the tobacco farm this summer—Our good friend Oscar Clark would eat a big helping of veal, sweet potatoes, string beans and corn-bread, then a "second" plus two sodas, a quart of milk, a large apple pie—and for dessert, a pint of ice cream. Please don't mistake us tho', but Clarence Brown and Buddy Wright were he biggest eaters . . . Oh, I forgot, Ladies first. The Spelman freshman cuties are: June Fountaine, Jacqueline Claggett, Anna Griffin, Bessie Sampson, Melba Williams, Margaret Smith, Doris Dunggill, Carol Phillips and Mildred Williams...To be serious, I want to ask my co-worker one question. (Guess who's asking whom, ahem) Are you that way about Marion Douglas or . . . ? Every time I see you I see Marion, but you have an 8x10 picture of . . . in your room . . . Really tho', Larry Douglas can read music wonderfully, but when he opens his mouth to give the sounds—it's terrible, isn't it, Mr. Harreld? . . . It seems that Dick Smith and Hugh Grant are plugging at the "best dressed man on the campus" this year and Horace won't come near the title this year, for every time we see him, he has on a new green top coat. thus we can' see what he has on beneath it . . . We decided that John Robinson used the worse language on the farm this summer. One day he said, "My uni-q physi-q sho is fati-qed".

Be-ware and be-careful all you, GRAND CATS and WIZARDS or you'll be all alone!

Some men are dressing like women nowadays—let's compare a woman's swagger suit with some of the men's so-called Drapes—

For one a skirt—for the other, pants.

For one a blouse—for the other, vest.

For one a coat that is usually knee length—for the other a coat that is usually knee length.

—A frosh said (of course, he's from Jalopy) that he didn't know that you could buy a suit that had a combination overcoat and suit coat!

Don't be alarmed to see a young man leap out of a window toward a pair of pants on a clothes line, 'cause that's the only way he can get in them.

—A teacher asked a student if he had seen "old faithful".

He replied—Oh yes, I saw Coffee and Alfred about fifteen minutes ago.

—Dot likes her Cobb, whether it is dressed in corn or preferably in Black.

—Togo Ama seems to be trying to over "Sampson". Just for a thrill! Yes, I mean Miss Scott!

—Why does "Cool Papa" Wilcox pull Judge through Spelman every day and then he pauses not a minute? Is he dissatisfied with the new comer?

—Is Jerry Taylor a chauffeur for A.nother Taylor? Is he still persis. . . ?

—Oh! Mr. Walker Gene is still tops with me, why not you, eh?

—Spelmanites and "Shutins" beware. The femmes of A. U. and the School of Social Work are eyeing the boys with "snatch-em" in their eyes.

—Looka here—'Tis being said that Chin Evans and Minnie Clark are "sorta" that way about each other—my, my, love is so strange!

—Milus Graham should have been twins so he could divide his time between Miss Social School and his subjects—my boy, you can't go on this way.

—Morris Speed isn't as attentive as he used to be—I am wondering if he's going "Chi".

—Mr. Swartz and Mr. Washington, please make up your minds, 'cause Willie A. and Nora Patrick are waiting patiently—I believe that Dickens is going Willie A.'s way too.

—Nora and Swartz are O. K., but Mr. Swartz, please be more persistent.

—V-V-V-Vollie Frosh s-seems to be hit-tting it off in h-high strides w-w-th M mm F F Forde! G-G-Good Luck!

—Pardon my negligence, Ladies, 'cause I
Turn Quickly to Next Page

wouldn't keep this for nothing—Horace (Esquire) has arrived with 5 trunks and he's un-attached too—he says for all applicants (feminine, of course) to form a line on the right!

—Now, Tom Borders, the J's seem to have it—Juanita and June are sharp but you can't string them both along at the same time—so please decide—

—Now, Eddie Gore, take it easy because M. Safford might collapse under the strain.

—Now, Morehouse men, here is a situation that needs remedying—Georgia Oswell is loose—"Tup Tup"—I think that she has something up Boston Way—Don't mind that—

—Everything is just a matter of time, and time brings on changes—Here are some changes—

—George Jackson is now an established "Spelman Willie."

—Olin Newsome has one on and one off—how does he do it?

—Porky Strickland and Dot "have called it quits—isn't it a shame.

—Ulysses is history but Lincoln is trying to keep Anita in the family—though I remember seeing Anita and Pres Hale together—I wonder if they've...?

—The great Larry Douglas matriculated at Morris Brown last term but now he's a good "House" man . . . jiving every feminine heart that enters the library—

—Cassius Ward is not being quitted as regularly as he was last year—more power to him.

—One can hardly see Lillian with Smitty now! —is something wrong?

—Lil Bradley eased Virginia off the table and is now romancing with another "charmingite".

—Dipper Mitchell is seeking new stomping grounds—a flame must be supported by some kind of fuel.

—"Love Judge" has gone Morris Brown and not Bogie—I heard that it is J. Harvey.

Help Wanted Column:

Some charming young lady that can make Bill Faulkner take interest in life again . . . but it seems that Bill has taken Warmsley for a ride with "A" and eased him out in the cold again.

A charming Spelmanite that is able to make J. D. Lewis forget Blondeva—"Tres difficile", but it can be done—

—Some bit of feminity that is able to keep Ikie's interest "undergrad".

—Some young lady to capture Jimmy Carr's heart—

—A young lady that can quell the quivering John Lewis—"Tis said "the cat will play when the queen is away"—are you going to play, John?

—A very fast young lady to catch the faster Mr. Amos because if this keeps up, I believe he's going nuts!

—A dance so the "House" can get acquainted with Spelman (and show their drapes too)!

—Girl friends for the Freshman and Vice Versa. All applicants send applications to Mr. Con Fidence.

000 Jive St.,
Signifying Room, Bull Building
City.



ON THE SPOT . . .

ROBERT CARR, who fell asleep during that most exciting Morehouse-Langston football classic. (Perhaps he thinks that Morpheus is a goddess.)

The number one contender for the runner-up position is MITCHELL ATECA who, while in New York this summer, dropped a dime in the nickel subway slot and then waited patiently for his nickel change to be returned.

Perhaps, as you have travelled from cover to cover in your MAROON TIGER, you may have found that an article which you have submitted does not appear. This is by no means a reflection upon the quality of your work. The reason is that space is not available in this issue, but every attempt shall be made to include it and other articles which you shall submit in subsequent issues.

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