

October 20, 1941

Volume I, No. 1

MAARBOON
THE VOICE OF
THE STUDENT
TIGER



The M'ROON TIGER

Welcome!



TO the incoming class of '45, the new matriculants, and to our newest neighbor, Clark College, the Tiger for 41-42 extends a hearty welcome, hoping that your ensuing year will be blanketed with success and achievement as attained by only the finest and most noble characters in traditional accomplishment – again, then, we say "*Welcome*" –

Ye EDS.

THE MAROON TIGER

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

VOLUME I

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, OCTOBER, 1941

NUMBER 1

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief _____ R. W. Kitchen, Jr.

Associate Editor-in-Chief _____ Charles L. Maxey

Feature Editor _____ Benjamin Scott

Copy Editor _____ Marcus Nelson

Managing Editor _____ W. Wesley Sawyer

Sports Editors. Leon Elam, Clarence Anderson

Business Manager _____ Robert Willis

Contributors _____ Louis Peterson, Vernon
McClem, Samuel Ayers

Typists _____ F. L. Lights, Vernon White,
Robert McGree.

In This Issue

Beneath the Drapes 4 & 5

Tiger Play 6

The Bat 7

Three-quarters of a Century 8-9

The Old Familiar Things 10 & 11

The Balladaires 12

School Spirit 13

News 14-15

The MAROON TIGER is printed by the students of Morehouse College eight times yearly, in October, November, December, January, February, March, April, and June. Subscription rates 15 cents per copy, \$1.00 yearly, \$1.10 by mail. Advertising rates furnished on request. All communications, contributions and suggestions should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief. All manuscripts submitted should be typewritten duplicate copies, as all submitted material becomes the property of the Tiger and may appear in subsequent issues.

OUR POLICY

The MAROON TIGER exists as a medium of expression for the students of Morehouse College. It is non-partisan in policy and 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



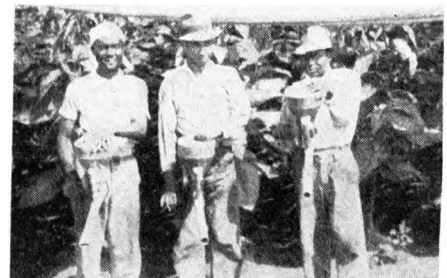
... We

BENEATH THE DRAPES

I have long looked upon the "farm" as the place where my character just crystalized and assumed the points and variations of my present personality. When I returned from it I was able to make decisions firmly and resolutely without pangs of misgiving awry. That feeling of self-reliance is the quality that the sophomore returning from the farm over-emphasizes into cockiness.

That, however, is not amiss, for many, many knocks of life in the thrice remaining years break, and crack off that shell in huge hunks and leave only the inner core of self-reliance, whereas, had he not had that shell of cockiness, his self-reliance itself might have been shattered. So when a freshman or sophomore returns from the farm with arrogant and swaggering self-assurance, however ridiculous he may look to the professor or senior, he has acquired something, an armor that will aid him to take that which is approaching in his junior and senior years and the rudiments of the armor he will wear through life. The farm crystalizes self-reliance from the jumbled mass of a freshman personality.

To live comfortably and happily in the farm barracks one has to be found "regular." This is nothing more than willingly taking your own share of the load incumbent upon friendship. It is the collegian's summation of considerateness, thoughtfulness and helpfulness to associates. The man who is not found to be regular will find himself in a small circle of friends and miss totally that spirit of comradeship, of equality that makes the pre-freshman bawl out a senior and not be chastised. That feeling that breaks down all barriers and makes one conversation just as intimate as another.



Salute

The man who essentially is not like that soon develops that side of his nature and becomes regular. The farm makes a man regular.

One learns also to "jive" on the farm. Literally, jive means an insincere statement or manner that serves either to fool the other person or keep him from knowing what one really means. It is a manner usually worn for just impressions, a curious admixture of sincerity and insincerity, of truth and falsity calculated to leave the hearer puzzled and to make an enigma of the "jiver." To learn to "jive" is essentially to learn to create a false impression. Now, I'm going to attempt to justify my placing it among the qualities that crystalize one's personality on the farm.

Our President Mays has dignity. Though in a personal, informal interview his smile and throaty chuckle may flash unreservedly, he still maintains that dignity. That dignity commands respect from those with whom he has dealings and makes them easier to deal with. Consequently, Mr. Mays has the things he desires made easier to get in some degree because he has dignity. So it is with "jive." It builds up a feeling of intimacy where there is only friendship, it changes enmity to good will, it makes people easier to deal with. The quality of learning to deal with people easier is one of the most desirable of qualities and that is why I mention it here.

So the sophomore or freshman returning from the farm has acquired more than an atrociously draped suit. He has self-reliance, a co-operative attitude toward living and has learned to deal with people. So go to the farm, freshmen, and I assure you that at the end of summer you shall not have slid in vain.

It pleases us to be able to present these authentic "shots" and to dedicate these pages to those men who have so capably contributed to the glorification of "a bigger and better" house throughout New England.

The Eds.



TIGER PLAY

MOREHOUSE 2

—

XAVIER 7

MOREHOUSE 7

—

KENTUCKY 24

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

Atlanta, Georgia

1941

Oct. 4—Xavier . . .	New Orleans
Oct. 11—Kentucky . . .	Frankfort
Oct. 18—Morris Brown . . .	Atlanta
Oct. 24—Tuskegee . . .	Columbus
Nov. 1—Le Moyne . . .	Atlanta
Nov. 8—Clark . . .	Atlanta
Nov. 15—Alabama . . .	Atlanta
Nov. 22—Fisk . . .	Atlanta

FROM THE TIGERS' DEN

The Tigers once again start their pilgrimage against the unlimited reserves of the S.I.A.C. Although they will be minus several of their bulwarks of last season, they expect a glorious year. The replacements, however, are being drilled daily for the current athletic season. Heading the replacement list for this season is Andy "Slip" Anderson, who will always be remembered for his shiftiness and for his blocking ability. Having been out of the line-up for the past season, he has brought back with him an "arsenal of defense and offense," and is very impressive in the Tigers' daily practices.

Much attention is being given to the new recruits who have enlisted to help strengthen the Tigers' defense and offense. They are being drilled in the

fundamentals and various other techniques of good football material.

Newcomers are: Homer Hill, who hails from Columbus, Georgia, who is an able punter, and halfback Lester, who tips the scales at 203 pounds and comes from Waycross, Georgia, is destined to be a great tackle; Smith, weighing 190 pounds, is being groomed for a sound berth on the Tigers' squad; and a host of others who have been very impressive in the Tigers' daily workouts.

MAROON AND WHITE DAY

One of the events on the calendar of Morehouse College for this year which promises to be one of the most important is Maroon and White Day which will be observed on Saturday, November 1, 1941. This year this celebration is being held not only in observing Homecoming but also in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Morehouse College.

The general chairmanship of this celebration is in the hands of Mr. William D. Kindle, under whose capable leadership great plans are being made in order to make this the most successful Homecoming that Morehouse has ever had. Those who are to assist Mr. Kindle as the chairmen of the various committees are: Albert Wells, parade and float; Paul Peterson, publicity and invitations; Aloye Pride, entertainment; Robert McCree, bonfire.

The celebration of Homecoming will begin on Thursday, October 30, at 8:00 P.M. when a reception will be given in honor of Miss Maroon and White and the visiting alumni. On Friday, October 31, there will be a parade from the Atlanta University dining hall at 6:45 P.M. The parade will proceed to the library and from there it will go past the president's residence and then it will proceed to the Morehouse athletic field where a bonfire will be staged. Then there will be a pep session in the gymnasium. The celebration of Homecoming will be culminated by the game on Saturday, November 1, between Morehouse and Le-Moyne.

The Little Foxes That Spoil the Grapes

Before we can openly attack the Grapeviners, we must give everyone as keen a perception of what a grape is as possible.

They are born the same as you or I. They go along from year to year developing a rather sour taste. They have nothing to offer mankind but their sour juice, and when they get tired of draining themselves of the sour juice they crawl up onto a vine and parasitically grow upon it. They become rounder and rounder. Their skin takes on a dull yellow color and from that color they gradually turn a sick green. As they hang precariously on this vine they see another which has greener leaves so they release their hold and roll on their little round sides to the bigger and better vine.

They devour this one hungrily, but as they devour the vine, they forget to notice the little foxes who are eating the grapes. The grapes are punctured by the sharp teeth of the foxes and the sour juice they had tried to replenish and increase in their bodies runs out into mother earth who festers when touched by the acrid liquid.

Tired and worn the grapes move on to replenish the juice they have lost, but no matter how much of the vine they absorb the small wound inflicted by the foxes in their round green side never heals.

They become desperate when little worms enter the wound and begin to devour their insides, and soon after, the grapes fall to the ground—rotten.

❖ THE BAT WHISPERS ❖

After a long and joyful summer the ol' bat is back with beaucoup d'jive for all you lads and lasses.

Things started out with a bang when an organization of pseudo hepsters called "Grapeviners" "jumped frantic" and downed Morehouse men in general. But Jack the cat's told me that the men of Morehouse set them all back in their place.

The freshmen class of Spelman fell in reet. Gate there are chicks of all sizes and description and I must say some beauties. Your reporter only hopes that beauty has some brains.

I overheard a Spelman senior, E. E., telling a Morehouse sophomore to get hep to himself and dig a line of jive. Well, unless my observations are incorrect, this chick hasn't had a boy friend since she's been here.

I've been lampin' this cat J. Cooper and this fine chappie J. Atkins. I've been wondering who pays for the meals that they eat out of the dining hall.

Will someone please tell B. Stith of A. U. to quit trying to jive the boys with her "simple sort of jive?" I hear that they even have "hicks" in Chicago.

. . . I was told that on the tobacco farm this summer a certain young man, whose father teaches

English at Morehouse, refused to bathe. However, under the influence of O. H., he is doing ok. This proves that one woman is stronger than 107 men.

. . . I hear that dictator Sampson, or the "great I am" of Morehouse, told a Spelmanite that he could run the 440 yards in 48 flat. He must have been referring to the 100 yard dash.

A certain chick from Xavier is always saying that Morehouse doesn't have a football team. Will someone please tell her to see coach Forbes about a suit?

. . . The great Casanova of Morehouse returned last week from Chicago with three trunks. One contained a suit, one a raincoat and one a letter from home saying that the other half of his entrance fee would be sent down next month.

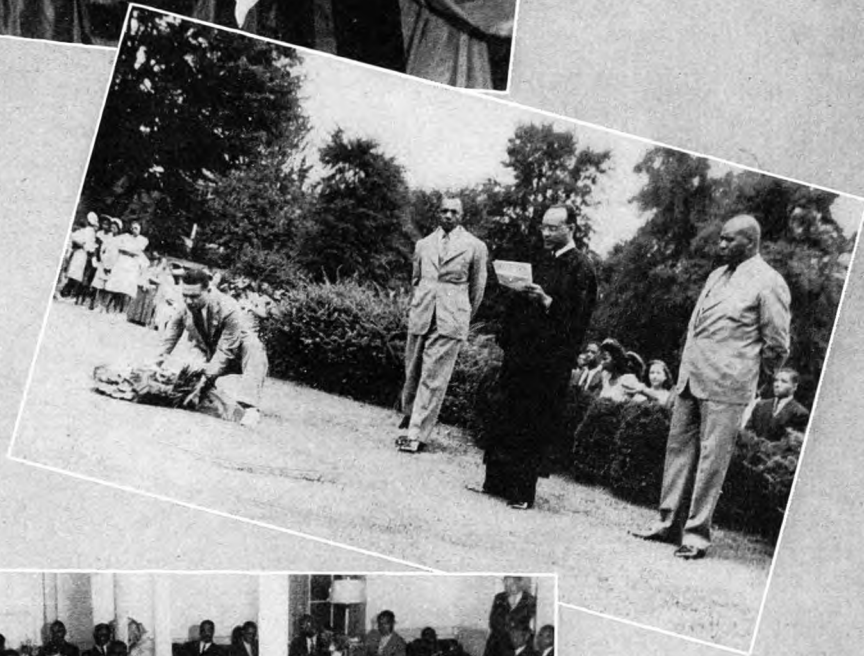
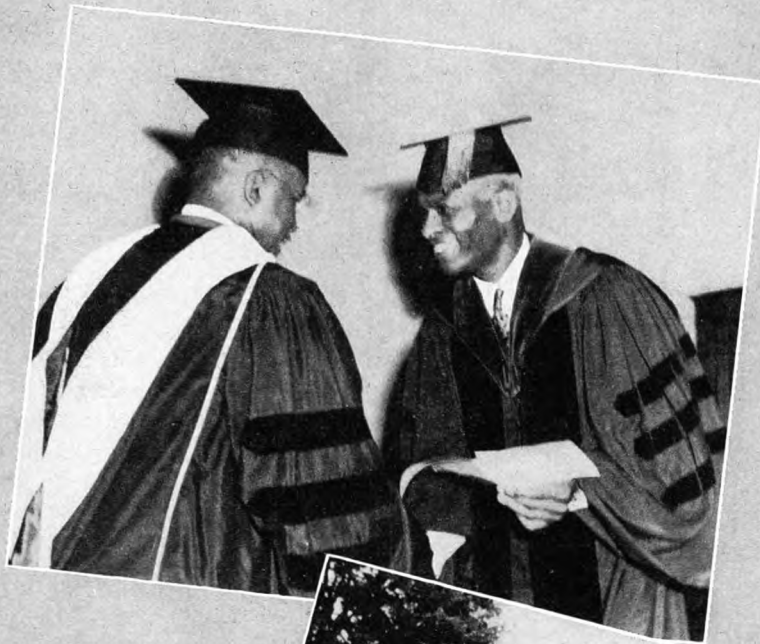
I heard that some of the girls from A. U. went to see the picture "I Wanted Wings" three or four times. I wonder why?

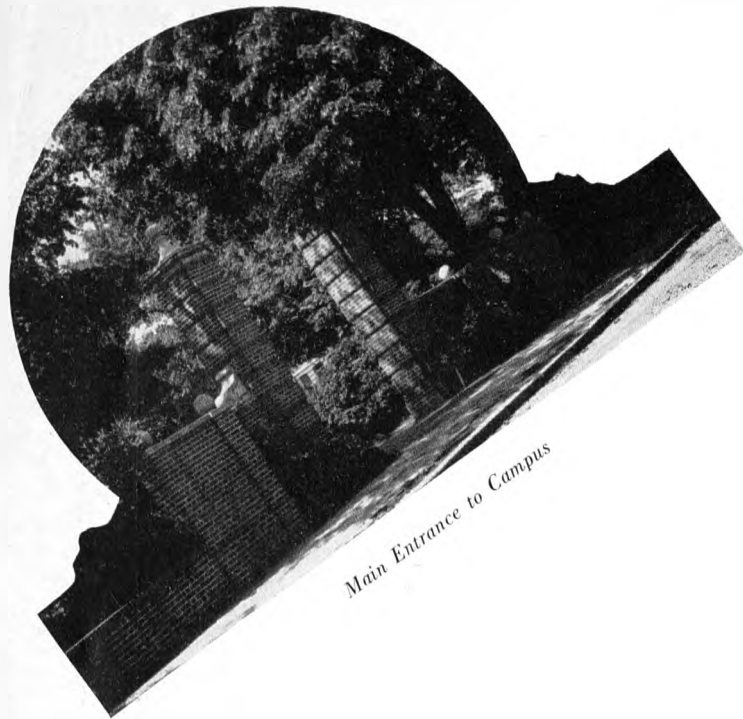
Well, lads, the old bat sees the daylight coming through and since bats only fly at night I must depart. But Jack, when I get back from "Ackin-sack" I'll have a load of jive. So, until the next time, the bat says "If you would never be known to do a thing, never do it," or if you would never be known as a B. D., don't chase them at night.



In almost every house men stand constructive leaders among the ablest university presidents; the leading education without in men; they play leading field of medicine; graduates are among the widely sought after used in the area of serving with distinction of insurance and the leading agricultural Morehouse; they worthy contributions law, civil service, defense. As apostles will, Morehouse square. Such an in the heart of the whole-hearted American who believe development of the

lk of life, More-
 in the ranks of
 ip. They are
 college and uni-
 e could not name
 s of the race and
 ding Morehouse
 ing roles in the
 orehouse gradu-
 e who are most
 and most widely
 religion; they are
 ion in the field
 nking; some of
 urists are sons of
 e making note-
 in social work,
 and national de-
 interracial good
 en stand four
 titution. located
 South, deserves
 upport of every
 es in the further
 Negro race.





Who can adequately describe that most inalienable of mankind's rights—that favorite employment of most of us—which is generally termed associating? Where among us is that genius of literature who can, by manipulating words, delineate the charm, equanimity, and the unmitigated sense of values which this employment brings to the universal fraternity of those wont to remember and to associate?

Do not misunderstand me, however: I do not mean that manner of association begat by a society or a club. Furthermore, it is not that type of abnormal association advanced by the late Dr. Sigmund Freud. This shrine of association to which I refer has been paid homage by every human heart. It is that principle which makes each alumnus of Morehouse College love that "little red hill" and which brings tears to the eyes of those of our "Morehouse family" who are in graduate school whenever they hear the old, familiar strains of "Dear Old Morehouse," however harshly sung they may be. It is that same principle which causes Morehouse men to maintain, even in the coarser corners of life, the ideals of moderation, self-respect, and of sportsmanship, vowed to among the sward-topped mounds of clay.

We are prone to love old, familiar things and all of us unconsciously attach to them a sentimental value. This natural fondness is exemplified by the care and attention which we devote to a well-worn folio, many times read since the days of our early

childhood. An old print, carefully stored away; the huge family Bible bearing its annotations of the births and the deaths of our loved ones, and with which we wrestled in our pre-teen years; or an institution of learning, attended during the formative period, can, by means of association, awaken in us some of our most tender feelings.

If we look into our hearts, I think we shall, most of us, find that we have a clinging attachment to Graves Hall. An attachment exceeding, perhaps, that of one, John Horner, to his corner and his festive pastry. Was it not an Idlewild to us? Did it not offer us repose and shelter from the wranglings of the world? Have we not found within the arms of that ancient edifice friendship, pleasure, and an invaluable philosophy of life?

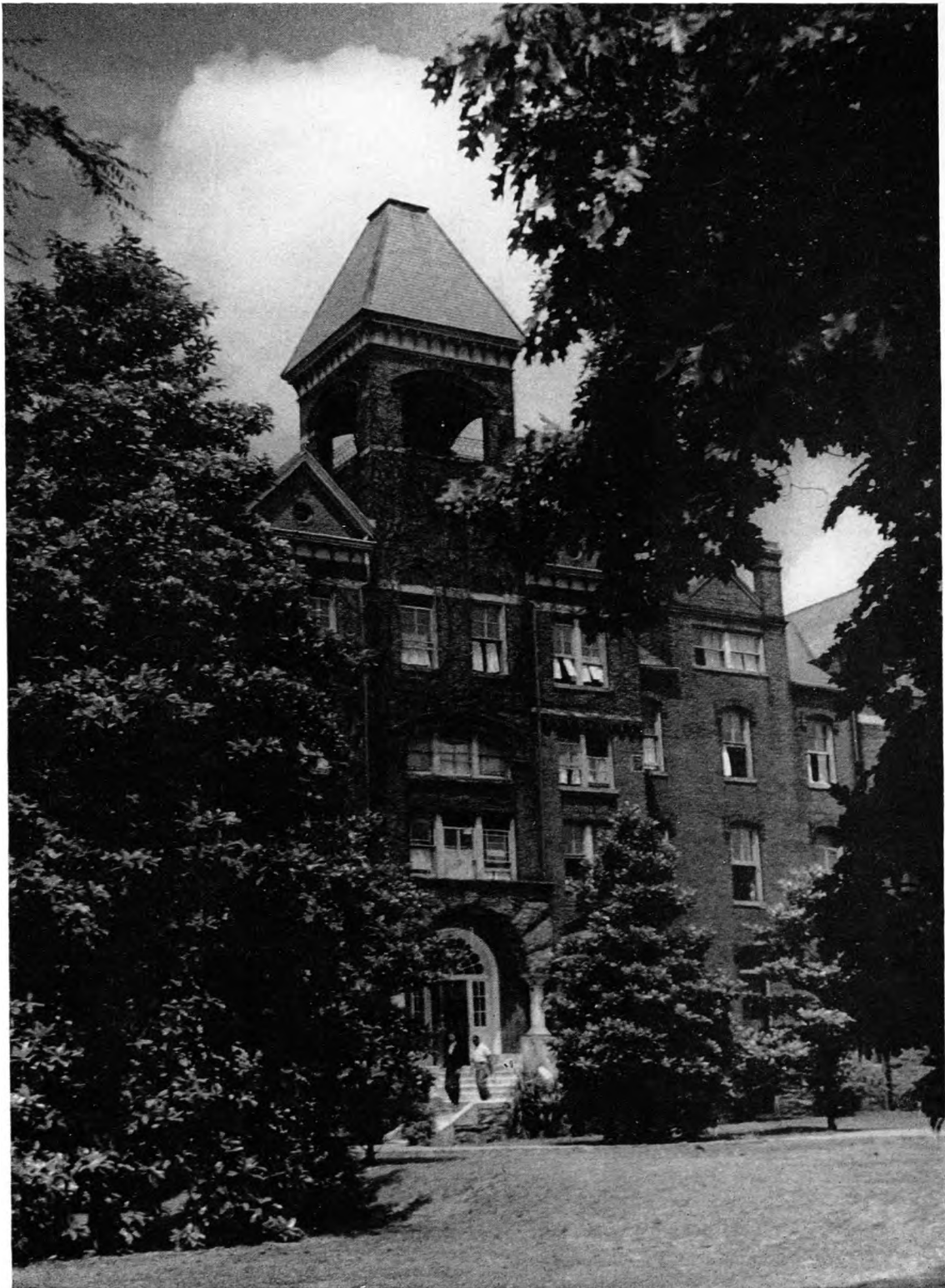
Who can pass the venerable building, which, like a blind man, wears a tablet of its age upon its ivy-covered front, without recalling some of the epochal scenes which this dignified edifice has viewed from the celestial heights of time? Who can mount its worn, marble steps without a feeling of awe? Those steps themselves are sermons in stone. Being worn more upon the side that leads us to the classroom and to Spelman than they are upon the side that leads us to the swirling thoroughfares of the city, they bear witness in marble eloquence to the affirmed discretion of the Morehouse man down through the ages.

I love to write within the walls of the old building. It seems as if the spirit of Benjamin Brawley unerringly guides my pen through the maze and morass of grammar and of rhetoric. The dim and stately halls are eloquent of power, and you expect to see the thin, pale, thoughtful face of Dr. Hope at every corner.

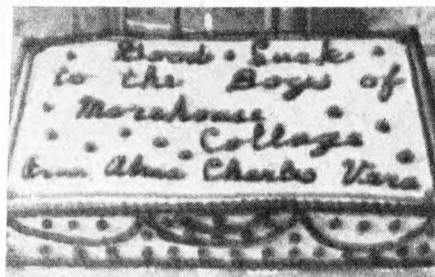
What a learned building it must be! How young and yet so old! The youth, strength, and mental activity teeming within its walls surely must impart some of their qualities to it just as it has endowed those of us who have passed through it with some of its qualities. If the mirrors therein could but publish their reflexions, what an entertaining work it would make! It is not every building that can boast of having been frequented by men like Mr. Samuel Archer, Mr. Benjamin Brawley, Mr. Walter White, Dr. Charles Hubert, Dr. N. P. Tillman, and many others whose names will live in American history. It is not every building that can boast of having heard Brawley when he was **not** eloquent, or Dean Brazel put down his earnestness and his severe morality and come down to the jest of the day! It is not every building that can boast of being loved in spite of the alterations of time and of being treasured among our most treasured memories!

The Old Familiar Things

By Marcus Nelson



Graves Hall, historic landmark, erected 1889. Dormitory for lower classmen.



The Southern Balladares

By Vernon McClean

The Tobacco Farm in Simsbury, Connecticut, to which many Morehouse men retreat in the summer, would not be complete without its singing organization, the Southern Balladares.

Three years ago that dynamic, well-liked organizer and musician, D. Jack Moses, formed the Southern Balladares. So novel and successful was the group that they were acclaimed wherever they performed. The group was heralded in Connecticut as well as in New York where they appeared at the World's Fair.

Last year the group continued its good work under Don Summers, and this past summer, the Balladares, seventeen members strong, functioned under the direction of your correspondent.

The personnel was as follows: 1st tenors—Walter Hanley, Emmet Kellog, Leon Perkins, Jesse Hawkins, Farris Johnson; 2nd tenors—Lauritz Creque, Avetria Quick, Charles Thompson; baritones—Carlton McClean, William Harris, Albert Wardlaw, George Chandler; basses—Clarence Brown, Robert Kitchen, Sidney Greenard, and Thomas Jones. Arteria King was pianist.

This group rehearsed faithfully three nights a week after having spent long arduous hours in the hot and dusty or often cold and muddy fields. On many rainy days the voices of the group could be heard over the drip, dripping of the rain.

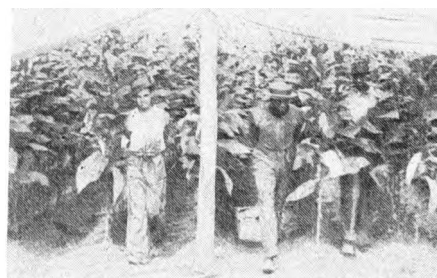
After a few weeks of practice, telephone calls and messages started to come in from outlying towns, requesting the Balladares to appear.

Unfortunately, due to the tremendous amount of work which had to be done during overtime and on Sundays, many engagements, including a broadcast and a picnic, had to be cancelled. Nevertheless, late in June we had our first concert at the Methodist Church in Simsbury, and were so pleasantly received that we accepted several invitations to appear again. A very fine time was had at the Granby Congregational Church, where we sang and had a refreshing supper. Another invitation to sing and join in a fine supper was extended by Rev. and Mrs. Moble of North Canton. A post-season duo-recital was rendered by Carlton and Vernon McClean in West Granby upon invitation by Rev. Wilcox.

We take pride in being able to say that we did our share for the endowment campaign by taking up a large collection after a fine concert in the Granby Congregational Church.

Going to sing in the various towns added a little color to the somewhat drab existence of the farm. Quite amusing was the sight of the Balladares, dressed their best, dashing out of the dormitory to get seats in the finest of cars, drawn up in a gleaming semi-circle before the building.

In closing, we would like to mention a word of praise for the kind unprejudiced persons in that almost untainted section of New England. They made our summer so pleasant that already we are looking forward to an even more enjoyable season next year.



“School Spirit Will Help Us Win It”

By Samuel L. Ayers

A few days ago I overheard a conversation between two Morehouse men. One said: “The football team seems to be in better condition than last year’s squad.”

“Where do you think we will place in the S.I.A.C.?” the other student answered. “We should rank in the upper division, because we have a larger football squad, a few experienced players and an efficient coaching staff.”

Yes, that was logical reasoning, but he overlooked two things, team morale and school spirit. I say school spirit is the one important thing that the last speaker omitted because school spirit may be possessed by everyone, the cheering section and the football team alike. While team morale is an outgrowth of school spirit, it is also the unseen power which wins the game. At the same time school spirit is that supreme power which is the background for a winning team. Consequently, one is indispensable to the other.

The Morehouse band has done more to elevate school spirit than one can imagine. Its watchword is, “In unity there is strength” and it is under student supervision. The Morehouse College band was organized by Professor Willis Lawrence James. This musical genius knows not only band music, but probably more about Negro music than any other person. In addition to being an alumnus of Morehouse College, Professor James is director of the Spelman College Glee Club. How could the Morehouse College band fail under such leadership?

Our band director, as a great musician and former Morehouse student, saw the need for an enlivened school spirit. He, realizing that music can make one feel strong and confident when defeat is close at hand, that school spirit can develop and inspire team morale, and that team morale wins games, Professor James set out to develop a strong musical unit. He molded a group of raw musicians into a well-rounded band, which holds its own whenever it is on display.

You have probably noticed that the Morehouse College band plays consistently and persistently at all of our games, whether we are winning or losing. The band plays on, because the members have been taught to help the team win hard games by inspiring the players, when they are fighting with their backs to the goal, rather than to cheer hysterically when the team is crushing a weaker aggregation into the cleat-marked sod of the gridiron.



The band has good school spirit, but the band alone cannot inspire a football team. The student body and faculty must have that type of school spirit which will let the Maroon Tigers know that they will have the school’s support in all their efforts. That type of school spirit that will let those hard working, determined, heroic schoolmates of ours (who are willing to sacrifice their precious time, energy, lives and limbs to advance a worthy cause) know that if they fight valiantly the entire student body and faculty of Morehouse College will support them.

We have a larger squad, a few experienced players and an excellent coaching staff, but we must have school spirit. Let us develop from our own souls a new school spirit. Follow the example of the Morehouse College band, cooperate with the cheer leaders at our games and pep sessions, congratulate the football players on the good work they have done and remember, “school spirit will help us win it.”



KAPPA NEWS

Pi Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity has elected the following brothers as officers for the school year 1941-42. They are as follows: Arteria King, polemarch; Alvoye Pride, vice-polemarch; Lee B. Jett, keeper of records; John Polk, keeper of exchequer; James Washington, strategua; Irving McCollum, Lt. strategus; Robert McGree, historian.

The first meeting was held Tuesday, September 30, and plans for the year were discussed. A committee consisting of Leo Jackson, Irving McCollum, George Jordan, and Clyde Phillips was chosen to confer with representatives of the other fraternities about the selection of appropriate trophies to be awarded to the intra-mural athletic champions of the ensuing year. Three pledges were initiated into the Scrollers Club. They are: William H. Gordon, Bertram Griggs, and Frederic Lights.

C. Phillips, reporter.

FOG

Fog is depressing,

Obscuring the light
Eclipsing the sunshine

That gladdens our sight.

Fog may be helpful,

Perhaps useful as well;

But ask me the reason,

Now, I never could tell.

—Lloyd Carlton McClean.

Y.M.C.A.

By M. E. Cook

The Y.M.C.A. began its annual program for the school-year, 1941-42, by acting host to 200 students, teachers, and staff members at the traditional Old-student—New-student Reception, held at the home of the president, Sept. 27. In addition to the three new faculty members who were welcomed, the old students and old faculty members Morehousenized 120 freshmen, the largest class in the history of the college.

Representatives of the various student organizations told impressed new students of the activities of the campus which their particular organizations offered, and invited the newcomers to take part in the ones of their choice. Ernest Threadgill, a junior from St. Phillip's College, responded to the welcome addresses for the new students, and Miss Dorothy Scott, the new Spanish and French teacher, gave the response for the new instructors.

The culmination of the affair, however, was reached when Dr. James M. Nabrit, trustee and alumnus of Morehouse, told the students that to be a Morehouse man is a heritage for which one should be proud. Continuing, Dr. Nabrit pleaded, "Students, strive to be scholars, but first of all, be men."

OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY

Amid the fun of class work and other activities that are going on around Morehouse College, Omega Psi Phi Fraternity begins its annual work and planning.

Although the membership has decreased because of graduation and the death of one of its members, Omega Psi Fraternity is expecting a successful year under the leadership of Paul C. Peterson, who was chosen Basileus at its final meeting last June. Presiding for his first time as Basileus of Psi Chapter, Peterson emphasized the hope that a better relationship would exist among the fraternities and their activities at large on the campus. He also expressed the hope that activities would begin earlier this fall.

The members chosen to assist Peterson in his quest for better relationship and earlier activities this fall were: Murray Townsend, Vice Basileus; Thaddeus Gaillard, Keeper of Records and Seals; William Moore, Dean of Pledges; Roscoe White, Keeper of Finance; Wilfred Howell, Keeper of Peace; Wesley Sawyer, Chaplain; Leon Elam, Reporter.

These men were chosen as leaders of Psi Chapter because of their untiring efforts to uphold and preserve the traditions and principles upon which Omega Psi Phi Fraternity was founded.

Leon Elam, Reporter.

WIT AND HUMOR (?)

By Vernon White

Cute Coed: I hear you have a propensity for petting.

Freshman: No, it's a Chevrolet.

First Coed: Is anyone looking?

Second Ditto: No.

First Coed: Then we don't have to smoke, and we can drink gingerale instead of cocktails.

Freshman: Dearest, I want you and you alone.

Bat: Okay, old thing, just give my little brother a quarter.

"Do you think her hair is dyed?"

"I know it isn't."

"How?"

"I was with her when she bought it."

Vesuvius is a volcano, and if you climb up to the top you will see the creator smoking.

—Pocketbook of Boners.

This sign was on the grounds of a country church yard: "Annual Strawberry Festival." Below in small letters was printed: "On account of the depression, prunes will be served."—Boston Transcript.

From these hallowed grounds, passed last year, men groomed in caps and gowns emblematic of their success at Morehouse. They were entering a new phase of life. Before them was a world of toil, chaos, and uncertainty. But these men were not afraid, for they carried with them many rich experiences of sorrow and joy, hope and despair, of failure and success that helped mold them into men—true Morehouse Men.

In departing from these holy grounds, they have made room for a new generation of Morehouse men, you the class of '45.

We welcome you to this institution, granting to you all the privileges and liberalism accorded all Morehouse men.

You left your homes, haunted by romantic dreams of college life and full of a noble expectation for this new venture. You have brought with you the good will, confidence, and backing, both physical and spiritual, of friends and relatives.

Arriving on the campus, you found a whole week, Freshman Week—devoted to you for the purpose of making you part of us, a part of this great institution. We are interested in you; we realize that for you college life will be a new experience, that of being away from home. You are in a new situation not unlike that life beyond school walls; which calls for major re-adjustments on your part. We want to make your romantic dreams, hopes and expectations materialize beyond even your present dreams and to make you a part of the fellowship of Morehouse College and the world.

No advice can be more fitting than that given to my class when I was a freshman by Dr. C. D. Hubert, who is a guiding spirit in the growth of this institution. Dr. Hubert advised the new students to enlarge their campus acquaintances, to become friendly with as many students and teachers of the University System as is humanly possible, to cultivate this friendship at the very beginning of their college careers, and to apply ourselves to study with a far view purpose, so that we may take a long view and visualize what we will be forty years from now. How satisfied do you think you will be forty years from now with your career? Lastly, he said to study in order to make a definite contribution to our people, our nation, and to man.

On behalf of the student body, I wish to welcome you to this institution. You have now become a member of the mighty Morehouse Dynasty and heirs to its noble offerings. I hope you realize that you are among the chosen few to attend a college such as this. You will have an opportunity to experience a fine fellowship, where young men meet with instructions and fellow students for mental and spiritual helpfulness, in an effort to live a more fruitful life and to prepare for a rapidly changing world.

WILLIAM E. CROSS,
President of Student Body.

Watch FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

—●—
*And, in the Meantime,
Patronize Our Patrons*

THE **BIG** STORE

It's really quite simple why Rich's is the BIG store. You see, we believe that Bigness is more than a matter of floor space or income or the newest lighting effect. We think a BIG store must sell more than merchandise . . . it must sell itself. So that years after a customer has forgotten a specific item purchased she still remembers the courteous service, the prompt delivery, the smile on the face of the salesgirl at this BIG store. It means that we're more than merchants . . . we're neighbors, too!

RICH'S

▪ COLLINS ▪ SAMPLE SHOE STORES

Men's Shoes

Nunn Bush - Weyenberg

Stacy-Adams - Churchill

Martin's, Ltd. (London, Eng.)

1/3 OFF

Complete Line of
NOVELTY SHOES

— Broad & Marietta —
Opposite C & S. Bank