

Maroon Tiger

MEMBER OF THE DELTA PHI DELTA INTER

COLLEGIATE HONORARY JOURNALISTIC SOCIETY

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

Volume 4

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER, 1944

Number 1

HOMECOMING EDITION



MOREHOUSE COLLEGE vs. XAVIER UNIVERSITY

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The Maroon Tiger

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOL. 4

ATLANTA, GA., NOV., 1944

No. 1

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Our Policy

THE MAROON TIGER exists as a medium of expression for the students of Morehouse College. It is not partisan in policy, views and opinions. All proponents are invited to its columns.

It will give the people facts and let them think for themselves.

It will provide delightful and profitable reading material for students and faculty members alike, increasing their knowledge of student activities, interests and achievements.

Attention Readers!!

The Maroon Tiger Staff has a limited amount of Morehouse annuals left over from the last school term. Students and alumni of Morehouse may get these books for \$3.00. The Business Manager, Andrew Gray, will supply you with these books.

Subscription Rates

THE MAROON TIGER exists as a medium of expressions and make checks payable to the MAROON TIGER rather than to individuals.

ON COVER IS CHARLES MITCHELL STELLAR, GUARD AND CAPTAIN OF MAROON TIGERS OF 1944

CAN'T YOU GIVE?

BY HENRY ROBERT SMITH

Scene: A large jungle infested with Japanese snipers.

Place: Somewhere in the tropical war zone.

An American Soldier is walking through these jungles. He is trying to make his way back to his post but is lost. He's been missing two weeks, hasn't eaten, and has had very little sleep.

Suddenly within the bushes he hears a noise. Raising his rifle he shoots and misses. A Jap sniper jumps up and wounds him.

Thinking him dead, the sniper leaves. After he is gone the soldier gets up and wearily tries to make his way again through the jungle. This time he is found at last by his company.

He was taken to their post and put in what they called the Infirmary. It would have been but was a twisted shamble of steel and wood—the remains of what the Japs had done in previous attacks.

The company doctor goes for some bandages and other surgical supplies, only to find very little left. He does what he can for this soldier but that wasn't enough. The soldier dies.

This is just a portion of what is taking place every day all over the war zones.

Soldiers without food, medical supplies, fighting equipment and clothing.

That soldier that died could have been your uncle, brother or even your father. He died in the defense of his country. He gave all he had. Surely you can give and help. You can help in this way: By giving at least ten per cent of your salary in war stamps. If you aren't working, give what you can. If he can give, CAN'T YOU?

THE MAROON TIGER WELCOME

To the Freshman class of 1944, the new students who have come to Morehouse from other colleges to further their standing, and to the student body and faculty in general, the Tiger for '44-'45 wishes you the best in success and achievement.

May your year be filled with accomplishments.

—The Editors

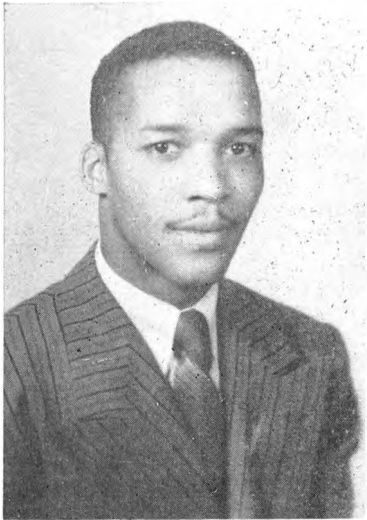
WHERE IS MOREHOUSE HOSPITALITY?

During the past two weeks, Morehouse has shown to the parents of several students its hospitality by refusing these parents food in the dining room. Wasn't that grand?

I am certain that the name of Morehouse will forever live in a glory (a hellish glory) if such stupidity and discourtesy continues.

Some of our former students who are now serving in the Army and other defense forces were refused food in the dining hall. Their love for this institution caused them to stop in while on furlough. Why should they be refused food? Where is Morehouse's hospitality? Maybe the Dietician can answer this.

STUDENT BODY PREXY



CHARLES SANDERS

STUDENT BODY SPEECH 1944

BY CHARLES SANDERS

It is my pleasure to welcome you, the freshman class and new students, into our student body. You are now a part of it just as much as any of its former constituents. So, in behalf of the president, the faculty, the administrative officers, and the student body, I extend to you membership into Morehouse Student Body with all of its rights, privileges, and responsibilities pertaining thereto.

To you, classes of '46 and '47, juniors and sophomores respectively, I welcome you back to continue the fine work you started one and two years ago. To you, senior class of 1945, I welcome you back to complete the work you and I began three years ago.

We have gathered here from the North, the South, the East, and the West, not to play or to dream or to drift, but to carry on the work that was started seventy-eight years ago in the Springfield Baptist Church in Augusta, Georgia—the work of building and maintaining this institution. Although Morehouse has proven its significance by the type of men it has produced, so much so, that it has won for itself the name “the maker of men,” this work is not complete; and it is up to you to carry it on.

Therefore, we are faced with a great challenge which we must accept, and we have shouldered a great responsibility which we must carry. This challenge and this responsibility are as great as, if not greater than, any challenge or any responsibility faced by our predecessors. Not only are the eyes of the alumni upon us and with us, the spirits of those Morehouse men who sleep, but also upon us are the eyes of those men who were called from this institution to fight for the principles that every Morehouse man cherishes—freedom, equality and justice in their noblest sense. These men are hoping, praying, waiting, and fighting to end the present struggle

so they can again behold the smiling face of Graves hall, walk into and out from these buildings and walk up and down these grounds.

They have left this institution in your hands. May I ask what are you going to do with it? What kind of Morehouse will they find when they return? Will it be a Morehouse that is low in vitality and in spirit? No. Will it be a school whose principles and sacred traditions have been trampled underfoot? The answer is negative. Will it be an institution that is financially unsound and whose buildings and grounds have all but been destroyed by careless individuals? I hope not. Will they return to the “Maker of Men” to find that it can produce only weaklings—babies who are not able to stand on their own feet, or persons not fit to be called men? Almighty God forbid it! With the help of God, may they return to an institution that is better in all of these respects because you had the glorious opportunity to pass this way.

The responsibility of this institution does not rest totally upon the president, although he has a great responsibility; it does not depend totally upon the faculty, as indispensable as it is; it does not depend totally upon the administrative officers, as competent as they must be; but part of the responsibility rests with you—the student body. Morehouse was not made by any one of these working alone, but by all working together.

It was presidents like John Hope that led Morehouse to glory. It was professors like Benjamin Brawley that taught Morehouse to glory. It was administrative officers like “Skipper” Gasset that recorded Morehouse to glory; and coaches like Samuel Archer that coached Morehouse to glory. However, students also have played their parts. It was boys like Sandford Dunsun, Ira Reid and Charles Hubert who led Morehouse to glory in athletics; debaters like Howard Thurman and James Nabrit who debated Morehouse to glory; musicians like Willis Lawrence James, who played Morehouse to glory; scholars like Orestes Baker who led Morehouse to glory in scholarship. It is up to us to continue to build upon the foundations that these men laid.

It is up to us to accept the challenge and to shoulder the responsibility and in the name of Morehouse go marching on with this song on our lips and in our hearts:

“Dear Old Morehouse, Dear Old Morehouse

We have pledged our lives to thee,

And we'll ever, yes forever

Give ourselves in loyalty.

True forever, true forever

To old Morehouse may we be,

So to bind each son the other

Into ties more brotherly.

Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit,

Make us steadfast, honest, true

To Old Morehouse and her ideals,

And in all things that we do.”

A TRIBUTE TO WENDELL L. WILKIE

A few weeks ago, one of America's most celebrated statesmen, moreover, one of the world's most distinguished gentlemen, passed away. His death was a blow not only to the United States of America and the Republican party, but also a terrific shock to the Negro population of the country.

Realizing the increasing importance of the Negro problem, Wendell Willkie wrote an article in the October 7th issue of *Collier's magazine* with the sole purpose of attempting to arouse a feeling that will demand the presidential nominees to abandon the traditional generalities, evasion of racial issues, and to deal with the concise and precise circumstances which face our nation and the world. At this point, I should like to quote one of the most striking remarks in his article:

"The deep patience of the colored people is at its end; the war has pointed the issues for them. They feel—and who can deny them?—That if they have the right to die with their white fellow citizens in the protection of liberty, they also have the right to live with them in the enjoyment of liberty.

He also stated, "We have granted them the first right. It is our obligation to see that they get the second. The most effective means at hand toward that end is political—effective as bargaining point for the Negro whose vote at the moment is sought by both parties; and effective as an instrument of justice in the hands of all Americans who desire to redress wrongs of which most Americans are ashamed."

If you are one who followed the two conventions in Chicago a few months ago, you will very quickly note that both parties dodged the race question. Probably the reason that Vice President Wallace lost the re-nomination was that he made a statement a few days prior to the convention that the Poll Tax must go.

Why shouldn't Willkie demand the nominees to discard their customary generalities? Why shouldn't Willkie demand to deal with that which will inevitably present itself in a few weeks, months, or years hence?

The above statements by Wendell L. Willkie are but a few which illustrate his broad-minded and farseeing sagacity in affairs of state. His courage, his integrity, his faith in Democracy, his faith in humanity, his faith in God, and his fervent dedication to the cause of freedom cannot be excelled.

— Carl A. Fuqua

THE NEGRO YOUTH MUST BECOME MORE INTERESTED IN POLITICS

If we are going to gain equality for ourselves and for future generations, we must become more interested in politics. We must gain the ballot and fight to maintain it, because the ballot is the way to economic, political, and social equality. The Negro is not asking for social equality, as so many people of other races think; but he is seeking equal opportunity. There are many institutions which can inspire the Negro to become interested in politics, namely: the Church, school fraternities, clubs, and business concerns. Ministers can do a great deal in

SUBMITTED TO THE MAROON TIGER

BY ANDREW GRAY

James A. (Billboard, Jackson, Market Research and Promotion Analysis Expert, Esso Marketing Division of the Standard Oil Co. of New York, gave a brief lecture to the Introductory Accounting Class on Oct. 18, 1944.

Mr. Jackson also served with the United States Department of Commerce. He is one of the only three Negroes with offices on Wall Street in New York City.

Mr. Jackson lectured on the success of a Negro business concern. He outlined the vital steps which one must take in order to have a successful business.

First Step:

Market Research

1. Know the needs of the Market.
2. Learn the sales-volume.
3. Get legal advice.
4. Stock Control.

Second Step:

Preparation for Business

1. Inventories
2. Equality of service.
3. Same quality of goods.
4. Know Your Goods.
5. Know the Why of Bargains.

Third Step:

The Running of the Business

1. Promptness—Basic feature of business life.
2. Cleanliness in business.
3. Knowledge of buying—Know what type of goods that will meet the consumer demand.
4. Courtesy.
5. Inventories Control.
6. Bookkeeping.

Mr. Jackson concluded by saying that the Negro must learn from experience. They are 55 percent of whites engaged in business over against 7 percent of Negroes engaged in business. Business is the answer to the race problem; therefore, this problem will be solved only when Negroes equal whites in the business world.

helping to arouse the Negro's interest in politics because of their influence and leadership. Out of every 100 people, there are about 95 who believe in everything that their minister says. If ministers are going to be leaders of tomorrow, they must have a political mind as well as a religious one. The schools can also do an important job in arousing the interest of the Negro in politics. Instructors should, and must tell their students how and why they should, and must vote. Of course, I know that many cities in the South and rural areas are not permitted to teach civics and government, but the instructors must have courage and faith to do these things even though they will be discharged. In our colleges a course in political science should be required of all students because many students graduate without knowing how to vote and the requirements necessary for voting. If we are going to participate in the post war world and better conditions for the coming generations, we must become more interested in the power of the ballot.

— Robert L. Calloway

SWEET SLUMBER

It appears to me, a new student at Morehouse College, that the student body should express a more zealous interest in the vital issues now confronting us. Some thinker has recently remarked that education is not power, but the intelligent use of power. If that be true then, the students of Morehouse can utilize their education in conjunction with their powerful numerical strength as a means to gain those rights and privileges which are essential to our mutual progress as a minority group. Negroes, as a whole, are still struggling to emerge from a bastard second class citizenship; we are still stereotyped as being slue foot, thick lipped, phlegmatic of mind and muscle with an insatiable disposition to rape and plunder. We are still segregated, discriminated against and even uncompromisingly murdered while wearing the uniform representing the armed forces of our so-called democratic nation. The residential areas in which we live are so circumscribed by restrictive covenants and political territorial manipulation, that we often appear to be aping the vermin rat. This segregated pattern of existence which is forced upon us leads inevitably to despondency, despair, apathy, disease, poverty and finally crime—all factors that destroy self-respect, collective unanimity and racial progress.

On the other hand, these acute handicaps are a driving challenge to all of us. We, the students of Morehouse, have a very definite and salient role to play in this eternal struggle for equality of opportunity and freedom of action. We are to be the men and women of tomorrow's world, and our responsibility shall always be that of furthering the hopes and ambitions of our great race. We should strive more vigorously and unselfishly to construct a world to which our many courageous boys and girls, who are passionately engaged in this global conflict, can return and honestly feel that their sacrifices were not in vain. We should constantly dedicate and rededicate our lives to unceasingly fight for the acquisition and retention of first class citizenship. Even as second class citizens we possess mechanisms which can be employed to build a better world: freedom of speech, rights to assembly, freedom to petition the government for grievances, and most important—a trained, educated mind and body. If we do not fight the good battle—we are traitors to our race, we are supporters of those vicious evils that impede our collective progress; we do not merit to be called men of Morehouse—we are yellow!

The past is void; the future is a dream—it is the present that counts. Let's organize our varied talents, our ingenuities, our component parts and prove to the world that the Negro has long since reached maturity. We are not going to tolerate the disgraceful injustices heaped upon our heads by the powers that be, and we are not going to beg anymore for those things that rightfully belong to us. We are not just Americans too; we are Americans, especially since the Negro has always been the most reverent and patriotic citizen in America. Freedom is never given; it is acquired through working, cooperating, saving, fighting and even through suffering. "Time creeps on in this petty pace to the last syllable of recorded time." We have so much to do, and such little time in which to do it; so let's get started never

A REMEMBRANCE OF SOMEONE IN CONNECTICUT

To pay tribute to the many cries that come from Someone in Connecticut on the various tobacco farms, last summer this article is being written.

To those who spent their vacation in "Tobacco Land" it was an experience that began at the Atlanta terminal station, and ended there about three months later. There were those who suffered a tremendous shock to find that their dreams of seeing Camels, Luckies, and O boy! Phillip Morris, rolling off the production line was shattered asunder, and replaced by the harsh reality of seeing long stretches of land covered by white waving nets which served as protection to the "ever so tender" little weed like tobacco plant. This was to be his factory; and the product of the production line would be large, green, tender leaves of cigar tobacco yielded by his relentless laboring-resulting sucking, boring, and picking (and back ache).

Then there were the "wise guys" who accidentally got lost from the group in Washington and New York; after causing the group eight hours extra time, they strode into the boarding house (very cool indeed) saying that they were two days late because—Oh, well, I just missed the train . . . which was an excellent excuse, indeed.

There will always be the chum who through very strenuous research will find your mail from the one and only "Susie Q." and cheer you up by printing her name in every conceivable place, part, barn, bench, and other conspicuous place.

Nevertheless the farm serves its purpose, that of giving you an opportunity of saving money—and why shouldn't it? The nearest store is only three miles and the Hartford bus line is only five miles. It gives truly an exciting life—a true boy's life, and affords time away from the hum drum of college activities of nine months, to relax and consider your coming problem.

Nobody is sorry, however, when the days that he has counted turn into hours, minutes and seconds. Now that trip to New York, Radio City, the subways, boat rides, Statute of Liberty can come into reality—"Philly" and Washington are included in this tour also—and then home, school and, oh yes, "Susie Q."

Back home, now he remembers the 120° temperature and the vows that he'll never go back to a tobacco farm again—just drop in at mealtime some time in July (somewhere in Conn.). Double or nothing if this same guy isn't in line for grits and weiners.

—Melvin L. Hudson

forgetting the immortal words of the poet, Olson:

Give me always a goal to try for
Let me toil 'till my days be spent,
Give me a dream to fight and die for
And I shall be content.
Proud men of Morehouse wake up and live!

—William T. Lewis.....

FULL LT. U. S. NAVY



EDWARD SWAIN HOPE

Edward Swain Hope, elder son of late President Hope, has been commissioned full lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve, Civil Engineer Corps. Although approximately a dozen Negro men have been commissioned as ensigns, with the rank of second lieutenant, Lieutenant Hope is the first Negro to be given the rank of full lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

Lt. Hope was graduated from Morehouse College in 1923. Since then he has been awarded the B.S. and M.S. degrees in civil engineering by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He also has received the Ed.D. in personal administration.

THE DREAM

During the past summer months, about three hundred boys completed their High School education. Immediately they started making preparations to enter college. These boys had chosen Morehouse as the place to further their education. For several years they had planned on coming to Morehouse and their expectations were high. They had dreamed of a Morehouse of their own. They had imagined how it would look, how able it's faculty was and how the social activities operated. They had heard of the fine products that Morehouse had produced. They would soon be one of the boys who could proudly say—"I am a Morhouse man."

Finally, the 13th of September arrived, and boys from all over the states were arriving in Atlanta. Upon their arrival, they were greatly impressed. For the Morehouse they had dreamed of was completely different from the real Morehouse.

When they arrived, the welcome atmosphere was found everywhere. Everyone was welcoming them to Morehouse; the president, first lady and faculty. This friendly

relationship between Morehouse's faculty and student body did not end after Freshman Week, but it is continuing.

We the Freshmen class can proudly and truthfully say that Morehouse College and staff surpassed our expectations.

—Lloyd Barrett,
Paul Wall

In Retrospect:

By S. J. B.

In the midst of our hurry and bustle, it is fitting that we, one and all, pause and think of what Homecoming Day means individually and collectively.

Does it mean the sparkle and flash of gay colors against a brilliant background?

Does it mean the laughter-filled, gay voices of thousands, witnessing their favorite Annual Football Classic?

Does it mean the swank and pomp with which we crown the glamorous Miss Maroon and White?

Perhaps for you it means association, for a day, with the luminary Greats of our Grand Old School.

But for me, and thousands of others spread all over the world, it simply means:

"Home, Sweet, Home."

RECEIVES DECORATE



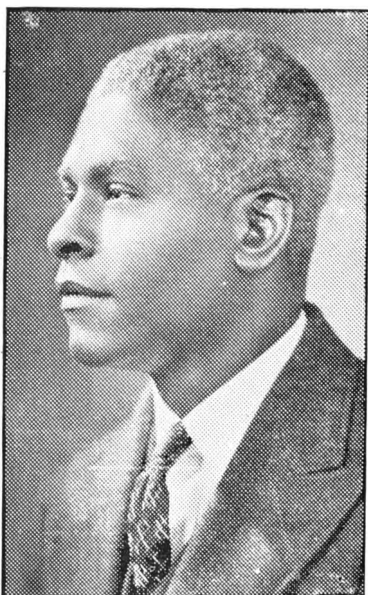
DR. MARY L. REDDICK

On June 24, 1944, Professor Mary Logan Reddick of the department of biology, was awarded the Ph.D. degree by Radcliffe College, where she has spent the last two years as a General Education Board fellow. Dr. Reddick was graduated from Spelman College with the B.A. degree in 1935; she received the M.S. degree at Atlanta University in 1937 and the M.A. degree from Radcliffe College in 1943. Dr. Reddick is the tenth member of the Morehouse faculty to earn the doctorate.

THE 1944 FRESHMAN CLASS



OUR PRESIDENT



DR. B. E. MAYS

Dr. Mays believes that when we understand why certain steps are taken on the campus, whether or not they directly concern us, the students will cooperate with the College. This has been proved time and again. Only a few colleges allow their student the freedom of expression and action that we enjoy at Morehouse.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Morehouse College opened its fall session this year with one of the largest Freshman classes in the history of the school — More than 180 strong.

The officers of the class are: President, Leon Hall, Birmingham, Alabama; Vice-President, Arthur B. Byers, Houston, Texas; Secretary, Richard A. McKissick, Jacksonville, Florida; Assistant Secretary, Samuel McKinney, Cleveland, Ohio; Business Manager, Cleophus Powell, Atlanta, Georgia; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lloyd G. Hepburn, Miami, Florida; Raymonde Odom, Gadsden, Alabama; and Benjamin Beasley of Montgomery, Alabama.

There are young men in the class from all corners of the United States. The largest number, however, hails from Alabama.

— Samuel McKinney, Reporter

MAX ROSEN IN RECITAL

By H. ROBT. SMITH

On Wednesday, October 18, 1944, at 8:00 P. M. in Spelman College's Sisters Chapel, Mr. Max Rosen, world famous violinist, was presented in a recital.

Mr. Rosen, accompanied by Mr. Lionel Nowak at the piano, played the following selections: "Devils Trill Sonata," "Concerto in A Minor," "Poeme," "Chausson Meditation," "Jamaica Rhumba," and "Caprice in A Minor."

The audience, which filled over half of the Chapel, was composed mostly of music lovers.

KAPPA STILL IN STRIDE



Much to the surprise of everyone, the fall term brought most of the members of Pi Chapter, Kappa Alpha Psi, back to our campus. Those who are away are fulfilling the inevitable demands of war in various branches of the service.

Kappa Alpha Psi, as ever, is attempting to exercise on the campus the type of leadership and standards for which the fraternity is known. It is a sincere desire of the chapter to instill in our immediate environment the desire to be serious of purpose and, most of all, the importance of utilizing all possible resources in this our great task — securing an education.

You can be doubly assured that Pi Chapter stands ready and willing to cooperate with the institution in every way — especially by way of doing its bit toward creating a wholesome atmosphere among the students.

Officers for the year 1944-1945 are:

Robert Scott, '45.....	Polemarch
William Jefferson, '47.....	Vice Polemarch
Carl Fuqua, '47.....	Keeper of Records and Exchequer
J. Cleophus Lumpkin, '47.....	Historian
Adlert Cartman, '47.....	Strategus
Clifford Williams, '47.....	Lieut. Stratus

Members: John Riley, '46; Claude Marshall, '46; Andrew Gray, '46; Preston Cochran, '47; Ulysses Johnson, '47; Edward Blackshear, '47.

The aspirant roster, at present, consists of:
Jacob Williams, '47; Fulton Bradley, '47.

Yours for a Successful Year,

*Pi Chapter
Kappa Alpha Psi
J. Cleophus Lumpkin, Historian*

ALPHA RHO CHAPTER

ALPHA PHI ALPHA FRATERNITY



Believing in our motto — “An Ignorant People Is A Helpless People — A Voteless People Is A Hopeless People” — men of Alpha returned pursuing the higher ideals of life so that they may become through these, better servants to their race and all mankind.

All brothers returned for this school year except Brothers William Gandy, Carl Prince, George Shields,

Silas Abrams, who are in the services of their country and Brother Charles Goosby, who entered the Meharry Medical School.

During last semester, we observed our National Citizenship Program. At that time we endeavored to have all eligible persons register so that they could qualify for voting. In connection with this program, we wish to remind all persons who deemed it worthwhile to register to remember — “A Voteless People Is A Hopeless People” and cast their votes in the coming election— November 7, 1944.

May manly deeds, scholarship and love for all mankind forever be the aims of our fraternity.

— Charles C. Walker

PHI BETA SIGMA



Approximately three hundred and sixty-five day passed since our last home-coming, but they have found the members of this fraternity giving their utmost in making this Homecoming one of the greatest in the history of the school.

We are happy to find that our friends have returned, and we welcome the Freshman Class with hearty greetings; we assure all that we will be willing to give our service in any way possible to make this another great school year.

turn of one of our former members, S. J. Bonner, who With pride we are very happy to acknowledge the rehas been away since '39.

OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY



Psi Chapter of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, still maintaining its high ideals of true manhood and scholarship, has begun a potentially successful year.

Because of the draft and other uncontrolled conditions, Psi Chapter has only fourteen returning members. In spite of this handicap, we, as brothers, have bound ourselves together to carry on the traditions and attainments of Omega.

(Continued on page eleven)

DAMN THAT! BUY A PIE!

By JAMES L. HORACE

WALTER WHITE

2 In Walter White our scene changes somewhat. We can use the same room—the same pictures, but we must get new rugs, repaint, and a piece of furniture or two. In this room we have a crusader, a great personality, a sensitive soul. He has fought tirelessly. He has won our respect through titanic effort and endless struggle. We revere him now, not so much for what he is doing but for what he has done. We listen with sincere admiration as he unfolds his parchment with manifold deeds to aid minorities, particularly the Negro. He holds it before us—we are struck. It is most impressive.

But time may daunt and discourage a man. And in this process much ground may be lost. Time may cause a man to conspire and consort with the enemy. Time, with its lessons of experience and sacrifice, may induce a man to capitulate, in spite of the harm engendered. Time may cause a man to see and not see, to state and not state, to be and not to be. Time may daunt and discourage a man.

Our Challenge

3 Men of Morehouse, we must see these characters as indicative of the temper of our time: One white, one Negro. Both came, both went. Neither left a spark of inspiration or drive. Neither planted seeds that would have ultimately towered into great figures. This is our challenge—this is our warning. We must be the liberators of our own race. We must prepare ourselves for sacrifice, starvation, social ostracism, and deprivation; we must, upon mature reflection, be anxious to put ourselves upon the altar to die—if in dying we may make a strategic gain for the group. Be under no illusion—this is essential.

We must keep constant vigil realizing that our presence and conduct here will determine the efficacy with which our adversaries will be met. We must see values clear, separate, unfettered, and free from the shackles of tradition. We must be constantly aware of our great heritage, but not allow that heritage to cast an impenetrable veil about us, precluding a complete manifestation of salient personal responsibilities. We should renounce that heritage for the sake of the higher synthesis,—“strong in frame and of a mood which against the world in war will stand and perish in the foremost rank with joy; but not in chains to pine.”

E. STANLEY JONES

He started well. He seemed to be sincere. His language was succinct and adequate. He talked over an hour.

6 He contradicted himself admirably. He, without doubt, attempted to placate some who were responsible for his coming.

What did he say? His thesis was, “I hope men and was a great ideal; but at the outset I was warily sceptical from class distinction.” This was a brilliant thesis; it efficient, productive individuals apart from race, apart

women will learn to be thought of as individuals, as cal, for he seemed too glib with his announcement. As he moved on I began to wonder if I had been unjust to this vaunted personage whose fame and seeming benevolence had cast a shadow of considerable proportion weeks before he arrived. I sat listening.

Evidently he gave little thought to his audience. He did not realize that what he said would violently offend many of his hearers. He did not feel that the Negro had wearied long ago of “small talk,” “come-on,” of “rah-rah,” of the “old rub-down,” of “talking at the big gate.” of possessing and attempting to propagate a philosophy that was as neutral as a phonograph and at the same time espousing that philosophy where sectional biases permitted it to be capitalized upon to maintain in the status-quo. Apparently he felt that his face would suffice for his utter ineptitude in logic and his lack of inspiring propulsion.

What did he say? (1) “I do not believe in equality.” (2) “Negroes should do as the eagle—set his wings to use the storm to soar rather than fight the storm.” Isn't that the philosophy that was popular during slavery? Is not that the philosophy that has not only permitted, but tolerated, mass lynchings, discrimination of the most vicious sort, peon farms, concubinage, lack of justice in the courts? (3) “I believe that the Negro spiritual is probably the greatest music in the world.” (4) “I wish the Negro National Anthem could be played as a hymn for the world.” (5) “I can understand how you may feel the impulse to revolt at the sound of injustice. Personally, I would, but you must be religious, be christians and pray.

He raved on. Then I was afire with rage. He had gone his limit. He had quoted platitudes. He referred to scriptures, literature and art; but he had refused with strenuous inveteracy to face issues. He did not give us one combative idea to meet injustices, he did not suggest one technique that could ultimately improve our situations; he had not recommended intelligently organized and intelligently applied pressure as a foil to constant abuse. He left us as he found us. He was just another white man speaking to a Negro audience. He, too, has succumbed to social pressure.

Perhaps, you will say, I expect too much of a religionist. How do you expect a man to step out of character when his back-ground and training are according to the Christian tradition? When a man has been taught humility, meekness, love and harmonious living what else can he do but exalt these virtues when he speaks and acts?

But, I will reply, he alluded to the occasion of Christ's cleaning the temple—by force, not compromise. And in this example we find grounds for positive and fearless action. The Christian Religion is an aggressive, living, doing pattern of life. One cannot countenance injustice, abuse, racial hatred, individual animosities and contend that he is thoroughly a Christian. I am ready to concede that there may be “unregenerated areas” in each life—but all cannot be unregeneration.

In the city of New York it was my privilege to attend in March, a meeting of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. It was actually shocking to notice that such high leaders in the Protestant Churches could be so insular, so shallow, so callous as to the well-

being of minorities generally. It was also interesting to note how persistent the ministers from the South clung to their precious intellectual vagrancy. We must develop among Christians an aroused public opinion that will hasten the "day of testing" for its leadership. And on that day they will purge.

If I were a white man, an intelligent white man, I would not speak to an intelligent Negro audience. With injustice rampant in the world, with distrust between individuals, races and nations unrestrained, with the affairs of nations being conducted by an unethically, degenerate diplomacy, I would feel a sense of obligation to those affected by such conditions. If I did not have the courage to face issues undaunted and without hesitancy, if I did not have an aggressive pressure technique to suggest, if I could not speak to Negroes, recognizing their art, their views, and their contributions without attempting to gainsay, the expectancy, the desire, the hope of hearing something tangibly useful by making extravagant statements and calling on the muses, I would go "scouraged to my dungeon" in silence.

It is appalling how such great individuals can be so small when construed, by the side of, instead of under, the halo.

PAN-AMERICANA PRESENTS MISS ALMA OAKES

By S. J. BONNER

Pan-Americana opened this semester's activities with flourish and finesse on Friday evening, October 13, 1944. This was made possible through the presentation of Miss Alma Oakes, of the Spelman College Department of Romance Languages.

Miss Oakes' theme of discussion was on her recent visit to Mexico. Quite clearly and cleverly Miss Oakes drew a verbal and detailed picture of Mexico and its inhabitants. So interesting was her story that Pan-Americana and its guests, who were fortunate to hear her, are looking forward with eagerness to Miss Oakes' next visit.

Among the many guests present were the following; Professor B. R. Andrews, visiting teacher from Columbia University, New York City; Mrs. B. R. Andrews; Dr. Edw. A. Jones, professor of Romance Languages, Morehouse College; Professor Armando O. Bustmonte, Department of Romance Languages, Clark College; and Miss Ivy Roach, Department of Home Economics, Spelman College.

The officials who will ably guide Pan-Americana in its various activities for this school year are as follows:

President, Miss Ansonia Campbell, Spelman College.

Vice-President, Miss Eloise Hardy, Spelman College.

Secretary, Miss Charlotte Arnold, Spelman College.

Assistant Secretary, Miss Barbara Lockett, Spelman College.

Business Manager, Mr. Paul Sandford, Morehouse College.

Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Anderson, Morehouse College.

Le Cercle Francais

The French Club selected the following officers at their first monthly meeting:

President.....Joseph Anderson
Vice-President.....Robert Fowler
Secretary.....Bernard Peterson
Treasurer.....Cleophus Lumpkin

Many plans have been made for the fiscal year, with the aid of the club's adviser, Dr. E. A. Jones. Members are urgently requested to cooperate.

The Y. M. C. A.

On September 26, the Y. M. C. A. sponsored a reception for the new students and teachers of the college at the residence of the President. It is the purpose of this organization to win the interest of each student new and old, by these receptions and the interesting discussions in each meeting.

The annual Membership Drive was begun October 18, with a Chapel program. It is the aim of the Y to enlist every student. Membership in this organization entitles one to many privileges including the use of the facilities of the Butler Street Y. M. C. A.

The officers elected for this year are:

President — William H. Clarborne, Jr.

Vice-President — Reginald Faison.

Secretary — Robert Calloway.

Assistant Secretary — Byron Ragsdale.

Chairman of Program Committee — Alferd Vaughn.

Student Activity Committee — Charles Morton.

Dean B. R. Brazeal, Faculty Advisor.

Mr. Guy Darnell, former president elected, gave up this position because of his added responsibility in the college. The "Y" honors him for the splendid work he has done while serving as president. In the school year '43-44, Mr. Darrell represented the "Y" in the Paine Conference held in Augusta, Georgia and the Wooster Conference in Ohio. This year the budget has been enlarged in order that one or more persons may be sent to each of these conferences.

Arthur I. Jarrett, Reporter.

Faculty Advisor, Miss Elizabeth J. Macomaon, Spelman College.

Reporter, Mr. S. J. Bonner, Morehouse College.

Pan-Americana meets semi-monthly. All persons wishing to join may send in their request for membership to Pan-Americana's Secretary, Miss Arnold, Spelman College.



MISS MAROON AND WHITE

Miss Eleanor Bryson, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, has been chosen to reign as Miss Maroon and White at the Home-coming game of Morehouse College.

Because of Miss Bryson's character and alluring personality, the Men of Morehouse found the election of her a simple and very pleasant task.

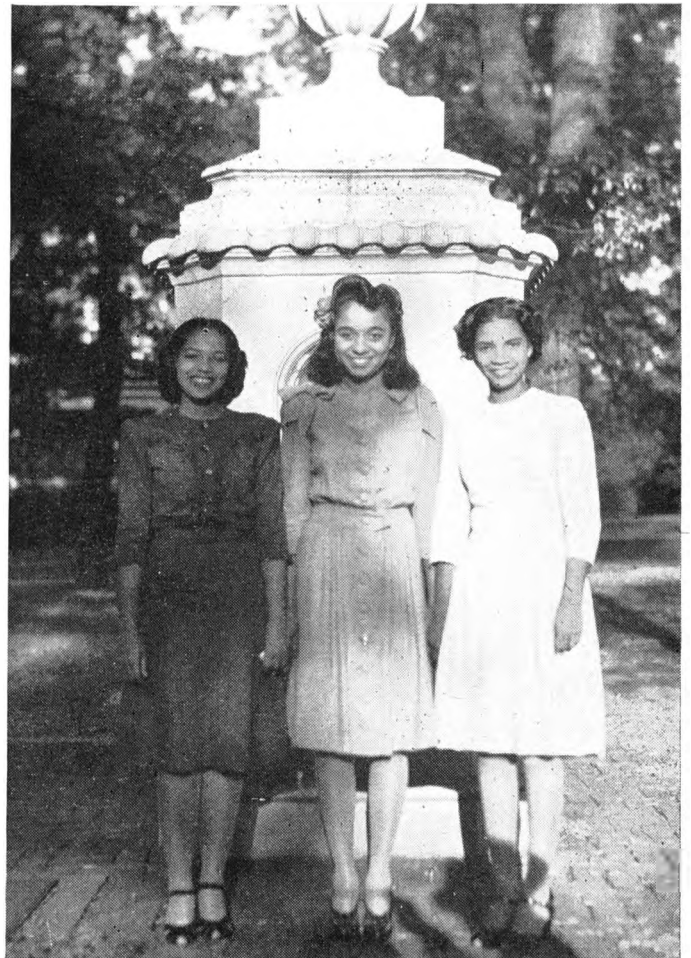
Miss Bryson, who is a Senior of Spelman College, is a major of Home Economics, a member of the Home Economics Club, University Players and a member of the editorial staff of the Campus Mirror.

The Men of Morehouse are indeed fortunate to have Miss Bryson to reign at their Home-coming game.

The attendants of Miss Maroon and White are Miss Eunice Jackson of Anniston, Alabama, and Miss Helen Barnett, of Atlanta, Georgia.

The Men of Morehouse are also proud and deeply gratified to have these young ladies serve as attendants to Miss Maroon and White.

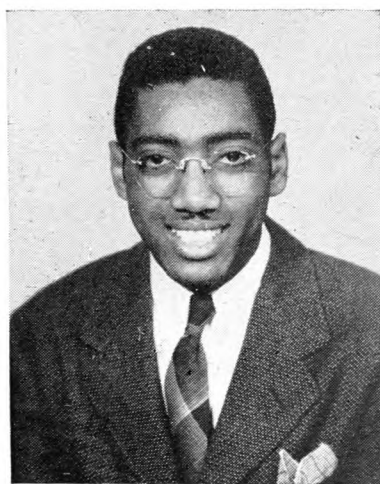
Reading from left to right: Miss Helen Barnett, Miss Eleanor Bryson and Miss Eunice Jackson.



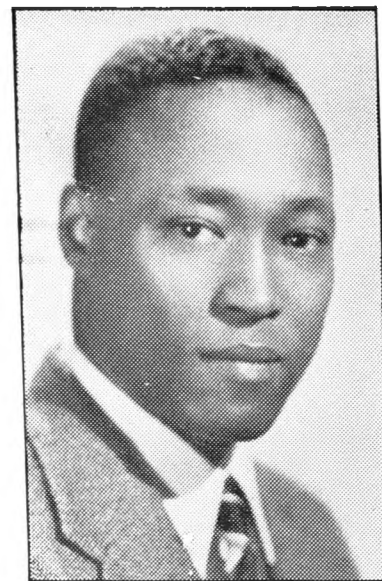
OUR COACHES



SMITH



ARNOLD

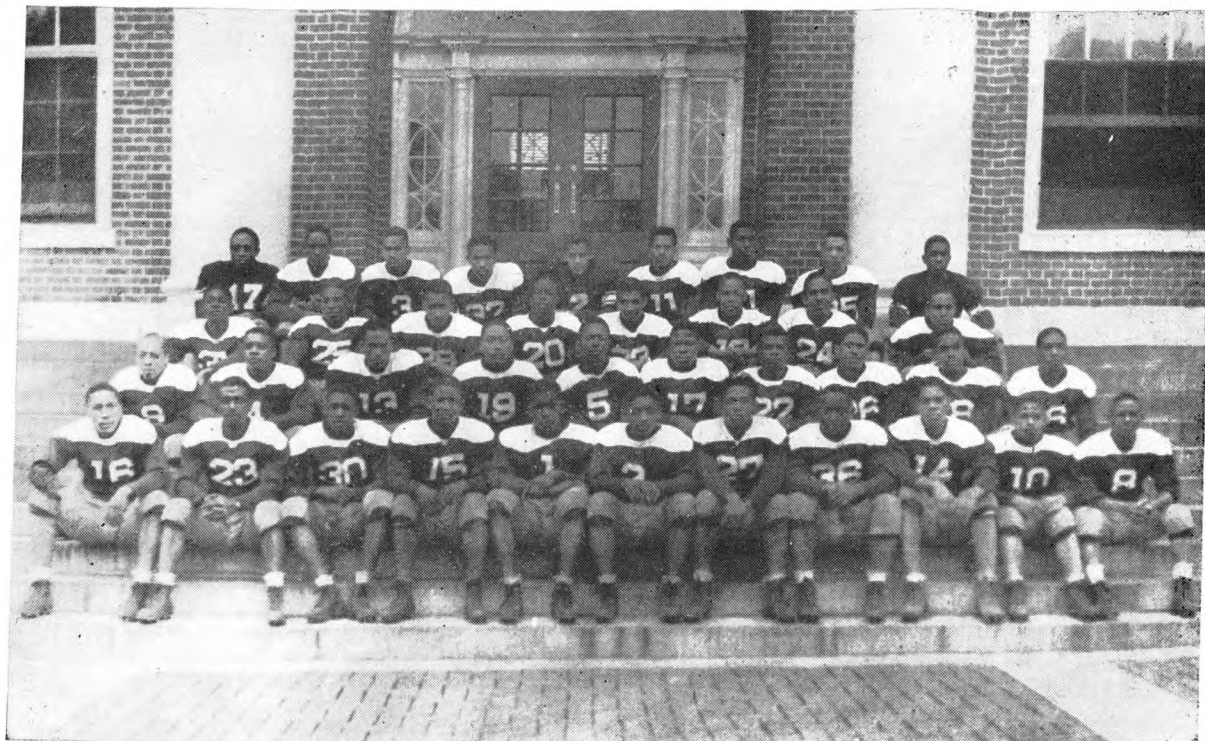


FINLEY

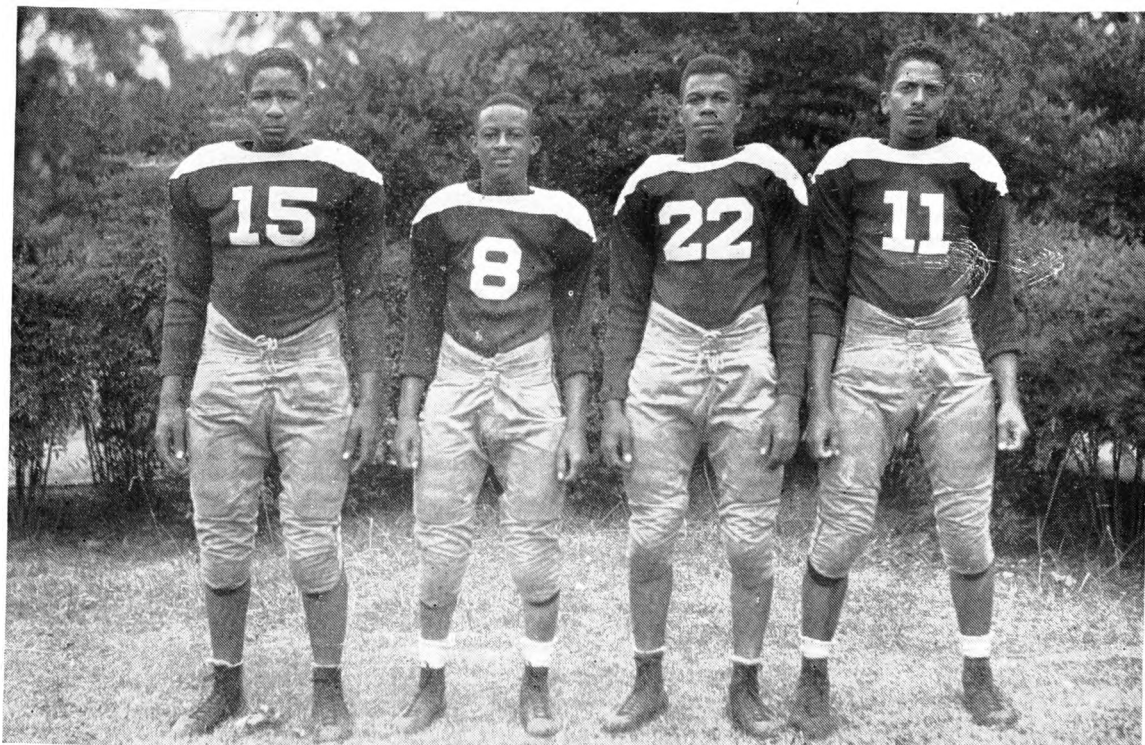
MOREHOUSE FOOTBALL TEAM — 1944-45

<i>Player</i>	<i>Home Town</i>	<i>Prep School</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Wgt.</i>	<i>Hgt.</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Pos.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Barrow, Lionel.....	New York, N. Y.....	Riverhead High.....	17	145	5'8"	Soph.	Back	33
Beasley, Benjamin.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Washington High.....	17	146	5'9"	Frosh.	Back	25
Broadnax, Leroy.....	Ridge Springs, S. C.....		16	161	5'8"	Frosh.	Guard	26
Brown, Donald.....	Cleveland, Ohio.....	East High.....	16	130	5'8½"	Frosh.	Back	
Calhoun, Calvin C.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Washington High.....	17	145	5'5"	Frosh.	Back	10
Cook, Samuel.....	Griffin, Ga.....	Vocational High.....	16	170	5'11"	Frosh.	Tackle	14
Crawford, Charles, Jr.....	Kingston, N. C.....	Adkin High.....	19	144	5'11"	Frosh.	Tackle	30
Daniels, Rufus.....	Georgetown, S.C.....	Howard High.....	17	147	5'8"	Soph.	Guard	32
Dooley, Thomas.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Washington High.....	18	155	6'	Soph.	Back	5
Dunson, Samuel.....	Lexington, Ky.....	Dunbar High.....	19	160	5'10"	Soph.	Back	11
Gambrell, James.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	Atkins High.....	17	155	5'10"	Frosh.	Back	22
Hinton, Nathaniel.....	Dallas, Texas.....	Lincoln High.....	17	145	5'6½"	Frosh.	Back	20
Hyler, John.....	Tuscumbia, Ala.....	Trenholm High.....	17	170	5'10½"	Frosh.	End	17
Jackson, Edward.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Spencer High.....	20	174	6'	Soph.	Center	23
Jackson, Marvin.....	Dawson, Ga.....	Dawsual High.....	16	151	5'11"	Frosh.	Back	
Johnson, Frazier.....	Sanford, Fla.....	Sanford High.....	24	135	5'2"	Junior	Guard	9
Johnson, Ulysses.....	Vallejo, Calif.....	Magnolia High.....	17	172	6'1"	Soph.	Tackle	1
Kelsey, Robert.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Rome High.....	18	147	5'11"	Soph.	End	28
Lewis, Richard.....	Westfield, Ala.....	Westfield High.....	17	155	5'7"	Frosh.	Guard	6
Lipscomb, Marion.....	Greenville, S. C.....	Sterling High.....	18	128	5'7"	Soph.	Back	31
Littlejohn, Clarence.....	Gaffney, S. C.....	Granard High.....	18	176	5'10½"	Soph.	Guard	27
McCullum, Lawrence.....	Bennettsville, S. C.....	Marboro High.....	18	150	5'10"	Soph.	Back	12
McCormick, Fred.....	Fort Valley, Ga.....	Hunt High.....	19	170	5'9"	Frosh.	Tackle	24
McKinney, Samuel.....	Cleveland, Ohio.....	John Adams High.....	17	170	6'	Frosh.	End	
McQuarter, Matthew.....	Dallas, Texas.....	Lincoln High.....	17	187	5'10"	Frosh.	Back	15
Mitchell, Charles.....	Gary, Indiana.....	Roosevelt High.....	19	155	5'9"	Junior	Guard	2
Moore, Maurice.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Parker High.....	17	160	6'1"	Soph.	End	7
Odom, Raymonde.....	Gadsden, Ala.....	Carver High.....	17	172	5'11"	Frosh.	Center	4
Peters, Damon.....	Port St. Joe, Fla.....	Randolph High.....	17	160	6'	Frosh.	End	29
Riley, Edward.....	Columbia, S. C.....	Washington High.....	18	165	5'10½"	Senior	Back	19
Riley, George.....	Columbia, S. C.....	Washington High.....	18	178	6'	Senior	End	16
Robinson, Earl.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Wendell Phillips.....	23	172	6'2"	Junior	End	13
Robinson, Ernest.....	Orlando, Fla.....	Jones High.....	19	158	5'11"	Junior	End	
Smith, Edwin.....	Lexington, Ky.....	Dunbar High.....	18	149	5'11½"	Soph.	Back	3
Smith, Otis.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Washington High.....	18	180	6'	Sopt.	Back	21
Thompson, Walter.....	Cuthbert, Ga.....	Randolph County Tr.....	17	172	6'2"	Frosh.	Tackle	18
Walker, Jayvon.....	Gadsden, Ala.....	Carver High.....	18	140	5'7"	Soph.	Back	8
Whitaker, Lorenzo.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Washington High.....	18	135	5'8"	Soph.	Tackle	35
Davis, Francis.....	Macon, Ga.....	Ballard Normal.....	22	190	5'9"	Senior	Tackle	34

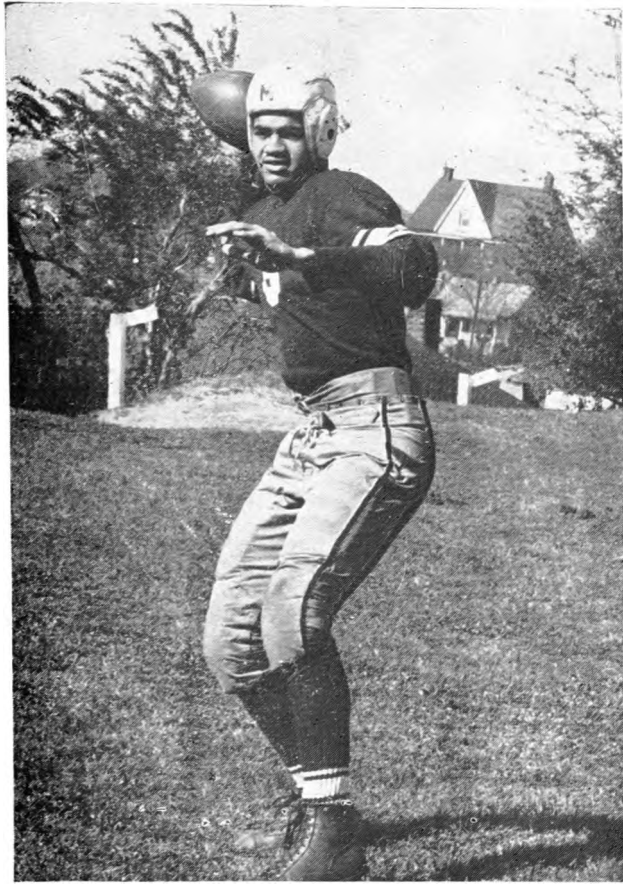
OUR FOOTBALL TEAM



THE BACKFIELD



L. to R.—DUNSON, GAMBRELL, WALKER AND McQUARTER



EDWIN SMITH

TIGERS TRIUMPH IN FIRST TANGLE

Saturday, Oct. 16, 1944, was a right day for football and apparently the Sons of Morehouse were aware of this, for they marched on to a 9-6 victory over their long time City Rivals, Morris Brown. This victory came doubly sweet to the fellows from the little Red Hill because it was their first victory of the season and their first victory over the Purple Wolverines in a decade.

Topping all the thrills of the game was the gallant stand that the Tigers put up in the third period. Morris Brown had carried the ball to the Morehouse one foot line with first and goal to go. It was here that the Morehouse Men buckled down and upheld the tradition of Morehouse Men being mighty in a pinch. Not only were the Wolverines unable to gain new ground on three line plays and one pass attempt, but Morehouse took the oval on the two yard line and marched for two straight first downs.

Drawing blood first, the Maroon Tigers scored via the touchback way, Ulysees Johnson assisted by Earl "Twe-de-Dee" Robinson. An attempted kick by the Morris Brown team was blocked behind their goal line by the charging Morehouse line, thus scoring a safety for Morehouse. Morris Brown later scored on a sweeping end run, but failed to convert the extra point, thus putting them in front by the score of 6-2. But playing heads-up football in typical Morehouse fashion, the Tigers intercepted one of Morris Brown's passes and

"Choo-choo" McQuater, the interceptor, tiptoed down the side lines for another score. The extra point was made by the great and educated toe of Jayvon Walker.

The climax of the game was marked by the block of the year thrown by Otis "Willshoot" Smith, stopping what was or what looked to be a sure touchdown.

Both teams played great football, and the better team won.

—Ty Jay Jackson

MOREHOUSE TROUNCES ALABAMA STATE 19-0

Under a sweltering Alabama sun, the Maroon Tigers, again roared victory. This game was highlighted by the way the Tigers were able to master all situations and take advantage of all breaks. The Black and Gold Hornets of Alabama were the offensive team, while the Tigers preferred to take the defensive side of the game. During the major portion of the game, the Hornets were kept in their own territory. The gridiron fans witnessed a strange spectacle as Alabama gathered 10 first down while Morehouse collected only 5.

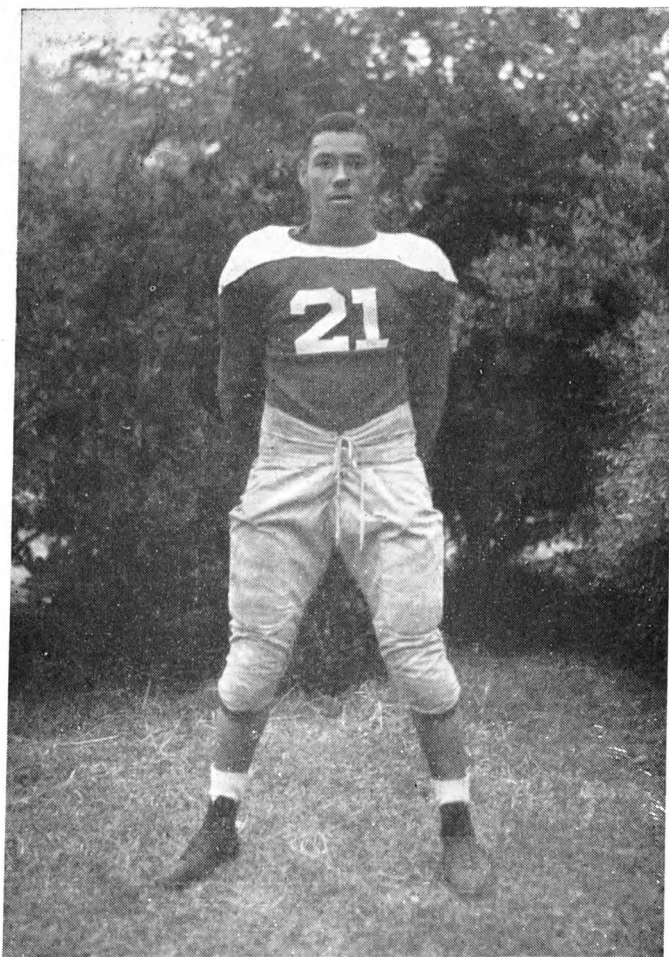
In the first quarter Morehouse kicked to Alabama. After picking up a first down, Alabama was forced to kick to Morehouse. A kicking duel then ensued between O. Smith of Morehouse and Hollis of Alabama. About midway the period, Morehouse gained possession of the ball through a fumble on the Alabama 30 yard marker. After two line bucks, O. Smith uncorked his "Air Mail Special Delivery" arm and tossed E. Riley a 15 yard pass, whereas Riley took the pass and scurried the few remaining yards for a touchdown. The try from placement by Walker—no good. Score Morehouse, 6; Alabama, 0.

In the second stanza, Dunson intercepted an Alabama pass near mid-strip and carried down to Alabama's 35. Two off-tackle runs by Ed. Smith carried the ball to Alabama's 4 yard line. One running attempt and 2 passes failed; then on fourth down, Dunson bucked to the line, found no hole, changed directions, and skirted left end into paydirt. Walker's attempted drop kick failed to convert. Score, Morehouse, 12; Alabama, 0.

The Bama State Band put on a magnificent show at half-time for their "A" day festivities being observed on the campus.

As the third quarter opened Alabama unleashed a little seatback, P. Mitchell, who started the half, gaining ground almost at will; but soon the Tigers got their claws locked around him and his effectiveness vanished. On a bad kick by Hollis, Morehouse received the ball on the Alabama 40 yard strip. On second down with would-be tacklers being knocked off their feet by an avalanche of blockers, Ed Smith remained calm and neatly tossed a 20 yard pass to Dunson. Dunson took the pass in his grab bag and raced 20 yards away to paydirt. Walker's try from placement was good. Score: Morehouse, 19; Alabama, 0.

The only thing significant about the fourth quarter was the now famous Morehouse goal line stand. On the



OTIS SMITH

Tiger's 5 yard line, first and goal to go, the Tigers bogged down and took the ball from Bama on downs.

Fumbles were very frequent in the game.

This is only another notch in the Maroon Tiger's quest for a championship team.

So long Alabama! Hello Tuskegee! On to Columbus!

— Jerome Harris

THE SPIRIT OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM

It is inevitable that we have a determined spirit to be victorious over our opponents. We have the fighting spirit because of our great coaches who are working hard each day and staying up night trying to find various new ways and techniques to help us to gain victory. May their efforts and toils not be in vain.

We have the fighting spirit because our Administrative Officers, Faculty, Students, and Alumni are doing their part in every respect to help us.

We feel that we have a great tradition to uphold. We know that Morehouse's great athletes of the past have paved the way for us, and we shall carry out the spirit of a typical Morehouse team. We, the members of the team of '44, shall do our best in every respect to keep the name of "Dear Old Morehouse" from trailing in the dust.

Therefore, we as members of the football team, shall

face the rest of our opponents with exemplified courage, determination, sincerity, and willingness to play a clean, hard game with our opponents.

— Samuel D. Cook

GOOD NEWS!!!!

Hell Cats and Kittens, Boys and Girls, Ladies and Gentlemen, et cetera! The school year of '44-'45 has opened with a bang and with it has come your favorite sons of mirth, merriment, folly, and low-down dirt; but it all adds up to *Good News*. We do aim to keep you informed as to all the doings of the campus' Cleopatras and Casanovas.

Here we have a man who has a sister who isn't his sister (we think). We mean that Basketeer "Buddy Gee." Say Gee, what is Eleese going to say about this? is it over, Eleese? "Duck" Conley is wearing a most pretty bracelet presented to her by Sam (Leo) Harris (—). Will somebody please explain Robert Scott's latest actions? Ruth just wants to know (or does she know?) who's playing second fiddle. "Tina" is trying to set a record, or she is just showing off with her different suitor every night. Douglas has been here for four years and hasn't found the difference between Morehouse North and Morehouse South yet; I guess he thinks A. U. is North and Spelman is South.

The scene of the battle is now on the "Corner," where we see the Mr. Fishhawk (C. L. Sanders to you who don't know the name Hawk) is the greatest sweat of the year; Margaret Gordon says, "He is my Man," but Virginia Cage says, "I know, *but I am his Woman*." Somebody tell Thelma Freeman and her boys to take a corner in the library so as not to disturb everybody. The boys of 208 Robert Hall really gave Viv Counts the rush, but or—Ty Jay!!! Wendell Hammonds can play the role of "Fannie Skeffington," the way he surrounds himself with women. Bobbie Franklin and Buttercup both seem to like black hair, thus Jac and Jack have entered the picture.

John Bryant, your road has been cleared up by the Divine Power; you must have prayed hard. Doris, you and Helen shouldn't have fallen out over Hobart; he stayed over to Clark with Laura, anyway.

I've always heard of men giving frat pins to women, but when did women start giving them to men. Madeline? The world's champion boxer, Joe Louis, has a probable contender in John Forte, who is very handy with his fists, eh Denby? Perry Little, that sure was some charming company that you had visiting you Saturday night at the dance. Moritz Craven's Homie at A. U., Thelma Newton, is mothering him right along.

Oliver Brooks is the most hunted man on the campuses: first, Peggy; second, Clarabelle; lastly, Rosalind. Clara Yates, Jay Jackson doesn't play football, true; but do you know that he plays baseball in Packard Hall? Joe! Boykin, recently of Clark, is now seen at Spelman. Modestine just started with Eddie Hall, but she is watching him already; he is also reporting to Louise Calloway.

Hats off to Adel Eagan!! She was able to bring Alfred Vaughn out of his hibernation. The ladies of Spelman

don't like your being seen at A. U., James Horace. Nobody seem as capable as P. L. D. Sanford, who struts to A. U. with ice cream and flowers; Melba, what do you have on that man? With G. B. and R. W., Jake Williams still isn't satisfied; he's seen with one of their roommates frequently. "Captain Midnight" Back has slowed down from his activities carried on this summer. What's wrong, Daddy? Earl Ashton, Morehouse Men do not plead with women, even if they are of the so-called "400."

Freshmen who are to be congratulated and whose actions are to be questioned: Bill Bailey, John Bryant, Sam McKinney, and Robert Mosely. Heading the Library Lovers are Mildred Pearson and Robert Butler, but I don't see why they carry books. And Andrew "Jaybird" Gray sits on the front steps too. I've heard some of the chicks say that the Riley twins will have to dress differently because they can't be told apart. Hey! What happened to Joe Williams, the great Clark Casanova? Seems that he has lost out: well, the Panther predicted it. Our illustrious Editor, Robert Clarke, is still between two worlds with Charlie Stephens and the little girl at Clark. Earl Robinson and Harvey Beech are back in the same old rut at A. U.; but Eloise and Maureen know how to make them come a-running.

Well Folks, that's how things stand at the moment. I'd say, or rather, we'd say that things have gotten off to a pretty good start; there is no telling what will happen when everybody gets adjusted. Until then and the next issue, we'll be seeing you.

* *The Three Flies on One Wall* *

P. S.: Word has just arrived to us that anyone who is invited may come to the Maroon and White Dance. Now that is really *Good News*; we'll have the chance to see how these big time jivers who have a best girl at each school come thru this one. Already gray hairs have formed on the heads of many (The Three Flies) trying to figure this one out. But we can look forward to much News and *Good News* next time. So Long.

I SPY GUESS WHO?

A brilliant and ambitious person is in our midst, believe it or not; someday he will be equal to the highest, and society will be afraid to try to compete with him; for he is a true studious Morehouse man. He studies his major and minor with zeal. He majors in Pool and minors in Ping-Pong. To expose this forward going young man would be a threat to his success. Considering that he's young and a resident of Robert's Hall, GUESS WHO?

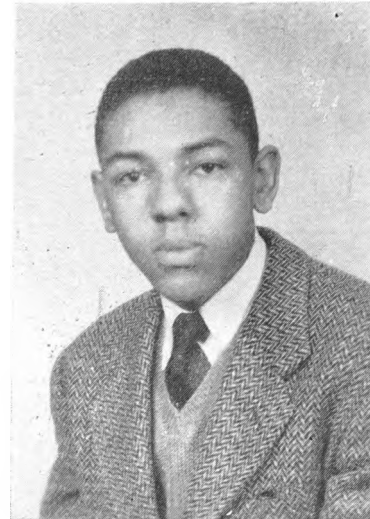
* * * *

Remember the saying that two is a couple and three is a crowd? This same saying holds true with a Morehouse King and a Spelman Queen—from an incident that occurred on Spelman campus. I discovered that not only a third, but also a fourth party was involved in what was supposed to have been a bi-affair. To expose him would be fun, but I will allow you the pleasure of the fun; so, GUESS WHO?

* * * *

I spied an aspiring young man who seems to contemplate on getting rich from a trade he picked up over

night. Yes, he is a busy barber now. Despite his other confronting problems, he is taking it on himself to deal with these various shaped heads—Poor kid. He is a progressive Sophomore. To advertise his business I should expose him, but I will leave him in the dark until you . . . GUESS WHO?



BERNARD PETERSON

plinking on the keys or about nothing in general

as most of you know, there is an age old custom at morehouse college that if the professor is more than ten minutes late, the class may walk out. the story goes, however, that a particularly unpopular professor, knowing that he was going to be late, dashed into the room early, dropped his hat on the desk, and disappeared on his errand. when he returned, some fifteen minutes later, the students had gone.

the next day he prefaced his lecture with a few pointed remarks to the effect that the presence of his hat had meant and would henceforth mean as much as if he himself were present.

on the following day he arrived to find row after row of seats occupied only by hats. moral: what's good for the goose is good for the gander, eh professor . . . ?

* * *

a certain ingénue (french for dumb-belle), who attends one of the other colleges around atlanta, desires to know what the term crab means. for her benefit, and for the benefit of anyone who desires to know—including the class of 1948—i offer the following definition:

crab. 1. that lowly group of homo sapiens (with the accent on the sap) who stormed into graves hall on the thirteenth of september, causing the borderline sophomores, the intelligent juniors, and the dignified (?) seniors all to seek refuge in the domains of small, but

comparatively peaceful, robert hall; that pack of half-starved humans (used figuratively in this sense) who came in such vast numbers to the dining hall that it was necessary to move the wall a few feet back. 2. The babes of morehouse, who — not quite dry behind the ears — must sit at the bottom of the family garden, with the roots sprouting from their diapers, waiting for the day when they will be harvested and placed under glass for all the world to admire.*

* * *

i have been requested, at this point, to make a short statement concerning our saturday night showers in robert hall: in order that there might be enough hot water for everyone, i am requesting that the men do not sing long arias, such as "una furtiva lagrima," when taking showers, whereas, short songs such as "scrub me mama with a boogie beat" should be preferred.

* * *

since it seems that the riley twins are causing such a sensation over at spelman, because the girls never knew exactly whom they are talking to, i am offering the following information. george (whose theme song in the past has been "you can't tell me from edward") has a dark mark near his right eye. the other one, of course, is edward. from now on girls, you're on your own.

* * *

now to close with a short poem. the title is: "lament of a feature editor." after reading it, you may understand a few things about this article.

it's tough to find
for love or money
a joke that's clean
and also funny.

* hopeful little things, aren't they — (Ed.)
— bernard peterson

OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY

(Continued From Page Seven)

Psi Chapter wishes to extend a hearty welcome to the student body and especially the freshman class for a successful term.

The officers are as follows:

Basileus.....	Robert Clarke
Vice Basileus.....	Charles Mitchell
Keeper of Records and Seal.....	Jon Hall
Keeper of Finance.....	Harvey Beech
Keeper of Peace.....	Clarence Littlejohn
Chaplain.....	Finis H. Bennett
Dean of Pledges.....	Sanford Dunson
Chapter Editor.....	Rogers Newman

Roster: Levi S. Kirkland, Lee B. Stephens, Edwin Smith, Benjamin Dobbins, Frank Wilburn, and Eugene Jones.

Maroon and White Official Homecoming Dance

MOREHOUSE GYMNASIUM

8:00 = 10:00

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