

THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME IX ^A

NOVEMBER, 1934

NUMBER 2

EDITORIAL STAFF

RAPHAEL McIVER	Editor-in-Chief
OTIS McCREE	Associate Editors
JOHN EPPS	
DARWIN CREQUE	Technician
H. STAMPER	Secretaries
R. MARTIN	
H. C. JACKSON	Athletic Editors
J. LONG	
BERNARD EDWARDS	Literary Editor
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER	Wit and Humor Editor
JOHN YOUNG	Dramatic Editor
JUDKIN M. ROBINSON	Science Editor
WILBUR MARTIN	Exchange Editor
WOODROW WHITE	Field Reporter
F. HAINES	News Editor
J. NEAL	
E. SCOTT	Staff Artist

MR. G. LEWIS CHANDLER	Critic
MR. C. B. LINDSAY	Faculty Editor

MANAGERIAL STAFF

GEORGE EDWARDS	Business Manager
MALACHI DARKINS	Assistant Business Manager
JOHN BRANHAM	Circulation Manager
T. B. ELLIS	Subscription Manager
C. R. WOODWARD	Advertising Manager
D. S. DAYS	Auditor

THE MAROON TIGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

PER YEAR IN ADVANCE	\$1.00
SINGLE COPY	.15

NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

The Negro's sentimental attitude toward himself is one of his major infirmities. The New Negro is the result of hard, lean years of blood and violation; years we get wind of only through black history and spirituals. He still pours over the injustices done his forefathers (who no doubt did less weeping about them) and for some reason believes that some one should pay him for the thankless labor his ancestors did because they were what most slaves have always been—victims of physical and mental group weakness. They were merely the toll that the natural law of Strong over Weak exacts. (Let America do away with her military strength and it will be treated in the same fashion.) We speak with bitterness about the debt America owes us and hope some day to collect the wages of our honorable and dead lineage. We should strive to be worthy of our present hire. We are spoiled and pampered, despite the sad songs we wail to the contrary. If, like the Jews in Germany, we were suddenly cast out of America, we would discover that we have not produced enough of anything to sustain us for two weeks. We have fine sad songs for the soul; but the body must eat. Of course, bringing up the probable banishment from the land of the free is far-fetched and shocking. So, let us close our eyes for a brief moment and think what the picture would look like if suddenly without or with warning all of the white payrolls were snatched away and distributed among whites and foreigners. What reserve has the bright New Negro? The songs, of course. But what else?

Our seventy-one years of comparatively easy years have produced a Negro that is soft and delicate—mentally. We cannot yet ignore the petty slings and arrows which bounce off other races. Everything insults and wounds us to bleeding point, even the truth. A few years back two clever Nordic comedians struck on the idea of doing a radio sketch in Negro dialect. It wasn't slapstick, but artistic impersonations of many people, high or low-brow, white or colored, whom we meet every day. In a record radio run the comedians did over a hundred characterizations. But they did them in Negro dialect! Immediately there came a concentrated and ignorant drive to put off the air the villains who were doing successfully what many of our race comedians couldn't. There followed a court suit which was thrown out because the representatives of the offended race didn't

appear with any ground for prosecution. The skit has brought the comedians over a million dollars each, and the offended folk a well-deserved headache. It isn't offensive at all; and if it were, and it was able to push over the Negro race, the race would deserve this very laughable ruin. If it were satire I would never forgive the two fellows. We aren't ripe and big enough yet for that. We want someone to smooth our hair, not scrub the dirt from our ears.

A prominent leader, not meaning to I hope, once said this: "We must change our psychology, and thereby change that of America. This will make her acceptance of us a nearer and more certain thing." So concerned are we with *being accepted* we have quite forgotten to prepare for this divine business. We have washed our face and not wiped our feet. We want America and the world to accept what we ourselves have rejected. So long as there is an illiterate brother in the group, we shall rightly be associated with him. As long as he is blind, we, too, shall grope. If we were true Negroes we would not wish to be *accepted* while another Negro walks cold outside. We are not yet ready for warm, soft arms. We must learn to achieve for ourselves, who need it, and not for people who are justly unexcited over the little praise we have mistaken for progress. As a few individuals we have made good, long strides; but as a group we have not done so well. We must accept ourselves; we must ache and dream to remain Negroes, not look for the first opening out of a splendid fray as soon as we become brave enough to fly.

We must learn to measure and appreciate our own values. The spirituals were just so much song until they were called America's only original music. Roland Hayes (to call up one of our dark gods) was just another Negro—like all of our artists—until he was approved, and supported, by others. And we say that we are self-conscious! We aren't at all. We are hardly ever intelligently aware of our own important existence until someone prods and wakes us to the truth.

When Langston Hughes wrote in a poem, "Goodby, Christ," a host of preachers, aspiring poets, and leaders took up arms against the fellow who had slandered the Nazarene (whose principles we dearly love and pay little attention to). But when a Negro man was taken from Alabama to Florida and brutally lynched before a group of selected and invited guests, there was but a ruffled

murmur—then silence. Our ancestors—the dark ones, I mean—put all of their faith in the Lord and none in themselves. But they were fettered people. The New Negro is freer. I don't know what has happened to his faith. Now, insulting the Lord is serious. But He is big enough to defend Himself.

The Negro must become his best friend. It would be stupid indeed to isolate himself and cut off good friends. But he must grow big enough to know that when he turns to lean on himself he will find something substantial. If we shall march, we must do it abreast. Before we become individuals we must become a group. Therein lies our strength, our hope, and whatever future we shall have.

Comment and Opinion

WELCOME AND FORGOTTEN

By F. C. TUCKER

The Freshman Class, with the greatest amount of appreciation, accepts the welcome to the campus given them by the Sophomore Class in the article by its spokesman, Mr. W. A. Allen III. We assure the Sophomores that we will comply with all the requirements and principles that are expected of a Freshman Class.

We do not know whether we have been segregated from writing articles to the student's publication, *The Maroon Tiger*, but it seems queer that after reading through the editorial we were disappointed in not finding any words of welcome from the editorial staff. It is not that we are inquisitive as to the reason of this mentioned failure, but it is our privileges with which we are concerned. Because we are interested in our rights we speak now.

(See *Open Letter to Freshmen*)

WHAT IS THE STUDENT ACTIVITY COMMITTEE DOING?

By M. F. JACKSON

Is it doing just what it wants to—in all disregard to the interest of the student body? In my understanding, a student activity committee is a group of students representing the student body in general, and working always in the interest of the student body—never forgetting that anything that the committee does that is not in keeping with the desires of the majority of the student body is not in keeping with the trust that has been invested in it. Instead of this kind of committee, however, we have under the caption of "Student Activity Committee" a group of fellows who are imposing upon the student body what they believe the student body ought to have. Though they may be gifted with the splendid ability of knowing just what their co-students should have, I have not as yet been convinced that they are sufficiently competent to tell me what I ought to have.

For the last few years the so-called "student activity committee" has been imposing on the student body some entertainments called "extra attractions." In spite of the high powered advertisements and salesmanship on the part of the "Student Activity Committee," it has been unable to draw at most one-half of the student body—a number that is at least necessary to give a warrant of their coming. Sound thinking will reveal that anything given for the student body is an absolute waste. Anything given for the sake of mere prestige, without the

appreciation of the majority of the student body, is a misrepresentation of the school, and worse than that, pure squandering of money.

The committee will perhaps attempt to defend itself on the ground that it is trying to develop an appreciation for high-class attractions. Their intentions are no doubt good, but their results are most fatal. There is no sense in trying to develop in students an appreciation for Duncan and Allen when Duncan and Allen are in Sale Hall auditorium and Morehouse students are in their rooms. If money is spent for any kind of entertainment which the students do not desire, the expenditure is pure and simply stupidity. The money may as well be thrown into a river.

All of this has been said to make one suggestion: The student activity committee should circulate unbiased questionnaires among the students in an effort to find out what they want, and stop trying to impose upon the body what the committee thinks it ought to have. It is pathetic that we have to pay for what a half dozen fellows think we ought to have, and vainly beg for things we want and never get.

FRATERNITY OR CLUB?

By DREW DAYS

The fraternal organizations in operation on our college campus, similar to those found on most of the nation's campuses, were founded on more or less social footings. The idea, in each instance, was to do something special in connection with the social aspect of college life. As most of us have learned, man is instinctively gregarious in nature. Evidence of this may easily be found in the family unit, the religious group, the separate and strongly knit school group, the dormitory room caches, and the saw in the above mentioned fact a distinctive opportu- groups of campus pals.

The founders of the various Greek-letter fraternities nity for more permanent and well defined lines of demarcation, so they proceeded to take good advantage. The results of the seeds that were planted years ago are everywhere to be seen at the present, when we consider the rich outgrowth that has resulted.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as we shall presently attempt to discover, the original plants have, perhaps, not developed into the trees of their kind. Even at half glance, we can hardly fail to notice the decided changes that have taken place as a result of the numerous prunings and graftings that each unit has experienced. Besides the original plan to make the social aspect of college life interesting for a fortunate few, many activities embracing intellectual achievement, political prerogative, and various other efforts designed to win public approval have been taken on by the Greek-letter organizations.

In the first case, men who did not fit into the particular schemes of social brotherhood were barred in order to eliminate any alien cogs in the fraternal machine. The embracement of the other features by a few modern fraternities has made it easier for a larger number to "crash" the sacred gates of fraternalism. Nowadays it is common for a man to be drawn into a particular "frat" because (in spite of the fact that he may not be one to fit into the brotherhood) he may possess certain abilities that would tend to raise the status of the "frat" from an accomplishment point of view. Very often do we find men becoming affiliated with a certain "frat" because the president of some large industrial concern