

United Nations Message Delivered by Hobgood

Hamilton Hobgood, resident and lawyer of Louisburg, spoke in chapel on "The United Nations." He professed three classes into which the people of the world could be categorized: confirmed Christians, Communists, and amiable nonentities. These groups, he said, are all responsible for the wars which have manifested themselves since the beginning of the recorded history; therefore the United Nations is attempting to prevent the hatching of another "nest of the eggs of war."

The U. N. is made up of The General Assembly, the Security Council, the World Court, and the Secretariat, The General Assembly, made up of 58 nations, is vested with equal representation of votes. The Security Council, with eleven members, has five active members, one of which can veto the legislation of the other four. The World Court is to the world, as the Supreme Court is to the United States, and is the final law between nations. The Secretariat, an administration unit, is presided over at present by a Norwegian; the next presiding officer will be from Brazil.

Mr. Hobgood has appeared in chapel several times before here at L. C.

Mrs. Milner Lectures at Chapel

Mrs. Ernestine Cookson Milner, personnel director of psychology at Guilford College, spoke to the student body on Friday, March 11, on the subjects of choosing a marriage partner and being happy in marriage. Bringing out the importance of listening to elders, she told of the effects of—"romantic moods," or, as she said, "a star of idolization of the person with whom one is in love." In this state, she said, one must be careful not to be so carried away that one does not consider racial, religious, national, and social differences in the two personalities contemplating the marriage union.

Mrs. Milner stressed long acquaintance and prudence as two most important factors in marriage. "It is a contract, not a sacrament," she said, "however, it must have spiritual background. She also pointed out that in marriage, frequent serious discussions between a man and a woman help to avert conflicts, which usually arise out of mutual misunderstanding.

Mrs. Milner spoke Thursday morning, March 10, at the chapel hour and she lectured at the "Y" Thursday. There was an informal tea after the "Y" held by Miss Stipe in honor of Mrs. Milner. The tea was attended by the officers of the "Y's" and the members of the student councils.

Wife of the president of Guilford College, Mrs. Milner, A. B., B. S., A. M., is associate professor of psychology at that college. Mrs. Milner has devoted much study and gained much in the field of social life of young people.

WSSF DRIVE HELD

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dent, and Dan Bowers, faculty, are in charge of the local drive.

Intra-dormitory competition and personal solicitation are the methods used in collecting the funds. To date, only one student has not contributed to the fund in the day student and apartment section. The other dormitories are further short of their quota, but the drive will continue through May.

The drive was helped along by a talk by Miss Ruth Merritt in chapel, Tuesday, April 19. Miss Merritt stressed the needs of the foreign students and urged that all students contribute to the cause.

LOUISBURG DRY CLEANERS
Pressing - Cleaning
Altering
Louisburg, N. C.

FLEENOR ON LOVERS

It is high time that someone took upon himself to classify the larger part of the lovers on this campus; so please allow me to let my hair down and speak freely. Since I'm going to talk about lovers I might as well get down to facts and divide them up into categories. In order to have a few friends left I will refrain from mentioning names.

We have on the campus the most gone case of them all, "The Prisoners of Love." They are the ones who just can't possibly stay away from each other. One can't even eat away from the other. You see them waiting as long as thirty minutes in the chow hall, drooling at the mouth from hunger, patiently waiting until the other half falls in. It's a funny thing, these types of lovers either get married in no time or something happens, and they're never seen together again. Maybe the new face got old, but still it's a funny thing. Then there's "The Eager" type. These lovers just can't get close enough to each other. They are always holding hands or — just holding. "The Mush" type, is always good for kicks. They are noticed mostly in the chow hall just staring at each other but not speaking. This goes on day after day and they continue their staring and smiling but nothing else happens. "The Bashful" type is very much like "The Mush" type, but they smile more than they stare. It takes this type a little longer to get started but when they do they "go wild for awhile." "The Intelligent" type puzzles me most. These couples go around acting like they've been married fifty years. They are isolated from the public eye, especially at times. "The Fouled Up" type is the most pathetic. They are forever doing the wrong thing at the right time and the right thing at the wrong time. (Males constitute the largest majority in this class.) Everything is mellow for three or four days and neither he fouls up or she does, and this confusion causes them to part indefinitely, and they are off again on a big tangent getting fouled up again with someone else. The last type I can think of is, "The Happy-Go-Lucky." This type operates alone and does not strike until it has the urge. A bum steer does not bother them. They just smile and direct their interest in another direction just as intently as before. These lucky people usually stay in a good mood and are ready for almost any situation.

How many lovers do you feel should be classified differently? "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! "Ae farewell, and then forever!"

Wildcats Fall to P. J. C.

After defeating them in their first game, Coach Boyd's Wildcats fell before the onrushing tide of the PJC Redbirds by a score of 13 to 5. The Redbirds banged 15 hits off two Wildcat pitchers and the L. C. diamonds collected five off one Redbird pitcher.

The Redbirds collected two runs in each the first and second innings and kept adding to their tally throughout the game.

The loss gave the Wildcats a total of two wins for three losses for a percentage of .400 in the conference.

Rowe and Stewart; Davenport, Stallings (7) and Wynn, Young (7).

To the type of man who will not accept defeat, a difficulty is but a challenge.—Dan Wynn, '49.

It pays to buy at
TONKEL'S
Louisburg, N. C.

"Where Smart People Shop."

What's Wrong With College Baseball?

If baseball's the national pastime—why has it fallen to third rank behind football and basketball on the nation's campuses? Why is it a dying sport at colleges—played by few and watched by mere hundreds?

Varsity, the Young Man's Magazine asked these questions of Babe Ruth, Branch Rickey, and Red Rolfe (among others) in its April issue. Their answers blame it on factors ranging from the weather to baseball thievery. But let them tell it in their own words . . .

Babe Ruth

"What hurts college baseball is mainly the colleges themselves. While they permit our national pastime to lag on their campuses, football has received such over-emphasis that one poll showed that the average salary of football coaches is 20% more than professors' salaries. They offer college ball players no publicity, no scholarships, and they rarely go out to hunt for high school talent."

Branch Rickey

"Varsity Magazine heard college baseball put the blame on organized baseball—but I've told colleges that if they'd stay out of the pro field, we'd stay out of the college field. There isn't a pro ball club in the country that doesn't have written evidence—in quantity—that some colleges have induced talented ball players to enter school. The boys are kept in college on such terms as we'd call professionalism."

Red Rolfe

"Back in the days when I coached Yale, I found no lack of interest in baseball. I think the situation today can be remedied—and so I'll use Varsity Magazine's columns to suggest these points to college authorities:

- 1—Organize baseball coaching staffs the way you do in football.
- 2—Emphasize games with outstanding rivals, and invite certain classes to have reunions on those dates.
- 3—Get better publicity for the players and games.
- 4—Provide better uniforms and equipment.
- 5—Support and promote the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships — since the idea of a national collegiate champion stirs the imagination, and will revive public and student interest."

Ed. note: Someone left this article in the form clipped from a paper in the publication room. It may seem archaic due to the fact that Babe Ruth has long since died, but the editors thought the article timely.)

RECREATION ROOM

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through Friday and 8:00 to 10:00 p. m. Saturday. These hours are now experimental, but President Samuel Holton says that they will probably remain as they are.

Hazel Roberson
FLORIST
Flowers For All Occasions
Louisburg, N. C.

"It Pays to Look Well"
CITY BARBER SHOP
"Where You Get Clipped And Like It"

KNEES, QUIT KNOCKING!

Did your knees ever shake so that you could hardly stand? Did you ever break out in a sweat while your teeth were chattering? Then, brother, you've been scared! And, too, you know just how I felt as I removed from the mail box—the small envelop which contained my grades addressed to my father.

From the time of my arrival home for the holidays until the arrival of my grades, I had absolutely no rest or peace of mind. I chewed fingernails, I cracked knuckles, and I even read a bit of Shakespeare in order to take my mind off that dreaded event—the arrival of my grades. I consumed sleeping pill after sleeping pill trying to sleep at nights. I arose bright and early each morn; so I could beat my dad to the post office. I lived in constant fear that he might beat me to the draw and see before I did those innocent looking symbols of the alphabet (you know, the ABS's) which appeared on that list of parachment that was probably once a tall majestic pine, proudly tipping its greencapped head to each breeze that passed its humble abode. (Whew! Glad I struggled past that one!)

Finally that fateful day came. I arose early as usual unaware that that "bit of parachment" had arrived. I dashed a bit of water on my face and raced madly downstairs to get my breakfast which I gulped down like a madman. I jumped in the car and raced wildly downtown. Up to the post office I arrived with a cloud of dust and a hearty—screech! I leaped from the old Ford, and with a few leaps and bounds I faced our box, No. 34, to be exact. I peered inside and there was an envelope there! Sweat began to pop, knees began to knock, and bits of Shakespeare began to run through my mind. (By the way, if I can quote him, why did I flunk him? I guess I shall never know.) My breath came in short pants. I stretched a quivering hand toward ole 34 when a horrible thought struck me. No! It couldn't be! But, yes, I had forgotten the combination. Finally I arrived at a solution. I would ask the postmaster for it. With a trembling voice I said, "Please, oh, please let me have it." With a hand that trembled even more than my voice I took the letter and clasped it to my chest. "Oh, please, pretty please, dear grades, be good!"

Then another horrible thought struck me. It was addressed to Dad. I debated with myself for at least a full 15 seconds before opening it. My heart was going like Gene Kelly's drums as I tore off the flap. I furiously ripped out the grades and finally dared to take a peep. I let our a war whoop (Indian ancestry, you know,) and fairly flew out of the post office and back home. Dad and mom said they were o. k., and I became for a few moments the happiest person alive.

P. S. I didn't need pills to sleep that night. No person ever slept more soundly or longer than did I on that most joyous night.

Who's Who



Elmer Best

Chosen for the position of Who's Who in this issue of COLUMNS is a person whom the editor's deem very worthy of

of the honor. Elmer Best, a senior hailing from Stumpy Point, N. C., is the choice. Heretofore, Who's Who seemed to be in a rut naming the traits and qualities of the person in choice. It seems that it will stay in that rut for this time, too; for how can one refrain from mentioning that Elmer has a wonderful sense of humor, a grand personality, and an air of dependability unsurpassed? Elmer becomes a part of that which is around him. He, so to speak, "has his finger in many pies" and has yet to spoil his first "pies." He makes a grand friend, but seems to hate the idea of becoming an enemy to anyone. If one needs help in his studies or any way that Elmer can help him, he has but to go to him and receive that help.

Elmer has proved to be a very capable president of the Y. M. C. A., having been elected after the former president left school. He has held a leading role in almost every college dramatic production since he came here and is a member of Delta Psi Omega, honorary dramatic fraternity. He was recently initiated into the campus chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, another honorary fraternity.

At present he is one of the employees or clerks in the "Dope Shop." He greets everyone cordially, treats the customers with respect and with equality.

COLUMNS will not say the usual, "He has proved to be worthy of having the Who's Who distinction." It will say that it is proud to have the honor of carrying him as Who's Who. All health to you, Elmer Best.

MAY DAY FESTIVITIES

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gy Ivey, Peggy Manning, Olivia Martin and Betty Strother.

The program and festivities are under the direction of Mr. Bowers and Miss Hill. Miss Foster will assist with the music for the dances and songs.

While urging his staff to cooperate, the editor of COLUMNS received thos reply: "Too many cooks spoil the broth." To which he quickly replied, "Not enough cooks make no broth at all."

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