

Man—Not a Helpless Cog in a Machine

After reading the daily news papers, weekly and monthly magazines, and listening to lectures by different outstanding people, I have come to the conclusion that Americans today are in danger of accepting a philosophy of defeat; that the individual is a victim of forces beyond his control; that his make-up and abilities are determined by heredity; that his happiness is dependent upon conditions outside himself; in short that he is anything but the master of his fate and the captain of his soul.

This concept of man reaches its climax in contemporary social sciences, which portray men and women as the victims of their environment, helpless in the clutches of a soulless economic and mechanic system.

According to John M. Clark in his article, "The Empire of Machines," the machine age threatens our supremacy, our freedom of good will and our control of our destiny. He seems not to think or even have any hope whatsoever of the surviving of our present civilization if

Kappa Komment

We thought it would be of interest to the student body to know a little inside dope on those known as Kappa men. First, we send greetings to all former members of Alpha Kappa, who are out on life's highway scuffling for a meal ticket.

Now we may turn our attention to the "kats" who now sport the diamond. Gerald Edwards, Clifton Ward, Carl Reid, Odell Daniels, and yours truly recently crossed the burning sands into the realm of Kappa Alpha Psi (where you find nothing but the pure in heart), but those sands are mighty hot.

It seems that this Kappa business just runs in the family—take Brother Edwards, for example, his pa is a kat, his brother-in-law is a kat, and some day he himself intends to furnish the noble clan with a grand polemarch.

All of the Kats are proud of the AKA and they are ready any time at any place. If you don't know, ask Brothers Payne, Stafford, Stroud, and the writer. Brother Brown says the pledge sisters are OK by him. The ole boy should know. He has been hanging around the little girl from Goldsboro for over a year.

Brother Wilkins has worn out two suits, by keeping his hands in the pocket of his trousers, hoping that passers-by will clamp their eyes on his vest (just over the heart).

We learn that our boy, Joe Hill, is making good down in New Bern, N. C., where he is representing C. C. Spaulding's N. C. Mutual. (Just like a Kappa man.) Service is the watchword. Brothers Riddick, Boney and Chick Robinson are the Kappa Romeos for this month. Who is Riddick falling for? Remember the girl (B. H.) who lived with Mrs. Kimble last year? Everybody knows Madames Boney and Robinson. Ain't love just too bad, boys?

We offer our sincere congratulations to our new sisters, Misses Pittman, Barnes, Rogers and Mrs. Smith.

To all our little brothers on the basketball team, let's take the Shaw Bears on March 3rd. We're betting on you; we're praying and pulling for you. Just do as Brother Burghardt tells you.

Watch! Look! and Listen! for the Kappas during the third quarter. We intend to do things socially and intellectually.

—By HARDY.

CIGAR-BAND STYLE

Mary had a little dress,
A dainty bit and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But gee, how it showed Mary!

Whether in diving or in any other phase of life, this is the basic psychology in the development of personality and superiority or supremacy. Again and again the individual must plunge into the stream of life, at this point and at that in order to develop effective skills in preventing himself from becoming a cog in a machine. For according to Henry Link "the individual plus his personality and superiority, is the only foundation on which any social order may safely build a true civilization that will last forever."

—PEARL KORNEGAY.

The "Rat"

Ladies and gentlemen, the "Rat" recently peeped out of his nest to discover the hide-outs of cupid. He had heard for a long time that Dora Tyler was timid, but he discovered that she had gotten just "hard-boiled" enough to win the heart of playboy "P" (all right) Greene.

Joseph Christmas must be very fond of his sister, Rebecca, because his girl friend is noted for her most outstanding feature—"dimples."

Goodness, the "Rat" thinks that cupid didn't aim very well when he shot at Miss "Dippie" Tyler's heart, because the arrow didn't sink deeply enough for "Sil" Bryant's love to soak.

Well, well, what will the "ram" do next? He, in a gentleman-like manner, allowed himself to become soaking wet in the rain one day in order that Miss N. Greene could have full access to the umbrella (alone). Now she won't get wet, he said, smiling. And did you know that he sits directly behind her in one class. "In order to keep a watchful eye," he says.

The "Rat" went to sleep, but he awoke just in time to find that "Gwen" has it bad. He was a little too later to catch the "heart-breaker."

The "Rat" is at his post night and day (lucky for him.) One night while on the look-out, he heard "Dick" Mack holler rather loudly, "Say, Freeman, do you still love me?" Doris blushed up a breeze.

In the past Ruby Brett's heart has been hard to touch. "Duck," you must have a swell line of jive.

One day when the Rat got hungry he stole a piece of Arnette Seate's cheese. While eating it he discovered that she slightly had the "yhump" over "Slim" Downing.

Mr. Charles Smith, the campus Lochinvar, has a long list of names of the campus young ladies. Instead of studying, he is forever racking his brain in order to find the suitable type of jive for each one of them.

When Annie Frances Crawford entered school here this fall, she was quite "near sighted." Her eyes are perfectly all right now—Harold Colbert was a perfect cure for them. "Oh," said Crawford. "Having to gaze so high above me has put me into the habit of seeing things a long way off."

Wilma McDonald is a hard girl to guess, but the "Rat" guessed that she misses breakfast as much as three mornings in succession, because she lies awake late at night dreaming romantic things about Leon Stokes.

Number seven, basketball star (Ennis) is getting to be very smooth with the girls. The "Rat" didn't know that one person could become so popular in less time than an hour. Miss "Henny Penny" Thompson is especially interested.

"Big Train" has a certain weakness for women as you read in the last issue of the Echo. Just to prove that the saying is true—he asked a certain girl who was sitting beside him, "Who is that cute little quail sitting on the end over there? Smooth, isn't she?" Dora Tyler, that means you are O.K.

Eavesdroppers seldom hear

A Tisket A Tasket McCoy Found N. C. C.'s Basket

By KATHRYN JOYCE MAYES
Was it Ella Fitzgerald that lost her basket?

Was it Ella Fitzgerald who found her basket?

Yes, it was Ella who lost and found her basket, but it was also McCoy who found N. C. C.'s basket.

Sh!—sh—sh! Did I hear some one say they had been here for the last three years and N. C. C. had lost her basket, but with the flashing feminine forms of McCoy and her co-players, and we must not forget the cheerleader, Ren Tucker and his co-workers, made it possible for N. C. C. to find her basket.

For the first few minutes it was thought that N. C. C. would lose her garnet and gray basket and T. C. would find it. With the Grace and Swift movements of "our dear team," we brought the T. C. team to consend to us.

Keep it up, dear girls, and at the end of the basketball season you can say, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished the course; I have proved to be a faithful worker to my school."

Ella Fitzgerald's "Tisket, a Tasket, She Found Her Yellow Basket," is rated among one of the greatest swing tunes, but McCoy, with her co-play workers, finding N. C. C.'s basket is rated even greater with the triumphant victory of winning by 24-19 in the athletic world of N. C. C. Rah! Rah! Rah! Three cheers for our great team. Was it red? No! Was it blue? No! Just a little garnet and gray wire basket. Adieu!

Mr. A. Heningburg Guest at Formal Dinner

Mr. A. Heningburg, assistant to the President, along with Mrs. Heningburg and John Summersette, was the honor guest at a formal dinner at Palmer Memorial Institute at Sedalia, N. C., on Wednesday, January 25.

The dinner took place in Kimball hall, the school refectory, at 5:45. The Sedalia students gave yells and songs preceding a short speech which was to be delivered by Mr. Heningburg. Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, president of Palmer, presented John Summersette, who in turn introduced Mr. Heningburg to to student body, to whom he spoke for about 15 minutes.

At the end of Mr. Heningburg's remarks, Dr. Brown paid a high tribute to his character and intelligence, and spoke of the delight of having him as dinner guest on this occasion.

anything good, but the "Rat" heard that Sadie Strong had locked her heart and thrown the keys directly to "Ray" Freeman.

Nowadays you can't stand in front of a piccolo, because if "Ray" Freeman is around, he won't be able to see.

Eva Ford wore stockings to school one day. She must have had a date with "Bill" Leak.

When the "Rat" becomes competent of discovering "Bill" Moore's "one and only," he'll be getting somewhere.

The "Rat" has the eye of an eagle and can spy romance at a distance. Watch out. He'll see you.

BULL

By UNCLE NED

Dear readers, this is the beginning of a new section of the Echo in which everyone may have a part. It will be conducted by one who prefers to be referred to an UNCLE NED and will deal with happenings on the campus which may fall in the class of "As quiet as it's kept."

This section, says Uncle Ned, can be lots of fun and possibly very useful. So send Uncle Ned a card or note so that he can send his BULL to butt in on all of the interesting and unusual happenings in these confines.

But enough, the Bull approacheth, he seeth red, he's tearing after Uncle Ned, and as Uncle Ned proceeds to create distance I can hear him say that if the Bull will spare him this time, he wants to get a chance to see some of the things that he has never had a chance to see in life. He has never seen: L. Lightner with anyone other than the "co-ed from South Carolina"; Duckwilder wearing a tie; J. Williams when he didn't want a "duck"; T. Taylor when he wasn't trying to "hup" somebody; D. Moore with a girl; Pokey Scott without her BILL; Edna Smith when she isn't "handing a line"; Smith without his drapes; E. Young with money; B. Bryant without an argument.

Uncle Ned Cogitates Familiar seems

I have seen a group of young men on the campus who call themselves the B. S. C. What is this all about?

At social hour every day I have seen certain and divers and sundry love birds pitching their little woo under that same tree near the library. If that tree could talk it wouldn't live to a ripe old age for it knows the history of too many a woo.

I have seen a co-ed in the city who wants to be rather smart, but she can't have her cake and eat it too—at least the men on the campus don't think so.

That was some chase, but the Bull will be back. Meanwhile, let Uncle Ned in on the dope. A card will do.

North Carolina College Students in Recital

On Thursday evening, January 26, the students of music department of the North Carolina College appeared at the college in their first public recital of the year. Featured in this recital were the students of piano who have been under the instruction of Miss Tomassinia Talley.

The ten students appearing in this recital were excellent in their renditions and interpretations of the works of such masters as Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Mozart, and Tschaikowsky.

Those appearing were Misses Ida Smith, Emma Fields, Maude Brandon, Amey Mills, Laura Austin, Clementine Amey, F. Holmes, and Sarah Amey.

A TOAST

Friendship—may differences of opinion only cement it.

vidual gets himself beautifully poised, leans forward and at the last moment hesitates and draws back in fear. Again he makes the attempt and draws back. Finally in angry desperation, he plunges in with a terrible flop. He comes up chagrined and embarrassed. The comments of the spectators make him feel even worse. If, at this point, his fear prevents him from making further attempts, he never learns to dive and his fear becomes insurmountable. If, however, he persists and continues to make awkward and painful dives, he will finally go in smoothly and come up feeling pleased. His friends will compliment his form and he will have made one more conquest of himself and his environment.