

The Campus Echo

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Open Letter to President

Dear Dr. Shepard:

We march forward with the times. Never before during my three years experience at this institution have I seen the administration so liberal-minded toward the students. Never before have I seen such a favorable response on the part of the student body.

These attitudes are reflected, first, in the increased confidence in students and student activities, including among others, the editorship of the *Campus Echo* by students under non-administrative domination; second, in the surprising enthusiasm of the students in the popularizing of N. C. C. Some call it school spirit; I call it loyalty and devotion to the Alma Mater on the one hand and an attitude of confidence and creditable inducement on the other.

We are mindful of the struggles of this, our school. We can but admire the man whose dreams have come true. We realize further that it was foresight on the part of that man who guided the activities so that they may always be a credit to the institution.

But now the time has come, as it came to the "mother eagle who, when the time came, after having nurtured her young from birth, shoved her eaglets off the high mountain ledge, seemingly to bash their brains on the rocks below, but really to try their wings that they soon might soar on the heights that she herself had thus soared."

We, your eaglets, Dr. Shepard, are rustling our wings, awaiting the push which is sure to come. Our wings, too, must be tried. Your administration is beginning that push. Your students are responding. Our wings are spreading. "We must fly high with the Eagles."

We have a great school. The more we're pushed from the ledge, the stronger our wings become, the higher we fly, the greater we become.

Dr. Shepard, for the paper, we thank you. THE EDITOR.

To Practice Teachers

As we are on the verge of practice teaching, we must plan and work to make ourselves the best teachers who ever taught school. Let us not worry about our marks or a position. Worrying is useless and only causes loss of energy in worthless directions. The bridge is still some distance ahead. It will be time enough to cross it when we reach it. FLORA KING.

Freshman, Sophomore Women Entertain Visiting Team

On Saturday evening, October 14, 1939, the women of the freshman and sophomore dormitory entertained the Bluefield team in the reception room of the dormitory. The hostesses were Misses Octavia Kyles, Susie Gibson, Malinda Barnes, Aurelia Lucas, and Annie Frances Crawford.

Hobbies Are Such Fun

What is a hobby? A hobby may be an outlet, a safety valve, a refuge, haven, or even at times a sanctuary for the person who adopts it. Hobbies are not only for people who need some sort of mental or physical escape; they are for everyone. We all have leisure time, to be sure. But it is the wise use of this leisure time that counts. Every minute of the day is precious and must not be wasted. Instead, the day should be filled with riches that we can carry through the years, and our hobbies will do that very thing for us. Hobbies are not only profitable and interesting ways of using leisure time but outlets for self-expression as well. A hobby should always be something which we do eagerly and joyously and it should be self-chosen to prove most entertaining.

The more hobbies we have, the more fun we get out of life. People with many and varied interests are invariably happier than those with few. There are many sides to our natures, and the more sides which receive stimulus, the better, if we desire to broaden and develop as we should. Whether one is sixteen or sixty, hobbies of all types, whether they be educational or whimsical, are open to him.

Probably the most common of all hobbies, and one which covers a great deal of ground, is that of collecting. Under this heading comes the acquiring of many things—antiques, autographs, books, coins, stamps, etchings, etc.

Among the nature hobbies may be included the keeping of cats, dogs, and birds, fishing, gardening, camping, and nature study itself. Then there are sports—golf, tennis, hockey, swimming, hiking, and the more creative hobbies such as photography, cooking, drawing, painting, soap sculpture, toy-making, and writing.

There is really no reason why one should not find an appealing hobby. The hobbies are there. It is up to the person to adopt them. If you have no hobby now, waste no time in getting at least one. You will find that it offers an interesting relief from the humdrum routine of your domestic or vocational duties, as well as relaxation and recreation of mind and body; and best of all, you will learn that hobbies are real fun.

ANNIE B. FLINTALL.

On Receptivity of Mind

GENTLEMAN JAC

The next worst thing to having no convictions is having hardened convictions, which have petrified. Sometimes the brain cell seems to set like concrete. To introduce a new thought to some people requires a blasting operation.

The happiest people in the world are those who cultivate the virtue of openmindedness. An open mind is more to be admired and more to be desired than riches. That is not an exaggeration. How painful it must be to go through life, suffering mental agony, because changes are made that require the bending or breaking of fixed convictions. Every sensible man is confirmed in the absolute truth of certain principles. No sensible man supposes that he has a monopoly on truth.

If there is such a thing as the fountain of youth, the source of this youth eternal is an open mind. I know many young-old people, and I observe one common mental characteristic—a mental reception room, where ideas are received hospitably. Make this one of your efforts—an open mind! Look forward, not backward, with an open mind.

For Men Only

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Man has several ages, among which are the legal age, the chronological age, and the mental age. Here at State we are concerned more with the mental age, because it is assumed that when one matriculates in college, he is a man, if not chronologically, certainly mentally. The abundance of limitations, however, are monumental evidence of adolescence, for almost without exception each regulation is a safety valve against the conduct of someone who would step out of line.

There are few enrollees who have not reached their majority; the other would-be Peter Pans are examples of retarded development. These rugged individualists are in part, if not directly, responsible for the fact that our student council is a rubber stamp organization and for the edict against radios in the dormitories (one of the wonders of the new world). Someone's behavior is responsible for the closing of the library at dusk, and countless other more petty restrictions.

We criticize the administration, but we are to blame. All laws are designed to protect the personal and property rights of others and do not originate until some breach has been committed. Laws are not abolished because people insist on breaking them, but become extinct when they are no longer needed. Perhaps we did not commit breaches that necessitated our laws, but we can see the fruits thereof. In order that those who come after us may better have opportunities to exercise their talents, we must stop criticizing and analyze ourselves. When we prove ourselves ready for certain responsibilities of self-government, like students in other colleges, greater opportunities for self-government will surely come.

More specifically, we must promote a spirit of fellowship on the campus, a more cultural atmosphere in the dormitories. We must create a closer student-faculty relationship (this will foster higher scholarship), and upperclassmen should aid in freshman orientation.

Thus we may stimulate wholesome, constructive thinking among ourselves relative to problems that naturally arise on a campus, and our thinking will broaden the sympathies of the faculty. A successful teacher is but a student grown up; the others have grown old.

The question as this writer sees it is, "To be or not to be men."

A. M. RIVERA, JR.

First Impressions of College Are Pleasant

My first impressions of college were pleasant ones. I was impressed by the buildings, the grounds, the faculty, and my fellow-students.

Everyone here was so friendly and considerate that on my second day I had begun to feel as if I were at home.

At first, I was confused and perhaps a little bit angry when the sophomores started hazing me, but I soon found that this was their special form of welcome and took it all as a bit of fun for the sophomores, at my expense.

The attitude of the upperclassmen toward freshmen is another thing that gave me a favorable impression of the college. I had expected the upperclassmen, because of their superior position, to dominate us freshmen with their self-inflicted superiority, but I soon found that upperclassmen are very friendly and always willing to give freshmen helpful

information about the rules of the campus.

The friendly atmosphere around here envelopes everyone, even the faculty members. Too often this is not the case and the student develops a feeling of awe for the faculty.

Judging from my first impressions of college, I think that college will be one of the most pleasant experiences I shall ever have.

ISABELLA JEFFREYS.

Can We Keep Out of War?

To my knowledge, there are three reasons why we the people of the United States should keep out of war. Of course, it is no man's easy job.

1. Because England and France could and should have avoided this war. They could have avoided it by vigorous support of the League of Nations, by fairer treatment of Germany at the Peace Conference, and by joining Germany in peace and disarmament proposals then agreed on. Furthermore, wiser British diplomacy might easily have kept Russia from lining up against England this year. We have no control over British policy; why should we suffer for its blundering follies since 1918?

Of course, in this war our sympathies are all with England and France. First, because England and France support our own ideals of freedom and democracy, which denote the idea of freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of press, freedom of election, and freedom of religion.

2. Because England and France hold out hope that they will aggressively support any system for avoiding future wars. In the World War, we at least had the hope that we were fighting a war to end all wars and would establish and support a league to the end.

3. Because war's costs are incalculable. If America could order a certain definite quantity of war and then quit, if we would say: "We will let just 100,000 American boys be killed, 200,000 gassed, and 500,000 maimed; or we will fight six months but no longer," there might be more excuses for war. We find that the World War cost in money was four hundred billion dollars—enough to give a four thousand dollar home to each family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and several other countries. The blood-cost was eight million men dead, twenty-one million wounded, seven million imprisoned and missing. And while the present war may be shorter than the World War, it may also be longer, and its expenditure of blood and money just as fruitless.

Not only do Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan glorify war and scoff at the rights of weak nations, but they have so recently illustrated their brutality in China, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Ethiopia that democracies must prepare to defend their territories.

Nevertheless, three reasons alone are enough to prove that not even for England and France should we send American youths to any European slaughter house.

CHARLES A. ROGERS.

That First Impression

By A FRESHMAN

On the night of September 18th, after a long, tiresome ride from the depths of Alabama, I set foot on the soil of the North Carolina College for Negroes. Although a distinguished newcomer in my own eyes, my self-rating soon appeared questionably apprehensive as I was addressed by the upperclassmen in no uncertain terms: "Say, you dog, come here." So indignant was I over the title that they soon bestowed upon

"Mount Up With Wings"

In 1910 on these grounds, far different then than now, was started the execution of what is still an unfinished dream, then unbelievable and astounding to the dreamer, now on the verge of fulfillment. No one in those years, since past, except the dreamer, could see the possibilities for development and service of today in what is the leading institution of its kind in the South. Through the long years of hardships, difficulties, setbacks, undermining of faith, and sacrifices almost unbelievable has come an institution which has no peers anywhere, the North Carolina College.

Because of its struggles and later development, we as students of North Carolina College have a great challenge hurled before us. Are we going to sit supinely by and allow this opportunity to show the world that its faith and confidence in us is lost? Are we going to allow those who criticize us to be able to shake their heads and say, "It is no more than I expected; I told you so"? Are we going to fail to uphold the arms of our leader who carries for us the torch lighted in 1910 and burning brighter each day? Are we going to let his arms fall and the light go out and cast us into darkness? Are we going to abuse and misuse the trust and the hope of the people of the State of North Carolina? No! Let us to a man rise up, accept the challenge which has been hurled down to us, and strive day and night unceasingly to carry on the dream of our leader and the hopes of those who are standing behind us to higher and nobler heights than ever dreamed of. SYLVESTER L. CARTER.

me what they termed a more honorable one: "The bad dog from Alabama."

On September 19th, the first day of school, bright and early, we—important, experienced, untamed, unripped crabs—were paraded around the campus by several upperclassmen. The parade was really colorful, a walking zoo. I never felt so silly in all my life. We were watched as if we would get lost in the large building or probably tumble off the banks of the new bowl. After the parade was over, it was then time for lunch. We lined up and marched to the dining hall. After dinner, we dogs were allowed to go to our cells to retire before the next performance. The big show was over for that mighty day; not mentioning that that night, of all nights, we actually had a *real* party. You should have been there.

The next morning, after playing so terribly hard the night before, we were positively sore, as though we had been severely beaten.

September 20th was the second big show day. Thus, going through the same daily procedure, marching to breakfast and back, cleaning our rooms and several others, then to class all dressed up with a red "D" painted in crimson on our foreheads, oily faces shining, shoes and socks mismatched—ah, us! green externally—but, mind you—clever within.

We . . . the big show continued through the week . . . going over in a big way. By week's end we were partly free and could but pity the poor male puppies whose hair indicated their heads being exposed to this new environment of higher education.

And, so dear egotistical sophomores, sophisticated juniors, and erudite seniors, in behalf of the freshman class of the North Carolina College for Negroes, in spite of your barbarous welcome, we accept with pleasure your hospitality, because you are a part of the school to which we pledge our unfailing loyalty—dear old N. C. C.