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Peace on Earth

The singing words, "Peace on earth, good will to men," have a strange, unaccustomed sound at this time of tumult and unrest—With the fires of hatred sweeping through Europe, it is sometimes difficult to remember that twenty centuries ago a Babe was born in a stable in Bethlehem. It is even harder to remember that the same Babe, grown older and sadder, died upon a stormy hill-top so that all men might be brothers.

And yet—rising out of the chaos and change—we do own that blessed assurance! For a Saviour came to dwell among us, and He drank from life's bitter cup so that we might gain the courage to make a new start.

As Christmas comes again we are granted the opportunity to see visions and to dream dreams. As the visions drift in from the past, we glimpse a little eastern town with a star shining white above it. There are shepherds grouped close together for warmth. There are angels with silver voices telling tidings of great joy—and there is a very young mother, still drawn and white from the memory of the suffering through which she has passed, and with a hint of greater suffering to be!

The dreams we dream? They, for the most part, have to do with the future. With a future in which the hopes of the Christ Child are gloriously realized—in which Calvary, that is always a part of war and discontentment, is swept away—We dream of a star that shines steadily across a changing world, painting a path that is lighted with human charity and faith.

When Christmas comes again our dreams and our visions give us a brief sense of tranquility and of truce.

By the light of a wood fire in a humble log cabin of the middle west, a lanky, ungainly boy spent his evening poring over the few dog-eared books that came his way. He was the son of a poor man who could neither read nor write. The stone fireplace was the boy's school, and his early visions were formed in the flames of the burning log. He rose to be a leader of his fellowmen. He set free an enslaved race and he gave his life "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

By the candlelight at night, and in the early morning hours, another boy found his schooling in a few hard-gained books. He was the son of a poor Scotch immigrant, and he began life with nothing. From the lowly job of bobbin-boy in a cotton factory, he rose to be one of the greatest iron-masters of the world and, out of base metal, forged golden fortunes for himself and his associates. When he retired, his fortune was so vast that it required the service of many busy organizations sim-

ply to give part of it away. Before he died he dotted the map of the United States with free libraries that made easily accessible to people of all classes, the wealth of books for which he longed when a boy.

In a country workhouse a sickly, hungry-souled boy found his first home and spent his early years. His parentage was not only humble but clouded. With nothing but his own mental resources and a few good books to draw on, he sought the open world, and in the course of years of splendid enterprise, he became the supreme explorer of his age—the great adventurer who searched and made known the secrets of darkest Africa.

Nobodies, all of these in their origin, humble children of the soil, born of the dust like many who remained all their lives in the dust, unheard of and unknown. But in these three, as in all natures that aspire, there was kindled a quickening flame. There was no mystery—no special call. It was simply that these men in the beginning saw the world as a field of boundless opportunity, and life as a span of years in which to grow and make the most of themselves. It was such a vision as anyone might have—and their pathway was such as many boys might follow.

Their ideals were formed through reading the right kind of books. In fact, all that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been, is lying in magic preservation in pages of books.

Read! You have but the enslaving chains of general unenlightenment to lose, and a garden of knowledge to gain.

Few of us, if any, are important enough—or strong enough—to have a part in the juggling of those affairs which alter the course of nations, but each one of us is strong enough to have a very vital part in rearranging the affairs which touch his own boundaries. When Christmas arrives—with its period of armistice—we can try to lay aside the nagging cares of the day. We can find time to say the kindly word, to write the looked-for letter or card, to perform the small, gracious deed. . . . We can endeavor to give from a sense of love, rather than from a sense of duty.

Oh, when Christmas comes again every street holds a message and a prayer. . . . And every church bell rings an anthem, and every mother's face mirrors a divine look, and every infant resembles the Christ Child.

And if you see it so, "Peace on Earth" doesn't seem out of place. And "Good will toward men" means—just that!

—GENTLEMAN JAC

On Books

Books: The pillars of progress and the inspiration of mankind. How mighty is thy power and how wondrous thy influence! That which immortalizes man on earth and inspires him like a benediction from on high.

In books we are permitted to associate with the genius of every age. In them we have the experience, the inspiration, the thoughts and deeds of all the "countless dead."

It's no wonder that Henry Clay's mother saved pennies from her washing to buy her boy books. It's no wonder that Abraham Lincoln made such an effort to secure books. It's no wonder that every successful man in every walk of life is surrounded by the best books.

The people who have not been awakened to the great value of books are the ones who say they have more books now than they have time to

Judge Not

Friends, we are not as kind as we ought to be in our judgments of our fellow students. Often we are harsh, sometimes cruel. We condemn much too quickly, without evidence or mercy. Of course, we form some kind of opinion of every person we meet. We cannot help doing so perhaps; but we have only a few basic facts to go on, no real facts at all. Besides, we do not know enough to pass judgment, we may know a fact, but not what brought about the fact. We must remember that the whole life of a person is back of his words and deeds.

"That person said thus and so, I heard him say it," we insist. But do we know how sorry he was when he said it, and how he wished he could have swallowed what he said. It may have made him miserable all day. It is not fair to judge him by what he said.

It is not right to judge man entirely by his deeds. We must know his attitude toward his deeds. Not all of a man goes into his words and deeds—not always the best of him.

"I dislike that girl very much," we say, "she is so crabbed and bossy." But we must look into her past experiences to find out what makes her act as she does.

We see a tree all knotty and bent. It has been made so by the wind. It grew in an exposed place, and the storms and rains have bent it out of shape. Just so it is with people. Some of them have been handled so roughly by the winds of ill fortune that they have become ugly and bent. Under like treatments, we would be crabbed too.

—LYNVIA WHITAKER

On Christmas

Crowded streets and city mist, poverty and tears,

Yet the Christmas story sounds across the breathless years

Telling in a splendid way of the Savior's birth

Whispering, "Good will to men—peace on earth!"

Beggars—some who ask for faith, some who cry for bread—

Lonely folk whose sad eyes cling to the path ahead;

Yet there is a ray of hope, glimmering afar—

Can it be the blessed light of a silver star?

Crowded streets and city mist, tears that melt away

When we hear the thrilling words, "It is Christmas Day!"

We who walk toward Calvary take new courage when

Angels murmur in our hearts, "Peace—goodwill to men!"

—GENTLEMAN JAC

read. Refusing to buy new books until the old ones have been read is like refusing to associate with new friends until everything, good and bad, has been learned about the old friends.

It's coming in touch with great men, getting a little experience here and an idea there, that sharpens the intellect and makes the man. It's an assimilation of other men's success. It's the association of the reader with the greatest of the world's great. Through books he is taken out of a poor environment and ascends to the highest plane known to man. He is inspired by the words of the author, with the experience of men who, like himself, hungered for something worth while; and the inspiration which he gets from that half hour's reading brings about the discovery of himself. —GENTLEMAN JAC

What Is Your Christmas Gift?

It has been customary from time immemorial for people to give to their friends and relations tokens of friendship, love and goodwill on Christmas Day or during the Yuletide season. These gifts are usually known as "Christmas Presents." Some people spare no pains nor money in the selection and the security of their gifts, others are less elaborate in their selection; while a third group may not be financially strong enough to compete with either the first or second group, but whatever they give, they give all of themselves in their gifts. Their giving is prompted by a genuine desire to express their entire feelings of love and goodwill toward men.

This type of giving is symbolic of the spirit of the "poor widow" mentioned in the Bible. Though her mite was small, she gave it wholeheartedly. She gave her self in the giving. She gave her all.

Another example of giving is shown in the story of the birth of Christ.

In this one gift we have three parts: Joy, Peace, and Goodwill. What a gift! Such a gift is a blessing to any people.

In a few days we as students shall bid farewell to each other and turn our faces toward our several homes. There we will greet our parents and relations, friends and acquaintances in the original Christmas style. But what are we going to give those friends? What is your Christmas gift? There are many things that can be given, both material and non-material, but the thing that should be uppermost in all students' minds is the idea of giving something that will not rust, ruin, or decay. Then what should you give?

I. You Should Give Joy.

When you said goodbye to your parents and friends last September, and turned your steps toward the North Carolina College, you could see evidences of suppressed emotions in their actions and half-hidden tears in their eyes. And yet those emotions and tears were mingled with anticipation of future joy. Those dear fathers and mothers consoled themselves with the hope that the sacrifice they were making in allowing you to leave them, would be well paid for in the future, not by contributions of gold and silver, but by your growth into ideal men and women, and your loyalty to them (parents), to your friends, and to your school. With this in mind, they are willing to endure the pain caused by your absence now, in order that they may find joy, through you, in your worthy contributions to society in the future.

So, when you get home, and during the entire Yuletide season, those dear parents will be expecting to see evidences of intellectual changes. They will expect you as college students to be more active in the home, church, and community. Do not disappoint them. Give them the present of joy through your activeness. Show them that you are ideal college students, and they will be happy.

II. You Should Give Peace.

What a beautiful song it must have been when on that memorable morning when the angel heralds sang "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Goodwill Toward Men." Here was a Child who had come into the world to bring Peace. So, as He came into the world to bring peace, you should continue to spread that peace abroad.

You, my friends, must give to your parents, and friends, during

Do You Agree?

All things come to him who waits, but the man who goes after them gets the pick. If we fail to be alert, and interesting, even our children will profess affection for us, but they will not want to be with us.

Fine clothes, big houses, motors, movies, servants, theaters, gold mesh bags, diamond rings are not necessary to happiness. How terribly we bore ourselves—going places, doing things, guzzling, gossiping, trying to keep from being bored.

The secret of being a bore is the habit of saying everything, said Voltaire; the picture blurred by petty details. Tact is telling a person what you think of him without letting him know it—knocking him down with a feather. Happiness is like cake—something you get as a by-product in the process of making something that is needed.

Woman has but one joke—to boss her husband while all the time he thinks that he is bossing her; and this is no joke. What if all men and women were like you and me, good readers, what kind of a world would this cranky world be?

this Yuletide season, peace. Yes, peace of mind, prompted by your exhibition of indisputable ear marks of intellectual growth; peace of mind, made possible by your voluntary participation in the various activities of cultural uplift in your several communities. You must give, to those dear parents, peace by the exemplification of "worthy home membership," and by proving to them through your actions that, though it is a great sacrifice, their labors, in keeping you in school, are not in vain. Make them proud of you and you have given peace to their minds.

III. You Should Give Goodwill.

That same angelic host that authorized the glorious song on the first Christmas morning also sang of "Goodwill Toward Men." What a wonderful world this would be if there existed genuine goodwill toward all men! But in our world we get a picture of hatred, strife and continued unrest. The lack of understanding is a prime factor in the world situation. It is at this point that you, as college students, should enter and give your gift. Give understanding where there is a need for it. This may be in the home, the Sunday School, or in the community; but no matter where it is you should replace strife, hatred and unrest with an understanding, and when this is done GOODWILL will prevail.

Again the question comes: What is your Christmas gift? Then, as if from a "still small voice," comes the suggestive answer—It points to you and to me and says: "You should give Joy; you should give Peace; you should give Goodwill."

If you make the proper presentation of these gifts, your "Christmas presents" will be welcomed by your parents and friends and sanctioned by the Great Power who makes your existence possible.

And now, my friends and fellow students, I close with this quotation which is an adequate expression of my sentiments to you:

"May the blessings of Christmas Abide with you always, And each day of the coming Year bring you Joy, Peace, and everlasting Goodwill."

—E. T. ARTIS

President of Student Forum