

A Noble Example

It is not how long, but how well a person serves, which determines the value of that person to any institution. This saying has become a reality, for Dean Ruth G. Rush has labored and toiled for our institution from the dark days of its beginning to the present time. Her continuous service has meant much for the progress and expansion of North Carolina College.

Upon her arrival here 33 years ago she found several frame structures dotting the one-time trash pile of Durham. Like a pioneer explorer seeking new territory, she came to help shoulder the responsibility for the progress and expansion of our institution.

With faith, hope and love, she followed the advice of her leader the late Dr. James E. Shepard. No problem was too hard for her, and no problem too tedious to solve. With faith in God, she overcame trials and tribulations which tried to block her path in those "dark days" of the National Religious Training School and Chautauqua. She hoped that this small institution of several frame structures would someday be the turning point for higher education for her people. Her love for humanity was shown by her unceasing efforts and continuous service toward those goals of achievements which we now enjoy. These characteristics followed and guided her all through the years. To the many students who came to this institution she became a mother and friend. Like the character who admired the Great Stone Face so much that he became like it, many students looked to her smiles that banished tears.

"Together we stand, divided we fall," must have been the philosophy of this educational builder. She stood by the founder and shared his burdens. And yet I would not have you believe that she did not have her sorrows. She had her heartache, but no grief ever made her bitter; no sorrow ever made her unkind. She carried sunshine with her everywhere. No days were too gloomy, no nights too dark. She always looked forward to sunshine and the coming of the dawn. The dream of a new day for Dean Rush meant the fulfillment of her dream — An institution which serves for the uplift of humanity and the betterment of her people.

Today, we are proud of Miss Rush. She has won state and national honor and distinction. The people of North Carolina are proud of her. She was recently reelected as president of the North Carolina Federation of Negro Women's Clubs and is now entering her third year in this capacity. She was the lone race member from North Carolina who recently represented the state at the National Youth Planning Conference in Washington.

She not only helped to build the institution, but she built a lasting monument in the hearts of young men and women, and stamped her personality upon their consciousness.

Dean Rush, thy name I'll always hear,
Whether I be far or near.

Thou helped to build dear N. C. C.
That has meant so much to me.

Thy ideas will linger always in our gates
For your efforts and toils made our college great.

Dean Rush, Dean Rush, Stay with us yet,
Unless we see thy face and hear thy voice we may forget.

May peace and happiness be yours forever
And we shall help you in all endeavors.
—R. Nathaniel Niles

I Serve—

A Challenge To The Graduates

In a few days college graduates all over the country will leave their respective institutions with degrees. Receiving these degrees means that these persons have completed the required work and are now ready for service.

At this particular time, the idea of service should be on the minds of the graduates of North Carolina College, for upon the idea of service our institution was founded.

Few mottoes offer more humanitarian import than our, "I Serve." Such a motto might well have been the keynote to the noble lives of Carver, Lincoln, Shepard, Ghandi and Roosevelt.

That motto must be considered seriously by all students of our College and especially our seniors whom we shall bid farewell in a few days. Service lends itself to many questions but especially three to whom, for what, and how long? Taking the last interrogation first, service should be the aim of the young graduates of color if for no other reason than to pay the debt of gratitude to those who so nobly fought that we might enjoy the freedom and opportunities that are now ours.

For how long must one serve? Until he becomes rich? Until he has the acclaim of those who matter? If service is to stop when personal ambitions are at an end, then men's souls and bodies must wither and fade into a stage far worse than that in which prehistoric man lived.

What must we serve and whom? The cause that needs assistance. We must serve every person regardless of race, creed, or color, for every man is our brother, and we should be our brother's keeper. The world is made better by personal contacts for the good of all.

We must not serve for the money that comes as a meager reward for work done, but for the good that we can do.

May God grant to each of you who shall soon leave this institution for service a new determination to serve for the uplift of humanity. May the ideas of service exemplified nobly and courageously by our founder serve as a challenge to each of you.

Today, NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE AT DURHAM, a living monument to its founder, the eminent James E. Shepard, is an example of the unselfish service rendered for the uplift of humanity. "I Serve," should serve as a challenge to us and especially to our graduates.

R. N. N.

Where Is It?

Where is it? This love that used to be?

What is this mad, rasping, deteriorating thing,

That destroys beauty, pride and self control?

And dares push society around?

What's the name of it? What's it called?

Is it greed, lust, desire or love?

If it be love then deliver me from its grasp

Don't let it strip me of the things I hold dear

For my pride and more are my clothing;

Must I appear naked before the world?

Where is it? This love that used to be

This love that wore a hat of respect

That carried in its pocket more pride than money

And a walking cane called understanding

That guided every step of the way

With a torch in the other hand blazing with kisses held high?

Never once were they lowered, nor did the

Torch burn in public or for everyone.

Where is it? Or was it love?

Why do birds sing of it?

Why are books written of it?

Why do golden anniversaries arise from it?

And children, who are wanted, are not they

No, born because of it?

Answer my questions, then tell me

What is it?

Fostering our aim be we to defy these things.

KEEPING UP . . .

We don't wish to be political minded this month, but we do want to say that we agree with A. Philip Randolph's proposal of Civil Disobedience, not as a means to an immediate end, but as a definite step toward that end.

First, Mr. Randolph's proposal, and its widespread acceptance, shows the world that the Negro isn't content with his status. There has been much complaint that Negroes have settled into a state of passive obedience and people have wondered where the Negro leaders were. Now that several Negroes have dared to speak up and make such a proposal, rather than support them, those who are in position to help, criticize. "Uncle Tomism" still flourishes.

Secondly, there are too many Negroes who believe that "All things come to those who wait." The adage may be true but surely it doesn't imply that we sit with folded arms waiting for things to be dumped in our laps. But rather it could carry with it the idea of "working" for those things you want to come. Such is the proposal of Mr. Randolph a "working" step toward an American Democracy which will include the Negro.

There is only one drawback to this proposal. The army is no place to introduce social reforms. There would be disunity and non-cooperation which would endanger the safety of American "Democracy." The reforms should start on the domestic front and spread. Yes we do have race spokesmen.

We sometimes wonder whether sponsors listen to their own commercials.

The Poor Ballerina

Oh! tis sad to think, the ballerina is out of step. The producer will surely draw the curtain. Will she step off on the right foot soon? Doesn't she know she wrong? Can she not hear the uneven beat of her own feet? Has she forgotten so soon? Does she not know the next step?

These are the questions on the lips of thousands of people who are watching the ballerina dance.

Who is this ballerina? What's her name? Where is her home? We know the answers to those questions. We know that we are the ballerina, we, the students of North Carolina College. Hailing from South Carolina, North Carolina, Texas, Kansas, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia and other states.

Why is the ballerina confused? The step is easy enough. It's been rehearsed centuries and centuries. It was rehearsed by women who carried themselves in such a way that respect from men didn't have to be demanded but was certain. It was rehearsed by women who could hold a conversation as well as a kiss. Yes, it was even rehearsed by ballerinas who went backstage to be embraced, knowing there was an audience out front.

If we are the ballerinas, if we must perform, why not give a good performance? Why do we do things that mar this performance? Things such as whistling and yelling at dance recitals. The "Footlights of 1948" was the first dance recital ever presented by students on this campus. It wasn't an easy task; girls practiced hour and hours; and the least, we as fellow students could have done to show our appreciation would have been to act as an intelligent audience. If a dance recital was being given by professional dancers, would the same sort of thing have happened? I wonder. Isn't the same amount of respect due to those we know?

I wonder about this ballerina anyway. Does she drop paper bags, orange peelings, candy-paper and cups on the stage? If she does, then no wonder she's out of step. Isn't our campus just as important to us as the stage is to the ballerina? Is not our stage? At least, it's the place where we perform.

I wonder does the ballerina think that because the "new look" covers her legs, it also covers her faulty performance. It is her feet or the costume the audience is watching? Is it not true that pretty is as pretty does?

Maybe, the curtain will stay open long enough for the ballerina to remember her step. I do hope she will fill it in someplace. But will it be too late? Will she keep turning round and round in too fast a whirl? I wonder?

Just a Ballerina trying to get in step.

Wake Up - Grow Up

"All The World's A Stage And All The Men And Women Merely Players . . ." YOU, students of North Carolina College are not playing your parts well. You are the witnesses of a New Regime here at your college; why not take the proper advantage of it? Why do you abuse and rebuke it? Why will you not play your parts well in this new regime?—WHY?—The answer is simple! You have not yet reached the state of maturity and your condition is PATHETIC. You have aged physically and materially more rapidly than mentally and you have not yet learned to accept and master your respective responsibilities. Very well. IF YOU WILL ACT LIKE CHILDREN, — THEN BE TREATED AS CHILDREN.

1. Continue to throw your trash on the campus.
2. Continue to walk across the lawns.
3. Continue to pet in the bowls.
4. Continue to make unnecessary noise in the dining hall.
5. Continue to disgrace your school. Continue to act like "naughty children"; but remember naughty children must be punished. And there are more ways than ONE. If you wish to be clamped down by strict rules as regulations then you CAN HAVE IT. The matter is left completely with YOU.

Wake Up! fellow-students. Your president and your faculty are with you 100 percent. Why not give them the cooperation they need? Why not realize that you have grown-up? Why not assume your responsibilities? Let us each rehearse our part that we may play a better role in the major production. Do not take improper advantage of the president's graciousness but rather help him in his attempt of a New Regime. The success of such a regime depends upon YOU!—YOU!—AND YOU! Every "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry"—"Tomasena," "Dixie" and "Harrietta."

"When I was a child I thought as a child; I spoke as a child; I understood as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish thing . . ."

FELLOW STUDENTS, WAKE-UP AND GROW-UP.

THE CAMPUS ECHO

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