

... WHEREFORE, AND WHITHER

H. L. Barksdale

Thoughts—from whence do they come, why do they go and where? What is the composition of these nebulous yet potent rulers of a universe of cosmos and credo? Thoughts are man's brain-children. With them he weighs planets millions of light years away; with them he soars as the bald eagle; with them he delves into all secrets of cosmos and credo, questions all things, and seeks solutions. He can think, yes, but of the composition of one little thought he knows naught.

To think, yet of what to think. To write, yet of what to write. Some one has said that the hardest thing to do is to attempt to write when has nothing about which to write.

Before me are excretoire, ink, pen and typewriter. Could I but arrange thoughts and sentences with logical senquence and effect, I might write plays and beautiful sonnets to delight the aesthetic sense that would surpass those of Shakespeare; poems that would surpass Shelley's scientific reason that would excell Roger Bacon's, and prose to excell Burke's. Great men all and all great thinkers. Wherein lay their success? Were they born geniuses? Or did they study, grow, study harder increasing their intellectual scope and subsequently gained success? Wherein lay their mental superiority over the layman's mind? What was their formula of success?

How many of us as admiring readers of the accomplishments of great men have despaired as did the youthful Alexander, lest all great deeds should be finished ere we stalked upon the stage of actions? And to how many of us did Lindbergh's feat restore our aspirations, hopes and faiths? Did Voltaire, Caesar, Alexander and Bacon perchance seek a formula for success as we are seeking, or, perhaps, wonder as we are wondering, before they gained success?

Is there a formula for success? Is it merely study, originality and expansion? Said Guy de Maupassant: "If one has not originality he should acquire it and talent is but long patience." How does one acquire originality and long patience? By expressing his ego, by expanding his personality, by being "himself?" Laying aside his cloak of hypocrisy, his pose, his affection? No one else is like him, neither is he not a distinct individual, unique type? Why should he lavishly copy? Why mar the beautiful tints of the rainbow with the muddy colors of the quagmire? Patience is a gift from the gods and is said to be a virtue. Can patience be acquired? And how? By governing and controlling the ego? By developing along the lines the Creator fashioned us? "He that conquereth self is greater than he that taketh a city."

Erudition, originality and expansion. Should not each one study, expand and work for himself? And studying, gain success and happiness? Why trust to fortune or await a "dens ex machina?" Why heed the jeers of the proletariat who disparage you as a dilettante? Have we not our own entity to develop? Are we not potential Bacons, Voltaires, Shakespeares, Shelleys and Napoleons in the making? Embryonic Caesars?

Our Librarian, Prof. J. C. Bryant, announces a list of new books which have been recently placed on the shelves of the Carnegie College Library. Fact and fiction on various interesting subjects will be found in the long list of acquisitions.

Bill Ozier is successfully covering the territory once so thoroughly covered by one of his former Frat brothers. Go to it, Bill; the pace was set long ago.

SENIOR NOTES

By J. T. Wilson

March, the windy month, has come with its usual peculiarities of strong winds and rain—sunshine at 3 o'clock and rain at 4. Yet we all do like to see March because it brings with it the Spring season and incidentally, this year, Easter. Its rain and sunshine give new life to the seemingly sleeping vegetation and the spirit of the season gives life to annual and social activities. Even while the basket ball team was away on its Northern tour, the students' interest was gradually turning to the outdoor sports.

Bun Hayes, known by thousands of lovers and supporters as "Puss" Hayes, the famous Easter Monday thriller, will take the mound for his final performance as a Smith student. For three years Hayes has been the Smith Bulls stronghold in base ball competition with the strongest schools in this section. He has pitched sensational base ball since his entrance here as a "dog" and from the results he has made wonderful improvement as a moundman. The class is proud of him because he surely reflects credit upon the school as well as the class. On his return from a basket ball tour, Bun reports some very interesting events and happenings. Although the team lost a great many of the games played, Manager Bun says he is well pleased with the team's performance.

Ben Squire has just returned from a short trip to High Point, N. C., where he attended the State Y. M. C. A. Conference. There was nothing unusual about this trip, simply "had a nice time," but at a more recent date, Ben took, not a trip, but I believe it was to Attica or Sparta, because when he returned he showed evidences of having encountered Greeks. Upon closely scrutinizing I discovered that he was wearing a Phi Beta Sigma pin representing the chapter at Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C.

Dick Cannady and Bob Crater, who have been social rivals, for once have come to a point where they can agree. Dick said he would not rest until Bob was overthrown! Bob said that he did not bar a changeable man like Dick. Well, it has come to a test and Dick's dream has been realized. It is interesting to know that although Bob is down, it was not Dick who threw him, but some mysterious character. Well, any way I know the "Soph's" Crater is glad.

Oiseau Byrd must have a weakness for some one in the city. Every night about 1 A. M. I look out of my window and see him alight from one of Beatty's Buicks. That's right, Byrd; let our business men live.

Ralph Ricks is about to let the Greenville, S. C., trail grow cold, because he plans that it may lead him into some congested section of the great social city. Watch out for the great Spring festival—L. C. P. Dance. The writer is greatly in sympathy with his class mate, Ricks.

The North Carolina Teachers' Association which will meet here during the Easter holidays may leave some slight changes in the Senior's social routine. I have been looking for a map to see if Shelby is in North Carolina.

Extra! Paul Davis has found his stolen Essex!

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