

THE STAFF

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STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Perhaps one of the most misleading statements ever printed in a college catalog is contained in the 1936-37 edition of the Louisburg College catalog. This statement reads as follows: "The general legislative powers to direct student activities are vested in the student councils."

The men students of this college do have a government by and for the members of the student body, and make and enforce their own rules with little or no direct interference by the faculty. It is regrettable that the young women of Louisburg College have not likewise progressed along the pathway of democracy. The Women's Student Council is completely dominated by the faculty. Actually the women elected to the Council are not representatives of the student body but are parts of an espionage system which is responsible to the faculty. The Women's Student Council has little if any opportunity to use "the general legislative power to regulate student activities," which is so blithely promised in the catalogue statement. Under the present system, the rules governing the young women are made to a great extent by the faculty, and the Student Council is charked with the duty of enforcing them.

If the women of Louisburg College are to have "faculty" government, then why not let the faculty enforce the rules which it makes? If, however, the promises made by the college in its catalog are to be adhered to, then give to the young women a Student Government in effect as well as in name.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Someone to write the words of a "Fight" song for dear ole L.C. Personally, we like the tune of Notre Dame's "Victory March"—couldn't some poetic genius supply us with a localized lyric of that triumphant refrain? If you're really interested, Ellis Williamson, "the leader of the band", has the music and would be glad to lend his assistance.

"Yes," said the bumptious young man, "I'm a thought reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."

"In that case," said the elderly man, "I beg your pardon."

RICOCHET

By Billy Daniels

The purpose of this little column is to indulge freely into the whimsicalities of the personell of our Alma Mammy. Taking our cue from the philosopher of old who exclaimed quite truthfully—"What fools these mortals be!"—we would have you smile with us at the activities and, shall we say, indiscretions of this little bunch of humanity that surrounds us here at Louisburg. Perhaps we shall indulge in a bit of caustic criticism now and then, but just don't let it get your goat. We really don't mean any harm—well, not much, anyway!

The following little item was published in last year's "Ill Wind" but we repeat it for the edification and (we hope—amusement of the new entrees into our midst — "Miss Deyton, the dietician, makes the following earnest plea: 'Please do not make fun of our coffee—remember you'll be old and weak yourself someday.' "

To Mrs. Uhler must go the credit for furnishing a daily dose of excitement and thrills to the student body. When she charges around the campus and up in front of the Administration Building in her green chariot—well, to put it briefly—anything's liable to happen. The chains surrounding the various and sundry grass plots have come in for the greater part of the punishment, parked cars have thus far absorbed a liberal share, and the shrubbery affords a wonderful target for Frau Uhler's swiftly moving Juggernaut. Apparently this charming faculty member has adopted the "laissez-faire" theory of driving—you know, a kinda "hands-off" policy.

Under the new ruling regarding radios—it's perfectly all right to have a radio—just don't play it!

Among those missing from the student body this year is Bob "Giff-wiff" Gifford. This elongated specimen of the male tribe was a natural comedian—he could tap-dance on one foot, sing a good "bass", make excruciatingly funny faces, and to top off his versatility—Bob could blow bubbles sans soap, sans pipe, sans everything but the product of his salivary glands!

If all the "horn-blowers" in Wright Dormitory were laid end to end in a straight line from Paducah, Ky., to Kalamazoo, Mich., then the dorm would be a much more pleasant place to live in!

It is reported from reliable sources that Edgar Stevens and his "Pauline" had quite a close foot-race the other evening. The course was laid from the front steps to the Wishing Stone. . . the contestants toed the mark, and at the sound of the gun, both sprinted madly down the fairway. Stevie took an early lead, but towards the end of the race—they were neck and neck—Some fun, I'll say!

Now, gentle reader, with your gracious permission, we wax poetic and present the following bit o' verse for your intelligent perusal:

"Ah, St. Moritz, land of the sky and beautiful descents;
 Mysterious Bagdad, sending on high, thy glamorous incense;
 Or, perhaps Chicago—home of high unsurpassable scents;
 We still prefer, with heartfelt sigh, Louisburgian nonsense.

And in case you've been deaf for the past week, we'll give you a "quickie" that's been going the rounds. Here 'tis—"Do you know the cannibal's dance?" "No, what is it?" "The Minuet!"

BREEZY BRIEFS

A debating club has been organized recently under the direction of Miss Auten. The purpose of this organization is to engage in debates with teams from other junior colleges throughout the state.

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What would you do if you sat in solitude with only five or six fellows around, and it was 2:30 in the morning, and you felt the urge to have human companionship . . . lots of it? When those "mean third-floor boys" met with a situation of this kind, they simply heeded the call to gregariousness (ask a Psy. student) and awakened their fellow inhabitants of Wright Building. Freshmen, who had been rudely torn from their down couches, quickly joined the surging throng; and a parade of mammoth proportions took place. Some of the boys objected to this unkind interruption of their beauty sleep, but as classes were held the next day, there was no serious loss in sleep.

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We just wonder . . . if a member of the Women's Student Council saw a girl kiss a boy on the forehead, would she give the girl a "call-down"?

Wrong Time to Tell

Doctor: "Have you told Mr. Cafoozalum that he is the father of twins?"

Nurse: "No, he's shaving."