

## NEWS LETTER

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## BLUEPRINTS FOR PEACE

What can we do in order to have a peaceful world working for the welfare of a peaceful people? Why is it that men have failed to find a solution to the problem of peace? Can our present world withstand the evil and destruction of atomic warfare? Why have all the blueprints for peace failed in the past? What motivates that desire in men to dominate one another? Is world peace possible?

Looking at the state the world is in today, we asked ourselves these questions and many more. Our minds are perplexed in regards to the answers. After observing the results of so many wars and their effects on humanity, men still turn to them to carry out their individual ideals and to fulfill their ambitions. Maybe the environmental differences of men cause their inability to reach an agreement that will maintain world peace. Maybe the human minds of men should be conditioned in the direction of world peace. On the other hand, perhaps different idealogies of man can not blend to form a peaceful picture, or one is so engrossed in his ideals for world peace that he can see no other solution or way. Does education help man to understand this problem? If so, has it had a major effect on his actions? You are puzzled, aren't you? You don't know, do you? Yet we ask ourselves these questions and try to understand our actions.

The men that govern our country and world are supposed to have the best minds—they have not solved the problem—. Can you think of a solution? The existence of the world and your future might depend on it.

—Rodgers.

## The Students Look at R.O.T.C.

Recently here at the college, a poll was set up to determine whether or not the students were in favor of having a R. O. T. C. unit here on the campus. The questions asked at the poll were in relation to a unit being established here for the duration of the present emergency and the establishment of a permanent unit. The student body was unanimously in favor. Each student thought if such a unit were set up here there would be an influx of students. Especially were young men interested because such a project while training them for the army would also allow them to receive their education. It would, of course, add prestige to our campus and college life. The Reserve Officers Training Corps has received the favor of the majority.

## Why Laugh?

If you don't know when, where, why or how, then - Shut up! That's quite a statement to make, isn't it? Well I think it is needed. Think back how many nights ago did you sit in a darkened auditorium and laugh aloud at a dramatic tragedy. Who knows but what the actors on stage thought you were laughing at them? This statement I will make aloud to you - the public. If you can cite one funny or laughable scene in the play, "The Lottery", this editor will gladly retract any statement made. I grant that maybe we did not understand the play. That is all the reason we should have had to give it our utmost attention. People who laugh at something they do not understand are ignorant. Blunt? Yes, it is blunt. Maybe if some others had been more blunt before I would have no cause to write this with such vehemence. Above all things do not quote me incorrectly. I think a happy person is one of the most beautiful persons to see. But lend yourself to the mood. If everyone is sad, let yourself be transported. Feel the atmosphere and be able to adapt yourself to it. Maybe only a few persons present at the program felt as I did and if I am wrong—you correct me.

## ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

Short of the game of pulling petals off daisies, with "he loves me—he loves me not" dialogue, the favorite question of practically everybody who finds herself in the realm of romance has always been: "How do you know it's real?" And the classic old answer is: "If you must ask, it isn't."

But what about the times when we didn't need to ask anybody else, and wouldn't have asked anybody else? When we were so sure it was love? So very sure, and then suddenly it wasn't love at all. And worst of all, when we looked straight at the former object of our hearts desire, we wondered how we could ever have thought it was. What about those times, eh? How did we make that mistake?

Well—maybe it wasn't a mistake, at all. Maybe it was love. Because this is the subject about which nobody knows anything, except the people involved in it, and they usually aren't talking coherently. There is no mathematical equation to solve our love problems—despite the fact that love is the first, the original operation in a magnetic field.

Take the kind of love we teenagers talk about. We are always warned that this can't be love. Well, wait—certainly it may not be the kind of love on which a marriage can or should be founded.

The answer? You know it yourself, don't you? Love is a growing thing—ever changing, moving, developing. Young love is a genuine part of it—but it can only grow into mature love when it has recognized that responsibility is not only as important as romance, but has its own pleasure. For what is marriage but a bond between two people who say to each other, I am responsible for and to thee?

—Elsie Miller

## Negro Lobbyists

The most powerful political influence in Washington today is wielded by fast-talking, well-heeled lobbyists whose behind-the-scenes operations often decide the fate of much legislation in Congress. Spending a record-breaking total of almost 8 million dollars a year, they pull strings by every means from glib talk and lavish winning and dinning to lush gifts of deep freezes and outright graft. Their hocus-pocus on behalf of some 250 big business and professional organizations is a spectacular display of how to win friends and influence congressmen by sheer weight of wealth.

A far cry from the conventional lobbyists, however, are the four Negroes registered with Congress (as provided by law) as lobbyists, minus the unlimited expense account and big hotel suites which are stock and in trade of most lobbyists. This foursome employs two main weapons in their campaigns to win support for their cause: intelligent argument and the threat of the Negro vote. The four lobbyists are Edgar C. Brown, who is lobbyist for the National Negro Council; Leslie S. Perry of the N. A. A. C. P.; Moss H. Kendrix, the only Negro lobbyist who works with a predominantly-white group, the National Education Association of 825,000 teachers seeking federal aid for education; and Elmer W. Henderson, lobbyist for the American Council on Human Rights.

Although working for the different groups and often on opposite sides of the legislative fence, all Negro lobbyists are agreed on one issue: The Civil Rights Bill.

## EASTER TODAY

Easter is the day of Him who rose from death to life—the day of the living Christ who is with his church today. Easter is the day of life. It is the day of that life beyond death which is also our Christian hope. However, the light and life of Easter cannot be appreciated if we forget the darkness, trouble, and even death that our Lord went through in order that we might have life.

When one thinks of the fear existing in the Far East with its turmoil, behind the iron curtain, here in his own land, and even within himself, he also thinks of how God answered the power of evil, not by smiting Pilate and his soldiers, not by destroying the false leaders who had rejected Jesus, but by the answer of the Cross and the Resurrection and the Spirit—the power of truth and love working in men, a power of spirit much greater than the weapons which are being prepared to combat the fears existing in ourselves as well as in various places in the world. Our hope should be the power of gospel, used by the Spirit, preached by the church, and lived out by men. Only this can change men's hearts and the world's life.

When we think of Easter, we think of joy and rejoicing, we think of music and flowers as symbols of the new life that comes each spring after winter has died. But we must not forget that the Cross of Jesus came first. Without obedience, devotion, self-sacrifice, suffering, death,—no Easter. And these must go with Easter today.

—H. P. Horne.

## EVERYTHING IS MOVING TOO FAST

Beware, students, for everything is moving too fast.

Even the world itself seems to have changed!

Men vary—some are fast, and others remain the same.

You can today

As our fathers did in the past.

So you'd better govern yourself, because

Everything is moving too fast.

Once College graduates were looked upon as great leaders.

Now they are hardly considered!

They forget religion—try to live in style—Miss every object,

Just about a half of a mile.

They are skipping and running to live their lives like mad! Please beware students—

Everything is moving too fast.

Some speak of their atomic age — "Zip" it passes by! but

To live your life like a jet airplane— You'll soon burn out and die.

We prowl and ponder—seeking good. Yet it doesn't last!

Be alert, and you won't get hurt — While

Everything is moving so fast.

—Ernest Williams, '53.

## THE VISITOR

Love knocked softly on the door. Calling, "Mary, are you there?"

Mary counted up to four

Then she rose from off her chair

Tied a ribbon in her hair

Presed a dress and changed her clothes

Put more powder on her nose

Made her lips a rosy red

Put a hat upon her head

Filed her nails and changed her shoes

(Couldn't think which pair to choose)

Started toward the door, and then—

Stopped to comb her hair again.

Soft the voice of Love had been.

"Mary, Mary, are you there?"

Mary went to let him in—

Found the doorstep cold and bare.

Love had gone and, what is more

Left to try the house next door.

—Elsie Miller

## WHEREEVER YOU ARE

To our loved ones in Korea:

We wish you all the luck;

It's clear that you've shed many a tear

And done plenty of hard work.

What else have you than some good friends

To think of when you're sad?

Just a few wards they send

To make you — oh, so glad.

Boys, keep on trying if it's God's will.

We're with you till the end;

Always say that you will win

And many wrongs amend.

—Mary L. Royal.

Disraeli, in conversation with a friend disclosed the secret of his ascendancy in royal favor. "When talking with the Queen," he said, "I observe a simple rule of conduct; I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget."

Support your

RED CROSS