

First Annual 'Voice' Contest Winning Articles

Prose

GRANDMA

Memory of my childhood often provides me with many hours of joy; yet, I know that most of it is because of my dear old Grandma. She was not too large, and there was nothing about her appearance that made her outstanding. I suppose to outsiders she seemed an ordinary person, but I know different. To me her memory will always be a source of delight. My brother, sister, and I had lived with her, on a little country farm since I was two years old. The little white cottage that we lived in was kept neat and clean, and there was always a pleasing aroma of some delicious food coming from within it.

Grandma was stern in her ways and teachings and was as old-fashioned as anyone you'll ever see. I never shall forget her violent reactions to the sight of a drunkard. One day Cousin John, Grandma's nephew, came to our peaceful little house. He had been drinking, and Grandma promptly ordered him off asking him never to return in that condition. "Do you know who I am?" he asked. "I'm John Carter, and this is my sister's house. I'll stay here as long as I want to, and if anybody gets off it will be you." "I don't care whose house this is; you'll get and get now. I'm not going to have no drunken bum hanging around here. I was here before," was her angry reply. He went. You see, at this particular time Grandma weighed about two hundred pounds, and when she started throwing her weight around it could be mighty convincing. If questioned about what she meant by "I was here before," Grandma would say angrily, "Before he was born, and I'll not have no young'un' telling me what to do. I don't care if he's the president's child!" In spite of this, everybody, colored and white, loved and respected Grandma.

For one not to go to church was as big a crime as murder to her. She went to church and expected everybody else to do so too. Every third Sunday in every month the preacher would eat dinner at our house. On these days we would have to be extra nice, or that night we would get a good switching. Rev. Smith, our pastor at this time, would always bring a crowd of other preachers with him. (He had a bad car, and it had no special time or place to knock off). You can imagine how impatient children are to eat, and we were no exception. It seemed as if these men would get to our table and eat the longest! Occasionally, one of us would stick his head in the door to see how near through eating they were. When one of us did this, Grandma would give this person a "bad eye" and no one would do that again. At this time our house didn't have screens at the doors or windows, and one of us would have to get a limb off one of the trees in the yard and fan the flies away from the table. I always hated this job, for it was such an effort for me to resist the tempting food. After what seemed an eternity, they, the preachers, would get up from the table and we could eat. The main dish at our house on Sundays, as in most country homes, was chicken—fried, baked, or boiled with dump-

Poetry

This Thing Called Integration

What is this thing called integration?
Is it reality, a thought, or imagination?
Some say it's a fallacy, or an ideal.
Others say it's a possibility soon made real.
Yet, all say it's a high price to pay,
Particularly for the Negro to win his way.
What is this thing called integration?
Is it reality, a thought, or imagination?

What is this thing called integration?
An act, a show, or a great sensation?
The Supreme Court upheld it proudly!
But the Dixiecrats shouted long and loudly,
"The Negro has no right in our schools.
We want equality, not to study with fools!"
Louder and longer they protested,
"Put them with us and we'll be more congested!"
What is this thing called integration?
An act, a show, or a great sensation?

What is this thing called integration?
The truth, a fact, or a connotation?
It frightened some Southern Negro teachers.
Stirred up some housewives, clergymen, and preachers.
Although many gained strength and confidence,
Governors, in some states, swore it was a jinx.
But all knew that such was near at hand.
It had been proclaimed throughout the land.
What is this thing called integration?
The truth, a fact, or a connotation?

What is this thing called integration?
A struggle, strife, or mere preparation?
For a new and better kind of world,
Where no prejudice and hate will hurl?
Some say it's prayer, a cry, a plea
In the still night, asking Thee
For strength, courage, and might
To fight for what's good and right.
What is this thing called integration?
A struggle, strife, or mere preparation?

What is this thing called integration?
A help, an aid, or strong stimulation.
Encouraging us to go on to the end
Where all are equal, enemy and friend,
Where all shall look face to face
In competition of rapid pace.
Yes, it's a wide, rough road ahead
Where all races and creeds will tread.
What is this thing called integration?
A help, an aid, or strong stimulation?

Integration is none of these
Nor pretty flowers or beds of ease.
Instead it's a challenge to you
To live, to speak, and do
Your best in every undertaking.
Go forward, onward, making
The best better and great.
Start now; tomorrow may be too late.

—Ethelyn Holden

lings. However, Dorothy, my sister, said she didn't know until recently that the chicken had any more to it than the wings, back and neck. Those men had eaten the rest. I can remember hearing Grandma telling the preachers, "Eat a plenty, there's more in the pot." One day Grace, my cousin, was at our house when Grandma told the preachers this. I guess Grace was afraid they were going to eat it all from her for she said, "Grandma, there's not as much as you think." Of course, she got a switching. When we would finish eating, Grandma would send us out in the yard to play, for she did not believe in letting children hang around when grown folks were talking. Several times I would sneak back in the house and hear Grandma tellin' the preachers, "I've got a bunch of younguns to raise for their daddy is dead and their mother is off working. I'm going to do the best I can for

them, and they are going to be decent, respectable teachers. I'm not going to let a bunch of drunk-heathens hang around here setting bad examples for them." This always brought a chorus of "Mens" or "That's right, Sister Currie" from her body of listeners.

Before I started to school I didn't have many friends for I lived in the country. Yet those I had were always welcome at our house. Grandma would always give us some of her "tea-cakes" which were today's version of homemade cookies. She would let us help her gather eggs, feed the chickens and hogs, and occasionally help her wash. At night when my little friends were gone and my sister and brother were home from school, we would have an old-fashioned spelling bee. While sitting around the blazing fire in the antiquated fireplace, I on her knee and the others sitting on the floor, Grandma would call us her

pet words, such as "Mississippi," "comprestibility," "Missouri" and the like. It gave her the greatest joy for one of us to spell these words, and our reward for doing so would be a shiny nickle and five of her tea-cakes. Grandma was poor and we knew it; and we cherished those nickles much more than we do a dollar today. After the spelling bee, she would tell us of her school days. "Schools were few and far between when I was coming along, and I had to walk a long ways when I did go," she would tell us. "We only had three months a term and studied reading, writing, and arithmetic. Some days we would have spelling which I hated. One day I thought I was going to be smart, and that night I studied the word I thought the teacher was going to call me. Teachers then were strict and kept a hickory stick near to punish naughty children and those who didn't know their lessons. You can imagine my disappointment when

my teacher started at the bottom of the spelling list that day." "Oh Grandma! What happened?" one of us would ask with our eyes bulging with fear and our bodies fidgeting in terrible suspense. "Just 25 licks with the hickory," she would say—so unconcerned we would forget the horror of even that many licks and sigh in relief. The dramatic story ended, she would give us our lesson for success. "Your success is never any more than your desire," she would say. "Always look up to the better things of life no matter how far down you are. The farther down you are, the farther up you have to look and climb; but after reaching the top, you will have seen more and experienced more and your life will be all the more richer for having gone through this." We would then go to bed, having received our lessons for the night.

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THE VOICE

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Achievement Week Program

Sponsored jointly by the Delta Gamma Chapter of Omega on the campus at the Fayetteville State Teachers College and the Beta Chi Chapter, a graduate unit, the annual Achievement Week program was held on Sunday, Nov. 14, in the school's new auditorium. Introduced by J. Ervin Farmer, vice basileus of Delta Gamma, Professor Lloyd T. Blatch of the Department of Social Science, spoke from the topic "Implementing Integration by Understanding and Treating Prejudice."

A special feature of the program was the presentation of plaques to Henry Black, basileus of the Beta Chi Chapter, as Omega "Man of the Year," and to B. F. Ferguson, local religious and fraternal leader, as "Citizen of the Year." The music for the exercise was furnished by the college choir under the direction of Miss Mary E. Terry.

Officers and members of the Delta Gamma chapter are Charles Allen of Fayetteville, basileus; Ervin Farmer, vice basileus; Earl Garrett, keeper of records and seals; Richard L. Thompson, chaplain and chapter editor; Jesse Gillis, keeper of peace; and Andrew Frazier, treasurer. Newly initiated members of the group are Leo Dancy, Richard Woods, and Lawrence Thompson.

The list of officers and members of Beta Chi include Henry A. Black, basileus; H. C. Lee, vice basileus; Edward W. Hargrave, keeper of records and seals; H. W. Vick, keeper of peace; R. L. Jennings, treasurer; A. L. Scott, chaplain and chapter editor.

To complete the roster are William Hinson, Arthenius Dew, J. E. Anthony, Dr. J. Ward Seabrook,



Famed Educator

Dr. W. L. Greene in an address at one of the outstanding faculty social occasions of the fall season stressed the relationship between the local college unit and the state association's Division of Higher Education and pointed out that the state association can be no stronger than its local units. Too, Dr. Greene emphasized the need for self-evaluation in the areas of moral and spiritual guidance of all members of the institution and urged us to assist the students in developing their native equipment to its fullest extent without disintegrating their personalities.

The affair, a dinner enhanced by beautiful Christmas decorations, was sponsored by the local college unit of the North Carolina Teachers Association under the leadership of the dynamic newly-elected Olivia T. Spaulding of the Area of Social Science.

Closing remarks were given by Dr. J. W. Seabrook, president of the college, who was the first executive secretary of the NCTA.

Harold L. Scott, Lloyd T. Blatch, R. H. Lewis, Dr. G. W. Allen, Ralph Jordan, J. S. Spivey, Dr. W. C. Melchor, Dr. W. E. Merritt, John W. Parker, L. R. Newberry, Dr. E. J. Gregg, Dr. J. D. Douglass and Edward MacRae.