

The Voice Staff

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENT BODY

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FAYETTEVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Fayetteville, North Carolina

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Is Your Personality Plus or Minus?

EVA McEACHERN

Joseph Plus and Samuel Minus watched a play given in the College Auditorium by some of their fellow classmates. After the program was over, Joseph Plus said enthusiastically, "Wasn't that a swell play? It must have taken an awful lot of work to have been presented so well." Samuel Minus grumbled, "Heck, man, I have never seen anything so weak. What a bunch of rank amateurs."

Joe appreciated his classmates' efforts to entertain the students; Sam, however, couldn't care less. He was more interested in tearing their efforts to pieces. The difference between the two individuals is that Joe has the ability to look for the more pleasant things in life, while Sam spends his time "fault-finding." On his way to classes, Joseph meets people with a smile. He stops and chats with friends, and pays sincere compliments here and there. But not Samuel. He starts his day off with anything but pleasant thoughts. "I wonder what wise guy will try to give me a hard time today? Just let him try something! I'll knock his block off."

Joe sees that something is different about Joyce's hair. She looks very nice. But do you think that Sam would ever compliment her? No! Instead, he bounces up beside her and says, "What are you made up for this morning, Joyce? Are you going to a masquerade party?"

It isn't difficult to see why Joseph Plus has so many friends and is popular with his classmates. His disposition and friendly personality attract people to him. On the other hand, it is even easier to see why Samuel Minus is about as popular as a bad case of chicken pox.

What is your personality rating? Is it plus or minus? Do you attract people to you, or do they stay out of your way whenever they can? If you go out of your way to be considerate, to make new friends, and to be generous in your words and actions, you are well on your way to earning a big plus. However, if you find yourself often carrying a heavy chip on your shoulder, being overly critical, and finding more fault than you find good in people, you will soon find yourself sitting on the side lines right next to a fellow named Samuel Minus.

A Real Faculty Countdown

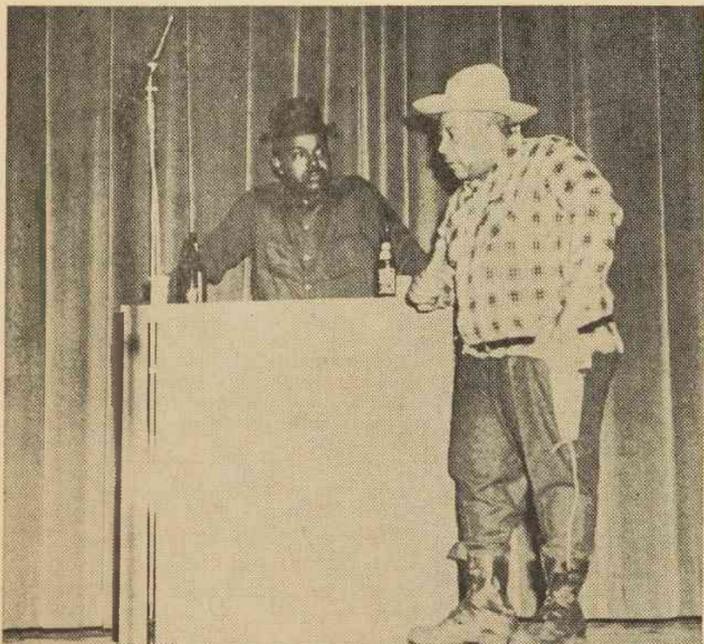
EVA McEACHERN

On March 27, the faculty and staff of the College presented their Annual talent show. This year's show — "T. J.'s Countdown" — was one of the greatest shows ever presented. It consisted of scenes from Julius Caesar, with Mr. J. C. Jones and Mr. C. A. Asbury as the protagonists, solos by Mr. A. Jefferson and Mr. Tom Bacote, dances by Miss E. Washington and Miss C. Stokes, a satire superbly done by Mrs. H. T. Chick, and

many other performances that made the program a most successful one.

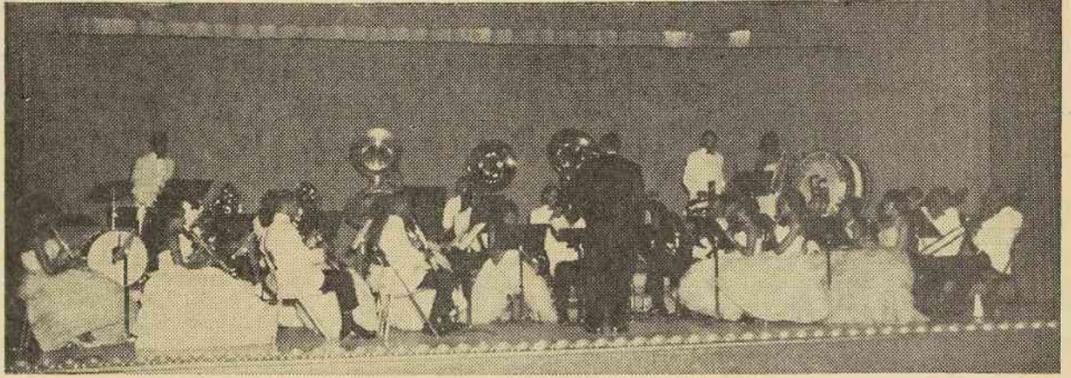
One of the most outstanding highlights of the evening was an original poem concerning each member of the college faculty read by the author, Mrs. Helen Pollock, dormitory directress at Bickett Hall.

Proceeds from the talent show went to the J. W. Seabrook Scholarship Fund and the Student Emergency Loan Fund.



Saloonkeeper Sarsaparilla (Mr. V. E. McBroom) listens as gun-toting Big Luke (Mr. T. J. Gavin) tells of impending trouble in THE OLD RUGGED WEST, skit from Faculty Talent Show.

FSTC Band — In Concert



The Band: Reminiscence-

Hi Readers,
Notes again are penned about your Bronco Band, very soon ending two successful seasons. During the football season we took several interesting trips. Those were to Elizabeth City Teachers College, Lumberton, Raeford, and others. Your Marching Band stepped gallantly, with pride, adoration, a display of bandsmanship, musicianship, flashing majorettes and Drum Major. Most memorable, however, we feel was October 21, 1961, our football Homecoming. We recapped the Civil War for the half-time performance. The brilliant announcing of Mr. W. M. Robinson gave it a most realistic effect. This event we hope you, like us, will never forget.

The concert season started off with pomp. First a chapel program, then to several schools: J. W. Seabrook, Willow Grove, North Street, Lumberton elementary schools and the E. E. Smith Senior High. An outdoor concert on the 6th of April added zest to the educational diversion of all present. As finale, the Concert Band presented a concert as the opening of "Fine Arts Week" held in J. W. Seabrook Auditorium. This evening was highlighted by a trumpet solo by Mr. Alexander Leach and an art exhibit reception. Following closely, we paraded uptown in observance of "Law Day" the next day. Success again.

At this time we congratulate the Graduating Seniors of our Band (Marching and Concert): Thomas Baldwin, Leo Campbell, Charles Perry, Cephas Spaulding, Robert Stitts, Freddie West. We feel that they leave with functional knowledge of bandsmanship and fond memories of the "good old days." We say cheers to Willie Smith and Willis McLeod for their part in making Kappa Alpha Psi history. To you dear readers we say many, many thanks for spurring us on. To God our Father, Mr. Bacote and other making the seasons a big success, we are most grateful.

We would like to dedicate this article to our graduating senior members.

Signing out and off

A reservoir, adios et Bon voyage.

Jack Sharpe and Fred Fuller Reporters

Mr. T. B. Bacote, Director

The Voice Is Happy To Our Advisor

The VOICE is happy to feature this issue a poem by Mrs. Helen M. Pollock, Dormitory Directress at Bickett Hall.



MRS. POLLOCK

VOICE Staff

It is natural that we should wish to express our appreciation to Mrs. M. H. Scott who has contributed greatly to the undertaking of the editing of the VOICE, who has guided the course of this organization, and whose devotion and continued endeavor have added to the success of the VOICE for 1961 and 1962.

We are asking you, Mrs. Scott, to accept our gratitude and share our thoughts:

Train your mind to positive thoughts,
Of joy and health and love,
And your consciousness will reflect it back
In the fullness of the life thereof.

To Dean Jones

Who is the man stands some six feet tall,
Who is ready to give advice to all?
He is neat in dress, and well groomed,
We all know him as Dean John C. Jones.

His office is open from nine till five.
He has a great interest in the student lives.
He never seems tired or very beat;
But is constantly up and on his feet.

Wherever called, he is there on time,
Having the interest of the student in mind;
With the many problems, his consideration
Is to help the students get the best education.

Sometime the punishment seems severe;
His probation periods may bring a tear.
When the probation is over and all is well.
The students are better, you can tell.

The responsibility he has is very great.
He gives time, and talent for the delinquent in the state.
With Counseling and Guidance he is one of the best;
But he must learn to get more rest.

— Mrs. Helen M. Pollock

The small voice that's always with us used to be a conscience. Now it's probably a transistor radio.

Ignorance is not knowing anything. Stupidity is thinking that you do.

Seniors, Future Bridgebuilders

A pilgrim, going a lone highway
Came at evening cold and gray
To a chasm, deep and vast and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim.
The chasm held no fears for him
But he paused when he reached the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"Why waste your time in building here?
Your journey ends with the close of day
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide
Why build ye here at eventide?"
The pilgrim raised his old gray head,
"My friend, in the path I've come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A fair haired youth who must pass this way.
The chasm which held no fears for me
To the fair haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
My friend, I am building this bridge for him.

As future builders of our challenging education, we the graduating seniors of Fayetteville State Teachers College, are wondering what we will do when we have crossed the bridge which has been built for us. Will we pause when we

reach the other side and make it stronger for the youths who are coming our way, or will we conceive that we have made it and there is nothing for us to worry about? Will those who are coming our way be fearful while crossing

the bridge, or will they be secure in knowing that what they have is strong and endurable?

We have a responsibility of adding to the education which we now have. Our instructors have helped us to build our education as one would build a mighty bridge — strong, endurable, and equal to the greatest tides. We are challenged to add girders and steel laces to this bridge by expanding the concept of educational service to mankind and by acting with civic and political responsibility. We must build so that generations still unborn may "cross in the twilight dim," secure in knowledge that we, who now tread upon this bridge, have accomplished the job of reinforcing its foundation. Let us all heed the words of Robert Frost — "The woods are lovely, dark and deep; but I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep."

Gladys Hall
Dr. Odell Uzzell, Advisor