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Dear Students,

I know from my experiences here at our college that there are more than just a few of you who, being up-coming sophomores, juniors, and seniors, are at this very moment contemplating leaving FSC after your finals and never returning because of what we generally call hard luck, bad breaks, and lack of funds. All of these things are staring you in the face and encouraging you to go off to New York, Philadelphia, or maybe Charleston, and work on this splendid job that has been offered to your mother for her dear, sweet child. Well, all of that is well and good; but, believe me, nothing is worth leaving school for. Furthermore, if you leave under these conditions, you are really being a "quitter" and giving up on one of the greatest opportunities that will probably come to many of us.

Some of you are probably saying at this point, "Humph, she can talk big now; she's finishing. What does she know about our situation?" Well, it is true that I hope to be leaving—graduating, really—but it is no reason to think that I don't know what many of you are going through. I know these things because I have experienced them, felt them, and witnessed them. Now let's examine your reasons for leaving.

I know that's what many of you are planning because I have planned it practically every end of every year, every beginning of every year, and nearly every semester since I have been here. I know some of you are doubting this and thinking of those few remarks of praise you have heard from a few people concerning me. But, believe me. It actually did happen. Well, you are now wondering why and propedly so. The reason is something similar to those you may have—hard luck, bad breaks, and a lack of funds.

When I say hard luck, I'm sure you know what I mean. Really, it rather overlays bad breaks, so I will combine them for simplicity's sake. Hard luck and bad breaks usually run hand in hand and, in schools and colleges, usually result from something done on the part of a teacher. This can also be something that the teacher neglected to do. Believe it or not, these I have had to fight secretly and endure ever since I entered school here in September of 1961. From the very first week I had bad luck and had to have several conferences with our president before I could even register for school. I am not a very strong person when it comes to sensitivity, so I was ready then and there to go home and get myself a job somewhere; but the president, our capable administration, and several others made me see that everyone makes a mistake at times and I just happened to be the nearest victim when they did it at that time. Anyway, I managed after that to become an enrolled student of FSTC (At that time the T was still in.) But that was just the beginning of one bad break after another. They kept making mistakes at my expense, writing letters to my home saying that I owed large sums of money which had already been paid, and telling me it was a mistake when I checked into it. These things did not stop me and they happened more often than I care to remember, but I could recall nearly all of them if I had to. These are all on the financial side but there are plenty of others.

I am not the type of person who stands out in a classroom and draws a great deal of attention. Many of you are not either, and you are the ones who will understand this best. Those who are unfortunate enough to fail to be of interest to the teachers haven't much of a chance around here one way or the other. You can work yourself to death, figuratively, and do good quality work, but since you are a "nobody," you will just get a B+ (for A work) and an A- at the most. Some of our teachers—and I guess others also—are overly subjective in their grading. Once you have had a teacher for a particular course and make a certain grade for this course, please do not go back to him—if possible—for another course unless you made an A—that is, if you wish to maintain a good, respectable average. You know what I am referring to. That teacher will give you the same grade for every course you take under him after you have had the first one, especially if his tests are essay. I could get extra personal and cite some real cases of this.

I also have been given grades that shocked me into disbelief because they were so much lower than the level of work I had done and the teacher had said, "You're doing wonderfully in this or that." Then when grade time comes, you realize that you have been carried through the mill and gotten a grade lower than the grade so-&-so got just because so-&-so just happened to be in some Greek organization or club, or maybe just a favorite of the teacher. This has happened to me again more times than I care to think about. I'm not the type to go and ask "why" for these things. I just accept them.

It was one of these very things that kept me out of the honor society and I knew that this semester was the only chance I would have to make it. I started the term making better grades than ever on the tests and assignments in all my courses. Unfortunately, I became sick and had to miss a number of days. Well, this did not stop me even though the time out of classes impeded my climb toward the honor society—but not to such an extent that I could not catch up. So, I had the usual B+'s instead of A's, a few B's and to top the whole kit, a C+ instead of the B I thought I had. A C was so far from my mind that it hurt to the marrow. I checked all of my papers and to this day, I believe and know that I

Edward McDonald

I have drawn for the occasion two horns, representing the general course of successful and unsuccessful life. The sketch is based on the often heard maxim: "If you wish to come out at the big end of the horn, you must go in at the little end."

Into the little end of the upper horn you see a man going. He is of small stature, and is squeezing in. However, it is not much trouble to get into the mouthpiece of the horn, for it is always larger than the neck. The greater difficulty lies in squeezing through the neck into the gradual swell of the horn. The ladder is called education and represents the early training essential to entrance upon life's business. The neck is marked experience, and this is the difficult part and period through which every business of life is to pass. The big end of this horn is marked success. And this is the end reached when the finished man comes out. Of the

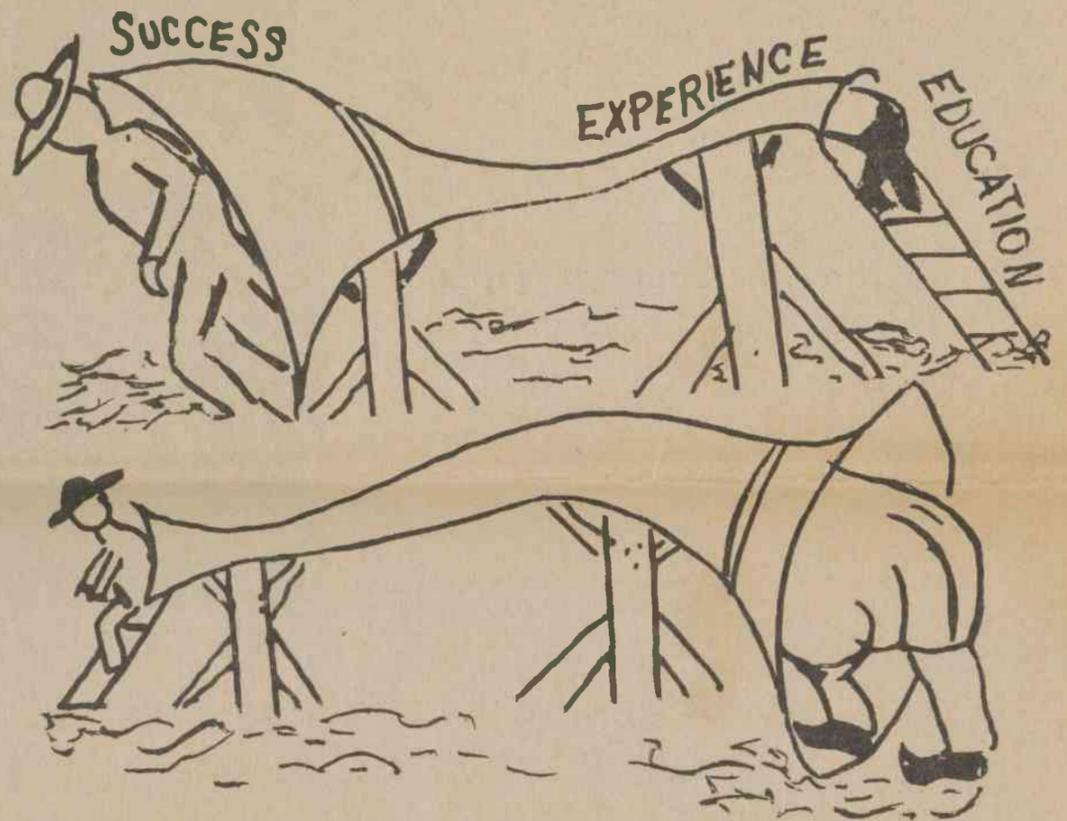
upper horn you will observe that the man comes out much enlarged in size—the same little fellow who was so small upon his entrance. He went in upon a small scale, he came through the difficult neck of experience, and he came out successful and according to capacity and according to the size of the horn that his caliber adapted him to in the business of life.

In the second or lower horn we see the rule of development and success reversed. A great big fellow goes in at the big end of the horn, and he comes out shriveled, battered, and dilapidated. He started into business or profession full-handed, and without education or experience for his calling. If he does not stay there, as a fellow sometimes does when he enters the little end, he goes on diminishing in size and importance until he gets into the neck of experience and comes down the ladder of education. He gets his experience too late, or at the wrong end of life's horn; and he comes out no-

body or nothing, only to descend the ladder of education which the successful man ascended before he entered the horn at the small end.

The second man proves a failure, and his life is so far spent — his experience comes so late, his energies and ambition are so far exhausted, and his means and resources are so limited — that he never attempts to recover.

And so I ask you, especially my fellow students, to join me in entering at the little end of the horn. Strive to receive a good degree of education and experience. Then, and only then, may we come out at the big end of life's horn with flying colors and of grand proportions. But, those of you who choose to go in the big end of the horn first will only come out shriveled into a pigmy, learning too late the experience essential to begin with, if you learn at all, and too old perhaps and too discouraged, sometimes maybe too proud and incapable, to try the little end of the horn by going the other way.



did not deserve a C from that course. But, what can we, the poor, unfortunate students, do about it? Nothing. It's just a cruel, mean system with its overly subjective teachers.

Now, let's look at the professor that we call "light," who comes to class looking like the number-one scholar from the genius school, sits behind his desk (does not move until class is over) and talks about everything under the ocean as long as it has absolutely nothing to do with his subject—which he is afraid of because he does not know it well enough to teach it—and shouldn't be there in the first place. There is absolutely nothing to do with this one except studying what is in the textbook; because even though he never orally mentions what is in the textbook in class, every word from the most difficult-to-understand sentences will be quoted verbatim from the book with maybe a blank left for you to put in some insignificant word like "wise," or "splendor" or some such ridiculous term. Don't let this discourage you because the rest of the class is in the same predicament. So, even though he gives you a C- or a D+ for the course, just be thankful for being out of it and; if it is something you have to repeat, just make sure to get a different teacher—who probably won't be any better in a different sense.

Whatever you do in any case, do not let the college get the best of you—especially to the point that you wish to disconnect yourself from it—at least until you graduate. People will be people and in so doing they will step on you, over you, and around you unless you let them know that you are a person just as much so as they are. Stick up for your rights and keep working because you are trying to better yourself and not the people around you.

The things that are done to you and against you are coming from human sources, so if your endurance is not the best in the world, get yourself a couple of strong, sturdy friends to help you through it and lean on the Bible or church because that is what I did. I leaned on my belief in God, my mother, my friends, and especially my husband. If it takes all of this for you to stick and remain on the job for a higher standing in life, use it; and don't let the people know that they are bothering you or hurting you. They don't mean that much to you anyway, because, as I said, we were sent here for the purpose of getting an education mainly. So let's not let anyone, nor anything, detain us, delay us, nor waylay us from our efforts. Come on back in September and fight the odds. The right man always comes out on top one way or the other. Have a happy summer.

Juanita McRae

Reminiscence

James Stackhouse

It seems as if this school year flew by, as if it skipped days and weeks at a time. Why, it was only yesterday that the freshmen came for their pre-orientation, that we saw a new crop of instructors, some which we may never forget (Mr. Cox, Miss Alston, Mrs. Massey, Dr. Guldescu), that Sam Jones, freshman, made an outstanding debut on the football team, that the students were so excited over the Homecoming activities, that the choir presented the Messiah and the Christmas vacation began, that the band participated in Governor-elect Dan Moore's Inaugural Parade; that Judith Wilkins was elected State's SNEA president, that 14 Fayetteville State students made it among the Who's Who column, that Fayetteville State Broncos upset Winston-Salem's basketball team, that work began on the groundwork which will change Fayetteville State's image; that the Easter holidays began, that Fayetteville State's track team defeated Allen University, that the work study program was promoted, that George Langford was elected president of the Student Body, and that President Jones was boosted to higher levels by the Board of Trustees...