

Letters to the Editor

The Varied Fruits of Work

Miss Laura Gilmore, Editor
THE VOICE
Fayetteville State College
Fayetteville, North Carolina
Dear Miss Gilmore:

I was pleased to receive five copies of THE VOICE, featuring the article about Fayetteville alumna Mrs. Renee Wescott, a recent recipient of the GRADE TEACHER math and science award. I want to add, that it was most kind of you to give the story front page attention. Mrs. Wescott is truly an outstanding educator and deserves all the attention she received, I assure you.

By the way, since there is no mention of a charge for the newspaper you sent us; I assume that you intended them to be gratis. We certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness.

May I say "congratulations" to you and your staff for a fine college newspaper, because you certainly deserve a word of praise. It is a well-written, intelligently edited newspaper and reflects excellent journalistic standards.

With kindest regards.

Cordially,
ALAN PRIGGE
Public Relations

AP:mk

Hell No, We Won't Go

Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. President:

I am a student at Fayetteville State College, Fayetteville, North Carolina, and I am on the verge of being drafted into the army.

It is not that I am afraid to fight, but I must know what I am fighting for. President Kennedy said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." What has this country ever done for my parents or my grandparents? This country did not give me freedom nor has it given me protection from the white man's hate, but I must fight or maybe die for democracy, a democracy I have never received.

You say I must fight against Communism. Which is better for me, democracy that I have never received, or Communism that I have never known? How can I tell which is better for a black man?

No, Mr. President, I cannot; I will not fight for something that does not exist.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH FAIRLEY

Restore The Balance Of Power

Congressman James Garner
Representative of the 4th District
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Garner:

Last week, April 27, 1967, I read an editorial in the Raleigh News and Observer that you criticized Dr. Martin Luther King and Mr. Stokely Carmichael for their participation in the anti-war movement which was held in New York City. I am no expert on what Dr. King and Mr. Carmichael say, but my feeling is that if Negroes of the United States can tolerate day to day white supremacy and anti-government from people like you, then I say that Black Power should prevail over these United States and Yellow Power over Vietnam.

How can you criticize other races of men when all the white race wants is white power?

Cordially yours,
Mr. Ernest Ray, Jr.

A Pot For Every Governor

The Honorable John D. Rockefeller
Governor of New York
Albany, New York
Dear Governor Rockefeller:

I know that you are aware of the "pot" parties which are given in various parts of the state. It has been said that at these parties a person forgets all the nagging "do's" and "don'ts." Marijuana makes a person's senses keener than they ever were under normal circumstances. The user is capable of doing things that had been absolutely impossible before, which is why I am writing to suggest that you give a "pot" party for yourself and your friends, Senator Javits, Roy Wilkins and Mayor Lindsay.

To properly induce the best experience you should play music to calm and relax the body. How about something symbolic like, "Wade in the Water," by the Ramsey Lewis Trio? Get on a stick and watch the world float back behind your desk. After the party you and the politicians will be surprised at how much easier and clearer your problems are concerning open housing, black power, education, equality in employment and racial difficulties and other sour lemons that cause your minds to close up tight. With "pot," you can deal with these matters with an open mind and see the world in which people live as it really is.

Take these suggestions and be a Way Out Governor. Dig???

Very truly yours,
SYLVIA ANDREWS

VIM AND VIGOR

JAMES R. SHEPLEY
Advertising Director of
TIME MAGAZINE
Principal Office, Rockefeller
Center
New York, New York 10020

Sir:

The Time Essay, "The New Radicals," (April 28, 1967), reflects your small and inadequate knowledge of the NAACP. When you have made biased, inept statements such as: "It dreams of participatory democracy"; "It has no power base"; "Its members are mindless, black people who just smile," maybe it has not registered in your weak mind that so-called "Radical" organizations will play the determining role in electing your presidential nominee at the 1968 GOP, and place many qualified Negroes in many of your white collar jobs. How is that for vim and vigor?

This positioning of middle class Negroes wouldn't have been possible in previous centuries. The twentieth century has given way to the acquisition of knowledge for the capable. The radical minds of the NAACP have proven to be quite qualified and capable.

In your democracy, there are certain peculiarities that make it tick. One of these is voting. We have come to realize that in order to voice our opinions effectively in the good old USA, We must vote — massively. The "participatory democracy" which means participating or determining by votes is a splendid coinage for what you will see in '68. See you then baby.

Sincerely,
Archie L. Johnson

College Citizenship

Have you ever stopped and really thought of College Citizenship? Have you been plagued by the question, "Am I a true citizen of the College?" If you are plagued by these questions, then you haven't practiced College Citizenship.

You may attend college, but you are not a true citizen until you do the best you can to help it and yourself.

We know that citizenship is all the duties, rights and privileges of a citizen. In school, we are citizens, and we should be worthy of school citizenship.

During the nine month period we are in school, we are confronted with choices of extra-curricular activities, along with regular classes. Many students turn these down because they do not want to do any more than that which is required of them. Participation in extra-curricular activities helps one to become a better school citizen.

Near the end of the school year, we vote for Student Government officers. It is not only our privilege, but our duty to vote for whomever we think is best suited for the positions.

I hope that you voted right, voted wisely, put your citizenship to good use.

The Road to Success

Every since I can remember, people have been telling me about Success. They said that you get satisfaction when you reach success. After hearing so much about Success, a couple of friends and I decided to go there.

Intelligence was understanding, and had the ability to seize the essential factors of a complex matter. His intellect showed in his height, as a slender oak tree stands amidst a group of trees, and his distinctive, bronze colored glasses, that seemed to be three inches thick, made him look like a professor. His high cheek bones were marked with lines of worldliness. As usual, Intelligence was dressed in his basic, black suit and tie with a checkered vest resembling a checker board. His close cut hair and well-shaved face were accented by his mustache that made him look like a character right out of the movies.

Prosperous, a long time girl friend of mine, was successful in everything she did. Although short and chubby like a butter ball, she had a sense of humor that could cheer up Lurch on the Adam's Family. She had on that flowered dress that we always kidded her about. Though filled with jokes, she knew when to be serious. She had a promising future.

There really isn't much to say about me. I am an average young lady who loves to see people happy. Although my friends say I look like Patty Duke, I don't think they are right. I have a will to succeed and I plan to make my home in Success.

We had many reasons for choosing to go to Success. The most important among these reasons was our choice between Failure and Success.

Intelligence had another reason for each reason we gave for not going to Success. He seemed to have another word for each word that the average person has in his vocabulary. The decision wasn't really hard to make, but a lot of people seemed to choose Failure instead of Success. We couldn't understand why people chose Failure. The people in Failure were uneducated, never accomplished anything, lived in poor housing conditions and had given up the chance of ever going to Success. Another reason for choosing Success was the influence of some of our friends who had been to Success. They were happy, satisfied and were doing well financially. They told us how wonderful it was. They said there was plenty of room there for anyone who wanted to go.

As we traveled, we met many people going to Success. It seemed that there were more people going than we thought. We met Faith who had confidence in everyone. She reminded me of a graceful, conservative lady from the Virginia plantations. Her confidence and faith in people seemed to be like Peter's as he walked across

the water. She was graceful in everything she did, like an angel sent from heaven. If she had confidence in us, we certainly should have some in ourselves.

Drive crossed our paths on the way to Success. You'll never meet a person with the push that Drive has. As the old saying goes, "You can bring a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," well, Drive is the person who could make that horse drink. Seeing him wearing his sneakers, overalls and sweat shirt, you would never think he was anything but a bum. Of course, as they say, "You can't judge a book by looking at its cover," and behind those overalls and sweat shirt, lay the qualities of a man. He told us to move forward, to push ahead, and we would reach Success soon.

As we came nearer and nearer to Success, we met obstacles that stood in our way. The air was still; owls started their nightly task of scaring people, and the mosquitos started biting; we could feel the presence of an unfavorable character. The clouds hung over our heads. A telling day of much accomplishment had ended, and a dreadful night filled with obstacles began. This was the night we met persuader. Like a maverick, straight out of a western saloon, he wore his best suit, had a cigar in his mouth, a cane in his hand, had a discouraging word for everyone, and not a dime in his pocket, persuader was there before us. He used every technique of treachery to influence us in the wrong direction, but we traveled onward.

One obstacle was over taken, but before we could turn around, there stood Stand Still. If you ever want to see a person who never moves, like the Statue of Liberty stands idly, you should meet Stand Still. As a tramp who never even tried to beg, but who just sat around waiting for Success to come to him, Stand Still said, "Stay here with me and Success is bound to come our way." We knew better by now, and continued our journey.

It took us a long time to reach Success. As we approached Success, a feeling of lightness entered our hearts as if a ton of weights had been lifted from them. The day was fresh with the scent of dew on the early morning flowers. The butterflies and bees had begun their day of gathering honey. We had reached Success; our aims were accomplished; we were satisfied.

Annie L. Graddy

JAMES J. CORBETT AWARDS

For men of Sophomore, Junior or Senior Classes. State Tuition plus "200 cash" payable in two equal installments at registration September and February. Application blanks available at Dean Jones' office. Deadline: May 31, 1967.

The Voice

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by Katrina Robinson

