

## Nine Of The Voice's Best In 1966-67

... THE EDITOR

### Library ... Heart Of The College

COME DWELL ON PARNASSUS.

The seamstress uses her cloth and needle to sew, the baker uses his flour and pans to bake, the shoemaker uses his leather and threads to make shoes. The college student uses the library to make himself a scholar. The library is the student's sustenance.

Though he listens to instructors a great portion of his time, though he writes a goodly portion of the time, it is at the library that he must get the "Who," "When," "Where," and "How" of knowledge. The library is the fount from which the diligent student cups the flow of all those wondrous things, people, places and actions that have brought mankind to his sometimes dazzling, sometimes horrifying twentieth century.

It is at the library that the thought that was thought, the seed that was sown, the eye that was quizzed, the aim that was desired blossomed into a fertile whole—somewhat akin to sweetness and light. Its aftermath of journeys

and flights burst open vistas that send its once devoted inhabitant into realms of discovery and service, through which the nation flowers.

It is at the library from the scansion of old history's lore that a coed becomes a mother of coeds because of its glow. She reaps the fruits and becomes more than mother — many things in many places. It is here that the song begins for those who knew no lyrics and affords the new lyric maker a lifetime of music. It is here that the devout follower winds himself into the worthy leader.

The very ebb and flow, the bread and the wine, the Parnassus of what is, this is the library. The hub of all scholastic activity that suffers the weak to become strong, the strong to become stronger — that when day is done and semester ends, never the sad lament of the malcontent who did not content himself with its contents. Won't you fly with us to Parnassus?

### It's Nice To Be Important, But It's More Important To Be Nice

This is an adage that should require no further unfolding, especially in an air of academic study, enveloped by scholars, young and old, who hold intelligence as their chief asset. It warrants a word though.

Far too many of us are carried away in our own narrowly created worlds. We have forgotten the joy of existence that being true to this adage brings. We have come up with new definitions for all the old terms, meanings that have meaning only on our own terms.

We seem to relish those false worlds that we have built, in order to keep the real world from seeing our real selves at work, at play, at peace. As Miss Hayes puts it in her poem at the right, they are worlds made deceptive by our favorite hues.

The injurious results of these make-believe-worlds, built mainly on insecurity and its accomplices, are inharmonious relations and unorganized organization. We do no one justice, least of all ourselves, because in such an atmosphere, everyone is cheated out of something.

The most tragic effect of this false cloak is that we taint those about us, who ape this structure of grapevines and inefficiencies as desirable, and who enter the real world only to form similar colonies. This mental hazard presents a dilemma for a minority, trying to escape one kind of bondage, only to come face to face with a more soul demanding kind of bondage.

If we forget it all the year around, at least let us remember at Christmas, that, while it's nice to be important, it's more important to be nice.

On a clear day, rise and look around you and you'll see just who you are. If then, you find it impossible to be nice — just be fair.

### The Weight

The pier is narrow, the ocean is wide and the walk, quite treacherous. The unwary traveler is certain prey to the cooling ocean foam, incognizant of the perils therein.

One walks carefully along, toeing the mark as best one can — then suddenly a slip, pressure, and the weight. The arms start to flail, recklessly and aimlessly, but swimming comes hard under the pressure and the weight. Everywhere there is water, too much to drink, too deep to tread. The pressure increases and the abominable weight presses on, pushing one ever downward, downward toward chaos and calamity.

The body cavities begin to give way to the outside pressures and that devastating enemy, illiteracy, sets in; first vegetating, now aporexia. One becomes increasingly aware of the weight, the desire to escape responsibility and the pressure, the need to forever compete and excel. The easy way out seems to be death, but many choose otherwise, many wish to live.

The eyes are now open as never before and the mind registers more clearly the need to shake the weight and cope with the pressure. One sees bodies, bodies quite like one's own, floating upward toward success and accomplishment, their weight supported by those objects of buoyancy, books. From them comes the inspiration; in them is the key to knowledge and the route to the illumined pier. Now the designated few find themselves reaching upward, grasping desperately for the buoys and the ascension to success. The voyage is rugged, the body seems ready to give way, but the fulfillment of accomplishment gives one the stamina.

Now the wounds of illiteracy start to heal through the magic of knowledge; the trip is much smoother now and the rate of ascension, controlled through desire.

One could never know the joys and rewards of knowledge, fully, without first having experienced the weight, the pressure and the ultimate trip to sanctuary.

Rendell Brown

## AUTUMN

By BARBARA MYRICK

Almost gone is the season when I sat in the sudden warmth of an autumn sun and felt the wistfulness of days, so beautiful but sad, vanish.

Who can ignore the radiant beauty of grass touched by frost, or brown leaves turned brilliant hues of scarlet and yellow, or nights when one gazes into the starlit heavens and wonders at God's majesty and creativity?

I looked at nature's autumn and felt fear-fear which magnified my inability to perceive such loveliness, for I felt melancholy at the thought that death would soon come, because it was fate that nature should end her glory in the chill and restlessness of earth's dissatisfaction with life.

And silence, penetrating, icy silence, I heard as I stood below that same star-studded sky, insignificant and alone, and asked the eternal questions, "Who am I; why do I exist; what role am I to play in this tragic comedy where I laugh and smile, as I suffer the agony of an emptiness inside, which makes me as a dead thing?"

The only response came in the wind, and the wind asked the same question, "Who are You?" It had no answer; it forced its way through the tree tops, suffering an agony of its own. The wind was the traveler who stopped at every door and inquired if it could rest, but brought the chill of unanswered questions with it, and the innkeeper slammed his door to shut out the icy blast.

The wind was an echo of my uncertainty; it, too, was searching for answers and security in knowing where it belonged.

I lowered my gaze from the tree tops and the heavens, and turned my thoughts to . . .

Days to come when I shall sit  
Before an open fire  
And feel the warm glow;  
And hear the gentle thud of  
snow  
And dream on.



### A Placid Area

Show me a placid area  
Where to rest and be myself  
Nothing to change my  
Mood of good feeling  
That Nature hasn't coined  
And deftly placed  
To Sooth itself.  
Nothing but a wind or  
Bird calls or rattling  
Leaves in a groove,  
Nothing but its finest  
Art of woman.  
A drink to liven me  
Where Nature's purity is  
Concerned, to bathe in it  
And come up with the  
Purest eyes, so pure as,  
To welcome Nature's  
Finest art discerned.  
Nothing coined by the  
Brewer while he was  
There with his darling  
Nothing but a day of  
Summer-rainy.  
No words spoken,  
Just left alone  
Kindling the emotions  
Nothing but the sounds  
Of Nature so common  
To the senses that minds  
Are not entangled with  
Their Notions.  
Nothing is more natural  
Than to sleep and be  
A genius, when endowed  
With the spirits of  
Shakespeare's poems.

—dockery

## And Then She Prayed

By BETTY COOPER

She stood before a crowd of more than 1200 people and received her tribute. She thanked God for the founding fathers of our institution, for all presidents who have served our institution, for all trustees, and, in general, for all persons who have contributed in any manner to the growth of our institution. She thanked Him, too, for the contributions she had made, the many young minds she had influenced, and the many students she had helped.

The audience was very quiet. No feet shuffled, no papers rustled, all sneezes and coughs were suppressed. Everyone sat in eager anticipation of what she would say.

And then she prayed. She prayed for the success of our institution, the success of us, (the students) and for our president. For a split second all was quiet and then the walls reverberated with the sound of applause. We applauded out of respect, love, and admiration.

Who was she? Her name was Dunie A. Bryant. She had served Fayetteville State College for 26 years as dormitory matron. She, who had helped to mold the lives of countless numbers of students, had returned. For what purpose? A dedication ceremony. The new girls dormitory had been named Dunie A. Bryant Hall in remembrance of her. Did she deserve it? Twelve hundred people thought so . . . and so do I. That makes twelve hundred and one.

## True Beauty In Natural Hair Styles

By CHRISTOPHER SIMMONS

Of all the new and modern fads that I have witnessed since I have become old enough to observe and to form what I consider a somewhat valid opinion of them, I am convinced that there is true beauty in the "Natural" hair styles of Negroes and these styles are a part of their culture.

Negroes have a long line of glorious culture of which they can be proud.

The culture of the Negro can be traced back to the glorious, ancient civilization in the world.

Today, Negroes have been robbed of their true culture by the modern civilization. At the time of the Emancipation, the Negroes knew very little about their true culture, after spending three hundred years in servitude. Because of this, the Negroes adopted the ways of the white man, whom he felt was superior because he was his master for three hundred years.

The poor, ignorant Negro, desiring to become socially accepted, tried all in his power to become like the white man. The first step was doing away with the "nappy" hair because his master, the white man, did not have it. Now, in modern times, Negroes have given up portions of their culture, culture that could be looked back upon with as much pride as that of the Polish American, Italian American, French American, Irish American, etc.

I felt proud of my people when they ventured out with the "Natural" look. I felt that the Negro was finally reaching back and connecting himself with his culture. I felt that he was finally being socially indignant, which is one of the things every other group has done since these groups came to America.

We all are God's creations, and God chose to make Negroes with their thick lips, nappy hair and with broad noses. If God made us that way, I think we should be proud of it. I think he knew what he was doing.

## HOOD HALL GOES TO GIRLS . . . BICKETT HALL GOES!!!

By ELOISE SHERROD

What happens to an old soldier? Well, that's what happened to dear Bickett. Bickett Hall has lost her sheep and Hood Hall has reached out and roofed them.

It wasn't just a one minute break away; there were many hours and plans in preparation to make this change possible. Sad that the destruction of one building was the construction of another, but as the baseball player says, "That's the way the ball bounces." Hood Hall wasn't recently erected by a long shot, then Bickett Hall was no chicken either.

The change has been remarkable. The battle to make something better of what was left took much more than wishful thinking; it took effort on the part of many people to make a pipe dream a

reality — and not a little elbow grease was released.

Repairs had to be made, walls had to be cleaned and repainted. Rooms had to be redone to accommodate young women and make life enjoyable and beneficial for a student's home away from home. It was a worthwhile effort, though the boys may give it much afterthought.

Now, where the boys once lay and dreamed their many dreams, some of those very dreams have come to lie where they were first dreamed. Pity the golden-fleeceless chaps; they hatched all those images under that ancient roof, then fled the roof, only to miss the images when they did come. Oh well, they are only mere mortals and they cannot very well have their cake and eat it too.



Annie L. McCullough, of U. S. History, Section 8, presents the instructor, Mrs. Wilma King Hunter, a wedding gift, following the former Miss King's marriage to Lt. Alvin R. Hunter, U. S. Air Force.