



The Sigma Gamma Rho's have IT. Left to right, Kathann Eaglin, Josephine Dickens, Edna McDuffie, Grace McAllister and Evelyn Taylor.

## Sigma Gamma RHO

The Delta Iota Chapter of Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority, Inc. has been established on FSU's campus. It received its charter December 12, 1970.

Charter members are Josephine Dickens, Kathann Eaglin, Grace McAllister, Edna McDuffie, and Evelyn Taylor. These five were carried through the initiation process by the Delta Gamma Sigma graduate chapter of Fayetteville.

The officers are Kathann Eaglin, basileus (president), Evelyn Taylor, anti-basileus (vice

president), Grace McAllister, Grammateus (secretary), and Edna McDuffie, Tamiochus (treasurer).

Kathann is a junior, Math major; Evelyn and Edna, also juniors are Business and Sociology majors, respectively; Grace is a senior English major. Josephine has completed her studies and is presently teaching.

Greetings from each of us. We hope the semester will be prosperous and enjoyable!

You will be hearing from us!

Grace McAllister

### SIGMAS HOST LUNCHEON

In its overall program to further communication between graduate and undergraduate chapters, the brothers of Phi Beta Sigma fraternity sponsored a luncheon for the graduate brothers of this city on February 16. Brother Ernest Smith, president of Pi Chapter, presided over the program, making introductions for the group. Brother Samuel Henderson, vice president, led the brothers in prayer, after which a report of present and projected activities was outlined to the graduate chapter by Brother Smith. Response from the graduate chapter was overwhelming as brother after brother commended the members of Pi Chapter on their progress and

ideas. Concluding the business portion of the luncheon, Brother Donald Stancell entertained the graduate chapter by demonstrating several new Sigma steps.

On February 19, the members of Pi Chapter visited St. Augustine's College in Raleigh, responding to an invitation from the Sigmas there. Both chapters united in engaging in the Homecoming festivities, topping it off with a celebration of their own. And so it was that the battle cry of Phi Beta Sigma fraternity rang forth again that "All the Brothers Are Valiant!"

By Hubert L. Simmons  
Reporter

## Yearbook staff brings work to close

The year comes to a close for the yearbook staff as they bring the pages of the 1971 Fayettevillian to a close. Several sections of the publication have already been completed and approved, leaving only the last few sections to finish. Awaiting approval now are the Faculty, Administration and Sports sections.

The Fayettevillian staff has already expressed the need to have a more inclusive book and in keeping with this

wish, staff photographers have been all over the campus and at all activities. Under the leadership of Robert Haskins, the staff intends to make this year the best one for the yearbook. Staff members include: Leonard Crumm, Beryl Williams, Conrith Davis, Melvin Waters, Waldena Smith, Rickey Jessie and Hubert Simmons. Special recognition goes to Joyce Hood, LaVerne McNair, and Rebecca Alford who are now serving their last year with the staff.

## EXPERIMENTS IN STYLE

(Continued from page 8)

SCOPP: Suppose, Jimm, you had walked in the desert for twelve hours and you had come upon two jugs in a spa, one jug filled with wine and one jug filled with water. Out of which jug would you drink?

JIMM: Out of the jug filled with water, of course.

SCOPP: Why the "of course", Jimm?

JIMM: Well, I'd be real thirsty for water, although I would not drink too much. I know that from situations like that in the movies. And anyway, the wine would make me sick after all that heat, but the water would keep me alive.

SCOPP: Then it is what you might call a matter of first things first, is it?

JIMM: Yes sir, that's right.

SCOPP: Well, when it comes to what's more important or vital, your studies or the extra-curricular activities, there is no more choice than there was between the two jugs. The studies come first, and particularly grammar and composition course, since it is the base for all your other courses.

JIMM: I realize it now sir, but here was one thing I didn't mention when you first asked me about studies. Sometimes some other things bother me. I pick up a newspaper; I look at the headlines and see so many injustices right here in the states, and somehow, I just don't feel up to going all out in anything, studies included.

SCOPP: I can readily understand that Jimm, but you know, we cannot abandon our hopes and desires and our goals. We must keep working toward them despite all distractions.

JIMM: Deep down within me, I know that as well as you do, sir. What you said about grammar and composition being the base of all other courses, is that the full nature of it, sir?

SCOPP: Not quite the full nature. When you can see how the course aids you in all other areas of living - in your personal, social and economic life - then you're at its full nature. Now this third reason that you mentioned, being content with just "getting by", I will not ask how you came by it, for in measure, all three of the reasons seem linked together and in measure, each created the other. Most of the other fellows in your group are likely to be called into the army at any time. I can see how that might affect them, but you don't have that problem. That's why your willingness to go along with mediocrity seems the most at fault of the reasons that you gave. If you had not given into it in the first place, I don't believe the other two reasons could have come into being. You see, without that third reason, the life force within you would have driven you on to excellence. All humans have this life force, and, though they may not react to things done well - they like things done well.

JIMM: I think I see your whole point, now, sir, but don't stop.

SCOPP: I stated earlier that a portion of the people seems to neither condone nor condemn poor work. It is not always because they do not have the ability; they may be simply lazy or live in a state of unconcern.

JIMM: That sounds like a perfect description of my gang. Boy! am I glad you opened my eyes.

SCOPP: There are many like that, Jimm. Remember when you were at Hawk High and your track team had that very poor indoor season?

JIMM: Yes, we looked pretty bad. The boys from Brooks High, across town, tried to cheer us up. They said being the best wasn't everything.

SCOPP: But what about the outdoor season that same year? Your relay team set a new record then, didn't it?

JIMM: That was really something, sir! All the other relay teams came by our dressing room to congratulate us.

SCOPP: When you do the job well, Jimm, you leave no room for doubt; therefore, you have no doubters.

JIMM: I understand very clearly now. I'm glad that I got a chance to talk about my work. I feel sure that I'll do better now that I see that lack of good sense in those reasons that I had. Thank you very much sir; now I must go to my next class.

SCOPP: I am sure you will do better, but one moment before you do. How would you state simply and clearly what we have talked about?

JIMM: Well, let's see... something like ... "It is safest to do a good job in every way, then you know at least you won't have to worry about any disapproval."

SCOPP: That's quite good, Jimm. Goodbye, now.

JIMM: Goodbye, sir.

## The roar of man :

THE ROAR OF MAN: Though man has freedom of choice, his choice in no way affects what ultimately happens to him.

Man chooses and the choice seems heeded for the moment, only to run amuck with the other moments that follow in its wake. The guider of the birds tells the frog when to leap, and when locust leaves fuse air and mind and engulf man in willy nilly suffusion, who tells the tale, seed of locust or seed of man? Can the gypsies tell or is the pendulum of some spherical ciosk the measurer of the measure? Who is closer to the core of command than the roar of man?

It is not really a matter of to choose or not to choose, for man chooses and it makes no difference. He cannot will or decree certainty through choice; the certainty is already settled. The ones whose feet woo the earth know only that they cling to the earth. Their preferences defy the existentialist's wail to no avail and are merely handicraft of the foreseeable arm. Should earthly drifters aspire to northward shores, their inward pick matters nothing when outward fingers point toward a southeasterly clime; the pointers, the harbingers of ebb and flow, the prescribers of all routes to the Indies, the arbiters of gale and glow, they cause the bells to peal and man and his mindful musings are but debris, to their tow.

Man chooses but the choice is subservient. The lighter and darker shades from which choice is made are blurred etchings of the wanted hue that never comes through. The hiding and the seeking winds, the

escaping and the seeking winds are the masterful painters. They cause the invisible winds to tint man's lesser brush with overwhelming blending and counter the thing and thought attending man. The unknown decider decides that man will not hold what he would choose to hold: some something of what life's pulsating passion ponders princely for its pinnacle. If, within man's bone or matter, a pick with certainty was ever resident, then it has long been repossessed-retrieved by the retriever who retrieved his proper property.

