



AN INVITATION TO READ

The Director of Library Services, Mrs. N. R. Smith, offers the following copy from an unknown author as an invitation for all students to come to Chesnut Library and use it as libraries are expected to be used: for gathering knowledge.

## ABOUT THE LAST DAYS . . .

I  
And it came to pass early in the morning toward the last day of the semester, there arose a multitude smiting the books and wailing.

And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth for the day of judgment was at hand, and they were afraid, for they had left undone those things which they ought to have done, and they had done those things which they ought not to have done, and there was no help for it.

And there were many abiding in the dorm who had kept watch over their books all night, but it availed them naught.

II  
And some of them repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate, but they had not a prayer. And at the last hour there came among them one known as the instructor; he was of the diabolical smile, and passed papers among them and went his way. And many and varied were the answers which were given, for some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds, others had fallen among the fellows, while still others had fallen flat.

And some there were who wrote for one hour, others for two, but some turned away sorrowful; and many of these offered a little bull, in hopes of pacifying the instructor, and these were the ones who had not a prayer.

But some there were who rose peacefully, for they had prepared themselves the way and made straight the paths of knowledge.

And these were known as wise burners of the midnight oil, and by others they were known as "curve raisers".

And the multitude arose and ate a hearty breakfast; and they came into the appointed place and their hearts were heavy within them.

And they had come to pass and some to pass out.

And when they had finished, they gathered up their

belongings, and went their way quietly, each in his own direction, and each one vowing to himself in this manner:

"I shall not pass this way again!"

-Author Unknown from KOINONIA, newsletter of the Christian Theological Seminary, Spring 1966.

## WHY??

As the year continues to unfold we discover that the questions continue and the problems increase. We cannot be stopped by the WHYS of our personal struggles - as to Why we are unable to pay our bills, Why our money does not buy as much as it did last year and why we do not have jobs are directly related to and caused by the many other ?s we failed to ask or failed to answer.

Why have the bus drivers accepted rules that they feel are unjust and degrading to their self image?

Why have the lines grown too long at the Food Stamp Office?

Why does city money pay for the cars driven by the Mayor and City Manager -- an Electra 225 or Cadillac?

Why do we allow police brutality to continue -- protested only by murmurs and caution?

Why are policemen and expolicemen being accused of robbery and being expelled from the police force?

Why are the youth dropping out or being pushed out of school. We refuse to question the schools or to allow anyone to publicize or protest the miseducation of the youth?

Why have we allowed black service organizations, such as the National Welfare Rights Organizations and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, to be placed in jeopardy because of financial problems?

Within the past couple of years black people have ceased to be a major concern of most white people and many white organizations. The white foundations which five and ten years ago gave hundreds of thousands of dollars freely to black programs are now closing their doors in the faces of dying organizations.

Why are we still ignoring our black Vietnam veterans and black men unfairly discharged from the Military?

Why do we allow cattle to lie uselessly slaughtered and buried when hundreds of people are starving to death daily in Africa and India?

Why do we unquestionably and silently accept a government which will allow the selected wealthy and elected few to live at ease while the majority suffer under the strain of recession and inflation?

The questions are many and could go on endlessly - but - why don't we begin to find some answers?!

## Viewing The Arts

With Yvonne Gibson

## "I LOVE YOU," SAYS IT ALL

When it comes to expressing my love in words  
I could talk on endlessly  
And I still wouldn't have said enough.  
So, Love, when I say "I love you,"  
The uttering of these three words covers everything.  
The meaning behind these words has:  
A greater expanse than the widest ocean,  
A greater altitude than the tallest mountain,  
A deeper depth than the deepest sea.  
In essence, Love, the meaning behind the words "I love you",  
Has a greater magnitude than anything imaginable:  
Anything that ever was,  
Anything that is,  
Anything that ever will be.

Ronald "Ron" Williams

## NEVER SHUT LOVE OUT

Why do we fear love so once we've been hurt?  
We miss so much by closing it out.  
The independence and self-sufficiency we feel  
Are nothing more than shields to protect us from more pain.  
That's silly, really.  
There is no pain like that which comes  
When love is not allowed to enter our lives.  
Once doesn't mean it will always be the same.

Ronald "Ron" Williams

## NIGHTMARE

Hey, Baby,  
I had a dream last night.  
No, it was really more like a nightmare.  
I dreamed that you left me.  
I woke up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat.  
For the remainder of the night I tossed and tumbled,  
Sleep deserted me, in truth, I was afraid to go back to sleep.  
I couldn't have been more frightened if my life had actually been threatened, in essence it had been, in that you are my life.

Oh Baby, there's no way you could know how happy you made me  
When you called this morning as I was trying to get things to  
Fall into place, trying to find out where I was,  
Just to tell me that you loved me.  
I knew again that I had life.  
I had love.  
I had you.

Ronald "Ron" Williams

## HOOKED

Picking up the pieces one by one  
to put it back together  
it is so very hard to do, the hurt you feel  
aches, more, with the thoughts of how much  
you wanted it to be.  
You regret some things that throb with a pain  
crying to be released.  
You are confused, you cuddle up to the only thing  
you feel secure with, . . . . Yourself . . . .  
You silently seek any little clue to help you  
get it together.  
You swear to never again let yourself get this involved.  
Your soul, mind, and body crys ever so much more  
to be released from this torture, but, something  
holds it back. You know what it is but, you  
won't admit it to yourself. You try to occupy  
yourself with different things to get your mind  
off it . . . but you can't . . . . .  
. . . . . cause you're HOOKED . . . . .

D. Simmons

## SHARED LOVE

We've stood on the hill at the day's sad end  
And watched the colors of the sunset blend.  
We've walked at night on a lonely shore  
And thrilled to the sound of the ocean's roar.  
We roamed the woods, the hill and dale  
With our story of love to tell.  
We've felt the fury of winter's sting  
Searched and found the first flowers of spring.  
We've wept at the strength of our young love  
And pledged it through God above.  
Early morning we've stood on grass so serene.  
Beauty all around and our hearts sigh  
We've watched it all with a tear in our eye.  
That beauty not shared is never so sweet  
For it takes love in your heart to make it complete.

Roscoe Locke

## IDEALIZING YOUR WORK

Work brings man to life, sets him in motion.  
Work is man in action doing things.  
Nothing happens until people go to work.  
Work creates the world we live in.

The art of work consists of what you think about your work,  
and what you do about your work.  
It is abolishing the concept of work as chains and slavery, and  
seeing it as freedom to create and build and help.

It is doing your present work so well that it will open doors to new  
opportunities. Tasks done at a high standard proves that you  
love to work.

Roscoe Locke

## THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM

When I am born  
I am sure  
that it will be  
a Grand Delivery.  
For many will come  
just to see,  
if when I am born  
will I really be free.

by Clararene Jacobs

## AFLOAT

To be a little boat  
trying to stay afloat,  
Each time there is a bigger  
wave.  
To be a little boat  
rocking back and forth,  
From side to side.  
The water covers the back of  
the little boat.  
The little boat is still trying  
to stay afloat.  
It's too late little boat,  
you are going to sink  
little boat.  
The little boat doesn't wink.  
He simply meets his brink.  
Submerging under the water  
and never shedding a tear.

Darcel Rhodes

## TIME

Time is one's own asset.  
Yet we build iron walls.  
We create unnecessary transgressions.  
Time has molded us into an unrealistic being.  
Battling down that loathsome road,  
Trying to pass each careless metaphor.  
We are allocated by society's game.  
As the clock goes tick-tock-tick,  
We forget our purpose for it.  
In the end we are behind time,  
And the clock is running on Day-light saving time.

Darcel Rhodes

## TIME

Time, time, time  
Do we sometimes blow it away.  
The day begins when the sun is shining for some.  
Time may start in the middle of the day.  
Time, time, time rings a bell in my ear as an old song.  
Where do we spend all of our time?  
Am I spending a lot of my time wrong?  
Oh! time can sound like a simple song.  
Believe me, I wish I had more time.  
Everything takes time.  
Time to work, time to love,  
Time to share, time to care  
Time, time, time  
Sometimes you feel that you are at the end of time.

Yvonne Gibson

## TALK TO ME

Talk to me or love me one  
Tell me of the old mishaps  
Take time to care  
Take time to hold me  
Talk to me because  
I love you.

Yvonne Gibson

