

**DEAN DISCUSSES COLLEGE GRADUATES**

Mr. G. L. Davis, Dean of Elizabeth City State Teachers College, spoke recently during an assembly hour on "College Graduates"

The term "College Graduates" covers "a lot of ground", said the speaker. We have with us the Phi Beta Kappa and the students who barely made it; we have the big men on campus, and the students who just sat there. But, by and large, we have a group distinguished by its youth, its maleness, its predominance of Easterners and Mid-westerners, and its lack of Southerners and farm boys. It is also notable for its tendency to come from college trained parents; yet also for its able young men who get there by their own willingness.

Dean Davis stated that ten years ago among Negroes, 3% were doctors, 2% dentists and 1% lawyers. Sixty per cent of the Negroes as compared to 29% of the white had entered the field of teaching. They were low in the high paying professions and job prestige. Their standards of living were relatively low. In 1952 only 5% of Negroes were earning \$5000 a year while 33 1/3% of the whites were earning this much money. The types of jobs and equalized work opportunities yet have to be realized.

The Negro graduate of 1957 is much more liberal and radical than the average Negro graduate of ten years ago. Negro graduates belong to clubs and organizations, take part in community affairs and are interested in national affairs, but do not make use of the right to vote.

Nearly 1/4 of the old graduates have a perfect marriage score, still living with the girls they married. Another 29 out of 100 are almost perfect. Six per cent are still bachelors, divorced, separated or married for the second time.

**COMING SOON!!!**

**College Players**

— in —

**"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"**

a three-act farce

by Anita Loos

**AN ASIAN FLU EPISODE**

Yes, this is how I caught it. The young lady in front of me sneezed and, evidently, forgot to cover her mouth to prevent the spreading of the germ. Within three minutes I was sick! With a fever, pains, a chill, and a cough, I grew worse.

I got an excuse from class, believing that I was going to my room for a rest. Instead over to the Infirmary I was obliged to go, carrying a grip in hand and books in the other.

At the door I met a neatly dressed nurse who had a thermometer in one of her hands and a combination of pills in the other. Don't misunderstand me — a needle was there too. She looked me seriously in the eye and said, "Go and report to your house directress, for you have the Flu; your temperature is high above sea level".

I returned and was obliged to go immediately to bed. It was not a pleasant rest. For added to the discomfort caused by the Flu, all night I heard walking. Some one was bringing pills, water, or milk and taking temperatures.

"Take the pills, the nurse said, "so you can rest, and drink this juice so the pills can digest".

I heard some one ask to be allowed to go home for a test. "No", replied the nurse, "for your temperature is still rising".

For six days I lay there and had to take about sixty pills. And yet each night it seemed that I had a different chill. Even in my sleep I saw that nurse coming with a needle in her hand and telling me to remain quiet.

A girl over in the corner from me would ask if her temperature was normal, and the reply from the nurse would be, "No, your temperature is 132 degrees and still rising".

Chicken noodle soup was all I got at meal time, but I believe I gained weight.

There was so little mail. Everyday the nurse came and passed out mail to everyone but me. However, she consoled me by saying that I had several letters, only my temperature was too high, and that reading would overstrain my eyes. All I got consisted of pills, juice, lesson assignments, slips for overdue books, and a note from the business office, telling me that my bills were running high.

From day to day I had watched the nurse bring pills, but one day she brought some that seemed ten inches in diameter. I frowned, but she said, "The other pills are not serving their purpose".

At last the physician came, looking very serious as if to say, "You are surely going to die, if your temperature is still rising." But he disappointed me by saying, "You are so far behind in your lessons, I suppose you will have to go".

The doctor gave me a shot of penicillin and a box containing PILLS! It had the following directions: Take one of these pills every hour of the day! As the doctor was about to leave, he said, "After you pay all of your fees and catch up with your lesson assignments, return to the Infirmary, for you are not well."

—Georgianna Barnes

**"WHAT AM I"**

I am not a Negro  
I say this with pride.  
My skin may be black;  
But what is inside?

I have the same organs.  
My body must be fed.  
I eat the same food.  
My blood is just as red.

I am not a Negro  
This time I'm not sure.  
I have the same body qualities,  
But socially white men have more.

I can't always eat when I want.  
Sometimes I'm barred from school.  
I don't have equal privileges.  
I'm often treated very cruelly.

I guess I am a Negro.  
But I won't always be.  
As time progresses  
There'll be a big change in me.

Then I won't be a Negro,  
And there won't be a white man.  
There will be no need for distinction,  
For I'll be an American.

—"Alzo"

**RESPECT**

**Students—**

Do you greet your instructors with a friendly "Good Morning",  
Or do you merely say "Hi"?  
Do you look right at them and continue on,  
Not conscious you passed them by?

Do you try to refrain from vulgar talk,  
When you are aware that a teacher is near?  
Or do you speak disregarding the teacher's presence,  
Thinking, who is a teacher to fear?

Do you always criticize an instructor's ways;  
Can he ever teach to suit you?  
Or is his method of instruction always wrong;  
Nothing right can he do?

**Instructors—**

Do you use the terms "Hey" or "Come Here";  
Are you always snappy and stern?  
Do you attempt to win the student's esteem,  
Or are you your own concern?

Are you always willing to aid and abet;  
For a student would you sacrifice time?

Do you try to keep a peasing appearance;  
Do you improve your faults or are they sublime?

Are you partial to one and austere to another;  
Are you vindictive, cynical, and cruel?  
Is your disposition generally agreeable;  
Do you adhere to the "Golden Rule"?

Scrutinize with care the proceeding lines.  
None of them should you neglect.  
Whenever you find yourself in doubt,  
Let the prevailing element be respect.

—"Alzo"

**COLLEGE REGISTRAR SPEAKS**

Mr. T. E. Jones, Registrar, spoke to the college family January 15 on "A Call to Arms". The speech was built around two poignant questions. "What Time Is It Now?" and "Who Are We?"

It is a time of increasing opportunities in law, business, science, education, specialized and high training and civic participation, said the speaker. All around us today, we are able to see evidence of this truth. In all of the fields formerly mentioned, there are Negroes weaving their way into recognition. No longer is their racial heritage the criteria for selection, but the abilities which they have to offer.

Actually, books can be written on the accomplishments of many of our Negroes who have prepared themselves for leading roles in all walks of life. This is also a time of moral struggle, both nationally and internationally, and a time of cold war between communism and democracy.

Who Are We? was the second of Mr. Jones' questions. He said, "We are a people feared and unloved, a people propagandized as being inferior, a people far behind in training and participation and a people, second-classed by our own desires. We have been feared and unloved since the time we appeared before the courts for equality. If these rights are to be granted in full, to all of our people we are to take inventory of ourselves and take full advantage of the opportunities now present."

The registrar was emphatic in his speech, and won the enthusiasm of the audience.

What most folks are seeking these days is less to do, more time to do it in, and more pay for not getting it done.

—From Money

When you start to gripe about growing old, stop and consider: many are denied the privilege.

—Wisconsin Journal of Education

**No Dictionary Needed**

After Tommy's first day at school, his mother asked him what happened during the day. "Oh nothing," said Tommy. "A woman wanted to know how to spell "cat" and I told 'er".

—Florida School Journal

**INTERIM**

The night was made for rest and sleep,  
For winds that softly sigh;  
It was not made for grief and tears;  
So then why do I cry?

The wind that glows through leafy trees  
Is soft and warm and sweet;  
For me the night is a gracious cloak  
To hide my soul's defeat.

Just one dark hour of shaken depths  
Of bitter black despair —  
Another day will find me brave,  
And not afraid to dare.

—Clarissa Delaney