

THE COMPASS

For Students and Alumni

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An Imitation of Life

"Be yourself," "act natural" are words that we hear daily. Either someone is giving them to us as advice or vice-versa. But have we really stopped to consider that we, the Negro race, have not wanted to be ourselves since coming to America from Africa many, many years ago? Even though it seems preposterous, it's true.

One can easily see why a Negro would have wanted to be anything but a Negro in the trying times of slavery, but it has been a century now since the abolishment of slavery, and some Negroes still hate the word "Negro". They would prefer being addressed as "colored". How long will it be before all Negroes will be proud of their race? For some, maybe never. For others, when they learn more about the accomplishments of their people.

The Indians, Italians, Chinese and many other minority groups in America try very hard to maintain the heritage of their forefathers and

native lands. This is indicative of the fact that they are proud of their customs and heritage. Maybe the American Negro does not know enough about his heritage to really appreciate it.

To many Negroes, the white man is an "ideal". Whatever he does, the Negro wants to do. The Negro is sometimes ashamed of gospel music when sung the way his forefathers sang it. He has his hair processed because the white man has straight hair. Some Negroes refuse to wear red because it is said that Negroes like loud colors. Even though molasses and beans are perfectly good foods, the Negro very frequently denies the fact that he likes them because they have been associated with the stereotype.

Why shouldn't the white man feel superior to the Negro? The Negro has given him every reason in the world to take such an attitude. If the Negro accepts himself as he is, and not as one who must work to become more like the white man he is doomed to an "imitation of life."

Denouement

... But why do you always keep yourself apart?

The face revolved with eyebrows raised.

And I could sense the implication from the start; The words were so biligerently phrased

That daggers do not penetrate with more pernicious art.

Now I believe that all death-struggles must be faced,

So I returned with also-deadly, double-pointed spears;

"Apart? From whom?" was my amazed inquiry.

(And I recall seeing a pair of perforated ears

Burst into flame, setting a farce on fire.)

—Bernard L. Peterson, Jr.

Freshmen Impression of the College

I think S.T.C. is a fine institution to aid students in the development of a functioning philosophy of life which will make it possible for them to make desirable adjustments to life situations.

Hannah Myrick

My impression of the college is that it is an institution with a great environment for studying, and not a place for mere socializing or vacationing.

James Williams

My impression of E.C.S.T.C. is that it is an institution equipped with the necessary or essential things for the development of one's mind intellectually, culturally, socially, as well as spiritually, to meet the obstacles that are put before one in this challenging world of today.

Rockzal Lockhart

I think it is a fine school.

James Hicks

A Psychology Teacher's Reaction

From my secluded perch above the audience, I satisfied my intense urge to watch student reactions by noting, often with surprise, reactions to the Student Council's "Program of Music Appreciation."

Let me begin by saying that when first I looked at the ambitious program I decided that this was going just a bit too far. To expect such a program to be accepted, not to mention enjoyed, was asking too much of most of us—including me. But then I began to wonder seriously just what sort of reaction would the student body have to a program which encompassed music from Baroque to Brubeck. There was one way to get an idea—turn to the old psychological tool of observation. From my position, I could observe at least one half of the audience without being observed by them. With red ink poised to write on the green-lined program, I waited for the expected flop.

It didn't come. It took a few moments of adjustment during Handel's Overture to "The Messiah," but by the time the next number, "The Hallelujah Chorus," pulled the audience out of its seat, rapt attention was no longer unusual in the auditorium. And thus it remained, with the exception of a few restless ripples now and then.

For example, the spirituals seemed to have touched most of the audience. Even playing a spiritual other than the one listed on the program did not seem to break the appreciative mood. But the transition from "Were you there?" to the opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony caused a ripple of restlessness and noticeable lack of attention for some. Perhaps a less vigorous number would have been better for that transition from spirituals to classics.

The use of a "live" pianist for Chopin's work brought a slight stir which subsided when the music began. It was at this time that a small minority of girls scattered throughout the auditorium began to stir or to talk or to hand their books. From this point on, it seemed that there were more men than women with attention completely focused on the program. During Tchaikovsky's numbers, one man (a music minor, pianist, singer, etc.) was busily reading a textbook. Two women in different spots were observed to read the same. (An amazingly small number!)

The greatest surprise was that there did not seem to be any drastic change in the attention given the program when "Dig that jazz, man" became the menu for the moment. This was heralded by considerably more buzzing, but it was not certain that the music was causing this. Mr. Franklin's melody stopped the women from reading and momentarily stopped the one man, but he soon returned to his reading and was joined by two other men. The readers, joined by two women, continued to read throughout Garthwick's music but stopped when Dave Brubeck took over. It is no exaggeration to say that Brubeck made the most overt impression on the audience. Pencils began to tap on books, on legs or on anything near enough. Hands began to move in rhythmic fashion, and legs and feet began to move with the music. However, about fifty per cent of the students remained as composed here as they had been for Beethoven. Stan Kenton moved some, especially the music minor who stopped his reading for the jazz presentation. But Brubeck

It is a fine institution for developing young men and women who are really interested in venturing into the world of tomorrow.

May Slade

I could not find a more suitable place to be trained to meet the qualifications and standards that one needs, in order to cope with the situations of today.

Thomas Pickett

A Junior's Advice to Freshmen

Alumni News

The Hertford County Chapter of the Elizabeth City State Teachers College Alumni Association held its first meeting of the year at the Amanda S. Cherry School, Hartsellville, N.C. on September 17, 1962.

Officers for the ensuing year are: L. R. Miales, president; S. L. Chamberlain, vice-president; A. G. Stephenson, secretary; V. D. Jones, assistant secretary; S. B. Boone, treasurer; R. Vann, chaplain; and J. A. Battle, reporter.

The main purpose of the meeting was to discuss Homecoming and formulate ways and means of increasing the Chapter membership.

Those present, by common consent, agreed to make a contribution to the Lucille McLendon Fund.

Attention Alumni

Omega Homecoming Kick-Off Dance

Delta Iota Chapter of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity will sponsor a Homecoming Kick-Off Dance for the benefit of its Scholarship Fund on Friday night, October 27, 1962, at the National Guard Armory, Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Dancing hours will be from 1:00 A.M. to 5:00 A.M. Alumni are invited to join the fun.

Make your donation to the Scholarship Fund to one of the Delta Iota Chapter members.

Student Council

(Continued from Page 1)

coming Pep Rally Committee, (8) Tutoring Committee to aid students academically, and (9) Committee on Issuing Hymnals at Vesper and Assembly Programs.

In totality, there are fifty students who serve, altogether, on the various committees listed above. Each chairman is responsible for a minimum of three activities for this year.

The Social Committee began with the presentation of its dances with artistic and creative decorating. This committee has seventeen objectives and fifteen members.

The Student Council has made an early stride toward its goal. This goal is to aim high and to work hard. As the members of the Student Council believe, "There is more to be done in the Student Council than we ever dreamed. That is why we immediately set a sailing. . . . We must build the foundation. . . . We must be the stepping stone for the future of our student government."

Apparently best deserved the title of having the "best digged (or is it 'dug?') jazz."

What does this prove? Perhaps nothing. But it does leave some questions?

Does the attention given by these observers indicate that the student body has a relatively high appreciation for decent music, in spite of the popularity of some radio stations? Does the more pronounced restlessness by some of the women students indicate that their appreciation of music is less than that of the men? Or that they have a shorter attention span? (This began at 10:05, about a half hour after the program began.) Does the reaction to jazz indicate that our students' potential interest in music is as great or greater for the more serious music as it is for popular music? Does this program indicate that there is a need to try to do more to nourish this interest in music on our campus? How would a modern jazz concert go over here? And how about a Modern Jazz Club and a Classics Club, composed of students who really want to become thorough in their appreciation of music in an informal setting? All of these are interesting but unanswered questions arising from the Student Council's successful experiment in music appreciation.

—James A. Eaton

"Slam!" "Wham goes the door, "Flang!" is the lumpy sound she hits the bed. An innocent sound comes from her mouth. She is a Freshman; little does she know. Are these tears and tantrums necessary?

A Junior looks back at this time with regret. "If only . . .", comes the cry. But time moves and waits for no one. Scenes just described are nothing new. In fact, they are typical in spite of Orientation, which is part of the college program. The one error is that the student forgets these lectures and methods of adjustment.

My formula and advice to a freshman is to direct his attention to the three C's: **Communicate, concentrate, continue.** Communication can be seen through many channels. It may be social, or it may be spiritual. I am speaking of all phases. Communicate with many new faces; get to know your instructors, so that you may adjust to their particular methods. Participate in at least one activity. Attend most of the intellectual events. In other words, get a feel of your new environment. After all, it is to be your home for nine months in a four-year period. Become more familiar with and firm—in this new environment.

Concentration can be described as a thoughtful, serious perception. The major source to which I attach this word is to your sole and major purpose for entering college. Yes, I speak of knowledge. Concentrate on your purpose for wanting to learn.

Become familiar with each course; bog dig down and be determined to do your best. The learning process is simple, although it is said to be complex. It only takes thought and the will to learn. Of course, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but all play makes Jack a dull boy, too. Therefore, have some of the wisdom of Solomon, and so arrange your schedule as to have time for play and time for burning the midnight oil. After all, nothing worth having comes easy. Ask some prominent, successful, intellectual instructor.

Last, we come upon the word, "continue." A person with ambition never leaves a job undone. He has very little inward satisfaction if he gives up. Continue your education. If things become doubtful, keep that mustard-seed faith. If that obstacle stands in your way, keep trying. Continue to keep your eye on your goal; one without some goal is miserable. "Hitch your wagon to a star," and ride through every cloud of doubt, discouragement and disappointment you encounter. "Know thyself." Never truer words have been spoken. In continuing a task, one must be familiar with his shortcomings and good points.

Thus, when you feel up to slapping some door and packing, stop—and think. Think how glad it will be to look back at your tantrums in your junior year. Maturity begins with serious thought—thought in knowing that you can communicate, concentrate and continue.

Autumn, the Artist

Autumn is stripping off the green gown
From the bush and the tree.
Changing the costumes of thing around

To please both you and me.

Autumn is stretching forth her hand
To dress the world anew.
Truly, this artist must be grand
To make frost from the dew.

Autumn is chilling us with her breath;

Still we are glad she's here.
Sweetest of flowers must drop in death;

But they'll be back next year.

—Theresa H. Hall