

THE COMPASS

For Students and Alumni

Published by
STATE COLLEGE NEWS PRESS CLUB
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Member:
Columbia Scholastic Press Association

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Uygees Bell
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	George Skinner
SECRETARY	Lowell Johnson
TREASURER	Clara Perkins
LITERARY EDITORS	Thelma Howard, Joyce Wilson
FEATURE EDITORS	Charlie Jefferson, Louvella Johnson, Clara Perkins
SPORTS EDITOR	Malvin Reddick
SOCIETY EDITOR	Gloria Forbes, Ethel Ballay, Margie Baker, Vernell Bailey
EXCHANGE EDITORS	Thonora, Barbara Featring, Janis Johnson
REPORTERS	Carolyn Thompson, George Skinner, Jostia Cox
CARTOONISTS	Shella Hicks, Ethel George, Laura Walton
ADVISORS	Lorraine Walker, Jean Weaver
TYPISTS	Mr. L. R. Ballou, Mrs. A. M. Blalod, Mrs. D. J. Lee Maryella Ward, Mary Shaddock

Changes

The Elizabeth City State College has been in the midst of a great change for several years. This great change involves the students of Elizabeth City State College as well as the administration.

New teachers have joined the faculty. Some are from various parts of the country, holding high degrees in many fields. The buildings and grounds also show evidence of this change. An illustration of this can be seen in Moore Hall. In the summer of 1961, the classrooms were improved. They were treated with fresh paint. The lighting system was improved.

As for the grounds, shrubbery has been raised in low places and many attractive sidewalks can be seen zig-zagging across the campus.

Along with this change, we as students at Elizabeth City State College must take up and become more aware of our responsibilities in this complex society in which we live. We must seek to know what is going on in the world. We can raise our

standards and along with that, set a worth while goal and strive hard to fulfill that goal.

We, the students at Elizabeth City State College, must realize and understand that if we tarry too long the qualities of our mind and spirit can never be universally possessed. It takes more than an educated elite to run a complex society like ours. The kind of society we live in today demands the maximum development of individual potentialities at every level of ability; and we would be very foolish indeed if we were to let our renewed interest go to waste.

It is time for us to aid in helping to bring about changes at Elizabeth City State College, which will constitute a better education program for all of us. The question is often raised, can the Negro college meet the challenge of the modern world? With re-examination of our curricula and eyes turned toward providing adequate training to equip students for professional opportunities, it can be done.

Line Cutting

Why is it that some people just insist upon "cutting line" in the dining hall? Is it because they don't know any better? No. Is it because they really don't care about the rights of their fellow colleagues? This could be the problem. If this is the case, my fellow associates, we had better examine ourselves and find out what we are really here for. If we say that we are here for the purpose of obtaining an education, we are certainly not acting as if we are.

Education has been defined as that which changes the behavior patterns of an individual. So, my friends, you see if we are doing the same thing here in college that we did back in high school, we really haven't been educated or we really aren't being educated.

Students, we must come to our senses and realize that we are going to start thinking and acting like educated individuals. Each time a person "cuts line," he is indicating by

his action that he is uneducated.

We say that we want to become leaders of tomorrow. We also say that we want our freedom. But we forget the fact that along with freedom and leadership, comes responsibility; the responsibility to think and act in such a way as to demand respect from our fellow man. Then and only then will we find ourselves reaching the goals for which we have set out to seek.

I am appealing to those students who insist upon cutting line, to examine themselves and find out what their purposes in life really are. How will you be classified by your associates? Will you demonstrate your lack of education, or will you act in such a manner as to demand respect?

So students, let us remember that educated people do not infringe upon the rights of others. We don't want an elementary thing like "line cutting" to be a problem on our campus.

—Lloyd Porter, chairman of Student Problems

Freshman's First Impression

"... Nice ... Full of interesting ... activities."

J. A. Moore
"My first impression of the school was its faculty members and the students here."
Julius Walker

"... The relationship between students here and at Friendship Junior College is much wider."
Cleo Byrd

"My first impression ... was a very lonely one, but as the upperclassmen arrived this ... soon disappeared and I found ECSC had a lot in store for me intellectually and otherwise."
Shelly Willingham

"... One of the best schools in the CIAA."
L. Reed
"... We believe the students and faculty are very friendly and especially the girls."
John Jordan
William Johnson

"... My first impression was that I was going to like the college, staff and all the students ..."
Betty Boone

"The campus appeared attractive and pleasing ... My adjustment was quick. I am happy here."
John Curry

"... Wonderful. I hope I will continue to enjoy my stay here."
Leroy Brickhouse

"... Students and faculty are very warm and friendly ... State College (is) a better school than I had dreamed ..."
Martha Harper

"... Astonishment ... Everyone ... made it comfortable for us, the shy and afraid freshmen."
Lonnie Turnage
Curtis Turnage

"... Fine institution ... My decision in coming was well made."
Willie Cooke

My Second Birth

Have you ever heard that history repeats itself? Each person must live the life he thinks right. This afternoon, my life is fast anew.

"Somehow I feel I am being freed every minute. This revolution for freedom is not only against the discrimination of our white brothers, but also within ourselves. I am fighting a terrible battle this afternoon within myself. First, I know the sit-ins will commence today, and all that is necessary for my omission from the booking and jailing is to stay on campus. This way I won't have to endure the pains and aches that are necessary to get freedom; consequently, that is just what I do.

A little later I begin to hear voices in the hall. The voices are in sympathy with those who are being jailed, hit, scalded, jeered, intimidated, hounded and misunderstood. At first the voices don't mean anything to me, that is until my self-respect begins to pinch me. I got over that; however, my religion and human decency tear into my heart with a penetrating bit. We fight for awhile, until I can't endure the pain any longer. Even though I'm losing the battle, I am happy. It feels almost like the time I got my religion. I am beginning to feel free of something.

Now, some mysterious force lifts me from my bed and pulls me out side to see what is going on. Then, as if awakening from a dream, I am lost in chaos. I am lost, where is it for me to go? I see nobody behind me, nobody beside me; however, I see people in front of me. There is no choice. Why wishes to remain lost, except a fool? I don't. Consequently, I am following the mass, one hundred twenty demonstrators.

Now the mass is heading for town. The time is September 24, 4:50 p.m.; in front of Central Restaurant in Elizabeth City, N.C. While sitting here, I wonder just why I am sitting here. Suddenly a white man appears and says "Get your feet off the sidewalk! What do you think you are doing or going to accomplish? If you don't have freedom who has?" It is strange the way he asks that, for—suddenly without warning—someone dashes

hot water on us! Some are scalded, others frightened. Nevertheless, we are holding our ground. The hot water isn't working. One of the white men inside demands us to move again, we stay on. Neither the hot nor the cold moves us. We are determined to last to the end. Where is the end? Nobody can really say, but we will continue to fight for what is right. We shall over come, someday.

At 5:30, we are being packed tightly in to the waiting rooms of the police station. Air? There isn't any air; nevertheless, through our own volition, we are cheering, clapping and giving praise to God louder than we did in the previous demonstrations. No matter how long the spirit wants to go on, the will of the flesh is short. Impatiently, we are waiting until we can be booked individually. While looking from person to person with deep thought, I notice some of us are impatient, bored, hungry, and exhausted. However, food is being sent to us. Many of us are eating, not that we are hungry, but because that is what the rest are doing.

I don't know what is to come next; but whatever it may be it can't be any worse than the discrimination that we are suffering here in Elizabeth City. So, as we pile on earth where discrimination and segregation exist on account of race. This city is like a rose bush in full blossom, I can smell the sweet attar of job opportunities and see the bright red colors of equality. Along with the sweet fumes of opportunity, I see the bright colors of equality come the thorns of hatred, prejudice, and biased attitudes. To secure this rose, one must wear a glove.

Negroes in Elizabeth City can wear this glove. But no longer will we wait for the white glove; we will gather the roses with the bare hands of righteousness if need be.

Do we are released from jail today, but what will tomorrow bring? I consider what happened to us today as past history. As for me, history will repeat itself until any man can say, "I am a man, not a Negro, Caucasian, Chinese or Japanese; and I am treated equally as a man."

—Willie Thurman

Word

My son when you grow up
What shall you be?
I'll tell you.

Eat plenty of food now
But remember,
The Food won't make you strong;
Truth, courage, honesty, integrity
Will make you strong.

Read books
But remember,
Books won't make you smart;
Understanding, listening, people,
losing
Will make you smart.

Go to college
But remember,
College won't make you great;
Humility, compassion, denial,
experience
Will make you great.

Work hard
But remember,
Work won't make you rich;
Respect, friends, spirit,
And children like you
Will make you rich.

"... This institution is a very nice place and so are the instructors."
Velma Godette
"... I found myself singing, 'I want to go home.'"
Fröncene Lawson

"... It seems as if they are about to make a professional football trainer out of me."
Johnny Woodhouse

"... I thought the school was a drag."
D. Brown
—Compiled by Lorraine Walker

Football Repathy

The one thing the resident student has in common with the commuting students is a complete lack of interest toward Elizabeth City's sports.

This is a shame, for without the support of the college family, the support from alumni will be nil also, and because they lack their non-support habits as undergraduates.

At the Lighthouse on a typical day, the scene is one of constant turnover of students discussing classes, studying, laughing, eating or talking about upcoming and past dates.

No one talks about the Vikings football team.

That the Vikings have lost games comes as no surprise to most of the students. "So what?" is the common retort. "We always lose, don't we," said one co-ed, who admits she does not attend games. "All our teams lose, so why should the football team be any different?"

Do the students attend home games? "Well," said a fraternity man, "We go out as a group ... it's more of a social event than it is a sport event, or supporting-the-team sort of thing."

The frats and sororities usually have a small competition to see which can turn out the most kids; at least we do that at rallies. Once in a while we get up a car caravan but that is a lark."

How about the commuting students? "No, we do not go very big for Elizabeth City home games. Most of us are from area high schools and the first couple of years at Elizabeth City most of the kids go back to their high school games."

In the opinion of the authors, who

Welcome Freshmen

Many of the freshmen arrived on campus Thursday, September 19, 1963. I believe that all of us were completely baffled and were all wondering what would be our next step. But to our advantage, the College had set aside a special week designed to help the schedule.

The orientation was as follows: Upon arrival, we were required to register to show our presence on campus. Friday from 10:00 a.m. to 1:15 p.m., we were confronted with an English Placement Examination. That evening, we had a tour of the campus which enabled us to see the striking buildings which are at Elizabeth City State College, and a general assembly.

Saturday found us taking another test, from 8:00 a.m. until 12 noon. A dance in Williams Hall quickened events at 8:00 p.m. We had a very nice time at this dance and it enabled us to meet unknown faces and become better acquainted with the ones we had met before. The affair turned out extremely well.

Sunday morning we visited local churches. President Ridley greeted us with a reception on his lawn that afternoon. This reception enabled us to meet the faculty.

On Monday, there was still another test and registration began for the semester. On Tuesday, September 10, starting at 8:00 a.m., we looked pretty for the camera as photographs were taken for our identification cards. That afternoon, we had a movie and discussion period with Mrs. R. Hastings, Dean of Women. Mrs. D. Marshall, Dean of Men, as our hostess and host. Wednesday was the most abhorrent day of all for on that day we were required to begin taking our physical examinations.

So, as you can see, when we arrived on Elizabeth City State College's campus, we came ready for work and not all play. We, the freshmen have been busy from the very first day we arrived.

But we do not give ourselves this credit, because if it were up to the majority of us, I believe we would have just eaten and slept the week away. Instead of a richer program of events, we give credit where credit is due, to those who planned the Freshman Orientation Week Program.

—Ethel L. Bailey

Derivation of Pleasure

By Theresa Hall

It is a pleasure to watch the sea. To hear its mystic roar. To see its tongue waltz up to me And lick the sandy shore.

It is a pleasure to note the grace In the sea's constant sway. A pleasure to read its moody face That bears my thoughts away.

It is a pleasure to see the foam On the sea's heaving breast. A pleasure to watch the gulls at home As they bathe in its crest.

A great pleasure it shall ever be To trend the misty coast And I may surfeit the glassy sea And all its wondrous host.

are, admittedly high school walk-outs, every student who is enrolled should attend every game. The players don't like playing before an empty house anymore than they enjoy losing. Increased attendance may be the lift they need to jelly a potential championship squad into winners, instead of narrow margin to losers.

The team has lost games that very well could have gone in their favor except for a few bad breaks and injuries to key personnel. This is no time to abandon them—when they need your support. If you must be "lackadaisical" in your support, wait until they are winning—then they can sustain themselves by virtue of their own deeds.

Come out to the games and CHEER.

—Nathaniel Grant Alexander Peant