

"To Mourn A Fallen Angel"

by Avon Chapman

Editor's note

This story will continue on a serial basis. A flash-back of the previous episode will also be included.

Have you ever bothered to ponder on the realization that our lives are being held on a fragile balance each and every second of our supposedly meaningful existence? Would it be such a shock to you if you discovered that the fate of our known civilization was being thrown around as if it were a menial toy? What if there were beings, inhabiting this very planet, who did toss the losing dice for our mankind?

Possibly, the proof of this theory lies far beyond the symmetrical proximities of our wildest dreams.

There are faint rumors today, however, that someone did unveil this deep, dark and coveted mystery. Maybe this person did encounter these unique entities.

The "Angel"

His name was Daniel Stone—better known as, the "Angel." Stone was international public enemy number one and was, indeed, the most notorious. Police reports state that he possessed the rare ability to initiate an intended crime in broad daylight with death-defying boldness and accompanied by an almost perfect escape procedure. Because of this daring artistry, they gave him the name, "Angel."

Stone's personality

Probably, the most mentionable aspect pertaining to his personality was that Stone was dressed in ordinary attire and employed the use of a concealed portable jet pack about his waist which was used for propulsion and high acceleration in flight. What the authorities did not know until later was that the Angel was a missing American physicist who could have devised this ingenious apparatus himself.

However, little did the Angel know that on a certain day, he would undertake his last infraction of the law code before divine providence allowed him to fall into the hands of the unknown people. That day shall now be described:

It began on a normal bright summer day in the city of La Crosse, Nevada. The sky above was one vast painted ocean of rich royal blue. Here and there one could see a sprinkling of very soft fluffy clouds that enriched the sky as does the full green lawn that enhances its landscape.

The wind blew a pleasant breeze over the land making it sufferable weather for those below. The sun resembled a huge chandelier whose brilliant rays now focused especially on a moving object. The figure was not only alive but human. The mortal was none other than the Angel!

As he hovered...

He flew in a clockwise direction around the city as if he were searching for something. His body was extended in a horizontal position in a manner quite similar to that of the fictitious Superman. To the surprise of this fugitive who wore a light blue sport jacket, black pants, white shirt, black tie and socks, and smooth patent leather shoes, something was wrong below.

As he hovered over the metropolitan-sized bank, he observed that traffic was unusually scattered for such a densely populated city. Despite his doubtful intuition, he descended to an alley a block away from the bank.

In the alley

From his inside coat pocket he removed a pair of sunglasses. Stone slowly placed the gold rimmed spectacles over his eyes which were filled with greed and expectation. He lifted his right hand across his well-built chest to the other side where he pampered what appeared to be a small revolver. Feeling rather confident at this moment, the Angel walked from the darkness of the alley to the sun-drenched sidewalk. Daniel promenaded rather cautiously with ostentatious sophistication as he neared the mammoth bank building.

Daniel touched a button

At the entrance, Daniel looked about himself unmoved by the abnormal serenity of the deserted streets. In his mind, all that mattered was the handsome treasure which lay within the vaults of the edifice he was about to enter. He then touched a button on his waist which caused the light to pass through his body practically making him a shadow.

A surprise

Inside, disguised policemen were awaiting his expected arrival. How could this be? Daniel Stone, while squandering his money on the Riviera previously, revealed his destination to a wooing Delilah. Now, the clever Angel must walk into a trap made by a woman!

(To be continued)

Lighthouse

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very proud of the work it has done in the past, and we are looking forward to much more of it in the future.

The pleasant, smiling people who greet you on formal occasions in the Lighthouse are members of the Hospitality Committee. These people really work hard and seem to enjoy it.

Come by the Lighthouse sometime and met some of these interesting people. You may even want to join one of the committees they are on.

Comedy to Open Drama Series

by Ziner Johnson

On Thursday and Friday night, December 2 and 3, the College Players will present their first productions of the season, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," a hilarious comedy in three acts. The play will feature William E. Purkett, a junior English major, in the title role, supported by a large cast of twenty-one other players.

According to the director, Mr. Bernard L. Peterson Jr., the second performance of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" will be the featured event of the Northeastern District High School Drama Clinic, to be held at ECSC on December 3, under the auspices of the North Carolina High School Drama Association.

Hailed by many critics as one of the funniest plays ever written, "The Man Who Came to Dinner" promises to be the most popular offering of the College Players since their highly successful production of "The Match-Maker" in 1962.

Obituaries

The Compass expresses sympathy to the families of: Clarence B. Franklin, octogenarian father of Dr. Carl M. Franklin (Prof. and Chr., Bus. Ed.). Mr. Franklin died in New Orleans, October 2, just a few months away from his sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

The former Susie Louise Spellman '46 (Mrs. Harrison Smith), a public school teacher, who sustained fatal injuries in a New York auto accident. Mrs. Smith, especially interested in reading problems among youth, was a grad of P. W. Moore High School, and holds a master's degree. She was featured (p. 7) in the May 1958 ECSC Alumni Bulletin. Ceremonies were held at Mt. Lebanon A.M.E. Zion Church, October 8.

James Edward Herring, stepfather of Annetta L. Turner '69. Mr. Herring, of Elizabeth City, was funeralized at Union Chapel Baptist Church, October 10.

John H. Moore, superintendent of Pasquotank County Schools and once an ECSC Trustee (1956-1961) died August 22. Mr. Moore was given high praise in newspaper reports for his long years of service to education in North Carolina.

The former Margie Monk '62 (Mrs. Margie Johnson), who received fatal injuries from an automobile accident occurring in Williamston, N.C. on Saturday night, October 16.

VIKINGS VS. LIVINGSTONE

NOV. 13 "SR. DAY"

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Library Topples

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that the building was built to withstand a 125,000 pound load capacity. However, he conjectured that, although the building was subjected to sixty-percent above its designed capacity, it was not supposed to succumb to the pressure.

Although it appeared to be a fault in the concrete mixture, the exact cause has not yet been determined. It was made clear that it was no fault of construction procedure.

The Contractor affirmed the fact that, before the catastrophe, the construction was one month ahead of schedule. They are now in the process of getting cleaned up and will take six weeks to get back to where they were. Although they will be two weeks behind their original schedule, they anticipate meeting their April deadline.

Donations For Mitchell Award

The Edna Harris Mitchell Award was presented on Honors Night during the year 1964-65 for the first time. This award was set up to be presented to the sophomore who during the freshman year maintained the highest average in English.

The award was set up in honor of Mrs. Edna Mitchell who for thirty-nine years rendered service to Elizabeth City State College as an instructor and was along-time advisor to the college newspaper the Compass.

Appeals are being made for donations to this Fund. Persons wishing to give donations to this Fund are asked to send checks payable to: Elizabeth City State College, Edna Harris Mitchell Award Fund, Business Office.

ATTENTION LOYAL ALUMNI
Beginning with the Homecoming issue of The Compass, we will mail only to certified Alumni. This certification must be made by secretaries of each chapter. "Certified" = Dues Paid. Support ECSC Alumni Association with your dues and your efforts.

Yesterday: "Miss S.T.C." 1951



From Left to Right: Carrie D. Daniels, Mary Rawls (Miss S.T.C.) and Nellie Drew. (Look inside! More Reminiscing.)

THE COMPASS

Volume 27 No. 2 October, 1965
Elizabeth City State College
Elizabeth City, North Carolina 27909

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Elizabeth City, N.C.
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