

THE COMPASS

For Students and Alumni

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Opinions expressed in articles are not necessarily those of COMPASS or the College.

Speak Now, Or . .

Each month The Compass is accorded anything but an enthusiastic reception among Vikings. The reception is at almost all times a cold "so-what" one. It is not surprising to see a copy dangling from the garbage cans, flying in the form of an airplane, or being used as a placemat in the Lighthouse. These instances make one wonder about the actual value of a student paper. Can it possibly be that The Compass is what it is (each student has his own opinion) because our worst critics are our worst authors and contributors?

The real crisis involved in the newspaper is not the news contained within, but in the readers themselves. We realize the importance of forming a good story, and we endeavor to capture the same interest in our audience that we put into the production. Making the news interesting to our public is our main obligation and we try to improve on

it each time we publish a paper. The least our readers could do is to read the paper rather than talk and ask questions about it.

Maybe, too, we aren't what we should be because of the deficiency in student opinions and interests. The Compass staff has its own interests and opinions, but we cannot adequately provide reflections for all those cherished on this campus.

The Compass can be whatever you want it to be, and it can be identified in any manner that you deem worthy; but not only until more students begin to use it as a vehicle of expression for their views and not as an implement for criticism will the value of our publication be appreciated. The only advice pending the previous statement is for our student body to "speak now, or..."
SUPPORT YOUR NEWSPAPER!!!!!!
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EDITOR

Our Dreamer Is Dead

by Yvoane R. Johnson
He had great plans for us, the Negro.
But cut short of his plans, he is buried below.

To us, he was wonderful, to all, he was supreme. But his great man was cut short of his dream. He dreamed of the day that all men would unite. And the day that the White man and Black man could no longer fight.

His efforts were only to help the Negro Man. He wanted to make him an equal American.

He lived a non-violent life, and he would want us to do the same. Because of his non-violent teachings, he won world-wide fame.

He had no fears, nor did he dread his death. He thought of the Negro, not of himself.

He was shot by a man, that I consider to be insane. For what other reason would he have shot this great man? Now Martin has gone home to Heaven above. But with us he has left his ideas of love.

"We Shall Overcome,"
Let us together sing.
This was a part of the dream of Martin Luther King.

A Dedication The Three M's Of Martyrdom

The splendor of blackness is broad enough, is brilliant enough, is beautiful enough and black enough to encompass all the myriad minds, all the restless spirits and all the seasons of all the souls of black people-

demanding to be free.

How else could it encompass the searing red passion to be free in Malcolm, the brooding blue of the timeless Mississippi in Medgar and his sable search to be truly free? And how else, were its arc not so wide, and its spectrum not so many splendors -- could the rainbow of blackness also hold the evergreen love and life and the purple sacred sorrow in Martin in his pilgrim strides towards freedom to be -- and who is -- free at last!

- Chestyn Everett

Wouldn't It Be Nice If - - -

A certain book was designated 1695 to 1900 instead of 1865 to 1900? negritude did not necessitate bushy hair, but emphasized achievement? miniskirts were at least 90% associated with maxifigures?

Fine Arts Festivals speakers were not complete duds?

Fine Arts Festivals encompassed more of the fine arts?

Fine Arts Festivals gave opportunity to highlight more relevant and recent art?

Seniors did not so frequently "go sour"?

Seniors would more generally be willing to be "involved"?

the student newspaper was issued more frequently and thus had better opportunities for relevancy? more of the Faculty showed more real faculty for being a Faculty?

more students really were students and not winter boarders?

state higher ups put more money where they mouth necessity for upgrading predominately Negro schools?

people were more courteous and considerate of each other?

students would read more than the sports pages, funnies, and gossip columns?

the Library was fuller, more often?

we had at least one or two additional librarians? we had at least a half dozen more persons on the secretarial staff?

we had one or two more people really trained in counseling?

the "wild ones" could express themselves in terms better than bricks, fire bombs, and cuss words?

books had the popularity of the Lighthouse Canteen?

young men did not feel that cuss words and whiskey were marks of "manhood"?

young ladies did not feel that laconic statements were marks of maturity? many more students took a continuing interest in our yearbook?

many more men would take a continuing interest in our choir?

we had a new school bus? more students desired full work periods to represent full checks? there was less dither concerning work-aid checks? there was a higher re-

Who...? Where...? What...?

DOUGLAS BROWN, '67, Physical Education Major is teaching in Washington, D. C.

THELMA WHITEHURST, '67, Sociology Major is working with the Public School System in Washington, N. C.

MAGGIE D. WILLIAMS, '67, Elementary Education Major is teaching Patillo Elementary School, Tarboro.

JOHN T. WILLIAMS, '67, English Major is teaching at P. W. Moore in Elizabeth City.

MARY ROSEBORO GLOVER, '67, Elementary Education Major is teaching in Germany where her husband is stationed.

WILLIE HAGAN, '67, Health and Physical Education Major is teaching in Washington, D. C.

ROBERT GRAVES, '67, Social Science Major is teaching in Washington, D. C.

BONNER MURRELL, '67, Business Education Major is working in Cleveland, Ohio.

NORINE CARTER, '67, Business Education Major is teaching in Richmond, Virginia.

Ode To Dr. King

Knocking, Knocking, Knocking!
Death came shocking!
Not for just another being,
but for Martin Luther King.

He was brave; He was strong,
And didn't believe in wrong
He preached his deed,
But few took heed.

Now he is gone,
And we all want to moan
Moan for a man who gave his all;
Slaughtered by a white, who had no gall.

Killed because he had a belief,
That all men could be brothers without any grief.
Because of his beliefs, he has died.
With even more followers at his side.

His voice preached nonviolence;
And now there is only silence.
His life had been taken just before night.
Shot without cause with no chance to fight.

Dr. King was not afraid.
So now he is dead.
Dead! Dead! Dead without a just cause
Because some Whites don't believe in laws

No, Dr. King, he is not dead.
He is only asleep, resting his head,
Physically, he is gone,
But his words will live on.

Dr. King, you have not lost;
This country will one day pay the cost.
As surely as God will have his will,
The people of this country will have to pay your bill.

Knocking, Knocking, Knocking!
Death is not so shocking.

By Jethro C. Williams '67
Former Editor of THE COMPASS

Baccalaureate

And

Commencement

May 26

gard - campus-wide - for greater accuracy in reporting academic matters and matters concerning individuals?

people were more greatly concerned with morality than with expediency? folks didn't sometimes sit down to type the preceding?