



WSSC STUDENTS ACHIEVE AT SIU

(Special to the ARGUS)

Southern Illinois — Spring has finally arrived at Southern Illinois University and the school year will soon be only a memory. For the Winston-Salem exchange students it will be a year worth looking back upon, a year of opportunity and accomplishment, of warm memories and lasting friendships.

On February 25, the University Park housing area's annual scholastic dinner honored students with a better than B average. The Winston-Salem exchange students were well represented by Barbara Bass, Barbara Hassell, Clay Hines Knight, and Barbara Seamon who received award certificates for their scholastic achievement.

March 30 was another honor date for Barbara Hassell, and she looked radiant as she was initiated into Kappa Delta Pi. Ruth Riley whom many of you know from last year, was also initiated.

Kappa Delta Pi is an honor society in education whose members are invited to join on the basis of high scholastic records and personal attitudes toward life and teaching.

Barbara Seamon pledged Angel Flight during Winter Quarter and she is proudly wearing her uniform around campus. She attended the

National Air Society and Angel Flight Conclave in New York, April 7-10, where she sang with the Angelaries before a group of three thousand Air Force men and women. Their performance was such a success that they were asked to perform for General John P. McConnell, Chief of Staff of the Air Force. Angel Flight, officially known as Harper Flight, is a national honorary service organization of college girls, sponsored by the Arnold Air Society, and dedicated to assist the Arnold Air Society to further the cause of the U. S. Air Force. It consists of two groups of girls: the singing Angelaries and the dancing Angelettes who are chosen from a number of applicants on the basis of talent, poise, and beauty.

Another of Barbara Seamon's talents has come through this year. For one of her assignments in a Children's Literature course, she wrote a children's book entitled *Butterfingers* which is presently being considered for publication by the Scribner Company in New York.

For the Winston-Salem exchange students, I think we will have to say that this has truly been "a very good year".

—Annette Beaven, SIU

Everybody Wins At Talent Show

May 2 was designated as Talent Night at Winston-Salem State College for the WTVD talent hunt.

There were only three groups present, but they were blasting away on popular jams of the past. James Funches and his instrumental group with Galvin Crisp on sax, Ervin Stowe on drums, Don Kelly on piano and William Berry on guitar began the fun-filled night with Arthur Bell's "Tighten Up." "Check Yourself" belted out strongly by Carolyn Buey, of the vocal group, the Constellations, received enthusiastic applause. The audience virtually went wild over "Sweet Inspiration," "I'm So Glad You're Back" and "Love Bug." Lillie Hardy and Adrienna Dubose were other dynamic members of

the group. To remind us of the good times ahead in this season, Don Kelly sang "Summer Time" and "Yesterday."

Tension gripped the audience as the time of decision drew nigh. It was a close race, for all the groups were superb. Dick Bennick of the WTVD studios, in giving the decision, explained the qualifications the winning group should possess. Third place winner was Don Kelly; second place winners were James Funches and his group. The finale brought on the first place winners, "The Constellations."

They will appear on WTVD-TV May 25, to compete against college talent from the surrounding areas. Good luck, Constellations!!

—Rosa Sherrod

An Appeal For Unity

Oh people, let us stand together for what we know is right. Let us stand up and proclaim the worthiness of our fight. In a world that seeks to subdue us, let our voices ring aloud, For that trait they say denounces us, let us shout that we are proud! Bow not people, to what they call the better mind, Do they deem us inferior for the color of our kind? Stand together, fight together, and it shall come to pass, That our children will stand united as a people free at last!

—Dorothy Cockerham

A Black Man's Query

What is this thing, this fantastic philosophy that society so readily takes to bed — to wed? This evil implement? Bias! . . . a curiously eroded circle of tongue-tied hate that plays upon the hand of fate, that martyrs great leaders, and leaves their murders unsolved. We get no answers, we are never rewarded, and we are often punished for living too close to the questions we ask. Our little ghettos, our small corners, are the only places where the word "Freedom" is used with cynicism. Thus, we are like nature's tart — contagious.

In the amalgamate mind of society, there exists no "pure law", only opinions — Hypocrisy!

No need to draft and circulate a petition to see who gets tormented next: us, and those like us! Yes, we are angrily contemptuous. We grow that way when we think about the screws — the screws that screw the lid down properly, blotting out this dark world of chaos-brewing vegetation . . . this place wherein we are trapped. A volatile blight they call us . . . huge and hectic . . . We are treated as a thing, like something cozy — vicious and cunning . . . a thing whose path the "good folk" must sow with agony.

We've been told, commanded to hobble our thoughts, and voice nothing — no word of dissent . . . that to tell the objective truth would be to cut our own throats.

Our hearts bleed, we weep for them, our brothers. Weep for them knowing full well that when you weep for those with no aesthetic sense, you lose your tears — your emotional life grows shackled and numb. You become stifled in the spectacle of this society's combined madness.

Now then The root of this mournful situation: "The Elect". That's the secret — the key to this whole business, this life dilemma? One must become, instead of advancing. The elect, being adept, are at home anywhere. They know the meaning of hell but they do not localize it. They enjoy the intervals between one state of existence and another. But the black men, who are the tormented ones — born out of time and out of rhythm — can only interpret our intermediary states as hell itself. The excruciating boredom from which we suffer is the reflection of the vacuum in which we exist — whether we created it or not is immaterial. One thing seems clear in this connection: we can put our powers to no use.

All the elements of our character were laid down at birth; they will lend to our destiny the unique character of our agony. In the light of these reflections why should the second half of our lives appear more mysterious and enigmatic than the first? Is man's destiny not determined by his character? We become what we are, else all is the play of hazard. Always, we are unpredictable, the dismal sport of authority —

Later perhaps, it will pass.

—Paris McCullough

Doctor to a Broadway producer: "You'll have to give up wine and women — you can sing as much as you want to."

One reason there is so much humor in the world today is because so many people take themselves so seriously.

Illinois

We carved a six hundred mile oval
In the Land of Lincoln in July
While thunderheads mounted the sky
And tilted Negroes on chairs on porches
Of simulated brick shacks
With genuine mortgages
Held by corporeal bankers in sundown towns
Feigned unconcern at our passing.

The map shows Illinois
A long and jagged spearhead
Lodged lengthwise in the heart of America,
Water-bordered,
Snow-white by winter in the north,
Traces of cotton-white near Cairo in the south,
Still Southern enough for bayous and filigreed cypress,
Still Northern enough for ski racks and pedigreed Yankees.

The roadside restaurant
Was homey as a kitchen,
The cook with spatula poised,
Her hair netted,
Dreamed of the evening's bridge,
Forgetful of the aches
Ten thousand meals
Had cost her,
A figure not entered on the menu
Or covered by Social Security.

A thousand rusting car bodies
With strips of glinting chrome incisions.
How many dreams and nightmares in one junk yard?
Here a car that ended with the honeymoon
Against a concrete wall —
And next to it,
Still showing signs of twenty years of loving polish,
A car that lingered on in a will,
Now laughed into oblivion
By a generation bent on speed
And lambent, flowing lines.
Cars that carried mercy, hate, and love,
Now stripped to immobility
While seasons and tourists stream past.

There are no vital statistics
On dogs killed on the highway.
And it is well.
How much does one dog count
Multiplied by one child's dreams?
Addendum: How do cats escape?
Have they no yearning for the other side?

In a small town
The statue of a famous son stands,
Green-tarnishing except where impolite birds
Have left white reminders of indifference.
Tarnishing too is his reputation.
Though adorned with a cross of gold,
If fundered on the Rock of Ages
While he fanned himself in a torrid Tennessee town
Only weeks away from the terror of oblivion.

The white man gathers his green harvest
Made possible by a glacier
In the darkness of time.
The black man spends his golden hours
In a darkness bred of time
And glacial ignorance, slow melting.
The red man long ago departed
Around a bend down the trail of tears,
Leaving behind many names on his land.

—J. Joseph Leonard
Exchange Professor
Southern Illinois University

Graduating Seniors

That special day has come around at last,
Seniors have begun to reminisce of pleasant memories of the past,
No more studies, no more worries, no more days of toil,
Now that the four years are over.
Seniors think life, for some eccentric reason, is going to be a ball.

Our days at WSSC have been pleasant and long,
But we shall never forget our school's alma mater, our song.
Those special words will remain with us forever.
And to be a success in the name of WSSC
Is our greatest endeavor.

Our teachers, advisors, friends, told us to be always great sages.
This advice we will readily remember until we reach ripe old ages.
Our college days are the best days of our young years,
And WSSC, we cherish, love, and leave you
With happy tears.

—Daisy R. Rogers