



Students are from left to right: First Row — Mrs. Shirley L. Liggett, Moses Golatt, Mrs. Barbara Frayar, Mrs. Marion W. Davis. Second Row — Norman Mitchell, Brenda Dowery, Mrs. Naomi Colden, Raphael M. Wanjohi, Annie Glendora Thomas, Phyllis Sharpe, Frank K. Godfrey.

Seniors Make Who's Who

By WILLIAM CARSON

Fourteen seniors at Saint Augustine's College have been named to be included in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" for 1966-67.

The students receiving the honor with their hometowns are: Mary Ann Barbour, Naomi P. Colden, Marion W. Davis, Barbara McCoy Frayar, and Shirley L. Liggett all of Raleigh, North Carolina, Brenda Dowery, Bronx, N. Y.; Frank E. Godfrey, Charleston, S. C.; Moses Golatt, Harlem, Ga.; Norman T. Mitchell, Orlando, Fla.; Sondra Leon Scipio, Cleveland, Ohio; Phyllis E. Sharpe, Statesville, N. C.; Annie Glendora Thomas, Louisville, N. C.; Hoyie E. Utley, Fuquay-Varina, N. C.; Raphael M. Wanjohi, Nyeri Kenya, Africa.

To The Editor

To the Editor,

After making some spot observations around the campus at some of the soda machines, I have come to the conclusion that they are necessary for the students as a supplement to the meager meal allowances rendered the students in the Cheshire Building three times a day. However, I deem it more feasible that the Administration allow the students to have a milk machine too.

This machine can be filled daily as are the numerous soda machines. I further contend that the milk machines would be a greater asset to the students health than a continuing supply of carbonated beverages, refreshing as they are at times.

Some of us students do not go to breakfast every morning since our classes start later than 8:30. Why can't there be one or two milk machines on the campus so that we can drink more than the inadequate supply of a half pint of milk per day?

Douglas W. Pieper

Fellowships Available From Institute For Environmental Health Studies

Applications for Environmental Health Fellowships are now being accepted for graduate study during the 1967-68 academic year at the Consolidated University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill and Raleigh campuses). This is a broad interdepartmental program designed to give students training for careers in research, teaching, and practice in environmental health. It is sponsored by the Department of Biostatistics, Environmental Sciences and Engineering, and Epidemiology of the School of Public Health; the Departments of Botany, Chemistry, City and Regional Planning, Geology, and Zoology of the College of Arts and Sciences; the School of Medicine; and the Department of Food Science at North Carolina State University at Raleigh. Students will generally enroll

New York Painter Lectures Here On Elements Of Art

By CAREY YOUNGER

Late last month the students of Saint Augustine's College heard an informative and noteworthy lecture on painting by Miss Harriett Fitzgerald. Miss Fitzgerald, an experienced painter, and a lecturer in the fine arts, is the director of the Abingdon Square Painters. She has exhibited widely in group and regional shows under the auspices of the Arts Program, Association Colleges, New York, New York.

Miss Fitzgerald's lecture topic was "How A Painting Works." Noted for her ability to bring creative art to life, in this introduction to art from a modern point of view, she emphasized a painting's work as it reveals or brings to the surface, expression, experience, life, personality and individuality. The revelation can be of the painter or of the entire human race. A painting is alive and is preserved because of this reason: it meets the needs of the people. There is a timeless and universality about art which makes us feel that its value, like all spiritual value, is no exhausted.

The art of painting plays a important role in the humanities as such; it is important that knowledge or information about this art be passed on to us by an expert in the field. Students want to get the necessary understanding, and subsequently, appreciate the place of painting in American culture.

Miss Fitzgerald has the above mentioned credentials as she received her professional training at the Art Student's League of New York, in the classes of such famous artists as John Sloan, Maurice Stern, and the cubist painter, Ambrose Webster. Her works is represented in the permanent collections of the Staten Island Museum, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Westminster College, Bluffton College, Lawrence College, Stratford College, and others.

in the department of their basic specialty and then select courses in other departments in order to obtain a broad understanding of the problems of the environment and the application of their specialty to the solution of these problems. The fellowships are provided through the Institute for Environmental Health Studies and include tuition, fees, and a stipend. The amount of the stipend under these fellowships will be in accordance with current Public Health Service and University policy.

Further information may be obtained by writing the head of any of the sponsoring departments. All are located at Chapel Hill, North Carolina except the Department of Food Science which is located at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Poetry Corner

THAT MAN

Some say he's too big, impersonal and dirty.
That's true he is but so is life.
He never ceases to disgust and amaze me, thrill and bore me.
I've hated him and loved him all in the same endless moment.
For in his arms I learned of life.
To live, love, hate and almost die.
I looked beyond, the physical realities which are his and glanced,
I started into his inner soul and saw more than a man.
I saw a spirit, a soul, a state of constant and unending restlessness.
It's true he's killed and mauled countless numbers.
But so has life.
From our intercourse was born an identity
Still weak, an individuality which is beaten everyday,
A need for life that rises above the scum of existence.
He is not true to me, I know,
For even as I lie sleeping in his arms there are others.
Countless numbers of them.
But all this is forgotten as I greet him in the dark lustful night
And steal away in the dawning hours of the morn.

B. Dowery

DIONYSUS

Dionysus, god of emotional and sensory escape,
How glad I was to see you as you entered the abode of my anxiety and depression
I want to escape, elude the messages of my senses, cut off the control center completely.
Gently at first we began our journey into the land of illusion and fascinations.

In The Halls Of C. L. C Or Help, Help The Sky Is Falling"

By LOSTA LIGHTFEATHER

When I was a senior in high school, I was filled with the glory of attending a Negro college and undergoing myself, an identification process. After having spent ten of my twelve years of schooling in integrated schools, I was beginning to feel equal.

After almost getting ulcers over the Scholastic Achievement tests and the College Entrance Boards, I finally got in a very little college cottony behind the cotton curtain. My freshman year at Chicken Little College was comparable to basic training at any first-rate military camp. The survival test (supervised by clucking Ancient Maidens) consisted of existing on gruel and sleeping as little as possible in a cold compound. This is only part of the Test. There was also harassment from the company sergeant, better known as the House Hen. Fortunately, I got promoted to private first class.

Years passed. I returned to Chicken Little an upperclassman, knowing all the academic and social ropes. I knew how to pass so-and-so's test without really trying, and how to look intelligent without really understanding a word of the lecture. I knew how to go to the socials an hour and a half late, so that I wouldn't be totally frustrated at the end of the week.

But there were other problems besides provided essentials. One happened to be the mystery of the missing requisitions. How can a chicken feather without its feed? How can a soldier fight without a weapon? I found after some investigation that these requisitions, after being turned over to the proper authorities and being channeled through the various organizational departments, mysteriously invariably disappear. I finally traced the requisitions to the office of one of the dead ends. After some interrogation of the secretary, I found that she had been wallpapering her room with my requisitions. She was just one free enterprise variety of ding-a-ling in the organizational structure of Chicken Little College.

But some are more equal than others.

Then more boldly until everything passed the point of reality.

Oh! Dionysus how you betrayed me, for no sooner did the calm voyage begin then, the storm arose and we returned to port.

Quickly we returned to reality. The senses became sharper, too sharp.

As ambiguously as you came, you departed, leaving me to confront life with raw nerve ends, senses exposed, stomach in revolt.

I resolve Dionysus, as many times before, to turn a deaf ear.

Sirens sing a song of sensory suspension, emotional contentment.

B. Dowery

THREE NIGGERS

I
I'm Black;
you best be good to me.
I wear a badge called poverty.
I wear a shield called demonstration.
A mark on it is on the nation.

I'll march if whitey gets his share.
You see, I'm Black so I don't care.

You put the clothes upon my back.
I'll work, but only for a Cadillac.

II
I'm not black.
Oh no, not me,
I'm just brown,
Look close, you'll see.

I've got some money, a house, a car.
My family is clean and quite sedate.

Look at my son.
He's quite a boy.
His girl is light,
She has good hair.
Bring a dark one home!
He wouldn't dare.

III
We are cold!
We are bold!
Tell us nothing.
We can't be told.
If it's us with clubs you'll beat.
There'll be a damned good fight.
right here in the street.

We've worn chains.
We've been beaten.
white man's garbage,
We have eaten.
If it's us like dirt you'll treat,
Let's get it on now,
right here in the street.

We marched on Washington.
It did loads of good.
It showed how many peace lovers could take ol' whity' torcher and pain and come up smiling again and again.

It showed how niggers could group in mass and have a picnic.
What a kick in the ass!

G. Black
(Lincoln University)

What

Creative

Have

You

Got?

EDITORIALS

Seasonal Aspects

Christmas would be in the Christian world, a season of joy and peace on earth, good will to man. Much of the Christmas spirit is focused not only around the religious aspect of the birth of Christ but also on the commercial aspect of the exchange of gifts and the philosophical aspect of brotherly love. With all of these arise the question: do they last only as long as the Christmas tree is up?

One hates to feel that these three aspects of the Christmas spirit are seasonal, but such seems the case. More people flock to the churches on Christmas day than any other day, with the possible exception of Easter Sunday. Obviously more gifts are bought and charged. And man is more brotherly during the Christmas holiday.

Modern man expresses his religious, charitable, brotherly spirit when he is stimulated to do so. These aspects of the idea behind Christmas should not be brought out like the Christmas decorations and stored again when the holiday is over. So this Christmas let us try to keep the religious, charitable, brotherly aspects of Christmas alive throughout the year.

A Special Merry

Christmas

A special Merry Christmas to you. What is so special about this Christmas? You have a great deal for which to be thankful. Along the way during this past year, many of your love ones were ill, some have even died. Many times during the year you have hungered for material things and thirsted for intellectual knowledge. Many times you have fallen, but you have also withstood the storm and have arisen again. Many times you have been slighted; yet you have not become a snob. Many times you felt like quitting, but have continued to work to make that little brother or sister proud of you.

What is so special about this Christmas? Many have fallen and have been trampled upon. Many have resigned in a state of despair. But you, thanks to your perseverance and the blessings of Him who was born in Bethlehem, have continued to fight. There is an old proverb which says that only the trees with the apples have bricks thrown at them.

Let this Christmas not be one of despair, but of hope. Not of regrets, but of plans for a bright tomorrow. Not of longing, but one of making those dreams come through. A Special Merry Christmas to you.

The Class Of 1970??

This, the centennial year of the founding of Saint Augustine's College, the year 1967 promises to be a rewarding one; as rewarding as you, the Freshmen of Saint Augustine's College make it. You are unique in many ways. You are the largest freshman class to ever attend Saint Augustine's. Through your class, integration has been brought to this campus. There is great promise in your class, and the challenge is surely there. It lives in the halls of the dormitories and the classrooms. It confronts you late into the night and early in the morning. You are challenged to overcome everything from French to math and wasting time standing on the corner.

It is you, the students, who suffer from the lack of academic atmosphere projected on this campus. You are the people who will project it or correct it. Realize now what your objective for being here. What you stand for may not be very clear to you at this time, but only you can think it out and make it clear.

You represent the hopes of your parents, friends, your race, and yourself. Most of all you represent the hopes of the world. You will be the scholars, doctors, businessmen and preachers of tomorrow. Tomorrow is sooner than you think: so prepare yourself now for the part that you will play in this complex society.