



WE START BY READING - Shown viewing the books donated by the Southern Association of Colleges are (from left to right): Richard Highland, Mrs. O. Irving, Carol Payton, Mr. D. McDaniel, Mr. S. Bradley.

Paperback Book Project

BY HOYIE E. UTLEY

The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools has sponsored a Paperback Book Project. The Association donated thousands of dollars worth of books to the various Southern colleges. The funds for this project were made available by the Ford Foundation.

Each of these colleges was asked to submit the name of one person, preferably a senior, to be selected to serve on the Steering Committee. Out of 90 students, only 17 were selected.

On March 31, 1967, the members of the Steering Committee met with the Association in Atlanta, Ga. at 795 Peachtree St. The Association was totally responsible for all expenses related to the meeting in Atlanta.

The function of the Steering Committee is to travel to various institutions within a particular region and to evaluate their paperback book project. For every institution that a Committee member visits, an honorarium of \$25.00 will be given.

Members of the Steering Committee come from Texas Southern University, Jackson State College, Philander Smith College, Alabama A&M College,

Spelman College, Florida A&M University, Winston - Salem State College, Virginia Union University, and St. Augustine's College.

The consultants of the meeting were: Dr. Virginia Jones, Dean of Library Science, Atlanta University, and Dr. Elyden Jackson, Dean of Graduate School, Southern University. Present also were: Mr. John Scalon of the Ford Foundation; Dr. Donald C. Agnew, Project Director; Dr. John Codwell, Associate Director; and Dr. George Seaward, Associate Director.

Representing St. Augustine's College is Miss Hoyie E. Utley, a senior English major. Miss Utley is to evaluate the Paperback book project at St. Augustine's, Shaw University, North Carolina College at Durham, and Fayetteville State College.

The books are to be placed in the library, student center, dormitories, or anywhere where they are accessible to the students.

The Association gave these books in hopes that the students would become more interested in reading, and that they would read for pleasure, and enjoy it.

Special Assembly

On Tuesday, May 9, the President elect of the Student Council, Mr. Eugene Thomas from Washington, D. C., introduced the speakers for the morning assembly.

Mr. C. C. Gray the college financial aid officer gave the purpose of Financial Aid which is "To assist or provide those students with financial aid through loans, scholarships and any other supplementary aid available." Dean Gray also feels that a student should accept financial assistance before it is needed through jobs, loans, scholarships etc.

He concluded his brief but informative discussion by giving a list of sources of aid, providing one is in good standing academically, which are National Defense Student Loans, Economic Opportunity Grant, College Foundation, North Carolina Scholarships and United Student Aid Corporation.

The second speaker for the morning was Dr. P. R. Robinson, President of the college. He began by congratulating the members elect of the Student Council, May Queen, and Miss St. Augustine's.

We were reminded by our president that it is a must that our accounts be cleared if the Business Office records are to be kept straight.

Dr. Robinson was very concerned about some incidents that occurred on campus a few days ago which caused embarrassment to him and the college. In view of what had happened he still stands firm on his belief that "freedom goes with responsibility," and that those persons who are guilty of irresponsible acts will be dealt with accordingly. He will use every ounce of his authority to see to it that appropriate measures are taken.

Dr. Robinson concluded by saying "as people merit more freedom on this campus they will get it." "But when one abuses the freedom of others he will be dealt with." A final note was to all seniors who feel that they have it made. He showed to them wherein in one minute one could throw away four years through some foul word, deed, or act.

Mr. J. M. Holloway, our Business Manager, informed one that the college is on a ten year planning program therefore it is a must that all accounts are taken care of before one is allowed to take final examinations. To the seniors especially, all financial obligations must be taken care of before one is eligible for graduation. This matter should be taken care of before the last minute.

Music Recital

BY PATRICIA HARRIS
Recently, two of the graduating seniors were presented in the Music Department's annual recital.

Even though the weather was rainy and cold, it did not dampen the performance of Miss Annie Glendora Thomas and Miss Florence Arnold.

Miss Thomas is a Music Education major who hails from Louisiana, N. C. While Miss Arnold is a Music Education major from Tarboro, N. C.

Miss Thomas began the recital with "Prelude and Fugue" in C major by J. S. Bach for her first organ presentation. Next Miss Arnold followed with "Prelude in A Minor" by J. S. Bach for her first organ presentation.

Miss Thomas deviated from the normal piano and organ mood of the night with a voice presentation of "Songs My Mother Taught Me" by Anton Dvorak and "Thy Hand Belinda" by Henry Purcell. Both young ladies displayed their talents brilliantly.

On hand to boost the moral of the performers were the parents of both young ladies. As tokens of gratification gifts were presented, on behalf of the young ladies, to Dr. Grauer, Mr. Biggers, and Mrs. Coates.

REVIEWS

Russian Poetry

BY RUBY DEMESME

Mr. Sam Bradley, professor of English at St. Augustine's College, has recently published a novel of Russian poems. These poems have been beautifully translated into the English language with thought and careful consideration.

Mr. Bradley feels very deeply when he writes. He felt the need of a connecting bond between the United States and Russia. In one sense, he proved that both countries can benefit from each other's

ideas and accomplishments and that each country has a "common" interest to please the people they serve.

Mr. Bradley should be congratulated for his generous contribution to the Falcons and the entire country.

It is indeed an honor to have a man of his calibre on our campus. If you have not read his book - do so! I am sure you will enjoy it.

Short

SUBMITTED BY PATTY JACKSON

Sitting in my fox-hole looking at the sky
Letting my time drift on by
Just one month and a "few more days"

Back I'm going across the waves.
I can hardly wait until the day,
I see the good ole USA
Good hot water and rugs on the floor

This I think about more and more
---I visualize it in my mind---
'Tis all taking place at a certain time.

Just she and I and the whole world
I've treasured "that" moment for one whole year
when last my girl called me "dear"

No more mortars, guns or traps
No more jungles, or reading maps
No more killings, suffering or dying

No more deceitfulness, treachery or lying
Now very soon will come the day
I go back to "living" the civilian way.

---Bobby R. Doyle

I'm at the airport with my girl

POETRY CORNER

Eros In Action

Pawing, panting, pulling
cooling, coddling
slobbering, sighing
melting, moulding
mixing, manipulating
mingling, massaging

fondling, fawning
titillating, rubbing
inhaling, exhaling
oscillating---
---REGURGITATING
B. DOWERY.

The Mysterious And Infinite

BY SANDRA V. SANDERS
Oh, where are the joys of the times which have passed,
The joys that we've shared while here in this haven
We had no thought of the present, next, or the last;
To live, for ourselves was all that could matter.
I will remember now, the joy of the mornings,

When to enter, I should find,
none other than you;
No anticipation now of your foot steps nearing,
Since that dream, feared by all has reached us, too.
Oh, we'll come back together, to pursue the place,
Of times have we said with no doubt or fear.

Comments On The Day

Tomorrow has been canceled due to a lack of interest.

The end of the World has been delayed due to technical difficulties.
Virginity can be cured
Up with sexuality, promiscuity and obscenity.

BY NATALIE D. WILSON
If I am me
And me am I
Who in the world is you?
If I means me
And me means I
Why do you point at me and say "you?"

LSD's got a hold on thee
Ho Chi Ming has a severe case of Hallitosis.

Chastly is in the mind of the holder.
Tim Leary is a fetid Fetish.
B. DOWERY

I

Maybe I'm crazy
Maybe I'm not
But why insist on calling me "you?"
When really I'm not.

I am me
And me am I.

Frustration World Of

BY GERALDINE LANCASTER

A road of darkness, A loney road,
Where there is neither sense of life,
No joys. There is only dreams of wanting to be, but never reality.

Oh darkness, depart from thee
and leave thee peace for an eternity.
The weary days and dreadful nights, cast away out of thy life.

Run! Run! Run!

No place to go.
Cry! Cry! Cry!

No one to wipe thy flowing tears.
Thou friends forsake thee like a memory lost, and yet thou live, though thou are tossed,
Walketh in a storm, but there is no storm. Drownth, but there is no sea.
No place to run, no place to hide.
Thou live alone.
A darken deserted cave is thou world.
Give thee hapiness and peace.

Time

BY GERALDINE LANCASTER

No time to see in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance,
Yes we can see time waits for no one,
But is constantly passing in and we have
No time to stand and stare.

What is this life, if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.
We have to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
When squirrels hide their nuts in grass,

The Unusual Customer

BY PAM BRITO

The woman walked in the store peering all around not really knowing what she wanted. I watched her walk from one aisle to another searching for something. Maybe she is looking for someone or something. The stout, short woman waddled around while glancing from aisle to aisle. She was dressed a little eccentrically with the dress a little long about three inches below the knee. Her legs were bruised and varicose veins bulged out hard. Her face had a worn out appearance with a very peaked complexion. It was very white as if she saw a ghost. Probably she's been sick. She looked sad and really half alive. She looked like a walking night mare.

Nearing, she smiled and her

yellow crooked teeth showed partially. She looked at the fruit stand that I was behind and she kept staring at me like she knew me. Her dead colored dress that was mourning black didn't help her dull appearance. I grew frightened how she kept staring at me. Finally she opened her mouth and a soft whistle of a voice came out and said, "Hi," "Tony, you've come back."

I could only stare. I wasn't Tony. I never saw her face before "I'm sorry Madam but I don't know you."

"Oh Tony, your own Mam-ma, come to me. They say that God took you away but they're wrong."

"Oh, please ma'm," just when I finished a man in a white coat came.

"I Shall Not Pass . . ."

And it came to pass.

Early in the morning toward the last day of the semester there arose a great multitude suiting the books and wailing.

And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth. For the day of judgment was at hand.

And they were sore afraid, for they had left undone those things which they ought to have done.

And they had done those things which they ought not to have done

And there was no help for it.

And there were many abiding in the dorm

Who had kept watch over their books by night. But it availed them naught.

But some there were who rose peacefully. For they had prepared themselves the way

And made straight paths of knowledge. And these were known

As wise burners of the midnight oil. And to others they were known as "curve raisers."

And the multitude arose

And ate a hearty breakfast.

And they came unto the appointed place

And their hearts were heavy within them.

But some to pass out.

And some of them Repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate,

But they had not a prayer.

And at the last hour there came among them

One known as the instructor, and they feared exceedingly.

He was of the diabolical snile.

And passed papers among them and went his way.

And many varied

Were the answers that were given.

For some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds.

Others had fallen among the fallows.

While others had fallen flat.

And some there were who wrote for one hour.

Others for two.

But some turned away sorrowful, and many of these Offered up a little bull

In hopes of pacifying the instructor.

And these were the ones who had not a prayer.

And when they finished.

They gathered up their belongings

And went their way quietly, each in his own direction.

And each one vowing unto himself in this manner:

"I shall not pass this way again."

---Author Unknown

Falcon Receives Fellowship

BY PATRICIA WILLIAMSON
Miss Mary Ann Barbour, a senior at St. Augustine's, is a recipient of a Post-Baccalaureate

lowship Program, which is centered at Haverford College, is designed to make advanced training possible for promising students. The Rockefeller Foundation, the initial supporter of the program, has stipulated that the fellowships shall go to persons who hope to earn a Ph. D. degree and to follow careers in college or university teaching and research.

Once a fellowship is offered and accepted, the student chooses the college at which he wishes to study for the post-baccalaureate year. Among the colleges are: Carleton, Hamilton, Kalamazoo, and Dartmouth.

Miss Barbour is an English major from Raleigh, N. C. She is a member of Phi Kappa Alpha Honor Society, Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities, and Delta Sigma Theta Sorority.



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reate Fellowship for an academic year's study at one of a small group of highly - demanding liberal arts colleges, beginning in September, 1967. The Post-Baccalaureate Fel-

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