

VIEWPOINT

Kathy Gabriel

A promising future — it's up to you

With the coming of spring semester comes election time; the time we as BSM members dutifully cast our votes for those persons we feel will represent our better interests.

With these thoughts come voices, voices of excuses, complaints, and more excuses.

All we manage to see are the visions of our rougher times and faults in our representatives for the things they didn't do. We seem to forget that we're the ones who elected them to office through our voting (or our non-voting).

But even more the fact that we could have run for those positions ourselves.

As usual, we cop that trite excuse that "we don't have time." But how do we know

that we don't have time when we haven't inquired as to how much time it will take to efficiently fulfill the duties of BSM officers?

Do we ever stop to say "we don't have time" on Friday and Saturday nights while we party from 10-2? When *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons* come on television every week do we scream "we don't have time?" Do we holler "no time" when there's a crisis and the administration is trying to deny us that one step forward we've planted just to push us two steps backwards? Do we tell our buddies in the Union that "we don't have time" when we congregate there daily between and after classes?

It's time we realized that those who do decide to hold a position, do so to share their talents, abilities, and time for the betterment of you (BSM), and not for the title or glorification (or idle complaints) they receive. Those who hold office are just as much students as we are. Believe it or not, they have classes, unreasonable professors, problems, and QP averages to worry about too. They're at Carolina for the same purpose as you are—to receive an education. But they realize that important aspects in gaining an education are sharing responsibilities and learning to work with people. Academics alone won't make you successful in this chaotic world which we have to share with so

many others.

So this spring semester, let's change the tone of our voices and decide first if the problem is that we won't have the time, or that we just won't take the time. The BSM is you, me, and what we make or don't make of it. It's up to us to make strong the areas in which we are weak instead of sitting back while outgoing officers almost beg people to take over their offices after they step down.

And remember that even if you're not elected to the position you ran for, all the new officers will need people on their committees to help make 1977-78 the greatest year experienced by BSM.

The door is always open.

Letter

'Ain't your business'

Dear Editor:

As one half of an interracial couple here on campus, I thank you wholeheartedly for your stand on interracial dating. The issue is not, as you surmised quite well, whether a person should seek out another not of his race (in the majority of cases I have known or observed, the person is not seeking—he just discovers), but rather an issue of "it ain't none of your business anyhow."

One question, off the record, of course, which I should like to direct personally to Ms. Shackelford: How do you justify yourself condoning what you condemn in another? Namely, Ms. Shackelford, how do you defend your racism?

A. Regan

Senior reflections

Responsibility lacking?

By OVETA FULLER
Staff Writer

Looking back over the past three and one half years, approaching the goal of graduation, I ponder over changes ... changes within and without ... some good, some not so good. Through this column I hope to share impressions of the events making a college experience.

Remember when and smile or sigh with me.

If we pride ourselves on being the most "together" representatives of our people, then there remains little hope for the rest.

Obviously, a lot of changes are needed.

Lack of individual responsibility exhibits itself constantly. We are plagued with a "lateness, don't care, let somebody else do it" attitude. College is four years of sitting on our ends.

For instance, four years ago in 1973, students were complaining about a lack of visiting Black artists. We're still complaining and it's almost 1980.

CP time is still now as then. (Just notice who walks into class ten minutes late or check the starting time of any Black meeting affair.)

People take the attitude, "Well things have always been this way, and I'm only one person, so what can I do?" But you can be on time.

You can speak out. You can do what needs to be done and take the responsibility to follow through.

Though small, a simple gesture such as being on time tells a lot about your integrity. Following through on what you said you'd do shows maturity and dependability, traits whose values don't change with time.

Apathy is a deadly luxury that we can not afford. Changing anything begins not in numbers but with one person with the guts to get started.

Let it be you.

Plaudits go to Ward, Elliot

Plaudits go to Bernadine Ward, tireless news editor of "Black Ink" who also served as a coordinator of Black Pre-Orientation in the fall and performs all of her duties with vigor and industriousness.

... to Spurgeon Fields, Hinton James RA whose love for humor and good times is exceeded only by his love for people.

... to Campus "Y" Director Edith Elliot, whose pleasant demeanor and soft-spoken leadership has been a plus to the entire campus community.

... to BSM Morrison Representative Cynthia Baker, for her efforts in contacting neighboring campuses for an upcoming conclave of Black campus organizations.

... to Chapel Hill Newspaper employees Sharon Broome and Jim Grimsley for their patience and skill in coping with missed deadlines and missing articles to somehow still paste each issue of "Black Ink" together.

... to alumnus Larry Mixon, whose

involvement in the Black community was paralleled by few when he was here, and whose concern still stretches from as far as Washington, D.C.

... to BSM Chairperson Jackie Lucas, whose concern for the welfare of the Black student populace becomes more and more admirable each day.

... to BSM Freshman Representatives Denzil Daye and Ike Cummings, both of whom have shown promise as future campus leaders.

Roots '77: search for family

by Bernadine Ward

How should we look upon "Roots," a program that evoked angry, sad, revengeful, proud responses from its audience? Should it be remembered as just another good piece of entertainment? Should we put it in the recesses of our minds and remember it only upon hearing chance remarks about it? If we, you, me, us, Black people, forget Kunta Kinte or Chicken George, if we never read Haley's book, let us always remember the importance of its theme - the family. For it is the family that gives us being; it is the family that becomes our first learning center, and it is the family that defines our existence, whether it be negative or positive.

Frequently, we look at the Black community in a detached manner-not fully realizing that the family

produces members of this community. Too often we forget that the family is the core of the Black community. We forget each time we don't reach out to a loved one, each time we fail to convey our concern, each time we are absent when needed. We forget it each time we expect, indeed demand, that institutions provide total physical, moral, and spiritual well-being for our children.

Not surprisingly, "Roots" has encouraged many of us to search for our genealogies—a search that may fill our curiosities about who we really are. This search for our histories may, like Haley's, take years. Even if we never know which African tribe we originated from, our parents, sibling, grandparents, lovers, spouses, and children, our families, are waiting to be touched communicated with and loved.

In doing so, may we become better acquainted with our families, and ourselves.

