

Rollers

from pg. 2

well it should be as all students are responsible to and for their actions), but it should not override the fact that the Roller was incorrect or flat out wrong in their act or action.

Second, have your evidence in order. The university has a network just like any other job you may have worked on. Realize (1) that you are attempting to confront that network, (2) that Rollers know professionally (and in many cases personally) the people you will be talking to about them, and (3) that they will usually have some degree of influence. This is just a fact of life. But if your case is legitimate, though these facts may scare you, they won't (and shouldn't) stop you. If there are witnesses, get statements from them, have your facts in order, and be able to provide the hard evidence on call and discuss it specifically when called on to do so.

Third, know your chain of authority and follow it exactly. Nothing frustrates an administrator who empathizes with your case more than to find out that you "jumped the chain" because it often ties their hands. Generally, the chain goes like this: Roller, chair of department, dean of school, vice-chancellor, provost, chancellor, General Administration. Immediately involve your advisor and mentor. If you're lucky, they'll know the ropes (or at least know how to pull the strings); it's their job to help you in all ways, especially if you're being academically assaulted. Protocol must be followed (the system, baby, the system) and you hamper the entire process when you don't know it or follow it.

There's a two-sided edge to this Roller-blade. On the dull side is the very real fact that in most cases, not only is the Roller's "professionally ques-

tionable conduct" well-chronicled and documented, but that it will also take an act of the gods to have them removed. So if you're looking to get a Roller fired, short of them raping (physically, not academically), burning a church (physically, not academically), or lynching (physically, not academically), forget it, it's not going to hap-

pen: that's just life in academic america. And the sad truth is that what punishments are rendered to Rollers, in general, amount to little more than love taps on the tutu. But don't let this fact daunt your vision or dampen your sight. If you're right and you know it, then be like Spike Lee and fight the power.

Anything less concentingly amounts to academic side-stepping, concedes a societal prostitution, and contentedly accepts america's intellectually slipping into darkness.

The sharp side of the blade

is the fact that Chancellor McLeod has publicly stated that professors can't hide behind their tenure and that at FSU "the student comes first." At last semester's Chat With The Chancellor (November 96), Rollers were named by students and promptly taken down by the Chancellor's staff. Let's see at the next Chat what has been done about their status-quo. Obviously, the chancellor can't name the Rollers (protocol, baby, protocol) or the actions taken against them (if any), but he can state new policies (if any) developed to deal with their lot (because like Salem, they do exist). Chancellor McLeod can't fire the Rollers, but he can assign them to all freshmen classes, assign them an early and late evening class, etc.: subtle yet direct hints that let them know that their conduct will not be tolerated. Students can also write-in to the

Broncos' Voice, generate petitions, have class walkouts or dropouts, or meet the press. There are options open to all players in this process.

I address Rollers because they have addressed me, Jon Q. Student. Universities are gardens, professors (even Rollers) the caretakers, the students the plants.

Our intellectual growth and its aesthetic and commercial application are the nation's fruit and harvest of our combined labors.

Rollers amount to a fertilized poison that corrupts the root and infects not only the fruit that the plant would spawn, but also the seeds that same plant would bring forth.

This act and action is academically criminal and must be known of to be recognized; understood to be evaluated, confronted to be eliminated.

Any effort less than this concentingly amounts to academic side-stepping, accepts a societal prostitution, and contentedly concedes america's intellectually slipping into darkness.



WILLIAM GARY: NO EXCUSES

by Roger A. Harris

Because of the financial dilemma at hand due to the complications that arose from his birth, William Gary's family had to sell their 200-acre Mississippi farm. The Gary's moved to Florida and became migrant farmers, following the seasonal transition of the southern crops they labored from Florida up through North Carolina, all tenacious in their will to survive.

Many times the family (13 members strong) had to live in a tent and at one time in a shack with no running water, no electricity, and an outhouse. And although many times barefoot, William Gary yet cherished the short-lived mornings spent in school. Mornings that cruelly gave way to his grueling, yet sombering and necessary, sun-bit afternoons and moonlit evenings spent in the tobacco, bean, and sugarcane fields of his youth; summer-stilled hours and winter-chilled moments that left Gary wondering whether he would ever

learn to read or write.

49 years after his birth, William Gary has become one of America's most successful personal-claims lawyers and a multimillionaire whose professional integrity, work ethic, and philanthropy precede him like Indian Summers: a deeply warm and spiritual dawn casting long hope upon the shadowed canker of life's wintered, silvering lawn.

MEMORIES

An old axiom reads that "Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely." In America, the all-mighty dollar represents that power, and William Gary has lots of those dollars...millions upon millions to be exact. Yet he crawling up and down those burning rows of bean fields with not a shade tree in sight...how hard my mommy and daddy had to work...as my jet climbed through the clouds, towards the stars, I thanked God as I thought to myself the sky is truly the limit."

Yes, strict and hard times

that galvanized Gary's will to achieve. And to this end, never giving in or giving up could easily be his epitaph, belief in self his banner, humility and respect his flagships. Indeed, his fiery eyes reflect the charged spirit of a sincerely happy and authentic man smoldering within the burning embers of a unquenched and undying will to succeed.

When probed as to the source of his desire to succeed,

Gary confided "I've never said this publicly, but my Daddy was my role model. My Daddy had a second grade education but everything he touched turned to gold." And it was this proud man's subtle manner and quietly powerful way that provided the foundation that Gary would use to reach his goals. "The bottom line was that I lived my daddy's example every day...it rubbed off on me without him even saying it, he didn't have to talk about it...because of him I didn't know about quitting."

His father's mighty example was the catalyst that

drove Gary to establish his own lawn care business in high school, a venture that enabled him to buy his father a truck for his produce business. "We were very close and my daddy depended on me as he could not read himself." Gary went on to become the first African-American from his town to attend college.

SHAW, LAW, AND SUCCESS

Gary was an outstanding

"What must be captured and kept close to heart is that beyond the cars, the money, and the fame is the essence of a simple country boy who, through the love and guidance of a strong family, was able to take the seemingly impossible and make it a very sure reality."

high school football player and was offered a tryout at Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, a tryout that fell through. His high school coach urged him to tryout at Shaw University where he had friends on the staff. But when Gary arrived at Shaw he found out that the roster was full. Gary stayed anyhow, sleeping on dormitory couches and eating food smuggled to him by members of the team. While the team practiced, he cleaned

up the locker room. He finally received a chance to make the team when a lineman was injured. Gary filled the void and within weeks his tenacious nature was rewarded with a scholarship.

Gary married his childhood sweetheart, Gloria Royal, graduated from Shaw University, and went on to acquire his law degree from North Carolina Central University. He then moved to Florida to begin his law career but wouldn't

be hired by the white law firms in Stuart, Florida. Undaunted, Gary opened his own law firm, his wife Gloria teaching at Palm Beach Junior College during the day and performing clerical and

administrative duties for the law firm at night. Gary was 27 years old with two sons.

By Gary's 29th birthday he was a millionaire. It didn't stop there. Among many other victories, his firm has since settled for two other major cases, each estimated at \$100 million. Most recent was Gary's successful representation (1995) of small town

See Gary, pg. 10