



Mr. Gerald DeForest Tyler

Tyler, Administrative Officer

By Roberta Brown

The Elizabeth City State University acknowledges Mr. Gerald DeForest Tyler as the Administrative Officer in the Chancellor's Office. It will be this responsibility for particular day-to-day operations in the immediate office of the Chancellor along with being the liaison between the office and various local, state, and federal offices.

Mr. Tyler is a native of Spotsylvania Virginia. He attended elementary and

secondary schools of that area and received his B.S. degree (cum laude) in accounting from Norfolk State College on May 22, 1977.

Among his experience, Mr. Tyler served active duty in the U.S. Marine Corps for 3 years, and transferred to inactive duty in 1969. In 1972, he received his honorable discharge. His occupational experiences include managerial assignments with Dalmo Sales Company in Washington, D.C. and

Alexandria, Virginia, internship with Berkley Citizens Mutual Savings and Loan Association, Inc., in Norfolk.

Mr. Tyler is noted for his "slide" in baseball, along with his outstanding abilities in boxing and football. His wife is the former Pamela C. Preston. They are the parents of three sons, Tony, Aaron, and Micheal. Together they bring a strong religious background to Elizabeth City's campus and community.

Helen Chapman Receives Scholarship

By Harold Renfrow

Miss Helen Chapman, a Senior Early Childhood Education Major, from Washington, N.C., was awarded a \$550 dollars Scholarship. North Carolina Association of Classroom Teacher awarded the Mary Morrow Scholarship, with the hope that upon graduation and employment, Miss Chapman will become an active member of the association.

Miss Chapman was carefully screened from a host of other applicants, all of which had to send in an application, two recommendation sheets, and their transcript. She was one of five North Carolinians chosen to receive the Mary Morrow Scholarship. Other winner

were from Lenoir Rhyme College, North Carolina A&T University, Campbell College, and U.N.C.-G. at Greensboro.

To complete requirements for graduation from ECSU, Miss Chapman has applied for assignment as a cadet teacher during the second semester. After graduating, she hopes to teach the first grade. She feels this grade will be a challenging experience.

Being an honor student at ECSU, Miss Chapman is also assistance Secretary of the local Student National Educational Association, member of United Campus Religious Fellowship (UCRF), Compass staff and Alpha Kappa Mu Honor Society.



The first jukebox was installed at the Palais Royal Saloon, San Francisco, in 1889. It consisted of an electrically-operated phonograph with four listening tubes.

A New Life

Editor's Note: The following story may or may not be true. Although newspapers usually print only straight news, this story provides a valuable insight to a very serious problem on many college campuses. We print it not as a story of fiction but as a needed commentary.

Before I start I would like to give you a run down of my situation. I am a confirmed alcoholic and drug addict. I am hung up on steam and drugs. I can't do anything about it, I am constantly either oiling up or killing some steam. My parents are beautiful people. They gave me everything they possibly could. The way they accomplished this really bothered me. They were always saying yes sir and no sir, to the white man, twenty years younger than they were.

We managed to establish ourselves as middle class blacks. I often told my parents they didn't have to take anything from the white man to help me have a better chance in life. The students often made me mad when they call my parents "white folks niggers". This angered me to the breaking point and I often got in fights. The con-

stant fiction made me search for an escape.

There was a constant supply of alcoholic beverages laying around the house, and I just helped myself when no one was around. It was six months before anyone noticed, by this time I was well on my way to becoming an alcoholic. I started going out late at night and constantly getting into trouble. I never worried about it, because I knew my old man would get me out. Steam was the only thing I was interested in at the time, but later on I began rolling with an older group of kids. Because all the kids my age were lame. They were the worst group of niggers I had ever known. My orientation into the world of gangster sticks began at this point. The weed didn't seem to bother the other kids so I figured everything was cool. By this time I was missing 3 and 4 days out of school a week. At the end of the semester I had 3 out of 6 classes. I hid my report card and split to get high. Reefer didn't last long alcohol easily overpowered it. On my fifteenth birthday my parents were expecting relatives from the city. I didn't want to hang around because I knew

it would be a drag. But my parents insisted. It didn't turn out so bad after all. They had a teenaged son about my age, named Reggie, who knew all the news. We went for a walk to get high. I had never popped any pills before and he turned me on to some pills called "yellow jackets. I was spaced out and Reggie was busy snorting coke. When he got ready to split he left me a couple of hits. I now had the urge to try some other pills. The kids down the street had

some hash and angel dust but it really didn't interest me. The first part of the summer there was a scarcity on drugs. It was hard to find gangster weed. The narcs were busting down in the community. July was now coming and it was time for fathers vacation. As usual, he decided to go to the the same location, "Atlantic City". We arrived Thursday morning and quickly I walked to the boardwalk and started sight seeing, sightseeing was about all I did the first day we were there, so I woke up early the next day to check out some of the places the young people hung. It was a little hot shoppe, but everyone seemed to be socializing and getting high on a little gangster weed.

A tall dude about 17 or 18 offered me a joint but that cramped my style, so I asked about some mess. He smiled and asked me did I mainline. I had skin popped before but never shot any smack in my veins. Trying to be hip and not show my age, I said yes several time then he lead me too a small room in the back of the shoppe, where several other teenagers were shooting up. I waited for him to shoot first, and then it was my turn. He leaned and then hand me his artillery. I was so nervous I asked him to shoot me. That was a beautiful high, but a little scary. We

hadn't even introduced ourselves and we were soon involved in a little sexual circus with some of his other friends. We were in the middle of it when he introduced himself as the "deacon" his real name was Thomas Quarry, Jr. The rest of the week we were constantly together getting high. I left that Sunday morning, so I never saw the deacon again. I enjoyed the white dope, so when I got home I continued to cope from a dud down the street. I went back home and that's when sickness really started. When I couldn't get

the money to cope some white dope. I didn't want my parents to know, so I tried to drown it with alcohol. That didn't help because I then wanted both. I often stole what ever wasn't tied down to keep my habit going on. I was now 16 and a well established Junkie, with a \$50 a day habit. I couldn't make enough money to continue my habit so I had to result to a little Prostitution. I only turned a couple tricks a night and living it up with dope afterwards. Then one night it happened, I turned the wrong trick to a member of the Vice Squad. They carried me down town and called my parents. I didn't know what to sy when my parents got there, but once again my dad got me out. I was so ashamed of myself. I never want to see anymore alcholic beverages nor any drugs. It took me a long time to get myself together, but I did. People showed me how much they loved and cared for me. At first I didn't know how to accept it, but I began to give a little love, and now the world is a much more beautiful place.

The Beginning
(a new life)