

Talk of ECSU:

by Frank Scott and Damon Lynn

What do you think of the new food service?



Daminica Moody
Freshman

"It's pretty good, better than Shaw's. The juice is full and breakfast is real good, especially the waffles."

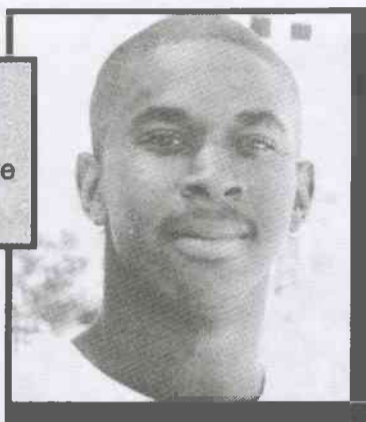


April Whitley
Sophomore

"It's better than before."

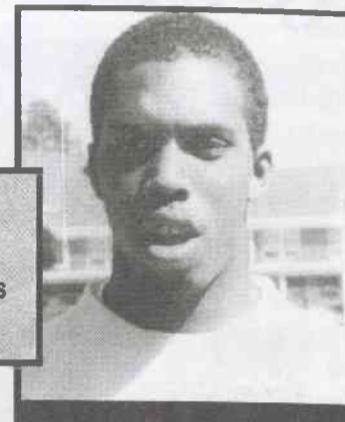
Jay Johnson
Junior

"It's better than Shaw's and the dishes are cleaner."



Earl Jones
Junior

"I think the new food service is excellent. It needs to be kept in working order."



GUEST COLUMN

A hero remembered: ROTC chief lives on in student's heart and soul

by Ike Lister

Most teenagers today have many ideas and expectations about how their "hero" should be. Some may want their hero to be their dads. Others may want their hero to be six foot six with the ability to jump over tall buildings and dunk a basketball with the greatest of ease. Some may want a hero to be a man who can throw the pigskin or cut through holes that are made by the offensive lineman and deliver an outstanding football game on any given night. The man who inspired me is none of these, even though he does have good basketball playing skills.

The man who inspired me was Chief Master Sergeant Arthur Roberson, USAF Retired. Standing six foot even, he was a big, muscular man who kept himself physically fit. He was 48 years old when I first met him. With his one inch gray-and-black afro, Chief Roberson, to me, was the coolest man to ever wear an Air Force uniform. He was also the first black man I had ever known to have partly blue eyes. He had brown pupils with blue outlines. It was a unique sight to see.

Throughout my four-year career in AFJROTC, I learned a lot under Chief Roberson. With his sharp walk and his "drill sergeant voice," I learned how to march and call cadence. As he marched with his chest out and his back straight,

I can hear chief say, "Your-left-your left-your left right-right your left." Then he could transfer into his drill sergeant voice and say, "hep hop horp hop hep hop." It was a special Air Force Drill Sergeant language.

In the classroom, I really learned a lot from Chief. Through his preaching on his "soap box," I learned valuable lessons. Two I can perfectly remember were on peer pressure and drugs. The lesson on peer pressure taught us not to fall under worldly temptations as young adults. We should not make the mistakes some of our friends have made. The lesson on drugs simply pleaded for us not to make the mistake and do drugs.

When Chief taught, he became a madman. With his eyes wide and his arms wild, he would really get into the lesson.

I can recall the lesson on drugs. With his yardstick in his hand, Chief would go into a frenzy. "It's a shame to see how our kids fall in society today," he would say. "It's because of these nickel-dime pushers, dope dealers and drug sellers. But you can be the generation that will be different. You can rise above all the negativity in the world. The future is with you. You can make a change."

Throughout all the waving of the

hands and smacking of the stick, that's what Chief was saying. His encouraging words always stayed with me.

I knew that I could always count on Chief for anything. If I needed advice about girls, Chief was there. Whenever I was uncertain about a young lady, Chief would say "Be yourself and the rest will come naturally. You're a nice guy and she'll see it. Just be patient." If I needed to be brought back down to reality, Chief was there. If I was ever at a point to where I was full of myself, Chief would tell me, "You need to re-evaluate yourself, son!" He was like a father to me. Our special bond was a father-son relationship.

All throughout my high school years, Chief taught me leadership, discipline and self-control. He would tell me day in and day out, "In order to become a good leader you have to be a good follower." Placing his hand on my shoulder he would say, "You have a lot of potential son, you have to unlock it." That would always inspire me to carry on.

Chief and I would always talk on a one-on-one basis. We didn't always agree but we would settle our differences.

Near the end of my Senior year in high school, I noticed a difference in Chief's attitude. He was grouchy all the time. He would fuss over anything.

I would find out soon enough what was wrong with him. He would later tell me, "I'm leaving after you graduate." I thought it was a joke.

Unfortunately, I found it to be true. I saw his letter of resignation and I asked him, "Your kidding right, Chief?" With a serious, stone cold look he replied, "No, son." Tears formed in my eyes when I heard that.

From that point on there was a difference in the relationship between Chief and me. I resented him for deserting me—for leaving me, after all that time. I felt as if he stuck a knife in my heart.

After graduation, Chief stayed until August 1, 1997. I went to see him on that day. I said to Chief, "Thanks for everything, Pop." He looked me straight in the eye and gave a cool response, "Keep in touch, son." With a look of peace on his face and his cool sense about him he said, "I know I taught you well." Then we bid each other farewell. As I saw him turn his back and walk away, I got in my car and drove home crying.

To this day I think of Chief. He encouraged me to be the person I am today. Thinking of his encouraging words everyday, I have the strength to move on. As long as I live, he'll never die. He was, and still is, my hero.