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Gap Exists Between Us Eagles

Much talk has been done on communication gaps between "oldsters" and "youngsters" and on the over "35'ers" and the under "35'ers", but little attention has been paid to the more subtle gap—the communication gap that exists between us Eagles. At first glance, we would readily think that this is a ridiculous supposition, but we as a student body have segmented ourselves into too many factions. We have become so wrapped up in our individual and group "things" that we can no longer communicate with each other. We are caught in a dilemma of which we are responsible.

We have reached a point where we are waging warfare with each other. The apathetic resist the activists; the withdrawn oppose the self-gratifiers and the political strategists combat the deeply committed.

In resisting the activists the apathetic say, "Why confront the administration with a list of impossible demands for change?" Where the activists reply, "Stand up and tell it like it is," the apathetic view it as nothing but "noise."

The activists view the apathetic as stupid, blind, cowardly, and afraid to criticize and oppose the "Establishment." The activists and apathetic segregate themselves from each other on the supposition that they have nothing in common. The apathetic have no objective; the objective of the activists is to destroy the wall of resistance that society seems to have thrown up against all of their efforts.

The withdrawn in opposing the self-gratifiers say there is no meaning in the beads, the afros, and the dashikis. They see them as nothing more than mere means of attracting attention and ways of telling the world, "I too am a part of you."

The self-gratifiers think that the withdrawn are simply not "with it" and that they are not in on the "happenings." In their own defense, the withdrawn say, "We cannot cope with it, so why try? The world is changing so rapidly that "all" is outmoded before you realize what is happening."

The political strategists, another faction, are not new on campus; it's just that they are not always seen. They have been termed "bears" by the deeply committed because they hibernate all winter and come to the fore a few months before spring elections. Their only objective is to get elected and to do nothing once elected. They spend their time behind closed doors masterminding their way to the ballot and to the vote.

The deeply committed are criticized and opposed by all, more specifically by the activists and the political strategists, because of their love for NCC. The deeply committed are concerned about the welfare of the school and sing the alma mater with fervor. Truth and service are their watch words. They seek change for a better NCC. They want the best possible representation in the student government, professors, and administrators. Though the deeply committed are concerned for the college, they too segregate themselves, thus aiding in the continuation of the war.

Who will win the war? Will it be a continuous evil, hampering the existence of us Eagles? Perhaps the only way out for us now is to meet at the "conference table" and communicate with each other, lest we destroy ourselves.

Brewer Views White Killing Words

By JOHN BREWER
Chairman of Black Action Party
The physiognomy (or the system of defining white characteristics as desirable), must be reversed by blacks, particularly black students, in order to unite, combine ideologies, and move toward the concept of a black university. That is to say, that blacks must first realize that a white man's education can only teach white values, logic, tradition, and racist outlooks that are necessary for the perpetuation of white essence; and the total subjugation of black people.

In addition, this monster of connotations is the systematic arrangement of words that depict white as the symbolic goodness while black is weighted with negative connotations. Therefore, no matter how much a student relies on the Negro logic (that he will

get his education first and then help his people). This logic is nothing but a twentieth century farce. How can a man work to obtain the goal of helping to save his mother when he is being taught to hate himself and his mother?

In short, to obtain level "A" one must have a consistent input before he can expect to confection any ideas of help through change. For instance, if your dogmatic father, Martin Luther King did not appeal to the masses of black people that were victims of race hate, discrimination and many other kinds of negative experiences, where would the non-violence movement have been? Non-existent, would you not say? Southern Negroes would still be eating with Jim-Crow signs hanging over their heads, would still be sitting on the back of the bus,

(See Brewer Views, Page 6)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ARTICLE DISGUSTS STUDENT

Dear Editor,

I'm disgusted. I'm disgusted after reading your December 20 issue of the *Campus Echo*. I feel compelled to write this letter for the simple reason that I've been disturbed since then. I'm not in any way upset over the paper. I think it's very good and a great improvement over previous years' editions. But I'm upset over the article written by Alvin Rush, "NCC Viewed As Negro UNC."

Since America upholds and encourages freedom of the press and since the *Campus Echo* is a very effective news media, let me present my views and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd print them.

What in the world was Mr. Rush thinking about when he wrote that article. I think it's in the poorest of taste with very little, if any, insight. I see no deep and relevant meaning in his ideas and goodness. What a comparison! It's not my intention, Editor, to dispute Mr. Rush's theories (if they can be called that). Each is entitled to his own opinions. But I can't agree with them.

I don't feel that the administration treats us in any special way. As far as dress codes are concerned, the majority of the students dress as they please. I don't feel that the administration thinks we don't know how to dress, let alone dress appropriately for the white people. And no one is trying to please the white man because we all dress independently and appropriately to suit our own likes and dislikes. We are not three-year-olds and I don't feel that the administration treats us as such.

Mr. Rush's reasons are irrational and without any valid facts. And let me just comment on his example. Chidley Hall has no house mother. Miss Baines is the capable and qualified dormitory director who is only doing her job. She checks rooms for sanitary reasons only. Repeatedly, if a responsible grown man walks this campus declaring himself God's gift to women, decked in an array of colors and shining like brass tacks and then every evening return to a dirty room, then he should be punished. But Mr. Rush has strongly misused the word 'punish.' He uses it as a three-year-old and he shouldn't have. The punishment is no more than a fine, and I feel the administration is in every respect justified.

Editor, let me give you a little background information about myself. I'm a junior Business Education major from Benson, North Carolina. I survive today four generations from slavery, a fact I'm proud of and a fact I boast of. I chose North Carolina College only because my high school guidance counselor recommended it. I came here for an education and I'm wondering if I'll ever leave with one. But one thing I have learned. North Carolina College has come out of the dark to be a front runner among North Carolina colleges and universities. I think and I truly believe that she has achieved this status through her own efforts and the efforts of her able administrators. I can't see a man in Dr. Whiting's position telling us that we are a Negro UNC. NCC has achieved her status in her own right. It's probably true that we may soon assume a new

name. It's probably true that we may be a division of the University of North Carolina, but NCC is an institution with her own heritage and her own goals. We have distinguished scholars, and faculty members here and abroad to prove it.

When the African slave was torn from his homeland and brought to the new world, he was quickly denuded of his native culture. Tribal organizations, language, family structure, religion—all were systematically extirpated. In rebuilding his shattered life he was compelled to appropriate materials from a new culture. But his masters permitted him access to Western culture on a very restricted basis. Christianity had its uses, but slaves were forbidden by law to learn to read or write. The process of assimilation was deliberately obstructed by the whites.

The situation has not altered

in any fundamental respect under the American caste system. The Negro must still structure his life in terms of a culture to which he is denied full access.

The administration isn't telling us that we have to learn the white man's culture. We're here to be educated. We must move up and out of ignorance and poverty. Ignorance and poverty are very much a part of our heritage, most of us. We're not being asked to accept any other but to improve upon our own. We can't change our heritage; we're proud of it. I feel that what the white man does with his culture is his business. He can accept it or reject it. But we have one and it can't be compared. It just can't.

Mr. Rush's article is open for discussion. There may be many feelings on it. I have just given mine.

Yours truly,
Robert C. Bell, Jr.

THE ABUSED BLACK WOMEN OR HOW BLACK IS BLACK

By SHIRLEY STAPLES
Tuskegee Institute

O you black man . . .
You speak of paradoxes
Brown-eyed women
'No Images'
Au Naturel
And how beautiful
We black women are . . .
Yet you forget one thing
"Treat us black women with
"Respect."
You . . . black man
We stood by you on the black
rivers of the Amazon
We watched them beat you
Our pride, our joy
And it added another circle
Under our weary eyes.
We were with you on the
Plantations in the fields,
And we cried out as you
Helplessly watched "that man"
rape us.
Oh, you black man
We have stood by you
Through all these years
All these years "We black
women" it was us . . .
Who rubbed, caressed, made well
Your scars . . . Oh yes we tenderly
massaged you with our
dish-pan hands . . .
And what did you give us in
return?
We saw the blue-eyed, blond-
tressed, best dressed white
woman desire your love,
We saw it in her eyes.
We cried ourselves to sleep at
night wondering in whose bed
you kept warm with your big
black beautiful body.
You tell us to throw away our
western values and our white
concept of beauty.
You tell us black is beautiful.
O you black man!
We knew this four hundred
years ago.
It is you who must change . . .
Not us!
You tell us to get an afro but
we see you with the Ultra-
Sheened, Miss Clairoled, Curl-
freed women with their Ultra-
Nadinoled, Artra bleached
skin . . . and we try like hell
to please you.
You who have made us sing
blues . . .
You who have cast us aside and
like a flower in darkness we
wither and fade away.
Oh, black man all we ask is
that you prove to us that you
Really believe that "black is
beautiful."

For how long must we be con-
tented with waiting on the
sidelines?

lines?
You tell us you love us . . .
Those lies, those lies!
You give us babies and babies
And you try to console us with
the man's Pill!
You beat us, mistreat us, shun
us, and worst of all you pimp
us.
Oh you use us, our talents our
bodies
And then you abuse us in public.
We try to adopt the white con-
cept of beauty
Because face it, you make it
your own
But dig . . .
The green mascara on my eyes
Cannot cover the misery and
despair
Of the tears I shed for you
When you make me worry
about how
We're going to pay the rent.
The Rachel colored blush can-
not
Camouflage my wide nose
That has smelled the sicken-
ing
Stench of dead rats and cock-
roaches
And no food to cook.
The pinkish whitish lipstick
Cannot hide the lines of my
thick lips
Lips that long to know the
full touch
Of a much-needed, much-
deserved love.
I use Miss Clairrol to hide the
pre-matured gray
Of my hair that has grown
gray
From the lack of your hands
playing in it
(I saw you play in Miss Jane's
the other day).
Oh you black man . . . you 'tell
us that
This sudden pride you think you
have
Goes deep . . . But how deep is
deep
When you are afraid you might
sink in the depths
But I beg you again to tell me
How black is black?

FLASH BULLETIN: To rail-
sitters, canteen-goofers, pool-
shooters, and library-sleepers:
THERE IS MORE TO COLLEGE
THAN MEETS THE UNTRAINED
EYE!