

## Curiosity killed the...

Lately I've been feeling like a heroine from a Victorian novel—slandered. But at least I'm in good company, I hear Jesus was talked about a lot too.

Some people must lead very boring lives. And a vast majority of these humdrum people attend school here. Their life-styles are so very below-average that they must live through the experiences of others. They cannot exist unless they can relate the intimate details of others and what these maligners don't know, they invent. They have no ethics, no morals, no guidelines, and no criteria. Gossips will "bad-mouth" those who do wrong, those who never even think about it, and even (horrors) cohorts in crime, other gossips.

Gossips have no gender; they are not always female. I've heard guys rumor-monger along with the best of 'em. You've all overheard fantastic stories in the cafeteria line about incredible acrobatic stunts in the backseat of cars, stairwells, telephone booths, breadboxes, and other dens of iniquity...well, the next time some macho begins pointing out conquests he's made, turn around and ask him to prove it or be prepared to go to court for defamation of character because you're that girls' sister (brother). It's always fun to see them swallow their tongues and stammer, "No, I didn't mean that one, I meant that other one."

Everyone is at one time or the other a little curious about others...what they do, what they don't do, what they would do if they could do what they want to do and everyone has been guilty as charged at one time or the other. But it is those who indulge in the vindictive, cruel gossip that would scandalize Bambi and Thumper romping in the forrest into a salacious, lewd gang-bang in the bushes that make life tough.

The wise man once said, "One falsehood spoils a thousand truths." to which the wise woman added, "What goes around, comes around."

Teresa A. Burke

## More work, less apathy

Recently, while attending a junior class meeting, I found that this campus's student congress is having a serious problem with attendance. Three meetings have taken place and there have not been enough people to make a quorum at any of them.

It is really a shame that the congressional representatives show so little interest in their posts. The student congress can, and should, be one of the most powerful organizations on campus. An effectively organized congress can make changes that affect the organizational structure of the Student Government Association; it can help change the compulsory class attendance policy.

SGA vice-president Quinton Brown, who presides over student congress, is still very optimistic about that the congress still may become a dominant force on campus. Brown can make the congress effective, but not without the full cooperation of every congress member.

I urge all class presidents to get the message to their congressional representatives. You have the power to remove inactive members and replace them with students who are ready and willing to work. You may have to hurt a few friends' feelings, but you may help to make some great changes at this university.

Winfred B. Cross

## Letters to the Editor

### Wanted: Teachers

Dear Madam:

The Foreign & Domestic Teachers Organization needs teacher applicants in all fields from Kindergarten through College to fill over five hundred teaching vacancies both at home and abroad.

Since 1968, our organization has been finding vacancies and locating teachers both in foreign countries and in all fifty states. We possess hundreds of current openings and have all the information as to scholarships, grants, and fellowships.

The principle problem with first year teachers is where to find jobs! Since College Newspapers are always anxious to find positions for their graduating teachers, your paper may be interested in your teachers finding employment for the following year, and print our request for teachers.

Our information and brochure is free and comes at an opportune time when there are more teachers than teaching positions.

Should you wish additional information about our organization, you may write the Portland Oregon Better Business Bureau or the National Teacher's Placement Agency, UNIVERSAL TEACHERS, Box 5231, Portland, Oregon 97208.

We do not promise every graduate in the field of education a definite position, however, we do promise to provide them with a wide range of hundreds of current vacancy notices both at home and abroad.

Sincerely,  
John P. McAndrew, President  
Foreign & Domestic Teachers



### Schefting Gears

## Nightmares of a Male Chauvinist

The scene: A psychiatrist's office. The doctor is sitting in a chair while the patient, a man in his early forties, is lying on a couch and nervously twisting his tie.

Patient: Doctor, you've got to help me.

Doctor: I'll do my best. What seems to be the trouble.

P: I keep having these terrible nightmares. It's women. They're everywhere. They control everything. It's horrible.

D: Hm... Can you describe your dreams?

P: Sure. Well, there's one in which I'm working in this office. I'm typing up a report. My boss, Ms. Crusher, comes in. She's got this weird grin on her face. I try to pretend I'm busy but she starts talking to me, complaining that clothes are a little too suggestive. I mean, since when are a Sears leisure suit and K-Mart shoes suggestive?

So then she asks me if I'm happy at my job. I say yes and then she asks me what I'm willing to do to keep it. I tell her I have a wife and kids and that point she stops grinning. "You'll just have to tell them you're going to be working late hours from now on...very late hours," she says. Then she turns and leaves. At that point I usually wake up in a cold sweat.

D: I see. Have there been any other images?

P: Yeah. There's one where I'm in the kitchen. I've been slaving over dinner for hours. The roast is overdone. The beans are mush. I'm hot, tired, and my feet ache.

Just then my wife waltzes in...tracking mud all over the floor I just waxed. She just flops down in the chair without so much as a "hello" and says, "Get me a beer." So I tell her, "Get it yourself. What am I, your slave?" But she just goes on and on about what a hard day she's had and blah-blah-blah. You'd think her butt was super-glued to the chair.

Well, I get her a beer, just so she'll stop talking that nonsense. But it is so unfair. Can't she see that? Does she consider that I had a hard day too? Noooooooo.

Does she care that supper is ruined and our daughter put our son in the dryer? Noooooooo. Does she realize there is a science project growing under our daughter's bed? Noooooooo.

Suddenly I see smoke coming out of the oven. That's when I wake up screaming.

D: (scribbling some notes on a pad) Please go on. Are there any other visions?

P: I've saved the most frightening dream for last. I'm watching "Soul Train" when suddenly the whole show is taking place in my living room. Don Cornelius has changed into Donna Cornelius. Stevie Wonder has become Stephanie Wonder. She comes right over to me and starts singing in my face. The song is "Superstition" but the words are coming out like this:

Better wash those dishes.  
Do the laundry fast.  
Better change the baby.  
Put those pampers in the trash.  
Go on scrub the floors now.  
Iron all my skirts.  
Better do it quickly,  
Or your name will sure be dirt.

Chorus:

There's been a change in things  
That you don't understand.  
FEM-IN-ISM,  
You're gonna' get some dishpan hands.

The next thing I know I'm on the ground with these women dancers doing "the pop" on me with their 8-inch heels.

Please, doctor, you've got to tell me. What's my problem?

D: Well...this is unheard of for a male, but I believe you're going through menopause.

Dr. Tom Scheft is an Echo columnist.

### Coronation Ball

Eagle Students,

If you were not present at last Saturday's Homecoming Coronation, you missed the mock funeral. (Ha, Ha) What a joke! But it's not funny to me one damn bit. It had to be the most humiliating experiences I have endured here at NCCU. Not only was it an embarrassing scene for myself, but for the other participants as well. The whole occasion was very disheartening for Ms. Teresa Burke (Miss Homecoming) and the staff of coordinators for the coronation. The evening started with the queens and their escorts being told to be on time at McDougald Gym at 6 p.m. When the disarrayed program finally got started, my watch showed 9:07.

The coronation was scheduled to start at 7:30. This was not the only problem of the evening. The stage was not set-up nor decorated. There was no music or public address system, nor was the master of ceremonies there. During this long duration of time, the queens and their escorts were crammed into the tiny hallways of the gym; being a humid evening it was extremely hot in the halls. There were no refreshments for the participants and the smell of the bathroom was horrible. By the time the coronation got started, one-third of the queens and escorts had left. People were hot, sweaty, and tired. Tempers were very thin and spirits were very low. The audience was disappearing. There was a sigh of relief when the 81st queen was finally introduced and took her place on the floor.

For that moment signified the ending of the most disgraceful coronation I have ever witnessed. When the program ended, some of the court had stood on the floor for over an hour. Miss Homecoming was sitting in a steel chair not suited for a queen of NCCU. A substitute master of ceremonies (Phyllis Greene) had done an excellent job of filling in for the absent MC. As for the sponsors of this coronation, you seriously need a swift kick in your behind. Mr. Pan-Hellenic  
Stephen A. French

### GEP Re-examination

Dear University Community:

Dr. W. H. Pattillo, Jr. has initiated and asked me to chair a Task Force that—extending a study conducted by the Academic Policies Committee 1978-79 and earlier studies of various offices—will re-examine the existing General Education program to determine if it should continue in its present form, and if not, recommend a new substance and structure. The recommendations, if any, can hopefully be implemented by the beginning of the first semester, 1982-83.

All students, faculty, and administrators who are in any way

See LETTERS, page 3

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The Echo will not print letters which are not signed with the legal name, class, department, campus address, and phone number of the writer, or letters judged to be libelous. The Echo will withhold the writer's name if his request is accompanied by some valid reason.

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