

It's too late to turn back now

Perseverance—the drive to keep on striving, undaunted by the barriers thrown up by foes—has become the very essence of black society. We struggled and prayed and clawed our way to get a college education in order to create a more perfect union of Americans. The government, out of benevolence and perhaps a little guilt, created a financial aid system for those who wanted an education but could not afford it.

Proportionately, more black students receive student financial aid than whites, but that's to be expected. Proportionately, there are more blacks than whites who need aid to get a college education.

Now Reagan and cohorts are eliminating many financial aid programs out of some misguided loyalty to this country's unbalanced budget—as if achieving a balanced one will heal this nation's ills.

But that's okay. We—as an economic level, a nation, a race—have faced far worse obstacles and survived. We will only have to dust off the implements of sacrifice—self-denial, hardwork, and hope.

We cannot give up now. Sell aluminum cans, cut grass, wash some woman's floor, beg your church—but get the \$750 and come back to school.

We have come too far to let some group with misplaced values scrap us for junk.

Teresa A. Burke

Dear Echo...

Members of several different fraternities and sororities have confronted me and asked me why I have written negative articles about greek organizations. Some members have even gone as far as to threaten me with physical assault or law suits.

Let's analyze this hostility. A lot of negative news has been printed about the conduct of greeks (male greeks that is) on campus. Certainly that is cause for upset. But every article I have written was taken directly from what a greek or a pledgee told me. More important, the facts presented in the articles were true and fully attributed to specific sources.

For the greeks who think the Echo has not done an accurate job of reporting both sides of your conduct, you have an option. You can stay mad and do nothing, or you can submit to the Echo articles pertaining to your community service projects. These articles must be legibly hand written or typed, double spaced on the stipulated deadline dates that will be available to you before the end of the year. If these articles are not submitted in this manner and on time, they will not get printed.

This applies to anyone who wishes to submit anything to the Echo.

I look forward to serving the student body as editor next year. The Echo will continue to report accurately. And it will continue to seek your support in covering the news that is important to NCCU.

Winfred B. Cross

Letters to the Editor

RESPONSE TO ELECTIONS

Violations of NCCU students rights in regard to the past elections were both sanctioned and promulgated by both SGA President, Ervin Baker, and Dean James Blue, Vice-Chancellor for student affairs.

I was shocked and appalled at the attitudes distributed by both officials.

I will attempt to record now the events leading up to and after the past SGA election.

On the night of the Rap Session, I voiced this question to the chairperson of the election board: "Why was the election being held against constitutionally prescribed time (which is illegal according to the Eagle Eye Handbook)?" The chairperson stated, "she would answer this after the rap session had concluded." I approached the chairperson, but President Ervin Baker commented that he could answer my question. He relayed to me that in a move to advance the administrative calendar, the elections had to be moved up.

Following this, I asked if there was an amendment made to the SGA constitution to justify such an advance. President Baker said no; however, Dean Blue had approved the advancement. I told President Baker that an advancement required more than the Dean's approval, that it would have to be amended to protect as well as give the students a voice in "their" election process. President Baker then stated that there was not enough time to get an amendment. I reminded him that as the SGA President he should not be allowing the elections to take place. President Baker then passed me along to Dean Blue.

Following this discussion, other students and I felt we could do nothing except follow our leader, President Baker. The elections were carried on and everything was business as usual. The longer my friends and I thought, the angrier we became. The student's governing body had allowed the administrators to alter our constitution without granting the students their constitutional rights, to review it.

Grace Marsh and I went to question Dean Blue. Initially we were told he was out for the day, but upon leaving we ran into him on the steps. He granted us some time. Dean Blue, unlike President Baker, stated that there had indeed been an SGA constitutional amendment but he was unable to produce a written copy. He added that he could get us one in two or three days.

Miss Marsh then informed Dean Blue of the tale told by President Baker. Dean Blue, seemingly growing impatient, ordered us out of his office saying, "Get out lady, and you too."

Next, we headed to Chancellor Whiting's office, still in search of truth. The Chancellor had no copies of any amendment, and was totally unaware of any such amendment being in existence.

Having no other outlet for my frustration, I wrote a grievance letter to the election board, which was denied.

So this is my last attempt to expose the students at NCCU to the policy of keeping students unaware of the non-conformity to rules and regulations by their elected officials and the administration. This must not continue.

Tony Harkley



Landscape photography by L. A. Fields

Schefting Gears

Have I got a story for you...

Listen:

In 1964, four Massachusetts prep school kids got together to form a rock and roll band. The drummer, Tom, didn't own drums, but he'd practiced for years, rat-a-tat-tatting to Ventures albums with spoons. The three guitarists—Tony, Todd, and Bob—didn't own electric guitars. As a matter of fact, only one of them (Tony) owned a guitar, a beat-up acoustic.

Although this would seem an inauspicious start, they didn't care. They borrowed some equipment and started practicing.

Now there were some problems. For one, the drummer had never tried to coordinate his feet with his hands. Not exactly Ringo Starr. Two, Tony—who played the lead in several instrumentals—only used one finger. Hm. Not exactly George Harrison. Three, Todd—who took up the bass—had a problem staying in tune. Definitely not Paul McCartney.

But they didn't care. They loved the music. They loved the playing. It was fun. That was all that was important, all that mattered.

They needed a name. Todd picked *The Remnants*. The others liked it.

Time passed. They got better. Charlie, who had formal training in piano, joined the group as the organist. And Rich came—bringing with him a high harmony and ability on harmonica and guitar.

More time passed. They got better.

Todd, while reading through his history notes on the American Revolution, found a phrase he liked. So did the others. The name of the group was changed to *The Rising Storm*.

Soon they were playing at dances every Saturday night for \$50 (no more—a school rule). The money, it was decided, would go toward a limited edition album, 500 copies.

Now it was quite normal for prep school groups to cut albums, which were then sold at the school or girl schools or bought up by grinning/grimmacing relatives ("That's my son, the guitar player.")

The *Storm's* album—*calm before*—didn't exactly make the Billboard charts. The group did make their money back. It cost \$1,000 dollars to make the album, and copies were sold for \$3 a piece.

The group was pleased. The album sounded pretty good, especially for 17-year-old kids.

The year was 1967.

In 1981, Tom—the drummer—came home one day to find a letter from Bob. *Dear fellow members of The Rising Storm*, it began. *You're not going to believe this, but our album is a collectors' item—worth between \$300 and \$500.*

Tom stopped reading. His heart was doing a Keith Moon* drum solo. He read the paragraph again. And again.

Then he read on. Bob mentioned that the information had come from a Boston magazine, *The Phoenix*, and he had enclosed a copy of the article.

I don't know how the rest of you feel, wrote Bob, *but I, for one, will die a happy man.*

There's more. A group of investors in Boston have arranged the financing of a limited edition reunion album. The guys in the group are trying to work it out now.

A lot has happened in the fourteen years since the group disbanded. Bob is a lawyer in Boston. Tony is a lawyer in Washington, D.C. Charlie is a ski instructor in Vermont. Rich is a medical researcher in Chicago. Todd is city editor of *The Chapel Hill Newspaper*. And Tom teaches at NCCU in Durham, N.C.

Dr. Tom-Tom Scheft is an Echo adviser and columnist (rim shot). His wife Laurie feels this is a very self-indulgent column and doesn't belong in a campus newspaper. She's probably right. But he couldn't resist.

*Keith Moon—the late, legendary drummer for *The Who*.

HARAMBI ANNIVERSARY

The month of April is a significant month for the members of the NCCU Harambi Student Union. It marks the end of the first year of life for our organization. During our short existence, we have organized teach-ins, speak-outs, lectures and debates and attended many rallies, marches, workshops and seminars.

Also, we have provided an official spokesperson for many of those events.

Our first year, however, has not been all smooth sailing, due to our involvement in a vigil and a march on downtown Durham, we were, and still are, bombarded with a wave of attacks. We were briefly denied recognition as an authorized campus group and called names ranging from militants to radicals to CWP members. Additionally, we were ridiculed for protesting the invitation of racists to Central on the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr. In spite of this, we have remained dedicated to the principles upon which we were founded. Our commitment is still to develop unity and to increase awareness of problems of African-Americans and other victims of oppression throughout the world. We will also continue to speak out against any and all injustice.

During the month of April, we plan to have a series of activities designed to uncover problems ranging from the crisis in black higher education to right-wing terror. Our plans include having well informed speakers, student or nationally known. Additionally, we are attempting to secure films, slideshows, and documentaries which portray conditions faced by our people here and abroad. We hope that you have both the time and interest to attend these activities. Finally, we of Harambi are a group of individuals who are dedicated to making this country one which has room for all of its people. We will let no one divert our feet from the path toward freedom, justice, and equality for all.

Yours in struggle
The NCCU Harambi Student Union

ASSASSINATION BUT A SYMPTOM

The recent attempted assassination of President Ronald Reagan has afforded many blacks the opportunity to express

latent hostilities and repressed anger toward the president because of his proposed budget cuts.

I'm not sure which disillusioned me more: Reagan's emphasis on military spending and his seeming lack of concern for our nation's minorities and underprivileged; or the contempt expressed by blacks interviewed for man-on-the-street radio programs who were disappointed that Hinckley "didn't kill him."

Has our nation's moral core deteriorated to the point that, when confronted with frustration, disappointment, or anger, we choose violence as the only alternative?

"Gun control" was the cry heard nationwide as a result of the violent interlude, Monday, March 30, but our problem isn't gun control; it is the erie sense of acceptance or tolerance we seem to have developed for acts of violence, the social and economic deprivation prevalent in our society.

The attempted Reagan assassination was only a grim reminder that no one's safe, no one can isolate himself from a society plagued by such vicious crimes as the Atlanta child-

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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.

THE Echo reserves the right to refuse letters containing racial, ethnic or sexual slurs; vulgar or incomprehensible letters; or letters over 200 words.

The Echo will edit all letters for clarity and correct usage, and reserves the right to delete obscene words or phrases.