

Church group says violence acceptable tool for use

MEMPHIS, Tenn. (AP) — A study committee of the National Council of Churches has reported that violence is an acceptable tool for use by victims of injustice.

The committee, in a report submitted to the council's general board Wednesday, said it recognized that acts of violence by oppressed people may not be ethical but said there is a difference between violence used in oppression and violence used by the oppressed.

"This is not to say that ends justify means," the report said, "but to affirm that ends and means are one, that just as means can destroy ends, ends can redeem means."

The committee, headed by the Rev. J. Edward Carothers of the United Methodist Church, said one school of thought within the church believes violence accomplishes nothing, while another "major strand of christian thought does not limit action to nonviolent forms."

This strand of thought holds that violence may be justified to seek social justice if nonviolent means fail, the report stated.

"While preferring to use non-violent methods," the report said, "should they not work, the Christian may be required by his faith to use violent means in his attempt to secure justice."

The committee of 12, most of them ministers, cited the Scriptures as saying, "I have come not to bring peace, but a sword."

The report concluded that "the anguish of these days will not, however, remain hidden behind jargon and theological formulas. People suffer now. Men are in the streets now."

"Our questions now are where do we stand in relation to these events and who is it we stand with."

"We reject the argument against all uses of violence which is based on an implicit assumption that violent actions cannot bring about the complete rebirth of human civilization."

The committee report was ordered by the council's department of Social Justice and Christian Life and Mission last

summer following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

The report brought disagreement from some delegates to the general board meeting in session here.

Bruno Kroger, public information officer for the meeting, said

the general board has not adopted the report, which he termed preliminary.

Kroger said the committee "has to do further work in order to decide if they will recommend to the National Council of Churches that a policy statement on social violence is needed."

A play of silhouettes

ACT I, SCENE 1
By NANCY A. MOHR

(The scene) The stage is completely black with a white sheet hung at the middle to integrate the set. There is a small group of people sitting on a circle of chairs behind the sheet. As the play opens a spotlight shines from behind the sheet to silhouette the actors. Voices 1, 2, and 4 are male; 3 and 5 female.

Voice 1: Look, you've had your picture in the paper three times this month. Don't you think it's my turn?

Voice 2: Don't be greedy, I worked hard for it. Why don't you write a letter to the editor or something?

Voice 1: You bourgeois sucking of a capitalist pig. All you think of is yourself.

Voice 3: Now wait a minute, both of you! You're missing the whole point. You have to DO something to get your picture in the paper. You have to make news. When he sticks his foot in his mouth, that's news; when you get a picture of it, well, it deserves to be printed.

Voice 1: Yea, but he's always doing it!

Voice 4: I don't think you're being fair. Look at the girls, they never get their picture in the paper. Why don't we work up a little demonstration for them.

Voice 5: That's what you are, stupid.

Voice 4: Listen, here's what I had in mind. Get somebody dressed like Betsy Ross. Then put her in the lobby of Columns and have her sewing a Confederate flag.

Voice 3: But we can't sew.

Voice 4: Just fake it. No one will know the difference.

Voice 5: Great, but who can we get to coordinate the thing? You know we can't plan something like that by ourselves!

Voice 3: Stevens can help us. Charley would do anything for us, he's really dedicated.

Voice 2: Not anymore. He went to Berkeley to work. They'll give him a thousand.

Voice 1: Make a note of it to call Sutton and demand more money. We can't do anything decent on \$800.

Voice 2: But how can we get anyone to help organize us?

Voice 4: I know a guy from here who's good at putting things together. He kids a lot, but he's got a great mind when it comes to putting things over on people. He'll go to the highest bid, so we've got to act now.

Voice 5: He sounds great. When can we get him?

Voice 4: He's living here now, but he's leaving soon. I'll contact him and see if he's available.

Voice 1: Alright, we'll put you in charge of Betsy Ross committee.

Voice 2: I've got a piece of malicious gossip for all to hear. The college is going to cut all pay to athletes.

All voices in unison: What! They can't do THAT!!

Voice 5: They're probably trying to get rid of all our fun. Let's strike for it!

(Applause all)

Voice 5: No, they set up some new fund for our damages in Ahsokie.

Voice 2: Well, I'm not going to let those perverted bums run ME out. Let's get them!

Voice 4: Yea, let's get Sutton!

Voice 2: I don't mean Sutton.

Voice 3: Let's talk about something else. I think all religious holidays should be eliminated from the school calendar. Religion is the opiate of the people.

Voice 1: Marx said that.

Voice 5: Which one, Harpo or Groucho?

Voice 3: Karl, stupid. Haven't you been doing your homework?

Voice 5: I'm sorry I didn't know he was with them.

Voice 4: Has anyone got a nickel on them?

Voice 1: Yea, here, but bring your own next time.

Voice 2: Not yet. We've still got to make plans for the New Year's strike for peace.

Voice 4: I'd feel more peaceful if...

Voice 2: Not yet. We've got to hear committee reports first.

Voice 1: I've got tactics planned. We march into Main Street at 11:55. At 12:00 we take over the place amidst the confusion.

Voice 3: I've got 100 signs made.

Voice 4: But there are only five of us!

Voice 3: All new posters have basic lettering. We can use them in any strike we have. It's more economical that way.

Voice 5: I've got the costumes all ready.

Voice 4: What do they look like?

Voice 5: Well, they're made out of lod sheets. That was all I had. They look sort of like that thing the Pope wears and they've got cute little pointed hats for your head.

Voice 1: That sounds great! I talked to Sutton and he'll only give us \$500. Do you think we should hold out for more or take it?

Voice 5: Shhhhhhh! I hear something.

(They all freeze.)

Voice 5: LOOK! Behind the curtain!

(They look, then jump up yelling and pushing over chairs. Screaming wildly they tear down the curtain; at this exact moment the spotlight goes off.)

Goober Peas

By Francine Sawyer

I had resented that little child from the time my mama yanked her up from our door step one cold evening. Less from this sounding as if it were a melodrama of orphan child it shouldn't. It only started out that way.

We picked up the bundle of pink innocence, bathed her, feed her and called the authorities, although not in that order. By some sort of natural law we were to remain the guardians of this child until the natural mother or father showed. No one showed up, the kid was named Susan from proper identification found on her person, and that my friend was that.

I finally grew accustomed to her face and character and although I never grew to love her I could tolerate her, more or less. It was my duty to take her on outings in the countryside after my days task of school. I was indifferent to this task, but thought of ways to make them interesting and meaningful—which I did on one such hot July day.

Susan was three years old now. A somewhat dim-witted child, of little letters in the arts. On this particular day I had the custody of not only Susan but my pet dog Hoagie, a brilliant dog far superior in intelligence than Susan could ever hope for. While driving through the countryside Hoagie gave me the signal that he needed to be curbed. I stopped the car and let the hound out for a tree sniffing venture. I also let Susan take a walk outside and get some fresh air. Suddenly I had a sensational idea, why not rid myself of Susan. It would be a favor to my mother as well. I would do it.

I cheerfully called the urchin over to my side and engaged in some sort of conversation with the child. I pointed to the large clump of trees and said, "see the lovely green trees, aren't those trees so inviting, say for a century or two, to become part of the top soil, should be your only life long goal." Susan, in her slow spirit agreed with me. I asked her to come along and take a walk with me in the green paradise. I held her hand and led her to her grave. The little blonde goddess, slowly went limp as I strangled her thin neck. I placed some pine straw on her body and left the scene pronto.

I called my faithful companion over and we got into the car and headed home. I thought of what to tell my parents and the authorities. Solution came to me like a flash, I'd tell them this: while curbing dog, child wandered off into the woods, I panicked and hurried home to tell the folks and seek aid in rescuing her. This story was good enough I felt.

I decided after the authorities were convinced I'd confide into my mother the true nature of the case. To say she was shocked would be putting it in a lesser degree. She was also a shade mortified I may add. She told me to run get the body before the authorities found it. I asked why, because it could be claimed that a pervert of sorts discovered the child roaming in the woods, and to get his jollies he found delight in strangling little ones. It was not mine to wonder why, just do as told.

It took only moments to find the child, she was curled as I had left her but somewhat hard from rigomotis taking a place in her body. I put her in a gunnie sack and hauled her out of the forest. I laid her body in the trunk and hurried home. On the way home I passed the detectives and I tossed them a mourning look and gallant wave.

Upon arriving home my mother told me of her plan. These plans lacked taste, but my own neck was riding on the corpse in the trunk of my Triumph, that it was going to be a triumph for someone if action wasn't taken soon. We made plans fast and were ready for action after the case was to be examined by the proper people. I was questioned time and time again. I never lost my cool, and I did convince them of my innocence in the matter, and only deep shock and sorrow of the total events.

Susan was pronounced dead and a proper memorial service was held at graveside for her. I wearily cried as the entire town gazed upon my parents and me.

I owe my success so far to the acting lessons I had in grade school. I must tell you dear reader about the time I played a tree, (an old sturdy oak, I think it was), and ironically I ounce played an angel. No blashemny intended, dear reader.

Now that the heat was off, so to speak it was time to do something with the body. Since it was hot July I knew time was getting short. One night very soon after the heat was off, I took the body out of the car and took it into the house to my mother's kitchen. The plans were simple, my mother and I would make

peanut butter out of the remains of Susan. It was my mother's idea, and one that I couldn't heartily abide by. But I would soon be wanting to go to the beach in my car and I knew it would be trouble to have remains remaining in the auto. How we made the peanut butter I will never tell, even my faithful companion Hoagie would not witness such an action. I will tell you that it took all the night. The only witness was the full moon.

We had a visit from a neighbor, Mrs. Kelly, who has been our life long next door friend. She has the characteristic of a New York City detective, in other words dear Mrs. Kelly is nosy. Mrs. Kelly is also the cause for crime being pulled into justice. Mrs. Kelly did it.

I had come to visit my mother and tell her of Hoagie's health, of which was somewhat critical. Old age and weariness had set in. His days were numbered. Mrs. Kelly saw me arrive, so she pulled in and sat for a while. Mother fixed us peanut butter crackers sandwiches for a treat (?). Mrs. Kelly said it was the best she had eaten, and I should admit that it was very good. We ate and talked and talked and ate. We hashed over old times. Mrs. Kelly brought up the case of Susan and remarked for the hundredth time that it was a tragedy. We both agreed.

As Mrs. Kelly dug down into the bottom of the peanut butter jar, I noticed that her eyes became large, her nostrils expanded, and she turned a pale white, all in one moment. Also she screamed a loud, long, peirce your ears in one blast sort of scream. She put her spreading knife in the jar and pulled up a gold object, it was a hair clip with the name "SUSAN" inscribed on it. I felt then and there that the end was near.

Mrs. Kelly ran out of the house and went to her home. When we looked out of the window later that day, we saw police cars in her drive. The phone rang, we went over and pictures were taken and gastly confessions were made.

As I sit here in my cell on Death Row, I am fed nothing but peanut butter all meals. I remarked to the warden that I was getting plenty sick of a diet of peanut butter, but that last week it was good with a sweet taste. The warden informed me that he thought I'd like it because it was my dog Hoagie. How sad, how obscene.



Graphic Arts receives machinery

Members of the Graphic Arts faculty assist in moving in four Intertype line-casting machines which were recently donated to the college by Richmond Newspapers, Inc., of Richmond, Va.

One of the machines will be used to teach young men operation and maintenance of Intertypes, and three will be sold to purchase other needed equipment.

Lost and found

The items listed below may be claimed at the information desk in the Columns building.
1 ladies umbrella
Several pairs of glasses
3 pairs gloves and odd gloves
1 initial ring
1 raincoat - man's

Chowan Players to go on tour

On December 11, 16 students from Chowan College and the Murfreesboro Elementary School gave a one-act play entitled "The Lantern." Seven elementary schools, one private school and three kindergarten groups heard the play. It was presented four times to over 1,500 children at Suffolk High School.

April 14-18 the Chowan Players again will tour, bringing drama to many schools in Virginia and North Carolina.

Those students who made the tour to Suffolk to present the play about Revolutionary days were Ann Hobgood, David Mashaw, Frank Davis, Harrison Greenlaw, Larry Shields, Roger Cope, and Mel Watson.

Nude photo in Florida college paper

GAINESVILLE, Fla. (AP) — Nude photographs of a shapely, dark-haired girl were included in several thousand copies of an off-campus student newspaper handed out today to students at the University of Florida.

The University Report carried the pictures of the girl, described only as Miss X, posing amid the bookshelves in the Florida history section of the university's \$3-million research library.

In one photo the girl was reading a previous copy of the newspaper which bore the headline: "O'Connell told me 'Change your ways.'" Dr. Stephen O'Connell, former chief justice of the Florida Supreme Court, is president.

In 1968 the university expelled coed Pam Brewer for posing nude in two issues of another off-campus publication, Charlantan. The university's sanctioned newspaper, the Alligator, recently featured artistically discreet nudes in a special magazine section.

Trips planned for students

Four trips are being planned for Saturdays or weekends during the second semester. These trips are to New Bern, Richmond, Washington, D. C., and Charleston, S. C. The trips to New Bern and Richmond are Saturday trips. When going to Washington and Charleston, we will leave as soon as possible on Friday afternoon and return to campus Sunday afternoon.

The first trip is Feb. 1, to New Bern. 8:00—Breakfast in the cafeteria; 8:30—departure on Carolina Trailways bus; 11:00-1:00—Tour of Tryon Palace; 1:00-7:00—Free time. The bus will leave New Bern at 7 p. m., and expect to return to Chowan by 9.

The cost of this trip, including the \$2 tour ticket for Tryon Palace is \$7.50. We will use a 38-passenger bus. Reservations for the New Bern trip can be made in Dean Lewis' office by paying this money. The deadline for making your reservations is Jan. 24.

While on the trip, the social regulations of Chowan will be applicable.

Dear Know-it-all

Due to several requests, this semester the student paper will have a column for the love-lorn members of this campus. All problems can be addressed to Dear Know-it-All, Box 521, Inter-college mail. We hope that the confused students on this campus will take advantage of this opportunity. By the way, the answers will be truthful and in good taste according to the author.

Dear Know it all,

I have a terrifically unique upset. This is my first semester at Chowan Convent and I need HELP! Please advise. Sister

Dear Sister,

It depends on what type of help you need whether I can do you any good. Write to me again and specify your problem.

Dear Know it all,

What happens when the boy you are going steady with prefers to study than go out with you?

Rejected for Plato

Dear Rejected,

Change his curriculum to Pre-Med, maybe then he will study Anatomy.

Dear Know-it-all,

My father hates the boy that I am in love with because of his financial status. I love and respect my father. What can I do?

Torn in two

Dear Torn,

A parent's main concern in life is to make his children happy. Because you do love and respect your father, even though he does feel the way he does, his feelings are probably mutual towards you. You only have one life to lead; your parents have theirs. Reason with them, and explain your feeling towards your love and the importance he plays in your happiness.

If money is the main goal in your life also, follow your father's advice. If money means nothing to you, interest your folks in your boyfriend's potentials and then play it by ear. Patience is hard to maintain but very hard to destroy or disregard. Meet your parents halfway and hopefully they will compromise. Good luck in your endeavor.

Closed weekends apply to boys also

As most of the girls on campus know, there are certain weekends which are "closed", this means that a student may not leave for the week-end. What several people do not know is that this policy applies to both boys and girls. In the past, students have been able to get permission to leave without much trouble,

and the boys just ignored it all together.

At a student-faculty relations committee meeting just before the Christmas vacation, this was a topic of discussion. With a vote put before the committee by Mr. Collins, it was decided that closed week-ends should be enforced.

**LET'S ROLL UP
OUR SLEEVES AND
GET TO WORK!**

There's a big job ahead of us in the coming year... keeping this nation great! The only way to get the job done is to have every American pitch in with energy and determination in the home, in the factory, in the office and in the classroom.

Let's all work together!

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