

EDITORIAL

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Honor system is farce

By FRANCINE SAWYER

When you registered at Chowan College in the fall, you made a deal with the college. I will quote the acceptance of rules and policies you were to sign and agree to uphold: "I promise without mental reservation to accept and to comply with the established policies and rules of the college."

"This includes regular class and chapel attendance, and automobile regulations. If there is any rule or policy which I think should be changed or modified, I will take the matter up with one of the deans, or a member of the Student Affairs Committee." That was it, you signed it and made it valid.

Well, all of us students and professors alike are not making it valid. I am the first to admit that I would not, with a clear conscience, turn in my fellow student for any violation of the rules and policies of this institution and not many of the remaining body would turn in another.

This makes the system a bust—not valid. I am indifferent to those who break rules because the faculty must have its eyes closed.

Does the faculty know what is going on?

God knows the teachers have enough to do without wondering who is cheating and how they are cheating, but on this campus there is more pre-mediated ways of getting it without cracking a book.

When the night watchman goes off duty, male students go into your office and steal your tests, the teachers that do not go to the trouble of making a new test and giving the same ones over and over help students a great deal.

Have you checked a good cuff lately? All kinds of answers are under there, a great deal as a matter of fact.

I am not blasting the faculty here or the administration because no where could you find a more helpful or understanding group of men and women willing to aid a person in any way.

I am not blaming them for what we, the students, do or do not care to do in regards to rules and regulations. I would only care to take this time to explain the general student attitude—apathy.

We take it for granted that everyone cheats, or breaks rules and policies. Before you say "not me" check your student manual and see all the regulations regarding college life here. You can't say in all honesty you haven't fudged.

Now, just because everyone does it, that certain it doesn't make it right. It just makes it easier.

Then comes the problem of those who get caught. A small percentage do you know. They leave campus. They have a nasty record. They go to Vietnam. They may never come back. What does it all add up? It adds up to the fact that, a few get busted and sent packing while the remaining student body carries on.

We need an honor system that works, if we are to be punished for what all of us do.

The real world, not the ivy league college world is tough (so I've heard), and every man grubs for himself. Nobody is his brother's keeper. Only the fittest survive and all of that.

No one should trust a student, we are out for all we can get the easy way. That's sad, but it's true. I just thought I'd let the faculty and administration recognize that we admit, we don't like ourselves for it, so perhaps we can work out a superhonor system that would get our self-respect back.

Only it's too late for those who preceded us. They were caught and have left us now. The rest of us will carry on—until.

BY REQUEST

Unlabeled the smoke that comes from a pipe,
I plan to tell a major gripe.
This was I told by student here,
Who felt that this was cause for fear.

Those that should do what they know right,
Are those who fail to see the light!
When we but try to warn "The Staff,"
They just sit back, think cause to laugh.

We only try to help this school,
But they heed not, and call us fool.
Administration, hear me now!

We think and act unlike the cow.
So lead us not with ring in nose,
For things like this could come to blows!

We know we still have much to learn,
But like a match, if struck will burn,
So hear us out, when we have thought,
Or with your pants down, you'll be caught.

For riots, protests, we care not,
Suppress opinions; might get hot!
Our words are meant, this school to warn,
But thanks we get is that of scorn.

You worship "GOLDEN CALF" I see,
But God will help us to be free.
Oh heathens hear, your time will come,
Worship of coins is truly dumb.

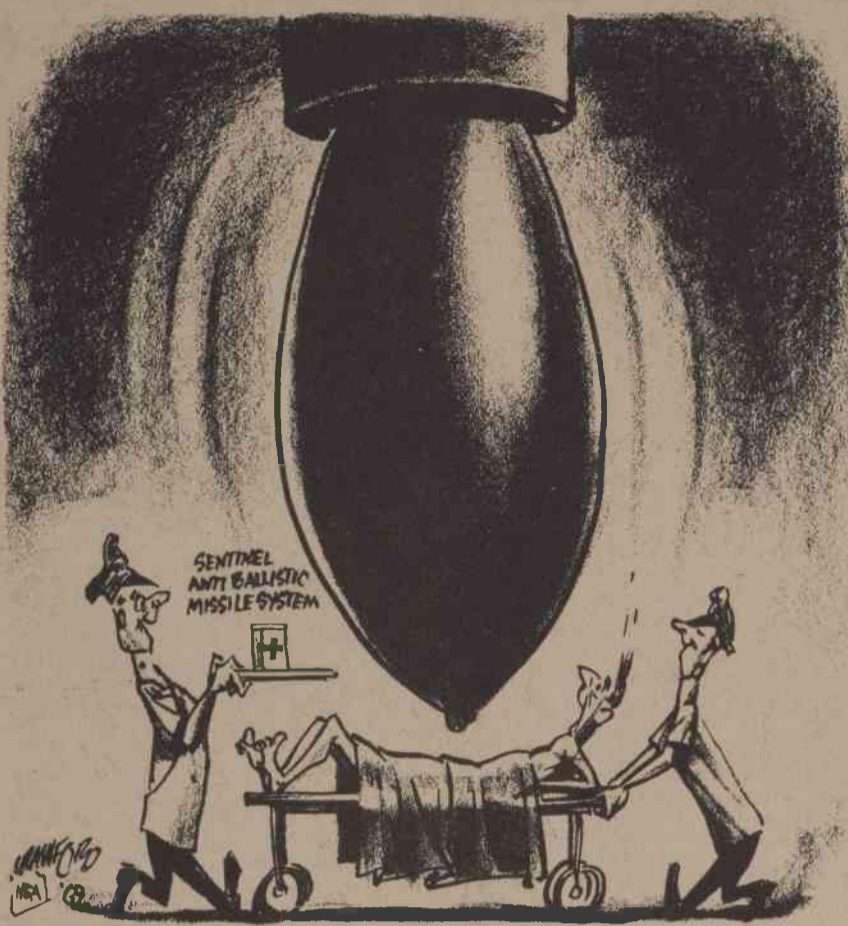
Our knowledge is far more than half,
Proof will be in who gets last laugh,
Warnings you have, but still you sit,
Put that in your pot and flush it!

John of Norfolk

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"Relax, We Have a New Safety Device Called a Bandaid!"



Insight

By JOAN CLARK

It was almost dawn. I had not slept all night. Early in the evening a pain started in my left side and it was growing increasingly worse. I was going to the hospital.

When I tried to stand the pain became unbearable and I fainted. Then I was in the car. I could not straighten my legs. My body was flooded with pain and I could think of nothing else.

When the emergency room was reached I was surrounded with attendants, nurses, and doctors. It seemed I was being smothered with people.

The sharp, piercing needles were coming from all directions. People were talking and dashing off in different directions. My pain was so severe I could not concentrate on what these people were saying or doing. My one thought was pain.

I faintly remember being prepared for surgery, the operating room, the recovery room, and my room. My thoughts were drifting to the past. Dreams could not be separated from reality.

My family came to my bedside and the days slid into each other. I realized I was critically ill and very near death. It was an effort for me to breathe and sometimes

I felt as if it would be a relief to die. Several times they could not locate a pulse on my wrist.

It was at this point that I realized how much I wanted to live. All the small things that are taken for granted were slipping away from me. How many things are not appreciated until they are lost. What an insight I had into my life at that moment.

It was as if this person was not really me but some one else I was viewing from a distance. From my nursing experience, I realized I was dying.

It was like balancing an object that could fall in either direction. Are we ever really prepared to die? When the time comes we do not have time for preparation.

I was the object and I fell in the direction of life. What a blessing to be granted more time. Slowly my body gained some strength. The first day I stood on my feet and walked again was one of the most joyous experiences I can remember.

After leaving the hospital, on one occasion, I was not recognized by a very close friend. My appearance had changed with a great loss of weight.

Now, almost two years after my illness, I can look back on this period and be thankful for such a unique opportunity to view my life.

The garden

By JOHNNY WILLIAMS

The light was dying but peace surrounded the little garden. The air hung silently about the olive trees and was cool. The flowers were in bloom and their fragrance drifted across the calm as the bird watched on high.

Into this place strolled a figure cloaked in purple. He sought solitude amidst the grove and here he would think. He sat himself against a rock, as the light grew dimmer.

This man was a success in business and in society. He had wealth, power, and influence. He was married to a beautiful woman, and lived in a house built for kings, but he found little fulfillment in his life.

His wife, with all her beauty, could not understand his needs, and his house was only a place for parties and sleeping. His wealth had only brought him more problems and the fear of losing that which he worked so hard to obtain. So, here he sits in his purple, as the light grows dimmer.

Another figure ventured into the garden, dressed in brown. He sought a quiet place in which to sleep for wine had clouded his foolish brain. He found a tree and slumped against it.

This man sought escape, for his life was without meaning. He lived in poverty and never knew hope. He gave up his search for life when he grew tired. Now he lives in a world of dreams, as the light grows dimmer.

Watching through the trees was a tall and weathered man. He stood straight and walked with authority but was cloaked in the quiet air of peace and was gentle. This man approached the fallen and spoke:

"Man searches for life and goes no farther than his wants.

He does not think of love but only pleasure. And when he looks at beauty he closes one eye.

Man lives for man, not for men.

And as he finished, the bird left the sky and the light disappeared.

The meaning of life

By R.A.C.

As many a morning as I have seen the sun break through the rosy pink skies, there has never been a more beautiful sunrise as the one I witnessed this morning.

As I sat here in my gloomy, unreal room I can only see the things the night before has left. The put-on things that people must have to exist.

If only one of the many people that have come and gone through this room of destruction would only give the morning darkness a chance.

If the people that have been through this place would only throw away or disregard a small portion of the garbage they consume in their active nights, and for each drop of beer, or for each milligram of a pill they take for the kicks, if they would only take a look at the rosy pink skies that open the new day for the busy rat-race world that the unreal people live and exist in.

If they could hear the first bird give his welcoming song

of the daybreak and the ray of light that strikes the frosty leaves on the big oak tree that looks out over the city's sleepiness—I just wonder what they would say to each other!

You know they see all of the people in this rat-race city, they see the people run back and forth and they see their minds at work, trying to find out what they can do to better their own personal lives.

I do wonder what they say. One day in each being's life there will come that beautiful day when they get through with the night's destruction they will see that beautiful sunrise where the rosy skies and the rays of light shine on those big oak trees, and they will hear the birds' first welcoming song.

Then they will realize that they have missed and abused the greatest treasure they will ever have, and they didn't even know that it was all free.

Yes, look around and open your eyes and see the morning of life.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor

We would like to paraphrase a provocative commercial being played on our local radio station.

This paraphrase is directed to our noble Dean of Students who has endeared himself to the hearts of many of his picked sidekicks, or to state it differently, those whom he has allowed to polish his "apple" since he became the great White Father of our Christian tribe.

The commercial should read as follows:
"Want to beautify (help) Chowan College—leave the campus—join the Peace Corps. Several schools in Egypt are looking for administrators."

Respectfully,
Chip Morgan

To the Editor:

Recently it has come to my attention that once again at this time of the year we are all receiving our individual bill damages from the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds (you really gave yourself a nice title, there). As usual, the amount that each of us must pay leaves us speechless.

The first reply choked out, "What is Hassell trying for, a vacation in Europe?" may leave something to think about. Rather than sympathy we would all like an honest evaluation of the damages we are required to pay.

It is suggested that in the future all damages should be determined at the end of each semester so that the correct occupants may be charged for the damages for which they are responsible.

At the present time there are several dormitories that keep no record of the damages that was impaired each semester and as a result the damages are paid for twice over.

Respectfully,
Hank Windley

To the Editor:

Regarding the recent disruption in the Chapel Assembly on March 11, it is questionable as to just what kind of people Macon, Ga., is turning out these days. To actually man-handle and throw out a helpless animal that was simply seeking a religious experience along with the

Business Mirror

Prices rise since Nixon takes office

By JOHN CUNIFF

NEW YORK (AP) — The recent increase in the wholesale price of gasoline, expected to add a cent a gallon at the pump, isn't an isolated instance of the inflationary pressures endangering the economy.

Perhaps it was more prominently publicized, mainly because gasoline is used by almost every family in America. But price increases have become common since President Nixon took office. Clearly he is on the spot.

During the first two months of 1969 industrial prices rose 1.2 per cent, one of the sharpest increases in several years. In coming weeks, as a result, more pressure is likely to be placed on consumer prices.

The timing of these increases isn't altogether a coincidence. Some companies seemingly were waiting for a change of ad-

ministrations to lift prices, assuming that a transitional government might be too occupied to respond.

Others seem to have correctly assumed that a new administration would be reluctant to confront any company or industry over an issue that could cause strained relations for the next four years.

The puzzle now is what the Nixon administration is going to do about it.

Right from the very beginning of this administration, Nixon has pledged to fight inflation as one of the most dangerous enemies of the nation's security.

The dangers obviously are well known. Among them:
—The longer inflation is permitted to grow the less likely it is that the necessary slowdown can be accomplished without forcing a depression.

—The longer inflation persists the less competitive are U.S. goods in foreign markets. This is the same as saying dollars are less acceptable to foreign citizens and governments.

The effects of uncontrolled inflation could be a collapse not only of the U.S. economy but the destruction of international trade. As dollars become less acceptable, that collapse becomes more imminent.

In seeking to avert those tragedies, the Nixon people have assigned themselves an incredibly complex job. Not only have they promised to fight inflation, but they have suggested they would do so with as little pain as possible.

However, the specifics on just how the anti-inflation war is to be waged have not been spelled out. Over-all strategy has been indicated, but the tactics haven't been detailed. Pledges have been made but orders are awaited.

In general, the strategy calls for avoiding a budget deficit and maintaining, through the Federal Reserve, a tight control of the money supply. Direct intervention in the economy is to be avoided.

This means that both direct controls on wages and prices will be avoided, as will indirect controls in the form of guide-

posts.

Gripes

By BILLY TAYLOR

One of the gripes I have heard the students gripe about is the food. It looks like to me we could have better food each day, not just on Wednesday. The food on Wednesday could stand some improvement.

For an example we'll take what we had Sunday and Monday night. I believe it was meat loaf. It looked and tasted like horse meat packed together. Even one of the faculty complained to me when we were talking. The students deserve better than that.

We pay a lot of money to go to school here, so it looks like we could have better food. One of the students told me he was asked by a man what we had for lunch each day. He told him we had sandwiches. The man was from a catering service. He said he had been trying to get his service here but the school wouldn't listen.

This catering guaranteed hot meals for lunch. He said it would cost \$25.00 more than what we are paying now. For one wouldn't mind that much more a year for better food.

I know how hard it is to cook three meals a day. I worked in a cafeteria at a Baptist camp. We cooked three meals a day for 1,200 people. We served scrambled eggs, fried eggs, grits and bacon. Also pancakes and waffles with sausage every morning.

At lunch and supper we served three meats and vegetables with fresh salads and deserts. Why can't the school cafeteria do this? It's not because of money.

Still another gripe is why can't we have something at lunch and dinner without gravy on it? Every meal with the exception of breakfast has gravy of some sort. Are they trying to cover up the taste of the food?

Whoever is in charge of making up this menu, the students at Chowan sure would like to have some really good food for a change instead of meat loaf and gravy, roast beef and gravy, chicken and gravy, veal and gravy, hamburger and gravy, and etc.

It has come to my attention of people playing ball in the front campus. Some of my friends have received call-downs for throwing the football back and forth. Now, I ask you, which do you rather have, go through your windshield or hit your car, a football or golf ball?

There was a picture in The News-Herald of two boys hitting a golf ball in front of East Hall on the front campus. They had been doing this quite often.

Why weren't they given call-downs? Are they better therefore they don't have to go to the baseball or football fields as do the football players?

Sure they did real well in New Mexico and Chowan students are proud of them. But after all, if the other students can't play ball out there, why should the golf players?

Another gripe is this business of initiating a riot. Other colleges and universities are worried about campus disturbances, hippies and the like, riots such as breaking out windows, wrecking the cafeteria, student movements for more power and other news we hear over the national news.

But, and I emphasize this word, what is the faculty worried about here at Chowan? A panty raid? Now this is beginning to be a little ridiculous.

If a group of boys gather after a certain time, say nine o'clock at night, they're gathering to initiate a riot or have a panty raid. A friend of mine was told on by another student saying he was trying to get the other guys to come out. But, nothing happened.

As I understand it our faithful Dean stepped in and ordered our hall to our rooms. That's what usually happens. Anyway my friend was suspended for one week plus a month's campus.

Now I put it before the student body. Is this student worthy of this much punishment for something that never happened? So from now on, watch it fellows, you're liable to get suspended for breathing too hard.

My Neighbors



"Now, my opinion, for what it's worth..."