

# EDITORIALS

## Please, it's best not to get sick

What happens when someone gets sick at Chowan?

Well, if this student feels he's getting sick he should try and postpone his illness until the posted infirmary hours.

If Bobby doesn't manage to fit his illness into these hours he must go to class or use one of his few precious cuts.

After all one must get his excuse for a class before the class meets. Therefore, if he's getting sick he must tromp over to the infirmary immediately during one of the posted hours, if the time doesn't conflict with his class schedule.

Now that he's been exposed to the outside world he must sit and wait through the long line of patients for his turn. Some students have reported waiting up to 40 minutes in the infir-

mary lobby before seeing the nurse.

By this time poor Bobby is probably worse off than had he gone to class.

With no doctor on campus more complications set in. If the patient is in need of medical attention it is now necessary for him to seek the attention of the Murfreesboro doctors who must charge a fee.

If the patient was to have an emergency arise, he must first be carried by the infirmary for a proper medical file report and permission from a dean before he can be taken to a hospital.

What does all this complaining, heard so often on campus, lead to? The fact that there simply aren't enough nurses on duty, infirmary hours are too limited, and the college needs a doctor of its own.

Pauline Robinson

## Just what is 'Homecoming'?

To the average student it is a week-end of planned activities which costs him a lot of additional cash.

To the girls it's a weekend for showing off new clothes and beads.

To the boys it's a time for finding a date and driving cars.

To Mama and Daddy it's a time for coming on campus to see what it's really like on a weekend.

To the football team it's a time to prove they can live up to their name-Braves.

To the faculty and administration

it's a big headache trying to co-ordinate the activities.

To those involved it's a lot of fun working on floats or being recognized as a campus sweetheart.

To the infirmary it is a weekend that breeds Monday morning cold.

But what really is homecoming?

It's a time for alumni and former students to visit their alma mater, to see old friends, and to reminisce over their first homecoming at Chowan.

Pauline Robinson

## 'The Strange Couple'

A SHORT MONOLOGUE  
BY FRANK GRANGER

They were a strange couple. I saw them every Saturday when they came to town to shop in my store. They both wore blankets with a hole in the center for their heads. He had long hair, and she wore big earrings. They didn't smell, but I bet they would if anyone got close to them.

They rented Tom Miller's old farm for \$45 a month. Tom regularly got the exact cash in an envelope in his mailbox.

They looked funny. Sort of like hippies, the Winslows and the Roundtrees and other neighbors said. They dressed strange in bright-colored flowered clothes. I never heard tell of them working. He went to night school at some mixed institute and studied political science and philosophy, so word got around. Just what those Communist hippies learn.

Mrs. Winslow filed a complaint with the welfare office. She said their baby was under-fed. If a good church worker like Mrs. Winslow said something was wrong, then it must be the truth. The inspector came by here to ask me what they bought when they came to my store. I told him they bought mostly canned goods and fruit. They bought lots of fruit.

The inspector wanted to know if the baby looked underfed. I said he did look skinny around the legs. Mrs. Winslow was a better judge of that, as she was a mother and active in PTA and church.

I heard once that Luke Roundtree's boy and some other boys went over to the strange couple's house one night to see what it was like. Luke's boy was looking in the window when the fellow came out and caught him. He called the sheriff and had him hold the boy until Luke could come for him. He must have had something to hide in that house. What harm could a 17-year-old boy do looking in the window.

The boy said the house was all colorful inside, with red and blue lights and with some kind of weird music being played. You don't have to take my word for it, just as anybody who heard Luke's boy describe it.

These people were not Christians because they didn't go to church. They must have believed in some black magic kind of religion because of all the strange things they liked.

My wife saw the woman picking wild flowers one day. I wonder what she was going to do with all those flowers anyway.

One thing we all noticed: the couple seemed always to be smiling and happy as if they knew something we didn't know.

We all knew something was going on over

there. So some of the more important men in the county called a meeting to discuss the problem. We could not think of any law they had broken, and they didn't owe anyone any money, it was reported. The health inspector said everything was all right over there health-wise. Nobody in the community had been bothered by them.

But we all decided that they were a bad influence on our children and that we couldn't allow their kind to live around us. Why, in no time at all more of them might come bringing drugs and other hippie things with them.

We finally drew up a petition, asking them to leave. Everybody signed it, and we had it all fixed up official looking. We put it in an envelope and mailed it to them.

The next Saturday they didn't come to town. We waited. Then we went to see if they were gone. Sure enough they had packed up and left without saying anything to anyone. Tom said they had a week's rent coming to them. But they left just the same.

They were strange people. But you know it's funny, I didn't even know their name.

## Who is Nancy Taylor?

By ANNA BELLE CROUCH

"Nancy Taylor" is any one of the 1,016 young women who has been in the Chowan College department of business since the fall of 1960, or in the nursing curriculum since the fall of 1964.

Each one has taken a complete, specialized course in self-improvement for success professionally, socially, economically, maritally, and spiritually. There are over 350 schools throughout the world teaching the same course.

This course is "Taylor-Made-for-Success." It is personalized for each student, seeking to train her to bring out inner charm and beauty, become warm and vivacious, and to become a radiant, sparkling, poised self-confident individual.

These privileged students are taught the priceless secrets of make-up magic, bringing out good features and flattering faults. The girls are taught how to eat their ways to beauty and learning how to gain or lose weight easily.

Learning how to have a beautiful skin for a more beautiful lady is another facet of this unusual course. The movement of loveliness is learned as well as how to walk like an angel with fluid grace, poise, and self-assurance. They are taught how to stand erect, slim and lovely.

Hair styling to flatter the individual is studied. Good grooming to stay lovely, refreshed, and dainty is emphasized. Hand care is applied.

There is a time to learn how to produce a sweet sound of beauty to cultivate voice, improve diction, discover the virtues of a good telephone voice, and the arts of a sparkling conversationalist.

These girls make friends with fashion and

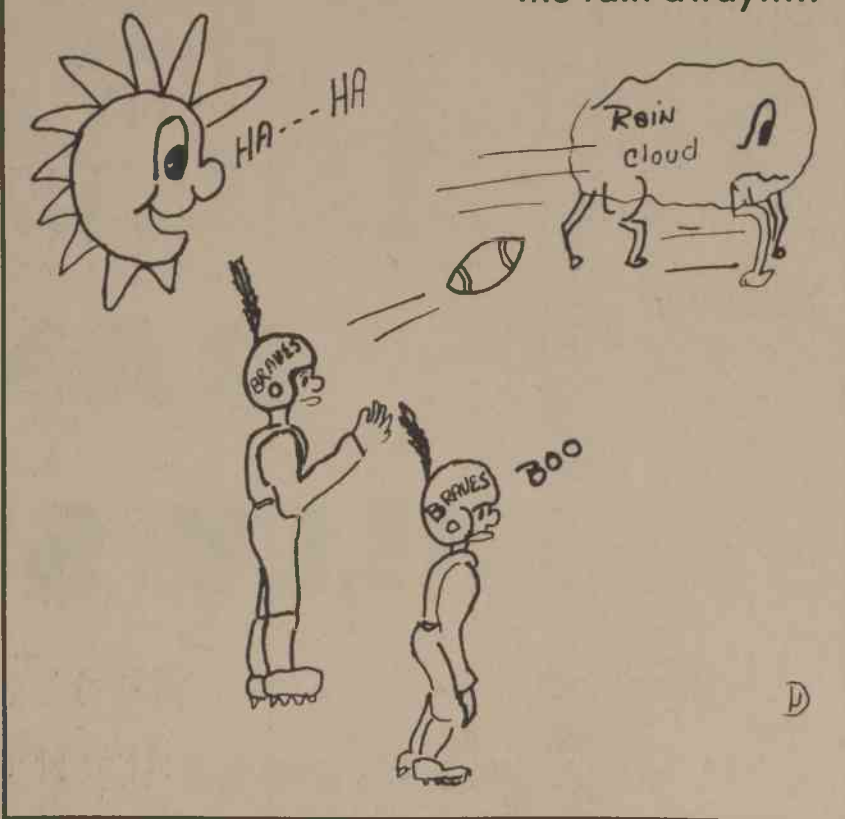
### INDIAN SUMMER

In youth, it was a way I had  
To do my best to please,  
And change, with every passing lad,  
To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know,  
And do the things I do,  
And if you do not like me so,  
To hell, my love, with you!

## The mighty Braves scared even

the rain away!!!!!



## Do you read a daily newspaper? Make it part of your education

William Hall, associate editor of the "Washington Star," below offers some suggestions on "How to Read a Newspaper." Did you ever think of newspaper reading along these lines?

1. READ YOUR NEWSPAPER EVERY DAY. Make newspaper reading a habit, like eating dinner. Don't miss a daily installment in its story of the world.

2. DON'T BE HEADLINE-HAPPY. Headlines give you only what's the menu. You can pick your meal from a menu, but for pleasure or profit, you have to eat it.

3. DON'T BE PAGE-ONE HAPPY. Don't read merely the first page. Your news may be inside. There's more news inside than on Page One; for you, it may be better news.

4. DON'T BE ONE-SUBJECT HAPPY. The one-noters read their sports, crime news or comics for entertainment. Sticking to their chief interests, they're picking up pennies, leaving dollars.

5. BE A FACT-SEEKER. Look to the news columns first for your facts. Then play the game of checking up on the columnists and editorial writers. You may be the better thinker.

6. READ WITH BOTH EYES. Note qualifying words and attributions. Don't take a charge for a conviction, a rumor for a fact, or a plan for an accomplishment.

7. DON'T BE A READING COWARD. It takes a knowledge of both sides to make up your mind easily. Don't be afraid to read opinion at complete variance with your own.

8. GET OUT OF YOUR READING RUT. Use your newspaper to give yourself a mental job. Read at least one thing daily that's

completely apart from your normal interests.

9. DO YOUR SHOPPING AT HOME. Whether it's food, clothes, or a roof over your head you want, you'll find the best buys in the advertising columns of your newspaper.

10. RELAX AND ENJOY THE FUN. Your newspaper doesn't forget there's a lighter side to life and neither should you. Try the comics, the crossword puzzle or the word game.

## News notes add humor to press

(Editor's note: The following came from the Sept. 15 issue of the Houston Chronicle.)

The Veterans Administration office in San Antonio has a special file of letters that have amused the bureaucrats there and Brandon Mfg. Co. is circulating a reprint of excerpts from some of the letters.

Obviously there is nothing amusing in the plights of the writers, and there is no intent to poke fun at them. But many of them do have an odd way of putting things. For example:

"Please send me my elopment as I only have a 4-mos. old baby and he is my only support and I need all I can get to buy food and keep him in close."

"Both sides of my parents are poor and I cannot expect nothing from them as my mother has been in bed for one year with the same doctor and won't change."

"I have already wrote to the president and if I don't hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam and tell him about both of you."

"Please send me my wife's form to fill out."

"I am forwarding you my marriage certificate and my two children. One is a mistake as you can plainly see."

"I cannot get any pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?"

"I am glad to say that my husband that has been reported missing is now dead."

"I am annoyed to find out that you branded my child as illiterate. It is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born."

"Unless I get my allotment soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life."

"You changed my little boy to a girl. Does this make any difference?"

"In answer to your letter I gave birth to a boy weighing 101 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"I have no children as my husband was a truck driver and worked day and night when he wasn't sleeping."

## Freedom of the press is applicable to everyone

The managing editor of The New York Times, Clifton Daniel, in a speech to the Missouri Bankers Assn. placed in the proper perspective, we think, the concept of "freedom of the press," as it is proclaimed in the First Amendment to the Constitution.

To begin with, freedom of the press doesn't apply just to the press. Applicable to all citizens, the First Amendment protects anyone's right to dissent or to criticize or to complain.

Daniel said that no one has "to submit tamely to the outrages, inaccuracies, omissions and fabrications that sometimes appear in the press. It is part of your responsibility to chastise, correct and inform the press."

Don't be shy about offering information. Don't hesitate to complain. It is just as much a part of your job to keep the press free and make it responsible as it is a part of our job to keep the banking system sound, honest and responsible to public needs.

Too often, we fear, many Americans take the view that the American press espouses

freedom of the press simply for selfish motives. And no doubt in some instances such is the case.

But freedom of the press involves a much more universal and important ideal than the right of the press to print what it wants. Indeed, if an American citizen's right to free speech is circumscribed, then so too is the right of the press.

Any right granted the press is a right that perforce is granted the citizen. Thus, when the press urges government to conduct its affairs out in the open and not behind closed doors, it is acting not simply on its own behalf but on behalf of the whole society.

It should be obvious that by definition the free society cannot conduct its business in secret. — Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette-Mail

"We are not born with anything. Our basic standards are formed between four and six months. A child begins a structured life in the first grade."



# Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

## Lectures: Living, Moving, and Properly Constructed

Each fall when the mountains of western North Carolina are bathed in their glorious autumnal array, I steal away to those sacred hills for various types of inspirational pursuits.

This year it was a trip-of-all-trips. I enjoyed the visit to Wolfe's home, the Vance Shrine, O. Henry's grave et al; but moreover, I marveled at some lectures heard along the way, especially those at the North Carolina State Fair.

To repeat an above term: This was a far-of-all-fairs. There were fine exhibits, to be sure, but my attendance at one certain lecture hall is worthy of note, since I made the scene primarily for the sake of enlightenment.

Outside the tent was a long platform, a barker, a ticket booth and many lovely canvas pictures illustrating the speakers who would relate on the inside. By the time I reached this part of the midway, several interested persons had gathered indicating a profound interest in the illustrated lectures which were about to begin.

The chief spokesman, the one who attracted my wandering eye, was a young innocent lady from Morocco named Aminta. I became seriously concerned about her revelations, so I took off my tie ("When in Rome, etc") put on my dark glasses, and slithered into the canvas arena as quietly as possible.

There was live music to accompany the revelations—a 70-year-old expressionless drummer who could not have cared less what was going on, a sax player who leaned on the piano and whose blugging hazy eyes indicated too many lectures, a trumpet man who never really got with it since his valve was sticking, and a lady piano player, wife of the drummer, who never was heard (thanks to the other three).

The Shiek of Araby announced the lectures, the first being delivered by Miss Toni Taylor, a well-fitted and expertly trained blond. Her lecture centered round Goldsmith's "she Stoops to Conquer." Throughout the course of her presentation, she became so involved that it was necessary for her to "get more comfortable" several times since excessive clothing seemed to hinder her delivery, particularly the gestures.

From the various stoops made by Miss Taylor, it was obvious that she had no intention of being conquered. One could tell that the blond really understood Goldsmith, and the response of the audience indicated that they shared some of her own enthusiasm for this rare piece of art.

Following a few well chosen remarks by the barker and a long-since worn out man on a unicycle, the next lecture began immediately. It was done by a seriously minded brunette and consisted of a rhythmic interpretation of "Anthony and Cleopatra." To see this was to understand why Anthony couldn't keep his mind on the business at hand. This interpretation of Cleopatra would have thrilled the queen herself, and almost anybody in the lecture hall would have gladly volunteered to play the asp.

The final act was the best. Miss Aminta from Morocco did honor to herself and her native land. Her poetry-in-motion drew the laureate-ship her way with little competition.

I was particularly impressed with her study of "Trees," especially when the leaves began to fall. Old Man Winter never did it so quickly before. She then went into a study based on the anonymous poem in our text, "Back and Side Go Bare," followed beautifully by a rendition of "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold."

Since her lecture had engendered so much enthusiasm, Aminta prepared to stand off "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Her safe exit was made just in the nick of time.

One observation: if Bunyan's Pilgrim encountered anyone from Morocco like Miss Aminta on his now-famous journey, no wonder he had such a time reaching the Celestial City.

## The Changing Trends in Grammar

I had the opportunity recently to speak at a district conference of high

school English teachers. My assigned topic, "The Ideal Freshman - 1970," was to treat generally the overall high school English course and to consider ways in which students may more adequately prepare for their course in freshman English.

By way of preface to my remarks, I mentioned that I was no educational authority in the field and really had no desire to be. My little presentation was delivered and who should follow me but "an educational authority in English from Raleigh," whose shoes I had already publically expressed my unconcern for.

He spoke and was very careful not to cut me down, though it was obvious that we were not completely in agreement as to what constituted the ideal English course in secondary education.

I was particularly interested in some of his comments as relates to good grammar.

It seems that since Mr. Johnson (LBJ - who else?) was known to have said on several occasions: "We appreciate your kindnesses to Lady Bird and I," the standard rule about the object of the preposition being in the objective case (to "me") will soon be changed.

Too, the educator told us that Mr. Humphrey (I've Been Hurt - Hurt - Hurt) often said: "We must consider the total good for we Americans." Again the case rule has been violated.

Verb-wise, we were instructed (they were, rather: he was talking to high school teachers) that in the future one should be considerate in grading student themes, keeping in mind the background of each student. It seems that prominently wealthy and smart people in one town of our state say in all sincerity: It don't matter what you think." (My response mentally was: "It must don't.")

I could have told him that in certain other sections of our state, some prominent people say, "I seen him at the show last night."

Well, several areas of the state ripped into our speaker when he had finished, and I must say that he defended himself beautifully. I kept my mouth shut because "filibustering" is not my thing. Too, I didn't think that the issue could be solved in Elizabeth City.

Our readers might be made aware, however, that some grammarians go along with a change in certain areas of our speech. Ain't seems to be coming in rapidly, and it's correct now to say, "Chunk me the ball."

Though we who are old-fashioned may not want to go along with the grammarians, we have to be aware of change (even if the Democratic Party seems to set the norms), and it really do make a difference what they think.

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE CEILING OF A BEDROOM

Daily dawns another day;  
I must up, to make my way.  
Although I dress and drink and eat,  
Move my fingers and my feet,  
Learn a little, here and there,  
Weep and laugh and sweat and swear,  
Hear a song, or watch a stage,  
Leave some words upon a page,  
Claim a foe, or hail a friend —  
Bed awaits me at the end.

Though I go in pride and strength,  
I'll come back to bed at length.  
Though I walk in blinded woe,  
Back to bed I'm bound to go.  
High my heart, or bowed my head,  
All my days but lead to bed.  
Up, and out, and on; and then  
Ever back to bed again,  
Summer, Winter, Spring, and Fall —  
I'm a fool to rise at all!

## SYMPTOM RECITAL

By DOROTHY PARKER  
I do not like my state of mind.  
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind.  
I hate my legs, I hate my hands.  
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.  
I read the dawn's recurrent light.  
I hate to go to bed at night.  
I snoot at simple, earnest folk.  
I cannot take the gentlest joke.  
I kind no peace in paint or type.  
My world is but a lot of tripe.  
I'm disillusioned, empty-breasted.  
For what I think, I'd be arrested.  
I am not sick, I am not well.  
My quondam dreams are shot to hell.  
My soul is crushed, my spirits sore.  
I do not like me any more.  
I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse.  
I ponder on the narrow house.  
I shudder at the thought of men.  
I'm due to fall in love again.

# SMOKE SIGNALS

STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF CHOWAN COLLEGE

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