

# EDITORIALS

## Before quitting, think about it

The semester is nearly over. You have met many new friends and had many good times. You have learned a lot—not only in school work but in being on your own.

Next semester not all your friends will be back. When the grades are bad and the work is hard, it's easy to make the decision to quit college. But look at it in a different light. It will do you no good to quit.

So this was your first semester and it was rough. Now you know how you should organize your time and study to do better next semester. Certainly you were not spending all the time you could on your studies. Don't quit now—plan to do better next semester.

Plan your classes to your convenience. Don't get behind in outside work. Go to the library for an hour between classes to keep up instead of playing cards in the Student Union. The hour may not seem like much when you're playing cards but you'll really feel like you've accomplished a lot if you get a religion reading report finished a day early, or make progress on a term paper that's not due for another two weeks.

It's easy to work on homework in

the dorm during the daytime. Most of the students are in classes, so you won't be bothered by visitors and noise. And for heaven's sake, don't turn on the record player or radio. That's an invitation for visitors. If they hear loud music from your room, they'll think you weren't studying anyway.

A little organization can help bring grades up. If you plan certain times to get work done and do it in that time, you'll have more time for yourself. It's no good to complain for an hour about the big test tomorrow—that only wastes an hour that you could have used to study.

Organization is so important in the life of a college student. Time is valuable so use it wisely.

Studying should not be the only thing you do in college, but it should always come first. If you want to go out on a week night, do your homework during the day. Don't leave it until you come in that night.

Don't quit now. Reconsider. Education is the background for whatever you may do. It's important. It's worth it to study a little more.

Julie Hoskins

## It's a great experience!

There is no more rewarding experience than having the opportunity to attend college. I realize that there are some who would scoff at this statement, but stop and think; you are indeed privileged to attend college.

Education is essential but all does not come from the text book; it is the mingling with fellow students, accepting their beliefs and having yours accepted in return. You are offered the chance to meet people of diverse nationalities and to become acquainted with their cultures.

Education is in essence doing your own thing; therefore, you can make of it what you will.

College for a great number of people is the first big step in approaching adulthood, and in waging the great fight for personal independence. It is

sports, jubilation in victory and agony in defeat.

There are the "Pit Parties" frowned upon by some, but indeed an integral part of college life. They give the people a chance to really let their hair down and to get away from the conventional routininess of the every day.

There is the church where the student can be at ease within himself and his Maker.

College means close ties; some mere friendships that dissolve with suspension or graduation and others that result in life long relationships.

"Chowan College"! Bah, you say, it is the administration and faculty, where would the glory come from?

College life? Friend, enjoy it; you travel this way but once.

John Llewellyn

## Sophomores deserve more than a title

By PAULINE ROBINSON

Sophomores at Chowan are underprivileged! Their status is not much better than a green freshman, despite their ripeness!

Even the privilege of keeping a car on campus only during the sophomore year will no longer remain a sophomore privilege next year, for all students will be given the same right.

So what's left? A name only. Sophomores! High and mighty sophomores who know the

ropes but remain entangled with the green ones.

Seemingly sophomore girls should be given some extra privileges simply for having made it up one more rung of the educational ladder.

Sophomores could at least be granted an extra hour out on week nights than the freshmen and maybe even on Sunday night.

Is that asking too much—to give the sophomores a note of distinction to accompany their title?

## Why? What went wrong?

Unsuspecting parents of youngsters who become involved in drug scandals inevitably ask themselves, "Why? What went wrong?"

The American Academy of Pediatrics—that branch of medicine which specializes in the treatment of the young—sought to answer the question in a policy statement recently. The group came up with five possible forces which influence young people to take drugs:

To prove their courage by indulging in high risk-taking.

To act out their rebellion and hostility toward society.

To facilitate sexual desires and exploits.

To elevate themselves from loneliness and provide an emotional experience.

To attempt to find the meaning of life.

These five influences probably cover 99 per cent of teen-age drug abuse cases. But

"We have to escape"

By DAVID MAYO

I hit the grass, it must have been too hard, I slipped away, for just a short while. My life was free, and I could see. The bad in the world, because of me and you.

The colors were great, as so easy to see, That Love and Peace, as it should be. Reality was gone, hate was too, And people lived together, in harmony.

Lives and war didn't buy peace, nor was it sold, Roots didn't get freedom, for everyone loved. Life was different, where I came from, Life, O Life, Where has it gone.

The colors grew dull, and hard to see. I was coming back, from a land of beauty, The escape was short, I wanted to stay, Now I was back, In this uncovered grave.

The world, itself, is hard and cruel, Do you help, make it a better, place to live? Stop prejudice, and killing, and you will see, "No more escapes and less trips there will be.

the striking thing is that the same influences were at work, to a greater or lesser degree, in every "younger generation" of all time.

The tragedy of today is that youngsters have access to such destructive tools with which to act out their hostilities before maturing to the point to see the dangers involved. — Montgomery (Ala.) Alabama Journal

## Between you and I

Those long, sharing talks, Capturing the night and those few spare moments, Add to each other's total awareness Between you and I.

The constant quest and searching For the understanding of self and man, Between you and I, Brings a closeness keenly felt.

The growing bud of friendship Between you and I, Touches on my life And lingers in my mind.

Between you and I, I think we have the best of any friendship, Developing day by day, Through those long, sharing talks.

## Belk 2 captures softball trophy

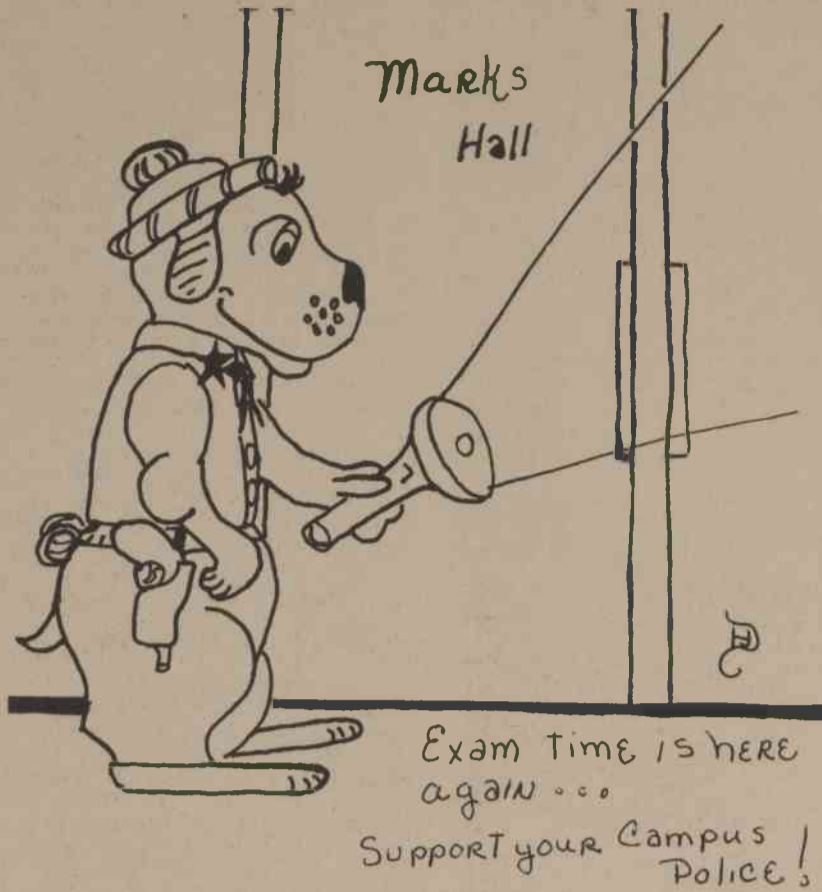
By PAULINE ROBINSON

The WRA intramural softball season began Oct. 2 with seven teams participating.

Belk 2 captured the championship with no losses, while Jenkins 1 grabbed second and Belk 3 third place.

The tournament was set up so that the winner would be determined on a double elimination basis, which means each team competed until they were defeated twice.

The teams were comprised of the separate floors of the women's dorms, the day students, and the faculty. The games were scheduled for Monday and Thursday nights with four teams participating each night.



## Letters to the Editor

# Open Forum

(Editor's Note: The following letter was submitted in time for the last "Smoke Signals" publication; however, it got mixed up with "Chowanian" material and was omitted from the paper unintentionally).

November 3, 1969

Dear Editor,

I thought you were very unfair in your Editorial in Friday, October 31, issue of Smoke Signals, in your column about Please, it's best not to get sick.

The title is the only thing that I agree with. If you had studied your handbook you would have known that if you report to your head resident he or she could give you a written excuse to miss your classes until the Infirmary opened.

I work in one of Virginia's largest Emergency Rooms on the week-ends as an Emergency Room Technician. We see one-hundred eighty to two-hundred people a day with a staff of two doctors, three nurses, two orderlies and one emergency room technician. Believe me people have to wait, sometimes up to three hours with a broken arm or cut foot. You will find that even in the Emergency Room at the Roanoke-Chowan Hospital you have to wait until a doctor is called.

And you complain about Penny Infirmary, well I haven't heard of anyone dying in the waiting room yet.

Have you?

About five weeks ago I passed out on the floor of my dorm and when I came to, the college nurse was there with a doctor. I think that's excellent judgment on the nurse's part.

Sincerely yours,  
David H. Stover

Dear Editor:

I am writing in reference to the E.C.U. freshman and Chowan Brave football game Saturday, October 25. To say the game was exciting would be putting it mildly. Both teams exhibited tremendous spirit and enthusiasm. The support that the Chowan students gave to their team was very evident. It was a credit to the school, the students, and to the coaches for the outstanding effort that they put forth.

In closing, I would like to wish Chowan the best of luck for the remainder of their season.

Sincerely,  
Bill Cain  
Football Coach

BC:csa

P.S. Could you please have the article in connection with the football game sent to me along with the stats?

Dear Editor:

After reading the editorial written in the last issue of "Smoke Signals" concerning stealing in Nixon dorm, I would like to agree fully.

Stealing cannot be tolerated and should not be. Any person who will steal from a fellow classmate, schoolmate or any individual should not be allowed the right to come to Chowan or any other school.

I must say I, too, feel the disappointment felt by "Snake" Mayo. Any individual who will steal must be low down, inhuman and have no feelings for humanity.

Lee Spencer  
Mixon Dormitory

Dear Editor:

One of the greatest rewards of teaching is to have good students who are serious about learning and express a genuine concern by serious students strongly motivates teachers and challenges them to do their utmost in aiding students in the learning process.

However, this teacher has observed that such expressions of concern by students often come from the most surprising sources and in the most unorthodox ways. For instance, one student, who styled himself Bil. E. Cashman, recently used the editorial page of the "Smoke Signals" as a platform for voicing his concern over the delay he experienced in getting his test papers graded by teachers who could not, in the words of this eloquent student, "get off their lazy cans..." and get papers

back to students "by the next class period."

This student went on to point out that he was "paying good hard money..." for his education and in the depth of his frustration, implied that he was probably wasting his money. And, by gum, for one time that student is right! He is wasting his money! The teacher to whom he is referring should have had his papers back before the fifth class period after the test was taken. Inspired by the fine example of diligence and scholarship displayed by this illustrious student, the teacher should have been able to assign grades to his papers without even reading them.

That this student is wasting his money is also made evident by another source. The figures 30, 21, and 28 which are recorded in the grade book beside his name are not the measurements of the campus queen, though they do measure something.

Lest Mr. Cashman feel that his efforts have been fruitless, this teacher would like to make public the following resolution. He has resolved that in the future he will spend no more time in grading Mr. Cashman's test papers than Mr. Cashman has spent in studying for the test. This should expedite the grading process to a considerable extent.

Professor Slowpoke  
Charles L. Paul

Dear Editor

I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest and most heart-felt thanks to the students, faculty and staff who have made my three semesters at Chowan College so enjoyable.

I would especially like to thank an ex-Math 102 teacher, who is now married and gone, for the grade she gave me which permitted me to fall short of my 25-25 and therefore classed me 1-A with the Selective Service Board. Secondly I would like to thank the History 201 teacher for his unfair tests which forced me, along with many others, to drop his course. Now when I go for my physical next Tuesday, I will not have enough hours and in the event that I am physically sound, Uncle Sam—your wish is my command.

I will remember each and every one of you and unless something unforeseen fires up, I'll try to write to you once a month from my Viet Nam rice patty or some lonely fox hole.

Respectfully yours,  
Harry Edward Lindstrom Jr.

## Thank you so much!

Fellow Freshmen:

I would like to thank you for your support for my vice-presidency in the election for class officers. A special thanks go to Harry Larch, Bill Hayes, Judy Creech, Bill Dawson, Larry Foster, Mike Creechmore, Richard Roester, and campaign manager Worth Cooper.

You have chosen me to hold this important position and I feel I can hold it with the dignity and concern which is needed.

I will work with the administration and try to bring an avenue of communication between us, the freshman, and the administration. Unjust decisions will be questioned and attacked and the freshman will know of these decisions. Each person in our class has a right to express their opinion, and please do so.

Let's all "Give a Damn" and make this year a productive one for us and Chowan College.

Once again—thanks and your support is still needed.

Yours sincerely,  
David "Snake" Mayo

## Thoughts

A child's face holds wonder like a cup.

No two people are the same, but people are the same the world over.

Hope is an eternal light shining from within.

Thoughts leave trails.

## The wide wonderful world of books

About three hundred pages of our freshman text, "College English The First Year," contain essays on various subjects. One particular essay by Harold Taylor, "The Private World of the Man With a Book," stresses the personal involvement which is needed for greater appreciation of and benefit from books.

While I do not agree with all of Taylor's observations, I certainly feel that the following statement is true: "The heart of education, where books are concerned, is to get the student alone with a book, in a right state of mind."

So much of our reading is wasted, he further suggests, because the wrong motive is involved. Certain people like certain types of books, thereby making it an almost impossible task for someone to recommend the proper book for an inquiring reader.

Occasionally, though, I read a recommended book and become so enthusiastic about it that I want the world to share my feelings. Such was the case recently when one of our students brought me a copy of a most provocative paperback.

If our readers are not afraid of being challenged to think and not afraid of having their minds shaken on certain matters, I highly recommend James Michener's "America VS America:" "The Revolution in Middle-Class Values."

Says the writer: "The contradictions between what the middle class says and what it does are so ugly that they contaminate our society and repel the young." This book concerns the sexual revolution ("No single strand of middle-class values has been rejected more radically than the strangling noose of Puritanism.")

It concerns the moral revolution ("It would be impossible to overstate the damage done to the young by the moral contradictions of the Vietnam war.")

Of course, no reader would agree with everything Michener writes in "America VS America;" I must confess, however, that the eighty pages in this paperback caused me to think more seriously than I have been prompted to in a long time. In fact, I read most of the book twice.

The convenient divisions make for easy reading and his style is readily applicable. Four chapters are entitled "Young America Attacks," "The American Replies," "Each chapter has its own sub-divisions, and the book may be quickly sampled.

Michener is the best-selling author of "The Source" and "Hawaii."

## Poetry for the masses

If you've done any poetry reading recently, chances are you have stumbled across the man who is the best selling poet in America today. He's the idol of many teenagers and adults alike. I refer to Rod McKuen.

My appreciation for this popular figure is growing. His "Stanyan Street" and "Other Sorrows" (1966) and "Listen to the Warm" (1967) did not thrill me when first published. Later on I was introduced to "Lonesome Cities;" now I consider myself a McKuen fan.

For what reason? McKuen takes me with him to places I've never been. He has stimulated my imagination in a way which frightens me, but I like it.

About one hotel in Paris he writes: "In the lobby—there were some roses on a table—I looked at them so long—I thought the buds had drained—the color from my face."

Rod McKuen was born in Oakland, California, in 1933. His jobs have been many: laborer, movie star, stunt man, disk jockey, newspaper columnist, song composer, entertainer, and now best-selling author.

His latest book of poems is entitled "In Someone's Shadow." According to the billing: "Using the seasons of the year as a platform to speak eloquently of man's need, the words in this book underscore the reason why Rod McKuen has become not only the most influential and best selling poet of our time but quite possible the best selling poet of all time."

This one I haven't read; I have ordered it, however, and anxiously await its arrival.

# Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

## The gateway to life's extras

The two volumes mentioned above are relatively new, however, there comes to my mind now a charming little volume first published in 1928 by Archibald Rutledge, South Carolina's favorite poet.

This small volume published by Revell contains sixty pages of simple, delightful prose to inspire the serious reader. I could not say just how many hours I have spent with this "favorite" among the many volumes in my library.

"Life's Extras" is based on a deep appreciation of nature and God's gracious surprises. It contains a revelation of the things in life we do not have to have but which we enjoy all the more for that reason.

Archibald Rutledge has received many awards for his extensive writing. Many magazines have carried his stories, articles, and poetry. In 1932 he received the John Burroughs Medal for "the best nature writing in America." An act of the legislature once acclaimed him the poet laureate of South Carolina.

About this particular volume, "Christian Advocate" has written: "We do well to honor the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before, but we owe a greater debt to one who sees a score of sunsets in one evening and who enables us to see and hear 'the deft and beautiful ways in which God works.' 'Life's Extras' is a delightful introduction to the gracious surprises which God provides for those who think and see."

While the serious reader should keep abreast with recent publications, it is always rewarding to return to older books published in this century that are perhaps destined to become classics of our time. "Life's Extras" seems to me to be such a book.

## Goodbye

Although you don't believe me,  
No matter what I say,  
It can never be the same, dear,  
Love is there, but not the friendship,  
We're not happy when together,  
So, of course, I say goodbye.

Yes, I know you want me,  
But I'm a lonely cloud;  
Though me heart can take no more, love,  
Look for me to drift close by you,  
Hovering near in rain and sunshine,  
Always close but free to roam.

Time can heal all heartaches,  
But memories sting anew,  
How can people bring such pain?  
Why do lovers love again?  
Will I ever know the answers?  
Will someone take care of me?

## Walking along the shore

Walking along the shore,  
With the waves pounding on my mind,  
Watching on my face  
Touching me.

Thoughts swirl all about,  
Like the foam curling 'round my feet  
Miles of sea and beach  
Stretching out.

Looking beyond the horizon,  
Loneliness is all I want,  
Here's my strength and weakness—  
The gray-blue swells and misty skies.

Eternal, ever-changing,  
Yet with a rhythm to its change,  
The ocean draws me to her—  
My resting place for thought.

**SMOKE SIGNALS**  
STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF CHOWAN COLLEGE

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