

# EDITORIALS

## Paper's duty is to print facts

"The purpose of the newspapers of a free society is to print the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in a short concise manner."

News writing classes get the above statement or one like it drummed into their heads often, but how often does a student get this from his school paper?

On several occasions staff members would be approached and asked why a certain incident was not reported. Or another time someone would say, "You didn't have to put that in the paper, did you?"

The incident of the master keys is a good example. To my knowledge little was said by the paper of the facts concerning those students. I doubt any student on campus at the time could have given you the facts of the matter. To this day some students don't even know who got

"kicked out" or in truth if anyone did. Rumors result and thrive on lack of news. Without a true authority for the foundation of truth there can't be any order in society. This is probably why professional newspapermen look upon their work with pride when they say they are the "backbone of America."

With the news names, places and events must be discussed. It is not the duty of the newspaper to persecute anyone or anything no matter what the popular opinion or even the opinion of the editors. Likewise it is not their duty to protect.

When names must be used it is the duty of the reporter to print the plain truth without opinions. It is the duty of the reader to read the facts and decide for himself. It is a fine line.

Frank Granger

## Time to get involved on campus

By JULIE HOSKINS

It's nearing the end of another academic year, so it's time to elect new officers to the Student Government Association. But how can you elect when there is no one to elect from.

Elect means "to select, pick out, or choose," which means you have to have more than one prospective candidate so you can choose. It can hardly be termed as an election if only one person runs for each office. That just means the person got the position because he was the only one to vote for.

That doesn't necessarily mean that the candidate is not fully qualified or competent, it just means that you've had no one else to compare him to; no one for him to compete with.

Students need to be involved in competition. Competition makes a person work harder, to out do his competitors. If you were the only candidate for an office, you know you'd get it, so you probably wouldn't bother with a forceful campaign. But if you had a competitor who did a lot of campaigning, I'm sure you wouldn't sit around and

watch his campaign. You'd try to match or out do his campaign with your own.

This competition is everywhere when there are students who care enough to really want to hold an office. Chowan needs a little competitive motivation.

In many schools there are a few leaders who hold offices in many clubs. These students are responsible workers. They apply themselves and do what is expected of them in their respective positions. But in many instances other students would not compete with the "big man on campus" because everybody knows he'd win

Nobody will know your ideas until you get up and tell them. Why not compete for the office? You have just as much to offer as anyone else.

If you can keep your grades up, work for your position and carry out its duties, you should consider running for an office. Oh, but there is just one more thing you have to have enough interest to care about this position you're filling!



I am fortunate to again have something to put into print. The deadline got close and I had nothing much to say and out of the dark with the speed of light came my favorite subject with this news flash. If anyone is interested in buying a used deputy badge at a real bargain, I can tell you where one can be obtained, cheap-cheap-cheap. Sorry officer, but that was too good to turn down.

I have received a few inquisitive comments concerning my last column and I will take time now to answer my critics.

Many people have asked why I always make a joke of the campus militia. Can you show me anyone else who makes such a perfect A... (slip) target with such regularity? Thus far he is two for two and if the game lasts long enough, he should get at least one more bat.

I was also informed that ice is no longer obtained in Thomas restaurant. I understand this used to be the usual procedure until the price went up to 15 cents a cup. I was told that the price is not the only reason. It seems to be very difficult and troublesome to get that little amount of coke syrup out of the ice and we all know

that coke syrup is bad for your parts, it will rust your pipes or something like that.

As a result of my last column, the North Carolina Highway Department has informed me that they do not plan to erect "Men Working" or "Children At Play" signs along the road by the baseball field. Instead, they plan to put up a sign which reads "Slow-Children at Play". I can see their point, after all, this is a Junior College.

Since my last deadline many interesting things have happened in historic Murfreesboro. Walter's Grill has celebrated its twentieth anniversary of service to the people of Murfreesboro. I feel that Walter should be congratulated for this unbelievable accomplishment. Can you imagine twenty years without a waitress? With such outstanding accomplishments as this, it is understandable why Murfreesboro is the "cultural center of eastern North Carolina".

Speaking of historic Murfreesboro, I noticed in the last edition of "Smoke Signals" that Mr. James H. Gatling constructed and flew an airplane twenty years before the Wright Brothers. This must mean that he beat the Russians by at least five years. I asked why this was such an unknown fact and one old timer told me that the Chowan Indians shot him down with anti-aircraft fire on his first flight. Got to give these people credit, they really know how to keep a secret. I understand Mr. Gatling is going to get a patent on his invention and build a big plantation at Chowan Beach.

The other day while wasting time in the student union, I noticed a never-before-tried item on sale in Roy's greasy spoon. It was listed as Tomato extra and only sells for a nickel. Take my word and don't waste your money; I tried it and you guessed it, they put too much ice on it.

## The Beach in the Morning

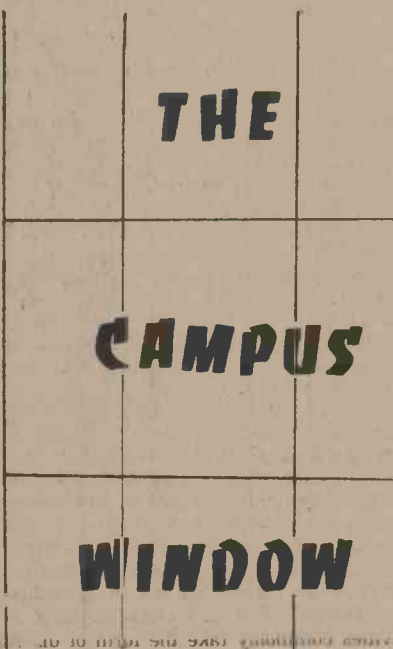
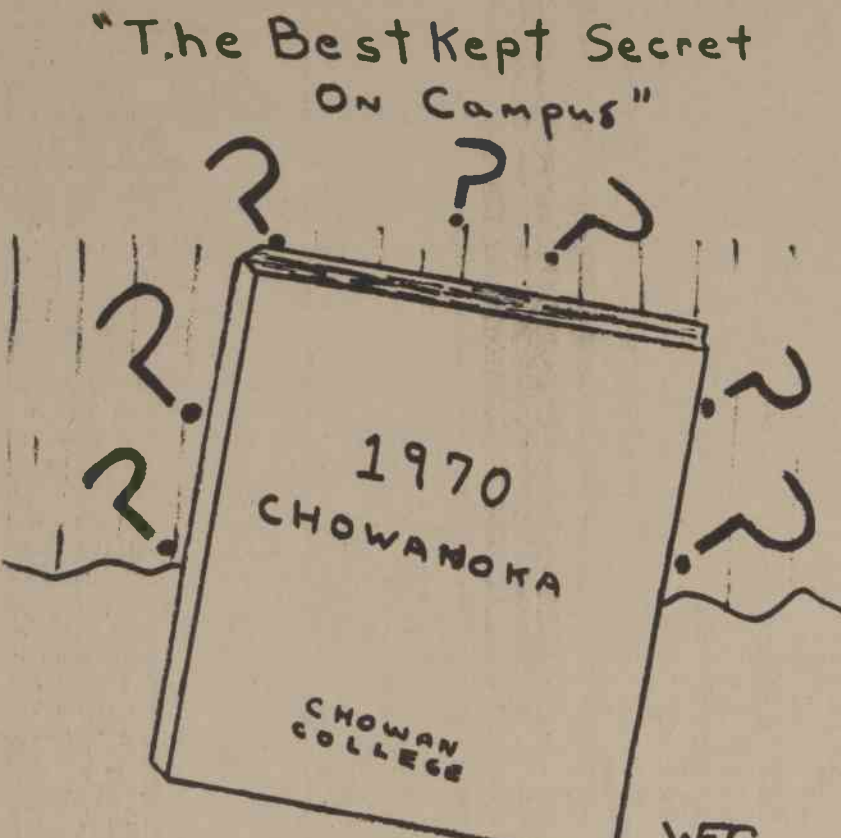
By DIANNE TRUMP

Get up in the morning,  
Look at the clouds  
Over the earth like a blanket  
Of whipped cream.

Cool sand lies upon a silent beach—  
Clean-swept,  
And sleepy waves  
Are nudged by the smiling sun.

The beach creatures  
Scuttle over dunes—  
Among sea-oats  
And Nature's debris.

To walk the beach  
In its untouched solitude  
Is a kind of loving  
Eternally new



By PROF. GARRETT W. FOX

Psychologists have always been prone to poke their sometimes myopic eyes into all aspects of human behavior. Recently, a surprising number of beady eyes have been peering back from the shadows.

Psychology has become so much a part of our culture that everyone is playing neat little word games that formerly were reserved for but a few. Almost every social movement—and counter movement—today describes itself and its opponents within a psychological framework.

For the most part Chowan has been spared any major social protest, but occasionally word does leak through about what's occurring in the world outside of Murfreesboro.

For example, the featured article in a recent "Newsweek" (March 23) on the growing militancy of the feminist movement offered enough dime store psychology to warm the cold heart of a Hollywood script writer.

The feminist movement appeared as "Lysistrata," Aristophanes' play in which the women of Athens refused to share the conjugal bed until their husbands ended their war with Sparta.

Feminism again raised its comely head in the early 1900's, but with the winning of suffrage women seemed content to return to their traditional role (at least in North Carolina) of staying barefoot and pregnant.

A loosely organized lot, the New Feminists share a common sense of anger, frustration and militancy that make H. Rap Brown look a little like Uncle Tom.

In fact, as Helen Dudar, author of the "Newsweek" article points out, many of the leaders of the women's liberation movement began their activism in the Civil Rights movement but found that their "...contributions were seldom allowed to go beyond sweeping floors, making coffee and bedding down." Many dropped out to fight for their own civil rights.

But, if the reader of this article, like the writer, wishes not to dwell on anything too serious, we can forego the feminists' legitimate complaints and instead look at some of the psychological name calling that the feminists have encountered.

One of the most popular categories into which males place the feminist is that of the castrating female. Skipping Freudian's subtleties, a castrating fe-

## Thoughts Of The Times

As part of a general switchover in jargon under a new administration, personnel at the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington have been instructed to stop referring to "the poor." Instead, says a staff memo, the term should be "low income individuals."

Also to be dropped is "anti-poverty" in favor of "poverty programs," because, says Director Donald Rumsfeld, OEO hasn't enough money to wage an all-out war against such conditions.

Guess that cinches what the Good Book says: You have the low income individuals always with you. —Roanoke (Va.) Times

## 'Free'?

A recent official survey of the Medicare program indicated that in the next 25 years, the cost of Medicare will be 131 billion dollars — yes, billion — more than would be collected under the present level of taxation.

That has brought a request for a tax increase. While estimates now are running 131 billion dollars above income at the present level, while inflation probably will push costs higher, it might be recalled that some people favored adoption of the program because they thought they were getting "free" medical care. —Chattanooga (Tenn.) News-Free Press

male is a woman who feels jealous of imagined (?) male superiority and uses whatever power she has to emasculate (figuratively castrate) all the males she can.

Any male who's had much contact with a variety of secretaries and librarians, particularly in the academic world, is easily convinced that the term is in part valid. But whatever its validity, it's ludicrous to suggest that all feminists are neurotic.

The final hilarity, however, comes from the feminists themselves—the author of an article in a women's liberation publication suggested that all women should study karate and announced, "WATCH OUT. MAYBE

## YOU'LL FINALLY MEET A REAL CASTRATING FEMALE."

Lesbian-baiting has become another favorite male tactic. While Freud spins in his grave, a number of men assume that there must be something queer about any woman who believes in the equality of the sexes.

And again the feminists outstrip their opponents by stating that heterosexuality is a form of slavery and — some — discussing seriously whether lesbianism is a realistic alternative to heterosexuality.

At the end of all this pseudo-psychology we have the "Big Bang" theory of women's liberation. Helen Dudar borrowed the term from astronomy to categorize the common male belief "... that all any of these women need is really swell copulation."

But as she goes on to point out: "Few men pause to ask whether causing the earth to shake for a woman each night will obliterate her boredom, frustration and sense of injustice each day."

All this cross-analysis occasionally may make one wish to return to the days before psychology started peeping into every little corner, to the days of the horse and buggy—to the days before castrating females, lesbians and women who simply need a Big Bang were entrapped by the slavery of heterosexuality.

# Literary Musings



By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

If you want to know how to rear children, just ask the Old Maids (or in other words, Unclaimed Blessings) in the community. They can tell you the latest formulas and newest tactics in rearing your bundles of joy since they have had little if any experience. Then, of course, we should not belittle the value of reading and critical observation.

Bachelors are quick to give true and never-failing advice on "how to handle a woman." Even I have served as Cupid in a few cases, and the whole Chowan world knows I obviously don't know anything about how to win an ideal mate.

Still it seems that those who don't really know about a thing are those who sound off the loudest and write most prolifically on things about which they know very little. I've said all this to preface a few choice words on the "hippie generation."

There appeared recently in the "Jacksonville Daily News" an editorial entitled "Take a Long Look in the Mirror." The writer comments on a book by John Holt ("How Children Fail," an educational reform book) which evidently instructs the older generation on how to see things in light of today's generation.

Now it seems that every way you turn someone is writing about the today generation. The only trouble is that it is rarely today's generation commenting on itself. I have become weary of reading what fifty-sixty year olds have to say about why hippies let their hair grow, etc. Why not let the hippies speak for themselves?

Frankly every account I read about hippies is misrepresented, and this the reason. Educators and slick-philosophers have said enough, it seems to me, to degrade the generation who attempts to practice a little of the freedom of personality and personal appearance for which our fathers died, to use an old phrase.

I don't know very many hippies, but the few I do know are nice people. They have long hair, yes, but it's clean. Their clothes may be different but what are fashions for anyway?

The aforementioned editorial states: "One need not delve deeply into reasons. The sight of a scuffy and dirty hippie, whatever he may or may not symbolize to the viewer, is simply offensive to the eye and oppressive to the spirit, like an overflowing trash can on the sidewalk. The hippie, at his worst, is as much an insult to himself as to everyone who comes in contact with him."

Here again it is the older generation speaking out at the younger. All too often, in the words of Wordsworth, the "tables should be turned."

I have come to place very little stock in what I read about hippies, since it's always thwarted. I've yet to see an accurate account written first-

hand by one of the ridiculed souls. Until I do, I'll just accept those who are different with the same grace that they seem to have for me.

## Five Great Books of Poetry

If I had to be stranded on a desert island and could have only five books (in addition to the Holy Bible) there is no question in my mind as to which five books I'd take along. There are no novels, with the exception of "Look Homeward, Angel," that I would like to spend a long period of solitude with; however, there are five volumes of poetry which could amuse and inspire me for an indefinite length of time.

First, I should like to have that immortal book by Kahlil Gibran called "The Prophet." Now many people would not consider this book as poetry, but the prosaic accounts of the prophet's revelations make very beautiful poetry. The various essays are powerful and lovely.

Second, I should choose the 1951 classic of Edgar Lee Masters, "Spoon River Anthology." Since the Chowan Players did such a beautiful job of this last fall, I need not comment except to say that the tombstone epitaphs from this volume have never ceased to hold my attention and to make me pleased that I am a native of eastern North Carolina rather than one of the depressing figures from Spoon River.

A third volume I should like to have with me is indeed a masterpiece. It is that great book of Negro sermons by James Weldon Johnson titled "God's Trombones." This book was first published by the Viking Press in 1927, and since that time has remained high on the list of poetic best-sellers. No where is there a more beautiful sermon on death, in my opinion, than Johnson's "Go Down, Death" from this volume. I find "The Creation," "The Crucifixion" and "The Prodigal Son" three of the most profound chapters in any volume.

The fourth book of poetry is "Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow." Jesse Stuart has captured in this collection of short poems a memorable picture of American life lived close to the soil and expressed in poetry of vital beauty and universal appeal.

Having stood the test of time and critics, I should like to have as a fifth volume Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Well over a hundred years old, this giant collection contains the Good Gray Poet's noteworthy philosophy of life in the free verse poetic style which he loved.

Of course, the above are my favorite volumes of poetry. I have been modest not to include my own small volume. In years to come, who knows but what some dedicated soul may speak favorably about "The Christmas of Timothy Frye" from a little volume entitled "The Shepherd Who Stayed Behind," soon to be reprinted.



Did somebody say "smile??"

Joan Cox gives the photographer one of her best smiles. No Joan, we don't think we can use you on the cover of the Chowanian this month.

# SMOKE SIGNALS

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