

EDITORIALS

Jack and the Bean Stalk

We here at Chowan College have been granted the privilege of entering the Thomas Cafeteria three times a day for the formality and necessity of eating. Only in need but of a crust of bread we come as mere beggars to nourish our bodies and keep those educational wheels churning. But besides the food we receive (which I will not question good or bad) we are almost constantly harassed with every small accidental step out of line by one certain person who is employed by this nutritional playground. I will not dare mention this man's name for fear of the many broken bones I would probably receive from the fall off the eighth floor of Parker Hall. At this very moment as I hammer away at my Smith-Corona it is only one wonder that occupies my mind and that is how long will my life go on after this publication.

Last year to our amazement, while sitting at our meals in such a quiet atmosphere of fellowship, this person in question with all his brutal muscle and barbaric attitudes literally beat a young fellow Chowanite out of his seat. Why if they only had gladiators today this man would be world famous. Jeffery Chaucer himself would be inspired as he once was inspired in writing of the Miller in "The Canterbury Tales".

Recently this irrational muscle man struck again on another fellow Chowanite. Beating him about the head and shoulders for some insignificant low quality of a reason he disciplined him in his usual awkward fashion. What should we do? Should we join together in equilibrium to snuff out this existence of harm, this bad apple in our so called Chowan family? By doing this we would only put ourselves on the same level as this character who aids in making it so unsafe to hitchhike in the North Carolina area. We would only be a follower of such a mockery of a figure in this supposedly utopia of higher learning. Let us only hope that the outcome of this article will bring peace between the student body and this War Lord. This should have been brought to the attention of the faculty and administration long before this occasion, as never more should there be heads turned to the violent acts of this person again. It is not my personal wish to be disciplined by a person of such calibre with his only talent being that of jepordizing my digestion.

—Charles Edwards

Looking Into the Future

A Chicago urbanologist is forecasting the shape of things to come by reading newspapers.

Lots of them. Some 200 dailies are scanned by his research staff to detect trends in education, health, employment, welfare and poverty, housing and urban renewal, environment, transportation, government, political development.

And what does he foresee by tracing developments around the nation and in other countries? Cars will be banned from many urban centers by the end of this decade and public transit in such places will be free.

The big hospitals "with their bewildered out-patient staffs will be replaced by an array of alternatives that will make health care more accessible—especially community and neighborhood clinics, which will be linked by means of telecommunications to the larger regional health centers." Prepaid health plans will cover everyone. And health-care will emphasize prevention of disease.

He sees the long trend toward big government reversing and predicts reduction of the prison population by 40 per cent (smaller penal facilities for 400-500 inmates will be common) and the education of children and adults in schools "without walls"—entire metropolitan areas will serve as classrooms.

You have a crystal ball in your hands.

—Virginian Pilot

SMOKE SIGNALS

STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF CHOWAN COLLEGE

EDITOR — Richard Jackson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR — Steve Bowman

SPORTS EDITOR — John Stanford

— STAFF —

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Courtney Boggs	Morgan Stafford
Mendy Wiggs	Ed Pittman
	Steve Bennett
	Jan Pitchford
	Bonnie Harrell

PHOTOGRAPHER — Lyne Dennis

Letters to the Editor

Open Forum

Dear Editor,

Your editorial in the SMOKE SIGNALS of November 8th expressed an appropriate opinion, not only of the student body of Chowan, but of people in general. I was pleased to know someone else was of the same opinion of the student body as I.

I have to speak in generalities in what I want to say because specific examples would be unfair in this application. None of the examples cited are directed toward any one person. Also for the people who are thinking I have my head someplace out of the natural

order, I include myself to a great degree in my opinions. I am a non-conformist to any one group or clique, thus having a wide variety of friends and acquaintances. But from which ever group of people I happen to be around, I hear the same expressions of dissatisfaction, not only with Chowan but with worldly affairs as such. They all impress me as being very narrow-minded, due to the incapability to understand what makes the world and it's people work they way they do. It seems that they all have bought the same little book of

criticisms to use in shooting someone the bull in order to impress their knowledge of what's happening. That's exactly what it is, a lot of bull!

Taking for instance the common criticisms of Chowan. "There's nothing to do" and "This college is worse than the food in the cafeteria." Every time I hear someone express this opinion, I want to tell the person he's not too bright. Because that's all they are, just opinion of people who want everything handed to them. The guy who goes to the pub at least 3 times a week and then goes home every weekend can't seem to figure out why his grades are so low. Then he attributes it to his being incapable of learning and forgets about the matter. It's all a matter of what the individual puts his value upon and how much value he puts on the situation.

The first major complaint of most students is not having anything to do. I grant you, it's pretty obvious that it takes a lot of imagination to find a variety of things to do in Murfreesboro, because it's such a small town. But this is also a process of learning and that's what we're supposed to be doing, expanding our lives by learning. Now my loyalty is still with high school as far as sports and the such go, but Chowan is going to be my home for the next 16 out of 24 months of my life. If I sit around feeling sorry for myself or blaming the college I'm going to be one pretty miserable person, know what I mean?

Learning to live with the immediate environment is what is called adjusting as many of the student's parents have probably already told them. But instead of adjusting, we seem to feel, by human nature of our society, that we can make things come our way by criticizing them. Criticism is an important part of our freedom and should be exercised when it is applied through logical, rational thinking and has been in either true experience or fact. I have met a lot of people whose critical opinions have become a way of life with them. A great majority of their criticism is based on personal opinion whether theirs or someone's they heard somewhere and adopted.

Most of this opinion based criticism is wrong because it is of selfish nature and does not usually take the entire perspective of a situation into consideration. Observation of fellow human beings will lend the knowledge that the largest account for anyone's problems, be imagined or real, is their own ego. It is necessary to be confident in one's self and to progress from immaturity to maturity, but when it is done at other people's expense, it is not true maturing just building of the ego.

This false sense of achievement creates arrogance and corrupts a normally sound thinking mind. This is bad for the human spirit and I am speaking from personal experience as well as facts. Think about the person who, having an enormous ego shot out from under him concludes he is no good and goes crazy worrying about it or he commits suicide. He does not have the knowledge to take care of his problem because he has never had to face himself before.

I personally believe that everyone has the potential to do and be whatever they want to be and only learning by being taught or by experience can fill this potential. Recognition of this potential is a hard thing to do and most people would rather leave it be than to work for it. So I want to ask that the students of Chowan create an example for the young people of today and open their minds to what's going on in their lives. Not to just exist in the world for what they can get out of it day by day without putting anything into it. We're in a situation which can allow us time for thought and consideration of the world beyond our lives. It would be our advantage to take the time while we have it to appreciate what we are and can be, what the world is about and most of all the people around us. And to stop frustrating ourselves with what our ego's won't allow us to recognize as true.

Hunter Gish

Roving Reporter

By JAN PITCHFORD

QUESTION—"What do you think of the re-election of Richard Nixon as President?"



Patsy Edwards: I like it.



RICHARD JACKSON: I think it shows that the people of the U. S. have their heads straight, because they knew McGovern wasn't the right choice.



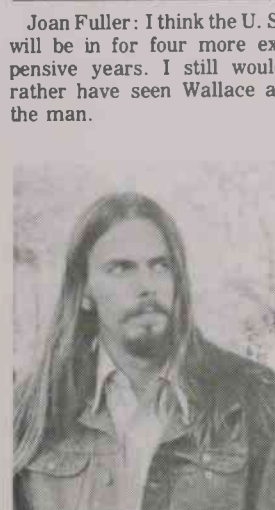
Betty Melton: I feel if McGovern would have won there would have been no drastic change, because I don't see how one man could do all the things he promised, so it's just as well Nixon was the winner.



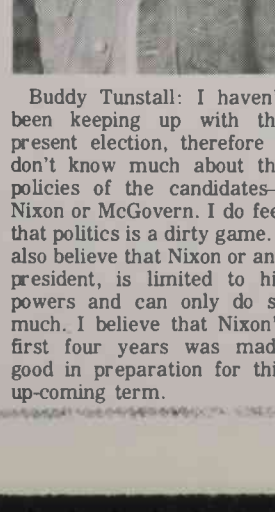
Bonnie Harrell: I don't think McGovern would have made a good president, so we're better off.



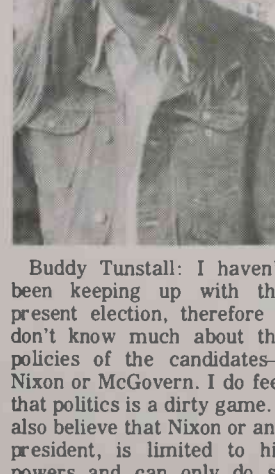
Paul Hare: I thought it was great.



Joan Fuller: I think the U. S. will be in for four more expensive years. I still would rather have seen Wallace as the man.



Beth McKim: I think it's very shocking about the outcome.



Elizabeth Richy: I think that the U. S. is in for an expensive four years.

Today In Literary Musings

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Today is Wednesday, November 22, the 327th day of 1972. There are 39 days left in the year.

Today's highlight in history: On this date in 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated as he rode in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas.

On this date: In 1643, the French explorer, Robert de la Salle, was born. In 1774, the founder of the British Empire in India, Lord Clive, died.

In 1890, Charles de Gaulle—one of the most important of all French statesmen—was born.

In 1906, the SOS signal for ships in distress was adopted by an international convention in Berlin.

In 1941, during World War II, the Germans captured the Russian city of Rostov.

In 1943, a wartime conference in Cairo was attended by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Ten years ago: The Russians announced the end of the combat-readiness alert of Soviet armed forces imposed at the start of the Cuban missile crisis.

Five years ago: The U.N. Security Council adopted a resolution establishing a framework for peacemaking between Israel and the Arab states.

One year ago: The U.S. Supreme Court ruled unanimously that arbitrary discrimination against women is unconstitutional.

Today's birthdays: Songwriter Hoagy Carmichael is 73. Millionaire Doris Duke is 60.

Thought for today: There was never yet a philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently—William Shakespeare.

.. It's a Beautiful World ..

Word has just come that Marshall Wheeler's story, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD, has been published in Braille in GOOD CHEER, an internationally circulated magazine for the deaf and blind, published in Louisville, Ky.

It is probably a first for this area to have a work published in Braille by a local writer (a member of the Chowan College creative writing class directed by Dr. Bernice Kelly Harris.)

Braille, a system of reading and writing invented by a Frenchman, Louis Braille, in 1830 is now in world-wide use for the blind.

Mrs. Wheeler's 2,000 word story appears with the by-line "Jacqueline Meador as told by Marshall Wheeler." Jacqueline is Mrs. Wheeler's deaf-blind cousin whose life inspired the story. It begins with this line: "Clearly I see a daffodil, its cocky yellow head kissed with dew."

She sees it in her mind's eye. The theme of the story is of a young girl who becomes deaf as a child and blind in young womanhood and yet remains cheerful, even radiant. She looks upon the world she can not see as beautiful.

Mrs. Wheeler has been a frequent contributor to "Fragile Bits and Pieces" in The Roanoke News and feature stories in other paper. In 1971 one of her stories (a Civil War romance) was included in the creative writing class's anthology of folklore, SOUTHERN HOME REMEDIES. She has had several poems and articles published. A play, "Holly Springs, R.F.D." was presented last year by the Alpha Theater of Roanoke Rapids.



"Oh boy—that's what I wanna be when I grow up!"

Smokin' Just Ain't What It Used to Be

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

There was a time when one could light up a cigar or cigarette and, if he felt toe need to be generous, turn to a person nearby and say, "Do you smoke?"

Those were the innocent days, however, when grass was something that I chopped from my father's peanuts in the field.

If you ask someone now whether or not he smokes, chances are you'll receive a 'What's-it-to-you' expression or either send him off in fear and trembling like someone with the Saint Vitus Dance. At least don't expect a positive answer to the question unless your subject really knows who you are and just what you mean.

The fact that television is no longer allowed to keep us informed as to which brand has the best filter does not seem to effect the puffs and drags of the American public.

The Cigar Institute boasts that 100,000 American Women smoke cigars regularly. It is true that the novelist, George Sand (Amantine Lucile Dudevant, 1804-1876), was known for her big cigars. A contemporary, Mrs. Cachael ("Old Hickory") Jackson, smoked a pipe because she declared that it helped her chronic bronchial condition.

Amy Lowell (1874-1925) smoked shopping cigars, and "Calamity Jane" did, too, probably for the same reason that modern women use perfume.

When Kipling's lovely lady - the one who wasted Christian kisses on a heathen idol's foot - was first seen, she was "A-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot." This writer also is responsible for the quote: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke." Kipling probably, even at that, did not have misgivings about Su-pi-yaw-let in "Mandalay."

Another English writer, Lord Byron, who certainly had first-hand experience with women as well as with tobacco immortalized the cigar. In "The Island," Byron writes:

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar.

Edmund Spenser (1522-1599) mentions "Divine Tobacco" in his classic "The Faerie Queen." In his immortal "Anatomy of Melancholy," Robert Burton (1557-1640) writes: "Tobacco, divine, rare, super excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the penaceas, portable, gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases."

John Aubrey writes in his "Brief Lives" that Sir Walter Raleigh "took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalized at, but I think 'twas well done and properly done, to settle his spirits."

Perhaps men and women through the years have found comfort and consolation in smoking. It hasn't always been such a touchy subject, but since it is, maybe if the "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and you don't like it, you'd better get up quietly and move away without asking any questions.

GUEST ESSAY

One of my English 101 students, Mark Killmon, contributes the following essay to this column. He calls the essay "Nature-Purpose".

A bleak, overcast sky rustled the leaves while far below nature's ordained logic was closely followed by the ants. They moved with purpose and vigor under the solemn weather. Continuing their process of building and rebuilding, each ant executed his own specific task.

Carrying the grains of sand for their hill posed no real problems; however, the crumbs of food were sometimes more than one ant could handle. As one particular ant surveyed a crumb, he seemed to sense futility, yet he approached it fearlessly. He tried to lift it with the claws on the front of his head but it was so heavy the weight lifted his rear legs from the ground. He tried again with the same results and then backed away slowly. As if by some invisible means of communication, other ants soon arrived to aid him. Together they easily carried the food back to the hill.

Then a young boy approached, dragging his feet and kicking up sand; his mind was far away on matters of critical importance to him and he was unaware of the ants. His ragged sneaker dragged across the hill trapping some of the ants while others scattered in on all directions finding safety in the nearby grass. The boy looked down for a moment and then continued on his way undaunted by his actions.

The boy had now moved on while the ants paused before returning to survey the injury and destruction of their home. Some burrowed through the sand to free those trapped below while others began to help the crippled ones back to the hill. When the entrance had been cleared, things resumed as if nothing had happened. They sought food and rebuilt their home. This was not the first time it had happened, nor would it be the last, yet they labored as always and endured.