

EDITORIALS

A Time to Remember

To those of us who are sophomores, our days at Chowan are numbered. That statement will get many responses from all of us. Whether or not we wish to admit it, Chowan has and will have a great influence on us both now and in future years. We, sophomores, have seen several changes here at Chowan in our short stay.

Some changes for the good, some not so good. We have watched a new science building go up in one short year. We have seen enrollment drop almost by 500 students in one year. We have watched in pure amazement as the S.G.A. has played "Will the real S.G.A. president please stand up?" We have witnessed these and many other changes in our short two year stay.

Although everyone gripes and complains, anxiously awaits Fridays and dreads Sunday nights, we still will miss Chowan, though it's doubtful that we will admit it to anyone.

Let's face it, Chowan has been good to us. It has given us a chance to get our feet on the ground and make up our mind about a college education. It has given us interested faculty members who care about our future and success. Sure, it has its bad points but what college doesn't. Nothing and no one is perfect.

On the most part, our stay at Chowan has been what we ourselves have put into it. This is true for anything. You get out of anything, what you put in it.

If your stay at Chowan has been not quite up to your expectations; take a second look and review how you've spent your time. If you've spent most of your time at the pub or in the pool hall, that probably explains why your grades aren't so terrific. On the other hand, if you have applied yourself, you are probably quite satisfied with your achievements here and ready to move on to bigger, better things.

As Paul McCartney wrote in his lyrics from *Abbey Road*, "and in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make."

—Richard Jackson

Noise

With my first year of college coming to an end, I've discovered that there are quite a few individuals that don't know anything about human rights. I'm really surprised at the number of people that have no respect for another person's privacy or just the person, for that matter.

I see this displayed constantly in the dormitory, music that is played loud enough to shake the walls, people yelling and screaming at one o'clock in the morning. And there are those who refuse to confien their athletic activities to the outdoors, insisting on making the hallways their own prive astrodome. Where anthing from Monday night football to championship wrestling may take place. I can understand that on occasions, things get so tedious and tense that anxieties just have to be released. But, unfortunately, when you have a dormitory full of male people or female students letting off steam at their desired hour, it creates eternal racket for those that are not.

Inmaturity is probably the biggest cause for all the noise that goes on. There are a great many of us that just refuse to grow up, "acting more like children than children." Students screaming at one another at the top of their lungs—like kids on a playground, making little sense at all. It's sad but it happens in all the dormitories. People constantly demand more freedom from our society everywhere they go. They display such childish behavior and then can't understand why this freedom is denied.

The majority of noise comes from a few on each hall or floor that are just constant noisemakers. The others aren't necessarily this way, but are scared of the ridicule they'll suffer if they don't contribute their own amount, or, go along with whatever mischief is being carried on. Many of the resident assistants won't do anything to render the situation of excess noise because similarly, they are scared of the same ridicule they'll get if they order a few doors shut or a few stereo's turned down.

In every situation I've stated here there are exceptions, of course, not everyone is guilty. And the writer doesn't want to sound like "the little innocent angel that never did anything," because its simply not true—I've had my moments of glory too. But the noise one creates in a dormitory shows no respect for your fellow man or woman. In the music world today "love" is the central theme. Songwriters profess it to be the answer we're looking for. I believe this to be true, but contrary to what we might think, it begins in situations just like this—respecting the rights of the guy down the hall or in the room next to you.

It's all a matter of love.

—Bob Allen

SMOKE SIGNALS

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Letters to Editor

Dear Editor:
I would like to take the opportunity I am privileged with, by being a member of the newspaper staff, to communicate with the students of Chowan. Particularly to the students who are returning next year, but through re-application the students not returning might also benefit.

I am speaking of student activities, overall student interest, and student body unity. We have somewhere around 1,000 young people in a situation that is foreign and unglorified so to speak to their conventional life style and habitat. Most of the students learn to adapt and more or less blend in with a secular part of our small society and either enjoy themselves, stick it out, or sooner or later quit and go running home. Having to change a habit that is a life style is a very difficult and unnerving experience to the majority of people and many suffer inwardly for a long time afterwards. Becoming a part of a group temporarily eases the sense of need in a lot of us, but just temporarily. Becoming a "groupie" is just fine for some, but for others either become loners or move from one group to another, looking for security in an insecure society. Sooner or later, sometimes too late, this type of person realizes the selfishness of this feeling of insecurity. The need to become involved with mankind as a whole tends to be the release then. In my personal opinion, this point of banishing selfishness and reaching out for the responsibility and fulfillment of the awareness of fellow human beings is the point of maturity in a person's life.

This is what I want to make my point about students interest and student body unity. Joe, a

buddy of mine, and I sat up one night hashing over these subjects. Joe was convinced that there was nothing he could do or anyone else could do to arouse the interest of the students here in the activities of the college. I offered some points of argument and from there we really got into it. Well, we made some conclusions, and these are the constructive suggestions that I want to offer. First of all, the students need to be interested in the welfare of all the people on this campus. In compounding a spirit of unity between each other, through participation in activities, being willing to consider other people's interests and motivations and general awareness of what's going on in the world around us, the type of community changes, building and resources could be achieved that would benefit all concerned. Administrative policies could be altered to concern the total welfare of all the people on campus and make life a lot easier in days to come. Changes are slow and must be met with a great deal of diplomacy and politics. No one is going to change with the threat of failure, embarrassment and humiliation being an all but proven end. This has to be kept in mind when the students begin to work for changes within our community. Compromises must be made in consideration of all concerned and by all concerned. I feel that when the students on this campus, who are willing to put forth an effort and who are not too narrow minded to understand human relations, can get their heads together and formulate rational delagation and more or less prove their responsibility and sincerity, they can surprise themselves with what they can do.

HOW DID THEY KNOW I'M BLACK

I comb my hair to the front,
instead of to the side.
I wear a hip hat on my head,
boy, do I have pride.
I have an earring in my ear and
in my hand a can of beer,
At night I hang out on 42nd Street,
and there ain't a soul I can't beat.
I'll take his money and start to run,
if he yells I'll use my gun.
I'll use the money to buy some booze,
then take my car and start to cruise.
You know, I can't even read.

—Brother Otis T. Matlock

To me you are a beautiful creation of God,
that he gave to me you,
by his mercy on me
This creation of mercy to me,
to hold, to love, to protect and defend,
For she is only one of a kind, to above
all never lose affection for,
That above all, affection, for it
is the ultimate sign of love,
Merely twinkling love,
or the greatest love ever,
Not to be forgotten no matter how
angry or irritated one might become,
No care of time passing and after
that and further, always affection.

—D. Ashley Weeks

These observations and suggestions, I hope, will initiate an interest in the students to come and work with the SGA, which is once again trying to establish itself. Due to lack of interest among the students, there are only about a dozen participation members of the SGA. I wonder how many students really want their decisions made for them by someone else. Very few I would think; I, myself, like to make my own.

Hunter Gish

Sharing Your Faith

By ROBBIE CARTER

For 12 years the Savior waited for me and I'm glad He didn't have to wait any longer.

I was raised in a Christian home. My parents were both Christians and I've been to church all my life. For this I am very grateful. During a revival one year, I had an emotional experience with Christ and His Holy Spirit. But it was only emotion. I was 9 years old at the time. I was supposed to be baptized the next Sunday, but I got sick so I couldn't go to church. After that, the preacher kept telling me to come on down and ask for membership in the church and be baptized, but I wouldn't come. The emotion of that moment was gone and there was nothing there. For three years I struggled with the Holy Spirit every service. Finally during another revival, I let go. I could no longer fight Jesus and His Spirit. I went forward to let Christ take over my life completely. Not just for a moment as I had before.

Ever since then I have tried to live as much like Jesus as I could. I have not always been able to do so, and many times I fail, but Jesus always says "I Forgive."

Is Jesus still waiting for you? If you are, then give in to Jesus now. The only way to heaven is through Jesus Christ, don't keep Him waiting, for someday He's going to return and it will be too late then. If you do not know how to be saved come and talk to me. I will be more than happy to show you how you can have the peace that I have. I pray that you will make the right decision.

Chowan Image

Recently a prospective student for Chowan and her parents were in the cafeteria for some meals and had an opportunity to observe the real Chowan through the actions of some students—the girl was here to take competitive exams. She had probably seen all of the buildings of Chowan but this just like a church without people is just a building. The students of Chowan are Chowan.

During this same weekend, Chowan was host campus for a cheerleading clinic and it was good to have these young high school ladies. As it is in all good things someone or something spoiled the atmosphere. The spoilage came in the form of remarks and actions toward the cheerleading group as they came for their meals by some of our so called young men—feet up on chairs and leaving glasses and trays on the cafeteria tables and wearing hats in the cafeteria.

All of this was observed by a prospective student and her family. At least one staff member was concerned enough to come to this writer with some suggestions for an article on the Chowan Image.



"Alimony is like making the payments on your car—after it's been wrecked."

Roving Reporter

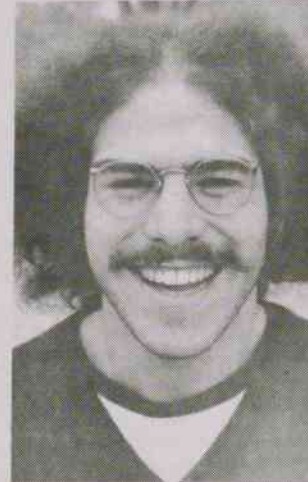
QUESTION: What do you like best and least about Chowan?



Donna Lowder
Teachers, country, it's really pretty; Dorm rules.



Ben Liverman
Closeness of the students; the town in which it is situated.



John McCorsley
Nothing; staying here on weekends.



Daphne Glover
People, smallness of school, rules, administration doesn't have their stuff together.



Jan Griffin
Springtime; homework.



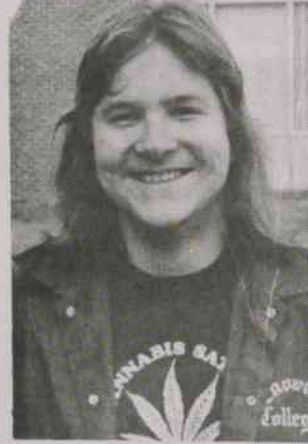
Chip Barnes
People who try to find something to do at Chowan; people who sit around and gripe about nothing to do.



Joyce Bush
Graduation; rules, meals.



George Ray
Friendly atmosphere of students, students help each other out; everyone complains about things, but no one is willing to do anything about it.



Tom Salak
Vacations; not enough going one.



Steve Bowman
BSU;



Jean Marshall
How close the people are; people won't take time to find out about the S.G.A., don't like the rules.



Glenn Dixon
Going home on Fridays; coming back on Sundays.