

Riggs vs. King

Thursday night, September 20, ABC Television along with various sponsors, presented possibly the biggest sports hoax the American public has viewed thus far. Fifty-five-year old Bobby Riggs challenged twenty-nine year old liberist Billy Jean King in a supposedly "Battle of the Sexes" tennis match for the sum of \$200,000. Thousands of television viewers everywhere witnessed a sport's publicity stunt and a money making gimmick that if anything detracted the promotion of tennis by it's mere falsehood. Also viewers were fortunate enough to witness the utterly poor comentionation by Howard Cosell, and the bigoted Miss Rosemary Casals, along with tennis pro Gene Scott. As an added attraction Hollywood naturally decked out for the affair and ABC cameras never missed one celebrity.

The atmosphere of the whole thing was entirely absurd. It seemed the match was a joke from the beginning. Billy Jean King paraded into the Astrodome like Cleopatra of the Nile on a platform surrounded by plumages and hefted upon the shoulders of four huge males. Bobby Riggs made his grand entrance reclined in a motorized cart surrounded by an array of female beauties. For Bobby Riggs this type of outlandishness is typical, but for Billy Jean King it is definitely not her style. As the entertainment progressed, stunt after stunt continued, I was beginning to anticipate the appearance of Don Ameche and his Russian circus. The point is that we became involved in personalities and not tennis, which can be enlightening but not to the point of being hideous.

After the preliminaries, "Sugar Daddy" (Bobby Riggs) and Billy Jean finally got their match underway. It was sadly disappointing to learn that Mrs. King had requested that Jack Kramer not assist in committating, for this one factor may have saved the broadcast. It would almost be boastful to say that the tennis knowledge of Howard Cosell would fill a matchbox. He could not comment on the players or the game at any depth whatsoever. And with a female egotist on his left and a shy male on his right, well if you didn't see the broadcast one can imagine the results.

ABC cameras refused to take full coverage of the match. I preferably would retittle the match "Your Favorite Star." Three times during important volleys the cameras left the match to catch Mr. or Miss Celebrity chatting with various other VIP's.

As far as the actual tennis play, the serves, ball placement, and backhand of Bill Jean King was superb. Her stamina and consistency from the beginning proved a bit too much for the slightly aged Bobby Riggs. It seemed an exact reversal of the Margarat Court-Bobby Riggs match at the end of last spring. In that match, Bobby played the lines, controlled the volleys and generally conserved his energy by running Miss Court over every square inch of the court. The shoe was on the other foot this time and there was nothing Bobby's one-a-day tablets could do for him at this point. Mr. Riggs plays a thinking man's game but he came out of this one a little boggle minded.

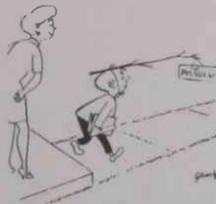
Battle of the sexes? Not hardly, what did we see? A twenty-nine year old female defeated a fifty-five year old man, nothing substantial for the advancement of women's tennis. One may argue that the egotistical male chauvinist Bobby Riggs was finally put in his place. That would be the case if Mr. Riggs was this kind of person, but in my opinion, he's not. He is just one person out to hustle as much of life, no matter by what means or terms. I seriously doubt any of his public accusations against the inferiority of women are deeply rooted in his personality at all. I think he is too smart a man. This is just the means by which he hustled his way through another phase of his life. Now that this is gone I could almost guarantee that he will latch on to something else of this nature, to hustle his way to another goal in life.

It is sad to think how interesting and worthwhile this match could have been. If it had been a normally televised sports attraction we could have escaped the falsehood that prevailed. If it had simply been a man's game versus a women's game of tennis, not strictly competition but enjoying the psychological aspects, the contrast in the style of play, and women's strategy versus man's strategy it would have been possibly, a much better promotion. However it would be more just in this case if the male opponent was a bit finer specimen than Mr. Riggs, nevertheless something of this nature.

Bob Allen

My Neighbors

The Old Timer



"Are you a thoughtful doubter, or a doubtful thinker?"

SMOKE SIGNALS

STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF CHOWAN COLLEGE

Editor Bob Allen

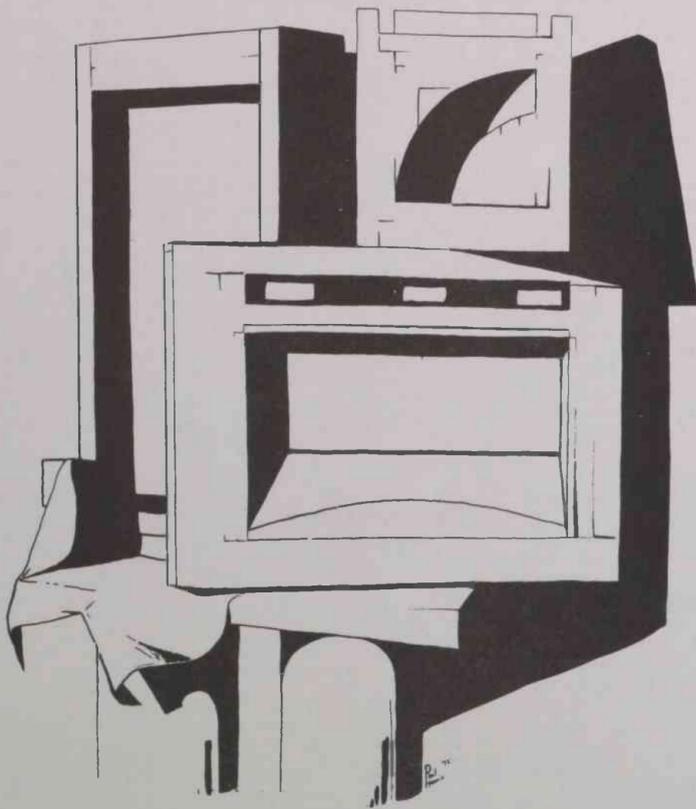
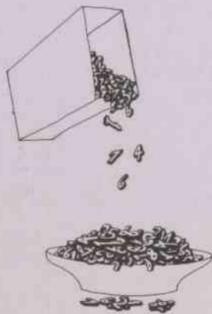
Associate Editor Rebecca Workman

The Artist

Exhibit

Works by

PHIL HARRIS



Literary Musings



By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

WELCOME TO THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE ROANOKE CHOWAN

By the time this issue of *Smoke Signals* reaches the press, collegiate life will be old hat for even our freshest freshman. Orientation will be over, receptions will have been endured, and hopefully class schedules will have ceased their state of fluxuation.

When I came to Chowan as a student in 1954, my parents brought me over to this sacred spot on Sunday afternoon. I have the distinction of being the first resident of what is now Mixon Hall. After I had moved into my room on second floor, we strolled over to the Columns Building for the beginning of matriculation.

As we ascended the steps of this lovely structure (at the time I thought that surely this must be the largest building south of New York City), a seasoned sophomore, grinning like a Cheshire cat, opened the big door for us and sang out as rehearsed: "Welcome to Chowan College."

And welcomed we were: at meetings, receptions, parties, the works. Orientation took only that Sunday afternoon and evening, registration was on Monday and classes began on Tuesday.

It too me only a short time to know all my professors and fellow students. Classes were small, a certain closeness was felt among the student body, and I recall with complete delight and sheer pleasure my two years at this institution. Surely this is the garden spot of the world, I thought.

And then I discovered something that perhaps every student subjected to an institution realizes at one time or another. This may well be a garden spot, but there are definitely some "weeds" growing around.

In an attempt to identify some of the unpleasant growths encountered in our freshman-sophomore garden, I have, in Watergate-Defendant fashion, attempted to reconstruct the events of my two student years at this institution. Would you believe how much the weeds of yesterday resemble those of today.

In those days we complained about the food in the cafeteria. "It's not like home-cooked food," we bemoaned. And what's more — how unfair to make us pay for food when we go home on weekends. The hard truth was that we

probably got more for our money during the week than we paid for.

And there was that weed called chapel which sprang up every morning at 10:00 o'clock. Chapel was required five days each week; the student body was small and attendance was checked by the dean who sat in the balcony and gazed down upon us with his blessings and red pencil. With such strict supervision, it was practically impossible to cut. In retrospect, I must have heard four preachers a week during my two years, and really I don't feel any the less today for this exposure.

We also had compulsory class attendance, a weed to which many objected and about which nothing was done. Some of the teachers were difficult, or so we thought; however, when we transferred we had Chowan to thank for some of the best undergraduate instruction we received in our academic lives.

Any number of unnecessary rules and regulations became weeds for us to hack around, to chew upon, but ultimately to follow. They were all seemingly so important at the time but so insignificant now I can't recall a single one. This fact reveals to me now how really unimportant these weeds actually were.

Every farmer knows that weeds in the garden are to be expected. One of three things may be done about them: weeds may be endured, they may be destroyed, or they may be ignored. To ignore the weeds may not be advisable, to destroy them may be totally impossible; therefore, to endure them may be the most sensible approach.

There's no doubt about it: you have come to the garden spot of the Roanoke Chowan. Do not be surprised, however, if you encounter some weeds along the way. These weeds aren't really important; it is, moreover, your reaction to them that will determine your happiness and success as you face this experience in education.

Hopefully you will survive them and fifteen years from now when you look back upon this experience, your memory will recall only the good times, the life-long friends, the happy hours, and the academic successes — all of which may be strengthened by a few weeds here and there.

Drama Department Has New Head

By JAMES MOORE

Great things are on the horizon for Chowan's drama department and its new head Mrs. Nancy E. Robinson, who plans to produce six shows a year. Although new at teaching, Mrs. Robinson has had considerable experience in both university and community theatre.

Interestingly enough, she did not major in drama in college. Instead, she graduated from Wittenberg University in Springfield, Ohio with her B.A. in English and was working in Anchorage, Alaska when she had her first experience with the theatre. Her job there was assistant director with a community group. However, the actual director never showed up and Mrs. Robinson ended up putting the show together herself. It was a "fascinating experience" she reports and the beginning of her interest in drama.

As a result, she entered Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, where she began studies for a masters degree in speech and drama which she received in August, 1971. In many instances, she found that it was a "from the ground up" job as many of her classes were with freshmen. However, she "loved it," especially her two years in graduate school. During this period she did everything from acting to building sets to lighting.

Following her graduation, Mrs. Robinson went to work for the Veterans Administration in Atlanta, where her mother lives, until she accepted her present position at Chowan.

Her plans for the drama department include showing six plays during the year. Four of these are scheduled to be acted in Daniel Hall and the other two will be presented in McDowell-Columns auditorium. The department's first production will be "Waiting for Lefty,"



Mrs. Nancy E. Robinson

which premieres October 2 at Daniel Hall. Next on the agenda is "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown." Written by Clark Gesner and based on Charles Shultz's comic strip "Peanuts," it is described by Mrs. Robinson as a "fun fun musical." It will run from November 15 through 17 on McDowell-Columns stage.

Mrs. Robinson also commented that she is "really enjoying" her new job. She says that Chowan's drama students are good, though few in number. She is especially anxious to stress that anybody and everybody is welcome to help in drama productions. Many students want to help but hesitate

to say so because they think our program is open only to drama majors," Mrs. Robinson commented. "This just isn't so" she continued. "We need and welcome anyone who wants to be a part of our productions in any way." Mrs. Robinson feels that her department and Chowan have something very important in common. They are both small but growing. She says the thing she likes most is that "here the effort of just one person means a lot." Chowan students can rest assured that Mrs. Robinson will mean much to them for she is dedicated to and loves her work.