

EDITORIALS

One of the Best

During my freshman year I often heard people give the reason why they came to Chowan: The reason I repeatedly heard was "I came to Chowan because this was the only place that would accept me." This phrase I heard so often that I got tired of hearing it.

If it is easy to get into Chowan, is it easy to stay in? According to statistics, here at Chowan last year we had 1,472, full time equivalent students, at the starting of first semester. We had 147 students declared ineligible for academic reasons, although approximately one-third of these came to summer school and reinstated. In May 1971, we had 226 students who graduated. According to these statistics, it is pretty easy to get into Chowan, but staying in takes more. It takes time, study and discipline. Dr. Whitaker in chapel stated that Chowan is one of the top five Junior colleges in the United States.

Chowan is just giving some people a second chance, people that may not have gotten accepted at any other college.

—Mary Townsend

Evaluate Priorities

Anytime you engage in a conversation with another student you can be sure that two things will be discussed.

Often times nothing else will be discussed. Number one is usually what harsh rules are inflicted upon us here at Chowan. Number two would most likely be an account of the latest adventures of Deputy Dog (Mr. Graham) and his disciples (as they are commonly called).

Certainly there is merit in discussing these two topics because each play important roles in our daily lives on campus. However, the writer is suggesting that too much emphasis is placed on these two topics. After all, our main objective in being here is the first place is to obtain an education, an education that each of us are paying dearly for.

If we put more time, effort and emphasis on our education, then these trivial matters of petty regulations and Deputy Dog would soon lose their importance. Trouble has a habit of always finding those persons who are constantly searching for it. Perhaps, we as students at Chowan, should re-evaluate our priorities.

NOTE: Any opinions pro or con concerning this editorial will be gladly accepted and published. Simply write a letter to the editor, sign it, and bring it to McSweeney Hall.

—Richard Jackson

Women and Football

It's popular at this time of year for the male species to issue a "Football Handbook for Ladies." The theory is that ladies would see more than fashions and half-time shows at football games if they understood the game's terminology.

So here is a version of a handbook for the females, who aren't supposed to know that what it was was football:

FOOTBALL—Name of a contact sport played on a field, in which players run with a ball, pass it, catch it, knock other players down to keep them from getting close to it, tackle players who have it, and even occasionally kick it, at all times standing on or falling off their feet.

PASS—Ladies already are supposed to know what that means.

PUNT—Something you laugh at (or, if sophisticated, sneer at) when it's a play on words.

TACKLE—Something a player uses in fishing for the ball or in stopping the ball carrier from reaching a limit (or goal) and bragging after a great catch.

TOUCHDOWN—One of the things players do in pre-game warm-up exercises.

SAFETY—It has to do with being pinned securely or hemmed in behind a line.

CLIPPING—Well, if you prefer, something to be saved for the scrapbook if your boyfriend makes headlines by scoring the winning points.

STRIPLINES—What distinguishes the players from the game's policemen.

UPRIGHT—That which marks a player's success if he is a field goal kicker.

GAME PLAN—Technological jargon for old-fashioned determination to outscore the opposition.

RED DOG DEFENSE—The method they use at Chapel Hill's Kenan Stadium to keep canine creatures from delaying the game.

FRONT FOUR—A block of seats for VIP couples in the University Guest Box, squarely on the 50-yard line with no other persons obscuring the view.

SECONDARY—The game itself if you are a fan who really needs a handbook to tell you what's happening among the players.

POSTSCRIPT—Except by stretch of someone's perverted imagination, this has nothing to do with football. Rather it's the editor's notation that the paper will welcome open forum letters from Women's Libbers protesting this and every other "Football Handbook for Ladies."

—Smithfield Herald

Rerun for Ben

Off-Quoted Ben Franklin is credited with this thought: "When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition, certain errors of the first."



Circle K Speaks Out

By JIM HUNTER

The officers for the Chowan College Circle K Club for the academic year of 1971-72 are as follows: President, Paul Howard; Vice-President, Paul Howard; Secretary, Willie Davis; Treasurer, Tom McNear; and Social Co-Chairman, Don Winslow.

The faculty-advisor for Circle K this year is Mr. George Hazelton, Professor of Physics. Circle K is sponsored by the Aoshkie Kiwanis International

Club.

Circle K is basically a service organization. It is currently a male college student organization but presently consideration is being given to making the Club co-ed. Circle K is open to all freshman and sophomore male students. The Club has local, district and international dues, which are payable shortly after being accepted as a member. The dues totalled come to eleven dollars: five of which are for local,

five which are for international and one of which is for district.

Circle K has meetings every Tuesday night at 7:00 PM in Robert Marks Hall in Room 124. It is at these meetings that discussions and preparations are made for the service projects that the Club decides its members can handle.

While Circle K has not been active in a really big project, as of yet, it has accomplished some small ones. One such service is the raising and lowering of the national flag daily on campus.

Another such service was the placing of a list of telephone numbers by the phones in the dorms.

Other projects will be undertaken as they present themselves. Some of those under consideration are as follows: a street (curb) address project for Murfreesboro, a bottle-pick up drive for the sake of conservation, and the club's assistance to the Bloodmobile drive.

Circle K is open to any and all suggestions on projects that this club might participate in. See one of the officers or a member of Circle K, or better yet come to the club meeting on Tuesday night.

exemphous efficiency and taste. As for the albums production, Townhead has, with the able assistance of Glyn Johns in a dual role of engineer and co-producer have recorded one of the most masterfully recorded rock albums in recent times.

With the long LP version of "Won't get fooled again," they've succeeded in producing a comprehensive primer of basic Who style.

Townshend wrings more than his money's worth out of his synthesizers, making use of them more than any rock experimenter before him.

"Baba O'Riley sets the stage for the band's entrance with a prerecorded VCS3 part Townshend obtained by programming it into a computer hooked up to the synthesizer.

There's Roger Daltreys singing which is so wondrous that it's enough to deep the listener's mind off the real meanings. An there you have it, an album that ranks right up there with Alice Cooper or the Rolling Stones.

Insects such as queen ants and termites may live for 50 years while some adult May flies live less than two hours, according to Encyclopaedia Britannica.

RECORD By REVIEW Jay Sidrer

NEXT abandoned that strategy in favor of safer and saner climaxes.

These changes derive from the group's need to demonstrate themselves Serious Artists instead of gimmick-mongering kids.

Its a monumental testament to their greatness, therefore, that a lot of NEXTranscends their reckoning to emerge mostly exciting as well as awesomely admirable.

With all sorts of people in recent years, from Led Zepplin to Alice Cooper it was only natural that the Who should want to make a clearly defined stylistic statement.

They've done exactly that in NEX. The music is indisputably excellent, with Keith Moon playing drums more precisely than ever before on record. Entwistle plays bass in a scrumptious melodic and rhythmic flourish manner. Townshend resounding monster chords of the classic sort plays with

Peter Townshend, whose need to brutalize his audience used to smash his guitar at the end of every performance, now has

Dormitory Officers Listed

COLLEGE STREET HALL

Mr. Charles Helms President, Alan Wilson Vice-President, Kenneth Thomas

Secretary, Hunter Haslett Treasurer, Steve Benoit Social Co-Chairman, David Baird, Robert Lovick.

EAST HALL

Mr. Tony Collier President, Terry Cagle Vice-president, SEMMIE Taylor

Secretary-Treasurer, Gary Brock Social Co-Chairmen, James Elwood, Joseph Gro

SUPERINTENDENT'S barracks

Mr. Jim Hunter President, Earl Killmon Vice-President, Ronnie Powell Secretary-Treasurer, Dean Walton

Social Co-Chairmen, Billy Petree, Howard Steward

WEST HALL

Mr. Jerry Goney President, David Longest Vice-President, Herbert Lee Secretary, Rick Pettus Treasurer, C. A. (Bubba) Floyd

Social Co-Chairmen, Bill Moore, Larry Ellis

MIXON HALL

Mr. Paul Tuttle President, C. J. Bordeaux Vice-president, Theodore Minatel

Secretary-Treasurer, Barry A. Bradberry

Social Co-Chairmen, James K. Tilley, Daniel Musselwhite

SOUTH HALL

Mr. Jerry Morris President, Robert Dolan Vice-President, Michael McKillips

Secretary-Treasurer, Fred J. Runyan

Social Co-Chairmen, Norman Eddleton, George Kesler.

SMOKE SIGNALS

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Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

An Outstanding Collection of Letters

In 1962 while I was doing graduate work at East Carolina University, Mac Hyman was teaching American Literature. Though I never studied under Hyman (his course was for under-graduates), no student was unaware of the presence of this best-selling celebrity author of *No Time For Sergeants*.

Hyman was somewhat of an enigma, so far as I'm concerned, for he looked upon graduate students as unnecessary evils and for no apparent reason. Not that he was unwilling to discuss his success, for he was well aware that he had arrived. He even wished the same kind of success for the would-be author, although he, like so many other writers, had no magic formula for the best-seller and to talk with Mac was to understand that it just "happened one day."

I knew him only a few months before he died of a sudden heart attack at the age of forty (summer of '63).

One of his former teachers, Dr. William Blackburn of Duke University, has edited a collection of Hyman's personal letters. (*Love, Boy - The Letters of Mac Hyman*, selected and edited by William Blackburn. Louisiana State University Press, 227 pp., \$5.95.) The collection really reads like a novel knowing Mac in the flesh revealed much less about him than these letters to his friends.

I extract the following passage for our readers for two reasons: first, it gives insight into the intellectualism of some professors; and two, the writer mentions one of my literary idols, Ovid Williams Pierce, under whom I studied creative writing at E. C. U. the same time Hyman was there.

"How do you like teaching? I can't quite make it out. At first I'd go in there and talk like a mad-man as hard as I could go for what seemed like four hours, covering everything from Aristotle to Faulkner, until I was hoarse and exhausted, and then would look at my watch and see that I had killed about fifteen minutes, and see all those faces staring at me in what I have since decided was a kind of horror, and then almost panic. So I went around getting tips on teaching methods, talked with Ovid Pierce . . . and learned such things as how to spend fifteen minutes calling the roll, five or ten minutes letting windows up and down, another fifteen minutes or so talking about the next days assignment, so that I can now spend almost the whole damned hour without ever mentioning the subject. Ovid says when he runs down he just goes over and stares out the window for awhile. The students, he says, think he's thinking. He says with concentration

he can stand there staring out for as long as ten minutes sometimes. He says it makes the students nervous as hell. Anyhow, I haven't been able to manage that yet."

Letters do not usually fascinate this writer; however, we recommend without hesitation this recent collection of Mac Hyman's personality.

Smasher of Icons Dies

Not because he was a literary figure of note but because he was a colorful personality, we feel obligated to mention the death of S. Wade Marr of Raleigh. As we write these words (Wednesday, September 22, 2:00 o'clock P. M.) a funeral service is being conducted for Marr in Raleigh whereupon his 55-year-old body will be sent to Duke University Medical School, according to his own request.

Many saw this man as a latter day Socrates, seemingly limitless in knowledge and perception. Some felt that he was a crazy eccentric. There is no one who claims to have understood him.

His home is a musty L-shaped cement block basement apartment adorned with graffiti and a 4-foot poster of Ho Chi Minh. It was here that he kept his collection of Nietzsche, the 19th century German philosopher and Marr's god.

"Here he would hold court daily, in underpants and undershirt, for an almost constant flow of visitors from all walks of life. Striking in long, gray hair combed straight back and a gray goatee on a long drawn face, he would inevitably carry 90 percent of the conversation.

"He strode his thin, 6-foot-3 fame around Duke University, then Trinity College, in a sweat-shirt with its sleeves hacked off at a time when students wore starched collars and suspenders under their double-breasted coats. He was arguing against American involvement in Vietnam long before John Kennedy became president and was trying to sell automobile safety belts long before Detroit knew what a buckle was."

An ordained Congregational minister, Marr attended Harford Theological Seminary, married, and fathered three children—all to be left in the North to return to his birthplace for meditation and reading.

He saw life as a process of individuals interacting and attempting to show, through example mostly, how individuals should strive to relate positively toward another.

Poor thing—Marr didn't believe in heaven. They dressed him up Wednesday to surpass any appearance he had presented in the past few years, and for what purpose? The man has no where to go.

A View from Columns . . .

By SAM BLOTZ

SGA President Bill Hutchens has not heard a word from any authority about his comments in chapel two weeks ago. Could be that the show of unity which his oratory has made SOME people think?

The SGA has a new officer. Barry Bradberry from Virginia Beach, Virginia, will assume the duties of SGA male social co-chairman. He was President of his SGA at Kellum High School last year.

Word has it that SGA Secretary Joel Rose has been doing an exceptionally good job.

There was word last week that there were irregularities in the voting for dorm officers in South Hall.

SGA Budget this year was upped to \$17,000.00 of which \$2,000 is automatically taken out for community concerns. People are beginning to ask if it is worth it.

Our President, Bill Hutchens, is trying to make all social events free this year, but he is running into financial trouble. Therefore, necessitating admission fees to the next two concerts.

At the beginning of the year our security force summoned certain shaggy-haired students into their office and suggested that they see a barber. Does Graham have the power to do this?

Speaking of Security Force, next time you see one of our local officers, ask him about the little posters that NEARLY got circulated around campus.

SGA Treasurer Don Guthrie reported on the State of the Treasury last week. It's in bad shape as rising entertainment costs have not been equalled by rising SGA budget. Also he reported that last year's SGA spent \$259.77 of this year's money.

Student Legislature's future will be in the hands of each student tomorrow. From this vantage point, a vote for the

amendment will be a vote of confidence for Bill Hutchens and his SGA.

There has been some controversy over a movie, P.T. 109, which was supposed to be shown last week. The story, as I have it, is that a Spanish Club fic which was shown Tuesday night was its substitute. P.T. 109 will be sent back to save money.

If you have any questions about what is going on campus or why something has happened, put it on paper and send it to Sam Blotz, care of SMOKE SIGNALS and I'll try to dig up an answer.

