

Gospel According to Norton

By GRADY NUTT

This is the story of my encounter with Jesus Christ, carpenter of Nazareth, teacher of truth, friend. First, let me introduce myself: The name is Norton. Right, it's the only name I have.

I grew up in south Jerusalem in a state of discontent. I couldn't do the normal bit of style. I rather pride myself in the fact that I really did my own thing fashion-wise: kept my hair cut short, refused to grow a beard (my Dad really flipped over that; thought I was wierd!), wore a mini-toga I designed myself, and always wore socks with my sandals.

A big Thursday night for us in my neighborhood consisted of eating snatched fruit on the corner of our marketplace, watching passing carts stop for the flickering caution lamp. On such a night one of my buddies, "Eef" (short for Ephraim), invited me to go out to the river to hear a new religious nut (I had our share then, too!) named John the Baptist.

"What makes him so special?" I asked. I learned he was really out to knock the Pharisees. So I grabbed some extra fruit and a pair of clean socks and footed it out to the river. I was definitely pro-anybody who was anti-Pharisee!

He was all they promised, and he blew my mind with his getup. A double-breasted camel-hair suit, wrong-side-out; platform high-top sandals; teased hair; the works. The word was that he was a health food fan and lived on bugs and honey; I thought he preached like he had just had a cup of crickets!

In short, I became an ardent follower. Within just a few short days I was getting out early enough to get on a front rock. I had really felt unique in appearance and life-style until I met "John the B.," but to quote Eef, "John the B outrags them all!" I tried more and more to be like him. I was pleased to find that he dug my threads and liked my flair for the unusual. We really got close.

I was with him the afternoon he baptized Jesus. I was amazed at John the B's attitude. When he had completed the baptism, they stood together in the river looking for all the world like they heard something; I strained and heard zero. When Jesus had drip-dried up the trail, I approached John to quiz him about the session, but he was moody and didn't want to talk. This mood carried over for weeks, causing canceled services, etc. I then heard that Jesus had started a group on a different part of the river, so I

went up to scout the situation for John.

The first night I heard him, it happened! He was the Messiah John the B had been stressing. It only took three visits for me to transfer my membership!

Now I got closer into the inner circle of Jesus and the disciples. He took me into his confidence and let me assist in the chores around his sessions with the multitudes. One night, after a hard day, we had a talk that changed my life.

He was sitting in some tall grass leaning against a tree. He had his sandals off dangling his feet in the river and was chewing on a long, fuzzy weed—one of his favorite habits. The moonlight twinkled in his eyes like sparks from a camp fire.

I perched there by him and talked of many things. He then asked me if I had seen John lately. I chuckled and said I surely had. He was puzzled at my attitude. I said: "Oh, he's still wearing his same old camel-hair suit; living on bugs and honey; and preaching blisters on his throat." Without looking, I felt his eyes on me. I turned to meet them straight on.

"Norton!" he said firmly.

"What?" I said squirmily.

"Just where do you think you'd be if it had not been for John?"

"Back eating fruit and watching the caution lamp," I replied.

Then he shish kebabled me! He pointed out that the great temptation of the young idealist is to find his Messiah, squat by him on a riverbank, and make fun of his forerunner!

Like the dirty old man on Laugh-in-I needed that! When the "Word-became-flesh" became the "Truth-to-Norton," I started to grow up. I learned from him how important it is to sift the sawdust of heritage to find the nuggets that make the current moment take on any worth at all. If I had not met John the B, I would never have found Jesus. I never saw John the B again. In fact, I loved him more deeply than ever before.

What of Jesus? I followed him faithfully and more maturely from that day on. I want to share some of our encounters with numerous folk you have met in other gospels—Nicodemus, Zachaeus, and others. The stories will appear each month on this page. You are invited to come along. The style will be like informal. Socks optional.

(Note from the Editor: Grady Nutt is a professional entertainer and writer from Louisville, Kentucky. This article appeared in the October 1971 publication of The Student Campus Morals and was supplied for publication in The Smoke Signals by Carol Byrum.)



PROF. DOUG EUBANK

Know Your Professor

By MARY TOWNSEND

The professor selected for interview this week for "Getting to Know Your Professor" is Doug Eubank of the Department of Fine Arts, and professor of art.

Mr. Eubank and his wife, Molly, live at 413 Carolina Drive here in Murfreesboro.

Before coming to Chowan, Mr. Eubank attended Morehead State University, in Morehead, Kentucky, for five years where he took a double major in art and industrial art. During the summer he worked for Food Fair Stores, Incorporated, Merritt Island, Florida, then he went back to Morehead and worked on his masters and just graduated last August.

His hobbies include camping, traveling, listening to all different kinds of music, to live and enjoy life and, of course, art work.

When asked how did he feel about Chowan, he said that he really liked it here. That the teaching situation is better than most colleges and working in the art department with Craig Greene is a real pleasure.

When asked what did he feel about art as a career, he said that nothing has excited him more than art. As a career he always wants to work with art, whether it be commercial, an art consultant or a teacher, just so it is in the field of art.

The kinds of painting art work that impress him is Impressionist paintings. The colors and the way the work is applied. He also likes contemporary art.

Mr. Eubank feels that everyone can do some type of art work, to create art in their own manner. He said it is like playing tennis, you learn skills the more you practice the better and the more you can create in your work.

His wife, Molly, also does art work. She has Bachelor in Arts in Arts. She does jobs on the side besides being a housewife. She has painted the Indian on the floor of the gym, which is very pretty.

Horizon . . . from Heritage through Hope

The first ray of light
And it begins . . .
Growing, spreading, swelling,
And indomitable spiral
Up and out and through:
Life and experience,
Finds himself with but three tools—
His Heritage, the gift of those who
Struggled, grasped, and spent themselves
Before Him;
His Hope,
Burning in the hand he holds in his;
And in his Horizon,
That infinite, vacillating place in tomorrow
That leads him on.
There is no turning back,
No standing still in silence
Of morning light,
There is but to move on,
And up, and out to

Behind man it lies,
A magnificent ocean,
Quiet and deep as time—
His Heritage.
Down from dawn,
Filled
From the first touch
To great vegetable equations
Crossing and recrossing in the stream of time
It builds.

And all man knows,
All man has ever known
Is there.
Before he can go on he must know
Where they have fallen before,
Where they have gloriously conquered;
How it was done,
How it was undone;
And inevitably why.
Man must draw
Deeply
From that heritage
Before he can take a step.
And so,

Through it all he goes
Earnestly seeking,
Sifting for answers,
Sampling the Heritage;

Plodding the seemingly
Endless paths
Of those who have
Gone on;

Pausing in the
Endless reason
To wonder
Why it is . . .
What it holds

And as one goes, we all go;
As one seeks to find,
We grope with him,
Bound together by the plea from the past,
The pledge of the present,
And by the clarion
Challenge of the beyond.

And so it is
That we return
Always
To the beginning,
To the light,
And the promise of external experience
By which man finds his way
To the Horizon . . .
From Heritage
Through Hope.
—The 1960 Michiganensian

Phi Theta Kappa Group Explained

"... Some will then be chosen for higher privilege. The studies which they pursued without order in their early years will now be brought together, and the students will see the relationship of these studies to one another and to truth."

"Yes," he said. "That is the only kind of knowledge which takes lasting root."

Plato, The Republic
Phi Theta Kappa was born in 1918, at a meeting of Missouri Junior College presidents who were seeking to form an organization that recognized superior students.

Membership in Phi Theta Kappa is conferred on those junior college students who have "established academic excellence . . ." Initiates must have

completed at least one term or semester, of junior college work, must be judged of good moral character, must possess qualities of good citizenship, and have obtained an over all grade average of a "B".

Since its founding Phi Theta Kappa has been the only National honor society for American junior colleges. After leaving junior college life, its members have obtained success at four-year colleges and universities and in all fields of professional life.

The constitution states that the purpose of Phi Theta Kappa is promotion of scholarship, development of leadership and service, and cultivation of fellowship among students of junior colleges in the United

States.
The emblem of Phi Theta Kappa is a golden key. Across the center is a black band upon which the Greek letters "Phi," "Theta," and "Kappa" appear. Behind the band is a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, denoting strength and leadership above it is the head of Athena, symbolizing wisdom.

Below the band are the three letters symbolizing the Greek mystic words phronimon, Thumos and Katharotes (wisdom, aspiration, purity.)

The colors of Phi Theta Kappa are blue, for scholarship, and gold, for purity. These colors appear in the ribbons of the Membership Certificate and on other fraternity insignia.

The Iota Delta chapter, a division of the National Phi Theta

Kappa, at Chowan College has elected the following officers: president, Jim Hunter; Vice-president, Kenny Lundquist; secretary, Patsy Copeland; treasurer, Robin Andrews; reporter, Debbie Faulkner and Mr. Carl Simmons as advisor.

At the end of the 1971 Fall semester the members of the Iota Delta chapter will be searching for new members to initiate in the Spring semester. The qualifications they will be looking for are those which have been previously stated.

Education does not mean teaching what they do not know . . . it is a painful, continual, and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all . . . by example.—Ruskin

Boy Joins Country Music Corner Army At 14 Years

By NANCY SHIPLEY

Associated Press Writer
NASHVILLE, Tenn. (AP) — Just two years ago, there was not a single female singer in the top 10 on the country music charts.

Loretta Lynn, Jeannie C. Riley, Tammy Wynette and Lynn Anderson were the only females listed in Billboard Magazine's top 30 in the country field.

But as the song says, "the times are a changin'..."

With women's liberation moving forward on many fronts, country music has hit the treble ranges right along with it. Now, there are almost as many girls' names as men's in the weekly charts.

Grand Ole Opry manager E. W. (Bud) Wendell says that something few people realize today is that there were no girls in country music for many years.

"Then Kitty Wells came along and later Patsy Cline, and plowed new territory," Wendell says.

"Nowadays you just can't pick up the charts without seeing a bunch of girls' names."

Fifteen of the 60 acts on the Opry roster this year are women or include women.

Elsewhere on the international front, several female newcomers such as Anne Murray, a Canadian school teacher, first hit the charts last year with the song, "Snowbird."

Female singers who have consistently been on the country music charts this year — other than Miss Anderson, Miss Lynn, Miss Riley, Miss Wells and Miss Wynette, are Dolly Parton, Sammi Smith, Connie Smith, Skeeter Davis, Susan Raye, Jody Miller, Barbara Mandrell, Diana Trask, Jeannie Sealey, Jean Shepard, Dottie West, June Carter, Wanda Jackson and Peggy Little — among a host of others.

And the new female singers such as Anne Christine and Tracey Nelson are being heard from and remembered.

Billboard says most record producers generally agree on the reason: There are more good songs available for girl singers today.

Wendell attributes the up-

surge in the women's ranks in part to country music's "coming out of the woods" feeling.

"There are just a lot more girls now who've decided to try to make it in country music — and succeeded," Wendell says.

"Years back maybe there were restrictions on their travel and where they could play. They're more accepted at functions, there are more doors open," he says. "Maybe the duet syndrome has had some part in it too," he adds.

Billboard says the fact that more and more female writers have come on the country music scene is also an obvious factor. Three highly successful female songwriters are Miss Riley, Miss Lynn and Miss Parton.

Wendell thinks it is significant to note that two record labels have been launched by girls.

A Night in Belk Hall

By MARY TOWNSEND

Last Friday night in Belk Hall was so unbelievable that I decided to write of the funny situation that occurred.

It all began when two Murfreesboro policemen walked into Belk Hall and reported that a prisoner had just escaped from the Chowan football game. Excitement started to begin.

After the policeman left, no one walked down the halls of the dorm by theirself, there were at least two people if not more, walking together.

When 12:00 came the doors were locked and people started to begin to settle down, even though they were scared.

There were four people in the lounge, all watching TV, a midnight movie of Dracula. As they were watching the movie, scared, thinking of the convict, everything was quiet.

One of the students was on first floor and decided to come up the front stairs, the stairs that leads into the second floor lounge.

As the student was coming up the stairs, it was so dark and she couldn't see and she tripped on the stairs. The girls watching TV

heard the fall and all knew that it was the prisoner who escaped. The girls screamed their loudest. One girl had a jar of tea and a glass in her hand. She started running to the door. She just threw them on the floor and got them out of hand, so she could open the door.

The student who was coming up the stairs got scared at hearing the glass break and she ran back the way she came. One of the girls slipped in water and fell as she ran to get help.

The Head Resident's husband, hearing the scream and glass breaking, came into the second floor lounge to see what was wrong. In the meantime, a girl who was talking on the phone heard the scream and ran down the hall. When she opened the door, there stood the Assistant Resident's husband. She screamed, thinking he was the escaped prisoner.

When everyone decided what had happened, everyone just laughed. One of the girls stated that the girls dorm was the most dangerous place for an escaped prisoner or burglar to come to, especially Belk Hall.

The Bombing

I am writing this column at 4 A.M. while sitting in a waiting room at New York Hospital. Inside, about 50 feet away, my three-year-old daughter, Jodi, is sleeping in a crib with both of her hands tied to her sides to keep her from touching the 100 stitches she has in her face. You see, Jodi made a terrible mistake a few hours ago. Almost a fatal mistake.

She trusted the world of grownups.

Like a million other three-year-olds all over the world, she took her mother's hand and walked with her to go out and play in the park. They walked past a building where a young militant had just placed a 15-inch pipe bomb. I guess it was bad timing on Jodi's part because she passed the building at the same time the bomb went off.

The blast sent a rain of jagged glass into her tiny face. Now we all know that the militant didn't set out to injure Jodi. No. What he was looking for was "justice." My little girl just got in his way. And I'm sure that some people will tell you that Jodi being a three-year-old member of the establishment was at fault. Because when a man is looking for "justice" or looking to right the wrongs of the world with a bomb it's your fault if you get in his way. The Mark Rudds of this world will tell you that the man who placed the bomb that went off in Jodi's face was merely defending himself from society, merely choosing his way to be heard and listened to.

The Angela Davises of the world might tell you that three-year-old Jodi is just paying

"dues" for several hundred years of oppression.

The Eldridge Cleavers of this world might tell you that Jodi is only an early casualty of the war hat's coming between races. As I said before, there are a lot of people who can give you a lot of good reasons, they say, for throwing bombs, and killing cops, and burning and rioting, and looting, and hating.

Just before I sat down to write this I walked into Jodi's room to check and see if she was asleep. I guess I made a little too much noise and I woke her. She smiled with her ripped up lips and said, "Daddy, I ran and I fell."

You see, Jodi being only three doesn't know what a bomb is or what it does. She still thinks she fell and cut herself. For a second, I wanted to explain to her what had happened and then I realized how ridiculous it was and so I did something I haven't done since I was a little kid. I cried.

How do you explain a bomb to a three-year-old kid?

How do you tell a kid that a man took dynamite and buckshot and made a bomb that blew up and ripped your face? He did it in the name of "justice" and "freedom."

How do you explain? Maybe the Mark Rudds or Angela Davises or Eldridge Cleavers of this world can explain to Jodi why her face had to be ruined this morning in the name of "justice."

Because, God knows, I can't.

By Jerry Della Femina
Submitted By
Norman Eddleton

Attends Conference Father Says Few Care About Son

By Jim Hunter

On Saturday morning, November 13, at 8:45, seven members of Circle K set out for Rocky Mount, N.C. to attend the Capital-Eastern Regional Training Conference, which was held on the N.C. Wesleyan College Campus. Upon their arrival at 10:15 they were warmly welcomed by the Carolinas' District Governor and Lt. Governor. Also the Immediate Past Trustee of the Carolinas' District was on hand to see that all was in order.

The training conference was divided into several topics that were not lectures, rather they were open discussions where the individual club members shared ideas and brought up questions in areas that they were having difficulties with. Some of the topics discussed were: Philosophy of Circle K, Fund-Raising Projects, Help for Disadvantaged Youths, Environment, Pollution and Requirements for Membership.

At 12 o'clock the sessions were adjourned for lunch in the campus cafeteria. The choice of meals was excellent in that they served both roast beef and chicken.

The lunch was followed by an inspirational message presented by the President of N.C. Wesleyan College. He charged each of those persons present to be more than responsible, but to also be more responsible person willing to serve our fellow man.

The sessions got under way again at 1 o'clock. The purpose of these sessions was to reinforce each person present as to the mission of Circle K, which is to be of service to the college and its community.

At the close of the sessions and the days' activities, the members headed back to the Chowan College campus with a better understanding of what Circle K is all about.

Mr. Eubank feels that everyone can do some type of art work, to create art in their own manner. He said it is like playing tennis, you learn skills the more you practice the better and the more you can create in your work.

His wife, Molly, also does art work. She has Bachelor in Arts in Arts. She does jobs on the side besides being a housewife. She has painted the Indian on the floor of the gym, which is very pretty.

He is disturbed because his son Ron made the "ultimate sacrifice" but that in his opinion few people seem to care. He decided to make himself heard.

The 51-year-old pie salesman wrote an eight-page letter to President Nixon, pouring out his feelings and questioning what has happened to American values.

"My son did not want to die, but just do his duty," Bozakis wrote. He urged Nixon not to "back down" in Vietnam.

"All I got back was a little card," he said, "a couple of lines. I'm sure Nixon didn't see it."

Now he's sent another letter to Nixon and a recorded ballad telling of 22-year-old Green Beret S. Sgt. Ronald H. Bozakis who "fought to keep men free."

Ron was killed on his 26th and last scheduled mission. His squad was ambushed Oct. 25, 1969.

Denne and his wife Jeanne, who have five other children, scraped up \$1,250 to have the song, "A Fearless Soldier," recorded and 2,000 copies made. Jeanne wrote the lyrics.

"I'm not trying to make money from this record. I just want recognition for my son. I pinned all my hopes on him ...

\$1.2 Million Grant To Aid Indians

NEW YORK (AP) — A three-year, \$1.2 million grant has been awarded by the Ford Foundation to help fund litigation aimed at protecting the rights and culture of American Indians.

In its largest such move to date on behalf of American Indians, the foundation announced Tuesday that it would give the money to the Native American Rights Fund, of Boulder, Colo.

The organization was established last year as a national project of The California Indian Legal Services, but is now independent.

McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation and former White House aide, said the grant was being made "in the conviction that the law can become a bridge between two cultures — the Indian and the white."

The NARF is seeking protection of Indian land rights and claims to other natural resources.

A total of 98,183,000 persons read one or more daily newspapers every day, according to a 1970 study by the research firm of W. R. Simmons. This is 78 per cent of the population 18 years of age or older.

After basic, Jimmy moved on to Ft. Polk, La., for advanced infantry training with the 11th Charlie Company.

"It was pretty funny because we were all out on bivouac celebrating what everyone thought was my 18th birthday," Jimmy recalled. "It was a big deal. You know—the 18th is supposed to be important."

Jimmy never revealed his true age to anyone, even his closest Army buddies.

But in his youthful zeal, he did jump the gun in getting a paratrooper's tattoo — a parachute and wings — put on his left shoulder.

His instructors at Ft. Benning, called "black hats," viewed it as a serious violation of protocol.

"The black hats hassled me quite a bit about it," Jimmy said. "You're not supposed to get one until you're a paratrooper."

On Aug. 13, Jimmy won the right to the wings and parachute already tattooed on his shoulder when he completed his jump training.

His next stop was to have been assignment to Vietnam with the Green Berets, but the routine security check run on all Special Forces candidates tripped him up.

Jimmy said the company commander called him into his office and asked "Evans, how old are you?"

"I said, 'Eighteen, sir.'"

The commander replied, "Evans, you're a liar. I have proof that you're 15."

"So I just said, 'Son of a gun.'"