

# EDITORIALS

## Chowan High Does It Fit?

Sometime last semester a most rude individual painted the words "Chowan High" on the brick gate at the entrance to the campus. Everyone clamored, who would do such an unjustifiable thing? But was it really unjustified? Does the title really fit? To find the answer to that most thought provoking question we must look closely at the actions and attitudes of the majority of students on campus.

One scene which is common on campus is the stemming of persons to the cafeteria following Chapel. Great numbers of people crowd in front of the door and when it is opened they rush in like devils let loose out of hell. Anyone in the way becomes a victim. In one semester alone one girl had a broken arm, another girl fainted and the glass case outside the door was broken twice. Does this say anything about the maturity of the students at Chowan? The writer suggests that it does, most emphatically.

Use of the library and its materials is another revealing source of information. Every year hundreds of books, periodicals and newspapers are stolen from the library. Often times pages are ripped out and the book is left. The persons who do these things are quite selfish and inconsiderate of anyone else who uses the library.

There are many more examples of similar habits that Chowan students possess; however, the writer feels that the above examples are sufficient in getting the point across.

We call ourselves mature college students. We say that we have grown up and deserve more liberty and responsibility. However our actions suggest the opposite. Are we turning Chowan College into Chowan High?

Does the title really fit?

—Richard Jackson

## Basketball Spirit

Where is all the basketball spirit? It seems that when a football game is being held, that people have the school spirit and they flock out to the stadium and fill the seats. Yet when there is a basketball game, not so many people come. I hear people say "I don't care" "whats basketball" or "it ain't nothing".

Last night as the braves played a home game against Mount Olive, there were plenty of vacant seats. It depressed me to see that we as students were not behind our boys who work so hard to represent us around the states. How do we expect to win if we don't even go and give our support.

We have a good team again this year. Our Braves won the first game. The second we lost with 71-78 score. It was a close game yet it was a good game.

The boys and coach work hard in representing the college and we as STUDENTS and FACULTY, and ADMINISTRATION should show our appreciation by giving them ours our support. Lets plan to attend the next game and fill the gym up and to give the boys and coach our support.

—MARY TOWNSEND

# Gospel According to Norton

## .. or Tell It Like It Is

By GRADY NUTT

Really, it had been a funny morning. We left Jerusalem early heading for Galilee. Usually the Jews took the route of going east across the Jordan River, north up the east bank, crossing back west south of the Sea of Galilee, thereby avoiding the land of Samaria.

Jesus took us all by surprise by turning due north out of Jerusalem and heading right for Samaria. Simon almost developed a permanent twitch! His furious argument crescendoed with the burst of logic: "But there are Samaritans up there!"

To which Jesus calmly and teasingly said (twinkle in eye): "So...?" Simon looked from frantic face to frantic face and finally came back with: "Well... they just hide behind rocks waiting to leap out and be Samaritans right in front of you!"

Jesus finally dropped his head as tears of laughter welled up in his eyes, and his shoulders began to shake furiously and with sidesplitting laughter. The whole group joined in, and finally Simon. Such was his way to back you into the corner of absurdity; the Pharisees hated it. We crossed the border into Samaria; Jesus stopped just before we reached a large boulder; "Simon, would you like to check behind...?"

All right, all right, he chuckled. The group laughed, elbowed him a time or two, Jesus winked at me, and we walked on.

At noon we came to the well outside Sychar. Jesus sat down, rubbed his knuckles in the small of his back, and said: "I'm hungry." Simon pleaded not to have to go looking for food, but was sent. The whole group went along, except for me.

About fifteen minutes after they had gone a woman from town approached the well carrying a huge water pot on her shoulder

as though it were full. Her features were hard, gait was lifeless. Most women came in groups early in the morning when it was cool; she came alone in the heat of noon. You didn't need ESP to know she was a forced loner.

Her water pot splashed contents back into the earth's innards. Jesus stopped her in middraw with: "Could I trouble you for a cup of water?" Her sarcasm was like cold thick honey. He finally convinced her he was for real and not trying to con her; she extended a cup.

He drank long and deep, then looked at the empty cup while

watching her (he was a master at that). "I know a well you could drink from and you'd never be thirsty again." "Look, stranger," she said, "they don't invent running water until 1868!"

Then he unfolded a beautiful lesson to her; the well of God's forgiveness never runs dry, always springs up to newness within. She gradually melted in her resistance, and it finally dawned on her: this is the Messiah!

She hurried off to town and brought the town back with her: if you can't hide trouble, you surely can't hide transformation! They gathered around the well to

hear him talk about God's well of forgiveness. He pointed out that it has three compartments: (1) God forgives and loves us; (2) the community must forgive and accept us; (3) we must forgive and accept ourselves.

In the midst of the conversation, Simon and the others returned with a fish held at arm's length. Jesus chided him a bit by pointing out that is the fish (a Samaritan fish) had made it thirty miles further south down the Jordan, it would have been Jewish!

Then he really threw things into a cocked hat: he decided to spend two more days in Sychar! Simon almost cried. The thing I'll never forget is the mayor invited him to stay in his home. But Jesus smiled, thanked him, and said that he was staying in the home of the woman he had met at the well.

Not many of us mind being seen by the wells of life with the outcasts of society; but he didn't mind staying in a harlot's home to teach a town how to forgive and accept her.

I understood acceptance for the first time in Sychar.

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

### CONSUMER PROTECTION

California has passed a law requiring funeral directors to place clear price tags on caskets and to provide a full price list to consumers.

You could say the legislature has adopted a law-away plan.—Palm Beach (Fla.) Post.



## An Average

By GLADYS PENNINGTON

If you wish to measure yourself to see if you are an average student, ask yourself these twenty questions. If you can honestly answer "Yes" to at least ten of them, you may claim to be an average college man or woman.

- 1. Can you meet a defeat as squarely and as courageously as a success?
2. Do you look upon your professors as real human beings who are willing to help and befriend you?
3. Are you reasonably careful about the way you spend "Dad's" money?
4. Do you consider extra-curricular activities, such as lectures, and plays, as opportunities you cannot afford to miss?
5. Are you conscientious in the preparation of your lessons, not expecting the professor to supply all the necessary information in sugar-coated doses and to give you a grade at the end of the semester?
6. Do you ever write a newsy letter home, when you don't ask for money?
7. Are you a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of all teams, drives, and contests?
8. When elected to an office, even though it is a minor one, do you try to add something constructive to the work of your organization beyond the

fulfillment of your routine duties?

- 9. Do you take some physical exercise every day?
10. Can you be a true friend?
11. Do you put church and church school into your regular schedule for the week, not filling your days so full that you must sleep late Sunday mornings in order to make up for lost time?
12. Do you enroll in the courses which will best prepare you for your life work, instead of looking for "soft snaps"?
13. Do you always return borrowed articles promptly and in as good condition as you received them?
14. Are you able to say "No" to an offer of a good time or a prominent position, when you know your schedule is already full?
15. Do you make engagements because you enjoy the companionship of the person, not because it is good policy to "date" a certain fraternity or sorority?
16. Do you ever write a newsy letter home, when you don't ask for money?

- 17. Are you easy to live with?
18. Can you "keep your head" even under the strain of popularity, prominence, or success?
19. Are you reliable, doing what you promise to do, when you promise to do it?
20. Do you consider a few moments of quiet meditation alone with your Master a necessary part of life each day?

# Superstar, Son of God

By LEIGHTON FORD

"Jesus Christ—Superstar," the rock opera from England, confronts the listener with the most crucial of all questions: who is Jesus Christ?

Over and over the chorus asks, "Who are you?" The album concludes with the voice of Judas coming back from the dead and still questioning who Jesus is. "Don't get me wrong" says Judas, "I only want to know." And then the haunting chorus follows, "Jesus Christ—Superstar, do you think you're what they say you are?" The opera does not supply the answer.

In fact, it ends with Christ in the grave. This underlines the dilemma of many who are attracted by Jesus... but are not sure who He is.

Many Misconceptions:

Some see Jesus as a revolutionary. He was, but not in the same way as the violent revolutionaries of His day. His kingdom, He said was not of this world. It was not by force of arms that His followers turned the Roman Empire upside down.

Others picture Jesus as "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." Again, that's true, but at the same time there was something tough about Him. He said that He had come to cast fire on the earth and that He had come to bring not peace but a sword.

Some see Jesus as the first hippie. However, the Bible doesn't indicate that Jesus appeared in any way different to other people of His time. In any case, He said that was inside a man was more important than the outside.

Others believe Jesus to be an establishment man... the teacher who inspired Western Civilization, champion of the status quo. It is true that Jesus has been one of the greatest influences in Western society, yet He offended many of the leaders of His day by exposing their hypocrisy.

Some would think of Him as a black Jesus, leader of an un-

derground black movement. But Jesus is for all men.

Who, then, is this Jesus?

One False Charge:

For those who say He was a bad man, there is one convincing piece of evidence that proves to me He was not a bad man. If you want to find out is wrong about some public figure, ask his friends and those who work for him. We've all read the exposures from former employees who have sold their memories telling about the little human weaknesses of officials they have served.

But the men who shared Jesus' life for three years—who saw Him at all hours of day and night—who watched Him when He was tired, hungry and disappointed and under pressure—were the men who first claimed Jesus was without sin and that He was God.

Peter said, "You are the Christ, the Son of the Living God." John wrote, "In Him was no sin" (1 John 3:5).

Any thinking man must realize the charge that Jesus Christ was a bad man is utterly false.

Just A Good Man?:

There are also thousands of people today who take the position that Jesus was just a good man. But there is one great difficulty in claiming this. Dr. W. E. Sangster said, "An infallible mark of a good man is that he has a keen sense of guilt... the better he is, the more he is conscious of his own failure."

By unanimous testimony,

Jesus was a good man. He had no sense of guilt. He prayed, "Father, forgive them." Never once did He pray, "Father, forgive Me." He said, "I do always those things which are pleasing to my Father."

He issued a public challenge on one occasion: "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" And nobody took up the challenge!

If He was merely a good man, then He should have had a sense of sin... but He didn't and that points us to the fact that He was more than a man.

What's The Real Answer:

Was He really the Son of God? We must know the answer to that question. If He was God, then we can depend on what He said and did. If He was not, then we might just as well admit He was either deceived or a deceiver.

But let me suggest to you several reasons why I believe that Jesus was God in the flesh. First, He accepted worship... and that is the right of God alone.

Second, He forgave sins... and that, too, is God's right alone.

Third, He made the most fantastic personal claims. He said, "I am the Bread of Life," "I am the Light of the World," "No man comes to the Father but by Me." Was He mad or was He speaking the truth?

Fourth, men from all races, tribes, tongues and nations have

confessed Him as Lord and Saviour.

The Most Important Proof:

But there is one further proof. And that is the personal proof that comes when Jesus Christ is encountered in your own life.

When you meet Jesus, you know that He is more than a man! You know it because He makes you face yourself. He sees the real you and you become conscious of your sin and your failure.

You become conscious of something else... that Jesus loves you! He died on the Cross for you! He calls you to follow Him. There's the proof once you have really met Him, your heart cries out and will not be satisfied until it is given to Him.

The rock opera, "Jesus Christ—Superstar," leaves us with a haunting question: "Who are you? Who are you?" The New Testament leaves us with a triumphant affirmation. He is not "Superstar." He is the Son of God. He is not dead. He is alive, forever more.

What will you do with this Jesus today? Will you call Him a bad man? Will you dismiss Him as simply a good man? Or will you worship, trust and follow Him as the God-man?

Until He saves you, He cannot save the world. Until He changes you, He cannot change the world.

Until He rules you, He cannot rule the world.

May it be today that you get down with Thomas and say to Him, "My Lord and my God."

## "Talk-In" Eyes Need For Prison Reform

PEDESTRIAN HAVEN

In what the discussion leaders reported was an excellent demonstration of "student maturity of thinking," some 40 or more Chowan College students have some definite conclusions on needed prison reforms in a talk-in on the subject of "Why Don't We Tear Down Our Prisons," according to a report from Clayton Lewis, dean of students.

The subject followed a controversial "Look Magazine" article.

Five attorneys participated: Frank Burleson, Tom Jones and J. Gey Revelle Jr. of Murfreesboro; Lonnie Herbin Jr. of Aoshkie; and Gilbert Francis of Boykins, Va.

Consensus of student opinion was that prison reforms should see a change in prison personnel in direct contact with prisoners to provide more education and rehabilitation.

That the prison term should be one geared to return the prisoner to society as a useful citizen, but should not be marked by any luxury environment as color TV and the like, with prisoners aware punishment is involved as adeterrent toward further lawbreaking.

The surprise of Police Chief George Kramer of Archbold, Ohio—population 3,047—is understandable. Although Archbold has a "nightmarish" traffic problem, it has just been declared "The Safest Village in the United States" because not a single pedestrian has been killed on its streets in 54 years.

A recent traffic count at the main corner tallied 22,000 trucks and cars, along with 8,800 pedestrians crossings, in 24 hours.

Archbold's walkers must be more cautious than most—and sprier.—Miami (Fla.) Herald.

## Changing Trees

I walked beneath the golden trees And felt that this could never be For what reason am I here? Is it for my life, or just a leer?

All that life was meant to be Reveals itself, not to me The shortning days fill my needs; I find comfort in the changing trees.

For like these trees, my life must change And I too will feel the pain; But another day may soon reveal That this too, is still unreal.

The winter blast had scarce begun When I felt my heart was stung Through these months, I'd worked for what I'd still felt, life was unjust.

But somehow the trees, glistening with snow Made me happy, not filled with woe The purity of it, clung to me As to the branches on the tree.

For this life, although it is mine; Cannot remain deep inside, I must bare the real me; Not some forgotten unreality.

And with the thawing winds of spring The naked trees again were green My quickening heartbeat fast revealed; That I had found some ideals.

These ideals may not be great But they are an opening at the gate; And I will try to test this road, To lead me from this path I've trod.

To some of these times may leave avoid. To others they bring unending joy. But what I've found inside of me. Is not unlike the changing trees.

—The "1969" Chowanoka

These ideals may not be great But they are an opening at the gate; And I will try to test this road, To lead me from this path I've trod.

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