

'Day In the Life Of a Freshman'

By DENNIE TRUESDALE

The morning was about as uneventful as the one which had proceeded it. Sunlight dancing through the window; birds singing the same song that they had sung for the past several weeks.

I stirred for several minutes, trying to find the strength to put my body in motion. Realizing it didn't want to work yet; I fumbled around the top of my dresser for a cigarette. I sat on the edge of the bed, smoking listlessly, thinking to myself "Darn, if only I hadn't drunk so much last night."

It was getting late. Only fifteen minutes and I would have to be in class. I dressed quickly, brushed my teeth and hurried on to another day. The classes passed faster than usual and feeling that I could use a cup of coffee, I headed for town when the bell rang.

I stopped by my room on the way to town to collect a few things I had forgotten that morning and then ambled slowly, slightly weaving, towards my cup of coffee.

The coffee tasted good and after a third cup, I began to formulate in my mind the things I must do: stop at the drugstore to buy more paper and go to the post office to mail a letter. Ah, well, those things could wait until I had a couple more cups of coffee.

Completing my chores, I headed back to the dorm. Standing in front of my door, I reached into my pocket for my keys. A sick, churning feeling overtook me. My body began to tremble uncontrollably and my voice quivered as I muttered a few chosen obscenities. I had lost my keys. Me, perhaps the oldest and most stable student in my dorm. Realizing that there was no time to lose, I raced out the door in an effort to retrace my steps. Keeping my eyes glued to the ground, I somehow made my way to the coffee shop where I had stopped earlier. I slowly looked around, occasionally meeting the glance of a sullen and uncaring set of eyes. The waitress who had served me slinked by in her tight mini-dress, wiggling just enough so that she knew people were watching. I hesitantly walked up to her, not knowing what to say.

"Miss? Miss", do you remember me from this mor-

ning?" She looked at me and a slight look of disgust crooked her face. "Look Buddy, if I've told you guys once, I've told you a thousand times, I don't go out with no college students!"

"But I don't want to go out with you. All I want are my keys. Keys? What Keys? Are you alright? Maybe you better sit down."

I finally blurted out the story about the keys and she assured me that they weren't on the premises. Feeling dejected and alone, I had hope left. I may have left them in the post office. Slowly walking that last mile to what I felt would be impending doom, I made my way to the post office. Already sensing what the man would tell me, I grasped for the right words; "you haven't found a set of keys have you?"

The man, not looking up from his work and sounding a bit bothered by the whole thing said, "No, no I haven't Sorry."

Well, that was it. I had lost my keys. Nothing had gone right for me the last six weeks.

"Man, if I could lose my keys, what would be next?" My books? I bet that even the job I was promised at school would fall thru.

As I was beginning to come to grips with the fact that all my professors were against me and secretly plotting to have me thrown out of school, my roommate came sauntering up and said, "Hey, Dannie, how's it going? I was looking for you to give back your keys." Thanks for letting me borrow them this morning." I know it was really stupid of me to lose mine."

I stared for a long, silent moment in disbelief, my mouth gapping and my body was going limp.

Yes, of course. I had loaned them to Al that very morning. The black shroud of confusion fell silently to the ground, melting into the pavement. With this burden gone, I reached into my pocket for a cigarette. I put it to my lips and began to smile; "yes, maybe, just maybe I'll make it after all."



Earl Vowell, Vicki Jones, Kevin O'Keefe and Elaine Heathershaw rehearse for "Impromptu"

'Impromptu' Poses Important Question

By ROBERT G. MULDER

What opens in pitch darkness, runs for thirty minutes, and closes in a sudden halt leaving the audience concerned about reality, interested in what they've experienced and entertained? On September 18 and 19 the answer to this question was found in Daniel Hall where the Division of Drama presented "Impromptu," a one-act play written by Tad Mosel. I enjoyed the opening performance on Wednesday evening and rarely have I seen a first night progress any more smoothly.

Not very often does one have an opportunity to experience a stage presentation which poses so many provocative questions for the audience to take home with them. Shakespeare's statement, "All the world's a stage," became even more obvious as these four well-cast players informally shared their directed thoughts with the audience.

Why are we here? What are we to do? What does the audience expect to see? These questions confront the four players who are bound through an agreement with the stage manager (the silent, unseen character in the play) to present a play to an assembled audience.

After the players make an attempted effort to introduce themselves, they begin to improvise a dramatic plot. Using what they have in setting and personnel, the group chooses to do a domestic sketch where boy meets girl, brings her home and introduces her to mother.

Several sincere attempts are made to move the plot along; however, problems and/or insecurities springing from the personalities of the characters prevent the expansion of the unrehearsed play. What the drama produces is an opportunity for each player to examine his own "self" rather closely in view of the other three players and an audience.

The shattering experience of soul-searching done by the

players enlists a degree of self-evaluation and purpose within the audience. Just as the transfer is made and resolutions seem to be in sight for the stage personnel, the play ends.

Without question the strongest character to come forth in "Impromptu" was Earl Vowell who played the part of ERNEST. Though this play did not allow Vowell to demonstrate the range of his obvious capabilities, it was his characterization which kept the thirty minutes moving. Most convincing in his role as friend of the family, Vowell performed well in this setting. He brings valuable experience to the Chowan stage having acted recently in the Virginia Beach production of "Bye, 'bye, 'birdie."

The part of WINFRED was played by Elaine Heathershaw, a freshman drama major from Winston-Salem. Miss Heathershaw was perfect for the character actress she played. Her movements and speaking parts added substance to the production, and she seemed completely at home with the mother-role given her.

Kevin O'Keefe played the part of TONE, the juvenile. None of the characters acted with more seriousness than O'Keefe. His departure from the stage at the appropriate time brought a real let-down feeling to the audience as well as to those on stage. From

Alexandria, Virginia, O'Keefe has done technical work on several productions and has danced in "Brigadoon."

The part of LORA, the ingenue, was nicely played by Vicki Jones, a freshman drama major from Suffolk, Virginia. Her appearance, voice, and stage presentation revealed a diversified background in performing. Her portrayal of the young girl in love was handled with care and empathetic concern. Miss Jones has appeared in productions of "Fiddler on the Roof," "Music Man," and "Forty Carats."

Particularly obvious to the audience was the accurate casting done by Director Nan Robinson. The careful blocking needed for such a play was done to near perfection and the sound and light effects contributed nicely to the brief account of living theatre.

Tad Mosel, who wrote the play, is perhaps best known for his 1961 Pulitzer Prize winning "All the Way Home." His plays have been televised in England, Germany, and Australia. Many hour-long television specials are also to his credit, and such personalities as Jessica Tandy, Tony Randall, and Ed Bagley have performed his works.

But, nearer to home, many at Chowan will remember the pleasant thirty minutes in Daniel Hall when "Impromptu" posed for us that important question: How much truth and how much illusion does a person need to live a balanced life?

Et Cetera . . .

By BECKIE WORKMAN

Art
Anyone who would like to submit works of art or do a comic strip for "Smoke Signals" are asked to do so and contact Beckie Workman.

Sports
Homecoming football game, Chowan College vs. Ferrum University, home on October 5. Chowan College vs. Lees-McRae, away on October 12.

Miscellaneous
Homecoming Parade in Hurdlesboro on Saturday, October 5.

RA Day on Saturday, October 5.

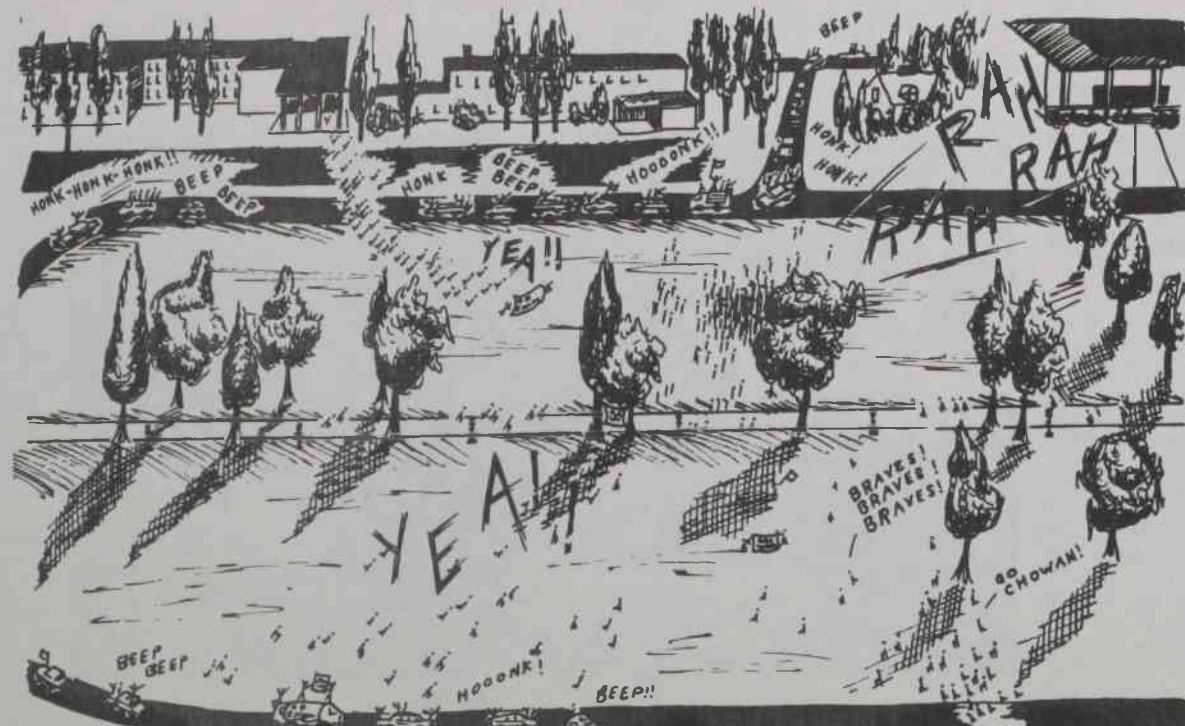
Founder's Day on Friday, October 11. Advisor-Advisee Day, Friday, October 11.

SGA
Movies scheduled for October 8 and 16.

CONCERT
Brownville Station to perform on October 4. Jay Frye, manager.



Dorms promoting campus spirit for the Chowan Braves!!



New Musical Scheduled In Drama

By NELSON NICHOLS

The Chowan Players are presenting the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newly Production The Roar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd on November 7-8. A musical, the play includes such songs as "A Wonderful Day Like Today" and "Who Can I Turn To".

About the ever present struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots", the play follows the progress of Cocky, a proud but poor man, as he tries to play "the game" against Sir, a will-to-so. Sir's premise is that the most important act of the haves is to hang onto what they have, even if the rules must be changed. Though Cocky changes the rules, again and again, he fails in his efforts to win at the game of life. Eventually Cocky and Sir make peace, and reach a mutual understanding.

Musical auditions were held September 23, but as of press time, the results were not announced.

Dear Mom and Dad

By Ricky Winstead

DEAR MOM AND DAD,

Sorry its taken so long for me to write you but you know how it is. No I guess you don't know how it is. Well let me tell you, I'm having a "hellava" good time.

I've done a lot of things and met a lot of people that I would never have met back on the farm. I've learned a lot of new words like reefer and toke. It's really different from home. Most everybody is real nice. Just the other night a couple of fellas I didn't even hardly know invited me to go have some wine with them and smoke some of that wild wood weed. Well, I don't know what it was, the wine or the weed but I got to feeling so fine I went and called up Ellen. (you know that girl I used to go see over in Spokesville). Well I called her up and charged the call to you alls phone. I knew you all wouldn't mind. I talked junk to her for about an hour. The phone company charges about seventy-five cents for every three minutes. Soon as we get to word problems in Math, I'll figure up the cost and tell you how much you owe.

I'm sure glad you and Dad talked me into going to college.

I'm going to need a little extra money; fifty dollars for car registration, fifteen for a key, and twenty dollars for the green fee. Everybody up here has a stereo but me, please send me one. My address is on the front of the envelope.

I think I might be able to make it on twenty-five dollars a weed spending money. It's worked out O.K so far. I'll let you know. Tell all the relatives and everybody hello.

I miss you all. HA HA

Your son,
Scarboro Rupert

SMOKE SIGNALS

STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF CHOWAN COLLEGE

Editor Beckie Workman
Associate Editors Teresa Pike
Mike Patterson

Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

Enthusiastic admirers of Harry S. Truman will probably leap for a copy of the most recent publication on their deceased idol. The book is Merle Miller's *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman* (Berkley-Putman; \$8.95). "Both a human document and political history . . . its shrewdness would please Plutarch; its wit would delight Mark Twain."

Miller spent hundreds of hours with Mr. Truman in gathering material for this publication. For some reason their personal chats never made television as originally intended, but now they are "told like it happened" as only Plain-Spoken Harry could do.

Plain Speaking is what the title implies. The language has been sugar-coated to protect neither the living nor the dead. Concerning Eisenhower, he said: "That counterfeit...the only man who ever spent eight years in the White House without being president."

And there are others whose names are the better or worse for being mentioned here. Adlai Stevenson, John Kennedy, Douglas MacArthur — all have choice comments made by the Little Senator from Missouri.

Who reads this book touches an honest man, one somewhat elemental to be sure, but one who did his best, who rarely looked back nor had regrets. He reads the words of an honest man, a truly great American, who was sold out to nothing save decency and integrity.

This observer thinks *Plain Speaking* should be required reading for every American, particularly those interested in great Americans. My own kindled interest led to the purchase of the Truman biography written by his daughter.

In January of this year, Pocket Books published this national best seller in paperback (*Harry S. Truman*, Margaret Truman Daniel, New York, 1974, 660 pages, \$1.95). Right now I am enjoying the delightfully human, as well as historical, document.

The first presidential campaign I ever watched with any interest was the 1948 Truman-Dewey race. Chapter one of Mrs. Daniel's biography gives a revealing, behind-the-scenes account of this Truman victory. Following this important triumph, she takes the reader

through a chronological history of her famous father's political life.

To read this biography so soon after *Plain Speaking* is to receive a double shot of Harry Truman, and this might not be a bad idea, particularly for some people in high places. I view the reading experience as inspiration at its near-highest peak. Sad shall I be when the biography ends, for I'm really beginning to realize how much this great man meant to our nation and how much we need him today.

One of the first nice things I did for my mother-in-law was to take her to a movie. The experience I shall never forget, for it was she who kept me from being obviously the most amused person in the audience. (Now I meant no offense in that remark, mind you.)

She, my new wife and I saw "Harold and Maude," soon after the Ruth Gordon serious-comedy appeared on the screen. It was hilarious and we have mentioned it many times since to the wonderment of a very few of our friends who have seen the film.

"Harold and Maude" is about a teenager who feigns suicide to the dismay and disgust of his wealthy mother and an old woman who attends funerals as a hobby. Though more than fifty years separate their ages, the two establish a deep love and respect for each other.

Having lived richly and rewardingly so many years, Maude deems it necessary to share much of her knowledge with her young companion. This down-to-earth advice about many things furnishes the foundation upon which Harold's emulation and inspiration are built. At one point she tells him: "Reach out. Take a chance. Get hurt. Otherwise you've got nothing to talk about in the locker room."

The film itself is enjoying record-making history in several areas, particularly around Minneapolis-St. Paul. Last week the film started its 96th consecutive week there, breaking the record set by *Sound of Music*. So far an estimated 165,000 tickets have been sold at the Westgate Theatre alone.

End of the line for "Harold and Maude" is not in sight. The film promises a revival on the east coast, and a play adapted from the film is now running in Paris.

Photography Club Holds First Meeting

By MIKE PATTERSON
Approximately thirty-five students attended this semester's first meeting of the Steichen Photographic Society.

Objectives of the society include the following:

1. To increase knowledge of photography through outside speakers and exchange of information among membership.
2. To create opportunities for the exhibition of members work which makes learning from the efforts of fellow members possible.
3. The betterment of community relations through active participation by community members.
4. To augment and strengthen the overall Photography program here at Chowan College.
5. To sponsor and support such contests and exhibitions which would create an interest in

photography and afford an outlet for the creative efforts of anyone interested in photography as a hobby or profession.

6. To make available to the membership financial savings on photographic supplies and equipment.

Members of the college community or area residents interested in joining should attend the meetings which, for the time being anyway, meet every Monday night at 8:00 P.M. in Marks Hall. Membership dues are \$3.00 a semester.

Activities planned by the club this semester include a possible statewide photo contest, exhibitions by students and professional photographers, as well as guest lecturers who will present material of interest to both the amateur and professional photographer.

Wow! When it's demonstration FOR the school, you can do just about anything. But when it comes to making several changes, a few people just standing around is called a riot!!

S. Smith

DON'T FORGET!

The Deadline for This Month's Photo Contest Is Oct. 9.

TOPIC: ARCHITECTURE