

# Destitution

By Ricky Winstead

In speaking on the pros and cons of destitution it should be made clear that the meaning of destitution has changed to some degree in these days of three cars in every garage and half a cow in every freezer.

When one thinks of the necessities of life they think of food, shelter and happiness. At least that is what used to be thought of as necessities. There is no need to recognize the necessities that exist for the average individual of today. These so called necessities are owned by all, the haves, and to a lesser degree, the have-nots.

Man is the only living breathing creature that lives with the knowledge that he will die.

Yet with this knowledge man sets his goals so low. The goal which has dominated mankind ever since the first values were placed on any person or object. Most people never really stop to think about what they're doing and what is going to eventually happen. Most people work and work and spend and save and then they die. What can they say when they are lying on death's bed, about their life? They have no insights about life or death or anything else because they had to be at work at eight, home at five, in bed at eleven and with the family on week-ends. A man spends seventy or eighty years fulfilling obligations to someone else and then he dies. There's got to be more to it than that and one day someone who finds some free time and has the ability to think past materialism is going to find out what it is.

# Forced Religion?

By NELSON NICHOLS

Forcing religion on another person is probably the most counter-productive activity you could engage in. The more you force, the more the victim resists.

I sympathize with the suffering Christian who must see us savages commit our souls to hell. I see him laboring much like one feeding a snake. Forcing food down a snake's throat is an unpleasant task at the least. The snake doesn't like it either.

I am in the position of the snake. My present life is not at stake. Quite possibly I will survive this month without Wednesday chapel. Yet someone here at Chowan disagrees. However important religion is to me and my after life I do not enjoy the idea of having to endure it against my will.

Being dragged into chapel every Wednesday and compelled to sit in seat D-7 is not saving my soul or even teaching me any lesson. Chaplain Taylor's sermon, "Every Day, New" was mostly disregarded, the call to worship largely ignored and the scripture lesson generally forgotten. Chapel may have been inspirational and educational but simply because it was forced on me I was unreceptive to its message.

I come closer to God singing "Morning Has Broken", while cutting the grass than in a crowded room full of people who wish they were somewhere else.

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# Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT G. MULDER

As we begin the 128th year in the life of Chowan College, we do so with many new faces, including staff, faculty, and particularly student body. Hundreds are being subjected for the first time to the surroundings and personality of an institution which has stood the test of time since before Abraham Lincoln went to the White House and Mark Twain ever piloted a Mississippi steamboat.

To those seasoned souls who have been around a few years, and including those returning sophomores, Chowan College already means many different things. She is a beautiful college in this rural North Carolina county, a fount of education for others, simply a job for some perhaps, or a place of fun and fellowship in its various shadings. Whatever she is to the many people who court her, Chowan College stands eagerly awaiting a fresh array of faces each fall anxious to become something meaningful to those who come to her.

What will the 1975 group find as it departs upon the Chowan adventure — a good academic experience, a satisfying relationship with other Chowanians, or a disappointment which could result in a totally negative attitude toward everything for which the name Chowan stands.

The answer to this question may not be found in the college itself. Moreover, within the grasp of each individual lies the potentiality of molding for himself a good or a bad experience. Of course, other factors are involved and there will always be some victims of circumstance. Yet, the college itself has never created an enemy, never cast a negative thought, and never destroyed a single individual as she has ministered to the masses through these hundred-plus years.

People within the structure could possibly have done that to be sure. But these are only humans working within the framework of their own interpretation of what Chowan should really be. None of these who serve are

infallible, none are perfect, and when Chowan has erred, she has done so through the weaknesses of those humans who have come to her.

It is for us, then, the present group of Chowanians, to guard carefully the Spirit of so noble an institution, to tread softly where negation abounds, and to think positively whenever her reputation is at stake.

What will she give to us in the days that lie ahead? Only time may tell, but we all may rest assured that much of what she gives to us this year will be determined by what we ourselves give to Chowan.

This may come as a surprise to some of our readers, but there are actually many Chowanians who miss this campus when school is not in session. We met several this summer while living in Virginia Beach — along the crowded streets or on the beach — and one universal statement might be expected before each visit ended. It sounded something like this: "I really miss Chowan — didn't think I would but I wish I were there now."

So it goes and, furthermore, I have stacks of letters from former students all of them saying in essence the same thing.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? If school were to open officially on a certain Sunday, there are those who would arrive here on Friday or Saturday. It's happened before and will again. Some just can't wait.

And more recently two of last May's graduates spent the weekend on our campus — the entire weekend. They arrived at noon on Friday and left at noon on Monday. That's a real weekend. When they left they remarked: "I wish I didn't have to leave — when is Chowan going to become a four-year school?"

# All the Pretty Ladies

By RICKY WINSTEAD

All of the ladies look down their noses  
putting on an act in prearranged poses.  
Acting fragile as thinnest glass,  
surrounded by the cold felt as they pass.

Let not my ambition mock their world of dreams  
with them the star, their lives the theme.  
Values consisting of painted eyes and colored cheek;  
using all artificial weapons to make oppositions meek.

To catch a glance and turn cold as ice  
is the nature of these ladies all sugar and spice.  
To cut short any advance, to kill a young man's mirth,  
the value of these ladies is of very little worth.

# Tranquil

By LLOYD LEE

Feeling free in mind  
And thought,  
Feeling high as all men  
sought.

Mentality express a quest  
for sensation,  
Expells the wave of true  
vibrations.

Inner thoughts Deep  
impression,  
Discover the realm  
of true perception.

Your inner self released  
you see,  
Will find true happiness  
with harmony.

Peace in mind is will  
at heart,  
Release aggressions  
then peace may start.