

## Smoke Signals

The Student Newspaper of Chowan College  
MURFREESBORO, N.C.

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## Police or not Police

By Marty Grebing, Editor

Glaring lights go off in your rear-view mirror. Have you been drinking? More important, can you conceal your breath? It doesn't really matter, because you've got that sticker on the back of your car that says, "Please, Mister Police Officer, pull me over for no apparent reason."

Now I'm not saying that I'm ashamed of attending Chowan, I mean, everyone knows how prestigious "the pride of Murfreesboro" is, but it would save many headaches, not to mention insurance money, if we didn't have the Chowan sticker on our cars. When cops, (Chowan Oppressors that get Paid by commission) see that little sticker, they immediately assume that you're up to no good. Wonder if they've implemented a law into the "Murfreesboro Guide to Better Policing" making it a direct violation for being a Chowan student and driving at the same time. First, there was DWI, now there's DWEC (Driving While Enrolled at Chowan). Don't these Deputy Dog wanna-bes realize that if it wasn't for Chowan College, this dinky little town wouldn't be here and they would be out planting peanuts and cotton instead of giving outrageous tickets to helpless students and earning a 10% commission?

I often wonder what kind of training is required for the Murfreesboro police? Having races to see who can write the most tickets in a day is probably one of their favorite exercises. Or maybe it's the "see who can completely ruin a good day for a Chowan student" drill. Another skill that takes much more practice is the "how to avoid getting powdered sugar from your donut on your mustache without being distracted by the bank robbery going on across the street" exercise.

I, along with a friend of mine witnessed an incident that made me lose what little faith I have left in Murfreesboro's finest.

While out cruising the strip one night, a friend and I noticed a middle aged man being confronted by two or three other men. The confrontation soon turned into a beating. The lone man got violently thrown down (this is right next to the street, under the big Hardee's sign). One of the other men started to kick him repeatedly in the ribs. The man on the ground kept trying to get up but was thrown back down, only to be beaten worse. Normally, I enjoy a good fight, but this wasn't a fight. The man on the ground was obviously drunk, and the other three were not. My friend and I decided to use the pay phone across the street to call an ambulance or something, because this guy was getting seriously messed up. I dialed 911 and was put on hold for about thirty seconds. I simply shook my head in disbelief and hung up the phone. We then started to cross the street to see if we could help, and that's when I saw it. Sitting cozily inside Hardee's, sipping on a cup of coffee, was a police officer. He had been there the entire time and done absolutely nothing. My jaw dropped, I looked at my friend, we shook our heads and went back to Chowan. This is a true story. I have a witness.

So, as you can see, Murfreesboro police are much better at harassing innocent college students than they are at doing their sworn duties. Maybe the Boy Scouts will come through town and put the police out of business. True, most Boy Scouts don't carry firearms, but if they took over, at least a good deed would get done every day.

## Notes from the SGA

By Ken McGinnis, SGA President

About two years ago, I was going through a rough time in my life. A lot of events were happening with me. I was a senior in high school, had a girlfriend and was getting ready to go to college. I thought my life was great, but one thing was missing — the Lord.

Up until my girlfriend and I broke up I was going to pieces and barely made it through my last year in high school. College wasn't on my mind anymore.

In 1990, around February, a friend of mine took me to a Christian concert. I felt really uneasy about going, but I went anyway. And that was the day the Lord came to me. When we left the concert, I felt clean, free, uplifted and filled with the happiness. I knew after that night I would never be alone again because I gave myself to our savior.

I'm very thankful to the Lord for he guided me to Chowan and has guided me through all obstacles that we go through. He has brought to me one very special person in my life at Chowan and she, my friends, is a miracle sent by Jesus. There is maybe one in a million teachers that will help students like she's helped me through my many obstacles.

Believe me, it's not easy being a young Christian. There are so many things against us and the devil seems to always be around the corner. But, in my life, Jesus overpowers him. My faith has gotten stronger since I have been here at Chowan. You know those religion classes everyone hates? Well, listen and take notes because you can learn so much from them. Yes, they were hard for me too but they helped me a great deal with my faith.

Sometimes I listen and watch people on campus. I feel that there are so many ugly-acting people. Sometimes I really catch an earful of trash. I feel so many people need Jesus Christ especially now in college. Yes, you're right if you say nobody can be perfect. But, people can work to be perfect.

I asked so many people about how they feel about Christian faith on campus. They said, "What Christian Faith?" In a way, that shocked my ears, considering we go to a Baptist college.

What can we do to bring more faith and fellowship to Chowan?

Believe me, my friends, if it wasn't for a dear friend who forced me to go to that Christian concert two years ago I wouldn't be here today doing the things I'm doing.

My advice to students at Chowan is to listen, take notes, and wait for our Lord. You won't go wrong by being saved.

"If God is for me, who can be against me?"



Ken McGinnis

## Founder's Day Address

# Chowan's dreams, challenges renewed

By Clayton Lewis  
Director of Corporate Relations

(Reprint of Speech delivered on Founder's Day)

When Dr. Godwin Cotton Moore, a medical doctor and a few others of the Roanoke-Chowan area founded Chowan Female Institute in 1848, they took a bold step into the realms of higher education. Such prestigious colleges for women as Bryn Mawr of Pennsylvania and Smith and Wellesley of Massachusetts did not open their doors for 20 or more years after Chowan was founded.

In 1848, women were for children and the kitchen. A woman, acting alone, could not sue or be sued. A wife could not make a will unless her husband authorized her to do so. A husband not only controlled his wife's inherited property but was master of her person as well.

The role of men on such a male dominated society demanded an education far more advanced and technical than that of a woman. Yet, some men in Hertford and surrounding counties saw the need to educate their daughters.

The concept of educating women was a matter of ridicule in many circles. The teaching of mathematics to women in 1854 at Chowan Female Institute was described as an experiment. The masses thought women could master only the elementary branches of knowledge. Some men laughingly said that women should be awarded such degrees as the M. P. M. Mistress of Pudding Making, or the M.S.B. — Mistress of the Scrubbing Board.

Fortunately, we now recognize the intellectual capabilities of women. We see them earning positions of leadership in all professions. The thinking, values, and

customs of antebellum North Carolina have gone with the wind and serve as a reminder that the only permanent thing outside the Kingdom of God is change.

During the first 83 years of Chowan's existence, she served only white women. White men were admitted in 1931 because of economic necessity. The stock market crashed in 1929. The great depression of the 1930's wrecked the social order. Farm prices fell lower and lower. People lost their farms and homes. Tuition and fees were paid through barter with cows, sheep, cured hams, corn, potatoes, and canned goods. You should know that no system of financial aid from state or federal governments was available to students of the 1930's.

During the 89 years from 1848 until 1937, Chowan functioned as a four-year college. In 1937, because of economic conditions Chowan began operating as a two-year residential college.

Chowan has lived with changes and challenges and survived economic depressions and wars. Chowan was one of the few private colleges to remain open during the Civil War. A shortage of students brought about by World War II caused Chowan to close in 1943. The college remained closed for seven years.

With World War II over and the availability of financial aid through the G.I. Bill, Chowan was reopened in 1949 as a two-year residential college. Since that time, Chowan has experienced remarkable growth. All existing facilities, except historic McDowell Columns was built in 1851 for about 16,000, have been constructed since World War II.

The first Black was enrolled at Chowan College in 1964. Since that time, the Chowan student

body has been one of inclusion. Men and women, regardless of race, creed, or national origin, are now studying at Chowan. I am proud of the diversity within Chowan's student body. Chowan's diversity, as in any quality institution, is a major strength.

Chowan is different things to different people. Some see Chowan as a business. Others view Chowan only as an academic community. Unfortunately, for a few, college is a place to eat, sleep, and socialize between high school and getting a job.

As forme, I often think of Chowan College as a laboratory for the social sciences. Chowan, as a teaching college, is not involved in research. We are not trying to find cures for cancer or AIDS. Chowan's primary concern is improving the quality of life through teaching. Chowan is a liberal arts college.

In an integrated residential college community, one has the opportunity to learn, first hand, that people, regardless of race and other differences, are pretty much alike and that people want to build on experiences and contributions of their ancestors. Most people want a world which offers them and their children opportunities to grow academically, economically, socially, culturally, and spiritually. This, I believe is what Chowan is all about in 1991. Within the next 30 years, the social order in which we now live, will be turned upside down.

In current trends in immigration and birth rates continue, Americans of color — Hispanics, blacks, and Asians — will outnumber American whites midway the twenty-first century. By 2020, when most of you will be in your late 40's, Hispanics will be the largest ethnic group in the United States; Blacks will be the second largest racial group.

In 1848, Chowan was challenged to elevate the status of women. In 1991, Chowan is challenged to prepare us for the new America of the twenty-first century. In my judgement, few colleges or universities can excel Chowan's opportunities to offer better experiences in living and learning within a heterogeneous population.

I am proud to be at Chowan College. I hope you are successfully identifying with the purpose of Chowan and her role in the realm of higher education. Dr. Godwin Cotton Moore was determined that

Chowan Female Institute would be "a school of high order." Such an ideal is still relevant. I commend you for electing to be part of Chowan, the four-year college.

I urge you to let members of this faculty and staff help you to become a brighter point of light in the twenty-first century. Let them help you to develop the good which is innately a part of your nature. With your cooperation Chowan College can help you to: (1) advance your mind, (2) perfect your body, (3) cultivate social amenities, (4) acquire, a greater appreciation of the fine arts, and (5) enforce your spiritual life.

On this Founder's Day, we again renew the dream, the challenge of Chowan's founders. I challenge you to do what you can to help maintain the ideal of Chowan as "a school of higher order."

## Short fiction competition announced for '92

Smith-Corona and Story have teamed up for the 1992 story short fiction Competition. Story, the magazine that first published Truman Capote, Carson McCullers, J.D. Salinger and other legendary writers, is continuing its tradition as the magazine of discovery for promising new writers with this college writing competition.

The 1992 story competition grand prize winner will be awarded \$500 cash and a new Smith-Corona 8000LT lap-top personal word processor. The second place winner will receive a Smith-Corona PWP 3200 personal word processor, and a Smith-Corona PWP 1200 personal word processor will be awarded to the third best entry.

The Story College Short Fiction competition is open to all students, undergraduate or graduate, who are currently enrolled in college. Only original, unpublished manuscripts consisting of 1,500 to 5,000 typed words will be accepted from each entrant. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, December 31, 1991.

For additional information about the 1992 Story College short Fiction competition, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Story, 1507 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

## Editor's Box

By Jessica Carver, Editor

"Visitation". Now, that's a new concept. It's something we have yet to get the full experience of. But, after an eternity (actually, it's only been a month), we finally got it back.

As many of you probably already know, the reason visitation was yanked was because the fellas decided to raise the roof during the blackout.

We had just gotten Friday visitation, not even used it yet, and that one incident ripped Dean Byrd's trust in us to shreds. If we can just behave ourselves a littler longer, maybe she'll give us Saturday and Sunday, too.

Miracles do happen.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I sat in my dorm room for an hour and a half trying to write a letter for your newspaper. I crumpled at least ten pages of work before I finally found a subject I felt comfortable with: Racial Prejudice vs. Racial Harmony.

Naturally, this would be a one-sided argument because I have a black boyfriend and I am white, but that is not my goal; I am not writing to antagonize the people who do not believe in interracial couples. My goal is to pacify the entire subject.

In my opinion, words such as "Nigger", "Nigger lover" or "Cracker", etc., should be deleted from our vocabulary. I myself have been harassed by one of those words. What's the point? O-kay, the opinion is crystal clear, it doesn't need to be defined!

At college level you the students should be smart enough people to find more intelligent words to use. Name-calling is elementary and only ends up in a huge brawl if you happen to find another simple-minded human being. This can and sometimes will go back and forth until someone temporarily loses their sanity and gets a weapon — out of hand! If you don't believe it, read the Washington Post, or the Charlotte Observer, it doesn't get any more factual than that!

Anyway, the point is Chowan College students, think before you do or say things. Life might just be a little easier.

Sincerely,  
Vanessa Rose Bello  
(an intelligent human being)

"We've All Made Amends"

Times like now,  
I wish to end the fight.  
I wonder if everything  
will ever be right.  
My parents object  
to the love I have found.  
To racial prejudice  
their lives have been bound.  
I tell myself, "Be strong"  
"Don't ever quit"  
But my will breaks away  
"I can't find it!"  
We have everything together,  
it all seems so right.  
But the hard fact is:  
You're black and I'm white.  
Will it ever be correct?  
Was it ever wrong?  
Wherever it leads us,  
We've got to be strong.  
I sit here in agony  
trying to think what I feel,  
And the more I write,  
the less it seems real  
Is this a nightmare I'm in  
and soon I'll wake?  
I can hardly believe  
my whole life is at stake.  
Never before have I  
felt so much pain  
Their senseless reasoning  
drives me insane.  
I miss you, I love you,  
please believe what I say.  
One day we'll be together  
and not live this way.  
So I end this poem,  
and dry the tears.  
Put on my smile  
"Happy" it appears.  
But in my mind,  
I'm with you again  
And my parents and us  
Have all made amends.  
—Vanessa Rose Bello

## The Toilet Paper Phenomenon

After an award-winning meal in the cafeteria, Chowan students always find solace in one of the many luxurious restrooms on campus. After you have truly relieved yourself, toilet paper is a necessity. If you happen to be lucky enough to have toilet paper in your stall, then you are certain to suffer from a severe case of "papyrus rippus." I know many of you right now are saying to yourself, "But I practice safe sex!"

Well, "papyrus rippus" is not like AIDS or anything close to it. This phenomenon is much, much worse. Being a student at Chowan, you are almost guaranteed to have suffered from this at least once, maybe even every day. What is this nemesis named, "papyrus rippus," you ask? Let me explain . . .

"Papyrus rippus" occurs after spending several minutes on the toilet. When you reach over to grab some toilet paper, (a more appropriate term would be "sandpaper on a roll") only to rip off a solitary square. As gently as you know how, you try to unroll a slightly larger quantity, only to be foiled once again. You have now been infected with "papyrus rippus."

Perhaps it would make sense to revise the entire toilet paper system. When you have a roll of toilet paper, (see Figure A) and an iron bar, (see Figure B) with the same width as the inner diameter of the toilet paper roll, it is painfully obvious to me that the toilet paper roll won't unroll. I can tell that the inventor of this magnificent system was a barber college hopeful, but he just couldn't handle the academics. So, instead of chopping mops, he decided to create janitorial devices.

This system is not totally hopeless. Something similar could be devised where the toilet paper would actually unroll. Instead of having a rusted, iron bar inside of a circle, maybe a smaller cylinder could take its place, (see Figure C). If a cylinder is too geometrically complicated, then maybe a rusted, iron bar of smaller proportions could be used, which would allow the toilet paper to flow smoothly, like the eggs that are served at breakfast.

I'm not trying to be an inventor, or even a guy who knows about toilet paper, but maybe after complaining enough, we could enjoy a fruitful life on the throne. —Marty Grebing

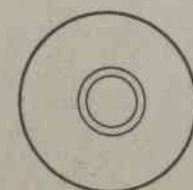


Figure A



Figure B



Figure C