

**Smoke Signals**

The Student Newspaper of Chowan College

MURFREESBORO, N.C.

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**Editorially speaking . . .**

*Farewell, Spring of '92*

Well, believe it or not, it has actually been an eventful year. Granted, not all events were on the happy side, but they were events nonetheless.

Yes, Chowan students, the year is almost over. And, yes, this is the last Smoke Signals issue of the year, (I know you're all heartbroken).

Being the last issue, I truly hope that this will be a little bit better than the previous publications. Also, a sincere thanks goes out to all of the staff members, especially the ones that are helping without pay. (Oh, by the way, I know all you writers have been wondering how much money I make doing this, well, let's just say in a few years I'll be able to pay of the national deficit. Really!) And of course, Smoke Signals wouldn't even be possible without the help from the guys down at printing. Thanks!

I bet you're wondering if I have anything to talk about besides trying to brag on this issue?

Well, not really, but I do have something on my mind that has been bothering me for quite some time now. It is the "woe" phenomenon. I'm sure you have all been exposed to it, if not been a carrier. No, no, don't worry, it's not as bad or as deadly as "papyrus rippus," but it is just as annoying. Still don't know what I'm talking about? Let me illustrate. Here is a conversation of two people that have been infected with this particular bug.

"Hey man, what's up?"

"Oh, not much here, what's going on?"

"Nothin' at all. Hey, won't you at the lake last night?"

"No, it won't me. Must've been somebody else."

"You sure? I know it was you!"

"Naw, it won't me. I won't there at all."

"Oh, okay, well, I gotta go. See ya'."

"Alright, man, I'll see ya' later."

Now, if you found no flaw in the above conversation, then you are seriously infected. The "woe" phenomenon as mentioned above, occurs when someone substitutes the word, "won't" for the word, "wasn't." At first, this may not sound like a major sin, but if "won't" is the negative contraction, what is the root word? "Woe?" If "won't" is substituted for every "wasn't," then "woe" should be substituted for every "was." Here's another conversation, using both forms of the word:

"Hey, what's up man?"

"Not much. What did you do last night?"

"Oh, just went out to the lake. It woe awesome last night!"

"No it won't! I woe there! There won't nobody there!"

"No, you're crazy! I woe there, too, it woe lame!"

"You won't there. I woe all over the place and I didn't see you!"

"Well, I woe there. I don't know where you were but it woe happenin'!"

"Alright, man, whatever. I'll see you around."

"Alright, man, see ya' later."

Does this conversation sound familiar? It should. I've noticed that many people from the East Coast use this dialect more than any other area. In fact, I have never witnessed this phenomenon anywhere but Chowan College. Maybe that's due to my extremely sheltered, mid-western life. Maybe not. Whatever the case, I hope that if I'm talking to anyone and a "won't" slips out of their mouth, they won't get offended if I laugh a little bit.

**Students spend Spring Break on mission trip to Georgia**

By Dawn Ang, Staff Writer  
Over the Spring Break, right when everyone was enjoying themselves holidaying of just being home with their family, nine students, together with our campus minister, Kelly Brame, sacrificed their week-long vacation to go on a mission trip to Atlanta, Georgia. This mission trip, organized by the B.S.U., was from March 6 to March 15.

During this trip, the nine students: An Le, Rick Lee, "Bear" Chris Oakley, March DeMaaijer, Phillip Wilson, Long, Mimi Halbrook, Kristi Cannady, and Gretchen Pitts, were drawn into another aspect of the world, where poverty and disease abound. All ten of them spent a fulfilling week cooking and serving the poor and interacting with them, as well as with disease-stricken AIDS victims.

They visited and worked at the Semaritan House, the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer Community Kitchen, the Common Ground (a day care programme for people living for people living with HIV/AIDS) Moreland Avenue Shelter (a place for women and children to stay after school and at night), St Luke's Episcopal Church Soup Kitchen, Cafe 458, and also participated in the Urban Plunge (a program that visits bridges under which people live, housing projects, a small community of plywood shacks built by the "Mad Hatters", and other sites where poverty ridden people live.)

There were varying opinions of the trip and one that especially stood out was that one of our students, An Le, who felt that these people that they served were not grateful enough. Rather, when he served a meal they scolded him,

**Letter to the Editor**

Sitting here all alone, I find your paper rather entertaining. There is nothing at all to do really, except stare at these same three, concrete walls and the same old iron bars.

Yeah, they threw me in jail, can you believe it? I dismembered neighbors, friends, and relatives and they didn't even find me insane! What's the matter with the American justice system today? Normally, when someone commits a murder, all they have to do is plead insanity and they will get off with a fractional sentence with the probability of parole. Me, I hide body parts in my fridge, stink up the entire neighborhood, don't even break a sweat at my trial, and they deny my insanity. Maybe if Freud was alive today I would have gotten a lesser sentence, like 2 life sentences instead of 12. His case would have probably had something to do with my sexual inactivity with live human beings. All he would have asked the court to do is provide a federally funded prostitute and all of my insane tendencies would have been eliminated. Sigmund would have been a great attorney.

Anyway, my letter isn't about that. It has to do with an article you wrote some time ago about the toilet paper on your campus. I got many laughs from it, but at the same time felt grief as it reminded me of the toilet paper situation here in jail. "Sandpaper on a roll..." is an accurate term.

I especially liked the part about the guy failing barber college. All those knives, razor blades, and acids at the man's disposal, just waiting for him to take his frustrations out on the instructor that delivered the failing grade. You know, most people wouldn't get

**Literary Club plans trip to Chapel Hill for drama production**

The Literary Club meets every third Monday at 3:30 p. m., in Marks Hall 315. The first two meetings of this group included lively discussions of literature with Emily Dickenson as one of the topics.

The April 20 meeting will discuss Shakespeare's comic play Twelfth Night. Members of the group invite others to join them to go to Chapel Hill to see a production of this play on Sunday, April 26 at 2:00 p.m. The group will leave at 9:30 a.m., have lunch on the way, see the play and return sometime after supper. Tickets for students will be \$11.50; 16.50 for adults. For more information, contact Professor Ken Wolfskill in Marks Hall at ext. 242.

because they were tired of eating the same kind of food and wanted something better. Le had to apologize to them but he feels that because they are homeless, they should not be grudge what they have, rather they should be grateful. Food for thought?

However there some pleasant times as well. The group of students, together with Kelly, took the people from the Common Ground bowling and Kelly describes it as having been "a friendly afternoon in which to get to know people with HIV/AIDS." While eating at the Taco Bell on Sunday night, the group was approached by a street person who asked if he could sketch some pictures in return for money for food. The man, Greg, sketched An Le and Phillip Wilson and in return they bought him some food and gave him some money. It was, for them, there "first close-up experience with street people in Atlanta."

We have often heard of the deprived and homeless, but how often have we, actually taken time off to help? These ten people should be commended for their effort and perhaps, when another such trip be organized, the number of volunteers will increase, and there will be no such excuse as "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

this much out of your writing, but I can see exactly what you are trying to say.

Also, the intentional misuse of the term, "papyrus rippus" was amusing. In your article, you made it sound like a problem that had something to do with the difficulty of unrolling toilet paper. I know what it really was, though. It was that joyous occurrence that happens when you get a violent paper cut, rip your finger off in anger, and then hide it in the nearest available tupperware container. Great stuff.

Well, I better go. Thanks again for your articles. They really give me inspiration. Who knows, maybe I can get out one day. You know those libraries in jails, well, I've been brushing up on Houdini. I should be out of here in, oh, two or three months. 'Til then, keep up the great writing.

Insanely,  
Jeffrey Dahmer

**Opinion Poll: Thoughts about Smoke Signals**

As several of you very well know, Smoke Signals has gone through some changes. Some good, some great, and some not so great. Here's what a few people have had to say about the way things have gone with the paper this year:

"I don't know what a 'Smoke Signal' is, but I bet Jim does." - Tammy Fay Bakker

"I would have placed an ad in there for my campaign, but I didn't think it would help. Now look where I am! I seriously think not placing an ad in 'Smoke Signals' directly affected my financial situation." - Tsongas

"Well, it's no scotch on the rocks, but it makes a great pirate's hat!" - Ted Kennedy

"I'm sorry, I really can't recall any information on that subject." - Ronald Reagan

"It's small enough to fold up into your back pocket, but big enough to cover your private parts if your pants should happen to fall off in a movie theater." - Pee Wee Herman

"I tore it up, threw it away, and burned it. I'd proudly do it again if I was ordered to!" - Ollie North

"I love the articles, but I really think you should change the color of the ink." - David Duke

*Disclaimer:* These opinions are fictitious, written by editors of Smoke Signals. They are not true quotes of listed individuals.

**FEEA accepting applications for new scholarships**

The Federal Employee Education and Assistance Fund is accepting applicants for scholarships for the children of federal workers.

The charitable group - not connected with the U.S. government - says it has given out \$320,000 in scholarships in the past five years. Scholarships are based on merit and run from \$250 to 1,000 a student.

Students must have a minimum 3.0 grade-point average, and their parents or guardians must have at least three years of government service. The fund also arranges for loans of up to \$20,000 a year.

For scholarship applications, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to FEEA, Suite 200, 8441 W. Bowles, Littleton, Colo. 80123-3245.

**A relic of the past**

Once again it is election time throughout America, and this election year I hope that all Americans can put the issue of Vietnam to rest. It seems that every candidate has to provide substantial evidence of his past during election time, and that is totally acceptable, unless of course when the topic concerns something as hackneyed as the Vietnam conflict. You see, for a president like Bush (someone who grew up with WWII) the issue is quite diversified from someone like Clinton, who had to face the harsh realities of the Vietnam era.

In other words, if Bush never said a thing About Vietnam then it wouldn't really affect him because he served in WWII; therefore, the people of the United States automatically label him as a true, and brave American. However, Clinton did not serve in WWII, so he must show adequate reasoning for his decision to join the Peace Corps instead of joining the Marines to Fight in the jungles of Nam. Basically, it boils down to the question of morality: If he didn't fight during the war is he a coward? If he was a draft dodger does that mean that he is a traitor to America? (Of course, I'm sure he did not join the Peace Corps to avoid the war-so he says anyway.) Personally I don't think so, but my knowledge of the Vietnam era can only come from books and what people who experienced that time period tell me; nonetheless, I can never know what it was like to live in a time of such turmoil. I'll never know what it was like in the steaming jungles of Vietnam, nor will I know the passion felt between flower children, or the gift of union they spread throughout the world, and sadly, I'll never feel the pain and anguish a mother must fill when she is told her precious child has died piti-

fully in a war, and the disbelief she must have felt when no one person could explain why he was there in the first place.

In other words, that era was a time my generation can only dream of. Perhaps I will never understand why Americans are so willing to rehash the bloody saga of Vietnam. I'm not trying to question the morality of war, I'm merely saying that we should not judge people according to how we (ourselves) act. For sometimes, as in the case of Vietnam, it may be impossible to place ourselves in those situations. So what if a future president burned his draft card, or so what if he was a draft dodger! Do these decisions which were made by people who were still in their teens necessitate that their lives be ruined?

The fact remains that we should pick our president for what he stands for and is willing to do. Sure, we should see what he has done in the past, but that is the point. It is merely the past, and that is where Vietnam should remain. Maybe many of you are saying that you learn to judge people from their past (A fact that I disagree with) and if that is the case, then there wouldn't be one politician in the entire world worthy of running for president! You see, one shouldn't judge people entirely on their past, but only be a minor factor in how one person judges another.

So remember, don't let an issue like Vietnam make decisions for you. All heroes do not make great men, or wise men for that matter. Ask the mothers who lost their sons to Vietnam if they would rather have as their son a living draft dodger, or a dead hero? I wonder what the response would be?

**My Turn**  
By Daniel Butler

*How Many Americans Does it Take to Screw in a Lightbulb?*

So what's up Chowan? Nothing as usual, but check this out:

While I was lying on the couch looking at the news, the reporter I was watching said that Japanese had called Americans lazy and ignorant. I would have changed the channel immediately but that would have meant that I would have to get up and walk all the way across the room to turn the channel. I would have used my remote control to turn the TV, but the batteries in it were dead and I didn't know how to replace them!

You know, the Japanese could have a point. For example, how many people can set the timer and/or recorder for their VCR's?

Has anyone besides me noticed how complicated and advanced the toys for children have become? When I was a kid (I thought I would never hear myself say that!) we had simple toys like G.I Joe. Remember guy? And it wasn't a shrunken, little two-inch figure with a kungfu grip, and a gun that fired real bullets. G.I Joe used to be as big as a dog with a real cloth uniform. He was big because everybody knew that all real action figures were big because only real men were big! Also, when we played Army, we didn't have guns like the ones children have now. Now kids have stuff like Laser Tag, and one game where you shoot somebody and their head will vibrate to let them know that they've been hit. When I was young we used sticks, and we had to run around and yell bang all the time, and the only was you could kill a kid for sure was run up on him over the head with the stock of your gun (stick).

Now all the toys are powered by batteries. Whatever happened to those great big yellow Tonka trucks? It was their beauty that helped shape my childhood (now I know what you're thinking, but try not to hold Tonka responsible, o.k.). those were the toys that ran on human power. You know, human power means you actually have to push them around yourself. No batteries! Those were the type of toys that helped children establish the values of building, and sharing because I haven't seen a child around that didn't like another kid's Tonka truck better than his own.

All I'm trying to say is that maybe the children of today's technology aren't using their imaginations to their highest potential. I understand that the robotic Skeepers, and the battery powered Laser Tag games might require some imagination, but let's face it when four nine-year-old children can recreate the Civil War with rotted sticks, that my friends, is imagination. To me, imagination is a main part of the psyche of a true genius. If, like the quote says, "Necessity is the mother of invention," then I think that imagination has to be the father of invention. And maybe, just maybe, imagination can be the beginnings of superior intellect.

The thing is, almost all toys (and merchandise for that matter today are made in Japan. So perhaps the Japanese are conspiring against us by making VCR's and children's toys impossible to operate. Maybe if you translate the directions to a Japanese-made product it would read: WE BET THAT YOU ARE TOO STUPID TO EVEN OPERATE THIS PRODUCT YOU STUPID AMERICAN CAPITALIST! P.S. WE COULD HAVE INCLUDED BATTERIES AT NO EXTRA CHARGE IF WE WANTED TOO! NYAH, NYAH!

But getting back to my main topic, maybe Americans are lazy and dumb; well at least I know I am, anyway. But to me, there are certain advantages in life when you are dumb, or at least when you pretend to be. For instance, when you say something stupid and someone says, "What are you, dumb?", just look them straight in the eye and say, "Yes I am!" It can eliminate the time we use daily to explain our mistakes!

Now if Americans really wanted to be nasty, we could do as one politician said and send them a picture of a mushroom cloud and the caption underneath would read: MADE BY LAZY AND IGNORANT AMERICANS. TESTED IN JAPAN!

On the lighter side of things, some good can come from what the Japanese said. Maybe now Americans will replace the Polish as being the punchline of all jokes. "So how many Americans does it take to screw in a lightbulb?"

Love Your Dreams,  
peace.

**Good Luck on Spring Semester Examinations!**