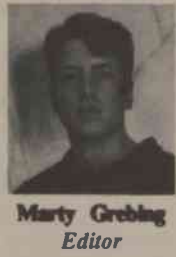


Smoke Signals
The Student Newspaper of Chowan College
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A Letter
from the Editor



Marty Grebing
Editor

Whew! Finally got the first issue together. I can't say I'm surprised it took a while. It always takes a while the first time, right? Well, this year's staff looks pretty darn good, and there's a lot of us, too, which makes things even more pleasant. However, we could still use one or two more people in a certain department so give it a thought (check out the back page for more on this). Also, don't miss the ads on the back page - I've noticed a few of you could use a trim. Or a sub.

So... What is happening at the Chowan Homestead?

I'd like to welcome all the returning students (especially the Juniors!) to another action-packed, fun-filled semester of higher learning. And, of course, the Freshman class, which should aptly be called the Freshwoman class, as most of them are female — which is good. We need to continue to work on the man to woman ratio around here. What's it now, 2 to 1? 3 to 1? That's a vast improvement over the past few years when it's been, what, 256 to 1? 257? Regardless of the stats, I'm personally very happy to see the new, bright and shining faces that have been sent here to die; not just any death, but a gut-wrenching, fiery, charred-flesh, squirming and screaming death that will never be remembered. And if it was, it wouldn't matter anyway.

I'm sorry. You'll have to excuse me. I've just finished watching *The Wall* and *Faces of Death Part IV* back to back. I'm not in the proper state of mind to be writing to the public. Then again, who's to say?

Upon returning I noticed some juggling of the faculty. That's good. It's like the salad bar at Pizza Hut — they have to flip all of the ingredients every so often to keep them from spoiling.

The once and previous Mrs. Freshour is now Dean Freshour (Pat, in high school, did you dream of being the husband to a Dean? Wow!). And the recently wed John Olson is now, um, I don't know if he got a nifty new title, but he has more work to do. And Mr. Eubank! Now you're chairman of the Fine Arts Department. Groovy! I guess that means your prices are going up, huh? What is it now, two, three-hundred for an A? Whew! I remember back in the good old days when we could make the B honor roll for about \$50 and some bingo tickets. I guess the higher you go, the harder you are to buy. Gee, imagine how much money one could make if he became President (gasp!). America. What a concept.

Here we are again. I don't have anything political to say (well, aside from what's already been said), nothing earth-shaking, nothing that the mainstream pop audience would be interested in, nothing of interest to the drab and dreary crowds of the here and now. But, then again, I don't have to - I'm the editor! (Wow! Power does make a difference!)

To all of you who refuse to let old issues die, I do have one thing and one thing only to say: be original. Oh, and creative. And don't be a slave to the grind. And learn how to count, because if you ever become editor of a college newspaper and you say you have one thing to talk about but you

continue rambling forever, people will talk.

Boy, the police sure are unfair. Golly, the food here is awful. And how about that fast food? They never serve the hamburgers the way they show them on tv! And isn't it great that everybody looks so good after a few beers? Gee, that's funny. And what about bowling? Gosh, it's stupid. And what about golf? Isn't that the most boring sport in the world to watch on tv? And how about those gas prices? Geewhiz, they sure are high. And what about the post office - aren't they slow?

Do you hear what I'm saying? Don't be a nimrod. Using an old cliché simply means you can't think of anything on your own. Don't keep mulling over the same old sayings because one, your intellect (or lack of) will shine brightly through, and two, I'll personally hunt you down like the dog you are, staple Andrew Dice Clay posters to your body and throw you to a frothing pack of PMSing feminists. And you don't want that. Unless, of course, you're an extreme masochist and you thoroughly enjoy pain, in which case you should seriously consider becoming the head of a nail. Or Dan Quayle.

As much as I hate everything a cliché stands for, I'll use one right now. Remember the old saying, "Don't speak unless spoken to." How about changing it a little and making it say, "Don't speak unless you have something to say."

Invitations given
to join college's
Literary Club

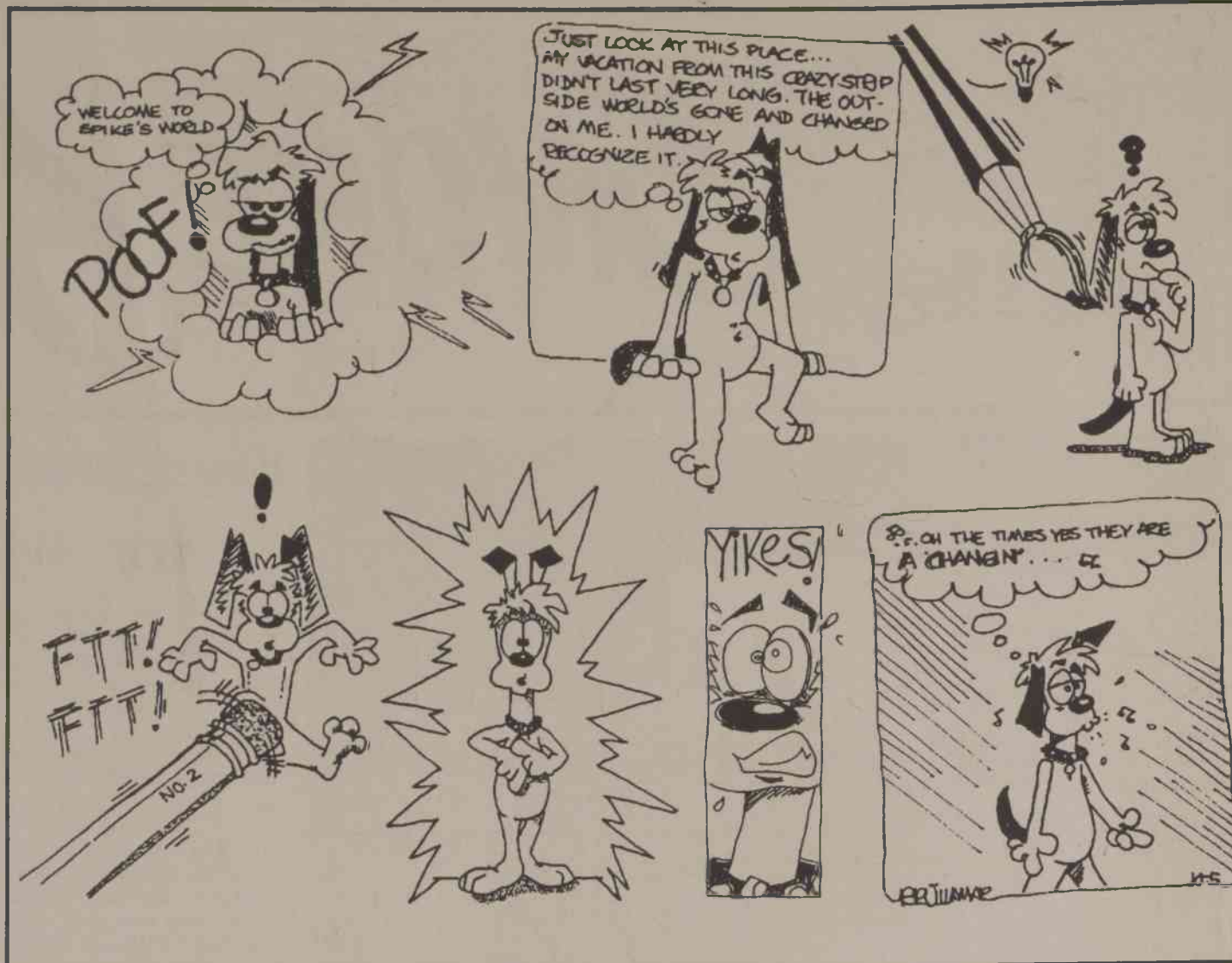
By Noel Muehler

Did you ever really get into a story? I don't mean just reading, but really getting down into it, tearing it to pieces to see how the parts work, then putting it back together to get a much stronger feeling of what the author is trying to say. That's what we did last time at the Literary Club. We watched Mark Twain's short story, "The War Prayer" on videotape and proceeded to take it apart.

It was wild to see just how the smallest little words could mean so much to the meaning of the whole work. With the input of Mrs. Batchelor, Dr. Davis, Dr. Elliot, Dr. Gay, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Wolfskill, we were able to see how Twain's words and phrases worked together as smoothly as a Porsche fuel intake system. We saw exactly how this two-page writing turned out an image of the sadism of war, too vivid to be overlooked and too strong to be soon forgotten.

If you've ever wanted to see deeper into a book, short story, poem, or play that you could be yourself, of just if you've ever like reading, the Literary Club's breakdown might just fascinate you. We don't take dues, we don't raise funds, and we don't write anything. As a matter of fact, we don't do anything we don't want to, but anyone can say anything he or she feels.

If you like to read, or would like to learn to enjoy reading, I'm sure you'd find this "breakdown" to be an intellectual blast.



Plaids, reds making fashion statement for Fall

The trends for the fall of '92 are seen everywhere. Some of it is new, some of it old and some of it is just you.

The big color this fall is definitely RED. The look is also plaid. If you have a kilt, now is the time to get it out and wear it.

Remember those old corduroys that used to sweep when you walked around your elementary school classroom? Well, they are back after all these years. Makes you feel old, doesn't it? There is one improvement, though Now you

can buy them in shorts.

Loafers are definitely in also. I keep wearing mine down have to keep getting them resoled. But you can wear them with anything this season so make the investment.

Another trend is that boring old western and biker look that everyone swears is new but it comes back each year. I really think any-



Lilly Dixon
Fashion

body who wears jeans actually fits in here so everyone is in style. I really like those dropped waist or jeans; the commercials are even better.

My favorite trend is the Doc Marten shoes trend. I love these shoes, I just can't afford them. I'll tell you the story of how great they are: they've been popular in England for a long time and everyone knows how slow we are to catch on. But in the major metropolitan areas they gave been around for some time. Before Doc Marten

made a deal with Hofemiers's you could only order them from the factor or truly hip shop. Now you can get them at the mall, which kind of sucks because you still have to pay the full price and they are selling out.

Men's wear and ties are in for girls. Don't ask me why, just wear it. Fellas, just keep wearing your Polo shirts and other t-shirts because that's all you have anyway.

That's it for now so check out the newest trends and Do What ChaLike!

The Fiction Corner

Welcome to the newest edition of Smoke Signals — *The Fiction Corner*. This column is dedicated to printing new, creative fiction written by none other than your fellow Chowan students.

If you have a short story that you feel has something to say, by all means send it in. Just address it to Smoke Signals and drop it in the campus mail box.

I have included a few paragraphs from a short story I wrote over the summer just to show that you don't have to be a professional to get your story printed. I hope you enjoy this column.

Wrath Man

by Marty Grebing

Dark wind sweeps through a cluttered back alley, gently floating old newspapers off a local wino who has found solace from the cruel night between two smelly, leaky dumpsters. With a tortured moan, he extends a filthy, bandaged hand in an attempt to grab the precious blankets, but is far too slow and far too intoxicated. A defeated sigh passes between his dry, chapped lips as he surrenders to the effects of a two dollar bottle of wine, now empty, held firmly in his left hand. He lays down, placing his weary head upon the partial remains of a discarded egg carton then curls up in an attempt to conserve body heat for the long night ahead.

A tall figure, shrouded by a flowing black trench coat enters the alley from a dimly lit, uneventful street and opens an old, dented metal door revealing a short flight of stairs. He starts to enter the building but stops. Turning around he spots a familiar figure resting between the dumpsters on the other side of the alley. He quietly approaches, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a dollar bill and places it under the sleeping arm of the bum.

The cloaked figure walks up the flight of creaky, wooden stairs to gaze at a warped wooden door. He hates this door. The same sick feeling washes over him every time he enters.

With a surge of courage, he swings the door open and walks

through, quietly closing it behind. A slow, steady squeak meets him upon entering.

"Hey mom," TJ says in a faked pleasant tone.

"Hi, son," a weary voice creeps through the darkness.

TJ looks to find his mother sitting in the same old, beat up rocking chair poised next to the window, facing out. He hates this chair. The persistent, subtle cry of the oak legs brings back memories he has worked most of his life to get rid of.

The pale moonlight, filtering through layers of thick smog, outlines his mother with an eerie, yellow tint; the room's only source of illumination.

"What happened to the lights?" "They cut off our electricity. I don't understand. I told them your father would be there with the rent but they just didn't listen."

"Mom, dad's gone. He's never coming back. You know that." "But I told them he'd be there with the rent. I told them..."

She continues repeating the phrase, staring out into the hazy moonlight, accompanied by the whine of her chair. TJ starts to leave.

"Where are you going, son?"

"You know where I'm going." Teardrops, illuminated by gentle reflections of the moon, start to form in her eyes. She turns to face her son.

"Come on, mom. I don't want to go through this again."

"Damn it TJ don't do it. It's just not right!"

"And I guess living like this is?" She starts to cry out loud.

"Listen, mom, just one more fight. Just one more and we can get out of this place! We can move to a real apartment - start over!"

Ignoring her son's desperate reasoning, she turns back around to face the silent beams of light, now fading. The door slams.

TJ runs down the stairs and out into the street, trying to convince himself that he doesn't care. That he's not affected. He's a fighter and fighters don't feel sorry for themselves.

"How's it going, T?"

TJ wheels around to see a short, stout figure wearing a black denim jacket. The sleeve is decorated with the tail of a dragon drawn in white, wrapping around his arm.

"What's up, Shawn?"

"Just come by to see how things are going, you know?"

"I got to go." TJ says coldly,

walking off.

"Hey! You ain't wearing your colors, man!"

He keeps walking.

"You ain't thinking about leaving us, are you?"

"What are you talking about, man?" TJ says, turning around.

"Come on, T, everybody knows."

"Shawn, what are you talking about?"

"The fight, man! You made it!"

"No. No I didn't. I got one more to go."

"So now I guess you think you're big time, huh? Pretty boy TJ from the streets going to make some money and get rich."

"Shut up."

"You can't leave us, man. Did you forget where you came from? Did you forget who you are? You're one of us, man, 'til the end."

"You know I'd never leave you and the boys."

"Bull."

He turns once again to walk off.

"TJ - you can't leave, man! You're bound with us!"

He keeps walking, Shawn's final words echoing through the alley, chasing him into the street.

Beef up your resume

If you're a business major or would just like some practical experience selling classified ad space to the local businesses, please contact me at extension 1166 as soon as possible.

—Marty Grebing, Editor