

THE CHOWANIAN

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"The Heart of Christian Education is Education of the Heart."

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COOPERATION and RESPONSIBILITY

It is time for someone to let the student body know why the Chowanian is late some months and why some of the news that should appear is missing.

Every time you talk to anyone about the newspaper they wish to know when it will be out—and why not sooner.

Well, to put it frankly, there is about enough cooperation from the students to print one issue of the paper a year with about two or three pages.

It seems that everyone wants a paper, but they expect the work to be done by someone else. If you want a paper why don't you make an effort to help produce it. It is not right that the work should be done entirely by one or two people and be called, "a paper printed by the students."

Another thing that has been holding the Chowanian back is the lack of assuming responsibility. When you are given something to do and you agree to do it, people are expecting you to put some effort into accomplishing what you have agreed to do. Many times I have contacted people and they have promised to do an article or cover an event, but often I have to go back several times before they attempt to get the information we ask for. This holds true not only for the students but some faculty members as well. We get less help from the faculty, as a whole, than should be the case. We can't possibly know what you have done of interest unless you make an effort to contact us. It should be the responsibility of every department head to contact us for news each month.

If you want the Chowanian to come out on time and see the type of articles you wish, why don't you give your cooperation and assume your responsibility in making this paper one of the best junior college publications anywhere.

Any article you write will be appreciated and printed if it is of interest to the school. Let's all help to make the Chowanian the paper we want.

—Joe Sumler

THE ACT OF FAITH

(Reprinted from The Herald, Ahoskie.)

The act of faith which was performed at Chowan College last week—when ground was broken for a new girls' dormitory—should be backed to the hilt by local people.

The building is the first in what must be a long, costly, program of construction to make Chowan an educational plant capable of meeting the growing needs of this section. This, Chowan needs the support—especially financial support—of local people of big incomes, medium incomes, even of modest incomes.

It was rather amusing. Prominent at the groundbreaking was an upcountry man, a high Baptist official, who was on a critical inspection trip for the Baptist State Convention. In his days when the Baptist Convention had tried to knock Chowan out of its lists. He had to ruefully admit that "it is hard to say no" to Baptists.

Actually, he wasn't speaking of Baptists so much as he was speaking of people in the area, of all denominations, who kept the Chowan dream alive and are now seeing it reaching new plateaus of service. Their faith has breathed new faith into a State Baptist Convention that had little of it only a few years back.

We must not let this faith—and the sacrifice which grew out of it—lag in this opening round of a new burst of Chowan energy.

Investment in Chowan is investment in the future greatness of the Roanoke-Chowan and the enrichment of the lives of its people.

Mr. Franklin and Friend ...



SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif.—When printing majors at California State Polytechnic College's home campus engineering division, San Luis Obispo, chose Nancy Krag as their 1958 "Printing Week Queen," they discovered she weighed 236 cupfuls. A home economics major from Arcadia, Calif., her weight was broken down into sugar (two cups to a pound). Ah, the joys of a college education ...



SOON TO BE PASSE—Pictured in their attractive dorm-room in the "Columns" building (or better known among the students as "The Big House") are Betty Everett, Betty Oliver, and their guest Ann Dunning. The second and third floor of the main building on the campus has served as girls' dorm for 107 years. A new dorm for the co-eds is now under construction and is expected to be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the new term in September.

WHERE IS HE?

WANTED: A man for hard work and rapid promotion; a man who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be first out of the office at night. . . . A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to and asks only enough questions to insure the accurate carrying out of instructions. . . . A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time. . . . A man who does not pity himself for having to work. . . . A man who is neat in appearance. . . . A man who does not sulk for an hour's overtime in emergencies. . . . A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

This man is wanted everywhere. Age or lack of experience does not count. There isn't any limit, except for his own ambition, to the number or size of the jobs he can get. He is wanted in every business.

—Lenoir News-Topic.

Stories From Life

When Angles Met

By JOHN D. MCCREADY

"If I could only go to college!" Angeline kept saying to herself, as the train sped onward toward her destination.

Like thousands of young people, this eighteen-year-old girl had a burning ambition for a higher education. But, as in many such cases, financial difficulties stood squarely in the way. She had a rich contralto voice, and she felt that four years of college, coupled with thorough voice training, would fit her for life. She was using her talent meanwhile as a gift from God. She was on her way at the moment to sing at evangelistic services. But she was thinking wistfully of her dream - forever beautiful and forever unfulfilled.

The second night of the services an instructor from the state university was present and invited her to sing at the weekly assembly of the student body.

It was an exciting moment for the young soloist as she stood before an audience of two thousand; and the enthusiastic applause that followed each number gave her spirits a real lift. When she and the instructor who had brought her left the platform, a number of faculty members approached. Among them was Professor Sax, head of the art department.

"May I meet the young lady who has just lived up to her name - by singing like an angel?" he asked.

"Certainly - and you must come and have lunch with us."

Carol M. Sax was a small man with a big heart; a bachelor, and rich. His cordial manner was the sign of his warm heart. He was never so happy as when bringing happiness to others. He listened with absorbed interest to all that Angeline said. Afterwards he had a brief conference with his fellow faculty member. He learned of the obstacles in the way of her ambition.

"If she lacks money, we must get it for her," he exclaimed. "By what method?"

The little professor was silent a few moments. Then he looked up. "We will have her sing for the people of this city, and get five hundred people to come, at a dollar each. Five hundred dollars would be a nest-egg; and she could earn enough more by her singing, while a student, to meet her expenses."

Mr. Sax and a group of his friends went to work. They engaged the ballroom of a leading hotel and put signs in the store windows; and they added much face-to-face publicity.

When the appointed evening drew near, some weeks later, the chief sponsor was optimistic. But when the hour for the recital arrived his hopes had faded. Instead of five hundred there were scarcely half that many people who had come. Angeline's voice was as beautiful as ever, and the applause was enthusiastic. But Carol M. Sax's heart was heavy. He sat through most of the program like a man pondering some deep problem. Then, as the end of the recital drew near, his face suddenly lighted up.

The sponsors gathered round him afterwards, out of Angeline's hearing. They were sorry as they thought of the disappointment that awaited her. "What is the total?" They anxiously inquired.

"It comes to just five hundred," he serenely replied.

"But how.....?" they exclaimed as they stared in astonishment.

"Don't ask me," he smilingly replied, as though he were puzzled himself. Yet those who stood around him felt, after a moment's reflection, that he knew perfectly well what the explanation was.

Angeline went off that fall to a large church college. After four years she graduated and became minister of music in a leading church in a southern city. There she met and married a lawyer, now a prominent judge.

(See ANGLES, page 3)