

Editorials

Galloping Collegiates—Woah!

Peering around the towering pines, we come face to face with what has been called "the Collegiate Conception of the Old South." Gone is the blossoming magnolia, Mint Julep, and old lace. In its place is a New South—its foundations: India Madras and English Leather, symbolic of the many changes taking place on the college campus. Let us consider some of these changes.

Take dating, for instance. Dating used to be without obligation. Now, the rule says never to accept anything less sharp than a scarab bracelet, gold monogrammed disc pin, or a Brubeck album, complete with autograph.

Campus dress has undergone change too. "Ivy dress" is a must, and unpinstripers and non-Weejuners are out, and no guy would think of wearing a shirt minus a hook! Coeds would rather "die" than be caught without a madras purse, or belt, or blouse or something.

The idea of hobbies shows marked change. Psychologists say that almost everyone can benefit from collecting stuff and it is only natural to go through the phase. And Wesleyan is no exception. We're always collecting little souvenirs, the most popular of which include empty beer cans, dirty laundry, class rings, call downs, drastic allowance cuts, lectures from parents and overdue library books.

Perhaps, in time, students will realize that Madras isn't practical on rainy days, the soles eventually wear thin even on Weejuns, some girls are allergic to English Leather, and that shirt hooks just don't fit coathangers.

FLIH GS OLIBRT?

Thumbing through the Bishops' Law, the section devoted to the Community Council, I chanced upon the words "Community Bill of Rights." Intrigued by these stirring words, I read on:

We, the people of N. C. Wesleyan College Community, do firmly intend:

1. That every student of the Community shall receive equal and fair treatment in all academic matters.
2. That every member of the Community shall maintain full rights to his property and shall respect the property rights of all others.
3. That every member of the Community shall have his word taken without question and shall trust the word of all others.

Now that sounds good. What Community could have higher goals? When we speak of an individual's personal rights, and his integrity, we are speaking in terms of idealism—noble idealism. Despite its youthful idealism, however, we believe that the integrity of every student is a **realistic** ideal; we believe that students can have or acquire a fundamental integrity which **he** will cherish. But how can we, as students, be expected to strive toward these goals if the adult members of our community brush them off like September gnats?

Events such as a professor who refused to accept the word of a student concerning the "true" authorship of a theme; a penalty which was given for telling the truth; rule changes which remained unchanged simply because "you can't trust everybody" seem to be proof that this is true.

Without pointing an accusing finger at anyone, we wonder of the upper strata of our community really accepts the community "conscience" and the Bill of Rights. At the same time let it be said that students are by no means guiltless. Some of us have failed to accept our responsibility to demonstrate the truth of the Bill of Rights. When students gang up against a fellow student and openly exercise prejudice, or when they fail to respect the personal property of others, we sense that they, too, have forgotten that this is a community—men of good will exercising wise self government.

As long as we realize that our ultimate goals are idealistic but not utterly beyond reach, we have a better chance of coming near achievement.

If 80% of the whole community strive to obtain these goals, it stands to reason the other 20% will either follow the example or refuse to abide by any code suggested.

Administration, faculty, staff, students:

Together these noble statements were written! Together they must be obtained!

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



OH AN' ANOTHER THING - SOME OF THESE PROFS DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED OTHER THAN SCHEDULED OFFICE HOURS

Director Of Student Life Is Favorite On Campus

Dr. James R. Hailey is no stranger on campus. In addition to serving as Resident Counselor for the Men's Dormitory, he also is Assistant Professor of Religion. But what most of us like to think of him as is Director of Student Life, one of the most important positions on campus, for it serves every student.

A native of Leaksville-Spray, North Carolina, Dr. Hailey graduated from Elon College with honors in 1950, earned his B.D. degree at Duke Divinity School in 1960 and then received his Ph.D. at Duke University in the summer of 1961. Before entering graduate school he served Methodist churches in Orange and Person Counties.

An active Rotarian and Mason, Dr. Hailey is also a member of honorary fraternities, Pi Gamma Mu, learned society, Kappa Psi Nu, and Sigma Alpha Chi. Prior to his entry into the ministry he was a jeweler and watchmaker for eight years. He also served in the United States Army Ground Forces during World War Two as a staff sergeant.

For a time, he worked as Field Secretary at Elon College. He served as a graduate instructor in Graduate School. He has had extensive experi-



Dr. JAMES R. HAILEY

ence working with youth groups and councils.

Dr. Hailey's wife, Mrs. Nellie Veach Hailey, is resident nurse here. Prior to this position, she served as the head nurse at the Methodist Retirement Home in Durham.

TO A FANATIC

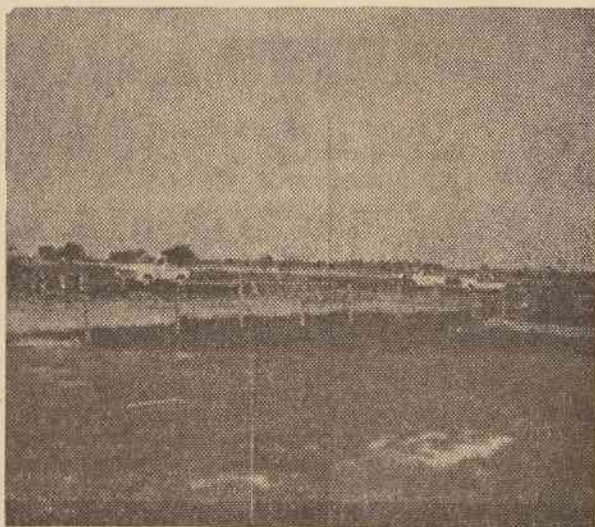
Automatic, democratic, Parliamentary Law.
Systematic,
One fanatic makes a perfect Flaw.
Brain detached and mouth in Motion,
he makes the Law a game.
For everyone to see Him and to know his Name.

OVERHEARD ON CAMPUS

Freshman boy to a friend:

"Boy, the professors here sure are abstract."

"Yeah, if you ask me, the whole darn college is abstract."



BUILDING PROGRESS—Construction has already begun on the Woman's Dormitory. The building is scheduled to be open for occupancy by next fall.

Needles

By MONA COZART

Life presents a multitude of experiences to those who are willing to receive them. This happened to me in New York City.

We sat together in our little gray room and talked of many things which were ourselves. Myself rose up in the shadows and banished a no-longer-needed ash heap from our bed, while our sackcloth curtains dissolved into the night. There was no sound, except for the whispering of the trembling shadows cast by the light of one candle flickering on the ceiling.

My hands were numb, the walls were numb; and all pain was stilled. Our silent conversation made a current of warm gray sunshine in the solitude of our little room.

A wild-herded woman passed grayish-transparently through the room like an unfertile sigh. She moved gracefully through the open window out onto the rooftops. We last saw her gliding over those rooftops, pausing now and then to survey solemnly her nocturnal domain; this as we sat together dreaming love into a benevolent world.

Other figures emerged from the walls, the furniture, the books. We felt a rapport with them moving out in concentric circles into a world filled with warm, gray plastic figures. Some of them smiled at us as they made their exodus to join the lady; others only looked at us with the grayful eyes of sympathy. They understood and we understood and then the world faded away into purity.

126 Students Attend First Summer School

Wesleyan's first summer session began June 19 with an enrollment of 126 students, and continued through Friday, August 10.

Among the courses offered in summer school were English Composition, Major American Realists, Mathematics, Natural History of Biology, Western Civilization, the U.S. in the Twentieth Century and Music Appreciation.

The courses were designed to fulfill the needs of those desiring to accelerate their college career, those who wished to begin during the summer, and teachers in service who wished to earn credits to renew their teaching certificates.

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