

Editorials . . .

"Look Homeward Angels"

Its not a pleasant job working nine long, hot hours in a kitchen day in and day out. There is a lot of hard work involved: a lot of standing over steaming bins of food. Then there is the public to contend with—and the public is rarely complimentary. What is even worse is having to endure superfluous remarks about a situation over which you really have very little control. Aside from being very tiring, this job must also be very trying. I do not think I would last very long in our cafeteria food line. I am sure that the first person who told me what a lousy job I was doing would find himself (or herself) covered with butterbeans, or whatever happened to be handy at the time. Our cafeteria help, however, is a little more genteel. They not only put up with our remarks, by and large, but they continue to serve us—a near miracle when one considers the magnitude of abuse which some students heap upon them.

These ones who serve us are not things, or serfs, or slaves—they're humans, just like you and I, and they also have human emotions. Why can't we treat them as such? There is an old maxim which reads: "If you can't say anything nice, then say nothing at all."

These people are simply doing their job. If improvements need to be made then direct your objections to the proper authority in the proper manner—not in uncouth absurdities to those who have very little to do with the overall situation.

Let's look at ourselves. Fault Finding is the easiest thing in the world: it takes no skill, no talent, no brains to set up the grumbling business. In other words—anyone can be a Boer.

"THE FINAL BATTLE"

Ever since last Friday (January 15) I had greatly feared that I would now be writing a eulogy for the grand old gentleman of World Relations, Sir Winston Churchill . . . But for over a week he refused to die! How fitting that this wonderful old fellow; this warrior (to call him a "soldier" would be to belittle him), statesman, painter, and spreader of world humanity who led England through the most terrible war ever known to man and then turned to help in the restoration of even the defeated—how fitting that his gallant man should at the very end grapple with death itself . . . and refused to be defeated without a struggle.

Defined by some as "the greatest man who ever lived" (and more modestly by others as "the greatest Englishman in 500 years"), Sir Winston has stood head and shoulders above the crowd of the world and history itself as a man vitally concerned with all the nations and people of the world. It is seldom that such a phenomenon occurs and I believe that in years to come we will all be able to look back with pride and say "I lived in the age of Sir Winston Churchill."

We, the citizens of the world, will truly miss him.

"WHERE DOES ALL THE \$ GO

Well, certainly no one can say that we haven't asserted ourselves this time. The Friday, January 15 cafeteria demonstration was nothing short of spectacular. Perhaps the method used was rather wateful (a complete boycott on the serving line would have been better from a moral standpoint—after all, it was a terrible waste) but precisely such a waste drove the point home quite effectively. We want better food! Or do we? Was it really that the food was that bad? Or was it something else?

Granted, the food could be improved—and some people say it has already improved, but this really didn't seem to be the central issue. The main issue seemed to that Boarding students (and anyone who lives on campus has to eat here) pay \$250.00 a semester for their meals, 30% of which they don't eat for various reasons. The average student must, in effect, "donate" at least \$30-\$50 for food which he or she doesn't consume. This hardly seems fair does it—to have to spend good money for food which isn't eaten? Actually its a waste! Of course we get the rigamarole of the old well-balanced diet, etc. but I believe we all know that this is a myth on any campus. Some administrators are perceptive enough to realize this and provide a system which allows the student to pay-as-he-eats. This system is called a meal-ticket system. Another myth is that it takes a school of 3000 students or more to maintain such a system. This is not

so. Percentage can be worked out on any scale and if the number of students attending the meals drops by 1/2 then the purchase of food drops 1/2 and polarity is maintained. Perhaps the prices of individual items (of food) will go up, but in the long run everyone will save more.

One again, if this is the central issue, we must assert ourselves if we wish to procure results. The cafeteria and staff have nothing whatsoever to do with this and if we want action then we must turn in the proper direction.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I GOT AN 'INCOMPLETE' IN MATH 24, 'WITHDRAWN' IN ENGLISH II - 'CONDITIONAL' IN SOC. 14, AN 'A'D' IN PHYS ED - BOY, I DIDN'T FLUNK A THING THIS TERM!"

"Bulletin Board Anyone?"

Chairman heads! Committee heads! Club presidents! Editors! Anyone! Have you ever wanted to establish contact with a group of people here on campus in a short time and found it impossible? I am sure it has happened many times. Students may not use the P.A. system in the administration building, and the one in the S.U. is virtually without effect (since no one can hear it). How do you contact club or committee members on short notice? The S.U. bulletin board is so awkwardly located that hardly anyone sees it. Besides, its too full of other (non-student) notices to put anything on it anyway. Wouldn't it be nice if the students had a bulleting board all their own in a central location—say in the S.U. at the end of the hall beside the door to the ladies lounge? It really wouldn't cost much—lets see—I have one at home which cost a total of \$2.50 of course its only 3' by '. Perhaps that's the trouble—it is so insignificant that on one bothers to worry about it—only the couple of hundred committee and club members here on campus.

Please! Its a very simple request!

W.S.C.: The Different Drummer

A Lion Dies; A Lion Lives

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. Henry David Thoreau.

By: Ray O' Kelly

"I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." These were the words of one of the most outstanding men in modern history. His name was Winston Churchill.

When Britain and the rest of the world faced it's darkest hours during World War II, it was the British Prime Minister who said it was the "finest hour."

To the English, Americans, and all our allies, Churchill represented the one most encouraging bundle of hope. It was Winston Churchill who had the lion's roar. Churchill said, "It was the nation and the race dwelling all 'round the globe that had the lion's heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar. I also hope that I sometimes suggested to the lion the right place to use his claws." Churchill also had the lion's heart.

It was Churchill's lion's heart that gave courage, hope, honor, pride, pity and compassion to the hearts of free men during the world's darkest hour. His sign of "V" for victory and has big cigar, his smile and his forceful optimism, and the never to be captured genius personality will always be remembered as long as free men live. He was an out-spoken man of character, and he spoke when the world needed it the most.

The world is a better place and has more of the lion's courage because a man named Churchill lived.

Letters To

Yea! God's Ways Are Strange

The Editor

BY: King Fun Ho

God's ways are strange. He chastises those He loves best; and gives them more pain than joy even bids them to refrain--- from hatred of their darkest foes.

Oft have I wondered--- What trying means God chooses, to win us our lasting good.

Yea! God's ways are strange.

Dear Editor,

The students here at N. C. Wesleyan certainly are lucky, aren't we? We had a rather large snow a week before the beginning of final exams and most of us thoroughly enjoyed it. The snow ended on Saturday night and Sunday emerged as a winter wonderland.

Now who could possibly want to work on a day like this? Sensing this, someone with authority really looked out for us and closed the administration building for the day. Students who were scheduled to work, desperately needing the hours in order to fulfill work grants, were given the afternoon off. Music students who needed to practice for their finals on Friday were freed from this worry. Yes, we students certainly are lucky! A week before exams, which as we all know can make us or break us, we find ourselves cut off from the means of getting our work done. We were all locked out to have a nice big holiday so that we could be happy before flunking out, instead of working so we could be happy after passing. Lucky, lucky us!!!

Allen Martin
and
Theodore Turner

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