

Tourney—Win Or A Loss?

The Dixie Inter-Collegiate Basketball Tournament has come and gone and Wesleyan has scored a definite triumph — athletic-wise. Our last place team came in third in the tourney and an amazing young man named Don Hines gathered the honors by being chosen the tournament's most valuable player. This is impressive and encouraging to say the least. However, the whole affair left much to be desired in several areas.

Probably the most outstanding area was that of student participation. Thursday night's game was attended by a fair number of students — maybe a fourth of the student body. After Wesleyan's big win one could have expected a much larger crowd on Friday. But there wasn't. And Saturday night's capacity crowd of eighty students was an insult to the team and the school. Where was everyone? Is it asking too much to ride or walk across campus to the gym to see Wesleyan put in three tremendous efforts which almost carried them to first or second place? Judging by the participation one would think that the students had been asked to sacrifice their souls to the devil. One can only classify this as **weak**. Everyone gripes about student spirit and the lack of activities and no one does anything, even when the opportunity arises. If you are so apathetic that you don't care about contributing to campus activities then why don't you all go home and take correspondence courses to get a diploma! This way you'd have nothing to gripe about and no obligations to meet.

While we're on the subject of attendance let's look into another area in which we were sadly lacking. How many Rocky Mount citizens did you see (those of you who attended a game) in the stands? Very few, if any. Why didn't you see any? Because (and let's face it) the vast majority of Rocky Mount citizens couldn't care less about what goes on out here, even during a conference tournament. Why is this so? Well, there are many answers and if I listed them all I'm afraid my position here would be jeopardized considerably, so let's just look at the tournament. How many merchants were contacted to promote the tourney in town? How much did you hear about the tourney on the local radio or TV stations? Did anyone contact the Chamber of Commerce, or the Merchants' Association? The answer to all these questions is **NO—no, they did not!** Rocky Mount Senior High School gets more publicity than Wesleyan does—and why shouldn't they? They work actively with the merchants and news media to produce the results they get. The Psychology Club found out the hard way—if you want publicity at Wesleyan College you have to get it on your own. But we digress.

And while we're on the publicity angle we may as well examine this aspect. I think we all agree that the college needs all the publicity it can get and this newspaper has knocked itself out to cover all of the sports events all year. It does seem as though the college and the conference could afford to issue a few free passes in order that they might receive some free publicity. We, especially, are a little more than disappointed at the lack of cooperation in this area.

So you see, the whole situation adds up to one thing—**apathy**; apathy on the part of the whole community, and it is precisely this which holds us all back.

A Gym—At Last

After an episode which took place in the gymnasium a few Sundays ago, quite a number of students were a little more than upset over the hours during which a student could use the gym for purely random sports activities. It seemed a shame to pay four dollars a semester for gym facilities which no one could use and to have to revert back to the tennis courts in order to play basketball on weekends. Now, however, all are happy to note that provisions have been made for students to use the gym during certain hours during the week and weekends. This is certainly a step in the right direction. Now, if someone will tell us **exactly** where the money that we paid for gym facilities (non-existent ones) during the first semester went, we will all be much happier.

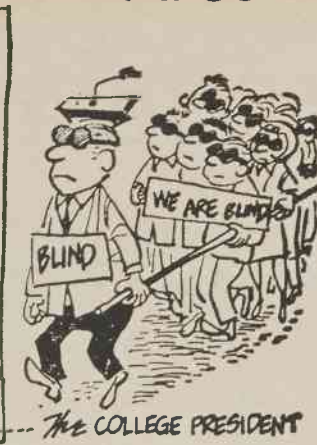
JUST A FEW WORDS

Just recently a minister expressed to me his disgust with the life which the minister must lead. So much time is required in maintaining the Church as an institution that the vital ministry of the people is hampered or rushed until it loses its pleasure.

This is an example how the lives of many are lost while placing too much value in things that aren't of lasting importance. People worry about tomorrow and procrastinate to such a degree that when the morrow arrives they are found undressed and unarmed. Some worry and work so hard to make a living that they

hardly find the time or attitude to enjoy labor's results. Others let insignificant responsibilities confuse and impede prominent opportunities. Often college students spend so much time with "getting ready to study" that they never find the joy in learning. Some complex their personalities with rat-race popularity concerns, philosophizing about happiness, and questioning their own abilities that they never find a lasting contentment, serenity, and vigor with their place in total living. Finally, the worry about manial sins and the legality of actions obscure the ultimate peace and power

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



Smile!! Why Not?

By King Fun Ho.

Weeks and weeks have passed,
without your winsome smiles.
The eyes withdrawn--
your gaze listless.
The head hung low---
your brow knitted.

Ah! What pain!
Oh! What torment---
have betrayed themselves to my
view.

Yet, suddenly comes the smile.
Yes, the same old smile again--
more welcome than the glowing
sun;
more gratifying than the pro-
mised rain.
It comes and dawns a-while,
A-top the poor pale face.

And as sudden as it had come,
it fades fast and fleets away.

The Bear Trap

- A Spoof -

Once upon a place, there were three bears: Infant Bear, Papa Bear, and Money Bear. Papa Bear and Money Bear were well-educated Bears. They both worked for a large organization called Bear Trust, Inc. Bear Trust was an organization for betterment of Bears. As an institution, their first concern became the construction of institutional buildings. This required much in the way of funds. They appealed to their bearethren around the world to help them out. Well, since everyone knows that bears are the richest creatures in the world, Bear Trust was soon on good financial ground. Since they needed something to carry the expenses of this organization, they employed, as one of their means, Papa Bear, to go around and seek funds through eloquent means. You've already read that Papa Bear was very well-educated. This was very true; in fact, he once received the distinction of being the only bear in Beardom with an education far outranking his intelligence. Bear Trust gave Papa Bear a car and told him to go around and see just how much money he could raise for Bear Trust.

So they got started: Money Bear, Papa Bear, and Standard Bear. Standard Bear went around recruiting for the firm, while Money began the task of construction, and Papa went out unto all Beardom to teach about the Great Bears, John Bear, Charlie Bear, Martin Bear, and J. C. Bear (A Southern Bear).

Standard Bear soon found that they couldn't get nearly enough bears to fill the buildings that Money Bear was putting up, so after a conference they decided that since all the young bears were going to bigger bear institutes, they would have to be less stringent. So they relieved Standard Bear of his duties and hired Bearer and Bearest to assume these duties.

Soon, they began to fill the buildings with candidates from anywhere they could get them. Soon, the halls of Bear Trust were bursting with activity, and all over its grounds were

seen tigers, canaries, pigeons, squirrels, snakes, leeches, sloths, pigs, snails, and an elephant or two. The question of whether to admit chimpanzees was avoided.

Then began the task of training. Some of the candidates weren't too fond of the program, and soon left. Still others adapted well and pursued faithfully.

So this little ecologic community began to grow. Before long, the "Big Bears began to notice that something was wrong--the candidates were becoming restless. Some objected to the training program, others to the catering service, and still others didn't like the idea of having to go to the "Ark" once a week and listen to Papa talk about his Great Bears. Soon, the "Big" Bears began that something had to be done. Papa Bear had, as we said before, a great mind. This was true, although it had been in hibernation since 1910. He asked one of the "Big Bears if he would come to the aid of the social community. This bear, S.T. Bear (See The), was a descendant of J.C. Bear, and as such, soon established himself in "Divine Right." Well, this bear soon

became very confused and mixed up. After a brief "Reign of Terror," he retired and took a job under Gar Bear, an important bear official. His boots were soon filled by Infant Bear. Infant Bear wasn't really an infant; he did, however, resemble one, because he was so small. He soon remedied this misfortune by wearing elevator claws. He was smart enough to realize that he needed some help in managing these bearlets (the name for the candidates, since they were all predestined to Bearhood by the Trust). Infant hired Scoldilocks, a Hippopotamus, to aid in the suppression of the "bearlett revolt." Scoldilocks was a good boy, and he soon became a central figure in the bearlett conflicts. He showed his versatility in all fields by protecting the community from

outside enemies with his cannon, and by keeping the boy bears away from the girl bear house, another source of consternation for Papa Bear. Some of the "Big" Bears were a little reluctant toward Scoldilocks, because someone had been eating their porridge. They were, how-

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