



The Decree

NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

Rocky Mount, N. C.



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FRESHMAN OFFICERS - LEX ROACH, BOSS, PAM CLEMMONS, BEAUTY SPOT, BUZ WOODARD, PENNY-PINCHER, AND JOHN HORNADAY, ASSISTANT TO THE BOSS.

Robert E. Harper
Prof. of Economics

Frosh Tap Fourth Annual "Pops" Leaders Concert Held Oct. 27

"Unity for the best Freshman class ever," is the aim of the Class of '71's new president, Lex Roach. The other officers chosen by the class on October twentieth are: John Hornaday, Vice President; Pam Clemmons, Secretary; and Buz Woodard, Treasurer. They were selected from a field of thirteen candidates with 68.7 per cent of the class participating in the voting.

The campaigns began with speeches on the night of Oct. 16, and ended at 10:30 p. m., October nineteenth. Elections Committee Chairman Jess Blackman said he felt that

Freshman participation was very good. The campaign speeches, which were new this year, helped to acquaint the people with the nominees

The officers have set as their main goals tighter organization of the class and more efficient committees.

Fund-raising ideas are cake sales, car washes, slave sales, and a homecoming project.

If any Freshman is interested in joining a committee please contact one of the officers. They are hoping for one hundred per cent participation from all Freshmen.

Three Wesleyan music organizations joined hands on Friday evening, October 27, to present the Music Department's fourth annual "Pops" Concert. Begun in 1964 as an experiment, this fall program of popular and light music by the college's musical forces has become one of the most popular features of the school's musical calendar. The program which was held in the gymnasium was free of charge and open to the public.

The Wesleyan Concert Band, under the direction of Richard Dill, performed several groups of Broadway show tunes including a medley from "Hello, Dolly," "Night and Day," and "The Shadow of Your Smile" from "The Sandpiper." Several marches were featured, among them the "Mustang Concert March" and "Charter Oak," both compositions by Eric Osterling. A novelty number, "Trombonanza" by Frank Cofield, featured three student soloists on the trombone, Michael Kells, Roland Shaw, and Robert Cannon.

Dr. John S. Davis, a new member of Wesleyan's music faculty this year, is both an active composer and arranger. In this latter capacity, he has made several arrangements es-

pecially for this year's "Pops Concert". The Wesleyan Chamber Singers, the newest choral organization on the campus, performed Davis' settings of Cole Porter's "So In Love" and the Beatles' hit of several years back, "Yesterday."

The Wesleyan Singers, the campus' oldest choral organization, joined the band in a group of selections from Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel" and "The Impossible Dream" from "The Man of La Mancha." Also programmed was the popular folk tune, "Scarlet Ribbons," Margaret Poole, soprano from Thomasville and a senior voice major at the college, was featured vocal soloist in the "Carousel" selections.

How Much Does Wesleyan Cost?

It has been said that the lifetime earnings of a college graduate are greater than those of a high school graduate by amounts varying from \$113,000 to \$250,000.

These four years which represent such increased earnings, in most instances, must be financed before these funds become available. What then should someone expect to pay for his college education?

For the year '66-'67, the average yearly charge for room in a private institution was \$210. The cost at Wesleyan was \$250, but then the residence halls at Wesleyan are of better quality than most. The average yearly charge for board was \$420. Here at Wesleyan we paid \$500. Giving the cafe-

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A Look Inside Park View Hospital

A few weeks ago, due to an accident, I was taken to Park View Hospital with a broken arm. I have been asked by some prominent members of The Decree staff, namely Michael Knott and Chief Mowbray, to relate my experience with the Rocky Mount medical system.

My first impression of this hospital was not particularly favorable. It seemed very dingy, quite like a prison which

I later found to be a perfect simile. I was placed in a room to wait for a doctor. During this time an orderly came in to see me and, after a few seemingly gross jokes about broken arms, left chuckling. In five more minutes a nurse popped her head in and asked if I would live; I assured her I would, and she went her way.

After fifteen minutes of tremendous pain a doctor finally came strolling in. He looked at my arm and said that he was a school doctor here at Wesleyan and that they would assign a doctor to me. With this parting note Dr. Carter left me writhing in pain. Then I had a second visit by the other doctor of this campus, Dr. Weeks. He gave me the same line that Carter did and departed in like manner. Then, lord behold, my physician finally arrived. He looked at my arm and in a soothing voice convinced me that this type of thing happens at least two or three times a week. I spent fifteen minutes in the X-ray room, and the nurse told me that the doctor had come to the conclusion that I had a broken arm.

So they did my arm up in a splint for the night and said Dr. Fish would be in the next morning. That night was the worst night of my life. Besides having pain in my left arm, there was a paranoid in the room next to mine. He thought the whole world was against him. I went in and bummed a cigarette off the old boy and made a little conversation. This didn't last long since Screamer started yelling at me for getting ashes on his sheets, and a nurse came running in and told me that he was on room restriction.

Well, after an almost sleepless night, I was as hungry as a bear. The nurse asked me if I wanted my breakfast and I said yes very eagerly, but politely. Expecting a big plate of eggs and bacon, I was very disappointed (fit to be tied) when all she brought was a bowl of chicken broth. She said Dr. Fish had put me on a liquid diet.

The hour of nine finally arrived and I found myself in the operating room. At ten I was back in my room and

doing fine. I then proceeded to find something to eat. After getting kicked out of the kitchen I proceeded to put on my clothes and went to the drug store across the street and got something to eat. The doctor was waiting in my room when I got back, and he told me not to leave until I was officially discharged. He said that he would discharge me at one o'clock. Well, this made me very happy for once. They even had a delicious chicken dinner Sunday noon. One o'clock eventually rolled around and then all hell broke loose. The doctor had left with no official word of my discharge. After arguing in vain for about a half hour with the head nurse, I went to my room in a trance.

The rest of the afternoon consisted of students and friends dropping by and little vocabulary disputes between the nurses and myself. At six PM the doctor had left no word and I was going completely insane in that damned prison. So I picked up my belongings and started walking out. The nurse and I exchanged words for about ten minutes and she agreed to let me go but at my own risk. I accepted happily and once again I was back at Wesleyan.

Well time passed on and after three weeks of carrying 20-pound cast around, I was once again back with my friend Doctor Fish for a check-up. He told me that the cast he had put on was too loose and that he would have to put on a new one. I consented and returned the next day for what I thought would be a short process. When I got there, he told me that I would have to stay overnight in the hospital since I would be under sedation. I woke up the next day about 11:00 A. M. with a brand new cast on and tremendous pain. The nurse said I could have a pain shot but that I'd have to stay for another night.

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**"BEFORE 'BAGGIES,'
GREEN STUFF GREW ON
TOP OF LEFTOVER."**