

Living life in the fast lane

By CHARLES F. GRANTHAM

I had just shifted into fifth gear when the Porsche's telephone buzzed obscenely and Tom Temple snatched it from the passenger seat.

"Get the goddamned tap off my phone!" he shouted into the receiver. "You're not dealing with amateurs here!"

He listened to the caller for a few seconds and then began to shout anew.

"We've got no time for that now! We're on a quest! Don't you understand? We're searching for the perfect Margarita! Charles and I will find it and drink until our livers swell and burst and scatter mucilaginous bile for miles and miles! Don't bother me with your problems now, Grandma!"

"What was that all about?" I asked when he hung up the phone.

"Just my grandmother," Tom said. "Something about a tumor."

Tom and I had been best friends forever, or at least 142 years, which is not a long time in places like Egypt, Cambodia, or Peru, but is quite a length of time in Virginia.

"Well, where to now?" I asked.

"The Raven, Virginia Beach," Tom said. "We'll start our search there, after stopping for refreshments, of course."

"We could slip down Poor

House Road to Rout 58 and stop at the Red Spot for crab legs and beer and then on to the Rave for Margaritas," I ventured.

"Excellent plan, Number One," Tom said. "Make it so."

I downshifted to fourth gear to pick up speed and make up for lost time. As the speedometer settled comfortably on 130 mph., Tom and I listened to Dire Straits on the CD player and planned our assault on the Virginia coast.

Shortly, I pulled Tom's black convertible 911 into the parking lot of the Red Spot just as the sun began its long, painful slide into the western horizon. The only other vehicles on the lot were a few pickups, a Harley or two, and one incredibly elegant custom-modified Kawasaki racing bike.

"Nice machine," I said, pointing to the Japanese bike.

"Yeah. I'll buy you two when I win the Lotto next week," Tom said.

"Get us a table and order a few beers while I call Betsy," he added as we passed through the door.

Betsy is Elizabeth Dare, Tom's fiancée, formerly a Victoria's Secret lingerie model and currently the U.S. Ambassador to the Bahamas. She was in the States for a few weeks and would be joining us on our quest.

As I sat down in the booth next to the juke box, I took note

Fiction

of the other customers in the Red Spot. There was the usual crew of rednecks and bikers, but over in the corner was a handsome young black man, very out of place in a white dinner jacket.

"Is that your racing machine out front?" I asked conversationally as I ambled over to his table.

"Yes it is," he answered with a refined African accent. "Do you like it?"

"Very much. Would you like to sell it?"

"Of course," he said. "Everything is for sale, for the right price."

I dug down into my black leather satchel at my side and pulled out two fat stacks of freshly printed Swiss 100 franc notes. On top of the currency I placed my wicked looking Glock 9mm auto pistol.

"That's a very attractive ring you have on," he said.

I glanced down at the NCWC class ring on my finger and with only a slight hesitation placed it on the table with the cash and the weapon.

"Will that do it?" I asked my new African friend.

Instead of a reply he put the motorcycle's registration in my hand and then slipped the 9mm

into the inside breast pocket of his dinner jacket. He raked the cash and ring into a hand-tooled leather shoulder bag.

Tom was just hanging up as I was on my way out. I told him he and Betsy would have to continue the Great Margarita Search without me. I was traveling on alone.

"Vaya con Dios, amigo," Tom said. "When the highway beckons, you must answer. Many are called, but few are chosen."

Leaving Tom standing by his Porsche in the parking lot, I

screwed on the speed and headed west into the deepening twilight with the thunder of the finely tuned 1,100 cc. machine booming in my ears. The bike handled like a dream and I felt young, alive, wonderful. George Bush was on his way into disgrace and well-deserved unemployment. I had a fantastic new bike and no worries whatsoever.

As Hunter Thompson once told me, "It was Saturday night in America, and I was a native son."

Wellness Center holds fourth grand opening

By JENNY BEEMER and DELINDA LEE

In an attempt to educate the Wesleyan community about important health issues, the Wesleyan Wellness Center held its fourth grand opening on Sept. 28.

Upon entering the multi-purpose room in the Student Activities Center, one was overwhelmed with the amount of information on display. Nurse Janice Stump and the rest of the Wellness staff worked hard at setting up creative displays for the students' benefit.

There were a total of 18 displays, ranging from an aerobic workout center to an AIDS awareness video. Emergency Medical Technician John Hearne and Sam Bell manned a blood pressure check station and monitored several students' blood pressure.

A festival atmosphere was added to the opening by the multitude of colorful balloons floating about the room. The Wellness Center thought of everything, for several companies such as Marriott Foods and TCBY brought free food to the opening for all who attended.

Another purpose of the grand

opening was to introduce the Wesleyan community to Betty Ann Whisnant, the college's new social worker. Obtaining her Masters at East Carolina University in 1990, Whisnant traveled around different locations before settling at NCWC.

Whisnant said she was excited about working at Wesleyan because she likes working with young people.

"I've always wanted to work with students because it gives me a wide variety of people to work with and try to help educate them in how to deal with situational adjustments," she said.

Among her many responsibilities, Whisnant plans to focus on helping students cope with such adjustments as homesickness, dealing with stress, communication skills, and alcohol and drug problems.

Her main purpose is to raise the consciousness of students and make them more aware of the problems that may occur and how to deal with them.

"I may not be able to help everyone with every problem they might have, but I can refer them to those who can help," Whisnant said.

'Culture war' now raging

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in class, and chewing gum. The occasional fight did not make the list of major problems. Drinking, smoking, sex, and drugs were so uncommon as to not be mentioned.

Today, pregnancy increases despite the golden calf of "safe sex." Drug use is rampant and every form of disease is running wild. The biggest problems listed by teachers today are rape, murder, and drug use. But, of course, progress has been good for the country, right?

The liberals who want to blame Ronald Reagan for AIDS should think again. Who is it that said morality did not matter? Who was it that celebrated homosexuality, drug use, and sleeping around? AIDS is a disease caused by behavior. The highest expression of compassion for those at risk from the disease is to tell

them that if they do not stop *they will die!* No disease caused by a virus has yet been cured, so don't expect one soon, no matter how much money is thrown at the problem.

"Safe sex" has a failure recording nearing five percent — not very good when being in that five percent gives you a 100 percent chance of dying.

Conservatives want to restore the values we once had. Liberals say that this is impossible and that we must dive deeper into an amoral, values-free society. The last days of Rome, you might remember, were marked by hedonism and self-fulfillment that left the mighty empire to be destroyed by barbarians who could not have matched a dedicated nation. With no sense of a higher purpose, the empire fell.

George Will wrote, "A public incapable of shame and embar-

rassment about public vulgarity is unsuited to self-government." The moral virtues of our Founding Fathers (who mentioned morality and religion in the Northwest Ordinance as reasons to build public schools) have been replaced with relativism and license. If we are proving ourselves incapable of self-government, you can be sure that we will not have it long.

How far away can the next Visigoths be?

Bound & Gagged

