

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Today's decisions can affect future

There is life after college. The question is what kind of life?

The answer to that question can be determined only by each individual. The answer is gotten by the amount of preparation and hard work each person is willing to put towards their future.

A few weeks ago, a program in the Leaders in the Making Series called "College a four year fling..." posed a very interesting question to the Wesleyan community. Why are students here? What is the role of college in their lives? How will college help them achieve their goals?

As graduation draws near, seniors are forced to face these questions. They not only have to answer them but apply them in a plan for the future after college. By the time the senior year rolls around, all the choices made in the last three years have set a course that will either prove to limit questions about the future or provide the senior with unlimited opportunities.

The truth is that from the day you walk on campus as

a freshman you have set into motion a direction for your future. Every decision made will affect every other decision in your college career.

It seems that many have let their academics responsibilities take a back seat to whatever short-term pleasure presents itself at the time. The thinking seems to be, "Well, I have plenty of time to pull up those grades" or "It is not in my major so it doesn't matter what I make." The feel is that there is always next semester. Eventually there will not be a "next semester" and it is not always possible to recover from every bad grade.

The future after college should be at the forefront of decisions that students make while at Wesleyan. Accountability applies to everyone. All of us will be held accountable for the decisions we make.

College is an incredible opportunity and a privilege — a privilege many are unable to have. Students, make the most of your time here because the quality of your time here will determine the quality of your time later.

Publication date changes

Because of a last-minute, and unexpected, change in printers beyond the control of the staff, the *Decree* is

being published this issue and next on Monday rather than Friday. We regret any inconvenience this causes.



Warmth overcomes cold rain

Generations meet in shop

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

An unexpectedly cool and rainy day at the beach leads to a dusty antique store and four Bacchanalians.

I hope by now that April has arrived in fact as well as in name, but spring's refusal to serve up liquid blue-green-yellow days of warmth climaxed for me when I found myself staring out at a sludgy brown-gray ocean instead of reading on sunbaked white sands as I had imagined I would be.

Innocently deciding I had to make a move, I bundled up and headed into town where I stumbled into a scene out of a *Twilight Zone* episode. I opened the door of a seemingly normal shop and heard 1940's big band music. Gathered around a little space heater, four people were drinking martinis and singing. Welcome, they said, insisting I join them. What could I do?

The man who runs the store asked me why I had come in. I said I was looking for these cut-glass tumblers my mother collects.

He bounced over to a counter, gathered three likely looking examples, filled one with what I was beginning to suspect was deadly magic, and said that I looked like his oldest son. Did I know So-and-So who went to Blah-Blah High School? No? Well, have another. Life is short, sonny. (Sonny?)

When these revelers, all in their 70's at least, discovered I was an English teacher, they be-

gan yelling that no one knew how to write any more. One of them retrieved an old mildewy copy of Shakespeare from a pile of books, and he began reading wildly from Othello's speech just as he is killing Desdemona. He claimed to have read this to his wife whenever she "acted up." His wife laughed and bonked him with the newspaper.

They tossed down another drink. Merrily, they were drinking merrily, I would say. One couple was visiting from "up north" for a reunion of college friends. The owner pulled me to the back and pointed to a pile of rusty signs from the stores which used to line this street before "the war."

He had a good one of a Robert Young, Father-Knows-Best type, dressed in suit and tie, smiling and holding a dripping cold coke bottle to his sun-steaming face.

I asked how much, but the man moaned, "I can't sell these. These

are my life."

Beginning to wonder what he did sell, I rummaged through a box of old records. I should have known better. They began telling me how bad all music has been since "that Elvis person" came along and ruined it. I defended the faith, and they turned up a Bing Crosby record full blast to drown out my dissension.

Another unsuspecting "customer" wandered into the fray and was immediately offered one of my mother's glasses. "You don't like Elvis, too, do you?" This poor lady wasn't up to it, however, and she dashed back into the rain. I began edging toward the door as well. Thank-you and good-bye.

"Wait, wait, young man," said the newspaper-swinging wife. "I want you to clear up an argument. Isn't it true that your generation has more sex partners than ours did?" This lady looked like my grandmother! I stuttered and flustered until they all burst out laughing. "We're so glad to see each other, we don't care about the weather. Let's dance!"

When I finally found my way out, two recently used glasses in a paper bag, I realized that I did feel much warmer.

Letters to the editor policy

The Decree accepts only signed letters to the editors. Unsigned letters will not be printed. Letters should not exceed 400 words. Letters need to be placed in the campus post office and marked "Decree" or placed in the *Decree* office in the Hardees building. Letters must be received by Friday of the week prior to the next issue in order to be printed in that issue. *The Decree* reserves the right to edit or reject letters for grammar, libel, or good taste.