

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Some final thoughts before transferring

For my last editorial, I would like to say a few final words about my feelings for Wesleyan. After five semesters, I believe I have seen it all here on campus, both good and bad.

Now, as I leave, I look back, and see that my experiences at Wesleyan have taught me much about myself, and about life. Wesleyan has pointed me in the right direction and although it takes me away from the college, I will never forget my years here. When I arrived my freshman year, Wesleyan challenged me. I had to discipline myself, and learn to take the initiative.

By my second year I was becoming involved, studying harder than ever before, and seeing new promises from a new president. I was also watching a new building slowly cast its shadow across the campus. Last semester any student at Wesleyan had to feel proud, seeing Dr. White's inauguration in the new Dunn Center.

I have seen Wesleyan inside and out. I have enjoyed my experiences here. I have grown, and now I know what I want out of life. Wesleyan taught me to think for myself, it matured me. This college can do that for everyone, if they allow the transformation to take place. Students need only to take advantage of what the college has, and not focus on what it lacks.

All of us, myself included, are guilty of this. For many of us Wesleyan was our last chance; I guess we should be happy to be here, instead of wishing for bigger and better things. Wesleyan, though it has many faults, is a good first step for those young people who never left home before college. Wesleyan has great

potential and although it has a long way to go, the future does look promising.

Yes, the school does have little or no spirit. There are still problems within each department, community damage continues to trouble dorm-life, we are forever being referred to as a "suitcase college" because of the deadness of the campus on weekends, and students, like myself, continue to transfer out. There are still many other small problems which still haunt Wesleyan's hallways.

However, in the two and a half years I have been here the college has changed drastically. A new building, internet access, a new president with new ideas, air conditioning, and much more have come to Wesleyan. The faculty and staff are all good, loyal people, and I will truly miss all of them that I have grown close to. They all work for the benefit of the students.

The key to making everything click into place is to have an interested, involved, and mature group of students. I want to look back 20 years from now, see Wesleyan as a thriving institution, and be happy that for a while I was a part of it.

To all students out there — become involved. Yes, college is about study, but socialization is one of the biggest parts of the college experience, and to miss it is like missing out on a part of life. Get out there and do something. Be proud of your school and your diploma.

Students are the present and future of Wesleyan. Make Wesleyan a better place, and you'll be making your diploma, as well as your future, worth something.

—Jessica Brown



Now it's pre-Thanksgiving blues

Holidays becoming an ordeal

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

When did having fun with loved ones on Thanksgiving become such an ordeal? When did Christmas become such a hassle? When did "the holidays" become a time of heightened suicide?

I have been thinking about these questions since I heard an NPR piece on how to cook the perfect turkey and saw a television report on crowded airports. "I don't want to go," complained one harried mother of three small children, "but if I don't get home for Thanksgiving, my mom'll kill me."

"Really," I thought. "You're a grown woman; get a life." Then I swear I heard my own mother, sending a message up from

Dr. Steve Muses

Florida: "You leave that nice girl alone; she's a good kid. And just when are you coming home?"

Panic. How many weeks until Christmas? How's the car? Should I take the train, maybe? What will I get her? Dad? My brother? How will I...?

So I went Christmas shopping. Wild man. I thought I was safe because it was a couple of days before Thanksgiving. No big crowds. No panic.

No parking spaces. no reasonably priced anything. (I mean, I

saw a nice little piece of pottery with a fish on it, just right for Mom. \$250. \$250? Maybe I can cook a fish.) No way.

Then a bulldozer hit me. Actually it was a woman with about 19 kids in strollers. "No wonder I don't come to malls," I thought, as I tried to find my head.

She didn't even see me. Pushed right by me, intent on reaching Penney's. One of the kids, waved merrily at me from the back of the pack.

A young couple (two or three years out of college, I reckoned) sat on a bench arguing. She: "We cannot afford it." He: "But, honey, my dad'll love it." She: "Look, I'd love it too, but we can't af-

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Are you aware of alcohol?

Dear Editor:

There's a poster on campus that asks a kind of lame question: "Are you aware of alcohol?" I know this because I made the poster. I know the question is lame because I overheard a student saying, "Do I know about alcohol?!" Well, at least it gets someone's attention.

Attention is a noun. Attending is the verb form: I have been attending a lot of funerals this year. There were two the week after Mother's Day and then another the week after Father's Day.

I think all of you would have liked or admired Mark or Annie. They were students at another college. They had lots of friends be-

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cause they were fun to be with. They weren't perfect, but they were doing more and more things right as they matured. They drank responsibly. Because they had been drinking, they stayed put in a fraternity house.

And maybe, because they were so soundly sedated, that is why they died in the fire that ravaged that house. Or maybe, because someone else had had a few drinks, a cigarette was dropped

without the flame out. Or maybe, because they had been drinking, some other person didn't take out the trash after the party.

"Maybes" and "could have beens" are cold comfort to the families and friends of Mark and Annie.

Greg was a student at another college. He was also on the path of self-discovery and he was finally demonstrating some real positive behaviors. But he still enjoyed a good party. His fraternity brothers were responsible. They put him to bed and took away his keys. But somehow Greg managed to wrap himself and his car around a tree as he

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