

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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The real 'losers' merely complain

This school sucks. It's a loser school. There's nothing to do.

Heard it? It may as well be our slogan. God knows, there is no one on this campus that gives a damn, no one who wants to see it improve, no one who wants to have... a good time, maybe? Because that would mean the attitude that has prevailed this school would have to dissipate. And change is scary.

Let's take the SGA, for instance. There was an interesting article in the last Decree which pointed out that there have only been two SGA meetings all year. The fault? No one showed up. Not the Senators, not the student body, no one. Okay, so there's no one to vote on school politics. This school sucks.

How about Campus Activity Board? In the past, they've brought in comedians, musicians, they bring you Spring Fling every year. And yet they have a difficult task in recruiting members. Why? Because no one wants to help, no one wants to have a say. There's nothing to do.

Never mind that the curriculum is being scrutinized, forget you came to school for an education (apparently

it's not too difficult). You came to play ball, you came to hang out, join Greeks, whatever.

How about the new gym? The new SAC (the "crack house")? The adoption of Sigma Sigma Sigma and the reinstatement of Alpha Phi Omega? Nu Gam had a Valentine's Day party complete with a fog machine and big screens.

Where were you?

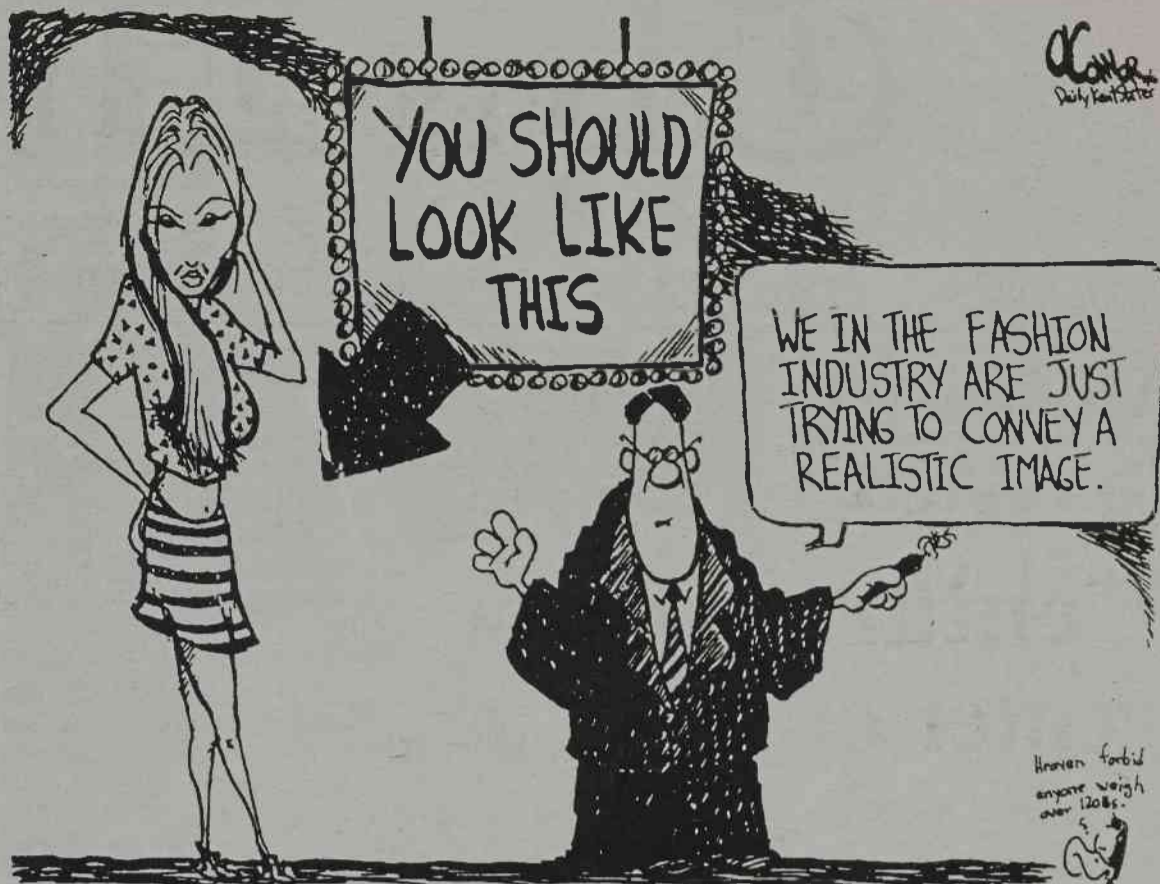
It's here. Literary, athletic, theater, musical, whatever. It's here. No matter who you are, where you came from or where you're going, there is not a person on this campus who cannot find something that interests them.

And if we don't have it, start it. Two years ago, there was no cheerleading squad; before that, no lacrosse.

If you came to college to complain, you're at the wrong school. Yes, there is a lot that needs improving, things that the "powers that be" aren't aware of. It's your job, then, as students, to tell. The power to voice your vote is here, in the Senate, at CAB, at the open meetings Dr. White has, in letters to the editor.

You are heard.

Don't you wish you had something to say?



Reflections on a false spring

Saving a very stupid squirrel

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

During a break from grading papers, I saved the life of a very stupid squirrel.

Gardeners worry about these false springs that we have in February. Last year I lost most of my viburnum and hydrangea blossoms because the buds started bustling toward summer before winter was finished with its icy blasts of doom.

Midway through a stack of papers I wondered about those viburnums. Sliding from beneath the papers, I wandered outside.

Not only viburnums, but also lilacs and dogwoods swell with the juice of life. Daffodils and crocuses jauntily dance in the breezy warmth. Everywhere, sharp lime-green leaves reach up, seeking another chance to make my garden an aesthetic paradise. I'll ignore the weeds spreading like viruses through the still brown grass and look for the first sign of my Virginia Bluebells. I am, in fact, feeling pretty good.

A sleek and healthy tomcat who lives down the street suddenly streaks between my legs, howling like a demented gray demon. I'm used to his sudden appearances in the garden, but he seems particularly excited this afternoon. He disappears around the corner of the garage.

Then I notice that squirrels and birds screech and squawk from every available branch. One group follows tomcat around the corner. What the ...?

Dr. Steve Muses

Over near my neighbor's mountain laurel (talk about blooms! but that's later, in the real Spring), I can see a commotion. Pine straw flies; dust swirls. I walk over to investigate, briefly sidetracked by the scent of my daphne.

Believe it or not, the squirrel wrestles with a cat's collar. It's even a flea collar, I believe. No... it's not wrestling with a collar; it's choking on it.

I have one of those moments that we hardly ever admit to. I could just saunter off, enjoying the afternoon's sights and scents. I could just let the squirrel gag.

Two questions, however, stop me. How in the world did it manage to take possession of tomcat's collar, and could I indeed help it without getting scratched and bitten?

I'm hooked. I find an old jacket and some thick gloves. I climb over the fence separating my yard

from next door's. I chase around after the quickly weakening squirrel. Finally, I manage to hold it down with a foot and to jerk the collar out of its mouth. (Is that blue spot a grape hyacinth blooming?)

Then I have another one of those moments. How am I going to let the squirrel go without letting it explode up my leg in fury? Then I see tomcat, calmly but intently staring at the squirrel. "No way," I tell him, though I learned long ago to avoid standing between him and his prey.

Sun dappled light and shadow play over us as I ponder our futures. I notice that my neighbor had a good view of my forsythia blazing bright yellow. The cat leaps.

Somehow I kick both animals at once. The squirrel shoots off toward the laurel; the cat rolls into the fence; I land rather rudely upon a pine cone.

I lay there, contemplating the azure empyrean. Tomcat scampers over me, chasing the squirrel. I decide not to move for a while. Another year in the garden has begun.

I hear it growing.

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.