

EDITORIALS

Journey together soon reaching end

By SHANNON ST. GEORGE
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To some of you we are fellow students, to others we are classmates and to a few, we are friends. We have known you for the past few years and have grown with you in this college community.

From the resignation of President White, to the inauguration of President Newbould, we have waited with you during the search for a new president. We stood by you during the destruction of Hurricane Floyd and mourned with you the tragedy of Sept. 11. We watched with you when our fellow students excelled academically and accomplished great feats of athleticism. In these and in the like, we have spoken for you, listened to you, and felt with you.

Now we are leaving.

In May of 2002, we, (Editor-in-Chief Shannon St. George and Executive Staff Writer Michael Garcia) the Decree senior staff, will pass from N.C. Wesleyan College unto the world via graduation. We'd like to offer some advice, based upon our time here at Wesleyan, to each of the remaining classes.

Freshman: Look back at the year you've just experienced and remember all that you've endured. Remember how you felt when you saw your parents leave for the first time? Look at yourself now and see how this critical year has shaped who you are. Relish it, you get only one first year of college and in many cases, for various reasons, it is the most memorable year of college.

Sophomores: Do you remember from high school why your year is given this particular name? The word sophomoric means conceited and overconfident of knowledge but poorly informed and immature. OK, so that may describe each of you everyday but in some ways you can't deny it. You've been here one year and you know the ropes. You're riding

Editor's Column

high in the social scene based on your "experience," yeah you practically run this school, right? Well, go ahead. Everyone has to have one year to look back on and laugh at and it just might be this year. Ok, maybe you'll laugh louder and harder about it next year or in a few years.

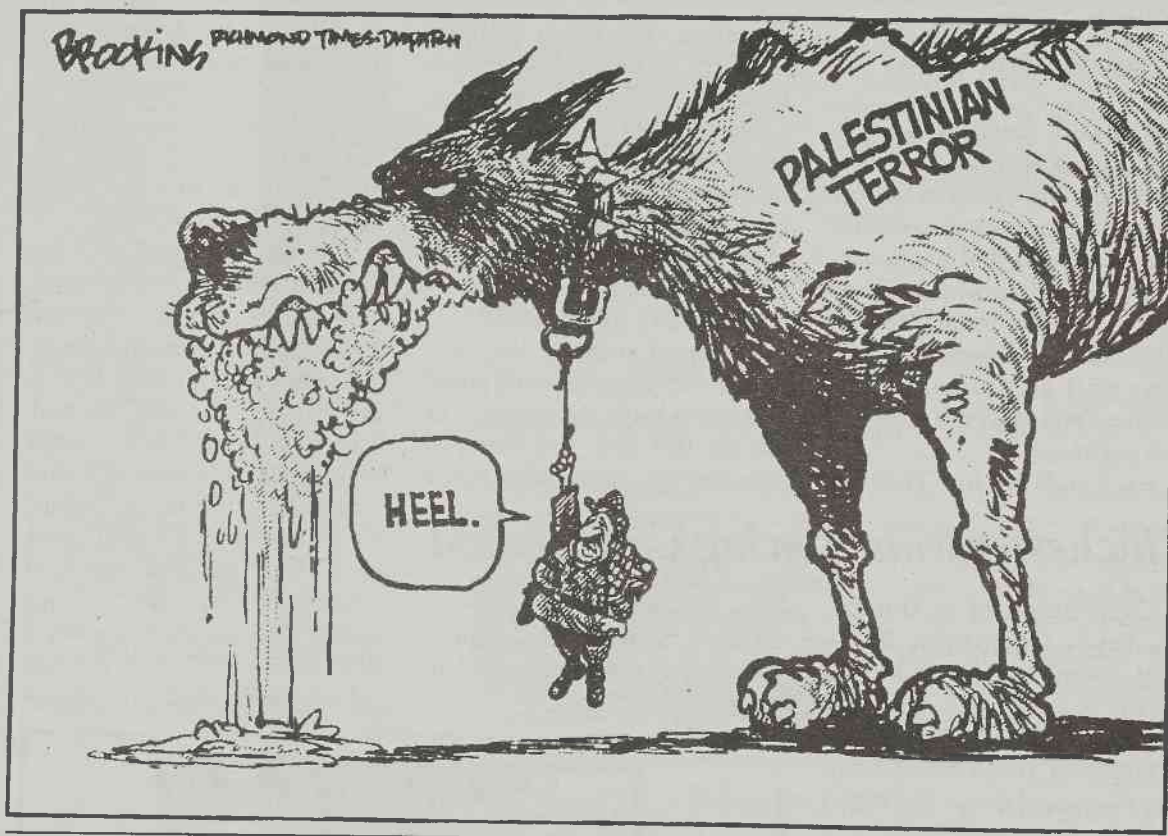
Juniors: For many this is the year you become legal, the big 2-1! In some ways it's like freshman year revisited, except you no longer have to sneak the beer at the bar or into the dorm room — you're legit. Of course this could make it the hardest year academically with such distractions, so best of luck with your classes this year.

Seniors: Wait, weren't we just freshman? This is the most emotionally taxing year. You thought high school was bad in trying to decide on a college? Think about this, for the past 16 years (for most) your life has been scheduled around the date a paper is due, a presentation is to be given or an exam will be taken. Now, all of a sudden you're set to move on and find something to take that place, maybe a job, marriage or continued education. At the same time you're thinking about the friends you've made and the times you'll miss.

Half of you knows what you want to do and the other half is just spinning. You want to go, you're ready to go, but you want to stay and you could stay. Well, it's time to go, so embrace the experience and the changes that are about to take place. It's what you've been preparing for, so go do it. Congratulations to the class of 2002.

Faculty, Staff, etc.: Thanks to you for what you do. It is you who will be sprinkled across our

(Continued on Next Page)



Fairness triumphs at DMV

Boorish behavior 'rewarded'

I mean absolutely no disrespect to anyone when I say that you meet the weirdest people at the Driver's License Office.

It's bad enough to give up a fluffy blue spring afternoon, but waiting in line for two hours to look into a viewer to name the same road signs you heard the previous 50 people repeat ... well, it's bureaucracy gone mad.

I knew I was in for an even longer afternoon when a well-dressed young woman walked in, loaded with a smart suit and matching accessories. She stopped short when she saw the raggedy group waiting to compete for the worst photo ID of the week.

Pausing only briefly to check her watch and tap her powdery-blue, buttery-soft Italian leather shoe, she brushed by the peasants and cut off one of the DMV officers.

"I have an appointment, and I'm in a hurry, so I need to go next." She reached into her purse and sat down in front of the startled officer.

Everyone in line experienced the same rush of adrenaline.

Dr. Steve Muses

Suddenly we all had a focus for our impatience. Squawking children hushed, babbling cell phoners paused, skittish teenagers stopped rehearsing road rules, testing police officers froze. No wonder we aren't allowed to carry guns.

A harried mother of three in a catsup-and-chocolate-stained sweatshirt and what looked like 20-year-old running shoes broke the silence. I cannot repeat — in a family newspaper — what she said, but she did offer to let Ms. Italian Leather have a place in line if mother of three could stick the powdery-blue shoes ... well ... out of sight. Applause from the crowd.

We teetered on the edge of becoming a mob. Thirty seconds, maybe a minute, had passed, but we inched toward apocalypse, toward tearing apart our oppressors.

Ms. Italian Leather never even noticed. Checkbook in hand, she balanced on the corner of the worn plastic chair, protecting her suit from the dirty lumpenproletariat.

An elderly man in overalls called out, "Busy? Shoot, I got 20 acres to plow 'fore dark." He braced himself in place to portray how he would look behind the plow. One of the teenagers burst into tears. "Mama, I'm gonna flunk again; I just know it." The woman in front of me handed me her kid. "I've been here too long to be shut out by that witch."

She moved forward. I hid the child's eyes from his mother's impending confrontation. Several other people began calling out to the officers.

Ms. Leather? She finally deigned to notice the rabble. "Please be quiet," she said over her shoulder. "I need to get out of here."

Oh no, I thought, holding the squirming toddler, there's going to be blood on the floor, and I'm going to end up raising the child of this woman who took revenge

(Continued on Next Page)