

## Editorials

# To The New Editor

Congratulations, new editor. The Wesleyan Decree and you are a team now and as such you will play a vital role in our college community for the tenure of your editorship.

In the past two years we have watched our paper develop from a hope and plan to the reality that you see today. We have worked to make a newspaper that looks, reads like a newspaper—a real college newspaper. You know because you have been a part of it this past year.

Being a young college with no upperclassmen and tradition to guide us made us more susceptible to unchecked mistakes and faulty judgments, but our efforts have been sincere. Through all our fumbling we did progress. Now take our efforts and sometimes painfully-gained knowledge on to make the Decree an outstanding newspaper.

It is an honor to be the executive editor, a position of pride that you will feel. However, soon the criticism will come because you will be expected to be above reproach, incapable of making mistakes while all the time you are only human—no different from any other student.

You will be faced with controversial issues—what to do? If you take a stand you will be labeled as prejudiced or even termed as radical. If you don't you will be called a coward, afraid of public opinion. You might even get to the place you are afraid to trust your own opinion.

You will begin to look on your editorial privileges with mixed emotions. Just when you have patted yourself on the back for writing a good editorial, the sting of unexpected reprimand penetrates.

Forsight comes slow and hard and the lack of it is no small thing. You can drop a bomb shell and not even realize it. "Why was that one small word, revenge, in the story?" You know now that it shouldn't have been printed but it's too late to change. You can't explain it away, and "I'm sorry" just doesn't seem appropriate.

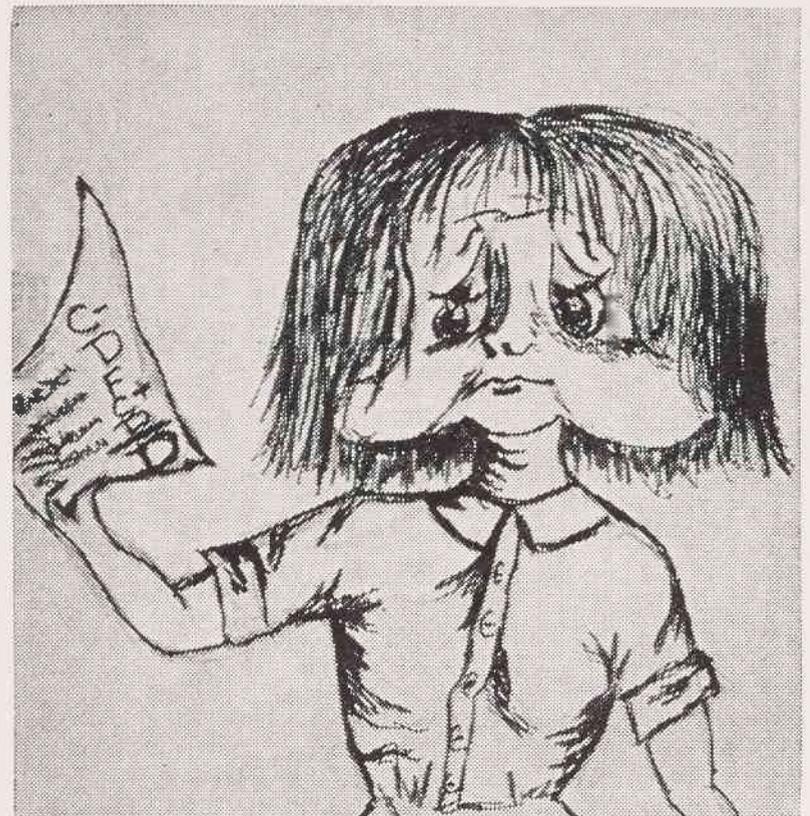
Even though you are called down by your fellow students and administration you must not lose faith. Never resort to the position that all criticism is petty, malicious and of no consequence. You are in a predicament commonly referred to as "learning the hard way."

There will always be the pressure of the next deadline and along with it the realization that you have got to get the paper out on time. Stories have to be written. It doesn't matter that little has happened in the last two-week period that is not stale news and you are piled high with one-line announcements. It doesn't matter that the sports program is still in its first phase and the game you were depending on was cancelled. It doesn't matter that there are no fraternities and sororities to depend on and the social commission hasn't sponsored a dance or anything. Stories have to be written and a deadline met.

Yours is the final responsibility. When a reporter comes to you with "I can't" you will have to. No tangible rewards, it is just part of your position.

However, knowing all this, you wouldn't trade places with any one else on campus because you are doing something that no other student can quite do in the same way. You are editor of The Wesleyan Decree.

So I end my editorship with a sense of accomplishment but also with a kind of melancholy feeling, a reluctance to give up the paper.



There are three kinds of lies—lies, damned lines and statistics.  
—Mark Twain

## SPECTRUM . . .

The advent of the blazing sun brings forth more than hibernating snakes to bask in its warmth. The southern end of the Women's Dorm is strewn with girls in various stages of attire out for a suntan. The result is various hues of red and brown.

A cross-section of the sun-tempercd conversation sounds something like this:

"Well, well. Here comes Miss America! What have you got on under that towel? . . . Yeah, well you'd better be careful there . . . Hand me that cup of water. That's the best thing to keep you from blistering . . . I know. It has salt in it, too . . . We could go and run in the sprinkler system.

Okay. But isn't it cold? Yes, but I feel like I'm going to melt right through this sidewalk if I don't do something . . .

. . . Well, I give up. I sure can't read out here in this sun . . . Look at your toes. They look funny. Toes look funny, don't they? . . . They sure do. Hey, can the bottoms of your feet blister?

. . . I guess so. Yours are getting

kinda red . . . Maybe I had better turn over. Blistered feet I don't need . . . (Careful shifting of body position) . . . Who's that boy coming up the sidewalk?

. . . That's . . . Hey, you can't come any further. This is off-limits! Go back! . . . Well, can't I just stand here? . . . No, go away!

All right, all right! (Boy fades into distance).

. . . You'd better go in. You're getting awfully red . . . Yeah, I get red and you get brown. It's discouraging. (Reflective silence.)

Well, maybe I'd better go in. I don't want to peel.

. . . Where's that book? Don't want to lose anything.

. . . Here let me help you.

. . . See you later.

. . . Yeah, later.

And the door closes on another newly-red redskin.

—Mona Cozart

The trustees of Wake Forest College adopted a resolution on April 27 calling for desegregation of the undergraduate school. The vote was 17-9, with four trustees abstaining.

## THE WESLEYAN DECREE

(Published by the students of NCWC)

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