

## Editorials

## To The New Editor

There is one time in the academic year that college newspaper editors are allowed to talk about themselves, and that is in the last issue of their papers. However, we take this opportunity not to review our past mistakes and triumphs, but to speak sincerely to the DECREE editor for 1963-64. The new editor has not been selected yet, but the same words will apply for anyone.

We find that our thoughts and sentiments have been classically expressed by a past DECREE editor, Miss Wanda Exum. At the close of the 1961-62 publishing year Miss Exum memorably wrote to her successor, Miss Mary Hodgins, in words we feel cannot be imitated or surpassed. Proudly, but humbly and with mixed emotions, we reprint Miss Exum's editorial, "To the New Editor."

"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.

"Foresight 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 social 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 anyone 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."

—S. B.

## In Appreciation

It does not seem possible that the third year of publication for the DECREE is drawing to a close. The year has been fast, and it has been good. Publishing a newspaper in a new, small college is sometimes a real task, but it would be even harder if it were not for the help we have received—not only from the staff, but from others.

The newspapers that appear bi-weekly (or thereabouts) cannot be attributed to (or blamed on) one or two individuals. Much of the dirty work—running down leads to stories, collecting information, writing and rewriting, etc.—has been done by individual staff members who never receive recognition for their efforts. Without them the DECREE could not function. Because several of our regular writers have asked to remain in the background, regretfully we cannot call their names. But to those people we say with all sincerity, thank you. Your work has been greatly appreciated; your thoughtfulness and loyalty invaluable.

Our deepest appreciation goes also to the people who have handled the business end of publishing the DECREE. Van Massey, Walter White, Cherry Gorham, and their assistants. Without them we would have been lost.

Thanks, gang!  
—J. G.

## Mary Jo

One of Wesleyan's finest students, Miss Mary Jo Edwards, recently suffered a fatal attack of a respiratory illness in her Raleigh home. Her passing marks the end of an era for her family, her friends, and for the College—an era of inspiration, beauty, strength, and courage.

Confined to a wheelchair after a fight with polio several years ago, Mary Jo affected everyone she loved, everyone she met. She exuded an air of happiness, confidence, pride, and determination in everything she did.

Although she is gone, her outward beauty and her inward beauty will always be remembered. A part of Mary Jo will remain with us forever.

## Silence Dogood, Lie No. 3

## Practical Education

"Please excuse the state of the following text. The current British blockade of our ports has reduced me to obtaining paper by trimming the margins of my Bible."

Thus spoke Silence Dogood on the envelope of his latest expose, "Practical Education:"

There is a curious notion held by some of the more shortsighted members of the College Community which runs to the effect that "since the purpose of going to college is to help us to get a better job after graduation, the best kind of education we can get while we are here is one consisting of practical knowledge that may be usefully applied in our chosen professions."

Those who hold entirely, or even largely to this idea probably consider themselves to be practical ("common sense") people, or even "realists." No doubt they would like to be able to measure the results of their collegiate efforts in terms of tangible results, or more specifically, in dollars and cents (x hours of study time equals y amount of salary after ten years, etc., etc.).

At the freshman and sophomore levels we find this "practical" kind of student selecting courses which are "related to his chosen profession" and omitting those for which he foresees little application "on the job." Little wonder that at the junior-senior level we find this same student, having taken the limited number of courses "in his field," idly thumbing through the catalog, convinced that he is wasting his time, and frustrated because he no longer knows what occupation he wants to practice now that he has dropped his original plans.

The blame for this may be placed largely at the feet of the host of ill-educated advisors and bogus guidance counselors who descend upon the high school student, armed with charts, vocational guidance tests, and gala career nights, and convince him that if he has not selected his career by his seventeenth birthday he is headed at that moment for "failure" (whatever that is). The student would do well to submit the names of such people to his local draft board.

Thus wound up and set down on the track leading to his "chosen profession" like a toy train, the "practical" student (let us say one who is set on a career as a businessman) would be delighted to design himself a curriculum of one hundred hours of business and economics with a few courses in this or that related field just to "round him out." Perhaps it is only the limited number of courses in each area and the stiff list of required courses which prevent this from actually happening.

Every one of us would do well to select courses on the basis of the following question, "At this time, in what large areas of knowledge am I a hopeless hapless boob, likely to prove myself a complete jackass should I ever open my mouth?" If students from now on were to use such a guide in selecting courses we might be able to cut down on the large number of ignorant doctors, lawyers, advertisers, businessmen, artists, educators, and ministers, who are permitted to walk among us posing as educated men and women.

In short, the student should not ask, "will or will not this course help me in my career?" After all, the answer is almost always the same. No course is likely to have a direct relation on any particular career, no matter how technical. The only valid question for us to ask is, "will or will not this course increase my knowledge of the known universe?" If it will not, the course is probably a waste of time and effort for both the student and the professor.

For the purpose of clarity then, I propose that we junk this lie of "practical education" and bring it into line with reality by simply taking the word "practical" and adding the suffix "ly."

## Student Leaders

Here is the slate of Student Government Association officers and class officers for the 1963-64 academic year:

Student Government Association—President, John Hines; Vice-president, Robert Stephens; Secretary, Joan Lambirth; Treasurer, Baxter Myers.

Student Life Association—Chairman, Betty Anderson; Attorney General, Dennis Schulze. Student Representative positions will be filled at the beginning of the fall semester next year.

Commissions—Social Commission Chairman, Butch Nichols; class representatives, Senior, Judy Garriss; Junior, David Brady; Sophomore, Diane Powell. Athletic Commission—Chairman, Ronnie Brockenbrough; class representatives, Senior, Wayne Cooper; Junior, Don Everette; Sophomore, David Reeves. Interfaith Commission—Chairman, Guy Rouse.

Class Officers—Senior Class, President, Gary Garlow; Vice-president, Susan Black; Secretary, Vicki Walker; Treasurer, Ginny Eason; Historian, John Gillis. Junior Class, President, Bill Hartley; Vice-president, Herbert Campbell; Secretary, Grace Markham; Treasurer, Max Fitzgerald. Sophomore Class, President, Steve Cherry; Vice-president, Albert Rexroad; Secretary, Judy Addison; Treasurer, Lyndon Holden. Community Council—Student Representatives elected this year—Winni Stine and Janice Roebuck.

## POET'S CORNER

## Our Shelley

"Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life."  
The tears of my life fall crystal on the dying leaves  
And I can feel the late autumn creeping into my soul,  
That spirit which binds my existence as a unit and keeps it alive.

I, professedly, am a man, am led into the endless hell which the living dead call "life."  
The mass!  
The crowd!  
Conformity or damnation!  
It whispers; it shouts! It taunts!  
"I am you and you are me;  
I banish all escape."

To speak your mind is the evil—to express your soul is blasphemy!

And I, who proclaim my spirit free, can sense the chill which mars  
The arrival of the winter of my existence.

—E. L.

## Young And Foolish

I was young and oh so foolish. I was stubborn and set in my ways.

Could I have known that life would punish  
And fate would remember those carefree days?

The Spring was to me a morning dawn  
The new buds of love engulfed me

We were two lonely souls together drawn  
Love was blind, for the future I could not see.

When in Autumn we were forced to part  
We made our vows to ever be true.

Little did I know it would be I to break his heart  
And he to pass judgment before it was due.

But God seems to mend even the greatest wounds  
In His own simple and unique way.

For I have heard the glorious sounds  
Of a love that will last forever and a day.

—S. J. S.

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