

Editorials

What's In A Name?

Hello! My name is John Doe. What's Yours? No doubt a familiar ringing sound around Wesleyan this week. You thought your senior year in high school was a busy and hectic time. Why, with graduation and parties and . . . but wait, until you get into the rut of your first semester in college: last year will seem like a week of sun-bathing at the beach by comparison. Some October day when you have three quizzes and 200 pages of English Lit. coming up the next morning, a roommate with a complicated love life, a little laundry to do, less money and an exasperating headache, you'll know the desperation of collegiate existence, and the reason why all the seniors have that "harrassed look." What fun!

One major "orientation" problem left unsettled and seldom, if ever, discussed during Orientation Week is that of, as Epictetus said, "Choosing the best life, for habit makes it pleasant." It's not a matter of escaping from pressures, of trying to return to the ease of life in a baby carriage, but of finding some sure center of decision within, by which you can either say "yes" or "no" with integrity. Some men do not fail, they just give up trying.

The most important dimension of our education is that of finding ourselves, the nub, the core, the distinctive thing that makes up unique personalities. And we will find ourselves—perhaps in college, perhaps not—by finding what object of love, what center of value is worth giving ourselves to. It is said "Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also," and it means just that: you ARE what you treasure!

WELCOME FRESHMEN!

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The Decree's Place

As the 1963-64 academic year begins, so another year for *The Wesleyan Decree* begins. We feel that this, our paper, plays an important part in the development of our college. In many instances a person first sees our campus through the *Decree*, since over 600 copies are distributed not only in North Carolina but in surrounding states.

There are several areas in which we feel a good newspaper must place emphasis. These are.

With honesty and accuracy cover the news.

Name the names, keep the reader informed, whatever the issue.

Entertain vigorous, constructive ideas.

Seek always the truth.

Let the paper be the voice of the community.

Energetically separate the worthwhile from the worthless.

Adhere to the cannons of good journalism.

We, the staff, have set these standards, and *The Wesleyan Decree* is operated according to these policies. This is a free society and therefore, no outside censorship either from the administration or the Methodist Church exists. We are, of course, expected to evidence responsible journalism. With this freedom we have tried to be responsible. We seek to bend to no element. This is our policy and our paper.

College Is Many Things

As you drove along the pine-fringed campus drive, little did you realize the meaning of becoming a college freshman. You will come to think of it, we feel, as one of the most fruitful years you will experience, for your first year will supply the keys necessary for you to open the doors leading to wisdom and knowledge.

College is many things, as you soon will discover—empty fountain pens . . . tons of clean, white paper . . . exasperating professors . . . gallons of stiff, black coffee . . . red eyes and late hours . . . rules and housemothers . . . spaghetti on Tuesdays . . . mad scrambles to the post office . . . tired hands and sore feet . . . call downs . . . dorm pranks . . . books to read, read, read . . . questions without answers . . . serious talks . . . sharing thoughts . . . writing themes . . . voting . . . singing . . . worship . . . baseball . . . confusion and touches of rebellion . . . unexpected praise and defeat . . . decisions . . . term papers . . . laughter . . . friendship . . . newspapers . . . dances . . . fellowship . . .

And as this year moves on out of this kaleidoscope there emerges a pattern, a sense of belonging, new insights, the discovery of truths, and the secure knowledge that in four years the same doors that you once stood before, in awe and expectation, will have been opened wide by your own efforts and progress, and you will stand ready to greet the future.

(Reprinted from the September 19, 1963 Wesleyan Decree)

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



QUIT WORRIN' ABOUT WHAT KIND OF A COURSE IT IS!
WITH A LINE THIS LONG IT MUST BE A 'SNAP!'

From The Desk Of The President

It is trite to say "Welcome, we are happy to have you!" This should be evident when the entering student looks about to see the tangible, physical preparation made for his entrance.

I am reminded, in all the confusion and excitement of registration, that not all who are invited to share in this excitement come to share in the educational feast that has been prepared.

In a parable of our Lord he tells of the host who has prepared a great feast, then sends for the invited guests and they all with one accord begin to make excuses for not sharing in the feast.

Some say, "I must be busy about the purchase of my cattle and I cannot spare the time." Another wants to examine some new land to expand his holdings, yet another cannot come because he has taken a bride and does not wish to leave the festivities surrounding this great event.

On the surface these seem to be good excuses, but each was pleading a prior interest to avoid the spiritual banquet. I always hope that those students for whom we have prepared, that have been invited to share in the academic feast, will come with great appetite.

Too frequently there are those who have more interest in the festivities, in the social activities, in the peripetetic bridge game, and they beg to be excused from a "tough" course, then withdraw from the art of study, then forget the path to the library, then "sleep in" when classes get too regular.

Christ indicated what happened to the banquet. The master of the feast sends his servants into the highway and hedges to find those who are hungry and will welcome those who will come, and they harvest the benefits of the earlier preparation.

Academically, the intelligent may cheat themselves by making excuses while those who are willing enjoy the educational feast. The acceptance or rejection is your elective.

During Orientation Week you recall the story told of the conversation between the father and the unborn son. The little

lad didn't want to be born into the world as his father had prepared it. The father first told of all the physical preparation made for this long desired son. "I have purchased the finest layette, the best cradle, I even have a baseball and glove for you . . . just your size."

Finally the son assured the father he was interested in a better world and they agreed they would work together to attain this better world. Only then did the lad agree to come into his father's world.

The trustees have made preparation for the best possible physical world into which you may be invited academically. You will enjoy the beautiful new surroundings and though occasionally some things have not yet been provided, you can enjoy watching them grow as you study.

The administration and faculty have planned a strong curriculum based upon their sound knowledge, the growing library, and enlarged course offerings. The library and study facilities are available with growing schedules. Many more tangible evidences of this preparation could be cited.

You must be willing to be "born into" this educational world. You can refuse and all our labor will be in vain. You can accept the invitation to come into this world and together we can make yours a better life and ours a better world.

As the lord of the feast said in his invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready," we welcome you as we share in this academic feast.

Open Letter

Dear Sis;

Thanks for the letter you typed on the station's typewriter and time. Glad to hear that . . .

The biggest gripe I have about people my age and your age is that they have no convictions. That's right NONE. You probably don't even know what convictions means along with all your buddies at school. School age people like yourself believe in nothing when it comes down to it. They bend with the social wind. One day it blows left, they bend left, tomorrow it blows the other way, they bend again. Of course I'm generalizing but it's true mostly. I'm right where I'm reminded of my need for conviction everyday. (NAAS Whitging Field, Milton, Fla.)

Why do I risk my young butt everyday? Because I believe in the principles upon which our fathers founded this country and I believe in those millions who have died since defending those principles. That's why I'm here. It's not because I like to go way up into the air! Although that too. The sophomores at school were always the best for out spokenness and resisting social pressure. But by the time you're a senior, you could care less. You will hear senior boys (not men) bragging about dodging the draft as if it was an admirable feat. That makes me boil. I could forget I'm an officer and a gentleman, I'm not saying you should be a rebel. Negative. I'm saying most college people are afraid to sing the national anthem in public for fear of ridicule, afraid to speak when they think oppositely to the crowd, are not concerned with being the Casper Milk toasts that they are.

Big Brother's love

Registration Day

By JAMES R. LAYTON

Hurry up and wait.
Stand in line; talk, smoke.
Registration day-bad day.
"Are my cards complete?"
"Am I taking the right courses?"
Everyone suffers:
Teachers, students, workers,
Why?

The lines are long.
People fatigue and sleep.
Smiles are seldom seen.
The day is monotonous.
Classes are filled.
Courses aren't offered.
People break line.
Teachers take breaks.
Why?

Your card is wrong,
You stop to correct it.
People pass you by.
Your pen doesn't work.
Your socks are sweaty.
You are uncomfortable.
The line moves slowly.
People seem unfriendly.
Why?

The sun fades away.
Things are complete.
You've won the battle.
You can lean back now.
Comfort exists.
Only fun remains.
People smile.
Friendliness is reborn.
Why?

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