

'THE DEAN' -- A Short Story

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 he could watch the beautiful scene. Now he could see very clearly even some yellow and red leaves stirred up by two frisky squirrels. In the early morning sun the sky, though a deep blue, had a golden tint. The ageing buildings, covered with dark green ivy, were artfully splashed with the light of a rising sun. The rays serenely bathed the campus in a crimson hue, penetrating the ancient foliage to create a kaleidoscope of color. The mid fall air was cool and calm dotted with several blackbirds searching for an early morning

feast. Surely, he thought, as he brushed from his young clean shaven face, nothing could be this beautiful.

Suddenly the quiet scene was broken by the sound of a distant bell and an opened door. What was once a mere speck seen through an opened window from the roof now became the figure of a husky, middle-aged man, gracefully and briskly walking down the sidewalk. The sight progressed to that now the Dean was passing by the chapel and rapidly approaching the street in front of the small weather-worn auditorium. The man on the roof watched for a mo-

ment, then picked up his weapon from the small rack by his side, placing the warm mahogany stock against his cheek. Making a few final adjustments, he peered through the scope atop the high-powered Marlin at the sun-bathed sight. Now the Dean was about ten yards from his destination. On approaching the steps he took two at a time then paused at the top as he reached for the door handle. The rifle cracked twice, but the two shots sounded simultaneously. The first shot struck the man full in the face, and his head exploded into a halo of red. The second projectile

plunged into his chest, violently knocking him backwards and down the steps landing in the sea of concrete behind him. The body rolled twice, trembled, and lay limp only to soak the warm sunlight.

The scene was quiet again, with the exception of an increasing rumble within the auditorium and the frightened screams of fleeing blackbirds.

The prepared speech settled in a pool of blood. The bright red liquid slowly wound its way down the rough sidewalk and seeped into narrow cracks. Just below and behind the academic building, the jet-black Rolls Royce gave a contented sigh as the man placed his torso behind the hand-carved steering wheel. High up on the roof where he had lain, searching for a lost impressing. And the clear glass doors of the auditorium burst open, spewing open-mouthed students.

Day Students Asked To Check Mailboxes

In response to complaints of resident students, Mrs. Pat Stone, Post Office manager asks that all day students check their mailboxes at least once a week.

Resident students, who have day-student boxmates have had a hard time getting their mail out of their boxes. This is because many day students seldom check their boxes. Therefore, mail keeps piling up. In response, residents have been throwing away their boxmate's mail to make room for their own.

Resident students are also warned that taking their boxmate's mail out of their box without permission is against the law.

So, day students, please check your mail and stop all this confusion.

Treatise On A Woman's Lib

(Continued From Page 2)

may sound good to those women naive enough to believe it, but it cannot explain why women do not get equal pay for equal work, equal consideration in job opportunities and in some states, cannot even inherit property.

Let us look at a microcosm of man's society, Wesleyan College. The male and female students upon entering college appear to the untrained eye to be rather equal. Using as a basis of comparison high school grades, S. A. T. scores and personal recommendations one might conclude that the incoming freshmen differ slightly from one another. It is during orientation that the students

and parents are informed the apron strings are cut and the students are on their own. How far from the truth these statements are, especially with respect to those persons living on the North side of the campus.

The girls are required to sign in and out whether they are going to Rocky Mount or the student union with every action on their part recorded and documented. The men are not bound by such childish rules and one may hypothesize as to why one sex is treated differently than the other. Perhaps the men are older and more responsible than the girls, but further investigation reveals that the average chronological age between the two sexes is about the same and therefore cannot support the hypothesis. Perchance the girls are not as mature as their boy counterparts, but this too cannot be valid since evidence indicates that the females mature sooner than the males. It is often implied that the girls

are weak, helpless, and vulnerable and this justifies their being rounded up like sheep and tucked into bed at 11:30.

Wesleyan College, following in the footsteps of society, has continued the historic tradition of brainwashing the female into knowing her place. Many girls fancy the situation in which they do not have the freedom nor responsibility of controlling their individual lives. Others must feel that they are not mature enough to face the reality of life and must therefore be eternally sheltered from the cold, hard world. It is with these attitudes that one concludes that females are sub-male and that every male should own at least one of them.

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