

FROM THE CIRCULAR FILE

BY WILL THOMSON

Editor's note: This week's Circular File is reprinted from the January 26, 1971 issue of the DECREE. Mr. Thomson is currently on vacation.

While gazing into my microscope in lab the other day, I noticed a great similarity between the colony beneath my gaze and this community we

call Wesleyan. Some of the cells sit passively about, moved only by the general current of the water; some are constantly scurrying, bumping headlong into this and that while some sit rooted to one spot, running their multi-filamented mouths. Some cells ooze from one source of food to another, engulfing anything that might get in the way, while others spin and turn in one spot as if unsure of which way to go. They are sexually (and asexually) active, if only for the single purpose of prolonging their kind, and they react in different ways to changes in their environment. These tiny organisms have no cares for the affairs of the outside world and are, in most cases oblivious to even their immediate surroundings. When alarmed, certain species bristle with protective cilia while most merely withdraw into a protective sheath or even ignore the obvious danger. Throughout their lives they are the prey of other, bigger organisms but, except for a few exceptions, they never have evolved protective systems: their saving grace is their fecundity, a fecundity we do not share. I wonder sometimes what some greater Being is thinking as He peers through His lens.

The Brotherhood of Sigma Omega



Wishes to thank the many members of the Wesleyan Community that made our Rush Week possible and particularly—

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cole
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Harrison



A FRESH LOOK

BY TOM HARDISON

I can remember, after my Mother died how the whole family was all around me for awhile. The uncles and aunts were all there and my grandmother and all these relatives I haven't seen since. And it wasn't so bad. I really didn't have time to think about it. And when the funeral was over and everybody packed up and went home and my Father went back to work I thought I would be alone but I wasn't. I got some goldfish.

I kept them in my room, on a little table right next to the bed and all day I would talk to my goldfish, lounging around in the water, not having the slightest idea what I was talking about. It was pretty bad when my Mother died, but the goldfish kept me company for awhile. But one day I came home from school and they were dead, too. I really don't remember what occupied my time then. I just learned to accept that death is a very final thing.

It was the same way when my father died, too. Except I didn't have his hand to hold during the funeral. All the relatives were there again, sorta a family reunion or something, I suppose.

And after he died I got a newer car and that kept me busy. And trying to keep in high school. I suppose I got over my father's death the same way I got over my mother's. Sort of just came to terms with it. I mean, what do you do?

Somebody's always leaving. Dying, or just walking out of your life or growing up on you . . . or you grow up on them. All kinds of things happen. And they are very very sad. And to me there are two kinds of sadness. The kind you can't do anything about, like when somebody dies. The kind that you just . . . what did I say, sort of come to terms with. And then there's the kind of sadness that is very real and very final, but at the same time is very very vague. Like, somebody leaves but you could see them again . . . but you don't know if you should. And what to do about the leaving. You just never know if you can get it back, and you don't know what to do with it anyway. It, or the person, or whatever just goes away. Slowly. And not very finally.

Not too many Saturdays ago I was in Raleigh and after a

night of rather fitful sleep I finally got up and made it over to The Player's Retreat. I wanted a beer. And I wanted to figure out what to do about some things. I sat up at the bar, under the dark red lights of the place and I felt suddenly that it was night. I finally got my beer and as I turned it up I saw, or noticed, I suppose for the first time, that behind the bar there were all these big tanks of fish. Goldfish, bass, and something the barkeeper called a Jack Dempsey. There they were. Fish.

But I'm a little old for fish now and I can't afford a new car and I don't even know why I'm telling you all this. I guess I found my new solace. Maybe I'll start writing again.

Four Professors To Leave Campus

(Continued from Page 1)

tracts for the faculty positions for 1972-73 will be released during the first two weeks of February.

The administration has indicated that such items as pay increases, promotions, and the granting of tenure will again be considered this year, following last year's bilateral agreement to suspend these considerations.

gort

You look mortified, Oedipus.

I am, Gort! I just found out that I've killed my father... and I've married my mother!



Have you considered divorce?

No, no... the punishment of my double crime must be severe!! I think I'll blind myself and go into wandering exile!



Can you think of anything more painful?!

You could become a lifetime member in Spiro Agnew's golfing gallery.



About Campus Drug Usage

(Continued From Page 2) it to be, even at the cost of suspension of students who are not willing to accept our counsel and the guidance of college regulations.

DECREE: Did the college, or any official of the college, initiate the action against Nick Belletti?

Collins: I do not have absolute information as to the nature of informants known to the Rocky Mount City Police authorities, but I am assured that no official of this college initiated the action with regard to Mr. Nick Belletti. Had we had certain information on which to act, we should have taken action as a college to protect the integrity of the college community.

I do not know the source of their information, but it is my understanding from reliable sources that the information originated off this campus and was not furnished by a member of the Wesleyan college community. However, we shall cooperate 100% with civil authori-

ties as I indicated in my open letter to the student body immediately after the arrest occurred.

DECREE: Do you have a final word on this subject, Dr. Collins?

Collins: Every member of the Wesleyan community, including each student, shares some responsibility for any defects which occur on campus.

Students share responsibility for problems known to prevail and have the right (and the obligation) to use his or her powers of persuasion and judg-

ment to help make the Wesleyan community orderly, considerate of the rights of others, and law abiding.

This is not exclusively the responsibility of the administration.

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