



In the last four years a lot of water's gone under the bridge, or perhaps better put a lot of beer has gone down the ol' pipe. And so, now I'm faced with finishing up the column for the last time. I'm faced with either trying to recap four years of college life or with writing some masterful epilog that will send tears down the cheek of even our meanest soccer player. Or I could always do another half-true funny story and call it quits with even less fanfare than I started the column with four long years ago. But I don't want to do any of those things. What I want to do is make a stab at trying to tell you all why I wrote this column in the first place and what happened to it on the way. I want you to know what I've been trying to do for the last few years.

I can remember four years ago, walking into the Decree

office and meeting Julie Robinson, who was then editor. I wanted to work on the paper and wanted to know how I could help. About five minutes later I walked out of that office glassy-eyed and amazed. I had become, in that short period of time, a full fledged column writer—subject: freshmen. That's how the name "A Fresh Look" was born. What came about then was that first column about all the guys playing up to that cute little freshman girl in the pool room. What was supposed to happen in that issue was to see a side of human nature ever realized before. But something else happened too. That column made me realize that I should not and could not specialize in just freshmen. After all, what was so funny about it was that the guys were seniors and were trying to impress "a kid". So then the real thing got started.

I decided that my work should try to show every day college experiences in light and funny ways with the end result trying to be able to draw from that a simple human truth that always seems to get overlooked in the day to day activities of life. I wanted you to see yourself in the characters I presented and I wanted you to realize that were are all the same.

I ended up writing a lot about personal friends (Me and Ol' Rope) and things like tidbits about the Sooner Club because I came to believe that what most seemed to be lacking at Wesleyan was an intense and true feeling of loyalty and comraredy in all aspects of campus life. Me and Ol' Rope had that loyalty and so did the club. And we had it in all aspects of our college life. And so, with all those endless trivial columns about our escapades I was attempting to display that loyalty while all the time I wanted to print in big bold letters . . . HEY, FIND FRIENDS, BECOME CLOSE, DO SOME SILLY THINGS THAT MAKE YOU CLOSE AND WE CAN ALL ENJOY LIFE HERE TOGETHER. (My God, I finally did it.) It wasn't

that everybody had to be nuts like the Sooners, or had to run for Homecoming Queen, but that to really exist meant more than cramming your head inside a book.

I guess I'm afraid it didn't work and that's why the long explanation. I threw in some things to be controversial and threw in some columns that had no meaning whatsoever, but all in all I did have a plan. It was supposed to be about people . . . people who enjoy living and enjoy attempting to do it creatively while confined to the rigors of day to day existance within a college community. I guess I got the message through to some of you, because you always would comment on the column, but I missed with a lot of you, too, because some of you never read any of the paper, much less my column. And that's what hurts. It was you I was after . . . the ones out there who can't or don't attempt to do anything but complain and whimper. I wanted to show you how some other people stay happy. Maybe one day . . .

Now that I've gone on with this long explanation I want to try one more column on you. And this is it, the last one.

I've been fortunate here, I've done about everything I could possibly do. I thought about it the other day and realized that I was president, worked on a publication, worked on productions, but "M.C. ing" the basketball games is the closest I ever came to college athletics.

I was never a jock. And I'll never have a letter sweater to show my kids. I mean, I could show 'em the ol' Decree or the Cup but they would really like a jock sweater better, I bet.

The closest I ever came to being a jock was when we (yes . . . me and ol' you know who) went out for soccer. We lasted about a week until I bruised my heel in an inter-dormitory water fight and until Neal pulled a muscle in his stomach. (He was really just sore from push-ups, I think.) Anyway, we went in gung ho with the whole thing. We quit smoking and curtailed drinking a little. When we both "got well" we went back out as if nothing had happened. But something did happen, at least to me. It was raining like crazy that day and for three hours I sat on that cold, wet bench waiting for ol' Horne to let me schimmage. I never did. Neal did, and all the fatties did, but not me. He was nice enough to let me do wind springs, the mile run and push ups with the team. Well, that was that! I had had it. I quit. eal lasted about three more days and took to drinking again for after-class amusement.

We gave up. It's clear to me now that ol' Horne was testing us. We just didn't have what it took to be a jock. We did well in about everything else we did but that. But at least we knew when we were beat.

We all need a realization of our shortcomings, and now as graduates we should have a pretty good idea as to what they are. If we know what our shortcomings are and if we know when to quit we're half way victorious in any battle.

And I think I should quit now. Good Luck, and congratulations. See you Homecoming.

PNB

**PLANTERS
NATIONAL
BANK**

**PLEASE
Support Our
Advertisers
And Tell Them
You Saw It In
The Decree**



Odom Wholesale Company, Inc.

1548 Vance Street, Rocky Mount, North Carolina — Phone: 919 442-1208

WHOLESALEERS OF



"Congratulations And Best Wishes For Your Future Success"