

Wesleyan's open dorm policy needs reviewing

by Greg Allen

Many students are now supporting an open dorm policy for the school. They believe it would prevent the recurrence of the recent escapade at Nash Dorm.

The event put three people out of school until January, with another on social probation. The case was clearly a disregard for the school's policy concerning the visitation by the opposite sex in one's room. Considering the consequences, the four students could have gotten a very stiff penalty; instead they came away with a ruling in their favor. Although this case is closed, it is time to review the necessity of visitation hours for all dorms.

The last year that the school had visitation hours was in 1974. Since this time a great deal has changed and the institution appears to be solvent and capable of functioning in every respect as a college. Although the school is

heavily influenced by the Methodist Church, Wesleyan cannot let it influence the types of social interaction that are an essential part of college life.

An appropriate time to start visitation hours on a trial basis would be Homecoming weekend. At that time not only would students be able to visit their friends' rooms, but alumni would also be able to visit their old rooms. Suggested visitation hours are 7 PM to 10 PM, Friday and Saturday nights. If the students are given the chance to demonstrate their responsibility, it may change some of the biases presently held by the administration.

Along with visitation hours, there must also come certain conditions that will be a vital part of the plan. To begin with, there should be some type of check-in for guests at the dorm lobby. Secondly, if there is a visitor

in the room, the door must be opened a full ninety degrees at all times; failure to do so would result in a suspension of the student's visitation privileges. Thirdly, if a student is found in a room or hall after 10 PM (when the visitation hours are over), he should be dealt the same punishment as the four in the recent incident.

It is time to show the students that the administration believes that they are mature and responsible adults who can visit dorms and rooms without degrading the school's or, more importantly, their own images. If the students can follow the rules that have been suggested for visitation hours, they will not only demonstrate their maturity and common sense but will prove to the community that Wesleyan is an institution that realizes that social interaction between the sexes is a normal aspect of human existence.

Even have an imitation course

by Connie Sandborn

Although Wesleyan has provided its students with recreational facilities, many students have found different ways to amuse themselves here at the college. They have found new ways of making the long and boring weekends filled with a bit of action. Some of it isn't always too enjoyable for the people involved, but it always turns out to be funny.

The college has furnished a baseball field, tennis courts, an intramural field, and Everett Gymnasium. However, many imaginative students have found their own sources of pleasure, even besides the populars, such as beer drinking and the male and female appeal to their opposite sexes.

Those who love the game of golf have not been hampered by the fact that Wesleyan College doesn't have a beautiful eighteen-hole course. With a creative mind, the interested players have devised methods of deciding

what constitutes a hole-in-one and the exact par of this make-believe course. The area behind Nash Hall and extending over to the North Hall comprises this unmarked course.

There are others who have taken it upon themselves to use the fountain for what some students think are practical uses. Whether it be a serene and quiet place to think or a place to drench a best friend or despised enemy, the fountain has become a little more than just a part of the landscape at the College.

Finally, for those people who love the outdoors, the "pines" have let students find a hideaway for friends and lovers. Some have been known to picnic in the shadow of trees, and some have battled the mosquitoes and cold in order to camp out under the stars.

In essence, Wesleyan students have used their imagination not only in their studies but in order to make the atmosphere a very special place for the school year.

A smoker's world

by Jan Wilson

I am a cigaretaholic. There, I said it. No pride, no pain in the statement. Only the realization that if I don't quit in the next few years or so, someone will put me in a strait jacket and make me quit. You see, Americans are concluding that smokers are dangerous to society. Well, of course, I understand their campaign and I believe in it to the depth of my charcoaled lungs, but I have yet to feel the urge to quit.

I like smoking. Just like my parents like big band music. It is something I grew up with, and a part of my heritage. My goodness, there was even a sort of ritual surrounding my initiation at the age of fourteen.

I remember the first time I lit up. My friend's parents had left for the weekend. Joan, my friend, planned a little get-together at her house to celebrate her independence. Well, the most independent thing to do at that age was smoke cigarettes. That is, if you wanted to be independent. And I did. What I mean is, I wanted to go on living in my parents' house, and eating their food, and sleeping in their warm, comfortable beds, and receiving my weekly allowance. But I also wanted to smoke cigarettes on the sly. What other way to compensate for all the dependent, coddling middle-class security I was receiving at home? This was the closest thing I could do to jumping a railroad car at twilight or climbing the World Trade Center. Thus, when someone opened a green and white package labeled KOOL, (akin to being cool) I knew my opportunity for adventure was at hand.

My first puff, later termed drag, was disgusting to say the least. Pesty dogs that chase after cars and accidentally wind up sucking the exhaust pipe would know how I felt. All I could do was gaaaaagh, bark, barf. But dogs never lose their

fascination for rolling wheels, and I soon got over my initial irritation.

My adventure soon turned into a habit. My friends and I began making after-school excursions into the woods in



"I am a cigaretaholic" - Jan Wilson

pendage as my big toe. Before I became a full-fledged chain smoker I would only smoke menthol cigarettes, thank you. But as my habit became more desparate and I occasionally needed to bum a

back of my house, toting our equipment. Our equipment consisted of cigarettes, of course, usually menthols, and to make sure our habit went undiscovered we would carry a couple of chocolate-covered mints along. We had our strategy figured out. We would also double check by smelling each others' breaths and clothing. Small sacrifice for such lurid delight. At the end of each smoking session we wouldn't just walk home. We would whip ourselves through the crisp air, running from the smoke that still lingered on our clothes, lest our parents catch on to us. And of course they could only delight at our bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked return.

My parents did catch on, though, as I began sneaking smokes in my room at night after, I assumed, they had gone to bed. One night my father barged into my room and bellowed, "Dammit, if you're going to smoke, do it in front of us. I don't want you sneaking around, stuffing burning ashtrays into your drawers when somebody comes around. You could set the house on fire."

And so I came out of my closet. With my new freedom I began to need a cigarette on more occasions. My cigarette became as natural an ap-

butt, I would settle for anything. And if I couldn't find a donor, then I would begin a relentless search through trusty strongholds, looking for anything that vaguely resembled a weed. My pocketbook would usually yield one or two fallen and mangled members of that species and, of course, my ashtray was pretty generous with a variety of charred stubs.

After awhile, smoking wasn't such a novelty. But I still had my habit to contend with. My miserable, hacking, wheezing habit that I have no intention of abandoning. It never really occurred to me to quit. I'm not even convinced it causes cancer. According to various research, so do bra straps and sugar substitutes, and I'm certainly not going to give those up.

Meanwhile, I'm made guiltily aware of my selfishness by the paranoid glances of non-smokers. Those calm and healthy puritans whose attitudes I both envy and loathe. I don't really hate them. And I'm not asking for pity. Simply patience--until I can find another habit to exchange for despised cigarettes. I suppose if worse comes to worst, I can always chase cars.

Ghost in number one

by Ella Stonsby

One morning about three o'clock, while I was in training, another student nurse and I were sitting at the desk in the hall of the hospital, waiting for the undertaker. Old Mr. Murphy, outpatient in Number One, had died less than an hour before. We had prepared the body at once before rigor mortis could set in and had left it on the bed, slowly stiffening under a sheet. The room where the body now lay was at the end of a long, dark corridor some distance from the desk where we were sitting.

During the night shift the hospital was full of dark corners and shadows. Every noise and creak took on added significance. If even a slight wind blew, there were mysterious tappings and sounds like those of walking feet.

The fact that the doors were never locked and that the hospital was without interns and orderlies at night did not increase our security.

On this particular night

we were writing our charts and trying not to heed the storm which was raging outside. Suddenly we felt a gust of wind and heard what sounded like a hard object hitting against a radiator. The noise came from Number One. As we looked in that direction, we saw burning over the door the red light used by patients to summon the nurse.

We stared at one another and rose with difficulty to our feet. Neither of us spoke, but I know the thoughts which ran through my mind. What could be the matter? Things like this happened only in horror stories. Could it be a ghost?

When we entered the room, our hearts racing, we were much relieved to discover the cause of the noise and the reason for the red light over the door. The wind had blown the call light button from the window sill. In falling it struck against the radiator with such force that the light switch had automatically been turned on.

A few minutes later the undertaker arrived.

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