

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Better turnouts are hopeful sign

A more diverse and larger than normal student turnout for North Carolina Wesleyan events is a refreshing change. Normally, when Wesleyan holds a college event, a mere fraction of the Wesleyan community attends. It is disappointing to spend time and money planning an event to have only eight to 15 people show up for the activity.

Given the increasing activity fee cost, it is surprising how few Wesleyan students attend college-sponsored events. SAC-PAC works long and hard to provide the

Wesleyan community with high quality entertainment which should be of interest to a majority of the student body.

During homecoming and Alcohol Awareness week, however, a surprising number of students turned out to participate in the planned event. Could the increased participation at Wesleyan events be a sign that students are joining together and becoming more involved? We, along with many other students and administrators, hope this to be true.

Gun control story true fiction

Dear Editor:

The short story "Gun Control in the Big City" was very well written, and is to be commended. It was also more fantasy than fiction.

It is unlikely that New York police would stop at Burger King, but that is nothing to the improbability that they would carry a .45 pistol. The story also ignores the fact that for half a century New York City has had rigid gun control laws.

It further implies that the Second Amendment guarantees rights of felons to carry guns. And it makes the fallacious assumption that registration of guns leads to arrests. A form is filled out every time a firearm is purchased. This is federal law. A study found that of the massive number of forms filled out, apparently none were ever used to solve a crime.

The issue of violence needs

immediate attention. If gun laws were the answer, New York City would be safer than Rocky Mount. We seek simple solutions because we so desperately want to solve the problem. But they only deflect us from dealing with the complex and multi-faceted issues plaguing our society today.

John G. Steed
Class of '87

Dean complimentary of Homecoming week

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the entire Wesleyan Community for an

Hope beside the stream

Footprints in the snow

By JOHN RIVERS

It was a chilling winter afternoon. The first snow flurries of the season fell from the November sky and gently across the Virginia mountains. The sky was full of silver-grey snow filled clouds. The Autumn leaves had long since fallen from their perches in the trees and covered the ground. From time to time, a few of the gold, red, and yellow leaves would be lifted up by passing cars, and carried away

by the snowflake filled gust of wind.

A winding stream paralleled the mountain and for many miles. The stream was swift moving with larger grey rocks obstructing the timeless flow of the crystal clear water. The result of the huge stones blocking the meandering water was a transformation from the transparent sheets to an array of white water comets that pitched and foamed into the distance. The water sur-

face would then smooth out only to collide with another rock and repeat the straying of white water.

Two lovers sat on the bank of the stream in the warmth of each others arms. Both of the people were young and just beginning to live. The girl's black hair fell about her shoulders and mid way down her back. Her eyes, color of a dark stained oak, met the green-blue eyes of the young man. Their stare was more than intimate. In each others eyes they saw more than the flesh of an iris or a pupil. In those eyes they saw life. A tiny smile touched the face of the girl as her husband brushed his blond hair from his forehead.

"The stream is beautiful. Do you know the name of it?" she asked.

"I think it is called some Indian name that means long life."

She looked up and down stream, and then to her man to ask. "Do you think it is polluted?"

Her husband nodded. "Yes, but only in some places."

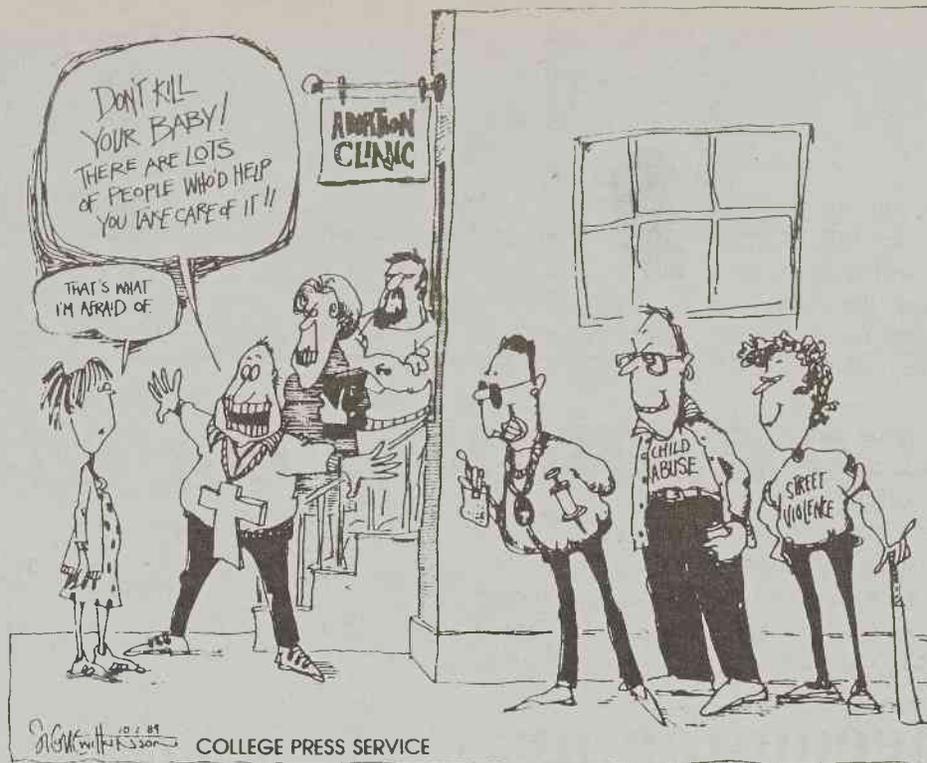
"It's that way with everything now."

"Not everywhere. There are a few places that the silt cannot reach."

The girl shivered and the young man pulled his wife closer to shield her from the wind and the snow.

The snow was falling more rapidly now and a white blanket began to cover the land.

"I want to bring our baby here



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