

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Parting phrases to recap the year

Dear Readers:

This is my final editorial. For the last year and a half I have served as Editor of this newspaper.

First of all, I would like to thank Dhana Chesson for working as my partner. She is a great co-worker and even better friend. I wish her all the best wishes she deserves. I know that she will be successful in whatever endeavor her future holds in store for her.

I thought long and hard for a subject to discuss in this editorial. I chose not to pick at a problem to tear at this week. Instead, I chose to reflect the many experiences I have encountered here at North Carolina Wesleyan College.

So, as I part from this newspaper and this college,

I leave you with these words and phrases that I have grown to know so well (sometimes too well) by way of the Wesleyan experience.

They are: G.P.A., R.A., "Pour that out!", "Wesleyan Community," "Student Retention," "She did what?", "Tuition raise," "G.P.A. fall," "Scud," "Condoms on campus," "Party off campus!", W.P.E., W.P.E., W.P.E., "New Dean of Student Life," "New Dean of Student Life," "Let's be friends," "See ya!", "Roadtrip-One," "Community damage," Theatre Major, "Hazing," rumors, door alarms, "Why can't you buy this book back?", L.S.S., and the hardest phrase of all... "Good-bye."

— John E. Pernell



What value is Kitty Kelley?

'Biography' raises questions

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

I stopped by a bookstore to read a bit of Kitty Kelley's "unauthorized biography" of Nancy Reagan. We've had so little good news lately that a bit of unsubstantiated gossip about someone who evidently doesn't even buy her own gifts or like her own daughter seems too good to pass up.

I don't believe for a minute that Mrs. Reagan was trysting with Frank Sinatra in the White House. She didn't look like she was having much of that kind of fun. And, frankly, both of the Reagans looked as if they could have used some mind-expanding drugs but show absolutely no sign of ever having tried them. So I don't believe they smoked pot in the governor's mansion either.

But with this kind of trash, believing isn't the point. Some of

Dr. Steve Muses

you will remember that I complained a year or two ago about a silly biography of John Lennon. I said then that his music would continue to speak for him regardless of the biographers. Mrs. Reagan's place in history will not be determined by Kitty Kelley.

So I haven't laughed so much in months as I did, standing in the mall bookstore, flipping from one crazy story about a mean, cheap, greedy woman to another. Kitty Kelley must be laughing too because the pile of books diminished considerably as I stood there.

What is it about us anyway? Why do we like to know so much

about our public figures? I remember reading that Elvis Presley was turned on by clean white underwear and thinking "So?" Nevertheless, the stories of him and his buddies watching other buddies' sexual activities through two-way mirrors did change the way I think about Elvis. I don't know whether or not the stories are true, but they still changed my perception.

John F. Kennedy's sexual liaisons and cold-hearted political manipulations; Joseph Stalin painfully chocking to death on a chicken bone; James Joyce writing smutty letters to his wife Nora. These are some of the stories that have changed the way I think about people.

And what about the grocery store tabloids (which I scan as I wait in line)? Has anyone ever

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'Insider' complains about life on campus

Dear Editor:

Good afternoon. I am the "Insider," and I'd like to get a few things off my chest. With my second semester at Wesleyan coming to a rapid but long awaited close, Insider finds himself with a few opinions that he would like to express to your readers.

Over the course of the academic year, certain situations and persons have somehow burrowed under Insider's skin, causing him a great deal of frustration. The frustration level has reached such

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a point that Insider has decided to let some hot air out from under his collar. Will Insider be heard? It's doubtful. Insider has yet to read any derogatory article about Wesleyan in *The Decree*. So it is in vain hopes that Insider writes these words.

What possibly could be the

inspiring source of Insider's frustration, you make ask? Well to begin, the security guards, the cafeteria staff, Wesleyan's policies, and finally some "red tape." Now let me take the opportunity to elaborate on these topics.

What do the security guards, our "boys in blue," actually do? Insider can only think of one purpose they serve. They are "Doormen." They lock and unlock doors to the dorms every night at a specific time. But even this simple responsibility seems to be performed with a lackadaisical attitude.

Many a night has Insider found the dorm doors locked, even up to 30 minutes after the time they were supposed to be open.

Wesleyan's campus is not that vast. What could they possibly be doing? Sleeping, that's what at least one is doing. Many a night has Insider caught our team wandering in dreamland. He must have been sleeping like a log when some unknown prankster placed about 20 chairs on top of the Braswell building. That little prank must have taken at least

two or more hours. Oh where, oh where can security be?

But I must give credit where credit is due; they do on selected occasions, write parking tickets. The Insider himself has even had the privilege of receiving one of these. Of course Insider will not pay his ticket until security observes the same parking regulations that he must abide by. Are they above the law? Insider even took it upon himself to write up a ticket for one security guard who was illegally parked in a handi-

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