

Conversation leads to new perspective

By JUDITH BOYD

I had a remarkable conversation with one of Wesleyan's 262 commuter students the other day. During the course of our conversation, we shared our different perspectives about life as a Wesleyan student. There is an old Indian proverb that you should never judge a man until you have walked for many moons in his moccasins. When our conversation finished, we both walked away saying, "Wow! I never thought about what it was actually like to be in her shoes!"

Posters reflect their candidate

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of the posters tries to stick out of the garbage headfirst.

The Clinton/Gore signs are, of course, still running (in the rain). The environmentally safe soy ink on recycled newspaper posterboard immediately begins sliding off the paper and the old words from the newspapers would start showing through again. Unfortunately, the newspapers contain the old stories about drafting and waffling. These posters begin creating a wet blanket which eventually suffocates everything beneath them.

Now Perot's posters turn out to each contain a small listening device with a camera first constructed for Desert Storm but later bought up by Mr. Perot and installed on each of his posters so that he could keep eyes on his workers. The computer back in Dallas is now recording the demise of the Clinton/Gore posters and the sticking-up of Quayle. Suddenly the tape recorders also installed on each poster begin playing the national anthem and a general rustling among all the posters begins as they try to stand at attention.

Unfortunately, a wire in one of the Perot posters shorts out and starts a small fire. The hot air left over from the campaign blows this small fire into a growing concern. But not to worry, the Clinton/Gore wet blanket effect soon stops any possibility of Perot's conflagration.

Back in Dallas, Mr. Perot says he finds it fascinating that his small fire isn't allowed to catch, and he orders the attack helicopters protecting his home to speed to Rocky Mount to raze that little chicken farmer's garbage dump.

As a resident student at Wesleyan for the past four years, I have become accustomed to certain aspects of life here on campus. My school day does not just end with the last class of the day. I am surrounded by Wesleyan, as I go to class, meetings, and activities on campus; eat all of my meals in the cafeteria; and am surrounded by faces made familiar after spending long days and nights together.

The only contact I have with Rocky Mount occurs when I go to the mall or movies, am invited to someone's home, or am participating in a community service project. My life for the past four years has revolved around Wesleyan, and that wavy wall provides a boundary for my existence here in Rocky Mount.

My commuting friend was amazed to hear how small my "world" was. Wesleyan is just one part of her life. She could not imagine not going to a Little League game, having neighborhood barbecues, or meeting friends at church suppers. Her life revolved around her community of family and friends that came from the neighborhood, work, and church.

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When she comes to Wesleyan, she arrives just before class and leaves as soon as it is finished. If she has to wait awhile for her next class, she either sits in the lobby at Braswell, goes to the library, or else sits in her car. During her four years at Wesleyan, she has received a letter one time from a SGA Commuter Representative. The most frustrating aspect of being a commuter student at Wesleyan is that she does not feel included by the majority, which are the resident students.

She then asked me to think about what it would be like to be a commuting student, and what would draw me to this campus. I realized how lonely it could be, unable to participate in the conversations that resident students would have about an event that occurred in the residence halls or cafeteria. I would soon tire of sitting in the lobby or in my car in between classes. It would also be hard if I had a child and had to get both of us up in the morning, fed, dressed, and to the day care center before my 8 a.m. class, or

else try and find a babysitter who is willing to watch my child from 9:30 until 11 p.m. when that big name comedian came to perform.

Our worlds are defined as we wish them to be. I had sympathy for my commuter friend and all of the obstacles she faced in obtaining something that is known as the "traditional" college experience. What surprised me was

that my friend in turn had sympathy for me! She showed me how life on a college campus is a different experience for each of us, and that the "traditional experience" may not be the best experience.

I never realized how much I had let that wavy wall around the campus become a wall around me. Thank you for opening my eyes.



Judicial Board defends work

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considers irrelevant. The cases that we hear are often very difficult to interpret and tend to present conflicting testimonies. For this reason we often have difficulty sorting through the information to determine the truth.

This brings me to the particular case mentioned in *The Decree*. The board offered advice to the parties involved. However, in the letters this non-threatening advice was construed, misquoted, misinterpreted, and taken grossly out of context. The board's main point to the students was that you must be aware of the situation you are in and the actions of the people around you. Hence, if you realize their actions are inappropriate or unacceptable, then remove yourself from that situation. And as many of those that know me realize, I like to simplify and clarify phrases and be as straightforward as possible. Thus, I assure you, I was harmlessly restating what the entire board was trying to say more subtly.

Also, I would like to inform everyone that your Judicial Board does not choose which cases they want to hear. We are given the case on the day of the meeting and have no previous knowledge of the case nor of the situation. Additionally, I want to explain to the readers that the entire Judicial Board spent a total of nearly six hours in two days hearing and reviewing the information presented from that case only; and almost 10 hours in those same two days hearing an additional two cases. We all sacrificed a great deal of our own time and demonstrated our dedication to a student's right to due process.

We chose not to delay any of the cases until after the weekend so we had to meet on the next day regardless of our busy schedules and previous commitments. On the other hand, we all made a commitment to the Judicial Board and I believe we did all we could possibly do to act appropriately. Unfortunately, it seems as though our efforts and devotion were met

with extreme ridicule and unnecessary chastisement. Nevertheless, I am still proud to serve on this year's Judicial Board, and will continue to respect, honor, and uphold my position.

Matthew Snyder

'Decree' should be more positive

Dear Editor:

Which is the blacker, the pot or the kettle? In the Oct. 2 edition of *The Decree* there appeared a letter to the editor which was written by Joanna Holladay in which there were four major themes. The first of these was a complaint about noise in the library generated by student athletes. I have no problem with her stated complaint. If there is disturbing noise, the offenders should be identified and the problem corrected.

I, too, have a complaint, but it is concerning the judgment of the editing staff of the newspaper. In that same Oct. 2 edition there was

an editorial placing much emphasis on "discriminatory" policies within the athletic department. Your editing staff then proceeded to select one of the themes from Ms. Holladay's letter to use as a basis for the letter headlines. The connotation is that only athletes make disturbing noises in the library. I hardly think so.

Why was that particular theme of the letter chosen for headline-making when there were three other very positive themes within the letter? Could it have been a discriminatory act?

We live in this world such a short time and I would suggest to you that, when given a choice, you dwell on the positive things that happen in this community rather than dig out the "dirty laundry." A divisive element in a small community such as ours can leave large wounds. We don't need the pot calling the kettle black.

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