

The Decree

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Sports competition sets ugly examples

Competition can be good, when it is undertaken in a healthy, sportsmanlike manner. But it seems that competition among people today involves nothing but attitudes, profanity, and all-around poor sportsmanship.

Nowhere is this more evident than on the basketball court. From the NBA to college ball, to intramurals and tournaments, there is a great lack of positive, sportsmanship competition.

What does it say to children who look up to these athletes, when fighting and attitudes get in the way of healthy competition?

What are we saying to children when so-called role models cannot maintain their composure long enough or well enough to play a good game?

On the court players showboat, are rude to ref-

erees, and intentionally foul one another. They push the limits, and question every call. Of course each person's team is always in the right, the other team cheats, and refs haven't got a clue, right?

Is this the type of model we want to set for kids, or even peers who watch the game?

Is this what we want them to become — poor sports with attitudes who can't enjoy the game?

It seems that this is the case, because very few players have set higher standards for themselves or their teams. And so kids imitate what they see, and peers on the court react negatively, and we have very few ball games that are actually for fun.

The motto "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game" is out the door. Nobody plays by that rule any more.

Letters to the editor policy

The Decree accepts only signed letters to the editors. Unsigned letters will not be printed. Letters need to be placed in the campus post office and marked "Decree" or placed in the *Decree* office in the Spruill building. Letters must be received by Friday of the week prior to the next issue in order to be printed in that issue. *The Decree* reserves the right to edit or reject letters for grammar, libel, or good taste.



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Task is grave responsibility

Making will spurs insights

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

I have been meaning to write a will for years, but I have put it off as we mortals are wont to do. Nevertheless, I'm old enough now and have seen enough in the last few years to convince me that I need to leave behind instructions if — I mean when — I die. I thought it was going to be morbid, but actually I found it quite amusing.

I am mostly interested in what I don't want to happen. I don't want to be tied to machines and not have control. So I'm more interested in a Living Will than in dispensing my wealth to all my greedy relatives (remember the ghouls waiting for Miss Havisham to die in *Great Expectations*?).

So that seems easy enough,

Dr. Steve Muses

right? Fill in the blanks and let someone else pull the plugs. Well, like all else in our legal-dis-eased society, filling in the blanks is only the half of it. You have to have two doctors that you trust. Oh, great, I thought, that's like asking me for two lawyers I trust. But I managed to come up with two names of doctors I now have to trust to follow my instructions.

I felt much better because that was the difficult part. I still think of myself as owning nothing, as someone who doesn't have anything that could possibly interest anyone.

Then I thought of the box of papers I inherited from my grandmother's family. I have letters from my great grandfather, my grandmother's teaching college diploma, my mother's childhood scribbles. Now what do I do with them? Will my oldest nephew want to keep the furniture which my father made for me? Who will listen to the 3,000 record albums I have collected?

Then I had to appoint someone to come and take care of business. I tried to imagine everyone I love and trust coming into my empty house, silent and dusty after my dramatic and heart-wrenching sudden death. Who would know where to look for the family photographs, the few valuable first editions I own, the

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'Field of dreams' a nightmare

By PATRICK BRANNAN

Well, baseball fans, we've made it through another off-season and baseball, the national pastime, is in troubled waters. Where is baseball heading and what needs to be done?

As the 1992 season ended, baseball history was made: Toronto took the championship outside of the United States for the first time. As rumors were running rampant that baseball was doomed, fans eagerly watched while baseball entered an expansion era with the National League

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gaining two more teams. The idea that the expansion draft would guarantee 72 players changing teams, with the pot of 150 or so free agents, along with the traditional trades, to fill in the links, it promised to be an interesting off-season. Things seemed to be going well for the first part of the winter.

Then things began to fall apart.

Baseball seemed to start to tear at the seams. It was rumored that there would be no 1993 season, that the owners would cause another lockout, and that the all important television contract was going to collapse. Baseball entered one of the most turbulent off-seasons in history.

The owners were complaining about declining profits and rising salaries. Baseball's economic state was in pitiful condition; the owners were crying. Many sports writers were saying that baseball

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