

# Authorities on campus play favorites

By THE INSIDER

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ... and on the seventh day God rested." He looked upon all that he had created and saw that it was good.

Near the 12th hour of the seventh day, God was troubled by a thought. He wondered "What if there arises out of all this good something evil and bad? I will be much too busy to keep order and justice over my kingdom. I must create watchmen of my domain." So God raised his almighty hand and rays of brilliant light shot from his eyes, hand, and mind.

These rays culminated into seven points in front of him. From these seven points of swirling maelstrom arose seven beings. Each of these seven beings were good of heart, for the Lord's heart was good. They were fair and just of mind, for the Lord's mind was fair and just. They were strong of will, for they had been molded from the strong hands of the Lord.

The Lord looked upon his creations and saw that they were good. He sent them forth unto the corners of the world to bring to the surface injustice and discrimination, and see that it is brought to be fair and just. He called these beings Insiders.

That's right, I'm back. Some of you may be wondering how I can be back after I supposedly graduated last year. You who think this are quick to assume that I meant from college. I merely graduated from the junior class to the senior class.

After more than enough controversies and disagreements with certain administration around the campus, Insider decided to retire. It just wasn't worth battling with the old chaps. They had the power to make my college career miserable, and I believe they would have done it if I had continued. The old spark that fueled my passion for justice had flickered its last.

So why have I returned? Let's just say the old spark has been ignited again by a certain incident here on campus involving some fellow friends. No longer do I fear the harsh and unfair wrath of the administration. I have about one month left, and there is nothing they could possibly do, or dare to do to me after this column comes out, for I will have already made public their feelings of ill will towards me. They cannot seek vengeance upon me for voicing my opinion. That is not allowed by any law, be it federal, state, or campus law.

So here is what you've all been waiting for — THORPEGATE: the untold story. Also entitled "Shoot out at the Thorpe corral."

On the night of March 21, Bob Dean (AKA: The Candy Kidd) and Neal Latta (AKA: Mr. Goodbar), two known troublemakers around these here parts, were shaking a Thorpe vending machine on the west side of the saloon (outside of the Trustee's room).

While they were savagely trying to dislodge the candy bar that teetered on the edge, seeming to defy gravity, the marshal (Judy Boyd) appeared from nowhere, just as the heroines always do. A tumbleweed rolled past.

She confronted the two criminals in the act and inquired as to what they were doing. The Candy Kidd told Marshal Boyd that they were rustling (stealing) candy bars. The Candy Kidd, being the benevolent thief that he was, offered a package of candy to the Marshal. She vehemently refused, being the good Samaritan that she is, and informed them as to the consequences of their actions.

The two thieves, exhibiting the blatant disrespect of the law that they had been brought up with, shook the machine once more. They then entered the local saloon (Trustee's room) and remained within to participate in a tequila shot contest (fraternal ceremony).

Marshal Boyd, knowing full well that she must not allow this criminal offense to go unpunished, moseyed off into the night. Before the night ended, she would do her job as good Samaritan, and report these villains to the proper authorities.

The exact time is not known, but that night Marshal Boyd sent a rider (called) to Mrs. Belinda Faulkner, at her residence, to report the crime. This was a matter too important to wait until the next day, it must be reported immediately, God only knows what else these two sly cats were up to.

Despite my sarcastic writing style, everything printed above is truth, as shall everything printed in the remainder of this article be truth. This can be confirmed by Eric Siebold (AKA: Hop-a-long Caramel) who was present during the entire incident but was not involved in the actual perpetration of the crime.

At approximately 8:30 a.m. the next morning, Mr. Goodbar received a message from Justice Gourley (Pam Gourley) requesting that the Candy Kidd and himself appear before her to answer

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to these charges. It is not known whether Justice Gourley was made aware of the situation by Belinda Faulkner or Marshal Boyd. One can only speculate.

Mr. Goodbar sent word with a rider (called) the Candy Kidd and left a message for him to return his letter (call). The Candy Kidd did and was informed by Mr. Goodbar that Marshal Boyd had exposed them as criminals. At high noon (later) they went to meet with Justice Gourley and confessed their guilt openly.

Justice Gourley informed them that she would consider both Marshal Boyd's side and their side and make a decision as to their fate. As the sun beat down, somewhere out in the dry desert (Student Life office) a person sat searching for an inkling of truth to this story. It was Marshal Boyd's word against the rustlers'. The rustlers were in the biggest showdown of their lives and they were holding an empty six shooter.

Sometime after their meeting, Marshal Boyd received a letter (telephone call) from the Candy Kidd who was angry and hostile towards her in the letter (over the phone). A tumbleweed rolled by. The same day the two went to meet with Mayor Derrick, mayor of Du-Good Land (Dean of Student Life).

She told them that what they had done was a level two offense and they should talk with Judge Brummett (Mr. Steve Brummett). She also said that if we wished to appeal any action taken against us that she would handle the case. She said "I am the final Appeal ... things do not go to [El Presidante] (President Garner) any more."

After their meeting, the Candy Kidd sent work (phoned) to the owner of Thorpe vending. He had ridden his horse (driven) to their office earlier in the day, but Mr. Crenshaw (the owner) was not available. He explained to Mr. Crenshaw what had happened and offered him restitution. Mr. Crenshaw suggested that he let the town (school) handle the situation.

A few days later, the Candy Kidd went to Justice Gourley to hear her decision. She informed him that they would be hung at dawn the next day (referred to Steve Brummett, Judicial coordinator, and overseer of the judicial board).

Mrs. Gourley's parting words were "I'm warning you Bob, one thing I wouldn't do is harass Judy over this issue." Another tumbleweed rolled by, the air thinned. Had Marshal Boyd been in contact with Justice Gourley once again to tell her of the Candy Kidd's letter (telephone call)? You make the call.

On March 30, nine days after the offense, Mr. Goodbar and the Candy Kidd stood on the platform staring at a noose (met with Steve Brummett) and were hung at dawn (assigned three community service hours each as punishment). Not only did Marshal Boyd verbally report them, but also hand drafted a letter and forwarded it to one of the Authorities. This letter now sits in both Bob Dean's and Neal Latta's file.

In the letter Judy also claims that the two thieves laughed at her when she confronted them. She also claims that when she returned to her place of origin, she heard continued thumping. Not just any thumping, though, from more than 50 feet away and through a few doorways; Judy's trained ear heard the unmistakable thumping of a Thorpe vending machine being rocked by two thieves. The thumping could have been nothing else but the two thieves. A tumbleweed rolled by, the air thinned, and dust swirled at their feet. If only Insider had ears like that, I could expose so many more things to you.

So there you have it, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God. So now I will present to you some questions and statements to ponder over. First question, what was Judy doing in that end of the building, at that time of night, in the first place? Working on her honor's thesis in the faculty computer room. Straight from the letter, folks. It must be nice to have a key to the faculty computer room; don't you wish you did? What's wrong with the student computer lab? Is Judy too good to sit among her peers and work?

Question numero dos, was Pam Gourley protecting Judy when she told the Candy Kidd not to harass Judy? Is it normal for a mother wolf to bear her fangs when her children are threatened? Does favoritism run amuck on the Wesleyan campus?

Why did the two criminals get sent to Steve Brummett and receive three hours of community service? Why did Judy not receive community service for breaking into the school at night (burglary,

a felony with no statute of limitations) and hoisting chairs to the roof (vandalism)? Why did Pam Derrick handle her case and not Bob and Neal's?

Does favoritism run amuck on the Wesleyan campus? Why did Judy Boyd feel this matter was of such importance, that it warranted a call to Belinda Faulkner at her home the same evening? Why the hell do tumbleweeds keep rolling by?

Could Judy be trying to please the Deans by turning in someone she knew they did not look upon kindly, because they knew Bob Dean was the Insider? Oops! I let the cat out of the bag. It was inevitable, the poor thing would have surely suffocated if I had not let him out.

Seriously though, they wouldn't have let me print this article anonymously, due to certain pressures of certain Deans who found my previous articles harmful to their prized images. By the way, if anyone would like to see the letter written by Judy, I hereby give my permission for anyone to look at my Student Life file until May 1.

So there it is, the story of how justice was served. The two rustlers could not escape the long arm of the law.

This article is definitely my final. So there are some parting words I'd like to say. Any resemblance of the characters or events in this story is purely intentional. Through my travels here at the camp I have encountered many different people. There are a lot of high quality individuals here who deserve a great deal of respect.

I believe that most of the faculty sincerely care about every student they teach. In my opinion, the faculty are the people who make this place what it is. It is a shame to see the image of the school (in the students' eyes, mind you) tarnished by the few bad apples among the lot. I have lived the Wesleyan experience and am proud to say I have. I have formed many close friendships that will live forever with me, one in particular.

But enough of that dribble. The future of the school looks bright; we have brought in some people who are thinkers and doers, people who see that it's time to clean up this two horse town. So I bid you a drunken farewell as the room begins to spin, and leave you with the immortal words of my hero: "Good times and riches and son of a bitches I've seen more than I can recall."