

The Decree 2002-2003
"of, by, and for the Wesleyan community"

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Meetings - Decree office, behind the piano in Hartness:

Mondays - 6:00 PM - planning - all welcome

Alternate Thursdays - 6:00 PM - layout - all welcome

The Decree is published by the students of North Carolina Wesleyan College and printed by J&S Printing in Alabama.



Editorials

EIC's Corner

New Beginnings

By Kim Noble, EIC

For the students who are returning, welcome back! For those students who are new this year—welcome!

I hope all of you had a wonderful summer and are ready or looking forward to a successful school year.

The Decree is looking forward to a great year. We have a wonderful staff that is on the move to make the newspaper the voice of the students, not only here at the Rocky Mount campus but also the campuses at Goldsboro, Raleigh, and Durham.

This year we plan to have more issues, more information about what is going on here at Wesleyan, and more coverage of what is happening at the other campus sites.

There will be more opportunities for the Wesleyan

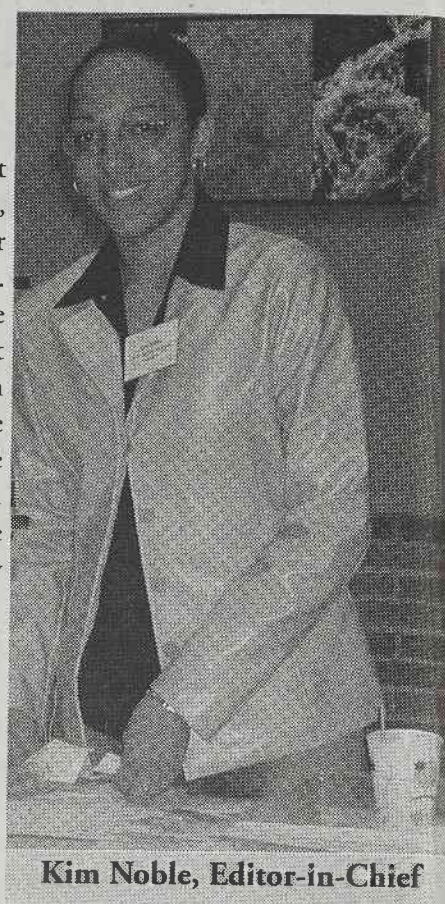
Community to take part in the paper by surveys, letters to the editor, or just submitting an article.

Our approach with the newspaper will be different as we begin to focus on what is happening here on campus and in the Rocky Mount community.

We will also have advertising to allow students to hear from local businesses.

Although we will have articles about things outside of the Wesleyan campus, the paper's first responsibility is to the college. Therefore, the issues on campus will receive first priority.

Again, welcome back. We look forward for a wonderful and to hearing from you. successful school year.



Kim Noble, Editor-in-Chief

Q&A - Assistant EIC

Hello Wesleyan Community,

It is great to be back for another year.

First I would like to welcome all the new freshmen to campus and hope they all have a wonderful and successful year.

This year I have taken on the role of assistant editor for The Decree. Right now, I am working to create editorials that will allow students to send feedback. The feedback that I receive will be published in the next edition of the paper.

I hope this helps in creating a better way for the students to have a voice on campus issues.



Phil Jones, Assistant EIC

If you have any opinions on school issues please send them to me via email (pcjones@ncwc.edu).

I will try to include as much feedback as possible.

Thanks and best of luck to everyone this year.

Sincerely,
Phillip Jones
Assistant Editor

Survey

Cut out and drop in Decree envelope on Adviser's door, PC 182. Answers will be published in the next issue of The Decree.

Top 5 Things About Freshmen

By: Phillip Jones

Entering college is a huge ordeal for many freshmen. There is pressure and many things that they must go through. Here we give five things that they endure during the first year:

- 1.) Begging advisor for no 8:00 classes.
- 2.) Learning to manage time wisely.
- 3.) No parents; more responsibility.
- 4.) The dreaded Freshman 15!
- 5.) Friendship building.

If any students here on campus have anything that they want to add to this list, please send your ideas via email (pcjones@ncwc.edu) or my campus mailbox (3691). All the new ones will be put in the next edition of the paper.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to "Editor of The Decree" and emailed to both the Editor-in-Chief and the Copyeditor at the above addresses; the Subject line should include the word Decree and a 2-3 word short title. The student staff of The Decree generally publish all letters to the editor but reserve the right to edit for libel, obscenity, or other inflammatory rhetoric.

We encourage ALL SUBMISSIONS—creative writing (poetry, short fiction, literary essays); press releases; schedules of upcoming events; photographs; line art. Written work should be submitted in the body of email. Photographs/graphics/notices should be submitted as 200 dpi JPG files or left on the Faculty Adviser's door, PC 182.

All submissions of any sort must include the author's name and full contact information.

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Considering the Secret of Joy

One of the diverting features about my summers is that I never know quite where they will lead me. This summer I agreed to two weeks of child care; I would go to New York City and take care of a friend's 12-year-old daughter.

I didn't know that this covenant meant spending days and nights worrying about five teenaged girls - because evidently they always travel in packs. And I didn't know that my body would wear out while my spirit would lift.

As my friend left for the airport, she told me that several of her daughter's friends "hang out" at the apartment. "Get ready for a lot of noise," she advised me. Only now do I realize why Mom smiled so mischievously and waved so happily as she flew away to her vacation.

I've known my young friend all her life, we love each other, and we are comfortable with each other. But in a moment of silence after her mother left, we stared at each other, wondering what we were doing. "Do you want to go . . ." I began. The phone rang. That was the last quiet moment for the next two weeks.

The apartment filled with laughing and singing and magazines and forages into the refrigerator and



Dr. Steve Muses

microwave. I knew that they were going to a party that evening, but I didn't know that 9,000 fingernail polish colors and decals would precede the trying on of 9,000 outfits. Irrelevant to the extreme, I read a book and occasionally commented on a color scheme.

I admit I expected to be a cool parent, but as I watched these innocents flock into the party later, I remembered my own teenager parties and wanted to lock them in until they went to college. But we survived, and after delivering elated girls to apartments all over the city, my friend and I even sat relatively quietly for a few minutes before the post-party phone calls began.

The next day was museum day. For some reason today she found it impossible to wake up, so mid-afternoon had arrived before we all arrived at The Guggenheim. Again, in a pack of flesh and fashion. I am always astounded at the sophistication of young New Yorkers. They of course do not want their adults to see their interests,

but I listened as they talked in staccato bursts of insight about various pieces. I had just moved on to maybe my second piece when they had finished the entire museum and were ready to refresh. We jostled our way through the streets to a coffee shop where they flirted with the waiter. Mercilessly.

Over the next days I went to silly movies, a children's play that I didn't understand a word of, clothing stores in which the manikins looked like Britney Spears (only more lifelike), video stores, CD stores, the park, skating rinks, cookie stores, hamburger stores, candy stores, other people's apartments. The sheer intensity of it all flabbergasted me. My quiet professor's life looked alternately blissfully peaceful and moronically empty.

The climax was to be the July 4th fireworks show at the harbor. These young girls have been profoundly affected by the September 11th attack. [I note that they have all read about Islam - without the sanction of a state legislature.] They leave flowers at various still-fresh and still-heartbreaking citizen memorials on the streets of their city. Their world is less stable; even though because they are so young, they have

--See Considering, p. 7