

OPINION

This column represents the views of the Old Gold and Black Editorial Board.

New officers should examine 1997-98 SG

As elections for Student Government executive positions draw to a close it is an appropriate time to reflect upon the progress of the 1997-98 SG in order to provide the incoming officers with advice.

The past year's executive officers have worked as a cohesive organization — a trait which has not always been adhered to in the past. The cooperation among the four members has allowed SG to accomplish many goals this year.

SG has worked diligently to formulate a plan for judicial reform that is appealing to the student body. Next year's executive officers should continue to push for a reform that represents student interests. The officers should be warned against succumbing to administrative interests above student desires.

Communication between the legislature and the campus has seen vast improvements this year, with the increased use of legislative e-mail. However, this is an area which can always be improved upon. Officers should encourage next year's legislature to conduct door-to-door surveys in order to collect student opinion. Legislatures should speak with a wide range of students in order to receive the most accurate student perspective. The essential function of SG is to facilitate communication between students and the administration.

Keeping this in mind, SG should not attempt to embrace lofty, unattainable goals. Constructing a recreation facility or revising divisional requirements is not a realistic goal for an organization whose primary purpose is to represent student opinion.

Next year's executive board should adopt tangible projects. SG's proposal to establish a house in Washington, D.C., where students can choose to study for a semester is an example of an appropriate project. After collecting information about other universities' programs and garnering student opinion, SG presented this information to the administration. The board of trustees recently approved funding for the house.

Additionally, SG should not allow itself to become bogged down by insignificant issues. They should focus their energies on matters that will directly affect the student body.

As the executive officers prepare to educate students about SG initiatives, they should remember that it is their responsibility to serve as an unbiased voice of information. Next year's SG should not follow the example of the recent "Vote Yes" campaign in which the 1997-98 encouraged students to vote for the judicial referendum.

The incoming officers should reflect upon the accomplishments and shortcomings of this year's SG in order to more fully serve the student body.

Spring can be a real headache

Allergies, not love, are in the air at this time of the year.

MMM, April. Spring is here, the season of new life and, according to many scientists, four out of five dentists and the movie *Bambi*, the season of love. If there has ever been a more paradoxical time of year, we're up to our red, itchy noses in it. Why?

Jelisa Castrodale

STUDENT COLUMNIST

Because spring is the season of allergies! How are new relationships supposed to blossom for me when my eyes have contracted to the size of the "insert coin here" slots on the Coke, er, I mean PEPSI machines in my dorm. My latest pickup line has become "Hey, are my eyelids crusty?"

Like many fellow sufferers out there, spring is not beautiful flowers and fuzzy baby ducks. Spring is a veritable hell of pollen and Kleenex. For you non-allergic people (lucky bastards!), strap a piece of broken glass on the back of that duck and turn him loose in your sinus cavity and you'll understand what we're complaining about.

I am determined to endure my allergies, which include things such as grass, paper, carbon-based life forms and woodwind instruments, in order to partake in the glorious courtship rituals that characterize this season.

This is my first allergy season away from home, so I have been thrust into a world of new pollen, most of them probably being spawned in my laundry hamper. Every other year I've gone to an allergy specialist, a man who makes his living looking up people's noses with magnifying glasses. His other duties include prodding your tonsils with the definitive medical tool, the "emery board" (read: stick from the Creamsicle he just finished eating), so that if your throat wasn't previously irritated from blooming tulips, the splinters from the wood were sure to embed themselves in your skin.

At the beginning of each allergy season, which commences when the president throws out the first pollen at Camden Yards, I would pay this man to put his face very close to mine so that he could stare deeply into my nostrils making patented doctor sounds. After three "Ooohs," two "ahhs" and an "uh-huh," he would pull the magnifying tools out of my nose and boldly claim, "You have allergies."

Following this shocking revelation, he would sit and ask questions trying to determine the source of my problem. As a general rule, anything I really cared about was making me sick, as you can tell from this sample dialogue:

Doctor: Do you have a dog?

Me: Yes.

Doctor: Is it a tiny adorable puppy that has become your best friend?

Me: Exactly!

Doctor: Get rid of it.

The same scenario occurred every year, with different things being the root of my problem: adorable older dogs, goldfish, my grandmother. Thank goodness she was housebroken or we

never would have found a home for her. Great people. They took the puppy too.

My appointment always ended with him giving me 14 different pills that had to be taken exactly seven minutes apart, three times a day, for 21 consecutive days, each with a different food, some on an empty stomach. And if I ever missed a dose I had to start all over again.

So here I am, miles away from my doctor, my ex-dog and my former grandmother. I have actually considered going to Student Health Services, where they will certainly have allergy specialists in training who would astutely write down my symptoms: stuffy head, swollen eyes, sneezing constantly, coughing and Kleenex bits fused to my nose. Given this data, they would then tell me I was either pregnant or had mono, but would have to conduct further tests to make an accurate diagnosis.

The more I sit here, surrounded by empty Benadryl boxes, the more I realize that I am just going to have to make the best of this situation. Spring (and school) are going to be over before I have wooed anyone. We lost an hour last weekend and I don't have that time to spare! Actually, I bypassed the shock of daylight-savings time by setting my clock ahead a minute a day for the past two months.

I have to live my life despite the fact that I have sneezed on almost all the candidates in the Student Government election. Yes, I have to get out there into the world again. I have to take charge of the situation, wipe my nose, approach my Crush of the Week and boldly ask him, "Are my eyes oozing anything?"

Gift of Vienna house promotes study abroad

The recent gift of Flow Haus — a university study abroad residence in Vienna — marks a landmark step in the university's attempt to offer international study opportunities to students.

Winston-Salem businessman and university graduate Victor I. Flow, '52, directed his gift toward one of the most appreciated and utilized areas of study — that being study in a foreign country.

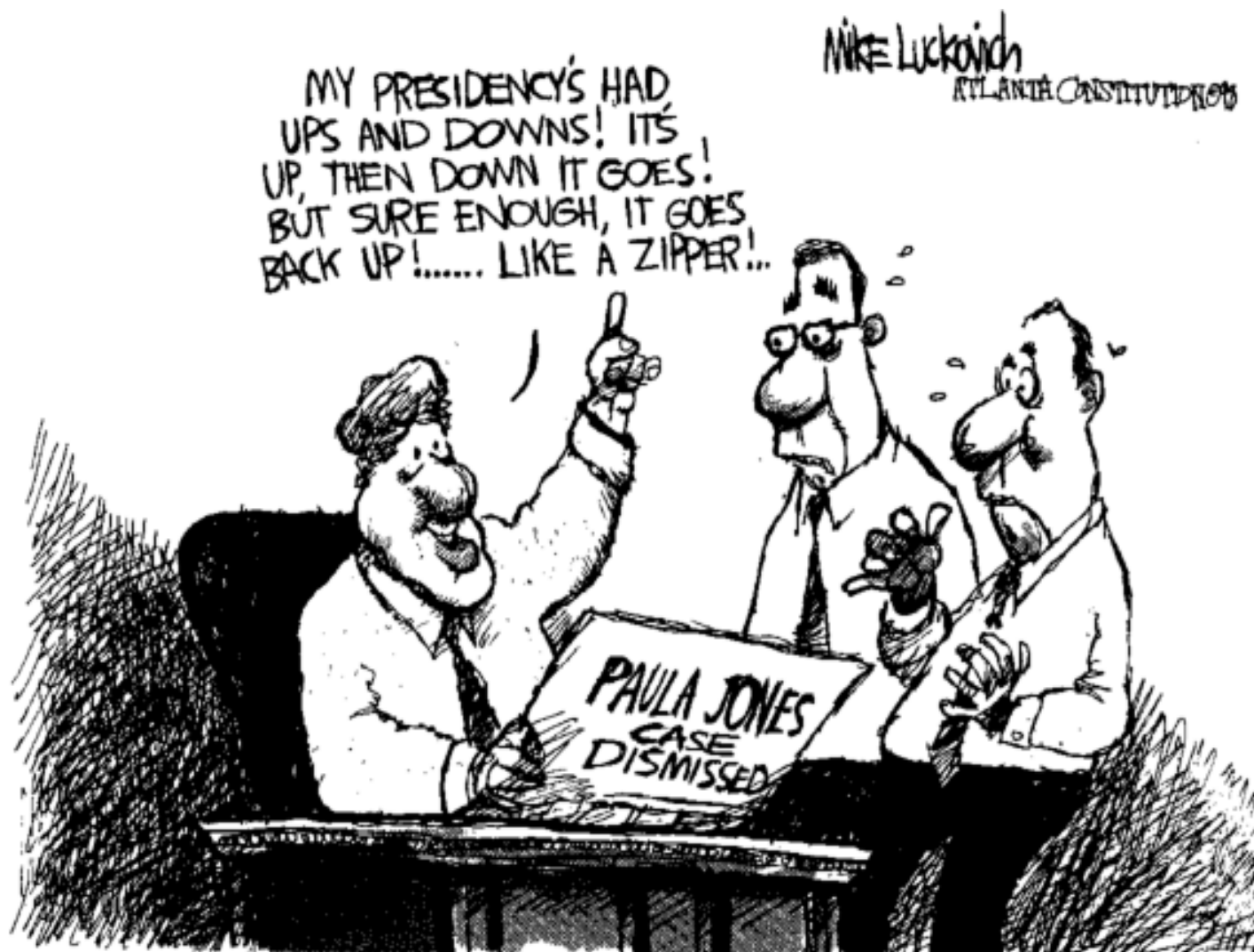
Since the opening of Worrell House in London, and Casa Artom in Venice in the 1970s, approximately 1,700 students have spent a semester studying in the university's residences abroad. The opening of another house will only help to facilitate the needs of students who wish to study abroad through the university.

Thirty percent of the 1997 graduating class studied abroad during their time at the university. A large percentage of students who study abroad study through

programs offered through other universities either because the university does not have enough room to accommodate all of the students or because it does not have programs in desired countries. The establishment of Flow Haus will decrease the number of students who must study through other programs.

Students who study through other university programs face additional havoc in trying to get courses approved and credits applied. More programs provided by the university will alleviate some of these hassles, because these programs are already approved by the university.

Flow and the university are to be commended for their demonstration of concern for the growth of study abroad programs. The university should continue to advocate the addition of houses abroad, and should channel its own resources to enhance and establish residences.



And now these are the truths...

Student shares words of wisdom derived from personal experience.

Please, allow me the opportunity to vent. This column is to no one in particular; rather, it is to everyone in general.

Okay, so you caught me smelling like a "smoke-bag" that night. You say that now, since you've seen me "blackening" my lungs, you can't "listen to

Clinton Wilburn

GUEST COLUMNIST

anything I say anymore." I can deal with that. But with all due respect, I never asked you to listen. I simply spoke what I knew to be the truth — and didn't apologize for it. You listened to what I said because, apparently, you knew it to be true to yourself as well.

So I won't preach; I'll just say what I know to be the truth. Okay, let's go from there, the truth. The truth is: yes, I do occasionally smoke a cigar (something you didn't actually witness that night); yes, I had just been smoking before you encountered me (I had thrown the cigar on the concrete so that you wouldn't see it and react the way you did — the way I knew you would react); yes, I'll eventually smoke the other "blunt" left in my coat pocket.

Here are some more truths: I smoke approximately one cigar per month, I have smoked marijuana — a lot of marijuana (but Clinton doesn't inhale—YEAH, RIGHT!); I know people who smoke/have smoked "crack" cocaine; I have seen crack cooked in the preparation for smoking and selling; I have transported people to places where they could distribute crack to people who smoke it; I have driven the get-away car in an effort to "smoke" another person(s) — what you might call a "drive-by shooting."

Speaking of shooting, here are some other truths: I know people who "shoot up" dope; I've only shot at one person, to my knowledge; I've threatened to shoot at two people, to my knowledge; and I've held a gun on five different people on six occasions, to my knowledge. I've also been held at gunpoint on one occasion, by an officer who later told me that he would have shot me in the head if I hadn't put the gun down (I was 12 years old at the time). Incidentally, I have had two friends who were murdered.

Some more truth: I've been arrested twice (never convicted) and I've been kicked out of school once. I am 21 years old now, old enough to smoke, drink and be convicted. I am grown, but not because I have lived 21 years or because I have "served" three years at a university. I am grown because I am fully aware of my words, my actions and the responsibilities/consequences that accompany them. Hey, when you take all that into perspective, you wouldn't think that I could be writing a letter in a

publication for a private university — that is, unless I was writing the letter from some kind of correctional facility! I give all the praise and glory to my Lord and savior Jesus Christ — and I don't apologize for saying this or for anything that I've mentioned previously because I know all these things as the truth. I am accountable and can account for what I do and say.

Now back to you. Does this column put any validity back into the words I spoke/speak? It really doesn't matter. Know why? Because my words can't change, once spoken. And you'll never be able to say that you got into trouble because of something I said or did. You can't say that you smoke blunts because you saw me smoking one. Just like I'll never say that I'm in love with a sinner woman because my daddy says God sent him one to save him (see the latest issue of the university's literary magazine *can-i-poet with you*).

And now, I would like to commend all those people in my life who spoke the truth as they knew/know it and never apologized for it — they know who they are. Thank you. I love you.

Now, I extend my deepest apologies to those people I have confused or caused to stumble in their faith or in their pursuit of the truth. I love you too. I know that as a teacher I will be judged more strictly, but I will be judged — just like you will be judged — alone. You and I are *not* fit to judge each other.

Finally, I leave you with a quote from the movie, *Stand and Deliver*: "I am a sinner, but I am willing to die for my sins." ARE YOU?

OLD GOLD AND BLACK

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