

Don't let exam week take the fa la la from your holiday

Unnecessary worry and whining ruins Christmas time on campus.

The end of the fall semester is fast approaching, bringing it with it the cold and deadly touch of a season we have come to fear. And although winter and the clap have



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both touched our campus recently, I'm speaking of something else. I am speaking of exam week. Even though I only have two exams, one of which

is for bowling, I am still pained by exam week because I have to listen to the constant whining of all the other students who weren't smart enough to take 12 credits.

From now on, please remember that ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy. And to add insult to injury, Ramadan and Hanukkah end this week as well, which means the fasting fun and dreidel games reach their finale. Except for you girls getting ready for Recruitment - you are still fasting; but no more dreidel for anyone. Therefore, we must focus our attention ahead to the one remaining holiday of the year: Christmas. Kwanzaa doesn't count because it is a made up holiday, like Love Day or Bastille Day.

As we all know, Christmas is the celebration of the birth of Santa Claus. But do we all really know as much about Christmas as we should? For instance, the story of Mary and Joseph

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Claus traveling to Bethlehem on their sleigh is common knowledge. However, few people know that they only had enough oil in that sleigh to last them one night, yet it miraculously lasted for eight.

This kind of divine intervention is present throughout the rest of the story, but it is forgotten and overshadowed by the commercial side of the holiday. While it is true that the giving of gifts is a tradition that mimics

the action of the three wise kings (King James, King Kong, and Don King), it clouds the real meaning of Christmas, which is, of course, to pay homage to Santa Claus for his obesity and his propensity for midgets.

And it is this affinity that we must duplicate during the holiday season, for we are truly blessed. It is time that you realize that and quit whining about all your finals. Everybody else has a lot of work to do too ... well, except for me, who, like I said, was smart enough to not take any real classes. But I've got my problems too. I was banned from Hanes Mall for life over a simple misunderstanding. Apparently, their definition of a Yule log is much different than mine. Plus, I accidentally dropped my Techno Bowl game yesterday, and that is one of the worst fates that can befall a man.

But I'm not going to whine about it like some skirt-wearing pansy; I'll leave that to the Pikes. I know that I have

a lot to be thankful for - classes have been cancelled for today, Snoop Dogg is hosting the newest *Girls Gone Wild* video, and the Olsen twins turn 18 in a year and a half. Life is good.

And hopefully I can bestow some of my hope to the destitute students who find themselves staring down the barrel of exam week. If you are one of the many meager little boys or girls quivering like a ... well, a little boy or girl, then just think of exam week like the first annual Lighting of the Week. There is a lot of hype, but in the end, it just ends up blowing and being a waste of your time. Feel better? And if you do end up failing, it's nothing to get upset over, because after all, you can't have a Merry F'in Christmas without the F!

And there you have it, straight from the Horse's mouth.

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United Way takes wrong turn

Donations from Wake may support biased policy.

Due to recent events surrounding the infamous money trail linking non-profit organizations to terrorist networks, I have personally begun thoroughly

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GUEST COLUMNIST

investigating all charities with which I am affiliated. As far as my research is concerned, I thankfully seem to be unlinked to the al-Qaeda network. Although not a network of terrorism, I have found that those of us affiliated with the university's name are linked, through our school's donations, to a network of discrimination. Wake's monetary donations to the Forsyth County United Way have linked us, students attending and representing Wake Forest, as supporters of discriminatory practices.

The Forsyth County United Way provides approximately \$443,000 to the Old Hickory Council Boy Scouts of America every year. The Boy Scouts of America have been accused of discriminating against females, non-Christians, atheists and homosexuals. In fact, as most of us can recall, the Boy Scouts open discrimination policy against homosexuals led them to the Supreme Court two years ago in *Boy Scouts v. Dale*.

Although the Court stood in favor of the Boy Scouts, their reasoning stated that the Boy Scouts of America could discriminate based on sexual orientation *only* because they are a private organization. Though constituents are forced to respect the court's decision to allow the Boy Scouts to discriminate, the public is not obligated to fund such institutions. Since the 2000 Supreme Court case, the United Way of Forsyth County has revised their non-discrimination policy to allow for the continued support of discriminating groups such as the Boy Scouts of America.

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The old discrimination policy stated that the United Way intended "to operate by policy and practice without discrimination based on age, race, religion, gender, physical or mental disability, economic status, cultural heritage, national origin or sexual orientation..." The current policy has taken out that entire section by simply stating that the United Way attempts to "operate by policy and practice according to federal non-discriminatory guidelines." The purpose of the change in 2000 is clear and the effects are dangerous.

The United Way, when asked to support homosexuals and thus withdraw funding from the Boy Scouts of America, proclaimed that their purpose was simply to benefit the community and not to promote social change. What the United Way fails to acknowledge is that Winston-Salem is a city composed of diversity. To fully benefit the community as a whole, they must provide provisions that protect all of the members of the constituency, rather than the simple majority. Winston-Salem does have homosexuals in the community and these homosexuals are tax-paying members just like the heterosexual majority. Changing their discrimination policy to be inclusive of the Boy Scouts seems to promote social regression rather than social progression, which is in itself a form of social change.

But the United Way is not alone in bearing the blame. The six major donors to the United Way, one being the Wake Forest University Baptist Medical Center, all preach non-discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation in their guidelines, yet they supported the Forsyth County United

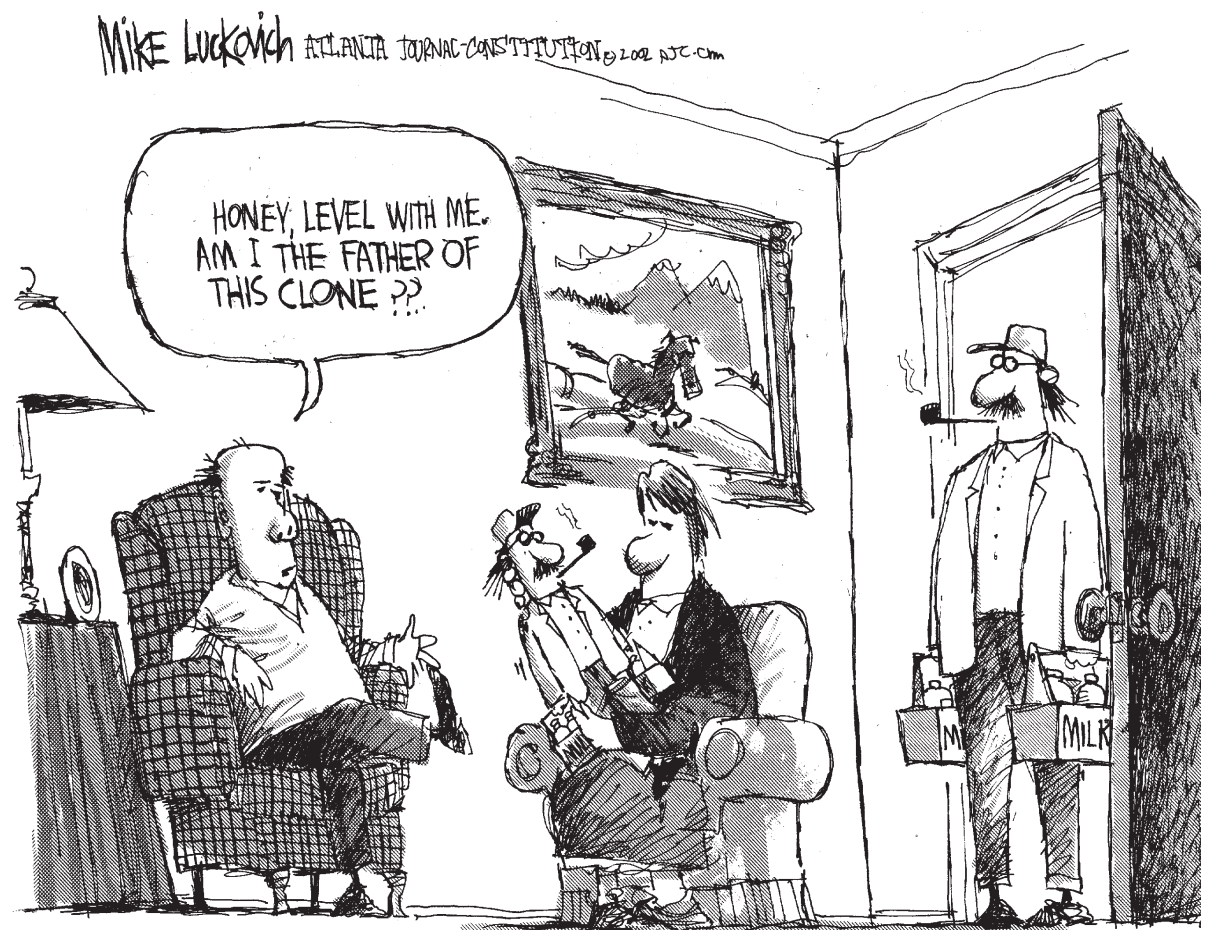
Way non-discrimination policy change. We as students of the university, donate \$215,000 to the Forsyth County United Way, which is distributed between all of the supported affiliates, including the Boy Scouts of America. Thus, we, students of Wake Forest are also to blame for the support of discrimination which directly conflicts our university's policy of non-discrimination.

In my politics seminar on Gandhi, directed under Charles H. Kennedy, professor of political science, I learned that Gandhi achieved success by always fighting for the moral high ground. Whether or not we individually believe that homosexuality should be allowed in the Boy Scouts, or should be practiced at all, is irrelevant to the issue at hand. We must acknowledge that those of us affiliated with the non-discriminating entity of this university are being hypocritical in allowing our funds and names to be attached to organizations that do not uphold our institutional claims. We at least hold the moral high ground against our own school in demanding that our funds be withheld from institutions that do not uphold our collective beliefs.

I, along with two senior classmates Lili Vo and Kelley Dean, have urged the United Way to change their donation request sheets to allow donors (in the local university areas) to not allocate funds to discriminating affiliates of the United Way.

This is the first step in trying to attain our moral high ground, but it is not enough. The Research Triangle, along with over 10 other communities nationwide, recently forced their local United Way to overturn their initial support to the Boy Scouts through the power of students at their local universities. We are not powerless. We must unite to empower our voice against our university, the United Way and the Boy Scouts of America to defend the moral high ground that we hold.

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Wise words from Worrell

End of semester abroad produces kernels of knowledge useful for all students.

There are a few things I have learned about life while living in the Worrell House. Lesson Learned 1: I don't think that girls should put up such a fuss about guys leaving the toilet seat up. I mean, if they can take the

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extra .0001 seconds to lift it up and save the females from having to see the result of their unpredictable aim, then we women should have the ability to use a simple wrist-flicking motion, a "swat" if you will, to flop the piece of porcelain back down. It simply isn't that hard ladies. And honestly, I don't think any guy has ever thought of leaving the seat up as some sort of crude commentary on what he thinks of the women who may use the bathroom after him. Leaving the seat up is not tantamount to giving the finger or fondling himself in public. It is just a toilet seat. It's like girls leaving their big, fluffy, pink loofas in the shower that he has to touch in order to get to the heat control. They are like big, dangling, puffy Christmas tree ornaments swaying back and forth right there on the faucet while he tries to scrub like a man with his Lever 2000 soap bar. So, let's call it even, shall we guys and gals?

Lesson Learned 2: Fodor's travel guides truly are the abroad-student's best friend. Now, let me explain that I never opened the darn thing the whole time I was in Paris or Scotland or any other part of Europe for that matter. However, when a little Room Six horseplay resulted in two unnamed parties (one being fireman carried by the other) collapsing on my archaic twin bed, it of course splintered into about ten pieces on the right side foot of the bed. There are now three thick Fodor's guides holding up my bed frame. Those, along with my big bag of dirty laundry, are stuffed quite effectively up under there. So never underestimate the many uses of a good, hearty paperback book. Even if reading them is the last thing you would ever do.

Lesson Learned 3: I thought I was bad at math when I was in the United States But then you throw in kilograms, kilo calories, energy joules, centigrade, pence and quid and pounds and stones, and clothing sizes that are about six numbers off from what they are in the states, and European shoe sizes which effectively mandate that I wear a size 39 and a five-hour time difference and a different longitudinal location and some accents ... and I might as well just

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drool from the right corner of my mouth and wear a sign that says "Do not frighten this child with any sort of mathematical information. She is ill equipped mentally to handle it." Honestly. I think part of the reason that the International Studies office gets away with totally lying about how much money we are going to need in order to survive in London is because they know that once we get here we will have no clue what is going on anyway whenever there are numbers involved. Or maybe that is just me. Like I said, I was bad at math when I was in the United States. So maybe this isn't really a lesson learned; it is just a sad commentary on my math skills.

Lesson Learned 4: Some consumable food and beverage items appear to come alive at night and walk around on legs that they procure only during this magical time and that are hidden during the day. You say you bought seven bananas and now you only have one? Where is that third Cadbury bar that was in here? I spent my life savings on three Diet Cokes and two of them are inexplicably missing. Yes, it's the legs at night. It's magic I tell ya. But, I have observed that only unconsumed items grow legs. The partially masticated bits of whatever, the half-eaten cereal bowls, the almost empty juice cups, the packaging from frozen pizzas all of these items are the grocery equivalent of coral. They are rooted, never to move even the three feet it would take to bring them to the oasis of cleanliness and hygiene otherwise known as "the kitchen sink." Stuck in their resting place on the table and counter for eternity. The Worrell House kitchen is both the Bermuda Triangle of food items and the Great Barrier Reef of dirty dishes. It is the eighth wonder of the world.

So, somewhere along the way I may have learned something about who I am, where my life is headed, what true friendship is and how not to take life and people for granted or some junk like that. But these are the true golden nuggets of knowledge that I acquired on my life changing experience abroad. I share them with you in the hopes that you too will feel as if you have had such an enlightening experience. Now if you will excuse me, I am off to research one final lesson: Why I allowed myself to be duped into believing that because it was a Wake program "in London" that there wouldn't be any actual work to do.

Jenn Thompson is a sophomore studying abroad at the university's Worrell House in London this semester.

