

## If you can't take the heat...

I read somewhere once that humans become more aggressive during the summer months because of heat. I think that if that were the case, though, most of the staff would have been killed off by now. The Davidsonian office (located at the tippy-top of the Union, for those who have never ventured up those ominous-looking stairs in the TV Lounge) is hotter than a roofer in August — all the time. It doesn't cool off in the evening after the sun quits glaring through the (unopenable) windows, but the heat doesn't worsen much during the day, either — and it's a *dry* heat, which I've been told makes all the difference.

In any case, at least four days a week I and any number of others (including Randy, of course) toil up here in climates tropical enough for several species of hot-house flowers to thrive. And it's *hard*, especially now, when I usually wear two layers of clothing and a jacket to combat the weather outside — and then am forced to strip off the top layers the moment I enter the confines of our happy little abode.

It's times like these when I look forward to the coming of my favorite season, spring, if only to end the real world/office temperature discrepancy that threatens to upset my homeostasis.

*Sarah E. Ogden*

## The power of the press

As one of the Co-Editors of the Davidsonian, I feel that it is my duty to explain myself concerning certain matters. Recently, friends, hallmates, and even members of the Davidsonian staff (who will remain unnamed), have approached me with the notion that they feel I often over-dress for a given situation. Be it breakfast on a Saturday or a trip to Target for miscellaneous supplies, I have been cited with a number of violations from the various statutes of the fashion police. The primary culprit: my khaki pants.

Now, I know a group of you will say that I should just throw on a pair of blue jeans and be done with it, but unfortunately, I can't. If you look at the drawers in my dorm room, you will find khaki pants and — for the summer — khaki shorts. Why, you ask? Because I think they're comfortable. You can lounge around in a nice pair of pleated khakis just as well as any pair of blue jeans.

Finally, khaki goes with everything. The khaki color is a blessing for coordination, allowing an unskilled fashion engineer to create a combination of clothes that actually looks okay.

I guess I really can't say too much concerning my khaki conundrum, so let me leave you with this ending thought. There is nothing in the world of clothes as great as a perfect crease in a pair of khaki pants.

*Randy R. Skattum*

# Check your milk cartons: Have you seen Bob?

I own a computer. His name is Bob. Or I guess I should say, I owned a computer. On Saturday, Feb. 7, 1998, at approximately 11:30 a.m., Bob was kidnapped. Bob and I were close. I acquired Bob after a long summer of employment as a legal secretary in an attorney's office.

**FRESHMAN PHILOSOPHY**  
**Liz Neiheisel**

Not the most physically tiring work, but certainly not a day in the park. On Saturday, after a coxswain training session in Chambers, I took Bob to the conference room in the Union. I set him down with my bookbag and a few other things while I ran down to the bookstore and up to the newspaper office. When I returned to the conference room 15 or 20 minutes later, I noticed that the door on the other side of the room was open, although it had been closed earlier. I thought nothing of it.

We had the meeting, I went to edit, and not until I returned to my room did I realize Bob was gone. Assuming I'd left him in the office, I called Sarah and Randy, but Bob was nowhere to be found. It was about that time that I realized \$15.00 was gone from my bookbag. My coxswain coach had just given the money to me that morning. I had put the money in the smaller pouch of my bookbag, with pens and pencils and change, and now it was gone. I checked my pockets, the rest of my bookbag, and my desk. Then I told Sarah and Randy I was on my way over.

In the frantic five minutes that followed, the realization came upon me that Bob had been kidnapped. Someone stole Bob. After checking a classroom in Chambers, the conference room, the newspaper office, and the Union in general, in-

cluding the front desk, I accepted the fact that he was gone. And that's when the tears started to fall. I realize Bob is just a computer, a material possession that can be replaced. Although the financial implications of this loss are significant, no harm was done to my person or my family. I should be pleased. The reason for the tears was something more than the knowledge that \$3000, or \$3015 I should say, was gone. The reason for the tears was threefold.

Bob is a home for many of my memories. He houses hours of academic research, carefully crafted newspaper articles, my resume, a gift for my best friend, and makes possible hours upon hours of procrastination via solitaire. Plus, Bob is my link to my family and friends. Both my modem and ethernet card were installed when Bob was taken, the accessories which made in-room internet and e-mail a reality. I've spent countless numbers of hours writing to Mark, a friend at Georgia Tech, recently Josh, Mark's roommate, Kim at UNC-Chapel Hill, Mom and Dad and my sister in Charleston, my brothers at Appalachian, and friends here at school. It's a great way to avoid uncomfortable conversations!

Bob was my world. He and I formed close ties through these activities. I knew I could rely on him in a squeeze, and he knew I would take care of him with those extra RAM, gigabytes, megahertz, and software.

Another fact that continues to wear at me is the \$15.00. I can understand taking the computer, but why the money? And why not my wallet? There was money there, too. If someone really needed that money, so much so that they needed \$15.00 as well as a computer, why not just ask? I would gladly have helped where I could. While I may not have "donated" a computer to their cause, I certainly could have spared the money. It makes me wonder about the world we inhabit.

The thing that bothers me the most about Bob's disappearance is that it happened here at Davidson. When I was deciding on a computer to purchase last summer, my father urged me to buy a mainframe computer and avoid the worry of having a laptop stolen. But when I decided to attend Davidson, we agreed a laptop would be safe. The tour guide who showed my mother and I around said it would be safe, and everyone I talked to seemed to agree it would not be a big danger. They, apparently, were wrong. I know my father will be disappointed when I tell him what happened, which I haven't yet. It reveals my own naivete and denial of reality. I thought that by attending Davidson, I could protect myself from the dangers of the "real world."

This past semester, I haven't taken Bob out much. We've gone to the library, the Union, and Chambers together, and no one has ever bothered him when I left him sitting alone. I take great pride in our Honor Code. It is something I believe in. It is something I believe works. So this incident was merely a hard shake back into reality, a not-so-gentle reminder that not everyone believes in this code of honesty and fair play.

This is my reminder to all of you — Davidson

is not perfect. It is far from it. Although I have lost a fair amount of money, I have lost something far more precious: my peace of mind. I do not know that I will continue to leave my door unlocked or leave my wallet and bookbag sitting unattended in the Union. The knowledge that an individual from outside the school may very well have been involved in this incident makes me hope that the Honor Code and Code of Responsibility do still serve their purpose. But I don't know that for sure. All I know is that Bob is gone, and tears are not yet all cried out.

So if in your travels around campus you meet a little black laptop Sager computer who answers to the name of Bob, please let me know. It will restore a great deal more confidence than you know. If you are the person who took Bob, I beg you to return him. No questions asked. And if you're out there, Bob, reading this article from dear old mom, I urge you to come home — 'cause I sure do miss you.

*My thanks to the members of the Davidson Police Department who helped me with this crime and the many friends and family who have supported me through an emotional frustration.*

## Openness regarding sexuality key

In writing this article, I must admit I am serving two masters: FCREW and myself. FCREW generally sponsors events meant to entertain. We are not a sexuality awareness committee. But through our programming, we hope to influence the campus atmosphere. Our aim is to encourage disclosure and attitudes free from stifling taboos — especially the taboo about discussion.

FCREW and I share the same purpose: to discuss what we perceive to be a problem at Davidson College — a lack of dialogue, among

beliefs does not automatically result in abandonment of those beliefs. Rather, in cutting away all the excess baggage that surrounds our opinions, our acceptance becomes tempered, which produces a stronger foundation to back up personal beliefs, or sometimes leaves us with a whole new perspective regarding our convictions. This said, I encourage more individuals to "test" their beliefs.

We also support the increase in tolerance toward people of other sexual orientations. Accepting lifestyles that differ from our own does not necessarily indicate that we participate in that same behavior — apparently the greatest fear felt consciously or unconsciously at Davidson.

Disagreement does not equal a right to alienate or persecute others. Admittedly, there is a very low gay population at Davidson College. But that is not necessarily because gay and lesbian individuals do not attend our college. Rather, they usually do not choose to publicly identify their orientation, perhaps from personal choice, or from a reaction to the environment towards homosexual individuals at Davidson. This makes a provocative statement, that part of "fitting in" with others at Davidson means suppressing the self-truths of some.

We are not attempting to shove our morality onto your value system; to be honest, there is not total agreement about morality versus sexuality within our own group. Although we do not all share the same views, we do share a commitment to encouraging an environment where these views can and *will* be expressed. Perhaps many will feel uncomfortable doing so, but let them scrutinize the *why* of the uneasiness. In short, we challenge each of you to talk to others and learn their opinions. We invite you to join us on a trip to explore your depths, to examine your beliefs, and to truly engage yourself in a journey that will lead you to new destinations. Once there, you can stay and visit, move on, or return to where you were before. It's your choice.

students concerning sexuality. This, we believe, is a manifestation of the "blinder syndrome," which involves the avoidance of uncomfortable subject matter in discussion, though people participate in it in action. When people fail to even acknowledge sexuality, it makes conversation on the topic difficult.

It seems that in the pursuit of a degree, we cannot simultaneously pursue an exploration of our own sexuality. So basically, Davidson students are expected to be adrogynous in public, no matter their personal behaviors. As if in the development of our minds, we must ignore the developments of another faculty we possess — the capacity to love and to enjoy the company of another in a sexual relationship. There are a wide range of views regarding sexuality, ranging from apathetic to extremes. Everyone is perfectly entitled to his/her opinion. We are not advocating a campus of debauchery. We are, in fact, encouraging you, the student body, to express the opinions that you hold. Then ask, *why* do you hold them? Is it the truth according to you, or automatic acceptance from some outside agent?

I have always believed that testing your be-

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