

The Lance

VOL. 4, NO. 12

ST. ANDREWS PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, LAURINBURG, N. C.

MAY 14, 1965

Christians Go All Out; Claude Attempts New Conversions

Strangely Believe It

By CHUCK FARLEY

*Number of times during his April 7th C&C 202 lecture that Dr. Reddick said "ah" - 714.

*Amount of annual tuition increase for next year - \$160. Any bets as to where it'll be by 1970, if we don't get any endowment?

*Rough percentage of women (or girls) in Concord dorm who weren't asked to the Concord-LANCE formal dance - 40%. Something the Publicity Committee neglected to emphasize . . . "This is National Garden Week - take a wallflower to the May 1st dance."

*Ratio of support given to the recently proposed "Honor Community" Code, voted upon along with the new Constitution - rejected, two to one. St. Andrews continues without honor.

*Number of beach trips on these warm, sunny weekend (closely correlates with recent revision of C&C 202 weekly testing schedule) - figures still pouring in.

*Number of deadline evenings during which the LANCE staff has heroically remained into the morning hours in order to provide you with the very best in news and sports coverage, editorials, features, cartoons, philosophy, and other amusing trash. - 13.

*Number of new dorms this year - one.

*Number of new dorms quickly and expertly converted into beat-up OLD dorms, this year - one.

*Number of wastelands this year - 17. (King's Mountain courtyard, and 16 classrooms).

*Faculty loss this year - gross, 3, net, 0.

*Number of buildings remaining to be built in 1st phase of Building Plans - 5.

*Number of umbrellas suddenly and violently destroyed in local horizontal rainstorms this year - 39, and a rib.

*Number of professors whose initials also stand for "Rat Fink" - one.

*Incidence of "flinch" reflex noted among freshmen and sophomores at mention of the name "Brinton" - 97% and rising. (3% unconscious)

*Minimum length of time necessary to get a busy signal, by dialing "2" at night (for you busy signal fans) - 1.2 seconds.

*Number of people who ought to try Marnie MacFarlane's penetrating capsule psychoanalysis - 851 students, 138 faculty and administration members.

*Number of NEW "traveling salesmen" for St. Andrews this year - none.

*Number of people provided by the college to check your cuts - 4. Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Stephens, Louis LaMotte, and the LANCE censor who proofs this article.

*Maximum possible accommodation of tennis courts for students, faculty, AND administration - 2.4%.

*Number of LANCE editors to date not in WHO'S WHO - one. The PRESENT one.

*Number of varsity athletic scholarships given for next year - none.

*New dormitory auxiliary facilities built this year - two. (located on baseball field).

*Number of administration members from Other side of lake at present at the Stringfellow lecture - none.

*Number of Negro students at St. Andrews this year - none.

*Ford Foundation endowment at St. Andrews this or any year - none. (see above for reason)

*Number of student body presidents who before coming here attended the Citadel for two weeks, beat a hasty retreat because it was too rough - -?



People talk about the moral urgency of race relations and poverty, but here at St. Andrews the Christians know otherwise. After all those problems don't exist in this area. It's that den of iniquity just about eight miles south that needs purging. That evil place where the devil rears his foamy head nightly and ensnares poor unsuspecting St. Andrews' students in his bubbling web.

Well sir, Claude just couldn't stand it any longer. The Christians have been the brunt of criticism concerning apathy too long. As a parting service to God and school he decided to do something about this horrible situation single-handedly. With Bible in hand, God on his side and the good graces of the administration (who have long been aware of this most vexing problem) Claude ventured forth one stormy night. Of course with "fear and trembling" (and a little shivering - he forgot his rain coat in his anxiety to get at those sinners).

It was just as Claude had always suspected (you see he had discussed the situation many times with his fellow Christians, back at school of course, safe from ole Satan who has been restricted to below the border by the good people of the community in their age old struggle with this fiend). Potentially good students were wallowing in sin, guzzling beer, talking of grossly secular matters, and even, even - oh it's almost too decadent to mention - they were actually indulging in physical contact in the back room. Well, the Old Testament talks of the wrath of God, but those ole Hebrews just didn't realize what righteous indignation could be (unless some of them, in their angelized forms of course, just happened to be passing over on their way to some more sanctified ground). Claude could hardly restrain himself when he first layed his eyes on such debauchery. It exceeded his wildest imaginings and all those of his fellow Christians. He didn't know where to start. It would sure take a lot of good ole evangelizing,

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