

Freshman Feelings

Lynn Leverton
and
Preston Tinsley

In the beginning, September twelfth, 1965, to be a bit more precise, 300 confident, mature, fresh-faced high-school graduates faced the future with "a song in their hearts and a gleam in their eyes," as a well-known Christmas carol goes. As one unbelievably long week draws to a close, freshmen find themselves very changed, even a little shortchanged. The only visible remnant of their past is their fresh-faced look, heightened now

by dark circles under the eyes. Following the expected, but not eagerly anticipated farewell hugs and kisses from Grandma and advice from tearful parents, mumbling something to the effect that their babies had grown up, the freshmen and remaining parents guided their footsteps toward the one shadow of the DeTamble Library for a formal welcome by high-ranking members of the St. Andrews staff.

Some students left something to be desired, or perhaps demanded in their lack of enthusiasm, unfortunately. Somehow,

the urge "to put fun on the outskirts of your life," was not what most of us wanted to hear. After having this God-sent message pounded into our admittedly vacuum-like brains by various people (e.g. parents, teachers, parents, friends, parents, magazine articles, parents), we began to wonder if St. Andrews wasn't as religious and serious as it sounded.

All fears of having entered a monastery were dispelled, however, the first night. Relations between suite mates seemed a bit formal until the first unlucky freshman flushed the toilet without first warning the person in the shower, thereby scalding the occupant. Needless to say, the freshman was soon introduced to the customs of the suite.

The first day or so was bliss for freshmen. Everyone on campus wore some sort of badge, therefore no one felt as if they wore a gas chamber serial number. On Tuesday, unfortunately, the old axiom of "three hundred's company, one thousand is a crowd," was proven true. God's tribe of freshmen were scattered, not to perish, but only to be sorely tried. Actually, up to this point, freshmen have only one complaint-mailbox registration.

We can find no reason why mailbox fees could not be collected and numbers given out when freshmen entered their dorm. If, for some reason, this proved impossible, why couldn't a group of upperclassmen and faculty have taken care of the problem in a few days at the student center? Or at least have the post office open throughout the day for the first week.

Pandora's box really opened up on Wednesday. After diligently working on their schedules during advisory meetings, freshmen went to lunch confident that they were taking the perfect course at the perfect time on the perfect day. And the sun shone over St. Andrews. Then, at 1:30, freshmen began registration. By 4:30, nothing was perfect. After waiting in line for two hours, they squirmed their way into the auditorium, only to find that the person in front of them, whom they never did like, just picked up the last card for our favorite class. Following a talk with their advisors, they enrolled themselves in classes first, fourth, fifth, and sixth period every day but Sunday. This forces one to do without lunch and proper sleep, both of which Mother considered important.

Little can be said about Thursday except that a sleepy, lazy day was enjoyed by all.

Friday morning marked the beginning of their obscure reason for being here, academic studies. For a change, we freshmen are going to go to at least five classes before criticizing the course, the professor, the walk to class, and St. Andrews in general. We venture only to say that almost no students find fault, as of this date, with that controversial course, C, and C. May this still be true when the last issue of THE LANCE rolls off the presses.

The dance on Saturday marked the first big social event of the year, as far as we are concerned. Also by this time, many freshmen had been introduced to another phase of St. Andrews, the little tavern by the side of the road. A later column will be dedicated to this quaint bit of student life.

For the remainder of the year, we shall attempt to present, as far as is allowed, the views of the freshman class to the rest of the student body. We feel confident that the upper classes, one in particular will provide us with ample material to comment on and complain about.

LIMBO

By BABY

Well, baby, there have been some changes made. It hits out in the fact once you have been on campus for at least one hour. Some of you were here in the summer and were able to observe fragments of transition, of loss, and of gain here and there; but there must have been some surprises for you people too. Can you believe, for instance, the people who are no longer here? In reflecting BEFORE you came back, you felt that it would be agonizing not to have the populus situation precisely intact, not to have around some of the people you thought were some kind of great? But now that you ARE here, it's not nearly so bad, is it? Strange as it seems, vacuums have been filled, and so far, rather successfully. This wasn't quite so evident until a few days ago, when those red skull caps were finally donned; and now it's almost staggering to look at the hordes of them - everywhere. And strangely enough, it doesn't really upset a balance. It's kind of reassuring for some reason. And it's also reassuring to see the unchapeau-ed new faces - the faces that are only new to THIS college, and are, every hour, becoming more familiar.

Isn't it funny how different an impression (upon arriving on campus) was given simply by two stone markers - they say the same thing that the old ones did, but didn't they seem to exude some sense of value that was non-existent in the former ones?

Something, baby, has definitely been changed, and it seems that a lot of college's premature staleness has vanished - think, baby. It stands to reason that you might not have had a chance to do so yet, but just make some room and give it at least one panoramic glance. Can't you feel it? You know you're already aware that a few loose bolts have been tightened, but have you realized what in the end, it will mean? And think about those new faces across the lake - and some of the old ones too. Can you recognize it?

Baby, for your information, that little thing that has replaced some of that dingy, stale cloud that oozed around last year - that little thing is nothing but a big old dose of positivism. Think about everything that is different - EVERYTHING. You're bound to have at least seen most of it by now, so just THINK. Isn't all this change, happy as well as melancholy, at least pointing in a positive direction? Let's give you a minute on that one.

You remember what the big kick was last year, don't you? We called apathy. Now, baby, don't you think we've found a "damn" worthy replacement?

SENIOR SENTIMENTS

by
YIBBETT PHILLIPS

Already, Seniors are asking each other, "What are you going to do next year?" And except for those who will be teaching or definitely going to grad school, nobody knows. Almost frighteningly, we look toward the future. And this time of year it is easy to become nostalgic about the past three years here at St. Andrews. Freshmen faces, with their obvious enthusiasm and undaunted ambitions, remind us of our first days and moments in college. Now, as we look back on the past three years and fully comprehend that we are now Seniors, a member of that

Campus Orb.

BY BILL SHOMO

Well, the first hectic week of "St. Andrews Trauma" is over. Luggage has been carried up flights of stairs into the wrong rooms, McBee forms have been signed, (what does Keysort mean anyway?), the registration line has been braved, and I found my lost shoe that I left here last spring. School has started once again.

Ignoring the fact that our sun-tans, which we worked so hard on during the summer, are gradually disappearing; what have we found at St. Andrews? Physically speaking, the answer for upperclassmen is simple, our Miss Dove is still here (thank goodness), there are more ducks in the lake, and the grass that used to be so pretty on the lake side of the Student Center looks as if it had had a bad case of acne during the summer. But overlooking these things, what have we found?

We've found that some of the familiar faces that we've looked for will be back, that we'll have to take that course that we've been putting off for so long, that what we thought would be our major isn't really what we want to do, and that even though we hate to admit it, freshmen aren't the only ones who have that old familiar of homesickness.

Barry McGuire's lyrics seem to fit at this moment, "Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya, boy." But let's don't take a too pessimistic look at school. Some of those familiar faces that we've looked for are back, people still speak to you when you walk across the crosswalk, and most teachers really care about what happens to us.

Enough of this foolishness now. How about that great subject of all returnees (does that sound like parolees?), THE FRESHMAN!! Ah, that great body of minds (?) that will continue the St. Andrews tradition. With the Characteristic dazed look of amazement, the frosh class has arrived. "Where is the registrar's office?" "What's a cut?" "Is it really seven miles to Roger's?" We can understand and sympathize, we were all freshmen at one time or another.

The only thing that we can say is that St. Andrews, we are back. Do you catch much?

TIME HARDLY VARIES

KANSAS CITY (AP) - How long does it take to play a football game?

In the Big Eight conference the average game in 1964 lasted 2 hours 14.8 minutes, compared to the average of 2:14.7 in 1963. The shortest game in 1964 was one hour, 55 minutes, involving Missouri and Air Force. The longest league game was 1:59 Missouri-Kansas State.



The Lance

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Meredythe Lawrence
MANAGING EDITOR Brian Weger
BUSINESS MANAGER Jim Dallas
SPECIAL ASSISTANT Trish Sharmon

EDITORIAL STAFF

ACADEMIC EDITOR Elizabeth Finlator
SOCIAL EDITORS Judy Hough, Jane Wright
SPORTS EDITOR Ed Butterworth
CONSERVATORY EDITOR Bonnie Williams
SPECIAL COLUMNS Bob Anderson
Lynn Leverton, Yibbett Phillips, Bill Shomo,
Henry Steele, Preston Tinsley
PHOTOGRAPHERS Bill Barry, Jeep Mullinix
CARTOONIST Frank Joerg

STAFF WRITERS AND REPORTERS:

Selvia Beam, Gloria Bell, David Betts, Anne Bottoms, Barbara Boy, Nancy Buxton, Carol Chapman, Linda Curtis, Nancy Dixon, Miriam Fisher, J. D. Gwynn, Karen Harrison, Gwen Horton, Bonnie Jackson, Mary Leslie James, Frank Joerg, Lucylle Keylon, Vickie McCann, Mary Lynne McKenzie, Brenda Miller, Margaret Offendinger, Barbara Rappold, Deiores Rasnick, Linda Susong, Janet Sperling, Jane Talley, Mary Todd, Charma Walker, Elizabeth Ward, Emelda Williams.

BUSINESS STAFF

Brenda Miller, Mary Lynne McKenzie, Barbara Rappold, Charma Walker.

Opinions expressed in letters to the Editor and in signed columns are not necessarily those of THE LANCE. Letters to the Editor should be brief and must be signed. Names will be withheld upon request.