

Staff Editorial

BY KATHY SALKIN

I remember when, a few years ago, some friends from Chapel Hill were visting here for a weekend of parties, which included a band and a lot of beer. We were sitting in my suite lounge discussing ecology (this was in the Spring of '72), and one of them said, "Hey, y'know, this campus is neat. I mean, it's a lot cleaner than my campus. How do you it?" I told him it was because of our maintenance crew and that there just seemed to be some people who cleaned up after themselves. We'd get pretty messy occasionally, but it was fairly clean most of the time. I admit this was a naive viewpoint, but it was true then.

Now, three and a half years later, I wonder what my friend would say now. As I write this, sitting by the lake, I'm looking at the beer cans, wine bottles, cigarette butts, and trash piled on the ground beside me. There is trash un-

derneath the bushes all around the dorms. And as I walk through the suites in any of the dorms, especially on weekends, I wonder, "Why? Are we all careless, or don't we care anymore?" I'm not talking just about SA; it's the whole country that's turning into a gigantic trash bin, and it'll happen here if we don't watch out.

I know it's terribly easy to throw a wad of paper into a trash can, miss, and then think, "What the hell,

someone else'll pick it up." (I've been guilty of this myself). But just think: the person who'll probably end up picking the *!*? trash will be the maid, and she already has enough to do without picking up after everybody. Not only does trash create more work for all concerned, it's also rather unsightly. I can think of better ways of spending a Sunday morning than clearing a pathway through a layer of trash, cans, and bot-

ties in order to get out and go to breakfast. Doesn't give you a very spiritual outlook, does it?

What this is all leading to is this: last week the Student Government passed a rule saying tht beer could be drunk in the courtyards and lounges of the dorms. This ruling was signed last Thursday and will be in effect until the Administration acts on it, which won't be for another few weeks yet. So, we have a "trial period"; it's not a final rule; they can always veto it. Why don't we all prove that we can drink beer outside of our suites without getting into hassles and thus creating more work for the clean-up forces? Let's throw away our cans, bottles, and trash into the proper places—the trash bins and trash cans. You'd be amazed at how much better this place would lok! And we'd have a lot better chance of the Administration passing the new rule.

By K. Salkin

THE LANCE

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New Policy Proposed for Cafe

Dear Editor:

In response to a section of your paper (The Lance, Vo. 14, 102474) entitled "Cafeteria Discussed," I would be grateful if you would kindly accord me the privilege to express my personal opinion pertaining to its contents. My attempt on this paper is in two folds, and I sincerely hope that I would be far from being ambiguous to your readers. You may be assured that I do not intend to express any personal grievance or to cause any inconvenience to anyone. I just want to commend the efforts of the cafeteria staff and Epicure employees and to castigate partially the new cafeteria policy that has just been introduced.

At this juncture, I believe the duration of my stay here could qualify me to say something about our food service. Personally, I feel that the cafeteria staff is doing its best to satisfy our hunger and thirst. Every student is served to his satisfaction, and the food is nutritious and most of the time (if not all the time) it is appetizing (finger-licking good). I do not know of a day or any meal time when there was a food shortage. These people have sacrificed a lot in order to collaborate and to satisfy our demand of food supply despite present market conditions with incredible food

prices towering sky high almost every day. In view of this rare effort being exerted by the aforementioned staff, I do not think there is one here who is so audacious, blind, inconsiderate, and unrealistic to rebuke the selfless services of these hardworking people. I dogmatically believe that there is none, for I know how intelligent S.A. students are. Therefore, I think that these people honestly deserve our joint support and heartiest commendations. On behalf of those who agree with me, I, therefore, say HAIL to all those who contribute to the satisfactory preparation of our delicious meals.

Lately, I have noticed that a new policy has been introduced to the cafeteria and it is being enforced presently. Judging from what I understand, the introduction of this policy is a good thing, for it was designed to protect our interest. It is a good thing to see authorities forging ways and means of protecting the interests of their inferiors. Our authorities have been doing so and for that reason I think they deserve our praise. However, protecting us or our interests does not mean creating inconvenience for us. If such happens, would it not be proper to point it out. Yes, it would be. Then, at this

moment I would like to emphasize that the new policy is partially causing inconvenience to most of the student body.

The motive behind this policy is vivid and well-understood. I have no objection to it. But, should one who has paid for food be refused entry into the dining hall if he fails to show a S.A. identification card. Presently this is being practised in the cafeteria and I do not favor it. There could be an alternative. The list of the names of the students entitled to dine in the cafeteria could be removed from the manager's office to secure an O.K. In order to give him an O.K., the manager would go through the alphabetized list of names of the students entitled to eat in the cafeteria to see if his name is there and if so, he has an O.K. But to save time, to avoid adject situations, and to abate excessive officialism, I think it would be wiser if the bookkeeper keeps the list or has a copy. Thereby he would be in a better position to justify one's eligibility to eat

in the dining hall, and at the same time, he would eliminate problem within seconds.

Also another method that could be effectively applied is recognition. For example, if my room is in Suite 6 of Winston-Salem and at 5:45 p.m. I found myself coming out of the L.A. building rushing to eat supper with the thought that I have my ID with me, without a bike I was able to beat the time by four minutes but I failed to show my ID at the cafeteria door, would it be logical for the bookkeeper to ask me to go for ID. NO!! It would be absolutely illogical to do so!!! If I agree to go for my ID I would not eat when I return, for the cafeteria would then be losed. Therefore, I suggest that a better and tangible method to be implemented in RECOGNITION. By recognition, I do not mean facial recognitiion only, but that one is recognized by remembering seeing him with a S.A. Fall '74 ID. It is quite probable that the bookkeeper recognized about 80 percent of the student body since S.A. is a small college and he is not a freshman. Another example

for which the above method could be utilize is the case in which a student has only about five minutes to spend in the cafeteria or go to class late. I think these two methods should be applied instead, for they are handier than the "go back-for-your-ID" method.

Furthermore, from my observation and from what I learned by enquiring, students who come to the cafeteria without their ID's do so unintentionally and that they form less than 1 per cent of the student population. If this evidence is true, then there would be no assumption that most or all of the students would follow steps if the minority is excused to eat without first showing their individual ID's. Nonetheless, I am wholeheartedly convinced that S.A. students are matured adults and they know how to execute their responsibilities satisfactorily.

Once again, may I reassure everyone that I do not intend to create any inconvenience and if at all I have done so, I wholeheartedly regret it.

Yours truly,
Abdoulai B. Sosseb, Jr.
(LAI)

Save the Earth

A Satire

BY TIM TOURTELLOTTE

(Scene: a dorm room, conventionally dour, decorated optimistically with a Grateful Dead poster and a frayed but obviously cherished picture of Al Capp. BRUCE is lying on the bed, staring at his toes, which are wiggling reflectively.)

BRUCE: I wonder where my nail clippers are?

Enter MINA with an armload of books.

BRUCE: You seen my nail clippers?

MINA: You don't need them.

BRUCE (proffering a foot for her inspection) Are you kidding?

I'm slicing my sneakers to pieces!

MINA: Well, just bite 'em off.

BRUCE: Sure. I'd ruin my fillings.

MINA: Listen, Bruce, I hate to tell you - well, you've lost sight of your roots.

BRUCE: No, my nail clippers.

MINA: You've got to return to your roots. You're so middle-class you can't see the trees for the forest. You -

BRUCE: You want me to get an in-grown nail, or something?

MINA: The only thing that will save our world is a return to the simple, honest way of life. We've got to change our values, shift our priorities; our high-pressure, technological society has turned us into helpless, dependent robots.

BRUCE: Cafeteria food is bad enough.

MINA: Here's an especially good one: The Art of Building Log Cabins. Oh, and this one: The Mountaineers Guide to

Our civilization has actually reached the point where we are producing nail clippers on a massive scale! Think of it, Bruce.

BRUCE: Well, there are four million feet in this country.

MINA: Look, I've brought you some books that will help you.

BRUCE: I know how to clip my nails, Mina.

MINA (hands him a book): Here's one: Edible Wild Plants That Proliferate Along Our Highways.

BRUCE: Cafeteria food is bad enough.

MINA: Here's an especially good one: The Art of Building Log Cabins. Oh, and this one: The Mountaineers Guide to

Healing Sickness, Mending Bones, Mid-Wifing, As Related by T. Herbet "Dog-ear" Perky.

BRUCE: Listen, Mina, calm down, will you. Here. I'll turn on some music. (goes to stereo)

MINA: I brought my own music.

BRUCE: A little Grateful Dead and -

MINA: I refuse to listen to that kind of music anymore.

It's pruely a symptom of our sick, sense-dulled society.

Here, you play this. (hands him a couple of albums)

BRUCE: You're not serious.

Banjo Music and Hog-calling, performed live by the Smoky Hollow Quilters.

MINA: It's back to earth music. Basic. Vital.

BRUCE: How about some Grace Slick? She's pretty earthy.

MINA: Look, Bruce, we obviously don't relate anymore.

Our values are not the same. BRUCE: I only wanted my nail clippers.

MINA (dreamily): I want to feel mud between my toes, raise my own vegetables, clean my senses in pure unpolluted air.

BRUCE: We can camp out this weekend...

MINA: I've got to go, Bruce. I've got things to do before I go to my Save-The-Earth meeting.

BRUCE: Can't we talk a while?

MINA: Sorry. I've got to call daddy and tell him to put some money in my account so I can drive up to the corn-husking convention this weekend. Oh, and I'll have to have some new blue jeans so I can get the properly faded and I - (she goes out mumbling)

BRUCE (yanking open a drawer) Where are those damn nail clippers!