

# Havoc Produced At Inquisition

## THE UNFORTUNATE FIRING SQUAD INCIDENT

One year ago, almost to the day, an incident occurred which caused a chain of reaction of raised eye brows all through the St. Andrews student hierarchy. Someone's negligence along the way had created a rather tense situation for the Orientation Committee.

Apparently the person responsible for making sure the shot guns used in the mock firing squad at the serf inquisition had never looked about four of the thirty-odd weapons to be used. Some serf, whose name escapes

me at the moment, was riddled during what was scheduled to be the highlight of the afternoons entertainment. Many upperclassmen expressed their sincere regret because the window in front of which what's-his-name was standing has just been replaced after the brick-bat riot the week before.

The cafeteria people, at that time the Prophet Food Company, who, incidentally, were terribly understanding people, expressed similar sentiments. The reason for their concern was that the window was one of those forming the south wall of their place of business. The manager is reputed to have said, "it wouldn't be so bad if it went fer th' files and the fact that we've arredy mopped the floor for this month."

The whole affair was quite messy and otherwise somewhat distasteful. It was later learned from the Maintenance Department that the replacement of the window had run into a considerable sum of money. The body plus about half a bucket of whatever could be determined to have belonged to it and a bill for the window were shipped (C.O.D.) to the parents after a week's investigation to determine its identity. All this could have been avoided if it hadn't occurred during the secretaries' coffee break. Because of this the incident wasn't reported to the appropriate office until three days later. By that time, what with the rain and all, the name tag was so discolored and dog-eared that it was unreadable.

A highly interesting and practical outgrowth of the otherwise rather prosaic situation has been the suggestion that hereafter serfs be required to carry two name tags--one to be worn as usual, the other to be plastic covered and carried in the back pocket or purse. Incidentally, it has been suggested that whoever is in charge of the firing squad this year be a little more careful in his selection of people to handle the gun check as a repeat of last year's shoddy performance may mean that that portion of the Inquisition festivities be suspended indefinitely. Sometimes all must suffer for the misconduct of a few. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

### TEENS ADOPT OLDSTERS

PARMA, Ohio — The 72 teen-agers who are members of Senior Y-Teens from Parma High School have adopted 53 older persons in a local nursing home. In addition to group programs, they seek to provide recreation and meet other needs,



Serf Week mock firing squad means fun upperclassmen seem to enjoy the festivities more than the freshmen.)



Freshman becomes disenchanted with fun and games day.

## Comments On Serf Week

We at THE LANCE believe that Serf Week can serve a useful function if it's precepts are carried out in good humor. A good healthy, competitive friction between the freshmen and the upperclassmen can serve to create a class solidarity and a good time for all involved.

A minority of freshmen believe that Serf Week is "Mickey Mouse" and quite below their dignity. To these we express our regret that they lack the amiability to join in the fun.

I, personally, am very much impressed by the spunk and originality exhibited by the freshman class in many of the clever and tasteful pranks perpetrated during Serf Week. For these things I would like to congratulate them.

Lonnie Mann  
Editor



Newly installed swing gives much pleasure to freshman as well as onlooking upperclassman.

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# The Lance

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## Horrors Of Torture Chamber Hopefully Not To Be Repeated

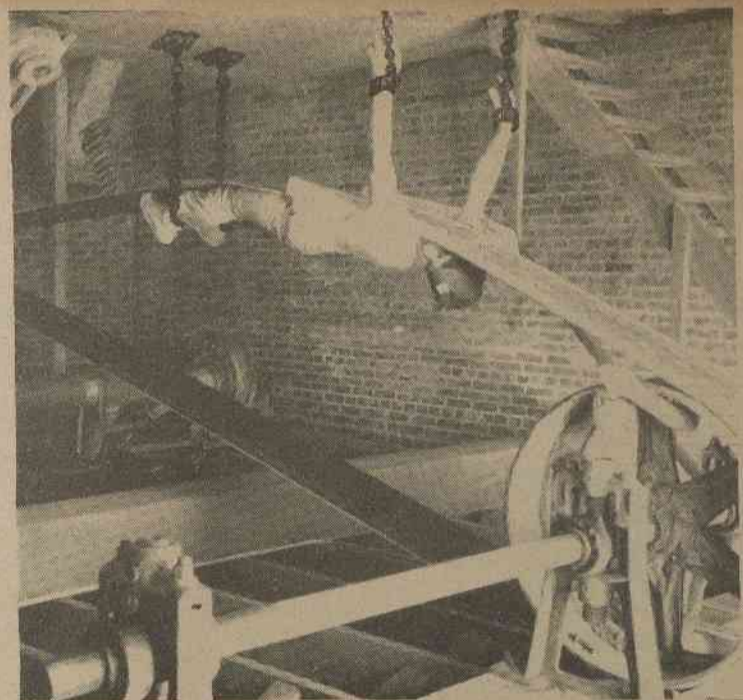
The LANCE feels it is its duty to review the horrors of last year's Serf Week riots in hopes that some of the needless bloodshed which occurred might be avoided and that a larger number of our bright but unorganized freshman class might survive to enjoy a fuller educational experience.

A few days before the Inquisition last year a strange quiet foreshadowed one of the most chaotic and strife-torn periods in the history of our campus. The sun slowly sank in the west radiating an eerie and red light. It seemed as though the plains of the athletic field were a solid sheet of flame and the lake a pool of raspberry Kool-aid. The gentle, warm winds of Scotland County produced an almost inescapable soporific effect. Suddenly from the east a cluster of bobbing blue beanies appeared from nowhere. An Army of screaming adolescents dressed in "super-collegiate" uniforms were stamping across St. Andrews placid campus.

At this point several of the herd were severely injured even before the confused mob was able to affect any semblance of organization. One male frosh bit the stem off his new Dr. Graybow pipe and swallowed it in the excitement. Several freshman coeds in the meantime became asphyxiated on Kent cigarettes in the confusion and were saved only through the fast thinking of several first-aid experts from the physical education department. Gant shirts proved to be a Nemesis to several whose loops hung on low-hanging tree branches.

Finally the mob intelligence quotient reached a peak of fifty and with this new confidence the group began singing some sort of ridiculous protest song about being overbearing or something like that.

The serious upperclassmen in their unending quest for knowledge were exceedingly perturbed when the monotonous roar of the rabble upset their card



Freshman seems to enjoy new slenderizing machine developed by upperclassmen.

games, making it impossible to make a legitimate bid.

Several bidding errors generated a mob of red-eyed upperclassmen to rival the barbaric hords of Attila. The outraged card players were vertiable tigers unchained as they evacuated the student center to quiet the noise.

Five upperclassmen counterespies organized the freshmen by telling them that a party was to be held at McColl and that it was very much "in" to be there. Upperclassmen disguised as "freshies" appeared driving old blue busses which were purportedly destined for Rogers. Naively the docile mob boarded them. Upperclass calculation triumphed over the gullible frosh as they were convinced that the old X-Way torture rack was in reality a beer hall. Under this erroneous conception the mob pushed into the creaky old building. The rusty hinges of the thick oak door

squeaked as it swung shut and was bolted. The rest is too horrible to tell. The photographs here were taken by a secret camera as LANCE staff members are never involved in such shady incidents.

As nearly as we can make out, the above picture is of some sort of slimming device designed to put paunchy freshmen in good physical shape, the one below seems to be some sort of swinging device on which the freshman is making like Tarzan. It is our hope here at the LANCE that the unfortunate X-Way incident will not be repeated this year.

### NEEDS OPEN SPACE

HALIFAX, N.S. —David Murphy, 11, has a problem finding a field big enough to test his authentic Australian boomerang in. Instructions with the mail-order boomerang suggest an open area 50 by 50 yards free of people and pets.