

Blessings . . . Pope

During the spring vacation I did not get drafted.

Not such a remarkable happening I know. About 450 other men from St. Andrews did not get drafted during the break.

But mine does have some significance, at least to me and probably to the country.

I gave up my student deferment as of January 1, which meant that the military could only get me during the first three months of the year. After that I belonged to no one, militarily-speaking. (Of course they still have dibs on me in case of a natural disaster.)

This event means something to me, and my mother who stood guard over the mailbox for three months, but has no real bearing to this campus.

But when I was cleaning out my desk the other day I ran across a story I wrote when I was 18, just after I registered with the U.S. Government.

At the time I wrote it my editor told me that it should not be printed because the local draft board (bored?) could suddenly decide that they needed my brave soul to protect the world.

Now that I am free, I thought that at long last I could run it without fear of being hauled into Army greens.

Here goes:

Eighteen. Ah that glorious age to be. It is when one can buy beer and have a card to identify himself, see almost any movies he wants and read some of those books that come in plastic bags. Of course there is one drawback to being 18, that is the Selective Service.

I had no even thought of the SS until the night before my 18th birthday, when I realized that I had to sign up. My first thoughts were: Where? How? Why me? (Not necessarily in that order.)

I hurriedly ran for the telephone book to find out where I was to go for the big "sign in". To my horror they did not list it under "draft" or "service". Panic! I could just picture myself in jail trying to explain why I had not registered.

(Gee, officer, I looked for you in the Yellow Pages and couldn't find you. So, I thought maybe you had gone out of business. . . or something.)

Finally, with the aid of my father and several friends, I found the address: 651 West Fifth Street. Although I have lived in Winston-Salem for eleven years, the only thing I knew about Fifth Street is that the library is at one end of it, but I was not sure whether it was East or West?

The next day I took my chances on finding it and rode down Fifth Street very slowly, much to the displeasure of the driver behind me. There it was. I stomped on the brake and pulled to the side of the road to park. As I got out of the car, I prayed that I had money for the parking meter.

The SS office was located on the second floor of a two-story building. I took the elevator up because I did not think that I could walk up two flights of stairs with my knees shaking like they were.

As I entered the desk-filled room, one of the smiling ladies asked me what I wanted.

"Well, I'm 18 today," I said.

Without wishing me the best for the day, she told me to sit down while she asked me some questions.

The first thing she wanted to see was my driver's license, I guess it was to make sure that I was 18. (Lord, why would anyone else go down there?)

Then she attempted to fill out my registration card. It took her four tries to get it correct. She apologized and said it did not usually take her that many times to fill one out. I smiled and thought that I could go home and come back. Maybe then she would have it ready.

After she finished with the card, she told me to read it and correct any errors I found, then sign it on the dotted line on the left side. (That was the only dotted line, but I let her have her fun.)

Drat the luck. It was all correct. Of course, they say practice makes perfect and she had practiced many times on that particular card.

With the card out of the way, I was told to go sit at the table behind me and fill out a 10 page questionnaire about my personal life. (It was really none of their business, but they do have THE Government on their side.)

After filling in my name and the names of the member of my family, I had to give them the name of someone to notify in the event of death. (I wanted to put the name of a good funeral home, but I don't think she would have appreciated the little humor.)

When I got the the part about speaking any foreign languages fluently I balked. (have never really understood the word fluently.) I thought, "Well, I have had three years of Spanish and two of German, why take any chances?" So I put them both down. I have been worried ever since about being put in the diplomatic corps in either Germany or Spain. If that ever happened the United States would have a real problem on its hands. All I remember in both languages are several phrases. Among them are: "Please pass the butter," and "Where is the bathroom, stupid head?"

I finished with all of the questions having answered each and every one with the type of reasoning I used with the foreign language section. I gave it to the lady and she read over it. (Maybe she was really impressed by someone who was bilingual his senior year in high school. Doubt it.)

Then I got the lecture. Everyone should go down and sign up just to hear the wonderful commentary that is delivered. It really makes you feel wanted in the service.

(Continued on this page)

No Posters For Campaign Presidential Hopeful Says

Dear Editor:

I have announced my candidacy for the presidency of the Student Government Association. I want to take this opportunity to explain why there will be no posters or banners heralding my qualifications and no sheets in the mail boxes extolling my virtues.

To use valuable time and money for such trivia is (for me) immoral. The limitations that I place on my personal freedoms do not allow me to spend money on this campaign when that money could be used by the Abortion Referral Service, by the Peace Corps, by the next

Satire

Failure of Democracy At SA Requires Drastic Measures

BY JEFF NEILL

The Student-Faculty Appellate Board ruled student election procedures invalid this week. With this there can no longer remain any doubt that the St. Andrews experiment of student responsibility and democracy has failed. Chaos, confusion, and anarchy are running rampant. Terrorists threaten destruction of vending machines and irresponsible persons flagrantly violate Blue-Card Rules. In the streets parking next to yellow curbs has become common place and cyclists crossing the causewalk must fear the recklessness of speed-crazed pedestrians.

The disorderly array that pervades our campus has even permeated the most private and holiest sanctity of all; the classrooms. There, all semblance of order and respect have been done away with as professors have left their powdered wigs and black robes in the closet, and reportedly some students even have the audacity to challenge the worth of courses and their content.

An end must come to all this. Order and discipline must be restored or our cultural and community achievements stand to be destroyed and committed to the annals of forgotten history.

To keep this from happening we call on student President, Ken Watkins, in conjunction with Dr. Hart, President of the College, and Dr. Melton, President of the faculty, to establish themselves as a tribunal --- doing away with all constitutions, by-laws and committees (both student and faculty) -- until such time as order can be re-implemented.

We call upon these individuals to take upon themselves the responsibility of restoring decency and moral uprightness to S.A. Immediate action needs to be taken. Hall monitors must be appointed and invested with the authority to issue and check all movement passes and to detain suspects for indefinite periods of time without bringing charges against them.

Dr. Noel-David Burleson, a faculty member of The center for Population and Environmental Education at the University of North Carolina, will present a lecture on "Population and the Environment" in the LAA Friday, April 14, at 1:30.

students involved in voter registration suits, for the cash-lending service in the Student Union . . . the list is endless. There will be one reminder in the Union of my stance on this issue -- but no other publicity.

I recognize how dangerous this can be for a serious candidate. I also realize that those posters would never have given the voters a sampling of my philosophies. Only someone who knows of the voter registration case, of my position favoring the contraceptives petition, of my contributions to the contracting-grading position paper, to the recent student-fa-

culty-rapport retreat, and particularly of my knowledge of the bureaucratic bull that one must go through to get things accomplished rapidly . . . only someone who knows my head that well could possibly support me.

I don't begrudge that \$10.00 that I could have used campaigning to emphasize this point. To emphasize this point, I have left a check for that amount with the campus representatives of NC-PIRG. I hope that this action can be minimally symbolic of my desire to work for this student body as president next year.

Respectfully,
Janie Jolly McLawhorn

Drastic times and circumstances call for drastic measures. And at this time only

the most stringent action can restore "the obsolete good old days."

Apathy At Pembroke Too

The following article was taken from the Pembroke paper "The Pineneedle"

BY ED WILCOX

The apathetic attitudes of the students on this campus have revealed themselves in many ways. This problem is well-known and concerned students have desperately tried to remedy the problem.

Now apathy has revealed itself in a quite terrifying way. There are barely enough candidates running for the Senate offices.

Student government is given to the students in hopes that they might be able to shape school policies, or at least have a voice in this. This government by the students offers a voice which in the past was seldom heard.

However, in the election this year, it appears that the majority of the students could care less about student government.

This seems to be a trend, for on at least one other college campus some students are so discontented with their government that one candidate is promising that, if elected, he will abolish student government.

Concerned students have sought to find the answer to this problem. We would like to think that students care, but when fifty per cent is considered a good turnout in student elections, apathy seems to be the culprit.

If a student is too lazy to vote, then surely he is not qualified to hold an office.

Blessings . . . Pope

(Continuation)

She takes a deep breath and then delivers the entire speech without taking another breath until the end.

"You understand that you are obligated to report to this board any and every change in address, physical and mental condition, and occupational, marital, family, dependency and military status and any other which might change your classification. You will receive your registration card in the next few days, you are to carry it with you at all times. Are there any questions and do you understand everything that I have said?"

I didn't have the nerve to say no.

THE LANCE

Staff

Editor	Jeff Neill
Associate Editor	Lani Baldwin
Associate Editor	Marshall Gravely
Business Manager	Hunter Watson
Copy Editor	Elaine Thomas
Advisor	Mr. Fowler Dugger

Staff writers: Ligon Perrow, Rod Brown, Dan Breidegam
Susan Harris.

The Editorial staff's intent is to maintain professional standards within the guidelines put forth by the Code of Responsibility. Signed articles reflect the opinion of the author, whereas unsigned editorials and articles reflect the majority opinion of the staff. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the College. Letters to the editor and articles are welcomed though subject to space limitations.

Subscription rates \$2.50 per semester.
Advertising rates \$.90 per column inch.
Semester contracts, \$.80 per column inch.