

THE LANCE

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The editorial staff's intent is to maintain professional standards within the guidelines set forth by the Code of Responsibility. Signed editorials reflect the opinion of the author, while unsigned editorials 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. Box 757

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors:

In the last issue of "The Lance," we were pleased to see the cover story and picture of Carol Roberts and Pat Watters, members of the "Southern Voices" staff. However, upon reading the article we found you made no mention of Carol Roberts and that you quoted Alan (sic) Freeman—who did not attend the dialogue. The statements made by Carol Roberts that evening were attributed to Pat Watters and comments of Pat Watters were credited to Allen Freeman. Granted, Freeman (managing editor of "S.V.") had planned to come to the Friday dialogue and publicity was distributed to that effect. Nevertheless, he did not attend and Ms. Roberts and Mr. Watters were the only staff members of "Southern Voices" in the evening dialogue. We are angered as well as dismayed that your reporter, who was sent there to listen and report as accurately as possible, did not know to whom he/she was listening. So, for your reporter's sake: Pat Watters, editor of "Southern Voices," is the man sitting on the left in the "Lance" picture and Carol Roberts, editorial associate of the magazine, is the woman on the right.

Thank you,
 Marti Newbold
 Mo Newton

We sincerely appreciate the constructive criticisms offered by Ms. Newbold and Ms. Newton on the "Southern Voices" article. We fully recognize and admit its deficiencies, and assure our readers that we will take every possible precaution to

prevent such errors in the future. With regard to their references to our reporter, we hereby publicly offer both ladies positions on "The Lance" staff, confident that their presence would markedly improve the quality of our reporting. First, however, they must decide among themselves how to spell "Allen." —The Editors.

Dear Sir:

To my surprise, the November 14 issue of the Lance had one of my poems published on the third page. I realized quickly that Mr. Tourtelotte did have my permission to publish it; I had simply misunderstood where it would be published. Therefore, I am not quarreling with the fact of its publication, but I am extremely irritated that in a ten line poem an entire line was left out, the punctuation was incorrect and my name was misspelled. Needless to say, I do not wish to be published in the Lance again.

Sincerely,
 Jeanette McClelland

"The Lance" assumes no responsibility for Ms. McClelland's inability to effectively communicate her wishes in this matter to Mr. Tourtelotte.

In reviewing the manuscript supplied by Ms. McClelland herself, we find that all punctuation was correct, and only one word was omitted. However, for the omission of the word "final" and the misspelling of her name, we apologize. Needless to say, we will be pleased to honor her (final) request.

—The Editors

The Saturday Night Void

A Satire

BY TIM TOURELLOTTE

It's Saturday night on a small college campus in Southeastern North Carolina. Merle Dingman is wandering aimlessly, hands shoved down in his pockets, looking quite vainly for something to do. He is suffering from the most common ailment among college students: The Saturday Night Void, The Empty Blues, the Boredom Itch, complicated with acute feelings of being unwanted, unpopular, unloved, etc. Occasionally, Merle will pass a dorm and a blast of music will reach his hungry ears. This music has a strange almost hypnotic effect on Merle. freezing him there on the sidewalk, while he stares longingly at the music's source. It is obvious that someone somewhere is destroying the night with abandon, escaping the woes of college life with loud music, a drink and companionship. This thought increases Merle's melancholy, feeds his paranoia. Unable to take anymore, he hurries back to his dorm room — only to find his room mate, Willard Seed, stretched out on the floor, meditating.

"Still at it, huh, Willard?" Merle asks, plopping dejectedly on his bed.

Willard gives him a superior smile. "I'm approaching complete inner peace. I am on the periphery of bliss. I have escaped the gross confinement of my body. You should try and —"

"Look, Willard, I'm not gonna lie on the floor and stare at the ceiling. I need excitement! It's Saturday night!"

Willard smiles with infinite patience. "Once you have escaped the vulgar propensities of the body Saturday night will be simply another timeless space in ecstasy."

Overcome with a sudden onslaught of disgust, our hero rushes over to the refrigerator, fumbles recklessly through Willard's cans of fruit juice and health food and finds, stuffed ignominiously in the rear, a cold can of Schlitz. He pops the top and drains half of it with one amazing gulp.

Willard remarks, "Alcohol only increases the primitive desires of the flesh."

Merle takes a smaller swallow. "It's only beer, Willard. The president of the United States, Gerald, whatever-his-middle-name-is, Ford, takes a beer now and then."

Willard is not impressed. "Nevertheless."

The void within Merle is ever widening. Saturday night is quickly slipping away. He rushes down the hall to Clyde Head's room, pounds desperately on the door. There is a sudden rush of activity inside the room; the music stops; the sound of a window creaking open can be heard.

"Uh, yeah. Who is it, man? a voice asks from behind the door.

"It's Merle!" His voice sounds empty and meaningless as it echoes down the hall.

The door opens. Clyde Head regards him opaquely.

"Man, is that you, Merle?" Merle nods — the void is ever enlarging.

"Uh, well, like, great, Clyde says. "C'mon in. We were, like, you know, listening to some music."

Merle enters the room. In the dim light provided by, at least, ten black-light bulbs, he recognizes a few people, but they only nod. Merle sits down beneath a black-light poster which portrays a young couple making love in a rather unique and somewhat painful-looking position. Clyde locks the door.

"Well, like, I say we light another one," he says.

Merle, not wishing to be crass, does not ask what Clyde is about to light. He looks around for someone to talk to; everyone is staring with a peculiarly abstract look at nothing. He turns to a young girl sitting nearby.

"Haven't I seen you before..." he asks.

"Where before..."

"Well, anywhere before."

"You'll have to be more specific."

"About what..."

The girl shakes her head. "Far out," she says benignly.

This conversation only increases Merle's depression. He settles back and stares technically at the poster over his head.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door.

"Bummer," says Clyde. Someone opens the window again. Clyde opens his closet door and stuffs something in his father's Salvation Army coat. Then he opens the door.

It is Willard Seed.

"Uh, like, hello, Willard," Clyde says. We were just, uh, you know, listening to music."

"I have not come to visit," Willard says. "As you know, I do nothing but exclusively meditate on weekends."

"Whatever's your bag," Clyde says.

Willard turns to go. Almost as an afterthought he turns

and says, "However, there is a phone call for young Merle."

The ever-widening void in Merle suddenly ceases, overcome by a fierce, bright joy. He rushes down the hall to the phone.

"Yes," he says, "hello!"

"Howdy there buddy." It is his friend, Herb.

"Oh, yeah, Herb."

"What kind of greeting is that... 'Oh, yeah, Herb.' Jesus, I'm your old friend and bosom buddy. Me. Faithful Herb."

"What's up, Herb?"

"How can you ask such a cruel question?"

"Sorry. What do you want..."

"C'mon over. We're having a party."

"Who's there...?"

Herb's voice becomes evasive. "Well, a lot of people."

Merle begins to sink toward the depths of despair the void of nothingness. "You mean a bunch of guys, don't you..." he asks.

"Well, to be honest, there is a rarity of women, but —"

"But we can call some, right..."

"Right, baby. I've got a list of hot numbers."

"They never come, Herb."

"Well, at least, we can talk to them on the phone."

"No, thanks. Look, I'll talk to you later." He hangs up the phone and ambles into his room. Willard Seed is on the floor, meditating. Saturday is almost gone. In a supreme act of capitulation, Merle stretches out beside Willard, who gives him a look of sublime joy.

"Repeat after me," Willard says, "Ommmmmmmm..."

"Ommmmmmmm," Merle moans, noticing there is a water-stain on one of the tiles in the ceiling.

Bradley Responds To Resignation

(Continued from Page 1)

Student Government Association president Phil Bradley was "saddened by the president's resignation. Dr. Hart was a friend of the students of St. Andrews and was always cooperative in our efforts to extend the freedom of the students." Recalling Mr. Benton's remark that the Search Committee would include faculty and student members, Bradley said that once the number of student positions on the committee has been determined, self-nominations will be accepted for those openings, with the Cabinet selecting the appointees.

A native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the 57-year old Dr. Hart was graduated from Lake Forest College in 1938. He received his M.A. in business from the University of Wisconsin in 1941, and was awarded his Ph.D. there in 1951. In 1947 he became an associate professor of business at Carroll College, a post he held until 1950, when he was appointed Dean of the School of Business Administration at the University of Idaho. In 1956 he accepted the same position at the University of Florida, where he remained until 1968. In that

year he assumed the post of Professor of Management at

Virginia Polytechnic Institute. In 1969 he came to St. Andrews, which he described as the most exciting and stimulating institution with which I have been associated. "He is a member of a number of professional and academic organizations and is the author of "Business in a Dynamic Society" as well as a contributor to "Encyclopedia Britannica."

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