

# Editorials/ Opinions

The institution of the editorial page is a relatively young one in THE LANCE. It has had an off and on career, depending largely upon the predilection of a given editor to crank out an editorial each week. Over the last two years

the weekly editorial has become a fixture, and a lively letters section has replaced short surges of letters on given issues that characterize the past.

Columns were a staple of the paper in its early years;

"Freshmen Feelings" was run by first year students for a few years, and there were a number of political columns written by students, the best of which was called "On and Off Campus," by Gil Rock '65. "Limbo" was unquestionably

the worst, and Jim Pope's "Blessings From the Pope" which ran for a number of years, was one of the best, offering today's reader a view of what SA was like back then.

## Editor's Effort

September 23, 1961

It is with a great sense of fright that I undertake this job as Editor of the college newspaper. We realize that so many things done this year will set a precedent for the years to follow, and we want to publish a newspaper that will always be a vital part of the life of the students of St. Andrews. We are striving to make this paper not a reprinting of all the stale news on campus but an accurate presentation of events already passed and activities yet to happen. We hope to give a true picture of life on our campus to the many other schools where our paper will be sent. We will express the thoughts, ideas, and wishes of the entire student body and not the views of a minority. In all sincerity we request that if any student is not pleased with the efforts of your editor or of any other staff member he will feel free to come to us and complain. It is your newspaper and we sincerely want to print the articles that you want to read. Our staff room is located in the basement of the Student Center building, so feel free to come in and contribute your suggestions.

\*\*\*\*\*

In this first issue we want to think together about the motto of our college. We want to consider its significance for each of us and its relationship to the different aspects of our lives here on campus and in later life. As you have seen from the seal of the college the motto of St. Andrews is "Excellence for Christ." Let us consider into what fields our efforts to strive for excellence for Christ should extend. First and foremost on any college campus is scholastic excellence. Because of the trust and confidence placed in each of us by our parents and by our friends we must work to be the best students we possibly can. These people are giving of their time and money so that we may have a wonderful opportunity. Let us make a pledge to study hard when study time comes so that we will feel free to play hard when play time comes. In essence that is what we are trying to say to each student, whether he has experienced college life before or not.

Christian citizenship is a part of our effort to achieve "Excellence for Christ." To be a Christian citizen we must all feel a sense of responsibility toward our fellow students. This must be a responsibility which is so strong that we are not capable of doing anything that is against our personal Christian doctrines or that would not be wholly beneficial to each member of the student body.

As you have seen from the two examples we have given the motto "Excellence for Christ" is one which, if we would but dare let it, could become a moving force on our campus. But if we let it remain only a fine sounding statement seen on the seal of the school and visible only when "visiting dignitaries" are on the campus it will lose all its effectiveness.

\*\*\*\*\*

St. Andrews is a fulfillment of a dream begun many years ago. It is almost hard to believe that we are really here. This idea has been said many times during the past week, and we feel that now is the time for us all to realize that we are here and we must work together to bring the dream to even a more meaningful reality. We have all come with an enthusiasm not to be found on many other campuses. We and this includes the students as well as the faculty and administrative staff, have come with a deep desire to make St. Andrews a really topnotch college. We want to establish a cooperative relationship with the members of the staff and faculty. After all we are all

(Continued on Page 10)

# LIMBO

By BABY

November 5, 1965

Babes—it's about this letter that "The Guy" sent us last time—seems that I've got to watch my phraseology—he's right—the source rule itself hasn't changed—just the enforcement has undergone a great metamorphosis. And I'm not saying there is anything wrong with this (as some were misled to believe). What I meant was that they sweat about it are they that will probably (or would probably) get in trouble anyhow—got me? I

guess, as usual, I was somewhat incoherent as far as all that was concerned. All right, soothed everybody?

I am again without a major sore spot this week but there is still one thing I (and a lot of you babes, too) would like to get clear on, and that is the rumor about the signing out bit? Now, I'm aware that you're supposed to sign out for places you're going and all, and that you have to be at that place and all, but gee, I mean as long as you are there and nobody and nothing gets hurt in any way, it's your own business, right? I mean I'm not saying our morals and all that are being confined or anything (after all, everything seems to boil down to the

bag, right?) I don't think they ARE being tampered with—I just don't understand the black and white of the thing, if there is any. What about house parties and motel parties (sans chaperones)? Are they over and done with? What I'm asking for is either a release from the Office of Student Affairs or a letter or article in the next issue of THE LANCE explaining exactly what is coming off. For once, the old handbook doesn't exactly tell all—there are a few things that don't quite click into place. I'm not exactly griping

mentality level of an average ten year old. I find their columns so utterly clever and witty at times, that I forced to hold my stomach to keep from getting sick. In all seriousness, I feel that the duty of "Freshman Feelings" should be to attempt to honestly present the valid and researched opinions of their class. This column should act as the soundingboard of Freshman interests here at St. Andrews, rather than a bi-monthly journey into a never-never land of "Granny's over baked goodies," and trite, adolescent cliches.

As for Baby Limbo's five-hun-

about anything, I just want to know when I'm safe and when I'm not. O.K., babes — about got it for now?

The only thing that is bothering me is the fact that this weekend is gone. Since there probably will not be any mention probably of one of the year's greatest parties in the paper, I'll designate myself as social writer for a minute and say that it was an absolute blast and that the Animals are to be congratulated—it's not an easy thing to get going and keep from coming out muchly in the hole. Baby,

dred odd word dissertation on absolutely nothing in your last issue, I think that he pretty well writes his own critique, "if this hunk of sound and fury is printed, St. Andy's foremost newspaper is really hard up." This don't-give-a-damn attitude reflects not only the apparently disinterest of the writer in the quality of material he presents for publication, but also a similar attitude on the part of the paper (mainly the editor) in printing this sort of tripe. My point is, that if you don't have anything worth saying, then don't say anything at all.

Sincerely,  
Job Devlin

when you sit down and think about it, these guys are responsible for some of the best times we'll have this year, no?

Well, the big Babes' gotta ball on out for now due to the fact that the foul breath of mid-semester is coming down the back of his neck, in his ears, eyes and nose, and is about to put him in a state akin to suspended animation for a week or so. Gag, wheez, etc. . .

So sit tight till the work of our weekends comes out and don't play pinochle with any shifty-eyed aardvarks—and watch out for cocaine-sniffing goons too, baby.

## Freshman

### Feelings

October 16, 1964

We freshmen have just passed one of the four most glaring orgies we will encounter this semester—our first big C and C quiz. Since Saturday night or sometime Sunday, we have been sweating a bit more than usual and have allowed anxiety to do away with some of our valuable time. Tuesday and Wednesday nights were particularly hellish, largely spent running back and forth to DeTamble's in hopes of remembrance of things past. Some of our comrades, those more philosophical ones, took to heart certain suggestions offered in a recent issue of ESQUIRE and headed southward. In any case, we all have supposedly lived through it, which might not be the principal end result desired, but is, nevertheless, something.

The first significant trial permits some reflections upon our first five weeks of C and C. We were at first bothered and bewildered with the program, although not exactly bewitched. We have retained part of this original reaction; that is, we are still somewhat bothered. We have all expressed various opinions, of the program. One major point of discussion is the presentation of the course. One boy says that he resents the rehashing material, while another goes so far as to say that the presentation is "Mickey Mouse." C.A. states

# The C&C Quiz

that "... the lectures are not really academically oriented—they're more concerned with preaching than teaching. They are at times ridiculously idealistic."

The opinion on the discussion groups ranges from "pathetic" to "stimulating". This is also the range of opinion of the material use. Everyone seems to feel, however, that at least some of the material could be improved. S.V. feels that "... C and C is basically a good course, but it is not coming up to its full potential. It does make one think but it could do a lot more. The professors aren't giving us enough real thinking material; everything is cut

and dried. The course is rapidly losing its effectiveness."

It seems, nevertheless, that we will soon fall into the ranks of the hardened, crass upperclassmen in feeling a rather drugging indifference, punctuated occasionally by semi-frantic mortification. For those few who managed to stay stimulated, you have our congratulations and respect. It seems that most of us will stay, sadly, just plain bothered, occasionally giving way to something like the almost vehement opinion of one attractive young co-ed: "four letter anglo-expressions."

# Indifference

April 16, 1964

Lonnie Mann

If one word had to be singled out to describe the general attitude of the campus of St. Andrews Presbyterian College, it would be indifference. This indifference assumes many different facets. It can be observed in the student automat (center) among the perpetual habitants while they idle their time away. It shows its ugly face in the classroom, especially the core curriculum courses. Anywhere one happens to sojourn on this campus this blight appears. Why? Why, is a very legitimate question, and if you as a student want to see your future alma mater progress and make a name for itself, give me your attention and I can possibly cast some light on this problem.

# And More of It

February 12, 1973

Marshall Gravelly

Enough of seriousness. Having given the impression that we are serious journalist, I can return to the real business at hand—publishing a paper at SA, the home of the 7-day weekend.

# Lance Columns Called Drivel

November 5, 1965

Dear Editor:

As a student at St. Andrews for the past two years, I must say that I am a bit discouraged by the continued stream of drivel that is allowed to appear bi-monthly in several of the Lance's feature columns.

I am speaking more specifically of two such columns - "Freshman Feelings" and "Limbo." "Freshman Feelings" has continued, as in past years, to express principally the "feelings" of its two authors, who, through their verbosity, persist in insulting the intelligence of their classmates by writing on the

about anything, I just want to know when I'm safe and when I'm not. O.K., babes — about got it for now?

The only thing that is bothering me is the fact that this weekend is gone. Since there probably will not be any mention probably of one of the year's greatest parties in the paper, I'll designate myself as social writer for a minute and say that it was an absolute blast and that the Animals are to be congratulated—it's not an easy thing to get going and keep from coming out muchly in the hole. Baby,

when you sit down and think about it, these guys are responsible for some of the best times we'll have this year, no?

Well, the big Babes' gotta ball on out for now due to the fact that the foul breath of mid-semester is coming down the back of his neck, in his ears, eyes and nose, and is about to put him in a state akin to suspended animation for a week or so. Gag, wheez, etc. . .

So sit tight till the work of our weekends comes out and don't play pinochle with any shifty-eyed aardvarks—and watch out for cocaine-sniffing goons too, baby.