

A Well Run Meeting...

The budget process this year was a good example of what good organization and understanding can accomplish. In marked contrast to the bitter and vindictive sessions of 1975 and 1976, last night's budget session was a pleasant, if rather long, experience.

Credit should be given to the Cabinet for providing in their various budget options a flexible forum for full consideration of a serious community question—what to do with the yearbook, which had grown like Topsy in cost but was returning very little on the investment.

Steve Newton and the Senate's budget committee went to exceptional efforts to make sure that every organization was consulted in the process of drawing up the budget the committee sent to the full Senate.

The Senate's president, Bob Haley, deserves the praise of all for restoring to his office the respect it had lost in recent years. Bob conducted the meeting along a narrow and winding path lined by snags and perils of all sorts, kept order without suppressing full consideration of each budget item, and headed off potential points of contention with unflinching good humor and a quick acknowledgement of his own errors when they occurred.

Judi Plyler, a member of the Senate and Editor of the

Yearbook as well, was in the hotseat for a long time, but kept her cool and proved herself to be admirably open and flexible about the fate of the annual. On top of that, she has got the ball rolling now to put out a fine, on-time yearbook that will in the coming year deserve every one's support and encouragement.

The man of the hour, in our estimates though, was our own editor, Michael Greene. Michael put in long hours to ferret out the facts in the yearbook matter, and came up with a proposal for funding the yearbook—and even an unexpected source of funding that will cover fully half the book's cost—that amazed everyone with its thoroughness, and, more important, provided the final pieces of the puzzle needed to peacefully decide the yearbook's fate. His performance before the Senate last night was a masterful one, reflecting hard work, persistence, and an unflagging dedication to finding out the facts. Since he rarely writes THE LANCE's editorials wouldn't have mentioned himself had he written this one, and wouldn't have let this one pass had we submitted it for approval the way we usually do until we took out the references to him, we on the editorial and layout staffs have engaged in a friendly conspiracy to point out to the St. Andrews community what a signal service he performed and that we at THE LANCE are proud of him.

The
Party
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Directly Across From
St. Andrews
We're Here To Serve
St. Andrews
Students!

...But With Unfinished Business

A year at St. Andrews disappeared last night.

It did so when LANCE editor Michael Greene, reporting to the Senate on conversation he had had with the company that publishes St. Andrews' yearbooks, said he had been told there was nothing in the possession of the publishing house that could even hope to be strung together into a yearbook.

To be specific, there is enough cloth to cover 650 copies of the yearbook (nothing has been printed on them, though, as the order for the cover was received incomplete and was never amended) and layout sheets for a handful of pages. They are incomplete, too.

Even those of us at St. Andrews who have most loudly criticized the poor quality of our annuals the past few years still look forward, down inside, to getting one. Even with their flaws, they are prompters of memories. A picture of an event will recall something someone said that was funny at the time; a photo of a friend gone on to other pursuits after graduating or transferring helps lessen the feeling of separation. As years pass, their sentimental value grows.

Yearbooks are a part of life, or at least part of it we pass in high school and college. Last night, we learned that as far as 1976-1977 is concerned, there was no apparent effort made to get one put together last year, and that it is now too late to do anything about it.

There just won't be one.

There will, however, be an enquiry into how this came about. We intend to ask the President of the Student Association to immediately create a special blue-ribbon committee to get to the bottom of the biggest loss of faith and funds that the students of St. Andrews have ever been asked to take, and we intend to pursue this matter until it is resolved.

Sally Beaty, drawing about her the immense prestige she had acquired through four terms on the Student Life Committee, an overwhelming election to the post of Secretary of the Student Association, and as a member of the committee that selected President A.P. Perkinson and several other high ranking college committees, assured the Senate in September, 1976 that she could do the job and get a good yearbook out on time, and surely, we all thought, if anyone had what it took, she did.

The end of the year rolled around, the word was that the yearbook had been delayed for a while. We believed it.

We got back for the new year three weeks ago and it wasn't here yet. We started to worry some, and last night we found out the truth.

What happened?

Obviously things didn't happen. Sally Beaty, who now works for the College as an admissions counselor, must be called to account for what amounts to a serious breach of the public's trust. The devastating incompleteness of the material in the possession of the publisher makes it clear that by the end of the last school year she had to have known that there was no way in the world a yearbook could be gotten together. Why didn't she say so? Why didn't the audits the Treasurer of the Student Association was constitutionally required to conduct during last year turn up warning signals?

Why are the yearbook's financial records so incomplete?

To whom much is given, Bert Lance remarked last week, much is expected. Sally Beaty betrayed the confidence placed in her as a respected student leader. She should come forth now with a full account of her tenure as editor of The Lamp and Shie.J. We call on President Tillson to appoint a committee at once to provide an appropriate forum for the investigation and settlement of this maddening, and at the same time, disheartening, episode in our history.

Reflections On A Dirty Fork

Dear Editor,

In the weeks since school started, I have heard numerous complaints about the food service - complaints from students, faculty, staff, and administrators. These complaints have varied from poor sanitation (as evidenced by the record low of 80.5 on the sanitation grade), to rude employees, to unidentifiable, old, and unappetizing food. Nor were these complaints limited to some few hard to please individuals: I know of no one who does not have some complaint. I, myself, would have walked out of a restaurant if I were served the way I have been in our school cafeteria on many occasions.

But take heart, students, we are promised improvement. But only after an 80.5 sanitation grace; only after weeks of conditions which would (and did) raise the tempers of the most tolerant students; only after several meetings with food service managers; only after a survey in which individual students complaints numbered several hundred; only after numerous appeals to Pres. Perkinson, Barry Stallings, and other high placed college officials. This, I think, speaks louder than flies in my food, rude servers, dirty dishes, and lack of glasses: That we now have a food service that would allow such conditions to go on for weeks and not correct them. Only after all these complaints has ARA taken

any action. What does that tell you about ARA's motives and concerns? What do you think about a food service manager who thinks nothing of serving on dirty dishes unless people complain, who ignores dirty glasses unless they are handed to them. Where are the people who will clean glasses because they are dirty and not just because people complain if they don't.

I think the answers to all these questions are obvious, and easy to explain: There is a total lack of concern for students on the part of ARA's representatives at St. Andrews. Only after their jobs are threatened is any action taken. Perhaps these people should be called to account for their attitudes and concerns. Perhaps then we would have a food service which would try to anticipate problems, even look for them, instead of sitting back and waiting to see what people scream the loudest about.

But, I doubt it, enjoy your dinner.

Dennis M. O'Toole

To the Editor:

Many thanks to the College Union Board, faculty and students for their enthusiastic support this past Saturday. The entire coaching staff, soccer team, and athletic department are most appreciative.

Dean Betts
Soccer Coach

Dear Editor:

It used to be funny. Everybody makes jokes about institutional food. But the laughter becomes strained after three weeks of pulling hairs out of your food, returning filthy glasses, and forty-five minute lines. Somehow it all ceases to be amusing when you find yourself spending two bucks a night at Hardee's because there's not enough edible at supper to tide you over until morning.

Now I am assured that all this is going to improve, and that many of my complaints should not be lodged at the doorstep of ARA. Maybe so. But my skepticism as to the wisdom of writing off the last three weeks as a general shake-down is intensified when I remember that unlike most of the student body, ARA has been here all summer (and if you want to hear real horror stories, talk to the students who were here then). The idea that they didn't realize until just recently that the dishwasher was putting out dirty glasses worries me more than many of the food preparation gripes that many have aired.

The hair in your hamburger didn't get put there by ARA personnel—they all wear hair nets—so the hair must have come in the burgers. Which is said in a manner to make you think that ARA is therefore not responsible for them. But who ordered it, I wonder, and why would a concerned food service allow such to be pawned off on us?

Perhaps I'd write it off to my own paranoia, but for one thing: A single observation confirms my reaction to the situation. The gags and the puns don't go over very well any more. Suddenly it's just not funny.

Steve Newton

The Lance



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