

Opinion



Editor's Desk

Michael Roberts



Hossin' Around

Pat Hoss

Few will soon forget the tragic events which unfolded in China, during the past several months, in which a student-organized crusade was vehemently and violently crushed by the Chinese government. The attempt was designed to establish communication networks between citizens and the country's political leaders in hopes of working towards a more open and liberal, if not Democratic, society. These strides were one-sided and met with violent opposition.

A lesson that we can learn from this experience, as from the one in South Africa, is that feelings of disenfranchisement, neglect, and helplessness by the governed will eventually force those in power to deal with their concerns. Unfortunately the Chinese and South African governments have made it clear that what matters is power, and its retention, at whatever cost.

Most of the students here have their own private quarrels with some aspect of St. Andrews, but last Spring seemed to be a particularly unquieting period. The re-

sponse to Dr. Neal Bushoven's "Wall" was overwhelming. Perhaps some students felt their concerns would finally catch the attention of someone, at that point, anyone. Dr. Bushoven provided a public forum in which some very valid topics of concern were presented. We also felt neglected, helpless, and forgotten. We have often used petitions to make our grievances known, but like Dr. Bushoven's "Wall", their effectiveness is limited, and response minimal. With a new President and a new Dean of Students now comfortably in place, it is important that a communication link is formed and retained. We ask simply to be informed, consulted when appropriate, and allowed to give our own input on decisions that affect us as students of this institution. Our student government and courts should be allowed to operate as was their intent upon initiation. As a whole, we are intelligent, articulate, creative, and resourceful. Let us work together, and be the example that the rest of the world can follow.

Freshmen on the first day here are rather humorous to watch while they are trying to find their way about St. Andrews. I mean, you can really tell who has been here for a while, and who hasn't, by expressions on people's faces. Those that have been here for a while look only slightly confused, and appear to be in control of their lives. Those that are here for the first time usually have long faces, half-closed eyes, and seem to be in the middle of a nervous breakdown, of sorts, as they fly from one end of the campus to the other, at supersonic speed, appealing to anyone they meet to tell them where they are supposed to be. It is, to say the least, a sight to see. Yet, to be fair to freshmen, we must say a few words about why St. Andrews has this effect upon them.

To begin, the town of Laurinburg is not the most easily found place on this planet. It is pretty much in the middle of nowhere, and not the place you would expect to find any college. I know from personal experience that it takes me four hours and four highway changes to get here, and that is within the state. So once the travel-weary freshman has found the campus, and steps out of

the car to stretch, he/she is immediately assaulted by a squadron of mosquitos and other flying insects. Thus, while walking the 5 miles from the 5,000 car parking lot to the place he/she thinks he/she is going, that freshman is drained of a large portion of blood and energy.

Now the student drags his/her body into the place he/she thinks he/she is supposed to be, only it's not the place, and...and...they become frantic, and hysteria sets in. The mad dash starts to find the right place to be, and the nearest blood bank. Finally, after a walk which takes the freshman at least five trips back and forth across the lake, he/she finds the right place. Of course, at that time it is too late to do anything, so he/she has to wait until the next day.

Once checked in and told what dorm...ooops... residence hall, in which he/she will reside, the freshman is directed over, and then the next horror begins... paperwork! "Yes, please come in, and what is your name? Ah...yes, here you are. Now before we give you the key, would you fill this out...and this...and sign this...and...etc.

When the multitude of paperwork has been finished, they are given a key to their

room. Nine times out of ten it doesn't unlock your room...or any room. Once the door has been jerked, pushed, hit, and kicked open, the arduous task of taking everything from the 5,000 car parking lot, conveniently located five miles away from anything on the campus,

to your small, but not overly small, room begins.

The final occasion of the day is when the ragged, tired, and hungry freshman stands for hours in a dinner line to SAGA. This word strikes a shiver up the backs of those of us that have been here for at least a year. Once done, the ragged, tired, still hungry, freshman finally put the day behind him/her by relaxing in the small, but not overly small, room in their dorm...residence hall. There he/she lies down to sleep on a nice, soft-hard mattress with a squeaky frame that the school has supplied for a paltry sum. (Barely enough to buy a new car.)

So, who can blame a freshman when he/she drives a car onto campus going towards the soccer field? And when asked if he/she knew that cars weren't allowed on the campus, they reply, with tears in their eyes, "I was looking for the cafeteria, and I can't find it." Oh well, that's the freshman way, I guess.

This, I suppose, concerns a bunch of stuff. There are several questions I'd like to ask, such as "While the campus really looks good, is it fair to spiff up the campus while professors salaries are frozen?" Or, "Can the college really afford to have so many good teachers (for example Jessie Jonakin or Pat Cabe) high tailing it?" And what

about, "Golly, isn't that a neat policy on parties?"

Probably the most curious question I have, though, has to do with the brand new for 1989 policy of NO BARE FEET. This probably sounds like a trivial issue. It probably is a trivial issue. However, it is one that is close to my sole.

To begin with, there is a North Carolina health code

requiring that shoes be worn. SAGA, however, hasn't really pushed the issue on the understanding that, if the students get hurt because they choose to go barefoot, it is the student's problem. This arrangement has worked fine, at least for the last three years or so, and probably longer. My question is, if this arrangement of students tak-

ing responsibility for their own choices has worked so far, why has it all of a sudden become inadequate? As a hardline barefooter, I can attest to SAGA's conscientiousness about keeping the floor clean. I go barefoot everywhere (except, of late, SAGA), and the only time I've picked up any glass was on the sidewalk between Meck-

lenberg and Orange dorms. If the new policy of strict enforcement of the health code is for the students' benefit, does this mean a forthcoming rule that students must now wear shoes at all times? Perhaps next year we'll have a campus shoe policy to match the campus alcohol policy.

Alan Abrams