

Rethinking the Importance of Drinking

by John Hess

During the past few weeks at school, I have heard talk of some people wanting to reduce the amount of drinking on the campus. Several students have been removed from the school due to their behaviors involving drinking, drug use, and lack of class attendance. To me this is very disheartening.

One should never forget why he/she first chose to come to St. Andrews, or why one chose to come to college. We are here to get an education! This should be the first priority on anyone's list.

I am not saying that we should lock ourselves in our rooms to study and not party. Merely, we should be careful to take care of our responsibilities before we go out and have a good time. If you came to college just to party, than you do not belong here.

Many people get sucked into the party atmosphere once they are here and are frustrated with classes. Just remember that the

person next door who is telling you to forget about your work and have a beer does not care what happens to you when (or if) you graduate.

It is your job to make sure that you get a decent education and prepare yourself for the real world. A boss is not as forgiving as a professor when you do not show up for three days.

Don't allow yourself to get sucked into the attitude that college is a haven for your party. If you don't make the grades you won't be in college.

If we, as a student body, are not capable of taking care of ourselves and our responsibilities, then we will lose our privileges. A school will not treat us as adults if we cannot act like adults.

Take responsibility for your actions. Don't allow your friends to ruin your life. use your fifteen grand to get something more out of St. Andrews than just a room to drink in.

D.O.A. at the K.O.A.

by Molly A. Scoles

Instead of blistering everyone with a searing commentary on the woes of the school, this issue I've decided to carry over my hedonistic mood from last week's fabled spring break and grace you with my camping experience. Never fear, however, for my fingers are itching to blast everybody next time.

I don't know about the rest of you, but I had a fantastic break. A bunch of us drove down to the Florida Keys and "roughed" it. Okay, it wasn't that rough. There was a pool and a bar with cheap beer and a lot of good people to hang out with, so it could have been worse. Some things DID happen, though, which caused me to raise an eyebrow on more than one occasion, dealing with discrimination and sexism.

No, I'm not talking about the kind of discrimination and sexism involving race or religion or any of the other issues you hear about day to day. I'm talking about a blatant disrespect towards college students.

Among the ten of us camping, I'd venture to say that we, or our parents in some cases including mine, "invested" at least \$3,000 into the greater metropolitan area of Key West. I can only imagine how much money students from other schools spent. The point is that we are on spring break one week out of the year. That gives all the retirees in their RV's the size of a small Mexican village the rest of the year to kick back and put bows in their poodle's hair. We come down to have a

good time and we put a lot of money into the community.

Perhaps I am being overly sensitive, but I am 22 years old and my friends are around the same age. We know how to be responsible and I would say that for the most part we were. No one had to tell us at 4 a.m. to quit swinging from the trees or setting the bathrooms on fire, but everyone acted like that is what we had done. On more than one occasion the "camp elders" yelled at students for cutting through the laundry room to go to the restrooms, playing pick up on the golf cart which the students had paid for, and most of all, disturbing the peace, whatever that means considering most of us stayed in Key West when we partied or went to bed soon after quiet hours began.

As if that was not enough in the "civil rights" department, a group of my female friends and I went into a bar on St. Patrick's Day. What began as a sing-along with "Irish Ed"-it makes no difference what his name was - ended up as a strip-a-thon between two women. Needless to say, we were completely disgusted. And it went on, bar after bar only to find Budweiser girls bending over on the stage at Sloppy Joe's, wet T-shirt contests left and right (no pun intended) and men yelling lewd comments, and on one occasion acting one out.

It gets old rather fast. Why were there no male strippers anywhere we went? I'm joking. It just amazes me though, how a vacation can turn into a Roman orgy at the wave of a beer company's checkbook. Should we have to put up with all this sexism? At this point women don't really have a choice. Judging from the popularity of the events, bent over beer ads are here to stay.

Okay. Enough with the outrage. We worked rather hard on this issue of *The Lance*. We have little more than a skeleton crew to help us, but I think we've done a pretty good job anyway.

Thanks again, Trudy for all the help you've given us. I think it's fair to say that we are more than grateful for your time and patience with us.

One last thing before you have to tear your eyes away from this "riveting" column...remember to keep those letters to *Dear Gabby* coming in AND on another subject, check out all the flowers in bloom-it can only mean one thing...GANZA IS ONLY 30 DAYS AWAY!

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