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Editorials

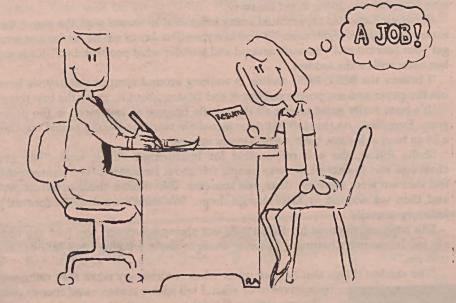
Editor's Note-The Dreaded Question

by Katie Thomas

"So, what are you going to be doing next year?" Possibly <u>the</u> most asked question to a senior and definitly <u>the</u> most dreaded. Don't get me wrong. It's nice that people show interest in our lives after we leave Salem, but if you had any idea how that question affects anyone nearing the end, you would think twice before asking it. I heard the best response from someone the other day. In a very serious voice, she replied, "A mud wrestler in Miami." Sounds good to me.

This time of year should be provoking thoughts of the beach, guys, skipping class, etc. Unfortunately, if you have to do resumes, look through want ads, and convince your parents that you will have a job someday, the fun stuff has to be pushed aside.

I have tried to relieve the "pre-job, post-graduation" stress by telling myself one hundred times each night that, "I will not live in



Reach Out And Touch

by Alison Gill

There are many hidden responsibilities that come with dorm life. Because we live with other people, we are responsible for ourselves and others. The aspect of dorm life that concerns me is the business of the phone.

The telephone is something many of us abuse, myself included. When you live in a dorm you are responsible for answering your phone, the hall phone, and sometimes the phone of numerous neighbors in the vicinity. By the time you become a senior you usually have developed "phonaphobia." This phobia is a fear of not knowing who is calling, why they are calling, and what they want!

When your neighbor's phone, your phone, or the hall phone rings, answer it! If you can hear the phone, then you should be able to answer it. If you don't answer the phone today, you will just have to do it tomorrow. Usually, the person who called you will keep calling.

If you want people to take messages for you, then take good messages for them. Out of respect you should always leave your roomate(s) and neighbors' messages. When someone forgets to leave us a message, we get mad and look stupid because we never return the phone call.

If you have an answering machine, then you probably answer the phone every other week. Most of us who have had an answering machine at one time in our lives know we let the machine do all the work. Today, you can develop a relationship with someone's machine and never speak to the person. We can communicate for weeks with someone and never speak to them personally. Answering machines are wonderful because we can return phone calls that we would have missed. Also, people can return crucial phone calls that they might otherwise have missed.

Finally, people call you because they want to and that's nice. If you have "phonaphobia" get over it and use the phone to your advantage. The phone is a method of communication that can strengthen our relationships and let us be closer to the ones we love and care about. So, girls, reach out and touch someone!

a cardboard box next year." Unfortunately, images of bag ladies and homeless, toothless people keep haunting me in the night.

The problem is this: I know I am qualified to do anything I put my mind to do, but I'm scared no one else will realize that. How do you really tell someone on one sheet, of paper you <u>want</u> that job and you <u>need</u> that job?

I began my job search a few days ago. I know I am a little slower than my fellow seniors but I just couldn't bring myself to embark on this little adventure. It's not that I'm scared of rejection. I'm scared of hunger and poverty: two things I do not deal with very well.

I do congratulate those few seniors who have already gotten

jobs, and to those of you in Bitting who have received those awful letters, you are darn right, they have passed up something good (to put it in printable terms). And to those lucky freshman, sophomores, and juniors, this is just a warning look out, your day will come. I promise.

Any faculty or administrator who might need help next year or knows of anyone who does, please let me know. I'm willing to do just about anything so I don't have to worry about it anymore. In the words of my resume, "I will be <u>anxiously</u> waiting your response.

So the next time you want to ask that question, be prepared for the look of terror in a senior's eyes.

Salem College Winston-Salem, NC 27108 (919) 721-2825

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