

Editors' Notes: A Year in Retrospect

Dear Salem Community,

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has given us guidance and support throughout our term as *The Salemite* Editors. You have allowed us to use our judgement and provide you with the most pertinent news from the Salem College Community and "beyond the square." Many times we have had to weigh the possible effects of the news which we have reported. There have been times when we have not been completely confident in our abilities to be objective, however, in the end, we believe we have prevailed.

When we took office we pledged

to do our best to keep the Community apprised of the news, both within Salem and beyond Salem. Even though we have stumbled upon some barriers we have been able to overcome them and triumph! Although we haven't always been in the favor of certain administrators we have been fair and objective. We have brought to your attention many important issues which you might have never been aware of.

It has been our pleasure to serve you, the Salem Community. Because of you we have been able to journey much farther than Salem. We have been exposed to the "real" issues in the world; thus we have grown as individuals.

We could not have been successful with the paper this year without the wide support from our many friends, both faculty and peers. We would especially like to thank Dr. George McKnight for being our advisor this year, Dr. Cindy Farris for giving us her support and allowing us to cry on her shoulder when we were doubtful and tired, Dr. Jim Booth for his support and words of encouragement, and Random Smith for teaching us the fundamentals of Journalism and how to be objective. And thanks to our special friends who have given us unwavering support and late night laughs when desperately needed.

As of Tuesday, April 10 we

officially turn over the reins of *The Salemite* to our successors Karen Elsey and Patricia Earnhardt. We hope you will support them as much as you have supported us.

Once again, thank you for all your encouragement and the many memories which we will leave Salem College with.

Sincerely,



1989-90 Salemite Editors

Waitressing Blues

by Paige Parker

Waitressing is a job which many people frown upon, but on March 29 my roommate and I decided to work at the Benton Convention Center for a benefit. The fact that we were making \$10 per hour made the job seem not so bad. We decide to grin our teeth, smile (literally) and bare it (not literally)!

Throughout the evening, Denise and I met to share experiences. We both encountered the same rude woman even though we worked at different stations. At first, I was shocked when Denise told me about the rude woman. It seems that the woman put her drink on Denise's tray and when Denise picked it up, all hell broke loose. She snapped, "no" as though Denise were a dog which only understood one word at the time. Then she announced to Denise, "I still have a swallow." But according to Denise the drink was dry as a desert!

My experience with the rude woman occurred as she (with her entourage of friend following her) stopped me by saying, "Come hither!" I was completely dumbfounded. I looked at her group to see if they might possibly be reciting lines from Shakespeare, but no, she was looking dead straight at me. The woman took her half smoked cigarette and stabbed it into an empty glass I was carrying on my tray. I continued to stand there and watch this woman (I assure you no lady!) as she took a napkin across her lips to remove her lipstick. She then threw (literally) the napkin onto my tray and gave me a look that said "I'm finished. You may leave now." All I could think was "this woman is so incredibly rude!" My \$10 an hour started to lose it's value!

It seems impossible, but I had one more encounter with the woman, although I tried to steer clear of her group. Again as I walked by she stopped me, but this time she didn't use the words "come hither." Instead she poked my left arm and informed me that she couldn't find her husband (I wouldn't be found either if I were him!) The wanted me to go and fetch a glass of wine for her. My job for the evening was to clear dirty glasses, so I said to her "Ma'am, I merely clear the glasses." I said it with as much sarcasm as I thought I could get away with. I may of stooped to her level, but I felt good!

This does not end the night either. Denise had yet one final episode with this rude woman. (Topsy, very tippy woman by this time too!) The event was over and we were all clearing the tables. The rude woman and her entourage were removing the decorative flowers from the tables. One lady informed Denise to only save the orchids. So Denise took the tulips in one hand to put them in the trash and the rude woman said, "Be careful with tulips!" Denise didn't understand why she had to be careful with the tulips when they were going into the trash. Denise said, "I'm sorry I was told the tulips were being thrown away." The rude woman said "Oh they are. Be careful anyway!" Denise decided then and there that this woman was on a power trip of sorts. A Denise walked away she heard the rude woman say, "Do you know where my husband is?" We both thought this was hilarious. (If he had any sense he got on the nearest plane for Siberia!)

So finally our night was over. We both learned more from waitressing than we envisioned going into this job. People, no matter their vocation in life, are people. Plain and simple. Sometimes all of us need to remember to treat others like we, ourselves, want to be treated.

I, Susie Salem, am taking a different approach to writing my column. Most of my professors are "into" freewriting - so here goes. From today (April 2) there are 47 days until graduation. The invitations came in today - soon we'll have to mail them - I need to buy stamps and get addresses. I hope it doesn't rain that weekend - it would be so much fun to have our events outside. And, if one more person asks me what I'm doing after graduation or do I have a job, I'm going to scream. I've got a whole lifetime to work. Maybe I want to

play for a while. So when you see us meandering around campus, don't ask that loaded question.

Yes, I have a bad case of senioritis! And, driving back from Spring Break, my final Spring Break, yes I cried!

So, as these final 47 days fly by us, just remember all the laughter, tears, smiles, soccer games, mixers, dances, field hockey games, blind dates, fights, trees, flowers, parking tickets, volleyball games, spring breaks, soph/sr, fire drills, tests, term papers, and most of all think of the wonderful friends you've made here!

The Salemite

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