

Editor's Notes

by Patricia Earnhardt

You may have noticed the recent craze over "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles." I think the creator(s) of these new crime fighters have a hidden idea they may have not realized. For example, Turtles are subjected to our environment, and they are becoming mutant ninjas. If these turtles are being forced to become mutant ninjas to fight off the earth's problems; what is going to happen to fish, otters, cats, dogs, birds and even the human race? Do we need to suit up in ninja outfits in order to survive the environmental problems we are facing in the United States?

Apparently, yes! We do need some type of warrior suit to fight off toxic waste, unclean water and air we cannot breathe. It is estimated that in twenty years the earth's rain forests will be so depleted that we will not have enough oxygen for the earth's population. I have a mental picture of a city street in twenty years, and everyone is walking around pulling oxygen tanks behind them.

What do we have to do in order to stop the depletion of oxygen and the death of our environment? Well first, we will have to plant a tree farm the size of Australia. No, I'm not kidding. We should be very happy that Salem has done its part in starting that tree farm. But, the tree farm is only the beginning.

The most important thing you can do right now is to be aware. Be aware of ECO, the new environmental awareness group on campus. They are doing their best to make Salem environmentally aware by leaving us boxes for bottles, cans and paper, all to be recycled here in Winston-Salem. The earth week reminders in the Refectory are also part of their challenge.

The challenge is to make you aware. If you were aware that what you may consider trash can almost always be recycled you are ahead of most other US citizens. And, once you realize the importance of tossing your paper, cans and bottles in recycling bins and not the trash can, we will be less likely to need to be earth ninjas.

As a prime example of what you can do I bring your attention to the dolphins. "Charlie" the Tuna has something to cheer about. Starkist, and other tuna canners, have jumped on the save the environment band wagon. The tuna canners are buying and selling only dolphin free tuna. This is a great step for dolphin activists and those who have stopped eating tuna in order to boycott canners.

Persuading companies such as Starkist to change is just one of the many things you can do to help save our environment. It is however, up to you. How do you want to live the rest of your life, outside in the cool, fresh breeze, or inside hooked up to an oxygen tank and drinking bottled water? *An editor's note on how to start saving the environment: keep this and all your other papers and take them to be recycled.*

by Karen L. Elsey

An amazing thing happened this past weekend. Something that has not happened since Christmas of 1988. My entire family gathered in Atlanta to celebrate the Easter holiday--everyone except for me, that is. My Easter dinner was a Subway sandwich, while my family had a Honeybaked ham. As I talked with my family long distance, I could not help but wish desperately that I was there with them. It was quite depressing. Why did I not join them you ask? Because Salem College did not have Easter Friday or Monday off. Many students were able to go home because they live nearby. But for those of us who live more than 6 hours away, it was not that simple. Why doesn't Salem, a traditionally, if not officially, religiously affiliated school

have a day off for Easter? But it is not just Easter.

It seems to me that Salem's yearly calendar is a bit senile. Isn't it time to make some adjustments. I would like for my parents to attend at least one Parent's Weekend before I graduate. They have not attended yet because of the timing of the event. Why is it two weeks after Fall break and two weeks before Thanksgiving break? When one lives far away, say Pittsburgh, for example, it is a little hard to make all these trips and not declare bankruptcy. Father/Daughter Weekend is also scheduled awkwardly. I know that when this schedule was first set up there were probably fairly good reasons for it. Isn't there a way we can adjust it so that the students do not miss out on anything? Especially the Easter Bunny!!

Susie Salem says Farewell

As I sit down to write my last Susie Salem, I must admit, tears fill my eyes. It's hard to believe that my four years here are over. These have been the best four years of my life. You probably think that you may never feel this way...I did. But for some reason, all that changed. The reasons are easy to name, yet hard to put into words. These reasons are my friends. Christy will always remember me and of course my little piles that have been scattered about our room for four years. And I will surely never forget her underwear folded in one inch squares and stacked according to color, solids, or designs!!! Then there's Mole or Hedgehog, depending on the day. She's been such a wonderful listener and drinkin' buddy. The wall outside of Corbin's would have fallen down if Jules and I weren't there, and where else would we have so much fun but at Ruby Tuesday's watching Big Nerd and Phil--the Conductor of Love and Merna's pad in Longboat Key, and KJ's mid afternoon (that continued into the night) naps. My dear buddy, Strat, has been there through it ALL...I'll never forget the men in Starke, Florida!! (Or the conversation on the way to Starke!)

Okay, so this is getting a little mushy. I can't help it. Everyone here at Salem has a little characteristic about them that you will always remember. Be it a smile, a laugh (Jennifer Morgan's got one of those!) or car trouble, we'll remember each other for something unique. I guess, too, I don't really want to grow up and face the fact that Salem will never be the same to me. We'll graduate, more freshmen will come in, and Salem will go on. But, I think we all have taken as much as we can from Salem, and we'll give just as much back! This little poem by Shel Silverstein is one that always sticks out in my mind, and it really applies to the Class of 1990:

Listen To The Mustn'ts

Listen to the MUSTN'TS child,
Listen to the DON'TS
Listen to the SHOULDN'TS
The IMPOSSIBLES, the WON'TS
Listen to the NEVER HAVES
Then listen close to me--
Anything can happen, child,
ANYTHING can be.

I hope that everyone has or will enjoy Salem as much as I have, because it and all of it's people hold a very, very special place in my heart.

The Salemite

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