Editor's Notes

by Patricia Earnhardt

Appie

With the memories of May 5th still firm in our minds, it was hard for most not to get a little shaky when the wind began to blow and the lightening began to strike on Saturday afternoon, the one year anniversary of "The Great Storm". I watched as the rain, and a small amount of hail, pelted the ground. It was the first time I had calmly watched a storm in almost a year. (I was, however still ready to race to the basement if the weather insisted).

As I watched the rain I could see a picture perfect image of Salem and her faithful community on May 5, 1989. I remembered how dedicated everyone was. The more times maintenance told us to stop helping the more branches we moved into the dump truck. I think everyone knew it was an insurance risk for us to be there, but we couldn't leave our Salem in her present state of shambles. Moving trees was about the only logical thing to do; we were all too shocked and saddened by the whirl-wind event of the night before to involve ourselves in the menial(at the time) task of studying.

Even those whose homes were damaged by the same winds as Salem, came to make sure we were safe and that Salem was also. The community stuck together through a very trying time, but we made it. Salem seems to have this knack for pulling people together. I always remember those times when I think of Salem; those times when we came together as a community to share our troubles. I think it is one of the things that makes Salem so special.

by Amy Cass

Seniors, can you believe that we've been here four short years? We came as freshmen and made Salem our temporary home. Now it is time to leave and face the real world outside this sheltered environment.

During our short stay here at this college, we have learned and experienced so much that has prepared us for a life beyond the square. There is no doubt in my mind that we will use our gained knowledge to succeed and accomplish our goals and dreams. But I believe there is more to life than just an education in order to strive in this busy, hectic world. We must remember the little things that we take for granted. These are the things we do everyday without thinking. These aren't necessarily the things we learned in a job, in college, in high school, or even grade school. It's what we learned in kindergarten.

I leave you for now until we meet again my friends. But always remember "what you really need to know about how to live and what to do and how to be you really learned in kindergarten." The following is taken from Robert Fulghum's book, All I Really Need To Know I Learned In Kindergarten.

These are the things we learned: Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you. Live a balanced life - learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day some. Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together. Be aware of wonder.

The Salem College graduates of 1990, I congratulate you and wish you the best of luck in the future. God bless!

by Karen Elsey

Why? Can anyone tell me? Why do I work so hard to do well in my classes? I feel as if I have been conned. Several times this past year I have honestly wished that I did not have a good G.P.A. It all began one hot day last August. Innocently, I went to the mailbox, hoping at the very best to find a letter from Ed McMahon telling me I had won the BIG ten million! Instead I received a letter informing me that I was to be a junior marshal for the upcoming year. At first I was pretty excited. Wow! This was an honor. Lil' ol' me! Then I made the mistake of reading the rest of the fetter.

I had approximately 2 weeks in which to find a white dress. The end of August, as I soon discovered, is not the time to shop for a white dress. I see no reason why new marshals cannot be notified soon after grades are sent out. That way they won't have to go on 'The Great White Dress Hunt.' Another advantage to earlier notification is that the new Chief Marshal could be elected and notified of her position more than a week in advance of school beginning.

I strongly feel that the notification letter should be accompanied with a complete list of all duties and events. New marshals should be required to sign a 'contract' promising participation in the listed events. If a marshal does not participate on a regular basis, I feel that her title of marshal should be revoked. It is not fair for 8 or 9 of the 10 marshals to faithfully check off names at SGA, be in convocations, and perform other such illustrious duties, and for one to show up faithfully only at the pizza party.

Personally, I feel utterly frustrated with checking off names at SGA. The Chief Marshall spends hours reading excuses and sending out notices. If anyone ever bothered to count how many members were present, it would not surprise me if there was not a quorum: in which case, we should not hold a meeting. There are over \$800 in unpaid SGA fines. Why should we bother to keep track of attendance if no one bothers to pay the fines?

Another problem is the lack of a faculty advisor for the marshals. Although D.J. is always willing to listen to our gripes, she is not our advisor. Marshals are not under the budgets of the Dean of Students or the Dean of the College. Therefore, no money could be found to purchase new bows for convocations. I don't know if anyone noticed or not but the bows we have now are HIDEOUS! They are a pathetic reflection on Salem. When we began as marshals this year, we were already expected to know what we were supposed to be doing. If the marshals had a faculty advisor who stayed from year to year he or she could pass along the tricks of the trade.

Oh yeah! Why do they marshals have to stand in a semicircle according to height? Personally, as a shorter person, I find this discriminatory. Seriously, though, I do feel that the Marshal program needs to be studied so that changes can be proposed. Being a marshal is meant to be an honor and a recognition of academic work. It is not meant to be an extra burden on top of an already hectic schedule.

The Salemite

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