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March 16

Wake Forest Artist Series:
Decormier Singers. Wait Chapel
8:15 p.m.

March 17-18

Film Friends: Faces, U. S. Hanes
Community Center Theatre. 8 p.m.

March 19-20

Winston-Salem Symphony:
Die Fledermaus by Struass
Reserve seats—call the Symphony
Office. Reynolds Aud. 8:15 p.m.

March 19

Debbie Clark, Soph. Organ Re-
cital. Shirley Aud. 7:45 p.m.

March 18

Dr. Margaret Hunt, "Women's
Lib — What Women and Men
Have Not, and Should Have,"
open meeting of American Asso-
ciation of University Women,
Room 17, Babcock Business Bldg.,
Wake Forest Univ. 8:15 p.m.

All students and their families
or dates are invited to a sugar
cake and coffee breakfast at 5:00
a.m. on Easter Sunday, April 11
in the Main Dining Room. We
will leave there as a group to
attend the sunrise service at 5:30,
led by the Moravian Church.
Tickets (free) should be picked
up at the President's Office for
the breakfast. Anyone who hasn't
attended this service shouldn't
miss it!!!

Episode No. 3 — LLL
Presses Toward Solution

He'lo restless readers! As you will rightfully and readily recall Lisa Lucille, Becky, and Susie were gainfully engaged in pursuing a previously appointed appetizing pleasant repast. Dinner had been delayed and Lisa was livid!

Lisa, in her harried heroine hat, and Becky, in her borrowed but broken-in blue-jeans, headed into the locally acclaimed Ye Ole Ice Cream Shoppe where Susie had accurately recounted the fact that the wily, winsome waitresses were willfully serving Serenity C. students before the locally infamous DOM's.

LLL, graceful as gazelle, leaped high from the rear right door of the Purple Packard (as the left rear door was decidedly deficient, for upon loosing the lock, it had been welded shut—likewise for the door on the driver's side). Becky unbent her basically basketball body and casually outdistanced the diminutive deb to the door. As Lisa reached the door of Ye Ole Ice Cream Shoppe, she and Backy turned with tense teamwork tightness (an outgrowth of their outrageous outings and daring deathdefying deeds). Without the slightest sign or sound, they gleefully glanced at the Purple Packard. Susie Smith was sliding, slithering, and in most cases squeezing her amply amassed frame through the gastly glassless window of the driver's seat. (The windowless window was basically beneficial, especially on the hellishly hot and humid days of summer Sundays and Saturdays, but posed a prickly problem in the midst of March—the locally famous pot-luck rain-snow-sleet??? season—and when, upon occasion, it rained.) Susie was still sliding, hands first, headlong out of the magical machine. This was the only aspect of her dutifully designated duties that she wholeheartedly hated!! Susie didn't mind the skinned shins or the bruised back, but she drew the line at crumpled coats—and as usual, her coat was certainly crumpled as she slithered to the sidewalk.

Susie stood, straightened the seams of her seamless stockings, and strolled over to her now contained companions. The terrific trio turned and gazed through the glazed windows at the waitresses—the waitresses, who had been previously purported to be patronizing the female faces of Serenity C.—and who were willfully waiting on women, FIRST!! The scene seemed unusually upsetting to Lisa Lucille. She felt femininely faint and leaned, ever so lightly, upon the glazed glass doors for the soothing support she sought. To Lisa's absolute amazement, she fell through the door and landed face down, flat on the floor!!

Horrified, Becky burst and Susie sprang through the door, that deceitful dreadful door (though not at the self-same second).

"Lisa! LLL!!" they calmly chorused.

Suddenly, a sinister shadow spread over Lisa's limp form. Becky balefully backed away and Susie slid behind her. Lisa slowly turned her head and looked up with her limpid eyes through lengthy lashes at the winsome waitness that stood stooped over. Winsome? thought Lisa. Nay—when one reaches the height of 6'3" one ceases to be winsome. Rather, heart-flutteringly handsome. Though tastefully clad in the prim pink pinafore of the parlor, the waitress seemed unusually ill at ease, shifting slightly from sole to sole of the universally unattractive track shoes.

"Pardon please, is this the place to post packages?" Lisa whispered in her best Betty Grable voice.

"Ah, no," the waitress gruffly grumbled, and hastily added an additional "ma'am".

Ah-ha! thought LLL in her brilliant brain, ah-ha!! as she watchfully waited for a bright blush to brush the waitnesses' 5 o'clock shadow.

Has Lisa solved the perplexing puzzle? Has our daring deductive uncovered the vital clue? Are our heroines in dangerous straights? Will she find that the butler did do it? or did the jealous husband kill the boyfriend? Wait and watch for next week's chapter: "Our Gang"

The Salemite

Volume LII

Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C., Monday, March 15, 1971

Number 20

Students Ask For School-Wide
Discussion; Faculty Suspend Classes

Stop and ask yourself this question: "Why am I at Salem?" The opportunity for you to wrestle with this and many more questions will be given to you on Wednesday, March 17. The education symposium has this purpose in mind: To explore the attitudes and relationships that exist in our community of Salem—where they came from, why they are present, what we want to do to change them.

Having 315 student pledges and hopefully 45 members of faculty and administration participating, the morning groups will each have 14 students and 2 fac-ad represented. In the afternoon, students (about 30 to a group) will be together to explore their relationships and attitudes toward one another, and faculty will be together to do the same.

There were those who may have been offended by having to sign something that looked like an assembly slip pledging their participation. But there just did not seem to be any other way to find the extent of student support. This day is for ALL of us. If you never signed anything, it doesn't matter. Bring your support—yourself—not to impress faculty or any one else, but because you give a damn—if not about Salem and her future, about yourself and what you are becoming here.

TIMES OF EVENT

- 9:00- 9:45—Introduction—Herb Horwitz, professor of psychology, Wake Forest University
- 9:45-10:15—coffee and donut holes (coffee available interminably)
- 10:15-11:15—faculty-administration-students — questions, criticism, comments, etc.
- 11:15-12:15—fac.-adm.-students—Your fantasy education—how do you imagine it?
- 12:30—lunch
- 2:00- 3:30—student-student and faculty-faculty
- 4:00- 5:00—en masse—reaction
- 5:30—picnic

AFTER THAT, WHO KNOWS???

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