

The Salemite

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Baby, It May Be Your Last Chance

By Laura Day

It began in October 1803. It was first celebrated in 1915. And if some students, faculty, and administration have their way, September 30, 1974 may be the last time we ever see it again.

Founder's Day, that innocent little Monday holiday tucked between the end of summer freedom and the beginning of midterms, is headed for the grave. For some faculty and administration it's just another goof-off time for students. For some students it's a wonderful excuse for taking a three-day weekend. But for many Salemites Founder's Day is one of the best times of the year.

The whole mess starts in early September at the first class meeting. When you've got 125 females clawing each other over the color of T-shirts, you know you're going to have a good Founder's Day. What you do then is convince some of the Amazons to sign up for games — pie-eating, tug o' war, caterpillar races, whatever. Finally, you round up a couple of Salem Sweethearts just starry enough to suggest an Alice in Wonderland skit, and there you have it — Founder's Day in the making.

When The Big Day finally arrives, it's anything but goof-off time — 99-odd seniors pounding on your door at daybreak is hardly conducive to extended relaxation. So you fall out of bed, throw

on your clothes, dash to the square, eat, dash to the refectory, eat, fly to the hockey field, parade, charge through the gym, play, fly back to the refectory, eat, back to the gym, perform, out to Shakey's, eat, and back to the dorm — beat.

But Founder's Day has another side. It's seeing an English professor parade around in Bermuda shorts or a Latin teacher bring up the rear of a human caterpillar. It's Dr. Chandler dressed as Captain Hook, complete with eyepatch and claw. Or that classmate you always thought so serious dancing her heart out on the refectory chairs. In short, it's people letting go and enjoying themselves.

And this, I think, is what bothers some students, faculty, and administration. They can't see the merits of setting aside an entire day for pleasure. They've let Nixon and Cyprus and Wall Street and Standard Oil get them down. They can't remember the picture-book beauty of a red rover game in the square or the ecstasy of shouting at the top of their lungs.

They've forgotten what it's like to have fun.

I'm not pressing anyone to attend Founder's Day. I'm not even making a gentle plea — it's too late for that now. I'm just going to say that September 30 may be the last chance you get to act like a fool with 600 people, and get away with it.



Dr. Margaret Mead, anthropologist and writer, lectured to Salem Students and Faculty on September 20.

Press Conference with Margaret Mead Proves To Be An Informative Discussion

By Mandy Lyerly

One might have imagined a smoke filled room packed with pushy reporters and flashbulbs, questions and answers flying. But there were none of these on Friday. Margaret Mead slipped quietly into the music library and took her seat before many of the twenty present took notice of her. She was dressed in her red cape that did not come off throughout the conference, and she settled herself into a chair with the aid of her staff. Elbows propped on the table in front of her, she suggested we wait until the appointed time. "I hate to start things early."

Once we did start, the questions came rather timidly from the floor. "What kind of future do you see for the world in five hundred years?" Mead immediately answered, "You can't make predictions that way." She explained that man has not yet defined a standard of time. We do not know the time involved in an ice age, for instance. No predictions can be made until we can define where we are now.

The next question (which was repeated after Dr. Mead commented, "You people have such soft voices down here.") dealt with the role of elderly people in our society. Mead assured the listeners that grandparents are not intentionally being dispensed with. The population has become more transient with people moving about in search for jobs and in doing this, moving away from grandparents. After World War II, the migration to the suburbs left grandparents isolated from the young. If they were rich, the elderly went to Florida or traveled from child to child in trailers. But the energy crisis put a damper on this solution. Now, says Mead, we are looking for a community with housing cheap enough for older people and close enough to young families to reestablish this lost bond.

Picking up on the energy crisis, one reporter asked Dr. Mead whether or not it would change American life: "I hope so," she stated, "But it didn't last long enough to do any good, just long enough to jolt people. The only residue is lower speed limits which are saving energy, lives and nerves. By the way, I under-

stand that you have four cops to every speeder in N. C. . . . We will have to go back to more concentrated living, better ways of transportation. Los Angeles had the best street car system in the country in 1939, but the oil companies bought them out and got rid of them . . . You can't convince people to give up air conditioning, it just gets too expensive."

When asked if this reduction in fuel use simply on the basis of price was really fair, Mead replied, "What's fair? Go and look at how some of the people in this town live." She spoke of the need to stop the growth of "soulless developments spreading for miles and miles" and to channel money for housing into renovation of older homes and buildings.

By now the room had relaxed. Dr. Mead's informal manner had turned the conference into more of a discussion group.

Someone mentioned the movement for women's rights about which Dr. Mead replied, "You always have to give credit to the squawkers." She believes that it is not an evolutionary movement but one that needs the leaders that have arisen. Often in history, said Mead, the right leader was not there at the right moment. Mead feels this situation existed during the war when Roosevelt refused to ration soap in order to conserve fats. As a result six million people died of starvation.

Getting back to the women, Dr. Mead explained that the female's role is changing in respect to child-bearing. Women are having fewer children, and the paternal role takes up fewer years of both parents' life. After this period is over, women must not expect to be supported while they are "sitting at home for thirty years polishing the brass."

The next question, one about social classes, led Dr. Mead to comment on a future type of class division between people who have careers and those who simply have jobs. "A career is something you would do even if you had to pay someone to let you do it." She sees young people attracted more toward careers that mean something to them. They are changing institutions and fields as they enter them instead of forgetting their youthful ideals.

Finally, Dr. Mead was asked whether or not she planned to retire in her advancing age. She replied, "I don't intend to slow down; I may be slowed down." She cited incidents of tribes in which elderly people continue to live the same way and work only to a lesser degree until they die. Doctors in this country have the advantage, whereas some "college professors are dropped out on their noses." Dr. Mead has a position in the American Museum of Natural History that she can keep indefinitely. She firmly declares that she "will stay right there" so that a destructive retirement will not be her fate.

The press conference adjourned shortly afterwards so Dr. Mead would have a minute to collect her thoughts before her lecture. However, listening to this bright, friendly, determined little woman, one doubts that she needed time to collect anything or that even at 72 she has any intentions of slowing down at all.

Art Collects in FAC

For the past week the gallery of Fine Arts Center has glowed with the works of Rembrandt, Rubins, and Van Gogh. In the middle of the foyer stands an Egyptian mummy case complete with a gold goatee. These are all part of the Association Council's of the Arts exhibit taking place Sept. 22-29 in conjunction with the ACA convention being held in Winston-Salem.

The exhibit includes selections from the 5 major museums in North Carolina. Each museum has sent works for which it is well known. The North Carolina Museum of Art, which is coordinating the exhibit, has contributed works by Flemish, Danish, British, and Egyptian artists.

Ackland Museum sent several Princeton drawings, for which it is famous. American paintings and sculpture of the Twentieth Century were provided by the Weatherspoon Gallery. Duke Museum provided Peruvian tapestry, Chinese bronze, and works by African and Medieval Artists. The Mint Museum in Charlotte submitted pieces of Pre-Colombian sculpture and Southeastern crafts.

COUNT DOWN . . . 5 MORE DAYS TILL FOUNDER'S DAY — ONE DAY IN THE COURSE OF THE YEAR WHEN THE REGULAR ROUTINE IS SUSPENDED . . . sisterhood is promoted . . . beer is free . . . student-faculty relationships are relaxed . . . SUNSHINE!!! . . . the advantages of a small girl's school shine through . . . entrance into the world of magic—on the hockey field . . . the chance to return to childhood (600 mature women playing red rover?) . . . 6 A.M. senior surprise . . . FOOD FOOD FOOD . . . Clark Thompson: Reflections on Founder's Day . . . Everyone is a star . . . finale at Ritter House Square. . .

WHAT A BETTER WAY TO SPEND A MONDAY!!!
Schedule:
9:30 Breakfast in the MayDell
10:00 Clark Thompson speaks

11:30 Entrance onto hockey field
12:30 Lunch—sitdown in the refectory
1:00 Entertainment on the steps of the gym
Beer (for refreshment only) and soft drinks will be served DO NOT bring your own alcoholic beverages
1:45-4:00 Games on the hockey field
4:00-5:00 More games: ping pong, volley ball, and kick ball
5:30 supper between the refectory and the science building
6:30 Skits and songs in the gym
9:30 Everyone come to Ritten House Square, 1650 Silas Creek Parkway
Beer—35¢ for 12 Oz. of draft 45¢ for canned beer also, soft drinks, sandwiches, munchies, and a juke box

Danworth Fellowships

Inquiries about the Danforth Fellowships, to be awarded by the Danforth Foundation of St. Louis, Missouri in March 1975, are invited, according to the local campus representative, Mary S. Hill, Dept. of Religion and Philosophy, 306 Main Hall.

The Fellowships are open to all qualified persons of any race, creed or citizenship, single or married, who have serious interest in careers of teaching and/or administration in colleges and universities, and who plan to study for a Ph.D. in any field of study common to the undergraduate liberal arts curriculum in the United States. Applicants must be under 35 years of age at the time application papers are filed, and may not have undertaken any graduate or professional study beyond the baccalaureate. Persons must be nominated by Liaison Officers of their undergraduate institutions by November 20, 1974.

The Danforth Foundation does not accept direct applications for the Fellowships. Approximately 100 Fellowships will be awarded in March 1975.

The award is for one year, and is normally renewable until completion of the degree or for a maximum total of four years of graduate study. Fellowship stipends are based on individual need, but may not exceed \$2025 for single Fellows and \$2200 for married Fellows for the academic year, plus dependency allowances for children and required tuition and fees.

The Danforth Foundation was created in 1927 by the late Mr. and Mrs. William H. Danforth of St. Louis as a philanthropy devoted to giving aid and encouragement to persons, to emphasizing the humane values that come from a religious and democratic heritage, and to strengthening the essential quality of education.