

The Salemite

Editor-in-Chief Lockhart Ledbetter
Associate Editor Laura Day
Business Manager Katherine Skinner
Assistant Business Manager Janet Kirkland
Office hours: 5:00-10:00 p.m. Monday
4:30-7:30 p.m. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
Telephone: 723-7961, Ext. 250 - Salemite Office
Or call 727-1421 or 727-9002
Thursday, October 11

editorial

By Laura Day

A series of open letters to the president of Salem College, whoever and wherever he is:

Sir:
Somebody said they saw you the other day. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was kinda hard to tell.

Said you were walking in front of Clewell and spotted a gigantic stuffed dog over the front door. Said you saw a girl sitting in the window near the dog. Said you asked her the dog's name. Carried on a regular conversation - two or three sentences worth, in fact. Why can't this happen more?

Dear Sir:
Someone said they saw you again the other day. At least they thought it was you. It's been so long it was kinda hard to tell.

Said you were strolling by the refectory with a couple of faculty members and some visitors. Strolling by, mind you - not stopping in to eat with the students. When was the last time you did that? Was it five, six, or seven months ago?

My Dear Mr. President:
Somebody said they saw you the other day. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was awfully hard to tell.

Said you were walking by the library on the way to your office. Said that everyone on the end of the hall ran to the window for a look, said they looked hard because they knew it'd be December before you appeared again. Why?

Greetings, Mr. Invisible:
Somebody said they finally saw you the other day. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was awfully hard to tell.

Said you were walking through the square after hiding in your office all day. Said they called out "hello". Said you replied "hello" and smiled. Said you had a nice smile. Why can't we see it more often?

Hello, what's your name:
Somebody said they heard you a couple of years ago. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was awfully hard to tell.

Said you met with students in the dorm rec rooms and talked about Salem's problems. Said you promised to have more meetings and even see about bringing some beer. Said they never heard any more about it. What happened?

Hi there, whoever runs this place:
Somebody said they heard from you a few months ago. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was really hard to tell.

Said they got a nice Christmas card in the mail. Said that Salem students thought this was mighty fine but that messages from strangers really didn't mean too much. Said they'd prefer even a minute of honest conversation per semester to this. How about it?

Howdy, Great Disappearing Act Who Hangs Out Somewhere On This Campus:
Somebody said they'd heard about you last week. At least they thought it was you. It'd been so long it was awfully hard to tell.

Said they heard you were teaching Freshman English. Said your students thought you were really great. Said you taught every Tuesday and Thursday from 9:00 to 10:15. Said that if every Salemite could work her schedule around this time slot, she might get to learn a few of the things you stand for. Why does it have to be this way?

Dear Whoever and Whatever and Wherever you are:
Somebody said they remembered something you mentioned a couple of months ago. At least they thought you mentioned it.

Said you stood up at opening convocation and proclaimed that "much of your success (as students) and much of our success (as a community) is only built up from individual effort, caring, and determination."

Said they didn't know whether to believe this or not. Said they wondered whether you really cared about students at all. Said that it'd been so long since they've seen or heard you that it's kinda hard to tell.

Who's Who Nominated

The Class of '75 has nominated seventeen girls to be included in this year's list of Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges. The selections were based upon votes by the members of the senior class and the votes of faculty members nominated by members of the senior class.

The following girls were nominated: Ann Aultman, Kitty Babcock, Kathy Black, Mary Louise Cunningham, Katherine Franklin, Kiki French, Paula Jeffords, Sarah Longino, Cindy Lovin, Betty McCollum, Claire McCommon, Beecher Mathes, Barbara Perry, Ann Pitt, Pam Poe, Nancy Porter, and Sarah Tucker.

Salem Students Attend Symposium

By Catherine Delbridge

In 1934, Faulkner published his first book of poetry, The Marble Faun. In the fifty years since the first book, Faulkner published numerous novels and an assortment of essays and short stories. In the fifty years he grew from an obscure Southern writer into a Nobel Prize winner.

The University of Alabama decided that the 50th anniversary should be celebrated, so they collected some outstanding Faulkner scholars and shipped them down to Tuscaloosa where they presented excellent papers on various subjects dealing with Faulkner. Cleanth Brooks, Louis Rubin and Joseph Blotner were just a few of the scholars there.

The atmosphere of the symposium was stimulating. Everyone there was excited because they were seeing a whole new type of Faulkner criticism being developed. The Salem students who attended were excited just to be there since they had driven for over fourteen hours. Even after the long drive, they found the papers extremely interesting. The students who attended the conference included Laura Day, Catherine Delbridge, and the Swedish exchange students, Anki and Maria. They were shocked to discover that a Salem librarian, Mrs. Couch and her husband were also there.

Several themes were emphasized at the symposium. These included emphasis on how often Faulkner writes of himself through his characters, character analysis, the women in Faulkner's novels, and Faulkner's relationship to the South and its people. There was also quite a bit of discussion on Faulkner's habit of capturing the past and present in one sentence. Faulkner believed that the sum of a man's past makes the man what he is. He tried to distill in one moment the whole idea of life. Faulkner wrote because he "wanted to save mankind from being desouled, to go beyond the world of action into human values, through the true use of language."

For those people who missed the symposium, a book containing all of the papers will be published in the summer of 1975. If you are interested, write to George Wolfe, English Department, University of Alabama. Tapes of the conference will also be available.

The Idiot and the Oddity

By Sherrin Gardner and Marilyn Turner

It was back last October, I believe it was, that the Oddity and I decided that an exciting January would be the perfect cure for the sophomore slump. Yearning for travel and adventure, yet hindered by a bankbook with two-digit figures, we agreed that a daily six-mile journey to Walker Forest was our key to successful winter terms. The Oddity chose a stimulating course in Latin Grammar, while I wangled my way into "Flannery O'Connor and Walker Percy." Yes, for one memorable month, the Idiot and the Oddity went coed.

I vividly recall my first day in class. Arriving at 9:10 for my 9:00 class, I searched frantically for the right set of steps. Wingate Hall seems to be one of those buildings that was designed from plans intended for some sort of maze. Typically, I opted for the wrong set. Dashing madly to a second staircase, I galloped up to the third floor. My entrance was classic. Breathless with floppy hat askew, I managed to trip over the threshold, fall down, drop my books, spill the contents of my notebook and answer the roll to the name of "Salem" - all in one brief moment. They don't call me Idiot for nothing...

Across the campus, the Oddity was engrossed (grossed?) in conjugating Latin verbs. For some unexplainable reason, her attention was diverted to her fellow students. Her eyes focused upon the most interesting pair of socks imaginable. Knowing that her cohort, the Idiot, was an avid sock fan, she recorded the description in her vast catalogue of information. Everyday was brightened by her elaborate descriptions of the latest in footwear. It takes a special sort of person to notice the little things in life like socks. They don't call her Oddity for nothing either...

Meanwhile back at the parking lot, WFU's own version of Lovely Rita Meter Maid was busily writing the Idiot a ticket. It seems that the Keyman (our pet name for the despicable traffic officer who wore a giant key on his tie) was daily busied by that task. I believe he took fiendish delight in bearing such tidings of great joy. After having accumulated \$60 worth of tickets in one week, we decided that the time for action was upon us. I divided out the tickets to all the Salem "coeds" and one by one we attempted to charm the Keyman with our sweet Southern ways. He was apparently a staunch Union sympathizer as we could not penetrate his heart of iron. Daddy Dear solved the problem with a curt note to Ralph Scales explaining our ignorance of registering our cars. We compromised by temporarily registering them for a mere \$5.00. I'll bet that Keyman to this day never found that between the three of us who drove, we purchased one sticker which was neatly taped to the car being driven on a particular day.

The Oddity and I collected numerous memories during that month of Schizophrenia - half coed, half Salemite. I would be willing to wager that an interesting new saga could be added to our repertoire of adventure as the two of us travel to the British Isles. Look out, Queen Lizzie...

Letter to The Editor

Dear Editor:

At the house meeting at South dorm Thursday the 24th, we were told that South had a mandatory \$44 (\$1 per student) to pay to the Help Fund. This money is to go to a Christmas Bonus for the maintenance staff at Salem. I think that this is in no way fair or exemplary of Christmas spirit. I understand that last year, when it was not mandatory the collection was rather slim because of the "lack of interest" of the students. Is this true?

To begin with, it is not the student's responsibility to pay for maintenance once the initial fee has been charged. The administration is responsible for the staff's wages.

Secondly, what is giving? What is Christmas spirit? It is not the vicious circle it has become - of giving handouts to people to whom you feel obligated in order for them to buy cards, presents, etc. for people to whom they feel obligated. Giving is personal and pleasurable - not obligatory or mandatory.

I would like to give to the staff members I know personally a Christmas present - that will come more from the heart than the pocket book. I do not want to add to Christmas obligations and I suggest if the "Help Fund" wants to do something worthwhile, it should petition the administration to not hound the students.

- Norma Robinson

The Salemite

Editorial Staff
News Editor Jan Warner
Feature Editor Marilyn Turner
Assistant News Editor Pam Brown
Assistant Feature Editor Claudia Lane
Copy Editor Sally Jordan
Layout Editor Penny Lester
Headlines Editor Avery Kincaid
Headlines Assistants Marilyn Mycoff, Ann Duncan, Aggie Cowan
Cartoonist Aggie Cowan
Photographers Ann Pitt, Kiki French
Editorial Contributor Beecher Mathes
Adviser Mrs. J. W. Edwards

Business Staff
Circulation Manager Mary Bostick
Typing Kathy Watkins, Sally Jordan, Sally Gardner, Janet Kirkland
Published weekly, excluding examinations, holidays and summer vacation, by Students of Salem College. Subscription price is \$6.00 yearly. Mailing Address: P. O. Box 10447, Salem Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27108. Member of the United States Student Press Association. Mailed by Third Class Permit No. 31 at Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C. 27108.