

The Salemite

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Thursday, November 21

editorial

Happy Thanksgiving! November 28th is on the way . . . although around Salem campus one would hardly know it. The signs are here, but people are looking on to Christmas and they just do not seem too thankful. It's November though. The scholarly among us are clutching their BIC pens and Blue Horse notebooks with a frenzy and mumuring, "I've just gotta have a break. Someone please give me a breather!" Miss Simpson's girls come from the office every day with blackened hands due to the IF-I-HAVE-TO-STAMP-ANOTHER-CLASS-CARD-I'LL-SCREAM syndrome. And there is the annual craft fair in the square if it does not snow — the sponsors being encouraged with the hope that Salem students will get most, if not all, of their Christmas shopping done before "the rush." Surely, everyone can sense that Thanksgiving is almost here! Right?

Wrong. So far, the closest hint this campus has had of next Thursday's event is Turkey-Lurkey's gobbling in *Story Theatre*, "Puh-lease, sir, can I be first? I'd just luv to be the first to go!" Is food all Salem can think about? Granted, Monday the 25th seems to be the day of remembrance for Thanksgiving with a special meal (possibly even entertainment) and later a Communion service. Wonderful! The question is why the celebration has to wait so long in coming. Salem was in the Halloween spirit a week ahead with the pumpkin carvings. The Thanksgiving spirit that is circulating these days is only one of hallelujahs that there is a long weekend to catch up before exams. Also, just how many girls are going to be here next Monday to have a few thankful thoughts rub off on them? Hopefully, more than last year.

Thanksgiving is about the last surviving holiday that has not been switched to a Monday for tourists and that has avoided mass commercialism—maybe because people do not feel required to exchange gifts, but rather give when they want to share their goods. However non-scholastic gratefulness may be, it should still lie in the front of people's minds, especially at this season, most especially in 1974, and without question in the students of Salem College. This community needs reminders of that fact, more often and earlier. But not all have forgotten; a Salemite just walked past the window whistling "We Gather Together."
 — Beecher Mathes

Visitation Extended

November 5, 1974

Ms. Kathy Black, President
 Student Government
 Salem College
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina
 Dear Kathy:

After careful consideration and in consultation with the various constituents of the College, students, faculty, administrators, trustees, and alumnae, an administrative decision has been made to extend the number of visitation weekends. Beginning second term, February 1975, on a trial basis to be evaluated in the fall of 1975, the number of visitation weekends will be extended from four each term to seven each term. All other stipulations as stated in the 1974-75 Handbook, page 19, and Social Procedure Sheet, pages 5 and 6, remain the same.

This decision reflects the concern of the members of Faculty Advisory Board, the Student Affairs Committee, and my own concern about security matters and privacy for students who do not wish to participate in visitation.

It is my hope that students continue to make the type of decisions which have shown good judgment and maturity. I am sure we can anticipate the same student concern with the increased opportunities for visitation.

Cordially,
 Virginia Johnson
 Dean of Students

Salem Students: Recruit Prospects from Home Town

By Zel Gilbert

Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen — we all have our particular enthusiasms, our own experiences, our special joys which have made Salem a home for each of us. But can you remember the anticipation, the fears, the knots in your stomach as a high school senior when you looked forward to and at the same time dreaded the uncertainties of college life?

Choosing a college is one of the most important decisions in a student's life and knowing what the college, the classes, and the campus life are like can make all the difference in deciding on one school. We all have a special gift to offer Salem, one that takes very little time. The prospective students from our hometowns have many questions to be answered and are eager to know exactly what Salem can offer them. As recruiters we can do a great service to these students and to our school. One simple phone call to a prospective student over Thanksgiving or Christmas break can help tremendously in describing life at Salem and in reinforcing the favorable impression she may already have.

All of us can help, for we are of the age group with which these prospective students can identify. They will talk more readily with a college student about their ex-

pectations than they will with an older staff member of the Admissions staff. We, then, can help the staff by discussing and answering questions about social, community, and dorm life. Freshmen, you can be especially effective in recruiting these girls. You are closer to the environment of home and high school life since you have been away for only a few months. The memory of the great break from high school to college is fresher in your minds so you have a more accurate insight into the questions that may arise with prospective students. We all, however, have advice and experiences we can share and we can fulfill a personal responsibility to support our school by encouraging new students to become a part of our campus community.

Again, the job involves only one phone call. Contact the Admissions office today and get a list of the girls in your hometown who have expressed an interest in attending Salem. Call them over Thanksgiving and share your love of Salem and your life as a college student. We are all our school's best spokesmen for we are all very much a part of every event that takes place on campus. And that one phone call may be all it takes for a girl to make her decision to change from a prospective student to a Salem enrollee.

Letter to The Editor

Dear mother,

I know you put \$400.00 in my checking account to last through first semester, but it did not. I am down to \$5.00 and the service charges haven't been paid. Every time I turn around someone is hounding me to "buy this" or "pay that". Just for beginners, I have to pay 10¢ every time I want to cash a check more than \$5.00. (The comptroller is the only place that will cash checks larger than \$5.00.) Then the laundry has been discontinued so it costs me 50¢ if I wash and dry one load a week.

I have kept a running record of my expenses which should shed some light on where my allowance has gone.

\$49.00	SGA fees
\$78.00	textbooks
\$25.00	parking fee (new expense this year)
\$ 3.00	dorm dues
\$ 1.00	help fund
\$ 2.50	Founder's Day T-shirt
\$ 1.00	room key
\$ 1.00	SDH key
\$40.00	gym suit (freshmen only)
\$ 8.24	Post Office Box
\$208.74	Total

Please send me some money.
 Love,
 daughter

Dear daughter,

I am very glad you have not run up a bookstore bill this year. Your father and I paid the tuition (\$3600.00) and were appalled to learn another \$200.00 is required. It makes me wonder where the money goes. Thank goodness you are not doing a costly January Program. Anyway, I have deposited another \$100.00 into your account. Please stretch it until Christmas.

Love,
 Mother

The Idiot and the Oddity

By Marilyn Turner and Sherrin Gardner

Contact wearers of the world unite. I come before you today to present a proposal that will put an end to those ill-fated days when a well-placed nudge, a chance wind-blown leaf, a brow-wrinkling grimace, or a defensive finch can rightfully dislodge a \$30 contact lens from the eye of its owner. As evidence of the unhappiness, despair, and inconvenience that such a day may inflict upon an individual, I present to you the following case studies of actual instances of un-called-for contact loss.

Exhibit A: The date is April 27, 1974; the time — night time. The Oddity (the names have been changed to protect the innocent?) and her date have dressed appropriately to go to a Doobie Brothers concert in Greensboro. Being the mature woman that she is, and wanting to SEE the Doobie Brothers as well as hear them, the Oddity dons her contact lenses instead of wire rims similar to those worn by every other person at the concert . . . and the night goes on. Now let me set the scene for you. The Doobies are guitaring, drumming, and jiving to the intense beat of "China Grove" . . . the Coliseum is pulsating with the alternating waves of sound and heat . . . the casually (and I use that term loosely) dressed spectators are standing on their seats, clapping their hands in the air, smoking, whistling, and lighting matches in the smoky darkness of the Coliseum, while the Oddity and her date look on. The tension builds, and at the height of the song's intensity her date reaches for her hand and indicates that he wishes to whisper a sweet nothing (and that is all that it will be because hearing anything had become obsolete some time back) in her ear.

Meanwhile, the Oddity moved by the same impulse as her date, turns quickly in his direction to likewise comment on some aspect of the concert. Everything is apparently fine; the lights are low,

the music is going, and two unsuspecting lovers turn to converse with one another. But fate has its way, and as they turn to talk . . . his nose goes in her eye, and the contact is lost amid the darkness and jiving, cheering and smoking of the Coliseum. Tell me, contact wearers, is this fair?

Exhibit B: The date is Nov. 8, 1974; the time — night time. The Idiot (pseudonym) and her date are nestled in the May Dell watching the outdoor movies on IRS weekend. Once again, let me set the scene for you. The night is dark and cold. The terraced steps of the May Dell amphitheater are sparsely populated by cozy couples clinging together under copious layers of blankets, as if the cold were the only thing holding them together. The movies end, and the sound of mingled conversations heightens noticeably as couples un-couple and rise from stiff positions to straighten clothes and shake-out and fold blankets. They ascend the May Dell steps at their convenience, one or two at a time. Everything seems to be going well as the crowd dissipates. The Idiot and her date, being so engrossed in conversation that they are one of the last couples to leave, rise and pack to go. He wrestles with the zipper of the sleeping bag, while the Idiot matches the corners of the blanket. Acting in a gentlemanly manner, he assists her in folding the blanket (how romantic) only to flick the corner of it in her eye and the contact is lost, amid the dark, cold, loneliness of an isolated amphitheater. Contact wearers, is this fair?

I rest my case, and in light of the afore-mentioned tortured individuals, I propose the following bill.

Proposed: That the loss of a contact be hereto illegal, immoral, and unheard of.

Contact wearers unite and stand up for your rights by signing your John Hancock to the proposed petition. (And please make it a legible John Hancock, for you see, I lost my contact and am unable to discern much of anything below that size.)

ANNOUNCEMENT

North Carolina School of the Arts is sponsoring a film series that is open to the public. There is no admission charge and all films are shown in Crawford Hall at 8:00 p.m. Below is a list of this year's films:

Sunday	Nov. 24	All The King's Men
Sunday	Dec. 2	The Best of Bogart and Superfly
Sunday	Dec. 15	A Clockwork Orange
Sunday	Jan. 5	Casablanca
Sunday	Jan. 12	Auntie Mame
Sunday	Jan. 19	From Here to Eternity
Sunday	Jan. 26	Wait Until Dark
Sunday	Feb. 2	Anatomy of a Murder
Sunday	Feb. 9	The African Queen
Sunday	Feb. 16	An Evening with the Royal Ballet
Sunday	Feb. 23	The Great Race
Sunday	Mar. 2	Deliverance
Sunday	Mar. 9	Gone with the Wind
Sunday	Mar. 23	Fantasia

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