

The Salemite

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editorial

Each year about this time Salem students go through a ritual that most hate, abhor and detest — Registration. The grumblings start the minute the proposed course schedule is handed out. Each student tries to arrange her schedule for various reasons. For Spring term, the "sun time" has a great deal to do with some schedules. Others aim for no 8:00 o'clocks and then there are the weekenders—from Thursday till Monday that is. Of course some students have trouble trying to fit requirements in a slot that has no conflicts with other required courses. Most have gripes for one reason or another and they flock to the registrar's office to try and change a schedule that has been made months ahead.

Granted registration can be very frustrating, but I do not believe that students realize how flexible our registration can be. At universities the schedule is made out by computers—there are no changes! Students camp out over night in an enormous line to try and get a special course or one in great demand. We stand in line for, at the most, three hours — complaining how much time everything takes. I am also an offender of this but — Salem students things could be so much worse!

Everyone complains—but have we done anything about our complaints? At Salem the student is listened to. We do not have to fight a computer—only the registrar and we can get results. Each department tries to have their own required courses with no conflicts. But between the different departments they just can not fix a schedule with no conflicts for each individual.

So, students, if you have any concrete suggestions on how to better or radically alter our system of registration then take these suggestions to the office. Voice your complaints. That is the only way changes can be made. Our progress of the past four years is obvious proof of that statement.

LLL

Letter to The Editor

Dear Editor,

Since this is the last issue of the "Salemite" until February, I am submitting two letters to you.

Letter number one: Bravo for Catherine Delbridge's letter several weeks ago on the non-existent Audio-Visual Room the library claims to have in the catalog but does not. The Gramley Library serves as a sore spot for each Salem student. We need to voice our disappointment about the sad state of existing conditions and get some changes made. Then perhaps the library can better perform its function of serving the students. Right now it is not fulfilling its purpose.

Another seemingly false claim the catalog makes is that the "library can seat over one-half of the student body." (p. 21) Now get with it. Who are they kidding? Sure it can accommodate half of us — on the floor and maybe the lecture room, neither of which is satisfactory for studying. If the little ground floor study room to the left of the front door as you go in was unlocked more often, that would be a big help. Another drawback in the library that concerns students is that Salem students are not allowed to work in the library at night. This is a

terrible oversight. With so many of our girls willing and wanting to work, why are the evening hours given to outside students? This hardly seems practical or fair.

As for the hours of the library being open, it is my understanding that they are to be extended. This is certainly a welcome and helpful change.

A final concern (maybe I should not say "final", but its the last one in my letter) of Salem students is the rudeness they are subjected to in the library by some of the librarians. They seem to resent us wanting to use "their" books. This curtness does not make for a good atmosphere and is not conducive to an enjoyable place for study. Salem students unfortunately are not receiving the full value and benefit of a college library. These are just a sampling of student concerns. Let's hope the New Year will bring about many needed changes.

Letter number two: Have you made your Christmas wish yet? I would like to share one with you. It is my wish that the chemistry department could formulate a magic solution to duplicate and

multiply Ted Young. He has miraculously done more for Salem College than any one person during his year and a half here. It is obvious what a happy atmosphere he has created which permeates the campus in many undefinable ways. Not only has Ted given us a great Refectory that we are proud to bring guests to, he also has a genuine interest in each girl which has made him a personal friend to every student. What would Founder's day, Interclub and IRS weekends, Dating Games, Thanksgiving Dinner and other special occasions be without him?

With this magic formula we could put Ted Youngs all over campus. Just think how nice even the library would be with a duplicate Ted checking out our books. With so many Teds, Salem would be the only school around where the students had no complaints.

Well, wish as we might, I guess its only wishful thinking. So now I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the whole student body to wish Ted and Jim Robinson and their fantastic staff a very merry Christmas and thank them for making fall semester '74 such a great one.

—Betsy Sherrill

Visitors to the Old Salem restoration are shown how candles are made and trimmed. The ingredients of the candles are beeswax and tallow. The pure and slow-burning beeswax represents Christ's steadfast love for us. The red crepe collar signified Christ's blood shed for all people.

opening of the Christmas season for many people. It also serves to link the present with the past through the various phases of the candle-making, the sugar cake and the special blend of Moravian coffee. In this way it gives emphasis to the religious significance of Christmas.

Christmas is the shining festival of the unselfish. It is the homecoming of the spirit . . . the glorification of all that is good. The Moravian Candle Tea has become a welcome tradition in Winston-Salem since its inception in 1929. This yearly event combines warm hospitality and fellowship and marks the

Corporations Control Economy

By Victor de Keyserling

A penetrating view from the Left of the break in the continuum of American foreign policy that began with the Truman Doctrine and ended with the Johnson administration is provided by America After Nixon by Robert Scheer (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95).

As the author notes in a Preface, "It is the essential thesis of this book that the public political process no longer rules this nation, that current political debate does not deal with what is most important, and that the basic decisions about our future are made for us by several hundred super-large multinational corporations, themselves out of control."

Editor of Ramparts magazine from 1965 to 1969 and author of How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam and co-author of Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere, Scheer offers a highly readable book which is clear, concise, written from a very specific point of view, with a great deal of polemical bite.

"The separation of a domestic from a foreign policy is the first act in the disenfranchisement of the American public," he writes. "... The American economy is now so hopelessly entwined with the world economy and so fully under the domination of its largest multinational corporations that any attempt to discuss our outstanding problems (be they inflation, waste, unemployment, or cultural alienation) without primary reference to the role of these corporations, is an act of deception."

The Idiot and the Oddity

By Sherrin Gardner and Marilyn Turner

With the coming of exam time and the nervous condition accompanying it, the Oddity and I have found ourselves suddenly unable to grasp the subject at hand. Consequently we are dropping out. We did not arrive at this drastic conclusion at the drop of a hat; it took a considerable number of events to lead us to this point.

On the Eve of the Term Paper, I was absorbed in completing my academic challenge. Only a rhythmic crunching of ice from the opposite side of the room disturbed the silence. At exactly 10:34, Gramley Dormitory experienced an explosion rivaling only the bombing of Hiroshima. I immediately rushed from the room wondering if I would need to administer mouth to mouth resuscitation to the unconscious victim. Yet, it was only a fellow third floor resident announcing her arrival by dropping her portable typewriter down three flights of stairs. Thinking back on the incident, I believe the vibrations from the crash inflicted third floor with Dropsy Syndrome or some such malady.

Sandwiched among the fans in Reynolds Coliseum, the Oddity was unaware of the significance that the ball game would have on the remainder of her pre-exam, warm-up week. Little did she realize that the drop in Wake Forest's score would be synonymous with the upcoming events.

The following evening having readied herself for serious work, the Oddity began her usual Thursday evening at the typewriter. So engrossed in the rhythm of her keyboard activities, the Oddity failed to realize that her life was endangered. Slipping from a precarious position aloft a bookcase above, the highly prized, memory-filled rum bottle terrarium crashed onto the trash can below. It produced a dent worthy of mention which could have as easily altered the cranial capacity of the Oddity. Just because she happened to miss the Messiah, there was no need to fabricate the sound of the kettle drum.

When the crashing noise subsided, it was then apparent that the Seniors were singing Christmas carols beneath the window. Wishing to be in the holiday spirit, I climbed into the window sill to open the window. As I reached for it, I was able to supplement the melody of Jingle Bells as I allowed the metal desk lamp to crash to the floor. The Oddity tried to compete with the lamp as she listened from the laundry room window. Still clutching the dust pan and broom from the terrarium incident, she managed to collide with a loaded laundry rack which came down in three part harmony. I am certain that I heard a famous Anglo-Saxon phrase uttered from the confines of the laundry room.

With more than a week before exams, it frightens me to think of all the breakable items that we will encounter. Hopefully, we'll be able to keep a hold on things. At any rate, when speaking of exams, we are both quite ready to drop the subject.

A Christmas Wish

By Marilyn Turner

Twas the night before exams
And all through the college
The students were trying
To cram in more knowledge.
The student teachers were nestled
All snug in their beds
While visions of kiddy-lit.
Danced in their heads.
The rest of the seniors
Taxed in the study room
The brain that would hopefully
Bring them a magna-cum.
The girl in the next room
Became quite kinetic
After fruit flies and notebook,
She had finished genetics.
The sophomores and freshmen
With countenances grumpy
Attributed their idleness
To the soph-o-more slump.
When up from my brain
There arose such a scene

That I dropped all my work
And fell to day dream.
For there in a twinkling
From out of my head
Robert Redford appeared
And sat down on my bed.
His eyes how they twinkled,
His dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses,
His nose un-comparey.
His drawl little mouth
Was drawn up in a kiss
And this burdened scholar
Was suddenly in bliss.
But then in an instant
Like snow on your skin,
My ultima Thule
Vanished again.
I exclaimed to myself
As he passed from my sight
In spite of exams—
I'll remember this night.

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