

Editorials

Pushing the Panic Button?

By: Maryanne McDonough

When I was little I used to think a grown-up was someone 21 or older. I'm 22 now, and I don't feel grown up?

I can also remember thinking that with the passing of each year my life would change drastically, and in anticipation of this change, I never felt adequately prepared. My apprehension came through in questions like, "Will fifth grade be much harder than fourth?" I was reluctant to leave anything behind, and yet I consistently focused on the future.

As I cleared one hurdle I'd immediately begin looking ahead to the next, mentally assessing its height in lieu of my capabilities. For all of my anxieties however, the future has yet to overwhelm me.

Changes in my life have occurred both with and without warning, and certainly will continue to do so. And although anticipating or predicting their eventuality seems to have no effect on their impact, I'm not sure I will ever forfeit my prescience.

I've come to understand that while transitions are difficult things, their power lies solely within one's perception of them. They can easily be viewed as obstacles or endings, or more importantly, they can be utilized as springboards to new growth experiences.

I used to admire the existentialist for his ability to live for the present moment and to take one day at a

time, but what a limited and confined existence he must endure. The years of our lives build on one another. We are both molded by our past and directed by our future, and our ability to keep both within sight is essential.

Each year of our lives does bring on new changes, but it is our ability to reason—to understand where we've been, and to anticipate where we're going—that remains constant and prepares us to deal with alterations.

I was asked recently if I'd begun to push the panic button prompted by the ensuing date of graduation. Admittedly there are times when the prospects of the Real World do seem overbearing. It won't be easy to leave all that we have known at Salem behind. But there is so much that we take with us: the friendships, the confidence, the comfort, and the security—all of these things which allow us to forge ahead in pursuit of our greatest potential. We won't forget where we've been, and we won't forsake our destinations. As my favorite Flavia card proclaims, "Whoever we are we hold in our hearts the memories of the times we have known."

At the age of 22 I don't consider myself grown up, because in light of my past and in foresight of my future, I know that I continue to grow.

Non-Smokers Want Fair Treatment

By: Stephanie Zobelein

Why doesn't the refectory have a nonsmoking section?

This question deserves our consideration. It's time to correct the problems which have resulted from unlimited smoking in the refectory. The rights of nonsmokers, a minority group at Salem, have been ignored for too long. It goes without saying that everyone has the choice to smoke or not. Those who do smoke have presumably considered the health hazards but enjoy smoking too much to give it up. That's fine.

But those of us who do not wish to take similar chances with our health should be able to breathe smoke-free air. Free choice is something we all value. But unrestricted smoking in the refectory allows free choice only for the smoker. Those of us who don't smoke must take our lumps. It's hard for nonsmokers to enjoy a meal when cigarette fumes are wafting over our food and getting in our faces. Smokers often trivialize the impact of this sidestream smoke on other people. But, as many nonsmokers will be quick to affirm, it can be a real source of discomfort and resentment.

For years, smokers have scorned attempts to limit their smoking in public, saying that they hurt no one but themselves. New evidence suggests quite the opposite: second-hand smoke is in fact harmful. Research indicates that passive smoking (breathing others' cigarette smoke) in the U.S. causes more cancer deaths than all regulated industrial air pollutants combined. That means 1/3 of the lung cancers not directly linked to smoking are linked to "involuntary

smoking". Passive smoking has been tied to lung cancer in nonsmoking spouses of smokers in ten separate and long-range studies.

Why is second-hand smoke more than just a nuisance? Well, all cigarette smoke contains radioactive material in the form of alpha particle-emitting radionuclides. While about 7 percent of this material is contained in the mainstream smoke (i.e. inhaled by smoker), 30 percent is in the sidestream smoke. This material alters the genetic coding of cells in the lungs, and production of cancerous cells is often the result.

Because of sidestream material, nonsmokers involuntarily smoke—at the very least—one cigarette per day. For most nonsmokers however, the number is considerably higher. Think about the injustice of this situation! Nonsmokers should not be made to breathe the noxious fumes of others' cigarettes.

The pressure not to smoke is mounting as more evidence accumulates. And the growing number of restaurants and businesses which have produced nonsmoking areas reflects an increased concern for nonsmokers. Why doesn't Salem share in this concern?

We value consideration for others in the dorms, on the courts and playing fields, and in our classes. Let's not forget about the refectory. It won't take much to create a nonsmoking section there. By simply dividing the room in half, and restricting smoking to one side only, we will provide for the rights of both smokers and nonsmokers.

And that's what is called fair play.

Learning How to Learn

By: Liz McGehee

In lieu of working on my art history term paper tonight I have decided to write my final, official editorial as Co-editor of the Salemite. My paper is supposed to discuss the truth pop artist Claes Oldenburg strives for in his sculptures—the most famous of which are his squishy, vinyl toilets. Considering that I spend a majority of my time in the bathroom anyway, I figure that if I've seen one toilet I've probably seen them all. And while some of my best thinking has been done in the solitude of the various bathrooms I have frequented (My mother is planning to write a travel guide to all of the ones I hit when I was little.) I decline to pursue the subject further. Indeed, there are more pressing matters that need to be addressed; one of these is the editorial written by male Salem student Bill Pixley in last month's issue of this tabloid.

The first half of his editorial was terrific. The praise and appreciation he proffered of the integrity of Salem's faculty, of the physical appearance of the campus, of the institution's history, and of Salem students' intellectual abilities were lavish.

Then I read the rest of the editorial.

If what Pixley wrote isn't reason enough to keep Salem a single sex institution, I'm not sure what is. I

suppose that I should be relieved that we "gals" have restored Pixley's faith in humanity; that I should feel honored that we "gals" have kept him and his chocolate lab, Mocha, entertained with our snuggle-bunny, leggy, sunbathing antics; that I should be thankful that despite the various and sundry despotic forces attempting to cover up our femininity at Salem and in the cold "man's world" beyond Salem's walls we have managed to keep our wits and our womanhood about us.

Well, I'm not one bit relieved. Rather, I am deeply disturbed by the juxtaposition of ideals Pixley has made in his article. The views expressed in it illuminate a complicated set of values shared by our society-in-total. These values are the catalysts which are forcing us constantly to re-examine what we and students at colleges like Salem are all about.

Simply put, as 1973 Salem alumna Cathryn Cooper Williamson noted at the recent leadership banquet, our purpose here is to learn how to learn. Nothing less and quite a lot more. The narrow focus of Pixley's comments confirms that closed-minds, stereotypes and prejudice can only hold us captives to misunderstanding, to looking away from our reality instead of shaping it.

Letters To The Editors

Sophomore-Administration Banquet?

To the Editor,

This year's Sophomore-Senior banquet was great. Obviously a lot of hard work and thought had gone into it and the sophomores did a great job. BUT I believe that this year's banquet was sadly over-regulated, especially through the omission of all personal reference to anyone at Salem. (except the slide show which was not wanted this year and may be scratched for next year) Is the banquet held for the senior class or not? During previous Sophomore-Senior banquets, although I was not a senior, I never felt excluded from the fun although I didn't understand each small joke of the skit. The enjoyment and laughter of the senior class was infectious and

made the evening special for all the students. Apparently the administration did feel excluded by this, but my understanding was that the banquet was not held for them. If this extreme regulation continues why not re-name the event the Sophomore-Administration banquet? The evening is being taken away from the students and changed to please a small minority of the audience. The administration needs to be reminded that this banquet is not being held for them, but for the senior class. They are invited guests and if they do not like the event, well, then they don't have to come.

Susan Riddick

The Salemite Staff

Co-Editors:

Laney Frick, Maryanne McDonough, Liz McGehee

Business Manager:

Lynne Daniels

Advertising Manager:

Alice Sanders

Sports Editor:

Tate Renner

Circulation Manager:

Robin Wiley

News Staff:

Malinda McCall, Jodi Smith, Susan Webb, Monica Carter, Christa Phillips, Barbara Teates, Linda Surles Christy Mock, Robin Wiley, Lisa Councilman, Stephanie Zobelein, Lois Gramley and Helen Hagan.

Business Staff:

Marion Taylor, Marcy Svoboda, Lee Shackelford, Alice Sanders

Photographers:

Laney Frick, Noel Lumpkin, Julia Vargas, Kathy Ferrara

Sports:

Caroline Robinson, Christa Phillips,

Graphics:

Malinda McCall