

Editorial Page

The Salemite

The uncensored voice of the Salem Community

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Building Trust in Salem

Trust. It is a simple, monosyllabic, five-lettered word. We use it in our everyday language. "Trust me" is a popular phrase. Unfortunately I get nervous when someone says it. To me, trust is something given freely. It cannot be coerced. When was the last time you thought about the meaning of trust and its place in our lives here in Salem. Every once in a while it is necessary to evaluate the abstract in one's life.

Trust is a feeling that people will not fail your expectations of them. That feeling is not always supported by tangible proof. One must rely on the integrity and character of others. Just as they must rely on yours. We trust on different levels and in many ways.

For example, we trust that our professors. We know that they are not teaching us the *wrong* answers to the questions of life. We trust that they know what they are doing. (Although it has been rumored otherwise on occasions!) We trust that the members of the administration are doing their best for Salem. We trust in our family and friends for love and support. We trust that the card catalog is in alphabetical order when we go to use it. I trust that no one will steal anything when I leave my door wide open as I make that last minute dash for class. I trust that the Coke machine will actually give me my drink - even though it often doesn't. Each time I am sure that it will not cheat me. I am the same way with people. Sure, people have let me down. But there is always that hope that the next time they won't. I believe that the ability to trust is inherent in our human natures. We need the security trust gives us.

I know that by now you are probably wondering if there is a point to this rambling. Often during my conversations around campus I am bombarded by the *mistrust* going on: "Don't say anything while she is here. She's a snitch," "Don't listen to what he says, "I wonder if she cheated?" My point is that behind all this negative conversation there is an enormous amount of mutual trust and respect here at Salem. We just do not rave about it at the dinner table.

The environment at Salem is a fragile one. Each of us has a responsibility to each other. By focusing on the negative we often overlook the wonders right under our noses. Take a second and think of something positive going on right now. It is not very hard. By each of us doing our best and standing by our values we become cornerstones for the foundation of Salem. Take a look at this community. I mean *really* look - beyond the day-to-day grind. Here you will find a special place built on the principle of trust. No one showed me a spreadsheet of reasons to trust in Salem. My trust in Salem has been freely given; the way it should be given - the way I hope your trust in Salem has been formed.

Salem is a Special Place Be Proud of It

During a recent trip home I learned something new about Pride.

Between Salem and home I stopped at a mini-mart to buy a drink. The cashier said "You go to Salem?" Though it took me a moment to remember I was wearing one of my myriad of Salem t-shirts, this voice from deep inside, "You bet!"

"Do you like it there?"

I thought "what a stupid question." And once again that deep voice resounded, "I love it."

At home I picked up the newspaper and began to skim and my eyes locked on an editorial "Carolinification, No Way!"

The idea was connected to the recent reunification of so many countries and the suggestion that North and South Carolina become one. Included in the suggestion of oneness was the idea that my hometown give up its name for a slightly larger city in South Carolina because they had the same name. My sense of hometown pride hit a high point at the thought of having to fight for the city's name. I concurred with the editor who said bluntly NO WAY.

Later in the weekend I attended a university football game, once again my hometown. It was the fifth largest crowd in stadium history. The whole city was represented; children, parents, college students, city residents and other members of the college community. I screamed until my voice was almost gone and left the stadium with more than 30 thousand other voiceless people.

I had pride in everything I did during that trip home, even in my old '77 Ford.

The most important thing however is that I had pride in my education and the institution where I currently receive it.

"Strong are thy walls o' Salem... Thy name we proudly own." Are words most of us know by heart, but I doubt we ever think about what they mean outside of SGA.

Think about the alma mater next time you sing it, think about school pride when you're wearing some of your Salem wardrobe. There is a lot to be proud of here.

Let's not get stuck like my hometown with the suggestion of change. Let's keep Salem just the way she is. And be proud of it.

I, Susie Salem, have one thing to say, "Get off your butt and get involved."

I am sick of sitting in the refectory and hearing people complain about problems around Salem. It's amazing that most of the people doing the complaining are not involved in anything at Salem. They wake up, go to class, do their homework and go to bed. Come Friday their suitcases are packed and you don't see them again until Sunday night.

Their reasons for leaving, "Nothing fun ever goes on at Salem", "There are never any guys who attend the mixers", "In their concerts they don't know how to sing" or "It will be the same as last year." Well, maybe if you would've stayed around for the Freshmen Mixer you would've seen that fun things DO go on at Salem and boys DO attend the mixers. Of course, you wouldn't know because you didn't attend.

Come Monday, however, you are back sitting in the refectory complaining about the mixer which you didn't attend. If you don't think anything fun goes on at Salem or they don't know

how to dance, why don't you do something about it. Stop your damn complaining in the refectory and get involved!

It's hard for the SAME five or six people to know what you want if you don't get involved. All they have to go on is your overheard complaining. Maybe you're not one of the people complaining about mixers, but if you are complaining about something else, why not see if there is an organization on campus in which you can direct your complaints. There are many other organizations besides Big 3+3 and CAC.

Why not become a member of the Student Concerns Committee, The Salemite, the Salem Environmental Concerns Organization, Sights and Insights, The Pierette Players, Dansalems, the Salem Recreational Association, or the Drug Prevention Committee. These are just a few organizations which you can join at Salem. So, next time you're in the refectory and catch yourself complaining, unpack that suitcase, get off your butt and join an organization or shut up.