

A Tribute

It has been a week since Dr. Rondthaler announced his retirement from the presidency of Salem—a week for us to consider what this means; to try to imagine what Salem will be like without his presence on the campus and in the classroom. This has been no easy task, for in its physical and its intangible aspects what we know of Salem is immutably associated with the Rondthalers.

The constructional advances made under Dr. Rondthaler's administration are evident. We cannot imagine Salem without Clewell, Bitting, Strong, the dining room, the library—yet none of these were here when he became president in 1909. Under his guidance the school has grown and achieved its present standing as one of the leading colleges for women in the United States.

But we, the students, do not think of these things first. We remember most the "Standing at the Portals" chapel when Dr. Rondthaler reads the telegrams; his friendly "Good morning. The wind's from the north today"; the origins of the Scottish plaids of our skirts; the neverfailing flower in his buttonhole; a glance at the Promised Land with him and Moses; the slow and rhythmical "Tie-toc, tie-toc" with which he illustrates Hebrew poetry in Religion 10; his reading of the Christmas story; the benediction at early morning chapel that takes us peacefully to our 8:30 classes; his introductions to chapel speakers that often surpass the speeches; the Easter sermon; and, finally, his booming congratulations at Commencement.

Nor can we think of Salem without Mrs. Rondthaler, who is more than just "the president's wife". What freshman has not gasped to realize that Mrs. Rondthaler knew her by name the first week of school. Who has not marveled that she finds the time and patience to be a guiding spirit to everyone who needs her—whether it be the Y, the IRS, Student Government, the Chapel Committee, the Lecture Committee, the Marshalls or an individual student. Everywhere she does the little things, for which she cannot be fully appreciated until there is no Mrs. Rondthaler to whom to turn.

Now the Rondthalers are going to a new position. They will not be at the college, but they will continue to be active in the Church and the community. Yet we know that Salem holds first place in their hearts. We appreciate and return this spirit, for certainly to us who have known them, Salem and the Rondthalers will always be one.

The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall

Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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by Catherine Moore

The question is: Why can't I be content to sit in classes and devote all my attention to the lesson? Could you guess how I spend part of each class period? No, I'm not referring to window gazing, letter reading, or day dreaming. I sit and analyze my teachers. I see if they fit into one of my three classifications for all faculty members. This system that has taken me three years and six weeks to simplify has prevented my learning many, many facts.

During my first year at Salem I was terrified of every teacher I had. I believed that college faculty members everywhere were mean, domineering, strict and unreasonable. There were no exceptions. I never knew what I would be asked to do next. With as many students as there are at Salem I came to the conclusion that no teacher would remember my name. Tearfully, I resigned myself to be the girl next to the window on the second row. Would I always be one of the many who learned to take notes, recite in class, hand in papers, and take tests? This anonymity that I dreaded did develop in one of my classes. All year I was alternately called Miss Morris or Miss Miller.

However, as a Sophomore, time had made my name stick in the minds of the teachers I had had before. Now I decided faculty members were rather interesting people who overwhelmed me with what they knew! They could be helpful, I discovered. I might even grow to like a few of them if they taught subjects in which I was interested. My wariness was breaking down. Faculty members didn't terrify me very much these days; I was learning what I was expected to write on tests from having had the book or from the smokehouse grapevine. I even had one class in which everyone laughed and talked about many things and seldom did any work.

After passing on to the Junior year, I had more courses in my major and also more overnights. My life was cluttered with English classes. I almost forgot my teacher analysis; for I was busy making weekend plans or existing on memories from past weekends. My main concern was to get the work done as fast as possible. Before the year was over I decided that a term paper was the only thing most of my teachers knew to assign. However, I found that teachers could be friendly and weren't always piling on assignments or slashing what I considered a masterpiece of a term paper. There were a few times when I decided that there was no use making my life miserable writing a paper that would not be read.

Finally, after working and waiting for three years, I am now a Senior who realizes how little she knows. I sometimes wish I had spent more time learning English rather than deciding what sort of teacher I had for each course. I feel confident there will not be a discussion of faculty in my comprehensives. Nevertheless, I have discovered that the faculty who have taught me come under one of these three types:

1. **The Scholar:** a person who knows his subject matter thoroughly but is not able to teach the material in an interesting manner. This variety wants the text book, his notes and maybe a phrase or so of personal interpretation, handed back in class or on tests. He never knows anyone's name.

2. **The Vibrant Personality:** the teacher who has enjoyable classes, little work. This type has little knowledge of the subject matter he is supposedly teaching.

3. **The True Scholar:** the ideal teacher who is hard to find. This person has personality and enjoyable classes backed up with mastery of his subject matter. He is interested in the student as an individual. Knowledge from the text book is in his head, but he keeps up with present day happenings and is able to relate the two. This ideal teacher wants his students to think for themselves and take a definite stand on all issues.

I am still fitting teachers into my pattern. However, now is the time for me to study with comprehensives in mind.

Reznick Jokes

by Frances Reznick

There is no middle-of-the-road with S. J. Perelman. You either adore him or loathe him. His humor makes you want to open your mouth wide and either yell or yawn.

For Perelman fans **Westward Ha!** is a prize package, beautifully wrapped in millions of cliches and artfully carved by Hirschfield. This chronicle is the result of a trip abroad that Perelman and artist Hirschfield took. They visited such exotic places as Bombay (charmingly related in a chapter called, "Bile on the Nile"), Siam, and Singapore, as well as nobler realms such as Naples, Nice, and Hollywood, is referred to by the master of the cliché as the "City of the Walking Dead", or "Bridgeport With Palm". One of Hirschfield's illustrations for the chapter on Hollywood is captioned "Hollywood Native: Female." It shows only a pair of wedge-heeled shoes six inches high, slacks, a shaggy fur jacket, sun glasses, and a towering coiffure.

For those who do not care for Perelman, the book is entertaining if only for Hirschfield's illustrations. The book is profuse with brightly colored scenes of countries abroad. Al Hirschfield's impressions are, as usual, slightly satiric. In **Westward Ha!** his drawings add a special flavor to the stereotyped ideas of slender Chinese girls, ship-bored characters, and even Egypt's glorious sun.

The skeptical reader who does not know Perelman or Hirschfield can become well acquainted in that poignant chapter, "Carry Me Back to Old Pastrami", or by looking up some of last winter's issues of "Holiday Magazine", in which episodes of this journey were published. There may be some objections to Perelman's high-flung exaggerations and numerous cliches, which become a little tiresome by the time he reaches New Delhi, but the travelogue, as a whole, manages to be entertaining.

Dale Quotes

by Dale Smith

John S. Barnes has prepared a new volume for readers who devour the sprawling works of Thomas Wolfe. In **A Stone, A Leaf, A Door**, Barnes has taken passages from Wolfe's powerful prose and rearranged them into poetic form. Although many admirers have long recognized Wolfe's eloquence as poetry, they may object to this arrangement since much of the impact of this forceful style has lost its significance. **A Stone, A Leaf, A Door** does make clear how easily passages can be detached from Wolfe's novels and why sometimes through his endless repetition, they grow monotonous.

The first of the prose poems in this collection is "A Stone, A Leaf, A Door" which introduces **Look Homeward Angel**. Here are the disturbing and forever unanswerable questions.

"Which of us has known his brother?"

Which of us has looked into his father's heart?

Which of us has not remained forever prison pent?

Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?"

The book is climaxed with "This Is Man", a profound and clairvoyant monologue from Wolfe's last novel **You Can't Go Home Again**. It begins with a devastating pessimism of man whose "baseness, lust, cruelty and treachery, is illimitable". It ends in sheer exaltation with man who is immortal "for both the good and the evil that he does live after him".

Wolfe has been criticized for getting at life through his senses and emotions rather than his brains. This may be valid criticism but there is a sincerity and yearning in his writing that many authors lack. Despite Wolfe's eloquence this is a simple kind of poetry and its power and charm is difficult to explain.