

# Eleanor MacGregor Teaches Three Academy Girls French

By Emma Sue Larkins  
The first thing Eleanor MacGregor's three students told her when she began teaching French at Salem Academy was "Gosh, we think you're mighty brave to try anything like this!"

Eleanor didn't think she was so brave. What could be so hard about teaching French to high school students? After all, she was a junior in college and had studied French four years. However, her students had had a little French, too. A "little" meant eight years to two of her three pupils. Looking at them with a new respect, she began to understand why they thought she was brave!

Trying to appear unconcerned, she gave them a test. One of her eight year pupils made 80 and the other made 50. Slightly surprised at this, she gave them another test. Both girls made 50. Their teacher began to feel more secure in her job.

She was also beginning to like her job more. Her students were no longer just "students", they had become Margot from Venezuela, Janice from Brooklyn, and Betty from Asheville, with individual personalities, trials and tribulations.

They were all united in one common cause—to get their teacher off the subject of French. Any other topic suited them: from the differences between the rules at the college and the academy to President Truman's visit to Winston for the groundbreaking ceremony. That particular day the academy had been given a half-day holiday to go to the service.

Since the French class didn't meet until 5:00 in the afternoon, the academy principal had told Eleanor to meet her class anyway. She trudged down the hill and up again to the academy. Naturally the girls were making the best of the opportunity. A holiday was a holiday to them, and they had no intentions of going to any classes that afternoon; so Mac turned around and headed back, muttering "French" at every step up that long hill.

The more she thought, the more Eleanor realized that teaching involved more than a knowledge of the subject. A teacher had to know the pupils, too. When six-weeks grades were due, she learned that she must write a brief essay on each girl's attitude, difficulties, improvements and anything else she considered pertinent. Teaching was not the simple task she had imagined. Eleanor was feeling "brave" about her undertaking, after all.

## Do You

(Continued from page two)  
tired of her. It means until death bring her home whenever you get us do part. But O, my friends, marriage is not supposed to be an endurance contest. As one man put it, "Marriage really is not long, it just seems long." It was not meant to be that way. People were meant to enjoy each other and to have their love grow and expand across the years so that after you have been married for ten years, you ought to be twice as happy as you were when you were married only one year; and when you have been married twenty years, you ought to be four times as happy as when you were married only one year, and I know some people, myself included, of whom that is true. It can be; it doesn't have to be an endurance contest. But how tragic it is when some people you know regard this marvelous adventure in life as a temporary affair, as though you might have an escape clause in it. It is a terrible thing.

There was a couple come to see a minister and they said, "We have no illusions about marriage." It is too bad that some people don't have a few illusions. "We are not going to buy any furniture and we are certainly not going to rent a house. Because of the temporariness of marriage, we have purchased a car and that is all we need." Tragic, isn't it? But that kind of thing goes on again and again. One young couple said, "We want you to take out of the marriage ceremony the words 'as

long as we both shall live' and put in their place 'until love dies'; but such a contract is not a Christian contract—this is "until death us do part."

Now there is one other thing I want to bring to your attention. This is not in the ceremony, this is not a question that is put to the couples, but it is the most important part of the ceremony, and that is the business of sending out invitations. I want to ask you if you sent out an invitation to the most important guest of all. No usher will show Him to a pew but He will always be on time. The minister will mention his name but he will never answer, audibly. He will always be present there if you invite him and, of course, his name is "God." You will find Him throughout the entire ceremony—"Dearly beloved Christian friends, we are assembled here in the presence of God to join this man and this woman in Holy marriage, which is instituted of God, regulated by His commandments, and blessed by our Lord Jesus Christ." And the man says, "I, John, take

thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife and I do promise and covenant before God"; and at the end we join their hands together and say, "Whom God has joined together, pronounce you man and wife as let no man put asunder"; and "I cording to the ordinance of God and the law of this State, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

The vows are not made to just each other but they are made to the Almighty above. It is necessary, you see, that we have a common faith. Isn't that what it means? That this couple believe in God and be sincere Christians. Otherwise, their marriage has very little chance of success.

Was it not G. K. Chesterton who said that if you want to find a lodging place, do not ask the landlady whether she is a good housekeeper and can cook, but ask her what her view of the universe is. That is wonderful, is it not? Maybe that is what we ought to ask each other before we marry: "What is your view of the universe, darling?"

(Continued next week)

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