

## Let's Think . . .

Let's think about Salem at night. The two pairs of white socks turned up toward two talking mouths as a couple of us walk across campus toward the soda shop. But it's not just the walking we see; we see two ideas being compared about the racial problems, two personalities exposing facts about "what we do back home over a week-end."

Let's think how many rainy days begin dull and soggy and how they often end in a bull session on whether "love is material" or on how much of the Bible is allegorical and symbolic. Funny how the sponge of thought seems to absorb the dampness of the day and so we sit and discuss for hours.

Let's think about the Salem cemetery. The thoughts we had the first time we saw it were generally undeterminable, but one we remember. We remember we planned to come back to this place. And come back we did, back for the simple feeling we got there.

We came back early one morning when we were freshmen because things at home seemed so different after our first trip back home. We came back to talk to Someone who was far off, who would know if things were truly different. We came back again later in the Spring at sunset because we wouldn't be here at Easter time and there was something here that we must have for our Easter at home.

Let's think about our roommates. The little things we learn from them. How we learned to knit argyles from the home economics major, to understand a simple modern art picture from the art major, to understand Rockefeller's stocks and bonds from the economics major, and how to keep a child busy on a rainy day from the primary education major.

Let's think about the hours we spend in class. How some days we take notes blankly and then some days we argue furiously about whether man is opposing his biological make-up by living in this civilized state, about the contribution modern art can make to our society, about things that mean something to us, about things we'll remember.

Let's think about how we are absorbing and enjoying things here. Let's think about the people that sent us here that we might absorb and enjoy.

Now, let's think about the times we went to camp and every week the counselors made us write our parents and thank them for the good times we were having.

Dr. Gramley doesn't make us write our parents. We are our own counselors at Salem.

When will we write home?

S. J. C.

## The Salemite



OFFICES—Lower floor Main Hall  
Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street

Subscription Price—\$3.00 a year

Published every Friday of the College year by the  
Student Body of Salem College  
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

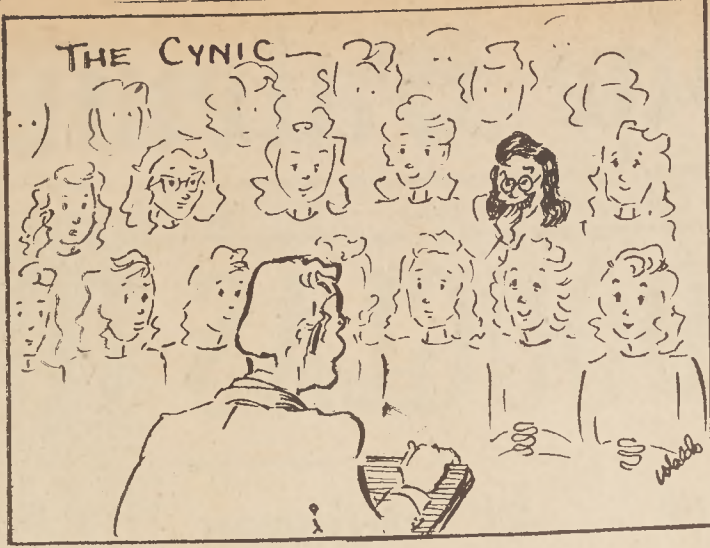
Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Eleanor McGregor  
Associate Editors . . . . . Anne Lowe, Peggy Cheers  
Managing Editor . . . . . Jean Calhoun

News Editors . . . . . Jane Schoolfield, Lorrie Dirom  
Feature Editors . . . . . Eleanor Johnson, Connie Murray  
Feature Assistant . . . . . Cynthia May  
Copy Editor . . . . . Sally Reiland  
Make-up Editor . . . . . Allison Long  
Art Editor . . . . . Ruthie Derrick  
Pictorial Editor . . . . . Jeanne Harrison

Feature Writers: Laurie Mitchell, Ruthie Derrick, Sally Reiland, Emma Sue Larkins, Francine Pitts, Margie Ferrell, Betsy Liles, Betty Tyler, Jane Brown, Betty Lynn Wilson, Elsie Macon, Jo Bell.

Reporters: Betsy Liles, Diane Knott, Dot Morris, Alison Britt, Bessie Smith, Jean Edwards, Allison Long, Sara Outland, Mary Anne Raines, Edith Flagler, Elsie Macon, Anne Simpson, Jane Smith, Barbara Allen, Connie Murray, Laura Mitchell, Myra Dickson, Sue Harrison, Drane Vaughn.

Business Manager . . . . . Faye Lee  
Advertising Manager . . . . . Joan Shope  
Circulation Manager . . . . . Jean Shope  
Faculty Advisor . . . . . Miss Jess Byrd



This cartoon was drawn by Margaret Raynal, a student at Salem several years ago.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor

Congratulations to Miss Peggy Cheers on her able editorship of the February 13th *Salemite*! Her lead editorial held my interest to such an extent that I read down through the eleventh paragraph before I decided that I should quibble with her over one sweeping statement in said paragraph.

This portion of a sentence was, "football heroes, usually lacking mental ability, are the school leaders." I would have to see scientific statistics on this statement before I could accept it.

In the first place, in most cases, if the players lacked mental ability, they could not learn the plays, systems of offense and defense, etc. in the complicated game of football, much less develop the coordination of mind and body necessary for skilled tactics.

Secondly, and quoting from *Psychology of Coaching* by Lawthar, "In the case of a choice between two boys who seem to be almost equal in their other abilities, the boy with the better academic record is the safer choice. More often, the boy who is brighter academically will learn sports faster. The boy whose academic record indicates that he may not be eligible is a risky choice for molding into a team unit."

From this, does it not follow that it is not a lack of mental ability that causes some poor grades among football players but rather, failure to apply himself to academic work, insufficient time for activities, etc.?

Academic eligibility requirements are set up in most public schools, in any event, so that a football player must maintain a certain scholastic average before he is able to stay on the squad.

On this point, some would argue that faculty members "go a little easier" on the athletes in their classes. If such teachers exist they are not abiding by any code of ethics of their profession and they are doing immeasurable harm to the boys involved.

From Lawthar again, "One of the worst evils that comes from 'softening' of the grade requirements for the athletes is that the brighter boys, who should go far with their education, may learn to slide along on the lowered standards, may develop bad study habits, and may approach the higher levels of high school or college without adequate foundation in even such basic skills as English."

To repeat my original premise, I do not believe that it can be definitely stated that football players usually lack mental ability.

Margaret S. Chapman

Dear Editor

People have always been afraid of changes. "But we don't want the horseless carriages", was the cry of the masses at the beginning of the 20th century. Today, some fifty years later, people would be amazed if someone asked them to give up their car for a four-legged thoroughbred.

And, in 1492, the popular cry was "He'll fall off — everyone knows the world is flat." Thanks Columbus for having a new original idea!

Today we are faced with a similar problem. A few learned educators have revolutionized the school systems. They objected to the straight rows of desks, the strained atmosphere in the classrooms and the textbook as the "meat" of a student's diet.

In place of this out-fashioned system, educators introduced a better plan. Movable desks replaced the old ones, and the curriculum was colored by new methods of teaching.

Do you remember how you disliked your geography lessons in the fifth grade? "Open your books" was the opening sentence of every teacher. You read of climate, food products, and rainfall until you couldn't remember which country was dry and which one wet. You forgot whether bananas were grown in Japan and rice in Brazil or vice-versa.

The reason for this lack of learning was that there was a lack of interest. Today, teachers are making the same course "live" for the pupils. The printed word has become alive and has a real meaning. First, the children learn about the people of the country—personal things that interest them because these boys and girls are like themselves. They make foreign dolls, bulletin boards, and then open their books. Now the words mean something because they have put to actual experience the things about which they are reading.

And, in the third grade, when the Dairy unit is being studied, children take trips to the Dairy, see movies and make booklets. The textbooks and school curriculum has a definite relationship to the "life" outside of school. Now, as never before, children won't close their books at the end of a day and go home feeling as if school life and home life are entirely separate institutions. They can see the practical usages of education because the work has been associated with things they like and with which they are familiar.

No, the schools today are not for entertainment but "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If any of us could observe the glowing faces of happy boys and girls as they are eagerly learning, we would have to disagree with the idea that our educational system is on the way out. It has just been born. Perhaps if this new system is continued in June students will leave school with regret, rather than leaving as though they had been in a crate for nine months. Perhaps, instead of purposefully dropping their books in mud puddles and letting the dog chew on them, children will have a real love for books and a desire for facts through experience.

Betsy Turner



By Betsy Liles

Sally Salem lay moaning to herself beneath the covers. It was Sunday afternoon — the pianos were quiet, the radios were speechless and a morbid silence filled the dorm.

"Oh agony, oh bitterness, oh gall," whimpered Sally. "All weekend and not one date!" Sally crawled out of the blankets and moped over to the mirror. "Ah," she murmured to herself, "Sally, my friend, you are a true prize, a luscious fruit only waiting to be plucked and pinned. Men just don't appreciate you."

Moping back to the covers, Sally gave a sigh and gazed out at the little green buds on the weeping willows. A faraway look gleamed in her eye . . .

The breezes were wafting gently along the waves. Sally was reclined in her barge idly smiling at the cherubs and sylphs circling her fair head. From the shores she could hear the crying voices of her lovers who were dying for only one glance from her violet orbs.

"Poor things," she giggled. Tossing her golden mane to the wind, she anchored her boat, tripped out daintily and pirouetted into the arms of a waiting lover. Sally sneezed at him, crushing his very soul, "Men—detestable!"

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see a few more of her admirers downing the last dregs of poison. Sally hated to admit it, but the sight rather touched her.

But just as she was brushing a silver lock from her violet orb, a symphony orchestra struck up in the background and a fanfare resounded throughout the hills. And the hills echoed as the cherubs chorused "Hail, Queen Sally! Conquerer of all men!" Hail, Sally . . .

"Hiya Sal!" Sally was brought out of her dreams by a hearty slap on the back. It was Rosie, her roommate, standing over her dropping her minks on the bed and her suitcase on Sally's toes. Rosie had just returned from a Big Weekend.

"Didja have fun, Rose?" asked Sally.

"Oh, the usual. Parties, dances, loads of people, wonderful band, steak dinner, the usual . . . oh, and look!" Rosie was pointing to her newest fraternity pin. This one was a real beauty with cat eyes, a double bearing chain, and trimmed with onyx.

With that, Sally bounded bitterly out of the room. "I cannot bear this life . . . nothing but bitterness and gall." Sally shuffled across the square to the drug store to thoughts of consoling herself with a red box of Valentine candy.

Somehow Sally's feet led her to the post office. There she stopped. "Oh, I can't be disappointed again. 'There is a wise maxim about a straw and a camel. Oh, well,' Sally philosophied, 'Hope springs eternal from the human breast.' She threw open the door and strode in.

But, lo, as Sally opened the dusty envelope she fell a letter—in masculine handwriting. "Oh," chortled Sally, "It's for me!" She opened the letter, scanned it briefly, and shrieked, "An invitation to a Big Weekend! Oh, ecstasy!"

But, dear reader, let us leave our heroine to her joy. She is standing weeping in the post office, and smiling, "Men, the light of my life." And somewhere a symphony orchestra is playing in the background.