

## Maggi Depicts Ideal Professor As Carefree, Patient, Inspiring

By Margaret Blakeney

Sit with me for awhile. Let's dream about our ideal college professor.

If he never assigns term papers even though other teachers are losing their heads and assigning them; if when the homework you fail to read, then with you he is well agreed that it was not too important anyway; if he can wait and not be tired by waiting for that paper weeks late; if he never dates the maidish teachers, but prefers afternoon rendezvous with his students; if he is never the least bit vain about his power of brain (he was Phi Beta Kappa, you know), and if from Milton he oft times does spout, then he is the college professor I dream about.

If he is the tall Jimmy Stewart type; if he is six feet four with sandy hair; if his pipe droops roughly from the corner of his mouth; if his shoulders are broad, well covered with English tweed, and his smile is kind, not mean, then he is the professor I have seen,—somewhere in a dream.

If his hands are the hands that could heave a football, and yet they gesture excitedly when he explains Shelly, Keats, or Byron; if they write clear notes upon the blackboards and on the margins of tests; if they are free of jewelry, particularly wedding bands; if he has these hands, then he is the college professor my dream demands.

If he allows you to dream, and never preaches to you to think; if he can listen to your triumph and disaster without telling the whole faculty; if he can tell a joke which makes you laugh not choke; or if



every other lecture is on marriage; if he is stately in his carriage, putting knights to shame; if he knows each student by name, but ignores their Monday morning yawns, then my dream professor begins to dawn.

If he can speak in chapel and keep your attention, or walk in the academic procession and not seem stuffy; if all students count with him, but none too much; if he can fill that drug store fifteen minutes with faith enough in man for you to live until next weekend; if he can stimulate you to work with every nerve and sinew, when there is really nothing left in you, then he is my dream professor.

But things, my friends, are not just what they seem—for all of this is but a dream, with apologies to Kipling.

## College Education Revealed As Key To Understanding

By Betty Lynn Wilson

People are always telling me that a college graduate needs to come out of college with a teacher's certificate or a business diploma—that she needs to take practical courses, to be able to do something. As for me, I want to come out of college knowing something.

I wanted to know something in high school, too. I wanted to understand other peoples and civilizations. My high school was full of practical courses; I was assailed with methods of homemaking, and had I chosen to do so, I could have learned how to operate all types of machines. Those courses that weren't practical were all technical.

I was taught to balance a chemical equation, but nobody told me why it was necessary to keep the chemicals balanced. My instructor in English made me write grammatically correct sentences, but forgot to inspire me to say anything original. In my American history course, I followed the Civil War battles on homemade maps with red, blue, green, and yellow pencils, but the teacher omitted the portion that told why the Civil War really began.

I learned to give the Latin names of the phylum in my biology course, but didn't know which phylum I was in. I had learned much, and understood little. I never found what I wanted in high school and tried to explain this fact to the Parent-Teacher Association.

I had been asked with another student to discuss the high school curriculum, and I told the group exactly what I wanted them to hear. I informed the assembly that I felt that my high school education had been a waste of time. It had not taught me what I wanted to know. I assured the Association that I

did not feel that I was capable of raising a family of good citizens with the education I received in high school. I emphasized the fact that there was much I wanted to know that the high school curriculum did not contain.

I believe there was no one in the audience who knew what I was trying to say. To be quite frank, I did not know myself how the curriculum had failed. I knew only that I was longing for some knowledge. I was considered a "good student" — I had made the best grades in my class, learned all my teachers had explained, and was a leader in extra-curricular activities. But I realized that something was lacking in my high school education.

I arrived at Salem still wondering what that something was. My freshman year I spent trying to decide in which field I would find that something. I discovered that in college I still retained my interest in people, and that several courses to which I was exposed increased that interest.

History and literature opened channels through which I could attempt to solve for myself the mysteries of people and civilizations. I had discovered in college what I was looking for in high school—I wanted to understand other nations, other philosophies, other ideas, other ways of living, and other people. The liberal arts degree is introducing me to that understanding.

At present, I am involved in a series of courses which I believe will aid me in bringing up my children to be worthy of the heritages of the Eastern and Western cultures. I am studying the past with the hope that in the future I shall be able to correctly interpret the twists of human nature

## Cupid Wins!

By Mary Anne Raines

When I do sit down to study I can't seem to concentrate, My mind gets blurred and muddy And I dream about a date.

I can't get on the Honor Roll I don't even want to try, I haven't a scholastic goal, I just want to get a guy.

I've learned some sociology And a little English Lit, Some math and some biology— But just a little bit.

There are all kinds of knowledge That much I understand, But the kind to get in college Is how to hook a man.

You may think I am stupid And maybe you are right, But there's nothing quite like Cupid On a cold and wintry night.

Knowledge comes from books, they say, But I've begun to doubt it, Since my first collegiate day I've learned a lot about it.

At first I studied all day long, My grades were very high, I always answered right, not wrong— "I know it all," thought I.

I knew more than the other girls, But they didn't seem to mind, They got dressed up and combed their curls, Then they conquered all mankind.

All the girls had so much fun (I mean all the girls 'cept me.) I knew I was the "lonely one," So I changed my policy.

I never study anymore, There's so much less to do, Studying is such a bore That I wish that I were through.

which write the pages of history.

I read Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats and search for the aesthetic values placed by others on much that surrounds me. Tracing the history of art has led me to an appreciation of those imaginative impulses which recall the creative spirit of the past—has encouraged me to cherish that which I cannot accomplish. I struggle with the words of my language that I may better define and communicate my ideas to my associates.

I have found what I was looking for in high school—I am beginning to understand.

## Ella Ann Depicts Ideal Student As Unusual, Shrewd, Abnormal



By Ella Ann Lee

There are all kinds. Big ones. Little ones. Dumb ones. Late ones. Grumpy ones. And somewhere the perfect one,—the perfect student who keeps her professor from becoming a truck driver. Professors, remembering and measuring by their undergraduate days, lament that she is very rare. And though I have never known one, with apologies to Kipling, it seems to me that:

If you can keep your average when all about are losing theirs and

## Gramley, Medlin

(Continued From Page One)

information. The selections revealed facts on weather, manners, and everyday happenings.

Dr. Gramley explained to what extent the restoration of Old Salem would affect the Salem Campus.

A capital fund raising program is being planned for the near future. The money will be used for a new power plant and dormitory. An indoor swimming pool, a student union building, and added endowments for professors' salaries are also planned.

blaming it on big week-ends,

If you can trust your intuition about Monday morning pops and be right almost every time,

Or daydream and not let him catch you gazing out the window; If you can sit upon the edge of your chair enthralled over each lecture though it may describe the adventures of an amoeba in a dish of water,

If you can walk with men of Chapel Hill and still not lose interest in men of the card catalogue,

Or think and not let your boy-friends know it;

If you can hear your paper re-read in class to point out cliches and hear your fellow students laugh, yet take it back to write again,

If you can wait eleven minutes instead of ten for your professor to appear when others are leaving, even though you haven't seen the movie,

Or walk with crowds to the post-office and never lose a pajama leg crossing the street;

If you can manage four term papers and an oral report in one six weeks and not allow your bridge game to suffer,

If you can get as excited over mastering a binomial theorem or a prelude of Bach as getting a new dress for the May Day dance or a love letter in the 8:30 mail,

Then you are the perfect student and—which is more—

You'll save your professor from truck driving, my dear!

## Whicker To Be In Arts Series

On February 28 in the spring forum series of the Winston-Salem Arts Council, Nancy Whicker, freshman violin major, will appear with Dr. William S. Newman, professor of music at the University of North Carolina. Dr. Newman's program will be "The Missing Link in Chamber Music with Piano."

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