

Poems And "Exceptions" Brighten Teachers' Days

By Carol Doxey

Remember when you vowed you'd never, never, NEVER, be a teacher; and you wondered why in the world poor old Miss Skinner, who had already had two nervous breakdowns, kept coming back for more?

The philosopher would say that it's probably because she felt a deep sense of duty and that she was responding to a "calling." The Utilitarian would point out that she probably didn't want to go hungry and needed money for her psychiatrist. I, being a mildly "gung ho" college student, maintain that it's probably because children are the most interesting people in the world. Turn your newspaper to the comic section, take a look at "Peanuts", and you'll see why; or, if you don't happen to have a paper handy, all you have to do is talk to some of that illustrious group known as "Student Teachers."

You can find them banging on the refectory door at 7:00 a.m. in order to sustain themselves through the day, or hobbling back to campus after standing in heels for hours, after such a day as Mary Jo Wynne had last week.

Mary Jo is teaching two senior English classes, spelling and journalism, putting out the school newspaper. The other day she was explaining the rules of making words plural, dropping e's, adding a's and so forth, using as examples "preparation", (drop e, add ation), "sensible" (drop e, add i) and everything was going along beautifully until someone brought up the word changeable; what to say? Especially with Mr. Bray observing. Mary Jo took the easy way out by explaining it as an exception. Did you ever realize that "exception" is probably the most valuable word in a teacher's vocabulary?

Mary Lois James is teaching the third grade and told me that the other day one of her little boys brought two apples, one for her and one for "that other woman". Who was the other woman? His real teacher! Shirley Hardy seems to be the original one in the crowd. She is teaching 9th grade home

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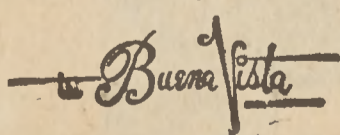


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Mayhew Comments On Minority Groups

"All things come to him who waits—" And I waited—and finally I've come up with an exciting tale of events "around the camp."

I was diligently memorizing for a religious test when through my transom drifted the noise: Pop! Help—Lucinda—I'm on fire—do something—help—the fire extinguisher.

My first reflex was to grab my towel, put on my raincoat, turn on my light and lower my shades (or is it—turn off my light and raise my shades)—and run to the nearest exit. But, I didn't—I calmly put my notes down and lumbered across the hall to aid my frantic neighbor, Audrey Kennedy—only to be run over by an even more frantic Lucinda Oliver who was "Johnny on the spot" with the extinguisher in hand—generously plastering the walls of 304 Biting with whatever that stuff is "WHAT puts out fires."

Meanwhile—Joy Perkins had alerted the fire department and two minutes later I found I had a ring-side seat for a "four ring circus" as Mr. Myers escorted four firemen in fire helmets and rubber boots and "the works"—into Audrey's room.

The entire dorm had congregated (a motley crew, to say the least)—flash cameras in hand—to watch the action and smell the smoke.

Mr. Myers, Mr. Markland, Mr. Gordon, and Capt. Davis began a systematic search for flames, sparks, etc. and then proceeded to do a professional job of cleaning up all that "stuff what puts fires out"—with sponges, mops, and rags. A room full of seniors sat around—commenting on "which fireman was the cutest," "how nice it was of them to come," and an amusing comment from a practice teacher on "why couldn't this have happened last week during fire prevention week (sadist)?" Eve Van Vleck bided the firemen adieu for us with a hospitable "Thank you s-ooo-ooo-much—and do pay us a SOCIAL VISIT sometime."

Speaking of fires—The recent news on the anti-Semitic movements throughout this country are very alarming. It seems to me that "we Southerners" should be busy enough muzzling up prejudices against the Negroes without dividing our wrath and vehemence on the Jew. Now the Americans can have freedom of choice—the choice to pick which minority group we'd rather purge. Will the Indians be next? Maybe the Chinese in San Francisco or the Puerto Ricans in New York City. And this is America—home of the BRAVE, land of the FREE!

A bit of patriotic spirit was shown by a member of our freshman class (whose name will remain anonymous to protect the innocent). Seems that she felt considerable qualms around 1:00 last Saturday night remembering that she had neglected her usual duty to take down the flag. So—out the door and down to the flag pole went this duty-bound flag-watcher. Down came the flag and—"oops, I'm not supposed to go out of the dorm past 12:00 on Saturday night." Bless her heart—"beats there a heart so true . . ."

Another incident took place late last Friday night. Rachel Facio, the new foreign student, arrived "around the square." Thus far, the only thing I can see which distinguishes her as an Italian foreign student is her accent. Otherwise, Rachel puts most of us Salemites to shame by looking so up-to-date and stylish with her short blond hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and pleated skirts. Salem is indeed glad to have you, Rachel.

Has anyone noted a decided lack of activity on campus at approximately 1:00 every afternoon? Salemites flock to TV sets to see the world turn, better known to some as "As The World Squirms." Squirm on, Ellen!

economics. The class was going to have a discussion on good taste in dress. We all remember what a teacher had to go through to get a class to talk in the 9th grade, that is when they were supposed to, so Shirley decided she'd shock them into it. She put on the most outrageous costume she could find, plaid shirt, figured skirt, heels and socks, rhinestone earrings, and globs of make-up and went off to school as though it was any old day. When she removed her raincoat, you can believe she started them off!

Ruth Bennett is teaching the first grade at South Park, and she says she has 35 children and loves every one of them. Last Monday, Ruth just couldn't seem to hold anything without it's falling mysteriously to the floor (understandable on Monday morning). After she had dropped the lunch money, flash cards in the reading circle, and her teacher's manual, one of the little Charlie Brown's aptly named her "Miss Droppsie" for the rest of the day.

Audrey Kennedy has really snowed her sixth graders. Here are two notes she received last week from her admirers:

"Dear Miss Kennedy,
We certainly are happy that you could come with us this year. We have enjoyed making our Manners Book. I sure hope you past that test.

Your truly"

Her other admirer resorted to poetry to express his sentiments:

"Dear Miss Kennedy,
I think you are a very good teacher. I think all the class agrees with me. Here is a little rhyme,

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you!

Sincerely yours.

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