



# The Salemite

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## BOUNCING OFF THE BRICKS

By Jane Litton and Janie McCaslin

Well, science has done it again. For the first time since Adam grunted his first crude verbalization to Eve, the language barrier between the old Adage and the Maxim has been broken. Yes, in his subterranean laboratory off the coast of Iceland, Dr. Algenon Z. Abercrombie fulfilled his life's dream of understanding this most difficult language since time in memorial. Unfortunately, the shock was so great to this dedicated slave to the search for knowledge, that Dr. Alge (as he has been affectionately called for his entire 103 years) dropped dead immediately upon his discovery of his discovery. Fortunately, however, his portable tape recorder continued to function after his untimely death, and an actual conversation between an Adage and a Maxim has been recorded for posterity. Here is the original, unexpurgated French version of the historical conversation:

Adage: What's a girl to do at a time like this?

Maxim: Forsooth, these are the times that try men's souls. Are we not the most miserable of men?

Adage: I was a woe begotten child. What grate qualmsy hath caused me such a fatty hard-buckle?

M.: Is there no rest for the weary? . . . No hope for the downtrodden? I'm beside myself with grief. Death, famine, pestilence and disease have plagued my country.

A.: Don't sweat the small stuff. And remember, opportunity knocks but once.

M.: Hark! Methinks I heard a pistol shot.

A.: Speak for yourself, John Alden.

M.: Tomorrow, tomorrow, and to-

morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . .

A.: It never rains but it pours!

M.: Oh, brother! Double, double, toil and trouble.

A.: Me, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep the else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

M.: So what else is new?

A.: I've got this headache that starts at the base of my neck.

M.: I am the original double poly-technic irretrievable. They've put the hypnotic idle atrophy on me.

A.: I have been thrust into the educational vortex of the ecclesiastics of the specifics of the

world.  
M.: There goes yon Cassius with that lean and hungry look.  
A.: Misery loves company.  
M.: There but for the grace of God go I.

A.: Gone, but not forgotten.  
M.: Goodgrief!

Unintelligible to the average superman, this article has been presented under the auspices of the Piedmont intermunicipal lecture series. Students of Salem College are asked to note that the course in the Maxim and Adage Philosophy (MAP) is soon to be required of all students.

## Education Cultivates Arts; Form Habits In Students

This essay was written over a century ago by William Cory, an Eaton College master. The pertinence of his wisdom in today's headlong scramble for knowledge is clear. It is reprinted here for the student of whatever age, who finds frustrating his inability to reconcile the sacred haste of that scramble with the deliberate, seemingly interminable, pace imposed on acquiring an education.

"At school you are not engaged so much in acquiring knowledge as in making mental effort under criticism. A certain amount of knowledge you can indeed acquire with average facilities, acquire so as to retain. Nor need for regret the hours you spend on much that is forgotten, for the shadow of lost knowledge at least protects you from many illusions.

"But you go to a great school not so much for knowledge as for arts and habits—for the art of expression, for the habit of attention; for the art of assuming at a moment's notice a new intellectual position, for the habit of submitting to censure and refutation; for the art of entering quickly into another person's thoughts, for the art of indicating assent or dissent in graduated terms, for the habit of regarding small points of accuracy; for the art of working out what is possible in a given time; for taste, for discrimination, for mental courage and mental soberness." Circa 1850.

(This selection was taken from the "Chapel Hill Weekly," Chapel Hill, North Carolina.)

## S. E. Seminary Students Invite Salemites To Participate In Religious Survey Here

Dear Students of Salem College:

In the midst of many debates about the validity of Christianity and the institutional church, there is a definite need for recording the evaluations of you who pursue truth on the college campus. Your ability to criticize effectively the presentation of Christianity that is afforded by the Christian church as a well-founded determinant which lends

the needed support to the proper understanding of the relationship of the college student and the church in contemporary society.

The attitude of you within the academic circle toward the church and your relationship, or lack of relationship, with it will largely determine the course that Christianity will take in the years to come. In order to gain an insight into the thoughts of you on the college campus, we of Southeastern Seminary should like to solicit the help of you, the students of Salem College, in a study of the religious attitudes of college students.

The study will be based on a questionnaire and student and faculty interviews. The goal of this study is to formulate the religious nature of this student generation; that is, the religious attitudes, problems, disappointments, and expectations. We realize that this goal can be achieved only in an atmosphere of freedom and openness, and we welcome your profound reflections, criticisms, and reactions. We invite each of you to participate in this survey, and we look forward to meeting you personally.

Sincerely,  
Joe Dowis and Ed Kay

## Show Discretion In Room Drawing

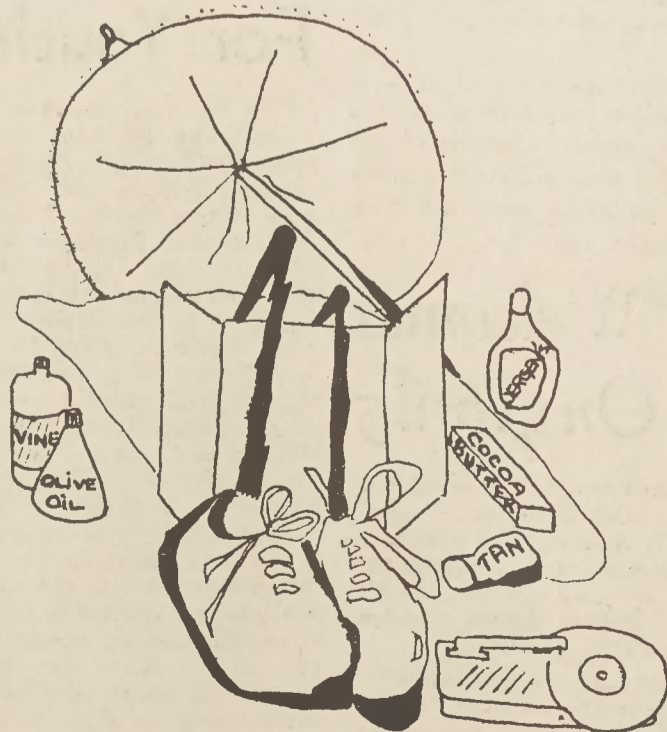
To the Editor:

With room drawing fast approaching and many people looking for roommates, it is particularly important that care be taken not to hurt another's feelings. This is a selfish time of year and a time when many people are extremely sensitive. This letter is one directed to the student body in hopes that tears and deeply hurt feelings can be avoided this year.

We must realize from the beginning that it is impossible to control where you are going to room. There are too many variables. Add to these variables the pressures and the hopes that are crushed when the room you want is taken by the pair of roommates ahead of you, and disappointment seems to be the order of the evening. No wonder room drawing is dreaded so!

But please remember—no room is worth hurting someone else's feelings. Things must not replace people in importance. With ingenuity any room can be brightened, but no amount of ingenuity can heal the hurt feelings or take back words said in anger.

Sincerely,  
Hannah Nicholson



## Library Offers Two New Weekly News Publications

The library has recently subscribed to two leading political and literary weeklies. Each is published by a newspaper noted for its outstanding and accurate reporting.

The *New York Times* weekly edition, printed in large type, is an experiment to provide an easy-to-read edition for persons with limited vision, or for those, like college students, who are hard pressed for time. This is not a digest of the *Times*. It contains a summary of the week's news, an editorial page

and signed columns by some of the *Times'* leading writers. The first issue contained columns by James Reston ("In Washington"), articles on international news by T. Wicker, and views on the social scene by the wry and witty Rossell Baker.

The *Manchester Guardian* has long been considered one of England's leading liberal newspapers and it now publishes a special weekly edition to give its overseas

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## Workers Break Monotony Through Union Participation

By Lyn Davis

"Doctor, lawyer, indian chief?" No, those won't do. Try "teamster, farmer, broadcaster" if you're looking for an interesting career—one that won't bore you with employment but will be punctuated by nation-wide strikes.

If you decide to be a teamster, you'll probably do more labor on a picket line than on your company job. This time they're cutting the trucking industry for 19 cents more per hour. The real professional teamster is a man of habit, as Atlanta's local proved. In spite of a decision made by the union's negotiating committee not to walk off the job when contracts expired, the teamsters in Atlanta did so. According to Weldon L. Mathis, the local union president, they walked off last Friday at midnight (exactly at the time the contract expired) from sheer habit.

Another job that doesn't pay as well but offers many "extra-curricular" activities is that of a farmer, most specifically a dairyman. The National Farmers Organization has been withholding their milk from the market since March 15 in an effort to force the price of milk up two cents per quart. They've also been dumping it anywhere within the range of a newspaper reporter or newsman's camera, having their wives swim in it, shooting processor's trucks, and being caught trying to poison whole truckloads of the stuff by dumping kerosene into it. They've gotten results, all right, but not what they expected. Court orders against any violence have frightened off would-be allies in their fight for more money. They've gained the bewildered laughter of the other 85 per cent of the dairymen who don't belong to the NFO. Their threats to slaughter their cattle or convert all the milk into low-grade cheese have been ineffective, too. The price of milk has gone down 2 per cent since February, according to the Department of Agriculture. Maybe they could have been a bit more influential if they'd chosen a time to dump milk when the cows weren't in their season of highest production for the entire year.

But your best bet might be as a news broadcaster belonging to the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. The whole union could strike for about 100 others like you in a nation who want a base salary of \$325 per week plus 50 per cent of what the sponsors pay the TV station until that equals your base pay, and then 100 per cent after that. You'd get the thrill of seeing men who make more money than the President makes parading on Pennsylvania Avenue with signs proclaiming "Unfair" on their backs. You'd hear such men as Walter Cronkite, Edwin Neuman, David Brinkley, and Hugh Downs say they back the union they were forced to join four years ago against the companies that made them famous. You'd talk about Frank McGee and Chet Huntley who, because they consider themselves journalists and not actors, are inside the big, modern building hard at work.

In times such as these, who wants to be a dull old doctor, anyway?

Sources: *Evening Sentinel*, April 1, 1967.  
*Journal-Sentinel*, April 2, 1967.  
*Greensboro Daily News*, April 2, 1967.  
*The National Observer*, April 3, 1967.  
*Newsweek*, April 3, 1967.