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March 24-28

Little Theatre: **The Night of the Iguana** by Tennessee Williams. Reserve seats at 725-4001 or 725-9776. Hanes Community Center Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

March 26

Civic Music: Whit Lo Singers. Reynolds Aud. 8:30 p.m.

March 26-April 14

Spring Holidays

April 16-17

IRS Weekend

May

Exams



SPRING HOLIDAYS

Dormitories will close at 5:00 p.m. March 26. Anyone who cannot get away by that time because of transportation is asked to go to Clewell office with luggage and wait until time for you to leave.

Dormitories will re-open Sun. April 4 by 12:00 noon. If you need to return Sun. before that hour you may wait in the Student Center or Day Student Center until dorms are open.

Please sign Meal Count Sheets in your dorm by Tues. night March 23, so this count can be given to the Dining Room.

Wherever You Go
Remember To Take



Concluding Episode For Current Coverage Of LLL

My dear and avid readers: If you are anxiously awaiting the climatic conclusion of this curious and clueless case, you mercifully may join yours truly in this purposeful periodical pursuit (or dosage of any duration has been known to have detrimental effects on one's affectations) in regard to Lisa's limitless little limericks into the crucial concepts of crime and similarly senseless shades of adventurous activities.

As you will readily recall, Lisa Lucille was energetically enthralled with the spine tingling (thrilling though somewhat soapy) myopic mystery of the Ye Old Ice Cream Shoppe waitresses, who were willfully serving Serenity C. super students first (that is before the brilliant bevy of cash customers who constantly compete for the selfless service of the witless waitress. The strangely though strategic situation, was increasingly of cataclysmic confusion.

Barefoot Betty and smiling Susie were standing absolutely aghast as Lisa Lucille stared, star-struck and dewey-eyed at the dominant and somewhat domineering figure of the waitress Lisa so wittily welcomed in the previous ingenious installment. Susie seemed similarly struck by Samantha's (so singularly inscribed across the simulated ebony and silver-edged name pin of the happy hostess) statuesque stature. Becky stood bug-eyed as the silent Susie shifted her serene stare from Samantha to a more moderately proportioned posture of one Pauline.

Becky was bewildered! There stood Susie Smith (normally nauseatingly neat) staring long and (to banefully baffling Becky's beleaguered wits) lovingly at that absolutely abominable attire. Pauline, prim in a pink pinafore was shamefully shod in boringly brown combat boots. The purple cast of her heavenly Hanes hose fitfully failed to credibly cover the fretful fact that Pauline's leggy lower limbs had yet to make acquaintance with a Lady Gillette. Bright frey russet ringlets fall from beneath the brilliant blondness of the waitress' wavy wig. Most unusual and most baneful (to Becky's critical concept of the whole) was the awful auburn of Pauline's meticulously shaped and trimmed Fu Manchu!

As Lisa lay languishing over the lean and lanky form of Samantha and Susie sat simpering over the singularly sloppy form of Pauline, Becky came to the cynical though clever conclusion that something was amiss, i.e., the scenery of Serenity C. was suddenly not so serene! What had bewitched her famous friends? What felonious fiend had devised the dastardly demise of her fearless leader? her fearful follower? What mystery mashed these masculine misses?? Becky was baffled!

"Hello, honey," a deep voice echoed and Becky quickly turned to come face to face with a certain Henrietta. Hideously hampered by her time-tossed thoughts, Becky nevertheless noted that Henrietta's hairnet was not necessarily neat. Golden locks of Miss Clairol's Creative Color Number 66 strayed strangely out (or was it Mr. Clairol?) Standing a full head higher than our height-conscious Becky, Henrietta was slightly, though singularly impressive, imposing, and inventive (upon possible passages between floor and ceilings and under door frames).

"Hello, yourself," Becky managed to mumble.

Henrietta had only one pierced ear and a terrible tattoo on the left bicep. Humm, thought Becky (and it was a humorous humm at that). Becky was suddenly and becomingly bashful.

"Ah ha!" cried Lisa, "I've got it!"

And so we bring to a climatic close another chapter in the challenging life and times of that lovely lady of mystery, your favorite super sleuth and her cheerful cohorts—Lisa Long, Susie Smith and Becky Bagley.

The Salemite

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Number 21

Salem Suspends Classes March 17 To Discuss Education-Goals Methods

By Laurie Daltroff

Wednesday, March 17, marked an advance, or rather an in-depth approach to, Salem's intellectual and social delvings of the mind. Faculty, students, administration, and Herb Horowitz met together to grapple with the failures and the achievements of our system of education. As Dr. Buchanan succinctly said later, "Everyone could come out of his little shell and try to communicate with everybody else."

The mini-symposium began with remarks from Herb (who prefers to work on a first-name basis) concerning structured learning in higher education by apologizing to his audience for giving a lecture, Herb caught the attention of the listeners, who were fascinated by his concepts of fantasia, imagination, and responsibility in the classroom or wherever the learning process occurs.

The people attending the symposium were divided into thirty subgroups of faculty members, student leaders, and participating students. Each group was to cover in discussion any topic desirable, including the grading system, requirements, and teacher-student platforms. Surprisingly, many barriers were broken down, particularly by professors who in the past have appeared creatures of vastly superior knowledge to the students.

The afternoon session began with students meeting together to pool their results, while the faculty members discussed among themselves the problems that had been pointed out, the changes that need to be made, and the overall failings of Salem College to provide a satisfactory education for both students and teachers. When the contingency regrouped in the drama workshop, it was amazing that the faculty had encountered the same problems common to the students.



Wednesday, March 17: Discussion unlimited. Here, Dr. James talks with students prior to the concluding session in the Drama Workshop.

Of course some faculty members—as well as some students—defended the present curriculum of requirements, grades, and somewhat restricted classrooms, but the prevailing attitude at the symposium was one of openness, the professors recognize that student criticisms of the false distance between students and teachers, of external pressure-oriented grades, of the programmed attitude toward learning as opposed to producing quantitative results, are valid. Many important things concerning possible changes were noted in the conglomerate afternoon meeting. The general attitude taken was one of the need to create an internal excitement for learning. This excitement, which is an ideal concept of education, would closely relate to—whether resulting from or engender-

ing—the need for individual responsibility for inner discipline among students and teachers.

The follow-up for this symposium has maintained a predominantly optimistic environment for change. Just as Mrs. Edwards urged us to truly consider our defenses and weaknesses in the system, while placing ourselves in the structure of change itself, so we have attempted to keep alive the spirit of intensity awakened by the symposium. Professors have become alert to the sensitivities of students as individuals, and students have begun breaking out of their shells, daring to question and probe in the classroom. Will this extension of symposium excitement create healthy results, or will there even be any permanent results? The answer lies within us in the future.