

Around The Square



THE SALEMITE of cabbages and kings

by Sarah Dorrier

Pay close attention to the announcements these days. Various dorms are sponsoring "Fire-side Chats" by professors, members of the administration, and interesting people in and around the Winston-Salem community. South dormitory and others who attended really enjoyed the informal talk they had with Dr. Pennell. One of the best things about these chats is that almost any question can be brought up and discussed. (Rumor has it that this is exactly what happened in South.)

Dr. Chandler came to Clewell one night and we all learned much about some policies here at Salem. Another good result of the discussion was that Dr. Chandler learned some of our concerns and feelings about life at Salem.

Dorms are interested in having speakers, but are not clear as to what would interest students the most. While House Councils are trying hard to please, they would greatly appreciate any suggestion about people to ask or new topics to discuss. Professors, Dr. Chandler, Dean Johnson and many others have expressed their enthusiasm about keeping the "chats" going and participating themselves. If you are interested - or merely not apathetic to the situation - make yourself known and get those minds going. What a good way to procrastinate - by attending something beneficial to your learning experience at Salem!

Student Protests

I feel terrible about being so wishy-washy and sorry for myself a short while ago. I guess everybody goes through those flashes of blues and wanting to get away from the horrors that must be endured by man if he is to live with himself and his fellows. But why does man always have to screw everything? Why rely on unnatural things to stimulate the brain and cloud the memory or cloud the brain and never quite kill the memory? Are people so unable to live with themselves that they have to abuse their bodies, blow their minds and confuse their peers' thinking? It is at times like these, when I am shocked back into awareness of the pits of man's self-destructive path, that I really desire nothing greater than to leave the world as we know it and find a little cave or a private hillside and be alone with the more realistic "lower" creatures of God's universe. Maybe it is unfortunate that man rarely has the time or available place to be by himself with nature. Maybe man's loss of communion with the universe has cost him his vision. Why oh why does "advancing civilization" stand for crowds and groups and artificiality, when man should be seeking supreme simplicity and tranquility as he ingests knowledge? Of course my mistake is in ever equating knowledge with advancing civilization, or discoveries with wisdom...

My hobby is quotations. I've kept a notebook since high school, and my present collection included everyone from Blake to Dr. Joyce Brothers! For my birthday last year, a friend gave me the paperback called *Barefoot in Boogar Hollow: Yestiday's Sayin's to Liv by Today*, so I thought I'd devote this week's cabbage patch to homespun wisdom.

Most men folk don't understand the value of knittin' to us women... hit gives us sump'n to think about whilst we're a'talkin.

If'n you ain't made many mistakes, then you ain't done very much.

I do feel lak women should learn to wurk fur a livin' cauz most of them is a'gonna git married sumday anyhow.

Hit ain't the burden that gits us down... hit's the way we carry it.

Cousin Roger always sed that we ain't what we oughta be, 'n we ain't wat we're a'gonna be, but, at least, we ain't what we wuz.

Uncle William sed that the bigger a man's head gits, the easier hit is to fill his shoes.

Cousin Cory sez that the lazier a man is, the more he's a'gonna do tomorrow.

Uncle Jake seys almost all marriages are happy... but hits the livin' together afterwards that cauzes all the truble.

My ole Caleb tole his boys that the man what swears the loudest 'n the worst usually ain't the best fighter.

Nowadays a necessity is jus almost anything that you see in a friend's house.

Uncle Jimmie sez that when you see someone make a mistake, at least you knows that he's done tried to do sump'n.

Uncle Saul, who taught school, usta say that a discussion wuz a'swappin' of knowledge, 'n that an argumint wuz just a'swappin' of ignorance.

All the folks I've seed that gits all wrapped up in themselves shore do make small packages.

My Aunt Alvira tried so hard to make Uncle Kaleb a good husband that she never did quite hav the time to be a good wife.

Fat ole Aunt Sophie seys we all ought to eat, drink 'n be merry fur tomorrow we may diet.

Our mayor is a politician who stands fur what he thinks other folks around here will fall fur.

If you feel like you've done a good job hit plezes you'n thats good. If'n you think you did it perfectly... you're in truble.

If'n you chase happiness too hard, you're gonna find misery runnin' along beside you.

Thars way too many folks that giv up a'lookin fur wurk jus as soon as they find a job.

And, finally, this quote is the way I feel every week after I finish writing my column:

Don't forgit, ever time you giv sumbody a piece of yo mind, hits done left another empty space up thar.

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Nancy Bristol, Salem's new home economics instructor, demonstrates the art of enjoyment.

Students Turn Prof On In Class

by Trudy Winstead

A tent pitched in lofty mountains, a trail to follow - these would seem to be the ingredients for an ideal weekend for Mrs. Nancy Bristol of the Home Economics Department. A restful scene indeed. But not for long for Mrs. Bristol has been on the move since she was a small child. At the age of three she and her Air Force family moved to Germany where they lived for five years. Her junior high and high school years were spent in Texas, then on to Montreat-Anderson College in Brevard where she met her husband Bill on the first day. Mrs. Bristol completed her undergraduate studies at Western Carolina University and immediately began work on a Master's in Housing and Interior Design at U.N.C.-G.

For the next two years, she and her now Army husband lived in a multitude of places, including Lawton, Oklahoma, Augusta, Fayetteville, and Asheville. But

did Mrs. Bristol let these moves interfere with her education? Certainly not! She continued her Master's long distance, writing thesis and commuting the varied distances when necessary.

After completing a tour in Vietnam, husband Bill returned to get acquainted with son, David, now sixteen months old, and continue his graduate education in Chemistry at U.N.C.-G. During this time Mrs. Bristol was busy taking care of David and designing interiors for Rountree's in Greensboro. They, along with their Irish Setter pup, Bristol's Brandywine Tara, now live in High Point with future plans for a move either to the mountains or the coast.

Mrs. Bristol's calm, expressive manner will surely be an asset to harried students. We were immediately put at ease by her delightful sense of humor and enthusiasm. A down to earth, fun loving lady, Salem is surely lucky to have her.

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