By Dr. Michael Kampen

On a very hot tropical night in

August of 1965 I was aboard the

Merida Rapido, steaming through



Our new Psychology Professors, Dr. and Mrs. Nelson, never go anywhere without their son, Eric.

By Adah Parker and Julie Barton

Have any of you been wondering who the handsome, blonde, blue-eyed young man who has been crawling around our campus lately is? His personality can not even be surpassed by his good looks. He is Erik Nelson, the nine and one-half month old son of our newest psychology professors, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold C. Nelson.

The Nelsons arrived in Winston-^USalem from Fort Worth, Texas where Dr. Nelson received his Ph.D. at Texas Christian Univerosity and Mrs. Nelson her Masters ndegree

Dr. Nelson is originally from Brooklyn, N. Y. He received his B.A. at West Virginia Wesleyan College and his M.S. at Long Island University. His M.A. dealt with clinical psychology emphasizing the experimental aspects of personality problems. Here at Salem, Dr. Nelson is teaching Developmental Psychology and Social Psychology. In Developmental Psychology, he empha-sizes observations of children according to their behavioral and developmental change and possible behavior modification.

Mrs. Nelson, a native of Pickens, West Virginia, received her B.A. in art and psychology at West Virginia Wesleyan in 1970. While at Wesleyan, she worked as faculty assistant for Dr. Nelson, where they did research in school evaluation. They married in 1971.

While at Texas Christian University working on her Masters, Mrs. Nelson taught art at a special school for Learning Disorders. She also worked in the Institute of Behavioral Research in drug abuse, family planning, attitudes, and performance appraisal.

Mrs. Nelson teaches Developmental Psychology in the Elementary Education Block and Introductory Psychology in the Psychology department.

Go North to the U.N. and Excitement

By Marcy Priester

Tired of the thought of eight sequential semesters at a girls' school, but like it too well to transfer? This sounds familiar, for such was my case as an undecided sophomore who finally chose a major not offered at Salem. All factors contributing, I sought and found an opportunity to alleviate my "overwhelming sophomore frenzy."

September, a year ago, I packed my bags and headed north to Drew University in Madison, New Jersey. While there I, along with forty-one other students from colleges and universities across the nation, participated in the United Nations Semester. I must admit that its accessibility to New York City made it even more enticing, ifor one is never at a loss for hthings to do with this metropolis only a short train ride away.

e Being classified at Drew as UN students, we lived in campus dorms and attended MWF classes. Tuesdays and Thursday spent in the City at the UN buildbing where we had discussions with various diplomats in the Secretariat. The usual procedure consisted of a speaker in the morning and a two hour lunch break which could be used to attend General Assembly, Security Council, or Committee meetings. We ended the day with another speaker whose general topics covered the system itself, political and security issues, and economic and social affairs. Besides visits to the U.S. and Soviet missions, the most impressive sessions included Indian and Pakistani speakers (on the same day!), Turkish and Greek Cypriots, and white and black South Africans. Aside from these seminar discussions, we conducted individual research projects. Yes, the academics are most inspiring, but the social life serves as its necessary component — and it is unbelievable! What can beat New York City for variety? Needless to say, almost every weekend groups of us flocked in and scattered to museums, plays, nation-ality restaurants, the Village,

the wild Maya jungles of the Yucatan en route to the ancient Maya-Spanish city of Merida. At sunrise the ancient locomotive came to a long screeching halt at the Colonial station where a

swarm of pack-bearers and horse drivers fought to carry our luggage to the hotels. After some deliberation I engaged a wellseasoned horse drawn carriage driver to take me across the city to the giant arcades of the Renaissance Cathedral. The sound of the horse's iron shoes pounding on the cobble stone streets echoed off the ancient Spanish walls as we wound our way through Merida Viejo and arrived at last at the spectacular baroque facade of the great Cathedral. Beneath those cobbles lies another and much older native Maya city destroyed by the conquistadores in the 16th century when they failed to Europeanize the Yucatan.

My hotel belonged to Modern Merida: the balcony of my room overlooked a turquoise swimming pool ringed by a thick curtain of bamboo palms and broad-leafed banana trees. Here in the tamed wilderness of Hotel Merida I laid plans for excursions to the archaeological zones.

Chichen Itaz was the most powerful of all Maya cities after A.D. 1000 and one can see immediately that artistic quality of the architecture of this great capitaline center should be regarded with the Athenian Acropolis and ancient Roman Forum. In the 1920's it became quite the fashion among the jet setters of that day to make a steamer trip to the Yucatan and travel around by mule-back. Benefactors of the Carnegie Institute of Washington that raised the money to excavate Chichen Itza were wined and dined at the Hacienda Chichen Itaz and given special tours of the ruins in Model-T roadsters. The ancient ruins where the Maya gods had lain quietly for centuries jumped with jazz and whiskey until the depression brought the

gala times to a quick end.

North of Chichen is an enormously deep well, nearly 100 feet across, filled with stinking green water where the Maya threw their sacrificial victims and waited for the water gods to deliver oracles. Apparently the gods were terrible prophets: in about A.D. 1200 the city was crushed by rough-cut Maya tribes that lowered the curtain on this last great chapter of Maya history.

Travel to Mexico in January

Visit Historic Maya Ruins

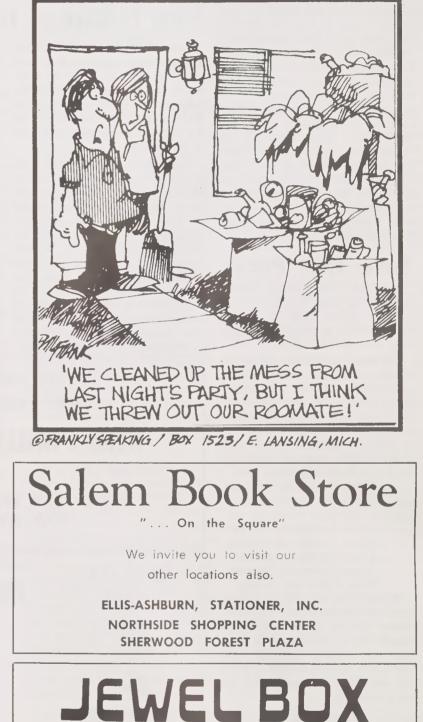
In the evening, back in Merida,

FRANKLY SPEAKING

after trips to Chichen and other historical cities I amused myself with endless rides in horse drawn carriages in search of the undiscovered corners of Mayaland, sketching ruins and penning notes to record these first impressions of the Yucatan. This January Salem students will have a chance to spend their days and nights following the endless Yucatecan trails to discover the fantasies in the living past of Mayaland.

It makes me happy!





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Fifth Avenue, not to omit the infamous 42nd Street. By December we were confident enough of directions and locations that we were even directing visitors. In one case we were mistaken for natives — that is until we opened our mouths! Memories we returned with - accents we left behind. Hopefully more Salem students

will take advantage of this experimental learning situation which is offered to second semester sophomores, all juniors and all seniors. Applications are being taken NOW for next semester, so if you find yourself thinking even twice about this, please contact either Mr. von Nicolai or me.



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