

The Salemite

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editorial

Monday, September 30th marks the annual Founders Day at Salem College! Founder's Day has been around for quite a while—so long in fact that many of us have forgotten just why Founder's Day was started. Monday morning Clark Thompson will open Founder's Day with an explanation of its history. It would behoove each student to pay special attention to this address. We need to be reminded that Founder's Day is not just a day of vacation from classes, but a time where each individual class becomes united. We compete, we laugh, and we play—TOGETHER!

In the past Founder's Day has been on a Tuesday so as to keep the students from taking a long weekend. Of course some still took advantage and went on even longer weekends away from Salem—Friday till Tuesday or even Wednesday. This year the Founders Day Committee has wisely decided to have "The Day" on a Monday. Now here is a perfect chance students to take a long weekend. If You do this there will most likely be no more Founder's Day at Salem College and I am more than sure that no one really wants that. What I am asking of you and especially what Sue Spaugh is asking of you is that you don't go for a trip—you can do that any weekend. Come see what friendship, class competition, beer and Salem is "all about" on September 30th. You have heard it before but I'll say it again—SUPPORT FOUNDER'S DAY! IT NEEDS YOU!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

I feel obligated to expose the important fact that Miss Skinner's review of the High Spots of Winston-Salem was one-sided, and therefore incomplete. In fact, she failed to mention some of the highest spots of all. Fellow students, we must keep informed as to these matters!

A unique and atmospheric gathering place meritorious for its culinary delights and cultured clientele is the Krispy-Kreme factory, located just off I-40's Stratford South exit. There one can sit at any hour of the night or morning and savour the melt-in-your-mouth goodness of HOT Krispy-Kremes while contemplating the myriad donuts circling the spectacular factory on their way to the drooling millions (they stop making hot ones at 10:30 and start again at 3:00 AM). The clientele is the most congenial in town—where else could you go at 3 AM and discuss universal truths with total strangers?

As for Donuts, Dunkin Donuts is also a must for the connoisseur. They don't have hot ones there, but their buttermilk and filled donuts are superb. Right next to Dunkin is Baskin-Robbins. If you haven't discovered this paradise for the Ice Cream Fanatic, you have truly missed a taste-transcending experience.

If you did Deutsch, or if you want something exotic, try the Tavern on the Green on Tuesday nights (the TOG was, I feel, unnecessarily slighted in Miss Skinner's article). This is the gathering time and place for people who want to drink beer and socialize in Deutsch *Das Bier ist auch gut!*

Ragtime, anyone? Shakey's is tops in that department—they have a new pianist there who plays your favorite singalongs revisited, as well as Scott Joplin rags. It's not real loud there either—you can even talk across the table.

Of course, there are many more High Spots, but these are the ones that should have a place in

everyone's repertoire. So when you're deaf from too much Juke Box music, claustrophobic from too much sardine socializing, or just ready for a change in your routine, think of these jolly corners, along of course with Miss Skinner's wonderful recommendations.

Chandler Teaches

Each Tuesday and Thursday morning from 9:00 to 10:15 in 312 Main Hall something out of the ordinary is happening. Our president, Dr. Chandler, is teaching Freshman English. For the twenty-three girls in the class it seems to be an exciting learning situation. According to several students in the class, his casual lecture-discussion format provides an atmosphere for intellectual stimulation and growth. Sometimes discussions turn to topics outside of English, such as Founder's Day and Johnny Jewels.

Although this is Dr. Chandler's first time in classroom teaching here at Salem, he has had previous experience at Dartmouth, UCLA, and Ohio University. English is his field, with teaching part of his profession. "I love to teach, and by working with this class I can keep alive professionally." Having his first experience with a class made up of only women, Dr. Chandler has had no problems, and admits that they are a lot better looking than his Dartmouth students.

Unfortunately, Dr. Chandler will only be teaching this course for the fall term. Having Freshman term papers in the spring and the office so busy, he can not continue into the next semester. However, he looks forward to teaching again, either Freshman English or another English course. Teaching offers a chance for him to meet and get involved with more students. Instead of being the distant man busy in his office, Dr. Chandler is a member of the faculty participating in the learning situation,

Dr. Gossett Hikes—Bears Give Chase!

Dr. Louise Gasset

Sprained ankles, aching legs, stiff shoulders acquired in the name of pleasure make those of us who go hiking seem mildly mad. Although I belong to the Appalachian Trail Conference and subscribe to *Backpacker*, I am only an amateur hiker. Since 1967 my husband and I have made June and September hikes on Mt. LeConte in the Great Smokies near Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Each time, we collect blisters and sore muscles, but we also collect memories of phacelia and grass of Parnassus in bloom, mountain ash in red berries, winter wrens bubbling, and bears prowling.

Five trails go up LeConte (6,593'): Boulevard Trail from New Found Gap, Alum Cave from Highway 441, and Trillium, Rainbow, and Bullhead from Gatlinburg. The longest is eight miles; the shortest five. At the top of the mountain, LeConte Lodge and cabins, primitive but well-kept, provide amenities unknown to dedicated backpackers, like sheets and meals served in a dining room. Guests often make their reservations a year in advance.

We hike without special equipment, except for good boots. Our knapsacks are Boy-Scout-Army-Navy-Store variety, which sag unstylishly when filled with lunch, ponchos, sweaters, and overnight supplies. Some hikers wear garlands of cameras; we carry binoculars and field-guide books. We are better equipped, however, than a misguided woman we once saw at the Lodge. She had struggled up the steepest of the trails, wearing thin sandals and a powder-blue slack suit and carrying a tiny white straw purse.

Our pace is leisurely, but we try to reach the top before three, when the afternoon rains and fog often set in. I usually arrive before my husband and then worry whether I should return to look for what Mark Twain would call his remainders. After dinner, if the sky has cleared, the hardy ones hike to Cliff Top to watch the sun set. The pooped-out remain in the cabins, coaxing small pot-bellied stoves to burn damp wood. The fearful barricade their doors against inquisitive bears.

On our first LeConte hike we rounded the last bend and ran onto mama bear and five cubs. A bear with this many responsibilities is given wide clearance. This spring we again almost collided with a bear in the middle of our path. We scattered down the trail and up a cliff. He padded behind us and turned off at the rocks where I had been standing. The illusion that bears are overgrown toys to be cuddled disappears as one watches their powerful, swift, silent movement through brush or up and down trees.

Breakfast at the Lodge is another Paul Bunyan meal, after which we strain a new set of muscles coming down the mountain. But we will always be deciding which trail to take the next time.



The Idiot and the Oddity

By Sherrin Gardner and Marilyn Turner

... and Bennie Lee and John Sherrin begat the Idiot, and Carolyn Reid and Clifton Spencer begat the Oddity etc. . . .

The Idiot and I reminisce often of our spur of the moment, "I'll be packed in a second" trips to Chapel Hill or Boone, or wherever the whim may lead. Our fondest memories, however, stem from the daily pilgrimages to the mailbox. There our hearts are moved to far away places as we read that "nothing exciting is happening this weekend in Lumberton," a favorite phrase in the Friday *Robesonian*, or that "Charlotte has had a record-breaking murderless weekend." Or we may receive a letter from one of the few remaining high school friends, recounting in detail the exploits of her latest romance, the news of "secret" engagements, or the outcome of the sophomore transfer epidemic. I always take a second look in my mailbox though, after I have dislodged the five back issues of the *Charlotte Observer* and whatever loose mail happens to tumble out with them, to see if there remains that one special letter pasted against the side wall of the cubicle, or playing dead at the very back of the box—the letter from Mama.

Dear Idiot (her mother writes), I went to Betty Lou Jones' (its Schmoo now though) wedding Friday at the First Baptist Church. I sat on the aisle so that I could see everyone process in. It was a lovely affair. The bride's mother wore a blue linen dress that had a border of ecru lace around the collar and the sleeves. I could tell that she had made the dress herself because the lace looked hand made and the zipper flap wouldn't quite lie down flat. I couldn't help noticing as she went down the aisle the first time that she had on tennis shoes. Apparently she did not know that the bride's mother is supposed to wait and come in right before the processional. An usher had to go and root her out of her seat and march her in again. At least her tennis shoes did not squeak the second time. Take care.

Mama

Dear Odd One, I played golf again today with Mrs. Telall. I played pretty well, parring three holes this time. Her talking didn't seem to have much effect on my game. However, she pulled my knee teeing off on September 8. Now it has one of those pouches above the knee cap like yours. (I didn't realize that my knees were pouchy.)

Enclosed is your bank statement. I took the liberty to open it and check it. Since you are doing to the service charge level again, I suggest that you not buy the outfit that you described over the phone. Just let the seams out of your old corduroy suit and wear it. As they always say, "You'll never notice it on a galloping horse." (I may start the streaking fad again out of necessity.) Take care.

Mama

Dear Oddity,

I like your column in the *Salemite* immensely, but I think the "The Idiot and the Oddity" would be a more appropriate title (there's the change). Mrs. Knox said that Lynn said that you were over at Wake Forest again last night. My only hope that you are working hard. I made it through my college years, Oddity, but yours are killing me. Let's hope that the old saying is true that "God blesses fools and children." Take care, you, take care, study hard, and then have fun.

Mama

Just as the adventures of Odysseus made a Homer, so have my adventures made me a Homer. Pack your things, Idiot, and go to Charlotte for the weekend.

SUPPORT FOUNDER'S DAY (It May Be Your Last Chance!)

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