

The Salemite

Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C., February 20, 1975

Number 10

Salem Students Involved In Diversified January Programs

January in British Isles

On December 29, 1974 thirty Salem girls, accompanied by a girl from Wake, Wellesley and Mary Baldwin each, and Dr. and Mrs. Jim Edwards boarded a stretched DC 10 in Greensboro, four hours late, of course. London greeted us, somewhat chilly and hazy, but certainly not the biting cold winds and unending rains we had expected. The flowers were even in bloom. However, the city had more than flowers to offer. The first two weeks of our month were spent in London, and there were a million things to see and do. For the scientifically minded there was the Natural Museum and the Science Museum, each a full day's work. For the literary folk there was the British Museum, filled with manuscripts and awe-inspiring sites like the Elgin Marbles, or Poet's Corner, or John Donne's grave in St. Paul's Cathedral. For the appreciators of art, London was heaven on earth! The National Gallery and Portrait Gallery, the Tate Museum, The Royal Academy, and many smaller collections gave them the chance to see masterpieces from every place and every period. For everyone there was the excitement of exploration in a huge city in another country. From shopping, to finding neat places to eat, to riding the Underground or a bus, or just plain taking a walk in Hyde Park, every day could be a new adventure. It was even fun making mistakes, like paying to ride the Underground to the Victoria and Albert Museum only to figure out that it was just a short walk from our Hotel.

Apart from the personal explorations there were group trips also. The first day we took a bus tour of London and made visits to the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral. The Tower offered hundreds of years of history as well as a chance to view the crown jewels. We also went together to Westminster Abbey, Winchester Cathedral, Stonehenge and Salisbury, Canterbury, Oxford, and, of course, Stratford, Shakespeare Country. Not only were we impressed by the beauty of the English countryside and the cathedrals, but we couldn't help but learn something about history too. Coming from a country so young, there was something a little strange about walking on a floor that had been walked on since the eleventh or twelfth century!

The next part of our journey took us to Edinburgh, where the key word was "wool". We hit the shops and began buying sweaters and kilts as if preparing for an eternal winter. Edinburgh also had a castle and palace right in town with the history of Mary, Queen of Scots to offer. And if London was not, Edinburgh was cold and windy. From there we took one day trip to Abbotsford to see the home of Sir Walter Scott, and three days after our arrival we headed for Dublin and a fast-moving eight day bus tour of Ireland. Tommy, our wonderful bus driver, showed us castles, took us to kiss the Blarney Stone, told us where to shop, and hauled us back and forth to those neat Irish pubs. The tour of Ireland was full of natural beauties, from the ocean at places like Galway Bay and, the Cliffs of Moher (which were alone worth the entire trip), to mountains and beautiful rolling green hills dotted with sheep. The trip in Ireland was topped off with a medieval banquet in Bunratty Castle in complete medieval style, mead in the mead hall included. We even ate with our hands!

After Ireland we headed back

Whodunit?

By Susan Wooten

It's now February and I think I'm safe. In January, I was an eye witness to brutal and often gory murders and many equally violent beatings. Have faith though, the criminals were all apprehended. No, I was not a member of the Winston-Salem Police Department this January; I was a member of Mr. Jordan's Detective Fiction class. During the month we read thirteen books of both English and American schools of fiction with characters ranging from Sherlock Holmes to Sam Spade. The highlight of the month was writing our own detective stories. Stop and think. How many original crimes are there these days? Everytime I thought I had a good plot, it would pop up on Barnaby Jones or Columbo. I came up with such exciting titles as "The Carbon-Monoxide Murder," "The Case of the Missing Maid," (The butler did it) and "Whatever Happened to Jane." Needless to say, I don't think I'll receive the Pulitzer Prize this year, but maybe I won't be sent back to Freshman English this week.



"Dr. Nancy" assists with the operation.

By Nancy Porter

Getting bitten and scratched . . . quieting a frightened dog . . . watching delicate spinal surgery . . . cleaning cages . . . helping with X-rays . . . talking with an upset owner . . . giving baths . . . observing the miraculous recovery of a puppy . . . These were all part of my January exploration into the practice of veterinary medicine: a unique opportunity that provided quite an insight into a fascinating career.

to four more days in London to try to fit in all of the things we missed the first time. Trying to see the plays we had missed, or the places we hadn't gone or wanted to go back to, or do all that shopping that we hadn't done occupied those last four days.

We all gained much from our January term, whether in the form of academic learning, experience, or new friends, and I for one, regard it as the high spot of my four years at Salem. The people made it what it was from our bus drivers and guides, to Dr. and Mrs. Edwards who were ever-tolerant and wonderfully patient, and to each of us. But there are only two ways you can begin to know all of what we did: either go for yourself, or, if you can't do that, ask any of us that went, we would be glad to relive our January term by telling you about it!

Behind Closed Doors

President John Chandler announced at the February 13 faculty meeting that Salem College will end the 1974-75 year in the black. Chandler emphasized that Salem is one of only a few colleges that is operating within its budget.

He said, however, that 1975-76 will be a tight year and the school will have to pay even closer attention to its finances. Rising water, gasoline, and electrical costs along with continuing inflation and recession have consumed more and more of the school's income. Chandler also said that recently more money has had to be diverted to repairs on the buildings. In order to keep costs down, Chandler announced that as vacancies occur in personnel due to retirement or resignation, their positions will not be filled.

Because of spiralling inflation, student applications are also lower than anticipated. Chandler said that for the first time since 1971, Salem will probably not achieve full enrollment next fall. To combat this, the admissions staff will double its recruiting efforts and also try to decrease the attrition rate.

On a brighter note, the president noted that while alumni contributions are smaller, gifts from parents and businesses have increased. Also, the college has no major capital debts.

Chandler also announced the establishment of a Distinguished Professor Chair. The position, which is endowed by an anonymous benefactor, carries a stipend of \$1500 in addition to regular faculty salary. Chandler explained that the position is similar to the Oxford Chair of Poetry.

To be considered for the chair, a candidate must be a full-time member of the Salem faculty, have full tenure and the rank of assistant professor or higher, and must have taught at Salem for five years and exemplified meritorious service to the school.

Candidates for the position will be nominated by a committee composed of two students chosen by the academic dean, administration officials, and one faculty member representing each department. The appointment will be valid for a maximum of five years.

H M House Opens

By Julie Heffiger

Beginning after semester break, six students and Marie Claire Leduc moved into the Home Management House in order to learn to speak French more fluently. Beckie McKennon, a senior, Barbara Edgerton, a sophomore, and freshmen Lee Bullard, Louise Williamson, Mary Jack Hinnant, and Julie Hettizer made up the group who will live there for six weeks.

You may have seen Marie Claire on campus. She is taking Spanish and American Literature here on campus. During January she taught at Salem Academy. Now she assists the French Department here and stays in the house. She arrived in the states in October and went to Colorado to visit friends before coming here.

The group meets everyday from 4:45 until 5:45 to talk or see a French film. Everyone is welcome to attend the get-togethers in the French house.



The "motley crew" headed by Dr. Gratz pauses for a breather!

By Roy F. Gratz

Thirty-five degrees with a 30 mph wind. Ice and fog. A quarter-mile of exposed, uphill trail ahead. And so the American Wilderness course began — really began, that is. It wasn't supposed to be like that, of course. During the first two days of meetings and Sierra Club movies, we all hoped for good weather. It was partly cloudy with temperatures in the forties when the six students and two faculty left Winston-Salem, NC at Carvers Gap (5512 feet) on the Appalachian Trail, things were different. However, we survived the two miles of hiking over grassy balds covered with ice-thrusted vegetation, and we arrived at the three-sided shelter a little cold and with ice on the windward side of our packs and clothes but otherwise in good shape. Sleeping bags were quickly stuffed up, and some of the group jumped in for a little warmth. Later, after dinners of hamburgers, beannie weenies, and other delights, we all settled in for a long night's sleep. All except the mice, that is. They spent the night scurrying from pack to pack in search of M&M's, crackers, or anything else that wasn't well hidden. The next morning it was 23 degrees, but the clouds had lifted, and the sky was clear. The fog had settled like cotton in many of the valleys below. A short hike to the top of Grassy Ridge (6189 feet) yielded breathtaking views of Roan Mountain, Grandfather Mountain, and the surrounding ranges. We could see the trail that we had traveled the previous day, and it was hard to believe that it was the same place. Our pain had been worth it.

It was back to Salem for more movies and meetings and then off to Mt. Rodgers, the highest point in Virginia, for our second trip. When we arrived at the trail head, it was partly cloudy and 28 degrees. The trail leading across an open area and into the woods had about two inches of snow on it, and all of the vegetation and rocks were coated with ice. We walked two miles to the shelter and left our packs behind while we climbed to the top of Mt. Rodgers (5729 feet). On the hike up to the top, the stillness of the snow-covered woods was broken by the explosive takeoff of a grouse. Back in the shelter, we

had our dinner and afterwards a small, smoky campfire. Once we were in bed, the ever present mice had their usual fun while we slept. In the morning it was 22 degrees, and the water in the canteens had frozen; the sky was overcast. We hiked over Mt. Rodgers, following the Appalachian Trail through a fairyland of ice-covered briar patches and rocky terrain. After seven miles, we reached the shelter that was to be our accommodations for the night. A cold wind blowing across an old orchard convinced us that we should walk the remaining two miles to the warmth of the cars. Over pizza and beer in Wilkesboro, we knew that we had made the right decision.

Our third hike in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, we had the best weather yet. As we followed the Appalachian Trail from Newfound Gap (5045 feet) for three miles to Ice Water Spring Shelter, we gained about a thousand feet in elevation and obtained spectacular views of Mt. LeConte, Clingmans Dome, and other peaks of the Smokies. At the shelter, we met our first fellow hiker of the month. Paul was an unemployed electronics worker and part-time writer who had been hiking alone for two weeks. That night we had a good fire in the shelter's fireplace and much merriment ensued. The shock of spending the night with six Salem women must have been too much for Paul who left a bag of clothes behind when he departed the next morning. The second day of the hike took us along the ridge crest to Charlie's Bunion, a bare outcropping of rock with precipitous drops to the valleys below. Again we had fine views of Mt. LeConte and the other mountains. After lunch, we left the Appalachian Trail and walked down into the woods below passing several small streams with cold, clear water bubbling over rocks and moss-covered logs. At Kephart Prong Shelter, we had our first accident. Laura Ann Buchanan, who had joined us for the trip, fell into the icy stream. After a quick change into some dry clothes, a short stint in the sleeping bag, and some harsh words from daddy, all was well again. Although it was drizzling when we left the next morning, spirits were high. This trip will probably be remembered as the highlight of the month.