

## We Are Witnesses . . .

Salem is a school of traditions. We, who understand and are a part of her, know. Even those on the outside, those who watch her doors reopen year after year know.

Salem is a school of traditions—the tradition of giving continuous service for 181 years and the tradition of sugar cake and coffee.

Each season at Salem has its own traditions. In the fall we sing "Standing at the Portal" to welcome the new year; we honor our founders on Founders' Day; we walk on brick paths to classes and shuffle through dead leaves in the square.

Winter comes and we begin to prepare for Christmas. We go to see the Putz in Brothers' House; we listen to the Seniors' caroling; we go to Christmas Vespers in Memorial Hall; hang mistletoe over the dorm entrances; buy Moravian stars to send home and are glad for Christmas at Salem.

Then spring comes and the leaves in the square are new and green. The pool is filled with water and the potted plants are brought out of the green house. On the morning of May Day, we go to chapel and receive pansies from the pansy bed back of the Alumnae House. The Seniors have three weeks of dorm privacy and we know it is almost over.

These are the traditions of Salem. Some are important to the whole state; some are important only to us, who live with them. They did not all begin 181 years ago. They were added year by year and generation by generation.

This week we have witnessed the beginning of a tradition—the signing of the honor book at Honor Chapel.

The signing of an honor pledge is not new, but the idea of preserving in a book the names of those who pledge themselves is new.

With the beginning of this tradition comes a new responsibility for all of us. We have promised in writing, in the presence of witnesses, by our own volition that we will respect and uphold our honor code. We have done this and future generations of Salemites will see what we have done and follow us.

This week we have witnessed the beginning of a tradition. This week we have gained new responsibility. This week we must decide that Salem's future generations will be better because of us.

## The Salemite



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## This Is George

By Kay Williams

It is Saturday morning at our house, and mother is fixing breakfast. The early-morning sun streams in the breakfast-room windows as I set the table and pour the coffee. Daddy is in the den reading the paper. We are being quiet so that George, my brother, may sleep late. Suddenly we hear a heavy thump on the floor above, water running in the bathroom, and feet pounding down the stairs. George skids around the corner with a "Hi, Dad," on the way, and explodes into the kitchen. "Mama," he asks breathlessly, "Can I go to Sam's today? All the kids'll be there, and we're gonna have a ball game."

This is George at the age of ten. He is not a little boy any more, but is not yet a young man. Although he is almost as tall as I am, he is thin, in spite of the fact that he is continually eating. Mother says he runs it off, which is probably true. George's hair is in a "Butch cut." He likes it because he doesn't have to waste time combing it or drying it after a swim. His eyes are brown, with long lashes. He has a dimple in his left cheek that shows when he grins, and it shows most of the time.

George is usually happy and contented, and loves to joke and tease. His laughter is as contagious as it is frequent. He likes most food except squash, people except girls, books except spelling, and all forms of play.

Life is not always sunny for George, however, and upsets come up every now and then.

His most usual clashes are when he is requested to clean out the garage or store-room, but he will

finally go ahead and do a bang-up job, and then burst with pride.

Concerning dress-up occasions, he doesn't mind wearing a dress shirt, and just loves bow-ties. He is adorable in them, and very young-mannish looking. As soon as he gets home, however, he streaks upstairs and into his fatigue pants, T-shirt, and tennis shoes, his uniform.

Along with this uniform go, as the seasons change, a baseball glove, a football, or a basketball. His ambitions change, also, and he wants to be, in turn, a pitcher, a quarterback, or center forward. He practices each one industriously, and is fairly good for his age. He is short yet for basketball, but is already working on the different shots, so that he will be ready when the height comes along.

School is merely a means of getting enough boys together to play ball, although he confided to me that he liked the lessons. He has to be driven to studying, but will finally get to work and make A's. He doesn't care much for girls, (except those that play ball well), but he will play contentedly with one until a boy appears on the scene.

George is affectionate, but a great display of affection is embarrassing to him. He is impulsive and warm-hearted, and given to picking mother's flowers and, bringing them to her, saying, "Here Mama, I picked these just for you." He is interesting to be around because he is serious and funny, and childish and grown-up. The next four or five years will change him a great deal, and I wish that I would be there to see it day by day.



By Phoebe Hall

After two years at Sheredith College, one becomes very wise. She realizes that phone calls from State are synonymous with the passing of the Seaboard Freight train—that if one stands in line long enough she can pick up her box-mate's package—that Van Hall should be referred to as "The Moving Van" during study hours. She also finds that the Music Department requires a two hundred yard dash to meet practice hours—that concentration is easy if someone gives you the "scoop" first—that you and everybody else thinks that lunch line will be short at the same time—that the best time to date is every night, then play bridge later—that the library test your freshman year didn't help you a bit—that church attendance really is required and that your allowance doesn't last long in the "Bee Hive".

After two weeks at Salem, one also knows that phone calls are more private in South than in Society—that getting no mail five times a day is as depressing as getting no mail twice a day, only more so—that studying is more possible in the library than in the smoking rooms—that the Music Department is on third floor, but worth the shakey elevator ride just to walk into Dean Sandresky's studio—that the best time to date is when you get the opportunity—that the early morning aroma of the cigarette factory will keep you from smoking until after lunch—that the price of textbooks is still rising—that Tom will lend you a nickel so you can buy a coke—that everybody needs a bath the same time you do and that cigarette holders are "in".

A transfer, then, is lucky. She gets the privilege of not only observing but living a new life. It's easy, though, to have frequent relapses. How embarrassing to get up early enough to go to that eight-thirty Spanish class on Monday morning, drag into a chair, and sit there for thirty minutes before realizing she's carrying out last year's schedule. Then after trying to crawl out of class unnoticed, the transfer walks along back to the dorm again in a daze, and wonders how in the world they got the ivy to grow so thickly over the wall of the pool since last June. Everywhere she goes she sees strange faces. What a daring freshman class, she remarks to herself. Then noticing the strange unevenness of the walk under her feet she looks down and is aware once more that she isn't a Sheredith girl but a new Salemite herself.

However, ultimate impressions reveal that the two women's colleges are strikingly similar—the presidents are both understanding and humorous professors demand but at the same time inspire—procrastination is the highly developed talent among the girls who are elegant and friendly, but, nevertheless, typical college sophisticates. The tradition is equally as fascinating and "the joy of comradeship is their spirit makes us one."

## Three Little Words

By Helen Fung

Have you ever considered how much mischief three little words can do?

Take my case, where three little words were impolite enough to descend upon me without warning, grab me unceremoniously by my collar, tie me helpless to a witch's broomstick and send me shooting wildly through two oceans and three seas, landing me with a thud right in the center of Salem Square (sort of remote place somewhere on the other side of the world) in a fabulous land of peace and plenty, jazz and jive, dates and doughnuts, "Hi's" and "Honey".

Just three little words with a big meaning:

"Fung for Salem"

I'm not being funny here. How would YOU feel if you returned from a Saturday morning's shopping and ran straight into the webs of Fate? Suppose you gathered your wits about you and decided that since you had to tear down the Western Union you might as well do it quick. No calamity, not death either, but something strange, like . . .

(substitute your own name) for Ethiopia" stared at you, hit you in the face, the impact of which only Hiroshima can describe. Where in the world is Ethiopia? . . . or Salem, for all I knew? Well, don't stand there like a fool . . .

And that was how, amid puzzlement and delirious joy, that it was destined I should live in 214 Cleveland overlooking the pool, that I should "italiano" my way through the language class, gaze enraptured at the twitching of Ann Miles' toes, haunt the Moravian Churchyard on Sunday afternoons and be accepted by Salem and the Freshman Class as their own. I am glad.

But when I first saw "Fung for Salem", I didn't know all this, I

had no clue to work upon whatsoever. You will bear with me when I relate the silliest misconceptions I had of poor old Salem. Being very practical and left alone after the initial flood of kisses, hugs and tears, I set off with my pals, several pencils and a thick pad, to the Library of the U. S. Information Service where, to our utter despair, we discovered that there was more than one college called Salem. Which Salem for Fung? A bright brain suggested we must take a chance—the famous Salem College, founded in 1772, one of the oldest and best colleges for girls, must be the one. Five volumes of American Universities and Colleges were thrust to us and the next hours were the most exciting in the world to Helen. It was her first meeting with Salem College, the correct one after all. Come to think of it, wasn't I brave!

Happily confident I knew quite a bit about Salem as I had seen two pictures of the Main Hall and the Graveyard, and with the words Sisters' and Brothers' House playing in my mind, I couldn't help but imagine cloisters with shadowy spirits of nuns and brothers hooded in black robes floating about. It says Salem's history dates back to 1772, who can tell if 18th Century dames didn't inhabit her halls? Do women and children go to the public tap in Salem Square to draw water? Must be interesting to linger around the music conservatory to eavesdrop on budding future musicians at their practices. On the other hand there must be the sweater-and-jeans, cigarette and lipstick energetic college girls that one so often reads about in books or sees in the movies or magazines. Where will the friendly faculty come in? Somehow I was kept too busy with preparation, farewells and the thrill of travel ahead to worry too much about  
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