

Where Is The Mistake...

It was gratifying to hear and take part in the discussion that took place in chapel Tuesday. It was one of the most enlivened student body meetings that has taken place at Salem.

There was much discussion on what is honor and what honor means as interpreted in our constitution. The latter question received the most attention; there are differing views on the meaning of honor at Salem.

While the basic ingredient to any honor system is the personal integrity of each individual who wishes to uphold the system, there are other factors.

Perhaps the fairness of those rules which go into the body that is upheld by the honor system is a factor.

The rule that says that a student's overnights are allotted according to her academic standing, and the rule that states that a student may not have a car on campus until after the spring recess of her junior year may be very unfair rules.

It is not a matter of honor if a student wishes to take 30 overnights in one semester; the honor only applies when the student takes more than she has been allotted by her academic efforts. It does not bring discredit on Salem and others if a student wishes to bring her car on campus.

Untold harm will result if the student drinks within the metropolitan area of Winston-Salem, conducts herself in a most unladylike manner, and consequently throws her reputation upon other Salem students.

Perhaps Salem would strengthen her academic standing if she would allow students more social privileges and at the same time tighten her academic regulations. No student wishes to lose her place at Salem by flunking out. But at the same time, no student will study more than four hours over the weekend. If a Salemite has been informed that her grades will determine whether she stays at Salem or leaves, she will study.

Similarly, if a student has the approval of her parents for having a car on campus, and the parents accept all responsibility for any accidents incurred while the student is in possession of the car, there is no dishonorable reason why she can't have that car.

As has been appealed to before, there is the parking problem. Juniors, seniors, and faculty should still be allowed this privilege first. But if an underclassman wants to have her car badly enough to pay for a downtown parking space, she should not be called dishonorable.

Are these rules continually broken because Salem students have no honor, or because the rules are at fault?

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Going Home

They brought my grandfather home this morning and put him in the long living room where I did my practicing. They had to move the piano to make room at the far end of the room for the box he was in. The room is always dark and cool as it is today. I went in with Miss Aida to help her with the flowers she had brought. Miss Aida had the flowers in a green vase. The flowers were yellow like the outside of my grandmother's house, and there were some green things shooting up from the bottom of the vase, tall thin green stems, like Miss Aida. The room smelled sweet, because there were flowers around the box my grandfather was in. The room was so dark they had to put a candle at each end of the box, so people could see the flowers.

My mother was in the room too. She asked me if I would like to look at my grandfather. I really had wanted to look at him all day, because I had never seen anyone who was dead. I tried to act as if I were doing it to please Mama, so I said, "No," at first, then went over and looked. He looked just as if he were taking a nap. His bald head was just as shiny as the day I left to go to Newport News, two weeks ago. He had his hands folded across his middle. The only thing different was his clean suit. My grandfather always had spots on his suit. Because he was not careful about the way he ate, my grandmother said. When I am old

I don't think I shall be careful either. I thought he looked happy. Well, he should be. He was home in his own living room.

I asked Miss Aida if she would like to look at him. "I never look at a person who is dead," she said wrinkling her face. "I always like to remember them as they were the last time I saw them," she winked. She acts as if she has a secret. I have one too. I am going home.

I have another secret. My grandmother said she would take me to New York some day if I would come back and stay with her at least until Thanksgiving. I think I would like to go to New York, but I must go home for a while first. At home I can play when I want to, not practice the piano because we don't have one, and anyway, I just want to-go home.

Maybe I'll come back. I really don't want to, but until Thanksgiving is not long, and anyway my grandmother will be lonesome. My grandfather will not be here to give me candy, but I guess I won't mind after I have been home with my mother. I am going home.

"Peggy . . . Peggy."
"That is my mother. 'Yes'm.'
"Dinner is ready."

Do you want this piece of fig, little ants, because if you do I'll put it near the door to your funny pointed house. I am going home—I am going home—I am going home—home—home—go—ing home.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing with regard to the letter in last week's *Salemite* on the elimination of the Christmas Dorm Decoration Contest from the schedule of activities of that busy season. This action was taken by an Evaluation Committee on Christmas Activities.

This committee was composed of six faculty and administration members and six students appointed by Dr. Hixson in view of their representation of the various organizations and jobs most concerned with and involved in Christmas activities on our campus.

At this meeting all of the many and varied Christmas activities on and off campus, plus the usual organizational meetings were discussed. They were put down in "black and white" on a calendar and it was felt that there were too many.

In addition to the ever present academic work, the unscheduled dorm parties, "peanut" presents, personal Christmas shopping and addressing of Christmas cards, buying of Orphanage presents and the general hustle, bustle and excitement of the Christmas season.

From this "black and white" outline the committee went on to discuss in detail the traditional and major activities involving a majority on campus . . . the Christmas banquet, the Senior caroling, the Orphanage party, Senior Vespers, the IRS Christmas Dance with open house afterwards, the dorm decorations contest, Pierrette play, and the Home Ec. tea.

Off campus, "The Messiah", the Civic Music Concert, the Little Theatre Play to mention a few . . . all in the space of two and a half weeks!

It was decided that perhaps there would be a possibility of eliminating some activities. Concentration on fewer activities would result in

the success of the activity due to more time and energy able to be put on it and actually a more alive Christmas spirit because "we wouldn't be worn out from spreading ourselves, thin on too many things."

With regard to the elimination of the activity in question, the dorm decoration contest, the foregoing reasons are given . . . and more specifically these: The feeling was expressed that dorm decorations and a specific theme for them were "just another thing that has to be done and is usually done at the last minute with much gripping and no meaning behind it."

This feeling is probably more apropos in regard to the upper classmen. They have to think of a theme for two or three years and to be different, this year they have to initiate a 19th theme which has never before appeared on Salem's campus (6 dorm x 3)!

Secondly, there is the feeling that "Christmas spirit expressed in decorations is not a contest to be judged according to originality". . . that Christmas could be one time when the headaches and tension of competition could be eliminated.

This contest has been sponsored by the IRS in the past and it was acceptable to the council that it be eliminated. Recognizing the fact that in general the festive spirit of Christmas would be lost without the dorms being decorated . . . the IRS will still promote the dorm decorations, but will leave it up to "you" with no stress in theme, originality, competition; and with the "Christmas wishes and New Year hopes" that your "leisure Christmas spirit", instead of a contest, will still bring us the sparkling, tinsel green and redness of Salem's holiday atmosphere.

Sincerely, Bobbi Kuss

Here And There

UN: For nine talk-filled years, the UN has attempted to work out a plan for disarmament and the prohibition of atomic weapons. Russia has always halted the proceedings by refusing any fool-proof system of controls.

Last week India's Menan proposed that there be a world wide stoppage of arms manufacture while East and West worked out both a disarmament agreement and a complete ban on nuclear weapons. Both Russia and the U. S. voted to shelve it.

Instead, they agreed to renew private disarmament talks by the five leading atomic powers (U. S., Russia, Britain, France, and Canada), who met for six futile weeks in Canada last spring.

Pakistan: Last week Pakistan bloodlessly changed from an unstable, pro-Western democracy to a more stable, pro-Western military dictatorship. It seems that when Prime Minister Mohammed Ali returned home with \$105 million in U. S. economic aid he was

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By M. A. M.

A wise woman, my mother, has said, "the wages of sin are evil". But alas, the wages of my "sin" were not evil, but merely boredom and disappointment.

Being a rather precocious child, at the age of ten I began to read heart-rending episodes in love magazines. At twelve, I had progressed to historical novels. They always had their setting in the Renaissance and their heroine was invariably in various stages of undress on the cover.

At fourteen, I had achieved the ultimate with *Forever Amber*. I knew myself to be educated in the affairs of the heart. I was as old as Juliet and was confident that were I given a chance to float down the Nile in Cleopatra's barge, I would acquit myself admirably. I was ready to take my place as a woman of the world. I would drive men mad.

There was, however, one small cloud hovering over my dreams which at times caused me great pain. It was delicious to feel that I had the mind of a scarlet woman, but I, to my shame, looked like a healthy little girl who would be quite willing to run minor errands for a dime.

I often had to console myself with a favorite line from one of my novels, *The Sultan of New Jersey*; "Marybelle's engaging air of sweet winsomeness added unbelievably to her seductive charm." With this qualification in mind, I knew that I could drive men mad.

At last my chance came and I began to date a boy in my math class. True, he was hardly the hero type. In fact, kindness could have only described him as puppy-like . . . all feet and grin and shaggy hair.

I overlooked the fact that he was at least two inches shorter than I was.

I told myself that Nell Gwynn had to start somewhere. I played the role as best I could but Darry didn't oblige. He didn't grow faint at the sight of me. He didn't send me expensive gifts. And to my sorrow, he neither fought my battles nor wrote me poetry. Still, I was confident he would prove worthwhile. He was the first man that I would drive mad.

I endured two weeks of misery for the sake of my vocation. Darry threw snowballs with little surprises, rocks, in the middle at me on the way to school. He hid my bike. He put pepper in my milk at lunch. He copied my Latin and I did his math for him. But wonder of wonders, he told my best friend, Mary, that I was the most hideous monster that he had ever seen. I knew then that I was driving him mad.

One afternoon Darry and I went to a horror movie and then to his house for dinner. I felt (women always feel these things) that this was going to be my night. I was going to be kissed for the first time. I was going to take my place with the women of history. This was the time to drive my man mad.

We walked home, up on the porch, and rang the bell. I leaned suggestively against him and then it happened. As though through a haze I heard him say, "May I?"

My experiences in my beloved books didn't fail me. I heard myself say in the most dramatic possible tones, "Of course, please do." But alas, my dreams came crashing down around my head. Darry had kissed me on the cheek and patted me on the back at the same time. Then, oh then, he went whistling down the street.

I went into the house and cried because the books had lied. There had been no blood pounding in my ears . . . no fire in my veins . . . the ground hadn't even tilted. In fact, I had been disappointed and bored.

Later over a peanut butter sandwich, I decided that I would be a lady scientist and drive men mad with their envy of my life-saving achievements.