

## Humpty-Dumpty . . .

Humpty-Dumpty, to all those who were reared on Mother Goose, was a good egg who had a good time. His rotundity implied self-satisfaction; his smile suggested that he would be riding the easy wave of prosperity forever. But Humpty-Dumpty's tale is a sad one—because in a way, he was a rather stupid egg. In one of his more rollicking moments, Humpty forgot to maintain his proper balance and toppled into insignificance. Not all the efforts of his friends and advisers could repair what good judgment initially would have prevented. All said, Humpty's trouble was simply the inability to perceive balance and proportion—even where his own welfare was concerned.

## And The Egg-Head . . .

Humpty's predicament, which grew into a catastrophe, presents itself to all of us every day. We are urged to proportion our time in studying; to try to maintain a balance between our social and academic life. As students, we often lose sight of where we are and why we are here. In our attempt to balance on the wall of What Is, we lean too far over the side of What Has Been or What Will Be, especially if what will be concerns the forthcoming weekend.

Is the egghead really so unattractive?

## Around The Square

Being a member of that all-knowing group—the Orientation Committee—I am here to personally vouch for a successfully orientated group of wide-eyed, open-eared freshmen. We welcome you "around the square", in the classroom, on the Hall Ball team, and to chat and join us in a cup of coffee at Harry's.

Click, click, click—morning, noon, and night. In the early morning hours the Senior dorm is clicking to the tune of the anxious—yet a little wobbly high-heeled practice teachers. Afternoons and night hours find a living room vibrating to the click of knitting needles. Remember girls—first knitting needles—then crochet hooks, rocking chairs and spinster doom. Click—click—click.

Monday night found me trudging my way up Memorial Hall steps to a well attended recital given by Mr. Heidemann. My knowledge being almost "nil"—I'm in no position to criticize his performance—just to say I was delighted and to suggest that Salemites take an hour for similar occasions. Sit in the balcony and you will have a "bird's eye view" of all those little tricks performed on the keyboard.

The patience of Job is needed during mail call. Freshmen are lined up ten deep—a deafening silence—and—HARK! The bellow of Ralph is heard. Stand tight, perk up those ears—and remember that "mail-call" is another of those necessary evils for freshmen.

To the murmur of tinkling, high-pitched southern accents there have been added the low, guttural tones that flow spontaneously from the spontaneous Katherine (our French student, the south-of-the-border twang from little Suzie (our Brazilian student), and a crisp British English from Agnes (our Norwegian student). Welcome—ladies—from all of us!

Either academic standards have been raised considerably or Salemites have reached an all time low in intellectual pursuits. In assembly Dean Hixon had hardly taken her second breath as she came to the end of the Dean's List. Be a non-conformist—join the majority and make that Dean's List! Practice what you preach, Mayhew.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do!" So . . . the Junior class gave its opening "Big Sister-Little Sister" party . . . Roman style. And what did they have for refreshments? Grapes!

Any of you Jazz enthusiasts? Tune in W. S. J. S. every Saturday night around 10:00 and listen to selections by The Modern Jazz Quartet, George Shearing, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck and the like. Keep your radios low—enjoy the show!

—Mary Jane Mayhew

# The Salemite



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## Freshmen Discuss Honor

Editor's Note.

The following quotations are excerpts from answers given by Freshmen on their Handbook Test last Tuesday. The questions asked for their interpretation of honor and their reaction to Salem's honor system.

The honor system places every regular student at Salem College on her personal honor, and personal honor is the basis and framework on which the Student Government is formed. It also places us on our academic and social honor, making us responsible to ourselves and Salem.

That the honor system isn't fair or shouldn't be applied only to College? No! It should be recognized as a fundamental principal of conduct and thought.

It is really not just rules or something to keep us in order, but something personal to live by. "This above all: To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not be false to any man." (Hamlet) This sums up the honor system to me.

The honor system at Salem is to me the very mortar that makes her walls strong. Each girl is made, through the honor system, responsible for her own actions—no other person can do anything to permanently injure another's honor—her reputation, perhaps, but not her honor. Therefore, since each girl has this responsibility, she must act accordingly.

Our honor system creates an individual responsibility for each student. Each one is her own judge—whether she carries out her responsibility is entirely up to the girl. To carry this honor system out to the fullest, a girl must be mature and truthful with herself.

The honor system means having individual responsibility to do one's own work and to conduct oneself in a way to bring pride and honor to Salem College.

I believe that the honor system is the basic ingredient in making Salem the wonderful school that it is today. We are united by this code in mutual respect and trust in one another.

The honor system works for the good of the entire student body. If one breaks it, there is a missing link in the chain which could affect the privileges and high standards of others. You are also cheating and hurting yourself by not living up to high ideals.

The honor system to me means that every girl must consider her personal honor the greatest privilege accorded her while attending Salem.

The honor system at Salem gives it a special atmosphere I have found no where else. I think it is a privilege to be a part of it.

I think the honor system is a system by which the students of Salem College are given their own freedom to uphold the rules and regulations. It gives each girl the feeling that she wants to obey the rules and it gives her the opportunity to prove herself honest.

I like the honor system because I like to be trusted and I like to live in such an atmosphere as the honor system establishes.

## Stee Gee Clarifies Rules With Orientation Advisors

The Student Council met Monday, September 22 with orientation advisors. After calling the meeting to order, the president, Margaret MacQueen, thanked the members of the orientation committee for their outstanding work with the freshmen. Margaret pointed out that the freshmen had received a fine understanding of the honor system and all that it meant to Salem.

A discussion followed on regulations and rules about which there was some question as to their clarity when stated in the handbook. The following are among those rules discussed:

1. A student may leave campus for 30 minutes for the purpose of obtaining food with a group of girls or a date. She must indicate this on the sign out sheet to prevent it from being considered an evening engagement. This does not entitle the student to a 30 minute

leeway in regard to coming in after 7:30.

2. Upperclassmen, taking unexpected Saturday or Sunday afternoon trips, must have their signout cards approved if night driving is involved.
3. The penalty for 5 calldowns is 1 week single restriction.
4. If a student cuts a class in which an unexpected test is given, that student does not receive a failing grade for the test.
5. The daytime campus limits are from the shopping center to the coffee pot; and from the Academy to the two blocks where the beauty parlor is located. All stores in the shopping center are considered within limits.

In the regular meeting of the Student Council, Ann Bolin was elected corresponding secretary for the council. She will be in charge of letters and material to and from other colleges.

## Tendrils In Color-Heaven

The small body of Tendrils lies still on the bright purple rug in the main room of anti-quity. When he becomes aware of the quietness of the atmosphere, Tendrils ventures to open one eye and view his surroundings. The room is empty of white students; no cigarette butts lie on the purple rug; no coke bottles sit on brown tables; no books rest un-opened in green chairs. Certainly this is — no it couldn't be—but, yes! it is. Little Bit, the dwelling place of the Queens of Color Heaven!

Tendrils' heart is beating so hard from the knowledge he has passed on that he again closes his eye. Time has passed so quickly in the past four years that this is the first opportunity Tendrils has had to be still and collect his thoughts. Here he will remain to infinity. In no corner of the room can he stand without being reminded of the past. The color scheme of Little Bit was not chosen by chance or haphazardly. Each color is symbolic of Tendrils' life—a color for each day, week, month, and year with plaids, checks, and strips symbolic of special occasions.

Tendrils worked hard to attain this dwelling. Tradition, honor, study, and endurance went into the making of his attainment. Each step was necessary in order to go on. No step could be skipped. Thus, each color, every color, is a part of him.

The small body of Tendrils heaves a deep sigh of self-congratulation. "At last, I'm here. Little Bit!" Raising himself slowly to one elbow, Tendrils gazes slowly around the room. One, two, three, four—red chairs. Slowly his mind reaches back. Tendrils can vaguely remember his birth into a gay, bright red first year with all the excitement of newness and eagerness. Now, faded pink as the color in Davy. A slight smile forms on his face as he sees in the corner a chartreuse chair. This is a painful reminder of the days of homesickness—A once-in-awhile shadow thrown across the first year. The bottom rung. The rug. Red-purple for a good beginning.

The smile drops from his face and a tear drags to his chin at the sight of two slate-gray lamp shades. How could he forget the gray, drab weeks of his second year. Being in Clewell twice—Suffering through the sophomore slump. Oh, a sign of hope. Streaks of silver can be seen in the gray darkness. How fortunate to have been in Babcock or Sisters.

Excitement builds inside of Tendrils and his eyes move more quickly toward the center of the room. Blue—strong blue for strength. Strength to continue and . . . a turquoise chair for those greater inspired. One chair. Yellow. One faded yellow chair for the age of South. Curtains; curtains; "gang" green with envy of those above.

At last Tendrils' attention comes to rest on two green columns reaching toward a white ceiling. The portals of the world beyond the walls of Little Bit.

To the right; to the left; below; above. The eyes of Tendrils dart quickly from the red chair, the blue sofas, the yellow chair, the yellow lamp shades, the brown, the orange, black, white, and gold print . . . OH!

Tendrils heaves another sigh. This time an exhausted sigh. Yet, he realizes all the hustle and bustle of life is behind him. He has reached the peak of existence. There is no other step to take.

Tendrils closes one eye. Opens it again to make certain of his locale. There are the colors. His reward for a full and worthwhile span of time. Red, gray, blue, green, yellow, purple, orange, black . . .

—A queen of Color Heaven