

New System Fair??

The new cuts system is as bad as the old. We have not been given even the inch that would enable the Class Attendance Committee to say, "We knew that if we gave them an inch they would want a mile."

We asked for unlimited cuts. No one got unlimited cuts. The seniors and honor students have been permitted to cut only one out of every five classes. The rule concerning first semester freshmen remained the same, while all other students were allowed only one additional cut per class. This adds up to less than five per cent of what we asked for.—That is not fair!

Before the rule changes we were permitted to cut before and after Christmas and Spring vacations. The new rule abolished this privilege. The student petition conceded compulsory class attendance before and after holidays but only on the condition that we were given unlimited cuts. Students who remained on a limited cuts system had this right taken away but were not given anything in return.—That is not fair!

Many students were kept on limited cuts because they overcut under the old system. They are being punished for breaking a rule which is no longer in effect.—That is not fair!

Those people who are not on limited cuts are permitted no excused absences. Emergency and infirmity absences count as regular cuts. As a result, several students have already used up almost their entire semester's cuts after only two weeks of the new system. Many others, the girls in particular, actually will have less free cuts than under the old rules.—That is not fair!

The new cuts system is worse than the old.
Norman Jarrard

Dear Editor:

The suggestion made in chapel Tuesday, concerning changing the status of the Pierettes to that of a major organization has brought forth a great deal of comment on campus.

I believe that everyone will agree, after seeing the plays produced by the Pierettes during the last two years, that this group does deserve a major position among our campus organization.

My reasons for taking this stand are:

Students who participate in these productions use innumerable hours of their time in preparation for the plays—hours for which they receive no credit under the point system, so long as the Pierettes remain a minor organization.

The contributions to campus life of this organization are as great or greater than several of the other organizations now so classed as major.

Greater interest would be aroused and perhaps more dramatic courses would be offered, if the Pierettes were given their deserved place as a major campus organization.

A. N. O. N.

Editor's Note: This issue was edited by Clara Belle LeGrand. Next week the *Salemite* will be edited by Lee Rosenbloom. Both staff members are candidates for editor-in-chief of next year's staff.

The Salemite



Published every Friday of the College year by the Student body of Salem College

Downtown Office—304-306 South Main Street
Printed by the Sun Printing Company

OFFICES
Lower floor Main Hall
Subscription Price—\$2.75 a year

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The Inner Sanctum

by Betty Leppert

Life in the Strong Dormitory "Rec Room", here at Salem College, is gay and carefree, for there congregate each day 25 young girls for the purpose of enjoying an hour's jovial banter and relaxation over a "Cigaboo," and the last received "male mail."

The room itself is nothing fancy, but is diffused with a kind of rural charm and rustic informality that is irresistible to even a casual observer. The color scheme is predominantly red and brown, the furniture is upholstered in leather; there is a large hooked rug before the huge open fireplace, which almost always contains a roaring blaze. An upright piano stands in one corner of the room, a cheery red "Coke" machine in another. Card tables and straight-backed chairs are scattered here and there, while toward the center of the room are the more leisurely, deep-seated "comfy" chairs and davenports. There is plenty of bright light for reading and studying and a wealth of ash trays for those

"weed" fiends! Above the fireplace, there is a lovely mural in the Mexican vein (modern impressionistic) which is in perfect keeping with the tone and color scheme of the room.

An air of pleasant airiness (despite the cigarette and cigar smoke) and youthful levity pervades the atmosphere at all times, as any visitor may witness. The girls form a contented, well-adjusted, uninhibited group of young women, who like to think of themselves as a sort of community—close-knit and congenial, working and playing together with compatibility and mutual understanding. Here is a true glimpse of the American way of life as manifested on a college campus! no petty grievances here—no blase formality, no pseudo-sophistication—but rather—good, wholesome conviviality. Healthy minds and healthy bodies, an optimistic outlook and a keen eye on the future, make this scene what it is today. Long may it endure!

Review Of A Review

If, as Mr. Jarrard states in his article on *Paisan* "acting should be the first consideration in judging the worth of a movie", then writing should be the first consideration in judging the worth of a review; since writing, like acting, is a medium. But to me this is specious reasoning from a false premise. Mr. Jarrard's mudslinging at *Paisan* is no more a success because it is neatly contrived than *Paisan* is a failure because it has only six professional actors and some unpolished performance.

The first consideration in judging the worth of a movie, review or any artistic attempt should be what that attempt has to say. Criticized thusly, *Paisan* becomes one more proof that Italy is supplying just about the best films visible today. Among other things, it is an anti-war protest even though it does not shout this at those in the audience; but rather presumes upon intellect to get its pith for themselves—a fact that makes it singu-

larly difficult for me to understand Mr. Jarrard's remark about the six episodes appealing to the "baser passions".

I also cannot concede that the "realism" of *Paisan* is "mostly realism of scenery and things that had very little to do with acting". Is there anything in the film that might not have taken place during the Italian invasion? I think not. But perhaps Mr. Jarrard would do away with genre art altogether—that "realism" that seems to be in vogue nowadays.

As for his testy comment on the polyglot problem, it seems to me nothing but sheer perversity. Though not conversant in Italian or German, I and innumerable others have come away from a showing of *Paisan* with something more than "severe eyestrain".

I think it is impossible for any review to be honest and valid when it censures by quips and quiddities, avoiding the true significance of its subject.

China And Russia

by Ruth Lenkoski

Russia and China signed a treaty last Tuesday to tie their nations in peace and war. The two largest Communist countries are now allied with each other by the sweeping agreement which was signed for the Soviet Union by Foreign Minister Andrie Vishinsky and for China by her Premier and Foreign Minister, Chou En-lai.

In the treaty Russia has agreed to loan China three hundred million dollars during the next five years. It has been estimated that such a sum will be highly insufficient to buy the Chinese all that they will need for their shattered country.

The treaty further states that if Japan "or any other state which directly or indirectly would unite in any form with Japan in acts of aggression," should attack either China or Russia the other country would give the attacked one assistance.

Other clauses in the treaty state the following: (1) Russia will transfer without compensation all her rights in the Changchau Railroad

which runs through Southern Manchuria. (2) Russia will transfer her administration of the port at Darien to China. (3) Russia will withdraw all of her troops from the naval center of Port Arthur. These provisions make void the Pact of 1945 between Russia and China.

Commenting on the meaning of the treaty, Chou said on a broadcast that it meant the unity of 700 million people, a number which will be impossible to defeat.

Progress of the Coal Situation

On Wednesday Lewis and the soft coal operators commenced a series of talks to negotiate. The meetings were under the direction of the court with Government mediators standing by. There was an air of tension in the meetings due to the fact that some 372,000 miners are still on strike in spite of a Federal Court order that they go back to work at the beginning of the week. Since certain rights of Lewis have been denied it is believed that a peaceful agreement is probable.

Contest

One of our professors at Salem often says everyone has a story to tell. Have you told yours recently? This is your great opportunity. Pour out your soul on paper, preferably typed and doubled spaced. Not only does this give you a chance to see your story in print but you might win five dollars too.

Salemite is sponsoring a contest. This contest will be divided into three sections: short stories, or sketches, essays and poems. For the best contribution in each group

a prize of \$5.00 will be offered. However, no prizes can be awarded unless there are at least ten entries in the first two groups and five in the latter. There is no limit to the entries that can be made by one person.

The subjects of the compositions may be freely determined by the writer. They may be local or universal in interest, formal or informal in style; but they must be original. The judges, Mrs. Pyron, Margaret
(Continued on page six)



by Winkie Harris

"Three spades, five diamonds—Ooooh, I got the pile!—Sing 'Again'—If I don't hear from that boy today—"

The after-dinner relaxation hour in the smokehouse was in full swing. Activitus slowly inched through the happy throng—on her face was that look of martyrdom which comes only during severe tests of character. She reached the door and paused for a last glance. The inevitable came.

"Hey!! Acti, where you goin'?"

Acti tried to laugh it off, pretend that this was nothing out of the ordinary.

"To the library", but the brave attempt at gaiety could not hide the intense suffering which lay hidden in these words.

"Nyahh! Trying to make an A average."

"Saddest story we ever heard."

"Let's play the fiddle for her."

But these raucous remarks served only to hide the true feelings of each. Understanding shone in the eyes of Acti's pals—a tear fell.

Then for her undaunted self-sacrifice she was paid the greatest tribute of all. "Good-bye my lady-love, farewell my turtle-dove" sounded in stirring tones as Acti, smiling mistily, squared her shoulders and prepared to meet her fate.

By the time Acti reached the library steps she was shuddering, gasping for breath. Gratefully she clung to the iron rail. The massive door opened, two creatures came out—Acti turned away from the sight. She hesitated, then remembered how much depended on what she did.

Once beyond the threshold, Acti came face to face with Authority. Obediently she stopped breathing (she had still been gasping), and slithered down the cold dark stairs that led to the RESERVE room.

She was greeted with shouts of maniacal glee.

"Hee, Hee-Haw!! We've got the reserve books you want", and the bleary-eyed creatures clutched the thick dusty volumes to their bosoms.

Acti walked resignedly to a far corner to wait her turn. A piercing glance withered her left sock. "For gosh sakes, BE QUIET. Can't'cha see I'm studying," said the look. The glances came from every corner of the room.

As she sat down, Acti realized that somehow she had managed to sit across from THE GIGGLE GROUP. She watched them, fascinated.

"Te-Hee, look at this", an elbow dug into a pair of ribs. The group was convulsed. One dropped a pencil and went through a series of contortions picking it up with her big toe, which sent the group into peals of laughter. Another put her foot on the table and acted the hysterical "Big Executive". Still another walked around demonstrating the tones of squeakiness in her new shoes.

Then Acti shuddered anew. Gal-of-Good-Will bounced cheerily through the door. Grinning broadly GOGW pranced through stopping to give each girl a cheerful lecture and a fraternal pat on the back.

"Oh, Boy", said GOGW, baring her teeth. "Quiet at last. Ain't this grand? Where's the new 'Cutest Men in America' Magazine! Can't do a thing till I read that one! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

She was followed by two more creatures—Sociable Gal and Oh-I've-Got-So-Much-To-Do-Gal. (S. G. and O. I. G. for short.) These two talked in unison—to anyone who would listen.

"Well, I can take two cuts for mid-winters this week-end and if he doesn't turn the first cut in I can go to Wake Forest, one more next week-end, which still leaves two overnights for Chapel Hill and—" (S. G.)

"I've got to read four books for history, seven books for English, do my unit, translate the "Communist Manifesto" into French, go to eight meetings—" (O. I. G.)

Miraculously, there was quiet. Acti sighed with relief, picked up her "Math Digest—1232 to 1950" and turned the page. Instantly, Authority loomed before her.

"Young ladies will please refrain from making noise when quiet is being observed."

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