

Let's Go To Class Because We Want To Be Present

Attending class is one of the privileges of a college experience. However, it becomes a requirement rather than a privilege when attendance is not voluntary. There are cases when students attend class because they want to attend; this should always be true rather than students' attending just because they do not have any more cuts in the course. An interesting course presented in a challenging manner makes students have the desire to be present, even though their presence is not compulsory. There are also occasions when students feel that each class meeting is vital to their comprehension of the subject matter and to their advancement in the course.

For these reasons, Salem's restrictive cut system seems unnecessary and obsolete. After her freshman year, it should be the responsibility of each student having a satisfactory record to regulate her own class attendance. This places the entire responsibility upon the individual and makes her realize that her record is a result of her own decisions. If a student's report is poor because of her irrational behaviour, it is then that she should be placed on a restrictive program.

Granted, there may be some truth in the supposition that some of the students may be seeking a revision of the attendance regulations to acquire more Saturday cuts. However, there will still be occasions when they will have to make their decisions and bear the consequences. The type of student that Salem selects to be a part of her student body should be capable of displaying sound judgment.

The request for more freedom in class attendance is not rash since many colleges on our level give students doing satisfactory work more privileges than we do. Most colleges at least allow students three cuts per class. It is not fair that students taking nineteen hours have the same number of cuts as those taking fifteen or fewer hours.

A "B" average in college work is generally considered excellent; yet at Salem, a student with a "B" average only gets twelve cuts.

In considering this matter let it be remembered that there are instances when students with unlimited cuts have refused a temptation to cut on Saturday, because they wanted to attend class and because they felt their need to attend.

Life In Peyton Place Portrays Realism

"Peyton Place", now playing at the Winston Theater, is a rare example of the movie version of a book being superior to the book from which it is adapted. Although the characters are just as well developed in the movie, it is free from the excess sensuality which predominates the book.

For those who might have become too involved in the frankness of the novel, the movie affords a clearer picture of what Mrs. Metalius was trying to show when she wrote **Peyton Place**; what happens to a small town when it becomes insarned in gossip—and everyone has something in their lives of which they are not proud.

While there is no superior acting displayed in "Peyton Place", the actors do give competent portrayals of their characters. Among the better performances are those by Hope Lange, Diane Varsi, and Russ Tamblyn. Iana Turner also gives one of the better performances of her career.

The one thing marring an otherwise excellent movie is the "Hollywood" ending. The movie ending implies that Norman Page (Russ Tamblyn) and Allison Mackenzie (Diane Varsi) will be married and live in Peyton Place. The ending of the novel, on the other hand, is less resolved, although the implication is that Allison and a young man she has met in New York will someday be reconciled in a life together.

—Sarah Ann Price

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Tendrils Attends The Coffee Club Meeting

I lay daydreaming between the bricks one day in front of the administration office when a big shoe loomed over me. I ducked down just in time as the monstrous sole closed over the gap. Then the air flooded in again and with it a flurry of dust particles. Why do men have to have such big feet? I stared angrily after the retreating figure headed toward the busy street that ran in front of my adopted home. A little slip of white paper fell from the man's hand as he punched the button on the pole at the corner. Scrambling out of the gap, I scampered across the bricks after the paper, propped it up against a tree with a rock, and backed away to read it:

The Tranquilizer Coffee Club Will Convene Today At 11:00 A.M. At Harry's Hideaway. Urgent Meeting. All Members Required To Attend. Bring Your Schedules. Give Free Cuts If Necessary.

I had heard about the Coffee Club—lots of girls had been talking about it. They could not be members, but they could sit in on some of the meetings. I decided to go, because I knew I would not be noticed.

Pretty soon a tall lean man came striding by. He held one of the white slips in his hand. I jumped for his pants cuff, but missed; it was too far off the ground for me to reach. I grabbed the next best thing, his shoestring, and swayed along across the street.

In the drugstore the din was deafening. Maybe it was because my ears were too large—I am meant to hear everything. The legs carried me way back to a group of tables and chairs and people with grim looks on their faces. Immediately a tirade of complaints were directed against my transporter. In the confusion I hopped off the shoe and shinnyed up the table leg. The empty side of the napkin holder made a perfect hiding place for me. The atmosphere was strained, faces tense, the clamor of a spoon against a coffee cup turned all the faces to the tall man who had carried me across the street.

"Your undivided attention, hmgh, please. We have gathered here to discuss a serious problem. We have begun a new semester, hmgh, and it seems the schedule has been changed somewhat, hmgh. This necessitates a new meeting time. The table is open for suggestions. And keep it low; there are some students up front." He sat down.

A nice bald man called the Good Gray Philosopher, stood up, clenching a pipe between his teeth. "This is a serious problem, a serious problem," he boomed. "It's determinism, that's what it is!"

"Pardon me, Herr Senor Monsieur Philosopher," spoke the secretary (she was the only woman at the table), "but the table is open to suggestions about a meeting-time, not the reasons for scheduling classes."

"Yes, Point of order!" said another man jumping up, flourishing a paint brush. He was a very artistic parliamentarian. "And while I have the floor, I propose we meet at 10:00 every morning."

"I object," said a misty-eyed young man. "I have classes every day at that time." Everybody listened to him because he was the Vice-President. Then a tall man with a greying G. I. haircut spoke out quietly.

"Mr. President, I move we meet at 11:00 each morning. Although all members may not be able to attend, at least the Executive Committee may be here. Does that meet your approval?" he asked, looking at the officers.

"Fine with me," snapped a shorter man, leaning back in his chair and puffing on his little pipe. "But I do think that some member of the club should always be here to entertain those of us who can come only at odd hours." Everyone nodded in general agreement. Then the president spoke again. "Now that that's settled, we'll hmunggh, go on to the rest of the agenda:

1. A program for evaluation of the student body.
2. Initiation of our one student member. This will take place at high noon tomorrow. Capucini will be served instead of regular coffee.
3. Nominations for new female members.
4. Funds for free coffee for visitors and special guests.

Just then Harry came back with a package of paper napkins. I scrambled out of the holder, ducked behind the salt shaker, and slid down the table leg. I could not hear much under the table, only low murmurings and sudden loud bursts of laughter. The serious part must be over, I thought. I hoisted myself into the president's pants cuff for my free trip across the street. Nestling in the lint I thought, "Maybe I could be a member. I sure could tell them lots of things about being small. I even know a few jokes I could tell at the rowdier sessions!"

—Tendrils

And Of What Are Scholars Made?

Walking down the tiled steps leading into the basement of Strong Dorm, I heard faint strains of "Raunchy" flowing from the radio. I stepped down the last step, opened the door, then stood there to light a cigarette. Simultaneously, heads reared back to look toward me, and squinting eyes moved in the direction of the door.

Two long rows of fluorescent lights, running parallel on the ceiling, illuminated the room. Two lamps were lighted and by both of them were chairs turned away from me. Heads slightly showed above the tops of the chairs. Bare calves and feet dangled on one side. Spirals of smoke made their way toward the ceiling and spread out, making tiny clouds under the lights above. The lamp light sucked some of the smoke under the lamp shades making the small tops appear to be chimneys.

Sitting in one of the red wicker chairs was my Honor Society member roommate, Ruth Bennett. With legs propped on another chair, ankles crossed, her head rested on the back of the chair. She had been the only one in the room who had not looked toward the door when I came in. A green, paper-back book lay folded on her stomach; her face was peaceful—escape! Sleep!

Taking a few steps forward I peered in the study room. Laughing silently I remembered MacQueen studying in there last year. Her Latin book lying in the middle of the table, she would perch on the top of the table, legs folded under her and chin propped up with fists. The book would be marked up, seemingly beyond comprehension of subject matter. Her curly hair would be untidily mussed, and occasionally she would tug at it, rub it or run her fingers through it several times.

Sitting in the study room, now was Jeane Smitherman. She didn't notice my presence because of her deep concentration on her cigarette. An open book lay in her lap and her left hand held the pages down. In her right hand was a cigarette, at which she was staring. She took a deep drag, slowly blowing it out; then she blew it in two great spurts through her nose. Further experimenting, she began to shake the cigarette in a small circle—the smoke scattered and sometimes made small circles. Taking another deep drag and carefully setting her mouth in an oblong O, she began to form large smoke rings.

Going back into the larger room, I walked over to a table and put out my cigarette. I glanced around again and went through the door and jumped up the steps two at a time. Opening the door at the head of the stairs, I stepped out into the brisk night air and walked up the path, over to South Dorm. The lights were on in nearly every room. I leaned back to pull the heavy door open. Going into the entrance room, I turned down the hall to the right. At the end of the hall, I peered through an open door. There, on the bed, sat Anne Summerell. Her notes were carefully placed around her and each book was with the notes to which they belonged. A dictionary was placed nearby, and, as she read she carefully underlined important sentences, writing notes by significant passages.

Turning back, I again walked down the corridor, into the entrance room and down another hall. Glancing into each room, my eyes stopped on a familiar sight—a green book called **The Contrapuntal Harmonic Technique of the Eighteenth Century**. Hovered over it, at a desk was Frankie Cunningham, pencil in hand. A large music notebook was beside her book and she was neatly and conscientiously jotting down little notes on the lines.

I went back down the hall and up the winding, dilapidated stairway. Going down the corridor to the left I passed several doors, then stopped at one when I heard some crackling sounds. I stood back as someone suddenly bounced out of the room, giggling. Anne Brinson, clothed only in a slip, turned toward me and smiled pointing toward the Coca-Cola machine, saying, "My fourth in an hour!" In a few minutes she came by me again, smiling, and went back into her room plopping down on her bed. Picking up the book that lay open, face-down, she propped back on her pillow and began rubbing her feet together, popping her toes at intervals.

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