

To The New Alumnae

The end is in sight. Three tables grouped together in the dining hall, surrounded by Seniors singing farewell tunes to the accompaniment of tinkling glasses . . . Juniors vowing they'll burn the science building and the education department at hat-burning . . . Sophomores with the point-of-no-return on their faces, and Freshmen with the "We lived through it" attitude . . .

Physical Education tests at seven o'clock, and blue exam tickets in the bookstore . . . term papers returned . . . The last issue of the paper and the last Stee Gee meeting . . . Boxes piled in front of the shop for packing . . . And exams . . . And graduation . . . for Seniors only.

To the Seniors of 1958 our sincere wishes for their continued education and happiness. We'll look forward to hearing their letters in opening assembly next fall.

Tendrils No. 1; On Tendrils

Last fall, about the time the Asian Flu hit the campus in full force, Tendrils was first put on paper by your present editor. The creation of the elf was the result of a session between Martha Jarvis and me, when we tried to find an outlet for a campus critic.

Since that time Tendrils has had a multiple personality; he became a bright green mural on one of the mirrors in Harry's; he was immortalized by Anis Ira in a Salemite cartoon; and, perhaps by coincidence, he appeared in the faculty play as Urbana.

Salem is full of tradition, so I'll stick to one not indigenous to Salem—Women can't keep secrets. The first and last words of Tendrils were from my pencil, as was the call meeting of the Tranquilizer Coffee Club.

Tendrils second and most prolific voice, was Shan Helms who satirized the Honor System's effectiveness, the Nominating Committee, and the assembly programs, that certainly deserved the criticism they received.

Judy Golden captured the Christmas Spirit as Tendrils munched on mints at the dorm parties; while the cultural level of Salemites was lampooned in poetry by Carol Doxey. Previously, the neglect of the library was reviewed by Mary Ann Brame.

One good turn deserved another—so the Coffee Club retorted with its Athenian interpretation of the function of the professor from the carriage of Mr. Paine's portable blue Royal electric typewriter, with the assistance of Dr. Lewis.

Finally, the orderly housemeetings were satirized by Erwin Robbins, after a composite chorus of Juniors deplored the amount of time they had to spend on one subject area. In defense of education, let me say the time has been well spent in that it has built up the stamina of the future teachers, who'll probably have to deal with more than assignments and deadlines later on.

As far as Tendrils is concerned, I think he has outlived his usefulness for this year. The past editor and I hope the students have read his opinions with the same objectivity and good humor he attempted to give them.

—J. S.

Hipsters Induct Tendrils

Wait! Wait! . . . Wait! Great things going on in San Francisco. The breathing here stifles me . . . tobacco. And living . . . nauseating. And working . . . square. But in San Francisco . . . my kind of people, my kind of life . . . not this Salem stuff.

The East Coast . . . they're still trying to beat life . . . they don't know they're already beat. I know. Great things going on in San Francisco.

All I hear around here is complaining about too much work and not enough fun. These Salemites, they aren't sharp enough to know what fun really is. They even plan ahead . . . square stuff. Got to go hipster. So long, Squares.

(The real reason I'm leaving is—Mr. Paine stepped on me while I was sunbathing yesterday.)

—Tendrils (J. S.)



"... and I am confident that the future of the world will be in capable hands!"

Around The Square

My feet are propped up on a piano stool and on this lovely spring afternoon I begrudgingly pass my time in Room 3 of the Music Building cramming melodic tones into my "tone deaf" ear. The feeling of futility is a frustrating one—isn't it?

However, I extend my congratulations to Miss Samson who has taught me and a sparing number of my fellow classmates how to appreciate Bach.

It is my opinion that the general trend of thinking "around the square" has become a little soured and negative. Granted, introspect is a wonderful thing and the freedom to express ones' opinions or the ability to observe analytically and objectively should never be compromised or sacrificed at the altar of conformity. However, I feel there is a thin line between objective critics and "constant gripe". One should never be misled into believing criticism must always be negative in its nature—for this is incorrect. Ever heard the phrase: "Give credit where credit is due"?

With the recent comments on the nominating committee, Stee Gee case reopenings, house meeting, and the primary education department (the majority of which I consider good observances) I want to change the tone to a "back slapping" session (with apologies to Tendrils).

Foremost, to the faculty goes a long round of applause for the acceptance of the cut system. Along with the approval of the new system goes the responsibility of each student to use these newly acquired privileges discreetly and wisely. It must be stressed that the final acceptance of this proposal depends upon the use the students make of it.

Martha Goddard is now bedecked with jewels thanks to Blake Alexander. That little ring sho' looks good on the "third finger left hand"—Goddard. And Tola Warren spent an entire week preparing to attend the V. P. I. Ring Dance. We see why now as Tola flashes her miniature.

"IT'S" (as Peggy Jones so appropriately named them) better known to us as the Introduction to the Theatre class must have given Mrs. Stevens a feeling of satisfaction as she observed each group's performances from a bleacher-like perch in Old Chapel. Miss Byrd joined the entirely too sparse audience during the latter part of the evening and her reactions were as favorable as the rest of the audience. The only regret—more should have been there to enjoy it.

The end of school is near. This is evidenced by the low ebb activities are hitting. Two hundred and forty Salemites had their last flings last weekend as a mass migration was made from Salem to all parts of the state. But the "exodus en Masse" will take place around May 29th. Have a good summer and come back with lots of exciting tales.

—Mary Jane Mayhew

Richard Nixon Enjoys Southern Hospitality

Toward the last of April Vice-President Richard M. Nixon left for a good will tour of eight Latin American countries. Washington has become aware of a weakening in the relations between the U. S. and these countries, and the inauguration of Dr. Arturo Frondizi as President of Argentina provided an opportunity to improve them.

Historically, Latin America has been dependent on the U. S. for its defense, economic resistance, private investment and finished goods. The people of these countries see us as imperialists and tend to be suspicious of us. Recently the U. S. cut down on imports of raw materials from Latin American countries, and this pushed down prices of Peruvian, Brazilian and Colombian coffee, Uruguayan and Argentine wool, and Bolivian metals. A trade and aid program has been launched by the Communists in this area along with propaganda blaming the U. S. for Latin America's economic crisis.

Vice-President Nixon has been holding his own amid the flood of questions, demands for loans, and sometimes jeers and stones. On the day of his arrival in Uruguay, Nixon was showered with anti-U. S. pamphlets as he passed the University of Montevideo Law School. Despite cautioning from the embassy, he visited the Law School the next day. In answer to a complaint against our economic policy on wool, Nixon explained that we had to protect interests in our country as well as think about the interests of others. A student charged that the U. S. had a passive policy toward dictatorships in Latin America. Nixon explained that dictators were repugnant to Americans, but that we had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries.

In Lima, the Peruvian capital, word got out about an anti-American demonstration that was planned by a small group of Communists to take place at San Marcos University. Despite advice of Lima police and the U. S. Embassy, Nixon made the visit and was blocked by 2,000 demonstrators throwing stones and eggs. This incident made it clear that the anti-U. S. sentiment is strong in Peru and is not just Communist inspired action. In our concern with Europe, Asia, and the Middle East we have neglected affairs here at home and must take definite steps to improve relations. Sizeable loans to Colombia, Uruguay, Chile and Brazil are being planned. Also we must have a strong "Good Neighbor" policy if we plan to strengthen political ties and check Soviet influence in these countries.

—Sue Cooper

Death And Sentimentality

In the 1957 Pulitzer Prize-winning novel **A Death in the Family**, James Agee's treatment for the subject of death is extremely skillful without being morbid or overly sentimental. We have before us constantly the example of the newspaper writeup of tragedy—for instance, that of Mike Todd's death (the beautiful young actress-wife—under heavy sedation—woke all the neighbors with her screams). Mr. Agee's presentation of a tragic death is a welcome relief from such maudlin newspaper write-ups and at the same time is a much more real and credible analysis of what goes on in the mind of one who has just lost a member of the family.

A Death in the Family is the story of Mary and Jay Follet, their two children, and their family life in Knoxville in 1915. Quite early in the story the reader becomes aware that Jay will be killed, but that does not lessen his interest. Jay's sudden death is only the beginning of the story, which then takes the reader inside the bereaved family. Mary, the wife, is surrounded by her relatives, moved by her grief even though they had not approved of her marriage in the first place. Then there are the children—little Catherine, who understands very little of what has happened, and shy, sensitive Rufus, who barely understands but feels something of the significance of his father's death.

Mr. Agee makes the reader know these people—the way they think and act, their home, their everyday habits. Thus the reader can understand why they react as they do to the death in the family. I think critics are more than justified in ranking this novel among the best writings produced in our times.

—Jane Leighton Bailey

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