

Day Of Love?...

This Sunday is Valentine's Day. Being Valentine's time, we are all thinking of love . . . Trying to pick out just the right card with just the appropriate message to express this love to our best beau — our parents — our friends.

And yet, we wonder about the worth of this day . . . Or maybe we could better express it by saying that we wonder about the length of this day . . . Should only one day—24 hours—out of one year—8760 hours—be set aside for emphasizing love? For emphasizing something that should be a part of every-day living? For should love not have a larger part in the calendar than a mere 24 hours?

With all due respect to St. Valentine, has our modern concept of time done this? Is it because the speed of present day living requires an accurate placing and timing of every factor? . . . A timing of even the aesthetic and intangible values of life? . . . Have we reached this point?

We would like to deny it . . . Deny that we have subjected love, which is considered the most important value in life, to our time schedule . . . But how can we completely deny it?

How can we when we, as students, fail to take an active interest in national and international affairs? For, if we truly loved, in the sense of love for fellow man, would we not be interested in the affairs of others as well as in our own?

How can we, when we illegally carry reserve books from the library during exams—never thinking of the other classmate who has the same exam and needs the same book by the same time?

How can we deny that we have subjected this type of love when we recall the times we have refused to help a friend who really needed us because we were "too busy"—at a downtown movie?

Or the times we have refused to write an article, paint a flat, make a talk, go to a lecture, draw a poster—and then have wasted so much time on nothing . . . Have not had time to do anything that is something?

What about the times we have deliberately defied our parents to do something that would give us temporary pleasure? . . . And the dispicable remarks we have made about the very fellow to whom we sent a lovely valentine card—when we should have been condemning ourselves instead? . . . Is this love—in any sense of the true word? Is there not something we have forgotten in our application of the value?

Has our modern concept of time done this? Can we deny that we have subjected love to our time-world? Is this not something to think about—to hope that we may some day be able to deny it?

This Sunday is Valentine's Day.

S. R.

(Editor's note: Next week the Salemite will be edited by Connie Murray, now associate editor of the paper. The succeeding issues will be edited by Betsy Lile and Betty Lynn Wilson.)

The Salemite



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Editor-in-Chief	Alison Britt
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Managing Editor	Sally Reiland
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"OH, CANDY!"

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

On Tuesday in chapel a person got up to explain the new system of taking chapel attendance. After giving the seniors a chance to vote on this question, she turned to the rest of the student body and said, "You have no choice in the matter."

Is that true? Do we not have any choice in the matter? If we don't, then the Salem College handbook had better be thrown into the fire and the whole school system reorganized under a dictator.

When one person can get up and tell us we have no voice in whether or not a new system can be introduced, then she is taking away the power of student self-government.

Student government theoretically has a voice in matters which affect the "general welfare" of all students. I assert that this new system does affect the "general welfare of all students."

As far as I know, we are still living under a democratic system of government. Since this is a democratic government, I feel that we have the right to vote on this new system. Therefore, I propose that the new system be voted on by the whole student body. If this right of voting is denied us, the student government exists no longer in practice, but only in theory.

Mary Anne Raines

Dear Salemites,

Tuesday in chapel the assistant dean presented to the student body a new procedure for checking and recording chapel attendance. The statement was unintentionally made that the students other than the senior class had no choice in the rejection or acceptance of the method. Another unintentional phrase was used when the appointed checkers were called "mere machines".

These statements were unintentional in that the speaker did not foresee the consequences of attitude

so untypical of that usually expressed by Salem toward its students.

I, too, revolted against the use of such forceful terms and immediately wanted to reject the proposal.

Upon reflection, I find that the new method has possibilities. There may be a great degree of improvement over the old system, and if so we should not allow pride to guide our better judgment. Why don't we give the new procedure a fair chance to prove its worth? If, after a trial period, the method is deemed a failure, it is quite probable that everyone concerned would be willing to re-establish the old method of checking.

Won't you give the new system a trial?

Lynn Wilson

Dear Students,

For the pleasure and convenience of the students, there are seven Coca-Cola machines placed in the various buildings on the campus. Thousands of these "cokes" are consumed each semester, leaving said number of empty bottles. Where these empty bottles are being left is the problem. Last semester, 12,000 bottles were lost, amounting to \$26.50; thus eating up one-fourth of the profits.

This semester the proceeds go to the May Day Committee for the financing of the spring pageant. This money is badly needed. The committee would therefore greatly appreciate the cooperation of the student body in saving these lost or broken bottles, and taking care to return them to the empty crates placed by each "coke" machine, rather than leaving them sitting in the halls, under the beds or in the window sills, as we all have so carelessly done.

A bottle saved is two cents earned for May Day!

Betty Tyler

All This And More

By Donald Caldwell and Ruthie Lott

How would you like to read a really different book—one that has a multi-color plot combining love, black mail, and fiendish murder? **East of Eden** by John Steinbeck is all this and more.

The novel moves from a Connecticut village which is typically New Englandish in character to a sprawling Californian homestead. In most recent books the setting is relatively important, but in **East of Eden** the description of the setting sets the mood for the plot.

The action is interwoven among various members of the Hamilton and Trask families. Kate, who marries Adam Trask, is one of the most puzzling characters you will ever meet. Throughout the book she is a confusing mixture of hate and lust. Adam Trask is a stable man until he is stunned into a

dream world by Kate's actions. Adam's twin sons Cain and Able are quite different from each other and are a modern parallel to the Biblical brothers.

To balance the Trask family with its extremes we have the easy-going Hamilton family which are outstanding for their strong characters. Lee, Adam's Chinese cook, is a pleasing mixture of love and wisdom.

East of Eden is often shocking in its stark realism; often unbelievable but always fascinating. Steinbeck's gift for revealing character portrayal is so effective that you wish the book had a sequel—you feel that each character has been a personal friend, or more often enemy; and the soul-crushing tragedy in the book cuts right to the core of the reader's heart.

East of Eden. New York: Viking, \$4.50.



By Bryan Bowman

Your valentine . . . the tow-headed kid who used to live next door and is now that handsome blond athlete who is president of his fraternity? . . . the fellow whose picture you clipped from the newspaper or magazine and who doesn't know you exist, but you wish he did? . . . the boy who ducked you at the beach last summer, then asked you for a date and later gave you his cherished pin? . . . maybe your daddy or your kid brother? . . . one of the men in Navy blue? . . . or a loveable guy who makes olive drab a glorious hue? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Just across town at Bowman Gray . . . some college town down the road a way? . . . in your home state next door to North Carolina? . . . sailing the high seas on a ship of war? . . . at a camp too many miles away for him to be here Valentine's Day? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

A carefree lad who makes life a game? . . . a quiet young man prone to books? . . . a brawny giant, boisterous and loud? . . . one with a love for Shakespeare and Bach? . . . a fellow whose profession is his daily bread? . . . a proud and defiant leader of men? . . . or a moody, wonderfully sensitive "he's-the-only-one-for-me"? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Flaming hair with temper to match? . . . wavy blond hair atop a high intellectual forehead? . . . curly locks over a plump grinning face? . . . graying temples with tortoise-shell specs? . . . neat crew-cut under a college beanie? . . . or dark hair above dark eyes, bright and full of expression? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Snappy bow tie? . . . cowboy boots? . . . French cuffs? . . . school monogram? . . . Phi Beta Kappa key? . . . Confederate cap? . . . a briar pipe? . . . hunting vest? . . . dungarees? . . . or a chevron? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Rich man? . . . poor man? . . . beggar man? . . . thief? . . . doctor? . . . lawyer? . . . Indian chief? . . . airline pilot? . . . politician? . . . engineer? . . . or musician? . . . college chap? . . . private eye? . . . jack-of-all-trades? . . . or just G. I.? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Mountain climber? . . . fisherman? . . . football, baseball, soccer, tennis, or hockey player? . . . boxer? . . . horseback rider? . . . cyclist? . . . track star? . . . pool shark? . . . swimmer? . . . diver? . . . yachtsman? . . . badminton champ? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

All-out-her-man? . . . dreamy type? . . . natural born fighter? . . . meditator? . . . casanova? . . . bashful beau? . . . party guy? . . . woman-hater? . . . hard-to-get? . . . solemn scholar? . . . man of culture? . . . country chap? . . . little boy but grown-up man? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Wants to travel? . . . stay at home? . . . wants to conquer? . . . live in peace? . . . wants to work hard? . . . just have fun? . . . invent? . . . explore? . . . strive for fame? . . . make a million? . . . spend a million? . . . he's not quite sure, but you don't care? . . . Your valentine?,—which of these?

He respects you? . . . he ignores you? . . . he drags you by the hair? . . . he worships you on a pedestal? . . . he showers you with gifts? . . . he dogs your footsteps? . . . he'll "see you around"? . . . he thinks you're a real woman? . . . a cute little doll? . . . he shows you off? . . . he thinks you're crazy but he adores you anyway? . . . he's tough but oh, so gentle? . . . he hurts you more than most men but he loves you that way too? . . . Your valentine,—which of these?

Which of these? It doesn't matter. If he's not like someone else's, should you care? The things that make him different make him yours alone as well. He may be a passing fancy . . . he may be beyond your reach . . . you may break up any time now . . . you may live your life with him . . . If he's claimed by a girl of Salem, then he's a lucky man. But the thing that's most important—he's yours, your valentine.