

We Have Enjoyed...

... these few weeks with some spare time for movies, television, and magazines.

... the moving lecture by General Romulo which has stimulated us to take more interest in our foreign affairs.

... the competitive spirit and suspense of the Salem Sweetheart contest—we may speak to Betty Lynn and Carolyn again, even though they wouldn't tell us who won.

... the finals of the badminton tournament and the practices for the basketball tournament.

... the tryouts for the Pierrette play cast; who knows, maybe that small part will lead to stardom!

... the rush of these first weeks in the semester, even though we complain and fuss because some of our books aren't here yet.

... the excitement of "dressing up" and hearing another thrilling Civic Music Concert.

... the thoughts of sarcastic valentines, from the Book Store, bought to send to "the ones", yet we know that we really won't mail them after all—"the ones" might send us one like that!

... the growing familiarity and friendship with Salem's newest Valentine, our foreign student; we wish we could speak Korean as well as she does English with only three months practice.

... the excitement of knowing that the Oslo Scholarship is to be offered again this year; we are already composing letters to the faculty committee and thinking up references.

... the planning of Parents' Day with hopes that our parents will enjoy it as much as we have enjoyed planning it—and they will.

... the short Student Government Chapel program, brief and to the point.

... the companionship of the "black kitty" as he makes every dormitory and every classroom his home.

We Have Missed...

... Donald and Sandy, and the others who didn't return this semester; there will always be a vacant place that they left waiting to be filled.

... the snow this week, but we are a little glad it didn't snow again—those snowballs can really hurt.

... the girls in the Home-Management house, and we are looking forward already to the time when they will be "amongst" us again.

... some sophomores, juniors, and seniors, busy again observing for some phase of an education or psychology course.

... the rage of knitting that descended on campus a month before Christmas—all those socks must have been finished or are being saved to finish next Christmas.

Mary Benton Royster

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Cartoon by Rose Dickinson

THE COSMORAMA

By Sally Reiland

There is a tide in the affairs of Salem students... A tide which rushes in about this time of year—somewhere between the undertow of last semester's exams and the enlarging revulets of this semester's term papers—and insists:

"Get thee away from those stagnant stacks of knowledge. Unbend the knees that have long been stooping between shelves of musty old manuscripts—you scholars... Unbend and emerse yourselves in the fathomless down beat of the browsing room chairs; read the *New Yorker* and pour over the *Saturday Review*; temporarily forget what St. Anselm said of truth, and worry no more (this month anyway) over whether *ibid.* follows *op. cit.* (or is it the opposite?)..."

"Lean over the main desk at the library (never mind if your rolled-up levis show from underneath your raincoat—as contemporary literature is beyond such considerations) and reach affectionately for your favorite author's latest child... Or let Mr. Snavely charge *Dracula* (chances are your parents won't know it's the most powerful vampiric thriller circulating on campus today) to your account..."

At any rate—quit trying to gobble the sea-horses of the past for just a few days, and nibble on the white-caps of the present tide... That's what it insists... And speaking of past and present, we find the noted Irish novelist, Elizabeth Bowen, dealing with just this in her latest book, *A World of*

Love (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50). Of particular interest to those who met her, heard her lecture here last year, or who have studied her writing in previous books—*The Death of the Heart, The Heat of the Day*, etc.—would be her presentation of this "fitful drama" which takes place in the emotions of four people in the south of Ireland; four people who share memories for a ramshackle country home known as Montefort.

Here, thirty years after the death of its owner, Guy, come Lilia (who had been affianced to him at the time of his death), her husband Fred, their twenty-year-old daughter, Jane, and a cousin of Guy's, Antonia—to spend the summer.

Through a technique of searching layers of consciousness, Miss Bowen shows that the present and past are not separated, but fused, in depicting three hypnotic June days... Days in which Jane encounters the past in the attic of the old home in the form of Guy's letters—written either to Antonia (who had also been in love with him years before) or to Lilia—which, they never know.

After each has read the letters, they are burned—and the heat that lingers on from them, we suspect, has to do with this interrelation of things present, past and to be; this inner agitation that "quickens a consciousness" of what it is to be alive—"a rush of memory from an unquiet past; it is to feel the suspended future", as Walter Havighurst has suggested.

(Continued next week)

Here and There

Freda Siler

United States: The biggest news around the world last week was Formosa, and to us all, the most important part of that news was Congress's passing of, President Eisenhower's resolution.

This resolution mainly asked the House and Senate to give the President authority to use United States forces as he deems necessary for the protection of Formosa and the Pescadores.

Very few thought this was necessary; Eisenhower already had this authority. But the resolution was sent to Congress for approval for two reasons:

1) Ike wanted to demonstrate national unity behind his policy, and

2) he wanted to keep his 1952 campaign promise that he would submit to Congress any proposed steps to use United States forces in combat.

If Formosa became another Korea, he wanted to ward off criticisms like those directed at Truman.

Mayala: The British last week

were not only watching Formosa, but they also had a wary eye on Mayala.

Currently, the British are deploying more than 250,000 troops, home guards, and police against fewer than 6,000 Communist guerrillas. The Communist victories in near-by Indo-China have given these guerrillas a new rallying cry, "Father Mas is coming."

The British are sending paratroops to this rubber-rich colony. Last month they decided to equip three Malayan airfields for jet-bomber use, while in Australia, 1,200 infantrymen are being trained for jungle war-fare.

Middle East: The Arab League states broke out in a quarrel last week. The reason was that Iraq decided to join a defense alliance with NATO member Turkey.

Iraq's pact collided with the leagues' strictures against members joining an outside alliance. As the quarrel went on, it became clear that the Arabs are not debating whether to join the West, but rather when and how.

Spain: This country has been in

(Continued on Page Four)



By Martha Thornburg

You'll excuse me if I reminisce—it will soon be February 14, and I'd like to forget that it will be on Monday this year.

There are several different stages in the delightful game of "Be My Valentine". To me they can be classified into four groups.

First is the generous, don't-leave-anyone-out stage of grammar school. Here, at the front of every room, was the inevitable valentine box. Made of cardboard, but disguised with red crepe paper and lacy hearts, it held place of honor.

The girls sent a valentine to everyone in the room—while the boys only sent cards to their ten sweethearts. The more bashful ones slipped theirs in the desks when no one was looking.

On the afternoon of Valentine's day, we impatiently sat at our desks while someone opened the big red box—and deciphered names on smudged envelopes. If we were lucky, the teacher gave us a party—and we left with sticky fingers, big smiles and valentines. When I got home—I found the best valentine of all. It came in the mail, and was signed "Love, Daddy".

The next stage was in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. I advanced from the penny valentine to the five cent variety. In the fourth grade my hidden artistic ability struggled forth, and I decided to make my own valentines.

All set with red construction paper, lacemats, white ink, glue, and scissors, I went to work. Since I still insisted on sending a valentine to everyone in my room, this was a major operation. Mother was most uncooperative in making me pick up all the little scraps of red paper from the rug.

When "Operation Make-Your-Own" was completed, I took my masterpieces to school and proudly placed them in the Valentine box. On the afternoon of February 14, my ego was demolished. The boy in front of me took one look at his little Cupid with the beautiful fringe and white letters, and said, "Did you make this thing?" This ended my unhappy experience in "How to Get An Inferiority Complex in One Easy Lesson."

Graduating from the sixth grade, I faced a new series of Valentine Days. It suddenly occurred to me that people actually read the verses on Valentines. With this discovery, I lingered over the Valentine counter, trying to imagine how many ways one could interpret four line poems.

As if this weren't a big enough problem, my list of boy friends had diminished to one. Now I had to find a Valentine that told of over-whelming passion without saying "I love you". Finally I found one with the subtle touch I wanted—and this time I mailed it (we were too old for big red boxes at the front of the room).

You can imagine my excitement when a big envelope was sent to my house from Him. The heart on the front was thrilling enough—but it had more. After unfolding it six times—and beaming with each new mention of his love—I stared at the picture on the inside. NO!!—it couldn't be—I folded it—and unfolded it again—and it was still there. In front of me was a little boy sticking out his tongue.

Leaving this unpleasant episode, I'll go to the fourth stage, high school, where hearts are often broken instead of exchanged. But back to February 14. Not being a precocious child, I was in the ninth grade when I received my first box of Valentine candy. Smothered with ribbons and flowers were the sacred pieces of chocolate. I rationed out some of the candy to my dearest friends and ate the rest myself—which greatly improved my complexion.

This elaborate token was accompanied by the most beautiful card I'd ever seen. I won't bother you with details, but the blue satin on the front went over so well with the pink rosebuds on the candy box.

Three years later, however, the blue satin card could be found hidden in the back of my scrap book. A high school senior could hardly be expected to indulge in such childish sentiment—but he was cute!

That seems a long time ago—though I'll always be excited on February 14. I'd tell you more, but I barely have time to run to the Book Store and buy John a Valentine.