

**So You Want a Library?**

If you were going to spend a year on a desert island and could take only one book with you, what would you take? That is a question which was asked of G. K. Chesterton and has been asked of most of us at one time or another. It never seems to become any easier to answer. Of all the books in the world, it is hard to narrow our choice to one. We probably would say when asked, "Oh, if I could only take twenty-five or thirty! Then I could have Mark Twain and—"

"Well, just which ones would you take if you could take thirty? Save the answer to that question until you begin making your book list for the contest sponsored by our library.

The annual library contest consists of two parts, as you know: the booklist contest and the personal library contest. Because the list contest allows complete freedom of choice and because I happen to have been lucky in the list contest once, I especially want to urge all freshmen and sophomores to enter.

There's probably in your mind, as there was in mine, the question "How do I go about making my list?" If it's going to be a general list you'll want the library backbone—a dictionary. Think of all there is in that book that you don't know! Then you'll probably remember hearing someone read a poem from a collection you'd like to own, or perhaps Edward Weeks reviewed a new book which you think is worth buying. Something old, something new, books you know, books you don't know and want to know, books to read and digest, books to entertain, books to bring back memories—all will be included in your list before you're finished—and there will most likely be more than thirty!

When the time for judging comes, your list of preferred books will be judged on its contents and on your sincerity in telling why you want the books.

So if you want to begin a library of your own, why not begin by selecting your first thirty books? Then, if the judges like your selection, you may win a prize and be able to buy some of the books of your choice. It's worth a try!

—Mary Ellen Byrd

**The Salemite**

Published Weekly By The Student Body  
Of Salem College

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT**

Editor-in-Chief ..... Mary Ellen Byrd  
Assistant Editor ..... Effie Ruth Maxwell  
Associate Editor ..... Hazel Watts  
Sports Editor ..... Mary Lucy Baynes  
Music Editor ..... June Reid  
Copy Editor ..... Helen McMillan  
Make-up-Editor ..... Virtie Stroup  
Feature Editor ..... Marguerite Mullin  
Faculty Advisor ..... Miss Jess Byrd

Senora Lindsey, Frances Law, Martha Boatwright, Helen Thomas, Bernice Bunn, Catherine Bunn, Jane Mulhellen, Coit Redfearn, Adele Chase, Janet Johnston, Rosalind Clark, Genevieve Frasier, Margaret Styres, Lynn Williard, Lucile Newman, Rosamond Putzel, Peggy Taylor, Margaret Fisher, Constance Scogins, Maria Hicks, Rebecca Clapp, Jane Calkins, Jane Bell, Peggy Davis, Sheffield Liles, Lois Wooten, Margaret Williams, Sarah Hege, Nell Jane Griffin, Jane Lovelace, and Martha Lou Heitman.

**BUSINESS DEPARTMENT**

Emily Harris ..... Business Manager  
Mildred Garison ..... Circulation Manager  
Betsy Thomas ..... Advertising Manager  
Betsy Long, Doris Little, Marianne Everett, Kathleen Phillips, Martha Walton, Sheffield Liles, Lomie Lou Mills, Margaret Brown, Martha Harrison, Winifred Wall, Mary Farmer Brantley, Nancy Hills Davis, Margaret Nichols, Mary Frances McNeely, Margaret Carter, Betty Hennessee, Mollie Cameron, Norma Rhoades, Mary Stevens, Marion Waters, Sally Boswell, Carol Beckwith, Edith Longest, Ellie Rodd, Ann Hairston, Mary Elizabeth Reimers, Barbara Watkins, Margaret West, Dodie Bayley, Agnes Bowers, Greta Garth, Catherine Bunn, Leslie Bullard, Emma Mitchell, and Henrietta Walton.

**Don't Quote Me---But....**

So far this week has been fairly quiet . . . the Old Ladies beat the Freshmen as t'was expected . . . tra-la . . . Some of them little gals really ever more swing a wicked stiek. Considering we have escaped with all the teeth shows it wasn't such a bad season . . . We didn't want that thumb on our right hand, anyway . . .

Lusty were the cheers of the Juniors Wed. . . . we feel sure there was method in their madness . . . but, dear Ceasar, ain't we used to that? . . .

Yes, everything pleases us this week . . . Dean Vardell has recovered from his escapade among the organ pipes and is now able to speak in his normal voice . . . Of course we could complain of tests—do you realize we have had at least one a week for the past ten weeks—but we won't.

There has been some discussion about pie dough and flacko, or something like that—but we don't get it, so forget it . . .

In the "Was Our Faces Red" department we found this one—last Wed. We tripped down to the gym early to practice for the first time—When we happened in, it seemed some little freshmen were there ahead of us just waiting for the game. In that we're scared - your - going - to - beat - us - but - we - hope - you - don't know - we're - scared - voice we began ribbing one exceptionally bright looking little girl. Later Miss Averill introduced us—and to our embarrassment she ain't a Freshman at all . . . Worse than that, she is Miss Douglas! . . . h u m m m

Can you believe it . . . only 14 more shopping days 'til Christmas . . . and 10 of those include term papers, tests, Christmas cards, tests, packing, tests . . . ugg . . . then Christmas . . . back to school . . . exams . . . registration . . . tests, . . . termpapers . . . tests . . . spring holidays . . . exams . . . graduation . . . golly the year is practically over!

It grieves us to learn that the German Club hasn't been given a chapel program . . . Can't they possibly be squeezed in? It just won't seem like Christmas if we don't hear them sing . . .

To those of you who are operatically inclined, the operas are back on the radio on Sat. afternoons . . . Last week they gave Der Valkyrie which we had to give up for a bunch of Romanesque Cathedrals which aren't half as beautiful . . . This Sat. — Don Giovanni . . . it ought to be good . . .

With these kind thoughts we leave you now . . . be sure and get the letter off to Santa Claus . . . Instead of leaving him a cup of coffee and a piece of cake, it's cigarettes the old gentleman prefers . . . heh, heh . . . Good night, children . . .

**Apuntes Espanoles**

El sábado, 9 de diciembre, es un tiempo muy importante al colegio de Salem. Las señoritas estarán excitadas a causa del baile y hará unos pocos caballeros para las señoritas que tienen suerte. Y naturalmente hará allá las serpientes para bailar con los amigos de las otras.

Siempre nos gusta el baile de Pascuas porque sea cerca las vacaciones y hay mucha excitación. Las decoraciones son rojas y verdes, y el gimnasio es muy diferente de los otros días de la semana.

Esperamos verlas al baile y también esperamos que tengan una cita. Hasta el sábado!

**The Christmas Poem**

The following poem, written by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts of Kentucky, has been read at every Senior Vespers program for the last twenty years. Dr. Rondthaler explains that he reads "Christmas Morning" each year because it brings Bethlehem and the Christmas story into our daily lives.

**CHRISTMAS MORNING**



If Bethlehem were here today,  
Or this were very long ago,  
There wouldn't be a winter-time  
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,  
And down along the pasture walk;  
And off beside the cattle-barns,  
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain  
And pull away the wooden pin;  
I'd push the door a little bit  
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens  
And all the cows would stand away;  
Their eyes would open wide to see  
A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago  
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled—  
I mean, the lady would—and she  
Would take the woolly blankets off  
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,  
And he would look like our John,  
And he would be all crumpled too,  
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.  
His little clothes would all be white.  
I'd slip my finger in his hand  
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, 'Take care,'  
The mother, Mary, would, 'Take care;'  
And I would kiss his little hand  
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back  
The gentle talk would soon begin.  
And when I'd tiptoe softly out  
I'd meet the wise men going in.

—Elizabeth Maddox Roberts

**The Front Page**

Just in case you're curious, the red art on the front page was not a mere trick of the linotype machine. The design was drawn by Lucile Newman and was printed from a linoleum block cut by your editor.

**WHERE ARE THE CIGARETTES?**

There have been many theories and assumptions, some of them false, regarding the current cigarette shortage. We would attempt to clear up the situation slightly.

The reasons for the shortage, as explained by Miss Evabelle Covington, are these:

1. There are a lot of cigarettes now on their way overseas, an especially large shipment having been sent for Christmas.
2. There is spotty distribution, and there are some prevailing black markets.
3. There is a shortage of leaf tobacco, possibly caused by government restriction of growers' acreage.
4. There is a shortage of labor, both on farms and in factories.
5. There is a high domestic demand due to (a) an increase in the purchasing power of individuals and (b) an increase in smoking due to restlessness and nervousness.

The last reason seems to rank high in importance of the five. Such being the case, there can be no relief for the shortage until more tobacco is supplied and manufactured into cigarettes. Since growers are restricted in acreage and because tobacco must be stored approximately twenty-three months before manufacture, any immediate solution seems impossible.

Looking the facts in the face, we would say that now is as good a time as any for the person who has been trying to quit smoking to stop. He has the assurance of at least a year's adversity in the smoker's world.