

LIGHTS OUT

Has it ever occurred to you how much electricity is used by Salem College? We really consume a terrific amount. In the current year, we have used more than ever. We have a larger student body, and quite naturally, more electricity is needed. We can conserve electricity and prevent waste.

Each of us individually can do much to lessen the amount of electricity wasted. Lights are left blazing in Memorial Hall, Main Hall, and South Hall as well as in the dormitories. When you leave your room for a cigarette, it is unnecessary to burn your lights and radio while you engage in an hour of bridge. When you are the last one to leave the smokehouse at night, you can turn out the lights. Flip the light switch if you are the last person leaving the classroom. Every little bit helps.

The Administration wants you to use all the electricity you need, but the whole school—students, faculty, and personnel—can make a cooperative effort to be less forgetful about wasting electricity.

Toward Femininity

Despite the special attention which has been devoted to an effort to improve the neatness of the dormitory rooms at Salem, it seems that many of the girls are still negligent in this respect. As it is still necessary to give a considerable number of call downs to girls whose rooms are not in order by ten o'clock in the morning we hope that this new approach to the problem will make at least a few girls stop and consider the importance of domestic neatness.

What boy wants a wife who won't keep her personal possessions in order? Femininity appeals to every male, and no one can deny that a neat bedroom is one of the first signs that a young lady is truly feminine. If a few of the sweethearts and finances overseas could get an unannounced glimpse at the condition of their girls' rooms at school, we fear that many girls would find themselves in an embarrassing position. If you aren't concerned about neatness for yourself, then stop long enough to think what it will mean to that husband we all hope to have one day. Isn't that important enough to encourage us to be as feminine and neat at all times as is possible? We think it is!

The Salemite

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This Thing Called College

By Helen McMillan

Lest we forget the numerous men on campus last weekend, this column is hereby dedicated to the Duke Men's Glee Club. Their joint performance with the Salem Chorale Ensemble was most successful and we all heartily approve of a return performance. We especially loved their "Johnny the One", and we mean the tall one of the long line and big rush! And have you noticed our new campus theme song? Its none other than "Tea for Two."

The best story this department has heard lately happened after the dance last Saturday night when one unsuspecting girl ambled into her room, glanced down at her bed, and what to her wondering eyes did appear—but then there's always the censor so just ask a First Floor Jewellite for the rest of the tale.

Speaking of Saturday night affairs, the Sophomore Carnival sounds like a mighty gala occasion. We're mighty glad there's one class with enough get-up and go to do something about these dull weekends. I say bless them for their inspiration, and let's all turn out in full force Saturday night.

What would this column be without Miss Covington's weekly joke? This time she was telling us of the dainty young lady of days long past who didn't wish her young gentleman friend to realize what a healthy appetite she possessed; therefore she always ate a good meal in advance to dining with him. (It used to be a crime for a young lady to eat very much.) One evening when this young lady was having dinner with her admirer, he made the usual remark that she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. She answered, "I dine heartily on the wing of a lark." With a twinkle in his eye he immediately replied, "Yes, and I notice you dropped a feather on your dress." She looked down, and alas, a large spot of gravy, the remains of her previous dinner, appeared on the front of her dress. Just all goes to show crime doesn't pay!

Last Tuesday one Salemite received a package of interest to many—believe it or not, it contained some of those things called cigarettes! Yes, real honest to goodness cigarettes, but as yet she hasn't tried one. In way of explanation, they were sent from the Phillipines, and though they look all right she's just a little bit wary of them. Which is it, opium or marajauna which is so popular with the Japanese?

We surely are going to miss the Secretarial Department next year. And what will we do without those gals sitting around in the smoke house with nothing to do during exam week?

Does anyone know what it is about the library that has Mrs. Confer so entranced? I can't decide upon what it is that she's working so hard these days, but the library has become more of a habit with her than with us.

And speaking of habits, doesn't anyone besides me make a dash for the radio every morning to hear Robert St. John? Oh, such a voice!

Special from Park Hall—one of Mr. Higgins' chemistry classes thinks he should be a little more careful about how he flashes ultra violet rays around. They're very revealing, so I've heard.

'Tis late, so with apologies to William Cullen Bryant, I leave you" . . . like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon . . .", while the faculty retires . . . like one who wraps the drapery of his touch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Apuntes Espanoles

A las Estudiantes de la Economía Política.
Comunismo: Si usted tiene dos vacas, usted las da al gobierno y el gobierno le da a usted leche.
Naziismo: Si usted tiene dos vacas, el gobierno le mata a usted y toma las vacas.
Capitalismo: Si usted tiene dos vacas, usted vende una de ellas y compra un toro!

OUR POLICY

The definite, though unspoken, policy of the Salemite this year has been to interest all students at Salem in campus affairs and the things that affect them most. One of our main objectives, is to create interest and encourage all out participation in the election of the campus leaders for next year. The elections will begin very soon and it would be well for each girl to start thinking now about the best girls for the offices of responsibility and leadership which we have.

Last year a comparatively small percentage of the total number of students voted in the major elections. What was the matter? Perhaps we do not know. But we can encourage each girl to take advantage of the right she has to say her word in how she shall be governed or guided.

Voting is a privilege; at the same time, it is a responsibility. A good vote is more than a check mark and a signature on a ballot. A good vote as we see it represents:

- 1. Knowledge of the office for which a girl is running.
2. Knowledge of the candidates beyond that of speaking acquaintance.
3. Consideration of the experience and abilities of candidates.
4. Careful comparison of the qualifications of the girls in relation to the requirements of the office.
5. Unprejudiced decision.

We believe that a good election is an election in which every member of the student body casts a good vote.

In concluding our statement of policy, we would like to say that the paper as an organization merely wants to improve the general nature of our elections and will not use its influence to support any candidate in any election.

If any student or faculty member has any comment or idea which might improve Salem spirit in elections we will print any signed article that is turned in to us.

—Editor.

Effect of Gossip

It is very easy, when you are in the smoke house, to pick up an idle phrase—it is also very easy to find yourself repeating it in the presence of others. Astonishing isn't it, to how many situations that little phrase can apply—and honestly you don't know that it applies to any of them, do you? So on and on the little phrase travels until unbelievably it becomes a gigantic tale! This may sound exaggerated, but if you were in on the telling and then happened to hear the last version of any situation, you would be amazed at the moss the little stone had gathered.

Rumors take wing quickly. Juicy bits of gossip are fun to repeat—and also it's fun to add your own version. But stop and think what it may mean to someone else. Of course you didn't never be unsaid. Let's all of us try to cease intend to hurt anyone, but what is said can jump at conclusions. Be sure you've heard the straight of a thing before you repeat it. Then question yourself as to whether you should repeat it at all. And on the other hand don't believe all you hear. If there is a question in your mind as to the truth or exactness of any statement, trace it back to its source and find out for yourself. It may prove embarrassing, but in the long run, it may save someone else a deep injustice.

Glib and obscene remarks can often be more malicious than an open statement. All of us are human and have to face enough problems without having to untangle our ideas from the grapevine. So let's try getting the straight of things, shall we?

