

### Serve Gladly

All the "smoke-house savants" who sit knocking ashes on the floor, and delivering opinions on current events, have now an opportunity for action on their loudest problem. The coal strike has drastically reduced the supply of power in North Carolina. In order to conserve needed electricity we have been asked to use our lights as little as possible.

These impassioned words are not meant to start a mass movement of moonlight reading, nor is a knowledge of Braille required. Simply turn off all the lights you aren't using, when in the room, and turn them all off when you leave. Even those who are exhausted from their scholastic labors can summon the straight to push the little button. This simple gesture may save precious power for our nation in its time of need. You too can serve!

C. G.

### "Y" News

Suggestions . . . are still wanted for topics for the talks in Spiritual Emphasis Week in January. Dr. T. B. (Scottie) Cowan wants to talk on problems you have confronted and thoughts that have perplexed you. If some of the discussions at your "Y" Watch have not completely satisfied you drop the theme in the suggestion box in the dining hall today or tomorrow.

\* \* \*

You won't forget . . . Your little orphan! Remember the only Christmas he will have will be what you provide. Special information on wrapping your gifts is posted on each dorm bulletin board. If you did not get a special name, just indicate on the outside of your presents what the articles are and for what age child. Don't let these little children down just because you forgot. Get your gifts this weekend!

\* \* \*

Book Store Day . . . came to a grand climax late Wednesday afternoon. The money, fifty percent of all sales made on Wednesday, goes to the World Student Service Fund, Emma Mitchell headed this job.

## POETRY

### ON POETRY

The bards of yore  
I've pondered o'er  
For many a weary hour;  
And I would bust  
Them all to dust  
If I but had the power.

### REGRETS

Why don't I listen to music?  
Why don't I go read a book?  
Why am I lying so dully  
In bed in my own private nook?  
Why don't I go out for hockey?  
Why don't I join a group  
Of people who get things accomplished?  
Oh, why am I always a stupe?

by Cat Gregory

## Thought For The Week

By Marilyn Booth

Oh, yes, it is almost Christmas again. Get away from that calendar . . . there is a fixed number of days before the holidays come, and you can't change it by looking or wishing . . . no matter what. But wouldn't it be abnormal not to use that fact as a yard-stick to measure all our hopes and all our activities by?

I don't know when to start Christmas shopping because of the term papers, reports, and all the other things due before then. Besides, I don't know where to start, because I can't get my gift list straight. Are you ever in the hole about buying a person something when you don't know whether or not she intends to get you something this year?

Christmas! But are we talking about it . . . really it, I mean, without all the things that it entails? What is the significance to "twentieth centurians"? If a follower of some religion other than ours . . . perhaps a Shintoist or a Maori tribesman from the jungles of Australia . . . should come to our civilization, our community, even our campus, what would he see or hear to convince him that he had been wrong all the time? How would we persuade him that the thing for his soul would be to come over to our side? People were wondering about the right religion a long time ago . . . they invented parables about the question. . .

"Once upon a time when the Sultan Saladin ruled in the East, there lived in the city of Jerusalem a rich Jew called "Nathan the Wise." Saladin, whose reign was so forceful that Jews and Christians were powerless against his might, once had Nathan called to him and said, 'Tell me, if you're so wise, which religion is the true one, that of the Mohammedans, Jews, or Christians?'

"Nathan saw through Saladin's purpose, realizing the danger which threatened him as a Jew against the proud Mohammedans. 'Sir,' he replied, 'before I answer your question, allow me to tell you a story.' The sultan was satisfied with that, and Nathan began:

"There once lived a man who owned a wonderful ring. This ring had the power to make its owner beloved by God and men, provided that he believed in the power of his ring. The ring remained in the family for many hundreds of years. When a father had more than one child, the son who was the dearest to him inherited the ring. But in time there was a father who had three sons and loved all three equally well. Not knowing what to do, he finally went to an artificer and asked him to make two other rings after the model of that one. The artist did his work so well that the father himself couldn't tell the rings apart.

"Becoming old, the father called his sons to him separately and gave each one of the rings. When he died, a quarrel arose among them. Each argued that the other rings were false and his genuine because he was his father's dearest son. At last they went to court and requested the judge to decide. He asked, "Which of you three is most beloved by God and men?" The brothers were silent. "No one. Where is the power of the genuine ring to make its owner thus loved? Then neither owns the genuine." Nevertheless, the judge gave the sons some good advice instead. "Whether true or false," he said, "these rings are a sure sign of your father's love. Go home, believe in the power of your ring, and be good men. Some day there will come a wiser judge than I, and perhaps he will be able to decide which ring is the true one."

"The three rings are the three great religions," continued Nathan. "Which of these is the true one, you ask me? Each is the sign of the love of Our Father. Each is the genuine as long as man believes in it and acts accordingly."

What are our rings and the beliefs contained in them? . . . Why is it that we, who are supposedly mature Christians, aren't as impressed with the parts we are taking in keeping faith alive as are small children with the parts they take in Christmas plays? Have you ever watched their faces and those of the mothers who see in the children whom they have costumed for the night real angels and perfect Marys? Can we capture that sense of feeling and believing . . . possess it . . . and radiate it, even when we relish that roast turkey and holiday stuffing, dance to the music of "I'll Be Home for Christmas," crowd down Broadway, or untie that most important package? If we can, we will be able to impress a Moor or Buddhist that this season and its meaning are the real.

## Clapp Chats

It's that time of year again! Rush, rush, rush, and cold weather and Christmas carols . . . the Moravian star was up in chapel and we sang our special "Morning Star" . . . and have you done any shopping yet? Oh, horrors!

Christmas is always a hey-day for the musicians. Seems like people listen to and appreciate a good tune then, more than at any other time of year guess it's that "Good will to men" feeling or somethin' . . . (You know . . . "Maybe I can endure hearing this dame squeal. After all, this is Christmas!") . . . More truth than poetry.

Did ya see the big spread our ex-Salemites got in the JOURNAL-SENTINEL bout a week ago? Methinks the Alma Mater should open a branch campus in the vicinity of N. Y. C. With the big representation we have in that fair city, should prove a worthy venture . . . eh? Seemed perfectly natural to see pictures of Janie Frazier, Lib Johnston, Bunny, Snookie, Ride (especially Ride), that Withers girl, and all. Golly, didn't realize how much we miss you kids!

Getting back to Christmas shopping—there is a wealth of new records on the market, most of them operatic (if you like opera!): five non-breakable disks featuring the voices of Enrico Caruso, Frances Alda, Louisa Tetrazzini, Marcel Journet, and Mario Ancona—choice items, and precious, too (\$3.50 per!). **A Treasury of Grand Opera**, by Victor, is a companion to the book of the same name, edited by Henry Simon. Seven operas—DON GIOVANNI, LOHENGRIN, LA TRAVIATA, FAUST, AIDA, CARMEN, and PAGLIACCI are represented in the album, by such performers are Albanese, Swarthout, Milanov, Peerce, Melton, etc. The book has the stories, music, and pictures from the operas.

This week's opera to be broadcast Saturday afternoon (in competition with numerous football games) is BORIS GODUNOFF, by Moussorgsky, with the glamour boy of opera (he can sing too) Enzo Pinza in the title role. See for yourself when he sings here next spring!

Boston Symphony next Tuesday night at 9:30—program features Tschaiakowsky's **Fifth**—Don't forget to listen!

## Study In Main Hall

In reply to the student request that the library be opened on Sunday night because students find it hard to study with so much noise on the halls, Connie Scoggin, president of the Student Government, says it is impossible because of the shortage of help. However, the two back rooms on second floor Main Hall have been reserved until 10:30 p. m. on Sunday night in order to give the students a place to study. There will be no supervision, but quiet is requested as in the library. The last person to leave is asked to turn out the lights.

J. M.

The **Salemite** was edited this week by juniors, Margaret Raynal and Cat Gregory.

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