

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

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
Editor-in-Chief Carrie Donnell
Associate Editor Barbara Whittier

EDITORIAL STAFF
News Editor Doris Shore
Sports Editor Louise Bralower
Music Editor Alice Purcell
Faculty Adviser Miss Jess Byrd
Sara Henry, Lella Johnston, Julia Smith, Frances Neal, Daphne Reich, Katie Wolf, Mary L. Glidewell, Elizabeth Johnston, Barbara Lasley, Margaret Moran, Marie Van Hoy, Helen Fokaury, Margaret Leinbach, Mary Lou Moore, Betty Vanderbilt, Mary Worth Walker, Elizabeth Weldon, Mary Louise Rhodes, Lucie Hodges, Frances Yelverton.

FEATURE STAFF
Feature Editor Eugenia Baynes
Mildred Avera, Dorothy Dixon, Anita Kenyon, Nancy Rogers, Nona Lee Cole, Elsie Newman, Cecil Nichols, Margaret Ray, Dorothy Stadler, Elizabeth Griffin, Betsy Spach, Kathryn Traynham, Reece Thomas, Marion Goldberg, Mary Best, Katherine Manning.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
Business Manager Nancy Chesson
Assistant Business Manager Dorothy Sisk
Advertising Manager Mary Margaret Struven
Exchange and Circulation Manager Dot McLean

ADVERTISING STAFF
Flora Avera, Becky Candler, Doris Nebel, Betty Moore, Adele Chase, Mary E. Bray, Nancy McClung, Sarah Lindley, Allene Seville, Elizabeth Griffin, Margaret Kempton, Sara Barnum, Jennie Dye Bunch, Lib Read, Harriet Sutton, Ruth O'Neal, Yvonne Phelps, Elizabeth Bernhardt, Edith Shapiro.



For Victory...
Buy
U. S. DEFENSE
BONDS
STAMPS

MERLIN DIARY (Continued From Page 1)

sings: (Tune: "Carry me back to Ol' Virginia"):
Carry me back to merry green-wood
There's where my thoughts and affections want to be
But Welaway! There's a mis-apprehension
It's not Robin Hood I am long-ing to see.

Sir Twistum, surprised: It's not Robin Hood you love!
Marian: No, it's little John and he won't even look at me.
Sir Kayper: Unrequited love! — that's right down our alley.
Sir Perceverin': (Rising and going to her): I'll take you to the greenwood and see that little John proposes.
Marian (delighted sings):
Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, how he can shoot!
Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, he's wealthy to boot.
It makes my poor heart jump with joy
To think I'll really find him, I just can't wait a minute
He may be little it's true
But he'll play havoc with you
Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, oh.
(Marian and Perceverin' withdraw to another corner). Enter two pages.
1st page: My Lord, there's a lady outside.
King O.: What! Another? Well, bring her in.
2nd page: It's a bit irregular. She isn't riding on her palfrey, but I'll fetch her. (exit).
(Enter pages wheeling the Lady of Shalott in a wheelbarrow. The Lady descends and bows to King and Knights. She recites to music.
Lady of Shalott:
No disrespect intended by my rath-er plain conveyance
For when there's war then etiquette

is somewhat in abeyance.
I had to give my palfrey up for kingly requisition
Has taken nails and horseshoes to be used for ammunition.
Sir Twistum (aside): I like her looks, wonder what's her trouble.
Lady of Shalott, recites to music:
My minds' distraught with ques-tionings not wholly realistic,
Which is the supernatural, and which, pray tell, the mystic?
T'was this that made me leave Sha-lott to seek elucidation,
And what is worse, I bear the curse of vivid imagination
Sir Twistum (rises and goes to her singing: Tune: "Clementine")
She's enchanting, I am granting,
But she's under a sad spell
First I'll slaughter the dread ogre
Then I'll woo the maiden well.
Sir Kayper (Disgustedly, as he goes on eating alone at the table):
He always thinks he can twistum right around his finger.
(The door bursts open and Sir Gadabout, followed by ten chorus girls, rushes in. Sir Twistum and Lady of S. move to one side.)
Gadabout sings: Tune "In Days of Old":
(To the girls):
Girls now behold these knights so bold,
Where Oughter holds his sway
You need not fear, exams so drear
Sing merrily your lay.
(To the knights):
These girls are young and fair
These girls have lovely hair
With eyes so blue, and hearts so true
That none with them compare
So what care I
Though death be nigh
I'll fight for the mand die.
So what care I, though death be nigh
I'll fight for them and die.
For love, for love, I'll die.
Lynette (stepping forward): He has offered to slay the dragon Examinations that has kept us hollow-checked and wan.
Queen G.: But he can't take on ten damsels at once, it might est-ablish a precedent.
Gadabout: (Tune: "Mary had a little lamb"):
My strength is as the strength of ten, strength of ten, strength of ten
My strength is as the strength of

ten, Because my heart is pure.
To see these maidens all forlorn, all forlorn, all forlorn,
To see these maidens all forlorn, I really can't endure.
Chorus girls: Let's give three cheers for noble Sir Gadabout who is pledged to succor our cause.
(Lynette steps forward as if to lead a cheer, raises her arms, gives the pitch for altos and sopranos, chorus girls come to attention.)
Chorus girls all sing: (Tune: "L. Wedding March"):
Gadabout cheer!
He has no peer
See how his chivalry banishes fear
Come let us dance
Our joys to enhance
We'll try our darndest the knights to entrance.
(They hum the first three lines and then repeat, "Come let us dance, etc.")
Knights: Bravo!
King O.: On with the dance (The chorus girls dance).
Dance of the Chorus Girls
(When the dance is over, Lynette steps forward.)
Lynette: Before we start on tour with good Sir Gadabout, we'd bet-ter practice walking in step. (The chorus girls line up two and two and sing slowly, "Gadabout cheer, He has no peer," etc., as they march off stage with exaggerated brides maids' steps.
Sir Twistum: But, Gadabout, you can't go on tour with that ensemble, let me have at least one of them.
Sir Perceverin': I'll take another.
All the Knights: We'll all help.
Lilymayd (tragically): But if you all go on tour with the chorus girls, what becomes of me?
Lady of S.: And me?
Maid Marian: And me? (She be-gins to sob, "Oh, Johnny, oh John-ny, oh!")
King O.: (rising and stepping down to center of stage: Sings: Tune: "Duke of Plazatora"):
Oh dear, oh dear, we're in a mess!
I'm at a loss, I quite confess
With damsels feeling new distress
We should have action drastic
Now frankly I'm a little vexed
The problem seems a bit complexed
I think perhaps we'd better next
Consult with minds scholastic.
Queen G.: It's a good idea, send for the Scholastics at once.
(Sir Kayper hands King O. his spear King O. knocks with it three times on the floor exclaim-ing): Hic! Hae! Hoe!
Enter Aquinas and Bquinas, two scholastic philosophers robed in gray.)
King O.: These maids are suffer-ing from greivous ills — unrequited love, the loss of cherished posses-sions and fear of the supernatural. Does your philosophy have an an-swer to these problems:
Aquinas (solemnly in in Latin: Tune: "Jada"):
Ego, ego, mei, mihi, me, me, me.
Tu, tu, tui, tibi, te, te, te,
Tantum cantum paululum
Ita dulces et mihi jucundum
Agit ego, ego, mei, mihi, me, me, me.
Bquinas (also solemnly in Latin):
Tu, tu, tui, tibi, te, te, te,
Sui, sui, sibi, se, se, se.
Tantum cantum paululum
Ita dulces et mihi jucundum
Agit ego, ego, mei, mihi, me, me, me.
Dancealot: I didn't understand a word they said. Can't we have an interpreter?
Aquinas and Bquinas (in unison):
Summon the monks from the mon-astery!
(Dancealot rings the dinner bell on the Round Table three times.)
Enter three little monks (dressed in brown) They chant: Tune: "Three Little Maids from School")
Three little monks from the monas-tree.
We're just as wise as we can be!
We can solve any mystery
Three little monks in brown.
(From the time that they enter one monk holds his hands before his eyes, one before his lips, and one before his ears.)

Sir Perceverin': They look like See No Evil, Speak No Evil, Hear no Evil.
1st Monk: Ethidally speaking you are quite correct. We are a personification of the virtues.
Gadabout (dejectedly): Well, is that what an allegory looks like!
1st Monk: But intellectually we are a syllogism. (He steps forward and recites with appropriate ges-tures).
I'm the major premise, you can readily can see
That everything deducible, derives direct from me.
(The monks do a few steps of a monkish dance).
2nd Monk: I'm the minor premise, and particularly note
That there cannot be a there-fore, unless I cast my vote.
(Again they do a few steps of a dance).
3rd Monk: I am the conclusion of all logical debate,
It takes the syllogistic process to attain the perfect state.
(The monks do a few steps of a dance, and repeat in unison):
Monks: It takes the syllogistic pro-cess to attain the perfect state.
Aquinas and Bquinas step for-ward):
Aquinas:
We bet a pepsi-cola bottle
That you can't beat Aristotle.
Bquinas:
And we trust our erudition
Has quite allayed suspicion.
Maid Marian: But I don't see that we've got anywhere at all.
GALLEY FIVE 5 5
Scholastics & Monks (disgusted-ly): Then we're returning to our learning! Bonum nox! (Exeunt).
King O.: I suppose we'll have to summon Merlin, he may give us a new conception of the universe. (King O claps his hands three times. There is a low rumble. Enter Mer-lin followed by his scribe who car-ries a very large volume. Merlin wears a high silk hat adorned with stars and carries an astrolabe.)
Merlin: Greetings to you!
Queen G.: Oh Merlin, everything is in a mess and the arguments of the scholastic philosophers failed us.
Merlin (sings: Tune: "For he is an Englishman"):
Oh, I am a magician
And I would not give a prism for a silly syllogism.
For I am a magician!
If I have enough persuasion
I'll rise to the occasion
For I am a magician.
(He takes off his high hat and passes it to the knights who toss in coins. They all sing as they do it.)
All:
He wouldn't give a prism for a silly syllogism
If he has enough persuasion
He'll rise to the occasion, for he is a magician.
(Merlin places the astrolabe on the table and gazes fixedly at it as he waves a wand. All crowd around the table. Sir Kayper leans across the table in such a way as to hide the hat which Merlin has placed near the edge. During the scene Sir Perceverin' slips the hat from the table and removes a live rabbit from a box under the table. He replaces the hat with the rabbit where Merlin left it. Sir Percever-in' is hidden from the audience by the others who crowd around.)
Merlin (mutters to himself and then speaks in loud tones):
If this won't work I know what will. (He motions to the scribe to bring the book, then turns the pages of the diary. At last he points dra-matically to the page.)
Merlin (to the Scribe): Write: used again February 26, with ex-cellent success! (The Scribe writes with a long pen. Merlin then mo-tions everybody away from the table. He walks solemnly around



the table backwards and pauses in front of the hat.)
Merlin: (in a loud tone): Ate 'em, waked 'em, TATUM! (as he says the word with emphasis, he pulls a white rabbit out of the hat).
All: It's marvelous.
Merlin: (sings with satisfaction: Tune: "For he is an Englishman")
It does not rally matter, if you speak a sort of patter,
You will appear omniscient, if your methods are proficient.
(Solemnly) This is more serious than I thought. Morgan le Fay is at the bottom of all the difficulties.
All: (in consternation): Oh!
Sir Gadabout: Then we must storm her castle, match the forces of good against those of evil, right the wrong!
King O.: It means a crusade!
All: A crusade! A crusade! (The knights seize their shields and spears. All march about the stage singing. The chorus girls enter and join in the march still in step.)
All: (Tune: "Ramblin Wreck from Georgia Tech")
We're King Oughter's crew
And we think we'll do
We're the Knights of the Table Round
Like every worthy crusade
We'll hurl all evil down
We're King Oughter's crew
And we think we'll do
We're the Knights of the Table Round
Repeat. Exeunt.
ACT II
In the Wicked-Wood before her castle, Queen Morgan le Fay is seen sitting on a stump. About her are grouped six Deadly Sins lolling on sofa pillows, some playing check-ers, others, marbles, and chess. An eery, weird light casts its glow over entire setting. The Queen appears quite pensive and dejected. For several moments there is no sound except that of the marbles, check-ers, etc. Then, suddenly, the Queen throws back her head and in high, fiendish and distressing tones, calls:
Hee hee — hee hee —
Hee hee — hee hee — !
First Sin (Raising himself half-way and giving the Heil Hitler sign): Oh, Queen!
Second Sin: What does this mean?
Third Sin (somewhat saracastic-ally): You're usually so serene!
Queen Morgan le Fay: (Tune: "Baa, baa, Black Sheep"):
I'm bored so stiff
I gotta swear and curse
Whole world's so bad,
Can't be worse
Gotta have evil and broken rules
And make all the knights and ladies great big fools!
Fourth Sin: How simply Gothiel
Fifth Sin: What's your plan?
Queen Morgan: (Fiendish, pro-longed, etc.)
We shall see—see—ee
We shall see—see—ee!
Sixth Sin: (Gets up, sings en-
(Continued on Page Three)

