

### Probation Is a Word...

... that has long carried ominous portents for Salem Students. There has been, however, a great deal of criticism of the Student Government in the rather extreme measures taken this week in the case of a girl who broke probation.

Critics of the policy are perhaps not fully aware of the seriousness of probation. When the Stee Gee has run out of "one more chance's", probation is the alternative. Perhaps not specifically stated in the Student Government handbook, the general term implies the proving or testing of a person's innate integrity and probity. In policy, if a student has not proved herself during the regular remedial discipline of restriction, she is placed on probation. Continued failure to observe and comply with the rules of the organization leads inevitably to the ultimate in Student Government discipline at Salem—suspension.

Other criticisms have followed the line that students are not capable or worthy of judging and "sentencing" other students. It should be recognized by the student body as a whole, however, that a faculty advisory board to the Student Government exists at Salem with the specific purpose of advising and tempering the decisions of the student members of the organization. This faculty board is always consulted in extreme cases.

Whether rules are always right or whether judgment is always good, when a girl comes to Salem, she admits and pledges her willingness to abide by the rules and judgment of the officers elected by the student body and the faculty appointed by the administration. Destructive criticism and griping have no place after she has made that decision and pledge.

### Watch This Column...

... for a lucid editorial by Mr. Robert J. Leach. It will appear on this page in next week's issue of the *Salemite* explaining the position of the United States in the world crisis.

Mr. Leach examines the alternatives that face the chaotic, anarchic world today. As a preface to his statement, here is a pertinent, vital bit of information for Salem students: There is a bill tied up in the Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committees which calls for the U. S. Congress' endorsement of a world government through the calling of an international constitutional convention. Postponement of action on this measure may be the direct cause of dire events in the world situation. **Action can be procured chiefly through contact by individuals with the senators and congressmen who represent them.**

## The Salemite

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There was once a pumpkin so stout  
An axe was used to carve his snout  
Said the big-nosed  
As you presupposed  
"The gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out

On Halloween there are witches about  
I know, I have seen them enroute  
I heard one say  
In her cackling way  
"The gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out

There once was a Kat with curly hair  
A big black Kat who seldom did purr  
With an arched back  
She meowed and spat  
"The goblins might apprehend you if you don't take care.

On Halloween the Park Hall skeleton will flout  
And prance and rattle his bones about  
When he throws out a tibia  
His jaw will ab libia  
The gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out

### Sellers Spends Spare Moments Writing New Historical Novel

"Have you heard about the novel that Barbara Ann Sellers is writing?" This was about all I did hear for a week, so one night, I dropped into Davy Jones to hear about her *Life's Work*.

When I asked if I could read whatever part she had finished, she refused. It seems that it is bad luck to let anyone see a novel before it is completed. She did, however, offer to let me read her outline and character analyses.

Between pops of her bubble gum, I learned that she hailed from Lynchburg, is majoring in English, has been at work on her novel for two years, plays the piano by ear, is interested in dramatics and is studying art in order to learn how to illustrate her own books.

The outline was lost, but I did get a glance at the seduction scene—it was juicy! After a futile search and many expletives, she told me the basic plot.

It takes place in a small New England town in the middle of the 18th century. Barbara has never been to New England, but she hopes that with some help from Mr. Leach who has done extensive research on colonial Nantucket, her background will be accurate.

Dr. Hall, also helped her with the misplaced outline and was very encouraging. The story is about an artist disowned by his father because he won't work in the bank;



Barbara Ann Sellers

he goes to Paris and LIVES! His experiences are not very clear to me, except that he is offered the British crown and refuses it.

Eventually the hero returns to the little home town with his child, and from here on in the plot becomes too involved to be explained here.

Salemities will look forward to the day of the publication of Barbara Ann's opus, so that they can say they knew her when.

### Seeing Things

by Catherine Gregory

Little Fraught waited tensely, every fibre or her being steeled for the coming ordeal. She leaned forward, straining to catch the first hint of the sound that would galvanize her into action. Seconds passed, then blast!—the class bell rang. This was it! She slammed shut her books, snatched them up, and sprang forward.

But no. The professor was still talking, the dull thread of his lecture unaffected by the bell. The rest of the students sat as if in a coma. Little Fraught stood undecided, wavered, then dropped heavily into her seat. Four minutes and 51 seconds later the professor surrendered the floor, and the class mashed out into the hall.

Three seconds to go from Main Hall to third floor Strong, put on my cap and gown, and get back to Memorial Hall, screamed Little Fraught as she ploughed through the plodding masses.

Moments later she dragged up the steps of Memorial Hall and collapsed at the feet of a Junior Marshal. "No. 56", said the girl and handed her a hymn book.

Stirred by the sound of marching feet, Little Fraught fell in line and began to sing. "Oh Prince of Joy, come unto me, and make my heart sublime," she gasped, and the line moved down the aisle.

The chanting swaying mass approached the end of the aisle and began to pair off. Little Fraught moved blindly along, bumped the girl in front of her, and saw that the row was full. Wheeling around, she started into an empty row and saw that the others were not following her. She stopped, teetered, gulped, and crept to the end of the row alone. There she sat during the whole service.

After the hymn was over, there were three dramatized announcements. The riding teacher came on the stage on a horse, cantered around several times, and stated that the 3:30 class was cancelled. Then eighteen Juniors ran down the aisles throwing fried eggs into the audience and saying "Come to Junior Breakfast". After things had quieted down a bit, the side door opened and a gorgeous brunette sidled across the stage. She was clad in a serape with "See Duel in the Sun" embroidered on the back. It was found later that her appearance was unauthorized by the Chapel Committee and charges were filed against David O. Selznick.

Finally the speaker, The Man who needs no Introduction, a Mr. Smish (no one quite caught his name) arose and prepared to read his lecture on "My Fascinating Years in the Country of the Pre-Aztec Culture, Now Largely Uninhabited". Little Fraught fixed her eyes on his face and went to sleep, a trick she had picked up in her years as a college girl in this stimulating intellectual atmosphere. Her eyes were open, her expression alert, but her mind was wrapped in slumber.

Mr. Smish lectured on and on. He warmed to his subject and began to gesticulate. Then he saw Little Fraught and believed her to be entranced by his speech. He grew expansive. He began to smile and even to vary the tone of his voice from time to time. Finally, in a moment of supreme self-confidence, he threw away his notes, spoke three words on his own, and stopped in confusion. He sat down amid ringing applause. Chapel was over and all marched out. Little Fraught raced back to the dorm and then back to Main Hall, and only learned several days later that she had been given a chapel cut because the checker had missed her. On hearing the news she passed into a cataleptic state and never spoke again.

### Dear Editor.....

Last Sunday night at the "Y" Installation Service there were two old students present! Such a display of poor school spirit, lack of interest in school activities, and general careless attitude toward what is happening on campus is shocking! All the upper classmen deserve to be rebuked, but soundly. Can we expect bubbling enthusiasm on the part of the Freshmen with such poor response from us? If the Freshmen conduct themselves according to the pattern set by old students—and they do—we must mend our ways.

Last Sunday night is only one example of the old students' failings. This is not written to encourage all girls to try to be Rah Rah BWOC's but it would help if the staid old Salemities could show a little interest occasionally. I'm terribly embarrassed, and I hope everyone of you is.