

Social Self-Government

Salemites are more conscious of personal honor and more capable of accepting responsibility for their actions than they are given credit for. If they were not constantly watched over and if they were allowed to have more complete self government, they would respond to the trust placed in them.

So, treated as adults rather than as children (as the case is now), they would respond as adults should, and fewer infractions of social regulations would result.

This is the thought expressed in several letters to the editor printed in the Salemite recently, and verbally by a large percentage of the student body.

Since we believe this to be true, why not give us a chance to prove it? Why not have one week, or even one day, of real self-government when we can take over the responsibility of signing in on time and of not coming in drunk?

If we feel that some one should be behind the desk, let it be a student. We would be much more likely not to try to get by with something for fear of putting the student in charge on the spot. There have been several cases recently when students considered making infractions but didn't because of being unfair to the Student Government member who knew about it.

At least two Student Government members have said that they would be willing to sit behind the dean's desk at sign-in time at night. Perhaps it would be best to work the idea through this organization.

Another suggestion is that this job be a Senior Class project or privilege. The seniors, being a bit more mature, might feel more strongly their obligation for personal honor.

However the details of self-government week would be worked out, we should be given the chance to prove ourselves. It seems that if the system works for this trial period, we could be allowed to use the same system for a longer time, or permanently.

Then we would be able to take pride in our self-government and our honor system on the social level as we do on the academic level. We would have true self-government instead of having it in name only.

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Take The School Of Music

Editor's note: The following poem was written as a tribute to the School of Music by Mrs. Margaret Kirby shortly before her resignation in December as secretary of that department.

By Mrs. Margaret Kirby
In the wee hours of the morning,
about half past eight,
Having no fear of being the
least bit late,
I ring for Ruth, the elevator to
start,

It puts me in the office right
on the "dart".
Now it would seem to me, since I
hadn't been seen,
That my presence there
wouldn't be known by the Dean
So with paper in hand, and a good
ole Pall Mall,

The silence is soon broken by
a familiar call.
'Tis the Dean's voice I hear, with
a pleasantness so rare,
Saying, "Good Morning!
How're You!"—as I calmly tear
my hair,

He pitches right in as though it
were "nine."

I'm feeling groggy; he's feeling
fine!"

A man with endurance, he's tough
as a Russian,

He approaches the key-board
with astounding percussion.
He's a whiz on the stage and an
artist to be sure,

But tell me, how much can
that man endure?
Now let's take Margaret Merri-
man, she's a human dynamo—

If her pupil hasn't practiced,
she'll sure lay'em low,
She's swift on her feet, and there's
nothing she doesn't see—

But never say arpeggios when
you should say arpeggii.
Backing up a bit to where I digres-
sed,

Reminds me of another of our
great "Pian-est",
Hans' Liszt is superb, his technique
merits mention,

He's "L" on the keys with a
III Part Invention.

If you happen to be in the office
some day,
You'll see a lovely vision dash
in and say,

"Oh! I have a message, Oh! Pete
you're so-o-o sweet!"

A more delightful person, you'll
never wanta meet.

Around the School of Music, now,
anyone can tell,
That these are things they say
about "Mar-gee-ta" Vardell.

She's master of the organ, you
should see her take a bow,
And slide onto the Console
Bench, her audience to wow!

Prelude and Fugue, an Etude or
Bach—

It doesn't matter what she
plays, Memorial Hall will rock,
She has her troubles though, the
same as you and I,

That organ motor goes berserk
just when a recital is nigh.

These things of course don't bother
Joan (Jacobowsky), I mean,
Because when her recital comes,
the secretary goes off the bean,
Her voice is rich, her languages
fluent, of this we make no joke,
The important thing in her
young life is a nickel for a coke.

This year to the School of Music,
a new faculty member was
borne;

It came in the form of an ole
Salem Grad by the name of
Frances Horne.

She's charming and delightful, her
personality lush,
And equally accomplished with
a wicked paint brush.

From Eugene Jacobowsky, come
the beautiful violin tones.

Among his fans you'll see the
name of "Jacobowsky Jones".
I've never heard him fool around
with what they call a Tocatta,

But brother, there "ain't" noth-
ing he can't do with a beauti-
ful Sonata.

Sometimes in Laurie Jones' studio,
if you should take a peek,
I'm sure you'd find her radi-
ator had suddenly sprung a leak.

It doesn't matter what time of the
year, Summer, Spring or Fall,
I'd miss it if I didn't hear,
"Did my Academy pupil call?"

To have our Frances Sowers
around, we are so very lucky;
She always looks as though she
feels that everything is ducky.

Her manner is sweet, her face is
pretty, she always acts the same.
But my advice is stay out of
her way when she's headed for a
football game.

In my usual state of confusion, my
burdens seem somewhat lighter
When into the office steps no
one less than little Harriet Grei-
der,

Taking my eyes from the type-
writer and before I can take a
look,

She says, Oh, don't let me
bother you, I just wanta look on
my hook."

Social functions all over town—you
know full well she's been,
Who else could I be talking
about but our own Nell Glenn?

She dashes in and dashes out,
rarely takes a seat,
Unless of course she must ac-
company a class for Mr. Pete.

Let me tell you of Mr. Pete; it
shouldn't take but a minute.
If a prize is offered with the
Choral Ensemble, you can bet
he'll always win it.

He's lucky too, on another score,
for just when the time is ripe,
He shoves a paper before my
eyes and says, "Please, five
copies type."

In her home, her studio, the line
she's always toeing.

I suspect you all must know,
I'm thinking of Louise Bowen.

Sometimes it happens in December
—it could happen in June—
She comes to me and says,
"Mrs. Kirby, my piano is out of
tune."

Eleanor Guthrie's a special one,
she's master of the Harp.

By the time we all get through
with it, it's not much more than
a mop.

I like her very, very much, but
more when she's "un-sweet",
Because her conscience hurts
so bad, she brings me things to
eat.

Our wonderful Faculty would be
incomplete,
Her sense of humor you just
can't beat.

Dr. Gramley could search amid
lands afar,
Never could he find another
Nell Starr.

She knows the voice methods, and
how to teach a note,
But it won't come out of some
of them, the way it was "wrote",
She produces great performers
though, and that is known to all.

If you should censure what I've
said, then visit Memorial Hall.

FINALE

Now because I love each one of
you in a special sorta way,
There are lots of things I want
to write, I find difficult to say.

So join with me in the spirit for
which this poem was intended,
And put the blame on those
poor souls from whom the author
descended.

M. Kirby



By Sally Reiland

Thisisa Newyear, planning to get to school
on time the first of 1953, threw the last of
her Christmas loot into a suitcase and jumped
up and down on it in a frantic attempt to
get it closed. The hinge broke but she didn't
swear—that was one of her resolutions. In-
stead, she very gently wedged her fingers be-
tween top and bottom of the bag and pulled
violently with all her might. The other hinge
broke, clothes poured out, and she, gathering
up the whole works, stumbled out the door
and threw it all in the garbage can.

This was the last time she was going to be
her sister, Thiswasa, persuade her to pack her
clothes in the bag in which Great-grandfather
Oldtime had carried a Union prisoner all the
way from Fort Confederacy to Washington
just to prove to President Lincoln that the
South would rise again. This was all very
nice she supposed, but Thisisa couldn't quite
agree with her sister that pride in the family
background was worth this, especially since
poor old great-grandpop was hanged in the
end anyway.

And to think that Thiswasa had also seri-
ously asked her to return to school via horse-
back because that was how their great-grand-
cousin had traveled to Salem Female Academy
in the "good old days when people knew how
to enjoy the simple things in life!" Why, she
would be an utter outcast at Modernliving
College if she attempted such!

It was then that Thisisa made her resolu-
tion. She would be different too—she would
be a woman of the future! She would ex-
ceed them all! Immediately she set about plans
for the development of a new robot vehicle.
It would go under water, on top of water,
soar through or above the atmosphere, cut its
own passages underground, and maybe travel
on the surface of the earth if she could find
a place for wheels amidst the various wing
propellers, engines, boat-bottoms, buzz saws
and drills. She could already see the world
wide news headlines and hear the net news
flashes: "Thisisa Newyear Hailed As Inven-
tor Of The Future Era . . . Rebels Against
Sister Who Is An Ardent Student Of The
Past." She would also change her name to
Thiswillbea Futureyear.

Although she would soon be a universi-
ty celebrity, Thisisa knew that until her fame was
recognized she would still be subject to the
dean's spiey look and resulting restrictions
she returned to school late. She must work
hastily. This would be only a sort of "rough
draft" of her famous invention yet to come.
Thus, sneaking into the garage and remov-
ing the tires, body, seats and several other
accessory parts of her father's company car,
Thisisa (alias Thiswillbea Futureyear) set
about her work. Deciding that an arrival at
school by a self-cut underground passage
would be the most spectacular, she attached
a drill press to the front of the remainder of
the car with some putty. After a few hours
of sheer perfection of the vehicle, her inven-
tion of the future was ready for trial.

The best place for the test appeared to be
the back terrace, where she could get a speed
start toward, strike and burrow through the
bank behind the tennis court. Everything
went very nicely until she struck the bank,
but something happened to the drill attach-
ment. Instead of opening the bank and
new world, Thisisa's famous vehicle of the
future became a heap of junk of the present
—and her father a most decided tyrant of
the present. Oh, well, inventors did some-
times have to suffer defeat, she thought
she crawled from the wreckage.

Just in this moment of greatest depression
the realization that she had only three hours
in which to get back to school struck her.
In a furious search for her new luggage proving
futile, she consulted her mother only to find
that one of great-grandmother's suitcases had
fallen apart and that Thiswasa had help-
ed herself to her sister's luggage—also that This-
wasa found the horse she usually rode with
the sniffles and so had taken Thisisa's
back to school with her.

It was thus that Thisisa fished great-grand-
father's suitcase from the garbage can, re-
mounted the age-worn and sniffling horse,
and rode back to school swearing against a
time but the present and denying the good-
ness of any resolution; finding herself upon
arrival to be the recipient of three weeks
restriction for being late.