

"The Investigation Of Salem"

Written, Directed and Produced by the Salem College Faculty

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| Narrator: Welch ("Miss Student Teacher of 1926") | maduke and Meatball . . .) | Setting: Classroom. | up in one. | Monotonous, monotonous monotonous. |
| Chorus: Antigone (Horne), Pantigone (Riegner), and Edwin Shewmake) | We'll see you in our dreams! | Song (sung by students) | It's just a matter of defining the terms that we both use; | END OF ACT ONE. |
| Passim (Colette) | Narrator and Chorus | "The Term Paper Blues" (Medley of blues tunes) | We maintain and furthermore ordain | INTERMISSION (10 minutes) |
| Act One | Scene III | Chorus (tune of "Alcoholic Blues") | That we remain..... | ACT TWO. |
| Salem at Work (mostly) | "Counseling" | We've got the Blues | Let's go thisaway | Salem at Play |
| Scene I | Cast: | We've got the Blues | Let's go thataway..... | Setting: Gingham Tavern. |
| "The Inception." | Professor (Todd) | We've got those gol dern TERM PAPER BLUES. | Narrator and Chorus. | Cast and Floor Show Numbers: |
| Cast: | Student (Nicholson) | Solo I (Karnes) | Scene VII. | Orchestra: Heidemann, piano; |
| Professor (Curlee) | Setting: | No more dating | "How to Study" | Jacobowsky, drums; Lewis, "string |
| Little Eva (Covington) | Prof's office, September. | Lost my social rating | Cast: | bass;" Vardell, rhythm sounders |
| Little Minnow (Smith) | Song (sung by Prof.) | Oh, how I am hating | Chorus | etc; Peterson, accordion. |
| George Washington (Sawyer) | "A Fervent, Plaintive Plea" (Gilbert & Sullivan air from "Patience" with lyrics altered) | Those term paper blues. | Students: (Scott, Melvin, Vardell, Karnes, Barrier) | Dress: Hillbilly costumes. |
| Setting: Classroom in 1772 or 1779 | I'm the counsellor at Salem | Solo II (Vardell) (Tune—St. Louis Blues) | Special Student: Eartha Byrd (Byrd) | Can-Can Dancers: First group: |
| Song (sung by G. W.) | I'm the counsellor at Salem, | Woke up this morning | Setting: Smokehouse. | Sawyer, Shore, French; Second |
| "Everyone knows ME!" | Overwhelm'd with many a tale; | A plain and simple girl | Song (sung by Eartha Byrd) | group: Singer, Yarbrough, Camp- |
| Why I'm a chopper downer of cherry trees; | Back and forth the students go, | Woke up this morning | "Monotonous" lyrics altered) | bell. |
| I was a Valley Forge in the big freeze; | All prepared to weep and wail; | A plain and simple girl | Everyone gets into a dull routine | Table-dates: (Seated at each |
| I'm a gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, | So they come to worry me | Now I've got my topic | If they don't get a chance to change the scene. | table) No. 1: Siewers, Starr, Hix- |
| I crossed the Delaware with a boat, the Potomac with a dollar; | With a fervent, plaintive plea. | And now my brain's in a whirl. | I could not be wearier | son; No. 2: Cash, Samson, Simp- |
| Betsy Ross made a flag for me. | Though my book I try to scan | Solo III (Scott) | Life could not be drearier | son; No. 3: Spencer, Lowe. |
| And Betsy Brandon sat on my knee; | In a rapt ecstatic way, | No late rising | If I lived in Siberia—ahhhhhhh | Waitresses: Perryman, Marsh |
| I'm always pictured in cuffs and laces, | Like a literary man | Midnight sessionizing | I'll tell you what I mean: | (cokes and cigarettes served) |
| I'm known for having slept in various and sundry places, | Who despises female clay, | Oh, how I'm despising | I met a rather amusing fool, | Master of Ceremonies: Donald |
| On February 22, school children will sing with a lusty din, | I hear plainly all they say, | Those term paper blues. | While on my way to Istanbul | Britt |
| That I was first in peace, first in war and first, first, first in the hearts of my | Now is this not ridiculous, and is this not preposterous, | Solo IV. (Barrier) | He bought me the Black Sea for my swimming pool | 1. Orchestra — "Table-dates" |
| Narrator and Chorus. | A thorough-spaced absurdity, ridiculous, preposterous, | Woke up this morning | Monotonous | dressed as college boys and girls |
| Scene II | Explain it if you can! | Thought my problems were solved | Any old door opens and shuts for me | walk on stage in groups and indi- |
| "Orientation." | Song (sung by student) | Thought my problems were solved | Minnie Smith provides free cuts for me | vidually during the music. |
| Cast: | "Too Young To Tango" (with lyrics unaltered) | Now I've got my topic | And Hugh Gramley is nuts for me | Enter—Master of Ceremonies |
| Miss Flink, Miss Flank, Miss Flunk, and Miss Fluke (Hart) | I'm old enough for huggin', but I'm too young to tango, etc. | My whole life's got involved. | Monotonous | 2. Can-Can Dance—First group |
| Freshmen (Hixson, Heidbreder, Sullivan, Simpson) | I go for jitterbuggin', but I'm too young to tango, | Solo V. (Melvin—French accent) | For what it's worth throughout the earth | of four enter from elevator (Church |
| Setting: | But I'll grow up someday. | "Je n' comprends pas" posing | I'm known as femme fatale, | St.) vestibule. Second group enters |
| 3 or 4 different classrooms during Orientation Week. | Now I've learned to dance to the square dance | Dieu how I am loazing | But when the yawn comes up like thunder | on second refrain from other side. |
| Song (sung by freshmen) "The Halls of Ivy" (altered lyrics) | And waltzing is as easy as pie | Zoze term paper blues. | Brother, take me back to Taj Mahal. | All eight join in dance on last re- |
| We hate the halls of ivy | But when they start to do the tango | Solo VI. (Pyron) | Jacques Fath made a new style for me | frain. After dance is completed, |
| That suppress us here today, | My heart starts racin' like a bird on the fly! | I've got the blues | I even made Charlie Medlin smile for me | dancers go by two's to join "men" |
| And already we're fed up | Gee, what I've been missing, cause I'm too young to tango, etc. | I've got the blues | A Camel once walked a mile for me | at card tables. |
| And wish to run away. | I'm old enough for kissin', but I'm too young to tango, | I've got those gol darn term paper blues. | Monotonous, monotonous. | 3. Virginia Hodges (solo) |
| To this hallowed poison ivy | But I'll grow up someday. | No more testing | I could not be wearier, etc. | 4. Madame Flora, (mind reader) |
| We wish we were immune, | Narrator and Chorus. | Now I'll just be resting | Margaret Simpson makes schedules for me | Joan Jacobowsky |
| Though this is just September, | Scene IV. | Gad! How I'm detesting | Alice McNeely breaks rules for me | 5. Apache Dance—Frances Horne, |
| We wish that it were June. | "Music Lesson." | Those TERM PAPER BLUES. | Lizzie Welch burns down schools for me | Charles Medlin |
| We'd like a place more jivy | Cast: | Narrator and Chorus. | Monotonous | 6. Johnny Ray—Dr. Gramley |
| With not a single rule | Teacher (Starr) | Scene VI. | Although I know I've acres of gold I'm not sure of the amount. | 7. Dixie—All stand and come forward on — first chorus including |
| Oh, why didn't someone tell us, | Student (Sandresky) | "How Professors Relax." | It might be exciting some day | everyone in show standing back |
| This ain't like high school! | Scene V. | Cast: | If I learned to count! | stage; Second chorus — Everybody |
| Oh, hang these walls of ivy! | "How to Write Term Papers" | Professor Singer | Winston Churchill sends me pots of tea | sing. |
| But we're stuck with them, it seems. | Cast: | Professor Lewis | Blandina Biggers gives me Vitamin B. | Curtain |
| So farewell to Jack and Sam and Harry | Instructor (Pyron) | Referee—(Biggers) | And oh, furthermore, Clein likes me | I like mountain music |
| (and Bill, and Butch, and Mar- | Worrydell (Vardell) | Setting: | | Good old mountain music |
| | Sparrow (Barrier) | Gymnasium. | | Played by the Rill Hill Billy Band |
| | Spot (Scott) | Song (sung by Lewis and Singer) | | Give me rural rhythm |
| | Melvina (Melvin) | "Your Philosophy" (Tunes: "You Were Meant for Me" and "Let's Go Thisaway", lyrics altered) | | Let me sway right with 'em |
| | Kerny (Karnes) | Your philosophy, | | I think the melody is grand |
| | | And my philosophy, | | I've heard Hawaiians play |
| | | Augustine would approve, and fall in the groove; | | By the land of the Whicky-Whacky |
| | | We've got all the theories, rolled | | But I must say— |
| | | | | They can't beat the Turkey in the |
| | | | | Straw by cracky |
| | | | | I like mountain music |
| | | | | Played by the Rill Hill Billy Band |
| | | | | (Credit: Montaldo's) |