

Salem Thanks Mr. Gray Fate of Beatenbrow

By Peirano Achen

The first week in January 1947 will always be a week worth remembering, indeed unforgettable in the long history of Salem College, and why? Because this was the week when the announcement was made of the wonderful endowment gift by Mr. James A. Gray.

This gift is in the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, "for use, (quoting Mr. Gray's letter) "as in the case of income from its endowment funds, in improving its instruction and academic standards."

Everywhere that the press has carried this information, the Alumnae, the friends, and the present students and faculty of Salem College have been rejoicing, for this is the largest single gift that Salem has ever received.

In coming from Mr. Gray it comes from a true friend who has known Salem all his life, has had every opportunity to observe the life of Salem, and who believes heartily in the ideals of Salem.

The SALEMITE eagerly salutes Mr. James A. Gray, first for his gift, then for the spirit of his giving, and further for its great encouragement in having come during the very heart of the 175th Anniversary Year of Celebration.

It constitutes a shining beacon to all givers in this year of anniversary challenge.

Cooperation, Please!

One week out of nine months is set aside for Spiritual Evaluation Week. It is realized that the past week was an extremely busy one with all the pre-exam work, however this was anticipated in October when a group of all campus representatives voted to have January 13-16 set aside. The date was set by students, with administration approval.

The majority of students gave very poor cooperation and failed to take any interest or show any spirit what-so-ever. The minority who were deeply interested and attentive were just as busy as the last one of the "slackers." Those who came now have a treasure for life that the other students have missed. The faculty were none the less uncooperative—piling last minute assignments and toilsome work, as well as having required classes during the time scheduled for our speaker. Few of the faculty took advantage of hearing Dr. Cowan, whose messages applied to all.

If Salem students and faculty care little enough for the school or the advancement of their own lives, then such worth while and outstanding speakers should not be asked to give up their time for Salem.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there will I be also."

F. C.

Poet's Corner

ON DRAMA

Methinks that I have dwelt o'er long
In that infernal realm
Wherein all Drama passes by,
Miss Siewers at the helm.

Full many a weary hour I sought
Their onward flight to stay,
That they might lend my wasted mind
A teacher-pleasing ray.

In cultured tones they laughed at me
And 'scaped my frantic grasp.
And then a library-hireling came
To chide my pleading rasp.

Methinks my very brain doth turn—
I know not where I stand;
In Twentieth Century Salem or
In Merrie Engle-land.

—Catherine Gregory

The coffee pot had been thrice refilled; the kitchen clock struck midnight, and Grandma reached for her cane to aid her slippery knee. The conference had adjourned, and the Achen mothers could once more go to the easy sleep of those who do their duty.

They had decided that I was to accompany Cousin Beatenbrow back to college after the holidays to discover what terrible calamity must have befallen her. For we were much disturbed. Our once vivacious daughter had come home a stoop-shouldered, sunken-chested creature, whose arms dragged at her sides in the manner of a tired chimpanzee. I was to keep the purpose of my visit a secret, since Beatenbrow did not notice anything peculiar about her appearance, and we did not wish to worry her.

Hence, early the next morning we set out and rode for several hours until we came to Whiz-Sagem, so-called "twin" cities that grew into one. I inquired of my cousin why they were said to be "twin," since one was proudly modern and the other, just as proudly ancient. Moreover the chief characteristic they shared seemed to be the very dismal climate, which wet them equally. But in her new apathy Beatenbrow merely shook her head and splashed her toe in one of the many puddles.

Shortly before six we came to the school in Sagem, which I found a very pretty place. In fact, it seemed so pleasant and peaceful that I could not yet imagine any reason for Beatenbrow's condition. On entering the dorm we were met by many fluttery friends—whom we assured that we had enjoyed "a lur-r-vely time," "a Merry-Merry," "a splendid little Christmas," and other fashionable kinds of happiness. With these little chums we made our way to the dining hall for dinner.

On the way I remembered the great reputation Sagem had for etiquette and manners and was afraid I might embarrass Beatenbrow with my crude behavior. However I soon discovered I had nothing to fear. For when we sat down to eat, confusion unlimited reigned. Instead of passing everything to the left, the Sagemites sent their dishes right, left, and diagonally. Inevitably someone was caught with asparagus going left in one hand and cauliflower traveling right in the other, with various foods lined up waiting to be passed. At this point "Bottleneck" was cruelly shouted and the whole table burst into merciless laughter.

Finally when we were ready to eat the first delicious mouthful, a beautiful little chime sounded. Silver was poised in mid-air and ears were pricked up to catch the latest news. I learned that there was no specific time for these interruptions. Rather they depend on a kind of mental telepathy among the announcers, who suddenly appeared from all corners of the hall. Sometimes a girl with a message let her subconscious get rusty and missed her cue. I sympathize with these people, for I am sure the suspense must be hard on the indigestion.

While at the table I was able to get a good view of the Sagemites together, and I found that despite the gaiety many were in Beatenbrow's condition. I could see why she was not conscious of her drooping looks.

After the meal we played for a half hour until the clock struck seven. Then Beatenbrow sighed sadly, went to her desk, and pulled out a huge box which had excited my curiosity from the first. It measured at least three feet each way. Now I could distinguish its fearful contents: *The Reader's Guide*, *Webster's Dictionary*, *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, a Bible, concert programs, a term paper guide, and stacks of yellow paper.

In answer to my astonished glance the usually taciturn Beatenbrow said in a low voice, "It happens every year before exams. There's a theory out that students work better under pressure!" Whereupon before my very eyes she hoisted the box to her shoulders and trudged over to the library, where her candle still burns in Seminar 5.

My mission was accomplished. I knew why Beatenbrow was deformed.

EXAMS

'TAIN'T FUNNY.

Wald

Clapp Chats

Last Saturday afternoon most of the music big-wigs, here and everywhere, had their ears glued to their radios to hear the performance of an American opera . . . "The Warrior" by Bernard Rogers—libretto by Norman Corwin based on the Biblical Samson and Delilah. Such varied and sundry comments have resulted that they must be quoted!

Choral Ensemble: . . . groan . . . oooooouch! . . . That thing really stink, stank, stunk . . . "Well, I liked it because it was different. . . "rah-ter aromatic" (pew?), re: P. S. Taylor.

Margaret Vardell: . . . "very refreshing. . ." (Mr. Rogers was one of her teachers at Eastman. It seems that he has one of those personalities—lectures with his hand over his face, apologetically, and thinks everything "sounds a little like MacDowell" . . . he also revels in digging up ancient instruments. That accounts for the 'dish and spoon' sounds in his orchestration!)

Mr. Lerch: "You might as well have a play with sound-effects . . . for all the music did to help out the action."

Mr. Peterson: "It has possibilities . . . I think with some changes it could be very effectively performed. American music should be very effectively performed. American music should be given a chance."

Dean Vardell: "I haven't quite decided what I think . . . my main criticism is his lack of musical continuity. There should be some connecting ideas."

Most condemning comments were those of Olin Downs in his *TIMES* article, Sunday, January 12.

. . . this is a singularly weak and ineffectual opera, so weak and ineffectual, so strikingly without inspiration or dramatic intensity, that one can only wonder why a jury of eminent authorities should have given it the Oliver Ditson prize . . .

Special mention should be made of the excellent job done by the singers—Regina Resnik as Delilah, Mack Harrell as Samson and others—as well as the conductor, Max Rudolph. Even Mr. Downs complimented them for their presentation of such a difficult score.

Only time can make a lasting judgment of the merit of such as opera as this . . . no definite conclusions should be drawn from one hearing of anything.

Consideration Needed

Exams are here again. That means lots of studying for every one concerned. Quiet hours are to be observed at the usual times, but some people like to study at other times. Therefore, remember when you yell down the hall, or when you turn your radio up that someone might be trying to study for an exam that means whether they pass or flunk a course. Be considerate of others and they will be considerate of you.

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