

The Dramatic Fanatic

By Lola Dawson

Mine's a humorous story of how I used to be light hearted, But now, from that condition I have definitely departed. It all happened when I, chuckling, left speech class one day, And Miss Reigner sneaked up and whispered, "Would you like to be in a play?" Taken quite unaware and not wishing to offend, I choked and said, "Am I the type you'd recommend?" "Well, no," she said, and she summed up all her tact, "Your diction's bad and Rocky Mounty, that's a well-known fact, But I think if you worked, say twenty-three hours every day, People might begin to understand those swallowed words you say." So I was game, for I hate to be defeated. I tried to learn phonetics after they were repeated, I said "Howl, O Wind" until I thought I would choke, I didn't care if the wind did howl, or if perfect speech I spoke. My next introduction was to that thing called a stage. You know, the thing people get on when they refuse to act their age. I remembered that **want** was **want** and that **man** was always **man**, And you never say **can**, but always **can**. I learned that to be heard you must always holler To the ones in the back row who also paid a dollar.

I learned a set is made from flats and your entrance lines are cues, Honey, miss one of those, and you're in for the blues. To take down a set you don't rip the nails out, that's certain. I did—and tore a hole right in the curtain. I learned that rehearsals are things never to be skipped. Cause if they are, results are worse than being shipped. I learned that the day of performance is when your mind goes blank, And you feel like you've been hit by a nice, soothing tank. You can't disappear, so you're there when the curtain rises high; You wander on the stage mumbling, "This is all just a lie". You look at your fellow actors as your lines you say, Then you think—"How in the heck did I get in this anyway?" Yes, that's my sad story over which I shed a tear, It's bad to one day be gay, and then to have it disappear— Run desperately from those who might seem to be fanatics, From the thing which took my gaiety, the field known as Dramatics.

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Faculty Fishes

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being devoted to composing two of his exams. No further comment from the reporters of this survey. Mr. Curlee developed his craftsmanship during his time at home. His two Christmas projects were a drop-leaf table for Mrs. Curlee and a footstool for Mrs. Gramley. These undertakings reminded him of the first table he ever created; created, that is, at the expense of Mrs. Curlee's kitchen utensils and whatever other objects the Curlee tool chest could produce. And incidentally, Mr. Curlee has a green thumb. He even knows how to root gardenias. The gad-about of the faculty were three in number—Dr. Welch, Miss De Bardelaben and Miss Biggers. Miss De Bardelaben gave us a most respectable account of their trip to New York. But what are these rumors we've heard about the Diamond Horseshoe? And what about them slipping away

from one another? It was Miss De Bardelaben's first experience in New York; so most of her time was taken up with tours. She enjoyed her tours of Rockefeller Center and the N. B. C. Studios, where she saw Tallulah Bankhead's show broadcast. She was particularly impressed by the subway and color television. Of the numerous plays the three saw, they enjoyed most "South Pacific", "King Lear", "Member of the Wedding", "Bell, Book, and Candle", "The Cocktail Party", "Out of This World", "Peter Pan", "Ring Around the Moon" and "The Lady's Not for Burning". For the benefit of the music department at Salem, they did not neglect the Metropolitan, but attended "The Barber of Seville".

This is all very interesting, but we'd still like to know more about those escapades.

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Exams To Begin

(Continued from page one)

faculty member or Miss Simpson. Seniors who condition a semester course will be notified in writing as soon as the grade is known. Exam teas will be given by the Y. W. C. A. each afternoon during exams in the Day Students Center.

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