

Rat Week? . . .

Jane Schoolfield conducted a poll, asking various freshmen and sophomores whether or not Rat Week should be discontinued. These are the results.

Martha Bowman—"Rat Week does good in the right way if used in the right way."

Joyce Whitehurst—"It's loads of fun and you get to know the sophomores better."

Jane Smith—"It is a custom that upsets the already insecure freshmen."

Lisa Monk—"Personally, I am in favor of it. It either makes or breaks a person as far as being able to stand up under the strain."

Anne Lowe—"If some sort of initiation must be had, it should be shortened to one day."

Betty Parks—"Rat Week is excellent if not taken too seriously."

Sue Lindsay—"The purpose is for freshmen to become acquainted with upper classmen, and there should be an easier way."

Mimi Wiel—"It makes no difference to me either way."

Marilyn Moore—"I don't like Rat Week because I don't think it accomplishes what it should."

Jeanne Moye—"I think it's fun."

Rosie Bowen—"It is good if not carried to extremes. One day would be ample."

Sally Kerner—"When freshmen are trying to become adjusted to college life, Rat Week at the beginning makes it harder. Otherwise it is fun."

Dear Editor

During the past week the nominating committee made a decision which caused much dissention among students. Many burned the midnight oil trying to think of a way to undo the injustice which was believed to have been done.

Many of us who were at fault now realize that we were thinking in the wrong channels. What we should do, if we are dissatisfied with the mechanics of our nominating system, is to strengthen it by action more positive than wrangling.

It has been suggested that first of all we should recommend to the Salem law makers that in the future, when nominators lack sufficient information about a potential candidate, they shall call in better informed people to act in an advisory capacity only.

R. M. L.

Keep Off The Grass

Spring, Innauguration and May Day are coming. Those of you who have been here before know that one of Salem's prides and joys throughout spring and particularly on special occasions is her grass. Unless the grass is given a chance to grow now there won't be any left. We realize that the brick walks around campus do not always run the most direct route between two points but we urge you to stay on the walks and off the grass. Give the grass a chance please.

The Order of the Scorpion

Norman Jarrard Reviews Reed's "Fallen Idol"

by Norman Jarrard

"The Fallen Idol" is another fine picture filmed by Alexander Korda's studios. Specifically, it was issued by London Film Productions, and released over here by Selznick. Originally, it was planned to be shown under the title, **The Eyewitness**. The screenplay was written by Graham Greene. It is an adaption from one of his own short stories, **The Basement Room**. For anyone who is interested, the short story is in a volume entitled simply, **Nineteen Stories**, and is still in print.

The cast was competent for the most part. Sir Ralph Richardson had top billing as the butler, Baines. Michele Morgan shared, although she had a relatively small part as Julie, an embassy typist. An Anglo-French boy, Bobby Henrey as Felipe, the Ambassador's son, was billed as one of the supporting cast when the movie first came out, but had to be given more credit as soon as the first audience reactions were heard. Sonia Dresdel played the role of Mrs. Baines. A few of the more important supporting roles were acted by Denis O'Dea, Walter Fitzgerald, Karel Stepenak and Dora Bryan.

Many people are prejudiced against detective stories but this is an example which shows such snobishness to be unfair. It shows how a clever writer and a hard-working director can turn a detective story situation into something very fine. Graham Greene wrote the screenplay from the child's (eight years old) viewpoint. He tries and succeeds to show the reactions of a child to an adult situation which he does not understand. Felipe's actions are many times funny, although we can see the tragedy which they are leading to. His transparent lies, instead of turning the finger of guilt away from Baines, makes that digit even more fixed toward him. As undertone, although our attention is not centered on it as such, there is the old problem of the validity of circumstantial evidence. Let me say here, in order to save everyone from the boredom of hearing time and time again that the movie is not like the story, that the movie is not like the story. Of course, the end was changed. That can be justified somewhat because Director Reed built up such a terrific amount of suspense. That is something he is noted for, by the way, another example of which was **Odd Man Out**, starring James Mason. Such suspense needs release, and

it is released by author Greene in a very satisfactory way. Ironically, after Felipe had been lying continually, the story was concluded by a piece of evidence which only Felipe knew was worthless but which was accepted by Scotland Yard as true.

More important than his good job with the suspense element, Carol Reed has to be given a great deal of credit for the performance turned in by Bobby Henrey. Reed said, "a child of eight can't act." The problem, then, was how to obtain a creditable performance. Reed did just about everything. In the opening scene of the picture Felipe is looking "affectionately" at Baines. But Bobby as an actor didn't know how a person looked when he was supposed to show affection, so Reed had a magician performing just outside the range of the camera, and that caused the affection that was shown on Felipe's face. Using such tricks called for many cuts, in fact, when ready to be issued, the picture had been cut 1040 times. Sometimes, when Felipe is walking beside Baines and we see Baines' pants and coat, it isn't Baines but Reed. As for Bobby's very amusing and realistic gestures, Reed copied Bobby's own natural gestures and had him rehearse them until they were perfect. Bobby's lines were sometimes rehearsed as many as fifty times. Actually, Bobby's longest line without a cut was just fourteen words: "Funny, Julie working at the embassy and all the time she was your niece."

There are many other things which should be mentioned but space is limited. Visual qualities were stimulating. Much of the time the film was taken from about the shoulder level of the child, helping somewhat to give the illusion of seeing the affair from a child's eyes. In the last part of the film when there is very little variety of scenery the camera does its best to break the monotony. There are shots looking up the stairs and down, across the stairs to a window and even out the window to the buildings outside. Sometimes the camera is tilted slightly when the Chief Inspector is talking to Felipe. During a game of hide and seek the lights were turned on and off in the embassy.

All in all, "The Fallen Idol" gives a child study, has suspense, death, adultery, good comedy, interesting photography, and outstanding acting. It would be hard to find a better ninety-four minutes' of entertainment.



by Winkie Harris and Sybel Haskins

Acti skipped back to the dorm for breakfast. It was 8:30 Monday morning and she thought to herself "Life can be beautiful". She greeted a friend with vicious abandon, "Morning!". Suddenly her thoughts flew to her other friend who lay sick in the infirmary. "Must go to see her and cheer her up with news of the outside. Possibly I can impart some of my good health".

She went up to her room, grabbed some back issues of "True Love Stories" and "Love The Way You Want It", and made for the infirmary. As Acti neared the dreary edifice, she heard faint screams coming forth, "No, No, Not the Brown—"The voice was abruptly stopped. In its place came the hideous roar of a mighty machine. She hesitated, then thought of her pioneer ancestors—of Grandmother Capablitus, who singlehandedly pulled Washington's boat across the Delaware—of Great-grandmother Organizitus who singlehandedly formed the Women's Federation of Eyebrow Pluckers—Acti boldly stuck her chin out and bruised it on the fountain in front of the infirmary—"I can do it." I will go into the infirmary.

Without flinching, she opened the massive door. Then she flinched. A mass of people were running about, dusting, sweeping, wiping, washing, wiping—and someone was vacuum cleaning. The confusion, the roar, mounted higher. Above them all came a thin powerful voice "I will have this place clean—clean I tell you CLEAN."

Acti meekly wormed her way through the crowd. Suddenly a hand shot out and she felt her arm clenched. "It's about time you came down here. Another minute and your illness would have been Acute Accident of the Bifocal Tract." Acti paled and protested; but . . .

Two minutes later, she lay strapped to the bed looking at the "shocking-green-walls-which-are-so-soothing-to-the-you-know-what." Two stiffly starched white uniforms stood beside the bed "Say ah!" "Aaaaagh!" gurgled forth from Acti's parched throat.

"Aha!" came the triumphant answer. "Just as I thought."

"MmmmmHmmmm" said the other uniform "A shot of this here, a shot of that there. And a shot of the other—let's see. Oh, just stick it anywhere."

"But there's nothing wrong with me!" Acti screamed. The uniforms, however, were busily conferring. Acti heard snatches "Bed, two weeks—convalescence, two more—brown pills, purple pills, green pills, striped pills—Food-bouillon and soda crackers two weeks—no visitors—no radio—no True Love Stories—" Acti turned a despairing face to the wall and thought.

"No True Love Stories, no cuts.

Life but an empty shell.

My sad story to no one.

am I able to tell."

She couldn't resist a little flash of pride and wondered humbly if the **Salemite** would print her poem. "Maybe I can be an English major" she thought.

Acti lay in bed pensively and remembered the other time she had come to the infirmary. She had been a little too eager in a phys. ed. class; somehow her head got caught in the basket ball basket ring when she leaped up with the ball. Acti had swung there unconscious until she reduced a pound and slipped through. Four professors had carried her to the infirmary. "A little dab of iodine—right here. There we are. Now run back to your classes little girl," had said the white uniform. Acti had crawled back to the dorm, her head under one arm. She sighed, remembering wistfully "Oh, for the bygone days."

"Hi, Acti!" came a disgustingly cheerful voice. The invalid turned. There stood the sick friend Acti had come to see. Now Acti saw bright red cheeks, curly hair, plump arms clutching a stack of True Love stories. "I was just leaving and they told me you were sick" said the Friend.

"Don't come any closer" whispered Acti feebly. "I've got Acute Accident of the Bifocal Tract".

Study For Miners Asked; Saar Again Causes Trouble

by Mary Lib Weaver

COAL SITUATION

The coal strike has ended, thus ending a threat to America's economy. However, the coal strike has made Congress realize that some legislation is needed concerning the mining industry.

President Truman wants a Study Commission, which will attempt to find a way to lasting peace in the mining industry, set up. Some lawmakers feel that a stand-by measure should be passed. This measure would give the government authority to take over the mines in case of another crisis. This possibility is being studied by several Congressional committees.

Truman's Commission Bill seems to be receiving much praise on Capitol Hill. Democrats and Republicans alike have predicted that it will clear Congress without much trouble. Truman hopes that the Commission, if set up, will make a thorough study of the coal industry "In terms of economic, social and national security objectives".

SAAR VALLEY

The Saar Valley, a point of contention for two centuries, is now the object of bitter contesting between the Western German government and France. The area in dispute lies against the French frontier. Its strategic position and value as one of the world's richest coal areas makes it valuable.

France, in a treaty after World War II, made the Saar Basin a republic under French direction. Under the treaty the Saar is to remain this way for fifty years, during which time her coal goes to France, and then she is to become completely independent. However, France does not have the authority to make such a disposition of the Saar, since the western powers have agreed to let the Saar question be settled by a peace conference with Germany. The action has caused much anger in Germany. The German government has said that she will demand the return of the Saar. However, until further action is taken, the territory remains under French rule.

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