

Movie Based On Mystery Is Believable

Agatha Christie is, without a doubt, one of the greatest suspense writers of all time; she spins her web of intrigue with the finesse of a true artist. Arthur Hornblow's production of "Witness For the Prosecution" was worthy of Christie's talents. The entire cast was superb—Charles Laughton as the wily barrister, Sir Wilford; Elsa Lancaster, as his undaunted nurse; Marlene Dietrich as Christine Holm, the wife of the prosecuted; Tyrone Power as Vale, a man on trial for murder. Power's performance was convincing. However, at the end it was rather hard to reconcile Power's debonair attitude with that of a man on trial for his life, even though he pleaded "not guilty."

The ending was one that calls for time to recover from the shock and to re-assemble the facts. Yet, despite its rather sudden and confusing reversal, it is believable.

The movie is all Dietrich's. Her acting here is superb, as it was seen in her second scene on the witness stand. In this same scene Laughton, as throughout the movie, was excellent. His exchanges with his butler and the repartee with his nurse were fascinating.

As for the technical aspects, Matly Malnedk's music was excellent. In photography, focusing on a single character and having a fuzzy background was most effective. The costumes afforded just the right amount of subtlety to each character. (I liked Dietrich's hair short.)

—Anne Howes

News Briefs

Geraldine Mellroy has been selected by the local National Association of Teachers of Singing to represent this region at the auditions which will be held in Chapel Hill next month.

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Tomorrow is the last day for free bowling instructions to be given Salem girls at Ingram's Bowling Alley.

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The results of this week's basketball tournament:

- First Place Juniors
- Second Place Sophomores
- Third Place Freshmen
- Fourth Place Seniors

This week softball practice begins. Daily at 4:45. Athletic field.

Tavern Dance Is Planned For March 15

On Saturday, March 15, the Home Economics Club will present Gingham Tavern. Anything from skirts and sweaters and loafers to wool dresses and heels will be appropriate to wear to the Day Students' Center from nine until twelve. The Royal Sultans combo will provide the music for this informal affair.

The girls attending the dance will get late permission that night until 12:15. In order to get this privilege, each girl attending the dance must keep half of her ticket to be presented when she signs in in her dormitory. For those not attending the dance, 12:00 will be the sign in time as usual.

Committees which have been organized to work on the dance include publicity headed by Patty Kimbrough; refreshments, Hilary Ligon; entertainment, Melissa Kerr; band, Peggy Ingram; and decorations, Lynn Warren.

Tickets will be sold by members of the Home Economics Club at 75c per person.

Five Drags, Five Midshipmen . . . Annapolis

My midshipman friend and I corresponded for three months making "last minute plans" for the big weekend when five Salemites (Mary Jo Wynne, Sue Cooper, Anthea Taylor, Erwin Robbins, and Jane Irby) were to "drag" at the U. S. Naval Academy. I was leaving for the Academy a day earlier so I versed each girl individually on Navy lingo, traveling tips (pack lightly, "Snavalize" and use your Southern accent lavishly, etc.) I felt the group was ready to venture on its own. The following is a report on this "maiden voyage".

After finally reaching Washington, we read our orders and proceeded for our destination: the United States Naval Academy. Resounding in our tired minds were the parting words of Commodore Mayhew: "Do not pay more than \$10 for the drive to Annapolis."

When we boarded the cab the Ladies Bridge Club resumed. Erwin slept; Sue elbowed the cab driver; Irby griped about sleep; Anthea balanced our bridge table (a Mr. John's hat box); and I simply existed. Fourteen hands of bridge and two packs of cigarettes later, we were in Annapolis. After scouting around we finally found headquarters—and there we were.

... And there I was—the one man welcoming committee. At first I wondered if they'd hiked—with their black, puffy eyes, stringing hair and wrinkled clothes they looked terrible! Knowing drastic changes had to be made before the "middies" arrived, I delivered the edict that quiet hour would begin in ten minutes. As the girls were arriving another Salemite, one Miss Nancy Willis, was leaving with her midshipman fiance for an early morning "drag".

The rest of my morning was spent purchasing various articles which had to be left at home. This assortment of purchases ranged from Pepto Bismol and aspirin, hose, lipstick, and gurdles. At 11:00 the girls were ready.

I beamed as they came down the stairs—outwardly looking "fresh as daisies" and I couldn't help but chuckle and think, "What these boys don't know won't hurt them—sure am glad they weren't around when the girls first arrived."

One by one I introduced the dates. Everyone crowded into the small living room of the drag house and a tense and embarrassed hush prevailed. I rattled on senselessly until I'd again lived up to my nick name of "motor mouth" and there

I was . . .
 . . . And there we were—after a few hours I knew why we were drags . . . Since they can not ride in cars, we were dragged to meal formation — commonly known as "muster" (when 3,700 midshipmen line up for chow) . . . back to town for lunch . . . to the "drag house" (which can be defined in five words by Jane Irby — that's where we stayed) . . . around the "yard" (known to collegiates as the campus!) . . . between the cannons (that didn't go off) . . . to see the remains of John Paul Jones (in a tomb, of course) . . . past Tecumseh (a statue of the American Indian Chief of the Shawnee tribe, a traditional "good luck" charm during exams) . . . by the Severn River (which Erwin called the Potomac) back to Bancroft Hall (where they "mustered" again) . . . then to dinner in town . . . to the basketball game and wrestling match . . . through Gate one . . . passing a "bow wow" (Battalion on Watch) . . . and back to the drag house until our "Cinderellas" had to leave in time to be in before 2400. 12:00 midnight. The drags motto: "Early to bed, early to rise makes a girl healthy." Sunday morning at 10:20, five

girls ran desperately toward Gate One with Commodore Mayhew bringing up the rear, screaming, "Hurry, we're going to miss it!" We arrived at the chapel just as the band began to play "Onward Christian Soldiers." Turning toward the left we saw the white hats of midshipmen as they marched from Bancroft Hall. The band soon began another hymn . . . "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" . . . the boys looked straight ahead as each row of feet hit the chapel steps simultaneously. Three thousand and seven hundred boys later, we found our way to the front row balcony of the chapel . . . During the services, six eager faces peered over the rail as the midshipmen below nervously waited for one of us to lose our balance. We bowed our heads at the end of the service as the words from the midshipman's prayer filled the chapel . . . "Almighty Father, whose way is in the sea . . . Keeping me true to my best self . . . and helping me so to live that I can stand unashamed and unafraid before my shipmates, my loved ones and Thee."

Sunday afternoon passed all too
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