

### TWO SEATS in the Back Row Please

For the past few weeks I have been conducting an intensive survey on a subject that intrigues me muchly — movie reviews.

I settled down with a few papers (not the Gazette), and read all the reviews in them.

Obviously the critics were not unionized. One would pan a movie and another would praise it. One of the critics even wrote his review in Gaelic.

I tried to get my usual set of pollsters to cover a few movies for me but the idiots all went with girls and came back with nothing on their minds but love scenes.

In spite of the inefficiency of my subordinates I managed to compile a set of rules for the writing of a movie review. I will enumerate.

1. Never never never praise a movie. You may say nice things about certain parts of it but don't get carried away. A friend of mine once praised "Gone With The Wind". He was fired.
2. Always be as sarcastic as possible. Remember, it pays to be nasty.
3. Movies are never referred to as such. They are called tear-jerkers, epics, talkies or flickers.
4. Don't, on peril of your life call Ava Gardner cute. She is sexy.
5. You will find it a good idea to purchase a book of handy cliches for referring to the various characters who lurk on the screen. Cliches are indispensable to good review writing.

With apologies to Jack Kerr I will show you how to write a review. The picture I have chosen is White Xmas. (I liked it, but it may not fare too well in my review).

#### Flicker Slashes

Sentimental slush and slobberings. This epic was a soap opera set to music with a portion of song and dance thrown in. The flicker features a tour start quintet of Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera Ellen and Rosemary Clooney. The latter two are sort of cute for intrinsically ugly girls. You can tell me Clooney is cute but I've got a better looking Cocker Spaniel, come to think of it even my German Shepard looks better.

Crosby and Kaye aren't bad, even though they are about thirty years too old for their roles. Bing is ill at ease trying to keep that rug balanced on his head.

This tear-jerker is built around two good guys in show business who are trying to do a favor for their old, retired and well-loved army general. As you can see the plot is a rare gem. It reminded me of a little opus I saw back home in '46, which was entitled "Forty Years In A Waterhole," or "Why I Switched to Whisky Sour".

### JUST PUBLISHED



BY WALT KELLY

Yez, Oyez, here's the brand new book on the hilarious stalwarts of the Okefenokee swampland. It's not better than, "Pogo", "I go Pogo", "The Pogo Papers" or "The Pogo Stepmother Goose" just newer. Be prepared for more wonderfully enjoyable episodes from the same little people who are making the same, and more, big people happier.

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For me the thing was a failure. The pop corn was stale.

#### The Glenn Miller Story:

The faithful were not disappointed, this film was what the boys in the band business call a "sax lead" (a straight, sentimental pitch), but it was also a creamily competent film biography in which even the Technicolor was as lush and mild as a Glenn Miller arrangement. Like any other biography picture, three problems had to be solved: 1) find somebody to impersonate Miller, 2) inject a little drama into the dull routine of success, 3) follow the facts of the subject's life without bringing on a libel suit.

The drama in this case is provided by suggesting that Miller's efforts to get a good combo together were really rather like Beethoven's early struggles. The problem of the actor is solved with a beautiful piece of sustained mimicry by Jimmy Stewart. A subtle makeup job has slightly altered his mouth without causing it to seem unlike his own. With that for a start, Jimmy has managed all along the line — in walk, talk and conducting — to effect a graceful compromise of gesture that should please both Miller's public and his own.

Musically the picture offers a reminiscent run-through of almost all the old Glenn Miller favorites: In the mood, Chattanooga, Choo-Choo, Little Brown Jug, Tuxedo Junction. . .

#### The Egyptian:

A much-heralded film production of Mika Waltari's best selling novel. The movie is really well done. Edmund Purdom as Sinuhe the Egyptian gives a good workmanlike performance; Victor Mature makes a vigorous Horemheb; a frightening feline characterization of Nefer the temptress is presented by Bella Darvi; Michael Wilding is credible as the inspired Pharaoh Akhnaton whose momentary faith was a significant though temporary departure from the Egyptian cults of cruel and warlike gods with animal like features and attributes; Jean Simmons and Gene Tierney are adequate in their respective roles of tavern girl and royal princess.

However, the highest praise should be reserved for Peter Ustinov, who as Sinuhe's tievish one-eyed slave gives a tremendously amusing performance. This versatile clown is so unstrained and easy, both on the stage and before the camera that he can extract the lost drop of humor from a line or situation and turn even the smallest part into a gem of finished acting.

Though of necessity greatly abbreviated, the story adheres quite closely to that of the original novel. As you might expect, there are quite a number of the street scenes which appears to such advantage in cinemascope and on the whole, it is a rewarding evening's entertainment.

### Remember?

Scene: Examination Hall.  
Chorus: (seated at their desks writing their exams in the dark, mentally and physically; chanting).  
Woe! Woe! The tragedy is consummating!

Messenger: (Dashing breathless upon the scene. Write no more! Throw up your papers and pens and cry, "No more!")  
For it is of no avail! (with a fierce grown) Anticome!  
Chorus: (murmuring,) question-SHE is coming.  
Is SHE coming?

Messenger: (Lamenting) Anti-Antigoing, Antigone!  
Alas, SHE, the match, has gone out like a light!  
Gone, gone, gone!

Prof: (enters slowly). He has found his cork at last, but is too late for a light)

See, o ye people, I have my specific gravity bootle!  
I have my stopper with its capillary!

I may cork my bottle now. But alas!

My Bunsen, poor little Bunsen burner needs must have its light.  
Chorus: (in a rising aris)  
Will another SHE arise  
A modern SHE who will surprise  
Professors, who keep making stabs

At poor freshmen in their labs:  
And give students hope that they, in time,  
When they too have reached their prime,  
With more success at the Prof's lectern,  
With triumph, may make a Bunsen Burn!!

(Reprint from Brunswickan)

## Stanley the Hunter

Today is the last day of the hunting season, so I thought it would be right fittin' to close off these here huntin' tales with a poem — a sort of memorial to them what hunted fairly WITH-OUT a gun; here goes—

'Twas on a bright November morning,  
And all was bright and clear,  
When Stanley grabbed his rifle  
And said, "I must get a deer."

With his little wife behind the wheel,  
He said, "I'm feeling in luck."  
We will be home right shortly  
With a great big, husky buck.

With his eyes upon each open field,  
Each bush he gave a glance;  
And his hand upon his rifle—  
He was leaving nothing to chance.

When all at once he shouted,  
"Stop the car right here!"  
For right up there in the field  
Was a great big husky deer.

He quickly loaded his rifle,  
And aimed with a steady eye;  
And as he squeezed the trigger,  
The deer blinked not an eye.

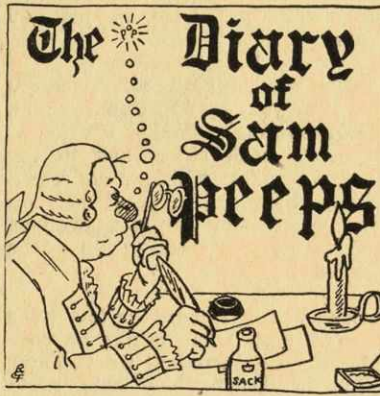
He quickly then reloaded and  
Fired another round;  
The deer it did not falter, but  
Calmly stood its ground.

And as he fired his third shot,  
His wife said, "That's enough,  
The deer you have been firing on  
Is one that has been stuffed!"

So as Stanley climbed in the car,  
With his feelings down so low,  
He said, "Breathe not a word of this,  
I don't want the boys to know."

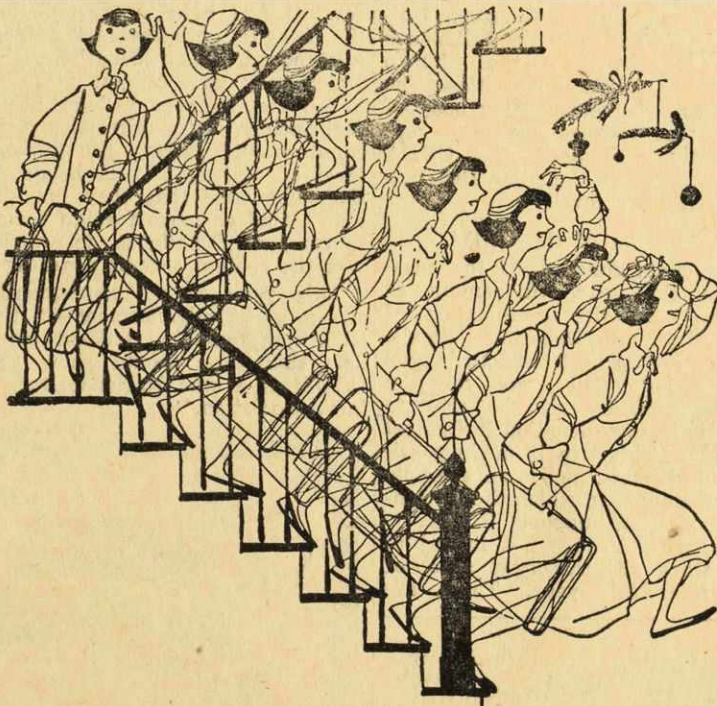
But word it quickly got around  
Of Stanley and his luck—  
Of the guy who fired the three shots  
At a ten-point well-stuffed buck.

—Woody Woodpecker.



Nov. 27. Up betimes and shaved myself after a weeks growth; but Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine today! By coach for it being frost and cold to the some country of the ex-men. A most fitful journey, most devilish roads fallen in disrepair from lack of use for none but the brave or foolish

should dare or desire to venture into this land. Thus since bravery be at a premium and most of the foolish already in that land the road is not used. At last did arrive and at once to the lists to exhort my Tabbies for their coming joust. The tourney begun I didst perceive that most injudiciously I had seated myself among a most unruly band obviously a native species who had most cleverly disguised themselves as humans. The chief cry of this species, mating or whatever I know not, didst sound to my untutored earthus: "Cummawney!" Whatever it was to produce, it came to naught and they didst quickly tire and sat with most dismal countenances. All this while the Tabbies didst cavort with reckless glee on the plain, doing seemingly as they pleased with but token resistance from the foreigners. A great day, a great victory, the Tabbies proving themselves much the greater in all manoeuvres. They did thrust with great



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## Fresh Out of Ether

by ARCADES AMBO

#### Can We Expect A Miracle?

In less than two weeks the campus will be well nigh deserted, and we return after the holidays in anticipation of a "new look" for the Dal canteen. On October 15, Dal's president, Dr. A. E. Kerr stated in a letter to the Students' Council, "The University is prepared to install a cafeteria service and disperse with the present horseshoe counter. Our decision is therefore that the structural alterations should be made and painting done during Christmas holidays when they can be accomplished with the least inconvenience." We hope that the prayers of 1425 Dal students will be answered — we couldn't ask for a nicer Christmas gift!

#### Dal NFCUS Comes Through At Last

The campus NFCUS committee, much heard and much seen these days, finally came through with pay dirt with their recent distribution of student discount cards. The cards allow Dalhousians anywhere from ten to twenty percent discount at the city business estab-

lishments listed. An announcement from the University also advises that railway travelling warrants for Christmas travel are available now at the Registrar's office. This money-saving scheme was the brainchild of the national NFCUS committee.

#### Not Too Little But Too Late

The appearance of the Dalhousie Students' Directory last week prompts us to make the suggestion that an effort be made to get this valuable publication into the hands of the students a little earlier than the end of November. We fail to see any reason why the Directory cannot be out by at least the end of October inasmuch as most students have registered by the end of the first week in October, and all, at the very latest by the end of the second week. This year's edition shows considerable work and we appreciate the efforts of the editor, but we certainly would have found greater use for it early in the term.

MERRY CHRISTMAS. PERIOD.

precision and did parry ever more greatly tho the enemy drew not one drop of Blood may didst not even scratch whereas the Scholars didst run the enemy upon the lance point at will. Hostilities over great celebration; all jubilant; Lord Twiney carried about by his men for he smote the enemy so thoroughly he needs must receive tribute: the greatest who didst appear this year in the lists. Didst depart this scene in haste for didst perceive yond Tabbies had a dry and thirsty look such men are dangerous (to my private stock of sack). Thus safely to my coach. Didst begin the hazardous journey to civilization; returned with-

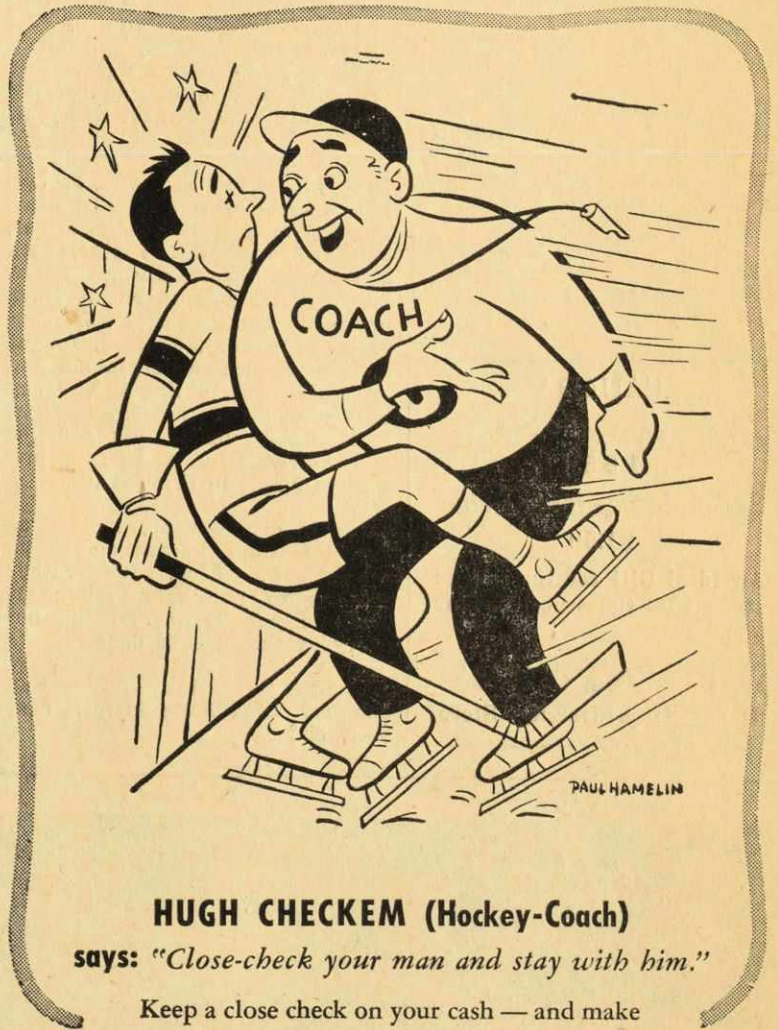
out mishap and to my chambers. Dec. 1. Up and put on my new stuff-suit with a shoulder belt, according to the new fashion and the hands of my vest and tunique laced with silk-lace of the color of my suit; and so very handsome to Dullhousie. Didst hear news of one of Cutits' Crows greatly terrified by a marauder who dost prowl the wood. A most scandalous thing and one of which I have opinion. Were not my weekly ration of sack in danger I should suspect my Lord the Chief Editor but I will not say it for fear I might lose my ration and die of a great thirst. Home to great apprehension and so to bed.

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