VO SEATS

the Back Row Please

At this time, we should tell you a little bit about this mn. It is not intended to be free publicity for the various atres in the city; but rather, it is a reserved space in the zette, which space any body can use to express his, or her, views or opinions on any of the movies playing in town.

The managers of the Capitol, and of the Vogue and Family theatres have been very co-operative, they even gave passes to be issued to any aspiring reporter who would like to write a review for this column. (Weekly, occasionally, or even only once.) We will in the near future get in touch with the other managers, so that, we may have passes to all of the theatres.

That is, all but the Paramount; previously we had passes to the Paramount, but they were cancelled, because one of its pictures was "panned" instead of praised (couldn't do otherwise). Also the manager pointed out: "Why should I give you passes, your paper only reviews my pictures when they are over!" He wanted advertising, and unfortunately, we, as mentioned previously, do not intend this column to serve for this purpose, so . . .

Fortunately, all the managers did not take this view; Mr. H. Howes, (Capitol's manager) even accepted to write an article on "the trend in modern movies" — or something along that line), which article will appear in this column shortly.

note, though I must say it is hard-

had a secret antipathy for doctors,

for even the eminent surgeon who lectures to the students, was little

However, this minor flaw by no

means detracts from the humour of the movie. In fact the only

and fast we miss half the dialogue.

Go, Man, Go is probably an inter-

esting a movie as can be made about the game of basketball. For

one thing, the picture tells the

story of what many sportsmen con-

sider the game's greatest team: The Harlem Globetrotters. For another, it is directed by one of Hollywood's most able handler of

men in motion, photographer James Wong Howe, who shot the magnificent fight sequences in

Body and Soul. A good, fast script

by Arnold Becker hits only the biggest bumps on the Globetrot-ters' road to glory; beginning with the teams' hobo start in the late

'20s, when a few negro boys fooled

through the mid-west in a fourth hand Pierce Arrow, playing pickup games, winner take all in barns

and dry swimming pools, and ending when the Trotters won a "World Pressional Championship Tournament", at Chicago in 1940.

For story purposes the hero is

Owner - Manager Abe Saperstein (played with plenty of locker-room lip and front office charm by Dane Clark), the Chicago boy who push-

ed the Trotters to the top and still keeps them there. For spectator purposes, the real heroes are the

famed hams of the hardwood

themselves.

better than a jovial butcher.

Now, on with the reviews . . .

Caine Mutiny: Herman Wouk won of his love of a scholarship given a Pulitzer Price with his novel of by his aunt; the second, because of the Caine Mutiny. Stanley Kram-er's film adaptation ought to do as well with movie awards. Given the problem of bringing an outstand-thing can happen and does. What problem of bringing an outstanding best-seller, and a good work in spite of this, to the screen, the Stanley Kramer people have done their usual fine job. The novel has been trimmed to fit movie limitations, but most of the original power is kept while the small subpower is kept while the small sub-plots are cut away. Filmed in Technicolor, The Caine Mutiny, is a pleasure to see, with a number of beautiful ocean shots, particularly a magnificient record of the Caine in the rage of a typhoon.

This is an unusually fine and powerful picture. It deals with the mounting tension in a ship where the officers think the captain men-The executive officer finally takes over the ship, when the captain (Bogart), is endanger-ing it. The dramatic court martial scene which follows seems to sum up the case; but afterward, the lawyer for the defence questions whether or not jujstice has been

The characters are presented with sympathy and understanding.

H. Bogart as Queeg and J. Ferrer as Greenwald (the defence lawyer) are outstanding. The picture is done in an exceptionally realistic manner and captures the viewer's interest throughout.

Doctor in the House: College groups at their best can offer a zest, color and flavor refreshing in itself and promising as a setting for drama or prose. A number of motion pictures have capitalized on this truth in recent years: Take Care of My Little Girl, comes to mind, a frank, revealing glimpse of the sorority problem; The Stu-dent Prince, displayed the charms of the European university of the past. Now Doctor in the House, a vivid, colorful English comedy has turned the public eye on the most imponderable of all campus groups the medical students, with agreeable and entertaining results.

Dirk Bogard, (the medical stu-dent in question) has played so many divers roles we never know what to expect next. The last time we saw him in the Green Light he was a fear-crazed killer, fleeing for his life, for Doctor in the House, a gay, rollicking comedy about four medical students and their hilarious adventures, Dirk plays a diffident new student who makes an inauspicious beginning to his career by going into boarding with three well known figures around the Medical School. All three are taking another fling at their first year, the first, because

THE Y. M. C. A.

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Modesty In Hunting

We want to introduce to you a friend of Charles', a chap by the name of Pierre. We must note here the one significant difference between Charles and Pierre, and that is, Pierre always uses a Now the other day he related to us an experience which will probably go down in history as one of the most unique happenings in which a human being could partake.

According to Pierre the story goes: "With my old shotgun under my arm, I set off into the deep woods on my annual hunting expedition, never suspecting that before I would get home again, I would have a tale that would be told over and over for generations to come. Well, the first bit of excitement came as I was making my way around the side of a steep cliff. Accidently I stepped on a large size boulder and fell to the ground, the gun entirely on the careful perusal slipping from my hand. On hit- of his major work — The Disa flock of wild geese flying over-head, and I'll be darned if they all weren't killed! But that isn't over rolled down the steep incline, smashed into a bear's den meaningless and, at best, ob-and killed two little bear cubs. Boy, was that mother bear ever how many of the "ordinary" mad! And with a loud snort—charged. Was I scared? No. I just reached into the mouth of the animal until I grabbed its tail—and then pulled. It turned her inside out! Unfortunately that great effort took its toll and fainted. A few moments later, awoke lying in the river which at the bottom of the cliff. I dormitory, the story is kept pretty lively.

At the risk of sounding a sour slowly got up, and to my surprise, my pockets were filled with fish! And with the weight being too great, one of the out-tons holding my suspenders, snapped off—flew into the reeds ly comforting to see two of these madcaps graduate at the end of and killed a partridge.' the picture and prepare to practice on the unsuspecting public. I sus-pect the man who wrote the script There Pierre ends his tale.

We're not sure why, except that he appeared to be quite modest and probably felt that if he went farther ,a few people might think that he was stretching it a bit.

-Woody Woodpecker

trouble with Doctor in the House is that the laughter comes so thick Music Room Records

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beautiful and exceedingly cheaplooking covers, in other words, characteristically American. Seventy per cent are written by closer at these books and try to determine their social value (for

and misunderstood Prince. Now, as everyone knows, the understanding of the Prince depends ting the ground, the gun explod-ed. Now there happened to be ance with the Italian Renaissance. In other words, the reading of the Prince must be preceded by an acquaintance with Villari, The boulder that I tripped Burckhardt and Symonds. Without that the Prince remains people buying this book have necessary prerequisite to the really enjoy and understand the little treatise?

> best we have read in a long We are refering to H. J. Muller's The Uses of the Past. The following words are written on its cover: "A Bold Analysis of the Meaning of History." What does this short sentence imply? That to enjoy and appreciate this little classic the reader is expected to have a good acquaintance with Western History. For example, ch. 5 deals with the highly fascinating period of Greek Pericles, Socrates, Aeschylus and the other immortals. discussion in this chapter is conerned with criticism of some of our notions of that particular

Variations on a Theme by Hayden, Op. 56A.

Preludes Les Poem No. 3) Philadelphia Or-Ormandy.

A Study in Absurdity

Something has been happening lately across the country. We are refering to the sudden change from Mickey Spillaine and Space Adventures to the deluge of paper cover "good books" which have been appearing in ever increasing numbers in every drugstore, newsstand, etc. Now, it is not that we have anything against such "good books"; but it is our firm belief that everything has its proper place and that once it gets "out of joint" it either becomes absurd or harmful. Such is the case with these paperbacks—they are becoming absurd.

As we are writing we have about 25 of these books before us. All with multi - colored, has already a good, to say the famous authors, ranging from him a wrong impression of what Plato to Whitehead. Let us look the author is really saying. that is the value they are sup-posed to have—"Mentors).

The first one is our good friend Niccolo Machiavelli's misleading

The second book is one of the

by Boston Symphony Orchesta conducted by Charles Munch. BRAHMS-

LISZT-

(Symphonic chestra conducted by Eurgene CHOPIN-

Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise in E Flat, Waltz in A Minor (Valse Brilliante), Polonaise in A Flat, Mazurka in F Minor, Op. 7 No. 3, Waltz in C Sharp Minor. Valadimir Horowitz, Pianist.

Prelude, Op. 28 — Alexander Brailowsky, Pianist.

has already a good, to say the least, knowledge of that period. Otherwise this chapter and most of the others tend only to confuse the reader or at best to give Again the question arises-how many readers of this particular edition are going to gain any-thing from this admirable survey of our past?

We could cite a score of other books to illustrate our point but two or three more will suffice. For example, Alfred North Whitenead's Aims of Education. thoroughly enjoyable little volume but only up to a certain point. Approximately one-third of the book deals with subjects so utterly esoteric that its apbearance in such an edition fails to be justified in any way. White-head devotes chapters to such "obscure" subjects like "Fields of Force, "Time and Space" which contain sentences like: "A senseobject is part of the complete stream of presentation. This concept of being a part is the statement of the relation of the sense object to the complete ense-presentation for that con-

Again, S. K. Langer's Philosophy in a New Key contains an abundance of references at the bottom of each page. A few examples: Russell, A Cruitical Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz, Harrison, Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion; Die Sprachphilosophischen Werke Humbolds.

Yet, surprisingly enough, some people, laborers, office workers, etc., are buying up these books—not to read them but to keep them at home for everyone to see what a "smart" person its owner But what is really infuriating is the fact that very frequently these books are the object of contempt and ridicule. The "smart alecs" recently delighted themselves in defiling verbally a Pocket volume of Platonic Diaogues to the great delight of a number of bystanders in a drug store. Is this not carrying "pop-ular education" too far?

It is a good sign that crime and sex are disappearing from the bookstands. It is a bad sign that really fine books are being circulated indiscriminately, un-dergoing worthless "criticism" and creating a class of "quasi-intelligensia." Every thing has its proper place. Remove it and it becomes worthless.





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