2asher EMALD



Anith Holwes, Editor MaxtzL Schocaln, Business Manager

It is pictures such as "Trio," now at the Mayflower, that make you think that movies really are better than ever. However, Holly wood can have little credit for this film, since it is a British pro duct.
Following the plan of "Quartet," "Trio" is a film of three short stories by $\mathbf{W}$. Somerset Maugham; the author briefly dis cusses each story before its pre sentation. Sitting through this film is an experience similar in effect to sitting down with a good book. When you've finished, you're centent.
Each of the three short produc tions are given excellent core by the cast and directors; there is no need to worry here about minor roles being poorly handled or unattended details botching up the works. Each chapacter is a dis tinct personality
inct personality
In the first story of a vicar ycarre given a glimpse of a lovely middle-class family that accumu lates great wealth. It's a humor


## ColumnistFunk Does Some Philosophizing

 On Drowning Fly, Coke, and Spring Love
## Re: Hash

low who gets removed from his position at church because he can neither read nor write. Then he goes out and makes a fortune operating tobacco shops, and ends up giving a donation for the poor of the parish of the church for which he used to work.
While the first story is of the warm chuckle variety, the second, "Mr. Knowall,' is more guffawable. In this you discover that an ostentatious bore (the slap-on-the-back type of salesman) is really not the total heel he's suspected of being
"Sanatorium" is the third, and longest, of the stories. It has Jean Simmons, the only member of the excellent cast who has gained any great public in the United States, in a lead role. This one is a love story of two tuberculars, who meet in a Scottish sanatorium.

Much of the story's value comes from the characterizations of other patients, and bits of their lives, that are presented This one
is a little too long, a little too slow at first; but the deft acting of the cast keeps it in wo stories.
Bette Davis has displayed her great talent once again in "Payment on Demand", which was the Mac earlier this week
In this tear-jerking story lywood's most honored portrays a middle-aged climber whose husband ge cess and asks for a divorce this point, she (via unique f backs) runs over her lifo him hunting for the reaso divorce; and when she finde divorce; and when she finds reason, decides she ha
ather selfish creature.
Miss Davis plays a 17 -year-old girl, a woman in her 20's, and a woman in her 40's in this filty and plays all with magnificent case and authority.
It appears that Bette, wh during the last few years, again back on course

## By Bob Funk

She sat looking moodily down into her Coke, watching a fly slowly drown.
"Life," she sighed. "The entire nasty enigma of life is here in this glass." A tear coursed down her face, and slowly evaporated.
He was not listening to her. He was not even looking at her. He was looking at a girl who obvious ly had no IQ to speak of.
So he thinks she's pretty, she thought. Hah, those pretty ones. He turned back to the table and looked her full in the face. "Who are you?" he asked

## The <br> Campus Answers

Emerald Editor
As several who heard the appeal in behalf of two ousted fel-low-students, we want to enlist out wh
As long as there is any uncertainty concerning the manner or method of the recent hearing, it would be in all fairness for them to receive a new hearing to rece such as these boys ar charge is leally beyond the jur lacing is lagall beyond the jur isdiction of a 1 no court of law tee. Certaing and conviet a per would son in such a with such far-reaching conse quences resting on the outcome. We must take our complete ac cord with the two letters that appeared in the Thursday issue of the Emerald. We hope the entire student body will arise as one to support these two who have reached a cross-roads in thei lives, the question of being able to continue their preparation for their future lives.

Charles A. Duncan Charles M. Hart James H. McAlear George C. Douglas
"I'm the girl you're having a Coke date with." She gnashed her teeth loudly, and the at the next table moved.
"Oh, that girl." And he smiled his sweet, cretin smile. "I knew we knew each other some place."

II wish-oh, I wish life were not quite so enigmatic," she sighed, and another tear rolled off her lower eye-lid and scored a direct hit on the still-drowning fly. "It doesn't bother me," he said in a deep volce. "I chew gum and do sitting-up exercises."
"Sitting up, shmitting up, gum shmum," she said. "Let's hold hands."
"I'd rather not while I'm drinking this coke."

But it's spring-look it's stil Ight outside."
He looked, and there was an other girl going past. She kicked him savagely under the table, but he did not feel it. She quoted som Shakespeare under her breath and picked the fly out of her Coke with a spoon.
Somewhere an orchestra was playing the "Love of the Three Oranges," Somewhere a wound d banshee was singing a hymn do Venus, It's love, the thought o Venus. It's ove.
He turned back to her. "Let's make snakes out of our straw wrappers," he said.
"Let's," she said. Love. And the wonderful emotional tangle all came crashing over her.


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