reviews

One of cinema's standard comedy characters is the bouncy brute who can somehow manage to make people laugh by beating his chest and grunting like an ape. Fortunately, Sidney Gillant and Frank Launder, the producers of "Wee Geordie," have taken a new slant on this type of person, and the highly entertaining result is of his satire on roughhousing and small-town provincialism. For the story, "Wee Geordie" is the smallest boy in his grammar school class and in the process of developing an infinitely complex bouquet of human characteristics. Inspired by a newspaper account of a correspondence course in mental building given by "Henry Samson, Physical Culturist," our hero begins his slow ascent to fame. After going from room to room in the house trying to make himself bigger, he even earns a Master's Degree in Physical Culture), he is faced with the problem of what to do with his sturdy physique. Using up a suggestion from his tutor to "throw something," he throws the nearest thing at hand—a sledge hammer—and thus begins an athletic career that eventually brings him a berth on the British Olympic team. He returns home for a few games to his native Scotland, still the same home-town boy, and marries the girl next door.

Bill Travers, in the title role, plays the sincere, unsophisticated and strong-willed Scotsman with a great deal of skill. The setting is the middle of the street, scene Scottish Highlands, presided over by such beautiful scenic photography. Alastair Sim, the utterly disorganized, incorrigibly absentminded, but kind and paternalistic proprietor of the local store, is perfectly cast. Although the acting is certainly of a high calibre, the supporting players lack the rapport with the student body.

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