

But it Don't Sell

Slanted reporting of news is one of the disadvantages of our big-business economy. The giant news corporations have a surprising control over the thinking of the nation. This is illustrated by the recent New York newspaper strike. We all read that the workers were striking, harming New York and her newspapers, but it was not emphasized that a big part of the resulting unemployment was due to a lockout by newspapers which were not struck.

In the recent Greenwood, Mississippi, stir the word in *Time* and *Newsweek* was, in effect, that city police were interfering with Negroes attempting to register to vote. There were other bits of information about Dick Gregory, the dog, etc., but these were not much compared to the first thing because it was loaded. It sounded as if police were interfering with Negroes' attempts at registration.

The writer of a recent letter to the editor appears to have taken the view of these periodicals to be true as he implies in his words: "the colored population has been largely deprived of the right to vote by various means of suppression and intimidation." He has been duped into believing this and, to make things worse, he has put his misconceptions into print.

The fact is that the voter registration office in Greenwood was then and is today open and registering aspiring Negro voters. Many of the marchers were already registered. Often Negroes in the process of filling out application forms in the registration office had to join marchers in the streets, some returning to finish them later. Large numbers of the marchers were minors. If what the demonstrators wanted was to register, why were they marching? Why were those marching who were already registered or ineligible to register? Timid groups of voters could be led in the courtesies just as well in process of five, as police urged, as in groups of forty.

We feel safe in saying the reason was to stir up trouble. A riot would have made the marches a great success from the point of view of enemies of the South. Instead, Greenwood has shown itself to be peace-loving to us as proved by the successful efforts of the police to prevent an incident and by the fact that those Negroes who so desired were registered. No town wants crowds of forty and fifty marching down its streets, certainly not demonstrating for such an inflammatory cause as this. After the Oxford riot, we are sure this is specifically desirable. One brick thrown or one gun fired could have started a riot in which people would have been killed or injured, and nothing would have been accomplished except the Uncle Tom's Cabin outlook would have become more firmly impressed on some people's minds.

The Greenwood events could have been used by the Northern press as an example of how the Negro situation in the South should be handled. Instead they moved on to other areas seeking more interesting news. The good side of the South was crushed, and their readers remain, I suppose, ignorant.

DICK MEXX

Letter to the Editor

College drinking will always be an administrative headache, and there are only two real ways of attacking it. We may not know it, but we have (or used to have) the sanest, most felicitous, solution: the absence of any enforcing rules whatsoever. The worst possible solution is to try to enforce prohibition on us "Southern Gents." At DePauw, at Montevallo, at Emory there are all-out rules prohibiting any sort of drinks, and the atmosphere at the schools is appreciably more of a military academy—everyone trying to get away with sneaking in a quick buzz in the next county. It leads to a warped sense of the value and use of alcohol, to headhandedness, and to an immature concept of correct social behavior after college.

The idea that the institution of the afternoon set-up can suddenly be abolished is as undesirable as it is impracticable and childish. On the other hand, there's not a thing wrong with our rules as they're presently framed. Three times a year there's drunkenness and a pell-mell rush to oblivion. You hate it, I condemn it, and Dean Webb echoes it, but it's better than a constant undermining demoralization, isn't it? This weekend was a zoo, but there's not a one of you (even the soberest) who doesn't take a secret pride and pleasure in its inebriation and who hasn't been closer through a "rutter kinship" to a good many of you you'd not otherwise have made a friend.

Finally, the point is this: we must work to cultivate what our unfortunate editor has called a spirit of moderation. We must ourselves be the restraining element by frowning with one big scowl on excessive drinking. The underclassmen are the biggest offenders here, anyway: let them know it's not smart; show them. No one believed the mean Dean when he said he's championing the cause of the vast (but overruled) majority, so before throwing out all your Bourbon bottles, consider that "Fasc" those unrealistic and silly "dry" schools present, and whether that's what you want, Seize up! present. Keep your bottle (I'm keeping mine, and you with it the good mature side, in the old Episcopal spirit, in the European laissez-faire attitude, and let's hope this foolishness soon blows over.

ROSS MARRBY

The Purple respectfully asks that all future letters to the editor be limited to 300 words or less. Letters should be informative, concise, and prepared in good faith. We have always considered it a chief responsibility to provide a medium for expressing opinions, we in no way obligate ourselves to publish any material we consider not meriting it. We invite any contribution written with this policy in mind.

THE EDITORS



"People of our general background can enjoy it without sinking to a state of vulgarity common to the lower classes."

THE PURPLE, April 18, 1963

Moderation Reconsidered

The Editor, as a member of "that five percent" should, perhaps, be the last to comment on the weekend problem. But something must be said, as the whole matter has now come to a head.

One of the difficulties of finding a solution is in first fixing the blame. This is almost impossible since there is no single group who are the obvious culprits. As a friend said, it was "the impact of the wind," which is disturbing.

There were the usual "pros" last weekend who devoted themselves fervently to excesses of drink and revelry. They were often abetted by equally inebriated dates. At the head of the column were numerous outsiders (over 100), many of whom apparently came for no reason but to cause trouble, which they did, despite the efforts of Big John's Vigilantes. To complicate matters, an unfortunately large number seemed to become accident-prone this weekend. Finally (or primarily?) we must not forget our old friend, John Burleyveem, as an obvious source of almost every disturbance.

Though it is preferable to allow each individual to determine his relationship with this latter gentleman, this has apparently failed as a practicable standard. That it has failed should be an embarrassment to all. Now, more clearly-defined rules and regulations must be found to protect us from ourselves.

For many years we have had an archaic and hypocritical set of rules regarding the consumption of liquor on campus. The Administration has, as general if not official policy, always tried to give the students as much rope as possible, on the assumption that we had enough sense not to hang ourselves with it. When an individual or group abused the extra-legal privileges we enjoy, all the students had to pay. Otherwise, the deans would be open to the charge of discrimination in enforcement of the "letter of the law."

Dean Webb has now made a proposal which was long over-

due—that a committee be established, consisting of the new D.C. officers and old officers who wish to attend plus the faculty discipline committee, to review the whole drinking problem. They will, we hope, submit to the Regents a realistic system for regulating Party Weekend indulgence.

The regulations proposed should not be punitive, as a "crack-down" on all drinking, or a stricter curfew (personally, we feel the present curfew too strict, as it causes a frantic surge of people to the 3:15 deadline draws near. They should be hard, fast, clearly-defined limitations. These limitations should not be so severe that evasion will be a matter of course and enforcement a matter of "discretion." But they should be strong enough to protect property and protect the community from all ill effects of students' "activities."

Punishment for those who violate these minimum standards of conduct should be definite, automatic, and should have "teeth" in it. This way the student will know exactly where he stands at all times. The ambiguity surrounding present impractical rules will thus be eliminated.

Some pose the question of local laws. This is a moot point. The University can establish whatever regulations suit its particular needs. If certain local ordinances are not exactly duplicated in our own books, this does not mean that the University condones their violation.

Finally, we should not entertain the idea of banning students (male) of other institutions from our parties or other events. But those visiting stars whose aim is to break up things, instigate disorder and flaunt our rules should be incarcerated in our broom-closet jail or beaten on the spot. Telling them to "move on!" only spreads the stench from one fraternity house to another.

It is obvious that constructing an unwieldy and complicated set of restrictions will solve nothing. It is hoped that the committee will not be led in this direction. What is needed is the exact opposite—a clarification and simplifying of the whole code, along practical and realistic lines. Assuming that the committee fulfills our expectations, we exhort the members of the Regents to follow up with approval of the proposals submitted to them.

JOY TRUMBLE

The Least We Can Do

At all colleges men are questioning childhood values and most are becoming at least temporarily less religious. But on this churchy Mountain not only is there little religion, there is little respect for religion and the religious.

Causes are easily pointed to. A stupid rule drags unwilling men to chapel. A gathering cannot be holy when it is captive. Some clergymen, "the smiling men of God," try to make religion seem easy and humorous, try to be "one of the boys." Students are unimpressed by this Ipana evangelism. Some clergymen, some theological students, and some college undergraduates are so "up-in-the-clouds," so unsovable, or so vitally ill-natured that they make easy butts for those little men who entertain their friends by victimizations about the Church.

The sacrilegious pranks are hardest to analyze. Some, as when boys a few years ago unthinkingly filled the Chapel with flowers on Good Friday, have a certain charm or real humor that makes them hard to condemn. Others are merely vulgar. A paradox occurs when some of the pranksters are people one happens to know are genuinely religious. Are some of them sending knowledge, gingerly raising the Standard of sacrilege and looking, almost hopefully, for lightning bolts?

Whatever the causes, inconsiderate noise in chapel and public blasphemy are common and offensive. We are not urging more religion, because that would do no good. We are urging from the students something that is in a sense more important, and that is good manners. Whether we choose to believe its teaching or not, the Christian Church is the most important single part of our cultural heritage. We have so much that is good, so much that is inextricably part of this world we love because of it, that no intelligent man would speak lightly of it. Let us therefore show courtesy to a Church we respect if not accept and to those men among us who are religious by a mannerly silence in chapel and by eschewing public sacrilege.

NOVAL YERGAZ

The Sewanee Purple

The University Weekly Newspaper—Founded 1892

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Friday, April 26, 1963

Second Class postage paid at Sewanee, Tennessee. Published every Thursday from September to May inclusive, except during vacations (Christmas, Spring) and examination periods (last two weeks in January and May) by THE SEWANEE PURPLE, the official organ of the students of The University of the South. Telephone 526-3528. Subscriptions, per year, \$3.50 in Sewanee, \$4.00 mailed.

Netters Victorious; Fates Heavy Week

Last Wednesday in Birmingham Sewanee (S) defeated Birmingham-Southern (B-S) 6-1. Losing only the No. 1 singles, Sewanee swept all other matches.

Ed Hatch lost in three sets to Ken Watts in a hard fought match for the only victory for the Birminghamians. Sewanee is now 4-3 going into heavy competition this week with matches against Birmingham-Southern, St. Bernard, and Presbyterian all in here this week.

Wallis (B-S) defeated Hatch 4-6, 6-2, 6-6
 Jones (S) defeated Herpphill 10-8, 4-6, 6-0

Rowland (S) defeated Booth 6-2, 6-4
 Folbre (S) defeated Booth 6-2, 6-0
 Bondurant (S) defeated Waters 6-1, 6-0
 Hatch-Rowland (S) defeated Wallis-Hemphill 6-2, 4-6, 6-4

Jones-Harrison (S) defeated Booth-Wallis 6-2, 6-4
 Folbre-Folbre (S) defeated Short-Watson 6-0, 6-1



Jerry Summers hits a nice one in the game here Saturday against Union College of Kentucky. Union beat Sewanee 12-7. The Tigers beat Lamboth 2-1 Monday but lost to MTSC and St. Bernard of Alabama Tuesday and Wednesday.



This Friday and Saturday The University of the South will play host to nine other golf teams in the Tennessee Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. At 10:00 Friday morning teams representing Sewanee, Southwestern, University of Chattanooga, Austin Peay, MTSC, Milligan, Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Carson-Newman, David Lipscomb, and Lambuth will tee off for the first round of the tournament. Play and competition will resume on Saturday at 8:30 on the long and difficult par 34 nine-hole course which should be an excellent setup.

MTSC is expected to be the team to beat and should be established as the strong favorite in the event. The defending champions are led by Gary Head who shot 71-75-146 to win the individual honors last year. The team score was a fine 699 which will be hard to equal this year. Another outstanding

golfer, Darrell Broome from Chattanooga is expected to be in the running all the way for individual honors. Darrell finished fourth last year.

Dr. E. K. Patty from MTSC will be the tournament director for the meet as Walter Bryant of Sewanee will be in Miami for a council meeting of the N.C.A.A. Dr. Patty has led his team to a 6-0 season this year and 35 straight victories in dual meets. Sewanee holds this defeat from 1950.

Cosch Walter Bryant has this to say about his team: "I feel that our boys stand a much better chance of making a better showing than last year. We have a group of boys that are trying much harder and are more interested in the game."

Representing Sewanee in the tournament will be Sperry Saltman, Phil Plyler, John Capers, Jake Ingram, Pete Phillips, and Larry Cooper.

Tiger Golfers Top UC, Fall to MTSC

The Sewanee golf squad averaged a 164-164 defeat Saturday by dropping the Moe's of Chattanooga 19 1/2-7 1/2. The victory was not without blemish as MTSC handed the Tigers a 20-7 loss. The undefeated Murfreesboro team also swept Chattanooga 21 1/2-5 1/2. Gary Head, a fine golfer, led all players with a two over par 76.

Sewanee vs. Chattanooga
 Saltman (S) tied Broome 1 1/2-1 1/2
 Landham (C) defeated Plyler 3-0
 Broome-Landham (C) defeated Saltman-Plyler 2-1
 Capers (S) tied Walker 1 1/2-1 1/2
 Ingram (S) defeated Hundley 3-0
 Capers-Ingram (S) defeated Walker-Hundley 3-0
 Phillips (S) tied Chase 1 1/2-1 1/2
 Cooper (S) defeated Wooten 3-0
 Phillips-Cooper (S) defeated Chase-Wooten 3-0

Sewanee vs. MTSC
 Head (M) defeated Plyler 2-1
 Lewis (M) defeated Saltman 2-0
 Head-Lewis (M) defeated Saltman-Plyler 3-0
 Capers (S) tied Midgett 1 1/2-1 1/2
 Gilbert (M) defeated Ingram 2 1/2-1 1/2
 Capers-Ingram (S) tied Midgett-Gilbert 1 1/2-1 1/2
 Phillips (S) defeated Haley 2-1
 Brown (M) defeated Cooper 3-0
 Haley-Brown (M) defeated Phillips-Cooper 3-0

Tiger Track Team Defeats Emory; Drops 1st at MTSC

The spirits were high on the team ready but the strong Blue Raiders attacked by with a 88-4 1/2 win over the Tigers at last Tuesday's track meet Middle Tennessee State thus put a damper on Coach Horen Moore's dreams of an undefeated season. The track record is now five wins and one loss.

MTSC was paced to victory by Cooper who took both the low and high hurdles and placed second in the broad jump. Other first place winners for

the visitors were: Ledd (21.9) in the 220 yard dash; Roche in the 440 (51.9); Smith in the 880 (2:02.8); Dahlgreen in the pole vault (11 1/2') and high jump (.93 1/2'); Boles in broad jump (.94 1/2'); and Gibson in the discus at 181 1/2'. These fine trackmen led MTSC to a second place finish in the TAC.

The Tigers, in looking forward to taking the first CAC track championship were led in scoring by double-winner Jack Fretwell who had done a tremendous job in the mile and two-mile runs and is capable of breaking both existing distance marks for the school. He won the mile in 3:36.8 and two mile in 10:20 (1 from Sewanee record).

Other individual winners were: Ted Waters in the javelin (173 1/4'); Agnew in the shot (23 1/4'); Majors in the hundred yard dash (1:00). The Sewanee mile relay team was in 3:22.1 by the efforts of Johnson, Stanton, Seitzers and DeSais.

This past Saturday while most of the student body was chasing girls the Tigers were running away from the Emory track team. In fact Emory won only one running event, the 100 by Shapiro. Their other first were by Gardner in the pole vault (11'), Talyfer in the high jump (6'), and Moeller in the broad jump.

Again Fretwell paced the Tigers with a double win in the mile with a 4:40.0 and two mile with 10:21.3. M. L. Agnew also scored two victories in the shot with a 43 1/2' mark and in the discus with 142 1/2'. This latter broke the existing discus record held by Art Tranakas since 1936 at 142 1/2'. Majors won the 220 in 22.5, DeSais the 440 in the 880 with 2:03.8; Hoole took the high hurdles in 2:03.8; Scott the low hurdles in 2:51 and again the mile relay team placed first. T. Waters also won the javelin with 169 1/2'.



MARKING ON THE CURVE—AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Twonkey Crisscott was a professor. Choate Signoos was a sophomore. Twonkey Crisscott was keen, cold, brilliant. Choate Signoos was loose, vague, adrift. Twonkey Crisscott believed in diligence, discipline, and marking on the curve. Choate Signoos believed in eaves, Julie Loudon, and thirteen hours of sleep each night.

Yet there came a time when Twonkey Crisscott—mentor, sage, and savvy—was thoroughly outthought, outfoxed, outmaneuvered, outplayed, and outwitted by Choate Signoos, sophomore.



It happened one day when Choate was at the library studying for one of Mr. Crisscott's exams in sociology. Mr. Crisscott's hundred question-test, every question having four possible answers—A, B, C, and D. You had to check the correct answer, but the trouble was that the choices were so subtly slanted so intricately worded, that students never by far than Choate Signoos were often set to gibbering.

So on this day Choate sat in the library poring over his sociology text, his brow furrowed with concentration, while all around him sat the other members of the sociology class, every one studying like crazy, every one scared and rusty. Choate looked sadly at their stricken faces. "What a waste!" he thought. "All this youth, this verve, this bounce, inclined to study books in a study library! We should be out singing and dancing and cutting dildos on the greensward! Instead we are here."

Then, suddenly, an absolute genius of an idea hit Choate. "Listen!" he shouted to his classmates. "Tomorrow when we take the exam, let's all—every one of us—check Choice 'A' on every question—every one of them."

"But!" said his classmates. "Oh, I know that Choice 'A' can't be the right answer to every question," said Choate. "But what's the difference? Mr. Crisscott marks on the curve. If we all check the same answers, then we all get the same score, and everybody in the class gets 'A'."

"Hurray!" said his classmates. "So why should we keep ourselves out studying?" said Choate. "Let's get out of here and have a half a Marlboro." So they all ran out to buy a half Marlboro Cigarettes and had a half, as indeed, you will too when you light a Marlboro, for if there ever was a cigarette to lift the spirit and gladden the heart, to dispel the shades of night, to knot up the ravaged sleeve of care, to put spring in your gait and roses in your cheeks, it is filtered Marlboro—firm and pure and fragrant and filled with rich, natural, golden tobacco. And, what's more, this "Rip-top" smoke comes in soft packs that are actually soft and flip-top boxes that actually flip.

Well sir, the next morning the whole class did what Choate said, and, sure enough, they all got 'A's, and they picked Choate up and carried him on their shoulders and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and piled him with sweetmeats and Marlboro's and girls and put on buttons which said "I DOTE ON CHOATE."

But they were celebrating too soon. Because the next time shrewd old Mr. Crisscott gave them a test, he did not give them one hundred multiple choice questions. He only gave them one question—to write a 30,000 word essay on "Crime Does Not Pay."

"You and your ideas," they said to Choate and tore off his equities and broke his heart and drowned him out of the school. Today, a broken man, he earns a living as a cannibal in Toledo.

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Sewanee Bank Goes Modern But Spirit Same

The Bank of Sevanee announces the immediate installation of an electronic bookkeeping machine to handle the daily posting of checks and deposits to depositors' accounts. The NCR post-tronic, manufactured by the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, will soon enable the bank to complete this job in half the time required under the present system. This machine not only speeds up the posting job but work being performed.

Black bands on the back of the statement—ledger form are magnetic material which will continue to retain all the information about an account including an electronic signature for positive automatic identification.

Mr. J. F. Merritt, Jr., executive vice-president of the Bank of Sevanee states for his directors "through this new equipment we will increase the efficiency of our service to customers, however no machine will ever replace the warmth and friendly spirit that has become so much a part of every banking transaction here."



This is Miss Lynda Lofahl lying on the floor in Rock Hill, S. C., waiting for a letter from Charley Ridley, ATO freshman. She is a senior in Rock Hill High School and she teaches dancing. She was up here this past weekend to teach Charley some steps.

Theolog Sells Silhouette To Shah

A silhouette portrait of the Shah and Empress of Iran cut by a theological student at the University of the South has been sold to the Iranian government and now hangs in the royal palace at Teheran.

Ralph Marsh, up in his first year at St. Luke's, took up his purchases of the royal portrait each last October and hopes to work his way through seminary by means of it. He is married and has two sons. He has had two showings of the portrait which include many subjects besides the traditional profiles of the silhouette—much embellished in Marsh's hands by the use of ingenious detail and by the color and texture of his materials. The two showings were in Atlanta, and he has been invited to exhibit there again at the Southeastern Art Festival in Lennox Square.

Negotiations for the purchase of the royal portrait were carried out by the Iranian embassy in Washington. Marsh cut it from a magazine picture.

Chitty Announces Education Day

Sunday, April 23, is National Christian College Day when efforts are made to focus attention of the citizenry on the importance of church-related institutions to the American higher-education scene.

The University public relations office said that on that Sunday Dr. McCready will speak at St. Luke's Church in Atlanta, probably the most generous-to-Sewanee in the entire South. Also, radio programs featuring the Sewanee Glee Club and a panel discussion with Dean Lancaster and Chaplain Collins are being distributed throughout Tennessee.

Mr. Chitty further stated that any student so disposed might write a letter to his home church, whatever the denomination, and say what he thinks about Sewanee or what he thinks of Christianity. Such letters, Chitty pointed out, probably would be quoted from pulpits or published in church bulletins on that occasion.

University Supply Store

Everything for the Student

Variety Show A Hit

by ZAN FURTWANGLER
The Sewanee Variety Show is an annual event up on the Mountain in which some of the local talent get a chance to perform. Each year it has been getting better and better. This 2963 edition was by far the best to date and it will be hard to beat in the future. Theatrical imagination can do wonders. It was evidenced in this production which, in this reviewer's opinion, was the first full utilization of the Gurry stage by a local group. The skits were good, the music was good, and the scenery was good.

It is always hard to single out individual acts in a variety show such as this, for they all certainly deserve credit. But there were a few that deserve some comments as being truly excellent. The first act ran down with a show stopper in the Seminary Stomp of the Whistling Midgets. Bill Elliott's imitation of a certain well-known folk singer was terrifically clever and funny. The Itinerant Minstrel (Norman Crews, Wallis Ohl and Howie

Russell) in the EQB number provided an entertaining and well-played trio of folk songs. The Ethel Summers Dancer was a wonderful spoof on the ballet that performed here earlier this season. But a great deal of credit must go to Virginia Collins who produced and directed the show. Mrs. Collins is the guiding light in these Variety shows and should be duly complemented for assembling such delightful entertainment. One of the new and really fine things about this show was the use of scenery. The Set Designer Evan Hughes and his crew certainly did a magnificent job in this department. Gage Smith had a difficult job as Stage Manager and he did a fine performance in his own right keeping the technical aspects of the production running smoothly. The lighting was admirable and added a great deal to the overall effect.

Everyone enjoyed the show the night that I went. The show had spirit and the audience felt this spirit. Anyone who missed the show missed a fine treat and an entertaining evening.

The Jazz Concert: Emotions Recollected in Tranquility

By RICK YORK
For their second concert of the year the Jazz Society presented us with a varied program of good, bad, and fair music.

The first half of the concert was the best and most entertaining, especially when compared with the second part. The Milton Campbell Band from St. Louis started the show off well with several excellent arrangements of some well-known jazz and blues pieces. Especially impressive was the one-armed trumpet player, who proved one doesn't need two hands to sound like Miles Davis. Unfortunately, I don't believe any of us got a chance to listen to the piano, which was drowned out by the rest of the band. Placing a microphone in a more receptive area might have remedied this situation. The bass player held my attention more than almost any of the other instrumentalists with his impressive left hand and excellent ear. He gave the band strong support and proved himself very competent in the few solos left to him.

Perhaps the highlight of the whole concert came when "Little Milton" Campbell rolled on the stage, picked up his weirdly shaped guitar and did a couple of fantastic arrangements with the band. Watching his left hand move up and down the neck of the guitar led me to believe he'd grasped the thing before he started playing it. The charming little "Miltorettes" combined with "Little Milton" to give us the most entertaining part of the concert. They provided us with at least a laugh or a second and I'm sure that when they finally left the sides most of the people in

the audience were aching from so much laughing.

After such an entertaining first half those of us who suffered through the second part sober were, to say the least, sorely disappointed. The band again started off with some fine arrangements and then Miss Faye Adams gave us several reminders of what she told us were "the blues" in between exchanges with the male members of the audience.

Then came the "star" of the show, John Lee Hooker. Struggling to find his way to the center of the stage and aided by several members of the band, he proceeded to apologize for his lank hair, hand, undoubtedly a serious handicap to his playing. I was disappointed, however, that he let it interfere as seriously as he did, trying to put over a concert using just two chords. I was later told that he really did try to sing but find that hard to believe. My sympathy goes to the band which had to suffer playing in back of him, but which again proved itself quite competent.

In general most seemed to enjoy the concert thoroughly, and largely because the production was in a different mood from past jazz concerts. Let us hope that the next concert will be at least as entertaining but of a little higher standard.

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Pic of Flicks

RICHARD DOBBIN

Thursday and Friday: *Lower Come Back*. This comedy stars Rock Hudson and Doris Day but it is the third star that makes the movie worthwhile. Tony Randall is second only to Jack Lemmon in comic acting. It is interesting to note that both Lemmon and Randall, by their own admission, are not comedians. They are actors who excel in comic roles.

The story is on the same line as *Pillow Talk*. It has the same stars (Hudson, Day and Randall) and the same gimmicks (split-screen photographs). The plot also follows the successul road of *Pillow Talk*. Hudson and Day are advertising competitors and they have never seen each other. Day mistakes Rock for a scientist and the plot winds itself in and out of bedrooms to a happy conclusion. Rock and Doris are competent in their roles. Rock tries to imitate the style of Gary Grant and Doris Day plays herself. If you're interested in this sort of thing you'll notice that all of Doris Day's close-ups are misty. This is done so the audience doesn't notice the wrinkles which are starting to appear in the girl-next-door's face. Miss Day has been around for a long time. Tony Randall is the one who keeps the movie going. He has two of the best lines in the movie. As he is eating candy which contains alcohol he says "I can hold my candy" and when he gets completely out of it he rides on the top of the elevator and proclaims himself "king of the elevator." The movie shows what Hollywood is best at: putting out sophisticated, fluffy comedies.

The Owl Flick: *The Magnificent Seven*. I have to classify this movie as the best western I have ever seen. It is based on a Japanese movie, *The Seven*.

es. Sumner. The production is top-flight in direction by John Sturges to music by Elmer Bernstein. It is the acting that will win you the most. Steve McQueen does his best job as the second lead because he's used to western roles. Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach are also good. The plot shows how the strong are drawn toward the weak. It is done with a gusto which was not what the west was really like but how we would like to picture it as being. This will be the fifth time I've seen it and I enjoy it every time. Saturday and Monday: *Two for the Sees-Saw*. This is based on the play of the same name by William Gibson which starred Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft. It has suffered in its move from Broadway to Hollywood. Robert Mitchum has no business the role of Fonda. Mitchum who is good playing roles like the killer in *Cape Fear* doesn't have the sophistication for this type of role. It calls for a subtle sense of timing. He plays a husband who comes to New York and falls for a female bohemian. Shirley MaLauree has her part well enough to hold your attention so its worth the effort. Sunday and Tuesday: *Gigot*. Jackie Gleason hit big with *The Huxler*. He went on to do *Requiem for a Heavyweight* and now he stars in his own production based on his own idea of his own music in the soundtrack. The "Great One" has bitten off a little more than he can chew. Gene Kelly, directing, has let Gleason have free rein with his role as a mute in Paris. The major objection to the movie is that it is too sentimental. The mute is pathetic enough without putting him through the ordeals he encounters. But there are some places in the movie where Gleason lives up to his much touted abilities as an actor. It is a shame that he doesn't last through the whole movie.

Blue Key Sing Set For May 5

The annual Blue Key Sing will be held this year on Sunday, May 5, at 4:30 p.m. in Breslin garh. Two prizes will be awarded: the Vice-Chancellor's Cup for the most outstanding singing fraternity, and the Paul S. McConnell Cup for the best performing group of a single number. Each fraternity must sing three songs: the Alma Mater, in unison, a fraternity song, and a song of their choice. In hopes of encouraging more interest, piano accompaniment may be used on one song, and anyone may accompany. If desired, those who are participating may have their fraternity songs played on the carillon by Mr. Bonholder before the sing.



Unidentified reveler.

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MUTT & CHARLIE'S
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POETRY CONTEST: WIN A STEAK

CLARAMONT

CLARA AND TOM SHOEMATE

Steak and beer for me, please.
Yes, I'll have steak and beer.
It's not an ego to appease.
Hard liquor isn't fear.

It seems to be a time of change—
Things I loved are gone away.
But no matter what they rearrange;
I'm content to here to stay.

So show me to a table
While I brush away a tear.
And smile, if I am able.
Make mine steak and beer.

BOB BAILEY