

Parties, Music Highlight Mid-Winters Weekend

by TOM BROADFOOT

Swanee underwent a brief, unannounced expansion this past weekend as Mid-Winters partied the Academic fog with a one-two blow of wine and women. What Ford's millions couldn't accomplish without vigorous opposition was "coups" quite peacefully by seven hundred members of the fair sex. (Every general has its exception and some of them were here.)

However, the invasion was not without its opposition as exemplified by the voice that shrieked in shocked indignation from the vicinity of Saturday night, "But you said we were going to dance."

The weekend had many high points

though for some it was a high weekend from start to finish. What stood up most came down and judging from most faces Monday morning the decent was less than pleasant.

Tradition returned for a brief encounter with the German Club's formal dance Friday night. The "Top Hats" from Ole Miss joined forces with Leon Filth to present an evening of memorable entertainment.

The Julian (Cannonball) Adlerly Sextet overcame an inoperative amplifying system with an interesting and varied jazz concert Saturday afternoon. The latest addition to Adlerly's group, Professor Charles Lloyd, the long, lanky, "lonesome-end" tenor

has joined the group every now and then to start a sporadic note or two. One knowledgeable student boasts he has the professor all "psyched" out. (Copies of his study are available at ten cents a blow.)

The most unusual event of the weekend occurred at the SAE house Sunday morning. Upon that hollowed ground an honest-to-God (Bishop Leonidas) pure, unadulterated, tomato juice party was enacted. Some during Saturday night's celebration a thirsty Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard and stole the vodka.

The Lambda Chi elected Miss Jeanie Rucka, a Chi Omega from the University of Chattanooga, as their President. She was escorted by Dick Powell.

This article might have enumerated the different combos on the mountain except for a call to the ATO house Monday afternoon:

"Who played for you all?"
"Fuzzy wuzzy, 'A stringed triad!"
Let it suffice to say that each house had a "stringed triad" sometime during the weekend, and let's all go back to bed until the next invasion.



One of the highlights of Mid-Winters weekend was the concert by Julian "Cannonball" Adlerly, brought to Swanee by the Jazz Society.

Community Theatre Group Presents Musical *Fantasticks*

by SCOTTY DUNBAR

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 20, 21 and 22 at 8.15 p.m. in Curry Hall Auditorium the Sewanee Community Theatre will present the off-Broadway musical, *Fantasticks*. This is the first major production of the newly formed Sewanee Community Theatre which has been active this past semester giving several play readings such as *Henry VIII*, *Hamlet*, *Angels and Mornings* at 7:00.

The *Fantasticks* opened May 3, 1960, at the Sullivan Street Playhouse and has become one of the most successful musicals either off-Broadway or on Broadway in years. Tom Jones did the book and lyrics and Harvey Schmidt the music. They have been working together ever since college days at the University of Texas and have written for television, off-Broadway, Julian *Mo's* *Upstairs*, and now this season for Broadway with the new musical *110 in the Shade*.

The Sewanee production is directed by Rev. William Merrill with Zan Furtwangler as technical director, Gage Smith as production manager, and Eric Peterson as musical director. The play features Ann Parsons as the girl, Duke Harmon as the boy, Ken Martin as the narrator, Wally Cowart as one of the fathers, Dave Boone as the other father, Mike Napier as the old actor, Gage Smith as the Indian, and Larry Stevens as the mime.

The *Fantasticks* is a sophisticated story about innocence. Jones, using a plot suggested by Rostand's *Les Romanesques* deals with a young man and a young girl next door, whose parents have built a huge wall to keep them apart. Being youngsters, however, this obstacle does not keep them apart and

they soon fall in love. Their parents, meanwhile, are congratulating themselves for their clever ruse; for they have erected the wall and staged a fight in order to achieve, by opposites, a marriage between their willfully disobedient children. The fathers hire a bandit to pretend to abduct the girl, and to pretend to be killed by the boy's swordplay. Once these moonstruck antics have come to a "happy ending," the musical is not over and the play is only half begun.

For in the final act the play turns around and claims the moonlight out of it by following the couple through an amusing sad period of disillusionment with the world "as it really is." For the girl, this involves the discovery that the dashing desperado on horseback someone suffer from middle spots. For the boy, it means being beaten and burned in various exotic parts around the world.

The *Saturday Review* said "the songs are distinguished and delightful. There is a clever pattern song of paternal wisdom which advises that to manipulate children you must merely say, "NO," and which points out along the way "Your daughter brings a young man home, says, 'Do you like him, paw?' Just tell her he's a fool and you've got a son-in-law!" Another catalogues the varieties of rape to be enjoyed. And another gets fun out of comparing the mixed pleasures of raising children with the sorer ones of raising vegetables.

It also contains several lovely ballads such as "Try to Remember a Day in September" and "Soon It's Gonna Be Spring."

Tickets will be on sale at the door before each show and prices are \$1.00 for adults and \$.75 for students.

OG, Vestry Announce Lenten Program Speakers

The Order of Governance Committee on the Lenten Program, supported by the Student Vestry, announced the Lenten speakers for 1964, a program which is linked closely to the April visit of the eminent theologian, Dr. Davie Napier. The program, which is a series of addresses by Churchmen and laymen, was particularly designed to lead up to Dr. Napier's visit and his timely subject, *Prophecy and the Old Testament*.

Each Sunday night beginning on February 15 at the various fraternity houses (the fraternities acting as hosts), a prominent Sewanee figure will present a talk beginning promptly at 7:15 and ending at 8:00. Refreshments will follow and, of course, a discussion on the speaker's subject will be held. The Vice-Chancellor will lead off, to be followed by Dr. Charles Harrison, both of whom need no introduction. Dr. C. Fitzsimmons Allison, probably as well known outside Swanee as on campus, will speak on March 8. Dr. Allison is more than a theologian; he is to be found in front

of a television camera as well as in the pulpit. He is the author of the book, *Fear, Love, Worship*, a book on the nature of the Christian Life. The Rev. William Ralston, who needs no introduction to either St. Luke's or the College, will bring the program to a close.

The major issue, however, will not be resolved until Dr. Napier's visit in April. Dr. Napier is at present the Holmes Professor of Old Testament at Yale Divinity School. He has a very diverse background, having studied in Nanking, Kobe, Shanghai, and England and received his doctorate from Yale. Dr. Napier's purpose is the use of Hebrew prophecy as a means of understanding the New Testament and the Judeo-Christian faith. Dr. Napier is to speak as duPont and a Beattie Lecturer, combining the lectures into a week-long series of talks.

The program for Lent is not, so to speak, typical. It is certainly dynamic, almost explosive. The subjects themselves bear out the above statement. February 16, at the PGD House, Dr. Edward McCrady will speak on "Creation"

February 23, at the KS House. Dr. Charles T. Harrison will speak on "Disent in the Old Testament" March 6, at the DTD House, Dr. C. Fitzsimmons Allison will speak on "The Altar and the Stage" March 15, at the SAE House, the Rev. William Ralston will speak on "Risk and Revolution"

Rick Hart Elected Editor of *Purple*

In a recent election held by the Order of Governance, Rick Hart was elected editor of the *Sewanee Purple*. Hart, a junior political science major, is from Pensacola, Florida. He had previously served as news editor and assistant editor. His term of office will include the second semester of this year and the first semester of next year.

Jody Trimble and Don Timberlake, both former editors of the *Purple*, will serve as associate editors. Bill Hunselle will move up from the news editorship to the position of assistant editor.

David Brooks will become news editor. Brooks has previously served as a staff writer. Coley McGinnis will continue as sports editor. Doug Porch will move up from the position of assistant managing editor to the office of managing editor.

Enrollment Changes

Second semester has brought several slight enrollment changes to Swanee. According to Dean John M. Webb, there were 736 students in the College at the end of first semester. Of these ten graduated, seven left for academic reasons, and fifteen transferred to other institutions or left for some other reason. Fourteen transfer students came in at the beginning of second semester, along with eleven re-entries, one new student, and one special student, bringing the total enrollment for second semester to 734.

Grants from Esso, duPont Received

Grants of \$5,000 each have been awarded to the University by the Esso Education Foundation and by the duPont Company. Bishop Frank A. Juhn, the university's director of development, has announced.

Swanee's grant from the Esso Foundation is unrestricted. The duPont grant was designated for the purpose of helping Swanee, as one of eighty-two outstanding liberal arts colleges, to maintain and improve the excellence of its teaching. The grant consists of \$2,500 for chemistry teaching and \$2,500 for other courses that contribute primarily to the education of scientists and engineers.

Under the terms of the Ford Foundation's matching offer, each of these gifts will bring an additional \$1,650 to Swanee for the current Ten Billion Dollar Campaign.

New Matron for Cannon Hall

Mrs. A. Lucien Gardiner became matron of Cannon Hall at the start of this semester, replacing Mrs. Mary Chaney, who is now matron of McCrady Hall.

Mrs. Gardiner was raised in New Zealand, spent several years in London, where she graduated from the Royal Academy of Music, and had lived for the past few years in Kenilworth, Ill., near Chicago.

Her serious interests are music and dramatics, especially the piano. Her main hobby is dressmaking.

Mrs. Gardiner's son, Patrick, is a Lambda Chi and a history major at Swanee.

Turnau Opera's 'Barber of Seville'

By ROSS MOORE

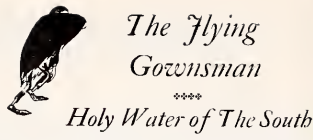
One of the hardest tasks that any would-be-reviewer faces is the problem of saying something both original and complimentary about a performance that needs neither compliment nor complement. For all practical pur-

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Rehearsals are now in progress for *The Fantasticks*, to be given soon by the Sewanee Community Theatre. Shown above are Wally Cowart, Dave Boone, Ann Parsons, and Ken Martin.

The Right to Discriminate



At the time this was written the Administration's omnibus Civil Rights Bill had just passed the House. In our view the bill is as it has proposed had meant to reach what is supposed by the administration to be good ends. It is not the purpose here to discuss whether the ends are good or bad; we are concerned only with the constitutionality of the bill.

Of the seven titles of the bill, Title II, Injunctive Relief against Discrimination in Places of Public Accommodations, has provided the greatest interest. The bill, in part, says that "all persons shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the services, facilities, privileges, accommodations and accommodations of any place of public accommodation... without discrimination or segregation on the grounds of race, color, religion, or national origin." One point that cannot be over-emphasized is that Congress has no power except that delegated by the Constitution. This bill is based on two delegations: the power "to regulate commerce among the several states" and the power to enact legislation to prohibit the states from denying any person within their jurisdiction the "equal protection of the laws." The authority for this bill can be found in neither of these delegations. Title II twists the Commerce Clause beyond recognition and extends the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to individual action, as opposed to state action.

Under the bill Congress would impose, through its power over interstate commerce, a compulsory regulation requiring the establishments enumerated in the bill to stop in the case of public service corporations such as hotels and public accommodations, and the government's understanding to do this. For an establishment to be affected by this part of the bill it is only required that it serve or offer to serve interstate travelers, or that a substantial portion of the goods it offers for sale has moved in interstate commerce, or that its establishment has moved in interstate commerce, or that its establishment is located within the premises of another establishment "which affects commerce within the meaning of this subsection." A correct conception of the Commerce Clause and the equal protection of customers at a lunch counter because a good portion of its mustard has moved in interstate commerce.

Skip Hansberger

Modest Confession

It is a truth known to all happy and enlightened minds that what has been done in the past must with due respect and safety be done in the future. For this reason I cannot help but confess to a certain apathy and lack of concern for the things that the government is threatened by the most dangerous of all things—wickedness of character. This most hated of all ancient diseases is indeed reported to have been vomited upon mankind by Satan himself, who was cast out of the favor of the multitude and the grace of God. Adam, humanity has been threatened with this lamentable condition. With this most sacredly popular hope of regularity in mind, I pray for the strength to rehash the causes for my awkward but—hopefully—modest confession.

It is a frightful thing for a man to spend most of his life in a tavern. However, resolving to stay but an hour or two, I decided to stop by a small establishment that sort a fortnight ago on my way to Grundyville. It was my intention there to engage my mind in polite but sophisticated conversation with some of the students at the University nearby. This University, it would be well to note, has always won the highest esteem of the social registrars of our country for its delicacy and conservation in matters of taste and tradition. It was a pleasant surprise to find the young men grouped around the table inside so well-dressed and obviously well-bred.

Having quietly seated myself at the table adjacent to them and ordered an ale, I was even more pleased with the cordiality of the young gentlemen, who immediately invited me to sit with them and join in their conversation, which was already vigorously in progress. One young man, who I am afraid to say was extraordinarily corpulent, was expostulating in a way that the virtuous and fraternal society of the University, praising most especially their function of cultivating young gentlemen. His comrade seconded his celebration of his club by mentioning the importance and necessity of judicial discipline in the training of a young man, and continued by saying how excited he was to be present at the final testing period for the neophytes. Immediately after the first mention of this, all of the young gentlemen burst into the wildest fits of raucous laughter, and the corpulent fellow apparently forgot everything which had proceeded before and banged his fist on the table with a fury.

I asked the fellow next to me what had occasioned such a violent display. He was so effervescent at the idea of explaining the aforementioned ritual that he described it in some detail, and I can remember his shouting and terrifying words with the most painful clarity. As I was to take it from this young man's account, the neophytes are forced to undergo the extreme kinds of tests of physical and spiritual endurance before formal induction into the fraternal society itself. Certainly no cultivated young man would deny that both in a gentleman, but the horrifying fact about these tests is that they seemed to be pursued obviously with the spirit of persecution and not cultivation.

When it was my turn to advance this observation, the entire table of young gentlemen began to hurl accusations of femininity and precociousness in my direction. I was hardly able to speak for fear of the looks of those young men's eyes! And, perceiving myself to be surrounded by hostility of the most violent sort, I could hardly restrain myself from rubbing out of the tavern. But I began my defense by pointing out that some of the neophytes were at an extreme disadvantage in being subjected to the mercy of the formal

Such a law would destroy the historic distinctions between interstate and intra-state commerce, for here there is no direct effect on interstate commerce.

If there can constitutionally be a compulsion to sell, why cannot there be, with equal justification, a compulsion to buy? The reasoning goes that the owner of the lunch counter places a burden upon interstate commerce by not serving a certain customer "on the ground of race, color, religion, or international origin." In the South a likely consequence of serving a Negro was that the owner of the lunch counter will lose a good many white patrons. Can it be said that the refusal of the whites to patronize the lunch counter imposed no burden on interstate commerce? It is obvious that by the reasoning of this bill the whites have imposed a greater burden on interstate commerce. Shall there then be a law requiring the white patrons to return to the lunch counter? It is quite evident where this line of reasoning leads.

It is not necessarily our purpose here to defend segregation; but it is the purpose to defend a citizen's right to discriminate. If the right should be destroyed, the whole basis of individual liberty is destroyed. The American system rests not on the individual's right to be right, but on the individual's right to be wrong. It rests upon his right to be arbitrary, prejudiced, biased, opinionated, and unreasonable, upon his right to act as a free man in a free society. A man who listens to Mr. Bernstein rather than Elvis Presley is engaged in discrimination. The man could be very well prejudiced against Elvis Presley. Likewise, a man has a right to discriminate with his own property. Just as a man is free to buy, he should be free to sell. The man who refuses to sell his lunch counter to his customers as he sees fit. Even when the right is exercised arbitrarily, it is entitled to the full protection of the law.

Title II relies on the Fourteenth Amendment in that the compulsion to sell would be imposed upon any covered establishment "if discrimination or segregation by it is supported by state action." Of deep concern here is the bill's attempt to place under its ban acts of discrimination or segregation based merely on "custom or usage." Here the Fourteenth Amendment is extended to cover acts of private discrimination. The Supreme Court has constantly held for nearly one hundred years that the Amendment does not apply to acts of private discrimination, no matter how wrong they may be.

In 1883 in the Civil Rights Cases the court held that "It is state action of a particular character that is prohibited." Individual invasion of individual rights is not the subject matter of the Amendment." In 1948 in *Shelley vs. Kramer* the Court reiterated this point: "The principle has become firmly embedded in our constitutional law that the action prohibited by the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment is only such action as may fairly be said to be that of the States. That Amendment erects no shield against merely private conduct, however discriminatory or wrongful." The Civil Rights Bill would uproot these "firmly embedded" constructions of the Fourteenth Amendment. Under the bill, private acts of discrimination would be prohibited if they were carried on under color of any custom or usage, or were "required, fostered, or encouraged by action of a State or a political subdivision thereof."

The men who wrote this bill envision a situation in which the owner of a lunch counter refuses to serve someone because of his race and the unwanted customer refuses to leave. The owner calls the police to arrest the unwanted person for trespass. Under the bill, the action of the police and of the courts in preventing and punishing trespass under private property is construed as State action. To accept this one must forget man's ancient right to hold, manage, and control the use of his property. No right is more important to every American of every race, than his right to private property. This bill in the name of social objectives would fatefully undermine the right of property.

In summation, Title II cannot be justified under the Commerce Clause or the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The ends sought by this section of the bill must be attained within the structure of individual freedom. They cannot be sought properly through the machinery of federal compulsion.

R. HART

The Swancee Purple

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I'm sure that everyone will be glad to hear that, after a momentary vacillation, the University has returned to sound business practices by ordering all the Pepsi machines in the dorms removed. Rumor has it that a rival soft drink company has decided that if Swannee doesn't play the game by their rules, they're going to take their money home. As I say, I don't know this to be the Gospel Truth, but this is what I hear: two of our more enterprising students decided one day that there was money to be made by putting in the dormitories soft drink machines that would do such a little thing as give you a choice of the kind of drink you could get, or give change for a quarter. Consequently, they got permission from the University to do this, and contracted with the Pepsi-Cola company for the machines. But then, someone decided that he didn't think that it would be a good idea to injure the students' health by letting them have the chance to buy an inferior type of soft drink. So, he said that if the machines weren't removed, he'd tell his friends in Atlanta not to give Swannee any more money. And so the machines were removed, after giving the Pepsi company four weeks notice. The University is allowing the machines to stay in for this month to honor the students' contract.

So, as I said, the University is returning to sound business practices... you know, its sort of funny, but I always thought that that sort of thing depended on your point of view. If you're the one in whom a profitable business monopoly is granted—one to which you'll have to do a minimum of service to your customers, since they have no choice but to buy from you—you call it sound business practice. If it's being done to you, you call it exploitation of the masses...

THE FLYING GOWNSMAN, '64

Mobile Meal At Gailor

Minful of protecting our constitutional rights, we tarried shortly outside Gailor Dining Hall until customary grace had been said, then made way to the customary fraternal area where the last table was being filled. That the table was, and remained, barren of food should have conveyed the message that we were unwelcome. Booming doubtful, several of us arose and made tours of inspection of the surrounding area, only to return satisfied that we were left no alternative. But in spite of our stomachs, our hopes being to fall, and we dispersed among the surrounding tables to beg scraps of gristle and end pieces of sandwich bread. One table was so moved by our plight that they donated a full bowl of apple sauce.

At that point one of the more observant of our group noticed a waiter moving about the fringes of our area, slipping up to take empty platters of adjacent tables. A courageous freshman approached this white-coat and inquired of him if he was our waiter. He pretended not to hear. A little louder our spokesman again asked, this time extracting a grudging admission. In that case, he said, would it be too much trouble to get us some salad, some bread, lunch meat, soup and peas, such as the other tables seemed to have? The waiter seemed shocked, incredulous, taken aback, but after a moment's silence he replied that he guessed he could. So, we waited while he found some remaining food on the other tables as he was cleaning them off, he passed these rejected morsels on to the exiles. Even with this charitable assistance, however, we had not, by 12:45, seen any tea, soup, mayonnaise, salad, or acceptable lunch meat. We returned seated, without hope, to our fraternity tables, there to snatch enough of the departing platters to make one decent sandwich. As we poured the first glass of tea a voice was heard: "Hey You. Go eat somewhere else. I've about got this table cleaned off."

J. TRIDGLE

Shaft Letter

Dear — I have prolonged writing this letter until semester break was over. I wanted to ask my parents permission when I was home. They have given me a "yes" to the invitation with a few stipulations. But before I say these here, I think I should mention a few things I may have heard concerning your "calling" to this me. I understand my reputation at the Kappa Sig chapter is nil and excusing my blunt statement that I am called a bitch. I do not know your sentiment regarding this calling. However, I think before I spend \$40, which I do not have, we should come to a mutual understanding. It seems that you are not satisfied with our student offerings for pure undiluted pleasure on my part. This seems a crude judging on some boy's part; for I don't feel that Swannee has ever been any substantial evidence for however it was to judge by a waiter's personal feelings very dear and know how crazy it is to be hurt by someone you left since. Since you do not know me at all, and I do not know you, except for a brief conversation on a phone and a few letters, we will be

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Letters to the Editor

Sc:
My family and I wish to express our thanks to the entire Student Body and the residents of Sewanee for their generosity to us after our fire loss. The money, clothing, and household items you so graciously gave us helped greatly. But most of all we appreciate your thoughtfulness in our time of trouble.

DEBRA L. PAYNE

Sc:
Regarding Abbo's Scrap Book in the January 16th Purple in which a comparison was made between the University of the South and Rabaul's utopian Abbaye de Theleme. A few years ago I took a survey in a class of French literature consisting of about fifty undergraduates on this very subject. The following is a summary of the results.

Both places were hardly any similarities between the two institutions; most found quite a few. Both places, they said, are ornate superstructures replete with towers, spiral stairways, passages, halls, elevated promenades, and intricate stone work. Both are well-endowed educational complexes, in a rustic setting, surrounded by forests on donated land. On the other hand, one student pointed out that the Abbey of Theleme represented a radical break from the past in its architecture and educational techniques, while Sewanee is largely traditional in both. Both places have swimming pools, theaters, galleries with paintings, tennis courts, playing fields, fountains of fresh water, polyglot libraries, barber shops, and no outer walls. Sewanee has three chapels, the Abbey has one for every student, adjoining his room. Attendance in the latter is non-compulsory. The Abbey has a garden labyrinth, we have Abbo's Alley. They have archery, we have golf. They go horseback riding, we go car riding. They have cages of strange birds, we have faculty housing. Everyone agreed that both are isolated.

Many thought while the major physical difference is the presence of clocks at Sewanee, although our dormitory rooms were often contrasted unfavorably with the plush apartments of the Abbey. We have a theology school, while the presence of priests, monks, and nuns is not encouraged at the Abbey. Nor does the latter have private clubs, slaves, and initiation rites.

In regard to general educational policies and student behavior, there was strong difference of opinion, running all the way from praise of both institutions as being liberal, unrestrictive, and progressive, devoted to the free pursuit of knowledge in a friendly atmosphere, to condemnation of the University of the South for being feudal, tyrannical, and ascetic (no one accused the Abbaye de Theleme of this). The conformity in dress here was compared unfavorably with the lack of same at the Abbey. There were a few cynical comments on how free, well-born, and well-bred our students are and how many can speak five or six languages, compose verse and prose in all of them, and play several musical instruments. It was agreed, however, that the students in both places live by a code of honor.

Finally, everyone agreed that the two crucial differences between the two institutions were (1) that the Abbaye de Theleme has no faculty or classes, and (2) that it does have women, although a being admitted there who are the most beautiful, well-informed, learned, talented, and naturally virtuous in the world. While at Sewanee, . . . at Sewanee the student can only say, along with his sixteenth-century counterpart, "Buvons!"

SCOTT BATES



The Purple staff, retired relative to its political views, admires its latest work while eager freshmen look on.

The South: Still Headed for a Two-Party System?

by THOMAS EAMON

Alas, the much-heralded Southern political upheaval seems not so close as was the case last fall. In behind-the-scenes conversations, even leading Republican strategists now consider the Southland a desert of opportunity because of its picking up electoral votes is concerned. Southern Democratic leaders of at least some shades rejoice in their hopes that once again we may return to the "good old days" when the Democratic Party was unchallenged except in certain "thin soil" districts not typical of the region as a whole. For the immediate future such views may be largely justifiable. But in thinking only a few years ahead, most keen observers can see conditions developing under which the opportunity for some semblance of a two-party South might re-assert itself.

It is true that the odds in favor of a dramatic political revolution may not for many years be what we anticipated until that fateful Friday last November. The climate had indeed been ripe for a political transition. As James J. Kilpatrick, the able though ultra-conservative editor of the Richmond News-Leader, wrote in the National Review, the late President made a perfect enemy for the South. Though diminished in importance, Mr. Kennedy's Roman Catholicism still loomed as a latent factor among some Southerners. Along with his alien Eastern New England dialect, the intellectual and social backgrounds of President Kennedy were not at all appealing to many in the "redneck" and lower middle classes whose vote at least needed to be cut into in order to supplement Republican majorities among the more sophisticated business, professional, and other white collar groups. And in the words of Mr. Kilpatrick, "his daddy sold whiskey." In the fundamentalist-leaning South, that was an issue not infrequently mentioned by some. Also, the dynamic Bostonian assumed office at a time when Southern racial strife had begun to rekindle up in intensity. After the eight passive Eisenhower years, the national Democratic administration committed to minority rights was bound to come into conflict with the South. At the same time the rising Southern upper middle classes in the

cities were turning to conservative Republicanism, thus supporting the party "for which some hope remained in national politics." This combined with resentment in other quarters was about to provide the South with more opportunities to experiment with the long-dreaded Republicanism first on the Congressional and then on lower levels.

But now that a skillful political craftsman of a different variety occupies the White House, the situation is immensely altered. Though Mr. Johnson is committed to basically the same program as was his predecessor, it is widely maintained that he will receive the biggest Democratic vote in the South since 1944. When we look at the Republican grassroots strength, it is not surprising that without Mr. Kennedy and all the fierce thoughts that his name conjured up in the minds of many Southerners, the GOP battle will be up a hill whose top is in the clouds. With the notable exceptions of John Bricker's county-level work in Alabama and that of Peter O'Donnell in Texas, Southern Republican Party organization has been woefully lacking. Also, enthusiasm had been geared so closely to Arizona's conservative Senator Goldwater that only difficulty can be met in shifting to Lodge, Nixon, or Scrantom. Among many Deep Southern Republicans the statements by Mississippi's recent GOP candidate for governor, Rubel Phillips, that he had just as soon stay home on election day if Nixon received the convention endorsement represents a not uncommon feeling. Thus when the living symbol for many Southern conservatives meets his likely defeat at next summer's convention, it will be difficult indeed for Dixie Republicans to whip up a

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A Modest Confession

(Continued from page two)

members who held an antipathy to them and could thus posture upon their helplessness and force them to do things which might be regarded as humiliating and thus ungenially. This was received with bare teeth at all corners of the table, and one fellow, who I do believe was drunk, roared in reply that if a young mod did not want to be a member of the Society, then he simply did not have to, and he reinforced the former with diminutions such as "sissy" and "mother-f---er," finally grumbling into obscenity and unintelligibility. In the midst of all this raucous and antipathy, I found strength in the unadorned knight of La Mencha and offered boldly the opinion that the proving of the young knight or young gentleman in the days of the high and true ritual consisted in the performance of noble deeds and not abject submission to tests of endurance. Thereupon I was roundly met with both laughter and rebuke and one young man came close to losing his balance at the mention of the word "knight." I was abashed at the observation that I had been led to understand that their societies were founded upon courtly ideals and rituals when the red-faced, round fellow promptly said that I was a fool and a pistorian, and that was the end of the matter. Sensing the finality in the atmosphere, I rose, bowed to them all, and took my leave.

I can only appeal to the innate kindness in human nature for pity in this disastrous encounter with the gentled young men of today and pray for their indulgence by recalling the tears and misery which burdened my subsequent journey to Grandbury. I have often reflected with great pain upon that bleak day, but as I have sincerely repented of my wined view of the gentleman as contrary to the healthy, normal, and accepted practices of existing gentlemen, I hope to regain my security by a unselfish observation and decorous imitation of their manners.

This lamentable account was recently published in the *Freeter*, edited by Frank O. Hauserberg, III

The Best of ABBO'S SCRAPBOOK

O brave new world
That has such people in it.
Shakespeare

Whenever the material goods of this brave new world are counted, measured or enumerated, the South makes a very poor showing. In proportion to the rest of the country, the South has fewer automobiles, fewer TV sets, fewer stockholders, less insurance, lower per capita income, and so on and so forth. Surveys of this sort almost always put Mississippi at the bottom of the page, a fact that misled the late H. L. Mencken into describing Mississippi as "the worst American state." All this is bad enough, but now we face further humiliation. It seems that we suffer from a deficiency of psychiatrists, witness the following AP dispatch:

"Shortage of psychiatrists is greater in the South than anywhere else in the nation, the chairman of the Southern Regional Council on Mental Health and Training announced today.

Dr. Frank M. Gaines, Louisville, Ky, said the South needs about four times as many psychiatrists as it has today.

There is now one for every 50,000 persons in the region, even though the American Psychiatric Association recommends one for every 10,000, he said.

Some progress has been made in the past years, but not enough. Efforts should be made, Gaines said, to increase the interests of medical students so they will specialize in psychiatry. Maryland turns out one-third of the psychiatrists in the South, although there is no explanation why schools in that state would attract more students interested in the profession than others, he said."

And so on and so forth.

Volume 82, Number 1

The last issue of the Purple was numbered "Volume LXXII, No. 12" following a numbering system which was ostensibly begun in 1882 with "Volume I, No. 1." However, this progression has been broken through misprints several times, most notably in April, 1956, when Vol. 72 became Vol. 64. This mistake lasted until it was remedied in the corrected Vol. 76 of 1958-59. Again, in Spring, 1960, the number retrogressed from 77 to 67, beginning an incorrect series which has been followed from then until now. The table below will illustrate:

Year	Editor	No. Used / Correct No.
1958-59	Battle Seavy	LXXVI-76
1959-60	Fred Jones	LXXVII-LXXVI-77
1960-61	Dave Wilson	LXXVII-78
1961-62	Tom Timberlake	LXXIX-79
1962-63	Harwood Koppel	LXXX-80
	Jody Trimble	
1963 1st Semester	Jody Trimble	LXXXI-81
	Norval Riser	
1964	Richard Hart	LXXXII-82

In this issue the volume number is being advanced as well as being corrected to coincide with the volume year term of office of the editor, newly instituted by the Publications Board. This is the volume LXXXII, No. 1.

D. TIMBERLAKE

The South: Two-Parties

lively campaign. Without firm Republican support except among the mountaineers and upper middle income groups, the hopes for November are bleak.

Still the replacement of a New England Yankee by a man having Confederate forbears does not remove the basic political issues confronting the South. All too soon, the Southern States find that they are not a homogeneous and capable of erecting a party hard whip. Until the need arises for Mr. Johnson to react to a really severe test in racial relations where he must move on his own initiative rather than merely following the lead of the President, he will likely be rather popular in the South. Indeed President Kennedy received high poll ratings in the region until the "Ole Miss" crisis in the fall of 1962. However, because Johnson is more compatible with the South and its political leaders in other respects, breaking his appeal will perhaps be a somewhat more difficult matter. Also, the Johnson relationship with the venerable Southern barons who chair the various Congressional committees will be an asset to him even if they feel obligated to oppose many of his programs. Then if Johnson is fortunate enough to serve nine years, it is thought that those gentlemen as well as certain leaders at the state levels will eventually be replaced by men of moderate rather than conservative leanings. In this way some Southern Democratic politicians will be able to keep down the animosity between the state and national parties. Possible though that may be, lasting harmony has not been common on the American political scene. Even the great compromiser in the White House will have accomplished a brilliant feat if he is able to keep the South in check for the duration of his tenure.

Yet there is some question as to whether future anti-Johnsonians will turn back to the Republicans or to some splinter Democracy of the South. The possibility has been raised that the GOP which may be faced with the prospects of appealing to more liberal groups will take positions on racial matters and other issues having little appeal to potential Southern Republicans. However, the basic fact remains that the Democratic Party is still the more liberal-oriented of the two. It is conceivable that Johnson's policies will be more "radical" on some fronts than his predecessor's in an effort to appeal to labor or Negroes. Meanwhile forces in the GOP for fiscal

conservation and even states' rights will likely remain dominant in view of the attitudes of those non-Southerners to whom it appeals most. Thus it's possible that within four or eight years the Southern political climate might be such that it will be willing to back a moderate Republican as indeed a majority of Southerners did General Eisenhower in 1954. Perhaps again anti-liberal Southerners with economic means to do so will begin to back Republicans of their own variety of conservatism on the Congressional state, and local levels. Whether or not the future Southern Republican Party will be based partly on discreet racist attitudes as seemed to be the case with Gold-water Republicanism is yet to be seen. It is of course possible that the Republican rise could depend primarily upon other matters as was the case in the gold showing for Eisenhower and Nixon in the area.

While it is likely that the assumption of Johnson to the Presidency will mean years of delay for a Southern Republican gain over what would have been the case, one must remember that only a year ago the anticipated Presidential contest was to be between Kennedy and Rockefeller with the late President an odds-on favorite to take most states south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers. The situation today is not too greatly altered from that. In 1958 or 1972 the possibility that Robert Kennedy or some yet to rise Northerner or Western Liberal Democrat will be opposing a moderate or conservative Republican would give us a contest similar to what would have arisen earlier. In the meantime the Republicans might well be channeling their 1962 campaign funds somewhere other than to L. Lee Potter's "Operation Dixie" and start from scratch in building up a firm Southern base for the future. Besides the young conservatives, some partisan moderate to liberal Democrats (including this writer) feel the future realities will call for two competitive parties in the South in order to have a really strong two-party system in the United States.

Shaft Letter

(Continued from page two)

inclined to accept other people's talk about each other. I have heard that you are a drunkard colleague who does not care for a girl's feelings on a date: example—July. This to me would seem ample enough to think poorly of you. How-

ever, I don't go this route. Sometimes on dates with boys who turn out to be outright slobs, I have wished I could take an outlet to be rid of them—and if drinking were possible, then I would jump out of a window to get that drink. By far I am not saying July is a slob, on the contrary. But maybe your personalities were incompatible and the weekend was made miserable for you both. Yet the word is around you are a slob and a miserable date. Apply this reaction to my title. There could have been a misunderstanding between someone at Sewanee and me which created into a big "dum"!! However, I do not remember this case. John ——— is the only Kappa Sig I have ever dated by no extent which was no elaborate date. He is a great guy whom I respect. I regret if I have done anything to cause either feeling on his part which I am oblivious to. A girl's reputation is a precious asset and the ruination of it is cruel if the sentence is unjust. If I have made a fool of myself by stating the above then you and the fellow Kappa Sigs may have a hearty laugh. But for some reason, I do not feel you are this type. ———, in your first letters of the year, you sounded as if you were a great boy whom I would have loved to come to Sewanee to visit. That is why I don't believe you are like the regular run-of-the-mill guy. I have never had a date with a fellow. Again, I say I hope my preceding statements were not taken mistakenly. But I do not have \$40 and it is going to take some extra budgeting on my part to maneuver this weekend. I see no reason for me to spend my parents' money to come to Sewanee to get a lesson taught me for something I don't deserve. Enough has been said, probably even too much. If you still want me to come I am going to include now my parents' stipulations. I cannot skip any of my Friday class to come to catch a plane. Consequently, if I cannot get student rates on the 4:00 plane arriving Nashville at 6:—7 a.m. I will have to take the train leaving here at 4:00 p.m. arriving 1:00 a.m. Saturday morning. You probably are confused with my jumbled words, but if you want me to come, try and make out my sentences. ———, I would love to come because this will probably be my only chance. I would love to meet you and get to know you with us making our own interpretation of each other. But the decision is yours. I'll understand either way the cookie crumbles.

I hope you had success in your exams.

Love,

SEWAN

Review Centers On Criticism

by ROBERT WESTON

The focus of critical essays in this winter issue of the *Sewanee Review* is James Joyce. Always a controversial figure, both in his art and life, Joyce is touched on here as personal figure and as artist. "Joyce and Nora" is a fascinating study of some of the most revealing of Joyce's correspondence, that with his wife Nora, occasioned by their two years separation from 1909 to 1911. These letters reveal certain aspects of Joyce's personality that can be of use with reference to his works, but more especially in the study of an engaging genius. "Joyce and the Epiphany" treats a particular aspect of Joyce's fiction technique, while "Language of Virginia Wake" considers that most uninteresting of Joyce's works in relation to the function of the word as metaphysical conception.

Fiction in this issue is confined to a single short story, "A Gift for Possession," which is in fact a chapter of Claude Kock's novel, *The Kite in the Sea*, which will appear this spring. Readers of the *Review* may remember the first chapter of this novel printed in winter of 1952, "A Matter of Family." The excellence of these two portions promise a brilliant novel, in addition to working as completed actions for individual reading of outstanding quality. The well-known literary theorist and critic, Austin Warren, has an informative essay on Cotton Mather which is of special interest in a consideration of American literary history. This essay is related to Mr. Warren's book-in-process, *The New England Conscience*.

An interesting aspect of this issue is the verse. In pursuing the author listing, one will perhaps be surprised to find that in a list of seven names perhaps only one or none may be known to the general reader. To rescue for this is that the poets appearing in this issue are for the most part unpublished young poets. If one has any interest in the contemporary and future poetic scene, it will be of interest to note the talent represented here and to keep an eye out for these names as they do or do not appear in subsequent poetic circles.

The real strength of this issue lies in the reviews. Among the important figures considered here are Allen Tate, William Faulkner, Charles Baudelaire,

(Continued on page six)

ESQUIRE'S CLUB & CAMPUS FASHIONS

BY D. E. SCOFFLEER, ESQUIRE'S Fashion Director

Brace yourself—here come the holidays, with their feasts, fetes and festivities! And it's not a moment too soon to start organizing your formal clothes, right down to the smallest detail, so you'll be ready for any and all invitations to greet this gala season!

STRICTLY SPEAKING—you're on "dress parade" at a formal party. There's nothing like the lift that dinner clothes can give you, when you're all dressed up with compleme to go! But make no mistake—this is one time when tradition calls the turn. Formal dress leaves little room for the expression of your individuality—every component must be correct. Now, let's have a rundown on the rules—plus all the loopholes the law allows!



BLACK BLACK BLACK IS THE COLOR—of your truly formal clothes. Period. Unquote. No exceptions—unless your holiday plans include Palm Beach or some such subtropical resort! (In that case, off-white, pastels and even Madras plaids may be worn, according to local custom.) Your dinner jacket is traditionally cut along Natural Shoulder lines, and worn with natural, pleated trousers with a single line of braid down the side. Although the satin-faced shawl collar is the orthodox touch, the notched lapel is taking an increasing lead in popularity, and some peaked laps are also being worn.

YOU CAN PLAY IT COOL—no matter how perspiration-prone you are! Paradoxical as it may seem, the addition of synthetic fibers has subtracted an incredible amount of weight from the standard worsted-and-mohair blends of dress suitings! Those man-made miracle fibers will take you another favor when it comes to shirts. They've got a built-in, spio-and-span crispness that has nothing to do with old-fashioned, suit-of-armor starch! And something else your shirts should shun is the old-fashioned riverboat gambler look. That fancy shirt-front with the lace and ruffles should be worn only for a TV guest shot—flat, pristine pleats are the order of the day in smart circles!



MIND YOUR MILEAGE—when you pick out your formal footwear. Make sure they're comfortable—mobility is better than moanin' low, once you get to the party! Properly, they should be patent leather, plain-toe, in either a 2-eyel or the easy slip-on pump with a flat goagrain bow. Equally acceptable is the light-weight plain-toe style in black calf, polished to a high gloss. Lustrous silk or nylon flat-knit black hose are correct—preferably hi-rise, to avoid charges of indecent exposure of hairy leg when you sit down!



That's it—the blueprint to follow if you'd be the model of a modern party-goer! Have fun, and we'll see you next year. © 1953, Esquire, Inc.

DETAILS—ALWAYS DETAILS!

Exactly. For instance, studs and cufflinks should be dark—black pearl or something in the same spectrum, and as simple as possible. No Maharaja of Baroda effects allowed (unless, of course, you're the Maharaja of Baroda!). The wearing of the vest, silk and buckles, is on the increase, while cummerbunds are still widely popular. In either case, it's a nice touch to match it to your tie. This can be done in a variety of fabrics—silk barathes, satin, brocade—and in one color. Black. And look for a revival of the more generously proportioned butterfly bow tie.

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT—

for these gala evenings grow chill—to say nothing of the cold gray dawn that follows! A black raglan-shoulder coat in a mohair blend, BAC-collared in black velvet, is a connoisseur's choice. A smart alternative is the Natural Shoulder tunic in oxford gray or black, with fly-front. The fine finishing touches include a white silk muffler and gray mocha gloves—slip-on or button style.

Pretty Good? Pretty WONDERFUL !!

Coca-Cola

TRADE-MARK BOTTLE IS PAT. OFF.

NOW AND ALWAYS

America's favorite soft drink

The Sewanee Purple Sports

Grapplers Trip Maryville, Even Season's Slate at 2-2

The Tiger wrestling team evened its seasonal record at 2-2 with a come-back 20-18 victory over Maryville last Saturday. The outcome was in doubt until the very last match when, with Sewanee trailing 18-17, Hank Beaumont defeated James Pryor in the heavyweight division 5-3 to give Sewanee three points and the win.

The Tigers' inexperience in the lower weights again put them at an early disadvantage. John Mitchell, wrestling for the first time at 113, managed to avoid being pinned, losing 3-1, but both Tress Mast and Buckley Wood went down and Maryville was ahead 13-0. Doug Seiers continued his string of hard luck as Bill Dewese held him to a draw in the 147 match and preserved Maryville's 6-1 lead.

Trailing 15-2, the Tiger big men began to go to work. Joe Parker won his 157 pound match when Jim Pallas became hurt and was unable to continue. Paul Tressman then made short work of his opponent in the 167 class, pinning Chukic in 1:58 of the second period. This pulled the Tigers to within three points at 15-12.

Chip Langley, out of his class at 177, fell 5-2 to Maryville's Kutcinis. But Tim Hughes came right back to pin O'Bryan at 0:56 of the third period and the margin had been cut to one, 18-17. Beaumont then won the heavyweight match to give Sewanee the victory. The pins made the difference as three Sewanee boys won their matches via this route, (Parker, Tressman, and Hughes), while Maryville was able to win only two. Each team won four matches and one was a draw, but those two extra points for a pin turned out to be the margin of victory.

The grapplers faced Eastern Kentucky last Tuesday night, but their biggest home match is Saturday night against Auburn. It is the last time they will appear before a Sewanee crowd this season, and the final time ever for senior Tim Hughes.

Swimmers Win Twice

The Tiger swimming team won two meets during the Mid-Winters weekend. Friday night they downed Kentucky by a score of 60-35, and then they came back Saturday to defeat Louisville 52-39. Neither meet was as close as the score might indicate, even though the scores weren't too close.

In the Kentucky meet three new school records were established. The 400 yard medley relay team of Goodwin, Brown, Thames, and Sherer bettered the old time of 4:07.2 with a time of 4:05.3. Dave Sutton set a new school record in the 200 yard freestyle with a time of 2:06.7. And freshman Rick Clewis set a new record in the 200 yard individual medley with a time of 2:20.0.

Two new school marks were set in the Louisville meet. Al Sherer broke the record that Dave Sutton had set the night before against Kentucky in the 200 yard freestyle with a time of 2:05.2. And Terry Goodwin broke for the third time his record in the 200 yard backstroke with a time of 2:19.5. Sewanee took nine of eleven first places in both the meets. The Tigers dominated the meets from the start and were never challenged by either team. Diver Grant LeFoux won his sixth and seventh meets of the year. He has failed to come in first in only one meet so far this year, and in that one, against Georgia, he took second.

The team's record now stands 5-3. They have beaten Tulane, Emory, Georgia Tech, Kentucky, and Louisville. They swim against Union this past Tuesday afternoon, and this weekend they travel to Alabama and Tulane to finish up their season.

Intramurals

There is no article on intramural basketball this week because the sports editor was too lazy to compile a preview during party weekend and the season was only two games old when the paper went to press. In Monday's action the Snakes topped the SAEs 49-23 and the Pits regular covered the Lambda Chas 53-27. Regular coverage of intramurals will resume next week.

Southwestern Falls 85-65

Cagers Begin Final Journey, Preparing for CAC Tourney

The Tiger cagers, coming back after a long layoff for final exams, beat Southwestern 85-65 last Saturday night

to break a three game losing streak and bring themselves to within one game of the 500 mark (7-8). It was their second win without a loss in College Athletic Conference play and assured them of second place in the seedings for the tournament.

It was a sloppy game as both teams looked tired. But the Tigers clearly had the edge on, despite their layoff, they hit 38 of 69 shots from the floor for 55 per cent. That, plus the fact that they outrebanded the Lynx 63-39, made the difference in the game. They had to have an edge in something, as the Lynx press forced them into 17 floor mistakes. But after the early minutes the game was never close.

When Tom Ward scored with 14:31 to go in the first half, he put the Tigers ahead 9-5. Or it would be better to say that at this point the score was Ward 9, Bob Astinger 5. The Lynx scored six straight points to go ahead momentarily. Sandy Lumpkin put them ahead to stay at 12:13 with a fielder which made the score 12-11. From here the Tigers gradually pulled away until they had a 43-27 margin at the half.

Rebounding and shooting were the differences already. Sewanee, led by Ward with eight and Lumpkin with seven, had 35 rebounds to 23 for Southwestern. The Tigers hit 19 of 34 from the field while Southwestern had managed only 10 of 43. Ward was the leading scorer with 13 while Lumpkin had eight. Gary Sharp had eleven to pace the Lynx, but he was held to five in the second half when the Tigers went to work on defense to stop his drive.

Southwestern began slowly and methodically to chip away at the Tiger lead for the first ten minutes of the second half. The closest they ever came was 59-50 with 9:11 remaining as the Tigers made several floor mistakes. But the Lynx still couldn't hit and Sewanee continued to control the boards 28-15 for the remainder of the game and won going away.

Tom Ward came up with what was probably his finest effort of the year in this game. He pulled down 16 rebounds and scored 27 points before fouling out with about three minutes remaining. Bob Swisher came through with 15 points, but what is more important, he was also credited with six assists. Larry Cunningham had twelve while Sandy Lumpkin came through with ten to complete the double figure scoring. Lumpkin also had 15 rebounds and Pat Fitzsimons 10 as the Tigers dominated the game. Gary Sharp paced Southwestern with 16 points while Bob Astinger had 14. Carl Fisher was their leading rebounder with nine. Tomorrow night the Tigers will play a rematch with these same Lynx, and they then go to Jackson for a game with Lambuth Saturday. They will play the SAEs at 8:00 in the section opener here at Juhon Gymnasium. A win in both of these games would leave the Tigers in an excellent position to finish over the 500 mark.

Georgia, he would still be undefeated. "Beaumont looked pretty good. He deserves a little credit," Moore went on. "Parker and Paul both looked real good." They are the only two members of the team who are over 200 pounds. "The boys are coming, but it has been slow. This is the least experience we've ever had, even though we've got some of the most outstanding big boys Moore came out in the final home match of the season is coming up this Saturday, and it is hoped that the entire student body will turn out. Auburn will furnish the opposition, and though it isn't the battle of the unbeaten this year, the match could mean a lot to the Tigers.



Pictured here are next year's three football captains: Ray Tucker, John Sennear, and Jim Stewart. They hope to make it 17 in a row for the Tigers.

TIGER TALK



By COLEY MCGINNIS

The first weekend of the second semester, besides being party weekend (the judgment of which we leave to those members of the staff who were "clearer to the subject" than I) has to be classified as an unqualified success for Sewanee's athletic teams. The swimmers were by far the most impressive of the three, soundly thrashing Kentucky and Louisville on consecutive days to run their record to 5-3. The cagers, rusty from a three-week layoff (and showing the effects of it), still whipped Southwestern easily. And the wrestlers evened their season record with a come-from-behind victory at Maryville. Four for four isn't too bad, now is it?

Swimmers Coming Fast

"We're not outstanding in any one thing, but we're beginning to jell as a team," said a happy Coach Ted Blondo who had just seen his tankers gain two easy victories over Kentucky and Louisville in the space of about 20 hours. Neither meet was close at the Tigers built up early leads and then coasted home. Five school records were broken and two others narrowly missed in the meet. "Our sprinters (Dave Darst and Nevin Patton) are coming around," Blondo continued. Darst missed the record in the 50 yard freestyle by a tenth of a second in both meets, and Patton was also victorious twice. "Terry Goodwin continues his tremendous work in the backstroke. He has broken the school record three times already," noted Blondo. "Don Brown is finally realizing his potential in the breaststroke, and Al Sherer is doing a good job. He broke the record in the 200 yard freestyle the first time he swam it." And credit must also go to Grant LeFoux, the diver

who has lost only once in eight meets. "His tops are looking good," Blondo noted. "I am very pleased with the attitude of this team. It has been very fine, and that is the most important factor."

I have to add words of commendation to those of Coach Blondo. This bunch has come along very well. One reason is probably the intra-squad competition. A primary example of this was pointed up Friday when Rick Clewis and Mike Fladmann came down to the wire on the 200 yard individual medley. Clewis got the win according to the judges, but both finished in the same time and elapsed seconds off the old school record. It is efforts like these which have helped this team to improve by leaps and bounds since the season started.

Grapplers Learning

"Long on effort but short on experience," That phrase seems to describe all three of Sewanee's winter sports teams, and certainly the wrestlers. It took a tremendous comeback on the part of the big boys to push them over the top against Maryville. "They were better than we expected," said a somewhat relieved Coach Horace Moore Sunday afternoon. "We were behind 15-2 before we ever got started." "Tim Hughes won the match with a pin. In fact, all the boys that pinned their men won it," Moore continued. "Joe Parker should have had a pin, but his man got hurt and had to default. Paul Tressman pinned his, Chip Langley got beat at 177 by a real good boy, but Tim pinned his at 193." Moore's description continued. "Both Tim and Langley wrestled out of their weight class. In fact, if Tim hadn't wrestled out of his class against



Tom Ward goes up to lay the bull in the bucket against Southwestern at Mit Fitz-Simons. Sandy Lumpkin averted a possible rebound. This was one of the many times Ward was able to do as he was bound up with 27 points and 16 rebounds.

PIG'S PICS

by PHIL PLYLER

Thursday and Friday: The Old Dark House

The script is based on a J.D. Priestly novel which casts Tom Poston of Steve Allen fame as an American car salesman bungling his way through an old English castle. Bob Poston, an ex-cast member Robert Morley are noted for their humorous antics. Trying to pass them off in this type of role could tend to blot our image.

Choice of the Week: For the moviegoer, this is not a blue-ribbon field. I would suggest another tour with the "Beatles" Sunday at 7:00 p.m.

Owl Flick: Five Weeks In A Balloon

How about this cast: Red Buttons, Fabian, Barbara Eden, and Peter Lorre. I am afraid that this spectacle was bound to be a losing affair from the start. There are no two more ludicrous individuals than Red Buttons, and the fabulous Fabian. The latter chap also warbles a few soul searching tunes which will inevitably run any local music-lovers from the theatre early.

Saturday and Monday: Mary, Mary, Mother of Jesus
 friend myself for my periodical friends have anything on this one, but it is must for the "regulars."

Sunday and Tuesday: Critic's Choice

This is the latest effort to muddle the character of the funniest man alive, Bob Hope. To help him pull this off, the director has called on Lucifeng, who has directed some of the best Hollywood filmsers are trying to undermine Hope's very funny reputation.

Wednesday: Lisa

Stephen Boyd and Delores Hart bounce around Europe, North Africa, and the Near East to tell the story of a young Jewish girl trying to get into Israel. Boy's only claim to fame is a large supporting role in *Ben Hur*, as Charles Heston's boyhood friend. Delores has looked like a film to replace Doris Day as the matinee heroine of the title of lady set. The cinema lacks the essentials but it fills the time gap between lunch and the Wednesday night (TV) at the movies.

Montana Flur

Cannonball Adderley

by JACK FRETWELL

Jazz as an arena of artistic creation is almost extraordinarily varied. There is cool jazz and there is hot jazz. The New Orleans school is different from the New York school, and the sounds of the West Coast differ from both. Within this loose framework, however, unity is provided by the great names. The great artful transcends any particular limited segment of his art. These men are rare. There was the late Charlie Parker. Miles Davis founded the cool school but refused to be limited by the shackles imposed by his lesser disciples. Julian "Cannonball" Adderley ranks with these and the other greats of jazz.

Jazz, more than any other form of music, benefits from a personal performance. The audience is a large part of the jazz spirit. A large part of the truly memorable recordings in the field were made in concert with a small part of the spell cast by the musicians and their audiences was captured: "Cannonball" Adderley and his sextet lured the audience at Querry Hall Saturday and did not release it until the last note was played. This was the best Jazz concert in years. The leader was superb. The notes flowed out of his alto sax with the rare precision and beauty that won him the Playboy Poll. His brother, Nat Adderley, put an amazing display of lip power and technical skill in his own interpretation of the selection played. Drummer Louis Hayes had the stage to himself for what must have been a five minute solo in the last selection of



You figure this one out!

Turnau Opera's 'Barber of Seville'

(Continued from page one)

poses, the Turnau Opera Players wrote this review themselves on the stage of Querry Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. All that really remains for the reviewer in such a case as an exercise in superlatives.

There were two things about the performance which would probably not be fully palatable to an operatic purist. First, the accompaniment was entirely on the piano. To this reviewer, pianist Kenneth Newborn's admirable handling of Rossini's score was more than adequate. Also, it should be explained that such a company as the Turnau Players would most likely find the expense of transporting an orchestra prohibitive, and—in this case—it would be an entirely "superfluous precaution," thanks to Mr. Newborn.

Also (barring of horrors!), the opera was sung in English. Although there were a good many moments rather

more reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan than of Rossini, the adaptation was remarkably successful. An opera like "The Barber of Seville" was written to be funny, and it's easier to laugh when one knows what the devil is going on. It lost very little in the translation.

Most of the opera was a showcase for the brilliant personality of Alan Baker, who played Figaro as if he had been born for the role. There is no doubt about it—the gentleman is a thief. Nico Castel was quite good as Almaviva, and what he lacked in matters vocal, he more than made up for in matters comical. His impersonation of the singing master was one of the funniest parts of the opera. The same is true of Lucille Sulam, a consummate comedienne who played Rosina to perfection. The other players—J. B. Davis as Dr. Bartolo, Don Yule as Don Basilio, and Carolyn Christian as Bartolo—all were properly repulsive and hysterically amusing—especially in the "police" scene and in the famous "bull-fight" scene.

The back of the program for the concert refers to "The Barber of Seville" as "this gem of 19th century comic opera." The "gem" shone brightly Sunday afternoon, given a polish unmatchable by the verve and zest of its players. It seems that they enjoyed it almost as much as the audience (which brought them back for six curtain calls). The opera was fun, and, after all, this was the function of comic opera in its range and quality. A reviewer, of course, is only truly effective if one has knowledge of the subject reviewed. The selection of criticism offered here is of a possible use to the general reader; the range offered greatly enhances the possibility of striking a subject familiar to the amateur scholar; if not, perhaps the reviewer itself will instill in the reader the desire to obtain a first-hand knowledge of the subject treated.

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Virginia Woolf, and Robert Lowell. These figures, or work on these figures, are treated by competent critics; the result is a bulk of criticism extraordinary in its range and quality. A review, of course, is only truly effective if one has knowledge of the subject reviewed. The selection of criticism offered here is of a possible use to the general reader; the range offered greatly enhances the possibility of striking a subject familiar to the amateur scholar; if not, perhaps the reviewer itself will instill in the reader the desire to obtain a first-hand knowledge of the subject treated.

POETRY CONTEST: WIN A FREE STEAK

CLARAMONT

CLARA AND TOM SHOEMATE

The PARTY's gone;
 The GIRLS leave too.
 Rx prescription:
 "Clara's for brew."

Miss Sreen



ARF!

Benjamin Franklin (or The Louisville Sluggo, as he is better known) said, "A penny saved is a penny earned," and we, the college population of America, have taken to heart this sage advice. We spend prudently; we budget diligently. Yet, despite our wise precautions, we are always running short. Why? Because there is one item of expense that we consistently underestimate—the cost of traveling home to the weekends.

Let us take the typical case of Basil Metaloshin, a sophomore at UCLA majoring in avocados. Basil, a resident of Bangor, Maine, loved to go home each weekend to play with his faithful dog, Spot. What joy, what wretched smiles, when Basil and Spot were reunited! Basil would keep into his dogcart, and Spot, a genuine Alaska Husky, would pull Basil all over Bangor, Maine—Basil calling cheerful halloos to the townfolk, Spot wagging his curly tail.



But the cost, alas, of traveling from UCLA to Bangor, Maine, was \$400 a week, and Basil's father, alas, earned only a meagre salary as a meter-reader for the Bangor water department. So, also, after six months Basil's father told Basil he could raise no more money; he had already sold everything he owned, including the flashlight he used to read meters.

Basil returned to California to ponder his dilemma. One solution occurred to him—to ship Spot to UCLA and keep him in his room—but Basil had to abandon the notion because of his roommate, G. Fred Sigafos, who was, alas, allergic to dog hair.

Then another idea came to Basil—a stroke of genius, you might call it. He would buy a Mexican hairless chihuahua! Thus he would have a dog to pull him around, and G. Fred's allergy would be unobtrusive.

The results, alas, were not all Basil had hoped. The chihuahua, alas, was unable to pull Basil in the dogcart, no matter how energetically he beat the animal.

Defeated again, Basil set down with G. Fred, his roommate, to smoke a Marlboro Cigarette and seek a new answer to the problem. Together they smoked and thought and—Eureka!—an answer quickly appeared. (I do not suggest, mind you, that Marlboro Cigarettes are an aid to cerebralation. All I say about Marlboros is that they taste good and are made of fine tobaccos and pure white filters and come in soft pack or Flip Top box.) Well, sir, Basil and G. Fred got a great idea. Actually, the idea was G. Fred's, who happened to be majoring in genetics. Why not, said G. Fred, cross-breed the chihuahua with a Great Dane and thus produce an animal sturdy enough to pull a dogcart?

It was, alas, another plan doomed to failure. The cross-breeding was done, but the result (this is very difficult to explain) was a mereon.

But there is, I am pleased to report, a happy ending to this heart-rending tale. It seems that Basil's mother (this is also very difficult to explain) is a glamorous blond aged 19 years. One day she was spotted by a talent scout in Bangor, Maine, and was signed to a fabulous movie contract, and the entire family moved to California and bought Bel Air, and today one of the most enduring sights to be seen on the entire Pacific Coast is Spot pulling Basil's mother Boulevard—Basil cheering and Spot wagging. Basil's dream is also happy, making glamorous movies all day long, and Basil's father is likewise content, sitting at home and reading the movie meter.

★ ★ ★
 Pacific Coast, Atlantic Coast, the great West—land in between—
 —not to speak of Alaska and Hawaii—will all be this is Marlboro Country. Light up and find out for yourself.