

The Daily Tar Heel

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Music Review

By Wink Locklair

Sybil Drake's piano recital in Hill Hall Thursday evening brought to an end a busy week for the University Music Department and for those who enjoy listening to the talented musicians who are studying here.

With the exception of two short pieces by Prokofieff, Miss Drake's program was the classical masters—Mozart, Chopin, Brahms and Liszt. She began with two sonatas by the man generally considered to be the father of modern piano playing—Domenico Scarlatti. They were the ones in B Minor and C Major, from an edition Alessandro Longo compiled of over 545 Scarlatti fugues, sonatas and exercises. Next came another 17th century composer, also named Domenico: Domenico Paradisi. A "Gigue" of his. This was followed by Mozart's brooding, grave Phantasia in C Minor, a work he composed while laboring on The Marriage of Figaro.

After intermission, Miss Drake played the F Sharp Major Nocturne and the Mazurka in B Flat Minor of Chopin. Brahms was next, his Intermezzo in B Flat Minor and Capriccio in B Minor. A march and prelude from a group of 12 short pieces labeled Opus 12 by Prokofieff, and the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, which she had played during an afternoon recital several weeks ago, completed the list.

We liked best of all the Scarlatti and Prokofieff numbers. Chopin was not given a very romantic interpretation and the Liszt rhapsody, with its tremendous chords and octave passages, was not played with the excitement and spectacle people look for and expect. But it was a pleasant evening, all in all, and the audience applauded long enough for an encore, which was a Schubert Impromptu.

Miss Drake is a good ole Southern girl. ("Ah'd like to play uh Schubert Impromptu faw you") Louisiana, to be exact. She wore a handsome ruffled and pleated pink gown with a baby-blue sash, and at the end of the recital she was given an armful of spring flowers. Miss Drake is a member of the University Women's Glee Club and for the past two years has been studying piano with Dr. Newman.

Next Tuesday evening at 8:30 in Hill Hall four male students will take turns at the keyboard: Felder Graham, Robert Macdonald, Edwin Steed, and William Waters.



It Sounds Good

Letters to the Editor

Jones for Alderman

Editor:

We are supporting Rev. J. H. Jones, candidate for alderman, in the coming municipal elections and urge all students and faculty members sincerely interested in the future of Chapel Hill as a forward-looking community to join us. Mr. Jones, who is a graduate of Shaw University, a well-known pastor of three local churches and a resident of Chapel Hill for 14 years, would be a worthy member of the board of aldermen regardless of his race. We feel his election is doubly important, however, because it would give to the town for the first time a truly representative governing body. Not only does the Negro community have an active need for a representative on the board who will work for much-needed improvements in the colored sections, where facilities are woefully inadequate, but perhaps even more important is the fact that Chapel Hill as a whole will be a better place to live in, we believe, if it is governed by a group which collectively has direct contact with all sections of the community. Mr. Jones, if elected, will bring to the board of aldermen his years of experience with, and intimate knowledge of, almost half the town population, that half whose needs and opinions have never before had a direct channel of expression to the city hall. With Mr. Jones among them the members of the board will be able to govern with a more complete awareness of the requirements, and sentiments, of Chapel Hill as a whole. White residents have fully as much to gain by electing such a board, we believe, as Negro citizens.

slogan? We think not. We further think that the Grail Club, which was responsible for this outrage, has displayed thereby some of the most feeble judgement evidenced on this campus by any group in the past year. We don't really give a damn who was elected to its august membership; if we did, we could satisfy our curiosity by referring to the Tar Heel. We doubt whether any other student is vitally concerned with the novitiates either.

But to be brief, we are being driven slowly insane by the shouts outside our window and will not be responsible for future actions. If these people persist, then we will personally be the leaders of the year's first Southern lynch mob.

O. B. Hardison, C. B. Baldwin, H. R. Honig
E. B. Van Voorhees

Shades of Fulton Lewis

Editor:

The December "Alumni Review" was received this morning and both Mrs. Richards (Anne Lewis, '43) and I had read it by dinner this evening. To say that we were startled to read of charges made by a Fulton Lewis, Jr. against President Frank Graham would be a masterpiece of understatement. We were absolutely dumbfounded!

Although at this late date the subject is probably a dead one, I would like to remind two people, especially, of one little point. Those two people are, as "Spike Saunders described them to Alumni, two members (of the student body) who have publicly admitted membership (in the Communist Party). Those two, if still at the University, should have gathered the other ten or 14 "party" members and loudly defended the man who has done more than any other single person to allow them freedom of thought, speech, and action at a State University. . . . even though that thought, speech, and action be (possibly and/or probably) directed by a foreign government.

Dr. Frank Graham means "Carolina" to many past and present University students. To many more of us he means much more. I do not look upon Dr. Frank Graham as a deity; but as an excellent example of unselfish service given not only to one's own State but, more than that, to one's country.

I am sitting in my home at the present time with a .45 calibre automatic within easy reaching distance. Anne is a licensed "gun-carrier" and has her own. I believe that we have a decently factual understanding of Communism, and I also believe that it would be a strong eye-opener were the two "Members" of the "Party" to visit Malaya for a short two or three weeks. In fact, I would sincerely enjoy a serious correspondence with a Stateside Communist. I might be able to more clearly explain why they should appreciate a man of Dr. Graham's stature.

I rather believe that most of us do not possess a strong, dignified sense of justice and tolerance. . . . which Dr. Frank Graham has; which is possibly one of the many reasons that few of us shall ever be one of the greatest College or University Presidents in the country. . . . which Dr. Frank Graham is.

R. V. Richards ('44)

Criticizing the Grail

EDITOR:

We are not in the habit of writing letters whenever we are disturbed by campus events. We lead peaceful lives. We don't bother anybody. Nobody bothers us. Or that is, nobody had seriously interfered with our placid status-quo up until tonight. Then, from nowhere, like a bolt out of the blue appeared a horde of asses who seemingly had nothing better to do than shout their self-estimates at the top of their lungs to the whole campus. Doesn't anybody but ourselves find study necessary? Are we the only students who find it impossible to fight against the hypnosis of a repeatedly shouted

Praise for the Pledge Captains

The newly-formed Pledge Captains' Association may be the answer to the perplexing problem of what to do about fraternity Hell Weeks. Many fraternity men say there is no problem, but an equally large number of campus and fraternity observers are continually complaining about fraternities over-stepping the limitations laid down by the IFC. This constant bickering only serves to provide ill-will between fraternity and non-fraternity men.

The regulations at present do not permit fraternities to beat or haze their pledges in any manner. However, each time initiation draws near and the various fraternities have their Hell Weeks, the campus critics start yelling their heads off.

According to the long-range plans of the Pledge Captains, Hell Weeks will eventually be replaced by a single Greek Week. During this week, all fraternities will carry out their initiations. If this plan were tried, regulations possibly could be better enforced.

Regardless of whether Greek Week is instituted or not, the Pledge Captains' Association already has done a great deal toward improving inter-fraternity relations. The Pledge banquet, attended by pledges of all 23 fraternities on campus was a definite step in this direction.

The Pledge Captains won't be active again until next year, but the current organization, headed by Chairman Marty Carmichael, deserves a lot of praise getting the Association off to a good start.

—FA

Meet Your Campus Leaders

Beginning tomorrow, and for each successive Sunday, the Daily Tar Heel editorial page will carry a feature story on two of the more prominent campus leaders. This column will be designed to acquaint the students with the men and women they have chosen to direct the student government next year.

However, the field will not be limited to leaders in the political field. There will be stories on the school's outstanding athletes, dramatists, and heads of the numerous clubs in the Carolina extra-curricular setup.

Featured in tomorrow's issue will be Bill Mackie, newly elected president of the student body, and Ted Leonard, vice-president and Speaker of the Legislature.

Trivia and Tripe

Of Stoplights and Cokes

By Bob Sturdivant

I make hats, to complain about the following matter, what with spring just arriving and the birds and bees on the wing and stuff, but the time has come for a showdown between service and a certain amount of down on Franklin St. If there is one thing in who can explain the why and whereof of that mechanical monster, I bet you will be forever grateful.

From what I can ascertain around campus, this writer is not the only one to be considerably shaken up by the contraption. It seems there is a fever spreading among those who, day after day, wait when the stop light flashes and carefully watch with nothing happens.

It is believed in some quarters that machines here for- evermore purposefully stops everything, can and pedestrians alike, simultaneously and then turns them lose on each other at once. Well, some brave adventurer, here's your chance. We're waiting for the outcome.

"Gum drops," giggled my roomie, as he slithered into the sanctum Tuesday. Upon interrogation, he blabbered something about there being a new coke machine in the hall below. Grabbing the first wrap handy, my scrumptuous Mongolian llama for smoking jacket, I charged down to verify this outlandish remark, thinking all the while that roomie was having another touch of jungle fever.

But sure enough, there she was, all shiny and new. Most of the residents had gathered when I arrived and all were speaking in hushed tones, befitting the occasion. A few of the more brash element were even touching the phenomenon, while their fellow travelers looked on with admiration.

Even Bronco had come in for the event and everyone agreed that some sort of milestone had been reached. One note of theoretical speculation was injected when a middle-classer posed the question: "What would have happened to party platforms had

this great day preceded elections?" There was no answer.

After all, what can one say to a tat like that.

Word from Dave Sharpe has it that a concerted drive will soon be launched to enroll new members in the CN-CMCESTPGRBUNCACEDC. Further information may be obtained from the above mentioned.

If something isn't done and soon about that mocking bird outside my window, I fear for my roomie's sanity. He has always possessed an aversion to the things and now this one insists on hanging around and making noise all time.

This, however, is not the worst of it, for only yesterday roomie came running in muttering something about the bird chasing him and trying to do physical violence. Personally, I think that is taking things too far. I give fair warning, until something is done to correct this affair, I will continue to lash out against this evil in the name of roomie.

FAX ABOUT WAX

By Nelson Taylor

(All of the records in this column are reviewed through the courtesy of The Carolina Sport Shop.)

Classification Key

- **** Fine
- *** Fair
- ** Futile
- * Foul

Bill Harris

- **** How High the Moon
- *** The Moon is Low

These two show the fine work of the greatest trombone man alive today on something which is not bop. Both are in a medium tempo, with "Low" assuming a Latin American air for most of its length. "High" is played in two-four with the medium tempo. Harris is on the home range with these two and works them over with a will. You will never hear a trombone to compare with him. How that man can play!

Charlie Ventura

- *** Body and Soul
- ** Whatta You Say We Go

"Body" starts out as if it might develop into something well put together and finely executed. Charlie starts out with a terrific tenor solo that does justice to his great capabilities, but the end turns out to be bop and ruins things with loss of tempo and tune. The reverse is more bop with lack of everything pertaining to "music."

Dave Barbour

- *** Ensenada
- * Little Boy Bop go Blow Your Top

"Ensenada" starts a rumba, turns into a fox trot, goes into bop, and finally ends up a rumba. This is unusual and terribly fine, you know. It is in a minor key with the changes of tempo almost imperceptible. However, the "Boy Bop" is a flop bop.

Slaughter on Tenth Avenue

- **** Lennie Hayton and M.G.M. Orch.
- *** Kostelantez
- ** Diana Lynn

So we have three selections of this in town. Take your choice of which one you like best. For my money, as you can see by the ratings, I'll take the one by Hayton. It is fuller than the other two and has more punch when it is needed.

Vaughn Monroe

- *** Riders in the Sky
- * Single Saddle

"Riders" is another of the minor key tunes with a lyric that tells of a Cowboy's Hell. This is different for the "Muscle Throat" and plenty good. Watch this thing catch fire in popularity. The over is lousy.

Pete Daily's Chicagoans

- ** When the War Breaks Out in Mexico
- ** Circus Slide

Now watch "War" climb in popularity and make a liar out of me. It stinks, but the d--- thing will catch on as a comic tune and really be a craze (though you will have to be crazy to like it). It was written back in the Spanish-American War and you know about what most of that music was like. Somewhere in the record there is a hint of Dixieland though not for long or for much. "Slide" takes you back to the circus with typical music.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13				14		
15				16				17		
18				19				20		
21	22			23				24	25	
26				27				28		29
30				31				32		33
34				35				36		37
38				39				40		
41	42	43		44				45		
46				47	48			49	50	51
52				53				54		
55				56				57		

HORIZONTAL

- puppet
- seventh king of Israel
- scowler
- Great Lake
- Latvian capital
- eggs
- Greek letter
- repeated
- insertion
- large covered vehicles
- juvenile sport
- African fly
- obliterate
- go back over in memory
- doorway top piece
- protective covering
- opposed to medial
- approaches
- mien
- Confederate general
- Russian inland sea

VERTICAL

- society bud (abbr.)
- Scandinavian coin
- party to a lawsuit
- thin
- sign of zodiac
- striker

7. sum of one's years

- obstruct
- wheel
- baking chamber
- fathers
- reluctant
- guides
- inform
- operatic solo
- spread for drying
- dwarfs
- robs
- mythological princess
- wax
- Gaelic
- fold over
- mechanical devices
- yields
- high cards
- stroll
- fresh
- throw about
- choose
- former New Guinea base
- prefix
- together
- rust

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

POST	PACS	COW
ANTE	ALOE	OVA
DEAN	SERATED	
TAGS	SIRENS	
TRUCE	KANT	
WATERING	SALE	
ICE	GREEN	TIN
NESS	RESORTED	
EPIS	REEDS	
ASSERT	ANTS	
RETREATS	ITEM	
UTE	STOP	RETE
MAW	SEWS	EPEN

Average time of solution: 22 minutes.
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