

The Daily Tar Heel

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Express Yourself



Open letter to Miss Beverly Jean Lively:

We have just finished reading your burning letter condemning the group of "wild Indians" which passed by your dorm in order to serenade the more appreciative residents of Alderman dorm.

We feel that no one person or clique, neither you nor we, is qualified to say "This is music, that is noise." But after having heard the above mentioned group sing, we admit that even by our personal criteria, they are not in the same class with the more publicized and more polished choral groups of Robert Shaw and Fred Waring. Even so, their efforts are not without justification.

Assuming that you have a truly philosophical soul, we sincerely advise you to consider the matter from an esthetic standpoint. After all, what is

music to the educated is cacophony to the masses. (By educated people we mean of diverse cultural experience.)

From the prose style employed in your letter we are able to deduce that you are well versed only in the school of romanticism. In fact, we'll almost wager that you enjoy the polyphony of Mozart and the rubato of Beethoven, and perhaps even the ebullient schmaltz of Tchaikovsky (though you find it a bit too brassy to please your hypersensitive ear.)

There is nothing more beautiful than a well-done Rebel yell! The intertwining of the oscillating tones of brash untrained male voices, off-key sufficiently to be detected even by the musically untrained ear, is perhaps the most ethereal sound one can ever hope to hear! (Like the flatted intonation of Carmen (as sung by Rise Stevens)

the instant she is stabbed, or the sizzling of a steak served while still broiling in its delectable juices!

Miss Lively, we challenge you. Learn to appreciate that which is discordant, and you will soon come to see that what you previously thought fair of form, and thereby beautiful, becomes too perfect, too precise, too ordered and suffers by comparison with the natural.

Joe Arnold
Rudy Bing

Singin' In The Rain

The Valkyries really put the Greeks out front Monday night, and for a few hours the campus came in out of the rain and beamed.

Joan Charles, chairman of the Sing, arranged a production that will be remembered as one of the outstanding programs of the college year.

The show represented hard work on the part of those who participated, and it makes us feel better about the student apathy epidemic that has had the University quarantined for several months.

Everybody had a good time Monday night; the sororities, fraternities, dormitories, and faculty members. The Valkyries are no legend on this campus.

Also to be congratulated are those who were tapped by The Golden Fleece. The group represents Carolina's finest.

-B. B.

The Livespike

by Rolfe Neill

Scavenging about Memorial Hall the other night after the Valkyrie Sing we found a crumpled piece of paper on one of the benches where the sororities sat. On the paper were scribbled several lines to direct the girls in singing. They are printed herewith in their entirety:

- "1. Words.
- "2. Pep, smile, stand straight.
- "3. Sell the song; put your heart into it; think of the notes don't flat.
- "4. Sopranos and seconds—loud, damnit, loud."

Joe Cherry, now a Pfc. in the Army at Fort Jackson, S. C., and who will head for Germany next month, was in town over the weekend seeing friends. Joe was a junior before being drafted and a former staffer on The Daily Tar Heel.

Collier's magazine recently pointed out to a red-faced Time some tips on accuracy. Collier's was publisher of the ill-fated issue of "The War Nobody Wants."

In reviewing the flop, Time made some rather acid remarks about its competition. Said Time, "(Collier's) journalistic jackpot . . . began to turn out wooden nickels," and as a result, Time claimed, lost a chance to "cash in further" on the issue.

Collier's had planned to publish "The War Nobody Wants" in book form but dropped the idea after three contributors said they felt the idea had backfired. Collier's clincher: "Among those who agreed with the 71 percent of the readers sampled who thought the issue was a 'good idea,' was Time's editor in chief, Henry Robinson Luce.

Luce's letter to Collier's said in part: "There is no question that you made a great impact with that issue and, in my personal opinion, a useful one."

ACROSS

- Melodic sounds
- Auxiliary verb
- Herb of goosefoot family
- Conical tent (Am. Ind.)
- Helmet-shaped part (bot.)
- Living
- Mexican rubber tree
- Pike-like fish
- Selenium (sym.)
- Licentiate in surgery (abbr.)
- Written commands under seal
- Music note
- Extent of canvas
- Munch
- Gain knowledge
- Packing box
- Among
- High priest (poss.)
- Pennsylvania (abbr.)
- City (Mass.)
- Exist
- Negative reply
- Rotating part (mech.)
- Constellation
- A radio detecting device
- Sprites

DOWN

- Member of Mongolian race
- Mountains (Russ.)
- Auction
- Frozen water
- Disappointment
- Begin
- Goddess of death (Norse)
- Sacred bull (Egypt)
- Young hare
- Sheltered side
- Trouble
- Divisions of hospitals
- Light, coarse cotton fabric
- Female sheep
- Cebine monkey
- Owns
- Fold over
- Originate
- Mild, as weather
- Guido's highest note
- Lands

POSSIBLE WORDS

APPLE, PARIS, DROVE, BLOOD, SAME, EEM, NY, ODESSA, ALT, OS, TRAM, DEEMS, WEAVE, DADO, AA, MAT, CATNIP, PALER, RARER, OPERA, INTER, STAYS, BESTIS

Yesterday's Answer

- A vowel mark
- Relieves
- Smell
- Greedy
- Rodent
- Girl's name
- Medieval lyric poem

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		

DR. QUIZ CONDUCTED BY - *Sutton's*

THIS TYPE OF LEG-ART IS KNOWN AS

- BURLESQUE
- CHEESE-CAKE
- PATTER-CAKE

THIS RADIO COMEDIAN IS

- CHARLIE MCCARTHY
- CLEM KADIDDLEHOPPER
- MORTIMER SNURD
- BABY SNOOKS

THIS GAME IS PLAYED WITH HOW MANY DOMINOES?

- 26
- 18
- 36
- 28

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"Must be Doves! Did you ever hear such high-tone talk?"

"Behold, Pogo! Doves have nested! What a happy omen for your candidature!"

"AN' SO BRAINY AN' INCOMPREHENSIBOBBLE!"

"I KNOWS THE BEST BIRD BRAINS IN THE COUNTRY IS A-SIN ME."

THESE DOVES LOOKS LIKE COWBIRDS. SOUNDS LIKE COWBIRDS AN' IS SETTIN' IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S NEST ON COWBIRD EGGS JUST LIKE COWBIRDS.

TARNATION! THE CANDIDATE KNOWS EVER'THIN'. HE KIN COUNTER-DICT US BIRD EXPERTS... HE KIN INSULT THE MATERNO-DOMICOWICKAL FUNCTION LIKE WHAT THE DOVES SAY... WHAT ELSE DO HE KNOW?

"HOWDY, DEAR? - YORE LOVIN' HUSBIN IS BACK -"

"SHE'S ASLEEP - AH'LL WAKE HER WIFA HUSBIN'LY KISS -"

"WOT'S TH' IDEA, MAC?"