

Beat Duke!

And the day of the big battle dawns. This afternoon two great gridiron giants clash in beautiful Kenan stadium in the South's biggest football game and, as far as local students and fans are concerned, the country's greatest football battle.

It has been six long years since a Carolina eleven last tasted victory. But that cool, clear afternoon in 1940 was one that will long stand out in the minds of men and women who yelled themselves hoarse. An underdog Tar Heel team upset the Blue Devils, 6-3, while sports experts looked on in amazement.

That 1940 Tar Heel club won the game on one unbeatable factor—a great spirit that would not be vanquished. It was apparent to every Carolina student the night before that a Tar Heel victory was inevitable. The terrific spirit that prevailed caught everyone in its draft and swept Carolina to one of its greatest victories.

But the past is dead as far as this November afternoon is concerned, and today is the day on which the total success of a whole football season balances. One of Carolina's best teams, under the capable guidance of Coach Carl Snavelly, has weathered a tough schedule with but one defeat. A lot could hinge on the outcome of this afternoon's classic. A Duke team that has suffered four defeats is at its peak for the traditional struggle. Anything can happen. It always does when Carolina and Duke meet on any gridiron. It always shall. But with the student body standing enthusiastically behind our gridmen to a man, we are all ready to celebrate one of Carolina's greatest victories. But win, lose, or draw, it will be a football classic. LET'S GO CAROLINA!

Defeating Its Purpose

The fact that the Grail slipped up in its distribution of tickets to the Dorsey dances this weekend will be admitted even by the members themselves.

One of the reasons for the Grail's creation was to provide the campus with sets of open dances which would furnish those outside of the German club (limited to fraternities) a chance to attend some of the big dances. Membership in the Grail was also supposed to be half fraternity and half non-fraternity in scope.

Of late, the fraternity membership in the organization has increased. This is not to be condemned if most of the campus leaders happen to be members of a fraternity.

However, after spending the greatest sum of money ever spent for a set of dances on this campus for Tommy Dorsey, space limitations forced the Grail to limit the ticket sale to 2000 tickets. But each member of the Grail was given several tickets to dispose of as he wished before they were put on general sale at the Y. Naturally, the tendency on the part of most of the members would be to sell the tickets to their most intimate friends. In most cases, these friends are fraternity brothers.

The results is that 750 tickets, or 40 per cent of the total number of tickets, were kept from the open market, so to speak, and distributed by the members themselves. Most of these went to the very same men who make up the personnel of the German club, thereby defeating the origination's original purpose. Members of the Grail have realized their mistake. It shall not happen again.

Lest We Be Misunderstood

We regret that some students misunderstood our editor's note prefacing the list of fraternity pledges in yesterday's issue.

Let us hasten to assure everyone that no slur was intended on the names of any of the men pledging the fraternities. What we were doing was telling our readers that, since we could not get the names printed in smaller type, it was necessary to use almost half the page to print them.

Certainly we had no intention of offending the men whose names we printed, and did not mean to intimate that we did not wish to publish them. To those who were so offended, our hasty apologies.

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FOR THIS ISSUE

NIGHT EDITOR: Bill Sexton SPORTS: Irwin Smallwood



"He's packing a rod"

Sound Track . . .

Movie Fans Express Dislike For 'I've Always Loved You'

By Bob Fineout

Yesterday I was strolling by the Carolina Palladium when a wild-eyed individual, whom I shall take the liberty of calling a friend, accosted me. "Well," he expostulated, "what are you going to do about it?" "About what?" I countered neatly. "This," he answered, indicating with a sweeping gesture, a poster advertising the movie "I've Always Loved You." "You didn't like it?" I ventured meekly. "No, sweetheart, I didn't, and what's more I think it stank—that's the past tense of 'stink' for your information."

I bowed at the waist, repeating the word softly to myself. "Tell me," I asked, pursuing the question further, "just why do you think 'I've Always Loved You' stunk?"

"Stank," my friend corrected. "I couldn't begin to tell you, chum. It would take so long the police would run us in for loitering. I was picked up for annoying girls once —"

"Let's leave that for another story," I interrupted.

"Okay, pal. My chief gripe against this picture is that it got me inside the Cinema Salon under false pretenses."

"How do you mean?" I queried.

"Well, in the coming attractions Republic said, in big white letters, that all who came to see 'I've Always Loved You' would hold it up as one of the ten best pictures they'd ever seen."

"A rather large statement," I ventured.

"Large? Why those dirty horse-rustlers at Republic don't deserve to sweep out Trigger's stall for making such an absurd claim."

"Steady," I soothed.

"Why, if I were Roy Rogers, I'd hand the president of Republic my contract and tell him what he could do with it."

"Careful," I remonstrated, "this is a family newspaper."

"Wait a minute, I'm not through, yet," my friend continued with unabated ferocity. "A couple of weeks ago I read an ad in Life magazine which boasted that 'I've Always Loved You' received, and I quote, 'sensational reviews' when it opened in New York. Any truth to that?"

"Not an iota," I remarked sternly. "For that matter, the film was yanked out of the Criterion, prematurely, because the critics, as one, roasted it."

"Eureka! What gall that studio has! Why those filthy fabricators. If I weren't stuck with drawing 65 clams a month I'd bring suit," my friend exclaimed. A crowd started to gather. "Look," I suggested, "let's cool off with a sud or two at yon ale house." I pointed in the direction of Jeff's Confectionary and my cohort's malevolent expression changed to a look of Christian piety.

"A point well taken," he said and we jay-walked across Franklin St. "Seriously, now," I asked, after our respective thirsts had been slaked somewhat, "You must have appreciated the music, at least, in the production."

"The hell you say, I'm as tone deaf as a baying hound."

"Tch, tch and it cost Republic \$80,000 to have Artur Rubenstein play the piano accompaniment," I thought to myself.

"Oh, well," I said aloud, "better days are ahead. 'No Leave, No Love' is coming, you know."

"Mon Dieu," my friend muttered and finished his beer in silence.

Letters To The Editor Why?

Dear Sir: Oh, the telephone service is making me nervous.

A long-distance call irks my wrath And from poor Mr. Sutton I ain't buyin' nuttin'—

I wonder how he takes a bath? And the question of language—too long a harangue which

Is giving my poor brain a squeeze, Can never be settled, but profs are so nettled

They're hocking their Phi Beta keys. And I'm sure that this brickerly will soon prove a trickery,

'Cause Kinberg is bound to catch wise, While the Di and the Phi raise a loud hue and cry

Over problems which never arise. If there is a movie of which I disprove, he—

(J. Carrington Smith is the label) Defends it with sorrow—"Please wait till tomorrow

And I'll promise you Betty James-Grable.

There are others much worse, but still, as a verser,

There are limits to what I can do. So I'll just close by saying if you think I'm displaying

Distaste at such things so taboo, Just remember that I'm not addicted to crime,

But I'd just like to get one thing straight

Will someone please tell us just why in the Hellus

Thanksgiving is no longer a date?

Democrats Apparently Tread Softly in Capital

With the Republicans in power only an elephant could squeeze his way into the Capital. Democrats tread softly and apparently aren't to be found.

Yesterday the Daily Tar Heel sent a wire to Undersecretary of Treasury O. Max Gardner care of the Treasury Department. The editors wanted a statement from the former North Carolina governor on the Ackland case.

The wire went to Washington. It came back. Insufficient address. Apparently Gardner isn't to be found. He isn't to be seen.

Well the Republicans are in and it's a circus day for elephants.

GLEE CLUB REHEARSAL

There will be a compulsory rehearsal of the combined Men's and Women's Glee Clubs tomorrow afternoon from 3:00 until 5:00 o'clock.

Strictly Detrimental . . .

Increase in Di-Phi Activity Would Justify Their Being

By Jud Kinberg

In any campus population there are invariably men who resort to indiscriminate "smear" in the place of logic. Unfortunately for his organization—the Phi—Bob Morrison is of that category. His letter and its attempt to label me as a writer "with little competence or reliability" stands out in contrast with the other sincere ones published in the DTH. In the contrast, Morrison comes off a poor second. It reflects little credit upon a man who once held an important editorial post, but then, Morrison has long stepped beyond the bounds of good sense when jabbed by personal pique.

To those who know Dear Bob, the reason for his vehement letter is obvious. In my condemnation of the Di and Phi, I mentioned that they are the havens for "disappointed campus workers." Obviously, Morrison felt the shoe pinched him too well.

For those new to Carolina, Morrison was repudiated by both the Student and University Party in his attempt to seek renomination to the DTH Editorship last spring.

But I've already taken up too much time on Morrison. I have explained the background of his letter only so that DTH readers may correctly adjudge his reliability. For my part, I welcomed the flood of letters. I take exception to Morrison's because it attempts to be-muddle the issue by personal invective.

To the other people who have written in and spoken to me:

I believe that all of you, many my friends, realize that I mentioned the Di and Phi only in the hopes of restoring them to full effectiveness. I have known that a good deal of progress was being effected, but I don't believe it is enough.

Return to pre-war efficacy for the Di and Phi is hardly enough. In the late 30's, these two groups were shadow-groups, forgotten by the students. Until our recent "discussion" in the Daily Tar Heel, they remained in that position.

One or two examples should prove that some reform is needed:

1. Although Di and Phi members claim campus interest for their groups, not one letter from a non-member was received by the Daily Tar Heel in defense of the two groups.

2. Maximum attendance at meetings has seldom gone above thirty or forty. The Phi's debate on language studies, even after full airing in the Tar Heel letter column and this recent altercation, drew a great big twenty attendance. The result, after all the effort expended, should be as disappointing to the Phi as it is to me.

Such minor interests on the part of a 7,000-man campus certainly doesn't make the Di and Phi resemble the live-wire groups about which the letters have spoken. I have little doubt that there is noble effort on the part of Di and Phi to drag themselves from the quagmire of indifference. Unfortunately, I believe they'll need a lot more rope to get out.

From my knowledge of the Di and Phi in the past, from my knowledge of them at present, I would make the suggestion that the two organizations be merged. Then, with expanded membership on which to base their program, they could vitalize and activate programs that seem to be too much in the planning stage.

Increased and more effective publicity for this combined group, better choice of topics, concentration upon local and school affairs, are other

measures that come to mind.

Those who read my original article know that I called for revision, not for abolition. My fear is that the revision upon present lines will leave us with the same two puttering Di and Phi. Whether such organizations can long remain on campus is a question that I hope will never be answered.

For those who wrote in the spirit of fairness, I was quite gratified to see that some of the Di and Phi members rallied round their flag. The thing now is to justify that support by making a Di-Phi which will count the number of people at their meetings in hundreds and not in insignificant fives and tens.

The era of a major University has descended with 7,000 horsepower upon Carolina. The extra-curricular activities must remesh their gears to keep up with it.

Public Is Invited To Creative Film Showing Tomorrow

Four short films, created by Maya Deren who at present holds the Guggenheim fellowship for creative work in motion pictures, will be shown jointly by the Carolina Playmakers, and the department of art and the communications center, in the Playmakers theatre, tomorrow evening, at 8 o'clock.

The public is invited to see the films which were produced purely out of the desire of experiment with film as a creative art form. They have been widely shown in various colleges, universities, museums, and dance schools throughout the United States with enthusiastic reception.

The program includes: "Meshes of the Afternoon," a film concerned with the inner realities of an individual; "At Land," a film of dislocations of space and time; "A Study in Choreography of Camera," in which the camera itself becomes an active element of the dance; and "Ritual in Transfigured Time," a film showing Time created by the camera.

Maya Deren, who has worked with her husband, Alexander Hamid, in experimenting with the cinema as an independent art form, has been celebrated widely. Earl Leaf in Dance Magazine is quoted: "... As we watched Maya Deren's cinematic experiments... we commenced to dimly realize the potentialities of the dance in motion pictures... Something so wonderful is created that has all these years defied the imagination of the best Hollywood producers, directors, cameramen, and 'special effects' experts..."

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ACROSS
1-Joke
2-Spanish dance
3-Fall back
12-Mine product
13-Severely
14-Fruit drink
15-Risk
17-Casual
19-Twenty-four
20-Filtered
21-Rap
22-Brew
23-Kind of meat
27-Household god
28-Conjunction
29-Bit of poetry
30-Public notice
31-Superlative ending
32-Beetle
33-Tantalum (sym.)
34-Sparkling
36-Dog's foot
37-Affirmative
38-Brother of King George of England
39-Total
40-At this point
41-Tooth-like notch
42-Cushion
43-Prefix: bad
44-Flowering shrub
45-Cushion
46-Harlem dweller
49-Gaselle of Arabi
52-Open (poet.)
53-River in Russia
54-Pauses
55-Pale

DOWN
1-Delty
2-Macaw
3-Sex
4-Low card
5-Where planes fly
6-Sign of rejection
7-Canyon
8-Spoken
9-Aid to elopement
10-Fuss
11-Stone
16-Wander about
18-At no time
19-Ancient
21-Loose
22-Chaplain
23-Emmet
25-A tower
26-Renting contract
28-Snake
29-Promiss
31-Acid salt
32-Obstructive
33-Aborigine
35-Matter from wound
37-Saffron
38-Steady look
40-Harold
42-Close
43-Wire measured
44-Turf
45-Professional
46-Favored one
47-Price-fixing agency
48-Skin growth
51-Exile