

The Daily Tar Heel

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DICK JENNETTE
C. B. MENDENHALL

Tar Heel Spirit Was Great

All the Monday-morning football quarterbacks had a field day yesterday in their observations on the Carolina-Notre Dame football game, and of all the remarks concerning the Tar Heels play at New York, we haven't heard one that was unfavorable. Dick Herbert, sports editor of the News and Observer, summed the game up very well in his Monday morning column out of New York: "It doesn't seem possible that a football team could add to its prestige by taking a 42-6 beating, but that is what developed for Carolina's fighting Tar Heels following their loss to Notre Dame. . . in Yankee Stadium. They won the respect of their opponents and the admiration of every one of the 67,000 spectators who watched in disbelief as Carolina held the vaunted Irish to a tie for the first 38 minutes and 10 seconds of what had been billed as a Notre Dame walk to another triumph."

The performance of the Tar Heel team, playing without its mainstay Charlie Justice, was truly inspirational. With a few changes in the decisions of the referees, the score might have been vastly different. At any rate, the performance of the team and student body in New York, was the example of collegiate spirit we have ever seen or expect to see. The team never quit fighting, right up to the end. And when the game was over, the entire Carolina student body waited patiently until the conclusion of the Notre Dame victory march and then proudly sang "Hark the Sound" as the fans poured for the exits. The students proved to the 67,000 fans present that they had just as much spirit in defeat as before the game, when the Carolina contingent literally took over Times Square.

In all, it was an impressive show which the 34,000 Tar Heel students and alumni put on for the New Yorkers. On Friday night it seemed that everybody within six blocks of Times Square was a Tar Heel fan. The Blue booster hats were in evidence everywhere, overshadowed by the waving of Confederate flags. Old-time New Yorkers said they had never seen a student body show such enthusiasm before. They likened the display Friday night to Times Square on New Year's eve and V-J Day.

New York Impressed By Rebels

There had been some doubt in the minds of many student leaders as to what New York would think of all the Confederate flag-waving and ballyhoo. We can report from all observations the New Yorkers got just as much fun out of waving the Stars and Bars as did the 'Rebels.' Everyone we talked to found the Carolina display of college spirit a refreshing change to the usual group of "awed" visitors to the City.

The Tar Heel spirit was just as much in evidence Saturday despite the hoarseness of many after Friday night's pep rally. A number of campus organizations displayed impressive banners and streamers in a post-game parade, and the half-time card stunts went off successfully despite the fact that there were a number of persons who were not students in the Carolina student section.

New York knew the Tar Heels were on hand, and so did Notre Dame. The Irish are the customary favorite of the New Yorkers, what with thousands of the vaunted Notre Dame "subway alumni" turning out. But on this particular occasion, Notre Dame supporters found themselves in an overwhelming minority.

So regardless of the final score, the Tar Heels made a fine impression on New York. New York sports writers were overly critical of the Carolina team before the game, it was felt by many fans. But in the future, we think they will have a healthy respect for Tar Heel football teams.

Duke University is the next obstacle for the Tar Heels. The Daily Tar Heel is confident that both the Carolina football team and cheering section will outshine the Blue Devil gridders and fans.

A Job Well Done

Tom Kerr and his associates have given critics of the much criticized Tarnation an answer that is far more effective than any mere verbal retort. He has given them a magazine which will offer them little in the way of material for criticism. Last week's issue of Tarnation, as far as we have been able to gather, has met with almost unanimous approval.

The reports we have heard concerning the campus humor magazine vary from "100 percent better" to more specific praise. The cartoons, jokes, format, stories, and features all come in for a share of the praise. The improvements in the latest edition of the pocket-size magazine overshadow any criticisms the reader might have, or so readers we have talked to lead us to believe.

To these compliments we would like to add a favorable comment of our own. We would like to commend Tom Kerr and his entire staff for the work they have put out in making the new Tarnation a magazine which has been so well-received. People with lesser mettle might have given up after so much adverse criticism of their previous efforts. It is heartening to see them come back with renewed vigor. The current issue will no doubt act as a springboard to an even better Tarnation.

We hope, and expect to see, eventually a first rate college humor magazine on the campus. We believe that the talent for putting out such a magazine is available on the campus. We suppose that, while the current staff has done quite well with this issue, the door will always be open to new talent. In using the best material and best talent available the editor will go far toward making Tarnation the successful humor magazine desired by the staff and the readers.

—Ed Moss

Carolina Seen Horsin' With The Opera

By Bill Kellam

Grand opera receives a worse mauling in the cinepic currently making the rounds of the local EC Smith centers for the projection of entertainment and corn (celluloid and cellulose varieties) than was handed the valiant, but pooped, Tar Heels in the fourth quarter last Saturday.

The picture, "Everybody Does It," is also notable for its suggestive title—which was apparently chosen for its suggestiveness and lack of relation to the film's subject matter—and for the acting of Celeste Holm, Charles Coburn, and Paul Douglas.

Although the operatic burlesque was good for laughs, it was quite painful to this layman to see fine art humiliated by slapstick as heavy-handed as that perpetrated in the film's final operatic sequence. Hollywood has no business ridiculing anybody, considering the tripe which they continuously inflict on the nation's movie goers. There ain't no justice on the screen either.

The film was amusing so long as the opera went unmolested. Miss Holm, one of the nation's finest comedienne and also the possessor of a celestial figger, was excellent in her portrayal of a drawing-room intellectual with too much vocal aberration for the good of her musical aspiration.

Charles Coburn stepped out of his usual saintly role and delivered a hilarious characterization of an aged, hormone-deficient libertine. His spirit also was willing, but his flesh was weak. Mr. Douglas made the most of the lines he had to work with and should be worth watching in the future.

Opera never had a chance. Portions of the movie were excellent satires, but in embodying the singers and their associates with the characteristics of the talentless pseudo-artists, the scenarists showed little but their own lack of a sense of proportion and carried things too far.

One wonders if the hacks who wrote the script had ever met a first class operatic performer, or even the possessors of the voices which were dubbed in for Linda (I wear a negligee 24 hours a day, seven days a week) Darnell and Mr. Douglas, who bears an amazing facial resemblance to a Neanderthal man.

Perhaps the writers' attitude is that of this whole country. We don't know enough about opera to appreciate it fully. Small minds, without every bothering to investigate opera, brush it aside with the "too arty" designation and go back to their Book of the Month Club literature, their Readers Digests, and their insipid Tin Pan Alley tunes. There's nothing the matter with such literature and music, but it shouldn't be considered the final word.

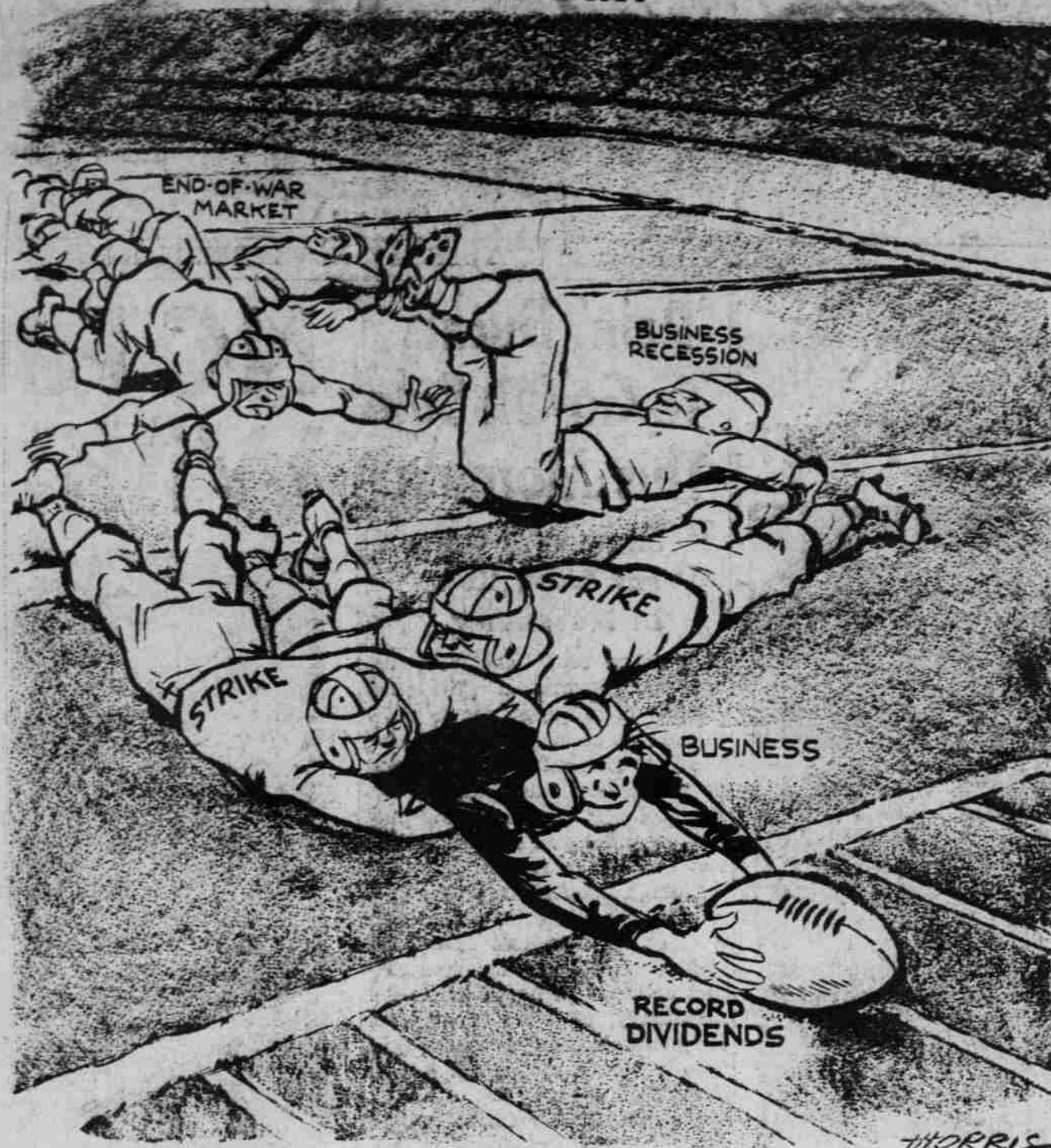
A good opera can be the ultimate—of entertainment and musical and dramatic art. Where else is there a better combination of musical and literary genius? Imagine the perfection of the words of a Shakespeare before set to the music of a Bach, Beethoven, or Wagner.

Opera has its faults; which must be modified before it will appeal to the public. But it can be done. Italy, where every town of any size has its opera house, has proven that.

Popular American opera would probably need revisions like these: The librettos must be translated into sensible English, must not be too fantastic, and must possess dramatic merit; the playing time should be cut, for few people now want to be confined anywhere more than three hours; the music should not overshadow the plot; and the production costs must be reduced so that admission prices won't be beyond the average pocket-book.

Broadway is recognizing the problem, slightly. "Regina," a praiseworthy operatic adaptation by Marc Blitzstein of "The Little Foxes," opened recently in New York and has been well received. It's interesting to note, though, that its producers, perhaps fearing the public's disdain for "artistic music, have shielded away from the term opera

PAY DIRT



Pitching Overshoes

More Gore In Lenoir

By Tom Wharton

We have all heard the old saying that "where there is smoke there is fire," which isn't usually true. But more where there is as much smoke as there is oozing out of the back doors of Lenoir Hall it would seem that there must be at least a spark.

Lenoir Hall has been, ever since it ceased serving Navy chow, an unsavory place to say the least. Complaints, both from customers and employees (who risk their jobs by sticking their necks out to complain), have appeared so commonly in the Letters To The Editor of the DTH that every time you read one you might think King Features responsible. Yet, no change has been noticed in Lenoir Hall as a result.

The latest stupid trick pulled by the Lenoir Hall administration was the ruling that employees must not wear dungarees or khakis and they must wear fresh shirts and ties at all times on duty. A plea for an explanation of this unfunny joke would no doubt go unanswered by the Lenoir officials as pleas and complaints to them always have. If it is for reasons of cleanliness and I laugh at the

supposition) wouldn't it be more logical to start this cleanliness (and I laugh at the nest drive in the kitchen and in the pots and pans where Mr. Milton Sutherland reports he saw mice, rats, bugs, etc., according to his letter in the DTH of November 13. He isn't the only person that has seen those levels of like infesting Lenoir Hall's food.

Perhaps the most idiotic aspect of the fresh-shirted-and-ties-but-no-dungarees order put out to the employees of Lenoir Hall is the undisputed fact that such an order defeats the purpose of student-employment, not to mention the fact that none of the customers or employees of Lenoir Hall give a damn what the employees wear—and who else's damn makes any difference). As it says on page 89 of the University Catalogue with reference to student employment in "dining halls" . . . "All jobs are assigned by the Self-Help Committee, solely on the bases of scholastic merit, financial need and good character." According to the pretty accurate cost-accounting report by Mr. G. S. Bruton, Jr., in the Nov. 13th DTH it looks obvious that employees will have to have a

substantial pay-raise or go broke because of their job. Bruton says:

"Supposing five-day laundry service, which is usual, it requires a minimum of twelve shirts to have a fresh one per day. This represents, at \$4.00 a shirt, an initial outlay of \$24.00, supposing that on the average each man has six shirts with which to begin. It also represents an outlay of \$1.05 a week, or about \$11.50 a quarter, for laundering of shirts alone—more than the complete laundry washing. Furthermore, in regard to the trousers, dry-cleaning, which would be required of most trousers except those forbidden, is more expensive than laundering, even if this rule does not necessitate buying new trousers—as is likely to be the case."

For what so-called reason could the thoughtless management of Lenoir Hall impose this uncalled-for, unwanted and useless hardship on its practically defenseless employees when there are so many outstanding improvements that, if made, might put Lenoir Hall up on a standing with the Campus Cafe and the Marathon uptown.

Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

Did you ever hear about the hex of Bix? Well, neither did I until the other night when a trumpet player told me the frightening fable in one of the jimjam joints on 52nd Street.

To savor it to the silt, you'll have to bear in mind that jazz musicians fall into two contentious categories—sweetmen and ridemen. The former, as hepcats will tell you, follow their orchestrations and specialize in the Businessman's Foxtrot, while the latter go in for weird improvisations and worship a bearded god named Dizzy Gillespie.

And now, at long and languid last, to our story. . .

Bix Beiderbecke, as you probably know, was the Young Man With a Horn who achieved a certain amount of clinical fame back in the 20's by blowing notes on a trumpet that Bach didn't know existed. Like most dedicated jazzuits, however, he had a lot of whacky wheels in his head, and whenever they got to spinning too fast he'd puff on a marijuana cigarette to slow them down.

One night while playing in a roadhouse outside of Chicago, he inhaled more than his usual

quota of fog-fags, and shortly before sun-up went out to a nearby field and planted several marijuana sprouts. According to the busboy who spied on him, he then raised his arms to the moon and emitted a series of high-pitched cries which could only be interpreted as a curse on anyone who ever molested his private patch.

When Bix returned to the paradiddle parlor, he told the manager what he had done. I'll be back next year to harvest the crop," he said. "In the meantime, don't let anyone touch my plants."

The manager, one of Beiderbecke's more frenetic fans, faithfully promised to protect the patch, and from then on the musicians who played his roadhouse were instructed to avoid it as if it were a Haydn sonata.

Some years after Bix blew his last riff, the much-talked-about curse was challenged by a young trumpeter named Mort Glenway. One night, miserable because he was getting nowhere with the bouncy blonde who sang with the band, he went out to Bix's patch and picked some of the leaves in spite of the manager's warning that he'd be whammied for life.

Half an hour later, full of muggle smoke, he picked up his horn, and aficionados who heard him swear he sounded like the spittin', triple-tongued image of Bix.

The bouncy blonde, wrapped in the spell of his billowing bell-tones, agreed to marry him, and when the ceremony took place the following afternoon the clef cliques around Chicago became plenty worried. It looked as if the hex were working in reverse.

But, of course, Bix didn't let them down.

Six months later, word got around that the blonde was hitting the bottle and giving Mort plenty of grief. And from the Famous Door in New York to Jack's in San Francisco, the gutbeaters told each other "Serves the bum right."

But the real potency of Beiderbecke's hex became apparent the following year when a columnist reported that the blonde had left Mort and was keeping company with a fiddle player in Wayne King's waltz band.

"O! Bix must be laughin' in B-sharp tonight," said a hop-happy musician. "Imagine losing your girl to a corn merchant who smokes nothing but Melachrolin!"

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Washington.—With Congress absent and little news competition on capitol hill, the press for some reason has pretty much glossed over the scorching, no-holds-barred attack on big business monopolies staged by Congressman Celler's House Judiciary Committee. Newsmen especially ignored the testimony of T. K. Quinn, former Chairman of the General Electric Finance Company, who vigorously attacked the press for hushing up antimonopoly news while playing up A & P Chain Store advertisements.

The former big-business executive, who quit "because of my convictions," kept Chairman Celler on the edge of his chair with such blunts comments as: "If Congress doesn't curb monopoly now, we will wake up very soon and find ourselves in a complete socialistic society. . . Congress must take a resolute hold of these run-away monsters. . . Unless the government steps in we, the people, are doomed."

Stalin, said Quinn, "could take lessons" from our own corporations overlords. "Stockholders of General Electric and General Motors have about the same control over company management that the Russian people exercise in the Politburo," he asserted. "No control, no voice whatever. It is the practice of large corporations to refer you to their large number of stockholders in our great corporation own less than \$5,000 in stock."

Quinn testified that General Motors, which netted a juicy 10 per cent profit on earnings after taxes in 1947, was in such a powerful position that it could hike prices to net a profit of 15 or even 20 per cent. Quinn was completely candid about the so-called "competitive" position of his old firm, General Electric, and General Motors in the field of electric refrigerators. Whereas the lowest price-range manufacturers were driven out of business, he said, the two big outfits couldn't afford a price war on refrigerators.

"Was that due to the fact you had interlocking directorates and common banking interests," inquired Chairman Celler, "such as the fact that the Guaranty Trust Company was interested in both General Electric and General Motors?" "Well, there was no actual agreement that could be attacked under the Antitrust Laws," answered Quinn, "but you just have an understanding. You do not start a war among big people like that. It would cause too much bloodshed."

All big corporate monopolies have "self-perpetuating boards of directors," with officers who aren't elected, including such giants as G. M., G. E., U. S. Steel and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Quinn reported.

Hardboiled General Joseph CUE LIBEL L A L ARM L IN ANIMATE DEBASED IT T R E D B A R I L E H E R A B O D E B O R A T E D B R I D E C O M A T E L A B I D P A N E L M U N O D E F O R S E R E D E T E R R O R S T E A M S C E L Y E R N E A L I B I D R A I N E D D E C A N T E R S T W O A G E G E I S E S E T

The Government is also bound by treaty to educate the Indians. Yet the schools are so understaffed and inadequate that, on the Navajo Reservation, the average youngster receives only 10 months' schooling. Sixty per cent have no schooling at all.

Note—A long list of prominent citizens are backing the Indian Lobby, including Ballulah Bankhead, Quentin Reynolds, Eddie Cantor, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Gregory Peck, A. F. of L. President William Green, CIO President Phil Murray, and Charles Skouras. Skouras has offered the facilities of 20th-Century Fox to film and distribute documentary movies of Indian life.

It wasn't the U. S. Government that sold Bolivia the P-38 that helped kill 55 people, but Paul Aubin, an air force veteran, who sells surplus military planes and parts to hot-blooded South American governments.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Celtic stroke
4. Proverb
7. Condition
12. King of Judah
13. Shakespeare character
18. Eliza
19. Narrow fabric
20. Day's march
21. Enigma-mint
22. Lashes
27. Metal tag of a hero
31. Novel
32. Extinct bird
34. Cream
36. Article of millinery
37. Ensign
39. Sash
40. Librettist's wife
42. One has now
44. Chief soul of a field
45. Memphis
48. Thinness
49. Exile
54. Pertaining to stars
55. Demolishing the maiden name
56. Nourish
57. English cleric
58. Gross factor
59. Head covering

DOWN

1. Small books
4. Pouch
5. A drug
6. Malicious
7. Scarf
8. Weary
9. Friend; law
10. Point diet
11. Abstract being
17. Yawning
19. Watchful narrowly
22. Attempt
24. Of great consequence
25. Common bird
26. Gilt
27. County in North Carolina
28. Pertaining to the earth
29. Compass point
33. Make broader
35. Peacemaker
38. Test ore
41. Assail
43. Decade
45. Vocal solo
46. Steep
47. Apparatus for water
49. Skirt over
50. Before
51. Unit of wool fibers
52. Ocean

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