

### The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Letters and columns reflect only the personal views of their contributors.

ERNIE McCRARY, EDITOR

## Show 'Em How, Girls

It isn't supposed to be "that time of year," but nobody has ever really put a seasonal limit on panty raids.

Some 300 fellows from the Joyner-Alexander residence halls area thought about it Sunday night, but that was about as far as they got. They made a visit to the nearby coed dormitory, Winston, paid their respects from afar and returned home with nothing but hoarseness.

With the thought in mind that no panty raid is better than an abortive panty raid, we implore these apparently half-hearted enthusiasts to cease their efforts before they ruin the reputations of us all.

Perhaps what we really need is a counter-raid by the girls, to show the boys just what they expect in a panty raid.

It is doubtful that coeds will be willing to participate in such an educational endeavor, however, because they know the fellows are likely to throw all their dirty laundry down to the girls, expecting to have it washed and returned.

## Super Scrooge At Work?

It was either Super Scrooge or Super Christmas Spirit.

He came by night, and left it a little darker — because he stole the Christmas lights from the 12-foot-high shrubs in front of Avery Residence Hall.

"We just got the lights up Saturday — two nights and they're already gone," said Avery housemaster Martin Lancaster.

The post-midnight theft Monday morning left the evergreens on each side of Avery's door naked, stripped of four sets of colored bulbs.

Was the deed done by a Super Scrooge in a fit of bah-humbug rage?

"I don't know," Lancaster, "but we heard that some guy has been bragging about stealing Christmas lights to decorate a tree in his room. We're still trying to find him," Lancaster said.

So perhaps the thief was a Super Christmas Spirit, so determined to celebrate in style that he "borrowed" the first decoration he could find.

Either way, we do not think Santa Claus will come to see him, no matter how brightly his tree shines.

## Harsh Rules At Paris U.

The University of Paris is taking drastic action to weed out what it calls "ghost students." These are the students who register for courses and never attend class. It does not matter if they flunk because they can repeat the courses by paying small tuition fees.

The ghost students like things that way because they receive benefits — such as discounts on food and subway fare — just as regular students do. They spend their time in cafes and avoid all that petty academic folderol of studying.

The University's Dean of Science estimates that the schools each contain from 12 to 22 per cent ghosts. Total enrollment is 120,000.

The University professors have just approved a plan which although extremely severe, will undoubtedly end the injustice of this situation.

Henceforth all students will be required to take final examinations, and those who do not make above 35 per cent will be thrown out of school.

We convey our deepest sympathy to those students who now will have to strive so diligently to achieve a grade of 35 on exams.

### The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

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## "A Panty Raid? So What?"



## Movie Review

# 'Umbrella' Catches Showers Of Praise

BY SHARON FINCH

The rain in Spain might stay mainly in the plain, but in France "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" are catching all the showers — and it is raining raves!

The Ely Landau film about young love, told completely in song and dazzling color, is one of the most charming boy-meets-girl-and-they-fall-in-love plots ever filmed. The miracle that Betty Smith accomplished with such a trite and over-sentimental plot in "Joy in the Morning." Director Jacques Demy accomplishes with this sadly cynical musical about a garage worker named Guy who loves the daughter of the owner of a Cherbourg umbrella shop, Genevieve.

The film is playing at the Rialto in Durham. Guy lives with an invalid god-mother, Elise, who is cared for by Madeleine, a young woman of 20. Guy goes into service for two years, leaving Genevieve pregnant unknowingly. The umbrella business falls off and the shop is sold.

Guy does not write and Genevieve, certain he has forgotten her, marries a diamond merchant, Monsieur Casard. Guy returns, marries Madeleine; Elise dies; and in a final scene on a snowy Christmas Eve, Guy and Genevieve accidentally meet at a service station; then they part to go their separate ways forever.

Jacques Demy's transformation of sadness and cynicism into unique and haunting beauty has won the film five international awards: Grand Prix, Cannes Film Festival; Best Female Acting Award for Catherine Deneuve, French Film Academy; Prix Louis Delluc, French Critics Award; International Catholic Cinema Award; First Prize, French Film Commission for Superior Technique.

Demy, only 33, has a "magic touch" with characters and with total effect. Elise, for him, is the one touching character in the film. In French she signifies "tenderness, mulberry jam, lilac satin, resignation, modesty." With Demy it's the modesty that wins. His aunt Elise moves us but doesn't keep us from smiling even when she dies.

The dexterity of Demy in the area of total affect is even more striking. When you leave the Cherbourg of Demy you can never again ask a station attendant to "fill it up" without looking at him quietly as if he were going to start to sing.

Catherine Deneuve, a slight, ethereal-looking beauty, is wonderful as Genevieve. If ever a director had a perfect ingenue lead, she is it. The sister of French screen star Francoise Dorleac and the daughter of actor, Maurice Dorleac, Catherine was "born in a trunk." It is convincing on the screen, and has a natural beauty of face and figure that easily adapts to Demy's unadorned love story.

Nino Castelnuovo as Guy is quite good. He conveys the emotions of a boy in love for the first time, despite his 26 years of age. He has French good looks — very dark with expressive eyes. His voice is compelling in song, and his acting strong.

The supporting cast are all talented and well-cast. Anne Vernon, as Mme. Emery, Genevieve's mother, has a large part that she portrays effectively. She is the typical mother, has a large part that she portrays effectively. She is the typical mother, wish-

ing the best for her daughter; she is forgiving of Genevieve's unfortunate circumstances and does not push her into her marriage with Monsieur Casard.

Roland Cassard, played by Marc Michel, is a small part but one requiring skill in reflecting a variety of character traits in short space: compassion, understanding, deep love, humility, and faith. Marc Michel is well qualified for the role.

Madeleine and Elise are seen infrequently in the film. Both are stereotypical roles: the girl who loves secretly and wins her loved one in the end; the dying aunt, who lingers on and on and finally passes away. Demy's direction, more than the capabilities of either Ellen Farmer as Madeleine or Mirelle Perrey as Elise, seems responsible for the lasting impression of these two characters.

Michel Legrand's musical score is lively at times, nostalgic and sentimental at others. The theme song, "I Will Wait for You," is the beautifully haunting love song Guy and Genevieve sing at Guy's departure into the service. It is the most memorable song in the score.

Jean Rabier's cinematography and J. Moreau's costuming complement each other nicely. Moreau's costumes are in vivid colors — hot pinks, oranges, bright aquas, rich emerald greens. Often the costumes pick up themes from Bernard Evrein's sets, especially wallpaper patterns. Colors appear still moist from the artist's mixing.

Enchanting, tender, full of the "bouquet of youth," bold in concept, delicate in execution . . . all the phrases describe "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg." But its special appeal is to "The young in heart" who can remember when the world stood still when someone held them, and walked with them in the rain and everything was wonderful.

David Rothman

## Pay For Peeps At Jerkeley

John Greenbacker's DTH article on "scoping" was well written, but it has produced a very unwelcome aftermath:

Carolina coeds are now a lot more cautious than in the past about pulling their shades down, thanks to Greenbacker's friendly warning.

Thus, they have deprived this school's male students of many long and enjoyable hours of lecherous fun.

No — there isn't any need for alarm. Just look what happened at Jerkeley University after the girls "wised up."

"I don't mind being seen, but I think it's a pity we're not paid for undressing in front of the windows," one coed said when she saw a "scoping" article in The Daily Cowlfornian.

So Sally Can-can and several comely friends organized an undressing service.

Under this arrangement, the girls in Cob Webb dorm agreed to undress 20 times each night for the boys of Con-her provided they turned over to the coeds a substantial amount of their social fees.

Frosted windows went up whenever the boys defaulted on their payments. And this was quite often, too; for everybody in Con-her soon exhausted their spending money by purchasing binoculars.

Eventually, the girls became unionized. Any coed caught undressing without being paid was immediately expelled from the union.

During hot weather, union rules were relaxed since it was assumed the girls would pull up the shades and windows even if they didn't receive money for doing this.

Girls who insisted on not pulling their shades all the way up were dismissed as "unsatisfactory workers."

Consultants from the local burlesque houses showed the coeds how to improve their service.

Before long, all rooms in the boys' dorm facing Cob Webb were turned into push drinking clubs.

There was no danger, however, of the girls "fraternizing with the customers" since they remained a safe 100 yards away.

But students under 21 were prohibited from living in the vicinity.

Dirty films replaced the girls during exam time so they could devote full attention to their studies.

Even the flicks had to be seen with binoculars. To insure realism, the shades were pulled over the screens at the movies' conclusions.

Some of the more expensive rooms in the boys' dorm featured telescopes.

The coeds of Cob Webb hotly denied complaints that they were spying on the Con-her boys. "That's not true," one girl protested. "We are honest. If we spied on the undressing men, we'd pay them for their services."

Meanwhile, the University passed a rule allowing faculty members to live in Con-her. Immediately, thirty Ph.D.'s moved into the building — despite objections from their wives.

Several months later, part of Con-her dorm was converted into classrooms so students could receive first-hand instruction on "Marriage and the Family."

In fact, the Chancellor himself soon decided to move his office into Con-her. And once he established himself there, he suddenly discovered he had to spend more time working late at night.

But by this time, the girls had already been evicted from Cob Webb — so that they could be replaced by Playboy Bunnies.



## Letters To The Editor

### No Mail In The Sunshine

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

"Neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor snow will stop these couriers from completing their appointed rounds."

So what gives? It's a beautiful, sunny day, but the postman's creed doesn't say anything about his completing his appointed rounds in sunshine. Evidently that must be what stops the postman to South Campus. It's almost tomorrow and we're still waiting for yesterday's mail. We've heard of being slow and the Christmas rush, but this is ridiculous.

Tom Mimms  
Chuck Oakley  
Tom Harris  
John Wright  
Teague

### See Game, Not Drunks

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

The following is an answer to Mr. John J. Foley's letter of Dec. 9 in which he complains about "certain specific instances" at a basketball game which make

## LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters to the editor on any subject, particularly on matters of local or University interest. Letters must be typed, double-spaced and must include the name and address of the author or authors. Names will not be omitted in publication. Letters should be limited to about 250-300 words. The DTH reserves the right to edit for length or libel. Longer letters will be considered for "The Student Speaks" if they are of sufficient interest. However, the DTH reserves the right to use contributed materials as it sees fit.

the title "Carolina Gentleman" ridiculous. He feels that the time has come to "explode" the "myth" of the "Carolina Gentleman."

For the purpose of drinking, some attend a game. In order to watch these drunk, others do the same.

The drunks, while being obnoxious, at least know who's ahead.

Mr. Foley, ignoring the game, listens for ugly words said.

"Mr. Foley, what's the score?" someone kindly asks.

"Don't ask me the score," he says; "I am busy counting flasks."

I agree, Mr. Foley, it's bad for a fan to be loaded.

However, not the "myth" of the Carolina Gentleman, but your ways need to be exploded.

C. Edgerton  
302 Everett

### 'Dixie' Must Go

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Today, one of my professors said that Dixie is dead. Unhappily, he is not yet right. The Old South, with its archaic ideas and lost causes, like the hooked fish, is now putting up the last desperate struggle before its inevitable engulfment into the twentieth century. It is only a short matter of time until its complete loss of identity.

The waving of the "Stars 'n' Bars," the "Fergit, Hell!" plaques, and the mesmerization by the song "Dixie" are in the same class with the nauseating harangues of George Wallace, Robert Shelton, etc. The deification of such symbols by certain students is a fleeting attempt at reinstating their rapidly dying ideals.

To ban these symbols, as has been suggested, is, however, as ludicrous as the symbols, themselves. It doesn't seem like too long ago that I was haranguing about a ban, myself.

Peter N. Thomas  
302 Manly

