

Secrets & Honor

Carolina's dorm residents exercised one political privilege this week when they voted for new officers, but they had another right taken from them: The right of secret ballot.

The voters found they were required to sign their room numbers on the bottom of the ballot. In other words, a voter's signature was demanded.

Those who conducted the elections did this, they say, as a protection against ballot-box stuffing, something which has happened before. It seems to us, however, the vote officials have added to the first sin rather than corrected it. It cannot be assumed students will vote dishonestly. If so, what good is the honor system?

The Daily Tar Heel believes it would be wiser to maintain a registrar to check names off as residents vote.

Practical, efficient — and downright constitutional.

Oyez! Oyez!

Be alle able bodied citizens of these faire village informed that a bonde election wille bee helde todaye, state-wide, fore the purpose of the upbuilding and the strengthening of our mental houses, and fore the most worthe purpose of our public schools.

Knowe ye, moreover, that direst consequences — poore schools and helpless citizens — lie in waite fore those who refuse to vote fore these bondes.

Bridge By Beshara

John Beshara

South deals. North-South vulnerable.

NORTH			
S	8		
H	10	7	4
D	K	Q	9 8 7 3
C	Q	8	6
WEST			
S	A	9	7 5 4 2
H	K	5	3
D	5		
C	10	7	4
EAST			
S	10	6	3
H	9	6	2
D	A	10	2
C	K	9	5 2
SOUTH			
S	K	Q	J
H	A	Q	J 8
D	J	6	4
C	A	J	3

The bidding:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 club	pass	1 diamond	pass
2 no trump	pass	3 no trump	pass
pass	pass		pass

Opening lead: Five of spades.

Playing a no trump contract requires greater skill than does most suits. It is a contest of timing: whether the opponents can get the setting trick before the contract is made. Today's declarer encountered two shrewdies.

South's opening club bid is called a "convenient club." His holding of 19 points is too strong for one no trump (16-18 points). When he rebids two no trump, North adds his seven points to partner's announced strength of 19 or 20; a combined total of at least 26 points, which usually produces game.

East covered the opening lead with the ten and declarer's jack won. Declarer played the jack of diamonds which held and continued with another diamond, dummy's king also held.

East's "holl-up" on the ace of diamonds is a fine play. Declarer has no other entry to dummy except diamonds, since East is holding the club king over dummy's queen, and is thus prevented from "setting-up" diamonds.

Realizing the futility in continuing diamonds, declarer shifts to dummy's heart ten, losing the finesse. West's nine of spades is a brilliant return. If he plays the ace and another spade, East will not have a spade to return. Declarer is forced to win with the queen and pauses to deliberate his next play. He already has four tricks and three good hearts and the ace of clubs in his hand. His only chance to make the contract is to steal a club trick hoping the opponents won't play the king for fear of creating an entry to the board.

With that reasoning, he played the jack of clubs and East, too, called time to think. He had seven points, there were seven in dummy and his partner played there. Declarer is known to have 19 or 20. Therefore, his partner must be holding three or four points, either the king or ace of spades.

If declarer has both black aces, he can readily take nine tricks. So, the only hope of setting the contract is to play the king of clubs, the ace of diamonds and a spade to his partner. This he did and West ran four spade tricks, defeating the contract three tricks.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official Summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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Princess

On A Spree

John Taylor

On the last stroke of twelve a runaway schoolgirl named "Smit-tie" returns to being Princess Anne, heir - apparent to the throne of an unnamed kingdom. And will she live happily ever after?

No, she will not. That is obvious with one look at the pained, but always regal, face of Audrey Hepburn, who plays the princess in "Roman Holiday," which begins a run at the midnight show tonight at the Carolina.

So what's so bad about being a member of royalty? Well, as the picture graphically and humorously shows, it entails an endless succession of speeches, inter-



views, reception lines, parades, and rigid royal protocol on all occasions and leaves no time for the normal everyday things that a pretty girl likes to do. Consequently, during an official visit to Rome, Ann throws a very un-regal fit of hysterics and is given a sedative.

But before the sedative takes effect, she decides that enough is enough and takes off on her own unofficial tour of Rome. The sedative begins to take effect and she is found dead to the world on a bench in the Forum by Gregory Peck, a newspaperman. Not knowing who she is and knowing less what to do with her, he takes her to his apartment. The next day, now aware of the real personage in his midst and determined to capitalize on the lady, Peck, accompanied by a photographer (Eddie Albert), takes the princess, who is posing as a schoolgirl on a whinding of a spree through the city.

Then begins the most delightful series of escapades that has reached the screen in a long time, climaxing in a wild brawl on the banks of the Tiber. By this time, of course, the princess and the commoner are in love, but realizing that her duty is to her people, she returns to her lonely throne.

Many people are going to be disappointed that an act of Parliament or of God does not reunite the pair for a traditional happy ending, but that would have been completely out of keeping with the rest of this literature, bitter-sweet comedy.

Everything, with the possible exception of the music, which occasionally gets out of hand, is sheer perfection. Miss Hepburn, who is making her American screen debut in the film, is destined to be a star of the first magnitude. She exhibits a great range of emotions from embarrassment at being discovered in a man's apartment through uninhibited glee at cracking an agent over the head with a guitar to innocent bliss at her first kiss and plays them all with perfect timing and an infectious sense of humor.

Peck, Albert, and an assortment of Italian amateurs add a great deal of fun to the proceedings. Director William Wyler, in an abrupt switch from serious drama, demonstrates that he is a master of humor. And the travelogue of Rome is worth the price of admission in itself.

For a comedy with a slight pull at the heartstrings in it, "Roman Holiday" is to be heartily recommended.



Bond Vote Not Card Stunt

McClellan

Up until last Saturday, we had always kept a soft spot in our hearts for those hard-working and talented students whose efforts and abilities result in the performance of the card stunts during half-time intermission at football games.

We had often remarked that we just didn't see how they did

it and that those who figured out the stunts must be very bright young folks indeed.

But our illusions as to the genius of that group and its presumably brilliant leaders were somewhat shattered during the half of the recent State College slaughter when there appeared before our eyes an over-sized edition of an invective to which we can attach no other label than "political poster."

We are speaking, of course, of the card stunt which urged us to "Vote bonds on October 3". In our opinion, the decision to include this bit of propaganda among the smears, jibes and gloats over apparent victory constitutes an indiscretion and an oversight on the part of the leaders of the Card Board.

We are not here concerned with the relative merit of the bond issue, but will go on record as being in favor of it. Our resentment, then, is not to be construed as stemming from opposi-

tion to the bond issue itself. We just believe that when vested political interests are permitted expression through an organization of the University which is at least semi-official and which will be regarded as completely official by thousands of visitors, there is indicated a lack of prudence on the part of members of that organization.

We trust that in the future some of the more thinking members of that organization will be keenly and consistently aware of the fact that political ground is ground upon which it is very easy to step on someone's toes.

Your Schools,
Your Health,
Your Vote . . .

TODAY

Get Hep, House

Jenks Robertson

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."—Congreve.
After a virtual student riot was turned into a healthy pep rally last week by a smiling Negro trumpet player, we would like to suggest to Chancellor House that he take lessons from this modern-day Pied Piper.

If the riot were known to be the last, the lessons might not be necessary, but undoubtedly Spring will bring the cry, "panty raid!" and chaos will again be reigning in the midnight air.

Instead of pouring verbal gasoline on the panty raiders' inner fires with such remarks as, "I didn't know there were so many damn fools in the University," Chancellor House might try a little psychology, whip out his trusty harmonica, and lead the rioters in a chorus or two of "Goodnight, Ladies."

So come on, Chancellor, bring out that crazy harmonica next time —and maybe you'll find a hep student body that's really cool!

Do you dig us, man?

YOU Said It

Editor:

Commentator Gennifer Johnson almost makes a distinction which would clarify the issue: A distinction between actors (those who feel and "create" various roles) and movie stars (a peculiar breed who have script rewriters to make the role fit a "pattern"). Compare Hollywood's glamor boys with England's Alec Guinness.

However "sweet" Marilyn may be, she has to "play her role" so that Hollywood can write scenarios with that sort of role in them. I certainly wish this were not true (and even her studio is not pushing her public act quite so much), but the studios, eye to the box office, believe the American public attends a movie showing to see "favorite actors and actresses rather than good stories well performed."

Marilyn cannot be considered a freak at all, but rather a product of a certain "culture". Hollywood is the freak.

Johann Strauss: The Man

Clarence Stewart

(This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stewart.)

Evidently Strauss discussed the offer with Brahms, for he quotes him as follows: "The money would be very nice, but not the trip. Nothing but collisions! There is too much fog on the ocean! I prefer the fog in which we live!" It is interesting to note, on the other hand, that Brahms loved to climb mountains, but Strauss in contrast disliked even this kind of travel. When a friend once urged him to take a hike into the mountains, he was relieved when it began to rain, for then his friend had to stop entreating him to take a stroll for his recreation.

The friendship formed between Strauss and Brahms, the light-hearted Austrian and the taciturn North German, has often been commented upon; indeed, Brahms' inference that he would have liked to have written the *Blue Danube* has become trite through over-repetition. Few knew that Brahms also paid Strauss what is probably an even greater compliment: "The man simply exudes music; to him something always occurs. In that he is distinguished from us others."

Many are no doubt aware through false and over-sentimentalized radio and film productions that Strauss was known as *Schani* to the Viennese. He usually signed his letters with the French *Jean* or *Jeany*, which the Viennese "corrupted" into the aforesaid nickname. He spoke French fluently, and often interspersed his letters with words of French origin.

The most astounding revelation in the letters is this: Johann Strauss, the *Waltz King* himself, to whose rapturous music embraced millions have whirled, could not dance! In a mood of exhilaration he exclaimed in the third person: "He would like to jest, laugh, leap, even dance, although the latter would be rather difficult for him—he was never a dancer, you know!" This paradox is appropriate, however; for Strauss did not compose merely dance music: he apotheosized the waltz. The elder Alexander Dumas once stated:

"It often happened that my partner and I, dancing to the magical music of Johann Strauss, would stop in order to follow into the infinite that inspired dreaming. It almost seemed to us a desecration to allow such melodies to be resolved into a physical pleasure."

If the reader should be interested in just how many waltzes Strauss composed, he will not find that number correctly stated in the English literature; however, catalogs of Strauss' works have now appeared, and from these an accurate figure can be ascertained. Most encyclopedias of music state about 400 waltzes. Actually, Strauss composed about 170, each of which consists of four or five waltz parts. He wrote more polkas (approximately 175 of various kinds) than waltzes, but it is his waltzes of course which have made him immortal.

He also wrote nearly 75 quadrilles, nearly 45 marches, and in addition some czardases, polonaises, romances, galops, and potpourris. The works with opus number total 479. Counting the works written in collaboration with his brothers, works without opus numbers, and post humous works, a total of almost 500 compositions streamed forth from the seemingly inexhaustible reservoir of ravishing melodies in the subconscious of this amazing genius, who instinctively and without reflection transmuted into music the positive, impelling vital energies which pervade all life and give to life its sense of urgency and piquancy, poignancy and mystery.

Are You Housebroken?

Anita Anderson

You don't think your housemother earns her pay? You say she has a soft job—nothing to do but laze around her suite all day. Ask your mother if she'd like the responsibility of 89 others just like you. As charming as you undoubtedly are, she would probably slit her throat at the thought.

Maybe you have a special grudge. Did the house mother throw your date bodily out the door at closing time? Your date was probably lounged over the divan looking as if he had settled down for a long winter's nap. She, most likely, was ready for one.

Or do you feel that she doesn't like you because she doesn't always emote gladness at the sight of you? Think of your mother. Does your own sweet mother always speak tenderly to you and handle you gently each time she encounters you? Even when you come barreling into the house screaming at the top of your lungs?

Do you think your housemother is dull company? Have you ever directed more than a casual remark about the weather her way? Weather is here to stay but not such an inspiring topic of conversation. Or do you avoid her except when you want a favor or get cornered in the elevator with her? If she approaches you do you immediately wonder, "What have I done now?"

Have you thought about your housemother lately? She may be lonely for a little friendly interest on the part of her charges. How would you like to be tolerated but not accepted, ignored except when favors were sought of you? Don't shun the little lady who must wait for you every night. Why not talk to her sometime? She may surprise you with conversational depth that you never dreamed she possessed.

You'll resolve to be nice to her the next chance you get — but not now. You simply must tell your roommate a million things and press that dress for tonight. What are you stopping at your housemother's door for?

Oh, you want her to sign your permission slip!

