

Vim, Vigor & (Yawn) Vitality

The sign in Sutton's says, "Special: \$1.25 Hadacol, now 89c. For Pep, Vim Vigor and Vitality! (Save 36c)." But pre-exam lethargy has set in and nothing Sutton's can do will save us.

The spurious spring, the late, phony June in January has had a lot to do with it. We saw the first cotton dress of the year worn by a coed on January 4 and yesterday, a week later, a crocus bud which ventured bravely above ground in the Arboretum got what it asked for—a rude dousing in a 33 degree rain.

An ancient law of physics, meanwhile, has come to apply: "If a thing's a-goin', it keeps on a-goin', but if it's a-settin', it keeps on a-settin'." To those few who last night turned out to hear Rise Stevens or to see the basketball game, our compliments. They were in a minority. The somnolent multitude merely stretched, their heavy eyes half-focused on a textbook, and contemplated an early slumber.

The surging currents of world power politics do not touch this shore. Tottering empires, clashing ideologies must get along without our attention. Pep, vim, vigor and vitality are for February or March or sometime—not for two weeks before exams, even at a 36c saving.

The True Nature Of The Struggle

President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union speech, explained the meaning of co-existence in words that deserve more than passing attention. They are worthy of remembering, because they lift the frustrating battle between communism and democracy above the peninsula of Indo-China and the plains of Germany and place it in a higher context.

It is of the utmost importance that each of us understand the true nature of the struggle now taking place in the world.

It is not a struggle of economic theories, or of forms of government, or of military power: At issue is the true nature of man. Either man is the creature whom the Psalmist described as "a little lower than the angels," crowned with glory and honor, holding "dominion over the world" of his Creator, or man is a soulless, animated machine to be enslaved, used and consumed by the state for its own glorification.

It is, therefore, a struggle which goes to the roots of the human spirit, and its shadow falls across the long sweep of man's destiny. This prize, so precious, so fraught with ultimate meaning, is the true object of the contending forces in the world.

'Educational' Tempest

The News And Observer

Our sports editor reports that the educational TV program of the Carolina Wake Forest basketball game Saturday night probably cost 2,000 ticket sales for the Duke-State game. It will be interesting to note which feature of education wins out: Basketball on TV, or ticket sales for basketball.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Contessa Film Is Cinderella With A Punch

Louis Kraar

"LIFE IS sometimes like too many bad movies," Humphrey Bogart philosophizes in one of the opening scenes of "The Barefoot Contessa."

But the show on the shoeless contessa is one of life's unusually good movies, a Cinderella story with a sex angle. As one viewer remarked on leaving the Varsity, where the film played, "It's more like a novel than a movie."

Cinderella (Ava Gardner), a dancer in Madrid of little more than local fame, gets her big chance when millionaire producer Kirk Edwards (Warren Stevens) descends upon a Spanish cafe to "discover" Miss Gardner. Edwards, of course, brings his writer-director (Humphrey Bogart), a blonde "made in Hollywood," and his public relations man (Edmond O'Brien). Miss Gardner turns out to be as temperamental as she is lovely, and it is left to Bogart to persuade her to leave the Spanish cafe for Hollywood.

In the course of arguing, the viewer learns that Miss Gardner has lived in "dirt," but that she has never sold her charms. And finally, leaving her shoes behind as an excellent, though obvious, symbol, Miss Gardner agrees to a screen test.

"THE REST is an old story," Bogart says himself in the sparkling narrative, but it only applies to Miss Gardner's rise to movie fame. After that, it's anything but an old story.

As the personification of every male's dream girl, Miss Gardner is still an unhappy girl. She needs a prince charming, but even the rich (she soon learns) are dirty. So, aside from mysterious meetings with servant boys, the matinee idol is without a man.

Bogart, as a director and writer, becomes the sexy Cinderella's chief confessor, but he's more of a priest than a lover, having otherwise committed himself to a pet script girl.

Finally, prince charming arrives in the form of a count (Rossano Brazzi), and Miss Gardner, who heretofore had cold-shouldered even the well-heeled Romeos of the international set unfreezes.

On Miss Gardner's wedding night (she's now the contessa), her count tells her he was emasculated in the war. And the barefoot contessa knows she can never really have her prince charming.

The contessa, deciding that a child would make the count happy, takes steps toward having one. When the count learns of the affair, he shoots his wife and the would-be father, ending Miss Gardner's and the story.

I HESITATE to talk about symbolism for fear of sounding arty, but the contessa tale is full of it. As a matter of fact, at times it perhaps hits one too obviously.

Miss Gardner's penchant for leaving her shoes lying about drives home the Cinderella angle down to the her last scene, in which Bogart removes the shoes from her lifeless body.

The rich and the poor are skillfully contrasted throughout in a manner that rivals author F. Scott Fitzgerald for depicting classes. The contessa becomes of a symbol of the poor girl who never finds her place among the rich.

And the dialogue is full of life, comments on life, and at times wit. Sample: A Hollywood blonde asks what Miss Gardner has that she (the blonde) hasn't got. And Bogart's girlfriend answers: "What she's got, you can't even spell."



'Liberals' & 'Conservatives'

Rep. John Umstead

In The Chapel Hill Weekly

We hear more and more about whether this member or that member of the state General Assembly is a liberal or a conservative.

Having been accused from time to time of being an ultra-liberal I have, during the past several years, given some thought to what is meant by the two terms. Over the years I have watched those who were called liberals and those who were called conservatives in their reaction to proposed legislation.

In the main those called liberals have been those most apt to recognize necessary services that the state should render its citizens and who were willing to raise the money to pay for these services although it might mean more taxes for themselves as well as for others.

Those called conservatives have been those who seemed to minimize necessary services and who wished to raise only those taxes that were absolutely necessary even though such action meant sacrificing many services that make life worth living in our state.

The real attitude of these groups appeared when a bond issue for secondary roads and school buildings was passed on by the voters. The liberals supported the bond issue because they saw in it a better way of life for those who lived in the rural sections. The conservatives said that neither the proposed roads nor the school buildings were necessary and cautioned the voters about going into debt.

That bond issue took place in 1949, the people approved the bonds, and the program was almost completed within a three-year period. Today there are very few of our citizens, even of the ultra-conservative class, who will not admit that this bond issue, instead of damaging the state's economy, has greatly improved it.

The basic attitudes of conservatives and liberals is also demonstrated by what has taken place in the field of agriculture in the last 15 years. When improved farm machinery came on the market the conservative attitude was that the mule and plow were good enough and that no farmer should go into debt for a tractor.

What has happened to the picture? Now the mule has almost been forgotten while the most prosperous farmer is looking for the most improved machinery although he may have to go in debt to get it. He has found that sound spending for necessities, and even for some things that are not necessary, is wisdom.

After giving the matter due thought and consideration I have come to the conclusion that a liberal is a person who thinks we should spend money for necessary services even though it hits his pocketbook. He definitely puts human values above monetary values.

Ike Can't Turn Down Draft If GOP Timetable Succeeds

Doris Fleenon

WASHINGTON — The major parties have begun to compete with one another in the effort to wring maximum advantage from their "new look" Presidential nominating conventions and campaigns.

Democrats tentatively announced last Friday that they would open their 1956 convention Monday, August 27. This is about five weeks later than usual, but carries on the custom of a Monday opening by which delegate travel need no break into the previous work week.

A Republican subcommittee met next day and tentatively approved a September, 1956, convention to meet the week following Labor Day. If their timetable stands, it will be the first time since 1898 that they will hold their convention after the Democrats.

Democrats who had carefully canvassed the 1956 calendar before they set their own date are raising the question of whether Republicans can make their date stand because it runs into a period of historic Jewish religious observances.

Jewish religious authorities confirm the following schedule: In 1956, their "Ten Days of Repentance" will begin at sundown Wednesday, September 5, with Rosh Ha' Shana, the Jewish New Year, and conclude Sunday, September 16, with Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. It was said that the overwhelming majority of American Jews are of the orthodox or conservative faith and observe this rite.

It would appear therefore that the Republicans are squeezed during the first week of September between the national holiday, Labor Day, which is Monday, September 3, in 1956, and sundown Wednesday, September 6. All of the second week in September is embraced within the Ten Days of Repentance.

Unless Republicans can be reassured on this point, it would appear to fix their first possible September, 1956, date as Monday, September 17, or — making an allowance for travel time — Tuesday, September 18.

Democrats decided that it

As I stated in the beginning, I have been accused of being too liberal. Whether or not I am too liberal is a matter of opinion. I simply state that I am a firm believer in the Golden Rule. During the current session of the Legislature, I expect to be in the camp of the liberals.

Ike Can't Turn Down Draft If GOP Timetable Succeeds

would at the very least not be tactful to meet during the first part of September, and the Jewish authorities consulted agree with them.

The fact that Republicans propose to re-nominate President Eisenhower does make it possible for them to run a very short campaign. Their candidate will necessarily be in the public eye up to that point.

They are indeed by design creating conditions which will make it impossible for the president to refuse a draft. The 1956 election will be held Tuesday, the campaign period would be very short.

A new candidate simply could not be built up in so short a time.



CAMPAIGN SMILE

... coming up again in '56?

It is permissible to wonder whether the President, a political novice, really understood this when he expressed approval in White House conferences of a September nominating convention. Of course, if he did understand it, that is tantamount to an admission that he is running.

Democrats certainly expect that they will have to defeat Eisenhower. Yet in the accidental game of politics there is always room for prudence and a second line of defense. When the Republican National Committee with its large number of experienced members meets, the present tentative proposal will get a searching scrutiny.

Reaction Piece No 'Plotting' In Presidency Prediction

David Mundy

Any relation between this column and one that has been proof-read is purely coincidental. I am not complaining about any special persecution, but I do still smart from the blow delivered a few columns back when my "repressed desires" came out as "depressed desires." I would like to assure everyone that I have none of the latter.

I hope that the rumored proof-reader doesn't take this as a personal attack or an attempt at character assassination. Still, he has made me look more foolish than has anyone else.

And those headlines that "fly" over this column aren't my own compositions. After last week I'm even tempted to disclaim them entirely. I was really arguing a case against the hypothesis that intra-party divisions are bad for the country. The headline made it sound like an apology for divisions within the Republican party.

Lest the suspicion continue that I hold a political brief for potential president Manning Muntzing, I would like to staunch the vein of rumor.

I would go President Creasy one better, and say that campus government is a necessary evil. It has a multitude of aspects that I abhor, but still it should have some competency at the top. My thesis, that Muntzing will be the next president, is based on logic of the situation.

Muntzing has a passable record of achievement.

He is almost the only campus politico who has done more than make glowing promises.

He is largely responsible for the successful activities of the IDC.

Considering that he is the "one" who has actually done anything, I can only foresee his being the next president.

And that was the sole basis for the prediction. Actually, I think that SPer Jim Turner would turn in a more efficient performance as president. And the potential of potentials, David Reid, is one of my best friends.

The only other alternatives which the SP can offer are its unknowns—the do-nothings and know-nothings with the bright and shining smiles, not to omit a glad-hand and a multitude of friends. But then the UP would carry the field, their party being to a greater extent organized on the "multitude of friends" principle.

I am no propagandist for Muntzing. Indeed, I probably owe him an apology. A propagandist would have been more subtle in even mentioning his name. There is no plot afoot. I've neither seen nor talked to Muntzing in at least a month. Plotting?

Who's a paranoid? This is rapidly becoming one of the favorite questions in the strange little corner where politics and amateur psychology join. The thesis, which I have heard advanced by at least two professors, goes something like this:

"Paranooids (just use a big word—few will know what it means anyway) are people who have delusions of grandeur and the feeling that someone is persecuting them or leading some kind of conspiracy against them. These people tend to project their attitude to a national level. Someone is conspiring against the state, they say."

Then comes the implication that, since a lot of people think the Communists are conspiring against the state, these people are paranooids.

At this point the terms "McCarthyism" and "prevailing climate of fear" are interjected into the lecture. The professor has to do this, though; otherwise someone might not know that paranooids are something "bad."

Should the thesis hold that people who fear some conspiracy are paranooids, the label would have to be pinned on the very liberals who do advance it. They are the ones who forever lambast the Wall Street gang, big business interests, Texas oil-millionaire fascists, Nixon, Dixon, and Yates, not to omit state patrolmen who follow one all the way from Zebulon to Raleigh so that they can catch you speeding.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . . Hippotitis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was scratching his platinum mane (he insists it is not gray, nor white) with a dainty hoof and perusing some . . . notes?

"It's supposed to be a femme reporter's story of the Dixie Classic Finals," The Horse said. "But it beats the oats outa me."

Oh, "It is somewhat not to the point," The Horse elaborated. "Can you figure that?"

Well, hadn't The Horse said a femme wrote it? "You've got something, Roger me hboy," The Horse snapped gingerly. (His favorite food is Ginger Snaps.) "Here, read it."

A Woman Looks At Basketball. I started,

"To yourself," The Horse added quickly. This distaff-reporter went as follows:

A SOMEWHAT cynical visiting coach said when asked how he was treated at a basketball game in the Coliseum:

"Oh, everything was on the up-and-up, to be sure! The floor was flat, the ball was round, and the lights were on."

But the Classic held in post—Christmas week, any y-elept Dixie, was much, much more than that. First of all, our own Tar Heel team was in the finals and came out with third place;

Then there was "Showboat" Hundley, of West Virginia, a sight to behold when dazzling his opponents with nimble dexterity in ball-handling, and handsome as a matinee idol when he was still, but this was unfortunately seldom;

Then . . . All-America Hemric, of Wake Forest; Semonovich of Minnesota, and what a hunk of man! You had to see him to believe him, and even then you didn't. And still more . . .

Well, you all know by now that we beat highly touted Southern Cal on the first day—played State to a state of jitters (and a 3-point loss for us) on the second day; and BEAT DOOK on the third day, as a happy omen of things to come.

The championship game, State vs Minnesota, was the finest exhibition of nip-and-tuck fast basketball ever seen in the Coliseum. It was a great Dixie Classic, with even 8th placing Cornell unveiling a great (and handsome!) player in Sheehy. And let me say that the State fans can rudely boo Al Lifson all they please, for my money he was one of the two best floormen in the Classic. And Minnesota's Mencil could outrun anything this basketball-rabid reporter of yours has ever seen.

From a speculative woman's point of view, the Classic queen—a West Virginia lass—was worthy of the wolf-calls she invoked from the crowd when she presented the trophies. The boys are sometimes discerning of something other than 38-26-36's. . . . And it was a sort of Male Beauty Contest, as well, this Classic, with lots and lots of stunning men for the girls to gaze upon, when the teams took the floor.

Marty Daugherty of Duke is simply a dream . . . if you like tall dreams. Roy Irving, of Southern California, is another glamor boy, and should step from his campus right into a movie studio. And Hundley, of West Virginia, for all his fancy dribbling and ball-spinning shennanigans, has looks into the bargain. But by far the handsomest Apollo in sight was our own Bob Young. And Jerry Vayda would be the ideal man to be shipwrecked with because he imparts a feeling of security . . . as well. And Coach McGuire is shrewd in playing a slow-down game, because the fair sex will simply storm the gym for the games just to see how daring and dauntless Handsome Bob looks when he stands utterly still and disdains the State and Duke players' taunts for him to put the ball into play. . . . Really, girls, you are missing something if you do not insist on your dates taking you to all the games! Hollywood Scouts, please stay away until 1958! . . .

Why, even one of the referees was handsome! Tommy Bell. . . . And just oodles of good-looking coaches, not to mention how cute the Deaks' Bones McKinney was when he would moan and writhe and groan as the play unfolded. His actions are fabulous . . . and he is so good-looking!

Among the audience, Consolidated President Gordon Gray was easily the most distinguished and romantic looking, as our eyes roved the boxes and galleries.

It was all wonderful. Even the basketball played was wonderful, and after all, that was what we went to see . . . after we had seen everything else more important, first. And what a thrill it was when our men walked out to get their trophies, with Tony Radovich and Lenny Rosenbluth getting the biggest hand of the crowd among our boys. Co-Captains Al Lifson and Paul Likens, our Rhodes Scholar received the large team-cup presented to our great team and wonderful coaches.

To the losers . . . tears; to the winners . . . cheers! They were all just out-of-this-world. And whoever designed Carolina's new uniforms should get some praise—the blue warm-up jackets piped with white were easily the best-looking there. State's red is . . . well, too red. I think Coach assistant Butterball—I am told that is his name?—Anderson should consider Lelong Red when he styles the uniforms. However, from the looks of things, State may not look too hot the next time our Tar Heels meet them. . . . P. S. I do hope you strictly basketball buffs have already read your local sport-sheets for the unimportant details such as ratings, percentages and the like. We had meant to include this sort of thing, but there was just too much of other and first-importance interest to report. And who wants to make a bet that Maryland will not be the Conference Championship Playoffs? They should be! Are they good-looking. . . .

"So?" The Horse asked, when I had finished. I thought it all the more reason the management of Case's Castle should set aside seats for us lads. I mean, how can you enjoy a game when a dame is cheering for some Tower of Pisa because he is so good-looking? And if you holler "Ya bmm" at a good-looking blind man in a striped shirt, you'll get cold soup for three nights running!

"I'm contacting Dook, ugh, and Wake Forest on that," The Horse promised. "We'll get somewhere." In Case's Castle Ho-ho. Ho-ho-ho.