

Your \$, Your Show

If you realized you pay \$3 a year to entertain other people you probably would show up to find out what's going on.

Well you do pay. And something is going on.

Graham Memorial, in years past a slow starter, was off in the first race this Fall and she's led the field all the way. This semester's program is a partial answer to the gripe that Chapel Hill has no entertainment. (There can be no complete answer until the Legislature realizes that we, like State, and W. C., need a new student union, too.)

The latest magazines, daily newspapers of this and other states, nightly jam sessions, the Rendezvous Room—they are all in Graham Memorial. TV, radio, records—the union has these, too. Tomorrow night they start the first of eight films in a series. There's bridge on Monday nights.

We could continue but believe by now you probably have the idea. Since your student fees finance Graham Memorial why don't you support it?

Bridge By Beshara

John Beshara

South deals. Neither vulnerable.

DOUGLAS

S K 8 3
H A 10 6 5
D Q 10 7 3
C 10 4

EAST

S 10 4
H K Q J 8 7
D 5 4 2
C Q 8 3

WEST

S Q J 9 7 5
H 9 4 3
D A K J 9 6
C none

PHILLIPS

S A 6 2
H 2
D 8
C A K J 9 7 6 5 2

The bidding:

Phillips	West	Douglas	East
1 club	double	1 no trump	2 hearts
5 clubs	5 diamonds	double	5 hearts
6 clubs	pass	pass	pass

Opening lead: King of diamonds.

UNC was well represented at the Durham-Raleigh Sectional Tournament held at the Sir Walter Hotel last weekend. In the finals of the Open Pairs event Kermit Phillips and Gene Douglas scored a top on today's hand.

The dangerous six club contract was arrived at because Mr. Phillips felt he had nothing to lose. He thought five clubs a cinch and the penalties from setting five hearts insufficient against the loss. So he was willing to gamble zero. Who can quibble with success? And such zest!

West's opening lead held and the deuce from partner told him to shift to a heart. Up came the ace, followed by the club ten which was unflinchingly finessed by declare. West, presumably, was embarrassed.

DOUGLAS

S K 8 3
H none
D Q
C none

EAST

S 10 4
H none
D 5 4
C none

WEST

S Q J 9
H none
D K
C none

PHILLIPS

S A 6 2
H none
D none
C 2

Now. The last club is played. What can West do? Nothing. If he discards the king of diamonds dummy's queen provides the sluff for declare's losing spade; if he drops a spade, declare's three spades are good.

The "squeeze play" worked to the tune of 920 points. Congrats.

The Daily Tar Heel

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You Said It

Editor:

I think that the Durham Merchants Association deserves to be commended for the gigantic welcome which it extended to the incoming students of Duke University this year, and also in previous years through its annual celebration of Durham-Duke Day.

An official welcome by the way of the town; greetings in many local businesses by special receptionists and clerks wearing official Merchants Association ribbons of greetings; gifts from various local merchants collected by hosts of Duke freshmen carrying shopping bags. . . a reception at the Crystal Ball Room of the Washington Duke Hotel. . .

Free movies at the Center, Carolina and Rialto. . .

Now, so far, so good. During my several years of undergraduate and graduate studies at North Carolina College (yes, there is such a place in Durham), I have always suffered a quiet, unexpressed indignation over the careless disregard by the Durham Merchants Association of the existence of me and the numerous pennies which I have deposited in their cash registers and on the bank accounts of its members. So, because of an over-suppressed sense of justice, I hereby break my silence.

May I ask you a vital question? Has it not ever occurred to you, as a matter, not only of simple fair play, but of practical business ethics, that the students, as well as the faculty and entire staff of North Carolina College contribute a great deal toward the success of Durham's business on a whole?

. . . I have heard numerous comments around the campus and in the community about the continued carelessness of the Durham Merchants Association in regard to Negro students. It is the same thing every year. I think it would be fitting that the . . . association make some statement to the public, indicating whether or not it plans to continue its discourtesy to the Negro consumers.

. . . Just 23 miles from the "friendly city of education and industry" (Durham), in the small City of Raleigh, white businessmen have at least done more than those in "the friendly city" to welcome Negro students. Will it come to pass that Negro students and other citizens of this community, by force of conscience, will decide to do most of their buying at their hometowns or at least outside of Durham where they are not yet welcome?

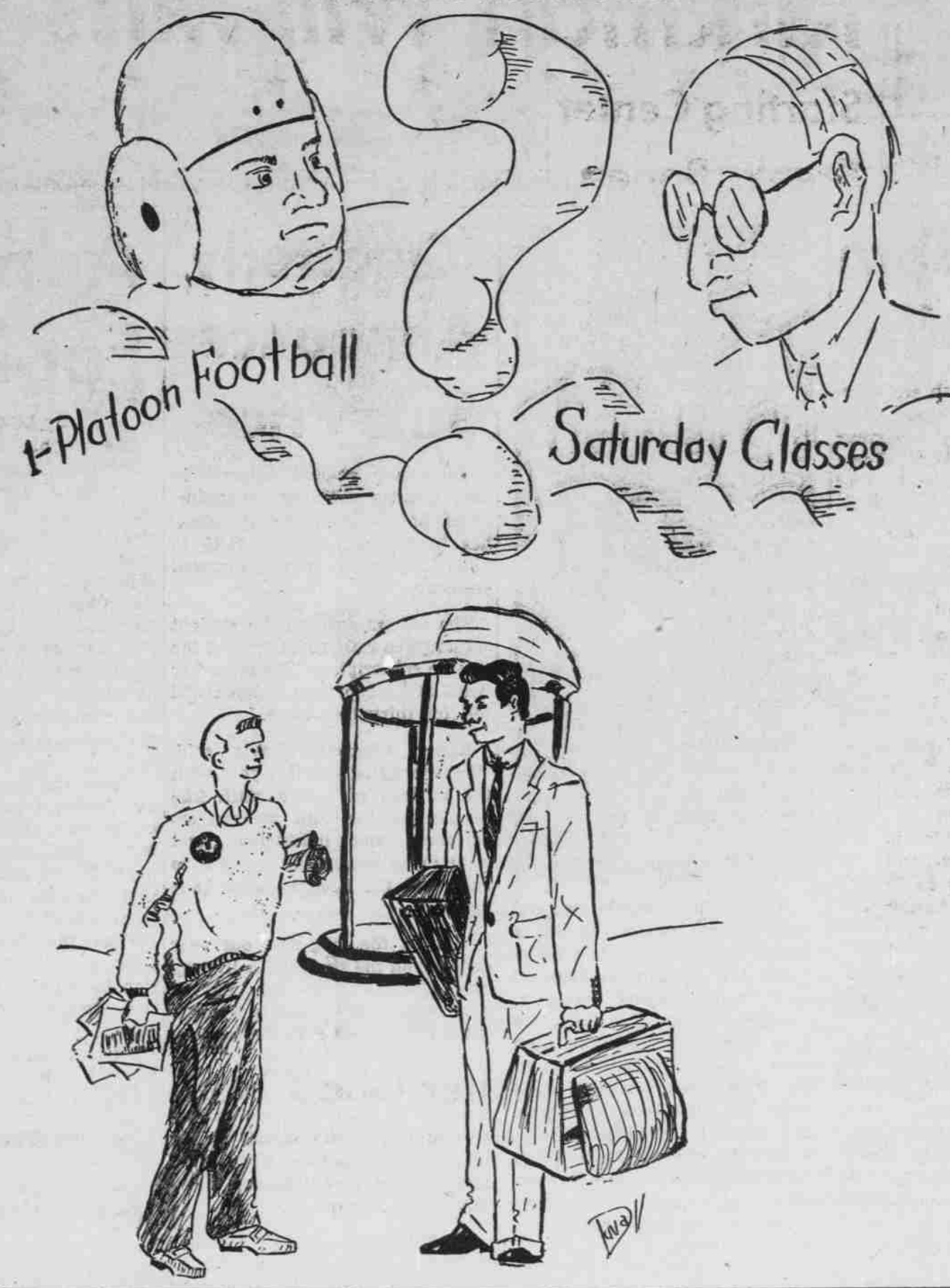
D. W. Stith

Others Say

A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery. —Ulysses.

I don't know why it is we are in such a hurry to get up when we fall down. You might think we would lie there and rest a while. —Max Eastman.

Work is love made visible. And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy. —Kahlil Gibran.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Though Democratic Jim McGranery is ex-Attorney General and Republican Herbert Brownell is Attorney General, they remain good friends. And when Brownell had been in the Justice Department for six months, he invited McGranery, the man he succeeded, to lunch.

Most of the top lawyers in the new Republican Department of Justice were at the lunch and, as it closed, Brownell turned to McGranery and said:

"Jim, this is our six-month birthday. Have you any advice for us?"

"No," replied McGranery, "I don't think I have any advice—even on your six-month birthday. But the period of gestation is nine months. And if you'll invite me back in another three months I'll tell you whether the baby has a father."

Eight months have now passed as of this week, so it's not quite time yet for ex-Attorney General McGranery to come back and pronounce judgment on the work of his old department. However, here is one phase he might start looking into.

While Brownell, on the whole, is operating one of the best de-

partments in the Eisenhower Administration, some of the corruption clean-ups promised by the Republicans haven't been moving at anywhere near the pace promised.

One of the most important, the deportation of gangsters and underworld characters illegally residing in the United States has been especially slow. Though McGranery listed 133 criminals and underworld leaders illegally in this country, only two have been deported in the eight months that have passed since January 20.

The Justice Department explains that 20 gangsters are almost ready to be deported; also, that it takes time to prepare the papers and hear various appeals.

A considerable number of substitutes have been added to McGranery's list, it is also stated. Nevertheless, two criminals deported out of 133 in eight months seems like awfully slow work.

NOTE — The most important man to watch will be Frankie Costello and what happens to him. Costello has more political pull in both political parties than almost anyone else in New York City.

Ike and his scouts have contacted about everyone on the labor front looking for a good man to take Martin Durkin's place as Secretary of Labor.

Chief scout is Vice President

Nixon, who used the opportunity to make a little political hay with certain labor people. Obviously you don't make enemies when you call up a labor leader or a congressman who's not been too enthusiastic about Nixon in the past and ask him how he would like to be Secretary of Labor.

Among those contacted have been Ray Le Haney, able head of the Teamsters Union in Los Angeles, and Congressman Sam McConnell of Philadelphia. Le Haney is secretary-treasurer of the AFL Union Label and Service Trades and a comer in labor ranks. But he's too forthright a labor man to be accepted into the Eisenhower cabinet, and Nixon must have known it.

Congressman McConnell is a middle-of-the-road, fair-minded banker who would make an excellent Secretary of Labor, but whose exit from the House Labor Committee of which he is chairman would be a bad blow to labor.

If McConnell should leave Congress and the Labor Committee, he would be replaced by one of the most reactionary labor-haters in congress, Ralph Gwinn of New York. Also on the House committee are such anti-labor men as Wint Smith of Kansas and Clare Hoffman of Michigan, so Speaker Joe Martin has given the quiet word that it would be bad for McConnell to vacate the chairmanship.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . ." Hippototis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was chivving a covey of females along past the Arboretum when I came out of the garden area and stopped him.



"Always you," he said. "Why can't you let me alone?"

The females came out of the shrubbery into which The Horse had chased them, and hurried away. The Horse assisted their departure with a wild scream.

"I'm sore at Rita Hayworth," The Horse explained. Had Rita Hayworth been among those fugitives?

"Naw. They're merely symbols, I learned that in a Lit-course I took once. You get sore at something, you create a symbol and go to work on it. Rita burns me up."

Well, she burned me up, also, at times; but I didn't go chasing her into bushes.

"For the best of reasons," The Horse grinned delicately. "But you can punch holes in my oat-bag if this financial agreement she has just signed with Dick Haymes isn't an ironical comment on the babes. The alleged weaker sex."

What agreement was this? "You didn't see the picture in the papers?" The Horse asked. "Haymes and Rita signing papers while Rita's lawyer supervises? The agreement is, Haymes says in no way will Rita be held responsible for one cent of any bills he may run up when they are married, while they are married, and if they are married. It seems there are a few small details like getting shed of their current spice, first."

The plural of 'spouse' is 'spouses'. "Listen, I studied spelling under Dean Coffin," The Horse sneered. "You know how it is that journalists can write but can't spell? I suppose you will tell me the plural of mouse is mouses."

But the plural of 'spouse' was spouses. "Where Nora Eddington, Haymes' missus, is concerned, I prefer 'spice,'" The Horse insisted. "Anyway, it gives me a large charge that Rita is just in the course of shaking Aly Khan loose from zillions of dollars, and this is good clean fun. But if Haymes should by design or accident get into Aly's ex-bankroll for a few bucks, it is moider at de crossroads."

Moider at de crossroads? "I'm just back from Noo Yawk," The Horse shrugged. "The accent hasn't worn off yet. But to return to the case in point after this perhaps pardonable digression, as my old buddy Cactus Bill Adams would say, it would seem the gals operate on a basis of 'What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.' Pooley."

What! Would The Horse live off a woman? "You mean a mare?" The Horse corrected me. "No, I wouldn't make that an aim; but if an emergency came up and my lil' filly had a few zillions lying about, I might conceivably suggest she let me lap up a few crumbs from under her mink-lined oat-bag. I'm darn sure that if I had the oats all sewed up, she'd coo, 'Hey, Daddy, Gimme that oat-bag before I rip it off your snout legally or otherwise!'"

But Haymes, now that I recalled the article, had said he wanted to stand on his own feet?

"Yeah, and how do you like that!" The Horse jeered. "The selfish mug, wanting to stand on his own feet! What's he expect Rita to stand on? The way I see it, this Haymes will have the privilege of being known as Mr. Rita Hayworth, and judging from the sour puss on him at the conference table, he knows that if nothing else."

I thought he was cynical. "Maybe," The Horse agreed, "but it sure will be interesting to hear Mendelsohn's Wedding March played on cash - register bells instead of chimes." Is it possible The Horse sees this great love match in the wrong light?

Sen. Smith Honored

Congressional Record Excerpts

SEN. ROBERTSON: I think we also might describe Senator Smith, as Tennyson did the noble King Arthur:

"Not swaying to this faction or that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure: but through all these tracts of years
Wearing the white flower of blameless life."

SEN. BYRD: He died in the Capital in service of his Nation, for which he believed there is great destiny. This belief he once expressed in these words:

"We may say for our country:
I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas will be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high;
I only know it shall be great."

SEN. WELKER: Mr. President, I like to think of Willis Smith, when I recall the words of James Whitcomb Riley in tribute to a friend:

"I cannot say, and will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile and wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It must be since Willis Smith is there."

SEN. WELKER: In the West, from which I come, we have a saying when we bid farewell to a good friend:

"Warm summer sun shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind blow softly here
Green sod lie light, lie light;
Good night dear heart, good night, good night."

SEN. GEORGE: I think Senator's Smith's outstanding greatness is perhaps to be found in the concept which inspired Bobby Burns, when he said:

"To make a happy fireside clime to weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime of human life."

