

# New Faces, Old Hands

This editor of The Daily Tar Heel is not given to campus curtsies for every Boy Scout deed of the day, but we feel that this year's Freshman Camp program deserves public recognition.

It was very well planned; it had interests to meet any wish; it was informal and produced many friendships, among visiting faculty and administration as well as the students themselves; the campers learned things about their University before they ever saw the campus itself.

With applications being turned away for lack of facilities, the camp enjoyed its greatest year. The freshmen were lucky and if they didn't know it when they got there they knew it when they left.

# Bridge By Beshara

John Beshara

Neither vulnerable. South deals.

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

WEST  
S 10 9 7 5 2  
H Q J 10 7  
D 9 5  
C 10 2

EAST  
S K J 4  
H 9 7  
D 10 7 3 2  
C J 9 8 4

SOUTH  
S A 3  
H A K 8 4  
D A Q J 8 6  
C 6 3

The bidding:

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 diamond	pass	pass	2 clubs	pass
2 hearts	pass	pass	3 clubs	pass
3 diamonds	pass	pass	5 diam.	pass
5 diamonds	pass	pass	pass	pass

Opening lead: Queen of hearts.

Giving away two diamond tricks insured making the three no trump contract displayed in yesterday's lesson. Today, had declarer been as generous, he would have had his contract in the bag.

The opening lead was taken in the South hand with the ace. Declarer didn't waste too much time thinking, he felt confident that he had more than enough tricks to make six diamonds. So he immediately played four rounds of trumps and entered dummy with a club. After cashing the ace, king, queen of clubs (discarding a spade from his hand on the club queen), came the bad news.

It was now impossible to make the contract. For, with the four-two break in hearts as well as clubs, two heart losers are inevitable. It does declarer no good to trump the outstanding club without an entry to cash the thirteenth.

How would you have played this hand?

The bidding was admirable. South's two heart "reverse bid" showed his partner a minimum of 19 points with five diamonds and four hearts.

North, too, put in a good bid of five diamonds. This bid showed the likelihood of the king of diamonds and invites partner to bid six with second round control of the unbid suit, spades.

Key play in making six is to give away the first club trick after extracting trumps. You now have twelve top tricks: four clubs, five diamonds, two hearts and a spade.

Don't make the mistake of taking the club "safety play" until all the trumps are in. A club return by East will defeat the contract.

# 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.

Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ROLFE NEILL  
Managing Editor \_\_\_\_\_ LOUIS KRAAR  
Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ JIM SCHENCK  
Sports Editor \_\_\_\_\_ TOM PEACOCK  
News Ed. \_\_\_\_\_ Ken Sanford  
Feature Editor \_\_\_\_\_ Jennie Lynn  
Asst. Spis. Ed. \_\_\_\_\_ Vardy Buckalew  
Sub. Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_ Tom Witty  
Circ. Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_ Don Hogg  
Asst. Sub. Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_ Bill Venable

EDITORIAL STAFF—Bill O'Sullivan, Ron Levin, Harry Snook, John Beshara, James Duvall.

NEWS STAFF—Jennie Lynn, Daniel Vann, Fred Powledge, J. D. Wright, Jess Nettles, Joyce Adams, Janie Carey, Richard Creed.

SPORTS STAFF—John Hussey, Sherwood Smith, Jack Murphy.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Cornell Wright.

Night Editor for this issue: Rolfe Neill

# Passing Remark

Ron Levin

The gym was crowded and out of the mass of struggling students on the floor a figure emerged, looked around hesitantly for a minute then slowly but with a determined look approached a desk behind which sat a rather large, horn-rimmed face accompanied by a rather large body, all of this concealed by clouds and clouds of a nauseous gray smoke.

"All right, now who's next," said the large, horn-rimmed face. "Well sir, you see I'm a freshman and I'd like to..."

"Oh goody, a freshman. I've got a freshman." At this two other large gentlemen seated at adjoining desks turned to one another and one said:

"Darn that Jenkin's luck. That's the sixth freshman he's had today." They both went back to gnashing their teeth while quietly waiting for another victim.

"All right m'boy. Now what can I do for you? Come, come, speak up lad."

"Well sir, you see ever since I was a little boy I've always wanted to be a doctor and I thought since to be a d..."

"A doctor. Wonderful. Splendid idea. Why didn't I think of that. Oh yes, now you'll want to take some (chuckle) good courses that will help you in your work. Now..."

"Yes sir, you see I brought along a list of courses that I thought..."

"Oh you did, did you? Well, wasn't that thoughtful of you. Give me the list. I say boy, THE LIST. There's the good boy. Hmm zoology, psychology, botany, chemistry, physics, English, social science, and German. WHERE IN THE NAME OF GEORGE DID YOU GET THIS LIST?"

"Well sir, the catalog had a list of..."

"Catalog. Oh my poor boy. My poor, poor boy. Well, we can overlook that this time. In the future remember. Your adviser comes before the catalog. I never again want to hear that word mentioned in my presence. Now, I have in mind some splennndid courses for you. Doesn't that make you happy. WELL, DOESN'T IT?"

"(Gasp, moan, awk, fap), yes sir."

"Now at seven o'clock..."

"But sir, couldn't you..."

"At nine, Business Administration 71. After all a doctor must take his place in the world of commerce and business. At ten, folk dancing until twelve. From twelve until two Dam Building Lab and I know you'll love this."

"From two to four Physical Education and this semester we've got a brand new course! Eight handed backgammon played with a volley ball. Now let's see. Oh yes. Can't let the whole day go to waste. Got to keep you little devils out of mischief. From four to..."

"But sir, I've got to eat lun..."

Passersby in front of the gym were a little disturbed a few minutes later as a figure screaming in a rather high voice dashed out of the front doors, down the steps and into the street only to be run over by a graduate student on an English bicycle.

'Sometimes I Wonder What's In These Darn Things'



HERBLOCK ©1953 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

# Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Margaret Truman, if she ever runs for Congress from Independence, Mo., as reported, may turn out to be a smarter politician than her dad. In addition to a gorgeous sense of humor, she never fails to say the right thing at the right time.



Some time ago, Sen. Joe Guffey's sister came up to Margaret at a social gathering and dropped one of those dynamite loaded have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife questions.

"I'm so glad to see you," Margaret replied as if she was too young and innocent to understand the question. "You are looking so well today."

The other day when the Internal Revenue Bureau gave the ex-president a \$165,000 favorable tax ruling on his new book, someone brought in a copy of a paper with a headline reading: "Harry makes \$165,000 on taxes."

Margaret looked at it and laid it on the coffee table, face up. A friend beside her picked up the paper and turned it face down. But Margaret turned it face up again.

"Why do you do that?" asked the friend.

Replied Margaret: "There's nothing on the other side about the Trumans, is there?"

By the time this is published, President Eisenhower may already have appointed the successor to Chief Justice Fred Vinson. He has several fine men to pick from, among the finest being Governor Warren of California, probably the broadest-gauged executive in the 48 states and the District of Columbia.

Looking back on that period, I have always felt ashamed. I was a young reporter covering the State Department then and had no occasion to write about the Parker battle. But had I been covering the Senate I would probably throw as many verbal rocks as the other fellow, it was the popular thing to do.

Probably the crowds that yelled and threw stones on Calvary 2,000 years ago were not much different from the political crowd that threw speeches, editorials and verbal stones at Judge Parker in 1930.

In the end he was defeated. And like some others who have been pilloried, Judge Parker took his defeat in silence, went back to his Court of Appeals in Charlotte and proceeded to become one of the finest judges in the nation. All sorts of honors have been heaped upon him. The National Association of Colored People, which helped defeat him, has sung his praises. Many labor leaders have done likewise.

But Judge Parker has never achieved the distinction of sitting on the highest court of the land. I don't know that he still cherishes that ambition. He is a little older now—68—though vigorous and robust. But if President Eisenhower should appoint him, it would, in the opinion of a great many people, right one of the most grievous political wrongs of the last two decades.

There arose immediately a hue and cry of opposition. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People unearthed a decision by Parker which was interpreted as unfair to Negroes. Labor leaders unearthed a decision which they interpreted as upholding the yellow-dog contract. But more than

# Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE was cleaning and oiling a spectacularly long-barreled rifle in the lee of Morehead Planetarium. I hadn't known they made rifles that long?

"I don't know who 'they' are, but I am happy I am not accountable for what you do not know, Roger, me boy," The Horse murmured. He put his eye to the business end of the lethal weapon, and his eye disappeared from view. "This is an elephant gun."

Were there elephants hereabouts?

"Nope. Mainly jackasses." Was he going to shoot jackasses?

"Nope. Mice." Didn't The Horse think he was wasting a lot of power on something quite innocuous and small, using an elephant gun to shoot mice?

"It is stylish to hunt thusly," The Horse said. His disappeared eight-ball eye reappeared. "If it takes Holy Joe McCarthy, Jenner and practically the entire North Carolina press to run Milt Abernethy to the ground, I feel quite sporting in using an elephant gun on mice. But Holy Joe and Jenner have to make a show of earning their salaries; and anything that sells more newspapers is fair, isn't it?"

Was it? The Horse looked pinked, if I may use a word of that hue without bringing Uncle George a-whooping. He was so moved that he galloped a mile in 1:36 2/5, and as you know this is but a shade worse than his Withers Stakes record. He came back to resume cleaning the elephant gun.

"Roger, you old codger," he said sadly, "don't you know that what counts in Journalism is a big name, and a fat bank account? Who do you think you are—Dana, or Bowles, or Greeley? Wise up, ya bum, or you'll be a spearman in some Shakespearian road show."

I'd speak to my wife about it and see if she liked the idea. But what had this to do with McCarthy, Jenner, Abernethy and the elephant gun?

"It's all a matter of proportions," The Horse chattered. "Or even of nomenclature. There is a right and a wrong way of doing a thing. I'll never forget when I was top horse at a Prince of Wales fox hunt some years ago, and a rich Texas rancher was asked to join us. Really, it was mortifying. He rode me in the hunt, and I blushed so that for several years thereafter I was mistaken for a chestnut color. Actually..."

Couldn't the Texan ride? "Like a centaur," The Horse recalled happily. "Of course, he was atop me, too. But even so, he could ride. And all the English lords and ladies and titled visitors—it was a very posh affair, everything fair dinkum, spit and polish, and such—were amazed at his horsemanship. But it was his first drag, you see, so when the affair was over the Texan sought out Lord Jeeves-Psmit, who was Master of the Hunt, and asked him happily, 'How did I do, Jeevie?'"

"Lord Jeeves-Psmit, 'Ah splendid old chap! Capital doncherknow! Ripping! Oh, I say, raw-ther!'"

"But the Texan saw that sort of frosty blue that Englishmen get in their eyes when things haven't gone just right. Like thy had cataracts, or something? And he asked, 'You sure I did okay, Jeevie? You sure?'"

"And Lord Jeeves-Psmit pulled at his lantern jaw a minute and then said, 'Er, just one thing, old boy. When one spies the fox, as you did a score of times in the hunt, one shouts 'Tally-ho!' Not, 'There goes the little red son-of-a-bitch!'"

But I still didn't see—

"Someone," The Horse growled, as he loaded the elephant gun and started searching the bushes for field mice, "should teach Holy Joe and the North Carolina editors the word, 'Tally-ho.' That's the way I see it."

Sometimes I wonder just how myopic The Horse is.

# Our Poetical Senate

Congressional Record Excerpt

MR. CHAVEZ: Mr. President... a poem entitled "Give 'em, or Ode to the Republican Administration, written by C. R. Dowler... sets out, I think, with poetical justice, some criticisms of the give-away program of the Eisenhower administration in respect to the people's rights and the people's property.

Give 'em the rivers, give 'em the lakes, give 'em the power the river makes.  
Give 'em the forests, give 'em the parks, for their own private use when going on larks.  
Give 'em the steel mills, one by one, and as for rubber, it's good as done.  
Give 'em the oil that's under the sea; they want it now, as soon as can be.  
Give 'em the post office, give 'em the stamps, give 'em the postmen, who walk on their vamps.  
Give 'em the A-bomb, give 'em the H; they've had only bread, now they're ready for cake.  
So Congress will frost it, and cut it in eight; they all will be waiting, not one will be late.

# Footnote

During the pre-school Freshman Camp a bunch of the boys were whooping it up conversationally. Coed Susan Fink, the only coed at the camp, dropped by and when asked what she was doing replied: "You don't think I'm here to lead one of these cabin discussions do you?" "Heck no," one frosh volunteered, "you're the subject of all these discussions."

