

# Shafted: A Sequel

We are afraid that President Bob Gorham and fraternity membership generally are forgetting the basic point in the student-Administration tangle about coed drinking:

Drinking is not the inalienable right of students in this University, man or woman. Drinking for men exists only at the sufferance of the Administration which tolerates it in the face of a specific Trustee directive to "discipline or dismiss any student known to engage in drinking intoxicating liquors."

The Daily Tar Heel believes that if this idea of "drink by birthright" continues, the long-sought "equality" is going to be upon us. But this "equality" is going to be equality from an Administration point of view, i.e., no drinking for coeds or imports.

We, too, think fraternities should be accorded a reasonable license and allowed to serve drinks in front of coeds. But we think it would be absurd for them to press home for the kill at this hour. If forced, the Administration cannot do anything but back up its policy announced this week, that it does not condone drinking.

The University cannot say anything other than it "does not condone drinking." But there are those officials, who while they don't sanction drinking, recognize that it is going to exist and that the present arrangements concerning coeds need to be bettered. These men need a breather.

South Building promised fraternities a sane plan for coed drinking. It would be foolish and unpardonable for fraternities to squander the advantage gained when South Building violated that promise.

# Bridge By Beshara

John Beshara

South deals. East-West vulnerable.

NORTH

S Q J 9 6  
H 9 6 5  
D A 10 8 2  
C Q 6

EAST

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

SOUTH

S A K 8 7 5  
H 4  
D K 9 4 3  
C K 9 4

The bidding:

SOUTH WEST NORTH EAST  
1 spade 2 hearts 2 spades 3 hearts  
3 spades 4 hearts 4 spades pass  
pass pass

Opening lead: King of hearts.

Bridge is not just a game, it is an experience. Rules, regulations and systems cannot be learned out of books alone, they must be applied, tested and made a part of your "bridge thinking." Every new device you learn in bidding and playing adds spice to the game and thereby makes you a seasoned and better player.

Yesterday's column explained a device called the "in play." Today's hand is a good example of its counter-part known as the "strip in-play."

Immediately upon seeing the dummy, declarer knew that he had to lose one heart and one club. Consequently, in order to make the sound four spade contract, he must restrict his diamond losses to one trick. And this he insured by setting up the strip.

West would have liked to sacrifice at five hearts, but was a mite afraid to step in vulnerable. A wise decision.

With the opening lead of the king of hearts, West's hopes of setting the contract dimmed when he saw the ace of diamonds in the dummy. Therefore, he continued with the ace of hearts which was trumped by South.

After two rounds of trumps ending in the dummy, declarer then played the club queen. East was forced to come up with the ace and then with another club. This was taken by declarer with the king who confidently trumped his remaining club in the dummy and the dummy's remaining heart in his hand.

Now the stage is set: the dummy is stripped of clubs and hearts. The king of diamonds is played, followed by a little diamond and East is thrown in with the jack. East is hooked. If he plays a heart or club, declarer throws away his losing diamond and trumps in the dummy (a "sluff and a ruff"); if he plays a diamond, he finishes his own queen.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# NONPLUS

Harry Snook

(Second in a Series)

"I decline to answer on ground that it might tend to incriminate me." What is gained by the person who uses this privilege of self-incrimination when asked by a Senate subcommittee if he ever was a member of the Communist Party?

If he never was a Communist, a simple no would suffice. But when the witness just plain refuses to reply, what could he be saying other than "yes, but I'm not going to tell you about it?" An article by E. Gressman in New Republic (June 9, 1952) suggests several possibilities regarding this use of the Fifth Amendment.

Suppose a man had joined the Communist Party back in the 30's, along with a couple of his college pals, as a big lark, then got fed up or bored stiff with the Red line and quit. Suppose he's now older and wiser, a respectable citizen with a good job and a happy family. And he's called to testify regarding his connection with Communism.

Shall he admit he was a Communist? The problem seems easy for me, but then I never was a Communist. What about this fellow who is very aware of how much is at stake?

I'd hate to be in his fix. If he admits the truth, he'll face the real possibility of getting great publicity over his one-time Party affiliation and little news space devoted to his perfectly reasonable explanation. There'll be some of his neighbors and friends who won't understand the difference between once having been and now being a Red. And some of those who recognize the difference still will be suspicious, especially if the fellow is known as a liberal.

But if the poor joe refuses to answer, he's still suspected, and more strongly. Either way, his family's livelihood and happiness may be ruined.

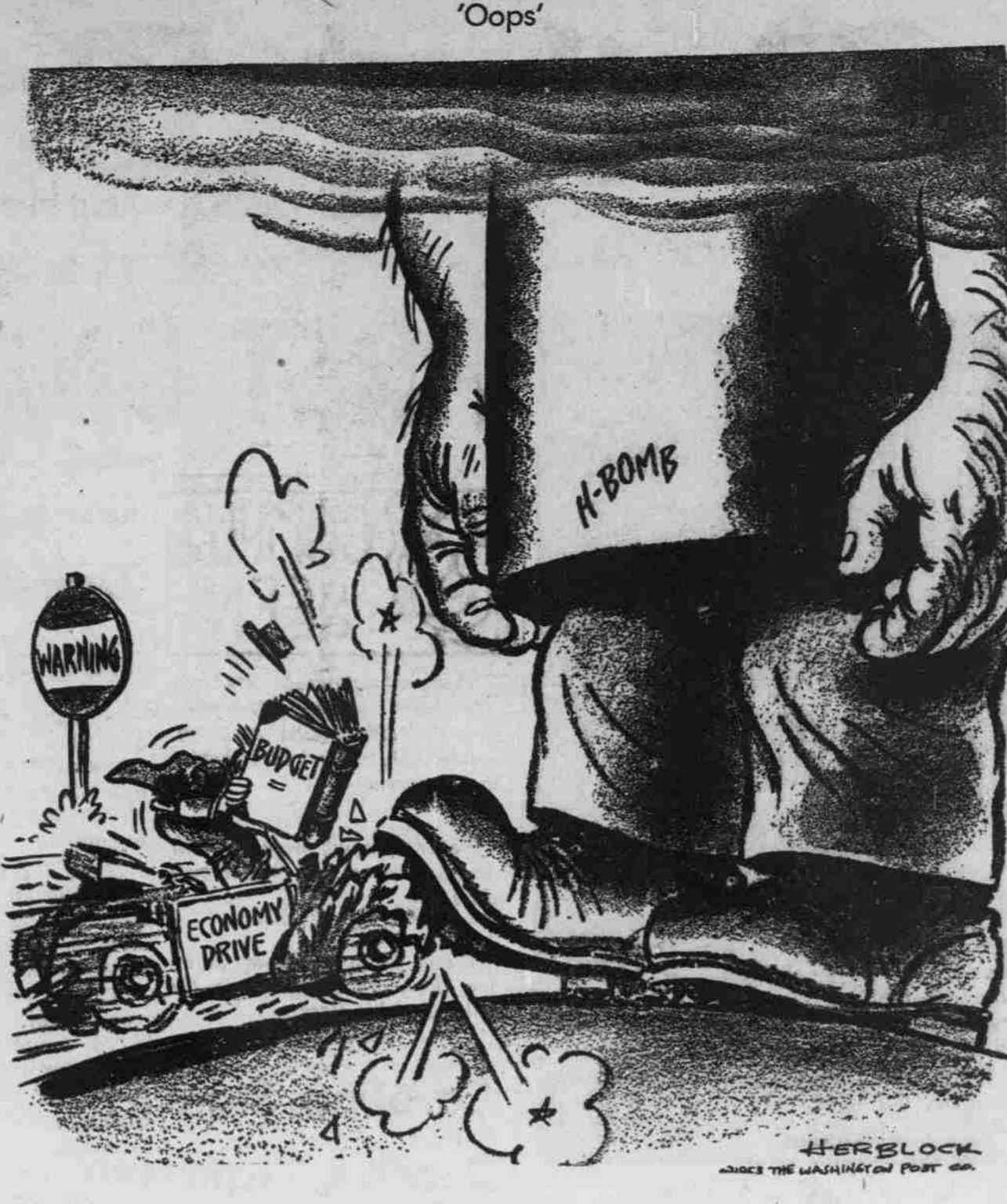
The man who erred momentarily in judgment (but not necessarily in loyalty to his country) years ago does gain at least two things by his refusal to answer.

He is spared a detailed revelation of his past, including items without relevance to possible Communist activity. (Once a person waives his privilege, he's lost it for good.) And he's spared the ignominy of revealing names of people who would be hurt by the publicity without the least benefit to the nation in terms of exposing fifth columnists.

Another factor to consider is the nature of the one-time Reds who seek to exonerate themselves by providing names of others who were Party members. Human beings just naturally go overboard when it comes to proving their righteousness, and the most intrepid person might go too far in showing repentance under pressure of a few relentless committee sessions. It could happen that some people are named with little basis for suspicion and no basis in fact.

The Dr. Williams who used to teach here but who now is at Michigan State probably is in for a tough time. Even though he's frankly admitted he once was a Communist, and even though he has cooperated fully with the authorities, his name has been publicized. The stigma could follow him for years.

(To be concluded tomorrow)



# Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

There's been a lot of speculation as to what General Eisenhower meant by the use of that ominous word "tax" when in Boston he said that "no sacrifice, no labor, no tax, no service" was too hard for us to bear in defense of our freedom.

Light may be thrown on this statement when you know that a week or ten days ago Ike gave the green light to his fiscal aides to prepare a far-reaching national sales tax.

The details have been carefully guarded, and may be subject to change, but the present plan is to propose to Congress an unprecedented "Federal Manufacturers' excise tax." Treasury experts concluded some weeks ago that such a tax was necessary but were hesitant about putting it forward in the face of certain hostility on Capitol Hill. However, Treasury aides figure that if the new tax doesn't have to be collected by the retailer every time he makes a sale, it won't be quite so unpopular with the public.

The Treasury has taken as its model the Canadian sales tax which exempts food and a few other essentials, but hits almost all other consumer products. It will be collected from the manufacturer, not the retailer.

Ike was told there would be terrific resentment from some groups in Congress at the proposal of a national sales tax, but despite this, he indicated he was ready to take the political consequences. He has great confi-

dence in Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, feels that anything he proposes must be sound.

The above tax discussion took place before Congressman Dan Reed of New York sounded off against a national sales tax. Nevertheless, White House insiders say the President hasn't changed his mind. Hence the Boston speech build-up.

NOTE — On April 16 this column published a secret report prepared by Carl Byoir, the high-powered publicity mogul, for Assistant Secretary of Commerce Craig Sheaffer, the fountain-pen man now resigned, proposing a concealed propaganda campaign to put across a national sales tax. It proposed using unsuspecting civic organizations, TV programs, trade associations, etc., to educate public opinion and build up the right atmosphere for a sales tax.

When Herbert Brownell first took office he let it be known he would select the highest type lawyer possible for the office of Solicitor General. He even sought the advice of the late Chief Justice, Fred Vinson, to help pick such a man. Eight months have now passed, and Brownell still hasn't been able to pick a Solicitor General . . . Adlai Stevenson was about to be hauled off to another Chicago cocktail party by Congressman Harold Cooley of North Carolina last week, when Margaret Truman grabbed his arm and kept him at the one where he was guest of honor . . .

Remarked Bill Kittrell of Texas at the Chicago Democratic dinner: "When you see Chip Roberts, Ed Pauley and Dick Reynolds, three ex-treasurers of the Democratic Party, turn out in full

force, then you can be sure things are picking up for the Democrats . . ."

Bob Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago, is being groomed by John B. Elliott to run for the Senate from California . . . Sen. Theodore Francis Green, one of the few millionaires in the U. S. Senate, devotes part of his time to helping refugees and the foreign-born . . . Archie Underwood of Lubbock, Texas, director of the Denver and Fort Worth Railroad, was one Texan who remained loyal to Stevenson-Truman last year. The other day at Chicago he found himself with the best table at the Democratic dinner—right under Truman's nose.

After the State Department proposed that the Korean peace conference be held in San Francisco, Manila or Geneva, someone suddenly woke up to a horrible thought. As a result, the State Department has been quietly needing our British and French friends to get the Korean conference held in almost anyplace except San Francisco or Manila. Geneva, Switzerland, is still okay.

What the State Department woke up to was the large numbers of Chinese in both San Francisco and Manila and that this might cause two complications:

1. Chinese Communist delegates at the peace conference might be in danger of assassination from Nationalist Chinese.

2. Non-nationalist Chinese in San Francisco's Chinatown or in Manila might be swayed by Communist Chinese propaganda and stage demonstrations.

So the State Department now wishes it had proposed Geneva only as the meeting place for the Korean peace conference.

# Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE, for a change, was reading his textbooks instead of osmosing them. I thought this commendable.

"Go to Duke," he retorted rudely.

Was this because the Library suggested decorum?

"My mistake," The Horse sighed, "was in stacking the books when I osmosed them. It was slightly ghastrly when Sociology 62 osmosed through my Latin text and I had to translate it back into English before I understood it. A bit of Poly Science 51 got scrambled into it, too, and I ended up with a case history of a woman wondering should she marry the City Council or the House of Representatives, in the Roman Forum."

Tough.

"Yeah," The Horse nodded. "And then this Rita Hayworth business backfired. You know, the deal where she is making Dick Haymes The Barefoot Boy of Hollywood."

It backfired?

"Uh huh. The coo-eds took it that I was plumping for them to support the lads, when they got married."

He hadn't meant that, then?

"Naw. What got me was, Rita lets herself get pictured while she tells Dickie Boy, 'I'm treating you to a glass of water with two straws. It looked downright humiliating.'"

Well, Rita had agreed not to touch any of Dick Haymes' money, also.

"Heh, heh," The Horse horse-laughed. "Any time a Hollywood dame writes an agreement like that, you can bet she is morally certain not only that you doesn't have a dime, but his chances of getting one are about as scarce as poor men in Ike's cabinet."

Oh, then The Horse did feel that way?

"The way I see it," said The Horse who is not noted for seeing accurately, "this play of Rita's may be to kid Aly. Rita hollers for millions, and then she coos, 'I'm going to make Dickie Boy Haymes Mr. Rita Hayworth.' Okay. So what does Aly say? He maybe says 'Vaaaaaaah! I should geev dat schnook from a crooner mine moola?' By de beard of de Prophet, dere ain't no profit in dis. Allah akbar!"

I was sure Aly Khan didn't talk like that.

"Well, I betcha it translates the same," The Horse shrugged. "Though I don't see why it should work him into a lather with all the money he makes supplying the Camel factory."

Camel factory? That wasn't where Aly got his money. Every year Aly's father weighed in and was paid his weight in diamonds one year, in platinum another year, and things like that.

"Yeah?" The Horse asked, his eight-ball eyes round with wonder. "I thought they owned Camel's camels. But you know what I think the basic trouble with these Hollywooders is? They get so used to playing they are in love they confuse their wives and husbands with bit players."

The way Rita was setting Dickie Boy up, I thought she must have him down as a two-bit player.

"Quit grabbing my lines," The Horse snapped. "But for a time, it had me down. The coo-eds were miffed. However, the way I see it, I can work it out all to the good."

How was that?

"Well, so they think Rita did right, so when I take them out I say, 'Baby, I do not want to touch your riches, so leave us sign an agreement you pay your way and I pay mine.'"

Let us sign an agreement.

"Who, you?" The Horse snarked. "And me? I don't want to date you, Roger."

No, no, no. I was only politely—

"With pleasure, old chap!" The Horse beamed.

"Make mine the first prize my father won at the Madison Square Garden horse show."

What was that?

"Pap's Blue Ribbon, me lad," The Horse said. "I see I have studied long enough."

Sometimes I think The Horse sees better than I do.

# CROSSING

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer

The well-known atomic scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer was in Brazil recently. During a press reception there, the representative of "Correio da Manha" asked him—for a poem. Non-plussed, Oppenheimer said, "Really, this kind of thing hasn't happened to me at any press reception in all the world so far." Yet he sat down at a table, lit a pipe, and jotted down the following lines:

It was evening when we came to the river  
With a low moon over the desert  
That one had lost in the mountains  
Forgotten.

Wet with the cold and the sweating  
And the ridges barring the sky.  
And afterwards, remember,  
We had the hot winds  
Against us.

There were two palms by the landing  
And the vines by the hut were in flower.  
Far off, a dog barked.  
Then we heard the oars creaking and later  
The boatman called to us.

We did not look back at the mountains.

