

Provincialism has moved in — and with what a vengeance — on the University of Maryland.

Dean of Men George Eppley, in a new quest for conformity on our contemporary, has had destroyed several hundred copies of Maryland's student newspaper, the Diamondback.

As The Daily Tar Heel understands it, the battle at Maryland began when the Diamondback and its editor, Miss Elin Lake, planned to publish a picture showing an empty seat at a student council meeting, and a story about the dean of women's being connected with a traffic violation.

But Mr. Eppley and his dean of women stamped out the revelations.

We do not believe censorship in any form is permissible or advisable. For that matter, neither did those gentlemen who wrote "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of the press."

We hope Miss Lake keeps her quill sharp and her objectives true. And may the offended Mr. Eppley and the dean of women show a greater understanding of the public's right to know.

Moving Finger

Charlie Sharpless

"The moving finger writes. . ."

Veterans from every war in our nation's history have received bonuses of some sort or another. Some have received their bonuses in the form of land grants or grants of money, others have received bonuses in the form of free education or tax exemptions.

All these benefits and bonuses were well deserved and hard earned, for a nation can not do too much for her sons who have given their all. But what good are all these myriad benefits to those who were killed or maimed beyond recognition by war?

Today all the young men in America in high schools and colleges are, in a sense, veterans. They are the men who will fight in the wars yet to come. They are the men who will either be killed or crippled for life in the great battles of the future.

... And having writ, moves on."

The Daily Tar Heel

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Ike & Labor

Pebbley E. Barrow

The new administration, having developed labor pains after nine months in office, and nine months in office, seems destined for an even stormier and more troubled scene ahead.

Ironically enough, the administration has just been forced into invoking the very law they were considering for amendment. It should be remembered that this law (Taft-Hartley) was born out of chaos and injustice just as the labor movement itself developed out of the inequities of the industrial revolution.

With the defeat of the so-called liberal forces of "little caesar" Dewey within the Republican ranks on this issue, it was fairly clear to most that Ike had acquiesced to the Taft forces whose tacit agreement to ascertain revisions seems evident. Taft himself wanted it amended, but his death provided the administration with a convenient excuse for postponement and delay during which the planned amendments were "leaked" to the "Wall Street Journal" where the subsequent, and expected hue and cry of a sellout to labor was raised and strong opposition assured.

As to the question of whether or not to amend it, it is thought he Durkin actually had such assurance, it seems a moot point. I personally feel both men acted in good faith with their own conscience and that an extremely unfortunate misunderstanding by both parties concerned arose. Whether Durkin's group or committee was "informal" (as Ike claims) there is certainly nothing informal about the office of Secretary of Labor and Durkin's appointment to it.

The ulterior motives which persuaded Mr. Eisenhower to appoint Mr. Durkin have not paid off as they were expected to. The administration ought now to realize that making unprincipled concessions to the A. F. of L. or C. I. O. leaders as a shortcut to winning the political support of the trade union membership is neither good politics nor good public policy.

By the time you get this letter your daddy will be so busy that he won't see much of you for a while. Because he's running for Congress.

I expect you won't realize for some time exactly what that means. But it means he's taking on one of the most thankless but necessary jobs in the country; that he'll be in for all sorts of headaches and heartaches; that



Blitzen, the cow you named for Santa Claus' reindeer — though she can't move quite that fast — has finally had her calf.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

Drew Pearson's letters to members of his family have sometimes attracted almost more interest than his biggest news scoops. Today he writes one to his grandson who lives in Los Angeles.—Ed.)

Washington, D. C.

Dear Drew:

It's lonesome at the farm since you went away. Grandpa looks over at your rumbled bed and feels sad in the morning, even though I did scold you when you woke me up so early. Your dump-truck is still under my bed waiting for next summer, and your swimming shorts, with the hole that we always forgot to darn, are still on the line waiting for you to come back and keep me young again.

Blitzen, the cow you named for Santa Claus' reindeer — though she can't move quite that fast — has finally had her calf. She was sorry you couldn't wait to see it. And the pigeons that we tried to scare away on those misty summer mornings are still eating grandpa's aiara seedlings. So there will be plenty to do when you come back.

By the time you get this letter your daddy will be so busy that he won't see much of you for a while. Because he's running for Congress.

I expect you won't realize for some time exactly what that means. But it means he's taking on one of the most thankless but necessary jobs in the country; that he'll be in for all sorts of headaches and heartaches; that

he'll be called all sorts of names; that other boys may tease you about him in school; and that his political opponents will try to bring me into the campaign and make it appear that I'm the candidate, not your daddy.

Despite that, I'm proud that he's running for Congress. He'll have to remember, and your mommie will have to remember and you'll have to learn later that anyone who goes in for public service gets an awful lot of names called them and they make a lot of enemies.

But you can't falter because of enemies. And you'll find as you grow older that a man is known just as much by the enemies he makes as by his friends.

Your grandpa has made plenty of enemies; because you can't write the truth as a newspaperman without making them. I've regretted some of the enemies, but I'm not ashamed of them. Some of them, who later went to jail, I've been proud of. Some people I've hated to antagonize because I respected them even when I disagreed with them. But the right kind of people in public office, like Senator Taft, believe in the American right to disagree, and they don't become enemies.

However, I hope that some of the politicians I have tagged in Los Angeles won't take it out on your father, just because of me. And if they reprint the things Westbrook Pegler has said about your grandpa in order to hurt your father, just remember that what isn't true doesn't really hurt anyone. And the truth is bound to come out sooner or later, though sometimes not soon enough in a political campaign.

Anyway, whether he wins or loses, I'm glad he's running for

Congress. Because a lot of people today sit back and gripe about their government, yet don't do anything to help their government. A lot of them don't even go out and vote. They complain about Congress and some of the mossbacks in Congress, but they don't run for Congress or do anything about electing young and vigorous Congressmen.

One trouble with our country is that during a war everyone pitches in to help his country; then, after a war, everyone sits back and criticizes.

In some ways running for Congress is like a war. Your daddy didn't hang around waiting for an officer's commission in the last war, though his father probably could have got one for him. He went into the Marines as a buck private. And now he's landing on the beachhead of American politics the tough and difficult way, just as his outfit landed at Guam and Iwo Jima.

And if more young veterans ran for Congress in the same way, the Country would be a lot better off.

A man who's already been elected to Congress and who was considered for Secretary of Labor, Sam McConnell of Pennsylvania, once told me how he happened to run for Congress. He said he was a student in Philadelphia when your great-granddaddy Pearson, who was my father, came to speak at his school. Your great-granddaddy was a professor at Swarthmore College, and Congressman McConnell said he gave such a stirring speech on service to our country that Sam McConnell decided when he grew up to run for Congress.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE was in the barber-shop getting his hooves shellecked and having his mane trimmed, and the wild gleam in his eye told me something was a-foot.

"A-hoof," he corrected me. "Man, I'm going to be in shape for Monday night at Fetzer Field!"

"I dunno whether they are giving or you got to pay your way," he shrugged. "But 'The Road to Orange' is going to play a two-night stand there."

The Road to Orange? What was that?

"An outdoor pageant, complete with three stages, lights, sound, cast of one hundred and fifty, and — guess what?" His eyes clicked like billiard balls. "Sixteen horses. Hi-yi!"

The manicurist shellacked her own foot and the barber nicked The Horse's left ear. When order had been restored, I waited for the explanation of the joyous effusions.

"Lissen, there ain't been that many horses congregated in one place since Custer's Last Stand," The Horse nickered. "I just hope they have a few liking fillies among the gathering."

Didn't he mean likely fillies? "Likely," The Horse shrugged, "is too vague a term for me. I hope they do not have a white horse, howsoever."

Didn't he like white horses?

"Well I'll never forget the riot they had in Dallas not long ago," The Horse revealed. "A sort of historical parade, it was, with all sorts of stuff. One act was Lady Godiva, in the guaranteed-self-same garb the original Lady Godiva wore on her famous ride in Coventry, or wherever. I despise details."

I had heard there were few details to Lady Godiva's garb that day. There she was, and there her horse was, and both dressed identically.

"Yeah, that's the tale," The Horse grinned. "But about this Dallas deal — boy, they rioted in the streets!"

Really?

Yeah," The Horse confirmed. "You see, nobody there had seen a white horse in ten years. So I hope they don't have any riots at 'The Road to Orange'. Too, I am interested in moot question."

And that was?

"How Green Is My Ehle?" The Horse nickered.

How Green Is My Valley, I corrected him.

"The Green I mean is Paul, and the Ehle I mean is John," The Horse said. "I wonder if we have another Paul Green coming along in John Ehle, the author of this Colonial horse-opera, so to speak. You know, Paul Green, the author of the first of the outdoor dramas, is a stickler for details."

How did this concern Ehle, or The Horse?

"Umm, I wonder would he notice, this Ehle character, if there were seventeen horses in the cast instead of just sixteen? Let's say I spotted a cute filly among the sixteen, now. Catch?"

Well, as a matter of fact, I'd heard there was one, but she was black and of course would have to be segregated.

"If there are no white horses, how do you segregate?" The Horse sneered. "And if there are white horses, there may be another riot. We'll see. Monday night at Fetzer Field. . ."

Ain't Necessarily So

John Beshara

An ad in last week's Daily Tar Heel gave three reasons why college students, particularly male, should know how to type. The first two are inconsequential, but the third, that's our meat. Here it is: In case you're drafted.

Unthinkable sums of money are spent by the armed services emphasizing the necessity for proper personnel placement. They make tape recordings, present skits, show movies, issue publications, all for the purpose of dramatizing how money can be saved by putting personnel on jobs in which they already have training.

Those uniform-wearing men who are civilians at heart push for the lush job of a clerk-typist. It means rescue from the infantry. It means a good chance of staying state-side and in the event of shipment overseas, they will probably be billeted in the comfortable rear-division areas many miles from the front. The only hardship they face is memorizing their typewriter number in case it is stolen. It's a good deal.

But take it from experience, it doesn't work out like that. An Army buddy spent weeks writing a skit about a boy who had a degree in accounting. The accountant was working in the Army as a truck driver instead of being in finance. Naturally, the climax of the skit is reached when the personnel officer discovers the error of some blunderhead in assigning the lad and finally puts him where he belongs, in finance.

The friend who wrote the skit did so from personnel experience. He had a degree in accounting from Columbia University, and what was he doing? Not using the training he paid for as a civilian, that's for sure.

The thing men-fearing-the-draft should do is get some training as a dentist, chances are they will be assigned as a typist.

