

Sunday Letter

Open letter to library noise-makers: Webster's Unabridged informs us that the word LIBRARY comes from the latin, liber, which means book. This implies, at least, that one reads there. We think it significant that the place isn't called a GARRARY, from Latin, garrire, which means to chatter or talk.

Take Care, Little Coed

The big rush is almost on. Tuesday, six sororities start picking over this Fall's crop of coeds in their annual job of comparing personalities and talents, bankrolls and blood lines.

At the risk of being accused of playing first violin, we'd like to observe that rushing is a market-place affair, with possessions, both physical and mental, on the block. Some rushees will find it nasty business, with their only bid one of "good night." Of these, a few will understand; for most, however, there will be only the bitter pain of rejection.

Naturally, those accepted will be pleased, having satisfied whatever motives they had for wanting to join.

The Daily Tar Heel believes in sorority membership for those who desire it. But we are happy that in our University, membership among the Greeks is not necessary for a pleasant or productive stay here. It is a matter of individual taste, to be tempered with an ability to adjust.

Is it not: Good to live in small groups? Seek a sorority since it offers a better activity organization than my dormitory? Have a superior social schedule? Develop close friends?

Is it not: Bad to choose friends during the sham of rushing? Have stimulated friendships? Withdraw into a selected group of girls? Have my allegiance required rather than freely given?

The coed who is not sure of these questions will find help in a forum to be held Monday night. The forum will feature four University professors, including women, and will handle both sides of the should-I-join question.

And on Tuesday night? Take care, little coed.

Unheralded, Unhonored

With not much more blariness than usual, we went to school yesterday for our first Saturday class.

Considering the fanfare which brought us into the atomic era, the big splash in which TIME labeled our generation, we were somewhat disappointed yesterday that nary horn blew nor roman candle lit.

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.

Blue Moon

John Taylor

Once a film has been refused acceptance by the Hollywood censors, coupled with the fact that it has put Cardinal Spellman in quite a huff, it is assured of smash business at the box office.

Such was the case with "The Outlaw," and such is the case with its unwitting successor "The Moon Is Blue," which begins a regular run at the Varsity today.

The fact that the former should have the latter as its "company in sin" is startling to say the least. For "The Outlaw" was, unabashedly, unadulterated sex, while "The Moon Is Blue" is a harmless bit of nothing in which virtue, without too many obstacles in its way, emerges triumphant. What raised the eyebrows of a great many sanctimonious punjabs is the dialog — which, incidentally, is constantly entertaining — in which words never before even whispered in front of a Hollywood camera appear with amazing alacrity.

Most of these "naughty words" are spoken by William Holden, David Niven, and Maggie MacNamara, who appear respectively as an architect, a rake, and a virgin. Essentially the film, almost literally adapted from the stage hit of the same name, is a boy-gets-girl romantic comedy, with the only really original twist being that they meet and are later reconciled on top of the Empire State Building, which apparently is as good a place as any.

The boy takes the girl to his apartment, but only after she has made him solemnly promise that the evening will consist of "affection, but no passion." Their platonic idyll is interrupted by the rake from upstairs who has come downstairs for complicated and confused reasons. One thing leads to another, but after the usual series of complications, including a genuine proposal of marriage by the rake and a black eye, mistakenly given the architect by the virgin's Irish cop father, the boy and girl are reunited and are looking forward to a marriage which will include blissful happiness, six children, and an annual trip to the Empire State Building.

Although it might not be such a good idea to take the kindergarten contingent to "The Moon Is Blue," it should by now be obvious that while each of the characters constantly has the bedroom on his mind, the bed sheets are never even rumpled, and the rest of the family will find it great good fun and in amazingly good taste.

Holden injects a lot of humor into what has always been considered a "straight" part, and Miss MacNamara, wide-eyed and innocent while discussing her virginity in the same tone that one would use while ordering fish, is a beguiling partner for him. David Niven is disappointing in that he never really seems like a rake, but, nevertheless, has his moments of fun. As his daughter, a part that was not in the play, Dawn Addams appears to advantage in a bathtub.

Those who expected "The Moon Is Blue" to be a sequel to "The Outlaw" will be disappointed, but those who simply want to see an amusing, slightly off-beat comedy will find it their dish.



The Horse Gets Kicked

Editor:

Roger Will Coe, and his equine mouthpiece, The Horse managed to slip one over on the student body in Tuesday's edition. Clever, witty, and amusing, The Eye of the Horse usually enlightens the editorial page. However, his efforts on behalf of the Abernethy's evoked no sympathetic response from this reader. My conclusion is that either Roger can be guilty of appalling ignorance or inability to read, or, worse yet, he is deliberately trying to smoke-screen the issue.

The facts are simple. Paul Crouch, a district organizer for the Communist party in North and South Carolina from 1934-37, charged that the Abernethy's although not card-carrying members were subject to and accepted C. P. discipline during this period. Furthermore, stated Crouch, they:

- (1) Assisted in the circulation of left-wing books as recommended by the party.
(2) Supplied names of good prospects for the party.
(3) Furnished their bookstore for the installation and operation of a press owned by the party for underground purposes.
These allegations by Crouch resulted in the Senate committee's subpoena.
I do not intend to rehash the testimony given by the Abernethy's as it was reprinted in the Durham Morning Herald on the 21st of September. However, the "persecuted" Abernethy's were reluctant witnesses, to say the least. Mrs. Abernethy invoked the self-incrimination clause some 47 times. Some of the answers she refused to answer were "... did you have any printing presses in the establishment?"; "... do you know him?" (Crouch

...; "to what organizations have you and your husband made contributions to in the last few years ...?"

Are these questions sinister, Roger? Do they smack of persecution? Certainly they are innocuous enough if directed to a person who wishes to cooperate, and one with nothing to hide.

The same applies to the questioning of Mr. Abernethy. He outdid his wife in that he refused to answer approximately 70 questions on the basis of self-incrimination. Then fantastically enough, Mr. Abernethy states "We invoked the fifth amendment generously, while innocent of any wrong-doing." If innocent, why the reluctance Roger?

Now back to the clouded Eye of the Horse and the equally clouded mind of its creator. The column implies undue harassment on the Abernethy's by its mention of using "an elephant gun on mice." It also takes the eye popular swipe at "Holy Joe McCarthy" and Senator Jenner, apparently ignoring the fact this entire interrogation was conducted by Senators Eastland, Welker, and Willis Smith of North Carolina.

Tell me, Roger, does the conduct of the Abernethy's while under questioning seem to you to be above suspicion? Are we to feel sorry for them? Have they made a clean breast in order to assist the investigation? Must we reserve judgment after reading such evasive, elusive, and insincere testimony?

This may not seem pertinent to the average student. But it might pay to remember that the Communists and their playmates cost us over 130,000 casualties in Korea, and it would be judicious to regard them with more than

a healthy suspicion.

I submit that the average reader will find after a reading of the testimony in the Abernethy questioning, that the actions of these so-called "persecuted people" were and still are more than highly suspicious.

If Roger Will Coe is going to utilize The Daily Tar Heel as a vehicle for obscuring issues and slipping across such deft little inaccuracies at Tuesday's effort, I feel that the student body is entitled to some sort of rebuttal.

Bob O'Connell

Editor:

On the front page of the Sept. 22, issue of The Daily Tar Heel there was an article concerning the administrative suggestion of this past summer that undergraduates not bring automobiles to the Carolina campus.

It was the hope of the Dean of Students that the students thus immobilized would make further use of the unusual resources for entertainment in Chapel Hill. Though the letter stated that the University "does not prescribe how students should employ their leisure time," I feel that it would be wise for the administration to suggest as well as make the student body aware of the advantages existing on and about the campus.

The figures are not out yet, but a guess is that there are more cars on campus this year than in previous years. This I believe suggests that others are unaware of the opportunities awaiting them here at Carolina and they are seeking entertainment elsewhere.

Joe Raff

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE drummed his hooves like Krupa taking a workout on the Hawaiian War Chant. I held my breath, because this always portended something fraught with significance.



"Ho hum," The Horse yawned. "Was this all?"

"The average Upper Middle Class Family," The Horse pronounced, "is a temple of boredom. The average Middle Class Family is the nonsense they burn at that temple's altar."

Just what was this about? And did he not mean incense, not nonsense? "Could be," The Horse shrugged. "I never discomobulate myself over prepositions; only propositions. Are you sympatico?"

I didn't understand him? "Most times I don't understand myself," The Horse nickered. "But here is what incinerates me: a guy marries a nice little cuddle-bunny of a coed, and what does he do?"

Goes on a honeymoon? "Sometimes," The Horse agreed. "But I once knew a Scotsman who went solo to Niagara Falls because his bride had seen some pictures of the place. Here is what panics me, though: a guy weds with a filly because she is fragile, tender, and in need of what he calls protection. So what does he do?"

Well, he looked after her. "Heh, heh," The Horse heh-hehed. "The soft little hands that should be coated with gold are now coated with grease from dishes. The feet that should be shod with mother-of-pearl are flattened carting glamor-boy's chillun around. The eyes that reflected the stars now reflect over the bills. But Glamor-Boy is downtown every day, eating lunches that would break a camel's back, ogling the stenos, and doubletalking his bosses until they wished they had as many ears as a Steele Book Shop re-sale."

What was The Horse getting at? "Well, why doesn't the lug perpetuate the babe in the same circumstances in which he met her and in which they wooed and rued?"

Rued? "Pardon, two-ed. And all this is a hangover of Victorianism, which is Upper-Middle Classism, or Middle-Classism. Listen, to put it in words of one-syllable, neo-matrimony is the goal, and not that dumb fuddy-duddy system yez was raised on."

Yez? "Pardon, my Yankee slip is showing," The Horse pardoned himself. "What I mean is this: if you run into a cuddly-bunny you like, keep her that way, don't try to turn her into a dishwasher in a Greek kaphestiatorion."

Didn't The Horse recognize economics? "You bet," The Horse sneered. "A mile off. But just think about this a bit: what you marry a gal for, keep her for. What they ought to do, they ought to pay dividends on marriage. This is a country of co-called free-enterprise, isn't it? You invest in a company, the stock goes up, who should benefit?"

Why, the original investor. "Okus dokus, and roger dodger," The Horse agreed. "Now, lets take Rita Hayworth as a case in point, as my pal Cactus Bill Adams, of Botany, would say."

I thought Cactus Bill was sort of coppering his case with gold. "So, Rita has been married four times, more or less," The Horse said. "In other words, Marguerita Cansion — Redhead, to you — in fact a stock company with three previous shareholders. So why shouldn't they get cut out of Aly's alimony?"

Who did he mean? "Horse & Wagon." As of D. D. would say, Whay-y-y-y da minnit! Did he mean, Orson Welles? "I don't see so good," The Horse muttered. "I keep putting the Orson before the Welles. You will excuse me?"

He should see the City Optical Company. . .

Washington Go-Round

Drew Pearson

Last week's New York victory of Bob Wagner Jr., son of the man who wrote the Wagner Labor Act, the Old Age Pension Act and the Railway Pension Act, has brought some hurried, worried consultations among top advisers in the Republican high command.

For what the Wagner victory amounts to is the biggest resurgence of the New Deal since last November's elections. It also is taken as confirmation of what the original Eisenhower Republicans have been telling the White House until they are tired of it. Republicans like Senator Ives of New York, Senator Duff of Pennsylvania and Undersecretary of Commerce Williams of Washington State have been warning that Ike was not elected by the reactionary wing of the Republican Party, but by a great many Democrats and liberal Republicans. Therefore, they warned, he must not follow the executive advice of right-wing advisers.

1. Franklin Roosevelt or Averell Harriman, both liberal Democrats, will run against Thomas E. Dewey for governor of New York next year. This will be the biggest local fight Tom Dewey has ever faced, and will mean—if he wins—that he moves on to the presidential nomination in '56; or—if he loses that Tom bows out of politics for keeps.

2. Jim Farley will say bye-bye to politics permanently. For 22 years Jim has posed as the great picker of winners. But the real fact is that Jim hasn't picked a winner since he rode Franklin Roosevelt's coattails to fame and a Coca-Cola fortune. Jim deserted Roosevelt in 1940 and has been on the losing side ever since.

Political cartoon strip with multiple panels. Panels include: 'ALL EVENINGS IN THESE PARTY, MY GORRIB, THESE PERSONS IS SHOOT OFF HOUSE TRAP AN IS LONG DRAW OUT THE BOW.'; 'HE'S MY GENTLEMAN GUEST! AN IT'S AS MUCH MY SWAGGER AS YOURS.'; 'BUT M'SIEUR LE POGO IS HERE AWAIT WITH BANJO, WITH MUSIC, WITH SOCIETY YERSE TO PERFORM ...'; 'ATTEND THE MENU! SUCH AS 'CASEE A LA BATION! SUCH AS 'LE BEAU PAPP! SUCH AS 'NICE LE BRANNIGAN! THAT IS WHAT IS SUCH AS.'; 'MOLLY SPAN... AGAIN? US HEARN THAT TWO YEARS RUNNING!'; 'YOU DO NO LIKE?'; 'THAT'S EXACK WHY WE WAS RUNNING HONEY. MOLLY OUGHT A SUB SOME-BODY.'; 'ALLUS THINK MY LOUD BANJO WORK COVERED MY VOICE PERY GOOD.'; 'WELL, YES AN' NO.'; 'THEY DON'T EVEN CARE WHAT KIND OF A BABY THEY HAVE?'; 'HOW HEARTLESS!'; 'WE IS MISTER AN' MISSUS A-YOKUM, SUH, BUT OUR BABYS NAME IS MYSTERIOUS, ON ACCOUNT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TYPE IT IS.'; 'WHAT'S YOUR NAME?'; 'C-A HELPLESS INFANT, JAMMED INTO A DRAIN PIPE?— I MUST REPORT THIS!'; 'THANK HEVIVINS, OUR BABY WAS DRESSED IN THIS DRAIN PIPE!'; 'THEY SAY THE NATIVES OF THESE HILLS ARE COMPLETELY UNCIVILIZED!'; 'TH' SCRAGGS TRIED TO SHOOT LI'L MYSTERIOUS!'; 'THEY BABY IS SOOPER-HOONIN!— TH' BULLET BOUNCED OFF AS THOUGH ITS TUMMY WAS MADE O'CAST IRON!'; 'HOW INTERESTING.'; 'THEY BABY IS SOOPER-HOONIN!— TH' BULLET BOUNCED OFF AS THOUGH ITS TUMMY WAS MADE O'CAST IRON!'; 'HOW INTERESTING.'; 'THEY BABY IS SOOPER-HOONIN!— TH' BULLET BOUNCED OFF AS THOUGH ITS TUMMY WAS MADE O'CAST IRON!'; 'HOW INTERESTING.'