

All That Glitters Is Not \$10,240

Not since the last football victory over Duke has the campus been so absurdly elated. Not since the fight against Saturday classes has the Carolina student body been so galvanized to action.

Chain letters are not new, although you would think so from the gasps of awe which issue forth from those who are being let in for the first time on an easy way to make a million—well, to make \$10,240, in this particular version of the racket.

The trouble with chain letters, and the reason why they weren't branded earlier for the frauds they are, is that someone DOES make money from them. There is a gentleman sitting in the above-mentioned fraternity house now with a pile of greenbacks which he has received through the mail.

All over the campus today, students who have gotten trapped in the racket are wearing themselves out trying to sell the two letters required in this particular chain project. The supply of people available to buy the letters is practically exhausted.

The thing to do, if you're smart and want to make a lot of money for nothing, is to start your own chain letter. But if you're even smarter, the thing to do is to keep your money in your pocket and look for honest ways to make that million.

A Good Word For Benedict

Rove on across this page and you will come upon a letter from Mr. Burke Fox who expresses his gratitude for the noble defense (we) have been conducting for poor, martyred Alger and Owen.

Benedict Arnold's heart was so constituted that he liked his glass of wine and his good cigar; and when he did things, he liked for it to be known. (Very common frailties of our flesh.)

In 1777, our effort in the War for Independence had come to a pretty dark pass. Howe, British commander in the North, wine and dined in Philadelphia social circles, Washington and his freezing army hibernated at Valley Forge.

Burgoyne, dispatched by the British high command to take the Hudson River Valley while Yankee Spirit was at low ebb, was crushed and foiled at the Battle of Saratoga.

It was Horatio Gates, the official American commander, got credit for this victory. But do you know who really led the armies to victory at Saratoga? You guessed it—Benedict himself.

Alas, in 1780, poor Benedict, unwept, unhonored, unsung and underpaid, turned thumbs down on the American cause and sold himself to the British. He was a traitor, sure enough, (something we're not sure Mr. Hiss was and that we're sure Mr. Lattimore wasn't) but he was hardly alone in his final allegiance to the British crown.

So our point is made, our "good word for Benedict" slipped in, for Mr. Fox and any of the rest of you who are interested in evaluating history's big black mark on an only half-black man.

Carolina Front Suggestion For Just Another Commission

Louis Kraar

IN AN UNUSUAL atmosphere of calm and quiet the student Legislature received this week with the official-sounding tag of "The Legislative Executive Problems Commission."

The Commission, (called COMLEX STUD in student government circles), met last spring, and its findings embodied such vast changes in student government that the committee records are still confidential.

Joel Fleishman, chairman of the group, explained yesterday that the records would have to remain undisclosed because "the thing hasn't crystallized yet."

But when this group met last spring with former President Bob Gorham, so this reporter understands, here are some things it considered.

1. The group concluded that the President should have more appointive power. It was emphasized that the fruits of political victories in the form of appointments would be good incentive for students to get into government here.

2. Student government should have a secretary of state, the commission decided. The secretary would be appointed by the student body president.

3. The need for a legislative-executive committee to see legislation implemented was brought out.

One informant called this group "a sort of brain trust."

WHILE THIS commission seems necessary, the rash of committees that the Legislature has broken into seems almost ludicrous. Jim Turner, Student Party floor-leader, introduced one bill calling for a Legislature Complaint Board.

This Board shall be the official aura of student government, but shall not discourage contact or complaint by other means," the bill states encouragingly.

This reporter appreciates the consideration Turner has shown would-be complainers. Somehow, though, I find it difficult to visualize an irate student storming into Turner's office to complain and Turner, seeing him, explaining: "Sorry, friend, you'll have to wait for the next Complaint Board meeting."

Another portion of the bill says, "The Board shall vary its meetings from place to place in order to gain as wide a scope of opinion as possible." This part amuses me. I might suggest shifting the time of the meetings, too, so that no student could find the group, and it's uselessness would be more easily seen by legislators.

IN ANOTHER BILL, introduced by SP Chairman Joel Fleishman, the Inter-Dormitory Council's members and officers are commended. Then, the bill goes on to set up a Social Activities Commission to work with the IDC "in the administration of its social progress."

While this group will tie the IDC closer to the fund-raising Legislature, there seems little other need for it.

This current legislative trend of establishing a committee "to look into the possibilities of" or setting up a commission "to work with" a certain group is a little alarming. Soon I expect to see student legislators pass out from sheer exhaustion after attending their regular committee, party, caucus, Legislature, and commission meetings.

In addition to their student government duties, most of the people in the Legislature belong to either the Di or the Phi, the campus debating societies, and many belong to social fraternities. And, on the side, I assume some of them study once in a while.

Perhaps the Legislature will soon appoint a commission to look into the busy schedules of its members. The problem then, it would seem, will be when it could find time to meet.

Historical Background Of The Paris Agreement

Saar: A Franco-German Basketball

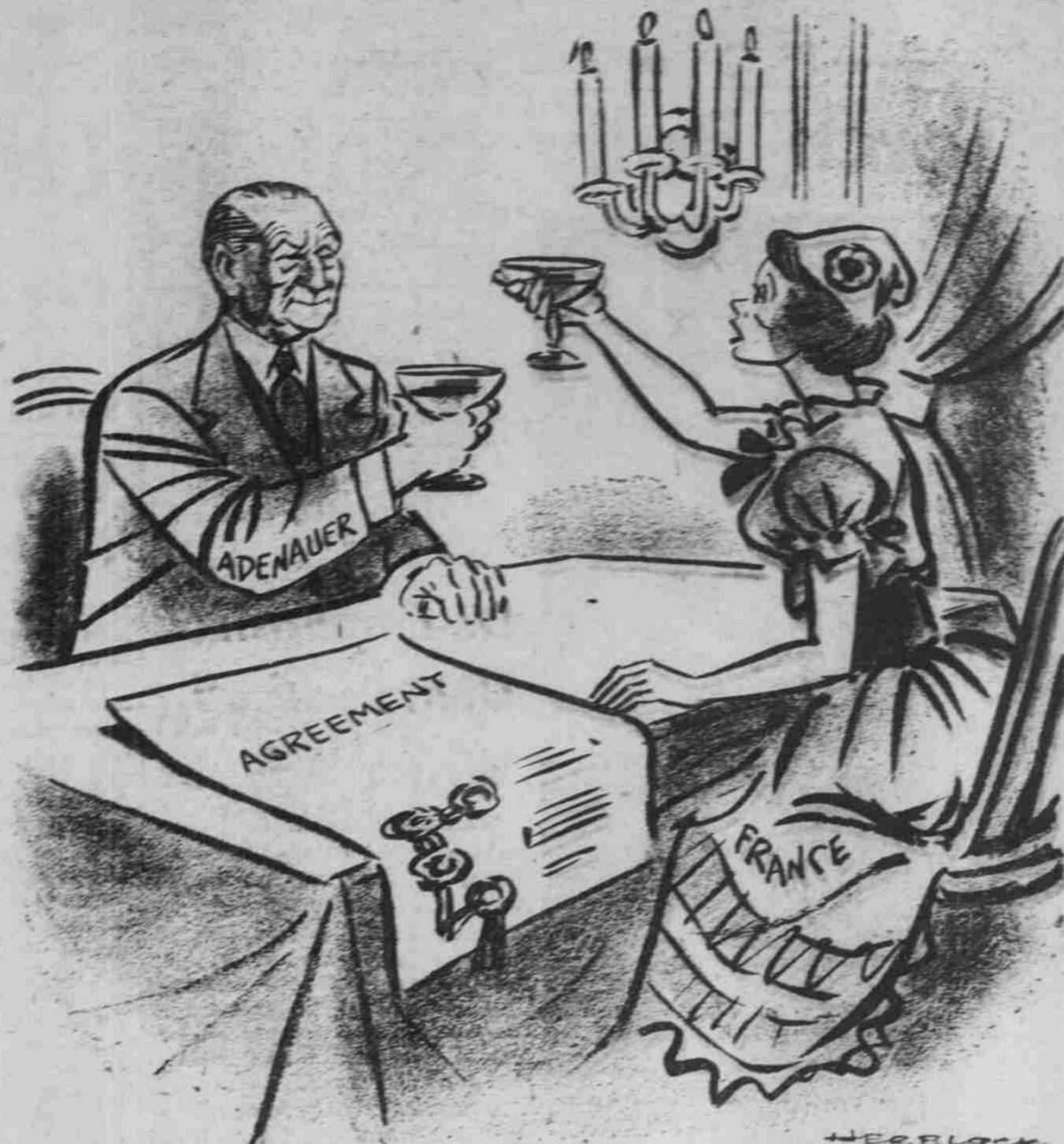
'Long Life'

Dr. C. H. Pegg

(When France and Germany agreed on the Saar last month, Secretary Dulles messaged, President Eisenhower, "Everything, including the Saar, has been signed, sealed and delivered.") One newspaper headlined the end of the "300-year fight over the Saar."

The Saarland, which is now and which has been many times in the past a burning issue in Franco-German relations, is a highly industrialized, coal-seamed area of 991 square miles running north from Lorraine and east from Luxembourg. Linguistically and culturally the Saar is German, but economically it is closely integrated with France and its coal seams jut into the iron fields of Lorraine. Its explosive character stems largely from three facts: (1) its strategic location on old invasion routes between Germany and France; (2) its economic wealth (in 1953 it produced approximately 17,000,000 tons of coal and 3,000,000 tons of steel); and (3) its appeal to the national aspirations of the German people.

Historically, this tiny territory has passed back and forth between France and Germany, following the ups and downs of their military fortunes. Since 1918 its status has been provisional most of the time. In 1919 it was placed under the administration of the League of Nations, and its mines were assigned to France for a period of fifteen years as partial compensation for the damage which German arm-



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DR. PEGG

ies had done to her own coal fields. In 1935 it was re-incorporated into Germany as a result of the plebiscite which had been provided in the Versailles Treaty. In 1945, after the collapse of the Third Reich, France, victorious by the grace of her allies, received the Saar as part of her zone of occupation.

This time France did not ask to be allowed to annex the Saar, but she set out to detach it from Germany, to give it political autonomy, and to integrate it into her own economy. She saw to it that the Saarlanders had adequate food, that their factories were not dismantled, and talked vaguely of an autonomous Saarland. The shattered Saar economy revived rapidly, and the Saarlanders, whose national aspirations had been dampened by an-

other defeat, began to rally around the French program.

In 1947 the Saarlanders, gently pressed by the French, elected a constitutional assembly and framed a constitutional statute which called for an independent Saar regime and a customs and currency union with France. (The French government approved the statute, and Johannes Hoffman, leader of the powerful Popular Christian party, formed a Saar cabinet. In November 1947 the French franc became the monetary unit of the Saar, and in April 1948 a Franco-Saar customs union was established.

In 1949, with East and West bidding for German support and the matter of Western defense a burning issue, the Federal Republic of Germany was set up. Paris, sensing the growing strength of Germany's position and the inevitability of some sort of German rearmament, decided to alter the course of her traditional policy and to try for an understanding with Germany within the framework of a European union. Though Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the West German state, responded warmly to the French gesture, he did not conceal the German hope to recover the Saar. In the early days of 1950, as France opened negotiations with the Saar in an effort to establish the Franco-Saar economic union on a contractual basis, there was a sudden flash of German nationalism. Even Theodore Heuss, president of the German Federal Republic, declared that the Saar was German and that its status could not be defined in advance of a peace treaty. Although France proceeded to sign a series of agreements in March 1950 which put existing arrangements on a contractual ba-

sis, Robert Schuman repeatedly assured Chancellor Adenauer that nothing had been done to prejudice the final status of the Saar. From that moment until this, the Saar has been a topic of debate throughout Europe and a matter of almost constant negotiation between Paris and Bonn. After the Saar entered the Council of Europe in July 1950, there was much talk of its organization as a "Federal European State" and as the home of the various European bodies. The agreement which Mendes-France and Adenauer signed on October 23, and which is yet to be ratified, contains little that is new, despite screaming headlines. It puts the Saar vaguely under the Western European Union, which is a new name for the enlarged Brussels Pact organization, originally created in 1948. The Council of the Western European Union is to name a neutral high commissioner for the Saar to take the place of the present French high commissioner. Under the tutelage of the neutral commissioner, the Saarlanders are to vote on the new plan, and, if they approve, it must be incorporated into the Saar constitution and a new parliament elected within three months.

The Dorm-Frat Division & How It Grew

Dick Creed

* The most accurate reflection I've heard of frat man Charles Ackerman's fear that the campus is breaking down into two factions came from a dorm acquaintance the other day.

"Breaking, hell. It's already broken." That's all he said before he folded his Daily Tar Heel and finished his yellow-green Lenoir hall eggs, made infamous recently by The Ram, Alexander dorm's weekly newspaper.

Impressed by his acrid manner in stressing the past tense, I wanted to know more, and asked him when the breach occurred.

He answered, rather too dramatically, I thought. "It happened on the day the first fraternity came to campus."

He didn't volunteer any more information, and I didn't ask for any more.

Unqualified as his views may seem, I find myself agreeing with him.

I expect that the two-man committee studying the "distinct line of division" between dorms and fraternities could get most of the reasons for the schism from him.

The reasons why there is a not-so-pleasant feeling between dorm men and frat men are ridiculously simple. And they're amazing similar to the reasons why some people are bent on destroying the American class system.

- A. Frat men have cars and money. Dorm men don't.
1. Frat men have oodles of girls and fun. Dorm men don't.
2. Frat men can make liquor runs to Durham. Dorm men can't.
B. Frat men have the benefits of a club. Dorm men don't.
1. Frat men make lifelong buddies. Dorm men don't.
2. Frat men can choose their friends. Dorm men can't.

If the committee is looking for the causes of the break, these are all the reasons they will need. If it's a cure they're after, they won't find it, unless, of course, they and South Building are willing to listen to suggestions from the Kremlin.

Rather than talking and theorizing about the discontent and envy in the heart of the dorm man, somebody, committee or not, ought to do something about those yellow-green and gunmetal-grey Lenoir Hall eggs.

They're really are that color, I've seen 'em.

GM Recital

"Hazel" found a close rival in the fury of pianist David Bar-illan, who performed for the Petites Musicales series last Sunday night. Bar-illan's technical skill, power, and interpretations make his playing a whirlwind of sound. To review his concert is hard—I can't find anything nasty to say. The program matter varied from two Bach preludes to the Sonata by Roy Travis, a contemporary composer, and Mr. Bar-illan introduced each of his numbers by telling something of their background.

The first two numbers were Bach, and were played with quite a bit of definition and care. After the Bach, Bar-illan played Schubert's Fantasia, "The Wanderer," which might be considered a set of variations on a theme. The four movements treat the theme much as life treats a wandering soul. This piece is a challenge to any artist's ability as an interpreter of human emotions.

Following "The Wanderer" were two preludes by Debussy, and as I listened to Bar-illan play I could hear an echo of "The Old Man of Debussy," Gieseking. For his last number before the intermission he played a Pastoral and Toccata by his close friend Paul Ben-hayim. After the intermission, Bar-illan did another contemporary work, Roy Travis' Sonata No. 1. I must confess that this was just a little too modern for me; as the pianist said, "It sounds like a machine with a bolt loose." His playing was, nevertheless, technically beautiful, and the interpretation was as it should have been—quite machine-like. The last set of numbers left the audience breathless; two Etudes, a Nocturne, and a Ballade by Chopin. I won't try to describe the delicate precision with which he played them.

For his encores Bar-illan chose Soler's Sonata, Chopin's G minor Waltz, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. The audience slowly broke up after the last encore, leaving about a dozen of us begging for just one more piece.

John Ludweig

YOU Said It

Editor: I just can't resist expressing my gratitude for the noble defense you have been conducting for poor, martyred Alger and Owen. Your words have tugged at the heartstrings of all red-blooded campus liberals and many of the anemic ones.

My admiration is such that I hate to remind you of one notable oversight on your part. I am sure you have been so busy castigating the reactionaries that you have overlooked one name. Slip in a good word for Benedict Arnold, will you?

Burke Fox

Sounds

Tom Spain

A great deal has been said about Mezz Mezzrow, and fortunately for Mezz, little of it has pertained to his ability as a musician. His is a sad story of a man who learned the blues in an Illinois jail as a youth, and has had them ever since.

It is generally accepted that Mezz, like Eddie Condon, reached his place in jazz circles because of enthusiasm and the ability to organize, the musicianship running a not-so-close second. The only difference between Condon and Mezzrow seems to be that Condon attempted to hide his secondary ability behind the rest of the band, while Mezz never quite trying to come out on top. But despite his contaminating clarinet work, Mezz's devotion and efforts to preserve jazz as a basic art in its basic form, have been felt both in this country and in Europe, especially Paris. It is in Paris that he now resides, performing with many American jazz greats who live in pleasant exile, maintaining a safe distance from the commercial tread at home.

Victor has released a 12-inch collector's item featuring Mezzrow and Frankie Newton on either side. Its title—MEZZIN' AROUND, an apt description, Frankie Newton, a relative unknown who died last spring, is featured with his trumpet and orchestra and plays in the Mezzrow outfit. Likewise, Mezz is featured with Newton, explaining the title.

The sides are not new ones. Mezzrow's five selections were cut some time in 1936, while Newton's came in 1939. Jazz historians would find these numbers interesting, as they represent the transitional period of Chicago-to-swing. If music has growing pains, they too, are here represented. The rosters of both groups are star-studded, and this, certainly, accounts for the real qualities found therein. With apologies to Mezz, we must say that the performances are predominately swing, and jazz suffers some definite alterations. Show tunes, muted horns, a swing beat, big-band drum solos, and extensive use of saxophones, are not elements of pure jazz. Improvisation is at a minimum, and to be honest, the record has a touch of the juke-box sound.

Considered for what it is, MEZZIN' AROUND is a fine performance, but compared to the pure jazz of Jimmy Noone, or to the polished swing of Goodman it's a failure. However, it is not swing, or jazz, but some orphaned style claimed by no one but Mezzrow and Newton. Certainly an organization containing the fine work of Cozy Cole, James P. Johnson, Bud Freeman, Willie "The Lion" Smith, and Al Casey is nothing to which a deaf ear should be turned.

On side 1, we find Mezzrow's Swing Band doing MELODY FROM THE SKY, an obscure pop song from the early thirties. The vocalist, a soprano of sorts, winds her weary way through two choruses, never to be heard again, I'm sure. But the accompaniment is good, the solos by Freeman, Newton and Smith somewhat reminiscent of the early Belterbeke bands. Though ragged and loose, the number invites easy listening because of the definite swing beat and the reckless abandon with which Freeman and Smith romp along.

MUTINY IN THE PARLOR comes closer to jazz than the others. The swinging stomp rhythm presents ideal opportunities to the soloists, and they seem to achieve their goals here. Gay tune, MUTINY IN THE PARLOR is of the school that preceded the jump tunes of the early forties.

Perhaps the most interesting of Mezz's sides is by far the least artistic. I'SE A-MUGGIN is nothing more than a prolonged number game, using the jive talk of the middle thirties. The music stops after a short be-bop vocal by "The Lion", and he takes a while to explain the rules. Then, in their own way, the Mezzrow boys count to seventy, rhythm background provided. Bud Freeman wraps it up with one of his famous honking sax solos.

Mezzrow's selections are not gems of any school or type. They're just swinging pop tunes and novelties, recorded to sell but didn't. Now that they're twenty years old, they fit into a picture somewhere in between a couple of accepted styles, and they certainly show that swing music wasn't made overnight.

Frankie Newton's side is definitely swing, and closely resembles the first Artie Shaw band, differing only in size. A strong rhythm section featuring Cozy Cole, drums, Al Casey on guitar, John Kirby on bass, and the ragtime piano virtuoso, James P. Johnson, creates a secure and often loud beat, forming a thorough pattern into which even Mezz works a fair solo.

Leading off with ROSETTA, Newton shows that he is a trumpet man worthy of high praise in swing circles. Throughout the six sides, his work with the ensemble and on solos is clear, strong and melodic. Basically a dixieland musician, his leadership is similar to Bobby Hackett. He holds the band together with his powerful and somewhat sweet continuity. Frankie Newton's obscurity, due in part to his political feelings, is one of the major disappointments among musicians. Truly versatile trumpet men are scarce, and were Newton alive today, his work would surely be welcome and appreciated.

The entire Newton side is honestly happy, even on the blues numbers. Cozy Cole and James P. Johnson, reputable buffoons, add many a touch of humor in their renditions. Combining swing and drive, the Newton band far surpasses Mezzrow's. This may be due to the three-year difference in recording and reformation of groups, but the talent advantage and the ensemble sound of the Newton band makes it look far superior. It definitely sounds so.

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