Welcome To Our Groves Of Academe

The annual Parents Day, now in its fifth season, has claimed a niche among the classic proceedings of the year.

Alpha Phi Omega, an organization which Animal Farm almost daily undertakes unsung service roles on the campus, crowns its calendar with this conclave of parents, professors, administrators, and students.

Too often, parents suffer their children to come up unto the University's gates rather than send them. A program like Parents Day serves a special purpose for those whom this shoe fits. For this is a day when they may sayor, and test for approval, some of the atmosphere which daily surrounds their sons and daughters.

We offer welcome to Chapel Hill's groves Disney because as well as soupof academe. These groves shelter something worth savoring again and again. For those who have been here one or a dozen of a hundred times before, for those who spent their days of formal tutoring here; this welcome is hardly necessary.

To other parents, equally welcome: We hope you discover this intangible charm among the groves. The charm is, as we have heard Dr. -Archibald Henderson say of the Mecklenburg Declaration, "out there somewhere." We know you will find it,

Getting Honor Into The Student System

The failure of an Honor System at one university was ascribed to the fact that "the faculty had all the honor and the students had the system."

This week a student committee, after two months study, came up with plans for avoiding the separation of honor and system at Carolina. While the work of this group touched on court mechanics and rehabilitation of offenders, the emphasis seemed to be on the nced for more contact between the Honor System and students.

The student committee, headed by Scotty Hester, suggested manuals for court members, "comprehensive tests" during orientation, reminders on the backs of student identification, and signs with such inspiring mottos as, "Your Honor Is Our System." Aside from the "Big-Brother-Is-Watching" tone of the sign idea, all the suggestions would help the camus feel and understant the presence of an Honor System.

However, the Hester committe did not point up one of the biggest failures of the present student courts-the failure to report cases to the campus newspaper. Only if students can read regular accounts of the various courts' work, will they realize that the Honor System is a living, breathing element of campus life, instead of a string of shining ideals tossed about during orientation.

Unfortunately, this past year's student courts have not seen fit to report cases regu- stare, to the paternally grandiose, larly to the campus; there have been a few general summaries of court action, but they have not appeared on a regular basis and were too abbreviated.

Assurances from the new Men's Council that it wil report cases to the campus on a regular basis have already been made, though. The Daily Tar Heel is heartened by the Council's awareness of this problem.

Perhaps with this improvement and implementation of some of the Hester committee suggestions, there will be more honor than system at Carolina. We hope so.

Show Biz Fine, But . . .

In the shadows of a local bistro we heard Sound and Fury's "Satan's Saints" cited enthusiastically for "sheer undergraduate verve." We hereby echo that citation.

Bo Bernardin, writer-star of the musicale, and Joel Fleishman, so lately gone from the GM haunts of coot and politician, have, along with their hardworking and talented troupe, done themselves proud.

So 1955 becomes the year of resurrection for Sound and Fury. Warm-handed reception indicates that mutiny will follow if it is interred again. Only one thing bothered us, though, as we sat hysterical through "Satan's Saints." When a Thomas, a Bowles, a Humphrey, a Saltonstal, a Douglas mount the stages of this campus where are those interminable rows of absorbed, enthusiastic faces?

Show biz is fine. But let's balance things up a bit.

The Daily Tar Deel 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 summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed. \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a se-

Carolina Front

Pigs Is Pigs On Orwell's

J. A. C. Dunn

ON THURSDAY WE went and saw "Animal Farm" in cartoon version at the movies, and were forcibly struck by two or three

To begin with, of course, there was the cartooning itself, which was brilliant - better than Walt sweet drawing there was genuine satire in attitudes, gestures and facial expressions; and better than the Mr. Magoo type of cartoon because the satire was leavened, at points, with beautiful artistry, found mostly in the landscaping.

The satire in the drawing was effected not only through caricature of humans through animals, but caricature of humans through humans. Farmer Jones has an unforgettable face, almost Frankenstinian in its ugliness, and a staggering case of five o'clock shadow that would make Burma Shave lick its lathered lips and softly rub its hands in capitalistic glee. Whimper, the sharp trader who supplies Animal Farm with pam and other unnecessary but scrumptious goodies makes on think of merchants in university towns who know quiete well just where it's safe to drive a bargain too hard.

We cannot remember having seen animals in animated cartoons drawn with such lacerating vraisemblance. Napoleon, the pig who takes control of Animal Farm by means of a police force of labradors with filed teeth, is so like Big Brother it is heartening to know that Big Brother really does look that much like a pig. And it is curious to note that any Big Brother the world has seen fits perfectly easily into the character of Napoleon. Labradors make excellent hoodlums, horses make excellent working classes, sheep are inimitable martyrs and fowls are indescribable "unthinking followers."

But the pigs are the best. It is not because they are fat and sloppy; it is not because they are greedy; it is simply that their eyes change much too readily from the wide, innocent, vacant through deceptive emotion, blandness, cool intelligence, and finally to with fierce, sneering cruelty. The pigs are the best tyrants. They look as if they're thinking one thing, and actually they are thinking something else .

OF COURSE THE whole story is nothing but a parody of the rise of the common people and their revolt against one master at the instigation of a Marx or a Lenin (in, curiously enough, pig form), their allegiance to another master, their betrayal by a third who becomes a tyrant, and their final victory over the dictator by means of mass revolufion effected with the help of the fact that the needle-toothed dogs get drunk while the Kremlin has a party. The movie ends with this defeat of the Big Men with ribbons on their chests (but, we suspect, very little hair); and when one compares the ending of the movie to the present state of Communist Russia, one seriously wonders if the awesome reign of Communism isn't as near the end of its demise as its counterpart in "Animal Farm" indicates that

There is a similarity to the Roman Empire, the French Empire and the Russian rule of fear that sets us thinking. The upper echelons of the Communist Party are certainly not too steady at the moment. People are getting a rather clear picture nowadays of the ways of Communists and how they come and go - mostly go. We wonder if the Kremlin and all the little Kremlins are not quite near a fall from which all the king's tanks and all the king's sec-

ret police cannot repair it.

'Now, If You'll Look At These Columns Here-



SOUNDS

The Blues & Sorrows Of Jazz

Tom Spain

The life of a jazz musician has always been anything but easy. The blues and sorrows brought in so many jazz styles have seldom been created for effect. but rather they have reflected a way of life and a standard of living. A bright young musician should think twice before entering the jazz field, for it often leads to misery in the keenest sense of the word.

There are those who are highly successful, materially speaking, but all too often, their monetary rewards are not due entirely to their jazz talents. Louis Armstrong exemplifies this, as he has become more of a showman than a musician. Likewise with countless other successes.

Many have turned to the commercial side of popular music. Here they can find means by which they can support their families, but it is well known that they must sacrifice the freedom that is essential to jazz. Bobby Hackett, an all-time great Chicago artist, earns his bread and butter by trying to cage emotions with Gleason's tearful bits of sentimentality. Bix Beiderbecke was engulfed by the slushy Whiteman band, where he was placed behind a music stand, never again to perform as he wished.

Others pursue different fields and wind up life insurance salesmen or restaurant owners, while some seek to enlarge upon their Goodman, and Mel Powell have scream "commercial corn", the studied formal music and com- talents portrayed are nonetheless position. Their contributions to excellent. A conglomorate organthis part of the music world are ization of representatives of all not to be overlooked. But few jazzmen have been able to maintain a comfortable living standard. Those than stick to it are sometimes able to earn large incomes, but suffer an existence of one-niters and constant travel. Honest jazz devotees who hang on for no other reason than for jazz alone, care little for material comfort and normal hours. They seldom live long.

Occasionally, departed musicians return to the fold, if only for an hour or two. Public deamnd brought Goodman out of the Julliard school, and he made a short road tour, a few nightclub stands, and some recordings. Now and then, a benefit concert will reveal an almost forgotten star. After hours jam sessions of pit-orchestra musicians, studio bands, and old friends are becoming more widely known, and reminiscent of the days when jazz was an almost secretive form. These impromptu meetings haven't escaped the ears of the recording industry, and in one of Columbia's latest releases, we find some former dixieland stars, long-since considered foreign to the jazz world.

RAMPART AND VINE is goodtime jazz. Although the student

talents. Teddy Wilson, Benny of the American folk art might towns and phases of dixieland jazz, the Rampart Street Paraders know well what they're doing. Their presentation proves that one does not lose his touch, though his tastes may change. The music cannot be compared with any strict style, as it has a style of its own, heretofore seldom attempted.

The musicians are Hollywood studio performers. Their jobs are steady and incomes probably good. Being only part-time jazz artists, they play for fun, and fun they have. Perhaps the only other group to which they might be compared is the Fire House Five comedy group. The difference lies in that the Rampart Street Paraders rely on music rather than buffoonery for effect. The redshirted clowns of the Disney studio cannot be classifield with the Paraders for the sole reason that they are not real musicians.

Nick Fatool, Abe Lincoln, Matty Matlock, and Eddie Miller made excellent reputations in. the twenties and early thirties. Their latest release does not impair them. Lincoln's trombone solo in the lengthy version of Hindustan might be considered one of the best ever recorded. Fatool's drumming in the same number, is clever and thoroughly

Lifting Morale Of Professors

グラー工工一日

TRACTILE D W W .TOTO CIRITIE

CHAPPE MILL, H. C.

(The Sanford Herald)

Some restriction in the use of automobiles by on-campus students at the University of North Carolina and State College has been recommended by the Visiting Committee of the Consolidated University. It brought out the amazing facts that there are 1,932 student-owned automobiles at the Raleigh school and 1,492 at Chapel Hill - that 42.8 per cent of the State Freshmen and Sophomores and 17.8 per cent of those at Carolina have cars. No explanation was offered as to why the State lads are so much better wheeled.

Parking is a major problem on and near both campuses. Visitors and townspeople are inconvenienced by the motor-vehicle saturation - and so, of course, are the students themselves. Whether automobiles add to the campus snobbery with which fraternities generally are associated, we don't know; also, we have no statistics on the relative scholastic quality of driving and nondriving stu-

We are sure, though, that faculty morale would be improved by restrictions on cars at the colleges. Think what must be the effect upon a Kenan Professor of History, say, at Carolina, when he is blocked out of a parking space for his '49-model Chevrolet by a C-average Sophomore in a '55-four-hole Buick. Or consider what might cross the mind of a Chairman of a Department who, after saving gasoline money a month to drive up to the Library of Congress, overhears some lout deficient in quality points planning to motor down to Daytona Beach, Fla., for a week-end house party.

More than mental attitudes is involved here. If officials of the Consolidated University don't reduce the campus car count, half the Instructors and Assistants and more than a scattering of the Associates are likely to put away their books and go into the gasoline and tire business.

effective. Fatool has not only maintained his subtle touch, but has developed a more imaginative style since his Condon days.

Hindustan is truly in the hot jazz category. The many solos swing with a drive and life seldom found in jazz recording of today. The accompanying selections also have a clear, clean and loud sound, perhaps a trait found only in music of well-fed performers. One admirable attribute found in the Parader's interpretations is an element of disclipline which doesn't allow for hamming. This alone makes the remording worth the attention of the jazz fan.

The West Coast interpretations of dixieland jazz have been generally awful, due primarily to the absence of first-rate talent and a strong element of corn, a favorite cover-up for incompetence. It is worthy to note that the better jazz musicians can come out of hiding at times, and reestablish their supremacy. The individual talents of the Rampart Stree Paraders are excellent, and their combined talents make up a form of jazz as yet unnamed. It is an orphan of the jazz forms, but the total effect is a good one.

Remodeling

Ron Levin

Tapestries torn down from the walls

and flung into a shapeles heap revealing scars in day old plaster once thought to be secure. Here and there a driven nail here once a picture hung, but vesterday declines to hang on nails in front of slashing eyes preferring to carouse with cans and papers in a dusty lot. The last minute shows its seconds our through a back door, still not dry, leaving only a careless slam that echos in an empty house and frightens candles in the hallway sputtering in tomorrow's draft.

Secretary Dulles Climbs A Tree

Ralph McGill

'An' den," said Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit, he clime er tree." "But, Uncle Remus," said the Little Boy, "rabbits

'Dis time, chile," admonished Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit is bleeged to clime er tree."

can't climb trees."

Secretary of State Dulles has climbed a tree, He was "bleeged to."

He has announced that this country will, if Red China is sincere in wanting a discussion, meet with her representatives in talks pertaining to a cease-fire in the Formosa Straits . . . and will not insist on Chiang Kai-shek's presence,

This is another of the many "turnabouts" which have featured the Eisenhower foreign policy.

This last one is what the man in the White House wants. He apparently has had a rude awakening to facts earlier not revealed to him.

He had been led into a position during the campaign of 1952 which tied Chiang tightly about his neck. He was still uninformed of the true conditions when he "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek. He was led soon thereafter into the "massive retaliation" policy. And now, after having said for two consecutive days there would be no talks unless Chiang was included, the Secretary reluctantly and fearfully climbs the tree he just naturally was "bleeged" to climb.

He knows the Knowland-McCarthy faction will shake that tree mighty hard.

The overwhelming opinion in this country is against any warfare over the two offshore islands, Quemoy and Matsu.

The American people want a cease-fire-as they wanted one in Korea. There was much more reason to continue the war in Korea than there is to begin one over Quemoy and Matsu.

They will support defense of Formosa. But except for morale value the two islands are of no strategic or tactical value either as bases for an assault on the mainland or as steppingstones for one against Formosa. To so insist is to ignore the fatc of atomic weapons. One of the larger ones, cynically referred to as "the large economy size," instantly would wipe out any life on either island.

Never have the American people been so uninformed as they have been about the entire Quemoy-Matsu-Formosa problem. In this day of atomic weapons, to continue harping on the Seventh Fleet's ability to come in close and shell the islands is complete folly. The Communists have enough air bases nearby on the mainland to put the fleet in the very cornea of the eye of danger.

By Al Capp

We defend Formosa-and must defend it-because it a part of the present perimeter of defense.

But this brings us to another tree which the administration may be "bleeged to climb."

If the Red Chinese are sincere—as they well may not be . . . a cease-fire may be had. Presumably it would then be followed by discussions of the whole. Asian problem, including Formosa, Assuming what now is the unlikely fact-that this stage should be reached, the tree to be climbed would then be

Chiang would have to be removed and that island left to the Formosans under trusteeship of the

We will either have a settlement of the Formosan problem with either the Reds nor the Mationalist Chinese there, or we will fight about it.

Maybe we will have to go to war about it.

But if we don't want to fight there, then we must know and face the fact that a settlement of the Formosan problem will mean a Chiangless island.

Meanwhile, Communist gains continue in Indochina and Indonesia. Because of the trap into which this administra-

tion was pushed by the Knowland fraction of the Republican Party, we are necessarily preoccupied with the Formosan Straits . . . and unable to conceive or execute an over Asian policy.—The Atlanta Constitution.





LI'L ABNER





