

PATTY HILL

—WORTH READING—

THE MUSES ARE HEARD, by Truman Capote, Random House, New York.

Four years ago, ninety-four Americans, all associated with the production of "Porgy and Bess", traveled to Leningrad, U.S.S.R., to present the Russian premiere of George Gershwin's opera, based on a novel by Heywood DuBose. Along with the performers, technicians, publicity agents, producers, assorted wives and children, three journalists, and one psychiatrist, went Truman Capote, a Southern writer who had earned literary acclaim in his early twenties.

At home, the Americans learned of the troupe's success in Russia from a propaganda flooded press. Articles headed "Leningrad Goes Wild Over Porgy and Bess," or "Cast Taking Leningrad by Song," or "Porgy Wins Praise from Russia," appeared in American publications from coast to coast. The praise which the opera company earned at home was not undue; however, it did not truthfully reflect the Russian reception. Opening night at Leningrad's Palace of Culture was an evening of discomfort for the cast as well as for the critical audience. After the opening scene and the soft, lyrical Gershwin music, there was silence throughout the theater. A baffled Time-Life photographer stood motionless while Dan Schorr, N.B.C. News correspondent, repeated, "It's just not going over." Backstage the calm performers prepared themselves for the second act. From that point on each of the scenes seemed to be appreciated. And as the curtain fell, scattered applause grew into waves of thunder—then quickly ceased.

Three days after the opening, a critic for one of the leading newspapers, the Evening Leningrad, began his column by saying, "Porgy and Bess is a work stamped with brilliant talent and unusual mastery." However, after a paragraph of what seemed to be sincere appreciation, the article took on a different tone. "We, the Soviet spectators, realize the corrosive effect of the capitalistic system on the consciousness . . ." In spite of the indifferent attitude taken by the Soviet press, many young people walked home through the snow-silent streets after the performance humming bits of "Bess, You is My Woman Now" or phonetical-

ly imitating the words, "Summertime, and the livin' is easy . . ." The promise of those young people who will not forget, who have been stimulated into new visions, may well be justification to call the premier successful.

Truman Capote has written perhaps the most accurate account of that journey to Leningrad. His narration of the intimate aspects of the cultural exchange is informative and reads as easily and swiftly as a novel. The author's point of view slips skillfully through the eyes of different members of the troupe, as well as from the Soviet "guides" who were constantly with the group. Robert Breen, one of the producers, is characterized entirely by his energetic wife. The impressions of Nancy Ryan, a secretary for the company, are set forth in excerpts from her diary. All the individual perceptions are carefully linked together by Mr. Capote's depictive record. And as always, this author impresses the reader with his simple, yet hauntingly beautiful descriptions. Words are the passport and the reader walks freely into St. Isaac's Square. "The sky was sunless grey, and there was snow in the air. It was noon, but there was no modern traffic on the square except for a car or two and a bus with its headlights burning. Now and then, though, horse-drawn sleds slithered across the snowy pavement."

The concise, yet flowing wording, along with astute perceptions, which distinguished Truman Capote's earlier writings, have been combined with a journalistic ingredient to make this book one of the most enjoyable recordings of history in the making.

Patty Hill.

If You're Interested . . .

Slammin' Sammy Snead is the most successful failure in the game of golf. He has been runnerup in the United States Open Championship four times, failing to win golf's most coveted title for reasons he knows not why.

But golf has not been wholly unkind to the ageless belter. He has won almost every other major tournament, and has had his name near the top always when the official earnings are announced. Last year the old hillbilly led the list with \$28,260.83, not counting the money he earned for his many exhibitions. Considering the fact that his competition is a field of young men averaging 25 years of age, we must admit that this isn't bad for a 46 year-old man. Sam's tanned and weather-beaten face has been a friendly sight on the nation's golf courses for over 20 years. It would be a hard matter to find a more popular sports figure than ol' Sam.

When Sam first came down from the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia, way back in 1936, he was

considered one of the hottest young prospects to pop up for a long time. His form was studied by golf immortal Bobby Jones who said, "He gets all his results without effort. I don't see how anyone can beat him."

It was 13 years before Sam finally clicked and began winning the big ones. With a few exceptions, Snead couldn't seem to win any really big ones. He seemed to be erratic, running hot one time and cold the next. His biggest weakness was his putting. He couldn't seem to find the right putter.

His inability to win the Open contributes to the Snead legend and adds to his popularity. A drawl and sparkling good humor make him colorful in the tradition of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, and

SOPHOMORE SANDHOUSE

BY JAMES MAHAFFEE

If you know any "news", let me know because it appears the "Sandhouse" is low on sandhouse this time. So what, gossiping is for old women anyway! Let's just have a few passing comments, time of day, weather, etc.

First: A pat-on-the-back welcome to the new members of the Phi Theta Kappa fraternity. (Please, Mr. Secretary, don't "dun" them for dues until they feel at home.)

Note to "Frosh." Elections for Sophomore officers for '59-'60 will be next month. Got any candidates in mind?

Note to Dee Merrell. When you try your intellectual ability at English III and IV, you'll understand the attempts of Miss Baker to make Mythology a little clearer. Wish I had learned some beforehand.

Well, to a little "sand."

Peter Leonard is "guarding lives" at Daytona Beach after finishing his "90 hours" at cc. (We ain't jealous, Peter, but what about "Ce' Ce' "?)

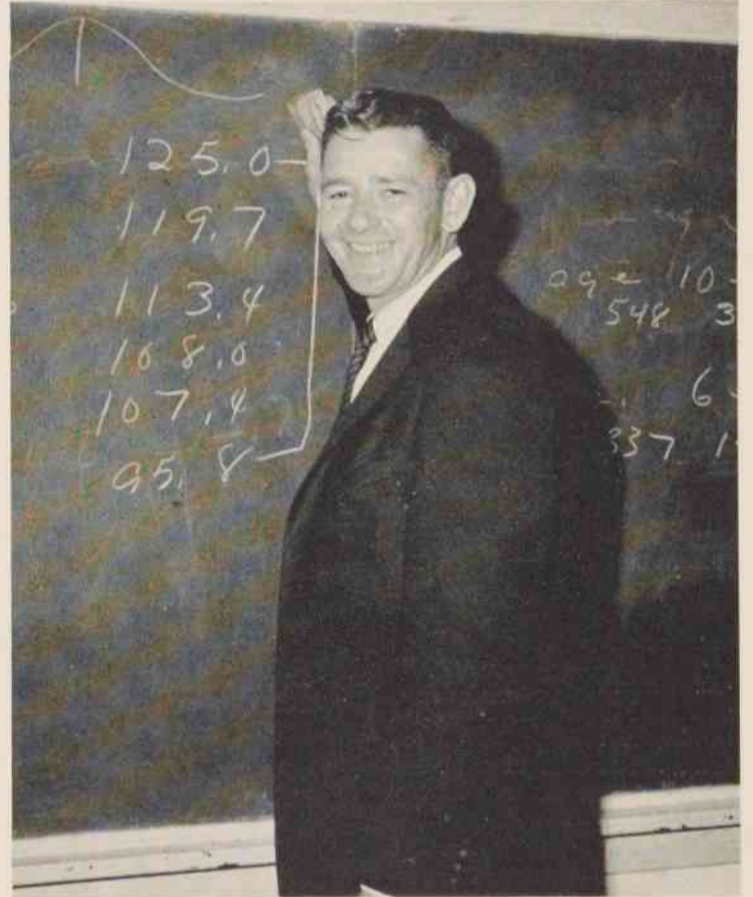
A Rumor: The Geology and Geography classes may go to "D.C." for the field trip. (Where is the dough coming from?)

Who was that farmer in the pickup truck looking for a two-toned blue streak that nipped his left rear

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PROFILE:

MR. SAM THORNTON



A man with a quite type of smile, who walks into class just a few minutes before the bell, spreads the knowledge his students are able to absorb, and then leaves quietly and unheralded—this is Sam Thornton, professor and ponderer.

— DEANNA MERRELL —

FRESHMAN GAB

One hour in Dr. Heckenbleikner's class furnishes enough material for an entire column, but we'll just say that "Dr. Heck" is a suitable name—though perhaps a little mild. He advises the Russians on the best way to conquer the United States: "Cut off our supply of coffee, TV, and cigarettes, and we'll surrender in six weeks."

Scenes in the Halls:

Phil Helms and David Garmon occupying the phone booths downstairs every night at the six o'clock break.

Gene Cadieu in some sort of uniform.

Miss Fore searching for students to have their pictures made.

Miss Fore disappearing whenever someone wants to take her picture.

Margaret Fisher and Judie Joseph looking like rising starlets in their sunglasses.

Bobby Allen striding through the halls and whistling happily.

Patty Hill looking wistful and dreamy.

Harold Scruggs leaning against a paper machine waiting for Gayla Hinson.

Sandra Payseur and Beverly Schenck giggling about something.

R. W. Williams and John Million clowning a bit.

Gene Sarazen. His quick smile and down-to-earth manner of speaking captures and holds the sympathy of the crowds. The late Grantland Rice has seen Snead fans "try to kick his ball out of the heavy rough and back onto the course when he wasn't looking."

For the most part, though, ol' Sam hasn't needed that kind of help lately. He just keeps rolling along, making money, and teaching the young fellows a thing or two. The only thing he can't teach them, it seems, is how to win the Open.

Books and money passing between Walter Linker, Betty Moss, Joe Kiker, Nora Leza, and Mary Katsaris.

Susan Thomas' hair getting lighter every day.

Thomas Baucom always looking as though he knows something delightful, but not telling what.

Mrs. Scherger pushing a cart from the library to room 301.

Tommy Cornelius chasing down his expensive 5 cent pencils.

A steady stream of students running from the library to the office for student activity cards.

Frank Brown always finding something new to read on the bulletin board.

Fred Collins passing out cigars. He's a new papa. CONGRATULATIONS.

Short sleeve shirts and cotton dresses making an appearance. IT'S SPRING!

— WENTZ —

Every day the situation gets worse and worse. It's high time we found a cure for this disease before all of us catch it. We may very well be too late already. As I said before let us have a brief moment of silence—better make it a half moment of silence or we won't have time to finish our Scrabble game before Maverick comes on. A.R.W.

Mr. Thornton and his Psychology I class is the mainstay of Room 213, "the thinking room." I say "IS" because, by all means of reasoning, this professor and his class constitute one closely-knitted whole.

A product of a Tennessean family—"by way of Texas"—the soft-spoken Mr. Thornton has done much traveling in gaining his education. He earned his Bachelor of Arts in Psychology at the University of Dayton, Ohio, gained a Masters' degree at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio, spent a year in advanced study at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, and has completed the course work required for his doctorate at the University of Houston.

All that he lacks in gaining this doctorate is the dissertation. Says he, "I'm in the process of investigating possibilities. I am quite interested in 'Why People Want to Become Foster Parents,' and also the characteristics of successful parents."

At the present time, he serves in the capacity of psychologist with the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court. He also works with the Children's Home Society of North Carolina, and in connection with the Juvenile Court, the Juvenile Center. The Center is the place where children under 16 years of age are kept during pre-hearing investigation.

In addition to his teaching duties at CC, Mr. Thornton also handles freshman, sophomore, and senior psychology courses at the School of Nursing of Memorial Hospital. He comments that his class at Charlotte College compares favorably with the first year nursing students."

He is also member of the Board of Directors of the Family Life Council. The purpose of this group

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