

Federal Aid

It was interesting to see some of the answers given by legislature candidates to the question on federal aid to education. All, it seems, are for federal aid, and all, save one grudging response, are against federal control.

Why they are opposed to federal control maybe three-fold. First they may be opposed due to the federal pressure on desegregation. Secondly, they may oppose federal control because of the thought control that might result for all students under a federalized system. Thirdly, they may come from other states than North Carolina whose revenue might be turned to poorer states under a federal system. Whatever their reasons are, they are wrong.

The federal government should not only aid but also control education. They should develop a nationwide system giving each person in the United States an equal opportunity for educational advancement, and eliminating the disparity between the quality of education received that currently exists by crossing state lines. The government should not only outlay money but see that the state's money is outlayed on an equitable basis that would insure each student the right of equal educational opportunity.

There should be also a national standards committee to set up the minimum standards necessary throughout the nation for achievement, and to see that all public facilities maintain these standards. Finally, it should be that all students no matter of what financial standard, should be able to gain an education free of charge to their individual academic capacity — which means free college education subsidized by federal scholarships and grants.

To those who argue that thought control might result, the answer can be given that there is more thought control on viewpoint in the south now than could be under a federal system. If handled fairly with a respect for what democracy is and with a view that the handling of education both in program and finances is not a political football, although a crucial issue, this system can provide for all, not just some, to get an adequate education without suffering.

Those who have something to fear from such a system are those who either profit by keeping a limited public in ignorance or those who do not believe that on a national level democracy can work. These either lack faith or commitment.

A federal system, whatever its potential evils, offer to the people of the United States an opportunity to get out from under the miasma of ignorance that it currently is in. This is a situation to be desired.

Moonglow

Joe John

Monday came and passed pretty much as usual. The sun rose, and later it set. The Bell Tower made its noise; waking, rising, classes, meals; studying, sleeping—all traveled their weary road. But Monday was different, too. Three times one could sense its peculiarity, and one knew that here was a day, an individual, particular, depressing, enlightening, wretched day.

Early one began to suspect the difference. The dormitory door stuck a bit as it was opened. With but a little question, even Monday morning eyes detected that it had been sashed with paint. The now-familiar fire blisters were somewhat hidden, and those attractive black charred spots had disappeared. A shiny new screen covered the window above the letters ALEXANDER, and the cracked panes had been replaced. A few days wear, and the door shall stick no more; weather will dull the screen. All will be the same as before.

I guess we'll be getting our fire extinguishers soon.

Then, classes and lunch were done. A walk to town and a package was mailed. Again something was different—or should have been. But it was overcome.

"They" were there: the merchants, their yawning coffers; the students, many with willing money, most with some; and the cars. The masses were stirring, here, there; registers singing; leeches smiling, winning; money spent.

Not today, one thought. But it was true. The students had come. Not today.

Chicago Tribune item: parking meter—an automatic device that bets a dollar to your nickel that you can't get back before the red flag pops up.

The University is full of reckless gamblers. Chapel Hill is full of willing bookies.

One returns; the door again, and then noise. Once again this day is different. More noise, and it doesn't stop. Finally an explanation, and one knows that readers of the next day's sports pages will be amused. A clever trick by a clever man. It should be worthwhile.

There is shame, though, too. Why was the noise necessary? Other students have more spirit; they constantly support and cheer their team. Tatum must prepare; his team, despite fine success, has not been deafened often. The players are not accustomed to much noise. Accursed apathy. And then "that" columnist! It's too bad. Fire extinguishers, parking meters, artificial cheers. It's all too bad.

But can it be remedied? Probably not. Too bad.

"It Sure Must Have Been Potent, All Right"



HERB LOCK
DODD THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

Eleanor Steber's recital, which served to open the Duke University Artists' Series last Monday night in Page Auditorium, was frankly disappointing. Her artistic fame has been well-established by her frequent appearances with the Metropolitan Opera, often in extremely demanding roles such as Tosca and the recent title-role in Samuel Barber's new opera Vanessa. Miss Steber has sung in almost all the major operas in the repertoire and has been recognized as one of the outstanding sopranos of our time. Perhaps it was for these reasons that we expected much, and, not satisfied, were disappointed.

Her concert was carefully arranged to present a balanced program which included groups of French, German, and American songs, and concluded with three arias from Italian operas. It was only in the last part of her concert that the soprano was in her true element and provided the audience with some musical fireworks. The fault, it would seem, lies not with the artist, but with the demands of the program. Singing opera is distinctly different from singing art songs; and it would seem almost impossible for one singer to have the temperament and talent to do justice to the demands of both. Nevertheless, the so-called "balanced program" asks the singer to do just that, with the result that the artist has to stretch her artistic range beyond its capabilities, doing serious harm to her performance. Miss Steber is an operatic soprano; she has the technical and artistic equipment to sing opera with the kind of excitement few other singers can match. But to ask her to sing French and German art songs is unfair to her and the music.

The program opened with a rather hysterical rendition of Verdi's aria "Ritorna Vincitor" from Aida. Following this was a group of French songs by Duparc, Debussy, Faure, and Bachelet. The wide vibrato of the soprano's voice could not really come to terms with the inherent purity of the French art song. The delicate melodic line, with its own peculiar kind of passion, demands the kind of focus of sound that the artist does not have. The songs in her performance lost their subtlety and became almost factual, rather than transparent.

The second group of songs, representing the German lieder, were all by the composer Brahms. Here the soprano's voice was not so much a barrier to the proper execution of these songs, as her sense of phrasing which has been conditioned by her operatic singing, and is highly unsuitable for the lieder. Frequently phrasing in operatic singing can be accomplished by a kind of slurring of the voice which unites one note with the next by a gradual raising or lowering of the voice. This, by the very nature of the German lieder, cannot be done in a Brahms song without seriously endangering the peculiar structure of the melodic line which depends for its musical existence on a much more pronounced clarity of interval and, consequently, clarity of intervallic progression.

Again Miss Steber's operatic temperament tended to interpret these songs either as dramatic or sentimental. The lieder is neither; it may be deeply serious and deeply involved with sentiment, but the difference between seriousness and drama, between sentiment and sentimentality is vital in the conception of these songs.

What must also be criticized was the lack of musical communication between pianist Edwin Billcliffe and the singer. This is of the utmost importance in these songs, and without it, the musical intent loses its proportion and unity. The art song is not a voice line accompanied by piano, but the amazing unity of two equals.

After the intermission followed a group of American songs, the most successful of which was Menotti's hilarious "Hello, Hello!" song from The Telephone.

The program closed with the arias "Depuis le jour" from Charpentier's Louise, "Addio del passato" from Verdi's La Traviata, and from Puccini's La Boheme, the beautiful "Musette's Waltz Song." In these, the artist demonstrated her natural sympathy and talent with Italian Opera. Her voice, lush with its wide-range vibrato and amazing volume, brought to these arias a fiery excitement and natural expression.

I think it is time to recognize that the chasm between the art song and the operatic aria necessitates entirely different interpretation and rules of performance which should make clear whether an artist does or does not have the vocal equipment and personal temperament to bridge this chasm. The so-called "balanced program" is a musical fallacy.

A Letter

Ah, show us your teeth, sir, and flast us your smiles!

We'll surely fall victim once more to your wiles--

We'll surely believe you whenever you grin,

So show us your kindness, and cover your sin.

Now give us your promise, so trusted and true,

And give us your greetings, like which there are few;

We know you are peaceful—you fought on our side,

So who can distrust you, in terror or pride?

The bleat of the lamb drowns the growl of the bear,

And why draw your pistol? We know you are fair!

Tho' a stories of Hungary—stop, say no more;

Come over, and flourish your hand to the fore.

We trusted them often, we trusted them far,

We trusted their simpers which nothing could mar;

We have paid for it dearly—but there, to the plow;

The guard has been watching, and watches us now.

—Wade Wellman

Letters On Many Different Topics

Editor:

May I say that I do not pretend to be a skillful writer and I shall in no way attempt to make it appear so to the readers of this article. It does not appear that too much ability is required to express the reactions to the disgusting editorial View and Preview by Anthony Wolff which appeared on this page November 8.

For those of you who did not read the article, it amounted to a direct slam at Coach Jim Tatum, our football team, our faculty, any of our students who were on hand to cheer our Tar Heels to

a blazing victory. I say our team, our faculty, and our students because they are ours. They are a part of each and everyone at Carolina. Ninety-nine per cent of the students on this campus are proud of our team, our faculty, and our fellow students for their efforts in making our university one of the finest in America.

As to the article itself, Coach "Sunny" Jim Tatum should have his throwing hand soundly shaken, and not paddled, for the tremendous job he has done here. In three short years he has taken Carolina's football program out of

the doghouse and molded a talent laden power-house that may very likely be an opponent for our team on New Year's Day. Coaches Frank McGuire and Walter Rabb are to be commended also. We at Carolina know that for years to come we can be proud of the success of all of our athletic teams.

Football does not come before classes here at Carolina or anywhere. Anyone with any intelligence knows this. The game at Virginia was no different than the Duke game will be. No doubt Ken-an Stadium will be packed on November 22. No doubt ninety per cent of the Carolina student body will be on hand to let its team know it is behind them. No doubt the same people would have been at the game in Virginia for the same purpose; had they thought themselves able to miss classes or spend the money. Those students who made the trip to Virginia did so at their own discretion! It is ridiculous for anyone to say that they are the ones who neglect their studies. It just is not right to assume such a thing and it is more probable that classes were considerably duller on Saturday instead of more alive.

It is true that the faculty is the only group "strong enough to thwart Mr. Tatum's proposed desertion of the academic ranks in favor of vicarious athletics." However I am sure that Mr. Tatum does not favor desertion of academic ranks. Obviously the faculty is in full sympathy with Mr. Tatum and our athletic program. If not it should be. There is more to college than merely attending classes every single day. Most people mature in college and they do not do it by maintaining a flawless class attendance record or by keeping their head constantly in a textbook. I may be wrong but I think this is the least of it. People mature by getting out in life and mixing with others. If a person can not get along with and understand his fellowman he must be immature. The person who can not seem to get out of his shell is said to be O. T. D.

Each professor here knows his good and bad students. Many instructors are in favor of unlimited cuts. Therefore it is obvious that many instructors sympathize with the students. They realize as so many of us do that a college student is old enough to make his own decisions. We don't need to be mothered any longer. Everyone at Carolina knows that those who are here for a party are not around very long.

The so called "universal quiz" is one of the silliest things I have ever heard. I doubt seriously that any such quiz has ever been given here by any member of our faculty or even will be, for how much of a student's ability does this show. The instructors are interested only in educating us, not getting rid of us. There are students who attempt to deceive their instructors, but they soon fall by

the wayside. The game at Virginia was played and was won very handsily by our Tar Heels. That's us! We are all Tar Heels because we are from Carolina and should be proud of it or else we should not be here.

We have a strong student body, a highly capable faculty, and a wonderful football team with a fine coach. Each depends upon the other. Without support what kind of teams would we have? Without winning teams or teams at all where would the old Carolina spirit be, in the classroom. Without a capable faculty what kind of a university would we have?

Everything seems to be doing fine on the hill. This is so because the Carolina students, faculty, and athletic program work together. Education is first, but the administration is aware that we have an athletic program and that our teams need our support. If this is not so then why doesn't the administration do away with athletics, move Carolina to some deserted island and say "Let us all become a bunch of monks!"

So far I have not slammed the person who wrote the article the way he did his fellow students, his instructors and the guys who fight their hearts out to win for Carolina. Obviously the guy is in a class by himself, most likely because somewhere along the way he has been left out. From the sound of his article it is probably his own fault. If all of us felt the way he does I am afraid that spirit here at Carolina would be exactly nil.

Happily there are few Tar Heels

who lack school spirit. Those who do, however, are not Tar Heels. Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices means nothing to them.

PETE BRAKE

Editor:

The Daily Tar Heel has gone to the dogs. It has, in the past month become principally a commercial information bulletin—we hesitate to use the word newspaper.

These continuous, massive advertisements which daily flood the publication are usually quite unrelated to the majority of the students needs and wants. For example, in the issue on Thursday, November 13 . . . How many students are interested in buying dog food, pole beans, or fresh lettuce. We'll agree that some few of the Chapel Hill townspeople who read the DTH might be interested in this, but isn't this a student publication in the first place. We don't want groceries, Mr. Editor, we want news, and if you can't—with help of your staff—furnish us with it; we can always get someone else who can.

Don't get us wrong. We realize the necessity of advertising for a successful paper, but why in Heaven's name is there going to be so much of it? Mr. Editor, you will probably be the first to admit that the excessive advertisement on the above mentioned date succeeded in crowding out the comics and the crossword. Now you tell us why.

Ed Montgomery
Phillip E. Gerdes

Harper's Bizarre

Gray isn't such a bad color.

In fact, our first distinct impression of the University and Village which is Chapel Hill was essentially gray.

It was during winter exams our first year here. Not until then did we feel the significance of our surroundings. It was bleak, cold, damp (but no longer raining—there was no more room for water) and the buildings and trees stood strangely sharp against the background which was no color—just gray.

We felt the power embodied in the gray. The steady, ponderous pressure which settled over the buildings and trees, and looked like fog. Then we thought of a warm fireside, and it was not cruel.

We recall the gray mountains. Long ago now, but still no farther away, yet so long ago. We were standing in the same water-sogged damp at the edge of a stream. The water was gray too. It was a small stream, but the water had great depth; it didn't tumble playfully over the rocks; it hadn't time. The rocks understood, and the water rushed between.

And we recall the Banks. It was cold August. Gray August. There was water then too, but in the surf there was not violence, merely trust in the gray, everywhere. And the gray made its point. Later, it rained. The next morning there was no more gray, just wet, which is not the same.

But most of all we recall the gray campus: the dripping branches; blurred lights; the passing cars which were absorbed; and the long gray finger of a sundial, pointing it out for those who watched. And we think of a warm fireside.

Gray is not a bad color.

—J. Harper

A Good Thing

The Chi Psi lodge is doing things out of the ordinary for bettering campus conditions and breaking down fraternity-non-fraternity barriers.

Included in their program are periodical dinners with dormitory leaders and fraternity officers, and teas, like that held this week-end with members of the faculty.

The Chi Psi's under the leadership of Charlie Huntington are doing an excellent job, and have been able to do a little toward creating a balance between the social and academic.

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