

## House - Roof - Foundation

Reports are current that a special House subcommittee has decided against recommending that tests be given veteran teachers as part of a rating system.

Well, that's good news. Such tests would have been worse than a waste of time, in that they'd not be of value in rating the experienced teachers, but actually might low rate some of the very best of the teachers now in the ranks.

The committee is reported to be on the much surer and sounder grounds of recommending that such subject matter tests be used to judge how much new teachers may have learned in college. Thus such tests would test not only the prospective teacher, but also the institution.

Many educators feel that such testing should be done well before the would be teacher has finished college. Some suggest that the testing take place after a student has had two and a half years of college. That would give an idea as to the student's prospects before the student does any practice teaching.

If the tests were to be given before any practice teaching is done, there would be little doubt that the State Department of Public Instruction could see to it that private teacher-training institutions participate if they are not now giving such tests. For, the practice teaching is done under Department regulations, and the tests could be made a prerequisite for such practice teaching.

This development on the testing problem, coming on the heels of the Senate resolution advocating a raise for teachers, indicates that the legislators are making headway in the movement to provide fairly adequate pay raises for teachers. The Senate pay-raise resolution was signed by 25 men, exactly half the Senate. And, word is that a similar resolution is winning many signers in the House.

Once the legislators make up their minds to provide adequately for all education, the big job of this session will be done.

The big thing which the legislators must remember in making provision for education is that all education must be provided for. It would be senseless to provide for good foundation education in the public schools, without providing for equally good higher education in our colleges.

A house without a foundation won't stand. But, a house without a roof can't be lived in, either, regardless of how good its foundation, may be.

Raleigh Times

## 'Oh Hellas'

From all reports the Sound and Fury production of "Oh Hellas" is living up to its billing. We hear such adjectives as colorful, humorous and sexy being attached to the show. As a matter of fact, we even went last night and had a magnificent time. And, Tony Wolff liked it too.

So, if you get the message, we're just trying to tell you that this is a must for your evening's entertainment, as tonight is the last night of its three day run.

We strongly suggest that you go the hell to "Oh Heckas," we mean go the heck to "Oh Hellas."

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, "here it

is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.

Editor DAVIS B. YOUNG  
Associate Editor FRANK CROWTHER  
Managing Editors CHUCK ROSS, RON SHUMATE  
Business Manager WALKER BLANTON  
Advertising Manager FRED KATZIN  
News Editor ANN FRYE  
Review Editor ANTHONY WOLFF  
Asst. News Editor ED RINER  
Sports Editor ELLIOTT COOPER  
Feature Editor MARY ALICE ROWLETTE  
Asst. Adv. Manager LEE ARBOGAST  
Circulation Manager BOB WALKER  
Subscription Manager AVERY THOMAS  
Photographers BILL BRINKHOUS, PETER NESS  
Night Editor NANCY COMBES



## Failures Of The World

The following is a letter from a formerly well-known writer to Malcolm Cowley and which the latter included in his essay, THE LITERARY SITUATION. It stands as an interesting document of a writer in frustration and discouraged to the point of exhaustion.

"I sing the failures of the world, those who wanted-to-be but never-became. The Hemingways and Faulkners do not need my song because the glory of the world is theirs. Neither do the Kafkas and Stendhals need it any longer; the songs of others rose over their graves. I sing of the forever obscure, the failures in perpetum, through the eventual doom. I sing of girls with thick ankles who wanted to be ballet dancers, of potentially great singers who had a permanent frog in their throat. I do not sing of evaders like Casanova who all after did escape from the Leads, but of the countless others who never got away, of those who found a pin in the corner of their cell, and who, after thirty years of digging with the pin, broke out into the open to see a guard waiting for them.

"I am trying to think of the most obscure person who ever lived, let's say a Chinese child who stood in the hot afternoon of July 9, 1546, and watched a lizard crawling over the very same spot where four centuries later a Chinese soldier was killed with a bullet from a rifle made in Bridgeport USA. I imagine this child at that moment of his, and during this moment of mine I sing of him. I think of all the jobs never gotten, letters never received, books never published, paintings never sold, telephone rings never heard, hopes never fulfilled, dreams never realized; I have a song for all of them, while I breathe the air that doesn't surround them and see the earth that doesn't cover them. I think of muscles unflexed, conception unconceived, high resolves unresolved; I not only think of them, I feel them, I experience them, and being past the mood of frustration I sublimate them into a song. But even that is a failure, a flop; it deserves the bird, a tomato in the face. I have no voice. I don't sing very well."

## Georgia Letter

From "The Technique," Georgia Institute of Technology:

To the Editor:  
I am one of those professors who requires seniors taking my courses to attend class.

Much of what students ought to get from a course is derived from the impact of classroom experience. In my courses on government and constitutional law, for example, we deal with numerous controversial issues, and what goes on in the classroom should be something more than a mere recitation of facts. It should be a presentation, exchange and discussion of ideas.

The cold facts are in the book. If the teacher is just going to be a fact giver, then there is little point in having him around. Teachers should begin where the book leaves off, and they should occupy a realm especially reserved for the spoken word.

Unfortunately, neither I nor my colleagues always succeed in making the class room as profitable and dynamic a place as it ought to be. But if we succeed, students may get a great deal that simply cannot be measured in any examination.

No one denies for a moment that some non-attending students can pass examinations with flying colors. But most examinations are dull tools for measuring what students get out of the classroom part of the course, particularly social science courses. Nobody knows this better than the students themselves, and teachers are also acutely aware of it.

A non-attending student may pass examinations with grade of "A," yet not have received that which he might have gotten had he been present in class. Examinations have their severe limitations.

If a teacher is trying to offer students something during class periods which is beyond the reach of an examination, then I firmly hold that he is justified in making the attendance record a part of the grading process.

Robert S. Lorch  
Assistant Professor  
Dept. of Social Sciences

Well, you see, she didn't think she was speaking for publication, or maybe I mean I think her husband's publication is unspeakable. Anyhow, she's a very good diplomat, only she's not very diplomatic. Well, her husband naturally thinks she's great, so naturally he said that she should resign. Mind you, I'm not one to kick, even when somebody beats this old bag of bones.



Carolina

## Looking Back By Senior

P. W. Carlton

When at last a graduating senior emerges triumphant from the flurry of finals and grades, pencils and blue books and attempts to take stock of his situation, he suddenly finds himself in the rather ignominious position of out-going ex-student. He is a "has been," so to speak, no longer connected with the university. This is upsetting. The senior feels a bit guilty at being on campus at all.

His feelings are mixed. There is, to be sure, a glow of triumph at having achieved the baccalaureate degree, but the feeling of relief at being "through" is not so evident as is a rending, sighing loneliness at being separated from the place he has grown to love. The shock of having his roots cut away at one fell June swoop is, to say the least, disconcerting.

He wonders where he'll be next June, what he'll be doing, why? These thoughts, conducive to suicide, prompt the graduate to leave his little covert under Joyner eaves, with its wonderful view of the tennis courts, and to set forth upon a walk through campus. Of course, it is a time for introspection and retrospection.

The senior recalls wonderful evenings spent lounging along these brick walks in lower quad. He hears again the sounds of singing as boisterous lower classmen sound off in a rousing version of "Ray Jeffrey's body lies mouldrin' in the grave," and more quietly, "In the evening by the moonlight. The sounds reflect from the brick faces of the dorms and float gently across the arboretum.

A smile lights our friend's face as he remembers evenings beneath the trees, on the benches, or in the paths, his physiological set altered by the presence of female companionship. The night sounds, crickets, leaves whispering, the little water course tinkling, the crunch of sand beneath feet. Occasionally a face is visible in the glow of a cigarette lighter. Little wisps of conversation and quiet laughter filter through the branches. Nature listens and learns on spring nights in the arboretum.

The stately pile of the botany building looms ahead. The senior peers almost fondly at the second floor, fixating upon a certain window from which he has morosely watched many spring afternoons slip by. He imagines his binocular microscope crouching there on its pedestal, beckoning slyly for the student to explore the little world below. No

more of that, not now, ruminates the lone figure below and passes on.

The ghosts appear with startling regularity now. A geology professor materializes and lectures nasally upon a topic discontinued in 1957. The senior blinks the apparition away and hears the voices of his highly inebriated classmates as they salute the Carr women while enroute from Tempo.

"Hello there Carr, come on out girls, all that 'boo' and we can't get in."

Of course the inevitable campus cop appears and quiet resumes. The doomed man passes in Y court, peering at the blank faces of Gerrard and Old West across the street. Rank upon rank of ethereal visitors clamor for attention, lounging on benches, gibbering in groups, slouching against door frames, reclining upon the fossilized marine animals which comprise the rear steps of South building. The classes of '56, '57, '58 are all there, leering and chuckling, carrying on their usual intercourse with ever present girls who assume the coed slouch and hang out their listerine grins, empty but agreeably polite. The senior wonders where they all are now, what they're doing, how they feel. Dejected, he plods off toward Silent Sam.

Dear old Sam, the object of student wrath and indignity for better than 100 years, stands stolidly upon his tarnished pedestal, scrupulously refusing to meet the eyes of passers by, untroubled by his new coats of blue or green or red paint and by the lingerie displays which frequently adorn his rifle barrel. No sound has he made in the history of the school, much to the chagrin of some few saintly coeds who wished to prove a point. Sam offers no fatherly advice, so our doomed man salutes gravely, then ambles lamely on; but soon he will no longer wear "the nightgown look of death."

For Carolina, with its many buildings and people and happenings, is not a physical entity. Rather it is an idea, a concept of the individual, meaning something different to everyone that graduates here. Carolina has existed and will always exist in the minds of thousands of individuals, carried by its sons to the four corners of this strife-torn earth. No one ever really has to leave Carolina, nor can it leave us, for thoughts are as eternal as the one supreme mind which fashioned our transient bodies and unconquerable souls. In a world of changing values, it is indeed with gratitude that we, the class of 1959, can look to our memories of UNC as a constant, a beacon from which to set our course for better things.

## Music Review

The University Chorus, conducted by Wilton Mason, gave its Spring concert in Hill Hall, Tuesday evening. The program reflected the good taste of Dr. Mason. The opening pieces Vexilla regis and O sacrum convivium of Pergolesi, sung a capella by the Chorus, were interpreted with feeling. However, one could have asked for a more full bass section to give body and depth to the performance. Good dynamic contrast was evident in the Thomson Alleluia, particularly in the parallel harmonies of the women's parts. Of the entire program, this was the most enthusiastically rendered selection.

The Faure Requiem was the focal point of the concert. Here particular mention can be made of the soloists, the conductor, and of the accompanist, all of whom had an enthusiasm greater than that of the chorus itself. Rebecca Carnes sang with warmth. Joel Carter performed the bass-baritone solos with full and rich tone; and, as always, it is a pleasure to hear him perform. Glenn Watkins took the role of accompanist in the work, blending completely with chorus and soloists, never distinctly overemphasizing the part which was assigned to the organ. Wilton Mason conducted the group with energy, good taste, and thoroughly reliable and thoughtful musicianship. Of no part was he unaware as he cue-in the organist, the soloists, and the chorus.

The concert gave evidence of hard work on the part of all of the performers. And, as a whole, it had extremely moving moments particularly in the Alleluia of Thomson, and in the Kyrie, the Libera me, and the in Paradisum of the Faure Requiem.

Gayle A. Henroff

## Spectrum?

Letter to the editor of our very own Tar Heel:

There seems to be, among "world affairs" at Carolina, something of a rumble between two campus booklets. This is no cause for alarm, as human beings have a tendency to quibble, but what is the matter of consequence? Possibly the question is out of order, since quibbling may be an end in itself. Name-calling can be fun—it sometimes leads to war and other thrilling things—but it can also become rather a bore, especially if we run out of new and dynamic names. I think it is wise to avoid boredom. Boredom could lead to apathy, and everybody knows that's bad.

I don't see an overwhelming amount of virtue in goading the Quarterly and the Spectrum to self-justification. The material they print should be able to do that. Since they apparently don't wish to affiliate or be identified with one another, let them exist as two individual magazines. Let the people come, and buy one of each, and say "how nice," or something like that. On the other hand, if we want to take sides—competitive resourcefulness is next to godliness—let the people sit down and write beautiful things to submit to the magazine of their choice.

Gracious, it's almost slanderous, some of the quips I have seen (and even heard) about the two editors and their fellow-workers.

Nancy Gammon

## View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

### SOUND AND FURY: "OH, HELLAS!"

For those who take the long view, and look on Sound and Fury as a continuing feature of Carolina life, this is a time for loud hosannas. After two, lean years, when the Sound and Fury productions seemed impossibly childish exercised in house party humor, we are being treated to a full-fledged play. (Held over through tonight.)

Authors Lew J. Hardee and Carl Bridgers owe an obvious debt to Aristophanes, and their apology to him in small print on the posters around campus only fair. They have borrowed the plot of *Yysisstrata*, taking choice scenes from the popular translations with only slight alteration if any. It is certainly not harsh criticism to note that the book of "Oh, Hellas!" is best when it sticks closest to its source. The Myrrhina-Kinesias bedroom-type farce and the choral chastity oath stand out as examples.

When Messrs. Hardee and Bridgers strike off on their own they often lose their way, and the comedy becomes rather labored and sometimes simple-minded. With the ancient Greek as their guide, it is hard to understand why the authors allowed the play to stray as much as they did. *Yysisstrata* is time-tested stuff, and since the local adapters were willing to let Aristophanes prevail to the extent that they did (even to the extent of blindly adopting a line about "flaying a skinned dog" without heeding the fact that the reference is to a lost play by a minor B.C. playwright), they might well have followed his example in construction and comedy technique.

As it is, however, the play is burdened with several rather static and unnecessary scenes. Unfortunately, two of them come at the very beginning, and everything that follows, including a good deal of joyous humor, suffers from the lame opening.

The show picks up somewhere around the middle of the first act, when it finally comes up with Aristophanes' prologue. From then on things are generally better, rising to hilarious heights in the Aristophanic scenes, and slowing down a bit in the original sections.

A student production of a major effort such as "Oh, Hellas!" must necessarily spread the talent pretty thin and hope to make up for the lack with enthusiasm. For the most part, they succeed, with the aid of several performances which add to the general enthusiasm some talent and poise.

First, Sue Corden as Lampito, queen of Spartan women, built like an Amazon and able and willing to subdue all men in sight (en masse!) She comes across with enough gusto to bring Aristophanes' humor to life.

Jane Newsome's *Yysisstrata* is most fetching, although it could be stronger. She has poise and voice enough, however, to compensate for the slightness of her characterization.

The running love-game between *Coloniha* (Nancy Aubrey) and *Demetrius* (Bill Monell) is consistently amusing. Miss Aubrey's characterization is excellent and appealing, and Mr. Monell brings to the show its only good male voice and a great deal of poise.

The best single scene in the show — the teasing seduction of *Kinesias* by *Myrrhina* — features Jane Durham and Wally Graham in some excellent foolery.

Otherwise, enthusiasm has to suffice, and in many places it does. There are times, however, as in the first scenes, where the scarcity of talent and the lack of material combine to produce some embarrassing moments.

Joel Fleischman's direction is particularly notable in the blocking of the crowd scenes. The songs are blocked less successfully, perhaps because the crude amplification in Memorial Hall creates impossible difficulties. Many of the comic devices — Lampito's setting-up exercises and *Kinesias'* flying rush for the mattress, for example — are most ingenious.

To add still more wonders to the list it is only necessary to mention Lew Hardee's music (conducted with aplomb by Gene Strassler). Several of the melodies would suffice in any league. The lyrics, by Carl Bridgers, are often not up to their accompaniment.

A nice parody of the caryatides on the porch of the Erechtheum in John Sneed's major set occasions the first well-deserved laugh of the evening. Throughout, his flexible designs set the light key of the show without sacrificing all the monumental symmetry of Greek architecture. Clara Mack's costumes are fetching on the fetching girls who wore them, with one major exception: the girls have a hard enough time being sexy in the dance numbers, and the conservatism of the brief outfits only make it more ludicrous. The men's costumes are good, though somewhat monotonous.

Unfortunately, Tony Millili's choreography is obscured by the dismal attempts at ballet. Perhaps such ambitious stuff should be omitted from future productions, at least until there are people able to carry it off. There's nothing worse than inept ballet.

Whatever the faults of this production, one factor suffices to extenuate them all: "Oh, Hellas!" raises Sound and Fury to the level of genuine adult theatre, and sets up a standard which can be improved upon in future years. Everyone connected with this production deserves credit for the initial breakthrough. Future students who involve themselves in the excitement of Sound and Fury productions will have this to look back on as the beginning of a tradition and a beginning for real progress. "Oh, Hellas!"... oh, hope! (Such bathos from a supposedly cynical critic is due to the novelty of this sort of ingenuity and worthwhile enthusiasm on this campus.)

