

# The Daily Tar Heel

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**NIGHT EDITOR**

## Norman B. Scores A Success

We hope that in the spring of 1961 the students of this University will see fit to have another Mock Convention, be it Republican or Democrat, for this past weekend's affair was a good step in the right direction.

It cannot be said that the entire student body contributed much effort to the Convention as a whole, for three of the four sessions were rather sparsely attended; the four sessions, however, atoned for the others. It was quite a success.

Many are to be commended for the educational and enjoyable experience of the weekend; they worked many hours, suffered, sadly to say, considerable financial embarrassment, lost a key speaker, had microphone and speaker troubles, ran into a belligerent states' rights faction which slowed everything down, and still came out on top. Much of the credit must go to that newly registered Democrat Norman B. Smith, who weathered the rather childish recall attempt of the Young Democrats outfit to be still in office when the last vice presidential vote was cast.

Political scientists Gordon Cleveland and Earle Wallace were dignified and helpful faculty advisors; the latter, as honorary chairman, conducted the nominations and voting with as much aplomb as could be possibly expected amidst such confusion. And their willingness to participate on the students' level of involvement made it clear to many former skeptics that faculty members can be just as human as themselves, if not more so.

The students who had the grace to view the entire proceedings with tongue-in-cheek found it not only amusing but also educational. And the efforts of such groups as the Cobb delegation added a great deal to everyone's fun with their spoofing of well-known members of the current political scene.

## The Ones Who Didn't Sign the Cards

It is very good that the people who have been passing out these racial privilege cards at the local theatres were not outside the Carolina Theatre Friday night for the seven o'clock show, for they would have done very badly, judging by a little incident which occurred during the course of the motion picture.

The evening's feature was an incredibly true little comedy — the noun may be a little too flattering — entitled "Tall Story," and featured the athletic talents of the remarkably slim Mister Anthony Perkins, a member of the basketball aggregation from a unit called Custer, presumably because it was on its last academic legs.

During a display of typical college frivolity and love for the old alma mater the students tore hell-for-leather across the campus carrying the members of this amazing quintet of hoopsters, as a salute to the great victory they anticipated against a team from Russia known as the Sputniks—a good Communist name.

While the members of this idyllic little academic community dashed across the campus with their heroes on their shoulders the ever-cynical Chapel Hill audience remained silent. Then, suddenly, the theatre was filled with boos, hisses

"Vote for DeSapio—he's got personality!"

And there were serious aspects of the production as well. It was a little disheartening to realize the amount of racial, or ethnic, prejudice that still exists in Chapel Hill. And it was interesting to note that the changes made in the platform came closer to representing Republican policies than those of the party we were supposedly representing in the Convention.

And the results of the tabulation of votes were interesting. We had expected Stevenson to win, but not by such a great majority at such an early point. And we were surprised by the poor showing made by Kennedy. The results of our little convention will have no real effect upon the doings in Los Angeles this summer, but they may go to convince some of the dubious that Adlai Stevenson still has a friend or two down here in the South.

Two professionals who helped us make the proceedings a little more realistic added much to the educational aspects of the Convention. Representative Edmundson impressed all with his understanding of American political problems, and Senator Gore amused and enlightened the spongy partisan audience about some of the more interesting fallacies in Mr. Nixon's make-up.

All in all, it was a highly worthwhile effort. It can be expected that this will occur in the future, and that the student body will take somewhat more enthusiastic part as a whole. It would be wise, however, to schedule the convention on a weekend that does not conflict so strongly with beach aspiration.

One final point — there are rumors circulating the campus to the effect that the *Daily Tar Heel* was biased, as a result of the editor's personal preferences, toward Mr. Stevenson during the weekend — this is not true.

and similar forms of verbal disparagement; the students of the University of North Carolina who were in attendance had discovered that this team also featured a Negro basketball player.

It was all fine with them, apparently, for the team to display the talents of the singularly inept Mr. Perkins, but a Negro, regardless of ability, was taboo. And so, in the most juvenile manner at their command, they reacted vocally. Their comments were lost amidst the cheers of the throngs on the screen, but the intent was only too plain. Prejudice, which so many of us like to think does not exist here, was running rampant.

This disgusting incident is one of a series which have led us to believe that there is more to the race situation here than meets the eye. Prejudice does exist here, and rather than ignoring it in a morass of platitudes about the desire for equality in our community we feel it would be of infinitely more value to attempt to hit the problem at the roots; to seek out these narrow-minded, bigoted "citizens" and make them realize that they are not a mite better than the young man they booed.

Very few cards would have been signed that night. The students, it appears, are not ready yet.

Otelia Connor

## Governor Swain

When David Lowry Swain, Governor of North Carolina, and third President of the University of North Carolina, was a small boy living in a mountain cove of western North Carolina, he saw a horse and wagon approaching in a washed-out channel of the creek near his home, and was so frightened that he ran and hid.

What manner of man was this, who with only four months of college education at the University of North Carolina, got his law license when he was 22 years old, when he was twenty-three years old was elected to the General Assembly for five terms. When he was twenty-eight years old he was chosen a senator for the Edenton Circuit, an extreme eastern district of North Carolina. When he was twenty-nine years old he was transferred to the Superior Court bench.

When he was thirty-two years old he was elected Governor of North Carolina, the youngest man ever elected to that high office in North Carolina.

During Governor Swain's last year as Governor, 1855, Joseph Caldwell, President of the University of North Carolina, died and Governor Swain was elected President of the University to succeed Caldwell. He was then thirty-four years old.

In appearance he had a homely face and a large, ungainly figure. He was so knock-kneed that the students said that the pigs on his farm must have gotten away easily, as they could run right between his feet. It is a fair question: What did this man have that other men didn't have, that he always landed on top of every pile?

As an educator it was held against him that for twenty years he never bought a book for the library. Except for the Phi and Di libraries, the University library was non-existent. Yet many prominent men gave him credit for much of their success in later life.

He was accused by some of being a toady, and booting up the rich. If so, it seems to have paid off in his case, as the University grew under his administration, and was rated the best college in the Southern States. Three Presidents of the United States were commencement guests at the University during his administration. No other administration can make such a claim.

He was criticized by some for being too lenient in discipline. He often over-ruled the faculty and refused to expel a student. He held that the chief concern of the University was to make character and not to break people.

He was criticized for granting diplomas to students after four years at the University, regardless of their scholastic standing. Dr. Battle defends Swain's position on easy diplomas, and lists the following advantages to the possessor of a diploma from the University:

"He had learned human nature and how to handle men. He had learned to considerable extent polished manners. He could think and speak on his feet. In county meetings he knew the rules of order and how to conduct business—this he had learned in his Literary Society. He had confidence in himself. He saw that his neighbors expected much of him and his self-respect forced him not to disappoint them, on the principle 'noblesse oblige.'"

Governor Swain aroused resentment in the village when his beautiful daughter, Elinor, married General Atkins, a Union General who was stationed at Chapel Hill at the close of the war. It was due to Governor Swain's conciliatory attitude that the 4,000 soldiers and their horses, quartered in the buildings on the campus, committed no acts of vandalism or looting in the town during that period of occupation.

Governor Swain was also on intimate terms with Republican General Sherman, who furnished him a team and gave him a horse. Governor Swain's death was inadvertently caused by this horse which bolted, throwing him out of the buggy on the ground. He died from shock about two weeks later.

Most people in the South were as poor as Job's turkey hen after the war, but Swain, who died three years after the close of the war was a wealthy man, worth \$600,000, not withstanding the losses of the war.

Because of his great faith in the University he kept the University open during the War Between the States, even when there were only thirteen freshmen admitted. After the war the Reconstruction Government dismissed President Swain, the Board of Trustees, and the faculty, and the carpenters took over. Because of lack of money and patronage the University closed its doors in 1871, and remained closed until 1875.

President Swain died August 1878. Thus he was spared the pain of witnessing the de-creation of the institution he loved and for which he had labored so long.

By his contemporaries Governor Swain was not considered a great man in many senses of the term, but he developed to the utmost all the talents and abilities he possessed, and in so doing "raised himself above and beyond the great mass of his fellows." Furthermore, he knew when he was licked and saw no point in continuing to fight for a lost cause.

If politics is the art of the possible, Governor Swain was a consummate politician. His political acumen, together with a very bright mind, was reason enough for his rapid rise in the world.

## Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

Possibly we are the ones who have been most anxious about the recent NSA question, feeling like a wife whose husband is on trial. For both of us are in this wonderful institution, thanks to UNC's association with NSA. If UNC drops out of the NSA framework, we, too, shall have to leave this charming community. One is a NSA Special Algerian Scholarship grantee and the other is a participant in the NSA Foreign Student Leadership Project (FSLP).

Now we are extremely glad to learn that the April 28 session of the Student Legislature reconsidered the question and decided not to carry out for the time being the campus referendum on whether or not UNC should remain in NSA. We are heaving a sign of relief.

We sincerely wish that the student body would appreciate NSA and continue to contribute to it.  
Rachid Benouameur  
Nasa Nishihara

"... Nice Weather We're Having ...!"



Gary A. Soucie

## The World's Greatest Guitarist

How I wish the jazz world could claim Segovia! But since we can't, I shall have to go outside my idiom to write this review.

Andres Segovia is without a doubt the world's greatest guitarist. What he has done for the guitar is incredible. Form an instrument once suited only for folk dances Segovia has fashioned one of the world's most beautiful musical voices. As you might expect, I dig Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney, but Segovia is several light years beyond their orbits. In addition, he might well be the consummate artist within music. He is certainly the most poetic one. His technique is beyond reproach and his interpretations are, to these ears, more than competent. Segovia's artistry has very little of the flamboyance of a Sabinos or the bravura of a Carlos Montoya. His is much cleaner and infinitely more subtle. I feel that Andres Segovia's playing can be evaluated only in comparison with his previous performances since he clearly lacks a peer. By this arbitrary standard, Mr. Segovia's performance Wednesday night was average; the average of a superior range.

Segovia's concert was very well programmed, in that each of the three sections proved to be more interesting and moving than the preceding one, and the selections within each section more or less followed suit. The first and least of the sections, the one devoted to the translation to the guitar of works by little-known and presumably minor composers, was almost completely a warming-up exercise. In the three selections by F. Sor, however, the greatness that is Segovia came to life. "Study" was extremely interesting for the employment of very subtle dynamics that came more from Segovia than from Sor. The "Allegro" drew the first section to an exciting close due to the guitarist's wonderful sense of time.

After an embarrassing delay caused by an unforgivably crude audience, the section devoted to the works of the masters began with the master of masters, J. S. Bach. Segovia's translation of the music was highly successful, but the "Prelude and Gavotte" was so basically musical that I think Bach took the higher honors. Haydn's "Andante" sounded a trifle academic, but the "Menuet" section was very sprightly and moving, thanks to the extreme artistry with which it was delivered. Felix Mendelssohn's "Romanza and Canzonetta" seemed to lend itself best to the guitar. The latter section's

wonderful harmonies and chord relationships and its alternately broad and delicate lines sounded so good under Segovia's fingers that it seemed the piece had been intended for guitar.

After the intermission (this time scheduled), Mr. Segovia performed a set of guitar music, beginning with an articulate reading of Tansman's "Mazurka." The interplay of the weaving lines in Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "Tarantella" was so clearly executed that this listener tended to overlook the complex intervals involved. The inherent power of the unamplified Spanish guitar was brought to bear masterfully on Tarrega's "Preludio and Study." Unlike a certain pair of other concert guitarists, Segovia does not bury the beautiful melodies that accompany the complex rhythmic structures of guitar music.

The haunting lyricism of the scheduled encore, "Sevilla" by I. Albeniz, was so beautifully and dynamically interpreted that there seemed to be more excitement in this piece than in the more rhythmic "Preludio and Study." The second encore was a short and highly intricate rhythmic exercise that I am unable to identify. The only sour note of the concert was introduced by the incredibly fickle audience. The guitarist was able to impose his famous silence upon the audience during the performances, but several times he was forced to delay the next selection to stare down audience commotion.

The awkward situation caused by a good portion of the audience's leaving the auditorium between the first two sections of the program was completely unforgivable. The printed program clearly indicated where an intermission was to be taken, and the impromptu leave-taking displayed a gross lack of understanding of what was going on. When Mr. Segovia was gracious enough to grant a second encore, he was again forced to sit on the stage and wait out the disturbance caused this time by the early departures. Why the doors were not closed without his asking for them to be closed is beyond my comprehension.

The scheduling of such an important figure as Andres Segovia does credit to the planners of the Graham Memorial Series, but it is a shame that the rest of the student body — so eager to be seen at cultural gatherings — did not measure up to the expectations of the planners. The concert succeeded as the significant musical and cultural event it was intended to be in spite of our campus.

Noel Stypmann

## On Parent's Day

This past Sunday was no ordinary day. It was "Disillusion Parent's Day," a day when many students pretended to be what they were not. Since parents were permitted to visit those sacred asylums of eternal blessedness and morality, (commonly referred to as mens' dorms) such decorative items as pictures of sensual young ladies, pornographic literature, and poker chips were carefully tucked away. It took great fortitude by we Carolina gentlemen to deny ourselves of these better things of life, even for a day.

A complete transformation took place. Beds were made for the first time since commencement of school, the "Ole Bible" was given a quick dusting off with a dirty sock; and beer cans, left over from Saturday's club meeting of Neurotics Anonymous, were kicked into closets. And after a course in Human Courtesy 21 the usual dorm jargon was replaced with such antiquated words as "yes, sir, thank you, and please."

These few choice words assured our unsuspecting parents that all their efforts were not in vain, and Mom was proud to say "my son." Sunday would have been a sad day indeed if things had gone any other way. Parents would have had heart attacks, resulting in a shortage of morticians, wage and price inflation, and bankruptcy of life insurance companies. Strikes would have occurred, and a national emergency declared. But due to the keen foresight of we Carolina men, Parent's Day was a success. Or was it?

John Justice

## Bland Apathy

One of the things that most impresses me when reading the lives of great men, such as Lincoln or Roosevelt, is the tremendous drive they all possessed.

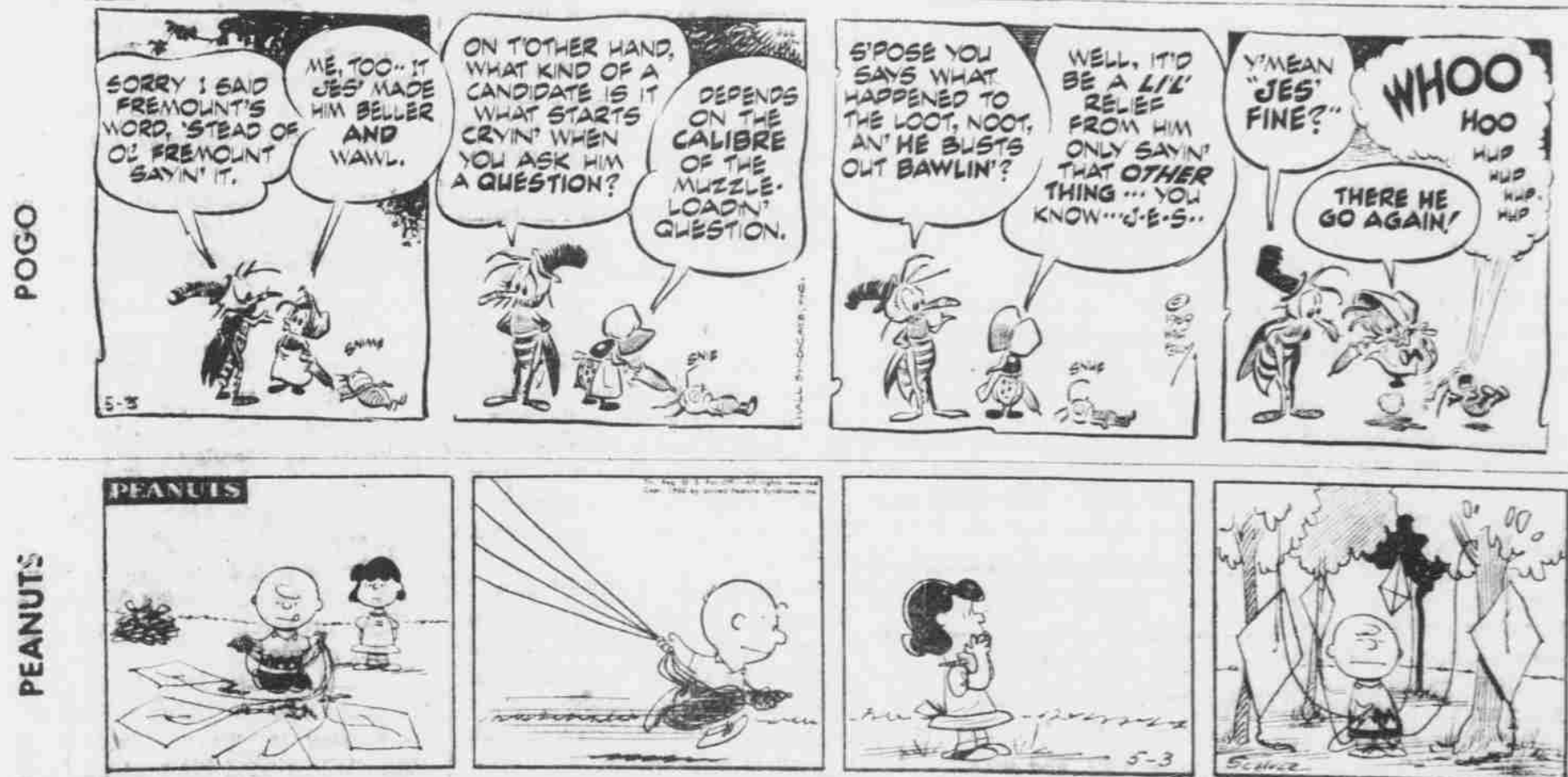
This inner vitality seems to be common in all men who have accomplished things of lasting value. For example, the weight resting on Lincoln was tremendous; the future of an entire nation rested squarely in his hands. He not only had the responsibility of waging a war, but also the task of keeping in check the radical elements of his own

Franklin D. Roosevelt's strength, both mental and physical, was even more impressive. From an illness that would have been fatal to the career of nearly any other person, he rose to be elected President for four terms. The top secrets that he had to bear as President during the war years were an inhuman burden for one man to bear. Yet Roosevelt took it upon himself to have a hand in virtually every activity of the government and through it all retained his shrewd judgment, his vigor, and his legendary charm.

The list could be expanded to great length, but the two above are sufficient to illustrate the point: that is, that I believe that there must be some powerful struggle in order for a person's true greatness to be shown.

If the converse of my point is stated, it can be seen that without a struggle true achievement is impossible, or at least highly unlikely.

There is too much indifference and bland apathy here on campus. This complaint obviously is not a new one; it has been made before and undoubtedly will be made again. Apparently nothing is ever going to be done to rouse the somnambulant students who frequent the classrooms. Whether the situation rises from a stifling environment or an emphasis on false values, or something entirely different, I do not know. I rather think that much of it is an inability to distinguish between sophistication and stagnation and between education and memorization.



BY WALT KELLY

BY SCHULZ