

Bandwagonitis Strike Sanford

Not too long ago more than 350,000 North Carolinians went to the polls and cast a vote of approval for one Terry Sanford.

At that time, and since then, Sanford has been alternately and simultaneously portrayed in several roles:

He has been seen galloping on a great white charger, leading the Negroes out of the throes of racial discrimination;

He has been seen strolling gaily from the mountains to the sandhills, holding a basket of greenbacks under one arm, while he cast the bills in all directions;

He has been seen charging valiantly forth to rescue schools and colleges from drowning in a quagmire devoid of academic freedom.

But now that the air of a heated campaign has cleared and Sanford has made his way to the Democratic National Convention, yet another role has appeared for the Governor nominee: that of one afflicted with a disease—a disease known as bandwagonitis.

When the people of North Carolina chose Sanford as their next Governor, they were choosing a man to lead them. They were choosing a man who would not only improve conditions within the state, but, at the same time, improve the

state's relations with other states and the nation as a whole.

There are many ways Sanford could do this. Scrambling on a bandwagon that is thundering by, just to be going along for the ride is one of the less desirable of these ways.

True, Sanford endorsed Sen. Kennedy in order to improve this state's standing in the country. And true, too, that he felt that siding with a winning candidate early in the game would be the best way to accomplish this.

But we don't believe in bandwagonism. We think Sanford, as the next Governor of this state, should have made his presidential choice on the basis of that candidate's qualifications—and not on the fact that he appears to be a sure winner.

It's true that Sanford did not endorse Johnson just because the rest of the so-called "solid South" was going for the Senator from Texas. This could have been a commendable move.

But it could be commendable only if he had chosen another candidate because he felt that the other candidate was better qualified than Sen. Johnson to be the next President of this country.

It seems that Sanford is demonstrating followership, not leadership.

Some Assorted Short Subjects

Fidel Castro is laid up in bed, supposedly with the flu. Maybe he's got "red fever."

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Ironic double-feature at a Charlotte movie-house: "The Angry Red Planet," and "Circus Stars"—a Russian-made film.

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Belated congratulations to Isabella Davis and the Playmakers for their splendid production of "One More Waltz." 'Twas the most entertaining thing we've seen here in many a day.

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Confusing advertisement heard on a Raleigh radio station recently: "See 'Portrait in Black'—in color."

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Seen on campus over the weekend: Nothing, man, like nothing.

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Those rebels across the Atlantic are really "doing" the (Belgian) Congo.

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Someone dashed a beautiful coat of red paint over Silent Sam's back this past weekend. Must have been a still-bitter

Britisher who wanted to change Sam's gray coat to a red coat.

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With the opening of the Democratic convention, the roar of TV sets could be heard all over campus. Those without the picture-tube monsters were rushing about madly to rent a set or get to someplace where they could get reasonably near a set.

It's truly the age of television.

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Our nomination for most-crowded parking lot in town: the one at the Chapel Hill Weekly.

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Monday was a day of reckoning for the School of Journalism. It was inspection day for the school's new building, Howell Hall. Howell came through with flying colors.

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Heard in class: An out-of-state professor complaining about Chapel Hill's infamous weather.

But, then, who doesn't complain about it?

Perspectives By Yardley

Martin Luther King speaks of the American Negro as "having come a long, long way . . . and having a long, long way to go."

Jazz music, too, has come a "long, long way"; and it has a "long, long way to go." As every schoolboy knows, it started in the bordellos and "establishments" of New Orleans' red light zone. It moved up the river toward Chicago, making periodic and vital stops at such oases as Kansas City, Memphis, and St. Louis.

In Chicago it was adapted by the white man, who started it on its road to respectability by putting jazz bands on riverboats and in dance halls. Too, it simmered in hidden basements and, during prohibition, in the speakeasies and, again, the bordellos.

Taken to New York, jazz reached first the nightclub, then the speakeasy, then the dance hall, then the concert hall; it was received, albeit with hesitation, in such venerable edifices as Carnegie and Town Halls.

With the advent of the long playing record, jazz graduated to the shelves of the nation's intellectuals, where the artistry of a Miles Davis or the "historical" value of a Joe Oliver was given a place of reverence and, in a whimsical way, respectability.

With the success of Newport as encouragement, the jazz festival grew to the status of a national institution; it was seen sporting its summery glow in Bucks County and in Monterey, in French Lick and Toronto.

Jazz, it seemed a few weeks ago, had really and finally arrived.

Then came the Newport Jazz Festival—1960 version.

Newport, as usual, was crowded for the occasion. The quiet little New England town, content for 360 days of the year to rest upon its reputation for historic buildings and sandy beaches, exploded with the influx of fans, buffs, and hangers-on to a weekend population of some 70,000 people—twice its normal size.

They came from everywhere. Many had chartered busses and came halfway across the continent; many were critics and enthusiasts from New York, Boston and Philadelphia; many were musicians; most, however, were college students, and most of them from the Ivy League.

To these students, Newport had replaced Bermuda's "College Week" as the place to be. Few understood the meaning of "contrapuntal"; few knew the delights of Thelonius Monk or the excitement of Gerry Mulligan; few had ever heard live jazz outside of a Thanksgiving vacation trip to Birdland or a Dukes of Dixieland concert at their winter dance weekend.

They were there for two reasons: everyone else was there, and they might see a few old classmates; the liquor flows freely over a Festival weekend, and few draft cards are checked.

Saturday night's crowd inside Freebody Park was a big one—one of the biggest in Newport's brief history. 15,000 people packed every seat and every inch of the gigantic football field and filled the distant grandstand to the top row. They were as well behaved as any Festival crowd, giving half of their attention to the music and half to the booming Narragansett beer concession.

Outside, some 10,000 disgruntled college students shuffled restlessly. No more seats, no more admittance. They had come to Newport to hear the jazz, however, and were not to be that easily discouraged. A few flying soda bottles and beer cans signified this.

The next day the City Council revoked the Jazz Festival's entertainment license. The 1960 Newport Jazz Festival was over; there will never be another one.

College students, "the hope for a better America in the future," had wrecked jazz's best hope for the future. Selfishly, immaturely and violently conducting themselves in a manner reminiscent of panty raids and bonfire celebrations, they had done their little job.

Jazz has, indeed, come a long, long way. It now has an even longer way to go.

Letter To The Editor

The Gideons Should Be Notified

Editor:

I have been watching the growing drama on the bookshelves of Lenoir Hall since the session began. Now I think it is time to speak out.

The prologue to the affair was sounded by some poor soul whose history text had disappeared while he was eating. A note to the party or parties involved was penned and posted, asking that the book be returned. Next came a girl whose botany text and notes were taken, either purposely or otherwise; she posted a note on the book-

shelf, asking at least that the notes be returned thereto.

Another chapter came when one Joe Sam Routh announced that his personal copy of "Sex Life of a Cop" was missing.

Finally, and this is why I write, this morning I noticed a poster stating:

"Whoever took my Bible either bring it back, or read it," which note was signed "W. G. Friedrich."

I do not see any definite trend here—from history to botany to Sex life to religion—and suppose the pilfering to be done

by several individuals. It is indeed sad that such play has apparently become widespread, but when it comes to Bibles! Something must be done.

The Gideons should be notified.

Please do not take this personally. I do not think that you stole any of the books.

J. Harper

P. S.: Though I have no personal interest in the matter, I have since learned that W. G. Friedrich has moved from 447 W. Park St., Cary to 112 W. Longview St., Chapel Hill.

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