

In Our Opinion...

Interfraternity Council Seminars Merit Applause

The Interfraternity Council's recently-initiated project of seminars for the discussion of common fraternity problems is the best thing to come out of the IFC in a long time. And it could go a long way in halting at UNC what many people believe to be a general declining of fraternities throughout the country.

In an interview with the DTH last fall, Dean of Men William G. Long, who works closely with the fraternity system here, expressed the opinion that one of the fraternities' greatest problems is a lack of continuity—that is, a total turnover in membership every four years, leaving the fraternities constantly without the advice of experienced problem solvers.

Dean Long held to the idea that fraternity alumni are the logical people to fill this gap and provide advice and assistance, not only in time of crisis, but throughout the year.

Fittingly, when IFC Chairman Lindsey Freeman announced the seminars program, alumni relations was listed as the topic of the first seminar.

We have spoken to several fraternity representatives who attended this seminar Tuesday night, and they have spoken in glowing terms about the keynote address and, especially, about the small discussion groups where men from several fraternities fielded questions and offered advice from ex-

perience of their houses.

Another challenge staring fraternities in the eye is the management of finances, with the bulk of the financial transactions centering around the purchase and preparation of food. Fittingly, again, two separate seminars are planned in this area—one solely to discuss kitchen management and one treasurer's discussion.

Pledge training has been a bone of contention among fraternities and between the fraternity system and the public for a long time. A Seminar is planned to iron out this problem.

And, of course, one of the most trying experiences in the fraternity year is rush, both for the frat men and the rushees. Differences in rushing procedure in the various houses can be quite confusing to rushees and can cast a bad reflection on the fraternity system. To help clear up this area a seminar has been planned to discuss rushing procedures before formal rush in February.

From time to time this year the DTH has criticized specific fraternities and the whole fraternity system. We criticize because we believe there are things that could easily be changed for the better. We mean our criticism to be constructive in the long run.

We applaud the IFC for this worthwhile project and only wish we had had the foresight to suggest it.

Why A Merry Christmas?

Christmas. A time of giving. A time of selflessness. A time of cheer.

Christmas. A time of euphemisms. A time to sing about joy to the world—a joy that is to a minority of the world's citizens. A time to talk of peace that has yet to come. One of the noisiest times of the year to sing about a silent night.

Christmas. A time to wonder what someone will give you. A time to see if you can impress someone special with an extra-expensive present. A time to drink champagne and spiked egg nog until everything is forgotten.

They say it's a religious holiday of some sort. Kind of like George Washington's birthday, except the birthday is that of the Son of the only God. This is the God, they tell you, who loves everybody in the whole world. And his Son, they say, gave his own life for others.

They worship these two—the Father and Son. And they worship a third person called the Holy Spirit. All three members of the God Head are present at Christmas in a very real and meaningful way, they say. That's why they all go to church and sing religious songs and send Christmas cards with Bible verses on them. You see they're Christians. And this is the most important time of the year for them.

They sacrifice. One of them drops a whole dollar bill in the Salvation Army collection pot for some needy family. A dollar should be enough to make some family happy. He certainly can't afford to give more. After all, it's taking nearly \$2,000 to buy all his family's Christmas gifts. And he has three

cars to keep up, not to mention the expense of operating a 10-room split-level house with a staff of eight.

They love. They love their mommies and daddies, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters. And they love their God. They do not love the Negro across town, but that's all right. He has his own

people. He and his kind enjoy their Christmas much more staying in their place.

They believe in peace on earth. And they are willing to kill anyone who doesn't.

Christmas. A confusing time if you stop to think about it. Pink aluminum trees and reusable plastic mistletoe are tangible reminders of the artificiality of the season's going on. Those who claim to cherish the season most often seem to honor it least.

But that's life. That's humans. Where are they going? Where did they come from? Why? Who cares? Maybe those who don't claim to know really know better than anyone else.

Merry Christmas!

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Drink! for you know not whence you came nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go nor where.

— Omar Khayyám, *Rubáiyát*



Kerry Sipe

Barbers Are Scalping

One of my greatest dreams over the years has been the semi-monthly trip that society forces me to make to a barber shop. There's nothing about the ritual of cutting hair that I like. As a child I thought it was actually painful and as an adult I find it a nuisance and a bore.

When I had put it off as long as I could last week, I finally made the effort to stop in at the Graham Memorial shop for a trim.

The best barber in the shop (so called because he talks the least) offered me his chair. I took it and surrendered a begrudged salutation. "Cold enough for you?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "The usual?"

"Yeah," I said.

That's usually the whole dialogue from start to finish.

Virginia Warren

New Plots Formed For 'La Resistance'

In a mysterious three-way phone call last night, the secret agents of "La Resistance" revealed themselves and discussed their plans for the "embetterment of the area."

Their plans include converting the bell tower into a blimp port, using the thousands of dogs on campus to provide the raw power for a shuttle service to South Campus, and keeping the Haw river from becoming part of the Inland Waterway.

Agent B and Agent F revealed that "La Resistance" is an organization composed of three members. They said, "We derive our strength from this three-point arrangement" which they pictured as being "similar to the three points of a napkin that's folded over." They declined, however, to identify themselves further.

"La Resistance" first received attention because of posters which had been placed throughout the campus this semester. One of them read "Guy Fawkes is Alive in Argentina" and the other "The Davie Poplar is an Oak."

The most recent sign, which presently adorns the campus, reads "Van Gogh's Ear is Being Held For Ransom."

"La Resistance" is asking 50 million lire for the ear, they said (approximately 400,000 francs).

The organization revealed that the three members "meet and hold forth" on various pressing issues about once a month. They have come up with a three-point program which they hope will lead to local improvements for the students at Chapel Hill.

Heading their program is a matter which they feel is especially "pressing"—that of converting the bell tower

He is supposed to quietly concentrate on making my cowlick lie down and getting my sideburns even.

I usually try to find a not-too-long western story in one of the torn, coverless Saturday Evening Posts he keeps about the place. Even though it is a strain to read without my glasses (which are always removed so as not to block the path of the clippers) I find it helps to keep my mind off the moving operation above me.

This day, however, I had read every magazine in the shop. I believe he must stock his reading library from the discount shelf of the PTA rummage sale. Some of those magazines are so old they show Lucky Strike advertised in a green pack.

This day I was forced to stare blankly ahead as the

clipping began, my eyes glancing gee and haw, focusing first on one thing and then another. It was during this ocular rambling that I noticed a hand-printed notice taped to the mirror on the other side of the room. It read:

"Because of rising costs we have found it necessary to raise the price of haircuts to \$2 effective Jan. 1. Flat-tops will rise in cost to \$2.25."

My mental anguish at reading this news must have been translated into movement by my head, because I felt the edge of the clippers scratch my ear and I heard the barber impatiently clear his throat.

"Rising costs?" I said out loud. "Say, Mr. Cotton, what the hell kind of rising costs does a barber have? Are you trying to raise the capital outlay for a new pair of scissors? Has the price of winter-green suddenly rocketed skyward?"

"It'll cost you \$3 most places in New York," the barber answered, snapping his silver scissors together many times in succession.

"This is North Carolina for Pete's sake. Besides you just went up a quarter a few months ago."

"It was a year," he said. "O.K. a year. I'm not too old and I can remember when I paid a buck for the very same kind of haircut you're giving me right now."

I was careful not to raise my voice loud enough for the other barbers in the shop to hear. It's really bad when they gang up on you.

"Look, Mr. Sipe, I got a wife and kids like everybody else."

"I don't see how you can justify a thing like this," I persisted. "Barbers buy their tools and pay rent on their shop. That's it. No big overhead. No staff salaries. No automation. No college education to compensate for."

"How can you suddenly decide you want an extra quarter of my hard earned dough twice a month?" I tried to cry a little for effect.

I could tell I was getting nowhere. Barbers have Vitals flowing where the blood ought to be.

I stewed in silence while he soaped and shaved the back of my burning neck. I stubbornly locked the muscles of my neck to make it difficult for him to shave around the cords.

When he finished, I was out of the chair and into my wallet before he had a chance to swat my shoulders more than twice with his whiskbroom.

"Here's two bucks," I said in the cockiest voice I could muster. "Keep the quarter tip. You won't get one next time."

I must say he was a perfect gentleman. "Thank you, Sir," he said and rang the figure on the cash register.

"I'm glad I don't have to come to this clip joint any more often than I do," I said.

Richard Doner

Krichbaum Uses Logic Of HUAC

In his letter of Dec. 8, 1966, George Krichbaum treats a number of subjects, and a few of his remarks are especially discouraging and infuriating.

First he states: "I would contend that the war in Viet Nam is of no more direct consequence to the educational process than is taxation, the rising cost of living, or if I may be so bold, birth control." (Be bold George, that's O.K.).

Without discussing the probable importance of taxation and birth control, I quote another statement in the letter: "Of course, the draft is an entirely different matter. A large percentage of our students come into immediate contact with the draft from their 18th birthday until long after their stay at UNC is over."

Here then, Mr. Krichbaum says that the war has no direct importance for the student's life and should not be discussed by Student Legislature, while the draft is relevant to the educational process.

But let us look at some trends and a bit of logic. As the war has escalated, more men have been drafted. As more men have been drafted, more have been committed to action. As more men have been committed to action, more students have been reclassified, drafted, and sent to Viet Nam.

Thus, it seems to me that the draft varies directly with the war. There is a causal relationship between the two which directly determines the amount of students risking their lives.

If the draft is important, the war is more important. There would be no draft without wars.

Mr. Krichbaum's contention that the war has no place in student legislature debate is illogical, thoughtless, inhumane, and serves only to perpetuate a growing tendency to neglect the questioning of basic issues. Too many Americans have never asked themselves why they are drafted.

I believe that the following quotation from Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd" is applicable to the letter written by Krichbaum, a letter which is just a symptom of worse things so common today:

"The narrow chauvinism and energetic hostility to subversive ideas that are now the test of our politicians are precisely disastrous to patriotism, for that must be spacious, disinterested and broad based, otherwise it is intolerable foolishness."

Gregory Peeler

Coed Writes Lines To Dateless Males

Dear Carolina Gentlemen,

We, the typical Carolina Coeds, would like to extend our sincere apologies for being snobbish, unenterprising, unthoughtful and especially for being typical.

It is such a pity that there are so few of us girls to go around, but we are going to work overtime and take two dates a day in order to give more boys a chance for dates and less reason to complain. We only hope our sacrificial efforts will be appreciated and not misunderstood when we try to explain why we have to go in at 9 p.m. to meet our next dates at 9:30.

You boys are a little particular though. When we try to get you blind dates you must know all their vital qualifications—looks, personality, sorority. But we will try to measure up to your important desires. If you are willing to share, we are able to double our duties.

We would also like to apologize profusely for the way we dress. It is horrifying to see girls walking around campus in diverse colored skirts, sweaters and blouses. There must be a solution to getting rid of such a boring sight.

Of course, you must realize that we cannot buy things that are not offered in the clothing stores. We either have to conform to the short skirts and boots or to McMullens and pearls—there is just no way to satisfy everyone's tastes.

We could start making our own clothes in seeking originality—but you know what you boys say about girls who make their own clothes.

However, we do not want you boys to change since you are all such individuals in your checked pants, Alpaca sweaters, three-piece suits and wingtips. You are definitely unsteriotyped. You won't hear us complaining because we ladies appreciate neatness, good taste and good grooming in men, no matter how many pants we see alike.

You fellows are going to have to give us a little more time to adjust to our new environment. It is quite a change coming from all girls' schools to a campus of nothing but handsome men. If the odds were reversed, you would be rather wary yourselves.

If we do not smile every second of the day, it is only because we are in such awe and admiration of you men that we are afraid to step out of line and be called flirts.

Never fear, we will get to work on our deficiencies and inadequacies. We have nothing else to think about but parties, dates, clothes and men. Education, jobs, sororities, Student Government, nursing, service projects and quizzes are unimportant.

We are going to try, try, try to be just what each and every one of you impeccable, idealized men want us to be. After all, we girls are only here to find husbands.

Please give us your forgiveness and another chance to improve our stereotyped typicalness. We fear your journeying to greener pastures and leaving us behind.

But do keep in mind that if four out of six of you abandoned us, there would still be two apiece for us.

With love and kisses,