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The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

Sorority rush reveals nobility of womanhood

By WILLIAM DURHAM

I have long been intrigued by the yearly ritual of sorority rush. Each year, as if drawn by the promise of eternal youth, young women flock together to sample the multitude of riches offered by the various sororities on campus.

This year, determined to discover just what motivates these women, the Female Youth of America, to band together in these rigid units, I vowed to penetrate the very depths of the mystical Bacchic ceremonies and learn first-hand.

Feeling like I'mheus, I disguised myself in what appeared to be traditional garb. Then, having strapped my tape recorder securely in the seat of my baggy shorts, I strode toward my first target.

From the darkness I could see bright, chattering girls everywhere. I felt confident that I would be able to mingle in the crowd and run no risk of detection. This would free me to mingle randomly and put into action my plan to unveil the nobility and true beauty of the female spirit, as exemplified and cultured by the sororities.

However, as my foot hit the top step I was accosted by a girl, or, rather woman, gorgeously coiffed and made up. She smiled sweetly and asked my name.

"Un...Muffin Meringe," I stammered careful to keep my voice high and squeaky.

"Oh, how sweet. My name's Sugar, and this is Bunny, Fluffy, Minnie and Buckethead." They were charming girls.

"What's your major?" cooed Buffy.

"I want to be a doctor, but it's important that a woman not be too pushy." I had rehearsed this to have just the right ring of all-American girlhood plus a tinge of self-confidence.

"I think that's tremendous," lisped another sister attractively.

"Would you like some lemonade?" delicately inquired another.

"Uh...sure. But what I really want is to get to know all you girls, what you think, what motivates you."

"Sure, dear, we'd love to tell you everything about us."

"Can you tell me why you all joined the sorority, and what you think the benefits are?"

They giggled. "Why, I joined because the dorms

were icky," one said. "I joined so that I could find myself as a woman and come to know myself," said another. "I joined because we always have mixers with the Sigma Deltas," sighed yet another.

"How many mixers do you have, on the average," I asked, swiveling my tail so that I could take in everything said on my tape recorder.

"Oh, maybe one or two a week," they answered, counting on their fingers.

"Doesn't this interfere with your school work?"

"Why no," they gasped in unison, looks of horror in their eyes. "We study after dinner until 7, and then go to the mixer. Our parents would never let us do anything to hurt our school work."

"But what if one of you needs to study more?"

"Study more? You mean more than an hour?"

"Yes—say an hour and a half. What if you have to miss a mixer?"

"OOOOOOOOH. That never happens. You can't miss a mixer."

"I just thought that if you had something you'd rather do, or if you wanted to read, then you could sit in your room and be alone."

They were horrified. "Alone? Why would you want to be alone when you have a whole house full of happy, smiling girls just waiting to drop in and chat?"

"You know," one said, looking to the horizon, "that's what I love about my sisters: There's never a minute when they let you be alone."

I was massaging my sore smiling muscles when I suddenly noticed several sisters whispering to each other and staring at my legs. Looking down, I was horrified to discover that I had neglected to shave them. I was rather noticeable in a room full of sleek, tanned flesh.

Excusing myself hurriedly, I sprinted down the steps and into the darkness.

As I plotted strategy for the next house on my schedule, I reflected on what I had discovered while talking to those lovely girls. They were sweet, friendly, charming and dedicated to preserving such maidenly virtues as chastity and purity, both of mind and body.

I would test these observations at the next house. To disguise my legs, I cleverly wrapped my body in a flowered tablecloth. Pinning it in place with safety pins, I shifted my tape recorder so that it would look like a normal bulge.

Approaching the house, I could see the sisters stand on the porch singing, "We love each other, we love our house mother," all with happy smiles on their faces.

As I drew near, I could detect the reek of perfume. This smell grew stronger as I reached the steps, and as I staggered onto the porch I was almost overcome. My eyes watered. My sinuses clogged. My breath rasped in my throat.

Closing my eyes, I dashed past the girls into the relatively unpopulated interior of the house. There I found, after a severe paroxysm of coughing, three other rushees and one sister.

This gave me the idea of talking to rushees as well as sisters. Girding up my tape recorder, I strolled over to them and asked, "Hi there. I am rushee. May I join in your conversation?"

"Why, of course, dear," replied the sister, the only one whose eyes were not bloodshot. "We're only talking about the house and the sisters and what good fun we all have. We're just an amiable bunch of happy women."

"Do you see your sorority as nurturing the sacred flower of femininity, protecting it from the nastiness of the real world?"

"Why, yes, of course," she replied. "While the rest of the world scrambles and flounders in the grip of the rat race, we maintain a serene and purposeful attitude toward life." She turned to the other girls. "That's something to remember when you're making this decision, the most important one of your life. These women you live with will guide you, take you in hand and groom you to become a mature, confident woman."

Suddenly there were screams from the porch, and water balloons came flying through the window. "Panty raid, panty raid," screeched the sisters with glee. The room was instantly filled with dozens of girls some wet from the water balloons, some just running around in circles shrieking. Guttural shouts of, "Panty raid, panty raid," came in through the windows with water balloons.

"Oh look, it's the Alpha Moos," yelled one girl.

"Ooooooh," replied another.

I was on my hands and knees, crawling for the door. I was afraid someone would find out that I was not adequately clad to participate in a panty raid.

Squeals and shouts filled the night. Panties flew through the air. Water balloons burst against the house. The last retreat of womanhood was under fire.

William Durham, a junior English major from Chapel Hill, is editorial assistant for The Daily Tar Heel.

A paper campaign

The campaign, of sorts, being waged for the U.S. Senate between incumbent Democrat Robert Morgan and Republican candidate John East seems to get a little sillier every day.

Morgan has so far refused to debate his conservative opponent, saying East has no record and there is nothing to debate. East has resorted to cranking out "position papers" that outline his policies and compare them favorably with those of Morgan.

Although these tactics have not weakened Morgan's resolve not to debate, they have driven him to issue a position paper of his own calling East's position paper "ludicrous." That same adjective might be applied to the whole campaign.

For instance, East charged that Morgan was "weak on defense" issues because he voted for an amendment to cut defense spending from \$104 billion to \$103 billion. Morgan, in his paper, retorted that \$3 billion of the original \$104 billion was merely "padding," and after the amendment was defeated he voted for the entire amount. Morgan failed to say why he didn't move to cut out all that wasteful padding; perhaps we can expect that in a future position paper.

East also railed at Morgan for voting against the fabled B-1 bomber. Morgan protested that he had campaigned as a proponent of the bomber and voted for it in Congress until President Carter announced plans to drop it in 1977. He also defended his 1978 vote against a \$1.6 billion increase in the \$130 billion defense budget of 1978, which Morgan said was proposed by Sen. John Tower, R-Texas, to gain popularity as a "hawk."

East made other accusations, and Morgan explained in painful detail precisely why he had voted yea or nea in each case. The point of this paper campaign seems to be that while Morgan is conservative, East is really conservative and determined to prove it by supporting every single defense spending increase ever proposed.

East has responded, characteristically, to Morgan's position paper by calling it a "political dodge" and calling for a debate—which leaves the campaign right back where it started.

Worth fighting for

Canada is hardly the most united country in the world. It's 10 provinces spend more time bickering among themselves than working for the nation as a whole. Quebec, one of the more powerful provinces, recently made a bid for independence. And last week, Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau and the premiers of the provinces failed once again to agree on a draft constitution of Canada. But a 22-year-old from British Columbia found a way to bring some unity to this fragmented society.

Terry Fox, who lost his right leg to bone cancer nearly four years ago, set out April 12 to run across Canada. By Sept. 1, when he reached the halfway point, Fox had raised more than \$2 million for the Canadian Cancer Society. But then he developed a shortness of breath and his chest hurt. When doctors checked, the disease was found to have spread to his lungs. He was rushed back to his home town for painful chemotherapy, and the odds of his completing his monumental task suddenly dropped.

But when Canadians heard about Fox's misfortune they rallied behind him; within 12 days they sent more than \$10 million to the Canadian Cancer Society. A teletown involving pop singers and a prima ballerina was hastily organized and aired across the nation. In Manitoba alone, pledges totaled \$100,000 in just two hours. Barber shops ran "cutathons," and at one tavern female strippers donated their week's tips. For the first time in a long while Canadians have found a hero other than their hockey teams for whom to cheer.

Historians always say that nothing promotes a country's unity and patriotism as well as fighting a common problem. Cancer is a riddle that no one has the answer to yet, and even the recently collected money cannot guarantee a cure. Certainly, though, Fox's work will aid research a great deal. And even if he now is unable to appreciate the good he has done, the Canadian people are not likely to forget anytime soon.

The Bottom Line

Crying wolf

A group of Michigan State University students have challenged forty-nine other universities in the nation to a unique college contest. The challenge is one to obtain the most signatures in a petition drive to have the wolf designated the national mammal. UNC is among the challenged schools.

According to the group the wolf merits this recognition for such reasons as: "it demonstrates America's leadership ability in distinguishing fact from fiction." "The wolf is most like man's best friend, the dog." "The lifestyle of the wolf is much like ours in that it is a pack animal..."

Tsk, tsk on those silly Michigan State people. If they knew as much about geography and ACC history as they do about tests on a wolf, they'd realize that asking the UNC community to support the "Wolf for National Mammal" campaign would be like asking Woody Hayes to support their alumni giving.

As far as we can tell, the only mammal of any consequence as a symbol in this neck of the woods always has been, and always will be, the ram.

Pig Pile

Lawrence Vladka is going to court in Rutland, Vermont today. He'll go to fight a town order that he stop raising pigs.

Apparently, Mr. Vladka has an odor problem. Not him, his pigs. Neighbors have lodged a formal complaint against the smell that Vladka's pigs' den is stirring in their neighborhood.

"I have to run inside every five minutes when the breeze turns over," said Doris Pellitier, a neighbor who lives a few houses down. "Our property value is down to nothing," Pellitier moaned when explaining that it's also impossible to move away from the area if one really wanted to.

Vladka, meanwhile, says he's not trying to deliberately annoy his neighbors, but only trying to make some money because his gun shop burned down. He was denied a town zoning permit when he tried to rebuild the business.

Vladka also said that he plans to counter-attack town orders if he is forced to get rid of the animals, by planting corn and using pig manure for fertilizer.

"If they think they've got a stink now, just let 'em wait. I'll pile it high," he promised.

We can only be thankful that the state of Vermont is over 800 miles away.

And that's the bottom line.

letters to the editor

'DTH' criticized for CGC editorial, column

To the editor:
Having served as Student Body Treasurer for nearly a year until my resignation last week, I feel compelled to respond to the recent attacks by The Daily Tar Heel upon the Student Government and the Campus Governing Council ("CGC: an exercise in inefficiency" DTH, Sept. 12 and "The Zoo" DTH, Sept. 15).

The DTH's reporting of CGC's activities has tumbled to a level of slightly humorous half-truths. For example, the DTH has made it appear that during the summer, CGC raided WXYC and stole over \$250.00. Actually, Glen Mitchell, the station manager at WXYC, reported to the CGC that he had discovered a checking account which had apparently been opened by previous management at WXYC. Mitchell told the CGC that he did not know from where the money had come. The CGC, acting on the information available to it at the time, confiscated the money in accordance with the Student Government Treasury Laws. If the CGC acted in error this summer, that mistake can be corrected. But does this event deserve the hullabaloo it has received in the DTH?

Later, that money helped fund a modest all-campus social event. Monday's editorial commented that the party "probably thrilled the many organizations not funded adequately by CGC last spring." It should be pointed out that only a few hundred dollars were available for summer social events this summer as opposed to \$5,000 in past summers. Second, a number of organizations are insufficiently funded this year, but that is not due to reckless CGC behavior but, because student activity fees have not risen with inflation.

Furthermore, the DTH seems amazed that CGC members laugh or even smile when funny things happen. Fortunately, the CGC and the Student Government are composed of people who work long hours and amid much frustration and criticism and still have a sense of humor. Is that such a dishonorable characteristic?

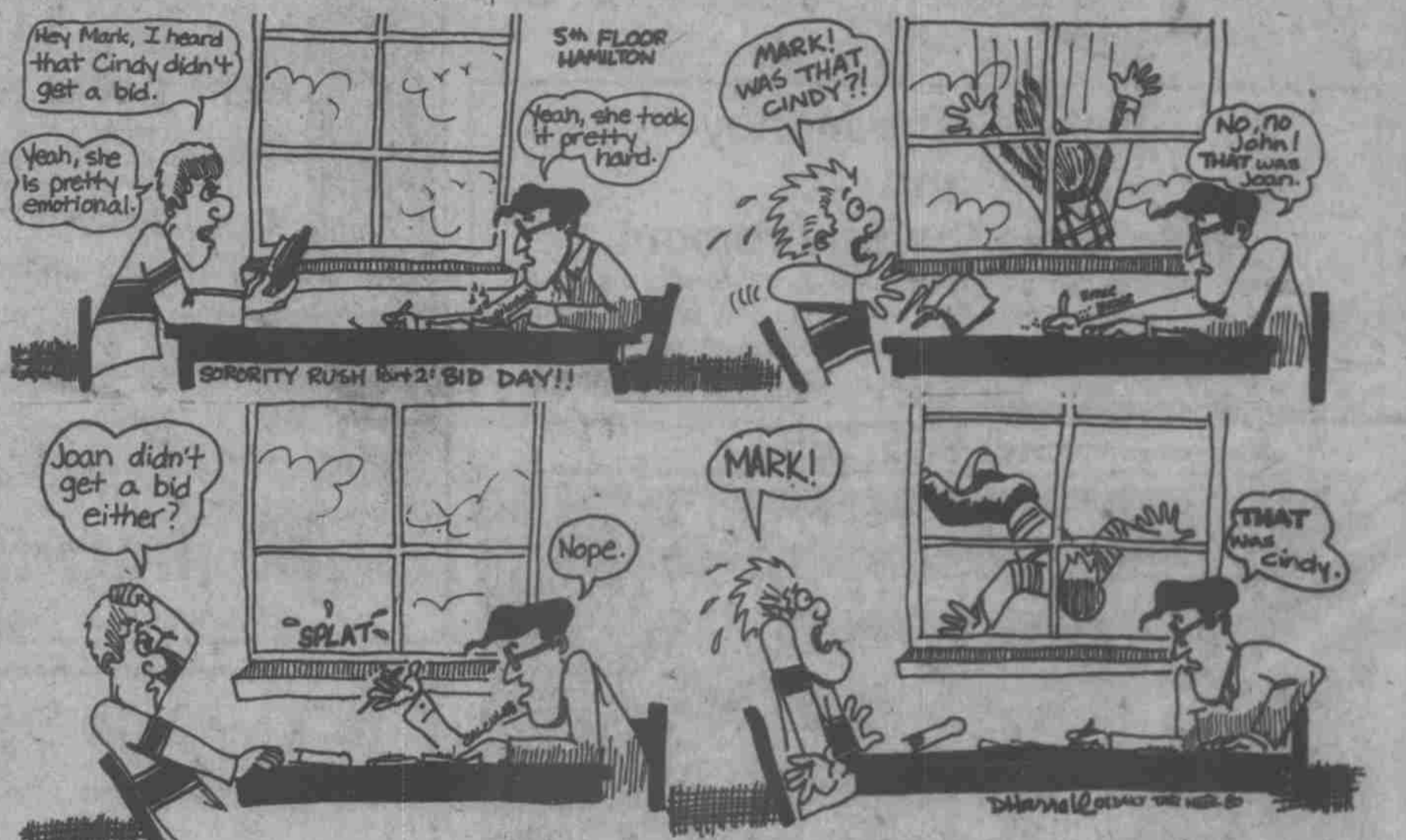
Finally, I am disappointed that the DTH, a group which works in similar situations under similar circumstances as the CGC and the Student Government, feels compelled to attack groups and individuals who have heartily given of themselves in service to student life at Carolina. Without question, the CGC and the Student Government are less than perfect, but they are largely comprised of students dedicated to improving the university.

Doug Shackelford
Chapel Hill

Competency test

To the editor:
Governor Hunt recently suggested that the competency test be expanded to identify top high school students in the state of North Carolina. Such an expansion would have a devastating effect on the socioeconomic status and education of blacks.

Hunt says, "I'd like to have a way to measure the best achievers in North Carolina and somehow recognize these achievers." The competency test is not the pathway to such recognition. There is no need to expand the competency test when the Scholastic Aptitude Test serves this purpose quite well as is evident by its use to determine college admissions nationally.



The present purpose of the competency test is to determine those students who do not meet state requirement for high school graduation. The media do not fail to point out that black high school students, percentage-wise, do not do well on such tests.

Making a test that is already difficult for blacks even more difficult, as would be necessary in order to measure real achievers, would defeat the understandable purpose that originally brought the tests into existence. The "expanded" test would only point out those who lack the benefits of advanced educational training. As a result, percentages relating failure rates for blacks would increase, ultimately destroying what little educational belief and confidence black students have.

Nevertheless, the long range effect is a socioeconomic one. Dependence on federal aid, which has already been cut back by the Carter administration with more across-the-board cuts being threatened by Reagan, is sure to increase since most jobs, even the unskilled ones, have a minimal requirement of a high school diploma (the certificate issued those who fail the competency test is not honored as a diploma). Those who are fortunate enough to get a job with the "current unemployment rate for blacks, particularly youths, at the highest level in the nation at 12.5 percent, will find themselves performing unskilled, poor-paying tasks associated with low social status.

The SAT serves well to point out achievers; therefore, expanding the competency test for this purpose is wasteful. We should instead concentrate on providing motivation to those in poor academic standing while truly trying to educate them using constructively the taxpayers' money. If there truly exists a need to recognize achievers, devise a test specifically for this purpose. Leave the competency test to serve the purpose it now does.

I have begun only to scratch the surface of the problems that would be caused by the implementation of Governor Hunt's test as it was suggested. If such a test is implemented, taking it can not be allowed to become mandatory under North Carolina state law. The effect would be a painful, slow,

genocidal death to blacks through education and economics.

Quentin Eaton
209 Morrison

SHS defended

To the editor:
In regard to the editorial, "Doctor, please," (DTH, Sept. 16), I believe the writer was too harsh in his evaluation of the new infirmary.

I am a freshman at UNC, and already I have gone to the infirmary three times. The first two times I had no appointment, and I did wait awhile before I saw a doctor, but not an unreasonable amount of time. The second time I arrived just after noon, and within thirty minutes I saw a doctor. The third time I had an appointment and saw the doctor at the appointed time. Never in my experience with private practitioners have I seen the doctor when scheduled.

The care I have received at the infirmary has been excellent. The nurses and doctors have been thorough in their work and cooperative in answering all my questions. Due to the nature of my medical problems, I was referred to a specialist at the hospital and another time to the School of Dentistry. At both places the care was also excellent.

Furthermore, I think the \$130 fee is more than reasonable. Due to my illnesses, I would already have spent over \$130 paying for my doctor, a specialist, a dentist, medicine, and laboratory tests. Obviously, not everyone would spend \$130 a year on medical bills, but that amount is worth paying to know that excellent care is available.

I would like to thank everyone at the infirmary, the School of Dentistry, and the hospital who has helped in my medical care, and I recommend these facilities to all students with any medical problems.

Tamara Burkett
458 Morrison

Enjoy your meal?

What do you think of ARA, UNC's new food service? The Daily Tar Heel wants students' comments—criticism, praise or suggestions—about the service. If you've got an opinion, write it below, sign your name and year in school and drop it in the Letters to the Editor box outside the DTH offices in the Carolina Union. Comments should be turned in by Sunday. We'll publish what we find out next week.
