

Vise Tightening On Fraternity Row

The page one headlines which announce today the first break in the student-Administration negotiations for a new coed visiting agreement may be prophetic.

It begins to appear that what the fraternities will get when all the talking is done is more restrictions on coeds in the houses, rather than less, and perhaps even some restrictions on their own drinking habits.

An interim agreement had to be reached, of course, and it will likely be grasped eagerly by the fraternities, who haven't welcomed coeds through the portals since the first week in April. This "temporary" solution to the problem twists the vise tighter than ever on the fraternities, denying them privileges which they had under the old agreement. And it becomes completely clear that the Administration, despite Dean Weaver's apparent concern over student rights, has a very firm hold indeed on the vise handle.

It is no secret that in the conferences the Administration has pointed time and again to the students' own statement that they cannot go back to the old visiting agreement. The Administration has agreed; in fact South Building won't let the fraternities forget that point.

We suspect the pressures have been great on Dean Weaver from the University's Trustees since the outbreak of student agitation for coed drinking in fraternity houses. The only good reason for constant Administration reminding that the old agreement is unworkable would be, as we see it, a South Building scheme to increase restrictions on coed visiting beyond the old "Thou Shalt Not Imbibe Before A Woman Student" limitation on fraternity men.

And as a visiting fireman, an ex-student at the University, points out elsewhere on this page, it may be that this is the price students pay for over-assertion of their "liberty."

What, then, will result when a final settlement is reached? There is no predicting exactly. But we suggest that the fraternities get used to the "temporary" agreement. It may be around for a long time to come.

A Prize For A Prof

A little belatedly, we give applause where it is called for—and that is to the latest Peabody Award winner, Gerald Johnson, who was for a time Professor of Journalism here. This award is one of high caliber and recognizes high caliber in those who win it.

Before he entered the television field (in which he got the award) Mr. Johnson made high accomplishments as a nationally-published author, a teacher, and a newspaperman with both state and out-of-state papers.

We were somewhat alarmed a few months ago when Mr. Johnson's program was suddenly cut off the air. We thought he might have been cut off by fingers which were getting burned by his staunch defense of dissent. Apparently, the alarm was widespread. He soon returned.

Though it should be kept in focus with other quarters which deserve credit for Mr. Johnson's award, North Carolina and the University are cast in creditable light. Mr. Johnson, although he has been for some time out of the state, has Carolina coloring—with its long standing favor for dissent, tolerance, and understanding—in his blood.

More than an award to a meritorious journalist, Mr. Johnson's Peabody prize is an award to the Carolina attitude.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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Student Freedom & Coed Drinking

(These are excerpts from a speech titled, "What Price Eggheads or Big Wheels and Flying Saucers," which was delivered by Mr. Ivey, associate editor of the Winston-Salem Sentinel, to the student government inaugural banquet Wednesday night in Lenoir Hall.—Editor.)

These are the times when humanism, scientific thought and practical judgment are drawing closer together. Chapel Hill is coming to be a place where you can humanize the scientist and sintonize the humanist. Liberal studies blossom, and then the general education subjects — in other universities as well as at Chapel Hill. At Harvard, for instance, there is a general course in essentials of economics. It is the broad view, highlights of economics, specially designed for those who otherwise are not exposed to concentrated study in economics. Harvard students irreverently-called it "Ec for the idiot."

This relaxed spirit of freedom, this gesture of informality by modern students toward the academic side of university life carries over into extra curricula activities. And the relaxed attitude, when it is combined with a built-in understanding of the purposes of higher learning, is a lubricating influence in promoting education in a democratic society.

That relaxed attitude, when it can be geared to alertness, is an essential to growth and maturity. It relates to freedom on the campus. It invites the most flexible possible degree of liberty. It is consistent with the mutual responsibilities shared by faculty and students for maintaining here a free and orderly society, collaborating in the everlasting search for truth.

Student self-government at Chapel Hill is an experiment in democracy, a semi-autonomous form of government. It is a democracy, within an autocracy, or rather a democracy within an oligarchy. But that oligarchy is answerable to another higher power: the trustees and the Legislature of North Carolina. And that higher power is responsible to another higher power, the people of North Carolina, a democracy. Student self-government is a wheel within a wheel, within a wheel within a wheel.

You are most fortunate in your campus democracy in your freedom of expression. That is the most precious possession in a political democracy, free speech. You are free to say what you wish to say about drinking in fraternity houses, to petition the bigger wheel, or to go over the head of the

bigger wheel to the wheels beyond. You have the opportunity to talk over the limitations of democracy.

You also have the right to abrogate agreements and insist that coeds henceforth will be served liquor in the fraternity houses a long with the fraternity men.

But the administration also is entitled to your respect when it insists upon its rights

are being siphoned away from them because the University won't okay coed drinking in the fraternity houses, and admiration that they can say these things with a straight face."

Since the man is a pool room habitue, perhaps we shouldn't take his opinion heart to heart too much. But anyone's views are entitled to a hearing.

Most of all, it is a heartening and commendable sign to see on the University of North Carolina campus a new and thrilling attitude assumed by the fraternities to promote and advance the cherished precepts of democracy. They are at least 836 years ahead of their time. Such concern for the dignity of the individual merits the plaudits of all good men.

These men of distinction have taken a courageous action and have grabbed the bull by the horns, if I may so refer to Dean Weaver. And they have re-asserted a high ambition: to return to our universities some of the classical culture of the Greeks. To revive some of the glory of Athens. To re-establish the Greek influence in halls of learning.

May I at this point put in a plug for eggheadism, bigwheelism, democracy, self-restraint, responsibilities and duties. A campus and a university help to mature the individual—or at least the campus is the place, the container, the receptacle, the proving ground, where this maturation process allegedly occurs. Here we have freedom to search, to compare and contrast ideas, to sift and weigh big and little notions, to think our own thoughts, to try to express some original concept, (not somebody else's handme-down thoughts) but our own thoughts. To think freshly, without fear that someone will call us down for expressing some new and personal discovery achieved with our own brainpower.

This is a playing field and working laboratory where we may make intellectual mistakes, without it being held against us later. Or that is the way it should be.

Free to be egghead, to engage in intellectual exercise. To assume leadership in University affairs, to be what is facetiously called a big wheel, but is really an affectionate term for those who accept the challenge of campus leadership. To realize at the same time that temporary big wheelism is ephemeral, flying saucers in outer space that have not yet alighted. Proving ourselves in a windfunnel of democracy.



MR. IVEY "... a plug for egg-headism, big-wheelism and responsibility."

and responsibility and duty to put the fraternity houses off limits because of their new policy.

When the fraternity men first made their decision to ask for University sanction for coeds to drink in fraternity houses, and when some of the students declared their freedoms and liberties are at stake, a man who was standing in front of a pool room in Winston-Salem was asked his opinion of it. He gave the matter careful deliberation for about eight seconds and then said, "I am divided between amazement and admiration. Amazement that the fraternity men can make the suggestion that their liberties

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . ." Hippopotis, circa 500 B.C.)

THE HORSE was all but invisible behind the shrubbery adjacent to the Y-Court when I espied him. Why was he hiding? Perhaps because it was baseball season, and belting the horse-hide out of the park was popular?

"Pun me no puns," The Horse growled. "No, Roger, I am a Symbol as I stand behind this here now shrubbery. You know what it is, a symbol? It is a deviousness highly valued in Literator and in Drammer. It is an obscurity achieved after long



years of studying Clarity of Expression and Biblical Simplicity of Statement. You learn how to be simple and clear, and once you have mastered this, you mask your meanings behind Symbols, or bed them in tangles of Allegories. It takes real education to write obscurely!"

Oh, so? And how was a Horse, ensconced in shrubbery, Symbolic?

"I'm bushed," The Horse chattered, "from laughing so hard at Washington's newest farce, The McCarthy Monkey-Schines. But I got to hand it to Holy Choe on one thing.

And that was. . . ., I inquired, ignoring his return pun.

"Holy Choe McCarthy said, 'Someone is going to be guilty of perjury before this inquiry is over.' From what I have heard, this is masterly understatement," The Horse observed. "I would be more impressed if he had said someone would not have been guilty of perjury by the time this Wild-Jackass Rodeo got corralled in the pastures of history. But the spectacle does have its laughable features."

Would The Horse elucidate? Could one's risibilities be humored when the honor and the dignity of the United States Senate were being made things of scorn and derision?

"Aw, gnats," The Horse scoffed inelegantly. "The first funny thing is the snafued strategy Holy Choe hit upon to get Stevens: an attempt to prove Stevens truckled in the handling of Choe's Shoe-Schine boy while still maintaining the illusion that Choe and his loud mouthpiece, 'I-Scream' Cohn, had no truck with the truckling."

I conceded this was mildly amusing. "The other funny thing, as I see it," The Horse continued, sucking thoughtfully on a hoof, "is that while Holy Choe is quite obviously digging Bob Stevens' grave for him, this self same Cheese State Hitler is preparing a place of interment large enough to accommodate more than merely Bobbing Rob Stevens' well-chewed spare ribs."

The Horse thought McCarthy would lie close to Stevens? "I think he can lie 'way ahead of Stevens," The Horse stated.

I meant, lie interred, not lies interred. "Roger, me lad," The Horse murmured, his eyes crossed and glowing as oddly as if manipulated by a Playmakers' light-crew, "if I mistake not, and I devoutly hope I do not mistake, the grove that The Mad Monk of Appleton is digging will be large enough to accommodate the whole darn mal-Administration."

Well, I thought Holp Choe did have heroic help in this digging. "You are stealing my lines!" The Horse protested, in vain.

I thought Our Peerless Leader's determined divot-digging, laid end to end, would accommodate a few Nude Deal corpses. But what of Chillin' Ghollie Wilson? Where was he while Bobbing Rob was getting his lumps?

"Heh-heh," The Horse heh-heh'd, "where but cleaning up his desk and getting ready to take a powder? This departure, when he makes it, will be one time when 'What's good for General Motors is good for the nation.' Yup, God speed you, Charlie, Choe and all!"

Rambling

Ron Levin

We remember Will Rogers for saying, "I never met a man I didn't like." If he were here today I wonder what he'd say about McCarthy.

Why must one wear a button stating whom he likes and dislikes? Does he think it will strengthen his convictions? Nay. . . he'll need more than a button.

I see that the new Quarterly Editor, Jim Dunn, wants more humor in the magazine. I never knew it had any in the first place.

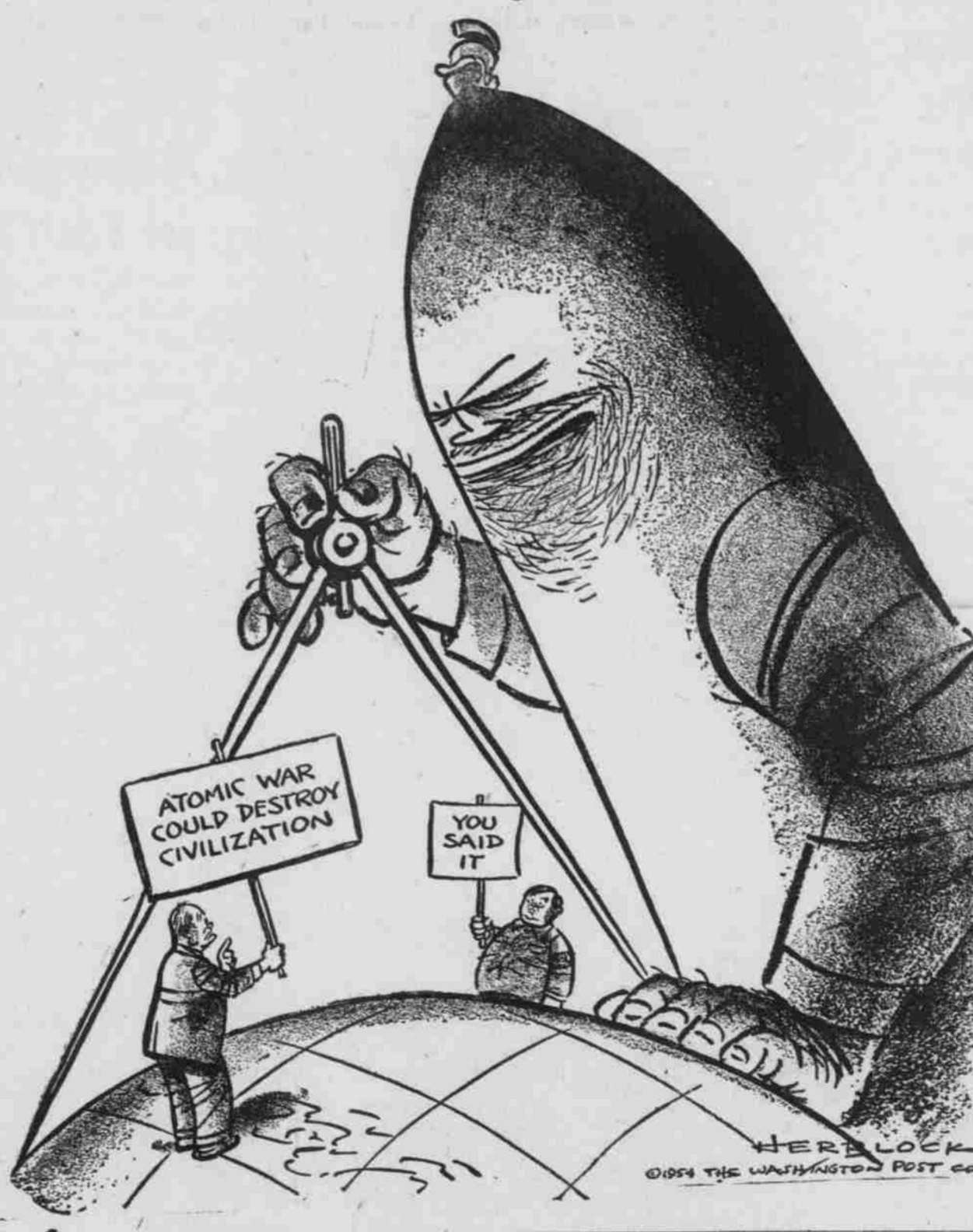
Wake Forest is moving to Winston-Salem. Let's move UNC to Myrtle Beach! Look at the gas it would save. And we'd all have something to do on the weekends.

I went to the UNC-State ball game Tuesday, and I could have sworn I distinctly heard the faint tinkle of a cow bell coming from the State dugout. They were warming her up in the bull pen, but things got too hot.

They're coming out with a new type of white buck shortly. It comes to you pure white, but you get a small bottle of dirt with every pair so you can dirty the shoe to fit your taste. I'd rather go barefoot.

Thought for today: Why do flies try so hard to get in a house and then once in, fly right to the window and try to get out? To be eligible for this contest tear off the top of your nearest neighborhood grocer, and send it in saying in twenty-five words or less why you like Mexican Talking Beans . . . or else.

Area Of Agreement



YOU Said It

Administration, Recreation, Education

Editor:

Approximately six months ago I wrote a letter to the editor and in that letter I asked the Administration to make known the facilities for student entertainment on campus. A letter was sent to parents explaining that the semester system was going into effect and that the students would remain on campus on Saturdays and perhaps on Sundays.

The Administration explained that additional recreational facilities would be provided for the students since more would remain here over the weekends. In that last letter to the editor I asked Dean Weaver to state just what

sort of recreational facilities the Administration had in mind.

So far, he has not answered that letter which was published in The Daily Tar Heel, nor have I noticed any additional provisions for our entertainment. Once again I invite the Administration's reply.

Parking space is necessary in Chapel Hill and the construction of a beautified parking area next to the Planetarium is heartening. But there is a question in my mind as to whether or not the new area will provide more space than the former parking lot. It appears to be smaller. It is also a point to be considered as to

whether or not the money used for the lot (I understand it exceeds \$60,000) could not be better spent for educational improvements at the University.

Here are some possible points of departure: the razing of the wooden shacks which are presently functional eye-sores; scholarships; a new foreign language laboratory; additional courses to our curriculum. It might be well for the Administration to remember that a university is judged by its educational assets and contributions, and not by its topographical appearance. . . .

Joe Raff