



The Daily Tar Heel
72 Years of Editorial Freedom

Offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone number: Editorial, sports, news - 933-1012. Business, circulation, advertising - 933-1163. Address: Box 1690, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Second class postage paid at the Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant to Act of March 8, 1879.
Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year.

Published daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations, throughout the academic year by the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc., 501 West Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Silence, Please -- A Good Idea

The Interfraternity Council took a wise and calculated step Monday night when it voted to impose "strict silence" between fraternity members and prospective rushees during the entire fall semester.

The decision should relieve many of the potential headaches which would have been associated with the "modified silence" system adopted last spring.

The modified system provided for "conversation" between fraternity men and rushees on weekends, but it had many built-in headaches. The vagueness of the rules invited violations. There was certain to be stiff competition for the attention of rushees, and many fraternity members felt that they would be forced to devote every weekend minute to the pursuit of popular freshmen.

Accordingly, many freshmen faced their first semester with the prospect of dozens of fraternity men figuratively (or perhaps literally) breaking down doors to get to them between Friday noon and Sunday midnight.

All these factors entered into the decision of the IFC. The strain on the houses and the freshmen simply could not be justified in terms of "exposure" of potential rushees to the fraternity system.

Thus a heavy burden has been lifted from the houses and the freshmen. There are no complicated rules to interpret. There will be no mad scrambles for the freshmen during weekends. And the temptations for dirty rush have largely been removed.

Certainly the new system will make things easier for both sides. But there may well be a hidden benefit or two in the decision.

For Carolina's 23 fraternities must now prove themselves not with weekend talk, but with year-long action. They will be forced to prove to freshmen that the fraternity system is valuable and desirable through better intramural competition, scholarship, social activities, and participation in the life of the University community.

We are certain that they are equal to the task.

cutting costs in a tiny way at the expense of student information.

Expense Cutting At Student Expense

If the North Carolina Community College Advisory Council has its way, there will be no student publications at the state's new two-year institutions.

The ban on student papers and annuals was one of a series of recommendations made Monday by the council to serve as guidelines for the community colleges. Most of these recommendations appear to be outstanding. This one does not.

We concur heartily in the decision to propose a comprehensive physical education program rather than intercollegiate athletic competition. The two-year schools will not have the funds nor the student body required to support athletics, and entertainment of the general public is not in keeping with the spirit in which these schools were created.

We are also in strong agreement with the proposal that every community college operate under a student government system, for there is no better laboratory for experimentation in democratic living. In like manner, the decision not to have compulsory class attendance seems fitting for institutions which expect adult behavior from their students.

However, the decision on publications gives us pause. The council has said that the move was grounded in financial considerations, and it is laudable that they should keep student pocket-books in mind. But we cannot justify

The student press is a vital and worthwhile adjunct of the educational process. Without it, the student governments which the council approved may soon find that, so far as the student body is concerned, they are virtually "incommunicado." Without it, there can be no true forum for the conveyance of student news and opinions.

The student press need not take the form of highly complex and expensive operations such as the Daily Tar Heel. The student press does not generally require extensive facilities such as wire machines, photographic equipment, or flatbed presses.

Rather, the student press requires initiative and planning and a desire to serve the student community. Careful planning can make the costs minimal and the rewards great. But one other thing is also required—the cooperation and encouragement of an administration which stands up for student growth and initiative.

We sincerely hope that the Advisory Council will reconsider its decision. Otherwise, the students in our Community Colleges will be deprived of a useful link in the educational chain.

Thanks!

We wish to express our appreciation to Joel Bulkley and the staff of the Chapel Hill Weekly for the invaluable assistance they gave us during the publication of our orientation issue. Joel was responsible for all layout and stories, and the Weekly staff, who print the paper, came through when we really needed help.

Publishing a newspaper everyday is difficult, especially when one's experience is limited. It is good to have people like Joel Bulkley and the staff of the Weekly on your side.—THE EDITORS.

A friend of ours in the administration says she has come up with the solution to the hustle and bustle of orientation: "Just pair up a boy with a girl and send them away for a week—that would do it."



I Hope They Don't Mean Freshman Girls Too!!!!

N. C. Volunteers

Students Strike At Poverty

By SUZY STERLING

(The author, a sophomore art major, was the only UNC coed to serve with the North Carolina Volunteers this summer.)

Cars carrying 20 enthusiastic North Carolina Fund volunteers traveled up the dusty Silver Dollar Road and came to a stop in front of a lot covered with weeds.

Their assignment: build a house.

Their initial enthusiasm faded slightly with the hot sun, the blisters and the callouses.

The 16 girls and 4 boys in the group, college students from across the state, spent the first day drilling the well, building an outhouse, clearing the lot and measuring for the foundation.

They had done a lot, but there was still a house to be built; and that is exactly what they did. Twenty unskilled carpenters proceeded to construct a house for a family in Merrimon, N. C.

The Welfare Department of Carteret County chose the family of six and cooperated wholeheartedly throughout the project. Merrimon is a small Negro community on the coast, now supported by pulpwood and well-

fare. Girls dressed in jeans, long sleeve shirts, straw hats and sunglasses and did the same work as the boys—carrying cement blocks and two by fours, hammering, mixing mortar, sawing, caulking and painting.

And they got blistered and sun-burned and paint-covered just the same as the boys.

Thursday, July 10, the group finished the house. They worked from 6 that morning until they finished at 8 Thursday night. Friday they moved to Laurinburg, their project area for the rest of the summer.

The volunteers built the home with a grant from the County Welfare Department, one from the North Carolina Fund and with donations of supplies from local merchants.

But building a house was not the only accomplishment of the volunteers.

One of the girls saw the need for some type of activities for the children living in the area. Her ideas materialized in an informal day-care center. The children's interest in the arts and reading was reflected by their solid attendance record.

When one child was reading aloud, the others would practice writing.

Two of the volunteers wanted to provide a baseball field for the boys. One of the elders of the Merrimon community plowed and leveled the field with his tractor after the children had cut down all the weeds. The two volunteers and one of the supervisors donated funds to buy T-shirts for the teams, chicken wire for a backstop and baseball equipment. The T-shirts were dyed either red or blue, and the two teams which were quickly formed played their first games on the last day of construction.

Merrimon, a community which has not functioned as a community for about 30 years, each individual being more concerned for his own daily profit than for the community, had its face lifted. Whether it will be a lasting operation is something we won't know for several years. We do know that the volunteers made an impression, one that has not been forgotten yet.

Soapbox

College: IBM Card Game

By JEFFREY DICK

There was this guy I knew once named George. George was to be my roommate for one year—I found this out the day I returned from summer vacation and saw him sitting across from the door as I entered the room. George was kind of different from most freshmen. He didn't go to orientation, he didn't take honor system quizzes, he didn't even go to the lecture by the Chancellor welcoming the student body. All he did for two weeks was sit up on his bed fumbling with a fistfull of brightly colored cards, pink ones, beige ones, blue ones, even white ones.

The cards weren't new to me—I'd seen them several times. They were all part of a plot by Central Records to give each student writing cramps. These cards are inescapable. They have been here longer than the ivy on Kenan Dorm and the water in the Old Well.

"I gotta think a somthin'," George would say hour after hour, day after day. "I gotta think a somthin'."

And then came the afternoon before classes started. George was sitting there on his bed, his cards worn and tattered from the constant handling they had received during his daily vigil on the bed. "I got it," he said.

He got up and left the room and was gone for about two hours. I was sitting at my desk wondering what South Building had against me for giving me their usual offering, sometimes called

a class schedule. It seemed as though the week would be nothing but a day of Saturday classes. It was so bad, I was even thinking of trying to catch mononucleosis from this chick I knew that had it so I could cool it for the first semester in the infirmary.

Suddenly George entered the room triumphantly, waving the most nauseatingly colored card I had ever seen. If it were a lipstick shade, they'd call it putrid purple.

"I got it right here, I've got it, I've got it," was all he could say.

"What is it?" I asked. "I've never seen one like it."

"That's great, great, great," he murmured, almost incoherent with glee.

"What is it gonna do for you and where did you get it?" I asked again.

"Well," he said, "it's gonna do everything. I made it myself; looks great don't you think?"

It turned out that George had indeed made the ghastly colored thing. He'd done it by taking a red card, placing it on one side of a white piece of paper, and placing a blue one on the other side. "I soaked all three of them in some coffee from Lenoir Hall," he said. "It worked beautifully."

The process was totally adequate for explaining the color on the card. It looked like a mixture of red and blue soaked well in Lenoir Hall coffee. George, I believe, had figured

Smiles Wreathe Writhing Rushees

By PETE WALES
Associate Editor

We were strolling out West Cameron Avenue the other day during orientation meditating upon the new students and how much younger they looked than last year.

We had just run the gauntlet sidewalk juke boxes, were recovering nicely and had settled down to muse on the lovely high hedges that protect the older, more sedate houses of Chapel Hill from the angry student mobs.

We were feeling a bit complacent, yes, even a little old, when out of the bushes burst a covey of young throated song welcoming us in to their sorority's rush.

We had heard that there was a new sorority on campus, but had never seen it, and we now realized why. They had been masquerading as normal citizens of Chapel Hill behind the foliage.

The girls appeared a bit surprised to see us when we passed the entrance to the walk where we were able to see the nymph-like singers as they tumbled out of their house. But they took it all in stride and cheerfully beckoned us to enter.

"Hey, how you," said the first of our hostesses, obviously a leader.

"Hey," we said, feeling a bit self-conscious, "how you."

"How do you like Carolina?" we were asked.

"It's real nice," we said, smiling pleasantly.

"Where'd you transfer from?" "Well, actually, I've been here all along," we were embarrassed to admit.

"Oh, isn't that wonderful. Don't you just love it here?" We admitted that we did most of the time.

"Where are you from?" we were asked.

A perceptible frown spread over the young lady's face as we admitted that we were from New York. But the ever-present smile quickly reasserted itself.

"Oh, I know a girl from New York. Her name is Emily something. She is just the sweetest girl. Do you know a girl named Emily?"

"I don't recall the name. Do you happen to remember where it is in New York that Emily is from?"

"Well I can't remember the street. I just know she lives in New York. But that was a long time ago. Maybe she moved."

"Yes, maybe that's it. I haven't lived there very long and I don't know that many people yet."

"Come on in and meet some of the girls," she beamed. We were whisked on into the house past rows of peary white smiles and happy voices until at last we were left standing face to face with a very business-like but still smiling young lady whom we guessed was the rush chairman.

"I'd just like to tell you a little about the house here now that you've met the girls," she began.

"We're real happy about all the wonderful girls we got last year and we're expecting to have a real good year. We have real good spirit here and the girls work real well together."

"What is it that they work at?" we asked.

"All kinds of activities and projects and things," she said. "We have real good spirit. And the house is real nice too. Have you seen the house?"

We nodded that we had.

"Can I answer any questions for you now that you've met the girls and seen the house and know all about it?"

We hesitated, overcome with the vast amount of knowledge with which we had been credited, then said:

"Yes. Do you know Emily?"

Governor Defines New Conservatism

By PAUL J. FANNIN

Republican governor of Arizona who is one of Presidential nominee Barry Goldwater's strongest supporters.

Conservatism is today's challenge to the status quo. It is a dynamic challenge to the prevailing policies of liberalism, to the people who advocate and administer those policies, and to the theories behind them. In simple terms, conservatism is an adherence to ideas and policies based on experience rather than theory.

Conservatives are constantly searching for new ideas, and in fact have probably originated most of the world's best think-

ing. Aristotle was a conservative. Cicero was a conservative. John Locke was a conservative. Immanuel Kant was a conservative.

Edmund Burke was a conservative. The list extends back through the most fertile periods of social, political, and economic expansion in the world's history—the 19th Century industrial revolution, the 18th Century age of reason, the development of science in the 17th Century, the tremendous worldwide economic and intellectual renaissance of the 15th and 16th Centuries, all the way back to Rome in the Second Century B.C. and Athens in the Fifth B.C.

Conservatism is sometimes mistakenly considered an archaic form of modern political thought, which is ridiculous. It is not, as its critics imply, a reactionary philosophy with the purpose of restoring an earlier social or political order any more than it is an effort to maintain the status quo.

This is the argument used by the principal defenders of the status quo, and in the United States today they are the so-called liberals who have become fairly well established in public administration, the news media, the arts, the academic profession, the professional labor field, social and welfare work, and some segments of American corporate management and finance.

Many of these people have something to lose personally if the status quo is changed. Many others feel that a way of life which is familiar to them is being threatened by any deviation from the doctrinaire liberal views dominating their own professional and social environment.

It seems to me that liberalism as a form of modern political thought is acting as a deterrent to human progress in precisely those areas where progress is now most needed, and while unfortunately it cannot yet be called archaic, the sooner it is discarded for something more promising, the better.

Then we can begin to cope with the multitude of problems already rearing in its wake. The role of conservatism today is to accomplish this purpose.

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