

# Daily Tar Heel weekly awards

**The What You Don't Know Won't Hurt You Award** to the Carolina Union Board for not announcing the end of the student locator service until after the referendum on the election of the Union President.

**The Nothing On Top, Nothing Inside Award** to the Carolina football team who shaved their heads to get psyched for the State game. Really, guys, a little more than length of hair goes into playing football.

**The You Can't Win Them All Award But Maybe You Can Win Some** Award to Carolina Coach Bill Drooley for getting ready to go into the State game a 14-point underdog. Happy job hunting, Bill.

**The Bring Back Those Moldy Oldies Award** to the N.C. Republican Party for sponsoring a fund-raiser featuring Spiro "Zero" Agnew. Maybe Spiro's getting the defense fund started.

**The If You Can't Stand The Heat Leave The Kitchen Award** to Richard Nixon who is sending Secretary of State Kissinger to China to take everybody's minds off all the scandals at home.

**The Make A Joyful Noise Award**

to the Chapel Hill Board of Aldermen for creating the new noise ordinance which states no amplified music in any place not surrounded by four walls and a roof. The ordinance in all its foolishness caused the cancelling of music for the Henderson Residence College Annual Fall Festival.

**The Take The Law Into Your Own Hands Award** to the Charlotte District Court Judge William H. Abernathy. He found a car parked in his reserved space, so he let the air out of the offender's front tire and left his car blocking the offender's car in the space. Both the judge and the offender were ticketed.

**The Old Dogs Always Know The Way Home Award** to former Student Body President Richard Epps who made enough friends while he was president to set up a job for himself as assistant dean of admissions.

**The Ford Runge Is The Worst Bargain In Town Award** to, and ladies and gentlemen you guessed it, Student Body President Ford Runge for having an outstanding bad check at the Carolina Coffee Shop.

## Mary Newsom

# A female looks at fraternity rush

When the other DTH associate editor, Seth Efron, and I decided several weeks to participate in sorority and fraternity rush, respectively, I was unsure of what I would find.

After spending Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights randomly visiting frat houses, talking to brothers and rushees about everything from the screwed-up DTH delivery to the reason for the existence of fraternities, I'm still unsure what I found.

But first, a little background. Fraternity rush is different from sorority rush, if you read Efron's columns. The structure is looser—fraternities can pledge new members any time during the semester. Since an informal sort of rush has been going on all fall, the three days of formal rush were in effect just three days of open house.

Moreover, I'm a member of a sorority, while Seth is not a frat man. My opinions are probably shaded by this, but I did try to

maintain strict objectivity and I do think the Greek system is open to improvement.

I didn't lie, of course, but I did not bring up the fact that I was in a sorority unless I was asked—it made a difference in what the brothers said to me. They were more defensive of the Greek system if they believed me to be an outsider.

I only visited nine out of the 28 fraternities on campus. While I tried to visit both small and large houses and houses with different images (that is, different stereotypes), the nine I ended up visiting probably weren't all that representative.

So how was rush? People keep asking me. But all I can come up with is that I met some nice guys and some not-so-nice guys.

The rush situation, in itself, is not conducive to deep conversation. Most people are not open enough to go into lengthy justifications of God's ways to man (or whatever) with a total stranger. They

tend to dwell on hometowns, majors and friends in common.

Most fraternities seemed willing to make this initial attempt to get to know some of the strangers drifting through their front doors. But some houses worked so hard on informal rush all fall that they already had a pretty good idea of whom they wanted to pledge. Would a total stranger have a chance in a place like that? Would a total stranger want a chance?

I could spend all day telling how the men I met seemed neither more nor less individual than the run-of-the-mill student population. But at the same time, there are differences between fraternities and their approach to group living.

At one fraternity, for example, a member who shall remain nameless (keep trying) was kind enough to give me his Rush Speech.

It was, in effect, What You Should Expect From This Fraternity, and was built around

the idea that members of that particular fraternity were from different backgrounds, had different interests. There was no way on this green earth they were all going to like each other. But they would be enriched from learning to live with all types, and hopefully would find themselves liking people they never thought they would.

But at another fraternity the brothers said they emphasized closeness. They were all individuals, they said (as a matter of fact, almost everyone said that), but they were closer than mere acquaintances because of their loyalty to the group.

Besides differences in philosophy, fraternities approached rush in different ways. At one house, all the members wore coats and ties. At most houses, they wore more casual clothing (the usual motley of jeans, shirts and slacks).

Some fraternities had elaborate rotation systems, floor plans and campaign tactics to keep the rushees moving from group to group of brothers at an even pace, so they would meet more people with less effort.

Other houses just let the rushees wander in and talk to the men they happened to meet.

All the while, I kept trying to find out if rush were worth it. I wanted to hear whether formal rush was really a way to open their doors or whether the somewhat stilted atmosphere hurt fraternities more than it helped. But no one seemed to know.

The response from the campus to formal fraternity rush was not overwhelming. Some houses were worried, others detected an increase in interest from last year. Everyone seemed to think the informal rush idea was helpful, but did not know if the formal rush took had anything to do with the turnout.

I don't see how the Inter-Fraternity Council passed the resolution allowing first-semester freshmen to pledge.

Everyone I mentioned it to was opposed to the idea. Some even went so far as to claim they told first-semester freshmen it would be a mistake to pledge so soon.

Can rush be improved any? I don't know. There aren't many ways it could be more informal. It certainly is better, and more human, than sorority rush, with its herds of rushees and formalized, 45-minute-per-party format.

So I ended where I began, with unanswered questions. I just wish I knew how many of the fraternities, when my name came up for discussion, said, "Let's ball her."



BUT, MRS. MEIR, IF THE AUSTRIANS HADN'T GONE ALONG WITH THE TERRORISTS . . . ER, WHERE WOULD THAT LEAVE US?

## Jan Pegram

# Apartment hunting: 'Are you a cheeeeeap girl?'

Ever tried to get a late-date apartment in Chapel Hill? Of course, you're desperate, and you know you're going to have to settle for less than you'd like.

So . . . you go hunting. You hunt and you hunt. The apartment you'd like prefers no single males, no roommate situations, no undergraduates, no married couples, no single females, no pets, no trespassing and no parking.

So it's to the want-ads you go. You comb all the papers. Aha! Here's one. The following is an account of my experience doing just that. The conversation went like this:

"Hello."  
"Hi. I'm calling to inquire about the apartment which you had advertised in the paper."

"Oh, yes . . . it's very nice."  
"I was immediately suspicious."  
"Well, can you tell me a little about it?"

"Yes, well . . . Honey, get off of Granny's lap."  
"Oh, Jesus, I thought. A grandmother."

"Uh-oh. And where there are grannies, there are grandchildren. I could just see it now—a house full of little aeps running around screaming all the time."

"She came back to the phone. "Now . . ."  
"Granny, Granny . . ." Interrupted again.  
"What is it?"

"Will you make me a dress?" The mouthpiece was covered, but I could still hear a muffled "If we can rent this apartment,

Granny will buy you a whole bunch of dresses."  
"What was I going to do? Oh, hell. It won't hurt to look at it, I thought. Maybe I could stay at the library until the little darlings went home in the afternoons. Surely they went home."  
"Of course, cost was of interest. "How much does it rent for?"

"Well, what does your budget allow you?"  
"I stated my present rent."  
"That's what I was planning to ask."

"I felt like an all-day sucker."  
"Are you in school here?" she asked, to which I replied affirmatively. "What are you studying?"

"Oh, Journalists don't make much money, do they?"  
"Ah, er, uh—well, no, I guess not." I'd never thought about it that way.

"Why didn't I go to Med School?"  
Then it started.

"Are you big? How big?" she asked.  
"I didn't think 5'2" was extremely large, so I said no.

"Are you fat? How fat?"  
"What the . . . ?"

"Well, some people make so much noise bouncing around upstairs," she explained. Then she relieved me by saying that she was fat, too.

"Do you have a car? What kind? Boy, you got stuck with a gas-drinker. You should've bought that kind."

## Letters to the editor

# Silent Sam a landmark, not racism

To the editor:

Aaron Fox, I'm not writing in defense of the '73 Yack or what it means to you, but Mr. Jernigan is basically correct about the examples you chose. Reading a racial slur into a picture of flowers is an example of oversensitivity to a dangerous degree.

What Silent Sam represents is an issue that could be argued at length. Being from the North originally, perhaps I should be offended that a figure who represents the soldiers who fought my ancestors is depicted as a symbol of UNC in the Yack. Many Southerners have not yet lost their anti-North sentiments.

But Silent Sam does represent UNC, not necessarily on the basis of what it means to anybody or is supposed to mean, but basically as a landmark. White people cannot deny that their ancestors are responsible for the mass kidnapping, enslavement and unjustifiable inhuman treatment of African people. Reminders of the shameful past of our country can be found everywhere, even in Silent Sam. But what is important about Sam now, at least to me, that he, like the Old Well, Bell Tower, etc., means "UNC-Chapel Hill." He is a landmark that is here to stay.

I am told that our present day "peace symbol" is an anti-Christ, inverted cross and

was once used in evil cults. What is important now, however, is that it means "peace" (which by the way is an ideal more worth campaigning for than "perfection of yearbook photo representation.")

In any case, if you must occupy yourself searching for things to get offended at, I assure you there are more valid criticisms of the '73 Yack than the ones you chose.

Marvin Veto  
433 James

## Reader praises Mahavishnu visit

To the editor:

I am writing to express my appreciation to whoever is responsible for bringing the Mahavishnu Orchestra to this campus.

Certainly it is no secret that what becomes too familiar may lose its interesting qualities. Some of us who have been playing rock music for awhile are growing tired of the repetitious nature and the lack of innovation that characterize most of rock today.

Groups like Weather Report and Return

to Forever (Chick Corea) provided plenty of innovation, and some very fine music, but like other jazz groups their laid back nature left us wanting the range of power that we yearned to love in the rock format. Yes and Zappa provided some relief but it wasn't until a friend forced us to listen to Mahavishnu's Inner Mounting Flame album that we found something truly new and very exciting.

In the last two years, the Mahavishnu Orchestra has become to us a wonderful source of listening experience and musical inspiration.

The power of the rock format is there, together with the innovation of jazz, but to call the Mahavishnu Orchestra a jazz-rock group is something of an understatement. It truly is something new, something different: listening to a Mahavishnu Orchestra album can only be surpassed by watching them perform live.

So I would urge all UNC students to go to the concert on Wednesday, because no matter what your tastes are, you most likely won't be disappointed. From the (according to Bob and Murray, more refined) listeners of Grateful Dead to the Saddy-Nite-Boogie-Gran-Funk fans, the sheer virtuosity of the ORCHESTRA members—for example, Billy

Cobham's drumming—is bound to please.

Jim Lumsden  
Estes Park

P.S. In my kitchen last night I saw a mouse chomping on what appeared to be a screaming, dandelion-shaped little man. There were some pots and pans on the floor. It was too late, there was nothing I could do to save him.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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