

## Party

Continued from page 16

First off, we needed something to offer our guests to eat. The options in this area were wide open. In our humble little village, we found no less than 13 caterers. Almost any food imaginable could be had. Tijuana Fats had to offer plates of Mexican delights, Mariakakis delighted us with visions of international cuisine, and still others paraded scores of dishes by our noses. But in keeping with the simple theme for our party we decided on Bar-B-Q. That's right, plain, old fashioned, pit-cooked Bar-B-Q. Allen and Son Bar-B-Q quoted us the price of \$3.10 a plate and we lapped it up.

So with our guests eating now, we proceeded to give them something to drink. Ah, yes, drink, the serum of life. Definitely essential to our party. For the teetotalers there would of course have to be soft drinks. But for the drinkers, there would have to be a plentiful amount of assorted spirits.

For the beer drinkers we checked out the local party stores for keg prices. Popular beer, we found, costs between \$31 and \$33 for a keg, premium—\$33 to \$36 and Michelob or imported fares—upwards to \$40. Planning to buy more than one keg, we were advised to call ahead by a day or two to insure that the store's stock could satisfy our demand.

Beer we figured, might not suit everyone's taste. Quick thinkers that we were, though, we called the ABC people to find out about liquor. Under the law a person may walk in to the ABC store and buy up to one gallon of liquor.

One gallon of liquor, we thought, why that won't even wet the whistles of some of our friends. It was then that we found that by special permit a person may buy five gallons of liquor.

Well, well, well, we thought. Aren't we smart. Here we have drink, food and a place. Now all we need is a band. But, alas, none of us knew anyone with a band. Especially the kind of band we wanted. In keeping with our policy of simpleness to go along with the foot-stomping dress, the Bar-B-Q and the invitations we decided upon some down home music as well. But where to get it? That was the question.

"No sooner said than done," the woman at Hit Attractions in Charlotte told us. "We book all kinds of music. Soul, country, disco, rock, you name it."

All of that out of the way, all we had to do then was to dress up in our flannel shirts, jeans, boots and cowboy hats and run down to the Chapel Hill Police Department to arrange for a noise permit. At least that's what everybody but the guy at the Police Department calls them: "noise permits." He called it something like a "sound amplification permit."

He also told us that a member of the band would also have to sign for the permit and that he along with one of us would have to remain on the premises to be responsible.

"The permit is good on Sunday through Thursday until 11 p.m.," he said. "For Friday and Saturday nights it is good until 1 a.m.," he added.

He also informed us that if complaints are received to the music, we would be warned once. On the second time around the permit would be revoked, he said.

Armed with our permit, band, liquor, beer, food and friends, we set off to have a good time. Maybe it wasn't the ultimate party, but we all had a hell of a time, and went home poor but happy.

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