

The Tar Heel

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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 lying so doggo under the Davie Oak that I all but missed seeing him. When I slowed to join him, he rolled one of his eight-ball orbs clickingly and wagged his tail. He certainly was doggo!

"I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be a campaign pledge," h chittered, sitting up to display a swollen jaw. "Least of all, a Republican campaign pledge. Loud, sing suckoo! Alas and welladay!"

What was wrong?

"Everything is wrong," The Horse said dolefully. "In Washington, and with me."

How was that?

"In Washington," The Horse said gloomily, "it is General Eisenhower, General Motors and general confusion. With me, it is general disillusion."

I wished he would be specific I didn't like generalities.

"Me, too," The Horse snorted. "Generalities are the kernel of our major problem. How is a man to be captain of his soul not to mention his teeth, if the Lieutenants of government turn things over to sergeants to run? It is corporal punishment cooked

up by the Washington generalities for us privates to endure."

I thought his speech had covered all the ranks in the services. What was behind it all?

"I have what the lads call a 'service connected' mouth." The Horse spoke with obvious pain. "Just as if a Nazi or a Nippo had shot my face up. My jaw started bothering me, so I wrote the Vets Administration a letter. After all, Ike said 'I won't never forget none of you brave fellows who followed me because you couldn't very well do no other way without getting shot.'"

Ike had been neither so ungrammatical nor so frank. The Vets wrote me back that they were due to take care of my service - connected face," The Horse chittered, "BUT" their 'examination funds' had been amputated, and it was illegal to do anything without first an examination. It couldn't be given me free, nor would I be permitted to pay the few dollars necessary for the examination. That was that."

So?

"So I blew out with a neat adsecc, got a jaw infection and

Fun Spots In Chapel Hill

John Gibson

Kessing Pool is a rather elaborate recreational complex consisting of a large quantity of small children surrounded by a small quantity of water, surrounded by cement and tile, the whole surrounded by half a dozen life guards.

These latter gentlemen are permitted the rare privilege of wearing white canvas shorts over the ridiculously small Woollen gym blue bikinis, thereby turning almost complete nudity into to-tolerable immodesty. (Women are allowed to wear their own suits, though on request they can use a costume furnished by the school. This consists of

to date it is costing me fifty-four simoleons. Truman Dollars, to you. And have you noticed Dollars are scarcer? Loud sing Cuckoo, I wish Ike had forgotten us Service men! Someone remembered to crop the examination money."

Well, he was better now, The Horse was. Why the rage?

"The oil-lands served up as payment for The Second Louisiana Purchase was a campaign promise," The Horse snarked. "Bonneville Dam going to private Power is another campaign promise. The artificial rubber plants being given to the four leading rubber companies is a campaign promise. But they're going too far when they toss in my teeth for good measure!"

Why didn't he complain to the higher echelon?

"Ugh!" The Horse grimaced. "I'm sick of military terms. Besides, I'd like to catch Ike when he isn't agreeing with McCarthy, which seems to be every other day; and you can't be sure. But we may see things like this improving."

Truly, the Horse sees imperfectly. . . .

what appears to be a green paint job covered most of the torso. (The paint, apparently, is waterproof.)

At the gate to the pool is stationed a very pretty young lady who normally is quite pleasant, but goes into an absolute tizzy if one tries to enter the water without "being wet as a results of having taken a shower bath." She can really get quite nasty about this point, and has on more than one occasion sent me scurrying back to the locker room to perform this ritual.

I am not sure why she is so insistent about this matter, but it probably is a results of some traumatic experience in her childhood.

Once over this barrier there remains merely getting in the water. Though the pool is at

least four feet deep all over, there is almost always a three feet deep layer of children on the bottom, so actually there is only about 12 inches of usable space. You can exercise either by paddling about on the surface, or jumping up and down in place. Swimming is absolutely out of the question.

On the edge of the pool can always be found a fair number of Co-eds who are being carefully watched by the men. The co-eds try very hard to pretend they are not watching back. Of course they are. To strike up an acquaintance it is necessary merely to sit beside one and start things off with a real clever line like "Isn't it a coincidence that we are both at the same pool." That'll do it.

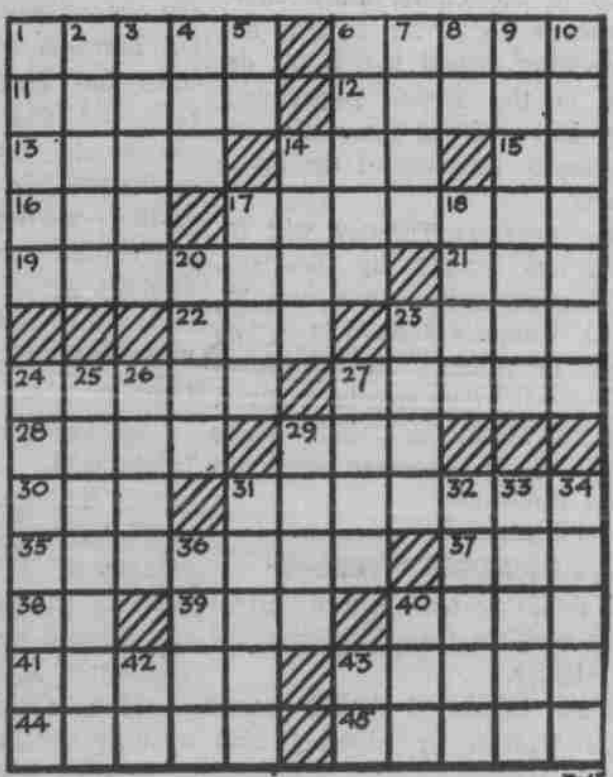
CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Enclosures
 - Stop! (naut.)
 - Island in New York harbor
 - One of the 12 apostles
 - Performer
 - Owls
 - Sun god
 - Exclamation
 - Sure
 - A bulwark
 - Fabulous bird (Myth.)
 - Old times (archaic)
 - Chills and fever
 - A grouchy person
 - Silk embroidery thread
 - Musical instrument
 - Male sheep
 - Wine receptacle
 - An elaborate public tableau
 - Long-eared rodents
 - Disfigure
 - At home
 - Half ems
 - Confront
 - Composition for eight
 - Watered silk
 - Rips
 - Sea eagles
- DOWN**
- Pinaceous tree
 - Hawaiian greeting
 - Glisten
 - Goddess of healing (Norse)
 - Steamship (abbr.)
 - Aside
 - Waistcoat
 - Close to
 - Sober
 - Stupors
 - Flock
 - Close the seams
 - In a boat
 - Southern constellation
 - Founder of Pennsylvania
 - Egyptian dancing girl
 - Two-wheeled war vehicle (anc.)
 - A kind of tale
 - Native of Arabia
 - Cigarettes (slang)
 - Rodents
 - Half quarts
 - At full speed
 - Mother-of-pearl

CAUSE BAG
SHARON ACRE
TORN OTTER
AI DAFT BI
SCORES EPEE
HERONS ROSS
DAY AIL
FEED FREEST
ERRS RUSSIA
TI TEAM LI
INNER REEL
DYER LEARNS
SES ARMET

Yesterday's Answer

- Woody perennials
- Malt beverage
- Because
- Tantalum (sym.)
- Personal pronoun



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