

# Where Do You Swim?

The swimming pool is open! Kessing pool, right behind Woollen Gymnasium, is now open to any student who gets a swimming permit from the infirmary.

It is such a little trouble to insure the healthy conditions at the swimming pool that students should take advantage of it.

Meanwhile, C. David Garvin, district health officer for these four counties, advises that those who swim in Blackwood's (Clearwater) lake are endangering their health. Several students have been reported sick after swimming there. Garvin says that it is probably unsanitary for swimming. He reports that he cannot run an official check on the lake because it is a fishing lake, and meets all the sanitary conditions necessary for fishing.

However, Blackwood's is charging students for the privilege of swimming there. Since this is true, it is difficult to understand why the health officer feels he has no jurisdiction over the lake.

Meantime, there would be no problem at all, if students swam in the conveniently located, conveniently sanitary Kessing Pool.

## One Small Voice

by Herb Nachman

I had some putty and was sealing up leaks in the floor when Tarl walked in. He looked slightly de-activated so I reached in my drawer and handed him a vial of cyanide. Tarl's hangovers were quite different from mine. He had a satisfied look on his face and I seriously doubt if he had even the trace of a pain in his head. (If you could call that diagram of an atom on top of his neck, a head).

He leaned back against an old casket and sipped his poison. I sat down and began pecking out nonsense syllables on the typewriter. Finally I looked up and said, "Well?" Tarl rolled one of his protons up toward the dripping furnace pipe. It sizzled there a moment and popped back. Then he told me he had been out on a party. What kind of a party? I yawned.

Tarl hesitated a moment. He said he wasn't sure, it was named after a country in Europe, Germany he believed. All the people there were dressed most peculiarly. The boys all looked alike and the girls, well almost. Yet they were banded together into separate groups designated by ancient Greek letters. From the dull glow about Tarl's face I could tell he wasn't too happy.

He opened the casket lid slightly and propped his feet on the edge. Then he spoke in the buzzing tone that always reminds me of a dynamo with squeaks. He and his date went to the dance. She was one of the bright-eyed in-state girls living in Alderman. After the usual preliminaries she realized Tarl was new to that sort of thing and in true motherly fashion attempted to explain things to him. This was a German Club dance, she said. Now these dances are quite exclusive and only the very best fraternities on the campus belong. Mostly the bigger ones she added. Why, they couldn't let just anybody into the German Club, after all. If they did it wouldn't be the German Club anymore and what would happen then?

Tarl asked her to tell him more. He really wasn't interested, probably had his mind on more futuristic matters. Besides, Tarl had asked her earlier if she would like to see fusion demonstrated. Apparently uninterested in nuclear exhibitionism, the coed yacked away.

By this time Tarl realized that conversation was the only medium of entertainment for this particular coed. She was steeped in it. So he carried on bravely. If the fraternities that are left out got together, couldn't they put on just as good a dance among themselves? Maybe an even better one; then the big fraternities would have to let them in. Oh, she said, that's been talked about. But it

wouldn't work, there aren't enough of them and if you had two competing groups both would suffer. Each group would get smaller and smaller and the dances would cost more and more and nobody would be happy.

I suppose Tarl gave her a super-sonic smile at this point. He wasn't having too good a time. The floor was half empty, the orchestra was big and brassy at times and the music bounced off the walls. Bouncing sound waves don't agree with Tarl's nervous system. The coed was getting a dreamy and all-too-worldly look in her eye. Tarl sensed a social impulse, so he asked her what she was thinking about, offering a half gram of U-235 as inducement.

You know, she said to Tarl, it is sort of a shame all the fraternity men can't come to the dance. Tarl sensed a selfish motive. Well, she purred, there was an awfully cute boy in one of the little fraternities that had somehow engineered a bid and taken her to the dance the night before. He was so cute and self-conscious, she giggled, we had a terribly good time. Maybe she would invite him to the dorm open-house, she added.

By this time the chatter had somewhat disturbed Tarl's neurotic tendencies. The dance was nearly over and he gallantly asked his young lady if she would join him in a beaker of sulphuric. When she asked where and he mentioned his subterranean six-vault apartment, she politely said that no, her partying was quite complete for the evening. Then she glanced in the direction of a nearby dinner jacket, winked and said that she was going home and get out of her evening dress.

Tarl finished his vial of cyanide and belched a few fumes. We smiled understandingly at each other. I threw the can of putty at a rat that had been watching me from atop the furnace pipe and went out for a beer.

## On Campus

According to the Hastings Collegian, a student at that college decided to see if professors actually read the term papers required in a course.

He inserted a paragraph in his term paper stating he didn't believe teachers read what students write and he asked the professor to underline that paragraph if he read it.

The paper was returned—unmarked.

First it was an old soldier who never died; then the slogan caught up with this campus and

Roy

## Parker's Column

Once again last week, somebody is cussing what is called the "Hauser Clan" that once worked on THE DAILY TAR HEEL. They say that the clan was pretty disreputable. It, said Mr. Kerley in the letters column, "abused its power by using its control to publish malicious columns about fellow students, irresponsible columns about other colleges, and distorted news for the purpose of influencing campus elections."

The Column is probably the sole living survivor of that clan, at least, it has been around longer than anyone else who worked with Chuck Hauser.

Personally, we are getting tired of folks who use Hauser as a scapegoat upon which hang all their gripes, all the faults of UNC publications, and most of the trouble with everything else.

Hauser was, as everyone knows, a person who had pretty definite opinions and who didn't mind putting them down. Some of his ideas, and some of his methods, were wrong. But we all have faults. There must be something else for people to hang just a few of their gripes on except Charles N. Hauser.

Seems to us that Chuck's faults are something he must live with and try to overcome. Some folks aren't being very helpful when they continue to harp on a person who must live with himself and others.

And we will say right now that this "Hauser Ogre" that Mr. Kerley and others continue to spout about is largely a figment of their own twisted minds. With his faults, Chuck very largely kept THE DAILY TAR HEEL together for quite a few quarters and he did a job that made him respected among newspaper folk throughout the state.

Mr. Kerley probably doesn't think that's much of a recommendation, but there are a few people who have sense, honor, and good judgement above and beyond his. At least, they have a great deal more manners than does his nasty little tongue.

Mayor Ed Lanier—who is also Director of UNC Student Aid—made a guess that there are about 1,000 "candidates for degree" around now. That means seniors planning to get their sheephide in a few weeks. Which means we will probably have about 800 graduates.

The National Students Association has always been one of this Column's favorite subjects. Back when we were an editorial we continually called for UNC to stay in and take part in NSA. We still believe it to be necessary, since NSA officials are still "the voice of college America." But we are a little concerned over the NSA domestic program. Although it has many projects, NSA has yet to institute any real program that can be seen in operation on college campuses. Until it does, it is going to have trouble getting support and money. Especially on this campus, NSA has yet to make any impression or do anything. The entire purpose of the Association is put in jeopardy by the present situation.

And did you know that the new judge of Chapel Hill Records Court is the son-in-law of Chancellor R. B. House? That's right, William S. Stewart is his name and he is a recent addition to the N. C. Bar Association and the barrister profession. He whopped Mr. Paul H. Robertson for the judgeship in last week's village elections.

it became old staffers never die. Now in the Syracuse Daily Orange, it's "Old Weekends Never Die."

## Amazing Grades by Biff Roberts

The kind of news story that a good reporter is always looking for—the man bites dog variety—came up recently when Ray Jefferies, Assistant to the Dean of Students, released the sorority and fraternity averages for the winter quarter.

Right in the middle at the bottom of the page the report read, "All-Fraternity Average: 2.8993." And right beneath that the report continued "All-Men's Average: 2.8901." That asterisk (\*) went on to point out that the all-men's average was figured by a sampling method which takes the grades of about one out of every ten men.

The man bites dog idea comes in when it's considered that it was a mighty cold day in Chapel Hill when the fraternity men pulled anything like beating the all-men's average. For a group that has been severely criticized the last few years, and even more so this past year, for supposedly advocating good times before scholarship, this a long stride toward quieting its critics.

The winter quarter which, with its long nights and cold and rainy weather, is more conducive to study, undoubtedly had a lot to do with the improvement in the fraternity marks—but the rest of the male contingent are affected in the same manner. Their educational hormones run on the same track as the fraternity men.

Whatever the reason for the improvement, it was a great one. Whereas there had been only seven fraternities with a better than "C" average after the fall quarter, the winter session produced 14 of the "social" organizations with averages below the 3.000 mark.

You can call it winter quarteritis if you like, but I think the main reason for the improvement is a result of the work the fraternities have done themselves. The Interfraternity Council has gone all out this past year in an attempt to improve the grades and it looks like the IFC's work is paying off.

The raising of the scholastic standards for initiation didn't do anything to lower the grades any and the establishment of a trophy last winter for the fraternity making the most improvement each quarter put the whole thing on a competitive basis—and I've never seen a Deke or Kappa Sig who didn't want to

win a trophy from a Sigma Chi or SAE, etc.

The Pi Lambda Phi's, always near the top of the list, took the roses this time with a 2.4805 average and the Beta's who were mired in 14th place after the fall quarter came with a rush in the stretch grab fifth place and the quarterly improvement trophy.

Quite a few fraternities had the bad luck to improve their fall quarter marks but still drop a notch on the list.

Anyway you look at it, it's been a job well done, and I for one would like to see the fraternities get a pat on the back—instead of a slap on the well known kisser.

## On Campus

Because the president of the University of Virginia felt there was too much drinking being done at the last concert on the campus he banned all future concerts. An irate student then wrote to the Cavalier Daily:

"My name is George Wahoo Jones. I was formerly a student at the University. One day I was having a beer in my closet when I was apprehended for exhibition drinking for leaving the door ajar. I am leaving tomorrow to enroll at Chapel Hill. I have room for four in my car."

Seen about one o'clock last Friday morning after the senior movie many mad politicians racing madly around the Planetarium and the Arboretum—barefoot!

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- Business getters
  - Custom
  - Behave
  - Occasionally
  - Large serpent
  - Demonstrated
  - Forward
  - Some
  - Accounts
  - Experts
  - Type measure
  - Pastry
  - Ribbed fabrics
  - Sin
  - Chum
  - Ingredient of varnish
  - Again: prefix
  - Bouquet
  - Artificial language
  - Group of eight
  - Floor covering
  - Stitch
  - Rail bird
  - Was victorious
  - Copper coin: abbr.
  - Keep
  - American librarian
  - Town in Ohio
  - European fish
  - Pale
  - Clear profit
  - Imperfect
  - Thirsty
  - Trap
  - Lair
- DOWN**
- Serpents
  - David Copperfield's wife
  - Men's informal gathering
  - American Indians
  - Transgression
  - Exist
  - Hollow stone with a crystal-lined cavity
  - Anglo-Saxon alaya
  - Lessons
  - Plot
  - Largest river in Scotland
  - Exactly divisible by two
  - Balancing part of an airplane
  - Victim
  - Dance step
  - Crystallized rain
  - God of love
  - Registering apparatus
  - Cooking vessel
  - Old piece of cloth
  - Orderly
  - Firearm
  - Agreement between nations
  - Impassive
  - Broaden
  - Young horse
  - Helps
  - Step
  - Reside
  - Paradise
  - Conjunction
  - By
  - Fourth note of the scale

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51										53

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AYE	HERO	OHIO
LAMER	COMMAND	
CHILI	SLAMS	
	IMP	MEUS
PEG	PERMANENT	
APES	SUE	TRIO
COMPETENT	ROW	
AS	AN	DAP
	DRIVE	LEWIS
BOARDER	ERICA	
UNTO	SION	DOR
STEW	TENT	END

### Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

- Hollow stone with a crystal-lined cavity
- Anglo-Saxon alaya
- Lessons
- Plot
- Largest river in Scotland
- Exactly divisible by two
- Balancing part of an airplane
- Victim
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