

# Voice of The Turtle



More than one hundred years ago, hardy groups of pioneers struggled westward to the gold fields and the free land of California and the Northwest.

One of the more famous of their routes—the Oregon Trail—passed the length of what is now Nebraska. A few people stopped to stake out on the grassy prairie, and became the first modern Nebraskans. Some, however, kept moving to the West.

They are still doing it. Every two years, a great Westward Migration takes place from the grassy plains of Lincoln to the rugged

## Fred Daly

majesty of Boulder, Colo. The migrants are students, who miss up to four days of classes to make the long trek across the dusty heart of America.

There are a number of reasons for this mass exodus. Some go to partake of the healing waters in the Temple of Taulagi's, and the Sanctuary of The Sink. Others love the fresh mountain air that eddies through the Denver night spots. Others just like to get away from it all.

The key to the whole business, however, is the football game between Nebraska and Colorado. Nebraska won the last time they were out there, in 1954, and again last year. In the brief time since Colorado entered the Big Seven, an intense rivalry has grown up between the two schools.

The key to the victory is the Buffalo Head, symbol of victory. Since the Cornhuskers won last year, CU will reward the head to Nebraska at half-time for that victory. The Buffalos, for that is the nickname of the CU stalwarts, will most likely be a little bit ea-

ger to get the thing back again. There seems to be some difference of opinion between the two schools as to whether or not this will take place.

Also, it is Colorado's Homecoming, for which they have hired a gent named Louis Armstrong and his Redoubtables to make music and otherwise entertain the faithful Friday and Saturday nights. Nebraska upset the Buffs two years ago to spoil the festivities.

Last year, at our own Homecoming, we upset CU again, to make a success of our particular rites. It must be more than a little discouraging.

So, lumping together a pleasant trip to the Rockies, a football contest between two determined and exceedingly stubborn outfits and the unmatched party-party atmosphere of a Colorado Homecoming, it would appear from here to be a most spectacular Migration.

"Glory, glory, Colorado, and to . . ."



(Eds. note: In order to please a fastidious sect of readers, namely aspiring intellectuals, bits of culture will be inserted from time to time in today's column.)

Tradition. Good old tradition. Be it steeped in the tradition of John Brown's fine old body, following the tradition of motherhood, home and the flag, or simply kissing under mistletoe, all good things must have tradition.

And migration being a good thing is not without tradition.

Let us pause for a moment and turn back the grimy hands of time (along with the faculty's wrinkles) and examine this phenomena, resulting from the foundation of this traditional institute.

Italia est magna insula

-G. Horace Flaccus

C. D. Thrasher, son of a local wheat magnate grew restless of owning the only horse in a one-horse town and being long gone from knee pants (predecessor of bermudas) he decided to make his mark upon the world.

His father, Brown Thrasher, took the boy under wing and garbing him in the latest catalogue fashions sent him East to his own alma mater.

C. D. wasn't long for this world. One thing led to another. First, down hours in Swahili #6, then a ruptured spleen resulting from a calcified crumplet and finally the inevitable occurred — expulsion. Poor old C. D. tried so hard to make good but his planting hollyhocks amidst the ivy was just too much for campus officials.

Upon hearing of this, Brown Thrasher, now a brome baron, made his classic statement "this is the last straw," and immediately set out to iron out his boy's future.

Old man Thrasher had a real problem here. It was during his weekly appointment with his lady barber named Delilah that the inspiration came. Thrasher's old classmate, Henry Ford had made quite a name for himself by founding the Ford Foundation and contributing to institutions.

And after all, Henry Ford wasn't so rich . . . he never owned a Cadillac.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"AN ON THIS PLAY IS' RUNS TH' BALL AROUND HIS OWN RIGHT ENZ"

# vice and versa



lac in his life. So why, pray tell, couldn't old Thrasher found some sort of institution for his chip off the old block to attend.

Brown Thrasher began to throw his political weight around. His man Friday, who had currently been re-elected to the governorship after being defeated in a Free Soil landslide, was contacted. And as the good governor suddenly realized that America was on the threshold of a millennium, the University was formed.

And since it was to be located in a group of Thrasher's abandoned grain elevators the old sea-dog was given the honor of naming the institution. This was quite a decision and required much pondering over.

Le livre est sur la table.

-Daudet

Being a fair and just man he gave it much pondering over. To be a good university the title had to have a smidgeon of culture. Just a smidgeon mind you. No

## Bob Cook

more, no less. Just a smidgeon. Several of his learned friends proffered examples: Oedipus Institute, Cranium College, Parthanon Prep. . . good, but more than a smidgeon of culture, as anyone could see.

Then it came. He would dedicate the great institute to his favorite musician and composer, Bach Woods Nebraska. Thrasher, who was no slouch at the jews-harp and famous in his college days for his laconic birdcalls knew his music! His idol, Nebraska, composer of the Egg Candler Suite, had become world renowned for his ability to pick out mournful Estonian ballads on his metronome.

Bach Woods Nebraska University was shortened to Nebraska U. after a violent holy war between the Corn Cobs and the administration and the school began to grow.

The school song of "Home, Home on the Grange" was adopted and

soon the department heads began to roll. New instructors from all over the country were drawn to NU to find sanction for academic freedom. Such scholars as: Dr. Frank Cromagnon, anthropology; Fibula Flushbox, engineering; Mort Pestel, pharmacy; a war refugee from China who was a military genius, Gung Ho, ROTC and Elvis Pelvis, medicine, and national president of Zeta Thigh fraternity.

Como esta usted —Cervantes

And what has our young C. D. Thrasher all the meanwhile it seems through some quirk of fate he became graduated in one semester receiving 118 hours of eights. (His father thought it a bit unwise to give him nines—students are a suspicious lot, you know).

Under the guises of a graduate student C. D. remained his seedy self. In fact he was so tweedy and seedy his doctor had tied his umbilical cord in a windsor knot!

However, a distressing thing was happening at school. The Cornfed youth from outstate were not the type these faculty members were particularly fond of. Not to say they were bad but the dance of the time was the Turkey Trot.

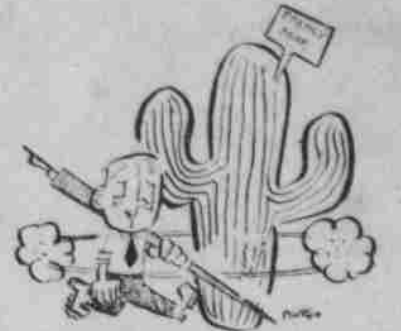
So, the faculty committee on committees made a resolution to remedy this situation. After consultation with the poultry expert on Ag campus they maintained they could see no reasons why turkeys couldn't migrate as it was that time of year.

Hence, migration was officially approved and thrived evermore. Oh, and by the way, if you're ever in Taulagi's at Boulder, look up old C. D. The old scrapper never made it back!

## BILL MURRELLS

Drive In Barber Shop and Sportsman Barber Shop 15 & P 7 Barbers To Serve You

# 'round the prickly pear



A very comforting piece of information has been brought to my attention recently about Corn Cobs, and I think that every comforting piece of information about Corn Cobs should be passed along these days.

The Corn Cobs at the University of Nebraska are not, as we have been led to believe by alarmists, on the verge of assuming a position of campus prominence. On the contrary, Cob heads have approached me with the prospect of

## Bruce Brugmann

attacking their organization fiercely, simply to dispel the myth that it no longer exists.

"Why," one representative began, his voice choking noticeably, "someone informed me just the other day that they just couldn't believe there was such an organization as Corn Cobs."

"No longer exists, no longer an organization," I nudged him gently. "Bosh! That just doesn't stack up with the facts about Cobs."

"What other campus organization," I said, pulling him out of range of a husky Tassel, "could spend all Saturday morning hustling carnations and all-day suckers?"

"What other campus organization could form such a solid mutual benefit society, electing themselves periodically to office?"

"What other campus organization could hire Charlie Spivak, a virtually unknown dance band, for such an all-important University function as the Homecoming dance?"

"What other campus organization, with as much money in its treasury as Corn Cobs, could sit complacently on the sidelines watching Louis Armstrong (as but one example in comparative Big Seven situations) play for two nights at the Colorado Homecoming celebration?"

"What other campus organization could, year in and year out, bring in such a collection of antiquated relics, deftly wipe 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too' from their traveling cases, jack them up with an assortment of jolly press releases and point them towards the Coliseum platform Homecoming eve?"

"What other campus organization could raise such an uprighteous bellow when they find, instead of attending a formally constituted University function, many students go tripping off to a local bistro with Old Granddad?"

"What other campus organization could embarrass The Nebras-

kan, who must consider the welfare of the university and the responsibility of a campus newspaper, in supporting the dance, to the point where the editors would like to tell the organization where their cobs belong?"

"And," I concluded lustily, with a pleasant poke in the abdomen, "what campus organization could possibly prompt Fred Daly, the hoary old man with the meerschaum touch, to state: 'Cobs would make a good fire, if someone would put a match to them!'"

"I see your point," the Cob head said. "Unfortunately, we must exist," and he whistled off, possibly to find out why the colorful Lord Kendall had decided to assist a Union committee rather than devote his time to Corn Cobs.

I received a letter from former Nebraskan columnist Roger Henkle, who is currently doing a little public relations work for the University in the East.

Plying that roguish touch which we have all come to know and detest, young Henkle says in one of his occasionally printable passages: "Why must my good name be

bandied about by every loose-tongued lout who has touched a quill, so that it becomes a household word with every wench and street-walker in the Greater Lincoln area?"

"What is this cheap chaff about 'Builder's has taken up where Roger Henkle left off?' Can I never forget my sordid past; must you rake up the much of my left-wing associations of a by-gone era?"

Continuing to spray the campus with 'Bootless Cries,' the bard of the Harvard Law Review eventually asked of Jess Brownell, formerly the 'Albatross of Andrews Hall' who left school last spring following an article linking his name closely with Adminny Hall lieutenants.

Is it true, the Raffish Ragamuffin of Rathbone Road concluded, that old Jess was asked to leave his pipe-laying job after the Temperance League decided to hold their annual meeting in Wakefield?"

(Eds. note: This report is obviously without foundation. Though Brownell may have left town, it is doubtful that he was holding a job, much less one in which he was engaged to lay pipes.)

# Sartorial Splendor

There are two distinct factions on the campus. Those who like hairy, ape-like crew-neck sweaters and those who do not. And furthermore, there are two sub-factions of the faction which dislikes hairy-ape-like crew-neck sweaters, those who are ivy and those who are not. Of course it is a foregone conclusion that anyone who likes hairy-ape-like sweaters is definitely ivy—anyone knows that.

The big Ivy movement which encompasses approximately 37.456% of the student body was

## Bob Ireland

slow starting on the University campus. In fact, Nebraska was undoubtedly the last state to jump on the green-leaved bandwagon (this is supposed to be symbolic of ivy).

Back in the traditional east — everything in the east is traditional; clothes, cars, pencils, talk, Republicanism, informal conformity, etc.—the ivy movement was instigated by such stores as Brooks Brothers (home of the worst salesman with the best products), Rogers Peet, and J. Press, to

mention a few. Three-button, button-down shirts, pleated pleats with shiny buckles, hairy, ape-like crew-neck sweaters, and sport coats with no padding, patch-pockets, and center-vent soon became symbols of every eastern college man's sartorial splendor.

I am not sure when this big move got under way but it was quite some time ago. Any way, by the time the ivy spirit hit such midwest centers of conservatism as Lake Forest and Highland Park addicts of the great crusade were wearing their trouser two inches above their shoes and their coats a full foot below their arm reach. A sort of quasi-pumpkin display at best, but comfortable.

Then, it seems, the ivy parade jumped across the plains of Iowa and Nebraska to Colorado U. and Stanford. And finally in a great puff of diffused, confused smoke the ivy fires started burning in the Cornhusker state.

Ivism is the official creed of the well-dressed Husker. Everybody's shirt is buttoned-down from at least two positions. Ties are either regimentally striped or lavishly foularded. Pants are firmly buckled from the back. Suits are either tweedy of flannel with the "natural look" prevailing.

# Opportunities

for ENGINEERS and other TECHNICAL GRADUATES

Phillips Petroleum Company, one of America's great integrated oil companies, has positions open for engineers, chemists, physicists and virtually every kind of technical graduate at the Bachelor, Master or Ph.D. levels.

Representatives of

## PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

will visit your campus on

Friday, October 26

YOU ARE INVITED to make an interview appointment with your Placement Office. Or, for further information, write:

D. R. McKeithan  
Technical Employment Consultant,  
Phillips Petroleum Company  
Bartlesville, Oklahoma



good for your face!

**Old Spice**  
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Refreshing antiseptic action heals razor nicks, helps keep your skin in top condition. 1.00 plus tax

SHULTON New York • Toronto