Editorial Comment

Women, Bah!

As of today this paper is taking a firm stand in favor of abolishing coeducation on the University campus. In the face of the terrible fix the world is in there is no alternative. Women must make room for more men, test tubes and slide rules.

Detailed research has shown that before Eve not one man failed an examination. Now, look at things. In fact, that's the whole trouble. When women are around you are always looking at things you aren't supposed to be looking at. Things like dimpled knees, rosy cheeks and smooth swaying you know whats.

Women must go. Down with women. We mean out with women. We mean we don't want women laying around on the campus. We mean that it's hard to think of anything else when you're thinking of women.

What is the theory of relativity compared to the theory of relatives which women are always trying to impress on men? What are books compared with women's looks?

Women are only distractions. Get rid of them. Down, down, down with women!

A check—using only the best proved Dr. Kinsey interview methods—revealed the real reasons women come to college. A few comments follow:

Nancy Fancy, junior Po Boota Pho—Well, kid, if you don't stop asking me if I just came to college to get a man I'll knock hell out of you. Me, I came to college to get culture. That's spelled k-u-l-t-u-r-e.

Jaci Macter, sophomore Koona Koona Goner—No, I don't like school but I don't like work either. My parents told me find a man or get a job but don't stay around the house drinking their beer and smoking their cigarettes. Well, I read somewhere that college men get paid more dough later on so here I am. I want to give my kids all I didn't have. Maybe not quite all though.

Jerri Merrie, senior Dundy Gundy—What's it to you? If I thought it were your business I'd tell you. I don't tell guys my trade secrets for nothing. If you're really interested in knowing what I came to college for you can take me out to dinner, take me to your formal, take me to a cocktail party, take me to a movie, take me to the follies. Get the drift? I don't do anything for nothing.

Grubba Tubba, freshman Alfa Phalfa—You better believe I'm learning. Those stories about flowers are nuts!

Mertie Misery, sophomore Alli Omph Pah—I'm here because men are here, and they're not only here but they are here 3 to 1. Do you hear me 3 to 1? Back in high school I sat home and played Cinderalla but no prince ever called on me with a glass slipper, so all I ever did was knit and wash dishes. But here, oh you kid, here even I am a belle of the ball. Last week I got to turn down 15 dates. Do you hear me 15 dates? That means I'm a queen. Do you understand? Me a queen, a queen, a queen! I'm a queen I tell you. I'm a queen!

Ellie Preslie, senior Kuba Alli Thrasher—Men make me sick. One guy refused to go out with me to our formal because he had another date that night. Imagine anyone turning down a Kubi Alli Thrasher. And then another guy asked me out for a coffee date and I said okay. Then what does he do but take to the crib for coffee. To the crib. And me a Kuba Alli Thrasher. Can you really imagine that? Men really do make me sick. Excuse me. I gotta run. I'm already a couple of hours late for my date. He's probably still waiting out in the rain. They can't come in the Kuba Alli Trasher house when its raining. Get the rug muddy you know.

Taffie Haffie, sophomore Soggy Doggy Toggy—Sure I came here to get married. What else? Do you think I'm different or something?

Caril Congo, junior Doggy Doggy Doggy—I've found out there's a lot more to life than book learning.

Yes, men, these are the types of creatures who presently inhabit this fair campus. These are the monsters who go about disguised as Greek goddesses wearing bermuda shorts and X covered levis.

We must assert ourselves as the superior race and give up this senseless coed race. Women . . . bah!

He's my candidate for Chancellor.

From the Editor

private opinion
. . . dick shugrue

"Inchl bratch whegeru," Etaoin Shrdlu said when I asked him what his stand on the Sanitary Ship Canal was.

Shrdlu, Republican candidate for canal inspector was in Lincoln over the holidays to inspect the waterworks and let go a few blasts at Lincoln garbage collection agencies.

Astfa alzay, ont hardlug contelsigs, he told me candidly last Thursday evening as we drove along the country road leading from Tony's Happy Corner to the ship canal. He couldn't believe that so much mud and so many tin cans could be cluttering up the road way along the ship canal.

Shrdlu

"Whyt turka onslo arduthma anglugnos editan," he exclaimed as we took the turn down near the Ranch House. And when we entered the double doors he stood awed at the xeusa which seemed to swing back and forth from the chandeliers.

I asked him how the campaign for the coming election was coming after we had had a cuple of arbumsteds there and he couldn't say anything. "Dot yinkl harau?" he asked me. I couldn't really tell him for sure, though since I hadn't much connection with the Republican party outside of the fancy invitation I had to join its ranks.

"Youkre, handi," he added, however.

With that I stomped away from the table and out to the car leaving him stranded far from the lights of the city, far from the coziness of the Pow Wow Room, far from the throbbing handshake of M. Stormer, party wheel.

• • •

Not much else happened around Lincoln land over the holidays.

Except the burning of the old Oliver Theatre down on 13th Street.

Let's see, was that this Easter or was it some other time? Gee, I can't remember. I'll have to ask Nell tonight.

• • •

Remember **Bob Ireland**? There's a boy who used to be around the University until something happened to him. I don't exactly know what it was, but something very important, apparently. Those were good old days when Ellen Smith was still wearing her hat and Charles Miller was just a professor of Business Administration.

Ireland

Well, this Ireland guy lammed it with my copy of Sen. John Kennedy's Profiles in Courage. I understand he is planning to follow Kennedy's style and write a book about famous deans of men rather than of famous Senators.

He must be memorizing the format of the book, he's had it so long.

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No news from Joe Hill, ambassador of the West in New York City. The last word we had from him he said, "Keep writing the truth." That's no kidding. The letter came right after the review of Ondine.

• • •

Here's something we missed last week. It was National Laugh Week.

And a lot of things to laugh at, too. Cuban Revolution planning the slaughter of any person who tries to keep another person from working. That would mean Casey would be shot on sight. Also, the Reds have poisoned our atmosphere, Sen. Humphrey told members of Congress. Then there was the news of Lana Turner's boy friend being stabbled by her daughter.

Yes, sir, National Laugh Week.

Da Pink One

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Incidentally, all editorial matter in this particular issue is a big pack of lies, we kid you not, but all advertisement is on the level.

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Nebraskan Letterip

I'm Alive

To the Editor:

Aha! You and every other miserable person on this campus thought I was dead or had moved away. But you all were wrong, as you have been about most things since the time I came to this school following the close of the World War.

I have been watching the progress of Rod Mole and Melwyn Ekelberg over the past few weeks and if I might candidly comment they are certainly bad, aren't they?

The campus and the students have improved in one respect, though.

And that's with regard to the grass. This time of year I think it's very heartening to see green on all sides of me as I ride by. Scout has helped to maintain the greenness of the grass, I might boast. But then if I did some wise acre would make nasty comment. That's the way it always is.

Now if I may look back on the past weeks and briefly comment on the major issues which have come before the campus I'd start with the dismissal of Robert Scotland as the news editor of the other campus newspaper, the Daily Nebraskan.

Scotland was caught red-nosed. And when that happens you can expect the bottle to be thrown at you. I've tried through the years to discourage this type of entertainment among students especially when Scout has been grazing south of Lincoln and cans or bottles have hit him on the saddle.

But then, no one pays any more attention to me than they do to any other person who writes in that other campus paper.

One of the other big issues before us this year has been the question of codifying the campus social policies.

I have always been against that particular item presented before the council by Mr. Freeze. You can't expect any codification in a private institution, much less in a public one, don't you know.

Besides, it would destroy the cat-and-mouse attitude between the authorities and the students if the latter private interest group really knew what was expected of them. That's obvious enough to me or to anyone else who has been around here as long as I have.

Now, sirs, if I may touch on another touchy problem which has confronted the University for a long time. Last year a poet was around here who made some silly charges about lack of interest in the arts.

This year, he couldn't make any such charges. Why just look at the people who went to see Teahouse of the August Moon to vote for the girl most likely to spill tea on a G.I.

Now I understand the theatre is planning a campaign to select the girl most likely to sizzle at the stake in connection with the next theatre play "The Lark."

In addition, there have been a great number of interesting comments in that paper about Ondine. I hear plans for a contest to name a girl most likely to be caught in the net was called off due to some unexplained circumstances (especially after the leading lady got her net caught on the stairway).

I was awakened from frequent capnaps during the play by the incessant pounding by Stephe (The pointer) Shulz of his stick upon the stage.

On, I could go on all night making glib comments, but then there wouldn't be room for the more caustic ones about to follow.

Just let your readers know, oh editor, that I, along with the TNE's, am not dead.

J. SILVERHEELS

☆ ☆ ☆

Unfair!

There is such a thing as the administration getting too dictatorial. I think it has reached that point here at NU.

The thing that gripes me so damn much is the way they expect you to get your dates in at early closing hours and the rules that no men are allowed in the sorority houses after 1 a.m. any morning. What do they think this is a grade school?

The other morning I got my date in at 4 a.m. So it was a little late, but what of it? You'd think I'd committed a crime or something. Really all we did was discuss a little philosophy and history. Isn't that what school if for?

What year is this, 1984? What country is this, Russia?

CONFUSED

☆ ☆ ☆

It's A Lie

To the Editor,

I wish to squelch the rumors which have been circulating that Builders is a Communist-front organization operating under orders from Moscow to discourage higher education in the U.S.

It should be obvious to all those who witnessed the recent marble tournament held in the middle of the mall that we are doing all we can to encourage graduating high school seniors to come to the U.

Moreover, we are converting "First Glance" into a picture magazine so that even illiterates can have their whack at publicity from our fair institution.

MARG

☆ ☆ ☆

Misbehavior

To the Editor,

In these days of growing juvenile delinquency, I had not dreamed that any institution of higher learning would have the gall to publicly sponsor misbehavior. I was shocked therefore to find that the University of Nebraska sets one night of the year aside for Coed Follies. Perhaps the administration believes in progressive education, but I think it is only fair to assume that if coeds are going to have follies, they will do it on their own time without encouragement.

I should like advice on where to take my problem.

JOHN CALVIN

Dear Jack:
Probably the logical place to complain about coed follies would be the Office of Student Affairs.
Editor

☆ ☆ ☆

Tobacco

To the Editor,

I don't mind faculty members coming to school in ragged old suits or unpolished shoes, but I do object to their spitting chewing tobacco all over the desks in their lecture rooms. I have had a 100% increase in my cleaning bills because of these thoughtless professors.

And what about having them clean their finger nails? I hate to think that every paper I turn in is handled by people with dirty fingernails.

FETISH

The Mudslinger

Unaccustomed as I am to reading anything in this alleged newspaper, I could not avoid reading the obnoxious, abhorrent, repellant, disgusting, pernicious, underhanded muck which "Red" Shugrue—the yellow journalist who edits this vile little sheet—wrote as a criticism of the University track team's production of "Lassie, Son of Flicka By Her Second Marriage." Unfortunately, Mr. Shurgure makes only semi-literate remarks which are not worth mentioning, so I won't.

Mudslinger

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Rumors have been circulating that two of my fellow columnists are nincompoops. I wish to squelch these stories. Two of my fellow columnists are not nincompoops.

• • •

My goodness, Erny Hines has a pretty red sweater. Have you noticed what a pretty red sweater Earnie Hines has? Erniy Hines has such a pretty red sweater I can hardly believe it. No one can believe what a pretty red sweater Earrniey Hines has. Have you seen Earniyy Hines' pretty red sweater? My God, it's neat.

• • •

And as for Melvin Eickleberry . . .

I have traditionally held the view that every man has a right to express his own opinions.

But when they reach the sprawling proportions which Mel's have . . . well, need I say more?

• • •

Hardly an evening has passed since the last day of school and the subsequent holidays that I haven't locked myself into my bottle and studied lines for the Kosmet Klub show. I'm trying my hardest to be as great as possible in the show.

If I surpass my performance in Asclepius, I'll be going some.

Rumors around the theatre and around the campus in general acknowledge my prowess and I even hear they are trying to throw me out of the theatre for fear I would be too much.

The claim actually runs that the theatre doesn't want a triumvirate and what with Chill Willis, Geney Peeyou and the rest, I couldn't get to short stop. (Clever, eh?)

• • •

I've been in constant touch with Bridey Murphy over the past few months. I'm hoping she will put me in touch with David Happily who, it's my understanding, has gone the same route to oblivion Bridey went.

Then and only then will the great poetry, reminiscent of the days when Howls howled down the halls, return to this great literary field of honor.

Have I said enough?

Why We Like NU

—Lover's— . . . Advice . . .

By Agnes Pheenamint

Dear Pheenamint,

My love belongs to a fraternity and he's a drunkard. All fraternity boys aren't drunkards but my love is. It's getting to the point where he never calls on me without having liquor on his breath. Now, when we go out he never even talks to me except to ask me to open a can of beer or to put more ice in his drink. How long should I endure this? Mother thinks he's a good boy in spite of his drinking because his father owns a couple of department stores, but surely they can't expect me to go on like this.

What makes it doubly bad is that I don't drink. I haven't had a drop to drink since our pledge class had its initiation blast at one of the girl's houses in Lincoln. I discovered then that I'm a born exhibitionist and so since have never had a drop of booze.

Help me Pheenamint. Help me.

MISS SOBER

Dear Sober,

You're a slob. Why don't you get drunk and stop crying on other peoples' shoulders?

• • •

Dear Pheenamint,

I read in our school paper the other day that there is a secret drinking sorority at the University. This just makes me sick. I love to drink. No one loves to drink more than I do. But now I'm unhappy. I'm not a member of this sorority, yet it's all I want in life. Since learning about the sorority I haven't been able to drink a single drop of beer without feeling remorseful. What can I do? I have't have a bad breath. I'm pretty and I hear that boys think I'm a real winner. Please give me your advice.

MISS SICK

Dear Sick,

Don't be an ass. Start your own drinking sorority. A good name might be the Black Squares.

• • •

Dear Pheenamint,

My life is ruined. There is this cutest boy who has fallen madly in love with me and to whom I am also deeply attached. There is a catch though. He has false teeth. It was a child accident or something.

There will never be another love in my life but I can't see french kissing him when his teeth are out. Can you offer me a solution?

MISS ANXIOUS

Dear Anxious,

Take it from me. You don't know what you're missing.

• • •

Dear Pheenamint,

I'm in love with that tall literary figure who writes for the Rag and stars in University Theatre Plays. How should I go about seeing him?

MA PERKINS

Dear Ma,

What ever you do, see a psychiatrist first.

Miss Pheenamint

Still Scandal

FBI investigators inspect still

As yet there is no statement from the University administration on the discovery of a still in the ruins of Ellen Smith Hall. Chancellor Clifford Hardlout would say only, "School will not be dismissed tomorrow." He denied that those were hiccups which our reported heard in the background. Everyone else connected with the University was reported indisposed.

Meanwhile rumors were floating around campus. (Reports that the administration was floating around campus proved false.) Delta Tau Delta president Tom Nevski called in to say that the Delt bell was confiscated in a recent raid; he wondered whether it could have been melted down and if so would brass tubing make a good coil. Reports that the still was connected to the University heating system sent instructors scurrying to radiators but proved groundless.

Meanwhile we are waiting breathlessly for the scoop on this scandalous development. Come on, gang, spill the beans. You know how badly we need a good crusade to go on.