

Editorial Misrepresentation:

Rag Becomes Shopper; Mendacity Destroyed

In line with our usual fearless editorial policy and the real principles and precepts of that sacred goddess of truth and virtue—journalism—the Pink Rag will today tell the true story behind one of the campus's most secret and closely protected organizations.

The organization in question has long enjoyed the protection of those in government who would keep all hidden from the searching eye of the press. The cloak of secrecy now, however is swept aside. The Pink Rag today reveals the true situation in that most perfidious of all departments, the very scourge of a good newspaper:

The Daily Nebraskan business department.

We have discovered, after long and careful perusal of the books, ad mats, invoices, ink pads and especially the business man-

ager's personal bank account, that advertising is at an all time peak.

In view of the situation as it now stands (more or less) and the cosmic consequences which are irrevocably involved in any consideration of this situation, the people of the Pink Rag have decided to come to a conclusion.

We have decided to quit lying to you.

For this reason, The Rag has gone shopper.

Mostly, we have decided to quit lying about the obvious status of this newspaper because if we come out in the open about this whole thing, maybe we will get a salary hike.

Anyway, we feel it is time that we stopped deluding the student body and ourselves that the publication of a newspaper anywhere serves the altruistic purpose of informing a free and democratic society about its institutions, thus enabling them to choose freely the course on which they will set the nation's feet. (Yes, I know that is a mixed metaphor, Dr. Hough.)

There are four reasons for calling this delusion what it is: They are to wit and we emphasize, etc:

1. There ain't no news worth printing in this paper anyway.

2. If there was any news, people wouldn't read it.

3. If they read it they wouldn't do anything about it. (Note this sly reference to apathy—clever what?)

4. Newspapers are published for profit anyway. (There now we've said it—drag us off to the torture chambers on the third floor of Burnett Hall.)

Down with mendacity. Call a spade a suite of cards. Let's face it—let's be materialists. What is all this rot about the ideals of the nation's press?

Move over Sellentin. Here we come!

So there, children, is the reason for the advertisement on the front page. That also is the reason for the general ground swell of advertisements throughout the paper.

Attention should also be given by the interested shopper for rare and occult bargains to the new, improved classified ad section. Insidiously, the business department added a classified salesman at the beginning of the semester to build up this often forgotten department.

Now, prospects are bright for a full page of classified ads with a classified special—consisting of a front page banner—to be run every day.

In conclusion let us say that this new policy may not offer any distinct advantages to those who contemplate the Daily Shopper as a stepping stone to the senior honoraries, but it sure is nice for we who are working our way through.

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I don't care if it was water . . . it wasn't registered!



A Few Unkind Words

e.e.e.e.e.ch

Have you ever browsed through a dump? I have. In fact it was while browsing through this dump that I discovered this, browsing through this dump through which I was browsing, this dump. Oh! And lo and behold I found that it wasn't a dump after all, but rather the University Book Store. Let me tell you—that's an interesting place! So never browse through any dump that isn't a dump and then write a column unless you're prepared to make it really fascinating.

I saw a Cadillac the other day occupied by people. I really thought that was interesting because they were driving it in a manner uncommon to the common manner of driving a Cadillac and so there. It is out. I wish I had a Cadillac. I would drive it commonly.

Pardon me a moment, I must rellight my hoga. It goes out every three days and then I must restoke it with poppy seeds. (Catch on?). As I was saying, I went over to West Lincoln the other day to look at the ocean and although I have seen the ocean in that very spot several times, I noticed that something was a wry. I could see the land just like always and I could see the sky just like always, and in addition to that I could see the ocean. (Fooled you that time—you thought I was going to see the bottom of the ocean.) But that day as I looked out over our beautiful Pacific I saw . . . Blast-ed pipe. Some days it just will not light. Maybe if I

put some tobacco in with those green poppy blossoms. As I was saying I saw Europe. Isn't that strange? It was a little foggy at that.

Walking in the country! Who asked me that? George did you ask me that? Ernest? Jack? Sue? Alice? Dmitric? What if nobody asked? I still want to talk about it. No, I don't walk around the country like a fool. Why I couldn't even get out of the state in my condition. But if I ever get a chance I'm going to dream about the country where you really find out things. Some of the things I dream about I would even dare writing about, and that's why I don't write all that silly nonsense that you can read about anywhere. There goes that hoga again I think I will take it down to Dmitric's and have it cleaned he has some very sharp drills besides it is a nuisance to carry all those ashes around.

Cigarettes? I never carry them. Why should I there are always plenty lying around where you can get your hands on them. The other day I found one I bet had three inches left on it did I tell you about the ocean? George? Sue? I have? Why I didn't even notice. Well since that proved my point which was to keep your column looking like a column and somebody someone will notice it and start a controversy and you will then be labeled a columnist I had better close now because I am sobering up and I haven't even got a match.

The Liar Patch

by Robin Redface

Aren't you glad? It's time for my column again and now you will all be enlightened.

Today I am embarking on a scathing attack on everything from the Aye You Eff to help weeks.

But before I go on to these obvious worthless activities, a word first about these pagan practices sometimes known as pinning ceremonies.

First of all, let us consider the physical effects when a coed takes on one of these fraternity badges.

First, the danger of getting pin-sticks is doubled when the coed wears two pins. Think of how Student Health could devote time to healing of lepers, delivery of children and appendix operations.

Second, the physical stature and posture of the coed is endangered as she puts an even heavier weight on the left side of her quivering little body. No wonder so many pinned girls are showing up nowadays with one leg longer than the other and twisted spines. The wearing of two pins has a very dangerous unbalancing effect.

Thirdly, budgets are ruined by the buying of cigars, candy and other assorted items by the parties involved in these pagan rites. And the worthlessness of it all is terrific. It has been proved that only half of the fraternity men receiving cigars after a pinning smoke them to half their length.

Besides, when the sorority girls get their candy it adds to an already obese community of coeds who obviously shouldn't eat more than one meal a day anyway.

Now that I've completely trod over pinnings, I'll attack the so-called help weeks some fraternities have been trying to put into effect.

Ha! Patsy-watsies. When I went through hell week I was nearly beaten senseless, I didn't get an hour of sleep and I consequently flunked three consecutive hour exams. And I loved every minute of it.

Let's keep our frat men

Nothing

This space is largely empty because we haven't anything to say anymore and why bother you with some meeting in the Dairy Barn.

Hi and Lois

IF YOU'VE GOT KIPS LIKE HI AND ME OF WHOM YOU'RE MIGHTY FOND— I'M SURE YOU'LL HELP THEIR FUTURE WITH A U.S. SAVINGS BOND!



Childsplay

by Wendie Wetsie

The forthcoming exams again prompt some efforts to please the sensibilities of the noble opposition in the grading department. Let us start off by buttering them up with:

Hunches

I have a hunch (I had a hunch?) that that perennial best seller of the Mistery Department, "The Heretics of Western Decadence" will again catch the eye of the populace. Some of its more popular features are variety, sprightly style, human interest, high quality paper, a durable cover, numbered pages, smatterings of textual material, and a fine index. It is interesting to note that this book is made up almost entirely of plagiarized material.

These, of course, are admirable things to say of any book, but I feel that in the interest of democracy and the easily swayed, feeble minded-children that will be reading this book, that it is obviously the work of a radical. First of all just take a look at the names of the editors, Bailey and Johnson. Any names as innocent as those must be hiding something. Then let us turn to the table of contents. On that list we find first of all a series of foreigners led by the first recorded traitor, Socrates. Then in rapid succession come the well known figures Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Job. Obvious pseudonyms. I have not read their works, but I am positive that men with names such as that could not be for American principles. A prominent name on the list, whose writings take up 400 pages, is that of General Cashiers, a tyrant, if I ever saw one. Last of all come several works by Marx and Engels and I guess that should be sufficient warning. But in case it is not take a look at the next name VLADIMIR ILYLYCH LENIN. WELL!

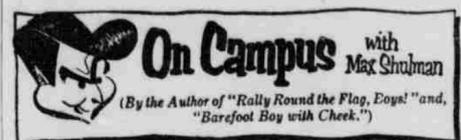
And now on to Aye You Eff. I have just forgotten what I was going to say about it, but you can bet that it was something that wasn't very flattering, ha, ha. But I'll get them next week.

So now kiddies, back to the mausoleum for another week until I can dig up more dirt and slander about all sorts of old, established regimes.

Try to study until then, honor your professor and your housemother, and last but not least, take lye.

the Roger Boland distillery . . .

Since dis is da foist time I wrote a column for da Pink Rag, I got nothing to say except; Why don't dem guys Phil and Frank . . .



THE TRUE AND TYPICAL CASE OF CHATSWORTH OSCEOLA

You all know, of course, that every engineering senior is receiving fabulous offers from dozens of corporations, but do you know just how fabulous these offers are? Do you have any idea how widely the corporations are competing? Let me cite for you the true and typical case of Chatsworth Osceola, a true and typical senior.

Chatsworth, walking across the M.I.T. campus one day last week, was hailed by a man sitting in a yellow convertible studded with precious gem stones. "Hello," said the man, "I am Norwalk T. Sigafos of the Sigafos Bearing and Bushing Company. Do you like this car?"

"Yeah, hey," said Chatsworth.

"It's yours," said Sigafos.

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Do you like Philip Morris?" said Sigafos.

"Of corris," said Chatsworth.

"Here is a pack," said Sigafos. "And a new pack will be delivered to you at twelve-minute intervals every day as long as you shall live."

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Does your wife like Philip Morris?" said Sigafos.

"She would," said Chatsworth, "but I'm not married."

"Do you want to be?" said Sigafos.

"What American boy doesn't?" said Chatsworth.

Sigafos pressed a button on the dashboard of his convertible and the trunk opened up and out came a nubile maiden with golden hair, flawless features, a perfect disposition, and the appendix already removed. "This is Laurel Geduldig," said Sigafos. "Would you like to marry her?"

"Is her appendix out?" said Chatsworth.

"Yes," said Sigafos.

"Okay, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Congratulations," said Sigafos. "And for the happy bride, a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes for the rest of her life."

"Thanks, hey," said Laurel.

"Now then," said Sigafos to Chatsworth, "let's get down to business. My company will start you at \$45,000 a year. You will retire at full salary upon reaching the age of 26. When you start work, we will give you a three-story house made of bullion, complete with a French Provincial swimming pool. We will provide siter service for all your children until they are safely through puberty. We will keep your teeth in good repair, and also the teeth of your wife and children unto the third generation. We will send your dentist a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes as long as he shall live. . . Now, son, I want you to think carefully about this offer. Meanwhile, here is ten thousand dollars in small, unmarked bills, which places you under no obligation whatsoever."

"It certainly seems like a fair offer," said Chatsworth. "But there is something you should know. I am not an engineer. In fact, I don't go to M.I.T. at all. I am a poetry major at Harvard. I just came over here on a bird walk."

"Oh," said Sigafos.

"I guess I don't get to keep the money and the convertible and Laurel now, do I?" said Chatsworth.

"Of course you do," said Sigafos. "And if you'd like the job, my offer still stands."

Speaking of engineers, the Philip Morris company makes a filter cigarette that's engineered to please the most discerning of filter smokers—Marlboro, the cigarette with better "mak's." More flavor plus more filter equals more cigarette!

Stuff Views

by Etaoin Furd

Today in my editorial column I must take a step that I would rather not, that is to publicly come out in somewhat of a form of opposition to the policy of one of The Pink Rag's stands.

In the past, we had opposed coeducation on the University campus and listed our reasons for doing so.

Although the arguments are strong for no coeducation, I can really see no harm in it. And while I feel a deep loyalty to the policies of The Pink Rag, this is an issue on which I feel so strongly that I must speak out.

The reasons are many, but among the strongest are the position of the female in this complex, shrinking world, and careful consideration of what a college education means to a young lady.

These arguments have been presented opposing coeducation on the NU campus: that the young ladies present a distraction to the male student; that their intent is not really for an education but for a good time; and that they cause dissension and argument among the men who should be more concerned with the favor of a science professor than a girl.

Counterplay

I would like to counter these arguments with the following:

1. Perhaps certain coeds do present a

distraction to male students, but look around you—this number isn't very large. Besides, the distractions of most would not be ones that would cause more than momentary concern, because the average, studious NU man wouldn't want more than one look.

2. Most of the NU coeds are here for an education, contrary to reports. As Molly Golly, sophomore Awful Ogle Pie said, "Boy, you should know what I've learned since I've been here. Nothing like a liberal education."

Mary Blurp, unattached and unaffiliated graduate student, said, "Talk about education. I've had my nose in these lousy books for five years. How come? Well, I haven't had a date since the dorm formal when I was a freshman. And I had a blind date. The only reason I keep studying is so that some day I can be rich and famous and some handsome gold-digger will marry me."

Social Life

3. Dissension or vying for dates is obviously dying out on this campus, so that argument no longer holds up. With fewer and fewer social events, this has been the natural course. Besides, it is only an uncultured dolt who would try to date a girl another has escorted in the past. It would be a breach of trust and a blot on the honorable code of the Nebraska man.

So that is why I contend coeducation is OK. Let the girls go to school here if they want. Live and let live.

All right, I wrote it, so please stop twisting my arm, pinmate.



Furd

Pink Rag

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responsible for what they say, do or cause to be printed. Apr. 1, 1959. Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$5 for the academic year. What a rip. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912. EDITORIAL STAFF Dictator . . . . . Geo. "Misprint" Meyer Asst. Dictator . . . . . Mix Well (and serve with an olive) Label Controller . . . . . Gulbevyz Sidelines Fun and Frolic Editor . . . . . R-minim Lamb Pencil Wielders . . . . . Cerrell, Sandy and Cindy with help from Annie Jr. Pencil Wielders . . . . . Patty and Tommy Intrepid Reporters . . . . . Marilyn Tya, Sandra Ware and John Henry Staff Photographer . . . . . Monte Rice C. Chester . . . . . Jerry Seller S. Chester . . . . . Kal'a Norma 'n Andy Wilson, Chaz'nds By . . . . . My Ydare Chantation . . . . . It's in the Label Suits . . . . . Clarence Darrow