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By Dick Stuckey
By the way, this is hell remembering how that title goes.

In our infinite source of historical accumulæ concerning the college; ah-whayout in the realm of the past of our skool; and deep in the bottom of a big brown vanilla envelope, we have discovered the absolute first invitation to a "tea" ever sent at this University by an organized women's group to other organized living groups in order to bring everyone together at an organized napkin feed.

This discussion is actually a supplement to last time's discussion of whatever was discussed. But today we shall hear an on the spot account of that first tea by J. Lightwheat Topcoat, representative to that same Genesis of all teas from the student organized Presbyterian Soccer Hop Committee.

Topcoat has included in his account an actual copy of that first invitation, so warmly received and so beautifully engraved with gold vinner trimming and blue muslin backing and green hornrimmed masera. Here that invitation is reprinted for all to globber some over:

"Ahhsoo let it be known! The Zit chapter of Runnin Jumpin Jheta formally ask your presence at a tea, to be given on first Sunday of September, Nineteen hundred and one score, in honor of their regional province bookkeeper of the sorority at large, so let it be. And not only do they ask your presence, but they ask that you doll up somewhat, and bring your intramural director, assistant housemother, and others who have fine clothes, and prepare yourself on the matters of the day, by so doing furthering the very fine program their conversation chairman has so outlined previous to this tea. RSVP"

The invite was neatly tucked into envelope after envelope, and the RSVP, Topcoat explains, stands for Return the Silverware, Venetian Blinds, and Punch-bowl, but that was later shortened to "Well, what college are you in by golly."

We now present Topcoat's account, firsthand, unadulterated, and a bit emotional:

"Wheez. What a tea. All the kids's there, and this cool napkin arrangement. We was just goin in the door, and these broads came rushin out and took our coats and gloves and clipboards and urshered us in there. Boy oh boy.

"There was this line of all these old women standin up there dressed to the hilt and we went through it and shoke until we was plumb fuddled. I called

the wrong woman the one's before her name and she got red and I did and left.

"But then this table with food on it. Wow. What food. All kinds of pretty little cookies and two big glass pans, one with green juice and the other all pink. And a coffeepot. No tea.

"So we picked up a little glass bluecock and a cup with a handle that you couldn't possibly shove a finger through, and this one girl took us to aside the piano. Boy was she bad! First thing she says to me, Lightwheat, is, 'Tell me, Lugbolt, what year are you?'"

"What year am I?" I says. 'I am not a year—likewise I am not a particular kind of weather, nor punch juice good or bad, nor coffee weak or strong, nor major nor minor, nor visiting roving vice president of the province, nor colored peanuts nor garnished mints, nor piano here which I have just noticed on this cigarette of mine is burning through into, nor any topic which you wish to advance by your phoney questions. Leav me alone, oh glib girl, and put your ridiculous starched questions to one who can endure them. I am aleavin this here tea!"

"So we left. But not until we had dashed our platlets and droplets against the side of the honored regional director, visiting. What a bad afternoon."

So ends #2 of historical information available, and J. Lightwheat Topcoat all so. Our information relates that he soon took a job with the local laundry syndicate, where to this day he can be seen with his ballpein hammer pounding trousser fly snaps shut.

Of particular interest to town and campus circles Monday morning was the announcement of Cornhusker Protuja Darryll Dry-clean, who is to spend a semester of business, civic, and professional orientation at the laundry with old Mr. Topcoat. Young Dry-clean is majoring from Gold Label, Nebraska, in ballpein hammers, and that brings to mind the old song, now redone, for you, nobodys, in light of recent developments:

THE PROTEGE PROMENADE
On eye-vey day, on eye-vey day,
We'll go downtown,
On eye-vey day!

One eye-vey day, on eye-vey day,
We'll all become acquainted with the physical plant of business and become oriented in regard to its functions and in regard to the professional and civic activities which we will do later when we're bigger... and,
What's more—ha, ha—you don get-ah go-oo!

By Dick Masters
In hopes that the editor will run this while the demand is high and the time is right, the SATYR would inform those unfirm males who enjoy rollicking and rioting that Katy is in town for the remainder of the week.

Now in case you are licentiously orientated, it is my duty to inform you that this is not an ad. Katy is a nice girl... a fine girl... an intellectual girl, and mainly a good date. And she is here only for a short while. That's all for that.

The SATYR will turn his attention, or what's left of it, to the wonderfull program instituted by the Innocents. The unjust criticism which has been

heaped on these young men for their interest in a career and a future is completely unfounded and in bad taste. Since the beginning of time, the spoils have gone to the victors. And the losers have gone to Nebraska.

Flower was absolutely right for attempting to prod the Mortar Boards along this line. If the SATYR thought the Broads might tap him (or whatever the Mortar Boards do to satyrs) he'd be about moving to jump the gravy train (or whatever one jumps in these times trouble.)

Well, it just happened — my freedom of press has just been curtailed horribly. Paychecks for the Big

Book come out on the Ides. It just so happens that Emmy handles those gifts that I would like to pass on to prominent business firms. In lieu of that, Please vote for Emmy today. No commercial.

Enough of the common chatter. Now the SATYR will turn to the pursuit of intellectual pursuit. There is this course on campus which receives almost no recognition, and worse, no scholars.

If you clods would like to see real scholasticism without the usual micky mouse encountered, real scholastic freedom without the tedious, a real prof who knows his subject material without the aspiration to pedantry, I heartily suggest that you take Greek Mythology 117. This course is under the capable direction of Dr. K. Aldrich who is now in the process of placing the finishing touches on his own text for the course.

That's the trouble with a lot of good courses on this campus. If the prof doesn't crack funnies, give good grades, buy coffee for students, and sponsor two activities, nobody takes a class under him. People stand on Cheer boxes and bleat about better student prof relationships and how great it is to find out some big fat truth. Well it is the SATYR's earnest contention that pearls are being thrown to about eight students while the rest of the eight thousand are worrying about electives, snaps, and working in love and marriage before graduation.

As an agency concerned with University activities, the Board of Managers is responsible for the Chancellor and the Board of Regents. The Union Board appoints a managing director, who under its supervision, is responsible for carrying out its policies and hiring employees necessary for the efficient operation of the Union.

Besides meeting at a regularly scheduled time each month, the board members serve on standing committees. Faculty, alumni and students serve on Executive, Personnel, House, Public Relations, and Room Assignment Committees. Only students serve on the Program Councils.

The members of the Board of Managers at all times try to be sensitive to student opinion. The Union was established for the students, and it is the responsibility of the Board of Managers to see that the Union serves the students.

U.P.C. Review

Coffee in the Crib, cramming for that 11 a.m. exam, Brothers Four, bowling, billiards, organizational meeting, in fact a great part of student activities center in the Student Union. Who keeps all of these various phases of campus activities running smoothly? This is the job of your Student Union Board of Managers.

This board consists of 21 members: twelve students, six faculty and three alumni. The twelve student members are the eight members of the City Union Program

Council and the four members of the Ag Union Program Council. This Board governs all activities of the Union and makes regulations for efficient use of Union facilities in keeping with University standards and student opinion.

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Accident Rate Decreases

A comparison of the monthly accident reports of Student Health for the present year and last indicate a decrease in all accident categories.

These categories include falls, athletics, lab, auto and miscellaneous groupings. The largest reduction was in the miscellaneous category where accidents recorded fell from 168 to 72.

Accidents from intramural sports fell from 107 to 72; auto injuries were down from 27 to 9; falls in living quarters and on campus were reduced from 115 to 37.

Other Reductions
Other reductions showed injuries from physical education down nine; unorganized sports accidents down 10 and lab mishaps down 5 from last year's totals.

Dr. Fuenning, director of Student Health, said the Health Center was working toward preventative measures in regard to campus safety.

He explained a follow through program which often results in rectifying the situation which may have caused the accident.

Often a factor of the physical environment where the accident occurred may be changed to eliminate danger of further accidents.

Environment
If the accident report indicates that such an environmental factor may be involved, the chief of the public health and safety department, Ed Simpson, investigates the situation. He may make recommendations which will alleviate the hazard.

Simpson cited a case in which a student working at the Dairy Barn was injured when he fell from a pickup truck when it turned the corner. He was standing when the accident occurred. The result of the accident prompted a recommendation that no one be permitted to stand in a moving vehicle.

A second case led to the installation of an electric hoise in the meat cutting lab. The cost of installing the hoise proved to be less than the medical cost for an employee who was injured while moving a beef quarter.

Another preventative step which Student Health has undertaken, is the publishing of a news letter by the environmental health and safety division.

This News Letter, which was published for the first time last year, contains information concerning possible situations and developments dealing with safety and health.

The newsletter is distributed to department chairmen, administrative personnel, University laboratories and other points around the campus.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



AS CHAIRMAN OF OUR HIGHER ACADEMIC STANDARDS COMMITTEE, I CONCLUDE THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN RAISE 'N HOUSE BROAD MURDER — CHEAT.

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Students arise! Not because you were forced to drink Cokes out of thimbles for four days, but because there is a lack of myths read by the campus intellectual. This rather astounding fact was elucidated to me in a cryptography class the other day. There must be some myth that the University can believe in—like better food at Selleck or that next year the registration blanks will not say "press down you are writing on four or is it five copies at once." In a futile endeavor to revitalize this small spark of what should be a part of every red-blooded college student, I have composed the following little piece of palaver, liberally borrowed from Mother Goose and anybody else that I could plagerize without too much chance of being sued. Now to proceed—

Freddy Farmer met a frat man going to the "U" Said Freddy Farmer to the great Greek, "Tell me what to do."

Said the Greek to freshman Freddy, "Show me first your penny."

Replied Freddy, quite sadly, "Sorry, Greek, I ain't got any."

Said the annoyed Greek in return "Is it for an education that you yearn?"

"Well," said Freddy with a grin, "It's a helluva of a spot I'm in."

Coming down here to the Harvard of the West If I don't get an education that is best."

And the Greek, feeling that a departure from lyric verse was now both timely and worthwhile, because he knew nothing about the rhyme scheme, said, "Gosh, Freddy, ol' pal, ol' boy, ol' chum, I'm sorry but that is not what we need this year."

"You mean boys without pennies?" queried Freddy in pretended amazement, because he thought that he had ye old campi psyched out after being here for two days.

"Not on your magnificent seven color graduation picture, kid. (He would have said tintype but he was too progressive.) As a matter of fact that is one strike against you, but maybe you could take up some sport like outdoor basket weaving and get a scholarship."

The Catacombs

"Huh?????" intoned Freddy. "In other words, kid, we got our quota of average boosters last year. What we want this year are guys with lots of personality and pep like ol' John here. You know:

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, frat boy John Goes to bed with his stockings on

One shoe off and one shoe on Soobi, doobi, doo, doo, doo, frat boy John.

This guy's so busy he doesn't even have a chance to take off his shoes and socks—that's the kind we want—the kind whose "go, go, go" gets up and goes (Aside to frat brothers: don't tell him that he wears socks to bed because the house is underheated, and that he only wears one shoe because the pledges stole all of the rest of them. Rushees will believe anything!)

"On the other hand," interjected Horatio Hausmann, "here is a guy who would be great—I can see it now emblazoned over the front door instead of the crest—HOME OF GEORGE GREEK. George Greek the boy who will bring new life to the crumbling Acropolis. "Georgis Porgis, puddin' and pie

"Kissed the girls and made them cry.

"So George Porge (as he wishes to be called now, having assumed the college-sophisticated role) is fast and he has never heard of the three date rule. He deserves to be patted on the back and have somebody say "What a good boy you are Georgie, you who make the girls cry." At least he has rebelled against conformity.

This seems to pretty well prove that the common old fashioned, garden variety (if I may usurp some of the Flowerpot's ground?) Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales still have a wallop to pack for the sophisticated college student. Now, if this author is not mistaken, myths are also related to this general phenomena, and myths in turn are related to the Greeks, which of course brings us logically to the question of Greek Week.

Which in turn brings us logically to the termination of this column. All I have to say is "Make it GREEK WEEK and not greek week."

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. They may be submitted with a pen name or initials. However, letters will be printed under a pen name or initials only at the editor's discretion. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Calvert Receives Student's Support

To the editor, In general, this letter is directed to those who would kick a man when he is down. In particular, this letter is directed to recent critics of Mr. Calvert.

You are not unlike a pack of jackals hungrily crowding around a fallen antelope. I propose, for once, to defend the man.

For your benefit, jackals, let us start at the most fundamental level. Mr. Calvert is manager of the dorm. He must enforce its rules, see to the welfare of its residents. The decisions he makes in this respect are not always simple; and for that reason, you and I

might disagree with him. I have, sometimes violently. But his decisions are in effect statements of the law; for an administrator, by definition, executes the law.

When finicky adolescents too bitterly complain about decent food, when disciplinary action seems necessary against a popular athlete, Mr. Calvert must make decisions.

Decisions in keeping with the rules of the dorm. Decisions in keeping with the welfare of its residents. Decisions which may be highly unpopular. But honest decisions; and in these cases, I think, the best decisions despite the loud wails of anguish from the offended parties.

He's got a rough job. Dennis Bongie

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