

What's Happening

Seldom—and dangerously—is the subject of the feminine bent on this campus discussed. But the time comes a time when malekind has stood too long naked, and must recover his lost overalls.

The problem is simple. We are being overrun with a battalion of woman activity harlots, a scheming, screaming, driving, terrifying mob of female floorwalkers who refuse to accept their role as progenitors of the race and instead have pulled and scratched their way to leadership, organization, and activity. First and second vice presidents, committee chairmen, discussion leaders, floor whips, student governesses—they crawl through the windows of the student union, like vermin, ride the elevators, mob the meeting rooms, crowd the aisles, infest the crib, the lounges, the basement, the barbershop—and they'll stop at nothing until they've chastized, deapathized, moralized, unified, and hogtied the whole union, campus, indeed the state and the nation.

These dainty scorpions, more so than the average woman in trousers, get their greedy teeth into everything once reserved for man—they wear his clothes, his ties, his shirts; they mock his hair, his walk, his speech; they have succeeded immensely at a reasonable imitation of his figure. Their immediate goal is the sacred masks of the mortar bores, the glee and giggles of the sisters and IFC on May's ivy-wine.

But in their haste they forget the logic and clarity of pure, simple hypocrisy—they confuse and disguise their flight for fancy in ten thousand projects, which, from the buildup these Madison avenue she-wolves give them, make the Berlin airlift look like the Selleck hop. These alluring, alluding lady astronauts have managed to orbit the previously tolerable asininity of man ten times over.

Most of them come from sorority row. Their houses are partly to blame—every young pear-shaped pledge who makes her average first semester and has learned how to properly handle a brassiere and girdle a discussion group is told that she can make it. Honey

pumpkin, you can be one of them—one of those black masked, maverick, mulvanyettes—and not just for herself, but for the house, she should give every effort, she should buy, sell, yell, swing, sex, and vex her way to ivy day. We should be so lucky that the grandstand freshman-sophomore section.

But there's one stipulation for the protege. She's gotta put in eight thousand hours in skits, campaigning, yelling, singing, moving some noteworthy candidate for dream-queen to another honor. The protege, as will hers, is obligated to drive the entire institution crazy, so that her big sister, and some day she, may get her wish—the mask across her ugly eyes, her name in the World-Herald, her mug in the Journal, and the whole works in the rag:

"Miss Eloise May Griptight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley T. Griptight, of Brightstar, Iowa. Eloise May is a junior in elementary speech therapy, and is in Lincoln Project, Red Cross, Blue Shield, Black Plague, Great Dane, Fort Worth, YW, X and Z. Upon graduation Eloise May plans to hang around and watch Tom Kotouc work out."

So they go from door to door, skitting. They won't even let the men eat, for cryin out loud. On election eve, or campaign season, or just for the hell of it, they come by the thousands, to perform their skits and sing their ditties, making future breadwinners stand up and down at every two-minute entrance till the potatoes are cement. The Newman Club never had it so good. And the skits—for jumpin Judas—imagine having to sit through a fourteen act Coed Follies. They sing. They dance. They act. And all the while the lima beans and mashed potatoes are collaborating in a penicillin culture on your plate. But the show goes over:

"Ellen Mary Smith is the girl for you—She's great, she's cute, she's forty-two—She wants your vote, so coo coo coo—Vote for Ellen Mary, that's what to do!!!"

And then one of 'em—

the Gretna high senior class play lead—steps out and gives you the campaign pitch for some cowgirl cutie. By this time you are paying to vote for her if they will only please go home to their own dinner theater.

What is noteworthy about the present movement of the female activity animals is their diversification. Even yet they are writing columns in our own school paper—clever, subtle, jabbing, demanding—lasting literature which beats about our brains, claws at our eyes, haunts our sleep. Not only the newspaper—but they're into every thing. They march, they volleyball, they contribute and solicitate, they drink and smoke, swear, chew, and scream bloody murder if all nine thousand of us don't show up at Student Council meeting.

But what is to be done about this mass move of matronly metermaids into the campus political world, into the previously male dominated world of activity and campus extracurricular? Goodness alas—tis too late. Their male counterparts, the Wednesday night IFC, the "new breed," wants them to merge; they want to hold hands up the ladder of political omnipotence. The IFC and Student Council want to share the pants. And thus we must now not only endure those suit and tied male undergraduate jumping jacks, but those piercing, squealing, sopranoed sour beans are teaming up to drive us out of our minds.

Someone take them away. Coach Devaney, recruit them—put them in a slush fund—give them money to go home. Take these fair from our hair, and let us only dream of the blessed silence existing when only the magnificent thirteen male blunderers are left to lead us. But these sirens have gotten aboard our ship, and will soon be at the helm; calling for more coal, more steam, they'll sail us into the sea of tea; the University will drop its academic schedule for these buxom buccanniers of the builders calendar. Education will be replaced by activities, scholarship by feminine leadership, academics by activities—and the worst of it all—the new breed will be moved from Wednesday night to Sunday afternoon.

As I See It

By Joel Lundak

Next week the University of Nebraska will celebrate Greek Week. This is to be a time to take pride in the accomplishments fraternities and their members have made, a time to strengthen the bonds which all fraternities share, and a time to re-evaluate the goals, purposes and ideals of what we proudly call the Greek system.

Such a week is sponsored because we, as Greeks, first of all, sincerely believe that our organization merits its own existence, and does justify itself; and secondly, because we, like all other organizations, face problems which are unique to our situation but still very threatening. It is because we do appreciate its immediate benefits and believe in the potential of the Greek system that we pledge ourselves to make a conscientious effort to face and solve our difficulties and shortcomings.

To anyone not closely associated with a fraternal group, it is difficult to justify the existing discrimination we are attacked for, or our alleged "snobbishness." First of all, I would point out that the very purpose of the fraternity is to provide an opportunity for voluntary society where it would probably otherwise not be possible. We attempt to find men of quality comparable to our own, regardless of their individual interests, and base our friendship first on common goals and through the common activities provided by our house as an organization.

This, of course, is only the first step. We hope, that the artificial bonds which we construct—from pledge duties to pledge sneaks—will yield to a deep rooted friendship derived from mutual respect and compatibility. In most cases it does.

We believe that there are certain qualifications or characteristics prerequisite to successful fraternal association, just as there are for any successful friendship between two men, and that they are magnified because the fraternity is friendship magnified in size. I acknowledge that fraternities discriminate; but I would point out that while we are attacked primarily for racial discrimination, that alone is only one of the many bases by which we judge prospective members. We also select our brothers-to-be judging intelligence, appearance, attitude, creativity, talent, and even the ability to pay the extra monetary price of fraternity membership.

We realize that we are often guilty of misjudgment, of accepting a superficial attraction in lieu of a deeper character, and that we sometimes miss outstanding character because of less outstanding appearance. These are human mistakes we do not try to justify. We recognize our errors and try to prevent their recurrence in the future. Even recognizing this problem, we still believe that our merits are not offset.

I would also point out that as the values and attitudes of the American society have changed, fraternity membership has been expanded to include many who once would have been excluded. As prejudice is outgrown in our society, it has been and will continue to be outgrown by the Greek system. My point is not to condone the unfounded prejudices we hold, but rather to show they are not unrelated to the whole society; and that we are making progress in overcoming them.

I said that we have reflected changes in the attitudes and values held by our society. It is in this respect that we face the greatest challenge to our future. There can be little doubt that students are now entering the University more mature, having more definite purpose, and are willing to work harder than they have in the past. Improved teaching on the high school level is increasing their desire to get an education, not just



Iconoclast

by george allen

With the smell of spring in the air, the flowers gently begin to break the earth's crust, the robins, red-breasted, begin to sing their happy songs of earthworms, the ground (according to the principles of economics 107) becomes warm, scantily clad coeds climb to un-telescopic heights in search of ultraviolet rays and vitamin D, Pioneer Park becomes a pile of prone, book-holding bodies, and certain junior students (not to exclude frosh, sophs, and seniors) begin to show their true color (black and red).

Yes, with the coming of spring all of these self-made pomposities can be seen gamboling on the lees (or in the Colesium in presence of inclement weather, severe promiscuous rock throwing, certain rowdy drunks, the regional physicists frisky tournament, or the orange blossom party; bedecked in their neo-harlequin costumes like so many Zorros, Lone Rangers, or Ku Klux Klaners proseletyzing some more of their ilk. It is indeed an awesome sight.

Prior to this day this peculiar breed of students (known more commonly and Unionly as pushers) flits from pillar to post clearing up imbroglia, after imbroglia, ruling without consent or consultation with the ruled, (representation with a great deal of taxation), garnering points, and doling out their blessings to the riffraff with insulting largesse. They run for things, sit on boards, make speeches to one another, confer with noted campus authorities, talk, speak, converse, talk in hushed tones, whisper, shout, meet, assemble, agree, gather, and generally vie

among themselves for coveted positions. To my best knowledge this is an accurate unconcise aggregation of how the pusher spends his spring days, weeks, and months.

Universitetic extroverts stand up! Stand up and fight for your University, your system or "I's." GO TO MEETINGS!!

However, it has come to our realization that there are some students who do not fight for their University or dorm, but merely for their sanity. These people are the students who came to college to drink, carouse, lollygag and graduate. These people are the students who come to college to choose world calendar queens of the century, to measure girls' bodies, to print "breathtaking" measurements. These are the people who come to college to find husbands, wives, and to appease their rich parents.

To Thee We Sing.
We as Universitites wish not only to console but to applaud these people. Yes, oh chosen ones of ours, learn to drink, laugh and be unreliable. This is our world. Prepare yourselves.

Once again we would like to honor those real people of our small mid-western campus. Those whom we have found to be an oasis in a desert of social famine.

Bernard Henry
William Dale Bowers Jr.
Geo. Krauss
Dian Moody
Burnt Elle
Milt Schmeckle

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Problem Of the Week

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon, National Mathematics Honorary Fraternity.

Four men, Peter and Paul, and their sons Tom and Dick buy books. When their purchases are completed, it turns out that each man has paid for each of his books a number of dollars equal to the number of books he has bought. Each family, father and son, has spent \$65. Peter has bought one more book than Tom and Dick has bought only one book. Who is Dick's father?

Bring or send answers to 210 Burnett.

Answers to last week's problem: The solution can be obtained by looking at the combinations of 0, 1/4, 1/2, 3/4, 1, which add up to 4 1/2. Correct answers were submitted by Merlin Erickson, Richard Weigel, Lanny Davis, John Bentley, Paul La Greek, John Choy, Norman A. Prigge, Glen Dahlkorrer, Jerry Hoff and Bill Zeisler.

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GUYS AND DOLLS

HOW TO BUY LIFE INSURANCE

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H From H

Dear People,
As I write this column, I am assuming that everyone can read the Daily Nebraskan, that everyone can read the notices posted in the Union, and that most people who work on a committee know when their committee meets. Evidently, the University of Nebraska Builders do not share these assumptions. Of late, an attempt has been made by this organization to compile a list of weekly meetings.

The Meet Sheet, as this production is innocuously called, is one of the most uncalled for, unnecessary, and completely redundant innovations to be introduced on our campus this year. Parkinson's Law has been validated completely when a committee takes on a job already done by the Daily Nebraskan, the Union, and the organizations themselves. If the committees of this organization are going to create work for themselves, at least they could think of some new type of function, not simply a repetition of a task already adequately performed.

esting note about the Meet Sheet is the obviously poor taste of the group who edited the Sheet last week. Builders has as one of its major functions publicizing the University, "building a better University." Under what specific function of Builders was the duty to slam a recently penalized group construed? I am referring to the state-

ment, in what is supposedly a list of meetings, which read: "ALPHA GAMMA RHO: Complaining about the rising cost of rabbit steak."

Yes, this is truly a representative statement about the University. Congratulations, Builders, on a new peak of efficient redundancy and despicable taste.



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