

## Old Guard

### Funny You Should Ask . . .

Have you ever wondered how a columnist gets "iders" for his "literary" or "unliterary" efforts? So have most columnists. But, have you ever heard about what they never write about?

Today, we shall run the risk of being miscellaneous. Over the past umpteen months, we could have written about:

**BUILDERS**, but we're still searching for what they build. We have been told that they took a short trip through the state. Mark up one point. We are still wondering about what they plan to do with all the scotties that they take in from the sale of their directories—you know, that unreadable mistake log?

Of course, it has one major asset — activity points and busy work that probably could be handled better by Public Relations. And speaking of **POINTS**, the columnist could have written about . . .

**A.W.S.** and its pointless point system. It first decides that the honeys aren't capable of determining their own time. Then they decide to pass leadership around, so a new point system. Then they decided that there might be exceptions — the few mature honeys who could decide their own fate, failure or nervous breakdown — so, enter the waiver so you can hold two offices. The whole program slowly degenerates into one big point, point, who's gonna get the extra point.

We could have written about good entertainment, but we haven't really seen too many top-flight attractions. The coffee in the Crib is habitually the same . . . while you may not be able to see it with the lights out.

One might write about the one-way Burnett Hall comedy and tragedy performance every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The fine art of following directions has been lost as students, in defiance, go in the out door, out the in door, up the down stairs, and down the up stairs while instructors don't even bother.

And then there is the **STUDENT COUNCIL**. Platform, platform, see

who's got the platform. This is the cry each spring as many students say who gives a good healthy damn. The eager-beavers and status seekers slave for days, coffeeing the hondas, searching their souls, making speeches before empty halls, going through interviews so that they can get placed on those valuable slates to victory. But, after they get elected?

Maybe there is some truth to the rumor that they have to get organized. We have watched with wonder how the **DAILY NEBRASKAN** staff gets miraculously organized in less than a week to put out a daily product.

Maybe the job is too difficult for bashful representatives. Or, maybe they don't think there is anything to do. We don't think their executive council feels this way. Oh, well, who wants to make his promises come true or at least be attempted. He probably isn't on that committee anyway and probably doesn't know what the term "new business" means. He might not get to be one of the select 13 or she one of the mystic? The "house" might be tweaked too.

Speaking of the **MYSTICS**? one could have written about the process of selection which has now begun. Suppose they are planning the same fried egg initiation they had last year or one equivalent? Besides, what does Motor Boats do?

#### LAST BUT NOT LEAST — Rat-a-tat-tat.

Unmolested this year has been that grand and florid pillar of Greek leadership for women — **PANHELLENIC**. How the pen has missed comment on the only Tower of Babel still under construction without a \$40,000 bonus for completion riding on it, is open for speculation. One would think they don't do anything — at least one never hears about what they do do.

We could have asked the same questions we asked before: Who really leads Panhell? How much actual legislative control do the girls have? Are

—by don ferguson

they afraid of pressure if they try to change things? All can't be "peaches and cream" to borrow a mystic phrase, or the many members we have heard from secretly wouldn't be so discontent.

Girls are naturally timid, we assume. At least they don't think too much at meetings. Of course, maybe they don't see a need to move forward with vigah. Their system is perfect already yet.

To borrow again, they could be classed as 16 tight little islands. United in theory and identity, but each cutting the throat of the other, individually and collectively. And of course, they have all constructive pledge training too — no fun nights while girls sit on hangers and run around in "green goodies".

And there are the endless other topics of concern . . . the "informal Rush" program of Lincolness Project; the legislature; the **INNO-CENTS** redecorating-their-room program; the now rumored **EXODUS** of top professors (still to be announced); the plight of the **BASKETBALL** team; the general **TUTOR** system of the athletic program; Philip's Rock Pile Picture Palace; the aggressive public image program of the "BEER-CAN-IN-THE-HAND" advocate; the **PLEDGE** who may not be alive after hell-help week; Husky the Husker-lot; the help week projects that really DO merit acknowledgement (there are a couple-three); the feud between radio-speech-TV majors and the journalism students over the **MERGER**; the ROTC program which might not be here; the price of books, as abortive as they are; **USNSA** any one?; Helen the Helpful; the death of campus spirit; programs at the corn-flake box; the political machine in pub board; the proposal of the Deltas to ask Poppa Ross how to run the hanky-panky this year; the World Herald; the three-headed monster in the basement of the Union . . . but if we wrote about that our head would probably roll!!!!!!

## gyre and gimble . . .

"Hey! Cut the noise! we want to or not? Well entertain a senator, do we want to or not? Well . . . nobody cares . . . in that event, since every other house is going to have one of them for dinner, I hereby, by executive decree announce that we will have one because it is good for letting everyone see how civic-minded we are."

"Speaking of civic minded, would the slob who stole the policeman's hat please return it after our meeting. The local gumshoes don't like to go around bareheaded."

"One last thing, before we adjourn this meeting to a booth, don't forget that Monday night a senator will be here, so what to you say, guys, let's try to act human."

One week later, the Alpha Theta Rho house is lounging around in the living room, and somebody rings the doorbell. "PLEDGE, PLEDGE, PLEDGE, PLEDGE," harasses the Greek chorus in the living room, and, finally, one of the guys goes to the door.

"Sorry, we don't allow no peddlers here at this time house nohow," drones the doorman.

"Were you expecting a senator for dinner tonight? I thought this was the place," answers the big black homburg standing there.

(Draat those executive decrees . . . a senator. But he doesn't look like a Kennedy.)

"Just as I thought, a "beater-around-the-bush-er," a "middle-of-the-road-er," a "fence straddler," a mop, a wishy wash, so conservative you make Barry Goldwater look like Jack Kennedy, so far

in a rut that you would need to use a fiberglass pole to vault out of it. I know your kind, every other house is like that during rush week."

In the midst of this verbal barrage, Mr. Executive Decree comes waltzing up to the door, and in his best "let's-tone says, "Good evening, Senator. I cannot tell you how pleasurable it is for us to have you at our humble abode with us this evening. You are bestowing us a great honor, never before have I or my house been so deeply honored, or so deeply appreciative of the great and magnanimous gratuity that you are placing upon our noble, yet humble, brows. Will you not please enter our meager little hut and enjoy a bite of dinner with us?"

"Uh, thank you sir, I have looked forward to this visit for some time."

"Please come into the den, I'd like to have you meet Ulysses Unicameral, our local authority on the legislature."

"Ahem, senator," begins Ulysses, "I do wish that you would explain the ipso facto relationship of LB601 to LB609, and perhaps at the same time lift the cover of obscurity that you senators have been spreading over the controversial drinking bill."

"But before you do that, senator," interrupts Francis Fiscal, "I do believe that it would be to your distinct advantage to hear of my plans for the budget of the University. I feel that the first thing we should do is to cut the senators' salaries, broaden the tax base by instituting a property tax, sales tax, income tax — 90% deductible, of course — which would tend to al-

leviate the severe monetary shortage that is at this moment throwing sand into gears of the University cash register."

"Wait," screams Hiram Historian. "A more important consideration is what we are going to do about the youth exodus. Now Senator, what is your pet project for this predicament . . . I'll tell you mine . . . the first thing we have to do is build a 70 foot cyclone fence around the state, and don't let any of the kids out . . . now isn't that a cool idea."

"On the other hand," argues Stanley Statistic, "the record shows that on various occasions you have not favored some of the measures that stand to do the best for the state. Like what happened to the plan of the centennial to have it in St. Libroy, my home town. This is only one example of the many I could cite of your gross ineptitude at the State House."

"Just a minute boys," interjects Exec Decree. "Let us not be too harsh on the dear senator. He has had a hard day at the office, as it were, and we should be considerate of his medulla, or whatever part of the brain it is that thinks." Is there anything that you would like to discuss, senator?"

"Actually," replies the senator, "I have for a long time had an interest in the fraternal system at the University. I was wondering if perhaps I could first have a tour of your house and meet all the boys."

"No sooner, said I than done," orders Exec Decree. "Pledge, take the senator on a house tour, AND START WITH THE FURNACE ROOM."

—M. S.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"TO RATHER YOU DIDN'T CREDIT ME AS 'GIVING' YOU THIS 'F' — YOU EARNED IT."

## gentlemen's preference

**THE MALE** — "Thy neck is like the tower of David built for an armoury whereon there hang a thousands bucklers, all shields of mighty men." (Song of Solomon, Chapter 4, verse 4.)

**THE FEMALE** — "Thy neck is as a tower of ivory." (Song of Solomon, Chapter 7, verse 4.)

Rising on the eastern front of the campus, better known as the 17th Street boundary, a phenomenal pair of identical twins emerge from the gravel and glass of a one-time parking lot.

Yet, are they identical? Superficially, they appear to mirror each other, but biologically, symbolically and philosophically they are far from twins, for one is to house the male and the other the female.

Herein is the underlying contradiction in the new dormitory. Philosophical implications of this contradiction are: first, the future similarity of life in the new residence to life in that greatest of all republics. Here in Victorian Nebraska the first mid-western attempt to achieve Plato's divine plan for equality of the sexes! Earthly desires will be left behind, if not voluntarily, then by virtue of the iron doors which will divide the towers at night. Each day at dawn, the boys and girls will emerge from their cells as soulmates.

Atheism is inherent in the architecture of the new dormitory. Counting the number of vertical lines in each tower, one finds that there are 17 lines in each facing west. Seventeen is an un-Christian number since it is not divisible by three.

On September 12, 1963, the husks of corn, then served from parental stalks, will scarcely realize their impending rebirth as they cross the lush fertility of the newly and enter the great, pure, pristine, white towers.

Equality in society at last! In the world of the

classroom each will receive according to his ability, however, in the collective living center each will receive food and shelter according to his needs.

Perched atop the left tower is a red crane. Obviously, the construction workers, conscious of the literary import of their endeavor as they construct the Ezra Pound Tower, are thinking of the Anglo-Saxon meaning of "crane": "In hunting, to stop at an obstacle and look over it before leaping; hence, to hesitate." The innate conservatism, the cautious approach of Nebraskans is exemplified also by the red crane. Future students and residents of these halls will "look before they leap" out into the deep intellectual puddle of university classes.

A final symbol expresses itself in the dining hall found in the connecting causeway between the towers. It is fitting that the erotic activity—eating—should take place in this significant low portion of the building at the base of the towers. Here philosophy is forgotten in the physical joy of chewing and swallowing. On the other hand, the "feeding of the five thousand" three times a day by the omnipotent University counterbalances the atheistic qualities of the architecture.

For its many symbolic and literary allusions, surely the Twin Towers Dormitory will receive in the near future the T. S. Eliot Award for Obscurity.

—L.A.

## Looking Up...

It seems that the Democrat Party hit the nail right on the head when they coined the term "New Frontier" for Kennedy's administration.

One of the latest things that has happened on Capital Hill is that our dynamic Attorney General from Massachusetts tried his very first case in court.

This historic event occurred on Jan. 17, and was witnessed by twelve members of the Kennedy family. It took place in the chambers of the United States Supreme Court. (It appears to me that the Kennedys like to start out at the top for their experience.)

Bobby shouts about his labor reforms, so he gets Attorney General. Teddy felt left out, so now he has the Senate for a playground.

After much deliberation, I conclude that our U.S. government has declined in many areas. This isn't the fault of the Kennedy clan, however, but rather the fault of the naive American voter.

Anytime, all the public wants to hear is that they're going to get pie in the sky, and that someone else is going to pay for it. This pie tastes like a 25 hour work week, at six

—by frank landis, jr.

dollars an hour for tightening screws on an assembly line, with paid lunch hour and coffee breaks.

The crust of the pie includes medical aid, new housing projects, government guarantees on everything from crops to banking, and public welfare programs for those who would rather not work.

This new budget with lower taxes sounds real appetizing, especially to the people on the receiving end of the lunch counter. An economic policy like this might not be the wisest thing to do, but it is certainly going to get the votes. This idea of tremendous deficit spending isn't like rolling the dice or drawing to an inside straight, it's just moving forward with great vigah.

I think before we put on our track shoes, and run off in all directions, we should ask ourselves, "Forward to where?" Bankruptcy? Inflation? A ten cent dollar? Who knows? It's the votes that count.

## To Date . . . Or Not To Date?

—by john lonquist

To date, or not to date . . . ?

That is not the question, at least, for a certain lost civilization in University City known as the "Shuns."

To uncover the rumination behind the enigma which faces so large a contingent of the female sophomores (e.g. wise fools), this "on the spot observer" cornered the lovely Diana and frantic Philomena in the Crib (a good hangout for sophomores without dates) for a private interview.

We're too young to get serious, and too old to play games," said Philomena. "Yes," agreed Diana. "The senior men are too bold, and the sophomores aren't bold enough." (As one easily concludes, these are definite problems!)

Philomena continued, "There comes a time when we have to decide whether we want to be party girls or serious students. However, after finding out that 43 more hours of Spanish are necessary to fulfill graduation requirements, it's not too difficult to decide to be a party girl. And the next question which follows — Who's going to be the other party in the party?"

But again, the sophomores lose out when boys call the house and say, "I want a date with a Phi Phi Pho Phum pledge." (They never want an active). Then the fellas add insult to injury . . . they want someone

who is shorter than 5'5" and, also, she has to be short on brains. (As the grade average goes up, the social life goes down.) As pledges, the sophomores were sick of being lined up. Now when the phone rings, Miss Silly sophomore sighs, or cries, and wishes it were ringing for her.

This sighing and crying and "wishing-it-were" causes emotional unrest which causes bad grades which causes overeating which causes more emotional unrest which causes fat which causes fewer phone calls (dates) which causes even more emotional unrest which causes a vicious circle . . .

Ever heard of the Sophomore Slump?

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