THE PINK SHAFT

We've Figured You Out

Pink Shaft Takes Stand

Now . . . Shape Up!

YOU ALL have great faults, and you're all mixed up.
We suggest that you all do something about it.

Flush Schedule Proposed

YES, STUDENTS, there is a water shortage on campus.

Our solution to this problem — you don't **HAVE** to flush after every use.

WE SUGGEST that the University living units follow this schedule in order that the problem can be eliminated.

R Street Fraternity Row — 3:45-3:49 a.m. (the alloted time could be extended on weekend nights because of the over-use of the facilities following woodsies, etc.)

16TH STREET Fraternities and Sororities — 7:45 - 9:43 (women); 11:15-12:08 (men.) Diferentiation between men and women is made for obvious reasons. (Also, we must realize that the women get up for their morning classes; thus, their right to the flush hour. The only reason the men get up is to make it down to the Grill on time — perhaps they can use the Grill's facilities, thus aiding the elimination of the University's problem.)

Selleck Quad — You fellas work it out on your own. We're afraid that we'd be included in your BitchBoard if we didn't propose a time which was suitable for all of you.

LINCOLN STUDENTS — You will use the Union's facilities. They will be in operation during the coffee hours, 9:00-10:00 a.m. and 2:00-3:00 p.m. (The union is upset with us already — they feel that EVERY hour is the coffee hour.)

We wish you and our program success!

—T. F.

You Listen to Me!

I'm the Boogie Man

That's Why!

And Nylon prepared himself an ark.

Then he let the animals enter two-by-two.

There were no mix-matches, no duplications.

Each was of his own kind.

And then the night fell.

The nasty Theta Xi's, then entered into the ark and placed a cork in the only drain in the ark that Nylon built.

Then, with a special Stewart made Nylon Hose, the Theta Xis began to flood the ark. And the ark sunk a few more inches into the earth.

But then the animals, being sore afraid, took all of the extra provisions (garbage) and rendered it forth unto the Theta Xi warriors.

And the Doves of peace came riding up in cars with an olive summons in their teeth.

tsk, tsk, tsk.

* * *

Miss E-Week is a real conductor this year. The Engineers got a real charge out of her.

* * *

The strong arm of the law may be governing rush week one of these fine days. By executive decree somebody is going to tell the card pullers and preference filers how to run their business. Perhaps then IFC will understand the problems that Panhel has been facing for the past 300 presidential rotations. No more fun for the frat rats . . . now the pot can call the kettle black, because discrimination will be a thing of the past.

People with theatrical ambitions are being rewarded these days. The local Theatre Guild has proven that a distinct advantage for a good show is a decent party afterwards. Too bad the workers have to start early and ruin the scene changing.

* * *

Tis the season of inactivity . . .

The ground is getting warm . . .

The troops are rallying around the Buffalo at pioneer . . .

The Alphonse Bennett Hall hasn't done nothin this year . . . but give the shaft to some really deserving people . . .

The DG's are shafting the Thetas . . .

The Theta's shafted the DG's . . .

Just as well bring back the Red Dots . . . Or maybe they are still there and the cause of the same shaft . . .

Oh, well, anything for a mystic mask . . .

* * *

The parliamentary procedure boys should get out their manuals and sheets of goodies. There are about 50 trillion measures to change the representation, to change the organization, to change the purpose, to change the programs, to change the attitude, to change the conservative elements, to change presidents from Capons to Toads, to change the election day, to change Greek Week, to change the rules on who approves constitutions, to change the twin towers into split-level-ranch-style one-man-one-girl-houses.

With all those changes Diaper service and Johnpowder. Gad — look at the baby burp.

* * *

It's a fact that the Children's Zoo would probably fall through if it weren't for Fraternities . . . maybe some of the UPGPP would like to volunteer for the cages.

* * *

This could be the year of the Council, 1963 AC (After Gage). It appears brought about by the Anti-Greek movement of the University Party for the Gross Prostitution of Purpose. But, as Don Butt stated earlier, "What, ME worry?"

But then again, the Greeks are having too much fun tearing the hell out of each other to worry about unity to defeat the UPGPP. Seems kind of a shame too. I was a Greek once, still am I guess. But after hearing them all tear each other to bits behind each other's back — and then the cool move behind the Pigi and Alpha Hairy-chested hut, the battle of the Phi and Psi, the smut of the Delts — I start to wonder whether their doom isn't around the corner.

Well, they someday will wake up and get rid of their immaturity. It would help if a few of them would look to Fanny Farmer as an example instead of a scapegoat for what they claim they don't want to be.

* * *

This little Greek light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine
All the time, all the time, all the time.

Put it under a bushel, NO!
I'm gonna let it shine
All the time, all the time, all the time.

Bill Buckley loves this, this I know, for John Lonnquist
tells me so . . .

Watch out, now . . . I might get YOU!

CONFESSION: Due to all of the inquiries as to the identity of the BM, I have decided to reveal myself. I am your Leader. I have spys all around. I have to, because I don't have any time to communicate to or with you. I seldom let my views about the University be addressed to you. I don't have time. I'd rather let Mike do it. But I decided to be your one true Boogie to let you know me better. Send your suggestions for the column to me, care of the Rag office, any time. I need fan mail for the Budget.

Piff

My Dear Charlotte . . .

On Inner Needs

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I have been subject to splitting headaches, nausea in the morning and a general discomfort all the time. My mother is extremely straight-laced and my father is a deacon in the Methodist church. I felt that since I couldn't go to either of them with my problem maybe you could help me.

I am afraid I am in trouble, serious trouble. As of late, I have been attending some parties of a strange but exciting nature. We never do much at these parties, but it is somehow satisfying to my inner needs.

Charlotte, I feel as though I'm near the end of my rope. I think I shall be forced to take drastic measures unless you can help me. Here is my problem. I want to join the Ray Simmons' Club but am afraid that if I do I will be kicked out of the house. Please help me.

Desperately,
PATTY PINKY

Dear Patty,
See Windy Linsen.

* * *

Tickle Giggle

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I have a unique problem. Every boy I go out with tickles me. Not literallly, of course, but I mean every time a boy tries to kiss me I giggle. At times it is most embarrassing, especially when it's somebody I really like.

Like the other night I was out with this really cool stud and we went to the pillars and parked. Well, Charlotte, he went to kiss me and all of a sudden, I started to giggle. I really felt dumb.

What am I going to do, Charlotte? I really need an answer to my problem. I would appreciate an answer in your column. Maybe this guy will read it and understand and be more understanding.

TICKLED BUT SAD

DEAR TICKLED,

Suggest Gillette Super Blue Blades to your dates. They give a cleaner shave and less tickle.

* * *

Second to Animals

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I am a University student and decided to write to you, as a friend of mine suggested my coming to you with my problem. My girlfriend and I (we had been going steady for three years before we got married) got married at Christmas time. For a month we got along just fine.

Then about two months ago her mother moved in. That was just fine because I like her mother but she brought her cat, dog, canary, mouse, and her pet goat.

I don't mind the cat, dog, canary, and mouse, but I am allergic to goats. If I weren't, I wouldn't mind at all as I am a pretty liberal fellow. But since she moved in, I have had to sleep outside the house. You see, the goat is house-broken and very susceptible to the cold. I hate to say anything to her as she is my favorite mother-in-law, but Charlotte, I must do something! I have been in the hospital five times with pneumonia this year.

Sincerely,
SAM SPINELESS

DEAR SAM,

That was just fine becompletely. I married a man (once) who had a particular affinity for horses. (You can imagine THOSE in the house!) I gave my husband an ultimatum—either the horse or me.

Address any future letters to Miss Charlotte Chastise, Box 1, Haig, Nebraska.

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Our price: $3.00 per semester cheap

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But . . . Our Oats!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The State Legislature recently passed an emergency measure, effective immediately, increasing the penalty for minors in possession to $250 or 60 days in jail, and increasing the penalty for adult buying liquor for a minor up to $500 and 15 days. The new law provides slightly lower penalties for infractions not involving false IDs.

These are times that try men's souls. In the course of our state's history, the people of Nebraska have rallied bravely when the right to drink has been threatened. Now, a new crisis has arisen.

The Senate, better known as the "43 Governors," has legislated morality in the form of a stringent liquor law. Citizens and minors of Nebraska, this could happen to you.

Let me tell you the story of a freshman named Freddy. On that tragic and fateful day, he gave five to his roommate for a bottle of Haig and Haig.

Will they ever get wet? No they'll never get wet, not until they vote. They may wander forever through the bars of Lincoln, but that's not where they'll sow their oats.

Roomie handed in the five at the house of bottles, when a voice said, "You're under arrest." A tear for old roomie — He was in a 500 dollar mess!

Fifteen long nights he paced the station cryin', "What will become of me? Who'll feed the juke box at Casey's or support the DB & G?"

Will they ever get wet? No they'll never get wet, not until they vote. They may wander forever through the bars of Lincoln, but thet's not where they'll sow their oats.

Each day Freddie came for visiting hours right on the dot of two. And he asked his roomie, "Where's my booze, where's my booze?"

Citizens of Nebraska, if you think it's a scandal how these boys have to pay and pay, fight the fine increase, vote for age 18 adulthood, get our kids off the water dray.

Will they ever get wet? No they'll never get wet, not until they vote. They may wander forever through the bars of Lincoln, but that's not where they'll sow their oats.

Climbing Mole

This is MY life.

Maybe some of you don't know me, but I'm Moel Lundack. I are a member of Innocents and naturally an activity jock. But, I are going to be getting married soon.

The other day, I tried to escape down the fire escape and down the

Mole

railroad tracks, but was caught in the act.

My sentence has been: "Chain him to the cash register in Alphonse Bennett Hall. Make him take the money from all the collegiates, and let him prepare for his Future."

So, like any grown man, I are now working my way through the payments for the ring. But I are really happy, cause I get to steal my coffee and save more moneys.

I are a rah, rah boy.

Ho Ho Hole

Guarder of the Young

The time has come, the old guard said, to talk of many things, and most of all of Kings Ballroom.

Yes, campus, there is a Kings Ballroom. It's the result of a democratic coup de tat and it was fini.

Yes, campus, we will miss the great orgies that we used to have there. However, it has been decided that the ATO-FI-JI parking lot will suffice until something better comes along. There will not be as many accidents.

Yes, campus, there is an IFC. It has not been too well organized since I left the helm, but successive Blights will always have to fight with mutiny on the bounty.

Yes, campus, there is a Panhel. It is one my most extremeley favorite organization, because, had it not been for their existance during the past 4,000 years of my interim at the University, I would not able to do too much for the campus. The main problem is that they refuse to gird their loins for the fray, and they have a basic problem with the foundation of their activities.

Yes, campus the whole world is against me. I know that there are those that consider my martyrdom a person insult, but I personally consider it one of my most sterling qualities.

Yes, campus there is a Student Council. Contrary to popular opinion, it is not merely a figment of campus imagination. Instead it is a severe hallucination, resultant from delerium tremens in the mind of Don Burt.

Yes, campus, there is a Dean Ross. He is striving mightily to help improve fraternity relations, when what the campus is more interested in is imporving fraternity-sorority relations.

Yes, campus, there is a campus. It is hidden under the multitude of busy work of the drones in the hive of Builders, AUF, Student Council, Panhellenic and every fraternity but the Fijis.

Yes, campus, there is a Don Furguson.

Yes, campus, we have been wondering why too!

Campus Forlorn

Who, Me?

TO THE LIBERAL LIBERATOR:

What do you mean I am THE April Fool?

STICK LUCKEY

★ ★ ★ ★

Grand Old Grant

TO THE LIBERAL LIBERATOR:

I have recently heard of the move to tear down grand old Grant Memorial. Knowing, as I do, the work that went into the construction of the building, I would urge all to take another look at the structure. It is a credit to the art industry.

Notice, if you will, the gloriously sloping steps leading up to it. Once inside, the superstructure of it overwhelms one. The steps leading up to the gym are unique. They have a character of their own. For where else can you find stairs that creak on a different note at every step? Once inside the gym, one is immediately aware of the stupendous quality of the floor. It glistens with the radiance of 1000 oranges (not at all). On into the other room further back. There is a peculiar balcony overhanging and dominating the whole room. It looks like the remnants of the Victorian period wherein Julius Caesar may have been performed with great gusto.

In view of all these, how can anyone condemn this beautiful and horrendous building? I plead for the cause of preservation.

AN ADMIRER OF ART

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm Ticked

TO THE LIBERAL LIBERATOR!

I realize that the Daily Nebraskan is not under the same regime as it was when last year's Pink Rag was published, but perhaps you can pass on my comments to Guardless, There's Really Nothing - a - Matter-With-Me Wordason.

My name is Frank Costello. I am your dean of men. I was featured in last year's Pink Rag. You ran my picture. The picture was an old one. Yes, I was a cute little cuss, but I'm really more distinguished looking now. Wordason was trying to make fun of me. He made people laugh AT me. I'm ticked off. I want an apology. If he doesn't say he's sorry, then I won't invite him to any of my tea parties.

If Wordason can be an old man, I can be one too.

So there!

Poutingly yours,
FRANK COSTELLO
Dean of Men

You've Got a Problem!

By Pi Math Epsilon

When I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives, each wife had seven sacks, each sack had seven cats, and each cat had seven kits. Kits, cats, sacks and wifes, how many were going to St. Ives?

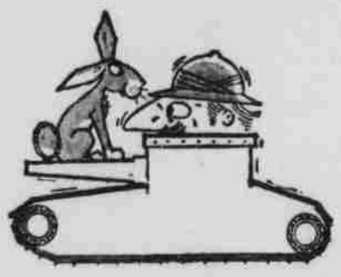
Take the number that you arrive at for the answer to this problem, divide by the distance in miles to the Delt Woods, subtract the number of girls who have appealed to AWS and had their appeals okayed. To this add the number of rumors about who is the real power in administration and divide by the differential of the logrhythm of e-mc2.

Send answers to room 6666 Burnett. Winners will be announced in next week's Pink Shaft.

Correct answer to last week's problem, 1x1-, was Monty Diffin. Tom Cotouk only missed the answer by 1-16.

Join Today UPGPP

OUR COUNCIL CANDIDATES ARE



HARRY HORSEFEATHERS

Artificial Insemination Club, Active in Block and Bridle, has had Hoof and Mouth disease 15 times. A real son of the sod, Harry is a real hairy candidate who don't believe in nothing.

TRANDA TANK

Active in Kiddie Lit 302, Snip and Paste Honorary and the Society for the continuation of low grade nosepicks. She promises: "Oh, oh. Look, Look. Look and See me run, run, run."

SLEWFOOT SAM

Active in Assets Anonymous and captain of the U of N Monopoly team and past grand master of the Athletic Slush fund. Sam is probably best known on campus as the vodka orange varmit.

VOTE IF YOU MUST–BUT YOU MUST VOTE

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Name ..... **Rank** ..... **Serial Number** ....

Address ..... **Affiliation** .....

Male ..... **Female** ..... **Other** ..... **Hat Size** .....

Check below the committee on which you would most like to serve:

..... **Legislative Railroad**	..... **Rocowski Fan Club**
..... **Gerrymandering**	..... **House for the Abolition of Greeks**
..... **Ballot Stuffing**	..... **Handshake and Ritual**
..... **Nepotism**	..... **Whereas**

I am not, never have been, or ever will be a member of Gamma Delta Iota or will I recognize their existance as a Grecian yearn.

purge!

Signed .....