

Friday, Nov. 8, 1963

KHRUSHCHEV:

He's Testing

When Premier Nikita Khrushchev drops his guard one place, you can be sure he will test America in another. An antagonist he is; a dodger of blows are we.

Nikita keeps the American public in a constant state of confusion.

Just over a year ago Nikita had the world gaping in fear of a third world war when he sent ships on their way to crash through the American's Cuban blockade. It was a test of nerves.

Nikita has erected the Berlin wall as a constant reminder that communism and chaos are in his horizon. Skirmishes near the wall occur periodically, as soldiers shoot East Germans trying to escape to the West in search of something—they know not what.

This week Nikita followed his usual pattern and stopped a Berlin-bound United States convoy for two days.

Nikita was again just testing our nerves. The state department and administration—still in the midst of coping with the military coup in Viet Nam—had to side step and try to figure out what Nikita was up to.

Khrushchev said that if the Americans had tried to force their way through the blockade they would have had "to roll over our (communist) bodies."

"All we wanted to know is whether you would start shooting," Khrushchev said.

We didn't, but the question is: In an other such incidents, will we?

Khrushchev has mellowed, or so it seems, since the days of the Hungarian Revolution. He has rejected the theory of violent overthrow of the opposition; because he knows he has to.

Now he is testing.

GARY LACEY

SKITS:

Not For PTP

Nonsensical skits, such as those staged by sororities when they have a candidate up for some campus beauty contest, certainly do not have a place in soliciting students to come to such events as People-to-People picnics.

At the beginning of the semester People-to-People scheduled a picnic to kick off the year's activities—we suppose. The way in which they went about recruiting attendance was through the nonsensical skit.

It might have gone over at the sororities, but at men's housing units, it fell flat. The most it got was a few laughs.

Creating better foreign student relations is the purpose of PTP, but to send out a seemingly incoherent skit without any explanation of what PTP stands for or of the purpose of the picnic was a joke to incoming freshmen and was on the ridiculous side for upper classmen.

In Memoriam

Something is wrong.  
Is the fault mine?

I so want to study,  
But cannot find time.

Homecoming, Kosmet Klub,  
Meetings galore.

Of projects, I've plenty,  
Of time, I need more.

To hell with assignments,  
With tests teachers give.

I'm only a student,  
It's my time to live.

—octopus

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



YOU WEREN'T ABLE TO COMPLETE ANY PAGES THIS AFTERNOON—WHAT MAKES YOU SO CONFIDENT TO WRITE?



"I SEE YOU HANGING ON BACK THERE."

On Other Campuses:

UCLA Frosh Rate Coeds

Remember the Life magazine picture a few years ago of some men at the University of Kentucky operating a fake registration booth for frosh women?

Well, a trio at Los Angeles, California, did. The UCLA Daily Bruin says the three students set up a card table and signs in the middle of registration lines and established themselves as "Station A" for "registrations of frosh women for the campus directory."

The trio rated each girl for sex appeal on a one-to-ten scale as she filled out a card calling for her phone number and address.

Before running out of cards (they had 400), the three found some who rated from One ("just a girl, but not worth picking up the pencil for") to Seven ("unbelievably great").

Classes Eight, Nine and



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The Bad Seed

For the soleful benefit of all dewy-eyed freshmen, I choose today to explain some of the lesser-known traditions of NU, the school with a heart.

First of all is that unspoken legend of Duchess, champion fertilizer of the campus. Many a time on a frosty morn, traces of Duchess can be spotted and blotted on various by-ways to class. If one is fortunate enough to have grabbed a bit of breakfast, the stout heart faileth not. However, if one is downwind with an empty stomach, much of the grandeur of having a mascot fades.

Second only in smell is the tradition of New Student Week. I dwell not on this subject.

A close third is the hal- lowed honor of having more late minutes than any other co-ed since the founding of NU, the school with a heart, in 1869, which was an unusually good year for corn whiskey.

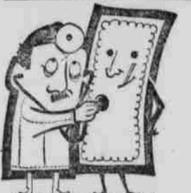
The record for late minutes was set in 1933 by Elma Gooch, an inspiring young lass from Bellevue, who received 20,160 of the little pests after an unex- plainable two weeks absence. Her only explanation was based on loss of memory following a purple pas- sion party. It is unrecor- ded as to how she ended up in the' cow barns on ag cam- pus, but if anyone is in- terested, they can ask Miss Gooch. She is still cam- pused, somewhere in Love Hall.

Then there is the legend of trial by fire which every

girl who lives east of the Phi Delt house must pass. It is rumored in better circles that Phi Delt don't have house bills, instead, they are taxed by the hour for sitting on the porch. At any rate, they are astute observers of every pair of shaven legs that can be seen from their railled' world.

And in last place, or more diplomatically fourth, is the legend of being diplo- matically removed from school for undiplomatic frog columns. The New Guard need not fear, but the Sa- cred Cow and I wait with baited breath for a stiff white letter from the ad- ministration of NU, the school with a heart.

N. S.



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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES SALUTE: JOHN M. CORUTHERS

A challenging job dealing with people and figures—that was John M. Coruthers' career goal when he left college seven years ago with an electrical engineering degree.

And John found the job, responsibilities and long-range career opportunities he wanted with the Illinois Bell Telephone Company.

His first assignment was supervising telephone installation and repair crews. Recognizing his leadership abilities, John's company promoted him to District Installation Superintendent. And in only a short time, he was advanced

to his present position of District Plant Manager—an even more responsible job.

But does the job deal with people? Well, thousands of businesses and residences in the heart of Chicago depend on John, and the more than 200 people he supervises, for the smooth flow of communications.

John M. Coruthers, like many engineers, is impatient to make things happen for his company and himself. There are few places where such restlessness is more welcomed or rewarded than in the fast-growing telephone business.



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