

Daily Nebraskan

SNOW TIME FOR CLASSES

Flurried Activities Prevail

By Rich Meier
Junior Staff Writer

Yesterday, University students celebrated with over 16 inches of snow on the ground and no classes.

The Chi Omegas practiced for Coed Follies, and played "run around the house in 10 foot drifts."

According to the pledge that answered the phone, the Alpha Phis were "watching TV and having snow fights."

The Kappa Deltas, according to Marilyn Hoegemeyer, really knew how to celebrate. The house was practically empty; everyone was out walking, making snow angels, romping in the snow, and a few brave souls walked to Hested's and bought Valentine cards.

When Miss Hoegemeyer was asked what she was doing, she said, "I've been studying, believe it or not." Both the Beta Sigma Psis and the Kappa Sigmas were throwing parties.

The Beta Theta Psis were "seeing what they could do in the snow, playing bridge, and sleeping."

According to comments from the houses up and down 16th street, there were students grabbing the backs of cars and skiing up the street, girls were getting pushed in the snow, and there were more snowballs than snow in the air.

There was a game of tackle football behind Cather, with both sexes participating.

Allen Crews, president of Cather Hall, surprised the residence director of Pound Hall, Frances Holman, by helping the snow to completely bury her car. Miss Holman expressed both surprise and consternation at this prodigious feat.

According to Carol Reno of Kappa Kappa Gamma, three Kappas, a Gamma Phi, and about eight Deltas went tobogganing on the streets of Lincoln with a pick-up for pulling power.

Polly Rhynalds, Sigma Kappa, said almost every girl who cut through Selleck was picked up and bodily thrown into the deepest drifts. Miss Rhynalds stated she had a hard time extricating herself. "Those drifts are deep!"



ARE YOU KIDDING ME? ... This brave coed ventured out in the snow on 16th Street yesterday afternoon and met with a face full as University students "celebrated" their sudden vacation from classes.

Pretty Little Snowflakes Bring Gigantic Problems

Editor's note: In addition to the other difficulties mentioned in the following story, yesterday's snowfall stranded Miss Mullins at her Lincoln home, where she wrote the story. Her finished product was relayed to the Nebraskan office by telephone.

By Priscilla Mullins
Senior Staff Writer

"Lost in a sea of white ground—why couldn't we get snowbound?"

As these words to a pop tune drifted across town on the radio waves yesterday, Lincolnites and other southeast Nebraska residents found themselves in exactly this predicament.

By 5 p.m., eighteen inches of fresh snow were dumped on Lincoln, making a total of twenty-one inches with the three already on the ground. This was a new record for a twenty-four hour period, the previous record being set in 1945 with 12.4 inches. Two to five additional inches were expected late yesterday.

Blizzard conditions which swept out of the Rocky Mountains early yesterday morning paralyzed the eastern part of Nebraska, as well as Iowa and Kansas.

University classes were called off in the middle of the morning, due to the inaccessibility to the campus and bad parking conditions. This was the first time classes had been cancelled for the weather since the winter of 1961.

At last report, today's classes were scheduled to begin at 10:30 a.m.

Traffic in and out of Lincoln was stopped on all roads including the interstate. Stalled cars made the highways impassable.

Although classes at Lincoln public schools and the surrounding community schools had been called off early yesterday morning, University and Nebraska Wesleyan classes were scheduled to continue. When it finally became evident that conditions were too bad, both schools canceled classes.

Most Lincoln businesses were closed as the snow continued to pile up three and four foot drifts. Bus service for the city was running early in the morning, but due to several stalled buses on impassable streets, service was suspended until street crews could clear the snow.

Even the post office couldn't live up to its motto. While downtown deliveries continued, no mail was delivered to the residential districts.

Sign of the times: cars stalled and abandoned at nearly every street corner. Sign number two: overflowing garbage cans. Impassable streets caused many Lincoln motorists to abandon their stalled cars. Driving conditions also caused Lincoln garbage services to suspend their operations for yesterday and today.

The almost unbelievable snow depth was reminiscent of the winter of 1959-60, when Nebraskans were also besieged by "tons of snow."

While no traffic deaths were reported through most of the day, there were a rash of minor accidents, and ambulances could be heard off and on during the day carrying patients to hospitals.

Lee Castle, nationally known hand leader who was scheduled to play at the East Hills Country Club last night, was injured in an accident in Manhattan, Kansas, and was hospitalized there.

A wedding in the Lincoln area was called off. As the Lincoln radio announcer put it: "guess they got cold feet!"

Snow amounting to eight and nine inches in Western Nebraska and twenty inches in Fairbury brought welcome moisture to farmers. Somehow, though, it seems that they would be just a little happier if it didn't come quite so fast in such great amounts.

Late predictions yesterday called for the snow to slacken off by late evening, with a low of three to five degrees last night and a high of fifteen degrees today. It is to be cloudy today, with winds drifting snow into even higher peaks. No more snow is scheduled to come this way today.

Annual Follies Go French With 'Cherchez La Femme'

The Coed Follies presentation of "Cherchez La Femme" will be given Friday, Feb. 26 at 8 p.m. in Pershing Auditorium.

Tickets will be available at the door, or may be purchased in the Student Union Feb. 15-26, or from any AWS member, worker or representative.

The program for "Cherchez La Femme" will include six skits and six travel acts.

"Girls of the Western World," presented by Alpha Phi, is a story of secretaries who fall in love with the boss. Skitmasters are Robin Dyas and Joyce Anderson.

"Ah-Men!" depicts the plight of freshman girls stuck in study hall and their cleverly devised system of getting out and getting dates. It will be presented by Kappa Kappa Gamma with Travis Baird as skitmaster.

Under the leadership of Jeanne Edwards, Delta Gamma will present "Naturally Native," a story of South Pacific island people who send a committee to the United States.

Gamma Phi Beta tells in "Faces of Femininity" about the different elements in a girl which make her appealing to men. Penny Sullivan will be their skitmaster.

The Chi Omegas will present "High Sea-ciety" under the leadership of Anita Maxwell. This is the story of a debutante who goes to sea.

"Don't Pity the Pearl" tells the story of the ugliest doll in the doll-shop and her adventures when she wins a prize. It will be presented by Kappa Alpha Theta under the leadership of Karen Fejfar.

Traveler Acts will contain a variety of talent on a musical theme.

Karen Nielsen will lead a sextet from the School of Nursing in a medley of songs entitled "My Fair Ladies."

"February Heat Wave" is a modern jazz dance presented by Alpha Delta Pi's Mary Lee Jepsen.

Chi Omega's Kay Christensen will portray a young ballerina making her first debut in an act entitled "Ballerina's Debut." Ann Griffiths, from Pound

Hall, will sing a medley of songs in "A Glimpse of Oliver."

"Ain't She Sweet" is a Charleston routine presented by Linda Landreth and Gayle Bozarth from Zeta Tau Alpha sorority.

Alpha Delta Pi will present Mary Kay Rakow, Jan Chamberlain, and Betty Swoboda as "The Diamond Sisters," a trio similar to the McGuire Sisters.

The selections for ideal Nebraska Coed and Outstanding Collegiate Man will be announced during the program.

Miss Army Finalists Named, Ball Date Set

The Army Ball, sponsored by the Army ROTC, will be held at the National Guard Armory, Saturday, Febr. 20, from 9 to 12.

Finalists for Miss Army, selected by interviews, are Carol Bieck, Gamma Phi Beta; Suzie Walburn, Alpha Chi Omega; and Marilyn Masters, Kappa Alpha Theta.

Gifted Children's Board Organizes

A student branch of the Council for Exceptional Children, a division of the National Education Association, is being organized on the campus.

According to Myrt Munger, temporary president, the constitution has been submitted to Student Council, but must still be approved.

Any student who is interested may attend a coffee hour, Feb. 18, from 3:30 p.m. to 5 p.m. at 1620 R St. According to Barb Copeland, temporary vice-president, the council will help build the background of special education students by preparing them for future professional responsibilities and by studying and promoting the educational needs and opportunities of exceptional children.

Miss Munger also said tours of Nebraska Psychiatric Institute, Lincoln State Hospital (Children's Ward), Menninger's Clinic and Westside Public School classes for mentally-retarded children will be a part of the activities for this semester.

Mauldin Witnesses Bloody Viet Cong Attack

Editor's Note: Bill Mauldin, Pulitzer prize-winning cartoonist, was at Pleiku, South Vietnam, last weekend during a Communist guerrilla attack. Mauldin whose cartoons regularly appear in the Daily Nebraskan, was visiting his oldest son who is stationed at Pleiku.

Mauldin is on assignment to make on the spot drawings of the Vietnamese war. Here is his eyewitness account of the attack.

By Bill Mauldin

The mortar barrage on Camp Holloway and the 52nd aviation battalion began at exactly 2 a.m. It was intense and murderous, some 80 rounds in five minutes saturating a bivouac area, perhaps two blocks square. They were using captured 80-1 millimeter weapons of our own manufacture.

I was sleeping in the east half of a hut house or "hooch" of Lt. Col. John Hughes, the battalion commander.

My son, Bruce, a warrant officer and helicopter pilot in the battalion, whom I had come to visit, is billeted in the town of Pleiku, near Second corps headquarters which was also hit. I had just spent the evening in Pleiku having a reunion celebration with Bruce and had left him at his billet.

My first awakening thought at the roar of the mortar barrage was that Chinese New Year was still being celebrated. When a round hit nearby, I realized what was going on and began to worry about Bruce, assuming (correctly) that he would try to get back to his outfit and worrying that the attack might be general in scope, in which case the road to camp would be a bad place for him.

Any further speculation on my part was cut off by Col. Hughes who roared at me to get myself into the bunker out back, as he tore out the front door to take charge of his battalion.

Barrage Begins

So emphatic was his order and so positive was my response that I found myself arriving at the bunker bare-foot and in my underwear.

The barrage was at its height as I started down the earthen steps to the sandbagged shelter. By the light of the drumming explosions I could see the barbed wire of the southern edge of camp a few feet away, and I fully expected to see hostile faces on the other side moving up under cover of the mortars.

It turned out that the only infantry penetration was to the east, where the parked aircraft were attacked.

A young soldier from headquarters company came up to me at the bunker entrance. He was also in his underwear, but mine was white and his was red. He was holding both hands over a large wound in his right side and was covered with blood from several lesser cuts. Mortar shells are designed to cut people up and apparently we make good ones.

"Help me," he said, "I've got to lie down." I tried to help him into the bunker but he refused to come down those dark steps. He said he had decided he was going to die and he wanted to lie down on something comfortable.

From the looks of his wound, I felt in no position to question his prognosis, so I helped him into the hut and put him on my cot, where I found a small light and took a closer look at his side. I couldn't tell whether the large fragment had gone into into guts or had simply cut him open in passing but hoped for the latter.

Wounded Removed

At this time, the mortar barrage had been going on for about four minutes, interspersed with grenades and some recoilless rifle fire. Again I asked my friend to let me take him into the bunker but he was adamant about staying above ground.

"I'm pretty sure I'm going to die in a minute," he said in a real tone of apology, and I would appreciate it if you would let me hold onto your hand and say my prayers." What can you do? I let him hold my hand. He recited the Lord's Prayer.

As he finished, the mortars let up and Col Hughes came in, mad as a hornet. He had seen our light and

wanted to know what the hell I was doing upstairs. "Oh," he said, looking at the cot, "I'll send some litter bearers back."

He went back to his command post. Shortly, four soldiers with carbines came in on the colonel's orders, to help me move the wounded man. Lacking a stretcher, we carried him on my mattress for the two-block walk to the dispensary.

For some reason, I had stupidly assumed that my boy, who had made his peace with his Maker and was now uncomplainingly enduring the rather bumpy ride we were giving him, was the only casualty in the area.

Now, as we made our way among the riddled hooches, we found ourselves part of a regular gory procession with hurt men stumbling out of practically every tent, each leaving his special trail of splatters, so that next morning there were scores of little red trails converging into one big one leading to the medical hut.

Most of the wounded were being supported or carried. Few had only one cut and some had dozens. Of the initial five dozen casualties treated, only 18 were walking wounded.

Although the mortars had stopped, the war was still on, with a fire fight at the air strip, where the Viet Cong were going after the parked helicopters and twin-engine Caribou troop carriers. There was the thump of TNT, as some of the attackers managed to get charges under the machines.

The dispensary was at the edge of the strip, and when we got there, we could see several aircraft burning.

No Sign Of Panic

At no time did I see any sign of panic, even though there was every excuse for panic. An enclosed garrison in a hostile environment had been hit suddenly and hard and there was no way of knowing if we were going to be overrun. But our new army seems to be a bunch of pros.

Those who weren't hit had their weapons in hand and were going quickly but calmly about their business, and it is worth nothing that later in the morning a num-

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Cather Works Presented In 'Schooner'

Collectors of the lore and writings of Willa Cather should get an assist from the winter edition of the "Prairie Schooner," University literary magazine.

The issue contains a poem, a short story, and two reviews by Miss Cather and an article about the famous Nebraska authoress by Fichard Giannone.

"The Treasure of Far Island," appears in the October, 1962 issue of the "New England Magazine." The reviews of musical programs appearing in the "Schooner," were first printed in newspapers of 1894 and 1897.

The pieces are collectors items since none of the three have ever been reprinted according to Bernice Slote, editor of the "Prairie Schooner."

The concert review pieces by Miss Cather tell of Blind Tom, a sightless Negro musician and imitator who played to midwestern audiences at the turn of the century and a critical review of the "New World Symphony" by the Pittsburgh Philharmonic Orchestra.

The article on Cather by Giannone, professor of English at Notre Dame University, deals with the great writer's use of music in "My Antonia."