

Back To Bleachers

It's bleacher seats for 600 University freshmen at Saturday's game with Texas Christian University.

The east stadium is overflowing with upperclassmen. Some had to be shifted to the south stadium sending the freshmen to the bleacher section.

The problem is not that Ticket Manager James Pittenger failed to allow seats for this year's freshman class, because he did allow 12,400 stadium seats for the estimated enrollment of 14,500.

This estimated figure allowed an 11.8 percent in-

crease in the number of students purchasing tickets, bringing the buying rate to 85 percent.

Anyone who has a product that sells 85 percent would be unwise and unduly optimistic to believe the purchase rate could go higher.

But, the product Pittenger sells is pretty good stuff. It's Saturday afternoons in a newly remodeled stadium with a golden girl, a marching band and flags. AND, it's watching the team rated number one in the nation playing the pigskin game to the tune of "There Is No Place". You can't beat that.

There was a time when empty beer cans rattled down the stadium steps to no tune at all. There was no spirit then and certainly 85 percent of the students were not present.

But, that time is passed. The future is tomorrow.

Pittenger failed to feel the growing Cornhusker spirit and to know what an impetus a first raing can be. We're not sure we would have.

But we suspect that even those 600 bleacher-sent freshmen will find their way over to cheer our Cornhuskers.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

'Gag' Rule Is Disputed

Editor's Note: On July 8 the Ohio State University Board of Trustees, by a 5-3 vote, elected to retain the "speakers gag rule" which prevents Communists and others defined as subversive from speaking on the OSU campus.

The following editorial, objecting to the decision, appeared in an Ohio newspaper, *The Plain Dealer*. We present it for our readers' information and interest.

In voting to retain their infamous gag rule, the majority of the board of trustees of Ohio State University has flouted public opinion, defied the faculty and the students and ignored the university's president.

The five members who voted to keep the 15-year-old rule can be held responsible for the continuation of the poor name OSU has in the academic community of the nation.

They can also be held responsible for the expected resignations of a number of respected faculty members who threatened to quit if the rule went unchanged.

And any student demonstrations protesting the decision can be charged also to the bullheaded backwardness of the five who disregarded the recommendations of the professional educators they hired.

President Novice G. Fawcett, following the recommendations of a faculty committee, urged the trustees to eliminate his power to veto speakers he felt were subversive.

Since 1951 an OSU president has been empowered to bar from the campus any guest speaker he judged to be subversive, allied to subversive purposes or whose views he felt to be just not in the best interests of the school. In the '50's Ohio State was one of only eight universities in America using a gag rule.

Fawcett wisely advised the trustees that "so long as federal and state governments permit people who are classed as subversives to move about this country freely, it seems to me that we set ourselves up as being over and above the law when we restrict the liberty of these persons."

In a disjointed piece of logic, former U.S. Sen. John W. Bricker charged that changing the gag rule would somehow be a repudiation of U.S. policy in Viet Nam, Cuba and other Communist areas. What does the senator think this nation is fighting for if not freedom—including freedom of speech?

According to Fawcett, 75% of the students favored changing the rule. But the five trustees who voted against the change apparently believe most of Ohio State's students are not capable of making responsible judgments. And apparently these five trustees feel the faculty judgment is also wrong.

One of the five, Carlton S. Dargusch of Columbus, is a disbarred attorney presently appealing his disbarment. His participation in the proceedings at all was in questionable taste, considering his circumstances.

The others who unfortunately voted with Bricker and Dargusch were John C. Ketterer of Canton, Mervin B. France of Cleveland and Frederick E. Jones of Columbus.



"WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?"

'What's New Pussycat?' Said Lively, Grotesque

By Diaper Sandoe

Editor's Note: Mr. Sandoe is back with us again this year after incurring much wrath for his disastrous review of "One Potato, Two Potato" last spring.

Sandoe spent last summer touring Europe paying his way as he went with reviews of "Nancy", "Henry", "Captain Marvel" and other comic strips.

Once again this venerable old sage dips quill in ink, puts quill to parchment, and launches a new year of perceptive and enlightening motion picture reviews.

After a highly successful summer season in Europe, I feel uniquely adolescent about the beginning of my

fourteenth semester at the old University.

The sight of red everywhere on Saturdays, the sound of bubbly voices, and the smell of Honda carbon monoxide (ugh!) all tell this wizened old philosopher that fall is here.

And the movies!

Well, Lincolnland is a veritable oasis of motion pictures—most of the plots don't hold water.

"Shenandoah" is the worst offender with a cliché-filled script, unimaginative direction, implausible plot, and squishy sentimentalism succeeding in destroying a valiant, but too-little-too-late attempt by James Stewart to give some value to the show.

A happy exception to a

large proportion of bad motion pictures is "What's New Pussycat?". Woody Allen wrote the script for this lively, irreverent, grotesque and immensely funny picture. Some of the gags are difficult to "get with", and some of them miss the mark of humor completely. Still Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole and Romy Schneider, not to mention Woody Allen himself provide the talent which makes the show a "don't miss". You'll either love this one or hate it.

One thing to the incoming freshmen. Don't miss the foreign film society's exceptionally fine slate of films for this year. It is one of the highwatermarks of cultural activity in this entire area.

On The Cult

As the Jolly Green Grapevine comes upon the campus scene and thoughts turn to those things significant, one wonders most often about the Cult of Sex.

On deeper examination the Cult of Sex turns into a freshmen social circle, that for upperclassmen holds only the poignant memories of love's sweet blunders.

When one reaches the upper level of COOL, the surface satisfaction of the Cult of Sex loses its appeal, forcing those who care, to join the more sophisticated Cult of PLAYBOY.

The benefits to be derived from belonging to the Cult are in themselves immense. One may subscribe to the monthly publication without any feeling of guilt, assume the attitude of an expert

when in an argument on the virtues or vices of campus coeds, and know that all frustrations, both temporal and spiritual, can be resolved after a twenty minute session with the Adviser.

Momentous as these benefits may be, they are all over-shadowed by the great satisfaction one can derive from knowing that when someone asks "what sort of man reads PLAYBOY?" you can rise to your full height, thumb your chest, and in unison with every man on campus speak those holy words—"I DO".

As a disillusioned member of the Cult, I'm tired of having someone else approve my sox and underwear, ties and shaving lo-

tion, but most of all, my thoughts and values.

We're building a strange society it seems, with PLAYBOY as its Bible and James Bond as its god. We can hope that from one of the carefully groomed, properly perfumed heads, will come one original thought and save us from becoming a madras-clad herd.

If today, sweaters in a men's shop carry a banner proclaiming their approval by PLAYBOY'S Man On Campus, maybe tomorrow we'll check our dates at the house to see if APPROVED—P.M.O.C. is emblazoned on their foreheads. After all we can't fight the system and maybe one of us will get to do the approving. R. E.

Spoof Thumb's All Right But, Why Not Fly

I must confess, I had a blind date last weekend. That weekly temptation for non-movers, clamped me in its frustration-filled trap once more.

The evening started typically. My date, Maybella Furd, promised to look distinctive by wearing Madras so I could recognize her. I introduced myself to three Madras-clad honeys before Maybella came down. But I mustered the enthusiasm to try once more. "I'm Keith Krueger?" I pleaded. Nothing worse than being stood up on a blind date.

I opened with my best line ("What's your major?"), followed by "My third cousin also studied Pre-Cambrian geology," and then my spirit was gone.

Maybe she just sat too far across the seat to hear what I said, but after 7:40, the evening was just one long awkward silence. Maybella and I had established a new University and Big Eight record.

Perhaps I'm just a voice crying in the wilderness, but I'm determined to break my losing streak. Maybe my blind date for this weekend will be better. Keith Krueger

BASE-r

Kent Neumeister, President of ASUN, claims that ASUN is the supreme governing body. This is especially interesting in light of the fact that the Faculty Senate decided that Ron Psota, an elected senator whose election was contested, was legally a member of Student Senate.



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The cheapest way to travel is hitch-hiking, and in this age of the airplane, with the great proliferation of private aircraft, sooner or later someone had to come up with a plan for updating the "thumb routine."

I was riding to Kansas City last Easter vacation with a salesman who picked me up just outside of Omaha. He put the bug in my ear.

"Listen," he said, "I travel a lot and do a lot of flying for the company. If some one came up to me, and he was well dressed and looked OK, and asked if he could ride along, I wouldn't mind. In fact it gets lonely up there and I'd be happy to have him along. So when you want to go somewhere why don't you go out to the airport and ask around?"

I said I'd try it.

This summer I traveled to San Antonio. Hitching by car I made it in two days, and spent two weeks with Peter O'Connell, freshman.

When I was ready to leave, I remembered the advice of the salesman, and went out to the S. A. Airport. Asking around I found a ride with two men who were going to Cincinnati. They were flying a Lockheed 350, very plush, with a bar even!

Cessna 310 to Chicago. We landed at Midway and I spent five hours looking for a ride, any ride, going east. Finally one of the employees offered me a ride over to O'Hare Field.

I walked up to a man who looked as if he had just landed. I said, "Do you know anyone who is going east?"

"Do you work here," he asked.

"No, I'm a student at the University of Nebraska."

"We'll, just a minute and I'll see."

He made a phone call, came back and said it was all right.

He turned out to be Frank Sinatra's pilot, and was taking Sinatra's Lear Jet back to New York.

The trip from San Antonio to New York in a day and a half, 12 hours actual traveling time, didn't cost me a cent.

Rich Meier

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STATE
 FOLLOW US.....and find the answer to the comedy question of the year!

Peter Sellers Peter O'Toole
 Romy Schneider
 Capucine
 Paula Prentiss
 and host not least
 Woody Allen
 and guest star
 Ursula Andress

They're all together again! (We're not!)
What's New Pussycat?

FINAL WEEK-END

THIS PICTURE IS RECOMMENDED FOR ADULTS ONLY