


**84th**  
ACADEMY AWARD PROGRAM  
**"Darling" "IRRESISTIBLE!"**  
Lawrence Harvey  
Dirk Bogarde  
Julie Christie  
ALSO  
**CAT BALLOU**  
THE FONDLE MARVIN

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**To Resign?**  
Rumors have circulated the Pink Eye office that the present editor, Joe Stealingmales, does not intend to resign from her post as editor to let Vain Kruscher take over as editor.  
When asked whether she would remain on the paper staff indefinitely, the editor replied, "There is no truth to the rumor. After all, how could I stay on when meanwhile at the University a n o t h e r faculty member is resigning?"

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**Thanks Enema!**  
Slappa Weit juniors thank Enema Summerer for a successful sneak. All got drunk!

if she doesn't give it to you...  
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**TRAINING WILL START JUNE 20**  
Campus Interviews  
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**CONTACT YOUR PLACEMENT OFFICE**  
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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

Don't just sit there, Wallace Middendorp. Make a noise. Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft drink.



What did you do when Joe (Boxcar) Brkczpluj was kicked off the football team just because he flunked six out of four of his majors? What did you do, Wallace Middendorp?  
And when the school newspaper's editors resigned in protest because The Chancellor wouldn't allow the publication of certain salacious portions of "Night In a Girl's Dormitory" you just sat, didn't you?  
You've made a mockery of your life, Wallace Middendorp! You're a vegetable.  
Protest, Wallace Middendorp. Take a stand. Make a noise! Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft drink.  
Open a bottle of Sprite at the next campus speak-out. Let it fizz and bubble to the masses.  
Let its lusty carbonation echo through the halls of ivy. Let its tart, tingling exuberance infect the crowd with excitement.  
Do these things, Wallace Middendorp. Do these things, and what big corporation is going to hire you?



**SPRITE SO TART AND TINGLING. WE JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT QUIET.**

**Water Closet Case**  
By FRANK ARCH  
Being a little seniorish and not understanding the University as well as I once did when I was sophomoreish and even juniorish — I will try to explain myself.  
Once upon a day when I was a sophomore and still a good guy, I decided everyone must be bad. I found that if I acted like a good-guy people would think I was stupid, naive or a push-over.  
So once I had my hood, had lost my office and had become an ageless, old and learned senior — I became a "dirty old man."  
When I growl — laugh at me. When I ignore you, it's not cause I don't like you, but probably just cause I don't know you, or if I do — I'm just a little quiet.  
If I walk right by your desk for days, or if I pass you on the street and sort of cut you down into little pieces with one stare, please ignore me, it's just that I'm

afraid as a senior to be a good-guy.  
It's a cold, ruthless world and one thing I never want people to know is what a good guy I really am inside. I never want people to know that I'm actually very sensitive to them and I never hear a sad story without crying.  
Also, even though I might act like it — I really don't know everything I don't want to know everything and I never will. Most sophomores actually know more than I do.  
Another thing I'd like to make clear is that I actually love the dorms, especially Cather. Kent Newmaster is my friend and both TV Econ and the parking on this campus really aren't as bad as I've sometimes said.  
I'd also like to point out again and again that I really do like sophomores and juniors. They are young enough that their minds aren't tired of this school

**How About What?**  
Being a compendium of seriousness, straightforwardness, and little comment, selected fairly by the Editor...  
Herein, the Pink Eye will state its purposes in understandable terms.  
We believe in the sanctity of journalism. We believe that journalism should be forthright, informative and of service to the public.  
We believe that there is no room for degradation of individuals or groups.  
We believe that humor has no place in a campus newspaper.  
We believe that a newspaper must be governed at all times by the bounds of prudence, in order to be effective.  
We believe that news articles should give just the facts, with no bias or prejudice evident (it should remain well-hidden).  
We believe that student journalists are capable, mature, good writers, who report only what they know, and write nothing of hearsay or rumor.  
We believe there should be a Pink Rag every year as the ultimate example of these goals.  
Spring is sprung  
The grass is riz  
I wonder where  
The flowers is.  
The Pink Eye would like to go on record here as saying that the administration at this university is undoubtedly the most effective, honest, commendable group ever to rule the University.  
When told of our feelings, Chancellor Cliff Hanger was heard to reply, "I am so thrilled that you think this! I would issue a statement, but another faculty member just turned in his resignation."  
We would also like to add our compliments to the diversified Crib menu. One student was heard in the Union talking to another while they were waiting outside the Crib to get into the line.  
"Boy, I can hardly wait to eat one of these Crib hamburgers," he said. "Can't decide if I'll use catsup or mustard to change the pace a little today."  
One of the Pink Eye's 136 roving reporters stopped a student at random and asked the question? "How do you like Ivy Day?"  
The student replied, "How About What?"

**Editor's Note:**  
  
**Paper Is Congratulated**  
Dear Editor,  
I just wanted to say that I really enjoy reading this semester's paper. I can't believe what an improvement it is over past efforts at publishing a student event sheet. You really do good work.  
I also heard that you will be leaving the staff after this semester. I think that's really sad, because I really enjoy reading your editorials. They say so much.  
The best part of the paper is the sports page, though. I didn't realize that sports was so big at the University. Someone told me that the Cornhuskers were a good football team; times sure have changed since I went to the University.  
I have only one small gripe about your paper. The last time my name appeared, it was misspelled. I know you will print a correction as soon as possible.  
With affection,  
Your father

**The Annual Crime**  
We know that out strong stand in this editorial will not be popular; but we believe in the strength of the press to get things done. We are willing to take all the criticism and nasty remarks that follow this editorial, because we feel deeply that justice and right should prevail.  
Every year at this time a small, green plant is planted on our beloved University grounds. And every year the small baby plant dies.  
Now we ask: Is it in the great American tradition of justice and love for all that a small, green, immensely tender plant should be set out on the plains of the campus, only to be met with winds, rain, hail, and all other sorts of horrid tortures that Nasty Nature wishes to impose?  
Does no one care? Can no one find it in their hearts to aid this teensy, weensy living creature? Animal mothers give tender loving care to their young; even humans change their babies' diapers why should a baby Ivy plant be put out to meet an inevitable slow, torturous death every year?  
And more the horrors at this annual crime when one considers who considers who does the unmerciful killing — the presidents of the senior honorarians.  
Yes, the two "outstanding" leaders of the University—they are the ones who do this dread deed every year.  
If they were called before a judge he would give them the severest sentence—yet every year these two plant killers ceremoniously dump an infant Ivy plant into the sun-baked, hardened, dry, and dirty dirt.  
Laughingly, they toss water around the plant... only to give it unfounded hopes of survival. And then they go about their business of the day... picking on juniors who will perpetuate the crime the

next year.  
It is time to decry these plant murderers. It is time to bring them to justice. It is time they suffered for their evil ways.  
Never more should a little, dependent Ivy plant die because of their plant neglect. Never more should the University give aid and support to the annual ceremonious murder committed by these honoraries.  
Crime does not pay, and they must pay for their crime. We propose that every member of the senior honoraries tend to this tender Ivy plant they so willingly destroy.  
We believe that these "outstanding" seniors should decide among themselves to serve on a rotating basis, as plant mothers and fathers to this newly-born Ivy plant. They should work in the hot sun, protect the infant plant, water it, give nurture to it, and give it the greatest tender loving care.  
This means that when it rains, they cover the plant with an umbrella to protect the tiny tendrils from the continuous slashing and pounding of the tempests.  
When the scorching, burning sun breathes its hot breath on the helpless Ivy, they must stand by and give the plant relief in the shade of their bodies.  
When the winds blow and gust over the campus plains, they must stand as a group around the flimsy foliage, to shelter it from the ravages of the tumultuous wind.  
Only then can this annual planting be honorable. Only then can these senior members gain the prestige they so avidly seek. Only then will other students respect them for what they are — plant protectors, in the great American tradition of motherhood and love of youth.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
Sugar is sweet  
And so are you.



ON IVY DAY, ON IVY DAY,  
WE'LL ALL GET.....

**Paper Is Commended**  
Dear Editor,  
I am writing in to commend you on your paper. I think that it is the best paper I have ever read since I came to the University forty-five years ago.  
I am a graduate student working on my fifth doctor's degree. (I just hate the thought of going out in the cruel world of business.)  
Your paper coverage is excellent; your editorials are exemplary; your editorials are tremendous. The only thing that is bad about the paper are those insipid letters. You ought to train letters to the editor writers to write.  
But other than that, your paper is absolutely unequalled.  
With love,  
Your mother

**Paper Is Praised**  
Dear Editor,  
Your paper is great! I don't know enough adjectives to express how wonderful and beautiful and beautiful it is. I bet your journalism teacher is really proud of you... do you get all "A's" in journalism?  
I am really proud to know you. I just love your editorials. You are pretty controversial, aren't you? Someone told me that at the beginning of the semester people thought you were a boy. How silly of them!  
Who does your cartoons? Do you? I heard you drew a couple. They really are good. There should be some kind of competition for your cartoonists... I bet they'd win lots of awards.  
The most interesting thing about the paper, though, is the pinnings and engagements column. Like to check up on my friends in it. You wonder what some of them see in each other.  
Have you ever thought about starting a society page? I bet the sororities would love it, especially if you had a Greek for editor. She could put in lots about her sorority house.  
I also think you could start a comics page. Then more people would read the paper.  
I don't mean to say it's not already good without these ideas... I know it's the best paper ever now.  
Best wishes,  
Your sister

**Daily Nebraskan**  
Jo Stohlman, editor  
Mike Kirkman, business manager  
Page 2 Friday, May 6, 1966

**CAMPUS OPINION**