

The Lighted Tradition

Really—it's only a small thing but the Daily Nebraskan does feel that it should rank at least a cartoon (in Thursday's paper), and a feature story and editorial in today's paper.

Again—it's only a small thing, but certainly sometimes it's the small things that affect the students the most.

Surely this "small thing" is also the first thing that returning alumni will notice, that many student couples will be affected by and that will cause comment from almost every student.

True—the Daily Nebraskan has long been in support of improving campus lighting—but really we're not responsible.

The Nebraskan might accept responsibility for almost anything—but this is one thing that we can never be blamed of...

The Daily Nebraskan will certainly

give credit where it is due and applaud the University for finally lighting the campus better and for answering Student Senate's past cries and those occasionally of the Daily Nebraskan.

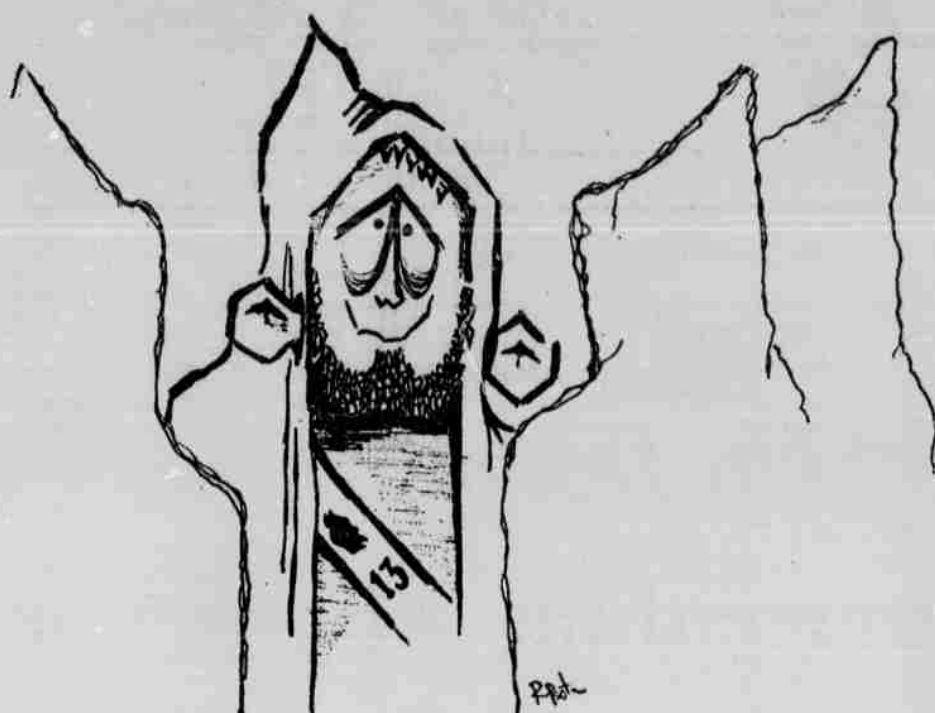
But yet we wonder—as no doubt many students do—if the University didn't go a little too far—this time in pushing their zeal for campus lighting to an extreme.

Certainly the University understands that even today in the age of rapid change and questioning on university campuses—students still need traditions.

No doubt everyone knows that there is certainly little tradition or classical romanticism connected with this school—except in the past possibly the columns.

Yes, on this campus of little grass, few trees and many parking lots—the students had only one place of romantic, beautiful tradition.

Now it resembles a baseball diamond.



Campus Opinion

Fourth for Bridge?

Dear Editor:

Bodies caged, crying to be free
To live their own lives,
To have, to keep. Qualities needed—
The acceptance of a Stoic, never crying out.
The tact of a diplomat, never offending.
The restraint of a balanced rock, never falling.
The stamina of an Olympian athlete, continually tested.

The concentration of a chessmaster, blocking out all nonsense.
The understanding of a priest, to answer the "Why? Why?"

The patience of a cat, waiting at a mouse hole.
The mouse never comes, the wait interminable.
One can wait no longer, but one must;
One must achieve the mouse.

The Mouse, The Pin, The Mouse. Qualities gained—
A convict's sense of fellowship—super secret hates, fears.

A barbarian's sense of values—totally self concerned.
A faultless fraternity facade—mask your humanity.
The creativity of a computer—programmed for conformity.

The end result, a human being.
Fed high grade, super refined, pure knowledge six hours a day.

Fed poor, gross, garbage the other eighteen.
A human being,
Expert at nonsense
Sovereign of the senseless
Skilled in lying
Proficient at cards
Polished playboy
"Fourth for Bridge?"

A Pledge

Sin Unforgivable

Dear Editor,

The story which you are about to hear may seem insignificant but to us personally, it was very traumatic, and besides, we felt it was too rich to go unshared.

'Twas a typical night in a quiet, girls' dormitory on the East Campus, although the compulsory house meeting was shorter than usual. Ten o'clock and then eleven o'clock came and went, and all was well. But was it? Near the stairway, in room 207, trouble was brewing, to coin an old phrase. The two inmates were getting hungry. (Yes, hungry, even after a nourishing meal at the Nebraska Center.)

Suddenly one inmate had an answer to the hunger problem. She remembered an advertisement she had seen earlier in the DAILY NEBRASKAN about an adorable pizza place that delivers from 4 p.m. until 12:30 a.m. Sweet relief at last! They pledged to stick together in this endeavor—one called the pizza place while the other scrounged up the 20 dimes necessary. (What a sacrifice! Dimes are scarce in a place where the washers and dryers take coins 100% of the time and run only 50% of the time.) Next they both headed for the lobby to await the advent of the delivery wagon.

Oh, sin unforgivable! They were freshmen. Freshmen have 11 p.m. closing hours on week nights, as dictated by SAW (the women's organization that keeps super-close tabs on its victims to save them from crime and-or evil.) SAW also has an unwritten rule about hunger which does not plague freshmen after 11:00 p.m.

Pardon my digression and back to my story. As our two coeds approached the lobby, they spied none other than their own SAW representative guarding the doorway to the outside world. Being a little loose-tongued as freshmen are prone to be, they began to express their anticipation of the pizza, whereupon our lady from SAW explained that the coeds would not be able to open the door for the exchange of pizza and money since it was after 11:00 p.m.

She further added that if they TRIED to get their pizza, she would give them (Oh, no!) an infraction. Being in a condition of near-starvation, one gallantly declared that she would be willing to accept any infraction just so she got some pizza soon. The other was speechless for a few moments but finally was able to ask her SAW rep if she firmly believed the validity of the SAW rules.

The disgruntled officer switched on her reserve power and recited the SAW codes to the mere freshmen. This mighty tool quelled the rebellious spirits and even took the edge off their appetites. The two weakened coeds bowed in awe of SAW and humbly made their way back to their room, leaving their triumphant door guard to receive the pizza man and reject his pizza. When the hum of his car motor faded into the distance, peace and security settled, like a shroud, over the dorm.

And the very lobby where it all took place was only a short time ago the scene of extensive public display of affection until SAW-minded individuals decided the time had come to wage war against kissing. But that is another story and you would not believe it, because though equally true it is more ridiculous than the tale I have just recounted to you.

Jill Meader
Madalyn McNeff

JAN ITKIN'S... Who Would Have Thunk It?

In the past few weeks readers of Daily Nebraskan columns have seen several introductions to new columns and to an extent this could be considered an introduction to an old one—and one that, at least this week, is concerned with a very old subject.

Last semester and probably for the remainder of this semester "Who Would Have Thunk It" has been concerned about very real vibrant campus issues ranging from AWS sign-out sheets (now thankfully part of the past) to the Student Bill of Rights to ASUN leadership. During this period another issue has remained under the conscious level of everyday activities as it has and probably will for many years—the oft-times confusing position of a woman in today's (or yesterday's or tomorrow's) society.

Granted books and books and books have been written on the subject, but an ambivalent existence is still the lot of today's woman.

She is expected to get an education to develop a mind that she is discouraged from using; she is expected to develop a sense of independence in the midst of a patriarchal society that she is not really expected to use and she is definitely not allowed to choose her manner of contributing to the world in which she lives.

The reasoning behind many of the restrictions placed in her path are explained to her as "traditions." In answer, one can only say that traditionally women were regarded as pieces of chattel and supposedly that is not the case today.

Perhaps this lack of regard would be explained by some as being a desire to "protect" the woman from the more undesirable aspects in life and a wish to "guard her frailty."

Well, what about a woman who is not afraid of unpleasantness and, surprising to some, an average-sized woman is not as frail as some would have her believe she is.

From the time she is a child and hears "girls don't play football" or "but ruffles look nice and pretty" to the time she reaches the University and learns she is not mature enough to know what time to come in by herself or that girls are not qualified to hold positions of significant leadership, to yes—even the time she graduates and finds out her chosen profession discriminates against hiring women—she is relegated to the role of chattel.

Granted, she has the vote and may be told that by influencing a man who "protects" her she has vast, inestimable powers.

The question, however, is when—or more pathetically, whether—society will learn to exploit the most valuable resource it has—the minds and abilities of the women who are among those comprising it.

Yes, dear readers, society is failing itself in its women—

Who would have thunk it?

Our Man Hoppe

Our Horrible Friends



Arthur Hoppe

Once upon a time there was a scrubby little country called Phynkia. It was ruled by the hereditary Ratt. He observed a policy of strict neutrality. But even so, it was such a scrubby country that not even the Red Chinese would smuggle him anything worth pawning.

Then one day the Ratt was overthrown by General Torquemada Man-chu, who was the most evil man who ever lived.

The American Ambassador, suppressing a yawn, dropped by to check out the General's stand on the issues of the day.

"I believe," said the General, "in Horriblism. We Horriblites have a mystic faith in torture, oppression, stealing from shoeshine boys, rape, butchery, miscellaneous vileness and kicking little old ladies planting marigolds."

"Good heavens!" cried our Ambassador. "You must be stopped."

"We also," said the General with a villainous smile, "are vigorous anti-Communists."

"Oh," said the Ambassador. And he cabled the State Department for instructions.

"What's he bothering us for?" said the Secretary of State testily. "If that General is anti-Communist, he's automatically a member of the Free World. Send him a membership card, the usual two zillion dollars and a flock of tanks so he can defend himself against Communist aggression."

"Thank you," said the General on receiving the aid. "Today Phynkia, tomorrow East Phynkia!"

And in a week he had conquered 32 neutralist neighbors, looting, pillaging, kicking little old ladies and otherwise behaving with predictable Horribleness.

"At last our foreign policy is paying off," the Secretary of State proudly told the President. "We have created a strong anti-Communist bloc around Phynkia. This is a victory for freedom and democracy everywhere."

Encouraged and enriched the Horriblites went on to conquer, by foul means and worse, every neutralist nation anywhere.

"A triumph for the Free World!" cried our Secretary of State, rubbing his hands.

And then they gobbled up all our Allies. "No longer will we have to deal with a squeamish England nor a fractious France," said the Secretary. "The Free World is united. Communism can never win now."

And he was right. For in one final struggle the united Horriblites, with our aid, wiped out Communism forever.

"Total victory!" crowed the President, rubbing his hands. "What do we do now?"

"Do?" said the Secretary of State, looking blank. "Well, I don't really know. I suppose we should get together with our—er—Allies and talk about the future of the world."

It was Horrible.

MORAL: It's a good thing our State Department is anti-Communist. Or else we wouldn't have a foreign policy at all.

Long ago and far away a maze of women's living units sprang up in an institution of higher education. Now these coeds were surprisingly friendly and cooperative. One day, however, a national sort-of governing group swooped down on this congenial bunch and disrupted their serenity by offering them the prize of prizes—a golden marshmellow.

Now naturally everyone was clamoring for the marshmellow at once. So, to settle these violent disagreements, the national group, called NPC, decided that each of the groups could have it for one year, and then it would be passed on to the next in line.

The only stipulation was that any group receiving the golden marshmellow for a year was not allowed to alter its marshmellow luster in any way.

And so it went, from house to house, from year to year, until today this ancient tradition of the golden marshmellow continues in its age old customs. Over the decades the marshmellow exchange settled into this pattern:

NPC first gave the golden marshmellow to the "Bank" who used it as a key to success and passed it on to the "House Pets." These kittenish coeds cherished it for a year and then gave it to a rotund coed named "Hanna," who was the anchor man on the NU track team.

Another year passed and "Deitas Cubed" locked it up only to relinquish it to the "Straight Arrows."

Next came the "Owls" who lost it while recounting their past follies. The "Share-A-Walks" cherished the marshmellow for a full turn until NPC insisted on a good neighbor policy and gave it to a well-loved group next door, the "No Admissions."

In quick order came "Sammy's Neighbors," and the "Quills" who considered it quite a feather in their collective caps.

Time progressed and the marshmellow was awarded to an aggregation of coeds returning from an unsuccessful colonization excursion to Purdue.

A cagey coed called Katy retrieved the prize, only to lose it a year later to an even more sneaky bunch. At this point, the golden marshmellow was almost returned to its original owners, when more girls clamored for rightful possession of the prize.

"Vacationers" booted men out of annexa to claim ownership, followed by "Uni Place Part One," "Uni Place Part Two," "Union's Delight," and the "Dizzies."

And so, after all these exchanges, the golden marshmellow was still untarnished, and unchanged as it had been in days of old. And, as NPC policy states, "we do not insist, but strongly suggest that the golden marshmellow shall continue to rotate from house to house, and furthermore, we strongly suggest, but do not insist that..."

Judy Mahar's Column Left

MOM: (worried frown) . . . I don't believe that.

BEAUTY OPERATOR: Well, I read it in the paper. If you can't believe what you read in the paper, I mean, what can you believe?

MOM: The papers aren't always very objective.

LADY: Well my son, who goes to San Jose State and is going to be a Corporation Management Trainee and Personnel Guidance Counselor says that ALL the creeps from San Jose transfer to Berkeley.

MOM: (indignant): My daughter goes to Cal and she is not a creep and neither are her friends!

LADY: (shocked silence, laced with pity) . . . Lou'd better get her out of there quick! My friend Bertha said her husband's sister-in-law's cousin Ethel sent their daughter to Berkeley and in six months she was SMOKING and had a boyfriend who was a Communist.

MOM (disturbed): . . . I'm late for an appointment. Never mind the hairdo. Of course, parents of Cal students are modern day Jeckylls and Hydes. They may defend you to the death, but for you their tune changes slightly, as the following incident will show.

CAL STUDENT: Hi, folks! I'm home for vacation!

MOM: My God, your hair is so long! And who ever heard of wearing sandals in December!

C.S.: Oh, Mom . . .

DAD: What's going on up there with those few non-student agitator beatniks?

C.S.: Whataya mean, 'few'? Really, there are some legitimate issues, REALLY legitimate issues involved here. One cannot . . .

DAD: Issues, Smishues! What do you think you're there for, free? Were YOU involved in those disturbances?

C.S.: (really C.S.) Of course not! Me?

MOM: That's good. I don't want you to get HURT! Honestly, what a bunch of goings on . . . lunatics! I just hope you never get mixed up with—(sound of phone?) Hello Oh, hi, Grace. Yes, she just got home. What? (bristling) What do you mean, 'radicals'? LUNATICS! Grace, how many times do I have to tell you that what you read in the papers isn't necessarily . . .

. . . Like I say. A medal please. Or at the very least, a crash helmet . . .

By Leslie Lafayette
The Collegiate Press Service

All-U Parent Award

I think there should be a medal awarded to parents of University of California students: "Honorable Service in battle," or "Courage Under Attack." These long-suffering individuals ought to receive some sort of recognition. Perhaps at graduation, after the usual ceremony, the Chancellor could have all of the "graduated" parents stand and hail them with: "And by the authority vested in me by the Regents, I hereby confer upon you the B.S. Degree." And we all know what "BS" stands for.

Pity the poor parents of a Cal student at any social gathering. At first he proudly admits that his son or daughter attends the Big U . . . but look out!

"Berkeley!", snorts a listener. (To all outsiders, UC is always referred to as BERKELEY!) "You let your kid go to school up there with those COMMUNISTS!"

"They aren't communists," says Noble Parent, inwardly thinking how much easier it all would have been had Junior gone to USC. "Cal is a fine academic institution . . ."

"Don't tell me, I know," interrupts the listener, whose last visit to the Bay Area (in 1947) consisted of a tour of downtown El Cerrito. "I've seen what goes on. Nobody ever studies! All they do is picket!" (leering). "Your kid grown a beard yet?"

"No, she hasn't," explains Papa wearily. "Actually she's in a sorority—"

"A sorority! Don't give me that! Probably a Communist front."

"Listen, I—"

"No, YOU listen! Anybody that sends a kid of theirs to that Little Red Schoolhouse—get it Little RED Schoolhouse, har har!—is nuts! That place should be bombed! What they need is a get tough policy. Kick 'em ALL out!"

And Papa exits, temporarily overwhelmed but not defeated, to get another double martini and map a new battle strategy.

Mother is not safe from The Enemy either—she finds herself surrounded even in such an innocent place as the Beauty Parlor.

LADY IN THE NEXT CHAIR: Hear the latest about Berkeley We call it BERSERKLY now!

BEAUTY OPERATOR: Ha, ha! Why can't they be real college kids, like UCLA

LADY: (magnanimously) Well, kids will be kids but honestly, with the taxpayer's money the least they could do is go to class.

MOM: (flushed) Excuse me . . .

LADY: I mean, have you ever SEEN