

Dean Snyder Again

Dean Snyder and members of the Administration who back the things she says think the Student Bill of Rights Assembly will accomplish little.

Dean Snyder and others feel that only a few students are concerned with their rights.

Dean Snyder seems to think that she can control the outcome of the Bill of Rights Assembly through sorority alums.

Dean Snyder thinks that only a few students will become upset when they read her statement in today's paper "that people coming to the University are not ready to make decisions on what will have the best overall benefits for them."

Dean Snyder apparently thinks that a majority of students and their parents will believe her when she says that noisy, over-priced and often inadequate University housing "is part of a person's total experience at the University."

Dean Snyder seems to think that it's more important for a coed to live in some type of University housing than it is to take a full course load in school.

Dean Snyder and others don't seem to care what parents say or how a coed might feel herself.

The Daily Nebraskan feels sorry for Dean Snyder.

Vote Yes

For almost a year the dormitory residents at the University have been debating the idea of an organized, unified coordinating group.

The idea is to give the dormitory residents as much power or organized representation and unity as possible in the University community.

Tuesday and Thursday — the dormitory residents can end the long talks and

dreams about this idea and make it a permanent organization.

The Daily Nebraskan strongly encourages those residents in each dorm to vote Tuesday for the idea of an Interdormitory Association and Thursday for the proposed constitution.

The dorms have already wasted too much time in talking about an idea which could provide very obvious benefits.

A Message From Outer Space

By Bill Blankenship

Yes, yes — I realize that you have a dozen computers working on the problem. But does that change the fact that I am the Captain of the Mars Expedition and that I can see what is going on.

What? Oh, yes, I know that Health and Environmental Liason, Earth Network has the final say as to what we, as members of the space crew, must do. Let me review what has happened, HELEN.

Upon landing we discovered that our atmosphere-analyzer guage indicated favorable conditions for us to venture forth onto the surface of Mars. So, on behalf of the crew, I would like to respectfully request permission for us to leave the ship.

Yes, yes HELEN, I know that you have spent years designing the most comfortable spacecraft imaginable. Truly you have done a magnificent job in providing us with the most up-to-date and expensive equipment. Even the recreational facilities and the clever, spacious design of the ship itself are more than adequate.

But the fact remains, HELEN, that Mars is out there waiting for us. All we ask is your permission to proceed to investigate, with the utmost care, this new world.

But wait! One of the men is getting a signal over the other radio set. Oh—No! Yes, it is! We are getting signs that there is intelligent life outside our space ship! I repeat — there must be some real beings on the other side of these thin, metal walls!

What? What are they saying now?

They want to know who we are and where we are from? And whether or not we are worthy to enter their civilization? Hold on a minute, HELEN, while I take the other radio to communicate with the Martians.

Wait a minute. What for, HELEN? The Martians are waiting for my reply. Oh, you think that you should give them the information about the expedition. Well, I realize that you possess all the intelligence possible by means of your vast network of computers, but don't you think we can handle it from this end?

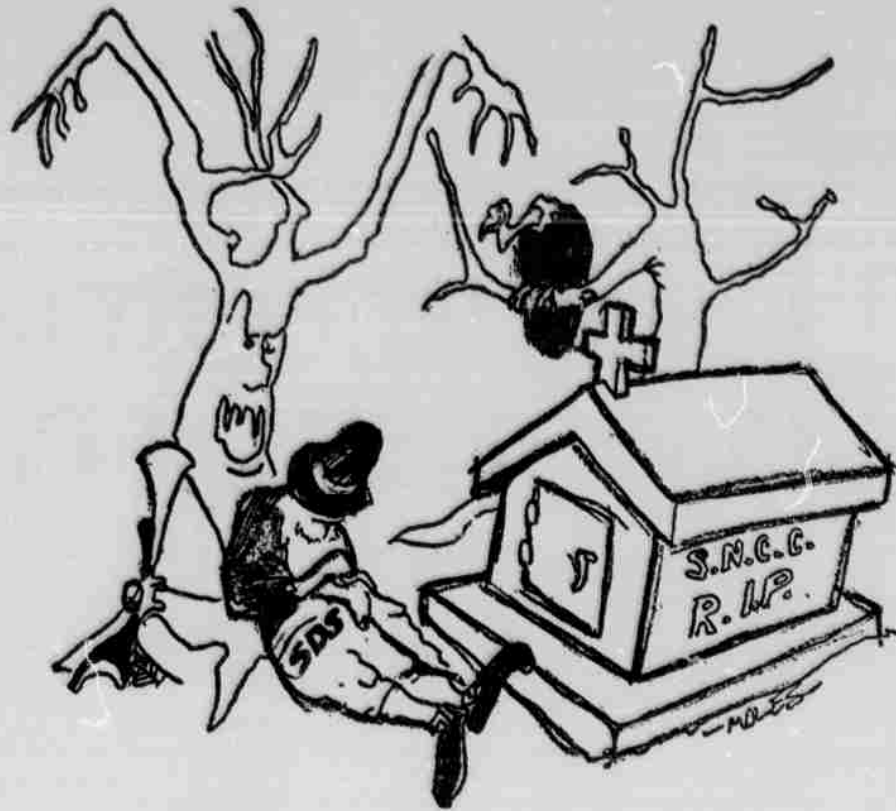
Oh — More messages from the Martians. I haven't time for your rebuttle, HELEN, we are getting more communications from outside the space ship. Yes — they are telling about their civilization. The Martians have a level of technology far superior to ours. We have much to gain from them.

But wait — the Martians themselves — they are most peculiar. They have translucent bodies that glow with colored lights of many shades. Knowledge and understanding radiate from one individual to another by means of these lights.

Also, when one Martian expresses a desire or wish or even a new idea, all may see and learn and no one will dare impede the colored lights from shining into another. Most of all — everyone is valued by his own light and where he shines it.

They are asking us to come forth from the shell of our ship and learn from them the secrets of their world.

What's that HELEN? You must first give your permission before we can ...



Ikon's Society Stone

BY BRUCE MASON

Ikon's left hand nearly touched the ground; the weight of his twenty pound jewel encrusted stone fastened to the left side of his tunic forced him to curl the fingers of his left hand to avoid scraping them against the ground.

Ikon's lips parted in a smile as he viewed the distorted and unnatural position his society stone thrust upon his body. Yet, once Ikon clamped on his stone, a cascade of pride engulfed his soul. Ikon knew that his society was the best because it had the most beautiful society stone.

Only in the darkest part of the night did Ikon wonder about, or if he felt especially daring, question his society brothers' scorn for Those Who Walked Upright, not blessed with the oppressive weight of a twenty pound jewel encrusted stone upon their breast. Ikon in these moments of doubt always repeated segments of his society's sacred rites to reassure himself.

These divinely inspired words, for all the societies traced their lineage back to some ancient god or historical personage, told him that to wear the stone required great courage. For only by the power of the stone was a man to avoid the dangers of the Outer World.

Ikon sighed thankfully for the stone's security. To be just like all his society brothers was the blissful benefit of the stone. In fact, his thoughts were their thoughts; his clothes, their clothes; even his deodorant, their deodorant.

Ikon snickered at how ridiculous Those Who Walked Upright looked in their assorted manner of attire. For they possessed no uniformity and were always insistent upon muttering incomprehensible phrases. How utterly imageless they were!

Ikon understood the importance of a good image for his society. After all, the most important duty of a society was to present the proper image. With this in mind, he blessed the stars above for the oppressive weight of the stone which held his eyes downward to gaze upon the well-trodden path all society brothers traveled. To deviate from the traditional pathway was to court disaster.

Without the stone how would one enjoy the company of an Anchor Woman, riding the wave of conformity; or the conversation of the Woman of the Key, unlocking the door of uniformity? To lose these pleasures would be to lose the very purpose of the stone!

Ikon shuddered at the thought of not belching in unison with his society brothers under the balcony of their sister society on those wonderful Monday nights, when all the societies try to out-belch each other for the betterment of their image. Such beneficial activities only the stone brings.

Never did Ikon question his society's belief in the importance of placing one's dinner napkin between the toes while eating. He, being the shrewd society man, realized that to enjoy the bountiful benefits of the stone one had to conform to some peculiarities.

Ikon cursed as his twenty pound jewel encrusted stone slipped from its clamp and landed painfully upon his left foot. The pain Ikon could withstand but not the looks his society brothers would give him when they viewed his caved-in shoe. They might accuse him of becoming one of Those Who Walked Upright.

With the stone from his tunic, Ikon felt free. The absence of the oppressive weight of the stone filled his heart with a vague inclination that Those Who Walked Upright might have a better life. This sacrilegious idea vanished with the remembrance that he was late for the important meeting to decide whether to give scorpions or tarantulas as the society's formal favor.

With a hasty reprimand for even thinking of the Unpardonable Sin, Ikon secured his twenty pound jewel encrusted stone and scurried off to the momentous meeting, his left hand scraping the ground.

CAMPUS OPINION

Attend Budget Hearings

Dear Editor: The Legislative Budget committee will hold hearings on the University's requested budget Tuesday and Wednesday of this week from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in the Governor's Hearing Room of the State Capitol.

The Mortar Boards and Innocents wish to encourage all students to attend these hearings. Because of the far reaching effects of this budget and the possibility of an increased tuition, students should show their concern by attending these hearings.

We must make it apparent to our state legislators that University students are interested and actively involved in the future of the University.

Black Masque Chapter of Mortar Board, Innocents Society

Our Man Hoppe

Ronald Wounds The Beast

Arthur Hoppe



All right! All right! Stop that caterwauling, children and daddy will tell you just one more fairy tale about Sir Ronald of Holyrood and his faithful squire, Sancho Nofziger.

Let's see, how about the time Sir Ronald met The Civil Service? Oh, it's a wondrous story. Hand daddy his martini.

Well, as you remember, Sir Ronald and the faithful Sancho were hacking their way through The Tangled Thicket in quest of (shudder) The Unruh, that fearsome creature who dwelt somewhere deep in its murky depths.

Suddenly, in a particularly tangly part of The Tangled Thicket, Sancho paused and held up his hand. "Oh, look, Sire, what lies ahead across our path!" he whispered.

"Is it The Unruh?" cried Sir Ronald, hopefully drawing his famed Swinging Sword.

"No, Sire, it's The Civil Service. See, it has a thousand heads, a million arms and bristles all over with a zillion needle-sharp pencil points."

"What an odd beast," said Sir Ronald. "And what does it do?"

"Do?" said Sancho, looking perplexed. "No one rightly knows, Sire. But the wisest course is never to disturb it. Let us tip-toe past, smiling politely and tipping our visors. And, above all, let us forbear breathing the Forbidden Word, which is ..."

"Say no more," said Sir Ronald indignantly. "I fear neither man nor beast. I shall prod it awake and demand its aid upon our quest."

"Oh, please, Sire," pleaded Sancho, "leave sleeping Civil Services lie."

But it was too late. For Sir Ronald had boldly struck The Civil Service across the rump, his Swinging Sword giving forth a clang as it

met the creature's mystic armor of tenure. It lifted one of its thousand heads and slowly opened a sleepy eye.

"Holla varlet!" said Sir Ronald. "I am Sir Ronald of Holyrood. I have conquered the Evil Governor and now rule this fair Golden State."

"Then I pledge you my eternal fealty," said the creature with a yawn. "For the next four years."

"Pay no attention, Sire," whispered Sancho. "It says that to each new shining knight to who passes this way."

But Sir Ronald prodded the drowsing creature again. "Will you join me then," he said, "in our glorious quest in the cause of decency, purity and just plain goodness?"

"You may count on me to do my duty loyally night and day," it said. And, plonk, it went back to sleep.

"Good," said Sir Ronald. "Now, to win through to victory, we must sacrifice our holidays and work ..."

"Aaagggghhh!" screamed the creature at the mention of the word. An it went galumphing off in all directions, bellowing, "There's a nut on the loose! There's a nut on the loose!"

"I never laid a sword on it," said Sir Ronald, much awed. "Well, never mind, Sancho, we must press on in our glorious quest — alone, if needs be."

"I fear," said Sancho with a groan as he prepared to follow his master, "that we are getting more so every day."

All right, beddy-bye, children, and ... Now what? Oh, don't be silly. How could Sir Ronald have changed the creature into an army of shining knights? What do you expect in a fairy tale, miracles?

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On Education

... by Susie Diffenderfer

Teacher

With beer in my blood
 And a jungle-gym heart

I, teacher of life
 Told bubble-gum faces

Not to

chew

in class.

Thirty odd chairs of the world
 Stiff-jawed clams without wings
 Awaited learning then,
 While I counted presence, first.
 Present, why?

To learn restraining rhythm
 Of rule-book Christ
 And smiles on Sundays

No love

under trees

without reason.

Teach young hearts

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Let them be free
 in your mocking manipulation
 factory fish in a can.

Leave their shoes
 Boxes in closet-stale darkness.
 So they may slide, barefoot
 Through life's splinter
 banister breeze.

That's What It Says

Wind-up dolls have had their day; magazine hybrids never got started; "would you believe" has been run into the ground — it's time for something new.

With hour exams approaching, a new rhetorical pastime suggests itself — exams for the examined. "The examined" are those whose foibles are on the collective lips of the nation. The exams are designed to represent those foibles.

The Hubert Humphrey exam: you start off with an original thesis, but end by repeating the lectures verbatim.

The Bob Dylan exam: Good answers, but you can't read the handwriting.

The William Manchester exam: You have to cross out all the essay.

The Warren Commission exam: Convincing at first glance, but tends to fall apart on second reading.

The Stokely Carmichael exam: Most of the class flunks.

The George Hamilton III exam: You flunk the exam, but get an "A" in the course.

The Adam Clayton Powell exam: You get caught cheating.

The Time Magazine exam: Your style is entertaining, but your content is distorted.

The Cassius Clay exam: You get sidetracked by answers which have nothing to do with the course.

The Ronald Reagan exam: The same exam given in two different courses.

The Dean Rusk exam: You repeat the same answers over and over again.

The Beatles exam: You scream as

soon as you see it.

The Robert Kennedy exam: Pretty good, but not nearly as good as the last one.

The Johnny Carson exam: The professor interrupts you every ten minutes for further instructions.

The George Romney exam: You decline to answer to the most difficult questions.

The Students for a Democratic Society exam: You attack the professor's sex life.

The Bill Moyers exam: You shoot your bolt on the first two questions and leave early.

The Marshall McLuhan exam: Returned with a large question mark.

The LSD exam: You take twelve hours to finish it and two days to recuperate.

The New York City exam: You can't pull any of your answers together.

The Charles de Gaulle exam: You announce to the class that you don't want to take it.

The George Wallace exam: Your girlfriend takes it for you.

The draft exam: You try to cut the class.

The Richard Nixon exam: You give ten different answers to each question.

The pop art exam: You hand in a blank piece of paper.

The Jean Dixon exam: You answer all the questions to the next exam.

The Lyndon Johnson exam: You can't believe the questions.

—Ed Schwartz
 Collegiate Press Service