

Everything but catfood . . .

## Lost items? find Nebraska Hall

Anything from cats to car keys may turn up at the University Lost and Found Department, located in Nebraska Hall.

"We get somewhere between ten to twenty items turned in per week," said Supervisor Robert L. Cuning. "These

articles are usually brought in by the custodians and Campus Police. We had to refuse the cat because we didn't have any cat food."

Glasses, rings, clothing, books, and notebooks fill boxes and shelves in the department. All items are kept for one year,

except glasses and rings.

At the beginning of each school year the unclaimed articles are sent to Lincoln Welfare to be distributed.

"We have a 90 per cent return rate on articles of high value," said Cuning. "On notebooks we return as few as 10 per cent of them. People don't seem to miss their notebooks until exams come around."

He said books and other items with identification in them are mailed to their owners. Books with no names in them have only about a 20 per cent return rate, Cuning added.

To claim an article a student should go to the Lost and Found window, first floor of Nebraska Hall, or call 472-2532.



Cuning . . . Cats, car keys, clothing.

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## ON CAMPUS



WITH MAX SHULMAN

(By the author of Rally Round the Flag, Boys . . . Dobie Gillis . . . etc.)

### Can Parietal Rights Bring Happiness?

The second most serious problem currently facing our troubled campuses is the problem of parietal rights. (The first most serious problem of course is the recent outbreak of moult among sorority house canaries.)

Let us today look for answers to the parietal rights problem, for that is the purpose of these columns: to analyze the dilemmas that vex our colleges, to seek feasible solutions. I write them for the brewers of Miller High Life Beer. In return they pay me money. That is the American way. It has made this country great.

But I digress. A parietal right, as you know of course, is the right of a student to keep a parietal in his room. A parietal, as you know of course, is a small North American marsupial somewhat like a chipmunk in appearance but actually a species of fur-bearing herring (*mutatis mutandis*).

Naturally you all want to keep a parietal in your room. Not only are they endlessly cheerful—always romping and frisking and wagging their little binaries—but they're smart too. They're not as smart as dogs of course, but they can readily learn simple tricks like fetching your slippers or parsing a sentence.

But the main reason you want a parietal is because they eat nothing but beer cans. I promise you, friends, you get yourself a healthy adult parietal and you'll never again have to lug empties to the trash barrel. And of course the better the beer can, the more he'll eat, which of course accounts for the popularity of Miller High Life on every campus. Obviously a beer as good as Miller is bound to come in a can of the same superb quality. And that's what Miller has—superb quality. Also malt and hops and water and a marvelous brewing formula that's been kept secret for generations. In fact, this formula is so secret that it's known only to the chief brewmaster and he is never allowed to leave the brewery. So if you ever find yourself in Milwaukee, look up his wife.

But I digress. A healthy adult parietal, I was saying, will eat his weight in Miller beer cans every day. However, if you drink your Miller in bottles—as millions do, and no wonder, for who is not tempted by such sparkling amber goodness in such crystal-clear bottles? Eh? Who is not?—if, I say, you drink your Miller in bottles, I have to tell you that parietals won't help. They don't eat bottles. In fact, the only pet that does is the scaly bursar (*paramus neversus*), but take my advice: don't get one. The scaly bursar at best is a beast of sluggish demeanor and uncertain temperament. Oh, sure, sometimes it will play a little Monopoly when it's in the mood, but mostly it just lays around grooming its addenda. Moreover, it's given to sudden fits of pique and may tusk you without warning.

But I digress. Why, you ask, won't the dean let you keep a parietal in your room? I'll tell you why: the parietal, a nocturnal animal, sleeps only by day. At night it is always awake and—here's the rub—during its waking hours it utters a loud, guttural croak approximately once every 2½ seconds, a sound something like: "Prock . . . Prock . . . Prock."



Well, naturally when "Prock . . . Prock . . . Prock" starts booming down the corridors, every proctor in the dormitory leaps out of bed and comes running. Last year alone more than 30,000 of them were killed tripping on their nightshirts.

And so, dear friends, you see that the dean does have a point. Won't you put down your grenade and have a meaningful dialogue with him? Sweet reason can still save your college. Don't let it go the way of so many others—abandoned hulks today, stark and silent except for ghostly sounds echoing in the night: "Prock . . . Prock . . . Prock."

We, the brewers of Miller High Life Beer, disregarding all prudent advice and sound advertising practice, will bring you more of these columns later if we are still in business.