

Visitor to Big Red City follows road back home

By Peg Sheldrick

Harvard of the Plains Productions proudly presents a brand new musical extravaganza entitled *THOSE REGENTS OF OURS*.

As our story opens, we see young Dorothy Gale carrying a little yellow basket and wandering, accompanied by a

humor

little black dog, in the vicinity of a certain fountain near a certain union at a certain mid-western university. She gazes around her in wonderment.

"My, my, Toto. Isn't it lovely? It's so huge and sunny and red-colored. I wonder where we are?"

Just then a rag-tag trio in corduroy jackets with patched elbows comes into view, emerging from a large, deserted-looking building near the fountain (which incidentally isn't flowing). They have linked arms and are skipping along, singing at the top of their voices.

"Something tells me we're not in Kansas anymore, Toto," says Dorothy, watching the group come closer.

The three singers come to a halt in front of Dorothy. "And who might you be?" they inquire in unison.

"If you please, sirs, I'm Dorothy Gale, a transfer grad student from a small community college in Kansas. I was telling my Auntie Em about how much I like the color red and how I wished that I was going to a bigger school, and the next thing I knew there was a tornado and I found myself in this place. Where am I?"

A skinny fellow with a thatch of blond hair speaks up. "You're in the Home of Team Spirit."

The silver-haired gentleman next to him nods. "Big Red City."

"The wickedest football team in the Midwest," pipes in the third man, a pudgy fellow with a wild mane of brownish curls.

"Gosh, I was hoping I was at a university," sighs Dorothy.

"Oh, but you are," says the skinny fellow. "You're in Huskerland, the domain of those powerful Regents of Ours."

"But why all this talk of football? What about your academic qualifications?"

"Oh, we try," sighs the silver-haired fellow.

"But it's hard to get any attention amid all the shouting," adds the third. "We just can't compete with all those players and bandmen and fans."

"Players? And bandmen? And fans? Oh my."

"Yes," says the blonde. "That's why we're going to see the Regents. We must ask their help. You see, I'm supposed to be attracting quality faculty. But with the salaries and reputations I have to offer, I can't attract a fly. With their help I've been thinkin' I could bring some brains to Lincoln, if I only had the funds."

"And you, sir," says Dorothy, turning to the silver-haired man. "What are you going to ask for?"

"Well, I'm supposed to be providing quality education to the future business-people of our state, but it isn't easy when all you can afford is a Mr. Owl-Face calculator and some kinescopes of Mr. Rogers Goes to the Store. With some coins in my coffer better courses would I offer, if I only had the funds."

"And what about you?" she asks the third.

"I'm in charge of keeping the library open more than three hours a week, but

I'm having trouble finding people who will work for 10 cents a day and all the paste they can eat. With some aid I was hopin' I could keep our portals open, if only I had the funds.

"Oh my," says Dorothy. "It all sounds quite wonderful. May I come with you to visit those Regents of Ours?"

"But what would you ask for?"

"Three good reasons why I shouldn't go back to Kansas."

The four link arms and skip off down the road, singing merrily. Soon they arrive at an awesome edifice, a gleaming white citadel towering in the sunshine. Yes, it's REGENTS HALL.

"Gosh, Dorothy," says the blonde fellow. "Why, are we holding classes in condemned buildings when such a palace of luxury as this exists?"

"I don't know," says Dorothy. "We must ask those Regents of Ours. Here, let's go in." Warily they push open a door.

"WHO GOES THERE?" cries a booming voice.

"If you please, sir," stammers Dorothy. "I'm just a transfer grad student from Kansas."

"JUST A STUDENT? Then WHY have you come to the Hall of Regents?"

"I have come to ask for better salaries," says one.

"I have come to ask for better quality," says the second.

"I have come to ask for better facilities," says the third.

"SILENCE! What you are all asking for is money, and it has already been given. Have we not raised our coach's salary? Have we not ethnically balanced the Yell Squad to attract better players. Did we not offer to add seats to our facility? HOW DARE YOU ASK FOR MORE?"

"But your Regency—"

"SILENCE! You are now going to tell me you need these things for activities outside the stadium. But you are wrong! You don't need money. You need morale. And what could be better for your morale than a nice, healthy football game? You may now buy your tickets."

"But— but how will watching a group of under-educated overdrugged injury victims grapple for a pigskin help—"

"SILENCE! DO NOT QUESTION YOUR REGENTS. Now, you there, young lady, what is it you are here for?"

"I just want to know how to get out of this chicken outfit." Toto begins scratching and sniffing at a heavy oaken door.

"PAY NO ATTENTION to those men behind the portal. Just go away, and do not pester your Regents again. Except for you, young lady. You must stay. We need graduate students from out of state. Our own are no good."

"But great and powerful Regents of Ours, if the graduate students from here are inferior, doesn't that mean that the B.A. program here is by implication inferior?"

"SILENCE, WHIPPERSNAPPER! The great and powerful Regents have spoken."

"Right. Well, thanks anyway," says Dorothy, picking up her basket and beckoning to Toto. "I think we'll be on our way back to Kansas now."

"But— but— their football team isn't anywhere near as good as ours, they haven't got half the school spirit, and for all we know they may even pay their faculty more than they pay the football coach!"

"Yep. It's like Toto and I always say— There's no place like home. There's no place like home..."

Marathon...

Continued from Page 12

Midnight - \$9,227 - Finale

Then it was time for prizes. Harris and his partner claimed first place and the Kawasakis.

Frank Uryasz and Kris Hansen claimed second and a pair of memberships to Wall-bangers, a racquetball club. Steve Vlach and Claire Burek took third and a \$100 gift certificate to Land and Sky. Alpha Delta Pi won the organizational award, Angel Flight took second and Phi Mu took third. Even though the marathon didn't raise

as much money as last year, Marathon Chairman Curt Tideman said he was still pleased.

"We had more couples than last year. They just had a harder time raising money because of the economy right now," he said. "People are still doing the things they know are worthwhile."

And freshman Mary Smith summed it all up: "It's a good feeling putting your feet up in the air after the dance, but it's a greater feeling knowing how many kids you've helped."

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