

U OF N Sagelush



RETRACTION

This edition of the University of Nevada official student newspaper is brought to you by a group of talented, dedicated, and slightly gassed journalists.

Through these four pages of the Sagelush, we bring you the truth in an easy to swallow form.

Any relation to persons living or dead or otherwise on campus is purely intentional and probably malicious.

The Sagebrush staff claims no part of this edition.



MacKenzie Defects, Sundowners Slaughter Soldiers

War Disptach

FROM THE FRONT — It's getting dark outside, both for the day and the ROTC. As the Aggressors close in, relentlessly tightening the steel ring, it looks as if our plans have failed.

Since the Sundowners invaded yesterday morning, the Hartman hall-Mackay field defense perimeter has been under fire, and our forces have been driven steadily back.

Those crumbs. The Aggressors in the black hats who had the audacity to demand dates with the WAC (What Awful Creatures) drill team on Governor's Day.

And what would the Governor say to that? This was to be a big day for the "Tokyo Kid."

Now, as the scorned black hats approach closer and closer to the final lines, I think back to the start — when "Gunsmoke" hauled us into his office for the rundown.

"Men," said Gunsmoke (wielding his Inspiration Stick with Inspiring vitality), "we're in trouble."

After a time, the basic issue developed — Majestic Governor's Day would not be majestic with a Sundowner touch.

And the bunch to save it would be UNCOOC (Uncoordinated Cadet Officers Club). Just as we had come through in operation SCUM (Spectacular Committee for an Unusual Military ball) we would come through for the Majestic Governors Day.

Ordinarily the project would have been easy. We would whip out the old demerit slips and gig hell out of the boys . . . but these Aggressors were through with ROTC — except for one.

That was "Alcohol Andy" MacKenzie, former Hero of the Inspiration Stick who defected to the

Aggressors for a life of vice. Formerly, Andy had been a picture of military virtue, but now . . .

Not Beaten, Not Us

A fearsome bunch were we, carrying out M-1 rifles (firing pins removed), our blank ammunition, and our yellow-and-black cannon that we brought into service for Military Ball.

Damn it, they must not have made those training films at the U of N, or else these Aggressors were winning just so we could deal them a final, smashing blow of victory.

By mid-afternoon, they'd broken through our stiffest defenses — our simulated mine fields, our simulated mortars, our simulated barbed wire. Would nothing stop these beasts? Even when we unleashed the "ultimate weapon," our simulated nuclear warhead, it had no effect.

Sadly, regretfully, but speedily, we decided on a retrograde action (retreat).

We estimated our situation, formulated our plan of action, and got the hell out of there.

Merrily singing our advanced ROTC anthem "Up the hill, over the hill, let's go, all the way," we went all the way the other way. Reaching the top of the hill on which is situated Fort Hartman, we consolidated our position at one o'clock. We also consolidated at two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, and five o'clock. Likewise we consolidated around the clock. Damn that daylight time. We gained an hour and another o'clock to consolidate on.

We dug in — boy did we dig in. Except that the only manual we could find on digging was the preparation of latrines and so the foxholes we wound up with were un-

comfortable — but useful.

Cold, tired, and hungry we were, but we would not tell anyone. Gunsmoke came around when we were ready, to deliver another inspiring talk.

"Are you cold?"

"No sir!"

"Are you tired?"

"No sir!"

"Are you infantry?"

"Yes, sir!" (We don't have the heart to tell him we'd all signed with the Chaplains Corps.)

It was quiet out there—too quiet! (A war story is not a war story without that line.)

Then it started. The Sun was rising for the Sundowners, and the first barrage of Lucky Lager began falling in our area. This was it, we knew, but we all knew Aggressors didn't have a chance. Our final protective fires would get those guys.

We donned our masks. This was no ordinary attack of nerve gas, mustard gas, or tear gas. There were no dilating pupils or choking sensations — just that drunken feeling.

We knew it then; we were finished. "Alcohol Andy" had guessed our plans and led the Aggressors to victory. We knew it was Andy — stupid kid. He forgot to tuck in his shoelaces and they slapped against his boots to warn us. Stupid kid, never knew a thing about camouflage.

It's almost all over.

No time for anything now, only to get out this last story to the Chief — a Sundowner at heart herself.

Now they're here, staggering into the room; they're carrying some stuff that belonged to my buddies, they're grabbing the typewriter, they're . . .

Campus Stays Wet as . . .

Sundowner Coup Controls Campus

Boldly marching onto the campus after a week on Peevine mountain planning strategy, the Sundowners — normally rather quiet fellows dedicated to good fellowship — had the University almost completely under their power in the space of two short hours and five drinks per person.

"The administration gave us no choice but to take over the campus and liberate the students," said Dave Nyquist, head of the black-hatted men and now ex-officio president of the University while Charles J. Armstrong is being closely guarded in the Morrill hall bell tower.

Sundowner Tom Case told a Sagelush reporter why the social group turned political and took over the campus.

"As you know," Case said, "we are noted for being conservative traditionalists and liberal drinkers. The office of Student Affairs edict which forced the campus to go dry last week and the board of regents' decision to move Mackay Stadium were almost the death blow to everything we stand for."

John Doyle, another Sundowner, explained that the group had planned a revolution for Tuesday, May 1, but held off, hoping officials could be reasoned with.

"Then Dean Mobley came up with the straw which forced us to act when she suggested that senior women only stay out until 4 a. m. instead of all night," Doyle said, as he dodged a bullet from, a National Guardsman, one of four military bodies trying to stop the relentless freedom-fighting Sundowners.

Doyle explained that the Dean of Women was afraid that senior women might be drinking when they were staying out until just before classes started in the morning. "This really louses our plans for initiating Sundowners' Mothers this weekend," he said.

"Some of those senior women can really throw down the booze and they're just the quality we need to add a feminine touch to our organization," said Harlan Howard.

It was a relatively easy take-over for the brave liberators. Nyquist explained that most of the campus men had joined the Sundowner ranks, "but half of them have passed out now and will have to be revived before they can help us combat the ROTC, Mobley's band of female guerillas (mostly sorority women), and the Nevada National Guard.

The tactics, Nyquist said, were simple. "We got everyone in the dining commons drunk yesterday morning when we put vodka in all the orange juice."

"Those who weren't sympathetic to our cause by 10 a. m. changed their minds after drinking coffee and brandy in the snack bar."

When asked how Bob Kersey, director of both the dining com-

(Continued on page 4)

Gal Guerrillas Led by Mobley Cut Off Winos

(Editor's note: Shortly after the Sundowners took over campus, reports of a daring guerilla band began to filter in to the underground offices of the Sagelush. It was rumored that this dedicated group of "yes women," led by a courageous but unidentified woman, was seriously hindering the revolution by cutting off vital lines of supply. Unconfirmed reports said that this group had kept hundreds of cases of Coor's from reaching their destination. The following is an on-the-scene report of a Sagebrush special correspondent, who, risking his life, located this band, and got his story.

By

SAGELUSH CORRESPONDENT

Mobley lit up her cigar as we hid from the Sundowner detachment in the almost impenetrable depths of the sagebrush jungle. Patches of light filtered through, forming pools of illumination on Mobley's grimy, battle-scarred face.

She was wearing Army fatigues and a battered helmet, while a 45

(Continued on Page 2)



CAMPUS CALENDAR

Dial BUTterfield 8

Tuesday, May 8:

- Annual meeting of the University of Nevada Chapter of the John Birch Society, Lincoln hall telephone booth, 1 a.m. this morning. Chairman Sidney Glick will preside.
- Wrestling match on the quad, Moise Tshombe versus Cerile Adoula, outcome will settle the Congo question, 1 p.m.
- Treasury Secretary Dillon speaks on "How to Spend More Than You Have" or "The Dangers of a Balanced Budget," dining commons, 8 p. m.
- ASS (Apathetic Students' Society) meeting, Sagelush editor will speak on "Dynamic Apathy — How to Drive Student Government Nuts", Sagelush office, 2 p. m. Collection will be taken.
- Birthday party for Harry S. Truman, Gen. Douglas MacArthur will speak on "Old Soldiers Never Die . . .", with an introduction by Lt. Col. Robert H. Gundlach, Hartman hall, 3 p. m. (Approved by the Pentagon).
- All-American Girls Association meeting, Dean of Women's office, 2 p.m. Members are asked to bring a bell (to ding-a-ling).
- BBBS (Big Black Bull Society) meeting, practice for Spring Sing, meet behind White Pine hall, 3 a. m. tomorrow morning.
- Senate, The Little Waldorf, 7 p. m. Mike Mackedon will speak on "What Student Government Means to Me and the ATOs." Cry-in-your-own-beer party, sponsored by Sigma Nu, will follow.
- Student Union movie, Greta Garbo in "I Don't Want to be Alone Anymore," education auditorium 6 p. m.
- Jayne Mansfield talks on "The Relation of Sex to Intelligence Quotients — Mine is 165", Morrill hall bell tower, seats on first-come first-served basis, 8 a. m.

Mobley's Mobsters . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

cal. pistol hung at her side.

I had gone along with her band of Women's Christian Temperance Union guerrillas as they ambushed a convoy of beer trucks. It had indeed been an awe-inspiring sight to see these brave women machine-gun thousands of cans of Coor's, then cover their retreat with mortar fire as the highway became flooded with beer.

Her group, which followed her with blind devotion, was now resting before continuing to the base camp, and I used this opportunity to get an interview.

"Miss Mobley, I am continually hearing you referred to as 'Pancho'. Isn't that rather a strange name for a woman?"

Mobley took her half-chewed cigar out of her mouth and answered, "Well, I suppose so, but revolutionary heroes and jungle fighters have to sound romantic. 'Pancho' makes everyone think of Pancho Villa. You gotta sound romantic, you know. Lawrence of Arabia had a good idea. Arabia sounds romantic."

"Well, Pancho, I am told that you kiss all of your prisoners before you shoot them. Exactly what is the reason for that?"

"Well, it seems romantic. I gotta keep up an image, you know. You think I want to kiss the dirty winos? But we heroes gotta keep up our public images."

"Miss Pancho, could you make a statement about your aims. Exactly what are you fighting for?"

"We are fighting for peace and freedom, and to get rid of them dirty winos."

"Would you like to elaborate on that?"

"What the hell are you, some kind of intellectual nut? I just told you we were for peace and freedom."

"Pancho, what plans do you have, if you are successful in causing the Sundowners to die of thirst?"

"Well, we plan to set up a temporary government. We will be kind of guardians until order is restored enough so that elections can be held. We also vow to get rid of all the dirty wino sympathizers."

"Miss Mobley, I know that all

of our right-thinking readers are with you in spirit as you fight this battle. I would like to take this opportunity to wish you luck and victory in your battle."

"Okay, I will go along with that if you just said you were for us."

Dr. Day Released After Duck Episode

Dr. Williard Day, psychology professor and president of the National Association for the Advancement of Ducks, was released last night from Sparks Mental Hospital.

The NAAD president was arrested by Reno police and taken to the East Reno rest home early yesterday morning around 2 a. m. when three graduate students found him paddling around Manzanita lake with two dozen Mallard ducks.

The three stuents, who are studying under Dr. Day in the psychology department, said the professor has often been seen in Manzanita lake with ducks "because he finds them more understanding than people."

"But this time he's gone too far," one of the students said. "It's not that Dr. Day thinks he's a duck, but those damn ducks think they're people and entitled to the same rights."

Bill Adams, assistant director of Student Services, said Dr. Day and his ducks are posing a serious financial problem which the Student Union must deal with.

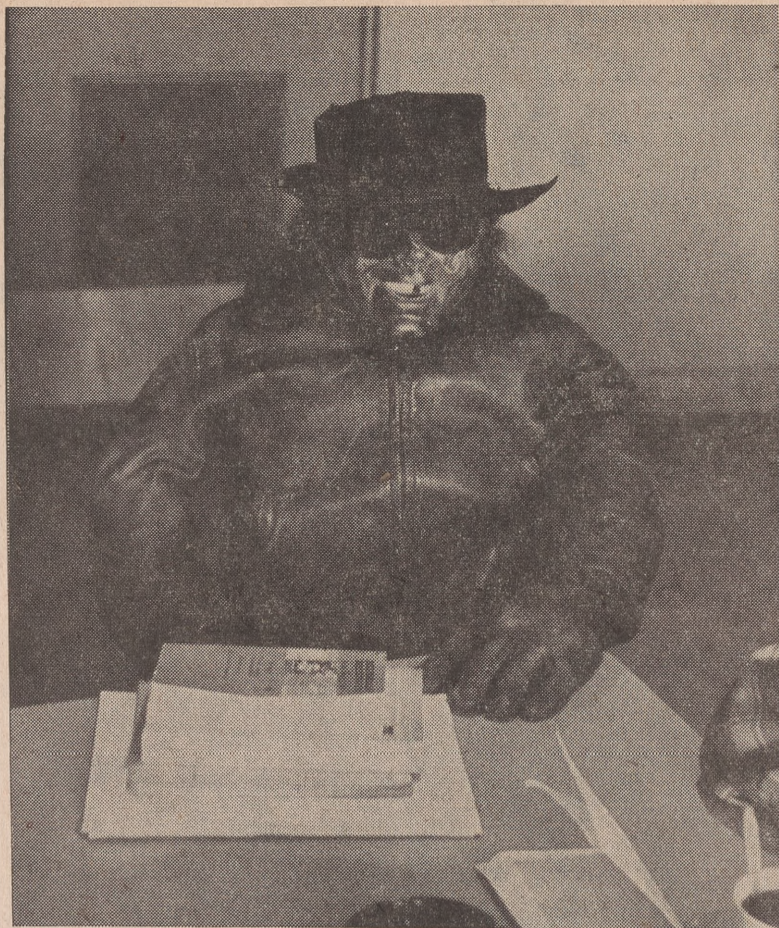
"Before Dr. Day got a hold of those ducks and indoctrinated them, the fowls were happy eating old crusts of bread." Now, he said, they refuse to eat it "unless it's toasted and buttered."

Hospital authorities said they found nothing wrong with Dr. Day. They did say he kept talking about a Skinner box.

Two of the graduate students were held by the hospital "because they obviously have been having delusions," a hospital spokesman said.

Drinkers of the world, unite!—
Tom Case.

STUDENTS JOIN SUNDOWNERS



Governor Admits He Called Bombs

The mystery of the bomb scares which caused Reno, Sparks, and Carson City high schools to be evacuated last week has been solved.

Governor Grant Sawyer announced this morning that he made the calls from his office in the capitol building.

He explained that this is part of his civil defense program and that he is pleased with the results.

"I wanted to see if Nevadans were prepared to meet the threat of a nuclear attack," he said this morning. He complimented both teachers and students in the high schools involved for their prompt evacuation of the buildings.

"I didn't want to scare anyone seriously," he said, "but needed a fool-proof method of testing the mass movement of people from crowded buildings."

The governor said he was not trying to alarm Nevadans about the possibility of a nuclear attack.

"Actually, our only worry is those darn Californians coming over the mountains to avoid fallout."

But, he said, "if Pat Brown is re-elected governor, I'm sure he'll keep them all at home."

The Governor said he had considered using the University as a bomb scare site.

"But," he said, "I did not feel that I had the right to disrupt such an intellectual atmosphere when every minute in a University classroom must count."

Brushfire OK-- Officials Ban Dirty Words

The Brushfire has been kept clean this year, according to a spokesman for the English department, who commented, "We were horrified to see that one of the writers had used the word 'bed'. We must protect all of our young women students and not allow them to see things like that."

"Unfortunately, we were not able to act so effectively a few years ago when one of the contributors used the word 'motel'. Fortunately, that issue was banned upon the initiative of the Office of Student Affairs."

The spokesman continued, "Anyway, it was trite. Besides that sort of thing has been done much better by Henry Miller — by the way Tropic of Cancer, has been ordered by the library."

Brushfire Editor Richard McConaughy commented, "Well, it's true that we had to cut parts out of one of the stories. But we left enough in to titilate the readers. We had to have something rank to sell the magazine. Anyway, you have to let these young writers get metaphoric. Nobody will understand what he says about 'hungry flesh', but everyone will think that it must be rank."

The Brushfire is now on sale in the Student Union at 50c per copy.

Your grandchildren will live under Sundownerism and traditionalism.—John Doyle.



DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS SAM BASTA tells the Sagelush he hopes the Sundowner revolution will quiet enough by 5 p.m. today so that he can get back to his desk—now occupied by a symbol of campus strength.—Sagelush photo.

Letters To The Editor

(Address all letters to: Editor, the Sagelush, % J. F. Kennedy, White House, Washington, D. C., and ask them to forward the letter. We like to impress our post-man.)

Bacchus Revealed

EDITOR, THE SAGELUSH:

After hookin' a fifth of Jack Daniels black lapel, I've suddnly come very shameof myself. Lotsa poepl'v been ashking bout Bacchus, and I've gotta own up — i write it. But I've gotta splain why. The politithians say it doesn't matter what people say bout you — just sho they say somethin. Iwas fraid that after i finished being ASHUN presdent that nobody' write about me, so i write it. but i just wrote bad things so nobody'd think its me.

PAUL "HONEST ABE" BIBLE
P. S. While am bein honest, all the TAUS don't have hairy cheasts.

Editor Takes Payola

EDITOR, THE SAGELUSH:

Enclosed is \$100 to show you how much I enjoy your fine newspaper. I hope all of your readers will do the same to express their appreciation to such a wonderful contribution to American culture. Since I know you are underpaid, I hope you will put this to good use.

KEN GRIFFIN

(Editor's note. Thank you, Ken, for your generosity and wisdom. With this money, I'll buy enough beer to form an anti-WCTU movement to combat Mobley's.)

Prof Tells Nature Of Boys, Girls

Dr. Lowell L. Jones, assistant professor of biology who teaches the anatomy and physiology classes, released a report yesterday on his studies into the chemical nature of man and woman.

Dr. Jones, who has been working on these studies for over ten years, announced his findings and explained his theories at an informal get-together with the Sagelush last night.

"I believe," said Dr. Jones, "that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice."

When asked about little boys, he said "They are made of snips and snails and puppy dog tails."

Dr. Jones declined to define a snip.

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Honey Chile Doesn't Cure Sam

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Feature Service

Once there was a hard-working Jersey cow. She produced the most milk, and the richest, that anyone had ever heard of, and people came from miles around just to buy her wonderful milk.

This hard-working cow lived on a beautiful farm, owned and run by an old Yankee named Samuel. Samuel had caught a strange disease a while before — nothing serious — just something that caused him to lose his gumption, his steam, and made him seemingly forever drowsy. Some people said Sam'd been living high on the hog too long, and had got some social disease, but the vet Sam had hired sneered that this idea was obviously the product of authoritarian personalities.

When the vet put Sam to bed, Sam hired one of his nephews who had just got out of the Army. This was Ichabod. But Ichabod just couldn't learn the farming business — even after eight years — so Sam hired another one of his nephews: Honey Fitz Chile.

Now Honey Chile's dad was a rich Boston boot-legger, and being just a city kid, Honey Chile didn't know the first thing about running uncle Sam's farm. But he did know something had to be done right away. Honey Chile's favorite remark, at least before his uncle hired him, was: "We've got to get this fahhm moving!" This was uttered in a twangy combination of Boston Irish and Hahhhvahhd Sophisticate.

The first thing Honey Chile did was to get his Little Brother and a lot of guys from the old street corner gang in to help him run the farm. Since Honey Chile didn't know much about running the farm, he wasn't very good at picking people who did, but he solved that problem by giving all the new help a lapel button that said "Expert."

The second thing Honey Chile did was to gather all the animals together, get up on the barnyard fence and tell them hard times were coming and he wanted lots of sacrifices. Everyone was supposed to consume less and produce more: Honey Chile and his buddies would eat less and do more work; the pigs would eat the slops — of which there would be only half as much as before — and get twice as fat before they gave their All for the Public Welfare; the chickens would eat half as much grain and produce twice as many eggs, and the cows (the hard-working Jersey and a Holstein) would eat the thin dead brown grass in Honey Chile's new pasture instead of the lush grass of the Green Meadow and the hard-working Jersey would produce twice as much of the wonderful milk while the Holstein would produce twice as much of her milk as before.

At this proposal, the hard-working Jersey cow murmured that she couldn't see how you could make a lot from a little, but when the rest of the animals turned on her shouting "Neanderthal!" and "Extremist!" she didn't say anything more.

For the first sacrifice, Honey Chile said that all the animals would suffer quietly while his experts learned how to do their jobs. The barnyard population really ate this up. They didn't know exactly what all this meant, but they were sure Honey Chile did. "Gee! sacrifices!" they thought. "Just like Winston Churchill!" So the happy beasts, led by the Holstein, cheered Honey Chile singing: "We have a leader! We have a leader!" and telling each other how lucky they were to have a boss who knew just what had to be done. And, the experts! So impressive! In fact, the chickens were so ecstatic over the Expert on Being Chicken (he'd got the job because his head resembled

an egg, both externally and internally) that they had a mass Bowles movement.

After the speech, things went along not too badly. The Public Welfare didn't seem to require any sacrifices from Honey Chile and his experts; Honey Chile put on about 20 pounds and he and his experts all began smoking big, black cigars. The Public Welfare apparently needed no sacrifices from the pigs; they ate more, instead of less, of the table slops of which there also was a lot more. And it appeared the chickens would have no opportunity to sacrifice for the Public Welfare; they got more grain for the same amount of eggs.

Who then was honored with the opportunity to sacrifice? The cows? Only the hard-working Jersey. The Holstein was moved back into the lush Green Meadow by Goldbrick, Honey Chile's Expert on the Redistribution of Wealth.

When the Jersey complained it wasn't fair to give her only the dry, stringy grass of the New Pasture and then with the profits from the sales of the wonderful milk she had produced, buy special slops for the hogs, extra feed for the chickens and more groceries and cigars for Honey Chile and his experts, the other animals, the experts and Honey Chile all together railed: "Would you defy the great moral principle of 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his need'?"

"Besides," chortled Honey Chile, "we took a vote and democratically decided that we'd spend the profit from the sale of your wonderful milk for ourselves. You're not against Democracy, are you?" The hard-working Jersey cow said she wasn't and said nothing for a long time.

After about a year, the dry brown grass in the New Meadow began to give out; the Jersey had to eat it to produce milk and it wasn't growing back fast enough.

"Let me back into the Green Meadow; I can't produce the wonderful milk if you don't let me have grass," said the hard-working Jersey cow.

"Selfish exploiter of the masses!" screamed Honey Chile and his experts.

The Jersey argued and argued with Honey Chile and his gang, (experts) but it didn't make any impression. They knew that cows, especially those which produce the most, are only out to steal from those who don't produce. The hard-working Jersey cow just muttered to herself and shuffled back into the New Pasture.

Grass in the New Pasture was getting harder and harder to find. Once or twice after that, the hard-working Jersey cow tried to talk to Honey Chile. But he would just snicker and quietly lead her over to look at the barbecue pit.

Eventually, the end of the grass supply in the New Frontier was in sight. The hard-working Jersey cow decided that something had to give if there was to be any more wonderful milk and any more Jersey. So, in the dead of one night, she scrambled over the fence into the delicious grass of the Green Meadow. Before the hard-working Jersey cow quavered, "But I've just mouthful, the night air exploded into blinding floodlights and shrieking sirens. Up ran Honey Chile, Little Brother and Goldbrick.

Her chin trembling, tears welling up in her eyes, the hard-working Jersey cow quavered, "Zut I've just got to have some grass if you want any more of the wonderful milk."

"Greedy liar!" shouted Honey Chile, with a kick.

"Selfish thing!" snarled Little Brother, bringing up his straining, drooling police dogs.

"Bourgeoisie apologist!" cried Goldbrick, just after pouring all of the surplus milk from the week before into the hog's trough, as

part of his new farm program.

"Get back over that fence before we have you drawn and quartered!" screamed Honey Chile and Little Brother and Golbrick in perfect unison, with more kicks.

Undesirous of being butchered, the hard-working Jersey cow slowly, painfully, struggled back over the fence.

Even the thin dry grass is now all gone in the New Pasture. The hard-working Jersey cow eats the dandelions, thistles and tumbleweeds she can find, so her wonderful milk really isn't so wonderful any more. People aren't so anxious to come from miles around any more to buy her milk; there's a new, booming, farm across the lake which advertises that its cows are contented, and it's getting more and more of the business.

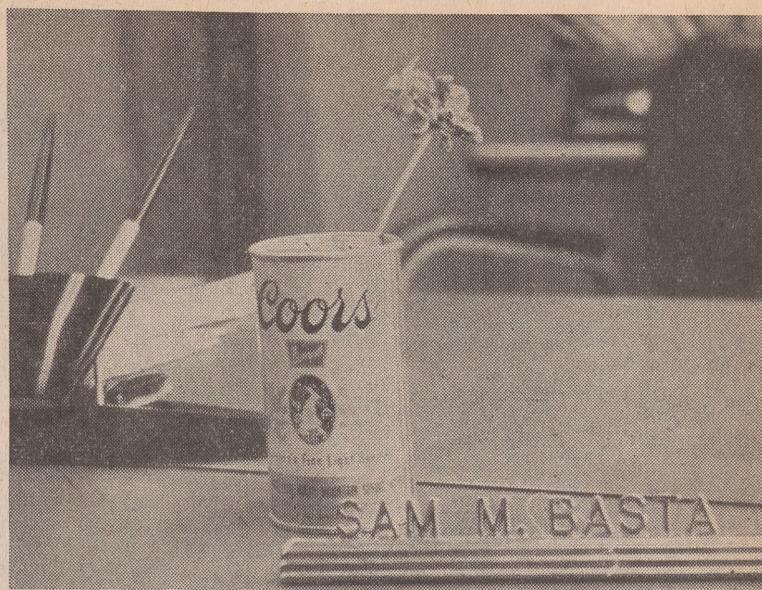
With these developments, Honey Chile and Little Brother have been seen whispering to each other about "that damn inefficient cow," so the insecure Jersey is always peering out of the corners of her eyes.

If the future of the insecure Jersey cow is bleak, so is that of some of the other animals. But this is not to say that all the animals are having a bad time. The Holstein cow, Honey Chile's favorite, is living it up in the lush Green Meadow. The Holstein doesn't produce any milk; her specialty is cheerleading — she was the leader of the ring-around-a-rosy dance when Honey Chile made his speech about sacrifices.

Actually, she's really not too good. When all the other animals sang "We have a leader! We have a leader!" the Holstein (who, like all her breed, originally came from the northern Germany state of Schleswig-Holstein) got so excited she stuck her foreleg straight up in the air, reverted to her native tongue and grunted: "Wir haben einen Fuhrer!! Wir haben einen Fuhrer!!"



SAGELUSH War Cartoonist captured one of the numerous Sundowners on the campus battlefield, showing the intent look in the eyes of these social-minded men who have turned political to fight for three great Nevada traditions.



The Heavier Lush

by DICK DOORWORTH

A group named the Sundowners have revolted largely because of the actions of an office called the Office of Student Affairs. This is the inevitable outcome of a situation in which the Sundowners found personal expression in drinking, and Dean Basta found his truth of life in denouncing drinking.

We must neither praise nor denounce either side in this conflict, but instead respect the fact that the members of both factions are willing to fight in order to avoid losing their personal identities. We must honor both sides because they are striving to retain their dignity as men. The great majority of people have not the perseverance to do this.

Very rarely will a millionaire have the strength to realize that he is really a window-washer and be tough and noble enough to give up his money to wash windows. But if he does do this, he has gotten out of our formless, dead society to achieve his purpose in life. This is the man who must be admired.

If I were to write any more, it probably would not be any good, so I will present a poem, which isn't any good either:

OWED AT THE WAL . . .

If everyone had left the Wal
Where we now go — we all.
Beer wholesalers would fold,
And barstools would turn to mold.

Ol' guy Lance would go broke,
If bartenders no longer served the folk.
But, most of all, everyone would see
That the Little Waldorf was empty.

Barnes Warns Of Liquid Sin

Miss Roberta Barnes, assistant dean of women, told an audience of attentive coeds that "the University of Nevada is the western capital of dissipation through the evils of alcohol."

Miss Barnes spoke at a WCTU meeting held at the Little Waldorf Sunday night.

She told her audience that "contrary to popular belief, there is actually liquor present within one mile of the campus."

Although her talk about the evils of liquor was mainly aimed at University women, she said "I have personally seen many professors with red, bulbous noses."

Miss Barnes demanded that "this evil influence upon the innocent youth of our state, indeed the world, upon so many fine, innocent maidens, some of whom are led astray, be stopped immediately," she said, smashing beer bottles with her bare fists for emphasis.

Book Burning Session Highlights Quad Today

A book burning session will be held this afternoon at 5 p.m. on the quad. Both members of the Nevada Book Burning Society are urged to attend.

If plans work out, all nursery rhyme and fairy tale books from the library will be burned. This is on request of numerous elementary education majors who would like to read "something heavier."

Plans also call for burning all issues of the 1961-62 Sagebrush, along with the editor, if possible.

6 Students Ousted From University--Mediocre Grades

Six freshmen were expelled from the University late yesterday afternoon following a meeting of the University academic council.

Dean of Student Affairs Sam M. Basta made the announcement last night. The Dean said that the men were expelled for having a .0 grade point average at midterm.

"The six men had the same average at the end of the fall semester and the University cannot tolerate mediocre students. These students are definitely mediocre."

He told the Sagelush that the six freshmen were having "definite scholastic problems."

He said they told him, "We thought Poli Sci was a fraternity and when we found out it was dry we were very glad they dropped us."

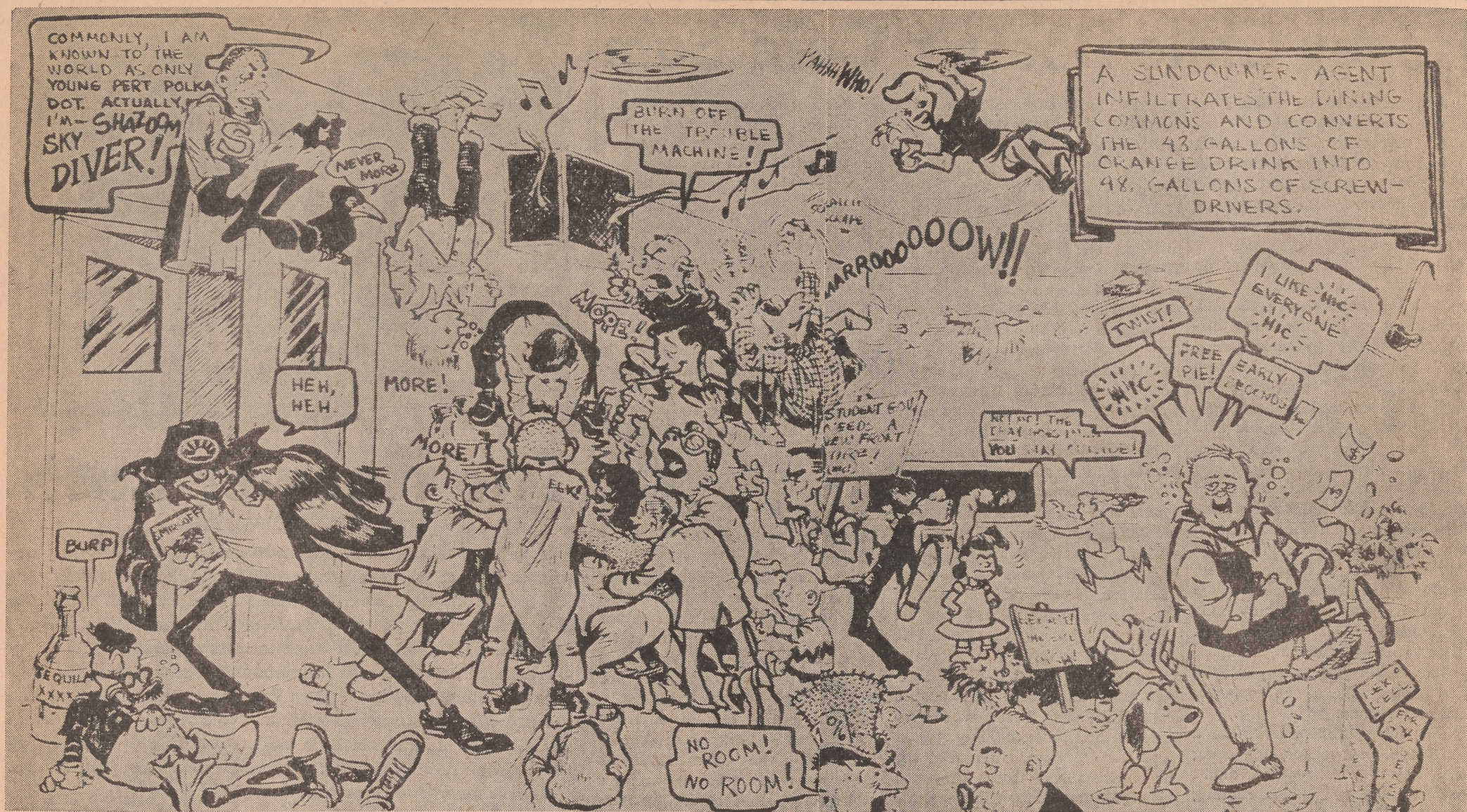
They told the Dean they came to college "to study wine, beer, hard liquor, and women, not the writs of mandamus and certiorari."

Furthermore, Basta said, they told him "We can't even spell that stuff but we can spell Coors's, Hamms, and Luck Lager."

The Dean commented, "This is just another reason why the adminis. . . , uh, why I have decided that the University of Nevada is now a dry campus."

When asked if the six freshmen were affiliated with any groups besides Poli Sci fraternity, the dean said no.

"They really wanted to be Sundowners, but you have to have a 2.1—twenty-one years, that is — to belong."



Sundowners Fight for Traditions . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

mons and the snack bar, was taking all this, Nyquist said "He should be walking in about two hours, and you can ask him them."

"But we didn't have any trouble from him. He started drinking our booze before we could tell him our plans. Great man, that Kersey," said newly-initiated Sundowner Tom Burns.

Just then an airplane from Stead Air Force Base — fourth battle group trying to rid the campus of the Sundowners — flew over, bringing shouts of laughter from the good fellowship men. President Kennedy instructed Stead fliers to combat the Sundowners "without hurting any students."

The tear gas the airplanes dropped was working wonders for the Sundowners. Professors, not realizing that Mackay Day was over and that today's campus activities are not fun but a life-and-death matter, were still conducting classes but many had passed out from the fumes. Students were falling to the ground and Col. Gundlach's band of classroom soldiers were dropping right and left.

The Sundowners, well-preserved against anything so mild as tear gas after a week of planning their tactics with boda bags, were not affected.

"We're not worried about the ROTC boys," one Sundowner reported. "Fearing the campus might go dry and that students might have other problems from the administration, we had one of our boys infiltrate the campus military. MacKenzie will lead the soldiers right into our hands."

Nyquist said the Sundowner Salvation Army will make camp in Mackay stadium tonight after sundown, "just in case the regents send demolition crews in to show us that nothing can stop their ten-year building plan."

Doyle, returning to temporary headquarters on the quad after making a quick surveillance of the situation in the dining commons, gave the story on the dry edict.

"Oh, we know old Sam doesn't really want the campus dry. Why, he's one of us himself. We know he's getting pinched from the higher-ups."

Case dittoed Doyle's remarks and said the Sundowners had captured Basta and had him in hiding so that "when we find out who's responsible for the edict,

Basta won't be the scapegoat."

Dean Sam didn't have much to say to the Sagelush, but kept telling the Sundowners, "Now, you fellas know you're going to get in trouble. You're not a recognized group and you just can't go around using the University's name in such actions."

New University Officials

Sagelush readers must not assume that chaos is running the campus — the Sundowners have made it clear that order will be established as soon as possible. As long as their three aims are accomplished, all else will remain the same.

ASUN second vice-president Mimi Patrick has been elected Dean of Women, one of the few Pi Phi on the Sundowners' side. Miss Patrick said, "Regular women's hours will remain in effect, but seniors will have unlimited privileges to stay out as late (or as early) as they want."

In a side remark, the new Dean of Women announced that the Sundowners are holding a lawn party tomorrow afternoon on the quad. "It didn't ask them what they are serving and they didn't tell me," she said. Chaperones will be Judge Bill Beemer and Reno Mayor Bud Baker.

Reno Police Chief Elmer Briscoe and some of his boys are expected to drop in on the lawn party. A telephone call earlier today to Briscoe explained why his forces are not taking action against the Sundowners.

"I don't think they're such bad guys, and besides we're awfully busy directing traffic around the destruction of the First National Bank on Virginia street."

The Sundowners reported that there was no need to take over the Student Union, "because Bill Lohse comes from an old Sundowner family and the board is nothing but a bunch of winos anyway," Case commented.

"But the ASUN has got to be greatly remodeled," Doyle said. "Mackedon's OK, if we can get him to give up examining what 'student government ought to do' That's a bunch of . . ."

Doyle said "There was a lot of talk about investing extra student funds around election time, and we've got the solution. Seeliger will take all that extra ASUN money, spend half of it on stocks in various beer companies and the rest will be used to convert the snack bar into a real bar."

Sundowner 9 Whip the Pros In Wet Game

The Sundowners were still celebrating their surprise victory over a group of major league baseball players today.

The Sundowners took up the challenge for the game to prove that they were athletic, as well as intelligent, suave, poised, well-behaved and handsome.

"We knew that we could out-drink them and now we know that we can outplay them," Sundowner spokesman Dave Nyquist said at a post-game celebration at the Little Waldorf.

Johnny Doyle hurled a one-hitter as the Sundowners dumped the major leaguers 10-1. The All-Stars only hit and run came on a first inning home run by Billy Cox, ex-Brooklyn Dodger third baseman.

A keg of beer was stationed at each base to give liquid refreshment and quick energy to any thirsty base-runners.

"We could have scored a lot more runs but each time our men got on base, we couldn't get them to score or go any farther than third," said Sundowner Don Cronin.

Two Sundowners were ejected from the game. Tommy Doughty was thrown out for insulting All-Star pitcher Johnny Kucks about his name and Harlan Heward was sent to the showers for fighting with the umpire.

The Sundowners four prim but scantily-clad cheerleaders Judy Green, Karen Columbia, Sue Wordell, and Joan Wagner passed out in the fifth inning and didn't get to see the end of the game.

John Dolan also had to quit playing when he broke his bat the first time up.

The major league team threatened in the seventh inning when Sundowner pitcher Ed Smith walked three men because he was too drunk to see the plate.

But the All-Stars, now playing without Cox, had three weak hitters come to bat and reliever Don Cronin struck out the side.

The Sundowners had already added other games on their expanded baseball program, including the Wadsworth Girls School, the Unified Combination Tech from Winnemucca, and the Moonlight State Anatomy College.

Bell Rapes Hall

Reno police are holding Campus Bell after she made an 8 a. m. attack on Morrill Hall just before the Sagelush went to press.

University police caught Miss Bell in the act and turned her over to local police. It is expected that she will be transferred to the women's penitentiary following a Washoe county inquiry.

A spokesman from St. Mary's hospital said Morrill was resting comfortably although he is still suffering from severe shock.

The doctor treating Morrill said the patient had confirmed the University police report that Hall had been sexually attacked.

Morrill told his doctor, "You just don't expect that sort of thing from a Campus Bell, especially not that one. We've been close friends and companions for years. I don't know what came over her."

Visitors may call on Morrill next week, the doctor said. "But he would prefer not to see any female guests; it would be just too much for him in his present state."

The campus cop said "this has happened every morning at 8 a. m. since I can remember. I never thought it was cause for alarm."

University Joins Junior College Nat'l Association

The University of Nevada has been given membership in the National Association of American Junior Colleges, according to an announcement from Dr. Kenneth E. Young, executive vice president of the University.

NAAJC President Dr. Leo Koch, a former professor at the University of Illinois, made the announcement at the association's national convention in Chicago last week.

"The University of Nevada has the distinction of being the only four-year college in our organization," he said.

He added that "This is the first time an institution bearing the name 'University' has met our standards and we are proud to have Nevada with us."

Dr. Young complimented the entire University upon receiving this honor.

"I feel that the joint efforts of students, faculty, and administration have made membership in the NAAJC possible," Dr. Young said.



SUNDOWNER commander-in-chief Dave Nyquist readies himself for a top level conference before his aggressor forces clash with the ROTC troops. Nyquist's men achieved a startling reversal by winning in the aggressor role.