Wheat-Jean Fable Interred

By ROY LOWEY-BALL

The Wheat-Jean Syndrome is dead. It has gone the way of the "unknown weenie"—passed into the ethereal nether world of dead issues, ratted hair, and pleated skirts.

FUNERAL services were conducted by Milton Steffen, Jerry Edwards, and Stephen Paine. Lyn Billingsley, deaconess and member of the Houston Post’s women’s staff prodded the obituary along, and at the same time weathered multifarious snide comments from less sober elements of the congregation.

The eulogy included such works as:

Lyn: We (the Post) have had five letters—only one was good enough to be printed.

Jerry: It’s died down.

MILTON: I don’t know any boys who wear wheat jeans...
What most of us object to... is being described as wearing a uniform.

Lyn: How for the most part do you think the girls here dress?

Steven: ... the girls are conscientious about their dress. They don’t care.

Jerry: They don’t put as much weight on dress (here) as at UH or UT.

Lyn: (meeting criticism for using the word “uniform”) I think that you can’t generalize without using words like uniform.

MILTON: Did you write down everything we said?

LYN: I WRITE down the best quotes. You can’t put everything he said into an article because he (one of the pallbearers) beat around the bush.

Milton Steffen concluded the peroration: There is a difference between new things and bad taste, I don’t feel we are killing trends.

Miss Billingsley then went among the grieving masses and inquired about the recent death. Some mourners expressed their dejection by grinningly posing for pictures.

The reactions were almost uniformly the same. Almost no one has seen that strange apparition wearing wheat-jeans, name-buckle, and T-shirts. The consensus was that it just isn’t possible to pigeon-hole the “TRB” because the “TRB” isn’t “T”.