

Editorial Comment:

Is Time Used Worth It?

About a week ago, students wiped their brows, breathed sighs of relief, and finished the last paragraphs in their blue-books as finals came to an end.

The end of semester blues were over as books were closed, some for the last time, and leisure, at least for a few days, became the byword.

What did the finals accomplish besides bringing a week of dedicated, or rather, hectic cramming for the most part over what should have been read weeks ago or what slipped the mind since the initiation of studies in September?

Supposedly they showed the results of a semester's learning and study in the particular course. Rather poorly it appears in some corners. More than one student carrying a seven average in a course dropped to a five after being dropped by the final.

In other words 14, 15 or 16 weeks of above average work resulted in a sub-average grade after a nose-dive in the final.

Fair? Perhaps so. But it does seem that perhaps sometimes a little too much weight is placed on the final, in some instances nearly 100 per cent.

A comprehensive final of course has a purpose of finding out just how much the student did study, digest and retain from the particular class.

But class participation—sometimes an intangible that adds much to what is carried away from the class—and comprehensive hour exams shouldn't be forgotten.

Opera No Snap

University Theatre has taken on a real project in tackling the opera "Die Fledermaus," which tonight begins a four-day run on the Howell stage.

One of the first indications of the size of the task is the number of people involved: Double casts of 10 each, a chorus of 20 and an orchestra of 25 are to be used. And many a work-hour by student and instructor were needed in casting, practicing and smoothing out the play as well as building somewhat lavish sets.

And the cultural background of the student actors had to be overcome, too. They had to be taught to walk, think and act like an inhabitant of Vienna in 1874.

"Die Fledermaus" has run in nearly every opera house in the world. But that fact doesn't take anything away from the difficulties that ensue during production, particularly by a university music department.

We wish the Theatre success on the run. The opera promises to be a treat to music and comedy lovers alike.

ten toward the end of the semester stretch.

In other words, one bad day shouldn't destroy what it has taken a semester to create.

Perhaps, then the whole concept of finals should be changed. In many classes the final amounts only to another hour exam, anyway, which shows a trend away from an all-embracing final.

Besides the strain that finals really do cause, they take up nearly two weeks from each semester or nearly a month from the academic calendar year.

Although it is a function of the University to assign grades to class participants, a greater purpose is to act as a center of learning and to put up as much as it can for the tuition dollar.

Elimination of the final exam period would be a radical move for the University to take at present, but it may be a thought worth remembering in the future.

The academic responsibility of a University is still its first. Perhaps sometime it could be worked out that finals could be eliminated with testing being done on a regular hour-exam basis, with most of the quizzes bearing similar weight, depending up on the importance of the particular field of study during a certain time period.

Such a move might have a tendency to further academic standards and take a little edge off the tremendous fight for grades, which unfortunately in some cases, are the only standards by which a college graduate is judged.

'Culture Returns'

The mysterious case of the disappearing pictures apparently has been solved and the Student Union art collection appears to be back to stay.

The pictures had to be taken down last semester after two apparently were stolen. Art department and Union heads decided to clear the walls after the larcenies, which didn't make for good news about someone's moral values.

But just as secretly as they were stolen the paintings were returned to the Union. This apparently restored officials' faith in the University student.

Besides, Union officials and student committee heads said that other students commented that the pictures lent an aesthetic quality to the Union.

It is a good sign not only to see the art works go up again but also to see that there is a sincere interest in seeing them on the parts of many students.

The student center is a natural place for the paintings to hang. Let's hope that interest remains high in the works and that the paintings remain this time, too.



... Forget it

By Dick Stuckey

Hello please keep reading because I almost may say something later maybe.

I would like to firstly thank Mr. Kraus for letting me write this rubbish. It took a lot of guts on his part and a hundred dollar note payable to the Pub Board, but thanks much Carroll. It also took considerable thought to name this fantasy, and before Kraus could say... forget it I thought I would. So here we are and later I get my picture in it if I can find some cheap pornographer. Huz-zah.

Since every column must have some sort of nickel philosophy then here's this's immediately:

"All of the people are sick some of the time. And some of the people are sick all of the time—But most of the time most of the people forget it..."

Subtle, huh? Besides sick. And speaking of sickness, how are your grades? About that time, huh? Been going around to see your instructors, huh? And they say tough, but YOU'RE not going to throw a banana in THEIR grade-curve-scale-slope, don't they?

So what if you got imported blue books and your kids won't support you if you don't get a whatever-you-want-average whatever-you-got-a-what-our're bloody lucky it wasn't one lower because YOU missed

the field trip and some Prof. Zhatshisface don't like their knickerbockers you wear, and they ain't raise nothin. You don't like that, do you?

You want to kill them, don't you?

Borrow my gun.

And by the way, this column is the apathet's corner, and any cries for apathy, anti-togetherness, and disorganization will be heard out. Contributors address complaints to the John Milton Society. Anyone wishing to terminate membership in the AWS, IFC, DAR, YMCA, CARE, 4-H, FHA or NATO please let me know and we'll see if we can pull a few strings. Your termination request must be accompanied by your Builders Calendar.

And so we end the first episode in the new Edge of Night series—chime in again next week for another inspiring bit of gargle, and until then, don't forget to watch for some words from well known Satyr "let's-undress-and-jump-in-a-a-a-big pile" Club.

And as another closing aftermath, a great big healthy "... forget it" to all freshman who plan to try it again for another semester, to anyone who thinks they can really graduate someday, and to the Young Demos and Repubs who are planning a mock election this spring.

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

John's Depravity

To the Editor:

Austere as the profession of the law is, it has its lighter and gayer moments. For instance, there is the story about the frontier judge who came into court one morning with a letter containing a check for \$5,000 from the defendant.

He had also received a check for \$10,000 from the plaintiff. "I tell you what I'm going to do," the judge said. "I propose to return to the plaintiff the sum of \$5,000 and try this case on its merits."

There was a time when I thought this story was humorous, and indeed I laughed at it. Now as the years slip by, I'm hardening instead of mellowing to the morality-code of our society, and this particular anecdote carries for me its prophetic implications.

After hearing Robert Kennedy's harrange on this campus against not only the corruption in the labor unions but also in the supposedly legitimate big businesses of this country, I was rudely awakened to the actual depravity of John Doe, American Citizen.

The recent exploits of the television quiz programs, where all those contestants approached, accepted answers dishonestly; the sabotaging of airliners by people whose acquaintances were to profit from insurance monies, loom ominously and repulsively before me.

Add to this the incident

of the eight Chicago policemen who were involved in a brazen multi-thousand dollar burglary ring, or the mysterious disappearance of the narcotic and drug arrest files from the Omaha police station, and one begins to become leery.

These are the supposed guardians of law and justice.

Then recall the statistics showing that one out of every 10 American prisoners of the Korean War were informers, and you begin to reject this behavior as that of the inferior minority.

The Julian Franks, the Charles Van Dorens and the Robert Spears are more than isolated examples of underhanded, illegal and evil behavior; they represent the pattern of the increasingly dehumanized society we live in today. A society of that ever trite maxim—where dog eats dog: a society where everybody steps on everybody else in order to cart home the accolades; yes, a society and business world where fellow man cheats fellow man.

My plea is not to the dishonest, the weak, the deceitful; but to the garrulous journalists who are continually lashing out at the college student for cheating in his schoolwork. What is the college student to do? All his life he is forced to grovel in and witness such activity in his environs. We cannot all be Peter Dawkins.

A Reader

Fun Nite at

TURNPIKE

Saturday, Febr. 6

\$250 worth of prizes given away, including 100 passes for the "FOUR FRESHMEN" coming March 6

Dancing Contests—Lead a Band Contest and other surprises

Bob Dean from L.M.S. will be M.C.

Introducing Sandra Johnson, new vocalist

BUD HOLLOWAY ORCHESTRA

Dancing 9:00-1:00

Admission \$1 per person

By George!

By George Moyer

The first day of the new semester was filled with auguries, signs and portents.

For one thing, the weather was the same color as the widow's wash when she forgets to use the latest miracle wash day product—gray.

Such a gloomy beginning can only mean that the semester will bring all sorts of bad things to haunt an erstwhile student.

Then too, Nebraska won a basketball game, which we hope means that the Huskers' new, aggressive style of play will carry them to eight more wins this season.

But the most important signal as far as the state as a whole is concerned was the return of a certain leprachann-like individual to the University and the state political scene.

His name is Dick Shugrue and he showed up in the freshman classroom at the Law College for a four-hour session with his chosen profession before romping off to the governor's office at the State Capitol where his work involves administrative assistance to the governor's administrative assistant, Robert Conrad.

Shugrue in the past has been one of the guiding lights behind the campaigns of Pat Boyle, present mayor of Lincoln, and Frank Morrison.

His appearance at the law

school at mid-year may mean that he will again be associated with another Democratic campaign. Which one that will be is hard to say—Shugrue isn't talking—but this column would like to take note of the fact that it is Conrad for whom Shugrue toils.

And even if Bumptious Bob doesn't toss his hat into the ring, Sam Jensen will at least have some competition as the leading law school political action.

Some of the vagaries of my roommate and leading campus character, Robert J. Prokop, ought not go unnoticed.

As an encouragement to scholastic attainment, Prokop made a bet with one of the pledges early last semester that the pledge would not attain a 6 average.

By the time finals rolled around, Bob had forgotten all about his wager. So he was eager to help when the pledge involved requested some tutoring in chemistry before his test.

As a result, said pledge nailed a 7 in the chem course which pushed his semester mark to a 6.1 instead of the expected 5.5. When pledge Jerry Oltman gently reminded Prokop of the wager the other day, Big Bob burned his lab instructor's manual in chagrin.

And he used to think Joe Fredericks was funny!

Theta Sig's Meet

Theta Sigma Phi, women's undergraduate journalism fraternity will meet Thursday at 12:15 p.m. in 340 Union, according to Jacque Janecek, president.

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bridal
set

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construction equipment.

Staff Comment:

You Name It

By Herb Probasco

Before you read any further, I feel it is only fair of me to tell you that you who are reading this are among the privileged who are basking in these first of the semester rays for thought. How about that for a little hackneyed drivel?

Now that I've lost all my public, I shall delve deeply into most timely and interesting topics such as, "Is Dick Tracy really going to quit the police department and make fly swatters for a living?" (For those pseudo-intellectuals who hold themselves above the level of reading comic strips—forget it!)

But enough of this. A matter of utmost importance has risen to my attention. Ironically, I don't have a name for my column. Now this can't be any old try as I may, nothing outstanding enough has entered my mind; mainly, because I'm not outstanding, probably. (I am undoubtedly the only concealed person on campus with an inferiority complex.)

What I'm trying to say is that for lack of a title for this weekly epic, I am going to sponsor a campus-wide contest to name my column.

Before you all rush for your Wheaties box tops, I'd better warn you that such trifles will not influence my decision. Instead, this competition will be conducted on an impartial basis, with due consideration given to the female members of this campus.

Entries must be submitted by mail or in person. (How else would you submit them?) Deadline for entries is noon Sunday, because, by popular demand, I will be writing the second article in this series next Tuesday.

All names submitted must be in the

form of a letter and must include—in a thousand words or less (preferably less)—why you feel this name would be appropriate.

All entries become the property of the judges. (Actually, I'm the only judge) and cannot be returned. This is in case I ever want to use them for subversive purposes, I will have the proof at hand.

Now comes the most important announcement of all. The prize for the name chosen. After due consideration and the weighing of all facts involved, I have decided on what seems to be a fitting honor for the winner.

Since this column will undoubtedly generate widespread campus interest, I expect uncontrollable mobs to be breaking down the doors to the Nebraskan office for a glimpse of my frail, broken little body. I feel it only fair for the winner to accompany me to the Crib for copious (I've heard that word somewhere before) quantities of goodies.

Before anybody gets the wrong impression of this contest I must say that this prize will be honored only if a female member is the lucky winner. If a male wins (ever my dead body) you can pick up your gift certificate for \$1 worth of food and get your own date.

The winning entry will benefit from invaluable publicity through this medium. May the best (wo)man win!

P. S. Bulletin matter—Through the incompetence of the business staff, our camera is locked in the safe. Only the business manager knows the combination and for this reason my honest physiognomy will be delayed until next issue. A thousand curses.

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