

Editorial Comment:

Four Week Exams—Grade School Tactics

The fourth week of school has come in the young second semester and with it is the typical advent of a barrage of quizzes, tests and hour exams.

Because, instructors say, they have to turn in some sort of grade report for the first four weeks of work and there's no other way of finding out how the student is doing than by testing.

So the tests are valid, at least in the eyes of the instructors who give exams just prior to time for the "first scholastic reports." And most do.

So students step in for the exams . . . and a pretty high per cent seem to get clobbered. The results—down hours—many F, many C—campuses, compulsory study hall, and in the case of freshmen women still the same old 9 p.m. closing hours instead of the 10:30 privileges granted to their cohorts who manage to squeeze through.

Why the rather poor results in general

Religious Council Should Keep R. E. Week Precedent

A small story in the Daily Nebraskan Monday announced there would be no Religious Emphasis Week this year.

The University Council on Religion says it decided to discontinue R. E. Week this year to re-evaluate the week's purpose.

Next year, perhaps, it will continue.

It hardly seems that it is necessary to re-evaluate the purpose of a week that states its purpose in its title—religious emphasis.

Perhaps the Council feels there is no need for the Week this year or that in its present set-up it would do no good.

We do not like to think so, but the Week has been cancelled.

Maybe the week would not have been a success; but it is unfortunate that many students will not receive the privilege of hearing learned men of many faiths state their purposes, their beliefs—and perhaps help to strengthen the moral character of many students.

It is the responsibility of the Council on Religion to further faith on the campus.

R. E. Week certainly helped in some part. Another cancellation next year would be harmful to the precedent established.

Staff Comment

Balm and Sage

By Herb Probasco

Dan Riley and Jess Zade are names which probably don't register in any student's mind.

Their faces, however, are familiar to any Cornhusker who attended the Oklahoma-Nebraska game Monday night. Riley was "east side" and Zade was "west side." They are the custodians who sweep the varsity basketball court before every home game and during halftime.

They command as much attention as the cagers until the game starts. Taking their respective positions at one end of the court, broom in hand, they begin sweeping as fans begin placing bets as to which one will "win" the race; or in other words, which one sweeps his half of the court first.

Monday night, "west side," or Zade, crossed the "finish line" first in the pre-game action, but Riley, "east side," evened the score during halftime. Obstructions such as the cheerleaders or hawkers slow the "contestants" down and loud protests echo from the stands, such as, "It's fixed!"

Monday night, the cries were unusually vehement as "west side" stopped once to talk to athletic director Bill Orwig and a second time to visit with band director Jack Snider. Halftime competition was a different story, as "west side" got a head start on his opponent and won hands down. This didn't make up for the earlier loss,

after the four-week tests? Why seemingly fewer down hours after the second scholastic reports?

The causes probably are two-fold at least. First of all it's a little difficult to get back to the routine of study after the semester break. The first week or so typically is sluff-off time as is easily witnessed by a tremendous increase in "coffee breakers," more late TV viewers, and so forth. It's self-evident.

And why not? Assignments generally aren't too long, lots of classes only last a half to two thirds their limit and instructors are a little slow getting back into the swing, too. They also get semester breaks and take them pretty fully for the most part.

So most of the first week is spent in getting roll cards made, assigning the texts to read and the papers to do, and telling what the course is going to cover.

The instructors start getting to the meat of the courses by the second and third weeks, but along comes the fourth week, a hurried review and a tough exam.

Cramming seems to be the only solution for the typical student, perhaps not the model one. It's almost like preparing for a small-size final after the top of the semester has only been skimmed off.

And the down slips that come out soon afterwards can be real convincers. Get three or six hours of C downs and another F down and something is sure to give somewhere. What may give is the student—\$2.50 to be exact to drop the course that zeroed a failing down on him.

So granted that the four-week exams aren't fun. But are they really necessary?

In many cases initial tests aren't given until after five, six or even eight or more weeks of classes have elapsed. In many the course set-up just doesn't conform to the four-week pattern.

But the profs still have to hand in a report on how their students are doing—just like making out report cards for third grade students.

If the instructors have to test, let them. But we really don't have to be treated like ten-year-olds, with reports on us coming out three times for each semester.

If scholastic reports must be, one plus the final grade is enough. We're pretty set and know what's going on in a course by the time seven or eight weeks are passed.

That's early enough to let our folks know if we're getting gold or black stars on our report cards.

however, as I had a coke bet on "west side" before the game, and nothing was at stake at halftime.

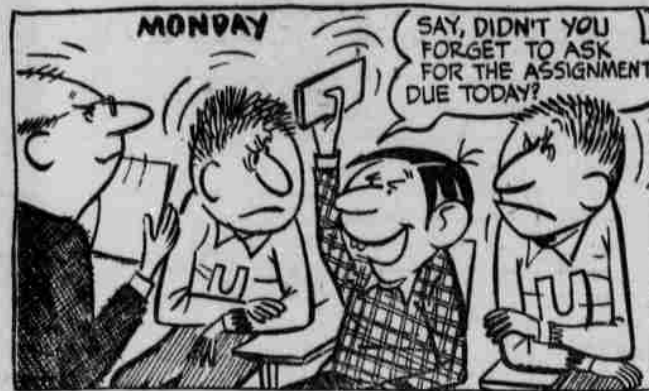
Riley doesn't think much of the crowd antics. "I think it's a bunch of baloney," he said, although he smiled. He explained that he and Zade have worked out a system whereby the more the fans yell "go, go, go," the slower the two sweep. "If they (the fans) were to get up a pool," he noted, "with about six or eight dollars going to the winner, that would be a different story. We don't have any sport in our blood, I guess," he cracked.

This is Riley's second year on the job, dating from a year ago January, while Zade just took over in December.

My old friend Jack Paar has yielded to the fans of his late, late show and agreed to come back in a couple of weeks. One columnist, John Crosby, was on my side of the affair in calling Paar "a six year old kid."

Undoubtedly, if he had refused to return, the Brazilian government would have warned the State Department that demonstrations might result when President Eisenhower visits that country this week. The State Dept., in turn, would have warned NBC who, in turn, would have raised Paar's salary a couple of hundred thousand a year to entice him back on the show.

For those of you who haven't been following the Caryl Chessman case, this is a slap at the proceedings which led up to his 60-day reprieve last Friday.



The Huskers

By Mary Lou Reese

The other day I saw a woman buying candy. She liked one kind, but she finally settled for another because "most of the girls" seemed to prefer the second kind.

Then she met a friend and they started talking menus. Well, no, she really didn't care for some foods herself, but she served them quite often. Most of the girls seemed to like them.

By now I knew who they were. They were mothers on the Husker campus, members of one of the most unselfish groups on any campus.

Sometimes I think we don't appreciate housemothers enough. Maybe that's because so much of their good work is done behind our backs, quietly.

Housemothers are incurable romantics; romanticism may even be one reason they are housemothers. After their own families are married, they need someone else to marry off. I wonder how many campus couples started dating because he told his housemother about her, and his housemother told her housemother, who found out her dating status for his housemother to tell him she had just happened to hear her housemother mention.

It has to be complicated because housemothers like to stay in the background like a quiet island away from the activity of campus. Open doors invite students to stop in for tea, coffee or just a visit. Their special motherly - without prying interest invites students to talk over problems or just forget them for a few minutes.

Besides ordering meals, playing cupid, stocking up candy and "goodies," taking a quiet interest in their

boys and girls—never grow up in the sight of a mother or housemother, you know, although housemothers see all their boys and girls as almost-adults—and taking care of the greater details of sorority, fraternity and dormitory housekeeping, housemothers carry on many more projects of their own.

Who acts as a go-between with alums and administration? Who reassures parents when something goes wrong? Who calls at student health or sees that someone else does? Who always manages to find out what her boys and girls are doing so she can put in a quiet compliment where it will do the most good?

Who doesn't take her free weekends because she's not sure she could find a substitute her children would like? Who comes back two to four weeks early every fall and stays alone in a huge, empty house so it will be clean and in good shape when the children get home?

Home, yes. Because that's what a housemother really does. She makes a house or dorm a home. We might call her a homemaker, but she'd somehow rather be a housemother because it sounds more like a mother. Which she is: a wonderful mother away from mother.

Somehow when spring comes, though, we don't seem to get in to see them too often. They know we're busy, and even though they miss us, they're glad we're all having a good time and getting along so well.

Even though they aren't necessarily Nebraskans, I think they're Huskers—all of them. They're a living example to us of how unselfish and considerate a good lady can be, and maybe the nicest Huskers on campus.

A Few Words . . . Of a Kind

E. E. HINES

On Sunday I was lamenting the fact that I stayed indoors all day, with nothing more than my glance straying into the great out-of-doors.

This is terrible, I thought. Why, a man could atrophy sitting here like this. I should be up and about. A long daily trek through fair and foul elements is one of the guaranteed prescriptions for vitality and long life.

Those were my Sunday thoughts. But, alas, came Monday and I ventured out into that life-giving out-of-doors. Life giving, H--! I nearly froze to death.

Now I am convinced only fools would willingly subject themselves to a cold Nebraska day if they had, instead, the choice of sitting in a warm house, drinking hot coffee and reading stories of warm, passionate love affairs.

But maybe spring will come again. And then, if it does, I think I might like to take a daily trek.

I am not sure, though, that such an undertaking is expected of people in my neighborhood. In fact, I believe it may be frowned upon. I make this deduction after noting that there are no sidewalks within several blocks of where I live.

It's true that I live about 50 blocks from the heart of downtown Lincoln, but that doesn't mean that I and a few other nuts who wander in and out of the area might not like to stroll around the block.

When only motor cars are provided for in a residential area, I think it shows a certain decline in values. The people are more interested in having an undivided lawn and saving money than they are in providing a place for the visitor to stroll.

It announces that the residents themselves are through with walking, and indicates, at least to me, that these same residents feel the street is good enough for any fool who still uses his legs more than is absolutely necessary.

I have a confession to make.

I was very impressed when I found that among the achievements of a recent Outstanding Nebraskan, were his endeavors as a courageous and crusading columnist for the Daily Nebraskan.

Since I read that, I have tried to think of ways in which I might also be courageous and crusading. Anyone who has read this far is witness to my failure.

Yet, I have faith. And perhaps I shall yet rise to some great occasion fully equipped with crusade and courage. In the name of ambition, which supposedly becomes all men but Caesars, I hope so.

Terry Carpenter has entered the race for nomination as the GOP's candidate for governor. He may or may not be the best man around for the job. I do not know. I do know that he has been aloof from the unwarranted name calling which has been featured by several other state candidates.

This is not to say that he has not made a number of harsh attacks on others. He has. But his attacks have seemed to include facts. May a few others ape him.

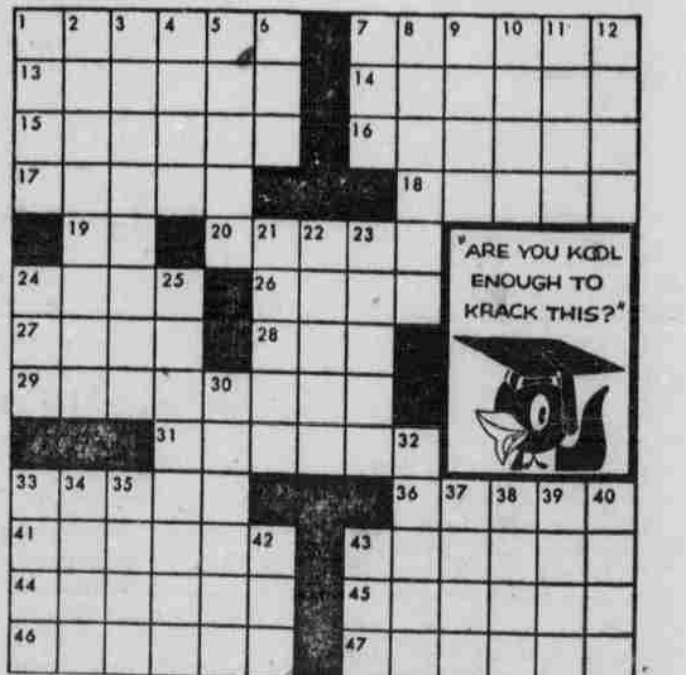


KOOL ANSWER crossword puzzle grid with words like SQUIRT, ALPACA, AUNTIE, REASON, PIGEON, CARTON, SPURT, DEALS, SA, STEVE, ETRE, UXOR, REDS, NIL, ARSONIST, TASTES, FACET, MAMBA, AMORAL, JOVIAL, NOMINA, AKIMBO, ERECTS, REVISE.

KOOL CROSSWORD

No. 6

- ACROSS: 1. Breakfast-table eye catcher, 7. Liama's cousin, 13. She sounds anti, 14. Mental process, 15. Naturally he's gullible, 16. What to buy Koolie by, 17. Gush in a hurry, 18. Bury a car, 19. Shrank continent, 20. Canil's Canyon, 24. Reason d', 26. Latin wife, 27. Mr. K's team, 28. It's nothing, 29. Man with a burning desire, 31. A Kool — so refreshing, 33. What Diamond Jim turned on in his sink?, 36. Snake that's almost a dance, 41. Lacks a code, 43. Full of fun, 44. Names (Latin), 45. Hand on hip, elbow out, 46. Build, 47. Time for a change, DOWN: 1. Drains, 2. Gag man, 3. Leaves unprotected, 4. Roman road, 5. What 2 Down may be (pl.), 6. Half a pack of Koolie, 7. It's curvacious, 8. "Take me to your —", 9. Trim, 10. Thin Man's dog, 11. What Menthol Magic is, 12. Blyth, Arbor, etc., 21. As they say in N. Africa: " —, anyone!", 22. Start of ectoparasitism, 23. — face (reversal of opinion), 24. Period in ceramics, 25. Difficult to dig, 30. Swimming, 32. Willie's shibboleth: " — Koolie!", 33. Temple (archaic), 34. What Latin lovers like, 35. — up to the Month Magic of Koolie's, 37. Tet, 38. Little Miriam, 39. Little Barbara, 40. Plant that sounds like Cockney greeting, 42. — Vegas, 43. Storage place for cooking



Advertisement for Menthol Magic of KOOL cigarettes, featuring a cartoon character and the text 'When your throat tells you it's time for a change, you need a real change... YOU NEED THE Menthol Magic OF KOOL'.

Daily Nebraskan publication information including address, phone numbers, and subscription rates.

Staff list for the Daily Nebraskan, including Editor, News Editor, Sports Editor, and various writers.

