

Means Or End?

Several articles and editorials have appeared in the Daily Nebraskan during the last two or three years, which, although they appear unrelated, could be interpreted as being different factors in the same problem.

They begin in two basic categories, generally entitled "Are Classes Necessary" or "Why Issue Grades," and "Students Cheat," or "Students Don't Cheat." But we think they are related. We see these two apparently independent topics as pointing to such questions as "What Is A University?"

Not wishing, at the moment, to answer the overall question, we merely offer the suggestion that, if the pressures were rerouted from the necessity of making an average average to the necessity of learning something, that a university would be more a university than a grade factory. Whether this would be practical in such a large institution as ours is questionable, but several smaller colleges have taken this detour.

We feel that the constant pressure to earn a 5.000 or a 3.999 is removing our sights from our real objective. We see raving beauties raving and winking their way to beautiful nines. We see 8.999 averages built up on shaky piles of Cliff's notes, test files and memorized facts.

We see 5.7's and 6.3's who really KNOW things and we sometimes see these 5.7's and 6.3's explaining difficult subjects to the 8.999's.

But our argument is not with those carrying high averages. We admire and envy them. Our case is with the system that forces memorization of facts, utilizes multiple-choice tests, and, by concentrating on "knowledge" that can be expressed in a word or a mark, discourages a glimpse at the overall picture and ENCOURAGES CHEATING.

Answers have been proposed. One highly-regarded administrator thinks we should eliminate the grading system, giving students a number of credit hours ranging from one to five, according to their performance. There are drawbacks in this, not least among them the question "With no grading, how will the performance of the students be evaluated?"

Perhaps there are no better answers, but we feel that our main purpose—learning things—is being prostituted in the continual fight for the 5 or the 9.

FRANK PARTSCH

Fox's Facts

By Gale Pokorny

Man can not live on bread alone. The monotony of the daily tread must constantly be salted with something to make it worth living.

The college student is no exception. If he studies from the crack of dawn (or the alarm clock), continuously til he passes out at night, he will soon be slipping on the brink of utter insanity.

This particular specimen is often seen playing football at midnight in nine feet of snow or standing in the breakfast line at seven in the morning with a SMILE on his face.

The more serious cases are likely to be spotted going to house meetings and reading this column.

To avoid this leper's fate, I decided early in my college career to look into the assorted organizations and activities available for fun and profit on our campus. I was determined to find out that suited my needs in order to keep my mind from further deterioration.

I further decided to start with the most attractive activities, the ones with the most under-developed potential.

With this in mind, I sent my application form in with hopes that I might get to be a member of the student council.

I don't know why. I guess the whole set-up appealed to me.

It just begged for a person with real initiative and get up and go.

An organization of this type is a good stepping stone to politics.

It looks good on your record too.

I waited patiently since early November for a reply from them.

I kept telling myself that they were just slow in their bookwork but recently I came to the conclusion that they aren't in need of any more members. They appear to have more than they can handle now.

Too bad, opportunity knocked only once.

Obviously the references I used on my application were of the wrong kind.

Thoroughly disillusioned, I bid goodbye to all Uni-

versity condoned activities and looked beyond the campus boundaries for a means of mental release.

One night while leafing through a Cather Hall Bible, opportunity presented itself.

The very idea of bright lights, fame, fortune, and money was too much. I yielded to temptation. Quickly I tore out the handy application blank that the magazine provided, filled it out and sent it in.

I had taken the preliminary steps in becoming a Playboy Bunny.

During the last few weeks, I've been cramming for two kinds of finals. Not only did I fill up on phonemes, medieval Europe, and Spanish, but I also learned how to serve drinks with out getting "bunny ears" in the customer's eyes, how to execute a one hand judo chop, and what to do so I wouldn't catch pneumonia.

Much to my joy, I found that I passed the "bunny final" and would be entitled to membership as soon as I completed one last requirement. Namely that I send the head rabbit two photographs of myself. One facial close up and another in a (gasp) swimsuit.

They assured me it was a mere formality. However, I have a hunch that in my case it would be sheer disaster.

So here I make my desperate plea. If there is a warm-hearted, understanding, unselfish co-ed among us, let her come forward.

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ADS

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Tooth For Goldfinger Plan Of WU Writer

Editor's note: In Monday's Daily Nebraskan, we presented an article by David Trask analyzing the student interest in the hit movie "Goldfinger." We present the following editorial from the Washburn Review, in hopes that our readers will enjoy another analysis.

By Phil Lewis

Applicants are now being accepted for the Students For Goldfinger and His Web of Sin committee.

Although his habit of plastering unfaithful beauties in paint might be considered in bad taste, this connoisseur of evil has many endearing qualities.

First and foremost, he loves money, and will do practically anything to get it. This should make him the favorite of the WU business staff, whom one caustic professor once dubbed the "dog-eat-dog" bureau.

Second, he has fascinating companions like Odd Job, whose hat flinging antics would certainly come in handy if the Regents got stuffy about approving programs.

Guy Harris might even cow his opponents into letting him win a few golf matches if he could muster Odd Job's trick of crushing a ball with his bare hands.

Third, Goldfinger had the good sense to hire everybody's idea of a grandmoother to guard the gates of his hideout and mow down intruders with machine guns. Fraternities could hire her out as "doorman" at parties in case the dean decided to drop in.

Fourth, our hero hired P. Galore and her Flying Circus, which certainly made ROTC look sick. If Angel Flight would just get on the stick and swoop down on Ft. Knox, Washburn wouldn't have to dicker in Washington for educational TV funds.

James Bond has a few good attributes, too. His car would certainly drive the campus cops nuts on sorority raids.

Students could amuse themselves with his tire-slashing equipment as they drove through the parking lot adjacent to the union which has now been reserved for the faculty.

The entire movie would be a jazzy subject for a logic class: How can a luxury-size car be crushed (with gold and body) and plopped in the back end of a Falcon without flattening all four of the Ford's tires? Even when crushed, the big car would still weigh the same.

And Bond's habit of keeping himself from being hurt by slinging pretty girls draped in bath towels at black-jack-swung boggle men might be a whippy ethics class topic.

Yes sir, he's quite a man.

We'll go along with the bunch of teen-agers who sat behind us at the movie. When the going got rough and Bond got cruder, they yelled "Come on, Odd Job, Baby!"

About Letters

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regarding campus life. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be included but lessen the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted.

Two on a Guillotine - or 7 nights in a house of terror - or the unkindest cut of all. VARSITY. CONNIE STEVENS, DEAN JONES and CESAR ROMERO. FEATURES AT 1:00 - 3:03 - 5:06 - 7:12 - 9:18

![]\$%&'()*?,-

By Mike Barton

Some students are vulgar, while others are gross. There is a difference. The former is stylish, the latter sophomoric. Vulgarity stems from the cocktail party, but grossness is etched on a bathroom wall.

For example, suppose you feel ignored in spite of the fact that your tux shirt is indeed elegant. Throw out a casual%&! . Eyebrows rise throughout the group. Girls snicker. Now you're the center of attention again.

Suppose 30% of the class is asleep and your instructor poses a ridiculous question. Raise your hand and begin, "Now what the %&-! . . ." It will appear that you are informed. That's worth five points on the next exam.

Suppose the party is noisy and you spot two freshman girls huddled by the pot belly stove. Yell, "1%&. . ." Now you've broken the ice. Your name will be a password in every pledge class.

Suppose your mother refuses to pay your house bill. Calmly say, "Now just a '1%&?' minute. . ." Now she's convinced you're a man. Money problems will be a thing of the past.

Suppose you're arguing with your pledge trainer. You've been a bad boy and the appropriate punishment has been meted out. Start up the stairs, turn your head slightly and mutter, "You '1%&?-. . ." You've made your point. Ten to one He'll reconsider.

The aforementioned examples constitute stylistic vulgarity. . . I think.

Let me know how they work, you '1%&?!"

Movie Review

'Two On A Guillotine' Modern Horror Story

By Diaper Sandoe

Connie (A Summer Place) Stevens and Dean (Ensign O'Toole) combine to form the love interest in a melodramatic date-grabber called Two On A Guillotine.

The plot is nothing new. A beautiful girl is commanded by her recently-deceased father's will to live in a haunted house for seven days if she is to collect \$300,000 from her father's estate. As the cab driver says as he drops her off at the front door of the mansion he stammers, "You . . . you're . . . going to . . . stay here . . . alone?" She is, but only until a housekeeper comes to stay with her the next day. In the meantime, Dean Jones becomes jonny-on-the-spot and agrees to stay with Connie the first night, because she's afraid to stay in the house alone.

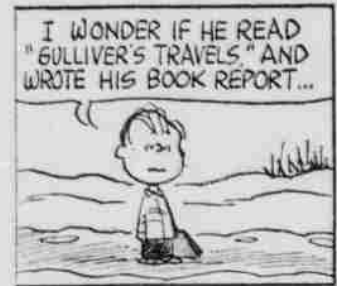
The reason that Connie is afraid is that her father is the former great magician, the Great Duesquene, played by Caesar Romero. (Vincent Price must have been signed up when the casting for this picture took place.) has promised that he will return from the dead to the Haunted House within a week after he dies.

As one might imagine with all this supernatural build up, the picture has amply sprinkled amounts of terror and suspense, and handsome Dean Jones is the kind of guy you just have to like. But Connie Stevens, however beautiful she may be, gives one the uneasy impression that as soon as the director calls "Cut!" at the end of the scene, she's going to say a nasty to somebody, and the crux of her dramatic part is that she appear sweet and innocent.

The acting plum is picked off by Connie's cynical house-keeper who comes and goes all too quickly. Jones soon becomes a little tiresome portraying the All-American boy, and Connie's perpetual pouting is cute only so long. Their muddled love-dialogue which is suppose to comprise all the best attributes of Drag-

net and The Many Loves of Doby Gillis just doesn't come off.

The picture is 'spine-tingling', however, and if you enjoy knot-tying, Two On A Guillotine is for you. The director has thoughtfully provided the audience with plenty of loose ends to practice on.



McDonald's logo and text: look for the golden arches

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CAMPUS OPINION

Turn The Wheel

Dear editor,

Your front page editorial in Monday's Daily Nebraskan and the reprint of the article from the Minnesota Daily "College Doors Are Slowly Closing," are interesting and make a good point, somewhat indirectly; although . . . it is not in our power to turn the wheel" at the crossroads, I believe University students can do something to influence the turning of the wheel toward a better University.

After talking with several people, including some state senators, I was encouraged to learn that they felt young people can influence legislators—if they are tactful and have some knowledge of the issues they want to discuss.

College students could and should make their ideas known to legislators on issues involving the University. We students need to show our legislators a genuine interest in the University and in its future because it is OUR University—we and our parents pay a sizeable operation of the cost of the operation of the University by tuition payments.

If we don't talk with our legislators, how else can they find out how the students feel about conditions at the University and its future?

There are many ways to

make ourselves and our interests known to the legislators. Perhaps the best idea is for each of us to visit with the senator from his district about his personal views of conditions on campus (such as crowding, shortage of instructors, etc.) and especially his genuine interest in high quality education.

We can write our parents, inform them of conditions here, and encourage them to write their senators, who are always willing to listen to the views of their constituents. Information about the budget and the financial situation of the University can be obtained in the Public Relations office, 312 Administration, where I found that they are glad to help us.

Other ideas might be: —For us to encourage our official representatives, the Student Council, to become more active in expressing the needs of the University to the senators.

—Perhaps a plan by which senators could be invited to visit the University during school time, especially during the busy days such as Monday, Wednesday and Friday, to observe the University in operation could be instituted.

It is time for students to become more actively interested in the future in the University and to show this interest.

John Schrekinger

Avon Calling

"But in the gross and scope of my opinion, this bodes some strange eruption to our state." (the John Birch Society.)

"What is the hour now?" (Dean Snyder.)

"I think it lacks of twelve." (Seniors.)

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