

For Learning's Sake

Professor-student groups at many universities from time to time have discussed the problem of learning for learning's sake versus the more common "educational" habit: studying for ye old average.

A vast majority of the undergraduate students at the University study for an average—because that is where the premium is. They use all the tactics necessary to pass a course—read or scan their books, take notes in class, buy bookstore course notes, faithfully attend lectures where class attendance is required and roll is taken.

Most students prepare for examinations the night before the scheduled test. They write term papers the week-end before they are due. Are these methods conducive to learning? Certainly not—not if students, their parents, professors and administrators stop kidding themselves.

Such tactics are successful only for those students who are able to swallow enough facts the night before and regurgitate them successfully on the exam the next day. Those who are not capable of such "learning" procedures, are not successful at the University.

It is an unfortunate situation and not uncommon at most undergraduate colleges and universities. No solution has been found. Several have been suggested. Most critics agree that the emphasis must be returned to the education itself.

The proposal presented at the Student Senate meeting Wednesday could become the impetus needed to allow University students the privilege of learning for learning's sake.

Senator Bill Pott's proposal that a student be allowed to take four elective courses for which he would earn either a passing or failing score is excellent. And the stipulations suggested are necessary.

If a failing mark were not to become a part of a student's record—it is doubtful how many students would adequately complete the four elective courses. The importance of the proposal lies on the other side—if the student passes the course he will simply earn credit toward graduation for its completion.

Those professors and deans who have voiced approval of the proposal are to be commended.

We are tired of seeing students knocking themselves out for an A instead of a B, or a 2 instead of a 1, rather than for an understanding of Romantic poetry, bio-chemistry or political parties.

The Senate proposal would provide an opportunity to learn for learning's sake. The Daily Nebraskan urges the Faculty Senate to approve the proposal.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

FM Radio Station Is SAGE Project

Dear Editor: The members of SAGE wish to thank the Daily Nebraskan for the excellent coverage which it has been giving to the progress of the drive for a student-operated FM Radio station at the University of Nebraska.

We feel that this drive is an excellent example of the goals of SAGE in action. We call ourselves Student Action for Governmental Effectiveness and hold as some of our goals the improved communication between the students of the University, between the students and their government, and between the University and the community surrounding us.

We hope to achieve these goals by initiating projects through the established channels of student government and the administration, which operate to the benefit of the entire University and community and at the same time improve the relationships between these groups. In other words, we wish these projects to make for more effective government, whether it be from

ASUN or administration and provide benefits the the same time.

Gary Larsen, as head of the Senate's Cultural Affairs Committee, has been doing a fine job in support of our goals as far as the FM station is concerned. However, just in case there is any misconception, we wish to make it clear that the original idea for the station was SAGE's, that it was SAGE who presented the idea to Larsen, that a committee of SAGE was responsible for writing the report that has been submitted to Dean Ross, and that SAGE is continuing to lead the effort for the station's establishment.

Mr. Larson has been working in concert with the committee of SAGE ever since we approached him with the idea, and we hope that we will continue to have his help in the future, not only on this project but on the many others we hope will be initiated in the future.

SAGE (Student Action for Governmental Effectiveness)

The 13th Of Never

Miscellaneous thoughts occurring while I dusted the cookie crumbs out of my typewriter:

Winter is upon us, my friends, and for those who have not already stocked up on antifreeze, snow tires, mittens, snow boots, long undies, earmuffs, cough drops, cold tablets, flu shots and one-way tickets to Florida, you are probably already too late. I keep expecting to see snow each morning when I first peer out my window. This pessimistic view usually keeps me pleasantly surprised, but November is a particularly vicious month, and is undoubtedly just waiting until I am off guard.

Now that Mari Sandoz Hall is hastening toward completion, I don't recall ever hearing what sort of exotic system has been thought up for the elevators. They've tried the every other floor method and the one to the upper floors, one to the lower floors plan. What is left? One which only goes up and one which only goes down. (I think they might run into technical difficulties there, unless they have some method by which the elevator goes up through the roof and comes down on the outside on a roller-coaster track. Hey, for that they could even charge admission.)

Incidentally, I have been wanting to congratulate the Regents on naming the

building for Miss Sandoz. I've been rather fond of her ever since I read "Old Jules" for a high school English class book report and got an "A" on it, yet, I was dreadfully worried that someone would dig up a Lucretia M. Willing, a Eugenia R. Cain, or maybe even a Wilhelmina Maybelle that the place just had to be named for. I mean, there's no doubt that Miss Louise Pound was a worthy lady and even if my mother did have her for an English class, there is a certain distressing lack of elegance about her last name.

Do you suppose they really are planting winter wheat in the mall between the library and the Singing Silo?

There's one advantage to cold weather, though; when it snows, there are no serenades.

Those people you see who have a peculiar blue tinge to their complexion lately are the ones who have a motorcycle instead of a car for the winter months.

There's one thing about having the Oklahoma game on Thanksgiving—it's put an end to the annual anxiety: (if we would win the game, would they really call off classes for that Monday and Tuesday?) which has bothered students in previous years. Only it was never proved whether they would or not, and this was probably the ideal year to have proved it.

m.m.



"I'M A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR TO THE WAR ON POVERTY."

CAMPUS OPINION

Satire Statement Said Conflicting

Dear Editor:

I am somewhat confused over a seemingly conflicting statement that you have made concerning the satiric quality of a letter sent in by an Abel resident concerning the rash of fires at the dormitory.

You stated in an editorial on the day that his letter was printed and in reply to a letter sent in defense of the first letter that "ridiculing the situation, the men of Abel Hall is no help at all."

However, in the same issue that your first statement was published, a satiric cartoon was printed that ridiculed the situation, and especially the men of Abel, very much so. I'm sure that I don't have to describe the cartoon; it was particularly funny and packed a lot of wallop in its attempt to "ridicule" the situation.

I contend that the Daily Nebraskan, while chastising Mr. Kaufman for writing a satire on the fires, is also guilty of ridiculing the same

thing. I think that a clarification is warranted.

Sincerely, Larry Eckholt, Off-Campus Resident

Editor's Note: The Daily Nebraskan has received several letters expressing Mr. Eckholt's point of view. Our original thought expressed in an editorial on the Abel fires was that a rational approach to the problem was essential. We said it was ridiculous to believe that over 1,000 men in Abel could be blamed for the fires. We also stated that the conduct of every Abel resident should be adult, responsible and that aiding the investigation teams, not ridiculing their attempts, or the situation was essential.

The importance of cooperation and responsible action on the part of every Abel resident was the point of the editorial. This was the point missing in Mr. Kaufman's excellent satire of the situation, because of the nature of the satire.

Praise And Scorn

Dear Editor:

Until this year, I have always been disappointed with University Theatre productions—the ones directed by a faculty member. (Plays directed by students have been invariably excellent.) But Dr. Morgan's Who's

Afraid of Virginia Woolf? deserves highest praise, as do the actors. So I thought things would be different this year.

I got a ticket to Macbeth, despite the horror of the recent production of Hamlet. What a bore! I never saw an audience so fidgety. Hamlet may have been misdirected, but Macbeth was hardly directed at all. The players merely proclaimed their speeches—except for Lady Macbeth, who almost sang them in tones so round it was difficult to understand her, or to believe she could be real. This was not Shakespeare.

The direction has been a great disservice to those who are approaching Shakespeare on the stage for the first time, as well as wasting an evening for so many and giving the University a rotten reputation.

V. E. Barnett, Graduate Student

Notes From The North Pole

Being new and inexperienced, there is just no telling what you fans will put up with until I reach the rock-bottom security of conformity. I am rather insecure, you know. I admit this, however, with joy.

My column is no rumble of defiance at a malevolent, threatening world of gray, nor a squeak of waspish anger at an unconcerned society. It is more of the gardener's happiness at a small violet growing in the onions (what a quaint parallelism), or the athlete's joy in discovering that his multi-fractured leg was only broken in one place.

I identify with both James Bond and Einstein, though I am more frequently compared to Charlie Brown and others of like reputation.

By the way, the title of this "column" is in reference to the freezing, bitter winds of cold sweeping down from the polar regions, rather than to the jolly old elf as a bringer of goodies. (That's for you who haven't already figured it out.)

Enough of introductions. Being foolish by nature and impulsive by habit, I went to a football game Saturday. ("S" greatest game in the world," slushed an alum as he spilled his ninety proof down my shirt.) Continuing through the gate I was escorted by several boy scouts as an illegal entrant. After showing my papers, I managed to convince them that I was not the culprit, or, at least to let me go, and

Dante— A Poet's Power

The following excerpts taken from a presentation made by University Italian Professor Rocco Vanasco at the recent Dante Festival are the second in a series of articles of an intellectual nature. The Editor—

"THE LITERARY world celebrates, this year, the 700th Anniversary of the birth of the immortal Dante Alighieri. We claim the privilege of collaborating with Italy in commemorating the most eminent of her many brilliant sons.

"WE MODERNS are not only obsessed with the theory of evolution, but are dominated by the idea that nothing of permanent value can come from medievalism. We arrogantly proclaim that ours is the greatest of centuries because we have not only what all other centuries had, but something else distinctively our own—a vast contribution to the world's progress. Certainly the validity of the theory is not confirmed by the intellectual history of the human race.

Dante was not a solitary phenomenon of his time but a worthy culmination of the literary movement which, beginning between the 12th and 13th centuries, produced a mass of undying literature.

"DANTE WAS the greatest man of his country. He wrote the greatest book of his era, he started the greatest intellectual movement of any age or time. The influence of his thinking upon the people of

Italy, the Italy of his own day and of succeeding generations, is one of the marvels of history.

"He was the interpreter of man to all generations. Whatever the reason for our interest in Dante, the study of his Divine Comedy will be always both a discipline "not so much to elevate our thoughts" says Coleridge, "as to send them down deeper," and a delight calling forth the deepest emotions of our being.

"THE POET'S POWER," said George William Curtis, "is not dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate like that of the statesman, warrior, and the inventor. But it is deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet makes it worth fighting for."

"JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in his essay on Dante tells us that the great Italian "wrote with his heart's blood, like an inspired prophet of old." He never lost his confidence in the ultimate victory of right and truth. He took the vernacular speech of his own day and gave it color and richness, form and substance, eternal dignity and beauty.

"FAR FROM BEING a waning classic, Dante "in power ever grows," and the interest he calls forth constitutes, as James Bryce observed "the literary phenomenon of England and America."

I slipped away, ignoring the pointed stares of the two thousand scout leaders which the incident had gathered. Amazing how many scout leaders there are on Saturdays!

Moving toward the ramp, I narrowly saved one of my feet from the menacing cleats of the entire Kansas team as they stampeded onto the field.

I found my seat occupied by thirty or forty vendors selling to the people higher up. After again showing my credentials and talking two of the more husky vendors out of fighting over the matter, I took my seat with anticipation. But they took my arrival with more bad grace than I had anticipated many of them stubbornly

blocking my view of the field for minutes at a time while they pretended to be selling chocolate covered hot dogs to the rabid fans above me.

Toward the fourth quarter, when I did catch a glimpse or two of the field, I began leaning forward in my seat with each play. (Every fifth play I fell onto the guy ahead of me.) Shortly, however, his discomfort was removed, as the fans whose taste for blood was satisfied, began leaving. Determined to see the end of the contest, I clung to my seat grimly, ignoring the waves of people pouring off the seats on either side of me.

At about five-thirty I found myself staring at an empty field in a deserted stadium. As somebody once said, tomorrow is another day. And next week-end is another game—one I'll listen to on the radio.

S. Claus

Base-r

The proposed Job Corps installation at the airbase will start out with 400 students and 700 employees. We imagine that most University students wish that they could have nearly two instructors for each student. Unfortunately, they are too socially acceptable for such luxuries.

Daily Nebraskan

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'Navy' Poem

Dear Editor:

May I offer the enclosed poem in response to the November 8 Campus Opinion written by a Marine in Viet Nam.

Amid the glitter of brass, blue and red,

There strides a man, a Marine it's said.

He walks so proud, yet looks so mean

He's called what, "The world's greatest fighting machine?"

Stop, allow me the time to classify him,

As merely a sailor who cannot swim.

"Ex-Navy"

STUDENTS attend the next meeting of S.A.G.E. Student Action for Governmental Effectiveness Thursday, November 11 - 8:00 pm Nebraska Union Room 232

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