

Slap In The Face

Many University of Nebraska coeds will feel they have been slapped in the face. The hard knuckled hand was thrust with the announcement that Miss Nebraska will be highlighted in the Orange Bowl parade—Miss Nebraska, Karen Hansmeier, from Concordia Teachers College rather than an NU coed.

IT WOULD NOT SEEM unlikely or unnatural for Miss Hansmeier to be a part of the Nebraska official delegation to the Orange Bowl. But why she will represent the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers any better than a University coed could is the question many will ask.

Approximately one third of the student body at the University is female—that adds up to about 5,000 girls. Surely there is some girl in that number who could satisfactorily represent our team, our University at the Orange Bowl.

BUT THAT IS NOT THE POINT nor the reason for Miss Hansmeier's selection. The Seward County Feeders and Breeders Association started the drive for a float in the parade with a \$140 wad. And the men who spearheaded the drive were granted their wish that Miss Nebraska be featured in the parade.

Perhaps someone might contribute an even larger sum toward the \$7500 goal so that "float officials" will have to say yes or no to several other favored young ladies. The situation could become a vicious contest, a battle—a very petty one.

PERHAPS IT IS BEST that a University coed is not involved. It is an honor. And there will be a camera close-up when Miss Hansmeier goes riding by—but the crowd close-ups will reveal the NU coed among the other fans: Nebraska's Sunshine Girl and the Pom-pom girls will add to the number of University coeds featured at the Orange Bowl.

Let's keep the cat's meow down to a quiet purr and let Miss Nebraska's cheeks tire with a puffed smile.

Davidson Commended

Dr. John Davidson has successfully begun and has maintained a learning course at the University. His botany students search for the facts, for the reasons why a flower wilts, or why celery sticks in one's teeth.

At the University his teaching methods are unusual, extra-ordinary. And as Davidson noted, most other professors take the position, "It works for you, but it won't for me."

We hope more and more professors adopt Davidson's method. His course is designed for the student to increase his learning—not his facility to memorize facts—or his ability to get a 4.0 average.

Davidson is providing a real opportunity to learn—he is to be commended.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

Phase IV

By Roger A. Elm

Paul Booth, national president of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), has announced that SDS will end their nationally sponsored anti-draft and conscientious objector programs. Mr. Booth stated that the change was made as an attempt to maintain SDS's image as a group favoring 'conservative' governmental change.

THIS SEEMS a strange image for a group that describes itself as 'radically leftist', but apparently Mr. Booth sees no contradiction.

One can only speculate on the reasons that prompted this reversal in SDS's position, but the wave of Pro-Americanism that has swept the nation could very well have been felt in SDS's national headquarters. The Attorney General's adamant position on draft card burnings and anti-war demonstrations must surely be another.

LOCAL MEMBERS of SDS on the Nebraska campus viewed the news release with some amazement, and commented that the local chapter is an autonomous unit and that the national policy statement would be discussed at their upcoming meeting.

We can hardly see the local chapter of SDS disregard the national policy statement. It may provide them with a face saving means to be rid of a poorly received program on campus.

Reader Is Glad He Is Phi Delt

Dear Editor:

While taking the usual 30 seconds break from the academic rush to glance through the "gutless wonder" (referring to content, not courage), which we fondly call a campus newspaper, I became more than a little disturbed at the assertions you have made on the Greek system.

I would be among the first to admit that the fraternity system as we and our immediate predecessors have known it cannot long survive. But the basic cause of this is in the tremendously increased college enrollments and the concept that fraternity living as we desire it can not function with memberships above 150 men, while at the same time, if we don't compete with the dorms numerically the percentages are against us. The dilemma is obvious.

But, sweetheart, you just haven't been logging enough hours in the fraternity chapter rooms, bull sessions, intramural competitions, and public service projects if you think that "security and assurance of a devoted brotherhood," "the frolic, joy and fellowship" don't apply to the 1965 student.

I look upon my fraternity as the most rewarding experience of my college career (paralleled only by the education I have received). This year, due to financial and personal obligations I am unable to live in the House, but I miss those "de-spairing rules and obligations" more than I can express. I'm confident that I speak for most of the Greek men on campus. I will, however, leave the sororities to you. I feel lucky to be—

A Phi Delt

Sweetheart's Note: Our faith has been renewed in that wonderful old adage: "Distance makes the heart grow fonder." How many service projects, chapter meetings, and intramurals have you participated in this year?

Arkansas Shocked At Husker Decision

To the University of Nebraska:

It came as a great shock to us at the University of Arkansas, to the state, and, we are sure, to the nation as well to learn that the "Cornshuckers" have accepted an invitation to play in the Orange Bowl on New Years Day.

If our memory serves us correctly, there were persistent rumors early this year that the University of Nebraska would like another crack at the Hogs of Arkansas. But now it seems that this was just so much bluster.

We, of course, realize that it would do much more to enhance the national prestige of the "Cornshuckers" to play a high ranked South-

east Conference team with such a tremendous record as the University of Alabama rather than to play a small Southwestern Conference school with such a "lowly" record as the University of Arkansas.

Since you claim to be "National Champions", we can understand your reluctance to accept an invitation to a "lesser bowl". We can also understand your desire not to be beaten by the same team on the same field two years in a row.

Therefore, we accept your acquiescence and tacit agreement that we have the better team.

Loyal Rooters for the Little Pigs Tom Eans Charles Cotton

Movie Review—

'Ship Of Fools' Is Mediocre Acting Neither Good Or Bad

By Diaper Sandoe

Stanley Kramer's "Ship of Fools" was a bitter disappointment to this reviewer.

A picture which endeavours to portray the faults and foibles of mankind, it shows only how mediocre American films tend to be.

This picture has received favorable reviews from such hallowed sources as the New Yorker and the Journal American, but perhaps those reviewers saw a different set of reels than I.

Lee Marvin steals a meager portion of a faded spotlight, and is entertaining if not believable as the athletic ex-athlete. The other acting is, at best, trite. Elizabeth Ashley was neither good nor bad, despite raves from Life Magazine.

The script and the plot do little to

come to the actors' aid. The plot centers around the passengers on an Atlantic Ocean vessel—the usual tourists, businessmen and escapists. There are also several hundred stranded Cuban migratory laborers who are allowed passage in steerage. O.K. so far, but Kramer insists in dwelling on microcosmic truths, and far from missing the target, he seemingly never notices that one is there, or should be.

The show hops from traumatic situations to humorous (?) ones, and one is never sure which is which. (If this sounds like an admirable point, believe me, it is not.)

The one good thing about this picture is that it makes one think about it—this one is bored and slightly nauseated.

Daily Nebraskan

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Fox's Facts—

Which Road To Take To 'Everlasting Fame'

By Gale Pokorny

Our fair state of Nebraska, with its teeming masses (cows not people) and its unlimited potential (ring-necked pheasants and industrial sites), finds itself in a difficult position these days.

SOONER OR LATER it will have to decide which road it is going to take to everlasting fame. Will it try to retain its long held title as the shining example of the wild, wild, West with its range wars, Indian massacres, pony express and sixty mile an hour night speed limit? Or will it continue to streak madly forward into the missile age committing only the sin of building its skyscrapers in a poorly arranged pattern?

Lincoln, being the capital, is quite concerned with this problem of decision, and we can see in this city how the silent struggle is forcing a combination of both ages on the population. On the exterior we see a normal American functioning metropolis happily cashing in on the tide of higher education, but if one takes the time

to look closer, certain remnants of the wild woolly West still are present, although cleverly modified by society's technological advances.

FOR INSTANCE, don't despair kiddies if you think you have seen the last of Zorro when he rode away into the sunset several years back with Walt Disney on one side and that idiot bird with his bottle of 7-up on the other. The truth is I see Zorro ride by my window every two hours, (yes, I feel all right). He never rides a horse though, (we do have some laws) he rides a Cushman scooter-truck of a rather uncertain color. It is sort of a frog stomach yellow.

His sword is a little modified too. Instead of the regular, super-long, sharp steak knife that he used to tote around, he now has one with a piece of chalk tied to the end. And he doesn't pick on fat soldiers anymore, he devotes himself exclusively to the rear tires of cars belonging to college students.

TRUE TO FORM, he is

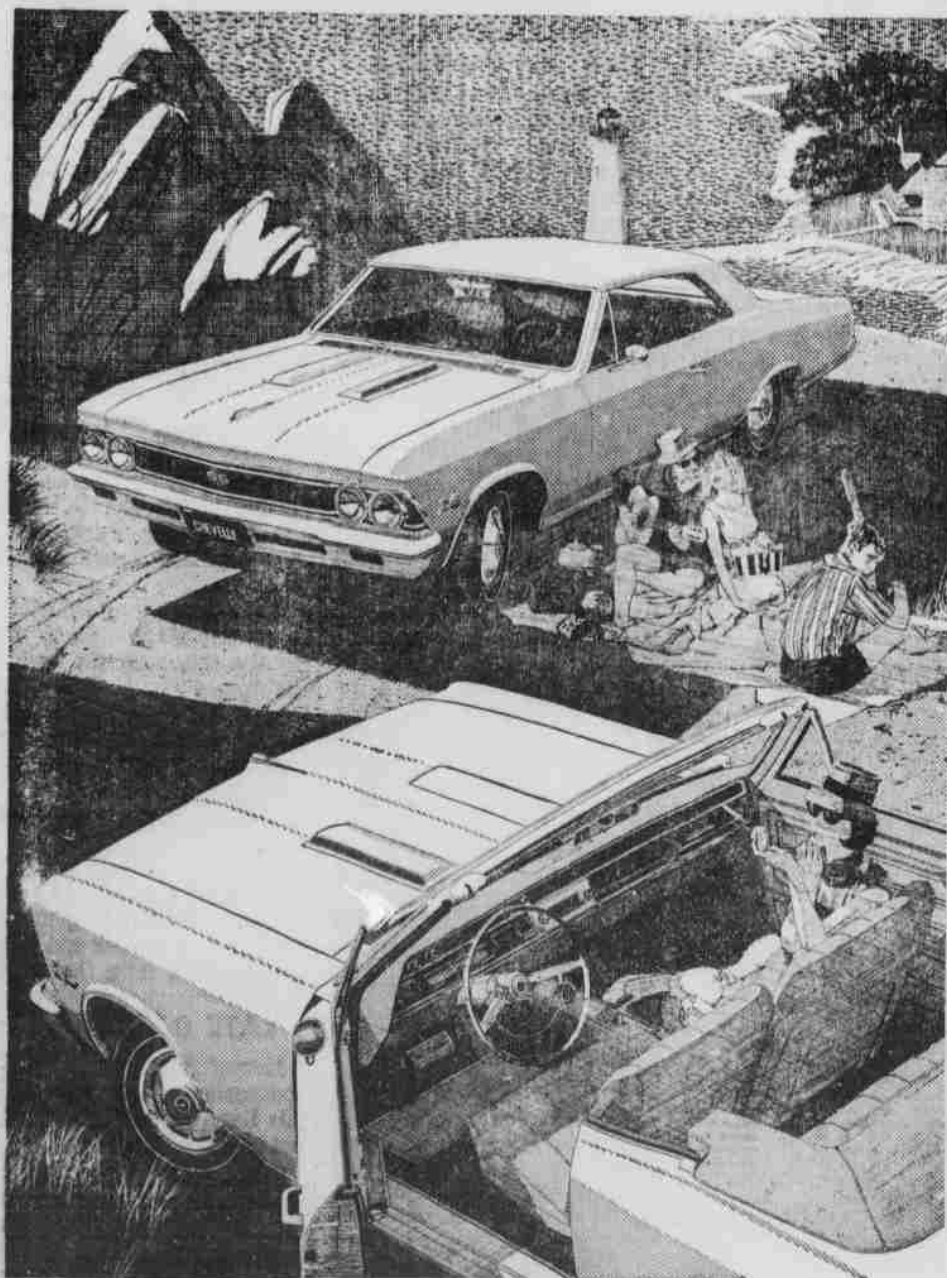
always dependable. No matter if it is raining, snowing or flooding, you can bet your sliderule he will be around leaving his autograph either on your Firestones or on that cute little name card stuck beneath your windshield wiper.

He is fast, never staying long in one place, (he wouldn't dare) and silent often surprising his adversary in embarrassing situations (like bending over and wiping the chalk off the tire.) He always triumphs over his opponent and with a flick of the wrist leaves his mark, ("Raise Police Salaries", chalked across the forehead).

True also to the old image, he is attired in black with only one major flaw in the costume, his mask is gone, (I don't see why). Further confusion results from the fact that he has others who collect the benefits from his toils and they don't wear masks either. But it is all done in good faith to bring to justice those who . . . excuse me but it is now two hours since I last went out and checked my car and . . .

AFRICAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION PRESENTS RHODESIA and INDEPENDENCE an international panel discussion The Wesley Foundation (upper lounge) November 21—8:00 p.m.

Now! New Chevelle SS 396 by Chevrolet



New '66 Chevelle SS 396 Convertible and Sport Coupe.

Equipped with a Turbo-Jet 396 V8, special suspension and red stripe tires.

These cars weren't meant for the driver who is willing to settle for frills.

They're engineered from the chassis on up as no-compromise road machines.

Standard output of the new Turbo-Jet 396 V8—which powers both models—is 325 hp. This remarkably efficient power plant is also available in a 360-hp version.

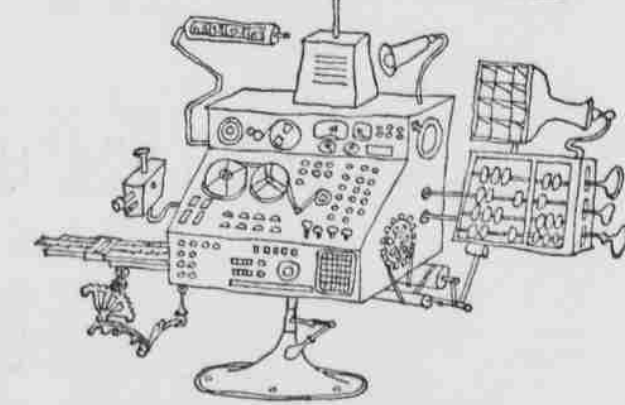
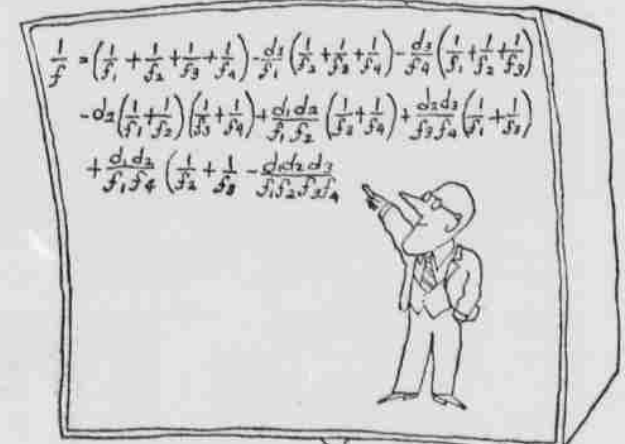
So much for what happens on straightaways. How about curves? You ride on a special SS 396 chassis—with flat-cornering suspension and wide-base wheels.

A fully synchronized 3-speed transmission is standard. Or you can order a 4-speed or Powerglide—also Strato-bucket front seats, center console and full instrumentation.

Sound like a car you could get serious over? That, as you'll see at your dealer's, is precisely how Chevrolet engineers planned it. Seriously.



See the new '66 Chevrolet, Chevelle, Chevy II, Corvair and Corvette at your Chevrolet dealer's



If communications were good enough you could stay in the sack all day

Moving your body around is highly inefficient.

If communications were perfect, you would never have to. Of course, you would still have to get exercise. But that's your problem.

We want to make it easier for you to contact people, learn, get information, attend lectures, and hold meetings.

We developed Picturephone\* service so you can see as well as talk when you call. And be seen, too. We introduced Tele-Lecture service (two-way amplified phone calls) to let you hear lecturers in distant locations. And so you could ask them questions no matter how far away they were.

Right now, many students can dial from their dormitories to a language lab. Soon a student will be able to dial into a computer thousands of miles away to get information for his courses.

Depending on the nature of the information, he might get his answer back audibly, printed on a teletypewriter, as a video image, or a facsimile print.

Some of these services are available now. Others are being tested. For the next week or so, better get a move on.

\*Service mark of the Bell System

