

## The Rating Game

There's a new game that's crossing our nation's campuses, and the University has caught the bug. It's called The Rating Game, and only students (except freshmen) can play the game.

It's a fun game, too. You sit down, pen in hand, and "evaluate" your instructor.

You can decide if the lectures were "stimulating" or "dull." You can determine if the instructor graded his exams "very fair" or "unfair." And you can even note if "there was a communication problem under the instructor."

The purpose of the rating game is dual, according to Ladd Lonnquist, who is chairman of the ASUN's Faculty Evaluation Committee. According to Lonnquist, the book will "provide students with an opportunity to evaluate their instructors," and second, "to make information available to students regarding instructors and their courses," when it comes registration time again.

The book will be revised each year. Students can evaluate only after completing a course, and freshmen are eliminated from the game.

The faculty evaluation book is a

good idea. But if it is to meet Lonnquist's and ASUN's objectives, it had better not be a game.

Lonnquist stressed that the book's primary intent is not to "malign instructors, but to benefit students."

It can benefit the students, if the ASUN and the Faculty Evaluation Committee take a responsible attitude toward what they print. From all indications, that is what they are doing. As Lonnquist said, "A lawyer will advise when to cross out flippancy remarks."

We suggest that the committee also take the responsibility of crossing out "flippant remarks." And we further suggest that students not make them in the first place.

We hope that the book will not contain useless ambiguities such as "this course serves (or does not serve) as an adequate introduction," or "it contributes (or does not contribute) to a well-rounded education."

The book will be out by April 1, in time for second semester registration, if all goes as planned by ASUN.

We'll see then if the committee and the students played The Rating Game squarely.

## To Key—or Not To

To key or not to key, that is the question.

The AWS Board has questionnaired, polled, interviewed and debated. The decision will be made at the March 1 meeting.

Women's hours is perhaps the most cussed and discussed topic on campus. The decision that AWS makes on senior keys will be far-reaching—to male students, parents, administration, house-mothers, and even the University coed herself.

The Board has several proposals before it regarding the key system. Question: which one to choose? At this point, the Board has made sufficient headway in exploring the pros and cons of each proposal.

The major key system suggestions are 1) keys for all women over 21; 2) keys only for women with senior standing; 3) keys for women with senior stand-

ing who are over 21.

If AWS selects any of the three proposals, progress will be made with the antiquated arrangement of women's hours. We feel, however, that the first proposal is the best.

The idea behind a key system is that women possessing them are mature enough to regulate their time and activities. Traditionally, the age of 21 has meant the age of adulthood, and with adulthood, the age of maturity.

Granted, there are "adults" aged 35 who are mature. But by the age of 21, we feel that most women can be considered mature enough to discipline their time and amusements.

Thus, a ruling of keys for seniors only may be unfair to those women of 21 who only have junior standing. If AWS draws the line of senior keys at the age of maturity, let them draw the line at 21, and not at class standing.

## Pray for Peace

Feel a draft yet?

You may be soon, if guidelines for drafting college men are set up similar to those during the Korean conflict. Under this system, college students were drafted on the basis of class rank and scores received on a uniform Selective Service test.

And, according to Col. Francis Drath of the Nebraska Selective Service, it looks like college students may soon be drafted on a similar system.

Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, national head of the Selective Service, has received much criticism recently — especially for his act of re-classifying certain student demonstrators against the war in Viet Nam. Although his competence as head of the draft has been questioned, it is not our point to add criticism to his handling of the draft situation thus far.

After all, he's the director.

What we do question is the system of drafting students on the basis of a university ranking or a test score.

The reasoning behind such a system is fairly obvious. College men traditionally are not drafted because it is felt that they can better serve the country with the skills a college degree connotes. This is questionable.

In most cases, it is true that the nation needs college graduates to promote

the industry and agriculture which is our nation's economic backbone.

But "brainpower" is needed in war, too, and not necessarily just that of the leaders. It may not take much intelligence to know when to duck in a fox-hole, but it does to calculate enemy strategy—which the individual soldier must often do on his own in guerrilla warfare.

We are not advocating drafting only college men in the top half of their class with IQs over 120, however. What we are saying is that drafting men because they are not doing well in school or because they score low on a Selective Service test is not the best solution to the draft problem.

Draft officials should consider the psychology of drafting a poor student or a poor test scorer. What pride would a man have in serving his country if he knew that he was selected, not for his leadership or courage or intelligence, but because he wasn't doing well in school and he'd be another gun?

And it's terribly obvious that pride, and the psychology of pride in serving one's country, is a large part of fighting a successful war.

We hope that Gen. Hershey and local draft officials will consider the implications involved in setting draft guidelines along those of a test or class rank basis.

In the meantime, pray for peace.

## Avoid Tickets—Become a Visitor

"Even with the fantastic advantages offered by metered parking, a parking problem remains on the Iowa State University campus," writes Rick Dunn in the Daily Iowan.

Dunn offers a few suggestions on how to avoid parking tickets. We've tried them all, and none of them worked for us, but you might have better success.

1. Scrape off your registration and parking stickers to become a visitor — just don't let the campus policemen see you driving.  
2. Carry some sort of "Official Business" sign in your car which you can prop up in the window.  
3. Secure a copy of a parking ticket which you can stick under your windshield wiper.  
4. Park in an obviously "no parking" area and leave a sign on your car explaining that you ran out of gas.

5. Park in an obviously "no parking" area, jack up your car and remove a tire.

6. Park in an obviously "no parking" area, raise your hood, and remove one spark plug cable, thus developing "engine trouble."

7. Hang a sign on the parking meter asking for a 10-minute break to allow you to get change.

8. Keep a "meter out of order" sign handy.

9. Have an instructor — friend register your car with the university in his name, thus giving you a staff sticker.

10. Utilize 15-minute service zones as much as possible.

11. Don't date.

12. Don't park.

Just in case, you might do well to have your father start a parking fines savings fund, as a supplement to your education savings.



## Sorry About That!

Being a compendium of farce, absurdity and comment selected arbitrarily by the Editor . . .

Thought for the day. Do campus police really eat their young?

Ever have any questions that bother you late at night, or early in the morning? I've compiled a few questions that invariably bother me at 2 a.m.—

What does the 'S.' in Robert S. McNamara, Harry S. Truman and Nikita S. Khrushchev REALLY mean?

Why is Averell Harriman always Roving? or At Large?

How do we maintain campus beauty while keeping the privilege to cut corners across the lawn?

How would I get my daily exercise if I didn't have to walk three miles to my car every day?

Will Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, in promotion of her beautification program, get rid of the "Keep Our Highways Clean" signs which clutter the landscape?

Is Uncle Sam really a bearded radical?

Did Bob Hope burn his draft card? Will Builders' SEED sprout?

Why did I get 18 hours when I registered for 12, and my roommate 3 when she registered for 15?

Is Sandbox 408 (a required course for seniors majoring in Elementary Education) really a rough course?

On a Wing and a Prayer  
A conservative pilot tried flight  
In a plane that was truly a sight.  
It had only one wing,  
So he crashed the darn thing.  
In his heart he knows he was right.  
Ramparts magazine.)

Will Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, in promotion of her beautification program, get rid of the "Keep Our Highways Clean" signs which clutter the landscape?

Is Uncle Sam really a bearded radical?

Did Bob Hope burn his draft card? Will Builders' SEED sprout?

Why did I get 18 hours when I registered for 12, and my roommate 3 when she registered for 15?

Is Sandbox 408 (a required course for seniors majoring in Elementary Education) really a rough course?

On a Wing and a Prayer  
A conservative pilot tried flight  
In a plane that was truly a sight.  
It had only one wing,  
So he crashed the darn thing.  
In his heart he knows he was right.  
Ramparts magazine.)

Will Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, in promotion of her beautification program, get rid of the "Keep Our Highways Clean" signs which clutter the landscape?

Is Uncle Sam really a bearded radical?

Did Bob Hope burn his draft card? Will Builders' SEED sprout?

Why did I get 18 hours when I registered for 12, and my roommate 3 when she registered for 15?

Is Sandbox 408 (a required course for seniors majoring in Elementary Education) really a rough course?

On a Wing and a Prayer  
A conservative pilot tried flight  
In a plane that was truly a sight.  
It had only one wing,  
So he crashed the darn thing.  
In his heart he knows he was right.  
Ramparts magazine.)

Will Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, in promotion of her beautification program, get rid of the "Keep Our Highways Clean" signs which clutter the landscape?

You could almost hear the screams echoing across campus last week.

"My registration was canceled," bemoaned one coed.

"So what. I have to drop 10 hours and add 15," said another.

Registration was indeed a mess. And no one will admit it faster than Dr. Floyd Hoover, registrar.

Yes, Dr. Hoover really does exist. He's not just a name you've seen on your "registration cancelled" notice.

And what's more, he is a busy man. (Working on facilitating registration for next semester.) It's a big problem in making students, instructors, the registration staff and college deans happy, to say the least.

He'll have plans and recommendations soon. In other words, To Be Continued.

The Small Voice  
Manifest Destiny's piety  
Requires a Jekyll name for Mr. Hyde.

What's purple and wages genocide?  
The Grape Society.  
(Author unknown.)

Says the Iowa State Daily: "The new hours policy has been approved . . . but women must return home by 6:30 a.m. The administration gave up on the battle over sleep, but they don't want women to miss breakfast."

Yesterday, Feb. 2, was Ground Hog Day. The Daily Nebraskan missed it. We hesitate to add that it was not because we do not like ground hogs, we LOVE them, at least those we've met. In fact, no one was sadder than us, when our pet ground hog was inadvertently maimed by a passing arrow as he was looking over his shoulder. But to all ground hog lovers, we extend a sincere apology for missing The Day. Sorry about that!

## Students' Unity—A Wayne State Editor's Conclusion

(Editor's Note: Colleges and universities are normally concerned with the problem of "unity" of their various student groups. At the University of Nebraska, the question of unity often takes the form of rivalry—in the open or not—between Greeks and the Independents.

Another college in Nebraska, Wayne State, is also discussing the problem of "unity." An editorial writer in the Wayne Stater sees the adoption of the Greek system at Wayne as a possible solution to the school's "various units."

Greeks and Independents at the University would do well to consider this Wayne State editor's comments, in working toward a unified group of students here. Not all students at NU will agree that the Greek system solves "unity problems," but it is an interesting consideration.)

Students and administrators at Wayne State are constantly searching for methods to arouse more enthusiasm in campus activities, improve student life, and draw the college people closer together. Is it possible that they have been re-proving the very solution to their problem—the adoption of Greek-letter societies?

One needs only to look at the school spirit at Wayne to realize that this college lacks one major element vitally important on any successful college campus. This element is unity, and by the establishment of fraternities and sororities it could be possible for the people here to gain this needed unification. The various units would eventually conceive an entity. Competition between houses leading to added spirit on campus would be dissolved into one unit when in competition with other colleges.

Immediately, the objection arises that membership in such a "group" tends toward a loss of individuality. However, you choose a group which is high in those personal characteristics you value most. Therefore, the more selective the fraternity and the more you will develop your individuality by being a member.

Although Greek letter societies may become less important in time, they should be regarded as a "good thing." Not only do they teach social skills and confidence, but they aid in getting into campus offices and activities.

There is emphasis on intellectual achievement as well. National officers exert pressure on the local chapters to meet high standards. The possibility of suspension or being placed on probation keeps the locals alert.

Many feel Wayne State is too small for Greek societies. However, with the ever increasing enrollment, there will be a need for students to retain a certain amount of smallness. This could be achieved through fraternities and sororities. Snobbery and discrimination are often associated with these groups. But, an individual should not have to apologize for wanting to choose his or her friends.

The college gives the individual an opportunity to educate himself and potentially, the fraternity is the best medium of self-education which has yet been devised on American campuses.

## HUMMING A TUNE

By STAN WEBER

Having just returned from military service, I have been asked to give some thoughts on entering the University of Nebraska. So . . .

In case you are wondering who I am (and you are unless you're my mother), I'm the tall, skinny guy whose black and white saddle shoes have caused three broken necks on campus this week. Actually they are a holdover from my days as a yell leader at an Army stockade (black and white were our colors).

I really am skinny though. Yesterday I walked into the Union pool room and three guys chalked me up before I could get away.

Anyway, on with school. My entire preparation consisted of glancing through CATCHER IN THE RYE and LORD OF THE FLIES and reading most thoroughly a disappointing book called CANDY. (You bet I was disappointed. No pictures).

The first day of registration I had a slight advantage on the other freshmen. I knew where the can was in the Union. (Don't laugh, that is quite an advantage after standing in those lines all day.)

Now that things are settling down though, I am beginning to catch on to things a little. From what I can gather, an Independent is someone who doesn't have a burgandy V-Neck sweater. Also, I've had my first introduction to campus humor—the parking situation.

As far as problems go, the only thing that bothers me so far, is the fact that my German instructor is a former SS member trying to work off a grudge against Americans. Actually I had second thoughts about going to college at all, but here I am 21 and the only real big thing I've done with my life was to be the "Mailman" on the Mary and Mr. Bill show.

I have spent quite a little time in the crib and, after eating lunch there a few times, I can understand why the food is so popular. Everyone is going there to impress their friends with their wealth. You know, they can afford a sandwich and a bowl of soup at the same time. I'm not saying that the food isn't good, but I have noticed there are no stray animals around the campus.

Speaking of stray animals, I have had quite a time watching the girls around here. Most of the girls are real cute, but this morning I did see a couple of wild ones. No kidding, they were so ugly they had to walk in pairs for protection.

Things aren't really that bad though. I did have some fun this morning. I saw a ROTC guy in the Crib who looked like he had just rolled General Eisenhower or Audie Murphy. He had so many pins and medals on that some guy from Northwestern Scrap Co. came up to him and made him an offer for his uniform.

Well, guess I'll cut this off for now. Don't forget though, the Smokey Bear Fan Club, girls' auxiliary, meets tonight. (Contact me for more info on this SWELL club, girls!) See you there?

## Another Viewpoint—The Blues

Editor's Note: The following article was written by Ken Blam and appeared in the University of Illinois' The Daily Illini.

The tune is "I Go To Pieces." The instruments are ignorance, desire, bewilderment and a pen.

The score is printed on mimeographed sheets and the selection is a surprise.

Proper interpretation is impossible and the concert is a jumble of assorted renderings, some poor attempts at transmission, others a complete surrender.

There are no encores, and the conductor is asked what he had desired and why he had not come.

He profoundly tucks his baton under his arm, ventures an apparently knowing smile and strides temporarily off the stage to await a fresh batch of aspiring virtuosos.

Unbeknownst to the grasping pawns, he too has failed at the interpretation. But he has mastered the sophistications of disguise and fools the undiscerning eye — and often his own too.

For he has established a technique by which he has become known. And by it can he judge the aspirations. Let them first grasp the master's techniques, and forge on from there. But keep the search difficult so they can feel they've accomplished something once it is completed. Only never let them complete it, for then they should have grasped the vagary.

But above all, if a ray of hope shine forth, if a note accidentally sound brightly, rebuke the offending instrument and smite the hand that culled it.

Rebuke and smite often enough and the lesson will become engrained: Follow the master, it says. Observe closely his tendencies. Learn to imitate his frowns, accept his dourness, play along with his jokes.

Observe these things carefully enough, memorize the routine properly, and rejoice when you can emerge an occasional glimmered approval.

Especially note carefully upon which level you floundered at the time and seek it out again when the time arrives for your extemporaneous recital.

And then wonder why you can't identify the spot.

You had carefully marked it, you thought. But the buoy has disappeared and you drift aimlessly without hope of discovering it.

You had overlooked that the buoy was constructed only of what seemed like solid materials and that the

oars propelling you are his — or so he claims. But if they're his and have failed you, how much less faith might you rest in them should they not be his.

Yet the panic is pernicious enough without being strengthened by that addition. It's so severe even that your screams suffice to attract an aiding hand which you allow smoothly to pull you back to shore. The apparent severity of the tempest so deluded your senses you never dare attempt your own rescue for fear of being again smote.

You never think of putting out a leg and possibly finding the spot to be shallow, or of shining a light and discovering the shore to be close at hand. In your misery you fail to consider he may only have led you upon a superficial tour guided by his own ignorance, bewilderment or fear.

The penalties for being wrong are too severe you think. For if you should put out a leg and the depth be too great, you might never recover. Or should your light fail to illuminate the shore, you might never find it. And so you shrink from the risk because you know answered.

Your injunctions will be You know you will be rescued and given a soothing talk that will erase the memories of the nightmare. And then you can cuddle in the arms of your savior and rest out the night in peace.

But you'll never know what would happen if you stepped out or shined your own light.

This gripe is nothing new. There's a lot of things wrong with this campus. And they can all be pretty well summed up by one word: fear.

Isn't something that is peculiar to final exams, though exams heighten awareness of it. Here are visible as many manifestations of it as anywhere else.

They range from the super-cool attitude of campus Greeks, who have the world alphabetized and categorized with a niche for every experience, to the super-scholar attitude of those who find "truth and goodness" in a library stack to the skeptic, who finds peace in belaboring all experience, to a general reliance on someone or something else (The Cause or The Group) because a person does not feel himself alone capable of overcoming the oppression weighting upon him.

And so he continues to wallow in his own and other's mediocrity without any hope of rescuing himself.

### Daily Nebraskan

Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Advertising Service, Incorporated. Published at Room 51, Nebraska Union, Lincoln, Nebraska.

TELEPHONE: 477-5711, Extensions 2588, 2589 and 2590.

Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$6 for the academic year.

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1915.

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, JO STOHLMAN; managing editor, STEVE HUNGER-FORD; news editor, WAYNE KREUSCHER; sports editor, JIM PEARSE; night news editor, JON KERKHOFF; senior staff writers, JAN ITKIN, BRUCE GILES, JULIE MORRIS; junior staff writers, RANDY IREY, TONI VICTOR, NANCY HENDRICKSON; photographers, TOM RUBIN, RICH EISER; copy editors, POLLY RHYNOIDS, WALLY LUNDEEN, LOIS QUINNITT.