

Vendetta

by FRED SCHMIDT

Today's column cancelled due to the weather: too good to get mad at anybody.

P.S. Everyone come to the picnic at Pioneers next Wednesday.

EDIT
CORIAL



our man hoppe

by ARTHUR HOPPE

Here's a surprise: *Newsweek* reports that Air America, which serves the CIA in Southeast Asia, is now one of the biggest U.S. airlines — ranking just behind National and just ahead of Northeast.

The surprise, of course, is that it isn't the biggest. I suppose it's the service. Who wants to fly on an airline run by the CIA?

Take the case of Marvin Munch, a defrocked Lutheran transvestite who was being shipped home to Peoria from Saigon in disgrace.

Wandering through the Ton Son Nhut Airport, Munch took a wrong turn, fell through a trapdoor, and landed in a heap in front of the Air America ticket counter.

"Heavens to Betsy!" said Munch.

"I'm glad you know the password," the ticket agent, a dashing type wearing a black eye patch over his left ear, said as he put away his .38 Aston-Martin automatic.

Humming a few bars of "Fly the Friendly Spies of America," the agent wrote out a ticket for Munch in invisible ink, burned it in an ashtray and handed him a boarding pass. "After you memorize this," whispered the agent, "eat it."

MUNCH NERVOUSLY did so. "This flight, should you decide to accept it," said the agent grimly, "is now boarding through the broom closet, tunnel D-12. You'll recognize it easily. The aircraft is disguised as a four-engine water buffalo.

Munch had no trouble finding the plane. It was the only four-engine water buffalo on the field. He was greeted at the top of the gangway by an attractive stewardess wearing dark glasses and a black moustache.

"Coffee, tea or, in case of capture

by the enemy, hemlock, sir?" she inquired. "Please extinguish all fuses and fasten your parachutes for take-off."

Once airborne, the pilot came back into the cabin. He was wearing puttees, a leather helmet and a white silk scarf. Bending over Munch, he whispered in his ear: "This is your captain, X-132-2(B) speaking. We have reached our cruising altitude of 15 feet. We estimate a flight time of two hours and 18 minutes to our top-secret destination. Do you happen to know, old chap, where we're going?"

"I'd like to go to Peoria," said Munch.

"Jolly good show that," said the pilot, nodding. "It's 70 kilometers through hell. But so's Decatur."

AN HOUR LATER, the plane landed at Whar Dhat, capital of the neutralist Asian kingdom of Cao Dng.

"Good luck, men," said the pilot, shaking each passenger's hand. "This plane will self-destruct in five seconds." And he led the hasty exit, waving a poison-tipped umbrella and shouting, "Peoria for the Peorians!"

The water buffalo blew up on schedule and the resultant blast toppled the neutralist government, a shaky coalition at best.

The pilot surveyed the wreckage with satisfaction. "Damn fine job," he said proudly. "It's heartwarming to know Peoria will now be on our side."

Munch said he didn't think this was Peoria.

"Never mind," said the pilot. "Wherever it is, it's on our side now. And we're keeping alive the finest traditions of the CIA. It's the third government we've topped this week."

"But why?" asked Munch.

"Because," said the pilot, tossing the end of his white silk scarf jauntily over one shoulder, "it is there."

For Better Or Worse

by TOM WIESE

Did you have a good time over Christmas Vacation this year? How about those books you took home with you? Didn't you find yourself saying at least once a day "I sure wish I didn't have this Math, Biology, Econ, History, or English to worry about?" Well, this hassle may have hassled you for the last time at the University of Nebraska.

THERE IS currently a list of recommendations and considerations drawn up by the Faculty Calendar and Examinations Committee which will shortly be presented to the Faculty Senate for approval.

The committee of faculty, administrators and students has recommended a shift in our semester system which would begin classes each fall late in August or early in September, conclude first semester finals by December 22, begin second semester classes no earlier than

the third week of January, and provide for commencement in the spring no later than Saturday of the third full week in May.

In essence, this proposed change combines Christmas vacation and semester break, giving students and faculty a four week vacation — a vacation that doesn't conclude with a week or two of classes and final exams — a vacation free from paper grading and class preparation for professors — a vacation which allows complete freedom and thereby the opportunity to work, rest, or travel for one entire month.

FURTHERMORE, Nebraska would be far from alone in implementing this scheduling technique. At the present time, Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa State are the only Big Eight schools which do not have this semester arrangement. (Iowa State has a quarter system).

In Nebraska, Wesleyan and Doane are currently operating

under this plan, and all state schools have either moved in this direction, or are considering such a move. Our university may well find itself with considerable problems of athletic scheduling, transfer student acceptance, and correspondence processing within the Big Eight conference if a similar system is not adopted.

THE SIMPLEST way to avoid these problems is to change our calendar for the 70-71 school year. Such a move is a definite possibility.

If you like the thought of such a change I would suggest that you spend about five minutes of your time and discuss this proposal with one or more of your instructors. Ask them how they feel about it and tell them your feelings. Hopefully, you can see the sizeable benefits which would accrue directly to YOU, and if you want these benefits — SPEAK!, for it seems that the "silent majority" is effective only in national politics.