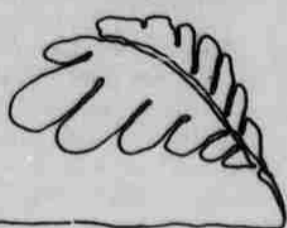


# to the editor



Dear editor:

I thank the Interim Program Arbitration Board for not bowing to pressure and approving the World in Revolution Conference on Justice in America as it stands.

You did not blow it. The "Big Red Machine" may never be the same again.

Greg Hickman

Dear editor:

Now that the dust kicked up by President Nixon's latest pronouncement on Vietnam has had a chance to settle, I feel obliged to give my assessment of his plan. I think it is very important for University students not to be fooled by the eight-point peace proposal.

The last point of the plan is the most important, as it reveals the basic flaw behind Nixon's proposal. It calls for a general cease-fire throughout all of Indo-China and the withdrawal of

North Vietnamese troops from the same area. Imagine how Roosevelt would have felt if the Germans in 1945 insisted that we withdraw from Europe before they would negotiate with us?

The North Vietnamese are still waiting for a reasonable proposal.  
Roy Baldwin

Dear editor:

As a female student at the University I would like to question the clarification of policy issued by Dr. Samuel Fuenning, director of Student Health, which appeared in the Daily Nebraskan Jan. 28, 1972.

It seems that the administration and Board of Regents are submitting to pressure to make Nebraska No. 1 again—more unwanted pregnancies than any state in the Union.

They must think that making the pill available without question will increase occurrences of promiscuity by students. Well, I'm sorry, but a good many people were indulging before they came here. Others learn fast.

By instituting such a policy the administration and the Board of Regents are neglecting their responsibility of "in loco parentis" because they are not providing their "charges" with contraceptives.

They are also endorsing pollution by contributing to the population explosion.

Denying the unqualified prescription for the pill is a case of misuse of student fees because we all have to pay for medical facilities whether we use them or not. Who are you trying to help and how, gentlemen?

Georgena Kuzma

# guest opinion

by Jody Beck

If you'll give me eight dollars now, next May I'll give you a book. I can't tell you exactly what will be in it. But I can tell you it will be well-written, contain great illustrations and more.

That's the kind of vague sales pitch the *Cornhusker* staff has to use to sell yearbooks.

Way back when the University was small and most students knew most other students, everybody bought a yearbook. Everybody's name, and/or photograph was in it. It's the same in most high schools today. Somewhere between 75 per cent & 85 per cent of high school students buy yearbooks.

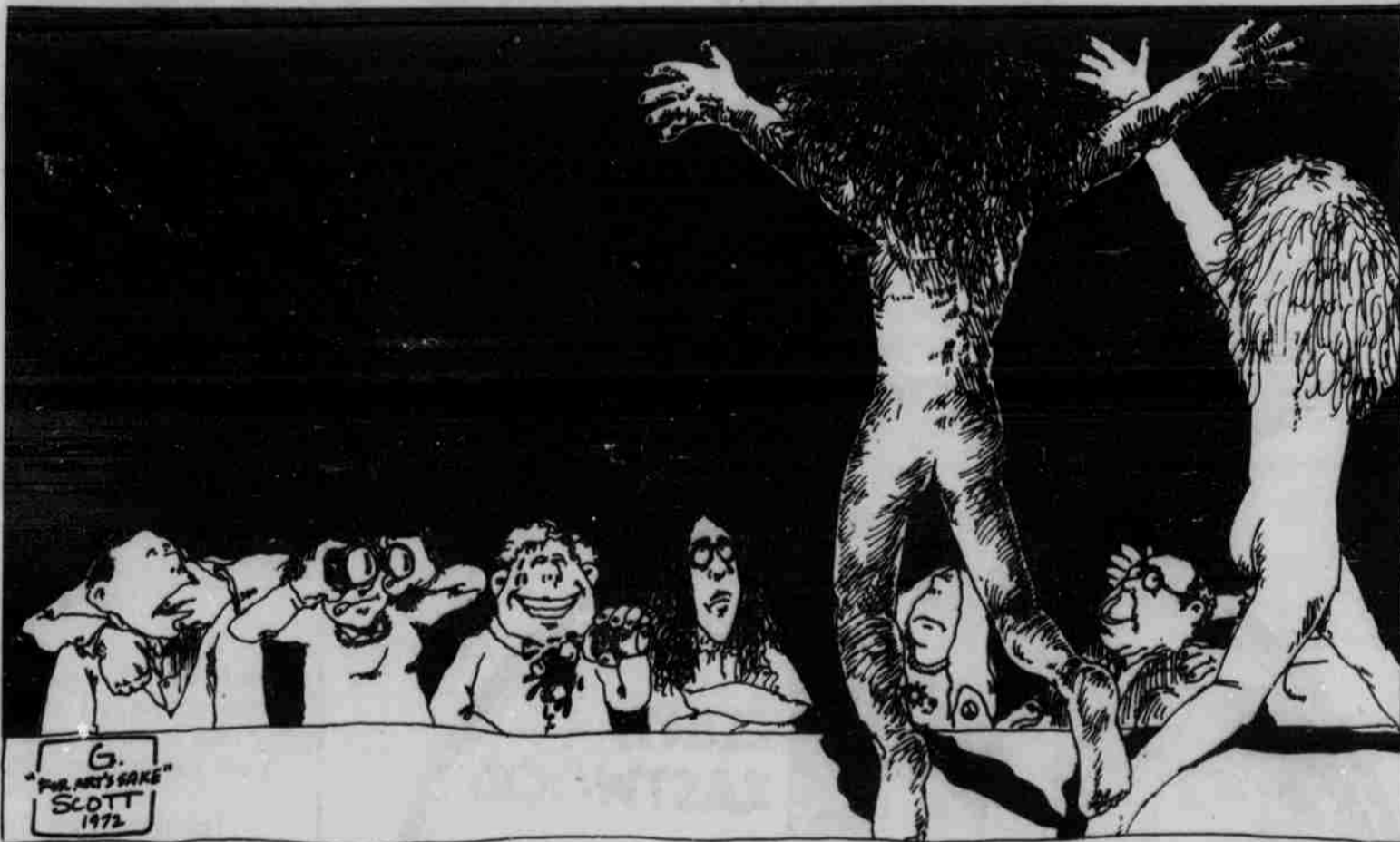
You've probably guessed that our situation is somewhat different. And so is our product. The *Cornhusker* is a yearbook. It contains all the traditional things. Pictures of people, events, clubs, faculty, sports. But it contains some pretty untraditional things. Articles, dubious achievement awards, cartoons, photography for art's sake.

We've won awards for the things we include in our yearbooks. But, we go around in circles trying to sell books nobody can see yet. I admit I'm prejudiced. I think yearbooks—in some form—have a definite place in educational institutions. And, if the way my parents and grandparents have taken care of their *Cornhuskers* is any indication, we'll all keep our books a long time—and use them.

Friday is the final day of advance sales. Late this afternoon we have to tell our printer how many books we want. After that, we will have only so many left to sell. Each time someone buys a *Cornhusker* we'll mark it off on a list. In 1969 we ran out of books. There were 250 people on a waiting list who didn't get books. Next May some people will be able to buy books, but only until we run out.

One of our staff members is in a booth in the Union now. He'll be there all day. Give him eight dollars and we'll give you a really fine yearbook next spring.

# bart becker gnostic turpitude



How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm? Especially when they've seen Big Ben and *Hair* in a 30-day period. The Cultural Revolution has come home.

It's obvious we're hip and culturally aware in Lincoln. Why, not only did we buy all the tickets offered for *Hair*, we also bought out the Grand Funk concert a few months back. And it's even up. They asked musical questions we couldn't answer and we've probably got some they can't answer.

I saw the show a few years ago, so I didn't attend the performances of "*Hair, the American Tribal Love Rock Musical—All Seats Reserved*" in Lincoln. But I understand the shine from the shoes and coiffures of Lincoln's hip, culture-oriented community was dazzling.

And it's reassuring to know that the Lincoln hip community is together enough to sell out three nights of the show. After all, all those people in the white shirts and dark ties must be hip. They were at *Hair*, weren't they?

If this is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius,

we're in worse trouble than we thought.

Next year we can all pile onto the Big Red Express for Paris to see the "Loover", huh? Oo La La.

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In fact, some things are happening in our backyard that should be picked up on. The University Arts Council is providing some interesting, rewarding programs despite just about everybody's attempts to ignore them.

And the Student Film Cooperative meets each Tuesday evening at 7:30 in the Nebraska Union. The meetings are open to anybody who wants to view student-made films and equipment for showing 8mm and 16mm film is available for anybody to show their efforts.

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A political note: we live in America, where anybody can grow up to be President. Webster's New World Dictionary has this to say:

*an-y-bod-y* (en'i--bud'i, en'i--bod'i), *pron.* 1. any person; anyone. 2. a person of fame, importance, etc.

The American system of democracy has been using the second definition for too long a time. We've got a chance to change that by signing the petitions to allow the People's Party on the Nebraska ballot. They're available at a booth in the Union. Whether the People's Party platform is agreeable to us or not isn't the question here. Everyone should have a chance.

Remember, government for the people, by the people, etc. That's us, too. Even if we're mostly just folks.

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And lastly, this week's attempt to close the knowledge gap comes from the 1968 edition of the *Guinness Book of World's Record*.

"The longest sausage ever recorded was one 3,124 feet long made on June 29, 1966, by 30 butchers in Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, England. It was made of 6½ cwt. (650 pounds) of pork and 1½ cwt. (150 pounds, math majors) of cereal and seasoning."