

Photo by Ted Kirk

It seems no one is immune to the steely grip of the rhino boot. The car on the right is driven by assistant basketball coach Jennings Austin, the other by assistant coach Moe Iba. Both cars are registered to the Touchdown Club.

Women's group's rolls dwindling

The University Women's Action Group (UWAG) may become inactive unless its membership increases, said Chris Stout, UWAG president and a senior recreation major from Lincoln.

UWAG was created in September 1970 to promote awareness of specific problems of women, she said, and membership has dwindled the last few years.

Many UWAG members are being graduated this year or already have been graduated and few people are joining each year, Stout said

Since the nearly 20 members also work in the Womens Resource Center, UWAG had to limit last year's activities.

Formerly, 40 to 50 potential members attended organizational meetings, Stout said. Although six prospective members attended this fall, most of them did not join UWAG, she added.

Although UWAG's activity recently has declined, Stout said, the group has made contributions to UNL.

In October 1971 UWAG opened the Women's Resource Center, currently sponsored by the Union Pro-

UWAG started the Womens Pages, a feminist newspaper, in 1973 and have sponsored speakers and panel discussions, Stout said.

UWAG is meeting Thursday at 4 p.m. in the Nebraska Union to discuss membership problems and new projects. Non-members and persons interested in joining are invited, Stout said.

stop | Car people defend honor: It's all clean fun

By Jim Williams

The Worm Kid is an oddity. He shuffles through halls staring up at passers-by with enormous, pleading eyes. One feels the urge to photograph him for a magazine ad with the headline: "The Average American Dog Eats Better than He Does."

The Worm Kid is so conscientiously surrealistic, it was disturbing when he dubbed my circle of friends "The Cars and Toughness Clique."

Who, us? This curious being, who spends his free time writing songs about worms and sitting in a dark room wringing tortuous melodies from a Fender Mustang, is holding us up as strange?

I can't imagine what separates car people from noncar people.

True, car people sometimes talk together in a strange, secret language: "Hey, man, hemidualquadfouronthefloor. tunnelramhighriserturbocharger Porschecherrybomb doubleoverheadcam, McLarenholleyheader. Craneiskendarienunequallengthupperandlowercontrolarmskonibilstein, rackandpinionpirellidunlop. Wanna run?"

True, car people have odd tastes. Some don't even care if their next car rides quieter than a Rolls-Royce and was chosen by 74 out of 100 suburbanites in a blindfold

Yep, there are sickies in this land who will spend big bucks on a car that won't carry Mom, Dad, Sis, Junior, Fido and their luggage, that doesn't have AM/FM, power steering and brakes, automatic transmission and Deluxe Custom Ghia Brougham trim.

Instead, car people want "performance" cars. The 1965 Pontiac GTO is one. In ten seconds it will go from a standing start to fast enough to land you in court. The Triumph TR6 is a performance car. It carries one suitcase and two people, while walloping their behinds with a suspension of the pillowy softness of a sack of nickels and serenading them with an exhaust like a chain saw's. The Porsche 911 is a performance car. Its prinicpal charm is that it goes fast around curves-until suddenly decides to let go and slide backwards into a ditch.

And of course, some car people have slightly warped ideas of fun. Many look forward to a relaxing weekend standing in an inverted position, embracing an oily engine block while red-hot exhaust tubing brands the words "Hooker Headers" on parts of their bodies I dare not mention.

Serious car nuts become racers, an activity that takes longer and is more dangerous than stuffing hundreddollar bills down the Dispose-all, but with much the same result.

To the car people, it's all just good, clean fun. But it's slightly depressing to watch some emaciated initiate emerge from his trance, unwind from thelotus position, pull the hatpins out of his cheeks, refresh himself with a nibble on a raw fish head, then look up and say:

"Hey, you motorheads are really weird."

Bayh to meet public at reception tonight

Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana will be in Lincoln at 8:30 p.m. today for a wine and cheese reception at the Knolls, 2201 Old Cheney Rd., according to Charles Pallesen, state chairman for the Bayh committee.

The Lincoln visit will follow Bayh's visit to Omaha earlier in the day.

Pallesen said the reception, which he said is not a fund raiser, is open to the public. Tickets are \$12.50 for general public and \$4 for students and will be available at the door, he said.



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