

Arts & Entertainment



Loren Eiseley

Photo courtesy of Bertrand Schultz

Eiseley's achievements noted

By Jamie Bishop

"Even as late as 1947 they wouldn't believe us."

That was C. Bertrand Schultz talking about his long-time friend, Loren Eiseley. The Lincoln-born anthropologist, poet, author and philosopher died in 1977. Eiseley is well-known for his first book "The Immense Journey" — which traces human development through evolution. Published in 1957, it caused a bit of a stir, Schultz said.

But Schultz was talking about work he and Eiseley did in 1931. They found an arrow point in a trench by the base of Signal Point near Scottsbluff. The find placed humans on North America thousands of years before originally estimated.

Some told them "it was no use going out there because The American Museum, Amherst, Harvard, Princeton and The Field Museum in Chicago; they'd all been out there and they say there's no fossils from the Miocene period," Schultz recounts.

That was in 1931. Today Eiseley is being honored at "A Celebration of Loren Eiseley," sponsored by the Lincoln City Libraries and the Junior League of Lincoln. Schultz, executive director of the Nebraska Academy of Sciences and a UNL paleontologist, will take part in the ceremonies, providing his memories of

Eiseley and his life.

Would Eiseley think this event a big deal?

"Oh, I don't know," Schultz said, "he was such a modest man. Just think, he had 36 doctoral degrees bestowed upon him, and he had a whole bunch more lined up for years in advance..."

Eiseley apparently thought a lot of Schultz, too. He dedicated his second book of poetry to "the bone hunters of the old South Party, Morrill Expeditions 1931-32 and to C. Bertrand Schultz, my comrade of those years, this book is in memory of the unreturning days." The book, published in 1973, is "The Innocent Assassins."

"Many anthropologists didn't believe Loren Eiseley when he was alive. He was willing to stick his neck out. Everything he did was oriented to finding out the truth about how man fitted into his environment, how he came about," Schultz said.

Eiseley once wrote to Reader's Digest in answer to an article critical of his "The Immense Journey," Schultz said.

"They said 'Was you there Charlie?' and he said 'Yes I was and so were you,'" Schultz said.

Perhaps that critic objected to such lines as these which appeared in "The Sliit," the first essay in "The Immense Journey."

Continued on Page 9

Syllabuses hide in bottom of bag

Another year begins. By now, everybody should know where their classes are located and have a good enough idea of what the professor looks like to be able to pick him/her/it out of a lineup.



By now, you should be buried in a pile of purple mimeographed handouts that detail your courses, right down to the date of the final. Unfortunately, those sheets so carefully put together by the professor, tend to find their way to the bottom of your bookbag, where days after finals week you find them and wonder why you flunked the course.

It must be frustrating to professors to labor over a course guide day and night for three weeks and then 20 minutes before class, have the departmental secretary hand him/her/it a stack of blank papers and say:

"Our new electronic copier is on the fritz, and the only person who can fix it is on vacation and can't be reached."

I have a pet peeve about professors and their handouts. Can anybody tell me why the professors read the handouts to us in class? It reminds me of when I was in kindergarten and the class took turns reading from books about Dick, Jane, Sally, Puff and Spot.

Of course, the professors probably know that if they don't read the course outline to us, we never will know what it says because we stick the syllabus in the bottom of our book bags and forget about it until the last day of finals.

I hate reading syllabuses because I hate to have a piece of paper outlining 15 weeks of my life, day by day, week by week and month by month.

Another thing about a syllabus is that on the night before a big exam it reminds me of all the chapters that I haven't read. There is something about having them in writing that makes the reading assignments seem as if they came down from the mountaintop and, if you ignore the syllabus, you will be struck down by lightning, or worse yet — be given a F in the course.

I suppose syllabuses have their good points. They make good paper airplanes, good fuel for a December fire, good dunce caps and even help you to study — if somebody would read them.

Local drive-ins: The last of a dying breed

By Jeff Goodwin

Drive-ins. An American institution. It's hard to imagine something like a drive-in originating in Belgium, say, or Iceland. Of course, when you think about it, it's only natural that such a thing should originate in America, combining as it does two American inventions — automobiles and movies.

Drive-ins have been almost a rite of passage in America, a sort of bar mitzvah for the middle class, if you will.

Saturday night, and what do you do? If you've got a date, you grab some beer and go to the drive-in. If you don't have a date, you get together with your pals, grab some beer and go to the drive-in. When you break it down to the basic elements, life really can be quite simple.

However, all of that may be changing. It seems that more families are going to drive-ins.

"It seems like our average customer is a member of the working class with a family," said Dave Livingston, vice presi-

Third time a charm for degree obstacle?

It's finally happened. After 89 painful credit hours stretched over some three-plus years, I've reached the pinnacle of senior status. I'm sophisticated, wise, and urbane, with a respectable entry-level job awaiting me next May. I now can talk intelligently about Third World politics and have long since ceased to be scared of any instructor in the School of Journalism.

I can speak Spanish flawlessly, without



a trace of American accent, and am about to be sent, free of charge, on a tour to Europe.

That's the story I tell my relatives, whose perennial question "And when are you going to graduate" has been sounding more and more unpleasant as time goes by. The truth, alas, is somewhat different.

My graduation date, formerly listed optimistically as "May, '83," is receding further into the distance.

In fact, it's no longer visible even with a microscope. I'm still finding myself, mysteriously, in 200-level courses.

dent of the Douglas Three, operator of the 84th and O Street Drive-In.

Livingston said the basic concept of the drive-in has remained the same over the years.

"It's still basically a hassle-free form of entertainment where people can go without worrying about dressing up."

He said attendance at drive-ins is down. "I would say business has dropped off from 20 to 25 percent in the last 10 years," he said.

He ascribed this trend to the rise in popularity of indoor theaters.

"I think people in general are more comfort conscious now than they used to be. They want the comfort that air-conditioning offers," he said.

He also said expensive real estate prices in urban areas have made drive-ins financially unfeasible.

"In the last three or four years there

My records are spotted with incompletes, withdrawals, and to my eternal shame, one glaring F, which has yet to be removed.

It wasn't always this way. I didn't set out to be a permanent fixture inside these halls of iver, pleasant though they are. As a freshman, I adopted a no-nonsense approach to higher education. "Get it over with and move on" was my motto.

I dutifully attacked the required courses for the College of Arts and Sciences, passed them (yea, even with some A's) and advanced into journalism school.

I was even so zealous as to take a few summer courses, hoping thereby to gain an advantage over my classmates.

My sophomore year, at least the first semester of it, went by without a hitch. Credit hours piled up without end as did many wonderful grades.

But, pride goeth before a fall, and so it came to pass that during the next semester I fell victim to sloth and procrastination. The due dates for my Economics 210 assignments came and went without my making the least effort to do them. I still came to class so as not to get talked about by the more dedicated students, but spent most of my time staring at the guy sitting next to me.

have been no new drive-ins opened in the country," Livingston said.

A recent field trip to a local drive-in would seem to confirm that drive-ins may be headed the way of the dinosaur.

There seem to be no more than a dozen cars there at any one time. It seems too small of a turnout for the last weekend before school started.

A few minutes into the first feature the film breaks. It's several minutes before the film is fixed and by then the crescendo from the assembled cars sounds like the Dan Ryan Expressway at rush hour.

As usual, the action is at the snack bar and its myriad offerings. (Where else but at a drive-in can you get a corn dog? Where else but at a drive-in would you eat one?)

By the end of the night only a few hardy souls are left to watch the credit. The lights dim. Soon the season will be over. But there is always next summer. And beer. And girls. And pals.

My other classes suffered, too. I found myself doing that which I had vowed never to do — staying up until 2 a.m. to finish a project due that day.

I still had self-respect enough to repent of the dirty deeds, and vowed to make it up in summer school. That was my first encounter with the dread Photojournalism 284. After the first day, I decided that improving my command of the Spanish language was much more to my advantage than taking pictures in the sweltering heat.

The next semester, I tried 284 again, but the old devil laziness caught up with me again and forced me to cash in my chips.

To try it again in the spring proved a task beyond what little courage I had left, so I abandoned journalism for the murky world of modern languages. By this time, my career as a part-time student was well advanced, my parents were rightfully upset and my friends were becoming younger and younger.

There was only one solution. I took to the bottle — of cleaning compound, that is. For three months, I cleaned America's halls while trying to make firm future plans.

And now I'm in J284 for the third time...