

Editorial

Consequences of cheating could brand you for life

Cheaters never prosper.

You probably first heard this adage years ago on a play-ground during recess when disgruntled playmates thought you'd broken the sacred rules of freeze tag or touch football.

Among older students, the accusation is far more serious. The consequences of cheating in college go beyond the slap on the hand or raised eyebrows of yesteryear. With mid-term examinations and papers looming closer by the day, the temptation to be less than "academically honest" may seem overwhelming.

If you are caught, you can fail the test or paper, fail the course, or fail the course and go before the University Judicial Board. None of these options are particularly appealing.

Not only does cheating hurt your reputation in the eyes of your instructor, but it brands you on your official school records. Future employers may turn you down if you have been subject to certain disciplinary actions for dishonesty.

Nearly every application to graduate or professional school asks if you have ever been on academic probation or have not been in good standing academically. The more competitive schools even require the dean to check into these matters or require a recommendation from a school official with access to this information.

The easy way out could have severe

repercussions on your career and future schooling. Once branded, there is little you can do to make amends.

That's something to think about before mid-terms. How important is it to risk ruining your name in the department, just to get that grade? A little extra preparation can go a long way in pulling up a grade. Rather than wasting time trying to get around studying, why not look over your notes or open the textbook that you complained was so expensive?

You may think that cheating is accepted, common, even necessary to get by. It's not. People do fine without it. And it certainly should not be acceptable behavior. For the person who has taken the time to come to class, read the book and actually study, it is not fair. It's distracting to see students with crib notes and roving eyes during exams. It's worse to hear and see the "collaboration" that goes on among "adults" when a professor leaves the testing room for a few minutes.

Instructors have the discretion on how to handle academic dishonesty. We'd encourage professors to take it very seriously. As long as students think they can get away with cheating, it will continue.

Most importantly, we'd especially encourage students to take it seriously. Be fair to yourself and other students. It's not worth it.

Dynamo Buckley never sleeps

I want to say something about William F. Buckley Jr., columnist, novelist, essayist, host of "Firing Line," editor of the National Review, lecturer, skier, skin diver, player of the harpsichord, mayoral candidate, dropper of Latin phrases and confidant of the president of the United States. He bugs me.

What bugs me is not his politics, which are loathsome, or his inherited wealth, which is shameful and should have been



Richard Cohen

mine, or even his persistent and somewhat irrational defense of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. It is his productivity. The man is a dynamo, a doer of more things than any other human being and, I must add, a living rebuke to someone like myself.

I have resented Buckley for some time. I first began to resent him when I noticed that in addition to everything else he was doing, he was also a founder of a political party, a husband, a father, an occasional film critic and a person who found time not only to go to church every Sunday, but to take speech lessons so that, in the spirit of egalitarianism, he could talk like his butler.

In his spare time he ran for mayor of New York City and, given a half-hour with nothing to do, would dash off to Switzerland for some skiing or, if there was a bit more time available, sail across the Atlantic, writing columns all the way and presumably dropping them into bottles where they would bob to shore and be fetched by either his secretary or his chauffeur.

To me, Buckley is an updated version of my high-school friend, Mel. He was president of the senior class, assistant to the grade adviser, academically one of the top 10 students in the school, the starting center on the virtually professional football team and, not incidentally, a point of reference for my parents, who wondered why I could not be the same way. It just so happened that I wondered the same thing.

Now it is Buckley who haunts me. He

will not let me rest. The minute I decided to take a nap, I wonder what Buckley is doing. Does he take naps? In fact, does he ever sleep? Does he ever get a beer, start a fire in the fireplace and just stare into it? This is my hobby and I do it very well, but before too long I hear the voice of William Buckley urging me to get to work — to write a book or prepare a lecture (but Bill, no one wants me to lecture) or to ring up the president of the United States on the telephone and tell him where he has gone wrong — a very long conversation indeed.

I know these things about Buckley because he has recently published a series in the New Yorker detailing a week or two of his life. It turns out that I underestimated him. He does not sleep. He hardly eats and because of that he never has to go to the bathroom. Instead, he writes letters to everyone in the world or hosts editorial meetings of the National Review and then devotes about five minutes to writing a dozen or so editorials — none of them marred by a run-on sentence.

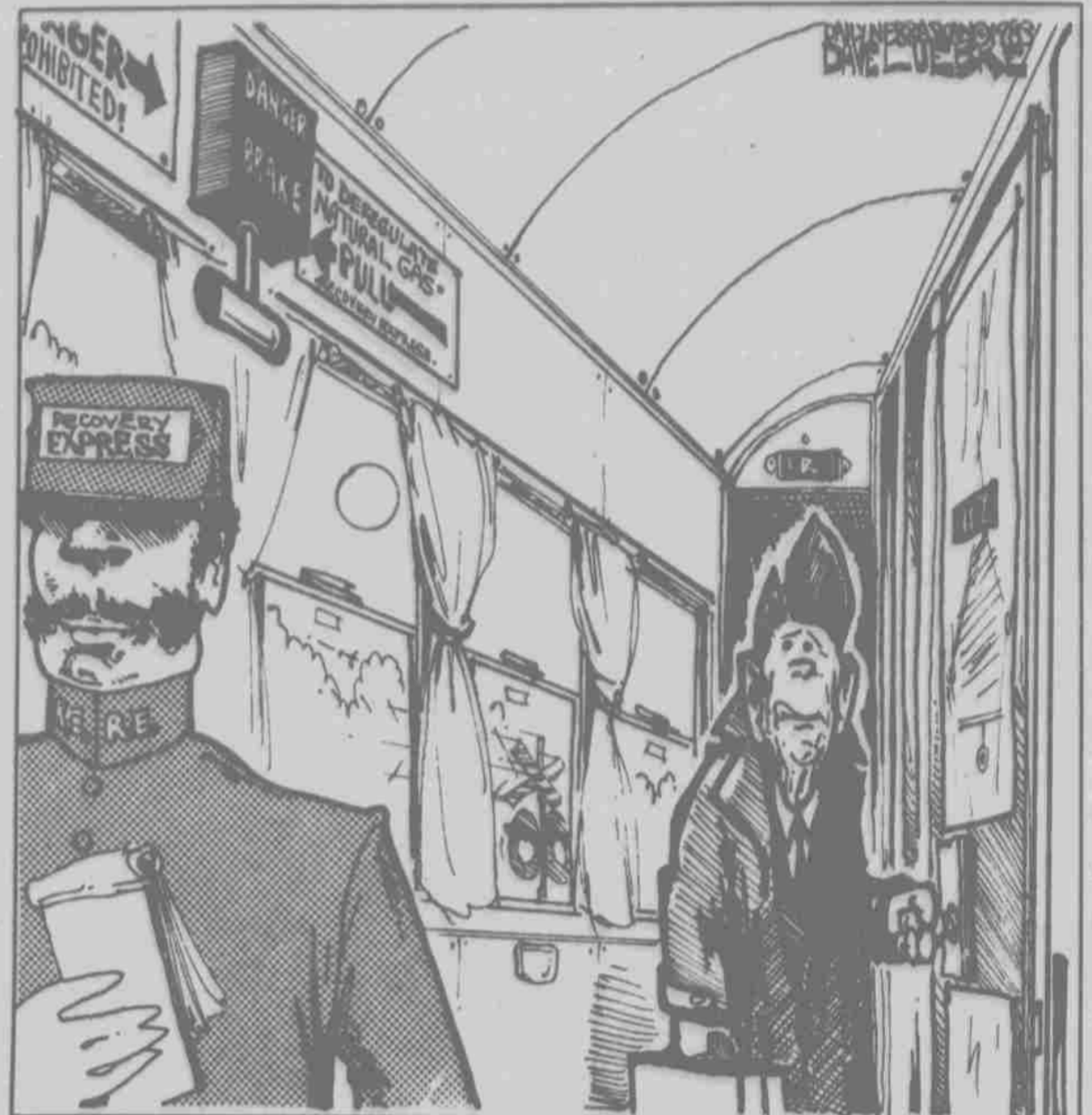
He is always running hither and yon. He is forever getting on and off airplanes, coming home to celebrity house guests (David Niven, for instance), debating John Kenneth Galbraith (and never learning anything from it) and lecturing the Trilateral Commission in Latin on the efficacy of the MX missile and Cardinal Newman's position on the aforementioned. In the New Yorker piece, not a moment is wasted. If one is, he writes a book — and then designs the cover for it. When and if he showers (the New Yorker is mum on this point), I am sure he does so with a Dictaphone.

All this makes me angry. In the time it takes Buckley to prepare for a "Firing Line" show, I can not select a tie to wear. While he is busy at his typewriter, I am adjusting the water for a shower. While he is skiing down the slope of some Mount Everest, I am contemplating my failure to get anywhere in life or, on a good day, the slowly expanding leak in the ceiling.

This is why Buckley bugs me. He remains the bumblebee of the typewriter, the standard — when it comes to productivity — against which I measure myself. My hat is off to him. But in truth, I would rather be right than productive.

Time for a nap.

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Letters

Caricature pokes fun, but helps little

On Wednesday, Feb. 23, the Action Party had flyers delivered to mailboxes of various residents of Harper-Schramm-Smith. The flyers summarized the Action Party's stand on various issues. Under the heading "Police," they stated, "campus police issued 45,000 parking tickets and charged you \$560,000 last year. Action wants the police to provide more night patrols instead of concentrating on parking tickets" — hardly a controversial or innovative stance.

What I found offensive, however, was the caricature of a police officer with dollar signs in his eyes eagerly writing out a ticket, while thinking to himself, "Safer than patrolling campus." The Action Party may think that the department's emphasis is misplaced, but this does not

justify slandering its employees by implying that they are greedy cowards. It is easy and fun to make the police department the butt of our jokes, but to imply that they are not patrolling campus at night because they are scared is stooping pretty low. Whether we want to believe it or not, most officers conscientiously work to serve and protect students. Furthermore, if the Action Party hopes to accomplish its objective of more night patrols, party members will have to meet with the police to voice their concerns. Destroying their credibility with the department before the elections are finished hardly seems like a good start.

Glen Wurdeman
senior, speech communication

Accusation of ASUN candidacy untrue

While reading the letter to the editor co-written by Cari Cohn and Greg Ibach (Daily Nebraskan, Feb. 22), I was astonished to find that I had been accused of being an Action Party candidate for ASUN who had attempted to use the Daily Nebraskan as a tool to further my position as a partisan candidate. Why these people chose to accuse me of being affiliated with ACTION remains a mystery.

Cari Cohn, a journalism major and current ASUN senator, along with GLC vice chairman, Greg Ibach, should both be very capable of doing the kind of research necessary to discover that I am not a candidate for ASUN, nor am I affiliated with Action. The spreading of this type of hear-

say by members of the student government only adds fuel to the fires of those who wish to see it abolished.

My integrity is of great value to me and my reasons were pure when I wrote to the Daily Nebraskan. In my letter I stated that I supported the attempts of the Action Party to rectify the serious problems existing in the UNL computer system. My motives for supporting the Action Party are those of a concerned student who sees the Action Party's willingness to work with both the student body and the administration as an important step toward improving the University of Nebraska.

George Babcock
junior, English, pre-law

On-foot campus patrol best solution

Becky Singley's column (Daily Nebraskan, Feb. 22) on campus rape prevention stated several ideas that deserve not only to be reiterated, but to be acted upon.

Rape will not be eliminated by instructing women in self-defense, but only by removing the opportunity for the rapist to attack. No one should be endangered when using Love Library or walking across campus after dark. Locking themselves away is not a more viable solution.

The best solution, as was stated in

Singley's column, is to get the police out of their cars and to have them patrol campus on foot. Through personal experience, I feel that the threat of uniformed police officers is the most effective deterrent.

Late in 1981, I was attacked by a man, who after striking me, suddenly bolted. The investigating officer told me that one probable reason for this was because I was in an area (off-campus) that was frequently patrolled by the police.

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