

## Our Congratulations

TODAY, THE Daily Nebraskan takes pride in announcing the two Outstanding Nebraskans for the second semester.

Bill Holland, who has been an outstanding campus leader and who through his efforts has brought honor to our University, has proven himself to be truly representative of a student in all senses of the word.

DR. DONALD O. Clifton, who was supported for the award by some 35 individual letters of nomination, shows a genuine concern for people in all walks of life. He could be described as a person who not only believes in, but also does something concrete to promote the

American, democratic way of life. In addition to his University activities, Dr. Clifton is a tireless civic worker. He definitely deserves the praise he has been given.

Selection of only two Outstanding Nebraskans, one student and one faculty member, is a difficult task, particularly when such outstanding people are nominated. But, once again, the choices have been wise ones and we present to you our Outstanding Nebraskans . . . two people devoted to their University and the students they serve.

WE OFFER them our most sincere congratulations.

## ... with charity for all

It's getting late . . . the visions of tomorrow's hour exams and term papers are becoming larger and larger . . . and I've suddenly realized that I have begun to type the last article of the semester.

Nearly everyone on the staff has gone home except for those responsible for the "midnight mail" —Susie, Wendy, Cork and Gary. And, it seems strange that many of the staff members who have already gone won't be back later.

For several, today was the last day down in the Union "cellar." Lots of memories we have of the cellar . . . pleasant memories. We spend four, five, six or seven hours down here a day, four or five or six days a week. We gripe, we yell, we glare at the noisy pipes on the ceiling.

It seems that these "tough Rag kids" — that group of crusaders out to torpedo any and all institutions — actually have hearts, and what's more, they are a bunch of sentimental suckers.

The work runs into the 25 and 30 hour a week category. Evened out, the salary is somewhere in the 25 cents an hour range — hardly enough to lure anyone down here to get rich.

Before some cynic asks, I might as well mention why most of the kids do come down and work — like the ones who are graduating seniors — the ones who aren't trying to work up the hierarchy, who work because they love it.

It's more than the Rag. That's the primary loyalty, but without the atmosphere of the campus, there would be no Rag staff because you have to love this place to put up with the pressures, the constant complaints from people.

Despite the almost constant twitter around the campus that the Rag is out

to get someone, we feel that when we criticize, it is to improve. We feel that as the campus paper, we have the one real forum through which the student point of view may be expressed.

Thus if it seems at times that we take large swings at the administrative offices, perhaps it is because we feel that no one else really has the opportunity to do so.

Time passed rather quickly today . . . Lacey yelled for Morris to send some copy over to the desks; Morris yelled at Big Iron, Johnny Lomquist, the two Susies, and Gary to give him some copy so that he can give it to Susie, Cork and Wendy; Johnny threw another temper tantrum as he refused to make another goodie run; Terry couldn't find Mick as he was up in the Crib socializing because he was sure that there was nothing for him to do. The business staff . . . an editorial staff member has little to say about them, as they're a breed apart.

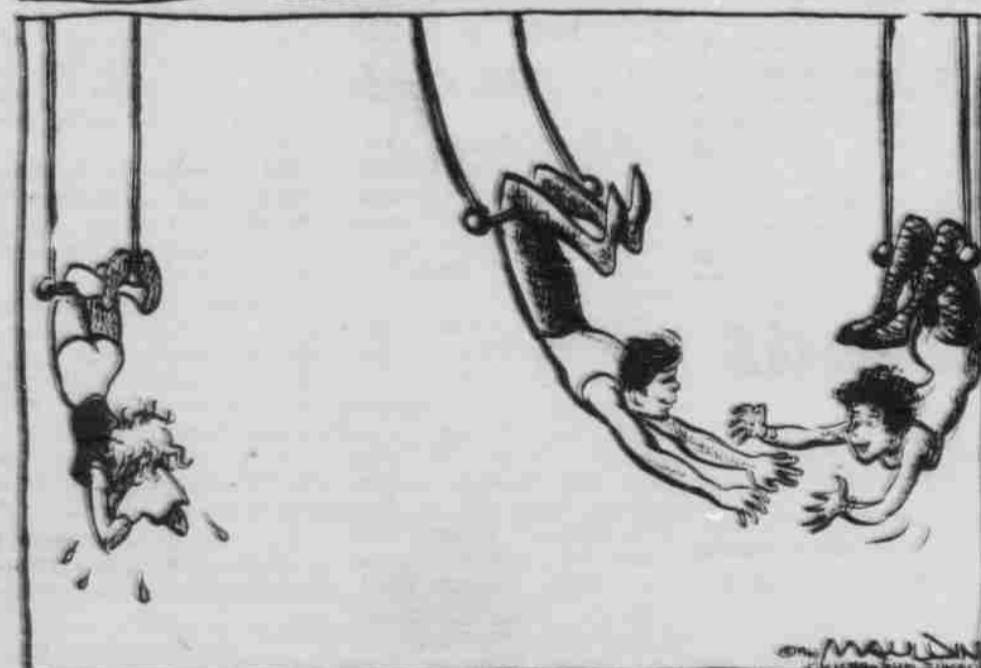
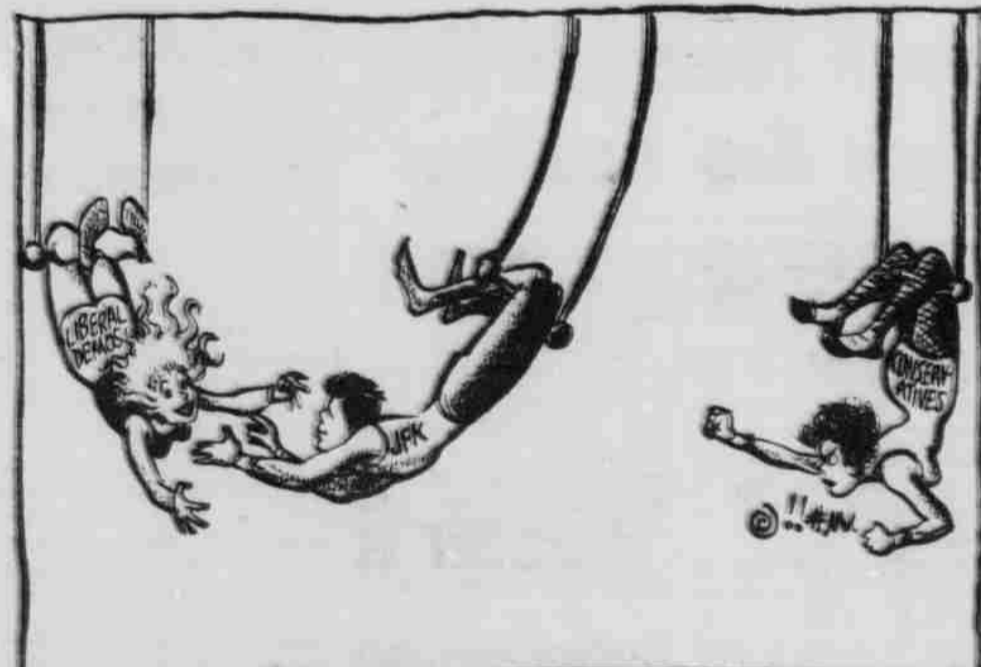
Yes, even the last day was like every other work day has been.

Oh well! cut the sentimentalism . . . 'cuz, in short, it's been great. And, I have many people to thank for an interesting semester — my staff (no other editor has, or will ever be able to boast of a greater group), Pub Board, J-School faculty members, and all the students and faculty members with whom I've worked. In my opinion, every one of you are outstanding Nebraskans.

And, as another final thought, I recommend adherence to the famous words of Abraham Lincoln:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all . . ."

—Linda Jensen



THE DARING YOUNG MAN

## Daily Nebraskan

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From the Editor . . .

## A Few Final Words

It's quite evident that the last issue's editorial page is left up to the editor to do ALONE . . . no letters to the editor, columns or reviews. Just the editor sits at the typewriter trying to think of something to write about.

In evaluating the past semester, I find one point in which the outgoing staff may take a large measure of satisfaction. If we were talked about, if the issues we raised were thought about, then in some measure, we did our job.

When the paper agreed with one faction's way of thinking it was an epitome of journalistic ability. When it did not agree, it was yellowly despicable. This was one of the lighter views of the eccentricities of the college community that kept the lights burning in the occasional snowstorms we experienced.

The Nebraskan, since it is a publication of, for, and by, human beings, was subject to all of the pitfalls of the species. The paper fell prey to all of those human characteristics of arrogance, piety, commission and omission, intemperance and short-sightedness.

See, we know we ain't perfect.

Isn't it sad? It's the "so long its been good to know you" time of the year again. The good-bye kick is all right, and everyone, to be nice, joins in, but how many of us

will actually be more than happy to be rid of each other? Quite a few, I would guess. But, what am I talking about, anyway, I'm not going any place.

Yes, there are those of you who will be leaving those of us behind. I will miss some of you when I wander into the Crib looking for a cigarette to "borrow" or a dime for a cup of coffee.

Perhaps we should all take the attitude that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Heaven knows there is nothing which a young idealist wants more than to like and be liked by all. So let's get out of each other's lives so we can like each other.

To those of you who haven't written letters to the editor and have expressed your disgust for our work this semester merely by throwing our product in the wastebasket at Burnett Hall, I thank you.

To the few who have read our paper and have expressed admiration and

appreciation for the effort behind each day's publication, yours shall be the Kingdom of Heaven.

To those of you who have no interest in campus politics, I congratulate you.

To those of you who refrained from yelling "Hi Red" during the semester's "controversy," I now say that you must be a straight-thinking

friend. To those of you who shall be interviewing for next semester's Nebraskan staff tomorrow, I shall mention your names before Pub Board.

And to you, dear reader, I wish small tuition hikes, winning football teams, passing grades, a successful love life and a Bachelor's degree.

—J.



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