

Friday, January 24, 1964

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At the end, the editor of the Daily Nebraskan faces an impossible task, that of writing a final editorial. So many events take place in a semester, and a semester is but a minute in the history of this University, that to rehash the recent happenings and try to relate them to the whole would be fruitless.

To the new editor I would just like to say:

I could tell you of the sleepless nights, of the irate people who come into the office every day to complain because their story wasn't run, or their name was left out or misspelled.

I could tell you of the stomach aches which will plague you because you smoke too many cigarets and drink too much coffee.

I could tell you of the anguish that you feel when a student picks up the paper in Burnett Hall glances at it momentarily and drops it, when you have spent so many thankless hours publishing it.

I could tell you of the flush of pride that begins within flows out when you find that rare person who agrees with something you have written.

But, you know all this because you have worked on the Daily Nebraskan before; this isn't new.

As one editor so aptly put it "if you have written something that someone likes you are the epitome of journalistic ability, and if you haven't you are yellowly despicable."

What people think of you isn't what counts, however. What does count is that you be true to yourself, abide by the principles you have made for yourself, and never compromise to please.

Forget about the rating service—The Associated Collegiate Press—which has so completely tied, drawn and quartered the yearbook that it makes their existence unbearable. Write what you believe, and let your readers take into consideration what you have said in formulating a decision. If you win in a given situation, be proud, and if you fail, at least you will know you have tried.

That's all you can do.

To this semester's staff, I say thank you for your tolerance and loyalty, and to John Morris and Sue Hovik go my deepest and warmest respect.

The Editor



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CAMPUS OPINION:

One Grunt, Three Snorts

Dear Editor:

Once upon a time in the proud city of Abraham—members of this city are on a first name basis—there occurred a problem. The animal cages having opened their ticky-tacky doors, and the members of the "Grand" Animal Council having taken their places in the corn crib, the great consult began. Such lowing and squealing resounded from that corn as was never heard before.

In due time the head sow appeared and summoned all Cowlpha Alfalfa Feedas to their pens with a squeal and two snorts. The Council was addressed by a Lamba (Pl. Sheepta). The latter stated that it had been discovered that the piglets had been procuring corn from the field in spite of the high fence surrounding it.

All animals' eyes turned to the corner pen, where little pink tails began to curl—between legs. The lowing and snorting rose to a roar, only to be silenced with a squeal and two snorts from the head trough.

"Why do all our Great Council Meetings always end up like this?" croaked the Vice-Frog. "We never accomplish anything with all this lowing and mo-o-ong," replied F r e e d a, the feline secretary.

"It's obvious someone is procuring the corn for the piglets," the stool pigeon began.

The owl replied after a moment of deliberation: "Animals—can we do anything?" "We can't talk to the farmer in his

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own language, and even if we could he wouldn't listen, so perhaps we should concern ourselves with a problem closer at hand."

At this moment the jack-ass backed into the conver-

sation and retorted—"Let's take a POLL!!!!"

"A capital idea," bleated the sheep. "Now the other animals will think we are

(Continued on Page 4)

The Bad Seed

Since this is my last column, it suddenly occurred to me that there were a few things I hadn't covered in my semester's bare-footed romp through campus.

1. About that red and white bus—It seems there is a big push to get gold letters painted on the side of it. My only hope is they spell out "Union College," or next thing you know, the bus tokens will be shaped like little kernels of corn, and you'll have to sing, "My Nebraska" before getting on.

2. About smoking and lung cancer—Mistake me not, I'm all for science, but there is this big, black cloud following me around that keeps saying, "Just wait, pretty soon they'll discover that beer is definitely linked to acne, and sex causes warts."

3. About that student council poll on drinking—Perchance it was my imagination, but the survey resembled a sociology test—none of the answers were right. The ideal test would have consisted of a specimen from each participating student, and a notary public handy when they filled out the forms.

4. About Albert Ing's column concerning femme fatale activity jocks—There is a lot to be said, but Ing already has such a big foot in his mouth, there's just no room for crow. The least he could have done was pick a better name.

5. About registering for second semester—First, you stand in line to pick up a card to pay your money, then stand in line to get your classes, then stand in line to pay your money, then stand in line to drop 15 hours of classes that were given you by mistake, then stand in line to see an advisor, then stand in line just because you're afraid not to. Pretty soon, you have a complex about it, and there will be lines of stu-

dents all over campus, just waiting.

6. About political columns—Now, I'll admit that personally I've been disillusioned in politics ever since Dewey lost the election, but there is something so identical to each political column I've read since a freshman. If the trend is really towards using the President's initials, JFK, LBJ, etc., I hope Barry Goldwater's middle name is Ulysses.

7. About finals—The word is getting around that finals are nothing more than a big field trip for the psychiatry department. Look around you when you take your first final. Everyone looks like they have rickits, beri-beri, and smell like bears who don't use Dial. No one bothers to shave, wash, press their clothes, or even put in their contacts. The whole school resembles an aquarium which needs to be cleaned out.

8. About student apathy—What does it take to get NU collegiates stirred up? Why, there haven't been any rumors of English professors teaching Communism, no bomb threats in Twin Towers, or even attempted lynchings of bus boys. I hate to see a campus lose its spirit.

9. About my column—Way last spring Lacey said, "Just write like you talk at woodsies." I tried. With a cunning method of re-creating the atmosphere, I poured beer all over my typewriter so it would type slushy. Unfortunately, all my English themes smell like breweries, and now my typewriter is an alcoholic. Ever coped with a drunken magic margin?

10. About surveys on sex in college—My theory has always been that girls who are chaste may never be chased, but abstinence makes the heart grow fonder.

N.S.

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