

A Choice To Make

University students are now voting by absentee ballot or will be voting Tuesday. On the ballot will appear candidates for two offices that will affect their lives especially — those of the Board of Regents members.

Running this year are candidates from two districts. Dr. Benjamin Greenberg of York and Richard Adkins of Osmond, current president of the Board, are seeking reelection. Their opponents, respectively, are Clifton Foster of Beatrice and Warren Marsh of Archer.

It is this Board that makes the policy decisions concerning the University. It is this Board that draws up the budget and presents it to Governor Morrison, thus determining what advances the University will make in the next few years.

The Daily Nebraskan is running a series of articles on the four candidates.

If there is a campaign in which it is mandatory for the electorate on this campus to be informed, it is the one for Regent to the University of Nebraska.

Gripes about present policies float about the campus constantly. Unless the students know these Regents, the ones that make the policies, unless those who are 21 vote intelligently on these candidates, the University citizens have no right to criticize after the election.

SUSAN SMITHBERGER

Campus Coloring Book

See the conformist—Color him the same color as everybody else.

This is a vacuum—Color it my mailbox.

See Student Health—Color them "what do you want? Go home and take an aspirin."

This is pink—Leave that color in your box.

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By Mike Barton

October 29, 1964

Dear Folks,
I just thought I'd drop you a line between hour tests. Things are fine here at the University. I am having (sic) a wonderful (sic) time and am learning a lot of things. But things could be better here at the Alpha Phalfa House. I can't find the cookies you sent me last week. A senior and me (sic) share the same mail box. People keep charging phone calls to me.

I sined (sic) up for six activities yesterday at the Activities (sic) Market. They each meet twice a week and we do lots of important things like folding letters and folding envelopes.

We throw lots of good parties here at the House, but I think I drank to (sic) much last week. I called the Gamma House this morning and they hung up.

I have a job. I work in the Snackee Shoppee. I make \$45 an hour. It's a good job. I think.

I have met a nice girl. She looks a lot like you, Mom. She can cook and sew and all the girls like her. She tried to bleach her hair last week and burned her scalp.

Could you please send me five dollars for some wheat (sic) jeans. They fit tight and they wrinkle quick, but they're net, I think. Also, what is Madras? Please send me Billy's red belt. I am returning the plastic brief case you sent. My roommate said it's not Phalfa. Please send some real dark socks real quick. He told me that too.

Bye for now. And remember, they gave down slips to almost everybody.
Love,
Kenneth

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"PERHAPS, DEAN, ONLY OUR MORE SPIRITED FACULTY SHOULD BE TEACHING 8:00 O'CLOCK CLASSES."

KOSMET KLUB WORKERS MEETING

Tomorrow 7:00 P.M.
In The Union



"THANK HEAVEN I HAPPENED ALONG!"

CAMPUS OPINION

Not Surprised

To The Editor:

I was somewhat dismayed, although hardly surprised, to see the endorsement of the junior Senator from Arizona by the Daily Nebraskan. On one level I resent the use of a paper supported by state funds to advocate the election of any candidate.

On another level I feel that this should have been represented as the opinion of an individual rather than as that of a paper representing 13,000 students.

A chief reason advanced in justification of this endorsement was Goldwater's "stubborn refusal to be swayed by anyone, right wing or left wing." This might better have been recast as his stubborn refusal to recognize the somewhat complex realities of the world in which we live.

Larry Rogers

Disappointed

Tuesday night occurred a debate which I had hoped would be on a dignified and thought-provoking level. The debate between the Young Republicans and the Young Democrats.

I was disappointed and

disgusted at the tactics used by Bill Harding and his colleague. To argue the issues is one matter but to defile the name of President Johnson is certainly another.

I came to the debate in hopes of hearing concrete evidence showing a definite lack in the moral fiber of President Johnson, but instead I heard concrete evidence displaying a lack of sophistication and dignity on the part of the Republican debaters.

When someone is trying to convince me of something, I expect logical and sound arguments. I expect proof. This debate, caused me to lose the respect I normally have for the other side.

Now I would like to turn to Senator Goldwater. I am referring to his lack of dignity and good taste. Before the campaign really began, I respected Senator Goldwater for the stands he had taken on moral grounds. As the campaign progressed, he began changing many of his views. I realize a man has the right to change his mind. I was a little disturbed that his moderation seemed politically motivated.

I have lost my former respect for Senator Goldwa-

ter because of his actions and speeches in the past few weeks. They are in poor taste and detrimental to American society.

Does he really expect the American people to believe that a "moral decay" actually exists and that President Johnson and the Democratic party are responsible for it?

To me, and I believe to most Americans, the importance and worth of a man rests with his ideals and how well he lives up to them. When a man is attacked for purely political purposes, without concrete proof, but guilt by association is used instead, then I believe this to be morally wrong.

Senator Goldwater has certainly lost my respect and I believe the respect of the great majority of Americans, including many of his Republican supporters.

Larry Breslow

About Letters

The DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics, regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be in the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted.



When Mike Pyle goes skiing...



'Chap Stick' goes along!

"Any guy who spends as much time outdoors as I do really needs 'Chap Stick,'" says the Chicago Bears' star center. "For me, it's a necessity. What with the real raw Sundays on the field, hot

summer practice, and winter skiing off-season, my lips used to get weatherbeaten twelve months a year. But a couple of swipes with 'Chap Stick' and my lips feel great—it helps heal them fast!"

A favorite in Canada.



The lip balm selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team.

DON'T LET DRY, SORE LIPS SPOIL YOUR FUN—WHEREVER YOU GO, GO WITH 'CHAP STICK'

Passing Through

The latest term for an age-old student condition is "surfing." While the condition varies in degree in response to the different contexts in which it appears, the most important thing about the condition is that it is basically always the same.

In general, "surfing" is the experience of deciding that life is meaningless and that everyone — including oneself — is a hopeless case. Not so long ago, students in this condition called themselves "beats." The beats of yesterday are the surfers of today—like their predecessors intensely preoccupied with themselves as against society.

Some observers of the genus student automatically dismiss surfing as a regular and unimportant phenomenon. In so doing they reveal a certain insufficiency — a failure to comprehend the importance of surfing to those who experience it, and—perhaps even more important — a failure to do a little surfing themselves.

It is unlikely that any real comprehension of the meaningfulness of existence will come to those who haven't occasionally endured the feeling of meaninglessness. It provides highly significant comparative data.

The important task of those who surf is to derive its benefits without falling victim to it. It is easy to note this fact, but hard to prescribe an antidote to be administered at the proper time.

Surfing can easily turn into a fictitious but nevertheless intensely attractive form of escapism. It can become an effort to create an artificial world in which the slings and arrows of outrageous parents, obnoxious peers, and insensitive instructors may not penetrate.

The short-run but enticing pleasures of this kind of surfing may engender the desire to turn the experience into a cult—to share its delights with others. In these circumstances the victim may become dangerously entangled. Those who walk down the road to surfdom are best advised not to proceed too far.

It is all right to surf a little — in fact it may be essential — but it is not all right to make a career out of it. Surfing at the moment is at an exceptionally intense level, and it is claiming more victims than usual.

Even the most respectable Innocent may be at it. There are good reasons for this. The incredible death of our late President

dents everywhere. The noxious spectacle of what was supposed to be a great and solemn referendum hasn't helped either. There is no joy in Studentville, because America appears to have struck out.

How can surfing be contained within reasonable and constructive limits? The behavior of those who surround the surfer may be the prime factor in limiting the journey. Those who would relate effectively to surfers must recognize the condition and understand its nature.

Perhaps those who combat excessive surfdom most effectively are those who have been down that road themselves — and who have returned safely.

Students today suffer from a deprivation of great examples — and those who criticize the surfers might better devote themselves to filling that vacuum of example which may be the single greatest failure of the age.

The world is sadly in need of a little less preaching and a little more example. Students can't be gotten to control their surfing by preaching at them — but it is possible to stop short of surfing danger if those who surf can discern around them examples of the meaningfulness — the joy and the triumph — of life lived truly and well.

This is a task which ex-surfers (all of whom must experience brief relapses once and awhile) might well devote themselves.

It is a task which those who have not been down the valley of the shadow cannot hope to accomplish.

DAVID TRASK



College Master

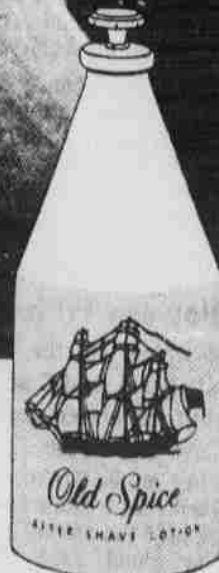
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