

Enough Time Fighting

Students have spent enough time recently fighting among themselves.

Common Goals

It's time that University students returned to their common goals — education and improvement in the University.

The new ASUN student government has a great deal of work ahead of it. The new leaders need to start officially working on the Bill of Rights and other matters as soon as possible with the full support of every student on campus.

A few attempts were made at cheating in Wednesday's election, but outside of those people who were caught there is no definite evidence that enough other people cheated to make any difference in the election results.

ASUN Hassles

Any amount of cheating is deplorable and those students who were involved should definitely come to understand this, but it hardly seems that there is cause to stretch out the ASUN hassles.

To Be A Cowboy

Every little boy wants to be a cowboy and the only difference with a big boy is that he is older.

There is something about cowboy boots and a cowboy hat that make just wearing them fun — especially this spring in conjunction with the Nebraska Centennial.

The Role

But unfortunately, most University slickers just can't fit the role and make the greatest "drug-store" cowboys in the world.

However, every once in a while a boot lover who usually has no where to wear his favorite foot covering except to wood-sites will have a chance.

Just such a chance is the Block and Bridle Club Quarter Horse Show (Thursday and Friday) and the Nebraska In-

further and to hold a new election.

While there is little proof of any really large amount of cheating, there is a great deal of evidence that the same ASUN candidates would be re-elected again if a new election was held.

The great majority of students who voted in the ASUN election Wednesday did seem to take it extremely seriously. The election commissioner and all those people helping with the voting worked especially hard because of the large turnout. They did everything possible to keep the election honest.

Complete Joke

Another election because of irregularities on the part of a few people would make a complete joke and sham out of University student government.

Those ASUN candidates who were elected — campaigned on the promise to work hard for the students — they should be able to start officially in their new positions as soon as possible.

tercollege Championship Rodeo (Friday and Saturday).

Special

Rodeos and horse shows are always fun, but according to all reports this year's should be special.

Those University students who can validly wear boots without catching even a small smile say that this year's event will do great justice to Nebraska's Centennial Year.

Featured in this year's events are a Nebraska Championship Horse Showing contest Friday, the different horse showing classes and the performance classes such as pole bending, barrel racing, cutting and pleasure.

So if most big boys really can't be cowboys — even during a Centennial Year they can still wear their boots and pretend while enjoying those who can.

The Bedtime Story

Many things have changed recently, but there is one institution that remains the same — that manifestation of the comradeship between the very young and the very old known as...

THE BEDTIME STORY

SONNY: Grandpa, tell me a bed-time story, huh?

GRANDPA: O.K., Sonny boy, tonight you're gonna hear all about what it was like to be a student at the dear old University of Nebraska way back in the days when real live people taught the classes.

SCNNY: Oh Boy! All about that mean of Board of Rejects!

GRANDPA: That's "Rejects" Sonny — anyway that's another story. Now, once upon a time, a bunch of smart kids got together and decided the rest of us needed a Student Bill of Rights — you know, like in the U.S. Constitution. Well anyway, one of these rights was "The right of every student to exercise his full rights and responsibilities as a citizen in forming and participating on campus, local, state, national and international organizations and to publish his views and those of his organization on or off campus."

SONNY: Gee, Grandpa, you sure are good at that old fashioned language! Did people really talk like that in the old days?

GRANDPA: No, but the smart guys had to show everyone how fancy they were with words so people'd be more likely to listen to 'em. Anyway, what it means is that no matter if you were a good guy or a bad guy, you could still form your own club. Well, the good guys already had their clubs, but when this "right" came along, a bunch of bad

buys called the Communists got together and formed a club. Most everybody hated 'em, but the smart guys let 'em stick around so they could get total education from 'em.

SONNY: Grandpa...

GRANDPA: Don't tell me, you don't know what total education is. Well, that's when you learn by observing the ways of others — a good guy studies the bad guys and the bad guys study the good guy.

SONNY: You mean that if a good guy learns how bad guys act, he knows how not to act?

GRANDPA: Yeah, something like that I guess.

SONNY: But if they're so smart, how come they don't already know all about the bad guys?

GRANDPA: Don't interrupt me, sonny, I'll forget the story. Now let's see—oh yeah — now when the word got out about the Communists Club, the Lincoln Star — that's the old name for the Lincoln Peoples Daily — they wrote a story about it and put it on the front page so they would sell more newspapers—you see, back then everyone didn't have to buy one. Now when the farmers read about it — Now don't tell me you don't know what a farmer is!

SONNY: I do too, Grandpa, the history teaching machine told me all about it. They really ran things back then, didn't they?

GRANDPA: Yes that's right — you see in the old days everyone in the state had to give a little money to the University instead of the government giving it all. And a lot of these tax-payers, as they called them were farmers. So when the people elected the state

lawmakers, naturally a lot of these lawmakers were farmers. Of course, most of 'em had a little more land than the rest of the farmers.

SONNY: I know, the money-hungry Board of Regents made all the students pay more.

GRANDPA: No, No! That's another story ... The Board of Regents, kicked the Communists Club out of the University to make the farmers happy and then the rich farmers gave them the money and everyone lived happily ever after.

SONNY: But Grandpa, what about the smart kids what wanted to get totally involved?

GRANDPA: What? ... Oh ... beh, beh, well as a matter of fact they got so mad they totaled themselves right out of the University. Haw, Haw! That's a joke, sonny. Huh, must be a been part-timer 100 of 'em. Course the other 16,000 of us didn't miss 'em too much.

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banks. The next day they entered the city fearlessly with their guns blazing. Within a few minutes, they had emptied the vault of one of the banks, and were well on their way back to the hideout. As they sat around the campfire in the evening, planning the next day's raid, the Kid blurted out, "Now, uh, it is my opinion that uh, we should get out of Amarillo!"

"What?" said Lawless Linden.

"What?" echoed Humble Hube.

Just Not Right

"I said, uh," the Kid repeated, "it is my opinion that, uh, we should get out of Amarillo because it's, uh, just not right. Furthermore, I think we should give the townspeople some of their money back. After all, uh, we may be outlaws, but we're certainly not imperialists!"

Lawless Linden was stunned. Was this the boy he had cared for from childhood and taught to be a good bandit? Could this be the sweet cherub who used to sit on his knee and call him "Uncle Linden"? This was the first time he had challenged his judgment on any matter and it had him scared. Humble Hube was even more scared. He knew that the Kid was young and ambitious, and he envisioned himself mysteriously disappearing and the Kid becoming Linden's



Our Man Hoppe

Step Into The Kitchen



Arthur Hoppe

Moscow

Whom should I bump into here in Moscow but Mr. Richard Nixon. Which isn't odd. Mr. Nixon is touring the whole wide world these days in order to help solve the major problems facing mankind. Like how to win pay more money to the University, the rich farmers wouldn't do it. So what do you suppose happened Sonny?

Touring the world, of course, reinforces Mr. Nixon's image as the only Republican candidate with a whiff of experience in foreign affairs. It does, that is, if the hometown papers would kindly report that he's touring the world. And that's a problem.

At least, it certainly was here in Russia. Mr. Nixon arrived and held an airport press conference in which he said he was glad to be here. The local American newsmen envisioned banner headlines saying, "NIXON GLAD TO BE IN RUSSIA." And they filed stories on grazing conditions in Afghanistan instead.

ACE Newsmen

Mr. Nixon requested a face-to-face confrontation with Mr. Kosygin. Mr. Kosygin said he never spoke to tourists. Mr. Nixon held an "informal meeting" with us ace American newsmen in which he said very interesting things off the record. He also said things on the record. And so it went.

Ah, for the days of Khrushchev! Ah, ah, for that glorious Kitchen Debate of 1959 which so enhanced Mr. Nixon's fame as an able champion of the American Way of Life. Ah, if he could only pick a fight.

For five days Mr. Nixon went all over Russia, buttonholing Soviet citizens with a friendly grin, a warm handshake and, you got the impression, a large chip hopefully perched on his shoulder. "Hi, there, you wouldn't care to step in the kitchen and go a couple of rounds for television, would you?"

Who's Nixon?

Well, you know how uncooperative these Russians can be. "Peace and friendship," they say. Or, worse, "Who's Nixon?"

The days passed. Mr. Nixon kept smiling gamely. But you could see him arriving back in New York and friends would say,

"Hello there, Dick. Haven't seen you around. You been away?"

Indeed, the event could mark a new era in Soviet-American friendship. For instead of leaving Moscow frustrated and embittered, Mr. Nixon went away happily as a clam.

And there's no doubt that if he's elected President he will always have a warm spot in his heart for the Russian people. Or at least for Mr. Vladimir Panov, 59, took him on.

Mr. Panov was delighted. Mr. Nixon was magnificently dressed. ABC, NBC, UPI and AP were present. What a setting! What nostalgia! What a story! I can only hope it rated a few paragraphs in the dailies back home.

Individually as reflected by the many people who didn't bother to read it, and anger, the anger of those who knew only too well the smear that was implied. Students who understood it were alienated not swayed positively toward the PSA by it.

With such a negative reaction to the paper I find it quite mysterious as to how anyone could logically imply that it was a vote-getter for the PSA.

Andy Corrigan

Tell Us The Truth

Campus Opinion

Art Student Disagrees

Dear Editor:

In reply to the letter of Francis Lawson which appeared in the Daily Nebraskan of Friday, I only wish to say that as an art student, I could not more heartily disagree. Perhaps we are not all Michelangelo's, Henry Moores or Jean Arp (which he has undoubtedly never heard of), but we are trying. Rather than a pile of trash the fence contains a sculpture garden, a common way of displaying art. In addition the art is of generally high quality, some of it being owned by a graduate from the Kansas City Art Institute.

I would like to say that Mr. Lawson should perhaps familiarize himself with the new trends in art and their meaningful contribution to society, rather than condemning our at tempts at learning. We'd rather that he not remain in the category of those who fly through exhibits commenting "A three year old could have done better." Would he deny those attempting to learn?

Terrance Fox

Students Can Be Rude

Dear Editor:

I should like to ask you to urgently print some notice in the Daily Nebraskan reminding students to keep appointments made with their faculty advisers.

The amount of courtesy, not to say boorish rudeness, I have experienced in this respect these last few days has no room in a civilized society. Those who make an appointment, only to scratch out their name a couple of hours before the agreed-upon or reserved time deprive fellow students of a possible appointment time, and cause their adviser waste of time far in excess of the 20-minute appointment time.

Last week I returned from the Library to my office only and solely to meet an advisee signed up for 4:45. At my arrival at 4:46 there was no advisee, but his name was scratched out and put down for a later day.

This must have happened between 3:25 and 4:45 that afternoon. I should like to ask students to show the courtesy they show their girl or boy friends, or the hairdresser for that matter.

Edward N. Megay

Epitaph Creates Action

Dear Editor:

In my two years on this campus, I have never been as gratified as I was by the conflict stirred by the recent competition provided your publication by the Tombstone Epitaph.

Drama, which had its origins in action — in dromen on "the thing done" — is dependent upon conflict for its very existence. We have had action and drama on campus his week, and I would like to think that the conflict furnished by the "monster of irrationality," as one of your contributors so metaphorically put it, did and will inspire a surge of interest in campus affairs by all the students.

Perhaps a challenge was needed to motivate a critical look at present conditions, and perhaps the infamous publication will be influential in revitalizing "the things done" on this campus.

Dianne Rood

Epitaph Was Not Vote-Getter

Dear Editor:

Undoubtedly this is one of the innumerable letters you have received commenting on the slime sheet, green sheet, or the Tombstone Epitaph, however one prefers to call it, but nevertheless I shall proffer my views.

Unfortunately, the sheet has been accused of swing ing the election for PSA (Hyde Park, April 13). I firmly believe that this is not true.

I feel that students are attributing too much importance of a positive nature to the sheet. From listening to students who had read it I inferred two distinct impressions: indifference and anger.

Indifference as reflected by the many people who didn't bother to read it, and anger, the anger of those who knew only too well the smear that was implied. Students who understood it were alienated not swayed positively toward the PSA by it.

With such a negative reaction to the paper I find it quite mysterious as to how anyone could logically imply that it was a vote-getter for the PSA.

Andy Corrigan

Tell Us The Truth

Dear Editor:

A sad letter to Gary Wahlgren written after the furor has faded:

★ ★ ★ ★

Tell us the great truth, sir.
Tell us of the strangled press
And the strangled campus
And the lurking evils.
If this is what you believe,
I don't mind.

Tell us, sir, in your own unforgettable,
Unforgivable words your own 'truth'
So we may forget the meaning
of the word.

Tell us of intellectual freedom.
But don't employ tactics you condemn.
And please, sir, don't use deceit
and subversion because (even
if you are essentially right) then
you, too, will paralyze the
principles of freedom.

Barb Robertson

Daily Nebraskan