

# Key to success lies in ladder climbing

by CALVIN RIFE, JR.

In the true spirit of education and enlightenment, I am going to introduce you to a new (?) "game," a game I'm sure you will find quite challenging.

Now, if I am to be successful at conveying the nature of this "game" to you, it is of the utmost importance that I use a time-proven systematic approach, which will enable you to gain a very sophisticated understanding of the game within a necessarily short time period.

LET US start with the who, where, when and why. The who is nearly all of us, whether we want to admit it or not. The where is almost everywhere. The game is played at one time or another on nearly every square foot of ground we walk on. When? Right now — the game has to be played continuously if the players are to achieve a high level of proficiency. Why play the game? Because it has always been played, and even more important, it seems that if you can't play the game you can't "get ahead"...

The most important thing is the rule. There is only one. But it must be observed if one is to advance up the "ladder of success": You can walk on your toes, but you had better not walk on anybody else's. This simple rule is designed to eliminate friction, thus virtually eliminating the possibility of the highly flammable decayed wood of the "ladder of success" from catching on fire and going up in big billows of thick black smoke.

PERHAPS THE most graceful of the ladder climbers is the "yes" man. His body is generally quite slimy, but he does possess a good pair of hands, which is necessary if he is to be able to get a firm grip on the ladder. He plays the game with such deadly skill and cunning, that his reputation is known both far and wide.

## ROTC announces two-year plan

The Army ROTC Department at the University is now accepting applications for its two-year program.

Students interested in entering the program must have at least four semesters of college remaining to qualify, according to Col. William W. Gist, head of Army ROTC.

If accepted for enrollment, a student attends a six week summer session. Travel expenses are provided and approximately \$170.00 are paid for the period. Upon returning in the fall a student enrolls in the senior division of Army ROTC.

During the junior and senior years the cadet receives \$50.00 a month. However, remarked Gist, the active duty military commitment upon commissioning is of the same duration as selective service, which is two years.

Deadline for applications is March 1.

He has a way of keeping one of his "good hands" firmly on his present level until he has a chance to get a firm grip with his other hand on the next higher level. This makes it almost impossible for him to be without the security of the ladder.

Although no letters, to be worn on sweaters and jackets are awarded, the game does have a way of providing for those that develop exceptional skill within the confines of its limitations.

LITTLE REWARDS, such as "nice" houses with two car garages (for the image) in "nice" neighborhoods. This makes it possible to get a "pretty" wife (for the image) and to buy her "pretty" clothes (again for the image). She in turn will have (you guessed it) "pretty" children, who will go to "pretty" schools, where they will have "pretty" teachers, who together with the "pretty" parents will teach the "pretty" children the art of playing the game.

Why? Because that's the way to get ahead. Besides it really isn't a very difficult game to learn to play once you get used to it. You don't even have to think about what you are doing; because you're really not doing it anyway.

Editor's Note — Rife is an NU senior in elementary education.

by Fred Schmidt

Once upon a time a large empire of people was governed by a wise and courageous man whom they called Fearless Leader. He had not always been held in so high esteem as he was at the time of our story.

Ten years before the people had rejected him in favor of a Dashing Prince. Then, a couple of years later, he could not even gain the barony of his own province and he was so angry he turned on the messengers who brought the bad news.

But gradually things began to turn Fearless Would-be Leader's way. Dashing Prince, who had won so many noble battles, was felled by an adder in a province known for adders.

The people were so upset that they gave overwhelming approval to the new leader, Old Fox, who oddly enough came from the province of adders.

THINGS quickly turned sour. Old Fox sent large numbers of soldiers to fight an impoverished group of insurrectionists in a foreign land thousands of miles away. And the empire's former slaves, who had been promised much but given little, let Old Fox and the people know quite emphatically that they were fed up.

Many of them died, including their two wisest and most moral leaders, but they were only more resolved. To make things worse, the people's children sympathized with the slaves and began to challenge old customs.

The younger brother of the Dashing Prince decided to ask approval so that he could lead the people. He was challenging a new hero, the Red Cross Knight, who was responsible for deposing the Old Fox. The two champions fought fiercely for the prize. But sadly the younger hero died as his brother had and the Red Cross Knight was forced out into the rain where he soon rusted.

FEARLESS Leader again presented himself to the people and, with no heroes in sight, enough of them approved him so that he gained the prize he had coveted so long.

But many people, especially the former slaves and the young, were embittered. They had seen four of their finest champions killed. Many of their brothers had fallen in the far-away war.

Their constant agitating might have shaken a lesser man, but not Fearless Leader. If the empire had problems, then obviously the dissidents were to blame.

But Fearless Leader was bent on saving the empire. So he made the dissidents his scapegoats, relying largely on his Minister of Balderdash, the Iron Veep. His appeal was to what he called his Great Silent Majority (although many of the dissidents likened these folds to poultry excrement), using rocket ships and public games and the banner of the empire as aphrodisiacs for frustrated patriots.

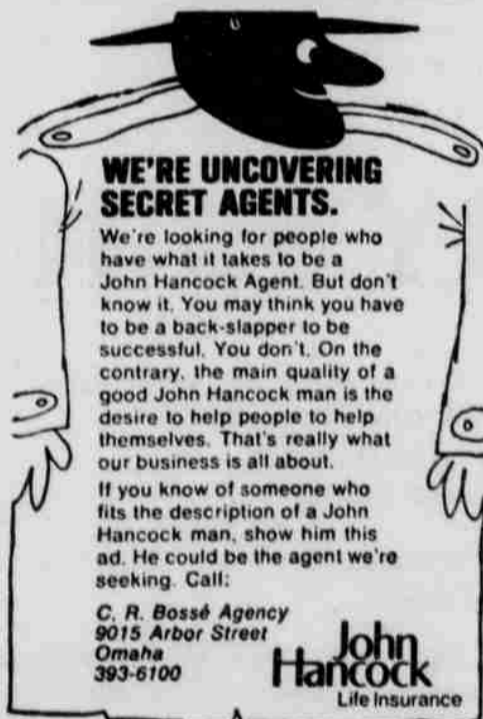
SOMEHOW, Fearless Leader managed not only to gain the laurel of his empire but to actually get his foot on the necks of the dissidents. He beat his chest and coughed. Someone had poisoned the air!

Fearless Leader became fearful. Something had to be done. Surely his Great Silent Majority would help. But the members of that august group merely yawned and drank a little beer while enjoying the public games.

Fearful Leader was loathe to ask the dissidents for help. They would adapt all the rhetoric and tactics of their past causes to the cause of clearing the air. So Fearful Leader did the predictable thing. He made a speech, promising in the vaguest of terms, to not only clear the air but cure all the rest of the empire's ills.

Then he ordered a gas mask and went home to greet the leader of the winning team of the most recent public game, congratulating him champion to champion.

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