

# editorial

## A swan-song message from the editor

This is the Daily Nebraskan's last regular publishing day, so I am stepping out of the self-imposed stricture of first person plural for the second time this semester for a swan-song message from me, the editor, to you, the reader.

Using "we" instead of "I" has been a reminder that editorials are meant to deal with issues, not my own glorification. It is an adjunct to the journalism rule that reporters keep themselves out of their stories.

And the "we" should embrace more than just the editor. It indicates the editorial stance of the paper itself. However, since Daily Nebraskan editorials have, in recent years, been signed by their authors, the use of "we" here carries a contradiction.

It became apparent to me about halfway through the semester that, because of this contradiction and the awkwardness of the form, I should give up "we" or "us" for the easier—and more honest—singular.

But I disliked the idea of changing persons mid-stream (I tend to be slightly stubborn).

The only other time I have used the first person singular on these pages turned out to be the first storm of a tumultuous semester.

Outrage over one of September's "Ralph" cartoons and equally outraged reaction to my response, were only the beginning of our troubles.

Some of the Daily Nebraskan's problems have been internal; others (most recently, our Mexican standoff with the open meetings law) have received public attention.

All have been challenging. To me, the challenge has been exhilarating.

At times I have been disappointed that, although I received an enormous volume of letters, relatively few of them directly responded to material carried in the paper (except in response to other letters).

But I have tried to make the editorial page a forum for student opinion and the letters served to inform readers about issues the Daily Nebraskan may have missed.

I am proud of this semester's staff and the product they have turned out, week after week, putting in long hours for some mighty short pay checks.

And I look forward to seeing next semester's paper, especially the editorials (that lucky son-of-a-gun, Vince Boucher, will have an election year to work with).

Hm...instead of a swan song, this has been more of an ugly-duckling ditty.

But I wanted to give you something of myself. Merry Christmas.

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Students who have been writing to inmates at the Nebraska Penal Complex could help spread the

season's cheer between now and Christmas by asking their correspondents to send them the names of other inmates who have no one to write to, and giving those names to their friends.

Even a Christmas card from the outside could turn a bleak holiday into one with meaning for a person on the inside.

Students on inmates' visiting lists may send packages to the penal complex starting Monday. The parcels may contain shelled nuts, fresh fruit, fruit cakes, gum or commercially packaged candy, baked goods, potato chips and crackers in their

original containers.

These are the only items the penal complex will accept and there is a 10-pound limit on packages; no more than two parcels may be sent.

If you are writing to an inmate but are not on his approved visiting list, ask to be sent an approval form. Only persons on the visitors list are allowed to mail Christmas packages to inmates and the inmate must tell the officials who is sending the gift.

Sound like a lot of hassle? The officials do make it tough, but the trouble would be worth it.

Rebecca Brite



the word unheard

## Vanity is part of the game



By Del Gustafson

Re: Summi Cronn's letter in Wednesday's paper regarding this writer's vanity.

Dear Summi,

After reading your letter to the editor concerning my vanity I was perplexed as to what would be the right response. Should I:

(1) sarcastically attack it in Burkean fashion (but such literary devices as sarcasm and parody seem to float over your humble head, huh, Summi?). (2) ignore it (but then I wouldn't have anything on which to write this week) (3) blow off my bloated head (but this would leave the world bereft of its greatest mind since Socrates, or more humbly, since Mill (you've got me really groveling now, Summi) or (4) attack your letter frontally, which would have the advantage of being readily comprehensible?

I opted for stratagem (4).

Anyone who read last Friday's column and concluded that it was written with the solemnity of a Christmas Mass must have gone to great lengths to develop and polish his stupidity: a good God would never endow an individual with such an excess of natural idiocy.

You are the type, dear Summi, that would watch *Duck Soup*, starring the Marx Brothers and complain that Firefly was not democratically president of Freedonia.

This is not to assert, however, that while you didn't understand the column's point, you didn't carefully study it.

How much time and energy you must have spent in counting the column's lines. I had no idea the column was

45 lines long, but if I ever desire a column of mine to be counted again, I will know where to go.

You erroneously claim in your letter that my column was meant solely as a forum for expression of my political views. There is no limit as to the choice of my subject matter; I may write on any subject from morality to the execution of people who write silly letters to the editor.

Moreover, the distinction you draw between politics and vanity is illusory. To study the politician is to study vanity, for that is generally what drives people into public life.

Admittedly there is a strong element of self-pride involved in writing a column for the Daily Nebraskan (it certainly isn't the money). I guess it is the desire to see one's name in print... which reminds me, Summi, why will you not put your name in print?

Come on, Summi. While only a few of us may be intelligent, many may be brave. Remove your disguises and let my incandescent blue eyes burn into your vapid soul.

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Just to prove Summi Cronn's letter has not reduced my enthusiasm for the theater, I would like to announce that the intriguing and powerful story of the relationship between a black New York lawyer and an uneducated white southern girl will be presented in the play *My Sweet Charlie* Saturday and Sunday in the Arena Theatre in the Temple Bldg.

Playing major roles will be Bill Davis and Suzie Kozak. Curtain time is 8 p.m. Saturday and Sunday night with a matinee Sunday afternoon at 2. Tickets are available at the Temple box office or call 472-2073.

The articles and letters I have seen raise in my mind several questions (that I don't care for) about the affair:

—Just how many of those who are for Lewis really want the truth? Are they for him simply because he was black and so are they? How many black people are using Lewis to get even with whitey, saying, "Look what they did to our brother. We can't let them get away with it?"

—How many are against Lewis because he was "just a nigger" (their words, not mine) and they are white? How many whites are standing up for the police as simply the better of the two?

—Would as many blacks be "for the truth" if Lewis had been white, or would they not have cared as much?

—How much (both black and white) are against the police simply because they are "pigs" and represent the establishment? These people don't care about Lewis; they just hate cops.

Of course, many people also believe there has to be a better way to handle such situations; I agree. Perhaps if the facts of the Lewis killing are brought out, a better way can be found.

Kathy Bartels

### Correspondence needed

Dear editor,

I am serving time at the Attica Correctional facility and I am seeking correspondence. I am 22 years old, black, with a very liberal mind. If anyone is interested in corresponding with me, please write to the address below. Thank you.

James Hughes  
28662 E-51-28  
Box 149  
Attica, N.Y.  
14011

## to the editor



The Daily Nebraskan welcomes letters to the editor and guest opinions. Choices of material published will be based on timeliness and originality. Letters must be accompanied by the writer's name, but may be published under a pen name if requested. Guest opinions should be typed, triple-spaced, on nonerasable paper. They should be accompanied by the author's name, class standing and major, or occupation. All material submitted to these pages is subject to editing and condensation, and cannot be returned to the writer.

Dear editor,

For the last several weeks the public has had the Fiesta Bowl jammed down their throats. Once the team finally made up its mind to attend this post-season white elephant, the controversy mounted.

Now that we are somewhat assured that the team has accepted the invitation (they are going, aren't they?), the question is the Cornhusker Band.

In their race against the calendar, the band must produce \$42,000 by Dec. 26 if they have any hope of trampling the Tempe turf. Where is the pot of gold to be found? Don't ask the Big 8. They've given us their share.

The coaches and staff? Oh, they've cut down on their meal allotments, so they've done their share. All of a sudden the end of the rainbow is over the heads of the Nebraska people.

Should the needed money be raised, what will Nebraskans gain besides a souvenir program from a local radio station and the satisfaction of contributing to the revenue of Tempe, Ariz.?

Since the primary purpose of bowl games is to attract tourists and thus increase the revenue of the host city, shouldn't Tempe pay for the band's trip? After all, we're doing them a favor.

Let's face it, band. You are neither wanted nor needed. So, martyrs, grab some nails and enjoy a Nebraska Christmas.

Bill Hessling  
Bob Hessling

Editor's note: Whether the band is, indeed, needed at the Fiesta Bowl may be debatable. But it is pretty obvious, from the number of contributions the band is receiving, that they are wanted.

That seems to be a nice indication of the spirit of Nebraska Christmas.

### Question of truth

Dear editor,

For some time I have been hearing about the Sherdell Lewis killing. People seem to have taken either Lewis's side or that of the police.

I don't think it is a question of taking sides; I want only for the truth to be known so perhaps such a thing need not happen again.