

opinion/editorial

Editor thanks staff for efforts

This is the last Daily Nebraskan of the fall semester, 1979, and, appropriately, signals the changing of the guard in the leadership of this newspaper.

After today, Rocky Strunk will assume the post of editor in chief. A highly qualified journalist and manager, I am confident he will lead the Daily Nebraskan to an outstanding year.

But before we turn the typewriters, copy paper and pencils over to those who follow, I must mention those who made this a memorable and successful semester.

Randy Essex, Jill Denning, Rocky Strunk and Brenda Moskovits coordinated the news gathering efforts of the reporters. During our transition to a five-day publication this was an especially difficult job.

The entertainment and sports desks, respectively, were headed by Kim Wil and Rick Huls. Margaret Stafford, managing editor, and layout editor Deb Shanahan, both dedicated journalists, endured many a late night on the copydesk with no complaints.

Rick Hemphill is our art director and Mark Billingsley our No. 1

photographer. Both are artists and people supreme.

Frank Hassler, of course, was our night news editor. His nights were always long, but his job always done well. Fathom, our magazine, was brought you to through the coordinated and outstanding efforts of Mary Fastenau and Gail Stork.

Anne Shank, in her first semester of business manager, made sure the paper didn't go in the red. And Kitty Policky, production boss, really is not the tyrant she sometimes tries to portray.

The advice of and support of David Kotok, our adviser, will always be remembered and appreciated.

Most thanks, however, must fall to the staff—the overworked and underpaid reporters, copyeditors, photographers and artists. Without their dedicated efforts, this paper could not exist.

Personal gratitude must be extended to Liz, Alice, Karl, Bob, Val, Betsie, G.T. and J.P. who always had an encouraging work or smile when things were tough.

I'm going to miss you all.

Amy Lenzen



Education more than college

All of this commencing must have gone to my head, like ceremonial wine.

Watching the parades of graduates filing across the stages in front of cameras, I suddenly had the image of an academic assembly line. I saw a million students on a conveyor belt, each in an identical cap and gown, receiving the finishing touches: a fresh set of initials, a certificate of approval, a curriculum vitae to call his or her own.

ellen goodman

I was sure that once stamped by the college of their origin, each of these newly minted alumni were labeled for life. Their obituaries, half a century away, would undoubtedly describe them as graduates.

The speakers, too, seemed to have caught the commencement fever. They spoke as if the ceremony were launching new battleships made out of the new gray matter. They broke their vintage bottles across the brows of the assembled, and allowed their favorite thoughts to bubble over.

With a sense of urgency, they poured last-minute knowledge into the ears of their students, trying to catch them while they were still hot, still thinking, still incomplete.

I AM NOT going to bah-humbag college educations, like the father in "Goodbye, Columbus" who complained about his son: "Four years of college and he can't load a truck."

But I think it is ridiculous to regard universities as adolescence-finishing factories that produce sanded, lacquered adults all ready to perform. It is not only ridiculous, it is terrifying.

We attribute such a large place in our lives to a mere four years that commencement is more infused with the fear of leaving than the excitement of beginning, or the

sense of community. We tell students that they are done when they feel half-baked.

College is hardly the Peak Experience of the academic end, and as one unfinished product, I say that with a sigh of relief. In the 1960s, I went to one of the Seven Sister schools where they educated women like their "brothers." It was, I am told, a first-rate education and I think I missed it.

I showed, on paper, a modest profit in the business of learning. Like many 18-year-olds in my class, I had been well educated in one thing: living up to expectations. So I digested history and regurgitated a thesis.

TODAY, 16 years later, I carry a cum after my name like a dangling participle. But I didn't think until I was 30 and long past my required reading.

You can take that as depressing or reassuring, but I am grateful that college didn't finish me.

Of course, I grew up between 18 and 22 when college was in loco parentis. But I also grew up between 22 and 26 and between 30 and 39.

NORA EPHRON told the seniors of Wellesley that those people who say college was the best time of their lives didn't lead very happy lives. I realize now that most of my friends enjoyed college one term and got through it another. Some weeks we felt euphoric and other weeks lonely. It wasn't the best of times, it wasn't the worst. It was just time, that Mixmaster of feelings.

We hadn't learned that this was normal. We thought that depression was unusual and loneliness a fault, and that everyone else was having his best years.

Commencement is an end and a beginning and all that. But maybe it doesn't merit a thunderous clap. The line between childhood and adulthood doesn't look like a stream of men and women in caps and gowns. It lurches and gropes and learns on toward some higher degree.

In the end, the degree isn't a manufacturer's guarantee that the work is done. Rather, it is a chit toward continuing education.

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letters

We are required to seek peace and justice in a world often devoid of both. The avoidance of war, therefore, is our highest moral imperative while other means are still available to establish peace and accomplish a just resolution of conflict.

We deplore the taking of hostages. At the same time, we believe that intransigence on both sides—the U.S. demand for the unconditional release of the hostages and the Iranian demand for immediate extradition of the shah—has resulted in a dangerous impasse. No matter how frustrating the current situation may be, it has not yet led to any deaths in Iran, while military intervention would surely result in many deaths on both sides.

The repression, torture and corruption of the shah's regime in Iran are a matter of public record, as are the roles of the CIA in installing the shah and the U.S. government in providing him with unlimited armaments. It is time for our present government to admit the facts on these matters and acknowledge them publicly, thus making a clean break with the corrupt policies of previous administration which got us into the present situation.

Therefore,

1) We commend President Carter for his policy of restraint and urge him to continue to pursue non-military solutions to the conflict.

2) We regret the clear implication given by the president that the blame in this matter rests entirely with the Iranian government. The Iranian people have legitimate grievances against the shah and against the U.S. government for supporting him. These include the imprisonment, torture and deaths of thousands of Iranians, widespread corruption, massive U.S. arms sales to the shah for use against his own people and the role of the CIA in deposing the shah's predecessor and installing the shah in power.

3) We call for international supervision of the conflict by an agency such as the UN Security Council which would provide for the release of the hostages and in international tribunal to consider the charges against the shah and his regime.

4) We call on the American people to understand the difficult situation of Iranians in this country and to cease the harassment of them.

Let us pray that careful and reasoned minds will prevail and that a spirit of understanding and reconciliation will infuse the negotiations so that no blood will be shed and just solution realized.

Larry Doerr—Coordinator, Commonplace-UMHE
Daphne Hamborg—Intern, Lutheran Student Center & Chapel

Simon Long—Vicar, St. Marks on the Campus
Brent Bohlke—Chaplain, St. Marks on the Campus
Bruce Berggren—Pastor, Lutheran Student Center & Chapel