

# opinion/editorial

## 'Way of life' at Rag comes to a close for editor

Daily Nebraskan editors have a great opportunity at the end of each semester. We get to express our thanks to our staff 17,000 times.

For most of us, it is the end of working at a top student newspaper. It's hard to summarize that experience or credit people appropriately.

The deepest thanks should go to the institution. The Rag isn't a place or a thing really; it has been a way of life for many during their college years.

Although our critics are part of the paper, they never get the opportunity to know it well and understand what the Rag really is. Our controversies pass and also become a part of the paper.

Each person who works here contributes something to the institution that remains, but the paper usually gives more to the student than vice

versa. That is why the Daily Nebraskan is so important to those who work here.

The editor's biggest job from semester to semester is keeping himself or herself from interfering with the many talented staff members.

When I was a reporter, it always disappointed me when the final editorial each semester didn't mention the reporters, who sacrifice more than anyone else to work here. The reporters this semester have earned my respect and appreciation.

The news editor has the hardest job keeping reporters busy and motivated. Thanks to Barb for handling that horrible job so well and not becoming a goat over it. And to Tom, Kathy and Shelley for helping her stay sane. Special thanks to that good sport Shelley for pulling double duty

in a pinch.

David's cartoons kept my page from being graphically boring and added greatly to its professionalism.

Casey, Bob, Larry, Kim, Kitty, Mark, Diane and the ad staff round out the list of key people who made it work.

Contrary to popular belief, there were some Republicans on this staff. They have my sympathy and thanks for withstanding the liberal tidal wave.

Thanks, too, to my secular, humanist, satan-consulting liberal columnists, whose writing kept my days busy defending our slightly left of center editorial policy.

Best of luck to Kathy and her staff. Goodbye.

## Ron tastes political cuisine

One of the major events of President-elect Reagan's first official visit to Washington was a dinner at the home of columnist George Will. Also present were Carter aide Robert Strauss and his wife, ABC television executive Roone Arledge and his wife, and other guests.—News item.

The following transcript may or may not have been found by Moral Majority agents searching through the Will family garbage:

**michael kilian**

Will: Welcome to our little gathering, Mr. President-elect. As Theognis said in the 6th Century B.C., "One finds many companions for food and drink, but in a serious business, a man's companions are very few."

Reagan: Well, Mommy and I just want you to know that our administration is going to reach out to all America, including you.

Will: Yes, America. As De Tocqueville said, "America is a land of wonders, in which everything is in constant motion and every change seems an improvement."

Roone: Which reminds me, Mr. President-elect. We plan some terrific new changes in our Washington team here. For starters, we thought we might replace Sam Donaldson at the White House with Cheryl Tiegs. If CBS thinks Dan Rather is pretty...

Reagan: Well, er, Mommy and I are all for change. We must go back to our new beginning.

Will: Democratic nations are but little for what has been," De Tocqueville

said, "but they are haunted by the visions of what will be."

Mrs. Reagan: George, why don't you knock that off.

Mrs. Arledge: Think of it, me, a former Miss Alabama, sitting here with the next President of the United States. Were you ever a former Miss, Mrs. Reagan?

Mrs. Reagan: When I got married,

Other Guests: Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Reagan: Pass the potatoes, please.

Other guests: Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Reagan: You know, I read somewhere that, if you could squeeze the juice out of all the potatoes in Idaho, you'd probably have enough water to irrigate all the deserts in the world.

Will: Yes, well let's remember it's time to get down to the principal of business of the evening, anyway. To put it modestly, it has not escaped the notice of the Will family that ours is the only journalist's table you have graced in this, your first post-election week in Washington.

Mrs. Reagan: What are you getting at, George?

Will: Other Presidents have relied upon the wisdom and counsel of Walter Lippmann, Scotty Reston, and the Alsop brothers. To put it humbly, you can have me! Or, as Napoleon once said...

Reagan: You know, Mommy, we had this newspaper fellow back in Tampico who used to let us play horseshoes in back of his shop. He said something I remember to this day: "Close only counts in horseshoes."

Will: I don't remember that quote. But getting back to the subject, the term "kitchen cabinet" is crass and Jacksonian. What I have in mind is a dining room cabinet. A place for elegant conversation and gracious dining, where you and the President can mingle with some of the finest minds in Washington.

Mrs. Reagan: No dice, George.

Will: What? Why not? Is it because I backed Howard Baker in the primaries? That was a brief indiscretion, a mere infatuation before I was awed by the strength and brilliance of the Reagan campaign.

Mrs. Reagan: No, it's just that we're going to reach out to everyone in Washington. We just started with you because we're starting with the Wills at the bottom



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of the list and working our way up. Next time, it's Tom Wicker. By this time next year, we should be dining with Joseph Alsop.

Will: (Gnashing of teeth) No, no! He's retired! He's passe! That era of political thought is ended!

Mrs. Reagan: At least he doesn't quote Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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**daily nebraskan**

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## Jason's vitality resolves nothing

Jason was not hanging from the rafters when I got home. I was relieved but not ecstatic. If not the rafters, the bars would be the next logical place to find him dangling. Like a cheap bit of costume jewelry from the ear of a mah-jangge debutante.

**zangari**

I pulled on my coat and started on the evening's intrepid travels—going from bar to bar in search of Jason's fleecy hide.

I caught up with at the Tiki God lounge. He was hunched over the bar sipping Scotch from a coconut. He raised basset hound eyes at me, then quickly returned them to the coconut. "Go away," he said.

"Ok," I said.

He grabbed me by the lambskin collar of my coat and lifted me to the bar stool. "Ok," he said, "stay, see if I care."

I ordered some Amaretto and coffee and waited.

Jason didn't need any prompting.

"She had no reason to go away like that. Things were going well for all of us." "She felt like we weren't going anywhere at all," I say.

Jason drained his coconut. "I can see it's no use talking to you," he says from the corner of his mouth. "You never agree with me." Jason pushes his coconut to the center of the bar and clasps his hands in front of him. He adds, "neither did Marie."

I touch him lightly on the arm and say "Let's get out of here."

Jason looks over at me and shakes his head. "I suppose you'll be leaving soon too," he says.

"It's always a possibility," I say. "Sometimes I think I'm already gone."

"I can understand that," he says. He looks down between his feet at the pavement below. "Other times I think I'm going to end up here all alone like some smoking carcass."

"You're a little too vital for that ever to be a possibility," I say.

He cuts into me with brittle eyes. "The old vitality. That's the only reason that people like Marie and you and others stay

around, isn't it? You feed off me. I have touched segments of life that you people are afraid to approach because it isn't politically hip or socially acceptable. I'll tell you one thing. My vitality is honest." He hops down from the bar and stalks off.

"Jason," I hear myself say, harsh, cutting.

He stops and slowly turns around. "Get out of my life," he says.

I walk up to him and plant my feet in his path.

"Ok," I say. "You may be right in part. But did you ever consider the possibilities that we also see a great deal of ourselves in the things you do? We care about you. Will always care about you."

"And you will leave."

"Of course. So will you."

Jason's features fall like a row of dominoes. "We've all been living in the pages of a comic strip," he says.

"I know," I say.

"Things are never resolved. They just go on week after week. Punch line to punch line."

Jason throws his arm around my shoulder and we walk back to the car.