

opinion/editorial

Fond adieu bid to DN staff and UNL students

As the semester draws to a close, the academic careers of many of us are quickly fading into the horizon. But although the group of December 1981 graduates will be gone, chances are we won't be forgotten.

Statically, a large number of students graduate next week to be replaced by transfer students and others interested in UNL. In parting, I wish all the future students of UNL the best of luck in making something out of their academic work here. Sometimes it isn't easy, but if we didn't think being a UNL student had any value, we could have gone somewhere else.

Many stay, despite their criticisms, and work to improve the quality of education at UNL. Yet most know the official channels are bottomless pits of bureaucracy that have gobbled up many an idealistic student.

For our part, we at the Daily Nebraskan have sought to provide coverage of the issues and events that we think matter most on campus. Yet, as in past years, we have not limited ourselves to campus issues because the world doesn't stop

after crossing 10th or R streets.

All year, I've wondered what people think about this newspaper. We hear both good and bad, and we are concerned about responses to our work. For \$1.60 a year of your student fees, our employees put out a concerted effort to do their best. Considering that reporters and copyeditors are paid less than \$2 an hour for their quality work, many people deserve praise.

Thanks must go to the reporters, Kathy and copyeditors for doing so much work for so little. Their good work is not praised often enough.

A special thanks must go the news desk of Steve, Kim, Dan and Alice. Their never-ending efforts of "spanning the globe," not to mention their desks, for news have kept the paper going.

The photographers and artists have helped to spruce up the pages with their creative art and photos. The job of photographer is not always thrilling. It sometimes includes trips to Stillwater, Okla.

Larry's sports staff has done a fantastic job of

covering one of the best Husker football seasons ever. Pat's entertainment section has offered a veritable goldmine of reviews we hope you found enjoyable.

The advertising staff has fought off tough economic conditions to try and bring us the largest papers we could afford. I wish them luck improving next semester. Maybe Reaganomics will trickle down our way too.

The production staff and night news crew has worked to keep the paper consistently clean and clear. I can't forget the receptionists who take the classifieds under hectic conditions.

Good luck to Martha and her new staff. A description of this job could be "inside work, no heavy lifting," but I'm sure you'll find many rewards.

Nostalgia sweeps over a graduate like a huge wave. Friends, memories and everything I've gained from UNL will be difficult to leave. But then again, a part of me will still be here. You really can't take it with you.

Tom Prentiss

Dearest President, ...and I want...

An open Christmas letter to Ronald Roskens, our NU president:

Dear Sir:

This is a Christmas letter. There are my wishes for you and the people you work with for the coming year. I hope they all come true.

I wish that in 1982, Mr. Roskens, that no more faculty members will resign. I'm sure you and other administrators were as shocked over the resignation of UNL's chairman of speech communications as we students were.

patti gallagher

But sir, I hope you listen to Gustav Friedrich's anguished pleas — pleas to raise faculty salaries, to put academic pursuits ahead of the almighty Big Red, and to raze some of the barriers decaying our faculty's morale.

Mr. Friedrich seemed to be a man of dedication, a man, in his own words, who had "the naive ambition of doing the job well enough to make a difference." Awfully sad that he found he couldn't.

I guess we don't take complaints like his too seriously unless someone is forced to bail out when they are repeatedly ignored. I wish, Mr. Roskens, that in the coming year, solutions will be found to Friedrich's complaints. We won't get him back, but we may save ourselves from losing others.

I wish in the coming year that students will be moved a little higher on that "list of budget priorities." The band fiasco is the current example where students get the crumbs from the administrative table.

Members of the UNL Marching Band, as I'm sure you know, must be bused to Miami's Orange Bowl, while administrators will be flown. The story is already getting old, sir, but that's because we've heard it and others like it so many times.

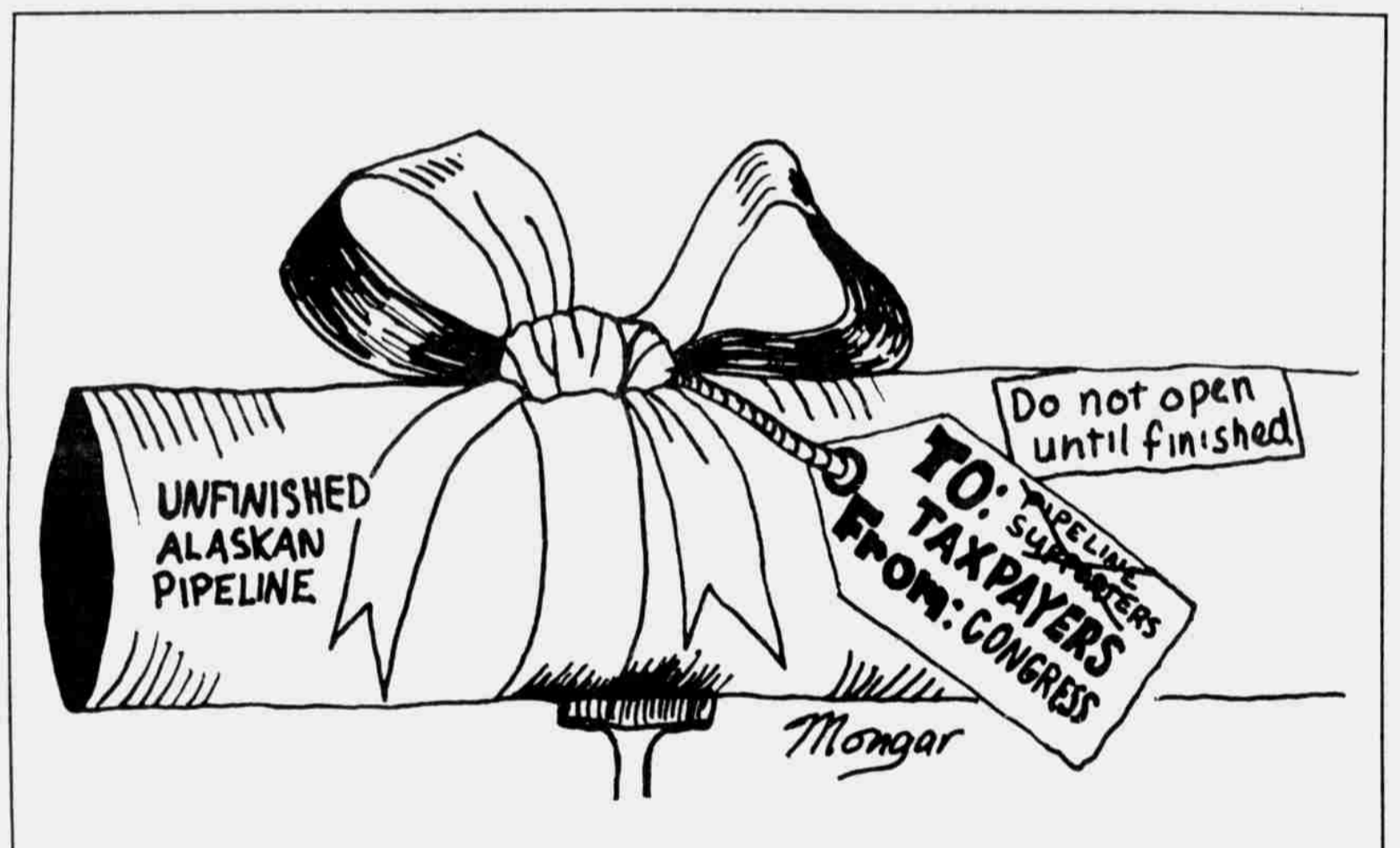
So, I wish that students will realize in 1982 that their tuition money is only a drop in the budget bucket. But I also hope administrators will remember their job is educating young adults whatever amount those adults contribute.

I wish, for Saturday specifically, that you and the members of the NU Board of Regents are granted judicial wisdom. When you go to work at slicing up the university budget — in order to extract the 3 percent our legislators recently ordered — I hope you slice scrupulously.

Don't cut across the board: some programs are more vital than others; some programs won't survive another cut. And don't allow our regents to make the rash, un-researched decisions we've seen them make so often before.

I wish, Mr. Roskens, that in 1982 you and the regents will allow our student regents a vote and grant our student government some authority.

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Weinberger, you're a nice guy

Why are you trying to kill us?

I have a friend who is one of the most intelligent, quietly witty, honest, unassuming and considerate men I know. I think he's trying to kill me.

I have known Caspar Weinberger for more than 20 years. Admittedly, we were never close friends. But I have dined at his house, chatted with his wife, Jane, breakfasted with him in motels, ridden with him in buses, cars, cabs and planes and drunk with him at parties.

Whenever I wanted to know something about the machinations of Republican leaders on campaigns or at conventions, I would ask Cap. He would respond with knowledge, candor, lucidity and humor.

I have always thought him to be a good, decent, rational human being. I have always liked him very much. Now I think he's trying to kill me.

True, I haven't seen Cap in recent years. Since his relatively humble California beginnings, he has gone on to become secretary of defense, one of the half dozen most powerful men in the Western world. But I don't think he's changed.

Washington newsmen, predominantly liberal, generally seem to like and respect him. "Low-key," "calm," "gregarious," "disarming," "gentle," "wry," "gracious" and "charming" are a few of the adjectives they toss his way.

One story told how he thoughtfully brings coffee up to Jane in bed each morning before he sets off the Pentagon and another day of planning for nuclear war.

Another reported his comment on a Pentagon security agent being arrested for indecent exposure: "I thought they weren't even supposed to show their faces," Cap said. And later in the interview: "I can't believe I'm the heavy," he said with what was described as "an airy chuckle."

Yes, it all sounds like Cap. A thoroughly nice guy. It's hard to believe he's trying to kill me.

I see a lot of him on television. Often he's wearing a helmet and looking grim as he test fires a new weapon or drives a new tank. And I want to say, "Come on, Cap, knock it off. You're too sensible a guy to get a bang out of playing soldier."

I read a lot about him — how he's trying to justify cutting \$30 billion from the budget for human services and adding \$30 billion for the Pentagon; how he's trying to increase military spending by \$1.5 trillion over the next five years, and how he's trying to plan for a limited nuclear war and even prolonged nuclear war that one side or the other would win.

And I want to say, "Please, Cap, you're too nice a guy to even think of killing millions of human beings. Please think instead of what is real. Think of individual people being born, eating, sleeping and making love. Think of me and mine."

I know Cap thinks he is trying to save my life — or at least the political system of which I'm a part. But I'm not afraid the Russians will kill me. I'm afraid a nuclear bomb will kill me. I'm afraid of my friend, Cap. I'm afraid he will kill me and my children and my children's children. And yours.

But the strange thing is that I honestly think he's a nice guy.

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