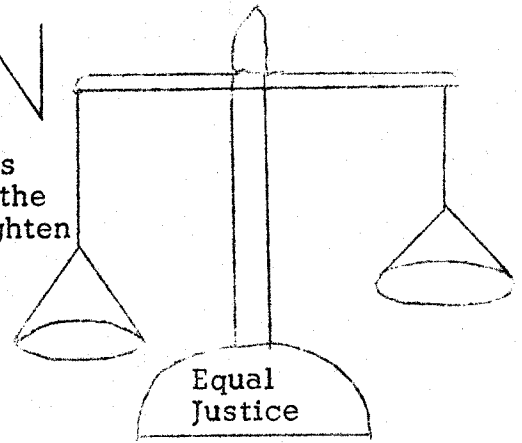


DEAR MR. SUN

Every newspaper has its advice columns, and so does the SUNDIAL. Devoted to pure nonsense of course, the editors of the SUNDIAL hope you will enjoy and enlighten your reading pass time by DEAR MR. SUN:



Dear Mr. Sun:

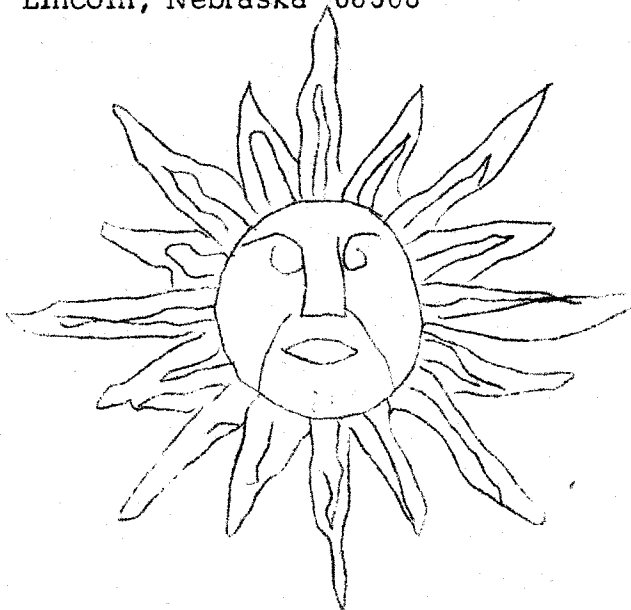
I am a charter member of the Beetle Fan Club. I've got all their records. I wear a Beetle wig and button. I am even beginning to think like a Beetle! The trouble is that my parents hate Beetles! What should I do?

A Frustrated Beetle

DEAR COCKROACH:

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR PARENTS DON'T BRING HOME A CAN OF RAID!

THE SUNDIAL
Cornhusker Council,
Golden Sun Lodge
220 North 11 Street
Lincoln, Nebraska 68508



Dear Mr. Sun:

I am an exponent of all the modern dances, such as the Mashed Potatoes, Watusi, Jig, Chicken, Nitty Gritty, and Limbo. This presents very few problems until I go to the Fall Pow Wow.

At the last Pow Wow, my sub-conscious took over and I started to do the "Locomotion" as our Lodge Chief sang the Omaha Tribal Prayer. This turned out to be very embarrassing to both me and the partner that I grabbed to dance with. Please help me!

Rock N. Roller

DEAR ROCK:

WHY FIGHT IT? JOIN THE GIRL SCOUTS AND THE NEXT TIME THE URGE HITS YOU TO GRAB A PARTNER AND SWING, YOU WON'T BE EMBARRASSED.

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