

Editorial Comment

'Spirit Bunk'

Christmas and the spirit of goodness and giving that it always brings is essentially a good thing. This is the one reason in which the elements of our society that strive for good relationships between men center their efforts.

What then, is this "spirit" that is considered so valuable? It seems to revolve loosely around that lifting, cleansing feeling that is supposed to come with giving rather than receiving or expecting to receive "for services rendered."

Some protest may arise over the use of the "spirit of giving" as a business man's dream. Benefits to commercial concerns because of the wish to get into the real spirit through buying presents are supposedly incidental, a necessary evil to the giving is goodness theory of

Christmas. This argument simply doesn't hold water. Giving in and of itself is a selfish act. Though some of us who save in order to give may argue to the contrary to give something we want ourselves or consider valuable to another person is not the self-sacrificing act we would like to consider it. The personal satisfaction of the act of giving outweighs the sense of personal loss of money or goods we feel.

This type of personal satisfaction though considerably more admirable than causing pain to another person or destroying his property is certainly not a sensation worthy of the title "The Spirit of Christmas."

Like it or not, self-satisfaction is the motive behind our acts. During the part of the year before the Christmas season when the "spirit" sets in, a great majority of persons try to hide their satisfaction-seeking aims as best they can.

But at Christmas time, the personal satisfaction motive is sanctified under the broad title of "getting into the Christmas spirit." Gaining self satisfaction is certainly no evil in itself; however, the channels this satisfactions gaining motive may take can be and often are evil.

Christmas spirit as we know it is nothing more than a glossy version of what most of us try to keep well beneath the surface of our personalities the rest of the year. Let's not trim it with icing and say, "This is Christmas."—T. W.

Is This You?

A few minutes after the regular morning scramble for the Rag, this conversation between two unknown Nebraskan readers was overheard in the halls of "Soc Building."

"You know, this paper isn't half bad," the first brave individual said, thinking he was speaking confidentially to his friend. "See this article—that's it, right here—it's a pretty good story. You know, they usually write better than you think."

"Ya," his friend retorted, "but don't you think the Rag ought to have a little more in it?"

"I do," the first one answered back. "In fact, I think the Rag should be at least eight pages and come out every day, sort of like a 'Daily Nebraskan.'"

"Well, you've got a point there. Why don't they put it out every day. They haven't got too much to do."

"Are you crazy?" our first friend quickly answered. "All those people do down there is work on the paper. They skip classes, that is the few they get arou to taking, and like to hibernate in that little cubby hole, playing journalist."

"Well, they get paid for it. I don't see why they shouldn't work for what they make. They must be making \$80 or \$90 a month. They don't even have to go to school. They're getting rich in that noisy little cellar room."

"No," the first answered, coming to the defense of the Rag, "they don't make too much compared with the amount of time they spend. But somebody should tell them that this throw-sheet isn't half bad. In fact, I think we've got a paper that we should be just a little bit proud of."

Well, the conversation ended abruptly when the janitor came sweeping his way down the crowded corridor, pushing the two admiring students and the clandestine eavesdropper into the main stream of traffic. But the facts were good to hear.

The Nebraskan has been publishing three times a week for the last year to put the paper on a sound financial basis—for the first time in the past few years. When, if ever, it will

This Includes Us

Reading news reports in the local newspapers, it is quite a good feeling to find no students at the University among the automobile accident listings.

Lincoln's safety contest, an inter-city competition affair, does not include as participants only Lincoln residents per se but refers to University students who drive in the local streets, Air Force personnel and visitors from others areas in the state. Therefore, when an appeal is made by the city for a program such as the safety campaign—the success with which it meets depends wholly upon cooperation and extra caution by every person in the Lincoln area, regardless of home town. Being from a town or city out in the state does not constitute an exemption from Lincoln programs or laws. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone in Lincoln or those who intend to come to Lincoln to follow local policies and support local programs especially ones having to do with safety.

With this in mind, it would be well to show the Lincoln citizens that University students are willing to help in supporting local programs. The best way we can do this is by being aware of the city problems and plans for the solution of those problems and maintain an attitude of cooperation.

The Nebraskan hopes that there will be a continued absence of students names on the local accident lists.—J. H.

again become The "Daily" Nebraskan is anybody's guess. The staff hopes this will be soon. No prediction, however, will be ventured.

As to salary and time, here are the facts. Reporters earn nothing. They work for the love of the job or by the grace of God, take your choice. The rest of the staff is paid, a pittance by commercial standards but a princely salary compared to other college neophyte journalists.

Salaries range from \$35, paid to copy editors, to \$45, paid to the remainder of the editorial staff, with the lone exception of the editor, who receives \$65. Business side earns comparable salaries. Though adequate, it is simple to deduce that nobody is getting rich "working for the Rag."

Most regular staff members spend about 85 hours a month working on The Nebraskan. The four copy editors, in addition to the regular hours which run from about 12:30 p.m. until almost 8 p.m., work from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m. three times a month. This graveyard shift is commonly called by the unrealistic name—"Night News." The experience gained in the wee hours does prove invaluable, though, so few complaints are heard.

According to current salaries and poor arithmetic, copy editors earn about 40 cents an hour and "middle" staff members earn about 55 cents an hour. The editor's salary, being above this, is above and beyond common mathematics.

The staff offers no complaints. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to hear a conversation where the work of the staff is well received.

If this dialogue, which is true, is at all representative of student opinion, The Nebraskan staff will go dauntlessly ahead, typing, reporting, thinking—putting out a paper to cover campus news and give the reader something to pause and think about.—D. F.

Afterthoughts

Sure It Would!

The Christmas tree was up and lights glittered among the tinsel branches. The 12-year-old in the family had been delegated to keep the burned-out lights replaced with new ones. However, one string of lights on the tree had a short in it, unknown to the child so she kept replacing light bulbs on the shorted string every ten minutes. Noticing that one string of lights was out and the child plopped in a chair watching TV, the father asked her if she couldn't fix the lights. The little girl looked from the tree to her father and sighed dismally. "Daddy, wouldn't it be easier if I just brushed my teeth and stood in front of it and smiled?"

That's Christmas

Someone reported that employees in a downtown store had to work last Sunday morning. It seemed that the Christmas shoppers that had jammed the store Saturday had made such a mess of the stock that employees had to spend Sunday morning sorting out things and restocking so that the store could open Monday without resembling a dollar-day sale in the bargain basement.

'Playboys' Doomed?

With the proposed new ordinance regulating the sale of comic books and other literature which may seem obscene it may be assumed that college students will be searching for good hiding places for the local literary rage "Playboy." They say if you're not a minor you don't have to worry, but the question arises as to whether some college students might fall under the definition of a minor as being "someone who doesn't know any better."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



Letterip . . .

The Nebraskan Staff Xmas Letter

Dear Santa, We members of The Nebraskan staff hope you can take time out from all your busy work to read our Christmas letter. Even though we are grown-ups now — at least we think so — we still know you are always willing to listen to our troubles and help if you can.

We don't want to be selfish, Santa, but there are some things that we want very badly at NU and we thought that if we asked you for them we would feel better. Even if you can't give us our Christmas wishes at least you can listen and maybe leave us a few hopes for the coming year.

Santa, please give the football team a four leafed clover for the Orange Bowl game New Years Day. They have worked hard and deserve all the glory that comes with being a delegate to a bowl game. Also give Coach Glassford lots of Christmas cheer for the great job he has done since last Christmas.

And Santa, don't forget the basketball team. Could you send them some new hoops that are extra big and some extra-small basketballs? Santa, they need a winning streak. Do you think you could leave it in their stockings?

We would very much like to see the library stay open on Sundays, Santa. We need that extra day for our reference work and places to study.

Please send the University a new budget with \$2 million extra for our teachers' salaries.

Santa, could you manage it so that the Student Council wouldn't have to investigate campus organizations after Christmas? They have so much to do without investigations of that sort hanging over their heads.

And Santa, please let all the Coed Follies participants have a happy Christmas so that they will be all rested up for rehearsals after vacation. It seems like Homecoming was just over and they do need a rest.

Could you try and arrange it so that the University will be a place where a good big-name band will want to come? If you could slip the University's name on the dance agenda for Tommy Dorsey or Harry James or Ralph Flanagan we'd be very happy. Oh, and Santa, please tell Mr. Weems that he really is all right and is a big-name band but that we just haven't heard much about him in Nebraska.

Please Santa, let all the underprivileged children have a very Merry Christmas and make it so that the campus goes all out for the children at Christmas but sometimes, Santa, they forget that there are those same children at Easter, the Fourth of July and every other time of the year.

Santa, there is one thing which we ask for every year but which we never get. That is a new song book for the man who plays the bells in our tower. It's not that we don't like "Beautiful Dreamer" at 8 a.m. but we would like to hear some peppy, popular songs once in a while.

Santa, could you send some of our teachers some Christmas spirit? They are so tired all the time and so busy with their theories and laboratory experiments that sometimes we think they forget there is a Christmas. We want them to be happy with life too.

Santa, could you give every foreign student and Air Force boy who can't go home for Christmas a nice dinner and lots of friendship? Maybe you could whisper in Lincoln citizen's ears and get them to share some of their happiness with the ones that can't go home for the holidays.

Santa, the freshman coeds have a big problem and maybe you could help solve it. You see, they aren't supposed to have their lights on after 11:30 p.m. and many if not most of them have studying to do that just can't be all done by 11:30 p.m. But no matter where they go to study after lights out it is always crowded and so they just don't get their studying done. It would sure help, Santa, if they could keep their lights on until

Woman's View

Season's Greetings

By MARILYN TYSON The weather is cold, the skies are gray, And time has come for me to say Vacation time is almost here, With lots of sleep and Christmas cheer. Although exams still loom ahead And students all are filled with dread 'Tis time to throw our books away In preparation for Christmas Day. So with a grin and school days fleeting I want to wish you a Season's Greeting. To the Hardins, Nancy, Cliff, Cynthia and Sue, To Colbert, Dean and Steuer, Lou. To all the lawyers and their books, To personnel chairmen and their dirty looks, To Stromer, Marv and Larson Peg, To the faction and their cold beer keg, To Jacobs, Doran and Pickett, Murd, To Cynle Henderson and Warren Burt And may Santa Claus be extra-nice To the library stacks and all its mice. To Woodward, Tom and Bill DeVries, May Navy ROTC be just a breeze, To those of you who like the grill, And plan to study but never will, To Hildek, Dick and Marial Wright, To Aldrich, Bill and "What a night." To Anderson, Al and Kosmet Klub To all those who like to give back rubs, To Hunley, "Chas" and Colbert, Phyl To the Orange Bowl team and Glassford, Bill, To Orwig, Bill and Keller, Ken To Halgren, Frank and Singer, Len To all the crew at the old Hob Nob, To Dobson, Art and Blumstrand, Bob, To Janey Mapes and Rankin, Duane, To Terry and the Pirates and April Cain, To Washington, George and his trusty ax, And Adam and Eve, and Shulman, Max To Tito, Maladovitch and Engler, Nan, And Old Grad Kush, and Howard Vann, To Eileen Mularky and Weber, Bill To those who still use No-Doze pills, To Amos, Nick and his many friends, To "Playboy," one of our newest trends, To Anderson, Pete and his striped ties, And old maids who thrill to pin-mates' sighs, To Wagner, Bob and Phyllis too, To the Smiths and Korinek Merry Orange Bowl to you, To all the flances who soon will fall, And Hansen, Ron who is too darn tall. To Hoffacer, Bob and Abernathy, Jim, And Russel, George and Tiny Tim, To all "our boys" in uniform, And all the girls in the boys' dorm, To Mary Gattis and Gifford, Joe, To Lebeck, Gus and Coleson, Moe, To the PBK's and their new keys, And pledge class blankets in the trees, To Nancy Hawkins, a new 21, And Paynech, George and his one great gun, To Holbert, Al and Walters, Lee And those who make gifts of a jeweled church-key, To Foley, Speed and Kyle Sprague, And the future issue of the Pink Rag, To Linda and Julie, Beal and Beal, And Marilyn Eaton and Gretchen Teal, To Meulhaupt, Sue and Joanie Roe, To Campbell, Bill and old "Moke" Joe, To the Nebraskan staff, all girls pinned, And the single men, much chagrined, To Andy Smith and the glorious south, May AUF never suffer drought, To Carol Unterscher and brother John, Try to keep others off your lawn, To Jack Rogers and his committee, And the clubs he doesn't ply. To social chairmen, good and wise, Be sure to watch the other guys, Merry Christmas one and all, And Happy New Year, have a ball To those whose names are not found here I wish you all the season's cheer, So I'm off on vacation, but I want to say, Season's Greetings and a Happy Holiday.

AT MILLER'S A Stocking for Santa To Give and Fill Bonnie Doon Campus Sox Cotton \$1 Wool 1.65 to 1.95 MILLER & PAINE "AT THE CROSSROADS OF LINCOLN"

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