

Friday, December 20, 1963

YES VIRGINIA,

There Is A Santa

The New York Sun on Sept. 21, 1897 published an editorial in response to a letter by an eight year old girl on whether Santa Clause exists. The editorial has become a Christmas classic. We reprint the letter and the editorial below:

Dear Editor —I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in The Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

—Virginia O'Hanlon
115 West Ninety-fifth Street

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginia. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove?



College Sex . . .

By Collegiate Press Service

I don't know what it proves, but the young American has the damndest way of discussing his real or imagined amorous exploits. In the hope that some observant sociologist will draw the sweeping conclusion, I offer a brief discussion of this puzzle.

The most prevalent—and incredible—feature of such discussion is that the young American male has eventually confused the national indoor pastime with the more prosaic outdoor diversions. Sex, for young Johnny, is not only a sport; it is a competitive sport. He seems to have gotten his partner confused with an opponent.

A successful exploit is a "score" in the popular argot, a triumph against an opponent in combat, much like hockey, where the athlete outmaneuvers the wary goalie and rings up a goal.

Also, the young man no longer copulates: he "makes" his girl, presumably along the lines of constructing a model airplane, or conquering a mountain peak.

The use of the sport jargon has reached a point where one enthusiastic athlete of my acquaintance would regale us with his nocturnal gambols much like an announcer would rattle off a play-by-play.

"Had a wild game last night," he would say, eyes gleaming. "I threw a couple short passes and ground out the yardage. Then I took a gamble too soon on the touchdown pass and she threw me for a loss back to my own 25. So I huddled, and just tried out the line a little. Then I faded back and hurried a long pass and . . ."

The game would vary. Some nights this young

man would spend on the basketball courts other times, a baseball game was the media through which we communicated his triumphs and failures. Always, however, the wars were won, lost, or tied on the playing fields of New England beaches.

There is something as disturbing as it is amusing about this attitude toward sex; for it indicates a sad element in our society. We have reached a point of materialism where the gratification of physical needs has become a mere end in itself, where the partner in the sex act is relegated to something along the order of a vending machine.

The sex act has now become an acquisition, an attainment which is equated with a car, or a phonograph, or a victory in some kind of contest. What is completely missing in this attitude is any regard for the partner, who is, after all, another human being.

The prevailing attitude is geared so forcefully to the acquisition of sexual fulfillment, that the element of love, or compassion, or even consideration is missing. Sex is to be obtained from an opponent, not shared with a person.

To require—or even expect—a young man of normal makeup to be favorably inclined to chastity is evidence either of incredible naivete, expect this normal young man to regard his sexual partner as something more than a pinball machine or a tennis opponent.

CAMPUS OPINION

Higginbotham's Edict

Dear Editor: Due to Mr. Higginbotham's latest edict, 14 teams are being dropped from the intramural basketball roster. Probably more than that are included in the purge since each fraternity usually enters three teams.

The reasons: failure to check their rosters, or failure to pay entry fees.

The procedure: To check your roster, you hand a list of names of team members and corresponding addresses, then you go back the next day to tell him yes, those are the right names and addresses, Mr. Higginbotham.

To pay your entry fee you turn in \$20. His second reason, dropping a team for failure to turn in its entry fee, would be legitimate if it did not demand more than a simple reminder phone call to get the teams to bring their money in. Figure 14 teams and as many phone calls by physical education staffers. That adds up to \$280 that is being dropped from the intramural fund for no apparent good reason.

Let us be reminded, Mr. Higginbotham, that while our intramural set up is not a money-making proposition, and while it is not an officially sanctioned league, such as the Big Eight or Big Ten, and while students have plenty of other things to do to fill their time, it remains an important part of a student's extracurricular activities. For that reason alone—it exists, not because it is well administered and not because teams are afraid to show

up for some minor mistake.

To drop a team from the league for either of these infractions is, to say the least, too harsh a punishment. It's a familiar refrain when their is a problem here to say that students could run it better, but . . .

A Student With Nothing To Do But Play Intramurals

Our Sacred Cows

By Jim Moore
Thought that perhaps as a change of pace, I might just write a gossip column today about anyone who pops into mind.

JoAnn Strataman told me that she feels left out — the Cows haven't attacked her as being corrupted by the haze of a Black Masque, or as being the opposite of student opinion in voting against the recent drinking problem motion before Council.

The other day — in the room where the Red Robes hang (Student Council Office) — a prominent pusher and I made out the eighty-fifth list on "Who the Innocents Will Be." There's still hope, gunners of the world — we only came up with twelve.

Tom Kort has an abcessed tooth. Guess we won't have any Public Issues for a while from Council . . . but then, did we ever?

The Cather Hall vegetables recently complained that my accusation about "three kegs in Cather" was totally unfounded. I was touched by their sincerity. Dean Ross called in one of the officers of Cather and asked him how kegs should be carried into the dorm.

But the last two nights I've been studying in the Cather lounge. With barf on the elevator door and a total of four drunken bodies staggering around, so m e-how I was disillusioned with their righteous indignation over the "three kegs" issue.

A quote: (Said before Prince Kosmet election) "I wanta be Prince Kosmet!" Speaker, John Lonquist. He also pointed out to me in the same conversation that his father is one of the three top corn-breeders in the world and the Julius Caesar was "Chief Weenie in Rome."

Smart kid, that Lonquist. Enjoyed George Peterson's column on Playboy yesterday. He does a marvelous job of quoting other people.

Ever wondered why we don't have any radical political groups on campus? But I guess we have the Youth for Goldwater Club. But why not a YPSL?

I'm taking a poll on how many people know what the YPSL is. If you do, tell the Union Board of Managers. Rumor goes that they got an offer from the YPSL group to sponsor a speaker. But they haven't figured out what, or who, made the offer . . .

See that the Interfraternity Council passed a definitive, down-to-earth positive statement on fraternity "white clauses." I'm still trying to figure out the first paragraph. Maybe they can form a committee to interpret "Definitive Statements on "White Clauses."

Well, already late for my advisor appointment. Dr. Koehl will never let me take three history courses anyway. Guess I'll just wait 'till February.

Will be thinking of my fellow-unfortunates — sitting in front of the tube New Year's Day.

But then, free Scotch . . . and we won't have to dodge scoutmasters on the prowl for booze.



PLAN AHEAD

All roads do not lead in the same direction. Also, all life insurance policies do not accomplish the same purpose. But what is the difference?

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TAX FACTS

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