

What Is Thanksgiving?

For many, Thanksgiving is a time of getting out of school, of seeing the old high school buddies, of catching up on school work, of eating pumpkin pie and turkey to the bursting point.

But way back when, Thanksgiving was a time of giving thanks to God for all good things. It was a day especially set aside.

Some feel that Thanksgiving is now the most religious holiday of the year, because Christmas and Easter have become so commercialized.

There is much a student of this University can be thankful for:

The privilege of being a student.

The fact that we do have a vacation, that we may join with old friends, that we have school work to catch up on. Persons in the past would have given their eyetooth for the many chances for an education that we now abuse.

That we live in a state such as Nebraska, where the beauties of God are so easily accessible. A drive through the country this Fall reveals a beautiful scene—a scene artists have been trying to duplicate for years and cannot quite catch.

That we have the privilege of thanking God, loudly, joyfully, in any manner we wish, rather than being told that we may not participate in public worship, that God is not a vital power in our lives, that only the government is the vital power.

That we have a family to go home to. That that family will have the means to serve pumpkin pie and turkey.

The Daily Nebraskan gives thanks for its readers. HAPPY THANKSGIVING.

Please Return

Just about everything that can be said has been said on the topic of traffic safety, but the fact still remains—traffic fatalities are rising and rising, and rising.

The University of Nebraska is composed of students—good students, bad students, indifferent students, activity-minded students, apathetic students, engineering students, agriculture students, undeclared students, all kinds of students.

But each of these students is precious. Yes, even you are precious. Precious to someone—to parents, to instructors, to the nation.

You, your parents, the University, the nation cannot afford to lose you.

You are the one upon whom your future lies. You are the one that will determine whether or not you will return next Monday. You are the one that must be careful.

The Daily Nebraskan does not want to print a story Monday reporting the death on one of its precious readers.

CAMPUS OPINION

Until They Fall

Nebraska won the Big 8 Championship!

Nebraska won a Cotton Bowl bid!

Nebraska was defeated Saturday.

Yeah, the team really let the school down. Just when we were going good and were rated nationally they got beat. Some team!

Everybody loves a winner, until the winner falls.

There was an airport rally Saturday night.

So what? Why should I have gone? They got beat didn't they? They didn't deserve a big welcome. They let us down. Who all was there?

Oh, the players' and coaches' families, some high school kids and a few University students. No singing, or yelling, though.

So, what do you expect for a loser?

A fine team was defeated in a hard-fought game.

Everybody loves a winner, until the winner falls.

Paula Rhynalds

Thanks, Devine

Dear Coach Dan Devine,

On behalf of the students of the University of Nebraska I would like to thank you for enabling us to be the sole possessors of the Big Eight Championship this year.

It was very thoughtful of you to beat Kansas last weekend so that we did not have to share the championship with them.

But even more we appreciate you tying with the University of Oklahoma earlier in the season (thus saving us the humility of sharing our championship with the school that gave us our only defeat of the season).

We realize that you did not do these noble deeds just for the betterment of our position in the Big Eight Conference. But I am convinced that this was an underlying motive, since your team has always had so much respect for ours and there is such a warm friendship between the schools.

From the depths of our hearts we thank you for your cooperation in making this such a successful year for us and we are sure that you shall continue to serve us in the future as well as you did this year.

bonnie bonneau

About Letters

The DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be included but reason the chance of misdirection. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted.

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BY W. SOMMER MAUGHAN



"THIS IS MY ANTI-McNAMARA MISSILE."

Octopus

—By John Lonnquist

There comes a time during his career when every student feels he must speak out upon some issue of vital concern to his peers. I refer, as you all know, to the terrible toll which Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day take upon the turkey population of the United States of America.

The mass murdering of these innocent zoological specimens within this yearly six week period amounts to little less than an ethocide.

This dire crime is not perpetrated in Lincoln, but as true crusaders, we must not let this insignificant fact stop our rabid and unrelenting desire to influence

everyone and everything everywhere. We should not become so engrossed in our scholastic endeavors, that we cannot devote thirty or forty hours a week to furthering our cause in a club I'm organizing. It will be known as Students for Not Cooking Turkeys, better recognized as the SNCT.

We will not protest turkey murdering in this general area, since there is little turkey murdering in this general area, but will carry out long distance economic disaster attempts on those who practice perennial turkecide.

Turkey lovers unite! Eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on Tahnksiving Day.

The Daily Nebraskan

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By Frank Partsch

Having watched the Colossus of the North meet its Waterloo in the notorious Snakepit this weekend, and having thought over the strange events preceding and following the upset, I was particularly struck by a trend upon which I would like to enlarge.

It was the remarkable amount of spontaneous spirit. No, gentle reader, this was not school spirit; it was not a desire to smash the Sooners right out of Reptalia; it was not a yearning for our first undefeated football season since Grandpa was trying to work his wireless. The conference title (or part of it) was already wrapped in a little package tied with an orange ribbon and decorated with cotton balls.

Why get excited about anything then? The only spirit on this campus grew from an unfounded rumor that a victory would mean no classes this week.

An earlier Closet Case concerning the sick attitudes toward intellectualism at this place attracted comments from some 80 students and faculty members. Three of these comments were against what I had written.

I like two days off as well as anyone, but I could see no justification to deprive the entire student body of lectures and labs they already paid for just because of the physical might of half a hundred mercenaries.

To anyone wanting his vacation extended badly enough to endure the mental anguish of last year, I can only say... there isn't too much to say.

A more appropriate means of enthusiasm would be a post season rally thanking the team for their efforts rather than demanding victory.

No one would come to the rally, though. The time for demanding would be past and the time for appreciation, as in everything else, would be overlooked.

The fallacy I see in the

Closet Case

whole aborted mess is that, assuming we have already sold the rest of our pride down the river, and assuming we base our school pride solely on the performance of Bob's Boys, how can we ignore them so completely?

I dredged around the cobwebs of the Closet, however, and found an answer: We don't much give a hit for anyone or anything but ourselves.

This week especially would seem to be a good time to reevaluate these childish self-preoccupations and gain a broader knowledge of the University community; after all, life has more to offer than luxury, and the student should revolve around the University, instead of expecting the University to be centered on his whims.



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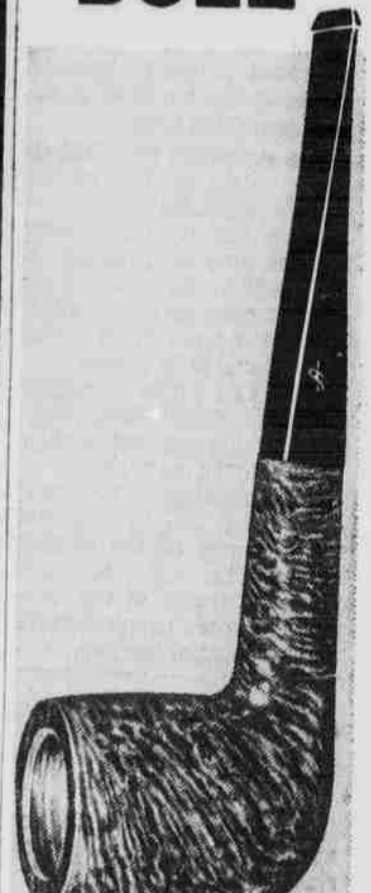
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