



A working Christmas

by Debbie Tubbesing
Entertainment Editor

Mention Christmas and many images come to mind. There are Christmas trees, cards, gifts, singers, cookies, holiday meals, and even church services. This portrayal of the holiday season assumes that everyone will have Christmas day off from their place of employment. Yet, there are people who will have to work Christmas Eve and Christmas. I am one of those people.

I'm an announcer at the radio station KMZQ-100.5 FM. A radio station is on 24 hours a day, seven days a week. This includes each and every holiday. This year, I volunteered to work 7 p.m. to

midnight Christmas Eve and Christmas day.

I'm not complaining. I don't have any children to miss my presence Dec. 24 and 25. Two of the other announcers will be out of town during the holidays in order to be with their families. My own parents live out of state and we will not be together this year. So, I choose to work Christmas.

I know I will be a comforting presence to others listening to me. The hospitals, convenience stores, gas stations, casinos, hotels, motels, and restaurants will also remain open and their employees could use my company. There are many lonely people who will turn to their favorite radio sta-

tion to distract them from their solitude. These people will call me, either to request a song, or just hear another friendly human voice. There are people living in their cars or on the streets with just a battery operated radio. They will not call me, but I take comfort knowing that the music I play will somehow lift their spirits. I will provide background to family gatherings and this delights me. I also realize there are many families of military personnel who need to hear familiar songs and music of romance. I will send out all the love and hope I can and attempt to give something to everyone listening on these holidays.

Isn't this what Christmas is

Isn't this what Christmas is all about, the giving of oneself to add to the happiness of other?

all about, the giving of oneself to add to the happiness of others? Christmas is not about gifts, or food, or rituals, although these things certainly add to the holidays. It is about beginnings, even those we might not recognize until New Year's Eve. It is about contemplation, memories, enjoyment and love. Familiar and original concepts are blended together. The holidays become a time to maintain traditions as well as start new ones. People reach out to others. It is also a time to reach into oneself. Christ-

mas is sharing. Thus, I share my good wishes and blessings with all of you.

During my shift, I will think of my loved ones as I speak to unknown people during the holidays. I can only hope to make Christmas just a little bit brighter for everyone who hears my voice. I am thankful that I can give my talent to so many people during the holidays. All I want in return is that everyone else give of themselves during the holiday season.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Yellin' Rebel wishes for Santa

William Holt, staff reporter:
A pair of shoes or another pot holder.

Eileen Brady, copy editor, photographer, reporter, office manager:

Classes that will apply to my degree. I would like the people of Las Vegas to learn how to drive and I'd also like groceries.

Gary Puckett, copy editor:
A garage.

Ched Whitney, sports editor:
I would like for the Dallas Cowboys to win their three remaining games and make the playoffs.

Charlene Phillips, typist:
Snow and good health.

Philip DaQuino, assistant news editor/business:

A brunette with blue eyes and to be Student Government President. I'd also like peace in the Middle East.

Bonar Tucker, editor-in-chief:
Sleep.



Richard Crow, editor-in-chief:
A million dollars and good will to all men and women.

Brad Palmer, office manager, staff reporter:
A slow winter break.

Erik Stieringer, typist, photographer:
A little bit of hope, a little joy....plus, a Porsche.

Richard Munson, reporter:

I'd like for the Rebels to win another championship.

Victor Ingram, staff reporter:
Not to have to go to Saudi Arabia.

Debbie Tubbesing, entertainment editor:
A new car. A real car that no one would laugh at. The one I have now is nicknamed "the urban assault vehicle."

Raymond Franklin, typesetter/production:
My paycheck.

Robert Anderson, photo editor:
A Canon EOS - 1 SLR camera

Steve Ciulla, advertising manager:
A driver's license and Saddam Hussein in a body bag.

Tina Crinite, Lifestyles editor:
COS 341, COS 211 or any course related to communications (but even Santa can't manipulate TOUCH). P.S. Time.

The Christmas Angel Program helps children

by Peter Howe
Reporter

The Salvation Army, which Fortune magazine calls "one of the most charitable organizations in the country," will be on hand once again to make sure all Las Vegas children get a Christmas gift and their families a Christmas food basket.

For the second consecutive year, the Las Vegas chapter of the Salvation Army will sponsor their national Christmas Angel program.

"This program is designed to benefit families who are unable to buy presents for their own children and to give food to hungry families," said Community Relations Director for the Salvation Army, Sumner Dodge.

"The cost to the individual wishing to contribute only runs as high as how much that person wishes to spend," explained Dodge.

As community members walk through the Meadows and Fashion Show malls, they come

upon a large Christmas tree decorated with an abundance of paper angels. These paper angels identify needy Las Vegas children. They have the child's sex, age and clothing size printed

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on them so each sponsor will be able to fulfill the child's needs.

"The child has asked for certain items like his favorite doll or some clothing that she might need. The child's sizes and wishes are all on the paper angel," said Dodge.

"No money is exchanged in the process, only the gift that the sponsor has chosen. This eliminates the worry about where your money is going because the child that you select is the child that you help," said Dodge.

The number of children the Salvation Army expects to help this year is 7,000; nearly double that from last year's figure. The children who don't receive gifts through this program are not left out; they are taken care of directly by the Salvation Army.

Dodge explained, "When the children don't get adopted, we fulfill the desired wish of giving a gift to the child and a food basket to the family."

More than 4,300 families were helped last year accounting for 200,043 gifts.

"For the Salvation Army to produce that vast number of gifts is virtually impossible, but with strong support from the community, most of the families can be taken care of," Dodge noted.

Co-sponsored by KLAS TV-8, the Salvation Army's Christmas Angel program started Nov. 23 and runs through Dec. 21. Dodge reminds the public that the presents should be taken to either the Meadows Mall or the Fashion Show Mall by Dec. 15 to insure proper delivery.



HOLIDAY MADNESS

A Visit from My Professor

by Tina Crinite
Lifestyles Editor

'Twas the night before finals and all through my brain,
Swam frustration and confusion, I was going insane.

As I sat at my desk, which was ever so rare,
I kept on studying with not a minute to spare.
"Please review from the beginning" my professor had said,
"Just know the material; you'll have nothing to dread."

My mind began to wander, and my head began to nod
And fast into dreamland my weary mind did trod.
Now as I dreamt what should appear?
But my sneering professor and his students filled with fear.

Faster than lightening the students they came,
And he yelled, and barked, and called out their names.
"Now failure, now moron, now hopeless, now jerk,
On idiot, on stupid, now let's get to work!"

To the seats of the class to the scantrons of your test,
"Now write away, answer away, just try to do your best."
Only two hours were given to finish the exam,
A fifty pager, it seemed, was just too much to cram.

The professor's eyes how evil, and his beard so hairy,
His face like a troll and his nose like Aunt Carrie.
He was skinny and boney and extremely pale,
He looked like a convict just escaped from a jail.

A point of his finger and a very harsh word
Soon gave me to know that my plea was not heard.
He sat me in a desk and asked me to recite,
The textbook I had brought, "and it better be right!"

And I started to speak but awoke with a start
Just escaping the professor without any heart.
As I looked around my room now safe and sound,
My brow was wet and my heart did pound.

So to all you crammers on the last studying night,
...Good luck to all, and to all a good night.