

Brunswickan

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WHAT? CHRISTMAS

In this the last issue of the 1961 calendar year, the Brunswickan staff has attempted to portray Christmas as it appears to them. This is perhaps a somewhat different picture than the one we conventionally and unthinkingly try to paint. We are not attempting to be iconoclasts — just honest.

The traditional greeting, "Merry Christmas" no longer emphasizes the 'Christmas' but the 'Merry'. Christmas which had its origin as a religious celebration has gradually lost this connotation and become simply a celebration. It is the nature of this celebration which should be examined and evaluated. In this century more than in any other the commercial aspects of Christmas have been exploited to the utmost. However, it is equally significant that this aspect has been noticed and is constantly being deplored (although the effects of this criticism have not manifested themselves in any overwhelming changes). Nobody enjoys taking out a list of the people who sent them cards the year before and writing out the addresses of these hundreds of people on hundreds of monotonous white envelopes — yet this is what people do. Similarly, no one likes going over their budget and figuring out just exactly how much they can allot for this person's gift and how much for that one — yet people do. Similarly, no one likes — but listing the things we don't like doing at Christmas could go 'ad nauseum' and does. This is why Christmas Eve finds most people flat on their back suffering from "preparatory" hangover.

However this is perhaps too bleak a picture of a time we all find gay and joyful — the time we hate to see come to an end . . . or is it just that we all realize that we have to get back on the treadmill?

There must be some positive features — it can't be only escapism. The difficulty is trying to find them, after having been well-coated with the cynicism of this generation (which is also justifiable).

If we try to be sincere in describing the things we like about Christmas we may be guilty of sentimentality which is on a par with being guilty of reverence. However, we the Brunswickan staff are going to be courageous and list what we think are the best things about Christmas:

1. home
2. home
3. home
4. home
5. home

Happy Yuletide

Christmas Anniversary Sale

For all Your Christmas

Gift Shopping . . .

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526 QUEEN STREET (opposite the Post Office)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

. a glittering world of coloured baubles, twinkling lights, tissue paper and charge accounts . . . the artificial, cellophane-wrapped gaiety of Christmas — tinfoil trees, plastic wreaths, electric candles and cardboard candy cards . . .

A huge grey mass of humanity, jostling, pushing, poking, pressing you into two dimensions, knocking parcels from your arms, stepping on your already mutilated feet, breathing down your neck, shattering your precarious mental balance . . . the wonderful spirit of Christmas . . .

Grim-faced matrons with determined steps; harried salesgirls with nerves in shreds; bewildered floorwalkers wearing wilted carnations; a scrawny, sad-looking Santa Claus with a cotton-wool beard — all bubbling over with Yuletide good will . . .

The pure joy of giving burning inside every shopper . . . "She only spent \$1.50 on me last year. Why should I buy her a \$2.00 scarf?" . . . "If Sadie doesn't stop having kids I'm going to scream. Who does she think I am — Santa Claus?" . . . "What do you give to a person who has almost everything. Maybe if I give her a bottle of 'Irresistible' she'll get a man" . . . "I'd like to give Dora back every ornamental jelly mould and cigarette holder she's palmed off on me for the past ten years . . . this whole materialistic mess called 'Christmas' . . .

and from the store office comes the only sound of merriment — the comfortable chuckle of the manager as he listens to the ring of the cash register drown out the tinkling sound of carols . . .

LOST — ONE CHRISTMAS

*Twice the night before Xmas when
I had to run to the drug store and
buy a pack of No-Nods; damn kids always
want a christmas tree.*

*As I ran past the Laundromat
there sat
three robed men covered in sheep-hair
dumping a bushel of socks in the dryer.*

*Noel, noel, sang the man with the bell
And I put a dime in his dirty pot;
He had beer stains on his red coat.*

*The street was icy and the Winter Wonderland
was everywhere and I slipped on a castaway
Christmas card which read 'If you haven't any-
thing better to do have a Merry Christmas'*

*The drug store was closed but on the
door they had a wreath and a little note.
'Due to a death in the family this store
will be closed for the duration of the festive season.'*

*When across the street there arose such a clatter
I ambled over to see what was going on there.
Joe's bar was hoppin'—I'll have one while I'm here.*

*Yeshirr—here I come home kiddies, to build a tree
For you and me. My oh my what a pretty window you have;
The better to sell you a gift with. Ha Ha Ha, Xmas is
So jolly with all its bells and holly.*

*Thish window here, its pretty; and that baby
In the cradle—he's a cute little feller—and
the star is so bright. Was so bright—damned
Light bulbs always burn out. And now I can't
See anything anymore.*

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Campus Calendar

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12

7:00 p.m. International Affairs Club;
Tartan Room, Students' Centre.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13

7:00 p.m. SRC Tartan Room, Students'
Centre.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14

7:00 p.m. "Talk on Europe", George
Butterfield — Maggie Jean Lounge.
All invited.

8:00 p.m. Student Wives Bridge Club,
Oak Room, Students' Centre.

ACCOMMODATION

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Yule Time

