

Round and About

by FREESHOOER
Tea Poured

Those readers who read this column regularly will remember that we predicted that the party at Mrs. J. B. Spanker-Lottom's residence in the Upper Ticklemy palm area of fashionable Frederickstown would be a real swinger, as they say. Well, I must admit that those of us who braved the rain and snow of last week to take this thrilling affair were not disappointed.

It was, of course, a truly star-studded evening which lasted well after that bewitching hour of 11:00 p.m. But we were all glad that we went.

Tea was poured, all over Mrs. Peabody X. Asterbloom, poor thing, by A. Z. Poorly-built. Readers will remember that it was Mrs. Poorlybuilt won the beauty contest at the legion, cutting out all those young upstarts, the year she was benefactor. Of course, she was simply dazzling.

We all had to leave when the fire engines, driven by such handsome men, arrived, but a good time was had by all.

God's Potato Chips

SASKATOON (CUP) — A businessman subscriber and advertiser in the University of Saskatchewan Sheaf has cancelled his ads and subscription over a pictorial essay in the student newspaper which called a picture showing leaves "God's Potato Chips."

G. W. Host, a manufacturer of potato chips, said that as a



Sick humor is universal. These cartoons, drawn by the Czechoslovakian Reber Laszlo, appeared in the magazine of the International Union of Students.

From THE SHEAF



Christian he found the caption "distasteful." "I must strongly protest any inference that our product tastes worse than dry leaves," he added in a letter to the editor last week.

STOCK MARKET BRIEFS

Ace Suspender Co. seems to be stretching a bit.
Abigail Girdle Co. is holding up the rear.
Tropicana Banana Co. is in a peel right now and the fruits of your investments will not be ripe until the runaway managers of the company are treed.
Seagram's is tipping liquidly and it is expected that stock-holders will be singing lustily until:
Capital Capping Co. top their competitors; and make their first delivery at the:
Royal General Hospital, which seems rather sickly.
Tiddly Toy Co. is all dolled up for the coming Christmas season.
The Awning and Shade Co. is being robbed blind and will continue to be until the Venetians are drawn from the company.
Nicotine Cigarette Co. seems to be coughing a little, actually dragging its ends, so to speak.

Column

III
ed bell

" 'Twas the night before Christmas
When all over 'the hill',
Nothing was stirring . . .
Not even a still!
The classrooms were empty,
There were no more capers;
But lights burned in the city
As professors marked papers . . ."

After the preceding bit of plagiarism, . . . a few thoughts on the coming season as it applies to university students . . . with a few presents for some particular "needy" persons. *The forecast is for . . . serious worry over examinations (not only by the Frosh either), exuberant train trips to various cities (last year a few of the boys were asked to leave the Montreal train at McAdam), a few quiet days at home (rationalizing to "Daddy" the reasons why low marks might come on certain subjects) . . . a family Christmas, growing restlessness between Christmas and New Year's Day, a hectic round of social activities (which causes "Momma" to inquire, "Is this the way you act at UNB") . . . and back to classes to show off the new clothes which were tastefully selected (probably by a maiden aunt).*

The Christmas season is hectic . . . with its tinsel and glitter, its commercialization . . . with its Sally's and Freddie's (shudder) "Cheerfully lying to Momma . . ." It has its wild parties, its mad rush by department stores to sell everything at boosted prices, and all the other aspects that cynics feast upon. Ogden Nash, in *A Carol For Children*, writes:

"God rest you, merry Innocents,
While Innocence endures.
A sweeter Christmas than we to ours
May you bequeath to yours."

But these things are not all . . . or even an important part . . . of the spirit of Christmas. Small unasked favours by your friends, the smile and greeting of a stranger on the street, an understanding hand on your shoulder when things are not going well, the feeling you get when you know you've helped someone without their knowing it, a smile from a child . . . these are the little things that put the first syllable in Christmas. When you stop and take stock of the past year and find with a feeling of warmth that you know many wonderful people and that all people, despite minor differences in your relationships with them, are good and kind in their own way . . . this is the spirit of Christmas. You cast aside the petty little prejudices in your own life and appreciate what a great world it is, how fine people really are, and how fortunate you are to be a part of it all . . . then you realize that Christmas is not just a tradition or a commercial enterprise . . . it is a feeling of gratitude for life that lasts all year long.

In all sincerity, I wish all my friends, and those whom I would like to have as friends, best wishes for a happy holiday and a true and meaningful Christmas. To those who do not hold Christmas as a religious holiday, again my sincere best wishes for a good holiday and a happy and prosperous new year. As Dickens put it, let's make it a Christmas so that it can always be said of us that "we know how to keep Christmas well". And I join with Tiny Tim . . . "God bless us every one."

The author takes the liberty of reprinting his Christmas column of two years ago . . . while his manner of saying it may have changed, his sentiments on the subject remain the same. Merry Christmas!

CLASSIFIED

Lost: hockey game on Nov. 29. Winners please phone the Mafia.

Personal: Bill Bailly — come home immediately.

For Sale: good pair of used false teeth. Low mileage.

Lost: my way in a storm. Anyone knowing where I am please contact P. L. Lamb.