

## DOES SANTA CLAUS EXIST?

Of course, he does! There's always been a Santa and there always will be one! To deny his existence is to deny someone very basic to human needs!

Ever since I can remember, I've made the natural assimilation of Santa to God. This is easily explained: both are elderly, and neither of them ages nor shaves — only God has a grey rather than a white beard — and both have unlimited power. Santa can do most anything. His climbing through false chimneys is unquestionably "behaviour illicit" by an omnipotent being; my good Protestant schooling informed me of God's omnipotence, so such an assimilation was inevitable.

Just consider — how could Santa visit all the children all over the world (or at least the world of the "haves" in Christendom) all in one night? The public relations office up in Santa's headquarters has in recent years admitted that the elves help Santa, but I still believe it's the jolly old man himself who makes the actual descent through the chimneys.

Again, Santa is the supreme judge of children. One must be good to receive a gift from the benevolent saint. Not that I am always a good child by any means—I threw a tantrum when my brother told me I was stupid to believe in Santa — but I am always pretty good Christmas

day, and until lately I used to delight my Grandmother by singing carols, even though I was ridiculed by my brother and not altogether appreciated by Grammy, when I sang that very special verse that goes:

"While shepherds washed their socks by night,  
All seated round the tub,  
A cake of Sunlight soap came down,  
And they began to scrub."

But still, Santa was always forgiving, just as we're told God is, and I have always received my little stocking full of goodies in the morning, and then once again assured my parents of my strong faith in Santa.

Last year when my brother told me I was stupid and . . . and . . . and "retarded", he called me, just because I believed in Santa, as I said, I threw a tantrum. But later I calmed down and revealed the basis of my faith, concluding, as I do now, that really it's no stupider to believe in Santa than it is in God . . . and golly, who could call me an atheist???

### Merry Christmas

The Brunswickan, in view of the Christmas season, would like to perform a good deed. Our staff in wishing you a good Christmas vacation, would like to assist you at this occasion in your college career. The following message is particularly addressed to freshmen.

The library will be open until 11:00 p. m. on the two Fridays during the exam period, Dec. 8th and Dec. 15th for all you fortunate souls who have exams.

## All I Want for Christmas

Following is the sad case of a greedy man who wanted what proved to be the things most impossible to receive.

**Christmas 1957: All I want for Christmas is —**  
— happiness (in the Aristotelian sense)  
— happiness and money (to hell with Aristotle)  
— money (to hell with happiness)  
— a helluva lot of money

— enough money so that I can buy everything I'll ever want  
*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received an infinite supply of greenbacks for Christmas. But, alas, his whole body broke out in an acute case of dermatitis. An unfortunate allergy. He remained pimply, wealthy, and unhappy for a year.*

**Christmas 1958: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in the Platonic sense)  
— happiness and a tube of Clearasil (special blend for Philosopher-kings)

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a special blend of Clearasil and 'absolutely' cleared his dermatitis. But he still was not happy.*

**Christmas 1959: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in the Kantian sense)  
— happiness (in the Kantian sense) and a girl  
— a girl  
— a pretty girl  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure, and a good mind  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure, a good mind, and money

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a PG (she modelled for Revlon), with a NF (she drank Metrecal by the gallon), a GM (she had read Franny and Zooey and had fathomed its deepest meaning), and she had money (her deceased father had rented rooms to college students). After courting her for some time he discovered, much to his frustration, that she had forgotten the combination to her Chastity belt. He couldn't wait for the next Christmas.*

**Christmas 1960: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in my sense)  
— happiness (in my sense) and a hacksaw  
— a hacksaw

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a hacksaw for Christmas and married the PG soon (a few months) afterwards.*

**Christmas 1961: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (the ultimate kind)

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man was dead on Christmas morn. The PG was astonished to find her husband naked save for a solitary fig leaf which managed to preserve his modesty. On their bed sat an apple—less one bite. The PG gasped in awe when she noticed the tart taste in her mouth.*

## feverish folly . . .

Christmas comes but once a year — so don't sleep in . . . get out and buy . . . only ten days left . . . time flies . . . nine more shopping days . . . don't forget Chanel No. 5 at only \$5.50 an ounce . . . diluted? . . . of course not . . . on the second floor, the electric trains that every child should have . . . hurry, hurry, hurry . . . sounds like a circus . . . happy faces, empty purses . . . ah! the joy of Christmas . . . oh come all ye faithful . . . merchants await you with open arms . . . their beaming countenances . . . wrinkled noses . . . they smell money . . . for the gentlemen . . . imported pigskin gloves only \$12.98 . . . even shipping costs rise at Christmas . . . celebration of exploitation . . . suckers! . . . eight, seven . . . going, going, gone — our whole stock of goola-goola dolls . . . cheer up . . . we'll have a new shipment tomorrow . . . what? . . . a shoplifter . . . silly man, you can buy that necklace for \$10.00 . . . the spirit of Christmas . . . the ding-dong of the Salvation Army bell . . . we want money too . . . tell Mother I want . . . I want . . . I want . . . I want . . . corruption of the little minds . . . the santa myth . . . six . . . five closer and closer . . . Christmas cheer . . . buy rye . . . even the poor turkeys are being bartered . . . tickets . . . mail . . . confusion . . . money . . . four . . . three . . . furs . . . ties . . . davy crockett hats . . . bright lights . . . tinselled trees . . . angels and devils . . . two . . . one . . . the last Judgement . . . zero . . . Silent Night, Holy Night! . . . damnit . . . the cash registers have stopped ringing.

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