



Castor Earl

Scrooge, Meet C. E.

Christmas. Bah, humbug! I know I'm soundin' like ol' Ebenezer Scrooge but that's the way I feel about it.

Christmas just ain't worth all the fussin' and carryin' on it gets every year. I say do away with it, scratch it right off the calendar.

One time, Christmas had a special meanin' and was well worth observin'. Peace and fellowship and all that hogwash.

But these here days, its just another way for the big merchandisin' chains to get richer. I never heard tell of such nonsense. Why they're deckin' the halls with bows of holly and fa-la-la-la-in' just about from the time the harvest is in. On the TV, they're tryin' to hard-sell us just about everything invented by man.

I got to confess, I get suckered in like the rest and fork over a fair chunk of change every year into the bank accounts of the big junk peddlers. I do my Christmas shoppin' through the catalogue: this time, I'm getting' my brother a new thing-gummy, my mother a doo-hickey, and the missus a, what-ya-ma'-call-it. Ah, shoot! There I go spoilin' the surprise.

It's all junk, stuff that'll sit in drawers and be forgotten a week after Christmas. But I get caught up in the phoney spirit like everybody and feel obliged to buy all manner of fancy doo-dads to put under the tree.

And the tree! Where in tarnation full-grown adults ever got the notion they should go out once a year, lay down hard-

earned money for pine trees, drag 'em into their homes thereby creatin' a mess and a fire hazard, and dress them up with bobbles, bangles, and beads, I'll never know.

Here, the fast-buck artists have jumped in again, tellin' us that metal and plastic trees are better than the real thing and we should dish out three times as much for them. There's no end to it.

And your turkeys, the ones that process and sell those big birds we bake in the oven a few times a year includin' Christmas. They see the demand is there so they go and do like your oil companies and hike the price to the limit. I'm not blamin' your turkey farmers but the middleman between them and the ones who rear the dang things.

For the missus, Christmas is just another excuse to separate me from my pension to get all gussied up — which don't do no good — to stock up on a lot of goodies — which are all fattenin' — and to buy expensive gifts for her relatives — which don't deserve nothin' nohow.

And what do I get in return for honourin' this annual department store field day? One drawer full of ties with hula girls pictured on them and another drawer full of striped suspenders. I can get along fine with one hula girl tie and one set of suspenders.

I don't no why nobody ever thinks of givin' me a thing-gummy, a doo-hickey, or a what-cha-ma-call-it.



Scrapbook

By Suzanne Schroeter

Christmas spirit, where are you?

At some point during the holiday season I suppose all of us experience a lapse in the rosy-cheek, carol singing, sleigh-bell-ringing Christmas Spirit, a day when even the gay decorations on Rideau Street, or sight of Santa in the shopping mall fails to bring a holiday twinkle to the eye. Well, I've had mine.

A few Monday's ago I braved the icy road conditions for an "appointment day" in Ottawa. I planned a ten o'clock hair appointment followed by a one-thirty dental appointment to allow me enough time to squeeze in some Christmas shopping around lunch.

With the temperature rising and a steady rain falling, Ottawa was not a winter wonderland.

I rushed through the busy market streets and somehow managed to arrive for my hair appointment on time. However, the owner of the studio didn't, and he had the key. My hair dresser humbly apologized and offered a cup of coffee while I removed my drenched outerwear and waited.

One half-hour and several magazines later, the owner arrived with the key and the hair cutting commenced. For my inconvenience, I was given a small jar of lotion. Hang in there, Christmas Spirit.

On to my next stop, the dentist. For the last two or three check-ups, I've had, "Well, we'll say you have no cavities but I'm keeping my eye on a few possibilities." Well, on this trip "all my chickens were coming home to roost." After two needles and three cavities I imagined

myself resembling an African warrior with rings in my lower lip. I stumbled out of the office, splashed across Bank St. and entered the soothing quiet of Canterbury House Book Store.

Of course I had to meet someone I knew. Mrs. Ola Atkinson, living in Ottawa for the winter, was sympathetically understanding as I attempted to mumble a few explanatory words about my visit across the street.

I'm not sure if the dentist's anaesthetic had affected my cognitive powers, but I couls not

find my parked car. After wandering hopelessly through three lots, an attendant finally yelled out to me, "Are you lost lady? You certainly look lost." I fumblingly produced my parking lot ticket and was directed to the proper lot two blocks away!

I was never so happy to see our car or so glad to be near the end of a most hectic day.

I sincerely hope that in the weeks to come your Christmas Spirit endures! Happy holidays everyone.

Merry Christmas to the Blue Bus

By Ann Fleming

'Twas the last day of school for Christmas was near,
And the kids on the bus were full of good cheer.
Jenny and Diane were radiant — Anita was too,
Even William and Marty sat quietly through!
Donald didn't whistle and David didn't shout,
Raye didn't chew and Korrina didn't pout!
Andrew and David only talked, Peter was scheming,
Carol, Sylvia, Michael and Sandra were dreaming.
The Kindergarten kids were grinning from ear to ear
'Cause this was their favourite time of the year.
Valerie, Denise, Bonnie, Carol and Paul,
Were giddier than I've seen them all fall.
The excitement was there for all to feel,
Even for Ken, Jeff and Thomas, Carey, Ronnie and Niel.
Jo-Ann, Bobby, Anna, Kerry-Lyn and Cathy Boyd,
Were laughing at all the party fun they'd enjoyed.
Lisa, Kevin and Cindy, Cheryl, Derrick and Dawn
Were happy that lessons were over and gone.
Sherri-Lyn, Gordon, Jason, Kim and Laurie — I'm sure,
Had the giggles that only Christmas Day would cure.
The whole bus was bursting from side to side,
With excitement and laughter on it's long snowy ride
And the bus driver yelled, as she grinded a gear,
"Merry Christmas to all — I'll see you next year!"

BIJOUTERIE **KAVOUKIAN** JEWELLERS

wishes a

Merry Christmas

to all our patrons

Come visit us over the Holidays

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