

A Few Well Chosen Words From The Editor Of 1969:

May the Beard of Allah send you Visions of Sugarplums

In recent tradition, Christmas is a time for starry-eyed platitudes and mechanical gestures of goodwill.

For months, advertising mediums and local shop-windows are screaming at you about the joy of giving, and all the department stores have been playing Christmas carols for what seems like months. Atrocities of taste are committed in the name of "This Holy/or Holiday — take your pick Season".

How can anyone celebrate an event that is a month-and-a-half old cliché by the time it arrives, and which drags on long after mass boredom has set in?

The season should be a time of rest, of re-evaluation, a time to do things you don't have time to do in the regular course of

events, or a time to catch up. Not necessarily a time for rushing madly about consuming. And not, except on a voluntary basis, a time for course readings and assignments.

But whatever your religious inclinations, you can celebrate Christmas.

Most of us feel, and rightly so, that it's nice to get away from the institution on a slightly more lasting and effective level than getting smashed on weekends.

The chance is given to celebrate on a personal level. So be happy and rest, whether you deserve to or not.

You may need a little behind you next term.

—Hornby



And From 1974:

