

Bob ho-ho-hopes X-mas will wait

Bob Caton
Cap Times Staff

Here's the deal, campers...this is a rerun...I thought this particular edition of the Voice would be appropriate again, considering that the problem it addresses is happening once again. If you're a senior...you've seen this already, and you can move right on to Jeff. If you're a junior...disregard this notice, and enjoy this ALL-NEW episode!

Hey...Erma Bombeck and Ann Landers do this all the time.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, nobody gave a damn, not even the mouse.

The stockings were in the attic, scattered all over, for the family was sick of Christmas in October.

I watched "Rudolf" again, and crawled into bed, while the kids all had "Game Boys" plugged into their heads.

When suddenly out on the porch, something crashed to the floor! I leapt

from my bed, and cocked my .44.

The sight I saw when I threw open the door, I thought "Man! I'll never drink tequila anymore!"

What to my wondering eyes should

VOICE FROM HELL

appear, but a bum in a red suit, carrying a six-pack of beer.

His eyes were tired, his suit all threadbare, and he wheezed like a steam train as he flopped into my chair.

He said "This is getting ridiculous," as he popped open a beer, "I used to only work one night a year!"

"What they've done to me, I just want to cry...why now you even see Christmas trees in July!"

"The EPA impounded my reindeer and sled, yelling some stuff about pollution over our heads!"

"My elves became Teamsters, and then

went on strike, and the kids just want Nintendo...never a bike.

"The malls want more money, it's plain to see...why, they even charge the kids just to talk to me.

"Christmas is special!" He started to cry "Starting in September makes me want to die!"

My response to this (I'm quite greedy, you see) was to ask "Hey Santa, whaddya got for me?"

He belched and he snickered, and with an evil sneer, he handed me a VISA bill that would choke a reindeer.

"See what early shopping does!" he snarled, and headed for the door "The stores con you into buying more and more and more!"

He walked to his Yugo, clutching his beer, and yelled "Christmas should only be one day a year!"

I heard him exclaim, as he walked to the bar, "Remember...Christmas was never meant to start in September!"

Apologies to Clement Moore's "Twas the night before Christmas."

I work at an unnamed retail store on weekends to earn extra cash. This past Sept. 10, I was asked to help out in the "Christmas Shop," a portion of the store that (amazingly) has Xmas stuff.

There were already two Xmas trees up, and a ghetto blaster was blaring assorted holiday faves as I got to erect and decorate another tree. The department head told me that the Xmas decorations began arriving for sale in early August.

I realize that the Xmas season is very important to retailers, especially with our wonderful economy being driven into the ground by our elected Chief Schmuck, but will I soon be able to leave the old artificial tree up 365 days a year without worrying about looking like the old weirdo down the street, who has done it for years?

I'm not some retro-geek, lamenting the replacement of "Lincoln Logs" with Super Nintendo, but I would like to at least be able to enjoy Halloween without having to brush aside Xmas displays.

Until next time...

Much ado about nothing?

Jeff Hildebrand
Capital Times Staff

List of previously accepted beliefs (circa 1970).

Not only does Santa Claus exist, each Christmas he personally delivers presents to all the children of the world. This "Thing" called a Tooth fairy pays cash for your discarded incisors, molars, et al. A talking rabbit, affectionately labeled the Easter Bunny, does his best to promote business for the dental industry by distributing assorted confections to christian children the world over. Similar to the chap who resides at the North Pole, this distribution miracle occurs within a twenty-four hour window and, besting the red-suited one, sans any elfin aid. "Nothing" is self-descriptive. Liver tastes yucky.

List of currently accepted beliefs (circa 1991).

Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny are all myths. Nothing is something. Liver tastes yucky.

Logistics of travel did in Santa and the

JUST A THOUGHT...

rabbit. As for the Tooth Fairy, the sheer absurdity of the entire concept was enough to ensure its own demise (though I was careful not to inform my parents of my enlightenment until I had received all the bounties my mandibular growths could bestow). "Nothing" took a bit more thinking.

"Nothing is an awe-inspiring, yet essentially undigested concept, highly esteemed by writers of a mystical or existentialist tendency, but by most others regarded with anxiety, nausea, or panic. Nobody seems to know how to deal with it." The previous excerpt is borrowed

from the Encyclopedia of Philosophy.

The notion that "nothing is something" may sound contradictory to the individual who believes the following premises:

1. Any "thing" that exists, is something.
2. Where no "thing" exists, there is nothing.

The first premise is accurate and the second premise is incorrect. In order to disprove the second premise, we need merely to prove that "nothing" exists, thereby qualifying it as something.

If "nothing" is indeed the instance where no thing exists, then "nothing," in itself, may not exist within the referred to instance. For if "nothing" were to exist within that instance which we refer to as "nothing," there would indeed be something in existence within the referred to instance: there would be "nothing." That "nothing" is referred to at all, establishes its existence. For if "nothing" did not exist, there would be no mention

of it. It should be noted that the mere mention of a thing does not constitute its existence within actual reality or influential reality.

In that we have our own concepts of "nothing," "nothing" exists in our conceptualized reality. In that "nothing" exists in our conceptualized reality, it is capable of influencing our decision making process and, therefore, may exist in our influential reality. Finally, in that we have assigned an existence to "nothing," nothing exists in our actual reality. That "nothing" exists in our actual reality may now not be denied. In what form "nothing" exists is entirely debatable.

In summary: that "nothing" exists within our conceptualized realities proves the existence of "nothing" as a thing. In that "nothing" is indeed a thing, "nothing" is not nothing, but something. In that "nothing" is something, wherever there is nothing there is something, even if that something is only nothing.

"Awe-inspiring," maybe.
"Undigested," no more.

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Don't forget to vote!

Election Day is November 5.

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EXPRESS YOUR VIEWS !

Letters to the editor are always welcomed and encouraged.

Submit your letter in Room W-341 or place it in our mailbox in Room 212. Typed submissions are preferred.

Please include your name...we cannot print anonymous letters.

We reserve the right to edit all submissions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Beck lauds campus crews

Dear Editor:

It was a delight for my wife and me to attend the Oct. 4, 1991, 25th anniversary celebration dinner in the CUB gymnasium with Dr. Theodore Gross and many old and dear friends from the faculty and student body.

While my busy schedule did not allow me to attend the Saturday on-campus events as I had intended, I was surprised that, in all the acknowledgements at the dinner, the maintenance and operations crews were overlooked.

In all my years at Penn State

Harrisburg I never encountered a more hard-working, pleasant, "can-do" group of individuals on our campus.

They are the folks who make us look good in many aesthetic and quiet ways, far beyond our words and accomplishments.

Bravo, crew, and thanks for making Penn State Harrisburg look better than ever.

Sincerely,

Edward S. Beck
Penn State Harrisburg 1971-1991
Director, Susquehanna Institute