

JACKON'S JARGON

The Time: 2067, the Place: Jolly old Erie. Once there lived a rotten-dispositioned old hippie named Ebbie Scrooge. I mean, this geezer was always getting tight. So we take our cameras to a likely location in the greater Erie metropolis, say on Cooper Road, and here amidst the bustling and bawling populace Scroogie runs a sundial repair shop. The rest of the small businessmen have already gotten into the Christman spirit; it's only April 17 but the jingle of the merry coins has warmed their pockets and gladdened their hearts (hearts? Would you believe an igneous rock?). So we focus on Scroogie's hired hands--Robbie Cratchit and Ollie Twist, who are being slaved at their servile work of counting sand piles (strong unions prevent unnecessary servile work any day but Sunday) five hours a day for four days a week with every third day of the fourth week off. So it's break time (one of four they have every hour) and our heros are playing a new and challenging card game called "War." So the whistle blows and these blue-collar workers go to work for five minutes in between breaks. So then the villain comes in and politely asks the men if they could possibly work Wednesday this week instead of Tuesday. At this insolent demand, Cratchit picks up a pile of sand and hurls it in the general direction of Scroogie's moccasins, yelling out, "Despot! We've already worked six Wednesdays in the last five years. Besides that, "Sorrow for Tomorrow" is starting its ninety-third-year on TV, and they're having a massive sob-in at Batchelor University featuring the Fifty Tops and Sons of Fifty Tops. Can't we have some reforms in this slave gallery?"

A little later, Cratchit's flower child, Tiny Tim or Tina (They haven't figured out his/her you-know-what) comes in and gives a sermon on the evils of soap. Then Scrooge sees these three ghosts while he's on LSD and he recognizes the misguidedness of his evil ways. As the ghost of Christmas future flakes off, Scrooge vows to be fair to his employees and not to make them take a bath during the busy season for sundials--the Fourth of July (you know, the only day it doesn't rain in these here parts, as Gabby Hayes would paraphrase).

So, the story ends happily and nobody worries even though Ban does wear off as the day wears on.

-----All seriousness aside, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you for putting up with my ramblings on the world, the movies, and B.H.C.C. Have a good Holiday Season and, Ron Fonte permitting, this column will be continued in January.

SCHOLARSHIP REFUNDS

The Business Office has informed the Cub that student refunds on scholarships are now available in the Business Office. Names of students whose checks are available are posted on the bulletin boards. If you qualify for a refund watch the boards for you name.

DEAR ANNIE:

Dear Annie,
Being in college now, I'm not sure if I should believe in Santa Claus anymore. Do you think he'll show up for me?

Bertrand Believer

Dear Bertie,
Santa's not coming this year--nobody's been good!

Dear Annie,
I'm getting a pair of ski's for Christmas. Do you think the ski slope in back of the O.B. is a good place to practice?

Stanleyski

Dear Stanski,
Maybe, but the one in front of the O.B. is more challenging!

Dear Annie,
The girl I'm taking to the Christmas Cotillion is a lot of fun--but rather cold. I don't want to spend the whole night looking across the table at her. Any suggestions?

Willy Warm

Dear Willy,
If you get tired of looking across the table, I'll be waiting under the mistletoe.

Dear Annie,
Oncoming tests have me in a frazzle. I get sick when I think of them. Besides that, I have 3 tests on next Tuesday. Since I'm ready to blow my mind, what should I do?

Charlie Chump

Dear Chuck,
Pass if off as the story of your life dear.

CONFIDENTIAL to Rudolph: Don't worry about your red nose. During the Holiday Season a lot of people have red noses.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Was Oedipus a "mamma's boy"?

Does God really make green apples?

