

SANTA MYTH EXPOSED
by John Bodnar

The legend of Santa Claus tends to throw a shadow of doubt on the fact that human beings become more intelligent as they grow older, for here we have an example of a supposedly immature child duping a supposedly very mature adult with what is probably the greatest con-game ever devised. For example, let us look in on a scene between an average father and a son, who is five years old, just two weeks before Christmas.

The boy is lying on the floor of the living room casually leafing through a copy of Dante's Inferno; the father is deeply engrossed in the latest issue of Mad. Pretty soon the father lays down his magazine and says, "Well Bobby, what do you want from Santy Claus this year?"

The boy does not answer. Bobby is upstairs; the boy lying on the floor is Timmy.

"Uh, I mean, uh, Timmy! What do you want from Santy Claus this Christmas?" says the father, correcting himself.

Timmy thinks to himself, "This proves it. Parents are definitely on a sub-intelligent level compared to their offspring," but he says, "Gee Daddy, I don't know yet."

"Aw C'mon, must be some little thing you want, huh Timmy?"

Timmy, thinking again, "Four years of college and he speaks as though he must have gone to a State Teachers College." Then he speaks, "But, gee, Daddy, I really didn't think of anything yet." and thinks again. "I might as well make the touch for the trains now; Dad's wanted them for three years now."

"Try to think of something, Timmy. Then me and you'll write a letter to Santa tonight."

"What grammar!"

"Now you know Santa will bring you anything you want."

"Sucker!" Thinks Timmy and says, "Maybe I could ask for something that I could play with in the house."

"Like a train?"

"Yea h" said Timmy thinking "I can't get him long to catch that hunt."

"C'mon then you n' me will go to the letter to Santa, and then we'll put it in the chimney so that he can pick it up."

"I hope he doesn't go around telling everyone he's my Father," thinks Timmy.

Then the father helped Timmy write a letter in a very poor and childish manner, mistaking Timmy's looks of disgust as wide-eyed looks of admiration. When the letter was finished, the father opened the lid to the stove, threw the letter in, and told Timmy that the air currents would carry it up the chimney where Santa would pick it up. Timmy looked at the narrow twisting piece of pipe running from the stove into the wall and thought, "Who's he joking; I didn't even open the damper. Well, I hope as well go along with the gag."

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

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