SANTA MARIA - From the Town Center Mall to the Far Western Tavern, the word was out and the reactions glum. Christmas would not come to Santa Maria.

Oh, the Christmas season would be there, and actually had been for months. Since early July the stores had been bedecked with wreaths, trees, and miniature elves, and the Muzak had been pumping out nothing but "The Little Drummer Boy" and "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow," since Aug. 3.

But the word was out from the office of the mayor. Santa, wouldn't come, there'd be no reindeer, no Jingle Bells, nothing. A classic case of coitus interrupus.

"That's the word from the big Claus himself," the mayor's secretary, Mimsy Horogrove, proclaimed. "No explanation, just the dire news."

Why had this come to pass? Who could be responsible?

A little must be understood about the town itself. In 1960, Santa Maria was a sleepy little town with no thought on its collective mind 'but to grow the best damn sugar beets in the world and perfect the oak pit barbecue.'

But then the air Force put in that roman candle factory down the road, and suddenly the town was no longer sleepy. Drowsy maybe, but it grew, and as it grew, people became aware that there were bucks to be made, deals to be transacted. In a word, moolah.

Before long the used car salesmen got together, as is their wont, and formed the Society of Intercontinental Ballistics Bucks. Poor folk need not apply."

"It's for the good of the community," they chortled, adopting as their slogan the phrase, "If it's good for us, it'll probably work out for everybody else somehow."

Streets were built, sewers and power lines put in. Someday there might even be houses. Houses meant people, and people were the everybody else these folks needed.

And a new phrase was coined. "Take care of the yokel and the dollars will take care of themselves."

But as the rents on their Pismo Beach cabanas escalated, they found their needs for profits had increased.

When their plans for a giant amusement park called Los Padresland went down the toilet, flushed there by an obscene amount of liberal backwash, they needed a new plan.

Even now the tribe of teepee dwellers and slightly pink bureaucrats from the urban slum that refused to sprawl to the south of them were threatening to cut off their natural gas supplies. Without these their frigid fannies would probably freeze, and the chili factory which provided spice for the salsa was endangered. Fast action was required.

And so Christmas was cancelled, or at least indefinitely postponed. The idea was based on the simple fact that the pre-Christmas buying season is the biggest boom for merchants and cabana owners; so extending the Christmas shopping season forever would provide a hefty bonus. Not a liberal one, since that word was anathema to them, but a hefty one.

And a curious thing came to pass. People liked it, for a while. Families were lining up once a week to have their kiddies' pictures taken with Santa. One tyke had his first photo with the jolly old fellow while he was still in short pants, and ended up having his wedding portraits done on the very same artificially extended Christmas season.

But all good things must come to an end, so did this one. People were becoming a little glassy-eyed, as the strains of Doris Day singing "Winter Wonderland," repeated for the thousandth time, began to do serious damage to their brains, and slowly profits began to drop off.

For a while the gold grubbers held out, as the building boom fostered by a... (Please turn to p. 6, col. 5)
“All I Want for Christmas...”
A Jewish Look at the Holidays

By RICH PERLOFF

Try as they might, the Children of Israel in America have never been able to rival the Jewish holiday of pure tashkhen and commercialized schmaltz. Despite the ever-increasing barrage of hype which heralds the yuletide season, Hanukkah has retained its low-key appeal. This is all well and good for traditionalists and fans of religious ritual, but for a young Jewish kid growing up in an affluent middle-class section of West Los Angeles, it can be a traumatic experience.

For one thing, the precise regularity of Christmas was extremely unsettling; every year without fail, Christmas came on December 25th. I mean, we never knew when Hanukkah was officially scheduled to begin without checking the Bank of America calendar hanging in the kitchen. It was always hard to find guys to play around Christmas time. I remember tagging along with friends doing their “Christmas shopping,” which usually consisted of a quick trip to Newberry’s and then actually helping them wrap gifts in shiny green and red foil paper. Nothing like the real befores to put the fear of God in a man, I always say.

Speaking in purely financial terms, Hanukkah tended to be a real washout as well. By dint of a marvelous myth, and a tradition thousands of years old, we Jewish folk were in the habit of giving eight gifts during Hanukkah, one for each day of the holiday’s duration. Unfortunately, the value and quality of our presents was far from adequate. While we were getting a mound of Duncan Yo-Yos and Wham-O bubble makers, the other kids were being lavished, at one fell swoop of Santa’s sleigh, with mechanical Godzilla’s that spit ping-pong balls, slot car raceways, bicycles, clothes, and other wonders of modern technology. God only knows how much booty could be jammed into one of those overstuffed stockings. It was a rough time.

Then, there was the matter of Christmas decorations; the little trappings and outward shows of piety which adorned the rooftops and lawns of houses all over the neighborhood from mid-November to mid-January. But here we could compete hands on with blue and white Hanukkah lights! Fight neon with neon, as the saying goes. I always found this practice a bit perverse. Still in all, we never did manage to compete with the planner of pura spirituality scenes, cast iron reindeer, or my personal favorite, the Santa-in-a-helicopter on one roof which actually wound up in a Life magazine pictorial.

We never got a Christmas tree. I used to wander over to friend’s houses soon after they got theirs, and watch the beaming families doing their trimming together. Sometimes, I would be asked to help, and I would reverently drop a single strand of tinsel as far around the tree as it would reach. I knew that I would be smitten from above if I dropped anything, or if I shook off too much, like needles.

“Please turn to p.A1!”

ENCHASOMA 79

Thanksgiving Banquets with our newly remodeled Banquet facilities. Besides Hobey’s great food, each room will be fully dressed with Christmas trees, tablecloths, table decorations... the works! Special Banquet prices (which are even lower than last years!), will be available or you can just order right off the Menu.

NEW Hobey Baker’s is going all out for their Christmas and future for 1,2, or 120, R.S.V.P. Les at 964-7838. We offer facilities for quiet serene Banquets or “Parties” that want to become a part of Hobey’s nightlife and dancing!

CHRISTMAS ...... Already?

You’re not going to believe this, but just last week it was Easter, yesterday it was the 4th of July, tomorrow it’s Thanksgiving and already? it was the 4th of July, tomorrow it’s Thanksgiving and already? Already?

the 4th of July, tomorrow it’s Thanksgiving and already? Already?

It’s our way of saying MERRY CHRISTMAS

Rosie’s Ice Cream Parlor
6879 SEVILLE ROAD • ISLA VISTA
36 Flavors Ice Cream, Yogurt & Sherbet
X-MAS SPECIAL THROUGHOUT THE MONTH OF DECEMBER
Splits $1.50
Large Sundaes $1.25
All Shakes $1.15
(Smoothies, Slush, Floats, Sodas, Sherbana)

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It’s our way of saying MERRY CHRISTMAS
**Alternatives Has a Noble Idea, But What if They Succeeded?**

Every winter, as time goes by, the Thanksgiving turkey is put away for another year (and sometimes of time and gifts given to someone else in your name. An "awful" Christmas present, of your selection, to Alternatives, 300 word explanation of the merits of the charity of each winner's.f 300 Monopoly games made out of *Also commercialism!*

Themselves, cries out from somewhere: Stop the commercialism!

This year's underdog is a Mississippi and Washington based organization called Alternatives which is sponsoring the first un commercialism contest.

Designed to coincide with this year's avalanche of Christmas commercialism, the contest is seeking examples of gifts from holiday season past that were either "particularly tacky, tasteless, extravagant, expensive, ugly, useless and/or utterly disingenuous" or have "demonstrated a more meaningful, human and socially responsible celebration."

Examples of commercialism include, according to Alternatives, ESM Monopoly games made out of chocolate, patriotic toilet seats, and calendars stocked with f-Rated films.

The winners of Alternatives Christmas are those they say, should include things that were "worthy made of recycled, gifts of time and given to someone in your name."

Alternatives will donate $300 to the charity of each winner's choice. Interested? Mail your nomination, complete with a 200 to 300 word explanation of the merits of your selection, to Alternatives, 4247 Oakley Dr., Jackson, Miss. 39216.

It wouldn't be surprising to see a few entries from UCSB in the running. Finals week is certainly an "awful" Christmas present, and the UCSB water polo team's NCAA championship might qualify it as the alternative Christmas category because it undoubtedly galvanized the hearts of many Geoshes.

Alternatives' ultimate goal is to "totally de-commercialize the holiday season. Certainly a noble idea, but what if it succeeded?" The future isfait Visto. The time is five years in the future...

"Hey Jim. What day is today?"

"You're kidding."

"Why would I kid you, Norm?" answered Jim. "Merry Christmas."

"How could I miss Christmas? It seems like Thanksgiving was just yesterday."

"I didn't have a calendar last year and I remember Christmas." Christmas, Chris said. "Why not this year?"

"No commercialism."

"No what?"

"No commercials. No plastic santas. No 'A Charlie Brown Christmas.' No plastic wreaths on State Street."

"That's right! Commercialism officially died out this year. No Santa slides across the snow on his reindeer. Nothin' going on. No kids singing about teaching the world to sing in the shape of a Christmas tree."

"You'd sing, too, if you stayed the same age every year."

"No Sammy Davis in a Santa suit going 'yah, yah, yah, yah.'""No 'ring in the holidays with Andre Cold Duck and sparkling champagne."

"Boy, they sure don't make Christmas like they used to," Norm said.

"No place that Alternatives group in Mississippi got everyone together to sing the idea of 'human and socially responsible' celebration, Jim said.

"I used to be able to depend on the neighbors putting up Christmas lights to get me in the right mood," Norm said.

"People are cutting the strings into sections, stuffing flowers in the sockets and giving them to friends as necklaces," Jim explained. "That's called recycling."

"How enlightening."

"Remember the good old fashioned holiday season when the musty odor of plastic Christmas trees and pony pinatas wafted through the air? When the windows of surf shops had spray paintings of Santa hanging ten? When the Eagles couldn't get their blum finished on time so they came out with meaningful numbers like 'Please Come Home for Christmas'?!"

"I'm dreaming of a green Christmas..."

"Exactly."

"Now that was the holiday spirit. How are merchants surviving the no-frills Christmas?"

"I'm not really sure. But Hallmark just came out with a new line of 'sorry I missed your "(Please turn to p. A4, ed.)"

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**Friday Mag**

**Forced Into Early Closure**

By KARL MONDON

Well, this is it. The final issue of Friday magazine.

Look, Saturday, even Post, Friday... seems like all the fine magazines we've had come to an end. In our case, it was simply a lack of advertising support that spelled demise. We were barely able to reach a 70% ad ratio for this, our special yuletide issue.

But it wasn't just economic considerations that governed our decision to bail out. We had to admit it, we were using up our own space. We knew we didn't have much talent, but goddamn, we had spunk!

We were going to produce the most beloved periodical to ever hit the campus by the sea. First, we needed to come up with a killer name. It would have to be a name highly cherished by the masses, in effect creating a degree of subliminal acceptance of the Friday feature despite the publication's quality. "Friday Mag" seemed a surefire winner, but in the end, "Friday" was simply too good and the name Friday was saved (except maybe bank tellers, but we didn't figure they made up much of our readership).

We set our graphics man, Mr. Tom Garza, to work designing an appropriate logo. What he brought forward was a design which could not be bettered. We were scheduled for Friday with racing stripes. He figured, "When people think of Friday, they're thinking weekend, and when they think of weekend, they think of racing stripes."

I hung up a little bit miffed that whatever my illustrious editor had writer afraid, he hadn't offered me a wonderful part in the greatest story of the year.

"Hey, this isn't bullshit," he said. "Anybody the cops have arrested five guys who were all dressed up as Santa Claus. They're being charged with a conspiracy of some sort. You've got to get on it."

I grabbed the phone book and began searching for the number of the sheriff's office. It wasn't there. I should say the whole page was missing, probably the victim of some past attempt to phone Skip's Pizza during a munchies binge.

I tried Information but couldn't get any farther than a mechanical voice telling me to "please check my directory for the number of the sheriff's office."

"What's the story on the Santa busts?" I asked, unable to keep from screaming.

"We've got a really serious problem in the city, sir. The next time we have to--"

"What the hell?"

"Oh, the usual," I replied, not attempting to hide the irritation in my voice. "I'm trying to catch up on a little studying."

"What do you want?"

A burly sergeant said as I stepped up to the watchcommander's window. A sprig of mistletoe hung between us, but I was pretty sure he wasn't going to kiss me.

"What's the story on the Santa busts?" I asked, unable to keep from screaming.

"You're kidding." I hung up, a little bit miffed that whatever my illustrious editor had writer afraid, he hadn't offered me a wonderful part in the greatest story of the year.

"Damn," I said, as visions of "why me?" danced in my head. Con fused, I grabbed the phone book and began searching for the number of the sheriff's office. It wasn't there. I should say the whole page was missing, probably the victim of some past attempt to phone Skip's Pizza during a munchies binge.

I tried Information but couldn't get any farther than a mechanical voice telling me to "please check my directory for the number of the sheriff's office."

The first suspect was a 34-year-old man named Nicholas Sainte, who was picked up in the beach area after allegedly illegally exposing himself in passing roller-skaters.

All the information and details were turned over to police and the story was dead.

"Well, we need you to get down to the sheriff's station. We got a tip that the downtown area is where all the action is happening."

"What's the story?"

"You'd sing, too, if you stayed in the right mood." Nicholas Sainte was picked up in the beach area after allegedly illegally exposing himself in passing roller-skaters.

"Hey, what are you up to?" asked the editor in a tone that suggested I had nothing better to do than report this story.

"I'm trying to catch up on a little studying." A stifled chuckle

"Listen, you little punk," he finally replied. "I don't need any crap from you. We've got a really serious problem in the city, sir. The next time we have to--"

"These kinds of arrests are tough to make, what with the white beard and all," the sergeant said, "but the guy's ex-wife recognized him as he skated by and agreed to testify.

Another suspect, whose name was not released, was booked on (Please turn to p. A1, ed.)

**ANOTHER VISIT FROM SANTA NICK**

By RICH PERLOFF

(*with apologies to Clement Clarke Moore*)

T was the night before Xmas at UCSB, lots of students were carousing as usual. The campus was glowing, the lights were up on the grounds that a miracle would come with the dawn. The students quite cleverly -and, longer past these beds, while snoozing off, sang Christmas carols. In my room with my roommate, we were prepping to cover, basking in our room, when I heard such a commotion I couldn't go on longer, And I said, "Holy shit! that guy can't be done yet!"

(Please turn to p. A1)
Another Visit

By DEE ROBBINS

While I've never made a point of advertising it, the fact is that I've never really cared too much for Christmas. "Godless Communist," is probably what you're thinking. Now that may be true, but it does not have anything to do with my feelings about Christmas.

You see, my father owns a toy store. "How neat," you think, just for your information, having to work in a toy store is no fun at all. Perfectly normal people can suddenly turn into greedy cut-throats once they get inside a toy store. I have seen some kids who would kill their grandmothers for a certain toy.

Right about now you're probably saying to yourself, "Yeah... real tough, the kid grew up with all the toys he ever wanted." Not so. True, I did get a lot of toys, but only the ones my father could not sell. Do you have any idea how depressing it can be to grow up with all the toys the other kids did not want?

And then there's Santa Claus. I'll bet you believed in Santa Claus when you were young (or, in fact, some of you may still). I think the Santa Claus idea stimulates creative and healthy thoughts, but I never got to believe in Santa. It sort of blew the whole thing when I found out my dad wasn't one because he was out selling toys to parents for Christmas.

Working for eight consecutive Christmases in a toy store, however, has given me some amusement. I think I will always hold a special place in my heart for the woman who called asking if we had electric tarantulas. Isn't that something you always wanted for Christmas?

Over the years I have noticed a change in toys. There was a time when I was happy with a toy block. Nowadays the kids want something called Merlin. Peculiarly Merlin plays six different games, but he can't figure them out. I guess to understand them you either need to be a year-old or have a degree in psychology.
A

and his Noel-blue-kerfed skin showed through where they were taped. He sat sullenly over come in a one-gallon jug.

While the noise began Benny began playing the role.

His eyes were large, covered, his cheeks turned pink, his hands and fingers and wrist and ankles were

motion blurred into a nickel-plated panic and he said, "Thanks so much for inviting us in."

"What's the matter with you, Ivan?"

"It's a Cold World Without a Wetsuit from

something wrong, the kind of buzzing that says, "Hey dummy, what the hell do you think you're doing."

I don't want to leave you with the impression that I hate the dozens of electronic games that are sold. After all, they are helping to pay for my college education. Few things make me happier than to see a father walking out of the store with a very small bag, all the time knowing that the bag contains three electronic games costing about $150.

Another disturbing trend I have noticed is the manufacturers' ability to take a simple game and make it complex (and more importantly, more expensive). Remember the game you used to play in elementary school called "hangman"? Back then you played with a pencil and paper, and for a ten cent investment you could play hangman until you dropped. Now the game is packaged by Milton Bradley; same game, fancy plastic scorekeeper, and it costs $9. Something is wrong.

"My favorite new toy on the market this season is something called "Big Trak." For only $60 that seems to be the standard price you can buy a programmable truck that will roam about the house shooting "laser blasters" at people. The instruction book alone is 25 pages, most of which I can't understand at all. The toy is supposed to be for 8-year-olds.

After trying to get "Big Trak" to work, and only hearing the "Hey stupid" buzzer, I found myself longing more and more for the days when Lincoln Logs were popular. I would even settle for an electric tarantula.

It's a Cold World Without a Wetsuit from
Contest (Continued from p. A2)

sellers.

"I'll bet," Norm said. "How did so many people get into this alternative Christmas business? What exactly is an alternative Christmas?"

"I'm not sure. But I understand the company behind the whole project has a series of catalogues you can buy that tell you how to develop alternative celebration styles."

"Wait a minute, Jim. Isn't that why Christmas commercialism was rejected in the first place? Because it seemed phony, to have stores and magazine ads and radio and television telling us what to buy and where to buy it and when?"

"I don't remember."

"There's something fishy there."

"Merry Christmas, Norm."
-

Friday (Continued from p. A2)

Anything, after sticking it on the front page we decided to use it.

Besides we didn't have any other option: We were more preoccupied with what to put inside the cover, Whatever, it would have to be hard-hitting, responsible jour-

nalis... And there we were throughout the quarter, covering the biggest:
big, watching, fringe golf were. Soon the excitement got to us, we lost our spark. We couldn't no longer keep up with our logo's frisky image.

So you see we had to abandon our journalistic endeavors. Whatever. Started out as bright, starry-eyed.

Just keep up with our logo's frisky image. In showed, a cynical taint crept into our reporting until even the sacred and lucrative institution of Christmas had... Friday, and snored over it.

And everybody lived happily, at least reasonably so, ever after.

Because it seemed phony to have stores and magazine ads and radio and television telling us what to buy and where to buy it and when.

And the community, prosperous and continued to grow, such as the nature of busier little communities. For it had grown up. Was developing, some awareness. The used car salesmen couldn't keep up, good folks, anymore.

And everybody lived happily, at least reasonably so, ever after.

"Take Beryl," he said of the .

Nineteen sixty, them: They were. We tried. We're not preoccup-

ated with the nature of busy little cities any more. We're not preoccupied with what to put inside the cover, Whatever. It would have to be hard-hitting, responsible jour-

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Santa Conspiracy:

(Continued from p. 2)

I got home, I would confer with
my brother about the
ability of cajoling our parents
into getting a "Hanukkah
kit" but somehow we both knew
it couldn't be the same.
Christmas Eve was tolerable. I
must admit that I wasn't getting
any toys for Christmas, just spelling
workbooks. We finally snubbed
them when they told one of our
undercover agents, posing as a 5-
year-old, that a string of toy store
bombings was planned.

That's illegal, you know," said
the sergeant.

I nodded that I understood,
thanked the sergeant, and left for
the office to type up my story, a
few paragraphs for the next day's
police blotter section. When I
finally returned home some three
hours later, I sat down, somewhat
disillusioned, to drink the wine I
had opened earlier.

After I had succeeded in
recovering my lost Christmas spirit.

Jewish

Visitors came in and out of the
store, looking for last minute
purchases and for gifts. They
seemed restless as they searched
for a gift for someone. It was
strange, but I was starting
to feel as if the store was
somehow trying to take the fun out of
Christmas. There seemed to be
a certain amount of bitterness in
the air.

What could they want at this time
of year? I asked myself.

One of the greatest myths of
Christmas is that Santa was just a
fictional character. But there is
another myth that Santa is a
reasonable and one that has
some basis in fact. It is
accepted that the character
Santa Claus is based on the
legend of St. Nicholas, a
fourth century bishop who
was known for his generosity
and kindness.

On Christmas Eve, St.
Nicholas would visit children
around the world, bringing gifts
and placing them under the
Christmas tree. The children
would then wake up on Christmas
morning to find their gifts.

I nodded that I understood,
"Well, I've got this great story
for you," he began to say as I
hung up.

With that out of the way, I pulled
out my notes from the previous
night and tried to get back into the
spirit of Christmas.

For a moment, I thought about
the children who were looking
for that special gift, that
something special that only
Santa Claus could bring.

I knew that Santa Claus was
real, but I also knew that he
wasn't the reason for the
Christmas season.

Christmas is a time of
celebration, a time to give and
to share. It is a time to
remember the true meaning of
Christmas, the spirit of giving
and love.

Christmas is not just about
the gifts, but about the joy
that they bring to the
receiver.

It was a difficult decision, but in the end,
I decided not to argue the point.

I thanked the sergeant, and left for
Goleta, on Storke & Hollister A

Winning the Game of Holidays

Christmas is a time of
celebration, a time to give and
to share. It is a time to
remember the true meaning of
Christmas, the spirit of giving
and love.

Christmas is not just about
the gifts, but about the joy
that they bring to the
receiver.

It was a difficult decision, but in the end,
I decided not to argue the point.

I thanked the sergeant, and left for
Goleta, on Storke & Hollister A
a gift from Thelin’s means a little more!

Men’s and Student’s

Gal’s Velour Pullovers
Reg. 22.00
NOW 19.97

Gal’s Hooded Robes
Reg. 17.99
NOW 13.97
Comfy sweatshirt styling in seven shades of acrylic/cotton blend. Sizes S-M-L.

Men’s Keeper® Socks
Reg. 2.00pr.
NOW 3pr./4.50

Men’s Sweaters
9.50-19.50
While they last!
Salesman’s samples in assorted styles and colors, mostly size medium.

Men’s and Student’s

Gal’s Chemin de Fer Tuxedo Trim Denim Jeans
Reg. low price, 24.97
NOW 16.97
100% pre-washed indigo dyed denims with popular button-front. Sizes 1-13.

Sale prices effective thru Sun., Dec. 2, 1979

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