

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Our Visitors Speak...

Indian Finds Holiday Costly, Misses Out on Kiss

By Manakkal S. Ramani

During fall term I had been talking to people like some of the fabulously rich oriental princes of American magazine fables. I hinted that I was considering the question of spending my vacation either in Canada or in Mexico. It then struck me that I might take a look into my pocketbook and this simple procedure induced me to think of spending Christmas at Seattle or at San Francisco. Further self-examination led me to weigh the advantages of spending the vacation in Portland or in Pendleton. At last I made my decision—to stay in Eugene itself.

In my own country, India, Christmas is a time of festivities. Universities in India have a more developed sense of responsibility towards students and close down for a whole month. In the major cities we have high-brow entertainment programs featuring top artists in the fields of music, dance and drama. These are beyond the reach of the common people and even of a middle class family. For these humbler folk, (I am one of them), we have in our towns during Christmas the equivalent of the American county fair.

During Christmas in India, many of us spend money more freely than we do in the rest of the year. Nevertheless we have nothing to compare with the spending spree which I found Americans indulging in during recent weeks.

I had great fun watching crowds in the shops downtown stampeded by high-powered sales talk into purchasing articles for which they may not have any urgent need. Before I knew what had happened I found myself holding a package containing complete sets of dresses for my little nephews and nieces. I am at present spending sleepless nights trying to figure out how I could find the money needed to send the articles which I had purchased to my folks in India.

I spent Christmas Eve with people who were my first friends in Eugene. My host is an executive in a local lumber mill. I met him quite by chance the day after my arrival in Eugene in September last. Since then I had been a frequent visitor to his hospitable home and was therefore specially happy to be with him and his family on Christmas Eve.

The three little daughters of my host sang Christmas carols after which had some home movies depicting Oregon scenery. After dinner my host read to us an interesting story touching on the significance of Christmas and stressing Christian virtues. Worn out as I was by the final examinations, (and the revelries which

followed the exams), I fell into a deep and peaceful slumber as my host continued his reading.

The next day I was the guest of a professor of the University who had invited me for Christmas dinner. I will refrain from narrating in detail the estimable qualities of this gentleman and his charming lady.

I thought that I would spend New Year's Eve quietly at home. But a pleasant surprise was in store for me. An attractive girl, whom I had encountered in my school, asked me whether I would care to join her and her friends in a New Year's Eve party. It did not take me long to tell her that I would be glad to accept.

I was very pleased when her group took me to the Waldorf-Astoria of Eugene. For at least three hours the people who had gathered there behaved just as they wanted, without any restraints imposed on them by considerations of age, position or prestige. In that atmosphere even Mr. Freud himself would have speedily shed all his complexes, obsessions and phobias.

At about 11 p.m. paper crowns were distributed along with an assortment of noise-making devices. I found a venerable gentleman sounding a trumpet with all his might; an interesting little

thing seated at a table near was emitting a series of indistinguishable yells; a third was blowing out rubber balloons with concealed delight. I was looking with considerable amusement at these happenings and I found that all the time I had been twirling a rattle for all I was worth.

I had read in American books that at the stroke of midnight there was a free-for-all party during which it was permissible for gentlemen to take osculatory liberties with ladies in the gathering. I was determined not to regard this old and respectable American custom. I told my charming friend, that, old as I was, I would honor the custom by offering her a brotherly (?) kiss when the new year was announced. What I excited?

I sat on waiting for the man to stop and the announcement to be made. Strange are the ways of Providence. Stranger are the pranks of Providence when we eagerly seek something. By some oversight the stroke of midnight passed unheralded. I will not describe to you how I felt at the nasty trick played on me by the fellow who ran the hotel. I got even with him some day, I bet.

A Day at the Zoo

A Moral: Don't Sob on Floor, Especially Not in Wintertime

By Bob Funk

It was winter term, and bitterly cold. "There is going to be a warm spell," the radio kept saying. A typical lie of the kept radio, the implement of the chamber of commerce.

In the fraternity house the members of the intelligentsia were lying around on the floor, sobbing into the rug and thinking esoteric thoughts. The thoughts were so esoteric that even the thinkers did not understand them. It was the ultimate in thinking.

"I think," said one, lifting his lint-covered head off the floor, "that it is the horrible, stifling attitude of the fraternity that is, er, um--"

"Stifling us," a second genius answered. Everyone glared. It was obviously too simple, too un-souful.

"It is the peasants around us," the first oracle continued, "that frustrate our souls, that force us to stay up late at night gossiping about them, so that we are too

tired to get up in the morning so that we cannot go to class, that they make higher grades than we do. Ah, the bitter irony of it!"

"It might be that they're smarter," one of the lesser intelligentsia said.

"Smarter! Bah! It is impossible to be smart if you have not read Thomas Wolfe, if you are things instead of against things if you are happy, and if you brush your teeth and wash. Everyone agreed silently. The all communed.

One of the most unhappy (and therefore most intelligent) sat and said several large words: "Dendriform, dendrite, dendrodendron, denegation, denegue," breathed. Everyone breathed esoterically. He had memorized the words from Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.

"Actually," he said, "it is illumination that is stifling. We need candles."

"Candles!" everyone hissed rhapsodically.

"And wine!"

"Wine!" everyone emitted statically.

For a moment they were most happy. Then they realized this, and immediately became sad again.

"Ah, let us all commit suicide," said one.

"Let's!" they chorused (NOT to realize this is possibly the best idea so far for these cold and heartfelt characters. Someone said they don't really exist. Oh yeah? Come on around sometime and we'll introduce you.)

They decided not to commit suicide. It was too un-esoteric. Almost plebian. Almost—well, crude.

This conversation might have continued all night except that house manager turned down the heat and the intelligentsia froze. No one noticed for several weeks, until a pledge tried vacuum the rug.

The moral of this is that it is better to be dumb and go to bed at night than to be smart and around on the floor sobbing. Even the most esoteric thought is very little protection against freezing temperatures. The second moral: It is better to be frozen to death someplace other than in a fraternity house; someplace where the rugs are cleaned more often.

The Big Question

We should know soon the answer to the big question: Will Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower run for president?

When Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge (R., Mass.) announced Sunday he would place Ike's name on the New Hampshire primary ballot as a Republican candidate he took the most significant step so far toward extracting a statement of political ambition from Eisenhower.

Why? If Lodge does formally enter Ike's name (and we assume he will do so) sometime previous to the Jan. 31 deadline for filing for the Mar. 11 New Hampshire primary, the public will know his intentions. New Hampshire law gives the candidate 10 days within which to withdraw his name. Otherwise it stands and the man is a candidate.

A statement from Ike may be forthcoming at any time. What would he say? Senator Lodge said Sunday he was confident that Eisenhower would not deny his Republican candidacy willingness if contacted by newsmen in Paris. He was right. The general didn't deny it. But he didn't confirm anything, either.

Ike can play the "no comment" game and keep the public in suspense for a while longer. Still, the New Hampshire law remains; if he doesn't withdraw his name from the ballot, he's a candidate.

The New Hampshire primary is Mar. 11. The deadline for filing is Jan. 31. Ten days from the latter date—Feb. 10—the people will know.

Let's Have Games, Not Massacres

The Pacific coast area's annual humiliation is over, and there are only 359 days until the next Rose Bowl game.

Even the California boosters will admit it now: The Big Ten conference plays a heck of a lot better brand of ball than does the Pacific Coast conference. You can't blame a 40 to 7 walloping on "the breaks," especially when it is the seventh consecutive Rose Bowl defeat for the Bowl's host teams.

The Pacific coast teams played a rough schedule this year. Most of the Coast schools put forth squads that were fairly evenly matched. And by late November Stanford, the (at times) best team on the Coast, was on its way to the Rose Bowl.

The intense competition among West coast teams seemed to indicate that Oregon was operating in a right tough circuit. But it wasn't tough enough to cope with the Big Ten-type, all-around power of Illinois.

Unfortunately, many of the sports writers and enthusiasts up and down the coast have been too slow to recognize the fact that the boys from the Pacific just can't cut it against certain competition. Because of this, 96,825 football fans again sat through a football game that was a good first half, period.

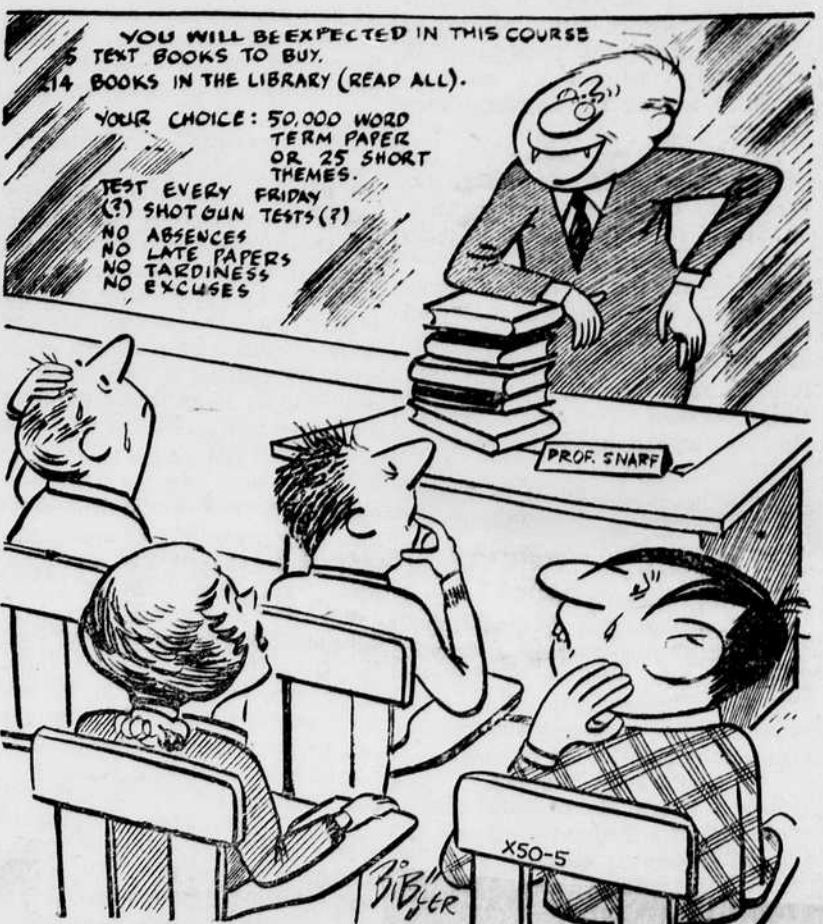
Despite this rousing demonstration of Pacific Coast futility, we on the coast, and we Oregonians in particular, can take pleasure in two facts. Firstly, Stanford led in what has become the most important aspect of Bowl games, despite the fact it was a 33 point inferior to Illinois. The men from the farm are expected to collect some \$85,000, while the Fighting Illini figure to bank less than \$45,000.

Secondly, the Oregon and Washington schools have not been involved in any of these seven consecutive Rose Bowl defeats. First Southern California lost to Alabama. Then the Big Ten pact was signed and UCLA and USC lost in rapid order. Then it was California that lost one, two, three games. And now it's Stanford.

It is time to break this entangling Rose Bowl alliance so that a football game, not a massacre, can be provided for the football faithful of the Los Angeles area. The majority of Big Ten members have indicated that they would prefer to get out of the Bowl as soon as the current five-year plan is ended. Pacific coast schools should announce their willingness to let the Midwesterners leave in peace.

The Big Tennesseers must be tired of winning these no-competition games. The question is, are they tired of taking home the many thousands of dollars that come as their share of the gate receipts?—D. D.

Winter Term at Oregon



"You hate me now, but think of the fun you'll have telling new students I teach a snap course."