

Milton Bradley plays Trump's name game

"I love to have enemies. I fight my enemies. I like beating my enemies in the ground." — Donald Trump

Now that Milton Bradley, the maker of such games as "A Question of Scruples" and "Liars' Dice" has decided to bless us with "Trump — The Game," we have a clear, even participatory, example of the perspectives promoted by the American business-mind of the 80s.

Make no mistake, we believe capitalism is good. But we, the American fun-loving public, have certainly come a long way since the idealism of our younger years. Donald Trump is not an outstanding role-model for the next generation, in spite of the seeming self-sacrifice of his share of the game's profits to charity.

Profits from "Trump — The Game," after all, will not be another jugular-vein-attack-type-business-deal for Donald Trump; simply another way to flaunt his name before an apparently admiring public. With the game, Milton Bradley is promoting Trump's blatant self-worship and pomposity. We are told Trump's face will grace the box, the board, the cards and even the money. Trump sees the game as an improvement on Parker Brother's Monopoly, because the stakes are much, much higher.

But we cannot totally blame Trump for the self-promotion. Milton Bradley obviously thinks the game has selling potential under the Trump name.

While we see nothing wrong with a game that teaches business brutality, as the Monopoly game has done for years, we take exception with an endorsement of the kind of greed represented by Trump as a game for "ages 12 and up."

Trump's gloating excessiveness is distasteful and disturbing. Milton Bradley's decision in marketing this overblown money-clutching game demonstrates a lack of imagination on two counts: its clear rip-off of Monopoly and its identification with such a one-dimensional mogul simply because his face and name are familiar to the public.

We suggest any attempts at making Trump a hero be left up to Trump. He clearly enjoys the job. He is not the richest man in America, nor is he the smartest. He has captured the American imagination because he is an unabashed braggart with an ego larger than his largest hotel or casino.

A yacht with a waterfall, indeed.

Lover-less can take heart; all holidays are exclusive

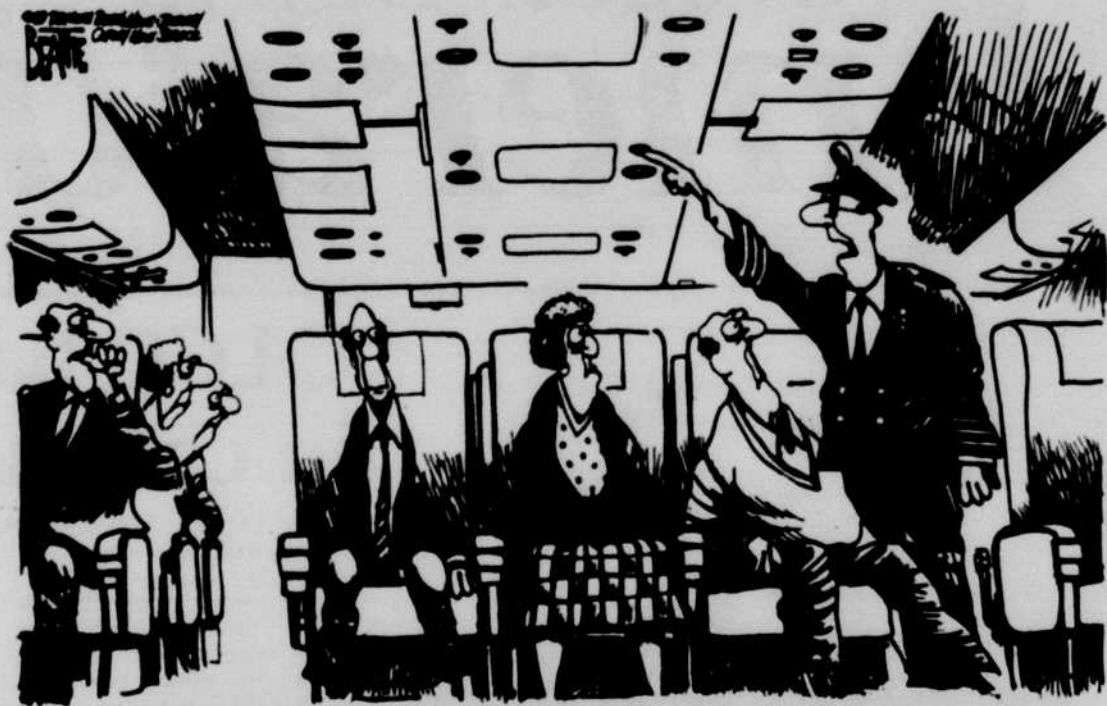
Whenever a holiday pulls into town, the cynics — *Les Miserables* — step down from the bar stools of their everyday, dour existence, and exercise the sneers they normally practice on the bartender of their lives, that is, the sympathetic bathroom mirrors at home. For those people, Valentine's Day is the most miserable of times.

Every holiday has a cast of detractors who pop up each year. Everybody has a favorite holiday to hate. By all accounts, turkeys hate Thanksgiving. And a host of closet complainers expose themselves at Christmas time. Where are all the cynics on Valentine's Day?

Cynics prefer not to complain about Valentine's Day, lest they be uncovered. Their valve of cynicism stays plugged. Better they hate Christmas for its commercial behavior, New Year's Eve for its drunkenness, even St. Patrick's Day for its nagging predilection for green. While some holidays find exclusivity through religiousness or nationality or even government employment, when Valentine's Day visits, it leaves out all poor folks who find themselves candy-less, flower-less and lover-less on that particular day.

Children participate in Valentine's Day through a wild outpouring of Bugs Bunny and Porky Pig cards to the entire class. As lover-less adults, we are denied this innocent escape. While we may spend Christmas and Thanksgiving eating and spreading joy with our families, while we may spend New Year's Eve and the Fourth of July imbibing and passing out with our pals, we had rather spend Valentine's Day with neither. Any outpouring of Garfields and Ziggy's to our friends and we are viewed askance. Any activity that finds us in public without a date and we are revealed. We only have the escape of ignoring the holiday's existence altogether, or of an inflatable date-able, whichever we prefer.

With sincere appreciation for our compadres who happen to be date-less on this particularly exclusive holiday, we offer the following: nobody celebrates Valentine's Day every year, year after year. Consider yourself more selective, let us say, choosier. Take your time. On Valentine's Day, if you must, stay indoors. Put on some red underwear and dig through those Bugs Bunny cards from the third grade. Nobody loves a cynic.



"We've had some wiring problems with these Boeing jets. Excuse me a minute while I put down the landing gear..."

Letters

Tree talk

Physicist Ed Wagner's article "Physicist says trees communicate" (Register-Guard, Feb. 7) was a very informative article.

It seems forever that environmentalists and other "New Age" types have been saying all things are inter-connected (related?) and now Mr. Wagner is saying that trees communicate.

Come on, really?

Next thing you know, some scientist is going to establish that flowers have intelligent processes (brains?) and therefore can actually think, just like you and me!

Next, if these supposed scientists keep telling us that trees can communicate and flowers can talk, no one will be able to make a decent living selling flowers on the street corner because what would the International Flower Union say?

Who are these scientists trying to kid anyway? Everyone knows that the Good Ole Earth is here for we humans to use. Doesn't the Good Book tell us so? We're really the only things doing any thinking around this place!

So who cares if flowers can talk? Who cares if mountains rumble? Rivers and brooks babble? Oceans roar? If the Earth trembles under the very weight of we humans? Isn't this the way it's supposed to be?

Who really cares if the very last Old Growth Forest goes down screaming?

Who?

Richard Gold
Eugene

No excuse

Concerning Dan William's decision to not close the school: I live off campus and have to drive in. I ended up using three different ways to get to school. Thursday, I could not leave my house. Friday, I had to take a cab to and from school because the bus did not come out my way. I wasted \$10 to get to school Friday. In one class, I had a test, everyone was told to be there. In my second class half of the people showed up and we ended up reviewing it again on Monday. What about tests when many stu-

dents and even teachers cannot show up? Monday I got a ride from a friend.

People I talked to could not believe we had school. This included cabdrivers, radio announcers, students, teachers and parents.

Dan Williams states that we are not children. I am 21. I am still someone's child. Why should I risk my safety in the name of education? I would find it interesting to learn how many people really got into trouble trying to drive in.

With the school population increasing every year, you cannot possibly fit everyone in a five-block radius, thus being able to say everyone lives on campus.

We were the only school open in Oregon, even OSU closed on Friday.

I want to know the real reason we did not close. And do not hide behind the flimsy excuse of everyone living on campus. I think it is a matter of politics and money!

Evette Comeau
Senior

Frosh Pride

I am writing a retaliation response to the letter written by Yancey Fall (ODE, Feb. 7).

Being a freshman myself, I expected possibly some harassment by upperclassmen. These expectations turned out to be false. Students here were generally understanding and thoughtful to many of us freshmen. Little harassment took place and I believed that students didn't care if we were freshmen and/or they just didn't mind.

Yancey's narrow views that freshman students are idiotic, immature and unintelligent is hopefully not the view of most students at the University. Although I am not condoning the brawl on Agate Street (I watched from my dorm in disbelief), giving all the blame to freshmen is incorrect.

After checking with University Housing (freshmen know how to do research), I discovered that, yes, indeed, more than 2/3 or the on-campus residents were freshmen. However, out of the 3,000 residents on campus, 824 of them are not

freshmen. In other words, those "idiots" that threw the snow might be your own classmates.

I, for one, and many of my friends, are proud to be freshmen.

Don Shepley
Student

Scapegoats

We are writing this letter in response to Yancey Fall's letter (ODE, Feb. 7) expressing his rage regarding massive snow/ice ball ambushes that occurred around campus due to the recent snow storm. We affirm that these attacks were delinquent in nature and the cause of much damage. We do not deny that cars, including Mr. Fall's, were vandalized. We too were bombarded driving through campus. We do, however, find it ridiculous that Mr. Fall place full responsibility of the snowball attacks on the freshmen dorm-dwellers. His description of freshmen as lacking intelligence and respect for other's property is demeaning. He fails to mention that there were other participants in the snowball fiasco besides freshmen. Many were members of the Greek system as well as students of all ages.

There is no need for Mr. Fall to abuse the freshmen class in order to convey his anger at the disruptive behavior of those involved. Freshmen should not be used as scapegoats. We in no way consider the snowball fights in question appropriate, and agree with Mr. Fall that they were out of hand and destructive. Mr. Fall's anger was displaced.

We, as intelligent, responsible, respectful (and modest) freshmen felt it would be more creditable on his part if he condemned all those involved rather than the freshmen class.

Jami Austin
Shoshannah Oppenheim
Freshmen

Correction

In paragraph seven of the Emerald editorial for Feb. 13, Greg Halverson was incorrectly identified as a past president of Beta Theta Pi. The Emerald regrets the error.