

Oregon Daily
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Bah! Humbug!

Sit back, relax and pill-pop your way into the peaceful oblivion of holiday spirit



Jason George

By Jason George
Oregon Daily Emerald

It's the last issue of the year, but it is the first time I am getting to go off on my own little tirade.

And it's a fitting time too. The Emerald, in keeping with the giving spirit of the season, has decided to let me rant as my swan song of the term.

But what does that exactly mean, "giving spirit of the season?"

Why do we give now?

Christmas, Hanukkah or whatever you celebrate stresses the spirit of giving, but why? Don't I give enough?

I just wish I could take a little holiday pill. One-quarter of the pill would be joy. And I don't mean elation; I want Hallmark in powder form, carolers on roller skates and all the trimmings. Joy like hearing Handel's "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey or snow on a third grade night.

The pill would also be guiltless. No fat, no calories, no aunts or uncles bitching about your not calling since you got their birthday card and a Micro Machine set that they gave you ten years after you asked for it.

And, of course, there would be no side effects in my elixir. You know that feeling when

you open that big box of cotton socks from the extended family?

Gone.

During the winter break, you know that despair you get seeing old girlfriends who have moved on, high school friends that have become the ideal guest for Jerry Springer, leaving you with "Do you remember the time ..." as your only conversation?

Gone.

But the most important part of my pill would be relaxation. See, the problem with the holidays is that we don't relax because we are so busy trying to create this Rockwellian Fantasia that we've never experienced in the first place. For example, my grandmother sweats people liking her meal so much that I would not be surprised if she actually turns into an ulcer this year. But, of course, there is no reason for this.

Seriously, if you've seen my family, you would know that this is not the bunch that is going to be complaining if the thyme is not pureed enough in the stuffing. Open the can of cranberries, crack open a packet of Louis Rich, leave the plates on the counter and dinner is served. And yet, God bless her, Grandma makes herself crazy over the "perfect dinner."

And this is a "holiday"?

So my advice for the holidays: Relax, and remember no matter how bad it gets at home, it still beats running down to Gilbert Hall on a Monday at 9 in the morning.

Yes my friends, if only I could make this wonder pill. But then again, if I could make it, I would be making seven figures at Pfizer, not working at the Emerald for laundry money.



Bryan Dixon Emerald

'Twas the Night Before Christmas, or 'Twas the Rally 'fore the Sun Bowl

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through Eugene Not a student was studying, especially in Bean; The picket signs were hung in the closet with care, In hopes that Y2K would bring protests to bear.

The GTFs were nestled, all snug in their beds, While visions of benefits danced in their heads; And Frohmayer in his 'kerchief and Wylie'n his cap, Had just settled in for a long winter's nap.

When out in the Fishbowl there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my tenement to see what was the matter. Away to the Buzz I flew like a bird,

To quack at the scene so easily heard.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen rain Gave mildewy smells to the leaf-clogged drains. When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature Beaver being dragged by reindeer.

With a little old kicker not apt to miss, I knew in this moment one must be Villegas. More rapid than Huskies his teammates they came, They whistled, and shouted and prepared for the game.

"Now, DROUGHNS! now, HARTLEY, now HARRINGTON! and MOORE! On, FEELEY! on WILCOX! on SIRMON! and MCLEMORE!

To the top of the conference! To the top of the poll! Now fork over money to get to the bowl!

As wet leaves that before my feet get so mushy, When they drop from the sky and make sounds so squishy, So up to the ballroom the players they ran, To rally some pep and meet with their fans.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the street The prancing of cheerleaders dancing their beat. As I watched all their moves and was turning around, Up the stairs ol' Bellotti came with a bound.

He was dressed all in green, and his face said "I'm ready," To face the Golden Gophers

with a style so steady; A bundle of footballs he had on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes — how they twinkled! Yet his face was so stern! His cheeks were like roses from feeling the burn; His hands helad the headset he wore as he coached, And his moustache twitched with thought of gophers to poach.

The Oregon playbook he held tight in his grip, And the players were eager to take this bowl trip; For students were counting on them to perform, This Christmas Eve rally was to get them in form.

The rain on the pavement made noises as it fell,

And Ducks were ready to celebrate their holidays well. With football and Christmas and Hanukkah and more, This season would be merry for all and not bore.

Bellotti made a quick exit, to his team gave a whistle, And they prepared to fly like the down of a thistle. But I heard them exclaim as they carried the Beav, "Happy Holidays to all, and watch us kick Golden Gopher butt New Year's Eve!"

CORRECTION

In the Dec. 2 article "University inaugurates new center," David Strom's name was misspelled. The Emerald regrets this error.