

Merry Christmas



Willamette Collegian

1842 - Serving a University in its 125th Year - 1966



"Big Lin" Michimoto
NEWS EDITOR



Jon Carder
MISERLY OLD EDITOR



G. Samuel Pinegar
ASSOCIATE NEWS EDITOR



A Christmas Fable



Thorndyke DuBois
COPY EDITOR (Natch)



Herr Baron Magruder
BUSINESS MANAGER



Donna Marie Wright
CAMPUS EDITOR



L. Houston Brown
FEATURES EDITOR



"Put" Putman
EXCHANGE EDITOR



Bob Hamel
DARKROOM MANAGER



Joanie Loomis (with Santa)
SOCIETY EDITOR



D. Harry Bosco
EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR



Alphonse Gould
SPORTS EDITOR

ONCE upon a time in a far-off land called Willametta there was a miserly old editor who grubbed and scraped for a lousy 200 grackles a year. Noting his own grubbing and scraping, he reasoned that in order to rule over his staff with an iron (or golden, if you prefer) hand, he must have something to hold over their heads. "Money," he said. "If I can get some money from the benevolent bureaucratic rulers, I can wave it in front of my staff's noses as an incentive to maintain their production quota (a four, eight or twelve page newspaper, published weekly except during vacation and exam periods) and give them a reason not to disappear from the country (as journalists in Willametta were wont to do)."

"How ingenious," he thought, as he patted himself on the back of his money belt. So the miserly old editor went off to visit the benevolent bureaucrats in the big city. After much bowing and scraping, he managed to secure the FABULOUS SUM of 640 grackles with which to maintain his staff's love and devotion.

Upon returning home to his little cottage (where the aforementioned newspaper was produced), he immediately rushed in, waving the money, yelling, "See what I hath wrought!"

The miserly old editor's staff (composed of assorted elves, munchkins, dwarfs, and leprechauns) were delighted at the sight of so much money.

"Now we can pay our reporters!" exclaimed one slightly orientalish looking dwarf, nearly spilling her can of macadamia nuts in all the excitement.

"And our photographers!" added one elf (who had formerly been employed by an aged shoemaker).

"Wak!" croaked the miserly old editor, un-

able to speak.

"And now we can give honoraria to our fledgling writers for good stories!" shrieked a leprechaun who had once danced at the PALACE.

The miserly old editor meanwhile, had partially regained his composure. "Wait a minute, wait a minute, you guys. This money is for you-- a production incentive, so to speak."

All at once the chattering elves became very quiet. The orientalish-looking one began to mutter a foreign sounding curse under her breath.

"Stop!" cried the miserly old editor. "I don't want to be turned into a frog."

"You deserve it," said one munchkin. "Haven't we appeared here every Tuesday night to help put out your newspaper?" he demanded.

"Yes," admitted the miserly old editor.

"And haven't we also been here every Wednesday night to proofread your newspaper?" added a hurt looking elf.

"Yes," said the editor, very sheepishly.

"And haven't we even come out to your old printer's shop with you on Thursday afternoons to put your newspaper to bed," contributed a red faced dwarf.

"Yes," said the miserly old editor, eyes downcast.

"And have we ever deserted you--rain, hail, sleet, snow, midterms, social functions, etc., etc.?" asked one elf, pointing an accusing finger at the miserly old editor.

"No," whimpered the miserly old editor. "Then why do you try to buy our devotion with production incentives?" they all shouted.

The editor looked down at the money in his hand, which by now weighed about 400 pounds, put it in his pocket, and threw himself out the window into a nearby river.

The elves meanwhile, went back to their work. And as the editor floated downstream on a piece of ice, he contemplated whether one could fit 640 grackles into eight tiny stockings . . .

'Twas the Tuesday Before Friday

'Twas the Tuesday before Friday and all through the staff
Not a sound could be heard -- not even a laugh.

'Round every typewriter, looking quite dead,
Weary reporters lay down tired heads.

And I at my desk and others at theirs
Had just gone to sleep, in our rickety chairs--

When out of the night there arose such a clatter,
We sprang to our feet to see what was the matter.

And what to our wondering eyes should appear
But a hair-pulling editor, enraged to tears.

In he ran, not very tame,
Whistling and shouting, and calling us names--

"Up Lindsay, up Donna, on Mary Lou,
On Douglas, on Joani--there's work here to do."

But we writers could only stare back in dismay;
There wasn't much news near this holiday.

So weary reporters now joyfully lie
While through our dreams the news doth fly.

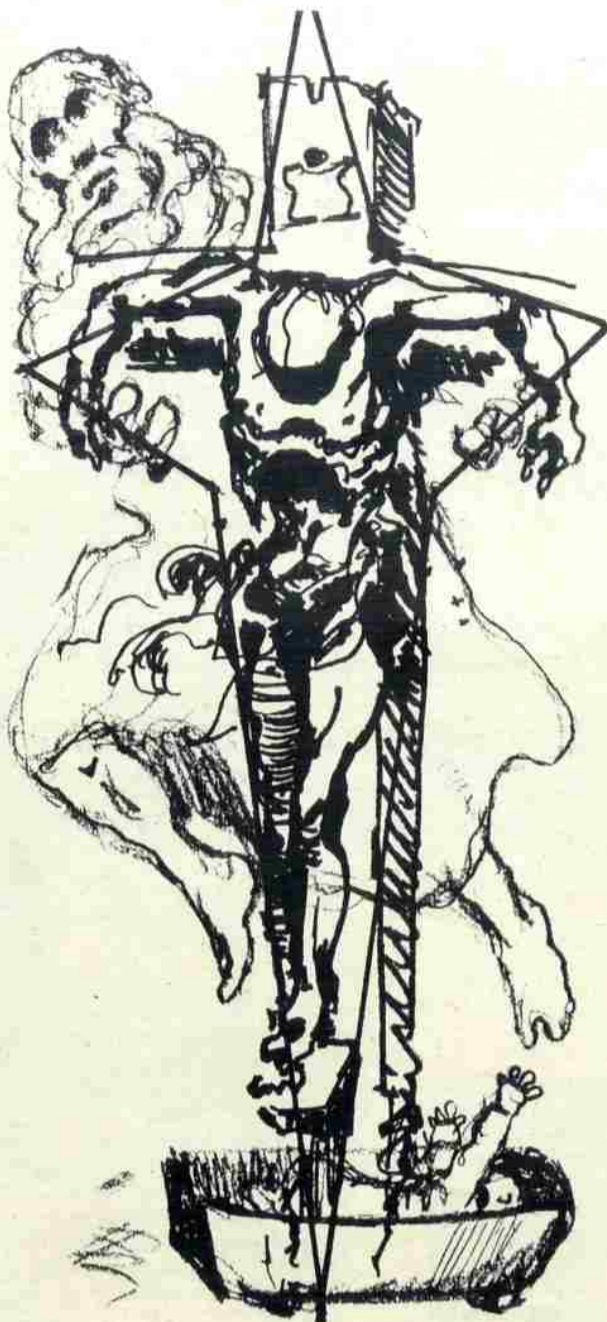
--Larry Brown

A Greeting Card Verse

A chance to be with
family and friends;
An opportunity to rededicate
one's self to his religion;
A time to relax and enjoy
ease of living:
That is the meaning of Christmas.
--Norm Thorpe

Christmas

Ten years ago I had to know
If Santa really liked cocoa.
I also felt the need to ask
Just how the chimney let him past.
And if I ever wondered much,
I wondered when he slept and such.
Ten years from now I hope I've had
The knowledge that I'll need as Dad.
--Roger Warren



A Christmas Poem

Throughout our land and over the sea
People sing carols with merriment and glee;
Fires are crackling and stars shine bright
All over this world on Christmas Eve night.
But one house there is with hints of despair
For the head of the house, he is not there.
I look in the window of this joyless home:
Santa's wife is all alone.
But hark! What is this in the bedroom I see?
It appears Mrs. Claus has some company.
For under the bed is a pair of men's shoes,
And on the nightstand are two bottles of booze.
Which goes to prove with great finality
That Santa's gifts have great practicality.
--Vic Snyder

Trick-or-Tree

Break-In With Holiday Spirit

By the Two Who Did It

O.K. Here's the plan! You chop down this tree, see, and sneak it into this house, see, and decorate it, see, without anyone catching you -- SEE?

Such were the self-imposed orders for two COLLEGIAN reporters, who, in the true giving spirit of Christmas, ventured out into the mud of Christmas Tree Land to extricate some poor Douglas fir from its moorings and convert it into that well-known thing called a "Christmas Tree."

Execution of said orders occurred somewhere east of Salem somewhere along the road to Stayton which lay somewhere out there somewhat further on. Anyway, after an hour of touring gravel roads, fields, orchards, etc., a happy homemaker explained that the sought-after tree far lay "on up the hill" -- and indeed, it did.

There it was -- thirty acres of the biggest pile of mud imaginable with little green triangles popping out here and there, all engulfed in a huge downpour of rain.

Our guide, a kindly lady who offered "any size galoshes available," put the dogs in the house and led us out to the forest, rain and all. Without much deliberation and periodically prying shoes out of mud, we chose the suitable tree and uprooted it sufficiently to put in the get-away car.

Once, in a moment of tight



anxiety, we lost the path, but our trustworthy guide, knowing the ways of nature, led the way safely back into daylight, and salvation, we knew, had been granted us even if it was soaking wet when we got it.

Despite the damp state of affairs, Part I of the Christmas plan had been completed. Now Part II remained--"sneak the tree into the house with no one knowing, and decorate it." This was not an easy matter.

Three occupants resided in the abode: one worked and would be gone all day; another would be in class until 5:00; but the third, being rather aloof, wandered somewhat aimlessly about, usually attending classes on campus, but often remaining at home.

Plan A, to enter the following Wednesday afternoon, fell through with all the glory of the season when our third occupant stayed at home unexpectedly.

Plan B, to "break in" the

following day while the troublesome third party was away on business, seemed worth trying.

So, at the appointed time, we started out bearing tree and ornaments to "pull the job." All went according to schedule until, on entering the driveway we perceived a car standing in the garage. Fearing detection we executed a quick retreat, darted away from the house, and agreed that Plan B had "joyfully gone down the tube."

Things became tight --

Christmas was closing in fast and the tree was wilting even faster. Plan C to send two merry accomplices over and beg a ride disappeared when the accomplices likewise disappeared. Plan D to drag out the person by brawny force disintegrated as we realized various defects in our biceps. Only two plans remain: Plan E (exasperated) and Plan F (failure).

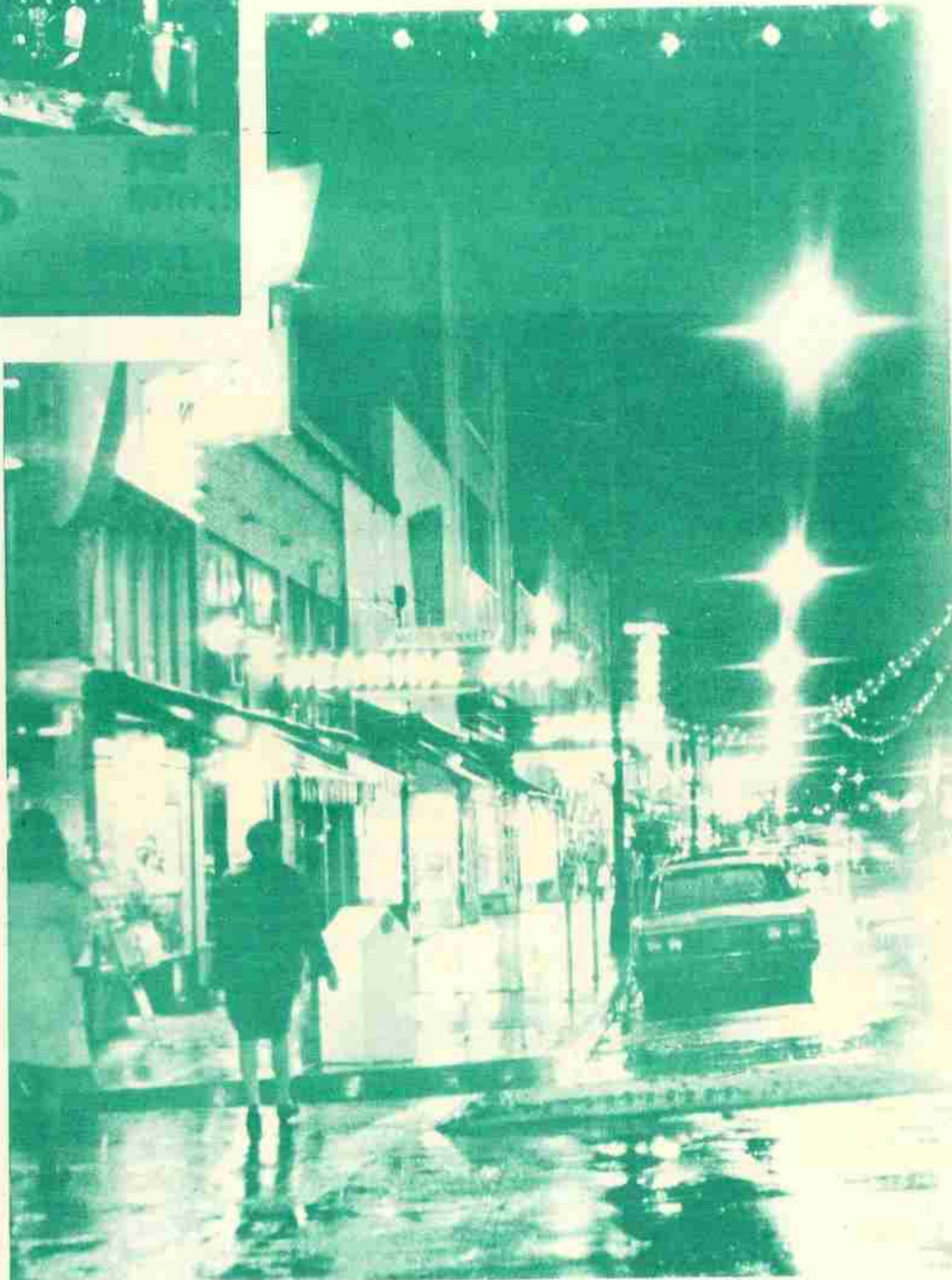
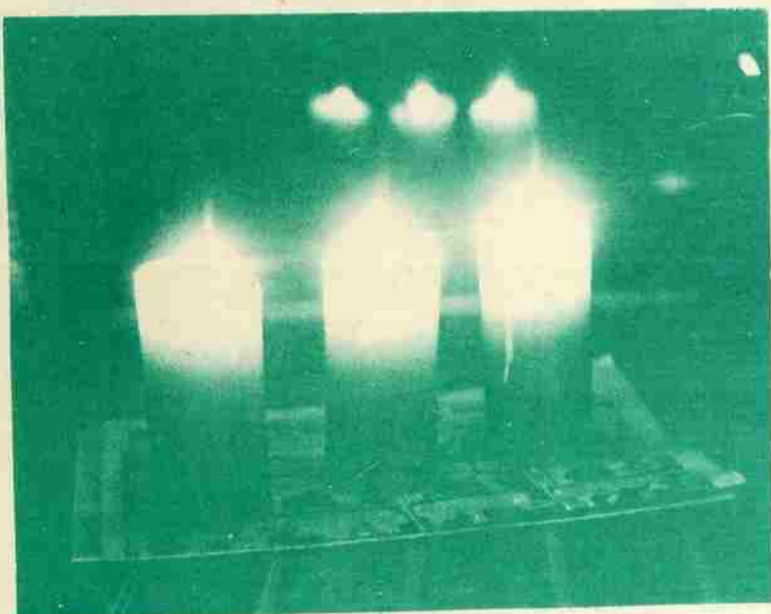
Plan E, being the preferable, went in effect. A secret accomplice telephoned our victim and, using a certain amount of Christmas logic, coaxed him out of the house on an errand; we were off again.

Afraid our arrival might once again be untimely, we parked a block away, crossing a stream to reach the house. Dodging past "Keep Out" signs, up driveways, through backyards and underbrush, we peered over a thorny hedge and found the car had disappeared.

With the help of a friendly house key, we "broke in" the back door, pulling in tree and decorations. Shaking hands put the ornaments on the tree and a swift departure completed the job. Success was ours!

As far as we know, the Christmas tree still stands today, a little worn perhaps after its exhausting adventure. But at least the results were rewarding -- a little Christmas Spirit mixed with a cold has done a lot for us.

Happy New Year



(All photos by Bob Hamel;
Drawings by George Woollard)

