

# OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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## Unofficially, They're For It

Members of the executive council Tuesday night failed to sponsor or encourage officially a member of their ranks to sponsor the March of Dimes drive. This was not to scourge the campaign, for the council is confident of the worthiness of the program. But the council, which had been asked to pick a chairman from student ranks to head the drive, did not feel that it was within its jurisdiction to underwrite it officially, since the council understood that that organization had declined to participate in the proposed United Fund drive at the beginning of fall term, and because even if it were qualified, the council could not appoint a chairman arbitrarily without first calling for petitions.

When the campaign promises were made last spring term, and the spring term before that, as a matter of fact, it was promised that one fund drive would suffice, and the drive-for-this, drive-for-that hammering would cease. The World Student Service Fund was the only organization agreeing to such a drive and splitting of the proceeds. The Red Cross declined, the community chest declined, and the polio drive was reported to have declined. Actually, the U's request never got to the polio group's executive committee, but the University got a negative, unofficial reply from a seemingly official source.

As a result of this single campaign failure, no official drives are being sanctioned on the campus and, therefore, the council is unable to give the initial impetus to the program. But individually, members of the council are helping Lane County representatives considerably, and the program will be encouraged actively by the Emerald and the council.

The University chairman, Bob Christ, located and contacted by the Eugene March of Dimes, will organize his own campaign apart from a University-sponsored group, unless he can find a club without a cause that will take over. But the Emerald, the exec council, and the University students wish the campus leaders good luck, success, and cooperation. J.B.S.

## In This Land of Ours

(From The Montana Kaimin)

The days was in 1938. The occasion was a speech by the socialist Norman Thomas in the stronghold of Boss Hague of Jersey City.

Thomas had been warned beforehand that to appear in Jersey City was folly, that hot-heads could easily be stirred up against him.

But still he came, for he was that kind of a man.

Before he could even begin his speech he was pulled down. He was egged. He was rushed by a mob.

And then the famous Jersey City police appeared, granted him "protective custody," and dumped him and some of his friends across the city limits.

In the crowd of onlookers that day was young Leslie Fiedler, a student at NYU, and today a Ph.D. on the humanities staff of our university.

Fiedler had heard stories of fascism in the United State, but, as he tells us now, nothing that had happened before impressed him as much as this.

And he says that when he saw harmless old Thomas run from the stand by that mob, shouted down and browbeaten, he felt a great fear, for here, he saw, was fascism. He tells us that never again did he catch himself saying, "It can't happen here."

A few months ago another mob donned the facade of militant "tolerance," and struck out at another group—this time the Progressive Citizens of America—who had gathered to protest the peculiar character of the Hollywood Communist probe.

The speaker never had a chance. Veterans' groups threw stink bombs and overpowered him with noise and demonstration. And where was all this? In a perfect place, in Independence square in Philadelphia, center of much that is noble in our history.

There was but one casualty. When the PCA speaker was first shouted down a woman cried, "Let him speak!" and for this she was knocked off her feet.

And when that hapless chairman was just about to give up trying, the commander of the local chapter of Purple Heart, apparently trying to quiet his followers, deliberately piled coals on the fire.

"Fellow Americans," he cried into the microphone, "I want to congratulate you on a fine display of Americanism."

The meeting broke up, and free speech was never more of a mockery in Philadelphia.

When Dr. Fiedler read the story of the Philadelphia disturbance he felt again that fear that had ruined a day for him when Norman Thomas was told he wasn't good enough for Jersey City.

For Dr. Fiedler knows, as many do, that free speech is an institution, and an institution will survive just as long as the majority of its members have an interest in it.

# An Old Indian Fable Of a Day Not Yet Past

By LARRY LAU

This is a gentle tale, perhaps a pointless one. It is a story about a story—one that is very old. Someone once said it contained a moral. I leave you to judge for yourselves; it goes like this . . .

Once upon a time, before even the Indians, all Oregon was a great animal kingdom. Wisest of all the animals, and lord of the land, was a bear. His name was Harry.

One day as Harry the Bear was thumbing through a stack of slate tablets (he was a great one for charts and statistics), a group of blackbirds on senatorial tour from the dense wooded area to the east dropped in to pay their respects. Because they were all so wizened and small, Harry the Bear had to be careful not to step on their toes. They were shown about the kingdom by Orville Owl, (a wise old bird whose head could turn 360 degrees), who was in charge of tribal law. When they were returned to Harry the Bear's big stone cave, they felt smaller than ever because all Harry's subjects were so big.

### Not Too Smart

This is all very nice, they said, but probably your subjects are not very wise. The Bear held them in the palm of his hand and answered them thus: They are straighter and taller are they not? Their trees would cast shadows on even your large castles. Their lands are rolling and vast. They laugh much, and loudly, and they fight hard. Their teeth gleam white when bared. They can play harder and faster than any I know of, including the peoples of your dense forest to the east. Have patience old blackbirds, these are a young people and have yet time for wrinkled brows and spectacles.

The blackbirds sniffed, left their card in Harry's hand, and straightaway flew off. Harry the Bear chewed thoughtfully on an old thigh bone. He didn't like even the blackbirds talking about his subjects that way. Suddenly he hit upon a plan. Why not make his subjects wise too?

He called in his staff of trained beavers, the dignified board of walruses, Carl Camel, Goldie the Canary (who was virtual queen of the realm), Dick Otter (who made things run smoothly), Bull the Frontiersman (who was in charge of defense), and all the rest of his helpers, told them what he wanted done, and lumbered back to his charts and statistics.

### Throw 'em Out

My, how the fur flew! The board of walruses met and decided that it would be best if all those not wise were banished from the kingdom. Carl Camel was given the job of telling people to leave. Orville Owl and Bull the Frontiersman got into an awful row because Orville wanted to keep all the unwise out too, and Bull said he needed some of them for national defense. Late one fall Bull's army repelled an invasion by the aborigines

from the west, and after that public sentiment was on his side.

Goldie the Canary worked harder than ever to keep the girls from distracting the boys, and the trained beavers toiled long hours devising tests to make the people wise. The walruses decided that too many festivals were being held, so many were cut, and for the biggest festival of all, the walruses said the people would have to stay indoors and study to become wise.

The people didn't like the walruses taking their festivals away from them because, they said, the walruses were too old and slow to play their games anyhow, so what did they know. The walruses were bigger and more powerful than most, so what they said became law. After many moons, it was decided that a great contest should be held to see how wise the people had grown.

### No Result

Days passed and grew into weeks, but the results weren't announced, and the people began to wonder. Days after day more and more of their friends left for the muggy lands to the north. Goldie the Canary told some of her favorites that the results were too disappointing to be announced, and that no one had become wise after all. Carl Camel told some of the local tribal chiefs the same thing and so the rumor was started, and the people were dismayed and perturbed and didn't laugh and fight anymore.

Long months passed and once again the blackbirds flew in for a visit with Harry the Bear. Harry's chest expanded mightily as he told them of what he had done, because he knew only what his advisors told him. The blackbirds were taken on a tour of the kingdom by Orville Owl, and they returned much satisfied, because the people were growing smaller, and didn't laugh so loud or show their white teeth (which had frightened the blackbirds before) so much now.

### Harry Wonders

This is progress indeed, they told the Bear. Before your people are as old as ours they shall be wise beyond measure. Festivals are wastes of time. Far more important to grow wise before we die. Harry the Bear wasn't so sure this was true, and was about to ask the blackbirds if there weren't a need for people to laugh and fight and play and show their teeth and tall trees, but he decided that the blackbirds wouldn't understand because they were so small.

Before we leave, said the blackbirds, you will need many more slate tablets, and spectacles, and potions for headaches, and charm amulets for people taking the tests necessary to become wise. You can buy them from us you know.

After they'd gone, Harry the Bear prowled silently around his kingdom and saw the people all working hard to be wise, and saw the merry-go-round broken and rusted and the may pole with cobwebs, and the silence made him feel uneasy.

## Looking Through a Grounbglass Darkly

By KIRK BRAUN

Oregana Editor Ross Yates cornered the photographer in the recesses of his underground dark room.

"Braun," he said, sticking a gun into the lensman's ribs, "We got to get something DIFFERENT for this year's Oregana."

The photographer spit out the old negative he was chewing on and tried to duck behind a box of burnt out flash bulbs but the yearbook editor's grip was firm and he had that fanatical gleam in his eye.

"Here it is," Yates went on. "I've got to have character shots of the students from the various schools and departments—shots

that really reflect a true picture of each type of student on the campus. I have a brief list here."

With that, the editor shoved a sheaf of papers into the photographer's face and crawled out the trapdoor.

The photographer lit a candle and scanned the list:

"Following pictures to be taken immediately for the Oregana."

"LAW SCHOOL—Catch that distinctive mark of a law student, the neck tie. May have trouble with this subject for he will babble at you continually in a jargon of case histories."

"JOURNALISM — show the characteristic 'wild look'—also

try to show that tired look and redness of the eyes from working 40 hours a week on two-hour copyediting courses."

"ENGLISH—Use a lit student for this shot. Show the anemic look that comes from poring over volumes of forgotten lore under the flicker of a fluorescent light."

"BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION — Catch the flicker of the dollar sign that usually shows in the eyes of a BA student. Also might show stubby fingers from punching adding machines."

"CHEMISTRY — this student smells. Try to portray the smell of hydrogen sulfide and also show

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