

Portland Is Such a Nice Quiet Town; Or, 'Who Looks Good in the Fifth?'

Organized gambling, prostitution and bootlegging in Portland? Yes, says the report submitted by the Portland City club. No, says Mayor Earl Riley. Ultimately the decision will be left to the city's citizens. We have certain bits of information which, now, seem timely. They are presented herewith.

In its first issue of 1948 the Emerald carried a column in which an expose of conditions in Portland was predicted. Anyone reading either the Journal or Oregonian lately must be well aware that such an expose is now in progress. As yet names, figures, dates and locations have not been made public. Perhaps they won't be. Threats of reprisals have already been made to the persons responsible for the report. Because of the publicity, most of Portland's well known clip-joints are closed tighter than a grader's heart.

Portland may lay claim to one of the most elaborate "horse-book" organizations west of Chicago. Despite protestations by city officials it is well known that many clubs have been functioning, uninterrupted, for the past nine years. The bookies in Vancouver, Wash., get their information piped directly from the "shops" in Portland. There are other places, more private, which specialize in "out-of-town-action" for larger sums.

Anyone acquainted with Portland could tell a grand jury that it's merely a matter of knowing where to go, and having enough money to spend once there, to

find a place to gamble, drink or buy bottles after hours, or commune with the scarlet ladies. How many places there are where prostitution is an important sideline, we aren't prepared to say. The City club report, without naming names, says there are 284.

If it's a "pickup" you're after, they headquarter at clubs where managers seldom discourage them. They're good for business. Other places where you can get a double-shot for 75 cents and count on it being two-thirds water, are common as grass. Bless your innocent little cheeks Portland!

Booked Solid

City officials have protested that they have done everything in their power to stamp out prostitution. Perhaps they and the police just aren't aware of entire sections like Cherry Court in the Williams district, where every house for three complete blocks carries a red porch light.

Mayor Earl Riley said Monday that the vice charges were an exaggeration, and that "they did not represent a true picture of conditions as they exist in Portland today. Arrest records will support my contention that while vice conditions have been carried on to a small degree, they have been suppressed."

We have a letter, written to us by a leading Pacific Coast educator in response to queries directed to him over a year ago, on this same subject. Because he and his family were threatened, he left Portland and is now on the

faculty of a leading California university.

R-G Okay

We asked our friend to name the paper or papers in the state of Oregon that were uncontrolled and could be counted on to give a fair and impartial account of the facts. We are proud to say that the Eugene Register-Guard and its cautious, but fearless editor, Bill Tugman, rated No. 1 on the list. "Ask Tugman about control in Oregon. He knows about it, and in the school fight, named names but no other paper dared to quote him. Tugman is for good government and good schools but wants to be sure of his facts and needs to be certain of the judgement of the people with whom he deals."

The bookie shops in Portland are open to the general public. Occasionally you see prominent Portlanders there. Their information comes direct from the tracks, via the Northwest News Service. Racing Forms and other pertinent data are given to the patrons free of charge. Each "book" pays \$180 per day for the service.

Football, basketball and baseball, under the direction of George Story, are big business for cigar counters with bets ranging from \$1 to \$10,000. Points (in football and basketball) are spotted either way and the bettor can take his choice, (after accepting the short end of 6-5 odds).

"The boys" were much interested in moving this type of business into the Eugene area, but

reported they couldn't budge ex-police-chief Pittinger. Interesting sidelight is that a prominent Eugene dentist, with offices in the Miner building, has his name and phone number pasted on the wall of a private office in Portland's largest "book".

Meadows

Interesting indeed is the inside dope on the harness races at Portland Meadows this past summer. The harness boys were losing money hand over fist. As a result many times during the summer the various horse shops were closed at noon (they open at 10) and the patrons were given free passes and urged, by microphone, to go out and enjoy the afternoon at the harness races. Closing the "books" at noon, we were told, costs a lot of money. Evidently it fitted into the grand scheme to give them a much needed transfusion, even at the expense of the regular books. Orders for the shut-down came "from above."

We were with Johnny Monroe, an Oakland fight promoter, this summer in an after-hour joint on Broadway run by a huge ex-pug called "Tiny." Tiny boasted throughout the evening that he was king of Portland's under world, and that he was looking for "mechanics" (men who can deal any desired card hand while looking very innocent) for the new card joints opening up all over the city. One of his hirelings whispered in his ear that we might be "fluff" (spies, reporters, etc.). Tiny roared with laughter and indicated with a bit

of choice profanity that he didn't think the district attorney could or would do anything about it anyhow.

Grand Jury Possible

We heard this summer that any grand jury in Portland could be easily rigged, and that "any group of holier-than-thous" would be sorry if they started anything. Multnomah county district attorney John B. McCourt was quoted Monday as saying that he would investigate the evidence and might call a grand jury "if the evidence warrants it". With all this in mind, the selection of such a jury should prove interesting.

There is still some puzzlement over the part federal men in Portland will play in the proceedings. Why have the "feds" working in the Portland area failed to substantiate repeated claims of organized vice within the city?

We were talking to one old-timer (who we think was nostalgic for the Capone era) who claims Chicago in the roaring 20s couldn't hold a candle to Portland in the furious 40s, the big difference being the fact that Portland is better and more thoroughly organized, and that control extends out over large areas of the entire state.

We pass all this along, not attempting to take sides. Certainly there is evidence available that will call for a more complete defense by Portland city officials. It will be up to the citizens of the fair Rose city to decide what they want done about it. We hope they make a wise choice.

Failures in American Foreign Policy Charged to Basic Errors in Thinking

Walter Lippmann of the New York Herald Tribune is a great man for fundamentals. The original "pundit" has a knack of wading through the extraneous matter and getting to the heart of a problem in a very few words—as political writers go. His Phi Beta Kappa address at the College of William and Mary is no exception. It appears as "The Rivalry of Nations" in the February issue of The Atlantic.

He finds something fundamentally wrong with American diplomacy. It doesn't seem to work, he observed, commenting that:

On the crucial issues our diplomacy has thus far always miscarried. It has been unable to prevent war. It has been unable to avoid war. It has not prepared us for war. It has not been able to settle the wars when they have been fought and won.

He points to a series of glorious, half-hearted attempts at American leadership. He sees Wilson's neutrality, the Fourteen points, the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Washington disarmament treaties, the Kellogg pact, the Dawes plan, the Young plan, the Neutrality act, FDR's quarantine speech, the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic charter, and the Yalta declaration. He is struck by the "contrast between our capacity as a people to develop national power, and our ability to use it and to manage it successfully."

Part of this diplomatic incapacity he attributes to a national "collection of stereotyped prejudices and sacred cows and wishful conceptions, which misrepresent the nature of things, which falsify our judgments of events, and which inhibit the formation of workable policies by which our available means can be devoted efficiently to realizable ends."

As an example he cites "our efforts to deal with events, as if they conformed or could be made to conform with our ideological picture of what they ought to be." This, he says, "has been rather like using a map of Utopia to find your way around New York City."

More serious however, is his observation that "we find an overwhelming disposition to regard the choices before us not as relative but as absolute."

We are disposed to think that the issue is either this or that, either all or nothing, either isolationism or globalism, either total peace or total war, either one world or no world, either disarmament or absolute weapons, either pious resolutions or atomic bombs, either disarmament or military supremacy, either nonintervention or a crusade,

either democracy or tyranny, either the abolition of war or a preventive war, either appeasement or unconditional surrender, either non-resistance or a strategy of annihilation.

We have worked ourselves into a box, he charges, by our view of the balance of power as "power politics," and of spheres of influence as "appeasement." But, "a diplomacy for the world as it is, which is not to extend itself in verbal declarations on the one hand, and on crusades of annihilation on the other, must deal with the balance of power and the determination of spheres of influence."

Power exists. Rivalry exists, but America closes its eyes. "We do not regulate the rivalries because we hold that the rivalries ought not to exist."

Bringing his address down to concrete problems of our own day, he applies the above principles to our relations with the Soviet Union, urging us:

To recognize the historic fact that the division between eastern and western Europe, the rivalry between Russia and the nations of the West, did not begin with Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, nor would it end if the Soviet regime were overthrown or defeated. The cultural and ideological division of Europe is as old as the division of Christendom between Rome and Byzantium. The imperial rivalry with Russia in the Baltic, in eastern and central Europe, in the Danube valley, in the Balkans, in the Middle East, and in the Far East did not begin with the Communists and will not end with Communism. It was one of the great fields of diplomacy under the Czars as it is under the Communists. Rivalry with Russia is a new problem for the United States. But the British Foreign Office has been preoccupied with it for a hundred and fifty years. We had better make up our minds that we shall now be preoccupied with it for a very long time to come.

Mr. Lippmann sees no hope of settling the Russian problem once and for all, but he does see hope of a satisfactory settlement in this generation. But he sees the settlement, not as the ideal settlement but as a "truce in the cold war, a modus vivendi" during which the world can recover from the war. Such a truce is difficult to achieve even by wise use of power and compromise, the classic weapons of diplomacy. But he warns, "if we will not or cannot use the classic procedures of diplomacy which is always a combination of power and compromise—then the best we can look forward to is an era of disintegration in the civilized world, followed perhaps by a war which, once it began, would be savage, universal, and indecisive."

Side Patter



By SALLIE TIMMENS

The Black Death, Plague, or whatever nasty you want to call it, has hit the campus again. The procession of DPs to the pill palace is increasing daily, and the sale of Kleenex must be up about 600 per cent. This is personal observation, of course, but I advocate the higher board of education should think seriously of annexing our moth-eaten establishments to a state hospital or rest home.

The weekend was busy, but not scandalous. As one fair maiden commented: "How can you expect scoops when everyone was dating fathers?" i.e., their own. Fathers really ought to come more often. They'd be amazed how much good they do the collegians. Many a lad and lassie was seen dragging the parental hand into buildings that he never knew existed, looking bewildered to find there was such a place as the oriental museum and art library.

King of Hearts Ken Bargel, who rooms at the Phi Delt house (Please turn to page six)