

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

ALL-AMERICAN 1946-47

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the University of Oregon, published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, and final examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Ore. Member of the Associated Collegiate Press

BOB FRAZIER, Editor	BOB CHAPMAN, Business Manager
BILL YATES Managing Editor	JUNE GOETZE, BOBOLEE BROPHY Co-News Editors
DON FAIR Co-Sports Editor	FRED TAYLOR
WALT McKINNEY, JEANNE SIMMONDS, MARYANN THIELEN Associates to Editor	
HELEN SHERMAN PHYLLIS KOHLMEIER Asst. Managing Editors	WINNY CARL Advertising Manager
DIANA DYE Assistant News Editors	JIM WALLACE

National Advertising Manager Marilyn Turner
Circulation Manager Billjean Riethmiller
Editorial Board: Larry Lau, Johnny Kahananui, Bert Moore, Ted Goodwin, Bill Stratton, Jack Billings.

The Green Goose is Dead But the Memory Never Dies

By LARRY LAU

We wonder if the GREEN GOOSE will ever really die? Today, nine years after the last issue appeared, well-thumbed, yellowed copies are still being brought out of retirement by old-timers on campus to amuse and amaze less fortunate Webfoots who never saw one. The paper was a satirical, hilarious "take-off" on the Emerald, ribald enough to make the Chaparral look like the National Geographic. We have the '39 issue with us.

Motto of the paper was "What's Good for the Goose?—The Gander." The banner headline reads, "Prof's Goosed on Exams" and the article following disclosed some highly interesting faculty weaknesses. Another front page story was a telegram allegedly received by UO Prexy Erb from FDR asking that all seniors be flunked so they wouldn't crowd the relief rolls.

Another bit deals with graft in the Ko-op and gives a hilarious

listing of figures "less 10 per cent graft for McBain." The front page also contains a large cut of two nudes bathing in the millrace who are identified in a cutline as two prominent coeds, then in school. The cutline went on to say "this demonstrates why they were considered 'ideal dates?'"

Another story deals with some of the millrace crew who cunningly refused to let a float, sponsored by the Three Trees Inn, into the
(Please turn to page six)

But People Like Corruption

By KIRK BRAUN

Our colleague and friend, (we hope) Larry Lau, has done an excellent job of bringing to light a situation that would seem shocking to the peace-loving citizens of Portland, ordinarily regarded a serene and tranquil community. We refer, of course, to the evidence that Larry presented, that large-scale organized gambling and vice flourishes openly in the City of Roses.

Nothing will be done because nobody wants to "clean up" Portland.

We know a lot of people in and around Portland, and very rarely have we found a law-abiding citizen who doesn't take an occasional trip to "the Chinaman's," or who doesn't speculate against the bookies on the possibility that Podunk college will beat Skowhegan Tech by 6 points at 6 to 5. The percentages of the population of Portland that HONESTLY wants to "clean up" the town is so small that its efforts are quite ineffective.

Sure, the newspapermen around Portland know about the bookie joints and where one can get a bottle for a price at a moment's notice, so what? Despite the cry that it is the responsibility of the press to keep the city's morals pure—that is hardly the practical approach. The newspaperman still has to make a living for himself, his wife, and children.

A newspaper is a business; and as a business cannot buck public opinion and politics unless it has 30 or 40 million bucks to throw away on "crusades" that will cut its own lifeline.

We spent the summer as a photographer on one of the Portland dailies and we spent our time on the assignments on which we were sent by the city editor. We did this

because if we had spent our employer's time on "crusades" against conditions that the public supported, both financially and morally, we would have missed picking up that little green check every Wednesday afternoon.

On Saturday nights when things were dull, we rode around with one of the Portland police "wild" cars, sort of a mechanized riot squad. The boys in the car joked about various "joints" and "dives" that operated within a stone's throw of the police station. Why didn't they go in and raid these palaces of sin? Because they take orders from the higher-ups, and even if the boys on top were not being paid off, they couldn't make a move until they were sure public opinion was on their side.

If the city officials are being paid off, where does the money come from? Obviously, the vice organization is a going concern or it couldn't afford to pay off. And, obviously, it is a going concern because of public patronage.

If operations got messy; if citizens were endangered by stray bullets from racketeers' tommy guns; or bodies encased in cement suits were being dragged out of the river—then public opinion might swing the other way and the citizen might say "Well, my little gambling is getting serious now—better call a halt."

As long as the vice is as well controlled and as orderly as it obviously is in Portland, the citizens of Portland will still tend their rose gardens by day and gamble by night suffering little interference from the law.

Doodles Was a Campus Character

By DAVE AVERILL

If you've heard the Spike Jones radio program, you may remember the name Doodles Weaver. He is the young man who makes noises on a harmonica, barks like a seal, and sings. Doodles fits into the program nicely—his vocals are on about the same musical plane as the band's instrumental numbers.

You might not guess it, but Doodles is a college graduate. He went to Stanford in the early '30s, and the school hasn't gotten over him yet. For Doodles was one of the greatest collegiate madcaps of all time.

One of Doodles' most famous exploits was the blocking off of Portola Road, the story of which has become almost legendary at Stanford. About a half-hour before university closing time on a Saturday night, Doodles placed planks and "Road Closed" signs across the place where Portola Road—which corresponds in function to Skinner's Butte here at Oregon—enters the campus, effectively trapping all the cars that were parked along the way. There were a record number of lock-outs that night, and Stanford's guardians of morals were sore grieved. To put it colloquially, there was hell to pay.

Another well-remembered feat occurred at the unveiling of a statue of Senator Stanford. The statue, a seated figure of the Senator, was a big thing for the school; the un-

veiling was attended by a number of local big-shots (dignitaries, I believe they are called) who made solemn, inspiring speeches. Everyone was very quiet and serious as the sheets covering the statue were pulled away; and there—you guessed it—there was Doodles, sitting in the statue's lap smoking a cigar. For that one he was almost kicked out of school.

Most of Doodles' tricks were on a less grandiose scale than these, but they were all effective. He once locked a horse in the room of some hapless individual who had left for the week-end, supplying it with ample hay and water—the results are said to have been magnificent. Another time he and some friends dissembled someone's Ford and put it back together in the hall of the fourth floor of Encina hall. And there was the time he was chided by an instructor for being late to every meeting of an 8 o'clock class; the next day, Doodles arrived at 8 sharp, wearing a long nightgown and a sleepy expression and carrying a toothbrush.

Considering that his four years at Stanford were a continual series of such doings, it seems surprising that he ever managed to graduate; the strangest part of all is that he made Phi Beta Kappa.

Want a Good 9 O'Clock?

As March 15 brings frowns and worries to the harried individuals figuring up their income tax, so February 23 to 27 means agony to the University student preparing his advance registration. Has anyone stopped to consider what influential power over individual destinies is wielded by the insignificant-appearing "Time Schedule of Classes?"

For some strange reason each department develops a strong attachment for one particular hour and has an uncanny knack for offering their best courses at the same time. Take for example the history department which has a corner on the 9 o'clock hour and dangles several interesting classes before the bewildered student's eyes. There is also a neat bit of conspiracy involved between the history and political science department. The latter department has adopted the 2 o'clock hour as its very own but has also thrown in a couple of good 9 o'clocks. The history department retaliated by shooting three good classes into the 2 o'clock pocket. A swell game only the students can't play.

Meanwhile the poor 1 o'clock hour stands alone and virtually empty of upper division classes.

Then, of course, there is the classic choke pulled by students who think they will dissolve a conflict by picking up one of the courses the following term. The choke comes when said student discovers that either the class isn't offered or that the time has been changed, thereby presenting a conflict for another hour.

Free will, natural selection, and other fine forces haven't a chance under this set-up. The class schedule book rules all. We wonder just how many would-be history majors are drifting about the outside world gazing in bewildered frustration at the degree they acquired in basketweaving because there was no conflict at that hour. M. E. T.

Youth Has Its Day

When the first meeting of the PNCC was held in Portland two years ago, it was the Northwest's initial attempt to bring students interested in national and international affairs to a single conference. The Portland League of Women Voters, sponsors of the first year's Pacific Northwest College Congress were taking on a big job.

Scoffers said it would never work—college students were too lightheaded and gay for serious discussion on anything loftier than a name band. But Reed college, noted for its intellectually alert students, opened its doors to the trial conference, and it was thoroughly successful. Students from 32 colleges and universities over the Northwest gathered to study the issues of the day. The atomic bomb, a new phase of warfare in March of '46, was first on the agenda, and atomic bomb policy, ethics, and concern were the predominate notes of the conference. An Oregon delegate was named to go back to Lake Success, where she would attend a UNO meeting to present resolutions of the delegates and the schools represented.

The first PNCC meeting was deemed successful, so successful that another conference was held last year, and one is slated this year. Rotating over college campuses in the Northwest, the PNCC series will be held this year at Whitman college in Walla Walla, Washington.

The hope that such a conference can instill and the future it can imply to today's statesmen is significant. If serious-minded college men and women, sincerely interested in curing, or trying to cure, the world's ills through intelligent diagnosis and sane remedies, may be called representative of an international trend, the world may have a hope. Certainly that world couldn't put its hopes into anything surer than its youth, and its youth are demonstrating life-saving enthusiasm, ambition, and ability.

We're proud of Oregon's delegates and we're pleased with the PNCC. May theirs be the "new world tomorrow." J.B.S.