

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

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Haifa League Onward

(Editor's Note: The following article, written by George Price of the UCLA Daily Bruin staff, is reprinted here not for the views expressed, but for the clever punning.)

Last "Brotherhood Week," 57 persons were blown to cosmic dust one day in Jerusalem; in Los Angeles a dog was killed. Hundreds of humanists in fur coats rose up exaltingly and cried: "Poor Little Fellow!"

Projected on an international scale, this is US foreign policy, on Palestine Policy is, of course, foreign to this doctrine—cloaked as it is in that turncoat of many colors—Grand Mufti.

"Arab League, Haifa League, Arab league onward into the valley of indecision," we cry. Driven forth as we are by the jawbone of an ass, the situation in the much Promised Land is Saud—to say the least.

With red fezes we say, "What UN has put asunder let nomad join together." Let's look at the problem from A to Z—Arab to Zionist:

We have put up a partition without walls and roof. The tenants are shooting each other over the size of their apartments when they don't have a house. We won't call the police 'cause we don't know them well enough.

In a Hearstian cartoon the needed bolstering walls would be labeled "International Peace Force," the roof, "Economic Union," the nails, "Law," the cops yelling for cops US. The partition strangely enough would be labeled PARTITION.

Doesn't Fez Us

As the colossus of the West and the king Midas of Freedom we stand bewildered and bewildered, a self-righteous smirk curling our fastidious lip—one hand in the Jewish Vote and the other hand in standard oil, up to the shoulder. Both feet firmly planted in mid-air. What with our back to the wall, our ear to the ground and our nose to the grindstone we're really in a helluva shape.

We suffer from that run-down condition, in the aches and pains that accompany the cold war, and we are worried about the treatment and not the cure—we're worried about our supply of Dr. Standard Old Oil, though the price is exorbitant, we dose ourselves with Atom Balm the cure's worse than the ill. The next step in this line is a Cold Tablet.

But winter is here and baseball is not far behind and we've chosen to play ball with the Arab League. We're batting .000 and haven't gotten to first base. We're still in there pitching but batting a sticky wicket; we're playing a terrific game but it isn't baseball.

Wrong Direction

"Our errors are Legion—we're dropping the ball right and Right. With the Arab Sultan of Swat swinging a big stick, and our bases loaded we choose not to play with Joltin' Joe in Left Field.

The Assembly in the stands may be voicing sentiments like "Kill the Empire," and we may have started the game, but now we don't care to play. And after all it IS our ball.

We have two choices of action. The enforcement of Law by international peace force and reinforcement of UN (remembering that if Russia in Palestine is close to us we in Palestine are as close to Russia) achieving Peace, Justice, Morality and a step toward world law enforcement and world government. And present state department policy of "Do nothing but do it quickly."

The policy of take-every-thing-give-nothing compromise is achieving naught but an equality of dissatisfaction. If Marshall had run the army as he's running the Helluva-State Department, the war would have ended two years sooner. The Reich would have won.

We've cast our bread on oil-covered waters and are stuck—with a bag of soggy bread. We've made our bedouin may have to sleep with him—Kinsey report be damned. As the sun slowly sets behind the blood-red Mount of Olives we fold our hands, like the Arabs, and silently steal away—Judea's birthright.

And beyond where the firs in black clots on lofty Mt. Ararat the Song of Solomon is faintly wafted above the cacophonous overtures on a theme—The Shriek of Araby—That might well be the plaintive strains of the UN swan song.

Spring Has Definitely Come

Spring is really here. We've seen its essence.

There has been some legitimate doubt, despite the calendar and the longer days. Students trodding the sodden paths have had reason to reflect that this is not the "Spring term at the U." they were told about Rush week.

But rain or no, spring is really here. The sweet harbinger of the verdant months is again on the shelves of grocery stores and bistros.

Bock beer has returned.

The fragrant "dunkelbrau" is not plentiful—it never is. But if you scratch around downtown you can find a few stubbies from time to time.

Appropriately enough it is the "Old Goats"

to whom the horned label means the most. The younger set was too young to drink beer in 1943 when the last bock was available. Something about the war made it unobtainable for three years. Last year, then, there was a smidgin here and there—if you knew the man behind the counter. But only this year has it been at all obtainable for the ordinary person who knows no influential grocer.

But it is with regret that we note that some of the folklore about the bock process has been forgotten in the years since the dark brown beverage was last with us. The classic (and unprintable) formula seems unknown these days. But if the essence of spring will only continue to be an annual treat, we shall gladly dispense with the folklore.

Mudrace or Not, We Still Love It

We browsed through the Co-op the first day of spring term looking for a bit of local color with which to cheer an editorial page. We happened upon a small green-backed "Songs of Our Oregon," which, judging from the steady downward trend in price, has seen better days. The booklet was first published in 1918 and later in '29, so we'll grant it legitimate depreciation.

The book looked promising, so we glanced through the "vallied dells," "restless Pacific," "hillfed fountains," and archaic references to 1916's "Bezdek's men" and equally obsolete O.A.C. Ludicrous to report, we found no less than four significant references to an Oregon institution which is no longer even a memory for most of the students. The mill-race figured largely in songs of Oregon's gay yesteryears, and we'd like to refresh the memories of the old days, and present to the youngsters the fabulous versions of life at the U.

Still a popular song, "As I Sit and Dream at Evening" features the recollection,

And yet in fancy I return
To those good times for which I yearn
I like a shady place
By the old mill race
At dear old Or-e-gon.

"In a Harbor of the Mountains," a sentimental ditty by the Webfoots Howe and McCosh, waxes poetic about those happy times

While soft the ripples run
While canoes are softly gliding
Through the shadows stealing, hiding,

Float the songs from the old mill race,
Songs of our Or-e-gon.

McCosh contributed another to Oregon's collection when he wrote "Dreams of My Oregon." The millrace was prominent for, after a quickie reference to the sparkling Willamette, he recalls

Sweet remembrances abiding
Of the same (battles) and canoes gliding

and entreats,

Let me dream by the old mill race
Dreams of my Or-e-gon.

"Come Back to Oregon," a Homecoming song by an unknown, pleads with the old grads to come once more "home," to the campus and

To the old mill race and its over-
hanging bow'rs,
Oh come back again to Or-e-gon.

And yet, as the millrace lives in a handful of U of O songs, the memory of it is almost gone. The class of '48, graduating in less than three months, will carry with it the last recollections of the race. Sorry recollections they may be, also, for it was spring term of '45 when the race rippled its last for the Webfoots. There were no Chi Psis to perform their traditional submergings of canoes, no colorful fetes, and not many men to enjoy the pleasures of a 50 cents-an-hour rental of canoes behind the Ank.

But Oregon will sing about it until daffodils grow in the race, and soccer games are played in the dried-up channel. The millrace is still an Oregon tradition.—J.B.S.

Not All College Students Are That Nervous

From random comments heard around the campus it seems apparent that the majority of University students viewed with considerable disgust the recent street demonstration by a group of Portland college students against President Truman's request for a renewal of the draft and Universal military training. As a matter for the record it should be here noted that no such public protestations were staged on this campus following the president's speech.

Student outbursts like the one in Portland achieve little. Instead, they may be exceedingly detrimental to the best interests of higher education by sweeping away in a single stroke much of the respect the country

might have for the college student and his power to reason calmly and wisely.

The leading statesmen of the nation hesitated to voice immediate approval or disapproval of Mr. Truman's program for strengthening America's military position. With few exceptions, they requested time to study the proposals. Not so a handful of college students in Portland. Scarcely had the president's voice died out when they hurried into downtown Portland to let the country know that they were "agin it."

The advisability of a renewal of the draft or the institution of Universal military training is not here debated. But—the method used by one group of college students to present its views is heartily condemned. B.Y.

Items From Roundabout

By BOB REED

Progress—And now we have a little tank which fits over the motor car battery and automatically adds distilled water when necessary. The filling station man will no longer fill the battery, instead he fills the little tank.—This is a great advance.

* * *

Atomic bombs may fall into the hands of other nations, Cousin Dillingwater concedes, but he still thinks ours will be better. After all," he says, "they're bound to pick up some strength in the aging."

The name of an English gentleman is Le-Dernier De-Lees Le-Clemeneau Le-Gertrude De Sellingcourt French, which we assume is not meant to be pronounced but tap danced.

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If words really mean what they say, then try to figure this one. Here's a gentleman whom they call a cautious conservative. And yet, he shaves on a Pullman with a straight-edge razor.