

# OBSERVATIONS

FROM THE SIDELINES  
BY Kathryn Hall Bogle

Three old friends got together recently over at Pat Patterson's house. Some people call Pat "Chuck"—his parents and Social Security call him Charles Ivan Patterson. Everybody knows Pat as the outstanding early basketball athlete at University of Oregon.

These old friends were Pat himself, Howard Hobson, the renowned basketball coach of thirty or forty years ago at Oregon and George Yerkovich, now Portland's City Treasurer and long-time supporter of sports. They got together over a pot of coffee (they told me to say that) to talk over old times—the good ol' days—when we thought it was rough going while we were struggling so hard.

It was the recent banquet honoring Dr. Walter C. Reynolds that sparked the conversation. Howard Hobson had attended that banquet as a speaker praising the athletic prowess of the guest of honor. In pre-med school then, Reynolds had made the varsity basketball squad and had won his letter playing under Coach Howard Hobson.

As they each had a second cup of coffee, George said, "Remember when somebody put ice-water in the locker room bottle of rubbing alcohol?" When the laughter died down a little, Pat said, "—And remember when somebody mixed in a little glue with the vaseline a guy was using for his hair?"

Basketball brought them together and for them it remains a favorite topic. George graduated from Washington High and Pat was attending Benson before they got acquainted with Howard Hobson.

"I coached at Benson," said Hobson. "I had been at Kelso, but then I came to Portland and I met Pat at Centenary Wilbur Church where they had something good going for all groups. There was Pat,

Morrie Huizer, Barney Woldt and Cliff McLean all in play at Centenary. We had a good team and each one of those boys won "All City" places that year. Times were tough and though I had my masters degree, I was calling on Junior High schools to coach. Money was so tight nobody was hiring a coach—and that's how and why General Science became my specialty all of a sudden one day. When I nailed down the job as a science teacher, I soon had 250 boys running up and down on track."

"Let's get to the good part," Pat said. "The part when I played under you at Oregon. Those were the days when it was O.K. for me to travel with the team, but there was no place for me to stay. I couldn't even get a haircut in Ashland—when for a short while I attended Southern Oregon College down there. I had to go 325 miles to Portland to get to a Black barber to cut my hair. And once in Grants Pass down at Southern Oregon, Hobbie checked us all out of the hotel because they wouldn't let me, a Black player, sleep in their hotel. Hobbie told me (and the team) that we had to leave because—get this—the beds were too short."

Hobson broke in: "This was back in 1936—about 18 years before Jackie Robinson. When I got the job at Oregon, I knew you were a good player. You were a good boy, a good student, and a good ball player. The other coaches in the conference complained to me because Pat was Black, but I was coaching and that was that."

"How about Denver?" Pat asked. "In Denver, they took me in the hotel to sleep, but when Hobbie made arrangements for the team to eat, the restaurant wouldn't feed me—because I was Black. And remember when we played in Moscow, Idaho? The team had hotel accomo-



Howard Hobson, former University of Oregon basketball coach, Charles "Pat" Patterson, and George Yerkovich discuss the "old days" of basketball.

dations, but there was no place to stay for me. I would have been out in the cold, (and it was cold), if a Black family, the Jordans, had not taken me in. I rejoined the team the next day."

Hobson, recalling other Black players he had known, mentioned Ralph Holmes as a "football great" and Ted Mullins as a star trackman.

Hobson and Patterson then discussed the non-existent basketball budgets of those days. Patterson posed for art classes at the then Portland Art Museum school for a little extra money. Then he asked Hobson (as if he didn't know the answer) why his basketball shoes had a size-11 for his left foot, and a size-12 for the right foot. Both hurt his feet, he recalled plaintively.

Hobson laughed and poured a little more coffee. "That's because," he said, "I didn't have money for suits and shoes for the team and I had to scrounge for every item. Your shoes came from a box of salesman's samples that a store let

me have. There were no mates in the box. Just single shoes.

"I hustled for funds. I visited all the merchants, from bankers to butchers, to get \$5.00 or more if I could."

"I went to the *Ashland Daily Tidings* when I was coaching at Southern Oregon, to see about getting publicity for the team. The paper had no reporter to send to cover the games and they told me to write it myself. I did. And it was the best (bleep) publicity a team ever had!"

Yerkovich is still employed. Patterson has retired from his years as a tax consultant for the State of Oregon. Hobson too, has retired after completing his coaching career at Yale.

Hobson lives in Portland and is writing a book. On what? You guessed it. The history of Basketball at the University of Oregon—beginning in 1901. Hobson remembers every game he has coached. He remembers every player, the position the player played, and every important play of every game. His memory and notes are as sharp and clear as yesterday. The book should be a duzies—if you are a basketball fan.

## Cell Talk

by Asmar Abdul Seifullah

These lines and passages concern the prisoner and his prison. The day to night repetition of confinement and the solitude that slowly destroys the soul of the man in the cage.

The ultimate accomplishment would be to paint word pictures that shade the bars and transcend the walls that hold men captive or to take the sound of clanging doors and ringing bells and put it on paper. Perhaps in a great moment a valid description could be given about the sensations that assault a man the moment before he is sentenced. But what relevance would that have unless you could hear and feel the fall of the gavel, unless you became a prisoner, a number, a faceless lump of convicted flesh, in a sea of statistics and projections. You can't understand the pain until you become the smile that doesn't turn up, the tear lost in timelessness, the dream metamorphosed into screaming nightmares of masturbation and homosexuality.

At this point it can safely be said that the society we live in molds our opinions and attitudes. The daily media, television and radio are aimed at conditioning public response to any given question. The color of the news is determined by the politics and economics of the corporate order. If at some point it's decided that sex is desirable, the media floods us with images that evoke sexual response. Our senses are assaulted with a barrage of seductive subliminal orgasms. When law and order are marketable we see countless police oriented pictures on our television sets, the newspapers attack us with stories of crime in the streets and the local politician suddenly becomes a law enforcement candidate. Little is ever said about

the cause or real source of criminal behavior.

The public is cleverly moved from one response to another but the problem of crime and the criminal persists. All the emotional shuffling in the world won't erase the social conditions that create crime in our community. Classes of people are victimized, become villains and criminals all because the white media hasn't had the inclination to finger the real criminals in our society. Countless Black men and women sit in jail cells all across the country—victims of a social system that has more or less dictated their path to crime.

Criminal Justice is a question that concerns every Black man, woman and child in the community. It is an albatross that has hung around the neck of the Black community for countless years. It has effectively been used to regulate our struggle against oppression and has created a negative image of Blacks that further alienates and prejudices whites. The Fat Cats that legislate laws and administrate Corrections have made a real money maker out of Criminal Justice and it's all been done on the blood of Black folks and the poor. Can you imagine how much money is tied up in Criminal Justice, how many white Americans are dependent upon law enforcement as a livelihood. A tremendous amount of revenue is generated through locking people up or not locking certain people up. The biggest lie ever told was that crime doesn't pay.

The point is that the social conditions that exist in the Black community, on reservations and in barrios across the country are created and maintained by white America.

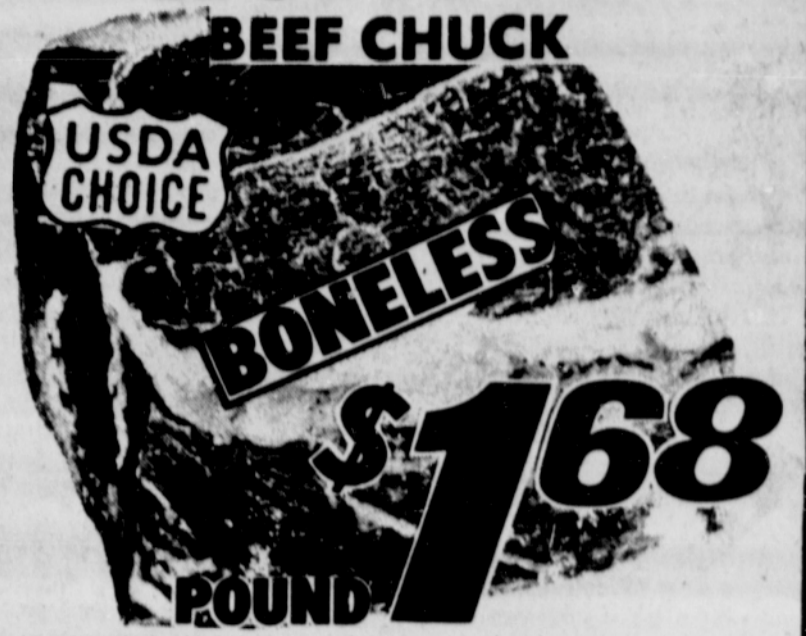
These conditions relate directly to profit, they create crime within the community and justify the maintenance of a system of justice that makes every Black man, woman and child a potential prisoner. I challenge anyone to dispute the fact that Blacks and other ethnic groups have not been greatly abused by the Criminal Justice System in America. The statistics prove discrimination but what I find appalling is the fact that the Black community has slept through the raping of young Blacks in the courtroom. That the Black community has never marshalled an effective movement to administer justice to its own. We don't sit on juries, we don't police or judge or defend or even prosecute. We have no say whatsoever in a system that controls our destiny with every rise and fall of the gavel.

Note: there has never been a Black jury foreman in the history of Multnomah County!

Crime is a serious problem to us and for us and I'm not sheltering the fact that many Black lawbreakers probably didn't exhaust all their options before the commission of their initial crime but it's also apparent that the underlying or contributing factors to crime in the Black community are deeply embedded in the economics of Criminal Justice. It's the money brothers and sisters, coupled with the fact that the Fat Cats have created social conditions that force many of us into crime. Remove those conditions, unemployment, miseducation, drugs, prostitutions, moral depravity, unfair housing and the countless other ills that infest our community and perhaps Oregon State Penitentiary wouldn't be getting Blacker by the day!

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## From the Front Door

by Tom Boothe

From the Front Door, on Thursday evening, December 17, 1981 at 7:30 pm, members of the Exodus Clean Team's performing group, along with other Exodus personnel and friends will be presenting a show entitled "In Search Of Pride."

This performance consists of music and songs, short skits, monolog stories, poetry and dance, all of which is original material composed and developed by members of the Exodus Clean Team. The show will be presented in the Exodus Auditorium located at 17th and Alberta Streets in Northeast Portland.

The children of the Exodus Clean Team, along with the Exodus Staff invite you the Public as neighbors and friends to come and enjoy their performance, as their Christmas treat to you.

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