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Hail!

Here's the Sunday sheet, and we hope to make it a bit more distinctive next time. The great rush of getting registered has somewhat interfered with our plans, and the Sunday editor has been going around the last three days looking into wastebaskets, rifling pockets, holding up scribes, and cussing the daily editors for their cupidity. But here it is.

The masthead is open to those of you who can write interestingly. This is not essentially a sheet for the purveyance of the burning hot news caught on the bounce. The theme, the poem, the essay, the letter of grievance—these, when well written, will find a place with us.

Tell us what you like and we'll try to give it to you. And watch for next Sunday's issue.

Books

SALT WATER AND RED BLOOD!

We go back in the palm days with an everlasting sigh. Human nature, it seems, has the backward glancing vision. The future we can only guess but yesterday we know through experience. We toiled and suffered yesterday, and its ways and its fashions are a part of us. Yesterday was the time of our youth. Is it not natural then that we should wistfully recall what has long since passed away?

And yesterday it was that the sinews of our nation were growing:

In this story of nation building there weaves in and out the tale of our early years on the sea. All the golden argosies of Greece and Rome cannot offer a greater scene than the shipyards of colonial New England, or the full-bellied sails of the clipper ships slipping round the Horn. For a long time we equaled and passed that far hailed mistress, England, at her own game. For many, many years it was America, not England, that held the supremacy of the sea. Now we have no great fleet sailing the oceans, save for the coast-wise trade, and the thousands of government vessels imperfectly made, clumsily made, and now rotting in quiet back bays.

"The story of American ships and sailors is an epic of blue water which seems singularly remote, almost unreal, to the later generations. A people with a native genius for seafaring won and held a brilliant supremacy through two centuries and then forsook this heritage of theirs."

A maritime race whose topsails flecked every ocean, whose captains courageous from father to son had fought with pike and cutthroat to defend the freedom of the seas, turned inland to seek a different destiny and took no more thought for the tall ships and rich cargoes which had earned so much renown for its flag."

This is the opening of a book filled with fascinating stories woven into a history of "The Old Merchant Marine," by that glorified journalist, Ralph D. Paine. The book is one of the "Chronicles of America" series.

As might be supposed, shipping was the native venture of the New Englanders. Having an inhospitable soil, a rigorous climate, and no fertile outlets directly to the west of them, they turned eastward and conquered the sea. The quaint named towns like, Nohank, Naumgong, Marblehead and Gloucester had their centers in rope walks, the sail factories and the lofts along the dock fronts.

"A vessel was a community venture. . . . The blacksmith, the rigger, the calker, took their pay in shares. They became part owners—the master, the mates and even the seamen were allowed cargo space for commodities. . . . Thus early they learned to trade as shrewdly as they navigated, and every voyage directly concerned a whole neighborhood."

Here, then, was the cradle of the American sailor, the nursery of all the grace-filled ships that flew the American flag, the nurturing spot for all the great traditions of our navy. "Hard by the huddled hamlet of log houses was the row of kept blocks sloping to the tide. In winter . . . this Yankee jack-of-all-trades plied his axe and adze . . . A sloop, a ketch, or a brig."

In these frail vessels sailed with incomparable seamanship, the New Englanders pushed over the oceans. They were everywhere, the Yankee hardihood and thrift seeking profit by fair means or illegal. And the ships flourished, in face of foreign opposition, the dangers of the sea itself, and of the pirates (these were the days of Kidd, and Bluebeard, the privateers and freebooters and buccaners). By 1700 over 1000 vessels were registered out of the New England hamlets and towns, with Salem port already shining out as a colony of the hardiest of adventurers.

The Revolution turned the tide of commerce back into the shallow harbors, presently to ebb to sea again with hundreds of boats and vessels with newly constructed gunports, and brand

new letters of marque and reprisal. The sturdy New Englander, blocked in his efforts to make a living, only hesitated long enough to refit his ship, put to sea again in quest of a Britisher. The damage they did was incalculable, as the constant protests of the British merchants of the period testify.

In this period, too, were performed deeds of valor that stand out as beacon lights from which we might guide our course; tale after tale of small, doughty and unafraid boats tackling, "by the grace of God," capturing them. It was not always so; many times they went to a wet kind of grave or were captured to languish in prison or work out dreary days in English frigates.

The close of the war brought a ruinous situation to face the New Englanders. With many settlements sorely needing the hundreds of fallen sailors, with hundreds of ships gone, never to return, there still remained a greater calamity—that of the markets of the world closed to them. "In such compelling circumstances as these," says Paine, "necessity became the mother of invention. There is nothing finer in American history than the dogged fortitude and high-hearted endeavor with which the merchant seaman returned to his work after the Revolution and sought and found new markets for his wares."

They might indeed have found some excuse for hanging back and petitioning a moribund and inefficient confederation congress, yet that would have gained them nothing, and the press of the economics of the situation drove them out to sea once more. Their indomitable courage and tenacity found the markets. Now began the long voyages across to the far oceans; Java, Sumatra, China ports, Good Hope, even tentatively touching the somnolent and tight-locked kingdom of Nippon. They were in all seas. They had the world against them, and perforce they traveled with scales in one hand and pistol in the other. Time upon time they were rushed and raided while anchored in some foreign harbor, and the chronicle found in the ship's log of many a vessel will tell of desperate work and quick action to save impudent Yankee hides. There was no end to their persistence. Wherever the tracks of the trade led they followed. And many old families of New England laid the foundation for wealth. In the ships that went out were the younger generations, working on shares and studying navigation, to become, in their turn, masters and mates of full sailed craft.

They poked their bows into every indented spot on the earth. One of them found and named the Columbia river.

The war of 1812 upon the repetition of the circumstances surrounding the Revolution. Once again these hardy people put to sea, and, "American privateering in 1812 was even bolder and more successful than during the Revolution.

There now comes upon the ocean another kind of vessel, the packet ship, which, "until the coming of the age of steam, knew no rival." She was the forerunner of the present liner. "Not for her the tranquility of the tropic seas—but an almost incessant battle with the swinging surges and boisterous winds, for she was driven harder in all weathers and seasons than any other ships that sailed."

The first were launched upon their regular twice-a-month service between London and New York in 1816; this was the Black Ball Line, and was soon followed by other competing companies. They were the marvels of the world, and a special kind of romance surrounded them. The rank of a captain when ashore "was more exalted than can be conveyed in words. Any normal New York boy would sooner have been captain of a Black Ball packet than president of the United States."

And there comes upon the scene at this time the clipper ship—a thing of beauty and a joy to the mariner's eye; "save only the cathedral, the loveliest, noblest fabric ever wrought by man's handiwork."

The clipper in her glory represents the highest achievement in sailing vessels. The men that sailed her typify the best and truest of American sea-

manship. When the clipper passed out something very fine left the earth, her beauty never to be seen again. Paine tells the story of the clipper in an inspiring manner. I want to recount just one incident in the life of a clipper captain.

"When Captain Bob Waterman arrived at San Francisco in the Challenge in 1851, a mob tried very earnestly to find and hang him and his officers because of the harrowing stories told by his sailors. That he had shot several of them from the yards with his pistol to make others move faster was one count in the indictment. For his part, Captain Waterman asserted that a more desperate crew of ruffians had never sailed out of New York and that only two of them were American. They were mutinous from the start, half of them blacklegs of the vilest type who swore to get the upper hand of him. His mates, boatswain, and carpenters had broken open their chests and boxes and removed a collection of slung-shots, knuckle-dusters, bowie knives and pistols. Off Rio Janeiro they had tried to kill the chief mate, and Captain Waterman had been compelled to jump in and stretch two of them dead with a belaying-pin. Off Cape Horn three sailors fell from aloft and were lost. . . ."

Of such fabric is woven the story of our days at sea. "The Old Merchant Marine" will challenge any recent book of fiction in point of interest. —By Junius.

ROMANCES FLOWER

(Continued from page one.)

were married in Portland, on the 29th of September.

Louise Irving, Kappa, ex '23, and Carl Knudson, Phi Gamma Delta, '21, were married in Portland in July. The Knudsons expect to make their home in Portland.

Grace Rugg, Chi Omega ex '21 and Harold Gray, Fiji '19, were married in the summer, and are at home in Klammath Falls.

What might be called an inter-campus marriage was that of Vernice Robbins, Gamma Phi Beta, '21, and John Masterson, '22, a Kappa Sigma from O. A. C. The Mastersons are at home in Sixes, Oregon.

Another Gamma Phi wedding was that of Rena Hales, ex '23, to "Doc"

Room for 4 girls 2 meals. Call 412-E-13 or Phone 1435 J. 12-07-8.

Room and Board by the month. Phone 487 R, 1390 Oak St. 14-07.

Lost—A bunch of keys on or near the campus. Return to Mrs. Datson, Friendly Hall. Reward. 15-07-8.

Rooms for Girls—Modern. 860 Ferry. Phone 501 R. 13-07-10.

Room and Board for men 536-11th avenue E. 10-06-11.

Woodstock Typewriter for sale. 536 11th avenue E. 11-06-11.

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For Rent—Desirable room, furnace heated near campus for University woman. 427-13th Ave. E. 17-07-11.

Good room and board, near campus. \$35.00 per month. 609 E. 16th Ave., corner Patterson, Phone 798 L. 18-07-12.

Dressmaking, altering, repairing, sewing of draperies and linens for fraternities. Mrs. Fannie L. Stansbie, 652 1/2 E. 13th Ave. Phone 314 Y. House to rear. 3-04 N3.

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Poems

(By Katherine Watson)

THE WIND

Last night the Wind came and kissed her,
And the poppy's face is red;
And she gaily nods—for she does not know
That today the Wind is dead.

NIGHT

Night—
The earth smelt—
The plum tree, heavy with its tremulous whiteness—
A thin round moon—
And you.

THE PLUM TREE BLOOMS

Dear—
Can it be that sometime
I shall not know when Night lets down
Her sweet dark tresses o'er the world—
When the plum tree blooms—
When you stand pensive in the moonlight?
(From Poets of the Future, 1922.)

Holman, of Pendleton, which took place last month. Mr. Holman owns a ranch near the Round-Up city.

Bess Shell, Alpha Chi Omega, '21, and Arthur Bushman, Alpha Tau Omega, '20, were married on the 20th of last June, and are living in Eugene.

Another marriage that occurred at the end of school last year was that of Dorothea Boynton, Alpha Chi Omega, and Walt Wegner, of Friendly hall, which also took place on June 20.

Dorothy Dixon, Gamma Phi '21, and Bill Hollenbeck, Sigma Nu, now at medical school in Portland, were married at the Dixon home in Eugene, on the 18th of September.

A work of "Celebrated Love Affairs of the Oregon Campus" would be a fitting place for a more complete and detailed list of these University marriages of the past summer.

EUGENE THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday

Elaine Hammerstein

Starring in

"Why Announce Your Marriage?"

Something every man and woman should know

"Do Secret Marriages Pay?"

Every Student should see the Fox super-production
Monte Cristo

New English Caps Just In



A Thought That Develops Slowly Usually Endures

Ideas that take hold like wild-fire, very often die out at the same rate of speed—things that endure develop at a leisurely pace.

As a case in point, we submit the Kay Bac developments of our tailors at Fashion Park.

Kay Bac, as you know, is a soft, easy negligee—like type of comfortable clothing.

Not so many years ago it was worn only by eastern college men—now, well groomed men in general favor it.

We're featuring it rather extensively this fall—it's an idea that most men can wear to advantage.

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The Anchorage



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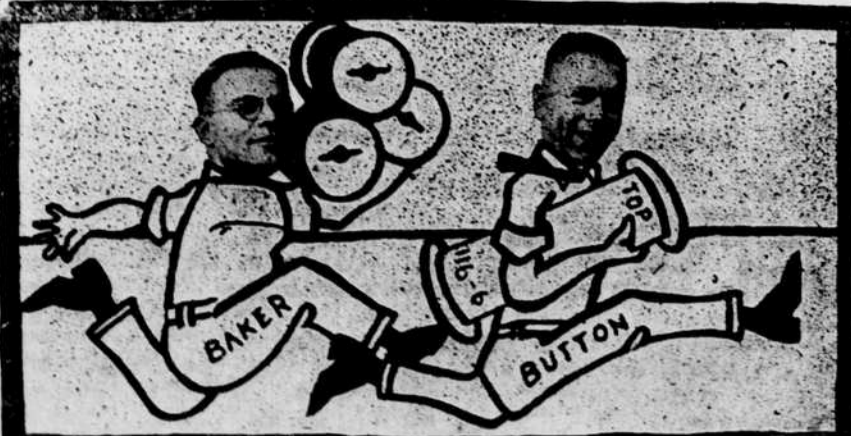
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