

# OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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## Name Those Guilty

"Case Number One— This student dismissed from the University for cheating in exams—" such is the report of the report of the student advisory committee— and the student reading the report speculates on who the guilty culprit could be, and his speculations probably include any students he knows who may have left school before the end of the term.

The guilty one goes his way, home or to some other school, punished only by his guilty conscience.

This is not fair to the students, of course. Rumor is easily started, and the whisper, "he's probably case number one," applied to some student who has left school, may easily spread into a monstrous lie.

Name the students, if they are found guilty of the charges against them. Not only will this eliminate the breath of scandal from those innocent, but it will make the punishment far more drastic—and punishment should be as drastic as is consistently possible.

## Speak a Good Word for "Lemmy"

A recent action of the Lane County Creditors' Association has placed the Lemon Punch in a more or less helpless position. The magazine, acknowledged to be one of the best college comics in the United States, has been omitted from the accredited list of advertising mediums. Students of the University feel sure that this is a mistake, and that the reinstatement of "Lemmy" is only a matter of a few days. A worth-while publication, which provided the only outlet for the humor of the University, should be supported by students and townspeople alike. Speak a good word for "Lemmy" whenever you have a chance.

## To Portland Via Canoe

By Don Woodward

Eugene to Portland via the Willamette river in a 17-foot canoe. That's a trip to take if one wants from four days to a week of real vacation after the confinement of an Oregon winter at the University.

Rapids, one after another, are encountered in endless succession for the first 70 miles after the two enthusiasts push off happily from the portage, and the little craft slips quietly down the swift water. Relaxing from the first excited moments, the partners suddenly become alert again. A muffled roar is plainly audible, gradually growing louder and louder. The banks slide rapidly past.

"We are sure in for it now," the paddler in the bow calls, as the flow quickens and a curl of broken water looms dead ahead.

"Stick tight and rest your stroke," anxiously orders the sternman.

### Rapids Furnish Thrill

There is but one place to take the rapid; the smooth water of the bulging swell between those two boulders appeared in the racing current. All else is "white water," beaten into lapping jaws, set with jagged, stone teeth, which seem to eagerly reach out in angry mouthings to crush and engulf any hapless voyager who should become rattled and miss the safe green tongue of the "chute." The diminutive green shell shoots forward, rears high in a shuddering pause, then plunges down, burying its nose in the back lash of gurgling liquid to the lee of the great rock.

"Whoosh!" The water streams over the gunwale and in a second bedding-roll, flap-jack pan, coffee pot, and other articles of camping equipment are jostling one another in the bottom. The ripples on the tail of the racing stream all but lapping over the sides, the adventurers pull desperately to shore.

With all movable objects safely lashed under canvas, another start is made. Mile follows mile, the river sweeping in wide curves to the west. The mouth of the McKenzie appears and the men know the long-talked-of trip is at last a joyous reality.

### Practice Brings Confidence

Practice on a number of the lesser bits of rough water lends a certain facility and confidence, enabling the sternman to take the next "bad spots" with no further mishap.

Lunch is a hastily eaten affair of sandwiches and pie taken "on route." The afternoon slips along as swiftly as does the little craft and, with a start, the paddlers are surprised to see "Old Sol" winking good-night over a wooded ridge.

Landing, the canoe is capsized to form a windbreak, blankets are spread, and grub box is unpacked. Soon a puff of smoke announces the birth of the camp fire; red jets creep up the little wigwam of bleached drift, and a grey smudge drifts lazily out over the river, hanging close to the surface under the suppressing influence of damp air.

"Draw a straw. The one that gets the shorter is cook tonight."

The loser turns good-naturedly to his

task; the victorious member strips and plunges into the cooling lagoon. Punctuating his speech with vigorous splashes, he gibes the red-faced individual squatting by the brisk little blaze. The sizzling steak, and the aroma of boiling coffee finally announce supper. The meal is downed in short order, and the evening passes in dreamy-eyed silence, watching the color ebb and flow on the glowing coals as the glimmering flames leap and dance.

### Joints Squeak in Morning

Morning finds the ardent nature-lovers with squeaking joints and fiery muscles. Breakfast over, the "duffle" is stowed, and once more the bow points west. Slipping around the outside of a broad bend, where the current is swiftest, the accusing cry of the steersman suddenly breaks the placid silence.

"By George, man, did you set that hot pan on the match-box?"

### "Fire" Causes Scare

Then, to the startled bowsman, plainly comes the sound of sizzling grease. Frantic grabs, and the "chuck" is strewn over the bottom in chaotic confusion.

### No fire there!

More careful investigation shows that countless minute bubbles are rising through the water. After considerable speculation it is agreed that upon striking the keel, they burst, producing the deception. Much more "frying pan" water is encountered on the trip, to the amusement of the bow paddler, who calls out, "Man, did you set that pan—"

The hours flash by, and, in the gathering dusk of the third day, the jubilant voyagers, with borrowed lantern gleaming in the stern, a host of treasured experiences lighting the memory, and a coat of healthy tan covering rippling muscles, sight the glowing aureole crowning their journey's goal—Portland.

## PEPPY SLOGANS FEATURE

Houses Are Constructing Welcome Signs for Old Grads and Alumni

"Fight 'em Oregon," "Welcome Home" and "Rip 'em Up Oregon" are some of the characteristic peppy slogans that the mens and womens organizations on the campus are planning for their Homecoming signs. Many of the houses have constructed large wooden "O's" painted green or yellow and surrounded by electric lights, others have canvas banners with the inscription painted on them. All of the signs are to be lighted either by lights reflected on them or by lights attached to the signs themselves.

The womens' organizations are nearly all planning to have some sort of a greeting strung up to greet the "grads" and "alums" upon their return. "Peppy" is the keynote of all the slogans and it is expected the campus will look very festive both day and night.

Read the Classified Ad column.

## Here's Story

as Was Once Told by the Famed Scribe, "Rex Ham."

## of House of the Johnsinings

(Taken from the "Webfoot," Oregon's annual year book of 1905. Written by one Rex Ham. It seems that in those far gone days our present controller of the University had constructed a gravel walk—but read the story.)

### THE HOUSE OF THE JOHNINGS

—And the tale runs that once in the far, wooded woolly West there dwelt a great tribe of Man-things, and their backs were herberiferous, and their walk-things were webbed even unto the fourth and fifth phalanges. And the river Willamette, in remembrance of a mighty chief of a great and barbarous nation that inhabited the land before the day of the Web-foots and all of whom perished because they opposed civilizing influences and retarded the advancement of 44 calibre rifle balls, a common phenomenon in ethnology, and called in the language of the Darwins and Spencers, natural selection or the survival of the thickest.

And the men of this tribe were mighty in arms, but of slender legs, for the mud in their land grew deep and sticky, and each member of the tribe remained all winter, where he had stuck late in the fall, but when spring came, Old Sol, with his diurnal radiance, dried the land and solidified again the rocks thereof. And behold the land cracked thiswise and thatwise and each field was rent in many deep rents, and whomsoever of the Web-foots that had been stuck, found himself in the path of one of these great Sol-cracks, was liberated and walked free upon the face of the land until the next fall, when, so the tale runs, he was stuck again. This habit of the tribe living postwise for some nine moons of the year retarded greatly the development of their gastrocnemii, and made it impossible to announce that they failed to do the hundered in 10 flat because of trigonometry. And like the monkey, thereon hangs the tale.

No tribe of the race of men can ever develop in civilization, despoil their neighbors and set their emblem of freedom upon the dislocated cranial vertebrae of their friends across the moat, until some great hero paves the way and delivers them from the common terra firma that adheres about their walk-things. So the great deliverer of the Web-men paved the way so that all the Web-men and all the Web-children might walk all the year and finally learn to run. And here begins the history of the House of The Johnsinings, for the weird ordained that from that roof should come the man who made cobble-stones famous.

And under the roof of the Johnsinings there came a Wee-John and they called him Ball-Son after his noble uncle High-Ball of the Drinkings. And he chewed gum and waxed great, and he went to the Learn-stead of the Web-men and became a mighty weilder of the Pen-thing, and he called his Pen-thing the Ink-kick, and they called him Johnsing The Flighty. And the fold built him a three-legged stool and they placed him upon it and crowned him King of the Ledger.

But one day when the Learn stead was peaceful and Johnsing The Flighty dreamed of the last appropriation, a thought escaped from the Good Roads Convention and flew into the mouth of the Johnsing, and he closed his chops and said, "It is mine. I am famous." And he straightway furnished his garret with think-things and hurried to the rock-stead, and soon the campus was teeming with thralls that were teaming with rock-wains, and they erected a crack-thing and broke each boulder-stone into many sharp angular breaks, and when the breakings were of sufficient sharpness, they were laid in treacherous walk-ways and a thrall-gang with a mighty roll-thing, pulled from the coffers of the Learn-stead long-green-things diurnally.

And it came to pass that on a day of great festivity among the Web-men, that a foolhardy freshman fell on the walk-way of Johnsing The Flighty, and the thralls of the Web-folk gathered him up on a sponge-thing and said it was surely too badness. And the Web-man covered the walk-ways with life-planks, and erected great Keep-off-the-walk-signs, and the Web-ways that dwelt at the Learn-stead extended to Johnsing the cavalry Ha-Ha-thing.

And so with the house of the Johnsinings. And the ink-spiller, pen-wiper Johnsing The Flighty. The walk-ways, the keep-off-the-grass signs and the road-things. And the things they did at the Learn-stead of U. O. The Mighty.

### AT THE HEILIG

"Love Is an Awful Thing" will come to the Heilig theatre for three days, starting Monday, one of the most hilarious and uproarious, joyous farces seen on the screen in a long time. That accomplished comedian, Owen Moore, last seen in "A Poor Simp" and "The Chicken in the Case," has the leading role. He is ably supported in the fun making by Douglas Carter, the long, lean, lanky gentleman of color who was so prominent in "A Poor Simp."

## Bagatelle

### THE PIRATE SONG

Oh, I am a pirate blythe and bold,  
And I sail the rolling sea;  
And I laugh "Ha! ha!" though winds  
blow cold—  
All weather is one to me,  
As I sit up aft  
Of my low-built craft,  
Where my black flag flutters free.

So I laugh "Ha! ha!" and lick my  
chops,  
As we scud before the gale  
To where a Spanish galleon flops  
Till they cut away 'er sail.  
And I spit a sluice  
Of tobacco juice  
That makes the whole crew quail.

For I am a man! a lordly man,  
And a gallant buccaneer!  
So I guzzle all the rum I can  
And swear for all to hear.  
I twirl with dash  
My big mustache  
That strikes the soul to fear.

Yet perilous as gold doubloon  
Is golden hair for bait.  
If some maid stole my heart, then soon  
Reform would be my fate.  
I'd dare not balk  
If made to walk  
The plank of duty straight.

—M. S.

## Poems

### DAFFODILS

Moon-flowered Daffodils  
Swaying in the sun,  
Throwing off their green cloaks  
One by one.

All set out in formal row—  
Standing stoutly heel to toe;  
First line entries of the spring,  
News of breaking winter bring.

—L. P.

### CONCILIATION

I hated gingham, polka-dots,  
Rough old shawls, and what-me-nots;  
But now my tastes are torn about,  
My hate is love, for you've come out  
In gingham.

I hated laughter, brazen glares  
Most vile of all was "bobbing hairs";  
But now my heart is waxing warm,  
'Tis two days since you braved the  
storm  
And bobbed 'em.

—P. M.

### A CRY

I must go away somewhere and look  
for God  
For I have lost him in the petty tur-  
moil of my days.  
This morning I glimpsed him briefly  
when I rose  
But the breaking of a shoe string  
turned my mind  
Into the channels of the everyday and  
commonplace.

I sometimes think that if I went away  
alone  
And lay down flat upon the ground  
With my hands beneath my head,  
And saw the life of little things about  
me,  
And looked up through the trees  
At Heaven with its lazy clouds,  
My soul might come out of its prison  
house

And look about;  
That I might feel again God's presence  
And his breath upon me.

### VERSE

The moon is tipped  
On edge, to spill  
Its pigments on  
The daffodil.

### A Cat-astrophe

A cat sat on my fence one night,  
And merrily sang he,  
His coat was mottled black and white  
As I could plainly see.

He howled, and yowled, nor stopped  
his cries  
Tho wild my pleadings grew;  
In vain I hurled a missile out—  
Far wide the mark it flew.

My voice sang loud above the din  
Commands that he should cease.  
A neighbor had me gathered in  
For disturbance of the peace.

—L. P.

## DO-NUT BASKETBALL

(Continued from page one.)

out and dropped one of their first con-  
tests to the Delts by one point.

Several men with a great deal of  
promise have been found playing in  
the series, among them being Carson,  
Bryant, Gowans, Cook, Kelley, Hobson,  
Slade, Murry and Gunther. All these  
men are the best on their respective  
teams and do a great deal to make the  
series interesting.

Carson of the Alpha Taus at present  
holds the high score record with 31  
points scored in one game, closely fol-  
lowed by Bryant of the Kappa Sigs,  
who hooped the basket for 29 points  
in one of Tuesday's contests.

The new plan of dividing the teams  
into two leagues, instituted this year,  
is working out with fine results, the  
idea being that the three high teams  
in each league will meet in a six-team  
final series.

This final round, or world series, is  
scheduled to start in two weeks, so  
all the games between now and that  
time will be important ones. Competi-  
tion is very keen among the teams to  
be among the first three in their re-  
spective leagues.

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