

OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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This Freedom Bunk

Individual development and individual expression—by these manners we grow; the intrinsic thoughts we have, and the momentary unguarded, and spontaneous utterances we let slip are the best and most genuine part of us. All the outer forces we come in contact with and all the restrictions we are subjected to have only the function of maturing and tempering the original gifts and the original personality we possess.

But sooner or later we come into a sharp and definite contact with the irritating resistance known as the social group. Irritating because, with all the sediment of social custom and formula drifted over men during the last few thousand years, we still have individual traits that protest and rebel at being curbed or modified.

Many, many people will not allow this curbing or modifying. They go off, and as best they can in a complicated and interdependent world, hold themselves free and aloof. They work absolutely for themselves, or they live in pseudo garrets and are bohemian, or they mass up a tidy sum of money and invest it in non-taxable municipals and live in club houses, or they become hermits, or self centered flitters, or they are floaters, derelicts, dependents, and crooks of all varying sorts.

There's millions of them and the shade of their social indifference ranges from not subscribing to the Saturday Evening Post on down to murder, bigamy and barratry. The question is, how much justification have they on their side? And, far more important, how much satisfaction do they derive in being there?

Well, frankly, no man is at his best, no man feels the lifting surge of exultation when he only operates on a quarter or a half of his capacities; and the whole system of life, as it is now organized and appears to be still further organizing, is to prevent any man from exercising his full powers unless they be in the service of the whole neighborhood, the whole state, the whole nation.

It's a curious thing: we razzberry the pennyweight and lackluster public offices, yet few men will refuse them. And once in, the office holder's mind slowly shifts to the 'public duty' complex.

There is an immense amount of bunk in the desire for personal freedom. Some flee to the farthest ends of the earth to escape human society, and all they have as a reward is their own, monotonous and unending company. Everlasting solitude and non-cooperation begets a sort of futility. It is only an occasional Whitman or a Thoreau who thrives on a large amount of it.

We are built with capacities for service; we are sheltered and protected by the collected labor of all the world gone before; and the whole lesson of living, if there be any lesson, seems to point to our picking up the burden as we see it, and carrying along. It is a duty; but more than a duty, it appears to be the surest and most solid way to that fragile, evanescent thing known as happiness.

Send a Man North

It seems that every year a goodly representation of Oregon people attend the Oregon-Washington game at Seattle. This season five hundred students, alumnae, and Oregonians in general will sit in the Lemon-Yellow section. Why not have the yell king go up and organize that five hundred during the game?

The A. S. U. O. says it can't afford to send a man up. McClain, at the Co-op, says he has donated \$2.50 as the beginning of a twenty-five dollar expense fund for the yell leader to make the trip. Now you Oregon boosters go around to the Co-op and chip in a quarter. Send Rosebraugh to Seattle.

Happiness?

"Those who have got beyond the childish belief that happiness is the end and aim of existence, and is actually attainable in this stage of it—who have learned by the discipline of adversity and disappointment that the grand object of life is the development of character, while happiness is only the occasional, incidental attendant of its pursuit—will read the following story with an appreciate interest which only such education can afford."—From the "The Voyages of a Merchant Navigator in 1801."

Here, indeed, is a remote voice, crying out a belief that is far sterner than anything our prophets and spokesmen utter today.

Woof-Woof!

"The case of the Oregon eleven is an easy one to handle. Oregon has played no teams of real power this year, having their big test when they meet Washington. It is very doubtful if the Oregon team can hold the Huskies to two touchdowns, much less win."—Daily Californian.

The Southern Bear, overfed with male cow meat, utters sluggish, complacent grunts.

Now walks tenderly the purse-bellied turkey, and with every fresh step he comes closer to that sweet oblivion awaiting us all. If he could only see himself on the platter he'd be proud of death.

Poems

SEA POEMS

By Walter Evans Kidd

I. SEA COINS FALLING

I have seen tall masts, slim prows and storm-wise ships
Go out or come to anchor near the quay;
I have heard the beat of blue translucency
And seaman spin their tales and bluster quips;
I have tasted salt of tide-winds on my lips
And know the smell of half-moon silvered sea
And felt the ocean urge continually.
I have gathered many coins on many trips.

My sails now dream in harbor and I stay
Down in the lonely confines of my boat;
With even silence drawn about my throat
I count my treasures over night and day.
The sea coins falling make me wise and sad
For there were richer coins I might have had.

II. HARBOR-DAWN

The muffled flap of sails unfurled, white
To share the sea-wind's blue adventuring
The indomitable whir of wings in flight
Above the old tides cautious echoing
Are present of the stirring hour of day
The hour when swaggering feet of fisher-folk
Quarrel with the unspent silence on the quay
Then come farewells, and nothing more is spoke.
Out of the dark depths of the grey night's eyes
A sudden spurt of clean light cuts its way
Across the high mastheads and ocean-skies,
Across the billows spitting subtle spray.
Out from the harbor all the boats have gone
On distant voyages near transient dawn.

III. HARBOR-DUSK

Evening: the harbor blurs with purple light
And sails that have so lately known the breeze
Of ocean-slant put in from drowsy seas.
Gulls lift slow-moving wings in nestward flight
And seamen laugh and spin their latest tales
The while they draw in nets beneath the stars.
Now silvery hums the twilight with guitars
And children dance in rings. The surf-wind fails.
The surf-wind fails. The anchored vessels hold
Their masts against the pendant stars that burn
About the Night's black throat. Now butward turn
The tired sea-folk, work done and tales all told.
To drift in dream-barques through goodnight lagoons
And make the ports of call in cryptic moons.

SEA MOODS

By A. J.

I followed the sun 'till the red disk set
Far beyond the sea from a sky of jet;
And out of the dark, a dim light grew
And the sea writhed under shafts it threw.
The sun was hid where the dark clouds fold
Over the cliff in a swoon the sea rolled;
White-caps danced on the sea's far brim
And a sentinel tree bent tattered and grim.

Three waves stood on the Ocean's crest,
Three sighs came from my tortured breast,
Three birds, homing, flew to their nest.

SPRIGS O' CATNIP

J. M. T.

The professor
Sits at the table
As one presiding over a banquet.
He serves us with questions
In strange dishes,
Or no, he is not the founder of the feast.
He is a magician;
A parlor magician;
He takes rabbits out of his hat.
This is all very well, but
He expects us to take rabbits out of his hat, also.
How are we going to take
Rabbits out of somebody else's hat?
Wilkie, this isn't fair.
You know it isn't.

SPRING SALLIES

For a beginning to the slams
Among these Sprightly Sallies,
We'd like to say we don't approve
Of the man who pigs at rallies.

OH, PERFESSUH!

The grave professor—
Down the walk
He trod along sedately
Resolved to flunk
Those frivolous souls
Who broke his thoughts so stately
With their most foolish, fresh, "Hel-lo's."
That WISE professor! There he goes.

Mandolin for sale. Call Sunday afternoon at 1562 E. 13th street, or phone 865-R. Price very reasonable.
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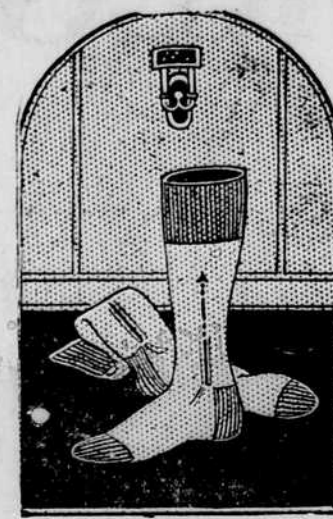
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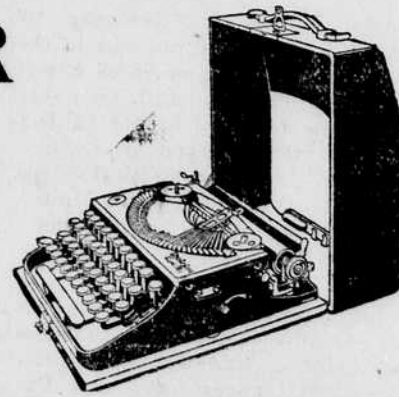
How to Secure Tickets by Mail Now—Address letters, checks, postoffice money orders to Heilig Theatre. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope to help insure safe return.

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WHISPER

it along to Dad that a
Remington Portable
would make an ideal
Christmas Gift

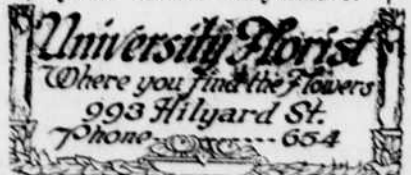
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It's Great to Be Young-- So the Poets Sung

But you're going to miss a whole lot of fun if you're down town in the evening and fail to stop in The Rainbow with its gay lights, laughter, and teeming college life. Why it's a very part of the life

that you're living. Established for years here we've especially catered to students, their fancies, their whims and their tastes. Your last thought as the clock hands creep toward twelve should be to wind up the evening at

The Rainbow

Herm Burgoyne