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A New Course We'd Like

Rome once had a fire; Charles I had his blooming neck severed in twain; Paris has several times suffered from the mob; all these are true statements and maybe it's well for our mind that we absorb such thrilling facts. It all goes to make up a culchoored state of being. But there is one great Sahara of time in which we never adequately find ourselves. That is the present time.

It is a funny twist of events which makes us live in the present, think in the present—and yet know darned little of the present. We always seem to be studying events that transpired the day before yesterday; we are always letting today's news pass over the night and grow cold before we try to comprehend it.

What we need here in this school is a good course in contemporary history—a course that would attempt to embrace just about everything within the range of recent newspaper headlines; everything from the new ball and socket joint discovered on the bee's knee down to Mussolini and why the Turks won't stay in their own back yard.

Naturally it is difficult to deal with shifting facts and changing values; and for the professional chair we would need a man of liberal and catholic tastes; one who has travelled a deal, who has studied more, who is possessed of a flexible mind, and a nose and enthusiasm for his job.

If we could get such a chap his classes would be overflowing, and he'd be worth any amount the school paid him.

FRENCH CANADIAN POEMS

By Pat Morrisette

LOGGER: A STUDY IN TASTE.

SOUNDS

I lak see da cheepmunk scare
Wen I chop me wit da axe.
I lak hear da pine cone drop,
An' give dem cheepmunk scare.
I lak smell da wood pine smell
An' call at wil' deer—
Seat!
I lak hear da echo dat my axe make
On da wood.
I lak stop an' leesen to da reever
On the canyon down below.
I lak hear da cow go moo-moo
Som' ere don' know.

But soun' I lak da mos'
Is wen she-cook Maggie Midger yodel—
Dat's time for men come back.

WIND

I lak clim' on top da mount'n
Wen da win' is blow lak hell,
Da win' is scare lak cheepmunk
And run up one small tree
Which is try to push off mount'n
By shakin' on da leave.

Den she cry:
Rollon down da mount'n—
Lak tak my coat off
Wen she pass me by.

I hol' my breath:
Som' ere down da reever
I hear her callin' me.
Mebbe she hate da canyon
An' wan' me let her free
Lak on top da mount'n
Where I be.

BATH

I lak put my foot on brook on Spring
tam,
Wen mount'n snow mak blood on me
boil over,
Lak leetle girl in peeter—
Call September.

Som' tam, I lak jump all een lak otter.
You bet. I come back out!
Right 'way I leek all men on camp.

MOUNTAIN GRAVES

I lak go where birds sing sweet-lak;
They know they's mount'n graves:
Where sun gives shine more soft-lak
An' da flower grow mos' soft'ly
Near da grave.

Som' tam, meby, I wonder
If bird would sing so sweet-lak
If they knew them men were logger
men
Lak me.

EVENING

Evenin' I lak seet on porch.
I lak watch smoke on pipe go blooy.
I lak watch pine on trail go black
An' seek out lak ghos' on sky.

Can't see no star for long while.
Den cloud go by.

Moon jump out lak owl eye,
An' bleek from mount'n top.
All seecler-lak I see da reever,
Shinin',
Down below.

Da air she keep so steel den.
Da win' no whisper any.
Da tree seet quiet, no move da leave:
I swallow silen' air;
My heart get tick lak somethin'.

I tink den:
I no so heeg as een da day tam—
Meby so.

MIDNIGHT

I lak wake up all for noting
On da middle of da night:
Jus' to leesen on da night grow
Outside.

Damn fool rooster
On da coule
Belong himself to Mike Cambeau
Wake up sleepy lak a logger:
Right away he wan' to crow!
He start da worl' to movin'
Wen he lif' hees leetle neck,
All soft-lak,
An' say on to da night breeze
Cooc-a-coo.

Damn fool donkey
Who is hobble onder tree on pasture
Tink he is hees brudder
An' he answer back on "Yea!"

Me myself I wan' to answer back on
rooster;
I wan' holler on da silence:
Hawla-loo!
But I hear da men all sleepin'
An' I tink of neck of me:
So I put my neck back on da pillow,
An' try me not to tink:
But I can do no ting lak dat.

GEORGES LEMIEUX

Georges Lemieux,
He got his ukalay.
He soun' lak debil on da day tam;
But boss is scare he lose him
Wen he play oneath da moon.

He seet him by leetle creek below da
coule,
An' strum his purty tune.
He sing on girl wit brown eye
Who leev on New Orleans.
He say, wen axed, he goin' back.
(No odder eye but brown eye.)
But he allus stay logger camp,
An' play him leetle tune. . . .

PHILOSOPHY

Church-mouse poor is ver' ver' poor,
An' I am poor lak dat:
Las' year shoe is ver' ver' theen,
An' mine is theen lak dat.
Shore, las' theen dime is ver' ver' theen!
But heart don' care:
If he knew how gol' is cheap.
He have young life yet—
Plenty of it to spen'!
He can spen' it all lak water go:
Wen day is lef' hehin'
An' it have foun' no fren'
He can pledge the res' to mount'n
And a tree—
For sake of older tam
Wen he an' them were bonk mates,
An' stood alone lak poor man,
Lak logger man,
Lak me.

ADVICE

Foue say why don' I marry
An' get me wife lak hees:
Foue don' know
Once I got one wife already,
An' she was too damn much lake hees.

Foue say why don' I go on voyage
An' get me job in town.

Den I say why don' he.
Den we bot look at da mount'n
An' he don' spik to me.

PLEDGING ANNOUNCED

Delta Zeta announces the pledging of
Margaret Duerner of Hillsboro.

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BAGATELLE



Student of Eatum College, Canny Ball, South Africa, en Route to Eta Legor Di Sorority Formal.

The Good Old Days
When manners were the fashion—
And courtesy the style—
The men were trained in bowing,
And girls knew how to smile.
Coquetting was an art. . . .
(From VAMPING quite apart!)

When nose-gays had their hey-day
And crinolines were "In,"
True gallantry was needed
A lady's heart to win.
They danced the minuet—
(No jazz was known as yet!)

When coach-and-four meant travel,
And sunshades were of lace—
A fan was used to cover
Real blushes on one's face.
(No knees allowed to show
Two hundred years ago!)

When parties were for pleasure
And not for policy
And primroses were patterns
For fine embroidery—
(No LADY could be met
Who smoked a cigarette!)

Yet—men were drawn and quartered
And Indians made war.
They tried old dames as witches
And burned them by the score.
They had no plumbing then—
No golf—no fountain pen!
—Margaret Skavlan.

SPRIG IS CUB!

We all begin to wonder what's the
matter with the air; and we gaze with
eyes condemning (?) at her newly mar-
celled hair; Tho' we all would like to
pig her, our first thoughts must be of
purse, and we lapse into a reverie of the
things which might be worse. Then
we think of books and classes, and of
prof's and other things, and we call
ourselves poor asses if we run at hourly
rings. In the morning when the sun
shines, mountains loom before our eyes,
and we consider if its better to be
happy or be wise. Some things affect
the old ones which might show them to
be young, we begin to name the archi-
tects and wish they'd all be hung.
Again, there's a big story; I think to



A Suit for a Song

THROW off the garb
of winter and blos-
som forth in one of our
new suits. They have
attractive style, attrac-
tive materials and sell
for a song.

Collegian Spring Suits
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tell you would be best, so I'll burst
out in my glory, and shift it from my
chest. It's nothing but a sentence
long—a lightly worded thing: When
you've finished with this song, I'm
sure you'll know it's SPRING!

LORNA DOONE AT CASTLE

Romance comes riding across the
screen in picturesque seventeenth cen-
tury garb in the sumptuous production of
"Lorna Doone," which opens at the
Castle Monday for three days only. From
a novel that has been a favorite with
three generations, Maurice Tourneur has
produced a film that combines the beau-
ty of an old world painting and the
thrills of a modern melodrama.

Against the background of the Devon-
shire hills and moors, visited annually
by hundreds of tourists who have shud-
dered over the deeds of the "bloody
Doones," the beautiful love story of the
captive "Lorna" is told. Characters
of the familiar book enact with a real-
ism, terrifying at times, the dramatic
episodes that are known to every student
of the English classics.

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forward, improving and advancing. It is our
aim to continually better our service and our
food.

—Personal service, a cordial atmosphere and
pleasant relationships are among the things
we take pride in.

—By the way—why not repeat that last Sun-
day's chicken dinner at Ye Campa Shoppe to-
night?

Ye Towne Shoppe Ye Campa Shoppe

Hersh Taylor