

# OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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## Sterner Gods

In the middle watches of the night the Southern Pacific sometimes wakes us to the rattle of its freight cars, and sometimes we remain wide-eyed, staring at the patterns of gloom above us, long after that train has gone by Judkins point. Of course, only a disturbing idea could so interfere with our sleep, and in this case the idea is most likely to be the old, old question, Do we fashion our reverence to the feet of real gods in this school?

No man is so merciless of himself as during the small silent hours when his weaknesses and petty spirits troupe by him in full regalia; then, if ever, he gets an idea of his relationship with the rest of the world, and he is likely to shrink and shrink until the bed covers seem ton-weights over his pigmy frame; then, if ever, he admits to being an addict of mankind's sin, shiftlessness.

For we are all tarred by that vice's stick. When we protest against the stiffening of a course and bring into our protest a flock of stately arguments and pious protests we are, most likely, the greatest influenced by a dread and distaste for exceeding the mental or physical speed limit. Of course, the stately arguments and the pious protests are all very well—every man in the world, from low to great, must have conventional smoke screens to cover his basic motives. What we seek to point out here is the fact that basic motives do exist, behind the bushwah smoke screens.

Now, doubtless, some instructors will misunderstand this editorial (if they read it at all) and will use it as an excuse to slap on more work.

## Personals

Dr. James H. Gilbert of the University economics department was again in Salem last week, assisting the legislators in revising an income tax measure. He was gone Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, returning to Eugene Thursday and resuming charge of his classes on Friday.

Rolland Andre, who was here last year and was a member of last year's varsity basketball squad, is a week-end visitor at the Kappa Sigma house. Andre claims Athena in eastern Oregon as his home.

Louise Vonder Ahe, ex '24, and a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, is visiting the campus this week. Miss Vonder Ahe, whose home is in Eugene, is attending dramatic school in Portland.

Dr. H. D. Sheldon, dean of the school of education, will speak before the local county teachers' institute to be held in Cottage Grove March 3.

"The Woman Juror" will be the subject of a lecture which Professor Justin Miller of the University law school will give by radio from the Oregonian tower Sunday, March 4.

Miss Frances Hayes, field representative of the State Child Welfare commission, was a visitor on the campus last week. She was a guest of Miss Gertrude Talbot at Hendricks hall. While at the University Miss Hayes addressed the practical ethics class last Tuesday, and on Wednesday she spoke before the Condon Parent Teachers' association, which gave a tea in the Woman's building.

University women are being offered an unusual opportunity to hear a series of lectures in connection with the practical ethics class about the opportunities for women in the field of social welfare work.

Miss Frances Hayes lectured last week, Dean Fox will speak this week, and on March 6 Miss Elanor Thompson from the University of Oregon school of social service at Portland will speak. Miss Thompson will be a guest at Susan Campbell hall while on the campus.

Professor C. A. Gregory of the school of education will speak before the Washington county teachers' association at Tigard March 3.

Miss Rosalie Cuevas, instructor in Spanish at the University, was ill all last week with the influenza, but was able to be on the campus Friday. LeLaine West, a senior in the romance language department, had charge of Miss Cuevas' classes in her absence.

Bicycling was the diversion indulged in by three co-eds of the Gamma Phi Beta house, who celebrated the holiday by pedaling to Corvallis. Starting from Eugene at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday, they arrived at the neighboring city at sunset. Either because of weariness from cycling or an unexpected puncture, the girls failed to ride the bikes home and raced into Eugene Thursday night in an automobile.

Among medical school students who are visiting on the campus from Portland are Flora Campbell and Wilbur Bolton.

Doris Sikes, a junior at the University last year, is visiting at the Alpha Xi Delta house this week-end. Miss Sikes is a member of the staff of the Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Mrs. F. O. Downing of Portland is a guest at the Alpha Phi house this week.

Mrs. F. W. Benson, house mother at the Pi Beta Phi house, is visiting in Portland this week-end.

### CINQUAINS By Walter Evans Kidd

I. Moon  
You split  
Immortal silver on the crimson roses  
That dreamed in ancient Rome  
And on the lone white lily  
In Elaine's still hand.

II. Second Night at Camelot  
Lancelot  
Beside the slim pale lilies  
In the garden of Camelot,  
Listens. Silence, poignant silence—  
Elaine is gone!

III. Youth  
I,  
Who have felt the dawn  
And drunk the wine of love,  
Believe  
There is no death.

IV. Her Song  
Twilight!  
Soft scents on the breeze,  
And you spinning songs  
Out of pregnant silence  
Of love.

V. Sleep Song  
Night strews  
From a silver basket,  
Her golden dreams

—Walter Evans Kidd.

## Poetry

### LONELINESS

When bright noon wastes to twilight,  
Full of cold,  
And homing boats slip softly in from  
sea;  
When shadows munch the light that  
sunssets hold,  
And grey winds waft grey silence down  
to me,  
And sea-birds lift sinuous wings in  
flight  
For nest; when salt-smells ooze across  
my room  
And surfs moan to the round blue ears  
of night—  
Ah, then, I hear his deep voice thru  
the gloom:  
A voice that holds the rhythm of the  
sea.  
I see his strong hands resting on the  
spars  
Or rail; the long sails lifted glori-  
ously;  
The weightless bales down in the  
slender hold.  
Too soon a ghostly breeze blows from  
the stars;  
The white sails fill—and I'm alone and  
old.

## THE MEMORY QUEST

By Don Woodward

A long drawn whistle piercing the thin fog caught the ears of two skulking figures near the cattle loading chute just west of the Eugene station. Nudging one another, they peered around the corner of the white-washed fence and soon marked the shaft of light streaming out before the careening locomotive as it rounded the curve and groaned to a stop beneath the water tank, where, wheezing and panting, it gorged on the cool liquid. The conductor disappeared into the office, soon reappearing, in his hand telegraph orders to the next junction, which he passed up to the engineer; the huge bent pipe resumed vertical position with a crash, water dripping from its open mouth; the bell rang its warning; the powerful drivers strained; coupling took up, and the long string of red cars moved forward.

Rapidly increasing speed, the giant freight engine passed the crouching figures, light flaring on the smoke column belching back over the cab, and they saw the fireman perspiring, shoveling, shoveling, coal into that voracious maw.

Then it was past and the dark line of loaded cars were slipping by. "We can't make those fruit cars," ejaculated one of the hiding men. "We'll have to wait for an 'empty' and take our chances on the speed."

"Now! Get the box car behind that flat with the logging engine." Two shapes streaked out from the shadows and running swiftly along the grinding wheels grasped the iron rung of the side ladder and swung up, feet striking the footrail. Quickly gaining the top they lay there and rested with drumming heart and straining lungs.

### Lemon-Yellow Caps

The car passed under a street lamp near the outskirts, the glare showing a green and lemon headgear—queer covering for ordinary hoboes.

After sufficiently regaining their poise they crawled along the little walk on the roof, which was covered with a slight film of ice, gathered doubtless farther up the valley near the Siskiyou mountains. The first to reach the front end of the lurching car suddenly drew back with an alarmed start.

Looking over the edge at the low deck of the flat, only part of which was occupied by the logging engine, he had seen a cigarette glow close to the cylindrical boiler, and then saw that two men were standing there.

"Part of the train crew down there!" he spoke in his partner's ear. "We better stay here till we reach Junction City."

So they clung there for fourteen long miles, an icy wind cutting through them and chilling every bone, the long cloud of smoke and cinders alternately lifting to give a breath of pure air and then descending once more, choking and acrid. At last they jolted into the junction. With difficulty, fingers numbed from the cold, were pried loose from their tight grip, and the adventurous travelers descended to the ground.

### Chance to Warm Up

A footrace alongside the cars soon shook sluggish circulation from its lethargy and a wave of warmth spread over their bodies. Five whistles from the engine recalling the brakeman warned that it was time to find a suitable place. The shadowy shapes flitted to the flat. After a careful reconnoiter they assured themselves that the car was vacant. The wheels, moved they scrambled to the deck, and the midnight excursion to the metropolis was started once more.

So the night passed, with the stars showing occasionally when the fog lightened and then hiding away once more as the pall grew thicker. Violent war dances, singing, and swinging of arms served to keep the blood moving and the spirits high.

During a long stop on a siding as

the eastern horizon showed the first tints of dawn the sound of voices and scraping feet was heard—the noise appearing to come from the interior of the fruit car just ahead.

"Do you suppose someone is locked in there?" excitedly breathed one of the amateur hobos. "Maybe we had better try to help them."

"Come on," commanded the other, but at that moment the little trap door on the roof flew back and a battered hat followed by an unkempt face projected from the opening.

### Companions are Seen

A long loosely clothed figure suddenly shot up, following the hat and face, and, gaining the top, leaned down grasping a pair of grimy hands reaching up from the dark recess. A heave and a second form attained the roof.

"Dats too cold for me, bo," shivered the first. "Better get down and warm up a bit."

They shinned down the side and beat their way toward the flat.

"Hello, boys."

The greeting followed their notice of the lemon-yellow topped fellows by the machinery, but only after a searching look of appraisal to ascertain if they were trainmen.

"Better come back wit us. They's an empty with straw in her bout midway."

That sounded good. The youths jumped to the ground and set out with the others, surreptitiously picking a handy sized stone apiece to be used in breaking heads if the need arise.

But the older men seemed kindly and were interested in the students, asking about college education. One of them said he had gone to Yale or Harvard, he'd forgotten which now, but the call of the road had been too strong and he had "jumped bail" and hit the "cinder path."

### Better Car Found

The car was found. It proved a handsome place after those hours endured during the dark. The four tourists lay down on warm straw litter covering the floor. The measured thump-ity-thump, thump-ity-thump, soon lulled all to sleep.

They were brought back to consciousness with a rush.

A bull-like voice bellowed at the door, "I'll give you guys one minute to clear out of here. Git, or the hoose-gow for you all!"

The four tred to exit at once through the opposite door. The result was confusion, bruised arms, and hot words. They finally filtered through. The red buildings of the pulp mills at Oregon City met their sleepy eyes.

Settling back in the plush seat of the electric the two young fellows congratulated each other on the money they had saved.

"Pretty good, hey Bill," said one. "With two-bits out for this car ride we still have made about four dollars. Pretty good!"

"You bet. Besides there's the experience of hooking a train to cherish in our memories. Let's see what time it is."

Reaching simultaneously into their pockets, they withdrew empty hands. Turning, they stared at each other in blank astonishment.

"Cleaned! My thirty dollar watch. Here comes the conductor and I surely hope he will be a good sport."

He was! They descended at the first stop by request and set out afoot. A kindly motorist picked them up. A brisk ride brought them to their destination. "Going back the same way, boys?" asked the motor driver.

"Nope," they answered in chorus. "All we have left is a cherished memory and we want to keep that, at least!"

## UNIVERSITY LENDS SLIDES

Schools and Clubs Get Material Free of Charge from Extension Division

The extension division of the University owns 220 sets of educational slides, or about 8,000 views, which are used by schools, churches, lodges, women's clubs, school supervisors, and organizations in 200 communities throughout the state. These slides are loaned free of charge by the University, transportation being the only cost to the users.

Slides on geography are in greatest demand, according to Alfred Powers, of the extension division. There are many views of Oregon, besides other parts of the United States, Asia, Europe, North and South America and Africa. Consuls from different countries have recently been asked for slides of their countries. A set from Bolivia has been promised as a loan to the University, from the Bolivian consul in San Francisco.

The University has been collecting slides since 1916. Many of these have been gifts, although most of them have been ordered by the extension division from slide companies. Included are geography, history, industries, physics, literature, the Bible, rock collections, and microscope slides.

The University high school uses the views more than any other school on the campus. There are many demands from organizations from all over the state, however, with a large majority from Portland. Schools and churches use the slides the most extensively, as they work out series of programs for several weeks and these are filled by the extension division.

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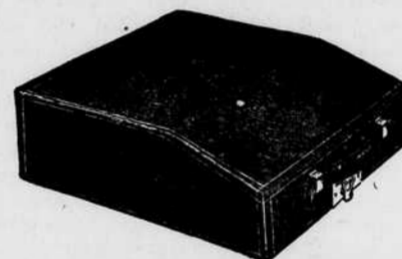
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