

Lemmy's Ghost

The Hammer and Coffin Society
Edited by Rolf Klep

UNDER THE NICOTINE TREE



Room—"Say—Where yu' been. You look as though yu'd had a fight."

Mate—"Just came back from a field meet. Who wouldn't be hot?"

Room—"Field meet?"

Mate—"Yeah. Met that co-ed you told me about. She took me down to the field for a try-out."

Mark—"How does Harriette appeal to you?"
Brutus—"It all depends on whether she thinks I have any money to spare or not."

The Mastic Age

By Black Marks, second to Percy Marks

His nostril quivering with anticipation, Randall Woodward had climbed the hill which led to the college. Winded as he was by the climb, he was still able to wave the pennant he had purchased at the station and give vent to a few "Whiskies" in honor of his arrival at the fair universities.

College was just as he had pictured it. There was a senior in one of those green rooting caps which seniors always wear! There was a student have a petting party with a dog just as the story books about college had it! Randall had often wondered why the collegians should designate a dog by such a queer name as "Co-ed," but had decided that it must be the latest college slang. Anyway Randall was determined to get a co-ed of his own and have lots of petting parties. He did so much want to be one of the boys.

II.
Randall knocked timidly at the door of the room.
"Open," cried a voice from within the room.

Surprised but not nonplused, Randall kicked the panel out of the door and crawled into the room. "I'm Randall Woodward, your new room mate," he said as he rose to his feet.

"My name is Johnson," said the lad who confronted him, extending his hand, "Put 'er there." Randall put his suitcase in the outstretched hand, and sitting down on the table with his legs crossed in the approved college style, sang the first verse of "Hail, Alma Mater."

III.
It was the second day after Randall registered that he saw a man belonging to his father's fraternity. He didn't dare speak to him but he recognized the pin. It was the reproduction of the trunk of a tree with the Greek letters, Omega Omicron Omega on it, or as it looked to Randall W. O. W. Randall hoped that some day he would be asked to join the organization.

IV.
"Woodward, what kinds of money are there?"
Randall was so pleasantly shocked by this unexpected attention that he was rendered speechless. He could only strangle over his rapidly developing Adams apple, and paw helplessly at the air. However he finally managed to blurt out: "Two kinds, real and counterfeit."
Of all his professor, Randall loved Dr. Jilbert the best. His kindly face reminded Randall of his dear papa in far off Cottage Cheese, and the way his hair stuck out over his high stiff collar seemed so intellectual to Randall. In fact such was his affection for the doctor that he always thought of him as "Dear Dr. Jilbert." He used to repeat this to himself when he was feeling homesick, and it never failed to help remove the lump from his throat.

V.
Randall couldn't believe his senses. It seemed impossible to him that the men whom he had always idealized could be guilty of such degradation. These men couldn't be so un-speakable low.
He refused to believe it at first, but the truth could not be concealed.—And the women, too. That was what hurt. It was bad enough to learn about the men, but when Randall discovered that the women were guilty, too, the blow nearly killed him.
The college men, the college women, and even most of the faculty were chewing gum ad-dict! Chic! Chic! Chic! The night after Randall discovered this, he cried in his pillow for hours. Disillusionment hurts so terribly.

VI.

It was his roommate, Bill Johnson, who started him on the downward path. Bill had repeatedly attempted to get Randall to try the loathsome stuff. He would plead, "Just try half a stick. That little can't hurt you." And Randall would answer, "No, Bill, I can't do it. It would break mother's heart if I ever got the habit."
But one night when Randall was exhausted from his labors he yielded to Johnson's suggestions. "One stick can't hurt me, and it might help my halitosis." The sugary morsel crumbled in his mouth, the warm mint flavor seemed to pervade his whole system,—and Randall Woodward joined the mighty legion of the lost!

VII.

He met her at a Beeman's Bust, or Wrigley's Wiggle, as they were sometimes called. She was a pretty little thing, but the bulge on her jaw proclaimed an addict. Love was born between them almost immediately. They were so sympathetic in their tastes. She preferred Tutti Fruitti, and so did he.

The second night after meeting her he proposed, and she confessed her love for him. "But," she said, "it wouldn't be fair for us to bring little ones into the world who might be chicie fiends also. We must consider the unborn generations."
Randall recognized the truth of her words, and drawing her to his bosom whispered, "My dear, we must break ourselves of this dreadful habit, Love will give us strength."

VII.
No longer is the air of the campus tainted with the seductive odor of spearmint. No longer do the students' jaws move with bovine pacidity as they sit in class. No longer do chewing gum wrappers litter the grass and sidewalks. The demon chicie has been defeated in battle, and the champion is Randall Woodward.

The great emancipator sat at his window looking out over the campus. It was the night before commencement. A feeling of contentment stole over him. His work was done, and yet it was only started. As he sipped his evening portion of warm milk, he murmured to himself, "College ain't so bad after all."

SOCIETY

By Lylah McMurphey
PHONE 851

The past week was marked by a number of fraternity initiations, the April Frolic and the men's smoker on Saturday evening and the matinee dance given by members of Mortar Board on Saturday afternoon, but, as a whole, the week was rather a quiet one, due to the nearness of Easter, which was a very joyous occasion. Now that Lent is over there will undoubtedly be a resumption of larger and more formal events for the greater part of the term.

Perhaps the most unusual and charming event of the season was the annual Easter breakfast given in the sun parlor of the Osburn hotel Sunday morning by Epsilon Omicron of Phi Gamma Delta. Special guests were the seniors of

At the Theatres

HELLIG—Tonight: "Pampered Youth." Wednesday night, Western Vaudeville, presenting five Orpheum and Keith acts of quality. Plan to attend the second augmented show at nine o'clock.

Coming: "That Devil Quemo," "The Snob," "The Great Divide," leading moving pictures of the year. The Greenwich Village Follies, with Gallagher and Shean comes April 28. Dinner engagements for principals and 20 artists models can be arranged by calling Hellig publicity manager.

THE REX—Last day: A three feature program; the dramatic success, "Gerald Cranston's Lady," a drama of marriage for convenience, with James Kirkwood, Alma Rubens, Marguerite de la Motte, Richard Headrick and Walter McGrail; the Rex stage novelty, "Radio a la Rex," featuring the latest invention, "Visible Radio," with seven stellar soloists and broadcasters, at 7:25 and 9:30 p. m.; Christie comedy, "Don't Pinch," with Bobby Vernon; International News Events; LeRoy DeVaney in atmospheric accompaniment on the mighty organ.

Coming: "Reckless Romance," a farce deluxe, with Wanda Hawley, Harry Myers, T. Roy Barnes, Tully Marshall and star cast.

LAST TIMES TODAY

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the fraternity who are Ivan Houston, Victor Risley, Robert Hawkins and William Poulsen, while additional guests were alumni of the chapter.

The table where breakfast was served was arranged in the form of a diamond, the shape of the fraternity pin, and in the center of the diamond was a huge basket of spring flowers surrounded by moss. Potted plants, cut flowers and ferns were used about the room. Each guest was presented with a little parchment lamp on which were tiny flower baskets similar to the large one in the center of the table.

An orchestra composed of Lois Parker, Lora Teshner and Alberta Potter furnished music and Aubrey Furry sang "Smoke Dreams."

Walter Evans Kidd, a student of the school of journalism, recently announced his engagement to Nancy Pendleton of Glenwood, Washington. Mr. Kidd, who is a junior in the University, is an acknowledged poet both on the campus and in the world of western lyrics, conducting the "Lyric Rainbow" poetry column of the Emerald, and having had his work accepted by outside publications.

Miss Pendleton was a student of the University of Oregon last fall term, of the class of '26, and majored in education. She is attending Washington State Normal school at present.

Mr. Kidd is affiliated with Sigma Pi Tau. No date for the wedding has been set.

An interesting announcement made at the annual Alpha Gamma Delta Easter breakfast was that of the engagement of Crystal West, '24, to Wayne Meek, ex-'25. Tiny Easter rabbits dressed in fluffy crepe paper skirts carried cards bearing the news.

Miss West was a member of Alpha Gamma Delta, Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Lambda Theta, and Mr. Meek of Kappa Sigma. She is teaching in a Seattle high school this year, and Mr. Meek is finishing his college work at the University of Washington.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends is the announcement of Mildred Smith's engagement to Kenneth Smith, which was made known at the Pi Beta Phi house at a midnight supper on Saturday after the April Frolic. The center piece for the dining-room table was of roses. Cards found in each girl's piece of

cake told of the betrothal.

Miss Smith, who is a major in sociology, has just returned to college this term to complete her senior year. Her home is at Redmond, Oregon. Mr. Smith is a graduate of the University of Oregon and a member of Delta Tau Delta. At present he is attending medical college in Portland where he is a junior. He is affiliated with Nu Sigma Nu there and Sigma Psi, a national research fraternity.

FORMER TEACHER RETURNS FROM VISIT IN CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Catherine Cogswell Thorne, formerly an instructor in the dramatic department of the University, and herself an actress who has played the boards in other days with many of the most eminent actors of this country, has returned to Eugene after visiting in Los Angeles during the winter months. Those who know her and wish to renew their acquaintance with her will probably find her often in Guild hall during the rehearsal of plays there, as she has never lost her love for things theatrical. At present she is the guest of Mrs. Idaho Campbell.

Girl Delegates to Come To Campus; Woman's League Meeting to Open

(Continued from page one)
lems, pan-hellenic questions, and student indifference.

College Head to Speak
Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhart, president of Mills college, will speak at the weekly student assembly, which will be held Friday at 11:00 o'clock, instead of Thursday at that hour.

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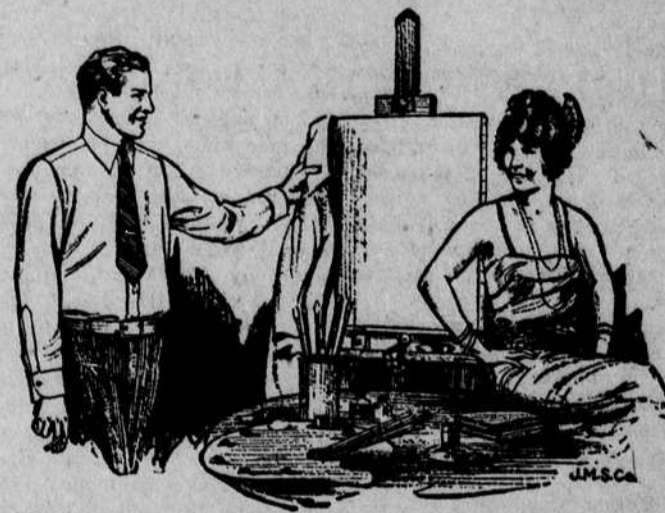
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The entertainment program will include, besides the "Old Oregon Trail" dinner Wednesday night and the following program, feature luncheons at the houses, Thursday noon; a Women's League tea, from 4:00 to 6:00 in Alumni hall, in the afternoon; a glee club concert at 8:00 Thursday evening; a Sunrise Breakfast by Mortar Board, Friday morning at 7:30 at the Anchorage; a luncheon at Hendricks hall Friday noon; a formal banquet at the Anchorage in the evening, followed by a formal dance at the Woman's building; and a picnic and dinner at Nimrod Inn, Saturday.

All the decorations and other plans are being carried out with the idea of making the whole conference as typical of Oregon and the Oregon campus as is possible. Anna DeWitt, newly elected president of the League, will act as junior delegate to the conference, and Edwina Richen has been appointed the senior representative.

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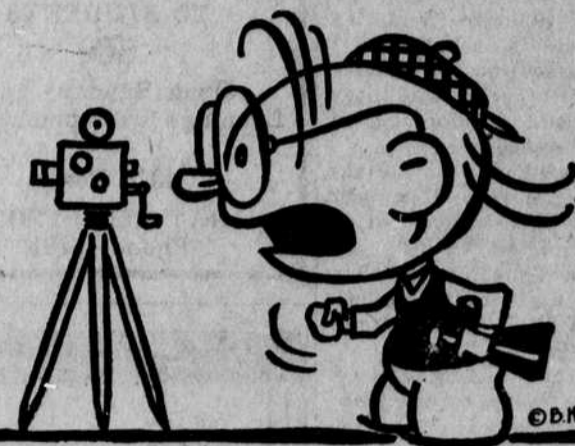
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