

Lemmy's Ghost

The Hammer and Coffin Society

Edited by Rolf Klep



Boob McNulty, or the Worm Who Was Turned

"Who steals my purse steals trash," quoted the writhing frosh with a protestive squeal as he felt the hooks of the Student Union Drive sinking painfully into his tightly lashed wallet—the subject located most inconveniently nearest his heart. "It's robbery! It's Holdup! Murder! Police! Call out the reserves!" At this point his raucous protests were silenced by the canvasser who throttled his thunderous pleas in a rough but effective manner. Sitting astride his chest the tactful representative began the process of converting another infidel to the cause. With the aid of tooth, tongue, feet, fists and six inches of gas pipe this colossal task was finally accomplished. Emitting a last feeble squawk of remonstrance the victim collapsed before the inevitable. The victor of a dozen such Waterloos hoisted the vanquished to his feet and unleashed his fountain pen. Through a laceration of the skull poured a flood of light and as it permeated through the soggy brain of the neophyte he found his fingers responding involuntarily. It is the age-old story of the dotted line.

"Tempus figit."—It is the year 1928. The scene is the lounge of the new Student Union Building. Perched grandiloquently on the edge of a comfortably bloated chair is a somewhat familiar figure. Again we must resort to an old but expressive term; "From the ridiculous to the sublime." It is our frosh of the year '24. Transformation unbelievable! Gone is that hunted look, but still remains a livid scar wherein poured the light of truth. Grouped at his feet is a circle of young innocents, mouths open, tongues lolling, tonsils in evidence, grasping greedily at the pearls of wisdom which he casts patronizingly before them.

He removes a thumb from the armhole of his vest to twirl the hirsute adornment which glorifies the area directly beneath his nose.

"Naow, when I was a freshman we had no such place for amusement and comfort such as you fellows enjoy today. I recall distinctly the day that I pledged my hundred. I was getting ready for bed when I heard a couple of upper classmen discussing the subject. Anticipating the rush I leaped from my pajamas and tore from the house with my clothing in my arms. My worst fears were confirmed. There were a hundred or so men there ahead of me and more coming every minute. Well, we stood there all night and the next morning when the man in charge got there he had to break a window out of the rear of the shack to get in. He never opened the doors. They went down like a flood gate and the sight was something grand. Marchingly relently forward with fountain pens drawn they looked like an advancing army of Philistines. I never hope to go through anything like it again. If I was harpooned by a fountain pen once I was stabbed fifty times. My back looks like the tattooed man in a side show even today. Well, as I was saying though, it's the greatest thing that ever struck this campus. I'm certainly proud of that investment. Boys, it's worth a thousand to me today."

Here he paused and glanced with critical eye at his watch. "Well, 12 o'clock already. Guess I'll drop into the Student Beanery and take on a little lunch."

2600 years ago Aesop said: "No matter how hard the rain falls you can't catch salmon with a pickle fork."



Dick's so dumb that when I told him it would be a wet party he brought an umbrella.

"I see the University standards have been lowered."
"Why that conclusion?"
"Can't you see the flag's half mast?"
—Pelican.

Pierrot
Pierrot, why do you strum
Your mandolin
When all the notes you hum
Are weak and thin.
Your instrument is true
And richly made,
But music is for you
Another trade.

You cannot make a tune
So soft and light
To fling up to the moon
Above the night.

Pierrot, you plunk and plink,
With ecstasy.
But yet, I really think
You're stringing me.
—E. D.

Here lies the body of
Silester Slat
A truck ran into the
Back of his lap.

Note: Students who park on the curb would be safe from all such mishaps in the new Student Union Building.

"Papa, kin I go swimming?"
"They ain't no water, child!"
"Don't need none. I kin do the sun stroke."
—Pelican.

He (noticing some ashes)—Shay, Bub, someone has been smoking in de Student Union Building.
Bub—You're wrong, old deah. This is the crematorium.



"Do you believe in student divorce?"
"Nope."
"Then divorce yourself from a hundred dollars for a Student Union."

Bob (eating at the Student Union)—Say! This is sure heavenly food!
Cat—Yabetcha! I can almost taste the feathers in this angel cake.



Women are the same in at least one respect; they do you good—for every cent.

Heard Anytime

Bum—Do ya think that modern idealism is tending toward an epistemological monism?
Egg (misunderstanding him)—Diabolically speaking from a hypodermic standpoint I should say no; not if you consider the inevitable sublimation of the ego as instinctive.



Some Sock

"Those are not your golf socks, bo!"
"They sure are. They've got 18 holes in them."

Riff—How can I get rid of moths?
Raff—Use moth balls.

Biff—They're no good. I threw them all morning and never hit a moth.



The Wreck of the Sperigus

You know I thought that all this thrif business was confined to the movies, dime novels, mugging a woman and the possible advent of a flock of mice into a sorority house, but the other day something changed my view, which I now admit was entirely panoramic into a real honest to Prexy closeup. It happened this way:

All year I have been hearing nothing but the Seniors, and the rest of the men of experience, prattle about the fine times to be had on the mill race. Now all the fine times I have had so far have been IN the mill race—but I hadn't better say any more because I fly off the handle too easy and I always try and avoid any little arguments, especially with upperclassmen because someone is always sure to get hurt—but to go on I was right goodly interested so I goes to the phone and calls up Lusan Enamel Hall to get my little girlie Miss Ayer. I got central alright and a half an hour later when I had persuaded her to take the gum out and had given her a word as big as the Ad building for her cross word puzzle some one answered me at the Hall.

"Hello, this is Lusan Enamel Hall speaking," some jane says. I says polite as I could, "Give me Lotty Ayer." Don't think I wasn't much overcome when she comes back with, "Open the window sap."

Well I am so hot tempered that I didn't dare talk to her any more, but just waited two days and talked to Lotty on the campus. What I did was to arrange a little canoeing party with Lotty the next evening. I tells her that I had never been in a canoe before but that we will manage alright, as all there is to do is sit there and paddle, the only hard part being to paddle up stream and then it is duck soup to drift down.

Well, the next evening we gets the canoe alright and had a heated argument as to who shall paddle upstream but me being so hot tempered decided to give in to Lotty and let her do it. What man ever had a chance in an argument with a woman anyhow. It's always been that way and always will be. Adam never had a chance just like the laugh is on the Texas Legislature now. So we paddles upstream for about a mile and I asks Lotty if she isn't getting a little tired, being a woman, and she says, "Yes." I of course, being a gentleman, offers to take the paddle, and after another half a mile of going up stream I did take it. We turned around and started drifting down stream. This was fine but I began to get a little tired, so headed into the bank to rest awhile. Lotty stepped out onto the bank and here was where I got surprise a plenty. When she stepped out, her end of the ship went up into the air and here I was, before I knew it, floating down the middle of the stream with the front end tilted up in the air at a 45 degree angle with the water. I was some scared and lost my head and the paddle too. This was jake until the boat hit an overhanging limb and flopped the whole thing over on me in the creek. I am so mean tempered that it is a wonder that I didn't do something to those Phight Shys and Awful Fleas who draped themselves out of their windows and all over the banks and gave me the laugh. Doggonit I am getting so mad now that I had better quit before I put something on paper to discriminate me.

ANNA NYAS.

RETAIN IDEALS, URGES ROBINSON

A telegram from Claude Robinson, last year's A. S. U. O. president, was read at the banquet of workers last night. The wire read as follows:

Mr. Randall Jones, President of Associated Students University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon:

To the Student Union committee of 1925, greetings and heartiest wishes for a successful campaign. I have followed campus events this year through the columns of the Emerald and am more than ever convinced that in the fact of increasing numbers, Oregon needs a student union. The Oregon spirit that fosters social equality and loyalty to alma mater and clean student ideals was born in the days of a small campus population. In the face of a rapidly growing student body I cannot see how we can preserve this cherished Oregon spirit unless it be enshrined in some tangible institution such as the students union. The outcome of this drive will directly influence the payment of last year's pledges therefore your task is one of more than ordinary importance. College men and women must realize a financial obligation for higher education and this must be proven once and for all by the success of the 1925 Students Union drive. Your cause (friends) is rational and just and your case is absolutely invincible. Remember how they built the Woman's building; yesterday a dream, today a practical necessity. Catch the vision of the Student Union. Sell it one hundred per cent. You can do it and you will. My only regret is that I cannot be present tonight to convey these thoughts to you by means of the spoken word.

CLAUDE ROBINSON.

UNIVERSITY HIGH PLAY WILL BE GIVEN FRIDAY

"The Florist Shop," a one-act play by Winifred Hawkrige, will be presented by the University high school Girl Reserves, Friday, April 24, in the high school auditorium, for the purpose of raising money to send a delegate to the Seabeck convention. The play, which is being directed by Genevieve Chase, is a clever, sparkling comedy full of whimsical turns, and music is being furnished by a number of prominent University musicians, among them Mr. Seifert. The play will begin at 8:00 and the admission will be 10 and 25 cents.

CLASSIFIED ADS

TWO PENCIL sketches and drawing pad lost about 14th St. Please call KAP at 191. R. T. K.

A-23-2-25
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LOST—Gold wrist watch. Finder return to University depot or call 618-J.

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ROLLIEN S. DICKERSON TO TEACH IN NEW YORK

Rollien S. Dickerson, who graduated with the class of '23, getting a bachelor of arts degree, and who is, at present, head of the history department of the University high school, recently accepted a position with the Ethical Cultural college in New York.

This college has been instituted by a group of wealthy men of the East, and its faculty is made up of men who are noted in their chosen vocations. Mr. Dickerson will fill the place formerly occupied by Dr. David Saville Muzzey, who is not only a noted historian but whose books have been chosen as text books by colleges.

Mr. Dickerson will receive his master's degree this June.

E. F. SLOAN MARRIED IN MISSOULA, MONTANA

Word has been received by Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Sinclair, commander of the University R. O. T. C. department, of the marriage of Lieutenant Emerald F. Sloan, graduate of the University of Oregon in 1922, to Miss Lucile Schaffer of Missoula, Montana, on Monday, April 20.

Lieutenant Sloan, a major in chemistry while on the campus, received his B. A. degree in 1922, was a cadet major in the local R. O. T. C. unit, and prominent in Oregon club affairs. He was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the infantry, on January 5, 1923, and accepted in that capacity, February 17, 1923. Lieutenant Sloan is now stationed at Fort Missoula, Montana.

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VIRGIL "AENEID" SUBJECT FOR LATIN CLUB MEETING

The first six books of Virgil's "Aeneid" was the subject discussed by Professor Frederic S. Dunn, at the bi-monthly meeting of the Latin club, held Tuesday evening in the Oregon building. The discussion, which was a manuscript outlining the books, was illustrated. May 5 is the date set for the next meeting.

MEMBERS OF SIGMA XI WILL MEET IN PORTLAND

Sigma Xi, honorary scientific society, meet Friday evening at the University of Oregon medical school in Portland, according to O. F. Stafford, professor of chemistry, who will preside.

UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR TO BE STANFORD FELLOW

Harold Benjamin, principal of the University high school and instructor of supervised teaching in the University, has received a fellowship of \$1000 from Stanford University. Mr. Benjamin will carry on the same work at Stanford that he has been doing here. He received his master's degree from Oregon in 1924.

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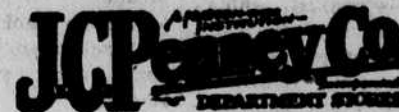
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