

Lemmy's Ghost

The Hammer and Coffin Society

Edited by Rolf Klep

Dere Squeeb:

The scene is assembly on nomination day, and the mob is out en masse to have the "I have in mind—" thrown at them once more. Sometime one of these guys is going to accidentally substitute "no" in there and say, "I have no mind," and the crowd will rise and proclaim him a hero for being so straightforward.

Bandoline Jones bangs viciously upon the authoritative table.

Bang! Bang! Three faculty members wake up, the rest keep on sleeping. A fire siren wails mournfully in the distance. A gong rings. Someone shouts, "Patrol wagon!" Four freshmen leap to their feet and tear madly out of the room.

"To darn much confusion," says Bandoline in a stage whisper.

"I've done so much wrapping that I feel like a mummy." So he hits on the idea of making funny

faces at the audience. This didn't work because upon looking out over the intelligencia he spies Mautz and had to burst out laughing himself—you know Bob. Well Bandoline gives up, cocks his feet on the back of Dean Straub's neck, and goes to sleep.

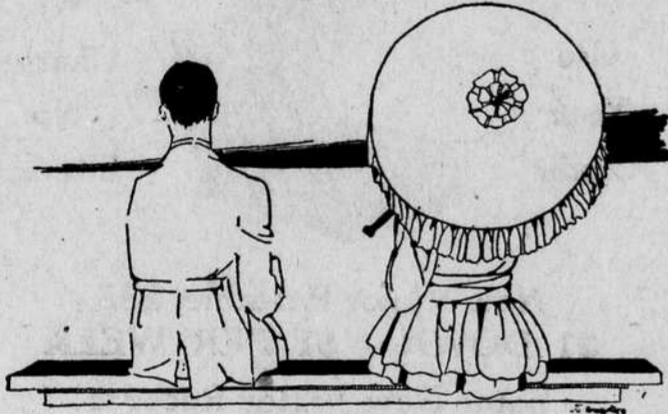
Half an hour later a Eugene fireman bursts into the room and shouts, "Weinells de fire?"

"Ah-h-h-h," murmurs the glowering multitude. Whereupon the Order of the O gather themselves upon, about and into him and drape a board nine times upon a spot where he never wears his helmet. A man rises in his seat, the big moment has come. Quiet reigns supreme (it was raining supremely outside too)—he speaks: "I have in mind—"

Yes, the doctor says he will live.

ANNA NYAS.

Pin Money



"What's Hal doin'?"
 "Writin' plays."
 "What! That fellow writin' plays?"
 "Yup! He's chalking down scores in a bowling alley."

The Deuce You Say

Phony—Have you ever read the write-up in the Bible of the Egyptian tennis game?
 Graph—Your crazy. They didn't play tennis.
 Phony—They did so! It says 'Joseph served in Pharaoh's court.'

Wet Gold

'Twas a wonderful spring evening. The sun was casting a burnish gold-band across the placid lake, as I slowly paddled my way across the water. The deepening shadows threw a bluish purple haze on the thickly wooded hills that were broken here and there by a cliff of grayish rock. Slowly the sun sank behind the distant hills.

With a tender look I glanced at my fair companion who was dabbling her fingers in the cool waters of the lake. "Ain't it grand?" she remarked.

Silently I drowned her in the middle of the lake, and rowed back to the shore.

First Souce—Hi!!
 Second Ditto—Hi!!
 First—Don't talk back to me!

Awlice—Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?
 Jimy—Nope.
 Awlice—Well, we can drive around that way.

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you can get one, the rest come easy.

THE DUB

He always has his lessons.
 He never tries to bluff.
 He always studies on week-ends.
 He never cuts or is late to class.
 He knows all his professors names, and has a list of their office hours.
 He never goes out "pigging" during the week.

He goes to church every Sunday.
 He hates dances.
 Shows are a bore.
 Popular with the Girls?
 Yes—He has a Packard Straight Eight Roadster—
 But, he talks with a lisp—
 You know who I mean.

Dapper—Did you ever kiss a girl when she wasn't expecting it?
 Dan—I doubt it.

Value of Economics

Ben—Lend me four bits, will ya?
 Zeno—Only got forty cents in change.
 Ben—Well, gimme that, and you can owe me the other dime.

Sauce for the goose is gravy for tomorrow's hash.

Come—I wish I had a million!
 Seven—If ya don't quit scratchin' I'll believe you have.

The only thing that could be worse than a giraffe with a sore throat, we figure, is a centipede with chilblains.

Madge—I'm sorry I forgot to invite you to our dance.
 Bubs—Why, did you have a dance?

Now you take the women of today. They are able to meet any situation. I asked one the other day, "If I were to kiss you, how would you meet it?" Without doing any thinking at all that I could see she answered, "Face to face."

X—Heard you had trouble with the dean!
 Y—Did he say much! If he'd said it with flowers he'd need a conservatory.

A Tale of Whoo

Silence—more silence—a stream moonlight through the open window.

"Hi." The silhouette of a gentleman in a top hat looms in the opening. The head is thrust through the aperture and two arms arrange themselves unsteadily but comfortably on the sill. A pair of curious eyes scrutinize the sleeping figure on the bed.

"Hi."
 Silence.

A wild scream and a sickening thud. A flood of light discloses the curious observer guillotined beneath the fallen window. Two eyes afloat from beneath the soft coverlet of the bed. A quivering feminine voice from the same quarter gains courage.

"Sir! You are no gentleman!"
 The eyes of the victim gleam with a roguish light.
 "Hi! N—Neither are you!"

"Say Bub, a frat house would sure seem unnatural without a skull in it."
 "Yup! So would a boat house."

GULLIBLE TRAVELERS

The rain was pouring down—the side curtains leaked, as did the top. But, they were happy—he and she. Only four flat tires—a broken spark plug, and burned out lights but the motor was running fine—now. A glorious week-end spent at home—now they were headed for Eugene.

Motoring in one of these fifty dollar relics is not what it should be even at its best. Tonight it had been at its worst. A thin ray of light penetrated the darkness as they pushed on with the asthmatic cough of the motor to keep them company. The heavens continued to precipitate moisture as they entered a small village. The lights of the town's all night restaurant threw a cheery glow on the passing mechanical mistake—still nothing happened.

Finally, the happy two drew up in front of the right sorority house, and he untangled himself from the navigating apparatus—still nothing happened. She quietly said good night, hoping that they would be able to go home again together—sometime.

Moral—Apple-sauce.

LEMMY'S GHOST—

HOUSE HEADS URGED TO STORE WOOD NOW

It seems to be a prevailing custom of the various organizations on the campus on the campus to begin buying up quantities of wood and stacking it on the parking spaces either in front or to one side of their houses. This obnoxious practice of leaving the wood parked on these spaces until they dry or until the aspiring members of next year are asked to put it under the roof must stop," stated the city Chief of Police.

It seems there is a city ordinance against leaving these wood piles in place longer than 36 hours for each cord in the stack.

Quite a number of large stacks of fire fuel have at different times created a dangerous condition at street corners and accidents have happened on account of "blind" corners that they caused, said the chief. He urges the heads of the organizations to put the wood in early, at least be within the law, and make for a cleaner and safer city.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS APPOINTED DEBATE JUDGES

Dr. Peter C. Crockett, professor of economics; Dr. Roger Williams, professor of chemistry; and Professor E. W. Merrill, instructor in English, are leaving for Ashland today where they will act as judges in the Ashland-Tillamook high school debate to be held Saturday evening.

The debate which is to be on the question, "Resolved that the referendum is a desirable feature of a representative government," will decide the championship of western Oregon.

HALLY BERRY, '23, TAKES POST AT NORTHWESTERN

A letter has been received by Professor Warren D. Smith, head of the geology department, from Hally Berry, a graduate from that department in 1923. Mr. Barry

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will be graduate assistant at Northwestern university next year. In addition he has the Laverne Noyes scholarship for ex-service men.



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"AND YES"

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