

# Lemmy's Ghost

The Hammer and Coffin Society

Edited by Eolf Klep

## LYRIC SCARECROW

### THE CAMPUS CHESTNUT (or Red Nose Pete)



Words by Izzy Glutz  
Lyric by Blumberg and Blutz  
(You can sing this in any flat if you've got the key)

**Spasm**  
Under the spreading Nic-tine tree,  
The campus chestnut stands.  
A Bright refreshing boy is he,  
With large ungainly hands.  
(Refrain)

**Convulsion**  
No brains, no knowledge does he  
need,  
Naught but a pencil and a pad,  
To write the crazy lines we read,  
And drive the linotyper mad.  
(Refrain)

**Commotion**  
He does not wear a flowing tie,  
A dirty vest, or shirt,  
Or in a filthy garret lie  
On mouldy straw and dirt.  
(Refrain)

**Epilepsy**  
He is a liting campus bard  
From God's great open spaces,  
He turns out poems by the yard,  
Of moons, of soap, and places.  
(Refrain)

**Apoplexy**  
Where God almighty scrubs the  
skies  
To please his earthly neighbors,  
Bakes homemade bread, cakes, rolls  
and pies,  
And such domestic capers.  
(Refrain)

**Droopy**  
Unfettered stuff, of mighty power,  
Void of rhyme or reason,  
Without regard for place or hour,  
Day, week, or month, or season.  
(Refrain)

**Locomotor Ataxia**  
Our modest, blue eyed, campus ham,  
And proud of him we are.  
He may not be a famous man,  
But he is our lyric star.  
(Refrain)

Strumming on  
A tin can  
Of wet gold  
A Mexican laborer  
Sings.

**Philanthropist** — Good mother,  
what brave thought makes thee  
smile at so menial labor?  
Good Mother—Oh, sir Haven't  
you never heard the story of the  
traveling salesman and the farmer's  
daughter?—Lampoon.

**Ghouls**  
A rheumatic roach rustles among  
the purple shadows,  
A beetle bleats softly—  
Sodden gloom—  
Candlelight, etching a shadowy gal-  
lows on the wall—  
A wall of gaping bricks and mouldy  
mortar—  
Despair—  
Empty bottles—laughing bottles—  
mad, mocking bottles—  
Ed Pinard's, Monticello, Tonavin  
and Hostetters—  
Intoxicating odors—  
My brain reels, I utter raucous and  
incoherent screeches,  
Blear eyed, I watch a frightened  
louse  
Flee to refuge 'neath a rotten  
apple—  
Murder—  
Dreams—rose-hued—vivid dreams—  
Ecstasy—  
Water—a bridge—a figure with an  
anvil fettered to his neck—  
Great gray shadows—stealth—I  
push him in—  
Delirious glee—  
A precipice—again the figure,  
His pockets stuffed with dynamite—  
A breathless climb—I drop a brick  
on him.  
The wind—the moaning wind—  
All is still—  
He is dead—  
The poet—  
Harsh chuckles—  
A spavined scorpion scuttles swiftly  
from my beard—  
The candle flickers—darkness—I  
gnaw a cake of soap—  
Scarlet lilies.

—BLUMBERG.

Proud Poet—This, sir, is free  
verse.  
Editor—Many thanks.

### CLASSIFIED AD

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
A scream, a yell,  
The woman fell,  
Buy Real Silk hosiery from Fat  
Wilson.

### BUTTERCUP 'DONGED'

My wife and I are very happy.  
In ten years of married life we  
have had only one quarrel—and it's  
still going on.

We were married at a little  
place called Pleasantville. It should  
have been called Battle Creek. Be-  
fore we were married I told her  
she had beautiful teeth. She hasn't  
closed her mouth since. I remem-  
ber very well the night we were  
married. She came up the aisle  
supported by her father—yes, he  
supported her than night, but I've  
been supporting her whole family  
ever since. It was a hot, sticky  
night, and as we stood before the  
altar, the minister said to me,  
"Wilt thou?" I nodded. He said  
to her, "Wilt thou?" She nodded.  
Then he told us to clasp hands—  
and we both wilted.

Jill—By the way I hear you love  
Peggy.  
Jack—Yes, by the way.

All—How did you get away with  
your woman at the Prom?  
Wrong—Oh, I'll admit she was  
popular, but they let me take her  
out seeing I brought her in.

Miss McOnion—Isn't this a good  
joke? It's my own.  
Editor—Are you as old as that.

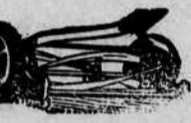
Verse—Your father made his  
money by the pen?  
Libre—Yes.  
Verse—Is he a poet?  
Libre—No; "a meat packer."

"Do you like bananas?" asked  
the old lady.  
"Madam," replied the slightly  
deaf old gentleman, "I do not, I  
prefer the old-fashioned night-  
shirts."—Black and Blue Jay.

"What a terrible proposition,"  
murmured the girl, after the awk-  
ward eaf had asked for her hand.

We humbly petition, that the  
Board of Regents, in the interests  
of economy, (1) remove the presi-  
dent of the university, (2) dispense  
with the faculty, (3) assume these  
duties themselves, (4) sell the art  
collection in the woman's building,  
(5) plant potatoes on the campus,  
(6) lease Hayward field for a fac-  
tory site, (7) rent out the buildings  
for warehouses, (8) use their influ-  
ence to place the department of  
drama with O. A. C., owing to the  
fact that it is an agricultural course,  
(9) rename the institution, Hank's  
Business College, and hold classes  
at Obak's.

Respectfully,  
BLUMBERG,  
BLUTZ,  
GLUTZ.



Oh, give me a dew-shelled rubber  
boot,  
And a good old keg of beer,  
And ruffle the star-clad dreamy  
night,  
With the howls of rousing good  
cheer.

Roll up the tracks in the railroad  
yard,  
Smireh them with blue-red rust—  
I'm a bacon bum with my feet in  
lard,  
And a saddle-bag on my bust.

For I'll truck and tear to the end  
of doom  
With my boot and my keg of beer,  
I've got no teeth but I'll use my  
gloom,  
And march till the end draws near.  
—Wouldn't you? —Glutz.

### DAMP GOLD

Dumb—But how come you're ask-  
ing me along?  
Bright—Oh I need a change and  
a tonic.  
Dumb—Don't getcha.  
Bright—Well, you supply the  
change and I'll find the tonic.

Little Johnny (at the races)—  
Ma, ain't that horse fast as hell?  
Mother—Haven't I told you be-  
fore not to say ain't?

—BLUMBERG.



We Thank You

## ART LEAGUE ELECTS F. ROEHR PRESIDENT

### Portland Architects to Be Here on Wednesday

The annual election of officers  
of the Allied Arts league took  
place yesterday at the regular  
meeting of the league, held in the  
lecture room of the art building.  
Frank Roehr, '26, was named presi-  
dent; Virginia Keeney, '26, vice-  
president, and Frances Plimpton,  
'27, secretary-treasurer.

Plans were completed for jury  
day, to be on Wednesday in the art  
department, when the Portland art  
class made up of 125 women, all  
of whom are professional artists,  
sculptors, and architects, will visit  
the department to view the work  
which has been accomplished dur-  
ing the year by the art and archi-  
tecture students. Among the wo-  
men who will be present is Mrs. A.  
C. Wortman, president of the  
Portland class, who recently was  
elected to the American Institute of  
Architecture as an honorary mem-  
ber.

The program for Jury Day will  
be informal. Several architects  
from Portland have arranged to be  
present to talk individually to the  
students, making suggestions and

comments on their work. At four  
in the afternoon a tea will be given  
in the Warner collection museum by  
the faculty and students of the art  
department.

Another important feature of the  
meeting held yesterday was the  
reading of a resolution passed on  
May 1, by the Board of Examiners  
and Registrars in Washington, D. C.,  
providing that the University school  
of architecture be approved as an  
accredited course as basic for reg-  
istration. Announcement was made  
of the recent contribution made to  
the art collection by Cartozian  
Bros. of Portland, who presented  
the school with a genuine Persian  
tile.

## HOUR FOR PAINTING 'O' CHANGED TO 8:15 A.M.

The hour for painting the "O"  
on Campus day has been changed.  
This was the announcement issued  
by Paul Ager, athletic chairman for  
Campus day, Wednesday.

When the schedule was originally  
planned, the freshmen who had re-  
ceived numerals in football were  
to leave the Co-op corner at 9  
o'clock on Friday morning. Under  
the new schedule, they will leave  
the Co-op corner at 8:15, in order  
that they may return from Skin-  
ner's Butte in time to see the an-  
nual tug-of-war, between the fresh-  
man and sophomore classes.

The members of the Order of  
the mill race, and will be followed  
by the burning of the green caps  
field.

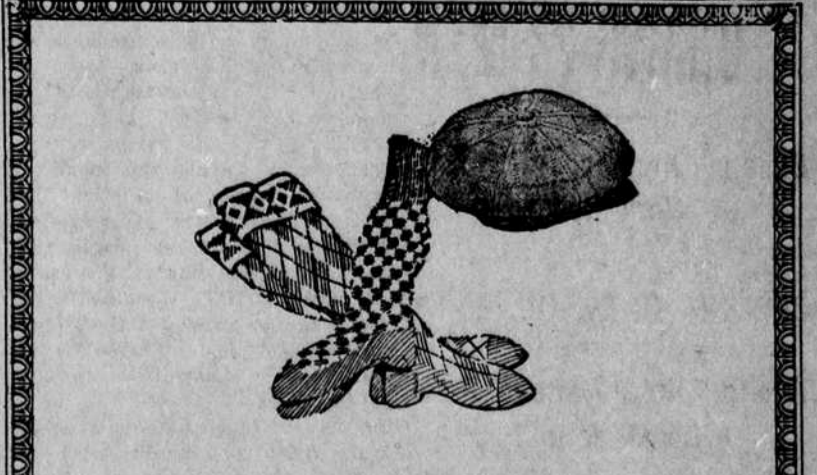
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## Jap Braid Straw Hats for Men

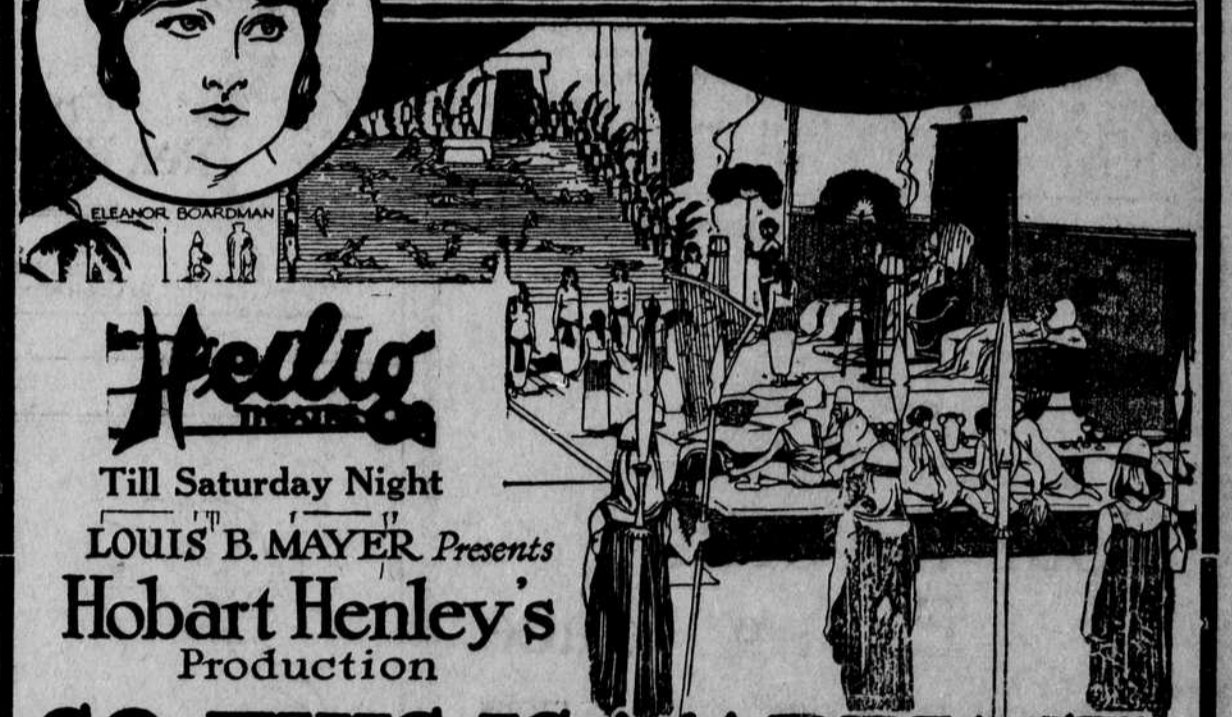


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