

Semi-Centennial Talks Published By Local Journal

Commonwealth Review, Quarterly, Prints Lectures

Copies Placed on Sale in Main Library

The talks and addresses given by speakers on the campus during the week of the semi-centennial celebration have just been published in the last issue of the Commonwealth Review...

Lectures Divided Into Groups Lectures delivered at various sessions of the symposia are grouped according to their general themes. The installation address on "Opportunity and the Individual," by C. C. Little, president of the University of Michigan...

Historical addresses in the volume are: "The Trail of Our Border," by Professor Frederic L. Paxson, University of Wisconsin; "Forts on the Frontier," by Eva Emery Dye, Oregon historian; "Pioneer Stage in the History of the University," by Dean Henry D. Sheldon...

Only One Paper on Economics The only paper on an economic subject is, "The Human Factor in Industry," by Dean Willard Hotchkiss, graduate school of business, Stanford University.

Listed under science are: "Certain Events in the Interesting Geological History of Oregon," by Professor John P. Buwalda, California Institute of Technology; and "Genetic Investigations and the Cancer Problem," by Dr. C. C. Little.

Memorial Addresses Printed Memorial addresses and songs presented during the celebration are: "John W. Johnson, the Founder," by Judge Lawrence Harris, former Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court; "Prince Campbell, the Man," by Cornelia Marvin, librarian at the state library of Oregon...

Oregon Has Fighting Chance Against O. A. C. In Swimming Meet

Undaunted by a 38-21 defeat at the hands of the Multnomah club team of Portland, Coach Ed Abercrombie's varsity swimmers are preparing themselves for the opening meet of the intercollegiate swimming season, against O. A. C. at Corvallis Saturday afternoon.

The Beavers' team has been greatly strengthened by the recent addition of Orville Peterson, ex-club star, to the lineup. While the dope would

PERADVENTURE

A COLUMN OF CAMPUS VERSE.



If Peradventure, as you read These lines afford you pleasure, We care not if the Muses laugh, We heed not rhyme nor measure. B. McC.



GIRL EATING A POMEGRANATE Needle, stop, There's a stain on the moon-white cloth.

Fruit cup with a sharp knife, tough rind scored with a steel knife, slit through the blossom end. . . . Crimson mosaic stippled with yielding seeds. . . . Blooded pulp dripping bitter as one word in the mouth.

Glitter of dark knowing facets under the cavern of the brow. . . . Straight hair, stamen-like. . . . Fingers bent to hold the purple segment. . . . Stained mouth, set beneath the aquiline arch of the nose, biting a wine-red fruit to its fretted moon-white rind.

One word is bitter in the mouth. Needle, stop. MARY KESSI

FLOWERS (A Villanette) Blind and broken, old and poor: He has his yard of flowers still, Flowers a-bloom outside his door,

Twenty years ago or more He planted them, 'er he was ill, Blind and broken, old and poor.

He sees their beauty evermore, But knows their blossom on the hill: Flowers a-bloom outside his door.

For weary years more than a score His sightless time's been hard to fill: Blind and broken, old and poor.

But 'tis not long, each day, before Sweet-smelling wind brings flowers' skill, Flowers a-bloom outside his door.

This old man's fancy some deplore: There's not a flower round his sill, Blind and broken, old and poor; Flowers a-bloom outside his door. JULIAN FISHER SMITH

WHY Inasmuch as every sweetness holds a pain And every smile a barb to hurt me by, Since all my winging words have been in vain. . . . The empty night alone hearing my cry; Since I but pierce my fingers on a rose And my small sun behind a cloud is hid, Why. . . when you smile at passion I disclose Do I still leap to do as you have bid? Why. . . when you laugh at my poor pain. . . . Mock me with the vagary in your eye, Why should I wish to love you once again? Why? . . . Why? ETHA JEANNE CLARK

have favored Oregon before the advent of Peterson, followers of aquatic sports now give O. A. C. the edge and declare that the lemon-yellow has only a fighting chance to win. The team that faces the Corvallis college Saturday will be, virtually the same that lost to the Winged M. last Saturday except that Boggs, the

AUTUMN Lazy, hazy, drowsy breeze, Rustling through the leafless trees Sighing as you softly call— Wind, O wind, is it the fall?

Slowly flowing pale blue stream Seeming on your way to dream Singing softly as you flow Stream, O stream, must summer go? WILMA LESTER

DARK SONGS I came to that black hollow where the trees Made bitter moan each tremulous moon-tide, And swayed their deep, scarred limbs in gaunt unase For all the pale, sweet leaves whose voices cried Against the wind's desire before they dried. To that bleak hollow then I came alone To sing my small, dark songs none cared to hear In other hollows where no trees made moan, And none had need to sing the small, dark songs of fear. FLORENCE JONES

ACROSS THE TRACK I wanted to play over there. . . . (Why wouldn't they let me?) I wanted to run like frightened thunder Past the engines that screamed with hate— (But I was braver than their ironness.) Over there was strange wind and happy grass, Harsh smells and witch-laughter, Peering picture-faces, And clattering dimnesses where there was old treasure. . . . Would I ever find it? But I grew older. . . . Over there was wretchedness— Beings shuddering into sunless spaces, Doorways that mocked cleanliness, Beauty, smoke-clasped, smothered, strangled, Beauty that might have glowed In a white flower—or love; And always the voice of torment, Always engine-clamor.

Now I am still older. . . . And over there is peace. There is not brittle chatter, There is not clawing fingers, Reaching for gilt crowns; There are not hard feet That crush blind hearts. The trumpets may scream but I need not answer— Gloom is cool protection, And the engine's cry of freedom. MARGARET HUMPHREY

Foreign Trade Subject Of Broker's Talk Here

L. W. Hartman, vice-president of the J. T. Steeb Company, custom house brokers of Portland, will address the business administration students interested in foreign trade on "Foreign Trade Simplified by Proper Handling," at four o'clock this afternoon in room 107 of the Commerce building.

Mr. Hartman will point out why foreign trade operations are generally considered complicated and intricate. Pan Xenia, international foreign trade fraternity, is sponsoring the address.

Classified Ads

LOST—Saturday, somewhere between Fairmount and Eugene hotel a gold and leather bound Clark cigarette lighter. Call F. M. G. 660. j 26-27-28

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Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. Throw back the hinged lid and breathe deeply of that real tobacco aroma. Then . . . tuck a neat wad into the business-end of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Now you have it . . . that taste! That's Prince Albert, Fellows!

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and punch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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Mussolini, the lion-hearted—

People in Italy began to whisper: "Mussolini's enemies are too strong for him. He will surely be destroyed."

But enemies did not daunt Mussolini. And to show the Italian people that he had courage and to spare, he strolled into the lion's cage at the Zoo in Rome and had himself photographed patting one of the lions on the head.

The advertisement succeeded. All Italy exclaimed: "Let Mussolini's enemies beware. He has the heart of a lion."

Mussolini was able to advertise his courage in this way only because he had courage. That in the basis of all advertising. Anyone who advertises must have goods that will stand inspection.

Advertisements speak tested truths. Read them. You can act upon them with assurance.

Only true qualities can stand the test of publicity

Wednesday, Thursday

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