

THE EMERALD MAGAZINE

MIRIAM EICHNER, Editor

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HOWARD KESSLER, Assistant

FO' EVER

By THOMAS W. LAWSON McCALL

Great eddying swirls of dust screened the long wagon train from the direct flame of the August sun. Dust driven heavenward, as if the plodding feet and slow rolling wheels that sent it upward clouding were purposed for that very thing. Well they might have been, for the aimlessness and heartlessness of their motions. Not an animal, two legged or four, in that caravan knew where it was going for certain. Since leaving the battle scarred route in the face of a prairie fire, the possible number of destinations had narrowed down. The black rocks of the canyon walls conspired with the sun, the acrid powders of the old river bed, and the Gods of misdirection created in the minds of the wagon-trainers the firm conviction that death was all that lay before them. The terrible words of John Carl Danish, his prophecy the night before that the best any of them could hope to get would be a niche in heaven, had seemed to them a little dramatic, and not to be taken too seriously. Then, too, a moon had floated serenely over the canyon imparting a silver haziness to the walls so black and uncompromising by day, a breeze had carried the sweet scene of the cooling desert through the tired camp. Life had seemed fair then, a thing to be coveted and held at any cost. But life in this waterless dust swirl was a fetter that held man's body against the fiery stake when it could have been lying in the dewy pastures of an ethereal land, and John Danish's words took on a new meaning.

The hollow coughing of the animals came incessantly through the grey pall. They can't hold up much longer, Sarah thought. Everyone in the ever slowing tunnel of wagons probably held the same thought. Everyone? Not quite. The golden head that rested on the ample knee held nought of horror or death. And Sarah dreaming of a far away home showered in peach blossoms—Sarah cheered by the sweet curve of the lips of her childish burden forgot the brown heat that swept from the canvas top to the well loaded bed of the lurching wagon.

Chilluns is happy things, she mused, never filled with worry or sadness for more than a minute. Now if they had had one she and Sammy. She and Sammy... Her mind caught and hung tickling... He seemed very close now... A song caught her lips fleetingly... The song the band had played when they sat in the park the day they had started that childless compact...

Something had touched her hair in its passing. Looking quickly to the floor she saw a rose—then she turned—he stood in the half open door resplendent in a red suit, shiny new boots, and a white buttoned shirt of black silk surmounted by a huge purple four hand. His arms were banked with flowers.

"I've come to take you with me. Fo' ever, Come!" She echoed his "Fo' ever" and ran to him... Down the flight of dreary stairs she had gone forever. A landau drawn by two prancing bays stood by the curb. In one hand she held the flowers while the other clasped his arm tightly as they drove down the little cobbled street in a proud dream. They had always been happy together. Nights of moonlight in the Danish orchards along the Potomac... Oh, so many things. Moments of bliss... Perfection. They probably had their lifetime of joy in that short year. That was why God had to take Sammy. She had often rationalized thus

serenade to the moon beams. Black

splotches drifted over the tiny silvery clearings, then were gone quickly and silently. Two figures detached themselves stealthily from the foliage and floated to where the remuda guard sat nodding, his back against a tree bole. He slumped on his left side with a long sigh. His scalp came loose with a rip. An errant morning breeze dallied across the faces of the sleepers and was gone, bringing in its wake seemingly, a hundred noiseless shadows. Each carried a club of obsidian. They went from sleeping figure to sleeping figure in pairs... A thud and a sigh, or a moan, and a dream had been interrupted, only to soon itself eternally.

Sarah dreamed with the moonlight full on her face. She stirred as shadow took its place but did not wake. The vapors of subconsciousness took the forms of things dear to her in days gone. Spring in Washington with she and Sammy going arm in arm under the budding beeches. It had been a day like that—her face, black silver in the soft luminous light was smiling. With an arc lighted as a falling star, the war club fell. Something touched Sarah's hair in its passing. Looking quickly to the floor she saw a rose. Then she turned—He stood in the half open door his arms full of flowers.

"I've come to take you with me fo' ever—come." She echoed his Fo' ever and ran to him.

The jolting and lurching of the wagon became suddenly increased as the rays of the setting sun chased sideways through the long dusty aisles... The howling of the oxen became intense... Horses nickered in dry excitement. The pall of the afternoon was broken by a great shout... Sarah called to the sweating driver... He turned with a face upon which elation was speaking. "Thank God they smell water." And they must have for there was no holding the horses in the remuda. They left at a belated trot. Behind them with anxious jealous eyes... the pulling oxen looked on their retreating forms. They settled down to a faster pace as the thirsty vanguard disappeared as a grey cloud.

Everywhere was the silent rustling of leaves, the cool chuckle of crystal water, moving fast. The wagons were scattered here and there over a large meadow surrounded by cottonwoods and willows. Their customary circular order was abandoned for the nonce at least... Any other semblance of the military routine upon which Colonel Danish ran his wagon train was conspicuous by its absence... This night was a night for celebration... The moon had gotten a good lead on its trip toward the zenith before the last of the bathers was seated around the camp fire... The burning crags and choking dust seemed impossible nightmares of a warped consciousness in this cool oasis... Guitars and singing followed the sweet wood smoke toward the stars. A small brown jug flashed hither and thither in the happy group that circled the fire... Gay talk and laughter... The little red prairie wolves peering from their safe heights heard from their strange cacophony, raised their whining mewling yelps in answer. Nocturnal animals venturing to wipe the memories of a parched day from their minds and throats, drew back into the willows as the red firelight caught them slinking close. It had appeared a tiny dancing spot of red when they looked from caves in the lofty rims.

Neither yelped nor skulked Commanche war leader, Running Wolfe. His reaction to the sight below was the very faintest of the very cruelest smiles. He turned to the lesser chiefs beside him and in guttural, clipped monosyllables outlined his plans for the massacre.

As the campfire embers glowed dully into grey ashes the crickets and frogs silenced suddenly their

Pi Kaps Take

(Continued from page three) runs number four and five. Herrin's bingle brought Casciato in with run number six, the last tally by the losers.

Pi Kaps Rally

The Pi Kaps dug in and worked hard to overcome this 6 to 2 lead. Elton Owen's second triple of the day brought brother Don Owen across the rubber in the Pi Kap half of the third. A single by Mikulak then scored Elton, and Cuppoletti scored on an error to bring the score to 6 to 5. In the fifth inning, Mikulak and Cuppoletti scored after the catch of Gasman's long high fly to center field, putting the Pi Kaps in a 7 to 6 lead. Three more runs were chalked up in the sixth, when Elton Owen's triple scored Towers, Owen scoring on Mikulak's single. The final run was made by Mikulak on a lusty double by Gasman, Pi Kap key-stone-sacker.

The game was closely fought and well played, with the Pi Kaps working hard for their 10 to 6 win. Don Towers made some sensational catches in center field for the winning nine.

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LINES IN A LUXURIANT SPRING

Sometimes I wish that my mind were all nice and natural and normal and didn't have a quirk That makes me berserk. But often the folks who are the calmest-and-collectedest and by far not the jerkiest Are the berserkiest Which leaves me up in the air And wishing, along with T. S. Elliot, that I could teach myself to care. Perhaps I am the victim of a complex persecution mania and my right hand doesn't know what my left hand is thinking— Or perhaps I've been drinking— At any rate My otherwise bright and model little mind is in what is commonly termed as a helluva state. And when I ponder, Letting my mind meander, On the fact that there is ahead of me another year in the Universitatus Men's Agitated Molars, I somehow think how nice it would be to run away from it all and join up with the Holy Rollers. Of course, then, out of life I wouldn't get a lot Except the place I rolled in, which would more than likely have to be some vacant plot With a sign on it, "For Rent" And big enough to house a circus tent. However, all this balderdash, pish-tush, and piffle isn't getting me any nearer To my main thesis, which was supposed to be something about how LIFE with a capital L is getting dearer and dearer; And that people no longer seem to care about the things what really matter Like the teachings of Nitchy, Powys, or Walter Patter. I would try yelling, "o tempore, o mores!"— Only I've forgotten the exact literal translation and I wouldn't want to be classed with the bores Who go around spouting Elbert Hubbard and Latin quotations Expecting to reform nations When what they really need, to get at the base of their faults Is a dose of saults. Oh my, where, for me, is the song of songs I hear only gongs So I guess Wilyum Shakespeare was right when he said "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players" And my next move should be to don theatrical grease-paint and join the ranks of the "king-of-all-I-survey"-ers Or the optimistic hey-hey-ers But if it's all the same to you and I really get my cherec I'll just keep on going from bad to worse!

Obligato for the Pipes of Pan

Spring! Spring! Springspringspring Oh. Lookit the sun and lookit the trees, Smell all the flowers and sniff at the trees, Bask and wallow among the breeze And disregard the nettles! Oh. Shake the blossoms among your hair And discard your warmer underwear, And collect yourself a woodland lair Sans garbage cans and kettles! (Because God knows you can't COOK in spring or wash in spring or WORK in spring With the wildest sort of geese a-wing and a place I know with a grapevine swing and FRESH mushrooms in a fairy ring...) Oh. Spring!

Faculty Members Attend Convention

Several University faculty members are attending the Progressive Education association conference being held in Portland today at Reed college. Among those attending are Dean J. R. Jewell, Dr. E. W. DeBusk, Dr. N. L. Bossing, and Dr. R. W. Leighton, from the school of education; and Dean John F. Bovard, Earl E. Boushey, and H. S. Hoyman, from the physical education school. Dean Bovard arrived in Portland yesterday from St. Louis, where he had been attending the national convention of the American Physical Education association. No one has ever been able to discover where tuna fish spend the winter months. Even tagging has failed to reveal the secret.

Sword of Damocles

By HOWARD KESSLER He sank into the soft center of the big bed, yawned, and sighed in content. A long day's hike had given him an appreciation of sleep, and he looked forward to hours of slumber. It was a warm evening and the windows were thrown wide. Faint sounds of conversation and clicking heels drifted up pleasantly from the Spanish square below. Through half-closed eyes he saw a church spire cleave the lustrous Mediterranean moon, and an ecstatic feeling of well-being filled his tired mind and body. To lie suspended between consciousness and sleep was delicious. An ominous humming sound jerked him suddenly back from oblivion. Like a subdued airplane, the zurring zoomed and died away, to return a second later, closer this time. "Damn! A mosquito!" He turned over on his back and lay waiting for the insect to approach within striking distance. As it did, he slapped out viciously. The sound ceased. "Ahhh! Thank God!" he sighed, and again rolled over to snuggle his head in the pillow. Two minutes elapsed. Then the tantalizing droning began again about his head. He cursed, and remembered the large bumps and painful wounds these beastly mosquitos gave him. He concentrated on the placement of the mosquito and its systematic extinction. Swipe! The droning continued. Slap! He struck himself violently and was tormented with the fear that the insect had alighted on his face. He slapped hard at his forehead, his neck, his cheeks, his arms. For a minute there was quiet. Zzzzzzrrrrrr! There it was

overhead again. He sat up, waved his arms about in the air, and clapped his hands together in a vain attempt to catch the wary devil. He lay down, but, plagued with uncertainty as to the whereabouts of his inquisitor, threw the sheets over his head. It was too warm, and he came out for a breath of the cool waters of the air. No sound. Then it came flying around his head. Zzzzzrrrrrr! Frantically, cursing loudly now, he beat his arms. The mosquito droned along safely, dipping down suddenly to alight on his nose, but taking off too quickly for him to catch it. A bite from his tormentor now seemed a horrible fate, a wound that would disfigure him for weeks. Tantalizing, the mosquito hummed about the head of the bed. God! Would it never stop! Would it never stop that maddening, menacing droning drone! He felt a flick of wings in his eyes, swung desperately, missed, and heard the zzzzzrrrrrr circling yet. He stood up on the bed, jumped up and down, tore his hair wildly, insanely, shouted, screamed, gnashed his teeth, whirled like a mad dervish, and flung himself prone upon the bed. He wept freely. Overhead droned the mosquito. Zzzzzzrrrrrr!

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A RARE PLEASURE. Leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, nationally famous *cafe* in Chicago. Here soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters à la Jacques and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself observes. "They are clearly the favorite with those who know fine living."

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