

THE EMERALD MAGAZINE

MIRIAM EICHNER, Editor

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HOWARD KESSLER, Assistant

Sleep

By DICK WILLIAMS

Sleep paused uncertainly beside Mary Lou's little bed. There was something wrong here. He could feel it. The tiny face, encircled by a tumbled mass of golden hair, was hot and flushed. She tossed restlessly, pulling her covers and moaning. In an adjoining room could be heard anxious inquiring voices—almost whispering. A door opened admitting a crack of light—then several tiptoeing figures.

Sleep drew quickly back into the shadows. This was a strange business; what did those people mean? Mary Lou should have gone with him long ago. As he stood puzzled in the darkness, he felt suddenly that he was not alone. There was some one near—very near. He looked behind himself into the deeper shadows—then he saw his hidden companion. Saw and recognized. This was the fellow who sometimes followed him. That grim masquerader that, so often in the disguise of himself, had crept into just such a room as this—unexpected—unheralded—and claimed his victim before sleep, the weaker, could interfere.

He turned and spoke to the shadows which were thick behind him.

"Why have you come? You are not wanted here." There was a low chuckle—mirthless, hard.

"Am I ever wanted?" It questioned, "and if so must I come?" Sleep hesitated—then answered.

"There are times when you are wanted—many times you don't come. Some attempt to make you—some are afraid. There was the woman in that tenement house whom you let suffer for weeks before you would allow her the peace which you knew must be hers. You even kept me away—I could have helped her a little. But you must not stay here. You have many places to go. I was first. The dark intruder grinningly replied.

"Many times you are first," it whispered, "but how many times have I robbed you." I must always win sometimes—why not now. What can you offer her which I cannot? You have nothing to give but strength to start another day. There will be so many days of pain, hardships and sorrow. All that you can do is prolong her suffering until she is mine forever—you are a hypocrite. Sleep, your promises are as fleeting—as insecure as the life which she must live. You're a fraud."

"And you, what can you give her?" Sleep looked searchingly into the gloom.

"I can give her what you are supposed to. Rest, peace, escape from all of this." The shadow pointed toward the tossing child and the figures bending over the bed.

"Perhaps you are right, but she does not want you—look, see how she fights against you. You must leave now." But there was no move in the blackness.

The figures over the bed bent lower. A white table covered with a glittering array of shiny instruments was wheeled close beside the little one. Another table was brought in and the child, crying quietly, was lifted gently onto it. A bright light was focussed over the second table. Sleep and his companion drew still further back. A woman dressed in rustling white—wearing a cloth shield over her mouth—stepped up to the first table and stood waiting. The figures bending over the child straightened up. Two of them—the smaller clinging to the larger—left the room—closing the door behind

them. The third also dressed in white beckoned to the woman who handed him a tiny knife.

Sleep felt a movement behind him. He turned but his comrade of a second before was gone. Looking around quickly he saw him—not distinctly—but vaguely. A filmy shadow hovering expectantly over the second table. The child, her thick hair like a cascade of gold in the bright light, had stopped crying—lying limp and still and the bare table. In her long curling lashes were several tears—turned to sparkling diamonds by the hard brilliance of the lamp. Instruments flashed back and forth between the man and the woman. They were no longer shiny but stained—a dull red color. They were quickly immersed in a metal box of boiling water coming out once again—white and clean.

Then slowly the man straightened up. His face was expressionless behind the white mask—but his eyes—like pieces of broken glass under the intense light—brought to watching Sleep a message that held both despair and hope. The waiting shadow edged closer. Even, the man seemed to sense the nearness of its presence.

Tenderly he laid a caressing hand on the small forehead. The heat had gone—it was cold—almost too cold. The brilliance of the lamp seemed to be dimming—a shadow—formless—shapeless—nothingness—was falling over the second table. The man stood with clenched fists. The woman stared—wide eyed—afraid. The little figure lay motionless, her face—not long before so gay and happy—was drawn and twisted. Her hair no longer gleamed—a dark film covered the gold. Then even as it had come the shadow vanished. The tortured face relaxed. The man sank weakly into a chair. The woman covered her eyes with her hands and wept. For a moment there were tears on the long, curling lashes—tiny pearls—white. Then they were gone—she was smiling.

Sleep paused in the far corner—slowly at first then quickly he stepped across the room—to take a tiny hand which reached out to his—laughingly he led her away.

Marsh Defends Lowbrow Buffoonry and Cartoon On Basis of Laughter

By BILL MARSH

When you stop to consider it, our great American sense of humor is a mighty funny thing. Sarcasm, irony, all the comic elements except burlesque, or ridicule are lost on the average American.

But how we have developed our national appreciation of the ridiculous! Without it, we probably would never have seen either slapstick comedy or the animated cartoon. But with it, America has become the homeland of both.

And why not? I'm an average sort of an American, and I like to laugh. I can't find any laughter in the so-called great comic elements, such as the ponderous irony which Ibsen is liable to indulge in every so often. But I can laugh like a blazer at a moving picture of a fat man, fairly bursting with dignity, who treads firmly on a banana peel at the top of a long flight of stairs, hangs poised horizontally in mid-air for a moment, and then crashes to the bottom, skids through a re-

volving door and fetches up hard against the side of an Italian fruit peddler's push-cart, causing an avalanche of fruit to descend over his shoulders.

That's rather far-fetched, even for slapstick but the idea is there. And how about the cartoons? The poses through which these amusing pen-and-ink characters can be put are limitless. And they are so utterly ridiculous, they are so far removed from any sort of reality, that laughter is inevitably the result of their unreeling.

So what right has any critic to condemn either slapstick or cartoons, simply because they are lowbrow buffoonry? Buffoonry is funny. And I don't give a tinker's damn about the arbitrary aesthetic values of comedy. If it makes me laugh, it is, as far as I'm concerned, good.

On that basis, slapstick and cartoons are both good and worthwhile.

Orval Etter Wins Essay Contest

General Theme for Annual Bennett Competition is Free Government

Orval Etter, junior in law, yesterday was announced the winner of the Philo Sherman Bennett essay contest. First prize is \$25. The subject this year was "The Influence of Pressure Groups in Democracy."

Etter concluded his essay with the statement that while pressure groups are indispensable to a democracy, they may, in unscrupulous hands, threaten the very basis upon which democracy stands. "To abolish pressure groups is neither necessary, desirable, nor possible. Yet our critical mental faculties should not be allowed to die. Education should amply reward intellectual independence, and leaders everywhere should encourage the common man to think for himself."

The judges for the contest were Dr. Robert Horn, Dr. Victor P. Morris, and Dr. Waudo Schumacher. This contest is financed in 24 state universities through the aid of Philo Sherman Bennett, a business man in New Haven, Connecticut. The general theme is the principles of free government. Each year the committee selects a topic under that subject.

Sandifer Works in Portland

Charles Sandifer, who was graduated from the school of business administration at the end of fall term, is now employed in the sports department of Sears, Roebuck and Co. in Portland.

Spring Slant

Sun rays slant across the campus; I squint.

When I Am Gone

By G. YALE BIKMAN

She's beautiful, and I can sing of beauty; She's oh, so sweet, and I can sing her fame; But who of you will undertake the duty To sing when I no longer breathe her name?

Her eyes are like the sunset glow at evening; Her voice the muses long to play upon;

Sweet words of all her loveliness I'm bringing, But who will sing of her when I am gone?

Oh, can it be that when she takes her leaving, And when I follow to the grave, anon,

Then, after painless tears and empty grieving, No one will sing of her—when I am gone?

Farr Awarded \$450 Scholarship in East

Donald Farr, senior in business administration here, has been awarded a \$450 scholarship at Northwestern university in Chicago. The scholarship is in the form of a graduate assistantship in marketing.

He will study for his master's degree under Dr. Fred E. Clark, professor of economics and marketing and an internationally known authority in his field.

Conversation

By HOWARD KESSLER

"Hello."
"Hello."
"How are you?"
"Oh, I'm fine. How are you?"
"Can't complain. Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is lovely."
"I hope it doesn't rain."
"Yes, so do I. It doesn't look like rain, though."

"No, it you never can tell with this weather."
"No, it might rain anytime. Still, I don't see any clouds."

"No, but they can come up awfully sudden."
"Yes, your right, they sure can."
"But it's getting on into spring now. I don't think it will rain."

"No, not much more, anyway. Just showers now and then."
"Yes, it's beginning to get pretty hot these days."

"Yep, summer will soon be here, and you can just bet I'm glad."
"Yes, same here. I like summer."

"So do I. Well, I got to be running along."
"Yeah, see you some other time."
"Sure. Well, it was nice meeting you."

"Yes, same here. Well, goodbye."
"Yeah, so-long. Be good."
"Yeah, you be good too. Don't take any wooden nickels."

"You bet. Same to you. Good-bye."
"Good-bye."

Ridley, Green Pass Exams for Degree

Glenn Ridley and Howard Green, graduate students in business administration at the University, have passed the preliminary examinations for their master's degree. The examinations were given them at the close of last week.

Portraiture: Dali and Blume

By ALFREDO T. FAJARDO

They claim, in one claim, it is done, only done, in dream; In a dream, in dream, in a subconscious creative Creative, creates dream, dream in art creation sake. Freud dreams, he dreams to dream for them; they create Hypnagogical state, hypnagogic, hypnagogic, so it is, Hypnagogic Dali, Dali; Freudian Blume, Blume; Paranoiac; Dali and Blume, hypnagogic artists, artists; they dream, in dream, In subconscious mind, mind, in their inner mind, they create.

Dali paints, freaks, he freaks, folds, folds watches, he watches in dream. Crutches inside, innerside, crutches buttress human inside, painted inside. Inside. Blume sees south, paints, south he sees, south, South Scranton, he dreams

In terms of Scranton, South Scranton, South Scranton gets prize. Salvador Dali, El Signor, El Signor. He hails, hails, from Spain, hails subconscious desire, desire To paint crutches to scratch buttresses to buttress Human inside, inner inside, fail to fell apart the sides.

Blume, he blooms blooms, Russian bloom, to bloom bloomy desire. He see sees south, south of South Scranton, South Scranton to shower, showered the prizes prizes by judges to judge

The prize, first prize, South Scranton gets prize, first prize.

Orides-Yeomen Picnic Is May 24

May 24 has been set for the Orides-Yeomen picnic at Swimmers Delight by Helen Lewis and Phoebus Klonoff, co-chairmen. Students who plan to attend should sign up at the YWCA or the Y hut before Thursday evening and pay their ten cent tax to either chairman by that time.

Joint committees have been appointed as follows: games, Bob Boyd and Edna Carlson; transportation, Leonard Hufford; publicity, Fred Gieseke; awards, Ruth Orrick and Erma Huston.

About 200 are expected to attend the affair, which is to replace the usual spring formal.

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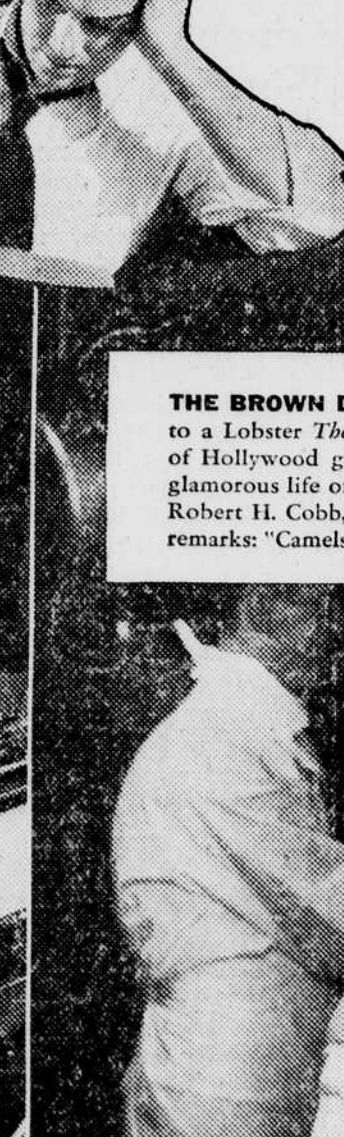
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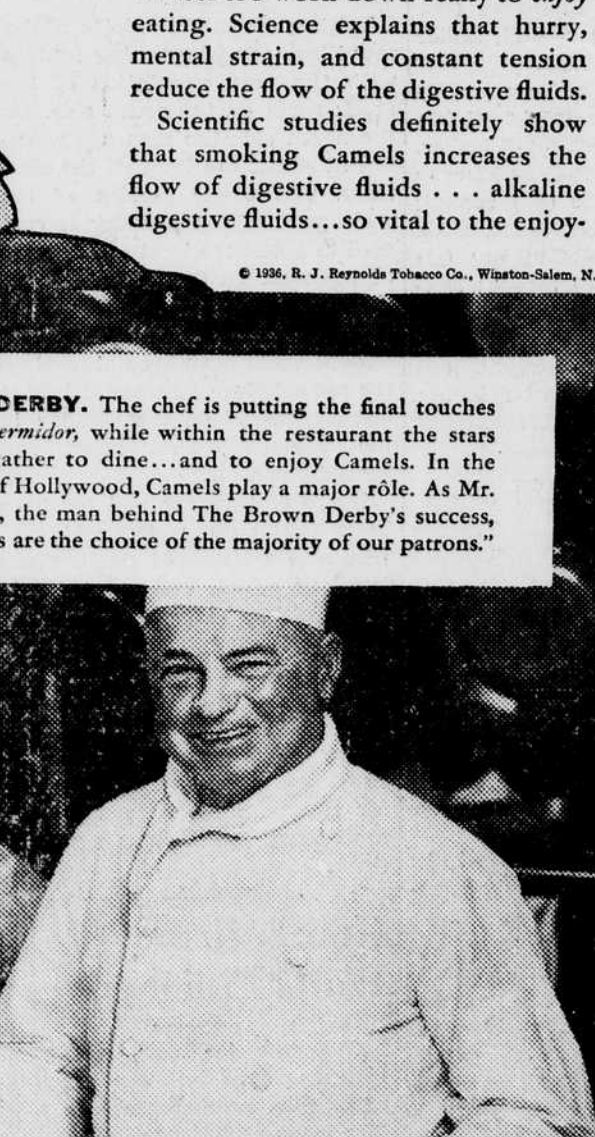
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PROMS AND EXAMS. Constant rushing about and mental strain put you on your mettle. Camels set you right with their aid to digestion—their cheering "lift"—their costlier tobaccos.



THE BROWN DERBY. The chef is putting the final touches to a Lobster Thermidor, while within the restaurant the stars of Hollywood gather to dine...and to enjoy Camels. In the glamorous life of Hollywood, Camels play a major rôle. As Mr. Robert H. Cobb, the man behind The Brown Derby's success, remarks: "Camels are the choice of the majority of our patrons."



CROWDED MINUTES as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahlen, newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. It's swell the way Camels make food taste better and set better."

UNDER THE BIG TOP. Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. She says: "I smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier."

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS, TED RUSING, GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. D. S. T., 8 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. D. S. T., 7 p. m. C. S. T., 8:30 p. m. M. S. T., 7:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over W. A. B. C.—Columbia Network.

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