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SOME INSIDE HISTORY

Of Glee Club Trip—Little Willy Quartette Scores

The fellows just started out to make good this season, and there simply wasn't anything to it. Every man entered into the work heart and soul. We left this sleepy, dry town on Friday morning, December 14, 1906, supposedly at 7 a. m.; but owing to the untimely arrival of our tall, slim, Storie Manager Glafke, we were compelled to hold the train a few minutes in order that Slim could get on the outside of one or two scrambled.

If there any doubts as to whether or not Salem is a good town—and right here it must be explained that when you hear a club man speak of a good town it may be taken thus: pretty girls or—well, as I was saying, just ask Spitty Beck or Sleepy Huston about Salem. The high school in the capital city has the rest of 'em "cooned to a frazzle." And the mob of young smiling faces! You would have imagined the mob armed had you seen the quaking and quivering that attacked the extremities of a few freshmen gleemen, and in fact a few of the old steadies were up against it when we sang a few ditties to them, for this was the first and the first is the worst you know. That night, though, things went with a "biff, bang, bung," and although the general impression left was not quite equal to that of last year, our friends went home with a "good taste" as is shown by the promise of some 20 or 25 foxy freshmen up from Salem this year.

The bunch blew into Albany the next day about noon. The hotel there may be all right under conditions of normal consumption, but as the fellows simply flew at the menu they took us for a flock of canary birds and fed us accordingly. The "play" that night went better. Stage fright disappeared, the singing and mandolin work went with a dash that caused our director parson and our cute Robin with the delightful southern accent, to smile audibly. The "ginger" that should always characterize club

work didn't come until later, however. Alas, 'tis true; if you are inclined to discredit the statement, we ask you to bring the matter up before the committee that ordered the punch at the dance. The Albany bunch may not have just the right kind of college spirit, but they were "right there" with the spirit that entertains.

Monday night in Eugene—after all there's no place like home—was one long to be remembered. Financially it was a success. But not alone financially. The "Little Willie Quartette" made its debut. It was a trifle *gacheux* but nevertheless "peachy and creamy" to the ears of the mass. "Buck's" lyric voice was in great shape, and "Susan" was simply killing in the role of hypnotist and magician. As to general effect produced I will leave you to judge. This narration is not meant to dwell on the artistic method in which each concert was produced, for the plays were supposed to have been written up from that standpoint in previous editions of this paper, by someone with about as much musical taste as a player on the football team; of course we wouldn't mention any names, but it wasn't either of the half-backs.

There seems to be a prevailing impression that the southern part of the state is not in touch with the University, that is in proportion to the spirit of Eastern Oregon, which is in part true. It was a wise stunt for the glee club to make that trip this year, for the interest shown was not quite up to that which some of the older men have seen exhibited in the Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon. But don't get nervous about it, they are coming our way now. The club made the hit that will land them.

Roseburg was a "good town." There are a few of the members who can vouch for that. Ask Paine where Wurtzburger is on draught. See if Cooper will give you a hunch as to why his "dollar trick" worked so well. The "Two Apostles" were shocked but "cradle de Par Neal" assured them that there would not be a repetition of the late hours kept, so it was all right. It was here that two of the august members of the bunch proved

their superiority in the science of whist, which title they retained during the entire trip.

The show went with "ginger" all right. There was nothing to grate on the artistic ear, except that "bright eyes Kincaid" wandered off into oblivion during the performance, carried away, you know. Mike found him in a "barber shop shaving 'em rather close" so he joined in. By the way, Mike Gr-r-r-ross is a "peach to be out with. You should see him as a pawn broker. His motto is "faith, hope and 50 per cent." We would earnestly suggest that the manager adopt Mike's motto after this, as believe it to be the sure road to success.

Medford probably is the "best town" in the state for its size. Mr. Miller of that city had kindly taken the advertising matter into his hands, and the result was they gave us a good house. The Medford High School is in a prosperous condition. They support both glee and treble clubs. Medford you know is right in the most productive part of the Rogue River Valley. The people in that community seem to have the industrial spirit that will make Hood River look to its laurels in the production of fruit. Every one has money, and after the "play" they were very entertaining. Some were inclined to entertain before the show, hence the query arises, "Why couldn't Paine and Henderson sing?" The mandolin club fell down in playing "Cherrie;" when asked why, they said the title of the piece was too suggestive, they were overcome with feeling.

Ashland probably turned out the best house artistically, for every seat sold went at the top notch, showing, of course, good musical taste. Owing to repeated misunderstandings arising between the stage hands, that force was definitely organized at Ashland, with Ker-r-r-us, ship's poet, manager; Storie, boatswain; Sherk, deck hand. Sleepy Huston got mixed up with a little high school "fairie" and forgot he was alive, thus missing a dandy dinner that Clyde Paine and family gave some of the fellows.

Grants Pass was the last stop. Owing to the uncertainty of train arrivals, some

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