

Howard Swarthout
There was a little honey bear,
Of his good looks he was aware.
He strutted out along the path
And to the stream to take a bath;
But ere he reached his destiny
He met a porkey pine by a tree.
He stopped to see what it was about
And touched it with his tender snout,
Then rolled and tumbled and howled
With pain.
And vowed never to touch a porkey
again.

D. W. Read
There was a young feller, named
Buck
Who hunted the jungles, with luck.
Bot a python, by heck.
Wound himself 'round Frank's neck.
For this thrill, see the Hellig—don't
be a clock.

Mac Conn
I went to the jungles of Africa
And what do you suppose I saw?
A giraffe and what a big fellow was
he—
Almost as big as his maw.
"I've a story to tell you about motion
pictures in Eugene," says he.
"The 'Hellig' is there and it's very
rare."
The bee, I've been in, don't you see?
So the giraffe and me
Travelled over land and sea,
For we won a free ticket to the ani-
mal picture.
And now we are happy as can be.

Grace Boggs
Once I goes into the jungle
For a little thrill;
But soon I finds it is a bungle;
'Cause a little chill
Comes creepin' up my spinal column,
Makes my heart stand still.
See, jungle jaguars jag around me,
Jeer with eye that glitters,
Jogles, jump, and jig and jibe—
Jungles, jaguars, jingles, jitters!

Dorothy McElin
The monkey small and frolicsome
Furnishes bystanders with much fun
As he picks fleas off another's crown
And gobbles them down
Without a frown.
In many ways he resembles man,
But try and beat him if you can.

Wanda Woodring
There was a young man from the city
Who saw a big striped kitty;
He shouldn't have done that
But he petted that cat,
And what happened next was a pity!

Ross B. Shelley
Silent saurians reeds untangle,
Ponderous pythons victims mangle,
Giant jaguars fiercely wrangle;
Jungle life had many an angle.
When Noah called his grand old Ark
And started out with loaded bark,
Load roars and snarls brought terror
stark.

Edward L. Young
The monkeys who live in Malay
Upon going to bed never pray,
But lie at their ease
And scratch at their fleas
And dream they are queen of the
May.

Earle Curtis
A hunter one day, I am told,
Went out in the jungle, so bold.
He shot at a tiger
And fell in the niger,
So all he got was a cold.

Ethan Newman
There was a brave man named Buck
Who used an elephant for a truck.
He caught a wild duck
And said 'twasnt luck,
Did this astonishing man named
Buck.

E. F. Spurgin
The Cobra and the Lion
Had a tussle and a fight.
The Cobra said, "I'll squeeze you."
The Lion said, "Good night."

Mrs. Geo. Pinkston
Sue, a sly little mix
Pulled the tail of a scrappy old lynx.
Sue's no more,
Cause the tail it was sore,
And that's the end of the mix.

Mrs. Frank Sly
The monkey climbed the elephant's
knee;
Not a comfortable place, you will
agree.
But he wanted the beast to show
him, you see.
What he carried in his trunk.
The elephant sighed and shed a tear,
"It's only a night shirt I take for
fear.
I might drink too much—well, to
make it clear.
My wife shuts me out when I'm
drunk."

Reta Darlene Selversten
Did you ever see a Python
In a circus or a zoo?
Did it make you shiver plenty
And a little nervous too?
Then imagine the "Malayan Jungles"
And the thrills it holds for you
And patronize "The Hellig"—
And see this picture too.

Leonard Tucker
There was a Hippo named Blinder.
And she sat down on a red hot cin-
der.
That place was hot and up she got
To cool the skin burnt on that spot.

T. J. Filippin
Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"Pray, who's afraid of Frank Buck?"
Dear Duck, I'm ready,
Here goes, sit steady—
So they hopped away—with all luck.
And who so happy, Oh! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

Mrs. L. Adkinson
The kangaroo has pockets,
When we know he has not pants,
Oh, why don't we have uncles,
For we have plenty ants.
The pelicans have huge bills,
Yet owe not a single man.
The peacocks have such ugly feet,
And yet they strut a feat.
If you ask me, it's the buck;
An elephant has no suitcase.
When we know he has a trunk.



Mrs. Grace Johnson
I know of an old forest ranger
Who's a lover of all jungle life.
Tamas cougars and to bear is no
stranger.
Carries cubs in his bosom to thrive,
Makes friends with snakes of the
jungle.
For they rid his small cabin of mice.
He had harness made for a cougar
Who rides in his auto so nice.
For he's a staunch friend of this ran-
ger.
And kindness wins out at what price.
The Hippopotamus was tearing
around
And raising quite a fuss.
He was going to ride to Jungletown
But he had missed the bus.

Doris Parin
Mr. Lion had just made a big kill.
Considered himself in luck.
He was just sitting down to eat his
fill—
"Amazing"—there stood Frank Buck.
The alligator murdered the boa con-
strictor;
They did the best they could to con-
strict fer.

Blanche Eckels
It was Saturday night in the jungle.
Mrs. Leo was bathing the cubs.
Now what do you suppose?
She was using the elephant's trunk
for a hose.

Hugh Simpson
There once was an old man from
Zion
Who thought he would hunt for a
lion.
You may call me a liar,
But his pop gun missed fire—
I hatches that man is still flyin'!

J. E. Richmond
The alligator murdered the boa con-
strictor;
They did the best they could to con-
strict fer.

Mrs. A. L. Kilmas
A lion, to show he was brave,
Took a tiger skin home to his cave.
"That skin there," he cried,
"Almost cost me my hide.
I hope it's just what you crave!"
The brave lion expected a hug,
But his mate only gave him a shrug.
"I'm lucky 'twas he,
And not you," said she,
For this is the latest style rug!"

S. Hayden
Frank Buck jumped on the Hippo's
back
And grabbed him by the tail.
Then dealt upon him many a whack
Which made them swiftly sail
Along the jungle trail.

Ruth Halsey
Here's an idea born some too soon.
Man and nature should be in tune;
As director, Frank Buck of worldly
fame.
With a jungle orchestra of wildest
zams.
A few hyenas to sob and moan—
And so pinch-hit for the saxophone.
An elephant to trumpet, next we need,
With a monkey at the piano for pep
and speed.
A lion or two fill in deep bass notes,
While horns are furnished by moun-
tain goats.

O. Robinson
There was a young divorcee
Who had seven times married a
blood.
Her name was Loretta;
She said she'd never regret.
She'd go to South Africa
To get her a brunette.
She did. A jungle gorilla reached
out to get her
That's the last we saw of Loretta,
Who he had black hair and eyes,
A husky young brunetta.

I. V. Robinson
Is a monkey a jungle land animal?
Yes, that's fine, so is elephant and
cannibal.
To those who believe in evolution
Here I prove the solution.
Yes, evolution is right, man came
down with lower animals.
And left the monkey in trees, if
you please.

Ethel Polley
Said Chief Rhin to his lion forces
"Can't you ever get a crack at
this intruder in our jungle?"
Frank Buck of the kidnap racket;
He is eating all our children.
Get him while his trail is hot.
He's as bold and air as Dillinger.
You must put him on the spot.

E. N. Bradshaw
Buck, the big game hunter
What a man
Catches wild animals
With his bare hands.
Snakes, lions, bears and tigers,
And that's no bunk
But he takes a long range rifle
To kill a little skunk.

Katherine McCrory
A wild tiger of the jungle
Is my idea of a feast.
Said a half-grown little pigmy
To the large and tawny beast.
I also have ideas.
Growled the tiger in reply.
As he pounced upon the pigmy
Maybe you would rather die.

Mrs. R. O. Evans
So Mr. Buck rode the Rhino
To bring him back alive
And show the world it could be done
And now he's satisfied.

Helen Pridmore
A young lady who hated all snakes,
Into the jungle a tour did make.
She straightaway declared
For she didn't have what it takes!

Rexford Eldon
The Ocelot from Patagon
Embarked, her Indian crew to see.
The tiger shared a zebra bone
The make his cousin feel free.
She rubbed his shoulder with her paw.
She said, "There is nothing
Rh-I-Know sweeter."

Mrs. E. O. Randie
Oh, Mr. Buck, what a jag-u-ar on.
With an old hard bed to lion.
What if your ant-e-lopes with a bum,
And from his hi-po-to-mus a gun?
Your bed of chim-pan-zees are out of
style.
Also the big croco-(brew)-dile.
Better fill up the tank with quag-gas,
Hit for home via the monkeys (Mc-
Kenzie) pass.

Harold S. Strawn
There once was a man named Buck
Who rode through the jungle on a
truck;
He was always on the go through
rain or snow,
Where bears dance jigs, monkeys
have wigs,
And giraffes have a hard time swal-
lowing figs.

Thelma Parry
There was a young girl from Eugene.
On her bones there was more fat
than lean
Until she saw "Wild Cargo" on the
screen.

Clara Hooker Miller
"Now we're in style!" Ma Zebra cried
As the fashion poster she espied.
"For stripes are all the rage at last,
And ours are gay and color-fast."

Rena Wheeler
There was a hunter in Malay;
He hunted day after day.
One day he was hunting
When he stubbed his toe
And almost landed on a sleeping
rhino.
He drew out his gun, and looked all
about.
But the rhino was sleeping.
Hadn't even moved his snout.

Adora S. Johnson
The lion roared.
The eagle soared
Over the mountain sheep
In the jungles deep.

Marion P. Wheeler
I wanted to see the monkeys.
The elephants, snakes and the don-
keys.
But a girl giraffe sneezed,
And the lion searched on my knees.
I couldn't find the price of a hanky.
So I didn't see "Wild Cargo."

I. V. Robinson
Is a monkey a jungle land animal?
Yes, that's fine, so is elephant and
cannibal.
To those who believe in evolution
Here I prove the solution.
Yes, evolution is right, man came
down with lower animals.
And left the monkey in trees, if
you please.

Fay Williams
In the shogled, by the seese,
Father sat on a bugalacheese.
Past the gulish and through the
swamp,
He then met up with a catawamp.

Ruth Tucker
Now, in order to make a zebra's
stripes stay,
They must be marked and painted
each and every day.
So we painted a zebra up so very
grand,
Then the 'darned' old thing laid down
in the sand.
Altho' I knew his stripes wouldn't
stay,
Because we painted him the wrong
way.
Then we painted him with indelible
paint,
And now the stripes will stay 'til he
becomes a saint.

Joela Linglebach
Comp, let us go to the jungle.
Ralph and Charles carry a bundle.
We'll hunt for the elephant and deer
Now we are approaching the water-
ing place near.
Bang goes the gun!
Out comes the knife, by gum.
Cut the deer steaks—
And start a fire by those lakes.
The rest we'll carry home.
I'll hunt the elephant alone.

Mrs. Anne Dozier
A lion aspired to be truthful,
A falsehood he never would tell.
Said the giraffe with a sneer
To the animals near
We all know that he is a lion (lyin').

Eugene T. Stromberg
Frank Buck found a boa constrictor.
So hastily rushed in and kicked her.
"This is stunning," he said,
"She can't pose when she's dead.
It's alive that I want to depict her!"

Mrs. T. J. Filippin
Oh! a monkey in a dingle.
Had his heart all a tingle.
For he loved a monkey-maid
In a bright green dell!
So he wooed her in the jungle.
Now they jingle-jangle-dangle.
With their little monkey babies
That they love right well.

Mrs. F. M. Spicer
Tell me not in mournful jingles,
You'd have me write a jungle verse;
At the thought my nerves just tingle
And I go from bad to worse.
All those Apes and Bats and Badgers,
Leave me minus any pluck;
I'll not duck and run for cover
And leave it all to Mr. Buck.

Gilbert Ernsting
"My dear," said Mr. Buck to a doe,
"I want to take you with me to
Buffalo."
"He's lion," blazed serpent.
"Lioness right," retorted Miss Ele-
phant.
"Bear my word, he's not fawn of you,
I bet he'll gangle you to some zoo!"

Stuart Lay
A silly but romantic racoon.
Went serenading by the light of the
moon.
They all said at his wake,
"He made a big mistake,"
When he tried to court a lady baboon.

Arthur R. Warren
A shrewd jungle beast was the lion.
As a saleslady plump he laid eye on.
He stretched his mouth wide
And said "Step inside.
Just slip into this for a try-on."

Mrs. S. D. Read
In order to get you an Orxy.
Load your gun to the hilt, with dry
borax.
In plain common lingo,
Put the head on—by Jingo
Just bulls-eye him once, in the thorax.

Madge McKean-Smith
On calories sparingly fed,
Boa turned to the Hippo and said,
"Don't you think a slim figure is
best?"
Hippo said, "Cast an eye at Mae
West."
By, was that Boa's face red!

M. Hulegaard
There was a young lady from Asia,
With a shape and a dance that
would amaze yuh
Though she charmed apes and birds
Lured wild animals from their herds
She cried "What's the matter, Frank
Buck, I can't phase yuh?"

Betty Yocom
A tiger wandered through the jungle
Looking very smug;
When suddenly he took a tumble,
Now he's a lovely rug.

E. P. McKeen-Smith
"How does Buck get that way?"
Each animal is heard to say.
"I will not act another day.
'Less he gives a contract right away
I believe he ought to pay—
Great guns where is the NRAT?"

Mrs. L. L. Constance
Mrs. Monkey ate the peppermints
Her loving hubby brought her;
They burned her tongue, the rest she
flung.
To cool them, in some water.
But oh, the tongue! As wise have
sung.
The female sort won't tire;
She hastened to the Monkey Club
And with it made a fire.

Mrs. Charles Mayhew
Smiling Miss Blim
Went for a swim
Dangerously near the shore,
A huge crocodile
Fell for her smile.
Miss Blim doesn't swim any more.

Mrs. W. A. Copeland
Wild Cargo is simply full of beasts.
That roam the woods and streams,
But who's afraid of the big bad rinos
As long as they're on the screen.

Mrs. Burr E. Fisher
There were giraffes tall and slim,
Chimpanzees who made people grin.
Lions, tigers, hyenas and leopards,
Hippopotamuses, rhinoceros and ele-
phants, too.
Camels and jackals, large and small;
All came on a lops at Noah's call.
A boat he built, huge and trim
And drove them in by twos with a
vim.
Then, said he, "Now Lord let there be
rain.
So my work and worry will not all be
in vain."

I. P. Inman
The bravest man I ever knew, by
name, Frank Buck—by heck, by
He swam the raging Amazon,
and climbed old Chapultepec;
He captured hippo's, tigers, guinea
hens, and birds of every feather;
He caught a skunk and elephant and
tied the two together.

Mrs. Fred E. Hughes
An elephant is funny, I think.
He nods his head and gives a wink.
So big and strong with a trunk beside,
A mouse will make him terrified.

Belle Morefield
I am from Jingle Jungle land.
I belong to the wild animal band.
Of all the animals of the zoo,
The lion, the tiger, the kangaroo,
The one I think I like the best
Is the kangaroo with his white vest.

Three Hundred Jingleers Submit Nearly Thousand Verses In Great Contest

The Register-Guard Helig theatre jungle jingle contest is over. The judges emerged from the hundreds of entries Sunday with six finalists, all of them outstanding, and Manager A. West Johnson of the Helig decided, after the first, second and third prize winners had been chosen to present the remaining three with special prizes.

The second prize award, \$5 in cash and a ticket to the show, goes to John Radmore, 1232 W. 8th street. The judges had a hard time of trouble deciding between the first three, and Radmore's jingle nearly got the palm. Max Morris, 490 E. 15th street, was adjudged winner of the third award, \$2 and a ticket.

In addition to the first three winners, the judges are presenting three special awards to the jingles which reached the finals. To Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, 1187 East 22nd street, Alda M. Smith, Cottage Grove, and Mrs. Lou M. Pope, Monroe, go two-weeks passes to the Helig theatre.

The judging was close all the way, and when the entries had been narrowed down to the last 25 or 30, it became exceedingly difficult to choose. The six prize-winners were finally selected as approximately most nearly the various requirements of a jungle jingle.

The contest was inspired by the showing this week of "Wild Cargo" at the Helig. The picture, filmed in the Malay jungle by Frank Buck, packs hundreds of thrills, and includes some of the greatest animal photography ever presented. Fights between pythons and leopards, lions and buffalo, and many other novel exploits are high spots in the film. It will close Thursday.

In addition to the six prizes, the Helig theatre and Register-Guard are presenting 94 tickets to the 94 next best jingles. Following are the first six and the 94 additional winners. Winners are to go to the Helig theatre for prizes and tickets.

First Prize
By S. E. A.
The Gibbon lives and takes his
in his high home up in the trees.
The movies lead us to conclude
That pant-house living is quite some-
less.
But this is not the Gibbon's mood.
His life's above reproach and blame-
less.
Although we have a nicer shape,
We might do well to ape the ape.

Second Prize
By John Radmore
A hunter of doubtful ability
Considered the slight possibility
Of seeing some game.
When roaring there came
A tiger with no sign of docility.
He remarked as he ran with agility
"Now, I question his true affability."
I'm not proud in the least.
But I fear that you beast
Has designs on my raw edibility.

Third Prize
By Max Morris
Said the monkey to his bride
"How I wish that I had died
Before old Frankie Buck came to
his cage."
"You're crazy, then," said she
"This life is grand for me,
Why, I've longed to be in Hollywood
for ages."

Special Prizes
By Mrs. Lou Pope
Jungle Jane met a boa constrictor
She knew for his next meal he'd job
ed her.
For between his two ends
She saw three of her friends
No wonder cold shudders gripped her.

By Mrs. J. H. Gilbert
I'd like to spot a leopard or a yak
And I'd like to know a gnu he
couldn't talk;
But I wouldn't care to monkey with
a bear,
And I wouldn't pan a panther in his
lair.
How terribly exciting it would be
To watch a three-toed tapir climb a
tree!
I'd just adore to hear a lion run
And I'd love to pot a hippopotamus.

By Alda M. Smith
When writing a poem on the jungle
It's important, in sooth, not to bungle.
So of Kipling first read a few
umes.
Then of natural history some
yums.
Next select a plump boa-constrictor
Add a python to balance the mix.
Alligators, bright tigers, black cats,
And some parrots and apes setting
capers.
You will have, when you throughly
mingle,
A humdinger of a jungle jingle.

ONE TICKET WINNERS
Eva C. Ellsworth
Said the Zebra to the Boa with a
sly little wink.
Here's something I'm going to do
the Mink.
That if Man sprang first from the
Munk.
Then why he so much of a stink?
The Hippopotamus heard, and with
staring eyes
Answered, "Better to be with the
wise."

Evelyn Lake
Frank Buck is a funny man.
He won't be afraid of a hunk of
meat.
And when the night comes
He still ain't afraid.
Not with his lions and giraffes
around.

Maxine McCrory
There are many peculiar animals
that dwell in the zoo.
The long-necked giraffe and the
loping kangaroo—
The Cobra is a dreadful snake
with a deadly strike;
The baby lion is playful, when
it's a little tike.

Grace Johnson
Two little cub bears
Were feasting on pears.
Then a lion did roost.
We saw them no more.
But we hope they are free
To climb the pear trees
That grow round their house
in the jungles they roost.

Mrs. Violet Parmeter
Jingle, jingle, elephant tank.
Shave the cat's whiskers if you can.
The monkey cleaned his ears
While the squirrel washed his
with his bushy tail.
The skunk performed them with
a scent.
Then back to the jungle we
went.