

Words by
Carol Smith '38

Papa's Ultimatum
(Junior Song 1937)

P.P. 3940

(Song No. 1)
Music by
Leonard Rantone

Ho - Hum - Cot-taget up and at it. Ho - Hum - Hate to get up and at

pa - pa said when he sent us off to col - lege, study! Crum! Ab - sorb - that know -

My! - My! How the time is drag - ging. Oh - dear! - The profs are al - ways na -

Summum bonum, do da - re de - di da - tus. Spring - time fe - ver has sure - ly got a

We an - tic - i - pate Every weekend date Non - cha - lant - ly wink an eye At the work

At the work

pa - pa said when he sent us off to col-lege, study! cram! Ab - sorb - that know

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first measure contains the lyrics "pa - pa said when he". The second measure contains "sent us off to". The third measure contains "col-lege,". The fourth measure contains "study!". The fifth measure contains "cram!". The sixth measure contains "Ab -". The seventh measure contains "sorb - that know". The music is written in a simple, handwritten style with some corrections and a 7-measure rest in the fifth measure.

An empty grand staff consisting of a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff.

An empty grand staff consisting of a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff.

An empty grand staff consisting of a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff.

An empty grand staff consisting of a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff.

An empty grand staff consisting of a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff.

Words by
Frank Pemberton '37

Indian Rhythm
(Senior Song 1937)
(Winnetka)

PP 41-42

Music by
Anna May Untath

Bristly

The In-dians known to Ja-son Lee Went out one night on a little spree; They

or-gan-ized a thy-tem band That soon was-known through-out the land. Then

they went off to col-lege, And took their band a-long; With sharps and flats and feathers in their

feathers in their hats They beat their big tom-toms. The big Chief smiled, the squaws went wild As they sang their col-lege song.

[chant - - - - Rit. - - - -] *A tempo*

x Woo-oo-oo-oo (War whoop) Woo-oo-oo-oo Woo-oo-oo-oo Woo-oo-oo-oo) *A tempo*

At Will- am-ette U. each gal and lad

same kind of rhythm that the Indians had - The Red-men's ghosts are with us still, And if we don't

sure they will.

ff

[Whoop!]

$\frac{1}{4} \sim$

INDIAN RHYTHM

The Indians known to Jason Lee
Went out one night on a little spree;
They organizee a rhythm band
That soon was known throughout the land.

Then they went off to college
And took their band along;
With sharps and flats and feathers in
 their hats
They beat their big tom-tom.
The big chief smiled, the squaws went wild.
As they sang their college song.
Woo-oo-oo-oo (War whoop) oo-oo-oo-oo.
Woo-oo-oo-oo (War whoop) oo-oo-oo-oo.

At Willamette U. each gal and lad
Has the same kind of rhythm that the Indians
 had.
The redmen's ghosts are with us still,
And if we don't whoop, we're sure they will.
 (Whoop)

WEARY WILLIE

A weary Willie from Wichita
Went to Willamette to college,
With a single ambition and no addition
Of winning degrees of knowledge;
But one bright spring his thoughts did tumble
For then a wee wench he did woo,
Now with knowledge of college he's humble,
And walks floors with wee Willies two.

Chorus:

Oh Willamette! Oh Willamette!
Please don't do the same for me.
Oh Willamette! Oh Willamette!
It's easy and plain to see,
When my thoughts begin to wander
From my old A. B. degree,
Oh Willamette! Oh Willamette!
Please don't do the same for me.

PIN-PLANTING SONG

Hi-Ho!

The sky is merry blue above,

Spring is here--the time for love;

A young man strolling down the street,

Says he, "'Tis time for me to meet

The one to make my life complete!"

Hi-Ho, W. U.

Spring is here again!

And so —

No sooner said than done it seems,

He finds the maiden of his dreams;

Tho' love perhaps may make him blue,

Willamette loves are always true,

Except, of course, when they're not true--

Hi-Ho, W. U.

Spring is here again!

Papa's Ultimatum

Ho hum. Gotta get up and at it.
Ho hum. Hate to get up and at it.
But papa said when he sent us off to college,
Study! Cram! Absorb that knowledge!

My My. How the time is dragging.
Oh dear. The profs are always nagging.
Summum bonum, do dare dedi datus.
Springtime fever has surely got us.

We anticipate
Every week-end date.
Nonchalantly wink an eye
At the work we let go by.

What ho. Deep black Monday.
Hi ho. Wish it still were Sunday.
But papa said when he sent us off to college,
Study! Cram! Absorb that knowledge!