



FACULTY VOTES TO ORGANIZE A SENIOR SOCIETY

Honorary Scholarship Organization Is Favored by a Vote of Professors

ALUMNI TO BE CHOSEN

Twenty Per Cent Is Limit to Membership From Graduating Class and Fifteen Per Cent From Alumni; Elections in May

For the purpose of promoting the best standards of scholarship among the students of Willamette University and to express an appreciation of such attainments, the faculty hereby establishes an honorary scholarship society...

Provision is also made for the membership of the alumni in the society. Approximately 15 per cent of the enrollment of former graduates classes of Willamette will be added to the organization by vote of the faculty.

The constitution, as adopted by the faculty, is as follows:

Article I. The society shall be called...

Article II. Only senior students of the College of Liberal Arts who have been in residence at least one year and not more than 15 per cent of any class already graduated, shall be eligible to membership.

Article III. The faculty shall elect to the society not more than 20 per cent of any senior class and the election shall be made on the basis of scholarship as evidenced by semester grades and productions of scholarly value.

Article IV. The faculty shall make selections to the society in May of each year. The names may be announced at the time of election and shall be announced at the annual Commencement exercises, at which time the seniors elected will receive a certificate of membership.

Article V. Members are allowed and expected to wear a watch guard pendant duplicating the adopted design.

Article VI. A public address shall be given annually by a person of attainments, to be known as the (name) address.

Article VII. There will be no fees or dues but each member shall provide his own badge.

Co-eds to Jump and Sprint on Thursday

An interclass track meet for women will be held Thursday evening on Sweetland field. The meet will be open to all four classes for competition...

Extract from A's Diary

Monday—He tried to kiss me. Tuesday—Tried again. Wednesday—Ditto. Thursday—Said if I didn't let him next time we went riding he would turn the car over and kill us all. Friday—I saved seven lives today.

Owing to a paper shortage which has existed for the last few weeks, it has been impossible to make the appearance of the Collegian a consistent feature of Wednesday morning, it being, oftentimes, necessarily postponed until Thursday. It is expected that there will be a degree of regularity after this issue.

Every man at Haverford college, Penn., pledged to the endowment fund in a recent campaign, averaging \$83.29; raising a total of \$15,156.50.

BASHFUL BUDDY HAS BLUSHING BOX PARTY

Is It Really Association or Is Mr. Ryan Trying for Effect?

Time was when Buddy Ryan was reported to be bashful. That was in the cool green days of the past when Albert was still young about the campus and hadn't associated such a lengthy time with those terrible boys at 1492 Court street.

The question now is, has Buddy been deceiving his friends and schoolmates all this long year in order to pull off a great surprise in the spring, or was last Thursday night's escapade merely the result of one superhuman effort?

At any rate, the public should have the facts. The Sunday morning Statesman mentioned a number of box parties at the Apollo Club concerts Wednesday and Thursday nights, but it failed to describe that one to which Albert Ryan acted the part of host.

Yes, Buddy had a box party! What is worse, the whole company was composed of girls—that is, excepting Buddy. There they sat, girls to the left of him, girls to the right of him, girls in front of him volleyed and nodded. There is always just a wee bit of sorrow to every great joy, however, and a careful observer could not but notice that Buddy didn't look as beautifully content as he might have.

SOPHS WIN AT RACQUET GAMES

Moodhe and Doney Best Black Sheep and Beat Seniors on Default Ruling

The invincible sophomore tennis team made a clean sweep of the tournament by winning the doubles. They defeated the juniors, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1, and won from the seniors, who were too busy graduating to play tennis, by default.

Moodhe and Doney, the varsity doubles team, represented the victorious sophomores, and Davies and McKittrick, who were the doubles team of two years ago, played for the juniors. They put up a fast scrap, and threw a grand scare into the sophomore camp by taking the first set 6-3.

Article VIII. There will be no fees or dues but each member shall provide his own badge.

Owing to the reoccurring organization of the society, members from this year's class will not be selected until a few days before commencement.

Prof. Matthews' Mother Dies

Willamette students are deeply grieved at the news of the bereavement of Prof. James T. Matthews, whose mother died recently. Her death caused the professor to have to cancel two or three of the last of his graduating addresses, before some of the high schools of the state. The entire school joins in sympathy for the bereaved.

Dr. C. E. McClung, chairman of the division of biology and agriculture of the National Research Council, recently visited Northwestern University. Dr. McClung is on a tour of the universities and colleges of the middle west, explaining the purposes and aims of the Council. He is also investigating and studying conditions of scientific research in mid-west institutions.

Have you read Reuel Smith's story entitled "Thirty Days"? It's worth your while.

Purdue University students are raising a fund to establish a "Purdue in China" social settlement.

KIMBALL HOLDS FINAL SERVICES

Commencement on June 11 to Close Successful Year at School of Theology

Baccalaureate Sermon Will Be Given On Sunday, June 6; President's Reception is on Wednesday

One week in advance of the university, Kimball School of Theology starts her commencement next Sunday and scatters her attractions over an extent of five days.

Sunday morning the baccalaureate sermon will be preached for Kimball College. This will be in the church. The next event comes on Tuesday, when the Fisher prize competition in hymn and Scripture reading will be held in the assembly hall.

Wednesday evening at 8 p. m., President and Mrs. Talbot will entertain with their annual reception to the faculty, the students and the friends of Kimball College. The assembly hall will be the scene of this social function.

The graduating exercises will be held in the assembly hall Friday afternoon at 2:30 with the Reverend J. M. Walters, D. D. of Spokane, as the chief speaker. After the graduation exercises the Kimball College Alumni Association will meet, and in the evening, at 6:30, will come the alumni banquet.

CHAPEL NOTES

Address given by Mrs. Southwick in chapel Friday in memory of Memorial Day. It was followed by the giving of the Gettysburg address by Professor Krappa, one of the leading educators of Salem.

Whenever we meet at Willamette University, it's generally considered the proper thing to tell of the history and building of this Capital city, and it is right that it should be continued in order that the young people of today may form some idea of the struggle and self defense of our pioneers that have made of this great institution the greatest up-bulder of Salem and of the whole Pacific coast.

Years ago we had as holidays, Independence day, or 4th of July, Christmas and New Years. No other, except Valentine's day. I wish to tell you the history of our present Memorial day.

Very few of you will remember our first Decoration day. I think it was 38 years ago, when according to national orders our G. A. R. announced that they would hold memorial services in the Odd Fellow's cemetery. There was no City View cemetery then. As the day approached it was amusing to see the people going out with shovel and hoe, and such a cleaning up of weeds from forgotten and neglected cemetery lots you have never heard of before.

The concert that was given by the music department Wednesday evening, June 2, was one of the best that has ever been presented, and formed a grand finale for the closing work of the department for the year. Dr. John R. Sites and the other teachers in the department deserve high commendation for their faithful and inspiring work with the students, as was evidenced by the concert.

The program as a whole was so good that it would be hard to select the choice numbers. It went as follows: 1. Organ: March and Chorus from "Tannhauser".....Richard Wagner. Dorothy Stafford. 2. Voice: Slave song.....Teresa Del Riego. Gladys Brodie. 3. Piano: Mazurka.....Leshetzky. Lucile Atwood. 4. Piano: Butterfly, op. 42, No. 2.....Frederic Chopin. Sadie Pratt. 5. Voice: "Sing, Smile, Slumber".....Charles Gounod. Pearl Carson. 6. Piano: Love Song.....Cadinan. Ruby Rosenkrantz. 7. Voice: "Evening" from Sun-sweet-Times; Song Cycle.....Landon Ronald. Mary Jane Albert. 8. Piano: Wedding day at Troil-hansen.....Ed. Grieg. Bruce Putnam.

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ARTISTS OF THE DIAMOND FINISH SEASON'S WORK

Two Victories in Nine Starts Considered Good With Such Large Adversaries Met

BATTING AVERAGE .235

Final Game Is Lost to Multnomah Along With Official Score Book; Score Is 4-3 With Dimick Twirling High Class Ball

Altho it totals seven defeats and two victories, the present baseball season can truthfully be called a successful one. The games lost were as much a credit to the team as those won. O. A. C. Stanford and the Multnomah club put out teams which it is an honor for a school of Willamette's size to play, and it may be said that all of the games were real contests. The victories over Pacific were decisive, and showed that Willamette had a strong team for a college of its size.

In the last game of the season the Bearcats lost to Multnomah 4 to 3. It was one of the closest and hardest fought games of the season, Harold Dimick pitching a steady game for the Bearcats. The unfortunate loss of the official score book forbids a detailed account. Also no account of this game is taken in compiling some of the batting averages, nor of the O. S. P. contest. The total average for the team is .235, a good figure.

Table with 4 columns: Name, A.D., H., Per. Rows include Caton, R. Dimick, Page, Radspinner, H. Dimick, Irvine, Davies, Power, Baaser, Jackson, Brown, McKittrick.

ANNUAL CONCERT IS SUCCESSFUL

Music Department Presents Final Program Displaying Work Done This Year

Students in Piano, Organ and Voice Give Twenty-one Numbers Which Portray the Best in Music

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SENIOR MUSICAL STUDENTS GOOD

Miss Ross and Miss De Long Present Program at First M. E. Church, Friday

Solos on Pipe Organ and Piano Arr Received With Applause, Variety Is Casually Pleasing

Miss Evelyn De Long and Miss Lucile Ross appeared in a joint recital of music at the First Methodist church last Friday evening. Both young ladies will be graduated from the College of Music this year. Miss De Long gave pipe organ numbers only, while Miss Ross played both the pipe organ and the piano.

The program presented a variety of musical numbers ranging from the light and fantastic "Will o' the Wisp" by Shelly, played by Miss De Long, to the pensive "Meditation" of Sturges, played by Miss Ross. An attractive number was first movement from Mozart's "Concert in A Major," where Miss Ross played the piano and Miss De Long the organ.

The following is the program as given:

- 1. Organ: Grand Offertory No. 11 "St. Cecilia".....E. Batiste. Miss Evelyn De Long. 2. a. Piano: Romance, Jean Labelius. b. Polichinelle.....Sergie V. Rachmanninoff. Miss Lucile Ross. 3. a. Organ: A Springtime Sketch.....J. Brewer. b. Will o' the Wisp, H. R. Shelly. Miss Evelyn De Long. 4. Organ: Grand Offertory No. 1, "St. Cecilia".....E. Batiste. Miss Lucile Ross. 5. Piano and Organ: Concert in A Major.....W. A. Mozart. I. Movement. Piano: Miss Lucile Ross. Organ: Miss Evelyn De Long. 6. a. Organ: Meditation.....Edward J. Sturges. b. Gavotte from Magnon.....Ambroise Thomas. Miss Lucile Ross. 7. Organ: March Militaire.....H. R. Shelly. Miss Evelyn De Long.

Senior Y. W. C. A. Taxes Capacity of Rest Room; Mary Findley Is Leader

The senior meeting about which freshmen girls have heard so much, fulfilled all expectations on Thursday, May 27. The seating capacity of the Y. W. rest room was taxed to the limit.

Mary Findley, in charge of the program, gave one of her usual inspiring talks. Responses were made by the senior girls regarding the part Y. W. plays in the college girl's life. A vocal solo by Miss Lea Briggs was much appreciated. The senior girls in cap and gown made one truly realize that they will soon be leaving the university. A feeling of sadness prevailed despite the pleasure and joy in looking forward to the duties of the coming fall.

The last meeting of the year will be in the interests of Seabeek. There will be lots of pep and enthusiasm at this meeting, so let every girl be out. W. U. wants a large representation at Seabeek this summer. Let's get to thinking about it.

Ex-President Taft Is Lavish in Praising W. U.

President Doney had the pleasure of riding to Portland last Sunday morning with ex-President Taft who had lectured in the armory the night before. Mr. Taft was very lavish in his praise of Willamette and of her contributions to the Northwest. He said that he was glad to hear President Doney say that he thought 500 students to be about the right size college for undergraduate work. Mr. Taft said that the United States owes a big debt to the smaller colleges and he hopes she will not make the mistake of trying to enlarge all the schools of higher education.

The corner stone of a Hebrew university has recently been laid on the matter of Ottovos. It is expected that the chemical research building will be completed this year.

BLACKIE INVENTOR OF SAFETY FIRST DEVICE

Handsome Senior Protects His Signa Tau Phi From Migratory Habits Which Are Now Prevalent

Much has been heard upon the subject of frat pins—and especially Sigma Tau pins. Their emulating qualities have been the subject of many a confidential chat or Collegian story. A device to guard against this very tendency toward the pin's changing of abode has its invention due to the fertile mind of Blackie Miller.

While the public may as yet be unaware of the facts, the truth is that for the past eight months this handsome senior has been much in the company of a pretty little freshman girl. It is to be hoped that his attentions have not been insincere, and that he has not cruelly and coldheartedly been playing the part of a male vamp—a course of action which might be suspected from his actions as revealed in the following story.

Blackie was seated with Dorothy by his side at the musical recital last Friday night. About the time of the first chord of the last number, the neighbor on the other side noticed that Blackie was covertly lowering his nearer hand. Slowly, slowly, down crept the hand until it reached the seat. Then Blackie cautiously shifted his weight toward Dorothy's side and while his lips whispered to her of the music, his hand reached beneath him and came forth clutching the hidden treasure. He had been sitting on his Signa Tau pin!

It was then that Blackie noticed that he was discovered. Under the circumstances he decided that best thing to do was to take the neighbor into his confidence.

Nodding covertly toward Dorothy, he raised his hand to his mouth and whispered from its shelter, "Safety first."

MARY NOTSON IS NEW PRESIDENT

Girl's Willamette Club Has Election; Misses Garrett and Shanafelt Also Win

Miss Mary Notson is now president of the Girls' Willamette club as a result of the annual election held Friday. Miss Mildred Garrett will act as vice president and Miss Emma Shanafelt will serve as secretary-treasurer.

The new officers have already begun their activities. Committees were sent Saturday to decorate the Mission lot at the Lee Mission cemetery.

The object of the organization is to perpetuate the memory of Jason Lee and to encourage a spirit of cooperation among the girls. During the past year under the able leadership of Miss Bernice Knuths and her assistant, Miss Edith Hawley, the activities of the organization have grown immensely. The co-ed carnival, one of the new activities, was without doubt the most pleasant social function of the year in which all the women of the university participated.

With the reopening of Willbraham Academy after Easter vacation a modified form of student leadership and cooperation goes into effect. Under this plan, which was unanimously endorsed by the faculty and approved and accepted by the student body, the study room during the class periods throughout the day and the study hour in the dormitory at night will be entirely in charge of selected student leaders. This is for the double purpose of training in the art of leadership and self-government as well as to give the masters full opportunity for personal conferences and individual assistance to boys who need particular attention. It is therefore expected to produce better scholastic results and also a greater sense of personal responsibility among the students themselves.

Ex-servicemen in the state of Wisconsin may attend any higher institution of learning or technical school of their choice, and receive from the state the sum of \$20 for each month of attendance, under the new educational bonus law. This holds good until July 1, 1924, and the maximum amount that any man may receive is \$1080.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK WILL HAVE MANY DELIGHTS

President's Reception, Class Day Exercises and Senior Breakfast Are Ahead

PRES. CAMPBELL LISTED

Baccalaureate Sermon to Be Given By President Doney; Professor Matthews Leads Farewell V. M.-V. W. C. A. Meeting

Commencement again finds its place among the hastening days of college life, and has set apart for its own activities the four days from June 13-16 inclusive. That these days will be filled with events of interest to faculty, alumni and undergraduates, is promised by the program now issued. All the usual numbers will again appear, with their annual variations.

President Carl Gregg Doney will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the seniors on Sunday morning, May 13. This will be in the First Methodist church, as usual. According to custom, the Christian associations will hold their farewell meeting on Sunday afternoon, and Professor James T. Matthews will be the leader. The evening of this day will be given over to the anniversary service of the Christian associations.

Who's engaged and who's not engaged, that all important question comes up for settlement Monday morning when the traditional formula of running around the senior breakfast table will be reenacted. This year the breakfast will be held upon the campus, but the time will remain the same, 8 a. m.

For the alumni, the seniors and their guests, the trustees, the faculty, the students and all friends of the university is the reception tendered by President and Mrs. Doney in Eaton Hall, Monday evening. The seniors will stand in the receiving line. Alumni who have arrived for the commencement exercises always welcome this reception with its opportunity for renewing old friendships and for meeting the personnel of the university as it is today.

Tuesday brings the annual meeting of the board of trustees at 10 o'clock in the morning. After a student lunch on the campus the class day exercises will take place. Stunts by the frogman, sophomore and junior classes are always followed by the presentation of the senior gift, and its acceptance by the board of trustees.

Wednesday brings the commencement proper, when the members of the present senior class will be graduated from the university. At 9:30 a. m. the procession will form at Eaton Hall, whence it will proceed down State street to the church. This address of the morning will be given by President P. L. Campbell of the University of Oregon and the conferring of the degrees will be in charge of President Doney.

At 2:30 in the afternoon the alumni association will hold its regular business meeting and election of officers. Concluding the commencement period, the last event in the school year will come the alumni banquet at 6:30 Wednesday evening. At this function the class of 1920 will be formally welcomed into the Alumni Association.

Jacob Trofz, Morningdale College, won the Iowa State Prohibition oratorical contest, held at Simpson College, some days ago. Fremont Hendrickson of Iowa Wesleyan placed second and G. M. Ludwig, Western Union, third. The winners received in prizes \$100, \$25 and \$15 respectively. This is the last I. P. A. oratorical contest to be held in Iowa.

The sale of liquors in the colleges at Oxford to students has been free from revenue and managerial control for many generations. A like freedom has been enjoyed at Cambridge. Such freedom of control probably arose out of the ancient privileges of the universities.

There are more women in Boston University than in any woman's college in the country. This year there were 2254 women enrolled at Boston University.

Have you read Reuel Smith's story entitled "Thirty Days"? It's worth your while.

Willamette Collegian



Founded 1889

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TAKE WILLAMETTE WITH YOU.

Vacation is at hand. In two weeks the students will be speeding out from the university in as many directions as there are railway routes.

What of Willamette spirit? Shall we leave it to stagnate all summer in empty corridors and lonely classrooms? If Willamette spirit could thus be cooped up, it would not be the spirit of which we are so proud.

During the year we have each gained something from our life at Willamette. When we return home this summer, let us show these new gains in the way we live and in the way we act.

MAKE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE

The young man had spent four entire years at Willamette and had been safely graduated without any loss, save for diploma fee. The cruel world had cast him far to the north, to Portland, in fact. The date was early in September; the place, the streets of the city.

TIME OF REGRETS AT HAND

They are just about upon us and soon we will be in the midst of them. Exams. Now it is that the conscientious scholar wears the beam of pride on his brow and all the rest of us poor loafers have to start in digging. Those canoe riders are

each measuring four long hours on the day's schedule. Yes, we'd do the same thing again, of course. But then there are some things for which we are sorry. By remembering these next fall a great deal of regrets will not have to be received during examination season, next Christmas. Remember.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1889

W. C. Alderson, A. B., '89, is school superintendent of Multnomah county. He is running as a candidate for another term on the republican ticket.

Mrs. Alderson (Maggie B. Brown) is also a graduate in the class of '89. They reside at 1195 Atlanta St., Portland.

Frank M. Anderson, A. B., '89, resides at 2604 Etta St., Berkeley, Cal. He is engaged in economic geological work, dealing with oil fields and oil deposits.

Albert W. Bowersox, Ph. B., '89, is living at 205 E. 5th St., Albany, Ore. He was for some time manager of the flour mill at that place. His wife (Acta Forest), is a graduate of the school of music in '89.

Miss Laura May Dimick, B. L., '89, makes her residence at 804 Center St., Oregon City.

May Boise Lauterman, B. L., '89, is listed as resident at Salem, Ore.

James T. Matthews, A. B., '89, A. M., '94, is completing his twenty-seventh year as professor in Willamette University. His wife, (Rebecca Brown, Ph. B.), is also a graduate of the class of '89. They reside on South 12th St. in Salem.

William T. Rigby, A. B., '89, A. M., '92, receives his mail at Pendleton. Mr. Rigby was a member of the Oregon house of representatives from 1895 to 1898.

Byron McBride Caples, M. D., '89, is practicing at Waukesha, Wis.

Dr. L. Victoria Hampton is located at 475 W. Park st., Portland, Ore.

C. Carrie Kellum, M. D., '89, lives at Port Blakely, Wash.

Dr. W. S. H. Palmer's address is given as Napa, California.

W. H. Parrish, M. D., '89, resides at Hughson, Calif.

Dr. Ossian T. West, M. D., '89, is located in the Cobb building in Seattle, Wash.

The other members of this class are: Jacob S. Barklow, Ordway E. Boatwick, Myra A. Brown (Portland?), Harry Green Hill.

Information concerning these will be greatly appreciated.

George Ireck, Ph. G., '89, is Willamette's first graduate of pharmacy. His residence is given as Portland.

MUSIC—1880

Mamie Parvin Brown is conducting an art studio in the Macleay building in Portland. She is a member of the Oregon Keramic club.

Nellie Howe's residence is given as Dallas, Oregon.

Mrs. D. B. Mackie, nee Genevieve Hughes, lives at 256 Poplar St., Portland. She is also a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music.

IN MEMORIAM—1880

Ennia M. Linden, M. D., '89, LuLu Thompson, music, '89, died 1890.

Burr E. Tatro, L. L. B., '13, is elected as instructor of commercial subjects for another year in the high school at Oregon City. Mr. Tatro has held this position three years thus far.

John L. Gary, A. B., '16, has been elected as principal of the West Linn schools for another year. This town is the enterprising "burg" on the opposite side of the river from Oregon City.

Mrs. Ray Metcalf, nee Lola Cooley, A. B., '15, is with her husband, ex-'18, at 928 E. 82nd St., Chicago. Ray is attending the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Victor Collins (Edith Bird), A. B., '18, is teaching in the high school at Salem. Her husband is attending Willamette University. They live at 1422 State St.

Have you read Reuel Smith's story entitled "Thirty Days"? It's worth your while.

HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS ENJOY HOSPITALITY

Phils and Guests Are Treated to Strains From Modern Walt Mason and Also to Music.

The Phils extended a glad hand to a group of the seniors from Salem High last Wednesday. "Tommy," with a "hickled to see you" smile started the evening of fun and jollity. Phil's spirit of hospitality pervaded Mr. Thomas' entire speech and he expressed the wish of every undergraduate when he said that next year the opening freshmen would be "welcomed in a palace grand—the new Waller Hall." A delightful surprise of the evening followed when the Walt Mason of the west read an original jingle. Mr. Bain



In Y. M. C. A. for the past two weeks we have had speakers who have told us some of the regrets which they hold from their college days. Some may help us to change our course, while others perhaps were not offered in time and they no doubt are now listed among some of our own regrets. Do you imagine we can now recognize some of the incidents which we failed to do when we were freshmen, sophomores, or even juniors? Perhaps for the underclass men and juniors the period is not far enough away to be fully realized, but perhaps in some of the seniors a few may be seen.

No doubt there are one or two things which they might tell some of us which would be helpful to the rest. One may tell us to watch our friends, never say or do anything to cause this friend to leave you. Perhaps one will say to treat everyone like a friend, while others will say to have one real close friend, and work with that friend. There are some in this university who have good cause to advise one to mingle more with the students, to spend less time on the books; these people I should judge to be fewer in numbers than the opposites of their type.

These opposites are the ones who do not study and the Monocle thinks some very good advice could be gained from them. These regrets are all going to be different for different individuals, and so in taking these regrets to help make us what we should be we should choose with the greatest of care.

Here is a person who is only a junior, from whom a goodly lesson might be taken. In this freshman and sophomore years at school he did not give much time to his studies, but spent his evening as well as afternoons just fooling around and "gathering goat feathers." Now, however, he seems to have awakened and caught the true college spirit. He is now a good student, popular and influential in school activities, but above all has a much larger feeling of satisfaction with himself than he has ever had before.

One's aims and ambitions, of course, must be taken into consideration and should be adhered to. This person may wish to be a physical director, therefore he should not be advised to drop athletics or be discouraged in any way but rather should be encouraged. Some should not be discouraged in mingling with the crowds, while others should have been discouraged long ago, and so it goes. Talk to some older people and find out what you are missing. It may be something very small but on the other hand it may mean much to you in connection with your life work.

has displayed his poetical ability a goodly number of times during the past school year, but his "Hippity Rime" written for the amusement of the high school guests is distinctive in its originality. Certainly the Poesy powers of the Bains was not visited upon one.

Get Ready and Duck

Now writing poetry's the "bunk," In this unsettled age, For profiteer and Soviet "junk" is ready all the rage.

A few of sober, peaceful bent, At home were wont to stick, But since they cannot pay their rents,

They've all turned bolsheviks. The times have changed from bad to worse

Since Noah built the ark, For all the earth is stormed by verse From daylight unto dark.

The fighting men take politics, To while away their time, And all the long haired bolsheviks

Have been exposed to rhyme. The politicians of our land Continue on in war.

They are a wise and useful band, We wonder just what far! The styles are going up and down, But prices only raise.

The less there is to an evening gown, The more a woman pays. The farm and merchant go colorful, And make the buyers wroth.

The way they make these bathing suits They must be short at each, But this is neither here nor there, This rambolling all around.

For strange and sure, we round you stare. Are wonders quite profound, Behold the Swede that has no peer, We simply call him Bill, But lend an ear, to what you hear.

His chief delight's to kill, When he grows up he'll be a man, I'm sure you see that's true, He does not fuss, altho he can.

Like White and "Tommy" do, And "Mike" is greatest of them all, Each one looks up to him, But when it comes to being tall,

His chances are real slim, Now "Blackie" Miller as a rule, Is careful in his action, But when he started teaching school

He was a great attraction, 'Tis hard to say, but as I live, His knowledge was a fake, So doll your caps and to him give

The concrete chocolate cake, An end to all this idleness, A few are looking blue, Because I guess, some great distress,

My verses give to you, There is a cure to every pain, And none of you will rue it, Tho I'm insane, It is quite plain, Phil specials sure can do it.

With the kind assistance of Constantine Maclean who acted as accompanist, "Jenny" supplied the big noise number on the program.

Paul Wapato gave a talk upon a subject that he alone is peculiarly fitted to handle—athletics. He pointed out in his usual convincing style that Willamette was as yet an infant in the Northwest conference and prophesied that next year would be one of the most successful years in the history of the university.

He spoke of the unusual ways in which Willamette has been advertised during this school year by able speakers campaigning in behalf of the endowment fund in addition to the athletic, glee club and varsity quartet tours. He closed an admirably arranged discourse by saying, "Next year we shall have a team of veterans in basketball and next year we shall have the largest student body that Willamette has ever known."

The faithful "Bum Strummers" in their usual jazzy manner furnished a bit of fun and played as an encore one of the new Phil songs in which everybody joined in singing. The program was finished by a fast sparring match between Ellis and Ellis (Dave and Clyde) being introduced by Wap, the referee, as Dempsey and Carpenter. The result was a draw seemingly but the referee, no doubt well paid for such a decision, gave Dempsey the bout.

The Phils cannot finish an evening of hospitality without a trip to the Spa so an evening of fun and frolic found a fitting close in the Rose room where good old Willamette songs together with the parrying of such witicians as only good college pals enjoy were in order until a late hour.

WEARERS OF THE CHI ENJOY THEIR TRAVELS

Idaho and Palestine Receive Visit From Chrestos; Clarinet and Vocal Selections Please

Travels and the beauties of nature made up the Chrestophleean program last Wednesday. To the lover of nature and the adventurer in strange lands the program was especially interesting. Few people ever realize or enjoy the natural wonders of the great outdoors until a few of them are brought to their attention.

The program was opened by a clarinet duet by Virgil Anderson and Charles Gilchrist. Two numbers were well worked out and their rendition brought out the peculiar tone and the wonderful harmonizing and blending qualities of the clarinet.

A very descriptive and interesting talk was given by Victor Collins on "The Snake River." The river was traced from its very source, and all the points of interest were described along its way as it winds its course thru three states and finally loses itself in the Columbia. The Snake river and the Snake River country were described and pictured with a love of nature and understanding which could have been given only by one who knew the country and loved it for its beauty.

Two numbers were given by the Chrestos quartet. The names and authors of the selections were not disclosed but they were undeniably classics of a rare quality. The quartet as a whole is in its infancy, but it is a very evident that good material has been discovered and it can only be a question of a short time when they will stand as an example of what talent and effort can do.

Edwin Norne took up the third phase of parliamentary law which has been studied so far and held a short practice to illustrate the principles brought out in the lecture. The Chrestos have been conducting a series of studies on parliamentary law—some which they have conducted a good understanding of the subject.

Paul Honey with his power slide machine gave an illustrated lecture on Palestine and places of interest connected with the Holy Land. Those who have not had the opportunity to travel and see the world must do the next best thing. Dates by some of our members and hostesses during evening the Chrestos had a rare treat. The lecture as well as the picture, was both interesting and instructive.

The entire report was given by Andrew J. Quinn.

Student Body—Robert Story, President; Odell Savage, Vice-President; Evelyn Gordon, Secretary; Bryan McKittick, Treasurer; Paul Doney, Editor Collegian; Ralph Thomas, Manager Collegian; Paul Fliegel, Yell King

Executive Committee—Coach Mathews; Raymond Attebery; Mary Findley; Rein Jackson; Russell Rarey

Y. M. C. A.—Hubert Wilken, President; Sheldon Sackett, Secretary

Y. W. C. A.—Sibyl Smith, President; Laura Shipley, Secretary

Inter-Class Rivalry Committee—Raymond Attebery, Chairman; Student Volunteer Band—Virginia Mason, Leader

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Websterian Society—Russell Rarey, President; Ivan Corner, Co. Secretary; Chrestomathean Society—Grace Bagley, President; Fay Pratt, Secretary

Chrestophleean Society—Frank Bennett, President; Ray Schmalke, Co. Sec.

Palladian Society—Loa Briggs, President; Ethel Merritt, Secretary; Lincolnian Society—Leslie Bailey, President; Cecil Shotwell, Reporter

Men's Glee Club—Herald Enniss, President; Edwin Socolofsky, Manager; Ladies' Glee Club—Evelyn DeLong, President; Mildred Garrett, Manager; Greater Willamette Club—Harold Miller, Manager

Women's Willamette Club—Bernice Knutha, President; Edith Hawley, Secretary

Senior Class—Merrill Olling, President; Rita Hodges, Secretary

Junior Class—Raymond Attebery, President; Muriel Steeves, Secretary

Sophomore Class—Lester Day, President; Mildred Brown, Secretary

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Theta Alpha Phi—Orville Miller, President; Edwin Socolofsky, Director

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Society

By the Misses Helen Rose and Lorelei Blatchford

Honoring the faculty ladies Mrs. B. L. Steeves entertained with a four course luncheon on Thursday of last week. The house was richly decorated with old fashioned flowers such as peonies, columbine and pansies. A dainty bouquet of columbine was placed on the center of each of the small tables at which the guests were seated, while pink roses and floral cards marked the individual places. Following the luncheon a number of pencil and paper games were played, and a straw vote was taken for the United States presidency. Mrs. Steeves was assisted about the rooms by Mrs. Legge, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. Talbot and Mrs. Littler. Miss Muriel Steeves, Miss Bruce Putnam and Miss Fay Peringer served.

The class of '22 entertained the class of '23 at a picnic in Bush's pasture on Saturday, May 29. About 100 students were present. A baseball game between two girls' teams was the main attraction before supper. Mr. Gillette as umpire gave several decisions which might be of interest to those more experienced in the art. Supper was a grand success, and the "eats" will long be remembered by those who partook of them. After the feasting was over, those present played the usual picnic games until the moon came peeping over the tree-tops. Then all gathered about the large bonfire to roast marshmallows and sing. A duet by Miss Sevy and Mr. Moodie was much appreciated. At 9 o'clock the merry party broke up and the various jolly groups strolled home in the wonderful moonlight.

Among the former Willamette students back in Salem now are Ruth Spoor, Rhoda Persons, Velma Baker, Helen Goltra Bagley, Mabel Garrett, Ed Bolt, and Homer Tasker.

Miss Charlotte Croisan was hostess for an informal luncheon a week ago Monday. Her guests were Miss Fay Peringer, Miss Muriel Steeves, Ralph Thomas, Russell Rarey, and Paul Fiegel.

Mrs. Smith, of Dallas, was the guest of her daughter Ruth at Lausanne Hall last week.

Miss Marjorie Fiegel and Miss Maxine Burck spent the week-end at the Fiegel home in Portland.

Miss Metta Walker, who formerly attended Willamette, was a Salem visitor last week when she came from Portland to take the bar examination.

Last Friday the Beta Chi girls again opened their doors to the Philodians. "Ultra-modern" was the theme of the program. Esther Par-

sonagian told some very interesting characteristics of modern art. Audrey Montague sang in a pleasing way, "Yesterday and Today." Clara Smith gave the trend of modern literature in the paper, "Copyright 1920." Nell Fako delighted her audience with a clever paper concerning the fashions of today. In closing, Dorothy Stafford played "Clare de Lune."

Miss Isabel Croisan entertained at lunch Tuesday. Miss Wilda Ingles, Miss Josephine Baumgartner, of U. of O., and Miss Eva Randall.

Friday, May 21, the Philodians held their meeting at Lausanne Hall. "Signs of the Times" was the subject of the program. Belle Williams opened the program with a vocal solo, "Jean," which she sang in her usual delightful manner. In an interesting way, Winifred St. Clair discussed "After the War Conditions." Margaret Bowen then pleased her audience with several short readings in which "Spring Fever" was the main thought. "In these strenuous Times" was well presented by Maude Holland. May 21, 1920, was cleverly illustrated by a pantomime given by several of the girls.

The freshmen appeared at schedule time for their picnic a week ago last Saturday, but were no more prompt than the rain. It poured, and the class adjourned to the basement of Leslie church. Here they received as their guests the seniors of Salem high school. In spite of being indoors, many picnic games were played and a regular picnic supper was thoroughly enjoyed. After supper the games continued in lively fashion until all were breathless and ready to sit down. Then the president, Mr. Ramsey, expressed the sentiments of the entire class in welcoming the guests and expressing their pleasure in meeting them. Professor Von Eschen, always ready with something worth while, seconded Mr. Ramsey and spoke of the advantages Willamette has to offer.

The president of the visiting class, Mr. Shafer, responded cordially, and both classes left feeling better acquainted and that they had made some worth while friends.

Mr. Edwin Thomas is visiting his brother, Mr. Ralph Thomas at the Sigma Tau House. Mr. Thomas is on his way from Wenatchee, Wash., to Red Bluff, Calif.

A new cottage by the seashore was the motive for a week end trip to Seaside, by way of the lower Columbia highway. Those who enjoyed the ocean and the house-warming were Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Steeves.



If you have friends they should have

Your Photograph



Miss Muriel Steeves, Miss Fay Peringer and Miss Grace Young of Portland. On Sunday they were joined by Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Steeves of Portland.

"THIRTY DAYS"

Continued Story Is One of the Best Read in Collegiate Circles, Say Critics

Continued from last week.

The old judge was troubled. He had forgotten this man, but he remembered him now. He could hear again the words with which the man had defended himself. The memory of the prophetic promise burned the old jurist's soul. He had been guilty of injustice to a man who was sick and almost penniless. He realized it in spite of the man's statement that the promise had not yet been fulfilled. He liked the young man's spirit. He hoped that he would come to him and show that he had made good.

A gentle squeeze on his arm reminded him of his daughter's question. "Mary," said he, "I don't remember the young man's name, but I first met him in July," and he told the story of the whole mistake. When he had finished, his daughter looked thoughtfully at the tip of one gloved finger for a few moments and then smiled up at her father.

"Let's forget him, daddy, and you

ing this, Randall set about to use his experience to find the place where Lawson and Veeder were to meet. It would be useless to attempt to pump any of the patrolmen. The city editor seemed the most likely person from whom to get information. He would know all the places owned by Veeder and the meeting place would most likely be in one of these.

The city editor was a tall, middle aged man with pale blue eyes and a tired expression. His face showed a good deal of interest when Randall announced his purpose and explained his plans.

"You're not going out for Lawson and Veeder, are you?" he asked. "I wish you luck, but I suppose I ought to tell you that every newspaper in town has tried to get something on them and has always come out the worse for their good intentions. You had better lay off that bunch."

"Cheer up," was the answer. "I won't hand in any copy till I get something good. All you have to do is write me a list of those places. I'll do the rest."

"All right," said the city editor, "you are the doctor. Better try 'The Red Paint' first," and he wrote out a list of nearly a score of saloons and dives that were owned by Veeder.

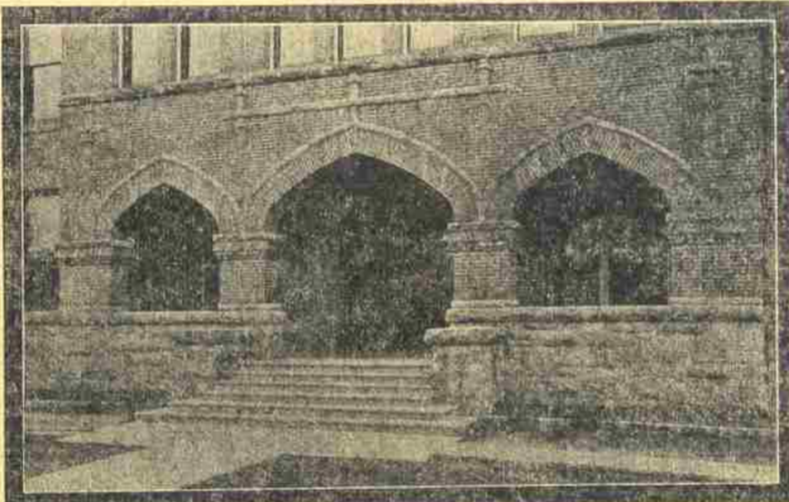
Randall went to his room and prepared himself for the business of the evening. When he went out he was a changed man, even his own mother would not have recognized him. He had on a suit of threadbare clothes, a pair of worn shoes which needed shining badly and an old slouch hat which drooped over one ear. He wore no collar and his hands and

ing. The figure was solid and well set up and the shoulders and chest indicated the well trained athlete. The man was well dressed. But for all that, Randall realized that something was wrong. The man's eyes were haunting and he drank with a regularity that was both amazing and dreadful. He drank straight whiskey and gulped the fiery liquid down like water. Whenever anyone came in, he would glance swiftly toward the door and his hands would clench the table as the veins stood out plainly. And then he would relax and pour another glass of liquor.

Randall watched him, fascinated. Again the man glanced toward the door and immediately there came into his eyes a look of such venomous hate that Randall did not look to see who had come in. Hesitating just an instant the young man jerked a pistol from his pocket, but Randall was on him before he could fire. After the man had been disarmed, Randall turned to see the cause of the disturbance. Veeder was coming toward the table with an ugly smile on his lips. He stopped and spoke to his would be assassin, but there was no fear—only mockery—in his voice.

"So you would kill me, would you Spike? And after all I have done for you; your gratitude is truly profound. It is really a shame that you failed. Your disappointment must be dreadful. But," his voice taking on a steady note and his eyes glittering, "the next time you try it, you had better make it good. I

(Continued on Page 4.)



THE STEPS OF EATON

can take me to dinner at Ticho Tavern. After that we will see the new play at the Alcazar."

So once more the thought of Forrest Randall was driven from the old judge's mind, but the next morning while looking over his paper he read an article that arrested his attention. It was one of a series which had been running in "The Call," and he was very much interested in the topics discussed. The writer was a keen humorist and felt no hesitation in taking "a wallop" at the street cleaning department. His examples were so realistic and his logic so clear that the judge was more than usually interested.

"I wonder who writes these articles," he remarked to his daughter. "I know a way to find out," said she, and ran to the telephone.

"The editor says a man named Randall wrote it, Forrest Randall. He says Randall is a new man, but is making quite a sensation already."

The judge gulped down a mouthful of scalding coffee and straightway forgot everything and every one else but himself.

After leaving the judge that evening Randall walked down the street with his thoughts in a turmoil. Could that girl be the daughter of Judge Burton? She was at least an old friend for she had acted as if she belonged to him. She couldn't be his wife. She was too young. She didn't look to be over twenty. Well, if she was his daughter, that was just one more reason why he should show that fine gentleman that he wasn't a tramp and never had been. He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a voice that he recognized at once. It was big Bill Lawson, the chief of police, talking to a portly, audibly dressed man of under world fame, whom Randall recognized at most as quickly as he did Chief Lawson. They were standing on the edge of the curb in front of the Ferry building. Randall moved behind one of the huge pillars and listened. He could not hear all of the conversation, but he learned enough to know that Lawson was to meet this man at "the usual place" at 10 o'clock that night to discuss some business matters. Then Lawson stepped into a taxi and drove away.

Here was Randall's chance. If he could discover where this usual place was, he would be sure to hear something which would make good news. There is one thing which makes the life of a newspaper reporter endurable. It is the desire to some day make a big haul. To do this he must train himself to be not only a clever writer but a detective, an actor and a good fellow as well. Understand-

face were stained a muddy, unhealthy looking color, but his notebook and pencil were handy and he was in good spirits.

Anyone who has ever been in the underworld in a large city will know just what Randall was up against. "The Red Paint" was a combined saloon, cafe and gambling parlor. On the level of the street was the saloon. Above was a gambling parlor and down stairs was a cafe. Randall decided that the most probable place for the meeting was in the cafe. There were closed booths "for ladies" and it would make a good rendezvous for these booths were practically sound proof.

He was nearly a half hour early so he was certain that his men had not arrived yet. But he thought it would be the best plan to go down and get a table and look the place over. The place was not large, but it had about twelve or fifteen tables in the center placed close together. In the rear was a bar for dancing. On each side were the booths, eight on each side. The room was well crowded when he went in. A blue haze of smoke curled about the room. He chose a table near the rear of the room where there was only one other person, a stocky young man who was drinking heavily. The bottle at his elbow was nearly empty. He barely nodded in answer to Randall's word of greeting and gulped down another glass of liquor. Randall ordered a glass of beer and then watched the man opposite him with much interest. When the man ordered another quart of whiskey Randall opened his eyes and became really concerned.

The man seemed to take no notice of anyone in the room. He merely drank. His face, the pale, was strong and clean looking and indicated intelligence and good breed-

ANNUAL CONCERT

(Continued from page 1.)

- 9. Piano: Prelude... Rachmaninoff Gladys Drodic
- 10. Voice: (a) The Nut Tree... Rob. Schumann (b) Ecstasy... W. M. Rummel Marguerite Cook
- 11. Piano: The Flatterer... Chamnade Evelyn de Moss
- 12. Organ: Romance... Zitterbart Lucile Atwood
- 13. Voice: Little Mother of Mine... Burleigh Floyd McIntire
- 14. Piano: Claire de Lune... Debussy Dorothy Stafford
- 15. Piano: To Spring... Grieg Laura Hoyt
- 16. Voice: "Good Bye"... Tosti Sadie Pratt
- 17. Piano: Two Larks... Leschetizky Fay Pratt
- 18. Piano: "Souris"... Schumann Marguerite Cook
- 19. Piano: The Lark... Glinka-Balakirew Lou Briggs
- 20. Voice: "Blow, Blow, Blow, Thou Windy"... Sarjeant P. M. Henkinson
- 21. Piano: Etude "Un Sospiro" Franz Liszt Mrs. Stephen A. Stone Evelyn De Long Accompanist.

Minnetta Magera — Teacher of Singing, Popul Francisco Steeley, Willamette University; Chas. W. Clark, Paris; Herman DeVries, Herbert Miller, Chicago, Studio, Moose Bldg. Friday afternoon, all day Saturday, each week.—Adv.

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"THIRTY DAYS"

(Continued from page 1.)

would hate to have to ask a waiter to throw you out again.

As Veeder turned away the young man sank into a chair and covered his face with his trembling hands.

Robbing blind. "Oh God, why did you stop me?" Randall was puzzled. He knew that the man was intoxicated, but in spite of that, there was something that would bear investigation.

"I'm going to know that girl," he promised himself. "She is his daughter and I know him already.

When the other man awoke, he was quite sober, but he had a shamed look which indicated that he had a trace of self respect.

"Feeling better?" asked Randall. The man did not speak for several moments. He seemed to be searching his mind for the memory of something he had forgotten.

"Did I kill any one last night?" "No," said Randall cautiously, you didn't.

"Who stopped me?" "I was one of them," came the smiling answer.

"What did you want to stop me for?" burst from the lips of the young man after a few minutes.

"Don't you know that that fellow is a devil? He is a regular blood-sucker. He bleeds every man he gets his hands on. It would be a blessing for the world to get rid of him."

"I know," said Randall, "I'm trying to get him, too. But I want to get him right. Killing is too good for him. I am going to land him in the penitentiary. I want him to have about twenty years to think it over. What I would like to know is just

why you tried to kill him last night." It was a common story. The young man had fallen into the hands of a scoundrel because of a gambling debt. He had been blind and he was desperate and finally had been used as a catpaw to protect his tormentor.

"I'm with you," said Randall. "We'll send him up for twenty years. Are you willing to tell a jury all you know when the time comes?"

"Sure!" "All right, keep your eyes open until we can get some more evidence. Don't drink too much. You'll need your brains."

"Tut on the water wagon until after I look at Veeder behind the bars," was the answer.

A close friendship sprang up between the two men. A common purpose brought them together. They talked matters over every night. At last the young man, whose name was Fred Kildare, also commonly known as "Spike," came across a real piece of news.

"Furthest old boy, just listen to this. I have the goods on Veeder, Chief Lawson and a bunch of others."

And the told of a plan which he had accidentally overheard. A ship loaded with opium was lying just outside Golden Gate and Veeder and some others were to pay the sum of \$10,000 for the privilege of unloading it "without the knowledge of the police or customs office."

"How does that listen?" asked Kildare. "It is a big thing, too big for us to handle. The only thing we can do is to report the matter to the customs officer and let him handle it. We couldn't do a thing alone."

"How do you mean we can't? Do you think I have lived around this town all my life for nothing? I know half a dozen fellows who would give their eye teeth to put Veeder thru the mill. We can get them to help get Veeder and Law-

son on the bribe game and let the custom officers handle the opium smuggling charge. Veeder ought to get twenty-five years and Lawson at least five, maybe ten. We will take the prosecuting attorney with us."

"Do you suppose," asked Randall, that we can get Veeder just as he hands the money to Lawson?" "You bet we can. Just leave that to me. You be ready with the prosecuting attorney at 8 o'clock."

It was then 4 o'clock and the fog had just started to come in. It would be an ideal night for the smugglers. The ship was to be unloaded from the docks at Kearney beach where no federal officers ever bothered to investigate as lumber was the only thing unloaded from those docks.

Randall hurried around and notified the prosecuting attorney, the city editor, the U. S. custom officer and a private detective by the name of Crosswell. They all promised to be ready at 8 o'clock.

Just then Kildare arrived. "Everything is fixed up O. K., but we will have to hurry. The rest of the gang is down there already."

When they arrived they were ushered by a waiter to a compartment in which the table had been removed and the chairs were placed facing one direction.

"Don't talk," said the waiter. "When they come, I'll bring up a round of drinks and you will know what to do." He looked at Kildare, who nodded.

As the waiter left Kildare explained. "Right next to us is the booth where Veeder and Lawson always meet. I have cut out a part of the wall, leaving the paper hanging intact. When they come in, I will remove the piece of wall and we can hear what they say. If we want to see them we can cut a pin hole in the paper. My gang is out in the dining room. If we need them, we can yell. The waiter is O. K."

At ten minutes after 8, the waiter came in and nodded at Kildare. The latter moved softly toward the wall and, inserting a heavy knife blade in what looked to be merely a crack, pried out a section of wall nearly 18 inches square and motioned for silence.

Every ear was strained to catch the words that came distinctly thru the wall paper. "Well, I suppose you are all ready?" came the voice of the chief. "Yes, I guess this is about it," was the answer in Veeder's nasal drawl, so familiar to all of them.

The listeners crowded about Kildare as he punched a tiny pin hole in the center of the paper and, looking in, motioned the others to look also. Each, looking in turn, saw the chief thumbing a large roll of bills. When he had satisfied himself as to the amount, he nodded and placed the roll in an inside coat pocket.

"You had better go slow now for awhile," was his advice. "If anything should ever leak out, there would be hell to pay. It's all right if we don't make it too often. But there are too many people here it in for me. I can't afford to run too many chances."

"Oh, cut out the pessimism. It doesn't rest well on your shoulders. But now that this little business is finished satisfactorily, I will go down to the dock. Are you sure everything is fixed all right?" "You bet, all O. K.," answered the chief.

Of what happened at the dock, little need be said. The custom officer handled the matter very satisfactorily. A word might be said of what happened the next morning when Chief Lawson was summoned to the office of the city attorney. Among those present were the city editor of The Call, the U. S. customs officer, Judge Burton, and Forrest Randall. Lawson came in smiling. A fat black cigar tilted at a politician's angle, revealed his good spirits. He smiled joyfully.

"What's up?" he asked. "Has some one committed a crime that I haven't heard about?"

Without a word, the prosecuting attorney handed him the typewritten indictment against himself. It contained three charges; breaking oath of office, accepting a bribe and aiding in felony. As he read, his face became the color of ash and when he had finished his eyes shifted first from one to the other like those of a trapped animal. Slowly the color came back into his heavy cheeks.

"Well," said he with a flicker of a smile, "I guess you have about all of it. It is tough to get caught, but it was great while it lasted. Let's not prolong the agony. Show me to my cell. It has been here as well as used to be now is that so?"

The prosecuting attorney said to an officer, and gave him his instructions. "We will arrange for the best later," he added.

After the others had gone, Ings-

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