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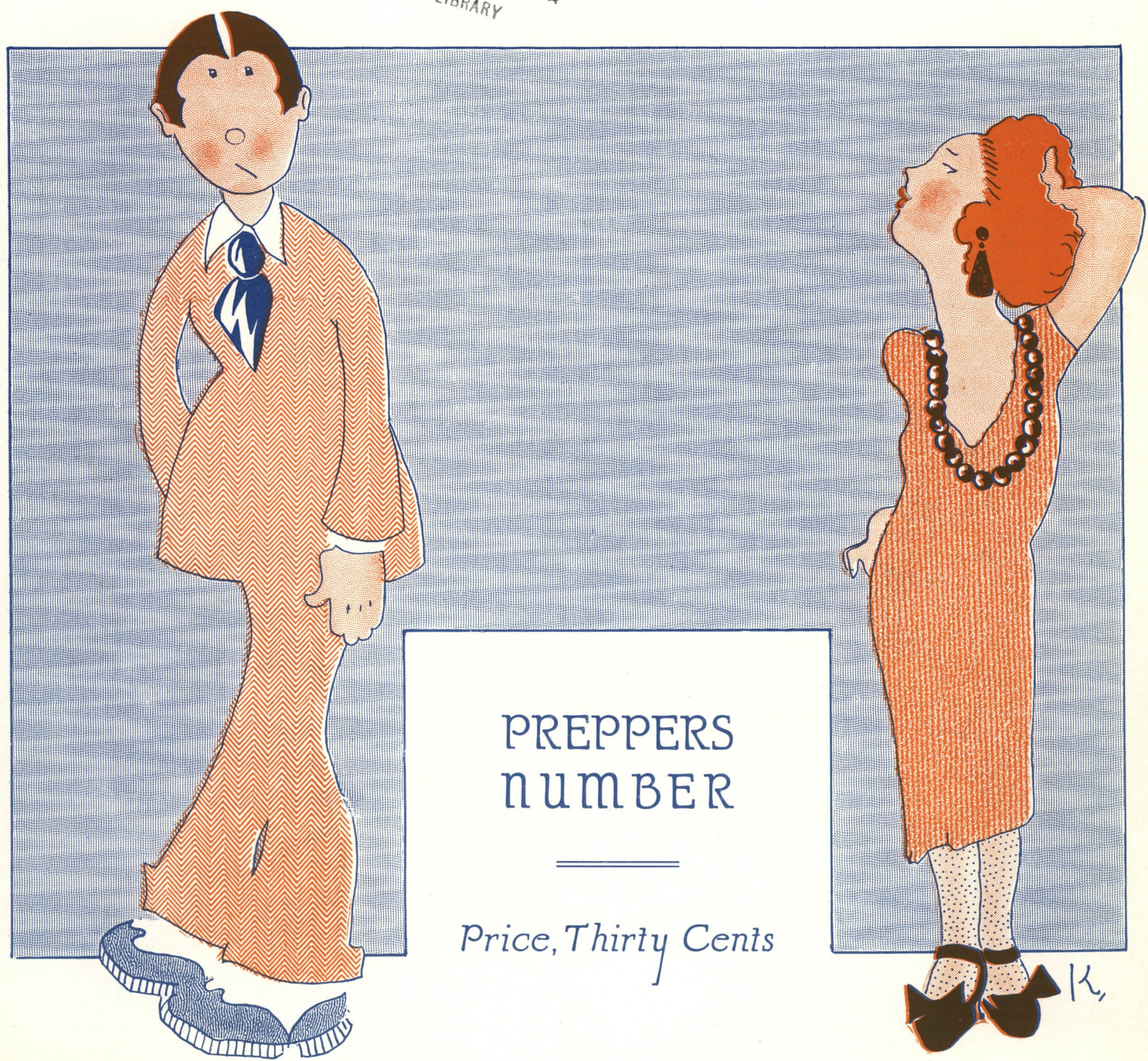
ORANGE

MAY
1923

A Hammer and Coffin
Publication

OWL

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ACADEMY COLLEGE
MAY 22 1923
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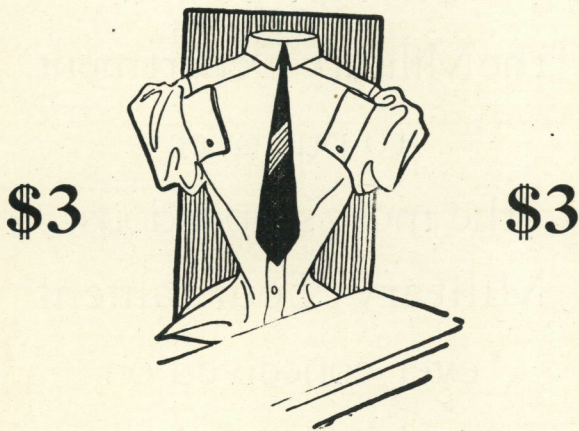
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The Orange Owl

VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, May, 1923.

NO. 5

Entered as second-class matter October 28, 1921, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"ESSAY ON PANTS"

Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, that makes a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses, they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold weather. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural; but it seems to us when they wear pants it's plural; and when they don't it's singular. If you want to make the pants last, make the coat first.

—Tiger.

Eco (to class): "Who established the law of diminishing returns?"

Echo (from the rear rank): "My laundry man."

—Bear Skin.

A woman becomes sophisticated so soon as she has kissed one man on two evenings: a man when he has kissed two women in one evening.

—Goblin.

Tramp: "Your dog just bit a piece of flesh out of my leg, mum."

Woman: "Glad you mentioned it, I was just going to feed him."

—Gaboon.

"Jack is the craziest man I have ever met."

"What's the matter with him?"

"After I'd told him that mother wouldn't allow me to kiss, he went to mother."

"What did mother say?"

"She gave it to him."

—Virginia Reel.

Caller: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Caller: "Well, throw this poem in the waste basket."

—Awgwan.

Visitor: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

—Goblin.

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoestring."

—Lyre.

An idealist is one who seeks to improve the sounds of a violin by denying that they are produced by the friction of a horse's tail upon the intestines of a sheep. A materialist is one who enjoys the fiddling while the idealist is arguing for his denial.

—Smart Set.

Amen

What does the chaplain do here?

Oh, he gets up in the chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college.

—Burr.

Irate Father: "How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it?"

Hubert (for that was his name): "Wonderful sir, wonderful."

—Judge.



AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER

She: "This taxi is going fast."

He: "Yes, it is."

She: "Mother never lets me invite my escort into the house after dances."

He: "No?"

She: "No." Silence. "We're almost home."

He: "Yes."

She: "Yes, we'll soon be home and Mother always stays up and waits for me and makes me come right into the house."

He: "Zat so?"

She: "Yes. I'll have to leave you at the door."

He: "You will?"

She: "Yes." Silence. "We'll soon be home. Isn't this a cold night? Br-r-rh, it's cold riding."

He: (Not a word.)

She: "Br-r-rh . . . Br-r-rh . . . Br-r-rh! Br-r-rh!!"

He: (Not a word.)

She: "We're almost home and I'll have to leave you at the door?"

He: "You will?"

She: "Yes . . . I'm cold . . . We're almost home. Br-r-rh! Say, when in h——are you going to kiss me?"

—Puppet.

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called down stairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"Yes, yes!" she cried, "What is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

—Bison.

"Cohen, I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but der left-hand hip pocket."

"Vell, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't dere I'll drop dead!" —The Squib.

To be in love with just one man

Is my idea of heaven.

To be in love with every man

Is my idea of livin'.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

On board a train, an Irishman had for some time been watching a woman who was trying to get her baby to sleep, out to no avail. Finally, the Irishman went over to the lady and remarked:

"Madam, you will please pardon me, but I believe it is board the baby wants and not lodging." —Judge.

Patient with a bad cold (in a whisper): "Is the doctor in?"
Nurse (in a similar whisper). "No, come on in."

"I shouldn't have eaten that mission steak;"

Said the Cannibal King with a frown,

"For oft I've heard the old proverb,

'You can't keep a good man down'."

—Widow.

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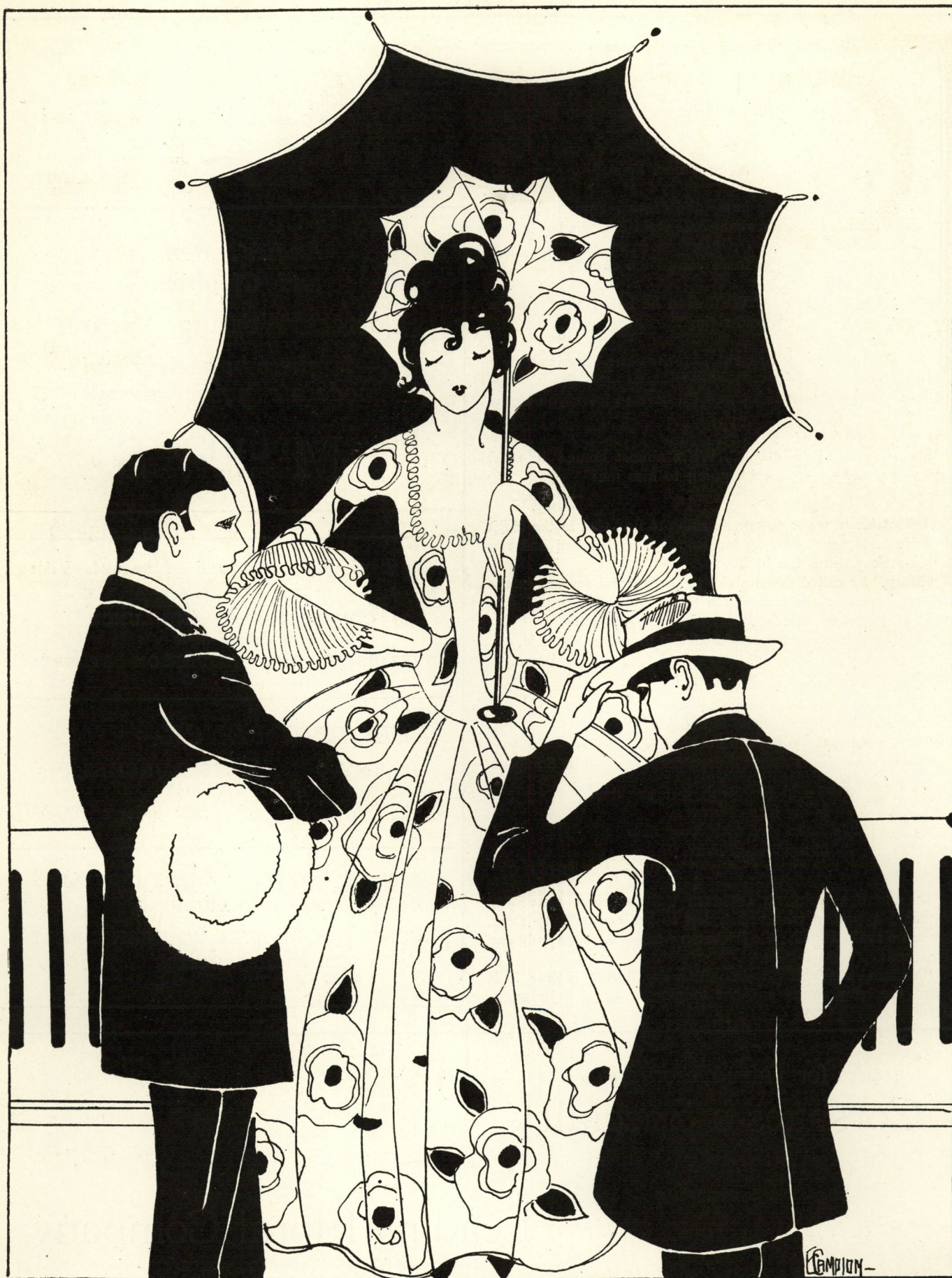
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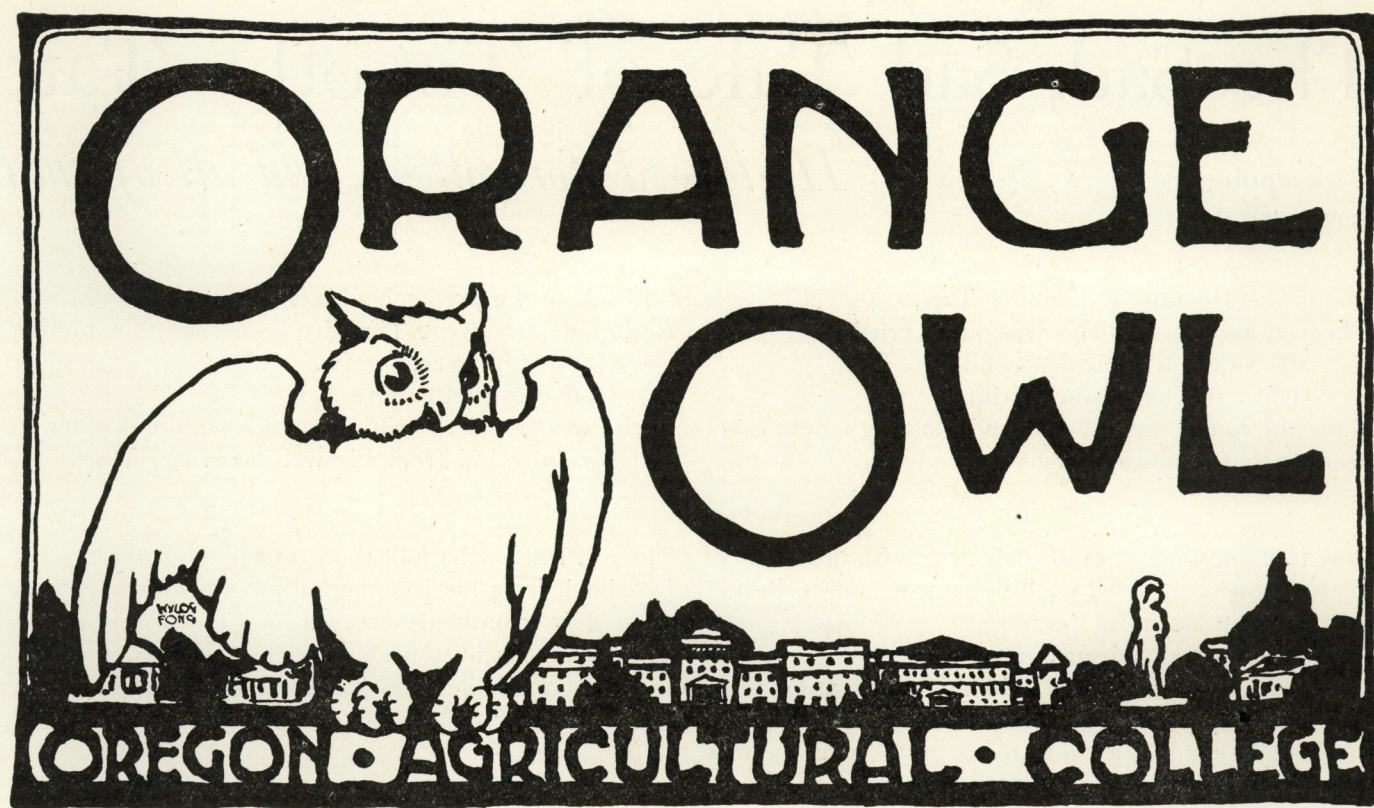
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"Say it with flowers, and say it with ours"



Preppess: "Why do the crowds cheer when a man gets hurt?"
Collegian: "So the women won't hear what he says."



Rushee (to active from same town): "Hello, Jack! Howsa boy? Say your dad got out of jail yesterday. Yes sir, that's a fact. And that hasher you're engaged to married the town bootlegger. And say, the pool hall boss wants to know when he's going to get that fifteen bucks you owe him. Sure glad to see you, old man."



What shall I call my boat?
"Flapper" seems the best;
She's not so much to look at,
But she's faster than the rest.



Sweet Sorority: "We certainly want to pledge that blonde rushee next year."

House Father: "You don't want her. Every man in her home town has kissed her."

Sweet Sorority: "But her home town isn't so big!"



Boo: "I haven't a thing to wear to the dance to-night."

Hoo: "That's all right; it's a masquerade."



College as She Are

Prof.: "There will be a make-up examination today for all students who received a flunk in the last examination. The other two may leave the room."

SHE FLUNG HER FLING

She was the cutest girl in town,
With big blue eyes and auburn hair;
She knocked 'em dead! She mowed 'em down!
When she went by, my, how they'd stare!
They'd look her over—up and down—
She wore short skirts; her neck was bare;
And she'd look back—but just to frown
And tilt her nose up in the air.
She came to college with her crown;
(She'd been made queen at the church fair;)
She brought suit, dress, and party gown
And other things that females wear.
She came to win the college town
With loud acclaim and trumpet's blare;
Naturally, she was let down—
She found that other girls were there.



A high school girl
We like to see,
Who is related
To our fraternity.
We had just one
At our house skip;
She didn't wear a pin,
But she gave us all the grippe.



The rookess liked the photo of her man—it had a nice frame.



The Sad, Sad Tale of Timothy Tatt

With apologies to
Berton Braley

He longed for college, and all of that

This is the sad tale of Timothy Tatt,
Who wandered to college without a crush hat.
He never was rushed a bit,
Until it was crushed a bit,
When the rough Gra'ma Nus and the tough Beta Goos
Decided that Timothy they would abuse.

So back to the prep school, after this hounding,
Returned our sweet Timothy, ambition unbounding,
With guff yarns galore
Of greek-letter lore
To be whispered to brothers and sisters and pater,
But carefully hid from his well-meaning mater.

They told him long tales of their drag with the Thetas;
Of the mansion beloved of the young would-be Betas;
Of the status of farming,
And yarns so disarming,
That he thought he would join them, accepting their
pin
Of gold and enamel, without realizing the mess he was
in!

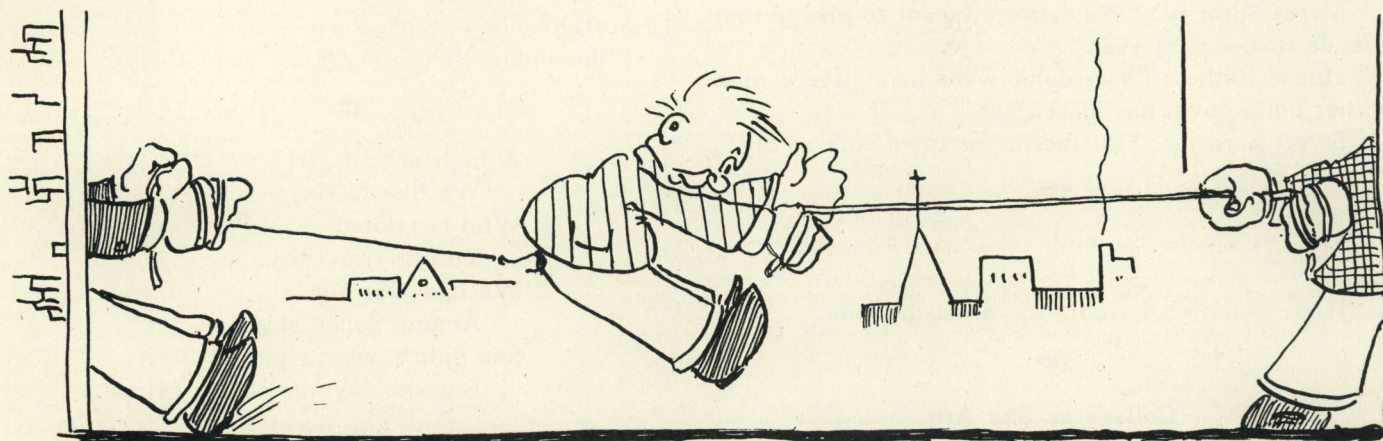
Then at last in the fall, the summer days over,
He shook from his feet the bulk of the clover,
His trou neatly creased,
And his button shoes greased,
In his pockets the jingle of dime against dime;
He set out for college—and a wonderful time.

They dragged him about to week-end festivities,
Boasted of athletes, of college activities,
And then with a grin,
As he polished his chin,
They dragged out old Baird, and fraternity histories,
And with great solemnity, hinted at mysteries.

Poor Timothy Tatt
Was worried, at that
When he set down his carpetbag, footsore and weary,
Within the fraternity, once bright and cheery.
And then all the brothers gathered 'round him,
And took him upstairs and one of them crowned him
With the order of Gunk. He thought it the bunk,
But he couldn't do much, since they'd sent for his
trunk.

Thus nurtured, the virus
Spread quickly enough;
Young Timothy longed for
Fraternity stuff.

When he woke in the morning he glanced at his coat,
And he knew by the pledge-pin that he was the goat.



They dragged him around to every activity;
He swallowed their lines with wide-mouthed stupidity.



OUR PRIZE PREPPER POME

'Twith thpringtime in thu pathture,
No coedth wath in thight;
Tho I bent down to fixth my thock,
My garter wathn't tight.

Then thomething thlipped. It thcared me tho
I thuddered, fathed to fight.
What wath it thlipped? The anther ith
A cowthlip cauthed my fright!



"Lux against me," said Sapolio as he tried to clean up Bon Ami.



The hobo gazed at the tattered remnants and a tear slowly gathered behind his knees. "Gosh," he murmured, "These garters sure are on their last legs."



George Washington Jones has a little son, for John Paul Isaac Jones was born yesterday. Another dark spot has entered his life.



Memories

Dumb: "Ruth certainly is a shapely creature."
Bell: "Yes, since long dresses are in style."



We have a freshman who always loses his jewelry. It's a habit. When he takes a bath he always leaves a ring in the tub.

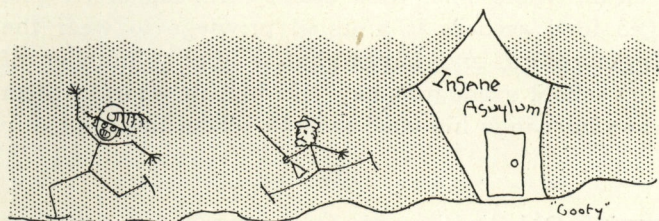


Conjugating

Too wise she was,
Too wise she be;
In fact she is
Too wise for me.



Don't worry about George. He may have St. Vitus dance and act like jello in an earthquake, but he has a steady girl.



Salted Almond: "I'm leaving right now. That place is driving me crazy."



As the high schooler's mamma might say: "I'll never send my daughter to college. Why Kate McWhiffe says her daughter will only go out with college men who have bugs."



My man's so dumb that he thinks he is ahead of time because he carries his watch in his hip pocket.



First Sister: "I let my hair down last night and it fell to my knees."

Second Same: "If they hadn't been knobby enough to catch it I suppose it would have fallen to the floor."



Our next selection on the harrinette will be the beautiful sonnet known as "The Shaming of the Stew," or "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Clam Chowder."



Indignant Prof.: "Do you sleep in all your classes?"
Tired Stude: "Oh no, sir, I skip some of them."



Prof.: "Why is a cannibal a good citizen?"
Stude: "He loves his fellow man."



He: "How's for a kiss?"
She: "Cafeteria."



"What will you have?" asked the sedate senior as he seated his rushee date in the soft drink emporium. "Oh," answered young sweet sixteen, "I think I'll take this six-bit sundae."

"Well you think again, girly, and you'll have a milkshake the same as I do."



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, May, 1923

NO. 5

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THE Old Bird dedicates this, his preppers number, to those hundreds of youngsters who were our guests during junior week-end, and to those thousands of prep students throughout the state who were unable to make the annual trek to O. A. C. He knows that the week-end was eminently successful, and that those in charge are deserving of a large measure of credit.

He believes in his institution, in the development that has merited the term, "a technical university," so aptly applied by a California educational commission. And in the democratic and enterprising spirit of the Aggie student body, evidenced in athletic and other events of the year. If only a portion of that

spirit has impressed our late visitors, the event will have accomplished much.

O. A. C. offers to the prospective college student a technical institution second to none in the west, and a clean, wholesome, virile student atmosphere. The aged fowl accords it a signal privilege to wear the Aggie colors, and hopes that a goodly number of prep school graduates may join him in wearing them when he wings his way back to school next fall.



THE Old Bird is ready for next year. For "Dave" Young, who fills entire pages of each issue with his humor and also finds time to write for the Barom-



eter as "Ab Surd," has been elected as the next editor and custodian of the silver-girdled hammer. "Lums" Spight, present assistant manager, will team with the new editor-in-chief as business manager.

One more number and the wise Old Bird will have completed the year and added another silver band to the handle of his hammer. And he is proud of the way in which the students and advertisers have given their support. He feels sure that there is a definite place for the Aggie comic, that it helps to round out college life, and offers a field of activity that is welcome.

Congratulations to the new editor and manager from the Wise One and his writers, artists and business men. May their publications next year be full of rib-tickling humor. May they show needed reforms with shafts of satirical wit. And, lastly, may they fulfil the Hammer and Coffin motto, "We do our own knocking, and bury our own dead."



THE Old Bird presents his latest fledglings. Not with pride, but with deep remorse and the conviction that this life isn't as perfect as it might be when he is forced seriously to consider such a group of irresponsible, inane, and insufferable idiots.

Don Wilson and Ray Price undoubtedly deserve something for the humorous literature they have written, so they have received the Wise One's bid to Hammer and Coffin. They will get what they deserve for their half-wit copy during the initiation. These two lads are unusually peculiar—nay, almost impossible. They laught at their own jokes. Need we say more?

And now let us introduce Taylor Poore. It is a long step for him to take from the lowly rank of a paint splasher and general valet to the Mask and Dagger scenery to the high and intellectual brotherhood of humorists. Yet he must be accepted to keep him from flooding our office with his atrocious attempts at art.

Dick Kriesel and Bob Davis, stationary ad chasers, are the remaining members of the quintet. Little can or should be written about them save that they will appear with their other three playmates in a dramatic masterpiece at the Military Tournament.

The Old Bird realizes that this is a sad day for Hammer and Coffin!



THE Old Bird passes the laurel to one of the best-liked men on the campus—that wily old track coach and trainer, "Dad" Butler. Not only for his nationally-recognized ability as trainer and producer

PLEDGES

Don Wilson Taylor Poore Ray Price
Bob Davis Dick Kriesel

CONTRIBUTORS

Slim Stewart "Goofy" Dick Benson
Harold Johnson Paul Ginder
U. B. Marr

of O. A. C.'s best track teams, but because he is a true man and has won his way to the hearts of every student. May the day come when "Dad" will call every co-ed "daughter," with the same ease that he greets each man as "son."



THE Old Bird is justly proud of his Hammer and Coffin gang and of its efforts on the comic sheet this year. No less an authority than "Judge," in its annual college comic contest, places The Orange Owl fifteenth among more than eighty college comic publications. This is especially meritorious in view of the fact that many of the schools have larger student bodies and naturally have more material from which to draw.

The three leaders in the contest are the Stanford Chaparral, the Columbia Jester, and the Cornell Widow. The Stanford gang, which was the founder of Hammer and Coffin, scored 975 points in comparison to 613 for their nearest competitor. The average for all Hammer and Coffin publications was 349 points, and the average for all comics only 26.

The Owl gang is proud of Hammer and Coffin and especially of "Chappie" who wins a silver loving cup for his efforts. To quote His Honor's own words, "No one who scans the College Wits Number this year critically can deny that the Stanford boys have won on their merits." Some six hundred drawings were submitted in the contest, and more than 5,000 text contributions.



THIS is the age of the college-trained man. All statistics prove that the person with a college education has a bigger chance for success than his brother without this training. By training for real leadership we also prepare for a better citizenship, which really is the broad, general aim of higher education. The Wise Bird does not claim to be a press agent for his college, but he submits that the record of its alumni is a good indication of its value to the individual, state, and nation.



AIN'T EDDICATION GRAN'?

Beatrice Barefacts will be dern sore when she hears that we've quit colyuming for a day and are encroaching on her favorite indoor sport of handing out advice.



But we hated to fall down on an assignment and when they asked us to peddle some hot stuff to the high schoolers who are planning to enter college after a struggle through the hot summer to get the funds, we just couldn't resist.



With our correspondence school diploma proudly hanging over our cluttered desk and three installments due on the new course they talked us into taking, we feel that we are in a fine position to give a heart-to-heart talk to the embryo collegians.



The knack of wearing a frat pin at the right angle was never obtained elsewhere than college.



Who but a college feller can walk nonchalantly down the main stem without his chapeau?



But to acquire this polish, high schoolers, four years of intensive training confronts you.



No small-towner ever made a hit at college by buttin' into the activities the first rattle out of the box.

Be conservative. If we remember right, Abe Lincoln had no publicity agents and he uster split rails right along with the best of them.



It is considered a rare breach of etty-ket to wear your high school graduation numerals down to college—in fact, we've known of several manslaughter cases with that argument used as the main defense in justifyin' the crime.



Goin' to college consists of something else beside comin' home ever' week-end.



Be you male or female, you should always remember that your looks won't always git you by like a check book.



A high school algebra shark oftimes turns out to be a whale in college.



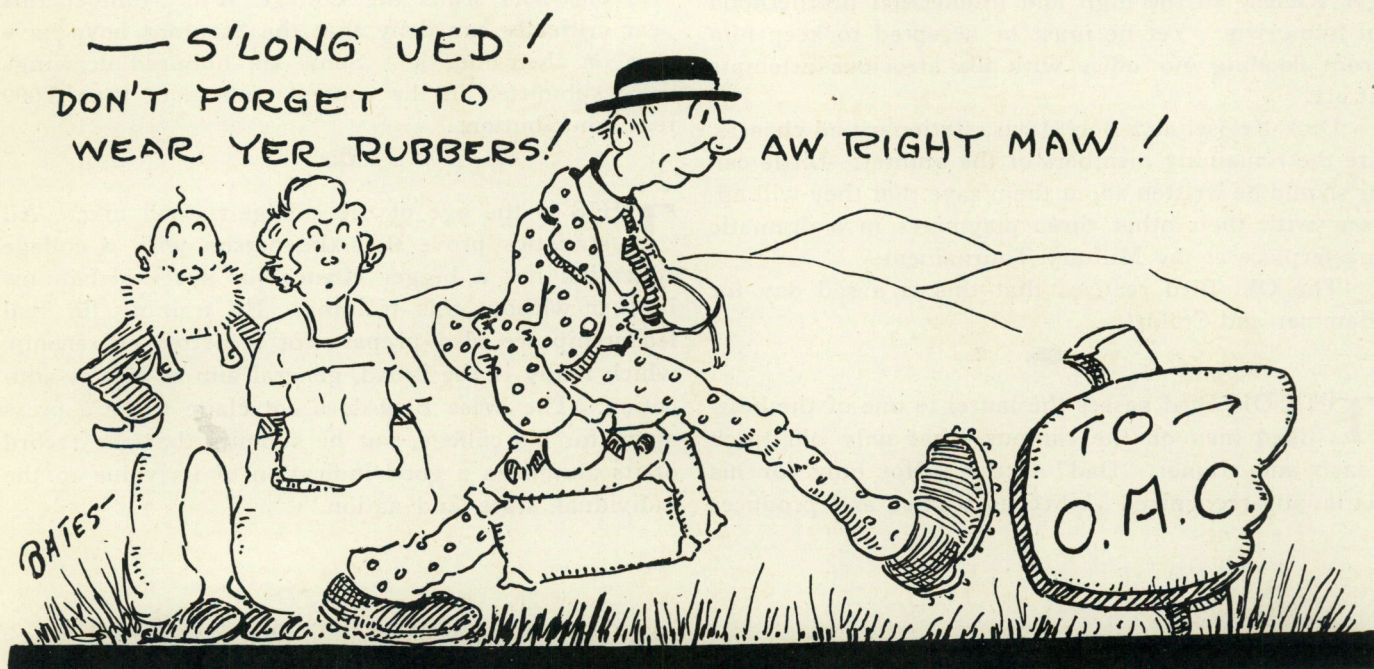
Just because you was a dern good debater in high school is no reason you should start an argument with a member of the vigilance committee on the campus.



Remember that dern few fellers'll be interested in what you useter do in high school.



When you go to college don't expect 'em to meet you at the station with a fife and drum corps.





By BROTHER BERTRAM BEE BATES

It's up to you to establish a record that'll make 'em play the Star Spangled Banner when you leave.



If you uster wash dishes for your Maw you'll make a dern good pledge at any frat house.



We don't blame you for wantin' to go to college. Gittin' some learnin' ain't to be sneezed at if you ever expect to write up resolutions or be chairmans of committees and such.



Don't get discouraged just because you can't answer all the questions Tom Edison asks you the first year.



The less jack you have to spend, the more brains you're liable to develop.



A millionaire's son don't look a dern bit different in a pair of white corduroy pants than the son of a hod-carrier.



After a coupla years in college you'll have so dern much personality about you that it won't be any trouble in carrin' on a conversation with anyone—even if he is a preacher.

And besides we know of several college fellers who could roll four naturals in a row.



And remember that the folks won't expect a letter unless you need money. Write home often.



It's a snickerin' shame that the fellers who ain't never been eddy-cated like the rest of us hafta spend their time runnin' down the bird with college trainin'.



The sorority and fraternity names may be a bit confusing at first but soon you'll be able to distinguish them by the walk and you will be able to say, "There goes a Gamma Gamma Gamma," or "She's a Siki."



The mistaken idea that all college fellers are sheiks has caused no end of grief in the institutions of higher learnin', and we'll wager that the aroma of stacomb is more prevalent in a small town pool hall than in any class room on the campus.



And now folks, "Hats off" to the fellers who don't wear none. They're the backbone of our nation and the co-eds are much of the same, that is, from what we've observed at some of their formal dances.





WE PASS THE LAUREL BUT NEVER THE BUCK



To the members of the Aggie two-mile relay team who traveled over 2000 miles to compete with the best teams of the country in the Drake relays at Des Moines, Iowa. Running in the outside lane in a field of fourteen entries, they took third place with only a few feet separating the anchor man from the two leaders at the tape—a record of which the Old Bird is justly proud.

"'Lo, kid."

"'Lo."

"Hava stick of gum?"

"Um-huh."

"Gonna gimmea kiss?"

"Nope."

"Darn you, gimme my gum."

The world's greatest lover—he had a case on his pillow.

"Say, a man just told me I looked like you."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, that's all right. I killed him."

"Gawd give me strength," cried the baby as the homely nurse bent down to kiss him on the cheek.

I was a dog,
A darn fine pup.
But a big sausage grinder
Mixed me all up.

The women love
Bill McQueen;
He invented
Sugared shaving cream.



WITH THE HAMMER AND COFFIN WITS

Drippings From Lemon Punch Nuts From the Chaparral Bush

Silence is golden!

Bill kept a date

For me

Last week when

I was sick, and

Last night he

Talked

In his

Sleep . . .

Bill won't

Ever

Keep any more

Dates

For me

With my girl . . .



Sure disaster—going to sleep in swimming class.



Little co-ed, blessings on you,

With your queer ideas and dress.

You're the cause of flunks and shoe shines,

Sleepless nights and N. S. F's.



Teamster, to college graduate: "Want a job, huh? How'd a job skinnin' a team suit you?"

College graduate: "But, my dear sir, I have no suitable knife, and besides I am looking for steady employment."



College Romance

z-z-z-z-z-z

?

z-z-z-z-z-z-z

!!

Candy

Cigars

Congratulations

z-z-z-z-z-z

z-z-z-z-z-z-z

All off.



In the Asylum

"Attendant! Attendant!"

"What d'ya want?"

"A big bottle of beer."

"Here, take this key and get out. You're not so crazy."

Irate customer: "NO! I don't want a hair wash, or a scalp cure, or a mange powder, or a Williams rub, and I know I have dandruff. I think the weather is fine, and I don't give a damn about the strike. I have a wife and three children, and am a shoe salesman; business is rotten, and I think the Japanese question is a dead issue, and I don't care what becomes of William Jennings Bryan. I've heard all the latest barber shop jokes—I've never been to a horse race in my life, and I don't want a shine. I read the papers but I don't memorize them, and I came here for a shave—not a renovation."



"Did you see that tramp fooling around with that sausage mill for something to eat?"

"No, did he get anything?"

"Well, they carried him off to the hospital with a hand out."



Conduck: "Ticket, please."

A. M. Prof.: "Socialist."



Sunny Spots From Sundodger

TIME TO RETIRE

The Man Who Never Got a Rise Out of Anything sat in the library of the Bohemian Club, bored to extinction. Suddenly there was a rush, everyone in the room save the Man Who Never Got a Rise Out of Anything crowded to the window. Finally, unable to control his curiosity, he asked what the trouble was.

"A pretty girl is changing attire right in front of the club in broad daylight," was the answer.

With one bound the Man Who Never Got a Rise Out of Anything was at the crowd, biting, clawing, scratching and hammering his way through to the window. When he got there, the lady picked up the tools, took the jack from under the car, and drove away.

MORAL: Don't believe everything that's in the air, two people may be broadcasting at the same time.



At Walla Walla

"What does a dash before a sentence is finished mean?"

"I know of a guy that tried that and it meant five more years hard labor."



The sisters rush you, little girl;
We know that's but your due.
But we object—give us a whirl,
We want to rush you, too.

The little sorority rushee certainly had been a disappointment to him. She had insisted on talking about herself all evening, when he had so much to tell her about himself.

First smart alec: "If your little cousin tried to take your cake away, what would your mother say?"

Second smart alec: "Recoil it."

First smart alec: "Peter B. Kyne."

"Kissing," he said,
"Is the language of love."
Then she started to pout and fret.
"Jack," she said,
"You've talked a lot,
But you ain't said nothin' yet."

Al Falfa: "How is the best way to keep chickens from flying over the fence?"

Timothy Hay: "Knock out the bottom slats and let them crawl under."

Examining physician, to man who is being examined for insanity: "What's wrong with you?"

Grape Nut: "I'm a tenor."

Doc: "Hey, keeper. Take this bank bill and give him a change."

L.: "I see you've quit the union."

W.: "How come?"

W.: "I see you've quit wearing union suits."

What is so rare as a day in June?

Hot water in a fraternity house on Saturday night.

I've got a girl,
Her name is Sue.
I love her dear,
Indeed I do.
Her hair don't curl,
Her toes turn in,
But she's a darn good girl
For the shape she's in.

The prepper points with pride to his "One Foot Shelf of Books," including one shoe box, one dictionary, and seven popular magazines.

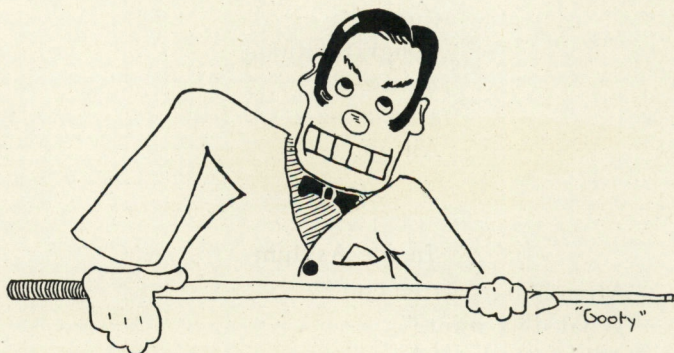
"Say, do you know why I am going to bed now?" gurgled the lazy rook at 9:36.

"No," growled the struggling soph.

"Because it won't come to me," chortled the babe as a valise smoked past his head.

Campus Snake: "You must admit that college men know how to spend money."

Yaphoo's Pride, young and blonde: "Is that why they don't keep in practice?"



From our Junior Vaudeville—Taking his cue, the villain left the room.



WITH THE HIGH SCHOOL ARTISTS

The Old Bird passes a check for three dollars to Miss Molly Clary of Ashland High, winner of the first prepper art contest sponsored by the Orange Owl chapter of Hammer and Coffin. In spite of the short period of time that contributions were accepted, the high schoolers entered the contest with real interest and drawings were received from all parts of the state. With these encouraging results, the Old Bird announces a bigger and better contest for next year, with a greater number of real prizes as the awards.



Dimpled knees of yesterday are sadly out of date;
Them days are gone forever—lengthy skirts predominate.
Of what are paragraphs about, since that scenery is extinct?
The influence of Tutankhamen provides the missing link.



Sweet Rookess (in background): "What is it that has four legs and is always full of cold water?"

Rushee (with starry eyes): "I'd say a bathtub, but they aren't always full of cold water."

Sweet Rookess: "A lot you know about it."

Sedate Senior (with the intelligent countenance): "Ha! Ha!"

The Blue Book may be fine
The Red Book is good, 'tis said,
But it takes Snappy Stories and Whiz Bang
To put us out of our head.

He: "She's a chicken."

Prep: "What kind?"

He: "Plymouth Rock."

Prep: "For why?"

He: "Father's folks came over in the Mayflower."

A mite
Named White
Chewed Dynamite!

There he goes!
Here he comes!
Get a blotter!

Little Ethel—Our goat can pull me'n and Willie and Annie in one load.

Visitor—He must be very strong.

Little Ethel—Oh, yes, but we don't mind that.

"Let's sit on this tombstone," said the co-ed, "as I always did like the name of Harry."

Roll: "When your pants are too short, what then?"
Yourown: "Pull up your shoes to meet them."

SHE BUTTER BE FAT

There was a cow that had big hoofs—
My sister told me so.
She is the queen of all the goofs;
Fresh country butter. Oh!
She can't play on the baseball team,
She is too gol darned slow.
No drama's lead, in stellar gleam,
Is in her row to hoe.
She can not do what others do,
She can not charm a guy;
She wears a number 12-E shoe—
That's why she don't get by.

No, little boy, college traditions do not sanction cutting in on a petting party.

Wit: "Give me a bottle of gin."

Druggist: "We sell spirits for medicinal purposes only."

Wit: "That's what I want it for. This town gives me a pain."

Dan: "Do you walk in your sleep?"

Patch: "No, I have a little nightmare."

"Who's that guy?" said the dainty prepper, pushing a pudgy finger at a name in the paper.

"That's Farrin Warmar," said the weary editor. "He's been on the masthead for two years and isn't even on the boat yet."

Late to bed,

Early to rise,

Makes big, black rings
Under your eyes.

Hotel Clerk (service personified)—Would you like a bath, Madam.

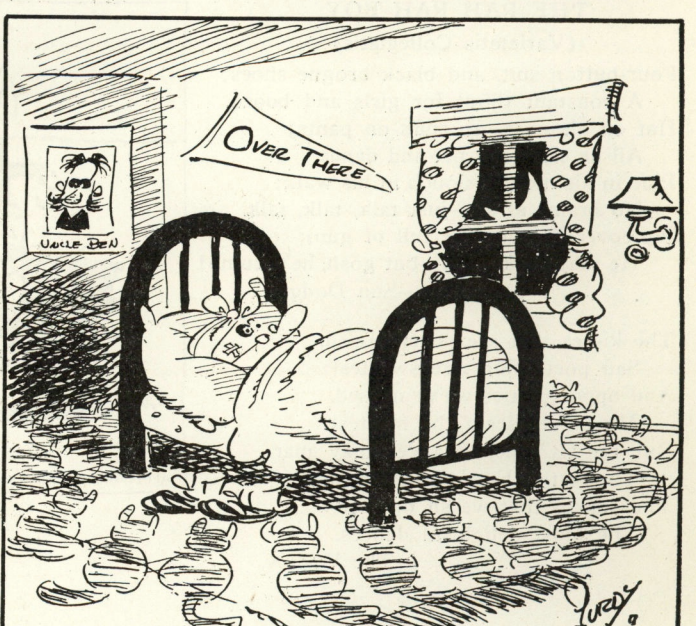
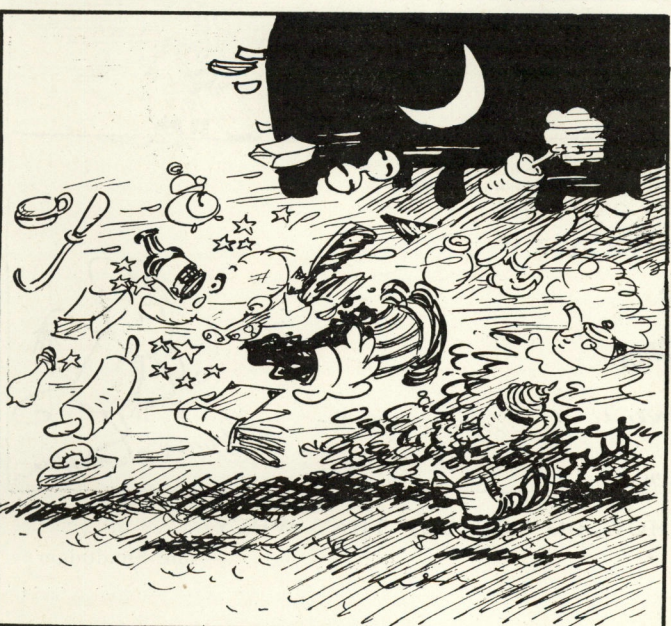
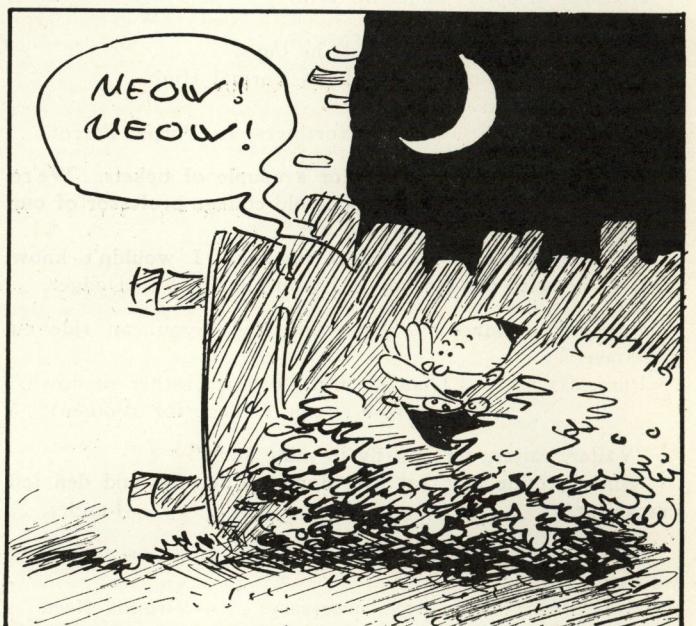
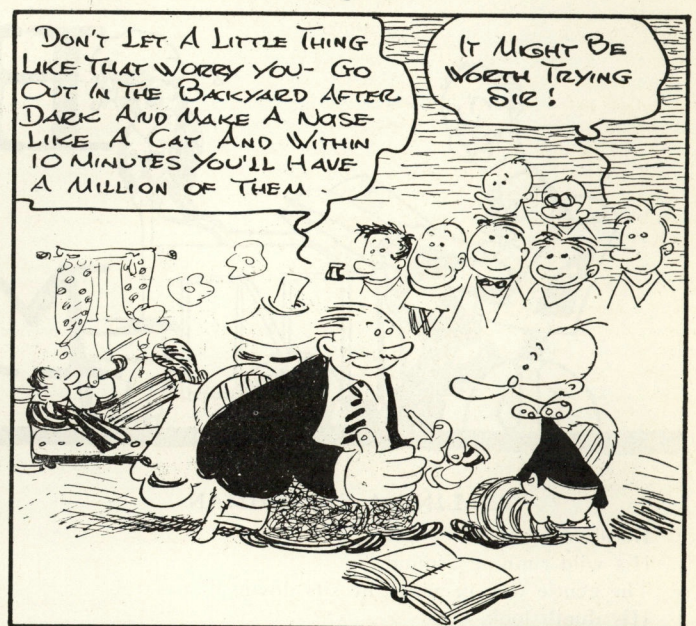
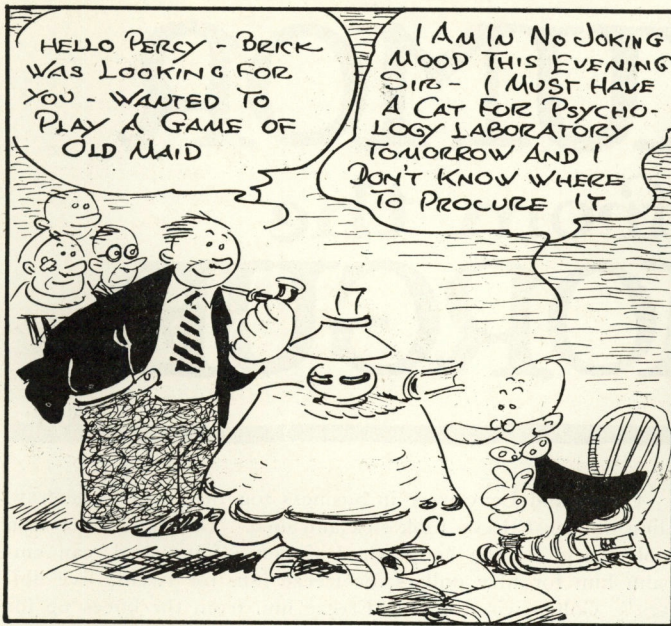
Tourist—Good heavens, is this Saturday?

First Town Resident—"What became of your Fence?"

Second Town Resident—The students took it for the fire. They make light of such things.

By the Mill Race

"They say she got mad when he said, 'Let's go over and sit on that dam wall'."





HUMOR from the MORGUE

Boilev

TELLING A FFRESHMAN

His dumb look.
His wild running around.
The gentle way in which he sits down.
His dumb look.
His load of books under his arm.
His dumb look.
The amount of college goods he buys.
His boasting about the Oshkosh Normal High.
His dumb look.
His dumb look. —Northwestern Purple Parrot.

She: "I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a little raffle for a poor old college professor of our neighborhood, who's down and out."

He: "No thanks, no tickets for me. I wouldn't know what to do with the old boy if I won him." —Sun Dodger.

Gracious Conductor: "Sall right, lady, you can ride on your face."

Purseless Lady: "Thanks. But I'd much rather sit down"
—The Arrow (Penn. College for Women).

"Vaiteer, vaiteer, dere's a fly in mine soup."

"Sh-h-h, mine poy, eat first down to der fly, und den tell der vaiteer."
—Juggler.

She: "Do you always take the other girls for such long walks?"

He: "No, it isn't always necessary." —Virginia Reel.

THE RAH RAH BOY

(Varietatis Collegiatis)

Four-button suit, and black brogue shoes;
A constant thirst for girls and booze.
Hat on his nose, no cuffs on pants;
All he can do is pet and dance.
Pipe in his mouth, slouch in his walk;
No brains at all—just talk, talk, talk.
Pin-covered vest, face full of gum;
He may look good—but gosh, he's dumb!
—Sun Dodger.

The kisses that are never kissed,
Sad poets sing, are sweetest;
And opportunities we've missed
Must ever seem the meetest.
But this is true, whate'er may mar
The rest of Fate's bright chances,
The dances that we sit out are
The most delightful dances.
—The Widow.

Cohen and Levy were in business together, and while traveling out west, Levy took sick and died. The undertaker who took charge of the body wired Cohen: "Levy died, can embalm him for fifty dollars, or freeze him for twenty-five dollars." Cohen wired back: "Freeze him from the knees up for fifteen dollars; his legs were frost-bitten last winter."

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Two happy souls were wending their way homeward in their kingly flivver after a well-spent evening.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be ver' careful. Firs' thing you know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" says Bill in some astonishment. "Why I thought you was drivin'."
—Navy Log.

May I kiss your hand, he whispered?

And she answered soft and low—

It's easier to lift my veil,

Than to take off my gloves, you know.

—Agawan.

"Have you any opening for a bright, energetic college graduate?"

"Yes, and don't slam it on the way out."

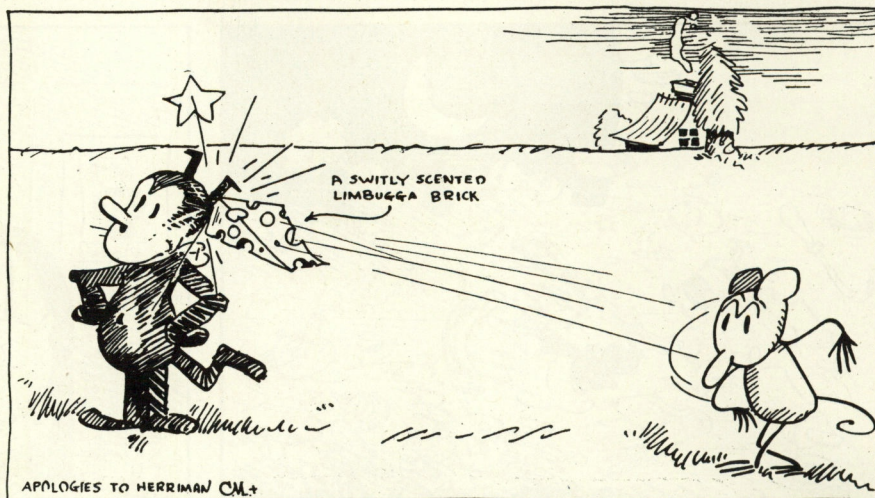
—Wisconsin Octopus.

When the rotheth are red and the violetth are blue,

You chathe me and I'll chathe you—

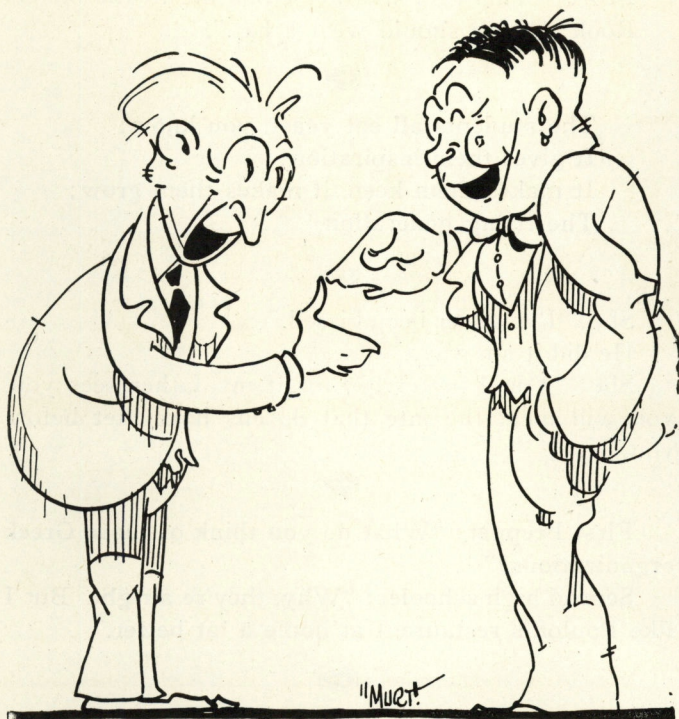
What we chathe for I don't know—

But you chathe me and I'll run thlow. —C.B. W.B.



HOW DO YOU GET THAT WHEY?

—The Sundodger.



—Exchange.

Abie: "Oy, this shoit speaks for itzelf!!!"

Customer: "M-m-m-m—that must be the collar button in."



Papa: "Did you win the race today, son?"

Abie: "Yes, by chust a nose, papa."

Pop: "Mine Gott, vot a victory!" —Whirlwind.

"I bought a car yesterday."

"What kind is it?"

"It's an 'Ash'."

"You mean a 'Nash' don't you?"

"No, 'Ash'—second-hand 'Cole'." —Flamingo.

"Sir, would you give me a few dollars to bury a saxophone player?"

"Here's thirty dollars. Bury six of them." —Bison.

Motorist: "How do I get to Lunktown?"

Farmer: Straight ahead, stranger. Jest follow them cows ahead of ye. —Wisconsin Octopus.

She (to editor): "Where do you get your jokes?"

Editor: "Just out of the air."

She: "Well, I'd suggest that you get some fresh air." —Punch Bowl.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do, why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the Earl has cabled me to come across." —Bison.

"Three hair nets, please."

"What strength?"

"Two dances and a car ride." —Sun Dial.

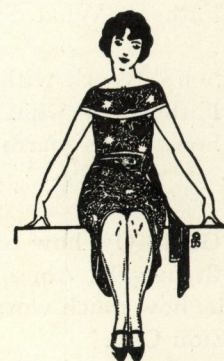
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M. M. LONG & CO.

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118 South Second Street

Corvallis, Oregon

THE SHOE HOSPITAL

1100 Jefferson Street, Near Campus

C. L. SON, Proprietor

QUALITY WORK

GOOD SERVICE

COMING TO THE BLUE MOUSE





A Study in Art

Father: "What do you plan on doing this summer, son?"

Son: "Work with figures, I guess."

Father: "In what business?"

Son: "Life-guarding at the beach."



Gold—Oy, how rotten it is with business lately.

Stein—Na, Abie, you should say that. Just think Abie, how much worse it would be selling bar fixtures in Zion City.



Taxi Driver: "Any place on the campus for two-bits."

Prep: "Show me a place, I may buy."



Whiffem Poof, the photographer-debater, always takes the negative side in an argument. I'm positive he does because I have proofs for it.



Imagine the plight of the absent-minded professor who discovers that he has carefully thrown his trousers in the laundry and draped his pillow-case artistically about his nether limbs.

Prof: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Rook: "You should wear a hat."



The students all eat yeast, you know;
It gives them inspiration;
It makes them keen, it makes them grow;
The rising generation.



She: "I've never been kissed."

He did it anyway.

She: "You'd better go, for if my father sees you, you will meet the fate that dozens have met before you."



First Prepper: "What do you think of those Greek organizations?"

Second high schooler: "Why, they're alright. But I like Pouloff's restaurant at home a lot better."



First Greek: "Gosh, fellers, I got 'A'—,"

Chorus: "In what?"

F. G. (kerchoo-o-o-o-o): "'ay fever!!!"



The poet starved;
Rode in a hearse;
Never made money,—
Wrote free verse.



Some girls take in washing
Some girls they take cash
My girl works in a boarding house
She's forever slinging hash.



When ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.
If her petticoat is showing,
Don't feign to raise your eyes.



They lived for a time
Like two birds in a nest.
Mother-in-law
Iron-jaw
You can imagine the rest!



Nice little blackjack,
Old and gray,
You've been a stunner
In your day.



The advertisement features a black and white illustration of a smoking pipe and a baseball bat crossed inside an oval frame. Below the illustration is a triangular logo with the letters 'WD' and 'C'. The text 'Milano' is written in a large, elegant script, followed by 'Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe' in a smaller, stylized font. Below this, a quote reads: "There is something fine about it". At the bottom left, it says "\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops". At the bottom right, it says "WM. DEMUTH & Co. NEW YORK".



Humorists' Reasoning

Inductive—

- a. This is a joke; some one laughed.
- b. This is a joke; some one laughed.
- c. This is a joke; everyone will laugh.

Deductive—

- a. Everyone laughs at a joke.
- b. This is a joke.
- c. Somebody will laugh.



—The Sundodger.



Night Law

Jack and Jill
Went to the mill,
At eight to go canoeing.
But they came back,
Their spirits slack,
With Johnny Wells pursuing.



Twenty still forms filled the davenport and easy chairs, blurred in outline by clouds of cigarette smoke. Not a man moves, not a sound save the rasping of a single sonorous snore is heard. One could almost hear a pin drop—but no pin will drop since all are fastened to vests by guards. For this is an ideal active chapter.



Izzy: "A South Sea islander knocks out his wife's teeth when they are married.

Rebecca: "I see. He gives her a head ring."



"Do you like a blonde or brunette best?"

"What difference does it make? A lot of them have been both."



When the faculty suspended the freshman he was all up in the air.



A stitch in time sometimes saves an embarrassing exposure.

You cannot expect other
people to think better of you
than you think of yourself

Your College Graduation
Should Be Told by the
BALL STUDIO
Cap and Gown Portrait

They are correct and
speak of your good taste.

Pastries

Restaurant
and
Confectionery

Fruits

A's & K's

"You'll Know the Place"

The Home of "Whitman's" Candies

LYNN'S

For DEPENDABLE KODAK FINISHING

116 South Third Street

BIKMAN & POWELL, Inc.
Exclusive Ladies' Shop

Everything for Madame's Wardrobe

The standard of this store is reflected by
the high grade merchandise we carry—
Phoenix Hosiery, Ide Shirts, Cooper's
Underwear, Stratford Shoes, and Kuppen-
heimer Good Clothes.

Hunter & Malden



BRINGING UP FATHER

THE EASY LETTER WRITER

No. 1. A letter to a man, who, having his leg broken by a rock thrown by a small boy, which scared a horse, causing him to shy, thereby precipitating a panic among the pedestrians, which excited a workman so that he left a manhole uncovered, into which the unfortunate man stepped, throwing his body into such a peculiar position that, in trying to extricate himself, the bone in his leg snapped, is confined to his bed and is consequently unable to attend a banquet given by a friend, who spent the previous three summers with him at the summer home, and is thereby missing a rare treat.

Dear Sir:

It is with sorrow that I learn of your accident. I hope that you will recover shortly.

Sincerely,

A. B. JONES.

No. 2. A letter by Joe Smith, who has been working at an iron foundry which recently burnt to the ground, the fire being caused by a cigarette stub, dropped by a visitor who lives in Oshkosh, but is on an inspection tour of all plants of a similar nature, for the purpose of determining the injurious effects of chewing tobacco while in positions of trust, to his sweetheart who, while working in a laundry, was

World's Greatest Military Tournament and Most Spectacular Sham Battle

O. A. C. Stadium Saturday, May 26th

Tickets on sale at.

Allen's Drug Store, Sam Elliott's and Graham & Wells

General Admission, Fifty Cents

Reserved Seats, One Dollar



overcome by the shock of seeing the hair of her dearest friend caught in the machinery, and is now confined at her home, and, as a result of the shock quit her job, and lives off her old man's scant salary.

Dear Mary:

Marry me or I shall die. I can't live without you.

Love, JOE.

No. 3. A letter by a man, who, having been in love with a girl for ten years, has often tried to propose to her, but, at the crucial moment, lost his nerve and postponed the proposal to the next night, thereby disappointing the girl nightly for seven of the ten years, and causing her endless anxiety over the question of whether or not she would get his life insurance if he died, to a friend, who, after going with a girl for six months, popped the question and is now married, and has an endless string of children.

Dear Bill:

What do you think of my latest proposal speech?
ED.

No. 4. A letter to a shaving soap manufacturer.

Willgate Soap Co.

Messers:

I cannot commend your shaving soap too highly. Its abundance of lather is truly wonderful. The other day I was lathering my face preparatory to shaving, and, while wielding the brush, became deeply abstracted in one of my weighty business problems. I was brushing and thinking, when after a few minutes, I felt a most peculiar sensation about my knees. On looking down, I was horrified to see that a rich creamy lather filled the bathroom to a depth of two feet. Now we use your shaving cream for yeast. We merely add a bit of cream to the dough and stir briskly. The results are truly marvelous. It is easy to accustom one's self to the soapy taste. Send me six tubes.

A. K. SMITH.



Memory is a sad and fickle jade. As boys and men we devote anywhere from ten to sixteen years to the business of acquiring an education. Two years after we leave school, or often in less time, we can't remember whether it was John Paul Jones or General Anthony who said: "Give me liberty or give me death."



Stude—Got anything on your hip.

Stewed—Yeh.

Stude—What is it?

Stewed—A birthmark.



Along with the lengthening of the skirts should come the widening of the sidewalks.

CENTRAL SHOE SHOP

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Next to Whiteside Theatre

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"In Business For Your Health"

In Our New Building. — 251 Madison Street

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Resources Over \$1,800,000.00

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Hear and Heed The Owl Oracle



Meet tomorrow with money.

It's better to be heeled than to be helpless.

Don't be stingy or miserly, but get the habit of systematically saving something.

Face the future with the backing of a bank account.

Economy is the source of revenue.

Saving, instead of squandering, promotes prosperity.

Start a savings account now in this bank. Add to it regularly and pile up chunks of competence and comfort.

Benton County State Bank

The Bank of Personal Service

"SAVE AND HAVE"

Chaperones, normal, 25 cents per hour.
- Chaperones, deaf, 30 cents per hour.
Chaperones, deaf, dumb and blind, 40 cents per hour.
Chaperones, total paralysis, \$5 per hour.
Chaperones, mummies from the museum, according to state of preservation, \$10 to \$20.



Newcomer—Is this hotel American or European?

Old-timer—European, I guess. They've got a Greek restaurant, a French manicure, Sweedish maids, English waiters, and a Scotch manager.



"Do you think it harmful for a one-armed man to take a girl out canoeing?"

"No, quite 'armless."



An absent-minded prof. is one of those guys who calls some pretty co-ed in the front row by his wife's first name.



Business for the dry-cleaners looks good; for the skirts are getting longer.



"This is my long suit," sighed the co-ed as she bent over her sewing.

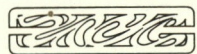


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Sweet Shop
for
DINNER

Fountain Specials



Monroe at King's Road



DIAMONDS
WATCHES
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SPECIAL ORDERS
EYE GLASSES

Staples, *The Jeweler*

266 Morrison Street

Portland, Oregon



WALK-OVERS

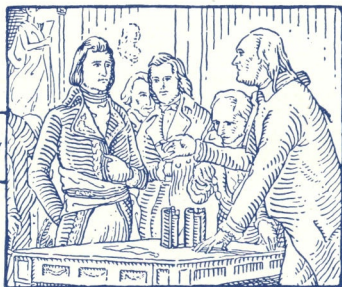
Prove their betterness in style, comfort, service, and durability. Walk Over satisfies the most exacting.

Walk-Over Boot Shop

Broadway at Washington Street

PORTLAND, OREGON

~ VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS



BATTERY TO NAPOLEON ~

How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.



Many preparatory students visited O. A. C. last week. Many others, prevented by distance, special duties, or other reasons, from coming to the College, turned their eyes this way and are looking for fuller information about the institution. Those who actually came to the campus received the fullest and truest impression of its scope and resources. No amount of type matter nor talk can tell the story as does the campus life itself. When you have strolled over the wide campus, with its east and west quadrangles, its parade ground, and athletic field, you have a picture of it in your mind's eye that no photograph could give you. And when you've seen Ag. Hall, the Library, the Commerce Building, the Engineering Laboratory, and the Men's Gym, both inside and out, you have an impression of the dignity and magnitude of the halls at O. A. C. that stays with you and stirs your sense of pride. And when you mingle with the 3,000 students and their several hundred guests, enjoying the kaleidoscopic life of junior week-end, you get a real thrill of what it means to make the acquaintance of the best youths of the Pacific Northwest.

Little by little, too, as you estimate the material plant, catch the spirit of the students, make the acquaintance of faculty men and women who give you a sense of real leadership, you begin to see that O. A. C. is a great institution. You may not have had time to study its curriculum, or to pick out the exact type of training you prefer, but you have come to realize that you have visited a representative state institution, like the best in other states of the Union, and you catch the idea that the Legislative Committee of California had in mind when they spoke of O. A. C. as a "vocational university," having courses in commerce, engineering, forestry, home economics, mining, pharmacy, and vocational education, as well as in agriculture, each supporting and reinforcing the other.

Oregon Agricultural College