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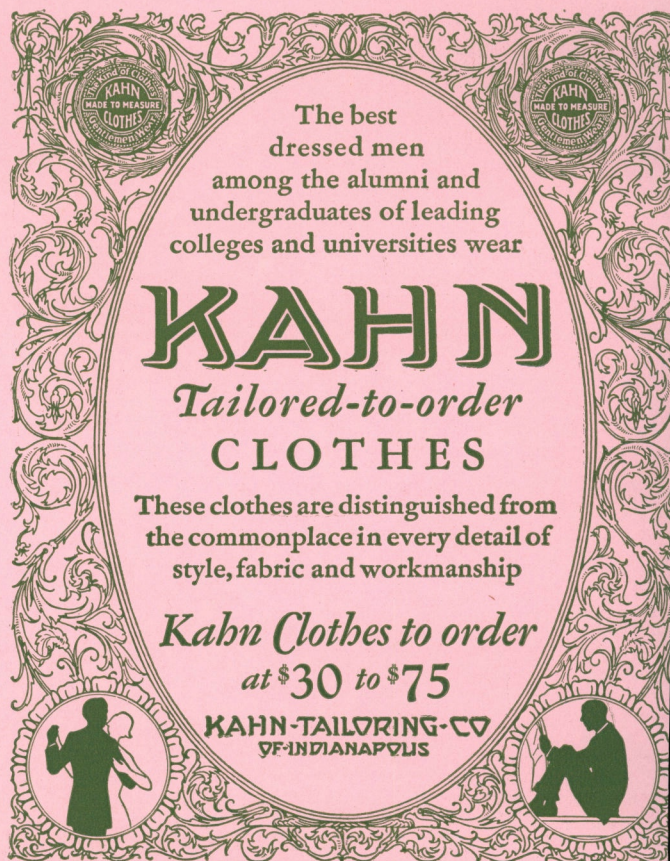
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The Orange Owl

Vol. VIII

Corvallis, Oregon, April 1927

No. 4

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

Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

MEMORIAL UNION—HUH?

An Englishman who was touring the United States was being shown around Washington, D. C. While going down one of the main avenues of the city they stopped in front of a large office building. The Englishman gazed at the building for a few moments, then turned to his guide and asked, "How long did it take to build that building?"

"Oh, about 18 months," replied his guide.

The Englishman immediately replied, "Pretty slow. We would put up a building that size in three months in England."

The guide said nothing, and they went on. Soon they came to another building, larger than the first, and again the Englishman asked, "How long did it take to build that building?" His guide replied, "About two years." The Englishman said, "We would do it in six months in England."

But again the guide said nothing, and he turned into Pennsylvania avenue. In a short time they came to the Capitol buildings, and as usual the guide heard the question, "How long did it take to build those buildings?"

The guide turned and replied, "I don't know. They weren't here last night when I went home."



First Crook: "And furthermore, you're a low-down crook, a thief, and a faker."

Second Crook: "Zat so? Well, that's not true, but you're everything you called me."

First Crook: "I may be all that but I'm no liar."



FORE!

The math prof steps upon the green

And waves his club on high.

"Extract the square root of sixteen,"

He shouts into the sky.

The turf flies far, the turf flies wide,

The prof's game is impaired;

He cannot hit a barn broadside,

"Oh, — the luck! Two squared."

Now prof, you should not tear and rip,

On others' nerves you grate;

From Izzy you should take a tip,

And try "Three Ninety Eight."

College men Wanted



ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE go to California each year in an attempt to "break" into the movies. For some time the city of Los Angeles has tried to stem the tide of foolish aspirants, but it continues to roll in.

It may seem strange, then, when an announcement is made that film executives are willing and anxious to spend thousands of dollars to discover new talent in American colleges. Yet that very thing will come to pass during the month of April when the First National Pictures-College Humor screen tests are made.

John E. McCormick, General Manager of West Coast Production for First National Pictures, was once a collegian. He has always been sympathetic toward college men. This daring innovation will be carried through without the usual hue and cry that attends such glamorous proceedings. Picked squads of technical operators and their advance men will quietly go about their business according to schedules which have already been carefully prepared. The larger schools in the various sections of the country will all be visited. It is hoped that ten men will be found.

Before this magazine was ready to announce the idea it carefully went over the contracts which will be offered to the men who are successful. They are most liberal. To the men whose facial features, physique and intellect measure up to the standard set, these contracts will offer fame and fortune unbelievably soon.

Men only are wanted—no women.

Expenses are guaranteed to and from the new two million dollar studio of the company at Burbank, California. Every effort will be made to give wide publicity to the winners. Opportunity will be given to work with such stars as Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Harry Langdon, Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, and others.

College Humor urges college periodicals and college men to support this plan which is destined to win recognition for collegians wherever motion pictures are shown.

Read the magazine for further announcements

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY

This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers, and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise and fall lower and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more

lakes and they are bigger, and deeper and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail cars are bigger and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all the railroads in this or any other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, send their passengers up higher, and steamboat captains swear harder than captains in any other country.

Our men are bigger, and longer and thicker, can fight harder and faster, and can drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, spit more and spit farther than men in any other country.

Our ladies are richer, wear bigger hats and shorter dresses and kick up the devil generally to greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries combined. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on earth.



When you come
Home at
Noon after
You've just
Flunked two exams
And received
Word from the
Bank that
You have
Overdrawn
Your account
By sixteen
Cents and you
Haven't a
Penny to your
Name and then
When you get
To the
House you find
A generous
Specimen of
Your pater's
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Ain't it a
Grand and
Glorious
Feeling? ?

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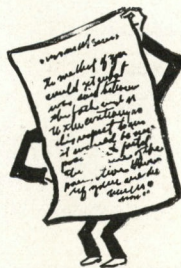
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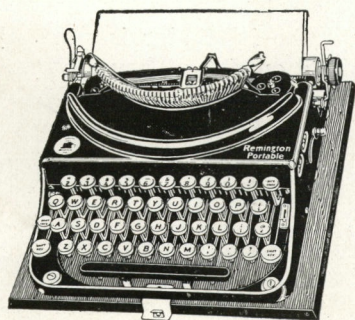
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Waiter: "What's your order?"
Customer: "Knights of Columbus, and here's
my button." —Exchange.



Cop (suspiciously to man tinkering with a
parked car): "What are you looking for?"
Auto mechanic: "Trouble."



Mother (kissing hurt hand): "Now, dear, how
is it?"

Child: "Kind of sloppy." —Exchange.



Jack: "Can you dig up a date for me tonight?"
Dough: "I don't have to dig 'em up. I can
get 'em alive."—Desert Wolf



"Which do you recommend, the fried egg or
the omelet?"

"The fried aigs is a month ole, so ye'd best
take a omelet. They ain't no aigs in that."

—Green Goat.

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HELL'S BELLES

The predicament of most women is like that of the cross-eyed student choosing between the devil and the deep sea. A college education is of no use, for if women are good looking they don't need it, and if they are not good looking it is wholly inadequate; a notorious statistician (not Will Rogers) has predicted that at the present rate of suppression of college comics there will be an over-production of paper and ink within the next 27 years, unless college students quit borrowing books.



ORANGE "OWL"

Herbert H. H. H.

Algernon: "Gadzooks, man, hadst not heard, 'tis all over ye school."

Percival: "Zounds, yokel, enlighten me with despatch."

Algy: "Prithee, knave, 'tis ye roof."



A match has a head but no face.
A watch has a face but no head.
A river has a mouth but no tongue.
A wagon has a tongue but no trunk.
An umbrella has ribs but no trunk.
A tree has a trunk but no ribs.
A clock has hands but no arms.
The sea has arms but no hands.
A rooster has a comb but no hair.
A jackass has hair but no comb.
Odd, isn't it?



She (just back from Paris): "I can't go to the dance tonight. My trunks haven't arrived yet."

He: "Good Lord, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"



Fable—

Once upon a time there was a student who went through college in four years. During all this time he never flunked an exam, nor skipped a class. He never split a section nor was he ever late to a class. Military training was the subject he enjoyed most, so he wore his military uniform every day. He never stayed up later than nine o'clock, and never got a check back marked N. S. F.

Moral—Don't believe everything you read in the Orange Owl.

Body by Fisher

"What is the difference between a baby and a bottle of champagne?"

"The champagne comes with the maker's name stamped on it."



Overheard on the Campus at Night

1
Ooopsy daisy my, oh my,
Dweat big manny mussen cwy!
Hassum dottum pain in gizzors?

2
Mamma's ittie lover-jane!
Eatun toes wif might and main!
Tut it out! Oo nassy fing!
Tetchum toe-main poisoning.

3
Nassy wassy baddy boy,
Suckem varnish offem toy!
Varnish makum sicky-wick!
Takum tastor oily twick!

4
Mummy's honey puddeny pie!
Mustn't pokem dadda's eye!
Makum dadda cranky-wanky!
Ouchy-ouchy! Shanky-soanky!

5
Honey bunny ummy-yum!
Diddum hurty itty fum?
Pokum pussums makum yell!
Mamma tissum makum well!!



"What would you think of a fellow who would get up in the middle of the night and wear red knickers?"

"Who did that?"

"Santy Claus."



Little Oscar, whose grandmother always complains of the cold no matter how Dad stokes up the old boilers: "—and God bless papa and mama, and brother; and, dear God, make it hot for grandma."



A Puritan stood 'mid the men of the earth,
His gaze was cold and sere;
He frowned on the joys of the earth-bound men,
But his heart was full of fear—
Fear that pleasure might some day enter
This cheerless existence below,
And somehow ease all the duress of life,
And soften time's endless blow.



The World war created a lot of new ideas and things, but the worst of it is that the Profs. have taken a most profound liking to that famous French cry, "They shall not pass."



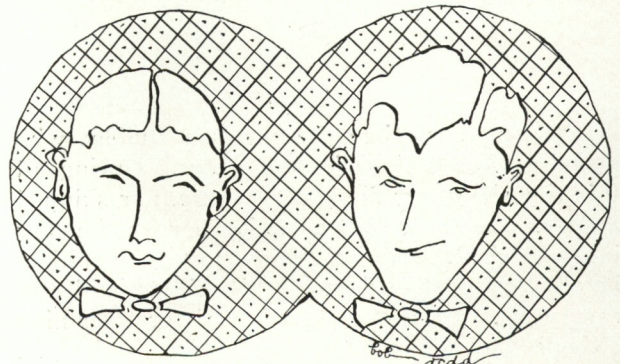
Home Pointer

After an hour rinse thoroughly in warm water in which a large lump of soda has been dissolved, afterward boiling thoroughly in cold water.

(Editor's note: Then warm it in the icebox.)

RABID RHYMES

If doodle bugs drank chicken milk,
And cows lived up in trees,
Which of the three would cost the most,
Butter, eggs, or cheese?
The little wooden whistle,
That once refused to toot,
Now bursts forth in melody
When placed into your snoot.
The tramps are on the highways,
The leaves are in the trees,
So the farmer gets his honey
From a flock of bumble bees.
The band plays in the village,
The villain is in jail,
So daddy sends his bright young son
To Harvard or to Yale.
The swine all crow and cackle,
The chickens grunt and squeal,
The milkmaid bumped her head against
The cows left hindmost heel.
When autumn leaves start budding,
And the sun bursts forth at night,
And rain goes upward from the ground,
Then things will not seem right.
Oh, does the stalwart fir tree
Upon this old world grow,
Or does this whirling ball of mud
Hang from the roots below?
The winds that blow most any day,
With whistling song so terse,
Do they go gayly forward,
Or are they in reverse?
The stuff that cooks call dressing,
I have a sneaking hunch,
It got it's name because, you see,
Folks "wear" it after lunch.
Just one more thing before the end,
(Yes, please put down that brick),
When does a river get that way
And cease to be a creek?



Ishka: "Are we alone?"

Bibble: "I am."

HISTORY OF HAMMER & COFFIN

March, 1906—Father of a Stanford university youth dies and wills him a hammer and unused coffin.

April 17, 1906—Hammer and Coffin founded with aid of recent inheritance and borrowed lilies from the grave of late lamented.

April 18, 1906 (some hours later)—San Francisco earthquake. Disturbances felt for 200 miles.

August, 1906—Knowledge of Hammer and Coffin founding leaks out. Disturbances felt for 2,000 miles.

April, 1907—First annual convention. Most of the delegates got out of town before the police net closed in.

September 1, 1908—Dinty Moore enters grade school thirsting to become a member of Hammer and Coffin.

September 2, 1908—Dinty Moore is expelled from school.

July, 1914—Hammer and Coffin pledge kills Archduke of Austria thereby causing another disturbance.

May 7, 1915—Lusitania sinks, in Irish sea. Hammer and Coffin member gets started the wrong way and swims clear across the Atlantic. A. A. U. refuses to let record stand because the required number of timers was lacking.

January 1, 1918—Hammer and Coffin man signs the pledge. Vast indignation meeting among the brethren.

July 1, 1919—Prohibition made possible in the United States through the efforts of the Hammer and Coffin brethren.

November 20, 1920—Thanksgiving day proclamation by president of United States made valid by being approved by Hammer and Coffin society.

December 8, 1920—Calvin Coolidge breaks forth in laughter after hearing a Hammer and Coffin joke.

1922—Hammer and Coffin established on O. A. C. campus. Loud moans from the administration.

1924—Leap year. Hammer and Coffin suspended from the O. A. C. campus for a year.

1925—Dinty Moore celebrates his pledging to Hammer and Coffin.

December, 1926—Editor of Orange Owl and president of Hammer and Coffin leaves school.

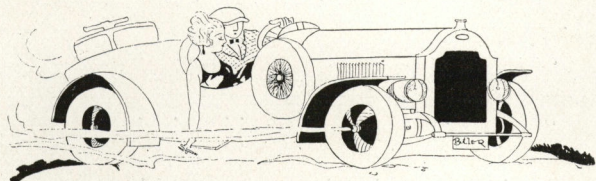


O would some power the giftee gi' us,
To see oursel'es as others see us.

Moral—Always be sure your shirt tail is submerged.

Consider the Hammer

It keeps its head.
It doesn't fly off the handle.
It keeps pounding away.
It finds the point, then drives it home.
It is the only knocker in the world that does any good.



"I beg your pardon," said the charity worker to Wes. Schulmerich, "but would you care to help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Certainly," replied Wes. "Where are they?"

Prof. Petri (after listening to Evelyn Quine warble for several minutes): "Marvelous, Miss Quine, I will make of you a diva."

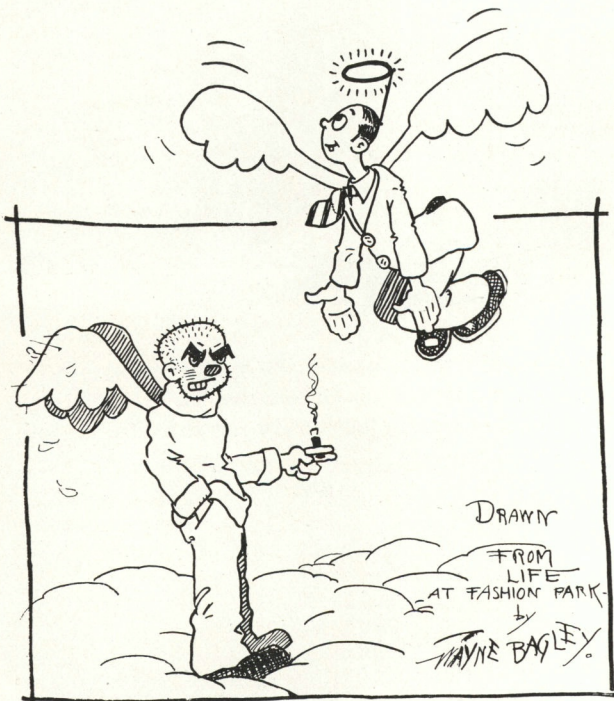
E. Q.: "But listen, old bean, I can't swim."

YOU MAY BELIEVE IT--OR NOT!

I went to the library to study the other night. We all do that once in a while. We just can't get out of it. I did not feel in the mood to study, either. The night was romantic, one of the kind that Anthony stubbed his toe on and fell, sprawling, into the lap of Cleopatra.

It was one of those nights we have just before a rain, or an examination. The air was warm, soft, blue. The sky, although there were no clouds in it, seemed close and heavy. It pressed upon my ears like a senior hat. It made me feel tall. Lights, big lights and little lights, shone with exceptional brightness as though they had just been polished or something, and a soft, mellow, fragrant breeze sighed, moaned and yawned as it drifted, sleepily, from some place back of the farm mechanics building down the walk past the Commerce building, past me and on down toward town. It had a rich, fertile quality that made me homesick. I felt queer.

All this, though, has absolutely nothing to do with the incident. I said I was feeling queer. Every one has a right to feel queer once in a while.



Everything Lovely

Burglar: "Are the people of the house in?"

Servant: "No, they're all out."

Burglar: "Have you paid your dog license?"

Servant: "We haven't any dog."

Burglar: "Well, then, I've come to tune the piano."

I entered the library, and at the loan desk I got a copy of "Twisted Tales," by Christopher Ward, and sat down to study. Quite unconsciously I took my pipe from my pocket and lit it. I then tipped back my chair, placed my feet on the table, and settled down to a quiet hour. I had lighted my pipe for the third time in three minutes when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

"Don't throw those matches on the floor," I heard a woman say. "Where do you think you are at, home?" I looked around. It was a librarian.

"I thought nothing of the kind," I replied meekly. "I was so absorbed in this book that I completely forgot myself. 'Besides,' I added, 'they were out when I threw them down.'"

"That makes no difference," she answered. "And anyway, you are not supposed to smoke in here."

"Oh," I said, "is that right? Then why don't you put up some signs?"

"What kind of signs?" she asked, glaring at me.

"Some no smoking signs," I answered. "They have them in hotels, garages and boiler factories whenever they don't allow smoking." Just then a second librarian appeared.

"What's all this fuss?" she asked, eyeing my pipe and the blue smoke around me with suspicion. "Has some one been smoking in here?"

"Yes," said the first, "some one has. And he threw his matches on the floor, too. But I don't think that I shall report him, provided he doesn't persist in doing it again."

"Where does he think he is, at home?" asked the new arrival.

"That's just what I asked him," the first replied.

"And what did he say to that?"

"Nothing."

"I suppose he has some cigarets, too," the second added. "Have you?" She looked at me.

"Yes," I said, "I have. Would you like to see them?"

"What kind are they?" she asked in a guarded voice.

"I walked a mile for them," I replied. I looked blankly at her.

"Let's see them," she said quickly. "Hurry; we haven't all night."

I said not a thing in answer to this, but I produced the pack. It was nearly full.

"They are Camels, all right," the first librarian said. "I wonder how old they are." She took one. Then she passed them to the second

librarian and she took one. Then she stepped a bit closer to her companion, and, holding the pack before her, said—"Did you ever see this one?" She began to read—"Can Aimee McPherson enjoy life—"

"Yes," interrupted the second, "I have. Besides, I wouldn't spring it here. Some one might get the wrong impression of us girls."

"You are right," admitted the first, "I didn't think of that." She pocketed the cigarets and turned again to me. "Got a match?" she asked.

I gave her one. By this time a large crowd had gathered. They all looked expectant, like a flock of chickens when you walk into the chicken pen with a panful of wheat. I wanted to say "chickie, chickie," but I thought better of it.

"What are you reading?" the second librarian asked. "Some rot, I suppose."

"No," I answered, "I am reading 'Twisted Tales' by Christopher Ward."

"What is it about? A horse race or a stubborn calf?"

"Neither," I replied, pleased at the change from the smoking question. "It is a collection of very funny burlesques. I like to try to write, and I am studying Ward's style."

Just then the thing happened that saved my life. The lights took one of their periodical flurries and went out. They were out for only a minute, but by the time they came on I was half way home.



Professor Mitchell (to student): "When you are finished bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

Student: "Why on tiptoe?"

Prof. M.: "So as not to awaken your audience."



LITTLE KNOWN SCIENTIFIC FACTS

1. That two persons make a fight—and three persons make a better fight.
2. That in onions there is strength.
3. That half of Calvin Coolidge's ancestors were women.
4. That the largest diamond in the world is the Ace.
5. That death is permanent.
6. That the Library is a place in which to study.
7. That there ain't no Santa Claus.
8. That Oregon is occasionally visited by rainstorms.
9. That there ain't no justice.
10. That not all Baptists get into Heaven.



Wise: "Do you know what they call bananas in Hollywood?"

Rook: "No. Let's hear it."

Wise: "Bananas!"



THREE LITTLE FLAPPERS

Three little flappers in near-silver foxes
Rolled down their stockings till they looked like
soxes.

They all had powder puffs to powder their noses,
And kept their powder puffs in near-jade boxes.
They lived in an apartment house in three little
flatses,

And walked up the stairs so they wouldn't get
fatses.

They cut their hair close to their little round
heads,

And all wore the same kind of little felt hatses.
They did their shopping at the sales of the
shopes,

And got across the street by the aid of the copeses.
They all got jammed in the rush for classes,
And they lunched on spaghetti that is served by
the wopeses.

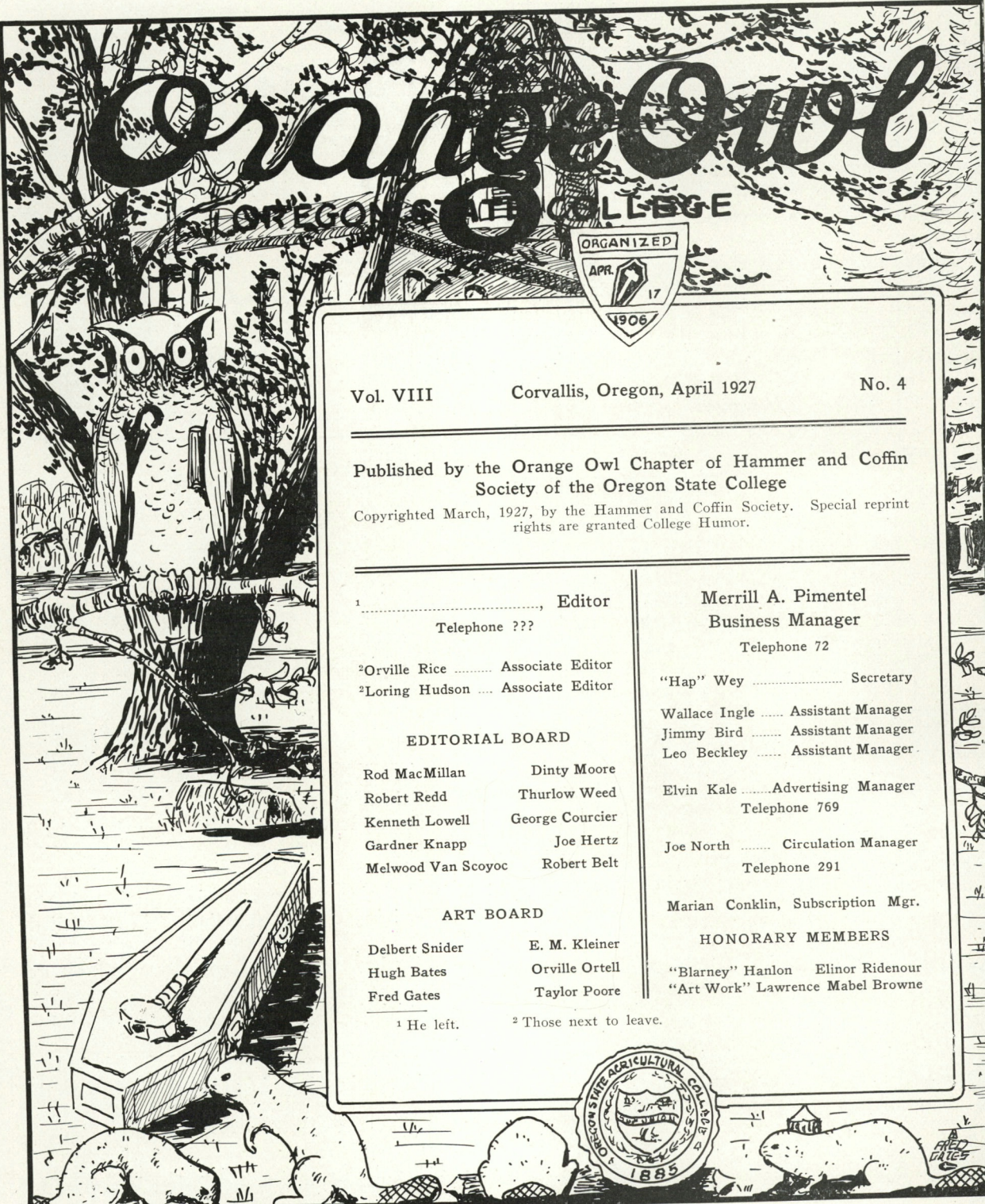


Eat, drink, and be buried, is the cry of the
modern reveler.



Senior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Soph.: "No. Who teaches it?"



Orange Owl
OREGON STATE COLLEGE


ORGANIZED
APR. 17
1906

Vol. VIII Corvallis, Oregon, April 1927 No. 4

Published by the Orange Owl Chapter of Hammer and Coffin
Society of the Oregon State College

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rights are granted College Humor.

<p>¹ Editor Telephone ???</p> <p>²Orville Rice Associate Editor ²Loring Hudson Associate Editor</p> <p>EDITORIAL BOARD</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Rod MacMillan</td> <td>Dinty Moore</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Robert Redd</td> <td>Thurlo Weed</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Kenneth Lowell</td> <td>George Courcier</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Gardner Knapp</td> <td>Joe Hertz</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Melwood Van Scoyoc</td> <td>Robert Belt</td> </tr> </table> <p>ART BOARD</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Delbert Snider</td> <td>E. M. Kleiner</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Hugh Bates</td> <td>Orville Ortell</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Fred Gates</td> <td>Taylor Poore</td> </tr> </table> <p>¹ He left. ² Those next to leave.</p>	Rod MacMillan	Dinty Moore	Robert Redd	Thurlo Weed	Kenneth Lowell	George Courcier	Gardner Knapp	Joe Hertz	Melwood Van Scoyoc	Robert Belt	Delbert Snider	E. M. Kleiner	Hugh Bates	Orville Ortell	Fred Gates	Taylor Poore	<p>Merrill A. Pimentel Business Manager Telephone 72</p> <p>"Hap" Wey Secretary</p> <p>Wallace Ingle Assistant Manager Jimmy Bird Assistant Manager Leo Beckley Assistant Manager</p> <p>Elvin Kale Advertising Manager Telephone 769</p> <p>Joe North Circulation Manager Telephone 291</p> <p>Marian Conklin, Subscription Mgr.</p> <p>HONORARY MEMBERS</p> <p>"Blarney" Hanlon Elinor Ridenour "Art Work" Lawrence Mabel Browne</p>
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CUDGEL AND CASKET

SINCE that memorable night of 1906 when the Wrath from Below laid San Francisco in ruins but failed to shatter the newly founded Hammer and Coffin, the ideals of the organization have waxed stronger and stronger. With a

firmness and unflagging energy the Wearers of the Lily have forged steadily ahead.

"We believe that humor can hit all the high lights of real fun without running down the steep place into the mire; that fun without venom is sufficient weapon with which to attack the vani-

ties and foibles of our college life; and that taste and decency are a surer touchstone of true comedy than the loud laugh that bespeaks the empty mind."

This ideal places wit, humor, poesy, prose fancy, and art on a high plane which makes possible such publications as the *Orange Owl*. Wit and humor spice life. Consider a cheerless existence void of laughter and empty of that pleasant feeling of universal satisfaction and geniality which comes with a well-placed epigram or a keen bit of repartee sharply parried. Hammer and Coffin regards as its solemn high duty the making of life more enjoyable, the cutting short of sorrows, and the drowning of the woes of mankind in a wave of mirth.

With this ever in mind the Disciples of the Hammer bow at the shrine of laughter and seek to interpret in terms of joy and mirth the dictum of a certain poet whose bones have long since mingled with the dust of their coffin:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Then in the humbleness of true service to mankind which is engendered in the distribution of true wit, fun, comedy, joy, whatever it be called, be again reminded that the service may live a few short years but the mortal is soon forgotten and memory of him lost in the winds of the ages. Let the written efforts of Hammer and Coffin be ever its inspiration to serve the altar of man for the brightening of others' lives and not for personal glory, the emptiness of which is expressed in four simple lines:

"Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor; a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave."



SPEAKING OF SWAN SONGS

THIS is the season of springtime, of youth, of new scenes exchanged for old; the season of change, of advancement, and of new associations. 'Ere the Wise Old Bird spreads his wings again,

new life and fresh vitality will be imparted to the eager ambitions and dreams of its members, a new staff will take the place of the old, and by the Owl.

Those who undertake the direction of the Old Bird's destiny during the coming year carry with them the wholehearted best wishes of the retiring staff. May the coming year see continued improvement in the *Orange Owl*, and may the success of the new staff be full and complete.

May their goal be ever onward; it is the immutable law of nature. The Old makes way for the New!



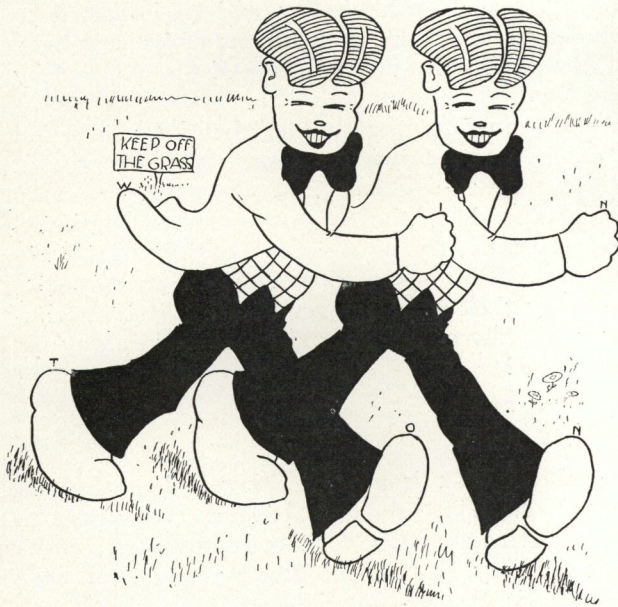
SYMPATHY is a great thing, opines the Old Bird. Like advice it is free. It is easy to give advice and hard to take it, however. Quite the contrary, it is hard to give sympathy but easy to take it.

Which brings one to the matter of college humorous publications and their many troubles. It has been said that a humorist is a chronic grouch. Strange, one would naturally expect a humorist to be a person with a sunny disposition and a perpetual smile. One could hardly blame the college comics for degenerating into chronic grouches considering the difficulties they are continually encountering.

Judging by the foregoing the Campus Seer feels that it would not be of much use to give advice. Sympathy or condolence, however, for the "in Dutch" college comics might be very much in order. Just for example the University of Washington Columns, an adjacent contemporary, could use some sympathy. They do not seem to be able to use much else.

But it is not just one institution. Ever and anon the Old Owl hears of budding Artemas Wards and Mark Twains suppressed before they have had a chance to bloom. Editors and managers "vaya con Dios." Wholesale suppressions take place.

What the powers-that-be do not seem to be able to realize is that life is a joke. Too often, the authorities in the guise of practical jokers play the joke on the staff of the college comic. The Old Bird whisks away with his left pinion an owlsh tear and wonders on whose neck the axe will next fall.



Fraternity man: "How was your date last evening?"

Pledge: "Rather boring; she kept wondering if I believed in kissing."



BOSTON?

In a recent examination in English literature, the following answers were received to questions asking for the paraphrasing of certain parts of famous poems.

1. "To bicker down the valley," from Tennyson's poem, "The Brook." The answer was as follows: "To have an undignified quarrel in a low place among the hills."

2. "He stayed not for brake," a line from Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar." The result was: "He never stopped for a mechanical contrivance to reduce speed by means of friction." Both answers were the results of the working overtime of two feminine brains.



Professor in Comparative Government: "In some parts of Switzerland they have the barn in the basement of the home—which is all right, if you don't mind the smell of hay."



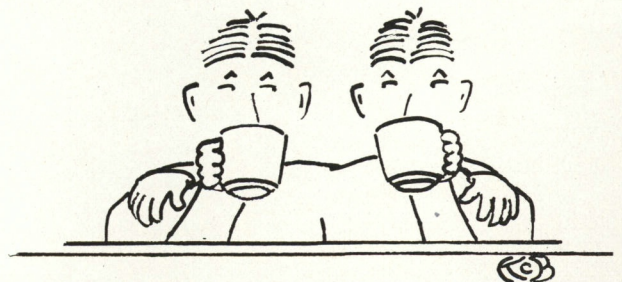
It Wasn't Vassar

When a staff correspondent for a certain well-known scandal sheet approached Al Serpa the other day to attempt to find out why he had turned down the position of president of a certain college, he received the reply:

"Aw, there was no chance for advancement."

MY ROOMMATE SNORES

Snores of my roommate.
Long, painful, pitiful snores.
Reverberating down the silent hall.
Thoughts, deep and melancholy
Within me burn.
A dog's long howl
In pursuit of a cat;
A yowling cat that is pursued.
My roommate snores.
Snores of my roommate.
Delicious, sonorous, athletic snores,
Rattling the pictures
And the cosmetics on the dresser.
Plans within me formulate;
Plans grim and terrible,
Plans for the extermination
Of the snores of my roommate.
Snores of my roommate.
Stuttering, spluttering, muttering snores.
Splitting my eardrums and making me lose my temper.
A noise is heard without,
Sweet melodies rend the midnight air in the moonlight,
"For the blue of her hair and the gold of her teeth."
Snores of my roommate
Do not disturb me now—
Ah! The wind is sweet in my nostrils.
Roses of Picardy are blooming in my heart.
Thin shafts of harmony sweeten the moonlit atmosphere.
The music dies—
Snores of my roommate.
Gurgling, globular, strangling snores.
A crash. A severed chair.
I stand with the fragments in my hand
Waiting for a groan.
She turns over—
She sighs deeply, luxuriously.
My roommate snores.



Junior: "Did you hear that they are going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill over again?"

Rook: "No. How's that?"

Junior: "Because it wasn't fought on the level."

COLLINS AT CORRES. COLLEGE

College! . . . At last! . . . After years of striving, he had finally gained his goal! . . . Across the beautiful old campus came floating the battle song of the school . . . good old Correspondence College:

"We beat Harvard!"

"We beat Yale!"

"We play all our games by mail!"

He drew a deep breath (and let it out again to the count of one, two, three, four). Ah! 'twas good—good to be here at last . . .

Chap two

A wild party—but it was not his fault—he had been brought there against his will . . . A harmless looking party . . . the room seemed about to tip over . . . he found a chair and sat down beside it . . . "Nice horsie . . . 'orses, 'orses, 'orses . . . No lady . . . won't play with you . . . Damn chair—can't get it in my pocket." . . . He rocked gracefully to the roll of the deck . . .

Chap two—and one

The big game . . . wild cheering . . . yelling . . . the team. "All ri' now!"

"Cut 'em on the neck—

Cut 'em on the jaw—

Leave their face—raw, raw, raw!"

The captain talking . . . "Now, men, for old Correspondence . . . no concealed weapons, y'know . . . show your refinement." . . . Collins chuckled gleefully as he felt of the razor in his pocket . . . if wurst came to wurst!

He had the ball . . . on, on, on he ran—for old Correspondence . . . a slash with his razor . . . roars from the side-lines . . . a pain in his arm . . . the last white line . . . the game was won . . . the other team had won it . . .

Chap four (4)

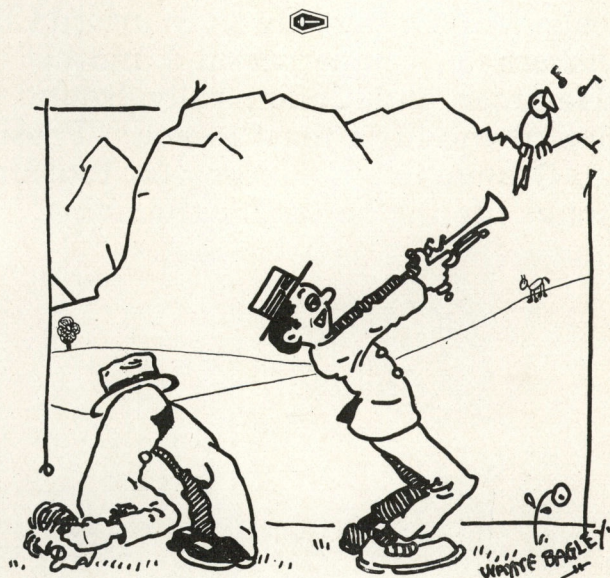
He came out of the enveloping darkness . . . voices . . . the hospital . . . "Seventeen ribs broken . . . both legs . . . concussion . . . Will he live?" . . . He ground his teeth (the two he had left) . . . Yes! He would live—for old Correspondence . . .

Chap 6—1 (5)

Spring . . . a few months later it was fall . . . Football again—he'd show them . . . he had perfected a new slash with his razor . . . The first game . . . Signals! . . . 7—11—

2xy—z squared . . . Cautiously he drew a hand-grenade from his pocket . . . what an opening it made in that line! . . . Down the field he ran . . . a razor in each hand . . . a touchdown! . . . He had won the game for old Correspondence—he could die in peace now . . . he probably would . . . Far away he could hear the band playing, softly, sweetly—"She got in front of my steam-roller, so I left her flat."

The end (thank goodness!)



That Rare Occasion

Prof. Snow: "Have I the pleasant expression you require."

Mr. Ball: "Perfectly, sir."

Prof. Snow: "Then shoot quick; it hurts my face."

She Couldn't Resist the Chance

We courted on the cliff,
Our cooing mixed with banter,
We sometimes had a tiff,
But made it up instantan.
We'd watch each bark and skiff,
Where sea birds used to hover,
We courted on the cliff—
Alas, she threw me over.

Our idea of an optimist—the Steve Brodie who introduces lady number one to lady number two as his sister and expects her to believe it.

Chaparral Sends These



there are twenty-one candles on the birthday cake of Hammer and Coffin, the Old Boy at the Stanford Farm lays aside the Silver Sledge to cut himself a piece of that cake with Orange Owl. Stanford Chapter, publishers of Chaparral and mother chapter of Hammer and Coffin, rally 'round the festive board and lift a toast to you: "Prosit! A health to Orange Owl! Hooray for foolishness! Both make life the better for the living."



After a student rally at which a janitor had been an interested listener, a rooter came up and asked him how he liked it. "Fine, fine," replied the old fellow, "I'm half-witted, too!"



Dumb: "I hear that Doris had a smashup. Was there any damage?"

Bell: "Threw her body out of line."

Dumb: "Oh! What a shame! She's just had a lot of new dresses made!"



Lady, sitting so demure,
Art aware of your allure?

Fascinating,
Aggravating,
Captivating sweet allure?

Nothing in your pose betrays
That you feel my ardent gaze—

My adoring,
Most imploring,
Sharp and boring ardent gaze.

Not a thing your pose betrays,
Lady, but I know your ways—

Half revealing,
Half concealing,
Most appealing little ways!

—T. H. B.

Exchanges in Greeting

Woof-Woof: "Why the gloom?"

Warp-Warp: "Aw, they've started a cemetery in my favorite burying-ground, and now I don't know which are my bones."



A little powder on the nose,
A little perfume on the clothes,
A little wave upon the hair,
Might take a woman anywhere.
A little word in darkness spoken,
A little smile, a little token,
A little car, a little air,
Might take a woman anywhere.



Little Son: "Can't I have a little sister some day?"

Mamma: "Do you want one, Rodger?"

L. S.: "Well, it gets kind of tiresome—teasing the cat!"



Father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Ardent Suitor: "May I see it, please?"



Judge: "My man, you are acquitted."

Prisoner: "Oh, honest, Judge, I didn't steal half of what that dick said. Won't you ease up a bit?"



Pantsless

A tramp knocked at the door of a lonely spinster's house.

"Lady, ain't your husband got a pair of old pants he'd give a poor tramp?"

The spinster, not wishing to disclose her solitude, replied: "I'm sorry, my good man, he—er—er—never wears such things."



A little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

"Wasn't talking to you," said the small one, firmly.



Little Rollo, rough as hell,
Shoved his sister in the well.
Mother said, while drawing water,
"It sure is hard to raise a daughter!"



He: "What a lot of athletes there are here today."

She: "I've noticed that, too. Almost overpowering, isn't it?"



"Brother, mitt me! I've just shot my first moose. Isn't that fine?"

"Fine! Thirty dollars!"

THE MARY'S RIVER JUNK CO., INC.

This idea of getting midterm grades on a little slip of paper for the house scholarship chairman to file away and forget about is all foolishness. All one gets out of it is probation, and what is probation? A nine letter word meaning more bullfests. Last term cured me. I swore off forever. And here is why.

"I have come to see if you would give me my midterm grade, Professor," I said as I entered a miniature law office in the Commerce building. "The boys at the house want to check up on our grades."

"What house?" he asked, removing a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles with extended handles. I told him, and he nodded. "Sit down," he commanded, pointing to a chair. He turned his grade book and replaced his glasses.

"I can't see a thing without glasses," he said.

"My eyes are kinda poor, too," I answered, as I laid my books on the floor. I had brought an armful just to create a good appearance, and I turned my law book around so that he could see it.

"My eyes aren't poor," he replied hotly. "They just get tired. I have good eyes, and so had my father and grandfather. Their eyes were better than mine."

"Did they use their eyes much?" I asked.

"Don't get personal," he growled. "My grandfather wasn't allowed to read."

"Ill health?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, railroaded," was his reply. "It was a crooked, put-up job." He got up and walked to the window. "When I think of it, it almost disgusts me with the profession."

"One doesn't have much time to read while railroading," I said. "I worked on a logging train for three weeks one summer and I didn't find time to read, or take baths, either."

He turned angrily toward me. "Are you trying to make fun of my grandfather?"

"Why, no, Professor."

"Well don't, either," he said as he returned to his chair. "Anyway, my grandfather had good eyes, and so have I. But I read too much."

"So do I," I said, assuming a weary look. "This law takes anyway half of my time."

"What," he asked, "do you do with the other half?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you!"

"Oh," I answered politely, "I study English and Math and Spanish. But I don't study any of them as much as I do law."

He began stroking his chin and looking side-

ways out of the window. "How do you like your Spanish instructor?" he asked.

"That's none of your business," I told him. "Why did you ask that?"

"That happens to be none of your business, young fellow," he replied, and chuckled as he turned over a few more pages in his class book. "Let's see, what was it you wanted?" He blew his nose loudly.

"My midterm grades," I replied.

"Oh, yes. What's your name?"

I told him.

"Um-m huhhhmmm!" he groaned, like some one dreaming about the tattooed girl at the side show, as his finger stopped opposite my name in his class book. "You got a 68 in your exam."

"Is that all?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yep."

"Somethings wrong," I said indignantly.

"Apparently," he answered, "but your class work brings up your grade." He then took several numbers from the book and added them up. "It's hard to figure this out," he said. "You don't seem so dumb in class."

"I'm not," I said, getting quite piqued. "I'm not dumb in class or anywhere else. But I want to know what my grade is."

He closed his book and turned toward me with a look of spasmodic finality. "I made a policy about three years ago not to give grades at midterm. We can't tell what a student is doing by but one exam. I'm sorry that I didn't remember this sooner," he continued, "but then you see I am ear-minded instead of eye-minded, and so long as nobody reminded me of it, why, I just simply forgot it. Is there anything else—?"

"Yes, there is," I said, as I picked up my books and slicker. "What did you snicker about my Spanish teacher for?"

"Well," he answered, "you see, sometimes I am pretty much eye-minded, but that is off the question. Your impertinence won't help your final grade any. Good day, sir."

I tried to slam the door, but it was one of those confounded spring businesses that closes when it gets good and ready.



A clergyman was heard, recently, to say to Betty MacMillan, our collegiate sheba, after listening to her pound out a few pieces of the latest jazz: "My dear young lady, have you ever heard of the Ten Commandments?"

"Whistle a few bars," Betty replied, "and I think I will be able to follow you."

THE MODEST VIOLET

Honoraries on the campus fill a long-felt need. Take Hammer and Coffin for example. It fills the Owl with jokes and the dean with woe. In fact Hammer and Coffin made the office of dean of men justifiable.

Now in the school of agriculture there is an honorary, so runs the story. In the school of commerce there are three; and God knows how many in engineering. They all do their bit—a wee, wee bit—and serve their schools. Consider Hammer and Coffin. It serves all schools regardless of race, previous degree of servitude, or coolness of their professorial cognomen.

The school of forestry sports an honorary. But does it live up to the true traditions of the tall timber? Take Hammer and Coffin for example. It strives to the utmost, by having its sacred coffin and its emblematic hammer handle both made of genuine, simon-pure wood, to uphold the honor of O. A. C. and keep the school of forestry from disgrace.

Many, one may say all, honoraries claim high ideals. Some of them live up to them. Take Hammer and Coffin for example. Its ideals are of the highest. They fairly radiate integrity, purity, sanctity, and sobriety.

Honoraries strive to pick outstanding men. Their standards are high, and their requirements are strict. Take Hammer and Coffin for instance. Its members speak for themselves.

Speaking of initiations brings to mind the impressiveness honoraries give to them—the solemn rites and the dignified procedure. Take Hammer and Coffin for example. Sobriety reigns supreme.



"Spring has come," I cried in glee.

I put my knickers on,
And went out for a little walk,
My rookess going along.

The boys awaited my return,
And threw me in the tub.

"Ad dow by doze is all stob dup.
Oh, Hed yes, Spring has cub."

The candidate undergoes no pain. Mental anguish is reduced to a fine art. The crudities of the Spanish Inquisition are dimmed by the artistic simplicity of Hammer and Coffin rituals. After passing the fortieth degree the candidate is eligible for anything and so insured that crossing the regions of celestial heat on a hair rope would be merely child's play.

Honoraries have frequently been accused of applesauce sessions. Meetings are held in which the science of the Spanish Toreador is practiced. Well, take Hammer and Coffin for example. In this field its members are supreme. Mighty indeed is he who can surpass one of the brethren in this, his chosen field.

So down the line. It is honoraries this, and honoraries that. But in the final analysis consider Hammer and Coffin—plucking the Lily in the springtime of life; beating down with the Silver Hammer the woes of the world; and finally bearing man to his grave in the Sacred Coffin.



When you first looked
At this group of words,
You may possibly have
Thought it was poetry.
But it is fairly certain
That by this time
You will have completely
Changed your mind.
Isn't it funny how people
Will keep right on
When they know darn well
They are being fooled?

—Cannon Bawl.



Lynn B.: "You wouldn't marry a man who lied to you, would you?"

M. V. S.: "You don't think I want to be an old maid, do you?"



Auntie Bellum Sez:

If dese here college fellows don't quit that thar way uf dancing thar ain't gwine to be no use uf havin' no music, cause ye caint hear it fer de racket.

A flapper lack today wouldn't never got any cuckle burs in her skirt when she went to milk de cows, lack we did.

—Yellow Jacket.



Professor: "What did the crooked company that had spent \$400,000,000 for the canal get?"
Journalism Student: "Publicity."

MAY 3 IS THE DAY!!

May 3 for some will be just another day of boiled potatoes and beans. To the people of Sweden it will merely be Tuesday, but to ten fortunate gentlemen on the campus it will no doubt be Christmas, Thanksgiving, and the last day of school all rolled up together.

The Old Bird hopes that when these Kleig light representatives go forth from O. A. C. to princely salaries and sunken bathing pools of dazzling Hollywood, they will carry with them the high ideals, the invincible belief in the hello spirit, and the high regard for the honor code that four years of cheatless classes undoubtedly have fostered.

Although it reads like magic, it is true. The representatives of the First National Pictures have selected O. A. C.—and some 30 other institutions—as the field from which to draw future movie heroes. The idea originating with College Humor is expected to raise the standard of intelligence of movie heroes to an extremely high plane. Between now and May 3, eight other men besides the two associate editors of the Orange Owl will be chosen from O. A. C. to undergo exhaustive training with all expenses paid. And the date is May 3!

ODE ON "THE TEMPTRESS"

(A rude rhyme on a crude picture—inspired by a recent show at the Whiteside.)

Who is this incomparable creature I see
Mid the mad and gay jazz of the lovely Paree,
With a sadness and wistfulness writ on her face,
A phantom of rare, unsurpassable grace.
The handsome dark hero, the man of the world,
With love for this maiden is suddenly whirled.
They seek the seclusion of shaded retreat,
And through the long night faithful love they repeat.

At a fete by the Banker to honor Elaine,
The guests all make merry to musical strain.
The vintage flows freely, drunk petting holds sway,
Till the host lifts a glass and they all hear him say:

"This is my last fete—I'm financially cleaned;
And I bid you farewell with one truth I have gleaned:

For every man's failure, some woman's to blame."
As he drains the poison she's branded with shame.
The lover deceived seeks the wild Argentine,
The land of hard-toiling men, dirty, yet clean.
Forsaking wild revels he gets rugged hands
In building a dam to reclaim thirsty lands.
The temptress' deep love for this strong engineer,
Impells her to seek him and follow him here.
She brings strife and hatred and bloodshed of friends;

Two men give their lives ere the silly farce ends.
The dam is destroyed by powder and flood,
And he vows she shall pay with her very life's blood.

He finds her alone at the head of a stair,
On her face there are written both love and despair.

He seizes and holds her, his hands at her throat;
She's passive and helpless—the hero doth gloat,
Then sudden relaxes ere harm has been done,
And falls on his knees—and the temptress has won.

She loves him so much that she slips from his life.

Some six long years later he's finished his strife.
The dam is completed, he's wealthy and famed;
With the boom of a gun his success is acclaimed.
Vast crowds pass in homage the president's stand,

Where mingling with men who are high in the land,

He to them proclaims, in his happiness fired,
"Man mounts to success by some woman inspired."

L'Envoi:

A strange world we live in, if movies are true;
As Eve lured old Adam, her daughters lure, too;
And through all life's conflict, the sorrow and mirth,

The women still rule on this turbulent earth.



Virtue may be its own reward, but nowadays few collect.



My older sister was trying to help my young brother with his physiology lesson, in a sorority house.

"Willie," she asked, "how many bones have you in your body?"

"I don't know," answered Willie, "I just ate a can of sardines."

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME—IN THREE PARTS

Mar. 28.

Dear Elmer:

Oh, Elmer, how I wish you were graduated from high school and were here with me! These sophisticated men here are too much for me. I don't feel so safe out with them as I do with you, Elmer. You are nice.

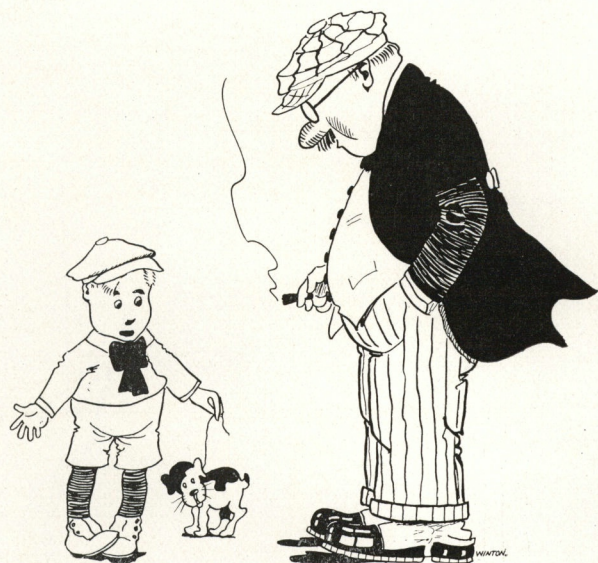
The vacation seemed so short this time, Elmer. I—I almost wish you had kissed me goodbye. I know it would have been daring, but I almost kissed you! I could not say such a thing to your face, of course, Elmer, and you must burn this letter at once, you know, but I feel safe saying it here in Corvallis. Anyone could feel safe in Corvallis, Elmer. There are **more people** on the lookout for one's virtue here than you could imagine! (I am getting quite frank, aren't I?) There is a Dean of men, two Deans of women, J. Wells, ass't dean of men, and the whole police force down town.

Well, Elmer, I must close. The lights will go out in a minute, and I couldn't close. Write. Best wishes.
—Guevere.

Mar. 30.

Dear Elmer:

My! The most awful man walked home with me last night, Elmer! I didn't ask him to, but he says, "Are you going home?" And I says, "Yes," and he walked right along with me! He tried to kiss me right out in front, but I slapped



Upperclassman: "Where are you going, Rook?"

Underclassman: "Looking for a girl that has never been kissed."

Upperclassman: "My, but it's wonderful to be young and optimistic!"

him a resounding smack on the cheek. He must have been intoxicated, mustn't he have, Elmer? I really ought to report him. A girl isn't safe with his ilk lurking in the shadows.

All the girls told me to watch out for HIM, because he was a hot number. What is a hot number, Elmer?

I'm glad you are not like that.

My! I was never so insulted in my life!

My lips burn yet! I washed my mouth good. I'm not feeling very well today, and may not go to class. These classes are no picnics, Elmer.

My! but I was excited last night! If I mail this now, it will reach you tomorrow.

Very sincerely yours,

—Guen.

Apr. 1.

Dear Elmer:

Well, Elmer, that fellow I told you about took me home a couple of times, and then we went to the show. He surely IS a hot number!

(For diplomatic reasons, this part was censored, in order that several members of the Staff might graduate this spring.)

I must hurry and dress for my date.

I'm awfully busy now, Elmer, with my studies so don't expect to hear from me much until the end of the term. Love.

—G.



Billy: "We're intellectual opposites."

Willy: "Explain."

Billy: "I'm intellectual, and you're the opposite."
—Stanford Chaparral.



It Seems There Were Two Irishmen—

An American, while touring England, persisted in saying concerning everything he saw that it was just like something that was in the United States. His English friend became somewhat disgusted with this, and he decided to stop it. One day he told his visitor that he was going to take him to one of the greatest places in the world. They went to Italy and visited Mount Vesuvius. When they had completed the climb to the rim of the crater the Englishman turned to his companion and said, "There, you haven't anything like that in America, have you?"

The American gazed at the scene for a moment and then said, "No, not exactly, but we have a little ornament over there called Niagara Falls, that would put the whole thing out in five minutes."

THE MAILED FIST

To the Editor of the Owl:

During my childhood days, up to the eve of my registration as a freshman, I cherished a fond delusion that, when safely in college, one could read certain books without being admonished by a wagging, thin, pale forefinger and the accusing words "naughty, naughty!" However, during my adolescence I have learned. We are yet children. We are old enough to receive the occult mysteries of state and national legislation but not yet sufficiently matured to indulge in the study of social intricacies other than the relief of poverty.

True, we can bootleg information concerning titles of certain books and by the payment of nominal fees obtain them elsewhere. But why the restricted shelf? I was never instructed concerning its use in Library Practice. Not being a member of the faculty I feel at a disadvantage. You can't ask instructors to dine three times a week, and they hesitate to discuss certain things in the classroom. Such discussions would be indelicate, for our present-day ideas and early instruction might be opposed. For a time there seemed to be a revolt of modern youth but it has died away, disappeared.

Like the lone coyote on the hill, I have howled. The moon and the stars will not change. Only a young pup may yap a bit from the valley.
—A Suppressed Male.

No, Marian, the cost of a shingle and its upkeep should not be charged under "Roofing Expenses." Simply say "Overhead."

Assistant weather observer: "I beg to report that the barometer fell last night and—"

Chief weather observer: "There's nothing unusual about that."

Assistant W. O.: "Yes, but it fell on the floor and broke."

Leo B.: "May I hold your hand?"

Betty Mac.: "Yes; we might as well have the preliminaries over with now."

Soph: "Joe's getting awfully absent-minded, isn't he?"

Frosh: "Why?"

Soph: "Why the other night he was driving his parents home over a lonely road and they came to a particularly lonely spot and before he knew it he had parked the car."

OPEN SEASON

An English nobleman who was somewhat of a sportsman and rather religiously inclined, was out on a hunting trip one day. In his rambling he came upon a farmer who was trimming a hedge around his place. The Englishman stopped for a few minutes to ask the farmer where he would find the best place to hunt. After the conversation had continued for several minutes the Englishman suddenly asked, "Are there any Episcopalians around here?"

He received the following reply: "Wal, I don't zactly know. My hired man shot something this mawning, but he 'lowed it was a hedge-hog."

Professor Petri (after being fished out of the water): "The worst of it is that I have just remembered that I can swim!"

Dean A. B. Cordley (to his better half): "Well I bought a Barometer today, to tell when it's going to rain."

Mrs. A. B. C.: "What? Tell when it's going to rain? In this state? Why I never heard of such extravagance. What do you think the good Lord gave you the rheumatism for?"



Very Popular: "Got a date this week-end?"
Rookess, thrilled: "No, I haven't."
Very Popular: "Well, that's too bad."

The Owl Offers Perennial Joke Service

When it comes to darn-foolishness the Orange Owl offers the service complete. We not only furnish the present supply of batty stuff, but we keep it coming. The following example shows how carefully we are taking care of the future needs of the college:

Portland, Oregon, February 5, 1927.

Editor The Orange Owl,

Corvallis, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

Power to the Owl and may it blink its wisdoms to the collegiate world for many moons to come. I am coming to Corvallis one of these fine days and hope to roost on the editorial branches of this same Owl, by sheer prowess of pounding out cracks more or less wise, on the old jokesmith's anvil.

Will Rogers can take a cold-storage joke, put it in his incubator and hatch out a pun as fresh as a 1927 model chicken, but these cracks are as original as the whims of a tin Elizabeth, and that is going some, which some Fords never do.

"You may use these as you wish," as the movie fish catalogued his written endorsements of Hind's Tuna and Salmon Cream.

* * * * *

"Are you cold?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you shiver?"

* * * * *

"Heard your wife left the party in a huff last night."

"Don't you believe it; 'twas a perfectly good Cadillac."

* * * * *

Salesman: "How about a nice waffle iron?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, I haven't time for golf!"

* * * * *

Sweet Susie will now sing: "I'd Rather Be Your Codling Moth Than Your Cuddling Butterfly."

* * * * *

"Want to play a little pool?"

"Sure. Got your swimmin' suit?"

* * * * *

"Dost know Aggie churl?"

"Aggie who?"

"Why, Aggie-culture, fool."

* * * * *

"Do trees bark?"

"Yes, the dogwood."

* * * * *

Now you know the worst. Well, anyway this is a smoother road to a movie contract than

swimming the channel at San Pedro. The only danger involved is the chance that you may come to Portland some day to avenge the great wrong I have done you.

Respectfully,

(The Editor swears that he has the original copy of this, name and all, but of course he does not expect you to believe it. However, the editor will show same, and prove it if you wish. In return for his trouble, he would appreciate any form of eats, theater tickets, use of autos, canoes, dates, or what have you, and if so, when available?)



Dog—gone!

The Delta Upsilon's once owned a dog named August who had formed the very poor habit of jumping at conclusions. One day when the dog was sitting in front of the D. U. house a mule went by. As usual, according to custom and schedule, the dog jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.



Marion: "How about Dorothy's fiance?"

Lois: "She thinks he's an Apollo. Her people think he's an apology."

The Kind of Recipes We Get Over the Radio

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one tablespoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve, exhale breathing naturally and sift into a bowl. Attention: Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."



Recently a man was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge (to prisoner): "What is your name, your occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

Judge: "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."



It has at last been discovered why Professor Snow left K. S. A. C. so hurriedly for points unknown. It has just been disclosed that the following items appeared in the K. S. A. C. paper:

"Mrs. Thomas W. Johnson read an article for the women's club entitled, 'Personal Devils.' Seventeen were present."

"Mr. John Crouse shipped a carload of hogs to Kansas City one day last week. Three of his neighbors went in with him to make up the load."



Deepbrown: "What are you runnin' for?"

Twotone: "I'se tryin' to stop a fight."

Deepbrown: "Who's fightin'?"

Twotone: "Me an' my wife."—Purple Cow.



It was at the PROM
We had never danced together BEFORE;
I asked her if she liked the MOON,
She said no, it wasn't old ENOUGH.
Someone asked us if it was their DANCE,
She said no, it was the JUNIOR PROM.
The orchestra was HOT
I wasn't any COOLER.
But that only made her MAD,
SO, I asked her IF
We had better go AFTER
The last dance—and SHE
Has never spoken TO ME SINCE.



WESTERN STUFF

This Alkali Al and his fearless pal
New Mexico Pete by name—
Are riders as bold as the stories told
Of a west that is far from tame.

You may picture the two as a reckless crew
Out yonder where men are strong;
As a dauntless pair that all dangers dare
And you won't be greatly wrong.

You may fancy the twain on a rolling plain,
Each wearing his chaps and gat;
All booted and spurred, but upon my word
They are never a bit like that.

On their pinto steeds where the tumbleweeds
Blow over the prairie wide,
You may think they dash but although they're
rash

That isn't the way they ride.

They are riders bold as the knights of old
(So an earlier stanza blabs)

But their riding's done and their wages won
In Los Angeles taxicabs!



Mrs. Highbrow: "Such attire!"

Street Urchin: "That's not a tire, lady, that's a pair of BVD's."



Mrs. Brewer: "Mrs. Brumbaugh says she and her husband do a lot of reasoning together."

Mrs. Haight: "Well, she may call it reasoning, but that is not what the neighbors call it, my dear."

THIS ISSUE OF THE ORANGE OWL is especially fortunate in having a very representative group of morons as contributors. We feel that as a result, their work is not too far above the intelligence of the average student to be appreciated.

Two very enlightening articles dealing with the problem of college children have been contributed by A. M. HAMILTON. We hope that his work will give the students an idea of library etiquette, and help them raise their house grades.

DONALD BLACK succeeds in reflecting the changing whims of college students, but his more serious work, "Our Glorious Country," should serve as a model to inspire all true Americans going abroad.

The Alibi Supreme is expounded by THURLOW WEED. His letter to home folks covers every possible emergency.

After carefully reviewing the College dances, DELBERT SNIDER, with his ready pen, shows us an important item the well-dressed man should not overlook. (Use of a rear vision mirror.)

KATHERINE BROWN contributes an epic poem dedicated to all those whose roommates sleep out loud.

DINTY MOORE was so busy with his studies that he had no time to write an article for this issue, but he kindly allowed us the use of a few letters. We couldn't use all of 'em though.

WAYNE BAGLEY drew the pretty Miss with the birthday cake. How do you like her? So do we. Wayne also contributed several other fine pictures.

You probably are not acquainted with ULLMAN LOYD, but, then, neither are we. You might be at some future date, however.

JAMES WINTON contributed some bits of art work that would have caused Raphael or Leonardo de Vinci to break down.

BOB BELT is not in school this term. We suspect that he fell hard, and it broke him up considerably. He fired a parting shot, however, in the shape of some pithy jokes—not paragraphs.

LORING HUDSON did a bit of heavy research and dug up some history of Hammer and Coffin, for the benefit of the Owl readers.

REUBEN JENSEN must have suffered severely during the recent finals. Otherwise how account for those Rabid Rhymes of his.

Other art and literary contributors include: Robert Griffin, T. J. V., Bob Redd, Marian Van Scoyoc, W. R. B., Chris Gabriel, Riddell Lage, Rudolph Gross, K. C. B., Alma Schulmerich, Banny Butler, Orville Ortell, Maurice Buchanan, William Swift, V. M. J., and A. J.

ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS are Covell Smith, Donald Bailey, Oscar Arnberg, and Fred Johnson.

CIRCULATION STAFF—Joe North, Circulation Manager; Margaret Miller, Secretary.

STAFF INCLUDES Hugh Wiley, Al Thulean, Elmer Elfers, Ida Sahli, Marion Conklin, Imogene Hocken, Wildes Edwards, Marion Jones, John Goodwin, Francis Chambers, Jane Husted, Jennie M. Hoppes, Vesta Beckley, Genevieve Kruse, Virginia Hill, Helen Boyer, Gladys Kinnear, Elwin House, Virginia Peck, Ruby Draeger, B. Williams, Harold Duncan, T. J. Johnson, Morrie Hoven, Harland Fleetwood, C. C. Clapperton, Virginia Fuller, Ernie Post, Elvie Hilstrom.

Out of the garage drove young Jones

Without hat, coat, or tie—

Through all the block his Ford was the best.

At death rate of speed or right nigh—

Down the boulevard 'steen miles per hour.

Men swear, women cry—

Oh, how this young maniac does tear,

'Tis of no avail for cops to try—

As long as he has "4" wheels and no brakes.

Gas is the only thing he will buy.

Some call it Columbia the Gem of the Motion,

The darn thing would make anything shy.

Just follow him for genuine Ford parts.

They all say 'tis a wonder he don't die,

But say what you like, folks, every knock is a boost.

'Twas after his sweetie said good-bye—

It read, "Honest weight and no springs—capacity '4' gals."



Poor old Dobbin turned over in his grave the other day when a minister preached a sermon about this generation being worse than its ancestors.



Wild and disheveled, watery of eye, and trembling of limb, Ray Graap was seen to burst into the consulting room of a local dentist and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Quesinberry, for it was he.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothing. But—"

"Wait a bit; you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, I—"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a war-whoop of joy and relief the excited Graap threw off his coat and his waistcoat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas-engine ready. I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."



"Is he very tight?"

"I should say he is! Why, once a week he boils his napkin and has soup."—Desert Wolf.



Sorority Girl: "Why did you take up tumbling, Mabel?"

Her Sister: "Jack always insists on walking home through the suburbs."

"Can I go to the funeral of Tony's father on Saturday?" asked little Bobby of his mother directly after returning home from school.

"But, Bobby," protested his mother, "this is only Monday. Surely they are not going to keep his body that long?"

"Of course not," Bobby retorted indignantly. "Why, they aren't even going to hang him until Friday."



Absent-minded Math. Prof. in restaurant:
"An order of fried toros baked sin O and some hyperbolic donuts."



The Scotch of It

"Are you the man who saved my little boy from drowning when he fell off the dock?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's his cap?" —Whirlwind.



In the car: "Tired of walking?"

Not in the car: "Sure am."

In the car: "Well, run a while, then."



Statistics state that of all the after-dinner speakers—68 per cent talk for fifteen minutes or longer—21 per cent make excuses for five to ten minutes—11 per cent tell nice stories—and that if all were placed end to end it would be a darn good thing.



Johnny (pointing to man playing an accordin): "Father, what kind of an instrument is that?"

Father: "Why, son, that is nothing but a stretch fiddle."



RUSSIAN BUSINESS FOR A DUTCHMAN

A visitor being shown around the lake, asked his guide how deep it was.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you never hear from him?"

"Oh, yes, we had a cablegram from him in Australia asking us to send his clothes on."



Bill: "What is your girl's name?"

Sam: "Her name is Betty, but I call her Ton-sils, because everybody wants to take her out."



Jimmy, aged 13, finding his girl a problem, was puzzled.

"You see," said Jimmy, "I've walked to school with her three times and carried her books; I've bought her ice cream once, an ice cream soda twice. Now do ya think I ought to kiss her?"

His chum was thoughtful.

"Nah," he decided. "You don't need ta. You have done enough for that girl."



First Cannibal: "The chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal: "Serves him right! We warned him not to eat that grass widow."



Some think of hammers—
Of hammers and a tack,
Of hammers and the anvil,
Of hammers and a shingle,
Of hammers and the peg,
Of hammers that only knock,
Of hammers that break the rock,
Of hammers that look like a head,
Of hammers that seal up the dead.
But after all, the only one
That is of pleasure to me,
Is that one that is dear to me—
'Tis the HAMMER and COFFIN.



Hanson: "What did Albert say when he first saw Theresa's bow-legs?"

Phelps: "Hoops, my dear!"



My mother said, "My boy, I sure would like to see you get ahead."

WHITESIDE THEATRE

Corvallis, Oregon

Seven of the Greatest Pictures ever booked
for seven consecutive weeks showing
in one theater!

HERE THEY ARE

April 4-5-6

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"The Beloved Rogue"

The screen's greatest actor in his greatest role.

April 11-12-13

JULES VERNE'S Mighty Melodrama
"Michael Strogoff"

Words cannot describe the grandeur of this
production.

April 18-19-20

LON CHANEY in
"Tell It to the Marines"

With ELEANOR BOARDMAN, WILLIAM
HAINES and CARMEL MEYERS

This is the picture all the World is talking about!

April 25-26-27

MILTON SILLS in
"The Sea Tiger"

Never before has he appeared in a role so color-
ful. More powerful than "The Sea Hawk."

May 2-3-4

"Flesh and the Devil"

Starring JOHN GILBERT and
GRETA GARBO

The picture that thrilled Broadway! The roman-
tic film sensation of the year!

And then—

"The Yankee Clipper"

and

"Pals in Paradise"

Remember them—The Great Seven—and
see them all!

The Halitosis Blues

First Wise One: "Is the strength of a kiss
measured by the length?"

Second Wise One: "Not if the participants
have been eating garlic."



Jimmy Goss has just patented his invention
of emergency brakes for fountain pens for infat-
uated millionaires.



Man the Pumps

Professor: "Say, waiter, is there any germs
in this soup?"

Waiter: "No, suh. That's oyster soup and
we just got through straining it."



Tick: "That clock has said 2:30 for the last
three hours."

Tock: "Well, you have to admit that it is con-
sistent anyway."



The Last Straw

No. 169591 (jumping up in a rage from his
seat after the prison movie show): "Dammit! A
serial—and I'm to be hung next week!"



Spend: "I hear that he is financially embar-
rassed."

Thrift: "Yes, and socially so, too."



Evolution

Ambition of 1890.....A gig and a gal

Ambition of 1920.....A flivver and a flapper

Ambition of 1950.....A plane and a jane



Scotchman: "Working hard, my young man?
Well, God will reward you for your labor."

Little Boy: "You don't happen to be very
close to God, do you?"



"Heard the song the old Roman soldiers used
to sing?"

"No, what?"

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Rome."

Fond Mother: "Every time my baby looks at me, he smiles."

Fond Father: "We ought to teach him better manners, but I must say he has a sense of humor."
—Pitt Panther.



Yvonne: "What would you do if you had had five dates with a man, and he had never attempted to kiss you?"

Paulette: "I'd lie about it." —Satyr.



Customer: "You said this blanket is all wool, and it is plainly marked 'cotton'."

Clerk: "Well, you see, we marked it that way to fool the moths." —Tenn. Mukwump.



First Fresh: "I know a place in Texas that was so hot that the 'wimmin' didn't wear their red flannels in winter."

Second Fresh-er: "Huh! That's nothing. I know of a place in Africa that is so hot that they build their hen-nests in cold storage houses to keep the eggs from hatching." —Cracker.

STUDENTS ALWAYS FEEL AT HOME WITH US

They know they are welcome at all times to make this place their headquarters

WAGNER'S, "of course"

Luncheons

Dinners

Fountain and a la Carte Service

Plenty New Styles for Spring and Summer KIRSCHBAUM SUITS

\$29.75

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You Can Always do Better at

MILLER'S
• GOOD GOODS •

Collegiate Styles Galore

The Daylight Store

The New Crees Building



WISE AS AN OWL



Better Hear and Heed the Oracles of this
Wise Old Bird:

Save and have.

Economy is the source of revenue.

There is no substitute for saving.

It is better to be heeled than to be helpless.

Face the future with the backing of a Savings
Account.

Saving, instead of squandering, promotes Prosperity.

Don't spend it all—keep something saved up for
the future.

Start a Savings Account NOW in this Bank, and
add to it regularly.

Benton County State Bank

Where Your Savings Are Safe

"What makes the wheels of state go round,
Uncle Tom?"

"Banana oil, little Eva." —Illinois Siren.



"It is the little things that tell," said sister to
her beau, as they left Johnny stranded under the
chesterfield.
—Pelican.



Minister: "So you are coming from Sunday
School, my lad. And did you profit any by going
there?"

Little Willie: "Yes, sir; I won three cents
matching pennies."
—Sun Dial.



Then, too, a chapped lip—ask the man who
owns one—is not all that it is cracked up to be.
—Drexer.



Some Girl!

Legs by Steinway.

Body by Fisher.

Neck by the hour.

—Voo Doo.

Dumb Co-ed who thought the Mayflower Compact was the latest product of D'jer Kiss.



One sorority pledge, when told that she used too much slang, said: "Well, I'll quit that, and start cussing like the old members."

—Bison.



"Give me a match, Bill."

"Here it is."

"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."

"S'too bad; give me back my match."

—The Puppet.



Barn: "What's your girl's name?"

Stormer: "I call her Prescription."

Barn: "Whyinell for?"

Stormer: "Because she's so daggone hard to fill."

—Drexer.



"What is it when you're married twice at the same time?"

"Polygamy."

"What when you're married once?"

"Monotony." —Michigan Gargoyle.

Kid: "Oh, dammit."

Preacher: "Don't you talk that way. It makes my blood run cold."

Kid: "It does. Well, you oughta been here when sis stubbed her toe, you'd froze to death."

—Whirlwind.



Liver Be!

I was suffering from liver trouble and the doctor told me that if I laughed 15 minutes before each meal, my condition would improve. One day in a restaurant, while having my little laugh, a man at the opposite table walked over to me and said in an angry manner, "What the devil are you laughing at?"

"Why, I am laughing for my liver," I said.

"Well then, I guess I had better start laughing, too. I ordered mine half an hour ago."

—Bison.



Fraternity Fred: "Do you mind if I kiss you?" (No answer.)

Fraternity Fred: "Would you care if I kissed you? Would you?"

Sorority Sue: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite." —Froth.

Shell Gasoline

—::—

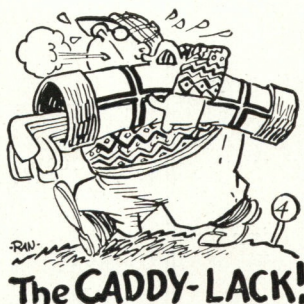
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And Packard, and Pierce-Arrow, and Marmon, or the Flivver —
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"One Call Will Do It All"

"Why was Venus the hottest lover in Greece?"
 "Because she didn't have any arms to use?"
 "No, because she got a rise out of mercury."
 —Virginia Reel.



Patient: "Oh, doctor, I'm worried about my eye. What shall I do?"

Practitioner: "Don't worry; it'll come out all right."
 —Stanford Chaparral.



Voice from upstairs: "Becky, is de light on down here?"

"No, fadder, we turned it ould."
 "Dot's a good goil."
 —Scream.



"I don't know whether to become a painter or a philosopher."

"Become a philosopher."

"Why do you say that—have you read my thesis?"

"No, but I've seen your paintings."
 —Cracker.

DON'T BE FOOLED!



You'll Find the Gang

—at—

BUZZ INN

Next to Co-op

Jefferson Street and Campus



"IT'S THE PIE"

Your Clothes
 will always be
Fresh and Clean
 and ready to wear if
 sent to us

A call will bring a driver

Beaver Laundry Co.

Telephone 98

Corvallis Laundry

Telephone 542

Strap-Hanger: "Is this seat taken?"

Hard-Boiled: "My dear sir; if you will observe more closely, the last passenger left it here."
 —Whirlwind.



Salesgirl: "Now, here's a stout garter that will really hold up your stockings."

Customer: "I want something more ornate—something that will hold up the traffic."
 —Cracker.



"When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree in one of the towns."

"Shanghai?"

"Oh, about ten feet."
 —Bison.



If you're the good girl you say you are,
 And you get all the rides you say you do,
 Then why aren't your heels run over?



He: "You should see the altar in our new church."

She: "Lead me to it."
 —Cracker.

YOUR PORTRAIT

The One Gift that your MOTHER

Will Always Cherish

Give it to her on Mother's Day—May 8

THE BALL STUDIO

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Don't Forget Your Friends

EASTER SUNDAY

Send Them

Greetings — Books — Gift Stationery

CORL'S BOOK SHOP

Madison Street at Fifth

Try Our Rental Library for the New Books

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining minute?
He spies a coed's tempting knee
And slaps his stinger in it.

Nervous Old Gentleman: "Is it necessary to drive so fast at a funeral?"

Cab Driver: "No; but it's usual to keep up with the corpse."—Stanford Chaparral.

Policeman (producing a notebook): "Name please."

Motorist: "Aloysius Alastir Cyprian—"

Policeman (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

Spreading

Tom: "How are you getting along with your women?"

Cat: "Oh, anything I tell her goes."

Tom: "Yeah?"

Cat: "Yeah. It goes all over school in half an hour."
—Sun Dial.

Johnny Wells (to couple parked in an auto): "Don't you see that sign 'Fine for parking'?"

Al Serpa: "Yes, officer, I see it, and I heartily agree with it."

The Man Hunt

Get your man! These were the last words Charlie heard. The Boss had given Charlie explicit directions and the big man hunt started. For nine long, weary months Charlie chased the Man everywhere. From Alaska to Singapore, Charlie pursued that Man, but somehow he always eluded Charlie.

It was in Paris and Charlie was sure the Man was at last caught; and sure enough, that night, the Man proposed but—alas! Charlie was a young debutante, the Man was a multi-millionaire, and the boss was Charlie's mother. Charlie had at last got her man, and they were married in June!
—Cracker.

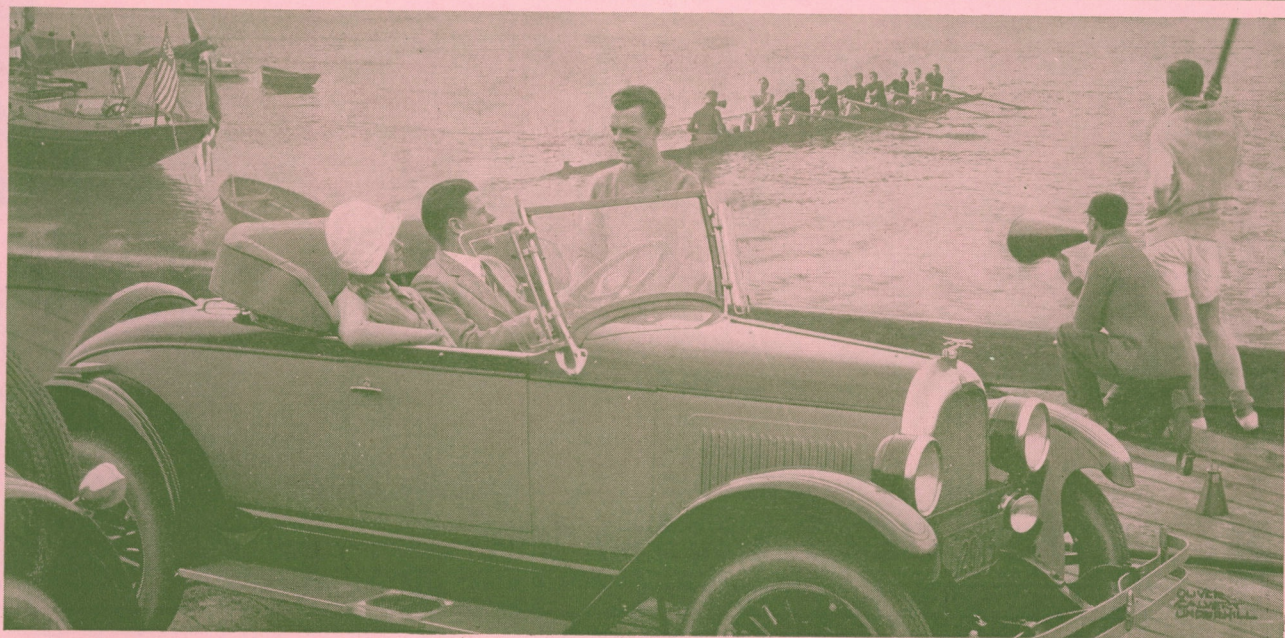
M. W. W. (who intends to teach, and has been practicing on the high school students, absent-mindedly speaking to her secret sorrow): "You did not turn up last night. Have you a written excuse from your mother?"



Barry: "I've got the finest barber in the world but—"

Moore: "But—what?"

Barry: "But—well, if he'd only get on to LIFE SAVERS, I'd remember him in my will!"



Easy on the eyes and easy on the pocketbook

HERE'S a real sport car—full of pep, get-up-and-go. Easy to look at—and easy on the old bank roll. A car of flashing, dashing, brilliant performance. With a big thrill in every mile you drive.

55 miles an hour in safety and comfort. 5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds. Quick as a cat. The Whippet eases through traffic before a clumsy car can get started.

4-Wheel Brakes

Safe! Big, powerful 4-wheel brakes stop this car in 51 feet from a speed

of 40 miles an hour. Just drive this Roadster. See how it holds the road.

Here's just the car you've always wanted and waited for. A comfortable dickie seat provides ample room for two additional passengers—makes this Collegiate Roadster *ideal* for vacation driving.

And the price is remarkably low. Only \$695 f. o. b. factory. Better write Dad today, and arrange to drive a Whippet Collegiate Roadster during your summer vacation. And mother'll probably want one for herself!

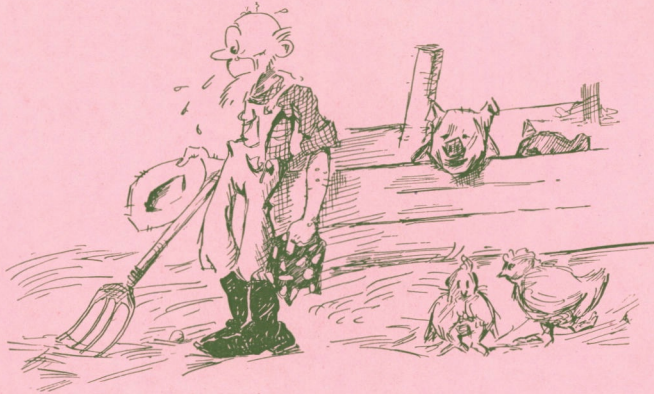
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

OVERLAND
Whippet

COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

WITH 4-WHEEL BRAKES



When years have passed and your memory grows weak, take that Beaver down out of the bookcase and recall the many happy days spent at College.

The 1928 Beaver

This is the Sign

of the home roost
of the Orange Owl



Congratulations to Hammer and Coffin
on the attainment of its majority

Corvallis Printing Company

116 South Third Street

Corvallis, Oregon