

ORANGE OWL



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you with rooters'
lids and gifts for
those back home.

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cards and gifts now.



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THE ORANGE OWL

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Corvallis, Oregon, October, 1925

No. 2

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Sherman Was Right

A cavalry rook from Puyallup
Tried to speed up his horse to a gallop,
The horse started slowing,
The rook kept on going,
And lit in the road with a wallop.



Dear boy (putting his arm around her): "And now, what are you going to say?"

Modern girl: "At last!"

—Black and Blue Jay.



First Deb: "They had to shoot poor little Fido today."

Second Ditto: "Was he mad?"

First Deb: "Well, he wasn't any too damned pleased."

—Yale Record.



History

Sentry: "Halt! Who is there?"

Voice: "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Sentry: "Advance, Cleopatra, and tell Anthony you've got a date."

—Pointer.



She: "What's a synonym for granite?"

He: "How about 'chaperone'?"

—Green Onion.



"Are you a college man?"

"No, I've been sick."

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

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Among the Lower Classes

Old boy (laying out another chip): "Guess I'll have to raise you, sweetie!"

Young thing: "Guess I'll have to call you daddy."
—Chaparrall.



Stuttering Mose: "J-j-ust think! That b-b-eautiful b-b-utterfly once came from a cacoon."

Rastus: "Goo' Lord! Ah reckon we'se the ancestors of mos' everything."
—Widow.



"Hello!"

"I beg your pardon; you've made a mistake."

"Aren't you the girl I kissed at the party last night?"

"Must have been sister; she's sick." —Tiger.



She: "Stop!"

He: "I won't."

She (with a sigh of relief): "All right, I've done my duty."
—Texas Ranger.



Historical nut (to book clerk): "Give me the 'Life of Abraham Lincoln'."

Boo kclerk: "Sorry, sir, but Wilkes Booth beat you to it."
—Cougar's Paw.



"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"You remember, I prayed God last night to make me a good boy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, He ain't done it yet."

—Washington Dirge.



"Smatter, Dorothy, don't you love me any more? Why aren't you wearing my pin?"

"Course I love you, Charlie. But my other boy friends say the pin scratches them." —Sun Dial.

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"Just to think the material in Lucy's gown cost \$30 a yard!"

"Yes, that's a nice dress for \$20."

—Colgate Banter.



A New One

She: "Now, what are you stopped for?"

He: "I've lost my bearings."

She: "Well, at least you are original. Most fellows run out of gasoline."

—Outlaw.



Suspicious

Spouse: "John, what time is it?"

Slightly inebriated: "I can't tell; there's two hands on this damn watch and I don't know which to believe."

—Brown Jug.



He: "How do you do the Charleston?"

She: "I do it like you don't." —Yellow Jacket.



"What's the matter, little boy?"

"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens!"

"Dear me! That's too bad."

"Yep, she—boo-hoo—promised me I could do it."

—Bison.



One of the Four Out of Five

"Just to think, eevry time I breathe somebody dies."

"Better try Listerine."

—Whirlwind.



A Difference

Drunk: "Shay, mister, how far it hit to the station?"

Stranger: "About twenty minutes walk."

Drunk: "Hic, twenty minutes for you or me?"

—Centre Colonel.

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Nov.

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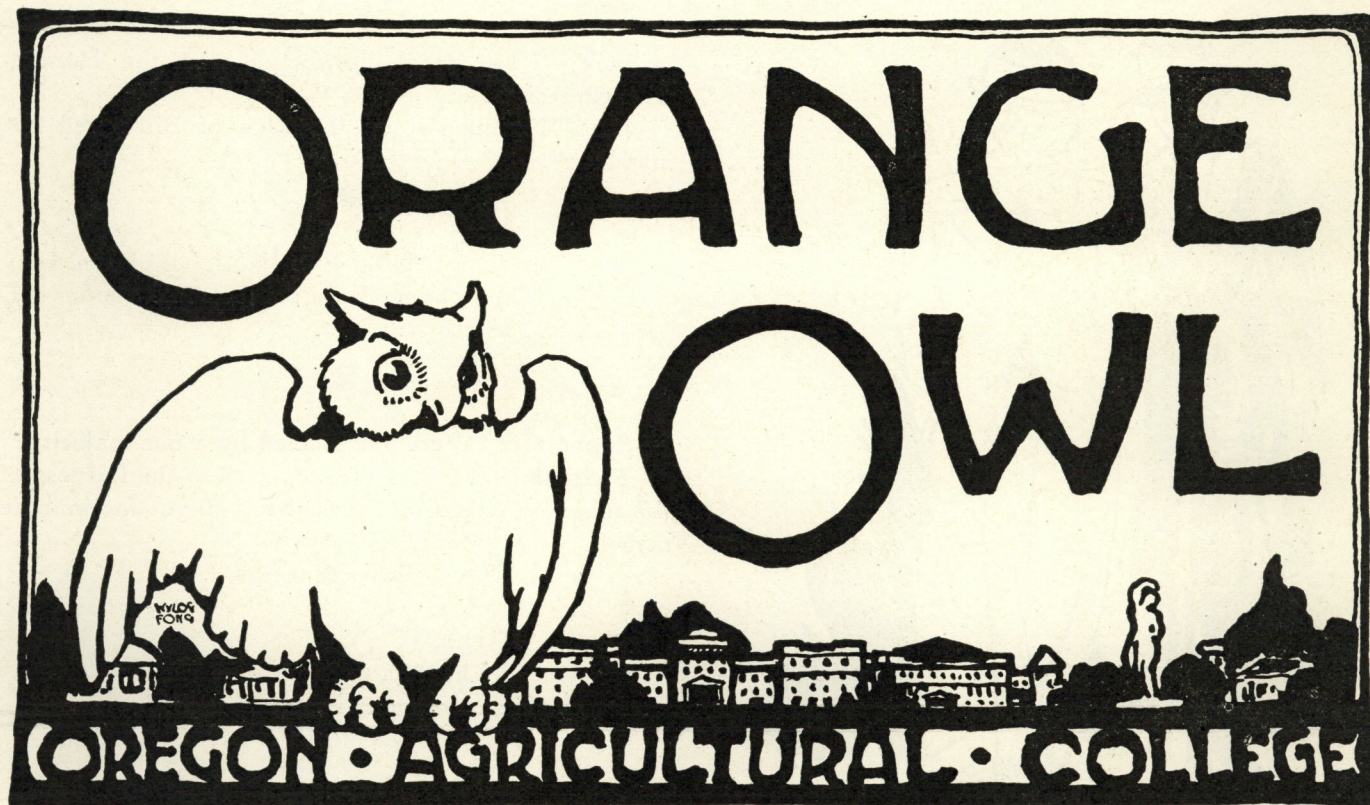


WE OF THE
ALUMNI.

Salute
YOU

God bless the Standard Oil, that kind and benevolent institution, that safe harbor for those who have been cast upon the cold world from the warmth and security of their Alma Mater and have met and been beaten by the tempests of life. We of the Alumni, who set out so blithely on our paths to success, only to meet with unsurmountable obstacles, pay tribute to that haven of refuge—the red, white, and blue service station of the Standard Oil—wherein those who have been bested by life's problems may find a permanent position. Remuneration, though small, is sure, and in the meantime we are watched over and protected by that great institution whose sole purpose is to take unto its kindly bosom those who are weary and sore at heart. Therefore, let us rise as one man and lift our glasses of R-Porter on high as we shout in unison, "Here's to the Standard Oil! Long may she prosper that she may furnish gasoline for our flivvers and positions for our graduates."



**This Is Bully**

Prof: "That theme is rocky."

Stude: "Whaddya mean, rocky?"

Prof: "It's all bluff."



"This is another of Life's dirty jokes," said the burglar when he opened a safe and found only the Dumbell Number of that famous humorous publication.



"Shucks!" cried the motorist as he skidded into the corn field.



Mose: "You know, I'm kinda dense today."

Me: "Today?"



If all the pretty women in O. A. C. were put together side by side, both of them would be jealous of the other.



Senior: "Hey, rook, call me an officer!"

Rook: "Oh, go on, you can't fool me! Where's your star?"

Big Hearted

Prisoner: "This is the end! I go to the electric chair tomorrow."

Sweetheart: "Don't give up all hope yet, dear. I've brought you a pair of shock absorbers."

**L' Envoi**

Oh, Cupid, thou pot-bellied boy!
Thy arrows thrill with hope and joy;
Their gentle venom fires the brain
With thoughts of love, surcease from pain;
But dost thou know the jack of hearts
Is stronger poison than thy darts?



Highbrow: "What did the cashier say when the banker caught him making false entries to cover his embezzling?"

Lowbrow: "Oh, he said, 'What's a little difference between friends.'"

**Something to Do With Traffic**

"I have a terrible rumbling on my stomach. It's like a wagon going over a bridge."

"It's most likely that truck that you ate this morning for breakfast."



Daughter!

HOMECOMING

Alumni come from far and near,
From hamlet, village, town;
In limousines and gay Ford bugs,
From barren fields and brown,
To get a taste of college cheer
And football schedules once a year.

They come, they stay, perhaps a day,
Perhaps a week-end through;
Perhaps to laugh, perhaps to scoff
At college customs new.
Perhaps to sigh for days gone by
And friendships tried and true.

It draws them all, from wheatfields,
From office, store and job;
They come in praise of college days,
Bill, Henry, Frank, and Bob.
Quite different though, than in their days
These very modern college ways.

Fraternities, sororities,
And college clubs and halls,
Receive the throngs with Beaver songs
And welcome never palls.
'Till every undergrad can see
How joyous Homecoming can be.

Appropriate

Jack: "I say, what did you do with the 'Handle-with-care' sign?"

Jim: "I pinned it on the back of Bill's 'red hot mamma'."



Why Limit It?

Soph: "These 'bags' make me look like a monkey."
More: "The 'bags'?"



Supporter: "Were you elected by a fair majority?"

Politician: "I refuse to answer as to the fairness of the majority on the grounds that I might incriminate myself."



"57-112-95"

I heard a man orate;
He wasn't on the football team,
Just phoneing for a date.



"Yes, sir, I'm a born and bred American."

"Why, how's that?"

"I was born to jazz and bred to make money."



She: "Darling, kiss me."

He: "What do you think I am, a kissing bug?"



The Eclipse

Chaperone (after a dance): "Can you give me some explanation regarding the absence of light during the seventh dance?"

Co-ed: "Yes; I believe that was the moonlight waltz."

Chaperone: "Gracious, I never saw a moon so dark!"

Co-ed: "Well, if I remember, it started to get pretty foggy then."



There was a young goof from back home,
Good Lord, how he played the saxophone!
The keys he could twist,
In his big bony first,
This handsome young goof from back home.



Fraternity man (testing character of rushee: "Now before you become a pledge of the fraternity, you must pledge yourself to not drink, smoke, or swear.")

Rushee: "I—er—don't believe I care to join."

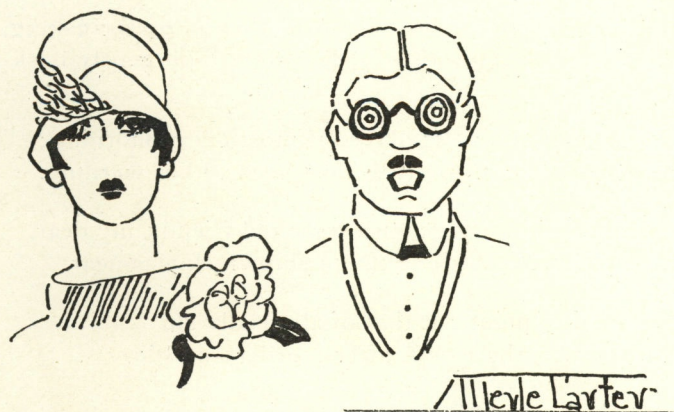
Fraternity man: "Perhaps I had better be more explicit. You must not drink milk, smoke cubebs, or swear in a foreign language. Will you join?"

Rushee: "Sure!"



Knowledge

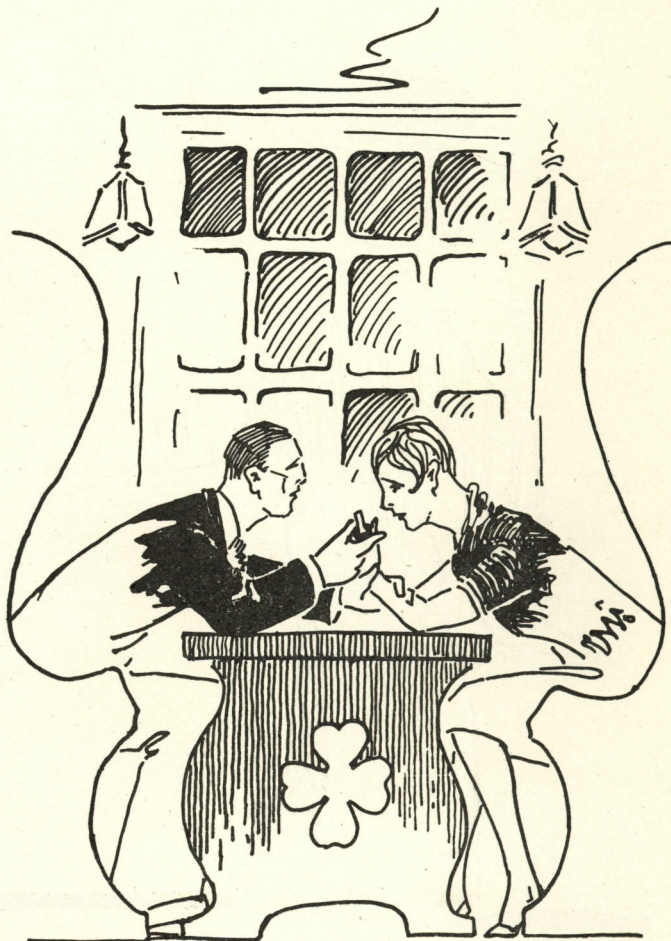
Little Archie, collar starchy,
went away to college;
collar's wilted, Archie's jilted,
But he has more knowledge.



Blind Dates.

Solo: "Love is blind, you know."

Mon: "I sure wish I'd been in love when I had my last blind date."



Obvious

Jack: "I see you have a stiff finger. What seems to be wrong with it?"

Jill: "I can't bend it."



"Why pick on me?" wailed the banjo, as the embryo musician took his first lesson.



CORRECT THIS POME

Freddie West, the banker's son,
Had a lot of jack,
A seven-passenger sedan,
The meanest kind of hack.

He kept his friends in bootleg gin,
He was a jolly bounder;
Played lots of jazz, knew lots of girls,
He was a first-class rounder.

But Freddie went to college then,
And in that world selective,
The frats all passed him up because
His morals were defective.



Chairman of the alumni reception committee greeting a former student body president.

PERSISTENCE

A week ago, Evelyn turned me down for the tenth time in succession. She said that she had another date and all that bunk. The week before she had told me that her grandmother had just died and she was compelled to go to the funeral and would not feel like having a date for awhile. She had long since given up telling me how sorry she was and that she would just love to go. I am a freshman, however, and quite persistent, so last night I rang her down on the phone. She answered in a sweet feminine tone, "Hel-lo." I attempted to disguise my voice and returned the greeting thusly: "Hell-o, this is Percy." She returned the compliment by asking "Percy who?" I then informed her that I was Percy Verence. She evidently didn't catch on, 'cause she said, "Wrong number," and rang off. Maybe she doesn't want to go out with me.



Heard at a House Party

She (looking up into the sky): "Isn't the moon wonderful?"

He: "Yeah, but the gin's rotten."

BALLAD BELLICOSE LOVE

She was his darling, his pet, and his pride,
He told her he loved her and wanted a bride.

She said "Yes," they married just a week after;
The first month was filled with kisses and laughter.

The second month joy was still their's for the asking,
In the warm light of love they were both gently basking.

But he took up golf; played it most every morning;
Was too tired at night to take heed to her warning.

She started in bridge with some old friends, my dear,
They neither could see that a shipwreck was near.

He tried to point out that of all deadly sin
Bridge was the worst, after murder and gin.

But she heeded him not and went on with her play;
He brooded and brooded, grew thin day by day.

He gave up his golf and prepared for a wreck;
He stood it three months, then he shot her, by heck!



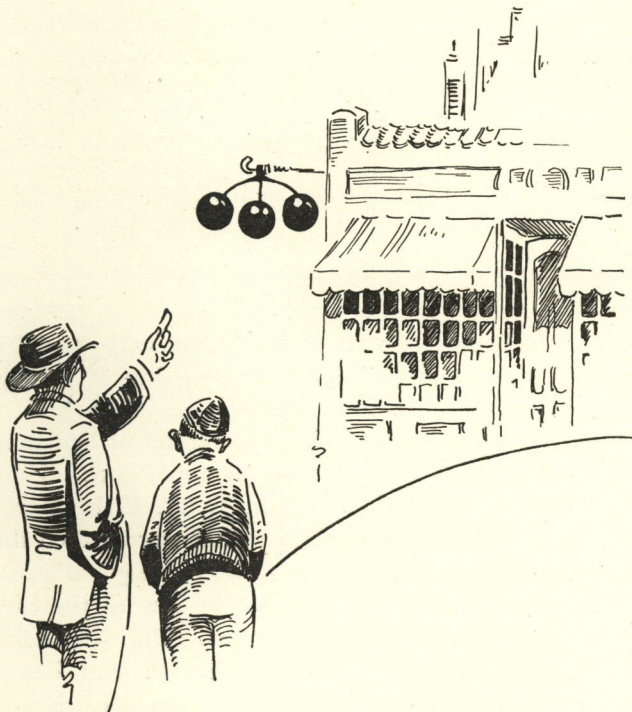
SIMILES AS THEY SEEM

As a boy, I ATE HUMBLE PIE with the rest of a family of sixteen children. Being the oldest of the sixteen, I RULED THE ROOST much as I pleased. All sixteen of us BELONGED wholeheartedly TO THE GREAT UNWASHED for we BEGGED THE QUESTION relentlessly whenever washday came around. The only coward in the family was the old white rooster who just couldn't help SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER now and then.

As I grew older, I soon tired of such childish sports as BELLING THE CAT and tincanning the neighborhood dogs, and decided to start out in the world for myself. I wanted especially to SEE THE ELEPHANT at the visiting circus in the next town so I arose early one morning, CROSSED THE RUBICON which flowed through our front yard, and hit toward town.

At the first recruiting station, I joined the army which was then engaged in a WAR WITH WINDMILLS. I was immediately made a bugler because of my ability to SOUND MY OWN TRUMPET and won the admiration of all by playing THE TUNE THE OLD COW DIED ON.

My parents were as MAD AS MARCH HARES when they found out what I had done, but little cared I, for by that time I had fallen deeply in love and was spending my evenings KISSING THE GUNNER'S DAUGHTER.



Class in finance making a field trip.



Near sighted entomology student: "Ah, beg pardon, Miss, is that a coleoptera on your collar?"

Dumb co-ed: "I'll have you know that's a genuine silver fox!"



On Mary's River

X: "The river's awfully choppy, isn't it?"

X1: "It oughta be; I dropped my axe in here last night."



Will he, Willie?

It looks most awful sweet;
Those lips, those eyes,
Like pumpkin pies,
Are good enough to eat.



"Abie, your shirt tail iss out."

"Out? Vere iss it out?"

"Out vere the vest begins."



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



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LEWIS R. PARKER,
Editor-in-Chief
Telephone 307

EDITORIAL STAFF
Willard Leihy Ed Berry
Gordon Hertz John Hanlon
Melwood Van Scoyoc

ART STAFF
E. M. Kliener Grace McClure
Orville Rice Hugh Parker

WILLIAM D. BRIDGES,
Business Manager
Telephone 769

MANAGERIAL STAFF
Bob Davis,
Assistant Business Manager
Leo Beckley,
Assistant Business Manager
Grant Balderree,
Advertising Manager
Telephone 72

Jimmy Bird, Circulation Manager
Telephone 596

Merrill Pimental Glenn Roberts
Wallace Ingle

HAMMER AND COFFIN is the text of this editorial sermon. 'Way back in the dim dead yesterdays, even before the time of the present seniors, the Orange Owl was started. The germ of the idea came with a westbound student from Ames, Iowa, where the Green Gander delighted the weary students of Iowa State.

This former Ames student, red-headed and Irish, served as the first business manager of the Owl. Later he was on the O. A. C. faculty. The first editor is now a successful engineer in New York. One thousand Owls were printed the first issue, which appeared in the spring of 1919, and were all sold the first half day.

Then followed two successful years with The Owl steadily gaining in prestige. At this time it was decided to petition Hammer and Coffin, which had recently granted chapters to the University of Washington Sundodger and the Oregon Lemon Punch. Hammer and Coffin was installed at O. A. C. in March, 1922, and the bonds of fraternity that were united that night will ever remain strong. Two more years passed and Hammer and Coffin grew to be one of the most active organizations on the campus. The first editor of the Daily Barometer was a member, two Beaver editors have worn the pin, a vice-president of the student body, and both presidents of the Memorial Union



are in the ranks. But not so fast; such good fortune must surely bring its difficulties. In the spring of 1924 the society was placed on a year's suspension for violating certain campus social regulations. The following year was a hard one to weather, but by diligent work and united effort on the part of contributors, the Orange Owl has survived to the present time.

This year Hammer and Coffin again is guiding the destinies of The Owl. The first number was out for registration, the second appears at Homecoming, edited by Hammer and Coffin men of former years. The next number will be out before Christmas, disproving conclusively the statement, "there ain't no Santa Claus."

It is no light task to gather art work and copy from Hammer and Coffin men in various parts of the state, but this has been done and the product is this issue.

A YEAR has rolled around and once more the Old Bird welcomes home those who love to return to their Alma Mater, to renew old friendships, and to bring back memories of years gone by.

It is with a great feeling of satisfaction that the Venerable Bird looks back upon the events of the past two months, and upon the prospects for days to come. O. A. C. has had no brighter outlook in football for some time. We have a team which has proven, even this early in the season, to be the hardest fighting team on the coast. A team which the student body is back of to a man, and a coach whose outstanding personality has won him a place in all our hearts.



We're back "with might and Beaver fight."

CONTRIBUTORS

Student		
Thurlow Weed	Robert Belt	Robert Redd
Alumni		
Lindsey Spight	Taylor Poore	Paul Kellar
Merle Alexander	Joe Deke	"Cougar" Cummings

CONTRIBUTORS, BUSINESS STAFF

Margaret Hanlon	Ruth Alexander	Ida Sahli
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The Keyhole Peeper

COLLEGE RECEIVES MAGNIFICENT GIFT

Undergraduate Alumni
Donors of Rare Piece

(Special from Portland to The Orange Owl)

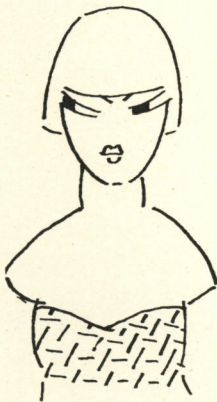
The Portland O. A. C. graduate alumni have recently purchased a beautiful bit of modernistic sculpture which they will present to their Alma Mater as a fitting memorial to those who came and went.

The piece is exquisitely moulded in soft soap on a pedestal of cinnamon tinted apple tapioca composition, and will be tastily placed at the rear entrance to the Commerce building.

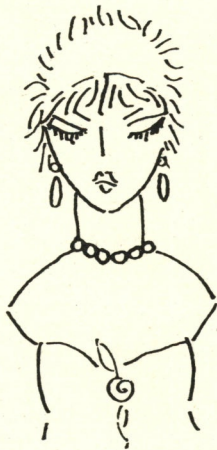
It is suspected that this masterpiece is the work of Gustof Kommontrof, the noted Russian decomposer, who, after having completed his undergraduate work at O. A. C. in a period of four weeks and three days, enrolled with the Consternational Correspondence School in the department of traffice managership.

The date for the unveiling ceremonies has not yet been set but arrangements are being made with the O. A. C. band orchestra and the Withycombe club for a fitting ceremony.

The statue is remarkable for its fine workmanship and quiet good taste, and is to be one of a group of statues depicting interesting bits of compus life.



Feminist, Pert



Demure, Dangerous



Sport Model, Popular



Dumb, Hopeless

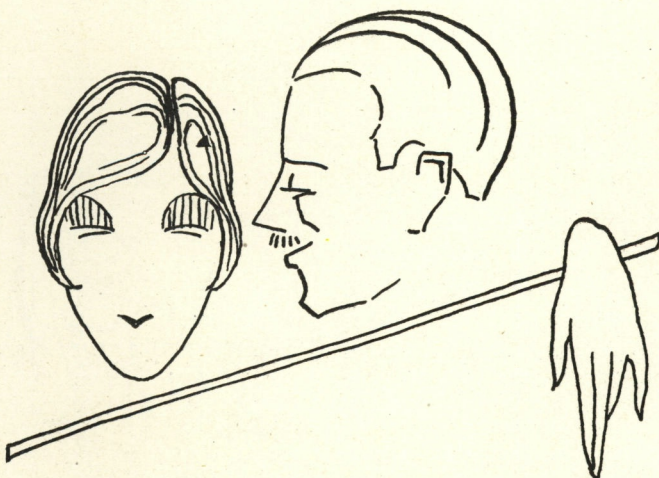
Merle Alexander - Ed.**Ode to a Tuxedo**

As the collars need their washing,
 As the brogans need their soles,
 As the stiff shirts need their pressing,
 As the buttons need their holes,
 As the neckties need their color,
 As the hosiery needs it, too,
 As the co-eds need their fussers—
 That's how I need you.



"Let me tell you a story I heard in New York this summer."

"Naw, it's too far-fetched."



Cuss: "Pardon me, Miss, but are you ever home evenings?"

Her: "Certainly not, why?"

Cuss: "Well, let's get acquainted. That's one thing we have in common already!"

THOU SHALT NOT

(Editor's note: This is a paternal lyric sermon on "Going to College." It may be heard on most any good American home during the late summer evenings, depending, of course, on whether there is a son and heir of eligible age in the home).

Thou shall not pet or roll the bones,
 Or touch a drop of wine;
 Thou shalt not kiss a dainty miss,
 Or pay a speeder's fine.

Thou shalt not let thy head be filled
 With wayward kinds of knowledge;
 Thou shalt not do these things, my son,
 So stay away from college.

**English Wit**

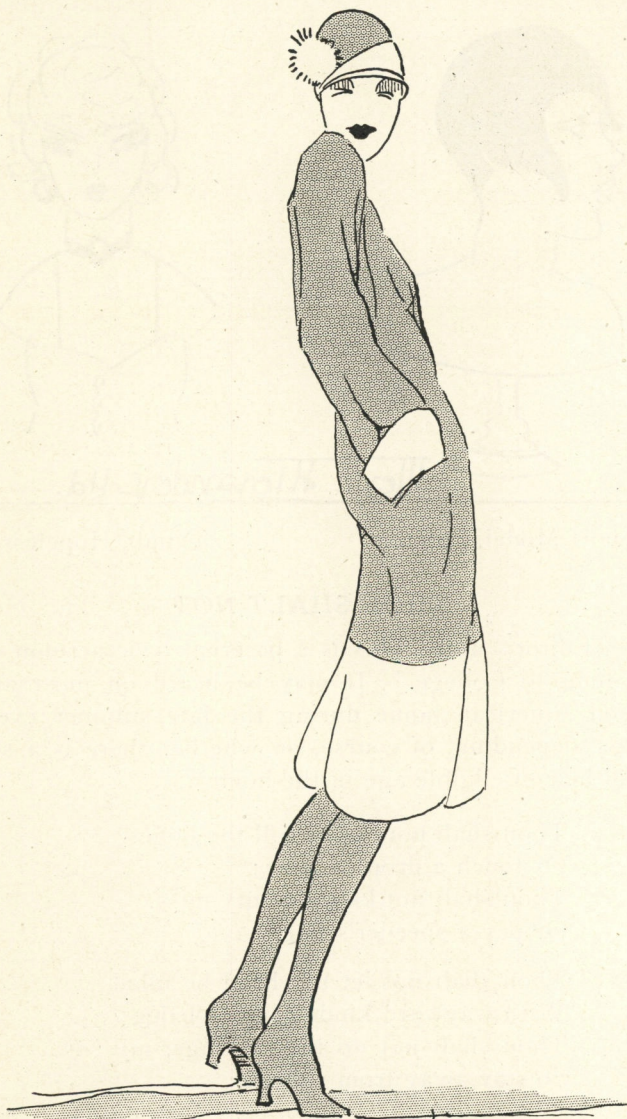
Reggie (pointing to Chevrolet): "Oh, boy! That's some baby grand."

Percie (looking at girl driving): "Pardon the correction, old chappie, but your grammar is rather deficient. You should have said, 'Oh, boy! That's some grand baby'."

**A TYPE**

Reginald Dunn, the bootlegger's son,
 Took a flyer at the university.
 He registered early, got him a girlie
 And was pledged to a big fraternity.

Reginald Dunn, the bootlegger's son,
 Was accustomed to life in the city;
 Though a regular ass, he was famed in his class
 As head of the social committee.



INCONSISTENCY

Fair co-ed, wise in world ways,
Your line does not deceive us;
The makeup on your lips and face
Is bad enough to grieve us.

Your mean rolled hose and cigarette
Get tiresome after while,
Your shingle bob is quite passe,
But please give us a smile.

At dances when the dance is done,
We cannot help but fan you;
You spend our money, take our time,
And yet, we cannot can you.

Believe us, co-ed, we know you
But like to be about you;
We cannot get along with you
Nor get along without you.

ON THE CAMPUS

Just a little rookess,
Waiting near the gym;
Along comes a gay rook,
She doesn't look at him.

The same little rookess,
Looking sweet and shy,
Stops, but barely glances—
A soph is passing by.

She sees a worthy junior
Come strolling up the walk,
And she makes a merry effort
To start a little talk.

But when a mighty senior
Comes prancing proudly by,
She uses all her prowess
To catch his haughty eye.

Alas! she's disappointed,
Poor rookess, sweet and shy,
For there wasn't any senior
Would even wink an eye.

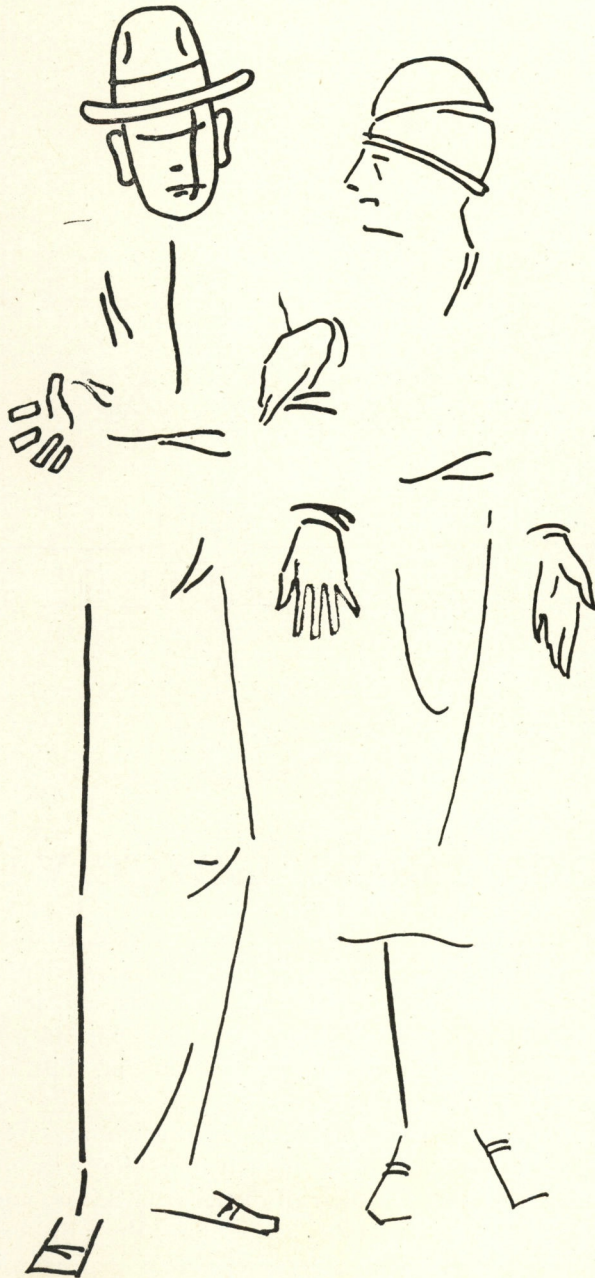
So, as she ambles homeward,
She meets a rook so green,
And despite the lid upon his head
She thinks he's mighty keen.



Billy Sunday says, "Say it with hooch; the flowers
will come later."



Alumni of '96 at the corner grocery club.

**The Brute**

He: "Do you like malted milk?"

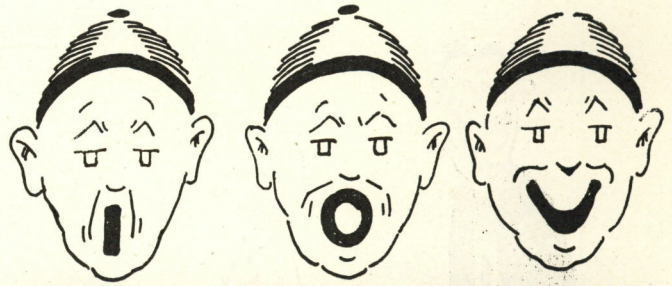
She: "Oh, yes, certainly."

He: "Thanks. I'm writing an advertisement for Horlick's."



(Sing to the tune of "I Love You Truly")

My roommate has taken
My very best tie,
He borrowed my cuff links,
That's why I sign.
Gone are my oxfords,
Overcoat, too;
I don't want a roommate,
That's why I'm blue.

**ACCORDING TO WHO'S WHO! WHAT?**

To college once three freshmen came,
Resolved to study hard.

One got the blues, one got a dame—
Which raised holy havoc with his third-term card.

Chorus:

One, two, three, brother,
I'm a nut and you're another.

The third little freshman, a senior he became,
For he burned a lot of midnight oil.

He studied all his lessons, with an eye to wealth and
fame.

And he never gave a whimper at his toil.

Chorus.

The first verdant freshman owns a lot of bonds and
stocks,

And he takes a hand at golf and other sports;
He attributes all his credit and his lofty business blocks
To his scrutiny of markets and reports.

Chorus.

The second verdant freshman owns a life-sized bank,
And in politics has just begun to shine;

He got elected mayor on a better homes plank
And he's wealthy with a family of nine.

Chorus.

The third callow freshman is a hired man on a farm
(He's the chap that made the grade so steep and
high);

But his B.S. degree doesn't do him any harm,
For it decorates the old pig sty.



**The mechanical engineers want to know if the red-hot
mammams use fire clay for a mud pack.**

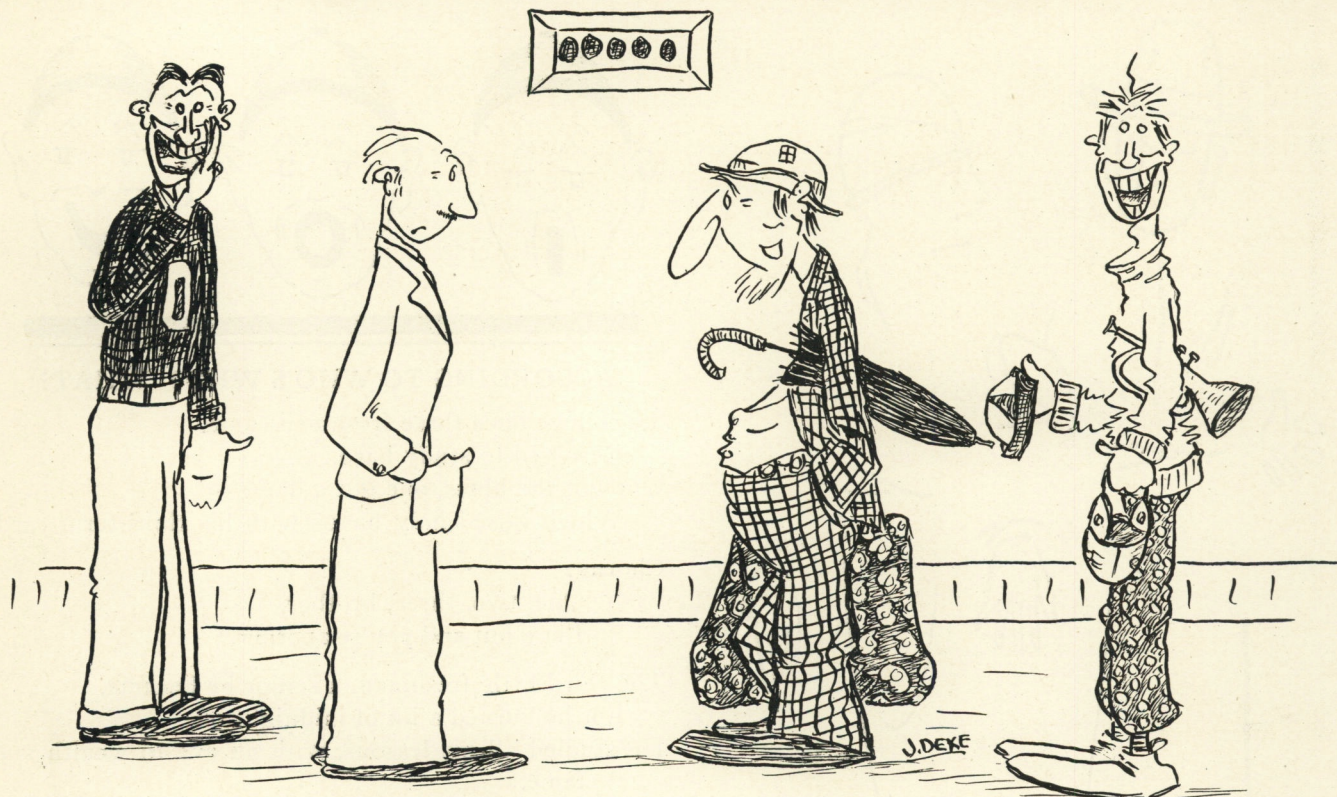


Soda jerk: "Yours?"

Stude: "Chocolate malt."

Soda jerk: "What flavor?"

Stude: "Strawberry."



The Homecomer Comes Back Largely

I.—Enter the Alum

Once upon a time near Homecoming, a gayly dressed and much battered old personage was seen entering the portals of Herda Theta Sigh fraternity.

Thirty odd undergraduates, recognizing him by his missing ear—the result of an early initiation—they fell on his shoulders, and pumped his arms; for he was the only member of the fraternity who had placed the town's horse-drawn street car in the river some thirty years ago—the others were shot or were now in the penitentiary.

House history indicated that he had been a dumb egg while at college, having made no honoraries, and was rudely dumped out of college by the officials. His contributions to the house along financial lines were very well known to the chapter roll.

II.—The Rejuvenation

"Gol darn, that beats the tango!" wheezed Old John, the ancient alumnus, "and you mean to say they will dance that at the Homecoming ball tonight?" he continued.

"Yes, sir. Not only that, but they are going to give a silver gaboon to the couple that rates first tonight in the Charleston. Boy! That would look hotsy-totsy sitting on the mantle with our scholarship cup" (also donated by the dumb old egg).

The old timer's eyes shined with forbidden lights as he remembered his college days ranging from the Civil war to the Spanish-American fracas, and let his eyes wander around the room of studes, painfully going through a process of "turn your toes in, shift your weight to the other foot," etc.

"I'd give 5000 smacks to be in the winner's place tonight, boys," said the ancient one—he was only eighty years old, and the call of the wild flowed under his vest. His was a fatal fascination for the wily sex.

"Hey, gang! Come over here. Grandpap is going to give us 5000 berries if we teach him the Charlesaon well enough to cop the silver goblet tonight."

Soon he was at work, forgetting all about the doctor's orders not to exert himself, and attacked the dance with the same zeal and industry that provoked his absence from the seat of learning some years ago—by request.

III.—The Dance

Several revolutions of the timepiece later, after being educated in the latest of terpischorian arts, the Old Timer, along with one of the numerous college widows, wended his way, via Locomobile, to the annual sham battle in the gym, called the Homecoming dance.

Intermission came after the Old Egg had worn down several pairs of pumps, and had exhausted his partner. He was jubilant. Hadn't his partner said



time after time that he was the best dancer on the floor that night?

"Some hot baby!" said the old man, taking a swig from a fandangled flask provided by one of the brethren. "Worse than the plastic age," he continued, replacing the bracing fluid somewhere in the folds of a collegiate suit, purchased from some great mail order house. "Got to git back to my woman; next dance is the Charleston."

Of the thirty-five couples out for the cup, only five remained now, and strangely the Old Timer, going through a movement resembling the antics of a one-armed man with the hives, was still hanging on. Two couples were left—and he was still in the center of the floor.

"Mr.—John—Hodgen gets the cup!" was received with shouts from about forty couples, while the other 4000 cried "robber," as the local police helped the judges from the room.

IV.—The Mystery Solved.

Almost tearfully the old boy placed the gold-lined gaboon on the mantle alongside of the scholarship cup—the only one they ever had in 75 years. Reverently he remembered the days when he belonged to the local, the forerunner of the present national fraternity.

As this thoughts wandered in the days when the house owned three chairs, and placed an additional cup of water in the soup when a guest dropped in—he fell into the peaceful sleep of a second childhood.

Over in the corner, the hard-eyed house manager looked intently at the check for 5000 iron men, and mentally figured.

"Let's see; \$200 for the judges, \$100 for the 'keen date,' and \$25 for grandpap's 'courage.' That leaves \$4175. Ought to take care of those bills."



'Twas ever thus in college towns,
With college maids and men;
The girl says "Yes" to—well, you guess;
And he says, "Where and when?"



I: "Learn any new songs this summer, Bill?"
Bill: "Yes, I learned a hotel song."
I: "Hotel song? How does it go?"
Bill: "Something like this: 'Hotel me pretty maiden'."



First: "Is she a gold digger?"
Second: "Is she? She's a regular dredge."



Intimate glimpse of Delicia Huckleberry telling tales of her college conquests to a doubtful rookess.



THE CO-EDNA BLOO-HOOS

(Editor's note: There is truth to the rumor that one of our well-known national fraternities, using a badge of a Maltese cross, has adopted this as its sweet-heart song).

Helen, Freda, and Edna, plink, plink;
Nanette, Joan, and Marie, too;
They are a "mean" brand of girls, plink, plink,
But they never go out with me.

I can't understand why I love them, plink, plink,
But I'd give them my hat or my shoes;
I'm nothing in their lives at all, plink, plink,
So I sing the Co-Edna Bloo-Hoos.



Joe: "If I asked you for a dollar, what would you say?"

Moe: "I'd say what St. Peter would say when you go to heaven by mistake."



Brodie Vaselino, who was the campus sheik, makes his annual return to the campus and immediately seeks his old haunts.



Highway robber: "Stick up your mits, Bo!"

Professor: "So you are the despicable type of genus homo who preys upon their fellow kind."

H. R.: "You got me wrong, Bo. I'm only a stick-up man."



Willie Mangle

Little Willie, sweet and silly,
Was his mother's joy;
Went to college, got some knowledge,
Oh, what a different boy!



"Say you sure are dumb. Why don't you get an encyclopedia?"

"The pedals hurt my feet."

IT IS OR AIN'T IT, OR WHO'S GOOFY NOW?

It was all so dam' funny. Marie, or was it Louise, and I were careening down the booleevard after the hop—and hops in my gay little twenty sou goat-gland Henry when something happened. Everything was swell,—too swell, I think now—and Marie, or was it Louise, was in my arms for some reason or other when all of a sudden a pole jumped out in the middle of the road and fell on us.

When I came to, I felt as though I was where I shouldn't be, and in a minute I knew it. There was a great big hulk of a walking wear-ever advertisement with red hair standing in front of me, with a cheese knife that would scare any kaydet in Colonel Moses' army fit to be tied. I didn't say anything. In fact, I would have given a box of Camels to be a mile away from there. Seeing that I was tongue-tied, palsified, and otherwise pie-eyed, he started this awful conversation:

"Quick, knave, who won, Stanford or Cal?"

I said, "Gug." What else could I say?

He said, "Quick, before I rend thee asunder!"

Gurples from my direction, but I finally managed to say, "W. S. C.?"

That seemed to unnerve him, for suddenly he sat down with a crash that reminded me of the time when my Ford argued with another of the species.

"Listen," he sobs, throwing tears like a trick dummy, "you have heard of me, I know. I am Eric the Red, the guy that sailed into Greenland when it wasn't supposed to be there; that taught the Indians that dear old game of Sweden, rolling the bones, and that earned loads of fame as the guy that scooped Columbus. Shut up! I learned my English from an ouija board long before you knew what a football looked like.

"In my younger days, I was the quadruple threat man of the University of Sweden. Yes, quadruple, that's what I said—twice for my feet and once for each fist. In those days the sports writers called me the Swedish Carrot because my hair was kind of pink. But as I said,—or did I?—I was soaked complete on Hilda Norbkilicoricesen, the keenest co-ed on the cam-poops. She was the only thing on two heels to me, she did her hair down to her ankles and was, generally speaking, hot rivets. Anyway, we got along fine 'till one day this tin can of an Olaf, that played fullback for U. of Norway, gave her the glad eye. Well, to make a short story shorter, she threw me down so hard that me Sunday armor rattled. You see he had brass trimmings on his tux and I didn't. But as the poet said, 'Summer never got to winter with a fall,' and so I knew that I would get hunk to that guy.

"Now, as it happened we played Norway the next week so I just lit into practice that week. The team claimed that I hit them with everything except a bat-



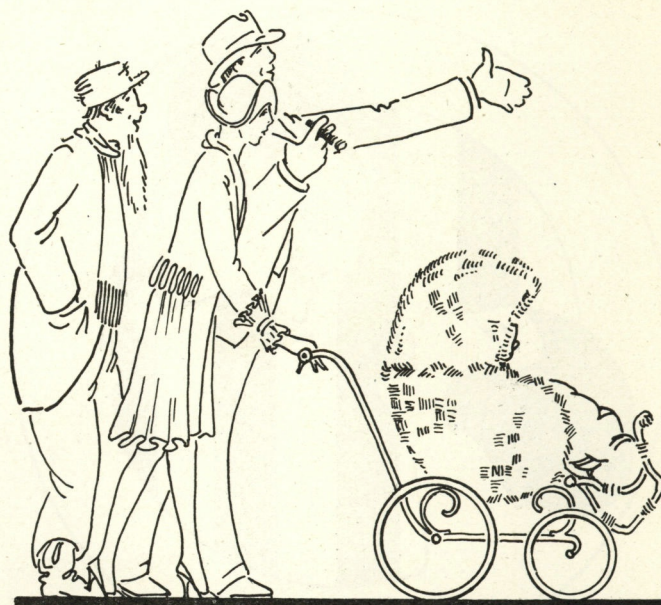
ering ram, that I tackled them so hard that they could not get the dents out of their uniforms, and that if I used my fists once more they would start using clubs. They did, too, until they busted a dozen hickory axe handles and a lance on me.

"Anyway, the big day finally came and I proceeded to kick off to Olaf. I missed a kick at one of their men and that threw me off my center of gravity so that Olaf carried the ball down to our two-yard line before he was tackled. On their next play I rushed through their line so fast that he fumbled the ball, and as he dropped it I picked it up and set sail for the goal. I would have made a touchdown, too, if some bum hadn't tripped me. As it was, I dropped it and my momentum carried me 'till I ran into the wall of the castle and got knocked as cold as an ice bag for the first time in my life.

"When I woke up it was the last minute of play and with a roar that knocked over the south stands, I rushed onto the field, knocked the referee for a loop, and plunged through the line with the ball. Like a load of bricks, eleven men lit on me all in one lump, but did I stop? No, not by the beard of my father! I simply shrugged my shoulders and galloped through the goal posts with a few of the stronger still hanging on. Did we win the game? No, I went through the wrong goal posts; that's why I set sail to see what was at the end of the ocean and what it looked like."



Two not so recent alumni who have been lecturing to the heathen in the South Sea isles on "Chilblains, Their Origin and Uses."



Mr. and Mrs. Felix Club and their 8-months-old daughter, Cliquot.



I'll dream once more with you, most wise,
Your love is such a funny thing,
For romance is always dreaming
And I cannot forget your eyes.

I'll not forget the days I've played
In summer weather here with you;
Unreal, yet soon I'll know it's true
When I have left with fond farewell unsaid.

I now must leave you and this paradise,
And all that seems to me so beautiful;
And though your love be quite unmerciful
I'll lose it when I meet those college guys.



I know a girl in the far, far south;
She flies by night, and dances;
Her eyes are dark and lashes long
She draws those sidelong glances.

Too bad that I can't go to see
If she still loves me true;
For I must stay at O. A. C.
'Till the profs let me get through.



If all the kisses of the Misses
In sororities were known,
What a jolly lot of folly
Would be counted as their own.



That Makes You An Elk

"I must say that that certainly sounded fine coming from a man of your ilk."

"Say, I'm not an Elk, I'm a Mason."



His toes turned in,
His feet tingled,
His knees flopped about.
Her toes turned in,
Her feet tingled,
Her knees flopped about.
The crowd dancing watched them,
They followed the example,
The "Charleston" was born.



Beauty parlor operator: "She must be popular."

Second operator: "Why?"

First operator: "She gets more marcells than any other girl in town."



She: "I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numbskull! Do you get me?"

He: "Well, from the general trend of your conversation, I should judge not."



"Queer" Is Right

It may be so, but I don't know,
It sounds must awfully queer;
I like the size of your blue eyes
So full of college cheer.

Your Roman nose is like a rose,
Your pallid brow is pale;
Your hairy chest is near my breast—
You've been drinking ginger ale.



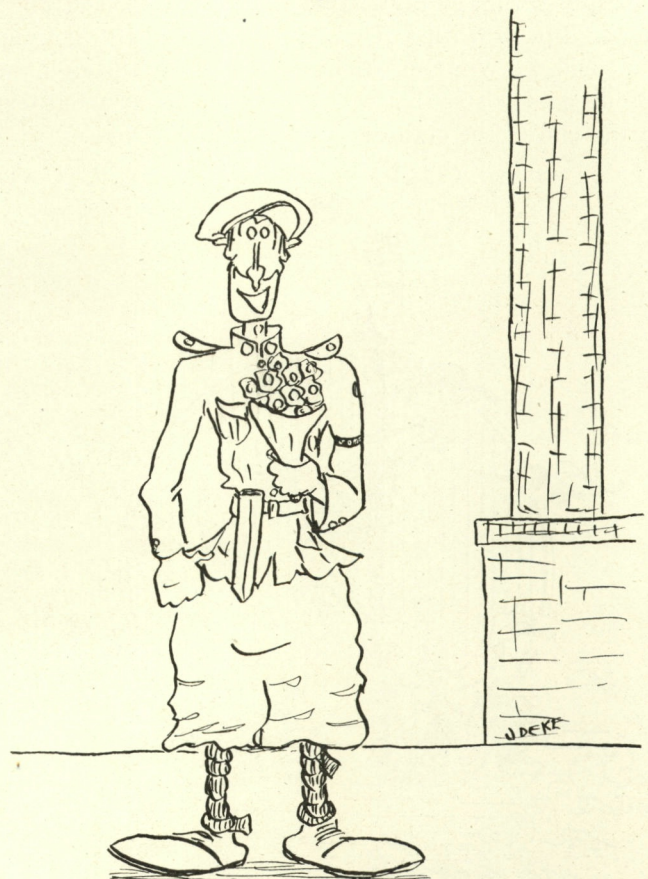
He does not feel the pang of sin,
He never thinks what a dub he's been,
And when a girl to him is lost
He thinks, "Oh, well, I'll save the cost."



Auctioneer: "Going, going, gone!"
A voice: "Too late for Herpedice."



"I'll expel you," said the pencil to the lead.



Castor Roil, the dumbest member of the class of '24, returns to the campus in his military uniform. He thought he had better not wear his overalls because they were pretty dirty.



Surprise

As he gazed into her glowing eyes, a throbbing thrill suffused his inner being. After all, she was his, and he would cling to her forever. He wrapped his big bronzed hand around her tiny white one, and planted a gentle kiss upon her upturned lips.

And now, dear readers, comes the surprise of the evening, for it was not his pet cow, or a saxophone, but his own dear sweetheart, and he loved her dearly.



Tragedy

String up a harp
For Wesley Schardz,
He licked his thumb
When he dealt my cards.



Blame Him?

Lady: "I—I—wonder if you would have any objection to me trying on that dress in the show case?"

Salesman: "Well, lady, why — er — you see — if it would be just the same to you—I mean, if you would not mind very much—well, we have very nice dressing rooms for such purposes on the—"

Lady: "Sir!"



There was a young rookess from Cauthorn hall
Who couldn't dance the Charleston at all;
She jumped at the chance
To learn this new dance—
She'll now do the Charleston at the Homecoming ball.



"Who is that man you said 'Hello' to?"
"That's one of my fraternity brothers."
"I notice he didn't return your salutation."
"No, he never returns anything."



The Brute

Jane: "Jack just proposed to me."
Jupne: "My, how thrilling!"
Jane: "Yes, he just proposed that we go to a dance."



"I guess it's quitting time," said the safe cracker as he looked up from his work into the mouth of a police automatic.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

What! Already?

Well, not quite—but it is time to order your
personal engraved greeting cards.

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YOU AND ME

You're not the most beautiful girl I've known,
You may have your faults, but they're small ones, I
own;

And I love you, my dear, and on this base my plea
That you're just the right sort of girlie for me.

I have read of some wonderful women in stories,
But your simple beauty eclipses their glories;
I love you, my darling, and please can't you see
That you're just the right sort of girlie for me? ?

Now, I'm no Adonis, when it comes to that,
My features are plain and my body is fat;
But I'll treat you in manner both loving and true,
And I'm just the right sort of a fellow for you!

**Humor**

Frater: "Hey, rook, why the loud necktie?"

Nity: "Going to a masquerade?"

Rook: "Yeah, I'm going to the trainmen's ball dis-
guised as a flag station."



"There must be a catch to it," bellowed the football
coach as the star end dropped a forward pass.



Once there was
a fraternity man
who didn't borrow
clothes
from his brothers.
He lived
outside the house.

**Soft Music and Flowers**

There was a young alcohol toper,
Who swore that he couldn't stay sober;
He went on a spree
In Januaree
And it lasted clear through to October.

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A FRESHMAN'S VIEW OF COLLEGE

We stand in line for breakfast,
We stand in line for tea;
We stand in line for dinner,
And when we pay our fee.

We stand in line for classes,
We stand in line to sign;
For everything we do here
We have to stand in line.

We stand in line to buy things,
We stand in line to pay;
And if we ever go to church
We stand in line to pray.

Ah! if we were to croak now
And seek another clime,
We'd surely know the secret
Of how to stand in line.



At the Dean's Office

Rookess: "I'm majoring in Home Ec."

Dean J.: "And have you selected a minor?"

Rookess: "No, but wouldn't a juicier be all right?"



Satisfied

I met a girl and liked her line,
But found she did not take to mine;
I drove by her in my eight-in-line
And now she seems to like it fine.



Evolution

Unmelancholy days have come,
The gladdest, I should say.
We who were rooks a year ago
Can paddle rooks today.



The world's best after-dinner speech: "Waiter,
give me both checks."
—Tiger.

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enables us to meet with the requirements
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Telephone 98

"Service Is Our Motto"

Dr. Killem: "I don't say all lawyers are villains,
but you'll admit that your profession doesn't make
angels of men."

Lawyer Cheatem: "No, you doctors certainly have
the advantage of us there."



"Is your girl wild?"
"Morallless."

—Lord Jeff.



"So you are going canoeing with Johnny tonight?"
"Yes."

"Well, I guess there'll be a hot time in the old town
tonight."

—Columns.



Last night

I went out with her for the third time;
We arrived at her home at four in the morning;
I thought a great deal of her,
I was jealous, and before I left the gate
I asked

"Have you ever stayed out as late as this with any
others?"

She raised her eyes and shamed me
With her innocent gaze.

"Of course not, dear."

I kissed her carefully.

We were interrupted by footsteps;

A man said "Hello" to her—

It was the milk man.



Wise

"What do you charge for rooms?"

"Six dollars up."

"But, madam, I'm a student."

"Then it's six dollars down."

—Puppet.

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AND
BEAVER FIGHT

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but it’s straight from our
one and only gizzard that
we’re glad to see you---so
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