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The Orange Owl

Vol. IX Corvallis, Oregon, February 1928 No. 3

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ONE HUNDRED COLLEGIANS TO LEAVE MONTREAL FOR EUROPE, JUNE 22

A huge house party—a hundred happy collegians will enjoy June days and evenings on the North Atlantic next summer with the College Humor collegiate tour of Europe. Two days on the quiet waters of the St. Lawrence and four days on the open Atlantic, moonlight dancing on deck, parties, masquerades and a college jazz band will keep the campus atmosphere.

Under the auspices of College Humor, the Arts Crafts Guild Travel Bureau has planned a thrilling tour of England, France, and Belgium, leaving Montreal June 22. A trip to Stratford-on-Avon for those who know their Shakespeare, London's night life at the cabarets, Limehouse, at Ostend and gaiety galore at Belgium's talked-of watering center. Brussels, the gay capitol of little Belgium—and then Paris with its alluring Montmartre, Folies Bergere, L'Opera Comique.

No worries. No baggage troubles. All reservations and details handled expertly by Arts Crafts Guild and College Humor will make this floating campus tour a round of house party days.

She may have had a rose-bud mouth when you married her, but don't forget that even rose-buds open. —Humbug.

"Say, I hear you stepped out with that young widow last night?"

"That's a lie—I never left the car." —Kitty-Kat.

He: "Hurry, and be quiet. Some crummy chaperone might catch us."

She: "Shut up. I am the chaperone. Where are we going?" —Froth.

Plea from a dark corner: "Don't hold me responsible. I can't see what I'm doing." —Green Gander.

Proud Father (showing triplets to visitor): "What do you think of them?"

Tom (pointing to one in middle): "I'd keep that one." —Awgwan.

Nurse: "Now go to sleep, Johnny. Remember that there's an angel watching over you."

Modern Child: "Angel! Don't be so damned conceited." —Puppet.

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Sailing eastward from Montreal June 22, 1928, a happy group of college men and women will set out to "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good-fellowship, under the auspices of "College Humor" Magazine.

Down the mighty St. Lawrence we'll go, and across the Atlantic—with a college dance band on board to furnish music. There'll be deck sports and bridge tournaments and masquerades to make the ocean voyage a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe! We'll see it under the guidance of the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the justly famed Collegiate Tours. They will make all reservations, handle all details, furnish experienced couriers and guides. We just go along and enjoy ourselves! We sail homeward July 14 from Cherbourg on the famous Canadian Pacific steamship "Empress of Australia," arriving at Quebec July 21.

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Frankincense: "Is her laugh musical?"
Myrrh: "No, but her music's laughable."
—Penn. State Froth.

Eng. Prof.: "What are some of the most common abbreviations?"
Stude (absently): "Women's clothing. (More thoughtfully) Er, such as 'undies' for underwear." —Burr.

CLOTHES

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"Is petting a proper noun?
"Improper but in good usage." —Kitty-Kat.

Mary had a little cat,
It swallowed some old tin cans,
And when the little kittens came
They arrived in Ford sedans. —Yellow Jacket.

He: "It's so dark in here I can't see my hand in front of my face."
She: "Who told you your hand is in front of your face?" —Burr.

"You don't wear enough clothes, girlie."
"Gwan, you're seeing things."
"I am." —Mercury.

Library—A place where fellows go to see good-looking girls and find co-eds. —Humbug.

"There's the piano," she said. "Please play something."
He rose to his full graceful height, pushed back his long hair and adjusted his cuffs. He sat before the piano. Something was amiss. He searched. My God how he hunted. He turned despairingly.
"Gloria," he groaned, "where in Hell is the Slot?"
—Humbug.

Of All Things

Izzy: "I've had such a hard life. At the age of eighteen I was left an orphan."
Dizzy: "What did you do with it?"
——Stanford Chaparral.

Not Yet

He and she are sitting before the fire.
He: "Do you notice how the fire reddens?"
She: "I'm sure it's not because of anything we've done." —Columbia Jester.

She: "I'm the happiest girl alive! I'm marrying the man I want."
Her: "That's nothing to the joy of marrying the man someone else wants." —Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Bill has a new siren for his car."
"What happened to the blonde?" **—Wampus.**

Blaine: "What's the idea of getting a ticket all the way across the continent?"
Galahad: "Oh, that's so I may go as far as I like with you."
—The Ghost.

A leaf just landed on my head;
To walk I'm hardly able;
The leaf that landed on my head
Was taken from a table. —The Sniper.

Have you heard of the frosh who was so dumb she thought a neckerchief was the head of a sorority house?" —Siren.

Lucky Boy

Wife (all excited): "Help, Jack, help! Mother's been struck by lightning!"
Hubby: "Good God!" —Bison.

Sporting

He (disgustedly): "I think I've got a flat tire."
She: "Oh! Gimme a chance, we're not a block from home yet." —Sniper.

Extravagant Ethel

She buys $5 hose and then rolls them down to about $2.39.
—Malteaser.

"What do you call that man on the field with the whistle?"
"It all depends, darling, it all depends."—The Virginia Reel.

Mother: "Betty, you stood on the porch too long with that young man last night."
Betty: "Why, I only stood for a second." —The Frosh.

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Prof.: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause. Then finally a lone freshman stood up.

"What! Do you consider yourself a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing alone." —Voo Doo.

Finale

You would not knock
The jokes we use
Could you but see
Those we refuse.
—The Synchronizer.

Mother: "Goodbye, Oswald, and remember to dress warmly at college. I don't want you to catch that fraternity grippe."
—Purple Parrot.

Slapstick Director: "Hey, hold that a second!"
Actor: "I'm sorry. The pie is cast." —Yale Record.

One Minute to Play—By Elinor Glyn. —Yellow Jacket.

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"THE LAUNDRY THAT DOES IT BEST"

LEAP YEAR NUMBER

Girls, though you'll get your man
During leap year, if you can,
Don't go chase the first who passes.
Save him for the other lasses.
Through your minds let these words
creep—
It pays to look before you leap!

Junior: "Why did you quit going with Mary? I thought she was your dream girl."

Senior: "She was my dream girl, but I woke up."

Father: "My daughter sprang from a line of peers."

Suitor: "Oh, I jumped off the dock once myself."

Co-ed: "I think a man should give his wife plenty of rope."

Once tied, now untied: "Yeh! I did mine and she skipped."

"In our family two out of every five have IT," said Mrs. Skunk to Mrs. Giraffe.

ELIGIBLE NO. 1—"PROF." PERRY

Still open for competition. He was a star distance runner in the middle west which may account for his single blessedness.

"Why do you call your girl Venus?"

"Because she's not all there."

Dedicated to the Little Red School House

I raised my hand in school one day,
The teacher answered, "No."
The joke was on the teacher,
'Cause I didn't have to go.

I call my girl Pearl because everybody strings her.

A Frenchman who was invited to a ball ventured to ask the reason for calling the affair a ball.

A friend attempted to explain. "'Ball' has many meanings—like baseball, basketball, and football."

"Oh, I understand," broke in the enlightened Frenchman. "I noticed many halfbacks and fullbacks at the ball."

"Goodness, what a race," said the Co-ed as another runner came up.

The sign in the store window read: "Give her something electrical for Christmas."

To which the student remarked: "I guess I did. Anyway, she was shocked."

Visitor: "How much milk does this cow give?"

Ag Student: "I can't exactly say, but she be a good crittur and gives all she can."

'Corse It Isn't

Why does it take girls longer to dress than it used to. Dressing is not the cinch it used to be.

There once was a man named Pense,
Who didn't have legal defense;
He was sued for divorce,
Now he's filled with remorse,
For his widow is still an ex-Pense.

"I call my girl Red Crown."

"Because she's red-headed I suppose."

"No, she is wild to go."

Scientists declare that brunettes are the more ardent lovers, yet gentlemen prefer—?

"That's where I shine," said the freshman as he sponged the seat of his pants.

Customer: "Well, it looks like rain."
Milkman: "Mebbe so, but it's milk."

"Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' by Jerome K. Jerome?"
"No, sir, but ve got 'Who's He and Vot's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

"Don't you love this kind of weather?"
"Heh, heh, girlie, just try me."

The best way to keep your sweetheart from talking too much is to put cement in her beauty clay.

ELIGIBLE NO. 2—DOC LOCKENOUR

The gem of the eligibles. Aside from the tendency to discourse on Einstein during courtship hours, his modest caveman tactics clearly indicate that he has not only IT but THEM.

ELIGIBLE NO. 3—URSEL NARVER

Some persons might think Wurs'n Ever referred to the imposing student prexy's marital potentialities, but really it is only pointing out the character of the successive presidents. True his Palmolive complexion would cause his catcher frequent twinges of jealousy but the catchee can't have everything perfect.

A book, "Man, the World's Ruler," will be found in the fiction department starting this month.

"Hey, Mose, when yo' all goin' to hab yo' wife interned?"
"We ain't goin' to hab her interned, Rastus, we's goin' to hab her incriminated."

"That's my spring suit," said dad as he laid aside his vest.

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his back.

Before she knew what he was going to do he had taken her into his arms and was kissing her with passionate desperationntoeaue u-bthan m m mm.

First Incompatible: "What is an after-dinner story?"
Second Pi Kap: "One of those you'd get fined for if you told it at the table."

"I think college is so interesting."
"Yes, there are so many personal touches."

Her father was a crossing watchman, but she would stop at nothing.

AMONG MY CHIFFONIERS

There's nothing left for me
Save piles of debris,
An underthing or three,
Among my chiffoniers.

Some letters tied with blue,
A note long overdue,
A powder compact, too,
Among my chiffoniers.

Within my bureau drawer,
Dance programs by the score,
And over them I pore
To give me consolation.

A bromo seltzer pill,
I only hope I will
Dig out a dollar bill,
Among my chiffoniers.

ELIGIBLE NO. 4—FRANK PATTERSON

Eligible AGAIN. The Phi Delt romeo is frequently out of circulation temporarily but never permanently. Always handy as a last resort for needed hardware.

"Ezra, tomorrow is our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Hadn't we better kill a chicken?"

"Why punish the chicken for what we did twenty-five years ago?"

"Over a hundred redskins were shot by my grandfather one day out West."

"That was some record. Did the government decorate him for bravery?"

"No. It jailed him for selling liquor to the Indians."

Famous Leaps

Steve Brodie's .....
..... Year.
.....ing Lena.
As ..... in class.

What with "candy weeks," "good English weeks," and "say it with flowers weeks," we are going to agitate to have the week beginning December 15 as the first annual "no cornflakes for breakfast week."

Kitty: "That girl reminds me of an old book."
Kat: "How come?"
Kitty: "She looks as though she'd been turned down on all the corners."

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AS ye grow—old—so shall ye leap—quickly." That is if you would "get your man." This is the year when all members of the fairer of the species should take the motto of the ROYAL CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE as their own. Sisters, there are only 27,993,600 seconds left in which to capture a prize, surprise or consolation. "Let us then be up and doing," as Longfellow has so aptly put it. On every hand LIES the unwary male but we too may stretch the truth.

For those of the "death battalion," who prefer the athletic variety the unmasked marvel is yet unclaimed by woman. Of course it is hard to keep a man masked all of the time—truth will out in time.

On many pages throughout this issue names of the eligibles have been published to aid you in making a wise selection. Suggestions for luring your victim on have also been printed for your guidance. May the game season not end and find any of our sex wanting for a meal ticket.

MEN can fool some women all the time and all women some of the time but they can't fool ALL the women ALL of the time ! Despite the fact that women marry them—these composites of virtues—the bride is rare who has any illusions as to the reward she is getting for having convinced her lover that his intentions were serious. Although she grimly overlooks a lack of tact and intuition, perfunctory kisses, mulish stubbornness and a chronic grouch, but that innate conceit which in the springtime of their love she adores as "pride" soon becomes unbearable "vanity." The inevitable realization bursts upon her that masculine character is builded upon the cornerstones of egotism, self-love, superiority and condescension.

The Eternal Woman, knowing her man, has aimed at the weakest point in his moral make-up—his opinion of himself. Her unscrupulous revenge is accomplished by flattery. There is an undeniable satisfaction in flattering a man, for it is evident that whether it is laid on thick or thin, skilfully, or by an amateur, a little of it will always remain to swell him like a toy ballon.

The woman who is blind to all of his faults, who laughs at all of his jokes, enters into all of his moods and agrees with his opinions is his soulmate--and then with supreme audacity he scornfully points out that women are hypocrites! Yet such as they are men are the things women marry so:

Flatter him boldly, daughter, be he old or wise or callow;
For there is no meed of flattery that a man will fail to swallow;
Yet, after a time, desist; lest perchance, in his vanity,
He wonder why such a demi-god should stoop to a worm like thee!

—Helen Rowland.

TONIGHT'S our night with Oregon." The song that sounds so much like that quotation might be parodied in referring to the basketball team's preparation for the supreme battle here. Each team has put forth every effort to swing the score its way. The outcome —who can tell ?

May the good spirit shown our team at Oregon be returned two-fold by us as hosts for the big encounter. Let each student remember that first of all we are supposed to be grown up. Then, too, our attitude and actions will be food for the press, so it behooves us to stand up for our ideals as a college group. May the best team win and the best students behave as such.

Editorial note: Lest we forget that often those reading these columns take too much to heart may it be said that all herein has been said in good faith if in poor wit. Hoping that it may be received in the spirit of fun in which it was written, this issue is dedicated to the MEN who had enough faith in the sense of humor of women to let them edit it.

In car: "What you doing?"
Incog: "I'm looking for that knock."
In car: "Oh, I thought maybe you were praying."

An Easterner was visiting the campus of the University of Lane County, and seeing smoke emerge from several buildings remarked, "MM-factories or fire?" His guide replied, "Neither--they're sororities."

THE COLLEGE WIDOW believes in the old adage, "Marry in haste and repeat at leisure."

The bright ones are homely,
The handsome ones dumb;
Just smile your sweetest,
They'll all of them come.
They think they're high powered
When they tell fast jokes
That we've told in chapter room
While sneaking candy.

They expect us to chase them
One year out of four;
But we only chase them
Away from our door.
So isn't it silly
That we must play cupid
To the weaker sex which
Is so homely and stupid.

A promised maid is a date gainsaid.

Divorced are Mr. and Mrs. Klink;
He bathed the baby
In the sink.

Swaying clapboards
Warped, cracks wide,
Paper peeling
From the side.
Boxlike, ugly,
Fearsome den
Fit for bats but
Not for men,
Canker fest'ring
Here near all,
This they call it—
Poling hall.
—By an inmate.

Notebooks we have lots and lots;
In them we puts thots and thats;
Write them neatly down and then
Never take them out again.

A fool and his honey are soon parted.

She: "Can you think of anything worse than taking kisses without asking for them?"

He: "Yes, asking for them without geeting them."

Conductor: "How old is the little girl?"

Little Girl: "Mother, I'd rather pay the full fare and keep my age to myself."

I wish
I were a prof
So I could read
Books and yet not
Study
But then what if
I had to teach rooks
And had to stand there
And look at monkey suits
All day long.
What if I had to stand there
And see them go to sleep
I guess I am glad that I am a
rook.

Steudent: "They say that brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes."

Prof: "Merely heresay, son, my wife has been both and I fail to see the difference."

Rook: "Who is the God of Water?"
Rookess: "Pluto."

ELIGIBLE NO. 5—GENE RAPP

The type that breaks up the furniture. Still there is no accounting for the feminine taste and Gene is personally willing.

A bunch of the gang was whooping is up
In the copyreading room;
And the kid that handles assignments
Was cleaning a brass spittoon.
Back of the desk, checking copy,
Sat Milly with nerves unstrung;
And watching her work was the evening ed,
One dangerous Ketchum Young.
Out of the night that was forty below,
Into the din and the glare,
Jack Folio came with teeth unfurled;
(My God, how that man could swear!)
(Were you ever out in the graveyard
With a date you thought was swell,
When a long-forgotten conscience
Seemed to hold you like a spell?)
The lights went out, we heard a shout,
Somewhere a door was slammed.
The lights flashed on, but all were gone.
Said Folio, "I'll be damned!"
Now this is the tale as I know it;
'Twere better if left unsung.
But the fellow who took my girl home
Was dangerous Ketchum Young.

I wish I were an awning
On the D. Z. sleeping porch.
At ten at night I'd drop from sight
And watch the Phi Sigs scorch.

Song of the Monmouth Man

The girls all pursue me,
Regardless of the year.
They aggravate me awful,
And make me feel so queer.
By nature, shy and modest,
My looks are only fair.
I ain't got any sex appeal
Nor slickum on my hair;
And still they do most anything
To keep in my good graces.
I sure am glad that Monmouth
Is so far from other places.

"I have decided to renounce the sordid life which I have been leading heretofore. It has imprinted its evil and besmirching signs upon me until wherever I go, I am a marked man. My hands are unclean from the despicable tasks I have compelled them to perform. My very clothing reflects it; yes, plainly shows what depths of murky grime I have fallen into at times. I am shunned by all who would keep unsullied, pure, and sweet.

"But I have resolved to bring to an end this soiled existence. Ere another sun has dipped below the Western rim I will be cleansed of all these besmirching characteristics, and my raiment washed whiter than the driven snow. Then will I walk and talk with the best of men and women, and forever be pure and innocent!"

And with these words another engineer transferred to the school of commerce.

Little Cinderella: "Godmother, do I really have to leave the ball at twelve?"

The Good Fairy: "You'll not leave at all if you don't stop swearing."

IMPRESSIONS

By JANE WALLIS

I'm sophisticated
I am
Real sophisticated
yesterday I sneaked away
with a blonde D. U.
and we drove around
and I smoked a Lucky Strike
and a Chesterfield with him
Oh I'm sophisticated alright
I'm real sophisticated now

* * *

I'm collegiate
(I am)
I'd do most anything
to let these college boys
see how collegiate
I am

* * *

my sisters say
act innocent little pledge
and naive
play you don't really know
anything
and some nice big man
will fall in love with you
and tell you everything
that you already know

* * *

when I was a smaller girl
(than I am now)
my mother told me
now you stay away
from those college boys
they smoke cigarettes
and say big swear words
because they think it's smart

* * *

(PKA study hours)
the answer to a maiden's prayer
(through the window there)
socks down
hand digging at his hair
see that great big Phi Delt
with the great big O
on his sweater
he's a football star
he is
I'd let may hair grow out
wear low-heeled shoes
or study every night
I'd do most anything
if he'd just notice me
I'll bet he'd lift me up
and carry me around as
easy as anything
I sure do like
these great big men
with great big O's
on their chests

* * *

sometimes I wonder
whether these college men
(that's what they call themselves)
will ever get wise
to their small conceits
they've just a lot
of silly habits
like red neck ties
or chewing gum
in class

* * *

that T. K. E.
just slaughters me
he's so awfully keen
(if you know what I mean)
he's so big and strong
that it can't be wrong
when he kisses me more
than he should
I really couldn't help it—
if I would

* * *

these senior sisters here
have such a keen way
of rolling their eyes
(and their hose)
at instructors
some day
I'll roll my eyes
that way
some day
I'll be making
straight A's too

* * *

that good looking Beta
with brown eyes
and slick black hair
(I'm crazy about him)
always asking me
to stay out late
and smoke his cigarettes
but Gamma Phi's don't
do things like that

* * *

Serenade

when that handsome tenor
sings so thrillingly
of love and memories
I almost leave
the sleeping porch
to dance on the lawn
with the naked moon
for a spotlight
dance
while he sings
of birds and springs
then he'll say
come
and I'll go
taking his cool hand
dancing
in the clean night
under cold stars
over cold grass
dancing
until dawn
almost
but what
would the Thetas say
and what the Dean

Glutton: "Do they have pumpkin pie in here?"
Gourmand: "All their pie is pumpkin here."

Here lies Bill Bell—he thought he could, but you know—Kappas don't.

Apologies to John Wallace

There goes
that damned instructor
smiling righteously.

He makes wise cracks
about our silken knees
and yet
he looks.

The date is ended
But the memory lingers on—
You and my cash are gone,
But the memory lingers on.
The date is ended
And my conscience seems to say,
Memory will pass away;
Take your loving while you may.
Then by the light of the moon
He took a joy-ride that ended too soon.
The moon descended
And I found with the break of dawn
You and my cash were gone,
But the memory lingers on.

Divorced are Prof. and Mrs. Low.
He said "Yes."
When she said "No."

Herman, the haberdashery hound, says: "It may be Leap Year for some folks, but it's just 1928 for me."

Gus, the D. U. dog, says: "Humans are certainly peculiar. Even their babies aren't housebroke."

Divorced are Mr. and Mrs. Riddent;
She liked twin beds,
But he didn't.

Shakespeare said, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." So does an educational exposition.

It's a wise man who "noes" his own daughter.

She was only the janitor's daughter but she swept him off his feet.

Owed to the Theta

Her eyes, they sparkle like bits of ice,
Those cheeks are like the snow,
Your lips are cold like a wintry blast,
The iceman told me so.

The something-or-other should be awarded the bird who entered the name "Old Crow" in the contest to select the national bird for Canada.

Blank Verse

From the crimson east, the sun
Rose with banner gold unfurled
While the co-ed from her bunk
Climbed with hair by fog uncurled.

She was only an iceman's daughter, but there was nothing cold about her.

Here lies Sir Thomas Duzzent;
He thought she was,
But she wuzn't.

Her father was an Osteopath, but she rubbed me the wrong way.

Senior: "I dreamt last night that I was in love with you."
Rookess: "Yes—"
Senior: "I dreamt I was going to marry you—"
Rookess: "Go on, please."
Senior: "And then I woke up."

Veronia, the wamp from Waldo says: "A dumbwaiter is the guy who asks a girl for a kiss and then waits for it."

Bill: "What did you say when the prof scolded you for napping in class?"

Bugs: "I told him he made 'Much Ado About Nodding'."

A girl I like
Is Sadie Loop
She never orders
More than soup.

ELIGIBLE NO. 6—JOHN LAVINDER

Despite the fact that his name conjures up visions of repose and moth balls John has been known to warm up on more than one perfectly nice davenport.

"What did the dean do about that scrape Anna was in?"

"Bandana."

Jack and Gill went up the hill
To get some eats you bet!
Jack cut himself on his razor blade—
Gillette.

"That's out," said Babe Ruth, as he fondly lifted another over the fence.

DELICATE WAYS TO REFUSE A LADY

1. Turn your face away. Never look a woman squarely in the eyes when saying no, or you won't. Then tell her you can never be more than a brother to her.

2. Tell her you always eat onions for dinner, and ride a bicycle around the room before retiring. You will not be troubled further.

3. Ask her to wait until you finish school, and men-
fifty thousand dollars. You will undoubtedly be asked to be best man.
tion causually that your roommate has just inherited

4. Take her out and shoot her.

ELIGIBLES NOS. 7 AND 8
J. F. PAGE AND HYMEN MELTZER
This space was reserved for the above Don Juan's but they were lured away to other campuses.

The Brute

He: "Can you sew, cook, and keep house?"

She: "Yes, indeed."

He: "Well, if the worst comes to the worst, you oughtn't to have any trouble finding a job."

Her father was a taxicab driver, but she brought me around.

The Prince of Wales may be down, but he is never licked.

Panhandler: "Say, buddy, could you lend me a quarter?"
Other: "Sorry, I'm a college student."
Panhandler: "Excuse me, here's two bits."

Suggested name for women's agricultural honorary: "Alpha Alpha."

Senior: "Hey Rook, where you goin' with my blanket?"
Rook: "Oh, I'm going to the library."

ELIGIBLE NO. 9—W. A. DAHLBERG
In Memoriam
He's a professional now.

This is Leap Year and a slip means a fall.

Reminds us of the time the boll weevils ran the rabbits to death trying to get cotton from their tails.

Hickory dickory dock,
A mouse ran up her sock.
Another was smarter
And stopped at her garter,
Hickory dickory dock.

"Maybe we should go back to the old days of boards of education."
"What's that?"
"The pine shingle."

On the bench on the lower campus there is a sign that reads: "Class of '03." Something must be wrong because you seldom see more than two there.

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"At the Jefferson Street Bumps"

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Remember your friends with Valentines that
Make 'em Laugh
Scads and oodles of 'em at
CORL'S BOOK STORE
Madison Street at Fifth

ELIGIBLE NO. 10—JACK FOLEY

That vanity on his upper lip might be useful to the housewife in the kitchen. Jack is another nice boy who will make an awfully sweet helpmate for some enterprising woman.

1928—the year that Leapin' Lena gets her man.

"Did you ever eat avacadoes?"
"No, I always eat off-a-plate."

Humpty-dumpty sat on a bench,
Spreading his line to a winsome wench.
And cups of black coffee, though numbering ten,
Couldn't make Humpty-dumpty cold sober again.

"Migosh Bill, why all the bandages? You must have been in an accident."

"Yea. The other day I leaned back in my chair and started to put my thumbs in the armholes of my vest. Well, I didn't have any vest on."

"How is Percy getting along in the work?"

"Fine. Already he has worked up to the position of right-hand man to a left-handed business executive."

You want a sprinter 'cause he's fast?
My dear, you've picked the wrong one.
A distance man is far the best—
He's better in the long run.

COLLEGE HILL GARAGE
Monroe Street at Twenty-first
Telephone 679

Had your nosebag of corn today?
THE CORN CRIB
College Hill

LOVE CONFESSIONS

Oh, my DEAR, I'm just all A-flutter. If it weren't such an UNGENTLEMANLY thing to do, I think I should FAINT! Really, I had NO idea such a THING could happen in this CIVILIZED day and AGE. It was THIS way. Here was I SAUNTERING along from the library to the ELECTRIC LUNCH in search of NOURISHMENT, when all of a SUDDEN I found myself ACCOSTED by one of these terrible CO-EDS! You know the KIND with hair lighter than it SHOULD be and a dozen scarfs sticking out from the EDGES of her leather coat. WELL, I stopped; NATURALLY I couldn't do MUCH else, being a GENTLEMAN, but wait for the WOMAN to speak. She did, not being tongue-tied, and HOW! MY dear, she LOOKED me straight in the EYE, and without turning an eyelash, said CALMLY, "Sir, I don't KNOW you, but think NOTHING of it. This is 1928, and an OPPORTUNITY like this won't come for ANOTHER four years. Will you let ME take you to the PROM?" Yes, REGINALD, she really DID! What? Why, I did THE only thing I could DO under the CIRCUMSTANCES — ran HOME as fast as I could AND hid under the BED!

ELIGIBLE NO. 11—VIC JOHNSON

He has been tried out and found potentially OK but in need of developing. (Note—Is willing to be developed). The third time may prove the charm.

The Red Hat—By Mike O'Arlen

(Apologies to Arneson)

Paul tore around the room, also at his hair. In the center of the room lay Arden, dead as a door-nail. "My God," cried Paul, "what shall I do with this corpse?" Tommy burst into the room and gasped at Arden lying there with a red hat on. "What have you done?" he shouted. "My God, who killed Arden?" "My God, I did," Paul answered. "But it is best—I married her and found out afterward that I have halitosis."

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FRESH and CLEAN
and ready to wear if sent to us
(A call will bring a driver)
CORVALLIS LAUNDRY
Telephone 542

COLLEGE REGULATION 97-R

Now that the open season for hunting husbands is upon us, it is well to call to mind certain rules and regulations which ought, but undoubtedly won't, be observed by all females who participate in the big man hunt.

1. Select three or four choice specimens to begin with. One or two will certainly fall by the wayside, and anyway it is easier to eliminate than to accumulate.

2. Find out if the subject is married, engaged or otherwise entangled. If he is, and the woman in question happens to be your roommate, you'd better drop him right there but if she isn't, or you don't mind being called a snake, pay no 'tention.

3. Approach him gently. Don't frighten him by your sudden advances. Above all be sure he doesn't realize he is the object of your designs.

4. Develop a line and then deny that you have one. Let him think you are innocent even if you aren't, and that he is the only man clever enough to really understand you. An appeal to his protective instinct is always good. (Ref., Gates, El. Psy., p. 213.)

5. Keep the telephone wire hot between your respective domiciles, and bombard him with cigarettes and candy. Be seen with him as much as possible. In this way, other people will naturally link your names together, and he will get used to the idea gradually.

6. Park him in the dark on the davenport or the front porch, and get one of the sisters to turn on the lights suddenly. At this you can shriek loudly and fall in his arms, which is the cue for the rest of the house to come pouring in with congratulations and best wishes.

If these simple rules fail to take effect, you are either too young and will have to wait another four years, or you are too old and there is no hope.

ELIGIBLE NO. 12—HIP DICKERSON

Very handy to have around at an afternoon tea—if the piano is to be moved. Otherwise keep him in the cellar on such occasions.

"To health thru vibration," reads the headline of an advertisement. Can it be that Henry is appealing to the public thru that medium? Now that the old Fords are gradually going out of circulation one would naturally expect the health of the nation to take a corresponding drop.

Rook: "Haven't I senior before?"

Rookess: "Maybe. Junior boy friend go to the prom last nite?"

ELIGIBLE NO. 13—OSCAR ARNBERG

He hopes. He is eligible on his own say-so but—. Is the kind you find marked down on the bargain counters in mid-summer removal sales.

AT THE ELECTRIC

She sat there silent
And apart.
The girl with the too red lips
And the white, white face
Like a Pierette mask
Musing she sighs
And orders a sandwich
Of hamburger.

He's one of the big men
Influential in politics
Sways people with his
Fiery editorials.
Docile over coffee
And maple squares
He tells how he
Hates Erskine's Adam and Eve.

That couple
Laughing over cokes
He said, last year,
She was gauche'
Unsophisticated.
He steps her now
I wonder is she—
Still unsophisticated?

Through the door comes
A small blonde
With angelic eyes; she
Pushes her purse
Across the counter for
A small thin package
From the case—when
No one is looking—
But me.

DOME
A MOUNTAIN
CLIMBED UP
A PILL
TO SMOKE
AND JILL
JACK

THE PACK
WAS OUT
BUT JACK
THE LOUT
HAD LEFT
THE MATCHES
HOME!

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Othello
Act II, Scene 3

"Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure"~

Mr. Othello was always very serious. Naturally, Mr. Shakespeare, writing for our day as well as his own, picked him to utter the remark above—a fitting caption for an opinion the United States Supreme Court was one day to hand down on Coca-Cola:

"The name now characterizes a beverage to be had at almost any soda fountain. It means a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community."

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

1-CM

Now is one of the most appropriate times of your life to give your portraits. The exchange of Cap and Gown portraits has long been an established obligation among class mates. Our new "Senior Special" is offered at an unusually low price made from your beaver negative.

THE BALL STUDIOS

Third at Jefferson Street

COLLEGE PHARMACY

Students' Drug Store

Fifteenth and Monroe Street Telephone 672

CENTRAL SHOE SHOP

Don Byland, Proprietor

353 Madison Street Corvallis, Oregon

An absent minded professor in a restaurant scratched his hotcakes and poured syrup down his back.

Mary: "What is the difference between wrestling and dancing?"

Jane: "I don't know, what?"

Mary: "In wrestling some holds are barred."

Leap Year will undoubtedly keep the men on the jump.

Tired voice from sleeping porch of sorority being serenaded by a not too hot bunch of musicians: "Stop we give up."

Old Gentleman: "So you have a new job, have you Rastus?"

Rastus: "Yas suh. Two six bits a day."

Old Gentleman: "That is quite a bit of money for you isn't it Rastus?"

Rastus: "Well, not exactly boss. You see I make six bits in the morning and six bits in the afternoon. Two six bits a day."

Solomon at the "Mike"

Being the Bedtime Advice of Sol to His Thousandth Son

(Apologies to Mrs. Solomon)

List you, my son, e'er you depart into the paths of the world that are beset by Women, and OTHER difficulties. For it is well that you know thy danger, although I well know that you will scorn my advice and even as you fall realize thy folly yet hasten it as the moth hurls itself at the flame. For the folly of today becomes the sorrows of tomorrow.

* * * *

Offspring, question not whence I have learned of the secrets of Woman—are not a thousand wives enough to make any man wise since woman tells her **own secrets** as well as everyone else's; the combined secrets of a thousand almost form a criterion of the species.

* * * *

Verily, verily, I say unto ye, a wife is not such a bad thing. She may be taught a number of useful things, such as building the fire of a morning, mending holes in thy sox, and bringing the morning paper to thy bed of a Sunday.

* * * *

For indeed, most any man can **almost** support himself; and a wife should be able to help a **little bit.**

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Collegiate Apparel a Specialty

The Daylight Store Crees Building

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WHY?

SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

227 North Third Street Telephone 41

Truly, some discomfort with a woman is more to be desired than eating in a restaurant all thy days.

* * * *

One man's follies are as like as another's and one man's sorrows as fleeting.

* * * *

But one woman's words are as multiple as another's and one woman's ways are as puzzling for women be like the hero of Bret Harte's lines, namely: "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain . . . "

* * * *

Know ye then, pride of my 800th wife, that a woman flirts through the joy of having men at her feet, while a man doeth likewise through the pure joy of the game itself. Hence, man enjoys the means and woman the result.

* * * *

For, oh my son, a man who would truly make ONE woman believe that he is in earnest must believe so himself when he says it; but in his saner moments he should "be himself." Such a man may be king among women and vassal to none.

* * * *

Know ye, then, that the heart of woman is like unto the teepee of a brave of the Sioux tribe. It is bedecked with the scalps of her past loves, while that of a man is like the shore of a mighty ocean lashed by the waves of flauntings of lost loves yet each time managing to weather the storm.

* * * *

Regarding kissing, I would caution you, mine posterity, never to worry concerning the noses—they are always present but never seem to be in the way.

* * * *

Behold, I say unto thee, he that kisseth a woman and telleth her that she is the first one he hath ever kissed committeth a social error.

* * * *

And another thing, never put on paper when writing to a damsel, anything you would not tell over the radio, for the courts of the land be full of just such errors and BRITCHES of promise SUITS.

* * * *

Take ye my word for it, that though there is no law agin it, there ought to be,—against a woman being fat. Rotundity is a characteristic that should be restricted to barrels, butterballs and Irvin S. Cobb.

* * * *

And while we are on the subject of Woman, my son, unsheath thine ears to this—when thou weddest a woman, think not that thou hast secured her for keeps and that thy task is ended; for a man must make love to his wife all the days of her life.

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Third and Madison Streets
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Figure It Out Yourself

If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how much will a dollar and a half every week and a half at three and a half per cent interest compounded half yearly amount to at the end of your college course, if it is regularly deposited in the savings department of this bank?

Figure it out for yourself and you will find that the sum total will amount to enough to help you start in some business for yourself, where you can use the knowledge you have acquired to the best advantage.

The idea is well worth putting into practice. Just try it out and see if it isn't.

BENTON COUNTY STATE BANK

Where Your Savings Are Safe

It is all very well to tell a woman the combinaton to thy heart but keep thy valuables locked in a safety deposit vault in the bank.

* * * *

A man will save a woman's life because it is THE THING to do according to tradition; but it is another to get him to allow his mother-in-law to dwell in his castle.

* * * *

And may the Lord have mercy on you when a woman begins to urge thee to wear rubbers, for thy days should then be given over to saving toward the ultimate solitaire.

* * * *

Concerning the state of bachelordom it is an excellent refuge to which ye may flee, without loss of dignity, after women have repeatedly turned thee down. For they will point at thee and say, "There is one unattainable." While to the OTHER they will look with derision, exclaiming, "What a WASHOUT, he can't find anyone who will have him."

* * * *

Try not, therefore, to understand woman. For with understanding comes familiarity, and familiarity leads to contempt. Better it is to accept them as they are, suffer their ways, and rejoice that the law forbids polygamy.

It is in the beginning that the Lord made woman, and fashioned her of the finest materials, namely a male rib, gave her wondrous hair, swan-like grace, divine eyes, lovely complexion, delicate ears, satin skin, and along came the Devil and gave her a tongue and spoiled the whole works.

* * * *

For, thou Son, ye may meet many women and come to know them all but ye will not know the next one ye meet nor the next. While one woman will know ye at first glance though she has known but one man before and that her father.

* * * *

I suggest, oh gift of my wife number 800, that thou buy thyself a placard on which thou shalt inscribe: "Here I Am Woman, Come, Thou Mayest Have Me," and hang it upon thyself. Then and then only wilt thou be safe for the things that woman may readily have she wants not but passeth by.

* * * *

And fool that thou art, as I was before thee and my father was, and my father's father was, yea even back unto infinity, thou will quickly hurl the placard aside and eagerly wait for a line whereupon thou wilt swallow all, the bait of love, the hook of matrimony and the line of the woman.

* * * *

SO HELP ME HANNAH.

DON'T WORRY

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30x3½ cords $5.75, tube $1.50

29x4.40 balloons $7.50, tube $1.95

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Well ! *Well !!*

Didju Get Left?

Volume XXII Beaver

Shepard Hall **Telephone 400**

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