ORANGE OWL

VOL. III NO. 4

OREGON
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
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HARD TIMES NUMBER!

"Everything a Student Wants"

LET'S DROP IN THE

CO-OP

BETWEEN HOURS

Our Fountain Specialties
Will Make You More Fit
for Your School Work

O. A. C. Co-Operative Association

Your Institution

The Orange Owl

VOL. III. Corvallis, Oregon, March, 1922 NO. 4

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Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

When the staff's hard up for copy,
And the old think tank's gone dry;
When your head's becomin' rocky
In the fight to "just get by;"
When the old morale 's a-droopin';
When the whole darn world 's gone wrong,
When the bills come in a-whoopin'
And you sing your own swan song—
When the germ of thought starts burnin'
And you can't dope out the game,
Then just start the worm a-turnin'—
And for Gawd's sake drop the dame!

☘ ☘ ☘

If Rome-os for what Juli-et, does Othell-o for what Shake-speares?

☘ ☘ ☘

Mother: "You must always wipe your feet off before you come into the house, Johnny."

Johnny: "But, mother, I only have two of them."

☘ ☘ ☘

Fortune had cast its roseate light on him. He was rich, wealthy in this world's goods. No longer need he slave for a mere pittance. He embraced his wife and told her the glad news.

"You won't have to live in this old shack any longer. We'll have a town house and a country estate. And you can have some decent clothes, dear."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Alonzo," she replied, hotly. "I'll wear just the same sort of clothes that the other women are wearing."

Collars Hosiery

CALL 4413

THE COLLEGE PRESSERY

And Let Us Fix That Suit Which Has Begun to Show Signs of Hard Times

All Kinds of Altering
Cleaning and Pressing

We Have Sold Many Suits to Students This Year. Come In and Look Over Our Spring Samples

Handkerchiefs Ties

SPEAKING ABOUT HARD TIMES

The owl's foresight is better than its hindsight

Feather Your Nest by Banking with

CORVALLIS STATE BANK

"The Friendly Bank"

BLACKLEDGE'S

PIONEER FURNITURE DEALERS

The Store That Saves You Money

South Second

Get an O. A. C. Memory Book for Your Kodak Photos at

BERMAN'S DRUG STORE

One of the Few First Run Theatres Out of Portland

Always a Well Balanced Program

We Book Our Big Pictures on Week-Ends so Students Can See Them. Every Thought Given to Our Student Patrons. You Like Us Better the More You Come

"Do You Say that Your Hens 'Sit' or 'Set?' asked the Precise Pedagog of the Busy Housewife.

"It Never Matters to Me What I Say," was the Quick Reply. "What Concerns Me is to Learn, When I Hear the Hen Cackling, Whether She is Laying or Lying."

The "Hen" Doesn't Bother Most of You Young Men

Its the "Chickens" that Interest You Most

We Know that if You Buy new Hart-Schaffner Spring Suits, a Pair of Florsheim Oxfords, Eagle Shirt, Veck Collar, Cheney Tie, You Can "Sit" or "Set" Beside the Finest "Chicken" and Without "Lying" Tell Her the Story that You Never Could Tell Before.

Clothes After All are an Expression of Taste and Refinement Rather than Wealth and Prodigality. Fortunately our Clothes are not Expensive. Just Try Us When You are Ready to "Dress Up."

J. M. Nolan & Son

"I dreamed about you last night."

"What didya dream?"

"I dreamed you were a blanket and I threw you over."

☘ ☘ ☘

Coleridge Up to Date

Bills, bills, everywhere,
And all my cash did shriek.
Bills, bills, everywhere,
And never a receipt.

☘ ☘ ☘

Jim, to his cousin Jack: "Say, Jack, has the Lord got an automobile?"

Jack: "No. Why?"

Jim: "Well, yesterday when I passed the church, heard the congregation singing, 'The Lord went up on high.'"

☘ ☘ ☘

Nude: "What's all the noise in your room?"

Stude: "Just making up a sound argument for my prof."

☘ ☘ ☘

"Hey, what's a catalogue?"

"Know what a monologue is?"

"Yeh."

"A dialogue?"

"Yeh."

"Well I heard a catalogue last night."

☘ ☘ ☘

"Give him the other barrel," warbled the garbage man.

☘ ☘ ☘

Golden was the sunset,
Golden was the opportunity,
Golden was the girl, and
Golden was the check she held in her hand.

Try Sally Ann Bread

A Delight With Every Slice

ASK YOUR GROCER

It was a winter dreary, in a dance I trudged on weary,
O'er many a slip and blunderous step upon my woman's toe—
While I sweated, nearly tripping, suddenly I felt a gripping,
As of something ripping—ripping as some trousers go.
" 'Tis my shirt," I guess, that's ripping, as I rise and start to go—
Thank God! I spake so low.

I consistently endeavor in that black December weather
And each separate music number wrought a slip upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished an ending—when upon a sudden bending
Heard some thread of 'portance tending, lending sorrow for the bending
For the rare and radient tearing of the pants of foreign making
Was the beginning of the ending.

As the pretty maid was flirtin' heard the threads and felt uncertain
Stilled me—killed me with fantastic terror, never felt before;
As the drummer still was beating and a prayer I was repeating
Heard again a gentle ripping as was heard the dance before—
A prayer I was repairing in a barrel, I said and swore,
Oh! Never, nevermore!

☘ ☘ ☘

Four bits here,
Four bits there,
It won't be long
Till my back is bare,

☘ ☘ ☘

A goof is a man who puts a can of O'Cedar on his mop; and chases wild women on a bicycle.

Our Malted Milks Are Noted — **Light Lunches Served**

THE PASTIME
FOR
BILLIARDS AND POOL

Under the Julian Hotel — **Wagner Bros.**

Ignorance Is Bliss...

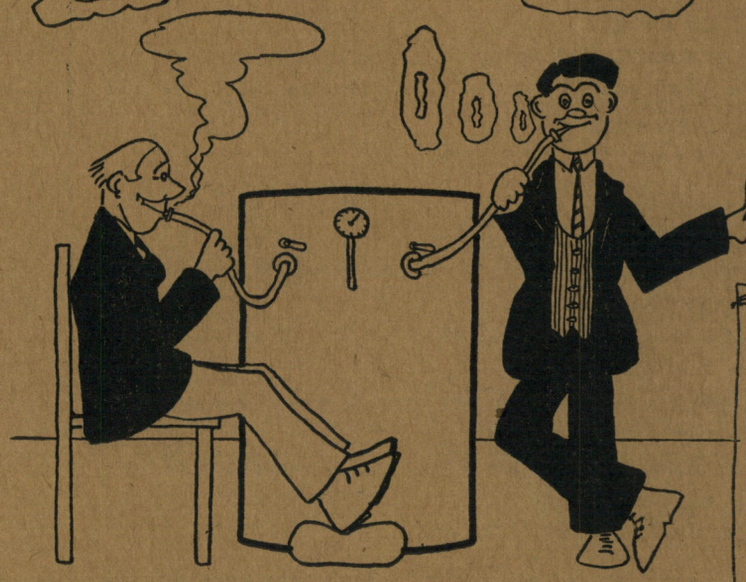
Are You Happy ?

You Won't Be if You Miss the ORANGE OWL

Sam's, Gerhard's, Co-op, Varsity Sweet Shop, and Rich's in Portland

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

THE LOVE NUMBER NEXT



THESE HARD TIMES

Above — E. Conomy who carries his shoes to save leather.

At the right — Snipe furnace. Snipes are collected, burned, and piped to smoke tank where smoke is consumed when needed

Below — Three Degrees of Hard Times.

— Gilbert

Doctor of Side door Pullmans

Bachelor of Brake-rods

Master of Backdoor Technique

HARD TIMES

6 a. m.—When the alarm goes off sharply.
8 a. m.—When the Prof. asks the only question you couldn't answer in the lesson.
10 a. m.—When it rains and your umbrella is home (for girls only).
12 m.—When you have beans, or macaroni, for lunch.
2 p. m.—When you have a three hour lab. class and there is a good show down town.
4 p. m.—When you start home late and miss the little only who was to meet you after class.
6 p. m.—When you are late to dinner and get fined.
8 p. m.—When you start to study for the first time this term and your roomie feels talkative.
10 p. m.—When the Library closes.
11:29 p. m.—Friday or Saturday night—When you are down town with a dollar in your pocket and on your arm and an eats bill for ninety cents.

Hard Time Flees

Two little fleas together sat
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat
Since my old dog is dead.

I've traveled long from place to place,
And further will I roam,
But the first darn dog that shows his face
Will be my home sweet home."

FOR EXAMPLE—!

Ed spends all his money;
I know where it goes;
The Volstead act has never dimmed
The light on Eddie's nose!

The grave digger has a love song,
He sings when he goes to woo.
His little ditty goes like this:
"I'll move the earth for you!"

"Hard times come again no more,"
Is a song they sang of yore.
They don't sing that song today
For hard times are here to stay.

"This life's too hard for me,"
The defeated candidate cried.
"I wish I were a canned sardine,
With friends on every side."

Al: "These sure are hard times.
Ben: "Why?"
Al: "I lost a fine umbrella yesterday."
Ben: "Did you forget it some place?"
Al: "No; I met the owner and he recognized it."

The great moment: When my Sheik puts his sheek next to my sheek!

5.22-28
gdB

Parliamentary Procedure

Question: "How long are the hairs on a hair net?"
Question on the question: "Lineal or temporal?"
Move to lay on the table!

Hunki (back from college): "Will you condescend to permit me to place the sacred wreath of matrimony on your fair brow?"

Dory (overawed and in the dark): "What if I don't know how?"

Fair Helen: "Don't you ever dream of me, Archie?"

Dusky Achilles, (very bored and fast falling asleep): "Yes, I believe I am right now."

Reformer (severely): "Reading maketh a full man."

Stude. (both ways): "Yesh, readin' th' labelsh on empty bottlesh."

Co.: "Jack thinks he is a devil with the women, but he is as tame as a buffalo on a nickel."

Ed.: "Yeh, he hasn't had a date since Sitting Bull was a calf."

That Fraternal Spirit

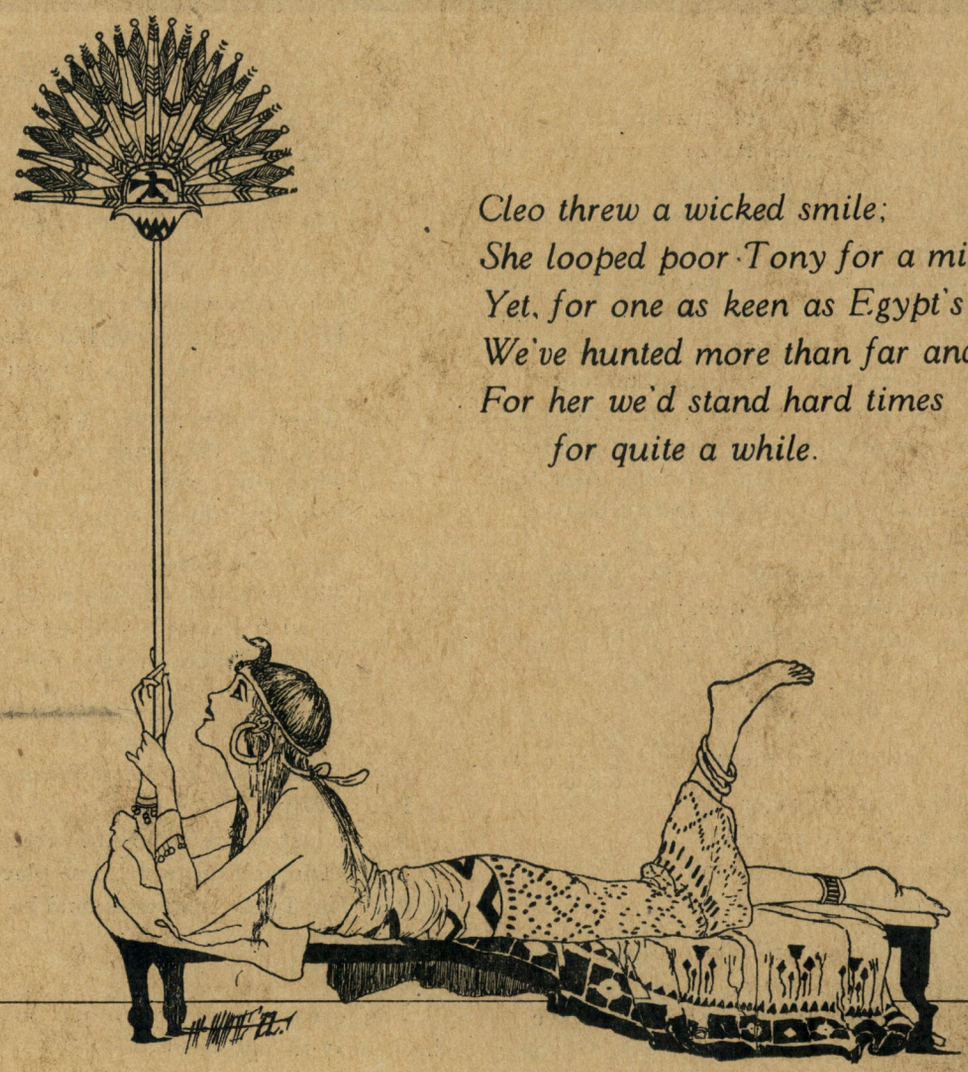
Little Tommy Tucker
Sings at his supper.
Nothing much to sing about
But hash and bread and butter.

Why does he sing so?
Why so full of glee?
Litle Tommy Tucker
Loves his fraternity.

Alpha: "In these hard times we have affectionate pie at our house."

Beta: "Yeah?"

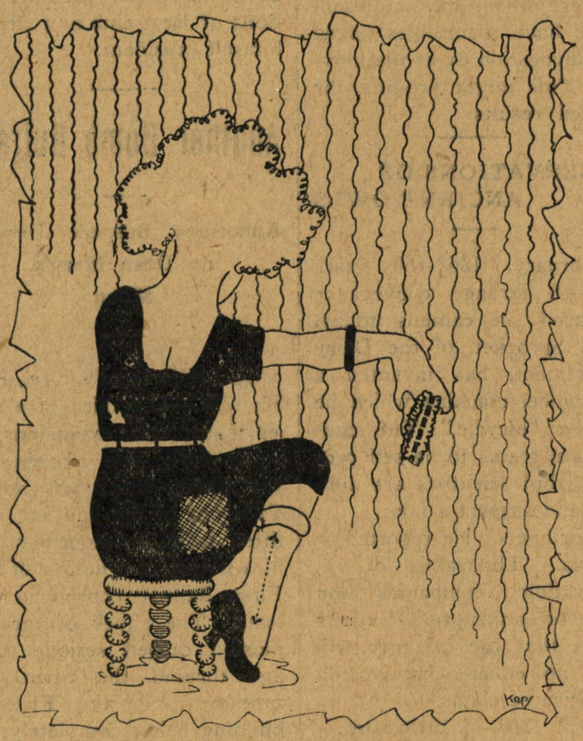
Alpha: "Yeah. The upper and lower crusts are stuck on each other."



Cleo threw a wicked smile;
She looped poor Tony for a mile,
Yet, for one as keen as Egypt's pride
We've hunted more than far and wide,
For her we'd stand hard times
for quite a while.

These Is Sure Hard Old Times These Days Says Lena Laid

Day before yesterday as i was patchin my garters which is old rose and supports me when i work and when i rest i started to think again how expensiv it is to live today. Mr. MacTemish on my floor said that every time a person brethed they burned the food they ate which kep them warm. Why don't we eat coal its cheaper i said to him but he only laffed and said he wished he could. As i started to think how expensive it is to breth even—our chest moves up and down and wears out our cloths against our ribs and the skinny people wears faster and they cant afford to eat so much becaus they cost so much to wear and i wonder they dont starve to deth. Then when our chest moves it burns up the food and the smoke comes out when we brethe and we have no chimley and are apt to get a flue fire. Mr. MacTeemish said that in the days before eden they never wore any clothes nor paid any rent. I bet all they had to worry them was the cost of food which is enormus for shrimp salad that has only one shrimp hiding some where in a bale of cabage. Then maybe the milk bottles were larger because they weren't so brainy to think up these small ones and how to take the cream out of the milk. Maybe the bakerys didn't charge like a fizz bottle for some cheap buns. Then the thot came to my now unhappy brain of how many things we could save money on—for instants hair nets could be saved and used to stuff pillows or made to detache so you could snap them off or on with the electricity when you have your gentleman frend callin'. Then we could cut our hair like the men or bobb it for those who wanted to save the cost of combing and shampooing it. We could wear cloths like the mens also and then they could be simple also with a few flounces or gathers and some lace around the bottoms and tops of the pants, to show it was a woman. I'll bet they would get a kick outa foolin each other more than now.



"I was patchin' my garters."

Mr. MacTeemish knows all about the high cost of everything and garters an he says every day millions go to waiste. He says in the items of the shoes, hose, garters and hair nets not to mention the all that comes between, the loss is enormus. Now i thot why cant the sidewalks be made of leather and rubber and then every one will be charged the same for shoe leather, rubber heels and we could all walk bear footed and we could sole our shoes with taxes. Hose could be painted on our limbs and we could express our thots like the great painter Wells Fargo. We could have a dress that would be simple and cover them with studs like hobnails. Then we could arrange them so that the style would be in studs and then they would be put where the dress wears the most. They could be made of gold and they could have jewls in them and ought to wear for forty years. A colar could be made of cella loyd and have some water cullers go with them and a woman could paint a desine and be individul with only one neck and wash it off when ever she got tired of the same thing. Then they could have some cella loyd beads that could be painted in the same way. When it comes to the overhead expenses as hats, umbrellas and hair nets it could be done by wearing gold wire nets which would be like a crown or something and those with money would have jewls set in it. Then if the city would have some awning hung up over the streets which is dirty we wouldnt need any hats or umbrellas and the people would go in equal on it and call it a head tax.

Mr. MacTeemish was also telling of the sinetifik gents which are brainy that they would soon have things so that you could get a square meal in a tablet. Then we could save all the money going to waiste. If we wanted to eat a box of candy we could just swallow a brown pill and then say I've had so much candy im sick. Or you could eat your dinner while seeing a movie at the noon hour. Then this way we wouldn't wear out our teeth and dentists would have to be pill makers to get a living, except for gum and then it could be made condensed so that all one would do when they were chewing it was to shivver the teeth a little and no one could see that your teeth were moving. Seems to me these sinetific people could do a lot to help us working people make both ends meat.

Weather: Bad Enough. Will Probably Be Worse.

The Early Riser

Hot News with Your Hot Cakes

"A Kick in Every Step"

Subscription: 1 bale of hay—We need it for the Bull.

NO. 1,000. .0012 Year

GREAT SPRING DRIVE IS ON

Candidates Now Lining Up for Official Honors. Secret Organizations Hold Meetings

Oregon Agricultural College Mar. 46, 1323.—(Special)—According to latest reports, several highly esteemed students have withdrawn from the shell of conservatism and dignity and are going about the campus shaking everybody's hand and smiling a forced but cordial smile.

This, and the approach of spring, can mean but one thing: these students aspire to become prominent before the next election.

Think, however, of the hard work connected with becoming popular! Countless reams of the finest gauze and gallons of Sloan's Liniment will not assuage the pain in the old right arm after a handshaking expedition. And the wrinkles in the face from an over-dose of smirks! Why become old before one's time?

It is also believed that meetings are being held sub rosa and in the dark of the night by certain cliques desirous of obtaining notoriety for their members.

A student, whose name is not worth mentioning as he does not expect to run for anything, has perfected an idea that tends to eliminate all the discomfort and inconvenience contemporary with blossoming forth in the public eye. He suggests that each aspirant secure a number of soap boxes and erect them in suitably prominent places. All he would then have to do would be to hire an equal number of men, who looked exactly like him, to stand on the boxes and loudly repeat his name.

If this idea fails in its little mission in publicity, we would suggest that the aforesaid gents have themselves paged at convocation or at the movies. This might produce the desired results.

OBSERVATIONS OF ANCIENT OWLS

February, 1862—60 years ago.—A strange conveyance appeared on campus today. Prof. Sprocket, of the Dairy department, has invented a two wheel machine which he calls a "bicycle." The contraption seems to be self propelled, but scientists are dubious and suspect a fake.

Shortage of ice reported in Siberia. Thousands of refrigerating companies on verge of bankruptcy. Experts assert that the calamity will have no effect whatever on the price of clams.

April, 1863—A little later.—Dean of Women passes new ordinance prohibiting students from bathing in large lake on lower campus. A tag sale will be held to raise funds to remove the two bath houses and tear down the piling around the beach.

No trace has yet been found of John Jones, who fell into a manhole on Second street last Thursday. Friends believe he was unable to see the manhole, as he had left his glass eye in his other pants.

Overland stage reached Albany this morning via Columbia highway and the Panama canal, bringing a cargo of typewriters and soap.

Former Student Returns

Morris Chare, 1916 graduate in C. E. is visiting the campus for a few days. He has been conducting a life insurance campaign in the New Hebrides. Chare is known locally as a man who founded the Sons of Rest club and elected himself president.

Another Bomb Outrage

Auhorities Suspect Designs on Dean Mary's Moon

CORNWALLIS, Ore., Feb. 32, 1723.—The third of a series of suspicious explosions occured early this morning in the Chem. shack gas house. The roof of the building was lifted from its moorings and blown thru a window of the First Baptist church in Albany. The shock of the explosion caused serious damage thruout the town, the pipe-ogran in the Forestry building being completely demolished and a cat in Sam Elliot's pool hall contracted a bad case of nerves.

The theory is that a group of the more common element, known locally as "Fussers," have been using Dean Mary's Moon as an objective for long range guns, with the gas house as a base.

The Moon has long been a source of annoyance to the "fussers," as it casts a brilliant and penetrating light over many popular places on the campus.

It is thought that an organized attempt is being made to remove the moon and has been frustrated so far by premature explosions of the guns.

Hag Fair Success

Stupendous Production Satisfied. Everybody Pleased

CORNWALLIS, Ore., Feb, 34, 1597.—One of the season's most important functions, held for the benefit of the Hag Reculture students, was given in the ball room of the Armory last night.

The room was attractively decorated in crepe de chine, and moleskins with a streamer effect on a background of cornflakes. Several candelabra furnished a sufficiently soft light and lent an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue to the whole affair.

Elys Lykell, a prominent freshman, led the grand march and started the joyous merrymaking.

During the intermission, while the orchestra was attempting to tune up, Prof. Imanoff L. Windbag gave a short talk on his latest theme, "The susceptibility of the Indo-Chinese to mumps." His lecture was very well taken but lost its effect as one of the cows, which was being used as a hat rack, brayed at an inopportune moment.

Following the shindig, the students repaired to the balcony, where a historic moving picture showing the evolution of the trysting tree was being displayed. The picture was delicately pathetic and out of focus. This concluded the evening's entertainment and the party broke up.

Gigantic run started on First National Bank of Alaska. Frenzied condition said to have caused by two leading citizens drawing out 42 yards of tallow candles.

Hard Lines

There, little rook, don't cry—
She has broken your date, I know;
And your pants are creased
And your locks are greased,
You are shaved and prepared to go.
But other co-eds are smiling nigh—
There, little rook, don't cry, don't cry!

Say, did any of you fellows ever get stuck on a wild rose?

First Inebriate: "Say, Bill, be careful how you handle this bus, or you will have us in the ditch."
Second ditto: "Me? Why I thought you was driving this Ford."

Elderly Lady: "Why does the ocean moan so?"
Tramp: "If you saw as much foam being blown over the bar as the ocean does you'd moan too."

Al: "You know that new girl of yours is a sweet kisser?"
Pal: "Yes, but how do you know?"
Al: "I had it from her own lips."

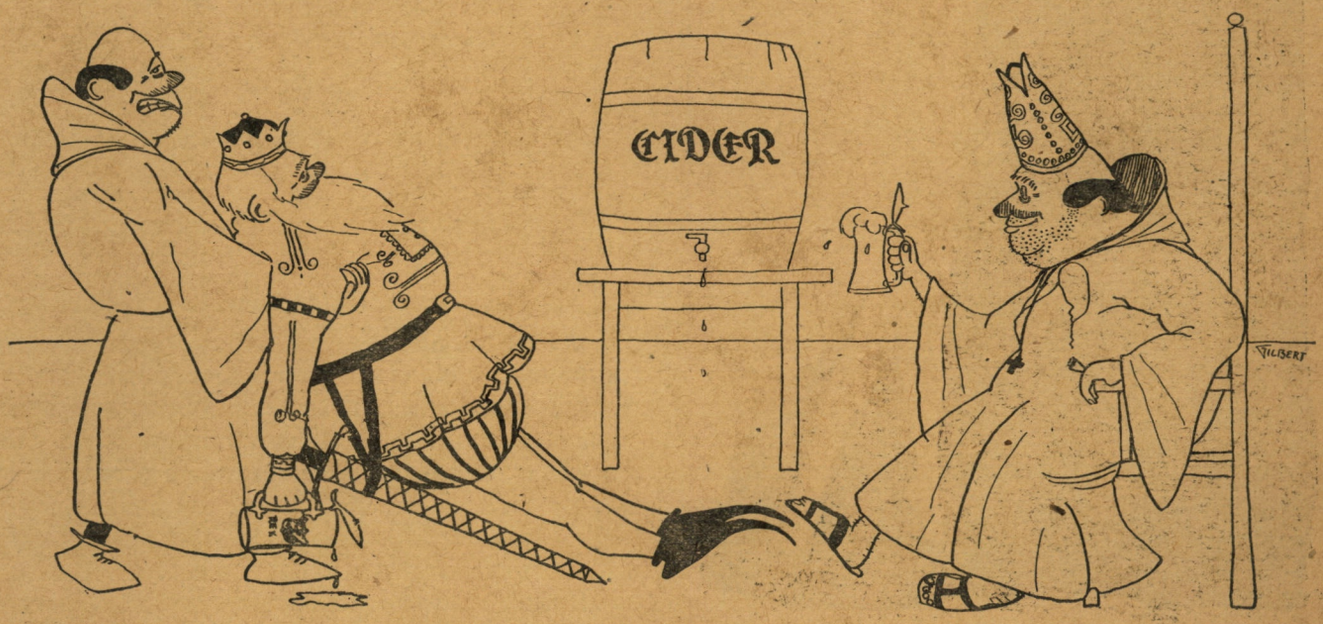
Alas, 'tis true. She took me for a sucker, and I forsooker.

Hard times in the garden. An unexpected frost has ruined Eve's wardrobe.

A girl no longer marries a man for better or for worse, so it seems, but rather for more or less.

Cross old lady: "Is there any hope, doctor?"
Doc Quinine: "Yes, for your son-in-law."

My hat is old and tattered,
My collar worn to shreds,
My elbows long have faced the cold
I look just like the Reds.
But just the same I'm happy,
I worry not a bit
For my neighbors all about me
By the same hard times are hit.



YE GOODE OLDE HARDDE TIMES

Banks Close to Save People's Money During These Hard Times

Times aint hard compared to if they was twice as hard, using Riley's expression. Take fer instance this town in which I'm a inhabitant, when times get hard—so do the people. Ole Hardshell Hones sweeps up his tracks and preserves them fer future use. Our daily paper is printed on a shingle nowadays, all credit's due to the editers crusty mind, he says, "take a two years subscription and you can shingle your house, start a toothpick factory or have a new paddle each day to shingle your kids with."

Grandpa McToothbrush is now touring on crutches; he claims that wood is cheaper than shoe leather. N'down at the general store, the owner says the imagination is cheaper than wood, so he painted the stove red and put a candle in it to thro light thru the cracks and in place of the usual cracker box, he has placed a box of chittem bark.

Dad won't let ma use any more of his tobaccer to put in her trunk to keep the moths out of the clothes. He says heez having hard enough time smoking now, using half tobaccer and half asbestos. When sister's beau comes nowadays, they set in the dark as usual but her beau won't let her sit on his lap. He claims that its too hard on clothes, so they both stand up and look out of the window at the milk man as he stops each evening at our pump to fill his milk bottles. Our chickens don't lay like they aught, guess they think its too hard on the nests or the nests are too hard to lay on.

The artist couldn't afford any more ink.

The village poet's last poem is, "I've hitched my flivver to a star." I knowed if tires kept going up, some duffer would think of that. Our village cop has gone back to nature so that he can save on clothes, now he lays in ambush for violators of the law. The village surgeon is saving all the parts that he cuts out of people, he says that some day he'll have enough to make another man. Our wild Romeo no longer plunks his banjo under fair Juliet's window—they had to get married so as to save banjo strings and wear and tear on their hearts. And the real estate man no longer throws the "bull' each day at the general store—the bull died of starvation—every body used him but none fed him. But take it like an old shirt, times aint hard compared to if they was twice as hard.

These Hit Us

Into the attic, go and get
What old clothes you have there.
Sew on a patch where they are worn,
And wear them everywhere.
For patches, they are honorable,
And many you will see;
They very plainly are a sign
Of genteel poverty.

Our idea of a goof: The drab pianist who inquires of the trap drummer, "Do you play in three flats?"

Hard Lines

My sister once went out with a wood-hauler, who in the cool of the evening made love to her. My, how he squeezed her and loved her! When she got home that night, there were so many splinters in her shoulders that mother, thinking she was a porcupine, shot her.

I call my shoulders bandits, for they hold my dresses up.

"Why is Gerald so tiresome?"
"His father fought in the Boer War."

Fussing About Money

This fussing business is bad enough,
But of course it could be worse;
If it's a show, a dance and a feed to boot
'Tis tuf on a slender purse.

Figures don't lie.

"I'll say they don't," said the student as he walked along the bathing beach.

Beside the wood he stopped to park,
His engine fiercely knocking.
She asked him to retard his spark—
It certainly was shocking!

"Before six cylinder cars came into use, a trotting horse always sounded good to me."

"How's that?"

"It always hit on four."

A WOMAN REFORMER

Advice to a Girl Who is Gun-Shy

Go with a soldier and you will get used to having arms around you.

A fool proposes; woman supposes; marriage composes; divorce exposes.

Pat: "I had a letter from Mike yesterday and he surely is getting along fine."

Dinty: "How's that?"

Pat: "He said that every morning the warden gave him his pick."

Thought on H. T.

Money is the root of all evil. Give us more of the root.

HARD GUYS

Here's to the miner,
That rough, ready man,
Who chases the shiner
With rocker and pan.
He never goes fussin'
The rip-roarin' lout,
But thrives on the cussin'
Dean Newton hands out.

Here's to the forester,
Wild, woolly nut,
Who hails from the realm of
The tall and uncut;
Snoose chewin' chunk-bucker
With swagger and bray,
When he meets with a mucker
There's Hades to pay.

When a woman falls it is most often because of her desire to please the one she loves—not because of her own desire.

She threw a wicked powder puff
And showed a dimpled knee;
He fell for it like Adam did—
Now buys her hosierie.

Bus Driver: "We call this grade "Dollar Hill."

Sight Seer: "What is the reason, my man?"

Bus Driver: "Because it's so hard to make!"

Peppy Page for Pure People

Little Johnny Bed-Bug

Those who are buggy,
And enjoy bug tales
Will enter the land
Where the bed-bug hales.
Of course—as you know—
We all despise bugs,
And that was the case
With Asthma Ruggs.

Now, Asthma Ruggs
Was the old fashioned kind
Who always went wild
At a startled find.
And sure enough—
After all was still—
Little Johnny bed-bug
Started the thrill.

As little Johnny
Began to snoop
His sixth-sense told him
He'd caught the croup,
And with a hoarse
But healthy cough
He shook Asthma's bed,
And she fell off.

With a thump and thud
She struck the floor
With such a force
It jarred the door;
And there she sat
With eyes all blank
Upon the carpet
Where she sank.

With a puzzled look
She turned her head,
But in her eyes
Was a look of dread—
With a cry and a start
She was on her feet,
And poor little bed-bug—
He smelled defeat.

Now, Asthma Ruggs
Was a queer old maid.
She very seldom
Was afraid.
But what had happened,
This very nite,
Had surely filled
Her full of fright.

"Hard times don't bother me,"
Quoth the rook, "Tho busted,
I just got my hair cut free,
And my trousers dusted."

"Glad to meet you," said the auto to the train at the crossroads.

Procrastination is the thief of time.
Moral: Leave your watch at home.

Late to bed and early to rise
Marks a student in most teacher's eyes.

"Wind the phonograph, Johnnie. It's running down.
"Running down, nothing. That's the latest hit."

"Digging a hole, my man?"
"Nope. Digging the dirt and leaving the hole."

What is it that you sit on, lie on, and brush your teeth with? A chair, a bed, and a toothbrush. (Now we must all laugh.)

"Have you seen Casto?"
"Casto who?"
"Casto Roil."

Nut: "What's a cap with an "e" on it?"
Nuttier: "I dunno."
Nut: "A cape." Ha! Ha!

"Goodbye, sweetness," said the fly as he flew away from the sugar.

"The flavor lasts," exultantly ejaculated the man as he downed a dose of castor oil.

Soph: "Say, rook, Do you see that box labeled 'jokes' ?"
Rook: "Sure, I see it."
Soph: "Well, go over there and crawl into it."

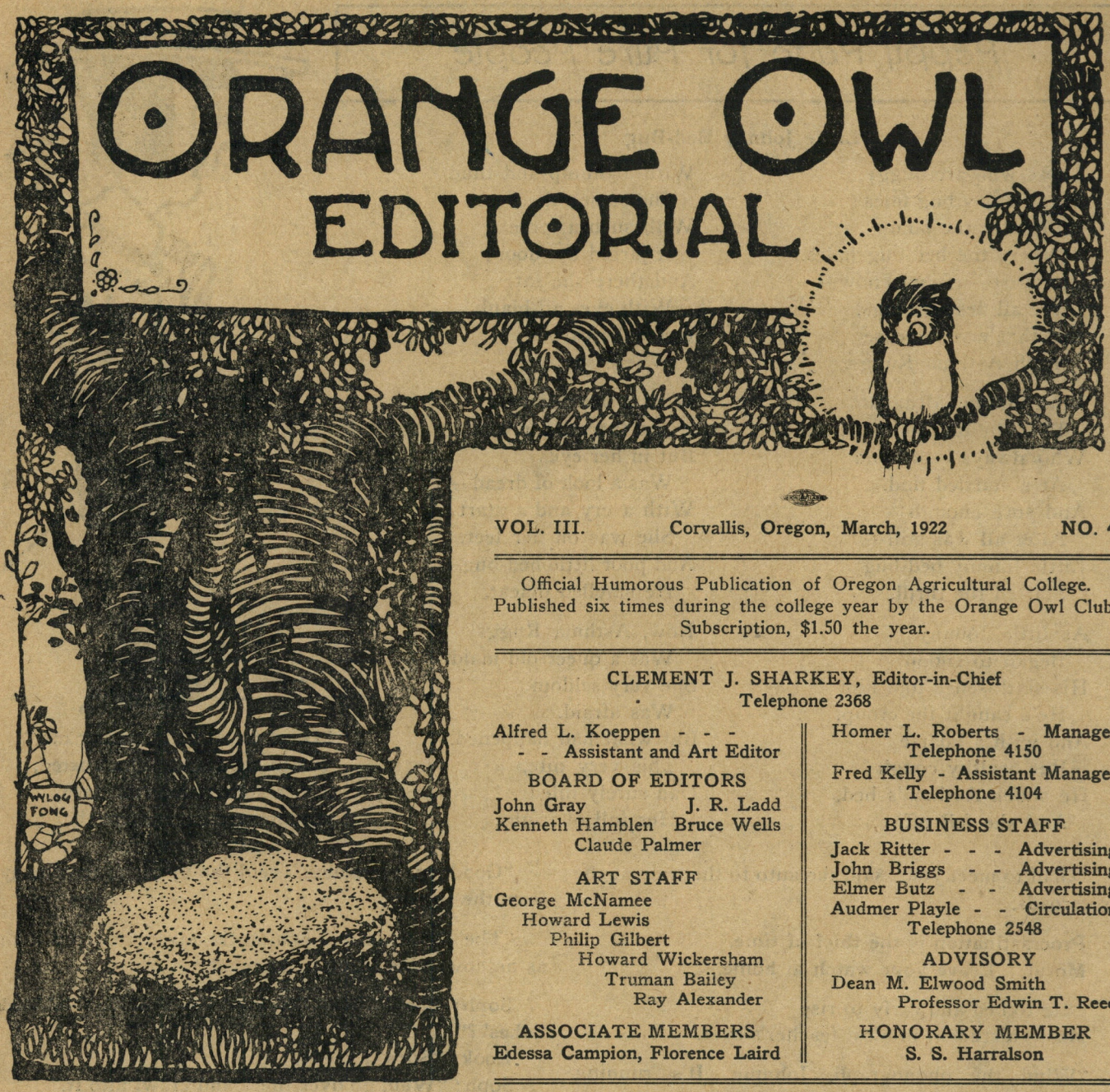
"I can't live without you," said the man as his head was blown off by a charge of dynamite.

"Why can't a bicycle stand alone?"
"'Cause it's two-tired."

First Hobo: "Say Tobie, what am a wampus cat?"
Second Ditto: "Lemme see; oh, yes, them be cattywampus."

The strength of a kiss is measured by its length.

Voice over phone: "Hello, is Mrs. Jones in?"
Maid (dumb bell variety): "No, she has gone out."
Voice: "Tell her to call me when she returns."
Maid: "All right. Good by."



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CLEMENT J. SHARKEY, Editor-in-Chief
Telephone 2368

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THE Wise Old Bird wishes to congratulate Idaho on being awarded the Coast basket-ball championship on the percentage of the games they won. O. A. C. was a very close competitor for the honor, and for a time there was serious doubts as to whom it would be given. Next year the Old Bird hopes a repetition of this sort will be avoided by the proper arrangement of the schedules for basket-ball. The O. A. C. team has had a very successful season and is to be congratulated for the wonderful showing they made. We are proud of them. Next year—we are all this way. We no sooner finish a season than we plan for the next year and make our primises. Such a spirit is indomitable!

THE Wise Old Bird never knew times were quite so hard as this issue would lead one to think. Let us continue and tell you of the fable that was told to us when we were very young. Aesop told it some thousand years ago and it still fits the case. A wagon driver with a load of faggots became mired and his oxen could not pull him out. He beat them and swore at them in the cuss words of the day. Finally, blue in the face and miles from the nearest bootlegger, he finally decided to pray to Hercules, the god of strength. After much supplication, Hercules answered his prayer, saying to him: "You lazy fellow, get your shoulder to the wheel before you call for help." Much could be deduced from this childish fable, but it stands as a self-evident fact that the only way to nulllify the hard times cry of the present day is to get your shoulder to the wheel; produce seven percent more than capacity; and you won't have the opportunity to notice the hard times nor to hear the talk concerning the present business depression.

THE Wise Old Bird flew through the Chinese quarter of a big city one night, where much admiration was being shown a Chinese miss whose feet were bound so tight that walking was difficult. The whole aspect of this quarter was very odd, the queues, the head dresses, the ornaments, and living conditions. The music coming from a joss house was the combined effort of twenty squeals and a scale of six notes to the octave. Strange, thought the Wise Bird! Continuing on his journey he arrived in the Latin quarter and there noticed in this melting pot of the nation a peculiarity in the modes of dress and conduct, a jargon of tongues and music of strange harmony by strange instruments. "What strange people these are," thought the Wise Old Bird. "They must not be able to understand our higher type of civilization, our clothes, and manners of dress. Our examples should show them the correct way to live. 'Tis strange!"

Straightway he flew on toward an old house of a past generation. Perched on the gable near the Wise Bird was another Owl of apparent antiquity. After the pleasantries of an informal meeting, the Wise Bird suddenly asked his new acquaintance why he chose as his home this quaint old house with its outlandish trimmings of iron, the frescos at the corners and the gables and turrets as of the medieval baron's castle. The yard with its quaint shrubs, the iron deer on the lawn and the peculiar looking fence around the property. "Outlandish!" He snorted. "Quaint!" He snorted louder in his disgust. "Pardon, Father," the Wise Bird demurred apologetically, "I did not mean any insult—I'm curious and unsophisticated." The venerable acquaintance, somewhat mollified by the apology, addressed himself to the Wise Bird.

"Why, young pin-feather, when this house was built it was the pride of the whole city and cost a fabulous sum. It represented the latest thought in the architecture of the day and the best of the builders' ideas in beauty and permanence. The carpenters incorporated the experience of their craft in its construction. Over there was where the best horse flesh in the city was stabled. Over further where that narrow path leads to the litttle house was where the bicycles were kept. My, how daring were our women folks thought to be in those days! Those daring cycling costumes and those young ladies who essayed to ride astride instead of the side-saddle were the object of ridicule of the press and the ministry. They were criticized in public, in the pulpit, and in the papers for dancing the waltz, a product of the devil's brain. The two-step then came in for its share of the comment. They then evolved a few simple melodies as, "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "After the Ball Was Over," and "Under the Bamboo Tree." They were sung till the tunes became frazzled and worn. Goodness! How the old maids and the busy bodies of that day tried to stop this fast ride to hell and eternal damnation of these mothers of this generation. I've watched this evolution and change for a goodly number of years till the present generation with the lipstick, rouge, bobbed hair, rolled socks, with their shimmy and toddle, and the present day so-called "jazz" music. The waltz has become too tame, the two-step too monotonous, and the polka too stilted and antique. The newer dances are received like the waltz and the two-step, and these present day reformers are pleading for a return to those dances the reformers of that generation fought against. The music itself lacked the originality the present day music shows, and never had its variety. The cigarette smokers are criticised and yet today there are as remnants of the past generation the grandmothers who rub snuff and smoke pipes. The socks are rolled and the dresses are shortened from the bottom up, while the other day the daring ones were wearing them cut as low as they could from the top down. Yet the reformers, who have no other occupation, select the other person's business as their own. Oh, well, we have always had these so-called "reformers" who served to sweeten the pleasures because they do not approve of them."

"Strange!" remarked the Wise Bird. "Very strange! Our brothers and sisters act just as strange today as our mothers and fathers did in their day compared to the present. Why is it, oh venerable Fore-Feather? Why do the people act so different from generation to generation, and from nation to nation?" "'Tis not strange, son," remarked the sage. "'Tis only the result of custom and convention." And he betook himself off into the night. The Wise Old Bird was given a tough morsel of thought to chew. Flying back to his airy bower he digested slowly the two words—"convention" and "custom."

THE Wise Old Bird heaved a prodigious sigh and yawned. More gossip was floating around the campus. "I hear that the new rules being compiled for the spring quarter are just terrible," seems to be the subject of most conversations. Some students attempt to cite these rules as they heard them. All in all, we are only children and the average age is about the voter's minimum. We are sent away from home to get educated so we can better understand our parents. They are good, simple people who haven't enough faith in their own ability to attempt to raise us to manhood and womanhood unaided. They never can make their children believe they know very much and dislike to be pitied. Generally the twenty-five percent of the students who are entirely self-supporting are not capable of taking care of themselves. Likewise, the other fifty percent who are partially self-supporting haven't sense enough to know what they are doing or they would demand that their parents support them entirely in the quest of this higher understanding. If they had any ideals at all they would go to work where they could earn far more than they do and could partake of more of the material pleasures of the world. It wouldn't be wasted in dry books, registration fees, and the enormous items of board and room. Those of our students who are allowed the constitutional privilege of voting in the nation's laws should not be allowed this privilege 'till they leave college. They do not feel at all their responsibilities, nor do they have the full maturity their age indicates. At all accounts rules and laws made for the people by the people have no bearing on the students except those who are studying the subjects of national government and history.

QUESTIONS FOR OUR TEACHER

What kind of wood is used in making mahogany pianos?

What make of automobile does Henry Ford manufacture?

How many carats are there in a 20-carat diamond?

What month comes between May and June?

Are submarines most efficient on the land or in the water?

How many tons of wheat in a 2000 lb. load?

Who was the hero of "Oliver Twist?"

What holiday was George Washington born on?

Why are green blackberries red?

What plant does flax seed come from?

What language is universally used in Spain?

Do Canadians have a Fourth of July?

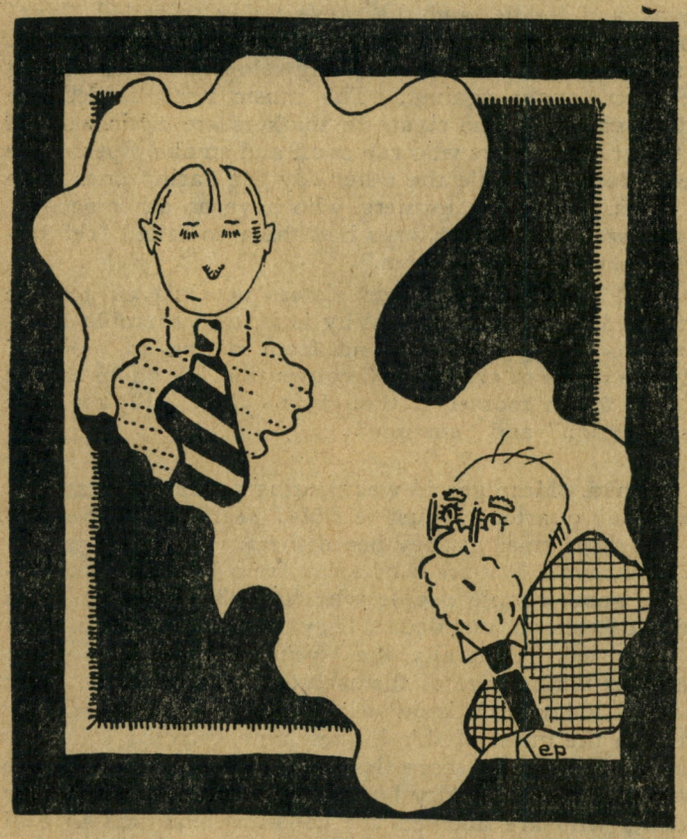
What nationality of people belong to the Hebrew Church?

In what Swedish province is Hongkong?

What effect has last month's full moon on next year's cheese crop in Australia?

John: "I wonder how much money there is in the world.

Jawn: "Try to borrow four bits and you'll find out."



Man: "So you would like to be my son-in-law?"

Fellow: "No, I don't; but if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can help it."

A SONG

When I rose from my bunk this morn. I found
That I had left my clock
Unwound.

My unruly cowlick misbehaved,
I was forced to go down stairs
Unshaved.

Because I stayed so late in bed
I had to start to school
Unfed.

I stumbled in class, though I hardly dared,
With a long, stiff lesson
Unprepared.

I hurried home at noon to find
That Dad had mailed my check
Unsigned.

This afternoon I spent on the run,
With half my duties left
Undone.

The Only Girl in the World was billed,
So that left my house dance date
Unfilled.

When I went to dinner, I gave a groan,
Hash again—the Great
Unknown.

I tried to study—more or less,
Then yawned, and started to
Undress.

But lo! upon my bed,
Unmade,

I found a pile of bills—
Unpaid.

(Two rookesses, walking from Waldo to the post-office for the first time). Both: "My Lord! another block. I thot we'd walked to the end of the world already!"

Soph. acquaintance (overhearing): "Well, you didn't expect to find me there, did you?"

Bunk: "What is the English prof. so pale about?"

Flunk: "He was alone here last period, and the skeleton of a sentence jumped out at him."

I'm all run down said the seven-day clock, after a strenuous week.

Wise Chips from an Old Block

In these hard times lots of food goes to waist.

Occupations can be judged by where the patches first appear.

Heart trouble is relieved by the poetic vein.

The purchasing power of a dollar is estimated from the sense of the spender.

Some people live in hope—some hope to live; the hopeless ones hope less than others.

Hard times can crowd you—but they can't Russia.

Many a good fighter loses on the punch board.

Legal tender does not refer to anything soft.

Many a "wild movement on foot" sometimes refers only to a dance.

The interest on some bonds is not as great as that on matrimonial bonds.

The most popular course in college is the course of least resistance.

The financial succor generally referred to only refers to the other fellow.

In these hard times the coffers haven't the price of a cough drop.

The things farthest from our minds these days are our shoes.

All some people have in their heads are colds.

Some of these people we can't see are all wrapped up in themselves.

Because a man has a good line is no reason to think he is a football coach.

A bored expression usually comes from a dimple or two.

Many a buoy is in deep water all of the time.

Not all of the dead will lie still for their funerals.

Naturally some women are prettier than others—others are artificially.

An act of self-preservation does not imply getting pickled.

These days girls don't marry as young as they used to—but they do it oftener.

"If I keep on walking I'll soon be on my feet again."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Dave Young
R. M. Stowell
Phil Gosslin
Chester McCracken
G. A. Rutherford
Al Witherbee
Geo. P. Couper
Adelaide Richardson
S. W. Dobson
Paul Brinkman, Jr.
Glenn Kirkwood
E. K. Humphrey
Dora Stewart
Dick Emmons

Art

Pauline White
Joe Deetz
Ronald McBride
Taylor Poore

Business Staff

Betty Ruby
Lindsey Spight

Me an' Weje an' Bill 'Ave a 'Ell of a 'Ard Time One Time

Last nite me and Bill got to monkeying with friend ouija and after what she let loose with I didn't sleep hardly none at all but got up and paced to and 4th and tried to figure about what these hard times stuff was going to mean to Bill and I. From the dope she spilled theys going to be about as much chance of getting a four-sided meal as they is to cross pig iron with horse radish and get a edible quadruped. So right away off we gets together with each other to try and solve up the matter. First we goes up to the library where I draws out a copy of Scott's Emulsion to see what the old bird did when he and a thin dime were about as far apart as me and a education. They warn't no dope there so I looks at the Babson table where I learns as how the Russian hoards is dyin' of starvation and they ain't even a carp left in the river Riga to eat. Then the Armenians is become so destitute of edibles that they've took to eating one and other to keep from starving to death but they ain't dyin' so I guess they're better off than the Russians at that. I guess after all this here hard time talk is nothing more or less short of a lot of propergander by some bird whose so narrow minded his ears rub together so we're just as well off as ever. When these smart guys comes back to normalcy along with the rest and get an even sized hair cut instead of some dude what wears a six and three 4ths hat getting a seven and a half haircut and his switty lamb bobbing hers, on acct. of he being so rough on hair nets when same rises 19 and a 4th cents per one gross on last quotation—then we're going to be able to make a two bit piece buy a meal again. Thems my sentiments.

ON BEING IMPECUNIOUS

I tried to borrow a dollar,
They said, "You can't be trusted."
But that is nothing new to me
For I am always busted.

A hole is in my pocket,
For that I do not care.
It doesn't worry me
For nothing's ever there.

I can't go to the city.
I can't go to the show.
But that is nothing new to me
For I am always low.

I owe a bill at the Co-op,
And I owe for my rent.
But that is nothing new to me
For I never have a cent.

I can't afford a milk shake;
I can't afford a "coke."
But that is nothing new to me
For I am always broke.

I need a new coat badly,
I also need a hat;
But that is nothing new to me
For I am always flat.

So many things I ought to buy,
If I but had a dime.
Deciding where to spend it
Would take up all my time.

I hope the gates of heaven
Are marked "Admittance Free."
For if Saint Peter charges
I'll never raise the fee.

High Cost of Loving

If you love me, like I love you
Hard times can't cut our love in two.
The rent is free out in the park,
And we can sit there after dark.

FRATERNITY HIGH LIFE IN THESE HARD TIMES

People and Things We Hear About But Never See—

Phosphorent key holes.
A woman that is on time.
Painless dentists.
Smokeless tobacco.
Teddy bears.
Stills.
Thunder.
Noiseless chewing gum.
Noise.
Dreams.
Heaven.
The Devil.
Bell hops that won't accept tips.

Song of the stage-door Johnny: "The hand that rolls the stocking kneads my dough."

Sportsman (to friend at track meet): "So you like to see the runners, old man?"

Sport: "Yes I sure do. The blond over there has two in one sock."

Popular girl's idea of hard times—Hair nets, $9.00 each.

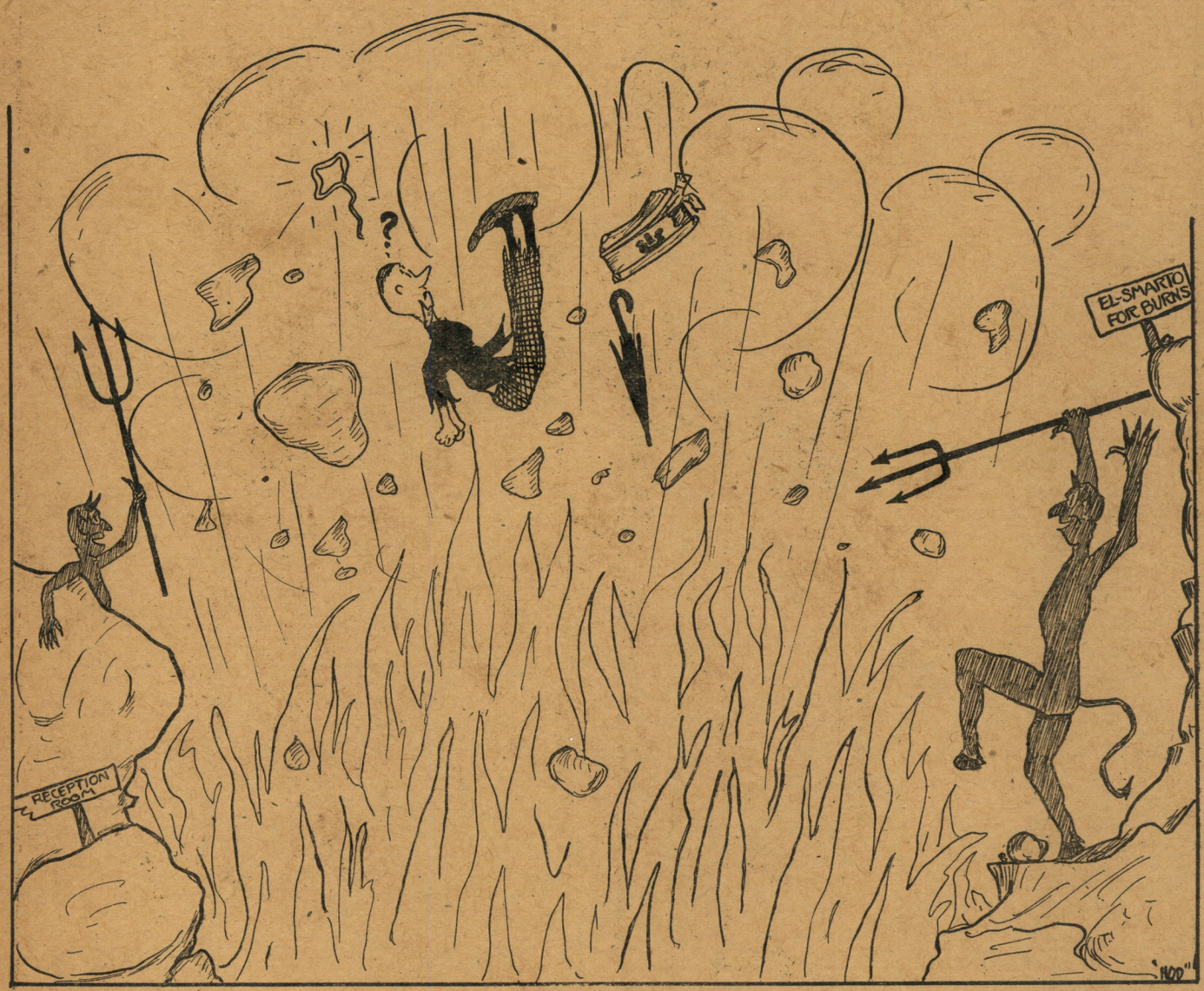
Popular man's idea of hard times—Trousers pressed $7.00.

Soph: "Why do buffaloes stand on nickels?"
Rook: "Because they have no room to sit down."

She was only an engineer's daughter but she made an oil can of me.

Hard Lines—steam lines, electric lines, clothes lines, and bread lines.

Hard Times—fly time, bed time, rag time, and half time.



RAISING HELL

The Interloper

"In time of trial," said the preacher, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal," said a person who should never have been admitted. —Chaparral.

Revealed

I asked if she rolled them,
She said she'd never tried.
Just then a mouse ran swiftly by—
And now I know she lied.

—Sun Dodger.

A Sunny Day Alibi

Spoof: "Hey, what's the idea of watching the library steps all day?"

Goof: "Oh, merely a matter of form. —Lemon Punch.

Hash Isn't the Only Thing She Can Sling

Diner: "How's the chicken today?"

Waitress: "Fine, kid; how are you?" —Virginia Reel.

As the Widow Has It

"Gertie, here, maintains that prevarication is not an asset, but a li-ability. —Cornell Widow.

"Combination Shot," murmured the lady cue artist, as she leaned too far over the billiard table. —Banter.

"Well, Tom is a tightwad, but he has his good points."

"Yes, darn it, he just STUCK me for a feed."

—Mugwump.

Co: "Adele is crazy over Dante."

Ed: "And he wont have a thing to do with her, eh?"

—Banter.

"No, Sadie, a gentleman never uses perfume, except as a beverage." —Lemon Punch.

Would You Say She'd Studied Neurology?

She: "Have you a dress suit?"

He (thoughtfully): "Why, yes."

She: "Good! I'd like to borrow it for the fellow I'm asking to our house formal." —Lemon Punch.

She: "Don't you pust love nights like these?"

He: "No; sometimes I study." —Octopus.

She: "You have been drinking. You can't kiss me—"

He: "Please."

She: "—until you tell me where you get it." —Pelican.

He: "A fool used to blow out the gas."

She: "And now?"

He: "He steps on it." —Burr.

One of Those "Drives"

Co-ed: "Will you buy a meal for a poor little Russian girl?"

Stude.: "Of course I will, come on to lunch with me."

—Jester.

A Tip to Ye of the Gentler Race

Madge: "I wonder why Charlie borrowed by old belt?"

Marjorie: "You know you told him that he was the first man you'd ever loved, so he gave the belt to an expert who discovered 150 different finger prints on it."

—Punch Bowl.

"A Stinging Retort." Chappie, What Mean You, Stinging?

Ten: "How did you happen to win the hundred yard dash?"

Flat: "Somebody filled the starting gun with turpentine."

Stanford Chaparrel.

The brute: "Are you doing anything this evening?"

She (eagerly): "No, nothing at all."

The brute: "What a terribly waste of time."

—Brown Jug.

Shakespeare Was Right

Ruth rode in my cycle car
On the seat in back of me.
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

—Royal Gaboon.

Batchelor: "People used to call a man's wife his better half."

Benedict: "Well, what about it?"

Batch: "Why, the way she dresses now she should be called an improper fraction." —Widow.

Temperance lecturer: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer which will he choose to drink?"

Soak: "The water."

T. L.: "And why?"

Soak: "Because he is an ass." —Chaparral.

Pitter: "What did Rose do when you struck her for a date?"

Patter: "She gave me the chapel steps."

Pitter: "The chapel steps?"

Patter: "Yes, the stony stare."

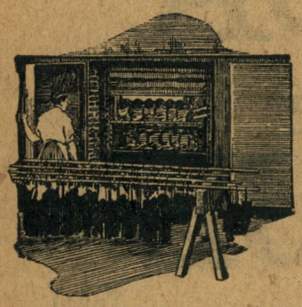
—W. S. C. Cougar's Paw.

The other day as Sykes and Jeeves were going home from work a telephone pole fell on them, pinning them to the earth.

Sykes (to passer by): "Hey, there! Please run and get the postmaster."

Passer-by: "What on earth do you want him for?"

Sykes: "To take this post offus." —The Goblin.



What Is Water Japan?

JAPAN—not the country but a metal-coating varnish—and your morning bottle of milk. Totally unlike, yet associated!

Ordinary japan consists of a tough, rubbery, tar-like "base" and a highly inflammable "solvent." The solvent dilutes the base so that the metal may be coated with it easily. The presence of the solvent involves considerable fire risk, especially in the baking oven.

Milk is a watery fluid containing suspended particles of butter fat, so small that one needs the ultra-microscope to detect them. An insoluble substance held permanently in suspension in a liquid in this manner is in "colloidal suspension."

The principle of colloidal suspension as demonstrated in milk was applied by the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to develop Water Japan. In this compound the particles of japan base are colloidally suspended in water. The fire risk vanishes.

So the analysis of milk has pointed the way to a safe japan. Again Nature serves industry.

Connected with the common things around us are many principles which may be applied to the uses of industry with revolutionary results. As Hamlet said, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

General Electric Company
General Office Schenectady, N. Y.
95-479-J

Marie: "What ever made you bob your hair?"
Alice: "I couldn't afford to buy hair nets every time I went out with some man."

That girl by heaven
Should be blessed
Who says she likes
Old clothes the best!

A phone
A girl
A date
A taxi
A show
A dance
A feed
A check
N. S. F.

First he bought her bon bons,
Took in a dance and show;
Then led her to the altar;
Oh, how expenses grow!

Genuine

Orange Blossom

Wedding and Engagement Rings

Gold—Platinum—Jeweled

WARRENS
Jewelers

Teacher—Examining Class in Physiology

Teacher: "Jack, what is the function of the abdomen?"

Jack: "The function of the abdomen is to hold up one's pants."

A girl's heart is like an umbrella, sooner or later some fellow is sure to steal it.

The brother's odd
You will allow,
Who fails to kick
About the chow!

Mucker: "I hear that Jones is going in for settlement work after his graduation this spring.

Fern-hopper: "Yes, he's accepted a job with a collection agency."

Sing a song of six pence,
A bottle full of rye.
If that were all it cost us,
We'd none of us be dry!

"That can be seen from both sides," said the man as a bit of mud was thrown on the window.

By calling at our sample room, and farm mechanics students, in good standing, may receive, absolutely free of charge, one rubber anvil.—Ramrod Products Co., Bong Bong, Africa.

The lowly oyster, like a lot of students, is often in a stew.

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Sweet Shop

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TOBACCO
SPECIALS
FINE CANDIES
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FOUNTAIN

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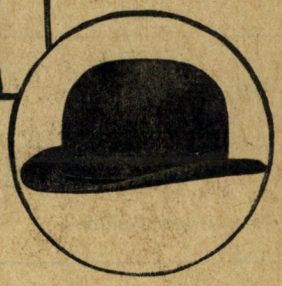

FEATURE DERBY— One of the new Stetsons setting the styles for Spring. Medium crown and round, open curl.

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Quality Work Good Service

The Big Oak Shoe Shop

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1100 Jefferson Street, near Campus

THESE PECULIAR TIMES!

If man were to stroll down old Broadway
In out-door pajamas this cold winter day
Then all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not get the traffic untangled again.

But a lady can toddle all over the town
In merely a sample of next summer's gown
And only reformers will try to suppress
The present-day style of milady's scant dress.

In the past they'd go to the tailor, I guess,
Look at the sample and order a dress.
But now they have set a most dreadful example—
They look at the dress and then order a sample.

The past to the present can't begin to compare,
They look like clothes pins uncovered and bare.
But styles for economy exist here, she knows,
For the reason she wears but very few clothes.

There's a Reason

Soph: "Hey, rook, what are you doing with that pipe. Don't you know you are not allowed to use tobacco on the campus?"

Fresh: "Sure I know it. I'm smoking Grape Nuts.

Son (to his father, who had just married the second time): "Dad I noticed a shop in Portland just like you."

Father: "A shop reminded you of me?"

Son: "Yes, it was under new management."

It may be cheap
To go to sleep
And dodge expenses mighty,
But those awake
Will surely take
Your bed-socks, pipe, and nighty.

The Ekonomy of Quality is the Ekonomy Worth Wile

You Get Both by Trading Here—a Chance to Economize and A-1 Quality

J. H. Harris

THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Tattered member of class of '19 to member of '21: "Say, oldtimer, don't you remember me?"

'21: "Ah, yes. When I first knew you, you hadn't a rag to your name. Now you're all rags."

Grace: "Let's go fishing, George."

George: "I'd like to but I have an awfully poor line."

Jesse James and I

I wish I had the money
That I spent for boots each year.
Of getting low in money
I'd never have to fear.
I'd first buy out the Co-op,
And raise the prices higher;
And then I'd have enough so I
Could comfortably retire.

Algernon (lovingly): "Do you think I could learn to love you, dear?"

Felice (heartlessly): "No sugar lump; you haven't enough money to pay for the education."

An "A" will make most of us smile
If it happens to drift our way,
But the boy who shows glee at the sight of an "E"
Will be sent to the senate some day.

Nickles and dimes, nickles and dimes
All we can jingle in these hard times!

The Co-op, The Lily, The Beaver Cafe,
When I get a nickle, you take it away.

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Cleaners and Dyers
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Open From 6 A. M. to 1 P. M.
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All star cast
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The Largest, Oldest and Best

Anything you get at the

Model Clothing Co.

Is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or a refund of your money.

Fuselman & Alexander

HARD LINES

I Hate
Hard Times
Parties.
They wear me out.
Went to one
Last night. Had a
Hard Time
Getting dressed in
Hard Time
Clothes. Had a
Hard Time
Getting there without
Somebody seeing me.
Had a
Hard Time
Having a good Time.
The old shoes I wore were
Hard
On my feet. Had a
Hard Time
Convincing my girl
That she was as sweet
As ever, even if she did
Look like hell.
They served doughnuts that
Were Hard and
Hard cider. After that the
Party got
Hard.
Had a
Hard Time
Getting my landlady
To let me in. I'll sure make it
Hard
For the next person
Who asks me to a
Hard Times party.
I hate
Hard Time
Parties.
They wear me out!

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POEM (?)

There once was a rook, with a face like a book,
And a head like a soft-shell crab.
His mind was so muddy, he never could study,
Whatever he did, it was bad.

In the sophomore class, he was always an ass,
His blunders came almost to crime.
At the end of the year his head was more clear,
But his brains would look big on a dime.

In his third year in college, the height of his knowledge
Was the fact that something was phony.
From the number of hams who took the exams,
He was the one with a pony.

His fourth year in school, he was rated a fool,
Though he studied, and studied his best.
It was of no use, all he got was abuse,
And he left upon urgent request.

Four years of hard luck had not injured his pluck,
And he then went to work for the tin.
What little he got, he managed to pot
And invested it where it would win.

So the one-time rook, with the face like a book,
Retired and wallowed in riches.
While the men from the school, who had dubbed him a fool,
Were glad to get work digging ditches.

He: "Did you know that the Bell Telephone was bankrupt?"
She: "No, is it?"
He: "Well, here's the receiver."

"When will youshe call me?"
"When I gets a full houshe."
Oooooh!

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PINS
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The Lily

214 Second St., Corvallis

Telephone 3260

Confectionery and Restaurant

"Russ" Fields "Jack" Lynch

Fresh: "Where do you get your state aid vouchers?"

Junior: "You can get them through that pigeon hole over there at the registrar's desk."

Fresh: "Aw, gwan, do you expect me to crawl through that little hole?"

"I think I'll rise," said the dough to the yeast.

She winked,
I blinked,
We drinked,
(Extinct).

Clerk: "Yes, sir, this clock will run eight days without winding."

Customer: "Then, how long will it run when you wind it?"

She: "What brand of cigarettes do you smoke?"
He: "Humps, and you?"
She: "I roll my own."

X.: "He has her on his mind."
Y.: "Too bad she is a heavyweight."

Prof. (in history class): "How was President McKinley killed?"
Goof (also in same class): "By a bullet."
Prof.: "How do you account for that."
Goof: "It was fired from a revolver."

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

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INDEPENDENTS

LISTEN!

Presswork starts on the 1923 Beaver March 20. The staff cannot go to you personally, but each one of you can come to us at the Beaver office on the second floor of Shepard Hall.

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