

ORANGE OWL

SUNDAY
PAPER
EDITION
—
25¢.



Famous Heroines: Helen of Troy

In this picture Andromeda, co-ed at Greek State college, is shown about to be devoured by a terrible monster wearing the latest footwear of 1928. In the background is Perseus, popular Greek State athlete, calmly showing the horrible head of the Greek State dean of women with the obvious intention of stalling for time. (Drawn exclusively for this paper by Mr. Wayne Bagley.)

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Raising the Dough

Mother: “Sonny, what do you mean by feeding the baby yeast?”

Sonny: “She’s swallowed my nickel, and I’m trying to raise the dough!”

Trying to raise the dough when money must be had in a hurry is usually a mighty tough job, and sometimes, unfortunately, it just “can’t be done.”

To avoid being caught in such a fix the best way is to have an account in the savings department of this bank. Keep adding to it regularly and there will never be any bother in raising the dough in a hurry, if necessity requires.

Benton County State Bank

Save and Have

The Orange Owl

Vol. IX

Corvallis, Oregon, April 1928

No. 4

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A Mormon Wedding

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Preacher (to brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this." —Judge.



Go!

"Why the green-beaded hat tonight, Lydia?"

"Got a date with the traffic cop down on the corner."

—Kansas Sour Owl.



Onward Christian Soldiers

It was noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning: "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

A thrill, clear voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned around as one, and among the sea of brown faces could be distinguished one small, delicate yellow one.

The genial priest straightened up and smiled. "There seems to be a little Confucian here," he said.

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.



Host (appearing on darkened veranda): "Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?"

(Absolute silence.)

Host (returning indoors): "That's fine."

—Life.



"Mary has the grippe."

"Ye Gods! Does she know the password, too?"

—Georgia Cracker.



"Prithee, sir, how pass thou the time?"

"Ha! Ha! Gertie. I'm the editor of the hangman's journal."

"O, I see, a noose-paper."

—Red Cat.

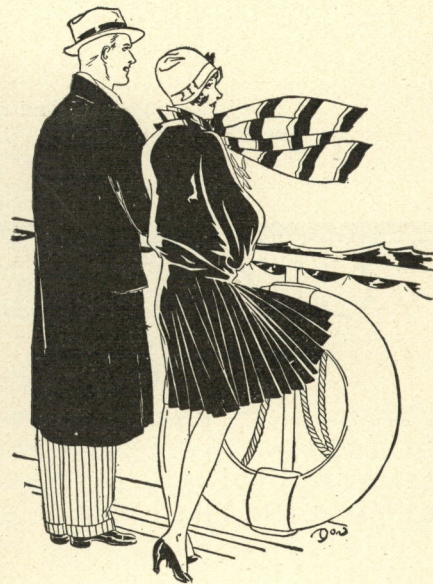


The Touch System

Craig: "I feel as if I'd known you for years."

Marie: "You certainly do."

—W. & L. Mink.



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Rector: "It that your cigarette stub?"

Small Son: "Go ahead, Dad, you saw it first."

—Notre Dame Juggler.



"Girlie, why are you always looking in the mirror?"

"Your wife told me to watch myself when you were around."

—Vagabond.

"What was that man giving the elephant to drink?"

"Camphor."

"Why camphor?"

"To keep the moths out of his trunk."

—Mugwump.



He: "I met a girl in the West Indies last summer."

She: "Jamaica?"

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



Mary Jane, just back to the farm from New York was airing the contents of her many trunks before the family.

"And these are teddies," she explained.

"Heaven help us, such things as the young men be wearing nowadays!"

—Voo Doo.



Student: "I'll stand on my head or bust."

Gym Instructor: "Never mind, Miss Marcy, just stand on your head."

—The Phoenix.



"Have you ever hunted bear?"

"No, I always hunt with my clothes on." —Voo Doo.



Teacher: "Conjugate the verb 'to swim.'"

Pupil: "Swim, swam, swum."

Teacher: "Now conjugate the verb 'to dim.'"

Pupil: "Say, you trying to kid me?" —Wampus.



A New York actress was giving a benefit performance at Sing Sing. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," she trilled.

From the back of the room a deep voice ejected, "But, lady, how they do help." —Penn Punch Bowl.



"At last," groaned the elderly diner, "total paralysis of the left leg—I have feared it for years."

"If it will relieve your mind any," whispered the sweet and more or less young thing at his left, "it is mine that you have been feeling."

—Lehigh Burr.



Irate Father (to prodigal son): "Go away. You are no son of mine."

The Prodigal: "No son of yours, dad?"

Irate Father: "No, certainly not."

The Prodigal: "All right, dad, don't be angry. I'll keep your secret."

—Lyre.



Slim: "The house is pinched!"


Slip: "Let's run and get a seat in the wagon!"

—Chanticleer.

CLOTHES

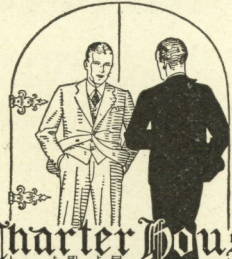
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AN OLD ONE

There was a convention in town. Not a room was available at the hotel. Yet he had to sleep that night. He had worked hard that day and had not taken a single order.

"Anything will do," he said to the clerk.

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," said the clerk, "but I already have a lady in there. I'll put you in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," he said and into the bedroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead."

"I know it," said the clerk, "but how did you find out?"

—Red Cat.



Chaperone (to college youth who has stepped on her toes):
"Young man, where is your chivalry?"

C. Y.: "Oh, that old thing. I traded it in for a Cadillac."

—Golden Book.



"Where were you during the sixth and seventh dances last night?"

"Jack was showing me some new steps."

"Were they very hard?"

"Oh, no, we had cushions."

—Vagabond.



Modern Justice

"Oh, professor, you can't flunk me—I'm insane."

—Exchange.



Co-ed (to N. U. naval recruit on cruise): "May I see the captain, please?"

N. U. Recruit: "He's forward, miss."

Co-ed: "I'm not afraid. I've been out with college men."

—Exchange.



He: "You know, I simply can't bear children."

She: "Well, who asked you to?" —Arizona Kitty-Kat.



"That's our general superintendent—son of the president; he began at the bottom and worked up—started in as an oiler right after he left college."

"When was that?"

"Oh, he graduated last June." —Printers' Ink Monthly.

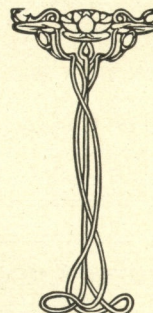
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Zeig: "How do you like bathing beauties?"

Field: "I don't know. I never bathed one."

—Bison.



Over the phone: "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?"

Service: "Yes, sir, we do."

O. T. P.: "Let him out."

**Just Imagine**

"They asked me to play, and how proud I was as I approached the piano."

"Yes."

"But imagine my chagrin when I found I did not have a nickel in change."

—Ghost.



Upper: "Set the alarm for two, please."

Lower: "You and who else?"

—Boll Weevil.



If the Present Dressing Styles Continue—50 Years From Now

Hirum: "Going to town tomorrow, Firum?"

Firum: "Don't guess so, Hirum. What's happening up there?"

Hirum: "Oh, nothing; only a circus is in town, and a nude woman is going to ride a horse down town."

Firum: "Guess I will go then, Hirum, I haven't seen a horse nigh on to 50 years."

—Exchange.

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THE GORY ONION

Chronicler of the Rejected Proof

CHAIRMAN HAS THINGS READY

Difficult Entanglements Are to be Shown in Use Next Month at Waldo Heights Battle

Plans for the annual military tournament are well under way, according to Alec Boots, general chairman. Animated news stories will be sent to all home town papers, telling what small part each native son will do in the yearly function.

The battle of Waldo Heights, depicting the latest things in modern warfare, will be a feature of the gala event. Colonel Bull Rushes and Captain "Slim Jim" Letsem will stage a bayonet duel on Bull field. Bladder and Scab, military honorary fraternity, will announce the pledging of a few more Phi Delts. Many difficult entanglements, including hairnets, will be shown in operation. Two tanks have been procured for the affair. One of them is a D. U. and the other is an Albany boy.

Between halves the cadet officers will march around the cinder track carrying jars of applesauce. All cadet
(Continued on page 6)

HAMMER AND COFFIN ANNOUNCES PLEDGING

Seven men and five women were pledged to Hammer and Coffin, national humorists honorary fraternity, April 10. Pledging was based on work done on the Orange Owl during the year just passed. Those chosen were Robert Kist, Norman Raymond, Clarence Whisler, Wayne Bagley, Ed Hope, Don Bailey, Kenneth Groves, Evelyn Sibley, Rosa Sahli, Marian Van Scoyoc, Addie Slayton, and Liliias Peltier.

Initiation had not yet taken place when this publication was put to press, but it is probably all over but the shouting now.

KOLDS KAUSED FROM KISSING

Pills to Prevent Davenport Burns Being Rushed to the Campus in Three New Colors

Latest reports given out by Dr. M. C. Gaggis, director of the college health infirmary, show that health is on the upward grade. Of the many thousands of cases that have been attended to by "Doc" Gaggis and his
(Continued on page 6)

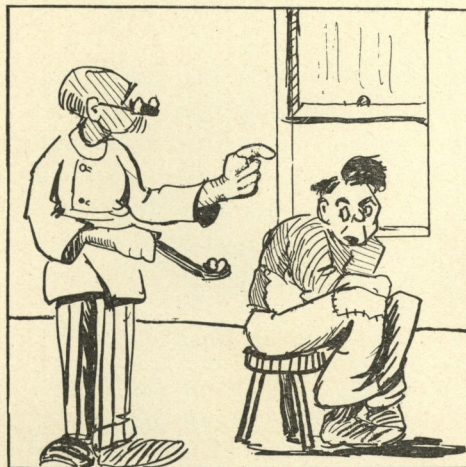
LOCAL FLIER TO TAKE OFF

"But How Much?" Asked Reporter Who Was Promptly Reproved by Beautiful Aviatrix

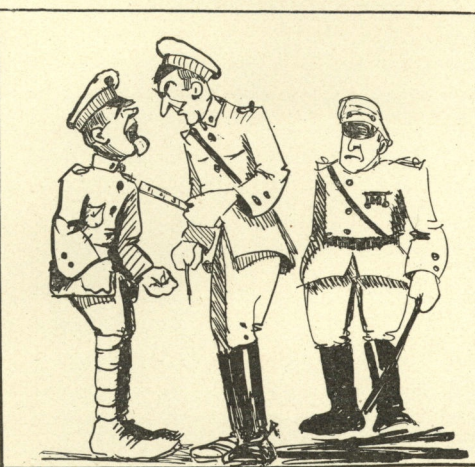
Miss Barbara Nabob, beautiful Corvallis girl, will take off on the first lap of her trans-Pacific flight today, with Justin Otherday as her pilot. (This being a burlesque issue, we had to have a take-off of some kind, and this is the only kind that would pass the censors.) Miss Nabob, who is using Red Crown gasoline and eating nothing but Hershey bars on the trip, expects to capitalize heavily from the advertisers.

"I wanna crash into the big money," said Miss Nabob, formerly an instructor in modern language at the University of Lane county. "If the advertisers don't fork over a life time pension, the movies will go wild about me."

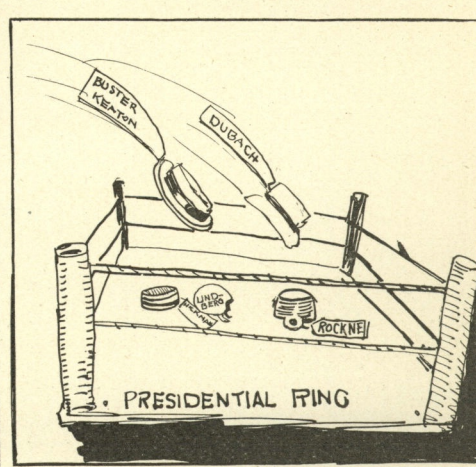
The plane will leave the United States at exactly 7:32 this morning, and will arrive in Los Angeles about 5 o'clock this afternoon. From there it will go to Honolulu, where Miss
(Continued on page 6)



Dr. Gaggis: "Now say ahhhhh..."



Competition waxes keen for cadet colonelcy



Everybody's doing it!

LOCAL FLIER TO TAKE OFF

(Continued from page 5)

Nabob and Captain Otherday will spend a few days resting up in preparation for the non-stop flight to Luzon. The last lap of the trip will be from Luzon to Hongkong, where the charming aviatrix is expected to stir up another riot.

Plane Reported Seen

Halifax, N. S., (Special to Gory Onion)—A plane painted yellow with red and blue stripes diagonal and lengthwise was seen a few miles north of Halifax at 5:03 p. m. It was believed to have been the plane in which Miss Barbara Nabob and Captain Justin Otherday left for the Orient this morning.

Cape Horn, (Special to the Gory Onion)—The airplane in which Miss Nabob and Captain Otherday were



Barbara Nabob

to fly to China was sighted a few miles south of Cape Horn at 6:45 this evening.

Pair Wrecked in Sweden

Stockholm, Sweden, (Special to the Gory Onion)—Miss Barbara Nabob and Captain Justin Otherday were slightly injured when the plane in which they were attempting to fly from the United States to China was wrecked on an iceberg in the Snoose fjord at about 8 o'clock this evening. Miss Nabob posed for a picture after tidying up at the Stockholm hotel.

"I have nothing to say until I see my publicity director," was the

only remark made by the beautiful aviatrix.

"If I hadn't smoked Snarking Dog cigarettes, I might have lost my bearings," commented Captain Otherday.



KOLDS KAUSED FROM KISSING

(Continued from page 5)

cohort, Dr. Runt, all but 14 have been for colds and bruises received from staying on or falling off sorority davenport.

This report, with all the names of the persons attended has been sent to the health board at Salem, where a careful analysis will be taken for the purpose of doing away with unnecessary illnesses, and literature will be sent free of charge to all for one month. After that period the pamphlets, written in serial form, will be sent by request for a nominal sum.

The largest order ever placed by the college infirmary has been made with the Pretty Pill company of Saratoga. In this order are various numbers of pills, iodine and mouth gargles. Three hundred and sixty-seven boxes of red, green, and blue pills have been sent on the first shipment and are flavored with a newly manufactured syrup. As a different feature, the three brands of pills will all taste the same, and will be suitable for all ailments.

Use red pills for a hot flavor, green pills for a mysterious flavor and the blue for a chilly flavor. Another innovation in the method of running the infirmary is the new style sick call lists. More reasons have been placed to be checked thus eliminating any chances of fraud to get out of classes. All cases must be verified before an excuse will be given.

A few suggestions for keeping healthy, as given by Dr. Gaggis, are as follows:

1. Don't, at any time, take more than six of his red pills at any one time.

2. Don't annoy the bulls. Especially the ones in the dairy barns out west of the campus or the ones dressed up in uniforms down town.

3. Don't think you can live on love.

4. Don't believe what anybody tells you, especially the bootleggers.

5. Don't spear beans with fraternities that have just built new houses.

6. Don't argue with the football captain.

7. Don't borrow your roommate's slicker without first asking him.

8. Don't try getting engaged to more than three girls at once.

9. Don't tell an athlete you think he is a dumbbell.

10. Don't think two can live as cheaply as one.



CHAIRMAN HAS THINGS READY

(Continued from page 5)

sergeants will be entered in a tongue contest, the one with the longest tongue being chosen cadet colonel for the coming year.

Another springtime function will be the military bawl. Some men will go there to enjoy themselves, while others will wear uniforms. The local chapter of the Starvation army will serve soda water and crackers from the sidelines. Contestants will be forbidden to wear spurs and will be disqualified if caught wearing fixed bayonets.

These two events are intended to show only worthwhile accomplishments of the "peace-time" army. After their completion, the alleged military department will mix all uniforms in preparation for the fall distribution.



Card of Thanks

Hammer and Coffin wishes to thank the Bovee Undertaking Parlor for the donation of the coffin used in initiation ceremonies.

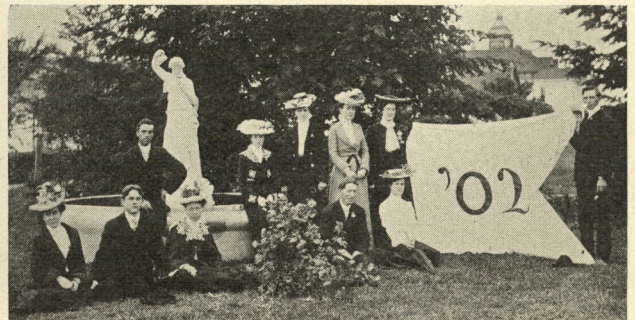
NEWS OF THE DAY



Newspaper reporters trying to get an interview with Miss Nabob



Staff of the Gory Onion at work. The gentleman at the extreme right is the censor, supervising the work.



Hammer and Coffin initiation on the lower campus. J. Wells is hiding behind the tree in the background.



Intimate picture of Mary Pickford and Lilian Gish, taken at the time they first entered the movies.



Coach Schissler's fighting Oregon Staters. George Scott is the man behind the mustache

SPORTS

Believe it or not!



JACK AND GENE TO DO BATTLE

Tunney, Using Funk and Wagnall, and Dempsey, Backing Noah, Plan Contest of Words

Madison Square Garden, New York, N. Y., April 1—(Special). Gene has agreed to meet Jack according to an exclusive interview granted to the OO correspondent by Estelle who is managing Jack. Jack has been trying for months to get a comeback fight with the holder of the diamond pants upholder, even going so far as to issue the statement that he couldn't see very much out of one eye and the other one was not quite so good but the canny junior edition of Noah W. refused to be trapped.

Then Jack conceived the idea of going to the University of Lane County and educating himself. After having attended the thriving Kultural institution nine months, Jack returned to New York and tried all ten of the big words he had learned on Gene. It was too much for the Marine. He grew green with envy, red with anger, pink with embarrassment, blue with cold rage, white with despair, and his hair began to turn grey. It was a large moment for Jack when Gene forgot himself and challenged the Manassa Mauler to a ten dictionary clash. Jack accepted at once and each posted forfeits—Jack putting up his pet alibi and Gene his favorite dictionary.

Judge Ben B. Lindsay has been named referee while Calvin C. Coolidge, well-known Black Hills orator, will be the radio announcer. The battle of the Century, Funk & Wagnall's and Webster, will take place Sunday, April 15, in Corvallis.

Picking Your Track Event

By Coach Cinders

Hurdles

1. Set hurdle in street car right-of-way.
2. Wait until street car is within 20 feet of you.
3. Run towards hurdle.
4. If you make hurdle, you have great future—if not your future is past.

Sprints

1. Wait for last bus in front of Whiteside theater.
 2. Give bus head start of half block.
 3. If you catch said bus you should go out for sprints. If you fail, by all means go out for the distance events. Your endurance will
- (Continued on page 19)

Rube's Rabid Ravings

Spring has come, and with it the bullfrogs and a lot of other luxuries. At least you can't list them under necessities. March has come and gone, but oh, how inspiring it was. This bit of poetry proves it.

Owed to a March Wind

The March wind blew,
Oh boy, and how!
I saw some sights one day.
'Twas not the wind's
Effect on me
That took my breath away.

* * *

The gentle little zephyrs are not as playful as they used to be because there aint so much to be playful with.

—at that they did their best tho, and some day I hope to be able to write across the sky, PAID IN FULL.

* * *

Now for some more poetry.
"Spring has come," the walrus cried,
With one eye cocked askew,
"Old flivvers rattle on the pike,
And there are new ones too."

* * *

Maybe that wasn't so good, but how do you like this.

The bullfrog booms his vibrant note,
With gusto and disdain,
To hear the rattle in his throat
You'd think he was in pain.

* * *

Moral: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—he may have halitosis.

* * *

The Dumb Brute that fell asleep in descriptive geometry class and yelled to the prof.: "Slow down at the intersections, please," inspires more pomes.

With his hand upon the throttle,
And a cinder in his eye,
The pilot slips the loco
From neutral into high.

Down the track in leaps and bounds
It thunders o'er the steel,
While far away, upon the pike,
A dumb-bell grips the wheel.

(Aha, the plot thickens. Do you see how cleverly the coming tragedy has been suggested? Now for the second verse.)

The Auto on its tired wheels
Leaps lightly to and fro,
And all the—
—but why go any farther? You can read all about it in tomorrow's paper.

* * *

AND that moves me to poetry again.

Spring is here, sweet-scented spring,
With all it's aches and pains.
Remind the children they should wear
Their rubbers when it rains.

* * *

That may sound a little incoherent as the English profs would say, but of course you've heard of April showers—"Good to the last drop."

* * *

Well the prof is getting ready to dismiss class so I must bring this crazy column to a close.

* * *

I kinda hate that word "column" because it reminds me of the ROTC which might be more appropriate if they left off the C.

FORD COMMONS GETS NEAR PAR

Senior Privileges and Springtime Weather Add Great Impetus to Most Rolling Stock

The warm spring days have given a decided impetus to the Campus Rolling Stock. While the market still is flooded with Ford Commons, quoted from salvage prices up to near par, there is noticeable sprinkling of Chevrolet, Buick and Chrysler Preferred about the campus. One of the outstanding features of the market at the present time is the outstanding features of the new issue of Ford Preferred. They seem to be finding favor with a large number of the more conservative small investors. The new non-participating rumble seat feature is winning wide approval as well as the added facility four wheel brakes afford for the occupants to stop in case of an emergency. Among the large holders of Campus Rolling Stock are the Betas and D. U.'s. These two houses, due to the strong backing of California investors, have always been among the most consistent patronizers of John D. and Goodyear. A continued rise is looked forward to in Rolling Stock as the weather gets warmer and the days get longer.



"Got a cigarette?"
"Lots of them, thanks."



Majestic new men's dormitory, which will be completed some time.

NEW VOGUES IN POLITICS

New and Stunning Air Modes to be
Seen at Presidential Races
This Coming Season

By M. Archle Sullyvaan

Washington, D. C., April 1—(Special to the Oregon State Orange Owl). Despite frenzied efforts on the part of Wall Street and the Milwaukee brewers to keep the old line parties in the center of the political stage this year it begins to look as tho vox populi would be voxed for a change instead of hoaxed. The well-known engineer food expert from the far west and the bibulous minded gentleman from Tammany hall and vicinity having roped, hog-tied and branded both elephant and mule, it behooves the people to find a new mammal to adhere to.

Apparently the division this year is to be along masculine and feminine lines. The male outfit has two outstanding men in the persons of Knute Rockne and Chuck Lindbergh. The Scandinavian gridiron czar can be counted on to develop a formation that will smash the opposition while the good-will ambassador will undoubtedly swing the solid south due to his southern aerial venture, which will spell defeat for genial Al.

The feminist party is rallying around the standard of General Evangeline Booth who is expected to swing the military vote. For a running mate the party is undecided, wavering between Ruth Elder and Ma Ferguson. Sister Elder dimmed her chances considerably by coming out as opposed to washing dishes. This state-

ment is expected to cost the party a number of dissatisfied male votes, if the Elder woman is chosen. The lady from Texas swings a mean eggbeater and she may yet get the call over the aeronautical shemale.

The women have decided to hold their national convention at Reno, Nevada, this year for obvious and convenient reasons. The men have chosen Eastport, Maine, for their conclave since it is the city farthest away from Reno and yet in the United States.



Oregon State Splashers to Meet John Anderson at Eugene

Champion Oregon State swimming team was shot to pieces by the alarming disclosure made here today. "Red" McCluskey confessed before a student committee that he and Coach Coleman had played marbles for keeps at the rear of the Electric lounge room. He said that several other athletes were implicated but refused to disclose any names.



Be sure to put some spinach in the garden for the neighbor's chicks.



By this time you should have discarded your winter flannels.

BOOK REVIEW

Wonderings, by Nephia Osotevsky. This book of verse touchingly portrays the pathos of the down-trodden artists of Greenwich Village. It deals with big, vital problems of life and it is written in Osotevsky's best vers libre style. This selection, entitled "How Far Is Up?" is one of the stellar numbers:

"Why is grass green
And skies blue?
Why is blood red?"

Throughout the entire volume this tender note that is missing in the works of some of our best writers is found with surprising regularity. It is comparable in some ways to Noot Hamstrung's "Growth of Soil," in that it is an epic of the simple-living, simple-loving commonry. The New York Daily Moon says of the book, "Wonderings is beyond a doubt the most miscellaneous assortment of inane and scurrilous drivel we have ever tried to read." The last poem in the book, entitled, "I Still Wonder," is easily the most dramatic and grotesque of the series. Even Osotevsky himself doesn't understand it. It follows in its entirety:

I wonder why men wear neckties,
And women don't.
Perhaps that's why men wear
them.



Students waiting in line to receive attention at college health service

MAGAZINE SECTION

HORSERADISH

By Fannie Burst

Agatha Snibble was homely, ugly perhaps. Cruelly, magnificently ugly. Big, warted hands and red nose. Loved her liquor.

Agatha was not young. Old in fact. Years of the toil and moil of maidenhood had left their inroads in her brow. Strong features, and a strong will. A look of ability, of satisfaction at the daily mastering of a difficult job. But with all her faults, she was human. Longed for popularity, the hustle and bustle of the big cities, and the young men! How she yearned to go places and see things.

Laconically, Agatha peddled her hominy from door to door. Big, flat feet, padding along on the wooden walks of Podunk. Peddling hominy and horseradish. She also gave out little religious tracts on "A Young Girl's Shame," "Drinking and Perdition," and the "Yellow Peril."

Stopped at the home of Mr. Gloko. Young, smooth Mr. Gloko. A million in his own name. Mr. Gloko himself answered the door, garbed in a green bathrobe with a wet towel around his head. Mr. Gloko looked very smooth.

"Any horseradish, today, Mr. Gloko? No? Well, then, take this little paper on 'The Evils of Dancing.'"

"Do you really think dancing is evil?" inquired Mr. Gloko.

"It is terrible," gushed Agatha, "but I'd dance to Hell with you, Mr. Gloko."

Mr. Gloko, ever courteous, invited her in. Thrilled almost to distraction, Agatha stepped timidly across the doorstep. Mr. Gloko concealed a fiendish smile, and put on a phonograph record. Beautiful sensuous

music. Agatha began dancing, haltingly at first, then with ever-increasing rhythm. With a domineering smile on his lips Mr. Gloko came toward her. Slowly, surely, he advanced, eyes gleaming wickedly.

Suddenly the world began whirling for Mr. Gloko. With a crash he hit the hardwood floor. Stepped on a horseradish jar.

Regaining consciousness, he gazed blankly around him. Where was Agatha? He heard a chortle of glee above him. Looking up, he saw Agatha, sitting on the dark chandelier and munching hominy.



With a domineering smile on his lips, Mr. Gloko advanced toward her.

LATEST SCIENCE

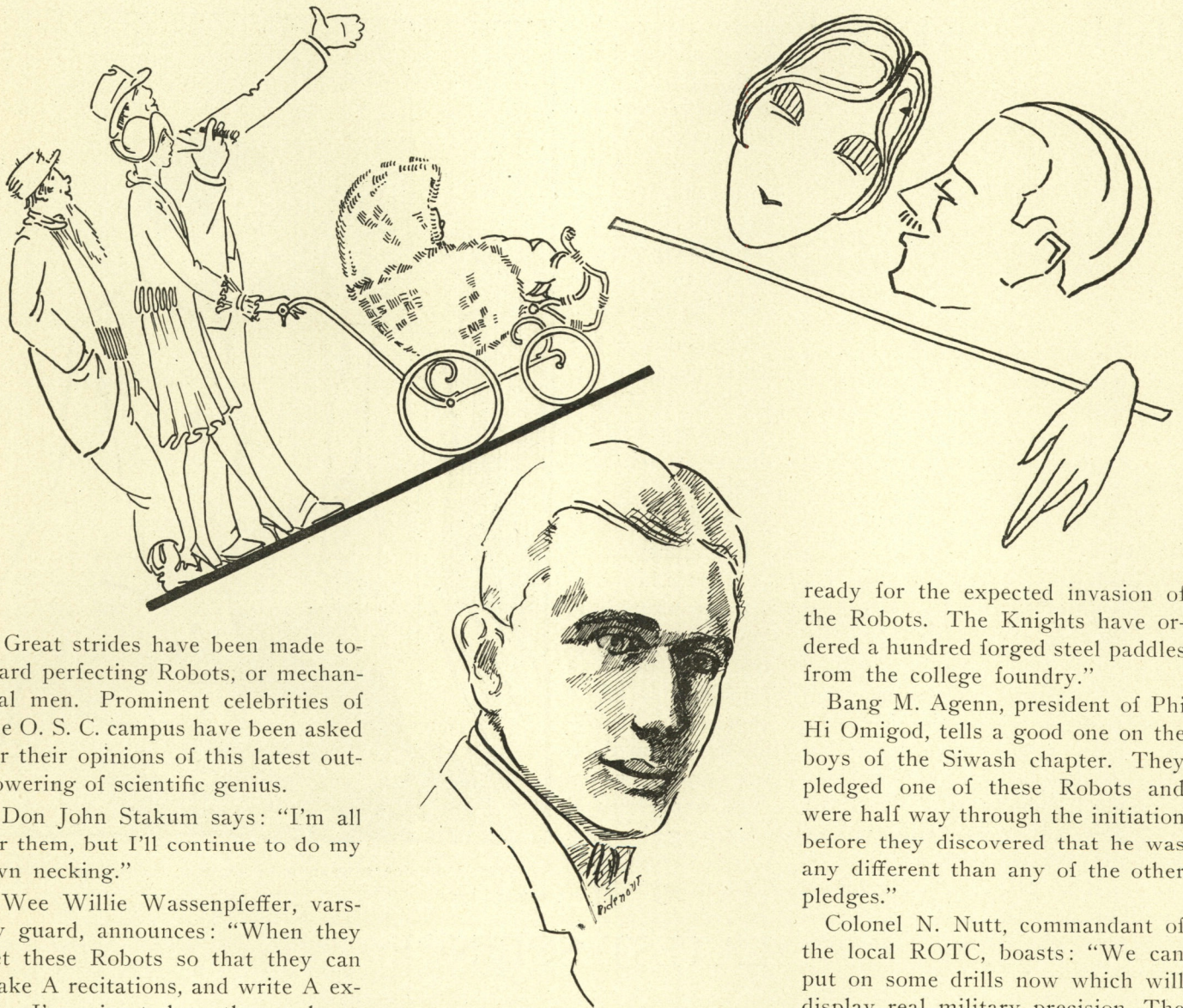
Science has at last come to the rescue of the restaurant patron who has grown weary of finding wads of chewing gum parked in unsuitable places. Professor Gross of Berlin has just announced his automatic gum collector. By means of powerful suction pumps, the gum is removed from the underside of tables, chairs, and so on. It is then dried, pulverized, and used to fill the pepper shakers. (No one ever uses restaurant pepper anyway.)

In the interests of better night hunting for motorists, Professor Breedem Quick, noted biologist, is conducting experiments to cross pedestrians and glow worms. He believes that if they have a light behind, they will be much easier to run down. As it is, many pedestrians are foiling the motorists by hiding behind telephone posts and other places, so that they are difficult to see at night.

Dr. Drian Dusty, the eminent physicist and astronomer, has perfected a new skyrocket attachment

(Continued on page 19)

Scientists Boast Improvement Over Genus Homo Sapiens



Great strides have been made toward perfecting Robots, or mechanical men. Prominent celebrities of the O. S. C. campus have been asked for their opinions of this latest out-flowering of scientific genius.

Don John Stakum says: "I'm all for them, but I'll continue to do my own necking."

Wee Willie Wassenpfeffer, varsity guard, announces: "When they get these Robots so that they can make A recitations, and write A exams, I'm going to have the coach get one for every member of the team."

Jumbo Tinamight, coxswain of the crew, says: "This idea of spelling 'Row-boats' as 'Robots' is carrying simplified spelling too far."

Sweda D. Howe, prominent co-ed, says: "I'd just as soon go riding alone as with one of these Robots."

Grade Getter Grind says: "I have ordered a Robot to take gym and military for me, so I can concentrate on my studies."

Gordon Dewar Haig, head of the local chapter of T. N. E., says: "All I want to know about these Robots is 'Can they hold their liquor?'"

Angus McLauder Cohen, house manager of Speara Nu Bean, says: "We're going to test the fuel consumption of these Robots before we pledge any. Anything to cut down on house bills."

Ben Dover Rooke, president of the Beaver Knights, says: "We are all

ready for the expected invasion of the Robots. The Knights have ordered a hundred forged steel paddles from the college foundry."

Bang M. Agenn, president of Phi Hi Omigod, tells a good one on the boys of the Siwash chapter. They pledged one of these Robots and were half way through the initiation before they discovered that he was any different than any of the other pledges."

Colonel N. Nutt, commandant of the local ROTC, boasts: "We can put on some drills now which will display real military precision. The only thing that worries me is the cavalry. I don't know how the horses will take to these Robots."

Professor Noah Kent, who has been teaching freshman English for seventeen years, says: "It will be a great relief to the faculty to have some intelligent faces to look at."



"Make 'em good."
"—and thick!"

The Story of Civilization . . . By Dr. Bill Durant

1.

Many years had passed since Adam and Eve had been banished from the Garden of Eden. One day they were sitting on their front porch revelling in a reminiscent mood.

Said Eve, "The first apple we ate caused a lot of grief!"

"It sure raised Cain," said Adam.

2.

All night long the storm raged buffeting the Ark until it seemed that the staunch craft would be torn apart. But when morning came the Ark and its varied cargo rode peacefully in a little harbor in the Swiss Alps.

Captain Noah came out on the bridge and inhaled deep breaths of the clean air.

"Gosh, the air is foul inside," he muttered.

"The skunks got loose last night," complained the helmsman.

"What a difference a few scents make," responded Noah.

3.

Troy loomed in the misty distance. The paddles manned by the galley slaves kept their rhythmic and senseless cadence to assault the quiet of night.

"What was the matter with Menelaus," said Paris to the fair Helen.

"Well, he was sort of . . . er . . . neglectful."

4.

. . . and Cleopatra, mistress of the Nile, stirred from her sensuous couch to greet the mighty Roman fighter, Marc Anthony.

"How do you like my costume," she murmured.

"What costume?" he queried.

5.

Emin Pasha was surveying his large and beautiful collection of women resting in the magnificent



. . . and during the summer of 1928 a young couple were out on the beach.

garden. He never tired of watching the harem. Their bewitching and enticing forms and the heavy sweet odor of the garden was a drug to Emin Pasha.

Suddenly he frowned. The sun had darkened and some impulsive and stray rain had violated his paradise. Blasphemous rain! It wetted the brown shoulders and the heads of his beloved harem.

Soon the garden was full of steam.

6.

All Rome was burning; the sky was a canopy of molten metal. The servant hurriedly awakened the sleeping man and wailed, "Nero, the town is afire! Hurry or we must all perish!"

"Good," said the ruler, picking up his fiddle, "now I can play some hot music!"

7.

It was during the dark ages. There was a commotion in the court yard of the castle, home of the Borgias.

"Your highness," said the court attendant in answer to Caesar Borgia, "a funny person, an American bootlegger, has arrived with a large load of merchandise."

"Send him in," said the Borgia, "my sister, Lucrezia, has been having trouble with her poison lately."

8.

Sir Walter and Queen Elizabeth were enjoying a quiet evening.

"Do you mind the smoke?" said Walter to the queen.

"On the contrary," she replied, "please blow some my way!"

9.

Aide-de-camp, "I notice a decided movement in the English army this morning."

Napoleon, "The spies tell me that there was a lot of joke telling in the enemy's forces last night."

10.

. . . and during the summer of 1928 a young couple were out on the beach. (The rest of this story has been censored.)

ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



Vol. IX

Corvallis, Oregon, April 1928

No. 4

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COMIC STRIPS

The Gory Onion, in this issue, has printed no comic strips. We wanted something humorous in the publication. We did not care to add to the common gloom by showing the trials of the Nebbs or the tribulations of Little Orphan Annie. We did not depict Auntie Blossom hiding behind a desk to conceal her secret. We did not drag Andy Gump through the slough of financial despond nor did we help Ella Cinders retain her virtue.

We repeat, our aim was humor, and we plead with the makers of comic strips to change them into funny papers. And by this we do not mean to encourage the innate vulgarity of Jiggs or the inane buffoonery of the Katzenjammers.

FLORAL OFFERING

There were only about 50 persons killed in the latest Chicago elections. This fact shows that the attitude of the daily press in refusing to print crime news has noticeably improved living conditions in our metropolitan centers. Only 50 persons killed—an enviable record—at least for Windy City bulleting.

Our more serious contemporaries, in relegating such heinous accounts to the editorial page, have taken them from the public eye. No reader can fail to thrill at the sight of a glaring banner headline saying, "Taffy Pull Planned for Kiddies." Such Americanisms are only to be commended highly—it is really a shame they never appear in the papers.

WOMEN'S SECTION

FASHION NOTES

Dresses to be Longer This Summer

There are two reasons why dresses will be longer in next season's modes. Guess what they are!

Well, since the Dean hasn't any ideas on the subject I'll tell you. One of the reasons is Newton's, (or is it Babe Ruth's) law that everything that goes up will come down if you'll just let it alone long enough. Another is Pilgrim's law of progress, which says that a thing has to go one way or another, because it can't stand still. And in the latter case, dresses, if they don't get longer will soon be hanging up from the waist instead of down, like an up-turned umbrella. That would never do, because just think how uncomfortable it would be to get caught in a sand storm.

Also, so far, there is absolutely no sign of bustles coming in vogue for this season. In the first place, as H. L. Mencken says, the average looks bad enough without them. He says that they are built on certain general contours, with a swell below the neck, on the bow, and a bulge below the waist, astern, and that they invariably take on the appearance of a drunken dollar mark bisected by an imperfect straight line. With such an accusation as that staring women in the face how could they again adopt bustles? Further reasons given against the adoption of bustles is the present urge to rollerskate. Just think what would happen to a bustle if one fell down, especially if one had the bustle filled with the average line of junk one now carries in her vanity bag! We are of the opinion that the bustle alone wouldn't suffer.

Hats will either be worn or not worn, according to where the lady is and what sort of a party she is on. If she is a lady of fashion she will not wear a hat at a dinner party or to bed or when she goes swimming. It is not considered very good manners to wear big flowered hats in the theater either, because the smell of flowers makes lots of people sick, especially the ones behind you.



Mrs. Murphy's Love Corner

(Mrs. Murphy, who has had five husbands, is prepared to answer any and all questions pertaining to unsteady love affairs. She knows all about it; her last one was so unsteady he fell down an elevator shaft and broke his neck.)

Dear Mrs. Murphy: My husband Jim grits his teeth in his sleep something awful. I can't sleep at all. And now he has taken to sleeping all afternoon as well as at night. What would you do if you were in my place?

Sleepy Susan.

Dear Sleepy Susan: Say, what do you think I am? If I were married to him I'd either fill his face with sand when he went to bed, fix him a cot in the attic, or get me an axe and warp him one in the jaw. Then I'd get him some false teeth with rubber crowns.

Mrs. M.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Murphy: I'm a girl 72 years old in love with Jimmie, six



Three campus belles with their coteries of followers exhibit stunning new modes.

years my senior. His papa, 103, thinks it's all right for us to go together, but his grandpa, 126, (the mean old thing) says I'm just wanting to marry him for his money. Jimmie earns \$40.00 a month scraping up chips at Cox's wood yard. Do you think I could be happy in all that luxury?

Heavy Hearted Hannah.

Dear Miss Hannah: No, Heavy, I wouldn't marry Jimmie. He likely has most of his bad habits formed by now, and besides if his Grandpa is that stingy he will likely live to be a very old man. Don't ever get too serious; you may get another chance.

Mrs. M.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Murphy: My husband says I haven't got any "IT," and that if I don't get some like Clara Bow that he is going to divorce me. What shall I do?

Leary Lou.

Miss Lou: I would advise you to see Clara Bow in a picture show and then go home and shoot your husband.

Mrs. M.



.... you may be tempted to just hose off the baby.

How to Give Baby a Bath

(By a man who has never had one.)

If your baby is a boy or a girl of less than nine years, its proper bathing will do much to determine the nature of your child. Just stop and think, you mothers, **What a dirty little brat it would be if you never bathed it.**

First we shall consider ways of bathing the infant. Water, of course, is necessary, though care must be exerted as to what the water is in. Never bathe the baby in the water bucket, especially the one you keep drinking water in, for drinking water is usually too cold and might give baby chills. And another thing. Do not bathe it in a well or cistern, because if you do, and you have to leave it for a few minutes to answer the phone or something the baby may drown. Some mothers use a bathtub, but that wastes water, and is doubly harmful if you expect your son to go to college.

After you have your dishpan or washtub filled with warm, soapy water, (use no lye or starch,) place baby in the tub right side up and let him soak for half an hour. During this time you may iron, telephone, start supper or write a letter. After baby has soaked well, and has

eaten about half the soap, take the soap away from him, he may need another bath sometime. Then stir contents gently until baby splashes water in his eye and starts to howl, when you must immediately rinse him off, put him behind the stove and let him dry. When dry, cover him with a thick layer of talcum powder and put him away until he needs another bath.

If you are in a hurry you may be tempted to just hose the baby off, especially if a garden hose is handy. But you mustn't do this. Wait 15 or 20 years and he will do his own bathing.

If your baby is old enough to go to college I wouldn't bathe it at all. It might ruin his chances to make a good fraternity. And don't give your baby, or any one else's baby a bath in champagne. Just look at what happened to Earl Carrol and his baby.



SOCIETY

At one of the season's most brilliant and spectacular functions last Wednesday evening at the Biltmore-plazaritz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cottonseed-Smith, recent arrivals to our city from Smith Corners, presented their daughter, Miss Dahlia Cottonseed-Smith, to society.

The large ballroom of the Biltmoreplazaritz was a bower of the most expensive and exotic orchids, and to add a touch of true garden-like atmosphere, mocking birds flitted about the ceiling. During the evening the famous Hothead orchestra, imported for the occasion, with great expense, from New York, played under a bower of orchids and lilies of the valley, which are also out of season.

Supper was served on the terrace—Henri having also been imported from New York to take care of that.

Mrs. J. Cottonseed-Smith, who received with her daughter, wore a

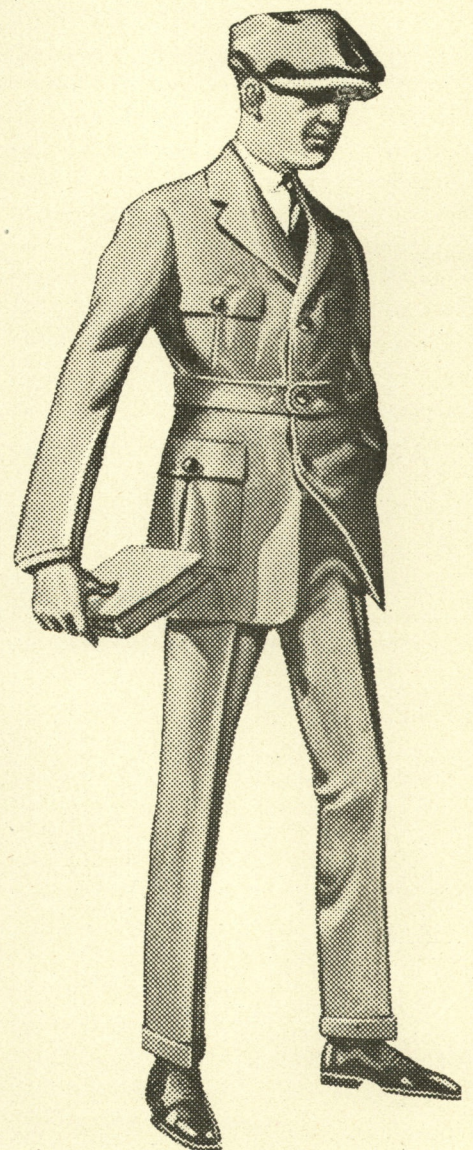
channel model of blue and red sequins and the famous Shyster diamonds, recently purchased by the Cottonseed-Smiths when Mr. Shyster went bankrupt.

Miss Cottonseed-Smith was sweet and demure in a gown of white satin and point lace especially designed to give an air of extreme innocence.

The invitation list included society's most exclusive set, altho, unfortunately most of them were unable to attend, and especially all visiting nobility and eligible bachelors.



A student of the college once kept a set of notes without drawing pictures all over them.



What the well-dressed young man will wear.

MOVIES

GITSUM STARS IN NICE PLAY

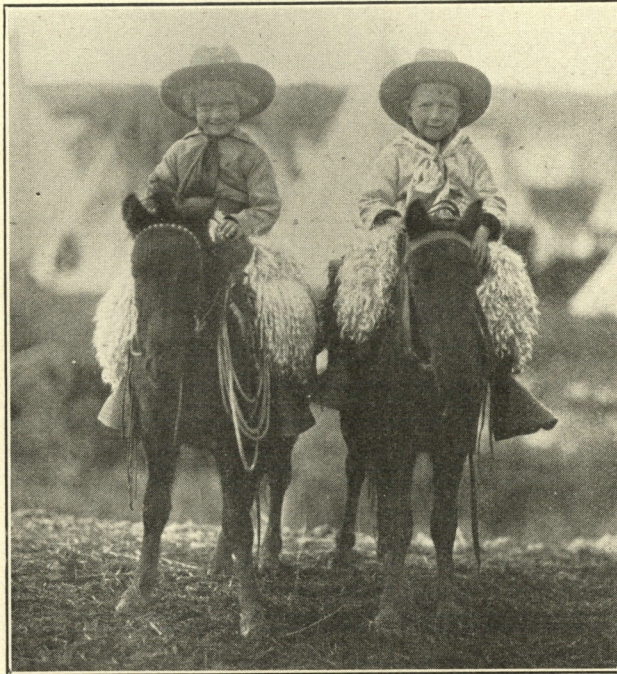
Sixteen Reels of the Most Refined
Necking Promised Patrons
of Alleged Theater

The photoplay, "Shots for Love," now flickering on the spliced bed sheets down at the local peanut crusher's heaven stars Hit Goopson as the dashing horse navigator who would gladly ride a mile to perforate anybody with a mustachio. Playing opposite him is Miss Greater Garbage who occupies her spare time getting into predicaments so the hero can have shooting practice. The action drags a little at first; only seventeen are killed in the first reel. After a while though, things begin to liven up, and Git Hoopson starts sending delegates to the happy hunting grounds by platoons. When the supply of dirty blackguards finally gives out, the hero, (the above mentioned Goop Hitson,) gathers himself his arms full of heroines, and as the light softly fades, their lips meet, and they reciprocate--no that's not the word, they oscillate; no, plague take it, they osculate.

The picture is very educational. Yes, indeed. Why, even this critic never knew before that a six shooter could be fired fourteen times without re-loading. And the novel and unique methods used by Goot for the extermination of human life! Every potential murderer and felon should see this picture before entering the lucrative field of crime.



If all the cigarette snipes back of the commerce building were placed in a pile four feet square some senior would probably gather them up.



Lois Moron and Git Hoopson in "Shots for Love"

NEW PICTURE BEING FILMED

Producers are busily at work on a new series of "Collegians." These pictures have become so popular that production on a grander scale was deemed advisable.

Always a delectable relish for the movie-going public, these pictures have become exceptionally popular in college towns and have been given warm receptions by student patrons. Their popularity with college students is due to the wonderful opportunity they afford one of coming in contact with college life as the public sees it. So true to life are the stories and characters, that they have become endeared to the hearts of thousands of students.

Interesting sidelights on the lives of some of the leading characters were given by Joe Backman, presi-

dent of Emotional Collegian Players, who was on the campus a few years ago. It was learned that Rute Knocknee, veteran football coach, was employed for six weeks to coach two football teams for a picture that required less than two hours to film. So fierce was the struggle that three of the actors received severe injuries.

One reason for the popularity of the Collegians is the fact that they are a true portrayal of life at the average college. An exact duplicate of Calford is to be found in any college town.

Ed Benson, star in the latest Collegian picture, played football for the University of Lane County before he began appearing before the camera. While at college he also won letters in davenport wrestling and chess. Besides he won first place among seventy contestants in an International Telegraphic Tiddlewinks Endurance contest. At present his hours away from the studio are taken up with the development of a set of rules for playing football by the Zamlock plan. It is thought that this type of play is particularly well adapted to cinematographic football. Benson is planning to introduce this type of football in his next picture. Reactions of the public to this will be carefully studied with a view to having it introduced on the collegiate gridiron next fall. Details of the plan are being withheld pending further research.

(Continued on page 19)



Greater Garbage in the "Temptress"

HOW TO MAKE AN HONORARY

By I. Ware Keyes

In the first place, there are just two kinds of students — men and women. If you are a woman, you will get grades anyway, so don't read any more of this article. If you are a man, your chances are not so good, but these words of advice will help.

There are two kinds of men students—those who study occasionally and those who don't study at all. If you study occasionally, that is very nice and you will get your reward in heaven if not here. If you don't study at all, you will find the going a little tough at first, but stick up for your principles. For the sake

of convenience in this article, we shall call those who don't study at all the "wise guys."

Further eliminating shows that there are just two kinds of wise guys—those who hang around the Electric and those who patronize the profs. Those who hang around the Electric are just naturally clever and will squeeze through somehow, but they will never make any honoraries, so we will dispense with them. We have no honorary material left but the patrons of the profs.

"How do you do, Dr. Smooch, I just came in to explain about that last quiz." (This approach is always good, especially if the teacher in question has recently received his doctor's degree.) "You see, I sat up half the night preparing my notes, because I always like to have them up. And then I studied the wrong chapter, too."

If this ruse fails, a blunt query at the end of the term is in order. "Will I get an A or a B in this course, professor?" This sort of attack always puts the professor in a frame of mind to think of you as an outstanding student. It should be followed up by this sort of statement, "I have been assured of an A in every course but this, and if you can see fit to give me one, I'll have another straight A average."

During the school year, when asked a difficult question, the cor-

rect answer is "Well, yes and no." This is sure to be right, and will probably start the professor off on a new tangent. As soon as you have wormed through one tough place, be prepared to raise your hand the next five questions. The professor will invariably smile indulgently at your enthusiasm and call on some one else.

If you follow these few easy rules, you have only to wait until the spring of your junior year and you will get a posey to wear as often as they are handed out. If, even after all this, you find yourself out in the cold you can always say: "Well, it isn't grades that count. It's the associations and contacts one makes while in college."



SIX BEST CELLARS

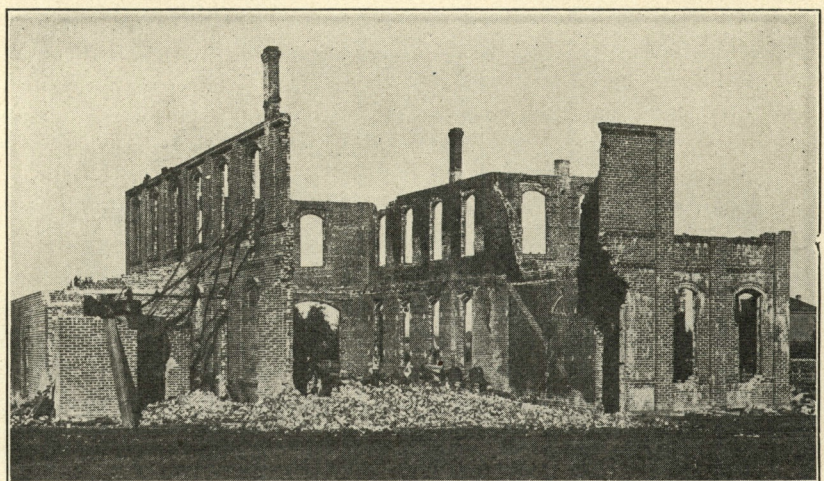
Delta Upsilon.
Sigma Nu.
Beta Theta Pi.
Sigma Chi.
Phi Gamma Delta.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Non-Fiction.

"Her Wild Note," by Willa Blather.

"Love Life of a Turnip," by Prof. Blah.

"Hoof Hearted," by Heinz Van Camp.



New Immoral Onion building in process of construction

NEW PICTURE BEING FILMED

(Continued from page 17)

Local theater-goers will be pleased to learn that the manager of one of the local picture palaces has signed a contract for the showing of Anna Que Nelson's latest production. It is rumored that the story for this picture was laid in the torrid deserts of Sweden.

Announcement was made yesterday that arrangements had been made for musical interpretation of this production by Feodor (Swede) Handersome and his Boilermakers. All dance contracts have been canceled by this popular group of musicians, to allow them more time for rehearsals on the musical score "The Swedest Story Ever Told."

The manager, Mr. Handersome, stated that special entertainment would be included, featuring Swede Handersome, conductor-drummer.



PICKING YOUR TRACK EVENT

(Continued from page 8)

develop rapidly by the time you reach home.

Discus

1. Take hot cake from fraternity breakfast table.
2. Go to nearest vacant lot.
3. Turn around in circle once and let go of hotcake.

4. If hotcake goes 100 feet you are ideal discus man. Don't get discouraged if you fail to approach discus record after several attempts. Hotcakes are slightly heavier than regulation discus.

High Jump

1. Build five foot fence in back yard.
2. Leave end of eight penny nails out two inches on top.
3. Put on Sunday pants.
4. If you make jump you are a coming world champion. If not, you are out one pair of pants.

Other events will be given at the next broadcast hour.

How to Keep Your Husband Home at Night

By Iva Goodwin

1. Hide all his clothes.
2. Don't eat apples where he can hear you.
3. Don't have dinner until just before bedtime.
4. Buy a radio, victrola, piano, Stoddard's book of travels, and a year's subscription to the Orange Owl.
5. Buy six assorted cases of imported stuff and a copy of Judge Jr's "Here's How."
6. Don't invite your mother over to spend the evening. If you must invite some one ask one of your husband's old sweethearts and then go yourself to see your mother.
7. Don't let him read anything by H. L. Mencken.
8. Marry an invalid.



Sunday Movie Directory

This directory is printed for the benefit of those residents of Corvallis, Monmouth, and Eugene, who wish to attend movies on Sunday.

Albany—Globe.

Salem—Elsinore, Capitol, Oregon, Hollywood.

Portland — Broadway, Pantages, Portland, Columbia, Liberty, Oriental.



LATEST SCIENCE

(Continued from page 11)

for his automobile, and expects to take off for Venus some time next month. It is presumed that he is looking for a parking place.

The clouds of flying lead which have caused the Chicago weather bureau to report so many fair days as being stormy are soon to be no more. One of the leading business men of that enterprising city has been devoting his spare time to developing a new indestructible glass bullet. He announces that he has just succeeded.

CLASSIFIED ADS

LOST—Pair of trousers on inbound 7 p. m. bus. Finder please phone 85.

* * *

LOST—Southern Pacific stage arriving in Corvallis April 1; very liberal reward. Call 65.

* * *

LOST—Lunch kit in railway station; kindly return teeth.

* * *

LOST—Full-grown, dark grey police dog named "Ted." Reward if returned to the Food and Relish Co.

* * *

FOUND—Lady's handbag containing two Octagon soap coupons, one Red Cross stamp, a quantity of Church of God literature, and one pair of dice.

* * *

HELP WANTED—Experienced salespeople wanted, male or female. No others need apply.

* * *

WANTED—A cook who can make things taste good. Apply K. A. T.

* * *

WANTED—Middle-aged lady to make home with elderly couple; if desirous, can have half interest in poultry and stock for championship.

* * *

FOR SALE—Gold fish. Make nice pet. Excellent swimmer.

* * *

FOR SALE—Bird cage and parrot by refined young lady with green feather and a yellow beak.

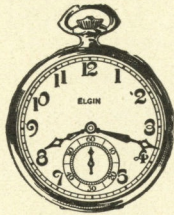
* * *

FOR SALE—A late model 1927 Buick Six sedan, 7 passenger, in perfect condition, nearly new; clipped ears, bobbed tail; answers to the name of Norman; Oregon license 28-386.



If all the chemistry instructors in the world were laid end to end they would reach halfway across the Pacific ocean. Most students favor this plan.

Diamond
Rings
\$25 up



Wedding
Rings
\$5 up

Watches \$50 to \$1.75

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Corvallis, Oregon's Jewelers Since 1902

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Near Campus

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THE CAMPUS STORE

Drop in and look around

2003 Monroe Street

FOR COLLEGE MISS

The largest stock of dresses
and coats to select from

SEE THE NEW TRENCH COAT

UPSTAIRS
STORE

THE PARIS

UPSTAIRS
STORE

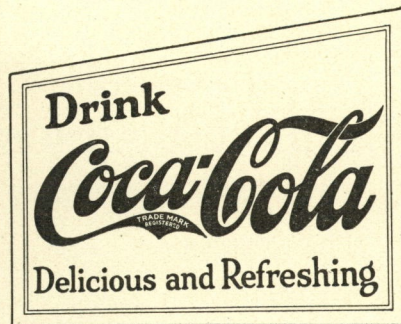
THE ELECTRIC LUNCH

STANDS FOR

QUALITY AND SERVICE

I've driven my cars as I had them;
I've pushed and been towed in my time;
I've had my pickin' of autos,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was a fourteen Lizzie,
An Oakland more up-to-date,
Next came a coach make by Buick,
An' now it's an Auburn Eight.
Now I arn't no hand with the autos,
For, ridin' 'em all along,
You never can tell how you drive 'em,
An' then you are apt to be wrong.
There's times when you know that she will go,
There's times when she just hesitates,
But the things you will learn from the Sixes an' Fours,
Will help you a lot with the Eights.
I was a young one in high school,
Didn't know throttle from spark,
When I fell for a broken-down Lizzie,
An' bought her right then for a lark.
Feeble an' old, but my first one,
She'd rattle, she'd bang, and she'd burr,
Noisy as sin, but she always got in,
An' I learned about autos from her.
Then I went on up to college,
Bought me an Oakland sedan,
Painted her all up with wise-cracks,
A reg'lar collegiate can.
She burned up the road once too often,
An' then I got landed in stir,
Then the payments came due, and I couldn't come thru,
So I learned about autos from her.
Then I got started in business,
Selling joy-water, you know;
My Buick, I thought, was the ticket,
An' boy, how that baby could go.
Till one day some men came a-callin',
Policemen, they said that they were,
So I beat it, and how! why the chief has her now,
But I learned about autos from her.
At last I retired on my riches,
An' got me a bran' new straight eight,
Got me a chauffeur to drive her,
An' thought for a while she was great.
She really is right, but that chauffeur
Is doin' me dirt, like a cur,
For he runs up the bills like she runs up the hills,
An' I'm learnin' of autos from her.
I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you have done unto others,
The more you will hate to be done.
An' the end of it's payin' and cussin',
(Thank God, that the air is still free);
"Nine gallons," he got, (which I know he did not),
So learn about chauffeurs from me.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Lear
Act IV, Scene 6

**“Nature’s above art
in that respect” ~**

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

*A pure drink of natural flavors
—produced before the day of
synthetic and artificial drinks,
and still made from the same
pure products of nature.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**8 million
a day**

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

2-CM

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THE BALL STUDIOS
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Open 9 a. m. to 12 p. m. 1605 Monroe Street

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Don Byland, Proprietor

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MILLER'S
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Collegiate Apparel a Specialty

The Daylight Store Crees Building

EDWARDS NEWS AGENCY
For Cigars, Cigarettes, Soft Drinks and Candy
350 Monroe Street

STUDENTS!
Noon's Garage Does Our Repair Work
WHY ?

THE MERRY SPRINGTIME

I.

Well, spring has come around again,
With blossoms, balmy days, and flowers.
But I pick up my fountain pen
To write of hailstorms, clouds, and showers.

(Chorus)

Nothing but rain.
Floods on all sides of us,
Clouds bursting over us.
Jupiter Pluvius,
At it again.

II.

A co-ed rushing up the street
Darts hastily from place to place,
Trying not to wet her feet,
Or streak the powder on her face.

(Chorus)

II.

We drive our auto gingerly
Through streams across the right-of-way.
Should we wet the machinery,
The engine would stop right away.

(Chorus)

IV.

It used to be the month of March,
When winter ended, spring began.
But now the lion's strutting march
Has frightened off the docile lamb.

(Chorus)

V.

Weather prophets have it easy
In their little forecast game,
Saying only, "Twill be breezy
From the south, and rain, more rain."

(Chorus)



Why does an auto engine run,
Nobody never knew.
Why does an automobile balk,
That's a myst'ry, too.
But when it comes to autos, folks,
Here are the honest goods,
For the college can an' the big sedan
Are sisters under their hoods!

Photo-play Preview

One of the feature pictures which is soon to enjoy a lengthy one-day run at the Blackbottom theater is "The Student Prints." The star in this picture is Roman Nevverrow and the heavenly body which scintillates opposite him is Nowma Shearer.

This powerful epic is a credit to the silent drama, and is outdone in its stupendocity by no other picture. The scene was laid in the south sea island on a remote sand-spit in Southern California. Thousands of dollars were spent in importing genuine south sea island palm trees from the grounds of the Flamous Latchkey Corporation. The attention to detail in this picture is shown by the fact that an office staff was maintained in New York to interview those who applied for work as south sea islanders. These carefully picked recruits were then put thru an extensive course of training covering 72 hours so that no detail should be overlooked. Instruction was under the direct supervision of Ki-Yi, an American born south sea islander who received his B. V. D. at Columbine university in 1920.

The story opens with the heroine in the hero's arms. After confessing their love for each other they immediately set about to devise ways of securing the consent of the heroine's father to a wedding. Unknown to them, the father is planning their honeymoon, a cruise to the south Pacific in his palatial yacht.

The story moves smoothly due to the director's cleverness in omitting

the villian. The part of the co-respondent is played by a Mack Sennet bathing beauty. (Body by Fissure.) The sub-titles are profusely illustrated and punctuated with lengthy osculations. Altho there are 57 close-up kissing scenes it is said by the promoters that there are no duplicates. This caused a great deal of over-work on the part of the actors but it just goes to show the attention to details. This feature alone makes the picture highly edifying to under-graduate students.

The scene closes much as it opened—with the heroine in the hero's arms.

Helpful Hints for Mortified Motorists

By Useless S. Wright

Dear Uncle Useless: I am just a little country girl alone in the great city. Every day as I am going to work a man drives by in a big Rolls-Royce and wants me to ride with him. What should I do?

Mary L. Pfier.

Dear Mary: I have referred your question to Auntie Belieu Lawes. She wants to know what street this happens on.

* * *

Dear Uncle Useless: What is the correct procedure when your car stops and refuses to go?

Avery Mann.

Dear Avery: The correct procedure is as follows:

1. Raise the hood, look around inside, and make mysterious noises.

2. Swear.
3. Have it towed into town.
4. Have a garage man look it over.
5. Sell it as is to a freshman.
6. As a last resort, insure it for a thousand dollars and push it over a bluff.

COFFEE CUP CHATTER

By Jazabel Bolex

Mrs. A. Gathenblight and daughter Miss Elsie Batherblight will leave next week for an extended tour of the Sahara desert. A number of affairs are being given this week in their honor.

Miss Angalina Smitherpoof returned home this week from Bascar where she has been matriculated in pottery making. Miss Smitherpoof has rented a studio in Sandwich Village, where she will continue to make pottery in her odd moments.

If ten thousand caterpillars were placed side by side, there would be more butterflies.

More than three dozen red pencils were used in getting out this edition of the Gory Onion.

It has been estimated that when a final exam gets issued prematurely, four out of five have it.



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"THE LAUNDRY THAT DOES IT BEST"

We once heard of a story about a certain pie-eyed piper from Hangover.

On the track sat Wong Foo,
Along came big Choo-choo
Sounded the whistle long Too-too.
Wong Foo ate chop suey,
He no hear big Choo-choey,
Poor Wong Foo now all gooey.

SIMPlified Spelling Lesson

Gossip—d-i-r-t.
College—O. S. C.
Robber—C-o-o-p.
Student Body Dance—s-t-r-u-g-g-l-e.
Blind Date—l-e-m-o-n.
Rook—d-u-m-b.
Debate—w-i-n-d.
Week-end—d-a-t-e.
Class—s-l-e-e-p.
Check—N. S. F.
Money—o-o-o.
Sunday—h-e-a-d-a-c-h-e.
Student—m-o-r-o-n.
Professor—c-r-a-b.

(This ends the lesson.)

ODE TO SPRING

Idle lad do you wonder
Of the moments that you squander
Lying listless 'neath that tree.
Don't you know that time is fleeting,
That life and death are ever meeting
Bring you eternity.
Pulling grass and teasing ants
That crawl upon your old cord pants
Specked with ink with every hue.
Tranquil there in the grass,
You are cutting history class
I would that I were you.

"Hello sweetie. Let's make a date."
"Of all the impertinence! Don't you dare meet me
at the Iron Lady at the lower end of the campus at
10:30 tonight."

Goo: "She talks twice as much as other girls do."
Gee: "Yes. She has a double chin."

She was only an aviator's daughter, but she knew
the ups and downs of life.



Phi: "What's your best course?"

Beta: "Straight past the dean's office
—what's yours?"

Phi: "A course in etiquette! Life
Savers are 'always good taste'."



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and legibility of type-written matter. Chances are, that means better marks, too.

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Sensation

Scandal

The Translation:

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designed by us are al-
ways "big time" stunts*

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