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Orange Owl

HAMMER
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PUBLICATION



HOMECOMING NUMBER 3

T H E O. A. C. CO-OP.

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back to the campus



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¶ We hope you will be
back to the '27 Home-
coming; but there is a
chance that you'll not.

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The place is Shepard Hall.
The time is *now*.  400

The Orange Owl

Vol. VIII Corvallis, Ore., November 1926 No. 2

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

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

Our Platform

Tax free picture brides.
Colleges without deans of women.
Holeless doughnuts.
Textless text books.
Sunday movies in Corvallis.



Sweet was the flower you gave me,
Sweeter than life's grim crown,
Sweet was the token of friendship,
Sweet as you threw it down.
There from your window you cast it,
Straight was it's path and fair,
Straight for my heart you aimed it,
Straight as I waited there.
Hardly had I received it,
Hardly my arms had closed,
Straightway my brain went whirling,
Leaving me indisposed.
Now as I lie on my pillow,
Thoughts my mind do adorn,
Much as I longed for the flower,
You also threw me the thorn.



Please shed a tear
For Madge McGee,
She said, "Hello, there,"
Meaning me.



Little Johnny Jordon
Couldn't pay his boardin'
A frat he joined
His clothes he coined,
Now he has to pay his boardin'.



Call 45
For one poor rook.
He gave the sarge
A dirty look.

She's 19 now...



SHE'S nineteen today . . . she'll never be again. She'll never know again the glamour of star-powdered nights . . . the drifting laughter of young crowds . . . the fragile, fleeting hours of youth when life's a wonderful time -- a coin in the air.

This magazine understands her, and we think you should. We offer Youth -- straight from the campus, warm from the pens of men who know it best. These college people are producing wonderful things in word and picture these chromatic days.

And there are the writers who ride with youth . . . Cyril Hume, Scott Fitzgerald, O. O. McIntyre, George Jean Nathan, Katharine Brush, Royal Brown, Lucian Cary, Donald Ogden Stewart, Percy Marks, Thyra Samter Winslow, Lynn and Lois Montross, Nancy Arnold, Hoyt, Holworthy Hall, Bennett -- the list goes on.



CollegeHumor

At All Newsstands, the First of Every Month

Some of the boys go out for a corking good time, and have it.



Most graduates are just one degree smarter.

Heard on the Cal Trail

Pee Wee: "Let's go around by 'Frisco."

Rod: "What do you want to go 100 miles out of the way for?"

P. W.: "I want to write a letter from the St. Francis hotel to my girl."



Anna: "My Bill is a good loser. What kind of a loser is yours?"

Belle: "Permanent."



Ain't it funny?

I took an exam the other day, and the boy next to me flipped a nickel on every true false question.

I got 47,

and he got 76.

Ain't it funny?

But then I flipped a nickel, too.

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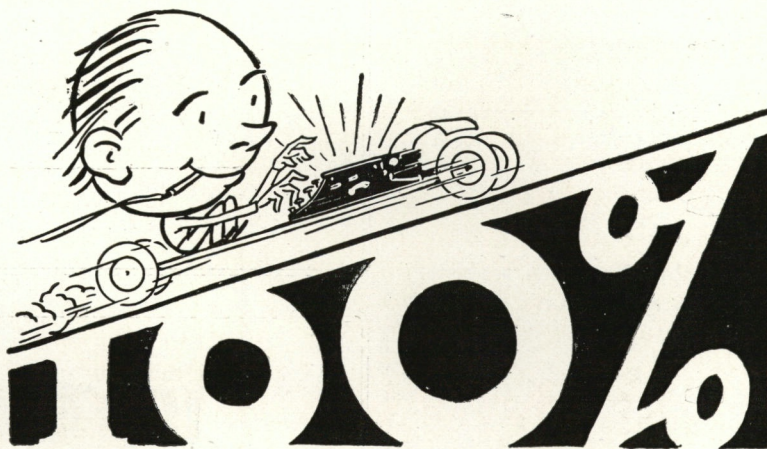
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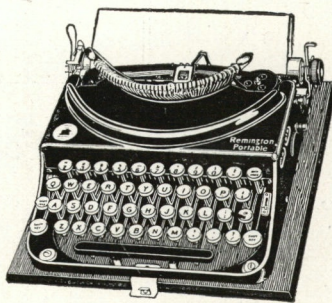


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Phone (noise like a bell): "Tinkle, tinkle."
 Voice: "Hey, Rook. Telephone."
 Rook: "Digma Pi Up house."
 Voice on phone: "Wrong number."
 Rook: "He doesn't live here."



"Why don't you go into the bakery business?"
 "I would, but I can't raise the dough."



Johnnie is so modest that he takes a shower with his pajamas on so the water won't get fresh on him.



O. A. C. is perfectly willing to have the shell game worked on her by other colleges, providing the shells are built for rowing.



"Lissen, chile, nex' time Ah sen's you' to de sto' to get face powdah, Ah don' want no white trash."

"WISE AS AN OWL"

This trite old saying holds good for every O. A. C. student, and fortunate indeed will be those who heed it.

Among the many sayings attributed to it may be mentioned these few hints to those who value wisdom:

Economy is the source of revenue.

Saving, instead of squandering, promotes prosperity.

Face the future with the backing of a bank account.

Start a savings account now in this bank. Add to it regularly and pile up chunks of competence and comfort.

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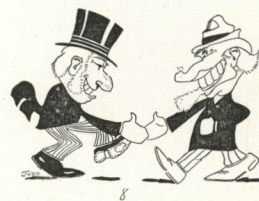
HARDWARE

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Homecoming Number





Returning Grad: "I'm from California and glad of it."

The mean one: "I don't blame you a bit for being glad."



ORANGE "OWL"

Herbert H. H. H.

AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

Ain't love grand when you're hand in hand
Walking down the lane?
Ain't love grand when you hear the band
Play love's old refrain?
Ain't love grand when you understand
And you kiss and kiss again?
It's the height of romance
When she says with a glance—
"Ain't love grand?"



Some girls are like a bum magazine—not
much under cover.



Wes S. to Train Caller: "Are you the train
caller?"

T. C.: "Yep."

Wes: "Will you call my train back? I just
missed it."



Farmer John: "How is that new farm hand
from college?"

Si: "He hez tew much ettykete—set around
the hull forenoon after I told him tew pitch hay,
becawse he didn't know which fork tew use."



"This certainly means a great deal to me,"
said the poker player, as he shuffled the cards.



Mrs. Newlywed: "I want to buy some nice
berries."

Grocer: "We have some nice elderberries."

Mrs. N.: "Oh dear, haven't you any younger?"

HOMECOMING SONG

Oh, I'll hop a freight at Cincy,
An' I'll ride the blinds from there,
An' at Chi I'll hook a cow-car,
If I'm not kicked off somewhere.
I'll go by way o' old Eugene,
And hear their hunk o' bunk,
An' I'll end up in Corvallis—
Class of '20, commerce punk.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm on my way, an' some fine day
I'll land there, partly peeled,
An' we'll smear that lemon-yellow team,
An' carry 'em off the field.

Second Canto.

Oh, I'll bum my way to San Antone,
An' then to Santa Fe,
An' I'll hoof it down the highway
'Til I land up in L. A.
Then I'll hit the pike to 'Frisco,
Where I'll hock my extra junk,
An' I'll end up in Corvallis—
Class of '20, commerce punk.

Chorus.



The Tri Delts have their Hot Shot,
The Thetas have their kite,
The Chi O's claim the finest lot,
But Waldo says "We're white."

The D. U.'s look to Gordon Dry,
The S. P. E.'s to heaven,
But the Betas they get nicely by,
By their eternal "seven."



Snob: "My dear, did you read that scandal-
ous story that the newspaper printed about me?"

Bob: "Yeh, that's hard lines."



"Is he a nice boy?"

"No, he's collegiate; but I think you'll like him."

ANOTHER ENGINE DIED

That a fiend is at large in the neighborhood of the O. A. C. campus is the opinion of the Campus Cop, based on the finding of another disabled Ford near Colorado lake early yesterday morning. According to information received here this is the fourth identical crime in the short space of two weeks.

Authorities were skeptical as to the nature of the outrage until professional assistance arrived. After close examination, the horrible fact was disclosed—the rear axle had been severed by a keen instrument, apparently a cheese knife, and the fingerprints, those of the fiend, were found on the clutch collar.

Grasped in the teeth of the flywheel this note was found, which may lead to the subsequent arrest and conviction of the beast-man:

"Leave the Electric Lunch in a hurry. Walk off and on until you reach the 3rd page. Then have a Camel. Have another. Have three or four more.

"Say 'Aimee did, Aimee didn't' three times, and bark once. Find an elevator door and shut it. Then hide. If you don't see me then, count

three and strike out. Walk to 1st, turn around and walk to 3rd five times.

"Look at Santa Claus or the north star, either will do, and goose step one half block. Don't spit out of an upstairs window."

Authorities have decided that this note has nothing whatsoever to do with the series of identical outrages. They aren't expected to do much anyway, unless someone of note goes off on a private spree, and besides the Fords weren't worth so very much.



Like a hero—I'm protection,
Yet for me there's no affection.
Still I stand it all
From women—large and small.
They take me on a wet date,
They linger with me at the gate.
They drag me through the mire and mud,
For I'm a girl's essential dud.

—A. Galosh.



Suggestions to the Returning Alumni

Take our girls out, we just LOVE to have you do it.

Donate a couple thousand pesos to the new house fund—don't be so proud.

Do what the Rooks tell you to. They really mean it.

Tell the cook she's improving. She knows it. Leave your "sheet music" at home. You can't compete with us.

Return satisfied, we aim to please.



Here lies the body of Ralph McQuern,
He came to a corner and forgot to turn.



Senior: "What's the height of conceit?"

Rook: "I dunno."

Senior: "A pledge in a fraternity taking a voluntary shower on a Monday night."



Dis-honesty is the best fallacy.



Rook: "What is Junior Week End?"

Senior: "That's where they carry their hats."

NOW YOU CAN TELL ONE

By PHIL SAWYER

The football team, the team to represent the Oregon Aggies, dozed lazily in bed. Someone yelled from below that it was already 10:30 A. M. and if they were to play in the game today against Oregon, just three and one-half hours away, they had better get up.

"What's the use," came a half-smothered answer from within the warmth of the bed-covers. "We don't have to work. Might as well sleep as not. Besides, I was out until two thirty this morning and I'm tired. The coach said we didn't have a chance to win. They've got a better team than we have, anyhow."

The person below gave a disgusted grunt and turned to other duties. The team slept sullenly on. A check up later revealed that they did not all get up until half past twelve. And the game was only one and one-half hours away.

Among the fraternities and sororities of the campus there was no spirit. "I hear we're going to get the beating of our lives today," someone was heard to remark. "I don't believe I'll go. They won't miss me if I don't. There's plenty of others to cheer in my place."

There were plenty of others—but not to cheer in his place. They all had the same thought—"Let someone else do it."

At half-past one, or the usual time the rooting sections start to fill up, a few hundred had drifted to watch the contest. They sat apart and had a sad look on their faces. There was no spirit prevailing. On the opposite side, Oregon had nearly filled the stands. Already they were giving yells for their Alma Mater, and when their lemon-and-green clad warriors trotted on the field, there was such a yell released that it was heard for miles around. Not so on the Orange and Black side. One loyal man tried to get the Aggies to cheer, but his suggestion was met with reproval. "What's the use," they said, "we haven't got a chance."

The referee's whistle sounded. The Orangemen were kicking. The kicker was nervous and made a bad start. The ball rolled over the ground, bounced and landed squarely into the arms of the first defense man on the Oregon side. Without any interference, the plucky gridder avoided the oncoming Beavers and dashed through the entire field for a touchdown. The conversion was successful. The game was but two minutes started and already Oregon led by a 7 to 0 score. The rooters in the lemon-and-green colored section were yelling like mad.

For two hours the game went on thusly, until several of the Aggie men refused to play. Sub-

stitutes were sent in by the discouraged and disgusted coach, but they fared little better than the men whose places they took. The opposing team was invincible. Time and time again, the men from Eugene crossed the goal line.

In the town of the enemy that night, the Oregon supporters were celebrating a 70 to 0 victory. The warriors of the U. had scored 10 touchdowns, holding the Orange and Black players without points. It was a great victory for a great school.

NOW YOU TELL ONE!



Drink a rickie to Harvey McKnat,
He got a broom when he joined a frat.



"How come so many portable phonographs
around the house?"

"Oh! We bought a reproducing phonograph
last spring."



Bust a beer for Freddie McSneer,
She slapped his face when he got too near.



"Where ye goin'?"

"To take little Mary to the museum."

"And are they paying ye, or are ye a donatin' her?"



Old Timer: "What's all the crowd down at the sea shore?"

Stude: "September Morn is swimming the channel and that's the reception committee."

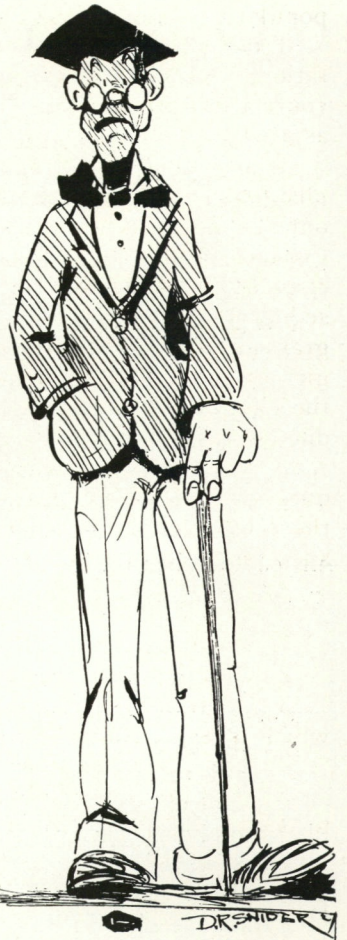
Why Remain Outside the Pale!

No girl ought to be cheated of the joys of social intercourse—or social position that is the cream of college life. Any girl with the proper training can qualify for membership in a sorority. The proper training can be found in the course of Dr. and Professor Lependeller Quim, noted sociologist and authority on these subjects. The course is only twenty dollars, and will be mailed for your inspection on the receipt of that sum.

Quim Institute

82nd and Scagamore, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Remain Outside the Pale.



Mr. (Pardon me) Dr. L. Quim,
Quim Institute,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Far be it from me to remain outside the pail. Therefore I am enclosing twenty dollars (inside) for which I expect to receive your course, of course.

Trustingly yours,
Amelia Floob.

Miss Amelia Floob.

Dear Lady:

Your letter was received just now, and we thank you for your twenty dollars, although you ought to have sent cash, for it is a lot of trouble to cash a check.

Your course has been mailed (to you) under separate covers.

Yours truly,
Dr. and Prof. Quim.

Why remain outside the Pale?

Lesson No. One

The first lesson, of course, will be of a general nature, and those following of a more specific nature, as we study your answers to the examinations at the end of each and every lesson.

THE BIG THREE

You, no doubt, have probably heard of the Big Three in regard to women's sororities.

They are the strongest, oldest, and wealthiest, respectively.

The strongest is the Lappa Lappa Gramma. There are branches, or chapters, as they are more commonly called in nearly all towns of 5,000 or over. There are many nice girls in this sorority.

The oldest are the Pi Eyes, which are also nice girls.

The third, the wealthiest, is the Lappa Alma Waitah. It is in this house that are found some of the most high hat girlies in the school. All the other sororities exist merely for the purpose of taking care of the overflow from the Waitah house. This is generally acknowledged by the Waitahs.

RUSHING

Rushing is often confused with open house. It is quite different, in that it is not spelled the same. There are two kinds of rushing—the external and the internal. The internal rushing involves kidnapping, mud slinging, and good meals, temporarily. The external is the one with which this course is most concerned.

During rushing the rushee enjoys a greater

popularity than she will ever again experience.

External rushing involves wire-pulling, reputation, clothes, family connections, and utter (outward) indifference. A girl must meet the aspired sorority half way.

It is much easier to pull the wool over the pledger's eyes if the aspirant is from a small and out-of-the-way town. If she is from, let us say, Corners, Iowa, or Spokane, Washington, her chances are excellent. She is unknown, and consequently her qualifications must be taken for granted, and that is the value of this course. A girl from the towns mentioned could easily be the daughter of a prizefighter, or street car conductor, respectively.

As the personal equation enters in, your own questions answered, dear friend, will constitute the remainder of the course, and greater assistance rendered in your personal case.

Examination Questions, Lesson No. One

1. What are the Big Three?
2. Why are they the Big Three?
3. What are the two kinds of rushing, and in which is this course concerned?
4. When is a girl most popular?
5. Why do you think would want to belong to one of the Big Three, and which one?

Quim Institute,
Dear Sir:

Your course came yesterday, and I am enclosing the answers to your questions, and some questions of my own.

What makes you think my father is a bootlegger?

Very truly yours,
Amelia Floob (Hasher).

Answers to Examination Questions

1. The big three are the longest, coldest, and stealthiest sororities, respectively.
2. They are the Big Three because they are nice girls, and because you said they were, Dr. Quim.
3. Rushings are positive and negative.
4. A girl is most popular when she has finally made the grade.
5. I'd like to belong to the Pi Eyes, because they are oldest, and I am liable to be pretty old before I make it, and because they, too, are nice girls.

Lesson No. Two

Yes, dear student, I have heard of the Alpha Crys. They are in the Last Three. They flap a mean tongue, and are hot on slimy slander. It is nice that you know one of them that doesn't know you, for there are some noble examples among the Alpha Trys.

You certainly have a rare list of friends, don't you, Miss Floob. You say you have an aunt in the Felta Zeta. I am sorry, but I never heard of them.

Yes, the Delta Ditto Ditto **has** got some hot numbers.

P. S.—This is the last lesson, because your check wasn't any good.



The old fashioned boy who used to swipe his father's cigars is now the father of a girl who swipes her mother's cigarettes.




First Stude: "So you are going to be an author. What do you expect to write for a living?"

Second Stude: "Home."



"The Crowbar Sisters"

Their looks are nothing to crow about, and they bar nothing.



Orange Owl

OREGON STATE COLLEGE

ORGANIZED
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WELCOME ALUMNI

THE Old Bird welcomes you with outstretched wings. That you will meet all your old cronies and friends and make a host of new ones is his ardent wish. The short visit to the college, while lasting but a few days, should be enough to provoke memories of the best years of your life—in other words, the years spent as an undergraduate at the old school.



WILL CARLETON, a sometime writer of indifferent fame, suffered a literary outburst which the Campus Seer regards as nothing short of inspirational.

"To appreciate heaven well, 'tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell."

Now it would be a right Christian and neighborly act to prepare some lost souls for the utmost appreciation of heaven. Let it therefore be unanimously decided by friends of the Seer to give the Lemon-Yellow not fifteen, but sixty minutes of hell this homecoming, that they may be prepared fourfold for heavenly bliss.



MOST COLLEGIATE MAN AND WOMAN

THE Old Bird gazing owlishly about the campus has discerned here and there a co-ed of more than passing interest. Into the fowl brain of the Bird finally percolated the idea of a contest to determine the most collegiate co-ed.

Hammer and Coffin society, the high priests of the Old Bird, with pardonable conceit felt that they were the ones to inaugurate this contest. To that great powerful conglomeration of males and females that is facetiously termed the student body was left the final decision. The famed instrument, the secret ballot, which the American people blissfully imagine lives up to its name, was the *modus operandi*.

The array of beauty, personality and talent that has been attracted by this contest is dazzling to the eye and the pocketbook likewise in individual cases. Not to mention the prestige of being selected by the students as the most typical of college, whether that is a left-handed compliment or not depends on the point of view, the winning co-ed will receive a highly polished silver cup. This loving cup is one that any mantel could be proud to rest under.

In order to please the male men of the species who disclaim any such feministic trait as vanity but none the less individually secretly believe each to be most collegiate, a contest was also instituted for men.

REHABILITATION OF GARTERS

NOW that dresses are very, very short and man is very, very prone to allow his gaze to wander at times, many amusing happenings result. Not long ago before milady started on her active campaign to make both ends—of her dress—meet, it was quite proper to wear the thin and transparent silk creations, alleged to be stockings, rolled above the knee. We knew that such a practice was in vogue. Our methods of discovery have nothing to do with this editorial, and it is sufficient to say that we found out.

Now that the former styles have been abandoned in favor of the more abbreviated creations, we observe that the fair damsels continue in their ancient practice of rolling stockings. We object to the combination of ultra-short skirts and rolled stockings—not that we cannot find admiration for exhibitions of the feminine physical structure, but that our whole physical being is unable to withstand the looks of suspicion that our wayward glances provoke in feminine parts of this world.

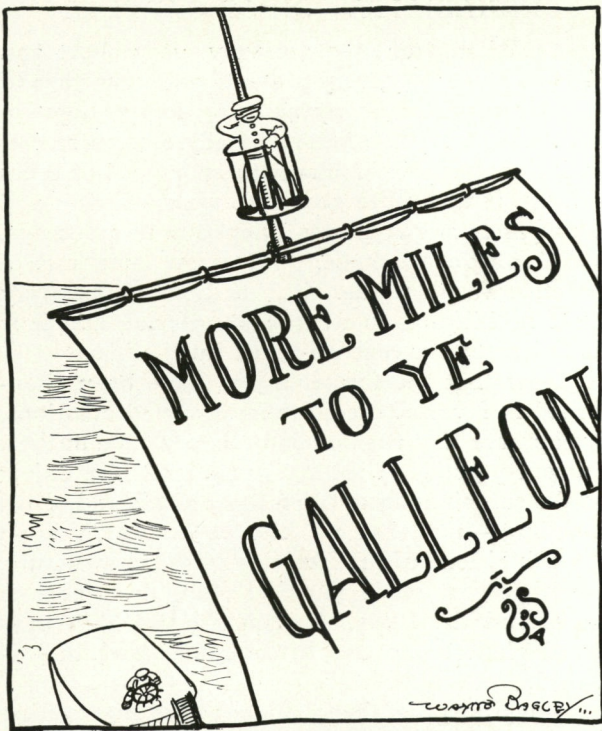
Imagine, girls, that you are a poor man sitting in the front room of any sorority house. Directly across from you are two girls so intent in their conversation that they do not observe their shortened frocks wantonly creeping over their knees to betray the existence of rolled stockings.

Finally one of the sisters, discovering the wayward tendencies of the dresses, will discreetly retard her own from further flight, and then will lean over and whisper to her companion who will blush virtuously before restoring the restive outer garment to its appointed place about one inch below the knee cap. (It is very important that the girl blush before restoring the revealing frock back into position. The contrast is always better.) Then both girls will look at you in a manner that pre-supposes your utter lack of appreciation of the sixth commandment. "Shame on you!" registers in the 99 and 44/100 per cent minds of the co-eds.

After much pondering and research we have found a possible solution to the problem. It is this, fair maidens. Wear your stockings unrolled. An old device, called garters, employed by the ancients, can be used to support the stockings. Regarding the manner of fastening and other details, we can only be general, for we have never lived in a sorority house. We expect that suspicion in four out of five cases will be eliminated under such a plan.



Just feature how disappointed the old grads are in not being able to sit around the fireplace after the game and crab about how badly we need a new coach.



IF COLUMBUS HAD BEEN AN
ADVERTISING MAN —

SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO SWIM

Don't go in the water after eating. Wait at least 24 hours.

Don't keep on swimming until you are entirely exhausted. Sink to the bottom occasionally and remain there until you are entirely rested.

Don't scream for the life-saver when you are drowning. Your sudden scream is likely to frighten him. Do not call for help. Advertise in the Barometer want-ad columns.

Don't get discouraged if you should be suddenly stricken with cramps. While it might be dangerous to get cramps in the water, we feel sure that you can get immediate relief by writing to the Health Service bureau. They will tell you what to do.

Jawn: "How was she dressed this evening?"

Gawge: "Oh, in frills and firbelows."

Jawn: "Gawge, you shouldn't notice such things."

"Your mouth is a regular cupid's bow."

"And I suppose your lips are the arrows that fit in the bow?"

FLAPPER FRESHMAN RUNS THE SHOW

The Serious Senior slowly turned the leaves of her big book as her shell-rimmed spectacles scanned the pages. The Silent Sophomore pricked holes in the wide spaces of stillness by her spasmodic typing. Intent absorption was in each face. Crash! Bang! The Flapper Freshman had arrived.

"Gosh, it's hot in here! Don't you folks believe in ventilation?"

"Gee! But that chem prof sure is dumb. He can't even talk English. He said 'he don't' in his lecture this morning. Ain't it the limit?"

The Serious Senior rescued a note book that threatened to disappear through the wide flung window. The Silent Sophomore searched the keyboard for an elusive letter.

"I really think those galoshes would look better if we couldn't see them, and will you please take that wet slicker off my bed? Hang it over there to dry." The Serious Senior pointed a long forefinger.

"Wow! Ain't we pleasant this morning! Why the big grouch?"

The Serious Senior opened her lips and closed them again. The Silent Sophomore struck another key.

"Whee-ee! Here comes the mailman!"

Dash! Crash! Bang!

The Serious Senior raised scholarly hands and shell-rimmed spectacles ceilingward. The Silent Sophomore rubbed her chin reflectively and wondered that even a dormitory door could withstand two such attacks in half an hour. Then she struck another key.

"Live and let live is my motto," said the cootie, leaving his perch on the skunk.

Slip: "This is a rare treat."

Slap: "Say, I know I don't treat very often, but please don't rub it in."

"Your stenographer is certainly a peach."
"A peach that is about to be canned."

Filthy but Nasty: "Are you going to take horticulture?"

Young but Innocent: "I dunno. I haven't paid my fruition yet."

VIOLET LOVE

By Virginia Ringler

Out from the atmosphere of material things,
into an aura of rarest air,

My spirit soars in ever augmented acceleration.
Below me now, are all the inanities and de-
ceptions of life; unfettered,

Free, I drink deeply of Heavenly Aromas.
But this is not all—nay, this is but the foothills
of my mountainous exaltation. The truth?

Why these words come . . . ? Then you,
too . . .

Of the painting of life must know what starv-
ing means.

How utterly futile all staple things and
dainties are

To satisfy the soul!

You, too, must thirst as I

Have done for youth, and beauty, fire, and
love . . .

And if,—perchance you find them in some
sweet moment of eternity,—then even as I, you
will speak forth—

Forth, as though released from some dark sea.

A CLEAN STORY

Ever since childhood Nathan Webb had felt the pangs of poverty. In fact, the wolf outside the door of his father's house often set the door on fire with his hot passionate breath. This made it necessary to have a pail of water handy with which to extinguish the flames. While still a lad in his teens, Nathan learned to do his laundry in this pail of H₂O.

With this early training he found it no trick at all to do his own laundry when he got to college. He proved to be an exceptional student and got straight A's while carrying 24 credits. (This is just a story, so that's all right.)

In his third year Nathan began to tire of all his work and it seemed that his weekly washing was the most irksome task of all. Now strange as it may seem, Nathan had a wealthy uncle of whom he knew nothing; and it seems that this uncle went and died. Before he died he managed to gasp to his lawyer, "Set aside \$50,000 of my estate for my nephew Nathan to finish college." In just a week Nathan received a notice saying that his uncle had left him \$1,000 to help in defraying his college expenses. Our hero was overjoyed and flung his cap high into the air and shouted, "Oh, boy! Now I won't do my laundry by hand any more—I will buy a washing machine."

(This is the end of the story. There isn't any moral.)

"I'm feeling fine," said the safecracker as he discovered the right combination.

THIS STORY IS A FLIVVER

I noticed that she was quivering as I approached her and I could tell that her breath was coming in quick short gasps.

My heart softened and I resolved that although I had been miserably hard hearted toward her, I would not be in the future.

My errant heart had even prompted me to leave her now that her first youth had passed, and I was ashamed.

After all, she was my pal, my standby. She had ever been ready to perform my slightest wish—to go with me to the end of the earth.

My conscience smote me as I gazed upon her. She was still vigorous—she still had wonderful lines.

All she needed was a new coat of paint and a new set of tires.

A college man is as good a dresser as his roommate.

Old grad: "When I was your age, my boy, I ran 100 yards in ten seconds."

Modern track man: "Did her father catch you?"



The Weatherman speaks of the "mean" average precipitation. About this time of year one is led to believe he is right.

AN EXPOSE OF SORORITY LIFE

By DELIA SPENCER

Sorority living is very much like life in the slums with few exceptions. One difference is that slum dwellers are the objects of charity, while sorority dwellers frequently contribute to charity. There is a law in New York allowing each person in a tenement an allotted amount of space, which is about six square feet to each person. In a sorority house each person has about one square foot on which to keep cosmetics, books, stationery, magazines, pencils, pens, pictures, and other miscellaneous articles. Frequently this space can not be found, however, until the books, magazines, articles of clothing, etc., belonging to one of the sistern have been placed gently, but firmly, on the floor.

A distinct caste system exists within this land of democracy and freedom in sorority houses. There are upper classmen and lower classmen. The upper classmen are divided into two classes, juniors and seniors. The seniors hold all the important offices in the house, which is supposed to be an honor and a privilege. The juniors hold, in order of their importance, all remaining offices, and take library dates. The lower classmen are made up of sophomores and freshmen. The sophomores, followers of Confucius, keep alive all traditions and customs of this institution. The freshmen, like the serfs of Russia, are bound to the land and are of no value except that they will be upper classmen in two years, are needed to keep the house clean, and to take blind dates.

Inmates of sororities often maintain a higher scholastic average than those living outside the sacred portals. This is due in a large measure to their libraries. Almost every sorority house supports a library of note-books, notes from lecture courses, and tests for as many years as they have been on the campus. It is always well, therefore, to look up carefully the matter of how long a house has been established on the campus before pledging.

Quite frequently it is necessary for a member of a sorority to forego the pleasure of classes for the day. This is not due to illness, nor is it because she desires communion with her soul, but because those who have arisen before her have tripped forth for the day in all her clothes. This accounts in a large measure for the popularity of eight o'clock classes.

Peculiar accessories to a sorority house are the house-mother and cook, both of whom are necessary. The house-mother gives an air of respectability, not even exceeded by a baby grand piano, a davenport, or a crest on the wall. A good house-mother is never seen or heard and

appears in the distance only when convention demands her presence. There is a tentative plan under way whereby a house will be established on the campus together with the Administration building and the Gymnasium, in which house-mothers will live. When needed, they can be telephoned for and rented out. An honorary fraternity will be established for the house mothers having the most dates during the year.

The cook can be the most valuable asset or the most detrimental influence a house can support. It has been proved that the digestive system of the individual is the basis for all discrepancies in our economic system today. A cook in a sorority house can regulate even more than the economic system, however, for what would become of our social system if too many cooks were addicted to using onions on Friday night?



It sure is tough as tough can be,
My woman graduated ahead of me.
We had lots of fun together last year;
It's lonesome now, that she's not here.
Just seek a date when your hardware's gone.
They say that they have one, they're sorry, so long!
The house dance is here and my woman can't come;
My chance on a "blind" prom's depressingly dumb.
At last the day comes of that homecoming game,
And I speed to the station to welcome the train.
Ah! There she is now with her smile so appealing—
Oh, Boy! It's a grand and a glorious feeling!



Sorority women very seldom fall down in their classes.

HOW I PLEDGED ZEKE AT LA SALLE

A play written by the three foremost men of the campus is to be put on Broadway the night before Christmas. Producing the play are Jinty Less, Ed Webards, and Ned Norton.

This is a comedy, in memory of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and will be very appropriate at this time. Costumes showing the weirdness of Hallowe'en, and the simplicity of Easter, designed by Bank Necker, will be worn by both of the large cast.

Those playing prominent parts in this tragedy are Mater Norse, Lave Duby, and Gene Damison. Yap Stuart will be stage manager as he used to drive a taxi between Oakland and San Francisco. He still thinks that Oakland is heaven because all the ferries come from there.

The patent having expired from the villain's shoes it will be necessary for him to put on a beach scene, and it won't be in a green bathing suit. He curses the hero, hoping that his children will be acrobats, and later when the proud father shows him a bouncing baby boy, the bad egg succumbs.

Mighty Wills the screen's popular singer, who a week before could not sing a note, but since receiving Wurlitzer's famous catalogue, astounds his worst enemies, will lead the audience in a few well known college hymns, provided he can gain the attention of the crowd, who as soon as the lights went out started necking, and throwing peanuts.

A couple arrives late, deciding at the last minute to have Camels, so went after them. They walked a mile out but a certain yellow Pierce picked them up coming in from the wilds.

About this time Santa Klaus, heretofore in seclusion, burst onto the stage with a jingle of cocktails and gives everyone a pledge pin and the evening is declared a success. Adjourning to Cafe del Wagner for the annual Soph-Frosh cube sugar fight, which the Frosh win for the first time in weeks. Even college people must eat, so Wagner fills the basket and all thought it a good old school after all.



Who is this man "Morsel" that everyone talks of tempting?

LIFE
By Virginia Ringler

It is sunset . . . a flock of doves . . . orchids
over-shadowed and eclipsed by a knife thrust . . .
war . . . the soft rustle of wind through leaves
of grass . . . a bugle . . . an arrow . . . silence
. . . mystery . . . Alpha . . . Omega . . .



One Minute to Play.



Athletic note: The "Huddle" system, now used in football games, was first practiced on sorority davenport.



Heinz made number 57 famous.

Chevrolet made number 490 famous.

Negroes made numbers 7 and 11 famous.

Jews made numbers 48 and 98 famous.

"Red" Grange made number 77 famous.

Irish made number 1 famous and that was the Irish.



Lean: "What do you attribute your great weight to?"

Fatter: "To the weighty problems on my brain."



A newspaper report says that an earthquake has ruined the Nicaragua coffee crop.

Nature grinds her own so to speak.



"The drink's on me!" said the table cloth as the maid spilt the water.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

Corvallis is divided into two parts—Corvallis proper and Corvallis improper (jokingly referred to as the college.) The voters of Corvallis are opposed to Sunday picture shows, so that means either going to Albany or the graveyard (one is about as dead as the other, anyway).

The streets in Corvallis are numbered from one to the S. A. E. house, and from the father of our country down to the recent presidents. No one has gone quite as far as Coolidge street yet, but there must be one. If we are to judge the presidents by the streets named in their honor, the integrity of old Tom Jefferson might be questioned.

There are several booster clubs in Corvallis, including the Kiwanis, Rotarians, and Phi Delt.

The townspeople take in boarders in the winter, and take in Newport in the summer. The police force is very efficient and rides a bicycle.

There are four hotels in the city and two benches in the court yard. There is another bench up by the Co-op, but only the seniors can sleep on it. There are no gas mains, but some of the professors put out enough hot air to supply the entire valley.

There are no street cars in Corvallis, but there are two busses and a Chrysler on Monroe street. There are three meeting places—the city hall, the library, and the Electric lunch.

Due to the tremendous influx of native sons (you know the kind of sons we mean) Corvallis is soon to be annexed to the capital of Iowa, Los Angeles.

There are many reformers, yet even they do not want me to go straight. I'm not afraid of the law—yet some people make it pretty hot for me. My disposition varies. Some people can do a lot with me. But when I have a falling out with people, I seldom return. —I'm only the hair of the head.

You just know she wears them.

"But, does she?" disputes Oscar, after returning from a jaunt down town on a windy day.

Twins were brought by a timely stork.
Pull a cork for Pat McGork,

Our idea of a good suggestion for a civic slogan for the residents of Chicago is, "We will live—if we are lucky."

HEARD IN A ROADSTER

He: You are heavy, oh, my darling,
And your weight will spoil my press.
She: Well, you see, the auto's crowded,
And I'm also in distress.
He: We might have caught a passing car
And so been saved from this mad plight.
She: It was kind of them to take us,
Oooh! That bump! Please hold me tight.
He: You are fretful, oh, my darling,
When you raise up such a stew,
Be contented, you are honored
With much more than is your due.
She: There are men who'd give a million
For the chance with which you're blessed,
Hold me tighter, won't you, darling?
And forget your clothes are pressed.

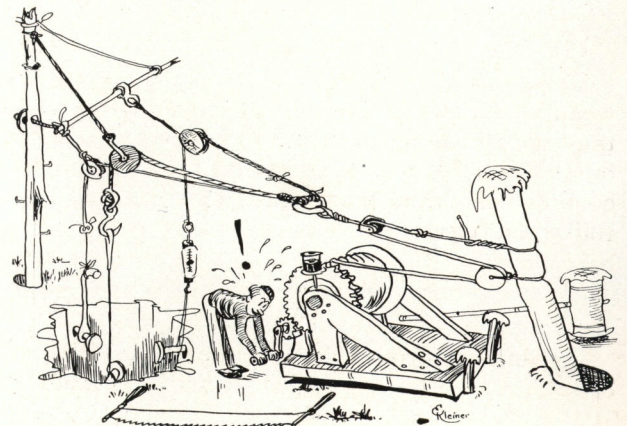
"I am getting into a pickle," said the worm
as he bored into the cucumber.

Waitress: "Order, please."
Henessey: "Now look here, shister, I ain't
makin' no racket!"

Steve is the best dresser on the campus; he
ought to be, he never returns what he borrows.

Pitter: "How did you learn to kiss so exquisitely?"

Pat: "Begorra, I learned it by kissing the blarney stone."



Why I changed from Engineering to Commerce: My first problem was to pull up a well and saw it into post holes.

"BLOOD!"

A story of the days of long ago, when men were men, and women were, in general, mostly women.

Chapter One

'Twas midnight! Throughout the pirate ship, sailing o'er the peaceful sea like a bat in the night sky, there was not a sound. Slowly, like some great prehistoric bird or beast, the hulk bore it's sinister way down upon the helpless little town of San Solocero, which lay peacefully asleep in the gleam of the silvery moonlight filling the beautiful little harbor. A sight for lovers—a night for lovers; and murder, robbery and arson were imminent!

On the pirate ship, creeping ever closer, the captain, a brutal man if ever there was one, rubbed his horny, blood-stained hands in fiendish anticipation, and chuckled like a ghoulish as he thought of the massacre that was to come.

Blood! Blood to drink! To revel in! Could this be a human being, to cherish such a loathsome, repelling, beast-like desire? Behind this inhuman creature, his crew, equally nauseating with their detestable desires, crouched, like so many vultures, waiting to descend on their helpless, unsuspecting victims, and as they waited thus, they too were planning hateful things, awful things, demon-like in their pitilessness.

On and on creeps the ship, a messenger of evil. Silently as a bat it anchors, the boats put off—the men now intent on the pillage to come—Ah-h-h—it is ghastly, their ferocity! Can these loathsome beings be truly human?

"There, there, Reginald—this is only a movie, don't cry!"



"I paid \$5 for this hog."

"It must be a guinea pig, then."



Rolling In

Some of the old grads are now rolling in wealth. Others are rolling in clover. Anyway, they are all rolling in their Rolls Royce, Packard, or Lincolnette, toward Corvallis, for the homecoming game, and that means the rooks will be rolling in on the davenport and on the bare, hard floor.



Huddle system: Three couples in a Ford coupe.



The Campus Queen says: "If it weren't for smoking, some men would have nothing to do."



"He who laps last—laps best!"



SUSAN TAKES IN THE BIG GAME

"—yes, and then he picked up that piece of pig they use and fairly staggered ever so far. Then all those big brutes jumped on him. The man in white pulled them off at last and everybody jumped around excited like. Then a man on the side of the field shot at them and they all ran away. Oh, yes, I saw by the paper this morning that we won the big football game. Wasn't that perfectly lovely. Somebody made a touchdown, whatever that is. Yes, I must have missed seeing that."



His best friend wouldn't tell him. He had borrowed his overcoat and lost it.



Prisoner in jail, reading society section of newspaper: "I wonder if me pals will give me a coming out party when I'm paroled?"



"I guess it's quitting time," said the burglar, as he heard the police whistle blow.

ALL-WORLD TEAM SELECTED

By GARDNER KNAPP

About this time of the year it falls the lot of some sport writers to pick an all-star football team. This writer after much thought and consideration has picked the following all-time all-world team.

I will begin with the backfield. The most outstanding player of all time has been Moses, who I have selected as captain and fullback. Was it not Moses who ran the interference for the Jewish All-Hebrew team when they crossed the Red sea, and wasn't Moses famous for his bull rushes.

At quarter I have placed Solomon because of his ability to handle so many persons. Honorable mention goes to Brigham Young, all-Utah runner-back. At left half I have placed Christopher Columbus—Chris was one fast man. If he had kept going he would have ran under his own goal posts in an attempt to reach the other side.

At the other half will be found the Hunchback of Notre Dame—he was only a half-back anyway.

Paul Bunyon, the man that dug out Puget Sound and built Mount Rainier, Tacoma, or Seattle, has been selected for the position of cen-

ter. This giant was six axe-handles and a two-bit piece across the back and could throw any line for a loss.

The ends must be fast, therefore I have selected Mark Anthony for left end because he was left by Cleopatra in the end. Nero wins the other end because he made a right good end of Rome.

A bronze derby and the position of left tackle goes to Jonah merely because he caught a whale without any tackle. For right tackle I have selected Napoleon, who surely tackled a big job. Honorable mention goes to the Kaiser.

Wooden horse Paris of Troy, who broke through the enemy line by using a trick play and throwing the enemy for an entire loss, gets the position of left guard. The other guard position goes to Goliath because he intercepted the first pass from David.

For water boy we have selected Calla Pashunate, the fellow who poured water on the ladies of the harem; if they sizzled they were eligible for membership.

Sampson gets the job of best referee. Wasn't he the fellow that brought down the house and he could use his pet jaw bone to enforce decisions if necessary. Simple Aimee Mcfearson has been employed for coach because of her knowledge of fake plays and ability to hide the ball.

Now fair or unfair readers, this completes the all-star team; if there are any changes in the lineup please send all kicks to H. L. Mencken, who was expelled from the all-puritanic athletic association.



Carrying the Bawl.

“Have you heard how the automobile has lengthened life in the United States?”

“Prevents over-exertion, I suppose?”

“Not that so much, but it's cut down the deaths from old age about eighty per cent.”

Traveler: “Why didn't they build this hotel more than three stories high?”

Hop: “Well, they figured to build it higher, but their elevator cable wasn't long enough to reach four stories.”

Solicitous: “You really do need something. Won't you have dinner now?”

Seasick: “Oh! why bring that up again?”

JUST A LITTLE STRANGER, NOW

He was so bashful that he couldn't look a girl in the eye. Yet fate had intervened, and now in spite of himself and the decline in the birth rate, he found himself engaged to Fairfield's hottest mama. The date was set. Nothing could stop the wedding now. In his misery he went to his father. The old man always understood.

"Cheer up, son," he said, "I married before I was your age and I never regretted it."

"Yes," faltered his son, "but you just married Ma. I have to marry a strange girl."



Barber: "Your hair is hard to cut—it's so thick and fine."

Victim: "Well, I thank the Lord it comes out easily."



Sweet Ladye, I would take thy hand—
In rhyme—

And I would make thee gifts of pearls,
From words;

Yea, bind thee with a tinsel strand,
Yet strong,

And kiss thee with the gentle kiss
Of song.

Ah! ladye, wilt thou take this gift
Of verse?

And value at its weight in gold,
Or more?

And take me, too, to have and hold,
For good?

Oh, well, old thing, I hardly thought
You would.



Heard at the Rawberger Inn

"My Gawd! This coffee's hot, Ed!"

"It should be, it's been on the stove for three days."



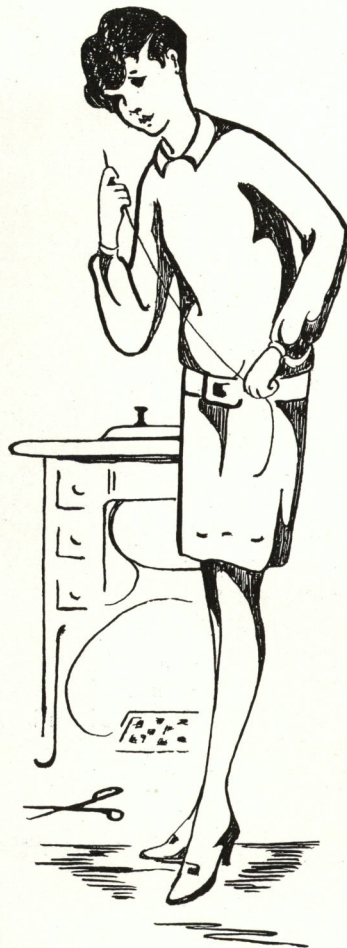
Math. Professor: "And we found that on the average, men students weighed ten pounds more than the women."

Front row: "Only ten, professor?"



"Did your son Percy make a fraternity while at college?"

"Yes, he wrote home that he had pledged the Memorial Union and the Y. M. C. A."



It Won't Be Long Now.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye all;
Welcome back ye grads of old,

Everyone respects the call,
To everyone this day is sold!

Shake off, shake off this drudge of life,
Join hands the Webfoot to defeat;

Renew the old time campus life,
And join in the old time campus meet.



One wise sophomore said he knew the profs
around here never led fast lives, because none
of them ever passed him last term.



Our rook from Astoria is so dumb he thinks
a foreground is a golf course.

WHY ELEPHANTS DON'T CROW

A TWELVE ACT PLAY, BY LORING HUDSON

Act I. Scene once (That will be enough)

Time—out; Place—kick.

Enter the maid of the house. It is always most appropriate to have a minor character open the play. Sort of ease it over to the audience, so to speak. Maid powders nose or scratches self at own discretion. If one does not draw, the audience may try both.

Maid: "Ho-hum."

(Exit maid.)

Enter hero and heroine simultaneously from opposite wings. It is well to introduce these two characters early in the game so as to give the audience something to whisper about.

They stroll toward one another. Should avoid collision in passing. Altogether too early in the play to indulge in embraces.

Heroine: "Hello."

Hero: "Hello."

(Exit hero and heroine.)

Enter villain. One can tell at once that he is the villain by his black waxed mustache, black hair, black silk hat, black suit, black tie, and black look, which he delivers in all directions. If this were a negro play his skin would be black, too.

Villain: "Ah-hah! Curses! Zounds!"

(Exit villain.)

Enter the butler carrying parrot entirely surrounded by a cage. Butler walks solemnly across stage—they always do. Helps self to drink of Scotch. (Note: Real Scotch need not be used, but will heighten realism if available.)

Parrot: "X&\$*%&||!*"?

(Exit butler and parrot.)

Curtain.

Act II. Scene fore. (First three scenes lost on purpose by editor.)

Time—after time; Place—cards.

Enter heroine at dog trot. Enter villain in 1927 Ford. Both travel rapidly across stage and exit.

Enter hero in anger. Halts in middle of stage to readjust spats.

Hero (tragically, in most approved Booth-Barrymore tones): "And the villain still pursued her."

Takes drink of Scotch. Takes two more for chaser. Determination breaks out all over his countenance. Reaches into near-by tool chest and extracts square with which he squares his shoulders.

Hero (aside to part of audience that is still awake): "I'm still about two drinks behind the

villain in efficiency." Proceeds to make up for deficiency.

Exit hero, singing the waiters' song—"Show me the waiter go home."

Curtain.

Act 12. Scene won. (Hero devotes acts 3 to 11 inclusive in hunting for villain and heroine. They always manage to get off the stage just before he gets on.)

Time and place—Both unsuited for this kind of play.

Enter Ziegfield Follies, showing their folly. This is to revive interest of audience. Never known to fail.

Follies leave. (Can't leave much, because they don't have much when they enter.)

Enter heroine behind villain, who is urging her gently to come in. Heroine with maidenly modesty holds back, but villain continues to urge her by pulling her hair and biting her ears. She succumbs gracefully to his urging.

Enter hero, on dead run. (Note: You can tell the run is dead by the lilies on it.)

Hero: "At last I have you in my power plant you cannot fire escape me now."

Villain, who was an ex-life saver (wintergreen flavor) takes swan dive over back of organ.

Hero: "Come forth."

But the villain slips on a banana peeling and comes in fifth and avoids pyorrhea.

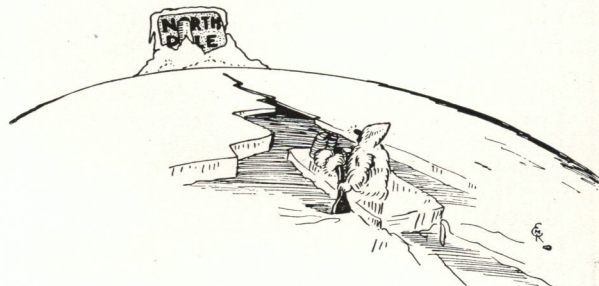
Babe Ruth clouts out a Texas leaguer and the hero and heroine reach home safely while the villain is benched for insubordination by Judge Landis.

Just then the string breaks and the curtain rolls down.



Ask Papa—He Knows?

Many a baby face is not backed up by baby teeth.



University of Eskimo Grad. Gets Cool Reception.

REASONS WE HAVE HOMECOMING

So that the house will get cleaned up once during the year.

So that all surplus lumber, boxes, and paper can be burned in the "bon-fire."

So that the alums will get a chance to give the rooks a few baths.

So that last year's co-eds can flash their engagement rings before former victims.

So that the old grads can come back and borrow shaving brushes, combs, neck-ties and the like.

So that the cook can prepare a big banquet.

So that the rooks can sleep on the floor—or any other convenient place.

So that we will have some way to remind us that another year has gone by.



Check a checker for old Bill Becker,
Who would think that he was a necker?



Solid ivory item: A stude who thinks a book-maker is one who works in a library.

FRAGMENTS By Francis Fuller

Remembered fragments of sound, or perfume,
of a whispered word, a crystal moment
Does one ever analyze them?

What does the undergraduate think of when
some one calls, "Have a good time at the dance
last week?" "Yeh!"

The dance returns in fragments . . . im-
pressions of impressions.

Leaves and rain drops scuttling through the
night—too damp to walk; a warm, lighted house,
reeking of cheap incense, of wet coats, and badly
aired rooms, to which the mell of stale tobacco
clings. Bright lights suddenly dimmed . . .
a whisper sighing rhythm . . . the broken
screams of an orchestra.

Perfume, brilliantine, freshly curled hair . .
whitened faces against dark suits . . . whitened
blurs remaining on serge shoulders. A husky
voice saying goodnight . . . "let's leave early."
Who is the brunette with the scarlet sheath and
earrings . . . too obvious, that scarlet.

Bland faculty couples amiably sighing for a
return of that youth whose unhappiness, whose
poignant struggles they have almost forgotten.

Out into the windy wetness. One eats as a
matter of tradition. Cheap woodwork; soggy
cake and stinging "cokes." There's Tom and Ger-
trude, fighting again. Why don't they quit each
other? Clicking, damp plates . . . tiny spoons.

The darkened sorority porch . . . couples
standing on the walk and by the door. "Had an
awfully nice time." "So did I." The lights in the
house go out; it is eleven thirty . . . Shall one,
or shan't one? . . .

One wonders.



"I hear Prof. Petri kicked you out of the Glee Club."
"Yes, I didn't have any voice in the matter."



FAMOUS MAN INTERVIEWED

After taking the third degree which entitled
him to be the tubber instead of the tubbee, J.
Reginald McAxehandle broke down and con-
fessed. Mr. Axehandle considers that he owes
the whole success of his famous career to the
training he received in college under the honor
system. During class periods he would spend
his time at healthful games, such as pool and
dice. The result may be seen in his splendid
physique. At examinations Mr. McAxehandle
took care to sit by a star student. His entire col-
lege career was rich with A's.

Mr. McAxehandle has found the honor sys-
tem of great help in his present occupation. By
hiding a shovel in his jeans he manages to add
to his pile of little ones at the expense of the pile
belonging to the man next to him.



It's a good thing human beings don't change
sex every month like oysters. A man would just
get through taking a chew of tobacco when he
would have to start using lip-stick.



A Cotton Mather Witch, 1726—"An ugly, repulsive, mean old woman in a league of wickedness with the devil."

A modern, O. A. C. Witch, 1926—"A beautiful, attractive (preferably blonde) young woman, in wickedness a league beyond the devil."

"Who goes there?" charged the sentry.
"You'd be surprised," replied the recruit of this generation.

Some of our college profs seem to have no teeth, but they show unmistakable evidence of ivory.

A milkman knows the reason of vanishing cream.

Actor (rehearsing): "Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?"

Scientist (hearing): "Here, take hold of this scorpion's tail."

"I pass upon my looks," said the picture on the postage stamp.

"We aim to please," said the firing squad to the condemned traitor.

Corduroy: "What kind of a time did you have at that house dance?"

Dungaree: "Oh, frustrate."

She sat and yawned in the parlor, till finally the frequent home.

Teacher: "Isadore, use the word 'fetish' in a sentence."

Isadore: "My mother is built kind of fettish."

Registrar: "Have you any aunts?"

Rook: "No, but my paw's got a couple hives of bees."

Flies are great travelers, says the department of agriculture. But it looks as if they were regular stay-at-homes.

These radio "voices" are nothing but thin air, mostly luke warm, at that.



"Why are the Scotch such fine golf players?"

"Can't guess."

"Because it is a gift."

HOMECOMING HARANGUE

"Well! I see some one did remember to meet me this time! I must say I am surprised. I thought probably I'd be slighted again like I was the last time I came down here. Are we going to have to walk all fifteen blocks up to the house, or is there a taxi in this town? A car! Since when have the girls at the house been allowed cars? When I was in school, our own legs were plenty good enough—we even walked when we went on dates, too! I'll bet there aren't a half dozen of you who can say that. Now can you? I knew it!

"Oh, is this your car? Why didn't you say it was a Ford? I'm not sure that I ought to ride in a Ford. They usually are pretty bumpy, and my nerves are not what they used to be. Still—when in Rome, do as the Romans, I suppose. I hate the front seat of a Ford; where do you want me to ride? Oh, it doesn't matter to me. Not in the least! If you want to stick me in the back seat by myself where you won't have to talk to me, you may. I'm used to being slighted. I fully expected it to happen when I came up here.

"How many girls are coming back? Only thirty-one! What's the matter with the college spirit? Why aren't the others coming? I suppose you girls are relieved though. It saves you work and you can have a better chance to play around—not that you wouldn't do it anyway! I suppose you have dates for every night and afternoon of homecoming. What? Oh, please don't make excuses! I expected to be slighted when I came down here.

"I hope I'm to have a bed to myself. The last time I had to sleep with two other alums in a single cot. One of them snored and the other ate cookies all night. I made up my mind then and there, that I would have a bed to myself this year. What? Oh, of course, if it can't be arranged, I suppose I must make the best of it. I'm used to making the best of things, anyway.

"Here we are! Well, I must say, your lawn isn't any too well kept. What's the matter with your pledges, anyway? When I was a pledge we mowed and watered the lawn for a solid week before homecoming, just so it would look nice for the alums. We were glad to do it, too—but I suppose that's too much to ask of you girls. However, it doesn't really matter. We're used to being slighted!"



A Collegiate Version

I am fully convinced that if a thorough investigation were conducted, the theory that the fuel supply contains an ethiopian would be completely substantiated.



Striking a Happy Medium.



CORONA'D

I bouhgt me a typewriter, Larling
To bring up my grades a few
And so, if you don(t mind, darling
ill delicate it tp yo7
Ill writw yoi a pome, darligh
il'l poru out my hairt t0 you
though i may mispell sOme wordx, darlin
Thee meaning of them is true.
"I lay awaik, anx thougtyts og u
burn in my soul like firec
AND if ANYONE SAY'S I Don8t l0ve you
hes a doggoned ¾dirty lia5r"
"THE SKiy is blew or pink o5 gray
themoon i s brite or dauk
BUT a;ways' yuore sqeet voice isgay
frum th ethroat Of 6h4 meadow lark"
Now ive writttem yoi a p0me, dar;omg,
i know it ain8t so swell
I'HS THw fa7lt of this typwqtiter
@c|¾(*)43tb"@(&)mn the thing to bell.



Collegiate: "Lend me a match."

Not so collegiate: "Here yare ol' man."

Collegiate: "Thanks, now let's have a cigarette to light with it."



Working for the Goodyear Rubber company
is our idea of a snap job.



Wise Chips from an Old Block

By GARDNER KNAPP



The woman pays—but not cash.

Feminine card players show more than their hand.

How could the ancients play cards when Noah sat on the deck?

A piano is a string instrument because it is full of chords.

A birds-eye view is letting your eye flit from limb to limb.

Some family trees are awfully shady.

New girls are like olives—you have to learn to like them.

Some guy's ears are like auto fenders—one on each side of a vacuum tank.

The spirits moved as the rum-runner neared the shore.

Poor Mormon boy—a grandma dies every day.

Many a woman's bank account is low but she is still in good shape.

One man who had a nickle for every girl he kissed bought a package of gum.

Anything worth doing at all is worth overdoing.

Colleges are wicked places because boys and girls under sixteen are not allowed.

All the big bluffs aren't made of dirt.

All months have 28 days.

The office girl couldn't open the safe—she had lost her combination.

Some subjects are so dry one must use a camel instead of the traditional pony.

The jury was the best money could buy.

The Quaker girls knew their oats.

College boys would not waste so much time if the co-eds were more reasonable.

A Miss is as good as a Misses.

The reason why so many boys have fun in their collegiate flivvers is because of the play in the wheels.

A dentist can sell counterfeit teeth and get away with it.

Jonah was the only man to get inside information on a whale.

Minute men were members of the Sixty-second regiment.

There is just a bit of difference between a wild horse and a tame one.

Some girls are like channel swimmers—they go so far, then stop.

Silk bloomers are classified under dresses.

Little Miss Understanding has wrecked many a man's happy home.

The girl who leaves without her slicker is likely to get water on the knee.

A roof garden is a place where people sow their wild oats.

Man is just like a worm—comes up for air, wiggles around a little, then some chicken grabs him.

Our idea of an honest man—he worked in a bath house for ten years and never took a bath.

If you don't know why your girl shuts her eyes when you kiss her—look in the mirror.

Smith Brothers cough drops are not beard tonics.

French currency, like their books, is rather low.

STILL—STILL—STILL

I've been married to May a year or more
 And while it was I that used to roar,
 Today it is she that's the vocal bore,
 But—I love her still.
 I no longer hunger for a fight,
 She argues wrong and also right;
 For she talks to me all day and night,
 But I—love her still.
 She used to be silent and quite demure,
 With a gentle voice and accents pure,
 And I wish she had stayed that way for sure,
 For I love her—still.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
 To get a pail of water.
 Jill came down with half a crown,
 Now did they go for water?



Hiram Birdseed, '98, says: "Politics is just the question of the survival of the thickest."



The Rebuttal to a Hot Argument.



Use the words nausea, ottoman, optometer,
 chagrined, and stretcher in sentences.
 I've sailed the seven oceans but NAUSEA.
 The ship's sinking; we OTTOMAN the boats.
 She smiled at me so I OPTOMETER.
 CHAGRINED at me as I kissed her.
 She began to STRETCHER lips toward mine.



Sheba: "What's that little jigger on the floor-board?"

Hebo: "Oh, that's the headgear."



All some folks show after graduating from the
 College of Hard Knocks, is a pair of cauliflower
 ears.



Co: "What does a red letter day mean to
 you?"

Ed: "A letter from my Bolshevik."



The fellow who named examination pamph-
 lets "blue books" had an apt sense of humor.

FOUR DOWN AND SIX TO GO

A historical item mentions that Rome at one time was much worried because the gladiators were turning professional.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And ranged the world with flag unfurled,
'Tween strife for pelf, old Rome herself,
So one is told, had sportish mold.
Arenas filled to see men killed—
Men and beasts fought; in combat sought
To slay some self, to please mere wealth.
Then came a time, oh sad my rhyme,
The plaint of Rome was one long groan.
Tears fell like rain on Martius plain,
The sport so fine, no more sublime,
Was now a slave to moneyed knave.
Gladiators plain sought greater fame,
Good-bye the years of amateurs,
Men would not kill for spirit's fill;
Commercialized were sports most prized,
In days of yore long, long before
The Dover straits saw swimming dates.
All sport falls low 'neath deadly blow,
Arenas fell, professional.
So now as then the old, old yen
How keep the game from lucre's shame,
Since icemen fierce the line will pierce
For yardage sought if money's brought.

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227 North Third

"Lux agin me," said the sweater as the co-ed got busy with the washing.



"Look! A windmill in a graveyard. How odd."

"Not at all. That's a monument to H. O. Tair, the famous orator."



Now that the elections are over we can settle down to the more peaceful measures, such as reading up on all the prominent murders.



Speaking of dumb Rooks—one of them tried to find a place card at a cafeteria the other day.



Sophomore: "If you don't hurry up and sweep this room, I'll do for you like I did for my last roommate."

The rook swept the room out and then queried meekly: "W-what did you do to him?"

Sophomore: "I swept it for him."

"Well, I've taken my daily dozen," remarked the yegg as he emerged from the bakery with a dozen doughnuts.



Landlord: "Do you believe in the hereafter?"
Tenant: "Why—a—er—yes."

Landlord: "Well, get out your check book. You know what I'm hereafter."



As the Fernhoppers See It

A human begins at the bottom and works up, but a mining engineer begins at the top and works down.



"Ah! There is one who carries a lot of weight" said the wise old prof. as a cement truck passed.



'Sa lie! They told me if I'd buy a car that it would get me places. It didn't get me that girl, that fraternity pin, nor that social position. —It got me a block along and then stopped. It got me into debt.

Moral—Buy a horse.

HOME TO MEET 'EM
BACK TO BEAT 'EM

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Sixteenth and Monroe

The Orange Owl Delights to Present:

FRED GATES turned out the cover for this issue of the Orange Owl. Fred, by the way, is the art editor of this magazine.

LORING HUDSON, well-known campus author, submits a twelve act play called "Why Elephants Don't Crow."

DINTY MOORE, after a thorough study of the sorority situation on this campus, depicts the efforts of Amelia Floob to crash the gates of the Big Three.

GARDNER KNAPP picks the all-time all-world mythical football team after hours of research in the annals of history.

THURLOW WEED, campus laughmaker, submits his usual assortment of interesting side-splitters.

EVELYN SIBLEY depicts the return of the chattering alumni who cannot forget the "Good Old Days."

WAYNE BAGLEY, a freshman cartoonist, with a style as refreshing as the green on his abbreviated lid, submits his second contribution to the worthy editors.

DELBERT SNIDER, reared in the ancestral halls of Phi Sigma Kappa, has a natural background for humorous things. Aimee, the office stenographer, says his work is "cute."

DON LONG from associations with Snider has discovered the gift of being funny and is exercising his talents in the columns of this publication.

E. M. KLEINER discovered a way for young engineering students to pull up wells and saw them into post holes. Kleiner finds his engineering education of much value to him.

A. M. HAMILTON tells why so many ancient Ford engines die on lonely country roads.

BOB REDD claims two pieces of art work in this issue that are certainly out of the ordinary.

ARLIN BLAIN, winner of last year's liars contest, has some excellent work in this issue.

FRANCIS FULLER, transfer from the University of Oregon, wrote "Fragments," a series of impressions gained at typical campus dances.

VIRGINIA RINGLER'S work is probably more serious than the general content of the Owl, but every bit as good.

MABEL BROWNE, mainstay of the Owl art work in former years, has returned to the campus, hence the addition of some more clever drawings this time.

JAMES WINTON grudgingly offered the editors a couple of his prized cartoons. How about handing in a dozen next time, Jim? If they are as good as the sample, we will surely run them.

GRACE COLBURN lives in a sorority house like a host of other girls, but is more conversant with the art of placing ink on paper in a manner that will please the eyes of readers than the average.

OTHER ART AND LITERARY contributors are Hanford Post, Bill the Bold, Phil Sawyer, Robert Belt, Morrie Sharpe, Bill Swift, W. R. B., R. McCorkle, Rueben Jensen, Tom Childs, Ruth Alexander, Herbert Lewin, Melwood Van Scoyoc, Ade Bechdolt, Leslie Oliver, Alma Schulmerich, Joe Deke, Al Bates, Harrison Holmes, Arletta Loop, Bunny Norman, and Virginia Fuller.

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

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Al Thulean Circulation Manager
Margaret Miller Secretary

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A sudden change for the worse came over the Parmalee football team. They were fighting desperately. It was getting darker now with a swiftness that was appalling. A cold breeze caused them to fight doubly hard to keep warm. They could hardly see each other. Each man seemed like a ghostly apparition flitting about in a weird dream. Yet in this dim light, play after play forced them back, always back.

A gloomy wail came from the bleachers.

"What's the matter with Parmalee?"

Mournfully came the ghostly reply: "They are fighting in the shadow of their own goal posts."

Excited husband (to nurse): "Quick, tell me. Am I a father or mother?"

Nurse: "Neither."

Husband: "My God! Twins!"

A stitch in time may save nine, but a snitch has no standing in anybody's league.

The old hen egged the rooster on a little bit.

Oh, Dear

There are girls that are easy to view,
And girls that will cuddle and cew, (coo)
But the girl worth while
Is the girl that won't smile
When your garter hangs over your shew.

"Dearie, there's been a woman watching you all evening. She looks at you just as if she owned you. See her over there?"

"Gangway! Her looks aren't deceiving. She is my wife!"

We know a rook who was so dumb that he majored in Pharmacy with the intention of becoming a farmer.

Consumer: "Just think! When you die you will go to a place where it is always cozy and warm."

Coal Magnate: "Yes, I am sure I shall enjoy heaven."

Consumer: "Well, who said anything about heaven?"

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Ode to a Dish of Cornflakes

Thou make of Kellogg, golden brown and flat
As any senior's pocketbook;
Capped with beet sugar and immersed in milk—
Milk that is skimmed and three times skimmed
again.

Upon my breakfast plate each day you do repose,
And how I hate the very sight of you.
I think I'll off to the Electric Lunch
And eat a waffle.



"John! Do you realize that you are putting
the toothpick you used back in the bowl? Right
here in public, too."

"I'm sorry, Honey. I thought I was having
tea at your sorority."



Marion: "Henry, you told me the team had
the game on ice and it's 'most too hot to breathe."



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get sentimental and try to kiss her, but he isn't
the one who rates the house dances.

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Fistic Note

A fool and his roll are soon parted. This
does not apply, however, to the roll in the vicinity
of the midriff.



As the rook remarked when he hit the water,
"I didn't gopher to do it a porpoise."



Our mutual friend, Mr. Ima Dumbell, says
he thinks his sugar-mama is from the Canary
Islands because she whistles so much.



Slink and Slunk would sling the bunk,
Slink slunk out and Slunk was sunk.



What is it that elephants have that no other
animals have? Little elephants.



Barber classes allow the most cuts.

Even so wise a bird as the OWL is unable to forecast the score today, but the OWL knows, as does every student and faculty member of O.A.C.

that the

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It is a dusky old Cop,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy fearful map and glittering eye
Now whyin hell stopp'st thou me?"
The dance hall doors are open wide,
And I am full of gin,
The boards have met, the joint looks wet,
May'st hear the merry din.
He socks him with a loaded club,
"There is a cell," quoth he,
"Hold off, unhand me, silly wop,"
Lo! the prison gate closed he.

"Guess I'll take a month off," remarked the janitor as he ripped a sheet from the calendar.

Prepare for Inspection

At last the modes of war have invaded fussing. The good old term "right shoulder arms" is one of its basic principles.

Football man: "I may be a half back, but I have six or seven chins."

Teacher in Commercial Geography: "What constitutes good port?"

Freshman (morning after): "The age it is kept in bottles."

Tramp: "Could you give a poor man a bite?"

Loidy: "So sorry, but I've misplaced my teeth."

A prominent educator has estimated that a student's time, while in college, is worth \$15 per hour. After all fees are paid the student has a clear profit of about 2.091 cents per hour.

Steward: "May I bring up your lunch?"

Sick Passenger: "S'all right—I don't need your help."

You are very saucy and also very smart,
You have gripped my fancy,
You have touched my heart;
You grow up, and upward, as the young sprout grows,
For you are an adorable little turned-up nose!

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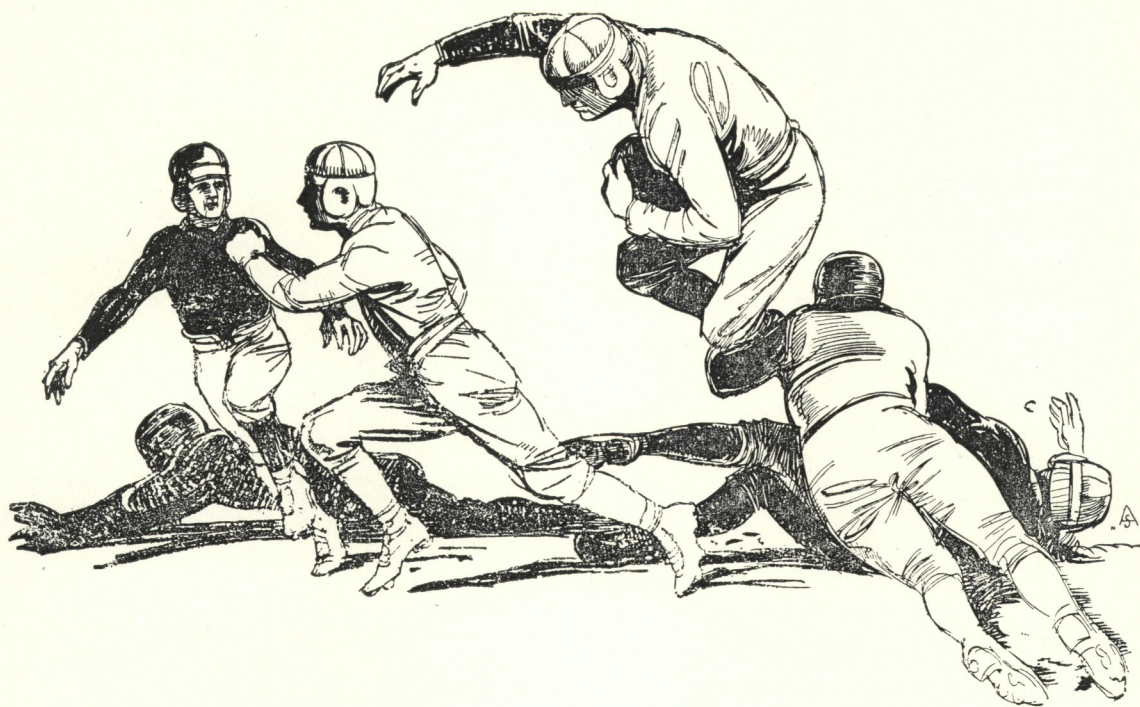
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THE ORANGE OWL
Something You Can Read—and Appreciate (?)

(Note: This issue will be published by O. A. C. women exclusively—edited and managed.
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