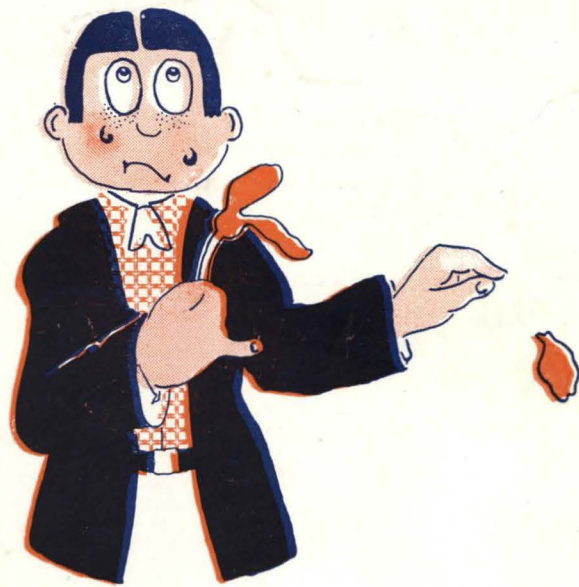


ORANGE OWL

LOVE
NUMBER



April

25 cts.

*You're as Welcome as
Springtime's Flowers*

**Something You Have
Been Waiting For**



**Remington
Portable
Typewriter**

**—with Standard Key-
board and every other
feature common to the
larger machines. Case
only four inches high.**

Price, with case, \$60.

O. A. C. Co-Op.

*Patronize Your Own
Institution*

Serves You Right!

The Orange Owl has "made" Hammer and Coffin, the National fraternity with which are associated the leading college comics in the United States. The

Quality

of The Orange Owl from editorial, art, subject matter, and typographical appearance made favorable action possible two years from the date of the birth of The Owl. We congratulate the Owls on their achievements, and on their choice of printers.



"The Best Is None Too Good
for the Students of O. A. C."

**Corvallis
Printing
Company**

ARTHUR W. LAWRENCE

Telephone 1436

261 Monroe Street



The Orange Owl

VOL. III. Corvallis, Oregon, April, 1922 NO. 5

Entered as second-class matter October 23, 1921, at the post-office 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 3, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

I could sing of a ripping young filly
Who is fussed by a dumb-bell called Willy,
They think love is sport
On a soft davenport—
But I won't, cause this line is quite silly.



Senior advisor: "Always love your teachers."
Rook: "I tried that once but she got mad."



"Life is just one blow after another," sighed the handkerchief.



Little Johnny Marble
Mushy songs would gargle
'Neath his lady's window
Softly he would warble.
One night Johnny plead:
"Put forth a pretty head."
His passionate peal was answered—
But it was her Pa's instead!



A man who can walk into a sorority and have all the girls call him by his first name is a social success. Or else he owns a car.



This is surely a healthy climate. Today I weigh 175 pounds. Why when I first came here I was weak as a kitten and only weighed nine pounds.



"Why did the Lord make some girl's eyebrows different color from their hair?"




Why do some professors wear their glasses on the half-shell?



Many were called but few got up.



Yes, Anastacious—those dishes did break—its very seldom they bounce.

Cupid Says: Consult the 

"Watch Your Nest Eggs"

They will hatch, grow, multiply, and be ready when Cupid shoots his dart—provided you deposit them in

CORVALLIS STATE BANK

"The Friendly Bank"

HATS FURNISHINGS CAPS
SHOES

Hunter & Malden

KUPPENHEIMER EVERYTHING
GOOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

LOOK!!!!!!

Sandie will give all students 20% discount on all kodak finishing. Mail films to

H. M. Sanderson

Box 456 Salem, Oregon

THE NEWEST

In model style, color, and pattern for Men, Young Men, and Students.

According to the horiscope every man will want a Tuxedo Suit this Spring, so we're ready with a charming variety

The Blain Clothing Co.

Albany, Oregon



One of the Few First Run Theatres Out of
Portland

Always a Well Balanced Program

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



Mary had a little cat;
It ate a ball of yarn,
And when the little kittens came
They all had sweaters on.

Smart Happenings Among Sweaters

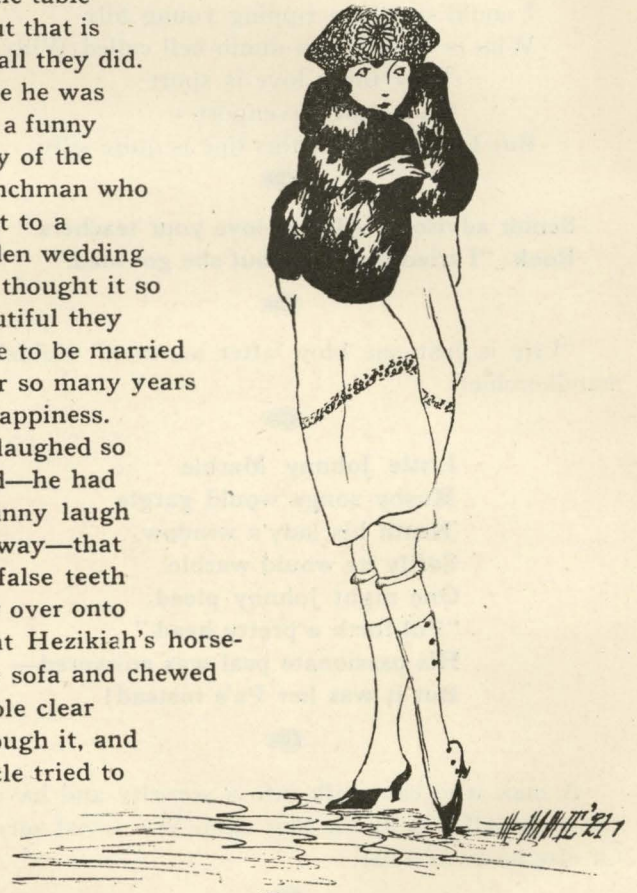
Fringe on one's Sweater this season—oh, yes, indeed! Fringe at the bottom of the clever little slippers, and fringe on the abbreviated sleeves. Smart things are happening among Sweaters, quite as thrilling as elsewhere, and the story is told in stunning new colors, styles with a swankish air, marvelous new stitches and every conceivable thing to make them fascinating and becoming. There are pure silks, fibre silks, zephyrs, worsted, ice wool, and angora.

\$3.50 to \$27.50

J. M. Nolan & Son

These stories
of falsehoods,
false hearts
and false teeth
remind me of
my grand pap's teeth,
that he would
remove every night
and then set them
on the table
—but that is
not all they did.
Once he was
told a funny
story of the
Frenchman who
went to a
golden wedding
and thought it so
beautiful they
were to be married
after so many years
of happiness.
He laughed so
hard—he had
a funny laugh
anyway—that
his false teeth
flew over onto
Aunt Heziah's horse-
hair sofa and chewed
a hole clear
through it, and
Uncle tried to

stop them and
they bit his
finger and chewed
the cuff off
his shirt that
he gave me on
the side of
the head for
laughing at him.



I got kissed
But I wont tell who—
'Cause the man who kissed me
Probably kissed you!

Try Sally Ann Bread

A Delight With Every Slice

ASK YOUR GROCER



At last I've got you alone. You cannot escape me now. For months I've tracked you from one function to another, and never before have I succeeded in talking with you alone. Always you either had a dance or were otherwise engaged.

But elusive as you have been, I have watched you, and I have decided that I want you. Now, like a gentleman, Jerry, pay me that dollar that you owe me. Thanks; twenty-five, fifty, one. Correct, old bean.



My granddad had a big square shack
With towers, and panes, and stuff.
And Uncle John a bungalow
Where one floor was enough.
Now Dad has built on English lines—
Without a sign of eaves—
But what I crave is a bushwah hut
Beneath the bamboo leaves.



What would you think of a fellow that didn't know how to spell tobacco and tried to look it up under smoke?



What Is Slang?

Flapper: "Keep this dark, will you?"

Napper: "I'll tell the world!"



"Why is marriage like a mousetrap?"

"Why?"

"Those in want to get out, those out want to get in."



Mert: "I'm the best singer in the country."

Curt: "Yes—in the country."



"Babies cry for it," said the milkman on his morning rounds.

Our Malted Milks
Are Noted

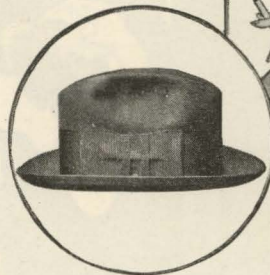
Light Lunches
Served

THE PASTIME
FOR
BILLIARDS AND POOL

Under the Julian Hotel

Wagner Bros.

STYLED
FOR
YOUNG MEN



FEATURE SOFT HAT
—a smart young man's
Stetson with a medium
flare, and binding. Lined
attractively in various
shades of satin.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

For Thirty-Two Years a Leader

BISHOP'S

The largest and one of the
most complete men's furnishing
stores in the Willamette Valley



When in Salem come to us for your furnishings

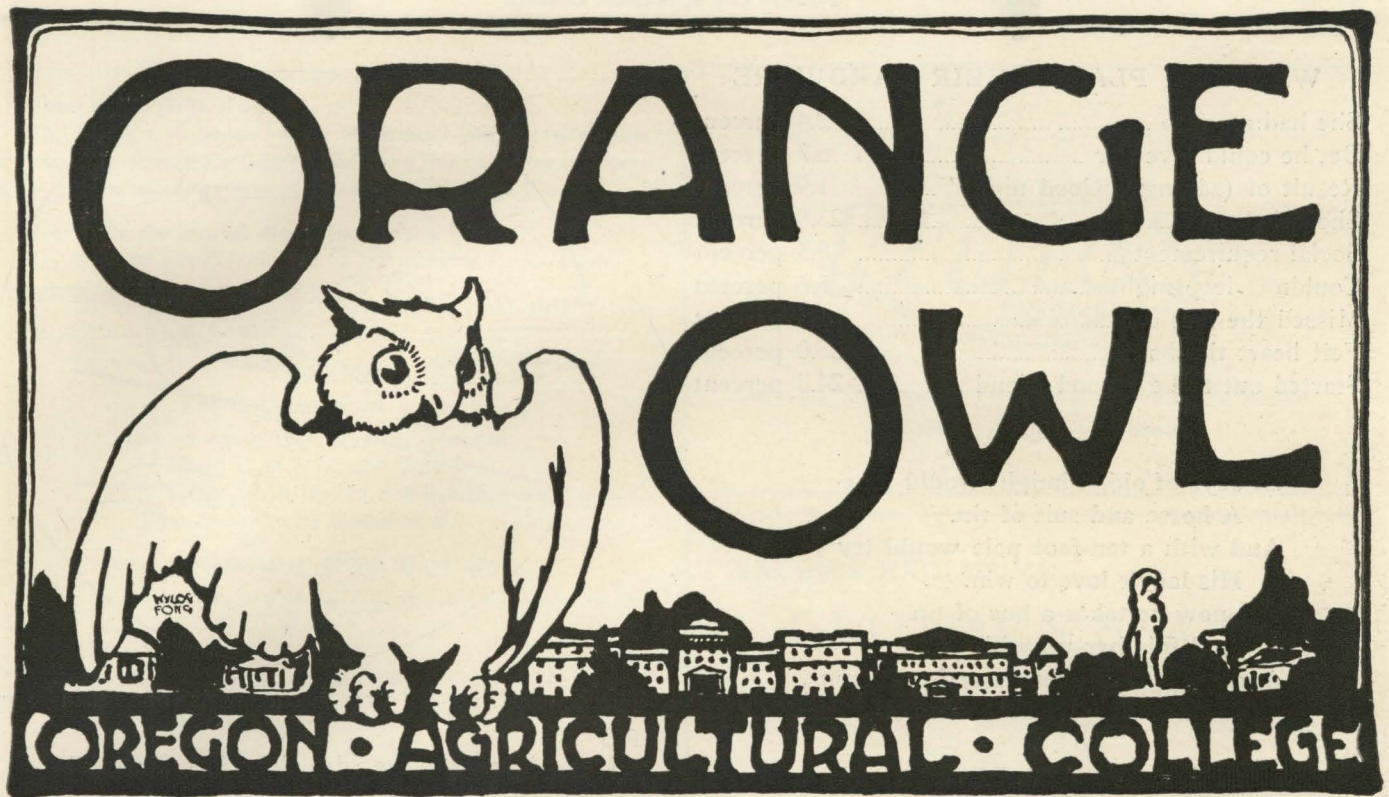
The Salem Woolen Mill Store

Salem, Oregon

C. P. Bishop, Prop.



Of times the King held court; many were the Springtime courtesans. Monarchs and serfs paid him homage. Few dared disobey his sceptre.



SPRING REGULATIONS

1. No fussing on moonlight nights. Wait for the spring rains.
2. Couples, when walking from library in evening, must carry a lantern in each hand. Oil left in lanterns will be used as a check on course taken home.
3. Go to the movies in the afternoon. Sufficient lights will be provided at all times.
4. Picnics must be scheduled and chaperone headquarters provided every fifty yards along the way, where couples will register.
5. Dances are permitted, but no dancing with members of opposite sex will be tolerated.
6. Canoeing in any shape, form, or manner is forbidden.

If in doubt as to any of the rules, look in Chapter 32, Volume 6 of official "Rules and Regulations for Students."



Give me the night
 With the moon shining bright.
 Give me a soft whispering breeze,
 And a sweet little miss
 With red lips to kiss—
 And the rest of you do as you please.



My girl is so pretty that when she gets on the car
 the advertising is a total failure.

A PHONY DATE

(In three acts.)

Act I.

Harry enters phone booth: "Hello central, gimme 3155."

Central: "Linzbuzy."

(Curtain.)

Act II.

Harry enters phone booth: "Hello, gimme 3155."

Central: "Linzbuzy."

(Curtain.)

Act III.

Harry enters phone booth: "Gimme 3155."

Central: "Linzbuzy."

Harry: "Hell! What's the use? C'mon Bill, let's go to the movies."

(Final curtain.)



Old acquaintance, visiting at frat: "You fellows have added another story to your house since last year, haven't you?"

Bright Bertie: "Yea, we had a rough-house one night and raised the roof."



Prof.: "Young man, did you study your lesson?"

Stude: "Well, I looked it over."

Prof.: "You mean you overlooked it."



WHY MEN PLANT THEIR HARDWARE

She had an auto	2.4 percent
Bet he could love her	6.7 percent
Result of (saying) "Good night"	1.9 percent
She cried	23.8 percent
Social requirements	8.5 percent
Couldn't sleep nights	5.6 percent
Missed the last car	1.3 percent
Felt heart throbs	25.0 percent
Started out to be a good friend	24.3 percent

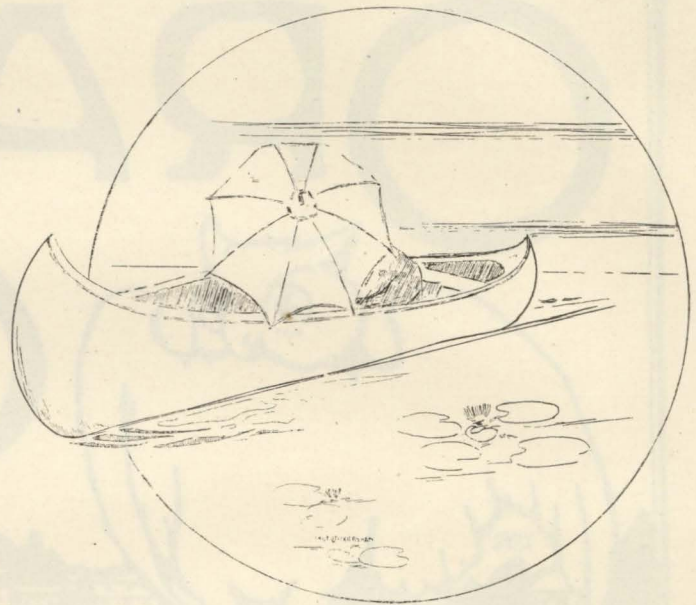


In days of old, a knight would take
 A horse and suit of tin,
 And with a ten-foot pole would try
 His lady's love to win.
 But now he takes a bus of tin
 And fills her up with gas,
 And miles and miles away from town
 He woos his winsome lass.



Righto!

Dan Cupid's aim is on the bum
 And every day grows worse.
 His dart, intended for the heart,
 Too often hits the purse.



She: "What do you mean, this canoe is very tippy?"

He: "A word to the wise, dear, is sufficient."



She: "I wish you would shave."

He: "Why?"

She: "Hairnets are twenty-five cents apiece."

He: "I wish you wouldn't powder your face."

She: "Why?"

He: "Suits cleaned—\$1.50."



Oh, Death!—

A pretty girl was in my class,
 With her I fell in love.

That class was like the twink'ling stars
 That shine by night above.

Alas, the section was too full,
 The girl was moved away.

That class is now the deadest one
 In all the dismal day!



"You may think I don't love you, but you don't know what is in my mind and heart."

"Oh, yes I do—I've studied physiology."



"There goes a popular chicken; they call her the Ostrich."

"Ostrich, how come?"

"Short on brains and long on neck."



The love of some women is indeed touching.



LOVE WILL FIND A WAY, OR PI PAYS PIPER

Once upon a time there lived two maidens, Rho and Pi, both beautiful of form and feature—both of the same tong. They so closely resembled each other that they often got their mail mixed and were ever a worry to their professors. One day a strange man called at open house, tarried, stayed for tea, and took two hearts with him when he left. Upon his departure each retired to her room and hastily shed three large tears, for Cupid's dart had split on his heavy line and each felt the prick of love at the same instant. Days passed but each kept her secret like a sphinx. Now fate will have a fling and Pi was the first to meet. Three rapid dates ensued. Pi was Cleo born again, and soon had him at her mercy. The day for the elopement was set and everything arranged. Time passes. Rho is now in the deepest despair. The hour draws near and again fate decides to play the game. Rho was just sneaking out to the garden to have a good little cry (you know, girls) when the waiting lover rushed up and clasped her to his breast. Overcome with emotion, Rho swooned and, when she waked, the justice was ready for the ceremony. Now let us go back a bit. After adjusting the last coat of Swellsmell and putting on an extra hairnet, Pi was ready and thrilled to the eyebrows. Just as the descent began who should happen along but the Dean returning from a very late meeting of the W. C. T. U. She was certainly shocked beyond belief and made record time to push the case through the Court of Ejection. So poor Pi paid the piper, and Rho won the Romeo.

Moral: Don't use your fork for the mush.

Teacher: "Your expression is absurd."

Girl: "Why?"

Teacher: "How can a man hatch out a scheme?"

Girl: "He might set his mind upon it."

Though dear to me the breath of spring,
And sweet the twanging lutes;
I'd rather hear my tailor say
"Cut prices on tweed suits."

Judge: "You were present when the fight started?"

Mandy: "Yass-ah."

Judge: "And you got cut in the fracas?"

Mandy: "No sah, ah got cut in the arm."

Prof. (on test day): "I would like to have you move about four feet apart."

Rook: "I can't see that far."

How It Ought To Be

Mother: "Hadn't you better take some blankets if you are going canoeing, my dear?"

Daughter: "Naw. That was last night. Going on a 'necking' party tonight. Goo-bye."

There is a town in Tenn.
I think the burg's called Genn.
And all its folk
Are black as smolk
Except one Swede named Henn.

George: "Where are you going this hour, Dick?"

Dick: "To the Home Ec. building."

George: "What class do you have in there?"

Dick: "Military. They want us to get used to powder."

From a canoe

Floating leaf,

Foolish whim.

Careless grab,

Little swim.

"Why is a co-ed like a lemon?"

"The more you squeeze her the mushier she gets."

Young woman in music store: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'"

Clerk: "Nope, I'm a new man here. Maybe it was the other fellow."

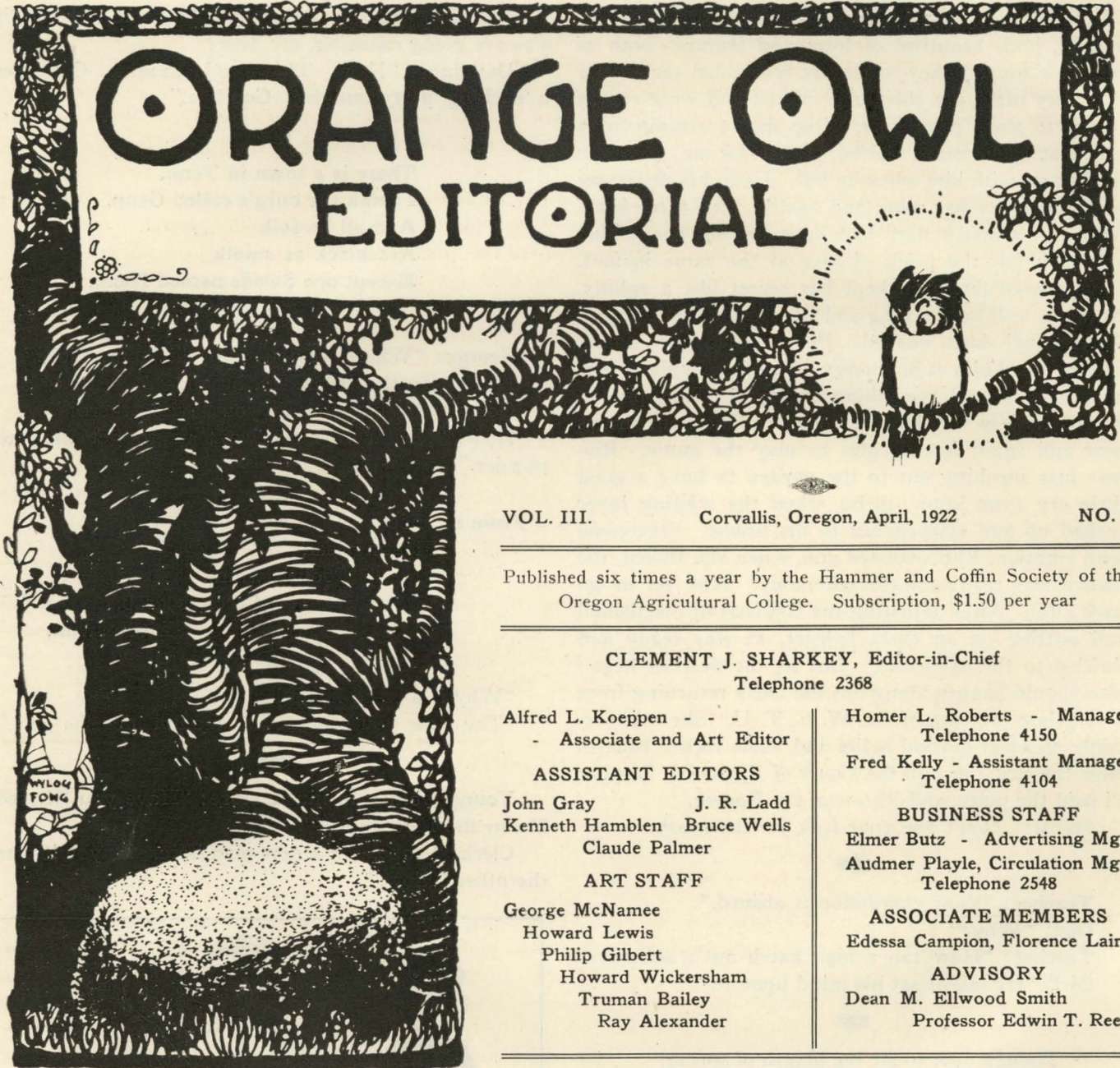


THE WAY AN ARTIST TAKES TO LOVE



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. III.

Corvallis, Oregon, April, 1922

NO. 5

Published six times a year by the Hammer and Coffin Society of the
Oregon Agricultural College. Subscription, \$1.50 per year

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THE Old Bird shook his head. Long before he came to O. A. C., he had heard of the Big Event. When it arrived he noticed a line of men at the ticket office at three-thirty in the morning. He was amazed at such interest and devotion to a student function. The night of the Big Event he was a proud witness. Never in his life had he beheld a group competitive function its equal. For weeks after, it furnished the principal topic of conversation. When the social schedule for the quarter came out, he scanned it eagerly. It was not to be found among the lists of dances, teas, and other so-called college social functions. Amazed, he listened to the indignant expressions of the women and men. He shook his head again. In its place dances and teas, or things as comparatively insipid. College education? Certainly! Not dances, not classes, not books, not games, not teas, not lectures or laboratories. Not any fraction, but the whole. Versatility and competitive unity of purpose are the benefits of the women's Stunt Show. Can a dance or a concert do as much? Cultural education is what we need to live up to the daily requirements and expectations of the college graduate. Let's throw out some of these boresome, traditional social events and put in a real entertainment born of women's minds and distinguished by their versatility and training. For a trophy the Old Bird suggests that the main supporters of women and their activities come forward. The men—let them offer a cup. The interfraternity council could be the logical donor.



THE Old Bird has been observing for some time this game of "Catch Me if You Can." It is a very peculiar and fascinating game. It is played during examinations. Here is an example: the Instructor gives this introduction, "This examination is to be conducted on the Honor System. Take alternate seats so that a vacant one surrounds each student. All books and papers are to be sent to the front of the class. No more than three sheets of paper are to be retained for the students to write upon. No whispering or observation of another student's paper will be tolerated. Papers will be compared and any similarity of work will be questioned." Then the Instructor goes out and obtains another of the faculty to assist him in catching the players in the Honor System game.

Why the farce? Any red-blooded American will rebel at this sort of paradox. The attitude is, "Can you beat me?" The answer is self-evident. Contests of any sort always interest young people.

Then there is the other sort of Honor System where the Instructor really places the students on their honor. Some of the Professors and Instructors never have to use any so-called System and the results are much to be admired. These are the sort of men that should be in their position in a college. They are admired and liked. They are getting the best results from their students with the very least effort. A student always hopes to measure up to the man who is instructing him in his subjects.

Flexible scholastic standards, determined by the varying student body average, are responsible for some of the cheating in examinations. A fraternity or club man, to protect his group, must attain a standard of scholarship equal to that of the student body average. What is that standard? During the current term, he doesn't know. Last term it was 84.22. What will it be this term? If he's a poor student, he hopes or guesses it may be lower. Because of the tremendous pressure all along the line, the tendency is for it to go higher.

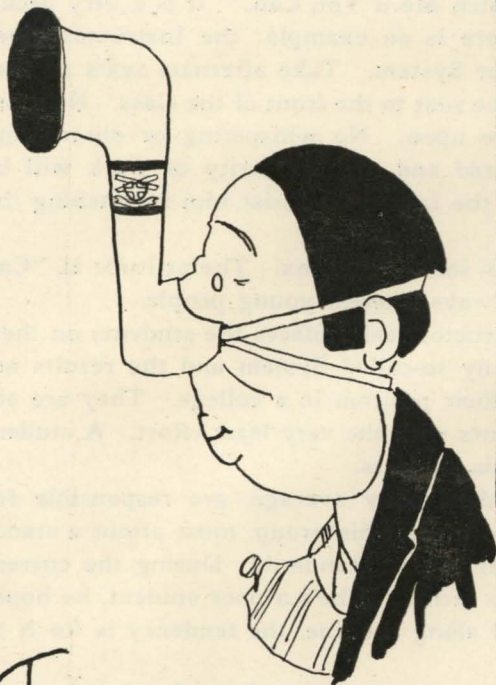
Some groups are certain to go below the average, and the history of this system of averaging has proved this statement. Group competition is a fine thing—for a prize—not a penalty. One man feels that he is not going to bring down the average of the group he represents if he can help it. He can do it, he fears, only by cheating. If he is caught then he alone suffers. If he isn't, then his group benefits by the higher grade.

Why not make a weighted average and stop this shifty system? Between these two evils of spying on the students at examination time and having a flexible, indefinite student body average that the groups must meet, cheating is getting worse. Present conditions, since they are not helping to lead students into right channels, are vicious. We should either have a fixed standard for the groups to aim at—one not too high to provoke the evils we are discussing—or we should relieve the groups of a responsibility that is not only grievous but equivocal.

The Old Bird hopes this article will come to the notice of those who are earnest enough in their efforts to see the students' point of view and are interested enough to look into it.

THE Old Bird notices the late advent of spring. Of course, as the saying goes, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." This can be made to include a love for the spring and the spring sports. The track men have so loved the old institution that they have been out in suits for a long time. So have the baseball men. They want you to show that their efforts are appreciated. You, on the other hand, are increasing your education and your versatility by knowing the men and the manner of their training. It is the only way that one can really appreciate any contest. Let us show our love for the spring and our loyalty to our representatives on the track and the baseball diamond by turning out on these spring days to support them.

THE Old Bird smiles. He was let in on another secret during spring vacation. Up on the mast head it reads "Orange Owl Chapter, Hammer and Coffin Society." Needless to add the Old Bird is proud of its achievement. Associated with it now are the strongest college humorous magazines of the Coast. Such intercollegiate ties are certain to bring the best results for a bigger and better Orange Owl. Its members are workers and imbued with the college spirit. They have endeavored to inject the spice of wit and humor into our campus life. Such effort should and does meet with the support of the students. The Orange Owl is sent to practically every college in the United States, and the spirit it carries makes the name of O. A. C. known in nearly every college in the country. Its jokes are clipped and this sort of advertisement can't help but increase the knowledge and prestige of our Alma Mater.

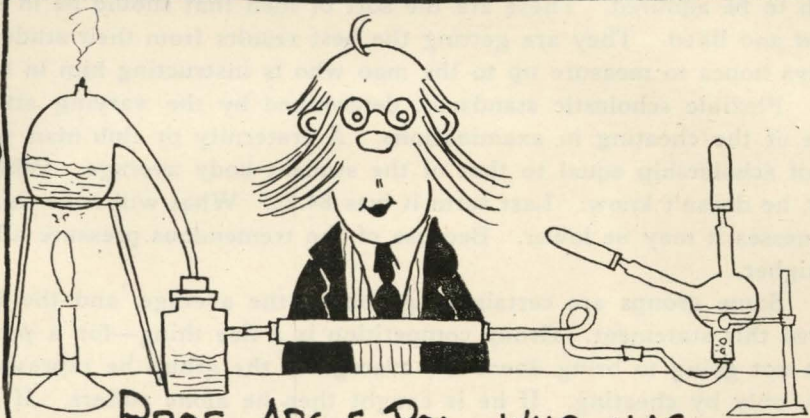


THIS YOUNG GENT IS WEARING THE NEW "KISS PROLONGER". WITH THIS ACCESSORY IT IS POSSIBLE TO STAY DOWN AS LONG AS DESIRE-ABLE WITHOUT COMING UP FOR AIR.

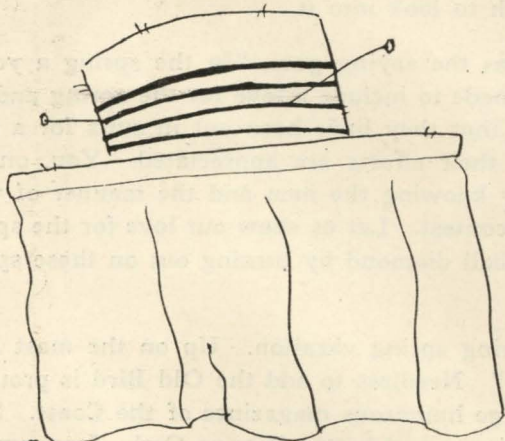
MODERN INVENTIONS FOR UP-TO-DATE LOVERS



PATENTS APPLIED FOR

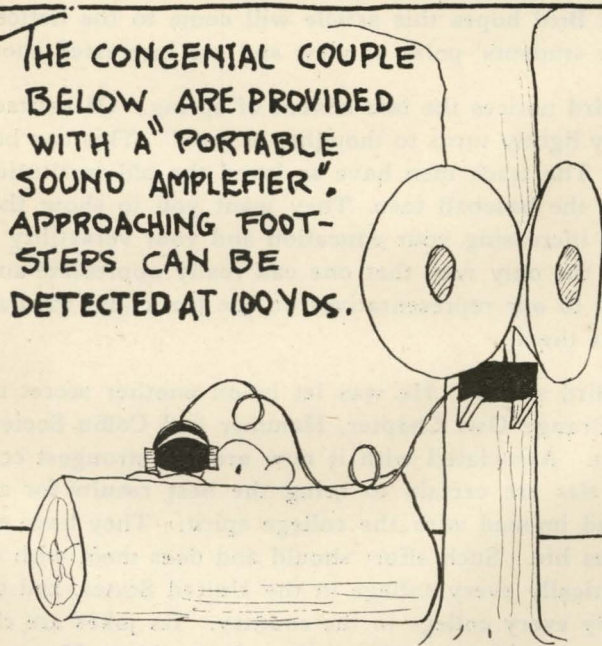


PROF. ARG E. ROL WHO HAS PERFECTED A COMPOUND WHICH RENDERS TEMPORARY DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS. RECOMENDED FOR USE ON HOUSE MOTHERS, PATRONESSES AND OTHER UNDESIREABLES.



HAT PROVIDED WITH A "BLIND DATE VEIL." HEAVY ENOUGH TO HIDE THE WORST ON THE CAMPOS.

THE CONGENIAL COUPLE BELOW ARE PROVIDED WITH A "PORTABLE SOUND AMPLIFIER". APPROACHING FOOT- STEPS CAN BE DETECTED AT 100 YDS.





SPRING STUFF

The world could not go 'round without it;
 SPRING TIME.
 Us folks wouldn't be without it;
 SPRING LOVE.
 Trout streams would be bare without it;
 SPRING FEVER.
 My Ford would not ride without it;
 SPRING STEEL.
 The earth would be bare without them;
 SPRING FLOWERS.
 We all would be dry without them;
 SPRING SHOWERS.
 We would be happy without it;
 SPRING POETRY.



Hard Luck

Once there was a lunatic
 Who escaped, stole a Ford and two Chinamen.
 In his mad dash for freedom
 He raced with a train—
 It was a tie!
 And all the engineer could find was:
 A nut and two washers.



Dumb: "Did you see the race?"
 Bell: "I'll bite. What race?"
 Dumb: "The race between the skirts and the days."
 Bell: "How come?"
 Dumb: "The skirts are trying to get shorter before
 the days."



She: "Why do you look at me so strangely? Is
 there anything wrong with my face?"
 He: "Nope. Good job. Who did it? Foster &
 Kleiser or Coles Phillips?"



'Twas at a seashore bonfire;
 Bright the moon shone overhead.
 I opened a can of sardines—
 And the sea took back its dead!



Grace: "I just received a card from the comman-
 dant and he says I can not take Infantry and I wanted
 so much to have a course in child care."



"That fellow has a camel's neck."
 "Yeh?"
 "It goes a long time without water."

Huh?

That co-ed is
 A lonely lass
 Who walks right by
 A looking-glass!



"What's the charge?" inquired the judge.
 "Burglary, yer honor," declared the night cop.
 "This boid was found lifting a watch from a pawn-
 shop."
 "Well, what have you to say," rasped hizzoner.
 "Please, sir," said the prisoner, "I was only trying
 to find out what time it was. That guy had my
 watch."



Sea th' See

The sea gives forth a sighing sound,
 The stars are bright above;
 My manly arm is circled 'round
 The only girl I love.
 She smiles; she frowns—a troubled pause—
 I'm straightway on my knees
 For I am troubled, too, because
 The sand is full of fleas.



She looks at him with longing iiiii
 Her pouting lips he cccc
 He clasps her in his arms so yyy
 And presses them with eeee.



'Twas Ever Thus!



Wise Chips from an Old Block



Advice to the lovelorn: Even the angels wear clothes.

There is no getting around it—a little waist.

Lovers are like a man's cranial foilage—hard to part.

If seeing is believing—then the men of today believe a lot in women.

Because a man walks with a shuffle is no sign he's a card sharp.

Many a poor fish can be found in a pool room.

The physiology classes have same fine organ recitals.

Oft times an over-draft puts out some social flame.

It's positively killing—some of this bootleg stuff.

There is a lot of sentiment in a kiss—and most of us are sentimental.

Many of the co-eds shine these days—if they forget their powder puff.

Let's hope the April showers will be taken for cleanliness sake.

Love is like hash—there's a lot to it.

Because a man can keep a girl in suspense is no sign he can support her.

It's no reason to believe a girl is having a party when she has a gathering on her coat.

A hot line has no effect on cold hands.

Sing a Song

She had a fortune in her voice,
Professor Gaskins told her;
And when she learned the fatal truth
No ties or bonds could hold her.
She lives in Europe now, and Karl
Von Edelsteiner-Essen
Extracts the fortune from her voice
At forty plunks a lesson!



Ed: "What do you think of that new public speaking Prof? He's supposed to be a fine lecturer."

Co-ed: "He's all right, but he doesn't hold me like the old one used to."

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DIRTY DARN !!



"Requiescat in Futuram"

One night a young student named Potter
Drank some ink, thinking that it was water;
When he saw what he'd done,
He went home on the run—
And choked on his forty-first blotter.



We still contend that the key to a bonehead's success must be an ivory key, i.e., piano key.



Relatives are people you have a perfect license to fight with.



"Is this cup sanitary?"
"Must be, everybody uses it."



A girl has a fireman cheated when it comes to taking down hose.



Prof.: "Has anyone else a question?"
Sleepy one: "Yes, what time is it?"



"I'm really reserved."
"For whom?"



Some girls will,
And some girls wont.
I may not get to heaven
But it's worth it if I don't.



A warm summer night—that peculiar restless feeling—at last—a date—with the only girl—a walk to the trysting tree—alas—too late—(already occupied)—a stroll to Mary's River—hand in hand—moonbeams—shadows—thrills—delight—a canoe—blankets*—pillows*—soft lapping of water—silent silhouettes—drifting—drifting—finally the words—ina coherent words—of romance—of love—sweet indecision—sweeter surrender—joy unrefined—Hot Dawg!—they are engaged!

*(Ancient custom now frowned upon by the authorities.)



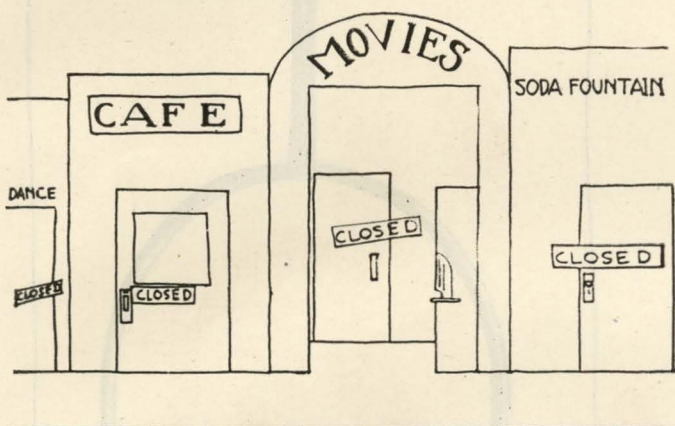
I have a girl
Her name is Sue.
Do I love her?
You bet I do.
But there's something
Makes me blue—
She loves other
Fellows, too.



A Kiss

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only agreeable two-faced action under the sun.
Proof that two heads are better than one.



FREE LOVE

Oh, Boy!

In a shady nook they sat;
 He held her hand, she held his hat.
 I held my breath and stood quite pat;
 They did; I saw them do it.

"Concentration," said the stude, in answer to the Prof's question, "is sitting down at your desk with an open book before you, placing an eyeshade on your brow and trying to think where you can get a date for tomorrow night."

Ed: "Oh, com'on now, own up!!"

Co-ed: "Ed, if you don't stop teasing me I'll kick you right here in the Chem shack."

"What's this," roared the farmer, as he observed the newly-employed hand basking in the shade of an apple tree with the hired girl at 11 a. m. "I thought you said you never got tired."

"I don't," came the nonchalant reply. "This doesn't tire me."

"Yes, sir, down in Arizonee they was so dry that the people died of thirst until one uv them smart, long-fingered college engineers put up a couple of carloads of potatoes in cribs at the head of the valley and then turned tear gas on 'em. The fust time he did it they was a flood as bad as thet one at Pew blow. So he jest put a couple of crates of onions near them thru the summer."

Flapper: "What show has a good girl in musical comedy?"

Dapper: "Most of her!"

Painted in pensive outlines by the flickering glow of the half-burned embers, the faces of Clarice and Estelle were silhouetted against the comfortably overstuffed back of the sorority davenport. Estelle looked wistful.

"Never again will his broad shoulders pass through that door just as the clock is striking eight," she sighed.

"Heavens, honey, how's that?"

"And the old rose piano lamp will never guide us again to the baby grand."

"Why, Estelle!"

"The comfy old davenport will never again hold us in its amorous embrace. We won't be able to sit here and dream any more."

"I'm astonished."

"Tonight I'm going to burn all his love letters, one by one."

"But Estelle, you're not going to discard him, are you?"

"Discard him? Oh, no; I'm going to marry him!"

I know a girl who can truthfully say, "I hope to be a Joy forever."



SPRING PIN PLANTING



GETTING A REAL HAND OUT



Fraternity Spirit

Jack: "I guess Paul is engaged again."
Jim: "How do you know?"
Jack: "I can't find my pin anywhere."



No matter the night,
Be it cold or hot;
Our campus sleuth is
"Johnny" on the spot.



"I sure fell for that co-ed," said the rook, as he
climbed out of the manhole.



At Seaside I first met her,
This bathing girl named Lou.
I saved her from the surf; that's how
I met my Waterlou.



Young man: "Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream."
Waiter: "Serves him right; let him freeze."



Dad: "How do you like your instructors at col-
lege?"
Son: "Well, they certainly keep me well posted."



"My business is flourishing," remarked the pen-
manship professor.



Grace C. Fogarty
25

Wind: "May I call you sweetie?"
Lass: "Does your mouth pucker?"



Bernie: "Why did you fall for me, honey?"
Ernie: "Your line tripped me up, dear."



Heard in the Dark

"Bend over, Rook!"
V. C.? No, tall rook, short rookess.



She: "Did you receive a commission in the army?"
Boy: "Nope, a straight salary."



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Pray how do you get by?
Chalk for your nose
Each cheek a rose,
And pencil marks over your eye!



Mary ate an onion,
She ate one every day.
But soon gave up the habit
For it kept the boys away.



Upon second thought we have decided that a
Wallyroach is a small bird that sings sweet songs and
then flies to the nearest tree and listens for the echo.



HUMOR

from the

MORGUE

Boiled

O-o-o-o, I Love 'Er

She's A-da Mabel Jane Ann Zoe
I Roda Mildred Miles
To tell her I would Mary her.
"I Phelia wont," she smiles.

Aurora grief burst from me them;
Salome spirits fell,
But then she Rose, and Sybil low
"Oh, Ella May as well."

Then Ida Lotta Joy to Pat
And Huldah as I swear
"I'll never Lucia from your vow;
This Julia now must wear."

—Washington Sun Dodger.

Was She a Failure?

He: "You look almost sweet enough to kiss."
She (shyly): "I intended to look better than almost."

—Chapparral.

Onions or Moonshine?

She: "In one way you are my Hercules."
He (thrilled): "Yes, how's that?"
She: "Your breath."

—Lemon Punch.

What do we most admire in the busy little bee?
Once full he makes straight for home. —Goblin.

Stude: "Have you any Ben Turpin potatoes?"
Bot. Prof: "Ben Turpin potatoes, what are they?"

Stude: "Burbank's latest. He got them by crossing their eyes."
—Sun Dodger.

Co-ed: "How lovely these roses are. There is still some lew on them."

Ed: "I know it; but how the duce did you?" —Voo Doo.

The difference between taxes and taxis is that you can sometimes dodge the latter if you are quick. —Widow.

She: "Why do they call those cigars 'Salome?'"

He: "Because they have no wrappers on them."
Chapparral.

"I could kiss the lily whiteness of your forehead; I could worship at your feet."

"Why go to extremes?" —Virginia Reel.

Clarence: "What is Georgette?"

Clara: "Sheer waste, dummy."
—Froth.

Thy Name is Woman

She crossed her slim ankles and settled back among the cushions of the hammock.

She sighed.

He sighed again and murmured, "Darling—"

"Yes?" she quired.

"Darling, will you marry me?"

And when he had gone she cut another notch in the porch swing.
—Jester.

So Do We, Brown Jug

An Iowa woman named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.

We hope they grow up a parafine girls. —Brown Jug.

Or Caliente Perro

Mother: "You know that you don't really love Jim; it's only puppy love."

Helen: "Hot dog!" —Toronto Goblin.

Prof (engineering class): "What is a dry dock?"

Stude (in the rear): "A physician who wont give out prescriptions."
—Brown Jug.



THE FIRST SPARK PLUG

—Wag Jag.



Razor (a sharp joke)

"I hear your girl's a Gem."

"No, indeed; someone Auto Stropper. Why every time she opens her mouth its Gillette me have this; Gillette me have that."
—Black and Blue Jay.

"Ever hear the stories about the golden fleece?"

"No, do they bite?" —Tiger.

He: "Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?"

She: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."
—Gargoyle.

The Consolation of Love

Here is some real food for thought,
I heard it at a recent ball—
'Tis better to be kissed and caught
Than never to be kissed at all. —Gargoyle.

Advice Methusalah Might Have Given

"The only thing for you to do is to go around and ask her to forgive you."

"But I was in the right."

"Then you had better bring some flowers and candy along."
—Mugwump.

Talking Shop, As 'Twere

"I took that pretty girl home from the store the other night and stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?" —Mugwump.

Like Alfalfa, Four Crops a Season

Hook: "I've got the most expensive frat pin in the world."

Fish: "How much did it cost you?"

Hook: "\$5,000.00."

Fish: "Diamonds?"

Hook: "No, lawsuits."
—Mirror.

The Language of Love

"And your lips are just like rose petals."

"Really, Hubert, I must say good night now."

"Well, let's say it with flowers."
—Yale Record.

The Ingenuity of Love

A batchelor, upon reading, "Two lovers will sit up all night with only one chair in the room," said it couldn't be done unless one of them sat on the floor.

No wonder he is an old batchelor still. —Whirlwind.

Captain: "Ahoy there, let go the anchor."

Sailor (near anchor): "I ain't touched it yet."
—Lampoon.

We'd Like to Know, Lemmy

Is bobbed hair a short cut to a man's heart?
—Lemon Punch.

Little Gob: "I hear we gotta a new rear admiral."

Big Gob: "Do we?"

Little Gob: "Naw, he's dead."
—Wig Wag.

The sun was hot upon the beach,

Her suit was little sister's.

She thought she was having a lovely time, but

All is not bliss that blisters. —Virginia Reel.

Diner—"How's the chicken today?"

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



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SHE FELL FOR HIM

Prof: "What do you elect for your major subject?"

Stude: "If it's immaterial to you, I'd rather take the minor ones."

REMEMBER—

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we give a satisfying service—FREE

J.H.Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS



Hamanegg: "Why do they call that senior, Atlas?"
Coffean (scornfully): "Can't you see that he carries the universe on his shoulders?"



Mars is down and out of luck;
He's lost the laurels from his brow.
Another's cast him from his throne—
The god of war is Cupid now.



Typing prof.: "What do you find under 'u'?"
Typing stude (in surprised tones): "Why, er-r-a chair!"



A simple country maid was mine,
With dandelions I decked her.
In winter, though, I left her flat
For she wore a chest protector.



Oh: "Did you know we have a new Irish tenor?"
No: "Who is it?"
Oh: "Al MaGluck."



You may be a classy dancer;
You may have a flivver, too;
But you can't have a date with me, Jack,
Unless you have a canoe.



Freeda: "He calls me 'Revenge'."
Thot: "Why?"
Freeda: "He says Revenge is sweet."



The bards of old would sit and write
Of spring and fancies foolish.
But as exams are drawing nigh
I write of things more schoolish.

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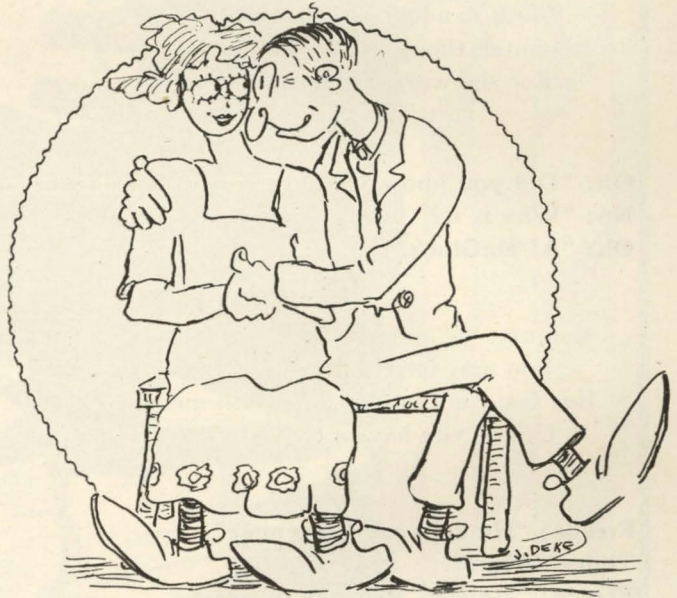
For early returns and best results, plant your hard-
ware now.



He said, "Well, regarding the co-ed,
To this sad conclusion I've come—
When a chap plants a pin on her georgette
He puts himself under her thumb."



I rose, and gave to her my seat;
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.



HIS NOSE KNOWS



Kissing the aunts and uncles is just like cheating at
solitaire or carrying a piece of tin foil with the label,
"Haig and Haig" on it.

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R. F. D. No. 3

Corvallis, Oregon



The Flapper's Wail

The goofy rook
Is too darn meek;
He failed to kiss
My petal cheek.



"Hello, this 4404?"
"Ruth, please."
"Ruth?"
"Got a date?"
"Have, huh?"
"Anyone there hasn't?"
"Who?"
"No! NO!! Tell me—don't make one."
"Yes, I know her."
"Yep, I know Mary."
"Hazel? Yes, I know her."
"Florence? Umh-huh."
"Oh well, never mind; it's pretty late to make a date now anyway. G'by."



A row boat held my dame and me;
We went for fish and got 'em.
We would have landed with a load—
But rotten was the bottom.



Con: "How can I estrange Harry with Ruth?"
Duit: "Oh-er, just es-trangle him."



"The way that fellow eats he must have a cast-iron stomach."
"No, I think it's pig-iron."



Rookie: "My roomy is so modest."
Soph: "Yeah?"
Rookie: "Every time he takes off his socks he turns his girl's picture to the wall."

When you have that tired, lazy feeling which comes with Spring

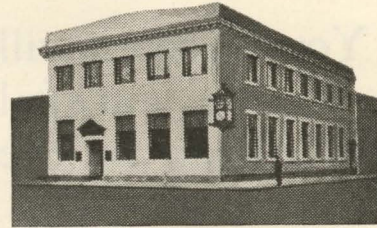
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The Varsity
Sweet Shop

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FOUNTAIN SPECIALS MAGAZINES
CANDIES ORANGE OWLS TOBACCO

HARD LUCK

Must I tell the old story, that's oft been retold
Of the rook from New Mexico, dauntless and bold?
Garbed without overcoat, straightway he goes
To the realm of the co-ed,—they brought him back
froze.



The head that is loaded with wisdom doesn't leak
at the mouth.



A classic dancer'd
Route the school
By romping in a
Yard of tulle.



Pretty Young Rookess in Commercial Geography:
"Wouldn't you think the New Hebrides Islands would
be a popular vacation spot for old maids?"
Yes, we should.



I hate to think of Lover's Leap,
Where I so often tarried.
The golden moon befuddled me,
And, darn it, I got married.



He: "He's awfully wrapped up in that car."
She: "How did the accident occur?"



My little love forsook me,
Because I am so fat;
"The little pig," said Phyllis,
"She's fatter far than that."



"What is your steak like today?"
"Tender as a co-ed's heart."
"Well, then, I'll take some tripe."

SEEDS

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You Can't Keep Them in the Ground"

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Man-Made Lightning

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly. Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

And now we can have artificial lightning. One million volts of electricity—approximately one fiftieth of the voltage in a lightning flash—have been sent successfully over a transmission line in the General Engineering Laboratory of the General Electric Company. This is nearly five times the voltage ever before placed on a transmission line.

Much valuable knowledge of high voltage phenomena—essential for extending long distance transmission—was acquired from these tests. Engineers now see the potential power in remote mountain streams serving industries hundreds of miles away.

Man-made lightning was the result of ungrudging and patient experimentation by the same engineers who first sent 15,000 volts over a long distance thirty years ago.

“Keeping everlastingly at it brings success.” It is difficult to forecast what the results of the next thirty years may be.

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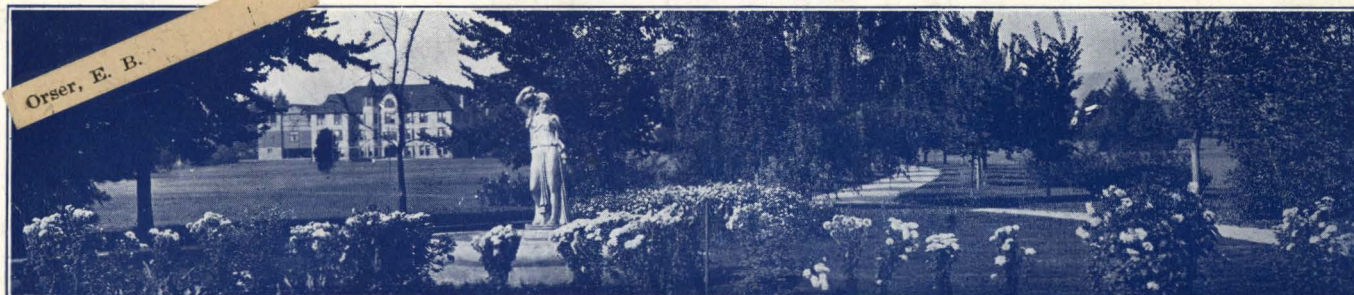
The Owl



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Oregon Agricultural College

A Technical College



The outstanding thing to remember about O. A. C. is the fact that it is a technical institution. It teaches engineering, forestry, mining, pharmacy, and similar courses found in most of the great technical colleges of the country,—such, for instance, as Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and “Boston Tech.” It teaches all phases of home economics, too, like Pratt Institute, and Teachers College at Columbia University. Like all land-grant colleges, it teaches agriculture and military science, and like most of these institutions, that are supported jointly by the state and nation, it teaches commerce and vocational education. That means a course of technical training so broad in scope that very few institutions in the country offer anything broader. A few indeed offer anything better.

Student Activities. Students at O. A. C., however, do not get all their training for their life work in the shops, laboratories, and class rooms, excellent as they are. They learn to lead by taking part in student activities. And there are lots of activities in which to exercise leadership.

There's athletics, for instance; that's a big thing at O. A. C. It includes intercollegiate athletics on a large scale—football, baseball, basket-ball, wrestling, boxing, swimming, track, etc., and it includes intra-mural athletics on a scale even larger. Thus every student, by helping his class or his club to make a good showing, gets into athletics in some form or another—and likes it. The big “Gym,” the swimming pool, and a lot of fine fellows for trainers, make athletics great sport at O. A. C.

Then, there's the student publications. The O. A. C. Barometer, the student-body newspaper, comes out twice a week and keeps a big

group of men and women busy with the news. Next year it will be a daily. There's the Oregon Countryman, the Student Engineer, the Forest Annual, the O. A. C. Directory which is published by the students of the School of Commerce, and so on. And there's the Orange Owl, the new comedy magazine, which you are now reading. And finally there's the Beaver, one of the greatest college annuals in the country. All issued by the students and managed by them.

And there's dramatics, and debate, and oratory, and public speaking, and a dozen and one similar activities that help to keep young people fit and fine and happy.

And there's music, lots of it, with the happiest kind of mass singing and the finest sort of musical training in the splendid organizations supervised by the School of Music, such as the band, the glee club, the madrigal club, the mandolin and guitar club, and the orchestra.

It would take too long even to name the list of technical associations that O. A. C. students get so much benefit from, or to speak of the club fraternity life, or the “Y” work.

And, finally, there's the “Beaver spirit.” It's growing stronger every year. It's reaching out through the Greater O. A. C. Association to the O. A. C. Caesars of other days and binding them all together in a great fellowship.

To sum up, the Oregon Agricultural College is a technical college ranking with the best in the country. She was first in the Pacific Northwest to offer to students collegiate courses in agriculture, engineering, home economics, commerce, and other technical subjects. She has a strong faculty and a thoroughly modern equipment. She is ranked by the United States War Department as a “distinguished institution.”