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Orange Owl



Holiday Number

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THE ORANGE OWL

Vol. VII Corvallis, Oregon, December, 1925 No. 3

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Battle Is On

Diner: "Waiter, what kind of ham is this you brought me?"

Waiter: "Dat, suh, is a plate of Armour ham."

Diner: "Well, it tastes more like armor plate to me."



YES, WE ARE COLLEGIATE!

He's kicked about faculty, courses, and school,
He's complained of our texts; he's a knocking old fool;
But he'll never get through in his final exams
If he slams.

He's bluffed his way through to the end of the term,
He's studied as much as a three-legged worm;
But he'll never get through in his final exams
If he shams.

He can sleep every night for ten hours at a clip,
He can let all his studies and other stuff slip,
But he'll only get through in his final exams
If he crams.



Vanity Fair

We wonder if the English profs can tell us who
was going to the fair—Simple Simon or The Pieman?



"What are you killing all that whiskey for?"

"Well, whiskey killed my father, and I want my
revenge!"—Wasp.



"Does your son write any poetry?"

"Well, most of his cheque book stubs read, 'Owed
to a bird'."



Cheese It!

"I'm having a gnawful good time," said the mouse
as he gnawed the cheese.

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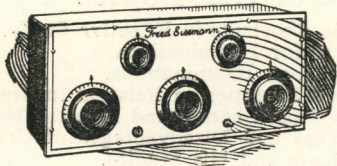
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Sambo: "I want a razza."

Clerk: "Safety?"

Sambo: "No, sah, I wants it fo' social puh-poses."
—Cougar's Paw.

'Tis the Truth

One author says all people who have done great things have been alone. How about the man who hangs his pin? —Green Gander.

Ain't Nature Grand?

Eve: "'Smatter, Adam? Why so restless?"

Adam: "Doggoneit! I used poison oak for my winter overcoat."
—Desert Wolf.

"I hear John's engaged."

"Who's the lucky girl?"

"Her mother."
—Columbia Jester.

Sure!

Confectioner (filling order): "Do you want to drink it here or take it with you?"

Customer: "Both" —Cougar's Paw.

Little Willie (pointing at hippopotamus in the zoo): "What th' hell's that?"

Fond mother (slapping Willie's hand): "Dammit, haven't I taught you not to point at things?"
—Yellow Jacket.

Diana

She: "Do you hunt bear, too?"

He: "No, I find it safer to wear a hunting outfit."
—The Cracker.

Berth Marks

"Say, fella, what's that abraison on your manly visage?"

"Thassa berth mark."

"Howsat?"

"Gottinta the wrong one. —The Caveman.

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A Little Louder, Please

Near-sighted old gentleman (to usher in the movie): "You consarned young whippersnacker, I want my money back. That seat you gave me was so far from the stage I couldn't hear a word the actors said." —The Caveman.

"What are you going to do with this month's allowance?"

"Don't know whether to take you out again or buy a roadster." —Desert Wolf.

S-s-s-s

"My girl smokes."

"It that all? Mine sizzles!"

—The Caveman.

To Whom It May Concern

"My girl's knees never make me sad."

"How come?"

"They're not a touching subject."

—Froth.

STUDENTS

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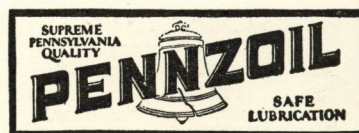
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SEASONS GREETINGS

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Corvallis, Oregon

That's Us

"I was out with one of those college boys last night."

"Sure, I know. One of those fellows with Prince of Wales clothes, a Teddy Roosevelt smile, and a Cal Coolidge pocketbook."

—Princeton Tiger.

Generosity

"Won't you give something to the old ladies' home?"

"Sure; you can have my mother-in-law."

—The Cracker.

Freshmen are like green apples—corresponding color and apt to make one sick.

—Rammer-Jammer.

Never Bothers a Ditchdigger

A great many Phi Beta Kappas have probably found out that their keys won't open a sardine can.

—Sour Owl.



Ye Olde Charleston



Big Mystery

One of life's little mysteries: Is the straw that broke the camel's back the same one that the drowning man clutched at?



Oh, Min!

Newlywed: "What have you in the shape of parsnips, sir?"

Live dealer: "Only carrots, ma'm."



The Co-ed's Evening Gown

A little lace, a yard of silk,
Soft, gleaming flesh, as white as milk;
A shoulder strap—how dare she breathe?
A little cough—"Good evening, Eve."



Who's Turn Now?

Philadelphia Pike: "How's de grub up to de new joint?"

De Kid: "Hully gee, kid, dey shore thro mean hash."

P. Pike: "Do dey give ya plenty a leather?"

De Kid: "Say, kid, if dey soived de steaks any bigger, ya could milk 'em."

Would Lemon Aid?

It would have been very appropriate for E. B. Lemon to have affiliated with the University of Oregon.



Flowers

Prof: "How is cauliflower served?"

Rookess: "In tasty baskets."



Take That

"Do you know that old skinflint, McTavish?"

"Yes, indeed, he's a very close friend of mine."



Deaf an' Dumb

"I can see Mary's Peak."

"I presume you can hear her speak, also."



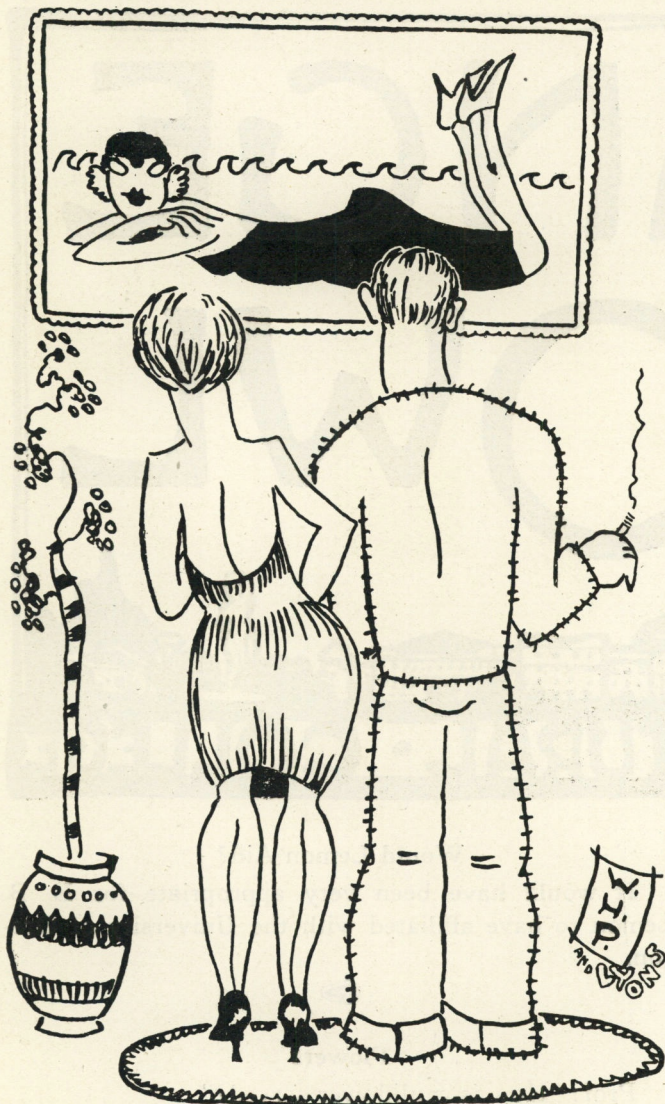
Beezness!

Ike: "When I die I don't want to go to Heaven."

Jake: "Vy not?"

Ike: "Business is all gone to hell."

5-23-24
JAB



Stern Measures

Masculine: "What did your mother do to you when you didn't get in 'till 2:30 a. m.?"

Feminine: "She took stern measures."

Masculine: "What do you mean by that?"

Feminine: "Well—er—she used a ruler."



Poor Feller!

The Santa is a funny beast,
With large and furry paws;
But it can never use them, for
There ain't no Santa Claws.



More Darn Toys!

"Mamma, let's take the bus home."

"Now, Herbert, you're getting into the habit of wanting to take home everything you see."

DID POE WRITE THIS?

I am growing frantic! Just one year of happiness with her, and now she is gone. Oh, where can she be? Has some arch villain made way to his lair with my pride and joy? A thousand possible solutions cloud my mind. How can I ever exist without her? A dozen times a day I had gazed into her face and found she had the answer to the problem I could not solve alone. She has been my constant companion for a year—I must find her! Ah, there you are! But why are you lying on the cold ground? Oh, you are so cold and still! Your face is white as death! What has happened? Not a sound from you? What can I do? I'll wind up my Ingersoll and maybe she will still run.



Things That Webster Omitted

Curiosity: That which causes a man to feel of a surface which displays a "wet paint" sign.

Skeptic: Former resident of Missouri.

Cosmetician: The fellow who put the "complex" in complexion.



Swallow This

Nectar in a taxi,
Nectar good and hard;
Nectar on the doorstep,
Nectar in the yard.
Nectar in the country,
Beneath a shady tree,
I nectar everywhere we went,
But she never would neck me!



Some Writing

Chairman of Honor Committee: "It has been reported that you were seen looking at your neighbor's examination paper three times. What have you to say on the matter?"

Victim: "He was such a poor writer that I couldn't get it all in one glance."



As Kipling didn't remark: "A woman's only a woman"—but she makes a man go broke.



And It's Dirt Cheap

Sign: "City Water Works." It sure must be powerful stuff; probably full of Christmas spirit.



FROM ONE GONE ON

When the evening firelight flickers
 'Round the old fraternal hall,
 There's a feelin' comes a stealin'
 To the hearts of one and all.

It's a feelin' of contentment
 And of fellowship, you know,
 Will be siftin' and a-driftin'
 Through your life where'er you go.

It's a sort of sad and happy feelin'
 Sad because you'll part,
 But happy 'cause it gets you
 'Round the linin' of your heart.

And when your college days are done
 And your last exams are past,
 You'll be glad because they're over,
 But sorry they're the last.



Ditto

"Aw, dry up," said the dish wiper to the dishes.



Your Turn

"Well, I finally answered a question in class today."
 "What answer did you give?"
 "Present."



-Grayce McClure.

Heavens!

Pledge: "Our house mother is an angel."

Sophisticated one: "How long has she been dead?"



I first saw her at a circus,
 And knew that I was lost;
 I swore that I would have her then,
 Regardless of the cost.
 I quickly mustered all my strength,
 Twice, thrice, I threw the ball;
 And the third time, knocked the cat off;
 Now she's mine—that kewpie doll.



Kind Feller!

"You've got your crust to take my slicker from me
 on a wet day like this."

"Well, I borrowed your suit and I wanted to keep
 it dry for you."



To Emile

An erudite man from Connecticut,
 After reading Miss Post's book on etiquette,
 Maintained he could write
 Such a book in a night,
 But he never has done what he said he might,



Reading the Orange Owl.

Hot Stuff!

First devil: "I hear you've acquired a lot of faculty men lately."

Second devil (twirling his pitchfork): "Yeh, you'd better drop around and spear a dean with us sometime."

Mother Goose Up-to-Date

Rub-a-blub-blub,
Three rooks in a tub,
A mucker, a juicer,
A lowly fern-hopper—
All three were caught without their green lids.

Ye'th 'Ir

A farmer once raised a young hephyr,
He decided to name her his zephyr;
But she lifted the roof
With her left hind hoof,
And now the old farmer's much dephyr.

ALL ALONE!

Once upon a time there was a professor of American literature who had a desire to give his class something entirely new for the first ten minutes of the class period. One eventful morning he proposed to the students that they name any great American author and, if he couldn't immediately reply with a leading work of that author, the class would be allowed to leave. The students thought deeply in a Herculean effort to outwit the professor at his game.

The first one mentioned was Hawthorne and the learned pedagogue retaliated with "The Scarlet Letter." Next, some unwhispered genius shouted:

"S. Weir Mitchell."

"Hugh Wynne," snapped the professor as he recoiled for the succeeding onslaught. But he was alone in the room—the class had bolted.

More Dern Fun!

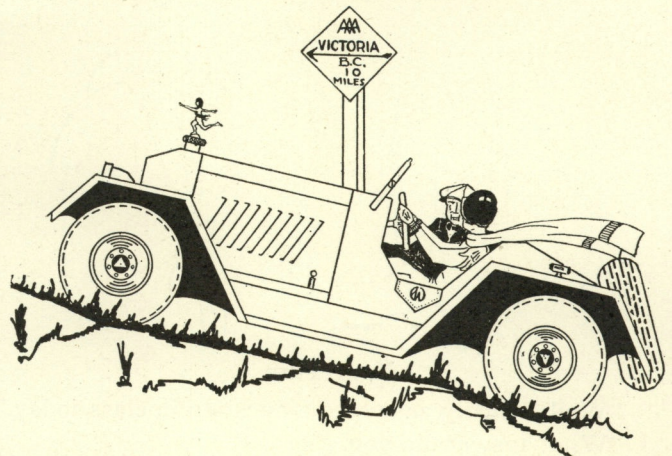
"Here's where the funn-el come in," remarked the chem student as he filtered a solution.

A MESSAGE FROM ABOVE

I wore my new hat on the links,
It had a perfect crown;
A band with all the newest kinks—
The latest style in town.

I think it didn't look too bright,
And yet, 'twas not too sad;
To others, it was a delight,
To me—it made me glad.

When I was on the eighteenth hole,
And thought all danger past,
A duffer socked me on the goal
And now his flag's half-mast.



Driving him to drink.



THE MONKEY DANCE

The reason the Charleston's such a hit,
Is just because we can't all do it;
Yes, we try the best we can,
But it wasn't made for every man.
For the more we try to wiggle our toes,
And to get our feet in the proper "throws,"
The worse we do; so let me say
If you can't do it, then all of you stay
Behind the times, and if you can
Then dance the dance that was made for man.

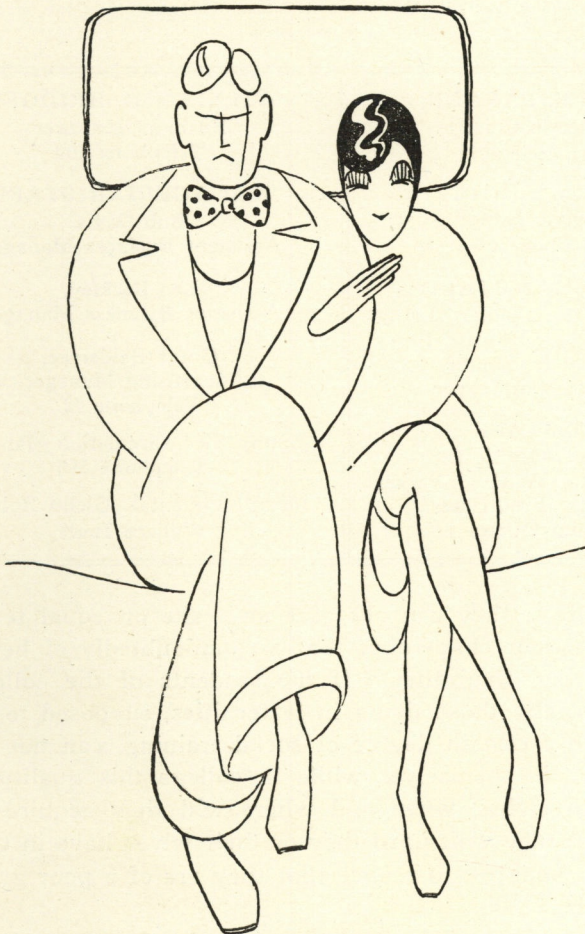


True

"When is a secret sorrow not a secret sorrow?"
"After you have walked two blocks with him."



"You take the cake," said burglar No. 1 to burglar
No. 2 as they were leaving the bakery.



Social Banking

She: "I'm saving my kisses."
He: "Well, that doesn't rate any interest with me."



I'll Bite!

"My dear, we are getting up a raffle for a poor old
man. You'll buy a ticket, won't you?"

"Oh, gracious, now. What would I do with him
if I were to win him?"



CHRISTMAS SOLILOQUY

Christmas day is coming fast
When we can take a rest at last;
Our bank roll's getting awful thin;
A flock of note books must be in
Before this week has fled by,
Or we will kiss a grade goodbye.
There's lots of stuff that we don't know,
Because we let our studies go;
We find that knowledge won't just grow
Like onions do for Popper Snow.
A dozen books we have to read,
Then, of course, we can proceed
To write that paper long past due,
When we will say, "I wish I knew."
I could keep on raving thus
But I might get slanderous;
So I'll ask you all to hark
While I make this last remark—
We all can spread some Christmas cheer
With lots of gifts we got last year.



That Ends—It

There was an ambitious geezer,
Whose name was Politicus Caesar;
When he got up from his chair
His top story was bare,
And he said things that injured his beezer.



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



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LEWIS R. PARKER,
Editor-in-Chief
Telephone 307

Gordon S. Hertz,
Associate Editor
Telephone 61

EDITORIAL STAFF
John Hanlon Willard Leihy
David Lilly Edward Berry
Lindsey H. Spight
Melwood Van Scoyoc

ART STAFF
Taylor Poore Orville Rice
Al Warner W. Hugh Parker
Orville Ortell Fred Gates
Ansum Others

WILLIAM D. BRIDGES,
Business Manager
Telephone 769

MANAGERIAL STAFF
Bob Davis,
Assistant Business Manager

Leo Beckley,
Assistant Business Manager

Grant Balderree,
Advertising Manager
Telephone 72

Jimmy Bird, Circulation Manager
Telephone 596

Merrill Pimental Glenn Roberts
Wallace Ingle

MANY an evening the Old Bird has hovered over a session of faculty chaperones, discussing dances and the attitude of the modern dancers toward chaperones. Many a time things have been said that will not bear repetition, so we will not go back on the Old Bird and tell tales out of school. Anyway, here is the situation. Chaperones are required to be present at college dances. Nobody denies that. But as long as they are guests, why in the name of Dante's Inferno, try and deprive them of an evening's honest pleasure?

Aren't conditions getting stale when a senior will attempt to cut a dance with a chaperone, whose husband is also a house brother? The Old Bird thinks so, and wonders what the younger generation can expect

in life if they can not give and take on equal terms with their chaperones that are undoubtedly of better material than they. If the students of the college, especially those living in fraternities, supposed to receive a certain degree of social training, can not develop in themselves while in college this quality of equal rights, when and where will they acquire it? Must they wait until they or their wives have in turn been snubbed to realize that they are of a poor grade of clay?

The grave Old Bird says from his brimstone-lined nest that the time to learn respect for their elders is when men are freshmen and women are the same (only feminine). Water is effective. — Ye Grand Squawk.



FOOTBALL season is over and every Beaver can look back upon the achievements of the team with a feeling of pride. We have a team which has given such a good account of itself as to win the highest praise for clean football and fighting spirit. The spirit of the student body has improved greatly and the results of all this has meant that from the comparative obscurity of a number of years gone by we have taken our place among the best teams of the coast, winning first in the Northwest conference and third in the Pacific coast.



Christmas seals are for sale again on the candy counters, cigar stands, and hotel desks of the country. Millions of them must be sold to accomplish the end for which they are intended. Millions of us should realize the responsibility we bear toward stamping out this dreaded scourge, tuberculosis. If millions of us buy, we will not have to extend ourselves as individuals, but if only a few re-

spond to the call for succor our load will be heavy.

Our participation in the annual Christmas seal drive is an investment in individual and community health. More than that, we become a part of the message of hope which the seal carries to the many thousands who otherwise become victims of a preventable and curable disease. In all truth, the mission of the Christmas seal is one of joyous health. Come, let us seal this compact by putting a seal on each letter we mail.



AT this season of the year this page should be devoted to the problem of whether or not there is a Santa Claus and like weighty and important matters. Great arguments might be put forth to show that this benevolent old gentleman does or does not exist; but why go into that? The fact remains that before many more suns have risen and retired most of us will be gathered about the family hearth or will be dragging in the Yule log—whatever that may be. The Old Bird wishes each and all a Merry Christmas and everything pertaining thereto.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

LITERARY

Robert Belt	Stanley Galka	George Sedgwick
Reuben Jensen	Elinore Aikens	W. H. Garnett
ThurLOW Weed	Ansum Others	

BUSINESS

Margaret Hanlon	George Corcier	Alfred Thulean
Royal Chapman	Raymond Burr	Harold Harrison
Ruth Alexander	Margaret Miller	Doris Martin
Robert Moser	Marian Jones	Francis Chambers
Barbara Seale	Ida Sahli	Eugene Darlington
Earl Scow	Morris Hoven	Clarence Stevens
Louise Arnold	Mary Jameson	Arthur Lyons
Margaret Breitenstein	Elvin Kale	



More Darn Poets

Lilly: "Bob got poetical after I kissed him last night."

Lillie: "Nothing unusual about that."

Lilly: "But he started to quote, 'Turn back, turn back, Oh, Time in thy flight'."

Your Turn

Blind dates were made for two rooks,
With two co-eds not much for good looks;
The boys spread their line,
But they say the next time
Their dates will be home with their books.



THE INCOMPLETE CHANGE

("My, but you have changed!" is the trite expression addressed to college students after a three-months stay at college. The purpose of this little sketch is to show that after all, this "change" may be thin veneer that applies only to external appearances.—Note.)

Donald Ingram settled back in the seat of the now swiftly moving train that was taking him from the little college town that had been his home for the last three months, to his home for the Christmas holidays.

"Dawgone it," he mused, "I just know that I flunked that final exam in American 'lit'." Even the entrancing sample of Holeproof hosiery daringly displayed across the aisle for once failed to attract his attention. He was feeling "awful."

It would be kinda nice to get home again, he thought, and be free from the damnable duties that fell to the lot of all pledges in a fraternity house. Mother would fuss around and pick up his clothes, while dad would be nice and handy to hit up for jack—and then there was Norma.

Funny. He hadn't thought much about her these past few months. She had gone to school somewhere in the east—a finishing school, he remembered. Good kid, too. About the only girl he had ever cared much for. Mechanically he began to peruse a copy of the "Green Gander."

* * * *

Norma Merton idly picked up the worn timetable, she had been thumbing for almost two days now. It would be great to get home again. Miss Wentworth's school was ultra-broadminded in comparison to most schools of that type, but there were enough rules and regulations to conform to.

At home father and mother slept soundly. One could always get in before the milkman, slip out in the kitchen, and get a bite without waking up the dear parents.

Once dad did wake up. Didn't Don act like a perfect ass when dad caught him in the front room that morning? Say! Don will be home from college, too. Wonder if he has changed. Queer he never did write, but she had been too busy to think much about it.

* * * *

"Why, hello Don. So glad to hear from you," at last came from the receiver. How differently Norm modulated her words, thought Don.

Once central cut them off, but she relented and closed the circuit. With "All right, then, I'll call at nine," Donald hung up the receiver and went out into the library to entertain dad, and incidentally explain the high cost of college.

At five minutes to nine Don glided up to the white house on Tenth street. Some keen car that Dad had

bought this fall. Must have set him back a little—and sure white of him to let him use it tonight.

Anxiously he pushed the door bell, and finally it was opened by—it was Norma. For years, it seemed, he stared there at a new Norm. Not so tall and skinny now. Gone were those apparent angles, erased by some master French curve, he thought.

"Why, Don, you have changed. I wouldn't know you if I saw you on the street," she said breaking his silence.

"Holy smokes, Norm! Your folks will kill you if they see you with that fag in your hand. Give it here!"

"Oh, they know about it now. Mother is certainly horrified, but she is getting used to it by degrees. Back at Wentworth's everyone smokes but the dean. We even have smoking rooms for the girls."

Don scratched his head as Norma disappeared in an adjoining room. She had changed a whole lot, but was sure good to look at. More snap to her than any of the girls at college. Pretty chic, too, he thought.

Meanwhile Norma had surveyed Donald. He had changed, too, during the last three months. Not half as dumb looking as he used to be. His dress—maybe that was what was so different. It was more collegiate now, and his pledge pin, too—maybe that accounted somewhat for the transformation.

During the ride to the dance Don was busy with the none too familiar controls of dad's new car, and had little time to talk. More than once his mind shifted to the wonderful change in the girl that had been his playmate since grade school days.

The dance hall was reached after traversing a winding road leading through innumerable clumps of firs. Weird music known to a modern age as jazz issued from the dimly lighted house that hugged close to the ground. They were a little late for the dance.

Inside they recognized many of their former classmates of high school days, who for the most part, had gone off to various schools and colleges, and were now home for the holidays. One or two couples were doing the Charleston; the rest were content to dance in the more accepted and less exerting dance that seemed to harmonize tonight with the music of the orchestra.

Several dances elapsed. Some of them were traded. "I'm so tired and hot," pouted Norm after one of the "trades." That Bob Deitrick simply ruined my feet."

"Maybe we better go out and sit in the car," suggested Don. "It will be a whole lot cooler," he added with old-time enthusiasm.

It was dark in the car. The merriment still continued at full blast in the hall. Don had not felt so



dumb for several months. Coloring slightly he managed to say, "Lovely night, isn't it, Norm?"

She turned and studied him for a minute before replying. "Don Ingram! You haven't changed a bit, after all."

An hour later the dance let out. One couple, the advance guard for the horde now pouring out the small door heard the very remarkable statement as they passed a certain car—"Same old Norm, guess you haven't changed either. Same old——."



Aw, Gwan!

1: "Nice girl."

2: "Can't see out of one eye."

Won: "Why not?"

Too: "Way she combs her hair."



So This Is Boston

The parrots from Boston say: "Pauline desires a cracker."



Ha! Ha!

"The wind is blowing."

"Well, what else would you expect it to do?"

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF ROSIE McTOODLE

(A Ballad)

Try it on your ukelele, banjo, or asbestos davenport.

Oh! Rosie McToodle, a sweet Irish miss,
Was a shy little, spry little maid;
She never, oh never, would give out a kiss,
This shy little, spry little maid.

Chorus (to the tune of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady")
Sweet Rosie McToodle, you have such gr-r-and Irish
eyes,

You knock me out from under my noodle,
You absolutely win the prize;

But you ought to be kept off the sidewalks, you always monopolize the show,
Oh! I love Rosie McToodle, but Rosie McToodle loves
Joe. (Lucky cuss.)

Second verse (try this on your Jew's harp):

Oh! Joe Nemerovsky was the handsomest lad,
With his black eyes, his sparkling black eyes;
You never, oh never, would think he was bad,
With his black eyes, his sparkling black eyes.

Third verse (try this on your davenport):

Oh! Joe Nemerovsky and our sweet Irish miss
Were caught in the parlor one Saturday night,
And Joe had been guilty of stealing a kiss
In the parlor that Saturday night. (The lucky son-
of-a-gun.)

Fourth verse (try this anywhere):

Now Rosie McToodle is tending a bar
In a drug store on the main street of town;
And Joe Nemerovsky owns a big car
Which he parks on the main street of town.



Here and There

New York: "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

London: "Do not calculate upon the outcome of your juvenile poultry until the process of incubation has fully matured."



English 22k

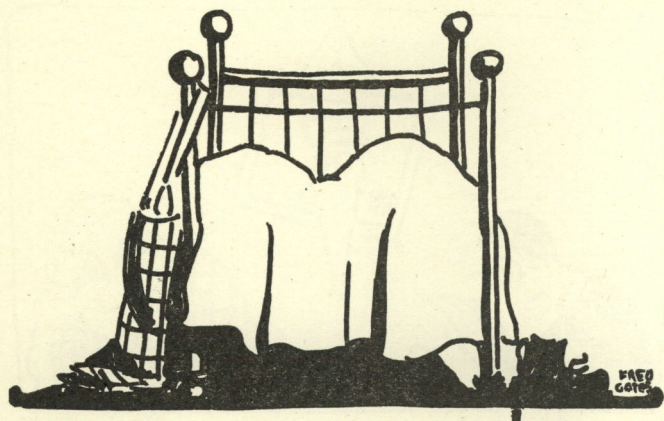
Teacher: "Correct this sentence, 'There ain't no Santa Claus'."

Pupil: "There is a Santa Claus."



Kittenish

Most of them should be called "coy-eds."



"There goes the ten-minute whistle."
"All right, call me in five minutes."



Statistics

Prof. D. I. Vorce, of the school of home economics, is authority for the following statement: "For every married woman in the United States, there is approximately one married man."



No Fooling

Teacher: "What's the difference between a question mark and an exclamation mark?"

Dum rook: "The same difference there is between a button hook and a hatpin."



AS THE OTHER FELLOW SAYS

Some people sure do "get by."

Well, I'm speaking of the bird with
Which we all have come in contact—
Especially at a "student body."

He certainly needs guidance when
It comes to dancing.

He and his friend bump into you and yours
Three or four times during a single dance.

Then, when you give him an inquiring look,
Which demands, at least, an apologetic nod,
He is always ready with his condescending
"Certainly."



Counter Irritants

Dum: "Eating this waffle reminds me of Reginald Denny."

Dummer: "Don't keep me waiting."

Dum: "I saw him in 'The Leather Pushers'."

NO TITLE

I saw her standing by herself
While all around were gay ;
I asked her for a dance ; she said
“I do not think you may.

“For I’ve just got out of high school,
I’m not bad as I am painted,
And ma says I can’t dance with men
With whom I’m not acquainted.

"I'd like to dance with you, I know,
And with these other boys,
But pa says I'm in college
For the studies, not the joys."

Three years elapsed, then at a dance,
I saw this maid again,
But such a change had taken place
In her 'twixt now and then !

Those eyes, which first attracted me,
Wore horn-rimmed glasses now;
The dress she wore would look as well
Upon a Jersey cow.

Her ankles, once so slim and trim,
Were fat and unappealing;
She smiled at me as I passed by—
I stared right at the ceiling.

I didn't dance near there again,
I couldn't bear her looks;
But I was glad my little date
Had thrown away her books.



Barnum Was Right

Soph: "Are you going to the health service?"

Rook: "Is that next Sunday?"



Queer

Wise: "I wonder if I can use dynamite in place of gas in my car?"

Crack: "Of course not."

Wise: "Well, it is an explosive substance, isn't it?"

Crack: "Oh, it will drive the car alright, but not all in the same direction."



Step On It!

He: "Is she fast?"

Me: "Say, she can walk home from an auto ride faster than any girl I've taken riding."



OFF A TERM, ON A TERM, GONE A TERM, TIM

It's useless to be doubting that memories can last
For Tim so well remembers his college days long past;
For nearly every term in school he got a flunk or two,
Tim scarcely ever rated A's his patchwork college
through.

He felt far from successful when he met his prof's dis-
praise,

As he labored through the courses of his good old col-
lege days;

His progress was not easy; his chances they were slim,
Acquiring by installments the knowledge dear to him.

In a term—

Out a term—

Gone a term—

Tim.

He went out to play football, but couldn't gain esteem,
He tried out then for swimming, but didn't make the
team;

He liked to be a fusser, but didn't have the dough,

His purse was always empty, as he had to work to go.

He was full of manly courage, and encounter what he
might,

No matter what reverses, he always fought for right.

Once he met probation, and everything looked grim,

But his wealth of manly courage always came to rescue
him.

In a term—

Out a term—

Gone a term—

Tim.

These things are in Tim's memory and recall for him
the past;

His industry and courage brought great success at last.

He has a prosperous business that no man can undo,

His children are in college, and carry honors, too.

Sometimes they fall in quizzes and get to feeling blue,

For it hurts their college rating, a worthy rating, too.

But Tim is sympathetic, through vistas far and dim,

He vividly remembers jolts that came to him—

In a term—

Out a term—

Gone a term—

Tim.



You're All Wet

"Who originated the saying, 'Get on the boat'?"

"Noah."



Listen to This

"What is that noise?"

"It sounds to me like a noiseless typewriter."

IF SANTA COMES

My mother says that Santa should bring her a book,
With leisure to read; and a permanent cook;

Dad asks for tobacco that's mellow and ripe,

A pair of felt slippers, a French briar pipe;

My girl requests Santa to bring her fine duds

So she can high-hat all the stick-in-the-muds;

My roommate's desires are different from mine—

He's asking old Santa to slip him some wine.

But when Santa asks me, this is all that I wish:

Simoleons, iron men, shekels, and fish.

And I hope, when the time comes, he'll fill up my sox

With copecks, spondulix, jack, berries, and rocks.



Dope

P etting

R allying

O verdoing

B luffing

A mouring

T ippling

I nebriating

O ffending

N ecking



No Overhead

Co-ed: "My father just lost his head last night
when he found us sitting on the porch."

Ed: "I suppose that is the reason why he threw
his hat at me."

Business Is Pressing

I know a dame who don't disdain
To spoil a fellow's presses;
She sits on laps of many chaps
And gives them all caresses.

Perhaps, you pine, she would decline,
Like you think she oughter;
But she will say, "It's work and play,
For I'm the presser's daughter."



Where You From?

Biltmore: "May I enjoy the pleasure of having
this dance with you?"

Bowery: "Hi, woman, how's tricks to shake stilts
in de nex' heel scrape?"



Moses, Where Art Thou?

Father (to son): "Willie, look through the keyhole
into the parlor."

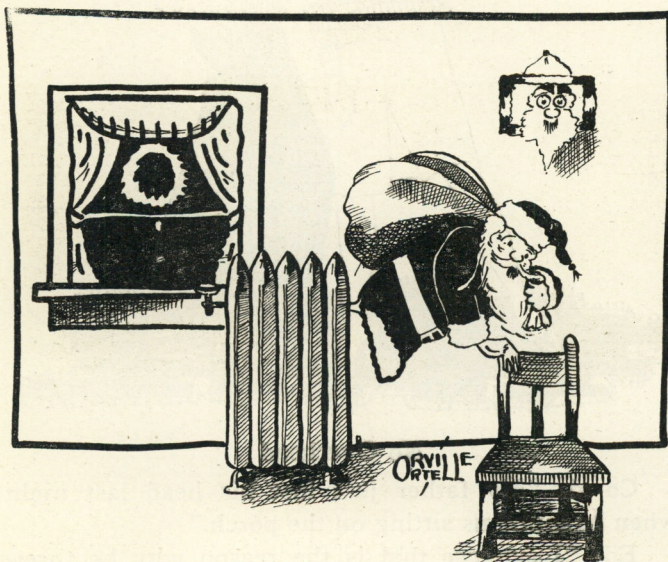
Willie: "I did."

Father: "What did you find out?"

Willie: "The lights."



A foolish girl was Lizzie Lay,
She tried to drink her cold away;
But what she got was just plain "moon"—
She left this earthly globe too soon.



"Darn these steam-heated apartments!"

WAITING

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the Thetas all go by,
And I can see them every day
As they to classes hie.
Thetas fair, with features bold,
For each of them I'd die,
But I know they all would scorn me cold
If for a date I'd try.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
A Sigma Nu so gay,
Go prancing along with a lilt and a song
To his Theta over the way.
The Betas also wheeze along
In wrecks that they call cars,
And go dashing into the Theta house
To dance with the Theta stars.

I sit in the house by the side of the road
And watch them have their fun;
I wait for a call to a Theta ball
But I guess it will never come;
So I sit me down at my study desk
And into my books I dig;
Remorsefully I drown my grief—
Yes, I'm a Kappa Sig.



Well, Well!
Gravitation, rotation,
Components of force;
'Lasticity, 'lectricity,
Physics—snap course.



Keep Your Nerve

If a co-ed vampire dates you,
Keep your nerve;
When to high priced joints she skates you,
Keep your nerve;
Even though the bill that foller's
Is too big for lowly scholars—
Nothing less than fifteen dollars—
Keep your nerve.



Up in the Air

Junior (speaking to rook in cavalry): "What are
you taking in military?"

Rook: "Well, part of the time I'm in the aviation
and the rest of the time I'm in the saddle."



AN INSIDIOUS ODE

The skunk, it is a lonely beast,
Despised from pole to pole;
Whene'er it wishes solitude,
It goes into its hole.

A bushy tail it has behind,
Its head is on in front;
Its four small feet reach to the ground,
Like on an elephant.

It has two eyes, two ears, a nose,
Some stripes run down its back;
Its color is a pure snow white,
Except where it is black.

In weight it scales about three pounds,
Though this I've never tested,
For fear that if I came too close
I might be swiftly bested.

A playful manner it affects,
Though this we do not mind,
Because its fragrant atmosphere
Is notably refined.

It ne'er has heard of Listerine,
Of this you may be certain;
Because it uses a scent screen
For an effective curtain.

Its virtues are the quiet sort,
Its faults are few to tell;
There is no hurry to its walk,
Nor limit to its smell.



No, Not a Hair Lip

A dumb, dumb rook was our Oswald;
He went to a rally—now he's bald.



Success

Neighbor: "Has your son made a success in chemical engineering?"

Proud father: "Yes, he has found a way to make good home brew out of apple cider."



Hotsy, Totsy!

A chem shark spilled some boiling liquid
From two sizzling urns;
With blasphemy named poets three—
"Dickens, Howe it Burns!"

NOW OR NEVER

His arms enfolded her tenderly. He rubbed his cheek against her silken hair. He remembered the night he first met her, loved her, and took her to live with him always. What happiness she had brought to him and how could they ever part.

At every caress, she would move her sinuous form a little closer. He gazed into her eyes—gray, greenish eyes, like some siren's of old. What a beautiful creature she had become in the short time he had known her. But then, she should have been, she was a purebred Persian cat.



Yes, You Bet!

"That girl looks like Helen Gray."
"She'd look like Helen anything."



It Takes Pressure

Motorist: "There's nothing like an auto tire."

Pedestrian: "Why?"

Motorist: "Because you have to give it the air before it is of any use to you."

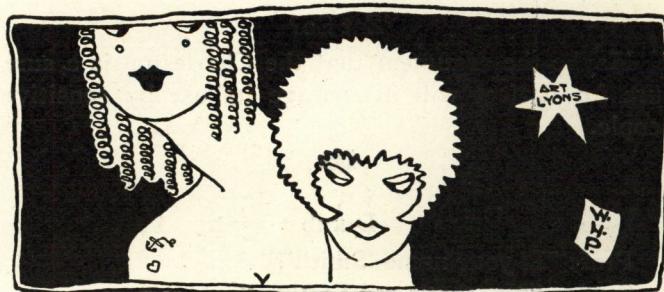


Geometry

"When is a right angle a wrong angle?"
"Only when it is assumed by a rook."



The latest prize winner is the man who is so bow-legged that he has to have his shoes soled on the side.



Strange!

Dumb bell: "How old are you?"

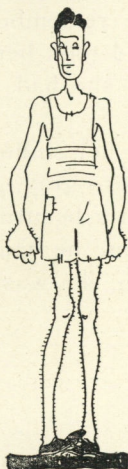
Bar ditto: "Twenty."

D. B.: "Aw, you're mor'n that."

B. D.: "Well, I should have been twenty-two, but I was sick two years."



Intimate Glimpses of Great Men About the Campus



Malcolm McTavish

Although he has been going out consistently for track for four years, he has never made a letter. He doesn't specialize in anything in particular—it just saves two hours wear and tear on his clothes in the spring.



Abie Cohen

Abie has been on the campus now nearly two years and has made a lot of acquaintances. When he is introduced to anyone he says "Bleeze-dumeedjew."



Hallie Tosis

She is an insidious creature. Rides a bicycle back and forth from her home nine miles out of town. She comes to the student body dance each month and brings her little sister as a companion.



Bleary-eyed Bill Bailey

The guy who is always talking about how late he stays up and what a wild party he was on the night before.

Heard This?

How wonderful is the lowly clock,
Whose oral message is tick-tock;
It runs while it stands,
Has a face and two hands,
And comes in handy to "hock."



One Eye Out

"You're the pupil of my eye," said the sheik prof to the fair co-ed.



'Zat So?

Maybe the argument that the Charleston is a sure cure for flatfeet will discourage its use by sensitive people.



Dumb

Prof: "Is your name 'Smith'?"
Stude: "No, that's my brother."



Plays by Ear

That fellow with the cauliflower ears is a good musician. He plays the "Flower Song" by ear.

Yes, Sir!

A man can see a woman's ankle three blocks away in crowded traffic, but he can't see a freight train as big as a house, ten feet from him.



This Charleston dance reminds us of trying to get into a union suit in an upper berth.



Ins and Outs

Young salesman: "Could you use an exit sign?"
Burly personage: "No; this is the jail."



Just Teasing

Waitress: "How did you find your steak?"
Patron: "That's what I've been wondering."



Our rook is so immune to water that we have decided to call him "Valspar."



All work and no play makes jack.



"When I get married and have a boy I'm going to call him Alexander."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Because he at least got an A on his coffin."



"Last night I made an awful mistake."

"That so? How come?"

"I drank two bottles of gold paint."

"How do you feel now?"

"Guilty."



No Fooling

Back (to shoes salesman in college town): "How's the shoe business?"

Ache: "Oh, it has its offs and ons."



Re-marks

"Your girl uses a lipstick."

"How do you know? You've never seen her."

"No, but I've seen you."



She: "I'm not myself tonight."

He: "Then we ought to have a good time."



Mournfully wailed just before convocation: "I wish I was twins so I could change off in that B. K. line."

A Little Expansion

"This town is about due for a boom," said the yegg as he prepared to blow the safe.



Ha! Ha!

Hen: "What is your wife's aim?"

Pecked: "Usually at me."



It has been reported to Johnny Wells that there are some wet bars on the Willamette river.

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Ver' Clever

Angie: "It sure is good to see you without crutches."

Bob: "But I haven't been on crutches."

Angie: "I know it." —Texas Ranger.

All Alone (By the Tell'er-Fone)

Professor: "Have you done any public speaking?"

Student: "Yes, I once asked a girl for a date over our party telephone line." —Flamingo.

Open Play

"Seen Mary much?"

"No, not since I married her." —Ohio Sun Dial.

Three Yards of Love

What could be more passionate than an eight-arm octopus loving a giraffe with nine feet of neck? —Yellow Jacket.

Why Not a Photograph for Christmas?

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CORVALLIS, ORE.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS AT THE CAMPUS STORE

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Stude: "Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of the vacation."

Dean: "Ah, you want three more days of grace?"

Stude: "No, sir, three more days of Gertrude."

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"Oh, dear me," said the absent-minded prof as he led his blushing bride out of the church, "I had almost forgotten. We must hurry, as I promised my wife I'd be home in time for early dinner." —Rammer-Jammer.

In the Sticks

Big Munn: "Wooden wedding at the cathedral today."

Zybysko: "How's that?"

Big Munn: "Two Poles got married."

—Puppet.

Yes, Sir!

When you are down in the mouth, remember Jonah came out. —Chaparral.

The Colonel: "Confoundit, sir, you nearly hit my wife!"

Mr. Miggs: "Did I? Well, have a shot at mine." —Somewhere.



GREETING CARDS AND STATIONERY

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Gifts



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solve
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Good Goods

Call Sherlock!

Lamp: "A woman was in a drug store eating a pineapple sundae when a man entered and ordered a chocolate soda. How did she know he was a sailor?"

Post: "I'll bite."

Same Lamp: "Because he had a sailor suit on."
—U. S. Navy Log.

Man (to wife who has just had twins): "Will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?"
—Rutgers Chanticleer.

"Ah, there's the rub!"—Chiropractor's office here.
—Ex.

Safe Gent

Mother: "Who are you going out with this evening?"

Daughter: "Some ex-convict from Chicago."

Mother: "That's all right; I thought maybe you were going out one of those college men."
—Texas Ranger.

Ah, Ha!

She: "You brute, you have broken my heart."

He: "Thank Gawd! I thought it was a rib."

—Whirlwind.

Yes, It Is

Lucy: "Did you hear that Joan's grandmother has just been married?"

Nancy: "Well, it's about time." —Pointer.

"Does your uncle have much liberty in prison?"

"I don't know, but I understand they are going to give him a lot of rope in the near future."

—Whirlwind.

He: "I'd rather hold your hand, dear, than kiss a thousand girls."

She: "It would be exhausting, wouldn't it?"

—Penn Punch Bowl.

MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS MERRY XMAS

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Gosh!

James: "Do you remember that night I kissed you and said I would love you always?"

Jean: "Yes, dear."

James: "I was afraid you would."

—Parrakeet.

Some Women

Customer (at corner grocery store, very much in a hurry): "Quickly, please, give me a large mouse trap. I want to catch the bus."

—Collegiate Wit.

Mein Gott, Abie!

"Fadder, you told me you would give me a dollar efery time I got an A in collitch. Fadder, I made two last week."

"Vell, here's two dollar. Now quit studying so much; it's bad for you."

—Whirlwind.

Yes, dearie, the only substitute for brains is silence.

—College Wit.

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"Say, dat woman is so mean cold cream coidles on 'er face."

—Ex.

Ring Again

Dum: "How ya feelin'?"

Bell: "Rotten."

Dum: "Wassa matter?"

Bell: "Got insomnia."

Dum: "How come?"

Bell: "Woke up twice in the dean's lecture this morning."

—Penn State Froth.

Soph: "Hey, rook, wake up!"

Rook: "I can't."

Soph: "Why can't you?"

Rook: "I ain't asleep."

H-2 O-2

"Her hair is lighter than mine."

"Naturally!"

"No, artificially."

1927 BEAVER

Buy Now Before It Is Too Late

(Note: Last year over a hundred students went without the Beaver because they procrastinated.)

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Season's Greetings

May Christmas time bring the
Orange Owl family an inspira-
tion of service to our fellowmen
which shall remain to enrich and
ennoble all the days of the New
Year :: The heartfelt wish of the
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