

7 no 5 copy 1

# ORANGE OWL



## PICNIC NUMBER

# Talk About Novelties

We surely have the neat ones. More than being mere novelties

## They Are Real Artistic Ornaments

And finished in the colors of your Alma Mater, Orange and Black.



What are they? Well, see them for yourself at

**O.A.C.  
Co-Op.**

## Electric Lunch

*Quality and  
Service*

1522 Jefferson Street  
2015 Monroe Street

### COLLEGE TALK

I heard this repartee as I walked by one of the fraternity houses last night:

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Den Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

"All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."—That's that, but—

### *It Helps a Lot to Know That You're Correctly Dressed*

"Man, you look like a million dollars; how do you get that way?"

"NOLAN'S."

—and one of the pleasant things about outfitting the NOLAN way is that it doesn't take a millionaire's bank roll to get clothes that any man can be proud to wear.

**J. M. Nolan & Son**

Third at Madison



# THE ORANGE OWL

Vol. VII      Corvallis, Oregon, May, 1926      No. 5

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Oh, No!

Young Thing: "Do you keep dates?"

Clerk: "I wouldn't keep you waiting a minute."



American: "Is this a second-hand store?"

Jew: "Yes sir."

American: "Well, I want one for my watch."



Nigger Heaven

Tumbler: "I always like to sit up in the balcony at the Whiteside."

The other fellow: "Why?"

Tumbler: "The stairs are so nice and soft to fall down on."

## SUMMER FOOTWEAR

Shoes and hosiery for every summer occasion are ready here in satisfactory qualities, and moderately priced—high enough to assure fine quality, low enough to avoid extravagance.

### THE BOOT SHOP

120 South Second Street

## THE BUNGALOW—

SPECIAL CHICKEN DINNER  
Every Sunday at 50 Cents per Plate

208 South Second Street

## THE SHOE HOSPITAL

FOR SERVICE AND  
SATISFACTION

1100 Jefferson Street, near Campus

## College Humor

THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA



On Sale May 1

CYRIL HUME has written a very sincere love story about a character who dwelt on mean streets, but who had his moments of happiness. Beginning in the June issue this novel, "The Golden Dancer," will be presented complete in three very generous instalments.

## HOW NOW, SPENCER?

At a recent period in the annals of the human family there existed a diminutive feminine specimen of humanity, whose most conspicuous personal decoration was a capillary spiral appendage of minute dimensions. This descended exactly in the median area of her alabaster brow.

At intervals when she was amiably disposed, she produced upon all beholders the impression of being excessively agreeable; but when she abandoned herself to the natural inclinations of an unregenerate spirit, she exhibited such symptoms of depravity, that her deportment became positively execrable. (A senior's version of "There was a little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead," etc.)



She was a sweet young thing and taking care of the house while mother was away for a week's vacation. She didn't know about some things. When the grocer boy called she told him, "Your eggs were very small yesterday."

He said, "I'm sure I don't know why."

She suggested, "Well, maybe the farmer took them out of the nest too soon."

5-23-28 gab

**SUCH A BRIGHT BOY**

A diminutive specimen of the human race propounded the following query to his maternal ancestor:

"Mamma, if a carnivorous individual should devour me, whither would that ethereal portion of my human organization, rejoicing in the euphonious appellation soul, depart?"

Mamma replied to her lineal descendant, "It would soar to celestial regions."

The youth cogitated for several consecutive moments and then ejaculated, "If the being should be seized with an unaccountable tendency to propel himself to regions far remote, I should experience the delicious sensation of obtaining a glorious journey without being obliged to employ my pedal extremities in the process of locomotion."



That man with the cauliflower ears is a good musician. He can play "The Flower Song" by ear.

**This Way**

She: "I want a little lovin'."

He: "Come around to my furniture store any time in the morning and pick out any oven you wish."

One of America's Great Chain Stores

**C. J. BREIER CO.**

127 South Second Street

**BE DISTINCTIVE—**

Have a

*Snappy Design*

Painted on Your

Tire Cover

\$2.00 and up

First  
Three  
Painted  
Without  
Charge

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1250 Jefferson Street

**THE STYLE SHOP**

Exclusive Ladies' Wearing Apparel

Millinery and Furnishings

"The Home of Credit Gladly"

Telephone 341-W

125 South Second Street

"Say It With Flowers and Say It With Ours"

**LEADING FLORAL COMPANY**

Members Florists' Telegraphic  
Delivery Association

Telephone 201

458 Madison Street

If co-eds were what co-eds seem  
An' not the girls of whom we dream,  
But only powder, rouge, and paint,  
'ow quick we'd chuck 'em!

But they ain't!

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)



They were on the target range. The sergeant noticed that one of them—a man named Smith—was missing the target every time.

At last, quite fed up with the man's bad firing, the sergeant roared, "Get out of here!.. Go shoot yourself!"

The man disappeared. A few seconds later a report was heard from off the range where Smith had gone. The sergeant hurried to the spot and shouted, "Are you there?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply. "I've missed again."



My girl says that the law of diminishing utility does not apply to kisses. Boy, page Professor Morris.



Prof: "Doesn't this room seem close?"

Stude: "Naw, it's too far away."



## These Are the Dog-gerel Days

### IN HOLLYWOOD

When I walk down the street  
 In Hollywood,  
 I stare at all the passers-by.  
 So many men in knickers gay  
 Go striding by, I often say,  
 "That must be some director  
 Or at least a movie actor."  
 When all the ladies gay go by,  
 I look at them and heave a sigh.  
 "Oh, what a wealth of charm and grace—  
 That must be some great actress' face."  
 So while I walk on lagging feet  
 On every Hollywood-land street  
 To see, perchance, a star go by,  
 I often wonder what to do  
 To get into the movies, too.  
 But when into my glass I glance  
 I know for sure I have no chance,  
     Nor ever should,  
     To be a star  
     In Hollywood!



### POETICAL MEANDERING

Oh, quaff the stein  
 For Herman Wren.  
 He called for a sandwich a la hen;  
 But he never, never will do it again;  
 So drain your glass to Herman Wren.

Oh, strum the lute  
 For Izzy Knorr,  
 He gave his wife  
 A humidor.

Oh, Harry McNary, intoxicated very,  
 Driving home on a Saturday night  
 Got caught in a switch and then piled in a ditch,  
 Which ended McNary, all right.

Oh, listen my children,  
 While I sing you a song,  
 A sad little song at its best.  
 An irate young husband  
 Once thought it no wrong  
 To wallop his wife on the chest, on the chest,  
 To wallop his wife on the chest.  
 But he did not consider  
 The strength of his stroke,  
 The strength of his temper and rage,  
 (To be continued in our next.)

### A PICNIC CHARACTER

His legs don't cross as smoothly  
 As they did in days of yore,  
 He's had to walk a mile,  
 And his feet are soft and sore.

Each fly seems quite determined  
 To be his unwelcome guest,  
 And when he shoos it from him  
 It returns with added zest.

Though adept at dainty dining,  
 He is now a clumsy chap,  
 For he can not hold the salad,  
 Cake and coffee in his lap.

When the other folks have finished  
 What they term "a scrumptious meal,"  
 He says he'd call it rather  
 More an arduous ordeal.

And when they start exploring  
 In the woods and every place,  
 He lies down on an ant-hill,  
 And covers up his face.

Next time "picnic" 'is suggested,  
 He is not so prone to go.  
 He's the Fat Man at the picnic,  
 And you've seen him there, I know.



You've heard that little saying how  
 The woman always pays;  
 But when the waiter leaves the check,  
 Beside my plate it lays.

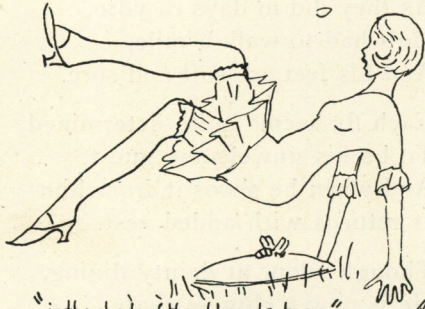
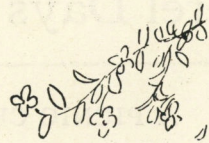


### TO THE TRYSTING TREE

You've seen the loves of all the years—  
 If you could let folks know.  
 I've only seen one love affair,  
 But still retain its glow.

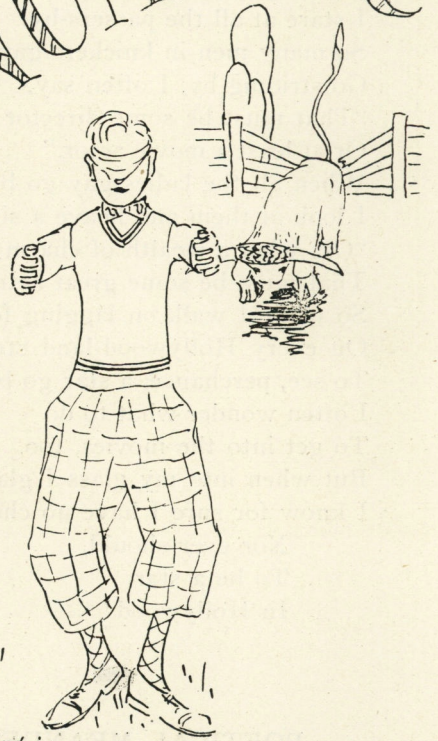
You've watched the wooing, in your time,  
 Of scientists and boors.  
 You've never kissed within my shade—  
 I have in yours.

Though you have viewed a courtship  
 From start to wedding chimes,  
 I'll bet that you get jealous  
 Of us mortal men at times.

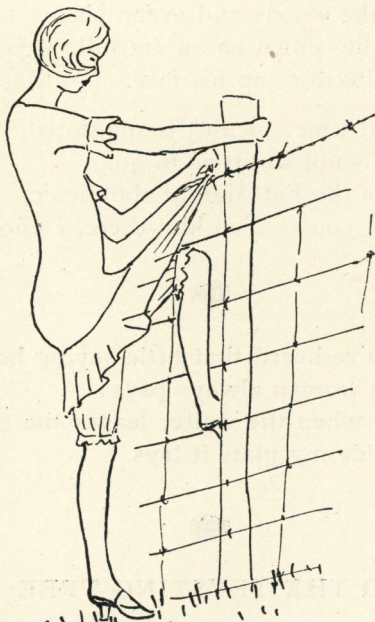


"in the shade of the old apple tree"

# PICKNECKING NUMBER



Some one is always horning in...

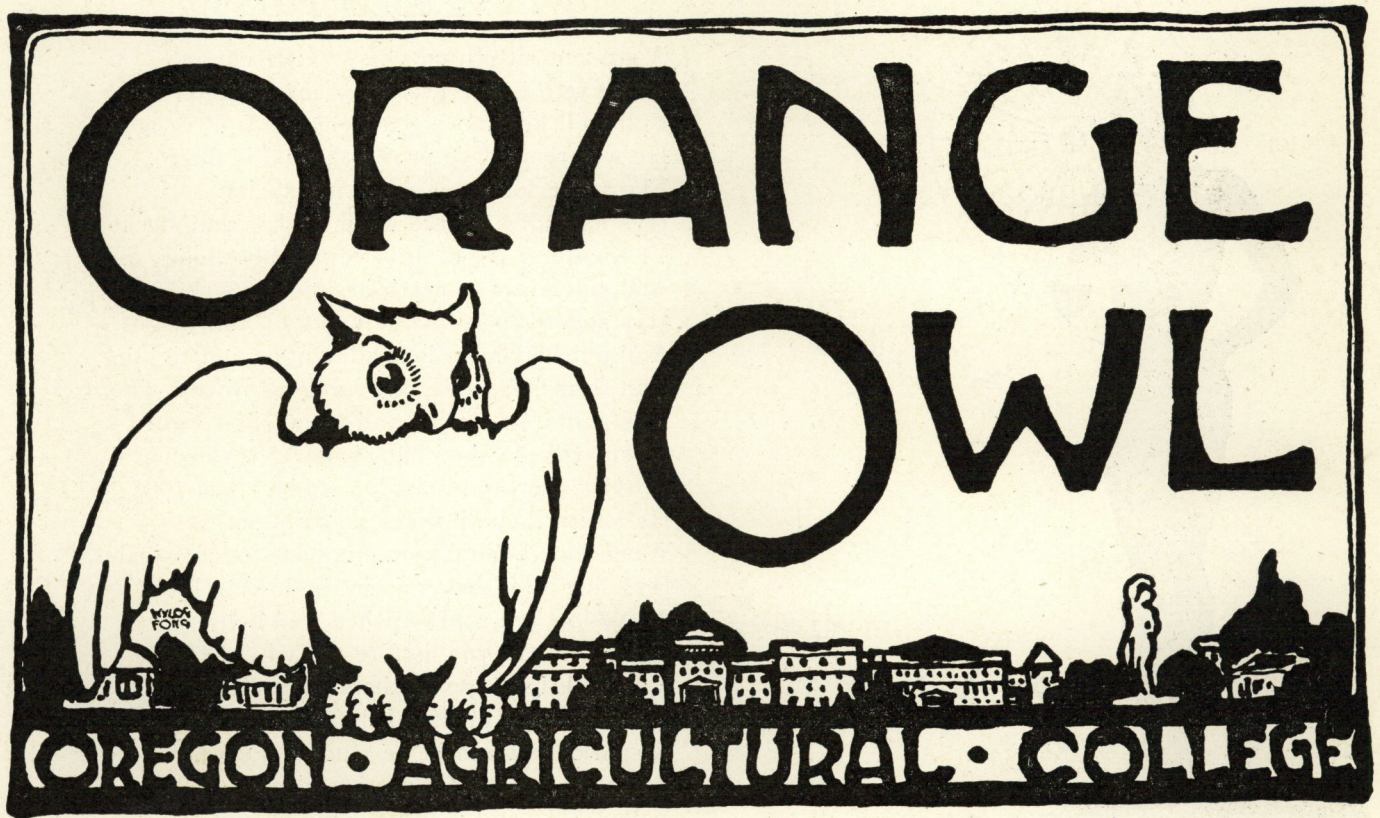


a stitch in time saves mine!



after the sardines had vanished!

*Red Gate*



JUST LATELY

Ma cleans house; dad goes to Gath—  
Creek thaws out, son takes a bath—  
Movers come and "heavies" go—  
Sister lands her bashful beau—  
Grandma talks about her ills—  
Willie hides the sulphur pills—  
"Old Subscriber" sees some larks—  
Policemen start patrolling parks—  
Budlets burst and poets sing—  
Gosh-a-mighty! Must be spring!



Captain: "What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?"  
Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."



McFadden Type

He: "My, what beautiful arms you have. How did you ever get them?"  
She: "I used to play baseball."  
He: "Did you ever play football?"



"This course is sure the rocks," said the commerce student in the geology class.

Amen!

He (saying goodnight): "God helps those that help themselves."  
She (helping him say it): "So do I."



One customer of the Majestic Theater suggested that the caption in the drug store advertisement be changed from "How many miles can your complexion stand," to "How many kisses can your complexion stand."



Senior: "What you goin' to be when you grow up?"  
Rook: "Stage director."  
Senior: "Where?"  
Rook: "Corvallis to Albany."



Fact Fables

The little fella' came rushin' in with a handful of walnuts period quotation mark hey comma Grandma comma quotation mark he shouted comma quotation mark these fell off the back of a wagon period can you crack them question mark quotation mark and when his grandmother explained that her teeth were too far gone comma the youngster let her hold them while he ran back and got some more period



### CALL OF THE WILD

Some may long for the soothing touch  
Of a blue-eyed blonde or brunette,  
But my woman, I swear, must possess red hair  
Like the glow of a deep sunset.

The books I read and the life I lead  
Are sensible, sane, and mild.  
I buy calm hats and don't wear spats,  
But I want my women wild.

So give me a wild woman, brother,  
One with a head of red hair;  
A girl that will kiss and think it all bliss  
Whenever I cuss or swear.



### SH-H-H-H !

The twenty-three men in the room were huddled closely together, conversing in hushed tones. Suddenly a shrill whistle pierced the outer air. "My God," whispered one man, "Can that be he?" "Be calm," rejoined another, "That is only the windows rattling in the breeze." "There are but two seconds more to wait," said a third man, expectantly. "Hist! I hear footsteps," cried a fourth. "This must be he."

And sure enough, it was the prof, and he got there just one second before the time the class would have walked out on him.

### YE COLLICH LYPHE

A student sitteth on ye swyvelle chaire,  
And fixeth on ye proffe a vacant staire.  
Full well he knows that when ye roll is called,  
He will remind ye proffe that he is thaire.  
Eke niftie look this educated sheike—  
Hys hair all pastered doon, and withal sleeke,  
Ye scente of glo-co fills ye neighborhood;  
And sideburns sporteth he upon hys cheke.  
Hys swetter is of plaide made up full bright,  
And put insyde ye belt all snugge and tighte,  
And from hys beltes are hung all niftily  
Hys pants, so stylish and so cut just righte.  
So smartly do they hang adown hys heels  
Whylst ever and anon ye student feels  
He loseth them, but eke it is not so,  
When look behind hym anxious student steales.  
Hys shoon of leather from the lowing kine  
All yellow are, and polished e'en behynd;  
For on this morne, before the whystle blew,  
Hys rook hath gyven them that noble shyne.  
Now speaketh proffe of things al greve and wyse.  
A sparkle cometh in ye student's eyes,  
For he has thot hym of ye fair co-ed  
Yclept Sal—and now ye dame he spies,  
Hys happie eye is captured by ye grayce  
Wyth whych ye gentle damsel eke doth place  
Upon ye chaire before hys chosen seate  
Her twain galoshes, whych her fete encase.  
Ye student staires, hys face both red and whyte  
Eke lyke hys bow-ty al so few and bright,  
And besideth now ye question of ye proffe—  
Ye student fynds hys collar al too tyte,  
An answer gyves he, but 'tis poore and limpe;  
Hys weekly grades do gette an awful crimpe.  
'Tis wimmen always whych do dyrty worke,  
Whych manne do ever fall—ye twyce poore sympe!



Picnickers, picnickers, I've been thinking,  
What a sad world it would seem,  
If we couldn't have our picnics  
On the banks of Mary's stream.



### Banana Sermon

Said Reverend Spiel, one Sunday morn,  
"To curse is wrong indeed,  
So do not take His name in vain.  
Please, brethren, do take heed."  
I did take heed, until one day  
I saw the Reverend Spiel,  
Sitting on the sidewalk,  
Cursing a banana peel.





WHERE THE SPOT LIGHT SHINES

All advertising specialists  
Who want to grab high fees,  
Can make good money selling space  
On all the girlies' knees.

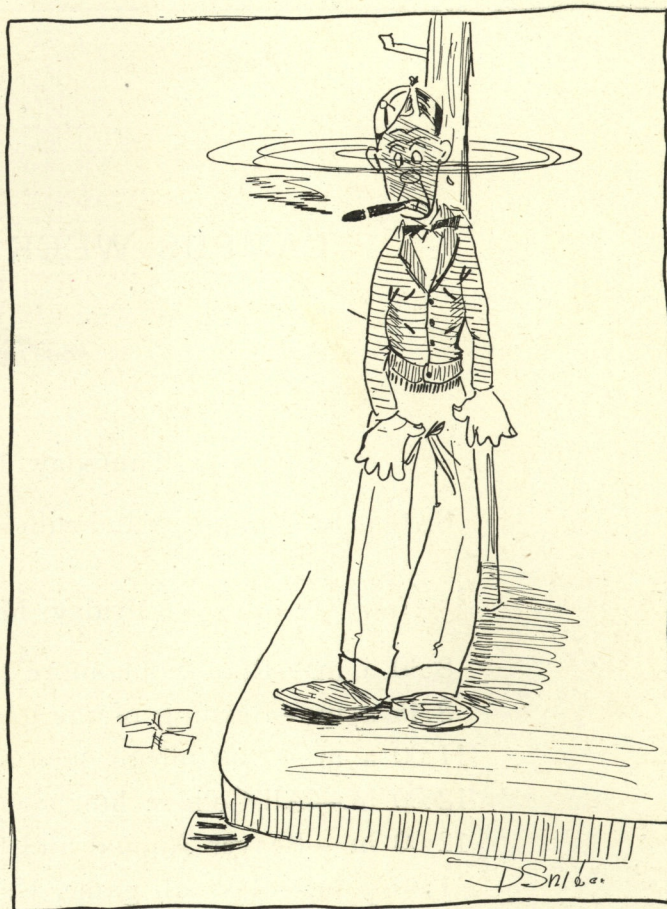
Ye artists would be fain to paint  
The quaint designs, I know;  
While all the women so delight  
Their praying joints to show.

For ads like these on dimpled knees  
Would well-nigh reach perfection:  
"If you think fine a smile like mine,  
Just eat 'Divine Confection'!"

"Or if you crave a nifty wave,  
Just like the one I wear,  
I pray you stop at 'Singe 'em Shoppe'  
And let 'em curl your hair."

"If you want eyes that harmonize  
With gowns and bonnets bright,  
Submit your orbs to Doctor Forbes,  
And he will tint 'em right."

Oh, all ye advertising men,  
These cutty-skirted days  
Demand that you should put your faith  
In easy-knees displays!



Results of an spring engagement—Percy Freshman just had to show the brothers he was a man, too!



The poets sing  
Their songs of spring  
Or love 'neath sunny skies;  
The while I drool  
A song of school,  
Or tell the teacher lies.



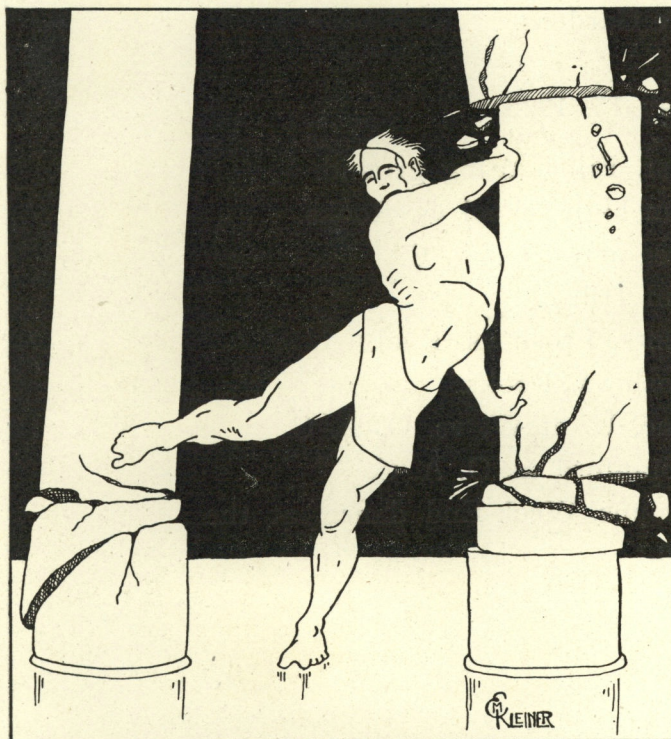
So Nice

Teacher: "What is the difference between a stoic and a cynic?"

Rook: "I dunno."

Teacher: "Well, use them in a sentence."

Rook: "After de' stoic brot de baby, me Maw done washed him in de cynic."



"Jever know that Samson believed in advertising?"  
"Yeh, he took two columns—and brought down the house!"

Johnny Wells: "Hey, where ya goin' with that 'ere blanket?"

Rook: "I know you won't believe me, but I'm just waiting for a street car."



## CAMPUS WEEK - END PROGRAM



### Thursday, May 13, 1926

8:00 p. m.—Junior Vaudeville at the Majestic Theater.

### Friday, May 14, 1926

8:30 a. m.—Rook-Sophomore tug-of-war at the mill race.

8:45 a. m.—Burning of the green at the mill race.

11:00 a. m.—All-College open air assembly, lower campus.

12:00 m.—All-College luncheon, lower campus.

12:00 m.—Beaver Annual and Orange Owl distribution, library.

1:30 p. m.—Baseball game, U. of W. vs. O. A. C.

3:30 p. m.—Polo game, Stanford vs. O. A. C., Middlekauff field.

8:00 p. m.—Junior Vaudeville at the Majestic Theater.

8:00 p. m.—Dance at the College Gardens.

### Saturday, May 15, 1926

7:30 a. m.—Junior class breakfast, Fiji hunting ground.

10:00 a. m.—Baseball game, Salem high school vs. Rooks.

10:00 a. m.—Tennis matches, Oregon vs. O. A. C.

10:00 a. m.—Gymkhana, Whitham Hill.

1:00 p. m.—Relay and track events, Frosh vs. Rooks.

1:00 p. m.—Tennis matches, Frosh vs. Rooks.

2:30 p. m.—Return baseball game, U. of W. vs. O. A. C.

3:30 p. m.—Return polo game, Stanford vs. O. A. C.

8:00 p. m.—All-College and Campus Week-End dance, at the men's gymnasium.



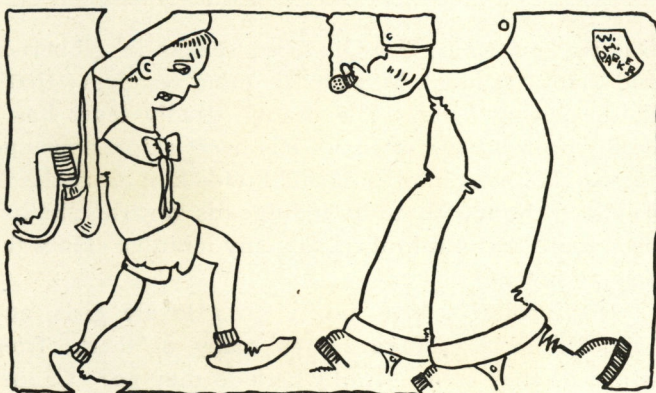
**A COLLEGE ROLLS ROUGH**

Quite a boat is the collegiate can;  
 No one would own it, but a college man.  
 It rolls, it pounds, it rattles and shakes;  
 It hasn't a top and is minus brakes.  
 Gone is the purr of the motor of old,  
 Now it's a jumble of noise untold.  
 The polish that once like a new dime shone,  
 Now looks like that of an old dry bone.  
 Its hood so shiny and pierced with vents,  
 Is now all dull and full of dents.  
 All of the bolts now rattle and croak,  
 And give ample proof that they're almost broke.  
 The springs and framework bang and crack,  
 To hit a bump is to break one's back.  
 The tires are old and always soft,  
 It's a whole day's work to keep them aloft.  
 The cushions are worn, and the springs are thru,  
 The padding is scarce and tacks are few.  
 It has no horn, but it don't need one—  
 When it takes the street all the others run.  
 The paint is weak and completely worn,  
 But a-lot-a wise cracks it's sides adorn.  
 When our heap goes by  
 They laugh till they cry.  
 But when Sunday's here,  
 With its lack of cheer,  
 Where'll we go and how come back?  
 The can takes us there. It's some hack,  
 SOME HACK!



**Indian Greeks**

Hally: "Have Indians any distinct social groups?"  
 Tosis: "Sure. Haven't you heard of those Indian clubs?"



**Bed Time Tales**

"Why does a rabbit have a shiny nose, Basil?"  
 "Ah, ha! I know that one. Because he carries his powder puff on the other end."



**Too Personal**

Riding Instructor: "Keep your fore-legs back."  
 Feminine Rider: "Sir! How dare you? You know very well that I'm not a quadruped!"



**THE PICNIC COOK BOOK**

**Kupid Kake**

- 1 low burning fire
  - 1 boy
  - 1 pretty co-ed
  - 2 heads that look as one
  - 2 pairs of eyes that speak volumes
  - 2 hearts that beat as one
- Add as many kisses as are necessary and then one frat pin. Set away to cool.



Fair co-ed on probation: "Blest be the hikes we uster take, but cannot any more." (Sung to the tune of "That's all there is, there ain't no more.")



Heebe: "Did you know that women were in politics many thousands of years ago?"  
 Jeebe: "No, where did you get that?"  
 Heebe: "Well, it is stated that Salome's motion was received by the house with loud applause."

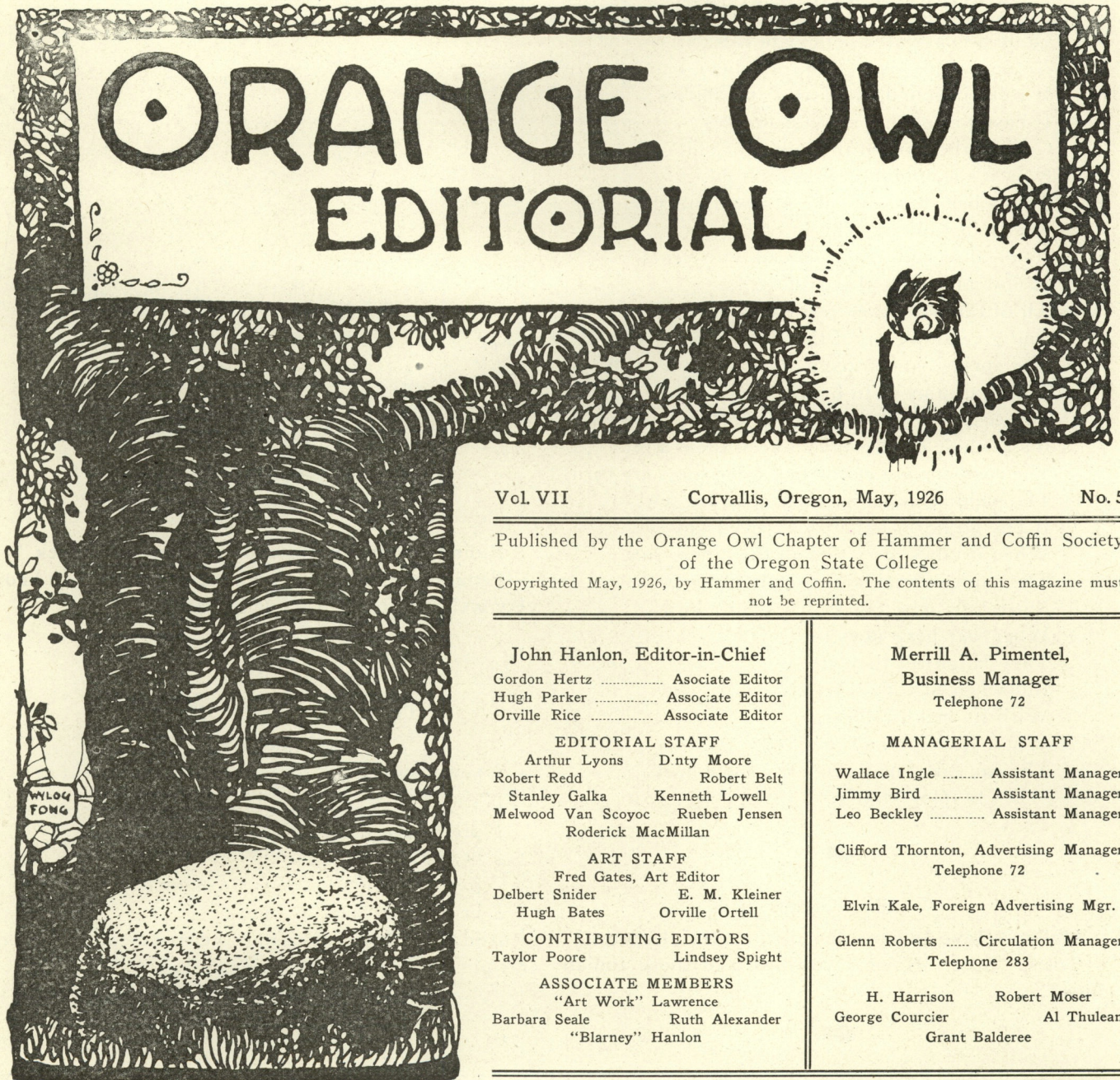


An old-timer is one who can remember when the girls wore "Mother Hubbards" for bathing suits and the kids went in a la mode.



# ORANGE OWL

## EDITORIAL



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### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

"Art Work" Lawrence  
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"Blarney" Hanlon

### Merrill A. Pimentel,

Business Manager

Telephone 72

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Wallace Ingle ..... Assistant Manager  
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Telephone 72

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### SPRING ATMOSPHERE

A veil-like haze of warm light heralds the coming of the great orange moon. Slowly the glowing orb lifts into the starry bowl of the heavens, and as slowly climbs up into the enchanted night.

The mystic light casts a stiling spell on the country-side and paints a path of leaping gold on Willamette's flowing stream. A dazzling ray searches among the shadows of the great forest. Ah, at last the quest is ended!

High upon the limb stub roost rests the celestially august emperor of jocular hilarity, the great Hoot Owl. The Old Bird ruffles his feathery coat, turns his exalted head and blinks his all-seeing eyes. The sage is constrained to grant the world words of wisdom.

But wail of woes, the Old Bird speaks in gibberish, and that at random. Mayhap his mind wanders—that's it, the spring fever. The deadly, deadly fever has a hold within his life stream. His heart skips, hops and jumps. He lives in dreams and builds him aircastles in iridescent lights. Let him indulge his vagaries; he has been more than faithful these many months. How the beggar preens!

He burbles of love, pretty girls, lovely girls, and beautiful girls. There are so many of them; from where do they come. And where do they go? Canoes and Mary's river, Willamette—drowsy waters and moonbeams! The moon, the moon, and jeweled pins! How can the female of the species conscientiously acquire so many! Ha, ha, who-o-o—no woman ever made a fool of a man but that she had the whole-heart-



ed cooperation of the man. As flowers are to the forest, so is love to life.

The Old Bird murmurs and trills off into inarticulate babble concerning hardware — something about keys—he has to laugh when he hears of men trying to judge the worth of other men. Some men ought not to wear their honor insignia, the combination is so meaningless, whoo-o!

Picnics, yes—gala events near the laughing waters! Gay parties are these, and with sparkling fun. H—m, this is the Picnic number. It is the lively time of the year when one enjoys being surrounded by nodding trees and girls, by whispering grasses and co-eds, by singing birds and women.

With profound dignity, the ancient and venerable Old Bird solemnly proclaims that there will be a fire and much green will be destroyed, some remaining to glare for awhile into next year. The mill race will be churned to foam by wallowing young Beavers. Many persons will be honored in the eyes of students. Some heroes will be unsung. Examinations will be in the frame of public favor in the early days of the June-bridge month. Black-robed seniors will cart away their expected gifts, and out they will go to set the world afire. Whut-who!

Loosing his hold upon the world, the Old Bird appears to be gazing into the mists of the future—he nods, blinks his far-seeing eyes—he is contented and happy again. The moonbeams steal away while the shadows creep in, and the Old Bird dreams in the reveries of a thousand years. The full moon loses itself in the west.



#### ST. PATRICK WAS AN ENGINEER

THE Old Bird remembers more active days in the past of the Federated Engineers when St. Patrick received the due reverence that he deserved from the engineering group. Oregon's green valleys and frequent rains should entice the Irish patron saint to spend more time about the institution to guide and inspire the engineering students, and inject needed vigor into their activities. The Old Bird has a warm spot in his breast for the good old saint and wishes for his speedy return.



#### ARMY READS VANITY FAIR

THE Old Bird flew by the armory the other day and beheld a most uncommon sight through his blinking eyes. Something white that was unusual about the upper regions of the uniforms of many of the cadets and most of the officers arrested his attention and caused him to divert his flight.

Yes, it was true. Roll collars had found their way

to the army uniform. As the Old Bird continued his flight to a neighboring tree, he noticed intense activity in a nearby tailoring establishment.

Sitting in his favorite daylight haunt, the Old Bird's blinking scowl turned to smiles as he contemplated on the incident. England has always dominated in directing men's styles as Paris has women's, and so why not in this case, he reasoned. His smile continued all that day and until late into the night. He was pleased. For once the army had done something in accord with his wishes.



#### SUPERIOR—BUT UNMIRTHFUL FRIENDS

THE Old Bird bewails the seeming lack of expression of humor among the women of this campus. He is at a loss to understand it all. Surely a woman can take and recognize a joke or else she would never accept some of the dates that she does.

Someone whispered in the Old Bird's ear not long ago telling him that the girls knew a lot of good jokes. Often he has watched from his campus roost the girls laughing and smiling. He still wonders why these beautiful creatures, so superior in all ways, do not contribute from their store of wit to his beloved magazine as do their much inferior brothers.



#### NATIONAL FOUR-MILE RELAY CHAMPIONS

THE Old Bird is mighty proud these days — he puffs out his feathers and who-o-os to tell the whole world that his home roost has produced the fastest four-mile relay team in the whole nation. Yes sir, in the whole United States.

Didn't this four-man team of wing-footed Aggies take the big classic of the country in the Drake relays? And it was all through the untiring efforts of the father of all Beaver athletes—"Dad" Butler.

But again the Old Bird who-o-os. It takes genuine runners to win such a classic—runners such as Clayton, Sisson, Bell, and Butts, who give their last ounce of strength for the Alma Mater and "Dad." Knifton, the runner disabled at the Kansas meet, is another Beaver deserving of praise.

Nine teams started that memorable race on the Drake track. Many teams were from the largest institutions in the nation. The "farmers" from the west were not even conceded a chance. When the pistol cracked for the final lap Clayton and the Illinois 4:20 flash were abreast. The fans started leaving — they knew the race was on the ice for Illinois. But the Old Bird at home had a feeling that we would win. Out of that melee of runners the "farmers" from the west dug up the cinders of that mid-west oval and planted an Aggie victory tree just across the finish tape.



## We Pass the Laurel, but Never the Buck

"Dad" Butler, varsity track coach, was not always so civilized as he is today. He was born in Catskill, N. Y., a so-called civilized section of the country, where he lived until the civilization became irksome, when he set out for new and untried fields in the west—but not until he had proved to his satisfaction that he

He came to Portland in 1900 to take part in three professional foot races. His favorite event was the half-mile, though he ran both the quarter and the mile. In the half he defeated the best runners in the country.

"Dad's" success as a boxer is a close second to his track reputation. His first remarkable experience in this line of competition came when he joined the Knickerbocker Athletic club of New York city. He developed into a near champion beating all the second and third raters he met. Then he turned to training "Kid" Lavinge, who won the world's light weight championship title under his direction. Johnny Coulton, the bantam weight champion, and Honey Mellony, a former welter weight champion, won their laurels while under the able tutelage of Butler in Chicago. "Dad" himself floored Bob Fitzsimmons in a four-round bout in Spokane and treated him to many sensations during the performance.

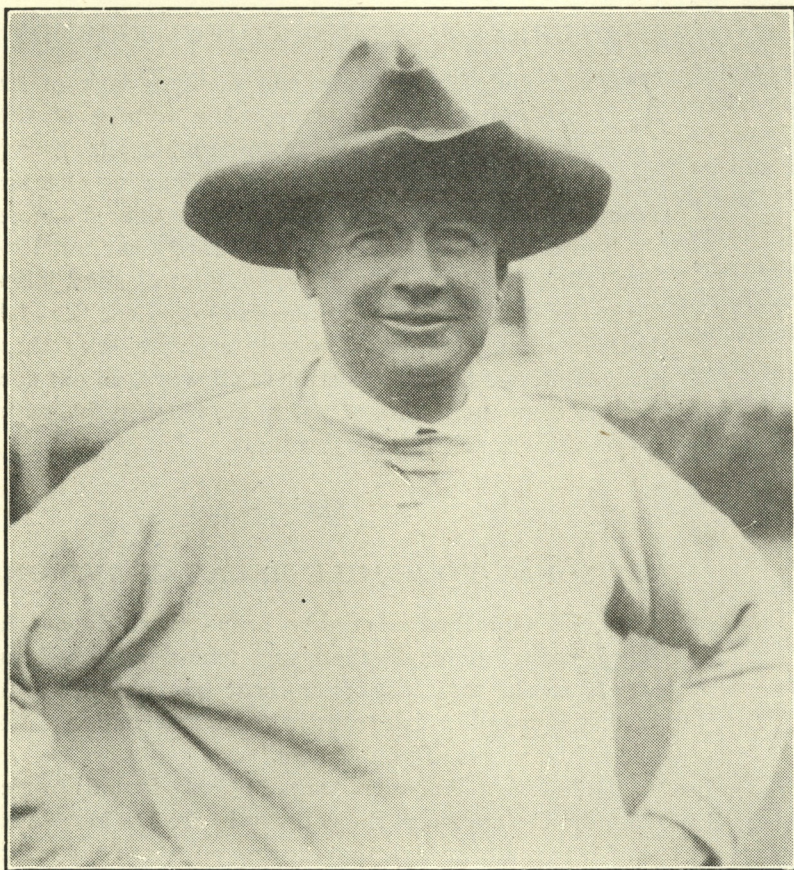
After his return from a trip abroad with Lavinge, Butler opened a school in New York. Later he was a trainer in the "Windy City," followed by two years at the Spokane Athletic club. For seven or eight years before coming to O. A. C., Butler conducted a gymnasium in Portland giving private boxing lessons.

The trials, the triumphs, and the deeds of "Dad" Butler would make a good sized volume. The clippings about his deeds would make a man-sized book in themselves. Yet he has lived all through his fame and still wears the same sized hat.

His success as a trainer and a track coach is very well known to all Beavers.

He has the ability to take men of no previous track experience, and train them to run quarter-miles in less than 50 seconds, half-miles in 1:56, and miles in 4:20. "Dad" took a two-mile relay team to the Drake relays in 1923 where they placed third in a large field of contestants. His four-mile team won first place at the Kansas City meet and second place in the Drake relay both in 1924 and 1925. This year his men won the four-mile classic at the Des Moines meet, and placed third in the Kansas relays under the most adverse conditions—not a bad record for the past four years.

"Dad" passed the buck in the land of the redskin many years ago, but we take great pleasure in passing him the laurel now.



Coach M. H. "Dad" Butler

could outrun the best foot racers in that neck of the woods.

He was only a lad when he dropped into Portland to get a last good white man's feed before going to live with the Indians. For six years he remained with the Navajos, Utes, and Blackfeet Indians, taking part in their work, hunting expeditions, and games as though he were one of the natives. In spite of the supposed superiority of the red men, Butler refused to take second place to any of them.

Again he set out on new conquests. In 1897 he signed up as athletic trainer for the Chicago Athletic association, which position he held until 1907. The success of the association during his reign was more than remarkable. His men were winners in 64 track meets and were tied in only one.



**BONES**

Now that synthetic beefsteak has made its appearance on the market people will cease to kick about bones in their meat. The presence of a bone will indicate that the meat is genuine.

The price of bones has been high enough in the past but one should expect the price of them to go up.

One consolation that the consuming public will get is the fact that the bones will no longer be disguised as meat.

If the synthetic meat is put up in packages of a pound or so, the butcher's hand will lose much of its present value.

Suggested advertising slogans for beefsteak manufacturers are: "Predigested by responsible parties before leaving the factory," or "When better beefsteaks are made, Chew-Hik will make them," or "The steak what ain't."

Such a campaign would call for a counter-campaign from the Amalgamated Union of Beef Raisers Trust.

We suggest slogans such as the following: "None genuine without this bone," or "Look for little bones in the rind," or "Good morning; is there a little bone in your beefsteak?"



A bluejacket, who has recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left millinery dock; is clipper built, and with a figurehead not often seen on small craft... Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, and displaces twenty-seven cubic feet of air; of little draught, which adds to her speed in the ball room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced, she was newly rigged fore and aft with standing riggings of lace and flowers."



Visitor: "Who is the leading citizen of this city?"

Inhabitant: "Jesse James the second."

Visitor: "Why, I thought Jesse James was a law-breaker."

Inhabitant: "So he is. He is the pacemaker for a posse this minute."



We are calling one of the rooks in our history class "Powder River," because his shoes are a mile wide and a foot deep.



City: "I just saw a razorback hog rubbing himself on a tree."

Country: "Yes, yes, he was just stropping himself."

**They Did Too**

First Aid Instructor: "The stretcher is a very useful piece of apparatus. I'm sure you will all be willing to bear me out in that."



**Nature's Style**

The general trend of styles seems to be back to nature. Batwing ties are used all the time. When it rains the 'gaters are quite popular. Sigma Delta Chi neophytes blossom out in swallow-tails at periodic intervals, and, to uncap the climax, most of the boys are going around bare headed.



**Just Like a Woman**

Paul: "Did you see much of the navy on your trip?"

Pauline: "Just gobs and gobs."

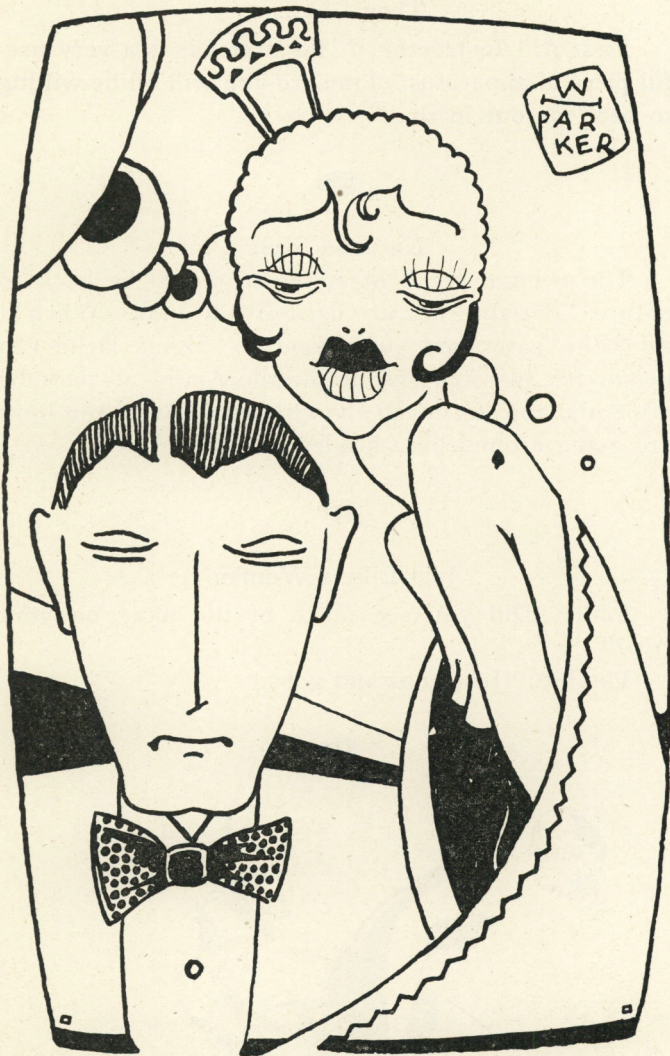


**Not B. V. D.s**

Collie: "Migosh! but her line is like a clothes line."

Jutt: "Why is that?"

Collie: "It just airs a lot of intimate stuff."



Pat: "Well, I'm glad to see you're back."

Ricia: "I thought you would be. That's why I wore this gown."



Soff: "I hear Chuck is good at sheet music. I didn't know he was musical."

Moore: "He isn't. He only snores."



#### No Road Map

First sheik: "I told her she could either pet or walk home."

Second ditto: "What did she say?"

First same: "She said she would be darned if she would."

Second same: "Would what?"

First also: "Walk!"



Plucius: "Why do they call her Ginger?"

Sluicius: "Because she has that elusive snap."

#### NIX ON NECKS

Picnics is picnics. Sum of um is nicks, sum nix, & sum necks. Not long ago I took a blind date on a picnic (you know one of these kinds wat can't see ya). Well, I got all thru except the necks; I got my pocket-book nicked for several notches and everything else was nix. But picnics is picnics.

Sum people go on picnics to eat, and that's wat they do mostly is eat. If you would place all these picnickers three feet apart at a table they would all reach. These people push sandwiches, etc., down their necks till nature says nix, then they use their necks for other purposes. Nature is generous tho, she gave us our faces but we can pick our own teeth.



"The cook sure had a lot of crust," said the wise senior as he looked disgustedly at his bread pudding.



"Did the Indians invent the shimmy?"

"I don't know, but Minnehaha had her bow and quiver."



Our definition of "busy:" A one-armed man trying to open an umbrella in a Louisiana typhoon.



#### A COLLEGIATE LAMENT

I met a girl not long ago,

She was a pip I say;

She was a peach and I liked her so

That I made a date right away.

She lived down town. I liked that too,

And her mother did not mind;

So we stepped out as others do,

And I left my books behind.

She was a blonde, a Swedish blonde

With that waxy, golden hair;

And she had eyes that looked beyond,

I thought her beauty rare.

When Christmas came and I went home,

Two hundred miles away;

In those long days my mind would roam,

Though I heard from her every day.

One day a letter came to dad,

I think from the registrar;

He opened it up and he was mad,

My grades were far from par.

When I came back I called her up,

And it almost made me cry

When I found out that the measly pup

Had married on the sly.





## Night Life of a Fraternity Man Vividly Described

Editor's Note—Arlin Blaine, junior in commerce, has been adjudged winner in the "Liars" contest, sponsored by the local chapter of Hammer and Coffin, and has received the "Liar's" pearls, imported from the orient. The contest has aroused interest throughout college campuses of the country as far east as Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Blaine is a "versatile liar," and would probably place first in an intercollegiate contest of this nature.

Immediately after finishing the usual dinner of roast chicken I went up to my room for some concentrated study. It took about a half hour to get settled because of numerous phone calls from college girls to go riding with them during the evening. But I flatly refused them all, though one little girl seemed to take it pretty hard. (I read of her attempt at suicide in the paper the next morning.)

As I had no classes the next day it was necessary that I work far into the night preparing for heavy schedules. About midnight I was hitting the books hardest on three of Professor Honeybell's exceedingly heavy courses when the fire bell rang and a senior dashed to the phone. He sent up a note by the butler saying that it was for me. I rode down on my bicycle and listened to the wailings of the prettiest girl on the campus. While I listened calmly but bored to tears, she pleaded with me to come to their house formal. At first I thought of all the possible excuses to get out of it. After making her promise to call for me in her Cadillac, and to put a little spike in the punch, and to save at least three dances with the chaperones, I consented.

I went back to my music lessons with diligence, cursing the interruption. Loud voices could be heard in the house president's room; they annoyed me so much that I stepped in to help them yell. I found two fellows and Dean Throwback with the president playing craps. After organizing a rooting section, composed of the cook and her ten children, I went back to work. As soon as their game broke up I told a freshman to tub the house president.

Three keen girls of two score years next appeared under my window. They begged me to go riding. They started to sing, "He Is the Hottest Man in Town," and after listening to the first verse I threw a pitcher of water on them, thus drowned their sorrows, although it broke my heart, but studies must come first.

At 2:00 a. m. the house manager came in with a check for one hundred dollars, saying that the house had done so well financially the past month that each member was receiving a rebate. This hurt my feelings and I tore the check to bits. He said that if I would not take the check the house must do something for me, so a monument was erected in the parlor under the bath tub.

Feeling a little hungry I went down to the club rooms, where meals were served all night, and had a light lunch of tea and toast. The steward was on the rampage, some one had given him a wooden nickel and he could not remember who did it. So I gave him a dollar and told him to keep the change. This seemed to anger him all the more and he promised to serve my breakfast in the room at eight in the morning.

The last thing I did before going to bed was to fix my watch chain. It had broken under the strain of too many honorary emblems. Setting a pan of water out for the moths to use which were having a bull fest in my Varsity "O" sweaters, I turned out the light and rolled into bed.

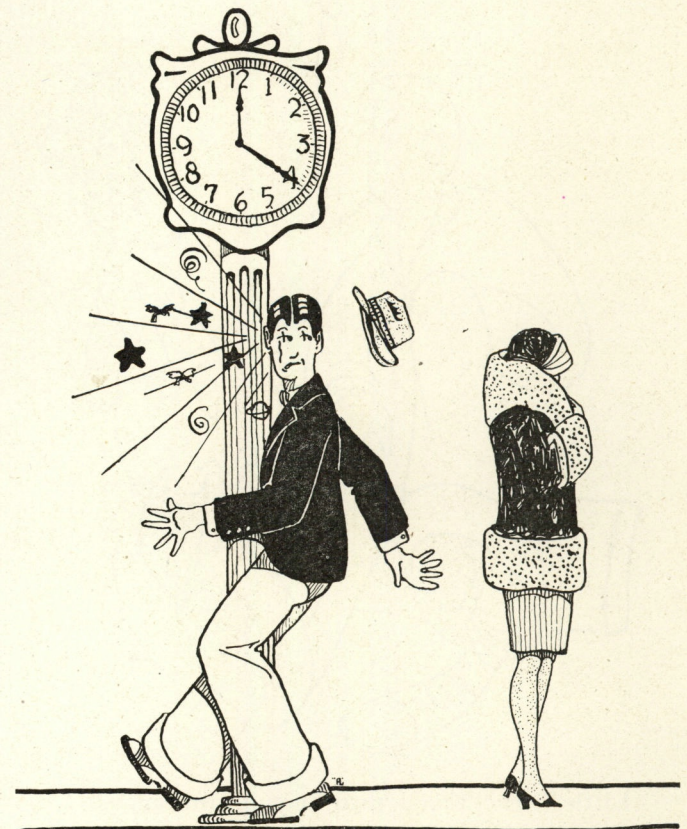


Casca: "She is a decided blonde, isn't she?"

Retta: "Oh, yes; but she only decided recently."



Ye Sage of Yamhill County states, "Never be too sure that the train has gone by just because you see the tracks."



Running Against Time



## The Society Editor Describes an Execution

One of the season's earliest social events took place at sunrise this morning in the courtyard of the state penitentiary. The occasion was the execution of Mr. Robert DeLavan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence DeLavan of 863 Park Avenue, well-known residents of this city. The event, which was sponsored by the governor, was attended by the immediate friends and relatives and prominent state officials.

The young man, in whose honor the occasion was held, was tastily attired in a bizarre lounging robe of black and white stripes set off by an exquisite hempen cravat which was enhanced by a set of old brass bracelets, seen only among our idle social classes in the state's most exclusive residential retreat.

The early morning sunlight flooded the beautiful courtyard through an antique wrought iron grating tastefully chosen by the architect in collaboration with the eminent Mr. N. G. Halfpenny, late supervisor of the residential department, whose untimely demise was brought about by intercepting a leaden pellet with his

abdomen while presiding over a similar affair some months ago.

Mr. DeLavan, surrounded by the aforementioned prominent officials, was the center of attraction as he mounted the dais at the end of the courtyard.

The morning sunlight, filtering through the ivy, wrought a delicate tracery of leafy patterns against the old bricks of the courtyard walls as the master of ceremonies produced a black handkerchief which he arranged in the conventional manner around Mr. DeLavan's head so as to effectively obscure his vision.

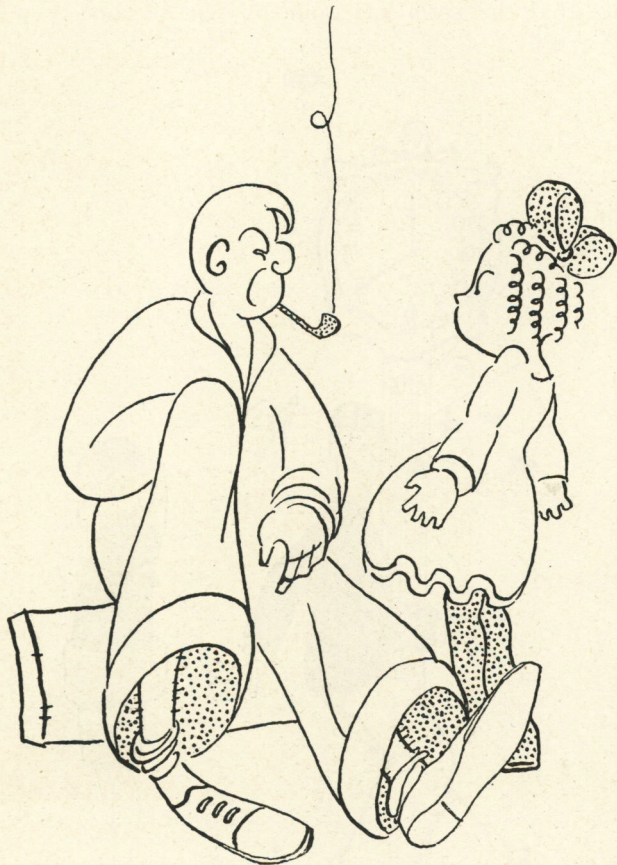
At this point, a murmur of anticipation was heard from the guests.

At the suggestion of Father Isenstein, state spiritual advisor, Mr. DeLavan addressed the party with a few well-chosen words concerning the important events leading up to the occasion. The text of his remarks was practically the same as that recorded at the last month's meeting of the group.

At this point the master of ceremonies admonished Mr. DeLavan not to delay the feature of the program by unnecessary remarks.

His words were apparently heeded as the young man made his exit through a cleverly arranged door in the floor of the dais.

After a few moments of suspense and a brief examination by the state physician, he was pronounced in a condition to be escorted to a waiting car by a group of medical students from the state hospital.



Little Girl: "Can I thrutht you mithter?"

Elderly Man: "Certainly, little girl."

Little Girl: "Then pin up my garter, pleathe."

◀

A cigarrot is in my snoot,  
 A pipe is in my hand,  
 Under my foot there is a boot,  
 And a cigar with an iron band.  
 A Roman nose and a Grecian pose  
 Are the things of which I boast.  
 Sternly over my nose I look at my foes  
 And appear very much as a ghost.  
 You wonder why I heave a sigh  
 When you see me standing here,  
 Since you have asked why, as you passed by,  
 I'll tell you, "It's the near beer."  
 Upon this sill I stand so still,  
 For a wooden Indian am I.  
 I feel a thrill as you foot the bill,  
 And start drinking the moonshine rye.  
 For once I drank about a tank  
 Of that terrible moonshine whiskey.  
 That's why I sank to this low rank,  
 For the stuff proved embalming and risky.



HELL ON WHEELS

The Long Faced Ladies and the Blue Law Boys  
Have always frowned on the fellowmen's joys;  
They have poured ice water on every parade,  
On young people's dances, or how they arrayed.  
But the Blue Law Boys and the Long Faced Ladies  
Who so often condemned us to Hades  
By a slow succession of downward steps,  
As prophets surely deserve their reps;  
For the college world falls and reels,  
For they've taken the Road to Hell on Wheels!

The Gamma Phis win the highest standing  
In negotiating the one-point landing,  
The faculty props its trembling pins  
By a flock of double ended spins,  
And even the noble, the good, and pious  
On clicking rollers are speeding by us;  
But we are content with our lizzie bus  
Which takes us to hell with little fuss.  
For once and once only, we yield the fracas  
To the anti-humans who want to make us  
Good and holier even than they are,  
Blue Law Boys and Long Faced Ladies  
Save the college from going to Hades,  
Trip the rollers with frenzied squeals  
And close the road to Hell on Wheels.



'39: "What's a burlesque, daddy?"  
'16: "A take-off, son."  
'39: "Take off what, daddy?"  
'16: "Son, hadn't you better read your geography again?"



Cassius: "Why is he a Knight of the Garter?"  
Casca: "Because he is one of the king's chief supporters."



IT'S TRUE

Wattin Ell: "Why are you looking at those fat girls so intently?"  
Whighin Ell: "I'm an Orange Owl contributor and am looking for humorous lines."



Little Alice returned from church, deeply musing on the sermon in which the preacher had declared that animals, lacking souls, could not go to heaven. As a result of her meditation, she presented a problem to the family at the dinner table, when she asked earnestly, "If cats can't go to heaven, where do the angels get the strings for their harps."

HOW THEY LIVE IN LANDTROP

Following are the rules and regulations posted in the hotel of a certain large city:

Board 50 cents per square foot, meals extra, breakfast at 6 and supper at 7.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter; guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for lunch.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles, and other valuables kept on the counter; they should be kept under the safe.

The office is convenient to all connections; horses to hire, 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find the hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseball fans desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand. If the lights go out, take a soda—that is light enough for any man. Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter in the barn.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations.



Sir Loyne: "I heard you took Beazie to the dance last night."

Porter House: "Who told you?"

Sir Loyne: "Well, I saw her buying a new pair of slippers and a crutch yesterday."



Just Another Version

A bashful suitor asked, "Betty, would you like to have a puppy?"

"Oh, Eddie," she exclaimed. "How delightfully humble of you. Yes, dearest, I accept."



### ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR

I'd like to sit across from you  
At breakfast, every morn.  
I'd like to have you mend for me  
The garments I have torn.

I'd like to have you with me  
In a cottage built for two,  
And in the evening twilight  
I'd like to stroll with you.

But I've listened somewhat, lately,  
To the words these poets said;  
They say you must, if you'd have peace,  
Be quite in love to wed.

Now what is love? They only tell  
Of men quite superhuman,  
Who risk their lives for those they love—  
I'd do 't for any woman!

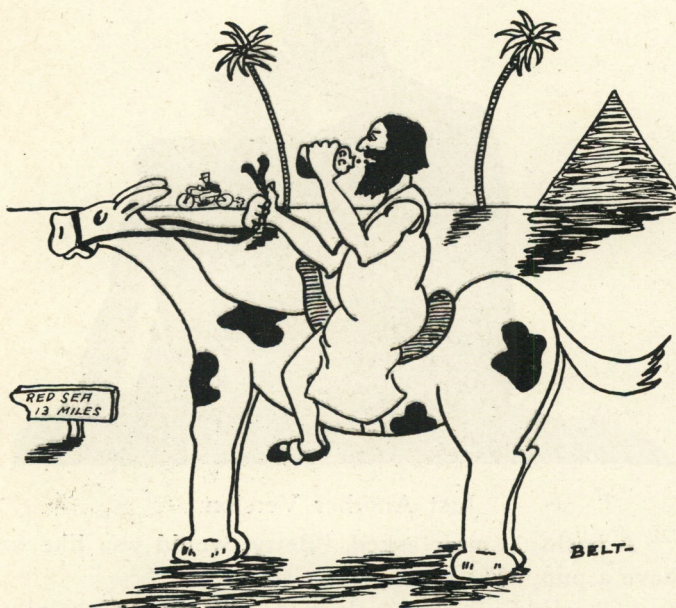
Of men who can not live without  
The love they're pleading for—  
(I lived for years before we met—  
I'd struggle on some more.)

So I'd like for us to marry—  
But from what these poets tell  
I can't say that I love you,  
But I like you awfully well!



Art (clog dancing): "I've got rubber heels so my feet don't make so much noise."

Arthur: "No, but your socks are plenty loud."



Moses Takes His Tablets on the Mount

### TRY TO IDENTIFY THEM

"Did you ever go to college?"  
A friend of mine said.  
Certainly, I went to college,  
But it all went to my head.

I met hundreds of students,  
But their names all were queer.  
Following are some of the monickers  
I was wont to hear.

O-you-nice Ride-man  
Mt. Vernon Junkins  
I'll-declare-a-bell Vermont  
Ray's Leavings  
Sooth Leave-it-on  
Hell-on Carpet-her  
Webfeet Headwards  
What's What  
I'll-sell Never  
More-ice Whose-land  
Burn-all Adobe-bell  
Hellava MacSpillum  
Hallex On Her-son  
Marry Lands  
Lor-whose-a Faker  
Betty Homs-head  
Nasal Wop-kins

Now, if you can find the writer  
A luncheon I will give,  
Providing you can find me  
And providing I still live.



Here lie the bones of witty Dan,  
Now in his heavenly home;  
He said these words to an Irishman  
Who hit him on the dome.  
"Although your hair is brilliant red,  
Your eyes are slightly pink;  
You still would have a useful head  
If only you could think."



Two in a canoe  
Went out to view  
The scenery.

A little breeze  
That stirred the trees,  
Began to blow  
Unmercifully.

The girl was cold,  
The lad consoled;  
Catastrophe.



# Wise Chips from an Old Block



The tea hounds' favorite brand is settee.  
 She played a good line, but he didn't bite.  
 Painter's colic—a sad affliction caused by excessive necking.  
 No, a violin isn't a notorious road house.  
 When going on a picnic don't forget the sandwich.  
 Yes, the guy who invented the saxophone is already dead.  
 Only a baker sells what he kneads.  
 Paint will improve any joint, especially when skirts are getting shorter.  
 Pyrene would be more suitable than Listerine for some of these hot mammas.  
 Collegiate flivver is an apologetic term given a heap that one would not ordinarily ride in under any other name.  
 Many a picnic has been turned into a pick-neck.  
 From the line of chatter some women give off, one would think they had been vaccinated with a Victrola needle.  
 Many a red lip has driven away the blues.  
 If skirts keep getting shorter we want to live awhile longer.  
 Our little gold-digger loved him because she could bank on him.  
 Another dumb rook signed up for the golf course.  
 The landlady didn't elope with the boarder—it was only a rumor.  
 The guy that didn't cry over spilt milk didn't have to pay ten cents a quart for it.  
 The cashier is the man who counts.  
 Eating at a fraternity house is a good way to reduce.

The man who invented the life saver has a mint.  
 Many a golfer's handicap is his clubs.  
 Most nuts grow on the family tree.  
 If a man ate his father and mother he wouldn't be a cannibal—he'd be an orphan.  
 Our idea of a broad educated man is a college prof. just run over by a steam roller.  
 The bleachers would go wild if peroxide gave out.  
 Salome made Oscar Wilde.  
 The heaves and asthma were the only things that corresponded to the saxophone in the olden days.  
 Lots of snuggled goods enter college.  
 Our idea of a wet smack is a kiss in the rain.  
 Our idea of a kiss—it's all wet!  
 The dean says necking must go—it just won't go with some girls.  
 As the old adage says—he who hesitates marries the other girl.  
 Some girls won't kiss a new acquaintance for twelve hours, but some will for half an hour.  
 You can give a horse oats, but he won't eat a bit.  
 Father usually does the growling when daughter puts on the dog.  
 Some cats can see in the dark — pull down your shades, K. S.'s.  
 It's the truth that old maids wear cotton gloves because they have no kids.  
 Caesar had a lot of Gaul.  
 There usually isn't much change in any college man's clothes.



### IF NEWS ITEMS TOLD THE WHOLE TRUTH

John Jones, freshman in engineering, has not returned to school this term on account of illness in the family. We might add that John flunked out in five credits, and if he ever does return, he'll take "special."

Rosalie Powderpuff, sophomore in home economics, is not on the campus this quarter. She is a member of Kappa Delta Flush sorority. Rosalie was initiated into the house last quarter, thereby accomplishing her only college ambition, so why should she go to school any more?

Henry Hinote, '21 music, has accepted an important position in the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music. Yes indeed, if it wasn't for Henry they would have no one to sweep floors and start the fires for them.

The engagement of Miss Tessie Torrid to Mr. Wilbur Nupp was announced at Grabba Notha Pin and Iota Nu Betta last Thursday evening. They have no serious intentions of getting married, and, as a matter of fact, they are both wondering why on earth they did it.

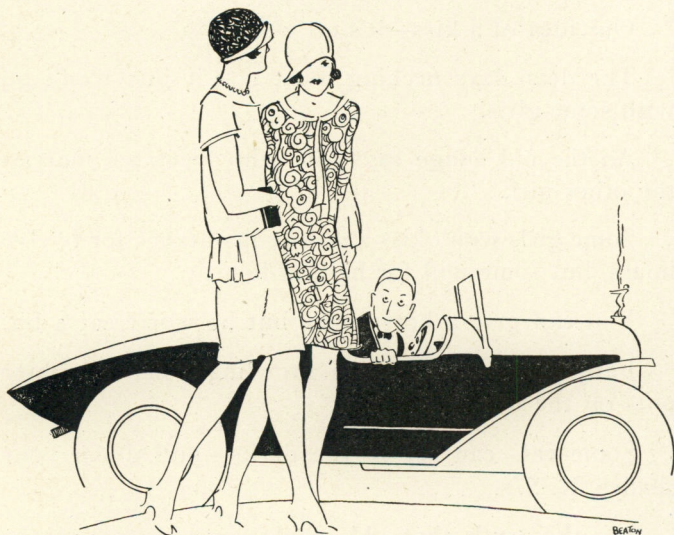
All men eligible for junior class basketball meet at the gymnasium at five o'clock this evening. The manager has already promised positions on the team to eight different men, but if you want to get turned down personally, come around any way.



#### Poor Training

"Does your girl trust you?"

"Can't say as she does. She took her ice skates with her when we went ice-boating."



"Bill's a sort of a cheap skate."

"Why?"

"He's the kind of fellow that wil buy a girl a lemonade and then take her for a ride and try to squeeze it out of her."

### NIGHTIE KNIGHT

The earth quakes a little, there is a rumble, and suddenly a valiant knight, clad in black armor, and mounted on the great-great-granddaddy of Spark Plug, reins before York castle.

"What ho!" he bellows through lungs that shake the very foundations of the castle.

Silence, except for the tinkling of a ukelele from far above in the ramparts of the castle. Once again he bellows forth his challenge.

The ukelele stops for a moment, and a youth's voice calls down, "Garden hoe, messire."

"Varlet! Lily-fingered twanger of the strung cat-gut! In the morn I'll drink of your heart's blood for this night's work!"

"Who's there?"

And the valiant knight howls answer: "The Lord of Silo."

"Why, it's fodder!" exclaims the banjo tickler. "Open the drawbridge."



The little boy could not figure it out at all so he decided that he would run and ask his grandmother period quotation marks grandmother comma quotation marks the little boy cried comma quotation marks why is it that so many of the firemen nowadays wear red suspenders question mark quotation marks quotation marks Johnny comma I am surprised that you would ask me such a foolish question comma quotation marks cried grandma laughingly comma quotation marks they wear them to keep their trousers up period quotation marks



Indignant lady (pointing to man): "There is a man who went too far with me."

Her lover (also indignant): "Just wait till I lay my hands on him. Who is he?"

I. L.: "He's the conductor who took me past my station last night."

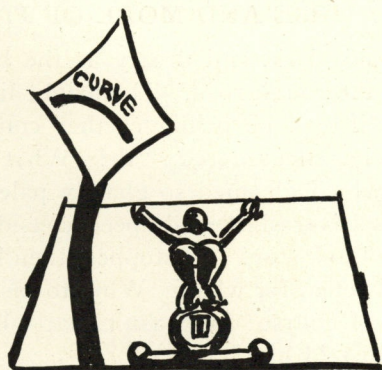


Here lie the bones of old Bill,  
Who fell from a one-story sill.  
He lit on a flivver,  
And gasped with a shiver,  
"Oh, Henry!" short storied my spill.

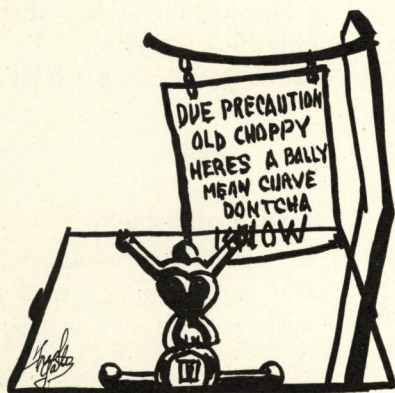


Pater: "So you learned barrel making in college. What was your college yell?"

Frater: "Hoops, my dear!"



This Side of Blaine, Washington



The Other Side of Blaine, Washington



AN ORTHODOX GOODNIGHT

Time: 11:25 p. m. Any Friday.

Place: Ford coupe outside a well-known sorority house.

Characters: He and she.

"May I have just one kiss, to say goodnight?  
The climax to an evening of delight."  
Her lips are drawn to his with measured pace,  
No daylight can be seen 'twixt face and face.

It is a long drawn out, breath-taking kiss,  
An ecstasy of unrestrained bliss.  
Then, with a sigh, they tear their lips apart.  
Victorious brain has won another heart!

All thoughtfulness, he helps her to alight  
And on the doorstep, bids again goodnight.  
When he gets to his house, he stands and bellows:  
'I'll tell the world I got my muggin', fellows!"



Phateema: "Stop! Stop! S-t-o-p! S-t— — You are the first man to kiss me."

Melanchrino: "You told me that a month ago."

Phateema: "Oh, was that you?"

Prepared

Actor: "Where are you going?"

Actress: "To my director's funeral."

Actor (astonished): "When did he die?"

Actress: "Oh, he isn't dead. He's just having a dress rehearsal."



Inspector: "Officer, is it true that this man is a master crook?"

Officer: "Say, Inspector, this guy is so crooked that he can pick any lock on the Panama canal blindfolded."



"Are you following in your father's footsteps, my lad?"

"Can't. They're too crooked because he drank so much, he staggered when he walked."



First salesman: "I'm pretty independent."

Second ditto: "Why?"

First ditto: "Because I take orders from no one."



"I just got back from the beauty parlor. I was there three hours."

"Too bad that you stayed so long and then didn't get waited on."



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### Popular

"There goes a popular baby; they call her Giraffe."  
"Giraffe, how's that?"  
"Short on brains and long on neck."



The military ball is the only real major function of the year. If members of the school of mines staged a formal they could readily disguise it as a miner function.



### Popular Until—

Reginald: "You had better not come up tonight. Dad has a case—"  
Reggie: "Fine, I'll be right up."  
Reginald: "—of small-pox."



"Your neck reminds me of a typewriter."  
"Ya-ah?"  
"Yes, Underwood."



No, Othmer, the battle of Tippecanoe wasn't fought on Marys river.

### WORSE AND MORE OF IT

It was cold, dark, and dreary as the big blue car rocked over the rough road. The bright lights played far ahead as if by their brilliancy they could allay the dangers to be encountered. Ah! What was that? That thing which gleamed so ghastly pale in the distance? The driver slackened speed considerably, and finally slowed to a stop. He stopped, then looked, then listened. Listened for what? Why, to his wife's endless chatter of course; for wasn't that what the railroad sign had told him?



"Say, why does Marmaduke always throw a match away before he lights his cigarette?"

"Oh, he says that he never can get it lit on the first one."



### Jewish or Scotch?

Hotsy: "Is he a very efficient manager?"

Totsy: "No. If he was running a mint he couldn't make enough money to pay his own wages."

### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

#### Literary

Alfred Carter	Arthur King	Thurlow Weed
Gardner Knapp	D. Jacobson	Don Long
Arlin Blaine	Florence Kruse	Royal Chapman

#### Business

Doris Martin	H. Wiley	A. Bates
L. Arnold	H. Wells	M. Roth
M. Jones	J. North	A. House
Mary Jameson	D. Whitehead	Helen Boyer
M. Miller	M. Bracher	F. Kruse
F. Chambers	H. Crawford	S. Goodwin
E. Kirkpatrick	M. Breitenstein	H. Boone
C. Stevens	Ida Sahl	Sue Morse
Elvin Kale	R. Chaplin	H. Rostvold
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**DEGREES, BOTH FAHRENHEIT AND CENTIGRADE**

All college students are interested in degrees, especially degrees of love and later in decrees of divorce. Many people want to know from which college certain degrees will carry the most calories, for example the degree of I.X.L. is obtained from O. A. C., so we have enumerated below a list of degrees and the college from which they are the most valuable.

- N.S.F., from Benton County State.
- C.O.D., from U. S. Postal.
- P.D.Q., from Dynamite.
- B.V.D., from Union.
- S.O.S., from Monmouth.
- K.G.W., from Oregonian.
- K.K.K., from Notre Dame.
- S.A.E., from Anywhere.
- N.I.X., from Jamison and Dubach.
- A., from Brumbaugh.
- T.N.T., from Dupont.
- M.I.N., from Gumps College.
- S.O.L., from Leavenworth.
- K.D.X., from Mollers.
- X.X.X., from Sigmawne.
- I.O.U., from Howseur Funds.
- M.J.B., from Eureka.
- M.T.C., from Fort Riley.
- I.C.U., from John Wells.

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"I have my working shirt on."

"How's that?"

"It keeps working out my pants."



Wife (reciting on stage): "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Husband (in audience): "You said a mouthful, that time."



**Hide and Seek**

First she: "Jack kissed me on the cheek last night."

Second she: "Why did you dodge?"



Enthusiast: "The blue skies over one, the green grass under one—what more could one desire?"

Realist: "I'll take a hammock under one and the mosquito netting over one for mine."



"I'm sitting on top of the world," said the man just after he slipped on the banana peel.



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THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Student: "You know more than I do."  
Prof.: "Sure."  
Student: "You know me and I know you."



First frat: "What is the first meal of the day?"  
Second frat: "Oatmeal!"



Prof.: "Can you give me an illustration of the saying, 'The evil that a man does lives after him'?"  
Stewed: "Sure; take the example of Adolphe Sax, the man who invented the saxophone."



Teacher: "What made you so late this morning, Johnny?"  
Johnny: "I just got a new pair of rubber boots and they were tied together so I couldn't take long steps."



Cop: "What are you doing here?"  
Thug (on spare tire): "I'm going to a big blow out disguised as a flat tire."

Hunter: "I got that bird up there with a shot and a half."

Visitor: "How come?"

Hunter: "I was half shot to begin with."



Breathless visitor: "Doctor—can't—you help me? My name is Jones."

Doctor: "Sorry sir, I simply can't do anything for that."



Our dumb rook wants to know if it's hard to get a date with Ethyl Bromide, this dame all the sophs are talking about.



Bon: "I see where a college stude ate 48 soft-boiled eggs."

Celia: "Boy, there's one fellow who can take a yolk."



Mistress: "Here, Nora, use some of this 'Sunshine Cleanser'."

Maid: "How do you expect me to polish up the sunshine?"

## Whiteside Theater

May 19 and 20

Bill Hart in "TUMBLE WEEDS"

May 21 and 22

Colleen Moore in "IRENE"

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Of course, we would rather go fishing than stick around the shop all day and half the night. Which reminds us that we are now fishing for your printing order. Fraternity stationery, house letters, dance programs, petitions, all look fine to our hook and line. We can get away with the big fish, too.



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