

Binding

# ORANGE OWL

25¢



ORANGE OWL  
AGRICULTURAL GALLERY  
25 MAY 1927  
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HONEYMOON  
NUMBER

# ONE MORE MONTH

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The next month will terminate another successful college year. Some students will leave O. A. C., never to return.

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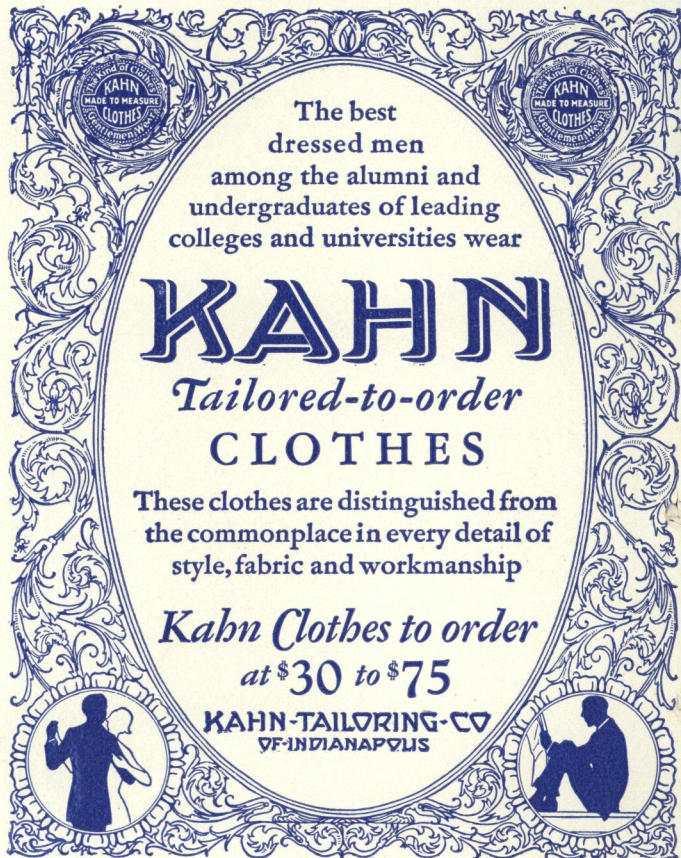
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# The Orange Owl

Vol. VIII Corvallis, Oregon, May 1927 No. 5

Entered as second-class matter October 28, 1921, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

Mr. Newlywed: "Little one, do you think I'll make a satisfactory mate?"  
Mrs. Newlywed: "Wonderful, darling. Now look me over and tell me what you think of your captain."  
—Life.



### The Co-Ed's Prayer

"God bless mother, and father, and sister. God bless all our friends. Good-bye God, I'm going to college."  
—Bison.



A college graduate is one that can count up to twenty without taking his shoes off.—Lyre.



"Want a lift, cutie?"  
"Sir! I'm a lady, I'll have you to know."  
"What did you think I wanted, a man?"  
—Chaparral.



Golddigger: "Aren't you even going to buy me a coke? Why, the tightest man on the campus spent a nickel on me the other day!"

Thrifty man: "Did he? Well, meet the new champion then."  
—Ranger.



### Simile

"As happy as a newly divorced couple."  
—Judge.



### He Went Through the Motions

'30: "Did you learn French this summer?"  
'27: "I'll say."  
'30: "Let's hear you talk."  
'27: "I didn't learn any words."  
—Texas Ranger.



"Dear Romeo," wrote the ardent Minerva to her steady, "Don't fail to come over Sunday."

Without a moment's delay Romeo wrote in a large, bold hand: "Dearest Min, there is no such word as fail."  
—Bison.



# LOVE in THESE DAYs


**G**ENERATIONS crowd each other. Love in these days! How different it is from the old and simple need for each other which primitive man and primitive woman experienced. How remote it is from the gilded captivity of chivalry.

Alec Waugh, whose novel begins in the May issue, is a young Englishman well launched on a meteoric literary career. Humorist, romanticist and realist, he is very definitely of this generation. While his story is laid in London, it is as true of New York or of Oskaloosa. The illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell help make it a panorama of modern fascination.

This issue also carries three very fine and authentic short stories: "The Count's China Teeth," by Cyril Hume; "Mrs. Davenant's Diamonds," by Stephen Vincent Benet, and "Don Juan's Rainy Day," by Ben Hecht. O. O. McIntyre has closely epigrammed "Are College Flappers a Flop?"

An explanation is made of the elaborate and expensive preparations that have been made to discover new screen talent among the college men of America.

Above all, those crackling pages of campus fun which have given this magazine its distinctive character.

  
**CollegeHumor**  
At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

## THE GAME OF LOVE AND HOW TO PLAY IT

The game of love is an interesting game played by two persons, one belonging to the masculine and the other to the feminine gender. The rudiments of the ancient game have been handed

down from generation to generation with constant revision. Up to the present time there has been no distinction between the amateur and the professional player, but it is hoped that in the near future the Amateur Athletic Association will step in and lay down strict rules in regard to amateur standing.

The game is started by one of the players being hit and wounded by an arrow from the bow of a small fellow named Cupid. The arrow is generally conceded to be of a poisonous nature intoxicating the person who is shot.

If it is the male which is hit he becomes intoxicated with the beauty of the female. This is commonly designated as "falling in love." The tactics of the male are to be commended as he pursues the female and constantly asks her for "dates," which she sometimes condescends to give him. It must be remembered that while under this influence the male is not a normal rational human being and is not responsible for his actions. He is therefore changed from a miser into a spendthrift. Not until he has gone too far does he wake up and return to normality finding marriage a hangover.

The game of love furnishes many thrills for both sides and an opportunity for clever thinking. Concentration is the keynote of success for many males who sweep their brides-elect off their feet. Two methods of approach are employed, the selection of which depends upon the weak point of the opponent. The male may act the part of the devoted slave and be in constant attendance on his heart's desire, but this method is dangerous inasmuch as the opponent may force him to continue that role after marriage. The other and safer way is for the male to show qualities which he does not possess and thus impress on the mind of the female his great superiority. He must know all the complimentary terms. This is better known as "a line," or "a gift of gab." No fixed rules have been set down for this international game so a slogan has been adopted, "All's fair in love and war." The players often start the game as lovers, and end as enemies.

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"What experience have you had?"

Aspiring Prodigy: "Well, last summer I was  
hit by two autos and a truck."



"Can you support me in the way I'm accus-  
tomed to?" said the pants to the new suspenders.



Exam: "When was tennis first mentioned in  
the Bible?"

Stude: "When Joseph served in Pharaoh's  
court."



"What's the charge for this battery?"

"One and one half volts."

"Well, how much is that in American money?"



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# Honeymoon Number





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# ORANGE "OWL"

*Herbert H. Brown*

His Reverence: "Who will give the bride away?"

Rejected Suitor: "I could, but I'm too much of a gentleman."



### Love's Bonfire

I burned them all last night,  
Old letters by the score;  
I burned the notes from Tommy Wright,  
From Ted, and dozens more.

Ah, Dick loved me, I know,  
It made me weep to see;  
Each word to tell me so  
Was penned so carefully.

Their ribbon bows untied,  
The bunches fell apart  
Like rose leaves brown and dried,  
Faint echoes from the heart.

Each letter breathed a plea  
In vain for love—and yet,  
Though I have chosen Lee,  
The rest I can't forget.

I read the one from Joe,  
And several from his brothers.  
Dear Lee must never know  
I loved so many others.



"So Bertha Dummazell is to be married? Who is the lucky man?"

"Her father."



### Page Judge Lindsey

Judge: "What is the charge against the prisoner?"

Cop: "Stealing a kiss, your honor."

Judge: "Ah, ha! Petty larceny."

### What She Thought

Mrs. Shaw: "My husband is awfully interested in insects."

Mrs. Potter: "Why?"

Mrs. Shaw: "In his sleep last night he tried to teach an ant to stand on its hind legs, because he was continually shouting, 'Anty up!'"



Interested Frater: "Were you calm and collected during the ceremony?"

Blushing Groom: "Well, I was calm and the preacher collected."



"Have you heard the new Beetle song?"

"No."

"How long will it Beetle I see you, my love?"



### THE PESSIMIST

They tell me life's like a game of cards,  
An' I guess perhaps it's true;  
I keep on drawing deuces and treys  
Just as I used to do.

The cards have been stacked against me,  
When I play for the hands of maids,  
If I cast my lot for a Queen of Hearts  
I draw the deuce of spades.

I'd do a lot if I had the chance,  
To think of it gets me riled.  
What a play in the game of life I'd make  
If the deuces were only wild.



Some girls are good and chaste, while others are bad and chased.

## THOSE STAGGERING BLUES—AND PINKS

Seven years and nine months ago our fathers brought forth on this union an idiotic law conceived the day after the night before; and dedicated to the proposition that all likker is intoxicating, yea, even unto Tanlac. Now we are engaged in a great pandemonium, testing whether this bacchanalian organization of likker-lapping maniacs can long endure the effects of bootleg concoctions. We are met at the morgue. We have come to identify the last remains of our philanthropical friend who valorously made the supreme sacrifice trying to prove the theory that embalming fluid is not conducive to long life. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should bury him. But in a larger sense we cannot propitiate, we cannot elucidate, we cannot inebriate ourselves on orangeade. Those men dead and dying have desecrated it far above our poor power of lemon extract. The world will little note what they drank here but we will never forget the percentage. It is not for us the living but rather for the petrified to be dedicated to this last dying cause. It is for us the living to dedicate this last cask (not casket) to ourselves; that from these honored dead we take increased caution of the cause for which they drank their last full measure of wood alcohol; that we hereby resolve that these ossified dead shall not have drunk in vain; that this hectic organization shall have a new brand, and that brand shall be by the people, for the people, and in the people, and will not have caused perishment from this earth.—Adapted.



### A ROOK'S LAMENT

I'm only a rook in this college,  
 An' I'm lonesome, and heartsick, and blue.  
 For I can't seem to rate,  
 Any kind of a date,  
 Ye Gods! Any woman would do.  
 Now a woman may be just a woman,  
 While a good cigar is a smoke;  
 But dammitall men  
 There are times, now and then,  
 When the co-eds are mighty nice folk.  
 For they're holding the Rook dance tomorrow,  
 And a woman is all that I lack,  
 And now just the sight  
 Of a damn Beaver knight  
 Makes the cold shivers run up my back.  
 So get me a woman of some kind,  
 A blind date's no longer a chance,  
 I'll take what I get  
 An' be thankful, you bet,  
 'Cause I wanna get home from that dance!

## CONCERNING TELEVISION

Scientists claim that in a short time it will be possible to see the person on the other end of the telephone line.

Won't it be great if you can hear him, too.

Just the same there are a lot of us that might have to delay things if we get called from the bath tub.

Blind dates will become a thing of the past with this new process.

And the Rooks can tell whether it really is the dean of men calling.



Oscar opines that a judge is not a man of his own convictions.



Some of the boys will go to Weepah this summer to dig for gold. The co-eds won't go to Weepah.



Senior to Rook: "You are just about as useful as a glass eye looking through a keyhole."



A college boy is one who knows what she wants when she wants it.

“COLLIJE SLANGUAGE”

“English” as “she is spoke” in some of our higher institutions of learning bears no apparent relationship to Webster.

A thorough, scientific investigation of campus “jabber” proves that the co-eds and their masculine “sidekicks” have many favorite expressions.

When our potential leaders of state and business refer to their dates of the evening, they classify them as “hellers,”—“hot” dates, “beetles”—nice girls, “flops”—not what they are “cracked up” to be, or “washouts”—utter failures.

If a man is forced to take the date he is “sucked under” and it “gripes him.” If she is a good “necker,” a “swinging party” probably results. The “butter and egg man,” or campus celebrity, usually takes “flaming Mamie,” his date, out in his cut-down car, “step-in” or “crate.” If “there ain’t no maybe in his baby’s eyes,” there is “nary perhaps in his infant’s optics.” If he doesn’t call her on the “radio” soon for another date, she is “holding the royal burlap.”

Many other phrases are used by our “intellectual youth” to make their brother “fraters” or “sistern” understand them. Probably among the most popular are: “Green pea,” “left holding the sack,” “hop,” “brawl,” and “prexy.”

Just how the masses of students that are being graduated from this and other American colleges and universities will be able to express themselves when they get out of college, where their “collije slanguage” will not be understood—yes, that is the question. Possibly some genius will be able to translate the “English” to such an extent that will be able to revise the “standard abridged.”



“I’m not going to take Felicia out again.”  
 “Why not?”  
 “Because, she won’t even take her glasses off.”



First Roommate: “Did you hear about Bill beating Spud up yesterday morning?”

Second Roommate: “No. How did it happen?”

First R.: “Well, Tom got up about seven.”

Second R.: “Yas, yas, go on.”

First R.: “Bill got up about six.”



“It won’t belong now,” said the house president as he broke another pledge.



And when the shadows of the dusk  
 Fell o’er the quiet town,  
 She stirred at last, and tenderly  
 She laid the white form down.  
 She broke the silence she had kept;  
 We heard, to our surprise,  
 Upon the stillness of the eve  
 The burden of her cries.  
 At last her heart was calm again,  
 She folded up her leg,  
 And we who were about her knew  
 The hen had laid her egg.



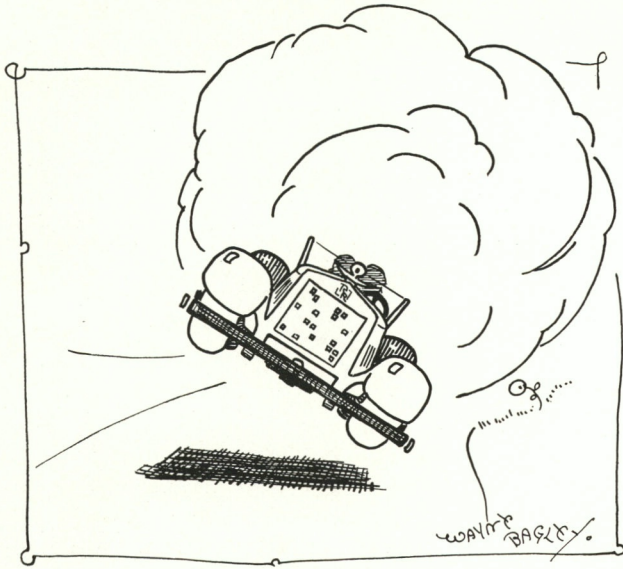
Just before the court sentence was passed, Nate Morse was asked if he had anything to say. In a calm voice and without the least sign of emotion, he said nothing.



One of life’s little mysteries: How can green soap make white suds?



“May I have this dance?”  
 “Certainly, if you can find a partner.”



"Do you know the pawnshop song?"  
 "No. What is it?"  
 "Ve Lentcha."



## DREAMLAND TALES

(Larry Allen)

Deez guys dets allus talkin' about de koliches wich dey attended give me a helluva pane. I'm speekin' of de Alasks Kolich of Fine Arts. De mane arts was Gallopin' Dominoes, Studpoker, an' Shootin' from de Hip.

De football team at de instetutshun ware my educatshun was neglected wood have maid deez guys around here look like a bunch of Greek dancers. Ower coach hed so much hare on his bussum det de fackultie maid him live in a tree. We used a peace of concrete 1 foot square for a football an' we kicket it with ower bare fete. De only reason we never joined de Big 10 wuz cause der wuznt room fur a 110 more players on ower field.

Durin' de football sezun de Pres. of de kolich lived in de jail for protectshun an' members of de fackultie wuz ushered 2 an' from classes by mashine gun squads. Wen de sezun was over, we used too dip deez big bowling balls in hot glue an nen we et em fer taffee apples.

We drank wood alkohaul an ussed essense of dissolved horse shue nails fer a chaser. Wen de snow sezun kem on it was kinda disagreeble. Wun nite I had to go home from schule in a snow storm. De snow was so deep dey hung red lanterns on de telegraf wires to keep people frum stumbling over dem.

Twenty horses bruk der laigs det nite steppin' in de chimmie holes. It was so kold de moon turned blew an' de stars crowded up a little grup to kumfort one another.

I set down in my room on' de wind blue tru de keyhole so hard it pulled my shues off my fete and blue de legs off 2 chairs. I took de gold fish out frum de bowl of boiling water an' put em on de stove. An our later dey got down an' crawled under de rug.

I put de stove in bed wit me an' nailed de kovers down. Kelly, mi Eskimaw bed mate, never even waked up. I got up 2 times det nite—to put more coal in de stove. I maid a terrible mistake once—but Kelly shudn't sleep wit his mouth open.

Goodnite little kiddies. Luve your teachers an' stand by your instetushun.

(With due apologies to the copyrighters.)



"Let's get married, Liza."  
 "Land sakes! Who'd have us?"



## The Wild Waves

"What makes the ocean roar so loud?"

Asked Jane, the silly maid.

"It's sorely vexed! It's sorely vexed!"

The witty bozo said.

"Why do the wild waves wave so wild?"

Asked Jane, the silly maid.

"Because they itch and cannot scratch,"

The witty bozo said.

"Why does it wax so angry then?"

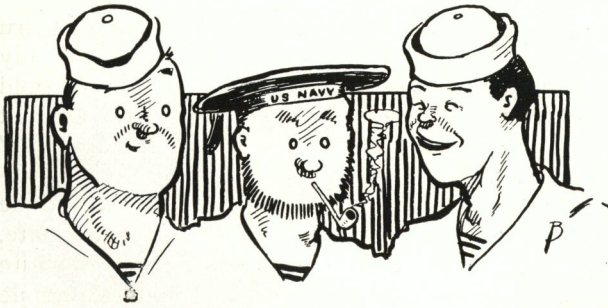
Asked Jane, the silly maid.

"Because there are so many crabs,"

The witty bozo said.



"Have you a smoke?"  
 "No. I go with a white girl."



So the skipper yelled to the deck-hand, "Get the lead out. We're going to take a sounding."



### IMPRESSIONISM

His eyes grew bigger, bigger and rounder. Gosh! So this is college? More pretty girls than he ever saw before—poor little girl that he had left behind. Yes, he would be true, but he sighed as he gripped his straw suit case, in which was concealed the painted picture of his sweetheart. His father had asked him before he left if a calendar went with it. His lips still burned from her farewell kiss, the only one he ever had.

He nearly died from thrill after thrill—in fact it did shorten his life a couple of years. The boys grabbed him at the train, and rushed him into a rented Cadillac, and to the fraternity. Such a home! Oh, if only he were to stay there forever. The boys seemed so friendly, but what was behind their hearts?

Most of the boys had yellow paste painted on their ties to make him think they had eggs for breakfast every day. They all talked about what the brothers were doing on the varsity, and he wondered a little if he would ever be an athlete. He asked one of the fellows if he was an athlete, and the fellow answered no, that he held up the activity side of the house, being a member of the chamber of commerce, R. O. T. C., Associated Student body, and the suicide club. This last he explained was the honorary for all those who would die for the institution. Oh, but college was grand!

That night when he had the button on, he wrote to his mother and sweetheart, saying that he was with the right kind of boys, and for them not to worry. He slept peacefully, not knowing that the bubble would burst next morning.



### By the Way

Masculine: "I'll see you in 15 minutes by the clock."

Feminine: "You'll have to meet me some other place, because we haven't any clock."

### Drunk on Honeymoon

There is  
No fool  
Like a  
Married fool.



Several years ago we met a bootlegging policeman. Today he is a copper still.



"Yeh. That track man is so short winded that he can't blow his own nose."



Lady (to grocer): "Are your eggs fresh?"

Clerk: "Mam, the hen hasn't even missed them yet."



Mrs. Newlywed: "Judge I want a divorce. This man struck my fancy."



Swain: "I'm going to church."

Vain: "For heaven's sake!"

Swain: "Yep."



Wife (buying a new hat): "Dear, what kind of a bird shall I have on it?"

Husband: "One with a small bill."

# ORANGE OWL

## EDITORIAL



Vol. VIII

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No. 5

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Society of the Oregon State College.

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**T**HE ORANGE OWL is very much interested in the reinstatement of Hammer and Coffin on the University of Oregon campus, which takes place within the next week or two. The Webfoot, already an excellent publication, will be benefited greatly by the influence that Hammer and Coffin will exercise. Our humorous honorary is unique on any campus, since it chooses people, not for grades, but on a basis of ability and personality. Its influence is more to be felt for that reason. We wish the Webfoot chapter of Hammer and Coffin the greatest success in its reincarnation.

**A** LOT of dirty cracks have been made about the manner in which our station KOAC has been hogging the air. Such blatant interference probably can be overcome, but until it has been, O. A. C. will continue to create ill-feeling by its ubiquitous broadcasting.



**I**N MENTIONING girls, people refer to them sometimes as "hot dates," "hot numbers," and similar terms of endearment. Just what IS a "hot date"? Since this is a coeducational institution such a question is not altogether impertinent. We have a faint suspicion that the term

is often used in a manner that gives a false impression. All too often a "hot number" turns out to be merely one who drinks and smokes a little, and doesn't mind pawing. Under such a standard a cold one certainly would be frigid.



**A** HONEYMOON issue in more ways than one is this, now that right seems to have won in the battle between intrigue and subterfuge. Maybe the first blush will be the last, though, if an early and unseemly divorce be effected by the administration.



**A** S FOR student-body elections. Two weeks ago last Wednesday was witnessed the storming of the Bastille (modern version) amid cries of "Liberty, equality and down with the

fraternities." Student politics always seems to stir up more stink for nothing than the ordinary person can imagine.



**I**T WAS with a distinct shock that we learned that this number of the Owl was to appear on Friday the 13th. Not that superstition is a factor at all, but just the same it was considered wise to grace the page with a little talisman in the form of the well known black cat. Nevertheless, it might be more of a shock if the Owl really does come out on the announced date.

Hammer and Coffin announces the pledging of

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Arlin Blain     | John Watkins      |
| Bancroft Butler | Hugh Wiley        |
| Webley Edwards  | Clifford Thornton |
| James Winton    | Elvin Kale        |

Associate Members

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Arthur Kirkham | Alma Schulmerich |
| Marian Conklin | Margaret Miller  |

### What's Wrong With This Story?

Admiring girl: "Oh, where did you catch the big fish?"

Fisherman: "I didn't catch it. I bought it down at the market."



### CONTEST

Hortense Knitwiddle, a hasher of parts, faces a dilemma. It is one of the great crises of her career, for she is in love with two men.

One of the men who play the leads in her drama is a giant cornhusker from the middle west. Hortense is fascinated by the mighty muscles as they ripple under his bronze skin. Everything he does has a note of forcefulness about it. When he says "Hand me that there hat," he means just that. The tremendous breadth of the shoulders on Oscar the cornhusker are a delight to the simple taste of Hortense.

The other man (there are always two, according to the books) is a veritable fairy prince. She likes him, even though she doesn't believe in fairies. He has an air about him that is at once blase and refined. He wears his coat all the time, and removes his hat when he eats. He carries his stick in a manner that is imitated far and wide. Francis, the fairy prince, is from San Francisco, moreover, and has many tales of travel that tickle the interested ears of Hortense, the hasher.

What can poor Hortense do? She loves them both, and awaits the breeze that will waft the straw one way or the other. Oscar, the cornhusker, is strong, while Francis, the fairy prince, is refined. Oscar is forceful, while Francis is suave. The many attributes of one are offset by the qualities of the other.

Which will it be? Now, Hortense likes fruit for breakfast every morning—has a perfect mania for it, in fact. Perhaps one of her suitors should have his own preferences in such a matter, and Hortense is going to take the man who indicates a preference for fruit. We will leave it up to you, gentle reader, who will be the lucky man?

Write your reasons for picking your man in less than 300 words, and the best letter will be published in the next Owl.

Vote for one and mail to Owl office

(Mark X)

(.....) OSCAR, the Cornhusker.

(.....) FRANCIS, the Fairy Prince.

### ODE TO AN EMPTY SARDINE CAN

I am flunking, Roomie, flunking,  
Ebbs my college sojourn fast,  
While the deans and teachers gather  
To discuss my darksome past.  
'Tis too late for consolations,  
Hush thy curses, lend an ear,  
Listen to the open secrets,  
That you might as well now hear.

Though my used and tattered "ponies"  
Have been seized and borne away,  
And my shrewdly guarded notebooks  
Held out to the light of day;  
As no A-grades grace report cards  
That are handed out to me—  
I must vanish like a gamin,  
Go disgraced from O. A. C.

Let no wiser Phi Bete brethren  
Mock the senior thus laid low,  
'Twas no teacher's arm that felled him,  
But a girl's that dealt the blow.  
She, who seated in my flivver,  
Lured me far; I was her toy,  
She who handed out caresses—  
You'd forget things, too, old boy.

I am failing, Roomie, failing;  
Hark! the red train's feeble toot;  
I am going—quick, my suitcase!  
Out I'm going, with a boot.  
Ah, no more amid the co-eds,  
Shall my heart exulting swell,  
Treat my rookess right, old timer,  
And I'll see you next in hell.  
(Alma mater, profs, farewell.)



A sock on the foot is worth two in the eye.



If she seems cold at first, brace up. Chills are often followed by fever.





She was only an artist's daughter, but she knew where to draw the line.



"Vell, Izzy, how is der undertaking business?"  
"Fine. Almost all my customers got gold teeth."



News item: "Golfer drives 172 yards through the rain."  
Must have been a driving rain!



Tough: "Hey, your car's smoking."  
Tougher: "That's all right. It's old enough."



"Ma! C'mere quick!"  
"What is it, Nell?"  
"Look, Hal ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."



Famous last words Captain Kidd was heard to utter: "If I just had a Hammer and Coffin man here to talk for me I could get off easily."  
Gosh! We thought this was so old that nobody would bite.

Hammer: "You say you flunked in journalism? Why, I can't understand it!"

Tongs: "My sentiments, exactly. That's why I flunked."



"There goes an Irish Sein Fien who kissed a chorus girl in front of his wife."

"His actions are more like an insane Finn, I'd say."



Prof. (relating): "My boy, I began life as a barefoot boy."

Stude: "Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."



He was seated in the PARLOR,  
And he said unto the LIGHT:  
"Either you or I, old FELLOW,  
Will be turned down TONIGHT."



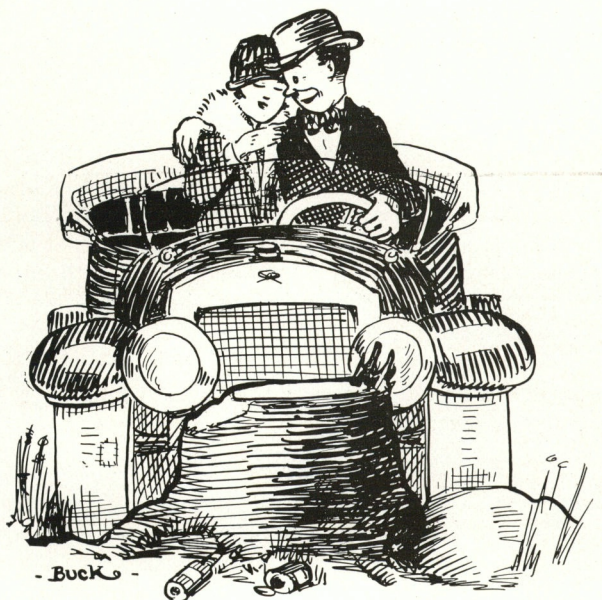
"Why don't they let freshmen take that course about the Pacific ocean?"

"It's too deep for them, I guess."



"You heard of the guy that has been on forty-three honeymoons?"

"Yeh. He's sort of a first-nighter, as it were."



Don't drive so fast, Bert, it makes me dizzy!

## THE SIMPLE COUNTRY WEDDING

The simple country wedding, in order to be convincing, must not be too simple. It ought to be in a church, and attended by the relatives and mourners, because the presents, even from the relatives, are not to be ignored as being of no economic value.

The groom, for the purpose of pleasing the audience, must be chosen with extreme care. Nothing may be neglected about him. The groom must be a man of perfect poise, during the most trying hour of his life, for he will have to traverse the bridle path to the altar without stumbling much. It is extremely bad form and bad luck to fall down at a wedding.

The decorations, of course, ought to be as ornate as the bride can well afford. After all, it must be remembered, it is a good investment. Sometimes it pays to remodel the church for the occasion. Such an effort has been known to pay well. The church should have two doors—through which the bride and groom (hitherto kept apart) can come at the same time, a matter very important to the well conducted wedding. The people attending as spectators should be kept out of the aisles, and should not be allowed to talk above a whisper.

A third door, not mentioned previously, should be guarded by a dray or moving van, to be loaded with presents. Note: The presents should not be opened by the bride and groom before the wedding, even if they do have a little time to kill before the march is played. It is nice to have a band to play the wedding march but, of course, it is not at all necessary.

The bride can be given away by her father, uncle, brother, or any other male relative, who is anxious enough to get rid of her. They should all wear shoes, since roses will be sprayed over the aisles by the preceding flower girls, or boys, as the case may be.

The best man should look exactly like the groom so that in case anything happens to the groom, the former can take his place at the last moment. The wedding can then go on without a hitch, and the married couple can get their presents. There is always something apt to happen to the groom either before the ceremony or afterward.

After the nuptials the groom can retire to guard the presents, while the wife stands to receive congratulations.



We received the latest low-down on C. J. McIntosh, the absent-minded bathing suit professor of industrial journalism. The other morning he slammed his wife and kissed the door.



"I see by the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."



The Loidy: "And is it true that sailors have a girl in every port?"

De Gob: "Naw, miss, we don't get around to every port."



First: "There goes Bill who runs an antique shop. He is still angry with me."

Second: "Connoisseur?"

First: "Yes, kinda sore."



Judge (to convicted burglar): "Have you anything to say before the sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!"



First Co-ed: "I had an awful accident last night."

Second Co-ed: "I know. I saw you with him."

**Spare These Blushes!**

I struck up  
An acquaintance with  
A co-ed.  
"Isn't the history  
Prof. a terrible old bore?"  
I said.  
"Oh," she replied,  
"I'm used to him—  
He's my father."



Our idea  
Of the strongest  
Guy  
In the world  
Is one who takes  
Two pianos,  
Stands them on end  
And plays them like  
An accordion.



I say, can't we milk a little milk from that cow?"  
"I'm sorry, but it is an udder impossibility."



Law Student: "Say, here is a principle of law by God!"

Second Ditto: "Is that so? Must be one of the ten commandments."



Fusser: "Heck, yes, he couldn't even pass by the blacksmith shop if the blacksmith had an apron on."



Two thousand years ago Aesop said, "It is better to be the second husband of a widow than the first."

**A SENIOR'S REVERIE**

When I think of the lips I could have kissed—  
And didn't;  
When I think of the classes I could have missed,  
And didn't;  
When I think of the money I have spent  
(I don't know where in hell it went)  
When I think of the clothes that I have lent—  
And never got back—it makes me scrappy.

**But—**

When I think of other gallant beaux  
I've wrecked.  
When I think of Kappas and Alpha O's  
I've necked,  
I forget the money I have spent—  
(What does it matter where it went?)  
When I think of the clothes that I used to "rent"  
And never took back—it makes me happy.



"Two heads are better than one."  
"Fine! I've got two blackheads."



"This burns me up," said the match just after it had been struck.



Dean of Women: "Young lady, this is the third time that I've caught you."

Fair Co-ed: "Don't be partial to me, the other girls might not like it."



Old Lady (as car gives jolt): "Was that a serious accident, conductor?"

Conductor: "Not to us, madam; the car just ran over a dog."



Theta: "Which do you do, kiss and make up, or make up and kiss?"

Pi Phi: "Make up and kiss, for Jack likes my cosmetics pretty much."



Our idea of a tragedy in one act—Suicide.



Co-ed: "No, daddy, I won't need any clothes this summer."

Father: "Ye Gawds! I was afraid it would come to this."

"I don't see what you are driving at," said Mrs. Turpin to Ben, as they motored down the highway.



She was only a garbage collector's daughter, but she sure knew the line.



Half the crowd laughed, and the other half was sober.



Society news of the sophomore cotillon: "While some came in tuxedos, others walked."



"So your Pap was operated on, was he?"

"Yes, and Ma is madder than a hatter at the doctor that operated on him."

"Why?"

"Because he opened Ma's male."



"Where has Owen gone?"

"Well, if the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he has gone skating—if not he has gone swimming."

## THE SWELL SWELLING OF A SWELL

(Shades of Sherwood Anderson)

Act First—Scene First

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "Ah! Some dirt. This is swell."

(A street cleaner comes along, removes dirt, and walks off stage singing "Horses" amid the applause.)

Scene Second.

The main lobby of the Theta house where young things are watching the people pass.

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "So sorry I fatigued you on the phone.

(Thetas look around for pigeon, but find it is only Phillip.)

(Phillip looks embarrassed. This is something new. He has never experienced such a thing before. He tries to swallow his tongue but it won't go by the elastic that holds his tie.)

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "I am debating whether or not to tell you this stupendous bit of news I found while traveling."

"It's terrible, just terrible! You are all so young and innocent. But then, think of your reputations, just think of them." (Aside) "This is going to be swell."

The just recently fallen female: "Oh, do disillusion us."

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "Well, I might as well."

(He drinks a glass of water and makes a wry face. He drinks another as a chaser.)

"There's a fellow here in school who is very wicked—I can't go on. He squirts money, while his poor old mother is home ironing the wrinkles out of a washboard, smoothing them out with her bunion-covered hands. All day she desperately tries to remove the wrinkles. She's had them lifted, massaged and treated with mud, but always the old board has new curves—just like you girls.

(The street sweeper is heard singing off stage.)

"Terrible reputation. Kicked out of lots of fraternities. I have a cousin at a school where he got kicked out so many times he thought he was Emma Goldman. And his poor old mother, her bunions."

S. Y. T. who has just been disillusioned: "Oh, girls, isn't that better than the four-hour one on the telephone yesterday? We'll have to decorate him."

(Phillip raises his handsome face and pouts his lips while his eyes gently close. S. Y. T. pins a medal on his coat lapel.)

## CONTRIBUTORS

To ELINOR RIDENOUR we are deeply indebted for the cover. She worked hard on it, and, we hope, not altogether without results.

TAYLOR POORE, who escaped from the fold many years ago, kindly enlivened the Owl with a couple of his drawings.

JAMES WINTON must be complimented for the professional touch he gets on his speedy art work. He is one of the most prolific of our slingers of the pen.

LORING HUDSON turned out a lot of copy for this issue, including "Those Staggering Blues and Pinks."

REUBEN JENSEN turned in some fast ones. He is a consistent literary contributor.

ORVILLE ORTELL is another alumnus who finds time occasionally to draw for the Owl.

TOM WILSON did the drawing for the title page, as well as some verse.

MORRIE SHARP told us about Collitch Slanguage.

LARRY ALLEN put on paper one of his widely imitated bedtime stories.

WAYNE BAGLEY draws a lot of good stuff. He seems to have developed a style of his own.

BOB BELT wrote some poignant paragraphs about honey-mooners.

MARIAN VAN SCOYOC, A. M. HAMILTON, and ROBERT WELLINGTON wrote verse for this issue.

DON LONG specialized in short stuff.

DONALD BLACK did the same.

Other art and literary contributors include: Thomas Van Alstyne, Jack Buel, Webley Edwards, Leslie Oliver, William Swift, and Arlin Blain.

CIRCULATION STAFF—Glenn Duncan, Adeline Slayton, Jennie Mae Hoppes, Virginia Hill, Harland Fleetwood, John Watkins, John Hawkins, Rudolph Gross, C. C. Clapperton, John Goodwin, Imogene Hocken, Virginia Fuller, Kay Olsen, Elmer Elfers, Maxine Wilson, Allan Rinehart.

Scene Third.

Same sidewalk, same dirt, same Phillip. He is walking rapidly down the street, breathing deeply and polishing his medal, which has a bull engraved on one side and a lounge lizard on the other.

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "Ah! Success at last. We creative liars have all the best of it. Maybe I look like Al Serpa. Sure is swell."

(He continues to walk, meanwhile diligently thinking of his story of the old woman so that he will have it firmly in mind for the next audience. He develops an hallucination. See Dr. Meltzer. The hallucination begins to swell. Phillip begins to swell also.)

Mr. Phillip Bunkstrum: "Ah! This magnificence, this enlarging of my cerebellum. This is swell swelling."

(The hallucination continues to swell. Phillip responds by enlarging until there is the noise of a sudden explosion. Phillip is no longer seen.)

Curtain.

Professor Berchtold has requested the following moral to be appended: "There is no dirt like real dirt."



Operator: "The number you called is out of order."

Exasperated: "That's funny, she was working all right last night."  
—Sun Dial.



Irate Straphanger: "Say, brother, who are ya pushing?"

Second Straphanger: "I dunno. What's your name?"  
—Life.



Peg (reminiscently): "Dick kissed me last night."

Lou: "Really? How many times?"

Peg: "See here, my dear, I'm confessing—not bragging."  
—Bison.



"Heard the new fruit song?"

"No."

"Cherie, I love you." —West. Res. Red Cat.



"Have you heard the graduates' new song?"

"Yes, sir, that's my Abie."

—California Pelican.

"I refuse to take part unless you alter the manuscript."

"Why?"

"It requires that I be stabbed in the prologue and I prefer to be stabbed somewhere else."

—Stone Mill.



"So it was twins?"

"Yes. What did I ever do to deserve it?"

—California Pelican.



She: "Were there any ladies in your party?"

He: "No. They were all sorority girls."

—Ranger.



Howard: "I only drink a cocktail on great occasions."

Jay: "What do you call great occasions?"

Howard: "When I drink a cocktail."—Life.



"I'm taking in the sights," said the cop as he arrested the dancer from the men's smoking room.

—Stone Mill.



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Prof.: "Wake that fellow next to you."  
 Stude: "Do it yourself, you put him to sleep."  
 —Punch Bowl.



"You brute! Never kiss me that way again."  
 "A mere slip of the tongue, my dear."  
 —Sun Dial.



Customer, entering store: "What smells so funny?"  
 Ikey: "You smell it, too, huh?"  
 Customer: "Yes."  
 Ikey: "Oi. Bizniz is rotten."—Burr.



Fred: "The women don't have a chance with me."  
 Ruth: "Show me one that would take one."  
 —Whirlwind.



She was beautiful like the leaves in autumn,  
 and I was her rake.  
 —The Scream.



Old Lady: "Was it on the track?"  
 Conductor: "No, we chased him up an alley."  
 —Exchange.



Half: "I came near selling my shoes today."  
 Wit: "Howzat?"  
 Half: "Had 'em half-soled." —Malteaser.



**Not Dead Anyway**

"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Well, it's had a relapse."—Blue Bucket.

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### Clouds

Sunset clouds,  
Mounting and streaming,  
Leave me a bit of your glory unfaded,  
Fling me a red rose to pin in my hair.

### Moon

Twilight moon,  
Gliding and gleaming,  
Give me the veil your beauty, long-shaded;  
Tomorrow I marry—A bride must be fair!  
—Cracker.

He: "George is studying to be an artist."  
She: "Yes, he does a great deal of freehand  
work."  
—Voo Doo.

Statistics prove that Yale graduates have 1.3  
children while Vassar graduates have 1.7 chil-  
dren. This all goes to prove that women have  
more children than men do.—Vassar Vagabond.

Did you know that if all the butterflies in the  
world were placed side by side, there would be  
more caterpillars?  
—Voo Doo.

The title of the next number will be, "Mother,  
don't buy any more wood, father's coming home  
with a load."  
—Stone Mill.

She: "Do you think that Princeton man really  
meant to hurt you when he hit you with a seal  
ring?"

Harvard Veteran: "Well, he certainly gave  
me that impression."  
—Life.

Teacher: "Johnny, please use the word 'cate-  
gory' in a sentence."

John (rising to the occasion): "Yes'm. Ain't  
a bloody category thing?"  
—Chaparral.

He: "Out with Babe tonight?"

Him: "No. I can wash my own face."  
—Sun Dial.

Him: "Are those exercises you are taking  
helping you?"

Her: "Surely, only last night Al told me I  
felt fine."  
—Voo Doo.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE MENTAL DIARY OF A POOR DODDARD

My Pap courted my Ma for a long time, but he couldn't stand the suspense and he married her as soon as her Pap got rheumatism and he pised the dogs. My Pap thought he was lucky. In two weeks he swallered four bottles of Strychnine, but my Pap haint as strong as what he used to be. He used to get over it in one day, and now it takes the old man two weeks.

Well, I was tellin' you about my Pap's weddin' weren't I? After Pap pised the dogs and strangled her ma, almost, he finally managed to hitch up the buggy and get to town with Ma. Ma werne't the kind that backed out of things. She's too broad and couldn't see her way 'round for such truck. My Pap went in to see the sheriff and the sheriff locked him up before Pap could tell him what he wanted. Ma had to bail him out so he could marry her, but that didn't bother my Pap because he owed the sheriff one bail anyway. My Pap finally found the justice of the peace down at the Red Triangle, but he wasn't very anxious to do no such thing as marryin' Pap 'cause he was afraid of what Ma might do to him when she found out what she'd married.

Well, the boys 'round the place fixed up an altar and gave Pap some encouragement so he wouldn't know what he was doing and Pap was

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**Next to Co-op**

married just the sheriff rushed in, but he was too late. Pap always had hard luck. In about two weeks Pap came home. Pap was all fatted up with the good grub he got down t' the jail and when he was bent over you couldn't tell which was him and which was Ma. Ma soon took that offn him though. Pap kept gettin' weaker an' weaker and Ma just wouldn't let up on him because the cows and truck out in the garden had to be hoed early in the morning and things like that. Well Pap stood it just about as long as he could then he went down and saw the justice of the peace and asked him was he sure that marriage were legal. My Pap never found out 'cause the sheriff interrupted the conversation. My Pap still don't know. He never gets by the jail. My Pap used to get out and come home and look at Ma and then he'd go right back to jail. My Ma used to brag about what a big liar my Pap was and how he was the most worthless man ever the justice tied to a good woman. She was so proud of Pap that when I came she named me after a famous prevaricator that used to live down by the town dump and who came to collitch to learn about cows. My Pap used to be proud of me and say, "You just watch that young squirt down at collitch. He's living in one of the eternity houses and every-thing." Pap ain't what he used to be.

## DISCRIMINATION

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"I want some more land."

"Go to the dentist."

"Why?"

"He'll give you a couple of acres."

—U. of W. Columns.



Gallant Guest (to hostess as they walk to the table): "May I sit on your right hand?"

Hostess: "No, I'll have to eat with that. You had better take a chair." —Voo Doo.



"So you are inclined to think Jones has gotten over my making love to his wife?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"What did he say about it?"

"Oh, he said it was all over but the shooting."

—Life.

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Captain: "What's the best method to prevent disease caused by biting insects?"

Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."

—Stanford Chaparrel.



Horses, like coeds, are man's dumb friends.

—Wisconsin Octopus.



"If Caesar should be alive today, what would he do?"

"Nothing. Mussolini would have him in jail." —Cracker.

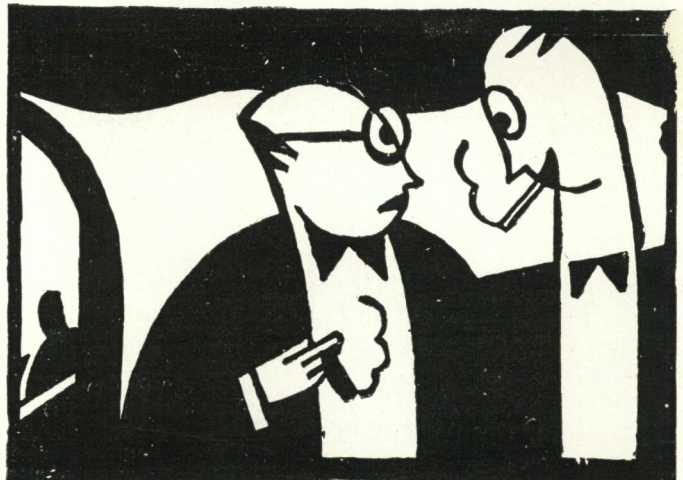


Teacher (reading): "Then came the great dragon belching forth."

Little Johnny: "Didn't he excuse himself?" —Wisconsin Octopus.



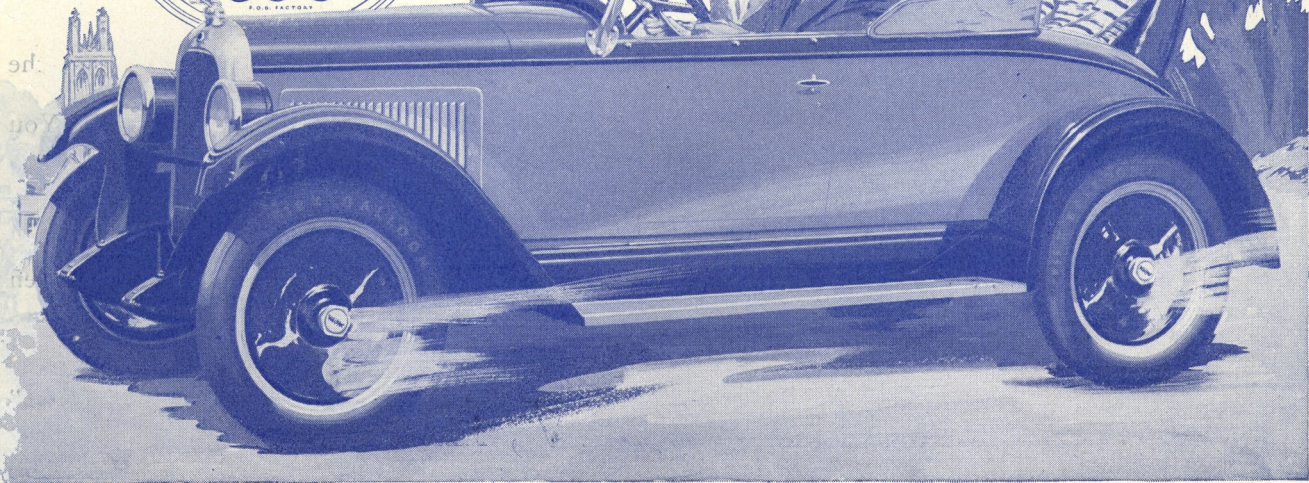
If criminals take to the air it is only natural to expect that the Airedale will replace the bloodhound.



**Bridge:** "Well, what's wrong with Dentistry when you admit you clear \$50,000 a year?"

**Ryan, D.D.S.:** "A few of my good patients forget to take a LIFE SAVER before getting into the chair."

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**Snubbers—**Smo-o-o-o-oth.

**Adjustable steering wheel—**long or short, thin or stout, it fits you.

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**Silent timing chain—**Extremely quiet engine operation.

**Roominess—**Holds four comfortably in two seats—not three in one.

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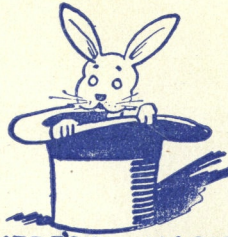
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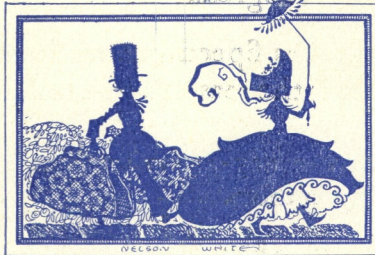
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## Symptoms of Spring

Ducks fly north  
Boys fly kites  
—So do the grads

Everything is up in the air except

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