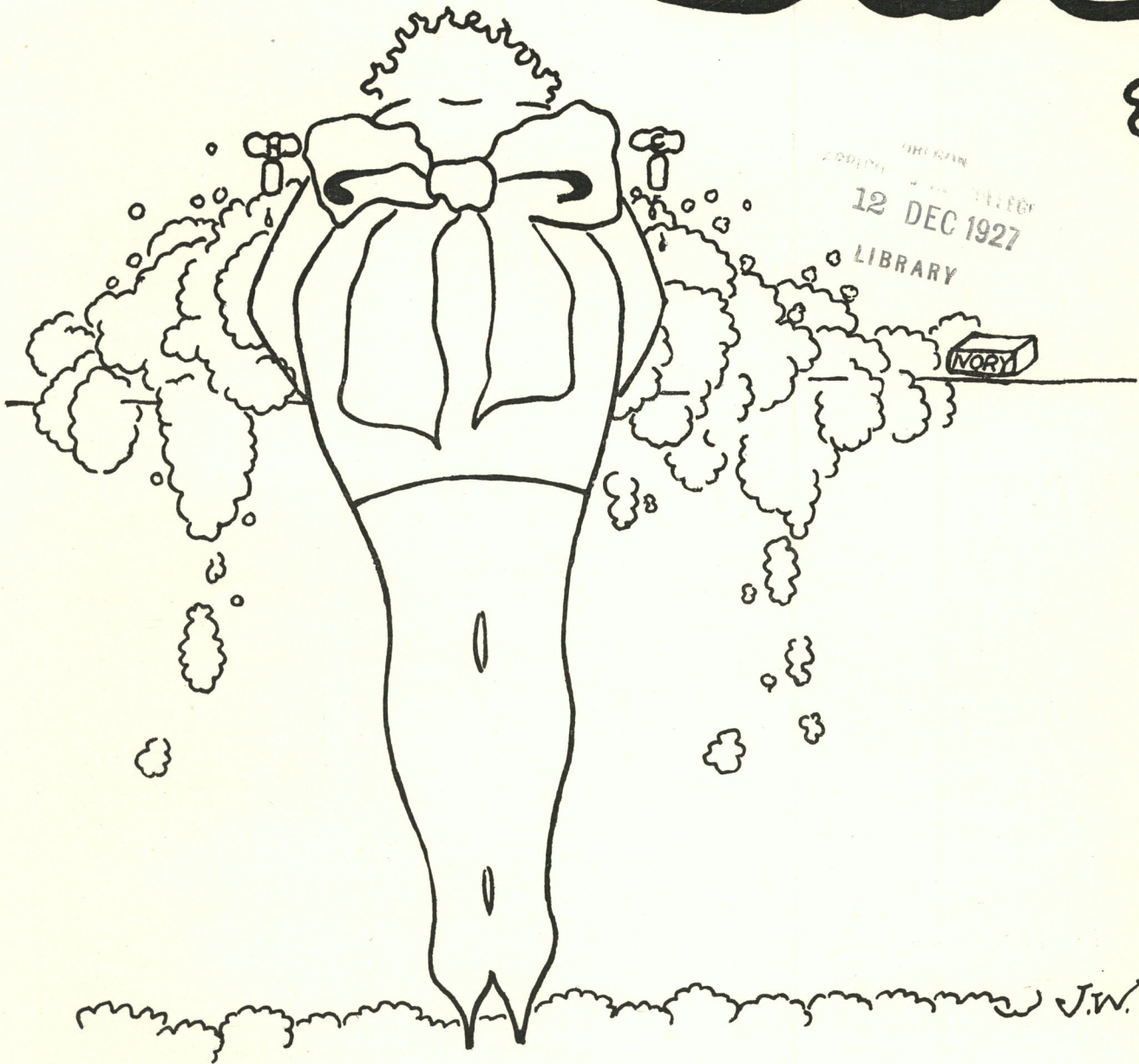


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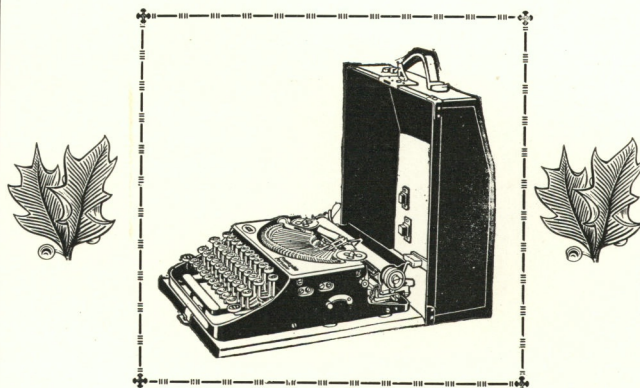
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The Orange Owl

Vol. IX Corvallis, Oregon, December 1927 No. 2

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

"They haven't anything on us," said the twins as they arrived. —Flamingo.



Waiter (to couple tete-a-tete): "What'll you have sir?"

Don Juan: "Honeymoon salad."

Waiter: "What is that, sir?"

Don Juan: "Lettuce alone." —Siren.



Or a Bathtub

Automobile Salesman: "This controls the emergency brake. It is put to use very quickly in case of emergency."

Sweet Young Thing: "I see; something like a ki-mono." —Voo Doo.



I bet her she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five. —Mink.



Solly: "I hear Izzy wears handcuffs to bed now." Jacob: "Ooh! Iss he in jail? For vy vas he arrested?"

Solly: "Ach, no! It's so his wife don't understood him ven he talks in his sleep." —Geo. Wash. Ghost.



The fortunate youth gazed delightedly at his stunning date, as she gracefully descended the stairway. His heart beat violently as he realized that all this beauty was his. Charmingly she stood before him and whispered, "How do I look, dearest?"

"Sweetheart," he murmured, as he took her in his arms, "You look mighty good to me."

"Don't let your impressions mislead you," she breathed, snuggling closer. —Virginia Reel.



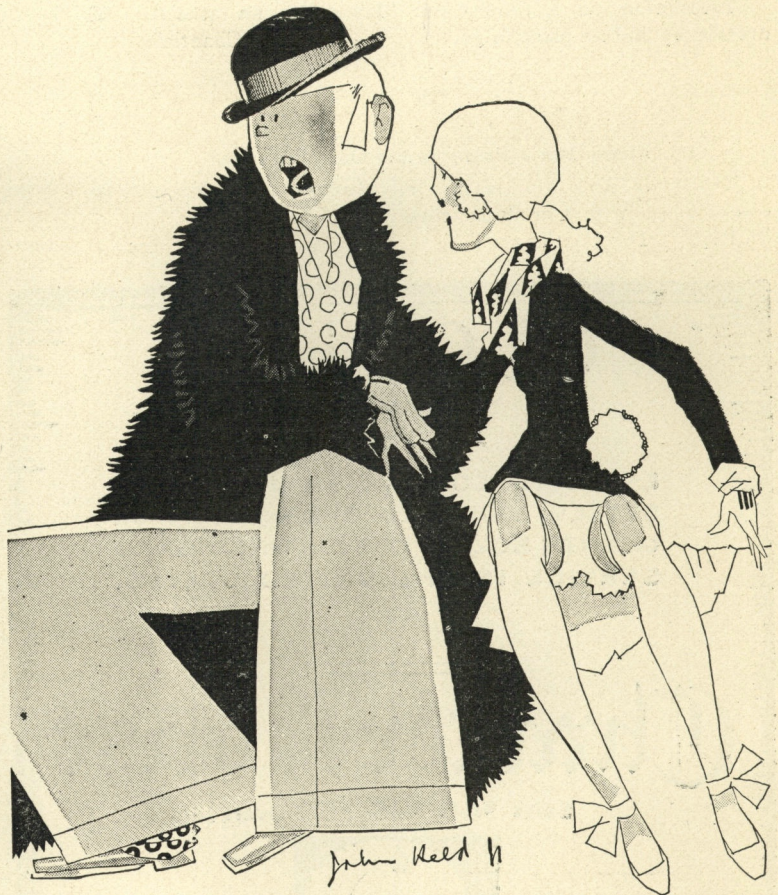
Jenny: "Joe, why did you park here when there are so many nicer places farther on?"

Joe: "But, Jen, this is love at first site." —Widow.



Teacher: "Try this sentence: 'Take the cow out of the field'. What mood?"

Bright Pupil: "The cow." —Judge.



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include *Back to Mother*, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on *All-Americans of All Time*, and there are many others.

\$2000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!

College Humor

Two Gift Subscriptions for \$5

Inscription on a tombstone: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."
—Rutgers Chanticleer.

"Oh, dear, I have missed you so much!"
(But she raised the revolver and tried again.)
—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

Please Put a Penny in the Old Man's Hat

Teacher: "And who is the jolly little old gentleman who comes laden with Christmas cheer?"

Pupil: "The bootlegger!"
—Judge.


Kind O. M.: "And do you know why Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, little girl?"

Doll-faced Child: "Yes, damn it, I trumped father's ace in the bridge game last Christmas eve."
—Punch Bowl.

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Recent reports from authorities show that seventy-five per cent of the accidents in automobiles are due to the drivers hugging too close to the curve.
—Flamingo.

Wrong Size

"Are you a fraternity man?"
"No. Someone gave me this shirt for Christmas."
—U. of S. C. Wampus.

She: "Shall we dance this one?"
He: "What do you say we pet it out?"—Judge.

Prof.: "Name the largest known diamond."
Absent-minded Stude: "The ace."
—Beanpot.

Information

"Wonderful monument over there. Whose is it?"
"The university's."
"No, I mean what is it of?"
"Marble, I guess."
"But what does it represent?"
"About ten thousand dollars, I guess."
"Thanks."
—Juggler.

What a woman doesn't know about driving an automobile will fill almost any street. —Louisville Satyr.

He Like Prunes, Though

Three a. m. (voice from above): "Oh, daughter, does that young man like grapefruit?"
—Log.

Hatter: "Dot hat is nize fit, aindt it?"
High: "But suppose my ears get tired?"
—Sniper.

"Show girls?"
"Of chorus."
—Pelican.

Every day you hear of some young college student stepping into a good thing. Ten to one it's a Brown bilt shoe from The Buster Brown Shoe Store.—Adv.



NO!—The last word in closed cars.—Grinnell Malteaser.



Interfraternity Relations

Bashful Dater: "Do you object to fellows kissing you?"

Excited Dater: "Why of course not, John." (Silence.) "But what made you ask?"

Discouraged Dater: "Oh, I-I was j-just wondering." (Silence.) "We had a big argument in chapter meeting about it last Thursday night." —The Whirlwind.



MISS TAKEN!

The newlyweds boarded the train on the start of their honeymoon. The embarrassed groom tipped the porter to not let it leak out that they were just married.

Everything went along fine for an hour, and then laughter and pandemonium broke out. The groom called the porter.

"I thought I told you not to tell these people that we are just married."

"Wal, suh," replied the porter, "one gen-man ask me if you all is jes married, and I tell him no, that you all is jes chums." —The Whirlwind.



"Do you regularly attend a place of worship?"
"Yes, I'm on my way to see her now." —The Frosh.



The things they said and the things they did were
(s'sæuɪsnɔ s,ʌpɔqɔu)
—Yellow Jacket.



Tech: "I was born two miles above New York City."
Co-ed: "Well, Ruth Elder had nothing on your mother."
—Yellow Jacket.



Fraternities are often accused of being nothing more than mere boarding clubs, but this accusation is unjust. One does get something fit to eat at a boarding club. —Mugwump.



You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep and wail,
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail. —Goblin.



Under prohibition fewer men are shot at sunrise!
—College Humor.

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STUDENTS BOOK STORE

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Neighbor: "Jones is planning a Christmas celebration—I see they're carrying in a yule log."
"That's not a yule log—that's Jones." —Judge.



Girls come to college to see if they can get a husband, and men come to see if they can fool them at the last minute.
—Wisconsin Octopus.



"I asked her to kiss me without avail."
"I don't like kissing through those things, either."
—Kansas Sour Owl.



Rose's are red;
Pearl's are white.
I seen 'em on the clothes line
Just the other night. —Exchange.



A girl used to try to hide her insteps. Now she tries to show her step-ins.
—Wash. & Lee Mink.



"Have you seen any of the new sirens the police are using?"
"Yes, one of them accosted me the other day."
—Stanford Chaparral.



Modern version: Children should be seen and not had.
—College Humor.

CIRCULATION ASSISTANTS—Walter Mackey, Glen Duncan, Walter Neill, Chet Wheeler, Carl Totten, Bill Giffin, Bob Montgomery, Frank Lander, Claire Carlson, Elizabeth Thomas, Ann Barkey, Jessie Mae Irvine, Ethel Calvert, Alberta Phillips, Arleta Loop, Otilie Schupp, Josephine Hoffman, Grace Berger, Adelyn Racine, Frances Hargrove.

CONTRIBUTOR'S LIST

EVERLYN SIBLEY is responsible for the short stories about Elmer and the innocent girl.
CLARENCE WHISLER in his maiden effort for this publication contributed reams of copy. His story of the wedding is typical of his style.
JOHN WALLACE is just the nom de plume for a popular faculty member who preferred to remain anonymous.
JACK SPONG turned in a good bunch of wise cracks burlesquing college life.
CARL ROZZEN is responsible for some of the atrocious puns.
NORMAN RAYMOND contributed several poems, including the one about the decent woman.
WALTER NIELL submitted a lot of good short jokes.
ED HOPS contributed several short poems and jokes.
OTHER CONTRIBUTORS ARE Burt Chamberlain, Loring Hudson, Marian Van Scoyoc, T. W. Swift, Bill Giffin, Rad Dartnell, Ralph Hudson, Warren and Henry, and a few one-joke contributors.

Purity
Number



"JUST ONE DAMNED THING AFTER
ANOTHER."



Wings upon my shoulders,
Halo o'er my head,
Still I have a blackjack
And a gat to knock 'em dead.



ORANGE "OWL"

Clarence Hubbard '20

She was a printer's daughter, but she wasn't that type.



Rod: "I can't hold my cider."
John: "I find it hard, too."



Old brother Hubbard he went to the cupboard
To sneak off a finger of gin,
But when he got there
The cupboard was bare—
The bootlegger hadn't been in.



If a man puts a woman on a pedestal, some other man will help her down.



Collegiate: "Someone has stolen my car."
Campus Cop: "These antique collectors will stop at nothing."



Heard at Monmouth

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—we have no men.



Son: "Daddy, who was Hamlet?"
Wise Dad: "Aren't you ashamed of such ignorance at your age? Bring me the Bible and I'll show you."



Captain (frenziedly): "All hands on deck, the ship's leaking."

Sleepy Voice (from the hold): "Aw, put a pan under it and come in to bed."

Rollo the rook says we wouldn't know some folks went home for the week end if they didn't come back.



Poor Clarence was in terrible state, and it wasn't California, either.

He had been reading advertisements in the Home-ly Ladies' Companion.

He learned that in order to have hair like Mary Pitchfork he must wash his head daily and twice on Sunday with Smacker's asphalt soap. On the next page he read that he must shun soap and water like a Russian and use nothing on his dome but U. Sayit's banana oil shampoo—otherwise it would be too late for homicide.

So Clarence, acting on the impulse of the ferment, sent out his suit to be cleaned and died.



In Dear Old Russia

The telephone rings.

"Hello, is this Dvostiskigovernsilvestrannskxy?"

No, this is Gransniskivintchnksifskxy, who is it?"

"Oh, this is Vkdoasklofalskdfghifjkskxy, and I just wanted to know if Ytejfuismaniopsdkfythiosky was there?"



One hen said to another, as the farmer walked past:
"There is the guy I'm laying for."

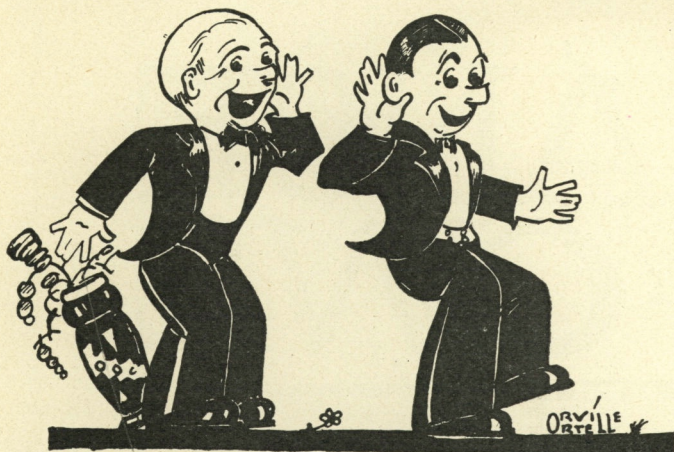


"Give me that shovel."
"That snow shovel?"
"The hell it ain't!"



"I am about to award you a medal for being the laziest man in college."

"All right, roll me over and put it in my back pocket."



Mon: "Is she a Normal girl?"
 Mouth: "I don't know. I've never been out with her."

Sign on a Butcher Shop

FRESH PORK SAUSAGE—From pleased pigs that made perfect hogs of themselves.

"Is that the handwriting on the wall?"
 "No, it's the handwriting that kept me from going to the wall."

She was a tailor's offspring, but she was not all that she seamed.

Lady in the blue silk bloomers
 Living at the Avondale,
 How you entertain us roomers—
 Thrilling every wide-eyed male.
 Lady with the long silk stocking
 Just across the court-yard view,
 Landlords wouldn't hear the knocking
 If their guests were all like you.

The Dutch Cleanser lady and the Gold Dust Twins
 Began to purge the world of its vilest sins,
 With the Fels-Naptha lady they began their task
 And the twins started in on a half-filled flask.
 One twin passed out in very short order,
 The other one was hovering right on the border.
 Then the Dutch Cleanser lady met the Underwood
 devil
 And they left, hand in hand, for an all-night revel.
 Said the Fels-Naptha lady, "This pace is telling,
 I'll get back on a wrapper and resume my smell-
 ing."

News Item

A little baby girl visited the home of Reno Nice one day last week. Nize bebbly!

Little One (to very honorary member): "Where'd you get all the keys, mister?"

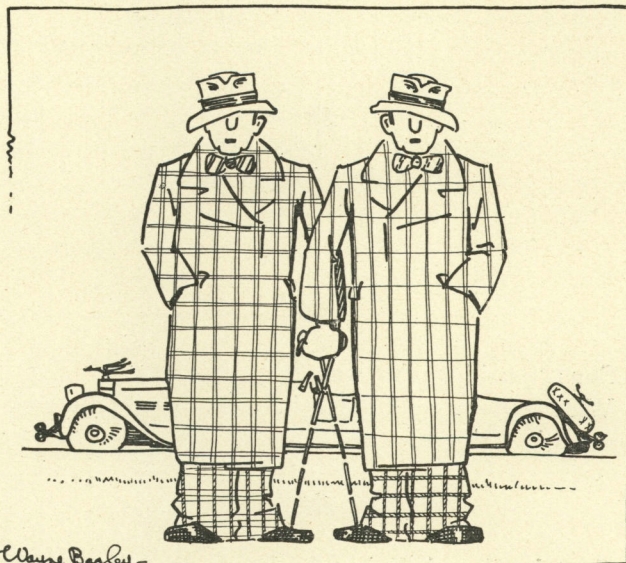
Honorary: "Don't ask foolish questions. I'm a Florida real estate broker."

Blank Verse

"Why bring that up?" asked the husband of his wife regarding the orphan she had just adopted.

She was just a paper hanger's daughter but she surely could hang it on.

He: "Aren't you afraid of getting your feet wet?"
 She: "No, I have pumps on."



OUR WORST PUN

"What sort of a crowd was at the dance?"
 "Oh, fair to maudlin."

MODERNIZED: Be sure you're tight, then go to bed.

I passed by your window
When no one was nigh,
The lights were all burning
The curtains pulled high.

You slapped on cosmetics
From shoulder to ear
To insure a good morning—
Good morning, my dear.

"Do you object to the amount of rouge she uses?"
"No, it's the way she talcs."

"I've found the best dentist in the country. He gives his patients a drink, after every tooth he extracts, to revive them."

"Then why so glum? Did his supply run out while you were there?"

"No. I ran out of teeth."

"If a knife and fork made love, could the teaspoon?"
"It could if the coffee stood its grounds."

Seated in the parlor, waiting for his best girl to come down stairs, he spoke to the gas light thusly: "Either you or I will be turned down tonight."

Alice (age seven): "Auntie, were you ever in a predicament?"

Maiden Aunt: "No, dear, but Heaven knows I've tried."

Grandma: "Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"
Grandson: "Yes'm, he sure does. He don't put no expression in it at all."

"Don't worry, little flapper, you're not any worse than your grandmother was."

"Yes. That's what makes me so furious."

A TALL ONE

1st: "Boy, it sure am cold aroun' these parts."

Hom: "Gwan, you don't know what cold is. Why once when I was back east I saw a horse race in mid-winter. It was a close race, but one horse was breathing through his mouth and it was so cold that his breath froze and he won the race by the length of the icicle."

Bre: "Boy, that ain't even cool compared to the winter I spent in St. Louis. Why it got so cold there that the sunshine froze to all the buildings and in the spring when the snow began to thaw we had daylight all night."

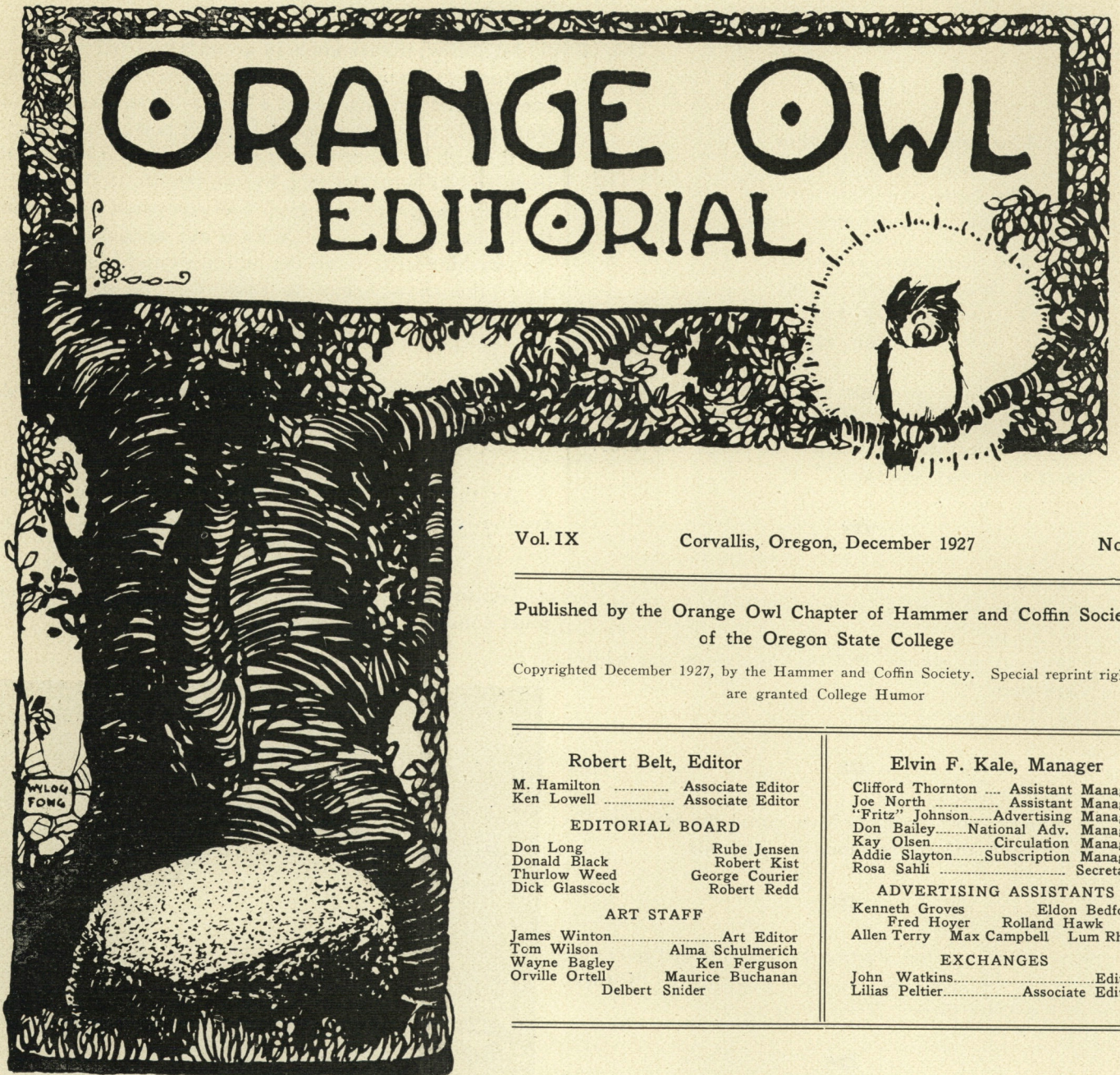
The Ivory soap club—"They boil not—neither do they gin."

As the chorus girls have it: To err is human; to ermine is divine.

Getting a wife will soon be like getting a car—one must consider the trade-in value.



Time and tide wait for no man.



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL

Vol. IX

Corvallis, Oregon, December 1927

No. 2

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of the Oregon State College

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A RAIL-SPLITTER FOR LIFE

THAT'S how it started. The Oregonian says that Abraham Lincoln signed the necessary papers to make possible an Oregon State Agricultural college. True, brother, true, that is how it started. Just as Abraham Lincoln started life as a rail-splitter. Thorough and steady improvement was the thing that made Abe president. Just as thorough and steady improvement has made the agricultural college a state college.

If a man had been rail-splitter, grocer, lawyer, and president, the Oregonian would doubtless continue to call him a rail-splitter, but less playful publications would give some recognition for the other achievements. Maybe that same vox populi would call a suit of clothes containing eight per cent wool a woolen suit, since it calls an eight per cent agricultural institution an agricultural college.

Hereafter, we shall consider the Oregonian "The Portland Paper of Finance," because it does devote a little space to finance. That's logical isn't it?

TRIBUTES

ANY steps toward a friendlier feeling between the University of Oregon and the Oregon State College have been taken of late by the two institutions. An example of this was the handsome floral tribute sent by the University to George Scott, Beaver halfback, who did much to spoil Oregon's homecoming. Another example is the hearty co-operation of the University humorists in contributing a double page of wit to the Orange Owl.

Such tokens as these show the true spirit existing between the two schools. The Old Bird hopes for further exemplifications of this spirit.



HONK! HONK

THE commentator who thinks the spirit of envy is stimulated by the average student car in this region should come out and look the situation over for himself," comes an echo from a Morning Oregonian of recent date. Indeed, said commentator should look them over. If after gazing at the average student car, the commentator still believes there is room for envy he is certainly a charitable soul. With a death bed rattle, a uniform lack of paint, cracked windshields, tattered upholstery, one, two, and occasionally three cylinders functioning the "average student car" shakes its way about town.

In the foregoing quoted phrase the average car, not the average student, is what is meant. Or perhaps it is both.

Then with a host of catch phrases, painted slogans and other proofs that one lives now in the age of advertising the college car remaineth.



BORDERING ON THE SERIOUS

O ladies, who so love of late to prattle, titter, and re-state
 How women, able and sedate, are entering all endeavors;
 Are doing all that mere men do; are masters of the nail and screw,
 And half a million more things too—from law to yanking levers;
 Let me these questions to you put that we may get right to the root
 Of this much argued and much moot-ed topic; so here goes:

Lady, if you can chew
 The snoose and spit it thru
 A knot hole wide, an inch or two;
 If you can wield a heavy pick
 Eight hours per day, and not feel sick,
 On hard pan clay a fathom thick;
 If you can shovel tons of coal
 Into a roaring stoker hole,
 Enduring heat like some lost soul;
 If you can do these things,
 Lady,
 You win, pick up the marbles.

uncalled for

My mother was just like most other mothers when the time arrived for her one and only son to leave the nest and go away to college. She had heard and read so many things about boys getting intoxicated and chasing around that she didn't know just what to believe. And this little incident didn't help to brush away any of her suspicions.

I had only been away from home a month when mother and dad decided to come down to make their first visit. They drove down and arrived on the campus about 10:00 o'clock in the evening. They stopped at my fraternity house but in the dark they could not feel certain that it was the right one. Seeing a group of fellows on the porch, dad called to them:

"Does John Kuykendall live here?"

"Yes," replied my cocky roommate, "Wait just a second and I'll help you pack him in."



We have two kinds of citizens today—those who swear by their country and those who swear at it.



"How on earth can Clara become so absorbed in reading her cooking lesson?"

"Oh, I should think there'd be some stirring passages in a cook book."

WEBBY'S

UNIVERSITY
Paul Lu

exception

"Where'd you spend your vacation, Dick?"

"Working in a filling station."

"Gosh, and I thought they only employed college graduates."



He plays by ear but he's quite deaf.



If you are planning to eat your Christmas dinner at a tea room this year you'll probably be faced with a menu something like this:

- Puree of Bean Globule
- Leaf of Water Cress
- Goldfish Egg Under Thimble
- Sliced Heart of Goose Dressing en Capsule Cranberry
- Creamed Pea
- Slice of Carrot
- Stuffed Raisin
- Coffee
- Eye Dropper Demi
- Pine Nut

now we're in the air

Mess Sergeant: "Where are all those beans we took on at the last port?"

Cook: "They're in the navy now."



"She is one of those channel swimmers."
"Whadaya mean, channel swimmers?"
"Goes so far, then stops."

GHOST

OF OREGON
conductor



"I wonder what makes all Scotchmen such humorists?"
"It must be a gift."

Delta Zeta announces the pledging of Paul Jones, Salem. (Oregon Emerald.)

God be with you, Paul.

Some people have all the luck. The other day a fellow was killed in Florida as he and the Mrs. were on their way to the home of the mother-in-law.

Page 13

1927 ALL-AMERICAN

Fullback—Lindbergh (Mo.)
Quarterback—H. Ford (Mich.)
Right Half—Al Smith (N. Y.)
Left Half—Mencken (N. Y.)
Right End—D'Autremont (Ore.)
Right Tackle—Fall (N. M.)
Right Guard—Rogers (Calif.)
Center—Coolidge (Mass.)
Left Guard—Tunney (N. Y.)
Left Tackle—Sinclair (N. Y.)
Left End—H. D'Autremont (Or.)

Basis of Selection

We believe that the outstanding aerial attack of the year has been built around Lindbergh, and as for his total yardage—it speaks for itself. Ford, our choice for quarter, in his selection of plays has completely baffled opposing teams all season. Our team is not to be handicapped by weather conditions because Al Smith's firm stand in a wet field cannot be questioned. In the kicking department the team is exceptionally strong, for Mencken at the other halfback position is easily the greatest kicker of all time.

The D'Autremont brothers have proved themselves beyond all doubt the most elusive pair of ends developed in years. Fall and Sinclair, who have attracted national attention, are a slippery pair of tackles who seldom fail to smear plays. Rogers, who keeps in practice by throwing the bull, is a sure bet at guard and nobody fills the other berth better than Tunney, under whose terrific hammering no opponent has

yet been able to stand up. Coolidge, at center, playing what may be his last year for old Mass., due to contested eligibility for 1928, has had more plays built around him than any other American center of the year, and for that reason cannot be overlooked.

(Editor's note: This selection appeared in the Seven Seers column in the Oregon Emerald, but it is so good we just have to reprint it.)

"Unlucky! Say if I was starving to death and there was a shower of soup I'd be standing there with a fork in my hand."

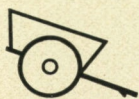
Armless though he is, Charles Vulak, 55 years of age, has made such a success of the begging profession that he has \$4053 in five different banks where he readily can lay his hands on it.—(Los Angeles Times.)

Where he can readily lay which?



"Did you read in the paper about the new Ford?"

"No. What paper was that in?"



IMPRESSIONS

By JOHN WALLACE



I

I'm indifferent to
public opinion
(I am)
I'd give anything
to let the public
know
just how indifferent
I am.

* * * *

II

An instructor
canned
in class
giving perfect marks
to everybody.

Imagine an instructor
canned
in class.

* * * *

III

A flash of
naked white
above stockings
on legs
crossing.

A flash of
accusation
in a glance.

This
many times.

IV

There goes that
ash blonde.

Well
there couldn't be
(under the circumstances)
much left
but ashes.

* * * *

V

There goes the most
conscientious girl
I know.

She's a
Chi Omega
She'd be
shocked
at anything

You have to be
conscientious
when you don't
know
anything



VI

Such queer people
walk in
libraries

There's that keen
blonde

cool eyes
cool lips
cool step
last night—
(I ought to know)
but maybe that
was some other
keen blonde

Such queer people
walk in
libraries

* * * *

VII

(Co-ed)

Her eyes leaned delicately
towards mine
touching them warmly
speaking new promises

I said
(goading my courage)
Let us be not merely
another man
another woman

She replied
O. K. Kid!



Nice Old Gent: "What kind of a dog is that, my little man?"
 Little Man: "Police dog."
 N. O. G.: "You must be mistaken."
 Little Man: "No, he's in the Secret Service."

The attitude of some folks is much the same as that of the statesman who said, "I'd rather be right than president," after he found out he couldn't be president anyway.

"But that's not the point," remarked the imp when the Devil jabbed him with the pitchfork handle.

All dust is dry,
 All rain is wet,
 Reverse the two
 And mud you get.
 Just like dry dust
 And wet, wet rain,
 This little rhyme
 Gives you a pain.

She: "My dear, which do you like best, men who lie to you, but manage to be awfully nice, or the other kind?"

Another She: "What other kind?"

Our idea of the most likely presidential candidates—Knut Rockne and Charles Lindbergh.

Did you ever
 Get up at 1
 A. M. and
 Go down stairs
 To get a
 Glass of water
 And feel around in
 The cupboard
 In the dark for
 A glass and at
 The first try
 Caress a nice
 Big, lovely
 Handful of
 Applesauce?

Man proposes, then woman imposes.

Kiss definition: Nothing divided by two; meaning persecution for the infant, ecstasy for the youth, fidelity for the middle aged, and homage for the old.

It's a wise man who can get two birds with One Bone.

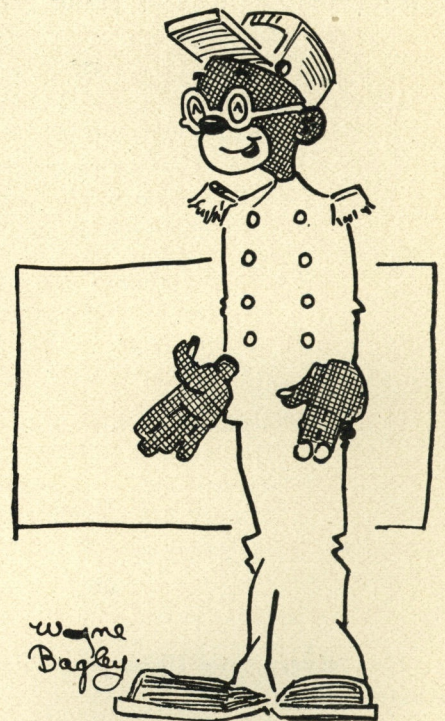
A dame is as strong as her weakest wink.

Hubby: "You must economize. Think of the future. If I die, where would you be?"

Better Four-fifths: "I would be here. The question is—where would you be?"

Kid: "Pass the gravy, ma."
 Ma: "If what, Willie?"
 Kid: "If you don't I'll start something."

Speaking of the knee, most co-eds just grin and bare it.



"Now, here's another thing that strikes me funny."



"This issue isn't so dusty."
 "To the contrary, it's all wet."

The argument is not whether gentlemen prefer blondes, but—do blondes prefer gentlemen?

We had cream pie last Sunday,
 There were two pieces left.
 I ditched them in the pantry
 And chuckled at the theft.

My room mate got suspicious,
 He searched each pantry shelf,
 He found my pie in ambush
 And ditched it for himself.

I found my roomy on the floor
 His face convulsed with pain
 I laughed until I thought I'd die,
 Looked down, and laughed again.

He: "Every time I kiss you, Elizabeth, it makes me a better man."

She: "Well, you needn't try to crash the pearly gates tonight."

Barber: "And how did you want your hair trimmed, Miss?"

Sweet Young Thing: "I want it cut like a boy's behind."

Tight: "Say mister, can you tell me which is the opposite side of the street?"

Right: "Sure. The other side."

Tight: "That's funny, the fellow over there said this was."

Senior: "That woman I got you a date with last night says she can't see you."

Rook: "Well, what can you expect from a blind date?"

Anyway, you'll have to admit that most of the sidewalks on the Oregon State campus are waterproof.

I heard of a man in knickers
 Breaking the best speed laws,
 But I didn't hear any kickers—
 The man was Sandy Claws.

First Co-ed: "We had the nicest chaperones at our party."

Second Co-ed: "Ours didn't come either."

"I'd like a pencil."
 "Hard or soft?"
 "Soft, I'm writing a love letter."

There's many a "slip" between the head and the heel.

He: "Did you know I had a little Scotch in me?"
 She: "Well, I suspected you were a bit tight."

I've read of soup tureens a lot
 That grace the spread at noon
 I don't know what a tureen is,
 I'm guessing it's the spoon.



Herman, the Haberdashery Hound, says: "Men have their failings, but they don't kiss when they meet on the street."

Signals Off

First Brother: "Where did you get that black eye?"
 Second Brother: "Well it was this way. I asked Mary for a kiss last night and she said 'Unh Unh'."
 First Brother: "Well?"
 Second Brother: "I thought she said 'Unh Huh'."

"This is hard to take," said the yegg as the cops caught him trying to walk off with a safe.

Distilled waters run deep.

America, once noted for its gift of gab, is now noted for its gift of grab.

A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure.

Confirmed reformer: "What's this generation coming to?"

College Prof.: "I'm afraid it's not coming to."

Visiting Professor: "The acoustics in this hall are terrible."

Stude: "Nonsense! It's the chemistry building next door that you smell."

When the present Prince of Wales ascends to the throne, they should change the British national anthem from "God Save the King" to "Sailing, Sailing Over the Bounding Mane."

Prof: "What is the millenium?"

R. K. F.: "That's the time that's coming when auto operators can sit in the rear seats and watch the back seat drivers taking a test."

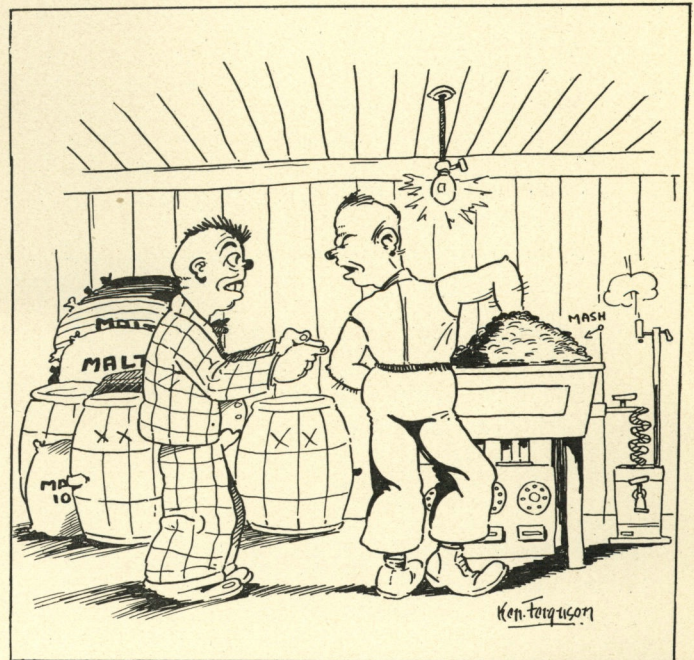
"It pays to look well," said the senior, as he fished a four-bit piece from under the davenport cushion.

Non-teetotaler: "Whash ya lookin' for?"

Cop: "We're looking for a drowned man."

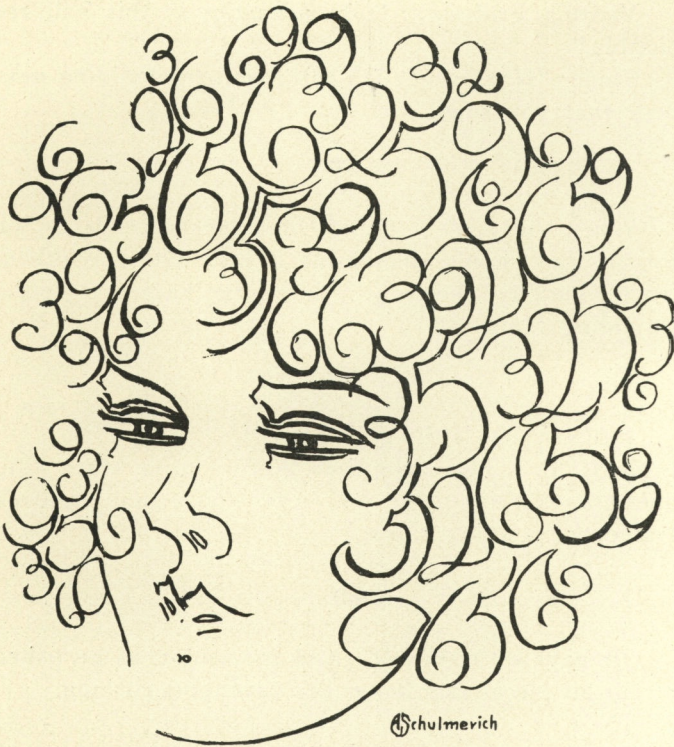
Wet Sop: "Whash ya want one for?"

It's a long lane that has no ash barrel.



First Gossip: "Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

Second Incomparable: "I guess not, he was halfway under a railway train."



Just a figure head.

After all is said and done, we will readily admit that it would take a vacuum cleaner to purify some people's minds.

The woman I know is decent;
She'll neither smoke nor swear,
Nor seek the lure of liquor,
Nor leave her shoulders bare.

She shuns the necking party,
Fast dancing is taboo,
Suggestive talk she frowns at,
And racy stories, too.

I find her coats and dresses
From ashes still unburnt.
She is so awfully decent—
I wish to God she weren't.

"A burglar broke into our house last night."
"What did he get?"
"Practice."

Our rook's idea of pure bull is a cop that's never touched liquor.

My roommate says love is like an apple pie—a little crust and a whole lot of applesauce.

He: "Have you seen the new railroad movie?"
She: "No, what is it?"
He: "The loves of Carmen."

ODE OF LAMENT

Cry and cry for poor little me,
I lost my girl to an S. A. E.
And Alice to me does never speak;
She lost her heart to a senior Teke.

I often hear my Marian say
The man she loves is a Pi K. A.
And Helen treats me as a toy—
Her heart belongs to a Beta boy.

Margie hands me a dirty dig
Because she goes with a Kappa Sig.
Hazel took to a Fiji man
Making me an "also ran."

Evelyn thought I was terribly slow,
So she threw me down for an A. T. O.
A D. U. set Jane's heart aflutter,
Her glances melted him like butter.

Florence fell for a Phi Delt lad
Leaving me lonesome, broke, and sad.
With my girls all gone, I heave a sigh—
I'm only a local fraternity guy.

What WE are wondering about is—Who was Eve's publicity man?

Statistics—If all the ham sandwiches in the world were placed side by side between the sun and the moon there wouldn't be any more ham sandwiches in Corvallis.

If you've had mechanics of physics 221, you'll get the point.

We asked George, our engineering student, to define 'chaperone' and this mental incompetent spake as appended:

"A chaperone is the force acting on a couple to maintain it in a state of equilibrium!"

HENRY VIII

Old Henry was not as bad as historians have painted him—he was worse. Having led a sheltered existence through childhood, he assumed the regal robes at the tender age of fifteen years, six months, and three first nights.

There was a strong prejudice at that time against companionate marriage, so Henry was legally wedded with many misgivings. He stabbed his first wife in cold blood because she insisted on crossing her knees when guests were around.

His second wife could never accustom herself to Henry's uncouth way of telling his favorite story every evening at the dinner table. She finally turned a tired face to the wall and died a natural death.

The third and fourth wives were justly guillotined by the Tuxedo ad man who said "I love to see a man croak a wife." The third wife insisted on signing her name "Gwladys Smythe." The fourth ball and chain was a quiet home loving body, but she insisted on giving him his choice of cornflakes or cornflakes for breakfast.

Finally, from his wealth of experience with his self-made companionate plan, Henry selected the ideal wife. She was deaf and dumb and had been left on a merry-go-round too long when she was a child. Henry married her, and they stayed married, and went into the ancestor business.



"Blessed are the pure in heart, but they don't know any good jokes."



"I used to be shiftless, but I'm not any more!" cried the Ford in furious glee.



Novelist (reading his latest story to his critic): "And then the fair young damsel came tripping down the path in her new dress—"

His Critic: "Who ever heard of a flapper wearing a dress long enough to trip on?"



A jew in a middle western side show weighs 378 pounds. Penny wise—pound foolish.



Johnny W.: "You were speeding so I've got to pinch you."

Co-ed: "Oh, please don't, but if you must, do it where it won't show; I am going to a dance tonight."

Mrs. Flea (to young offspring): "Willie, hop over here on the hip. Don't you know it isn't good to run on a full stomach?"



Here lie the remains
Of youthful Pete
His money he spent
To drink, not eat.



The man we love is Angus Burts
He shakes our hand until it hurts.

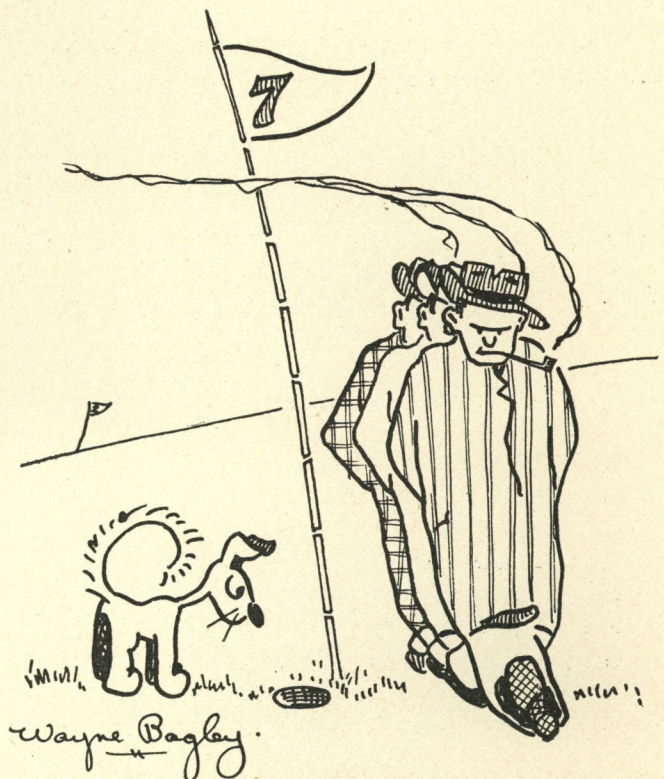


She was only a prizefighter's daughter, but she knew the ropes.

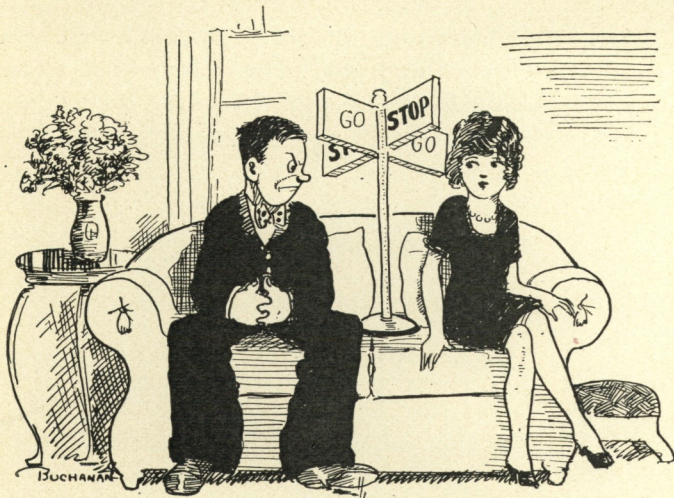


Yokel (at the art exhibit): "What are them scratchy looking pictures?"

Moron (ditto): "I ain't sure but I think they call them itchings."



The golf club in Scotland which recently offered a prize of a dozen golf balls for every hole in one has also procured a number of Scotland Yard men to care for the greens.



Phillip's fussing was a flop,
Her father was a traffic cop.

Co-ed (after returning from hot date): "Why, you'd be surprised at the things that went on right under my very nose."

Tip bottoms up for Johnnie Jones
His wife heaves straight when she throws stones.

There is an old adage that says, "Talk is cheap," but the Honor Council doesn't believe it.

More About Mary

Mary had a little lamb
She lets it come and go;
For now she doesn't give a damn
Her calves are all the show.

He: "Please!"
She: "No."
He: "Oh, please do."
She: "Positively, no."
He: "Please, just this time."
She: "I said no."
He: "Aw, ma, all the boys go barefooted now."

Advice to married men—don't give up hope. Remember Casey succeeded in the second game. Moral—buy a baseball bat.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow; the cow's in the corn.
And where's the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's back of the hay stack with little Bo Peep.

THE WEDDING

The nuptial pair marched down the aisle to the strains of "Here! Cried the Bums." (Or was it, "Beer, Hide the Crumbs.") Anyway, the bride was supported by her father, and probably will be after the wedding, too. The passage to the altar was made without mishap except for somebody moaning the death march. The groom couldn't afford a ring, so the bride had to wring her own hands. When the ceremony was completed, the groom gave the preacher a brand new Confederate five dollar bill, but the preacher, after glancing at the bride, gave him back two bits change. As the happy couple were leaving the church, the groom slipped on the polished marble steps and broke his neck.

This was a terrible blow to the bride, as she had intended having him double his insurance before treating him with a Colt's automatic life extinguisher.

"It's the berries," cried the Christmas shopper as he answered the query regarding his motive for buying holly.

I climbed into my night shirt
And hied me to my cot;
But it wasn't quite the right shirt
For an evening so un-hot.

I went back and got a sweat shirt,
Woolen sox and dressing gown,
Put them on besides my night shirt,
And slept the clock around.

Goldstein: "Wherever in the world you go, you'll always find that Jews are the leading people."

"How about Alaska?"

Goldstein: "Vell, Iceberg ain't no Presbyterian name, is it?"

The other day a visitor on the campus asked to see the college greenhouse, and the student guide showed him Cauthorn Hall.

It's all right, girls; we reprimanded him (the stude).

CONCERNING ELMER

Elmer Suckatosh was a worldly young man steeped in sin. He was so steeped, in fact, that his friends called him "Tea" and blew upon him whenever they happened to meet him.

Now one day Elmer was draped up against one of the Longbeach barber poles smoking a Camel, when a pure and innocent maiden came tripping down the street. At least Elmer thought she was a pure and innocent maiden, but she was really one of the ushers in Aimee's temple, and just as she passed Elmer, she coyly dropped her handkerchief.

At first he did not see the bit of unbleached muslin (for she was a saving soul), but when she coughed, he came to with a start and recovered her property.

"Oh, kind sir," said she, embarrassed like, "why don't you come to the lamb of God?"

Now really she didn't care whether Elmer came to the lamb of God or not; but all the Longbeach girls have lines, and that was her's. However, it worked, and Elmer broke down in tears.

From that day on, he was a changed man. Fully determined to regain his purity and be clean, Elmer set about a regular campaign. He joined the Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A., Purity League, W. C. T. U., church choir, and a certain Greek letter organization noted for its purity and high scholarship.* None of them had the desired effect.

In desperation, he tried Ivory soap, and after three applications, there is no cleaner, purer man in Longbeach, or even Corvallis, than Elmer.

*We would tell you their names, only the Sigma Chis might not like it.



The conscientious rook in the accounting class had just finished balancing his books, and not being able to find the shortage of five dollars, asked the professor if he would accept the shortage out of his own pocket.



"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," gasped the tardy R. O. T. C. student, as he raced for the blank file at the head of the column.



"Here's a cinch for you," said the sophomore as he tightened the belly-band of his army horse.



As You Say It

Beaver Knight: "Have you any scars on you?"

Rook: "No; but I can give you a cigarette."



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THIS AND THAT

Well the Immoral Onion Building is going up at last. It's kinda funny about that. First they started down and now they are going up. Next thing you know they will be sprouting out sideways.

The last few days they have been using mechanical woodpeckers out there, and honest-to-gosh, they make more noise than the real woodpeckers that tried to eat up Cauthorn hall last spring.

The fellow that catches the red-hot rivets nearly got his eye put out the other day. He saw something hot on the second floor of Cauthorn and forgot the hot things that were being pegged at him.

The grocery store politicians were in their usual huddle around the red-hot stove. Old Caleb Peabody let drive at the gaboon fifteen feet away, but missed his mark by a scant inch.

"Dad burn it," wheezed the old gent, "I haint so spry as I used ter be."

Ed: "If you refuse me, I shall never love another."

Co-ed: "Does the promise hold good if I accept?"

Our Number's Morals or Our Presidential Platform

- P assion.
- U nrestricted sororities.
- R est.
- I ndigestion.
- T NT in place of Thetas.
- Y our own B. V.'s, not the laundry's.
- N ecking and associated activities.
- U nclean cords.
- M urder.
- B linder, yea, blinder dates.
- E den and no snakes.
- R olls with honey.

Quoth the Convict: "Hurry up, I can't be hanging around here all day."

Juice Prof. (explaining to dumb class): "Now don't you see? As I increase the resistance, the light grows dimmer, and, conversely, when the light grows dim, you all know the resistance is increased."

"We sure do. And YE GODS what a wallop that girl packs!"

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SMOKE RINGS

Bad men want their women to be like **cigarettes** in a case. Just so many, all slender and trim, waiting in rows to be selected, set aflame, and, when their fire is out, discarded.

Fastidious men prefer women like **cigars**. These are exclusive, they look better, last longer and if their brand is good they are not thrown away.

Good men treat women like **pipes** and become more attached to them the older they grow. When their flame is out they still look after them, rap them gently but lovingly, and care for them always. No man shares his pipe.



Here lies the body of Ezra Tait
He kidded his wife about her weight.



Stude (proudly): "I was born in California."
Second (cheerfully): "That's all right, buddy, don't feel bad about it; my folks were foreigners, too."



"Have you seen my little niece?"
"Can't help but see them!"

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INNOCENCE ABROAD

Once upon a time there was a girl who believed everything anyone told her. She believed there was a Santa Claus until one day some one told her there wasn't and after that part of the time she believed there was and part of the time she believed there wasn't. And as she believed that babies grew on rose bushes, she went around peering under every bush until some one told her it was all a mistake; that babies were brought by storks, and after that she nearly broke her neck, to say nothing of arms and legs, hunting for stork nests.

She gained pounds and pounds eating bread crusts, because some one told her that to do so would make her hair curly; and she nearly drowned herself in the swimming tank because some one told her the fundamental principle of the art of swimming was to kick her feet and wave her arms in the water.

And by and by, when the girl grew to womanhood, some man told her she was beautiful, and she believed it, and another told her he loved her, and she believed that too. No, you're all wrong. She didn't find out differently, because there couldn't have been a girl so dumb as all that, and this is just another fairy tale.



Two freshmen hiked here from Rhode Island. That's our idea of a peregrine rooks.

SOPHOMORE SWEATERS

How can we ever hope to get rid of the old-fashioned cow-college idea with all these sophs running around dressed like toreadors.

We'll admit some of them can throw the bull at that.

One inquisitive engineer asked if anyone knew the operating temperature of the new sweaters.

Which reminds us that they wouldn't be so bad if the co-eds wore them.

Anyway they wont show any gravy spots. The gravy will burn to ashes which can readily be brushed off.

Of course you've noticed the similarity to the old red flannels. Wonder if they scratch?



That True-false Final

Burt and Tot shot pool all
 Day,
 And each of them batted a cool
 Straight A.
 Red went out on a red-hot
 Date—
 Came back, and pulled down
 An 88.
 Ted came home fried,
 In an awful muss,
 But he hit the "ex" for
 A big B+
 And Del slept in till past eleven;
 He spread his line for an 87.
 And Fritz stepped out with
 One of the finest,
 He struggled through for a
 Scant C—.
 I boned like—well, I
 Boned a lot
 And 53 was all I got.



Here is a swell joke as told by a sailor about two more sailors, but it had to go through the censor with all the rest, so we offer it to you, oh gentle, genteel, gentile reader, for what it is worth as censored:

First Seaman: "..... and but..... so.....!"
 Second Seaman: "..... if for or!"

Which reminds us that we tried to print a discussion entitled "How full of interest is the Monday clothes line," on the grounds that everything was perfectly clean, but the censor saw the ambiguity of the statement just in time.



He was only an aviator but he sure got the air.

The meanest man today is the husband who'll shave his wife's neck with the razor she sharpened the pencil with.



Co: "What did you get in your test?"
 Ed: "Zero, but that's nothing to me."



Student in Prof. Anderson's astronomy class: "Have you seen the dog star?"

Prof: "Sirius?"
 Student: "No, Rin Tin Tin."



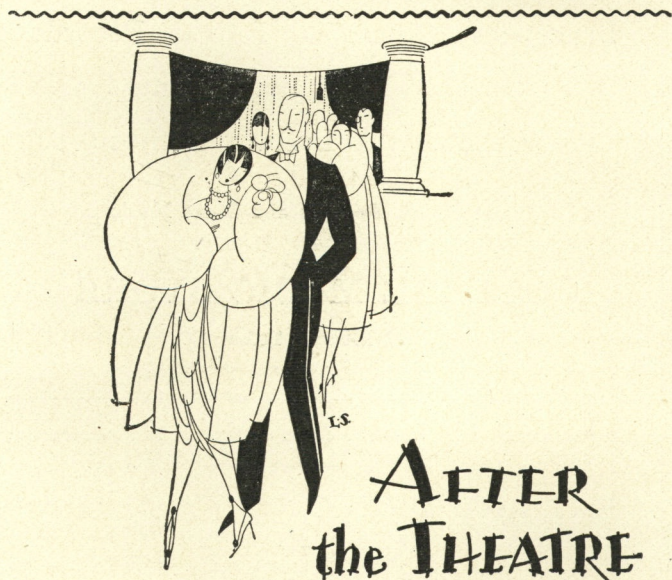
Very gracious, innocent minister: "Once there was a traveling salesman—" The congregation swallowed hard and shifted.



Weather forecast: Dark and gloomy. Final exams this week.



"I see you decided to have your hair bobbed again."
 "Yes, I just couldn't stand it any longer."



Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively *not* improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.



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