

R. O. T. C.
Number

ORANGE OWL

AGRICULTURE
LITERATURE
ELECT

AGP
MAY 29 1923



A Hammer and Coffin Publication
Price Thirty Cents

June 1923

“Why Disarmament”

PREPPERS

You will want to join the
Co-op. Association next fall
when you register at
O. A. C.

Cash or trade dividends paid
Co-op. members.

SENIORS

Make cap and gown deposits now.

O. A. C.
Co-operative
Association

CORVALLIS PRINTING COMPANY

"Art Work" Lawrence

PRINTERS

to their majesties,
the regal hooters
of the Orange Owl
Club

116 South Third Street
Corvallis, Oregon



Beaver Laundry Co.

We Call For and Deliver

Telephone 98

231 North Second Corvallis, Oregon

For Genuine Cooperation



Quality Printing Plates

WEST COAST ENGRAVING CO.

COMMONWEALTH BLDG. — PORTLAND, ORE.

Customer: "Show me a pair of trousers."
Salesman: "Six eighty-five or five dollars, sir?"
Customer: "What's the difference?"
Salesman: "One-eighty-five."

No such answers as that goes in this store. Our salesmen are experienced and should they be called upon to answer such a question they would explain in an intelligent way, so you could see why one pair of trousers should cost more than the other. Right now we are showing an extra strong line of Extra Trousers.

Whipcords, Gabardines
Tweeds, Worsteds

in Tan, Grey and Brown Mixtures. Price
\$6.00 to \$10.00

Also a line of Knickers and Riding Breeches in Brown
and Grey Mixtures. Priced at

\$7.50 to \$13.00

J. M. Nolan & Son



When you trek back
after vacation

Hammer and Coffin

will greet you

with a

"Come-Back Number"

out October 12th

"Buy the numbers"



5-23-28

JMB



Howells Quality Portraits

MOUNTAIN STATES
POWER CO.

"Cook by Wire"

YOU NEED A BATH

It is cheaper and more sanitary than
a top dressing of musk. Get a Jantzen
Bathing Suit at the

MODEL CLOTHING CO.

Bauer & Bauer
TAILORS

Modern Cleaning
Pressing, and
Repairing

Phone 3212

Preparedness

That's a spirit which should actuate every true American and which the R. O. T. C. and Military Department of O. A. C. is proving in a real and efficient way.

The best sort of preparedness for all the people, in time of peace, is to be ready to meet every emergency by saving their money, for cash counts when needs confront.

Better begin preparing now by starting a Savings Account in this bank, where are savings are carefully safeguarded and interest compounded semi-annually.

Benton County State Bank

The Bank of Personal Service

"SAVE AND HAVE"

The Orange Owl

VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, June, 1923.

NO. 6

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 3, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

Freshman Credo

I believe I lend dignity and respect to this green cap. Were I to leave it off no one would suspect me of being a freshman.

I believe that, being a freshman, I should study my lessons. As upper-classman I can go through on my momentum.

I believe my professors are more interested in their work than in their salaries otherwise they would quit teaching and do something to make money.

I believe Northwestern has the highest average of beauty outside of my high school graduating class.

I believe I shall go far in college, with my high school standing, tenth in my class (of eleven) and with my experience as secretary of the Amateurian Literary Society.

I believe I am easily distinguished, even in a crowd of freshmen, by my superior polish and my intellectual, purposeful appearance.

I believe I am the berries.

—Purple Parrot.

As a Body

The speaker waxed eloquent, and after his perorations on women's rights he said, "When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the coeducational colleges, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat?"

And a loud masculine voice in the audience replied, "I will."

—Brown Bull.

"Oh Joe," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm;

"I heard that in the football game
You'd broken your left arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound
I slipped it round her waist.

So resting close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face,

"That's great," she said, "not broken,
Nor even out of place."

—Cracker.

Professor's Wife: "Where were you last night?"

Professor: "I told you I was lecturing to a special class."

Prof's Wife: "Why are those poker chips in your pockets?"

Prof: "Let's see them. Oh, well you see I lectured on blood, the red chips representing the red corpuscles, the white chips the white corpuscles."

Prof's Wife: "And how about the blue chips?"

Prof: "The blue chips represented the corpuscles of the venous blood."

—The Medical Quip.

Instructions All Around

"Mr. Daring," said the director, "in this scene a lion will pursue you for five hundred feet."

"Five hundred feet?" interrupted the actor.

"Yes, and no more than that—understand?"

The hero nodded. "Yes, I understand, but does the lion?"

—Black and Blue Jay.



Thrift

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called down stairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"Yes, yes," she cried, "What is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

—Bison.

Elephantine

"I saw the most wonderful elephant-skin overcoat yesterday."

"Where was that?"

"On an elephant."

Darwin

"At times," said the girl, "you seem to be manly enough, and then at other times you're absurdly effeminate. Why on earth is it?"

"Er—ah—heredity," he answered.

"Heredity?"

"Yes. You see half of my ancestors were men and the other half women."

—Froth.

Retort

He (over the phone): "What time are you expecting me?"

She (icily): "I'm not expecting you at all."

He: "Then I'll surprise you."

—Awwgan.

A Nursery Rhyme for a Practical Mind

The rub-a-dub trio of men in a tub

Were a curious close combination.

Were they close to success? Nay, alas, there's the rub,

They were close to commercial cremation.

You see, it was summer, and each was a drummer

Of very thick red woolen undies,

They could not make a sale by appointment or mail

In a couple of decades of Sundays.

With much S. O. S. of financial distress

They floated through shallows and channels

For what could be dummer than drummers in summer

Of very thick red winter flannels?

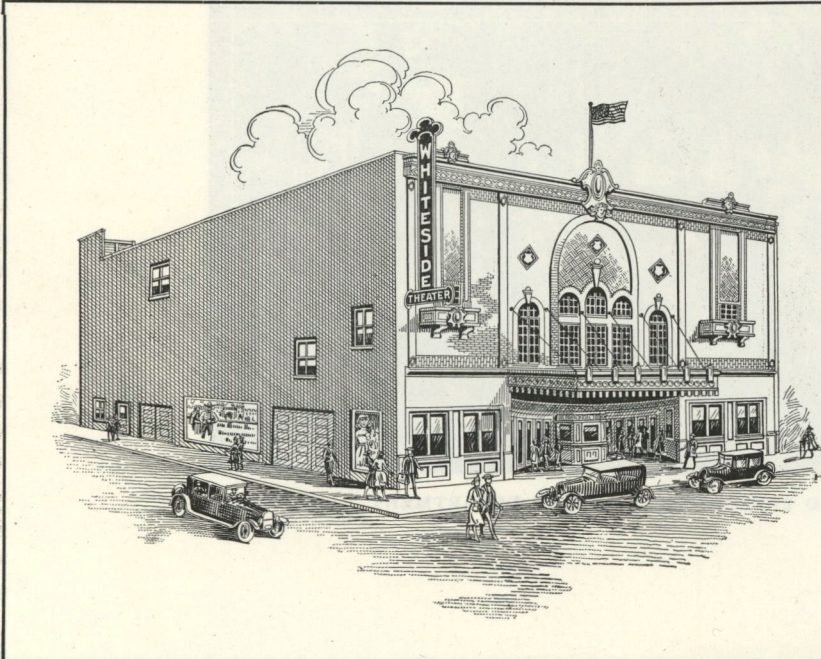
—Lampoon.

MILLER'S
GOOD GOODS
CORVALLIS
McMinnville, Salem
Monmouth, Dayton
Newberg, Yamhill
Sheridan

The Exclusive Gift Shop
GUESTS ARE WELCOME
JESSIE PROSSER On Fourth Street

NEW TUB FROCK
That enriches a summer wardrobe—Linen, Voile,
Crepe, Ratine and Gingham
BIKMAN & POWELL, Inc.
THE LADIES' SHOP

PASTIME BILLIARD HALL
Wagner Brothers
Julian Hotel - - - Basement



WHITESIDE

Monday, 28; Tuesday, 29;
Wednesday, 30

A BIG DOUBLE PROGRAM

Douglas MacLean

Star of "The Hottentot"
in

"The Sunshine Trail"
BUSTER KEATON

"The Electric House"

Thursday, 31; Friday, 1;
Saturday, 2

"Souls for Sale"

With the largest star cast of
any picture ever made



The Old Bird Passes the Laurel

—Never the Buck or Even the Non-com

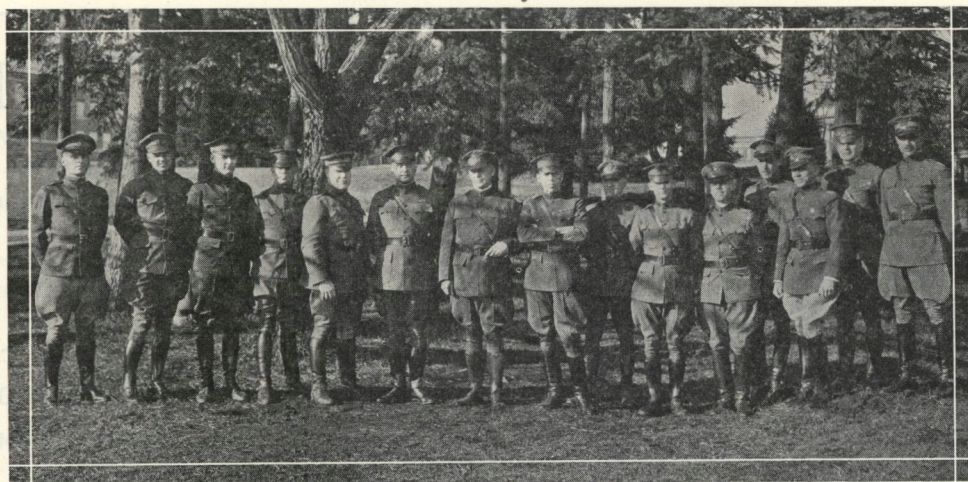
To Colonel George W. Moses, commandant of cadets at the college, and his staff of Regular Army officers, under whose direction the military tournament represents the climax of the year's activity of the local R. O. T. C.

That these technically trained officers have proven themselves to be regular fellows, too, is indicated by the high regard of the students who have learned from them the true meaning of esprit de corps.

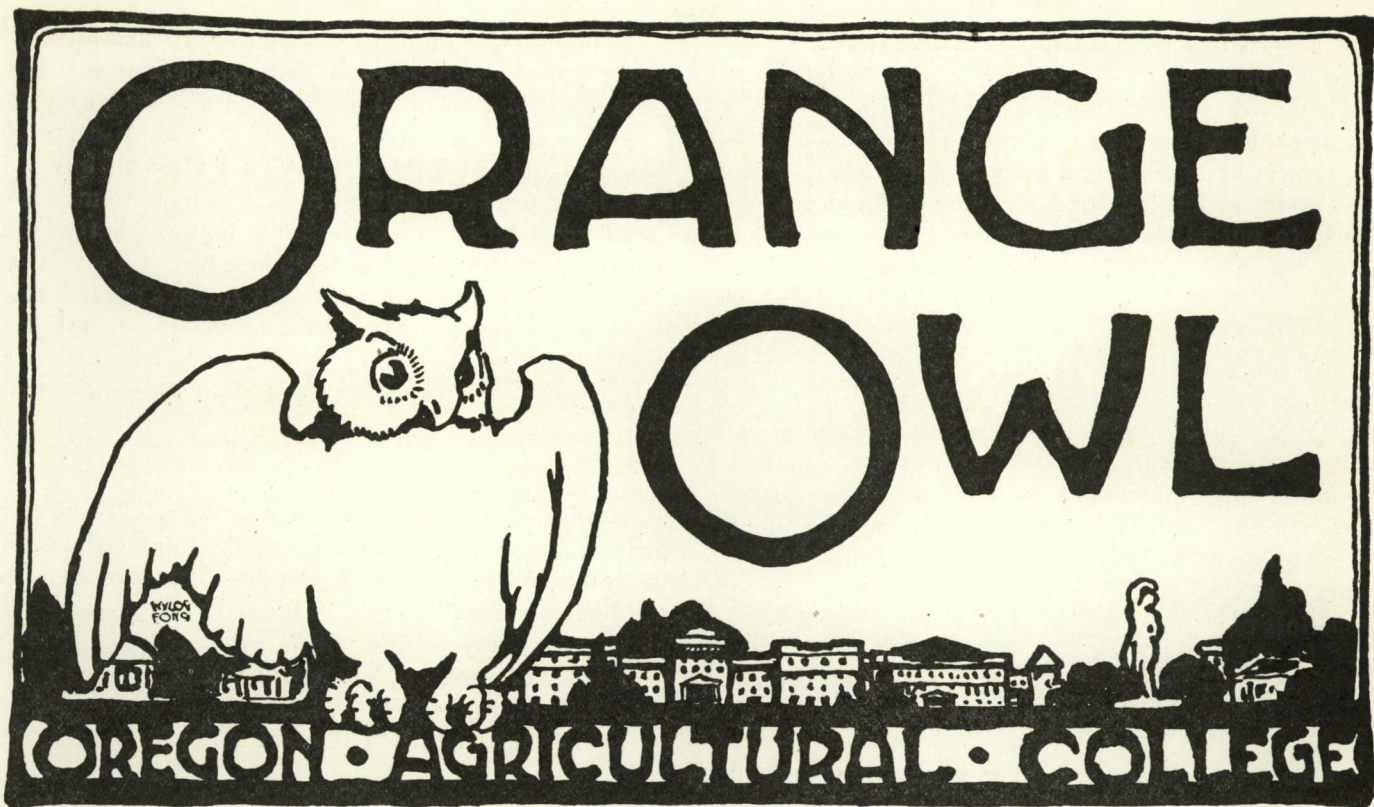
To these officers and gentlemen, then, Hammer and Coffin takes pleasure in dedicating the R. O. T. C. number of the Orange Owl.



COLONEL GEORGE W. MOSES



COMMISSIONED PERSONNEL, MILITARY DEPARTMENT



There's a sultan in Constantinople,
 There's a mikado in old Japan,
 There are hairy chiefs in the Congo,
 And an emperor in the Sudan.

In every nation you'll find them
 Tyrants, monarchs, and despots—all three,
 But you'll never find one like a sergeant
 With a job in the R. O. T. C.

l'Envoi

Mr. Booth was the slayer of Lincoln
 And Brutus stabbed Caesar so great,
 McKinley went down with a bullet
 From a Bolshi whose name I can't state.

These men made more friendship than hatred
 One blow brought each one to his knee;
 But I know a million who'd slaughter
 A sarge in the R. O. T. C.



Rook: "What is inspection?"

Wise Guy: "Suck up your middle! What's this
 man got for a spine? Chests out! Heads up! Wipe
 off that smile, and say 'Sir' when you speak to me!"

Rook: "O-o-o-o-o!"



R ollicking
 O bstinate
 T errible
 C adets!

Guns and bayonets,
 Horses and cars;
 Say, who the dickens
 Is this guy Mars?

I've got a captain
 And a sergeant, too,
 I love them both,
 The devil I do!



She, to him: "Did you get a commission in the
 R. O. T. C.?"

He, to her: "No, a straight salary."



AT TARGET PRACTICE

"Bill, what are you shooting for?"

"A perfect 36."



"Company, attention! All youse men who were
 late for drill, advance one pace. Company, halt!"



Correct this sentence: "All we do in cavalry is to
 ride horses."



Our tinted tintype goes to the dumbell who thought
 gallery practice consists in looking 'em over from the
 nigger heaven.



INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Dear Hymie:

How are you getting on over at the university? Ay bane in the Rotten Order of Tall Cadets. Other day officer bane give me ammunition belt, and ay bane ask what are pockets for. He bane say you get some snuss to put in there pretty soon. Ay tank he bane liar.

Hoping you are the same,

OLAF LARSON.

Dear Ole:

Oy such a bizness—I haf to write on wrapping paper to save my stationery. Oy, I am also in the R. O. T. C., but they lied to you about the name—it is called here the Rare Old Tire Collectors. I pulled a good one, Ole, and found what for are the pockets in the ammunition belt. They are to carry the money. I am going to be paymaster of my company, and if there is anything left over, I get it, the officer says. I hope lots of the men are too sick to report.

Hoping you are the same, Oy

HYMIE GEVALT.



One boy: "Have you ever seen a beaver dam a river?"

Two boy: "No, but I heard Pa do it to the car."



He: "You are home rather early tonight."

Engaged one: "Yes, my girl has a terrible cold."

HE WAS A GENUINE HUMORIST

He was one of those solemn-humorous sort of boys, was "Don" Morse—and generally it was by the twinkle in his eye you could tell he was filled with suppressed mirth. He could not wait for inspiration to come before he sat down to the typewriter to pound out copy for the "Owl"—he would just start writing, and the jokes would follow naturally.

"Don" was the second editor of the Orange Owl. Even now it would almost seem natural to see him amble into the Owl shack, lean against the door and drawl "Gather around the machines, lads—th' Old Bird flies next week." Then we'd catch some of his contagious, inherent humor and how the copy would pile up!

A keen scholar, a true Aggie, a genuine humorist and a typical Hammer and Coffin man was "Don," and these rare qualities made him admired and respected by all who knew him, and particularly those who worked with him.

Don has gone where we can't follow—yet awhile. But his sunny spirit and happy smile will persist as long as the Old Bird flies at O. A. C. He died as he had lived—with laughter in his heart and sunshine in his soul.

Good-bye, "Don," good-bye!

Captain (examining a private before making him a corporal): "Now, Private Smart, there is just one more question you must answer and answer correctly. If you saw the dean of women go into a deserted house on the outskirts of town, and after an interval a Catholic priest enter, and then in a few minutes the kernel of cadets entered the same house, what would you think was going on in the house?"

Private Smart (swallowing his Adam's apple a few times and grinning foolishly): "Well, sir, I'd say there was a still out there."

Captain: "Advance and get your chevrons, Private Smart."



Kernel of kadets (to student army): "Now, my men, when we meet our enemy, the competitors for the military cup, what will you do—fight like men, or run like cowards?"

Student army: "We will."

Kernel of kadets: "You will what?"

Student army: "We will not."

Kernel of kadets: "I thought so."



THAT BLIND DATE

Is she good looking?

I'll say she is.

Does she love?

I'll say she does.

Can she dance,

Say face to face,

Or does she push

Like a cast iron safe?

And if she is

Like what you say she be

Why do you

Get her for me?

I'll bite.



"Why does you-all call dem dice, 'Aggie Boy,' same as de big gun?"

"Cause dey ain't loaded, is nevah shot, and is only used for display purposes."



YES! YES!

A girl had a date

With a reprobate

Nothing to do

But osculate.

GO ON,

Did they skid?

I'll say they did.

THEY WENT.



Wise Chips from an Old Block



And Moses spake unto a great multitude, saying: "All things shall we do unto thee. Thou shalt not skip, for thy sins shall be visited upon thee, yay, even through the registrar's office. Thou shalt carry thy ten pounds of gun, for ever should the young idea be taught to shoot. Thou shalt not spit the foul and filthy weed upon thy officer's boots, even though thou chew in ranks. All things that thou wish to do, thou shalt not do.

—Extract from a hitherto unpublished chapter of Aesop's Fables.



The "Gimmie's" is a disease prevalent among soldiers and college students, brought on by dire want and cured by the ability to speak English when the pack is out.



As one of them old heroes said: "I am sorry I have but one life to give for my country, but these izzzy R. O. T. C. uniforms have tickled me to death."



"This is going to be some track-meat," remarked the engineer on the Poseyville Limited, as the engine hit old man Smither's cow square in the middle of the right-of-way.



When you are on the inside looking out, you don't have the same outlook as when you're on the outside looking in.



A sergeant is a loud voice dressed up in a uniform.
A second louie is just the uniform.



The other day a man had the nerve to stop me and ask for a bottle opener.



An optimist is a man who works for a pessimist.

Our idea of a fast ball player is the catcher who practices by batting up pop flies, puts on his mattress, shin guards, and face-cage, and catches it before it comes down.



House Mother: "Is this your Packard friend that is coming tonight?"

Co-ed: "No."

H. M.: "One of the Dodge Brothers?"

Co-ed: "No, this is Willys Knight."



All the boys in the cadet band chipped in to buy the bass-horn a pair of rubber boots so he could play "Asleep in the Deep."



The way some fellows wear those spiral putts makes even golf sox acceptable.



"They shall not pass," said the colonel when he examined the awkward squad.



Many a good cadet company is built on a foundation of gold bricks.



We pass the bean-can to the young cadet who thought Big Bertha was a cook in an army camp.



Some co-eds are built for tight dresses, others use poor judgment.



Front rank: "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Rear rank: "I wish I knew. If I did I'd take some myself."



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. IV

Corvallis, Oregon, June 1923

NO. 6

Published by the Orange Owl Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin Society at the Oregon Agricultural College

AL KOEPPEN, Editor-in-Chief
Telephone 1156

FRED KELLY, Business Manager
Telephone 1104

Dave Young ...Associate Editor

BRUSH WIELDERS

Ray Alexander Hod Lewis
Howard Wickersham
Taylor Poore

PEN PUSHERS

Fred Hoedecker John Gray
Homer Roberts
Fred Reed George Couper
G. A. Rutherford
Don Wilson Ray Price

SHOCK ABSORBERS

Dean M. Ellwood Smith

Lindsey Spight, Ass't Manager

BUSINESS STAFF

Geo. Spaur, Circulation Manager
Elmer Butz Frank Deckebach
Dick Kriesel Bob Davis

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Flo Laird Polly Harris
Edessa Campion

HONORARY MEMBERS

Bert Moses Bert Bates
Art Work Lawrence

Professor Edwin T. Reed

THE Old Bird, since his first flight to the O. A. C. campus, nearly four years ago, has had an opportunity to observe the military department of the college develop from the left-over S. A. T. C., war-worn and ineffective, to the present stable organization. He has been pleased with this development, and believes that Colonel Geo. W. Moses, his predecessor, Colonel Joseph K. Partello, and their staffs of highly-trained and efficient army officers are deserving of a large measure of credit.

The Reserve Officers' training corps is responsible for the training of a new type of citizen-soldier, a college graduate who may be mobilized into service in case of national or local emergency. In the event of

another war—and military authorities agree that so long as hatred and national prejudice exist, war is a potential possibility—the nation may depend on these reserve officers to display an effective and virile type of leadership.

So, in this final flight, the Old Bird doffs his cap to the achievements of the R. O. T. C., and points his arrows of humor and gentle satire at the foibles and vagaries of the callow youth in the ill-fitting uniform; at those who forget to be human, always remembering his goal—to provide the humorous element of O. A. C. life, and to pick the bubble of egotism with the needle point of wit.

"Dismissed."



THE wise Old Bird observes that in a short time the college will throw open its doors and another graduating class will be introduced into the cold world of reality with only a diploma to combat the wolf at the door.

The college has been a stage on which their future lives have been rehearsed. Some will enter the business world timidly, just as they first walked up the lower campus for the first time, and some are going out with a devil-may-care attitude with which they first sat on the co-op steps as rooks. There will be a great many who will skip and skid on the road to success, but it is up to the college-trained man and woman to progress just as in the last four years.

The Old Bird believes that something more than a means of livelihood has been given its graduates. Appreciation of some of the finer things, art, literature, and music has been taught along with the technical education which is the basis of our scholastic activity.

It is, in a way, unfortunate that the seniors should have to leave the campus when it is most beautiful. It is difficult to pack the old trunk for the last time when a balmy June breeze filters through the open window, and Mary's peak is outlined against the red-gold sky of sunset. It is difficult to bid farewell to old friends, many of whom will pass out of one's life entirely, but those are the pictures that the memory will paint most vividly in the poignant moments of retrospect in the busy years to come.



Winning eight out of fourteen conference games is the record of the 1923 Aggie baseball squad, whose percentage of .571 is the highest varsity score since 1916. From diminutive "Huskie" McKenna to towering "Al" Woodward, the team has played a good, consistent brand of ball. The venerable hoot is proud of their achievement, and predicts an even better season next year.

CONTRIBUTORS

- Dick Benson
- Gus Naulty
- Dick Emmons
- Merle Carter
- Lardo Keller
- U. B. Marr

THE OLD BIRD is cognizant that his publication is dependent on the support of the entire student body. He must have their subscriptions in order to be financially successful, and he must have the product of their rattling Remingtons and rusty pens for art and literary success. The support this year has been good, but it must be better next year if the Old Bird is to continue to progress.

When you have finished the gay summer season and come trooping back to the old institution, the ancient fowl's crew will be on deck at registration for your subscriptions, and then, October 12, two weeks after, will present you with his "Come-Back" number. A novel arrangement of pages, together with the fruit of his staff's summer activity as well as a number of contributions he is expecting, will be featured.



PING! The Old Bird, flying low on the return trip from Mary's river, narrowly averted severing all wordly connections as a white pellet sailed past his left ear. His all-observing eye took in the galloping ponies, the multi-colored throng in the bleachers, and the pith helmets of the players, and he recognized the latest campus sport—polo.

Sponsored by the cavalry unit of the R. O. T. C., polo is fast becoming popular, with the new field, equipment, and impetus given it by the activity of Junior week-end. Given the development of another season or two, and the sage bird hopes to have the opportunity of heralding another championship team in the Aggie annals.



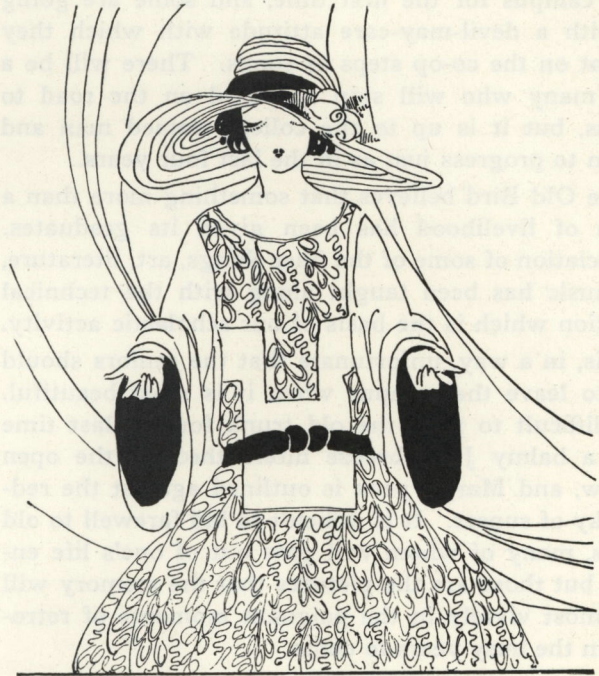


Manual of Arms---Nineteen Twenty-three Version

Scabbard and Blade, Take Notice!



BUY THE NUMBERS



PRESENT ARMS



EYES RIGHT



FALL OUT!

BRADON



We Plead Guilty

"My girl ought to have power of attorney."
 "Good at argument?"
 "No, she has such pleading eyes."



Rook (reading from R. O. T. C. manual): "It says here 'The dogs of war were loosened,' where do they keep the dogs of war, teacher?"

Lieutenant: "In the pup tents, son."



'Twas midnight on the desert isle,
 The snow was falling fast;
 Filled to the brim with lemonade,
 Bad Bill went tripping past.

A bold, bad bully William was,
 As hard, as hard could be;
 He'd lost his virtue when he joined
 The devilish R. O. T. C.

It was bad luck, and their slangy muck
 That made poor Bill so hard,
 He learned to chew gum when they gave him some
 Now the boys say Will's a card.



Pivit: "Say, Sarge, how about some new shoes?"
 Supply Sigit: "Why, those look pretty strong."
 Pivit: "They are, that's why I want some new ones."



A sweet young lad
 Is Will DeBates,
 He doesn't kiss
 He osculates.



Officer: "Why are your shoes not shined?"
 Fat Recruit: "Sir, I can't reach them."



He: "Well, kid, what are you hanging around for?"

Kid: "I just wanted to see if Sis would run and kiss you like she always did Jack."



"Who is that woman over there?"
 "The one with the letter on her sweater is one of the co-ed boxers."
 "She looks like a knockout."



First senior : "Going to class today?"
 Second senior: "Naw, I don't need sleep."

The Eve of the Sham Battle

The captain stood before his men
 His orders on his tongue.
 "Now listen, boys, please do not shoot
 Until the war's begun."



Lukie: "When is a fountain pen not a fountain pen?"

Cynth: "When?"

Lukie: "When it doesn't inkwell."



Dear Mama:

Yes, I'm a soldier now. I had my picture taken the other day and shall send you one to put there under that flag with grandpa's. I didn't know I would have a chance to be a hero when I came down here to college, but they made me take this military stuff and it sure is fine. I'm busier than a one-armed typist with poison oak, and I don't have time to write since I joined the army. Everybody who has \$25 to buy silver buttons is made an officer, so you ask dad if he wants me to be an officer. I've got to start wrapping my leggings, so love,
 HERBIE.



His face was pink as any rose,
 His hair was dripping wet—
 As rose from 'neath the V. C. hose
 A chastened rook cadet.



Recruiting officer: "Sam, can you shoot?"
 Recruit: "Boss, can I shoot? I'se can throw seven or eleven eight times out of ten."



Recruit: "These pants are too small."
 Quartermaster: "That's all right, pull your shoes up to meet them."



"Hell is full of low cut blouses,"
 Wails Billy Sunday, awfully blue.
 From what we've seen, sorority houses
 Are good enough for me and you.



I love the smell of powder
 And the aromatic smoke
 Of the co-ed team in action.



"Are those leaves of absence on the major's shoulders?" the raw recruit asked. 'Twas then they shot him.



R. O. T. C. REGGIE CHORTLES

I have a little gun,
I carry it around with me,
And what can be the use of it
Is more than I can see.

I never carry bullets,
I never get to fire,
But just carrying it around and around
Makes me perspire, perspire.

I go through lots of motions
Of shooting enemies;
First, laying on my stomach
Then kneeling on my knees,

But never hear the bullets
Through the barrels sing,
I never face the enemy
Nor hear their cannon ring.

They say that an officer
R. O. T. C. will make of me,
But what will be the use of it
Is more than I can see.



"Ever notice that the men are not affected with
chapped lips any more?"

"How come?"

"They are starting to use cold cream as a base for
lip rouge."

MADDENING MOMENTS

(With apologies to friend Hal Dietje.)

Standing at the polls at student body election and
have your rook come up and blurt out in a stage whis-
per: "Hey, c'mere and tell me how to vote, Newt, I
lost th' slip of paper y' give muh."



"See that girl over there? She gave me a black
mark last night."

"I never knew she was that kind."

"After the dance someone turned the spotlight on
the porch and her mascaro streaked my forehead."



If a cadet spreads his elbows at the lunch counter,
and it bothers you, just stick your beak skyward and
yell "Front," and watch him drop his hands to his
sides.



"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars, a cage."

And yet, we'll bet at Leavenworth
Those lines are not the rage.



Guard: "Who goes there?"

Off duty: "Boo."

Guard: "Boo—who?"

Off duty: "Well, don't cry about it."



SPEAKING OF SHAM BATTLES



Montague Wins the Sham Battle

“Sizzzzzz Boom”—A brilliant light shone in the heavens for an instant—a second later came the report of a rocket bursting over the still world—the battle was on!

Montague Leggintwist had never been in one before—as a matter of fact, he had no idea of what a sham battle was. True enough, the sarge had mumbled something about a few weeks ago, while he slumbered in line. Now here he was with a gun, in the dead of night out on the battle field alone without the slightest idea of where to go or what to do.

The “where to go” was solved in the split part of the next second. A bomb which had gone up and failed to explode lit between his knees as he lay prone on the ground, and changing its mind about exploding, went off with a roar.

Montague got up leisurely at the rate of thirty feet per second and on a 70 per cent elevation, and lit out for the nearest shelter—a clump of bushes. Montague did not know, as you and I do, that it was a machine gun nest, and sat down so close to it that the knocking of his knees together drowned out the rattling of the green leaves together. A rustle—a sudden rush of hot air on the back of his neck, his hat disappeared into the night—the machine gunners had begun to begin. Montague left this spot and dashed out into the night again.

He stopped short and sniffed! Gas—by crackey!! Montague had heard that they used it in the recent unpleasantness, but he didn’t think they would let out that awful strangling stuff in a sham battle. He pictured the ground strewn with the corpses of his classmates—yea even his roommate perhaps.

A heroic resolve came into his mind. He would sacrifice himself to save his fellow warriors, even though they had twice tried to annihilate him. He tied a handkerchief around his nose and on tiptoes sneaked forward in the direction from which the gas seemed to come. Nearer and nearer he came to the fiendish machine—his foot touched a wriggling mass—the air became blue, the gas was unbearable. A rocket burst in the air over him and with his last despairing gasp, he opened his eyes to see a little striped black and white animal amble slowly off into the night.

A bugle call—the horses were coming—he must get out of the way, or he would be trampled to death, among the bodies of his comrades. He started to run—there was a sudden jolt—he had hit a horse. The impact shook its rider off into the dust—a sudden leap and a strangled gasp—and Montague went under the horse’s legs. There was a crash and a groan, then silence.

Dawn broke over this field of carnage, the campus milkman rattled by on his way to his morning work. There lay the horse with his front legs strapped together with Montague’s belt, his back legs tied with his suspenders, his ears plugged up with Montague himself—his gun over the sweaty sides of his mount—his gaze sweeping the field for the enemy that would never come again. A voice smote his ear.

“Hy say, old man, would you mind movin’ your bloomin’ ’orse? H’y’d like to cut the blarsted grass afore the sun gets too hot !!!



“Squads right! Squads left!
Left front into line!”
Then he stands there smirking
And chortles, “Double time.”
I take this stuff to get a grade;
(I must have a B.)
That’s why I’m here drillin’
In this R. O. T. C.



LOVE LETTERS OF A ROOKIE

(Revamped From the Late War)

Deer Mable:

“I have joined up with the local Reserve Officers Trainin’ Corpse. What Sherman said was right.

“Still your counterfeit,
“BILL.”



He: “I understand the colonel is wearing his new breeches creased down the sides.”

It: “That’s the latest wrinkle.”



First Bootlegger: “The sheriff of this caounty is crooked.”

Second Bootlegger: “Haouw come?”

First Bootlegger: “He actually helped me move my still.”

Second Bootlegger: “Where to?”

First Bootlegger: “The caounty caourt haouse.”



When King Arthur was a professor of Military Science and Tactics it was considered quite the thing to use daylight saving in warfare—plant your lance in the middle of the knight.



Philosophy From the Rear Ranks

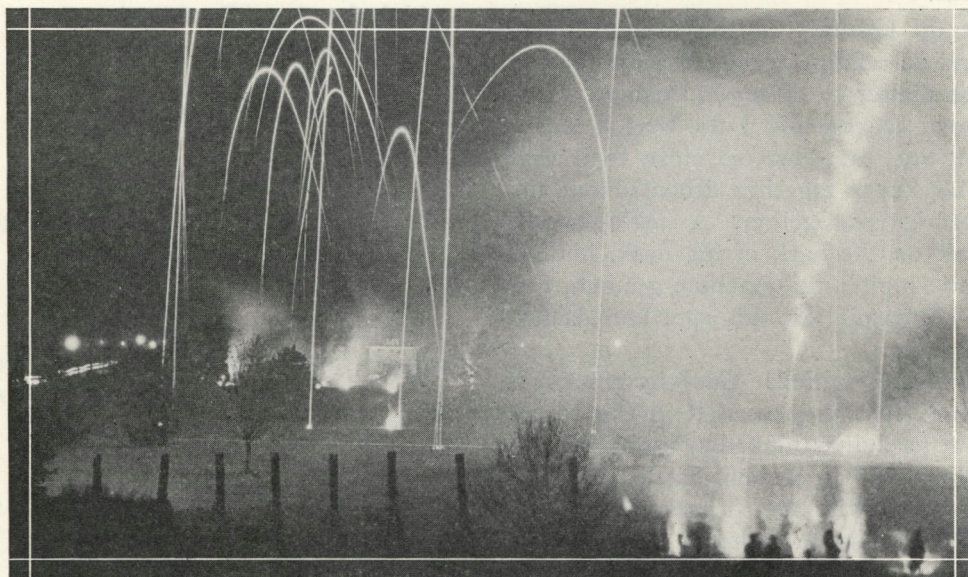
It takes a pigeon-toed guy to cut a pigeon wing.



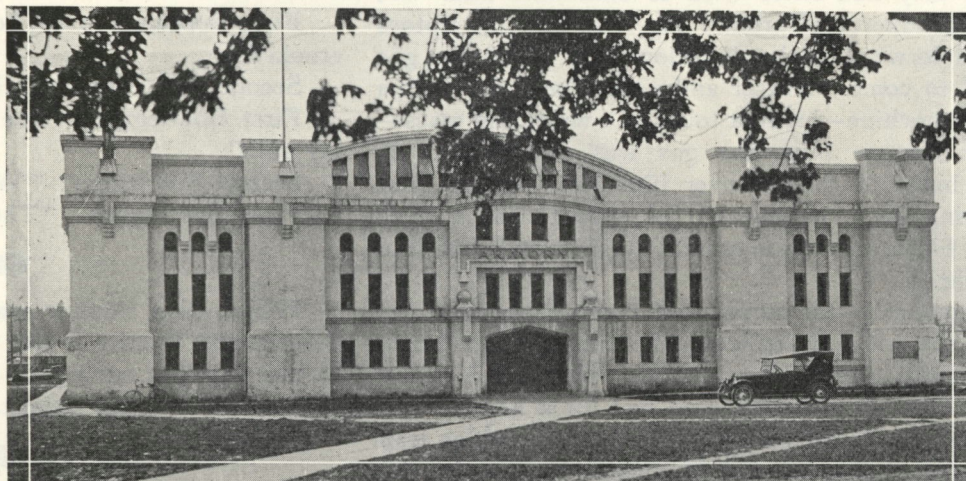
"The West Point of the West" in Pictures



"PASS IN REVIEW!"



PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY, MILITARY TOURNAMENT



THE COLLEGE ARMORY, R. O. T. C. HEADQUARTERS



Program of the Tenth Annual Military Tournament

Part I

Polo Tourney, Polo Field, May 26, 3:00 P. M., Portland Hunt Club vs. O. A. C. Cavalry. In charge, Captain Glenn S. Finley.

Part II

Military Circus, O. A. C. Stadium, May 26, 7:00 P. M.

Programme of Events

1. Military review and ceremony, "Corps of cadets on parade." R. O. T. C. unit making the best military appearance wins silver loving cup donated by Allen's Drug Store. Judges—Colonel C. E. Dentler, Colonel T. M. Anderson, Colonel Robert McLeave.

2. Wall Scaling Competition. All units enter one team. Director, Lieutenant Leo Clarke. Prize, cup donated by Military Tournament Bureau.

3. Polo Exhibition Game, O. A. C. vs. Portland Hunt Club. Director, Captain Glenn S. Finley.

4. Cavalry Exhibition Ride. Director, Captain Holmes Paulin.

5. Tug-o'-War (first heat). All units enter one squad. Director, Lieutenant M. E. Scott. Prize, loving cup, donated by J. M. Nolan & Son.

6. Artillery Exhibition Drill. Director, Major W. F. Winton.

7. Infantry Machine Gun Competition, Capt. G. F. Bloomquist, director; Corvallis National Guard vs. O. A. C. Infantry.

8. Ladies' Riding Exhibition. Director, Captain Holmes Paulin.

9. Tug-o'-War, (final heat).

10. Rescue Race, All units. Prize, cup donated by Military Department.

11. "Fighting Engineers in Action." Director, Lieutenant J. G. Christiansen.

12. Presentation of prizes. Sweaters to rifle and pistol teams, Partello cup to winner of tournament, other cups to winners of single events.

One minute thrillers between the acts, Lieutenant L. L. Partlow.

Part III

Night Operations and Sham Battle, Major Henry Terrell, director. Follow the band to the battle field and see "the most spectacular sham battle ever staged at night in the Willamette Valley."

Part IV

Pyrotechnic Display After the Battle, Captain Lee Card, director. "A close rival to the wonderful fireworks exhibition of the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition."



"PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT"

"Mama, lookit at all those canoes out on Mary's river."

"Yes, darling, they remind me of peanuts—each with a couple of nuts inside a thin shell."



Mrs. Swell: "Where are you going, Bridget. Something private?"

Bridget: "No, mum. Just a sergeant."



Clerk: "How do you like that tie in the window?"

Customer: "That's a very good place for it."



He: "The military ball was last night."

She: "Was that the terrible noise I heard?"



We will now sing "My Little Gray Hole in the Vest," by Moth and Moth.



Though a shoe has a tongue, few can boast of a brogue.



As ye sew, so shall ye rip.



If the R.O.T.C. Ossifers Ran the Army

Bulletins

Special Order No 23.

May 23, 1923.

General Delivery has been found guilty of disrespect toward a buck private and gentleman, and has been sentenced to 10 days at K. P. and forfeiture of commutation pay.

By order of Buck Private I. B. Marshall.

Company Order No. 11056

May 20, 1923.

The medal for Duty-Dodging, in the recent contest held, has been awarded Buck Private Howe I. Loafe, by the jury of non-coms selected for this purpose. For the marvelous display of military strategy exhibited by Private Loafe in his duty-dodging maneuvers, he has also been granted the additional prize of two hours' extra bunk fatigue per day, for the period of two weeks. A new contest in this feat of military skill will be announced at an early date.

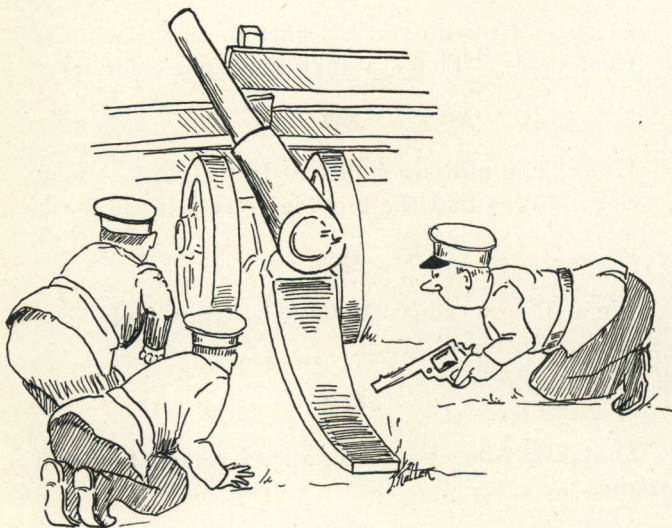
By order of the jury of awards,
Chief Sergeant Z. Company.

Kangaroo Court Order No. 263748586 May 20, 1923.

Cook I Scorchwater has pleaded guilty to refusing buck private "thirds" in the mess line, and has been sentenced to crawl the gauntlet ten times on his hands and knees.

By order of Private I. B. Marshall.

All bucks are hereby notified that in order to have their mess kits washed by the corporal serving their squad, they must hand them to him immediately after mess.



Captain: "Your rank?"
Snotty: "I know it."

Company Order No. 13645.

All privates are urged to assemble at the little white tent at the end of the company street at 1:15 today to attend an instructive lecture on "How to Roll a Shelter Half Around a Stove Pipe and Thus Reduce the Weight of the Pack," by Buck Private A. Sharpe, the inventor of the scheme. His invention was discovered, it will be remembered, by Colonel Moses, who unexpectedly called for inspection on a march. Private Sharpe was complimented by the Colonel for the cleverness and strategy along military lines, which his invention showed him to possess, and has been excused from all service calls for a month as a reward.
First Sergeant X Company.



SYNONYMS OF AN R. O. T. C. MAN

Bliss inducers—Bunk fatigue, "seconds," commutation pay.

Buck privates—Goats, rook military men, winners of the war.

Hard lines—No "seconds" in the mess line, line of duty, the gauntlet line, no lines from Doc Matthis, line up for company fatigue.

Celestial melodies—Recall, come 'n get it, rattle of the gallopin' dominoes, fall in for pay.

Heroes—Captain Tansey, duty dodgers.

Infernal sounds—Drill call, "snap into it, you birds," the sergeants' whistles, call from the colonel's office, "gimme a buck till payday."

Kicks—Top kick, army mules, bootleg, hobnails.

Liars—Bulletin boards, "Ding Pardner," General Rumor, Duty Sergeant.

Non-coms—\$.....?????!

Pests—Corporals, bucks who stick their heads into the tents and yell "Attention" just for fun.

Robbers—"Belly-robbers," supply sergeants, paymasters.

The enemy—The top-soak, looies, the bird with the trained dice, anti-cigarette fiends.

The enemy's fire—A squawking from the corporal, expert shooting by the bird with the trained dice.

Vices—Hand shaking, the "gimme's" liking for drill, and training for the tournament.

Virtues—Dislike for duty, not pledged by Scabbard and Blade, fondness for "stalling on detail," susceptibility to "stallitis."

Eternity—The period of R. O. T. C. training.

Non-essential citizen—All ranking higher than bucks.



How Eustace C. Red barrely escaped from those rude V. C.'s.



He stumbled up the steps and slipped into the brightly lit hall, unnoticed by the care-free crowd. His face gleamed in a fierce wild manner as he noticed the smooth backs of the women. His glance ran over the ropes of pearls swinging carelessly from the swan-like throats. His quick, practiced eye noted the heavy gold rings of the men, the jeweled studs and cuff links.

He slipped along to a corner of the room, almost hidden by the heavy draperies that hung from the walls. His movements were not seen by a single eye in that entire crowd, swinging lazily to and fro in cadence to the music of a dreamy waltz.

There was a whirlwind finish and the orchestra stopped with a crash. Suddenly he saw his opportunity. He climbed upon a table that providence seemed to have placed for such a night's work. There was a sudden rustle of voices—every eye was turned on him—he had been discovered. It was now or never. Fixing his eyes on a tall gray-haired gentleman, he raised his arm and with teeth clenched in a savage grin, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash—somewhere in the crowd a woman screamed faintly.

"That ought to make a darn good picture," he muttered to himself, as he folded up his camera and stepped down off the table.



Cow College?

Inspector: "What is that?"
 Cadet: "That's the stock, Sir."
 Inspector: "What's that?"
 Cadet: "That's the muzzle."
 Inspector: "What's their use?"
 Cadet: "You put the muzzle on the stock."

CADET SONG

I'd surely like to work
 In a butcher shop,
 For then over the officers
 I'd surely have the hop.

I'd wrap up the Major's "ribs,"
 And out the Colonel's "tongue;"
 I'd take the Lieu's "picholed feet"
 And see that they were hung.

I'd saw the Captain's "leg"
 And grind the Sergeant's "hog,"
 And take the Corporal's "brains"
 And feed them to a dog.



A burned toast: Here's to the new colonel of cadets!! May he dance as well as his predecessor, be as modest and retiring from the public eye, and speak in as subdued and gentle a tone.



Barrack Room Ballads

By her freshman
 A rollicking, lumbering soldier lad
 Believe me, boys, that's me.
 I know I'm good, I'm not so bad,
 I drill at O. A. C.

By his rookess
 That lad of mine he is sublime,
 A soldier brave is he;
 I'd love to climb his manly frame
 But he throws rocks at me.



ENEMY HIDING IN AMBUSH



THE IDEAL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

9:00 a. m.—Breakfast for visitors and guests of the graduates at the Co-op.

9:30 a. m.—Registration of those who elevated the cow to the belfrey in Cauthorn hall in '98.

10:00 a. m.—Keg parties for the classes of 1854 to 1923 inclusive.

10:50 a. —Luncheons for the following organizations, Gunks, Shifters, Casket and Cudgel, Neva Knew She Nu, Againstum, Ball and Chain, Scab and Blood, and Cup and Saucer.

12:30 p. m.—Luncheons for forty more societies.

2:00 p. m.—Opening address.

2:10 p. m.—Tea.

2:25 p. m.—Tea.

2:50 p. m.—Tea.

2:55 p. m.—Close of the address.

3:00 p. m.—Snappy jokes by the ex-president of the senior class.

3:15 p. m.—Juggling act by the college tumblers.

3:30 p. m.—Broadcasting of major league ball games.

3:40 p. m.—Rain (shower).

3:41 p. m.—Program continued.

3:43 p. m.—Rain (passing cloud).

3:50 p. m.—Presentation of diplomas and raspberries.

4:00 p. m.—Song by senior girls: "I-don't-want-to-graduate-I'll-never-have-another-date Blues."

4:10 p. m.—Presentation of awards.

- a. We-all-do trophy for the greatest number of cuts in English literature.
- b. Dad Butler award for continuous dancing.
- c. Harold Scott cup for making away with the greatest number of ice-cream bars from in front of the Dairy building.
- d. Moses cup—for those taking part in the tournament.

4:30 p. m.—Card tricks by Zelta Feike.

4:50 p. m.—Planting of raspberry bushes by the Senior class.

5:00 p. m.—Closing songs: "Lo, Alma Mater, It's me," and "A Duty I Once Seen."

5:30 p. m.—Interpretative dancing at the stock pavilion by Professor Dunkelberger and Dean Covell.



"Let's shoot for a record," said Shyfrat.

"Make it a Caruso number," replied Dryfrat, as he rolled a natural.



Officer: "My dear fellow did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?"

Rook: "Yes, sir, clocks do it, Sir."

"AS WILLIE SAID, THE PLAYS THE THING"

A One-act Fantasie

The Scene: A drawing room of conventional furnishing. Opposite a sleepy log fire is an overstuffed divan, and Columbine and Harlequin are discovered seated thereon in fond embrace. Beside the divan is a large polychrome table lamp. The polychrome is blatant, the light is subdued.

Time: Any evening.

Harlequin: "Your kisses leave a savor of joy on my parched lips."

Columbine: "Dearest!"

H., (releasing her suddenly): "But what would your sweetheart think?"

C., (feigning surprise and moving to the extreme edge of the divan): "Why Harlequin!"

H., (making a stab in the dark): "Tell me—how long have you been engaged?"

C.: "I don't understand—"

H., (continuing his bluff): "Yes, you do."

C., (slowly): "Are—you—a mind reader?"

H., (boldly): "Come—speak up! Where's his ring?"

C., (raising her hand to her bosom): "It—it—it's here."

H., (rising after a moment's silence): "This is intolerable. I want all your love or else none at all. An idea—let's flip a coin. If it lands "Heads," will you promise never to let me kiss you again?"

C., (frankly tearful): "Must I?"

H., (lighting a cigarette): "Yes."

C., (softly): "I—I—promise—"

(A silver coin—the head of a proud virgin to a greasy sleekness—spins its dizzy, glittering flight through the curling clouds of cigarette smoke and with a metallic clatter lands—"Heads!")

H.: "Good-bye—"

C., (producing a picture of one of Harlequin's fraternity brothers): "Oh look, dear—"

H., (glancing at the picture and then slipping his arms around the girl): "Say, honey, I think I'll stay a while." They clinch.

(Curtain)



Inspector: "What is that canteen for?"

Cadet: "To carry milk and water in, Sir."

Inspector: "What do you mean, carry milk in it?"

Cadet: "Well, each man is his own churn, then."



I want to be an officer,

Work for my Uncle Sam;

But this R. O. T. C. stuff

Makes me fbX?fb?Xfb)-amn.



HUMOR

from the

MORGUE

Edited

Scott: "I certainly did wrong when I told my girl I admired her chin."

Shreve: "How's that?"

Scott: "She's started raising another one."

—Sandspur.

Tom: "Pa, you remember you promised me five dollars if I passed in school this year."

Pa: "Yes."

Tom: "Well, that's one expense account you won't have this year."

—Mink.

A pretty face, a pleasing form
Can raise a grade from low to high.
The prof is but a meager man,
The same as you or even I.

—Phoenix.

"I'll give you a day to get out of town."
"You must think I'm as slow as the town."

—Judge.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fannie, you have got him at last!'"

—The Beanpot.

"I had a chat with your wife in bed this morning."
"What?"

"Telephonically speaking, of course."

—Virginia Reel.

Buck: "Can you give me a definition of an orator?"

Private: "Sure! He's the fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

—American Legion Weekly.

Josh: "Hello, Cy, I see your wife's back from Boston."

Cy: "Gosh! That beats radio."

—University of Buffalo Bison.

Warden, to murderer in electric chair: "Is there anything you would like to do or say before I push the fatal button?"

Thoughtful Murderer: "Yes, sir, I would like to get up and give my seat to a lady."

—Boston University Beanpot

"Good Lord, the papers in this barber shop are full of nothing but horrible crimes."

"That's to make your hair stand up so we can cut it easier."

—Boston University Beanpot.

Drip: "Let's walk around the corner and get a drink."

Drap: "Hell, no. Let's run." —Columbia Jester.

Egg: "What a peach across the street."

Beater: "Right-o, but she surely dresses out of sight."

Egg: "Where should she dress?"

—Washington and Lee Mink.

"So you bought your wife a pet monkey?"

"Yes, I got her a cute one."

"That will be fine for her. She won't miss you as much when you're away."

—Pitt Panther.

Vera: "Are you going to the Carlton's dance?"

Grace: "No, dear, I have another engagement."

Vera: "Oh, I wasn't invited, either."

—Stevens Tech Stone Mill.

Apollo: "Why haven't you girls any athletes?"

Minerva: "Because we haven't any supporters, that's why!"

—Vanderbilt Jade.

Customer: "I should like to see something in the way of automobiles."

Salesman: "Yes, sit, right this way, sir. Now take a look at that cop on the corner, sir." —Harvard Lampoon.

Tommy: "Look what I found on the links today, dad!"

Dad: "Are you sure it was a lost ball, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Lost? Of course, it was lost. I saw the man looking for it."

—Drexer.

Ja.: "Pop, what is an ancestor?"

Sr.: "Well, I'm one."

Jr.: "Yes, I know, but why do people brag about them?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Count Pineski: "How far is it to the Hotel Hedoff?"

Duke Ashksi: "Not far."

"Well, how far?"

"Oh, about a bomb's throw."

—The Flamingo.

Old Lady: "Why, I am shocked! You are smoking."

Little Fellow: "What do you think I am doing?"

Old Lady: "Don't you know that as little a fellow as you should not smoke? It will do you harm."

L. F.: "That's all right, lady; I am used to it now."

O. L.: "You should keep away from cigarettes."

L. F.: "I use a cigarette holder."

O. L.: "You had better come along with me."

L. F.: "Sorry, lady, but I am waiting for my wife."

—The Brown Jug.

Ethelbert: "I want you for my wife, dear. Could I be plainer?"

Ethel: "Not without being positively ugly."

—Mugwump.



Puzzle Department

Fill in the blanks in the following "pomes:"

Said Dora, "If you do not
Like my stuff so well,
Why, then, for all that I care
You can go to—."

I thought she loved me only;
I said, "How glad I am,"
But then I found her up in arms
Against my roommate —.

He tried to make her kiss him,
She said, "I like you not,
And my opinion is that
you're a little —."

Answers: 1. Wrong. Nell. (Her roommate.)
2. Wrong again. Damn, not Sam.
3. Wrong once more. Shot. —Widow.

News Item: Miss Lysle Stocking is suing Mr. Paris Garter for non-support.

Always!

Diz: "May I call you my little dyspepsia tablet?"
Liz: "Why?"
Diz: "Always after a large, heavy dinner."
—Ski-U-Mah.

She: "John, how many are there in that chorus?"
John: "Why I count thirty-six."
She: "Why, there are not that many. You've been drinking. There are really but eighteen."
John: "Oh, yes, you're right. You see I was counting the—."
—Gargoyle.

A Tragedy in One Act

Time—To retire.

Place—Bed-room (lights lighted).

It was a dark, cold night. The traffic stopped—a mob had gathered. I had forgotten—

The Curtain.

(Cheers and applause from the mob). —Yale Record.

The lady was rather condescending.

"My husband is very jealous," she remarked to her partner on the floor, "so I only dance with exceedingly plain people."
"It's a good system," said he, "I follow it. —Judge.

Pessimist: "It costs twice as much to live these days as it used to.

Optimist: "It's worth it." —Purple Parrot.

Teacher: "Can you name the four seasons?"

Jimmie: "They ain't but two; the football and the baseball seasons." —Chaparral

Prof.: "What do you know about Fielding?"

Stude: "Nothing much. I was always a pitcher on the team whenever I played." —Bison.

Bill: "Say, Jack, how did you get that red on your lip?"

Jack: "That's my tag for parking too long in one place."
—Panther.

Grocer: "Why did you pummel that drunk so fiercely, Rube?"

Rube: "Because he wouldn't stop calling me 'hick'."
—Lampoon.

"Is Jack Simple?"

"Simple! He thought my flask was for perfume."
—Brown Jug.

"My, this is a bumpy road."

"It isn't the road—I have hic coughs."
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

My girl on the sofa's efficient
At petting she's very proficient;
But my head's in a whirl,
For I've lost my girl,
A word to the guys was sufficient.
—Moonshine.

A certain young man from south Ga.
To a damsel said, "I'm sorry I Ba.
As we sat on the sofa,
I tried to move ovah
But you moved every time I moved Ta."
—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

A Noise Annoys

A crash, a bang, uncertain sounds.
I awakened from my sleep.
'Twas early morn, the dodo bird
Had just commenced to peep.
Looked vainly through the gloom.
What monster could be lurking in
The shadows of my room?
With most surprising bravery
I turned on every light.
Two legs stuck forth from 'neath my bed,
Prime factors in my fright?
"A thief, no doubt?" you stop to ask.
"Ah, no," I answer you.
It was only my roommate, he
He heard the same noise too.
—Gargoyle.

Milano
Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something fine about it"

\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK



A HOLY ROLLER



The Reason

Disdainful Wife: "When that big tough shook his fist under your nose, what did you mean by just walking away? What's the matter with you?"

Husband (meekly): "Spring fever, my dear. Running's such an exertion."
—Judge.

Wrong Number

She left hubby alone in the hotel room and went shopping. When she returned the many doors and numbers and passages confused her. She soon picked out which was her room, went to the door and rapped, saying:

"Honey, let me in; I'm back honey."

No answer.

Knocking harder: "Honey, honey; let me in."

Suddenly from the other side of the door came a deep, stern voice: "Madam, this is not a beehive; it is a bathroom."
—Black and Blue Jay.

Erudition

Prof: "Did I say anything about the crux of the position?"

Bright Student: "No, sir."

"Hum! I meant to work that phrase off somehow."
—Jester.

Not Evident

Male (for the fourth—and last—time): "Well, I must be going."

Female (desperately): "What an odd illusion. You haven't moved an inch."
—Record.

"What makes Mignon so popular?"

"Oh, when a man calls, she asks him a riddle and keeps him in the dark the rest of the evening."
—Virginia Reel.

Flirtation—A spoon with nothing in it.
—Virginia Reel.

CORRECT FOOTWEAR
and
HOSIERY



for the varied activities at graduation time.

STALNAKER & PARKER
The BOOT SHOP

CENTRAL SHOE SHOP

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Next to Whiteside Theatre

LYNN'S

For DEPENDABLE KODAK FINISHING

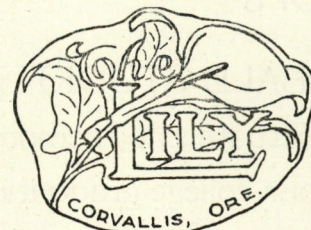
116 South Third Street

To the Old Bird:

We believe that your flight of this school year has been a most successful one. Please let us congratulate you on the good work you have done.

J.H.Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

We Are Always Glad to Pack a Box of Our Select
HOME MADE CANDY



RUSS FIELDS

214 Second St.

**THE SHOE HOSPITAL**

1100 Jefferson Street, Near Campus
C. L. SON, Proprietor

QUALITY WORK GOOD SERVICE

ELECTRIC LUNCH—

TRY OUR MALTS, LUNCHES,
AND PASTRY

1522 Jefferson Street

Allen's Drug Store

"In Business For Your Health"

"SAFE AS A BANK"

In Our New Building — 251 Madison Street

NEW TENTS

Army Shoes and Work Clothes

UNITED ARMY STORES, Inc.

231 South Second Street Corvallis, Oregon

Oh Boy! Eat, drink and be merry! Visit

THE EUREKA

CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH
Cafeteria Style

FIFTEENTH AND JEFFERSON STREETS

MOTHER SULLIVAN'S

For Home Cooking

Across From Engineering Laboratory

Seniors—

Let a "BALL STUDIO" portrait
perpetuate the memory of
your college graduation

Oh. Author—Author

Absolutely the hottest play of the year. You will know after you've seen Gore and Gravel (not a motion picture) why it is absolutely necessary to have an asbestos curtain.

Excerpt from the passionate second act.*

Gallardo: "I love you." (They kiss).

Donna Sol: "Do you?" (They kiss).

Gallardo: "Yes." (They kiss).

Donna Sol: "Well." (They kiss).

(Donna Sol approaches door at back of stage).

(Exit off-stage into garden).

*This passage is censored, but it can be seen from this how hot a play it really is. —Trivol.

Spirituelle

"Don't you think Angelica looks spirituelle in that evening Gown?"

"Well, I must admit there's not much of the baterial about her." —Life.

Inevitable

"I forgot to ask you to come to my camp-fire picnic—will you come?"

"It's too late now. I prayed for a blizzard!" —Life.

Just Blue

She gently rocked the baby

In its cradle, to and fro;

She sang an old-time lullaby,

The kind our mothers know.

The baby gazed at her askance,

Within its eye a tear;

"Why don' you cut that stuff," it said,

"And jazz it, mother dear?"

—Brown Jug.

A Match

College Widow: "I think, Madeline, I will go out with either Chollie or Jerry this afternoon. Which one do you think will match this dress?"

"Chollie, because he is the thinnest." —Lyre.

Jim: "Did ya go to the dance last night?"

Jim: "No, had to go to the Prom." —Octopus.

Don't Two-Time Me

The Girl: "Meet me tomorrow night at the same place at seven o'clock."

The Boy: "All right. What time will you be there?" —Punch Bowl.

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity and sighed with relief.

"Where am I going?" he cried anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness:

"Into the river—I've just come out." —Tid-bits.

Silent watches of the night are those we forgot to wind. —Tiger.

Some bachelors know practically everything about some married women. Other bachelors know the rest.

—Malteaser.

He: "Your nose is warm, dear."

She: "It ought to be, it's running." —Mink.

**Neckst!**

Annette: "He's such a wonderful necker!"

Minette: "Sentimental, eh?"

Annette: "No, dearest, but he has a trick stick-pin lock, a spring collar clasp, a flat collar button, and a Van Heusen collar."
—Pelican.

Refined Cruelty

Madge: "I'm sorry I forgot to invite you to my party."

Ethel: "Why, did you have a party?" —Judge.

When It Happened

Actress: "I'm all upset. I can't go out on that stage."

Partner: "What's the trouble?"

Actress: "There's actually a bald-headed man in the front row."
—Chaparral.

Solicitude

"Better stop lighting the fire with gasoline, Jan."

"Eh! Sir?"

"Remember, you promised to give a week's notice before you went away."
—Judge.

Taxi drivers are slowly being educated to the point where they realize that if the woman in the back says "Stop!" she isn't talking to him.
—Malteaser.

Not Bothered

"How do you like the new style of long dresses?"

"I don't mind."

"Why?"

"I've such a darned good memory."
—Boll Weevil.

Spanish Idyll

Cabalero uneeda gazabo

Tia Juana sonora kazoo.

Chicago, por Dios lumbago,

Con carne sombrero put two.

—Tiger.

This Mortal Coil

"How are you feeling, Sam?"

"Ain't no 'count, boss. Ain't fit foh nothin' no moh. Don't think I'd miss mahself much ef'n I drapped dead."

—Nashville Tennesseean.

"This is a grave error," remarked the corpse as he was lowered into the wrong hole.
—Wasp.

Polly: "But it isn't right for you to say you love me; you must only think it."

Rolly: "But I don't think it—I only say it."
—Widow.

If your hair parts in the center;
If you wear a sheep-lined coat;
If your line doesn't need a sinker,
And you drive a wicked boat;
If you're a snake—and smoke
Real cigarettes; its a sign
You'd make some moon-eyed Co-ed
A campus Valentine.
—Parrakut.

She (just introduced): "Somehow you seem familiar."

He: "Good heavens! I haven't started yet."
—Voo Doo.

He: "Men are a good deal like horses."

Bo: "Yes, but a horse is worth more when he's broke."
—Crocker.

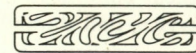


Stop at



The
Varsity
Sweet Shop
for
DINNER

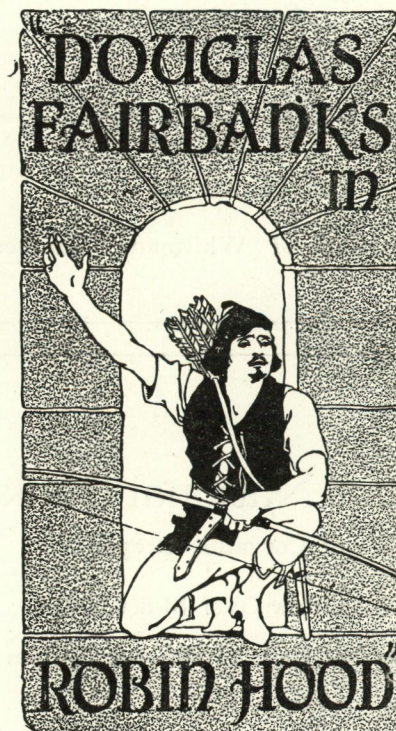
Fountain Specials



Monroe at King's Road



Coming to the Blue Mouse





DIAMONDS
WATCHES
JEWELRY
SPECIAL ORDERS
EYE GLASSES

Staples, The Jeweler

266 Morrison Street Portland, Oregon



WALK-OVERS

Prove their betterness in style, comfort,
service, and durability. Walk Over
satisfies the most exacting.

Walk-Over Boot Shop

Broadway at Washington Street

PORTLAND, OREGON

Pastries

Restaurant
and
Confectionery

Fruits

A's & R's

"You'll Know the Place"

The Home of "Whitman's" Candies

First National Bank

of Corvallis, Oregon

Resources Over \$1,800,000.00

Member Federal Reserve System

I love to see the colors
Unfurled, saluted be.
But that's no good excuse for
This darned R. O. T. C.

Puella: "What are you studying now?"

Puer: "Molecules."

Puella: "They look very distinguished if you can keep one
in your eye." —Malteaser.

"Oh, dearie, do you remember Norma Marrs?"

"Yes. What's happened to her now?"

"I heard that last week she committed peroxide."

—Malteaser.

Scotsman (chattily): "I'm thinking there'll be a lot of
my countrymen in Australia?"

Australian: "That's so; but our worst trouble is rabbits."

—Punch.

"How come your coat's all wet, Frosh?"

"Just been to the pawn shop. It's been in soak all last
week." —Jack O-Lantern.

She: "Why did you set your mileage register back to
zero?"

He: "I want to see how far I can go with you before we get
home." —Phoenix.

"Mother said I should not stay out after twelve."

"All right, we'll start now."

—Gargoyle.

Patron: "Waiter, there's sand in this bread."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. That's to keep the butter from sliding
off." —Jack O'Lantern.

All the proof one needs for ascertaining the truth of the
saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is to read the
college comics.

A Romance of Today

Romeo: "Come down from thy balcony, Juliet."

Juliet: "Got coupla orchestra seats?"

—Purple Parrot.

Van Dyke: "And I pleaded with her on my knees for one
kiss—"

Klon Dyke: "Why, man, if I had her in a position like that
I would have taken one." —Panther.

The Consumer (fem.): "You poor fish. Don't fold your
napkin in half."

The Producer (masc.): "I gotta, to get in my pocket."

—Chaparral.

"A college education teaches you things. You couldn't be-
gin to mention them all."

"Not in polite society."

—Juggler.

The Morning After

Wop: "Got any champagne on ice?"

Sop: "Yeh."

Wop: "Gimme the ice, will you?"

—Chaparral.

"Whar did yo' get dat fine hat?"

"At the sto'."

"How much wuz it?"

"Ah don't know. De sto'-keeper wasn't dar!"

—Chaparral.

He: "Would you care for a little poodle dog?"

She: "This is so sudden."

—Juggler.

DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH



GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing

the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We* are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels; and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

Library

Military Training

Military training in an up-to-date institution carrying five units of the R. O. T. C. is a very different thing from the old-time military drill. It has its strenuous exercises and its demand for intensive application and discipline, but it is far from being the drudgery that many conscientious students found the old drill hour to be. When you can choose the branch of the service in which you will train—cavalry, infantry, artillery, motor transport, or engineers—you have a sense of interest right at the start. And when you get into the problems and the sweeping activities that any of these units afford, with the modern equipment and the practical exercises involved, you get a real thrill out of the game.

Ask any O. A. C. man who has actually got into the spirit and workings of the R. O. T. C.! He likes it. If he has the physique and the brains, and has added the necessary application, he is probably an officer in his unit. If he isn't, he expects to be. For practically every man with real leadership in his make up wants to gain distinction in the military department at O. A. C. That's what keeps O. A. C. on the list of "distinguished institutions" year after year. That and the splendid personnel of officers sent us by the U. S. War Department. And that's what gave O. A. C. her long list of distinguished service men in the World War. It was a wonderful record.

If you have attended any of the big military events at the College, such as the annual inspection, the gymkhana, or the annual tournament, you know something of the magnitude of the military department at O. A. C., with its 1200 men in training, its 100 U. S. army officers and enlisted men, its 90 horses, its huge field guns and artillery, and its great fleet of motor trucks and transports.

But do you know that the Government furnishes the uniforms for the students in training, that the men who go to the summer camps have all their expenses paid, that the men in the advanced corps of the R. O. T. C. are actually paid by the Government about \$250 a year, and that several men each year receive appointments as lieutenants in the Regular Army?

In considering the advantages of O. A. C. as a place to get a higher education, it will be worth while to remember the benefits derived from its R. O. T. C.—the development of a better physical carriage, mental poise, an ideal of service, and a chance to be of greater service to the country in times of national crisis.

Oregon Agricultural College

