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# ORANGE OWL

MARINE SPORTS NUMBER

A Hammer & Coffin Publication - June, 1924

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THOMAS MEIGHN in  
"THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

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Thursday, Friday, Saturday

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HAROLD LLOYD in  
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Thursday, Friday, Saturday

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---

MAJESTIC

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

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Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"ICEBOUND"

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

"THE UNINVITED GUEST"



Grades of football men remind us,  
If we scan them o'er and o'er,  
'Tis the pigskin, not the goose quill,  
Brings the sheepskin to their door.—Dodo.

"That parrot has a rare vocabulary. Was he trained on a ship?"

"Oh, no; the girls brought him from college."  
—Jack-o-Lantern.

Myrtle: "He's not such a bad skate."  
Gladys: "But he's too cold."  
Myrtle: "Well, call him an ice skate." —Stone Mill.

Long Boy: "Big boy, wuz George Washington as honest as dey sez he wuz?"

Shorty: "Ah tell you, nigger, George wuz the honestest man dat ever wuz born."

Long Boy: "Den, how come dey closes de banks on his birfday?"  
—Georgia Cracker.

"Say, is that the moon rising over there?"  
"I'm sure I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself."  
—Wampus.

Fred: "Football certainly is a dangerous sport, isn't it?"  
Ned: "Yes, I had a shoulder broken last fall because the spectator next to me slapped me on the back so much."  
—Sour Owl.

Victim: "Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."  
Dentist: "Calm yourself. I'm coming to it."  
—Penn Punch Bowl.

Flo: "He is known to take the girls home late every time he takes them out."  
Helene: "Yes. He's a ten-to-one favorite with the girls."  
—Stone Mill.

Mazola: "She surely is a cultivated lady all right!"  
Olive: "What makes you think so?"  
Mazola: "Look how she weeds out her eyebrows and trims her nails."  
—Mirror.

Tim: "Ever seen one of those machines that can tell when a person is lying?"  
Tom: "Seen one? Lord, I married one."—Brown Bull.

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**The Orange Owl**

Vol. V.

Corvallis, Oregon, June, 1924

No. 6

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I once lived with a person who was so mean that when his cellar was half filled with water and I lost twenty chickens, all the satisfaction I got out of him was: "Why don't you keep ducks?"



"I understand the zoology class is studying geometry."

"Yes, they bisect the angle-worms."



Economics Prof: "Mr. Mason why are you looking at your watch so often? Have you a date?"

Mason: "No, I thought my watch had stopped."



"What do you think of these health springs?"

"They're great, I'd like to put in ten hours on them every night."



Miss: "Animals for the circuses are cheap now."

Take: "Are they?"

Miss: "Yes, Bob said you could buy twenty camels for fifteen cents."



Bim: "That fellow Jud Brown is a home wrecker."

Jim: "Has he left his third wife?"

Bim: "No, he's getting contracts to tear down that bunch of old dwellings at Jefferson and Fourth streets."



Sounds heard on the back porch.

Hun-n-ah

Nun-n-ah

Hun-i-i-iah

Nun-n-n-ah

Hun-n-n-n-ah

"Now you all look here, Ebonite, you get too amorphous wif me an youse gwine be ain't."



Mary: "I've been in bathing for a week and haven't made a single conquest."

Jane: "A girl does better when she sits on the sand and keeps her powder dry."



**English Prof's First Trip to Sea**

I can tolerate the vertical motion and survive the lateral action, but when the two coalesce as it were—and become spiral—I cup-cup-capitulate.



Pharmacy Stude: "Luke Perkins changed his course to poultry husbandry."

Commerce Stude: "What kind of a course is it?"

Pharmacy Stude: "Well, Perkins says he is daddy to the chickens."



"Please don't rock the boat," he said unto the girl. " 'Twould be too big a job for me to re-marcell that curl."



First Burglar: "How was that third-story window opened."

Second Burglar: "By jimmy."



Heard down by the old swimming hole:  
"So this is Venus."



Slim: "What about this love stuff in tennis?"

Jim: "It means nothing."



The Galloping Swedes from Seattle will now sing that heart rending ditty, entitled "The Whale's Adenoids," by Joe Nah.



**Pledging Announced**

Psi Eta Pi announced the pledging of Logan Berry and Lem N. Cream.



Coney: "Why don't you press your trousers once in a while."

Mack: "It ain't my trousers that need pressing, it's my knees."



Father: "What's the idea of taking a bath this time of day, son?"

Son: "Just got a letter from the sophomores in correspondence school and they said I had to take a tubbing."



Bella: "Did you ever read the story of the 'Isle of the Seven Devils'."

Donna: "No, what about it?"

Bella: "It's got too deep a plot."



He: "They say that this bay is full of man-eating sharks. Ever see one?"

She: "No, where I came from they only have little pool sharks."



First Sailor: "Oh I can run all right, when there's a cop chasing me."

Second Sailor: "Then I suppose you lost the 220 in the Army-Navy track meet, because there was no one behind you."



She: "Did you ever hear the story of the three wise men?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "He, he, he."



Dumb: "She is very sympathetic."

Err: "How do you know?"

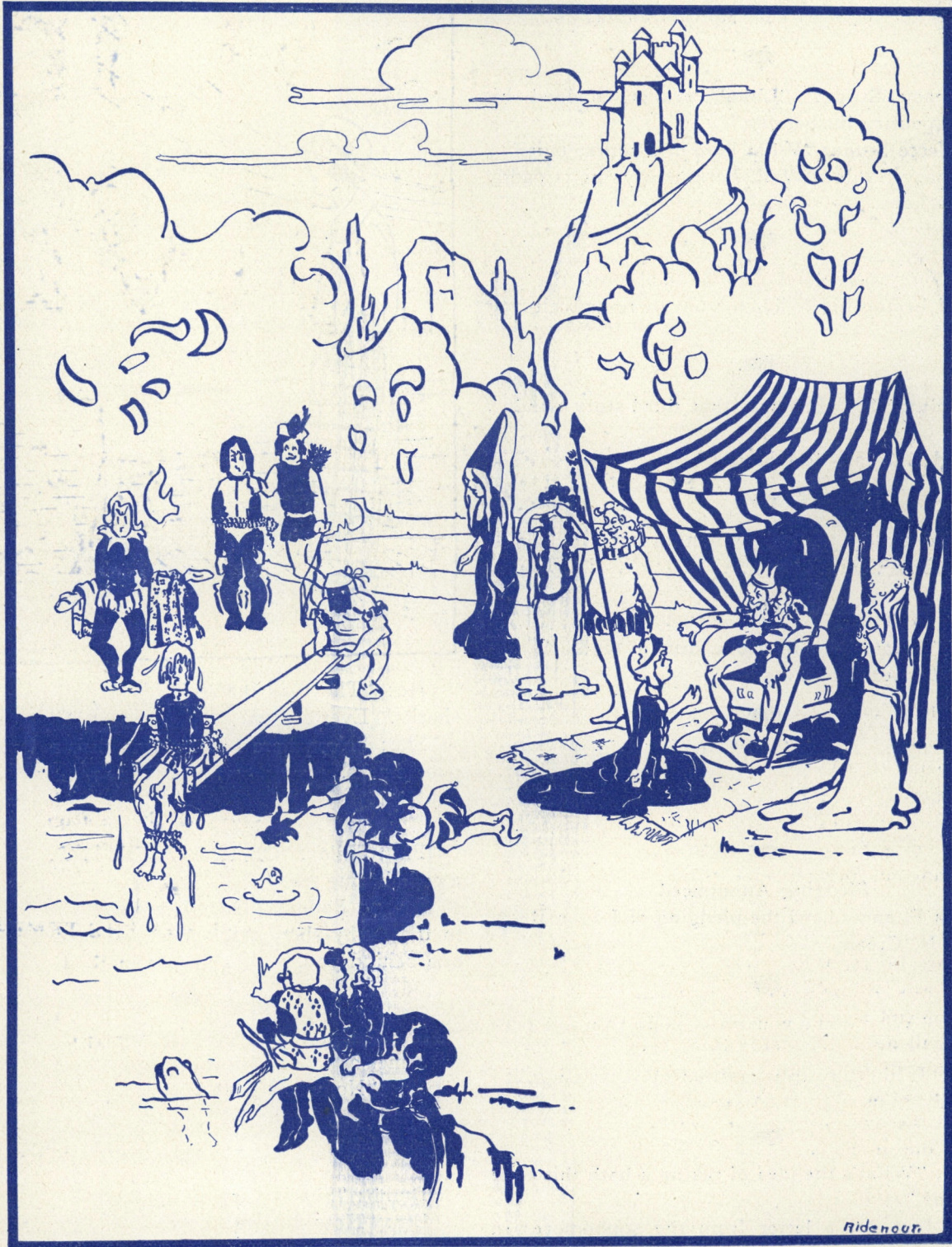
Dumb: "She cried when I paddled the canoe."



"Do you believe in love at first sight, dearie."

"I certainly don't. I went out with Al Young the other night in a swell limousine and I fell desperately in love with him. I found out afterwards, that he had only hired the car."

5-23-28  
gAB



The good old rites of ancient days,  
Grow each year fewer and fewer—  
But the ancient custom still remains  
For dealing with the evil doer.



## THE LAY OF THE PLEDGING

## Canto 17.

Full of neck was Hiawatha,  
 When he went into the grave yard,  
 Found the fussers in confusion,  
 Heard of all their misdemeanors;  
 All the fussing and the necking  
 Of the sunning Pau-Pak-Keewis,  
 Made his breath come thru his nostrils.

## Canto 18

Thru his teeth he fumed and snorted  
 Words of anger and resentment,  
 Hot and humming like a cricket  
 I will neck this Pau-Pak-Keewis;  
 Then in swift pursuit he started  
 Hiawatha, the old scape-goat  
 On the trail of Pau-Pak-Keewis,  
 While in the cactus she was seated.

## Canto 19

O'er her ankles crawled a lizard,  
 Spouting thru the chinks beneath him,  
 Dashed upon the stones beneath her,  
 Spread serene and calm before her:  
 To Pau-Pak-Keewis Hiawatha  
 Spake entreating, said in this wise:  
 "Very foxy is your dwelling,  
 And by jove 'tis safe from danger."

## Canto 20

So the peaking Hiawatha  
 Saw the figure e'er it vanished  
 Saw the form of Pau-Pak-Keewis,  
 Dive into the good old frog pound;  
 While on the shore stood Hiawatha,  
 And with his hand he hit a stogy,  
 And in the smoke of the cabbage,  
 Rent it into shreds and splinters.



## MODERN CAST FOR THE TEMPEST

## Dramatics Personified

Solong, King of Naples.  
 Nabisco, King's brother.  
 Prosperous, the left Duke of Milan.  
 Spagetio, the other brother.  
 Ferdinand, the sun's only rival.  
 Gonzola, in this is Venice.  
 The rest of the crew is made of bohunks, bums, and  
 students.

Ariel, an airy spirit.  
 Gin, Scotch, Burgundy, Hair Tonic, other spirits.



## Fast Work!

He met her at the party,  
 They were married late that night  
 And the early morning papers,  
 Told how she had won her fight—for a divorce.



Intimate glimpse of the absent-minded professor taking a stroll on the beach accompanied by his trusty water spaniel.

### WESTERN ROMANCE

Under a spreading monkey tree  
The village belle would stand;  
The girl, a mighty woman she,  
With long and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of her brawny jaws  
Are strong as rubber bands.

Her hair is crisp, like very dry toast,  
Her face is like the tan;  
Her head is wet from under the jet,  
She does whoe'er she can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For she likes not any man.

Dan McGrew came in the night,  
You could hear his guns report;  
He went among her many men,  
With his artillery ready to snort,  
And the sexton rang the village bell,  
For all the men he sent to—

Amen

### NO MORE NEED FOR NAVIES

I have a scheme  
By which I mean,  
To end all bloody war,  
And make of them  
A joy, ahem,  
Which we will not abhor.

Past wars have been  
The rin-tin-tin,  
Of battles, man to man.  
From which we know  
No good could grow,  
Because we are all of the same clan.

You see, if we  
Could just agree  
To let the women fight,  
All we'd need to do  
Would be, sit and brew  
How best to exert their might.

Now you'll agree,  
While they sip tea,  
We men must work and bore.  
We slave away both  
Night and day,  
To keep wolves from the door.

And when we crave  
To misbehave,  
Play cards till it is late.  
Our lady dove  
Shows us her love,  
With a rolling pin on our pate.

By my plan we  
Will all be free  
From matrimonial strife;  
Because you'll find,  
No bonds will bind  
Us to the scourge of married life.

I intend to persuade  
Our foes to invade  
Our own blessed native land,  
So our fair sex  
Could those men annex,  
And give us a free hand.

Then we could marry  
The maids that tarry  
To the lingering enemy.  
We'd conquer all, and  
The foes that fall  
Will suffer the misery.





### HOW TO SPEAR BEANS

The first requisite of a successful bean spearer is the possession of a good personal front, one that is indicative of the places that one has already honored by his presence at a meal. Streaked effects on a tie and regular spots on the vest are the most popular effect now in vogue. Outside of the personal appearance, all you need is sufficient intestinal capacity and you certainly will need it if you expect to conquer the offerings that the managers of the greek flop houses are wont to call chow. Well, to get down to facts, on approaching the house of the intended "victims" assume a bold, aggressive personality, a bluff, hearty, expression and clear the throat for a prolonged repetition of your cognomen. Advance warily on the first unfortunate with an extended forearm and grasp him firmly by the appendage known as his arm and wring it with the heartiness of good fellowship, at the same time mumbling a few sounds to show your willingness to reveal your identity if necessary. He, in turn, if he is a true fraternity man, will mumble a few more sounds and will lead you into the mysteries of the front parlor. Here is a chance to demonstrate your wonderful agility by leaping for the most comfortable arm chair and sitting down while each of the brothers murmur a few words of condolences followed by a weak handclasp. Now it is customary to announce the subject for the day's debate in a loud voice so that all the men will have a chance to enter in the discussion, you of course, taking the principal part of orator and judge. Generally you are just arriving at your most flowery passage when the gates are let down for the stampede and if you have heavy enough feet you will probably be borne by the rush into the midst of the fray and seated by the hoot owl that stole your woman last term.

Now is the proper time to turn the conversation into channels that most effectively set off your campus importance. This can be done in a variety of ways the principal one of which is to announce the high scholastic average that you made last year. With most fraternity men this subject is taboo so you will not have much difficulty in keeping the talk all your own way. Always eat slowly as the brothers delight in waiting for you to finish your repast(?) as they will then have more time to admire your physique and stellar accomplishments. At the close of the meal, make a dash for the open and refuse cigarettes until one of the most expensive brand is offered, then allow someone to light it for you while you sink into a state of blissful ease in the chair before the fireplace and allow yourself to be entertained by those who were detailed for the duty.

After sufficient time has passed for a complete digestion of your past deeds of valor, announce that you have a date with the prettiest co-ed on the campus and

take your departure amid the sighs (of relief) of those who have survived. A graceful form of leavetaking is, "Come over to MY house and see us sometime," and something of this type can be used for a very effective exit.



"Restin'?"

"Naw. Just warming my feet."



A pessimist is a man who eats onions before going canoeing.



Eb: "What is that red mark above Bob's eye?"

Zeke: "That's a berth mark. He got it when he fell out of a Pullman upper."



First Gob: "Did you ever rent a tux?"

Second Gob: "Yes, right across the seat of the trousers."



Fiek: "Gee! ain't that woman a moose?"

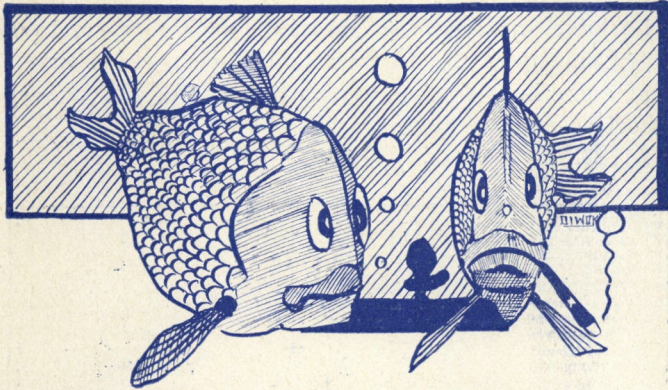
Rick: "I'd say so, and her husband is an Elk."



Rook (on phone): "Say, do you want to go fishing?"

Soph: "Sure."

Rook: "Alright, just hold the line."



First Fish: "What is that over by the bank?"  
Second Ditto: "I'll bite."

### ANSWER THE CALL

By Lisle Ferris

Note: Why is this story in a "Marine Sports" number? The reason is this, the participation in a marine sport might just possibly eliminate the necessity of publishing this story. The clue to the meaning of this note is contained within the story.

It was an embarrassing situation. She was picking her toes, for the "hoof and mouth" was quite the rage. He on the other hand had a wart. Years before he had had one on the other hand, but the good old razor had come in handy, but now, with a wart on the other hand and with the teachings of wise science well lodged in his brain, he could not cut the wart off—science says to do this is to commit a crime in the name of surgery. He had a wart and he had a very important date that evening with her—the very one who was playing put and take with her half eaten toes. What should he do? What should she do? She realized that she could not help but act like a cow while that terrible scourge infected her dainty feet. And he did not wish to let her know that he had been playing with frogs.

They were sitting on the beach, one of those fashionable places where all the counts, dukes, and all those sort of folks, seem to gather. Of course it was along the eastern coast of France. Each was sitting behind one of those movable dressing rooms common on such beaches. It happened to be the same one and when the flunky came along and pulled the building away, there they sat in plain view of each other. She with her feet in her hands and he with his wart-hand exposed. Was it embarrassing? It was.

The cleverness of the female came out on her, for she, upon studying the situation, spoke up and complained about the awful sand-fleas, they were so tantalizing to one's feet. Her feet were buried deep in the sand now.

He sat on his wart and said nothing. He wasn't clever enough to think of any excuse for its existence.

After a horrible silence, which was broken by the slight noise of his body as he crept toward her over the sand endeavoring to keep his warted hand under him, they began to talk. His talk was enthusiastic, but hers was slow and dreary. Her eyes were on the cattle that grazed swiftly on the hillside. One by one they were dropping, first on their knees and then entirely. Her toes were cold, the sand tickled them. Oh, how she longed to get them out and scratch them on those stiff bristles of his mustache. These pleasant thoughts were interrupted by the death howls of the dying stock all over France—the "hoof and mouth" was taking its toll. Would she be alive by night? She thought not.

He noticed her haggard expression and felt sorry for her, he had forgotten his wart. As he was about to ask her the trouble, when a slight tingling sensation was felt amongst his foot of toes. "Hoof and mouth" was the farthest thing from his thoughts, but that did not keep it from spreading. He squirmed and remarked that the fleas were bad on that beach.

In an hour both were almost dead from refraining from scratching those troublesome appendages. Neither would submit to the call of the itching toes, for neither wished the other to know of his plight. His wart was still there, but gone from his mind. He would rather be a wart providing it was free from toes than be what he was, he thought.

The next day they were still in the same place, only the topography of the ground had changed. Each, in their imaginary scratching, had dug huge holes in the sand.

Another day almost passed when something happened—something gave way. It was two minds—they snapped.

**MORAL:** Answer the call of the "hoof and mouth" lest dire consequences befall you.

Another note: If the clue spoken of in the foregoing note has not been discovered, it might be well to mention that a likely way to get the "H & M" out of a couple of feet would be to apply a bit of aqua to them while indulging in marine sports.

### Secreta Out at Last

The steward of an ocean liner thus explained the "dog watch" to a passenger: "The dog watch aboard ship is the split watch which changes a seaman's duty periods so that he will not be on watch at the same time each day."

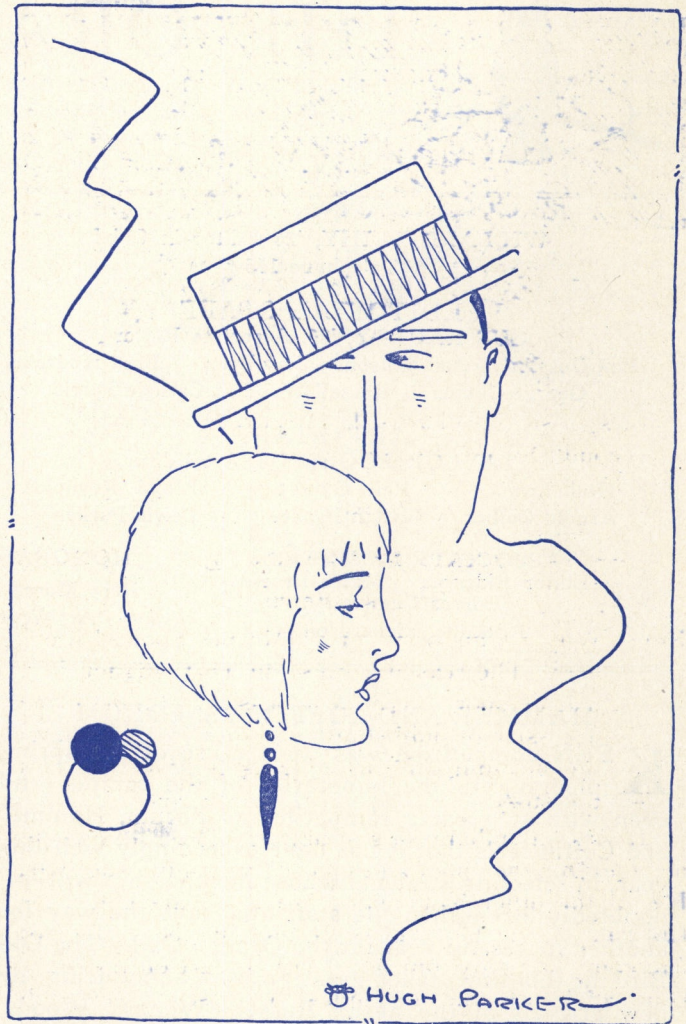
"But why do you call it a dogwatch?" the passenger inquired.

"Because it is curtailed," responded the steward.  
—Boston Transcript.



"INSPECTION"

In the balmy month of April  
 When the wind, as warm as ice,  
 Whips the sleet around the campus,  
 It certainly is nice  
 To be called out for inspection,  
 For the time again has come  
 To put away the ice skates  
 And polish up your gun;  
 To grab a pack and pistol,  
 To sew your buttons tight,  
 To shine your shoes and leggins,  
 And study half the night  
 On drills, commands, and signals;  
 For tomorrow, so they say,  
 We are marching for inspection,  
 Marching, marching, all the day.  
 We line up at the armory  
 In platoons, in troops, in squads,  
 And we march around all morning  
 Like a bunch of wooden rods.  
 Then the regiment is halted  
 And thru the ranks they come:  
 And they stop and ask us questions  
 But we all seem kind of dumb.  
 While, with rifles on our shoulders  
 And packs upon our backs,  
 We are standing at attention  
 And our brains almost rack,  
 Thinking answers to the questions  
 We never heard before.  
 I'm going to join the navy  
 If there is another war.



He: "What do you say to a tramp by the river?"  
 She: "I'd never speak to one."

I'm a poor fish  
 I don't get by,  
 I don't part my hair in the middle  
 Or wear red ties,  
 Or golf knickers;  
 I don't read "La Vie Parisienne."  
 I don't neck,  
 I haven't a line;  
 I've never planted a pin.  
 I smoke Army Navy specials;  
 I go to the library to study,  
 I'm a poor fish,  
 I don't get by.

She: "Do you know why you make me think of a fish?"

He: "I'll bite."

"He talks like a regular old sea-dog."  
 "Yes. And growls like an ugly bull dog."

He: "That life-saver over there has saved over fifty people."

She: "What is he—a bootlegger?"

"Have you any divers on your team?"  
 "Our aquatic activities are sundry and divers."

Commerce: "Is Mary a home 'Ec-er?"  
 Ag: "No, but she's a home 'necker."

Rook: "What is a floating debt?"  
 Senior: "A girl in a canoe."

Co-ed: "You say you lost control of your canoe?"  
 Campus sheik: "Yes. I couldn't keep up the installments."



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WILLARD LEIHY, '26 Editor in Chief  
Telephone 156

GEORGE SPAUR, '25, Business Manager  
Telephone 72

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**HAMMER AND COFFIN VS. FORUM**

**K** EEN competition was the feature of the spring pledging to the honoraries of the campus and even with so great a competitor as Forum, Hammer and Coffin feels that it has done exceedingly well this year, in selecting students whose membership will undoubtedly strengthen the staff and pave the way for another successful year for the Orange Owl. The Old Bird, at this time, takes great pride in announcing the new arrivals at the nest. Russel "Woozy" Woods, whose literary training must have occurred sometime previous to the founding of our national tongue, and Lisle Ferris, the author of the notorious "Hoof and Mouth" in this issue, are the two men who have been honored by their pledging to the literary staff. Miss Adelaide Richardson has also been elected to associate membership to Hammer and Coffin. Miss Richardson has contributed copy of an exceptional character and we hope her conscientious work will be an inspiration to the other members of the fairer sex, whose talent, as yet latent, would greatly aid in keeping the Owl in the envious position it now has among the college publications. Hugh and Lewis Parker, better known as the Parker boys, have been pledged to the art staff where their work this year has been of an outstanding nature. Hammer and Coffin is proud of her neophytes and hopes that they will continue far along the path that they have so successfully started.

**GRADUATION**

**G** RADUATION. The longed for time is here. To some of us it means only a short reprieve from our studies, but to the seniors, it means the taking of the first step into the battle of life. Their college days

are put behind them and they are, supposedly, fitted for a successful career. As college graduates, they should be successful because their associations at college have been of such a nature as to build character, responsibility, and leadership, the essential requisites for success.

We who look on and sigh, wishing that it might be our graduation should be truly thankful that we are fortunate enough to have more time to prepare ourselves to face life as it really is. At our graduation, will we look back and realize, too late, how much we could have done, or will we feel the pride of successful accomplishment and be content with the knowledge that both ourselves and our Alma Mater have profited by our four years as active Beavers?



**S** PRINGTIME, with all its youth and beauty, is again here, and with it comes the two popular marine sports, namely, canoeing, and its accompanying evil, swimming. But it also brings to us the joy of successful athletic competition. O. A. C. athletes are becoming more and more feared by rival institutions. The men to whom our college owes the most for this enviable reputation are those Beavers who have borne the Orange and Black to victory in the great intercollegiate relay meets at the Kansas and Drake universities. To enter such a meet is a distinctive honor, but to carry one's school to victory is the pinnacle of achievement, and every loyal Beaver should realize just what our successful teams have done for O. A. C. and should become imbued with the spirit that has carried our relay teams to the victories that have meant so much to our institution.



**W**HILE Charley Hughes and his delegates at Washington are endeavoring to decide whether or not we should disarm and, if so, why not? Nations are already as good as disarmed. We've been told that we were to have a naval holiday and that for ten years or so there'll be hundreds of sailors who will not have a thing to worry them, but no work. Disarming nations is the latest in vogue. We're all for it but why stop at nations? Disarmament begins at home, ask any married man. There are things in our own city that you can disarm.

Policemen ought to be disarmed. Without their night-sticks they would be more agreeable. It follows that the robbers and all the creatures of the

underworld must be denuded of their weapons or it would not be fair to the policeman.

Next in line come the firemen. We must disarm firemen, because when we do there will be no fires, so junk a few of our biggest fire engines. There would be nothing to oppose the fires, so the fires wouldn't take any more interest in burning.

Flappers and vamps must be disarmed of their instruments of warfare. They must wear their stockings at a hight that their grandmothers were accustomed to wear them. With conditions as they are now, the girls have the advantage. When a girl gets into battle under false colors so to speak she is violating a fundamental rule of war. Let's disarm.

**CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE**

**Literary**

John Hanlon	James McKinlay
Dave Lilly	Chick Feike
John Sedgwick	Carl Thelen
Ken Ackley	Duke Truax

**Art**

Fred Diwocky	Jack Griffith
--------------	---------------

**Business**

Grant Balderee	Wendall Heil
Elvin Hoy	William Bridges
William Fuhrer	



### ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

This simple little examination is to judge the persons as to their ability to enter college. Any person answering any or all questions will not be able to enter any institution.

Foot note: Any professor, text book, chemist or marine may be consulted on this test or during the test.

Questions:

1. If you were not born when you were, how old would you be?  
(A) Why?
2. (To be written in Russo-Indian) Who wrote "Gray's Elegy in a Church Yard?"  
(A) If it was written in pencil, who won the war?
3. Supposing you are a young Eskimo living in a packing box next door to a boiler foundry, write (in Siamese) the thoughts of a Swiss naval captain crossing the Sahara Desert.
4. If a relative of yours died over night, leaving you the capital of Germany, could you, with your inheritance, buy a pair of shoe-strings?  
(A) Where?
5. Answer the following questions:  
(A) Why?  
(B) Where?  
(C) Huh?  
(D) If you found ten cases of imported Scotch would you go to Paris?



In this modern age more shingling is done by the barbers than the carpenters.



"Do you like mussels?"  
"Whose?"



### HOW DUMB

A friend of  
Mine asked  
Me if I  
Wanted a  
Date the  
Other day  
And I said  
"Yes," so he  
Got a  
Couple of  
Girls in  
Albany and  
As we were  
Driving down the  
Street a  
Fellow yelled "Hey!"  
In a jocular  
American manner,  
"You've got a  
Couple of flat  
Tires there," but  
I had been  
Aware of the  
Fact ever since  
I had met the  
Young ladies, so  
I said "I  
Know it," and  
Drove on  
And the girls  
Thot I was  
So foolish not  
To get out of  
The car and  
Look!!!



### PROHIBITION

"Think that's enough," the voice was a whisper.  
"Put in a little more, you remember the last batch was too weak," this voice was harsh and scraped.  
Gurgling sounds float to the ear of the constable who lay prone upon the ground cupping his hands behind his ears in order that he might hear better.  
"Huhm," came from the hairy throat of the officer.  
"That lazy 'dick' look at him," it was the voice of the harsh note.

The constable sank lower, for he thought he had been discovered. Now is the time, he said to himself. "I'll catch them with the goods."

As he burst into the clearing two men were pouring a deluted bran mash into a pig sty. Dick, the huge hog, was too lazy to get up out of his mud hole.



Imby: "Why does she call her husband Captain?"  
Cyle: "'Cause she's his second mate."



## THE DRUNKEN AGE

She was only twelve years of age, but budding and beautiful as ever a girl of eighteen. He was thirteen, but as strong and manly as a lad of nineteen.

This story is rather disgusting because it—well, it is that's all.

Mrs. LaRue LeFebvre, ermin furred, monocled and unwrinkled, thanks to modern science, looked out of the window of a large and picturesque mansion onto a green sloping lawn. Her eyes were open abnormally wide, her tiny mouth was stretched wider than the Lord had made arrangements for. Even the two secret gold teeth shone brightly in the afternoon sunlight, causing a bright illumination to play about on the wall beneath the window sill.

"Why, Mrs. Dubberhilt, is that your little girl out there in the yard?"

Mrs. Dubberhilt, small nervous woman that she was, remained calm in spite of the apparent excitement of her guest.

"Why yes, that is my Marjorie. Why? she replied without looking out of the window. She knew her child was out there.

"Well, she is rather young to be carrying on that way," was the answer.

Mrs. Dubberhilt arose and went to the window. Out in the yard was her little Marjorie and also little John from somewhere up the street. Marjorie was reeling around most unlady-like. Her face was red and her plump little legs did act so queerly. John held in his hand a bottle of something from which he drank occasionally.

With a shriek Mrs. Dubberhilt rushed from the house. Mrs. Lefebvre sauntered along after her murmuring something about outlandish and disgraceful. By the time the hysterical mother reached her wayward offspring she, the innocent looking Marjorie, was flat on the ground bringing to light once more the fluid which had been the contents of the bottle in little John's hand. Mrs. LeFebvre stood her distance looking through her glass with a philosophic expression, shaking her head from time to time and biting her thin underlip, while Mrs. Dubberhilt held her child's head in motherly fashion.

"You—you little scamp! What did you give her to drink?" she was speaking or rather calling to little John who grinned boyishly.

"Drink? Only some soda-pop. I wounded her up in the swing and when I let her go she spinned around so fast that it made her sick, I guess," replied John like a little man.



"Frankie and Johnny were lovers  
As loving as lovers could be."  
That is all I know of it,  
He wouldn't sing the rest to me.



He: "My gosh! What a comical get-up."



Moon: "Snake seems to be afraid of his own shadow."

Shine: "If I threw as little a shadow as Snake, I'd never have a shadow of fear."



He calls me Gladis.  
My name isn't Gladis,  
But when he asks me to go canoeing, then  
I am Gladis.



"Here comes a good lookin' fellow, Faye. What're we doin' today, flirtin' or lookin' indignant?"



Old Napoleon said there is no such word as can't.  
Wonder if he ever tried to strike a match on a cake  
of soap.

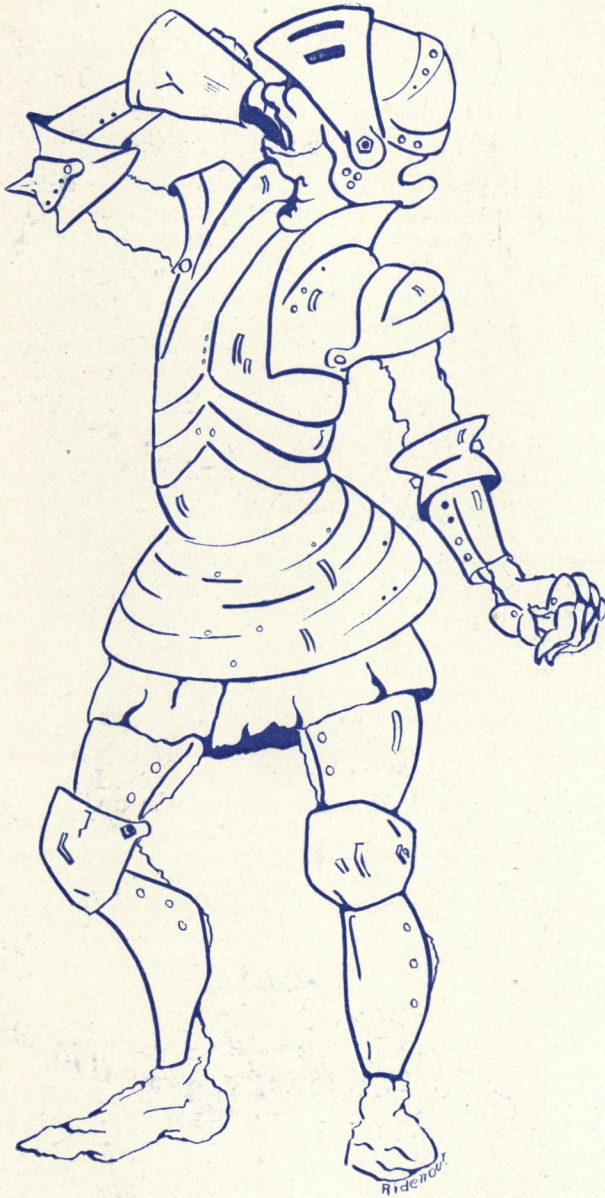


"Now we're approaching that long tunnel, you're not afraid sweetheart?"

"Not at all dear, if you only take that cigar out of your mouth."



"She reminds me of a fish."  
"Does she swim well?"  
"Not that. It's her shape."



THE DRAUGHTS THAT PASS IN THE KNIGHT

I wonder  
 How many guys  
 Have felt  
 Like I felt,  
 When after getting  
 A date,  
 With the Campus Belle  
 (Not the bell-hop)  
 To go canoeing,  
 And after walking out  
 To the canoe house,  
 To find  
 That your  
 Fraternity brother  
 Has borrowed  
 Your canoe.

## EVOLUTION

She sat in a bathtub gazing at her pink toes. There were eleven of them. She flicked little waves of water onto them and giggled a gleeful giggle as she watched them scurry for shelter under her ankles. Now that they were out of sight she lay in wait for them with a large bar of soap in readiness to hurl at them the moment they should make their appearance. She waited for her to leave. Soon they slumbered. In a moment they were snoring. She was stubborn and merely waited for them to awaken; she knew that the air was scarce down underneath that water—they would come up for air in an hour or so. They did come to the surface finally, or rather one of them did, it was sent to see how the way lay before the rest of them should attempt to come up. As the one toe peeked above the water—sock-o! She had been waiting patiently and had hurled the piece of soap with great force, it had landed. With a cry of pain the poor toe left its mates and sank shimmering to the bottom, not as a part of a foot, but as a lone toe. This explains why the present race has ten toes.



She studies music.

I don't.

The other night she asked me if I had ever heard  
The "Hungarian Rhapsodies,"

And I told her that I had nothing against  
Soft drinks myself, and just couldn't seem to  
Get interested in those foreign lecturers anyway.

She laughed at me and I got sore—

Now my heart is as empty as the front row left  
balcony during Convo.

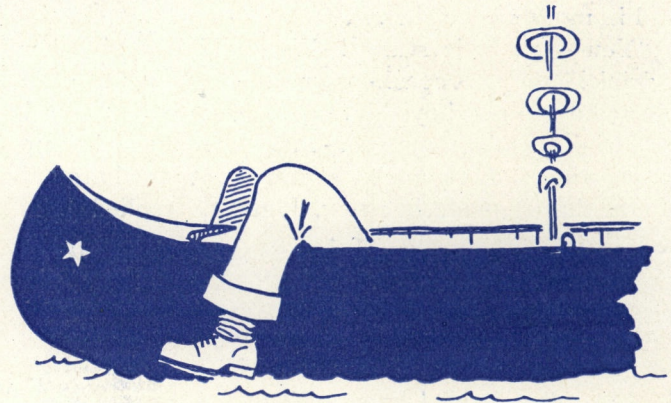
Believe me, these dates are as hard to pick up as the  
last

Chunk of apple salad.



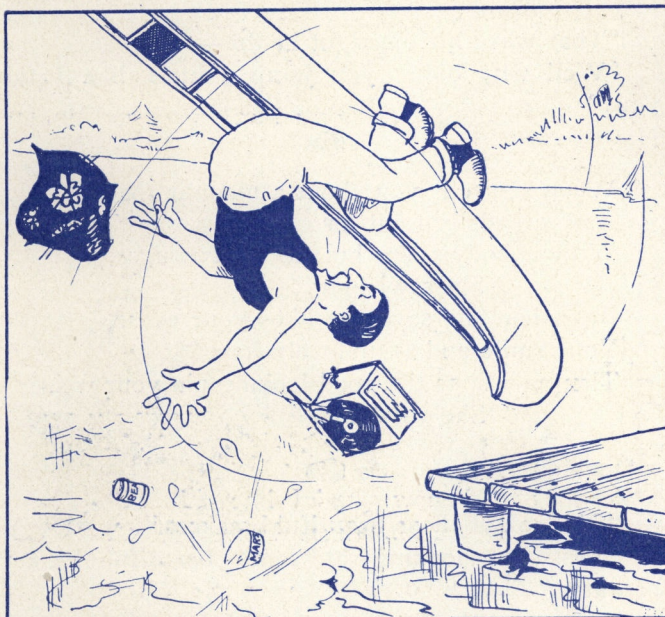
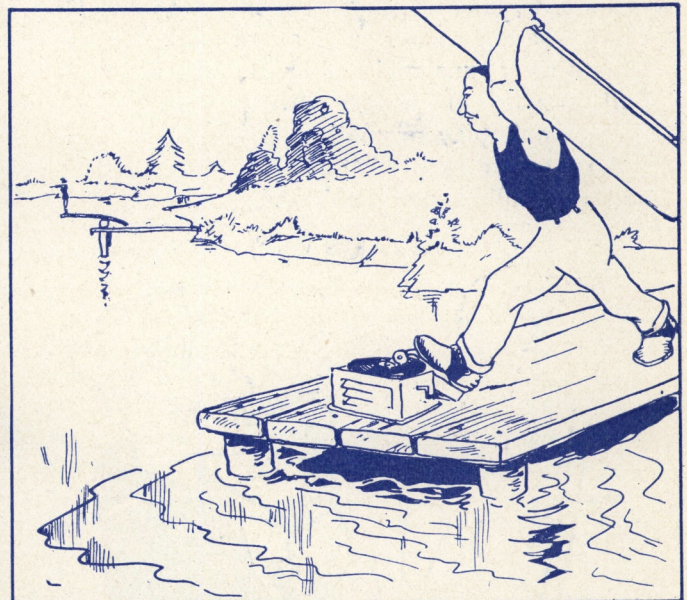
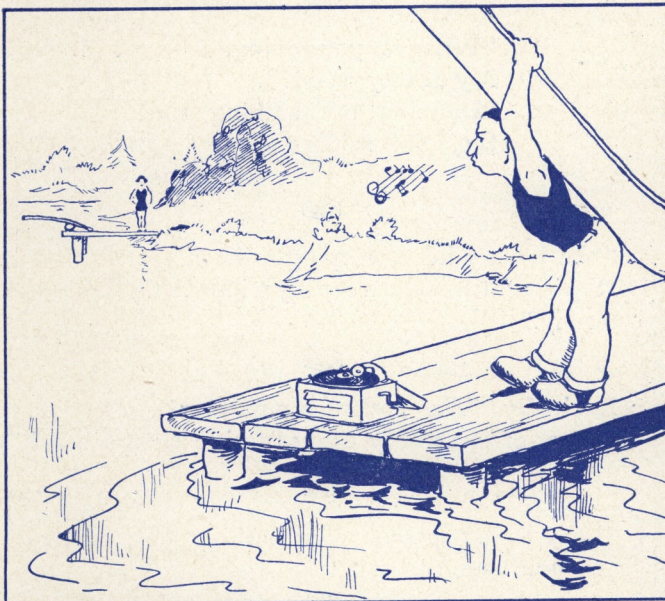
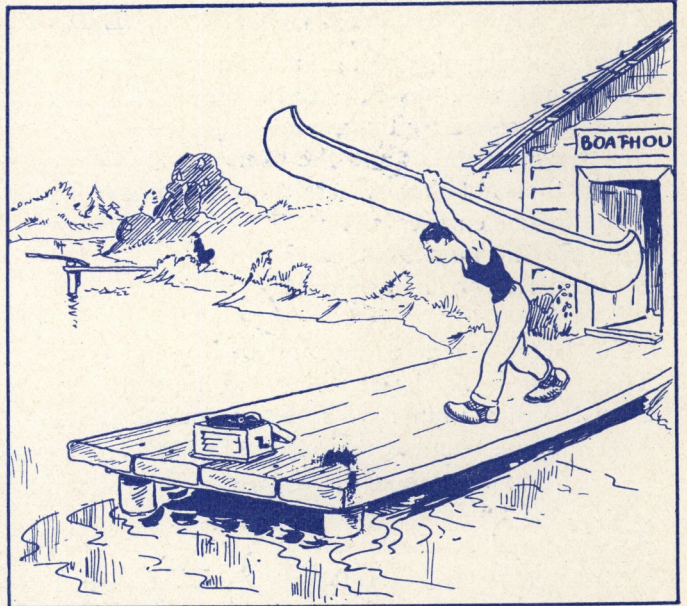
Youth: "I hear that you are going into the lumbering business when you finish school."

Ex-Youth: "Yes, I plan on going into the logging business and am taking logarithms now for preparation."



A ONE MAN CANOE FEAT.





BASHFUL BUB



## MARINE SPORTS IN YE GOODE OLDE DAZE

(With Apologies to Anne Annamous)

The Countess X passed over the Rhine  
 In a light canoe by the moon's pale shine  
 The servant paddles and the Countess speaks  
 "Seest thou not there where the water breaks  
     Seven corpses swim  
     In the moonlight dim?  
 So sorrowful swim the dead!"

"They were seven knights full of fire and youth,  
 They sank on my heart and swore me truth.  
 I trusted them; but for Truth's sweet sake,  
 Lest they be tempted their oaths to break,  
     I had them bound,  
     And tenderly drowned!  
 So sorrowful swim the dead!"

### Moral

"Canoeists, take warning from this sad tale,  
 Tho ye be not wearers of coats of mail.  
 Mary's river runs cold and swift,  
 Full of snags and waters rift.  
     Don't play around,  
     Lest ye be drowned!  
 So sorrowfully speak the dead."



## COLLEGE LIFE

### A Tragedy in Three (3) Acts

Act I—Stude.  
 Act II—Stewed.  
 Act III—Bounced.  
 Curtain.

She (musingly): "I wonder how many wrecks there have been on this beach."

He (musingly too): "At least 20 per cent per season."

Him (out canoeing): "Can you swim."  
 Her: "No, why?"

Him: "Well, I've just dropped the paddle in the water and we're headed for the dam."

"What're you doing,  
 My pretty maid?"  
 "Donning my bathing suit  
 Sir," she said.

—"Excuse me!"

"She looks like a weeping willow."  
 "She ought to be a weeping widow. Only divorced yesterday."

Excitedly: "Has anyone a pulmotor?"  
 Matter-of-fact: "My flivver's here on the beach."

"Why the stripes on your bathing suit, Lizette?"  
 "Camouflage."

"That wave hit me right in the——"  
 "Well why didn't you jump a little, like I told you?"

When she tells you about a moonlit road  
 And a roadster built for two  
 With nobody there but her and you,  
     She's wishing.  
 But when she says she likes your eyes,  
 Your smile and your lovely hair  
 Then mentions the good looking pin your wear,  
     She's fishing.

"Oh, look at those beautiful breakers."  
 "Yes, I'm looking at some beautiful heart breakers."

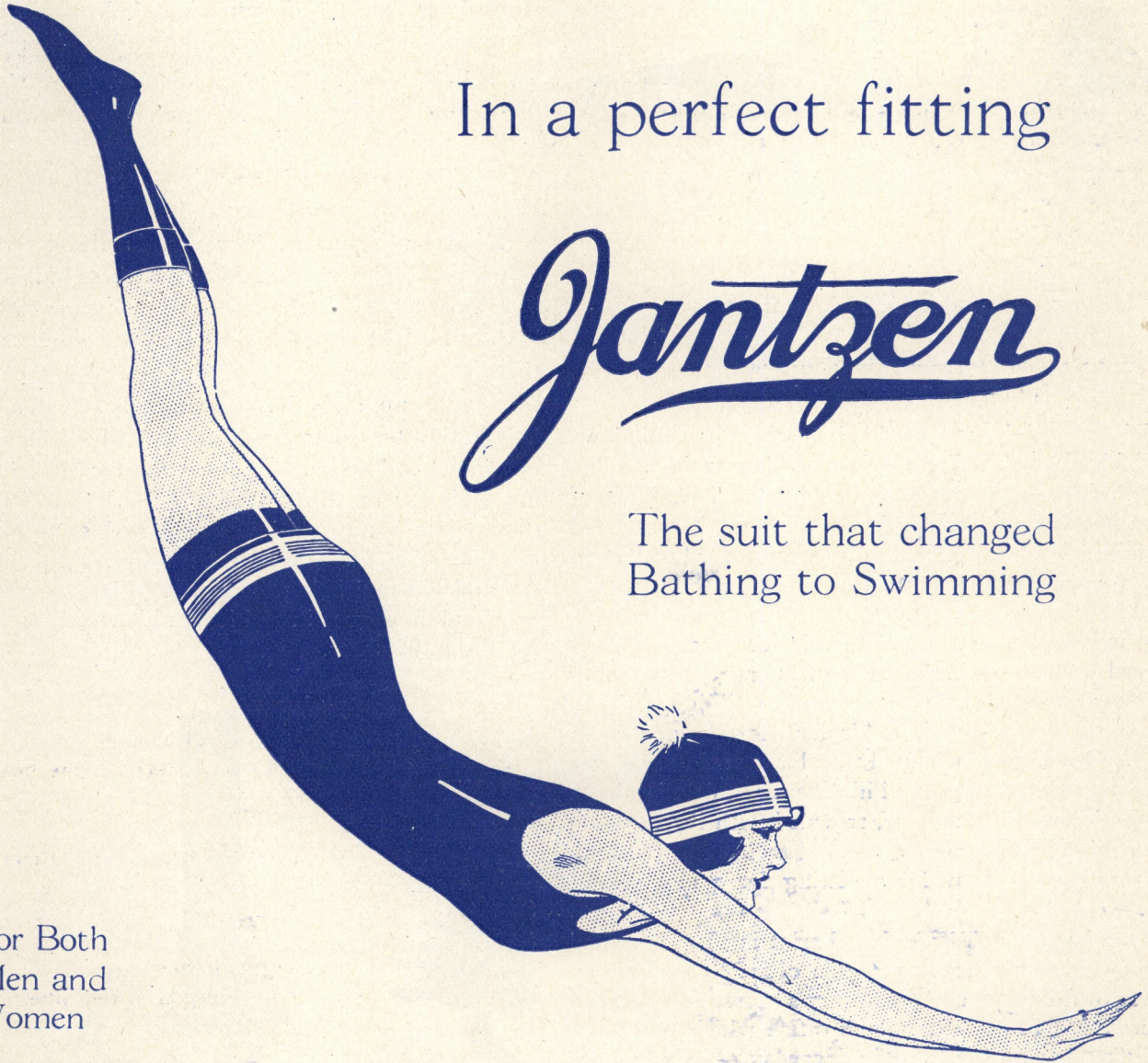


IT'S EASY TO SWIM

In a perfect fitting

*Jantzen*

The suit that changed  
Bathing to Swimming

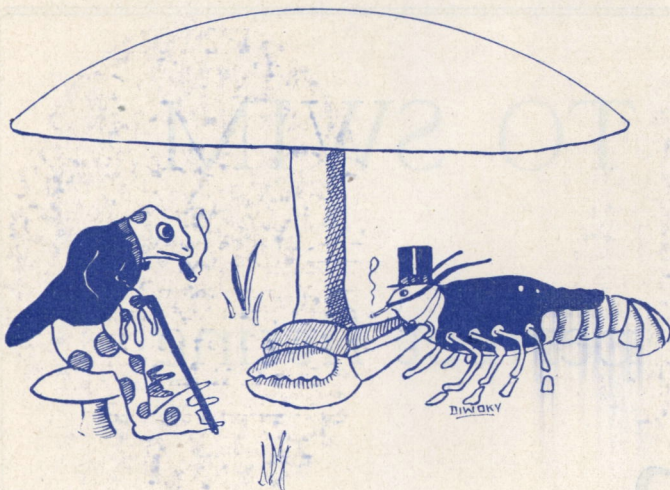


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Men and  
Women

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You can get yours in Corvallis from

The "Model," Fuselman & Alexander      J. M. Nolan & Son

Jantzen Knitting Mills  
Portland, Oregon



Frog: "Gee, what a keen new tuxedo!"  
Lobster: "How does it look in front?"



### THE COLLEGE GRAD

The morning sun sparkled on the dirty windows of Fifth avenue. The roaring of Toonerville trolley was broken only now and then by the lone bleat of some poor misunderstood husband. Our hero started forth on his morning stroll to the office, for he claimed that a good fresh walk, in the morning, to the office would recuperate any policeman, therefore he left his luxurious apartment at eleven in the morning and walked down the single flight of stairs and snubbing the elevator man on the way down, hastily departed to the sidewalk to step into his handsomely appointed Ford. Our hero proclaimed that his morning ride was the most exhilarating of all his exercises, driving down the fastidious Fifth avenue, crowded with the common herd, missing the speed cops, and trying not to climb the lamp posts, provides a setting for a magnificent day.

Our hero would leave his chariot in the back alley and would wend his way to his office to resume his duties of the president's secretary's secretary's stenographer. Upon arriving at the office which was wonderfully furnished with plain everyday office furniture that looked like the furniture in any dingy office, our hero would give a cheery good morning to the office boy, ask for his mail and not receiving any, as usual, would unlock his desk to immediately lock it up again and then retire to lunch. Our hero, who was always extremely busy would, on his return from lunch, pick up a cigarette from his ash tray and wend his way home stopping enroute at the Stagger club for a refreshing glass of grape juice.



An ex-sailor ought to make a good college student for he'd be used to being in deep water and at sea most of the time.

Now that these spring weathers have invaded our midst and the hay fever has occasion to prevent the attendance of too many classes and the rooks are getting to find out the possibilities of O. A. C.'s scenic advantages, there isn't very much doubt but what numerous seekers of education will start showing their stuff along the line of propelling their scows up and down our combination swimming tank and duck hunting pond generally referred to as Mary's Creek. That is to say, fewer and fewer of the boys will gather around at the respective nourishment establishments and apply for the customary splash of java and a waffle.

Kinda unfortunate, however, is the enterprising young rook, who after talking some three of his friends in misery to do his day's duties, and after calling up both of his girl acquaintances on the campus and getting one to honor him by letting him paddle her some three miles up, finds that the moths have eaten a large hole in the stern sheets of his raft and his paddles have gone away. Of course there is always such interesting topics as the Boer War and the like to harangue over while returning homeward and then by some mistake in the excitement he wanders too close to A's and K's and being too proud to let the girl know he's kinda low goes in and leaves his watch as security for the nutriments.



"—But it wasn't that kind of a kitty!"



Stevenson



Hartley



Lewis

We regret to state that, thru a leak in the administration, the fact was noised about that the Owl was conducting this contest and the result was a deluge of pictures of eligible contestants, which made the selection of the winner a doubly hard task for the judges. However, after much judicial deliberation, the winners have been chosen, and we hope that no hard feeling will be retained by the parents of the less fortunate prodigies or by the prodigies themselves.

The results of the nation-wide contest of baby pictures are as follows: To Howard Lewis goes the first prize of a hand-carved, arsenic teething-ring of the latest model. Mr. Lewis' picture on the right was the unanimous choice of the judges. His picturesque negligee serves to emphasize his magnificent muscular development, and this, combined with the particularly

intelligent expression on his Grecian profile was a great factor in aiding the judges to reach a decision.

The second and third places were judged in a tie between the beautiful Spanish type of beauty of Miss Gladys Hartley and the exquisite blonde pulchritude of Miss Ruth Stevenson. The delicately moulded features and wistful look of Miss Stevenson attracted the judges fully, as much as the masses of brunette tresses and languorous appeal of Miss Hartley. These two young ladies will divide the \$10,000 worth of Ice-Cold Cream offered by a well-known firm as the second prize in this great contest.

Notice: Complaints and crabs will not be accepted by the editor, and all inquiries are to be referred to Mr. Howard Lewis, the chairman of the judging committee.

Journalism Pro: "Correct this sentence—'The newshound got a scoop.'"

Embryo Jour. (Correcting sentence): "The reporter got a shovel."

She: "He is the meanest man I know."

He: "How come?"

She: "Well he breathes through his nose to save wear and tear on his teeth."



She: "Oh, I've ripped my bathing suit."

He: "Where?"

She: "Oh! terribly!"

He (masterfully): "Just go in a little deeper while I get you my bathrobe."



Very large co-ed in shoe store: "I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit me."

Clerk: "So would I."



Maddening Moments—Remembering you left your gym towel out yesterday.



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## LIBRARY RECEIVES NEW BOOKS

The new books recently received by the library are: "Grafting in the Northwest"—deals with fruit propagation—by Al Mond. "Bound to Rise"—a treatment on yeast in breadmaking—by Vida Mine. "Colored or Not Colored"—a discussion of colors to use for oil paintings—by Art Tistic. "Oil and Its Use"—a book dealing with the many and varied uses of oil—by T. Potdome. "Cash and Carrie"—the romance of a millionaire and Carrie Summers, a shop girl—by Hazel Nutt.



First Landlubber: "What kind of floral offerings are used for burials at sea?"

Second Landlubber: "I suppose they use water lilies."



Imnot: "I heard a marine soprano on the radio last night."

Wright: "Marine?"

Imnot: "Yes, she spends all her time on the high C's."



She: "I'm not myself tonight."

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



## CANOEING FESTIVITIES

I paddled in the moonlight,  
I paddled in the dark,  
I paddled in the afternoon,  
Down by the auto park.

I took them all canoeing,  
I took them every day,  
I tried my best to love them up,  
But "no" was all they'd say.

I sure am disappointed,  
I certainly am ashamed,  
The way the girls are treating me,  
But maybe I'm to blame.



## Indispensible Lines

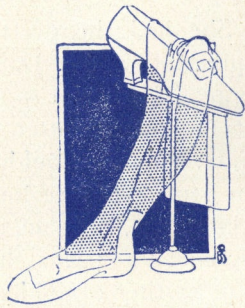
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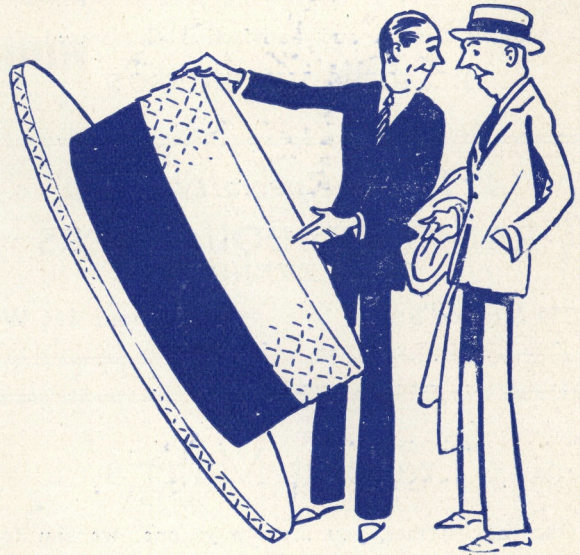
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**GOBS OF FLOWERS**

She had the prettiest Tulips, a Wisteria sort of expression, and a Dandelion. I says, "Come to your Poppy." But she soon learned I was no For-get-me-not (I had forgotten to shave). She didn't like my Furze, so she wouldn't permit any of this clinging vine stuff. Before long she lets out a violent stream of language, calls me a Hellebore, and demands that I Begonia. For fear she might Crocus, I Rose. Since I am neither a Golden-rod nor a Mint, I didn't mention the Lily, but suggested that we go to the Electric Lunch. There we leaned against the wall awaiting our turn until I thought we were both Wall-flowers.



First Landlubber: "What do they mean by the terms starboard and port?"

Second Landlubber: "I think port is a kind of wine."



"Guess I'll stick around awhile," said the fly as he tried to get off the fly paper.



Fusser: "Everybody says there is something dove-like about me."

Fussed: "Sure, you're pigeon-toed."

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Dere Orley:

Wel Orly, i just get mine grades from the register, an i sur bane mak fine grades in mine exams. i got 4 E's and tu F's, which i gess menes 3 xlents and 2 fines. The register bane tole me com to see him to-moro, and mabe so he tell me keep up mine gude wor-rk an i get thru scule cwick. i tank mabe so tu.

We bane got spring hyar now, so i tank i took off mine winter undarware, cause every time i put clean sute on, which is abowt once a month, i feal tu wild and wooly, an make all the gurls tank i got barber's ich. Say Orly, i bane make frenship with swell sheba the other day, so i tank mabe i by me new red silk shurt with yellow stripe and co canuing. That canuing is bum sport. Yu go down to river with yure girl, and get in small boat about foot wide an sax feet long, not swede's feet, and wenever yure gurl cof, you tak a bath, which is every time i go canuing for me. Yu hafto padle abowt 4 miles up the river, and all yur gurl do it to play a fonograif, and thro water on yu to keep yu cule. 1 day i lose mi padle and we shute the shutes ovar the dam and now i know how the fallar rote that song "Rocked In The Cradle of The Deep." Mi gurl wont look at me now cause she got bandages ovur her I's.

Well Orly scule will be owt pretty sune, and i gess mabe i get me job somewere milking cows, like bac in Minesota. Yu stil bane wurking in cheese factory. i bane bring home some limburgar the other nite, and the fallars tell me tu wash mine feet once in a wile. i bane sik every since.

hoping yu are same,  
yure bruther,  
Sven.



She: "I feel too warm."

He: "Take off your sweater."

She (minus sweater): "My, I feel thin."

He: "Yes you do."

She: "Sir!"



The girl stood in the tippy canoe  
She said she could not talk.  
"You better sit down," the gentleman said,  
"Or else get out and walk."



First Stude: "Is that a new girl you were with the other night?"

Second Stude: "Nope, just the old one painted over."



Anna: "Marie says that she uses lemon juice on her face for her complexion."

Bella: "Yeah, I wondered what gave her that sour look."

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and  
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BOX CANDIES

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#### WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN

We dream of the noble things we'll do,  
Of the helpful words we'll say,  
Of the hearts we'll cheer and the hurts we'll mend,  
When our ship comes up the bay.  
But we wait for our ship that never comes in,  
And we let the years go by,  
Till our kind thoughts fade in the misty past  
And our hopes in the graveyard lie.  
For our ship is like castles in Spain, our own  
As long as the dream may last;  
But when dreams slip their anchor and drift away  
Their white sails are lost in the past.

It's poor policy to count on the arrival of a golden argosy. Better buckle down to business now, and load on a good cargo of cash. It's a fine freight for the port of success. Store away a part of all earnings in a savings account in this bank. There will be no danger of capsizing with such solid ballast aboard.

Life is more hazardous than a sea voyage. A good bank balance provides plenty of leeway when the storms of adversity arise.

## Benton County State Bank

THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE

Soft Drinks, Candies, Cigars, and Groceries

at

### WADE'S GROCERY

1463 Monroe

Opposite Apperson Hall

EXTRA TROUSERS \$4 to \$7.50  
that will help you through the year

### MODEL CLOTHING CO.

238 South Second Street

Rush Your Crippled Shoes to

## THE SHOE HOSPITAL

1100 Jefferson Street

### THE SPECIALTY SHOP

Hemstitching—Pleating—Stamping  
Baby Goods—Stamped Goods—Gifts  
Across from Majestic Theater

Mike: "What's your new woman like?"

Ike: "Anything expensive."



She: "I can tell a lady by the way she dresses, can't you?"

He: "I don't know, I never watched one dress."



Miss Thrifty: "My, but the young men are fast these days."

Miss Thirteen: "Yes, you do seem to have trouble catching on."



#### TOWELS SERVED

But you said I could kiss you!

Kiss, Yes; but who said anything about a massage.

—Chapparral.

#### STATION B-U-N-K

Room: "What time are you going to get up in the morning?"

Mate: "Seven o'clock, old dear."

Room: "Ah, you must have your usual bed time story."

—Puppet.

"Stay, oh stay," she cried. "Stay by my side." And the stay stayed. Of course it did.

—Blue Moon.

#### SHE WINS

First Music Girl Student: "I can hold 'La' for fifteen seconds."

Second: "I can hold 'ti' for twenty seconds."

Third: "That's nothing. John held 'mi' for three hours last night."

—Puppet.

"How did the four of you travel so cheaply on the sleeper?"

"Oh, we just put two and two together." —Banter.

#### HE'S A JONAH

First She: "My father says all men come from Apes."

Second She: "Mine didn't. He's from Wales."

—Puppet.

Ithican: "Help me pick up this student. He's drunk."

Cornelian: "No, he isn't. I just saw his arm move."

—Widow.

#### DOES THE BED-ROCK?

Mr.: "I go to bed every night between ten and eleven."

Miss: "I didn't know that many stayed at your house."

—Sun Dial.

Who brought you here?"

"A police man."

"Drunk?"

"I think he was, sir."

—Drawl.

Him: "Kitty's a regular correspondence kid."

Me: "How come?" (I had to bite.)

Him: "She gets all her education from the males."

—Log.

"How come you call her Inertia, is she that slow?"

"No, but once she gets started—"

—Log.

#### Twinnish Tendencies

I wish I were an angleworm,

Wrigglin' through the ground!

I'd break myself in two and have

A brother wrigglin' 'round.

—Octopus.



EDMUND HALLEY  
1656 1742

Son of a London soap-boiler who became Astronomer-Royal. At the age of 20 headed an expedition to chart the stars of the Southern hemisphere. Financed and handled the printing of Newton's immortal *Principia*.

## The comet came back

The great comet that was seen by William of Normandy returned to our skies in 1910 on its eleventh visit since the Conquest. Astronomers knew when it would appear, and the exact spot in the sky where it would first be visible.

Edmund Halley's mathematical calculation of the great orbit of this 76-year visitor—his scientific proof that comets are part of our solar system—was a brilliant application of the then unpublished *Principia* of his friend Sir Isaac Newton.



As spectacular as a comet has been the world's electrical development. By continuous scientific research the General Electric Company has accelerated this development and has become a leader in the industry.

The laws of motion that Newton and Halley proved to govern the movements of a comet are used by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to determine the orbit of electrons in vacuum tubes.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

# STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

## Hail! and Farewell!

¶ To the class of '24 we extend hearty congratulations and bid you remember and heed the "marine" quotation.

¶ To the bunch that remains we ask you to pause in awful contemplation of the fate of your predecessors! Just for a moment---then pass on! May still waters run deep with you.

Benisons

Corvallis Printing Company

"Art Work" Lawrence