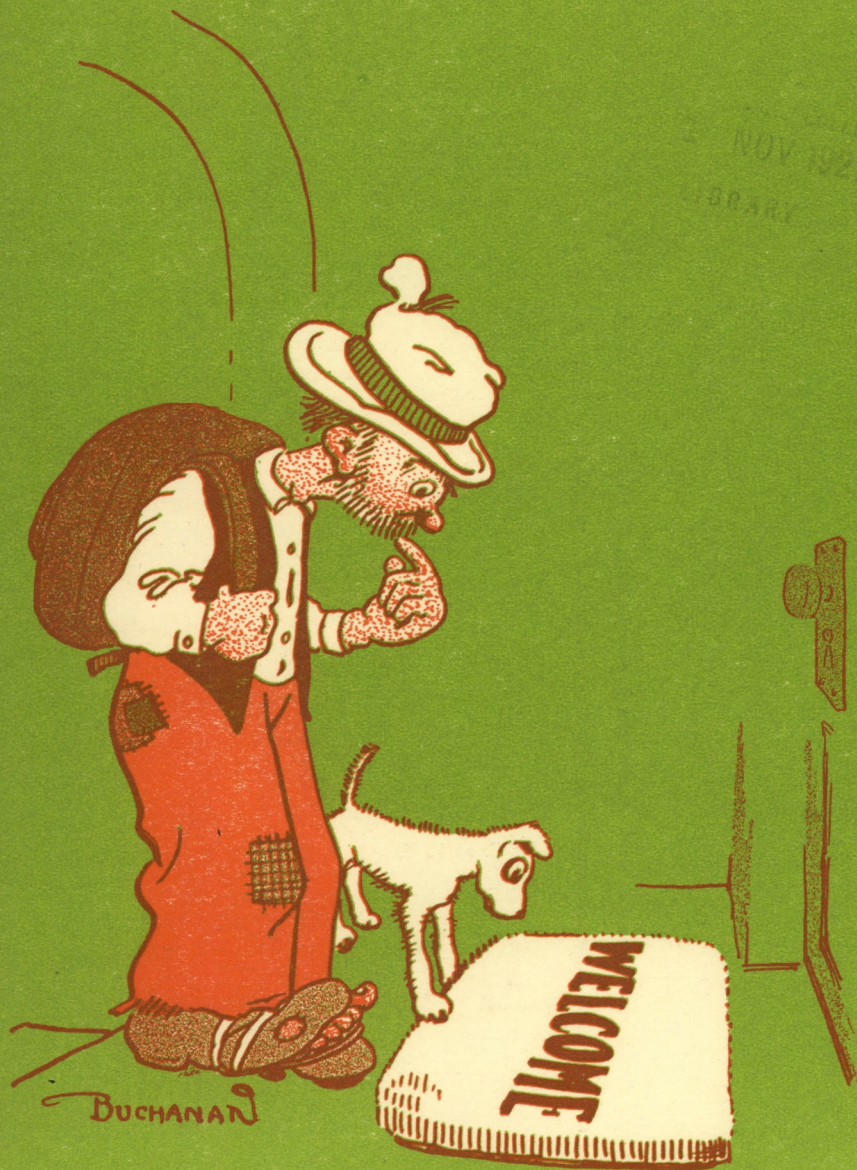


ORANGE OWL

25¢



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The Orange Owl

Vol. IX

Corvallis, Oregon, October 1927

No. 1

Entered as second-class matter October 28, 1921, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Olive Street

An old and typically rural farmer, with his faithful spouse, was paying one of his very rare visits to the big city. In the downtown district he spent a great deal of his time inspecting the shapely nether extremities of the passing damsels. Finally his better half remarked in exasperation, "My lan', Ezry, a body'd think you'd never seen legs before."

"Wal," he remarked, "I been thinkin' that myself."—Dirge.



Bathing Beauty (in an abbreviated costume): "A shoulder strap is sure an important little article, itn's it?"

Judge (admiringly): "Yes, it's the only thing that keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation." —Froth.



Most women who swear they wouldn't marry the best man on earth don't. Yellow Jacket.



The bridge player shuddered when a trump was placed on his ace. "Well," he said, "God save the King."—Virginia Reel.



"Now that you've finished college, what do you intend to do?"

"I'm going to work with you dad."

"But great scott, I've retired."

"Exactly, Pop." —America's Humor.



"My girl got her nose broken in three places."

"That'll teach her to keep out of those places."—Bison.



Some stockings aren't what they seam to be. (A ripping good pun.) —Dirge.



His face took on a look of agony. He fell to his knees and covered her hands with kisses. "Darling, can't you see that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height. "Well," she said, "I should hate to think that you act this way in company."

Yellow Jacket.



Kitty: "That Phi Delt was faster last night than he was on the football field yesterday."

Kate: "No wonder! he had no interference." —A. K. K.



1 something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

What to do until the plumber comes: Save your money.
—Dirge.



The Way of a Maid

He: "We are coming to a tunnel."
She: "Please take that cigar out of your mouth."
—Buccaneer.

Wife: "Do you know that you haven't been home for four nights?"

Absent-minded Prof.: "Ye Gods! where have I been going?"
—Yellow Jacket.



"What do you think of the future for aviation?"
"I should say a bit cloudy."
—Virginia Reel.



Co.: "Reading another love story?"
Ed.: "No, it's about married life."
—Dirge.



Casting His Lot With Dad

Willie had been naughty and was being sent to bed by his mother without any supper. He was naturally agrieved with the feminine sex and tumbled into bed without saying his prayers.

"Willie," his mother demanded, "say your prayers."
"I won't."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"
"Nah, us men gotta stick together these days."
—Yellow Jacket.



An egg a day gives the rooster less time for play.
—Buccaneer.



"What a rough voice you have this morning."
"Yes, I haven't had my daily cigarette yet."
—Buccaneer.



"What is your favorite lipstick flavor?" she asked.
"You have me up against it now," he replied.
—Bell Hop.



Jay: "Gee, there are a lot of girls that don't want to get married."

Sheik: "How do you know?"
Jay: "I've asked them."
—Exchange.



There's always one girl at every dance who makes the others wish they'd gone to the movies.—Bison.



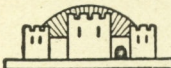
Women aren't so much, but unfortunately they're the only other sex that we have.
—Puppet.



She was only an iceman's daughter, and she wasn't all she was cracked up to be, either.—Pitt Panther.

CLOTHES
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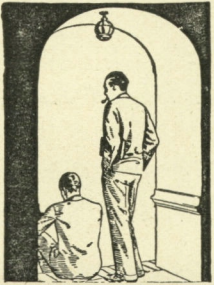
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"Modern girls are no longer mysteries."
 "Quite true. You can see through them right off."
 —Whirlwind.



"There goes that ivy girl."
 "Ivy?"
 "Yeah, clinging to the old ruin."
 —Buccaneer.



"I hear Jill named her pet skunk Fatima."
 "And why?"
 "What a whale of a difference a few scents makes."
 —Dirge.



"Tough about that lady."
 "Yes, what?"
 "She was running for mayor."
 "Well?"
 "She lost her supporters right before election."
 —Penn State Froth.



"Can you remember the first boy you ever kissed?"
 "Can't even remember the last one."
 —Texas Ranger.



Me: "What is love?"
 You: "Well, if you marry the girl—that's love."—Pup.

A Likable Commodity

Mae: "I can't see what you like about that man you're going to marry. Is it his money?"
 Gwen: "Well, you see, if you marry a man, it's nice to know there's something about him you'll always like."

Come to think about it, money is rather a likable commodity. Something like a man—handy to have about the house.

You can be sure of having lots of this likable commodity if you will practice the habit of saving a part of your income. Start a savings account now in this bank and keep adding to it regularly. It will come in right handy when you need money to meet some sudden emergency.



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MATTHEWS

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Lulu: "I hear that Bill got canned."
Belle: "Yeah, he threw a little party out at the club."
Lulu: "What of it?"
Belle: "The little party happened to be the dean."—Dirge.



"Why do you call him Gillette?"
"Because you can only use a young blade like that a couple of times."
—A. K. K.



"Who gave you that black eye?"
"Dean Sacket's stenog."
"Yea. When did she hit you?"
"Didn't. She shoved a pencil through the keyhole."
—Penn State Froth.



She was a telephone operator, and she got my ring.
—Whirlwind.



She: "No, you can't kiss me and you can't hug me—you can't hold my hand, either."
He: "Well, how in thunder are we going to do any necking, then?"
—Judge.



Lass: "One of your brothers proposed to me last night."
Ladd: "Did you call his bluff?"
—Dirge.

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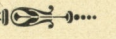
Corner of Fifteenth and Monroe

STUDENTS' SUPPLIES AT

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2003 Monroe Street



Homecoming Number

Why Boys Leave School

The sweet young thing was having her troubles with an unruly second year grammar school class. It happened that one day Willie decided that he must inform the teacher.

"Teacher, I can see part of your knee below your dress."

"Willie, for that you must stay a half hour after school. You know that is not proper for little boys to say."

The day proceeded uneventfully until Robert became forced to enlighten the teacher of the situation.

"Teacher, I can see your whole knee below your dress."

"Robert, you are very bad and for that you may stay one hour after school."

At this most inopportune moment an eraser fell to the floor and dear teacher picked it up. Little Johnny gathered up his books and proceeded to leave the room.

"Johnny, where are you going?"

"I'm expelled from school," he said.



ORANGE "OWL"

Herbert H. Brown '32

Dentist: "Awfully sorry, miss, just tore off a piece of your gum."

Patient: "That's all right. Just stick it under the chair and I'll get it as I go out."



HIS LOVE

She's plump and fair,
With golden hair,
And face serene and sunny.

She's worth to me,
A lot to see,
She helps me earn my money.

Her costume new,
Of Belgian blue,
Her real lace cuffs and collar.

Enchant me so,
Because I know,
They'll cost me not a dollar.

In rainbow hue,
And dark ones too,
She's keen in all her dresses.

She's never pert,
She does not flirt,
Nor cause me sharp distresses.

This maid to me,
Would perfect be,
If she were only slimmer.

Her weight's a tax,
She's made of wax,
And I'm a window trimmer.



History Up-to-date

Sir Walter: "Step on it, Queen, step on it."

Queen Lizzy: "Keep your shirt on Old Boy."

She: "This is a nice day, isn't it?"

He: "Yes, it sure is hot."



Some girls remind us of a certain magazine, not Popular—no, just "Everybody's."



Dazzy: "Do you still insist that your watch is right, even when Bill's and mine are five minutes faster?"

Dizzy: "Sure. There is more chance of two watches being wrong than there is of one being wrong."



Teacher: "Now, children, what great woman's letters reflect the suffering and misery of her time?"

Chorus: "Lydia Pinkham's."



Women's styles may change, but their designs always remain the same.



She: (turning tempting lips upward): "I wonder if anyone is going to kiss me tonight?"

He (kinda dazed and dumb): "I'll bite."

She: "You brute. Don't you dare."



LOVE—It brings heaven down to earth and raises hell.

Charlie Prowse, campus celebrity, reports that his car, a Hudson, was stolen last Sunday night. While driving in the hills near town, Charlie left his car at the side of the road for a few moments. When he returned it was gone. Nothing was saved except the front cushion of the car.



Fashion Emporium announces: "Another third reduction in ladies' dresses."



Mary had a little lamb,
She taught the lamb to say "Hot Damn."

The lamb it followed her to school,
The teacher used the hickory rule.

The lamb was just as black as coal
Clear to the center of its soul;
And Mary, while at play one day,
Met a D. U. by the way.

Now Mary's soul is just as black
As the inside of a chimney stack,
And Mary's mother doesn't sleep
For thinking of her two black sheep.



She was just a sheriff's daughter,
but she could sure hold her man.

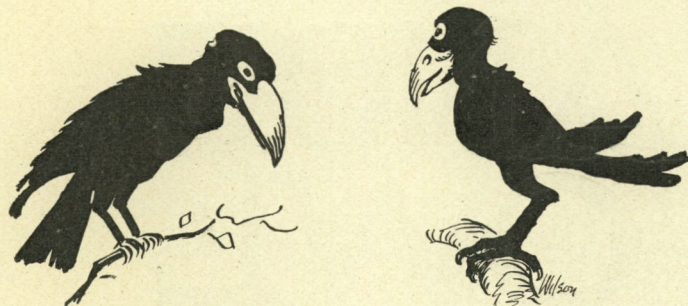


Prof. (to rook): "Your term grade will be like the tale of the little red hen."

Rook: "Howzat?"

Prof.: "She didn't have any."

TWO BLACK CROWS



TWO sick men were leaning at the rail, realizing that all was lost. One of them was about to ask the other why he brought that up, when he realized that he had been knocked down twice already for a similar remark. When they finally stood up, both were black in the face.

"Are you going to the postoffice?"

"No, no, no, I don't play postoffice."

"Well then, why are you stamping your feet so much?"

"Because I'm making a special delivery."

"Is that what you said to the dog catcher?"

"No. Do you want to know what I said to the dog catcher?"

"No."

"Well then I'll tell you what the dog catcher said to me."

"What did the dog catcher say to you?"

"He says, 'If either you or that lamp post doesn't quit wagging—' then I knew he was drunk."

"Then what did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. I let him go to the dogs. Did you hear about my dog?"

"No, what kind is he?"

"I don't know what kind he is, but he's kind to me. He doesn't bite me."

"He isn't kind; he must be on a diet. What were his parents?"

"Shocked! My dog got run over by a train and lost his tail."

"My, that must have spoiled his carriage."

"No, no, no, no."

"But it **must** have spoiled his carriage."

"No, but it sure ruined his reputation."



Paying the Price

In days of old, when knights were bold
'Twas kings that ruled the land;
Men matched their steel and fought to kneel
To ask a woman's hand.

But in this daze of flapper craze,
Where co-eds hold full sway,
'Tis the rattle and din of Phord-made-tin
That wins the right to pay.

An American business man in Brazil was recently the recipient of the following perfect example of business correspondence:

Dear Sir:

I come at your prezence wicht thes leter at the end to ask at your person a smol fevor. I am a boy of 25 years come from Estates New York wicht I wose worqing on the Rosvelt Ospital am fore man about on year and now I am hire loking for any job aw continuo porter mensajer or wacht man I know well the citi any else I have god references from the bestes house Stores of hire and I was siman under American flag 3 hears I Espik 5 language Ingliz Espanisch Franch Italian and portigues And I know wel oll England Estates central and Sout America wicht out I wat your answer or yes or not Tank ing you very macht for your fine actention eskuise may traubble.

Dear Sire Friend.

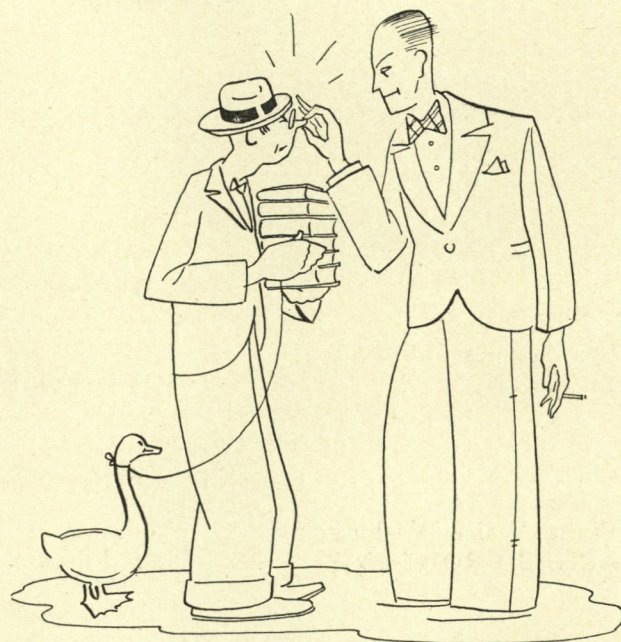


Prof. (to senior in geology): "What is a meterologist?"

Dignified Senior: "A meterologist is one who reads meters."

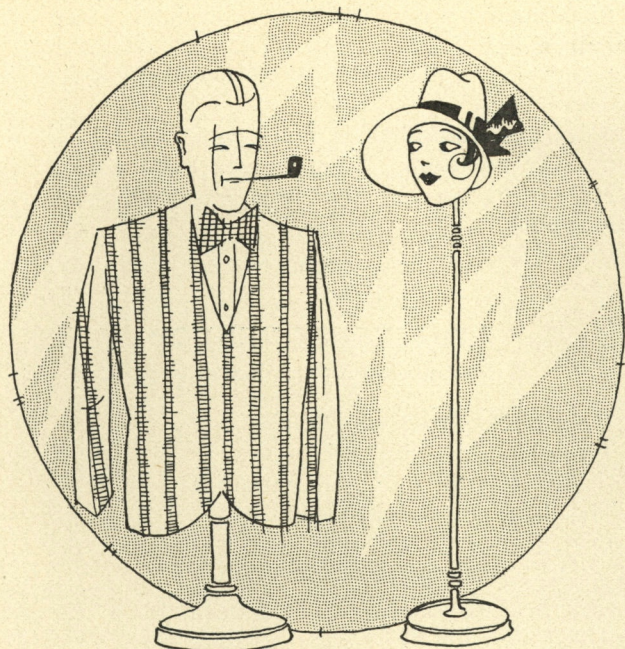


Who was the lady I seen you with last night?
That was no lady, that was my boy friend.



Professor of History: "What are the races that have dominated the United States since Columbus made his famous discovery?"

Dumb Rook: "The Indianapolis and Kentucky derbies, sir."



"Who was the lady I seen you with last night?
"That was no lady, we were going to a student body."

THE REFORMERS

They are talking to me daily of the bad effects unseen,
To my system while I gaily go on using nicotine,
They damn in voices sweet as honey, pipes, cigars, and
cigarettes,
And they say this wasted money soon would pay off
all our debts.

They also say that everybody—which is meant for me
and you,
Should eschew his little toddy like the W. C. T. U.
Then they tell me of the curses of the awful demon rum,
And they misquote scripture verses of the wrath that
is to come.

Cards of course are simply awful, this includes the pic-
ture show,
Such things soon will be unlawful; dancing is a sin, you
know,
Petting parties, paint and powder are what caused old
Adam's fall,
And with voices growing louder I am warned against
them all.

Now the trails I tread are rocky and the boys are pretty
rough,
So without appearing cocky I'll admit I may be tough,
If you don't like my behavior I'm not wild about your
own,
But remember your own failings when you hurl at me
the stone.

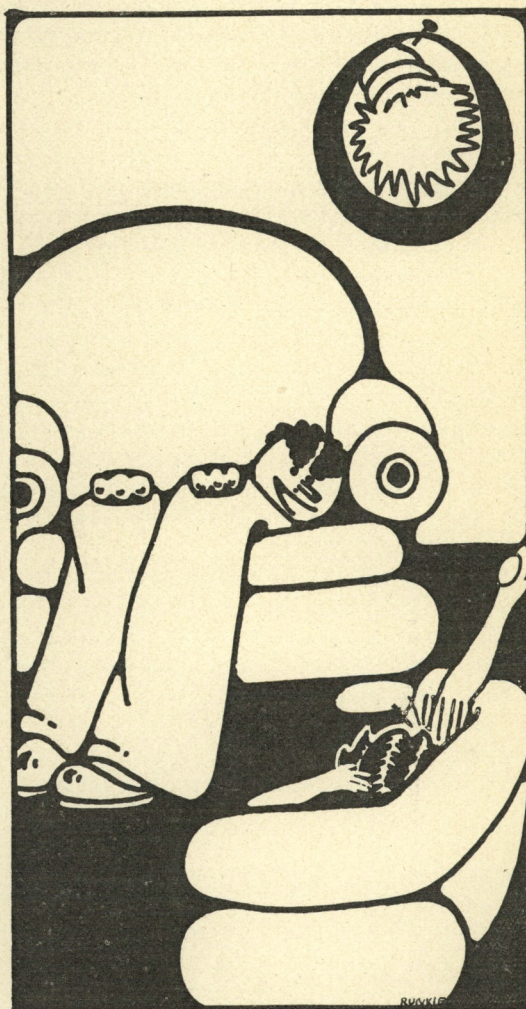
Who was the lady I seen you with last night?
That wasn't last night, that was early this morning.

"That's a tough break," said the D. U. as his girl
put her foot through his windshield.

She reached below her dimpled knee
Into her rolled-down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills;
Ah, me, 'twas sweetly shocking.

"Why don't you keep it in a bank?"
Inquired a nosey prier.
"The principal is the same," she said,
"But the interest here is higher."

Who was the lady I seen you with last night?
Oh, I say, thank you for being so polite.



"I'm not going to step out with Hazel any
more."

"Why not?"

"She didn't invite me to her wedding."

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

Kneeling at the ancient shrine of Bacchus, were seven seekers after truth. Bacchus was the last of the current gods on the itinerary of the seekers after truth, and as the seven bowed in profound reverence, Bacchus said, "My good people, what do you seek?"

The first man spoke, "We are seeking truth. Tell us what is the ultimate of human experience. We went to the houses of all the gods, but none of them was home save Venus, who, at the time, was entertaining Eros, the god of love."

The second said, "We asked them, oh Bacchus, to direct us to the ultimate. Venus wore her hair in curlers, and Eros was in stocking feet. They both yawned eight times and spoke in chorus, 'Yea, we thought we had it. We had searched the hills the air, and the bottom of the sea. It was always just ahead. Finally we caught it, and named it Love, but it withered as we touched it.' They sighed. 'It simply doesn't last.' Before we had time to retire in grace, a fearful din commenced suddenly toward the rear of the dwelling, which caused Venus to excuse herself to quiet the children, while Eros, the god of love, walked past us and sat down to smoke on a little bench outside his door. We now come, oh Bacchus, to search out the ultimate. Is it as ephemeral as the very arbiters of love would have it?"

"No," Bacchus replied with great dignity, "they never had it. With them it was merely an illusion. If you are the earnest seekers after truth that you say, I'll disclose to you the ultimate experience."

So saying, he took the fruit of the vine, and crushed it. The scarlet drops that fell into the crystal melted together into a ruby pool that shimmered in the sunlight. "That is merely symbolical," he said, as he politely excused himself for a moment. He returned presently, carrying a gallon jug of the local three-star. "We have a long journey ahead of us, my friends," Bacchus explained, "and I want you to refresh yourselves."

Each of the seekers after truth drank from the jug after the manner of the gods, as soon as Bacchus had shown them how.

The jug went round and round, also after the custom of the gods, while Bacchus gossiped about his fellow citizens of Olympia heights. It was rumored, he said, that Cronus, the son of Uranus, was planning a coup d'etat; that Helen of Troy was not so young as she looked, and so on.

He stopped talking when he saw that the jug was empty, arose, and gave each of the seekers after truth a pair of tinted spectacles to be used on the journey. The cold wind that had been blowing from the mountains became warm. The sky, the landscape, and the sea took on the delicate shades of rose petals. Mellowness of sound and light, and a detachment from the pain of life were encountered by the travelers.

All the subtleties of delight greeted them. The excellencies of congeniality extended among them. Bacchus showed his disciples wonders of which even their dreams were not capable of conjuring. And the end of the journey found them in the dooryard that they had never left.

"And now," said Bacchus, "you have experienced the ultimate."

"And we can have it always?" asked the seven seekers after truth.

"Yes," explained their god, "you can take it with you." And so saying, he presented each with a huge crystal or gallon jug that was engraved with three little stars.



THE VERSE VENDOR

(On reading a modern book of poems).

Your huckster whose cherries
Plums, peaches and berries
Invite your indulgent attention,
Has learned, you discover,
On turning things over,
A sly little piece of invention.

The top of his basket
Is fair as you'd ask it,
With specimens large and delicious;
And down on the bottom
The fruits, when you've got 'em,
Could surely make no one suspicious.

But hey-diddle-diddle,
Down there in the middle
How barren and blasted the crop is
Of flat commonplaces
From dry arid spaces
Betwixt where the bottom and top is!

Now books are but caskets
For thoughts, like fruit baskets,
And fate, fickle jade, often hovers
Around in the offing
With favor or scoffing
For songs that come nearest the covers.

But in matters accorded,
Like this one, quite sordid,
Who'd think that a lyrical poet,
So madly impractical,
Sadly untactical,
Ever would guess it or know it.

Yet here a gay lyric,
Quite frankly empiric,
Romps off with the very first pages;
And lets you go plodding
And drowsily nodding
From then on for ages and ages.

Until at the very
Tip end, like a cherry—
Red lip that is teasing for kisses,
Some deft little ditty,
More wanton than witty,
Goes bowing the door through—as this is!

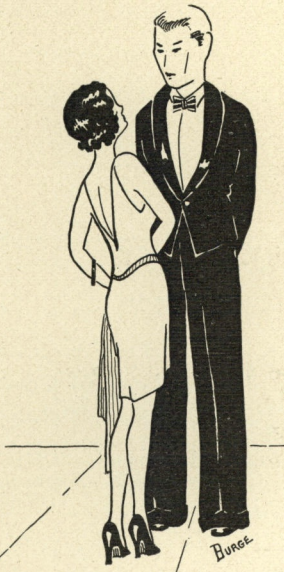


"So he's your little brother. Strange that you are so fair and he is so dark."
 "Yes, but he was born after mother dyed her hair."

The Eternal Feminine

"How do you like that new mare of yours?"
 "Oh, fairly well, but I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in all the puddles."

"She's a toe dancer," said the boy as he carefully massaged his badly bruised toes.



Her: "But if I married you with your income you couldn't even dress me."
 Him: "Well, with a few lessons I could learn."

Now that we have dropped that obsolete name, "Aggies," we will not be confronted with that infernal greeting, "Welcome back to the nest Eggies," every fall.

She was only a paperhanger's daughter, but she knew how to paste 'em.

First Urchin: "Doctor Smith brought our baby."
 Second Urchin: "We take from him too."

Maybe she does wear 'em!

"Did you ever hear of anyone waking up and finding himself rich?"
 "Sure, prize fighter."

They was two guys. One guy was telling the other guy a story what he had heard onct in the Bowery what is in New Yoik. The guy what was telling the joke wound up his story expecting the other guy to break down and weep with laughter. All the oder guy sez was, "yeah, that reminds me of the same joke."

Students have found cigarette smoking so enjoyable that they are now looking in their college catalogs for pipe courses.

"Well, since I've turned to Lucky Strikes, I'm going to try out for glee club."

"Be careful. Just because she's a blonde is no indication that she's light-headed."

A fallen hero used to seem
 To me the thing I'd like to be.
 They live a life of martyred ease
 And never work unless they please.
 But I've been thinking lately just
 How far this wish had ought to go
 And I don't think I'd like to be
 A fallen ocean-flight hero.
 —L'Envoi.
 They're all wet.



"What's the difference between Cal Coolidge and a blind salesman?"
 "That wasn't no lady, that was an electric horse."

ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



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DESCENDING upon us in hordes, in cars, on trains, and on foot, perhaps, come the alumni. Greetings. Having embraced the world, and received the kiss of fortune, and those little love taps called hard knocks, they return to the scene of the frolics of their youth and gaze upon unforgotten objects with a maturity of mein which they once had not, and are amused by our own naivete.

They come from their struggles with practical things, things of the world, on their battle-fields of business, where hard conflicts are won, to witness us in the desperate act of solving our campus problems.

Climbing, ever upward in their fight toward their respective goals, they look down upon us as an eagle from his aerie, and wonder what those creatures are down there. Those little creatures—us—are the undergraduates working to perpetuate the traditions of the old school which was once the stamping ground of the alumni.

Familiar personalities among their own numbers, and among the faculty are good to run across now, after a period of separation. Old acquaintances have a charm of their own, because they too arouse pleasant dreams of the days that are left behind. A world of things these people have to talk about; back slapping and hand shaking enough to keep an athlete in training are tokens of the pleasure derived by people pleasantly surprised to see each other again, like souls on resurrection morn.

Classrooms, once entered reluctantly, now shine with the luster imparted by pleasant memory. So and so used to give the drollest lectures here, and the inviting hills swathed in color could be seen through that window over by the noisy radiator. There is the table just the same as it was the day you propped yourself against it to hide the embarrassment of a recitation before the class. That girl who sat on the left certainly could say nice things about you. What could she be doing now?

The campus has changed somewhat, expanded a bit perhaps, but it is the same campus. New buildings appear where old ones stood, but there is a friend still known to all—the Ad building still stands aloof in her proud virtue, and the view to the east has not changed very much. Football games were played in the lower campus. They are no longer, but they are still games; hard fought games that mean a great deal to the spectators who are wildly desirous that the right team win. There is only **one** right team in these games. That is one of the paradoxes of college life.

The sight of familiar vistas awaken a thousand associations; sweet, most of them, for the memory has a way of effacing the unpleasant from retrospect. The steps of this building, the halls of that one, and winding walks provoke images of their own. A certain romance may once have centered about a certain shaded road; perhaps the face or the name of the other is forgotten, but a peculiar elusive sense of delightful reminiscence is there just the same. Alumni, we who are now building our own pasts welcome your return.

Hammer and Coffin announces the pledges of

Dick Glasscock	Don Long
Tom Wilson	Rube Jensen
Fritz Johnson	M. Hamilton
Kay Olsen	Maurice Buchanan
Glenn Duncan	Carl Thelen
Red Smith	

STRANGLER MAKES VISIT

Woman Narrowly Misses Seeing HIM

The home of Mrs. Grosvenor Windidle, winsome widow who resides at 12732 Park Drive, was marked with the familiar finger prints at the customary place: just



under the curve in the drainpipe of the kitchen sink. Police are bending every effort in running down all clues.

In an interview, the lady said, "Gracious, I was so thrilled, I just missed seeing him, too. I don't know why he picked me out, though," she said with a shy look, "because I didn't have a 'for rent' ad in the papers."

Police have a firm conviction that this is the same strangler who has made his appearance in thousands of American cities and small towns during the past forty or fifty years. "We have not identified the finger prints, but they are obviously those of the Beast, since he always leaves them there," says the chief inspector on the scene of the crime, as he pointed to the drainpipe of the kitchen sink.

"What's this geology course like?"

"Oh, it's the rocks."

"Where'd you get those ayes?" asked the chairman of the meeting, of the candidate who received the majority.

About the most dangerous thing that can be done nowadays is to hang up some mistletoe, considering what is done without it."

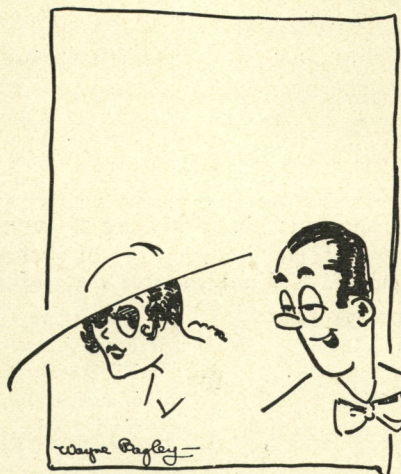
Stranger: "I'm the engineer that laid out this town."

Native: "Well, you did a darn good job mister, it's still dead."

She was only a midnight flame, and he turned her down; but she soon got lit-up again.

Dumb Guy: "Oh, the merry-go-round is going to start. Let's hurry and get the front seat."

Her little pink knees were unsocked
As into the garden she walked;
And the spuds in surprise
Shook the dirt from their eyes,
And even the corn was shocked.



"I ever notice that the hottest girls dress the coolest?"



He: "If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you."
She: "I can't keep this expression much longer."

"I'll have to hand it to you," said the relay runner as he finished his lap.

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life;
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on my knife.

HOMECOMING SONG

Back to the dear old campus,
Back to the vine-clad hills.
Through the love for the old traditions
Alma Mater calls. (Well, well).
Greet 'em Beavers—beat 'em,
Blazes o'er the door;
Back to the beds you slept in,
While the rooks sleep on the floor.
Back to the shrines of learning,
Back, yes back, what's more,
To the same old jokes in the Orange Owl
That they sprung on you before.

Strangers on the Campus

The news reporter who thinks that co-ed is the abbreviation for county edition.

The co-ed who takes a thermometer to class: If the thermometer goes up she sits in the front row and if the thermometer goes down she takes a back seat. She says she makes her best grades in the spring term and at summer school.

A QUIET DAY IN COLLEGE HEALTH SERVICE

"Who's next? You here again, Arnberg? You say you have no appetite. Are you in love? No, well, it seems you have contracted a severe case of hepaticchilecystostcholecystenterostomy. This is caused from the bite of the deadly simulium, which, once having tasted human flesh, follows and preys upon its victim. I'll give you something to help it. Every time you see a girl I want you to take one of these pink pills. You might give her one, too.

"Next! What's your trouble, stiff neck, huh, well lie down here. Hollow sound slightly to the left of the third vertebrae. Symptom of alkap-tomania, with the possibility of complications resulting in gas-terangiempfraus. To lower your temperature of 81.3 I'll give you a bottle of these pink pills. Take one each morning before waking and one each night just after you go to sleep. Come back next week.

"Well, what do you want, what is the matter with you? You don't know, well let's take a look. Man! your condition is serious, you are suffering from such an acute attack of locomotive ataxia that you have a tendency to whistle at all the crossings. I think I can help you. I'll give you a bottle of these pink pills and I want you to take one before reaching each crossing. If that does not help you in a few days, continue taking one before reaching the corner and take two after crossing it. Come back in a month.

"Nurse, grab the scoparius and clean out the joint. Put this bunch of taraxicums in a vase—you might add two pink pills for nourishment."

As our reporter was about to leave, another patient entered with a weary look on his face. He handed his slip to the doctor, then without a word he slipped a handful of pink pills into his pocket and walked out.

"There goes a senior," remarked the doctor. "Next."

A woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking.

Why girls leave home: Distant pastures look greener.

The question of the hour: If skirts are lengthened how are we gonna recognize our friends?



"What are those two birds over there?"
 "The first one is a swallow, so I suppose the other one is a chaser."

"I pulled a good one that time," said the dentist as he removed the wrong tooth.

Scientific note: Science discovers that there are better ways of getting heat than by rubbing two pieces of flint together.

Passenger: "What makes the differential howl like that?"

Driver: "It's probably cutting some teeth."

AN ALL-AROUND ATHLETE'S NIGHTMARE

"Hold that line! Hold that line!" That is what the stands were yelling. He, as fullback, would have to intercept the next forward pass. Ah! The ball was in play but the opposing team was passing it back and forth. Here goes to break up their defence and then dribble the ball down to shoot a basket. "Too many steps," cried the referee. Well, he would show them and try for a drop kick. No, he had better put the ball down and use a mashie or midiron. Yes, he was in a bad lie but ought to make the green. Too bad his first service had been so low as to hit the net. It had all been the fault of his racket. With a new mallet and a better horse he would certainly win this polo game. Or was it a polo game? No, that couldn't be right, because here he was in running pants all ready for the 440 or was it the mile? Ah! The gun. Now to show a sprint in this hundred and vault at least thirteen feet over the bar with his trusty pole. But he couldn't pole vault with a sixteen pound shot in one hand. He would have to put the shot first. Well, here goes. Darn it! They measured to where the discus had landed and said he was short. But he wasn't short. He was tall enough to out-jump the opposing center. Hadn't he been doing it and wouldn't he keep on doing it if they would only

stop tackling him? Just give him another chance and he would show them who could hit some homers. This man he was wrestling was at least ten pounds heavier than he and that wasn't fair. Besides, how could he wrestle with these boxing gloves on? The other guy was always hittin gbelo wthe belt and the referee wouldn't call them fouls. Well, he would do his best to keep from kissing the canvas and taking the count. Thank Heavens! The round was over and the gong was ringing—6 o'clock a. m.

A ONE ACT PLAY

In One Act

(Enter the hero (a senior) who exits to shave off his mustache, so that he won't get mixed up with the villain.)

(Enter villain, clean shaven, who exits to grow a mustache, for he must not be mistaken for a senior.)

The play must wait while the villain grows a mustache, and the senior gets shaved in a barber shop, which nowadays will take about as long.

Scene: Next Week.

(Enter the Girl.)

Girl: Well, well, where's the man. (She goes up stage right.)

(Enter the villain who walks up stage left, which is right for him, but he has a feeling that he will get left in the end.)

(Enter hero at another door, and runs into villain.)

Villain is slightly downed—light hair growth on his lip—senior wants to rub it because of what it reminds him of. Villain demurs.)

(The hero's face is covered with a cross between pock marks and service stripes, acquired or thrust on him in the barber shop, exclusively for men. If he had gone to a ladies' shop, he wouldn't have been cut.)

(Hero and villain, who finally identify each other agree to flip for the girl, and it comes tails. Cowering and whimpering with his tail between his legs, the villain exits leaving the girl to the hero which is as it should be.)

Curtain.

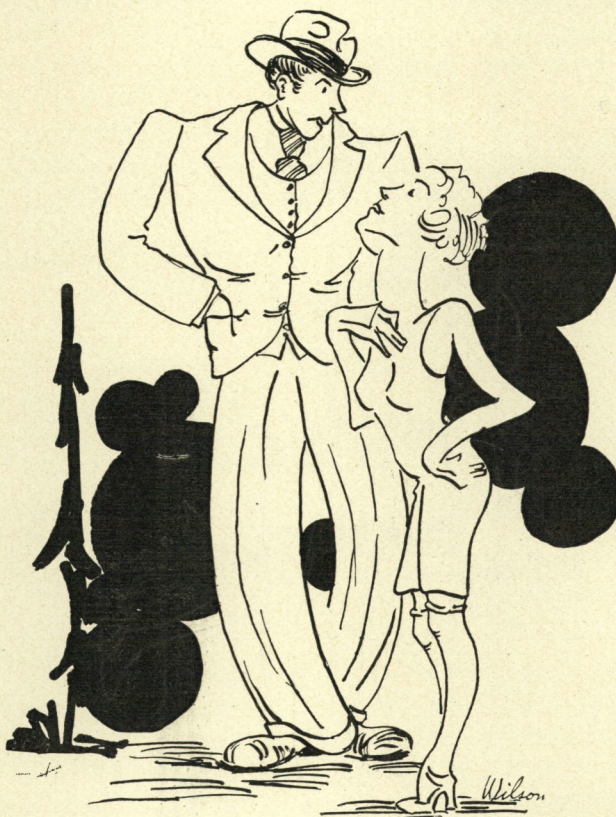
Farmer Corntassel had just retired and moved to town. In the morning, after spending the first night in the new home his wife said, "Well Paw, hain't it about time you was getting up to build the fire?"

"No siree," replied the old gent, "I'll call the fire department. We might as well get used to these city conveniences right now."

Speaking of names, the Kappa Sigs report that they have a number of Bills, but no Jack.

"Just another day wasted away," sang the old maid as she climbed into bed.

That salad ought to go good with the women—it's so long in coming.



"John, I am going to take up amateur theatrical work. What do you think folks would say if I were to wear tights?"

"They probably would say that I married you for your money."

Dumb: "I have just heard that my sister has a baby and I'm worried."

Dora: "Yeah. But why the worry part?"

Dumb: "They didn't say what sex and I don't know whether I'm an uncle or aunt."

Dumb Rookess: "How long will it be before I am a co-ed?"

If at first you don't succeed, remember there's plenty more.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

This is a story about the last days of Pompeii. The only thing wrong about the title is that they didn't last. Yet, still, and but, we even today have Pompeiian cream and Pompeiian nights, and oh yes, there is Vesuvius. Vesuvius played a major role. It had an eruption one night, the rash perhaps, and that eruption spoiled the town.

Now about Pompeii, what was it about Pompeii? Oh yes, there was quite a smoke in the town that night. Rather a hot place. Ships were in the harbor, and reckless sailors were spending two or three dollars at a crack.

What was this story about? Oh yes, a hot place—and sailors. What were the sailors doing—having a hot time as they would. Climbing—Oh yes, climbing Mt. Vesuvius. When Mt. Vesuvius erupted, the sailors got burnt, and a burnt child dreads fire. These same sailors never went back.

That is the story of the last days of Pompeii.

Traveler (in Arizona): "Conductor, why is this train so late?"

Conductor: "Well, you see sir, at night it gets so cold that the fireman can't keep up steam in the engine, and in the day time it gets so hot that the rails expand and push the towns farther apart."

Visitor (at insane asylum to trusty): "I say old man, is that clock right?"

Trusty: "Well, it couldn't be right or it wouldn't be here."

"Spud sure is religious now." "What's happened?"

"His flivver stalled in front of a church and when he got out to crank the darn thing it kicked the devil out of him."

A WESTERN UNION

A Pair of Alumni Hot Wire Artists Arrange a Date for Homecoming

<p>Los Angeles 20 September</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington NEED A DATE FOR HOMECOMING STOP WILL YOU HELP ME OUT</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>	<p>Los Angeles 10 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington JUST MET CUTE GIRL STOP DATE WITH PEACHES OFF</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>
<p>Walla Walla 21 September</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California YES STOP ARRIVE PORTLAND NOON OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHT STOP MEET YOU AT IMPERIAL</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>	<p>Walla Walla 11 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California CUTE MAN GOT ROUGH STOP PLEASE ADVISE</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>
<p>Los Angeles 22 September</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington THANKS</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>	<p>Los Angeles 14 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington ACT LIKE A LADY</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>
<p>Walla Walla 23 September</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California MET CUTE MAN STOP CAN'T ATTEND HOMECOMING STOP SHALL I GET YOU A DATE</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>	<p>Walla Walla 18 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California TOO LATE</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>
<p>Los Angeles 30 September</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington YES</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>	<p>Los Angeles 19 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington THEN BE YOURSELF STOP LIKE CUTE GIRL VERY MUCH</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>
<p>Walla Walla 4 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California WHO WITH</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>	<p>Walla Walla 20 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California CUTE MAN ARRESTED AS BOOTLEGGERS STOP WILL MEET YOU AT IMPERIAL</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>
<p>Los Angeles 6 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington PEACHES BROWNING</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>	<p>Los Angeles 23 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington CUTE GIRL ELOPED WITH A MAN STOP WILL MEET YOU AT IMPERIAL</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>
<p>Walla Walla 7 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California DON'T KNOW HER STOP MUST HAVE BEEN A THETA</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>	<p>Walla Walla 24 October</p> <p>Jack Johnson Los Angeles California AND THEN WHAT</p> <p>Gertie Jones</p>
	<p>Los Angeles 25 October</p> <p>Miss Gertie Jones Walla Walla Washington STOP</p> <p>Jack Johnson</p>

SPORTS CHATTER AD LIB

Dick Glasscock

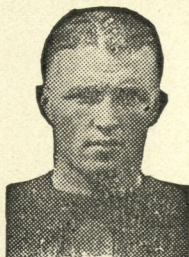
FOOTBALL

Picking a winner, everyone does it or makes an attempt. At present, writers, dopsters, coaches, fans and what-nots are centering their efforts on football. Who will win this game, this conference and why.

Sometimes the would-be prophets pick 'em, but most times not. What a lot of money could be saved and humiliation avoided if these wise men refrained. Let the teams fight it out. The only scores that count are the ones made on the field.

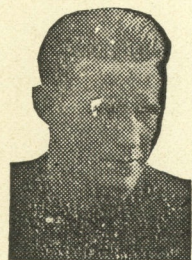
Take for example "Pop" Warner's Redshirts. They look good, to be sure, especially after their showing against Schissler's Orangemen. Stanford is a hand-picked conference winner already. What a tragedy it would be if Oregon or California should knock them off, and who knows but they might. A conference is neither won nor lost until the final whistle of the last game is blown.

So when the next half-starved column writer lets his hunger get the best of him and writes "We pick 'Calford' to win," let it go at that. Go to the game and see who wins.



Orile Robbins--end

Probably few persons realize that football is a game of great antiquity. It is sport of no mean history, having evolved over a span of more than 2000 years.



John Logan--end

The ancient Greeks played a form of football which they called harpaston. The Romans played a similiar game. Julius Pollux, a Roman writer of the second century, described the game as follows: "The players divide themselves into two bands. The ball is placed upon a line between them. At the ends of the field, behind the line upon which the players are stationed, are two other lines beyond which these two bands strive to carry the ball." This ancient description brings out the fundamental basis of the game.

Varieties of the game have been found in other parts of the world. Even the Eskimo played, using a ball made of leather filled with moss.

The style of game played by American colleges is an outgrowth of English rugby. American football, however, has developed so far from the British game that an Englishman would probably be unable to recognize the American game as an outgrowth of his own sport.

The first intercollegiate contest of American football was between Princeton and Rutgers, November

6, 1869. By 1913 the game was being played by 400 colleges and 5,000 schools.

The 1927 season has opened with brilliant prospects and hopes in a great many camps. Thousands of students and thousands of red-blooded American citizens will don holiday attire, purchase a ticket, and go to the game only to yell themselves hoarse in support of their favorite team.

Across the bay from San Francisco is a diminutive seat of learning known as St. Mary's college. It is endowed by Irish Catholics. Turn back to 1920. A bashful institution taking what it could get athletically. A baseball player was coach of the football team. A handful of candidates.

Somehow there was a game that year with the mighty Golden Bears, one of their "wonder" teams. It was just one of those things. Score 127 to 0. St. Mary's blushed with humiliation. Where was that Irish dander?

About this time a young man named "Slip" Madigan was looking around for more worlds to conquer. He was an all-American center from Notre Dame and weighed 145 pounds. Went on to Columbia university in Portland and was splashing modestly in his little puddle.

Then, "Slip" Madigan discovered St. Mary's and St. Mary's discovered "Slip" Madigan about one and the same time. They decided to cast lots together for better or for worse. Not much salary. Not much glory. Just expectation, for "Slip" Madigan, and St. Mary's college.

That year California again defeated St. Mary's. The score was 46 to 0. Not so terrible. The following year it was 27 to 0, then 17 to 7, then 6 to 0, and last year the worm turned completely. It was 26 to 6 in favor of the Irish. "Slip" had come steadily forward. His teams were better and better.

"Slip" Madigan was accomplishing things. He managed to work his way into the Stanford schedule. Got licked 9 to 0. Close score. Took three place kicks to beat him. U. S. C. lost a game to Stanford, It was the year of the big athletic break. Ever on the alert, Madigan begged for the emergency date. "We'll play you," he implored.

Southern California was primed for its biggest year. The Irish flogged Troy. The score was 14 to 10. Again Madigan was steadily doing things but getting no recognition. Did anybody praise him? Absolutely not.

This season St. Mary's defeated Stanford. The score was 16 to 0. Think of it. We have another Center right out here on the coast, from the looks of things.



TENNIS

Once more the sporting world is calling for new blood, this time for a new crop of tennis players.

Since the "Mighty Bills," Tilden and Johnston, succumbed their laurels to Henri Cochet and Rene La Coste the two indomitable Frenchmen, tennis fans have been crying, "Give us new stars, the old men are slipping."

It does seem as though the United States needs a new crop of players, and they must be better than the "Bills" ever were. Some persons who have seen the American pair on the courts would never admit that they were slipping. The only way the defeat was accounted for in the minds of these people was "bad luck."

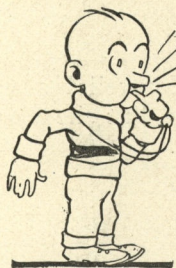
The writer has had the good fortune of having witnessed several exhibition matches in which Tilden and Johnston participated. The last one being less than a month ago. On this occasion, when eavesdropping on "Big Bill" heard him say in his broad eastern brogue.

"I cannot understand the American public. They say I am slipping. I never played a better game in my life than I did in the Davis cup matches this year."

"I am not slipping. The Frenchmen have passed me that is all."

Tilden gives us an interesting slant in the tennis situation. Undoubtedly Tilden plays the greatest game ever played by an American, then what the country needs to regain the Davis cup is a new game. A game better than the French game. Perhaps Tilden himself will furnish this new game.

BOXING



Every once in a while someone adds a new word to our already full English language. The latest addition is a synonym to "fourteen seconds" and is specially adapted to fistic circles.

Last month before Jack Dempsey had finished his shower after the Tunney encounter Leo "Percentage" Flynn was shrieking "long-count," the new word, and from that hour on it has been a by-word among fighters and their managers, particularly managers, for the fighters either cannot or are not capable of devoting much time to counting off seconds.

Everybody now knows the story of how Dempsey knocked Tunney down and stood over him awaiting the chance to finish him should he arise. Dempsey was escorted away by the referee, who then proceeded to count the champion out, this giving him the benefit of the time it took to usher Jack into a neutral corner.

"Long-count" has ceased to exist.

Last week the all-day session of the boxing representatives from 24 states and five foreign countries brought out one thing of importance—the new rule regulating the count over a fallen boxer.

According to the new rule, approved by the association, the timekeeper shall arise when a boxer is floored and immediately begin to toll off the seconds. The referee is ordered to conduct the boxer scoring the knockdown to the farthest neutral corner, then return to the fallen boxer and pick up the count with the timekeeper.

In the Tunney and Dempsey battle the timekeeper started counting when Tunney hit the floor while the referee was shoing Jack to a neutral corner. When Referee Barry returned to the fallen titleholder he took up the count at "one," although the timekeeper's toll had reached four.

BASEBALL



The "grand old man" of baseball is now through for good. Walter Johnson, pitcher, just finished his 20th and last season of major league ball.

Big Train is one of the veteran trio, including Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb. Friends of the mighty hurler attribute his resignation to the desire to quit with the feeling that he still had a few good pitches left in his arm. There is no doubt that it would not have been long before Johnson would have been shipped to the minors, but he was too quick for them.

Nothing hurts a veteran of any game any more than to be put back with a bunch of youngsters, who will not give him all the respect he has been accustomed to among his equals. Walter Johnson is one of the few professional athletes to draw out while still on top of the heap.



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BEN, THE BUN BOY OF BAVARIA

IN the small, desolate village of Stupenhammer, amongst the sunny hills of Bavaria, lived Ben, with his only father and mother.

Ben's father was a prominent butcher in the town who distributed the Saturday Evening Post as a sideline. He was one of those rotund, paunchy settlers whose whole existence seemed centered around his waistline. Like all doting fathers, he had set his heart on Ben becoming a butcher like himself and spearheading the raw meat for a living. But Ben, contrary to the times and customs of the country said, "No father, you lay the meat, my work lies in bread and buns."

Consequently Ben was ordered from the house. Taking the only friend he had, his dog, he went next door to live. Isolated as he was he never gave up his burning ambition.

Those were hard days for Ben. It was a trying time, nothing came easy, everything was hard, but he made the best of it. His first job was picking up the stray buns off the bakery floor, for a cruel and fiendish master, Bendoune by name. Bendoune ruled with an iron hand but he got ahead in this way.

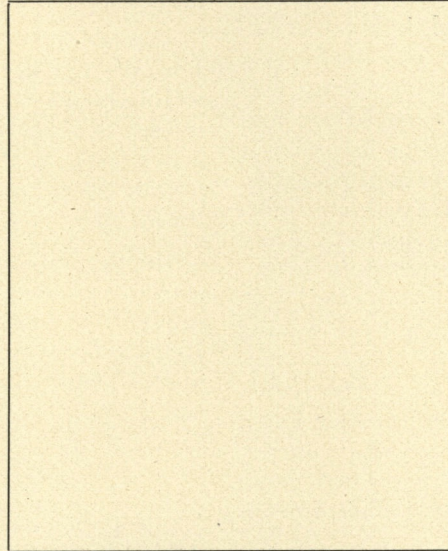
Ben arose at daybreak every morning and had nothing to eat except a stray bite of bun that he might snatch from under the wary eye of his master, sometimes even these were stale and moldy.

At night Ben was too tired to sleep. He would lie awake for hours, stretching his tired limbs, feeling as though he had been drawn thru a knothole. The constant aching in his back told him he was fast getting old before his time. His only soothing thought thru these black days was that sometime he would be the master and others would grovel on the floor for him.

Bendoune had one trait that was peculiar to him. He was an extremely religious man who spent his entire Sabbath in prayer repenting any sins of the week before.

This afforded Ben a holiday each week, which was more than most boys got at his age. Consequently Ben spent every Sunday with his

dog. Ben's chief delight on these days was to play the master and make the dog take the place he filled for six gruesome days of the week. He could do this because with keen boyish intuition and zeal he had abounded with several stale and



This was to have been a picture of little Ben, but being a modest chap he refused to pose for it.

moldy buns during an unwary moment of his master.

Sometimes he and the dog would spend Sunday playing their game in the nearby woods under the tall and graceful trees. Other times on the gently sloping banks of the winding river which was really a much better place to play. In fact it made no difference where they were the game was always the same.

There were times when Ben would be in a musing mood and then he would sit on the bank of the river and watch the heavy-laden boats go out to sea. This always had a melancholy effect on him, however, when he thought how much more money he would have made in the Navy than as the slave apprentice of Bendoune.

The years passed and Ben came into his own. He became influential and wealthy. His story became a myth on the mouths of all the old story tellers for miles around. It was the favorite bed-time story in

those little poverty-stricken thatches where such things are a hope and inspiration to the elders as well as the wee tots tucked away in their cradles.

Ben, his dog dead, and nothing to remain at home for, decided to come to America to spend his last days after the fashion represented in cheap American publications that seem to find their way to all the way-side ports of the world.

Soon he settled in Los Angeles along the beautiful Pershing Square. There he opened up a fancy bun shop, just as a pastime, handling all the juicy California fruits as a sideline. He died a contented old man.

Moral: "Live and learn," by Horatio Alger.

Editor's note—We realize this is a punk story.

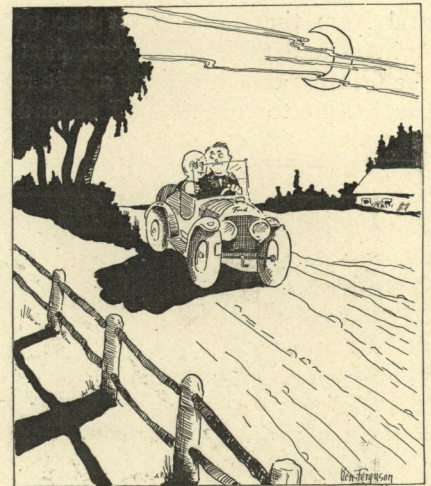


Professor: "Young man, name a great universal time-saver."

Student: "Love at first sight, sir."



She was only a Maxwell House Coffee man's daughter, but she was good to the last drop.



She: "Isn't that moon strong tonight?"
He: "Yes, but it isn't half so strong as the moon I had last night."

"That osteopath charged me \$50."
 "How do you feel?"
 "Oh, very much relieved."

—Whirlwind.



Force of Habit

The boy who used to wave a red flag in front of a bull is now running a red roadster in front of express trains. Quite modern.

—Bison.



Man (to the right): "Is that your pleasure bicycle?"
 Mr. Bogey (a leading economist): "No, this is my business cycle."

—Froth.



"We have a goat that can pull twenty people in a cart."
 "Isn't that an awfully strong goat?"
 "Oh, yes, but we're getting used to that."—Texas Ranger.



Reggie: "What is anti-climax?"
 Hank: "Getting caught in a raid and meeting the old man in the patrol wagon."

—America's Humor.



"Have you any arsenic?"
 "No, but we have some cute little bichloride of mercury pills."
 "Never mind, I'll try a window-weight first."

—Pup.

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He Had a Cold

"Come in out of the raid," said the police inspector to his son.
—Bison.



"How are you getting on with Jane?"
"Don't say 'with'."
—Pup.



Blink: "What did you get on your birthday?"
Blank: "A year older."
—Judge.



"Am I the kind of a girl you would have your name to?"
"Yes, but not my real name."
—Texas Ranger.



Old Guard: "Goin' fishin'?"
Young Guard: "Hell no! I'm mussel bound."
—Dirge.



She (demurely): "Do you consider my legs long?"
He: "Yes, whenever possible."
—Virginia Reel.



Some people won't like talking movies—too much competi-
tion on reading out loud the sub titles." —America's Humor.

1000: "Why did you call that boy 'sparrow'?"
1001: "Because he flutters from limb to limb."—Pup.



"Tuff luck," said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the
frying pan in the friar."
—A. K. K.



Kindly Old Gent: "Are you lost little boy?"
Tough Kid: "Hell no! I'm making a geographical survey."
—Bison.



"I want to buy a pencil."
"Hard or soft?"
"Hard. I've a stiff exam."
—Buccaneer.



May: "You haven't brains enough to cook a dinner."
Belle: "No, but I have brains enough to get one without
cooking it."
—California Pelican.



Marriage is a great institution—no family should be with-
out it.
—Wampus.



Her father is only a saloon keeper, but she doesn't bar
anything.
—Whirlwind.

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your letterhead and send it in. We'll know what it is for.

"Weren't you marines delighted when they sent you to France?"

"Yes, my dear. We were simply in transports."—Buccaneer.



She was a gold digger's daughter, but she was mining her own business. —Virginia Reel.



"I hear Ed is keeping his marriage a secret."
"His wife's not bragging about it either." —Wampus.



Customer: "Well, it looks like rain."
Milkman: "Maybe so, but it's milk." —Whirlwind.



Gather your kisses while you may,
Time brings only sorrow,
For the girls who are so free today
Are chaperones tomorrow. —Yellow Jacket.



Jesibel: "Sister says my mouth is the prettiest she has ever seen."
Hecibar: "I'll put mine up against it any time." —Buccaneer.

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Yes, we have no Panamas, but the Erie canal will do. —Bison.



"Will you be my mate?" said the captain.
"Yes," she whispered softly, "If you'll be my boatswain." —Virginia Reel.



"What's the matter with your hand?"
"Somebody stepped on it last night while I was doing the Black Bottom." —Virginia Reel.



Old Lady (scandalized): "What is that man doing in the gutter?"
Little Boy: "He's sittin' down." —Virginia Reel.



"Hey you, why is the water below the falls green?"
"I'll bite."
"It just came over." —Bison.



"I'll call my car Dufold."
"Why?"
"Because it's a Parker." —Bison.

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Prime Minister: "Sire, the prince awaits without."

King: "Without what?"

P. M.: "Without the gate."

King: "I thought my daughter gave it to him. Tell him to beat it back after it." —Bison.

Policeman: "And it's a strip poker party ye've been having this evening, is it?"

Hostess: "Don't be silly, we haven't even started to play yet." —America's Humor.

Clerk: "Did you say that you want a marriage license?"

Negro: "Nawsuh, jes gimme one of dem license applied for signs. I'se being pursued and can't wait." —Whirlwind.

Jr.: Pop, what is an ancestor?"

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

Jr.: "Well, why do people brag about them?" —Yellow Jacket.

"And so you won the bathing beauty contest?"

"Yes, but it certainly was a tight squeeze—I barely won." —Texas Ranger.

"I feel so doggy," said the lady with the mange.—Pup.

It: "Whatever I say goes."

She: "Then talk to yourself a while." —Dirge.

Bailey: "Why do you insist on calling my hair debutante?"

Musty: "Because it is always coming out." —America's Humor.

First Freshman: "Are you an atheist?"

Second Half-Wit: "No, I have no religion at all." —Yellow Jacket.

"My brother died of throat trouble."

"Laryngitis?" —Bison.
"No, he had a rope around his neck."

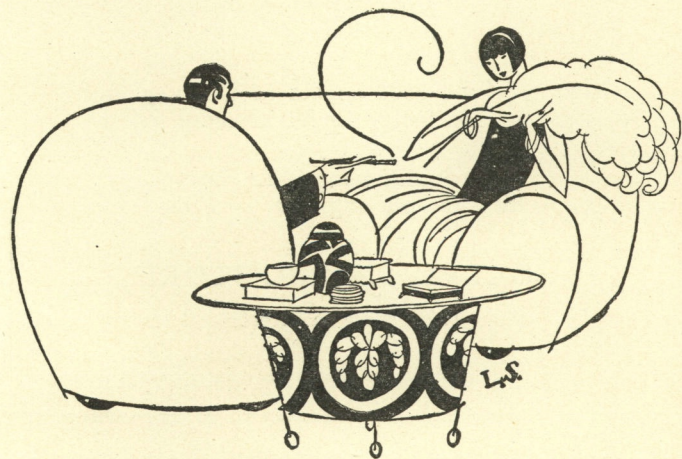
"What's become of all the whiskey tenors since prohibition?"

"Oh, they're all cigarette sopranos now?" —Buccaneer.

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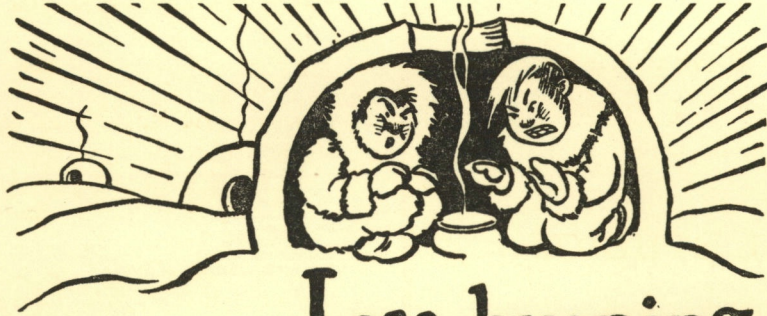
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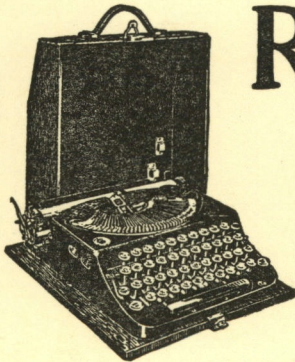
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