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## *TRUE TALE OF A THRIFTY OLD TIMER*

"For years I have worked and been thrifty,  
I have salted the dimes as they came;  
And now I am two score and fifty,  
You see me ahead of the game.  
I toiled with consistence and ardor,  
And went to the bank with the tin;  
So now I have pies in my larder,  
And bacon and spuds in the bin.  
While fellows who blew in their earnings,  
Who recklessly squandered their dough,  
Are busted and sick with their yearnings  
For comforts they never will know.  
If people would save in life's summer,  
Life's winter would find them serene;  
With bundles of coin that a plumber  
Might view and with envy turn green."

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Systematic saving opens the door  
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# THE ORANGE OWL

Vol. VI

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No. 6

5?

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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Reggie: "I suppose you college girls have a good many hard things to contend with."

Hazel: "Yes, we do."

Reggie: "What is your hardest problem?"

Hazel: "How to say 'no' effectively."



You don't need to be a whale to be efishunt, but the men with the strongest line get the most fish. (Motto, eat more garlic.)



Calic: "What are those cadets going to do with those horses?"

Keydet: "Ride bareback."

Calic: "Won't they catch cold?"



Little Tommy at rubbish dump observing goat nibbling among tin cans): "Why don't goats give canned milk?"



She: "My, this egg is heavy. And it's so hard I can't crack it!"

He: "What else could you expect. It's a Plymouth Rock egg."



"This is a hard problem," said the cave man as he chisled out the figures of a math example on the rocks.



Rook's Conjugation of the Verb (trans) "Love"

Singular, first person: I love her.

Singular, second person: She loves me.

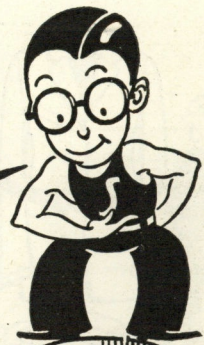
Plural: We love each other.



Slip: "Why are Ford owners popular with the women?"

Shod: "They always have the jack."

# Slick



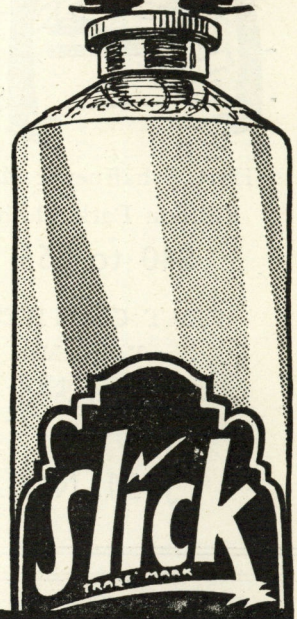
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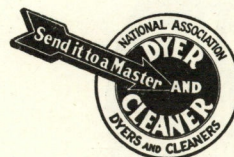
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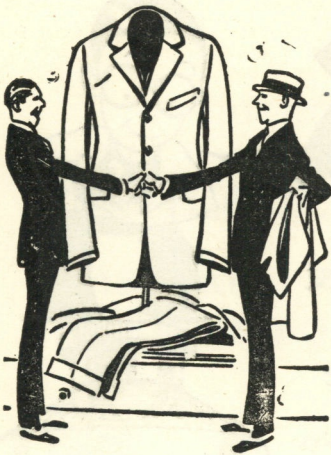
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Here!*

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Oh, Time in Thy Flight!

"George," said the young co-ed in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait; you must give me time."

"How much?" asked the love-sick youth. "A week, a month, or a even a year?"

"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the co-ed, "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud."

—The Cougar's Paw.



A lass came tripping down the street,  
She looked, I'll say, oh, very neat,  
But evidently not discreet;  
The street was steep, her pace too fleet;  
She tripped, I say—Oh, what a treat!

—Cornell Widow.



She: "Who was the girl with the extremely short dress at the ball?"

Her: "Be more definite, my dear."

—The Cougar's Paw.



Just a Matter of Time

Jill (at the dance): "Oh, Helen looks stunning tonight. Don't you love her in that dress?"

Jack: "Not now; but I will if I sit the next one out with her."

—Sun Dial.



"What's a word with eight letters meaning flapper?"

"Bungalow—painted in front, shingled in back and no attic."

—The Cougar's Paw.



Friend: "Why do writers always say, 'A blush crept across the girl's face'?"

Author: "Well, if it ran, it sure would kick up an awful dust."

—Bison.



Sheik: "My girl calls me her bright light."

Not-so-Good: "How come?"

Sheik: "Her mother comes in and turns me down and her father comes in and turns me out."

—Bison.



A runner in a silk stocking will attract more attention than any track meet.

—Cannon Bawl.



A flappish young lady named Pruett,  
 Wore a dress very short and she knuett;  
 When the sun got behind 'er  
 You needed a blinder,  
 For, golly, the light shone right thruett.  
 —Sun Dial.



Many of the co-eds are wondering how they can  
 find time to read the books they ought to read when  
 they can't find time to read those they ought not to.  
 —The Cracker.



Rude: "Teacher's pet!"  
 Rudolph: "No! Do they?"  
 —Colorado Dodo.



"Girls have the right to dress as they please,"  
 A maiden remarked with vigor.  
 "But some of them lack the nerve," I said,  
 "And some of them lack the figure."  
 —Brown Jug.

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Old Lady: "What do you college students do in the long winter evenings?"

Students: "Study and have dates."

O. L.: "How about the spring evenings?"

Stude: "Oh, then it's too hot to study."

—Yellow Crab.

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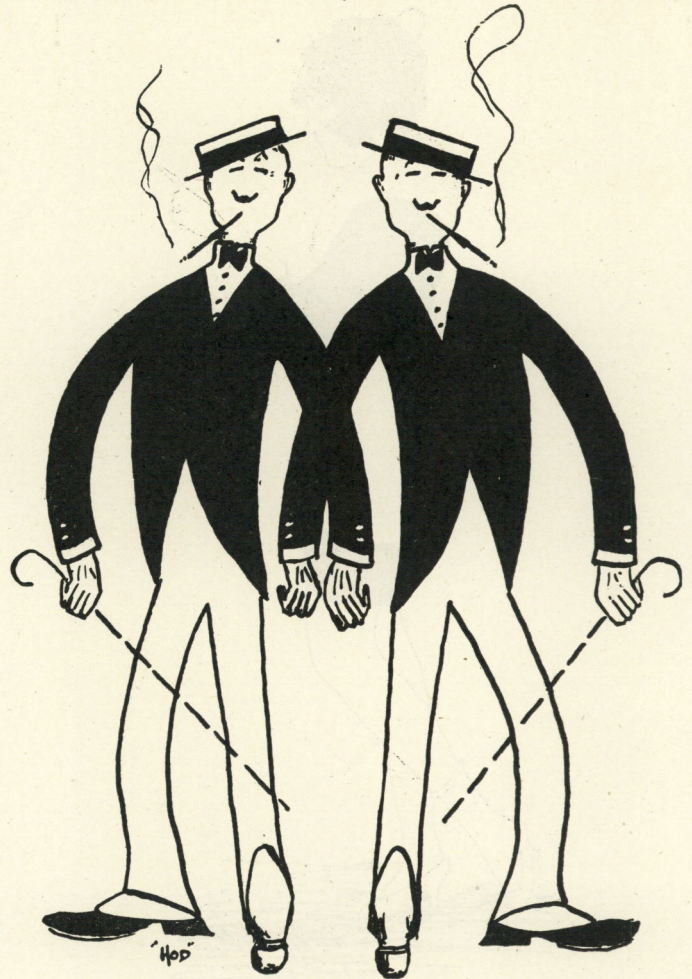
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"I sang 'What'll I Do' to Margy last night."

"Well?"

"Oh, she started in on 'Kiss Me Again'."

—Stanford Chaparral.



One thing that we can be thankful for is that they don't allow "cutting in" at a necking party.

—The Lyre.



In the good old days young couples used to take the buggy and go sparking. Now they take the flivver and go parking.

—Outlaw.



At Sixteen: How dare you, sir!

At Eighteen: I'm sure I don't know you.

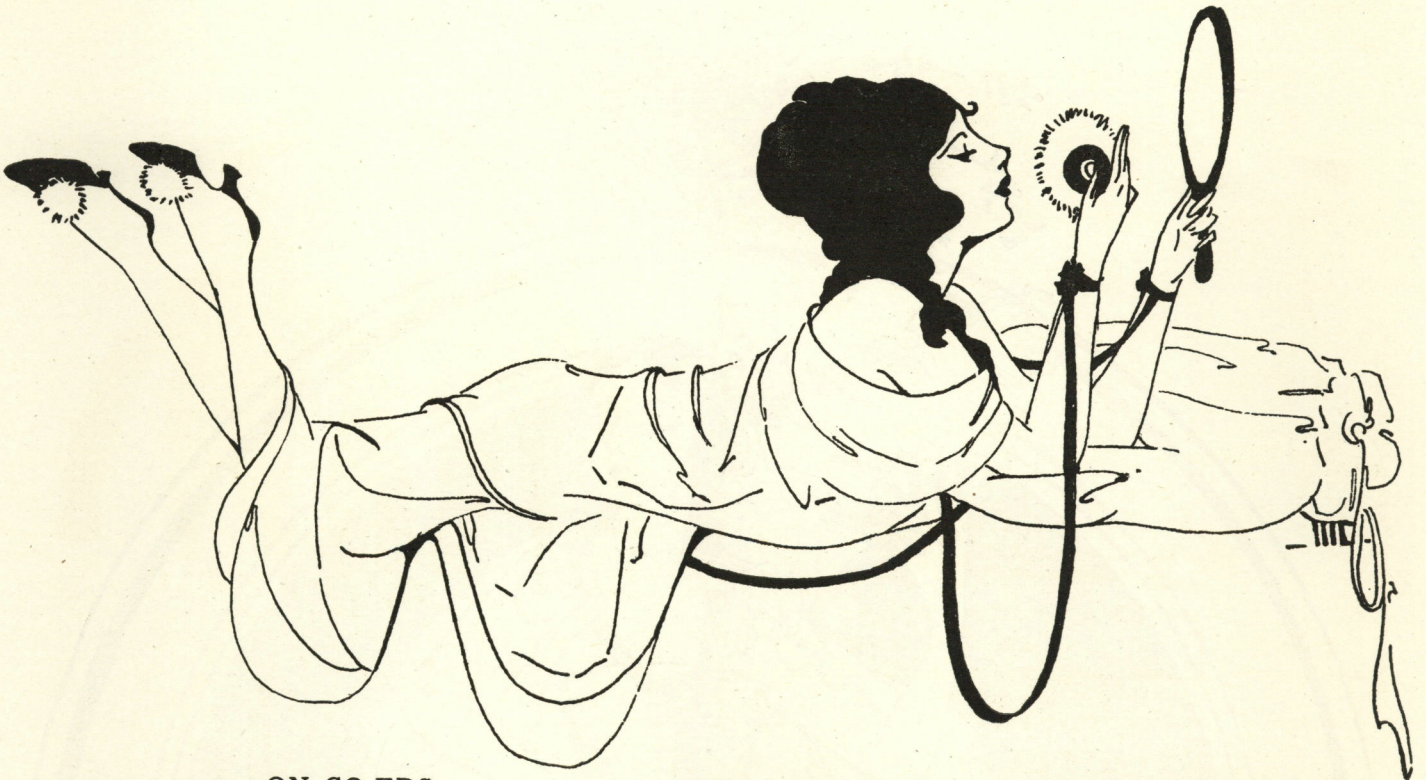
At Twenty: I don't think we've been introduced, but—

At Twenty-five: I'm sure we have some friends in common, so it really doesn't matter.

At Thirty: Conventions are so foolish, anyway.

At Forty: My dear man, can you lend me a match?

—U. S. Naval Academy Log



## ON CO-EDS

Many an educated man has dug his own grave by trying to define a co-ed.  
 Webster sure knew his onions. He decided his dictionary could get along without one.  
 Probably the reason was because he couldn't get along with one.  
 He believes the less you say about them, the better off you are.  
 Funk & Wagnall's took the long chance, however.  
 The reason they did it, was because they figured they were two to one.  
 But more than likely both were married, and the "wives" did the job for them.  
 Anyway, they say a co-ed is "A young woman being educated in the same institution with a young man."  
 They probably never looked up the definition of the word "educated."  
 Or, if they did, they must have a new formula to get by the pearly gate.  
 Still, I guess they are only kidding the fairer sex.  
 Many an old hen goes to college just to be called a co-ed.  
 And then they say they hate men.  
 Why, if it wasn't for the men, they would just be students.  
 And, any poor dumb knows a student is far from a co-ed.  
 "Co" means with, and "ed" is short for education.  
 But when you put them together, we have "co-ed," which means short of education.

Some women are separated from education by more than a hyphen.  
 Those are the kind that don't have a line.  
 Co-eds belong to the colleges.  
 To ask them, though, you would imagine the colleges belonged to the co-eds.  
 One rookess wanted to know how long she had to attend college before she became a co-ed.  
 Nobody could tell her, so she became disappointed and had to quit school.  
 She figured it was cheaper to change her name by getting married.  
 She probably gets called lots of things worse than "co-ed" now.  
 Co-eds are like pickles.  
 There are about 57 varieties.  
 Some sweet, some sour, some big, and some little.  
 This doesn't mean you have to get pickled before you are a co-ed, though.  
 But still, every woman should be the girl man thinks she is.  
 One fellow thought that before a girl could be a co-ed she had to be red headed.  
 He must have figured that out by deductive reasoning.  
 Yes, deductions from his pocket-book. More than likely though, it was from experience.  
 Co-eds, it can be seen, are mad-made.  
 It's just as easy to see that they are man-mad.  
 After all, though, what would we do without our co-eds?  
 But, as one wise guy said, "That all depends on what you do with them."







THE LOAFER

I haven't got a desk as yet,  
I may not ever have me one,  
I haven't studied very much,  
But, gee! I'm havin' lots of fun!

I've got a notebook that I carry  
'Round the school from joint to joint,  
I've got a pencil, but I haven't  
Even whittled off a point.

I grab a chair that's 'way in the back,  
And sleep the hours over,  
I show the girls every night  
How to be a lover.



Atta: "Are you going to take any courses in speech?"

Boy: "No, they're too public."



Women are illogical, many men are unjust, and all saints are just nonsense.



Baseball Psychology

To rattle the batter the pitcher should post a high-way sign reading, "Dangerous Curve Ahead."

Parcels: "I hear that Eva, the gold digger, was arrested."

Post: "Yes, she's charged with defrauding the males."



Harriet: "Wendell was a very prominent figure in the building of this highway."

Georgette: "Yes? What did he do?"

Harriet: "He broke the rocks."



Power to start, no power to stop—a woman in regard to talking.



"I've got my eye on you," said the one-eyed man as he walked out of the shop without paying for his glass eye.



The registrar sent me a card,  
He says I'll have to leave, muy pronto,  
I guess I'll rob a bank and flee  
To Mexico, or else Toronto.



That account about the high school Live Wires is shocking.



Recent Tendencies in Spring Footwear



Clarence: "Why did you quit taking zoology?"

Florence: "Oh, there were too many cut-ups in the class."



**A Ford**

Four wheels and no brakes,  
My, how she shakes.



Bow: "What makes Jack rub his neck all the time?"

Leg: "He's trying to reduce it so he can wear his roomie's shirts."



Sheik A: "Helen is a brick."

Sheik B: "She must have red hair."

Sheik A: "No, she lacks polish."



"He said he was going to kiss me.'"

"And he proceeded?"

"No, he succeeded."



Everything to me is clear, but just one small, small thing—

Why is it men have night classes—only in the spring?



Bam: "I know enough to fill a book."

Bino: "Yes, a blank book."

## TRUE TO LIFE

The girl you love, doesn't love you, belongs to someone else, or is on probation.

That keen-looking tie and shirt on your "roomie" is usually your own.

The canoeing party with "the one" is always spoiled by the following: 1, rain; 2, upsetting; 3, rain, again; 4, arguments; 5, more rain.

A "pipe course" is sometimes very hard to smoke.

A prof can make himself your best friend or your worst enemy.

Most of these campus slickers dare not to go out in the rain. Taxicabs cost dough.

A guy that "bats high" usually has to "hit the ball."

A blind date is usually made with both eyes open.

You can't get around the women with both arms dangling at your sides.

A rook don't have to be very dumb to know that he's pretty smart.



He: "I can't live without you."

She: "Well, it's a cinch you can't live with me."



QUAINT AGRICULTURAL COSTUMES  
Clothes Suitable for Spring Planting



## OLD TIME FASHIONS

Just as the well dressed man of today dons his four plus knickers, light weight sweater, and all that proclaims the college man, and the co-ed comes forth arrayed like Solomon's wife in all her glory; so did the men and women of twenty-five or thirty years ago blossom forth in the spring in their conventional garb at that time.

Young lances in their derby hats, long coats, and



nifty trousers, and the fair co-eds in long trailing skirts, and concealing waists with necks that reached nearly to their chins, frequented the campus paths and trails in '96.

The trend of fashions at even an earlier date is shown by the picture taken of the planting of the trysting tree. A noticeable futuristic look is apparent on the faces of the men who made the tree what it was until the light was placed on top of the Administration building.

The R. O. T. C. uniform was considered an investment in good appearance many years ago. The cadets had to shell out twenty plunks for the suits, and as money was scarce at the institution of learning, the uniform was worn at all times, even to parties, affirms F. E. Rowland, professor of chemical engineering, who was a student then.

Cadets pruning the trysting tree some years after the planting show the cadet blue that was worn on the campus. So dominant was the color of the uniforms that all the old Confederate soldiers still remembering Civil War days, left Corvallis.

The blue of the uniforms was later changed to olive drab by an ordinance. As the students were obliged to fork over hard cash for the new uniforms, a rebellion re-

sulted when sixty cadets, ranging in rank from private to major, refused to adopt the orders of the commandante. They were promptly demoted.

In the good old days when the Barometer sold for 75 cents a year, girls kept their dresses down to their shoe tops, and wore honest-to-gosh rubbers instead of galoshes. Milady did not venture forth clad in a yellow slicker with grotesque pictures of snakes and dragons painted on her back.

If she was lucky enough to be asked to a dance—for dances were few and far between then—her dresses trailed the dance floor.

Her hats were large enough for a landing field for any fleet of sparrows. No coughing flivver did she ride down the streets of Corvallis at danger to all unwary pedestrians. Instead she rode with her enraptured swain behind the slow but safe treads of good "Old Dobbin."

The boys in those days (good old days) might be considered crude by the modern 1925 model of college men. Even if the boys did shoot an occasional deer from the windows of Cauthorn hall, they knew their eggs. Their methods, though rough, were effective.

About 1907 the senior pantaloons appeared on the campus, causing all red-blooded bulls to strain in their halter when into the field of their eyesight strayed the many hued marvel of the tailor.

Checkered, home spun, with lines and angles that would delight any cubist painter, they immediately





proclaimed the mighty senior, who had copied the latest fashions from Paris for the Prince of Wales was not in fashion then.

The sophomore boys of class '10 showed their originality by blazing forth in white sweaters with orange trimmings and hats to match. So unique were they, that the editor of the Orange put their picture in his publication for future posterity to view.

Freshmen who brave the steady Oregon rains during the winter months in abbreviated caps can thank the energetic and thoughtful lads of 1903 who blazed forth in caps decorated in class colors. The sophomores not to be outdone bought green caps shaped something like an ordinary cap, only that they were green. The caps of '04 were blue, and of '05 were red.

Professor Beatty, one-time campus rascal and leader, relates an experience about a Beau Brummel of days gone by. It seems that 'way across the briny deep in Paris that the Prince of Wales burst forth in a derby hat and long swallow-tailed coat.

One of the cadets who gave a lot of attention to matters of dress and subscribed to Vanity Fair, decided to be the first man on the campus to wear such a combination, and establish his position as the Beau Brummel and secret sorrow of the campus.

Some how or other the secret leaked out, and one night Professor Beatty and "that old gang of his," all arrayed in derby hats and long coats, walked in on the would-be sheik much to his discomfiture and rage.

The girls were not so slow, either. That bobbed hair is a latter day innovation is the opinion of most college people, but during October, 1909, an organization was organized on the campus, called the Bang club.

Miss Lula Eddy of Waldo hall was the head clipper, and was assisted by the Misses Ruth Hess and Blanche Jefferies. However, they did not venture into the realms of the boyish bob. They allowed the lesser halves to read their Police Gazettes in the sanctum of their favorite barber shop without feminine distraction.



Who, Oh Who!

My boyhood days are over;  
 My high school days are through.  
 My college days are passing fast,  
 And I have only left to woo  
 Some Sally whose girlhood days are past;  
 My boyhood days are over.



The question is, who can put the most into the punch—the professor in home economics, or the gym instructor in boxing?



She to he: "We have a very notable family tree."

He to she: "Aren't you rather careless in showing the limbs?"



Commencement Days

- Birth .....
- School .....
- Registration .....
- Graduation .....
- Wedding .....
- Funeral .....



Clarissa treats me rough,  
 Clarissa treats me mean,  
 Clarissa is my newest queen,  
 I like her.

Clarissa drives my car,  
 Clarissa breaks my heart,  
 When she and I are far apart,  
 I like her.



Red: "I flunked school, wrote home to dad, and asked him for something to go home on."

Ted: "What did he send?"

Red: "A pair of shoes."



# THE NEW DEAN OF WOMEN

(Note: Have you ever heard of a dean of women who craved jazz, liked dancing, and thought necking nice? Here's the story of one who did.)

Marjorie Milton was home from college—for good. She had rated straight "A" at college in dancing, fussing, necking, and jazz. She had collected enough fraternity hardware to outfit any interfraternity council, but the college faculty failing to recognize her salient qualities, had given her a nice long vacation of indefinite length. Standards were high at Prosser, and the girls of the beautiful but dumb variety were not tolerated.

"Just think, Marge," said a much bewildered father confronting the prodigal daughter, "your aunt goes to the state college tomorrow to be dean of women and you—her niece—have been expelled from school," etc. "Pater" indulges in mild profanity and tells the poor girl how much money he has wasted on her education. Old stuff for college students.

The next morning a rather hesitant figure mounted the steps of a stone building, the home of Miss Estella Milton, Marjorie's maiden aunt, to ring the door bell, just as old Doctor Minton emerged from the door.

"Why, hello, Margy; my, but the little girl has grown up. Home for a vacation? Say, you'd better scoot in, your aunt fell down the stairs this morning and wrenched her knee. See you again."

Ten seconds later Marjorie sat on the bed before her owlsh aunt, now propped up on a pillow giving a lecture on "Why Girls Leave College" that ended with—"before you go, take this note down to the Western Union and send it off to the college. They will expect me there tonight."

An idle brain is the devil's work shop, says an old proverb. Two little devils had entered the mind of a certain little girl now staring at a note stating that Miss Estella Milton had wrenched her knee and would not be able to assume her post at the college for a week or so.

First devil: You look an awful like your aunt. If you worn horn-rimmed glasses, and had gray hair, one could not tell the difference.

Second devil: The college kiddies at the state "instoot" think that they know their groceries. A live wire from the east could give them a real shock. They are only a bunch of hicks at the state college.

Wheels and cogs moved in the mind of the ex-flapper co-ed, and so—three hours later a much bewildered father put his eccentric progeny, Marjorie, on the west bound limited.

"It's funny," he mused as he scratched his head, "that she wants to visit her grandmother, and she has been home only 24 hours. Too damn bad she isn't a

boy so she would work off a little of that energy on football."

Towards evening the train came to a stop before the prim little station of Chapel Town, seat of the state college. Only a few loitering stags observed the little woman with the gray hair and horn-rimmed glasses step off the platform and enter a waiting taxi. "The old girl has a snappy stride," remarked one of the "studes."

"Women students will be allowed to stay out until 1:00 o'clock until further notice," in black type stared at readers of the College Daily two days later, and reminded the students that they had a new dean. Down town theatre owners, college sheiks, and fussers passed into the much talked of seventh heaven. Midnight oil was burned in quantity lots that night, but not in the proverbial lamp.

"Chaperone cards will not be required of the group houses for further social functions. The dean of women has utmost faith in the honor system," floored ten of the leading cookie pushers of the campus as they passed out reading the morning paper. They were unable to read "the dean will be guest at a student body dance to celebrate the coming of final examinations," but 3000 other students did.

"Broad minded—I don't mean probably!" said a non-plussed student expressing the opinion of the college. What the faculty thought not a soul to this day can rightly say.

The little gymnasium was packed to the corners with the 1500 who managed to get in the room to see a lithe figure topped with gray hair and horn-rimmed glasses that yielded to every whine of the jazz orchestra.

Scores of adolescent males beseiged the little woman for dances. Even an old rejuvenated physics professors asked for a dance before the very eyes of his glowering better half.

Intermission came and the multitude was amazed to see the dean smoking a cigarette. A feeling unreal and fantastic prevaded the crowd. What it was no one could tell—but their eyes did not lie.

The dean was finishing her third cigarette when from the east door entered the buxom form of none other than Miss Estella Milton on crutches.

"Margy, what on earth—you smoking—you—"

"Why auntie! I am the new dean of women!"



Rook: "Is the relay team going back for the Drake relay?"

Soph: "No; they're going to the Smelt Run."



# THE ORANGE OWL



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### ROYAL HOOT

"Art Work" Lawrence

WITH a flutter of wings the "Twilight" mascot of Oregon State college wheels about in his last flight over the campus for this volume of the Orange Owl, and heads back to his summer roost to prepare for the fall rush that will welcome hundreds of new "mothers' prides" to the campus. It is with sorrow that the father of campus humor has not been permitted his customary perch on the brass studded casket and at the time of the full moon as he opens his tear-filled eyes to the moonlit heavens, his manly breast has fairly shaken with prayers to the powers that be to bring back his gilt bound perch—the cradle of his youth.

The great green-eyed bazook tells him that his prayers have been heard and are being considered in the crystal room of the sooth-sayers. What could better welcome the incoming members of the great Oregon State family than a glimpse of the pleasanter side of life? That is the "Old Bird's" secret ambition—to be the first to greet the new class of 1929 with a soul-touching smile and a lasting grip of welcome.



HE that sees all, knows all, and hears all would indeed be a wise person—yea! even second unto Johnny Wells—but for the fact he can't talk as can the patriarch "Old Bird" that has again left his roost for a short flight over the campus. As he soars about he shakes the dust of wisdom from behind his ears and mutters it himself, "H'm, little change in fashions have I seen in the long span of years that I have spent roaming about the campus. Indeed I can see no

change in September Morn's custom from the time of my youth until the present age, and I reckon it will remain the same for spans of time to come."

For sometime it has been the pleasure of the "Old Bird" to cast a paternal ear to the thoughts of his fair co-eds, the pride of his gruff old heart, and listen with attention to the outbursts of joyful songs and cries of anguish, that are voiced by his adopted children. The "Old Bird" 'owls with owlish delight when asked to give the fair co-eds viewpoint on fashions. Yes, indeed, he knows what they think about fashions as well as they do themselves, and that is why he blinks his amber eyes and twitches his lips as he 'owls so softly and so sweetly. He does say, however, that they don't roll their sox on don gozmere gowns to please mere mortal man, but in answer to a mystic and unseen call of nature on the return of the cycle of fashion. For as all good collegians know fashions travel in circles, though some circles are short while others cover more territory and are slower to attract attention.



THE OLD BIRD passes the laurel to one of the best-liked men on the campus—that wily old track coach and trainer, "Dad" Butler. Not only for his nationally-recognized ability as trainer and producer of O. A. C.'s best track teams, but because he is a true man and has won his way to the hearts of every student. May the day come when "Dad" will call every co-ed "daughter" with the same ease that he greets each man as "son."



# BOO HOOFA WOW

A DRAMA FROM THE GREEK

## Acts I and II

Chapter room and Sacred Somnambulistic Shrine of Boo Hoofa Wow, the foremost Greek fraternity on 99 44-100 per cent of all the campuses it has entered (viz., B. H. W. "Occasional," any issue). The Grand Whoofle surrounded by twelve tallow candles, a skull, a stuffed buzzard (marked "eagle"), and an Inscription in Yiddish, seated in the center. The Snaffle, seated on his right, holds a baseball bat embroidered with rosetts in the B. H. W. Scotch plaid. The Mufti, on his left, is asleep. All are in appropriate costume.

The Brethren, in bathrobes, snore discretely in the background.

Three Neophytes in pink pajamas tremble before the Whoofle.

### THE WHOOFLE

(Reading from the Great Tome): Benighted whelps, having survived the Ancient Bastinado, the Awful Sreach in the Great Beyond, and trichinosis, you are about to be initiated. Do you recognize that all this was done for a Great Purpose?

(Kicks the Mufti awake).

### MUFTI

Answer "Yes."

### NEOPHYTES

Yessir.

### THE WHOOFLE

You are about to hear the names of our 33 founders. Do you think you can stand it?

### MUFTI

Yes.

### NEOPHYTES

Yessir.

### SNAFFLE

J. Waldemar Jones.

### THE BRETHERN

Three rousing cheers.

### SNAFFLE

William Henry Smith.

Three rousing cheers.

(Etc.)

### THE WHOOFLE

You are about to swear the Magnificent Malevolent Oath. Do your senses swim?

### MUFTI

They pale, Your Impotence.

### THE WHOOFLE

Repeat after me: I solemnly swear that I always

will, never did, hope to be, and insofar as I may.

### NEOPHYTES

We do.

### THE BRETHERN

Three rousing cheers.

### THE WHOOFLE

You will now hear the seventeen sacred ideals of Boo Hoofa Wow which we all exemplify, from the Mufti, while the chapter takes a recess.

(The Whoofle, Snaffle, and brethren retire in general relief and firing of lucifers.)

### MUFTI

Honor thy Woofle and thy Snaffle.

Thou shalt not get caught.

Thou shalt not imbibe malt or spiritous liquors between the hours of 6 and 12 A. M., nor within a radius of 15 feet of any faculty member.

Check thy pin with the Whoofle when assuming the Periodical Pilgrimage.

Thou shalt pay thy board.

(Etc. The W., S., and B. assume their former places.)

### THE WHOOFLE

These are the attributes of every Boo Hoofa Wow. Do you now appreciate what you've got into?

### MUFTI

Yes.

### NEOPHYTES

Yessir.

### THE WHOOFLE

Do you realize that among the alumni of Boo Hoofa Wow there are one deacon, one college professor, two chauffeurs, 14 county clerks, and a second cousin to the president of the United States?

### NEOPHYTES

Yessir.

### THE BRETHERN

Three rousing cheers.

### THE WHOOFLE

No longer whelps, no longer benighted, you are all brothers of Boo Hoofa Wow. Snaffle, pass the pins.

### SNAFFLE

(Rising and oscillating among the Neophytes):

With thish pin I (sic) pronounsh you B'ooofa Wow!

### ALL

Just to make it a little more Western, Whoopee!

(Sing)

All, all, all for Boo Hoofa Wow—

CURTAIN







High: "I hear Speed's girl is a regular Esquimo."  
Ball: "Far be it; she's Laplander."



Rook: "What are shoe horns used for?"  
Senior: "For playing foot-notes."



She's an iron woman,  
She plays a steel guitar.  
She has gold fillings in her teeth,  
And owns a private car.

Her daddy owns a copper mine,  
And a couple of banks, you see;  
But despite all assets between them both  
She has to gold dig me.



Sam (on varsity team): "I'm off betting for life."  
Les: "What's the trouble?"  
Sam: "After graduating from high school, I made a bet with Wilkins that I would get more letters than he when I continued my education."  
Les: "Have you lost?"  
Sam: "Yes; Wilkins entered a correspondence school."



Pell: "I think Tim is crooked."  
Mell: "Well, he's on the square pretty often."  
Pell: "Is that right?"  
Mell: "Yes, he's a cross-word puzzle fan."

### STUNG

I was passing by, when suddenly my attention was drawn toward room 306. There were voices; evidently someone was arguing. Two different voices of opposite pitch were discussing difficulties.

"But you gotta admit," said the high pitched voice, "she's a good model."

"She is," admitted the second, "but I don't like her lines."

"But notice that left twist. Isn't it graceful? An original French curve."

"Yes," protested the second again, "but she stands crooked on one leg, besides I don't like her legs a bit."

"My own opinion is, she's well built."

"Excepting her back being rough, she is."

Gosh, thought I, a critic class in art; live models, too. Me for the registrar.

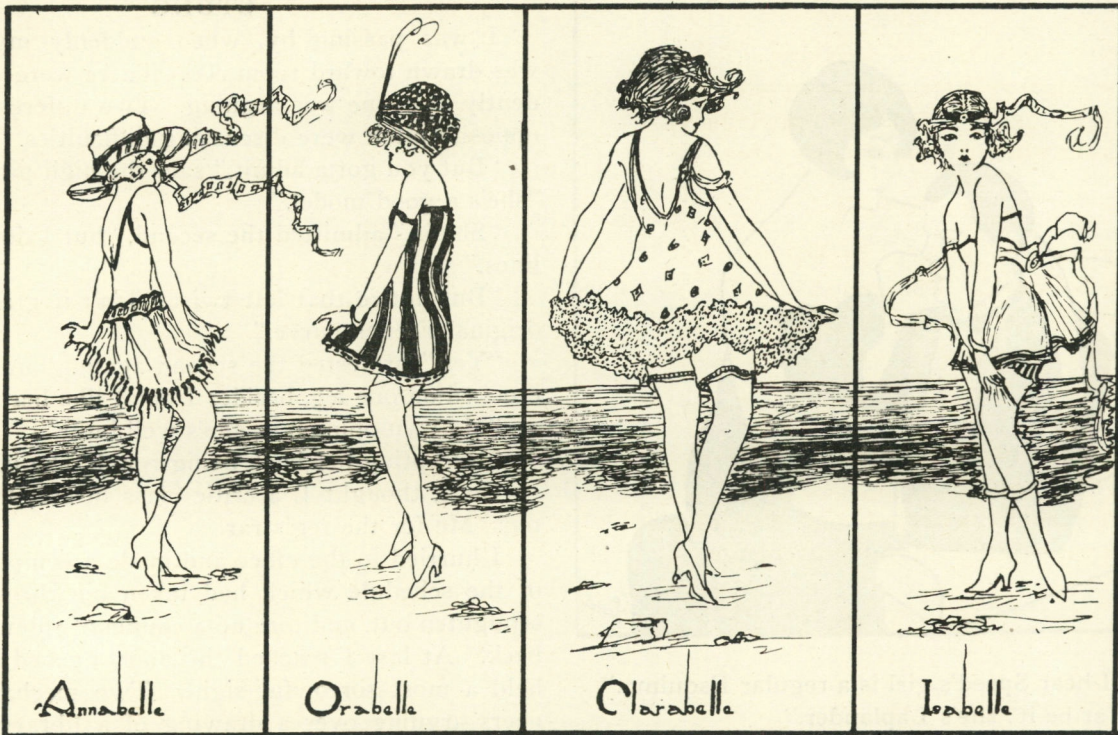
I hurried to the office and made a complete change of the schedule which had taken me three weeks to straighten out, and tore up a couple of sidewalks going back. At last I reached the door, opened it, and beheld a most sorrowful sight. Two mechanical engineers arguing over a drawing of a library table. A sickly grin passed over my countenance, and the world again muttered, "Another!"



Our candidate for the laziness prize is the guy who comes around in the eighth inning so he won't have to stand up in the seventh.



Ye Harassed Art Editor



THE LATEST FOR THE BEACH

## TO THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Aresen, Callahan, Kierzek, and Scott;  
 Who'll bid the highest and take the whole lot?  
 Peterson, Baldwin, McElfresh, and Tucker,  
 They make a poor engineer feel like a sucker.  
 Carleton, Ingalls, Berchtold, Henderlite;  
 The lessons they give make you stay up all night.  
 Then, too, please remember Dean Smith and Prof  
 Moore,  
 The marks they hand out make our averages poor.

The English professors are sheiks of the school,  
 But the grades that they give knock us each for a  
 goal.

Ma Callahan makes all her students work stead'ly,  
 For the females, they say, than the males are more  
 deadly.

The commerce punks, deep to the English profs bow,  
 But "us engineers don't need English, nowhow."  
 And as soon as the English profs all get the boot  
 The engineer rooks will go off on a toot;  
 They'll burn up, in effigy, all of the lot,  
 Including Arnesen, Baldwin, Kierzek, and Scott.



## At the Military Ball

Girl: "Why does the major wear that gold star on  
 his sleeve?"

Bright Rook: "Oh, that's to keep him from wiping  
 his nose all the time."

Her pulses RACED. Chills ran up and down her  
 spine. Her blood TNGLED. Furtively she PEERED  
 into the shadows as she paused in her flight.

The spout of guns showed red in the night as death  
 STRUCK with the ferocity of a tiger. Voices  
 DWINDLED into the darkness of the RAPACIOUS  
 underworld.

The LUST of the lurid crime startled the world.  
 It was an uncanny, blood-thrilling mystery. A smash-  
 ing story, throbbing with interest, mystery, LUST,  
 and CRIME—yet CLEAN and WHOLESOME stor-  
 ies that every child should read. Wherever periodicals  
 are sold: 15 cents.



Supply and demand play a large part in determin-  
 ing the styles of women's wearing apparel. If her  
 husband will supply the money most wives will wear  
 the latest as proclaimed by Paris dressmakers. If the  
 supply of wool, silk, and cotton is abundant the skirts  
 are generally short, but if the supply is short you can  
 be sure that the dresses will be long. Demand espe-  
 cially is important. The women demand some-  
 thing different once or more times per annum and the  
 dealer gets the price he wants because his patrons  
 must have their wants supplied.



If your intramural baseball team lacks the punch,  
 call Jimmy Jird, 596.



“FIGURE IT OUT”

Organic conception of sociology  
Causes shivers to run up my spine.  
Makes ontogeny recapitulate phylogeny,  
And rain when the sun doesn't shine.

Canto II

“Origin of the Species” by Darwin,  
With Boccasio's “Decameron” book,  
Would give any good college freshman  
A phantasmagoranian look.

Verse III

Maraupials, montromenes and anthropoideas  
How the oligocene periods effect us.  
Anthropologist, embryologist, physiologist,  
Name me a pithicanthropious-erectus.



Zam: “Some radio fans are installing sets in their  
canoes.”

Why: “That will cause them to be grounded.”



“Your socks remind me of the golf course.”

“Green?”

“No; a hole in one.”

Bill: “Have you seen any silk thermometers?”

Harry: “What are they like?”

Bill: “The way stockings are rolled up or down, is  
a good forecast as to whether the weather is to be cold  
or warm.”



'Twas down beside the old mill race,  
After spring exams, one day,  
And there quite near the lazy stream  
A college fellow lay.

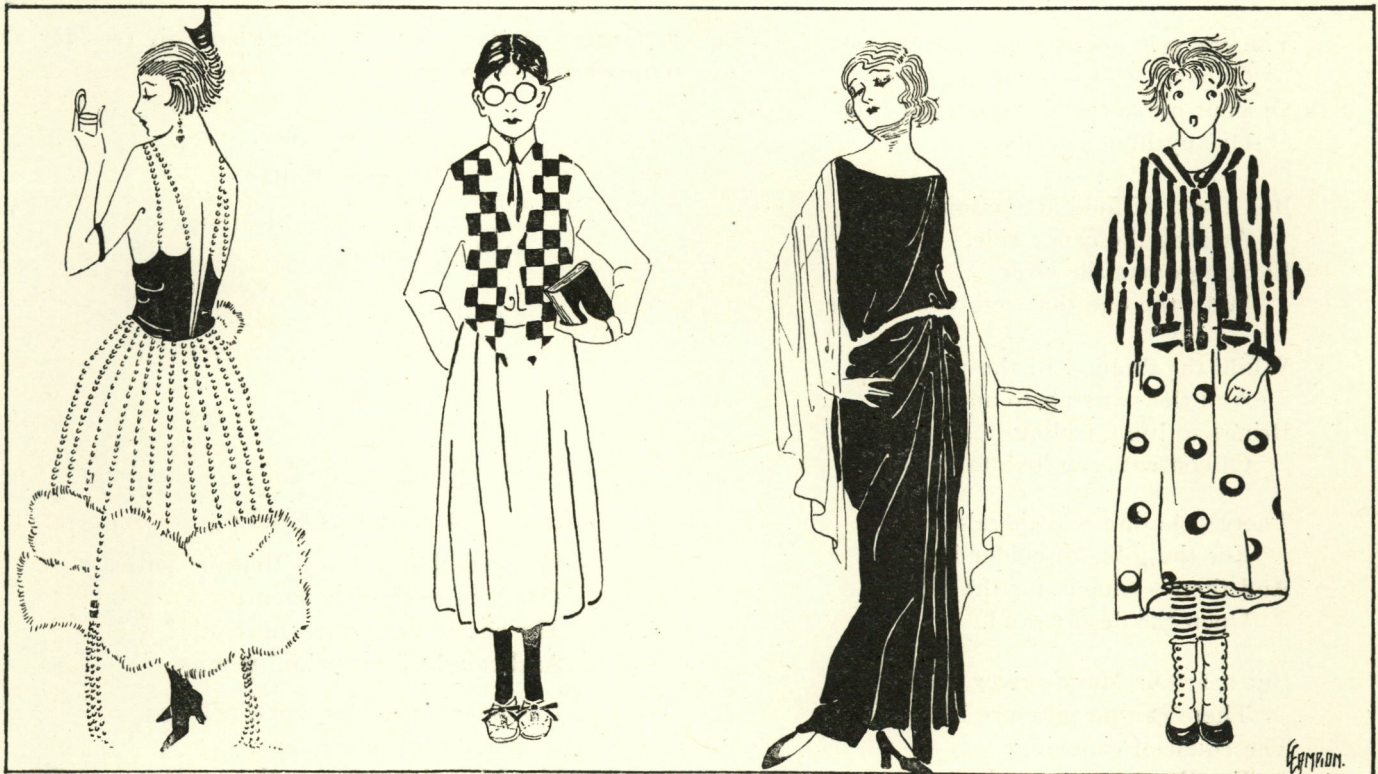
I sat down on the bank beside him  
With 'tentive ears and lifted head,  
Listening to the sad, sad words  
The unlucky fellow said.

“Goodbye,” said he, “I'm going  
To a land where all is bright,  
Where bottles grow on bushes, and  
'Tis easy to get tight.”

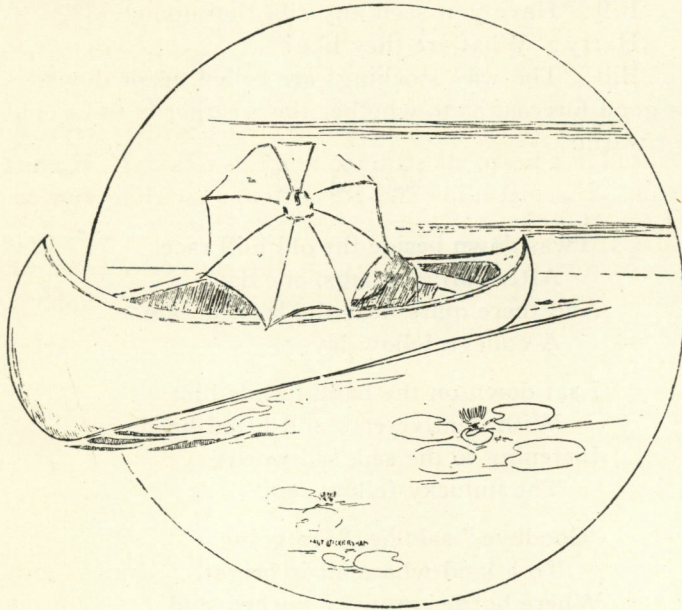
Then the poor boy's head dropped back,  
Yet I knew that all was well,  
And hurried back to tell the dean.  
Oh, yes, I did—like fun!



“This caps the climax,” said the user of the weed  
as he put on his headwear.



FASHIONS WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE



**A CANOE AND YOU**

Out on our Mary's river  
 No afternoon goes slow,  
 As you're gliding o'er the water  
 And the softest breezes blow.

For canoeing is in season,  
 And vacation now you take  
 Canoeing on the river  
 Or boating on the lake .

You can talk about your dances,  
 Or your walks along the pike,  
 Or your horse rides, or your car rides,  
 Or anything you like.

But a sort of fond attraction  
 Attends the canoe ride,  
 Floating down the river  
 With the one that sets your stride.

While the dipping of the paddle,  
 And the swaying to and fro,  
 Brings to life a feeling  
 Of content, you love to know.

There's skating and there's skiing,  
 For the folks of colder land;  
 And there's camels for the riders  
 Upon the desert sand.

But near our Mary's river  
 There can no pleasure be  
 The equal of canoeing,  
 For Beavers, you and me.  
 —Theodore Cowgill.

**Mail Disorder**

This spring, the neighbor spinster sent away and got some lily bulbs. Now she has a row of garlic along in front of her rose bushes.



"Mrs. Samson will have two hope chests."

"Why the extra one?"

"She got one before marriage and her husband hopes she will die soon so he can get her another."



Co-ed (at military ball): "Jim is wonderful in his trots."

Cadet: "Yes, he's in the cavalry."



He: "Do you still go to church every Sunday?"

She: "Oh, yes, after a fashion."



Jim (at 5:00 p. m.): "What does that co-ed mean by starting on a hike with a camera at this time of day?"

Tim: "Dumbell, that's a vanity case."



**Fable**

Once a student wen to college and his fees for a term were only \$5.00.



**Famous Rolls**

- ..... ed Stockings
- Parker House .....
- ..... Royce
- Class .....
- ..... of the bones
- Pay .....
- ..... your own



**A Still Life Study**

My neighbor's doing time in jail,  
 (He'll be out pretty soon.)  
 The sheriff got out on his trail  
 And caught him makin' moon.

I wonder, now, just what he'll do;  
 It wouldn't be alarming,  
 If, within the next month or two,  
 He'd spend his time dry farming.



## MOON MADNESS

"Kitty!" Jerry Brant hurled himself into the combination living room, kitchenette, and bedroom, without troubling to knock. "Kitty! I've got it!"

"Calm yourself," returned Kitty nonchalantly, drawing a silk wrapper over her bare shoulders. "And suppose you try knocking before you crash into a lady's apartment. I might have been more undressed than almost."

"All right, but listen—I've finished 'Moon Madness'. If it isn't a winner in Jeffries' contest tomorrow, I'll never write another piece of music."

His voice softened. He reached for her hand. "Kitty, I hate to give it to them. It's you—all you. I hate to think of their dirty fingers pawing it. But if Jeffries takes it I'm made. And then—you'll marry me, won't you. Say it. Say you'll marry me!"

Kitty Conway, young, golden haired, the despair of Tin Pan Alley, shook her head helplessly, as she expertly evaded him. "I don't know, Jerry. I can't tell. I've told you that six hundred times."

"Well, anyway, let's go celebrate," Jerry proposed. "It's barely ten o'clock."

"No, I can't do that, either. I've promised Von Hertz he could take me to the Gardens tonight."

"I beg your pardon," said Jerry, very stiffly, very awkwardly; then, in a strained voice, "Has Von Hertz entered a composition yet?"

Kitty seemed not to notice his manner. "How should I know?" she asked lightly. "But let's hear 'Moon Madness'. I want to see how I sound in music." She pushed Jerry toward the battered upright at one side of the room.

Jerry shook his head. "I don't dare play it for fear someone should hear. But I know it's good. It's you, I tell you. Wait till tomorrow night."

"Very well," Kitty shrugged. "Have you given it to Jeffries yet?"

"No, it's here. I'll take it down in the morning," answered Jerry, and drew several sheets from an inside pocket.

Kitty hesitated, then stretched out her hand. "I have to see Jeffries in the morning. Let me take it to him."

Jerry handed over the sheets, then obeyed, reluctantly, Kitty's imperious command to hike along and let her dress.

Jerry sat rigidly straight in his seat at the back of the theatre as the lights faded out. A figure stepped before the curtain into the glare of the spot light. Words came to Jerry in fragments and parts of sentences.

". . . three best . . . winning compositions  
. . . played . . . Al Van at the piano."

The curtain rose, and at the first chords Jerry collapsed in a heap, his strained muscles relaxing. He had won. His piece, his and Kitty's, was swirling and eddying through the darkened building.

It was Kitty who lived in the music—whimsical, capricious, like a mad, wild, whirling dance under a purple moon; exurbant, fantastic, a drunken orgy of quivering emotion.

The last notes rippled into silence, then the announcer tried ineffectually to quiet the raving crowd. Through the uproar his voice rose.

"The name of the composition is 'Moon Madness.' The composer is Karl Von Hertz."

Jerry's eyes widened incredulously; his mouth gaped open. "Von Hertz? Von Hertz?"

Suddenly he rose and plunged down the side aisle, past the box seats, and back stage, where Jeffries was leaning against a stack of scenery.

"What the hell do you mean, 'Von Hertz'?" Jerry gasped, seizing Jeffries by the shoulder.

Jeffries twisted loose angrily. "Are you crazy?" he demanded.

"Crazy? No, but you must be. 'Moon Madness' is mine—mine; do you hear?"

"Yours nothing. Von Hertz gave it to me himself, this morning. Why, you couldn't have written it in a hundred years. Do you take me for an idiot?"

"One of us must be. Where's Von Hertz?"

"He isn't in my pocket, fool. Go look for him if you want him," and Jeffries stamped away, disgusted.

Jerry stumbled blindly out the stage door and into the cool night. His aimless steps took him toward Tin Pan Alley and home, but as he passed Von Hertz's apartment some reason came back. The door stood open; the stairs were vacant.

He entered and tip-toed up the stairs, muttering incoherently to himself. As he reached the top, his figure became strange tense under the dim light of the hall lamp. The first notes of "Moon Madness"—his "Moon Madness"—had come to his ears, through a half-opened door at the end of the hall.

Without a sound he stole to the shaft of light at the doorway and stood immovable, his shadow inky on the lighted slip of wall behind him. In the room Von Hertz was seated at a grand piano, his half-turned body just visible through the narrow opening. As Jerry watched, two white hands came to rest on Von Hertz's shoulders, then slid down his arms. A golden head bent above his dark one. Only one such golden head in the world—Jerry shuddered, but made no other movement.

Then the music broke, almost stopped. As though released from paralysis, Jerry turned, staring vacantly



ahead, and moved like a sleep-walker toward the stairs. As he descended, jerkily, the wild harmony of "Moon Madness" swelled out again, mocking, taunting, jeering. He paused a moment in the doorway; then the night took him.

The music washed the narrow hall, and to its cadence a moth rose and fell around the dusty light, its grotesque shadow dancing crazily on the walls and floor.



Speaking about dumb-bells, what about the rookess who thought a rum runner belonged to the track team?



Babe: "That tree reminds me of Don's dog."  
Ruth: "In what way?"  
Babe: "It's mostly bark."



Dizzy: "Gee, our house was only half full last night."

Izzy: "That's funny! When I passed by it was all lit up."



Ab: "Do you think Faye's a good dancer?"  
Surd: "Yes; she's light on her feet."  
Ab: "Well, she's heavy on mine."  
The sweetest dates cost so much—per pound.



Bacteriology Prof: "You're pretty dumb."  
Yearling: "I can see through some things."  
B. P.: "What for example?"  
Yearling: "A microscope."



Ran: "Al plays a love game."  
Som: "He's not a fusser?"  
Ran: "No, a novice at tennis."

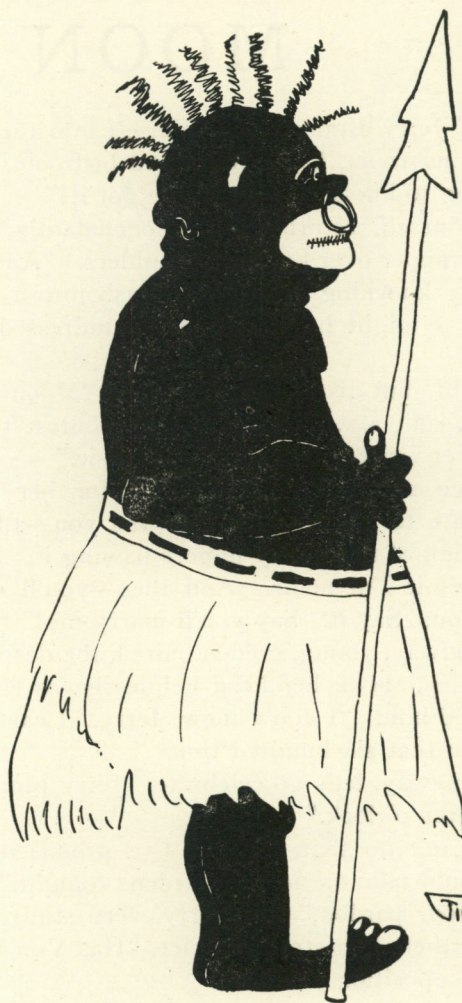


A green thief is one who would try to rob a college man.



"Don't you think that Mischa Elman's "Kiss in the Dark" is great?"

"I don't know. I bet he can't beat Dick's."



R. O. T. C. Officer's Uniform—B. C.



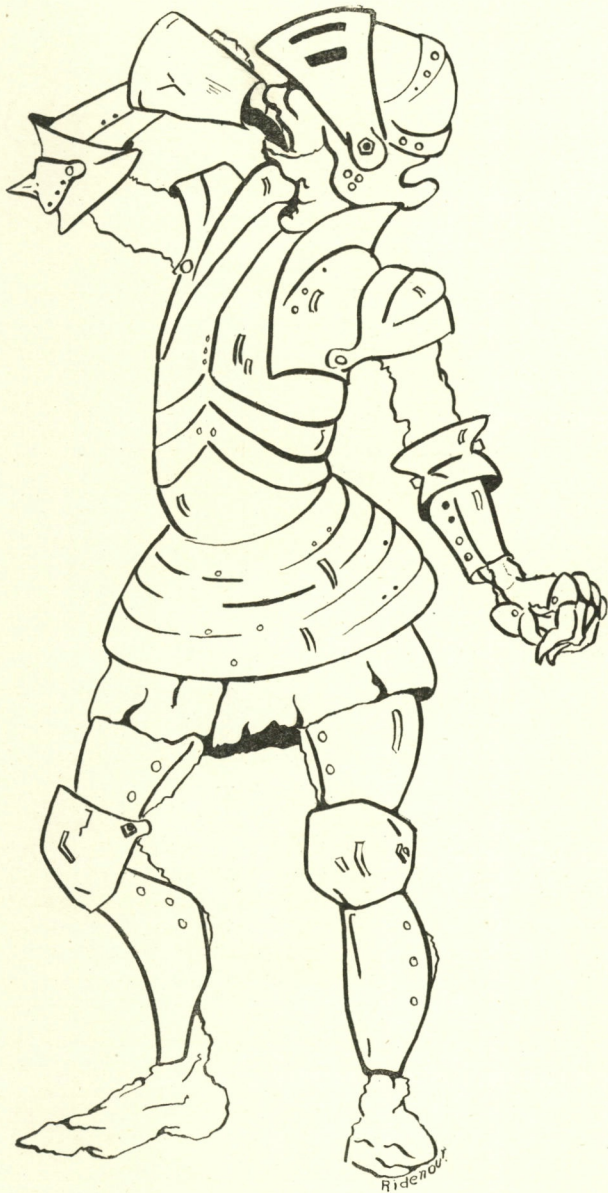
#### SOME ELECTRICAL ADVICE

If a woman is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.  
If she gets excited—Controller.  
If she talks too long—Interrupter.  
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.  
If she wants chocolate—Feeder.  
If she eats too much—Reducer.  
If she gossips too much—Regulator.  
If she is contrary—Transformer.  
If she is willing to come half way—Meter.  
If she wants to go farther—Conductor.  
If she will come all the way—Receiver.  
If she is a poor cook—Discharger.  
If she is wrong—Rectifier.  
If she elopes—Telegrapher.



Sea Captain: "What do you know about the decks?"

Job Hunter: "I played poker at college."



R. O. T. C. Officer's Uniform—1000



Time

First Brother: "Is the clock running, John?"

Second ditto: "No, it's just standing still and wagging its tail."



The Outlaw's Version

And departing leave behind us finger prints on the scenes of crime.



"Oh!" exhaled the sweet young thing, "I want popularity in the worst way."

"Well," broadcasted her escort, "you'll get it if you go after it in that way."

SORORITIES

Many a poor girl didn't know what a sorority was until she came to college.

When she did find out, then she wished she had never come.

Trying to define a sorority is like trying to solve a cross-word puzzle.

They all look the same, but my, what a difference.

About the newest thing in sororities, though, is the pledges.

And some of them are pretty old.

But, of course, you don't find that out until you go with them for five or six months.

That is, unless you happen to live next door to them.

They you may see quite a bit of them.

One of the best things a sorority can do is to go on probation.

This saves the girls all the trouble of decorating for dances.

But then some girls would never get dates, if they couldn't give their annual dance.

But still, they could have lots of fun thinking about it. Speaking of dates, many a good sorority has a table reserved in the library for just that purpose.

Of course that is only a "meeting corner."

Some sororities are so popular that they ought to have separate phones for each member.

Even then a guy would have to put in his call a week ahead of time.

It's too bad the fellows don't have to pay the phone bill, though.

But as one young rookess said, "That's an upperclass privilege."

Sororities, as a rushing point, used to bring up their age.

But as many a modern flapper, because she would only take the latest thing out, refused to pledge, they had to change their style.

The only age they bring up now is the plastic. Then, of course, they bring up the average.

You know sororities are spread all over the campus. Some in the north, some in the south, some in the east, and some in the west.

This may be the reason for the different temperatures. It makes it difficult for the "sorority fussers," though.

As one guy said, "One week I have to wear a fur lined overcoat, and the next week an asbestos suit."

He hasn't got wise to himself yet, though.

When he does, he will fuss the cold ones in summer, and the hot ones in winter.

You know there's nothing like having seasons. So, you might call sororities the spice of the campus.



President (at meeting): "Please take the chair."

Vice-President: "I'm not a furniture mover."

## KUT'S COLLUM

Q: Dear Mr. Kut: What should I buy my girl for her birthday present? She is a junior in college, rather short and slender, and very up to date in her dress.

—Arty Choke.

A: If she is really very stylish, I think a nice mamma doll would be appropriate to match her skirts.

Q: Dear Mr. Kut: I am a very old-fashioned girl and do not always get the meaning of slang terms. This causes me much embarrassment often when I am out with other girls. Would you kindly give me definitions of such terms as "necking," "petting," and "blanket fussing?"

—Rachel O'Brien.

A: These terms are rather hard to define because they are rather indefinite. "Blanket fussing" is merely another term for canoeing. The main difference between "necking" and "petting" is the position the participants are in. If they are riding in a car it is "necking," while if they are not in the car, it is "petting."

Q: Dear Mr. Kut: I am a young college student, 21 years of age, and I am deeply in love with a young lady in my class in school. I know that she cares for me, too. Sometimes I am confident that she returns my love, but on other occasions, when I try to neck her, she treats me very coldly. I cannot imagine what can be wrong. What would you suggest to win her love?

—A. Donis.

A: I can only guess, Mr. Donis, as to the trouble, but it may be that you are one of the unlucky four out of five and don't know it. That is the insidious thing about it. Even your best friends won't tell you. I would suggest Listerine.

Q: Dear Ed: I am registered in a course in astronomy this term. What clothes should I wear to Lab. classes?

—Anna Place.

A: I would suggest that you wear dark clothes, preferably old ones, so that you will be well fitted to walk back from these classes.

Q: Dear Ed. Kut: My fella calls me his little journal. What do you suppose he means?

—Worried Wilma.

A: Dear Wilma: Perhaps that is just his cute little way of saying that he thinks you are the town newspaper.

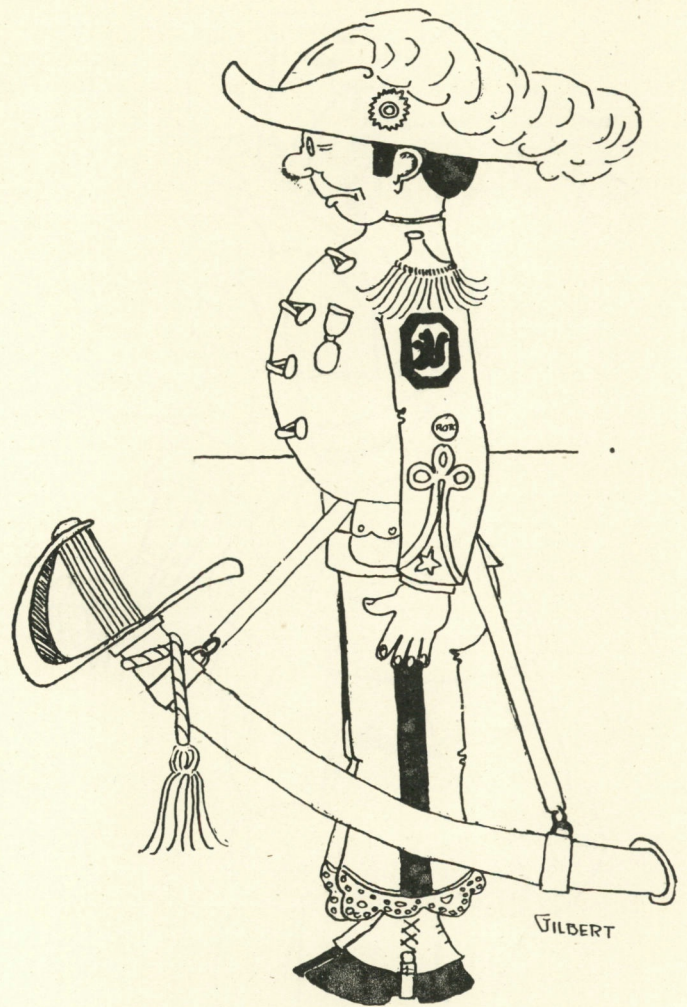


The modern girl's only question about the wave length is, "Is it permanent?"



Jack: "Art is like a last year's blotter."

Jill: "In other words, you mean an old soak."



R. O. T. C. Officer's Uniform—At Present



## PASSION'S FASHIONS

The men wear loose, ill-fitting pants,  
And belts too wide by half a mile.  
They wear no sock-suspenders, 'cause  
The Prince of Wales decrees the style.  
They'd wear green denim B. V. D.'s  
Or purple shirts with yellow tails,  
They'd wear their neckties to the knees,  
If first done by the Prince of Wales.



Tit: "Do you call that piece of furniture a bed?"

Tat: "No, it's the bunk when you can't sleep."



Reggie, the drug store cowboy, says: "These new styles in dresses are making it harder to look a pretty girl in the face than ever before."





## EMILY POST UP-TO-DATE

Do you know what to do when you take your girl home at 1:00 A. M., and she asks you in? Can you refuse politely if her folks are away?

Do you know what to say if your girl says she is hungry? How to satisfy her appetite verbally?

Do you know how to make conversation? How to avoid awkward pauses when your professor asks you a question? How to pass the situation off lightly?

Do you know what to do if your engine stops when you are miles from home with your best girl? How to start it?

Do you know what to say when you find a fly in your tea at a sorority? Where to throw it if the house-mother is present?

Do you know when and where to put your left arm around a girl?

Do you know what to say when the dean of women asks you why you kept Miss So-and-So out so late? Can you give a valid excuse?

All these embarrassing questions and many others answered correctly by the leading etiquetters of the campus. Approved by the Knights of the Bath and the W. C. T. U. as being clean. For sale at all college book stores.



Stude (despondently): "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Classmate: "When did you start stepping Liberty?"



A wooden leg is of some advantage. The owner can easily knock on wood.



Ben: "Coles Phillips should be a good livestock exhibitor."

Len: "How's that?"

Ben: "He knows how to display the calves."



Latest fashion notes in the animal kingdom: All garter snakes will wear stockings this spring.



Flim: "Did you see the 'Golden Bed'?"

Flam: "Sure, I helped pay for it."



He looks swell in knickers—but in a bathing suit—?

## HISTORY OF THE MUFFLER

Mark Anthony was the pride of the Roman army, and everything that he wore was copied by members of his staff. One evening Mark paid a visit to Cleo. In the petting scene that followed, Cleo tore Mark's best linen shirt trying to take off his frat pin.

Anthony fearing the laughter of his staff and fraternity brothers, swiped a piece of tapestry off the love boat, and entwined it about his neck to hide the torn shirt.

When Mark entered his camp, his friends seeing the piece of tapestry about the neck of Anthony concluded that it was the latest style. Soon all the slaves were spinning mufflers for the Roman army.



Mae: "There goes the captain of the track team. He's the fastest man in school."

Bea: "I don't see how he got the reputation. I was out with him last night and he never broke any speed laws."



Our idea of an optomist is a man who tries to sell garters to college students—or corsets to co-eds.



Aye: "You say you have a table without legs?"

Bee: "Yes, a time table."



"That fellow over there has never lost a case."

"What is he? A lawyer?"

"No, a bootlegger."



Hoo: "Is that white dust on your shoulder calcimine?"

Doo: "No, gal's of mine."



"What's the mixup between you and Dick these days?"

"Well, I never could stand pearls in frat pins!"



A co-ed, her first term at Vassar,  
Sat demurely before the professor.

She wore pretty smiles,

And daring spring styles,

Said the prof: "Well I guess I should pass 'er."



## MARKET REPORTS

It is rumored that American Garters, Ltd., is expected to boom due to a return of the youth of the country to the use of them.

Raw Silk took a boom last week that caused quite a flurry on the street. The reason for this appears to be the greater demand of stocking manufacturers due to the fact that they must be made six inches longer now that the rolling fad has gone out.

Consolidated Skirts continued to rise yesterday. They closed two points higher than the opening figures. This makes a total rise of six and one-fourth since this stock started on the upward trend about four weeks ago. Stock operators on the street expressed the opinion that it would continue to rise for at least one and one-half points more before the peak will be reached in its soaring inclinations.



Knock: "Her legs are a double tie."

Kneed: "Double tie?"

Knock: "Yes; two bows."



Yes, I'm 21 years old, and have had seven years bad luck three times already.



Ding (speaking of car): "How does it travel?"

Dong: "Oh, with the fastest girls in town."



"I have no use for Don," she said,  
"He always treats me bad;  
He promised me a chocolate malt,  
But a dime was all he had."



## Fashions' Follies

Golf pants worn by many not knowing the meaning of "fore."

Red neckties worn by green rooks.

Balloon trousers worn by students who have never been in a balloon.

Short skirts worn by long girls.

Loud sweaters worn by quiet fellows.



"Wouldn't you like to see the Swiss movement?"  
"Sure; is it anything like the toddle?"

## Have You Heard That—

1. People with double chins talk twice as fast as ordinary people.
2. You can crank a Ford without swearing.
3. Palm Sunday is a day of handshaking.
4. Oliver Twist is a new kind of dance.
5. Evaporated milk comes from dry cows.



Son: "There is only one reason why I flunked trig."

Father: "Yes, I saw her picture on your dresser."



The bathing girls revue I've seen,  
And also that of Mr. King,  
Nolan's show gave me a thrill,  
But the best revue is on college hill.



"Did your girl turn over a new leaf?"

"No. She revised the whole edition."



Campus week-end sure is fine,  
That's where I feed my girl a line.  
I take her to the vaudeville,  
Because she dances better still.



Ding: "Where did you get that red tie?"

Dong: "Off of a long board on a lumber truck."



The surveying prof says that the fellows wearing these striped red neckties would make fine range poles.



Zip: "I wrote home for some money."

Boom: "No, I received a handkerchief and a note saying 'Blow in this'."



"Oi, Abie, look at de fine wool suit I'm wearing."  
"Yes, dot's a fine (sheep suit)."



Many men roll their own. Women will not be outdone by the men. They roll their own.



In days old, long since gone by,  
When maidens were demure and shy,  
Mi-lady wore a long wide skirt  
That trailed behind her in the dirt.

By looking back two hundred years  
At men who were our great grandsires,  
These gentlemen, we plainly see,  
Wore breeches cut off at the knee.

But, wowee! How the styles do flirt!  
The ladies tried a hobble skirt,  
And now in '25 you see  
The bold young maiden's dimpled knee.

We men, you women can't beguile,  
You see we've just reversed the style,  
And wear our trousers big and round  
So they will drag upon the ground.



A lawyer is admitted to the bar for the purpose of  
putting others behind them.



A college widow is like a tree,  
She takes your cash and then leaves.

When I asked the Glo-co Kid the secret of his success, he answered: "Perfectly simple; while stepping the new one-and-only, give the old mamma the air gracefully, at the same time cultivate new acquaintances for possible future major tactics." Not so dusty at that.



Through the hallway two damsels were stealing,  
With bathrobes but one-half concealing.  
Said the bathroom door key:  
"How'd you like to be me  
When the belles of the campus are peeling?"



Hald: "You say Jack was perfectly willing to commit suicide?"

Hardy: "Yes, if someone would pull the trigger for him."



St. Peter (to applicant): "Where are you from?"

Applicant: "California."

St. Peter: "Come on in, but I don't think you'll like it."



"Is it true, Dorothy, that he can do all the latest steps?"

"Oh yes, Miriam, he's a wrestling champion and has St. Vitus dance."



If a motorist ruins a pneumatic in an accident he can use his spare tire. If he breaks some bones he can go to a butcher shop and get some spare ribs.



Rooks and canoes are in the same class—they both get paddled.



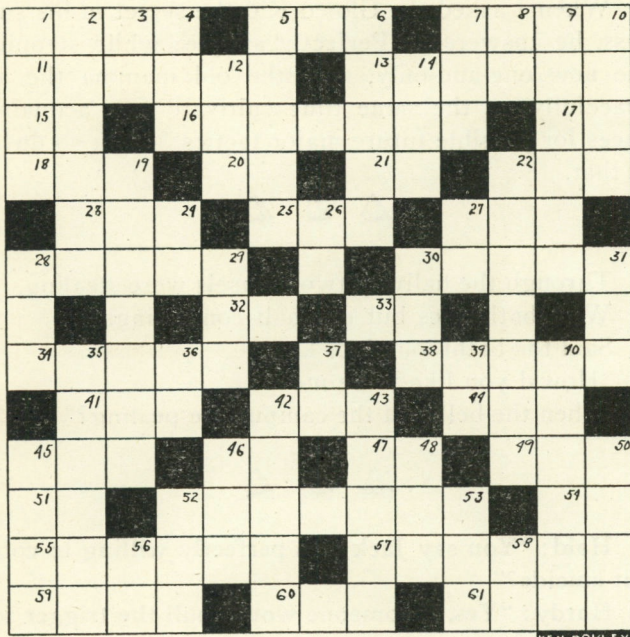
The man who lives upon his income must be careful.

The man who lives upon some one else's income must be more careful.

But the boy who lives on his debts has nothing to worry about.



Saturday night movie ad: Harlod Lloyd in "Hot Water" tonight. Many thousands more will probably be in the same predicament.



KEN ROKLEY

## Down

- Received on the first of the month.
- You cry for them.
- Like.
- A metal.
- A girl's nickname.
- What we should do when we study.
- Cigarette (slang).
- A correlative.
- Body of land surrounded by water.
- To move in advance of.
- Female deer.
- Most interesting part of a lecture.
- O. A. C. students (collectively).
- One who plays the outer gardens in baseball.
- Boy's name (abbr.).
- On condition that.
- Something planted in the spring.
- A month.
- To skip a class.
- To speak.
- Without difficulty.
- Result of excessive use of alcoholic liquor (abbr.).
- Pronoun.
- Correct.
- Apparatus used to generate electricity.
- Combat, fracas (pl.).
- To remove writing.
- To press strenuously the mind or will.
- The whole.
- Suffix denoting tumor or morbid growth.

- File down or away.
- Advertisements (abbr.).
- A high mountain.
- Diphthong of Latin origin.
- Suffix (used in comparative degree).

## Across

- Means of travel (journalism prof's favorite).
- A wager.
- A fencing weapon.
- Situated within.
- Vehicle in which we travel last.
- Light infantry (abbr.).
- What some students say they know.
- A note of the diatonic scale.
- A tennis stroke.
- And (Latin).
- Middle west state (abbr.).
- A passing fashion, as of red ties.
- National Education Association (abbr.).
- An Asiatic bovine.
- To do wrong.
- A sacred song.
- Women students.
- A major course in agriculture.
- A Greek letter.
- Being in poverty, want.
- An alcoholic beverage.
- Skill, dexterity.
- Charge made for taking a course.
- Watch chain insignia of a fraternity.
- United States senate (abbr.).

- Arabia (abbr.).
- Reserve officer (abbr.).
- Royal naval reserve (abbr.).
- Northeastern state (abbr.).
- Southern state.
- Athletic association (abbr.).

- To do with pleasure.
- Capital of Oregon (poss.).
- A co-ed's pair of—will attract your attention.
- To bring legal proceedings against.
- That which supports, not a garter.



## SOAP BOX MUSICAL REVUE

(By Sham Poo)

The great musical success of the season in Crystal White in her presentation of the Soap Scene from Lux. It could easily be said that Old Mr. Packer, director for Miss White, has really picked a Grandpa's Wonder, since he is one of the oldest and most illustrious directors of this scene. In fact, Miss White is now commonly known as Packer's Tar and she well deserves the name, since she is the shining star of his retinue of players. When you hear men speak of the White Wonder you may know they are praising Crystal White.

The scene itself is 99 and 44-100 per cent pure, but it is filled with energetic movement when the Gold Dust Twins come riding in on the wild Sea Foam as Palm Olive sings "This is the Life Bouy." Following rapidly is the Fairy dance through a stage setting of Woodbury's. A climax is reached when Peet's attempt to soft-soap Soapy Smith, results in a Clean Easy for Soapy. In the finale, the Refrain from Scrubbing by Fels Naptha is always well received. The cast is well supported by Mennen's orchestra, with Williams Shaving Cream Oil off the Ivories.



She: "What are you studying in chemistry?"

He: "Chromates."

She: "Crow mates? How silly to study birds in chemistry."



Dumb: "Jack bagged two deer."

Dora: "How in the world could he catch an animal that size in a bag?"



God forgives and men forget, but most women never find it out.



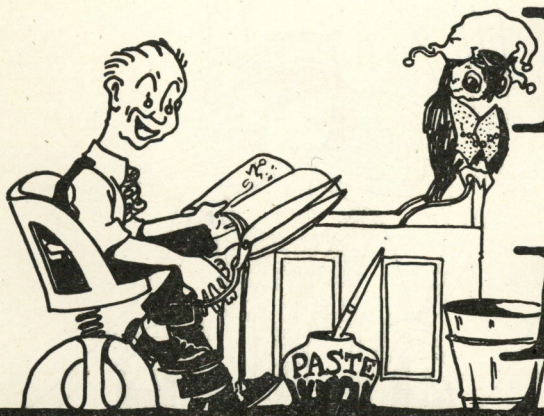
Lux: "Handshaking? How come?"

Sap: "Taking all those introduction courses."



Alice: "Nice skirt Mable is wearing."

Ned: "Yes, all wool and a foot high."



# HUMOR from the MORGUE

Bailey

First Chorus Girl: "I was wreathed in smiles when he called at my dressing room last evening!"

Second Chorus Girl: "Heavens! Suppose you had stopped smiling!"  
—Judge.



"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?"

"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."  
—Washington Dirge.



Mother: "When I was your age, young lady, a nice girl would never think of holding a young man's hand."

Daughter: "But mother, nowadays a nice girl has to hold a young man's hand."  
—Yale Record.



Rough: "Why don't yuh get collegiate and chuck the garters?"

Smooth: "Oh, my deah chap, I must be loyal. You see I come from Boston."  
—Stanford Chaparral.



Some little girls with lips all rouged,  
Some think they are disgraced;  
But you will find out for yourself  
It's all a case of taste."  
—Black and Blue Jay.



"Why is a popular girl at a formal dance like a steel worker?"

"Because both of them like to play with fire?"

"No; because both of them have a bare back and a hot time."  
—Yellow Jacket.

One: "Just give me the time, the place, and the girl."

Two: "Just give me the place and the girl."

Three: "GIMME THE GIRL!"

—Exchange.



Some girls ride in taxis,  
Because they love the ride;  
While others do the riding  
For the loving on the side.  
—Voo Doo.



He: "Your husband looks like a brilliant man; I suppose he knows everything."

She: "Don't fool yourself; he doesn't even suspect anything!"  
—Pitt Panther.



"Those who dance must pay the piper."

"Oh, Aunt Florence, how fortunate! I usually spend the entire evening in the garden."  
—Pelican.



First Chorus Girl: "What are you doing for a living now, Flossie?"

Second Chorus Girl: "Oh, a life insurance company is paying me five hundred a month not to wear a split skirt on streets where the traffic is heavy."  
—Pelican.



"Your little brother is rather spoiled, isn't he?"  
Naw, that's just a case of hives."

—Stanford Chaparral.



"No, Jimmy, I can't go out tonight. I've been taking riding lessons and I have er-er—a sore foot."  
—Harvard Lampoon.



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Lady: "Dear me, I've left my money at home. You'll have to trust me. I'm one of the director's wives."

Conductor: "Lady, I couldn't do that, even if you was the director's only wife."

—Chicago Phoenix.



Co: "Don't you think Connie looks spiritual in that gown?"

Ed: "Well, I'll admit there is not much of the material about her."

—Yellow Jacket.



"You are concealing something from me," snarled the villain.

"Certainly I am," replied Little Nell, the beautiful comptometer operator... "Whaddya think I am?"

—Yellow Crab.



I've never seen a purple cow,  
And never hope to see one;  
But by the purple milk we get  
I'm certain there must be one.

—Nebraska Awgwan.



Junior: "I get XYZ on my radio every Friday night. That's Paris, you know."

Frosh: "That's nothing. I get ROTC every Thursday. That's Hell."

—Froth.



ODE TO A FLAPPER

Oh, flapper bold,  
 So I am told,  
 Your life has met disaster ;  
 A powdered nose,  
 And rolled down hose,  
 Can never pass the master.  
 Your flashing eyes,  
 That tantalize,  
 Can never make a fellow ;  
 For in their place,  
 More charming grace  
 Is worn; yours is too fallow.  
 Your pace can't last,  
 It's much too fast,  
 For one that Cupid starts ;  
 So hang your sign  
 On a different line,  
 And keep on breaking hearts.

—The Pup.



Sheikess: "I love the way you dance."

Sheik: "Then you must love divinely."

—West Point Pointer.

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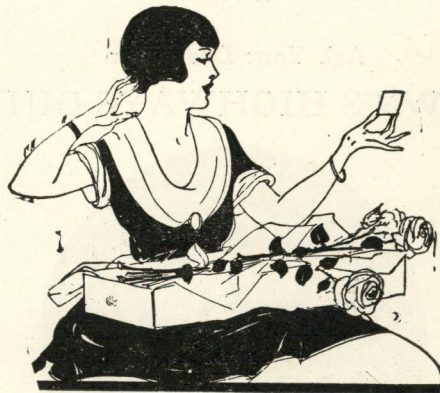


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He: "What was that young masher doing the other night? He seemed to be edging up pretty close to you."

She: "I don't know; I never bother about other people's business."  
—Pitt Panther.



#### Reminiscence

You, that I walked with that night,  
That tumbled so hard to my line,  
That I kissed when the moonlight was bright;  
You, that I said was divine,  
That vowed you would always be mine,  
And took me to father and mother,  
Will you forgive me in time  
Since I've fallen in love with another?

—Voo Doo.



"What color dress are you going to wear to the final ball?"

"I'm going to wear black to match my date's hair. What color'll you wear?"

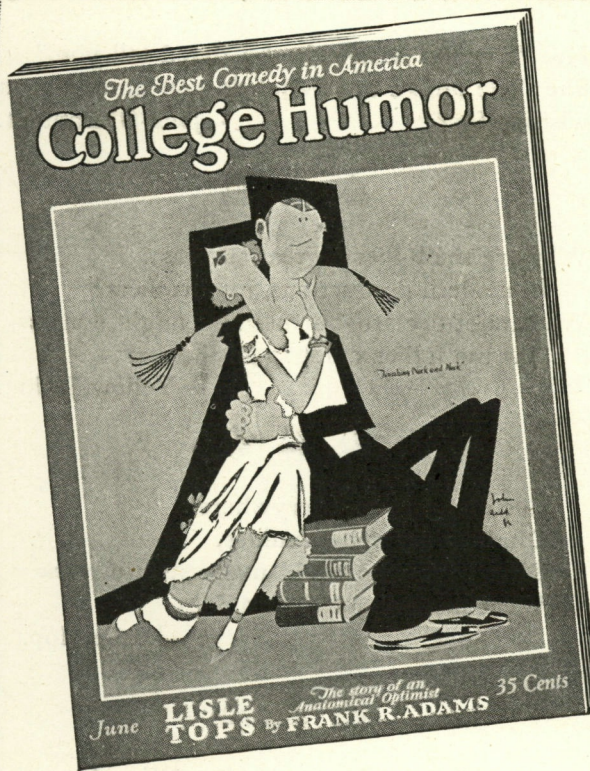
"I-I-don't think I'll go. My date's bald headed."

—Rice Owl.



Most fellows never come to life until their engines go dead.  
—The Lyre.





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Charles Collins  
Robert Benchley

An artistic steeplechase — no handicaps by:

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R. F. Schabelitz  
Ralph Barton

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COLLEGE HUMOR now has vacation openings for college men who will work on a salary and bonus arrangement, for a ten weeks period. Go-getters with previous sales experience wanted.

### THE CALL OF THE WILD

Have you gazed on slender beauty where there's nothing else to gaze on?

Saw light grey hose and pretty clothes galore,  
Big blue eyes that looked up at you, rather sparkling,  
even blazon,

Awfully tempting, hoped you'd see them just once more?

Have you covered her with glances, with a dream that you could make it,

Searched those lips for just a tremble, a little smile or two?

Would you give your soul to kiss her? Then for God's sake, go and do it!

She's the Wild, my boy. What's more, she's calling you.

—Rice Owl.



"Were you ever in Holland?"

"No, but I've been in Dutch."

—Williams Purple Cow.



She: "Men never seem to be able to look me in the eye."

He: "Then wear 'em longer." —Bison.

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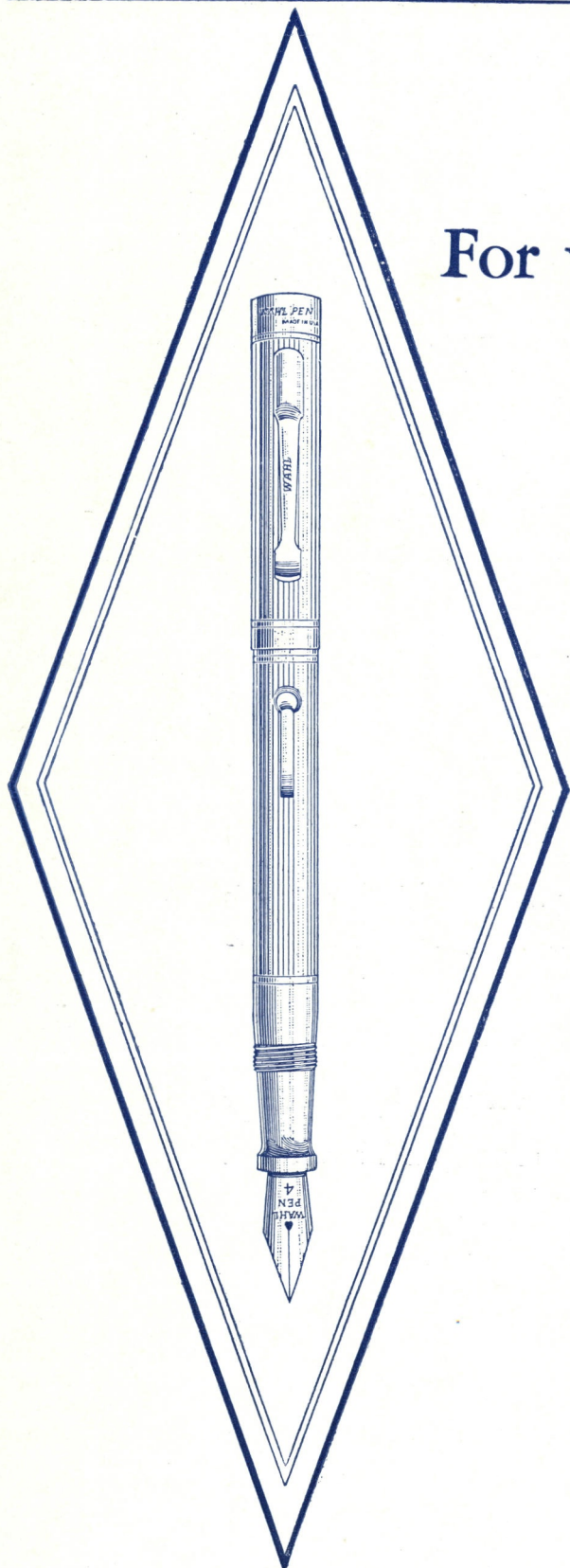
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She: "If wishes came true, what would be your first?"

He: "I would wish—ah, if I dared tell you."

She: "Go on, go on! What do you think I brought up wishing for?"  
—Jack-O'-Lantern.Why are the follies a great success,  
In modern productions, my brothers?  
We cannot declare, but perhaps might confess,  
'Tis the follies outstrip all the rest.  
—Yellow Jacket.Garters, garters, everywhere,  
Oh, how my spirit rankles,  
That boys who could make such a show  
Wear none about their ankles.  
—Belle Hop.Sign in the music store window: "Kiss the Girl You Love"—and several others.  
—Lyre.She (on telephone): "I'm studying 'The Sofa' by Cooper; won't you come over and help me?"  
He: "Sure! We ought to get together on that."  
—The Pup.The newest style in women's clothes  
Is truly light and breezy.  
The wind will expose  
The rolling of hose—  
It makes me so un-knee-zy.  
—Belle Hop.**Getting the Low-Down**In a court case not long ago, the Frenchman's description of a bathing dress was referred to, viz: "Something that begins nowhere and ends at once."  
—Boston Transcript.First Co-ed: "Was Harry angry because you wouldn't pet?"  
Second Co-ed: "Was he? I should say so! Why he said he turned down a date with you to see me."  
—Industrial Collegian.



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