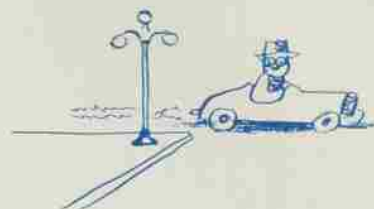
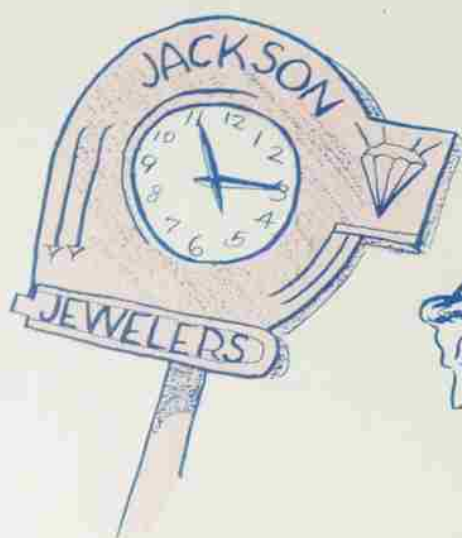


PURITAN





WE HAVE AN EXCELLENT SELECTION OF . . . silverware
 Omega - Hamilton - Gruen - Elgin - Wyler & and Bulova Watches
 Art Carved Diamond and wedding rings by J. R. Wood & Sons
 Wed-Lok Diamond and wedding rings by Granat

JACKSON JEWELERS - 225 n. liberty - opp. Brass Duck

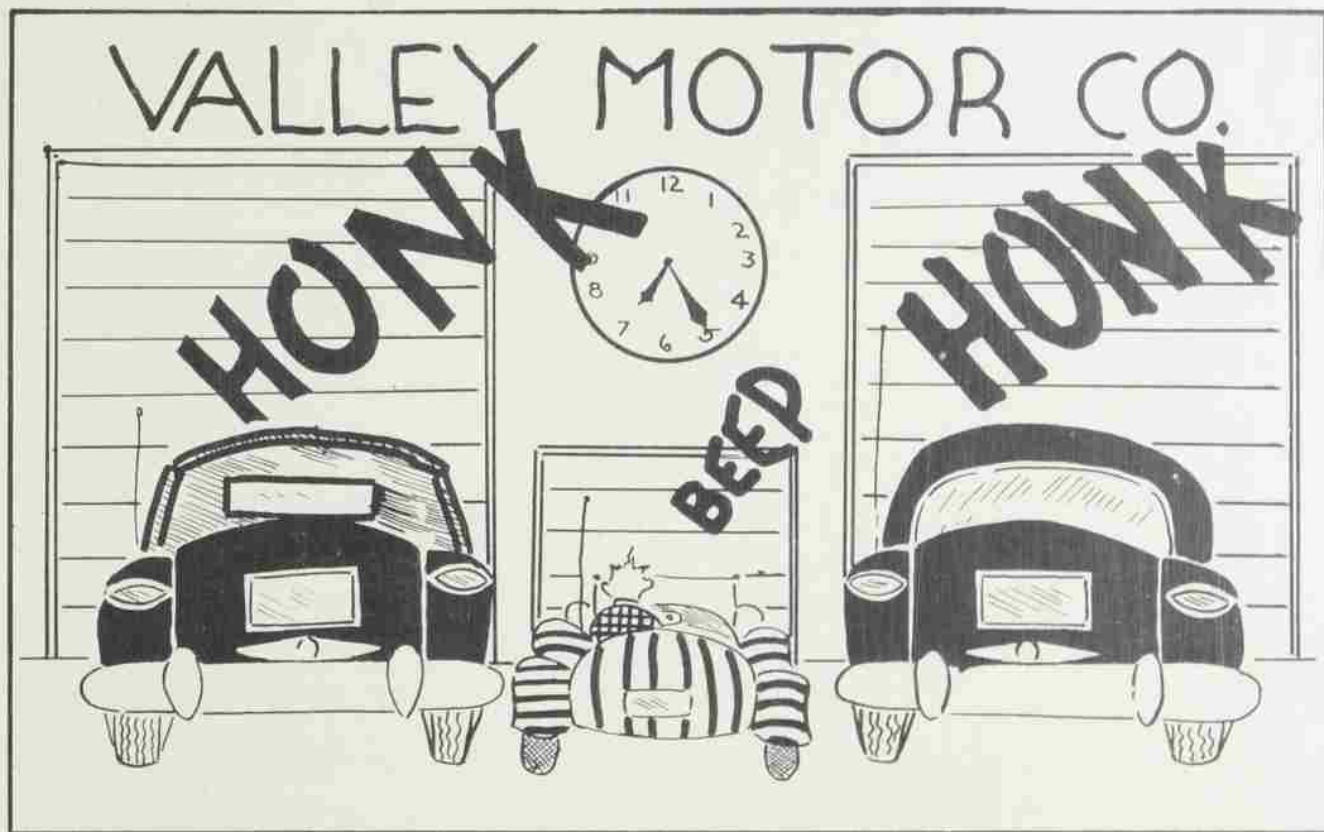
HOLLY Says...

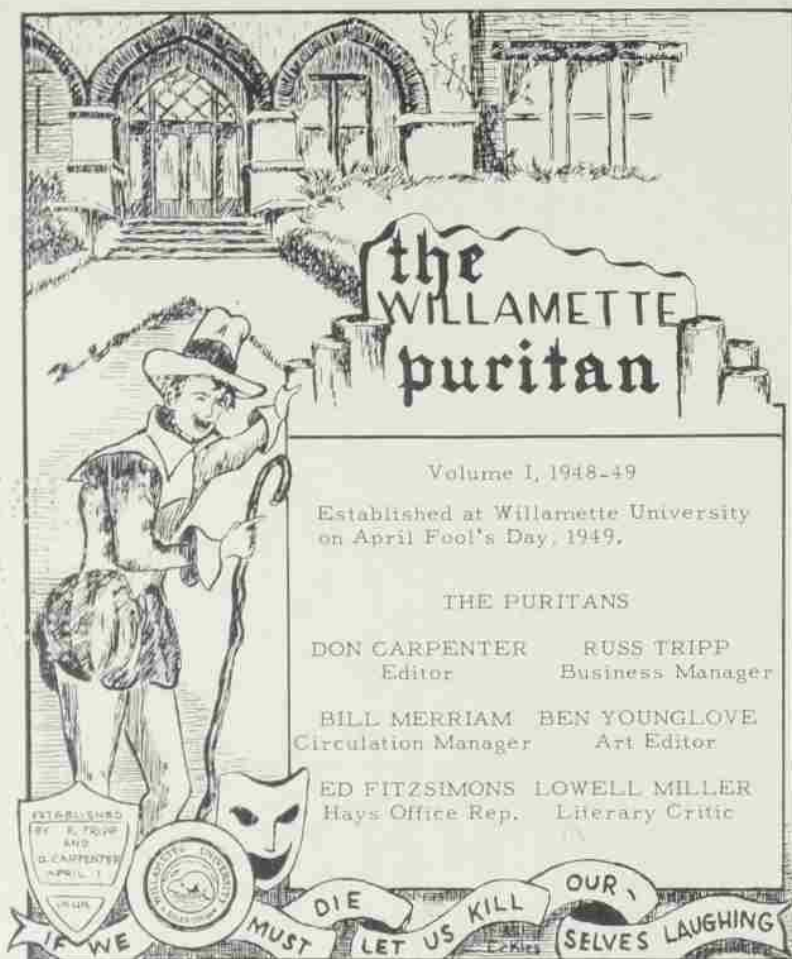


D.C.

Our magazine was made a reality through the co-operation of business men here in Salem. We feel that the mediums of expression we have used in our ads will interest you, and hope that you will manifest this interest by patronizing the establishments advertised.

LIBRARY
WILLIAMSON
TOWN





To Our Readers,

Now that you have hastily glanced through the mag and found nothing of interest, we feel that explanations are in order. Not only have we insulted your sense of humor and cast aspersions on your eyesight, but we have also added another large blot to the record of campus publications. Our only excuse is this: Creative talent needs the kind of outlet a gag mag can provide. We believe that there are enough non-descript artists, writers, photogs, and gag men around campus to turn out a very worthwhile truss buster. (If you believe this too, come around and see us. No one else does.) Not wishing to frustrate these geniuses, we therefore extend the clammy hand of welcome to all characters who don't mind fifty hours or so of extra work per week with all the pencils they can carry away.

Our purpose in the future will be two-fold. (1) Further the cause of light-hearted, unadulterated humor. (2) Stay in school at the same time.

Our sporadic outbursts will center around various themes, such as "How the Squirrels see Willamette", "How Willamette sees the Squirrels",

"Why the Mill Stream should run through the Library," and other topics of timely interest.

Because we are lithographing our little gem, photos and cartoons will be the watchword, interspersed with what caustic remarks we feel warrant your attention. Suggestions and criticisms will always be warmly received, occasionally read and re-read, immediately taken into consideration, and generally returned un-opened.

The Puritan wishes to announce with its first issue that it is a publication fearlessly dedicated to the betterment of mankind. Its crusading editors are constantly striving to bring before the public the burning issues of our day. We are unflinching in our stand favoring: abolition, free coinage of silver, woman suffrage, The League of Nations, Lend-Lease, The Townsend Plan, and more pencil sharpeners in Eaton Hall. We also believe that Congress should seriously consider statehood for both Oregon and Washington, as both territories have recently gained in population.

If you're the prettiest
girl at Willamette...

You must
be dressed in your
JOHNSON'S best.

*Johnson's
Coats*

LOOK TO COOKE

For everything

From a Diary

(IN WHICH YOU CAN
PUT IT ALL DOWN)

To a wastebasket

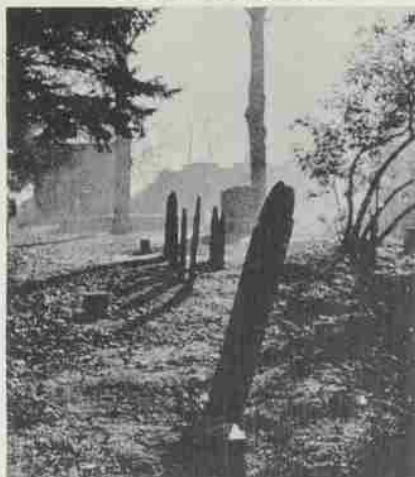
(IN WHICH YOU CAN
THROW IT ALL AWAY)

For Students ...

we have school supplies.



CONTRIBUTORS



ART

Ted Busselle
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Bill Peyton
Dick Unruh

LITERARY

Jack Brown
Dorothy Hobson
Jim Miller
Lowell Miller

The editors wish to express their concern for the whereabouts of the Wallulah. Our latest reports indicate that the annual is being printed in Mexico City, but as yet, no comment is available from the journalism department.

Ma: Willy, why did you kick your little brother in the stomach?
Willy: It's his own fault, ma. He turned around.

The father arrived at home to find his nine-year-old daughter and three-year-old son sitting in the middle of the living room floor. The little boy was crying lustily.

Father: Why is your little brother crying?

Daughter: He's crying because I'm eating my ice cream cone.

Father: Well, he certainly isn't being a very good sport about it.

Daughter: I know it. He cried when I ate his, too.

The latest gossip
The craziest Be-Bop
The smoothest songs
The greatest symphonies

You can hear it all at
HEIDER'S

Home of Westinghouse,
RCA, Admiral and
Capehart Radios
and Phonographs.

Willamette's Musical
Meeting Place

Heider's
back of every sale...
A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE RECORD



Mort
checks in
for a
quickie
at
**REED'S
DRIVE-IN**

12th AT LESLIE

**your everyday
photo needs
at McEwans**



Golfer (to players ahead): Would you mind if I played through? I've just been notified that my wife is seriously ill.

--El Burro

An Irish soldier in France, during the war of 1914-18, received a letter from his wife, saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote at the beginning of his next letter, "Bridget, please don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Bridget wrote to Pat in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do, as the soldiers had got the garden dug up, every bit of it.

Pat's reply was short, and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

--Record

Boss: (to employee coming in late) You should have been here half an hour ago.

Employee: Why, what happened?

--Record

UNIVERSITY BOWL

near!

new!

NOW!



**so close you can
knock off a game
between classes**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



Kuppenheimer, Hart, Shaftner, and Marx
Attorneys At Law

Gentlemen;

It is my duty to inform you that our clients have ordered a subpoena served upon you because of your current issue. I believe the evidence is quite clear, and that you are undoubtedly guilty as is stated in the writ of plagiarism, fraud, disorderly conduct, vagrancy, embezzlement, forgery, counterfeiting, and contributing to the delinquency of minors.

Our firm is very pleased to see your publication established, and we feel that the entire law profession is behind you in this regard.

Sincerely,
Harpo

The Kremlin

Dear Fellas,

I just got my copy of the Puritan, which was smuggled through the blasted counter-blockade. Lenin died laughing when he saw it, and Vyshinsky cast his 30th veto when the delegate from Paraguay tried to borrow his copy. We enjoyed your proletarian humor very much.

Your buddy,
Joe

P.S. Please send an extra copy for Molotov.

The White House

Dear Fellows,

I just got my copy of your first issue, and I think it's terrific; in fact it's the best news I've had since November.

Say hello to Dr. Gatke for me and let me know whether he has forgiven me yet for becoming a Democrat. My congratulations to you and let me repeat that this is the biggest laugh that the people have had since the election.

Sincerely,
Harry

The Chicago Tribune

Dear Editor,

I am very pleased with the first issue of the Puritan, and I feel that it will be a publication of real merit. I trust that you will come out with a firm anti-British editorial policy. We must never forget the American Revolution.

Yours,
Bertie

Salem Funeral Home

Dear Sirs,

Congratulations on your splendid work. 47 people died laughing the first day, not to mention many advanced cases of apoplexy which have subsequently developed. Psychiatrists tell us that you have uncovered a fool-proof suicide method and a revolutionary process which causes cerebral hemorrhages artificially.

It is unfortunate that we were not advised earlier of the quality of your publication. Obviously, our facilities must be expanded to handle future business brought to us by the Puritan.

Sincerely,
Yours



--so I sez-- "Mr. Fenix, can I please have my room deposit back?"

The Lord and the devil made an agreement to have a fence erected between their respective abodes. The Lord was to maintain the fence for the first six months, and the devil the following six. The fence was duly built, and after the initial half-year, was turned over to the devil according to the arrangement. At this time it was in excellent condition.

When the year had passed, however, the fence was in a sorry state of repair, and had even collapsed in several places. The Lord was quite angry at this situation, and accosted the devil immediately.

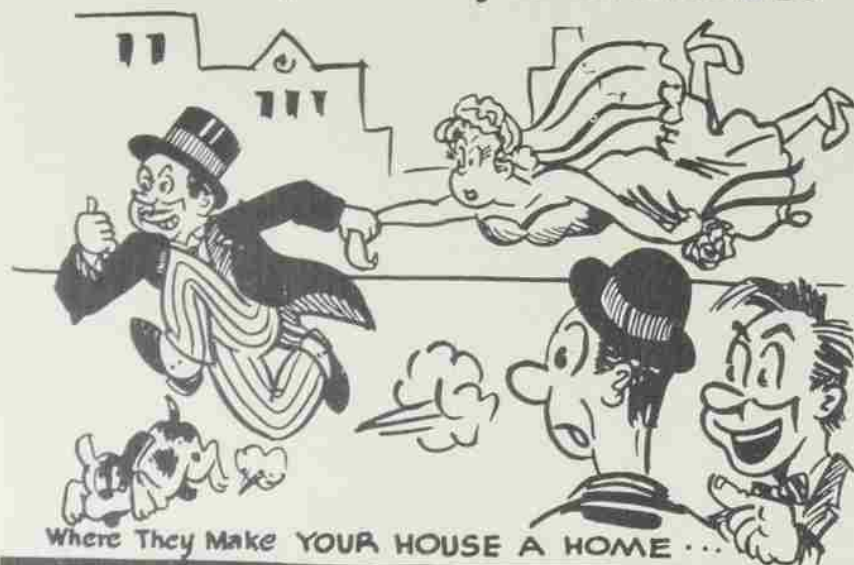
"What's the idea letting the fence get out of shape? When I turned it over to you, it was freshly-painted and in excellent condition."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

"I think I'll sue."

"Try and get a lawyer."

NATURALLY -They're Heading for ELFSTROMS!



Where They Make YOUR HOUSE A HOME ...

R.L. Elfstrom Co.
340 COURT PHONE 2-2493

The following story was circulated during the recent war:

It seems that the world leaders had all died and were awaiting judgement. They were mired in a vast sea of mud, each to a depth commensurate with the number of sins he had committed. Roosevelt was sunk to his knees, Churchill to his hips, and Stalin to his neck. Suddenly, Roosevelt observed that Hitler was standing on the surface, not having sunk so much as an inch.

"Adolph," he demanded, "What is the big idea? You have committed more sins than all of us put together."

"Sssssshhhhhh," replied Hitler. "I'm standing on Benito's head."

Joe and Ed had just arrived at the office.

Joe: Boy, do I feel lousy! My head aches, my feet hurt, my neck is stiff, and my stomach is upset. What am I going to do?

Ed: I often feel that way too. But when I go home at night and meet my wife at the door, I give her a big kiss, and then everything is alright.

Joe: Say, that's a good idea. Is your wife home now?



Fountain Service & Magazines
127 North High Phone 3-4044

The **ACE**



MORT GETS GASSED UP AT **Bill St. Clair's Associated Service**
High at Chemeketa "MAKE IT A PAIR," SAYS MORT

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

"Probably..she's a rotten shot."
 --VooDoo

"A man was perched atop one of Atlanta's buildings contemplating suicide, and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump. "Think of your mother and father," pleaded the officer.

"Haven't any."

"Think of your wife and family."

"Haven't any."

"Well, think of what your girl friend might think."

"I hate women."

"All right, think of Robert E. Lee."

"Who's Robert E. Lee?"

"Jump, you damn yankee!"

--Record

A widow is the most fortunate in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead.

--Record

Loter: Got something in your eye?

Yokum: No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb.

Alum: Well, that's too bad-----how did Jack die?

A.T.O.: He fell through some scaffolding.

Alum: What was he doing up there?

A.T.O.: Being hanged.

1st Co-ed: And your room mate, who was trying so hard to get on a student committee, what's she doing now?

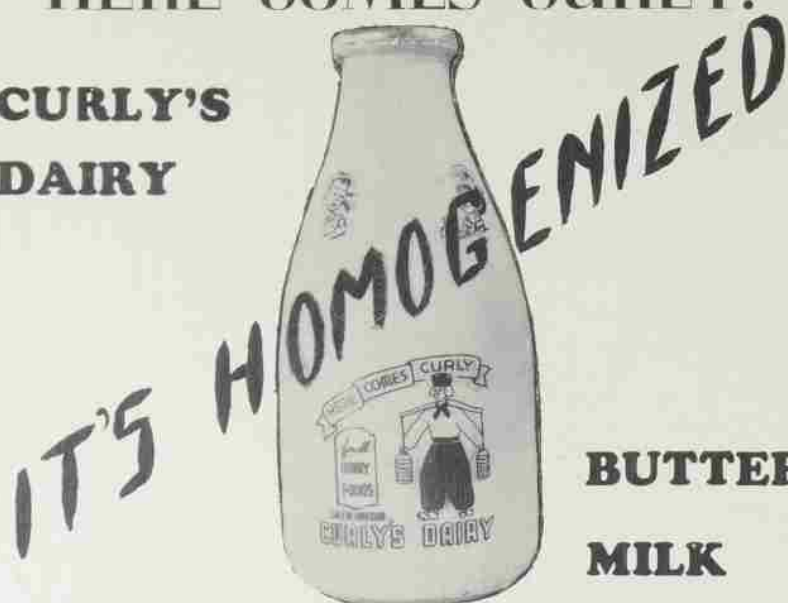
2nd Co-ed: Nothing. She's on a committee.

**NO MEAT IN
 OUR HAMBURGERS
 NO ICE CREAM IN
 OUR MILKSHAKES
 ALL THE HOT WATER
 YOU CAN DRINK**

**Purple Cow
 4 CORNERS**

HERE COMES CURLY!

CURLY'S DAIRY



BUTTER MILK EGGS

THOMAS KAY Woolen Mill Co.



**Retail
Department
260 So. 12th**

HOWIE LORENZ
AND MORT
TAKE A CHECK
ON THE
LATEST IN SUITS
AT KAY'S

A small, scrawny student was admiring the size and strength of one of his companions. "How did you get that way?" he asked.

"Well," said the huge character, "believe it or not, I got all my strength from eating Wheaties. Every morning I used to pour myself a heaping bowlful, dash on some cream and sugar, and gulp it down. Boy, did it make me strong! One morning I woke up and grabbed the end of my bed, only to have the bed collapse to the floor. I laughed when the steering wheel of my car crumpled in my hands, and we rolled over three times into the ditch. I thought it was a good joke when I slammed the door of the fraternity house and the wall caved in. But when I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck, I switched to Grape-Nuts."

---Chaparral

Hotel clerk to prospective guest: I'm sorry, but we don't have room service.

Guest: Oh, that's all right.

Clerk: You'll have to make your own bed.

Guest: That's all right.

Clerk: You'll find hammer, saw, lumber, and nails in the back room.

--Paradise Lost.

"Yes, I'll give you a job. Sweep out the store."

"But I'm a college graduate."

"Sorry, that's the easiest job I have."

---Record

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. Silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

--Record

Doctor: Why do you have "BF-9287" tattooed on your back?

Patient: That's not tattooed. That's where my wife ran into me when I was opening the garage doors.

--Pointer

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, madame; are you interested in any coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes. Tell me a couple."

--Record

"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I'm going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He said I'm expelled."

--Record

Pop: You say you are a cook. Tell me how to make hash.

Applicant: You don't make it; it just accumulates.

Pop: You're hired.

"Ma! Ma! A big truck just ran over Pa and squashed him all over the street!"

"Junior, how many times have I told you not to talk about such things when I'm eating."

---Widow

Murphy: What's that in your pocket?

Pat (in whisper): Dynamite. I'm waiting for Casey. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the chest and breaks me pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off.

She: There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further.

He: What's that?

She: Don't go any further.

---Exchange

Bum: Say, buddy, could you let me have a dime for a cup off coffee?

Wise Man: A dime? I thought coffee was only a nickel.

Bum: I know, but I got a date.

---Widow

Angry Father: What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?

Underwood: I have to be in class by eight.

WHITE'S LUNCH and DRIVE-IN 1138 S. Commercial



"Hello."

"Hello, mister."

"Say, kid, what're you doing?"

"Just swinging on this gate."

"Well, you had better get down from there."

"But I want to swing on this gate."

"So what? I said to get down off that gate."

"Listen, mister, my father said it was okay for me to swing on this gate."

"Get down like I said."

"But my father said----"

"Say, who is your father, anyway?"

"My father's name is Big Bill."

"That's funny. My name is Big Bill."

"Father!"

"Son!"

Dr. Withey was visiting the state institution for the insane. After considerable investigation, he prepared to leave, and joined a line of people who were boarding a bus. A guard was standing by the door, counting the people as they climbed aboard.

"Nine, ten, eleven, say--who are you?"

"I am Dean of Students at Willamette University."

"Twelve, thirteen fourteen----"

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a government job."

RIOT ON

WILLAMETTE PUBLISHES

3 MILLION SOLD FIRST 24 HOURS

Salem, May 10. Mobs of frenzied, screaming, humor fans shouted thunderous applause today as the first copies of the "Puritan" roared off the presses. Most places of business were forced to close their doors as the seething throng strained at police lines thrown around news stands. The half insane editors, eyes gleaming, cigars glowing, whipped the crowd into a crescendo of enthusiasm, shouting frequent witticisms at each other and mugging for the exhausted cameramen.

An excited bystander spluttered, "makes V-J Day look like a tea party", as he threw 100 lb. sacks of tea in all directions.

Hastily erected fireworks stands did a land office business, selling guns, ammunition, TNT and other noisemakers to the celebrants.

"I like to see the people enjoy themselves", said one of the police, "but they should realize that loaded weapons are dangerous." Not wishing to set a bad example, he then fired indiscriminately into the crowd.

ADMINISTRATION DECLARES HOLIDAY

Getting right into the swing of things, the administration held an emergency meeting this morning and announced that no school will be held next Sunday.



(Wire-photo). 273 students and 49 policemen were killed in the above picture. No one was wounded. Our files tell us that never before or since has such a tremendous ovation greeted a local publication. Observe the enthusiasm and tear gas being expressed by the participants above. Note the reckless abandon on the face of each and every student. Truly a dent in the surface of history was this occasion.

CONSIDERED FOR NOBEL PEACE AWARD

Informed sources in Washington today said that serious consideration was being given to the Willamette University "Puritan" as a candidate for the coveted Nobel Peace Prize. Not since 1874 when the school's political science department drafted the treaty of Versailles has such high honor come Willamette's way.

Reports state that representatives of twenty seven nations who heretofore have refused to remove international trade barriers are now demanding economic co-operation and complete free trade.

"We'll do anything to get that mag," shouted one, as he harangued from the steps of the Fish Hatcheries building.

"It's the greatest thing since Chinese checkers," said another. "My people must have it."

"Where'll we put it?" said the editors, referring to the prize. "Office space is a bit crowded with the four billion copies awaiting shipment."

RUSSIA ATTACKS US

A border incident occurred today involving light skirmishes between U.S. and Soviet troops. No comment was available from Washington, and it is assumed that the Russians are now in control there.

DIAADDEAD

STATE ST

FIRST HUMOR MAGAZINE



Schneebles looks on as new Willamette humor magazine hits the street

JASON'S BASIN

Just saw the first issue and nearly lost my uppers. Haven't seen anything so funny since Waller Hall collapsed in 1946.

Yes sirree, it brings back memories of the humor mag we



by J. Lee

put out way back in 1848. That was really a kick. As I recall, the first editor was a kid from Woodburn named Marx, a character all the way through. Don't see how he managed to get so much done, working part time over at the capitol like he did and being student body president on the side. Got out a couple of issues though, just like he promised. Called it the "Manifesto." Sold like hotcakes. Got letters from people all over the country. One guy from Albany wrote and said he thought Karl might be a great man some day. Yes sirree, that little magazine really got attention.

It probably would have made Karl rich if he'd let us have our way. Guess he didn't hanker much after money though, because he turned every blessed cent over to some friends of his who had a sort of club. They all worked over at the capitol and used to have regular meetings, kind of like the student body does now. Only they were just about the most hilarious get-togethers I ever hope to attend. Easiest bunch of guys to make laugh I ever did see. Instead of talking, they sat around and read copies of some other humor mag (continued on page 21)

DRAFT AGE TO 13

Men 13 may now be drafted if able bodied, said Dr. Smith: "This excludes Willamette students."

WIFE SUES EDITOR FOR DIVORCE

"I can't stand it any longer," said the wife of one of the editors today. "The guy is crazy. He painted big black footprints all over the ceiling of our new house and then changed the wiring so that the garage doors open when I turn on the radio. Now that they are working on that idiotic magazine, life is absolutely unbearable. He keeps light bulbs in the clothes closet, flash bulbs in the hall closet, and tulip bulbs in the broom closet. I give up."

STUDENTS HELD IN CIGARETTE CASE

COUNCIL ADJOURNS TO LOOK FOR HEAD

Student council action was delayed indefinitely today while search continued for the head of Phil Shaw, freshman, who lost it several days ago as a result of an axe murder. Since axe murders are common in the vicinity of Baxter Hall, no particular comment was made at the time of the incident, except for the usual action taken against the culprit, Bill Hansen. Remarked Hansen, "I had to get him as he ran out of the room, because I knew he would come around through the window and get me from behind if I didn't." Bill was confined to his room for the rest of the day and lost his shuffleboard privileges in the basement.

A big stink was raised on the third floor, however, when no one could find the head. Friends of the injured man concluded that someone from the biology department had removed the head for an examination, but nothing was found.

At the insistence of seven people who claim to hold IOU's from Shaw, the council held an inquest but proceedings soon halt. Said G.

POUCH DISAPPEARS UNDER PROF'S EYES

GAMES FOR THE KIDDIES

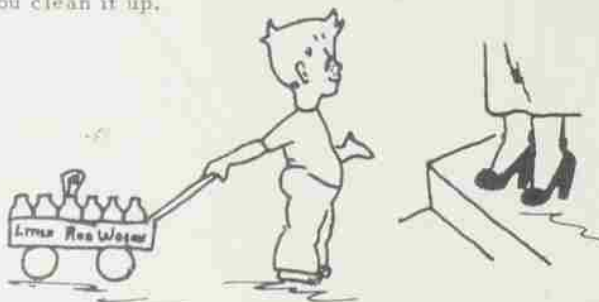
HOW TO PLAY MILKMAN

To play milkman, you need only two things, a delivery truck and some milk. Your own little red wagon will do for the truck, and the milk your mother has in the refrigerator is just the thing for the milk.

This game is very easy to play and is lots of fun. First, you take all the quarts of milk out of the refrigerator without asking your mother, because she might not let you do it. Then you take them outside and put them in your wagon. Now, if there are any neighbors who are used to having you come in and out of the house without knocking, go there and take their milk too.

When you have the milk in the wagon, you are ready to start playing milkman. If you know of anywhere that you can get some kind of a white cap to wear, this makes it more fun. Now pull your wagon down the street and around the corner where you haven't acquired any kind of a reputation so you can start delivering milk to the houses.

Always carry two bottles at a time and clink them together. This not only makes you sound more like a real milkman, but sometimes makes the bottles clink so hard that they break in the driveway. Then there is a large white mess with broken glass in the middle. If this happens, hide in the bushes and watch someone come out of the house and clean it up. Be sure not to get caught, because they might make you clean it up.



COLLECTING:

After you have finished this, it is more like real milkmen to go from house to house and collect for the milk you have delivered. To do this you will have to write bills, so get the pad your mother has by the telephone while she is not looking. Remember that she may be hunting for you now, because her milk has disappeared and because Mrs. Jones down the street saw what you were doing and called her up about it.

After you get the pad you will have to write some bills. If you can't write, make some scribbles on pieces of paper anyway. Then take these bills to the houses, and when the lady comes to the door, look very serious and tell her that you are the milkman and are collecting. Ask her for some denomination of money that you are familiar with like a nickel or a dime. If you know the word dollar, spring this on her. Sometimes people will think you are cute and give you some money, or maybe cookies and candy.

GOING HOME:

When you get home, your mother may be upset, so be very careful what you do. Use either the "I'm a good boy" routine with her or the "I'm sorry, mommy" technique, complete with sobbing, depending on which one she usually falls for. It is some-

FOR THE KIDDIES! WEEKLY PUZZLE PICTURE

"VISION OF LOVELINESS"

"BARELY A VISION"



Today's Problem:

Find the Willamette girl

This little gem of a problem will be a cinch for most of you kiddies, because we are going to give you credit for either one of two answers. Last week's problem, "Find the Empire State Building," was worked the same way, and most of you smart little devils got that right, too, even though all the pictures were taken in Peoria.

Now let's get down to work on today's little brain twister. Observe the beautiful creature at the left. Is this a Willamette girl? You clever little rascals, I'll bet you know already, but just for fun, run around a bit outside and see whether Willamette girls really do look like this. Right all along, weren't you, you little maniacs!

Just for fun, let's look at the other two now. Are Willamette girls like either one of these? Hahaha, You little beavers, you've got your answers already, haven't you?

Write them down and send in with your name and house. Be sure to get the correct answer, because we don't have time to read your letters, and don't you worry about who's winning the lousy contest.

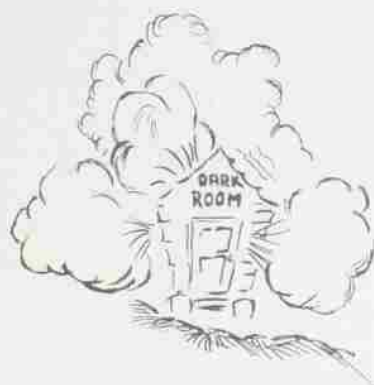
times a good idea to practice these routines in the garage before going in the house. If your mother is still mad, you will probably get sent to bed without any supper, so be sure to save one of the bottles of milk to drink up in your room and also the candy and cookies you got from the people where you collected.

This is the way to play milkman, and if it is done enthusiastically, it can be lots of fun. Next week we will explain "How to derail a streetcar," and the following week, "How to chop down a tree so that it will fall directly on the house next door."

PRESENTING: A Pictorial review of campus events of the year



At registration, new girls wait patiently in line



More red tape at registration



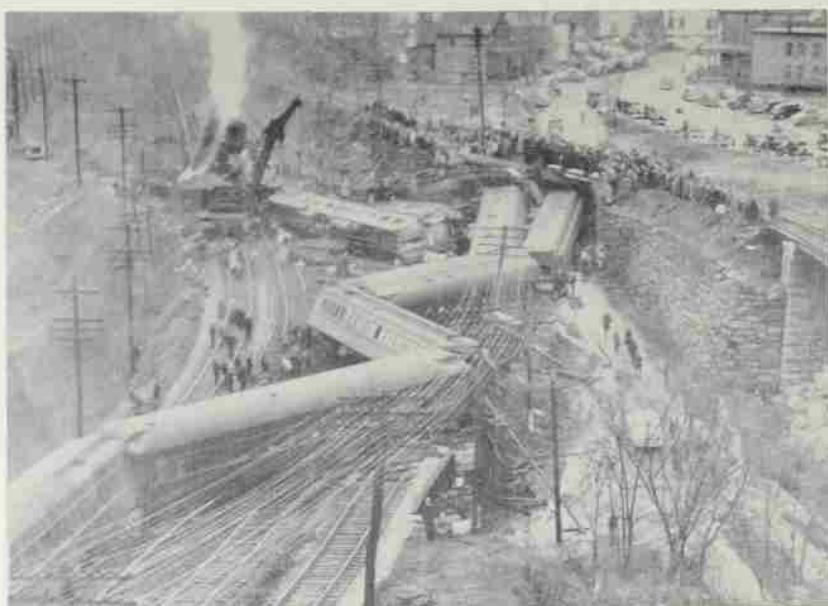
Director of Admissions, Paeth meets
new students arriving by Greyhound



Complete physical checkup of
all students at infirmary



Expanded curriculum forces hire of 3 new professors



Alumni arriving for Homecoming given enthusiastic welcome by students



Freshman leaf rake a big success, shows need for greater attention to lawns



FBI uncovers hidden wine cellar in basement of Phi Delt House



Prof ousted for Communist leanings takes well earned rest



Dean of Women states that closing hours are too liberal



Saddened Juniors file out of gym after Glee



Juniors show spirit by joining hands, hitting the mill stream together



Willamette opens new athletic field at Bush's pasture



Faculty members watch the field at new track



Waller Hall dynamited as May Weekend celebration hits new high



Just named Rotarian of the Month



Living groups outdo themselves, put on bigger and better firesides



Friday cleanup prepares Collegian office for another busy week



Sororities splurge, blow all years profits at single dance



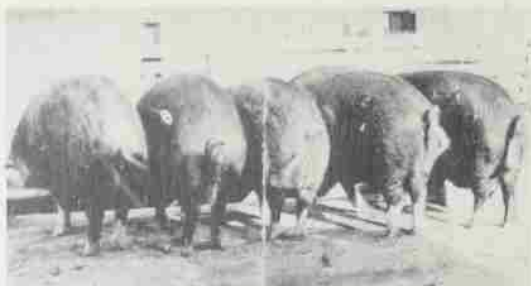
Dr. Haley joins Seniors on annual beach trip



Student objecting to treatment at infirmary demands release



Betas install equipment in new basement game room



At training table, ballplayers eat hearty meals



Busy student grabs quick lunch at Lausanne coffee shop



A quiet Friday afternoon at the Cat Tavern



Music student tries out for string quartet



Faculty parade easter clothes on Alumni Day

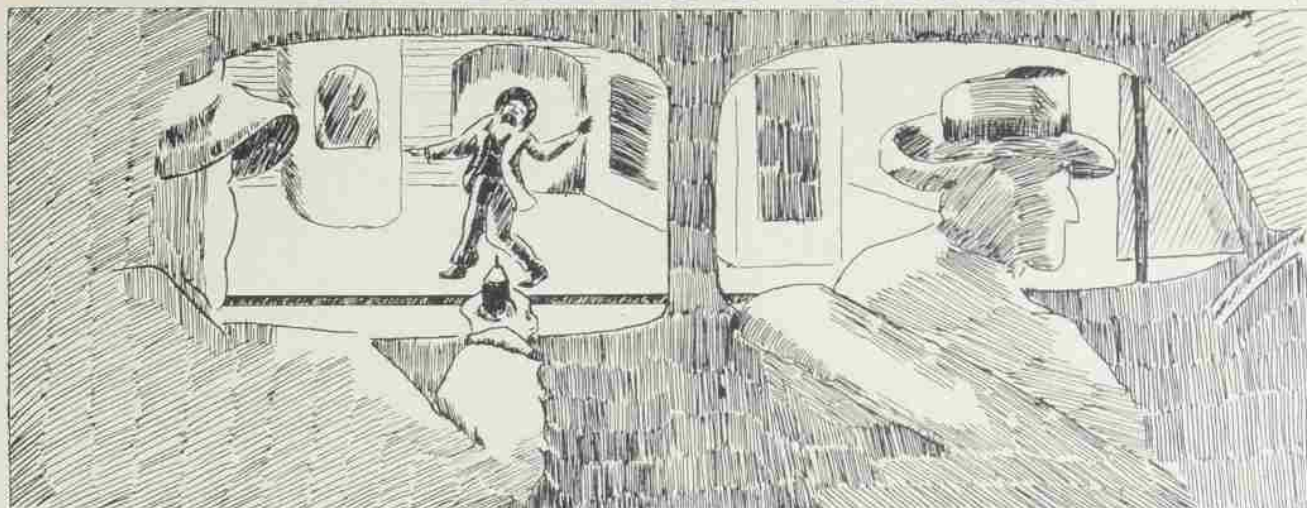


New psychology department course gets unprecedented turnout



Co-eds pose for Wallulah pictures

HARMLESS GAGS



Are you tired of existing for days without a single laugh? Do you lay awake nights, kicking yourself because you missed a chance to pull a gag? Probably not, but just in case, here are two scientifically worked out gags for you to add to the old repertoire.

Example (1)

Equipment involved: Two big, black cars, and 11 or 12 guys with long, dark overcoats.

Procedure: At 7 o'clock on a Friday evening, go to the largest theater in town and take a seat somewhere inside. It makes no difference whether or not you have seen the show, because you are not there for mere idle amusement. You should be wearing a brown suit, shallow-crown, snap-brim hat, and a yellow tie. When your eyes are adjusted to the light, take a look around to see if anyone else is wearing a brown suit and yellow tie. If someone is, you will know that they are planning the same gag that you are planning, so either wait till another time or make some arrangement with this other character.

When the show is over at 10:15, join the crowd leaving the theater, and stand out in front under the marquee. Endeavor to appear inconspicuous. At precisely 10:16, one of the large black cars should pull around the corner and slow down opposite the place where you are standing. The critical moment has arrived. From six automatics in the car spurt flame and smoke.

As the car leaves 6 feet of rubber getting away, scream in agony and pitch forward to the sidewalk, riddled with imaginary bullets. Women faint—the crowd gasps. Before they have time to think, the other car should skid to a stop in front of the theater. In a moment, 5 overcoated characters must whisk you off the pavement, into the car, and down the street, leaving rubber as before.

Your best plan now is to paint the cars some other color and lay low. If the murder headlines in the paper are less than 2 inches high, it's the paper's fault, not yours.

We might add that this gag has been pulled in one form or another several times in the past few years, and has resulted in a considerable number of minor prison sentences.

Example (2)

Here is a tremendous gag requiring little or no effort. It was pulled up at Whitman 2 years ago with sensational results.

Equipment: 1 telephone, 1 chair.

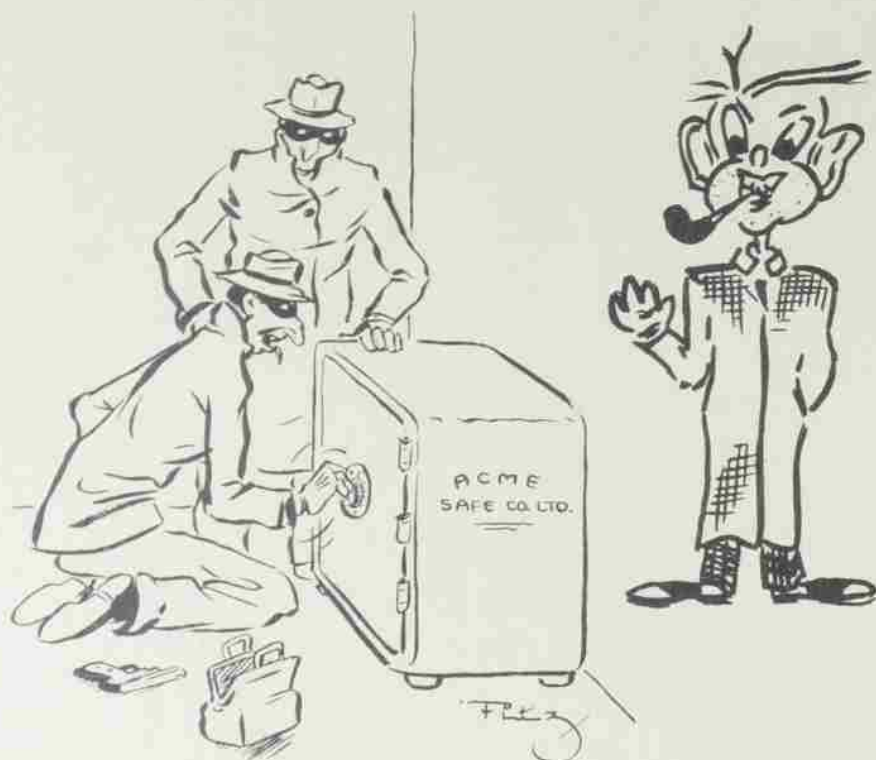
Procedure: Sit down on the chair. Now get up, move the chair over to the phone, and sit down again. (Just previously, one of the sororities has put on a "Hate Men" campaign, or something similar, complete with parades, old dresses, etc.) Dial their number and identify yourself as a Life photographer sent out to cover the story. Request that four of the girls be downtown in the lobby of the largest hotel at 4 P.M. to be photographed. Insist that they wear all the old clothes available.

Now call one of the town newspapers and explain that there are 4 girls in town who have just won a 4H club prize plus a free trip to Pittsburgh. Ask that a photographer be sent down to shoot them at the hotel around 4.

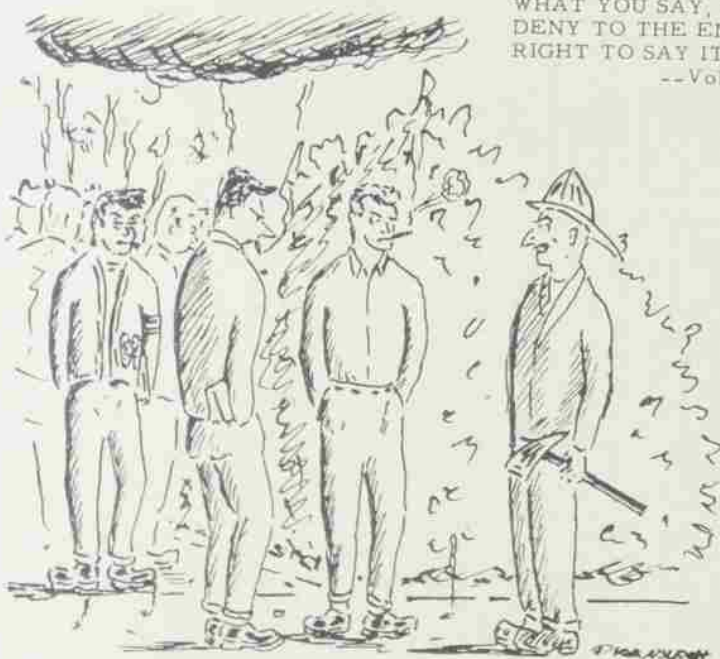
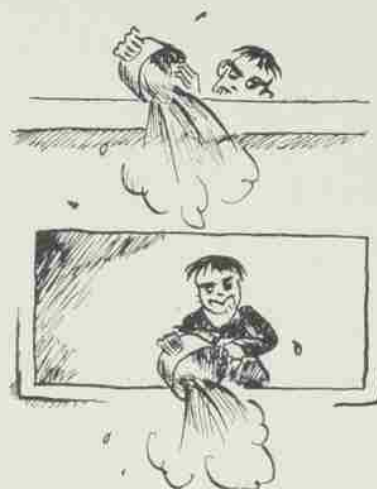
Next, phone the hotel and ask to speak to the man from out of town who just checked in that morning. They will read several names, one of which you must admit is the guy you are after. To him, explain that 4 girls in an Industrial Psychology class at the University are conducting a survey of out of town visitors, and request on their behalf that he meet them in the lobby at 4 o'clock for an interview.

Now you are really having fun. Dial the other newspaper and reveal that a noted sewage disposal expert from Seattle is in town for an investigation of local facilities. Urge them to send a reporter down to meet him at the hotel around 4. Also, suggest that they send a photographer, as the fellow is accompanied by his 4 daughters, the only quadruplets alive in Seattle.

The preliminaries are now complete. At 3:45 P.M., you will probably find yourself seated in the hotel lobby, with a wide smirk on your face, waiting.



--so my old man sez---'If you're gonna go to college,
you gotta get a part time job.'



Okay, wise guys. This is the third call we've had today

I AGREE HEARTILY WITH
WHAT YOU SAY, BUT WILL
DENY TO THE END YOUR
RIGHT TO SAY IT
-- Voltaire



A Day In Delivery

by Fred "No Doze" Dobbs

Once a week, every Friday, the paper must go through (the Collegian, that is), and as the representative of this office, I might very well have entitled this article "Life's Grueling Test."

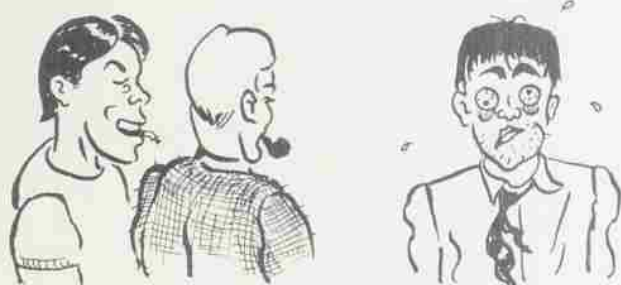
I am greeted on these mornings by the incessant clash of cymbals within my alarm clock at some very uncommon hour. By careful analyzation, I am able to find the switch and turn it off. This is followed by great perseverance on my part in removing the carcass (mine) from my castle, removing my nightshirt and cap, donning my fez, and taking care of the pecuniary items of awakening. My immediate realization of surroundings usually comes, when, from my open window, the warbling of a hot water pipe in a neighbor's house sifts its way through the gray of early morn, coupled with the rustle of a cat in a nearby garbage can, or the fluttering of a Lithuanian Jaybird seeking its mate. After garbing myself with a shawl, muffler, prince-nez, and a suggestion of a smile, I spend the next twenty minutes cranking the Maxwell, and then am off in a cloud of walnut leaves for the new horizon of the Statesman Printing Office.

After haggling with the pressmen about delays and my not being able to read the paper, I wend my solitary way through the silent streets toward the Alpha Chi House. Just for laughs, when I first began this humble service, I took great pleasure in ringing the doorbell to bid the fair ladies good morning and present them with their first editions. After several weeks of this, I concluded that each house employed a staff of Zombies for answering the door, but after being assured to the contrary, I decided that it would be just as well and less degenerating to merely place the bundle (of papers) on each porch.

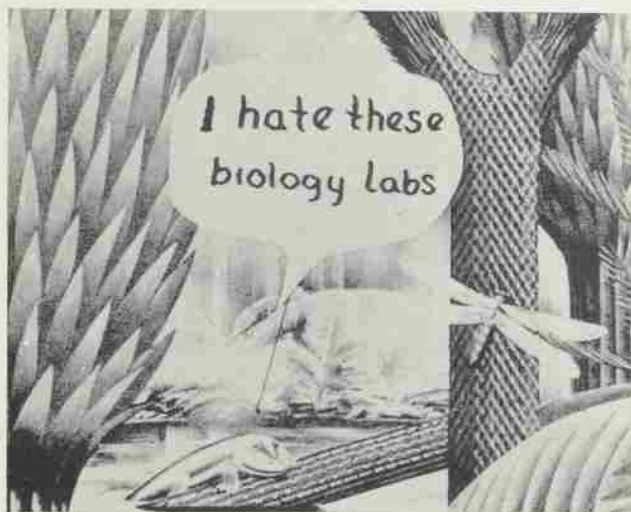
Then I wend my dusty way to Baxter, where I make the rounds on foot. Each house is equipped with a band of musty forms lurking on the davenport or slumped over a paper and a cup of coffee in the dining room, but I've concluded that they are harmless. Until I was recognized as a fellow student of Willamette, Schneebles took great pleasure in assisting my task of further wakefulness by a polite tearing of my posterior coverings, but then, this was all in fun. Toni, on the (continued on page 24)



--so when I get to the question which says, 'Are you in favor of the New Deal?'-- I write 'Yes.'



"Sure can tell a law student since Bill 380 failed" --



Behind the scenes with the Puritan



A Puritan observes that crowded housing conditions are forcing students into makeshift dwellings



giant presses belch forth copy after copy of the first edition



Literary contributions are entirely voluntary and absolutely original



Old Office



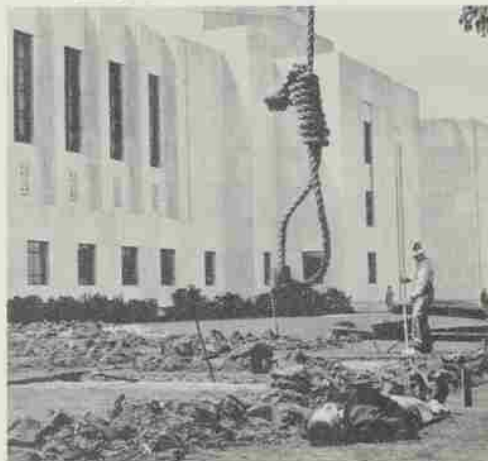
New Office

Wide expansion of facilities necessitated increase in office space



The camera catches our editor hard at work

Local Short



After long session, exhausted senators are disposed of

An old man was employed as a janitor by a British museum. His job consisted of cleaning a flight of stairs and polishing a large brass cannon. For thirty years, he faithfully pursued his duties.

One day, he appeared at a meeting of the board of directors, and announced his intention of leaving their employ.

"Don't you like the work?" they asked.

"I like it very well," the old codger replied.

"Aren't you receiving enough money? Perhaps we might consider raising your wages."

"No," said the old man. "My pay is fine."

"Then why do you wish to quit?"

"It's this way," explained the old gent. "For thirty long years I've been saving every penny I possibly could. Now I have enough money to buy a flight of stairs and a cannon of my own."

A noted Hollywood actor was making a guest appearance at the opening of a new theater in Portland. "Had a fine trip up here," he said. "We took off from the airport at 5:01 and were back at the airport at 5:02. We took off again at 5:03 and were back again at 5:04. We took off again at 5:05 and were back at 5:06."

"What was wrong?" shouted a man in the first row.

"The pilot had his suspenders caught in the hanger door."

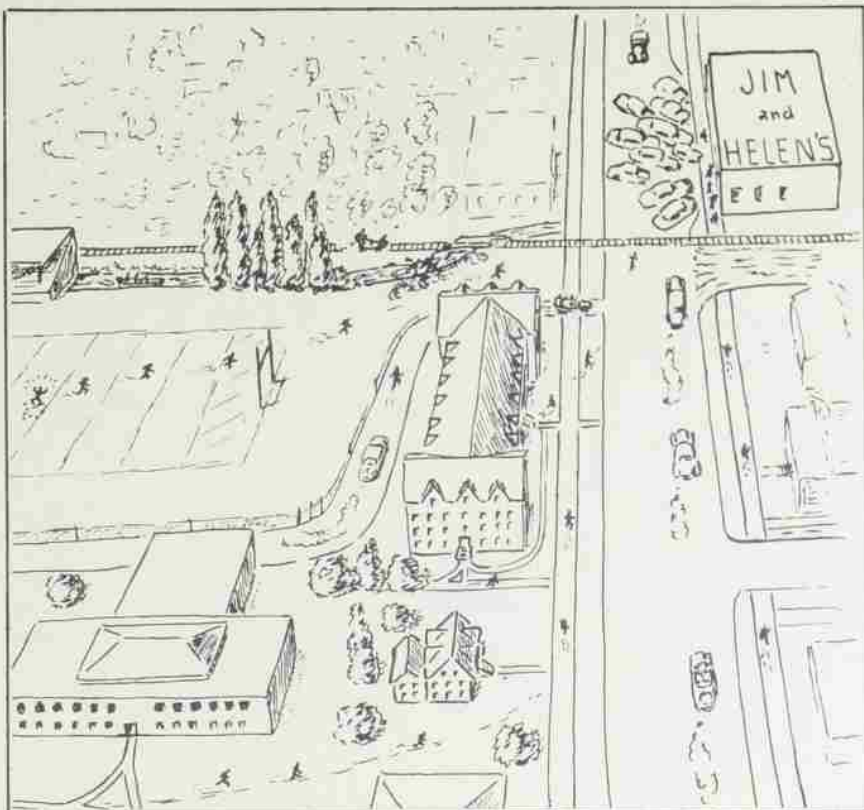
JASON'S BASIN

(continued from page 11)

called the "Wall Street Journal". Far as I could tell, it couldn't hold a candle to the "Manifesto", but they seemed to think it was the most comical thing in the world. Maybe I just didn't have the capacity to appreciate those things.

Well, as I mentioned before, it does my heart good to see the kids getting a laugh or two. A couple of those gags on page 19 sounded a wee bit similar to a few I heard down in Las Vegas back in 1827, but that may be a slip in my memory, seeing how busy I was getting a divorce at the time.

Hope the boys keep up the good work, just like Karl did. Wish I could recall what happened to him after graduation. Got another government job somewhere, more than likely.



SOME THINGS
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or a Cushman Scooter

to get

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JOE HAS WISED
UP SINCE HE
STARTED LOOKING
INSIDE THE BOOKS



HELPFUL BRIDGE HINTS

by Sam Gudersplatz



Sam

♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6
♠ A K Q J 10
♦ A K Q

♥ A K Q J N ♥ A K Q
♠ 1 7 S W ♠ A K Q J 10
♦ 6 9 E

♥ J 7 3
♠ J 7 3
♦ J 7 3

North: pass, pass
West: 1 spade, pass
East: 2 spades, pass
South: 3 spades, 7 spades

Here we have an unusual hand requiring good horse sense bidding. *North and East wisely pass, not having a thing between them, leaving it up to South for seven spades. His partner's bid of a spade assures South of at least three tricks in clubs, cinching the slam. Note that no one has any spades. This prevents a possible bad split in trump and assures South of four good diamonds if he keeps the lead in his hand.

Since North has 17 cards, the play is most difficult and forces East to withdraw after West lays down. South is forced to play the king of hearts twice in order to finish the hand, and after sizing up the situation should go over to the drug store and get another stack of bicycles.

*Send for Sam Gudersplatz's book on horse sense bidding. If you can think of some good use for him, send for Sam Gudersplatz.

Ace: Haven't shaved you before?
Ambrose: No, I got those scars on Iwo Jima.



Sundaes



Mile Hi Cones

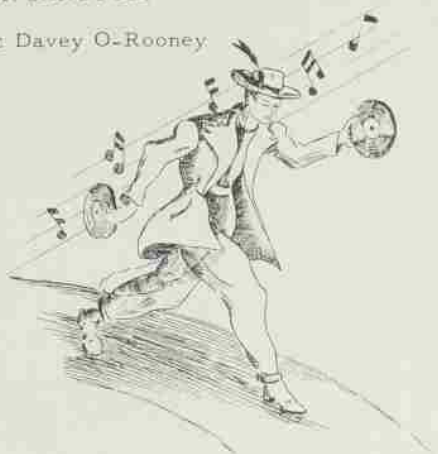
DAIRY QUEEN

S. Commercial
at Liberty Jct.



SPINNER SANCTUM

BY Disc Davey O-Rooney



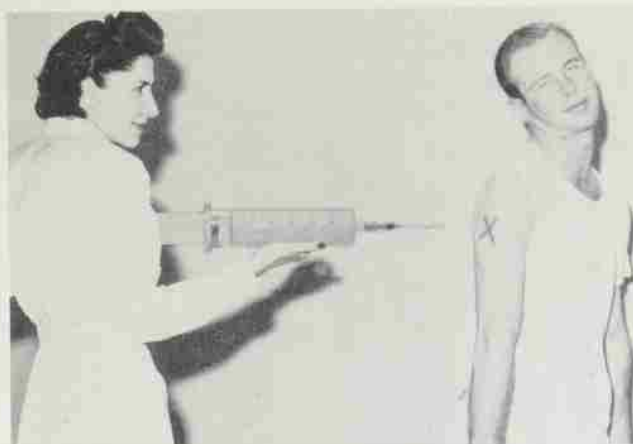
Vouto! Cats! Shift your gears and hurry on down to the nearest plate parlor. You'll be nothing but gassed at the mellow sides laying around just waitin' to get taken. Why, man, they'll fly all the way around.

For firsties, dig that li'l thing by the Saliva Sisters entitled simply "Oyster Blues." In the beginning, rippling trams slip and slide with an exciting background of sticks and brushes wielded by Hestor and Nestor, two wayfaring Siamese twins from Decatur, Illinois. The sisters, also from Decatur, follow the thing out, vocalizing their obligattos, umbriagos and anything else that comes their way.

Don't leave before you feast your eyeballs on "How Do Ya Lassie?" an Irish ditty cleanly done by Hymie Shapiro and his four Cheeks. Hymie feels this thing all the way through. It's clean, decently balanced, and easy. The lone alto ride in the middle doesn't quite live, but lays there and pants enough to give the thing a lift.

You won't go wrong if you take "Joy-sticks at Midnight," cut by Mary Juana and her all-star queens. For slightly muted women, the brass jumps like mad. Unison sax work shows the girls off to advantage, too. The chick who arranged this opus must have had a tremendous soul, the way the whole thing has a kick to it.

Finale honors go to a fast moving number labeled "Lock Jaw Riff," done by Obadiah Jones in a bop medium, with accompaniment. "Obe" gives a workman-like rendition in strictly scat form with such pussy-willow texture in his voice it's clear to see the kid is shot in the ear lobes with spring-time.



Drag your poor, abused carcass over to the infirmary for a hasty checkup and sure-fire treatment. We'll spot your difficulties right away and probably find several more you didn't know you had. Our layout features the latest equipment money can buy, hypo-needles with new, super air-hammer action, electric blankets that will fry eggs in two minutes, handy bolt-on-urself splints, and many other litty healing devices, not to mention a few they paid us to carry away. Don't rely on drug store remedies when you can rely on us. Feel those clean white sheets as you snuggle down for a well-earned rest. (You'd better; they stay there as long as you do.) Enjoy king-size meals the first day and the usual junk after that. Sign now before your pal beats you to it.

He: You're thinner.

She: Yes, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs.

He: Gee, thanks!

Golfer: Caddy, why are you consistently looking at your watch?

Caddy: Whudaya mean watch? This is a compass.

--Widow

Prosecutor: Now tell the jury the truth, please! Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?

Defendant: I didn't want to wake the children.

--Scottie

Old Lady (to little boy being sassy to elders): If you keep that up, you'll never get to be President.

Little Boy: That's all right, lady. I'm a Republican.

--Record

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The Bobsy Twins



Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? See below)

A Toni wave is guaranteed to last for months! A Toni wave lasts till your hair grows out and is trimmed off. What's more, a Toni is guaranteed to look every bit as lovely as the most expensive beauty salon permanent — or your money back!

A Toni wave is softer, easier to manage! Because the famous Toni Waving Lotion isn't harsh like hurry-up salon type solutions. Toni is a creme cold wave made definitely milder and gentler. That's why it leaves your hair in such wonderful condition — so shiny, soft and natural-looking!



---Bob Gatke, on the right, has the Toni. This comes from his being a Sigma Chi. He says: "I've never liked a permanent so much before. My Toni curls feel so soft and natural."

The wave that gives that natural look ... Toni

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The Puritan was lithographed by YOUR TOWN, Lithographers and Engravers, from copy prepared by the staff of the magazine. Body copy was composed on an electric typewriter and type set and proofs pulled by members of the staff. For further information on this "Do it yourself" method visit YOUR TOWN at their new location at 464 Ferry Street. Telephone: 3-7835.

(continued from page 19)

other hand, is usually making her rounds on squirrel patrol, so we share the burden of the early hour, slogging through the wet grass together, I with my papers slung under my arm and she with grass clinging to her whiskers. We part company at the Independent dorm, where she pays her due respect to the Phi Delta monster.

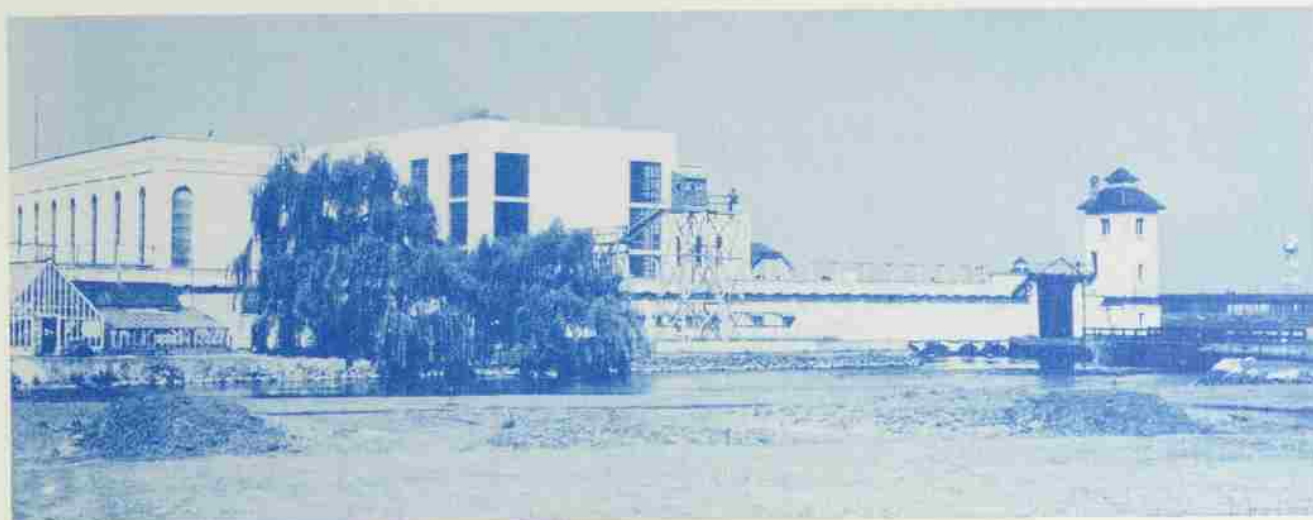
In this portion of Baxter, I am reminded that others arise at this clammy hour, too. In close succession, four or five alarm clocks can be heard releasing their pent-up energy, while from the kitchen wafts the lingering odor of mass production toast. Then I sojourn to the tomb on the north-west corner of the campus, where my feet resound on the concrete of the mausoleum's floor. Now to the library, with its darkened interior and selection of different journals stacked unceremoniously on the porch, where I add my contribution. After returning to my Maxwell and driving around the campus to the car entrance on the west end, I have my usual argument with the gate keeper, who, no matter how many Fridays I enter therein, still stops me to question my destination and ask how long I'll be on the campus with my car. The monotony of this encounter knows no bounds, but then, it is a reminder that I don't travel unnoticed nor without a certain amount of concern.

The first draft of coffee is being prepared as I make my final stop at the Cat Cavern. "You're kind of late today" is usually the cheerful observation, as I note the inexcusable hour of 7:20 A.M.

My test of martyrdom complete, I return to my retreat and gather the remnants of the past night's study, thus to once again face the release of energy in classes with my usual expression of suppressed glee.

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Another one of the principal contributions to our success is the system of protection we employ. How consoling it is to retire at night and watch the tiny stars through the tiny windows, knowing that one is protected, maybe even two! Yes, friends, once under our friendly wing you need have no fear of police, bill collectors, or Dean Witkey. Whenever an intruder seeks entrance, our high geared alarm system swings into action. Police calls, phone calls, and curtain calls are sent out, due to lack of storage space. In a matter of time the culprit is captured, and placed in custody at a nearby institution located at 32nd and State streets. All of us are again safe, except for the First National Bank safe, which is closed at night.

If you are interested in joining our jolly crew, remember that our most effective criterion for judgement in the past has been based on the amount of space a customer receives in the newspapers. (Los Angeles papers not accepted) Get those headlines, and we will get you. Remember our motto, "Do unto others."

Write for information to Warden G.H. Smith, Willamette University



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