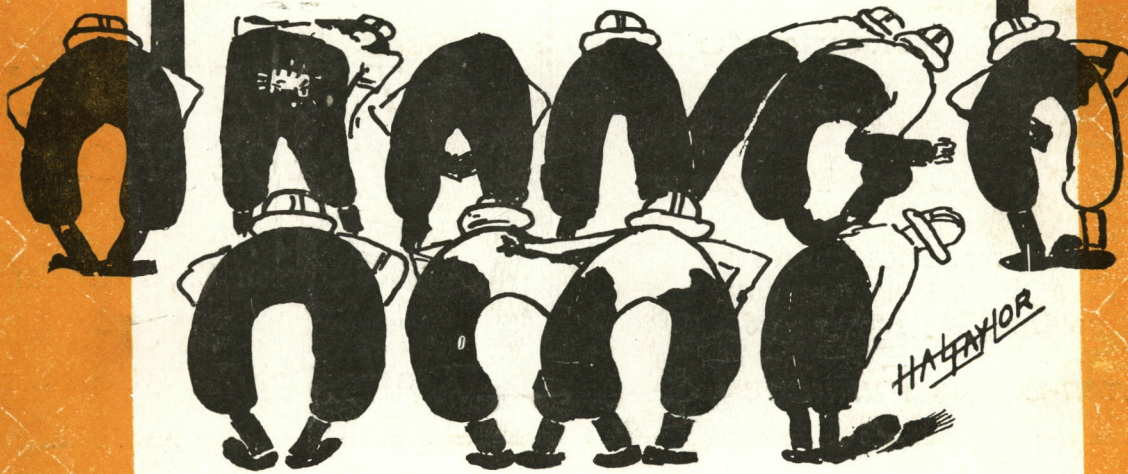




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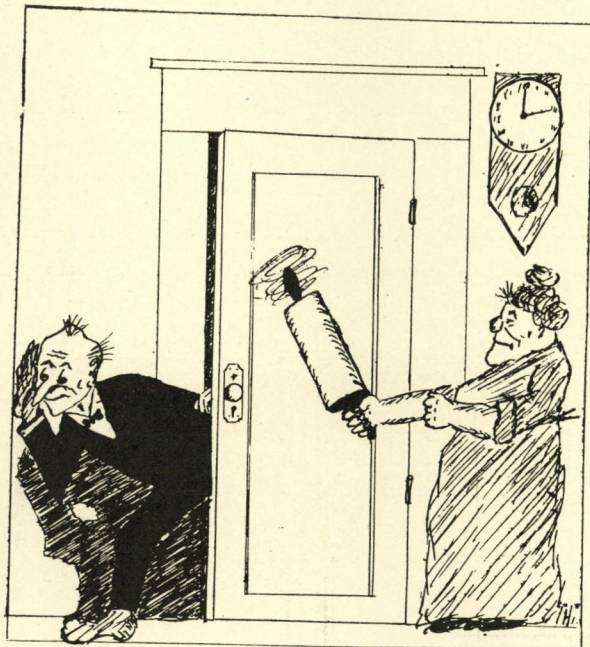
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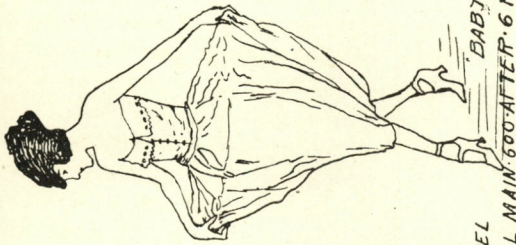
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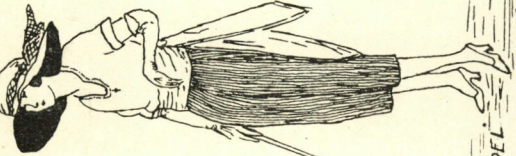
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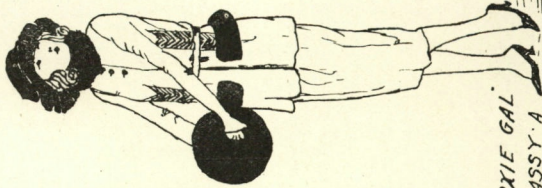
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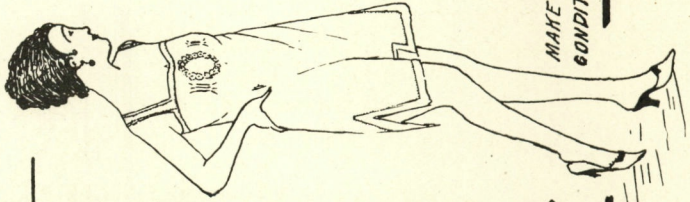
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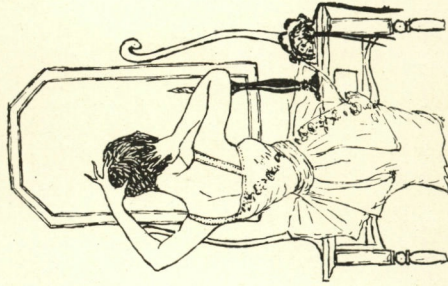
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1936-37



# ORANGE OWL



## OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

### RURAL ROMANCE

We stood at the gate as the sun went down  
Behind the hill at the close of day;  
Her look was pensive; her eyes were brown,  
Her breath was sweet as the new mown hay.

From out of the West the last sunshine  
Fell lightly on her golden hair;  
Her tender eyes looked straight in mine,  
And a look of perfect trust was there.

I see her enclosed in the sunlight flood,  
I see her peacefully standing now;  
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,  
As I rubbed her ears; that Jersey cow.

—o—  
Here's to that cute little rookess who  
vamps the all-unsuspecting lad and takes  
him into one of those nice little booths at  
the Eureka and orders a square meal, and  
then sees a couple of her sister rookesses  
and calls them over so that they can order  
a couple more square meals, and then has  
the brass to smile up into his manly eyes  
and say, "Isn't it terrible to be a green rook-  
ess?" Bless her little heart.

—o—  
Hats off to the social lion! He is in our  
very midst. The brave fellow can enter a  
sorority house, single-handed, unarmed, un-  
announced, and sit down to a meal with 25  
girls, and not spill his soup.

AND A DELUGE WAS UPON THE EARTH  
This depreciation of Ye good old Webfoot  
Weather was snatched from the flood by the  
Owl as he winged his eery way over the  
wilderness of water that was the campus:

"The rain is raining, the wind is winding,  
the gutter is guttering, and still it rains! The  
neighbors are building an Ark. It's very  
close to 40 days and 40 nights and I feel  
goofier every drop that spatters on my head  
and rolls down my back. B. V. D.'s are being  
made of rubber blotters. It does no good!  
I try greasing my skin and it soaks through  
my skull. Water polo is a great game these  
days and the football fields have boom logs  
to hold the sawdust on. Clever plays are  
pulled off by our most clever divers. They  
dive through the sawdust and come up near  
the goal posts. The drowned are identified  
only by the numbers on their backs. Mis-  
takes are made only when the under-water  
compasses get affected by the "iron men"  
in the grandstands. Very often players come  
up off side. Tackling is snappy. Pulmotors  
are used if their heads are held under very  
long."

### —o— TOO TRUE

Returning Grad—Where is the Co-op?  
Under Grad—Over there behind that  
cloud. Watch your step or you will stumble  
on the pile of cigarette butts.

5-22-24  
JAC





Bill's my room-mate,  
 Bill's a brick.  
 Bill plays blues  
 On a hockey stock.  
 Bill plays fooball;  
 Bill takes gym;  
 Bill can pole-vault,  
 Run and swim.  
 Bill knocks pugilists  
 Off their feet  
 And—I'm a parlor  
 Ath—e—lete.



### CLASS COLLECTOR'S CHANT

How dear to my heart  
 I\$ the ca\$h of \$ub\$cription  
 When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber  
 Pre\$ent\$ it to view.

But the one who won't pay  
 I refrain from de\$cribing  
 For oh, my dear reader,  
 That one might be you.

—o—

Phool—If all the girls should suddenly  
 leave the school, what would naturally  
 follow?

Bull—Most of us.

—o—

One thing we can never understand is why  
 a woman looks straight into the mirror to  
 adjust her belt at the back.

—o—

The really up-to-date co-ed gauges the  
 kind of time she had at a dance by how long  
 her hair net lasted.

—o—

Sharky says he had a "ripping" time at  
 the picnic where he partly uncovered him-  
 self.

—o—

"Help, Ikey, I'm drowning!!!"

"Say, Isadore, if you don't come up, kin  
 I have the boat?"

—o—

An optimist is a rook who sings, "How  
 dry I am."

—o—

"Cold, dear?"

"'Bout to freeze."

"Want m' coat, dear?"

"No, just the sleeves."

—o—

"I asked her if I could see her home."

"What did she say?"

"Told me sure. Come up and see it any  
 old time."

—o—

If only men could read women's thoughts,  
 they would take more risks than they do.  
 (From dairy of Soup and Nuts).



"What is the charge," asked the judge.  
 "Nuthin' at all," snickered the prisoner;  
 "this is on me."

—o—

You can't judge a woman by her telephone  
 voice. (Boy, page Waldo.)

—o—

You can't stay up with the Orange Owl  
 and expect to get up with the barnyard fowl.

—o—



**REVERSE—IN WALTZING**

Mr. Will I. Getchuyet—Your technic and  
 form in waltzing are so perfect, I could waltz  
 to heaven with you.

Miss Nevah Thinkit—But I don't care to  
 waltz to heaven with you.

Mr. Will—Let's reverse, then.

—o—

Early to bed and early to rise make you  
 healthy, wealthy and wise, but—you don't  
 meet many nice people.

—o—

Money is the root of all evil. Root, you  
 slicker, root!

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT SCREAM**

The soft pale beauty of the moon-beams  
 outlined their figures with a wierd, mystic  
 charm, like the soft-focus artistry of a  
 master photographer.

Slowly his arm stole around her perfect  
 "36" till it completely encompassed her. She  
 offered no resistance; rather, she melted into  
 his amorous embrace.

And there in the fragrant autumn night  
 their lips met and clung, in fond caress.  
 Fondly they engaged in that form of astron-  
 omical observation which no prosaic prof  
 could ever hope to teach. All was serene,  
 calm, blissful. Oh boy!!!

Suddenly she stirred and spoke:

"For Gawd's sake, kiddo, take them dogs  
 off my oxfords. Wha'd'ya think, a woiking  
 goil should stand on her feet all day in the  
 five-and-ten, and then let you stand on them  
 all night?"

—o—

**How Could She?**

Econ. Prof. (at first meeting of class)—  
 Do you know what economics is?

Frosh—Good gosh, no! I've only been  
 here ten minutes.

—o—

**Comes Natural**

V. C. (to rook on lawn)—Hey, rook! How  
 do you get that way?

Rook—Watching the upper classmen.

—o—

**Of Course**

Poe—Going to the library?

Roe—Yah.

Poe—To study?

Roe—Of course.

Poe—What?

Roe—Nothing.

—o—

Senior—Late to class as usual, huh?

Frosh—No, later than usual.

—o—

**How Could She Tell?**

He—Can I get a date for next Friday?

She—Here's a 'phone. Try.

—o—

**The Villain!**

House Mother—How do you know he was  
 following you?

Co-ed—Because he kept looking around to  
 see if I was coming.



"Do you think he loves her?"

"I know it. When they came back from the cemetery her hair was all mussed."

—o—

"What would you do if you saw a woman washed out to sea?"

"Throw her a cake of soap and wash her back."

—o—

"Why keep that school-girl complexion?" asked the senior as he brushed off his lapel.

—o—

#### MARKS WE ALL KNOW

Post——

——time

On your——

——Antony

Re——

Zero.

—o—

Powder—Isn't Dean Milam's new suit chic?

Puff—Why child! You mustn't use such fowl language.

—o—

Fashion is a skin-game in which everybody tries to outstrip everybody else.

—o—

Old lady (sniffing)—What's the odor I smell?

Farmer—That's fertilizer.

Old lady (astonished)—For the land's sake!

Farmer—Yes, ma'am.

—o—

Dit—My wife just worships me.

To—Yeh?

Dit—Yes, she places burnt offerings before me three times a day.

—o—

Gent—Is there any soup on the bill of fare?

Waiter—There was, sir, but I wiped it off.

—o—

Professor in English—Why, Milton would spend a whole week over a paragraph.

Student—That's nothing, a fellow in Salem is spending five years on one sentence.

#### THESE MODERN DRESSES

"Did you see a good deal of that young artist at her reception?"

"Yeah, I saw most of her."

—o—

Where there's a will there's a law suit.

—o—

If I could change this life of mine  
Or have one wish come true,  
I'd gladly turn into a belt  
So I could hang 'round you.

—o—



These might belong to a farmer  
Giving the soil a look,  
Or maybe a seasick tourist,  
But, no! It's a bent over Rook.

—o—

Customer—How much are Lucky Strikes?

Girl Clerk—Forty cents.

Customer—Pretty high.

Girl Clerk—Yes, everything is high here.

Customer—How much are Owl cigars?

Girl Clerk—Fifteen cents; they've gone up, too.

Customer—How much are Centennials?

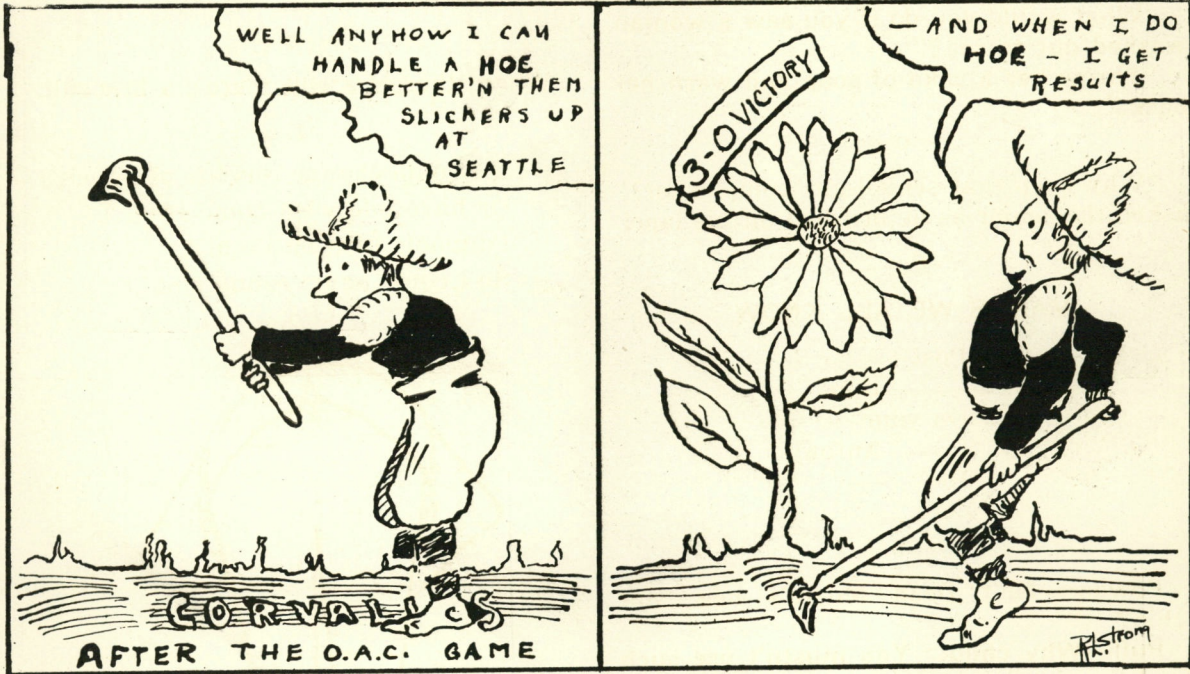
Girl Clerk—Ten cents. They're high, too.

Customer—What is that thing around your neck?

Girl Clerk—That's a necklace. What did you suppose?

Customer—I thot it was your garter, everything's so high.





Courtesy Sun Dodger

Revised Version After October 23

Mr. X.—I read about a chicken that lived twenty-one days without food or water.

Mr. Z.—Say, boy, I'd like to meet a chicken like that.

—o—

I can't read this paper; the writing is so bad.

Nonsense. Any fool can read it. Give it to me.

—o—

Professor—I've been running over these papers and—

Student (looking at the F on his)—He surely stepped on mine.

—o—

“Can anyone explain to me the best way to keep books?”

“Never lend 'em.”

—o—

**BETWEEN DANCES**

Leader—I'll bet there is no one here who has as much trouble as I do making ends meet.

Led—Oh, I don't know. How about that accordian player over there?

**EVOLUTION**

When first  
You came to college  
A sweet demure maid  
It was safe to date you  
On the last of the month

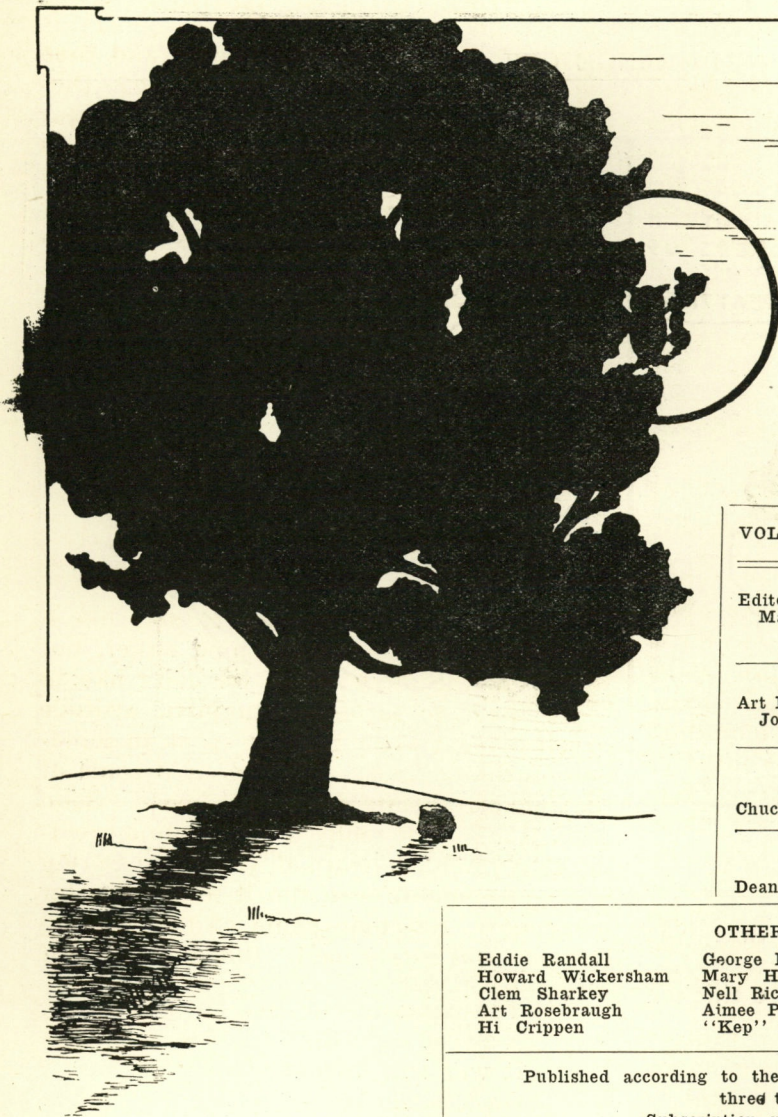
At home  
You were used to  
Plain sundaes  
Occasional dances and parties

But  
With the passing  
Of two short years  
You have learned fast

For now  
You figure  
All special dishes,  
Cut flowers and taxies  
As essentials

Golly girlie  
College has done a lot  
For you.





# ORANGE OWL

## EDITORIAL

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1920 NO. 1.

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 Manager—"Duke" Asst. Mgr.—"Fitz"  
 Flunky—"Bingo"

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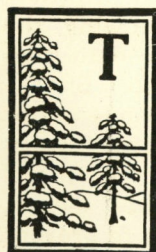
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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE ORANGE OWL,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.



THE OWL must seem rather a new bird to you old grads who view him for the first time. Regular innovation, isn't he? However, he is just the logical outcome of the development of the College these last few years, and he has his place in preserving and unifying our modern college spirit. We think we can do much to accomplish this end. You can't always return for Homecoming Week-end, but the Owl can keep you abreast of the times.



THE OWL bids the Oregon rooters welcome to the campus. That they go to Oregon may be forgiven on the grounds that all people do not see alike. That they hope and expect to "Smear Aggies" can also be forgiven, for what is a student body for, if not to support their team? But we believe that they are mistaken. Gone is the jinx that has for many moons caused the defeat of the Aggies, and the team is ready for battle. "You Can't Beat Oregon Fight" is a praiseworthy slogan but football is football, and not pugilism. The better team will win, fight or no fight. So, Oregon, you are welcome.



## ADVICE TO A ROOK

**B**BETTER not fritter away your time in the heyday of your college career, but skirmish around and gather some laurels. Many of those who are now at the head of the nation were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now they saw the air in the halls of Congress, and their names are plastered in the halls of fame.

They were not born great. Some of them weighed only six pounds at birth. But they have rustled. They have peeled off their coats and made Rome howl. You can do the same.

Above all things, live within your allowance. Exist temperately on \$20 a month and if necessary burn the midnight oil.

When you are older, get some true, noble-hearted co-ed to give you some advice. She will advise you. She can't help it, for a woman's long suit is advice. In later years you can marry her, and then she will advise with you some more. So will her mother, when she comes to live with you. You needn't be out of advice unless you want to. She will tell you all the mistakes you have made, and soon convince you what a goof you are. As she gets better acquainted with you she will become more candid, and perhaps emphasize her statements with a stove lid or a potato masher. You will feel the force of her argument.

We can't all be great men, draw princely salaries, and lounge around on beds of roses, so hustle, young man, hustle all the time.

**T**HE OWL senses the fact that the institution is facing a terrible crisis! The librarian and her staff have been unable to cope with the enormous crowds which have of late become a daily occurrence. Carpenters are reported as being rushed to the scene of the jam, to reinforce the floors. The housemothers of the sororities are forming the girls in squads, and are marching them home in lockstep time, trying to minimize the danger of crushing by the husky males.

## "DAD" BUTLER, TRAINER

**D**ID you ever get lonesome and then find that you had a real friend? Didn't the lonesome feeling disappear immediately? Well, O. A. C. has a friend whom we consider one of our very best. And why shouldn't we? "Dad" Butler is rendering us a service that is well nigh indispensable, by conditioning our athletes so that the games are not marred by serious injuries to the men who fight for Beaver victories. "Dad," count the Owl among your friends, along with the other three thousand loyal Beavers!

—o—

**T**HE OWL doesn't like to play like a "Hello" talking machine either, but on the other hand, we don't like to have to assume a pugilistic attitude in self defense every time we speak to someone on the campus. It seems as if some of the rooks translate "Hello" to mean "Bend over, Rook," but really it is the same greeting that you have heard all your life. Spring will come again, even tho it may seem far away now, and then some of the walking icebergs will surely melt. But why wait for Spring?

—o—

**A**ND now comes the announcement from Whitman that "cootie cages" worn by the co-eds at that institution, are taboo. The day following the decree every feminine ear in the institution appeared on the campus—exposed. Shocking! But O. A. C. might go them one better and rule that every "soup-strainer" worn by a senior should be removed a la soap and razor. In this day of freedom of speech, nothing should be worn by co-eds to prevent them from hearing all they want to, nor by upperclassmen to hinder their speaking.



## 'TIS BUT AN IDLE DREAM

Give us a co-ed  
 Who, when we bring her home from the  
 movies,  
 Instead of saying:  
 "Goodnight, I've had a very nice time,"  
 Just as every co-ed does,  
 And always has done,—  
 Give us a co-ed, say I,  
 Who will bounce up and  
 Bite her initials on your chin.

—o—



Helen—Is Andy the fastest man on the team?

Helene—I should say he is! He took me out ONCE and I'll never go again!

—o—

## MEMOIRS TO A LEAD PENCIL

I know not where thou art.  
 I only know  
 That thou wert on my desk,  
 Peaceful and contented,  
 A moment back.  
 And as I turned my head  
 To light a pill,  
 Some heartless wretch  
 Went south with thee.  
 I know not who he was,  
 Nor shall investigate.  
 Perchance  
 It may have been  
 The guy I stole thee from.

## NOT A MATTER OF COURSE

Annie—That agriculture student tried to kiss me. He said he had never kissed a girl before.

Fannie—What did you say?

Annie—I told him I was no agricultural experiment station.

—o—

## A NATURE LOVER

I love to walk through grassy fields,  
 Where crumbling walks with moss  
 o'ergrown  
 Border the flower-decked meadows round,  
 —But not alone.

I love to sail a frail canoe  
 And peer to watery depths unknown  
 Or gaze into terrestrial blue,  
 —But not alone.

I love to sit beneath the stars,  
 Shining as they have always shown,  
 And soulfully regard the moon,  
 —But not alone.

—o—

Rookess—"Laura-a-, telephone call!"  
 Laura (making a wild dash for her powder puff)—Just a minute, dear.

—o—

I know a lot more but I don't dare tell it!

—o—

## ANOTHER SOUP YODLER

Frat man—Professor Smackem Loudly ate dinner at our house last night.  
 Next door neighbor—So I heard.

—o—

Rough—Going to see the football game?  
 Tough—No, I'm fussing to it.

—o—

My Josephine  
 My kerosene  
 My bandoline  
 My gasoline  
 My benzine  
 My vaseline  
 —O, Annaline!



**EVOLUTION OF THE HONOR SYSTEM**

It started thus—

....Professor—This exam will be conducted strictly according to the honor system. Take seats three apart and in alternate rows.

—Sun Dodger.

It is developing into this—

Speaking of honor systems—why not?



“We hereby swear that we know our lesson, and therefore there is no need to recite.”

—Frivol.

It may come to this—

<p>Blank to be filled out by students desiring exemption from classes and examinations.</p> <p>I, ....., do hereby swear that I will make a grade of..... in ....., for the semester ending (Name of course)</p> <p>.....</p>
---

—o—

“You’re flunked,” said the dean  
 With a look so benign.  
 “Oh, no!” said the rook,  
 “I hereby resign.”

—o—

**SONG**

You’re a Better Man Than I Am, Owen Moore.

—By Doug Fairbanks.

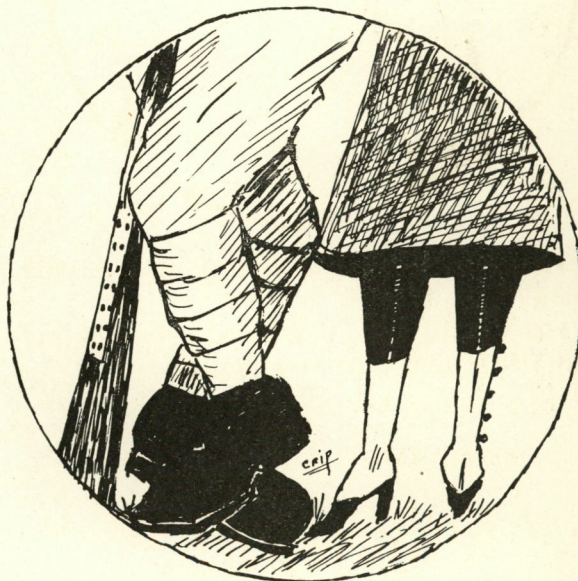
—o—

“That girl says you have taffy hair.”  
 “Well, she’ll never get a chance to pull it.”

**I DON’T LIKE HER—BUT THEN—**

Bill’s new girl’s name is Minnie,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl is mighty skinny,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl has dark complexion,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl sure likes confection,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl knows French and Latin,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl wears silk and satin,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl is very pretty,  
 She is known in every frat.  
 She’s as bright as new confetti,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 Bill’s girl is always busy,  
 And I don’t like her for that.  
 But if I could beat Bill to a date,  
 I’d step her out for a’ that.

—o—



—o—

Fair Sex—How are your grades, Harold?  
 Pat Stock—For the past two years they were all over C’s.

—o—

Professor, to student at blackboard—Say, young man, you’re drawing too close to that young lady’s figure.



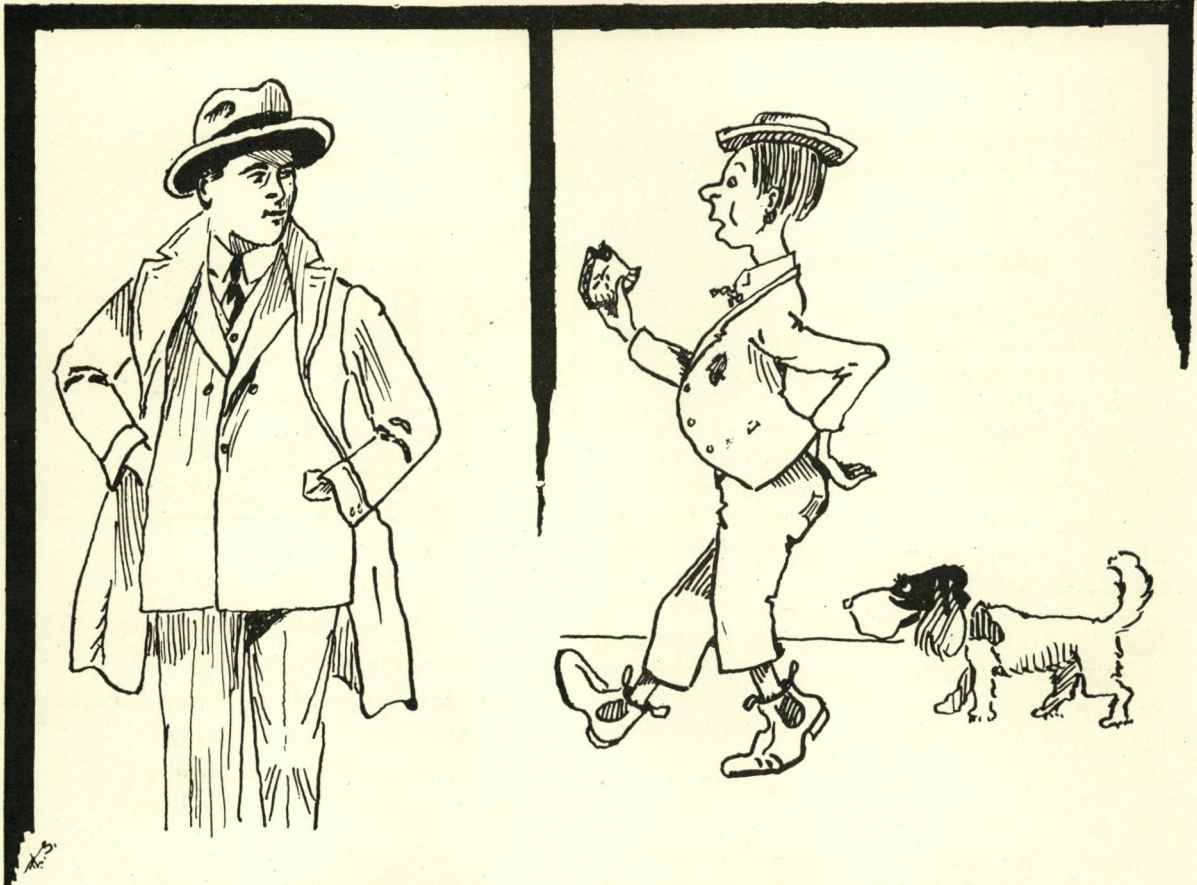
## LETTER FROM AN OLD TIMER TO THE PRESENT CROP OF BROTHERS

Ikeville—on the Sands.

Dear Brothers:

I. Gotalotta Class is the best fellow in the town. Comes of a fine family and you can't afford to miss him.      Fraternally,

A. Oltimer, 'umpty eight.



This Is What Was Expected

—o—

Our eyes are dim  
For our dear Clem;  
He climbed a barbed  
Wire fence—Amen.

—o—

Prof. (filling out State Aid Absence Report)—You were absent two periods this month. You will have to be docked six hours.

Ex buck—My old captain had nothing on you.

This Is What Came

—o—

“Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven anymore?”

“For vy?”

“Cause business has gone to hell.”

—o—

It's a wise son who knoweth his mother in a bathing suit!

—o—

On the front porch—You look cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you?  
Oh, no, don't take it off.



Rook—Don't you think this college town an expensive place to live in?

Soph—Yes, even the soda water is charged.

—o—

“According to your taste, which is the best building on the campus?”

“The Eureka.”

—o—

First Stude—Do you know my friend Clinton Cluck?

Second ditto—Yeh, I used to sleep with him.

First stude—Room mates?

Second ditto—No, classmates.

—o—

### CAMPUS CELEBRITIES

I. Makem Bendover, the ponderous V. C. man, who has worn trails across every lawn on the campus in his efforts to keep the rooks off the grass.

Big N. Meaty, the athlete, who helps win games by taking up so much room on the football field that nobody can get by.

Pythias Plunk, who holds the interfraternity one-saucer rice-pudding record in four spoonfuls flat.

Ophelia Playful, who received mention in the “We Have Observed” column for staying out till after taps one night in her freshman year, and who now has requests for dates enough to fill every evening till the middle of next July.

—o—

Goof—(stepping on her toes) Pardon me—but you know I'm a kind of a toe dancer.

Spoof—Yes, I notice you seem to put your whole sole in it.

—o—

She—What did your dad say when you told him you flunked out at college.

He—Shall I leave out the swear words?

She—Yes, of course.

He—Well, then, he didn't say much of anything.

—o—

Suggestions to speed demons who do not desire to stop to eat when on a trip:

Take a string of weinies—they can be eaten without stopping.

Fond mother, to rook offspring—And so, Reginald, you went out for the football team. What position did the coach say you played best?

Rook—Drawback, mother.



### WHY SUFFER?

Every man of my knowledge  
 Attending this college  
 Stepped out with his lady tonight;  
 And here I sit smoking;  
 With envy I'm choking;  
 My life is so void of delight.

Self consciousness gets me;  
 My heart just won't let me  
 Call up my ideal for a date.  
 I might pull a “boner”  
 Only four months I've known her,  
 She might say I'm two weeks too late.

So I tell all the follows  
 I'm not one bit jealous.  
 Wild tales of the “Bach Club” I tell.  
 The movies, I'm strong for;  
 The pool halls, I long for,  
 Yet—life without women is h—.



Pat (to fellow workman)—Hey, Mike, don't come down the ladder at the northeast corner. I took it away.

—o—  
Before Exams

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

After Exams

Lord God of Hosts was with us not,  
'Cause we forgot! 'Cause we forgot!

Snippy—You're positively rude! Where were you raised—in a barn?"

Snappy—No! I was raised in a cave. That's why I get homesick every time you yawn.

—o—  
A college fool and his father's money are soon parted.



A Young Artist's Conception of a Surveying Prof Taking a Back Sight

O. A. C. Stude (upon seeing Prof. Dunkelberger in a dress suit)—Where did you learn to wear that outfit?

Dunk—In college.

O. A. C. Stude—My, how undemocratic you must have been!

—o—  
First Co-ed (watching review of cadet officers)—There's Ben! Isn't he grand!

Second Same—Huh! Ralph was in the war.

—o—  
To the House Mother

She guards you from the wicked wiles  
Of college boys.

She tries her best to minimize  
All college joys.

She tries to put maturer thoughts  
Into your head.

The only time she leaves is when  
You're tucked in bed. Amen.

—Sun Dodger.

A Forecast

Every final  
Makes my spinal  
Cord give way from end to end.  
When I arrive at Question 5  
'Twill be a parabolic bend.

—Lampoon

—o—  
Customer—Is the proprietor in? I want to get some screen doors.

Clerk—He's in but he's out o' doors.

—Lampoon.

—o—  
Help! Help!

Wherenellar mishooze  
Anmiomade booze?

Anoze goalla miBVDze?

Iwentoutwitha bunch—  
Had somooch withapunch

And found miwaomeonmineeze.

—Pelican



Prof.—Jones, do you think you can handle the English language?

Rook—Sir, my knowledge of the English language has always been my greatest asset.

Prof.—Good; take this dictionary downstairs, then.

Penn. State Froth

—o—

Foreign Trade

Prof.—What are the exports of Virginia?

Stude—Tobacco and livestock, sir.

Prof.—Livestock? What kind of live stock?

Stude—Camels, sir.

—o—

A prominent surgeon has said, "I should like to put common-sense corsets on every woman in this country."

You little son-of-a-gun, you!!

—Punch Bowl.

—o—

Prof.—Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as to not wake the other classes.

—Record

—o—

? ? ?

Co-ed (home on a vacation)—Oh, father! Why didn't you tell me you had those benches painted. Frank and I sat on one and Frank got paint on his trousers.

—Pelican

—o—

The other day I went into  
A fortune-telling place  
A pretty girl she read my mind  
And then she slapped my face.

—Gargoyle.

—o—

Won—Our prof.'s sick in bed today. ....  
Too—Thasso? What's the complaint?  
Thru—No complaint; everybody's satisfied.

—Record.

—o—

A FOWL TOAST

Here's to the O. A. C. champion hen—  
May her son never set.

—o—

MORE THAN FORTY KINDS

OF TREES ON CAMPUS

—University Daily Kansan

Speaking of modesty, how about the bare limbs on the trees?

JAPANESE WOMEN LIKE AMERICANOES

Gazette-Times

Bless their little hearts!!

—o—

Camouflage, that latest science  
Wasn't new to Eve at all  
For she made Adam  
Wear green goggles  
When the leaves began to fall.

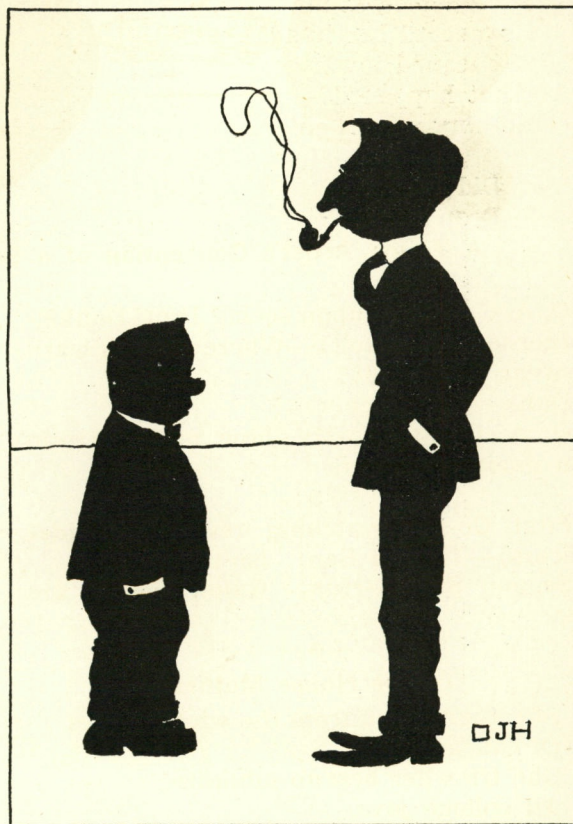
—o—

A girl there was  
And she wore her clothes  
So thin and so short  
That she almost froze.

But the price she paid  
For this Hooverism  
Was six months in bed  
With rheumatism.

—o—

In days gone by, very little was seen of the western women on the streets. But now, thank goodness, we see—most of them.



Peter—Do you think he is serious?

Pan—About as serious as a girl who snuggles into your arms and tells you not to kiss her.

—Chapparat.



## NOTHING REMARKABLE

I was at the library last night,  
 And as I started home  
 I met a co-ed—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 She smiled;  
 So did I—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 She spoke;  
 So did I—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 She paused;  
 We walked together—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 The moon was wonderful  
 We strolled across the campus—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 We came to a bench in the shadows  
 And sat down—  
 Nothing remarkable.  
 We gazed at that wonderful moon—  
 I glanced at her.  
 She glanced at me.  
 I squeezed her hand.  
 She leaned toward me.  
 What happened?—  
 Nothing remarkable.

—o—

Did'ja ever  
 Drop into tee  
 Over on P. T.  
 And see some  
 Ceylon hound  
 Showing the dames  
 How to do card tricks?

First he plants  
 The cards in a row  
 And then  
 Tells yuh to pick one  
 And then he shuffles  
 Them for half an hour  
 While you're waiting

For the damsel  
 To break away,

And then at  
 The end

He says  
 "Ain't that It?"  
 And when you tell  
 Him

NO!!!!

He says "I must a made a mistake."  
 Did'ja ever?

She laid the still, white form beside those  
 that had gone before. Neither sob nor sigh  
 forced its way from her heart, throbbing as  
 though it would burst. Suddenly a cry  
 pierced the air—a heart-rending shriek.  
 Then silence prevailed. Presently another  
 cry, more terrible than the first, arose.  
 Then all was still save for a low gurgling  
 which seemed to well up from her very soul.  
 Quietly she rose and walked away. She will  
 lay another egg tomorrow.—Tar Baby.



Enthusiastic one (on way to class rally)—  
 Come on. You know you owe your class  
 something.

Languid, lazy one—Yeh, three quarters'  
 dues.

—o—

Rook—I smell cabbage burning!  
 V. C.—Your head's too near the stove.

—o—

She was leaning on the rail  
 And was looking deathly pale  
 Was she looking for a whale?  
 Not at all.

It was father's only daughter  
 Casting bread upon the water  
 In the way she hadn't oughter—  
 That was all.



## SPARRING PARTNERS? OH YES!

Now comes the day that marks the revival of the old Roman custom of gladiatorial combats before the bloodthirsty mob of distinguished visitors in the box seats, the old grads on the south and the common herd of domesticated savages on the north side of the arena.

Eleven captives from the neighboring tribe of Universitas Oregonensis have been procured and will battle to the death against the picked warriors of our great nation.

The weapons will be heads, hands and feet, the hatchet and the boomerang being strictly barred as the battle must rage for one hour and the populace be given a run for their money, several of them, in fact, mostly end runs.

Against our team of trained Mastodons will be arrayed:

Two All-American Boundary Posts (ends).  
A Vault for storing footballs (fullback).  
Champion catch-as-catch-can chess player of Oregon (center).

Premier egg sorter of his native village (quarter).

The tackles have bucked the line at a soda fountain and the guards have successfully emulated the sweat pea vine and the clinging clematis.

This completes the strange group of bean bag experts who will do battle with our husky young Behemoths. You all know what we are going to do to them.

The Owl is the only bird that got a "rep" by looking wise and keeping his mouth shut, and you can't imitate him. What we must have is pep and fight and on such a day as this even the Owl hoots. Those of you who never did anything more energetic than to mash your hat on a grandstand seat over a touchdown, take off your collars and show the invaders that all the fight is not on the field.

The Oregon team is going to be sacrificed to make an Aggie holiday, so root, you Beavers, root!!!

—o—

Prude—Why do you wear such noisy sox?  
Dude—To keep my feet awake.

—o—

Econ. Prof.—What does the middle man produce?

Pecan Soph.—Higher prices.

## DOG AND COW TAIL

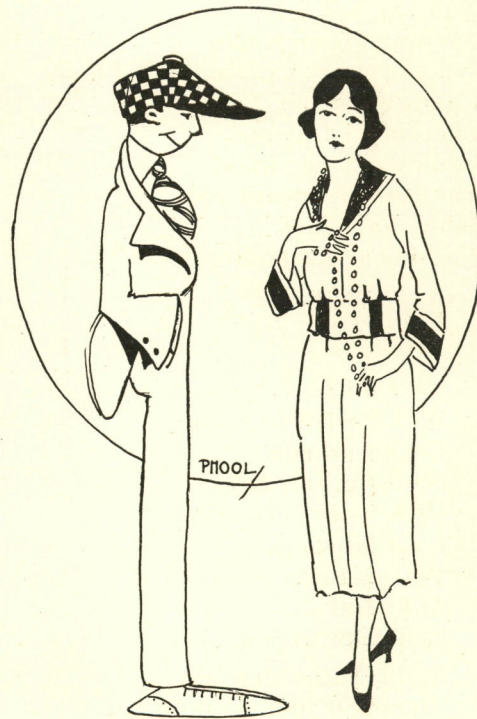
A cow was strolling down the lane,  
No worries were on her mind,  
Unknown to her, a little cur  
Was sneaking up behind.

The cow's tail was the dog's desire,  
He made one mighty leap;  
But his plans did fail, for he missed the  
tail,

And lay there in a heap.

The moral is that scandal and dope  
Are usually false illusions,  
So don't do like this canine fool  
And go jumping at conclusions.

—o—



Jill—Oh! You don't think a girl can be on the stage and be good?

Bill—Well, now, I'll not say that, but I've heard it isn't necessary. —Burr.

—o—

The young man who forged ahead now feels like the period after a long sentence.

—o—

If the Sphinx were to smile he would crack his face—but cheer up, there is only one Sphinx.



QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS ON  
REGISTRATION

1. How old were you a couple of years ago?
2. Three years ago?
3. Is your father an undertaker?
4. If not, why not?
5. Do you use gum? Masterpiece? Climax?
6. If gum, what brand?
7. State unusual and abnormal tendencies, such as, sneezing like a Ford, speaking to your friends, playing a harmonica, etc.
8. Do you use Palm Olive Soap?
9. Do you believe in the missing link?
10. If so, have you a mirror?
11. Do you go to sleep easily in classes?
12. Write anything here.....
13. Sign any well known name below

-----  
—o—

Well  
Get sore  
Because we  
Put a joke  
In here on you,  
And said  
Some things  
You thot that  
No one  
Knew.  
But  
Don't forget  
We know  
Lots of  
Things we've left  
Out, because we  
Did not care  
To write as  
Bad things  
As we  
Know about:  
So  
If you  
Really must  
Get mad  
We don't care  
Your shoes  
Don't fit in  
Our trunk  
No more—  
So there!

COMPARISON

Sober—What's the matter with this near beer?

Soused—It's like having your girl throw you a kiss. The sentiment is all right but you get no thrill. —Panther.

—o—

There are two periods in a woman's life that a man can't understand—before and after marriage.

—o—

Butler—There is a man at the door who says he will work for nothing.

The Sir—What does he want to do?

Butler—Clean up the cellar, sir.

—Frivol.

—o—

“Waiter, do you know there is a hair in the oysters”?

“Yes, isn't it terrible the way my hair is falling out?” —Frivol.

—o—

Didn't it send cold chills down your spine when you were held up”?

“Yes, but the yegg covered me with his revolver.” —Chaparral.

—o—

“You are the breath of my life, dear.”

“Then hold your breath a while.”

—Tiger.

—o—

“My,” explained Mr. Klumsky at the sophomore cotillion, “this floor is awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet.”

“Oh,” replied the fair partner, sarcastically, “then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental.” —Burr.

—o—

What has become of the bright bird who used to entertain with his “You tell 'em” line? Some friend must have told him.

—o—

Editorial.—If you are not satisfied with this issue kindly bear in mind that it is an all-college affair and timely contributions make a better paper than post mortems.



Customer—I want a short piece of rope.  
 Clerk—About how long do you want it?  
 Customer—I want to buy the thing.

—o—

Salesman—Is the buyer in?  
 Office boy—No, but the cellar's down stairs.

—o—

The guy that went to sleep and dreamed he was awake but later woke to find he was asleep, was worse off than a one-armed man with a wrist watch.

—o—

YE MORALE

The man who celebrates hys deedes  
 Before he metes a foe  
 Is lyke a knyght who shaves hys face  
 Before hys whyskers groe.

—Lampoon.

—o—

GOOD BIZZNESS

“I vish I vas as religious as Abie.”  
 “And vy?”  
 “He clasps his hands so tight in prayer,  
 he can't get them open ven der collection  
 box comes aroundt.” —Voo-Doo.

—o—

A HOLD OVER?

She—Harry told me a story last night.  
 Her—Can he tell a good story?  
 She—Yes; he holds his audience from  
 start to finish. —Chaparral.

TO STYLEPLUS, ON GOING TO THE DOGS

Tell me not, Suit, I am a tramp  
 That from the finery  
 Of thy new Kuppenheimer stamp  
 To older clothes I flee.

True, thou has stuck as close to me  
 As pepper sticks to hash,  
 But no more can I bear to see  
 Thy pockets pressed for cash.

For, inconsistently, we men  
 Love best what's held less dear;  
 I shall not wear thee, Suit, so much  
 As the rags of yesteryear.

—Lampoon.

—o—

Rude—How do they let the deaf mutes  
 know when it's dinner time?  
 Crude—They ring the dumb bell. —Ex.

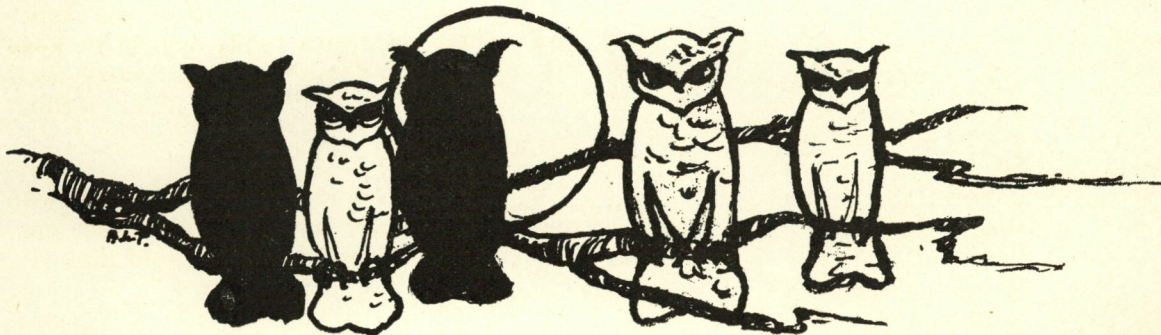
—o—

Wump—Why are you taking “statistics”?  
 Gump—Because I enjoy studying figures.  
 Wump—You should take art.

*Wm. Konick*

**Expert Watchmaker  
and Jeweler**

Corvallis Hotel Building





# ANDREWS & KERR

*Bakery and Confectionery*

*Third and Madison Streets*



The path we tread when oft we meet,  
Leads to the corner on Madison Street.  
Hurrah, for the fun, for it's just begun,  
We're going to A. & K's to eat.

# MAJESTIC THEATRE

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Friday 19, and Saturday 20—  
"Scratch My Back," Rupert Hughes' Famous Story.  
Monday 22nd, and Tuesday 23rd—  
"The Great Redeamor," House Peters and Majorie Daw.  
Wednesday 24th, and Thursday 25th—  
"North Wind's Malice," Rex Beach's Famous Story.  
Friday 26th, and Saturday 27th—  
"Civilian Clothes," Thomas Meighan.  
Monday 29th, and Tuesday 30th—  
"Madam Peacock," Nazimova.

# CRYSTAL THEATRE

Friday 19th, and Saturday 20th—  
"Half an Hour," Dorothy Dalton.  
Monday 22 and Tuesday 23—  
"Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes," Elaine Hammerstein.  
Wednesday 24, and Thursday 25—  
"Honest Hutch," episode of "The Lost City"—Will Rogers.  
Friday 26th, and Saturday 27th—  
"Young Mrs. Winthrop," Ethel Clayton.  
Monday 29th, and Tuesday 30th—  
"Let's Be Fashionable," Douglas MacLean and Doris May.

This space contributed for the benefit of  
The Orange Owl

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1864

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student enterprise.



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to buy a **cheap** hat. Get a Mallory  
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pensive good quality is.

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# *O. A. C. Co-Operative Association---*

**Everything for the Student**

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pennants, pillows and blankets.

Get yours while the

*Line is Complete*



This issue of the Orange Owl is dedicated to the following dedications:

Ferociously to the Fighting Aggies, and sympathetically to the day when they break training.

Selfishly to the staff, to avoid missing any campus notables.

Profanely to the students who, after reading for the ninety-ninth time that it was coming out November 20, curiously inquire of the staff, "When is the Orange Owl coming out?"

Lovingly to the press box fussers, and to Jimmy Richardson for making it impossible.

Sympathetically to the mythical O. A. C. beaver, which exists only in the print of the Oregon newspapers.



## Stylish Footwear

Men, before buying your dress shoes, see our "Just Wright" line, those "Doggone Good Shoes" and say man, you'll appreciate their "Class." A try-on will convince.

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But we also want to put our gratefulness into words, so we say, "Thank you."

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for all O. A. C. publications since  
1912—is keeping the picture sec-  
tion to a standard that is a credit  
to the traditions of O. A. C.

Teacher: "Jimmy, suppose you  
had ten apples and ten oranges,  
and gave nine tenths of them to  
some other little boys, what would  
you have?"

Jimmy: "I'd have my head ex-  
amined."

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You won't need your  
head examined if you  
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JEWELERS  
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ORE.

In giving a present why not  
give something that will as-  
sociate the gift with the giver  
in years to come. Get your  
special work in now for Christ-  
mas.

## ORANGE "O" BARBER SHOP

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shave, drop in at the old stand—  
OPPOSITE THE SHOPS

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**I**N the way of a principle, or rule, for the treatment of our patrons, we have nothing new to offer--the old fashioned rule of "doing as we would be done by," being one upon which we see no way to improve : : :

## **THE CORVALLIS GAZETTE-TIMES**

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