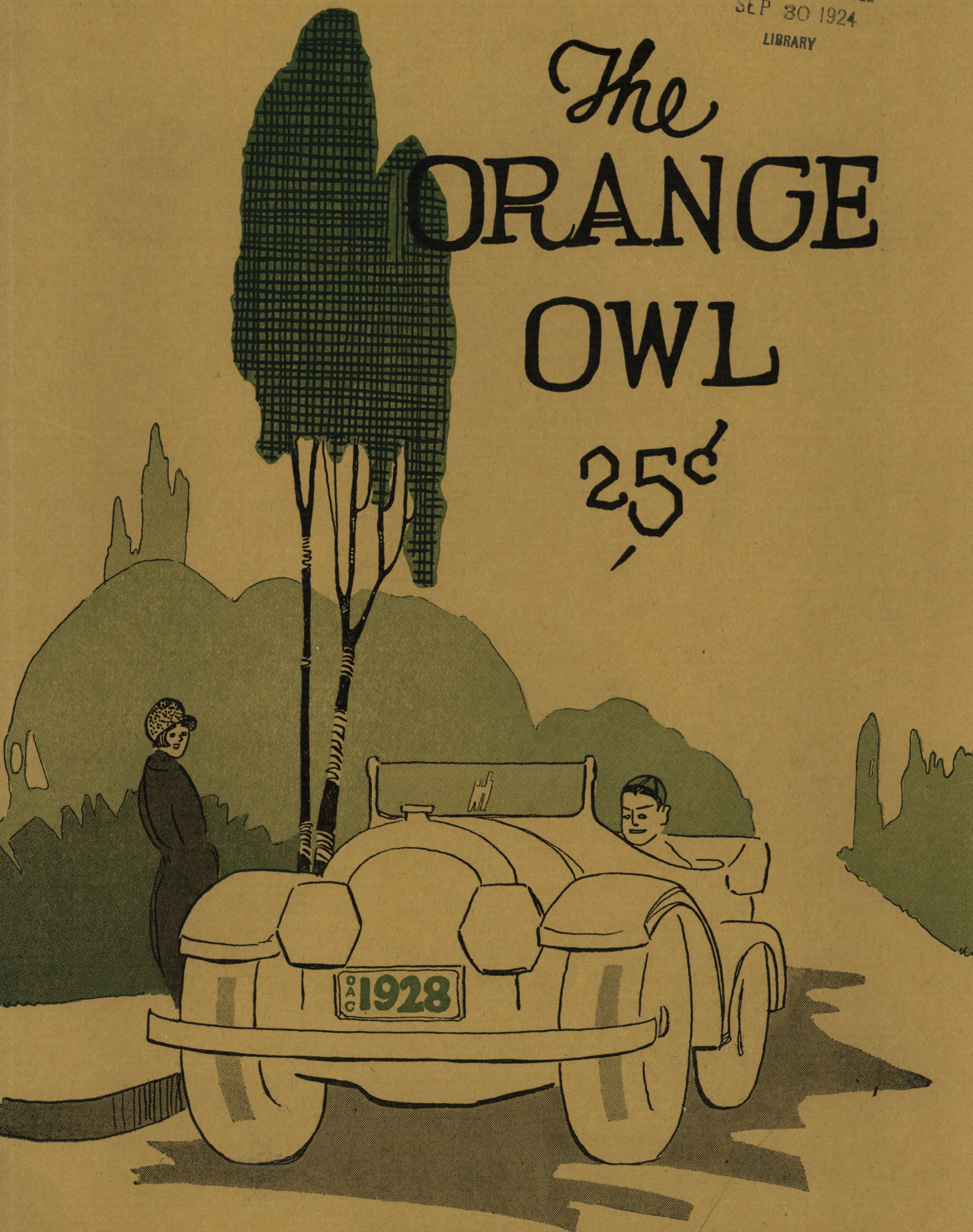


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THE ORANGE OWL

Vol. VI. Corvallis, Oregon, October, 1924 No. 1

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Would You?

If a shy little hand you're permitted to sieze,
With a velvety softness about it;
Do you think you would drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to see or to stop it;
Do you think that you'd pass it all without harm?
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If a slim little waist is in reach of your arm,
With no one to gossip about it;
Do you think you would stop if I'd give you a farm?
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.



Clarice (demurely): "Do you like mushrooms?"
Hector (avec alacrite): "You betcha!"
(A moment's silence.)
"Er, by the way, where is the conservatory?"



Fitting a Suit to Suit a Rook

In the suit section a rook was having a suit of clothes made to measure. All went well till the tailor asked: "Do you want the shoulders padded?"

"No," replied the rook, "pad the trousers." The rook was wise.



He: "Am I too close?"

She: "Oh, I don't think so—you gave the boy a quarter, didn't you?"



Hymn of Hate

I know a man
I want to get:
He tells my friends
I'm rather wet.



Big robbery down at the hotel. Guest took a bath.

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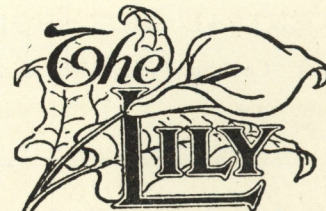
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In Buffalo, N. Y., you will see a sign which reads,
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20 MILES

but it is a gross exaggeration. It doesn't fall any-
where near that distance.



There was a young man of Dunkirk
Who boasted he never would work;
When asked why he wouldn't,
He replied that he needn't;
This lazy young man of Dunkirk.



He: "We have a new spinal staircase in our house
now."

She: "You mean a spiral staircase, don't you?"

He: "No, I mean a spinal staircase."

He: "How is that?"

He: "Just a back stairs."



Alpha: "I got some eggs in Italy last summer that
reminded me of some well-known poetry."

Beta: "All right; what is it?"

Alpha: "'Lays of Ancient Rome'."



Or Sent to Dreamland

Biffed on the belfry;
Bammed on the beezey;
Banged on the bean;
Slammed on the conk;
Cracked on the cranium;
Whanged on the coco;
Zipped on the brain box;
Tapped on the top story;
Slugged on the sky piece—
In other words, hit on the head.



Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Keeps my dear roommate
From wearing my ties.



Heard at Dance at O. N. G. Temple

He: "Little girl, you know I'm all for you."

She: "Yea, I guess you are all against me too,
aren't you?"



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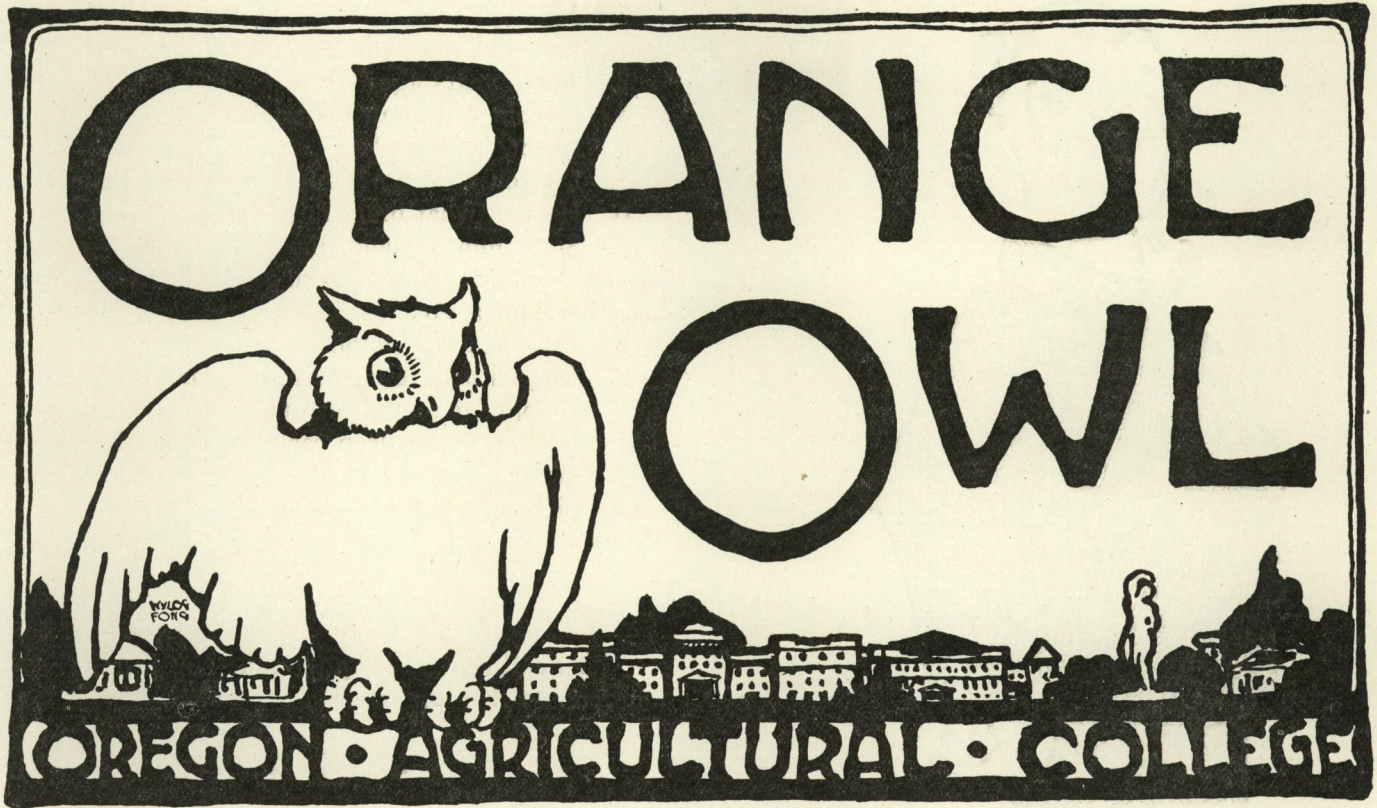
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THEY COME IN SUCH QUEER SHAPES



Henry: "Who was that bird that just spoke to you?"
 Etta: "Oh, just an old flame of mine."
 Henry: "Yes, I noticed that he was smoking."



"I hope to get a good Mark with this make-up," murmured Cleopatra as she replaced her lip-stick upon her dressing table.



The little boys and girls will now arise and sing that pathetic ballad entitled, "He Tried to Dine on Shipboard, but He Got Splinters in His Throat."



There was a young flapper who rolled 'em;
 Not needing her garters, she sold 'em;
 When the weather was cold
 And she wished 'em unrolled,
 The poor dear had nothing to hold 'em.



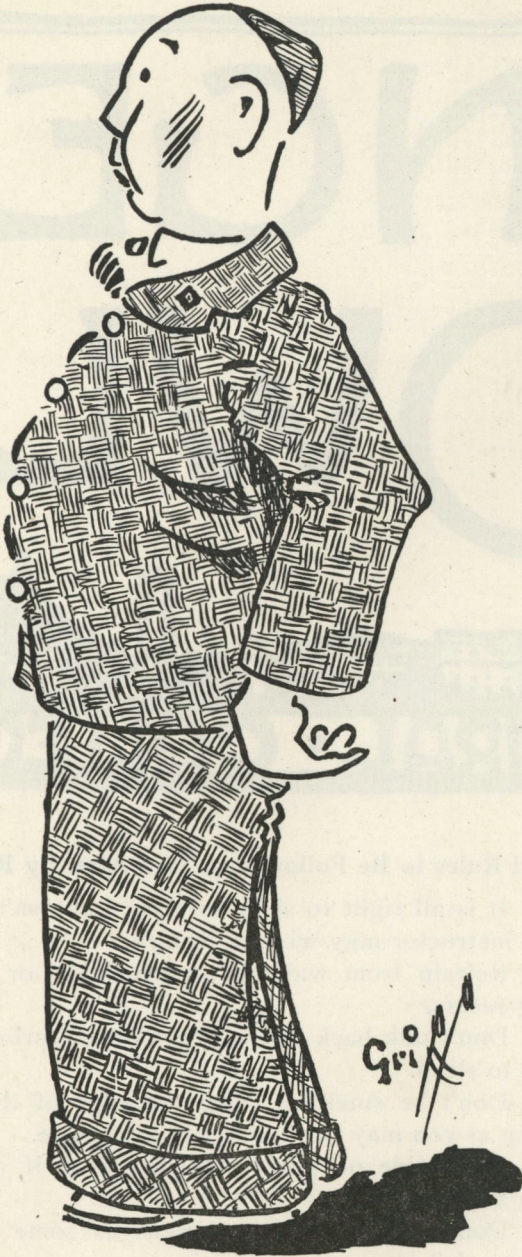
Rook: "I have a 200-page book here in which I'm going to write all my thoughts."
 Soph: "What are you going to do with the other 199½ pages?"

Good Rules to Be Followed or Run After by Rooks

1. It is all right to sleep in class, but don't snore as the instructor may wish to lecture.
2. Refrain from walking on the desks or chairs during recess.
3. Don't talk back to the prof as it disturbs those trying to sleep.
4. Don't be smelling along the edge of the seat for gum as you may run a sliver in your nose.
5. Don't ride no ponies to class even if you do belong to the cavalry.
6. Don't make any wise cracks as some of the boys may fall in.
7. Don't look over anyone's shoulder during an exam as it may appear as though you were trying to copy.
8. Always get your dates with upperclass girls as they will see that no harm comes to you.
9. Wear corduroys and a broad-brimmed hat as these Oregon rains may dampen any small mustache that you may be trying to raise.
10. Don't take these rules to heart or even to bed, as there're exceptions in every case.



Mike: "Have you heard about the big accident over in the math department this morning?"
 Robe: "No. What was it?"
 Mike: "Professor just dropped a perpendicular."

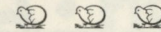


Questions for Students on Registration

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 Palmolive 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:
Middle..... Last..... First.....



"This will prove a drop too much for me," said the murderer as they prepared to hang him.



A tight young man
Is Eddie Betts:
He never gives
Me cigarettes.

OUR FRATERNITY HAS JUST PLEDGED
AN ALL-ROUND MAN



I took her out to dinner once,
One night on gay Broadway.
I nearly fainted when I saw
The bill I had to pay.



From a Girl's Diary

- Monday: Virgil tried to hug me.
- Tuesday: Tried again.
- Wednesday: Said if I didn't let him, next time we went riding he would turn the car over and kill us.
- Friday: I saved seven lives today.



THE MOUNTAIN CAME TO HIM



AN ORIENTAL FANTASY

Let us carry you back to the times of the Arabian Knights; not the famous Ten Knights in a Barroom, Sir Loin, Sir Round, Sir O'Gate, Sir Tax, and the rest of that crowd, but the more numerous Thousand and One Knights. Picture to yourselves the magnificent palace of the caliph, shining in the hot sun. It is the day when the Shriek Lyke El held his annual court to hear the complaints of those of his subjects who felt that they had been mistreated during the past year. The great judgment hall was thronged with people of all classes of the great realm, both supplicants and spectators.

Toward the close of the afternoon the Shriek began to tire of the monotony of the trivial complaints, and asked, "Is there anyone here who has a really important case?"

"May your august shadow never grow less, O my King! My case is both unique and important." As the spectators turned to see the source of these words

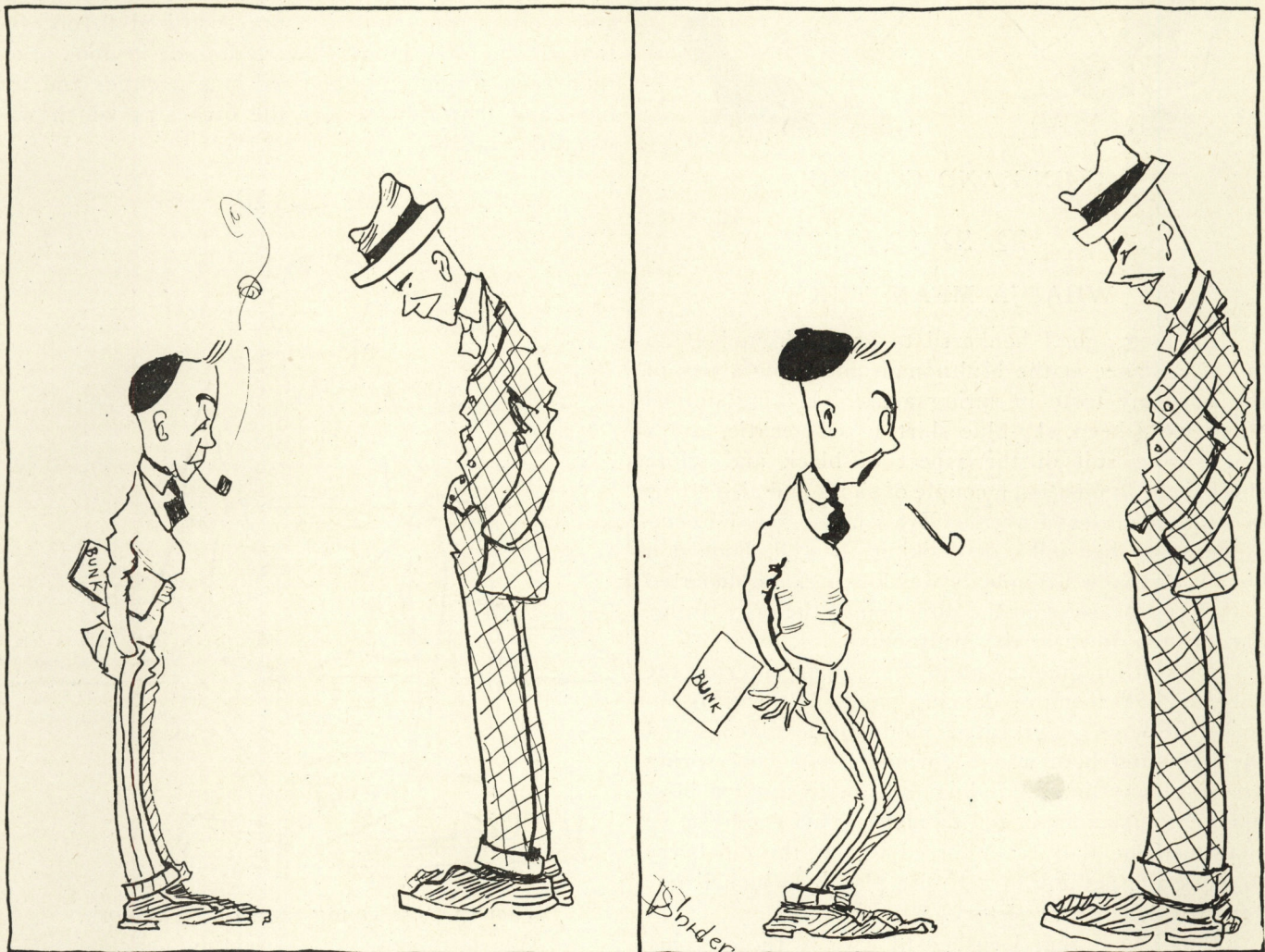
they saw a ragged stranger pushing his way through the crowd from the back of the room. The thing that caused consternation on all sides was the fact that he was waving a banana peel high in the air.

"May your golden finger nails grow, and grow, and grow!" said he as he prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. "O mighty King! I present my appeal against this skin game!" Saying this, he flung the empty skin down on the floor beside him.

The Shriek arose in wrath at this sacrilege and cried, "Away with him! This unusual request is denied. This appeal is fruitless."



A moon,
The steps,
A pretty miss,
A man with arms so strong,
An upward glance,
A fatal KISS—
Another good man gone wrong.



Soph: "Say, Rook, I smell rubber burning."
Rook: "Guess it's my new pipe."

Soph (looking rook over): "Oh, I see what's the matter—your collar is too tight."



GOING AND COMING



WHADJA MEAN, TUX?

Not long ago, I hankered to gather 'round at an O. A. C. dance at the Multnomah and show a few of the boys my taste in spring attire. Having draped about me a keen, sky-blue shirt, a red necktie, and a new spring suit of the aspect of black and white checks, not to mention a couple of shoes and also a pair of socks, I moseyed over to Eva's house, passed compliments to her folks on looking so well, hooked a banana or two when nobody was looking, and departed with Eva toward or in the direction of the orgy, frolic, dig, or step down at the Multnomah.

You can imagine my annoyance, upon entering the gardens, ball room, or dancing pavillion there, to observe the boys congregated about inside tuxedos and the like—and here was I gowned like a cool spring breeze or anything, standing out amongst them boys like a Fiji Islander in red flannels. This condition so chagrined me that I am forced to put the old berry to work and bethink myself of a plan by which I may yet turn defeat into victory.

Thus it was that I rushed lil' Eva to the dressing room, told her I would return shortly, and gassed over my way at the rate of anyway fifty miles per hour. When I arrived at our place, exactly one minute and

ten seconds after having left the Multnomah, I dashed madly upstairs and in the space of three minutes and twenty seconds was handsomely clothed in my old tux, and, upon observing myself in the mirror, I swore I looked even better than ordinary.

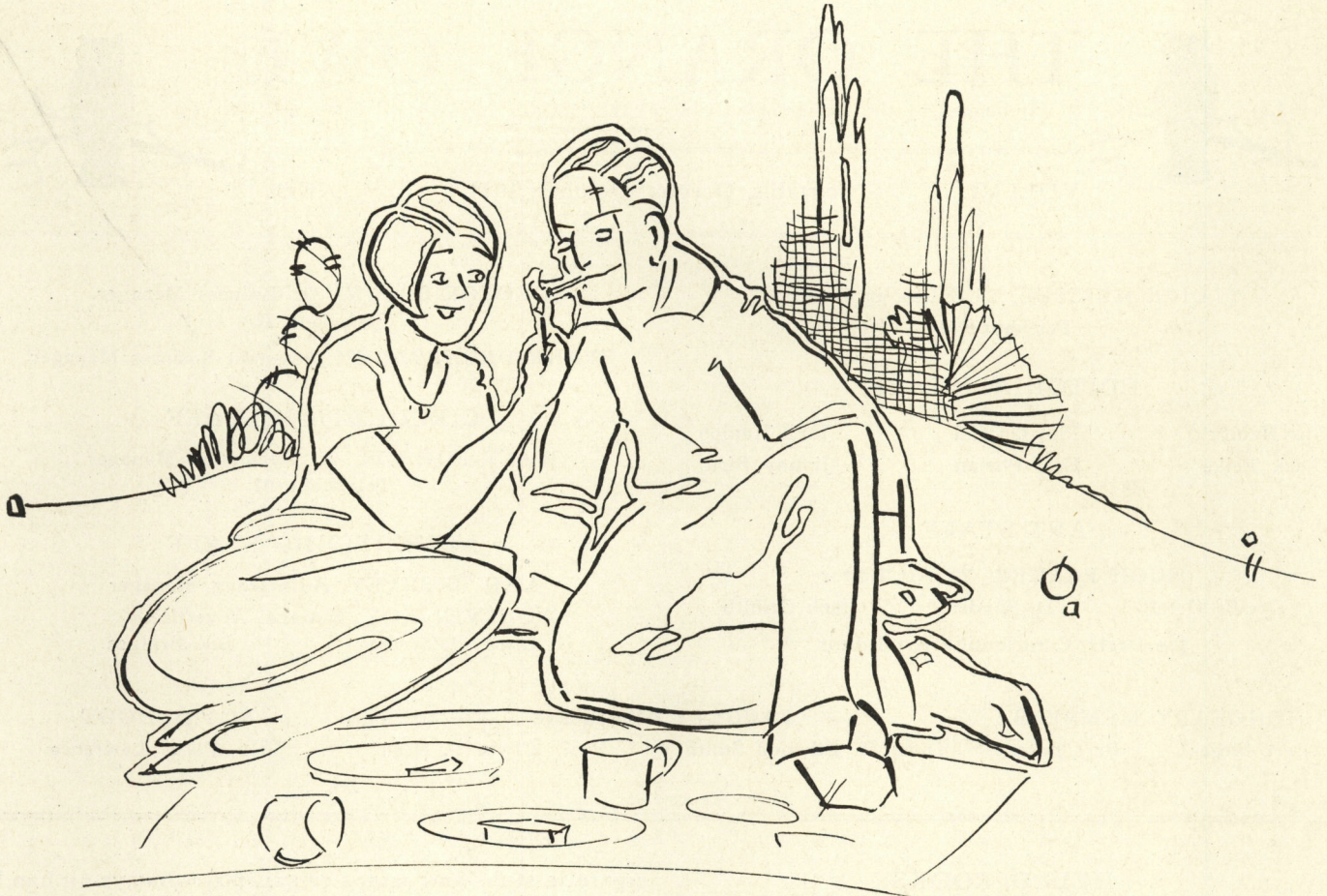
I then burned through the traffic en route back to the hostelry and arrived at the door of the dressing room just four minutes and forty-one seconds after my departure. Eva was surprised to see me dressed in my tux and commended me most highly on my rare head work and speedy action in making the change.

As I led her on my arm toward the door of the ball room or dance hall, I felt in no way unproud of myself for the way in which I had got around them difficulties and had surmounted them obstacles which had beset me that evening.

We entered upon the polished floor and with a feeling of great confidence I gathered her against my chest and began to do some late stuff which I had picked up over at Albany. Eva was all for me and I sure was enjoying myself. Finally we got our heads down out of the clouds and deigned to look about us and were in no small measure surprised to observe that all the boys about us were dressed in none other than keen spring suits and red bow neckties and the like—and that it was only the orchestra which was wearing tuxedos.



There was a young man of New York,
Whose religion forbade eating pork.
He ordered some lamb,
But they served him some ham:
In his anger he swallowed his fork.



BLANKET FUSSING—A MAJOR SPORT FOR ROOKESSES

THE REVOLUTION OF THE WORM

There is a crying need in this country for a new organization along the lines of the one we here suggest. Many folk are being bothered to death by some of the nuisances it is proposed to correct, so we expect the heartfelt thanks and cooperation of such people.

Briefly, our plan is something like this. We intend to found a club along the general plan of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but instead of wasting our energies on animals that are able to express their gratitude only by the somewhat unsanitary method of licking the hand, we are going to prevent cruelty to human beings. We feel that there is a big field open for this society, as human beings are notoriously the least able to take care of themselves of any of the ordinary animals. The name of this organization will be "The Society for the Suppression."

By this, however, we do not intend to imply that we wish to take over the functions of the Anti-saloon League, or any similar group. We wish merely to fill a new field. As various evils come up to bother ordinary mortals, we expect our society to organize local units to suppress them. You can see how simple it all will be. We list the names of several local units which have already begun to function in their duties

of protecting the nation against the nuisances mentioned below:

1. Local for the suppression of freight engineers who blow their whistles at night.
2. Local for the suppression of housemaids who throw away important papers.
3. Local for the suppression of people who ride bicycles on sidewalks—especially at night.
4. Local for the suppression of girls who tell you what a good time the other fellow showed them.
5. Local for the suppression of politicians who invent sixty-nine new ways for spending your money.
6. Local for the suppression of traffic cops who turn their signal against you just as you come along.
7. Local for the suppression of the motorists who splash mud all over your best suit.
8. Local for the suppression of practical jokers.
9. Local for the suppression of people who tell you how much they enjoy Harold Bell Wright's books.
10. Local for the suppression of radio fiends who insist on demonstrating their new hook-ups.
11. Local for the suppression of doting mammas who ask Edith to recite that little piece she says so cleverly.
12. Local for the suppression of people who have had operations and want to tell you all about it.



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NO. 1

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HELLO, ROOKS

WELCOME to O. A. C. Your faces are new to the Old Bird but he preens his feathers with pride as he looks over your ranks and comments on the quality found therein. Your youthful exuberance and seeming desire to gain those benefits which are commonly credited to higher education, is a source of gratification.

Green though you may be in college tradition and marks of college atmosphere, still a better looking freshman class has never graced the O. A. C. campus. The Old Bird is wise in college lore, heed well his words, for there you will gain much wisdom and perchance avoid much embarrassment that may come to a hapless but unwitting freshman.

Avoid the Co-Op, for sophomores and upperclassmen frequent that well-used corner and a multitude of

cigarette stubs and scraps of paper are always on hand which provide excellent training for rooks. Forget not to greet a fellow freshman or upperclassman for the Hello spirit fills an important place in O. A. C. traditions. Remember the trysting tree and senior benches should be shunned, for verily they are poison to freshmen.

Above all, guard well your youthful bloom and enthusiasm for a blase air will win you nothing. Rooks, forget not the rookesses, for if you do all your fussing among the ranks of upperclass co-eds, when you are an upperclassman, they will all be school marms or perchance happily married and your Saturday nights will be to you what boils were to Job.

Last of all, don't forget that the Orange Owl is a friend of freshmen and its masthead always has space for names of you who have ability as artists, comic writers, and ad chasers.



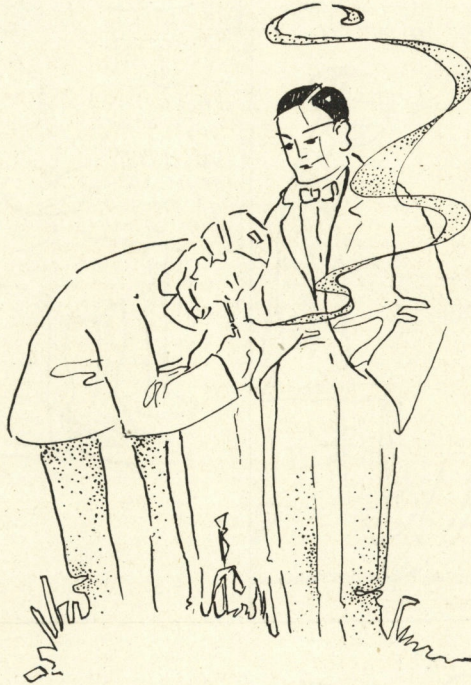


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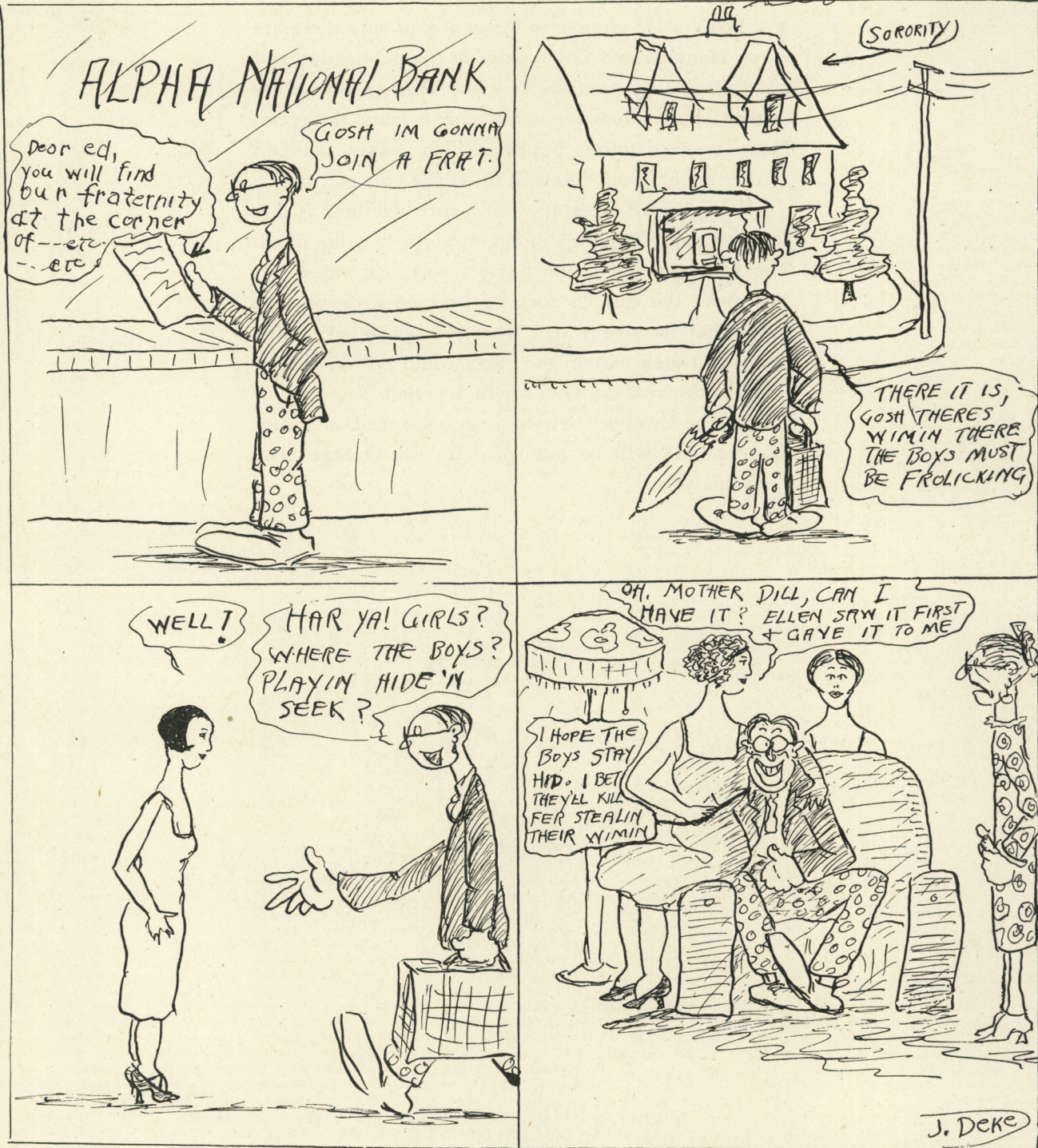
IT MAY seem strange to many of you why there are no Hammer and Coffin slugs in the publication and why it is being published by the Orange Owl Club instead of the Hammer and Coffin Society this year. Many strange things happen which makes the Old Bird weep, but which he will make the best of.

A small word of explanation which we think is due at this time will set all things straight in your mind. The Hammer and Coffin Society was suspended last year from the campus for one year on account of a party that it gave which was not scheduled. Also those who took part in the party could not have anything to do with the Owl for that period.

But the Orange Owl was not suspended, as many thought, and will be published by the Orange Owl Club this year.



"Yes, they are getting so strict here that they won't let the girls say 'soup' when there are any men around because it gets their lips into a suggestive position."



POOKS! POOR EDDIE (ABOVE) IS A VICTIM OF FOWL PLAY JUST AS THOUSANDS OF OTHER POOKS ARE EACH YEAR, AND WITH THIS IN VIEW THANK THE BEAVER KNIGHTS FOR PUTTING THIS PRACTICE DOWN TO MINIMUM.



ECHO WRITES HOME TO HER PAW

Dear Paw:

At last I'm surrounded by the atmosphere of culture and learning that the catalog spoke about. I signed up for home economics today as it sounded like a real economical course to me. You know Paw, I've decided to be real careful this year about putting my money in circulation seeing as how the wheat crop was so poor this year.

Coming down here on the train I met a pretty nice fellow. His name is Al. I felt sorry for him as soon as I got a look at his clothes. Honest to Gosh, Dad! His trousers had enough cloth for another suit. It's a shame how some people make their kids wear their older brother's clothes.

He knows all about college as he has went for three years now. He needs only 18 more credits to be a Sophomore. I guess that's pretty good. Al has a sister going to school down here too. They are awful good friends. His sister Esther wears his frat pin too. Wed. Sat. and Sun. evenings are devoted to his sister. I never thought that such brotherly love could exist. He dated (which is to run around with) me to the show last Friday night. We are going blanket fussing tomorrow as his sister took a trip home. I am sure proud to go out with him as he is a member of the track team and does a 100 yds. in 9 sec. flat.



ROOKESS, BEWARE THE MIGHTY SENIOR

Well, I've been hob-nobbing with the Greeks the last few days. Now don't get het up, Paw! This variety is in no way related to the bunch that worked on our threshing machine and set our barn afire. These are the cultured, refined, domesticated kind that serve free lunches for the students. I didn't even smell garlic at the 15 houses I visited. More glory for Listerine eh, Paw? I like the Tried Elts the best as they have the best menus. I heard one of the Greeks discussing the Russians the other day. "The Russians is kinda poor this fall." She shut up when I entered the room. I'm glad she did for I never did approve of this racial hatred stuff. All us Rook Kisses (name given us by the Deen) have been coralled into the dormitory here.

You know Paw, I'm going in strong for this cultural stuff. First, I must develop a line (slang for spreading your banana oil) in order to meet the requirements of a co-ed. You're simply lost if you ain't got a line down here. All the Greeks got lines, too. Most of the \$200 you gave me, \$195 to be exact, has been spent on my cultivation, to-wit: buying milk shakes for the Greeks, literature, etc. I like Snappy Stories and Lurid Tales best as the print is large and I can read them after the lights are turned off at night.

Paw, I know you will be glad to hear I've taken college so seriously and have conducted myself as befitting the daughter of Golda county's most prominent wheat rancher. I know you want me to be economical but at the same time to have the necessities of college life. You can send me \$250 for some galoshes and other things related to my studies. I'll let you know in my next letter how my cultivation is coming along and also all about such minor things as professors and etc.

Your daughter,

ECHO.



We long for the days the colonel tells about, when the Willamette was so high you could see under it.



Popular song.—"They Call the Baby Coffee, 'Cause He Keeps Them Awake at Night."



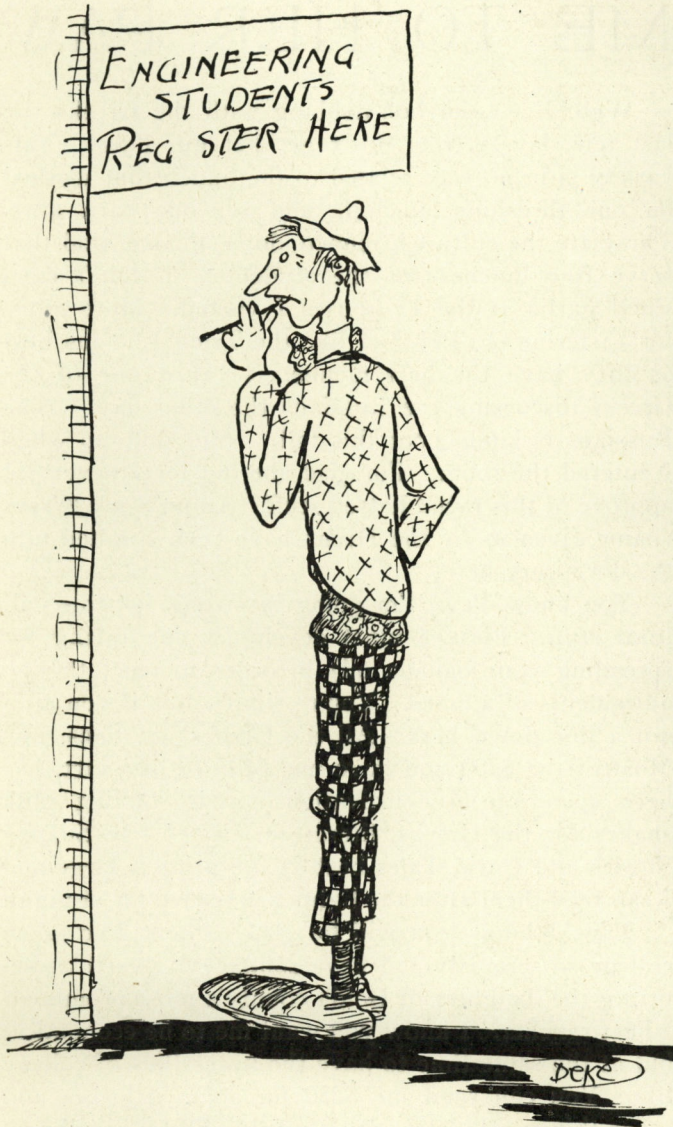
Mary: "I don't see any park here."

Land: "That is simple. There isn't any."

Mary: "Then why does that sign say, 'Park Here?'"



We once tried to read "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," but it was too deep for us.



"Gosh! They must be a lotta engineers come here. I ain't had no experience in that line."



A deaf and dumb man can go and come in at any hour of the night he pleases without fear of a lecture from his wife. If she starts calling him down, all he has to do is turn out the light.



A pretty girl is just the reverse of a successful bank. In her case, the higher the principle, the less the interest.



First He: "I'm going down to the fire sale."

Second He: "What for?"

First He: "Why, I'm going to buy a smoking jacket, of course!"

Mac: "Are you familiar with Bill Shakespeare's works?"

Duff: "No; what kind of a factory is it?"



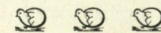
Life's little mysteries: Did Sitting Bull ever stand up?



What a young man earns in the daytime goes into his pocket, but what he spends in the evening goes into his character.



Some students do all their studying of English in a pool room, and then go to study drawing around a card table.



"I catch your drift," as the sidewalk remarked to the snow.

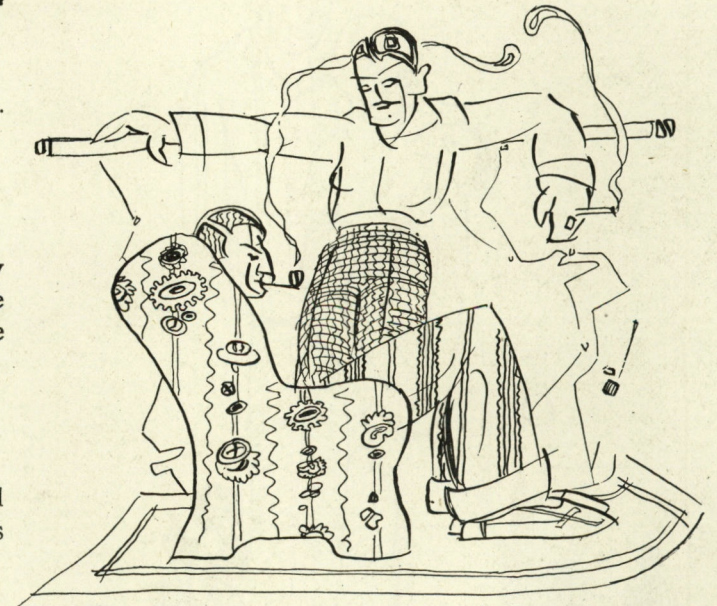


Visitor: "Were you sentenced to imprisonment for life?"

Prisoner: "No. Only from now on."



Our girl is so dumb she thinks an itching palm is a desert tree related to the poison oak.



Sam: "My girl is just right for me. She's made like Ivory soap."

Bo: "You mean she floats?"

Sam: "No. She's 99.44 percent pure. And I sure do crave that last .56 of a percent!"



Some girls love to go automobiling. Others go automobiling to love.



We once tried to read "To a Water Fowl," but the darned bird refused to listen.



Shelley must have been a mah jongg fiend. Didn't he write the "Ode to the West Wind?"



Mah Jongg must be a widow. We never heard of Pa Jongg.



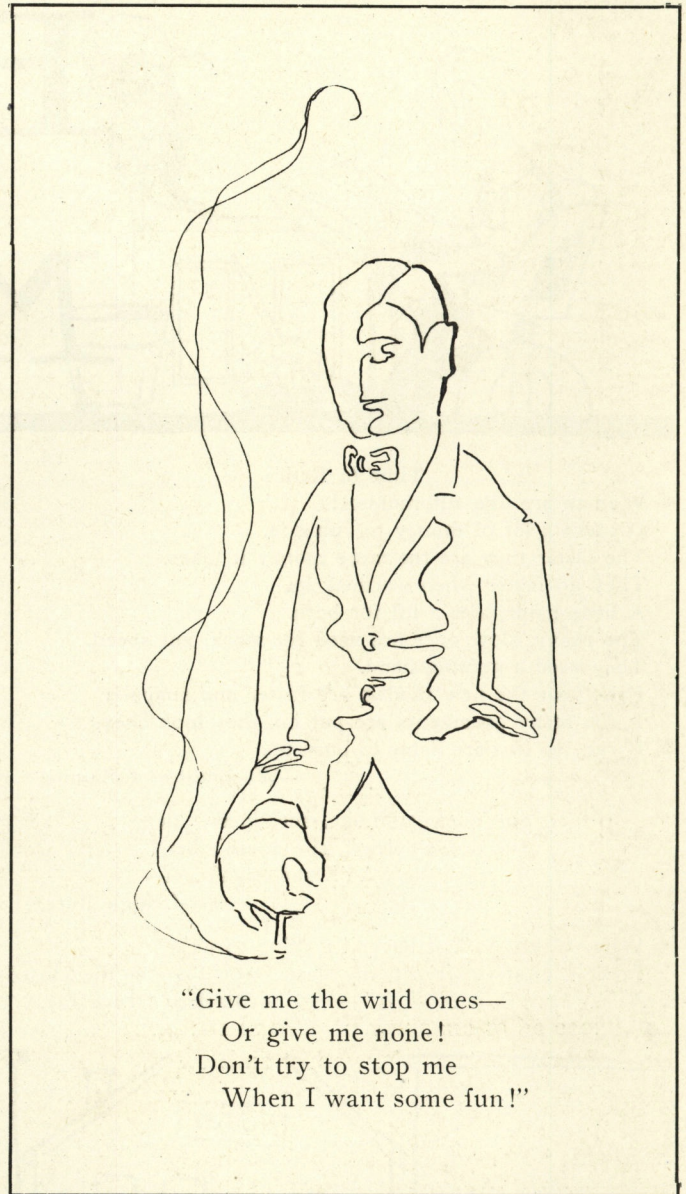
The horizon looks much cleaner since I swept it with my eyes.



Two are twins, three are an outrage.



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE THE FALL



"Give me the wild ones—
Or give me none!
Don't try to stop me
When I want some fun!"

"Yes," said the dean, "you'd be surprised if you knew about all the kissing that goes on right under my nose."



Love is like rheumatism, if you get a slight attack you get over it, but if you get it good you might as well put on your slippers, you're in for the night.



The "men of iron" mentioned in the football song must have magnetic personalities.



Visitor: "Do you ever do any painting in the nude?"

Artist: "No. I always wear a smock."



HUMOR

from the

MORGUE

Bailey

Time to Retire

Women are like automobiles:

It takes a lot of money to run one.

The faster they are the more money it takes.

They go faster when warmed up.

A little paint does a lot for both.

The heavy, slow ones are used for work, not speed.

They need a guiding hand.

Each year the new models are faster and snappier.

If too many ornaments are put on, they look cheap.

If run too fast are liable to burn up.

—Washington Columns.

She doesn't smoke, she doesn't pet,

She doesn't drink, she doesn't bet,

At least she SAYS she hasn't yet—

Susette.

—Lehigh Burr.

Wife: "But, Jack, I haven't a thing to wear."

Jack: "Quite all right, my dear. We'll go in the closed car."
—Black and Blue Jay.

She: "You had no right to kiss me that way."

He: "All right, I'll try it another way."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

Piano Tuner (to little boy at door): "Son, have you any musical instruments that need tuning?"

Boy: "Naw, but maybe my sister's beau will let you tune him. Ma sed he wasn't high toned 'nuff for us."

—Boston Beanpot.

She: "Today is Norman's birthday. Let's play a joke on him."

She: "It seems to me that's been done."

—Southern California Wampus.

Port: "Since prohibition, ships sailing from New York do not need compasses."

Side: "Why not?"

Port: "All they have to do is follow the corks."

—Goblin.



GOING TO TAKE A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

P. S. The old gent, slightly in the lead, (an ex-Aggie track star) hasn't broken training yet.



Unheard of Expressions

"Yes, all our rooks made straight A's this term."

"Positively no examinations will be held in this course."

"Do you know that you've only put me down for five dances with the chaperones?"

"I never kiss girls; it's too contagious."

"You're the only girl I've ever loved, but I can't remember which one."

"We start serving hash as soon as we pledge enough rooks."

"See that big fat girl over in the corner? I'm going to ask her for a dance."

"My, what an ugly bunch of rookesses this year."



Upperclassman: "Hey, Rook! Where are you going with that nose-bag?"

Rook: "I'm taking Mabel out to dinner tonight; the fellows say she eats like a horse."



Beaver Knight: "Don't you know better than to walk on the grass?"

Rook: "Sorry, I can't help it. I got a dual personality and my endocrine glands are only hitting on three cylinders."



History neglects to state whether or not the Lady Godiva was the first bare-back rider.

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Suits made to order in my own shop. Cleaning and pressing satisfactorily done.

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Telephones 812, 813 Monroe Street at Kings Road

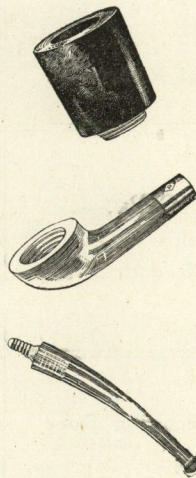
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GOLDEN RULE GROCERY

J. J. Yeates, Proprietor
Telephone 679-J 1100 Jefferson Street

Ham: "They say that the Bolshevik money is not worth very much."

Let: "Yes. Russia's finances would be infinitely better off if she did not have a Red cent."



Rick: "What are you doing there?"

O'Shea: "Watching this steam shovel."

Rick: "What is the big idea?"

O'Shea: "I'm waiting to see it shovel some steam."



She: "Don't you love driving on a night like this?"

He: "Yes, but I though I would wait till we got farther out in the country."



"What care I for the customs of this country?" hissed the villain as he slipped a necklace past the inspector.

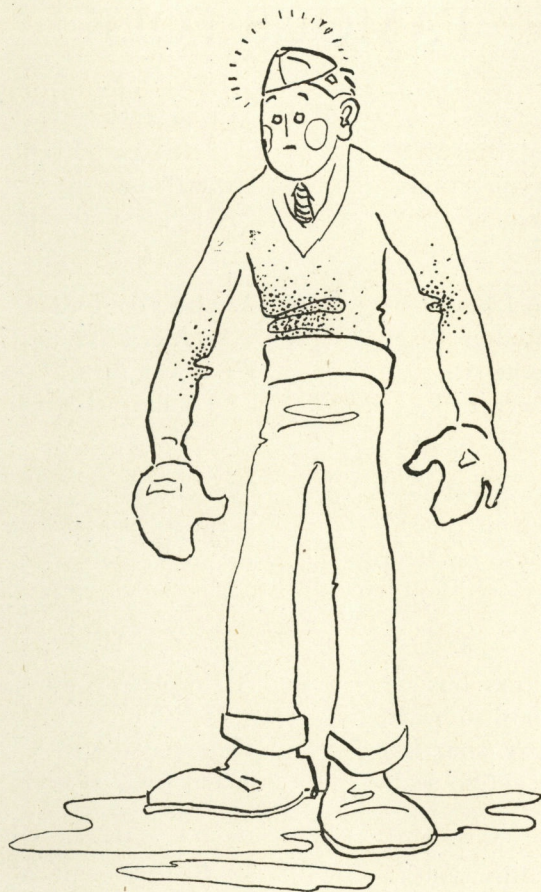


Tom: "Is there any difference in meaning between sight and vision?"

Jerry: "I should say so. My girl is a vision, and yours is a sight!"



"My Gosh, sis! Have you got the asthma too? I see all the rest of the girls are smokin' fer theirs!"



"Who is this man Sale, who has so many houses reserved for him?"



"Why do you wear your skirts so short, My pretty maid?" quoth I.
"I wear it so," was her retort,
"To lengthen the glance of your eye."



Some co-eds kiss. Others don't get dates.



"That's where I draw the line," said the artist as he gazed at his latest painting of an angler.



The difference between a poor student and a Ford engine is that the Ford engine knocks only when it is running.



"No," said our dumbest Dora. "I don't know what political parties are like. I've never been to one."

1924-25 O. A. C. Students— GREETING!

It is with much pleasure that we extend a cordial welcome to all O. A. C. students and courteously invite them to make this bank their financial home during the coming college year.

With our efficient organization and sincere desire to give the best possible personal service to our many patrons, we are in a position to offer the entire student body every facility for safely and conveniently transacting their banking business, either for their regular checking accounts, or in the savings department, and are confident that the friendly interest we always take in matters connected with the welfare of the college, will make the relationship of student depositors with this institution, when once established, mutually satisfactory and helpful.

We would like all students to call and become personally acquainted with this bank and its methods, with the hope that they will make it their bank.

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THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE

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We Make Right Prices

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for All OccasionsTable Decorations
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Telephone 201

458 Madison Street

FAMOUS FOLK

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. I envy cross- Eyed Bill McFee: In two directions He can see. | 8. A daring rook Is Reggie Wright: He walks across The grass at night. |
| 2. A man I hate Is Walter Black: I hope he sits Upon a tack. | 9. A wise young man Is Aleck Bamm: He never says, “I’ll have to cram.” |
| 3. The sweetest news From any pen Are these few words “Enclosed find ten.” | 10. The co-eds all Love Oscar Rice: He never dates The same girl twice. |
| 4. The jitney bus Is hard to beat: You pay your fare But get no seat. | 11. A sleepless youth Is Eddie Kite: He serenades The girls at night. |
| 5. A wealthy youth Is Alfred Dean: His clothing smells Of gasoline. | 12. I’ll hand this much To Johnny Wells: He knows a lot He never tells. |
| 6. A profane girl Was little Nell: She used to say, “Oh! What’s the use?” | 13. The Volstead Act Means naught to Dink: A glass of milk Is all he’ll drink. |
| 7. A silly calf, An English prof: I call it laugh, He calls it laugh. | 14. Marie McKay Is one I hate: She always says, “I gotta date.” |

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exceptional service.



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The Remington Portable will serve you well—not only in school or college, but for years and years to come. It will give you a training which will be helpful to you in all your after life.

Compact—fits in a case only four inches high.

Complete—has the four-row keyboard—no shifting for figures—just like the big machines.

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Genuine Cowhide Cover With O. A. C. Seal
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The Store That Sells You Guaranteed Goods for Less

ALLEN'S DRUG STORE

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School Year Off Right

251 Madison Street Corvallis, Oregon



AT THE BAR

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson)



Mac: "That was a bad break the waiter just made."

Beth: "What was that?"

Mac: "He dropped some high-powered eggs."



The class will now arise and sing that old favorite
entitled, "They Set Him Adrift to Starve, but He
Lived on the Ocean Currents."



A co-ed who owned a Corona
Sat, typewriting, in her kimona;
As each line she did write
She would stop for a bite
Of a sandwich of bread and bologna.



In days of old
When knights were bold,
And sheet-iron trousers wore,
They lived in peace;
For then a crease
Would last ten years or more.

In those old days
They had the craze
For cast-iron shirts—and wore 'em!
And there was bliss
Enough in this—
The laundry never tore 'em.



In the Pullman

Sleepy: "Is this Saint Paul?"

Neighbor: "No, you idiot, I'm John the Baptist."

MILANO

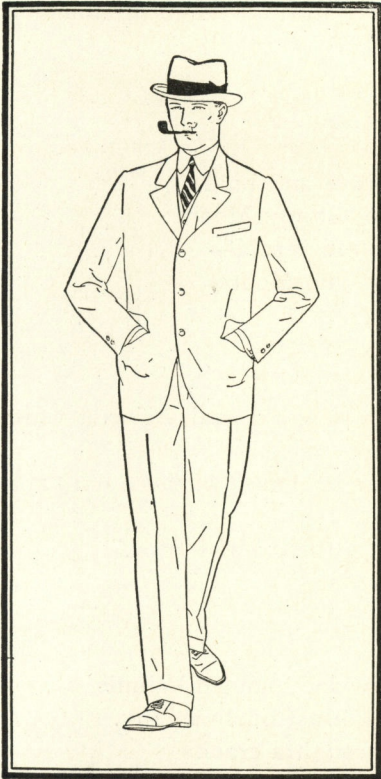
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A Pipe of Briar so rare
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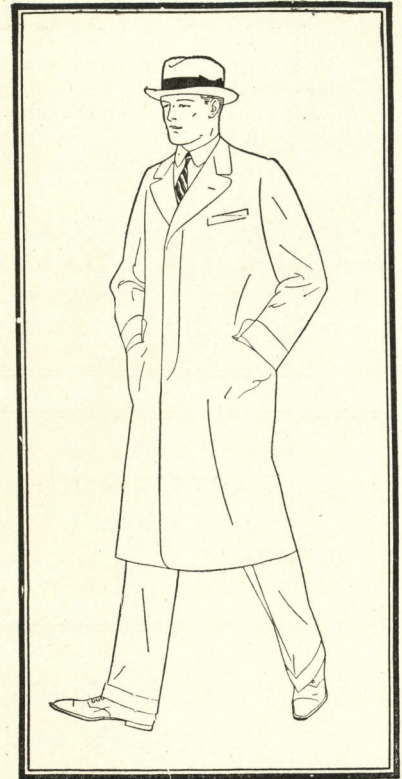


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HATS ~ SHOES
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NEW YORK



This is a reproduction of nationally displayed interurban car cards.



College Humor

What it is
What it does

IT is exactly what its name indicates—**College Humor**—your humor. When it is advertised in street cars and **PRINTER'S INK**; when it is broadcasted by radio and whenever **College Humor** is read it popularizes your comic.

IT is read by approximately 3,000,000 people each issue and focuses the attention of everybody on the college comics.

PAGE 79 of the Autumn Issue now on sale (the cover is reproduced at your left) tells you of the considerate policies of **College Humor**. We now maintain a College Comic Service Dept.

THE three letters at your left speak for themselves—for us—for you.

The college comic is popularized, advertised and helped nationally by

College Humor

Chicago, Ill.

DEAN AVERY, Editor,
"The Pelican,"
University of California.

Says: "The PELICAN has always regarded COLLEGE HUMOR as the most worthy magazine representing the college comics and is, as ever, behind you, shoulder and all. You may look to us at any time for our utmost cooperation."

HARRY J. TAYLOR, Editor,
"The Virginia Reel,"
University of Virginia.

Says: "We appreciate your service to us. Your diversified advertising and material, by its nature, approaches our alumni and independent readers in a way which we could not hope to achieve in our own pages."

LAURENCE A. DUNN, Bus. Mgr.,
"Colorado Dodo,"
University of Colorado.

Says: "We believe you have done more than any other publication can ever do for all of the college comics of the country."



STUDENTS, GREETINGS!

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We Cater to O. A. C.
Students and Faculty

MILLER'S
Good Goods

The jury in charge of the gelatine crowbar has unanimously awarded it to the rivulet who wonders whether the engineers have to run over to the foundry every time they want to cast their ballots.



A chemist brave and bold
Was little Johnny Moore:
He added too much acid—
Johnny was no Moore.



Clerk: "You will have to go upstairs if you want to buy coffee beans."

Lady: "Why can't I get them down here with the rest of the groceries?"

Clerk: "Because this is the ground floor."



There was a young lady named Winnie
Whose shape was disastrously skinny.
She slipped through a crack
And never came back,
So that was the finish of Winnie.

He was rushing through the station when a young pretty girl stopped him. "Would you please help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Certainly, but I haven't much time. How far away do you live?"—Selected.

Freshmen, We Welcome You

And invite you to visit our store, get acquainted with our salespeople, our fine merchandise, our prices, our values, and our courteous service. We want you to make this store your headquarters—to meet your friends here.

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Write BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, Delavan, Wisconsin

Slip into a
Bradley
KNIT WEAR
—and Out-of-Doors!



1924 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

| | |
|--|-------------|
| O. A. C. vs. Whitman at Pendleton..... | October 3 |
| O. A. C. vs. Multnomah at Corvallis..... | October 11 |
| O. A. C. vs. U. S. C. at Portland..... | October 18 |
| O. A. C. vs. Washington at Seattle..... | October 25 |
| O. A. C. vs. Idaho at Corvallis..... | October 31 |
| O. A. C. vs. W. S. C. at Pullman..... | November 7 |
| O. A. C. vs. Oregon at Corvallis..... | November 22 |
| O. A. C. vs. Nebraska at Lincoln, Neb..... | November 27 |

Corvallis Printing Company, 116 South Third