

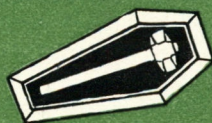
ORANGE OWL

"SOMETHING
NEW" NUMBER



TRUMAN
BAILEY,

OCTOBER



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*Printers of the Orange Owl, The Daily Barometer,
The Northwest Veteran, and of most the commercial
work for the campus organizations.*

CORVALLIS PRINTING COMPANY

Arthur W. Lawrence

Telephone 1727

116 South Third Street



The Orange Owl

VOL. IV. Corvallis, Oregon, October, 1922. NO. 1

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The Hermit's Cave

It was Friday evening, and I had firmly decided to study. No date would tempt me, said I in a manly way. And so when Bert wanted to borrow my overcoat, I lent it to him without a misgiving. But that was only the first to go. When the other boys saw the coat go out the door, there was a grand rush for my room. When they left, the only thing I had left was my overalls, and a bathrobe.



There are many high class artists
That draw pictures of every kind
But the one I love
Is the little dove
Who never draws the blind.



Prof. (to student late to class): "M-m, late as usual."

Stude: "Nope, five minutes earlier than usual."



One of our foremost young beaux,
With a blanket went fishing with Reaux.
His talk in the dark
Went straight to its mark;
He calls it his night line I speaux.



"Aye," says Sandy. "It was me great grandfather who wore the furst kilt. Dinna ye ken there are no pockets in the thing for the women to go through?"



Town Rounder: "What's the fare, driver?"
Taxi bandit: "Ten bones, sir."
Again: "Good gosh, man, do you take me for a student?"



Oregonians! Hear About Noah

Noah's fame rests chiefly on his success as a navigator. The point that he was the wisest man of his day has never been stressed. But the fact remains that he was the only individual of his generation who had sense enough to go in out of the rain.



They make the hour-glass smaller in the middle to show the waste of time.

TAILORS

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1
3

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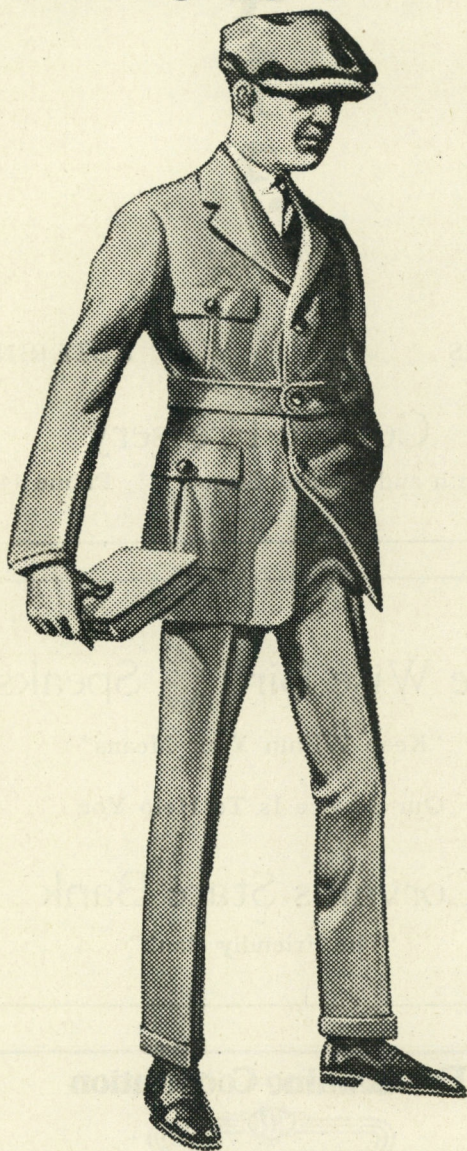
WEST COAST ENGRAVING CO.

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Good Judgment Pays

Successful men attach great significance to good judgment on the part of young men. That probably explains why so many forward-looking youths wear Fahey-Brockman Clothes. The young man so attired exhibits his good judgment on sight.

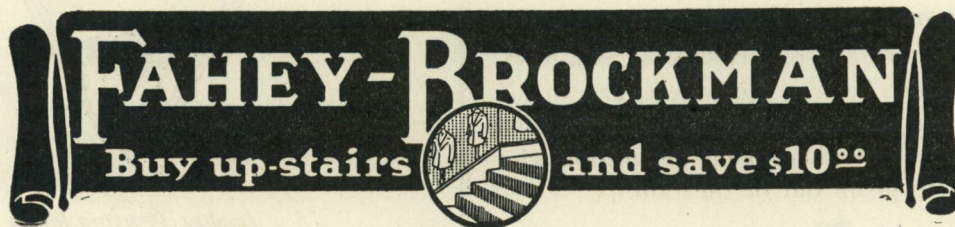


Fahey-Brockman Guaranteed Clothes always spell Quality with Economy. There's a distinction about them that invites success. And this notable characteristic has been masterfully emphasized in our splendid array of Fall Merchandise this year.

Young men who dig out the facts are simply amazed at Fahey-Brockman Values. And mark this! While there has been a stampede towards F-B Prices there has been no appreciable drift towards F-B Values. That's quite a different story.

There's a dash and snap to our long array of young men's Fall and Winter Models that will delight you. These great Suits and Overcoats literally breathe the spirit of youth and optimism. And the styles are captivating in a high degree.

Remember this! The Fahey-Brockman Label is your only guarantee of super values at modest prices.



Raleigh Building — Sixth and Washington, Portland



Ham, Ham, bootlegging man,
Took a drink and away he ran,
A cop got wise and smelled the booze
Now poor Ham's in the calaboose.



Unbroken by a single inharmonious note, the silence of the spring evening hung like a soft, velvet robe over the murmuring forest stream. The great, curving limbs of the overhanging trees, maple, fir, and oak, were traced against the blue-black background of the heavens with all the witchery of a medieval tapestry. The flickering coals of a distant campfire painted a flame-hued path down the slender ribbon of water.

A piercing scream, a gurgle, and the sound of heavy footsteps on the opposite bank sounded in quick succession. Just as quickly they died away, and the silent mantle again drew itself over the scene.

"That sho' am good rations," admitted Rastus Johnson next day, as he bit voraciously into the tender meat of one of the deacon's prime spring chickens.



A dame whose face would halt a freight,
Passed by, bedecked with roses,
"Some classy kid," says Bill to me.
"Just pipe them ribbed silk hoses."
Just then a fliv came rattling by,
Its wounds repaired with wires.
"Some classy car," says I to Bill,
"Just pipe them new cord tires."



When father receives word that son is coming home, he may kill the fatted calf, but it is a dead certainty that he hides his choicest box of perfectos.



"I'm banking on you," said the man to the pool table.



"I'm counting on you," said the man to the cribbage board.



Little girlie
Teeth all pearly
Full of jazz and pep
Goes to college
After knowledge
Girlie watch your step.

Dapper dandy
Buys some candy
Takes her for a ride
Watchman spies her
Tells adviser
Girlie's now outside.



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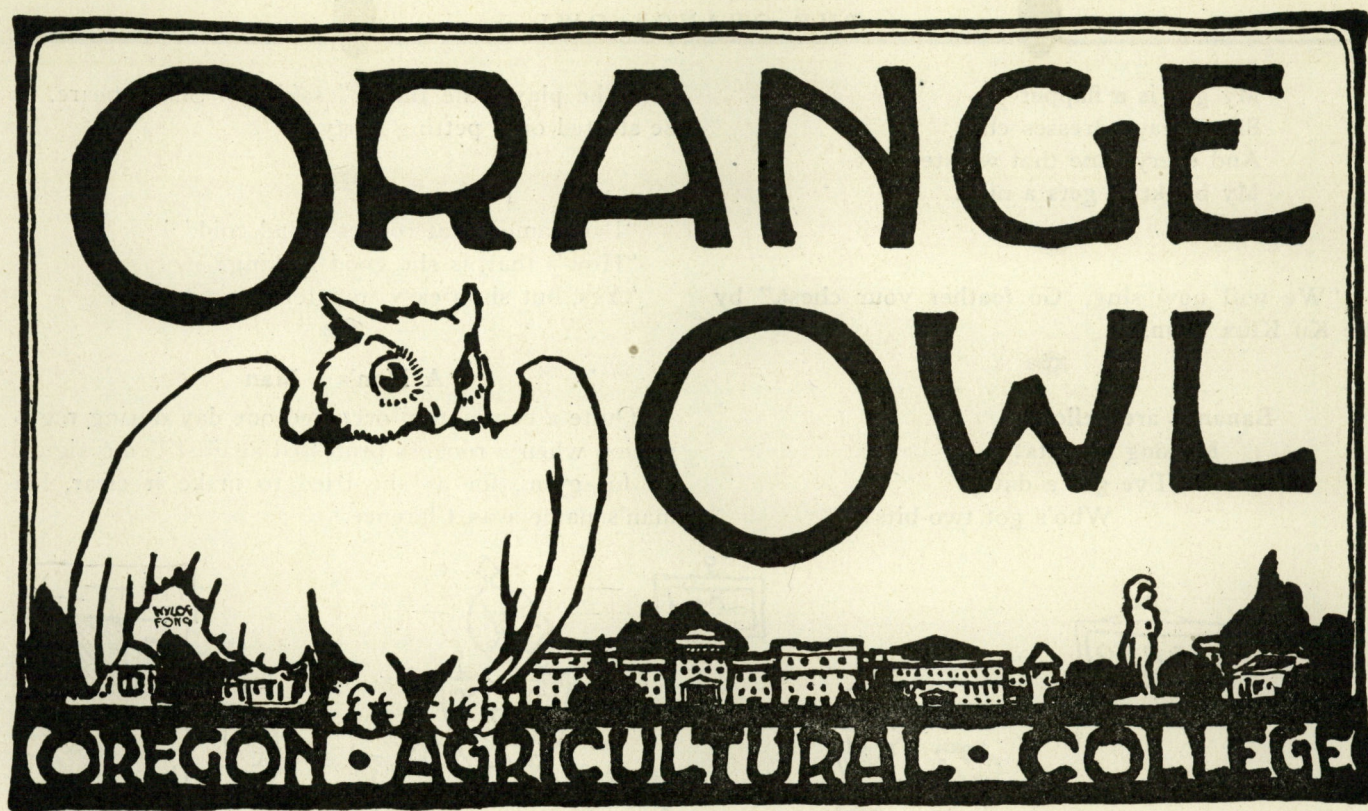
*I will not waste my time this year,
The rookess nobly cries;
I will pursue the narrow path
That straight before me lies.*

*I will not squander father's coin
On chewing gum and such;
I won't use slang, I will not drink
My coca-cola much.*

*I'll write to mother once a week,
Her loneliness to soften;
And I won't ask for money—no—
Well, not so very often.*

*Yes, I'm going to study hard;
I'm learning fast, it's true,
For I'm the reason why this book
Is titled, "Something New."*





A Full Blown Rose
My honey toots a saxophone,
She's charming as a rose;
And I am quite convinced that she's
The fairest flower that blows.

"The rooks croaked and scrambled about the gables" (line from Emerson's essays).
Probably grumbling about washing the windows.

College as She Are

The High School Girl: "College must be just simply wonderful. Gee, when I think of sororities, football, dances, good-looking men and—oh everything—I'm just thrilled to tears."

The Prepper Boy: "Believe me, fellows, when I get to college—"

Dad: "Listen, son, I'm willing to give you as much as the other fellows have, but in my day we didn't learn to spend money like you do."

The Freshman: "Say, this is a damn hard place to get in, stay in, or get out of."

Page Volstead, Boy

A little touch of bottle one
Bottle two for a chaser.
I couldn't get along without
My bottles of ink eraser.

"For they're paddlin' men and women for not wearin' of the green."

Not on the House!

He spilled a choc malt in her lap,
She chortled loud in glee
And hollered out so loud all could hear
"The drinks are sure on me."

LOUNGE LIZARD'S TALES

"What can it be," she exclaimed, peering at the page.

"I can't make it out myself," said I, in a puzzled tone.

We were looking at advertisements in a famous comic week and we had suddenly come upon a figure that seemed familiar, and yet strange. As the light was rather dim, (Betty's eyes are a little weak), we could not read the printing. But there stood the figure of a straight tall young man with a huge box under his arm.

At last my curiosity could no longer be curbed, and throwing Betty from my lap to the floor, I strode to the switch and turned on a blaze of light.

With a little moan, I staggered to a chair. Betty flew to me with terror in her eyes.

"What is it, darling?" she sobbed.

"It's the 'Whitman Sampler' boy," I gasped. "He's got his suit pressed." Then we both lapsed into unconsciousness.



My girl is a flapper
She always dresses chic
And every time that we step out
My bankroll gets a nick.



"We will now sing, 'Go feather your chest,' by
the Ku Klux Klan."



Bananas are yellow,
My dog has fits:
I've got a date,
Who's got two-bits?

"The play's the thing?" said Bill Shakespeare, as
he started on a petting party.



"I've named that rookess 'Bad cold.'"
"How's that, is she good looking?"
"Yes, but she's easy to catch."



A Man's a Man

Quite a commotion occurred one day during regis-
tration when a rookess protested against being signed
up for gym., for as she tried to make it clear, her
man's name was Clarence.



Monday Eve

Dear Mama:

I found papa's fraternity house all right without
any trouble at all and walked right in like papa told
me to. The fellows were sort of surprised to see me,
I guess, because they acted sort of stunned for a
moment, but they got over it right away and took
me right up stairs and showed me a bed to sleep in.
They thought I looked real tired and told me I had
better go right to bed, so I'm going right now.

Good Night Mama,

Your Little Boy Freddie.

Tuesday Eve

I am not living at papa's house any more. The

boys found me a nice room right near the professor's
house where I can run over most any time and have
him help me. The boys are awfully good to me,
mama. This morning I put on the pin that papa gave
me to wear when I left and the boys noticed it right
away. Tell papa that he gave me a poor pin because
there is something the matter with this one. One of
the boys saw it and is going to have it fixed. I have
a nick name already mama; I heard one of the boys
tell another that I was to be called the Green Pea.
I don't think I'm going to like it very well, but I
guess they knew papa was a farmer, so that's why
I guess.

Love and Kisses,

Freddie.



The Old Bird Presents---Rody, the Flapper King





ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, October, 1922

NO. 1

Published by the Orange Owl Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin Society of the Oregon Agricultural College.

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THE Old Bird believes that humor has a serious place on any college campus. It is the balance wheel that keeps everyone from the most verdant freshman to the most sedate prof from grabbing a bolo and holding a Moro holiday to get rid of their high or low spirits.

Humor keeps more faculty wives from being faculty widows, and more students from stealing the police force's bicycle to get rid of their feelings about life in general and school in particular than we would care to have Babson tabulate and put in curves.

Yet the greatest shock absorber of present day humor—the flapper—is leaving us. And the Old Bird

is glad to see skirts getting longer. This is why. Every college comic in the country has been criticized by the reading public other than the students because of risqué humor, jokes on the flapper and on liquor.

Reformers would have us believe that the institutions of higher learning in the country are morally decrepit, the students with little or none of the higher ideals of life.

But we know this is wrong and that the countless cases of clashes between editorial heads of college comics and critics has been due to the fact that the comics were showing in their pages the moral attitude the world has taken, and that those editors were



forced to run that type of humor through popular demand.

Fortunately The Old Bird has never had a great liking for too-close-to-the-border humor. Nor has he had destructive criticism.

Two faculty members have done more with constructive discussion on his copy in the past two years than any regiment of long-haired fault-finders could in twenty. And the Wise One will continue in his attitude during the present regime. He's all for real humor that will steal the big guffaw from the men, the high-pitched giggle from the co-eds, and leave the faculty members with sore sides.



THE Old Bird believes that "A Contributor a Day Keeps Hard Work Away." The more art work and literary copy accepted by the editor the less the staff is forced to set up in the wee hours and the more representative of the school the magazine becomes. Therefore the Owl is passing out numerous shekels each issue to the lucky few who turn in really humorous copy. The best piece of art work wins two dollars and a half, the best short story the same amount, and the two best jokes are worth a dollar apiece to their authors.

Fred Hodecker wins the necklace of plated shoe-string potatoes and the premium of two and a half for the worst short story of this issue. Aud Brown and George Couper are both allowed to collect eight bits a piece for their awful jokes. No prize for art work will be given until the next number is published.

The Old Bird's Old Grad number is his next flight. On Homecoming week-end he will flap out with thirty-two pages of joy for alumni and students. Wherefore, brush pushers, get your drawings in before October 27, and you, typewriter chauffeurs, show us what you can write before November 6. Then sit tight and see what you draw in the lottery.

THE Wise Old Bird observed with considerable satisfaction the successful beginning of the football season. But a beginning is only a beginning. Too often, as the football annals of the College show, the first of the season has been the best. Everyone is enthusiastic about the team and about the wonderful prospects, but when adversity begins to show itself, clamish silence prevails.

Coach Rutherford in speaking before the student body hit the key note of the trouble. "We have never had a great success in previous years because we have never had a united front. We will never be successful until we have the support of every student, faculty member, and business man in Corvallis."

Here, then, is our opportunity. By turning out at every game in full strength, the student body can instill that "fighting morale" into the pigskin squad, and convince them, as well as the coaching staff, that we are united in supporting O. A. C. on the gridiron. What better motto is there than that of the very nation to which we pledge our allegiance—

"United we stand, divided we fall."



THE Old Bird introduces his friend, Mr. Advertiser, the man who deserves a square deal. A real business man who supports every student activity, not because he is begged or forced to, but because he likes the ideals and traditions of the school, deserves more than he ever gets. It takes a man of brains to run a business and one that can hold the friendship of the students and that is what Mr. Advertiser is. Whether he sells candy, cameras, or canned heat, buy from him and let him know that you like his ideas.



THE Old Bird wants a square deal for everyone. Any failure of delivery of his magazine through mistake or change of address will be remedied immediately if the circulation manager is notified.

Contributors This Issue—

George Couper
Phil Gosslin
Pauline White
Taylor Poore
Fritz Hodecker
Aud Brown
Fred Reed
John Beakey



Contributors This Issue—

Dick Benson
Julian Miley
Ed Humphrey
Pauline Pauling
Ed Coles

Business Staff—

Polly Harris
Wait Rising



Ringer Lard Lets Us Know Which Is Who

Dear Ed.

Now that most of us is back and has paid what jack we grabbed off during the summer for a little card what gives us the privilege of sleeping in any recognized classroom in Doc Kerr's outfit I have come to the conclusion that you should beat the v. c.'s to it by printing a few simple rules for the benefit of the new hands around here.

Well ed. I seen the need of this right off and has got together a set of rules which is they followed no rook or rookess can start off here wrong. I think it would be a good idear if you guys would print this here right away and set these new birds right lest they pull some brodie unbeknownst to them selfs.

Well ed. here is what I compiled for thier edification and hope these sinks in:

1. No rookess shall smoke on the campus (this is an old traditun on this campus and is rairly openly broken tho the gals think they is martyrs cause they has to observe it).

2. Take an alarum clock along to class as the profs is sick and tired of halfig to wake up guys which

don't here the whistle blow and consequently don't get out a the room in time to make way for the next

3. Beware of persons which says casually for in-gang.

stance, "Come on up to our shack and hang out until you get located," because if you follow thier advise you are lible to get lassood, locoed, and located for the rest of your college career.

4. Never turn youre back on a greek. In the game of chance now being played some outfits on this campus will stoop to most anything to grab a full house.

5. It is not considered good form to pledge to more than four fraternities at one time no matter how pretty a button they give you.

6. Don't fail to laugh at a prof's jokes which is considered rare diplomacy by them who knows.

7. Don't never think of studieing for the 1st 5 wks. Save yourself for the final dash in december.

8. Please lay off eating peanuts and popcorn in the local theaters.

9. No matter what you was in high school you will find what you learned thier was a mistake and you are a worm.

10. Anybodies advise is good as long as you don't attempt to follow it.

Well ed. I guess there aint no more cause that's awl.

Yures till popcorn bawls,
RINGER.



Sorority: "She looks all broken up."

Sister: "No wonder, he crushed her in his arms."



She went to dad and asked him for
A brand-new sealskin coat.
Said pater: "Seal won't do at all"
And then he got her goat.



Psalm 7734

"Oh Rook, wherefore art tho, Altho thou shimest my shoes, and getteth me dates; altho thou sweepeth my room and washeth my windows, still I mistrust thee. Thou annointest thy head with my Stacomb, thou useth my typewriter shamefully, thou bursteth my football, and loseth my baseball, all of which I have borne in silence. But now thou hast pilfered my new bow tie to wear to thy low underclass frolics, therefore, oh rook, thou shalt walk in the shadow of the bath tub for the sake of thy soul. Forty bubbles!



"What are you wearing to the masquerade, Percy?"

"Oh, I think I'll wear a piece of canvas and go as a tent."



Better Vu Deltas Introduce Their Pledges

Georgette

Every sorority needs a stepper. Georgette makes up for a few of the girls whose inclinations pursue other directions. But her social activities do not interfere with her grades, providing that she can get in the front row of a class headed by a young professor or an old one with young ideas. Her latest suggestion toward improving the table service was to pass the Violet Milos as a side issue with the dessert. Georgette is also a collector of Greek letter hardware. No, her dress isn't on backwards.

Edythe

Edythe says she sprang from a long line of peers. Her offspring will probably jump from the same dock. Edythe was pledged to add that refined touch to the house. The environment has quite the desired effect on distinguished visitors. Aside from taking an active interest in dramatics, Edythe is quite a violin player. She just loves to play "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone" by P. Tschaikowsky. Her only trouble is in finding someone to accompany her. Georgette offered to accompany her to the door the other day and Edythe was insulted and hasn't played for two days now. It is rumored that she rolls her own, but we can't ascertain the truth from where we are sitting.

Sarah Anne

If it wasn't for Sarah Anne, the B. V. D.'s would be on probation next quarter. Aside from keeping up the house average, she is very prominent in student activities. When she isn't in her room studying, you may find her attending a meeting of the local Y. W. C. A. or a literary society. Her musical talent is expended on such selections as "The Little Brown Church in the Dale," etc., etc. Someone suggested that she try "Kitten on the Keys," hence the glassy stare. She can't quite figure out who left that copy of Whizz Bang on her desk.

Bobby

We all make mistakes. You see, Bobby's sister is a senior member of the B. V. D.'s, so Bobby was pledged. As her sister said, "She hasn't gone out much with boys and doesn't know how to act among strangers but she has an awfully kind heart." Bobby has shown her kindly spirit so far by picking up several stray dogs and cats and smuggling them into her room. They were recently discovered by the house mother and unceremoniously ejected. She is also an accomplished musician, her repertoire ranging from the bass of chop sticks to Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater. These selections include several of the lost chords.



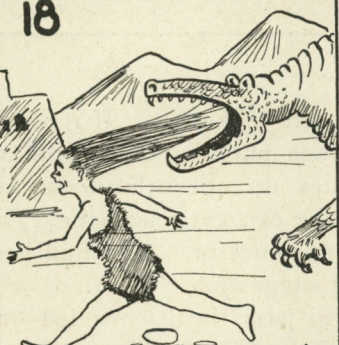
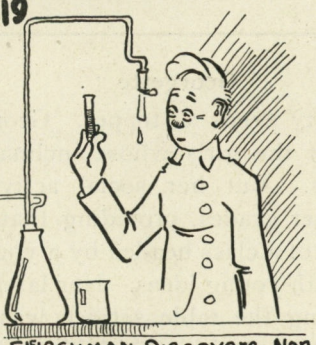

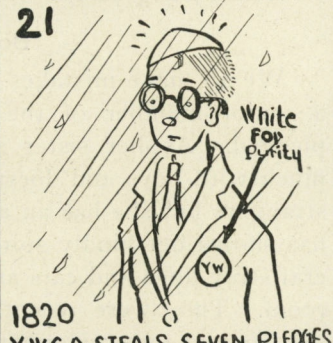


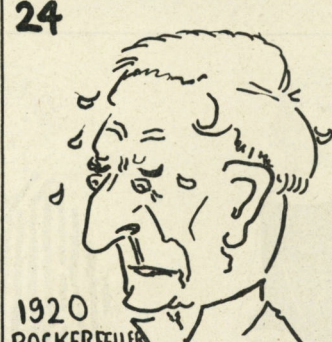

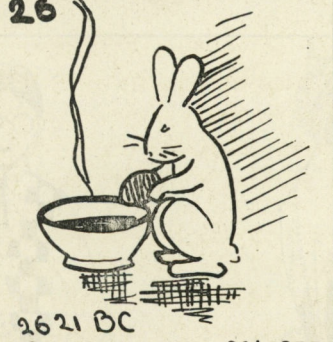



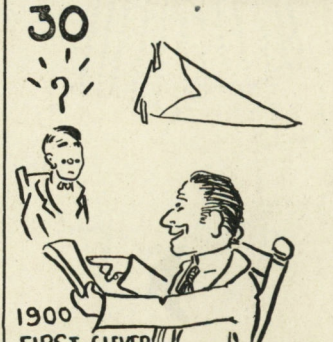
GEORGETTE

SARAH ANNE

EDYTHE

BOBBY



<div>SUNDAY</div> <div>The College Calendar "for" October</div>		<div>MONDAY</div> <div>18</div> <div></div> <div>1922 B.C. Coed about to have bobbed hair</div>	<div>TUESDAY</div> <div>19</div> <div></div> <div>FEISCHMAN Discovers Non-Alcoholic YEAST</div>
<div>WEDNESDAY</div> <div>20</div> <div></div> <div>CALIFORNIA RAISIN CROP THE JUNK MAN'S PARADISE</div>	<div>THURSDAY</div> <div>21</div> <div></div> <div>1820 Y.W.C.A STEALS SEVEN PLEDGES FROM Y.M. HELLEN PANIC IN FUROR</div>	<div>FRIDAY</div> <div>22</div> <div></div> <div>1777 FIRST PIPELESS FURNACE INVENTED</div>	<div>SATURDAY</div> <div>23</div> <div></div> <div>1999 ROOK PLEDGED TO V.C.</div>
<div>SUNDAY</div> <div>24</div> <div></div> <div>1920 ROCKEFELLER SPENDS FIRST NICKLE</div>		<div>MONDAY</div> <div>25</div> <div></div> <div>1918 THE BATTLE OF PARIS</div>	<div>TUESDAY</div> <div>26</div> <div></div> <div>2621 BC FIRST EASTER EGGS COLORED</div>
<div>WEDNESDAY</div> <div>27</div> <div></div> <div>1885 FIRST FRAT HOUSE INSTALLS PICTURE OF PREXY</div>	<div>THURSDAY</div> <div>28</div> <div></div> <div>ICE-TRUST SENDS SALESMAN TO ALASKA</div>	<div>FRIDAY</div> <div>29</div> <div></div> <div>1885 FIRST PEARL GREY DERBY APPEARS ON THE CAMPUS</div>	<div>SATURDAY</div> <div>30</div> <div></div> <div>1900 FIRST CLEVER JOKE APPEARS IN JUDGE</div>



Peppy Page for Pure People

Rook Rally

Rook Rook Rook
Dash Dash Dash
Clip Clip Clip
Splash Splash Splash.



Golf—the hoof and mouth disease. Walk around all day and talk about it all night.



The young college student who worked on the gluing machine during the summer may not have been stuck to his job, but he was sure strong with his fellow employees.



Jolly, Cholly, Jolly!

Said Cholly: "I'm sorry to say, sir,
I've been very wild in my way, sir,
I've drunk here of late
Much orange-crush straight,
With strong coca-cola as chaser."



A rookess is that something who thinks a dance program is a menu.



Freshman Foibles

This campus gets me all balled up,
I don't know where I'm at.
Someone asked for the Ad building,
I wonder where is that.

The Co-op, Ag, and Apperson
Are all like Greek to me.
I wish I was in high school
That's where I ought to be.



There is many a baby who agrees with Edison
that four hours' sleep is enough for for any man.



"I Don't Care"

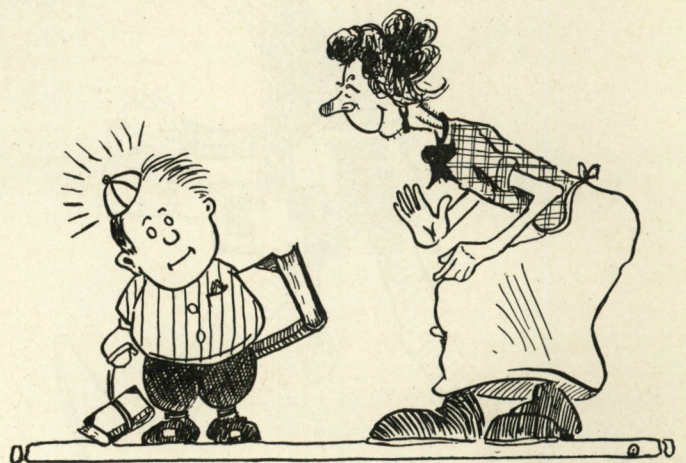
Oh send to me another smile,
A kiss, and wrapped up too,
A loving gaze, a long sweet sigh,
All in a box from you.
Send them to me by parcel post—
C. O. D. if you dare—
Maybe express, or F. O. B.
Any way, "I don't care."

"NOVELTY NAT"

Here's something new, I'm telling you,
You've never heard before
About a man like Dapper Dan—
Way back in Baltimore.
Novelty Nat, a crazy bat,
Went nutty over fads.
He led the styles for miles and miles—
Out-classed the other lads.
He had ten suits, twelve pairs of boots,
The very latest out,
The best of ties that money buys
Without a single doubt.
His socks were rare, and if I dare,
His shirts were made of silk,
A tall silk hat wore handsome Nat,
The Duke of Malted Milk.

A Ladies' Man like Dapper Dan
Was nifty Dan, I'd say,
For ev'ry dame knew Nathan's name
Clear down to Old Bombay.
It was his smile, his winning style
That won him wide renown.
For girls went wild that once were mild
In ev'ry well-known town.
They fell for him with all their vim,
And wrote to him each day—
It was too bad—this handsome lad
To lure these girls astray.

Take not the wrong meaning, I bid—
He was just their Novelty Kid.



"Well, my little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

Bright Freshie: "Count pennies in a bank, ma'm."



Lost, Strayed, Stolen!

"What song do the residents of Corvallis sing after the Rook bonfire?"

"I dunno."

"The Lost Chord."

A rook by the name of McQuit
Had a head that no green lid would fit,
When the V. C.'s espied
They led him aside,
Now McQuit has a hard time to sit,

One bright rook says that the reason the sergeants have whistles is—if they get lost on a foggy morning they whistle for help, and have a detail sent after them.

California: "While home this last summer I was lost on the desert for three weeks without any food or water."

Oregon: "Wow! How did you live?"

California: "On fruit."

Oregon: "How come? No fruit on the desert."

California: "Well, I was among the cactus and found many a prickly-pair."



THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLE

"THE WOMAN"

Senseless Six

Price: Your life, f. o. b. her front steps.

Motor: Two lunger bloc-head, high speed, and high life.

Cylinders: Bored to death.

Pistons: Extremely well manicured, platinum rings, non-returnable type.

Connecting Rods: Two one carat diamonds, fur coat, bungalow, ruby broach, tin lizzie, Fido, half ton candy, gross of safety pins, and Dad Jr.

Main Bearing: At afternoon teas; also heavy on the bank account.

Crankshaft: Mother-in-law type with extra punk disposition, liable to fly up any minute.

Cooling System: Honey bunch radiator with the copeck attachment.

Starting and Lighting: Self-starting at any little thing, lit up most frequently in the evening.

Clutch: Mostly around the neck, non-holler.

Transmission: Selective type, forward with per-verse.

Brakes: Pulls them all the time.

Emergency Brake: Ain't got none.

Control: Me and everything I own.

Frame: Climbs mine every chance there is and on any occasion.

Fuel Tank: Bottomless, can't be filled, requires about a \$10 meal ticket a day.

Equipment: Not a darn thing when first received but extra loud horn, hot air blower, sticky fingers, teeth parted in the middle, eyes that don't track, ungodly plump, underslung, and bobbed hair.

Finish: Yes, you bet.

"Shift for yourself," said the striking stage-hand.

"I'm all in shape for school," he said,

"This night job's been a boon,

I'm trained to go to bed at three,

And not get up till noon."

Cook: "Did you happen to find that basket of eggs that was on the floor?"

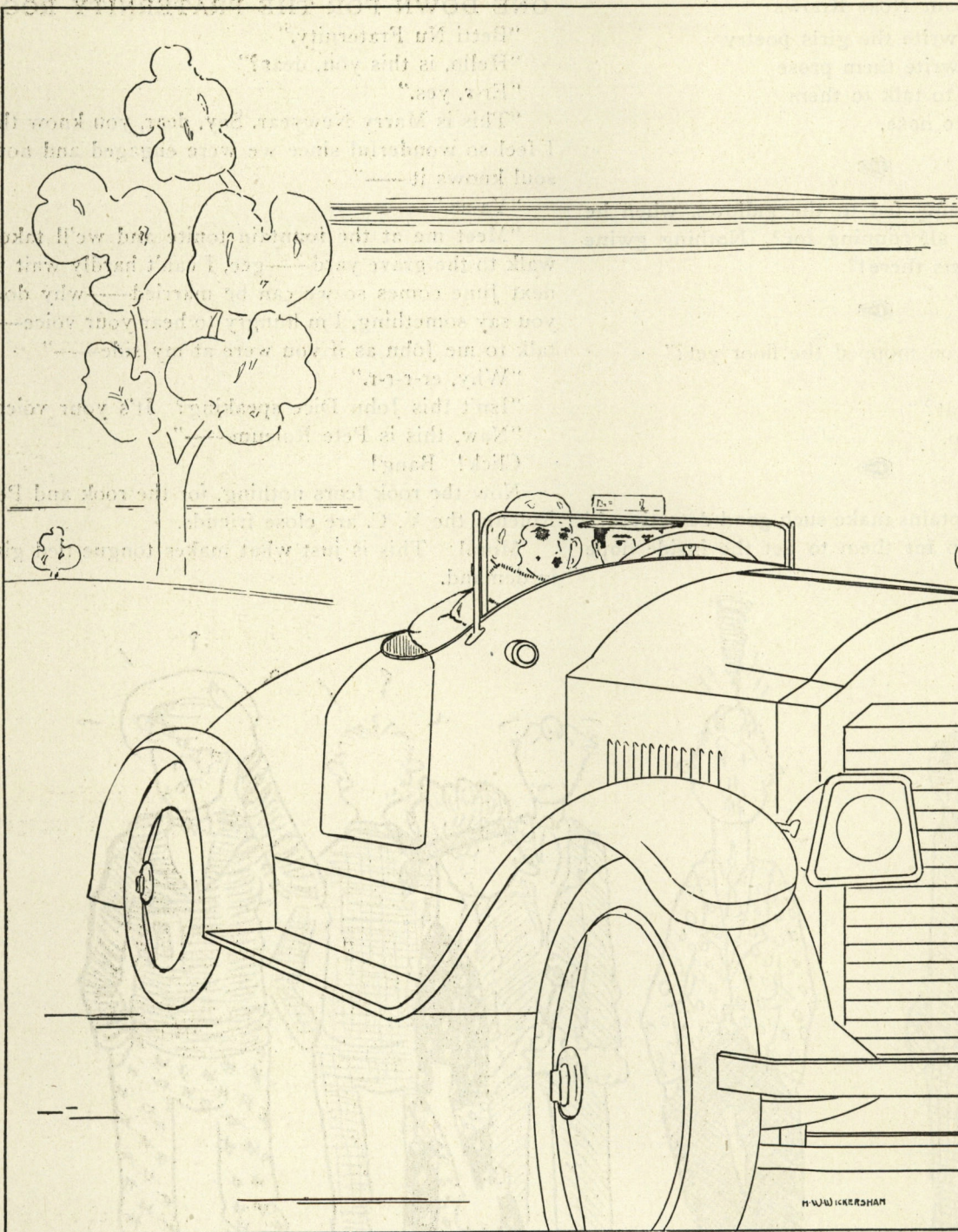
Rook: "Yes, I stepped in it."

He who sizes up a fraternity by the lay of the table during the first week of school gets fooled.

Rookess (coming up to cashier's desk and tendering a check for \$100).

Bank Teller: "What denomination please?"

Rookess: "Methodist. And what are you?"



Burning the Midnight Oil



Your Nose Knows

Some write the girls poetry
Some write them prose
I love to talk to them
Nose to nose.



A negro was being led to the gallows, when he yelled, "What you all running for? Nothing gwine to happen till ah gets there!"



Soph: "Have you mopped the floor yet?"
Rook: "No."
Soph: "No, what?"
Rook: "No mop."



"Why do sea captains make such good detectives?"
"It's an easy job for them to get the inside dope on the passengers."

ONE DOWN FOR THE FRATERNITY ROOK

"Betti Nu Fraternity."

"Hello, is this you, dear?"

"Er-r, yes."

"This is Marry Newyear. Say, dear, you know that I feel so wonderful since we were engaged and not a soul knows it——"

"Ya-as."

"Meet me at the fountain tonite and we'll take a walk to the grave yard——gee, I can't hardly wait till next June comes so we can be married——why don't you say something, I'm hungry to hear your voice——talk to me John as if you were at my side——"

"Why, er-r-r-r."

"Isn't this John Dice speaking? It's your voice."

"Naw, this is Pete Roleum——"

Click! Bang!

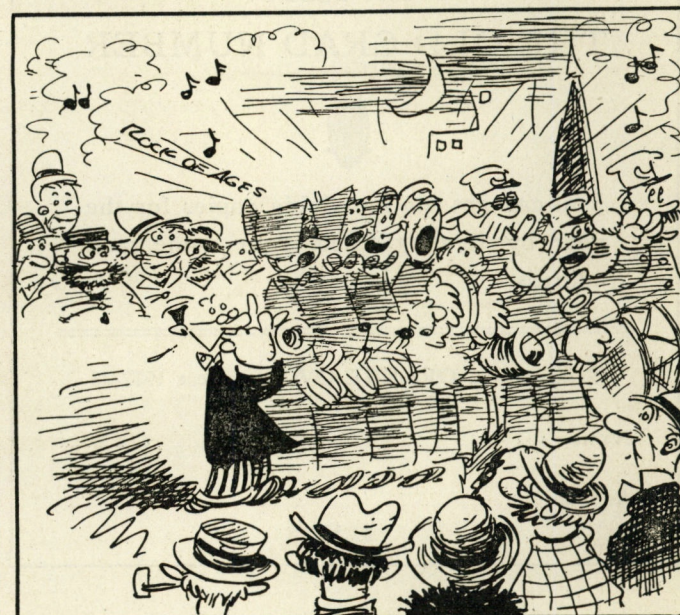
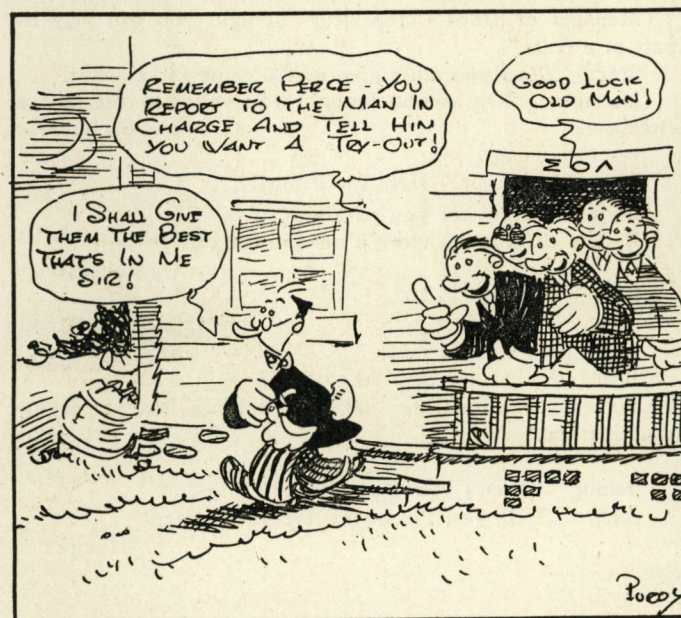
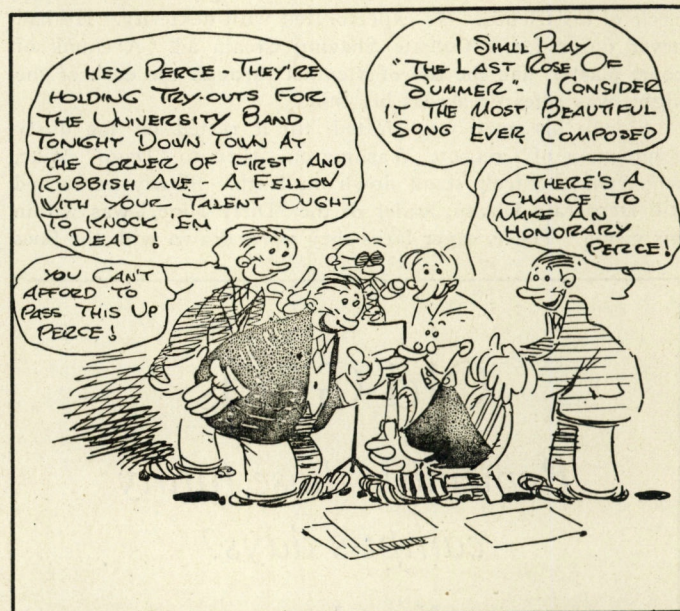
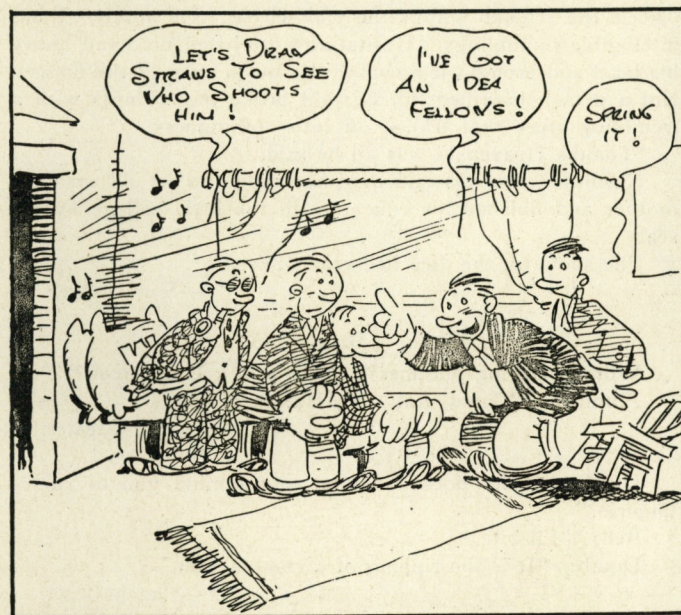
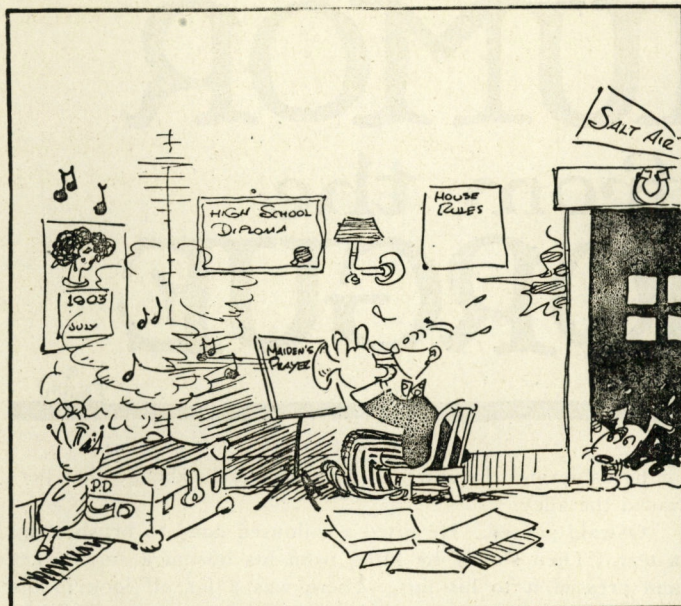
Now the rook fears nothing, for the rook and Pete Roleum the V. C. are close friends.

Moral: This is just what makes tongue-tied girls in demand.



THE FIRST EXAM SHE EVER FAILED TO PASS

Sundodger Sent Us Percy Dumbell





HUMOR

from the

MORGUE

Bailey

THE RETURN OF OSWALD MAGEE

A Short Story By
O MYNO

Oswald laughed. It was a cruel, leering laugh, like the creak of a rusty hinge. He looked sneeringly about the little circle of his friends. He expectorated with dexterity. He had never posed for a Colgate Shaving Cream ad. A chunk of court plaster, like the tail of a comet through the dark of the night, was smeared across his chin.

Slowly his gaze was shifted 'till it rested on the dusty complexion of Creosote Washington,—then to "Dago" Mike, who runs the fruit stand down on Fifth. Slowly he turned 'till Desperate Dugan, leader of the "Dirty Nine," was within his vision. Tense, eager faces they were, drawn with the lines

of hardship and the smell of corn beef and cabbage that pervaded the alley.

Oswald paused. He lifted a calloused hand to brush away a tear. Then slowly he lifted from his bosom a tiny locket and pressed it to his lips. There was a far off look in his eyes like the watery slush of the Amazon, as he tremblingly placed the trinket within the tiny circle. He muttered unintelligible mumblings. Hesitatingly he lifted his hand above his head and brought it down with a quick snap of the fingers. Not a person breathed 'till Oswald broke the stillness with a trembling voice that trailed off into nothingness.

"Thanks Heavens!" was all he said.

Needless to say Oswald went back home to his old wrinkled mother and finished his education in the little college by the sea.

The spots on the dice had read "Seven."

—Sun Dodger.

Drip

Woman (hiring plumber): "Are you a Union man?"

Plumber: "Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."

—Jester.

Dumb: "Why does a divorce suit remind you of ruined lingerie?"

Bell: "I'll bite."

Dumb: "It is the ripping of a combination."

—Punch Bowl.

Manager of Stock Company: "Tonight you will play the part of a duke."

Star: "Then you must give me 20 cents for a shave."

Manager: "On second thought you will play the part of Bolshevik."

—Punch Bowl.

Here in Grinnell

Major: "Why are you parking?"

Callow Youth: "There's a miss in the car."

—Malteaser.

Polar: "They just arrested a girl for walking the streets in a one-piece bathing suit."

Bear: "What did they do to her?"

Polar: "Nothing, the judge is holding her for further examination."

—Burr.

Senior: "Aren't you Owen Jones?"

Soph: "Hell, yes, I'm owing everybody here."

—Puppet.

Old Grads

*Remember those funny
campus days?*

Next Issue:

THE OLD GRAD NUMBER



You can get the remaining copies for the year by sending \$1.50, your name, and address.

Send me the ORANGE OWL for year 1922-23

Name

Address

\$1.50



Warning at Cross-Street

"STOP" beside some young lady.

"LOOK" searchingly into her face for a trace of friendliness.

"MOVE-ON" if she shows signs of calling for a cop.

James: "See that woman with the dirty face, daddy?"

Father: "Why, James, her face is not dirty, she is that way all over.

James: "Gee, pa, you know everything."

—Sun Dodger.

Ho: "Do you know I see very little difference between a tramp or a lawyer?"

Bo: "How come?"

Ho: "Well, both of them are always heading for either the bench or the bar."

—Pitt Panther.

"How did you manage to get home so early last night?"

"Oh I had tough luck. I leaned against her door bell."

—Puppet.

Attorney: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"

Witness: "A little past the center, sir."

—Gargoyle.

Sam Hunk and Sal Cheese were being married by a new minister who had formerly been a plumber in Switzerland. It was his first attempt at this kind of joining, and he excitedly concluded, "Thus, wholly, I wed you, hunk of cheese."

The Woe of Wooing

Long ago

Young Romeo

Loved pretty Juliet;

But what a load

Young Romeowed

For all that Juliet!

Sheriff, Do Your Duty

"—I was seized with horror. The car was tearing down the street behind the unconscious lad. "I called him Elsie—" (many questioning sounds and looks)—"I called him Elsie be run over."

—Gargoyle.

"An cel," says science, "will swim 3000 miles to find himself a mate,"—and then we suppose he'll say that the lady cel "lured" him into matrimony.

—Pitt Panther.

I took my girl to the movies last night to see "The Woman Pays," and she went up and bought two tickets.—Hot dog!

—Royal Gaboon.

Soph (at Lab): "Say, the gas is leaking from this tank."

Busy Instructor: "And you come to me about it? Get some putty and plug it. Use your head, boy, use your head."

—Cougar's Paw.

Sea Air vs. Mountain Dew

Mother: "I wish that the papers would quit writing about these mountain moonshiners."

Daughter: "Why, mother?"

Mother: "Because I want father to take us to the seashore this summer."

—Burr.

"Phwat do yez think of Prohibition, Mrs. Mulvaney?"

"Sure, Mrs. Ragan, and it takes the 'p' out of spouse!"

Corvallis' department store that caters to the wants of college men and women

MILLER'S
Good Goods.

This store supports every student enterprise.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

A dainty lunch or dinner always seems a little more inviting if it is served in a private dining room. You can enjoy this privacy by calling 1260 and reserving our banquet room for your parties. No extra charge for banquet room.



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For Young Women

Conde Coats

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A dozen models answer "present" to
Fashion's roll call of Top-Coats for
college girls.

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Picture Mouldings
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Now is a good time to select that Christmas picture while our line is unbroken.

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The standard of this store is reflected by the high grade merchandise we carry—Phoenix Hosiery, Ide. Shirts, Coopers Underwear, Stratford Shoes, and Kuppenheimer Good Clothes.

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F. J. HOOKS

The Model Grocery

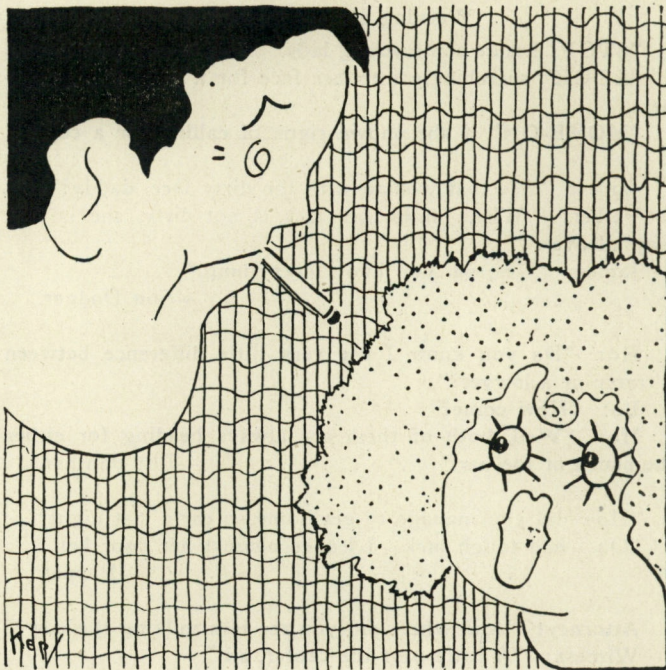
IN MASONIC BUILDING
Telephones 230 and 3253

The Shampoo Shop

Shampooing, Marcelling, Manicuring
Ladies and Gents

Phone 1579

Room 5, First National Bank



Rook: "Are you doing anything tonight?"

Co-ed: "No, nothing."

Rook: "Gosh! What a waste of time."



Prof: "Young men, whatever you do don't get a dead-end job. Would you call a barber a dead-end?"

Rook: "I suppose so; he cuts the dead end all right."



Dickery dickery docks
My eyes ran up the clocks.
And all the king's horses and men
Couldn't tear my eyes away again.



Rock-a-bye rook
In the house top,
When the day breaks
The paddles will pop.

A Bit of Zoology---

When they first met he said, "A Bear,"
He'd dog her footsteps everywhere.
She monkeyed with him for a year,
Although she said he was a deer.
A little horse-play hitched the two,
Now he's the goat. It's nothing gnu.

Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings, Dry Goods

J.H.Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS



A rook was undoing the work that his class had successfully done the night before. With a brick he was scrubbing the green paint off the sidewalk. An upperclassman, noticing the speed with which he was working, asked: "Why the hurry?" The industrious rook, without stopping, answered: "I want to get through before my brick wears out."



He was a big, green, awkward rook, fresh from the big city. This college life was all new to him. The sophomores were all so rough that he didn't know what to do. He tried to go fussing but they took him away from his girl and paddled him. He tried to go to a show, but they made him get up and perform. Nowhere was he safe from their demoniacal fury and diabolical perseverance. At last he went home and crawled to bed. They pulled him out and hosed him off. The unhappy rook crept out of the house and slowly wended his way to Mary's river. He jumped off the bridge in the foggy night, covering himself with a blanket of fog, and went peacefully to sleep in the bed of the river.



"What makes that Rook so pale?"

"A V. C. washed him off with a bucket of water."



A rook who passes as Bill Smeltzer,
Said to the barkeeper, "Well, sir,
I'd like some 'Old Crow'."
But the barkeep said "No;
Seltzer's the strongest we sell, sir."



Soph: "Hey rook, wash those andirons."

Rook: "Send them to the washlady."

Soph: "Why?"

Rook: "She washes and irons."



You cannot light the pill with the matches that are past.

Beaver Laundry Co.

Cleaners and Dyers

TELEPHONE 98

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Corvallis, Oregon

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The Orange Owl

We Are For It!

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Oswald

and their

EIGHT SERENADERS

and

SEVEN STROLLERS

Yours for real dance music.

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Commencing October 30

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"
One of the finest pictures of the season.

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"THE MASQUERADER"
With Guy Bates Post

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
MAE MURRAY in "FASCINATION"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
NORMA TALMADGE in
"THE ETERNAL FLAME"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
A famous crook story.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"BURNING SAND"
One of the big pictures of the season

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
With Tom Moore and Mary Miles Minter



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and
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The home of "Whitman's" Candies

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ALL KINDS OF WEAR

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126 Second Street

**NO SECRETS HERE!**

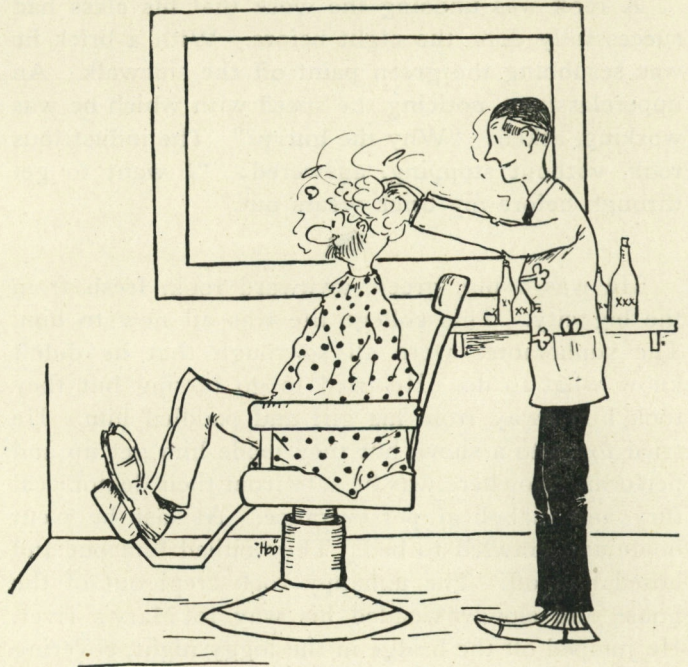
Voice of Authority

She (adoringly): "It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything."

He (a graduate): "It is."

We don't know everything but we do know that we handle the finest lines of nationally advertised merchandise in the valley. Below are listed a few of them:

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits and Coats; Stetson, Mallory, and Berg Hats; Holeproof and Interwoven Hosiery; Munsingwear; Florsheim, Cutter, and Chippewa Shoes; Keiser Neckwear, and Van Heusen Collars; Bradley, and Tom Wye Sweaters; Manhattan, Earl & Wilson, and Eagle Shirts; Women's Corticelli, Phoenix, and Holeproof Hosiery; Kayser, and Centemer's Gloves; Royal Society Art Goods; Skinner's, Corticelli, and Mallinson Silks; Gainsborough, Rider, and Venida Hair Nets; Hull Umbrellas; Woolltex Suits and Coats; Miss Manhattan Suits and Coats; Virginia Dare Dresses; Kenyon Rain Coats; Gosard, Nemo, Bon Ton and Royal Worcester Corsets; Treo Athletic Corsets; Fitform Brassieres; Jantzen, Oconto, and Bradley Sweaters; Paul Jones, and Mar Hof Middies; Wirthmor Blouses.

J. M. NOLAN & SON

THE FIRST VACUUM CLEANER

Song of the Sahara

You made me what I am today;

Volstead I'll get you!

You made me what I am today

A homeless young corkscrew.



Charming Editor: "Write me a short story."

Green Chapeaux: "I love you."

C. E.: "Accepted."



Little Rook with cap of green

On the grass is never seen

For if he does the Sophs will spank

And duck him by the river bank.



The reason few milkmen are married is that they see women too early in the morning.

THE BLUE MOUSE THEATRE

The Home of Good Pictures
Popular Prices



R. is for rooks with lids of green
 S. is for showers to keep them clean
 V. is for Vigilants who treat them mean
 P. is for paddles—not used on the bean.



He first saw her as she came through the swinging doors one evening about nine o'clock.

Next evening she again came through the swinging doors. Drunk with delirious joy, he staggered out after her.

"Can I walk with you," he asked in a champagne flavored voice? She did not reply; so he walked along with her murmuring sweet nothings in her hair-embowered ear.

Suddenly rapid footsteps were heard approaching from the rear. A shout burst forth that brought terror to his heart.

"Hey Rook. What d'ye mean having library dates?"

He trembled so that his cute little green cap nearly fell off the back of his Marcell.

Then two strong hands grasped him on either side and propelled him away from his Fond Fancy.

"Oah," she sighed as he disappeared from her sight and she continued her manless way home, "This is the Darb, and after I had such a hard time encouraging him to walk with me."



Little Jimmie was looking at his big brother's college annual.

"Papa, what does A. T. O. mean?"

"All tired out, Willie. Now hush up."

"But, papa, what does S. A. E. mean?"

"Such awful English. Do be still."

"But please, pop, what does S. N. mean?"

"SED NUFF!!!" Slipper!!! Curtain.



First Rook: "Look, Red, I weigh three pounds more than you do."

Second Rook: "Aw, you're cheating! You've got your hands in your pocket."

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Light Lunches and Fountain Specialties

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HOOT!



*A wise old owl sat up in a tree,
As wise as any old owl could be,
He hooted, and hooted, so solemn and grave,
And the sound that he made sounded very like—SAVE.*

What better advice could any old owl, wise or otherwise, give to the many readers of the ORANGE OWL, than to save some portion of their income for future requirements?

It's a "grand and glorious feelin'" to know that one has an actual cash reserve ready to draw upon when money is really needed.

The Savings Department of THE BENTON COUNTY STATE BANK offers every opportunity to those who desire to prepare for emergencies.

Better listen to the owl and start saving.

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BROADWAY AT ALDER

PORTLAND

Hank: "Damn fine 'O' your brother is wearing. What sport did he win it in?"

Gink: "Damn fine 'O'."



First Greek: "Hello, there. How's business down at your house?"

Second Greek: "Oh, it's rushing, just rushing."



Jeanne was sure a classy fem

She nearly "took me in."

I loved her, oh so very much

She almost got my pin

Almost I said—I caught her taking it.



Latest commandment for the rooks:

"All freshmen shall carry green ink in their fountain pens."



"B'gar it's morning," said the old gent. "I hear my daughter going to bed."



"You know, Bill, that it's raising the devil in general."

"What's raising the devil in general?"

"That Nature's Remedy that I took."—Adv.



"I'm sore," said the rook, as he gently parked himself upon a pillow.



"There's something rotten in Denmark," said the rook as he gently took another chew of snuff.



"I feel buggy," said the hen as she swallowed the last of thirteen fish worms.



Client: "So you're going to eastern Oregon? Got a case up there I suppose."

Hurt, the lawyer: "Huh, not even a bottle."

Worry is a sure sign of indigestion or trouble. Read the Orange Owl and forget your troubles.

Eat at

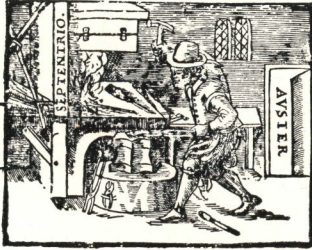
The Eureka

and eat what will relieve the indigestion.

CAFETERIA STYLE SERVICE

Corner Fifteenth and Jefferson

FROM GILBERT'S



DE MAGNETE —

"WORD MONGERS" and "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

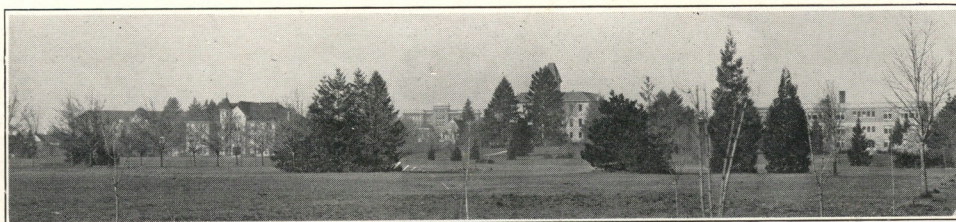
"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

Oregon Agricultural College

"Liberal and Practical Education"



The Oregon Agricultural College offers training in those courses of study that enroll practically two thirds of all the university and college students of America. It enrolls practically half of all the young people of Oregon who go to college anywhere. It has a beautiful campus, organized on a plan that looks to a future commensurate with the greatness of Oregon. Its buildings are spacious, substantial, and dignified. Its faculty has been well trained in the best higher institutions of this country and of Europe, and the leaders in its schools and departments have had also the experience in Oregon that makes their work of peculiar importance to the commonwealth. Its graduates for years past, have been taking positions of leadership in all the professions for which the College offers training.

Student body government has prevailed for over ten years, and its success is no longer questioned. Intra-mural athletics, directed by a competent corps of instructors and coaches, enrolls practically all students of the College in a splendid series of games and contests. Inter-collegiate athletic contests are conducted with all the best colleges and universities on the Pacific Coast. The facilities of Bell field, the Men's gymnasium, the swimming pool, and the other athletic resources of the College are

not only first class but are being regularly improved from year to year.

In forensics O. A. C. won the highest honors in the State last year. She not only won first place in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest and first in the State Peace Oration Contest, but won the national Peace Oration Contest also. In debate she won a majority of points against her competitors. In dramatics, music, student journalism, sociability, and all that goes to make College life a rich and elevating experience, the College has a wealth of interests, from which the student may choose the things he needs.

Fraternity life at the College is not only wholesome and happy, affording many of the comforts and amenities of home life, but the fraternity system in general has been praised by men of national influence in the fraternity world as one of the best organized in the country.

The excellence of the Reserve Officers Training Corps at the College, enrolling over 1000 men, has won for the College the coveted rank of "distinguished institution" since 1917.

This issue of the Orange Owl, the comedy publication of the students, is only a single example of how the students have opportunity to exercise their talents in issuing the eight publications managed and edited by students.