

ORANGE OWL

VOL. III

NO. 1



THE DAY FOLLOWING REGISTRATION

OCT. 1921

PRICE 25¢

T

THE TIFFIN

Has

Everything

To serve

In

Fine

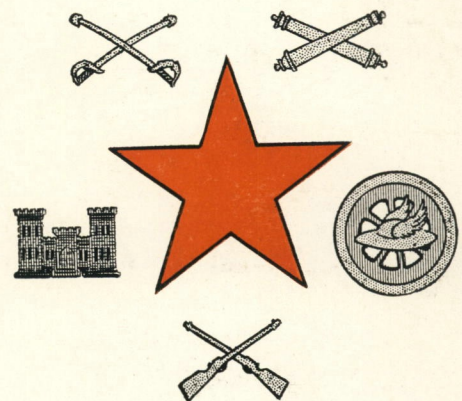
Foods, pastries and

Ice creams.

Nothing but the best.

That's a Classy
Dance
Program

Cadet Officers Ball



O. A. C.
1921

—THAT'S why we
enjoy producing
the distinctive
bits of printing
for your social
festivities.

Corvallis Printing
Company

261 Monroe]
Near Third



Cock-eyed Poetry

She winked at me
With a naughty eye,
So I dated her up
For the bye and bye.
Each night we met
Just she and I.
She called me her pet;
Oh how she did lie.
We'd stroll alone
'Neath the silv'ry moon
And she'd coo to me
An old love tune.
Months did come
And months did go.
I married her;
She fooled me so.
But never again,
If the chance comes by,
Will I marry a girl
Who winks her eye.



Moonlit hill,
Maiden fair;
Armful of girl,
Mouthful of hair.



Mable: "Nice skirt Alice is wearing."
Jack: "Yes, all wool and a foot high."



Mr. Magnet: "Why do you fly to me?"
Miss Filing: "You are so attractive."



She: "He thinks of her so little."
Ditto: "How is that?"
She: "He keeps her in his mind."



"How shocking," said the preacher, when he saw
the princess slip.

The Upstairs Store

LADIES' SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, AND
BLOUSES IN MOST EXCLUSIVE STYLES

THE PARIS

Hout Building

Telephone 1402

COLLEGE PRESSERY

L. T. CHELLIS

Builders of Clothes for Men Who Care

SUITS, \$25.00 to \$60.00

CLEANING, PRESSING, DYEING, ALTERING

Why Have Sleepless
Nights Like the



Guarding your money
and valuables, when
your bank's the place.

Corvallis State Bank

"The Friendly Bank"

SECOND AND MONROE

Compliments of

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Oswald

For Dance Troubles 3415

Women's Club



5-23-28
JAB



Don't Take College Too Seriously

YOU'RE BACK at college. Too bad. The Owl mourns with you, even as it makes this statement.

But in life the only purpose of tears is to make us enjoy laughter.

If we were happy all the time we wouldn't enjoy life at all.

Most students take college too seriously, anyway. Some have been known to spend an entire evening at the library preparing lessons.

This should not be.

The Owl is in this college to do its bit. It aims to cast its flick'ring flame of fun into the dismal darkness of your college career.

You need it, even as the flowers need the sunshine and the prattling babe needs its mother.

The Owl is sold to students by subscription only. You may obtain the next five issues for \$1.25 by the coupon route.

The coupon is put here for your convenience—attach a check for \$1.25 to it, mail it to us, and we'll do the rest.

TEAR ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE

THE ORANGE OWL,
Corvallis, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

Here's my \$1.25. Shoot the next five issues right along.

Name

Address



EVERYTHING *for* the STUDENT

Just received a new supply of pennants, pillows and blankets. Get yours while this splendid line is still complete.



O. A. C.
CO-OPERATIVE
ASSOCIATION



Greetings from

WM. KONICK
Expert Watchmaker and Jeweler
CORVALLIS HOTEL BUILDING

LET US DO YOUR BARBER WORK

Drop in between classes for a first-class
shave or hair cut

JEFFERSON STREET BARBER SHOP
W. C. HARRIS, Proprietor

"You'll be satisfied with our work"

Central Tailors and Cleaners

763 Monroe Street Telephone 259

CIGARS CANDY BILLIARDS TOBACCO

CLUB CIGAR CO., Inc.

The Place for Gentlemen

Julian Hotel Building Corvallis, Oregon

Hemstitching, Pleating, Covered Buttons, Stamping
We do the work in our own parlors. The finest line
of needle craft merchandise this side of Portland.

THE SPECIALTY SHOP

Mrs. J. E. Runkle 102 Fourth Street

Beaver Pool Hall

FOR A PLEASANT EVENING

THE PASTIME

for

BILLIARDS AND POOL

Under the Julian Hotel

Wagner Bros.

"HEY! ST. VITUS!"

His feet tickled,
His shoulder blades itched,
His spine had a crawling sensation.
Her feet itched,
Her shoulder blades tickled,
Her spine dittoed.
The crowd dancing observed them;
They followed the example;
The "shimmy" was born.

— :: —

Ignatius Aloynisous Dimonstine
Hung all his clothes upon the line.
A gamboling goat, I do declare,
Changed his name to Hezal Bare.

— :: —

Frat: "I'd like to have you come over to dinner,
George, and meet the fellows."

Rush: "Oh, I'm getting pretty good grub down at
the boarding house so I guess I might as well go on
down there."

— :: —

Any Sophomore.

"Wait a minute."

"Ain't got time."

"Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere in particular."

— :: —

Now that we have national prohibition one would
naturally think that the Brown Jug would be empty
and the Punch Bowl filled with Lemon Punch, but you
can't always sometimes tell.

— :: —

Uneasy lies the head that has been crowned.

— :: —

She ordered veal and the butcher observed that
it was not necessary with two such pretty calves as
she had.

— :: —

Clarence: "What key are you playing in?"

Claret: "A flat."

Clarence: "Well, it sounds flat in this flat."

Claret: "I dunno, if a man has the right key he can
play in any flat."

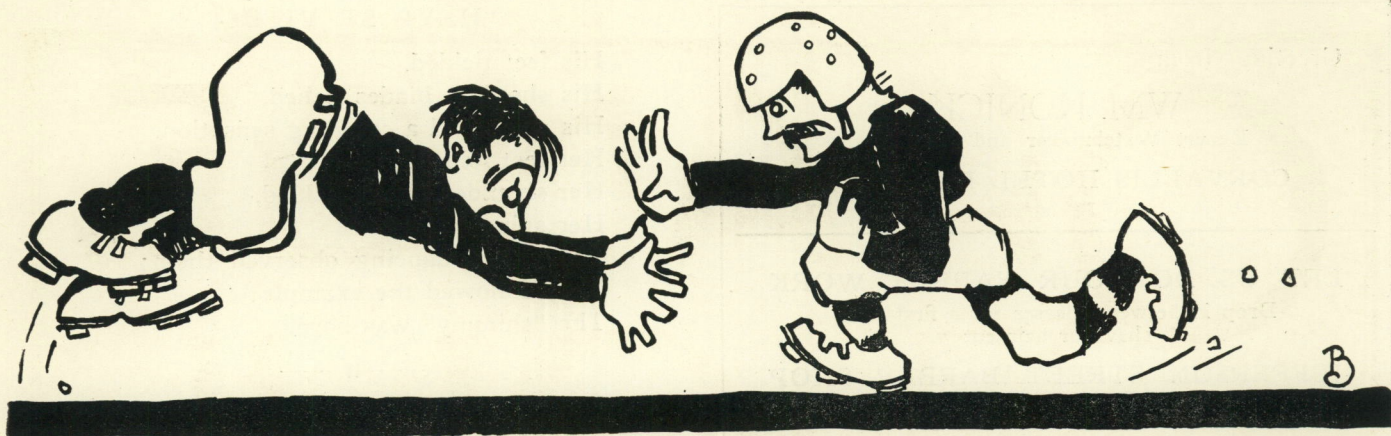
— :: —

First passenger: "Wonder what that wiggling
thing can be over there on the horizon?"

Second passenger: "Search me, must be a nervous
wreck."

— :: —

In Map Making Class: "They say this work is
fundamental. I see where they get da mental part but
I don't see were the fun comes in.



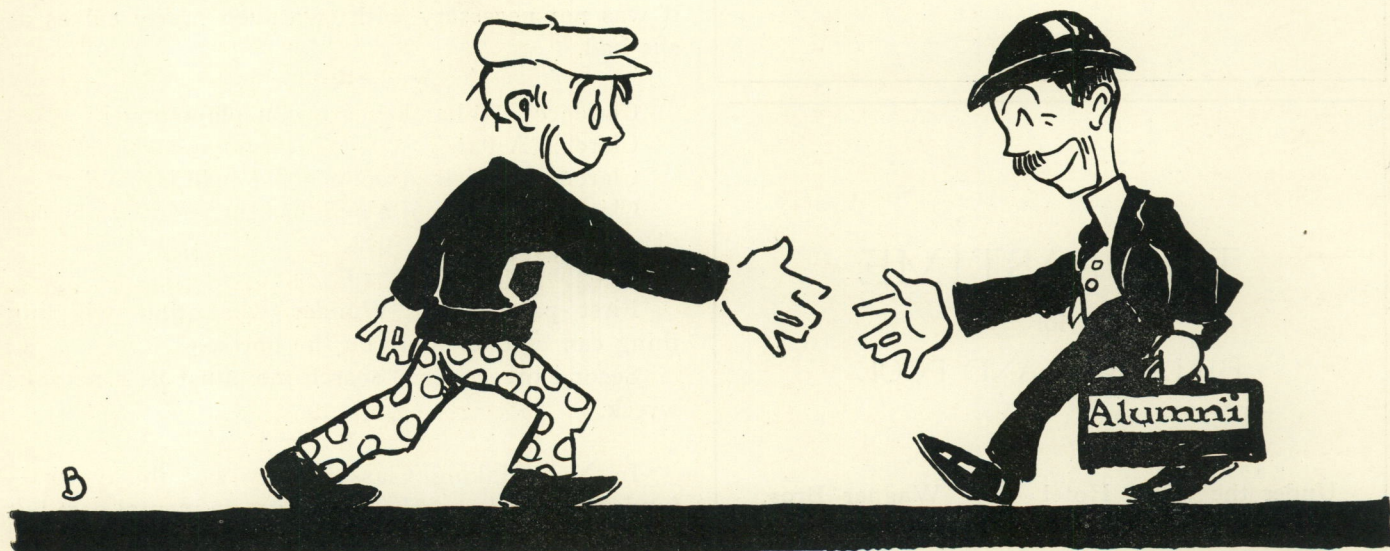
The Home Coming

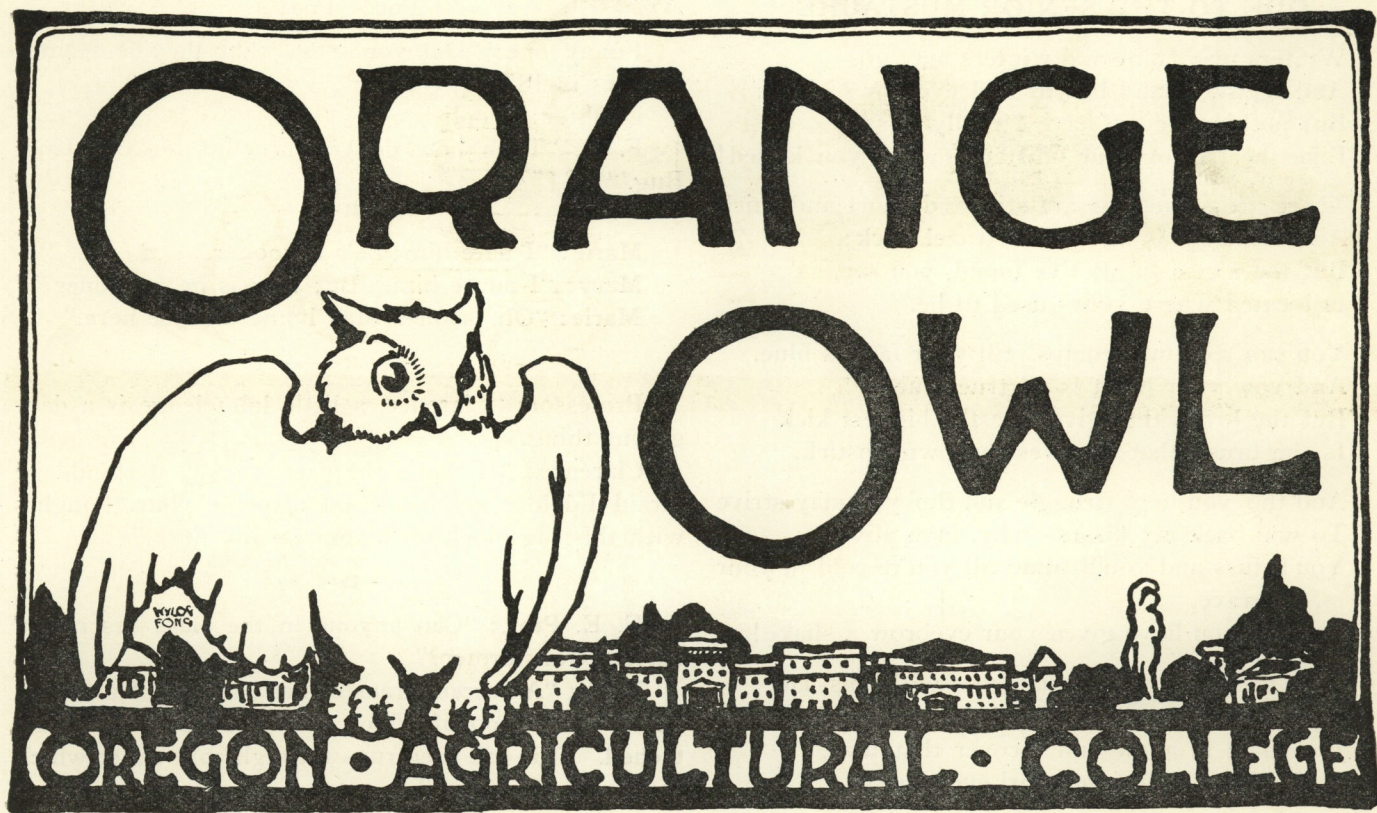
Music and laughter and bright lights,
Fraternities all pressed for room,
Home coming time—all hearts are right,
And smiles are out for Old Man Gloom.

Glad hands will shake 'til fingers ache,
And lusty voices sing
Each Beaver's praise in college days,
And Football is crowned King.

A nameless field where battles rage
And valiant warriors fight and strain
While thousands watch the gridiron stage,
No longer shall be hid from fame.

In letters bold of black and gold,
We'll paint its name to be,
And dedicate the ground in state
As Bell Field, O. A. C.





YE BALLAD OF YE MOONLIGHT STROLL

Ye home-sick rookess, perfumed and fair,
Strays forth from Waldo to get some air;
When ye Senior, big and bold and strong,
By happy chance doth stroll along.

"Cheer up," quoth he, with winning smile,
"And trust your new found friend awhile—
You needs must 'scape from your lonely room
And stroll with me "neath the silv'ry moon."

She straightway strolled, with much delight;
So they were off and far from sight;
He warbled of love, so true and good,
And she believed, as a rookess should.

'Twas the morning after the night before
When this rookess quietly op'ed her door.
She blushed right red as she thought of him,
But showed the world his fraternity pin.

"Why do I always have to go to bed at a certain time?" complained a pledge to a Greek boarding house. "I don't belong to any union."

Sambo: "You know, Rastus, dat every time Ah kiss mah wife she close her eyes an' holler?"

Rastus: "Ah say she do!"

Sambo: "What's dat, Nigger?"

Rastus: "Ah say, do she?"

"You and Willamina had a quarrel?"

"Yeah."

"How did it happen?"

"We went out canoeing the other night and I insisted on paddling her."

Miss Conception.

Mother (aside): "Edna, your collar looks tight."

Edna: "Oh, but Mother, he really isn't."

Small boy: "What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, Mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them."

After Fred drank some of his home-made gloom eradicator, he tried to pry up the street car track with a tooth pick.

The curtain bore the label, "asbestos."

"Aw, heck, I've seen this show before," said the verdant yearling as he left the Majestic.

Well, Barely!

"I hear that Algernon has established a woman's clothing store."

"Well, you might call it that. He's running a jewelry shop."



ODE TO THE SENIOR MUSTACHE

Winters may come and winters may go,
And whiskers and beards and eyebrows grow;
But nothing before have I really missed
Like the feel of your mustache when you kissed!

There are some that are stiff and short and thick
And scratchy as last year's teazel stick;
But the nicest of all I've found, you see,
Is located where yours used to be.

You can feed me "comps" till your face is blue,
And vow your heart is all true blue;
But the lovin' that gives me the biggest kick
Is the brush that removes my own lipstick.

And tho' you may struggle and tho' you may strive
To win back my kisses—why, man alive,
You'll fuss and you'll fume till you're cold in your
grave,

Because you have given your eyebrow a shave!

Now there is a moral that goes with this, lad,
So don't get despondent and don't get sad;
Just start in anew and recover that fuzz,
And I'll be the happiest girl ever wuz!

"Tall men are my long suit," warbled the fair rookess.

Poe! Poe!

Funny one: "Did you know that they had auto-
mobiles in 1850?"

Doubter: "Foolish ass!"

F. O. "Then how do you account for the 'Gold
Bug.'"

Marie: "I hate him; he's a 'sooner.'"

Mary: "I adore him. But why is he a 'sooner?'"

Marie: "Oh, 'sooner' stay home than be here."

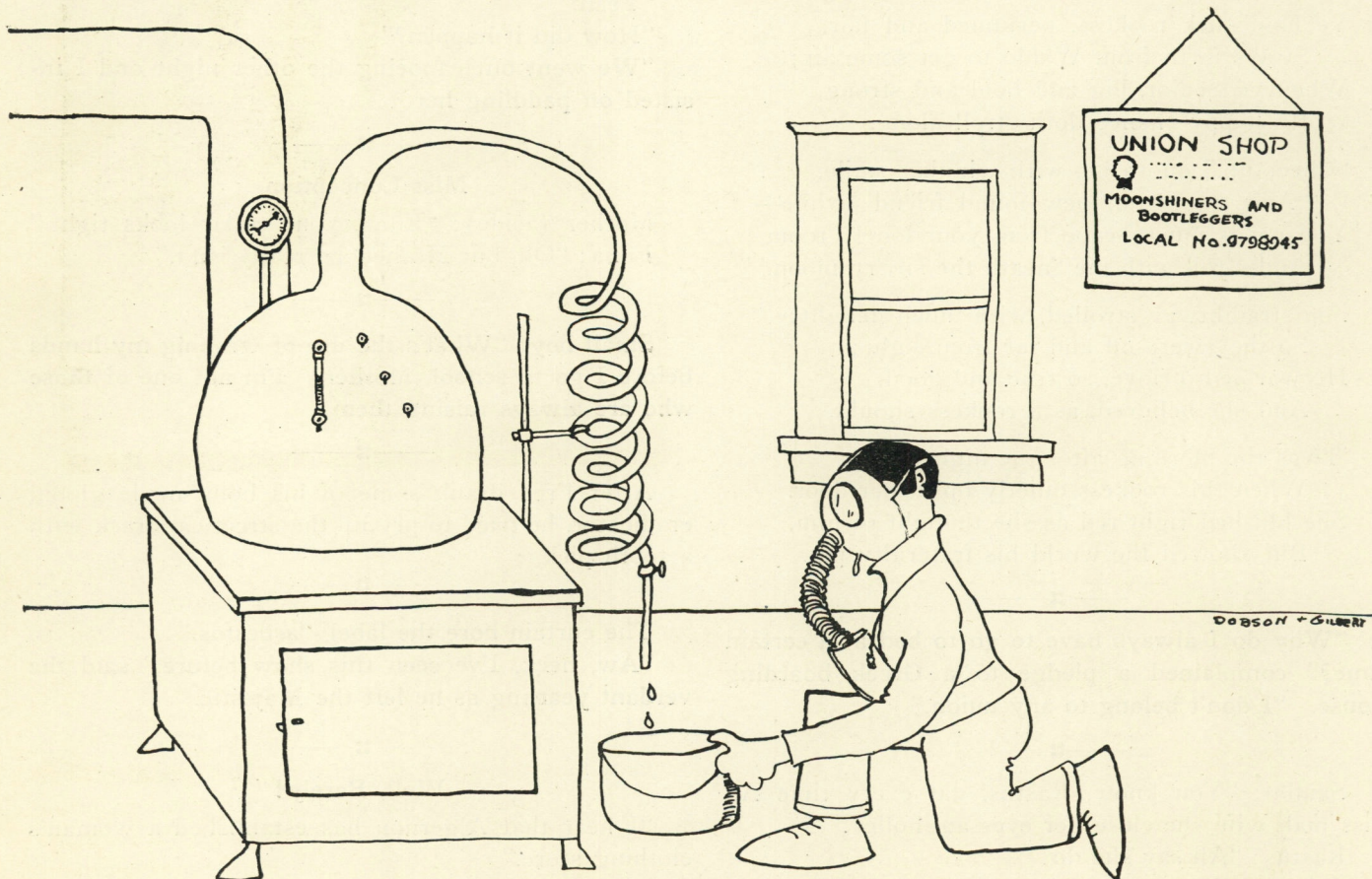
Professor: "Clarence, a little knowledge is a dan-
gerous thing."

Clarence: "If that's the case, then you should be
afraid I'd lose my head and disperse your thoughts
with this big block of danger on my neck."

E. E. Prof.: "Can anyone in the class describe a
current transformer?"

Rook: "A current transformer consists of a copper
kettle at the top of which a long copper coil is at-
tached. This coil then runs through cold water which
condenses the juice."

Aesop's fables are stories told to freshmen.



THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY



The Sim-ple Wim-ple-Dim-ple

THE Lit-tle Sim-ple Wim-ple-Dim-ple is a Sim-ple Crea-ture of Clean Hab-its and clean Sur-round-ings. He builds Him-self a Cave of soap-stone and a Bed of soap-weed. His feed is the Pol-len of the Cen-tury Plant.

A vo-ra-cious ap-pe-tite is the means of his cap-ture.

The Wim-ple-Dim-ple is blue, with great mass-es of hair like a tree frog. He has a small mouth. A cir-cle of blue whisk-ers sur-rounds it. His tail is long. It is al-so sin-ewy, end-ing in a but-ton.

The lit-tle sim-ple Wim-ple-Dim-ple lives in a Cave. The hunt-er, who pur-sues him, gets a flat bot-tom-ed bi-cy-cle. He mot-ors a-cross the Des-ert. By-and-by he comes to the Cave of the lit-tle sim-ple Wim-ple-Dim-ple.



His tail is long, end-ing
in a but-ton.

As He flies by the Cave he drops a Cen-tury Plant Seed. It should Drop near the Door. Then he goes to a near-by Brook. Then he covers Him-self with a huge Rock. He puts his feet in the Water of the Brook to Des-troy the Odor. When the Cen-tury Plant blooms he flies to its Flow-er and puts Chew-ing Gum on the Pol-len.

Then he walks in a Straight cir-cle on his Hands to his se-clu-sion by the Riv-er. There he cov-ers him-self with the Rock and Lis-tens.

The A-cute nose of an-i-mal smells the bloom of the Plant. An In-aud-i-ble cry of "Wim-ple, Wim-ple, Wim-ple" iss-ues from the Dim-pled Crea-ture. He then floats up to the Bloom.

Soon he be-comes En-gaged in Eat-ing and the Gum has him Baf-fled! The Hunt-er, hear-ing the Cry, swings down the Stream. He then finds a Ford, and mot-ors a-cross the Des-ert on his flat-bot-tomed bi-cy-cle. As He dash-es by the Wim-ple-Dim-ple he Snatch-es at the tail of the An-i-mal. He pulls off the but-ton. The back-bone of the Crea-ture then comes Un-rav-eled and the Crea-ture's Tail is End-ed, as is Ours.

My books are in the attic,
My shoes are in the lake,
My loves are quite erratic,
What difference does it make?

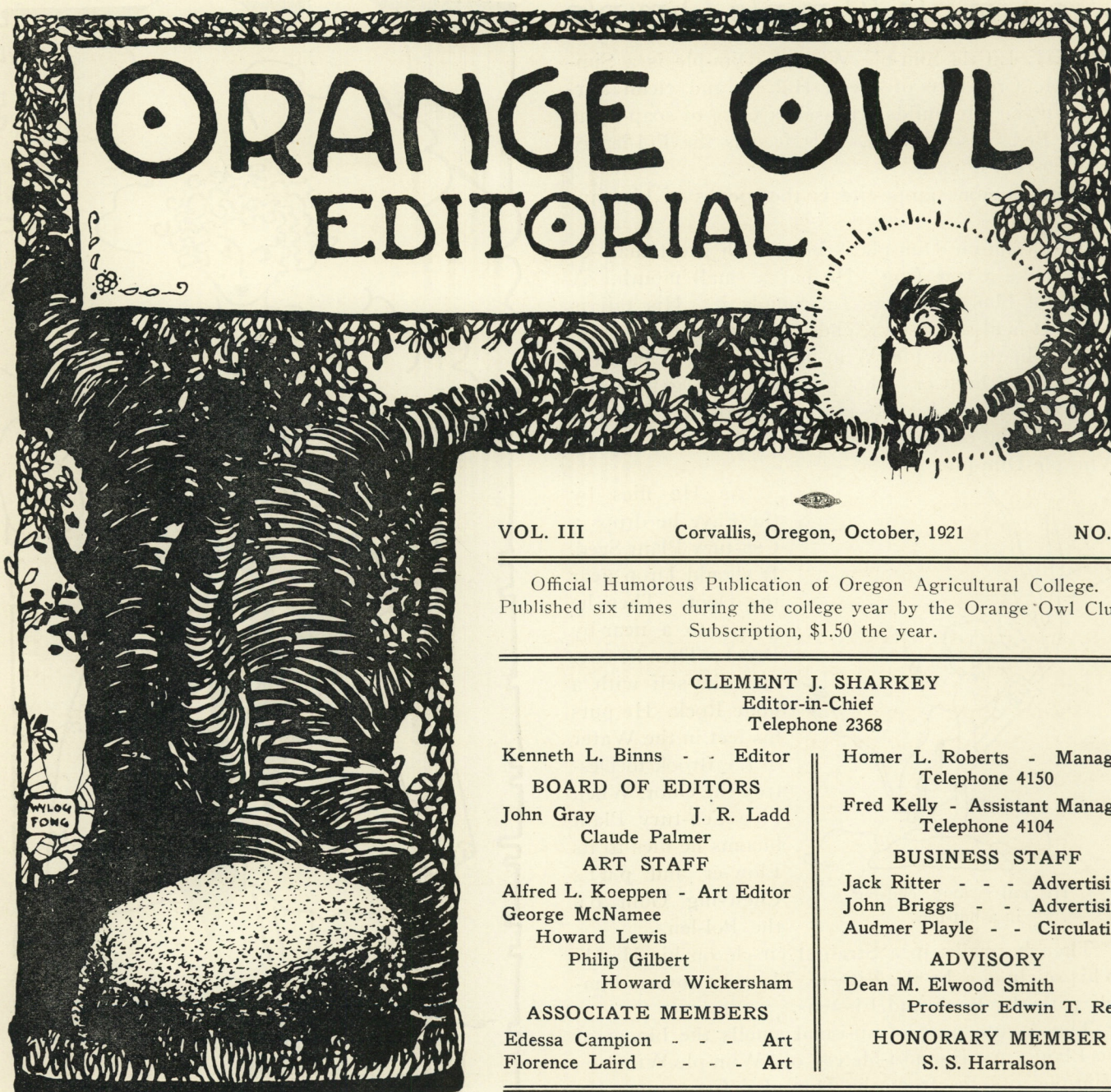


CORA SPONDENS COOL

She got her education through the male.

Her piercing eyes are quite a bore;
Her line is also shocking.
The reason she's not considered fast,
Her color runs on washing.

A man by the name of Shin had just met a young lady by the name of Smith and to start a conversation remarked, "Smith is a very common name but it seems I have met you before." To this Miss Smith immediately replied: "You know there are two shins to every Smith, so I don't think we have met before."



VOL. III

Corvallis, Oregon, October, 1921

NO. 1

Official Humorous Publication of Oregon Agricultural College.
Published six times during the college year by the Orange Owl Club.
Subscription, \$1.50 the year.

CLEMENT J. SHARKEY

Editor-in-Chief

Telephone 2368

Kenneth L. Binns - - Editor

BOARD OF EDITORS

John Gray J. R. Ladd

Claude Palmer

ART STAFF

Alfred L. Koeppen - Art Editor

George McNamee

Howard Lewis

Philip Gilbert

Howard Wickersham

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Edessa Campion - - - Art

Florence Laird - - - Art

Homer L. Roberts - Manager
Telephone 4150Fred Kelly - Assistant Manager
Telephone 4104**BUSINESS STAFF**

Jack Ritter - - - Advertising

John Briggs - - Advertising

Audmer Playle - - Circulation

ADVISORY

Dean M. Elwood Smith

Professor Edwin T. Reed

HONORARY MEMBER

S. S. Harralson

THE Wise Old Bird observes a new face in our midst. It is that of Miss Mary A. Rolfe, dean of women. She arrived on the O. A. C. campus slightly ahead of the Owl, and her welcome has been sincere and hearty. To the girls she is proving herself a Big Sister, fair-minded and square. To the campus in general she is proving herself the ideal woman to fill the responsible position made vacant by the marriage of Dean Fawcett.

The Wise Old Bird bids her welcome.

THE Wise Old Bird observes new faces in the faculty. Each year, new timber is necessary to instruct competently the ever-increasing number of students, and the arrival of men and women trained to open the field of education for the new generation is welcomed by everyone. Even so does the Old Bird himself, for he sees ahead a greater O. A. C.

To the new faculty members, the Owl extends greetings.



THE Wise Old Bird observed at a two-whistle station the train pick up a raw-boned son of the soil. All of the home folks were there and, amid the vari-colored bandannas, the lad was waved away. Great hopes he held for himself, and it was the opinion of the home folks that the college was lucky that got him for a student.

When the four years had passed, his education was OKed by a diploma. But that was all that could be said of him and college. This was followed by the usual ultimate object—looking for a position. Meeting the business man and trying to sell him his wares, was a task he had not expected to meet at first. His wares were his educational advantages and they showed on his sleeves. He had to show the business men that he was a profitable investment. This is what the men in the economic world look for in order to make it a safe place for the profiteer.

Discouraged with the lack of confidence in himself, and the curtness with which the business world accepted him, he returned to the home fires to absorb some heat where the woolen socks had failed. By and by the change of administration gave him a position as postmaster—and the town received another sacrifice to public service.

Let us digress in our narrative to the causative factors in his molding. Early in his college course he saw the motto, "Do not let your books interfere with your education." He snickered like a horse in an oat field and opined it was a good joke on the professors. Literally it sounded like a joke—the real meaning rolled off his smooth brain while looking for a wrinkle in which to lodge.

Education by books was offered by the college in its curricula—education in other things was offered by associates and associations. Honor fraternities, clubs, activities in social and athletic undertakings, too, were filled with further educational possibilities. They were too far removed, apparently, from book advantages.

Results were apparent. He could not act like his fellow-man, and all he developed was a penchant for remembering rules and their application. His brain was allowed to think only where his beloved books were concerned. Had he allowed that organ to develop to its own teaching—it would have soon recognized the fallacy of being too much developed along only a few lines.

A perfect student in books—a poor student of human beings and human nature; yet he expected to make a place in this economic world and eclipse the sun in the business universe. His only introduction was in appearances, his only foreword unwritten. The book of his values was not alluring to the eye. In fact, it seemed to contain neither purpose nor plot. It was a drug on the market and could not be sold for a price any way near the cost of printing.

Moral: "*No matter where our interests lie, others have others.*"

THE Wise Old Bird observes the progress of the "Fighting Aggies" with profound delight. With such a competent coaching staff, and such a team, the name of O. A. C. should go down through the ages of football history as having had the greatest team of 1921.

Here's to the coming champions of the Pacific Coast.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Manuscript

Kenneth Hamblen
Robert Hammil
Paul Brinkman, Jr.
David Young
Dora Stewart
Chester McCracken
Hazel Bursell
Malcolm Smith

Art

Ray Alexander
Joe Deets
T. J. Bailey
Oscar Helman
Ronald McBride

Business Staff

Elmer Butz Al Witherbee



"Is she as bad as she's painted?"

The full moon flooded the porch with radiant shafts of steel blue rays. It was late, but Charles showed no sign of departing. "It has been said," he remarked after a rather intermittent talk about our nearest planetary neighbor, "that it is dead."

"Is that any reason," she inquired with a yawn, "that we should sit up with the corpse?"

Lime-Ricks from Merry England

There was a young rookess from Waldo
Who couldn't dance as they all do—
Legion hall caught her glance,
So she soon took a chance—
And she "scandals" now as they all do.

There was a young fellow named Lafayette,
Who went with his girl to the kitchenette—
She absorbed some pie,
Then heaved a big sigh;
And quickly changed to a silhouette.

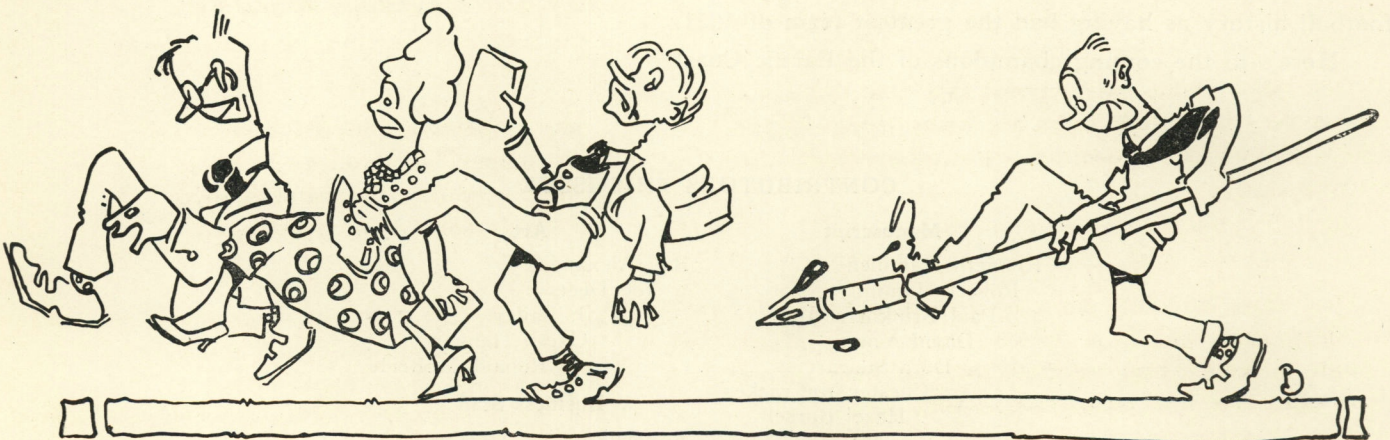
There was a young lady from Twicken'em
Whose shoes were too small to walk quickin'em,
When she tried to toddle
She made a sad bobble;
Then she'd take off her shoes and get sickin'em.

There was a wild rookess from Me.
Who suffered one night from a Pe.
Got a cold in her head,
Climbed quickly to bed;
The coroner soon pulled the Che.

There was once a young rook named Rose,
Who was told while donning his clothes:
"Take 'em off; make it snappy."
So the intrepid chappie
Was thrown 'neath the hose, where he froze.

There was quite a spiffy young Aggie,
Who loved a dear lassie named Maggie.
But the girls of her tong
Tho't the whole thing was wrong,
When the knees of his pants became baggy.

Registrar: "How old are you, young lady?"
Young lady: "If the president don't object, I'd
prefer to pay full registration and say nothing about
it."



PURSUING HIS CLASSES



PHYLLIS PHOOL'S COLUMN

Dear Miss Phull: I went canoeing with, oh, the charmingest man on Mary's river the other night. But it got awfully cold. What should I have done?—Lotta Tact.

Under the circumstances, it is considered quite the thing to build a fire in the middle of the canoe. It's warmth will keep the rigors of the winter wind from you.

Dear Miss Phull: I am in a quandary. My ethics teacher asked me for a definition of a bachelor yesterday, and I couldn't think of one. Will you help me settle a dispute?—Marken Time.

I can that, Marken. A bachelor is a bird who can come home and find his comb free from hair.

Dear Miss Phull: I have a terribly red nose. I have tried several leading lotions for it, but they give no relief. Can you assist me?

Quit going out with that co-ed who uses rouge.

Dear Miss Phull: What is a kiss? I think my man kissed me last night; but I'm not sure. Thank you.—Ophelia Handel.

A kiss, as we understand it, is an anatomical juxtaposition of the orbicular muscles of the male and female genus homo in excruciatingly exquisite contractions.

Dear Miss Phull: Where is hell? I've heard that it is at the North Pole. Is that true?—Emma Nate.

No, Emma, it isn't. But ask any prof. just after examination time. They've been through it.

Dear Miss Phull: I am to have the Dean of Women to a light luncheon soon. What would you suggest serving? The menu must be satisfying and inexpensive.—Dee Lactable.

That's a hard one, Dee. But I might suggest a first course of toasted bees' knees, followed by grilled leopard's tongues, braised succotash salad with filet mignonette and dates with lemons. Chocolate sundaes smothered with onions complete the menu.

Dear Miss Phull: My woman says that nothing is impossible. I say that there are many things impossible. Will you settle our dispute amicably?—R. Chee Nutting.

Well, R. Chee, I have yet to see the man who could swim the Pacific with an armful of live eels.

Dear Miss Phull: I am a farmer's daughter and I can dress any kind of a chicken but myself. Gosh, though, I weigh two hundred and am only fifteen years old. Am I in proportion?—Miss Take.

Yes, Miss, you are correctly proportioned—for an



"She likes to put on."

"Yeah. It looks rather thick."

—

orchestra grand. Try reducing by jumping up and down the Library stairs three at a time for ten minutes daily. Take up the matter of your clothing with—Omar, the tent-maker!

Dear Miss Phull: What shall we call our new baby? He's the limit, we want to state.—Mr. and Mrs. Roland Push.

Call him, her, or it "Infinity." That's the limit, according to Prof. Beaty.

Dear Miss Phull: How can I catch a man? Frankly, I'm darn near desperate.—Wanta Fella.

Entwine him in a hair net. Be chic, Wanta.

—

Mary had two dimpled knees
As shapely as could be,
But every day she painted them
To hide them, don't you see.

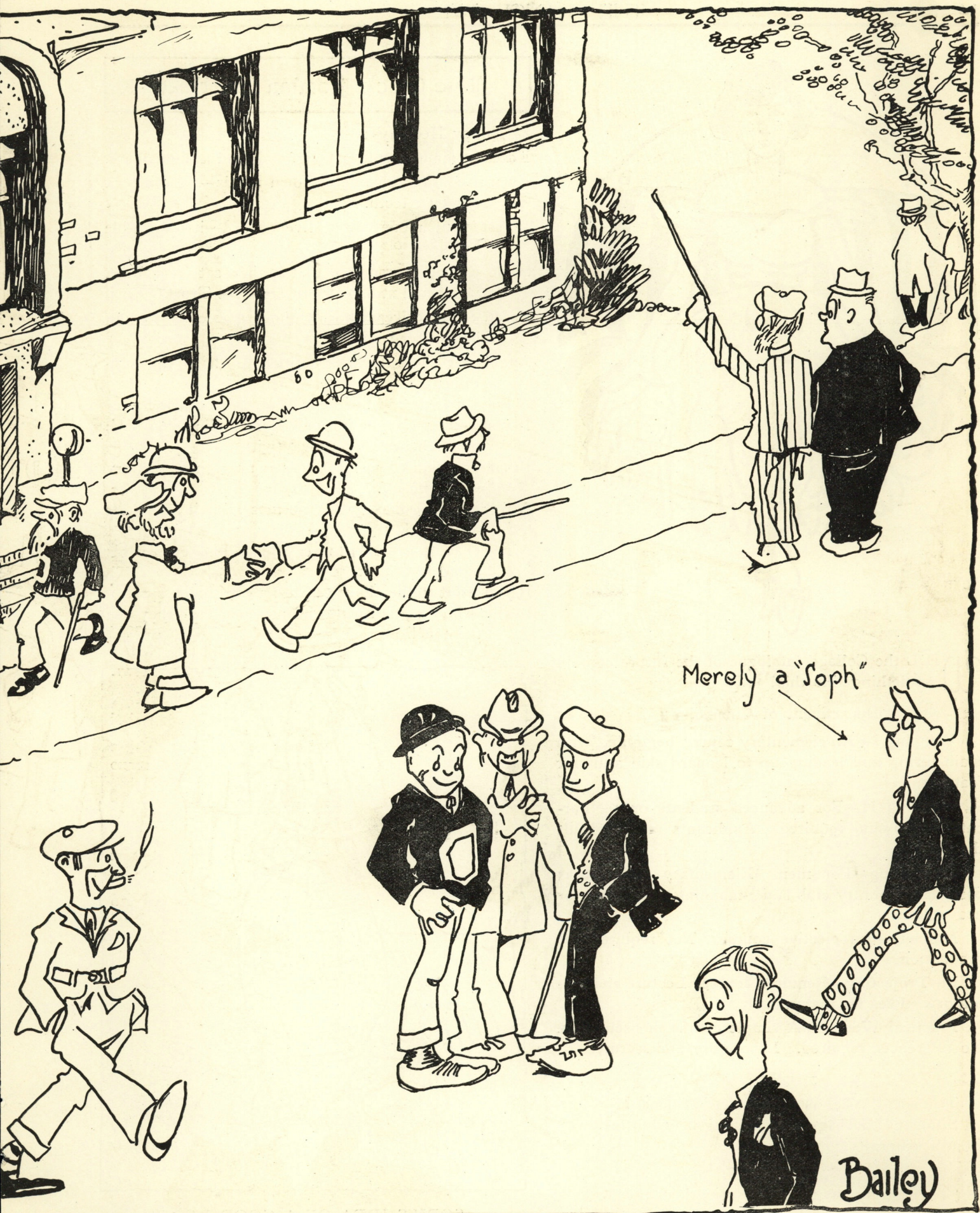
—

"Niggah, youall jest say 'at wunst moah an' Ah'll bust you so hahd on de jaw you'll poke food in yo' mouff frum de back ob yo' naik."

"G'wan, black boy, Ah's hahd. Ah's so hahd when Ah gets mah hair cut dey uses a grindstone."



Ye Home C



Merely a "Soph"



Wise Cracks from an Old Head

Hoppy Hed says:

I dreamt about a colt last night—it had a night mare. Even if we can't change our own minds—we can pick our own teeth.

Invest your money in a livery barn—it's a stable business.

Some women are so thin that if they sat on a dime, you could still read "In God We Trust."

Because a man wears horn rimmed glasses is no sign he can read music.

Angels are the only ones entitled to "harp" on anything.

A hobo may tramp but he will always be a hobo.

If you can't pick a banjo, pick a mandolin—you have more chance to get away with it.

Because a man's eyes are cross is no sign he's angry with himself.

A rolling stone may gather no moss, but it sees a lot of ground.

A man has no grounds to get a black look even if his name is Coffee.

If you want to file old saws—use a card index system. In the school of foot-pads and pick-pockets—they use the touch system.

WILL the College catalogue of the future contain something like this?

Department of Cinemology

Vamping I—An elementary course, beginning with plain luring and leading up to leopard skin stuff for features.

Vamping II—For advanced students only. Parents' permission required. Applicants must consult the dean.

Compelling—For men. Elementary cave work; parlor and country club super-manning. Training for heavy scenes.

Manners—An elective course. Not required for graduation.

Pie Projecting—Required course. Lecture and laboratory. Fees for material.

Practical Wooing—A simple course in osculation. No references required. Laboratory and lecture.

— :: —

Teacher: "What is prima facie evidence?"

Student: "Garbage man hauling beer bottles away from a fraternity."

— :: —

"Them's my sentiments," remarked the widow, wringing out her handkerchief.



SOPH'S IDEA OF A GOOD ROOK



Who Are You Russian?

THE room was in neat disorder and the books on the shelves were piled on the floor in wild confusion. A moment later the clock struck and the hands walked out. The portieres refused to scab and fell into portly folds on the carpet hung on the bathtub in the kitchen. The jardiniere jarred the peaceful tranquility of the scene by its somber demeanor.

Wackliff Zazzginsky, the Russian Persian feline, got serenely to its feet from where it was standing. The smell of a sardine flying around in the ice box where it was lying in an unopened tin can attracted the cat and aroused the primitive of its nature.

Stealthily it crept out of the room to where the sardines were frolicking in the chest. Opening the cover of the chest where the door was off it searched about in fiendish glee. Finally, with an inaudible purr, it picked up a pair of ice skates and adjusted them with a deft, sinuous motion. Gliding across the ice it hove to on the left hand side of the sardines' starboard. There the smell was stronger showing to the hunter the near proximity of the sardines' adjacency.

With the air of the unsuccessful, it tilted the can on end. The sardines, by psychic forebodings, sensed the danger and failed to move a muscle or twitch so much as a smallish eyelash. That moment Princess Poolsky came into the room where she had been standing all the time. The loud noise of the sardines' vociferous mutterings emanating from the can had not been heard by her so she rushed forward to their aid. "Wackliff Zazzginsky, how many are the times I have not said to you in speechless voice, that you shall not be seen playing with those fish on the ice. Those are for the Prince who has at this very moment returned from Prussia for the evening. Remove yourself to the withdrawing room where I shall deliberate on your reproof."

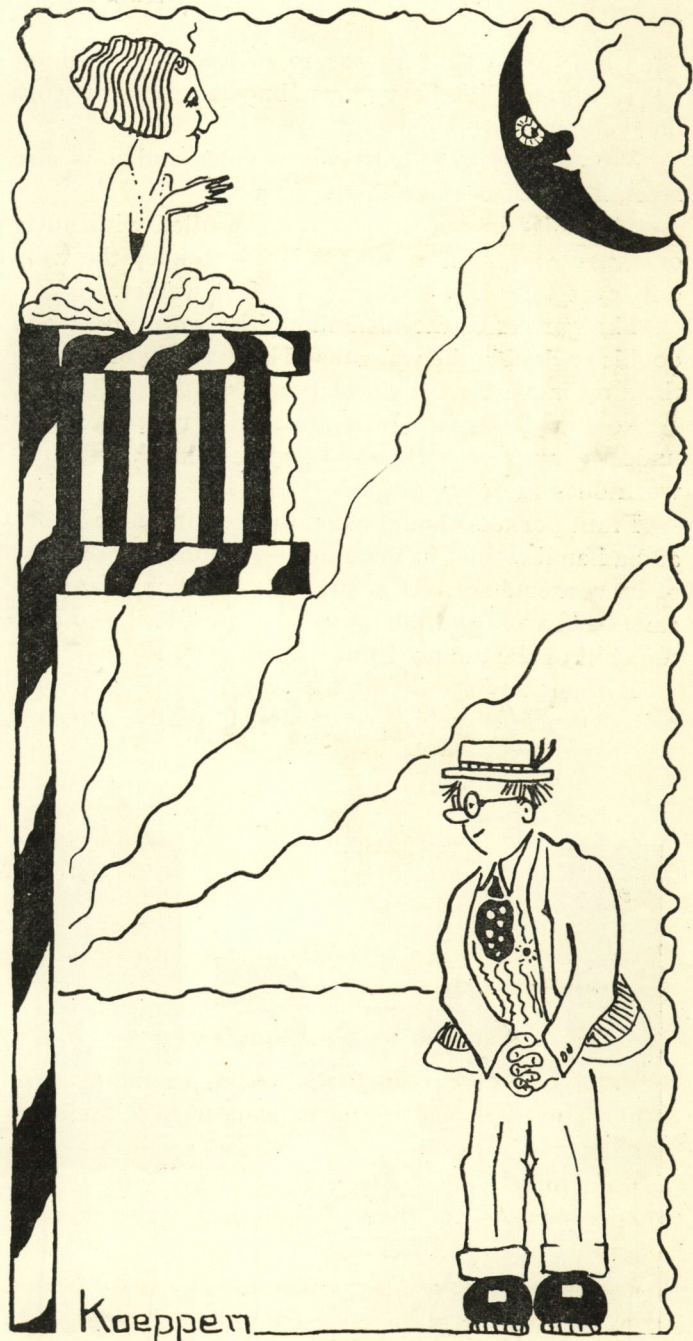
The cat sheepishly wagged its tail, the sardines shivered in their box, the hands got back to work in the clock, and the portieres hanged themselves. All was once more a tranquil, noiseless confusion.

—❖—

Open house at the sorority was a grand success. A very conceited freshman was just saying good-bye to all the newly met co-eds. At the end of the line a very stunning young lady grasped his hand and remarked in a conventional manner, "I am very glad to have met you, but I have forgotten your name." Thereupon the C. F. threw out his chest and said: "Oh, no you haven't. You just want to hold my hand!"

—❖—

Said the vampire, "Let us prey."



Alyce Belle: "Oh, Harold, I bet I could make up some real poetry although, come to think of it, it's rather hard to find a word to rhyme with 'don't' except 'won't' and I WILL, won't I?"

—❖—

A pink little knee
I saw in the rush;
But I don't think the color
Was hardly a blush.

—❖—

Soph: "Say, Buddy, how did you get the nickname, 'Jockey?'"

Rook: "By riding through Caesar on a pony."



HELPFUL HINTS TO THE COLD BLOODED

HEAVY suspenders are to be recommended for winter while heavy brass buckles are to be worn on the elevators.

Shoe strings are to be worn wider and it is also recommended to make them of wool.

The holes in the shoes are to be filled with putty or cement, after the shoes are laced, to keep the wind out; especially if the wearer is a fast walker.

The garters of the men should be worn wider and double to double the warmth. The exercise of putting them on increases the circulation.

Porous plasters are recommended to make excellent underwear where a change is not essential. Slightly worn ones are easy to get.

Front pockets should have a moleskin purse in one and a handkerchief in the other. Position left or right of no consequence. It is suggested that the handkerchief be of wool and the purse have a fur lining to keep the chill of the money from reaching the skin.

Hip pockets are the problem in these days of one-half of one per cent. A bottle of highly peppered

furniture polish will give you a feeling of a highly polished exit from wherever you receive a cold front.

Gravy spots on the shirt keep out the wind. Letters from the tailor or the warm brunette should be carried in the breast pocket.

The shoe string necktie should be worn four-in-hand and the ends draped down on the bosom.

The neck should at all times have complete removal from the wash towel for fear of a permanent shiver being caused therefrom.

Breathing the cold air is apt to chill one so it is suggested always to breathe through a cigar, cigarette, or pipe.

Keep the eyes closed. When it is necessary to see with them, keep them half closed or cockeyed.

Hair should never be parted or cut. The even distribution of the hair on the scalp insures more even heating of the same and the retention of the heat. Chin whiskers and zitz are recommended as additional aid.

The fingers should have the nails grown to very long lengths to facilitate the ease of wearing woolen underwear in the ticklish moments.

Now that fly season is over the celluloid collar can be worn again.

METHYL OR ETHYL?

This home-made brew will burn a light;
It can be used for dynamite;
A drink or two will make you fight.
I like it.

'Twill put a shine upon your shoes,
And on your nose if you should choose;
Things seem not single but in two's.
I drink it.

'Tis said that it will run a Ford;
Remove the varnish from a board.
It cuts the throat just like a sword.
DON'T DRINK IT!

Compressed Motion.

"What was he pinched for?"
"His father let him have the car to use for an hour."
"Well?"
"He tried to ride an hour in fifteen minutes."

Line of Demarkation.

"He's a good seller."
"He is or he has?"

"I'll be blowed, remarked the nose. "They can't pick on me."



GOING TO DRILL



Seasoned Review

Needa Barrow and Ima Walker in "The Great Highway." Long run. Something old with a new climax. Alls tar cast.

Ophelia Hart in an entirely new play entitled, "Love at Second Wind." Supported by Manny Garters. Reelpaine production.

Dig Farebanks in his latest western drama, "Fifteen Passes to Big Dick." A powerful sermon on gambling and filled with a thrill at every pass.

Mary Reachforit in "She Stoops to Conquer," an elevating playlet from the spoken stage. Women are attracted to it more than men.

Harley Haplin in "The Siren." This sylph-like person induces the sighs of half the theatre-going continent. Supported by the infant wonder, Jack Meup.

Glory Betogod in her latest silver screen success, "Has an Angel Wings?" Many towns have refused to show this super-picture because of the biblical controversy it causes.

Billart in "Deviled Ham." Ruins a theatre goer's taste for the substitutes.

Ima Fairy in his latest satire on civilization entitled, "Does It Pay to be a Good Boy?" Every girl should see this; it's a revelation.

Rolld Otes in a new serial entitled, "Every Morning We Have Mush." A heavy drama of the breakfast table.

—:—

"I'm on my last lap," remarked the co-ed, as she took the freshman's pin.

—:—

DRIPPING LINES

A small canoe,
And cosy too,
Co-Edna and Co-Eddy.
A windy draught,
An exposed calf,
A youth with nerves unsteady;
A mellow moon,
A lover's croon,
A snag, a sound of ripping.
Co-Ed and Edna
Climbed the bank,
And both of them were dripping.

—:—

Father, gazing at the winter's supply of wood, is wondering how long it will be before the fireless cooker system is adapted to the furnace.



WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

—:—

FAMOUS ROOKS

Per Phume—The guy who smears his chest with "Mary Garden" before going to a dance.

Les. N. Nobraynes—Parts his teeth in the middle and wears high heeled trousers.

O. Knott Sodustie—Always has "the keenest woman on the campus."

Ima Byrddy—Flaps his wings when he eats and covers the dance floor four times a minute.

Wheezen Koff—The 90-pound wonder from Reed. "Teacher, let me tell what I know; O please, teacher."

Dip, th' Wick—the rough oker who knows all the hashers in town.

—:—

"For land's sake, Mrs. Dicky Bird, you're always gadding about. Don't you ever stay at home long enough to lay any eggs?"

"Oh, mercy no. I just keep a couple of moth balls in my nest to fool my husband."

—:—

Ethiopian Discrimination.

Dark Skin: "Ah wants fo' to buy a razah."

Obliging clerk: "For shaving or social purposes?"



HUMOR

from the

MORGUE

Emile

For the Backward Reader.

Eht tseggib sloof I llits eralcad
Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats
Tub esoht ohw wonk yeht evah on esnes
Tey ylluferac wollof urht ti lla.

Reverend Jones: "Son you is too mercenary. De good book says dat riches am a curse."

Son Hardguy: "Well, I'll be damned." —Tar Baby.

He: "Saw Minnie with her new bathing suit under her arm."

She: "Is that the latest style?" —Chapparal.

Wife (at dinner): "You don't seem to like rice."

Husband: "No, it's associated with the greatest mistake of my life." —Voo Doo.

Harold: "That soprano had a very large repertoire."

Maggie: "Ain't it the truth now! And since you mention it I think her dress only made it look worse." —Purple Cow.

"Where do lady bugs go?"

"In the winter time, you mean?"

"No, any time."

"I don't know. Where do they go?"

"To the asylum." —The Brown Jug.

If big feet, knock knees, and bow legs won't make a girl wear long dresses, what chance has modesty? —Burr.

Agent: "I'd like to sell you a combination carpet sweeper, letter opener, cash receiver, and talking machine."

Prospect: "Not a chance in the world. I'm married already." —Orange Peel.

Flora: "What impressed you most at the dance last night?"

Belle: "Jack." —Sun Dodger.

Psychology prof.: "Name three emotional stimuli."

Poetic rook: "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou."

"Mabel's a funny girl."

"How come?"

"I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin."

"Nothing funny about that."

"I know it, but after I kissed her she said, 'Heavens above.'"

—Dirge.

1921 Edition.

He: "Have you Scott's Emulsion?"

She: "Eock counter three aisles to the right."

—Voo Doo.

John Alden, a la Mode.

She: "Do you love me best?"

He: "You ought to know."

—Froth.

Simple, What?

"What's the difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor?"

"Easy. The hair dresser curls up and dyes; and the sculptor makes faces and busts." —Gargoyle.

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence with, "What is there to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!"

But it didn't.

—Lemon Punch.

"At home we have a cow that shimmies."

"Ah, the original milkshake."

—Widow.

She: "Why do you carry your cane?"

He: "Because it can't walk."

—Virginia Reel.

"My father was killed in a feud."

"I never would ride in one of those cheap cars."

—W. U. Gazette.

The one was TIGHT, the other LOOSE.

Think evil if you choose.

I'm merely stating that they were,

My fire sale pair of shoes. —Yale Record.

You Tell 'em, S. I.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Depends on how fine a sight you take."

—Jack o'Lantern.

Hot Mush.

"Sneagle."

"Snotneagle, snostrich."

"Sneither, snOWL."

—Burr.

Frosh: "I want a leave of absence for over the week end to visit my sister in New York."

Dean (quickly): "How long have you know her?"

Frosh (absent minded): "About two weeks."

—Widow.

He: "Where did they go for their honeymoon?"

She: "Niagara Falls."

He: "Is that place still running?"

—Purple Cow.

A June bug married an angleworm;

An accident cut her in two.

They charged the bug with bigamy;

Now what could the poor thing do? —Punch Bowl.

Attention, Law Demons.

Before making a present of a motor horn to a friend, one should previously find out whether he possesses a car; otherwise it would become an accessory before the fact. —Pan.



Habla Espanol?

Coe: "She comes from Panama."

Ed: "How do you know?"

Coe: "I can tell by her locks."

—Goblin.

A man named Du Bose met a girl

Who lisped through her teeth of pure pearl.

"I'll hug you or kiss you," he swore with an oath.

She cried in surprise, "Oh, Mr. Du Both!" —Tiger.

"Don't you think that Ethel reminds you of a swan?"

"Yes, I felt a little down in the mouth after kissing her."

—Froth.

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoestring." —Lyre.

Naw: "Last night I was out riding with May when the car broke down six miles out of town, and I had to spend the rest of the evening repairing it. What would you have done?"

T—: "The same thing that you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

—Widow.

At Any Dance.

He: "I think Jim is trying to shake his girl."

She: "I think he is succeeding."

—Tiger.

Mabel: "Bill's filing his old love letters."

Lizzie: "Were they as rough as all that?"

—Goblin.

Vers Libre

Chivalry

Is a relic

Of Mediaevalism

Which prompts a man

To take the arm of a girl

Who has beaten him five sets of tennis

And two rounds of golf

And escort her across

A perfectly clear street.

—Ex.

Never run after a street car or a woman; there will be another along in a few minutes. There aren't so many after midnight but they're faster.

—Goblin.

Archie: "I make my hooch outa prunes—call it prunel."

Bald: "I make mine outa raisins—call it raisinell."

—Goblin.

She: "No, when I marry I want a man who is game from head to foot."

Ex-football man: "Well, give me a chance; I've got a game leg already."

—Exchange.

PURE MILK

OF HIGH QUALITY

We Solicit Fraternity Trade

The H. W. Harkson Dairy

R. F. D. No. 3

Corvallis, Oregon

The BALL STUDIO

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

For all O. A. C. publications since 1912—is keeping the picture section to a standard that is a credit to the traditions of your College.

HOW ABOUT THIS:

The following want advertisement appeared in one of our well known newspapers the other day: "Two sisters want washing. Will go anywhere."

J. H. Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

A Guarantee With Every Purchase—Or Money Back

Hotel Julian Barber Shop

A Student's Shop for Students

E. E. LOUGHREY '22, Proprietor

Before and After—

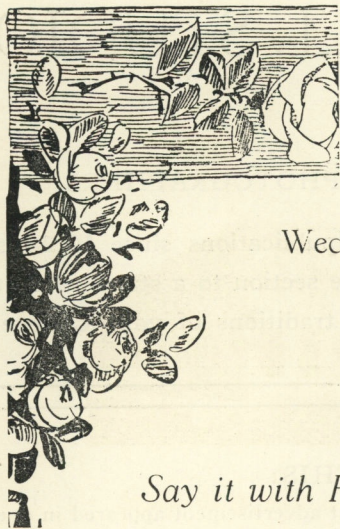


A woman, as a rule, doesn't relish the idea of wearing repaired shoes. That is, before she has seen our results.

But after we have returned them to her in rehabilitated condition with the months of new life apparent in them, she is mighty glad that we saved her a big shoe bill.

The Central Shoe Shop

Opposite the Fire Hall



Wedding Bouquets
Floral Designs
Corsages

Say it with Flowers

Leading Floral Co.

We Grow Our Flowers

458 Madison Street Telephone 1201

Our Policy

Combines Quality, Service and Style
Good Economy in All Merchandise

J.C. Penney Co.
A Nation-wide Institution

312 Department Stores

The Big Oak Shoe Shop

C. L. SON, Proprietor

QUALITY WORK
GOOD SERVICE

1100. Jefferson St.
Near Campus

Bursts of Bunk!

"Oi'll have to drop in on the boys," said Pat as he backed into the elevator shaft while the repair-men were working beneath.

— :: —

When we get the Union Building let us strike for less hours and more credits.

— :: —

Irate parent: "Where is that draft I sent you?"
Youthful prodigy: "I guess I blew it in."

— :: —

We have several absent-minded professors. The other day one was overheard saying, "I have several vacant periods each day."

— :: —

Bare Knees Exposed.

One fusser: "Who were you out with last night?"
Second same: "That was Bernice."
One again: "Oh, has she?"

— :: —

Teacher (after lesson on snow): "As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Smart pupil: "Gloves."

— :: —

Wadein: "I have no use for circus people."
Stadein: "Why not?"
Wadein: "They are usually intense."

— :: —

Some professors don't necessarily have to tell bed-time stories to put a class to sleep.

— :: —

Handballer: "I have often wondered why you do not take up dramatics; you act well."
Footballer: "I came near being an actor once."
Handballer: "How interesting, how was that?"
Footballer: "I had my leg in a cast."

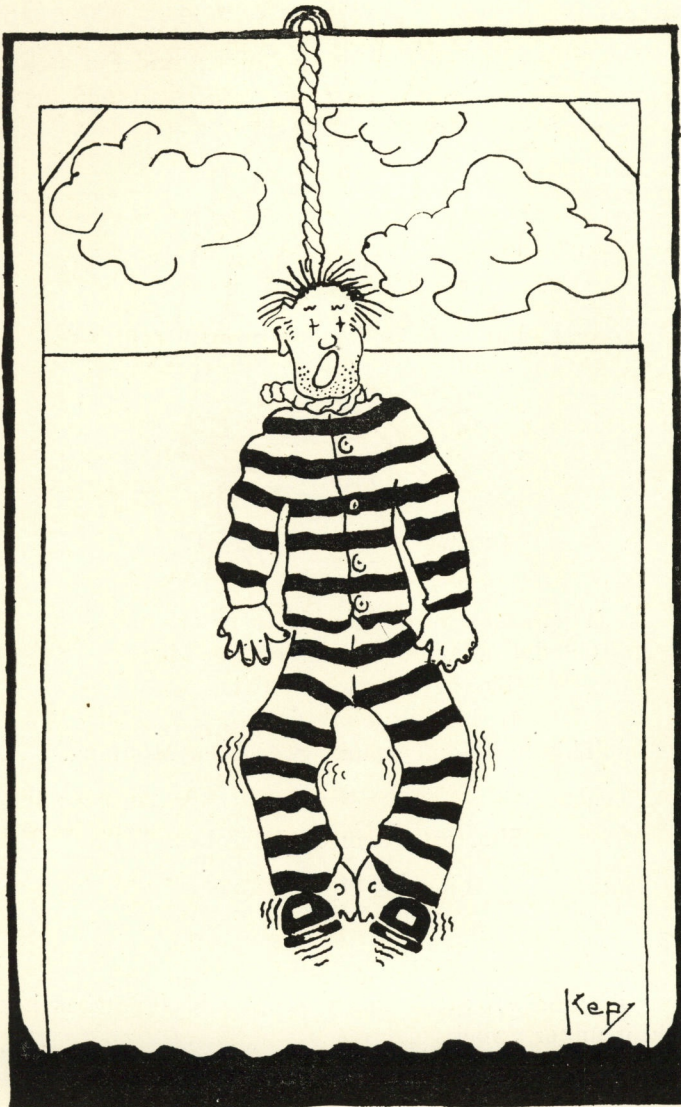
Beaver Laundry Co.

TELEPHONE 98

+

227 North Second

Corvallis, Oregon



HELD IN SUSPENSE

A certain newspaper announces a fire with the following headlines: "Fire Frightens and Burns Fence."

Men are not increasing in height but short skirts make the men look longer.

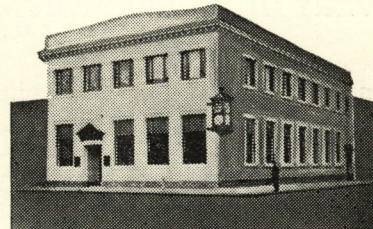
Why go elsewhere
when you can eat or drink at

THE EUREKA

"The handiest place along the campus"

Corner Fifteenth and Jefferson

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CORVALLIS



Resources over \$1,700,000.00

EQUIPPED FOR EVERY PHASE
OF FINANCIAL SERVICE

Good Fit Means a Great Deal in Shoes

If a suit of clothes doesn't fit perfectly, naturally it won't look as well as it should; but it may not cause you any discomfort. It is different with a Shoe. If it doesn't fit, it cannot look well, it cannot wear well and it may be uncomfortable all the time and cause serious results. In our large variety of styles, you are sure to find just the right shoe and experts will see that you are properly fitted.

THE BOOT SHOP

FOOT FITTERS

126 SECOND STREET

HATS

FURNISHINGS

CAPS

SHOES

Hunter & Malden

KUPPENHEIMER
GOOD CLOTHES

EVERYTHING
FOR MEN



Cummings Electric Store



EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

234 Second Street

Telephone 2289

The Gift Shop

The place to get novelties
that are always unusual for
any party you may think of.

PICTURES

FRAMING

Interesting Ideas for Gifts

Masonic Building—upstairs

Jessie Prosser

LUNCHES
CANDIES
PASTRIES
FRUITS

A & K

"You'll know the place"

The Largest, Oldest and Best

Anything you get at the

Model Clothing Co.

Is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or a
refund of your money.



Fuselman & Alexander



There was a young goof from Montana,
Good Lord, how he played the piano;
The keys he would twist
In his big, bony fist;
This handsome young goof from Montana.

— :: —

Shortest Poem on Microbes.

Adam
Had 'em.

— :: —

"I guess I'll cache this check," said Ignatz as he
hid it under a rock.

— :: —

That's Square!

One: "Is Jack's head level?"

Two: "It's about-as flat as a marble table."

— :: —

Where Silence Was Golden.

Judge: "What is your answer to the charge?"

Innocence: (Not a word.)

Judge: "\$30 fine."

The place to get good eats, real home cooking and a
good square meal at a reasonable price.

TRY US ONCE

We serve meals, short orders
and sandwiches at all times.
A cordial welcome awaits you.

CONFECTIONERY AND CIGARS

Try our home made pies

J. M. McAULEY

Successor to Mother Sullivan's
Corner Sixteenth and Monroe Streets



VERS LIBRE

Won't you be

*

my pretty little

*

rain drop

*

he guttered.

*

With liquid eyes

*

she rushed at him

*

splattering on his coat

*

and soaking him

*

upon the face.

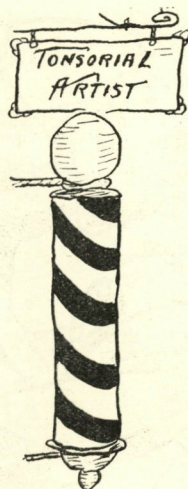
*

The rain fell,

*

and it was stormy.

⌘



"Maw says I got to have my tonsils removed.
Guess I'll do it now."

⌘

"This is my last lap," said the dog lapping up the
poisoned milk.

⌘

"Sam, did you all eveah try fo' to be a movie man?"

"Jeff, Ah done be de fas'es' movie man you all evah
laid yo' eyes on."

"How come, man?"

"Fa'mah Jones done cotched me in his hen house."

⌘

"How do you get that weigh?" said the purchaser
to the butcher.

AUTO TOPS, VULCANIZING AND
HARNESS

E. M. HOGUE

112 North Second

Telephone 133

FOR PURE ICE CREAM
AND FANCY DRINKS

THE VARSITY SWEET SHOP

Monroe Street Opposite
Engineering Laboratory

PROMPT
SERVICE

Nebergall's Market

We are the exclusive dealers in
U. S. GOVERNMENT INSPECTED MEAT
in Corvallis

MEATS, FISH and POULTRY



WALK-OVERS

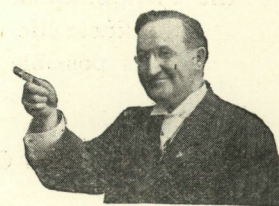
Prove their betterness in style, comfort,
service and durability. Walk Over
satisfies the most exacting.

Walk-Over Boot Shop

Broadway at Washington Street
PORTLAND, OREGON

CLASS AND
FRATERNITY
PINS

Eye Glasses



Staples, The Jeweler

266 Morrison Street

Portland, Oregon



STUDENT SERVICE



Benton County State Bank

CORVALLIS, OREGON



"I'm not in a position to say."

— :: —

Cholly: "Sing Lo, I passed your laundry at two o'clock this morning and there was still a light."

Sing Lo: "Yes?"

Cholly: "What were you doing up at that time?"

Sing Lo: "Oh, four shhirts en' two clollars."

BLUE MOUSE THEATRE

A first run house showing
nothing but the BEST

We use the Gardner Gold Fibre Screen and
the Twin Simplex Projectors, making
the finest life size pictures it
is possible to produce

ALWAYS ONE PRICE

Matinee 25 Cents

Evening 30 Cents



214 Second St., Corvallis

Confectionery and Restaurant

We specialize in dainty eats and delicious fountain
beverages. Our home made candy is
always fresh and tasty.

Overcoats

Up-stairs
at \$10
less

Every suit, overcoat
and raincoat in any of
our great, daylighted
up-stairs stores carries
our personal
written guar-
antee in the
pocket.
Look for it.



Sizes 31-36
Our famous
Fahey - Brockman
Junior Suit is still
going strong.
Only \$15 and \$20.
Ask to see it.

ALSO Raincoats
\$15 to \$25. Each
saves you ten dol-
lars over street-
level prices.

UPSTAIRS

Finest Fall and Winter
OVERCOATS
\$25

FAHEY-BROCKMAN

Up-stairs Clothiers

Buy up-stairs and save \$10.00

RALEIGH BUILDING Sixth and Washington PORTLAND, OREGON



The Printing Plates appearing in the Orange Owl
are made by the

WEST COAST ENGRAVING CO.

Quality Printing Plates

509 Commonwealth Building ~ Portland, Oregon