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# ORANGE OWL

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NOVEMBER 1924

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W. H. PARKER -

HOME AGAIN-WIN AGAIN NUMBER



# The 1926 Beaver

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# THE ORANGE OWL

Vol. VI

Corvallis, Oregon, November, 1924

No. 2

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Say!  
Ain't it swell  
When the old Grad comes down  
In his Packard eight  
And you take him to the game  
And everything  
And in the evening  
About eight o'clock  
He gets weary of action  
And says  
"Son, I'm going to hit the hay;  
If you want to use the car,  
Go to it."  
Ain't it.



"He may be hard-boiled, but he has a soft spot for me."

"Yep; that's in his head."



## Waving Polo

The old-timer had come back for Homecoming, after an absence of 25 years. He was being shown about the campus by one of his fraternity brothers, and was anxious to make the student believe that he still knew everything about college.

"Over there," said the student, "are our wonderful polo fields."

"Ah," sighed the Grad, "what is there nicer than a field of waving polo."



"Did you hear about the poetic rook, who was brought into a bathroom by a gang of Beaver Knights? Well, putting his right hand inside his coat, he calmly shouted: 'Ah, there's the tub'."



Conductor on train: "I've been on this train for seven years."

Alumnus: "It that so? Where did you get on?"

O. A. C. STUDENTS!

*We Welcome You*

BEAVER LAUNDRY CO.

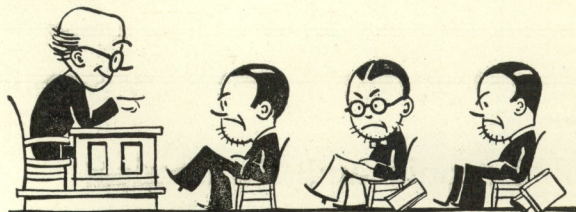
DRY GOODS

DRAPERY



READY-TO-WEAR

NOTIONS



That **8** o'clock lecture feeling

Who started this eight o'clock class stuff anyway? It must have been some guy who enjoyed scalding his throat with coffee, who like wearing his pants over his pajamas and who never shaved till noon

But—you can get the shave of your life and still make the eight o'clock! Slick is the answer. No brush, no lather, no bother, no powder afterwards. Just put on a little SLICK after you've washed your face and shave. Your razor will seem sharper, all the stiffness gone from the bristles. Your face will feel better. Slick is a skin food as well. Shave with Slick once and your shaving brush is out of a job for life. You'll find Slick at all of the local drug stores. The coupon will bring free trial tube



**slick**

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5824 Hoover Street, Los Angeles, Cal  
I'll take a chance. Send me 6 Slick shaves free

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JAB





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A young chap from Portland, who had never been east, went to Cornell university this fall, with a trunk full of heavy underwear in preparation for a cold winter. Finding the weather unexpectedly mild, he sent the following telegram to his father:

S. O. S., B. V. D., P. D. Q., C. O. D.

Ask for "Munsingwear"

We are Corvallis agents

J. M. NOLAN & SON

## WHY NOT SAY MAYBE?

Listen to this tale of woe.  
I'm sure a dashing Romeo;  
I met a girlie in the park,  
Said I, "Here is a chance to spark."  
So out there underneath the trees,  
I said, "Oh, will you kiss me, please?"

Was it a "Yes,"  
Or was it "No,"  
She handed me, her  
Romeo?

It was not "No,"  
It was not "Yes,"  
Nor did she yield me  
that caress.

She looked at me,  
With weary eyes,  
And answered me, without  
surprise:

(Was it a "Yes,"  
Or was it "No?")  
"You are a slow-poke,  
Romeo!"



Bill: "Hello, there, John; how's she going?"  
John: "I don't know; but she can't leave soon enough for me."



She: "Since the engagement has been broken off, I will return the comb and brush set you gave me."  
He: "Why?"  
She: "It will make our parting easier."



Rooks to rooks,  
Dust to dust;  
If the clippers don't get ya,  
The cold tub must.



Junior: "Betty is sure a striking beauty."  
Senior: "She certainly is; she slapped me twice last night."



"Don't tell me you study. The only midnight oil you burn is in a gas buggy."





American: "What nationality is she?"

Jew: "Spinish."

American: "I'm not talking about her favorite food."



'25: "You think the farm is a dead place?"

'04: "I dunno. There's lots of live stock."



He (proudly): "I'm a self-made man."

She: "You surely look it."



Old-Timer: "What is the house pledge song now?"

Pledge: "My eyes have seen the coming of the board."



"Where are you going with that gun?"

"I'm looking for this little bird that tells my girl everything."



"I feel green," sighed the rook as he opened his blue book and started to write on the white pages with violet ink.



A penny smoked is a penny burned.



"Billy, compose a sentence using the word diadem."

"Men who drink moonshine die-a-dem sight sooner than those who don't."



Geography Teacher: "What state is Chicago in?"

Rook: "Awful."



"The worm turns," the workman was heard to mutter as he watched the gears revolve.



"I'll never take another drop," remarked the aviator as he fell out of the balloon.



## Talk Turkey



That's what ready money does when one gets in a tight place, or needs spot cash to put over some good deal in double-quick time.

There's only one safe way of being well-heeled for whatever happens, and that's to start a savings account in this bank, and keep adding to it regularly, or oftener.

This is the best bet ever offered and it's a mighty good hunch to play up to the limit.

"THEM THAT HAS, GITS"

## Benton County State Bank

The Bank of Personal Service

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SAVING





## The Imprint of the Campus

Moonlight on the campus! In its magic  
The crimson ivy glows against the wall,  
And ghosts of silver birches, almost tragic,  
Meet the shadows of the spruces where they fall.

Moonlight on the campus! I remember,  
It was many years ago on such a night,  
In the beauty of another such November,  
We were caroling our winnings in a fight.

We were garrulous and noisy in our glory,  
We were heedless of the beauty 'round about,  
We were out to tell the world the thrilling story  
Of a victory, that thundered in a shout.

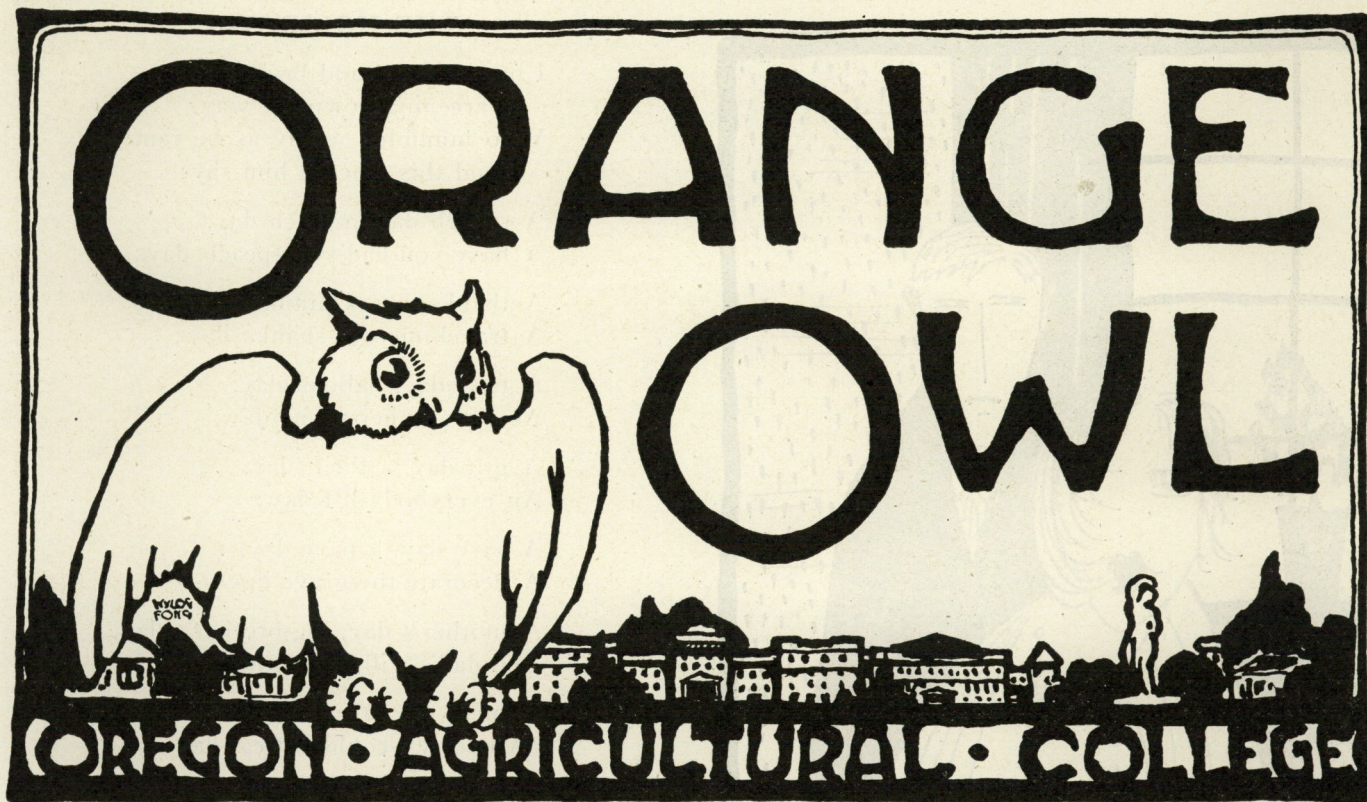
And yet, I think that something of the beauty  
Of the ivy-covered walls and silver light  
Must have touched us with a sense of love and duty,  
As we threw our lusty voices on the night.

For "Bert" has won the honor of a nation,  
And "Ham" has played a high and noble part;  
And I, although I hold a humble station,  
Keep all this beauty treasured in my heart.

And so I think these nights of moving splendor,  
Despite their swift and pleasure-seeking ways,  
Still lift their hearts to heights serene and tender,  
As once they did in those remembered days.

This spirit of endeavor on the campus,  
This challenge that confronts us with a thrill,  
This courage, this conviction—it must stamp us  
With the imprint of the College on the Hill.





## A Tragedy in Two Parts

A rook . . a saxophone . . a sorority . . he plays.  
A head . . a flower pot . . a crash . . he lays.



Can you expect the old grad to understand these?  
"That mid-term sure knocked me for a goal."

"At rib sure flings a hefty line; she's a knock'em-dead."

"What skirt you draggin' to the struggle tonight?"

"Talkaboutbein' slung together, brother, I don't mean maybe."

—probably not; it's been years since he went to college.



Rookess: "Did you ever eat a 'brodie'?"

Co-ed: "Who ever heard of such a thing!"

Rookess: "Well, Lindley said he pulled a brodie out in the vegetable greenhouse."



'Twas the night before Homecoming—  
All through the house,  
The alumni were shouting,  
We ain't got no spouse!

## Lament

Yes, tomorrow will come sadly,  
If today goes well or badly,

And we'll burn the midnight oil in penance due,  
But amid the rush and clutter,  
And the cheering and the flutter,

Just remember, Grad, the cheering is for you.



Rook Juicer: "I can't seem to get this juice through my head."

Soph Juicer: "No wonder; wood is a non-conductor."



## Happenings in the Band

Clarionet (to bass sax.): "You're a big blower."

Bass sax: "Shut up! You're always piping off."



A rook, after neglecting to send his washing home for a month, was inspired to write this:

Under the shirt that covers me,  
As black as pitch from neck to tail,  
I cry to all the gods that be,  
O, send my wash in the morning mail.





Soph Fusser: "Our football team has a wonderful line."

Fussed Rookess: "So has Bob Kidder."



Soph: "Is she a good driver?"

Senior: "Yep; she just drives me crazy."



Ted: "Some auto dealers have a keen eye for business."

Fred: "Who, for instance?"

Ted: "Bill's dad even sells the Moon and Stars."



"Life" is the "Judge" of most "Punch Bowls."

## THE HOLIDAYS

I met a dazed and broken man,  
Careening down the way,  
Who mumbled madly as he ran,  
And this I heard him say:

A speech day, a teach day,  
A have-you-had-your-peach day;

A thanks day, a pranks day,  
A travel-on-your-shanks day;

A tune day, balloon day,  
An eat-another-prune day;

A gift day, a thrift day,  
An everybody-lift day;

A save day, a pave day,  
A decorate-the-grave day;

A mother's day, big-brother's day,  
And dad's will be another day;

A meat day, a wheat day,  
(A once-we-could-not-eat-day);

A foam day, a roam day,  
But **where's** the stay-at-home day?

A war day, out-door day,  
We'll-all-close-up-the-store day;

A pay day, a May day,  
This life is sure a heyday;

A vote day, a "float" day,  
Oh, don't-they-get-your-goat day!

A scout day, a trout day,  
O, Boy, I-want-to-shout day;

A tag day, a flag day,  
I'm limper-than-a-rag day!

A test day, a jest day,  
O, Lord, we **need** a rest day.

A "dry" day, a "fly" day;  
I want-to-go-and-die day!

I overtook him as he fled,  
I seized him by the hand;  
"I thought you were insane," I said;  
"You're wisest in the land!"

—E. T. R.



Helen: "Dick turned over a new leaf yesterday."

Betty: "What's come over him?"

Helen: "Nothing; he just brought his calendar up-to-date."





# ECHO WRITES HOME TO HER PAW

Dear Paw: Well I went and did it Paw. I signed up for a four years' enlistment with the Greeks. I'm amalgamated with the Damda Fi Datas and believe me Paw we're a live wire bunch. You know when the girls heard I rated 150 per cent in the physical exam they rushed over to the Tried Elts and by superior weight and numbers they dragged me down to the house and made me sign on the dotted line.

Believe me Paw, the rushing part of this sorority comes after your pledged. They rushed me all over the house getting cleaned up for Homecoming, now I'm rushing all over the house trying to find my clothes. The Homecomers sure kept me home. All I have left are my galoshes and new collegiate raincoat.

Well Paw, I'm getting this cultural stuff down pat. Living with the Damda Fi Datas plus my natural ability is sure doing wonders. I'm a regular Co-ed (short for coordinate) now, boyish haircut, galoshes, and new college raincoat. Just to give you a sample of my line I'll tell you how I put it over on Al last night when he tried to propose to me.

Al said, "What will you have, pin or ring Echo?"

I said, "Sorry Al I can't marry you but I'll always respect your good taste." Hows that for culture Paw?

I'm off Al anyhow now, he's too fresh. They say he was a real nice boy before he took to selling aluminum ware last summer. Now he's a cross between a sophomore and a hyena.

Studies and professors kinda break into our time something awful but most of the Co-eds put up with them. I'm having an awful time with the Economic History of Halitosis but by using some of the notebooks around the house I think I'll get by O. K. Paw so don't worry.

The other day Nora, the house president told us pledges to get into outside activities. I said to Nora "Is blanket fussing an outside activity?" Nora said "Outside Echo, outside." (meaning for me to shut up).

Before it slips my mind Paw, you can send me \$250 to pay for my pledge pin and to pay my bill at the Electric lunch. I know now why they call it the Electric lunch. I got an awful shock when I found the Greeks had consumed \$97.15 for milkshakes and eats last month.

You know Paw I'm beginning to like college first rate, The deeper I get in outside activities and debt the better I like it. Your collegiate daughter

Echo.



"If you won't kiss me, I'm going away."

"Go as far as you like."

## DIARY OF A ROOK'S SECOND WEEK IN SCHOOL

Monday—B. K.'s had me trying out my voice.

Tuesday—Rook rally. Amateur barbers gave me a clipping.

Wednesday—Teachers wonder why I'm not able to sit down properly. Had a terrible time trying to explain.

Thursday—Spent the day rounding myself into shape for the cavalry.

Friday—Rumored rook rally. Couldn't consider the proposition at all, as I hadn't gotten over the effects of the last one.



Capt. McCormick: "Have you an excuse for being tardy?"

Windy Smith: "Well, a sign down here—"

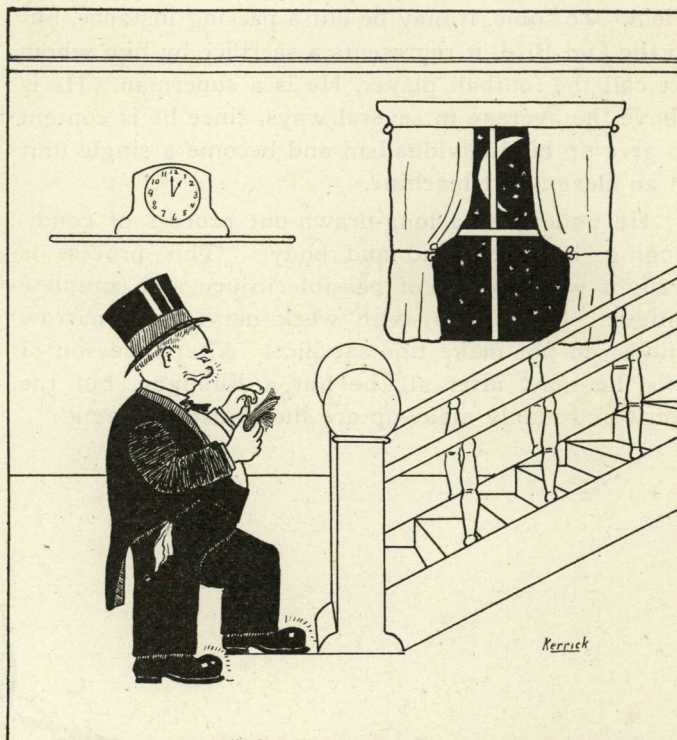
Capt. McCormick: "Well, what has a sign got to do with it?"

Windy Smith: "The sign said, 'School Ahead; Go Slow'."




Bob: "Love is blind."

Jim: "So was the date I had last week-end."




HOME AGAIN, WON AGAIN





# THE ORANGE OWL



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## THE FOOTBALL MAN

THE DAYS grow more bleak and cold. Another football team has caused hoarse voices, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, mid the "windbreaks" of Bell Field. To some, it may be but a passing instance, but to the Old Bird, it represents a sacrifice by him whom we call the football player. He is a superman. He is above the average in several ways, since he is content to give up his individualism and become a single unit in an eleven-part machine.

He undergoes a long-drawn-out process of conditioning, both in mind and body. This process is fraught with danger of possible injury and complete fatigue. Small men, with weak nerves and narrow minds, do not make this sacrifice. After a season of this, he may, after all, be but a Finnigan, but the spirit and manly make-up are there just the same.

## YE OLD GRADS

AS THE Old Bird spreads his wings and soars from the Roost, he sees many Beavers of the times of yore. Yes, he recognizes them all, and he says, "Welcome! Ye Grads of Old, Welcome to the Old Battle Ground." How well the Old Bird knows of the oncoming battle that will be fought when the Lemon and Green, from the south, attack the fighting warriors of the Orange and Black. A deadly battle it will be, but as the Old Bird sees that vast wave of Old Grads sweeping in, as a tidal wave, upon the old stamping ground, there is but one thing that he can predict, and that is VICTORY.

Again the Old Bird says, "Welcome! Ye Grads of Old, Welcome to the Old Battle Grounds."







## PAUL JOHN SCHISSLER, AGGIE COACH

By GORDON HERTZ

AS THE Orange Owl goes, so goes the campus. The Old Bird is back of Paul John Schissler, Aggie football coach, and so is the campus. He is a man of sterling character and wonderful ability, whose personality and indomitable spirit are to be marveled at. His frank manner of address and action gives one the impression that all his cards are on the table, and not up his sleeves. When you see him, you will notice them, too—all smile, pep, and fight—but above all, that million-dollar smile. Whatever may be the future of O. A. C. football, one is forced to admit that as long as Schissler is here it will not lack a capable leader.

P. J. Schissler comes to the institution from Lombard college at Galesburg, Ill., where he lost but one game in three years, and that one to Notre Dame, 14 to 0. His fight and determination to win have already been instilled into his men, and his behavior as chief of the coaching staff not only speaks for itself, but shouts to the entire world, setting him apart as a coach of coaches. The coming of Schissler to the campus has lifted somewhat of a dark cloud which has hovered over the Orange and Black horizon for some time.

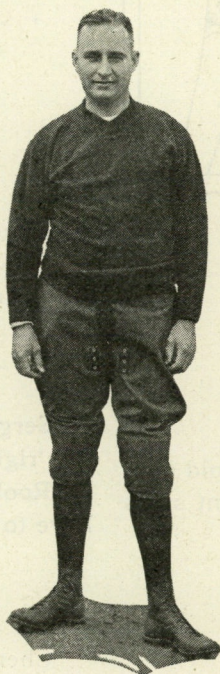
O. A. C. has won fifty per cent of her games this season. What enthusiastic supporter could expect more the first year, in view of the competition faced by Schissler's men? Glen "Pop" Warner, head coach at Stanford, says Pacific coast teams rank as high as any in the United States, and that means the world, in football competition. Could we expect the team to walk rough-

shod over the best teams of the world? No! not the first year; but wait! It is during the falls of the coming years that O. A. C. will explode the fireworks and wreck the championship aspirations of her time-worn rivals on the gridirons of the Pacific Coast conference.

"Smear Oregon!" is the battle cry of the pigskin warriors, who are giving tirelessly and willingly of their "brain and brawn" to gain additional football prestige for their alma mater by winning the annual clash against University of Oregon on Bell field, November 22. Both teams are out of the race for coast honors, but what is of more importance to the college spirit that the repetition of last year's victory over the wearers of the Lemon-Yellow? No dope can predict the outcome of this game, and nothing but the best display of Beaver fight and strategy as expounded by Coach Schissler will win.

No coach on the coast can boast of better support given his team, than Paul Schissler. A handfull of representative rooters went to Seattle in a raging torrent of rain, and out-yelled the backers of the Purple Tornado. Is it possible that so few could out-yell a student body of more than 5000? Not only was it possible, but it was done, and the week before Portland sport writers credited O. A. C. with the best rooting heard in the Rose City for many years. Rain or shine, November 22, when Coach

Paul John Schissler trots his team out onto the field his men will receive the whole-hearted support of the combined student body and alumni, which will last until long after the last whistle.



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I've wondered much, since long ago,  
And still I try to guess,  
What makes a pretty girl say "No,"  
When what she means is "Yes."



"This is what I get a big kick out of," said old man Jones, when he espied his daughter on the front steps with a young man.



Hum: "Bob is good at picking the lemons."  
Haw: "Where did he get his experience?"  
Hum: "On a citrus fruit farm."



He hasn't been on time since he sat on her wrist watch.



Nere: "Perkins carries a large vocabulary."  
Bere: "I thought he was a dumbbell."  
Nere: "Perhaps, but he always carries a pocket dictionary."



"The bride wore," so the papers told,  
"A veil and rope of pearls."  
She was less shy of taking cold  
Than lots of other girls.



Stockings cover a multitude of shins.

### How Would This Get By?

B. K.: "Hey, Rook! Don't you know you're not allowed to fuss girls on the campus?"

Rook: "I can't help it, if they insist on following me around."



A progressive rook suggests that "The Wearin' of the Green" be adopted as the freshman class song."



I've tasted most things in my life,  
But the thing that's closest death,  
Is that awful halitosis  
Of an Italian garlic breath.



Frances (stockings falling down): "Don't make fun of me."

College Wit: "One down and one to go."

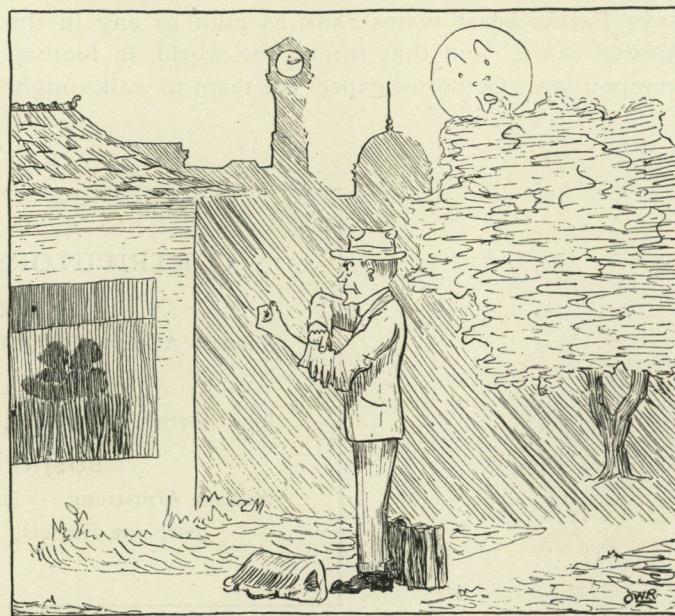


Sergeant: "You're all right, except you haven't got the 'right face' yet."

Rook: "Right face! What kind of a face do you have to have to be in this squad?"



Chem. Prof.: "Can you tell me how much oxygen is in the human crust?"



HOME AGAIN, WIN AGAIN?





# BOBBY BED BEGS LEAVE TO REPORT

Dear Dad:

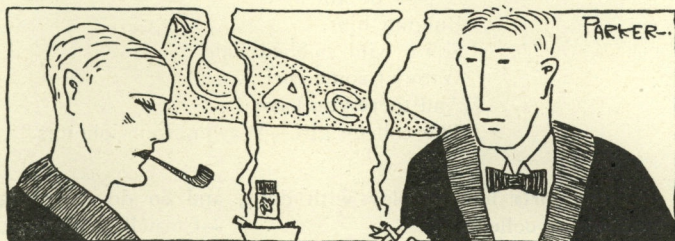
I suppose you and maw are wondering how I like college after the first few weeks. Well I feel a little weaker. I was the entertainer at a week-end party recently. The boys told me to bend over. I did so and after a few minutes of entertaining I found the week-end was quite warm. A good time was had by all but me. College isn't half bad, though.

I have been pretty lucky. I got a job pressing clothes and have been putting on weight ever since. The boys step out, put on weight, and take the crease out of their trousers. Then they bring them in to me; I put on weight and put the crease back in for them. A soph came in the shop the other day and said he had a couple of articles that needed pressing. I didn't see any bundles, so I asked him what they were. He said, "Dog pants and cat's pajamas."

I sure thought this was an unhealthy climate at first. I thought there must have been an awful epidemic of typhoid because nearly all the girls had their hair cut off. I went into a barber shop the other day to read the Police Gazette, but the only magazines they had were the Ladies' Home Journal and Good Housekeeping.

I had a hard time deciding what course to take, I didn't know whether to take commerce and be a captain of industry, or to take Military Science and be an industrious captain. I finally chose the former, because I would rather be a Rockefeller than a Stonewall. I think I am well fitted to be a salesman anyway because I know a peach of a funny story.

The fellows kid me a lot because my name is Bed. There is a five cent fine, here in the fraternity house, for not making one's bed. I'm saving lots of money now Dad, because every time I make my bed I save a nickel. But I forgot to make it so often that the fellows all call me "Old Major Bed." A girl I stepped out with the other night told me I sure lived up to my name, because it wasn't a bit hard to go to sleep with me around. Speaking of beds though I must say that nearly every bed around here is sure the Bunk.



Omar: "She has good lines, hasn't she?"

Ono: "Don't know, haven't talked to her much yet."

Say Dad, wish you would send me a new watch for Xmas. I lost mine. You see the other night I went fussing and I just got comfortably seated on the Davenport when her little brother came in and seated himself. I offered him a nickel, but he wouldn't take it. Then I offered him a quarter and then a half, but he didn't want it. That made me kinda sore and I says, "Well what do you want." He says, "I wanna watch."

Well dad, tell all the folks "Hello" and don't forget the watch.

Yours till Rob't Burns

Bobby Bed.



THE CAMPUS SLICKER

Rook: "They have the three virtues, Faith, Hope, and Love, at the D. Z. house. They have a girl named Faith and one named Hope."

Soph: "Yes, but how about Love?"

Rook: "Oh, they all love."

In days gone by, the gold-diggers were forty-niners; now they are boyish thirty-sixes.





# HUMOR

## from the

# MORGUE

Enlev

"Did I tell you about dit nightmare I had last night?"  
You didn't got to; I seen her." —Exchange.

"Why do you go to church so often?"

"Man, it is a beautiful sight to see one man keep so many women quiet for such a long time." —Belle Hop.

A frosh stood near a roaring fire,  
But as far as I could learn,  
He stood in perfect safety—  
He was too green to burn.

—Yellow Jacket.

Kat: "The other night, Jack told me I reminded him of a girl on a magazine cover.

Nip: "I guess that's because he sees you only once a month." —The Medley.

One: "Why do you hesitate?"

Two: "Because 'he who hesitates is lost,' and I bet ten dollars I would lose." —Bison.

Oh, son! Beware the baby stare,  
Sky blue eyes and golden hair.  
Then of this girlie be afraid,  
With fire-red hair and eyes of jade.  
Beware the maid of mystery, too,  
With eyes and hair of raven hue.  
Oh, son! Oh, son! Beware them all,  
Or you will have—no jack at all.

—Sniper.

Life is an infernal mess. The rich man has his twin sixes, and the poor man has his six twins. —Bison.

Belle: "Do you college boys waste much time?"

Hop: "Oh, no; most girls are reasonable."

—Belle Hop.

Expectant lips, so ruby red,  
A pretty nose, refined,  
A mass of hair like golden thread,  
A brow, thin, pencil-lined,  
A winning smile, with naughty ways,  
Determined little chin,  
A deep blue eye that oft' betrays  
The light that lies within;  
A little ear, I cannot see,  
So hidden with a curl;  
This is the way things look to me,  
In the Profile of my Girl!

—Yellow Jacket.

After an unexpected exam, it's consoling to recall that old philosophy: "It's better not to know so many things, than to know so many that ain't so." —Bison.

A stolen kiss,  
Is like (to me)  
A borrowed drink of whisky.  
It's hard to get,  
It's sort of weak,  
And always kinda risky.

—Yellow Jacket.

"Don't you feel like a fool when you propose to a girl, and she says, 'No'?"

"Yeh; but I feel more like one when she says, 'Yes'." —Sun Dial.

She says her stockings are a sight,  
But I do not agree;  
I know her stockings look all right,  
As far as I can see.

—Yellow Jacket.

### Collegians Both

A cagey hat,  
A woolly vest,  
Some badges strung  
Across the chest,  
Some baggy pants,  
And socks of tan,  
Are what comprise  
A college man.  
A powdered face,  
Two well-used lips,  
A pair of knickers,  
Bulging hips,  
Some wild bobbed hair,  
Without some curl,  
And there you have  
The college girl.—Washington Columns.

Little girls like to play with dolls, and so do their big brothers at college. —Cornell Widow.

"Making ends meet is not difficult," says the football coach, as he looks at the mass of humanity draped in a heap.

—Yellow Jacket.





Moonlight night and a lovely girl,  
A thrill to his heart has sped.  
Do you see that anxious expression?  
Can you guess what has just been said?

—Colorado Dodo.

"Hello. Who is this?"

"Watt."

"What is your name?"

"Watt's my name. My name is John—John Watt."

"John Watt?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No. I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me what your name is then?"

"Will Knott."

"Why not?"

"My name is Knott."

"No, not Knott, Watt, Watt; William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Aw, shut up."

—The Cadet.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your hope chest grow?  
With gowns quite low, and many a beau,  
And frat pins all in a row. —Bison.



People who sleep on sleeping porches should get up first.



"Get out! Leave the room!"

"Leave the room? D'ya think I'd take it with me?"



English Prof.: "How long is a sentence?"

Rook Speeder: "That depends on the judge."



There are lines upon the sidewalks,  
There are lines that hold you fast,  
There are lines the old men use to fish with,  
There are lines that tell your past.  
There are lines upon the paper,  
There are lines of property,  
But the line I like to hear, dear,  
Is the line that you tell me.

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Good Goods

The Home of Good Goods at  
Reasonable Prices

—the place the students  
always get a square deal

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Chas. Wolfenbarger

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Make them comfortable, good looking, and  
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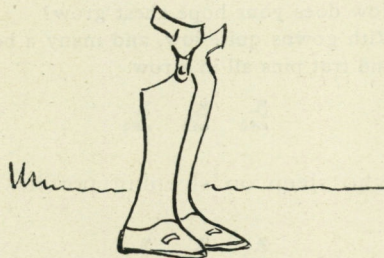
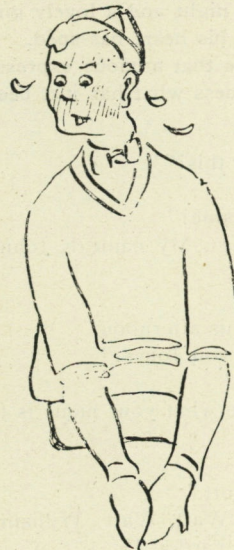
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### How About Wool Sox?

We have lots of 'em

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231 South Second Street      Next to Stage Terminal



### THE PLIGHT OF THE ROOK WHO WORE CORDS UPON THE CAMPUS



Math. Prof.: "We will study logs and cologs tomorrow."

Rook: "When will we have prologues?"



Item, in Philomath newspaper: "Edward Wilson, formerly a good citizen of this place, but now in politics, was in town Monday."



Most of us knew nothing about "pung" and "chow" before the advent of Mah Jongg. Ex-servicemen learned about "chow" during the war.



'02 Aggie Allum, in Corvallis: "Can you direct me to a filling station?"

Small Boy: "For yourself, or your car?"





# EVERY STUDENT NEEDS ONE



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

*Compact*—fits in a case only four inches high.

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

*Convenient*—can be operated on your lap if you wish, for it carries its table on its back.

Come in and see the Remington Portable.

Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired.

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CORL'S BOOK SHOP  
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REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
Portland, Oregon





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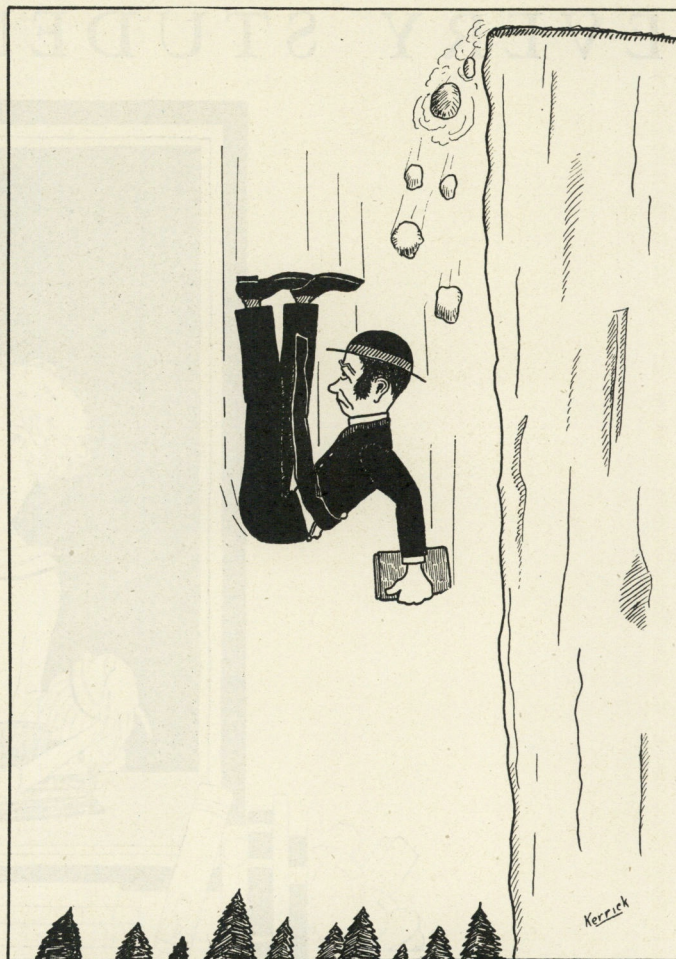
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Delicious and appetizing, come in and try one  
Candies, Smokes, Drinks and Eats

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"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"



Stern Mother: "Why did you allow that man to  
kiss you in the parlor last night?"

Daughter: "Because it was so cold on the front  
porch, mother."



Balloon cords are used on automobiles for traction.  
Balloon cords are worn by juniors for attraction.



When he first came to see her,  
He showed a timid heart;  
And even when the lights were low,  
They sat this far apart.

But when their love grew warmer,  
And they had learned to kiss,  
They knocked out all the spaces  
And sat up close like this.





Every day one million people read the street-car cards reproduced above

## *facts—*

Three hundred thousand people, mostly college graduates and recognized business people will buy the December (Holiday) issue. On sale November 6th.

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THE success of your comic depends on you.

You can express your own ideas and originality through your comic.

YOUR best efforts, when accepted by your editor, will later appear in

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132 South Third Street

"Here's where I get a couple of dates," said the rook, as he made a run for the fruit stand.



"So this is tennis," exclaimed the beginner, as the rubber ball connected with one of his optics.



I had a girl,  
So sweet a Greek,  
That words of love  
I longed to speak.

Into the movie  
We did go;  
We never saw  
The pictures, tho'.

The usher chanced  
To look at us;  
She said, "This is  
No place to fuss."

So out we went,  
No place to go;  
She never knew  
I loved her so.



First Picnicker: "These thistles I'm sitting on must be patented."

Second ditto: "Why?"

First Pic.: "Because they are such Keen-Kutters."



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND





# The new CORONA FOUR

A STANDARD four-bank typewriter with all the sturdiness and capacity of a hundred dollar office machine—yet portable.

It's light to the touch, quiet to the ear, a delight to the eye. Every time-saving feature is there, from self-spacing carriage return to 12-yard self-reversing ribbon.

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A local restaurant has a good scheme to prevent going to the dogs. On its menu cards is quoted the statement, "No dogs allowed in our parlors."



Econ. Prof.; "What was one of the evil effects of the World war?"

Bright Stude: "Fat ladies, in army pants."



Mendy: "Henry Ford is now considering the manufacture of synthetic milk."

Can't: "Well, he made a substitute for horses, and now he wants to make a substitute for cows."





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