First President:

Naturally the founder and organizer of Owen Wister Literary Society is the late Mr. John Philip Smith, for he was the first to suggest the idea of such a society. He was a gifted and cultivated man, who had a profound influence on the students of the school. After his death, the society was named in his honor and continues to thrive to this day.

OWEN WISTER LITERARY SOCIETY

Dan Zador

White was selected for a seat of immortality

wrong over every detail, a seat to which the

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History:

In the fall of 1924 Miss Adelle Roensch, a co-ed at Rice, saw the need for another literary society (the third) on the campus. After discussing this idea with Mr. McCann, she emerged from his office —— Victorious! But there was the problem of naming the club.

Namesake:

While searching for a set of initials which would spell the school's mascot, the OWL, Oscar Wilde's was suggested, but as any Rice girl knows, administration brows instantly lifted, then creased. Finally a Pennsylvania author's name was remembered.

This was Owen Wister, born in 1860 (died in 1930) and later studied at Harvard. He became a famous American novelist who wrote short stories (about the West —— Wyoming and its cattle country); biographies (especially concerning his friend, the late Teddy Roosevelt); and novels (his most famous, and a best seller: The Virginian, which has been made into several movies).
First President:

Naturally the founder and organizer of Owen Wister Literary Society was named its first president. Miss Adelle Roensche later married a Rice graduate who became the noted writer: Oren Arnold.

Colors:

Green and White

Dangle:

Five-pointed gold emblem (encircling small book) with letters O-W-L-S at bottom.

Official Song:

"Owen Wister -- We'll 'Ere Be True"
But if we lose, old gal,
I'll always say to you,
Meet me in the roost
For a coke or two.

We're true to each other
And the Green and White,
If we win or lose or if
We're wrong or right.

I'd rather be out on the campus
Just having my fun,
Than to be a Math 100 or
Biology gun.

I'd rather be an Owen Wister
Each day of the year,
Than to be in any other Lit
Society here.

II D RATHER BE AN
OWEN WISTER

TUNE: "I'd Rather be a Texas Aggie"
(Alternate last verse)
I'd rather be an Owen Wister,
So proud of the name,
Than to have my picture painted
In the Hall of Fame.

We'd rather be an Owen Wister,
A swell sort of gal,
And we're telling you sincerely
That we're glad you went OWL!

LAST VERSE:

O, won't you be an Owen Wister,
A swell sort of gal,
And we're asking you sincerely,
Won't you please go OWL?
THE WAY YOU CAN TELL

The way you can tell he's an O-W-L
Tailor-made clothes and a cane that is swell.
He's got that certain air,
Attitude "I don't care,"
Surely he's debonair,
Oh, you OWL man!

He knows the way to roll a good cigarette,
He can blow rings of smoke;
Father thinks it's funny
How he spend his money,

He's an O-W-L,
Talk about O-W-L,
He's an O-W-L man!

Oh, Yeah?

(Continued)
The way you can tell he's an O-W-L
Sloppy-jo clothes and a drink that is swell.
He's got that certain line,
Never a date on time,
Always a parking fine,
Oh, you OWL man!

Polishing apples is his favorite sport,
That's how he makes his grades: 3 - 3 - 3.
Gets his ring back Sunday,
Out again on Monday,

He's an O-W-L,
Talk about O-W-L,
He's an O-W-L man!
SLEEPY-TIME OWLS

Tune: "Sleepy-Time Gal"

Sleepy-time OWLS,
We dream of candy and cake,
Sleepy-time OWLS,
We spend few hours awake.

We can interpret your dreams,
And tell you, too,
We know that just for your sake,
We're trying to make
Them come true.

(The stars above you simply prove we love you....)

Sleepy-time OWLS,
When all our parties are through,
Sleepy-time OWLS,
We'll still be dreaming of you.

And you can certainly bet,
That we will never forget,
'Cause we're the Think-of-you,
Love-you-too,
Never-blue,
Sleepy-time OWLS!
OWL WAYS
Tune: "Always"

Ways we love the best -- OWL ways.  
They will stand the test -- Always.  
Friends who understand  
Lend a helping hand  
None can be so grand as  
OWL ways -- Always.  

We'll be true to you -- Forever  
In what 'ere we do -- Forever.  
How can we forget  
Joys and sorrows met  
In the sweetest yet -- the OWL ways.

EVERYBODY GOING OWLS

Everybody going OWLS  
All the rest are feeling blue  
'Cause the girls of the OWLS  
Choose the best and get them, too.  
The PALS, the EB'S, and the SL'S  
Grieve because they're losing you  
We have rushed you madly  
For we want you badly  
Now the rest is up to you.
PLEDGE SONG OF 1952 CLASS

Tune: "Glow Worm"

Owen Wister forever, ever
Always sisters together, gether
During Rush we met each one
Ate your food and gained a ton
We're so glad you sent us bids
'Cause we're a great bunch of kids.
OWLS are what we wanna' be —
The best society.

Pledges we became so gladly
Grew to adore OWLS madly
Our first meeting was a dilly
Everything -o willy-nilly
And the skits we had to present
They were dull but they were decent
These our efforts to impress
Were usually a mess.

For our lit we gave a party
Served champagne we thought it smarty
Only best for OWLS so ritzy
But my gosh it made 'em tipsy;
Then our picnic at Lake Jackson
Oh, that map we had to track down
All the clambakes you put on
Were absolutely gone.

Owen Wisters, oh so clever
To be like them we endeavor
Thus we've learned to drink and smoke
Sometimes tell a dirty joke
They're the swellest girls at Rice
Naughty enough to be nice
Copying them is our rule
We like to play it cool.

All the boys know that the OWLS
Are much smarter than the FAIS
Are much cuter than the MEUJS
Have more talent than the SLS
Have more fun than the EBS,
We know how to treat a man --
We all are the campus queens;
The girl in each boy's dreams.
WE'RE SO HAPPY THAT WE'RE OWLS
(by Pledge Class of '48)

Tune: "Leaning on the Old Top Rail"

We're so happy that we're OWLS
We're way up on a star!
Are you happy that we're OWLS?
Oh, we hope you are.
How we sang as we rang the telephone
And said, "Can I be an OWL?"
How you grinned when you pinned us
And said, "We're so glad you're not
an EB or PAL!"

We're so happy that we're OWLS
We're way up on a star!
Are you happy that we're OWLS?
Oh, we hope you are!
Rushees, dear,
We welcome you here.
May all we do
All that we say
Convince you
To share in all we do
We need you dearly,
Love you sincerely,
You can make our dreams come true
Merely saying, "Dear OWLS,
I'll be one of you."

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU

With someone like you, an OWL so good and true
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call my own.

We'll find perfect peace where joys will never cease
Out there beneath the western sky --
Just you and I, somewhere out in the West
And let the rest of the world go by.
OWLS, WE WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE TO YOU
Tune: "Roses of Picardy"

OWLS, we will always remember you
In our heart there's a place where
you'll stay.
OWLS, we will always be true to you
And we'll cherish you day by day
Our memories will always be happy ones,
Not a tear or a single regret;
Nor the days that we've spent here
As comrades all
Are the days we will never forget.

I JUST WANT TO BE RUSHED

I just want to be rushed.
I don't want to be brushed.
Wined and dined like the rest of
the girls,
Get invitations to parties and whirls.
I just want to be in
Lord knows it isn't a sin
I'm tired of being alone
Without a pin of my own
I just want to be rushed.
FRIENDS

For it's friends, friends, friends,
You and I will be
Whether in fair or
In dark stormy weather,
We'll stand or
We'll fall together.

For the OWLS, you see,
We will always be,
Our bonds celebrating
Till death departing
The OWLS are we.

GOD GAVE

God gave to the wise men their wisdom mm mm ....
To the poets, their songs and their dreams,
To Day and Mother, he gave each other,
Not a soul was left out, so it seems.

Now I thought that I was forgotten mm mm ....
That my life was an empty affair
But when you gave me the OWLS
It was then that I knew
That I'd gotten more than my share.
Oh the month of September at last rolls around
There's frost on the meadow & frost on the ground
But I live in Houston where frost's hard to find
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob

The books on the shelf are all covered with dust
While thoughts turn to passion & passion to lust,
Students engage in affairs clandestine,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob

Town students pity the fate of dorm boys
The good common food we're supposed to enjoy
Then flat on our backs we are forced to recline,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob

I came to Rice with the best of intent,
To make Phi Delta Kappa in every event,
But a girl and a bottle became my decline,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob

Continued)
Oh pity the hard-working Rice engineers
Alone with his slide rule and bottle of beer,
While others are having one hell of a time
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob.

Oh the bright month of April at last rolls around
There's fellas and girls all over the ground,
But I go to Rice where a girl's hard to find,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob.

May with its finals at last looms ahead,
And we all wish that our profs would drop dead,
We toast their ill health in whisky and wine,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob.

Summer vacation at last rolls around
Gonna' head for the mountains & leave Houston town
Till the month of September again me you'll find,
Under the limb of the loblolly pine,
Lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob, lolly lolly lob.

We'll gather and sing of the old time we knew,
And those that come after may they do so too, twine,
Till the weeds choke the jasmine & their brushes
RICE'S HONOR

All for Rice's honor, we will fight on.
We will be fighting when this day is done
And when the dawn comes breaking;
We'll be fighting on Rice
For the Gray and Blue. We will be loyal
To Rice be true.
GRAY BONNET

Put on your old Gray bonnet
With the Blue ribbon on it,
And we'll hitch Old Sammy to the fray;
And we'll rock, rock, rock 'em
And we'll sock, sock, sock 'em
To the end of Judgment Day.
FIGHT SONG

Fight for Rice; Rice, fight on;
Loyal sons arise!
The Blue and Gray, of Rice today
Comes breaking through the skies.
Stand and cheer! Victory's near,
Sammy leads the way!
Onward go to crush the foe;
We'll fight for the Blue and Gray.

_____ Rice
_______ Fight
__________________ Never dies.

_____ Blue
_______ Gray
_________________ in the skies.

_____ Stand
_______ Cheer
__________________ Rah, Rah, Rah.

_____ Go. Go__________________ Yeaaaaa Rice!
PLEDGE SONG OF 1952 CLASS
Tune: "Falstaff Beer"

Owen Wister's the best lit --- yessiree!
All the OWLS are premium quality!
Always look so neat and trim
Like to have the lights real dim;
All we want is to catch a HIM!
We're the slickest chicks at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit --- yessiree!
All OWL pledges live in harmony.
Never fuss or never fret (Wanna' bet?)
Out for all that they can get;
Have more fun than any lit,
They're the sweetest babes at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit yet --- yessiree!
Academs and engineers agree.
P.E.'s follow us around (Yeah, they do!)
Have them falling on the ground;
Those are kicks where we are found,
We're the coolest hides at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit yet --- yessiree!
Finest parties are our speciality.
All the fellows beg to go (park)
'Cause they love our shindigs so;
Minutes never pass too slow,
With the beaming broads at the Institute!
OWEN WISTER — WE'LL 'ERE BE TRUE

Our love for you so strong and true
We pledge it anew tonight;
Where 'ere you are though near or far
Remember its strength and might;
Our paths may change as the years go by,
But friendships we've made here will never die;
We vow an everlasting love,
Owen Wister — we'll be be true.

True to you.
PLEDGE SONG OF 1958 CLASS
Tune: "Falstaff Beer"

Owen Wister's the best lit --- yessirree!
All the OWLS are premium quality!
Always look so neat and trim
Like to have the lights real dim;
All we want is to catch a HIM!
We're the slickest chicks at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit --- yessirree!
All OWL pledges live in harmony.
Never fuss or never fret (Wanna' bet?)
Out for all that they can get;
Have more fun than any lit,
They're the sweetest babes at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit yet --- yessirree!
Academs and engineers agree.
P.E. 's follow us around (Yeah, they do!)
Have them falling on the ground;
Those are kicks where we are found,
We're the coolest hides at the Institute!

Owen Wister's the best lit yet --- yessirree!
Finest parties are our speciality.
All the fellows beg to go (park)
'Cause they love our shindigs so;
Minutes never pass too slow,
With the beaming broads at the Institute!
February 23, 1957

Dear Miss Lane,

Some things cannot be paid for by material goods and often a mere “Thank you” isn’t adequate.

This little gift is our own small way of telling you we appreciate your going out of your way, taking from your own time, to help us get the most economical song books for Owen Winter Literary Society.

Thank you, Miss Lane, for being so considerate when you could have said emphatically, “It’s against our rules.”

Very sincerely,

Carolyn Deamond

Junior DHS, ’56-’57
February 24, 1957

The Class of '58 compiled
This book of songs for you
Some are tender; some are wild;
Many old, some new.
We hope you'll like our little jewel,
We hope you'll use and save it;
But most of all we hope that you'll
Remember those who gave it.

Doris Bowen
Janis Cousins
Linda Davis
Carolyn Dearmond
Margaret Kennedy
Harriett Kinzbach
Eleanor Mengden
Mary Alice Nall
Peggy O'Neill
Doris Winans

Cover: Brooks Godfrey