

THE BULLETIN BOARD

Willis to Fish Harpole: "Say, Harpole, did you know that you are going with my girl?"

The Dude of the Battery is Aubrey L. Moore. His shoes always shine like a new cuspidor—

Why are Bert Martin and Red Lay always fussing? Because he is always Owen Fay.

Bill Roper: "They tell me that Kit Carson has been wandering in his mind lately."

When Paw utter talk in his sleep he said the sky is the limit, but since sis finished boarding school he says the knee is the limit.

Preacher to Congregation: "Young people, Hell is full of beautiful women, flippy songs, fast automobiles and the like!"

Bill Roper: "My girl didn't know that or she wouldn't have told me to go there."

Sophomores are vexations Juniors are just as bad— Seniors aggravate me; But cuss-hounds drive me mad.

Shorty Sherrill says that if they change the uniform this year he hopes that they make white puts regulation because he has some old timey cuffs he wants to wear.

Old Boy to Fish: "Haven't you got the A. and M. disease?"

A Fish Defends. College Station, Feb. 15, 1921. Dere Paw:

Judging from your last letter you must have got the wrong impression about this hazin' business.

Paw, you know that while you and maw were raising me you used to correct all my mistakes and when I done rong you used to whim-whom me an' none of the neighbors said anything about it.

I jus' thought I would write you an' let you know that I ain't bein' mishandled none an' that I eat sittin' down.

O, yes, Paw, I want you for another quarter. I spent the last one you sent me an' I need another one because it is my time to buy the tooth-bresh.

Tell Maw I will rite her soon and not to be listenin' to all this bosh stuff.

There's somethin' else I want to tell you but I will put that in the P. M.

Hoopin' to hear from you soon and the money too, lovingly,

With love, your son, Son.

P. M.—This is what I want to tell you i sho and glad i kep stayin' down here instead of quittin'.

P. M. 2.—Paw I went to the dance las nite an you orter bin there. Don't show maw this part—

Company "C" Infantry Fish Win Athletic Meet.

The Co. C "Sea" Infantry Fish rule the stormy sea of Fish athletics. They

showed their supremacy on track and field last Tuesday by winning the Fish meet over all Fish comers.

McCullough as high man, copped the honors of the day and placed C company at the head of the list of contestants.

Davis, "The Korsicana Kid", took second place in the half mile.

Forrester came next by tying for third place in the high jump directly after doing the two-twenty.

Harris and Cooper, though they did not get a place, deserve honorable mention in so much as they did their best for the company and made their competitors produce the proverbial split hair.

Two other laudable members of the track team, Sprott and Edgley, deserve special mention for their praiseworthy work with the "waits"—

These boys piled up a total of eighteen points. The closest rival was the Cavalry with fourteen points.

Company F Notes. It has rained three nights during the past week.

C. C. Crane has of late been making a good many visits to a certain part of the Campus.

Speaking of men who like to "gripe" just because they can, this Otto Lott takes the cake.

Dinwiddie and Hale, Junior A. H. students, stood high in Tuesday's preliminary try-out contests for the Junior Stock Judging Team.

The company honored Egon Koehler and "Heinie" Wardorf, the chess champions in the recent contest with Rice.

We were honored with three days visit this past week by two future A. and M. men.

The difference between a this year's Fish and a last year's Fish is about 20,000 licks.

The difference between a this year's Soph and a last year's Soph is a toastmaster.

The difference between a this year's Junior and a last year's Junior is a few buttons or diamonds.

The difference between a this year's Senior and a last year's Senior is Reserved Seats in the Airdome and Gym.

BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

The Trench Digger is taking unto himself the task of untangling a few Barb Wire Entanglements and tangling still others.

As you are now amongst the Barb Wire Entanglements, it is absolutely necessary that you conduct yourself with the greatest caution.

Some folks say that a man cannot get entirely away from his stenographer—not even by marrying her.

Speaking from a purely personal standpoint, we think that "Hulon" who was really in bad need of something to write as an editorial when he wrote his famous article on "Knees."

We have often wondered if we would ever go blind as a result of our hooch; but never had we hoped to get so modern as to go blind at a "Peer-at-it" ball.

The Bryan-College Interurban is the greatest piece of railway property in Texas, because: It has one terminal in College Station.

Did you ever notice that when Joe Brown gets a wink, Johnnie Giesecke is sure to get J(ce)?

Since the boys over at State are kicking against the girls wearing "Knee Skirts", The Trench Digger takes this opportunity to extend an invitation to any of the offended fair sex to make an extended visit to College Station.

When you have finished reading the advertisements, don't forget to tackle the "Barbed Wire Entanglements."

"Barbed Wire Entanglements" are good things when we are behind them; but they are pretty mean when we are in front trying to get behind them.

Why is it that people can't tell a good thing when they see it? Now, some poor ignoramus have been making it a practice of sitting in the picture show and smoking and then blowing the smoke over on the ladies from the Campus.

There seems to be no limit to the present crime wave. A man tried to pass off afke tickets at the picture show and thus see a thirty-five cent show and a fifteen-cent price for nothing.

WATER BOY! You ought to have been here and half way back by now!

THE ULTIMATUM OF A COUNTRY LASS. I thought today I'd get your letter

The gay life of the city they say Has power to hold you complete in its sway.

But let me just tell you, you big pill, If that's the system, I'm with you still.

I'll continue to wade barefoot in the creek While you the bright lights untiringly seek.

I'll stay in the country and you in the town, And just keep on, 'till you tire of it, gadding around.

"Tubby" Smith removed his "puts" one night recently and on arising next morning found this part of his apparel missing.

A young colored couple were sitting at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. Henry was holding Mandy's hand.

"Henry", said Mandy, "Does you all know why dey has such small little lights on de Staute o' Liberty?"

"Ah dunno," replied the Ethiopian swain, "unless it's because de less light, de mo' liberty!"

Mother: "Did that man kiss you last night?"

Daughter: "You don't suppose he drove 90 miles to hear me sing?"

WITH THE COLLEGE WITS

"Yep", said the honest ex-buck, "I spent fourteen months in the lines without any relief."

"Will you let me," said the student as he quickly doffed his cap— But the maiden with a right hook

And her head was tilted at Just the proper angle,

All the stage was set and there Was no complication

And he wishes he'd hung On the old front gate.

They've been wed now Ten years I'd state—

Ed—"Would you object if I placed your name on the ticket to run for the most popular girl in Baylor?"

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"Why Teddy! How did you catch that chicken?"

"Oh, I des runned him and runned him 'till his gas give out!"

Your tongue is mute; time vainly waits for it

They say sometimes, "It's cold as Hell!"

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ONE CONSOLATION. (Wherein lies a dark secret).

It was night and the dark shadows Fell upon my weary path;

Long ago retreat had sounded, But I was away from school;

And cars had gone on by me, Not a one I tried to catch—

Then I started out to running, Knowing that the car was slow—

But the speed that I was making, Was too swift to stop at once—

Oh! we Freshmen have a hard life, Poor, misguided souls we are—

If she wants to play or sing It's time to go.

If o'er your watch she's lingering, It's time to go.

If she wants your signet ring Frat house pin and everything,

If the parlor clock strikes two It's time to go.

If her father drops a shoe, It's time to go.

If she sweetly says to you, "Stay a little longer, do!"

Two seamen were engaged in a heated argument as to the class of animal a hog belonged to.

"Here, Bill," he said, "you've knocked about a bit. What is a hog? Is it a pig or a sheep?"

Bill, after due consideration, said: "Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know much about poultry."

A preacher conducting a mission announced that he would speak the next night on "Liars."

Next evening, before opening with piercing glance, he inquired how many people had read the chapter suggested.

A score or so held up their hands. At which he thundered: "You're the very persons I want to talk to—these isn't any seventeenth chapter of St. Mark!"

The Casuals, the Casuals, They room in Milner Hall.

They wake up late in the morning Just at the "Soupey Call."

Hot cakes, hot toast, Left hind leg of swine,

And then the dirty "Sons of Rest" They go back to sleep till nine.

DRILL MORNING IN MILNER. (Tune—"The Sergeant, He's the Worst of All.")

FOR the student or prof., the superb VENUS out-vals all for perfect pencil work.

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