

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

"Fish" Stage Rapid Nearing Its End.

Last September saw, as usual, a large addition of Freshmen to A. and M. College. And as usual it was a curious mixture of young men of every size and description. "Hey, Fish!" was the first cry they heard, and it was uttered by some old boy who, in the eyes of the newcomers, appeared to be a very important personage. As the Freshmen later found out, this was the awe-inspiring blood-thirsty Sophomore.

On one side were the friendly greetings of the old boys—on the other were the lonely Freshmen. The first few days (to say nothing of the nights) were filled with strange experiences. Everything was strange and new and all so different from what was expected; so, for a while, the Freshman was a muchly bewildered human.

Assigned to a company and a room, the Freshman soon began to feel that college was a good place, after all, and that there was a place for him to fill. Day after day he learned more and more of what was expected of him and gradually learned the ropes, tangled though they were in some cases. After the newness of things had worn off and everything had settled down to machine-like routine a new spirit filled the soul of the Freshman—the great A. and M. spirit. Though they called him "Fish," he felt and knew himself to be an active working part of the college machinery.

Time has passed rapidly and the Freshman year is nearing its end. So soon? Yes, and many a "Fish" of today is laying plans for his life as an "old boy" of tomorrow. To be known as an "old boy"! Could anything else be more pleasing to one who is now called a "scaley" or a "Fish"? Indeed not.

The present Freshman class has had several hard experiences, in common with the other classes, and has learned valuable lessons from them. If conditions this year were not to the utmost satisfaction of all, it is certain that they will be so next year, and the present Freshmen will be among the first to enjoy them.

If the first year of college life passes so rapidly it is certain that the remaining ones will pass even faster. Therefore it behooves every Freshman to realize that the goal of 1916 is not very far off, after all, and that time is precious and must be made to count.

With the good start already obtained, it now lies with each individual Freshman to keep up the good work and make the Class of 1916 the best of the best.

SACRED CONCERT HELD SUNDAY.

The disappointment of the College people at not having any special Easter services was made up for by the sacred concert held Sunday evening, when under the leadership of Mr. F. D. Steger, the Choir, Glee and Mandolin clubs united to give an occasion of much enjoyment; and the music lovers of the campus, who had looked forward with keen anticipation to the evening, were not disappointed. The Glee Club and the ladies of the choir, in their white costumes behind a bunch of ferns and palms, made a very effective scene, and added to the dignity and impressiveness of the stage.

To give each member special mention would, of course, be impossible, yet one can not pass without some extra comment on the soloists, who surely deserve much praise and many

thanks for the exquisite pleasure they gave their hearers. The Mandolin Club has a fame all its own, and needs no added word of praise; and the trombone solo of Mr. Holick was beautifully executed. The members of the choir and the ladies' quartette were delightful and showed the result of much patient labor as well as innate talent. The Glee Club also has a reputation of its own, a very enviable reputation, which was augmented when it sang "The Lord Is My Life."

The excellent attendance vouched for the appreciation of the people, and it is regretted that we are not afforded such pleasure oftener than once or twice a year.

The program follows:

1. In God Is My Salvation... Adams The Choir.
2. O Divine Redeemer... Gounod Mrs. R. W. Canfield.
3. He Shall Feed His Flock... Tater Ladies' Quartette.
4. Sing, Smile, Slumber... Gounod Mandolin Club.

5. The Land Beyond Vinal The Choir.
6. The Coming of the King... Roechel Mr. J. D. Bond.
7. Trombone Solo... Selected Cadet E. W. Holick.
8. Sextette: Lucia Di Lammermoor... Donizetti Mandolin Club.
9. Dream of Paradise... Tray Mrs. Charles Felker.
10. The Lord Is My Light... Bumham Glee Club.
11. Evening Shadows... Nevin The Choir.

Lieutenant Sayers (from his room to "Shorty" Seymour on the road to Leigh's)—"Shorty," if you see Connie Mack tell him to come to my room 'cause I want something to tell those ball fiends at Houston when I go home this summer.

(For the benefit of all concerned, it can be said that "Shorty" did not see Connie.)

College Station, Texas, March 17, 1913.

Zuber, N. G.

Appearing at formation in disguise. This is a mistake. It was made by Capt. Burleson. I was not in any disguise. I had washed my face and the captain did not know his own man. Respectfully submitted.

ZUBER, N. G., Co. "I." Cadet Pvt. Sophomore.

Sergeant Groginski (entering Cell 74, Milner, in a great hurry and seeming to be laboring under a terrific strain)—Good evening, boys. Do you know whom I am?

Occupants of 74—No, Gro, who are you?

Gro—I am the man who put "drill" in the drill regulations.

Occupants of 74—That's nice, Gro. Now you are the fellow who got strapped for putting the drill in the drill regulations.

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