

**A. & M. STOCK MAKES GOOD  
SHOWING AT FORT WORTH**

**Take About Thirty-six Premium Ribbons.**

About twenty-two blue, eight red and six white premium ribbons were carried out of the ring by A. and M. stock at the National Feeders and Breeders' Show at Fort Worth last week. A total of something over \$1000 was won by these premiums.

In cattle A. and M. took the following premiums:

Grade Steer Calf, all breeds—First premium.

Grade Steer Calf, all breeds—Champion.

Sweepstakes Steers, one year—Champion.

Sweepstakes Steers, one year—Reserve champion.

Pure Bred Shorthorn Steer, two year—First premium.

Pure Bred Shorthorn Steer, yearling—First premium.

Pure Bred Shorthorn Steer, calf—Second premium.

Pure Bred Shorthorn Steer, calf—Third premium.

Pure Bred Shorthorn Steer; herd—First premium.

Texas Shorthorn Specials—Steer, two year, first premium; yearling, first premium; calf, second premium; calf, third premium; herd, first premium.

American Shorthorn Specials—Calf, first premium; calf, champion.

Shorthorn Grade Steer Calf—First premium.

Shorthorn Grade Steer Calf—Champion.

Pure Bred Hereford Steer Calf—Second premium.

Pure Bred Hereford Steer Calf—Third premium.

Grade Hereford Yearling Steer—First premium.

Pure Bred Angus Yearling Steer—First premium.

Pure Bred Angus Yearling Steer—Second premium.

Pure Bred Angus Bull Calf—Third premium.

Pure Bred Angus Steer—Champion.

Grade Angus Steer Calf—First premium.

Grade Angus Steer Calf—Third premium.

In swine A. and M. took the following premiums:

Berkshire Barrows under 12 months—First premium.

Berkshire Barrows under 12 months—Second premium.

Berkshire Barrows under 12 months—Champion.

American Berkshire Special Barrow under 12 months—First premium.

American Berkshire Special Barrow under 12 months—Second premium.

American Berkshire Special Barrow under 12 months—Champion.

In horses took following:

Percheron Stallion, two-year-old—First premium.

Champion Stallion of All Draft Breeds—Reserve champion.

People of the State say, "Why don't you do something at A. and M. to show up your work?" From the showing in Fort Worth, both with the stock judging team and the prize-winning stock, it is obvious that the Animal Husbandry department is doing its part for the school.

Captain Lienhard (at basketball game)—Mr. Steger, how many halves do you have?

Mr. Steger—Two, of course.

**THAT SCANDALOUS TALK.**

When Brown first moved to "K" company street  
He put silk stockings on his feet,  
And washed his face and combed his hair  
To meet the boys' requirements there.

And then a new pair of pants he bought,  
As he was told he surely ought,  
And then they said he must not fail  
To buy a coat with a swallow-tail.

They say he fixed himself all right  
To be a bright and shining light  
Among the fine alleged elite  
Supposed to dwell on "K" company street.

For he had heard his neighbors say  
He must be sure to do that way.  
They were a merry, humorous folk  
And simply meant it as a joke.

At least it is reported thus,  
But such report is hardly just,  
For Brown long and well had known  
The boys around his new found home.

Having known them all his days,  
He must have known their homely ways,  
Their simple life and common walk,  
Regardless of the Freshman talk.

He did not buy those pants, he says,  
Nor follow up such foolish ways;  
And that no fan-tail coat he bought,  
But moved along just as he ought.

But there are those who say they'll bet  
That Brown wears silk stockings yet,  
While there are others who have the gall

To say he wears no socks at all.  
E. H. M., '13.

**WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT  
COACH MORAN?**

Who is that big Irish man,  
Who always smiles, and always is on hand,  
And makes the boys over the gridiron slide  
Regardless of their hair and hide?  
Why, don't you know?  
That is Coach Moran.

When Varsity beat us it made some sore,  
And they threw lemons by bushels and more;  
They roasted our big Irish man,  
But you see we still have him on hand.  
The king of coaches  
Is Coach Moran.

What do we care what other people say?  
Varsity is sore because they can't have their way,  
Because our team broke up their promise land—  
Who won this game for us?  
That was Coach Moran.

Just look over the records of this year's games,  
"Southwestern Champions" placed in our hands;  
Old A. and M. was placed once in the light,  
And we had a jolly good time,  
That was Coach Moran.

He might bid us farewell very soon,  
And it makes all feel full of gloom.  
No matter where he goes, we will always remember—  
Here's hoping he is back next September,  
Coach Moran of the A. and M. timber!  
Z.

**WHO'S WHO AND WHY.**

We have a grand old Irish lad,  
Who makes things bright when others are sad;  
Now everybody knows this Irish lad,  
As he hails from McKinney, where no one is sad;

With a big "megaphone" in his hand  
We sang "Everybody's Doin' It" with the band,  
And "Lizzie" and hat "military yell"  
Made things in Dallas and Houston swell.

Now you don't have to scratch your heads to think  
Of his name, for he and the gridiron boys won us fame—  
Our yell leader, "Rusty," of A. and M.

Boys, you still remember in that Houston town  
Where we made the "Sooners" go 'way back and sit down;  
And how the bulls tried to stop our snake dance,

But we made them seem like they were in a trance.  
And when the fun was all over, the news of victory  
Was spread, people who never heard of us before

Read about the game ten times or more.  
Now "Rusty" is a '13 man, and in June he will start for his promised land,

With a diploma and a sabre in hand.  
So here is to his health with a thick malted milk,  
For to many a "Fish" he promised a corporalship.

**SHOOT THE HASH!**

Come all you little ones and you shall hear,  
The way they yelled for grub in my Fish year,  
If it wasn't that, it was this,  
All you could hear was,  
"Shoot the (? ?) hash!"

No doubt you've heard of Delmonico's,  
And restaurants of snowy white,  
But you have never heard about the grub  
They feed at this college site—  
"Shoot the hash!"

Now, we don't get apple dumplings,  
Nor tomatoes "ala squash,"  
But you can hear most any day this cry,  
"Shoot the hash!"

A. T. B.

**What Next?**

"What did you have at the first saloon you stopped?" asked a lawyer of a witness in an assault and battery case.  
"What did we have? Four glasses of ale, sir."  
"What next?"  
"Two glasses of whiskey."  
"Next?"  
"One glass of brandy."  
"Next?"  
"Three glasses of gin."  
"Next?"  
"Two highballs."  
"Next?"  
"Three more glasses of whiskey."  
"Next?"  
"A fight."

When a Kentucky judge, some years ago, was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honor?" he replied:  
"If the court understands herself, and she think he do, it are!"  
"You are a nuisance; I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court.  
"You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

**TO THE "466."**

(By a Fish who did not come back.)  
Brace up, cadets, push on, never fear.

The victory is yours if your still persevere.  
This school is for progress, don't sigh about luck.

The battles are won by the cadets with pluck.  
No matter how lonely or humble your birth,

Ambition's a thing that is wedded to worth.  
The world is before you, push onward, be men.

If you aspire to Fame's portal just boldly march in.  
There is no harm in trying, do the best that you can.

Give up useless sighing and fight like a man.  
Aim high, strike hard, leave nothing to chance.

Don't sulk in the rear, ride in advance.  
Have hope for your beacon, forever on high.

Press forward, keep trying, never say die.  
So onward, old fellows, brace up, never fear.

The victory is your's if you still persevere.

**HEY, FISH!**

It's the same old thing each day, each year;  
It's always far and it's always near;  
It's all year long, through and through—

It's "Hey, Fish! What's the matter with you?"  
Whether it's "Shoot the cush" or "Shoot the reg,"

Whether you're feeling good or feeling blue—  
It's the same old hat on the same old peg—

It's "Hey, Fish! What's the matter with you?"  
When it's "Shoot the sand" and "Shoot the rails,"

And you gotta be quick about it, too,  
If your mind is busy and in obeying fails,

It's "Hey, Fish! What's the matter with you?"  
It's the same old thing each day, each year;

Just think next year we will get to say it too—  
To the Fish that is sitting near—  
It's "Hey, Fish! What's the matter with you?"

W. L., '16.

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