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Corps Goes on Annual Hike

Camp Hutchings a Splendid Success, Three Days Spent in Francis' Pasture Enjoyed by All. "Reds" vs. "Blues" in Sham Battle

Amusement and Drill Occupy Time.

At 8:15 o'clock Monday, March 30th, the corps assembled along "Misery" Avenue, equipped with blanket roll, haversack and mess kit—not to mention the inevitable and beloved (?) Sprngilled. The day was cool and cloudy, with excellent prospects of rain, but every one was in high and optimistic spirits.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the Colonel's clear voice rang out with the command that swung the then motionless ranks into line along the main road to the Big Gates. With the rattle and clank of equipment the corps moved onward through the gates which mark the division line between College and the "Great Outside."

The band lead the column with a lively air and at last the actual realization of the long looked for hike and three days of pelasure had come. To the old boys, veterans of previous hikes and battles, it meant a repetition of the numerous diversions and a few discomforts they had experienced in former years. To the fish—they alone know just how high anticipation beat in their breasts. Needless to say all were ready for all the hike might hold.

To describe the appearance of the corps from the color of the blanket rolls it would not be amiss to say that it represented the remains of a rainbow after an encouner with a cyclone, for every shade and combination color were present. And as general orders allowed other clothing than regulation uniform to be worn, this also added to the variagated appearance. The majority took advantage of the orders and wore as much of National Guord uniform as they happened to have in their possession.

Dr. Francis' pasture, the scene of last year's Camp Schiller, but a short distance from College, was again used. The plan of going to the river has fallen into disfavor for various reasons. Francis' pasture contains plenty

of trees and good water (tanks and wells!) and is of easy access, so, on the whole, is considered a desirable location.

After perhaps a half an hour's march the corps arrived at the pasture and immediately pitched camp.

Within half an hour the green pasture was dotted with nearly a hundred tents—the homes of the cadets for several days to come. Everything was strictly regulation and truly soldierly in appearance. The moment Old Glory fluttered from the flag-staff in the morning breeze Camp Hutchings was in order.

It will be remembered by everyone that the College gave practically its entire supply of tents to the Brazos flood sufferers during the winter. This left the commissary entirely without means to provide for the annual encampment and under ordinary circumstances the question of a hike would have been quite doubtful. It is due entirely to the generosity of Adjutant General Hutchings, who shipped the needed supply of tents from Austin, that the encampment was made possible. As soon as communication from Austin advised that tents would be forthcoming it was decided that the camp should be named Camp Hutchings. We trust that it will be a pleasure to Adjutant General Hutchings to know that "his" camp will go down in A. & M.'s history as one of the most successful and enjoyable that the corps has thus far experienced.

After being properly established in camp the cadets were free until dinner time. A glance at the official program of amusements will show that the members of the band were scheduled to appear first. This they did and scarcely had their canvas home been completed than did the rousing pep. tune, "What Makes the Wild Cat Wild?" break fourth.

The large amusement tent had been

erected and it at once became the center of attraction, as the dance floor had already been laid. The Athletic Association had its indispensable soft drink and ice cream stand located in the tent, and from the moment "Chief Soda Jerker" Everett asked "What's yours?" of the first customer to the breaking of camp the place did a bargain sale business.

Promptly at 12 o'clock the battalions were formed and marched to dinner. It may be safely said that this was the truly first camp meal that many had experienced. Each cadet lined up with his mess kit and canteen and had his meal dished out to him, after which he was to choose any suitable shady spot whereat to enjoy dinner.

Shortly after dinner drill call sounded and each major took his battalion out over different routes for instruction in advance and rear guard drill. This was a practical application of what the Sophomores had recently covered in "Bull Tix" and naturally proved of more than passing interest to them. After sufficient instruction had been given the battalions were returned to camp and dismissed. The remainder of the afternoon was well filled with various amusements. Supper call found a hungry "army" eager to answer it. It was wonderful how a single day in the open increased the cadets' appetites. No doubt Mr. Sbisagravely wondered for a few moments whether his commissary could stand such repeated attacks.

At 7:30 the "big show" was the main attraction. An account of these amusements in detail appears elsewhere in this issue. The presence of a crowd of young ladies from the campus and Bryan added greatly to the evening's pleasure, as dancing was the chief diversion, and the floor declared to be fine. A novel feature of

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CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF A SPY

REALISTIC EVENT OCCURS BEFORE BATTLE—COLOR SERGEANT TURNS SPY.

PAYS PENALTY.

While lying in the entrenchments of "Fort Brown," anxiously awaiting the approach of the enemy, the men of the Second Battalion were surprised to see members of their outpost arrive with the famous spy, Clarence Emile Philip Wisrodt, as a prisoner of war. This daring scout had made several visits to the fort and its vicinity, and each time fought his way out through the picket lines. At last he was captured after having his horse shot from under him.

He was brought before Major Lerner, commander of Fort Brown, and Captain James who closely searched and questioned the prisoner. Wisrodt's stories did not agree with the reports sent in from the outposts, and after a severe third degree treatment, including plenty of "reg" belt, he was induced to admit his guilt. Papers and maps concealed on his person further proved him a desperate prisoner.

A court martial was quickly held and the prisoner declared guilty and ordered to suffer the fate accorded spies. The prisoner accepted the sentence with remarkable calmness, but in a moment his face changed as he looked southward to the Treasure Isle, from which he had won the nickname of "Seawall" and "Galveston." Perhaps he fancied he had the murmur of the gulf, or perhaps he once more, and for the last time, recalled the pleasures of "the finest surf bathing in the world," that he'd never more enjoy. Oh! it was hard to feel that such a military man should so have to lose his life, but war is cruel and inflexible in its penalties.

The arrival of the firing squad caused the prisoner to remember that his remaining moments were but few, so he asked to be allowed to send a farewell message to "some one" in Corsicana. This request was granted, after which the prisoner knelt by the newly dug grave and made his peace with the Master of Battles.

At last the fatal moment arrived—Prisoner Wisrodt, former color sergeant, but now condemned spy—was blind-folded and placed facing the firing squad. The bugles sounded taps—oh! how differently it sounded now—not the call to slumber after a day's work, but a call to sleep eternal. As the last sad note fell upon the clear morning air, the crash of musketry rang out, a single volley and brilliant career of a most formidable foe ended.

Cruel fate! But war is all that Sherman termed it. The story of