

THE BATTALION

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Mechanical College of Texas

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FRESHMAN STAFF.

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GREETING.

The custom is for the Freshman
class to edit the "Bat" once each year,
and following this custom, we give
you this issue. It is ready for your
criticism whether it be commendation
or condemnation. We know that it
contains no scholarly literature, no
articles which a Harvard professor
would likely approve. But we, the
editors, have tried to put forth an
issue which is characteristic of the
"Fish" class of 1918.

If this edition has any good quali-
ties, don't overlook them, but if you
find bad ones, just consider the
source. Say, "Well, he's a 'Fish.'"

TRUTH AND FICTION.

In olden times it was the custom for
the accused to walk on red hot iron
without scorching his feet, or to sink
in a river without being drowned, in
order to prove his innocence. I have
always understood that a person must
ride a goat before he joins a lodge.
Likewise, it is a general belief that a
Freshman at this college endures end-
less tortures and personal humiliations
without number before he gains the
right to call himself a Sophomore and
to make life miserable for unfortunate
"fish." I live less than a thousand
miles from one of the best institutions
of learning in Texas—in fact, so near
that the boys who graduate from the
high school never think of going to any
other college. And when I express my
intention of coming to A. and M. Col-
lege I was repeatedly told of the
gauntlet I would have to run before
returning home among "civilized" peo-
ple, and that I had better get with my
classmates to what was called "a
good place." I was told that the stu-
dents of the A. and M. College were
little short of desperadoes, and that
all drank, smoked, gambled, and cursed
like sailors. It was firmly imprest up-
on some of us that hazing was particu-
larly favored by those at the head of
the college, and many tales were told
of what had been done to Freshmen in
the past.

I arrived at College Station, Septem-
ber 22nd, almost believing that I
would be tossed off the Main Building

and caught in a blanket or whipped
until I could not sit down. I walked
from the depot toward Leggett Hall,
and every step my heart sank lower
and lower. When I reached the hall, a
Sophomore told me to salute, and salute
I did.

That night as a "fish" was labori-
ously speaking on "Woman Suffrage,"
the table on which he stood was jerked
from under him. He then had to
put his nose on the nose of another
"fish," and at the count of three, one
had to whistle "Home, Sweet Home."
There was so much discord that one
of the "fish" had to try the song again,
substituting the lettering on a tobacco
can for the words of the song. The
above, I think is the worst that hap-
pened to any of the Freshmen, even
tho I did attempt to sing "O Bury Me
Not On the Lone Prairie," and as I
started to sing another song, the mas-
ter of ceremonies kindly informed me
that my education had been sadly
neglected.

On the 23rd some Sophomores col-
lected about two dozen of the Fresh-
men and for half an hour there was
yell practice which we heartily en-
joyed.

As soon as the college opened and
sentinels were posted, the "fish" were
left to themselves and until this day
I have seen no undue advantage taken
of a Freshman except of his ignorance
when he could be persuaded to get
some "Reveille Oil" to guard the flag
pole, or some other fool thing.

The longer I stay here and the
more I learn of the college, the more
firmly I stand by President Bizzell in
the talk he made on October 6, in
which he said, "Boys, there has never
been so many lies told about anything
in the United States as there has been
about A. & M."

WE TOOT OUR OWN HORN.

Since no one will toot our horn for
us, we will toot it ourselves. Through-
out this issue of the Battalion you
shall read about the greatness of the
"fish." No one seemed to be inclined
to let the world know of the greatness
of our class, so we take advantage of
this issue of the "Bat" to boast of our
classmates to the "Old Boys," and to
the outside readers of the "Bat."

"He that braggeth let alone," is a
quotation often repeated by philo-
sophers. This piece of advice is ad-
vocated by many and practiced by
few. But we, the editors of the "Fish
Bat," hold that it is right and legiti-
mate for this issue of the "Bat" to
show the outside world the greatness
of the members of our class.

FINAL BALL ELECTION.

The following officers were elected
for the final ball:
President—C. J. Davis.
Chairman arrangement committee—
O. W. Greene.
Chairman program committee—F.
Cawthorn.
Chairman reception committee—P.
T. Crown.
Chairman decoration committee—J.
P. Garrity.
Chairman finance committee—W. K.
Hanson.
Chairman floor committee—A. C.
Bull.

Fish Von—Red, do you know the dif-
ference between our interurban and
the city cars?

Red Willet—Ain't they just alike?
Von—No. You see, in the city the
motorman and the conductor wear uni-
forms and the passengers wear
"cits," while on this interurban the
motorman and conductor wear "cits."
and the passengers wear uniforms.



"Who is Who" among the "slimes,"
Is something hard to tell,
For every "slime" at most all times
Has done his duty well.

But as democracy needs a leader,
As the universe needs a God,
So do the "slimes" need a genius
Who can yield a mighty rod.

Did you ever see him,
Or did you see his "T"?
The greatest "slime" at A. & M.—
Now—who—can—that—be?

"Why, Brooks, of course," you say;
For no one can deny
That he is the man of the day,
Who is surely going high.

In athletics and in class,
He has shown true nery vim,
And now he leads the "slimy" mass
Which is the pride of A. & M.

But as Caesar needed two more men
To make the mighty trio,
So did Brooks, before he began
To be our greatest hero.

And from the multitude of "fish"
We sent Read to his side,
And Brooks' greatest wish
Was then gratified.

Then came Mason and "Sky,"
Who run the business part,
For Mason has a business eye
And "Sky," a business heart.

But I failed to relate
Facts that are well known
About others, who are great,
But there just isn't room.

But "Who is Who," is every one,
For aren't we all "right there?"
And who knows what "son of a gun"
Will rise up high next year?

Up with our beautiful '18;
We are "pippins" to the core,
And isn't this "Bat" a dream—
Could we ask for any more?

Goodbye, old doubt and fears,
You've failed; now make way
For more progress during the years
That we are going to stay.
—JOE WILSON, '18.

PARODY ON "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY."

Up to College Station came a country
boy one day;
All they did was study, so no one
there was gay.

Went out to the college and looked
them over there,
Sat right down and write right home,
Said, People, on the square,

I'm a long way from tipsy, mother,
I have ten more drinks to go.
I'm a long way, my darling mother,
From the nearest bar I know.
All the Profs. are playing poker,
Charles E. wants my "dough."
It's a long, long way to whiskey,
mother,

But just watch me go.
—M. M. POTTER.

Fish Rogers on a Math. 2 quiz, sign-
ed this pledge: I have neither given,
received nor done anything.

R. M. VICK

CONFECTIONERY

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and fresh home-made
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