

**CORPS MAKES TRIP TO BRAZOS.**

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a country store about four miles from College. At the store a halt was called for refreshments. There was considerable consumption of cracker-jack, cakes, soda water, and hard cider.

Captain Washam engaged his brother officers in a game of seven-up on the lawn in front of the store. He was winning all his opponents' cracker-jack when the order for the advance came up from the rear.

Some of the men showed a tendency to flirt with the dusky maidens that grew by the roadside, but they were kept closely in ranks, and no one made any particular hit.

There were few incidents to break the monotony of the march. Few people passed the corps in either direction, although occasionally some colored brother, on his way to town, stopped his wagon by the roadside

of a swim, and hiked for the sand bar. Others voted a camp fire, and the sloping bank was soon dotted with small fires, around each of which a small group of men sat playing mumble-peg or rolling a friendly game at a nickel a point. The atmosphere was filled with the odor of cooking barbecue, and at every fresh puff of wind a hundred noses were lifted to get a sniff of the spicy odor. The empty feeling under the belt began crying louder and louder for attention.

Mess call sounded at 12 o'clock. Immediately there came a yell, such as has not been heard in Brazos bottom since 1912. From all directions there came a trampling of feet and a crashing of underbrush as the hungry cadet came to his hash. In less than two minutes every cup and pan in the regiment were clashing together with a joyous din. As the regiment passed through the "kitchen" in single file, each pan was loaded with barbecued beef, mutton, pork or boiled ham, salad, bread, cake, potatoes and an apple for cash. The expression on each face



**MORE DINNER.**

While all this was going on, one of our visitors the Hon. P. B. Metcalfe, Sr. of San Angelo and the Legislature, was making himself popular with the bunch. Primrose, Sr., was seated on a log regaling a gang with humorous stories and ice cream cones, when he was discovered by Prexy. He was instantly hauled upon a stump and ordered to make a speech. Mr Metcalfe told of the work he was doing for the college in the Legislature. He urged all cadets who were over twenty-one to vote for separation from the University and also for another bill which he had had put before the people. This bill is to enable each county to vote a small tax for the purpose of raising money which is to be loaned to any enterprising young man or woman who is willing to bind himself or herself to make good. After talking for several minutes on these political questions, the speaker told a number of stories on some of his friends in the Legislature. At the conclusion of his speech, which lasted something like thirty minutes, the corps gave a few yells for "Primrose's Dad," and called Prexy to the platform. Dr. Bizzell also urged that every one who was of age vote for the resolution put forth by Mr. Metcalfe. Just as the President finished speaking, first call for the return was sounded. Stacks were

quickly broken, and the homeward march begun. The return trip lasted from 3 to 5 o'clock.

**COMIN' HOME.**



**IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.**

The scene of the final act of the trip was the natatorium. Five minutes after the ranks broke the scrubbery was the scene of furious activity. Looking on from the outside, one was reminded of the entrance to the Fair Park, Dallas, on A. & M. day. Every cadet and his brother wanted a bath, a cold bath and ice water for his feet. Ye gods! But it was luxury to step under a shower and lean against the cool marble while a stream poured down our backs and soothed the blisters on our aching feet. The hike ended here with the splash of water and the rasp of Turkish towels over the weary bodies of the first regiment of infantry, A. M. C.



**PART OF THE DINNER.**

and stared with awe-struck eyes at the ragged soldiers marching by. During the last halt of the trip a smoke was seen coming up from the rear. He was riding a casual mule which loped along, kicking up more dust than a whole regiment. The coon beat step with his heels on the mule's ribs. He carried half a dozen rifles, which had been loaded on him by men further in the rear. As he drew near it was observed that he wore a broad grin, which occasionally contracted into a savage expression, as he remarked, "Come up, mule," the grin coming on again just before the "mule."

As he passed by the company he was asked, "What's his name?" "Name's Stellaa," replied the ink. "Come up, mule." And he rode on past, his heels overcoming the mule's tendency to stop for further conversation.

On arriving in camp, each company immediately stacked arms and was dismissed. Every man made a bee line for the river to test the temperature of the water. Some decided in favor

changed from anxious longing to intense satisfaction, as the corps marched across the little twenty-foot strip of ground in front of the tables. As the men were served, they scattered among the trees, and presently the sounds of mastication succeeded the clash of empty cup and pan. The dinner was quickly demolished and the mess kits cleaned. Then back to the sandy bank for an after-dinner smoke or nap, or possibly a swim or a nickel crap game around a revived camp fire.

At 1 o'clock the band gave a concert, the first of the season. The music lasted about three-quarters of an hour and was enjoyed by every one.

The inventive genius of Runt Hanson discovered that a man picking something from the bottom of a barrel offers an excellent target for a hickory limb or a reg. belt. He also discovered a barrel which contained a couple of dozen cakes left over from dinner. Runt and a few kindred spirits began distributing cakes. The Bull, Sgt. Smart, Major Day, Cap. Watkins, and various other prominent men were invited to partake of the refreshments.



**CAMP SCENE.**



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