

OLD A-2.

Company A-2 is no more. The pride of the campus has been shot to pieces by the merciless guns of the Bull's office. The liveliest company on the campus has been split into many pieces and its former members were shunted to companies where they are among strangers.

Strange to say, that model of orderly companies, A-2 was the direct decendent of old K Company. Old K had the "Can Rollers", Light shooting Ass'n., Ram book purloiners and innumerable other societies but who can say that A-2 was anything but orderly in its treatment of the authorities.

Monte-Carlo may have flourished on the top stoop of Leggett, but at least it was an orderly place. The Sophs and Juniors thought enough of A-2 last year to stage the big fight on the roof and top floor of Leggett.

A-2 produced such men as Burkett, Litterest, Darby, Camp, Smith, Hanway, Allen and many others, all who have made a mark in the world for themselves and A-2.

A great majority of A-2 were from "Heavenly Houston" or its surrounding territory, and it was the custom for Houston Fish to join that company. Where shall they lay their weary heads now, when they come to College next September?

A-2 was the domicile of the "War Department," that famous organization that had so much to do with the life of the college. Last year the Longhorn office was in the midst of our life, and this year it was among us until muttering of the disorganization were heard and it was taken to the security of the Main Building.

The editor said that he could not work among any company except A-2.

We are compelled to wonder why it is that the four Leggett Hall companies, A-2 among them were picked to be scattered to the four winds. Perhaps those in authority thought that the "Wooden Shoes" deserved a turn in quarters where they would not have to carry wood and water. Our observation is that they seem lost without their tin basin and woodstove.

The bad business is over now and it is no time to "gripe", but we cannot help but feel sorrowful over the sad demise of old A-2.

It is up to the old members of A-2 to induce enough Fish to come to college next year so that there will be enough men for two regiments, and possibly A-2 will be re-born. Here's hopes.

I thank you.

NEW FORD FOR THE COLLEGE.

Rumor has it that another addition will soon be made to the collection of campus automobiles. The one, however, will neither be listed with the Secretary of the motor association, nor will a tax be levied thereupon, for the support of the campus mechanics shop. Mr. Darden Ford, the Glee Club director of the college received a telegram recently to the effect that he was the proud father of a little Miss Ford. As soon as a suitable home can be found for the young lady and her mother—(have we heard our campus cottages compared to garages?)—they will become residents of the college.

WANTED.

WANTED:—An "Old Lady", must not talk in his sleep, play a ukelele, think he can sing, be rich, own a phonograph, be in love, or be old enough to join the army. Any other would be considered unreliable and need not apply. "Slim" Hodges.

WANTED:—Very badly; a Maxim silencer to keep the wind from whistling through my mustache (?). C. C. B. Warden.

WANTED:—To buy cheap; a good wireless outfit that will send and receive as far as Nashville Tennessee. Alec Harris.

WANTED:—A girl, who can be trusted That is the only requirement and should be an order easily filled. "Rabbi" Bertschler.

WANTED:—One nick name that will stick, and will be universally used. Fish "Hank", "Hungry", "Slippery", "Wolf", "Red", "Too-Tall", Calhoun.

WANTED:—A pedigree. "Razor" Pirie.

WANTED:—A nurse to "keep care" of me and make me not want to get well. Mal Hall. (Note: Blondes need not apply—they've been tried!)

WANTED:—A job as Captain in some Company that hasn't so many nuts on its roster. Captain "Cope."

WANTED:—A job. Would prefer something like taking ashes out of the radiator. "Skeeter" Jenkins.

WANTED:—A room where the "guy next door" doesn't own a Vic-

trola. "Queenie" Friend.

WANTED:—Someone to tell me what nationality I am. Was born in England, lived the greater part of my life in Cuba and have a home there, and have 'first papers' in United States. "Cuba" Kingswell.

WANTED:—Four letters a day from Baylor-Belton. Somebody take notice! Fish Cole.

THE AVIATION BLUES.

(Written at the request of "Wild Bill" Hollik.)

They all want to fly—
Away up in the sky—
So doggone high—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

They want to fly round—
And never come down—
To the solid old ground—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

They want to get in the air—
And if they had to stay there—
Nobody would care—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

They want a wing on each shoe—
To get up in the blue—
Nothing else will do—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

Everyone of them all—
Want's a real close call—
Wouldn't kick at a fall—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

Every son-of-a-gun—
Says it would be great fun—
To visit the sun—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

Down at College Station—
They think the Aviation—
Is all will save the nation—
For they've all got the Aviation Blues!

—F. L. B.

NOW WEREN'T YOU CRUEL?

(Written in reply to a poem "Your Girl—Or His" in the Lass-O of January 25th, 1918.)

Now, Miss "Cutey", who are you,
Who laughs at a fellow when he's blue?
I thought you were much too sweet
a girl,
To laugh at me and my troubles with

You thought you'd laugh and play a
joke,
And make me seem a perfect bloke!
You didn't think I'd ever guess who
Was guilty at C.I.A. Now did you?

I have no idea who you are!
But it's you I'm writing for!
I just want to tell you that,
You made two mistakes and made
'em flat!

First the girl's name is not Merle.
At least when I knew her it was
And you said she'd married the man
back home,
Really, girl, that made me foam!

Because I know that bloat, an awful
guy—
If she married him I would surely
die!

But she isn't married—that's a fact,
And I'm still trying to win her back!
—"Rabbi."

THE LONG HORN '18

Have you paid for that book yet? You won't see one 'till you do.

THE LONG HORN '18

Bigger . Better . Nicer

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