

MOEHLMAN'S ..GARAGE.. —AND— BLACKSMITH SHOP PHONE No. 507

TWO AIRPLANES ARE WRECKED AT COLLEGE

Machines Bringing Apparatus to
Radio Mechanics School Are
Unable to Return to
Houston.

Lieutenants C. D. Tuska and S. F. Kelley of Ellington Field had a close call on their lives late Thursday afternoon on the Campus when their plane was wrecked in the tree tops as they sought to return to Houston after having brought a load of radio apparatus to the Signal Corps service company school for radio mechanics being conducted at College. Fortunately, they escaped without a scratch. The narrow open space on the Campus, making it difficult for the plane to rise, is held responsible for the accident. The plane was completely wrecked with the exception of the engine, which can be repaired.

Another plane, in which were Lieutenants E. N. Pickerill and B. J. Tocher, also brought a load of apparatus from Ellington Field. This one had no difficulty in landing and after its occupants had assisted their fellow-fliers in shipping their machine back to Houston, they sought to resume their return trip to Ellington Field Friday morning, but their plane was finally wrecked about a mile Southwest of the Campus, though the fliers escaped injury. Motor trouble was responsible for the accident.

'21 RABBI'S RAVINGS.

I am not the most
* * *
FORGETFUL person in the
* * *
WORLD by a long shot,
* * *
STILL, I can forget things
* * *
LIKE the day I promised to
* * *
PAY back that two dollars

AND the day of that girl's
* * *
BIRTHDAY (The girl being
* * *
THE one I am not "wild,
* * *
SIMPLY wild over").
* * *
IN the future I may forget
* * *
THE date that President
* * *
WILSON has invited me in
* * *
FOR dinner, and I may
* * *
OVERLOOK the day friend John D.
* * *
AND I were to have a conference
* * *
ABOUT those new oil wells,
* * *
AND the night of the Millionaires'
* * *
BANQUET may slip my memory,
* * *
AND I'll be certain to disregard
* * *
MY New Year's Resolutions, and
* * *
FORGET whether the man across
* * *
THE street is Smith or Jones,
* * *
AND the day and year of my
* * *
OWN entrance into this 'vale of tears'
* * *
MAY become rather unsettled in
* * *
MY mind; BUT—There is one
* * *
DATE, time, place, latitude
* * *
AND longitude, altitude,
* * *
EXACT location, position, et cetera
* * *
THAT will always be as fresh as
* * *
THE taste of garlic in a Dago
* * *
DINNER! This is the forty first

ANNUAL session of the Agricultural
* * *
& Military (!) College of Texas,
* * *
1916-1917: When I served out my
* * *
SENTENCE as a 'FISH' (Practically
* * *
SPEAKING!) That memory
* * *
IS one that will give me joy
* * *
IN my old age, and will be as
* * *
BALM to a wound thru all the
* * *
CARES and worries of the future
* * *
YEARS!

THE IDEA: Some Things are For-
gotten, BUT—Others are NOT!

IN "M" COMPANY.

We have a gentle Corporal,
A dear and lovely "scout".
He has a bad, bad case of "blues,"
But why? We can't find out.

Now we've been working on a plan—
Done all we know to do.
To get him to tell us, if we can,
What makes him feel so "blue."

But all we've done is yet in vain;
He will not say a word.
I guess we'll "ride another train"—
We'll ask a little bird.

We know that, if the girls could vote,
But, hist! here comes a dove.
And from it's mouth it dropped a
note:

"'Hack' Frazier is in love."

THE JAPANESE ESTIMATE OF A. AND M.

Men come to A. and M. from all
countries. The idea of one of our
Japanese students concerning this in-
stitution and its activities can be well
understood by a letter which he

wrote home to his parents in Japan:
Dear Hon. Parents,

This are a school of much conse-
quences. My ignorance has been
emancipated to a great intent since
I were first confounded here. First
in the morning I are shocked out of
snorous sleep each morn, before it
are fully arrived, by the blowing of
Hon. Gabriel's horn. (This are
called revelry). Then I must quick-
ly discover the absence of Hon. cloth-
es and retire my self in the same.
Secondly I arrive on milinery walk
where Hon. kompany are aggravated
together again to dispair to Sbisa
house where dishes of much exigency
are dismayed before me. When I
am thru I feel much as a Promethian.
After dinner if their are no Hon.
Classes to intend I go to Y. M. C. A.
House or Hon. Library, which are a
room of undiscovered knowlege
where I amorphosly seize funny pa-
pers and extract its foolishness. On
Saturdays I and Haslekey go on
lightning rod train to Hon. Bryan
city where I suggest to Hashkey we
digest the emotion picture show. We
are remitted to drink grape juice
and other strong drinks of the same
denature as the Hon. William Jen-
ny Bryan. From here we go to our
rooms to await Hon. Sentinel Dejec-
tion. Finally sentinel come round
and require how everybody are. It
are not long till Hon. Gabriel Horn
whistle good night and we elope off
to bed feeling like the last sardine in
Sbisa cafe.

Hoping you are the same, I am,
Your son,
Tike Harniko.

Mr. Green while out driving in his
new Ford the other day, rushed head-
long into the College-Bryan interur-
ban.

With blustering authority the con-
ductor got off the car to investigate.
"Whats the matter with you?" he
demanded. "Don't you know you
can't run under this car with your
top up?"