

This is a tale of a bright young lad,
Who wrote a long letter to his foolish
dad.
His was a backward old father you
see,
And he, a son as wise as a freshman
can be.

I can't but wonder how in thunder
The Lord could commit such an aw-
ful blunder,
As to burden this up-to-date "slime"
With a father so frightfully behind
the time.

Now let me see. It was about ninety-
two,
When Billy's old man finally got
through.
He'd talked it over year by year,
But never had mentioned a social
career.

So our young hero began in a whirl
And set off to Bryan in quest of a
girl.
The minute he landed he made an
impression—
And promptly decided he had 'em all
guessing.

He brushed right in to the town's
elite,
And figuratively speaking—took the
very front seat.
The lack of finances became a great
bother,
And that was the reason he wrote to
his father.

"Now Father Dear, you must hear
Of a pearl of a girl, I've met down
here.
It's all so strange, and I'm so
changed
My life's fate, of late, has all been
rearranged."

The rest of the letter you'll have to
learn,
Her name, Miss Blank, is the only
concern.
No move of interest, with possible
exception,
Of a plea for a check that'd pass in-
spection.

The letter came. The check was in it
And fatherly advice to go the limit.
"Yes, my son, daddy understands,
And thanks the Lord you are in such
good hands."

I trust you to her loving care
She "raised" me, son, when I was
there.

Co A has more pep than any other
company on the campus in several
ways.

Socially—we are mighty strong.
Co A's Sunday school class gave a
social not long ago, and had about
fifty of the prettiest girls in Bryan
out. For intertainment we had songs
by our well known quartet and also
solos by several Bryan laides. Next
came the Mock Track meet, some of
the events being the standing broad
grin, potato race, relay race on one
foot, apple biting contest. Ice cream
and cake was served.

In athletics—A Co is setting any
other company a lively pace. She
has at present four men on the base-
ball squad, and three out of the four
are expected to make letters.

Our jazz band is also something
to boast of. It is composed of, two
"ukelele's"? a violin, a sigar box and
some tin cans. At our nightly stag
dances we have from twenty to thirty
cadets present.

Sergt. H. C. Atchison's frequent
and mysterious visits to Bryan, are
causing general concern in this Co.

In days gone by the Band mem-
bers were never given officers in the
regular military organizations out-
side of the Band, but that custom
was dropped with the appointment of
Captain Murreh and 1st Lt. Weby-
land as officers of the Signal Corps
Unit. There are always some good
men in the Band and we do not be-
lieve that they should be confined
to the Band alone as regular cadet
officers.

When the umpire yells play ball
you can prepare to pull off your
hats and loosen up your lungs, be-
cause you can count on the Band
stepping out in full force and show-
ing you what wildcat sounds like.

Fritz Murreh aught to get a job
in a flour mill, he seems to be pretty
good at dusting flour sacks.

Now that the band master and
the captain know who's who, and
when and where, the band is in bet-
ter spirits. Two bosses over the
same thing do not work and we don't
blame our captain for wanting to
resign.

One M. V. Collines, better known
as "Big Boy", left us last year
to join the Navy and was sta-
tioned at San Diego, California, and
Boston, Mass. Once more the walls
of our hall echo with the sonorus vi-
brations of that beloved gob stick,
and it is evident he is the same old
Big Boy is once more with us.

The Band hatched out a few new
corporals and sergeants the other day
and all have been given their stripes
in the usual manner.

General Order No. 606.

Published for the information and
guidance of all concerned.

Cadet C. R. Warndof, for being
on the campus Sunday without per-
mit, and absent all formations in
Bryan, is hereby given credit for 10
demerits, and is confined to Bryan
for thirty days.

"Sot's" mysterious two-light sys-
tem was a success, until the Sergeant
closed the door from the inside.

"Mc.", the man who has never had
a flea on his person!!

(Between Tatoo and Taps:)" "Is
there anything to eat in here?" Red
Lakey.

It is rumored that "Hugh" Cariker
is going to get a new uniform!!!!
Is it POSSIBLE???

"Dick" Graham peacefully sleeps
in "Bull-Ticks", While "Doc" Frame
passes the course for him.

Poor "Kike"!! He made a noble
fight, but Oh! these irresistib:le
vamps.

It has at last dawned upon the
Fish of Co. D, that buying the First
Sergt. cigars, does not excuse them
from Reveille.

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